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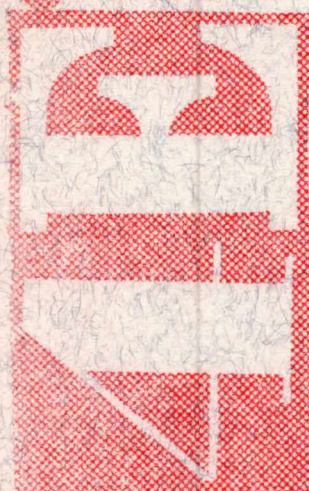
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The



Forry

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go first class with



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A THOUSAND DELIGHTS

MR. SP

BRILLIANT











# FORRY!

A special publication presented  
to Forrest J Ackerman, on the  
occasion of the 50th anniversary  
of his birthday, and the 40th  
anniversary of his discovery of  
Science - Fiction

edited by FRED PATTEN

Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society  
1966



FORRY! has been published as a surprise present for Forrest J Ackerman, and for the guests at the Testimonial Banquet being held in his honor, in the Hollywood Room of the Hollywood Knickerbocker Hotel, 1714 North Ivar Boulevard, Hollywood, California, on December 2nd, 1966.

Additional copies for general sale  
are priced at \$1.50 each.

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# INTRODUCTION:

The yearly Ackerman open house birthday parties were a regular feature of Los Angeles fan social life when I entered Fandom in 1960. Each year, on his birthday, Forry knocked himself out to make other people happy. Somehow, around Forry, this never seemed unusual. Forry's the sort of person who can't be happy unless he knows he's making other people happy. So every year, he threw a party of several days' length, and we were all happy, and he was happy, too. Tired, but happy.

Every year, the parties grew longer and larger and more involved, and (sad to say) more of Forry's collection would be missing at the end of them. "Well, I guess this was my last birthday party," Forry would say at the end of each one. "They've gotten just too involved for me to handle them." But next year, the invitations would arrive right on schedule.

In 1965, at his 49th birthday party, Forry put his foot down. "This time, I mean it! I'll be sorry to have to stop them, but I've got to make a stand somewhere, and this side of the old fifty-yard-line seems a good place." We looked at each other and raised our eyebrows and didn't say anything.

I wasn't too surprised when I got a phone call a couple of months ago, and it was Forry inviting me to another party that was to stretch over several days. Not the annual birthday party, I was to understand, because they had ended last year; no, this one was to celebrate the 40th anniversary of Forry's discovery of that old issue of AMAZING STORIES, back in 1926, that literally started him on the road to where he is today. So I went, and enjoyed myself as I always do, and saw that Forry was enjoying himself as well, and eventually left wondering what Forry would find to celebrate at this time next year.

It wasn't until several days later that I discovered that Forry had had an apparent heart attack several weeks before this, and that at the time he was seemingly enjoying himself so much at his party, he was supposed to be resting in bed, and was only up with his doctor's grudging permission and against his best advice -- because Forry couldn't bear the thought of disappointing people by calling his party off once he'd already led them to anticipate it.

Forry was by now recuperating in bed, and Walt Daugherty announced that he was arranging a Surprise Testimonial Banquet for Forry as soon as he could be up and around again; a chance for all of Forry's old friends to make him as happy as he deserves to be without making him do all the work of setting it up, as well. This sounded like a wonderful idea -- one long past due -- and I thought it might be a nice touch to add something to the affair, a kind of permanent memento, something that Forry could always keep to remind him of the occasion; and something that would allow many of his close friends who might not be able to attend the Banquet in person to still share in honoring him, even by long distance. The LASFS agreed with this idea, and voted me a virtual carte blanche to do whatever I could to bring it about.

So I sent out a form letter to as many of Forry's friends as I could think of -- or locate. And I began stencilling and publishing the replies as they started coming in...and as they kept on coming in...and I put out a call for help to the LASFS because so many of Forry's friends demanded to be included in this tribute to him that I couldn't possibly handle all of the work myself...



As I type this -- at the last minute, the day before the Banquet -- it looks as though we're going to be flooded out. Contributions are still arriving, and even with half-a-dozen people and two mimeographs roaring at top speed to get everything published, there just isn't enough time to transcribe all of the stories, articles, songs, and other material that's come in. This publication that you are now reading includes as much of it as we could prepare in time -- and we wish to apologize humbly to Forry for being forced, through lack of time, to omit some of the tributes paid to him.

Forry, I always knew that you had lots of friends, but right about now, I'm beginning to feel that you have too many! -- if such a thing is possible. And I'm glad that you won't have more than one 50th-Birthday-and-40th-Discovery-of-Science-Fiction Anniversary to celebrate, because I'm not sure I could handle another super-project like this -- but my conscience wouldn't let me rest if I didn't try! All of us -- your friends who wrote the material on these pages, your friends who typed the stencils, your friends who contributed the artwork to illustrate it, your friends who turned the mimeograph handle to publish all this -- we all wish you the happiest possible anniversary (or pair of anniversaries), and many, many more of them.

Fred Patten

Fred Patten





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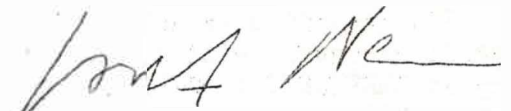
Dear Forrie,

When I first came to the US for the con in Oakland - an eccentric writer from behind the iron curtain, as you say, I met a gentle man in the foyer of the hotel, who could pronounce my name, which is almost impossible for ordinary Americans, and who instantly knew the two science fiction films that were produced in that far away country, Czechoslovakia, after my themes. That was more remarkable than pronouncing my name. From that time I learnt to appreciate, esteem and like you very much indeed (which are the words I know in English to express my relations to you; could I speak in Czech, they would be much more precise, I assure you).

And that is of course why I have to warn you that a group of obvious gangsters is going to smear your name around, pretending in a special publication that you are fifty!!!! What an affront! You shall never be that age, I know, as you have learned all the secrets, being a member of our society that was founded in Prague by Karel Capek and whose pronounced first personality is the famous Mr. Makropolous. You know the secret of science fiction, the Quicksilver; you have discovered it through the way you live, through the way you act and work. Congratulations to your youth, Mr. Makropolous. And I would sue all those who come with their congratulations to your fifties, if I were you.

Best greetings and hundreds of more science fiction conferences, authors and discussions; one of them with me, I hope.

yours very faithfully



Josef Nesvadba,  
Prague, the birth place of Robots.

Valley Center, Calif., 7 Nov. 1966

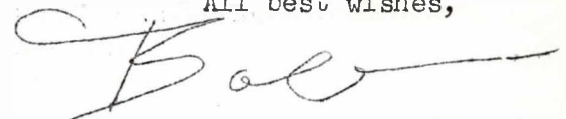
Dear Fred....

If you wanted to describe me in a single sentence, you might call me The Man Who Knows Nobody. Aside from you and John and Bjo, I know no one in the fan field. Among the writers, I know Heinlein and Van Vogt. Turning to the editors and publishers, I know, personally, exactly no one.

But even a man who knows nobody knows Forrie Ackerman. I have been in his home a couple of times and I am still shaken at the size of his collection of SF. What would he have collected, do you suppose, if he had lived back in the old stone age? Cave drawings of wooly mammoths, maybe.

However, even though I do know Forrie, naturally I did not know he had had a heart attack. Sorry to hear of the illness but it is nice to know he has recovered. It is also nice to hear about the surprise party for him. Alas, I can't make it, even for Forrie. Do you want me to start knowing somebody!

All best wishes,



Robert Moore Williams



# FORRY:

## FANTASTIC TRAVELER

By LEM MOFFATT

When I was a child, reading my way through the variety of books in my Uncle John's library, I steered clear of stories by female authors. Somewhere along the line I had adopted the prejudice that male authors wrote only for men--and boys, and that female authors wrote only for women--and girls. A lad who read and (worse yet!) enjoyed the works of lady writers was--in my young mind--likely to be classified as a "sissy".

As I grew into young manhood the prejudice stayed with me, though I did become interested in girls, both in real life and in fiction. As a matter of fact, I never really resented the female characters who popped up in the books I read as a boy.

Raised in a farm community I learned the so-called facts of life early in the game, and so it was logical to me for Tarzan to have his mate, or for the Brobdingnagian maids to take an uncouth interest in Lem Gulliver. Even Horatio Alger's pure and stalwart boy-heroes usually became involved with a nice girl, always in a gentlemanly way, of course.

The prejudice waned as time passed, but did not disappear entirely. I suspect that it was still with me as late as 1951 when I was presented with a twenty-year-old copy of FANTASTIC TRAVELER.\* The book was given to me by another Fantastic Traveler, Forry Ackerman.

"This is one of my favorite books," reads the beginning of Forry's inscription, in green ink on the fly leaf.

Maude Meagher? The name was unfamiliar to me. A lady author, it seems--but steady, man. This is one of Forry's favorite books, so it must be a reasonably good fantasy, at least. Forry and I probably do not have the same tastes in reading, but here is an opportunity to compare his tastes to mine. ("Getting to know Forry better" is a game Forry's friends have played for years, and this book could give some clues...)

Besides, I thought, I'm through with that childish prejudice against female writers...let's try the first chapter...

"In the parlour of the rectory at Helston three daughters of the Reverend James Darrow stood at the window and watched their sister Ellen go down the gravelled path to the gate. She carried her Gladstone bag, for she was going to London to be married to John Martin, the son of the village butcher."

Good Lord, Forry! (I thought) You must be kidding!

"As the gate snapped to behind her, Ellen turned to blow a final kiss from her gloved fingertips..."

---

\*FANTASTIC TRAVELER, a Novel by Maude Meagher. Houghton Mifflin Company, The Riverside Press, Cambridge, Massachusetts; 1931.

At this point I must confess that I skipped ahead in the book, flipping pages and stopping at random to see if I could find some clue as to why Forry had chosen this book as a favorite, let alone a clue to "Inside Ackerman".

It soon became evident that the real protagonist of the novel was the son of Ellen and her loutish husband. I skipped back and read the blurb on the dust jacket. "The story of a humble clerk who was not afraid to dream..."

The rest of the blurb, plus the glimpses I had caught in my random flipping, led me back to the first chapter. For the moment it seemed to be that this was a kind of "sercon Walter Mitty" tale--but after getting into the book I discovered a rather curious thing. I did not want to put it down.

David Martin is an escape artist. Not in the physical sense of the term, but mentally, and--if you will--spiritually, an escape artist. I was once planning to use the term as the subject of an essay on how science-fiction and fantasy fans read s-f and fantasy primarily to escape for a little while from dull mundania, rather than to gain knowledge or to broaden their mental horizons. Not a particularly original idea, and it was Forry himself who pointed out that all persons who read for pleasure are "escaping", whether they read s-f, fantasy, westerns, mystery stories or soap-opera romances.

After reading the book I discussed it briefly with Forry, and we agreed that David Martin was most certainly a "fantasy fan type". However, reading in itself was not David's form or method of escape. Remember, I said that he was an escape artist. Reading provided him with the material from which he painted his mental pictures, from which he built his "daydreams". A word--a mere word--if it looked right, or "felt" right was all that he needed to build an entire scene, or to create an ancient court in which he himself might play a major or a minor role.

This too is "fannish", you might say. After all, many fans have built their own Imaginary Worlds, individually--and collectively, for that matter. I suspect that the fans who have indulged in this kind of "daydreaming" might find David Martin's worlds disappointing, at times--even unimaginative. But one must remember that David's "sources" were more limited than yours or mine.

He started with the Bible--the Old Testament. He did not understand three fourths of what he read--but the words themselves were fascinating! The scenes and adventures he created (and lived within) from those strange old words might very well have shocked his hardnosed grandfather, although it is to be presumed that David's scholastic ability or "talent" was inherited from his mother's side of the family.

Even before he could read he created imaginary adventures, which he shared with his sister. As they grew up in a grim environment a strong bond was established between them. Even so, by the time they are adults, he cannot share his dream worlds with her, though she is the only person in the world whom he loves.

They share a flat in London. She works as a typist, and he works as an accountant. He is excellent at his job, but has no mundane ambitions. His job is just that--a job, something to provide food, clothing and shelter. He really does not need money to buy books. He borrows the books that interest him from a library, and quite often he has no need for books at all. He has many dream worlds to visit; his inward creativity continues to thrive and grow.

But what of his mundane life? Is he actually a dull, introverted clod, stumbling Mitty-like from job to home to job again? Does he hate or fear people, shun women, keep out of crowds? The answer to all of these questions must be negative.

He attends the theatre, though he prefers concerts as he is unable to create music of his own. He walks the street, observing minute details (in people and in things)--a constant quest for more "dream" material. And during the 339 pages of this somewhat detailed biography he knows at least three women, other than his sister.



I do not mean to imply that his relationship with his sister is incestuous. If it was--in the physical sense--the author does not spell it out. (After all, a brother and sister may share a flat, with separate bed rooms, and it is all perfectly proper. Considering the author's use of psychology in this novel I really think she would have clearly and honestly presented an incestual relationship, had there been one.)

She does make it clear that he did enjoy sex with the three other women in his adult life. This, along with the author's at least twice-repeated statement that David was not "insane", is an attempt to make the reader believe that David was not really an abnormal human being. He could and did control his "daydreams", and as he pointed out himself, it "kept him out of mischief".

But of course there is more to this long novel than the daily life (both mundane and "dream") of a London bookkeeper. The characters are real and believable. The writing style, wordy as it is, grows on one. And you run into arguments (which were newer in 1931 than they are now, but still valid nevertheless) regarding various topics, such as the inhumanity of war, the inability of humans to communicate with one another, the negative products of "progress", and so on.

And, having read and pondered over this book, you do "know" Forry better. You know why it is one of his favorites. And why it is likely to become a favorite book of yours--one that you will read and re-read, over the years.

So, often, we read to "escape"--but how can one escape by reading a book about a truly accomplished escape artist? Yet--one does. Obviously it is because there is something of David Martin in all of us. Mitty was funny--for though we could to some degree identify with him, we could also laugh at him, as we can laugh at ourselves. But we cannot always laugh at David Martin. We may laugh with him--when he creates something amusing, or stops to laugh at himself--which perhaps puts us in the position of laughing with ourselves at ourselves....but it is a thoughtful kind of laughter. He bemuses more than amuses....

Remember "the enigmatic Ackerman"? For years Forry has been accused of being as inscrutable as the proverbial Oriental. I have heard more than one person say, "Forry smiles, and is polite, and nice, and friendly--but what is he really thinking behind that placid exterior?"

David Martin keeps his dream world to himself. Not until the very last pages of the book is he able to share it a little with someone. His sister, and others, berate him because he will not, can not, let them "inside".

"His smile was like sun on a closed door." The author uses this line twice in the story--to describe the way David appears to others. The line fits Forry too--but hold!

Friends of Forry, enough of this nonsense about the enigmatic Ackerman. We know what makes him tick! Look, if you can, at your own polite and sunny smile. We all "dream" in our own ways--and all of us are failures at true communication. How much does Forry know about you?

Read FANTASTIC TRAVELER and you will learn more about Forry--and about yourself.

LEN MOFFATT

(November 15, 1966)

# BRIAN ALDISS:

Oxford may seem a long way from California, but I shall be thinking of Forry as a close friend during these celebrations - though in fact I have only met him on three occasions.

I regard Forry as a close friend because I once formed a gestalt with him and three ladies. It sounds unorthodox, and it was. More than that, for me it was a momentous occasion; and although it happened getting on for a decade ago, I do not exaggerate when I say I have never ceased to feel its impact.

It is not possible to be specific about the gestalt; the five of us formed something that would now be termed a cell; once, maybe, it might have been called a coven. With a mixture of empathy and telepathy, we were bound to each other and could sense what each was thinking and feeling. There was a sensation of total forgiveness over us. (I can guess what you may be thinking, but it wasn't that way, although undoubtedly sexuality, the fuse of life, was in it.)

Good things - and that gestalt was a marvelous, miraculous thing - last no more than do bad things. The gestalt was disrupted by the human necessities of travelling on. Forry and I have only met once since, and we didn't talk about that important event; there is, in fact, nothing you can say. We're shy of each other, members of a disbanded orchestra. This will embarrass Forry, but I hope pleasantly, among many other pleasant embarrassments.

He'll understand. So, I imagine will a number of other SF writers, who are in the business because they also think and feel in an unorthodox fashion. I put the experience down on paper once, in a story published twice in England under the titles "Unbeaten Track" and "Three's a Cloud". Sadly, I can't make it to Los Angeles for the Forryjoicings; but I'll reread the story and be thinking of you, Forry, you old science-fictioneer, you!



"Guess who the First arrival will be!"



Terri and Tom Pinckard are now in the process of writing the biography of Forrest J Ackerman. In their travels through the time dimensions of his life, they have found parallel Forrys that ebb and flow, spiraling from one plane to another. Here is a glimpse of the many friends within a friend they have found.

## YOU CAN'T SEE THE FORREST FOR THE TEASE!...

by

Terri Pinckard

Enter through a door at 915 South Sherbourne in Los Angeles and you enter the doorway to 2300 A.D. where in the many nights of the years that pass, the mighty giants of Horror, Science Fiction and Fantasy have come to visit and to dwell among the thousands of books and models of the weird and fantastic for an hour, a day, a week...

Ray Bradbury, A.E. Van Vogt, Robert Bloch, Bela Lugosi, Yma Sumac... the list could go on and on, for days are endless and so are the visitors to the house, this monument to the future; this home of Forrest J Ackerman.

There are men who dream and men who are dreamers and of these, none are so sure of the coming reality of their Utopias than he. Born to the future, born before the time of his dreams, he lives in constant preparation for that future.

Through the years of Fandom, of agenting, editing, counseling and advising...through a myriad of followers; most loyal, some adverse... like a many-faceted zircon, the various personalities of Forry shine on many planes.

Two aspects that have come through all our studies of him - all the letters that have come our way in the unending research for his biography; his sense of humor and his open-mindedness. His humor, the teasing, taunting punning funning that is so much a trademark of Forry. Yet the thing we are most conscious of, is the perpetual curiosity that has never left him since childhood. The willingness and even compulsion that has made him go beyond mere curiosity to find the why's and wherefore's of all he saw and felt.

An "A" student all through school, Forry quests and absorbs discussion. He embraces new knowledge with the arms of a lover. There is no aspect of life that does not stimulate his desire to learn and experience and no social dictates he bows to. He balances this nicely with a good decisive analysis of whether the experience would have merit. If not, well, let someone else experience it and he will absorb the knowledge second hand.

Dianetics drew him as would a magnet draw a piece of steel. The study of Esperanto, a world language was a delight to him for it was a step towards the dream of a Utopian world. The Life Extentionalists who plan to freeze a body and return it to life when the person so desires has already had his attention. Only when he has satisfied himself to their worth, or lack of it, does he make a decision to accept or reject the study.

There cannot be many movies on science fiction he has not seen. A devotee, he sees the bad with the good, and recognizes it for what it is. His perception of a good movie is sound and his perception of a bad one is tempered only by his search for the one grain of worth it might contain. I do not believe the screenwriter feels as badly when his screenplay bombs as does Forry for the loss of a potential sci-fi great.

Ask him how he feels on war and you'll receive a really well thought out and well explicated reply, abounding with distaste and anger. Yet he quiets and soberes as he reflects that something like Nazism requires a war to quell it.

Mention to him that adults wish to get away from youngsters sometimes so that they may talk on levels more adult, and his voice which is so rarely amplified becomes so as he retorts..."I just don't understand that. I enjoy being with younger people. It's there that ideas are germinating and there that the status quo ceases to exist." And he is right, for we who have our responsibilities already set in life cannot match the rebels' stride.

Forry is an atheist. He startled Fanzines by declaring in writing in 1963 his firm convictions. "...I do not believe in Heaven, Hell or prayer...I do not believe in reincarnation or an astral plane. I do not believe in the survival of personality after death. I do not believe that any of these "godless beliefs" make me communist-prone or a potential cold-blooded killer. And I do not believe that many fans, pros, or persons give a damn what I believe!" Forry lives that last line, too. For he does not "give a damn" what others believe, as long as they do not inflict hurt on someone else.

We have known the Forry of the teasing and the puns and the Forry of the four winds and troubled sea. We know the Scienti-Claus Forry who remembers his own birthdays by giving other people presents. We know the Forry of jeers and the Forry of close to tears at someone else's troubles. And there is not another man in the world who so lives in the hearts of those who love him.

So, thank you, Forry, for letting us know you. And we hope you let us share knowing your next fifty years.



# FAHRENHEIT 98.6

or,

## THE TELEMETERED MAN

It's eighteen years from now, Forry, and you're not feeling so good. So you go to a doctor to find out what's wrong. By now you've made that million, so you can afford the very best of medical care. EKG's, blood pressure, urinalysis, all the other routine tests have been made, including a rather comprehensive blood analysis but, still, the doctors can't pin down quite what's wrong with you. So they give you the works.

First they take a good look at the inside of your body. X-Rays don't quite give them the detail they want, so they take an ultrasound hologram of your body. Pin-point sources of ultrasonic energy penetrate your body, are reflected back from the soft tissues, and a diffraction pattern of sound waves is recorded, then transformed by a laser beam into a hologram of your internal organs. This in turn is projected into a three dimensional image which is viewed in room light. One doctor tells another, "There's a slight abnormality of the heart, perhaps. Why don't you come over here by me...there's a better view...see it?" And the two specialists view, in three dimensions, the interior tissues of your body.

There's an abnormality there, all right, but that may not be the cause of your problem. Right there in the office you feel fine. It's when you're climbing the steps to your bedroom, or watching the latest bottomless show that you feel funny. So they decide to instrument you. You go into an office for slight surgery...nothing serious, you'll be up and around in a day.

When you're through surgery you're pretty thoroughly instrumented, but it's all inside. There are no wires sticking on you, through your skin, or whatever. (There are no suspicious bulges, either.) Outwardly, you're the same old Forry, but 'taint so. Sitting inconspicuously on one of your shelves (in the three story library which you've added onto your duplex) is a tape recorder/alarm system, and some inconspicuous antennae have been strung up all over your house. Recorded are the wave forms of the pressure inside your left ventricle (the one you bought back from your doctor eighteen years ago, at \$2000/lb.), your aorta, your carotid artery, and your coronary artery. Your blood flow is also being measured by tiny ultrasonic detectors. So is the degree of oxygenation of your blood, your temperature, your breathing rate, your EKG, and the acidity of your stomach. (You are requested to cut down on your Martinis, not for health reasons, but because it might upset the instrumentation. This amuses you for you still don't drink.) All this information is telemetered from inside your body to a computer which discards all data that is not significant, so as not to clutter up the tape. When you feel bad, all you have to do is press a button on a fountain pen--copied from "Get Smart"--and the computer automatically records all data, since even that far in the future, the computer knows less about how you feel than you do.

