

July 28.

This is  
ARCADIA ---  
~~~~~

NO COVER " sorry, but  
I don't have time, what  
with work, diaberie, and  
all. -bw-

For FAPA

# m Arcadia m

EDITORIAL

Harry Honig

NUTS TO 4e

Harry Honig

MARGIE DREAMS TOO

Ken Krueger

WITH OUR AUTHORS

Ray Kerden

OPEN LETTER TO DAW

Harry Honig

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As you can readily see, this magazine is Harry Honig's own little contribution to that sterling organization, FRPA. All typography and mimeographing is Watson's, who followed the dummy given to him to the letter, so he's not to be blamed. Get it?

Honig's address is 256 26th Avenue, San Francisco, California.

We're out of correction fluid. Sorry.

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due to circumstances beyond my control, the article by the bountiful Mr. Lynch will be excluded - bw -

# EDITORIAL - 2000

I presume that by this time, the reader having been knocked flat by the blare of color in this issue, he is ready to read the always present editorial.

However, if you look closely (not too closely) you will make the astounding deduction that there are two things in this issue which do not refine themselves to the rigorous formality of dear old fapa. One----- we have no reviews of the fapazines in the preceeding mailing!!!! Since, as a number of fans have already put it: "Pretty soon the fapa mailings will just be a review, of the reviews, of the reviews, ad infinitum, of the preceeding mailing. This does not mean if a fapazine is especially outstanding that we will not review it. Far from it! But we have yet to see a fapazine that is really outstanding. Two----- please note the extensive use of color this issue. Each fapazine I have come across has always been mimeod in dull--sometimes indistinguishable black. ((Except SAPPHO & STAR-STUNG. -bw)) This seems rather foolish as you can go down to any mimeo--graph supply store and purchase a can of red, green, and blue ink at approximately the same price as an equal amount of black. While some readers may be of the opinion that such a color combination as ours is apt to give one eyestrain, it appears to us quite the opposite, as different colors would seem to relieve the eyes from the almost endless stream of black ink!!!! Witness PLUTO's success. They used more colors each issue and fandom loved it. So, our two new experiments. If enough fans are in favor of this we shall try to outdo ourselves on color for the next issue. ((If I feel like going the job of changing all those ink pads. -bw)) If too many protests are rendered we shall revert to the old, bleak, custom. Let us know.

You also have noticed we again presume that the editor is not the sole writer in this issue. That is another kick we would like to register. ((Where? -bw)) It seems that in most fapazines the editor rambles on for about eight pages on his own Utopian ideas and such while the reader quietly falls asleep during the long, dreary, process of reading this "classic". We believe that even in the fapa (why not?) editors should try to get material from other fans so they can have a well balanced issue reflecting other ideas beside their own. Consequently, we have material in this issue by Karden, Krueger, and the bountiful Mr. Lynch. We have also taken a rather bold step in this issue with our open letter to DAW, and our "Who Shall We Chose?". We shall probably make life-long enemies of these two prominents, but it's worth it, by ghu!!!! Seriously though, we do like DAW and agree with him on many matters and would regret making an enemy of him. We even have a small (very small) soft spot in our heart for 4e, but we don't give a damn if we doo make an enemy of him or not!!!! ((Such naughty words from one so young. Tsk tsk. -bw))

Well, that's all, kiddies, except that I hope you notice we have cooperated with Ashley and Co., to the utmost in keeping the fapa out of the leperous hands of the censor by doing our own little bit of censoring in Mr. Lynch's article.

We leave the readers to their vivid imaginations.

((The insertions thruout the zine are by the stenciler of this thing, Bill Watson. He gets paid for publishing it, so please forgive him. -bw))

four

# NUTS TO 4E

-MONICK

I presume that you have all heard of the splitup in Los Angeles Fandom. It seems that this is the most eventful thing that has happened in fandom in many a year. Since this splitup will probably mean the tumble of a once great fan. ((Are you kiddin'? -bw)) Need I say that I am referring to the individual known to every fan old and new: 4e, Ack-Ack, 4sJ, Forry, etc.

