

BEULAH'S SCRAPBOOK~

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A free supplement to NEBULA, published occasionally by Larry Shaw to present interesting letters and odd items which do not quite fit in with Beulah's policy. * * * A Curfew Publication.

OPEN LETTER TO RAP

Mr Palmer:

It is unfortunate that you chose to shoot off your big mouth in such a singularly asinine, presumptive, & insulting fashion, at this particular time.

I honestly believe that fandom was beginning to take a more tolerant attitude toward your "juvenile" pulps (I know I was) but now you have really put yourself in the doghouse.

Many of the younger fans stuck up for you & took your part in arguments & discussion. But in condemning all of fandom, you insult your friends as well as your foes.

Recently I more or less abandoned my anti-Palmer attitude, & bought a copy of Amazing. I looked it over with an open mind, & decided to write an article showing that Palmer was improving, & that perhaps his long awaited "stepping stone policy" (as shown by the attempt at better writing in "Empire of Jegga") was at last beginning to take effect. In Fanfare, just out, I reprinted "Alicia in Blunderland" wherein you were a central character, & kidded you good-naturedly in the footnotes.

But I can see I was wrong. You haven't changed a bit. You're still the same overbearing, 2-faced egoist I learned about in 1938.

Your every sentence (in your 2nd attack in FTF) only reveals further & further your abysmal ignorance of the fan field & what it stands for, & your unabashed duplicity. For sheer unadulterated gall, Mr Palmer, you win the fur-lined thunder-jug.

I hope I can show by the following quotes that the foregoing was not mere mud-slinging, but a fairly reasonable estimate of the facts:

1. "strong organization". Fandom has never had a "strong organization". A few well-run clubs perhaps, but nothing representative of all fandom. The FAPA is the nearest to this ideal, but it still isn't "fandom".

2. "All of your facilities have been given to complete jerks, raving lunatics...." (This statement provokes the adjective "asinine") In fandom, Mr Palmer, we proceed on the democratic principle that one is innocent until proven guilty, not the barbarous principle that one is guilty until proven innocent - which you apparently uphold. How are we to know if a guy is a jerk or a genius until we see what he has to say? Furthermore, what do you mean by facilities? Are we supposed to corner the mimeo market to keep Degler from publishing? Or do you advocate the more simple course of murder?

3. "...the sincere fans just sat on their fat fannies & wrote fatuous letters....." Here's another example of your colossal ignorance. "Fatuous letters" is one of the things which we ("the sincere fans") have condemned most vehemently in the past few years. We seldom write letters to the editors any more, & when we do, we have something to say. I dare you rap, to take any number of the most fatuous letters (without looking at the names) that you have printed in "Discussions" in the past year or two (& there are plenty of them), & you'll find the

great majority will be from your precious "readers".

4. "Certainly we have juvenile appeal. Why not?" Why not, indeed. I've no kick about that. But if you appeal to juveniles you must expect juvenile letters, so what are you squawking about? The readers' column of any magazine is for the purpose of criticizing the mag, so that the editor will know what to do to make it better. Apparently this isn't the purpose of "Discussions". From what I can piece together from your hodge-podge of contradictory statements - all you seem to desire is praise & plenty of it.

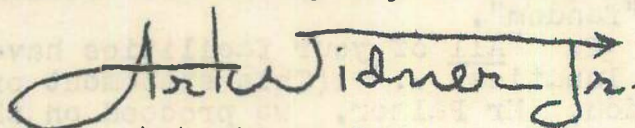
5. "Why should he (Mr Davis) publish letters & sponsor conventions for idiots who don't even read the magazine, & therefore can't possibly have connection with him?" What do you or he care what we do with your mags as long as we buy them? You are always harping about how making money comes first - be consistent. When we plank down our two bits & lug the thing away under our coats, we can eat it, cut paper dolls from it, or take it out back & give the Sears Roebuck catalog a break. The latter is more interesting, anyway.

& what do you mean by "sponsoring conventions"? You sound like you were fandom's very own Santa Claus or something. You gave us publicity for the Chicon, & you received publicity in return. You gave us a few good illustrations, & a mess of crummy ones (most of which had to be given away) & none of which were of any value to you in the first place. Campbell, Gnaedinger, & other eds have done the same, so you have nothing special to brag about.

6. "You (fen) are barred from our pages." I don't suppose the P O regulation that readers' letters are advertising matter & taxes them as such (which Campbell was honest enuf to admit) has anything to do with it, has it?

7. "Don't try to....elevate science-fiction.....or educate the masses..." Hell no, don't try to raise s-f to a respectable level, so you won't have to be ashamed to let non-fan friends see it - you might put Palmer out of a job. Hell no, don't try to educate the masses - maybe they'll get smart & not care for Palmer's rags any more . . .

Finally, I'd like to say that I have no connection whatever with the Cosmic Circle, & that my name was used without my permission. I don't think much of Degler or his CC, but with all his faults, I'd prefer to associate with him rather than you, any day in the week.



Art Widner Jr

***** A R E N D E Z V O U S W I T H D E A T H *****

Another fan bites the dust . . .