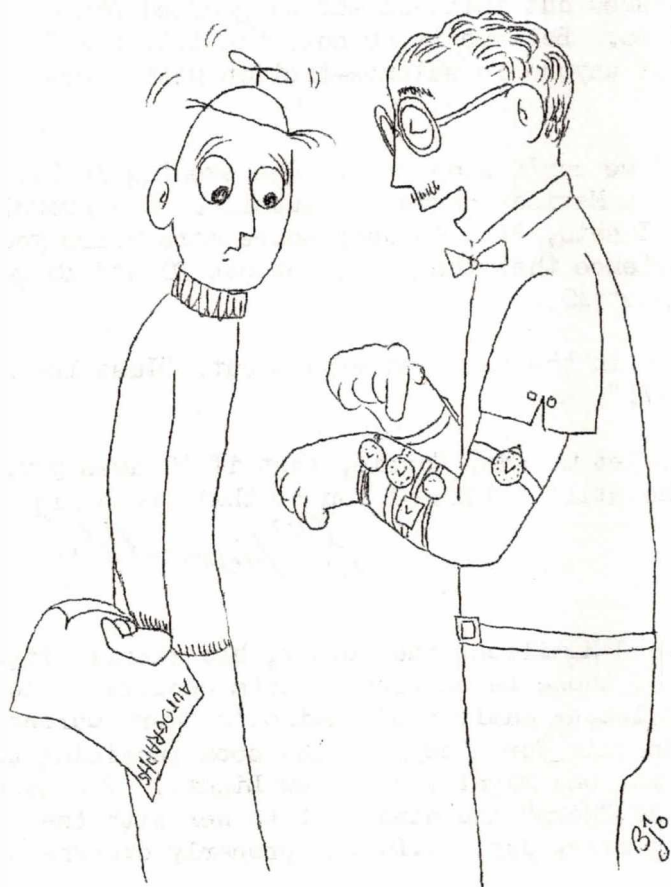
Periodically, the computer calls up the hospital on your phone and transmits how you're doing. This costs you, for the hospital is in San Francisco, and has automatic data equipment which services six Western States. The hospital calls your doctor back (that is, the hospital computer does) whenever it feels there is something significant to report. This also costs you, but what the Hell, by this time you're on Medicare.

After some weeks of this you visit the doctor, and they pull most of the instrumentation out. He tells you that they now know what's wrong with you. It seems that the regulatory mechanism for controlling the blood pressure in your head has gone awry. This is something of a shock to you, for you don't know how you will explain this to your "friends" who have been claiming something like this all along. As a result of this poor regulation your pressure varies erratically whenever you bend down to retrieve a magazine from a low shelf. Since you do this so often, you never have noticed specific instances. The doctor explains that, in your particular case this has one major effect...the absence of secretions which properly lubricate your sinuses. "It is a clear case," the doctor says, "of sinus friction."

This time they reinstrument you so as to monitor very closely the blood pressure in your head. But instead of collecting data, the instrument automatically controls the flow of medication which has been implanted in you, complete with an electronically controlled syringe. You are still being monitored by the San Francisco Hospital, so you don't have to call the doctor...he'll call you. Once every three months you come in for minor surgery, to replace batteries and drugs, but you feel fine.

You have only one problem: where are you going to put the four-story annex which you need to house your collection?

Fantastic? Not at all. All the elements described above are now either in use or have been the subject of technical papers describing preliminary engineering research. Yours truly makes some of the devices listed above. The only major problems in the field of biomedical engineering are where to house the multiplicity of reports now being published on this subject. Knowledgeable workers in the field, however, know there is no cause for concern. By 1984, Forrest J Ackerman will have been forced to solve the problem of publication storage, and, in gratitude for the help he is bound to need, may cross disciplinary lines and repay his debt to biomedical engineering.



"THIS ONE TELLS LONDON TIME, AND THAT ONE TELLS THE DATE, AND THIS ONE IS ATOMIC POWERED.... AND I WEAR THIS ONE BECAUSE I LIKE TO SEE MICKEY'S HANDS GO 'ROUND!"

EPH

KONIGSBERG



The time was the summer of 1930. I had been publishing science-fiction stories for four years. I was an Author.

A child in California wrote me. He was, he said, fourteen years old. He was also the President of the Boys' Science-fiction Club of San Francisco. He would like my autograph.

Eleven years is not a great age-difference...not, say, between 30 and 41. But to a 25-year old who is also an Author, a 14-year old is practically in the cradle. I sympathized, however, with this eager lad. I sent him my autograph...not informing him that no one else had ever asked for it.

But hot on the heels of Forrest J's request came another letter. It was from James Nicholson. He was the Secretary of the Boys' Science-fiction Club of San Francisco. He would like my autograph. I sent it to him. My ego somewhat swollen by now, I hoped the whole Boys' Club would not write separate requests. There was no danger of that. Decades later, Forrest and Jim Nicholson confessed to me that they two were the Boys' Science-fiction Club of San Francisco.

It was to be several years before I met Forrest and strode with him down Fifth Avenue in New York, he wearing a magnificent Flash-Gordonish science-fictional costume. I tried to look as though I wasn't with him, at the same time that I admired his utter nonchalance.

A year later, in Los Angeles, I met Leigh Brackett and took her to the LASFS meeting. Forrest had a game whereby he tossed out initials and we guessed what science-fiction personality they belonged to. Believe it or not, the initials I fell down on were L.B. I couldn't think of anyone in science-fiction with those initials!

Well, the years roll by, Forrest, and we can't stop them. One evening in 1947, Leigh and Ray Bradbury and I were going to a Mexican movie in Sawtelle. Ray proudly announced that it was his 27th birthday. I said, "Ah, in only three more years you'll be 30. I can tell you from personal experience that the years between 30 and 40 go so fast you won't believe. And once you're past 40..."

Ray interrupted by jumping up and down in the seat and crying out, "Just let me be 27. It's a nice age...just let me be 27!"

So in wishing you many happy returns, let me add, Forrie, that if 50 awes you, just keep thinking that there's someone who still thinks of you as that fresh kid in California!

*Ed Hamilton*

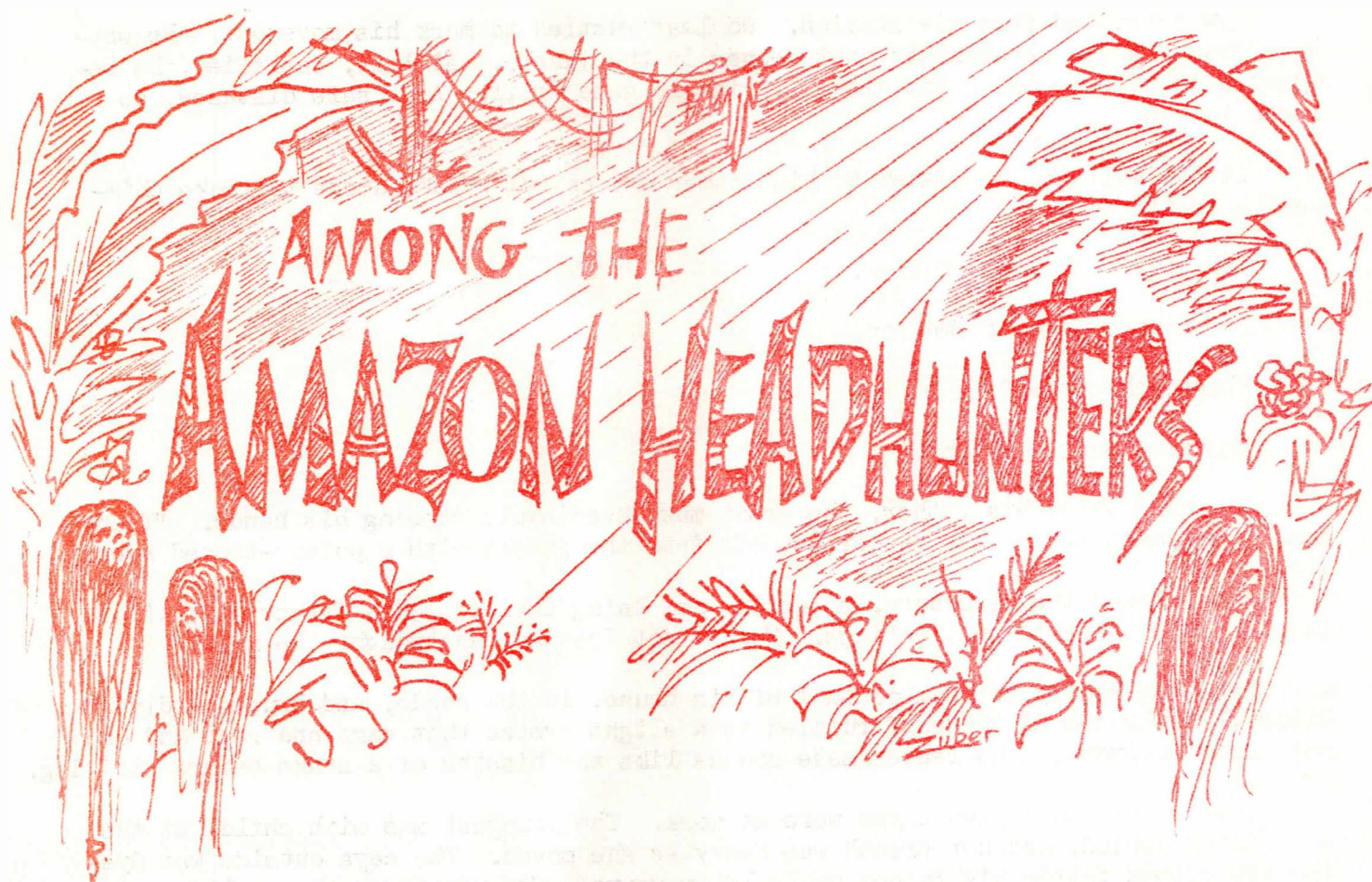
The time was the summer of 1946. Edmond Hamilton, the Author, had finally figured out what L.B. stood for, and suddenly one of those Revelatory Moments occurred...he discovered that L.B. was, like himself, a passionate admirer of Eddison's "Worm Ourobours". She went on to say that she had searched in vain for a copy of the book (noticing the while that he seemed to be looking at her in, one might say, a New Light.) The next time they met he produced a mint copy of the "Worm" and handed it to her with the nonchalance of one who does this sort of thing every day. L.B. was properly overwhelmed. And that night the Author proposed.

"But," she said, "this is so sudden. Only our third date. Are you sure...?"

"Darn right I'm sure," he said, and pointed to the book. "That copy of the "Worm" belongs to Forrie Ackerman...he loaned it to me, and I've got to get it back."

Thank you, Forrie, for making this marriage possible.

*L. B. Hamilton*



by KRIS NEVILLE

Iye was a Campa Indian. He squatted by the muddy Chiriaca, a few yards back from the edge of the sand playa and watched the rapids bounce up current. Word had come that a party of white men were floating down river. Once attacked, they had beaten off the attackers. They were very dangerous.

The Campa tribe of which Iye was a member had fled to the Pongo Menseriche region to avoid the slave traders and in time established a more or less secure territory for itself. There the tribe remained, safe from traders, in that savage jungle land where all the rivers were said to run with blood.

Iye spoke with the speech of the Campa, with a few words of the Aguaruna dialect of Jívaro and an occasional Spanish noun. Like the Jívaro, his tribe took tsantsas.

His father, in fact, was a great muku hendinyui. In Iye's eyes, perhaps the greatest of the muku hendinyui in the known world. Still, Iye harbored a sullen bitterness for his father and often hated him.

Iye, painted with achiote to an angry red, smiled to himself and waited the wonderful, exciting, and unexpected sight of the white men, the taimroke chimparis, on the river.



At length the raft appeared. It came awkwardly down the rapids and beached at the playa.

Iye retreated from his station. No leaf rustled to mark his movement. He watched from his new observation post deeper in the jungle. At last, satisfied, he retreated in silence along the almost invisible game trail. At a safe distance, he began to run.

At the village, he rushed to his father and cried: "Naka amene taimroke chimpari apinti!"

"Apinti?" asked the father.

Iye nodded in confirmation.

"Tugamenkidotses?"

"Tungaventodse, shacha."

"Ah ha!" cried his father, the great muku hendinyui, rubbing his hands. "Tsan-tsa!" A moment later, his father set off into the jungle with a poison-tipped spear.

Iye watched the departure, resenting not being invited. His father did not understand his thoughts and feelings. Was it not Iye who had brought the news?

Iye squatted by the bamboo wall of his house, in the shade, and brushed idly at flies. The leaves of the roof rustled in a slight breeze that came and went and did not bring coolness. The leaves made sounds like the hissing of a snake before striking.

Inside the house, two cayas were at work. The youngest was with child, at the end of her period, and her breath was heavy as she moved. The caya outside was dyeing the cotton fabric his father would later weave. She was his mother, eldest of the three wives.

Cayas! he thought, spitting in the dirt. It was not right for a great muku hendinyui to be oppressed by them. Shrill, demanding shrews, all. Iye resented their rough handling of him.

Not even a poson-ka would cause Iye to take one for wife. Wives, he reasoned, progressively destroyed a chimpari's wakaní. His father should see that, as should all chimparis. Instead, chimparis were scarcely better than slaves to their wives. Iye could not divine the attraction.

His thoughts turned to the taimroke chimpari on the river. What had happened to the rest of the taimroke chimparis the drums had told of? Perhaps they were attacked again, and only the one had survived. More likely the whirlpools up river had caught the raft and upset it. Perhaps some of the bloody meat aboard had plunged in to draw the piña. He shuddered as he thought of the fish, whose teeth were used in the wooden knives of the abendaningare. Yes. A school of piña, attracted by the blood, had stripped clean the taimroke chimparis as they thrashed in the water. Iye, himself, had seen a pig attacked by piña. The speed with which a school could kill and eat was as the lightning in the sky. Perhaps that was what had happened to all the other taimroke chimparis on the raft.

In any event, the fact was this: there was only one now at the playa. His beard and hair were long; his eyes were large; his skin was pale beneath the tan. A promising specimen.

After beaching the raft, the taimroke chimpari had made a fire at the edge of the

playa. As he bent to unlash the pig meat strapped to the raft, Iye departed.

It was enough to know that the taimroke chimpari would remain until the meat had cooked, defenseless against a great muku hendinyui, creeping upon him from the jungle. Soon there would be another tsantsa to his father's credit, filled with hot sand, drying in the jar. The taimroke chimparis were easily slain, and their tsantsas (considerable rareities, the tsantsas of the taimroke chimparis) could be bartered for fabulous treasures of beads. Perhaps this one, so exceptional, would bring a tungaventodse in addition to the one his father would take in the kill. Perhaps if it did, his father would give Iye the second tungaventodse for his own as a reward for finding the taimroke chimpari. With this, he would be a mighty hunter indeed.

Yes, surely, the tsantsa would bring a tungaventodse. Perhaps also beads. Tsantsas were in much demand, in the great world outside the jungle, even among the taimroke chimparis, themselves, who disapproved of the taking of them. It would fetch a good price, no doubt of that.

And there was the shacha, too, that his father would take in the kill. Of hard metal, it would ease the labor of chopping the bamboo, of clearing the trails. A tungaventodse, a shacha, and finally, and best of all, the tsantsa. This would be a day to remember for many, many changes of the moon.

A superstitious fear came to him, momentarily, as a cloud crossed the sun, sending shade darting everywhere. A wakani had departed. Had his father arrived already at the river?

No. Not enough time had elapsed. His father would move with great caution, approaching the last distance on his stomach before rearing erect and striking with the spear. Perhaps it was the wakani of some animal or bird.

He was drawn into this thought. All life was a dream, nothing but a dream, dreamed by the imprisoned wakani of all things. Iye someday would return to the sun, return to the stars, as would everything in the world, in its time.

The taimroke chimparis have a great Pawa, of whom wondrous tales were told. Iye had heard these tales from his own people, for the tribe of Campa Indians came originally from far down river and knew of the civilization outside of the Pongo Menseriche, and Iye had heard many tellings of the wonders of that homeland and the marvels of the taimroke chimparis who dwelt but the journey of two days from the old village.

Still, Iye had much reason to doubt the tales. He also had much reason to doubt his father. To doubt the cayas. To doubt, even, the abandaningare.

His mother, chief caya of the house, paused to ask the time to the spot on the river where the taimroke chimpari was sighted and an estimate of when his father might be expected back.

"It is time to prepare the boiling water," said Iye. She grunted and went about the task.

It was desirable, as soon as possible after the skull was removed, to boil the skin in water. Then the hot sand treatment could be applied at leisure, over a period of months if need be, for there was no danger of it spoiling. Their abandaningare had learned of a new process by which a marketable tsantsa could be obtained within two phases of the moon, but Iye's father preferred the older method, which did not rely on herbs. To a professional muku hendinyui, the herbs left a sallow tint that was not pleasing, although it is doubtful that any buyer would be concerned with such a detail. Iye's father resisted change.



It was perhaps for this reason that his father hated the taimroke chimparis. They brought change. Tales were told of the change in the ways of the Campa from what the ways had been in former days: all brought by the taimroke chimparis, all deadly to the Campas.



Iye, himself, did not hate them. To him, a Jívaro, a Campa, a taimroke chimpari were all the same: all chimparis. Perhaps he had lost some of the sense of tribal identity and exclusiveness which characterized the Campa because he was an immigrant in a new land. He felt a kinship with the land and with the Jívaro Indians, among whom his tribe had settled, which his parents did not feel. He lived in a world of expanding horizons. It was a world destined to include, also, the taimroke chimparis. It would give Iye pleasure to hold conversation with one of them and learn their knowledge.

Tales to the contrary, Iye could demonstrate that all chimparis, without regard to origin, were of a peculiar wholeness that separated them from the other life forms. And, so, too, the taimroke chimparis. They were merely chimparis with unhealthy skin.

Iye asked himself: How does the one at the playa differ in essence from my father? In no significant degree. A chimpari's mind is filled with thoughts. Thoughts of food. Thoughts of danger. Thoughts of work. Thoughts of tomorrow. The mind is filled with numberless thoughts. A chimpari, it matters not the coloring or place of origin, has

more thoughts than there are stars in the night sky. And since the true knowledge of each chimpanari is but as a handful of stars, so are the majority of each chimpanari's thoughts nothing but idle conjecture.

But beneath these thoughts, like the quiet waters of the lake beneath the disturbed surface, there is a secret house where the great Pawa of all things lives and from which radiates the wakani to make possible the thoughts. This is the true thing all chimpanaris know: that wakani infuses all reality, seen and unseen, and from it a chimpanari can develop an endless series of consequences to verify his knowledge. So each chimpanari has within himself the device by which truth is measured, but, alas, each is clumsy in its use and can employ it in only the most gross of measurements.

Now it may be, thought Iye, that among chimpanaris generally some are irrational and deluded and know no true thing at all. This may be, but such ones must forever remain the exception. To survive, a tribe must live in the immediate aspect of nature involving hunger and fear and uncertainty and danger and learn at the barest minimum to master these manifestations of Pawa. No tribe can suffer a majority of fools, forever projecting false and shifting consequences, and thus it can be demonstrated that all chimpanaris are of a wholeness.

Iye observed, he listened, he watched, he seldom questioned, for his father was a man who could not abide questioning. A thing was so. Let the matter end, and think of it no more.

But Iye was not incapable of reason. Doubts came, and would not be stilled. The impact of the Jivaro culture on Iye could not, in this connection, be overlooked. There was an intermingling and an interchange of ideas going on all about him. Did not his father have three wives? Was this the way of the Campa? Were not the cayas becoming more dominant, exactly as the cayas of the Aguaruna had always been? Was the tribe not imitating its neighbors and learning new ways and changing? Iye had heard these discussions at tribal ceremonies. In balance, Iye thought, the commerce in custom and knowledge was to the profit of the tribe. Certainly all benefitted from the increased skill of the abandaningares, and while the taking of three wives was without purpose, the beautiful dyes and the loom were valuable acquisitions.

Living at a time of change, when new ideas were being wind-blown across the village, Iye could not help but doubt many of the old ways. Their abandaningares, for example, claimed once to have eaten the heart and liver of a taimroke chimpanari. He may have gained, thereby, bravery, as when the parts of an enemy warrior are eaten, but that he gained also the knowledge of the taimroke chimpanari's civilization was not to be believed. Could he make the great tugamenkidotses of the taimroke chimpanaris? No. Could it be shown, in fact, that he was in any respect wiser than before, or, in the ways of the taimroke chimpanaris, wiser now than others of the tribe? No. So, there were old beliefs that Iye could not believe.

Waiting for his father to return, Iye's thought turned to the taimroke chimpanaris, makers of great tungaventods, large and small, some hardly more than the size of a knife, some longer than spears, all capable of striking at great distances, cleanly, in an instant, so that the game did not need to be tracked through the twisted jungle until the poison struck, so that, in fact, one could abandon skill in stalking and be indifferent to the wind.

What mighty abandaningares they must have! Mightier than any known to the Campa, the Aguaruna, the Chapra, the Cocamas, the Muratos, the Huambizas...mightier than any from all these tribes. It seemed to Iye that a chimpanari -- although he was not of an age to know cayas he thought of himself as a chimpanari -- should study the taimroke chimpanaris and learn what was to be known from their abandaningares. In this fashion, the Campa, and all the other Indians, would get the ability to fashion the tugamenkidotses they required without being dependent on barter. Certainly such knowledge must come only in conversation, it could not be had by eating hearts.



Iye, still squatting, imagined the transformation that could be brought to the village. He imagined himself travelling down the muddy Chiriaca to the mightiest of all rivers, the Marañón, and down it until he came to the dwelling place of the taimroke chimparis. There he would learn the speech of the taimroke chimparis and all the secrets of their great civilization and all their knowledge of Pawa. Then, rich with this great knowledge, he would return to the Campa, home, here above the mighty Pongo Menseriche, beside the muddy Chiriaca, bringing many great things and this great knowledge of the taimroke chimparis. Iye would become the abandaningare of all the Indians, not only of the Campa but the Aguaruna, the Huambizas, and all the rest, and he would teach them new ways, and the world of the jungle around him, that could not make even a single tungaventodse, would be destroyed and a new one constructed.