It seems that of late Ackerman has become a long cry from the former great fan and benefactor of fandom he not so long ago was. The amazing thing about this truly unfortunate incident (!!)) is that while he is vehemently against all forms of what normal people would call entertainment enforces strict puritanical rules around the club pertaining to this, he has an almost, so it would seem to the impartial observer, uncontrollable desire to publish and lust over unadorned females. ((Will the reader please understand that we are typing this stencil just as the original copy appears, and that all grammatical errors and other sundry faults cannot be attributed to us? Thankyou. -bw)) Now this in itself is no great crime, if he would just publish normal nudes with a tinge of fantasy to them. But he does not stop there. ((Where? You're on the wrong trolley, bud. -bw)) If you have seen the latest issue of VoM (although by the time this is published a new one will probably be out) you will see on the back cover (inside) probably the most lewd and perverted picture it has ever been my displeasure ((oi! This is killing us. -bw)) to see in a fanzine. For those who have not seen this masterpiece, it is an illustration of a three-breasted, three-legged female. The same sort of stuff that the Falstaff Publishing House used to turn out by the barrel, in their books such as The Erotican, Sexual Relations of Mankind, etc. While their publications dwelt mainly with anthropology and were in some respects interesting (!! again)) and informative, they still appealed to sexual perverts and other low types of people. So it appears that in a fanzine that should deal mainly, not altogether though, with fantasy, Ackerman has openly published illustrations to appeal to the sexual pervert!!!! (Note: This is a serious accusation to make about anyone but, I believe that in Ackerman's case it is appropriate.) ((Oh come now. -bw))

Aside from his love of nudes Ackerman is almost a complete prude. He will not reconcile drinking, smoking, profanity, raw jokes, etc. (See the statement of withdrawal from the LASFS by its most prominent and active fans.) The leaders in this fight with Ackerman are : T. Bruce Yerke, Phillip R. Bronson, and Francis T. Laney. Let us compare their record up to date with Ackerman's in fandom.

T. Bruce Yerke is well-known and liked for his excellent writings under the name of Carlton J. Fassbeinder and also for his excellent fanmag, THE DAMN THING. He now edits the official publication of the newly formed "Outsiders" in LA, THE KNAVVE. A magazine with a distinct caustic element.

Phillip R. Bronson, formerly of Minnesota has edited and is still editing fandom's former leading fanzine, FANTASITE. Bronson, also is a rather risqué person. Ahem--need I say more. ((This sounds like apple-polishing to us. -bw))

Francis ((we forgot to indent. -bw)) T. Laney, formerly of Washington ends our



little trio. He is putting out fandom's only serious fanmag, "The Acolyte". ((Of course, we won't be so crude as to mention "Lethe" or "Centauri". That would be being too obvious. -bw))

Nbw, let us examine the long, at one time excellent record of Forrest J. Ackerman. Ackerman started out as the boy wonder up here in Frisco, writing enthusiastic and juvenile letters to the prozines using the now hack-worn term of "our" magazine. ((It wasn't hackneyed then. -bw)) Later, he organized a scientific-fiction boys club of which too much is not known. As he entered maturity, he didn't seem like a bad fellow at all. ((Honig is an old, old friend of 4e's. He known him a full year now! -bw)) He was on the staff of Fantasy Fan and was one of the leaders of the Science Fiction League. His attempts at interesting fans in Esperanto were worthwhile. His phonetic spelling had innumerable favorable points to it. In fact, he seemed like everybody's good fellow, staying completely out of such controversies raging in fandom as Michelism and others, regarding them with a rather amused outlook and letting both sides present their argument.