January 16, 1944
117 Hamilton St
Live Oak, Fla.

Dear Fan Editor:

Enclosed you will find my detailed account of the recent death of our beloved friend, Raymond Washington, Jr., more casually known as Raym.

Being an associate of Mr. Washington for years, though not until recently acquainted with science fiction fandom, I was naturally chosen

Literary Executor of the Washington Estate. After several days of minute inspection of the Raym's chaotic fanroom, I have found several articles and poems completed but unpublished, which I will mail to reliable fan publications at various intervals to keep alive the memory of our mutual friend, who, had he lived, might have truly aspired to greatness.

It is my desire that you publish this article on his death in your sterling publication, NEBULA.

Raym, in his last coherent moment, was heard to ejaculate, "Degler is not a louse!" Not understanding, I give this to you for what it is worth, in the hope that you or one of your associates can infuse meaning into it.

Hoping to be of service to you, at some future date, I am

Yours most mournfully,

REJMONDO

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To the friends and associates of Raym of the Star Flecked Cosmos:

It becomes my melancholy duty to inform you of the untimely demise of Raymond Washington, Jr., at Raymhouse-on-the-Hamilton on January 12, 1944. It is believed that he suffered two strokes and a heart failure due to his ecstatic surprise on reading the lavish, heart-warming praise showered on him in the first issue of STINKING SUDDSY STORIES. Don Rogers and Helon Bradleigh have sent a colored picture postcard from their homes in New Castle, Indiana, to claim the body, which is being packed in vinegar and shipped to Cosmic Circle headquarters via railway express. The other officers of the Cosmic Council plan a lavish funeral, complete with popcorn, fanzine auction, and a swing orchestra to play "Stairway to the Stars" and "Stardust" as the assembled fans pass in awe around the makeshift coffin (book shelves, torn from the Don's study and nailed together) to gaze on the now-placid features of the deceased Director-Administrative Editor--ah, how he gloried in the title, empty though it was!

Following the funeral, during which solemn prayers to both deities, GhuGhu and FooFoo, will be made, quotations from "Book of the Damned" recited, and Raym's own famous sonnet, "The Fan", read, the body will be once more interred in a great glass jar of vinegar and suspended over each meeting of the Cosmic Council. (If the vinegar solution loses its potency, Don Rogers has persuaded the local meat curing plant to assume responsibility for the continued embalment of the corpse at a nominal sum.)

Rogers has also announced that all Cosmic Circle publications, excluding Spicy Spaceship Stories, will cease for a period of two months out of respect to the dear departed, and also to allow the Don to save enough money to place several sizeable orders for electrical appliances to nationally known commercial establishments. The Council has high hopes of returning the Raym to some sort of pseudo-life, via the use of electricity to rejuvenate the frame. (In order to better understand this important duty, Rogers will shortly leave for L.A., where, through the influence of Daugherty, he expects to be allowed access to certain old films, in which Boris Karloff plays leading roles.) However, FRANK N. STEIN, of Oakgrove, is, quite naturally, to be in charge of the experiment, unless the local Catholic Church discovers his blasphemous activities. In the event of this unfortunate occurrence, the whole council and numerous surrounding clubs will move en masse to the Cosmic

Camp in Arkansas, where they will proceed according to plan.

Helen Bradleigh has far-sightedly bought chains and leather straps for use at the culmination of the experiment, in case Raym's sanity is not restored along with the chemical functions of his body; Frank N. Stein fears that the monster will be endowed with frenzied vitality, on returning to consciousness.

Don Rogers states "definitely" that forthcoming details will appear in a special edition of THE COSMIC COMMANDO. Expressions of sympathy in the form of money orders are solicited and appreciated. All monies received will go to pay for the electrical appliances.

Yours in sorrow,

REJMONDO

R I P

And an item on which you may
draw your own conclusions:

6636 S. Sacramento
Chicago 29, Illinois
January 17th, 1944

Dear Larry:

Enclosed find a clipping from the Chicago Herald-American that might interest you and your readers. Far too big for me to carry on the Newscard; and I'm not sure I would want to anyways.

SUICIDE OF BOY LAID TO STAR LURE

Los Angeles, Jan. 6.---(INS)

Police today blamed 16-year-old Ross Browne's suicide on a belief, gained from reading "supernatural" pulp magazines, that he could bring himself back to life.

The youth hanged himself in his bathroom, convinced he could "live on a star" and project himself through space, like the fantastic characters in the weird stories he spent all his time reading.

His mother, Mrs. Ross Browne Sr., gave the explanation to officers after the youth's body had been found by his father, an air-craft worker. She said:

"His room was crammed full of the magazines. He would take them into a locked room and spend hours reading. He worked after his classes at Polytechnic High as a messenger, and read those things all the time between calls.

"We would take them away from him, but he'd go out and buy more. Only two months ago his principal warned me the boy would go crazy 'reading that kind of stuff.'"

Ross' father, who underwent a serious operation recently, had to get out of bed to cut down the boy's body from the extension cord he had looped around his neck.

No comment, Larry. No comment at all.

Frank Robinson

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