What wonderful revolutionary dreams he dreamed, squatting in the bamboo shade, waiting for his father! In his inward vision, he saw the land cleared by the aid of the great shachas he would make, and nevermore would there be a shortage of meat to eat, because of all the varieties of tugamenkidotses he would make. All the Indians, as far as the mind could imagine, would be touched by this outpouring of the abandaningare, Iye, and there would grow up a great civilization as great as that of the taimroke chimparis, greater than that.

Deep in his thoughts, moving in response to his wakani, stirred the tribal memory of the Sun God. It rested somewhere near the Pawa, created by absorption from the patterns of speech and the distant echoes of half-understood myths. The Sun God spoke to the wakani of a great memory when Campa were mighty, when the civilization of the Campa, and the forefathers of the Campa, had made a great thing, so great that a shiver passed through Iye's whole body, so great that none now could give it tongue, none now describe all the wonders that once were, in the days of myth, in this lingering memory, in this Sun God who was recreated from the language, itself, and who rested, waiting, near the great Pawa. The Sun God urged its rebirth upon Iye.

The abandaningare had a piece of soft yellow metal. It was yellow like the sun. This metal from the sun, this soft, warm metal, this docile metal, this beautiful metal, awakened dreams that Iye could not put to name and great geometric shapes stirred below his consciousness, and visions of people in numbers larger than the stars gathering in great villages to worship before the abandaningares of the Sun God.

He would learn from the taimroke chimparis and recreate this lost memory.

And the cayas, the cayas who shamelessly dominated the great hunters and warriors and muku hendinyuis and managed the houses as though none but them were of importance! How it made one less than himself to observe this. To hear the tongues of all three wives berating at once himself, his father. It was more than any chimpari could bear! This, too, would end, when Iye became the abandaningare; all this would be changed. The Campa did not know the secret thing that moved within their midst, the fiery thoughts of Iye, nor know that the days of their village were but as a numbered hand-ful against the stars of his dream.

As Iye sunk toward the center of himself, toward the core of his fantasy, he was jerked abruptly to reality by the sharp report of a tungaventodse.

The sound came from the river, from the playa. It crackled upon the air, and it lingered in the mind.

Iye drew his knees toward him. Perhaps I am the chief of the family now, he thought. I am chief, head chimpari, and I shall make the cayas know from whom comes the meat. I will go off to myself to avoid their moving tongues, and they will be glad when I return with a deer, or with some larger animal brought down by my skill-ful spear.



Indeed, this was another of his recurrent dreams. Iye, as all male Campas, wished to supplant his father. Since all chimpanis knew this, there was much hostility between father and son. Iye knew savage blows well at the hands of his father, and they did not lessen his hostility. A bundle of rage and hate, like lightning turned upon itself, existed motionless inside of him, waiting to explode. He could never retaliate physically against his father, for the abandaningare would order his skull split open if he did. But in his dreams, there was compensation. And the rage and hate, as it grew, was already moving him to thoughts of battles and filling him with the joyful promise of release in warfare.



If his father did not return from the playa, this would be a greater day than a day in which there was a tungaventodse, a shacha, and a tsantsa all together. He looked to the sun. Was it to be covered by the wakani of his father? Iye waited, without breathing.

But at last he breathed. He could now only wait. The cayas were waiting also. Iye thought of the taimroke chimpanis. Perhaps it was fitting that his father should thus fall victim to him. In that moment, Iye fancied himself become a taimroke chimpanis, and his wakani left his body to join the wakani of the taimroke chimpanis on the playa. Indeed, they were one, and there was much shared wisdom which twisted just beyond the range of his thoughts. In the instant, he knew with certainty that his dream was no dream at all, but was the future. He, Iye, would go down the river, would enter the great civilization there, would learn all the great secrets of these strange people, would return to his home, would become the great abandaningare, and would be the founder of a great civilization here in the jungle, a civilization centered upon the yellow metal, upon the Sun God, upon the deep, sleeping memory he shared with all of them.

At this point, his father came. His father's spear was missing. There was a pulsing flower of blood at his father's shoulder, streaming along the side of his body, through fingers slapped against the pain. His father's face was without expression.

Iye knew he must run for the abandaningare. He dared not delay. As he sprang erect, he saw his mother, finished with the fire, emptying out some of the water so that the remaining might more quickly boil.

Iye ran.

Within moments, Iye returned with the abandaningare.

The abandaningare went immediately to Iye's father and inspected the wound. He placed his earthen jar on the ground. From it he removed a slender orange aguaji-machacuy. Golden venom spilled from the fangs.

Iye watched as the great and frightening magic progressed until its frenzied end was purchased by release of the wakani of the aguaji-machacuy between the teeth of the abandaningare. The magic thus cast, the abandaningare bent to Iye's father. No sound passed his father's lips as the piña-toothed knife sought the wound. The father's face remained without expression.

Iye's mother was boiling the herb poultice. When the abandaningare at length extracted the metal, she came forward, holding the poultice, steaming, between two sticks and applied it. The abandaningare skillfully wrapped on a neat cloth bandage and Iye's father sat up. For the first time he showed expression. He smiled. The abandaningare made special magic in the air to promote healing. All would be well.

Iye felt tears of rage well up in his eyes, and he looked away so that others might not see.

"Where is the taimroke chimpari?" demanded Iye's mother. "Where is his tsantsa? Where is the tungaventodse that Iye reported? Where is the shacha?"

His father crouched silent under the abuse.

"How are we to pay the good abandaningare for his services?" cried the irate caya.

"He had with him a great sucuruju to warn of my approach," said Iye's father.

Hearing this, Iye moved to the edge of the house. A moment later, safe from detection, he slipped into the jungle and moved silently, cautious of snakes, the memory of the aguaji-machacuy fresh in mind, toward the game trail leading to the playa. His father had lied, for all knew that the taimroke chimparis commanded no sucuruju. These could be commanded only by the abandaningare. So. His father, grown careless, made over-confident by his ego, had been clumsy in his approach.

In Iye's breast grew a bursting of pleasure. His father had been made the fool. His father was not the great muku hendinyui. Gone, forever, now his boasting. It would be many moons before the Campa would forget his humiliation. The word would spread through the jungle even to the lands of the Cocamas. To be bested by a lone taimroke chimpari!

His father had become a caya, nothing more than that, fit only to stay at the house, dyeing cloth. His prowess was taken from him by this defeat. His manhood itself was humbled. Now, surely, he would need poson-ka from the abandaningare if he were to fulfill his night-time duty to the wives.

Iye moved in silence toward the playa. Was the taimroke chimpari still there? Iye sniffed for signs of the fire. They came on the air: ashes, the odor of scorched pig, the tangy smell of too green wood. As all chimpari, this one must eat, and perhaps he would risk remaining at the playa in preference to unknown danger later. The food must be cooked someplace; and all places were filled with menace and smelled of death.

Iye could now detect the scent of his father. A displaced leaf, a tiny depression, told where his father had moved from the path to approach through the jungle. Iye followed. In his mind was the great dream of the past, for which he was the present wakani. Soon, now, he would set forth upon the rivers to the world of the taimroke chimparis.

As hoped, his father's spear was lying discarded in flight and fear.

A moment of fear came to Iye, too, when he took it into his hands. He listened, without breath, to quiet his heart beat. Cautious now. Swing around. Away from this place.

Iye circled through the jungle, until he was at the furthest part, beyond the fire, at the edge of the muddy Chiriaca. He crept more silently than growth, itself. Now he could look out.

The taimroke chimpari was still there! He sat on his raft confronting the jungle with his tungaventodse at ready. Waiting. Near the edge of the clearing, exactly as Iye remembered it, was the fire. Soon, the taimroke chimpari would approach it, pass beyond Iye at his station, to take the meat.

The taimroke chimpari was at a distance to protect against all but the mightiest spear thrower. Had his father thought to reach across that distance? Ha! The taimroke chimpari could cast off and drift away and be lost forever before the poison could find the heart and cut free the wakani.

The fear came again. Iye denied it with memories of the future. His thoughts ran with liquid yellow from the sun. Iye imagined the amazement the cayas would show when he returned in triumph. Creatures with their off shoulder dresses of blue and brown and red, and their beaded collars. What care he for them? Were they as beautiful as the Jívaro cayas, whose skin coloring was red like achiote? Let them come out. Let them celebrate. What care he? His only thought was of himself alone upon the river, drifting toward the great cities of the taimroke chimparis.

In his thoughts, Iye, invisibly small, was already transformed into a mighty muku hendinyui, greater than his own father. Soon he would return with the tungaventodse, the shacha, and best of all, the tsantsa, and never in his days would his father forget that memory. Tonight he, Iye, would be called chimpari and would sit at the tribal ceremonies.

Six-year-old Iye clutched the spear and settled down to wait for the taimroke chimpari to move toward the pig meat cooking over the open fire.

KRIS NEVILLE



# THE THREE STIGMATA OF ACKERMAN FORREST

Faith - Hope - Charity

What kind of appreciation can anyone write about the Peter Pan of science fiction, now halfway between the cradle and the grave? Doubtless many great tributes will be paid by doorstep friends who know his foibles and temperament far better than the thousands invisibly attached to him by correspondence round the world. Others, sharing brief personal memories of his personality on whistle-stop excursions into Europe over the past fifteen years, will be able to give firsthand anecdotes of his charm, his slow-moving wit and his great desire to unite the s-f readers of the world in a universal brotherhood of non-belligerence.

To myself, celebrating thirty years of remote-control friendship on this his golden birthday, the years are filled with his personality and I realize now that my world would have been a much poorer place without him. I could have got on without him -- I am glad that I didn't have to, for his three stigmata shine through the years like a beacon.

His faith in s-f, despite many vicissitudes; often despite open opposition from many quarters in the early days. His faith in most human beings, despite oppositions and reversals. In particular, faith in himself, although he probably never realized it at the time.

His hopes -- and they are legion -- are reflected in the living monument he has already built for himself during his lifetime.

His charity is legend and this Golden Anniversary tribute will be filled with anecdotes of his goodwill throughout the years. As is his right.

Forrie can well feel proud of his fifty years (they still sit lightly on his shoulders) and look forward to the next decades safe in the knowledge that his three personal stigmata are honorable scars anyone would be proud to bear.

But the greatest of them is his charity.

*Ted Carnell*

# OF TIME AND THE ACK

by ROY TACKETT

This one, the letter said, is for The Ack. It is for his birthday. 4e is 50.

"Fifty?" I muttered into my wine glass. "Fifty! Impossible! Why it was just a short time ago....."

One of the advantages--or disadvantages, perhaps--of being a stfan is that one becomes a timebinder. Yesterday, today, tomorrow--the fan grasps them all and interweaves them until it is sometimes difficult to distinguish one from the other. When did I first meet the legendary Forrest Ackerman? Was it yesterday? Twenty years ago? Next Tuesday?

To the mundane, the non-fan, time is the simplest thing. The days march, one after the other, in neat and orderly fashion. Yesterday was Tuesday, today is Wednesday, and tomorrow is Thursday. It isn't so simple for a fan. Yesterday was Tuesday but that does not necessarily mean that today is Wednesday and there is a strong possibility we'll turn left on Thursday. We catch time and hold it in our hands. We expand it, contract it and look beyond it. Not satisfied with that we even move it sideways. Because we are accustomed to dealing with the future and the past we have a different view of time than our mundane neighbor. By the calendar more than two decades have passed since I first met Ack-Ack. "Twenty years," says my neighbor, "that's a long time." It all depends.

The long view. Fans are accustomed to considering a hundred years, a thousand, eternity. The pace of fandom is leisurely. Why not? Aren't we all immortals? Subjectively anyway? How long have you lived? How long have I lived? Objectively I've been around a little over 40 years. Subjectively I have lived forever. I was there when the Universe was created. I was witness to the first colossal bang that brought it into being and set it to expanding. I was there when it ended, when everything had run out and there was no more. Subjectively, fans have lived for eternity.

This long view affects us in our communications with each other. Consider that if I ask a fellow span a question in the December issue of my apazine, it will be March when he answers, June when I comment on his answer, and September when he rebuts.

Twenty years is a long time? Just time enough for a conversation to start getting interesting.

So it has been more than 20 years since I first met Ackerman. That was only yesterday.

I made my first contact with fandom around 1940. I had been reading stf for a time and one of the things that bemused me was the "Reviews of the Science Fiction Fan Magazines" that appeared in the back of TWS. Or was it STARTLING? Or both? What, I wondered, is a Science Fiction Fan Magazine? One day I put some grubby dimes in assorted envelopes and mailed them off to an assortment of fan publishers and soon



thereafter received an assortment of science fiction fan magazines. Among them was something called LE ZOMBIE published by a chap named Tucker. Wonderful. The Tucker humor tickles. But the zine was full of mysterious references that had me, well, mystified. I wrote to Tucker asking what was this and which was that and who was which. Tucker commented that mine was the sort of letter which should have been sent to VoM. And what was VoM? He told me and I wrote for a copy. It arrived a few days later and the world was never quite the same after that.

VoM, full of puns and in-group humor and Ackermanese and a wealth of information made a rather lasting impression on an impressionable young neofan. I joined in with a will, writing idiotic letters (not intentionally idiotic, mind you) which Forry accepted with tolerance and good humor. For me Los Angeles soon became Shangri-la, the temple was on Bixel Street, and 4e was the High Lama.

Time marched. And so did I (as did we all) but I maintained a nebulous contact with fandom and in 1945 found myself stationed in San Francisco. I glanced up from my desk one day to see the receptionist talking to a familiar-looking Army sergeant. I knew him but didn't but with those glasses it could be none other than the legendary 4sj himself. I was pleased. I was awed. We chatted. He talked and I listened. An acolyte should listen when the master speaks. When he left Forry invited me to Los Angeles to attend the first Fanquet. I went, of course. I didn't know anyone but Acky took me under his wing and guided me around. My first real in person contact with fandom. I returned to San Francisco feeling rather like one who has made the pilgrimage to Mecca.

Yesterday, today, tomorrow. In the fan's view it is all the same. All that took place more than 20 years ago. It was yesterday. But Forry's older and I'm older and not very impressionable any more. I've been everywhere and seen everything. But Ackerman still impresses me. The legendary Ackerman who made Fandom a Way of Life.



"Take me to your Ackerman!"

7 November 1966

Mr. Fred Patten  
1825 Greenfield Avenue  
Los Angeles, California, 90025

Dear Mr. Patten,

My heart is heavy and I don't know how well this letter will fit in with your plans for a special fanzine for Forrie, one that will be gay and loving. I feel loving, but not gay.

I met Forrie first in 1939 on the occasion of the First World Convention in New York. I don't think he noticed me. He was the Number One Fan then as he is now, and I was a minute particle on the s.f. scene. He was only 22; I was 19.

The most recent time we met was in Cleveland just two months ago, at the Twenty-Fourth World Convention.

When we first met, I was not yet married---now I am about to celebrate my silver wedding and I have an 11 1/2 year old daughter who makes eyes at Forrie ---who makes eyes back.

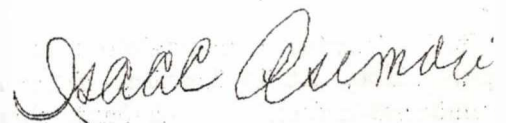
In between, Forrie has treated me with the generosity he accords every one. When he heard that I didn't have a copy of the issue of *Amazing* that contained my very first story (I have tearsheets of the story itself, lest anyone think I am entirely too casual about my career) he sent me---without request and without charge ---a copy of the magazine.

He has stood by my side at conventions and kept me from being the only non-smoker and non-drinker in a hostile crowd of hip characters. He has laughed at my jokes with immoderate humor and sent me thank-you letters afterward for entertaining him. By the mere process of not aging from year to year, he has given me hope of immortality.

And now he has suffered a heart-attack and although he has recovered (for which I am grateful) I resent and deplore this intrusion of mortality on one of science fiction's immortals.

Forrie (if I may speak to you directly) you are one of the most fortunate and to-be-envied of men. You have something that absorbs you entirely---your collection---and you have arranged your life to be able to devote yourself entirely to your entire absorption. You have a clear reason for living forever and a clear indication that you will be bored never. ---It follows, therefore, that you should live forever.

Please do.



Isaac Asimov

# MONSTER MOVIES AND FANDOM

by NEAL CLARK REYNOLDS

Well can I remember fandom in the early fifties, when most fans looked back on such movies as FRANKENSTEIN and DRACULA with a bit of affection. This was some time before monster fandom. But once monster fandom started, it seemed that the s-f fans were ashamed to admit that any monster movie might be worth consideration. This, I submit, is far from a rational attitude.

Those who have deigned to watch any of the first three Frankenstein movies on TV undoubtedly will admit that they were good movies of their type. The same can be said of the original MUMMY picture with Boris Karloff. Bela Lugosi's DRACULA is a bit more controversial, especially after the Christopher Lee interpretation.

But the s-f fan, when he thinks of monster movies, thinks of the worst of the genre, and condemns the youthful monster fans for supporting them. This, of course, is strictly misunderstanding, for the true member of monster fandom will regard FRANKENSTEIN CONQUERS THE UNIVERSE in the same way that a true s-f fans regards Edward Bradbury's Mars series.

Actually, monster movies and those of interest to monster fans in the horror, suspense, and s-f categories, are of three different qualities. There are the absolute bombs such as ROBOT MONSTER, GIANT FROM THE UNKNOWN, and so forth. Then there are the routine thrillers, such as the American-International Poe and Lovecraft series. Finally, there are the classics, such as THE HAUNTING.

The whole trouble with fantasy films is the audience. Movies must aim at a wider audience than can books, and therefore, movies in the fantastic genre generally fail to appeal to the s-f fan. Unfortunately, the s-f fan allows the worst to represent the whole, and therefore is prone to miss the truly interesting ones that come out. Also, just as non-fans fail to consider 1984 and BRAVE NEW WORLD as s-f, s-f fans fail to consider FIVE, SECONDS, DIABOLIQUE, and JULIET OF THE SPIRITS as movies that interest monster fans.

Also overlooked is the creative aspect. Most s-f fans have been inspired to try their hands at writing and/or art. Most monster fans are inspired to try their hands at amateur movie making, or experimenting with the technical skills involved in the making of their type of movie.

It is indeed regrettable that there is not more understanding between the two groups. Also, it is ironic, since s-f fans should be, and consider themselves to be, more understanding and tolerant than the average mundane person.



Forry is the person who has done the most of any individual to make monster fandom an actuality, and in doing so, he has done a service by appealing, at least in the beginning of his magazine career, to the creative interests of his readers, and giving them directions in which to go. There has always been interest in monster/horror movies, but never before an attempt to make such interest into a creative hobby. And it is appropriate that one of the leaders of s-f fandom in the past be the leader of this new fandom.

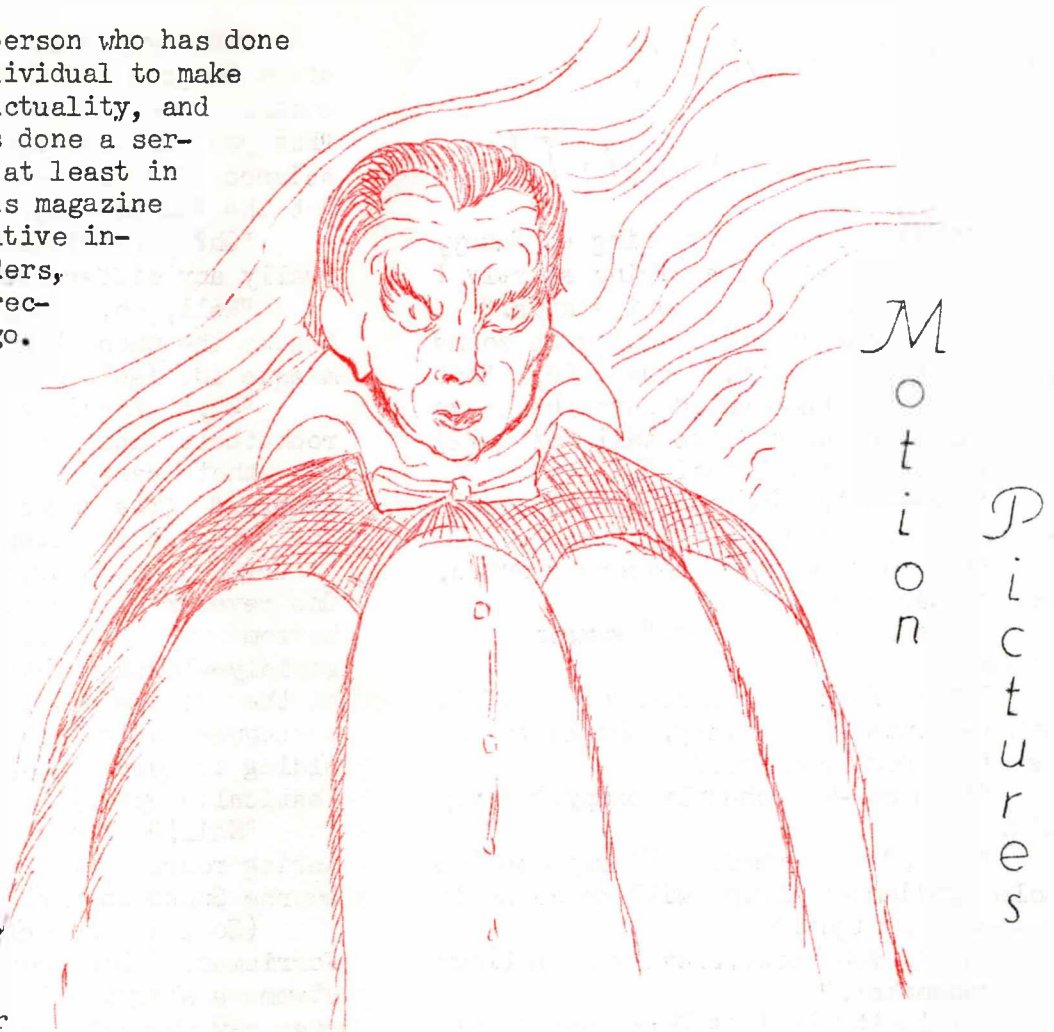
Now, he has inspired imitators, and I wish that I could agree that they are all lesser than his. Unfortunately, Forry is governed by a publisher, and therefore, can not always put out what he would most like to. Yet, he has succeeded in turning out minor masterpieces.