Soon everybody regarded him as the fan ((and he still is, for my money. -bw)) and unanimously raised him to the coveted position of no. 1! This position he retained, until one day Uncle Sammie called, and Forrest J. Ackerman was to become Cpl. Ack-Ack. He distributed his god damned newspaper scrawled in green ink all over fandom, fearful of losing his position and gradually tightened his grip around the then rising LASFS. At first it got by comparatively unnoticed as Degler was causing riots and such around the old clubroom with his maniacal ravings about which I need not mention. ((This is criminal. I now see why Honig is flunking his English courses in high school. Do you? -Bw)) After the Degler business calmed down considerably it became more noticeable though. Yerke and Bronson resigned, and Yerke started publishing "The Knanve". ((A shoot-the-works zine that --if Yerke decides to continue publishing it--will become one of the top five. We say it. -bw)) Bronson finally returned and it was suggested that Yerke be made an honorary member. A vote was taken and this was defeated. Laney was elected director and seeing the conflict that might result from these two hostile forces tried to oust Ackerman and old prude Daugherty. ((!!)) This failed. Finally conditions became so irreconcilable that the larger proportion of fans resigned en masse. ((Where have you been? -bw))

So, today we have a picture of these two groups. One, shining with such outstanding names on its list as Yerke, Laney, Bronson, Brown, Fern, Russell, Lazar and others. On the bleak and dismal other we have Ackerman, Daugherty, Morojo, & possibly Ronald Clyne, though I believe he is impartial, and a throng of people Ackerman has dragged in who know little or nothing about fandom. ((They'll learn. -bw)) Who are we to choose? ((Why not strike a happy medium? They're all good guys and gals, and the "feud" strikes me as being asinine, anyway. -bw)) The bullickers of Ackerman and Ackerman the introvert himself? Or are we to choose those fans who do what they want when they want and have a hell of a good time doing it? Remember it is not too late for Ackerman to make an about face yet. To forget his abominable nudes and his reforming, tyrannical ((oh NO!!)) attitude. It does not appear though that Ackerman will snap out of it since he calmly states in a recent FFF that ~~is~~ he is not worried about the "knanve propagandists". I leave you now, with the parting thought that when I make my visit to LA this July or August I know which group I shall look up ((not if they see you first! -bw)) and for your sake I hope that you choose the same.

OHSAYYOUKIDTHISISTHEENDAREN'TYOUHAPPYESTHISISFINALLYITYOUMAYNOWREJOICEANDBEHAPPY

# MARGIE DREAMS TOO

Now, I don't profess to believe in the supernatural. I have a kind of William Seabrook attitude towards it. But some things make you stop and wonder if maybe there is something to it. One of these things has happened to a very good friend of mine and I have her permission to tell about it so here goes. ((This chap never took grammar, either. -bw)) Anyone not believing me can check directly with Marguerite short if they wish to. I will furnish her address on request. Remember, every word in the following story is true. For convenience we will call her mother Mrs. Short and Marguerite, Margie. This saves time, space, and stencils.

It all began on a cold wintery day in December 1939. Margie was in the midst of a very serious ailment and the doctor told Mrs. Short to stay by her daughter's side and wait for the crisis. Now Mrs. Short was not a young woman and was very tired from days of watching so therefore she was not to blame for falling asleep in her chair. In the meanwhile Margie became delirious. In her delirium Margie had a vision of a long dead friend approaching with arms outstretched as if to take her. Margie tried to reach out to here but she couldn't make it as much as she tried. She sank back on the pillows and hollered out. She then tried to make it again but couldn't. Finally the vision went out of the room followed by an icy coldness. ((Wearing, no doubt, a long cape and knee-britches. -bw)) At this point Mrs. Short woke up and seeing that Margie was delirious shook here until she too became awake. And with here awakening the fever broke and the crisis was passed. ((Boy or girl? -bw))

This however does not end our story, for when Margie was up and around and about again she still had the feeling that a presence was around. ((A bill collector, no doubt. -bw)) Indeed the feeling was so strong that she stepped aside in the hallway to avoid bumping into the thing that she knew was there. This kept up for about a month and Margie's nerve was beginning to show the strain. ((About to snap, eh, bub? -bw)) This kept up for only one week more and then Margie's baby son died. With his death all of the strange happenings ceased as mysteriously as they had begun.

Margie ended her letter to me with this question, "Was this something out of this world that had made me a part of the drama?" Frankly, I don't know. I only know that it's a wonder Margie is still in her right mind. I don't think that I'd be. ((!))

