

## For shame, Redd Boggs, for shame!"

By F. Towner Laney  
(From 'Burbings' August '49)

Can you believe that Redd Boggs is a scandal-monger? A destroyer of reputations? A slayer of souls?

The name of Boggs conjures up a vast vista of impeccable fanzines, teeming with trenchant pungencies; of FAPAish duties cheerfully assumed and faultlessly

carried out. Little did I ever think that the Boggs I had known was merely the Jekyll to the Hyena Boggs, the hyena that rends in the night.

It is hard for me even to utter the blasphemy which Redd Boggs is deliberately spreading throughout the length and breadth of FAPA, even though I have with my own eyes seen it typed in the neat Boggs manner on a sheet of the neat Boggs stationery. I am almost frightened to repeat it. The typing of such a breath-taking defiance of all that is right and honorable and fine could well call down a bolt of lightning from on high. The very earth reels and trembles as I contemplate it. Who knows what Jovian retribution I may bring about my hapless ears? My children may be snuffed out in frightful agony. My wife may be resolved into her primeval atoms. My mind -- my fine mind with its broad mental horizons -- may be wiped out, leaving me a drooling idiot. Why, this may even create eye-tracks on the pristine, virginal pages of my mint collection.

But I cannot refrain. It is my clear duty to tell you of the vile rumor which Redd Boggs is spreading.

He has told Burbee in a letter that Ackerman has gotten married! Do you understand? He says that FORREST J ACKERMAN HAS GOTTEN MARRIED.

It can't be true. It mustn't be true. For if it were, this would be the end of the fandom I have known and rather enjoyed these past few years.

It is not as though Forrest J Ackerman were free to think of his own selfish ends and aims. It is not as though he were a person. He is more than a person. He is...fandom. He is dedicated.

Yes.

In the very highest sense, Forrest J Ackerman is consecrated, a holy vessel for the carrying of the sacred stefnic fire. For decades, he has strode forward into the light, brave and unfaltering, his arms filled with ancient prozines and his eyes alight with the lambent glow that has inspired us all. For decades he has striven onward and upward, his pockets bulging with fannish letters and his brow dappled with mimeograph ink.

You would lead us to think, Redd Boggs, that Our God has crashed headlong and lies in surrendered ruin, like a great wounded beast with Its head pillowed on an Amazing Quarterly? You tell us that He, Forrest J Ackerman, is married?

For shame, Redd Boggs, for shame.

This blasphemy we know for a falsehood.

Why it is as though the Pope had set up a statue of Anti-Christ in the Vatican. It is as though Jesus had opened a bookie joint. It is as though a monk of the Capuchin Order were suddenly to renounce his God and trample his robes into the mire and ordure of the street. Why it is almost as bad as if Kid Ory were to take a job with Guy Lombardo.

But we know Furry, Mr. Boggs; we know and believe in him. Do what you will with his reputation; and in the end your bravest efforts will be one with a

The Poo is mightier than the Yobber.



pigeon defecating on a statue of Abraham Lincoln. The most outrageous slings and arrows of your envenomed vocabulary will dent him like a drop of water dents a battleship.

Our Forry did not get married.

How could he square himself with fandom? Why the NFFF did not even take a poll to select him a suitable mate.

How could he walk through the sacred woodshed that houses the Foundation and bear the patient, eyeless rebuke of those serried stacks of stf?

How could he fondle the soul-warming rows of his collection and not sear his soul with a feeling of betrayal?

How could he go through life with his typewriter shrinking in horror from the touch of his fingers? How could he meet the eyes of his Brundage nude original, and still feel that all was the same between them?

Just as a nun is a Bride of Christ, so is Our Forry is the Bride of Buck Rogers and Amazing (( I am speaking figuratively of course.)) ((( and of the Gernsback Amazing))). Are you brazenly accusing him of adultery?

No, No, Redd Boggs. A thousand times no.

Our Ackerman is still the same. He reigns forever, sublime and inspiring, in Box 6151, Metro Station, and all is right with the world.

Or perhaps I wrong you, Redd. Mayhap an understandable, if unforgiveable, mortal impatience has suddenly overwhelmed you. Of a verity, Forrest J Ackerman must in time acquire a goddess to reign with him over the starbegotten. For so it is written.

But the fumlings of mortals cannot hasten the consummations of gods. There is an eldritch, holy book (with a cover by Paul), and the course of the ages is therein set down -- sublime and immutable.

When man has conquered space, then and only then can we hope for nuptial carillons on North New Hampshire. Surely no one planet could produce two Ackermans? Perhaps from Mars, or Venus, or Pluto, or Alpha Centauri the Ackerwoman may come. And in that happy era there will be a vast rejoicing and shouting in the public places and whole fanzines dedicated to congratulations and compliments.

But until that happy day, though your case may deserve divine compassion rather than mortal revilings, all I can say to you and your scandal mongering is.

For shame, Redd Boggs. For shame.

### POETRY CORNER.

A Venusian spider sat drinking his cider  
In a Martian canal cafeteria,  
When Little Miss Muffett came into the buffet  
And frightened him into hysteria.

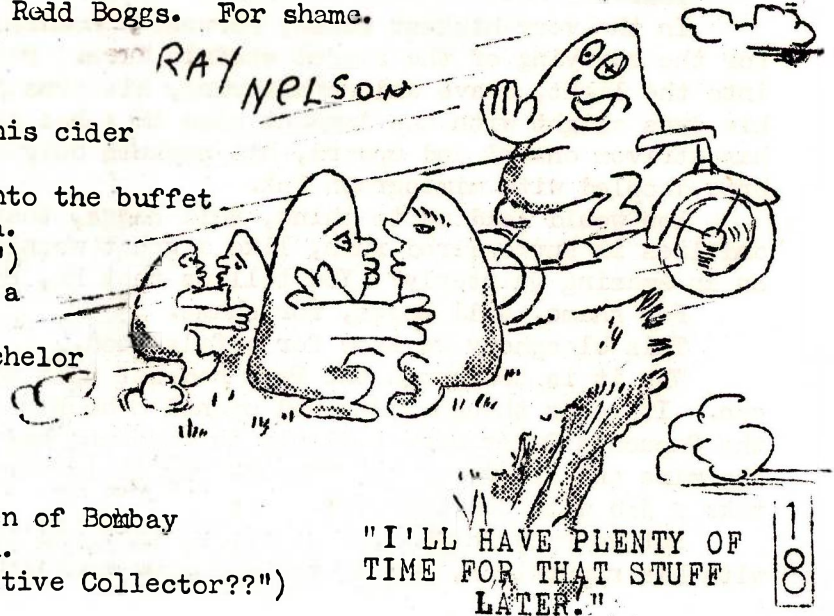
(A. Vinç Clarke "Slander")

It is with Francis Towner Laney a  
Species of mania  
That the sex life of the fan bachelor  
Should be naturaler.

(W.A. Willis "Quandry")

Sweet Sue of South Carolina,  
Had a tesseract for a vagina.  
She was laid every day by the men of Bombay  
While soliciting custom in China.

(Anon. "Dawn & The Imaginative Collector??")



"I'LL HAVE PLENTY OF  
TIME FOR THAT STUFF  
LATER."

"I have a cosmic mind. What do I do now?"