His review of FRANKENSTEIN VS. THE SPACE MONSTER was one of these. The review was so written that any casual reader would think he was praising the film to the skies. But anybody knowing the field and knowing Forry saw it as one of the most insulting movie reviews ever written. By acclaiming the worst movies of the type ever made as classics, and printing a "rave review", which turned out to be the studio's press release, he put his point across better than the mundane press's worst panning did. So, he still strives to give a standard of taste to his young readers.

Monster fandom may or may not be a fad. I suspect it is, because monster movies are waning. There are still many thrillers being put out, and there are some possibly respectable s-f movies coming. So if monster fandom is only temporary, it may have had something to do with a raising of standards in fantasy & s-f movies.

And maybe Forry's young readers of today will provide some creative movie personnel of the future, people who will do justice to our type of literature on the screen.

- Neal Clark Reynolds



Dracula

HARNESS

# FORRIEMAN NIGHT!

"Well!" I said, turning to Nancy, "when he said he'd be arriving shortly I thought he was talking about status."

"Just look how beautifully he zooms through the air. My," she said, "not many people we know would have the nerve to jump from under the tail of a 727 down to a posh hotel roof."

"Especially with just a Hertz Rent-a-rocketbelt for security," I said.

"It's a vampire!" someone shouted, over to our right.

"It's a Sean Connery!" someone else screamed.

"It's Fabulous Forrieman!" (This oath resounds effectively, thanks to the use of an echo chamber.)

"It's so—so ghastly campy," Nancy said.

"Yeah," I agreed. "I suppose the whole goddamned Strip will be doing it by tomorrow night."

"Well, you know....everyone follows the trendmaker."

"It isn't 'in' if Forrieman didn't do it first. Just think," I reminisced, "it used to be Arthur's for dancing and the Green Note for eating. Now his entire neighborhood cruises so religiously mod, I feel totally out of place in Mid-western drag."

"Yes, dear," she said. "I've been meaning to suggest you buy a new suit. Oh, look, he's completed the last graceful figure eight. I think he's going to land now."

"Right between the kidney-shaped swimming pool and the phallic-shaped bar," I said, remembering too few hotels in the East with such lavish extras.

(Loud applause as the perfect two-foot landing is accomplished, accompanied by a drum roll and assorted skyrockets. A chorus line of teenie boppers in mini skirts, furnished by Central Casting, dance across the pool coping opposite camera.)

Forrieman walked effortlessly into the modernistic, round, clear-plastic phone booth. "My god," Nancy said. "I believe he's undressing."

(Muffle the drums, swing the baby pink spot in for a close-up. Fuzz the edges.)

Running across the lush carpet, I start banging on the door of the phone booth. "No, Forrieman," I screamed. "Put your clothes back on. This is the science fiction convention, remember? Not the WSA meeting; that's next week."

"Oh?" Forrieman said. "Is there really any difference?"

"Well, no," Nancy said, joining us beside the phone booth. "But the ~~undress~~ masquerade isn't until tomorrow night."

"Oh," Forrieman said, dropping his rocketbelt and pulling up his trousers. "In that case, I'd better go join the others." (The sound of sharp drumbeats, following as footsteps.)

(Cast and extras pass by the pool. One reveler dives in and swims to the bottom where he disappears through the rapidly-closing shark door. All pause at the double doors leading into the penthouse ballroom. The sound of heralding trumpets, and the doors swing majestically open.)

"Hail!" The shout was an ear-shattering roar. "All hail the South Sherbourne Superpunster!"

(Zoom in for close-up on blushing Forrieman. Boom down and dolly up. He stammers slightly.) "How—how can I ever say thanks?" he finally says.

(The crowd roars to a disappointed silence.)

"I told you, I told you," I told Nancy.

"Shhh!"

(Silence. The sound of muffled drumbeats as mubile ingenues—"I'm just filling in until I get my big break, poopsie."—from the Body Shop undulate to the end of the room and affix a large bronze plaque to the wall. They fade into the crowd, followed closely by precision-stepping Harpo Marx, Harlan Ellison and Bruce Henstel.)

(The camera zooms in for a close-up on the plaque. Freeze frame:)

ON THIS SPOT, THE FABULOUS FORRIEMAN  
DID RESIST THE ULTIMATE TEMPTATION  
HE SAID THANKS, INSTEAD OF FANGS  
KNICKERBOCKER HOTEL—DECEMBER 2, 1966  
CALIF. HISTORICAL MARKER #915

(The sound of tears of happiness, of applause, and the sighs of all the unworthy. Roll the closing credits, bring up the theme music, and fade out.)

—EARL AND NANCY KEMP

# t. bruce yerke:

The great constellation of a teen-age fan in 1936 consisted of What Is, What Is Coming, and What Might Be. Forrie Ackerman was a very youngish man of twenty who meant What Might Be to me. Miraculously he had the keys to the Kingdom in the upper flat at 236 1/2 N. New Hampshire Ave., and all his treasures, which even then were considerable, were open with sincere interest on his part to anyone who Believed. I never did Believe, but I wanted and needed to. I read by the hour in Forrie's flat, and looked at pictures both sexual and scientific that inflamed my pubescent imagination. Then I went out and sold the evening Herald-Express at Beverly and Normandie, with its headlines of the Italians invading Ethiopia, the Russians and Germans using Spain to test their weaponry, the Japanese in China--all those fearful portents of the world I was going to be 21 in someday. Things to Come was the great testimonial, and Forrie had stills of it before it was shown here in 1938. That was when I realized that adults were no better than "us". For to me and my teen-age scientifiction friends, Things to Come was a meticulous exposition of what would happen to the world and us if the existing adults continued to play the games they were playing. And they played them. Forrie lost a brother by them.

But then, in those last days of the between-wars pause, Forrie, and Morojo, were in touch with voices all over the world who believed the coming future need not come. Whatever happened to the German Esperantist Herbert Häussler? Under what Allied bomb or by what Russian landmine may he have died? The Green Star of Esperanto still shines wanly, and with perhaps increasing vigour. In 1936-1940--oh my God, how it did beckon. Mi parola Esperanton! (If that is even correct.) The things I wanted to believe in, and the things Forrie did believe in meant more than the junk they taught in highschool.

When the war came, Forrie got inducted, with those incredible green harlequin glasses he wore, which must have given old-time regular army officers a case of acute crawling horrors. By then I was a photographer, and finally one day, for a fanzine which never materialized, I took the picture which was the apotheosis of everything Forrie, and science fiction, had meant between 1936 and 1942. Forrie posed for his portrait in my dingy studio, wearing his U.S. Army uniform and those seditious green-rimmed glasses. I shined a light from high on his face, with a low-tone filler low on the left side. Then with borrowed stills from his Things to Come collection, I selected two scenes: the mass death-and-rubble shot from early in the film, when the bombing of London takes place, and the scene from the final moments of the film, on the platform in the observatory, where they watch the tiny moving star, which is Man tentatively probing Space in his first orbital shot. "What will it be?" asks Raymond Massey and the Bliss music for the film swells up, and a chorus sings in great English Garden Music Oratorio style, "What Shaaa-aaa-lll it beeeeeee?"

These two shots, and Forrie's portrait, I mounted and made into a montage, with the Space shot on the upper right, and the dead people and smashed bits of the 1930s London in the lower left, and Forrie, green-glasses and garrison cap, in the middle. The lightings meshed. "What shall it be?" Or maybe it was "Which shall it be?" It was beautiful! It was the hope of all of us then, that world of the future. And the world of the present that was rubble-making on new, record-breaking scales. Forrie went back to the war at Ft. McArthur; I went to the airplane plant. The fanzine never came off.

And neither ever did the answer to the question.

TBY





# MORDAİR

by Josef Nesvadba

"You mustn't fly!" she said breathlessly and clutched my arm. "It'll mean your death!"

I didn't recognize her at first. Why, she was speaking Czech. And yesterday, they had assured me that only real Swiss were employed in the entire establishment. They were proud of it, because otherwise menial work here is mainly done by Italian seasonal workers who are cheaper and therefore looked down upon in a certain sense.

"Are you Czech? Why didn't you say so last evening? You work in that restaurant, don't you?" I asked, to make sure. She looked somewhat different this morning. Yesterday, she'd been wearing a dirndl and plaits and she kept smiling all the time and watching her guests with a kind of eagerness. I remembered how delighted she'd been when I ordered the cordon bleu. She took my order as though it had been a brilliant idea and as though the dish wasn't known from almost all Dürrenmatt's plays. It was in his honour, too, that I had ordered it, for literary and not culinary reasons, because I was in Dürrenmatt's native land. Never in the world had I encountered such perfect and enthusiastic service like last evening. I thought that was a speciality of these Swiss women, because the waitresses were all tall, husky middle-aged women of motherly appearance. There was nothing motherly about her now. She didn't act eager and she wasn't smiling. She was breathing heavily.

"It doesn't matter who I am. I've come to warn you. And if you don't listen to me, you'll lose your life, do you understand?"

The last taxi stood across the street. There was not much more time left. The plane was due to take off in an hour. I'd spent one day in Zurich because I had to wait for the airplane which landed in one of the African republics that had recently gained its independence. At the hotel last evening, I accidentally met several of our foreign trade representatives who had just returned from that country. They invited me to an expensive restaurant in the old town, which is known here as Niedersdorf or Lower village. It sounded a bit undignified for such a famous metropolis as Zurich. But there were expensive establishments in that quarter, and you couldn't get a more expensive cordon bleu anywhere else in the

world. My new acquaintances weren't economizing. We drank rosé wine, one bottle after another. The room was in Gothic style and the proprietress welcomed us personally as future friends. It was a wonder she didn't ask after the health of our families. She only cooled off when she heard us speaking a Slavic language. At the piano in a corner, a man in white tie and tails played unobtrusive melodies and the cook made the rounds of the tables to prepare our food before our very eyes. Then the lights in the room were dimmed so that everybody could admire the elementary and primal art of the chef, towering like a magician above his portable flame.

"You must have big per diems from the Ministry for Foreign Trade." I permitted myself this observation after the third bottle. "I can't afford to go to such expensive places abroad."

"Oh, go on!" laughed the representative of the polygraphy firm who had been dealing with the problem of where the citizens of the new state would carry their new identity cards because during the day, they wear nothing more than a loincloth. "We've saved on our transportation. We fly with that new company."

"Mordair." explained the other. "They charge half rates and they've got a new type of plane. The finance people at home don't know about it yet, so Mordair is really paying for our supper tonight. Tomorrow you've got a direct connection. We can recommend the company. They say the rival companies want to bring it before an international court, but it's still flying and saving money. But you've got to get up early in the morning..."

Now I remembered that when he said that, the Swiss waitress, who was really Czech, dropped a knife and fork. Yes, she dropped them. She apologized with tears in her eyes and immediately, the proprietress rushed up hissing at her like a serpent. In a moment, I had another knife and fork. But I should have noticed it. She had reacted to our conversation. Obviously, she must have understood. The way I'd noticed the pianist. With the fourth bottle, he'd started to play "On Emperor's Meadow Stands a Row of Poplars", "Wind Over the Desert", "On the Green Meadow", all played in modern style, indifferent melodies to the ear of a rich Swiss. But they were melodies of prewar Prague. Apparently he had wanted to draw attention to himself, that Czech musician who fate had wafted all the way to Zurich's Niedersdorf, to Zur Kolumna Treu, which is some kind of twisted name which nobody understands. Then we paid and my head spun at the bill.

I'd already bought my plane ticket in Prague, of course. Would Mordair give me my money back if its fares are cheaper? I asked hesitantly.

"Sure," they laughed at me. "And in hard currency, mate. That's the real clincher." We passed the piano on our way out, to the tune of a song called "Don't Phone, Dasha". I had to stop.

"Are you from Prague?" I asked stupidly, as though every Czech has to be from Prague.

"Bitte?" he asked without a smile, raising his eyebrows, mildly offended. He started to speak the local Swiss dialect to me, which even scholars of the German language find hard to understand. The proprietress had already brought my coat and announced that she had been genuinely honoured that I had eaten a cordon bleu from her kitchen and that I certainly mustn't forget to come again. Escorting us to the door, she asked to be remembered at home to our families, and she didn't speak Swiss but perfect German, which we all could understand. The pianist began to play again, the giant shadow of the cook approached from the kitchen and the lights again were dimmed because he was about to prepare another speciality. My friends were already calling me from outside but I couldn't move a step. That fellow had started playing "Forward, under the Sokol Flag!", the Swiss who had raised his eyebrows as though "Prague" were a naughty word. With it, he was welcoming two fat Americans who sat

down at our table and who had never heard the melody before, of course. My friends had to pull me out of the room.

"Some emigré. Do you want to get into a fight with him? As long as he doesn't play something reactionary like "Red and White", there's no reason for it and even if he would, there's nothing you can do about it. There's no SNB here."

They took me along the narrow streets of Niedersdorf where there were no prostitutes, unlike all the other western cities and where the nightclubs are only open 'til midnight. The streets are so empty by one o'clock in this quarter that they say American travel agencies, under "Night Life in Zurich", list express train connections with the nearest cities on the other side of the Swiss border.

"Don't forget that nothing has changed in this country. They haven't had a single war. The rich people here have been rich since the 17th century. There are no nouveau riche like in Germany. Except that the amount of accounts has grown in Swiss banks where international adventurers deposit their money. But most of them don't get around to withdrawing it. I read some statistics about it." one of my countrymen explained to me.

I wasn't interested. I kept thinking about that Czech musician, that Wandering John of a pianist who was searching for his princess somewhere here, although he was already fifty years old with a double chin and glasses.

"That man at the piano is Czech too?" I asked my waitress of yesterday.

"He's my husband." she said bitterly. "Well, goodbye. Take care of yourself. And never fly with that new company." I smiled.

"Do you make a lot of money this way?"

"What?"

"By this convincing. Don't Mordair's rival companies have any other means any more? I've heard how KLM was forced not to overfeed its passengers. They say that was also taken to the Hague. I don't have very much money and I've got to fly the cheapest way. I can't choose much. And that kind of people are in the majority. Tell your employers, Miss ...". She shook her head despairingly.

"You've got to believe me. I'm not getting a crown out of this. ...A franc, that is." She sighed. "I came to warn you because you're a countryman and because I like your looks. Of course Mordair flies cheaply. Because people disappear on their planes. People! Do you understand? Its new planes don't take on gasoline anywhere, not at any airport. Because they use another kind of fuel..."

Then I had to laugh.

"Now you're exaggerating. That isn't dirty competition any more, it's just nonsense." Perhaps the poor woman has gone out of her mind in Switzerland, I thought to myself. From what I'd seen here, all this luxury gets a bit tedious and maybe she lost her mind out of tedium. Or because of her pianist. "Excuse me, Miss, or rather, Madam. I've got to catch that taxi." But she wouldn't move. I practically had to wrestle with her in front of my hotel.

"I swear it's the truth. The company stockholders had a party at the restaurant where I work and they got drunk and began to shout and I heard it. I haven't told anybody yet..."

"And don't any more. Keep the secret to yourself." I tried to be kind. Sometimes that helps. Sometimes erroneous impressions can be corrected that way. "Just



to yourself." I said weightily, and I wrenched myself away from her, finally. I hailed the first passing taxi. When I looked back, I still saw her standing there, much smaller, all of a sudden more stooped and older.

But I couldn't forget her all the way to the airport. I got up at five o'clock this morning because there had been a storm during the night and it made me think about my flight. I can't say I'm completely calm before each take-off. I'm not afraid, but this morning, for instance, I kept thinking about the Caravelle which crashed right here above the Zurich Airport last summer and killed all the adult inhabitants of a little village nearby. I recalled the series of Boeing disasters and our two Tupolevs 104 that crashed. There is a certain risk. But planes don't stop flying because of that, after all. Or should we lose our time on ships or trains? In planes, a person gets individual attention, pretty stewardesses, meals on your lap and after all, even trains can have accidents. People often talk about plane crashes, but they forget how many planes there are in the air today. Certainly a lot fewer of them crash than passenger cars. Or maybe we shouldn't ride in cars, either? Are the dazzling smiles of the stewardesses a lure to death, perhaps? A person thinks about these things before every take-off, but then he finally arrives safely at his destination, all is forgotten and he says proudly: three hours ago, I was still in Prague... I'm not going to let myself be fooled by some crazy countrywoman. And maybe she really is an agent for a rival airline.

The Zurich Airport is ultra-modern. The luggage moves on conveyor belts and the customs officials don't even touch it. Only eastern European passports are examined a bit longer. The tax-free shops are upstairs where the foreigners throng with their last francs, buying cigarettes and whisky, which are much cheaper there. I passed by without interest. While I was going through customs, I heard the announcement: Swissair regrets to inform its passengers that the Cairo flight has been postponed because of bad weather. Before I reached the airport bar, I heard similar announcements by KLM, Air France, Lufthansa, the Israeli airlines, and several other private companies I'd never heard of. It looked like there would be no flights at all today. The bar was crowded. I ordered rum and Coca Cola. A Cuba Libre, it's called. The barman looked at me suspiciously. Perhaps this beverage isn't being drunk in Switzerland since the Cuban Revolution. I waited resignedly. I really felt a bit relieved. I could decide. What had she meant by that -- that they don't use gasoline? Is it possible to burn human bodies in place of gasoline? That's ridiculous. I ordered another Cuba Libre.

Just then, I heard over the loudspeaker: "Mordair announces that its flight to Africa will depart on schedule. Passengers are asked to report to bus number four ..." I paid quickly and my hand trembled slightly.

At least two hundred people had gathered in front of bus number four. We could only see its outlines, because the fog had dropped in the meantime and the airport was illuminated as though it were the middle of the night. Two beautiful girls, a brunette and a blonde, began to read off our names. It must be a huge plane. So many people... I said to myself as I stepped into the bus with my boarding pass already in my pocket.

"How is it that Mordair takes off when none of the other companies are flying?" I asked the blonde stewardess, trying to sound bored.



"Because we have a new type of plane!" she exhibited all 32 teeth in a professional stewardess' smile. "We fly safely under all weather conditions. The new supersonic Concord which is just being developed by the British and French, is already two years out of date in comparison to our Mordair. You won't be experiencing just a flight. You'll be experiencing a triumph of technology." and she herded me on into the bus. We drove cautiously through the milky fog, because every now and then, the body of some jet plane loomed up nearby. We almost bumped into a gasoline truck.

Mordair stood at the very end of the airfield. It was a huge black plane, much larger than any other type I'd ever seen before. However, I sought in vain for propellers or jets. The plane looked more like a rocket with tiny wings, and it was completely black. It stood there in the midst of the fog like a coffin on a white catafalque.

"Where's the fuel truck?" I asked the brunette as we waited in a queue in front of the tall steps up which we would climb to reach the door at the tip of the plane.

"What truck?" for the first time she couldn't produce a smile, and she reminded me more of a kapo in a concentration camp. "I don't know. I don't understand technical things ..."

"You can't take off without taking on gasoline!" I said now, as loudly as I could. "Or do you use some other kind of fuel, perhaps?" I said fuel on purpose, because she was clearly nervous. The people standing by the plane began to look around. I spoke English, and everybody understood me; they all knew a plane must take on fuel before it takes off.

"Mordair has enough gasoline for the round trip," said the blonde. "We refuelled in Bamako." she reassured the others.

"That's not true!" I bluffed. "My friend flew back with you! You didn't take on fuel anywhere ..." Then I heard my name. I turned around. Someone was calling me from a little door under the steps where the luggage was apparently stowed.

"I'm coming." I told the petite Negro girl who had called my name for the third time, as though she couldn't see me moving toward her. "Look, I bought my ticket just like everybody else. I want to go on this flight." I began to sweat and my hands were trembling.

"The captain would like to speak to you." said the Negro girl and she took me by the hand as though I were a little boy.

I had served in the air corps when I was in the army and one glance at the captain's cabin was enough for me to see that this was no ordinary jet or propeller plane. There, instead of dials, I saw strange glass tubes filled with varicoloured liquids, and I felt rather as though I were in a biology laboratory.

"You mustn't cause a panic." the captain said in harsh English. He wasn't wearing an ordinary helmet or earphones, but a strange kind of cap which suddenly reminded me of an officer of the Ku Klux Klan, or an ordinary executioner. "We're the only ones taking off from this airport today. The passengers must help us ..."

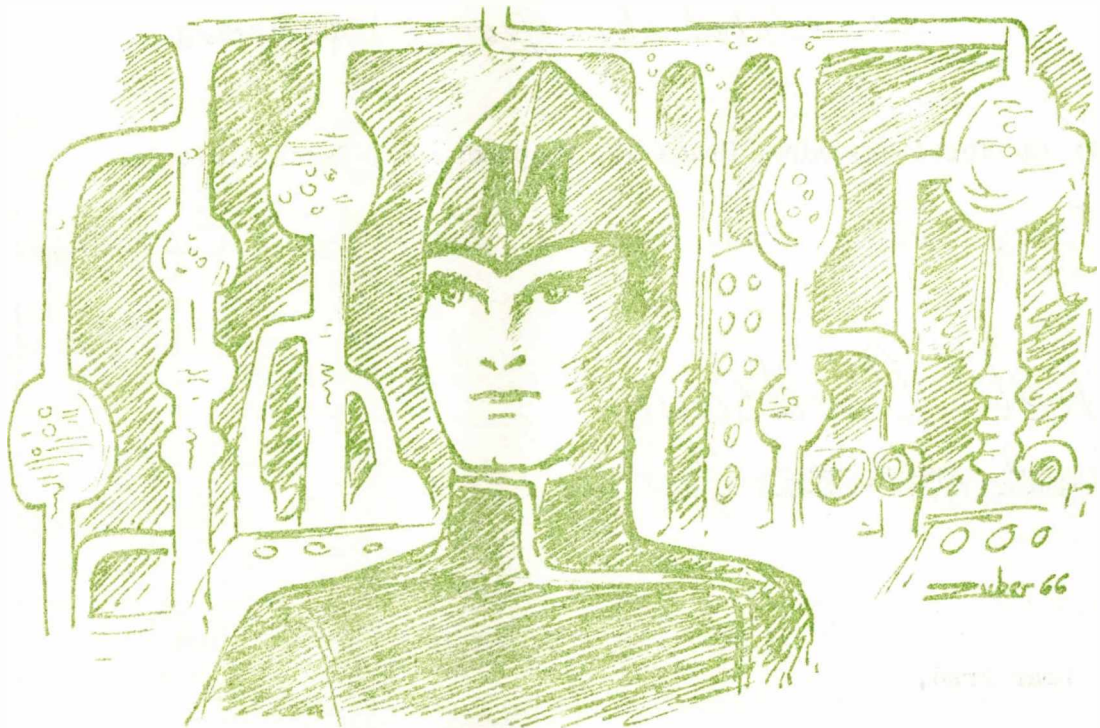
"The passengers don't give a damn about you!" I shouted. "We're not going to let ourselves be butchered like animals by your murderous airline. I know all about you. I prefer gasoline to blood." He pushed me down into a seat. Slowly, he removed his cap. He had big blue eyes and he looked both surprised and uneasy.