Well, that's all there is. ((There ain't no more. -bw)) I'd like to get some letters from you people reading this. Maybe you have some answer. If so let me have them, they're no good to you.

Marguerite Short  
1460 North Felton Street  
Philadelphia, Pa . . . . .

-Ken Kreuger

WHAT A WASTE OF PERFECTLY GOOD STENCILS AND TWENTY POUND PAPER THIS IS DON'T YOU THINK OR DO YOU ?

# WITH OUR AUTHORS —

— RAY KARDEN

Hi, peewees! Here it is, another issue of WWWWSTT, the magazine that brings you the acme of science-fiction! Another issue! And we just know you 'll want to learn about the authors this issue! We just know it! ((Oh you do, do you! -bw)) So jet out the aspirin derivative, Hinkel (he's our helper on these here voyages!) and we'll get going! If you haven't already read this issue of WONDERFUL WONDERFUL WONDERFUL WONDER STORIES THAT THRILL, we know you'll like it, and your enjoyment will be enhanced by reading what the authors say about their work! Yes--but don't be too disappointed! Here we go, peewees!

First is Loofmis F. Flimpkin, author of our feature novel, THE RECALCITRANT RAZZBERRIES! Read what he says about it! ((Must we? -bw))

"My novel, THE RECALCITRANT RAZZBERRIES, is really a revolt! For years, science fiction has been infested with improvement, and "quality" writing; logical stories set against a logical future, with believable, human people. I am revolting against that! I hate to write that kind of stuff--to take the trouble to write decently, instead of hacking it out! In the novel this issue, I hope you will see the results of that revolt. See the plot?--it's old and staggering, and not a new thing in it. See the science--((where?)) the recalcitrant razzberries are obviously impossible, by all known laws of science, but I had the courage to write about them. The meek little gardener, Hank, who becomes strong when he eats the razzberries, is also obviously impossible--nobody could do the things he did in the story. And the villain is good and black; the heroine is sweet and pure and utterly, utterly beautiful.....haven't you heard of all of them before?

"So, THE RECALCITRANT RAZZBERRIES is a revolt! I certainly hope you like it, because I hate to work writing science-fiction--this type is so easy to turn out. So I hope you like it!"

And thank you, Mr. Flimpkin, for your interesting exposition of what made your story! And I'm sure all our readers sympathize with you! Now guess who's next? Now guess who's next? Ain't I coy, though! ((Shall I tell him? -bw)) You've never heard of him, and after reading his story I bet you never want to heard from again! It's Mr. Hark Asston Spit, author of MILLIONS OF MIDLIONS OF MILLIONS FROM THOUSANDS OF MILES FROM NOWHERE LOST OUT IN SPACE! (By Hark Asston Spit.) Come in, Mr. Spit!

"I was born exactly eighty three years ago today, one night when my mother wasn't home and my father crawled home drunk. Can you beat it? I live for a long time and then I began to write almost naturally. It was a proud day when I was able to write my own name.

"My story rose out of circumstances directly related to this war. I was driving home drunk one night, after a rousing evening reminiscing over the Civil War, when I ran out of gas, I had no more stamps left, and on that lonely country road, with pleasure drivers whizzing past me, followed by OPA inspectors, I conceived the idea for the story. In that gloomy, shadowy twilight, my mind convulsed with the exact emotions of my hero, Big Space Eagle, and all I had to do was to write



eight

them down. I hope you like my literary production!

"Finally, I wish to thank the editors and publishers of WWWSTT for printing my story. The work, and the difficulty they went to to obtain and prepare it, I am sure, was not equal to the small sum I paid them--ten times the cost of producing the magazine, plus \$5,000 bonus for the linotyper. No, I am sure it wasn't, and I wish to thank them heartily. Thank you. I am sure it wasn't equal to the amount of work they did, and the trouble they went to in order to bring the story to you readers. Thank You. Thank you."

Thank you, Mr. Spit! It was no trouble at all! It was ~~well~~ worth it! Thank you!