"What are you talking about, friend? Don't you know we've got to have things quiet aboard before take-off?"

"How can we be quiet before an execution? I know very well that you sacrifice

one passenger on every trip, that your plane eats people. It ought to be called Moloch, and not Mordair!" Was it the rum or the fog or that strange cabin? I shouted it all at him, expected him to convince me, that he would easily contradict everything I'd said. I wanted to be reassured ...

"You're right," he said and rose languidly, "and that is our great discovery. Do you know how many people perished last year in plane disasters? Hundreds. Why? For no reason. The insurance companies paid, the rescue teams went to work, the advertising people did their best to reassure their customers. But nothing changed. There's still a certain risk when you board a plane, just like when you board a train or boat or get into a car. We're taking advantage of this risk. Understand? One of our passengers always transports the other 10,000 by his sacrifice. He doesn't freeze on some Alpine glacier, he doesn't smolder somewhere in the ocean, and his entrails aren't wrenched out in a fall like with the other companies. We use him hygienically and painlessly. That is why we can work cheaply. We're much more humane than our other competitors. And we have no accidents. Because we take advantage of them. The victim is chosen by lottery. We operate according to chance like all the rest. So what are you shouting about? You ought to be glad. In a short time, all the airlines will be using our method. Why should passengers die free and for no purpose? Understand? Go take your seat ..." He smiled at me. I smiled too. Yes, of course. He was joking. He wanted to reassure me with a joke. I chuckled heartily. "I'm so glad."



"And remember your number ..." he added as we parted.

The passengers' cabin looked like every other plane. Everybody was already obediently seated in their places. The brunette escorted me to the tip. The seat next to the window was already occupied. I sat down next to the aisle. I had time to think it over. Perhaps he hadn't been joking. What if the captain-executioner had meant it seriously? I looked around on the floor. Each seat was set into a small aluminum square. We were all sunk so deeply into our polyester armchairs that we couldn't see our seatmates. I leaned over. Sitting next to me was the pianist from Kolumna Treu. He was just putting cotton in his ears. He pretended not to see me.

"Fasten your seat belts, please!" the brunette told me. She was obviously much more nervous than her colleague. "Why haven't you fastened your belt? We're taking



off." And with a few quick movements, she tightened my seat belt. How had that man gotten here? Had the woman warned me because of him, perhaps? Did she want to keep me in Zurich because her husband was leaving? Did she want to talk about home, did she want to have a love affair? Was that why she'd thought up this coincidence? And the captain had simply reassured me, he had just proven to me how absurd and ridiculous my suspicions are? Vibrations could be felt under the floor. "If only we were there already!" somebody sighed behind me in German. But the captain had shown me that it wasn't ridiculous at all. That it was true. That all the airlines really consume their passengers.

"I can't help it, I prefer flying. It's quicker and much more comfortable." a woman's voice said behind me. I wanted to turn around. I wanted to tell her but I was fastened so securely that I couldn't budge.

We took off. I began to whistle a funeral march which I'd heard at crematoriums and cemeteries. The funeral march and "Shine For Me, Little Sunshine". Then the pianist leaned toward me with a question in his eyes.

"Bitte?" I asked and tried to look very Swiss.

*translated by Jeanne Nemcova*

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*Ethel Lindsay:*

Dear Fred,

I was very pleased to receive the circular telling me about the way friends are rallying round to surprise Forry upon his birthday. How I wish I could be there!

I think your idea of a fanzine to celebrate the occasion is a wonderful one; but I am doubtful that I have the ability to write something that would be worthy of it. Forry has so many friends who are gifted. Still; none will wish him more warmly many happy returns than I do. If you have a line to fill — tell him MANY HAPPY RETURNS from

*Ethel*

# THE FUTURE OF SCIENCE FICTION

by EDWARD WOOD

The importance of science fiction as a cultural phenomena has been underestimated by the academic establishment as well as by the bulk of the practitioners of science fiction, i.e. editors, publishers, writers and most sadly by those people who seemingly should be its most fanatical adherents, the fans. It cannot be said too often that to investigate a society's dreams of its own future is to peer deeply into the basic structure of that society. Science fiction reflects the society and is in turn reflected into the society via the communication media. It would be of considerable interest to discover how many scientific and technological personnel were led into their professions by science fiction in any of its many and increasing manifestations. The "sugar-coated science" theme of Hugo Gernsback might not seem as silly as many professional writers and so-called fans have stated and believed.

The motif and ideas of science fiction are far too powerful to leave to the mercenary motives of the professional field or to the aspiring professionalism that infests the microcosm of fandom. The influence, power and importance of science fiction can only increase. The spread of science fiction themes into the "mainstream", whatever that means, will be matched by the spread of science fiction to countries other than the USA and the United Kingdom. It is already happening but with a heavy accent upon translation from American writers. Natural development will cause the native writers to bring their own unique styles to science fiction. Not all media will share in the increase. Sometimes it is necessary to step backwards to clear the way for another advance.

**MAGAZINES:** Due mainly to merchandising techniques, the future of science fiction, indeed of all fiction in magazine form, is bleak. Anyone who tries to buy limited circulation magazines on news or magazine stands knows that the selling of magazines is, at best, primitive. Not a business, rather it is an anarchy. The magazine format was the bedrock in the United States of America for the initial growth and formulation of science fiction as a genre, the formation of fandom, and remains the source of much of the book and paperback material which now overwhelms and destroys the parent. If magazines become identical with paperbacks in format, price and distribution, they may survive as distinct entities, but regrettably they will no longer be magazines. The example of NEW WORLDS SF in England might be cited. From a circulation of circa 7,000, it doubled to a rousing 14,000 (figures courtesy Norm Metcalf) by adopting the paperback format, but the only connection with the former Nova Publication of that title is the name and numbering system. All else has gone. There will remain a limited market for reprint magazines which vampire-like will exist upon the work of better men. There might be an even more limited market for a very expensive "class" magazine-book of \$1, \$1.50 or more per issue with top quality artwork and writing. It would be of irregular or infrequent schedule and be more of a "professional" fan magazine. This is subsidy publication and does not allow for sustained growth. It could be a place for innovation and experiment. Such requires foresight and dedication, qualities lacking in most of the field today. It never was in plentiful supply.

**PAPERBACKS:** There will be more, but will they be better? For a certainty they will cost more and offer less. For the longer stories the paperbacks are ideal. Yet short story collections have sold and continue to sell well, otherwise they wouldn't be published. There will be a dilution of the genre as more and more writers and literary types usurp the forms and techniques of science fiction. The contribution of writing styles and modes will extend the fictional reach of science fiction but with a concomitant diminution of the scientific content. The malaise of science fiction is the scientific illiteracy of so many of the past and present practitioners of the art. They have formed bad habits and too many who should know better are following those twisted paths and confusing the fundamental issues. The blind are leading the blind and at times they stoop to pick up pennies while mountains of gold abound on all sides. A characterization of the present writing-publishing establishment of science fiction would be that they are talented technicians of exceedingly limited vision. Since the educational level of the society is increasing, the newer writers will have a sounder scientific background upon which to base their stories.

**HARDCOVER BOOKS:** The paperbacks will subsidize the hardcover books which will remain the prestige outlet for writers. Libraries will buy them and stock them and forget them. Book clubs will utilize them as gimmick ideas. An increasing amount of critical studies about all aspects of science fiction will appear and induce even more. This will necessitate the location of science fiction source material in universities, libraries and other depositories. Besides the expected books, magazines, fan magazines, films, clippings, there will have to be collections of correspondence, manuscripts, revisions, artifacts, etc.

**FILMS:** The confusion between horror, fantasy, and science fiction films will continue in the minds of the film makers and movie going public until the box office determines the outcome. The increased attention of foreign cinema makers to science fiction themes has forced a re-evaluation on the part of the domestic film maker of this unjustly neglected art. It seems a truism that first an art form is debased to an incredibly low taste, and then if a good effort is rejected by the degenerate audience, this is offered as an example of the justification for the original debasement. The injection of science fiction themes and writers into movie making will increase to a typical excess. The economic rewards will be great. Still, it should be remembered that if little fish swim with sharks, they should expect to be eaten.

**TELEVISION:** All the remarks about films can be repeated with the admonition that the pace is more hectic, the tastes even more debased, the economic rewards greater and the sharks hungrier.

**POETRY, OPERA, BALLET, THEATER, ETC.:** Science fiction themes may not flood to or from these media but there will be growth from a not inconsequential base. It should be remembered that Karel Capek's play R.U.R. gave us the word robot.

**FANS AND FANDOM:** At times it is most refreshing to read something about science fiction/fantasy in the fan magazines instead of the almost incontinent garbage filling their pages. As new talent enters the professional field, there will be an infusion of fresh, new fans into the microcosm who will wrest the leadership from those tired fans who have remained far too long in positions of power. The young fans will make their share of mistakes. If they are wiser, they will not make the same mistakes. The worthwhile accomplishments of fans (think of how many are now professionals) and fandom are many. Included with many defects, some fans had splendid visions of the future.

It is to honor one of the first fans that these words are written. He is a man who has done it all: editor, agent, publisher, writer, reader, letter writer, film consultant, convention chairman, collector par excellence, fan among fans. In sheer friendliness and genuine devotion to science fiction/fantasy, few can match and none surpass Forrest J Ackerman. There are a few people in fandom that merit respect and, without question, one of these few is 4SJ.

- E. Wood



Mr. Fred Patten  
1825 Greenfield Avenue,  
Los Angeles, California  
90025

Dear Fred,

For some weeks now, I've been turning up your letter every now and then and looking over it sadly, because I've been and remain up to my nostrils in proofs and rush copy here at the office, as well as moonlighting commitments at home, which has left me no time at all to take the sort of advantage of your invitation to contribute to the special fanzine for Forry Ackerman that I should very much like to take. And time, as you note, is of the essence.

I have not been in close touch with fandom for many years now, so do not know, for example, whether Forry ever received anything like the "Big Heart Award" which I seem to recall having been discussed; but the first person to whom such a recognition should go is FJA. I still remember how, in 1939, when I brought out the first issue of my first attempt at a fan magazine, just about the first response I received was a \$1.00 subscription from FJA, airmail. In those days \$1 was not small beer; I thought 25¢ was a good reply. And in 1940, when I expressed my doubts as to whether I'd be able to get to Chicago for the first world convention to which I'd be admitted, back came a check for \$25, which again was not just a token contribution. It was a long time before I was able to repay him, but he never put me on the spot over it.

Examples like this can be multiplied indefinitely. It wasn't just money, either (although when he had it, it was for any other fan who might be in need, whether the prospects of any kind of return looked good or not). For Forry fandom has been the vehicle for the expression of love that churches are supposed to be for other people. Not something you talked about, something you did; and not something you did for effect, but something you did because of the kind of person you are.

I don't think that, before reading your letter, I ever realized just what his age was; fascinating to find out that we are both of the class of 1916, I being a few months older.

There has been a lot of talk, much of it derogatory, about the quality of FJA's output; and I myself have not always been able to avoid falling into that trap. Well, at one time it seemed important to me. But now, I've come to learn better; the quality of the affection means far more than the artistic level achieved at any particular time, for in the end that is all that will remain. I have found that I cannot greatly praise some persons who have produced works of very high quality, artistically. And others ... somehow I don't think of "praise", but rather gratitude for their being. There's where FJA fits in.

I hadn't heard that he had been sick; it is good to hear that he is recovering.

So, if this off-the-cuff letter seems in any way to be fitting for the proposed fanzine, please feel free to run it. I should be pleased to hear about the outcome, in any event.

Sincerely Yours,

*Robert A. W. Lowndes*

Robert A. W. Lowndes

# A Very Rainy Evening —

and other Ackermemories.

by WILLIAM F. NOLAN

He was a mere slip of a lad of 33 when I met him in 1950. Ray Bradbury gave me the address, saying: "You'll like Forry. Nobody knows more about sf than he does." Both statements proved to be entirely accurate.

He was in a rush when we met, and understandably so; Forry was in the complicated process of moving from his crowded apartment to the house on Sherbourne known in song and legend as "The Ackermansion." Yet his collection — compared to what it is today — was relatively small: only a few random tons of books and magazines. I returned to San Diego, where I was living and working during that period, and did not see Forry again for quite some while.

Then, in May of 1952 (the same year I served as co-chairman of the Westcon), I handed him a short story of mine to "try out on the sf markets." Thus, he became my first literary agent, making several sales for me over subsequent years before I became a fulltime pro in 1956. (That Forry never managed to sell that first short story was a blessing!)

After an abortive attempt to locate work in San Francisco late in '52 — the high spot of which was my editorial association with The Rhodomagnetic Digest — I settled for an office job in downtown Los Angeles. By January of '53 I had re-contacted Forry, who invited me to a small gathering at the North Hollywood apartment of Charles Beaumont (beginning a close friendship with Chuck which has endured to his present illness).

I vividly recall the sense of awe engendered upon my first visit to the Ackermansion. In those pioneering days the kitchen was still a kitchen and not a tumbled mass of sf paperbacks, and there were no monster masks in the icebox — but the effect was staggering nonetheless. I have often since made personal and professional use of this fantastic (in the true sense of the term) collection of sf.

A very rainy evening in mid-1954 provided me with a typical example of Forry's basic kindness. I was attending a film with two friends at the Coronet theater on LaCienega, waiting in line for a ticket when a hunched figure pelted up to us out of the darkness, water dripping from his head and shoulders. It was Forry, clutching the still-unbound pages of the August '54 issue of If to his chest. He was out of breath from his rainswept run, but as he thrust the damp pages at me he managed to gasp out something to the effect that I might "just want to see these."

Indeed I did. For there, in that August issue, was my sf story, "The Joy of Living." Forry had gone to the trouble of ordering the unbound sheets air-mail from New York, then running them to me through a downpour — in order to give me an advance peek at my name in professional magazine print for the first time.

It was a wonderfully kind and touching gesture, and I shall never forget that special Ackerman evening.

There have been many other memorable evenings with Forry through the L.A. years, and whether he is telling you -- with immense zest and excitement -- about finding three of Lon Chaney's hairs in the monster-king's makeup kit, or re-creating a series of wild, late-night party antics from the last sci-fi convention he attended, Forres' Ackerman is unique. And unchanged.

He remains a steady, generous, quietly-humorous man with an unwavering enthusiasm for his chosen field and for the people in it -- the same, warmly-engaging fellow I met nearly 17 years ago when Ray Bradbury hastily scribbled his name and address on a pad and said: "You'll like Forry."

I did.

I still do.





44-ë

**F**ourteen months after I met Louis Goldstone I was still hearing raves about his remarkable friend named FORRY.

**O**ne cool summer night in 1952 in San Francisco he came to see us, and I felt such a direct warmth to and from this singular person that as soon as he was out of our door to return to LA I sat down and wrote an unabashed fan letter to FORRY.

**R**are and wonderful goodies have arrived at our house from 915 South Sherbourne Drive, and sometimes the rare and wonderful goody was FORRY.

**R**ound about Xmas one year I asked if I could borrow his copy of "Gormenghast" and pronto through the mail came a brand new copy for me inscribed "...from Sandy Claws" (who is of course really FORRY).

**Y**ours truly was languishing in an SF hospital one miserable April and every day for nine days a charming and cheery card arrived and on the last day I nearly burst my stitches when a "Congratulations on your Bar Mitzvah" card came, with a little note saying, "Oops! Wrong card!" --- of course they were all from FORRY.

**I**n 1961 the first HOMOCON on this planet Earth was held at the Whitcomb Hotel in San Francisco, and I had the distinction and honor of attending as the guest of FORRY.

**L**uckily for me, BJO gave me a nudge and started me off on the satisfying avocation of doing Fantasy Art, and at the first Project Art Show my first monster ("Fred" --- later given to BJO) was purchased by FORRY.

**O**ne day in May 1962, dropping his busy schedule and flying to the Cool Grey City of Love to attend my first reception (2nd show) and placing cash on the line for a painting of an equivocal cat called "The Master", came FORRY.

**V**arious and sundry are the circumstances in my life which I could well do without, but one of these is NOT my friendship with FORRY.

**E**very shelf would be loaded with sci-fi mags, there would be a government subsidy for struggling sci-fi writers and artists, Robert Bloch would be Secretary of State and Ray Bradbury the Minister of Cultural Affairs if the President of the U.S.A. were FORRY.

**Y**ou can spell it lots of ways: eeee, EEEE, 4e, 4E, Four-e, For-E --- or if you want to get formal --- 4sj; but it all adds up to FORRY.

**O**ne's mind boggles at what the future may hold; it's a real Vonnegutian age, with Where's-the-Rest-of-Me? as Governor and MacBird darkening the White House with his monumental megalomania; but one can always take comfort in one's friends, and I take comfort in being the friend of FORRY.

**U**nderneath all these words and overriding all, is my great respect and affection for FORRY.

*Cynthia Goldstone*

# Message From A MEDIocre MONSTER

by  
Ford  
McCormack

Everybody knows the important contributions Forrie Ackerman has made to improve the status of monsters the world over. He has helped a dozen monsters to become so infamous that no respectable family would allow the children to have nightmares about anything else. But not too many people are aware of his many kindnesses to lesser monsters like me.

As a monster, I am--if you will pardon the expression--no great shakes. Less than half the people I meet retch on seeing me, and only about ten per-cent faint dead away. In the mirror test, I can get as far as "who's the fairest" before it breaks. I believe my deficiencies are hereditary, dating back to some normal person in my ancestry, though both of my parents deny it.

My first meeting with Forrie Ackerman was the turning point in my life. I had spent a miserable evening crawling the streets aimlessly, stopping under street lights so passers-by could see me. Not only had nobody retched, but one young lady had even laughed--not shrilly and hysterically, which would have pleased me--but heartily. She found me funny! To a monster, there is no crueler cut.

A little farther on, I wrenched off the cover of a manhole and gazed into the sewer beneath. The odor arising from it rivalled my own. I was in a black mood and was about to fling myself into the depths, when I became aware of a swarm of slimy creatures, squirming and squeaking down below. On further inspection, they turned out to be Italian and Swedish movie producers looking for ideas.



Then I noticed someone climbing up the iron rungs of the manhole. As he came closer, I searched my meager linguistic resources for a proper greeting. "Saluta!" I said; then, on receiving no response, "Skol?" He looked at me and shuddered in a friendly way, mumbling something in Esperanto. It was then that I recognized him, from pictures I had seen in Harpies Bizarre, as Forrie Ackerman. I apologized for classifying him with those in the sewer, for it is well known that Forrie has no Italian or Swedish blood, but is descended from a long line of Transylvanian acrobats.

"What were you doing in the sewer?" I asked.

"The house was full of noisy guests," he said ruefully. "Everybody was smoking. I felt dizzy. I went to the bathroom. I must have lost my balance and--well, here I am!"

I laughed. "You're pulling my leg."

"Sorry. I thought I was shaking your hand. Your anatomy is a bit confusing, you know."

I glowed. Here was a man who knew the right things to say, with just the right tone of revulsion. Here was a man who really understood monsters. The first thing I knew, we were sidling briskly along, hand in foot, and I was telling him my troubles and frustrations. He listened patiently, nodding and swallowing his gorge from time to time to let me know I had his full attention.

"Tell me, Forrie," I concluded, "must I always be a mediocre monster?"

He favored me with a ghastly, sympathetic smile. "A rare bird once told me: when you're only second best, you must try harder."

"How can I try harder? How can a monster try harder to be a monster? You're not suggesting I use makeup or wear a mask? That would be--"

"Nonsense! All you need is the unnatural equipment you were born with."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, supposing that I, a handsome man, wanted to look ugly. How would I attempt it?"

"I can't imagine! How?"

"Why, I'd make a face, that's what." Forrie made a face and for a moment, he looked almost ugly.

"You mean--" I gasped, foaming a little as I always do when excited, "you mean that I--"

"Of course. If I can make a face and look almost ugly, you who are already grotesque should be able to make a face and look fairly hideous. I'll let you in on a secret: the famous monsters we all know and love are not really that frightful. They make faces all the time. But they really know how to do it! Years of practice, that's what it took."

"Then I--then (burble, burble)." The foam was piling up. I brushed it away. "Then I do have a chance! I can succeed!"

Forrie looked me diagonally in the eye--the middle one. "I don't know," he said quietly. "I can only point the way. The rest is up to you. Goodbye and good luck!" And he disappeared into the narrow, crooked byway known as South Sherbourne.

That meeting was two years ago, but I have seen Forrie Ackerman a few times since then, and he says I am making progress. I have been practicing day and night. Oh, yes, Forrie has been sick, but not in the way you think. I recently showed him some of my newest faces that I had worked on very hard. After all, he gave me my start; the least I could do was to give him one.





# HARL VINCENT:

My first contact with Forry was in late 1928 (he was 12 or 13 then) when he wrote me a very nice letter asking for a copy of the original manuscript of my first published story. (THE GOLDEN GIRL OF MUNAN, written at the instigation of Hugo Gernsback and published by him in the June 1928 issue of AMAZING STORIES.) I sent Forry the carbon of the ms and I guess it was all marked up with pencil corrections, which had been made on the original before submitting it to Gernsback. But he, Forry, came back with an extremely nice letter of thanks and has since told me that he greatly treasured the ms carbon for some time thereafter. Over the years after that (I lived in NY City when he first wrote to me and in its environs until 1959), I read with interest his frequent letters to the s.f. magazines, but didn't actually meet FJA until we moved out here in 1959, after my having been retired from an executive engineering job in NY City. I had been fool enough to quit writing in about 1941 on account of becoming so terrifically busy with the engineering (wartime) work. Up to that time I had seen published 75 Harl Vincent s.f. stories varying in length from 5,000 to 86,000 words, besides 25 detective stories. It didn't take me long to get in touch with Forry after coming to LA and he's been a good friend ever since. He worked on me in his unassuming, subtle way to get me interested in writing again and even sold a couple of my old yarns for anthology publication, first REX, which was put in paperback by Collier and then, more recently, PROWLER OF THE WASTELANDS in the Holt, Rinehart book STRANGE SIGNPOSTS. I've been working on novels since and have 3 of them out for sale now, besides a filmplay on which I collaborated with A.E. VanVogt (another swell guy). It is tough, breaking in again after so many years - the reading public has changed, so have plot lines and writing styles. Besides, almost all that we predicted 30 years ago has transpired since. Discouragement has been frequent, but Forry has always been the friend in need to give me a word of cheer and a burst of fresh courage. I have bothered him on the telephone time and again and even dropped in on him unannounced. But he's taken it all in his stride, with his sunny smile and gentle manner. Always the same, is Forry. Through him, I've met many notables including the late "Doc" Smith, Ray Bradbury, Leigh Brackett and many others. At the SFWA Awards Dinner, he introduced me to Gus Lang and the others at his table, besides putting the bug in Robert Bloch's ear to introduce me as the writer of the oldest s.f. story of anyone present. We were desolated to hear of Forry's illness at first but are now delighted to know of his excellent progress and certainly are looking forward to his anniversary celebration and to see him as his old self once more. Even though I have hopes of seeing him that way several times in the interim and for many years to come.

*W. Schoepflin*



# FORREST J ACKERMAN

May, 1945...and afterward

I first met Forrest Ackerman 21 years ago in the little clubroom on Bixel Street, in what were (it seems to me now) the happiest days of the club's existence. It would be exaggerative to say that to me he was the club — for I was keenly aware of the presences of Ashley, Burbee, Hodgkins, Laney, Morojo, Perdue, Willmorth, and others -- but I thought he was much of what was best in it. He possessed an exhaustless well of humor, whose sparkling waters freshened and brightened the little room for years, an effortless overflowing of witticisms, jokes, puns and playful amiability, all of it perfectly good-natured and harmless.\* He was never ironical or satirical, and that distinguished him from some few others who were more to be admired for their wit than for their good-humor. He was the life of a party which I thought was never going to end.

He loved scientifiction (as we sometimes called it then) and, in fact, everything that was fantastic and fanciful. His enthusiasm was never darkened or dulled by the slightest touch of sophistication or weary familiarity, and so the excitement he felt was contagious and we turned towards him as people do towards a center of life. His generous flow of news, gossip, and talk about authors, magazines, books and movies seemed to connect us with larger worlds of fantasy and science fiction.

But there is no need to speak only in the past tense....for he is still today pretty much what he was 21 years ago.

\*Of course, it is true that his habit of asking if you had "any buttercups under your chin" and then bringing a lighted match up under your jaw was, at times, a trifle disconcerting. And, in full deference to the truth and with a view to presenting an unbiased picture of his personality as it was then (I say nothing of the present), it must be admitted that Forrest seems to have had pyromanic tendencies. For I was gravely informed, when I joined the club, that Ackerman had once been seen, in the company of an individual with the unlikely name of Dr. Carlton J. Fassbeinder, building a fire on the sidewalk at the corner of Sunset and Vine, after which he had announced his intention of taking the next public conveyance that came along regardless of which direction it was going; "in which madness," my informant solemnly whispered, "Dr. Fassbeinder concurred": but that is hearsay and may be apocryphal.

JEAN COX



"IS IT TRUE, MR. ACKERMAN, THAT YOU ARE INTERESTED ONLY IN SCIENCE-FICTION AND MONSTERS?"

rick sneary:

What can I write about Forry Ackerman? What can one say about some one you have known for more than half your life time? About someone who has always been an exemplar of what one wanted to be in Fandom. About some one who has allways been your friend, though never known as well as you'd like? For the more I know a person the harder it becomes for me to put into words what I feel. Of those who I have just met I can fill a page of first impressions without thinking. Not knowing what I do not know I can be very wordy. But knowing something of the depth and breadth of Forry, I know how little I do know. We all "know" Forry, in our own ways and to some degree. All I can try and do is write a little of what he has ment to me, and why.

When I entered Fandom in 1945, Forry was one of the first people I met. I admired him from the start. But then eveyone I knew admired Ackerman. It was natural for a teenage fan to want to admire what everyone else did. But with Forry it was very easy. Ill health caused me to grow up knowing few people outside of my family. I was fascinated by the fans I met, but their free and independent ways seemed strange to me, and I wasn't sure how to take them. Ackerman seemed an older and more mature person, (it is surprising how much younger he has seemed as the years passed) who was always more friendly, thoughtfull, and never as troubled by things. And he was serious about Fandom. Something that is very admirable from the view point of a neo-fan zealot. Over the years my own zeal has flickered and faided, but Forry's has always burned strong. And then as now, the brightness of this flame has lead others on. Through our early days it was the desire to try and be as active or as important as Forry, or to have a collection nearly as large. Later, the example he set, to try help others and share some of the enjoyment recieved from being a Fan, with others. And maybe, for some of us, when we did something we thought especially well of, the private thought that Ackerman too, might approve.

Forry had been outstanding in Fandom, even before there was a Fandom. Yet I, as no doubt do most of those who are gathered here to Honour him, will remember more what he has done for others, than what he has done himself. I doubt there is an active fan today, certainly none in California, that does not remember some personal kindness. Ray Bradbury has told how Forry helped him get to the first Chicon. Forry's work brought the first Trans-Atlantic fan across. And I remember in 1951 when it looked doubtfull if I would make the Westercon that year, how a mysterious \$10 appeared in my mail, from "a friend". And how many other fans have had their worlds expaned with help from Forry? And how many neo-fans collections have been expanded too, do to guifts of books and magazines? I look at my own collection and many of my favorite books carry messages on the fly-leaf written in an un-misstakeable hand, wishing me well and reminding me of past good times and important events.

While we do not like all the same things (I don't share his interest in motion pictures and Al Jolson, nor he mine in old weapons and brandy) I have always flattered my self that our view on Fandom as a whole, and a way of life, were very similar. For a long time it was my "life", just as it was Forry's. So for a long time I even had a day-dream of work as Forry's assistant. Not as a letter writing secretary, but handling routine matters, such as keeping the library indexed and in order and standing between Forry's good nature and those who would take advantage of it... It was a grand dream, of shareing in the work and reflected glory....and I know of no other fan I would ever dream of serving. But then there never has been any other fan who has done so much to serve Fandom.

Ackerman has always typified those things I most admired about Fandom. And it follows that in doing so he has been an example too of the best in Human Beings. Thus it is a real pleasure for me to take a small part in this show of admeration and efec-tion for a man that means so much to us all, each and every one.





# THAT BEAST UPON THE WIRE

by ray bradbury

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Suppose and then suppose and then suppose  
That wires on the far-slung telephone black poles  
Supped up the billion-flooded words they heard  
Each night all night and saved the sense  
And meaning of it all.

Then, jigsaw in the dark, put all together  
And, in philosophic phase,  
Tried words like moron child,  
Numb-shocked electric idiot,  
Sweet mindless babe,  
Alone upon their spider-threaded harpstrung roods,  
Incredulous of syllables that shimmer-dazzle  
Down swift lightning streams  
In sizzlings and fermentings of power.

So mindless beast, all treasurings of vowels  
And consonents,  
Saves up a miracle of bad advice,  
And lets it filter, seep, experiment,  
One hissing stutter heartbeat whisper at a time.

And one night soon, someone in far lost night America  
Hears sharp bell ring,  
Lifts phone,  
And hears a voice like Holy Ghost  
Gone deep in nebulae,  
That Beast upon the wire,  
Which pantomimes with lipless, tongueless mouth,  
Raw epithets and slaverings of a billion unseen lovers  
Through continental madnenses of circuit and re-circuit.

And with savorings and sibbilance says:  
"Hell."  
And then "O",  
And then "Hell-o".

To such Creation,  
Such dumb brute mad Electric Beast,  
What is your wise reply?

RAY B.

# 4e's A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW!

I have been asked to write a short article about Mr. Forry Ackerman, Fan Supreme and Human Being. Here goes....

I remember perusing fanzines at Willis's in early 1954, and even now my heart pumps a little harder at the thought of those mystic names and initials I saw on every page....DAG, Leeh, etc, and always 4e. At first, in my ignorance, I thought 4e to be a subtle abbreviation of a famous fan whose initials were EEEE, and then the penny finally dropped and I associated 4e with Forry. This meant I was a neofan....

Once, I recall, Irish Fandom had been asked to make up titles of books with fannish connections and preferably with some reference to Forry. Forry had obtained some wallpaper, bearing a motif of title-less books....there were about 100,000 blank spaces for titles, and I never did hear how many Forry actually filled. Most vividly I remember the IF wits rattling out clever titles, too subtle for me. All the same, I conjured up some of my own, which in my neoish ignorance I thought to be utterly brilliant. But I just didn't open my mouth. My notes show the following efforts:-

4e's a jolly good fellow.  
The Petrified Forrest.  
Forry put the kettle on.  
Long ago and 4e A.

I met Forry at the WorldCon in Detroit in 1959, and got to know him very well, especially on my last day in America....my final call was to the Ellingtons in New York, and Forry was there. He took me to a nearby SF store, presented me with the latest Arthur C. Clarke novel, and when we later had a meal at the Ellingtons I found Forry to be a very pleasant and engaging personality, with none of the stuffiness and superiority one sometimes finds with BNF's and pro's.

Of course, 4e is a gentleman. Everyone knows this. No one knows, however, that he sent me a large number of hard cover detective and police novels. He has probably done similar kindnesses many times, and to many fans, but such is the gentility of his nature that he has never attempted to make capital of it.

And what about the future...?

Well, I have a son, 16 years of age, and he has stumbled across SF, reads fanzines avidly and flips when he sees Bob Bloch's name on the Alfred Hitchcock TV show credits. In other words, he is a potential fan. One day soon I am certain he will ask me about fandom, and who and what are fans, and how do they behave? I shall tell him about the fans I have met -- about their strengths and their weaknesses -- their literary abilities (real and imaginary), and I shall tell him about the gentlemen in fandom. In this latter category I shall tell him there is a fan named Forry Ackerman, 4e for short, and that if he has any pretensions at all about being a fan, or a man, then he should yearn to emulate Mr. Ackerman.

And one more time, folks....

4e's a Jolly Good Fellow....

John Berry



# COLLECTING...

by GEORGE LOCKE

One of the most surprising cultural phenomena of the twenty-first century has been the upsurge in bibliomania. Book collecting. Yes, books. Those curious fore-runners of the komix.

If you don't know what a book is, dig around in your attic. You might locate a number of rectangular objects which open out into paper pages, similar to komix but with printed words upon them. Words? Man's written form of communication before pix. Paper? The natural predecessor of plasti-sheet, according to the Encyclopedia Computica. These books will invariably be found covered with dust. Radio-active dust, as likely as not, so be careful how you handle them. But they're worth the risk. In fact, to the growing body of book collectors, they are worth a great deal of money, and if you are lucky enough to find some old science fiction — why, you'll be able to retire at 22 instead of 26, as at present.

The collecting of old science fiction is booming. Why is this so? Because, as I shall enlarge upon later in my lecture, science fiction was the form of fiction which was instrumental in the development of the great komix literature of today. But that isn't the main reason I'm standing in front of these cameras. The primary purpose of this lecture is not to go into the literary aspect of collecting science fiction, but into the physical aspect. In other words, to describe what forms science fiction appeared in, how to go about finding it, how to recognise it, and so on. I shall also pay special attention to the two big science fiction booms — one coming to its peak in the late 1890s, and the other, circa 1960.

Having already told you what a book looks like, I shall go partway towards destroying that image by telling you that books are subject to a far greater degree of physical variation than komix. They were published literally in all shapes and sizes, from miniscule tomes no more than a few inches square to large folio volumes covering two or three feet, like atlases and art publications. They may be bound in hard covers, usually cardboard with a veneer of cloth, or they may be bound with a stiffer form of paper. Some were issued periodically, like some komix are, and were termed 'magazines'.

Just as the format of books was chaotic, displaying nothing of the discipline of style that komix do, so was their content, which, incredible to say, ranged over the entire spectrum of human knowledge and imagination. Some books were scientific treatises — clumsy attempts to fulfill the purpose of the public computers. Others contained news, which is even more incredible when you consider that printing and publishing took time, whilst others were devoted to fiction. The latter classification includes, of course, science fiction.

You all know what science fiction is, when you see it on the Tridio or in the komix, so I won't go into definitions here. Can you conceive, however, of the limitless horizons of modern man's imagination conveyed to a reader by use of the printed word?

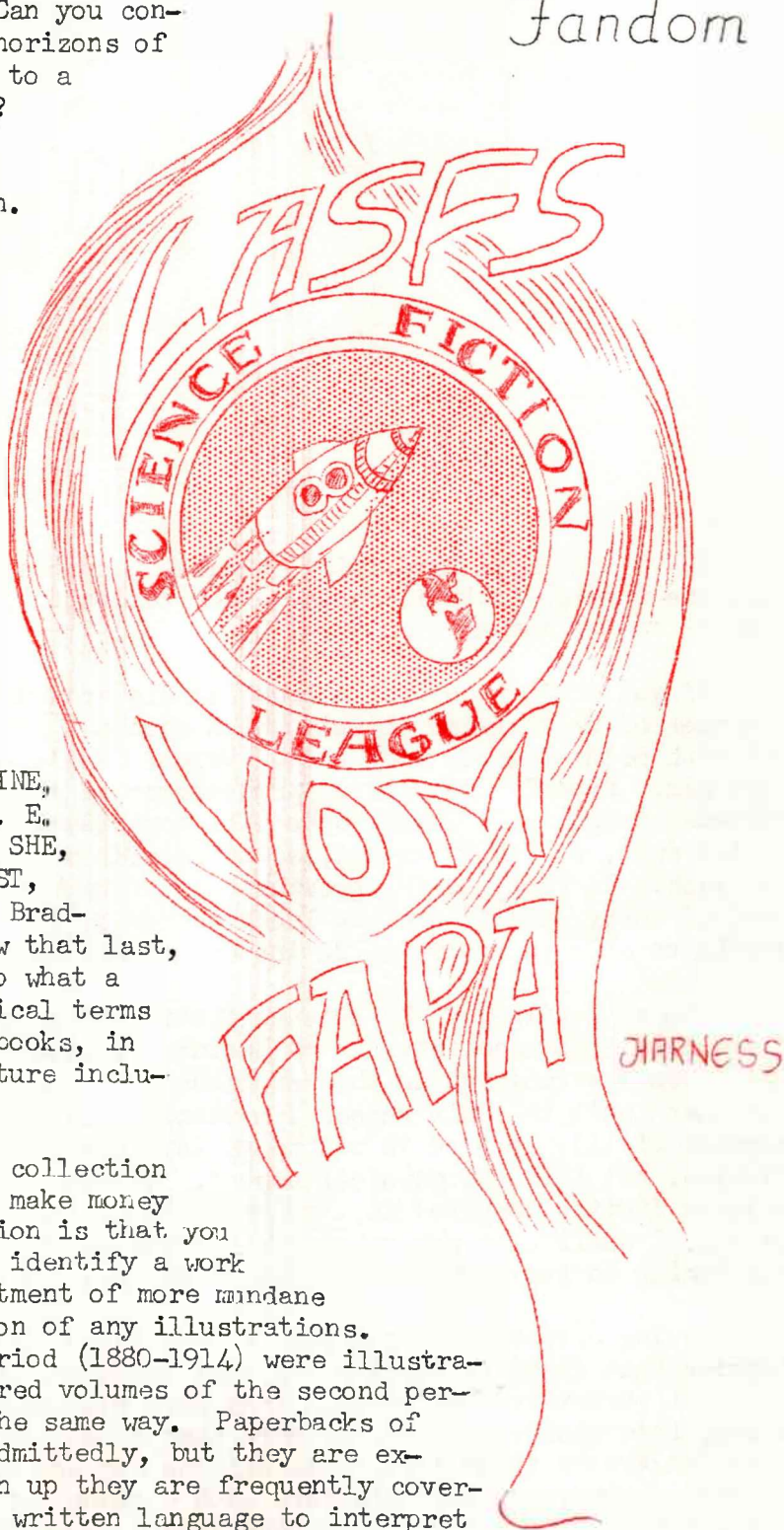
Of course you can't. But it is possible. Was possible, I mean. Not so many years ago, almost the entire population of Earth read books and enjoyed them. Sometimes I wonder if perhaps the world lost something when we gave up the written language and replaced it with computer-codes and komix. I am assured by many people who have re-discovered reading that it is worth the effort to learn the written version of the English language, and read for pleasure -- and more.

I take it you have all seen the following epics on the Tridio recently? H. G. Wells' TIME MACHINE, Jules Verne's TRIP TO THE MOON, E. E. Smith's LENSMAN!, Rider Haggard's SHE, Arthur C. Clarke's FALL OF MOONDUST, Peter George's RED ALERT, and Ray Bradbury's FAHRENHEIT 451. If you saw that last, you will have gained an insight to what a book is, in more than purely physical terms of pagination and binding. What books, in fact, meant to a people whose culture included the written word.

If you intend to take up the collection of old science fiction -- even to make money out of it -- my first recommendation is that you learn to read. It is possible to identify a work of science fiction among an assortment of more mundane literature by a careful examination of any illustrations. Many works of the first 'boom' period (1880-1914) were illustrated. However, very few hard-covered volumes of the second period (1946-1970) were blessed in the same way. Paperbacks of that period had cover drawings, admittedly, but they are extremely rare and when they do turn up they are frequently coverless. Learning sufficient of the written language to interpret titles and authors' names is a help, but is not a complete substitute for becoming a full reader, since titles are frequently misleading and many authors wrote non-science fictional material as well as science fiction. For instance, A TRIP IN SPACE is the title of an early astronomical treatise, not an interplanetary adventure, whilst MR. STRANGER'S SEALED PACKET, in spite of its mundane title, is an interplanetary tale. Also, if you collected the full works of Herbert Best on the strength of THE 25th HOUR, you would still have only the one science fiction story in your collection.

We have one or two checklists published during the second boom, such as Bleiler's

Fandom



CHECKLIST OF FANTASTIC LITERATURE, 1946, and I. F. Clarke's THE TALE OF THE FUTURE. An up-dating of the first book is rumored to have been published in 1960 or thereabouts, but nothing concrete has come to light regarding the existence of this volume. The same applies to a bibliography of the works of Edgar Rice Burroughs, a leading writer whose career spanned the two boom periods without falling into either. Bibliographies of other writers, like Rider Haggard and M. P. Shiel, however, have been proven to exist, though I've not seen either. The CHECKLIST, however, was reported by critics of the time to have been very incomplete; it certainly would not list material printed after its publication, and it is felt — by me, at least — that in the long-term view, possession of the volume does not make a substitute for reading the titles in question. What is more, science fiction in magazines is not covered by such books. What is most, you are even less likely to find such reference volumes than the science fiction itself, since editions were invariably limited.

I mentioned two science fiction booms earlier on — periods when science fiction, never of enormous popularity with the masses, nevertheless showed signs of 'catching on'. Although science fiction was being published outside these two periods, it is nevertheless more rewarding if one concentrates one's attention on those two or three decades before both the First World War and the Third World War. Before I go on to discuss the publishing characteristics of the two periods, I would like to present a rhetorical question to you:

"From the Tridio versions you have seen of the seven science fiction works I quoted earlier, could you tell me which were first published during the first boom period and which came out during the second?"

If you read the original book versions, you wouldn't be able to say, not unless you made a careful study of the history, politics and scientific development of the two periods. Recognition of this fact is essential if you are considering collecting old science fiction. Many of the inventions and ideas in science fiction stories subsequently came to pass. A story describing a heavier than air flying machine published before they were invented is science fiction. Such a yarn published after that time, unless it described an advanced machine, is not. Tridio-type devices described before 1893, and artificial satellites before the first Sputnik, are also science fiction. But not the description of an atomic bomb explosion after 1945 — unless, of course, it is included in a story which categorically states that it is happening in the future, like RED ALERT. As you can see, checking dates quoted in a story against the date of publication is a good way to determine whether a story is science fiction, especially if there are no obviously futuristic inventions involved. There needn't, of course, be any inventions; a story forecasting the effects of home rule for Ireland before Ireland got home rule is as science fictional as LENSMAN!

Adult science fiction during the first 'boom' was found mainly in hard cover books. These, being reasonably durable, are by far the easiest kind of books to find. I would definitely recommend concentrating your attention on hard cover books if you want to collect material of the first boom. Paperback books were almost invariably reprints of these, and being printed on poor quality paper in bindings which were hardly durable, to say the least, are almost impossible to find.

During the second boom, however, there was a change of emphasis in fiction publishing. The paperback, earlier devoted to cheap reprints, began publishing original material in the 1950s. During the sixties, a large proportion of adult fiction appeared only in paper-bound editions. Much of this was science fiction, so, if the collector is preparing to concentrate on the second boom, he has to include paperbacks in his search — otherwise he'll miss a large percentage of the material published then. That would be a pity, because paperback publication did not mean it was necessarily bad. But he will have a very hard task; as I said before, paperbacks are rare, and though the ones of the second boom are not as scarce as those of the first, they are still harder to find than hard cover titles of either period.



I might also point out that it's worth keeping one's eye open for certain publishers, as some were more prone to publishing science fiction than others. First boom publishers to look out for include Pearsons, F. V. White, Hutchinson, Arrow-smith, Tower Publishing Company, Dillingham and Arena. During the second boom, Gollancz, Faber, Doubleday, Dobson and Simon & Schuster were all active in the hard-cover field, whilst Ace, Ballantine, Berkeley, Lancer, Corgi and Panther are some of the more useful paperback houses.