And now we must go until next month, pæwees! We must go! But remember, more stories next month--more value for your two bits! We have a thrilling novel by Cunt G. Coon, entitled, WHEN OUR ATOMIC REPULSORS WERE YOUNG AND GAY! And a thrilling novelet by Teodor T. Tanktown, entitled, MORONS FROM THE OUTER DARKNESS! And a thrilling short story by Yudi Y Yeeaaakk, entitled, STINKER FROM STRAPHANGER! Remember, be with us! Be with us!

THE--CONGREGATIONSWILLRISEANDSINGNOWFORATLASTTHISENEXCUSABLESATIREISFINISHEDYEAH

The night was young  
and so were we because  
we were only five years old. (You  
know, when we started this pome we  
never thought we'd be able to finish  
the damned  
thing. But we're surprising ourself.  
We are actually finishing it.  
And by leaps and  
bounds too.  
Indeedd yes. ((Which is pretty rotten  
typing but we know  
that you'll only be too happy  
to excuse it. (((The bad English  
too.))) ))  
Yes, we're actually getting near the  
bottom  
of  
the  
page, which after  
all is the main point  
in all this fol-de-rol.  
We now have only five  
lines to fill. Four.)  
This is not be Don Marquis or Archie  
but apologies to  
them both  
anyway.



# Open Letter to DAW

Dear DAW:

I was mildly surprised to say the least upon reading your review of the first issue of ARCANA. ((He didn't read it until a couple minutes ago. We quoted the review over the phone. -bw)) I was also amused at your ramblings and ravings on according to you, "my stupid sex-yawping", the former quotation from a letter of January 16 by you. Now really DAW, I have received about 17 letters and from them all there was just one other that spoke a little unfavorably about my article. ((We spoke unfavorably of it--unfortunately no paper could be expected to take the strain of what we said. -bw))

I would like to examine the parts of ARCANA that you claimed to be just a poor example of sex yawping. First, the cover: if you had looked at the cover without unbiased eyes you would have seen that it was not intended to excite the senses, rather it was intended to be surrealistic, certainly not lascivious. ((The hell it was surrealistic; it was nothing but a drawing: The moon exploding and a woman shrinking in fear from it. -maliano&bw)) Second, the editorial: I admit that one paragraph of this was devoted to sex yawping as you so ably put it. However, this paragraph was intended as a satire ((of what?)) and it was certainly not intended to be "God's own truth". Many other paragraphs have appeared in FMY, some worse, many more considerably better. Next, Crozetti's nude: This is the only piece in the issue that might excite some people's senses, but it is no different that dozens of other nudes, most of them disproportionate and having overly developed busts, that have appeared in VoM, (phew!) and numerous other fanzines all over the country. You have one point though, IT WAS NOT FANTASY. Yes, DAW, you can go sit over in the corner now and sigh in content because even I, the editor of that accursed, filthy magazine, ARCANA have admitted it was not fantasy. But, not so fast, DAW, did you ever stop to think of the nudes in other fanzines? About 7/10 of them have nothing at all in the background, as mine did, with the skulls. So 'nuff of that. Last, but not least, we come to the Stapledon article: Now this one is positively the most ridiculous of the lot. The article was all humor and at the most a type of risqué humor. Certainly, there was nothing there that could possibly be considered low or degrading. ((!!)) So, there ends my reply to your review of ARCANA. It is not usually my policy to write open letters to people but in this one case I believe that it was advisable. I would also like to say that one fan, who is lately coming into prominence wrote me, "If your policy regard to sex is what you say it is, then what became of it?" This fellow goes on to say that even his mag had more of it in the sex department than mine did. Aside from this DAW you seem to be getting the touchy conservative in you. No longer are you the bold radical you once were, no longer do you try to make fandom take an interest in politics. ((Thank god)) No all we see out of your are sheets of paper labeled Ace Magazines. Blah, and also a thin miserable mag that was once the great Phantagraph. Awake DAW! Awake! Or soon you shall go sliding down the pit into inactivity, conservatism, prudishness, that eventually will lead to a note saying-----"There comes a time in the life of every caterpillar

Harry Hoag