A second source of adult science fiction lies buried in the files of the magazines published during the two periods. Here the differences between them are bigger than with the one-shot books earlier discussed. The second boom featured a number of specialty science fiction magazines which printed nothing else -- ANALOG, NEW WORLDS, SCIENCE FANTASY, GALAXY, STARTLING, ASTOUNDING, etc., etc. Although the earliest example I have examined was dated 1948, preliminary examination of a science fiction collection recently unearthed indicates that they were being published as early as 1930. General magazines, even general fiction magazines, seemed to rarely publish science fiction at that time. This is in contrast to the situation during the first boom, when many of the pre-World War One general magazines published science fiction. In England, at least; good sources of such authors as Wells, George Griffith, Fred T. Jane, and M. P. Shiel are STRAND, PEARSONS, WINDSOR and PALL MALL. We know as much as we do of these magazines because they were printed on very slick paper -- almost of the quality of plasti-sheet -- and because the publishers bound many sets of six issues together and sold them as volumes. These survived the ravages of time and cultural development very well. Apparently, this was not done with the equivalent American magazines, and it certainly did not occur with the cheaper, fiction magazines. These reached their heyday between the two science fiction booms. It is said that they contained much science fiction, but almost none have survived. I hope the recently discovered collection includes files of some of these.

The magazines are particularly valuable for their illustrations, some of remarkable quality, foreshadowing the komix, and also for locating minor works of major science fiction authors which did not appear in book form.

Two curious phenomena occurred during the second boom which are of particular value in extending one's collection of such famous authors as Fritz Leiber, E. E. Smith, Ray Bradbury, Robert A. Heinlein, Theodore Sturgeon, and others. One was a magazine-publishing experiment in the early nineteen seventies which, though short-lived under its title, TAYLORMADE, was one of the heralds of the present cultural trends. The basic facts for an issue of the magazine were fed into a computer-based printing device. The customer was connected by electrodes to the machine, which analysed the customer and delivered a copy of the magazine which was written in a manner exactly suited to his or her tastes. In fact, he would often say, 'Just as if I had written it myself.'; it was, for him, the perfect magazine. Many authors bought copies of TAYLORMADE. Some of them -- the more egotistical ones -- bought many copies and left them lying about in bookstores with their signatures on them in the hopes that they'd boost sales of their standard productions. Such copies, though actually printed by the machine, are really as much their work as any novel or scientific treatise. Because of this, and because TAYLORMADE was also the first plasti-sheet magazine, it is now a highly prized collector's item.

The second phenomenon was the outcome of the intense interest in science fiction expressed by a minority of science fiction readers from about 1930 through 1970. These readers became filled with the urge to write and publish science fiction and material about science fiction. Many became science fiction writers and editors, among whom were Ray Bradbury, Donald Wollheim, Frederik Pohl, James Blish, and the legendary Forrest J. Ackerman. They and others published a number of amateur magazines, called, for some unfathomable reason, fanzines. These were occasionally printed. Most frequently, they were copies of typescript produced by mimeographing or by spirit duplicating. The average print run was probably no more than 200. Curiously enough, they may prove easier to locate than one might suspect. They were generally

kept by the reader, rather than thrown away, and two collections have been located so far -- those of Richard A. Lupoff (author of the eldritch WAR OF THE DOOM ZOMBIES) and Forrest J. Ackerman. The latter, who was a well-loved personality in 'fandom', also possessed an extensive science fiction collection, part of which has survived World War Three, and which is still being studied and collated.

Richard Lupoff, although very little remains of his collection, which was ruined when the Hudson flooded his home at Poughkeepsie, was a publisher of these amateur magazines, and was probably typical. Not only did his magazines print science fiction and material pertaining to the genre, but they also devoted a great deal of space to other matters. One of these was the phenomenon of comic books.

From studies of Lupoff's magazines -- which we located in the collection of Forrest J. Ackerman, Lupoff's own files having been drowned -- it can be concluded that komix were a direct descendant of the early comic books. These were published for the juvenile market, and were, in turn derived from earlier juvenile publications like 'penny dreadfuls' and 'dime novels'. These appeared during the nineteenth century, and were composed largely of written text with few illustrations. Gradually, as mankind progressed towards the pictorial method of permanent-recording, the percentage of illustrations increased until the typical comic book evolved. These consisted almost entirely of pictures, many of which were in colour. The amount of wordage was very small, almost entirely confined to dialogue. Gradually, even this disappeared, being replaced by such sound-effects as 'Arrgh', 'Kapow', 'Zowie', and 'Splat'. These eventually were replaced by pictorial representations -- and the final form of the komix appeared.

Although there were undoubtedly comic books which featured other material, like Westerns and detective tales, the fanzines were mainly concerned with the science fictional comics, such as SUPERMAN, BATMAN, and TALES FROM OUTER SPACE, to mention a few examples. In fact, the creators of SUPERMAN published one of the world's first fanzines, it seems, predating even the phenomenon of the comic book itself, according to evidence researched in the part of the Ackerman collection that was salvaged -- which, unfortunately, does not include this fanzine itself, if it was ever in this collection.

In my opinion, a survey of all fanzines ever published is essential, not only to increase our knowledge of science fiction, but also to help explain some of the curious features of komix whose origins might well be hidden in the byways of the second science fiction boom. For instance, writers speak, in certain of the fanzines already examined, of a magazine entitled FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND. From the title, it sounds as though the source of one feature of the komix could be found there -- pictorial puns. But what was this publication? Was it a science fiction magazine hitherto unrecorded? A fanzine of more than usual influence? Or...?

Who was the publisher? A mysterious individual known as '4E' is referred to. Was he that mystical figure, that genius behind the first of the true komix?

One last word. One of the fanzines which has come to light is an English publication called the FAN DIRECTORY. It lists the names and addresses of many science fiction enthusiasts, among whom were undoubtedly a number of fanzine publishers and collectors, if not all of them. If you peruse this directory -- reproductions of which are on sale from this EducaTridio station at ten credits each -- you might be able to trace the descendants of these people and, through them, their collections. I did just this with six names taken at random, and made a fabulous discovery in one case -- the original fan himself, the last survivor of a fanzine publishing group known as the Fantasy Amateur Press Association. He was old -- and tired -- and unfortunately, no longer had his fanzine collection. Strangely enough, he confessed that he had never read a single word of science fiction itself.

On this note, I must bring my lecture to a close. I have only three years left before euthanasia, and there is a tremendous amount of work to be done. Thank you.



*Director*

AUGUST DERLETH

ARKHAM HOUSE: PUBLISHERS

SAUK CITY, WISCONSIN

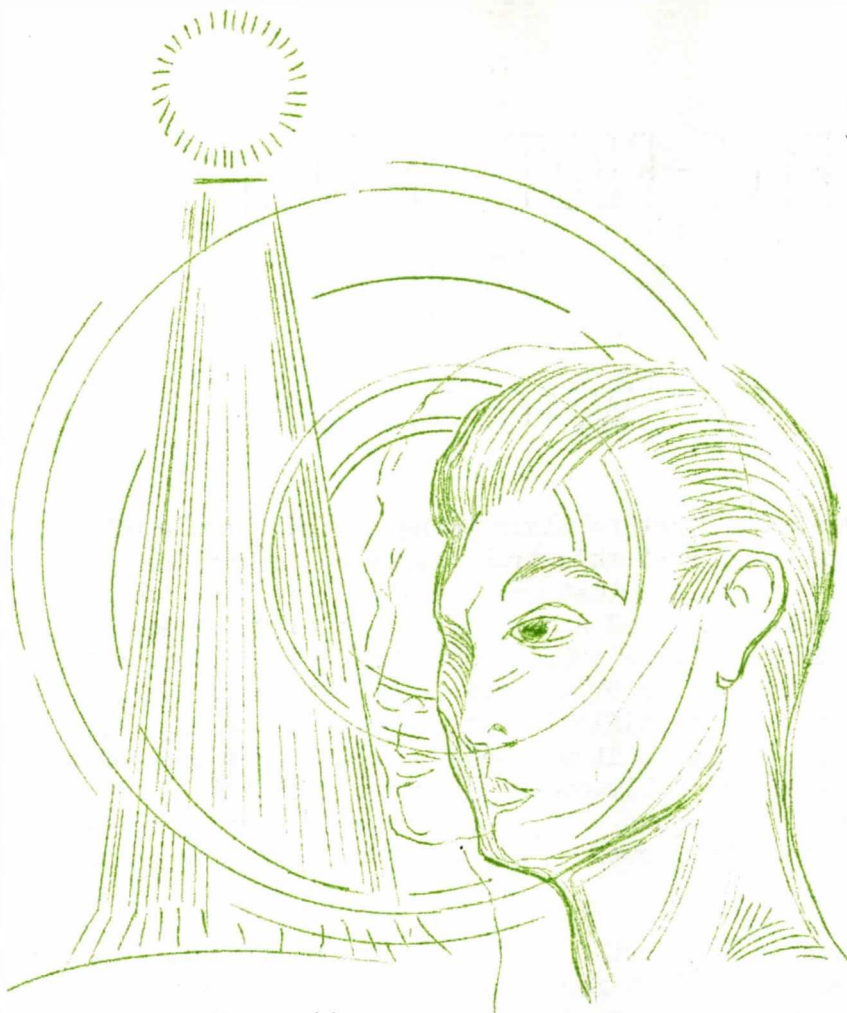
CONGRATULATIONS  
TO  
MISTER SCIENCE-FICTION  
ON HIS 50TH!

MAY HE HAVE ANOTHER 50 IN THE SAME  
FINE FETTER!

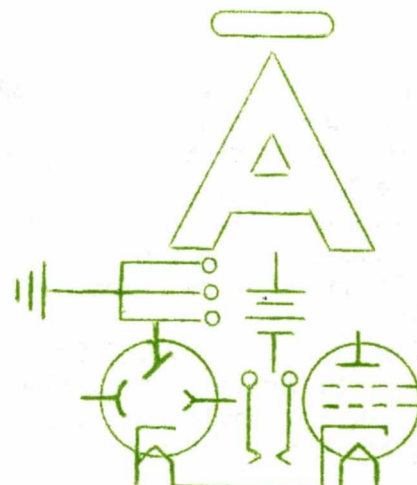
ARKHAM HOUSE and AUGUST DERLETH

*Just Sale to*





## Science Fiction



Harness

Nov 1966

Dear Forry,

If the fannish proverb 'Fandom Is A Way Of Life' has any meaning at all, you are one of its strongest advocates. You have virtually absorbed all of your (and our) hobbies so thoroughly that the variety of names you have been given deservedly culminate in 'Mr. Science Fiction'.

In your magazines, you have forrified hundreds of thousands of young and old Americans, and have given them access to a hobby which, for psychological reasons, would only have a very small basis in Europe. (Being one of the founders of German fandom, you know about the difficulties of even introducing Science Fiction over here.)

But though your life is devoted to the worlds of darkness, of monsters, of horror, you have remained a highly likeable person, whose inner attitude seems to be so completely opposed to the realms of fancy you represent.

Having seen your house I think it's astonishing that you find the time to celebrate something as mundane as a fiftieth birthday - but here you are! And here we are!

With heartiest wishes for a Happy Birthday and another half-century of FJA!

Forrido!

thomas schlück

# 4E IS A FIVE-FOOT SHELF

by Walt Liebscher

When I was a young boy, imbued with that nebulous thing called a sense of wonder, I was, as was the habit of many who will read this tribute, prone to immerse myself in the few science fiction and fantasy magazines that were available at the time. Even in those long ago, wondrous days I was aware of a far off, adumbrative personage called Ackerman. His name was ubiquitous. Every prozine or fanzine (and there were very few of those at the time) either had a letter or an article by this personage. How magic it was to read about all the new scientifiction films that were being made, or were in the process of being made. How magic it was to know that there was someone in that far off place called Los Angeles, or Hollywood, that cared enough to inform the wide eyed youngsters in little towns in Kansas, Indiana, or even Illinois, about the good things we could look forward to. Yes, even then he was spreading his magic, and I knew Forrest J Ackerman.

When I was a young man I attended my first science fiction convention. It was in Denver. And I was thrilled at seeing my first mountain. I had never seen a mountain before, and, as these were my days of discovery, this, too, was a wondrous thing for me. I also met authors who were minor Gods to me, and one of them, a man called Heinlein even invited me to dinner and I was ecstatic. This was nepenthe, nirvana, and stuff like that. In other words I was on a cloud. I met other authors at that convention and other nice people. However, the biggest thrill of all was meeting Forry.

And now, as of this writing, I am approaching middle age, and I have met many authors, and many nice people, and even some spooky characters at countless conventions and meetings. And I'll tell you a secret. The one person I'm always happiest to see is Fojak.

Whether you call him 4E, Fojak, Forrest J (no period), or just plain Ackerman, he is always the same. Here is a man who always has a minute for everyone, be it big name author, big name fan, or the kookiest character with a propellor on his hat, or, and this happens innumerable times, a scared youngster who is attending his first convention and is lost. And here's a beautiful thing. Let Ackerman talk to the youngster for awhile and that youngster is a little less lost. He feels a part of the thing called fandom, and somehow, from that magic called Ackerman, he knows that here is a friend who will remember him, whether it be 1 year, 5 years, or 10 years from now.

Forry is like a five foot shelf of books, probably your favorite shelf. He is something you go back to again and again - for help, for pleasure, for advice, for so what's new in books or pictures, for do you remember when, for human understanding and kindness.

In the science fiction world I have met many people. Some have become quite a success, some have remained just good people. Forry has had his measure of success in writing, editing, fanning, and living. But, somehow as I look back over the passing faces of the years, I think Forrest J Ackerman is the biggest success of us all, for he is successful in having been, being, and he always will be, a damn fine human being.

## marjii ellers:

Since I recall "Revolt of the Pedestrians" -- 1927 -- and it wasn't my first science-fiction, I must be almost as dated a reader as 4e. I've never been a "write to the editor" sort of fan; just an enjoyer of the ideas with which s-f teems.

The Verdugo Hills Art Association used to throw these Beaux Arts Balls to raise money & a little mild hell. Just for a change from my P-TA & home-making scene, I used to try to win the "Most Beautiful" prize. My imaginative engineer husband's suggestions & improvements would improve the costume right into the "Most Risqué" category. Now you know how I met Forrest J Ackerman. He simply had to meet me and when we discovered our mutual interest in science-fiction, it was instant rapport. No one could have been more thrilled than I to meet my heroes in person, through him. Anthony Boucher, A. E. van Vogt, Ray Bradbury, Bob Bloch ... contact with these talented people overwhelms me with a sense of my own inadequacy. I've been running the mind at "idle" so many years I don't think it can even shift into "low".

I wish I had more to give. Somehow, I find myself unable to pay my debt of friendship to Forry in the original coin. If I can't be clever, and can't look pretty, what else could I do? I suppose I could just listen -- but it doesn't sound like much.



"I'm looking for a copy of The Vampire Affair  
— a friend of mine is in it!"



# A TWELVE-YEAR TOUR WITH FORRY

by Charles Nuetzel

About a year ago, in 1965, I was sitting in a restaurant in Hannover, Germany, surrounded by half a dozen German sci-fi fans, total strangers, my wife, father and mother, Forrest J Ackerman and Wendy. My family had come to Hannover to visit my wife's family, and Forry was in town for a twenty-four hour stay on his grand tour of Europe.

Forry was to my right and looking at a book which the two of us had worked somewhat together on (cover by Al Muetzell) which he hadn't seen, since he had been away from America for some months. It was a highly symbolic day for me, since if it had not been for Forry, the book would not exist, sci-fi covers by my father would not have existed, I would not have even sold a story, and I would probably have never gone to Germany, since it was because of my friendship with Forry that I met my wife. Maybe because of this my thoughts drifted back over the last dozen years to the time when I first came across the name of Forrest Ackerman.

As all good science fiction readers, fans, and collectors should do, I made it a habit to browse through the second hand book stores in Los Angeles and Hollywood, and on this occasion I was in a book store in Hollywood. A man with horn-rimmed glasses started a conversation with me, and after a few minutes introduced himself as Ray Bradbury. It is, unquestionably, a moment that Mr. Bradbury has long since forgotten, but one which I'll remember for the rest of my life. He told me about Forry Ackerman and the LASFS.

My first experience at a LASFS meeting was without Forry, who was in Europe at the time, but Ed Clinton was director of the club and E. Everett Evans quite an active member.

Over the next months, probably stretching out to a year or so, I managed to get to know Forry, though during this time he could hardly have known me from the many other fans who flocked around him with greedy intent, hoping to get at least a word, a question with The Science Fiction Fan. Forrest Murmurings were quite popular in those days, usually the highlight of a meeting, during which time Forry would reveal all the inside information about the professional and fan world to eager-eared fans. When a professional writer appeared, it was an event to be excited about. I remember the first time I saw A. E. van Vogt; when he entered the club room a murmur waved through the air, softly whispering his name as if the President of the United States had just made an appearance. But Forry Ackerman was always the center of attraction, always worshipped by all those around him, for he was the idol of every fan.

I heard a lot about the Ackerman parties and envied them as only an outsider can, who would give anything to be invited, but has little hope of having this happen. I knew Mr. Ackerman, but as yet I was merely a shapeless face in a mass of faces; yet,

there was never a time, a moment, when it was not possible to go up to him and ask some foolish question about science fiction that he would not willingly answer. His attitude was like Sammy Davis, Jr. has said about himself: "I dig this profession, I'm not like all those cats who say, don't bother me about my autograph, ask me for my autograph ... anything ..." Forry was more than willing to put himself out for a science fiction fan.

At the time I was quite active in a Valley science fiction club of teen-age fans, and I called Forry, asking him to attend a meeting. Not only did he attend but he brought along E. Everett Evans, Rog Phillips and wife Mari, Stu Byrne and, of course, Wendy. There were almost more professionals than fans at that meeting.

Even then I was interested in writing, and we had a club fanzine, which I would just as soon forget, now. But Forry, not ever having enough to do, was always willing to give advice on writing, information upon which I never received enough. Like many of the hundreds -- thousands, I would imagine -- other fans, I found many excuses to go over to Forry's house, just to look around at his books, to ask questions about my favorite subject, to get to know him, and let him get a chance to know me. Maybe someday he would invite me to one of his parties. I guess, finally through desperation, he decided it was easier to invite me to parties than have me coming at all hours of the day.

Since then a friendship has developed which involves so many shades and colors that it would be impossible to list them here, and certainly of little information to Forry. Though it might be correct to say something about the years of author/agent relationship which took place.

Forry was at the tail-end of his agenting career when I started with him. He had, some years before, taken over the agenting of my father's art work, Al Muetzell, and sold his covers to F&SF, Amazing, Fantastic, and around the world. Science fiction had taken several blows, leaving but a few magazines still struggling for existence on the newsstands. The Monster magazine had just started, taking a lot of Forry's time and energy. Forry advised me on what to write and after a long week, during which time I spent about 8 hours a day writing, I had something to show Forry. He accepted 3 of the stories, none of which have been published. But this was enough to encourage me. Since then a relationship bloomed out into one of those normal confusions that could be packaged as an "author/agent survival kit."

I can hardly speak for other authors, nor can I know for certain that all beginning writers demand the hand-holding, shoulder-crying engagement which was my hellish existence in the beginning year; though at a rough guess I would imagine that something like 99% of all struggling writers could not exist without somebody there to keep them going. I would send something like 5 to 15 short stories and articles a week to Forry, which had to be hand-read for detailed corrections, then sent out and out and out .... Always there was that cheerful voice on the telephone -- no matter what the hour -- saying: "Keep up the good work." My first book was done at something like 30 pages a day, hand delivered to Forry, and reported upon within eight hours. It was an assignment, which had to be done in about a week -- by a writer who had never attempted such a project before. Each day he would report, "It's fine, just keep going on like this." The time he spent on hand-reading those pages, no doubt in the wee-hours of the morning, was surely not paid for by the mere 10% commission. The first year was hardly worth the small financial rewards which he received for being my agent. Though most of the material did in time get published, it was long after either of us remembered having written or read it. As all good agents and writers know, an agent just about never makes any money off a beginning writer for the first couple of years. This is his investment on future rewards -- rewards which many times come to another agent, for authors have a habit of leaving the first hard-working fellow for someone who might seem larger than life, because he is in New York, or just because personality differences get in the way. An author owes it to his first agent to allow him to end the relationship -- if there has been any success in their partnership -- rather than

the other way around, if for no other reason than the fact that the "investment on future rewards" has not been fully paid as yet.

Nonetheless, God bless Forry for his endless efforts in my behalf during those first years, for he proved a valued professional and personal friend -- a debt which could never be fully paid in mere monetary rewards.

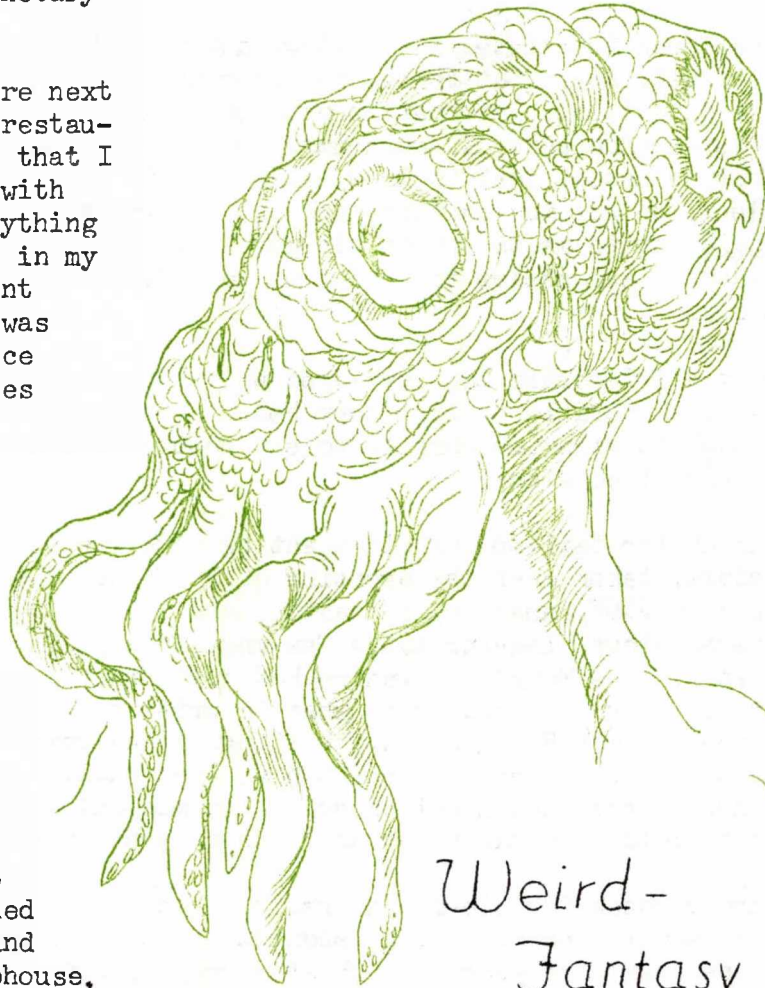
Still, as I sat there next to Forry, in the German restaurant, there was far more that I owed to my relationship with him -- far surpassing anything which he might have done in my behalf as friend and agent over the years. For it was because of my acquaintance with him, through a series of circumstances which could never have taken place otherwise, that I was to meet my future wife, Brigitte, a German girl who had come to California in 1960.

So it is hardly strange that my thoughts drifted back over those dozen years as I listened to the broken English of the German sci-fi fans, heard about how Berlin fans had copied a cover of my father's and hung it up in their clubhouse, and watched the intensive interest which the Hannover fans had in my father, who was to them a celebrity from America.

Here I sat, able to consider Forry one of my closest personal friends -- an event which seemed quite impossible a dozen years before -- sitting in Germany with a wife whom I would never have met but for him, with a father who had gained some international fame through his efforts, and able to think of myself as somewhat of a writer.

And all because -- some years before I was born -- a young boy, not even in his teens, went to a magazine stand about 40 years ago and saw a strange, exciting cover by Paul on a different type of publication called AMAZING STORIES.

ethulhu



Weird-  
Fantasy

*[Handwritten signature]*



TED JOHNSTONE -

# FORRY, FORRY HALLELUJAH!

It's hard to write a short essay on Forry Ackerman, for everyone can supply endless stories about The Time Forry Did Something Real Nice For Me, and hundreds of anecdotes with complex introductions featuring Big Name Fans of long ago ending with "And then Forry said..."

Ackerman has been doing nice things for people for as long as there have been fans -- and probably before, though the records of that unenlightened era are rare and uncertain. And he was recognized as the finest punster in the world long before Willis came along with quite a different style. Let's suppose -- if we really try hard and suspend disbelief with both hands -- let's suppose someone has never heard of Forry Ackerman. An article such as this would leave them the impression that he was just a real nice guy who made puns. And that would be a shame, because although it's true, it's barely the start.

Forry didn't invent science fiction; he didn't even invent science fiction fandom. But he was almost single-handedly responsible for the invention of the LASFS, and he was certainly the most influential fan in the club for over twenty years. One of his few detractors admitted that whatever befell, the LASFS would always be Ackerman's own Science Fiction Society. When nationwide fandom faded, when feuds raged outside, when genzines were folding and clubs collapsing, the LASFS stayed as an island of trufannishness where some of the old ideals were kept alive; often split within, but presenting a front united to the rest of the world.

Every fan has his own story of The First Time I Saw Forry's Collection, usually describing a mild daze after seeing the living room, deepening into shock after seeing the den, and devolving into near-catatonia upon being introduced to the garage. The Ackermansion is the center, as its inhabitant was the founder, of the Fantasy Foundation, upon which the Institute for Specialized Literature was based many years later.

My own personal knowledge doesn't begin until a relatively short time ago -- about ten years. Forry is also responsible, directly or indirectly, for a remarkable percentage of members, past and present. George W. Fields was recruited into the club by Ackerman -- and George brought in Steve Tolliver, Milo Mason, Rich Brown, Rich Stephens, and me. Forry was responsible for the discovery of one Tony Tierney, who did nothing at all worthwhile except bring in Dian Girard, later Mrs. Pelz. In fact, if you traced back everyone who was active in the LASFS as of a couple of years ago, you would find Ackerman somewhere behind most of them.

He must also accept much of the blame for a number of professional writers being where they are today -- some in jail on pornography charges, to be true, but some on magazine covers and some in paperbacks, some in hard covers, and some in TV and screen credits. I can use myself as an example; some years ago, I wrote a charming little children's fantasy for a friend. Forry saw it, liked it, and praised and encouraged my writing. Not only that; he took the manuscript and proceeded to send it out to publishers until the press of monster fandom took him out of the agenting business. That faith and enthusiasm encouraged me to continue writing, so that today I keep busy turning out half a dozen books a year for Ace and others.

A few weeks ago I answered the telephone and a voice asked me, "How would you like to collaborate on a novel with H. L. Gold?" With scarcely thirty seconds pause I responded, "How much is in it for me?" Forry chuckled happily and said, "Now there's a real professional writer!" Subsequently we concluded the deal, and now I am working with a man whose work I have known and admired since before I had even heard about fandom; it was Forry who did it.

Regardless of what I've said, this can't be finished up without a couple of my own favorite Ackerman stories. Many years ago, I crogged at and faunched over a short shelf in the famous Living Room containing nothing but variant editions of The King In Yellow, a book I'd been wanting for some time. A few weeks later, Forry presented me with a copy, suitably inscribed... "A gift without a reason," it says on the endpaper. It occupies an honored place in my library today.

Some of you may remember Barney Bernard, probably the most inveterate punster the LASFS -- and possibly fandom -- has ever seen. His puns were usually bad, but they were nearly constant; he was famous for being able to pun on absolutely anything. One night at a club meeting, Forry began to review a movie. (Incidentally, how many people remember when there was a regular section of the meeting called "Forrest Murmurs", wherein Forry would tell us what was new in prodom, movies, TV, and the rest of fandom? That's what we did before the biweekly newszine was invented.) Forry murmured his review of the film version of Zotz!, and as he finished, Barney said, "Zotz...well, at least nobody can make a pun on that!"

"Oh?" Forry said, "'Zot so?"

It has been said that no one had ever been able to make a living out of fandom except Forry, and he'd had to invent his own fandom to do it. It could also be said that if science fiction fandom did not exist, it would have been necessary for Ackerman to invent it; he could have, too.

There are a lot of people who could be called the salt of the earth; calling somebody the finest guy in the world is a little maudlin. But nobody can complain if you call Forry the Number One Fan Face of all time. From the first Worldcon in 1939, through VOM and the LASFS, and the famous feuds, and everything else that makes fandom what it is today, there was Ackerman. May he stay with us for another hundred years. May he even get back on the FAPA waiting list. May he always and invariably be the first fan you see in the lobby when you walk into the con hotel the first day. But most of all, may he stay with fandom; it just wouldn't be the same without him. As Con Pederson wrote a heck of a long time ago, in the Battle Hymn of the FaNation:

"When Atomigeddon's over and the sweeping up's begun,  
When Man deserts the planet and humanity is done,  
In Science Fiction Fandom he will still be Number One;  
Forrest J goes marching on!

Forry, Forry, Hallelujah!" ...

# FORREST J ACKERMAN

## BIGGEST FRIEND OF GERMAN FANDOM!

It was I who founded Gerfandom twelve years ago. But it was Forry who made it possible. There was never a fandom in Germany before the year of 1954, and one fan did not know another. We were alone. But I was editor of the first German sf-serial, and Forry gave me his advice to contact the fans by a letter column. One year later the first club was founded - and it still exists. Forry is the Honorary-President of this club, the SFCD.

I met Forry the first time in 1957. It was the occasion of the first big German SF-Convention. I have never seen such a happy crowd as the German fans, when they greeted Forry as "Mr. SF" and as their great friend. And I have never met a nicer guy than Forry.

And a helpful guy, too. When I went to Bonn to defend Science Fiction against the government, it was Forry who helped me by sending articles and letters. That was ten years ago, but what could have happened if that "Battle of Bonn" had been lost? It was not. There was Forry!

And so Gerfandom grew and grew. It had its storms and fights, but now that is all over. We are "in". We have our friends in all countries where fandom exists, especially in England and America. We come to visit the World-Conventions, and this year it was the German fan Thomas Schlück who won the TAFF and went to Cleveland.

We German fans are glad to be a member of the great family of the World-Fandom.

And we know and remember that it was Forry who taught us to take the first steps twelve years ago.

I met him again last year in Salzburg, where I live now, and together we went to the 23rd World-Convention in London, with a lot of German fans, by car, train, ship and aeroplane. He lived in my house and had a "Ice-Eating-Match" with Uschi, my wife. He won - and Uschi eats ice as quick as a rabbit eats carrots. We sat together by a fire, in the woods of the Eifel near the Rhine, and we sang old American songs - Forry and his friends, the German fans. And later, in London, it was Forry who made it clear by giving me the "E. E. Evans 'Big Heart' Memorial Award" that he is very proud of his child in Europe - the German Fandom.

I, as his personal friend, and all the German fans wish him, the eternally young Forry, all the very best for his next fifty years of happy life, and I do hope to meet him again in Los Angeles one day, him and his friends. And when he becomes a hundred years old, I will write another article - and a longer and better one. I promise! Best to you, Forry!

Walter Ernsting





by James Causey

We caught the Karn on the third day.

At dawn it stared forlornly down at us from the hilltop crag. It knew there was no hope. But it turned and toiled up the summit, furry head bowed in despair. Once the sunlight flashed on its pelt, turning it into a pulsating jeweled flame. Then it was gone.

"I'm glad it didn't give up," Garth said, grinning. "Makes for a better chase."

I said nothing. He shoved me contemptuously up the slope. "Move, damn you."

We kept climbing. Whenever I stumbled and fell, Garth kicked me erect. He was a hard master, even for a human.

By noon we were in the forest. Only a few hundred yards ahead, the Karn stumbled painfully through the trees. It was beyond exhaustion, yet it dared not stop.

"It knows," I said.

"That it can't possibly escape? Good. Very soon now, it will stand and fight."

"Karns never defend themselves."

Garth's chuckle was the sound of ice breaking. "Just wait."

This forest was preserve territory, and therefore sacred ground. If a Conservation Ranger spotted us the death penalty was swift and certain. Yet violation of the Galactic Conservation Code only amused Garth. In a rare moment of confidence he had once told me that legal payment for all the laws he had broken would approximate nine hundred years in solitary, a half-billion credits in fines, and six executions. One does not become owner of the Tri-Solar Trading cartel without a certain ruthlessness.

Yet Garth's ruthlessness took strange forms. It was not simply a matter of pitting his endurance against the Karn's. Perhaps he wished to break the Karn, as he had once broken me. Perhaps he had in mind to make that rainbow pelt into a cape and wear it to Earth in mocking defiance of conservation law. More probably, he wished to disprove the old legends.

Furtively, I touched Garth's mind. It was like entering a dark chill cavern.

"I felt that," Garth said. He cuffed me across the muzzle.

I whimpered. Not from the pain, but from what I had seen in Garth's thoughts. We Tullians make excellent body-servants. We are slightly telepathic and can anticipate a master's wish. But Garth did not like to be probed when on the hunt.

I tried to think how it would be in three months when my indenture period expired and Garth made me rich. I tried to imagine my cousins looking on with envy while I was appointed tribal shaman as befitted one who had hired out for Earthman service. But I could feel only a sick shame for having told Garth about the Karn. He could not understand how any culture not of power or ravin could survive. And he hated what he could not understand.

Above us the giant conifers stirred in the breeze. In the green silence Garth gripped my arm.

"Ahead," he said eagerly. "In those ferns."

Across a bubbling stretch of marsh, the Karn watched us. Its dark liquid eyes were expressionless. About its neck hung the leather seed pouch, both paws cradling it protectively.

Garth studied the black ooze warily. "Quicksand. It went out of its way to lead us into a trap."

He hesitated, then jumped to a rotting log. It held. He tested the mud, then beckoned. "It's safe. Come on."

It was not safe. I sent out a questing tendril of thought, not at the Karn, for that would have been useless, but into the mind of the thing that waited beneath that quaking ooze.

"Come on!" Garth snapped, and gripped my shoulder. It was futile to resist him. The muck was knee-deep and cold. Garth jerked me along with a savage impatience. His vitality, even for a man, was amazing. Once he had stalked a Venusian plains bison for three days and nights without food or sleep and when at last he killed it he left the carcass to rot. Titans do not wear the scalps of pygmies.

We were very close to the Karn now. It stood on the bank, quite still. Garth scowled. "I don't understand -- "

I felt him stiffen, heard his soft intake of breath.

We saw the Sorg.

It crouched on a drowned root within easy striking distance. Its red eyes glistened as it waited for Garth to move. Its scales gleamed jet and saffron. Once bitten, Garth had perhaps twenty seconds to live. My people have a saying. "As swift as the sting of a Sorg."

But Garth was even swifter. As the reptile leaped his fist was a white blur.

The Sorg squirmed broken-backed in the ooze.

Garth's voice was matter-of-fact as he pushed me to the bank of ferns. "Like I said, a trap."

The Karn had vanished. We found its spoor near a clump of conifers.

"I can't understand," Garth mused, "why your race holds them sacred. Why they haven't long since been exterminated for their pelts."

I did not tell him how ten thousand generations ago my people had tried just that. I did not tell him what the Karn had done to us. Garth would not have believed. He believed in only one thing.

"Strength," he said, "the cornerstone of survival. If they're such advanced beings, why did the Conservation Council grant them sanctuary?"

"To protect man," I said.

"Ridiculous!" he grated. "Your race is dominant on this planet. You've got commerce, industry of sorts -- even tribal wars. The Karn are animals. Primitive huts, a crude agriculture. They're even dependent on the frontier trading post for Karba seed."

"That's not true! They could produce synthetic proteins easily, but their culture matrix forbids any food they do not grow themselves. And the legends speak of the beauty of Karn villages."

"Would you say, Tull, that higher animals are capable of self-sacrifice?"

"Of course."

Garth smiled thoughtfully . . .

We were out of the forest now. The scrubby undergrowth gave way to purple lichen. Ahead, the Karn limped up the rocky slope. Exhaustion was a hot knife in my side as I stumbled, fell. Garth kicked me in the ribs.

"Up," he said. "You can speak their gibberish, Tull. I need you."

"Please," I gasped. "Bring the ship."

"When I'm ready."

A week ago this Karn had come to the Conservation Trading Post to barter for Karba seed. Karba is the chief crop of the Karn. It feeds them through the nine-month winter. This year a capricious frost had killed their entire crop and there



were scarcely two moons of planting time remaining. If the Karn did not deliver those seeds it meant starvation for his village next year.

"He's almost done," Garth observed.

The Karn moved very slowly now. Garth's breath whistled through his teeth as he climbed among loose shale. I slogged upwards in a gray fog of pain.

"Ah," said Garth softly, squinting up the slope. Then: "Down!"

He shoved me behind a granite overhang as the rattle grew into a roar. A crescendoing surf of sound that exploded in a foam of rocks and boulders smashing past that overhang. Through the stone torrent I heard another sound. Garth's laughter.

"So they never fight," Garth said in the sudden stillness.

"It was an accident," I mumbled. "He dislodged a stone -- "

My voice trailed off. I stared at a quartz outcropping near my foot. One edge of the quartz was a spear of yellow flame. I touched it reverently. "Look," I whispered. "A pure vein of sunstone."

He saw it and grinned. "Beautiful," he said. "Worth a thousand diamonds. Too bad you can't take it with you."

I stared at him, my nape fur bristling. He jerked me upright, shoved me ahead. "Hurry."

"Please," I begged him.

"Nothing," he said ironically, "corrupts a good servant like wealth. Move!"

But there was no need to hurry. The Karn was waiting for us at the peak. It stood quivering from exhaustion as we approached, its eyes great and dark against the lambent fur. Yet it wore a quiet dignity that was almost condescending. It looked wisely at Garth, at me, and knew immediately who was master and slave.

If the Karn had not spoken, things might have been different. If it had fought, Garth would have killed it. If it had pleaded, Garth would have let it go, satisfied that Karn were only animals.

But it trilled sweetly at us, and fool that I was, I translated.

He surrenders," I said. "He offers you his pelt if you but let him take the seeds to his village."

Garth's face darkened. "Tell him his pelt is already forfeit."

I did so. The Karn trilled uncertainly. I translated.

"What must he do in order to take the seeds to his village?"

Garth's voice was toneless. "Promise not only his pelt, but the pelts of his mate. And his son."

I could feel my lips writhe back from my fangs. I leaped at Garth's throat. He felled me with one casual blow. "Tell him!"

I whispered Garth's ultimatum. I could not look at the Karn.

There was a long mournful silence. Finally the Karn spoke.

"It promised to return in two days," I said. "With its mate and son."

Garth's metallic laughter. "I do not trust it. I will accompany it to the village."

"It does not trust you."

"No choice," Garth said. He stood tall and strong, staring down at the blue foothills, his dark hair stirring in the breeze. Somewhere beyond those hills, three hundred Karn lived in peace and wisdom. But Garth could not believe that any culture with a meekness matrix could be great or wise. If necessary he would destroy that culture to prove his point.

I told the Karn and it cried. "All right," I said.



Garth touched a stud on his heavy belt. We waited for perhaps five minutes before the rocket came. It came down on a column of white-hot hell, to settle its tail fins delicately on the hilltop plateau. We entered the ship with the Karn.

"Why," I asked, "didn't we use the ship to capture him the first day?"

"It wouldn't have been sporting," Garth said.

We left the rocket at the edge of the forest, and walked single file for an hour, the Karn leading. Garth's hand hovered near his sonic pistol.



"Animals," he muttered. He was bitterly disappointed that the Karn had not turned on him, tooth and claw. "They're cunning. Watch for an ambush."

"He gave his word," I said.

The Karn halted. It trilled. From a far faint distance the trill echoed sadly. Suddenly I was afraid.

"He's warning them." Garth's voice was etched with strain. "Get ready."

We came into the clearing. Garth stared at the Karn village and from his mind I felt alternate waves of shock and fury. The village was beautiful beyond dream.

It was not merely the pagodas carved in stone lace, or the great basalt fountain tinkling in the square, or even the baby Karn playing by the fountain, their jeweled coats flashing. It was the overall impression of fabled antiquity and of -- peace.

But the proudest monument of Karn civilization was the towering wall at the far end of the square. Old was that wall beyond all reckoning, as old as the race. Garth stared at it unbelieving, at the bas-reliefs carved in green stone.

There was a giant Sorg, extinct for ten million years, pursuing a family of Karn. There were Tullians like myself, armed with ancient crossbows and battle-axes, slaughtering an unresisting Karn village. There was a great spider-like creature, exuding a dreadful attitude of malignity. There were wars, conquests, defeats graven on that wall, the history of Karn survival.

Beyond the village was the Karba planting field. It was sere and barren except for a few frost-withered Karba plants. In the center of the village square the reception committee waited, two hundred adult Karn. Our Karn removed the leather seed pouch from its neck, went slowly across the square. I tried not to listen to the liquid murmurs.

Abruptly the entire village keened. It was a sobbing trill of sorrow, a soft paean of misery. One very old Karn with a silver-blue pelt came forward, and spoke.

I said, "They thank you for the seed. They will present us with the pelts in a few moments."

"It's a lie," Garth said scornfully. "They're preparing to rush us." Even his sonic pistol could not cope with the entire village. For all his cruelty, Garth was a brave man. But there was no attack. The old Karn waddled back to the assembly, and the throng silently dispersed. Suddenly there was a brief flurry behind one of the huts, a faint cry. Garth's smile grew into a grimace. "Get ready," he said.

But it was only the old Karn. Across the square he came, dragging three shimmering pelts that were still warm and bloody. He held them outstretched, his dark eyes infinitely sad.

"Karn always keep their word," I said.

"It's some kind of trick." Garth's mouth worked. "They're animals!"

The old Karn spoke. I said, "The martyred Karn family will be remembered forever on the great wall."

Garth's smile was an awful thing. He pressed the remote control stud on his belt. I heard the distant snarl of the rocket.



With brutal deliberation Garth set the ship down squarely in the plowed Karba field. The assembled Karn watched it without fear or wonder. To them it was an artifact, nothing more. Long ago they had built such artifacts, then discarded them forever.

"I'll make them fight!" Garth said. "Tell them in two moons I return and destroy their village with flame from my ship. Tell them!"

I repeated the message numbly. Now surely we would die. But the old Karn spoke softly.

"The village sculptor wishes to do you homage," I said.

"Does he, now?" Garth stared across the square, at the Karn with a pelt like black fire who was chipping diligently at the wall with a chisel, forming a bas-relief outline.

"You see?" I said. "They have no word for hate."

"I'll give them one," Garth said. "Ho, sculptor! How's this for a pose?" He threw back his head arrogantly, holding the three dripping pelts aloft.

The village was very still. There was only the chipping of a chisel on stone.

"Reach into their minds," Garth commanded. "Tell me what they feel."

Gently, I touched the Karn minds. "They feel awe," I whispered. "They regard you as a truly great predator. Please -- tell them you were only jesting about destroying the village."

"I meant it!" The veins on Garth's forehead stood out like wales. "If only they had made some gesture of defiance, some effort to kill me -- " He swallowed. "A rabbit culture doesn't deserve to survive." It was the thing that he lived by, his strength and his pride.

The Karn sculptor saw his expression and realized it was the best of all possible moments. Silver lightnings leaped from the end of his chisel and enveloped Garth like a halo.

In that first microsecond of awareness, Garth's hand darted for his sonic pistol. Then he stood transfixed as the silver nimbus hissed and murmured about his chest and legs.

From the Karn assembly came a trill of admiration. Garth stood frozen forever in an attitude of conquest, imperishable in green stone. A big man, worthy to take his place among the great predators on the Karn wall of history.

end

"THE CREW WHO TRIED PUBLISHING A 400-PAGE FANZINE FOR FORRY SEND THEIR GREETINGS TO THE TESTIMONIAL BANQUET, AND ALSO AN URGENT REQUEST TO ALL AND SUNDRY ATTENDEES WHO MAY HAVE SOME SPARE TIME AFTER THE SPEECHES AND PRESENTATIONS TO COME OUT TO FRED'S HOUSE AND HELP COLLATE..."



## CONTRIBUTORS:

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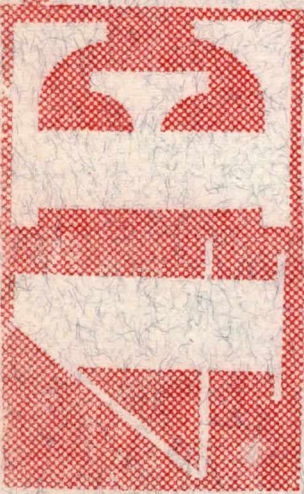
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