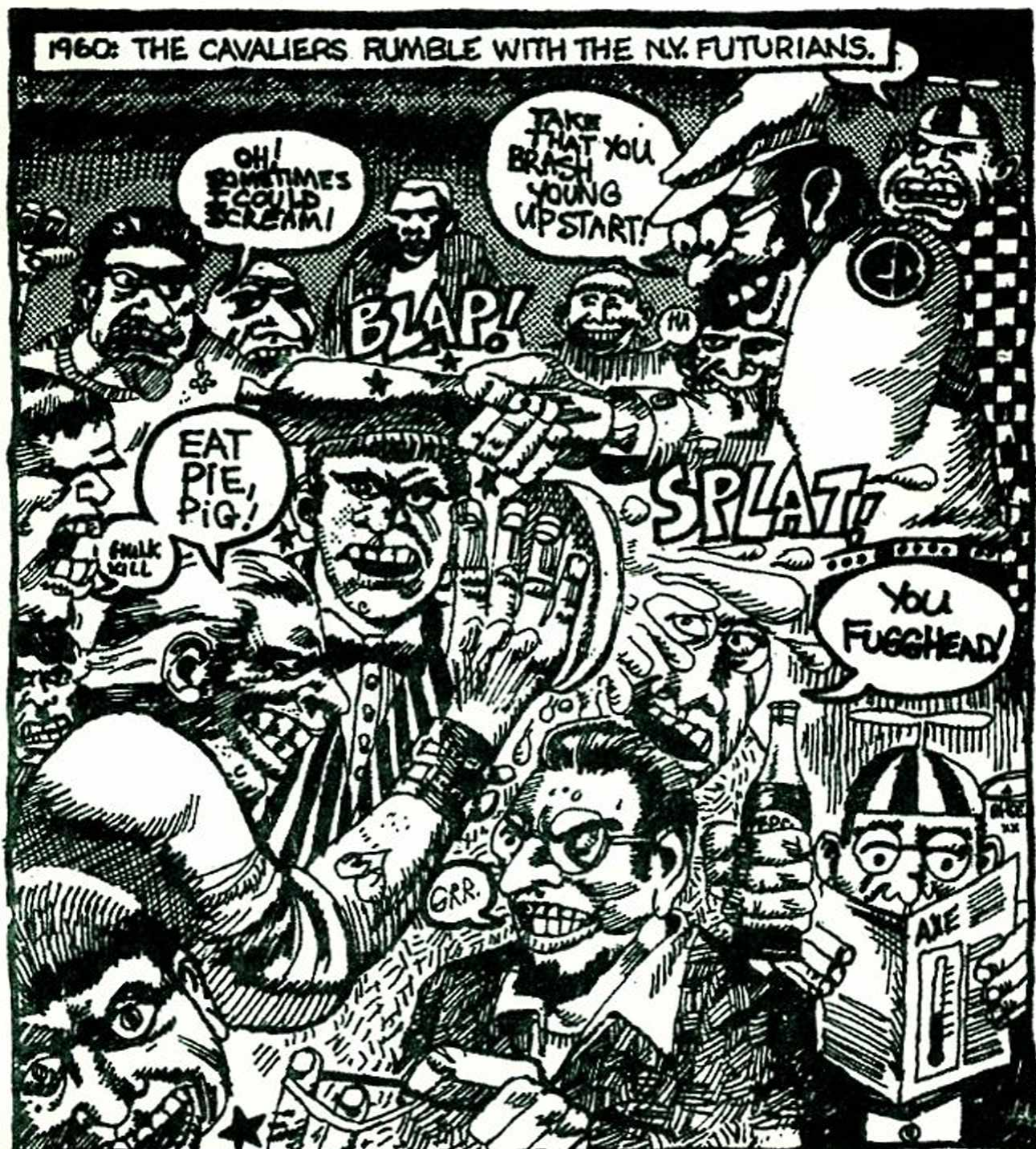


# Fanhistorica



STEVE STILES - with APOLOGIES TO SCLAY WILSON



Fanhistorica, the Non-Issue, edited by JoeD Siclari & Gary Farber.

Address: P.O.Box 1343, Radio City Station, New York, NY 10019  
The Non-Issue, dated Aug. 30, 1975 is run on my new used Gestetner 260.  
This is the first Grazdipple Bonk Publication. There are no remaining  
copies of this sample ish. Fanhistorica will be from JoeD Siclari, the  
publisher. It is available for contributions of art or articles, trades,  
LoCs, old fanzines, reprint suggestions, and help in research. As a last  
resort, you can get #1 only for two sticky quarters (inflation you know).

Cover Art by Steve Stiles, logo by Stu Shiffman  
1 Explanation by JoeD Siclari  
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Bacover The Monkey-puzzle Tree by Ross Chamberlain

\*\*\*\*\*  
EXPLANATION by JoeD Siclari

This zine has germinated from some boxes of old fanzines given to me  
by Elaine Wojciechowski. In Fanhistorica, I hope to reprint articles  
of historical fan interest and have articles (new and old) on fan  
history. Getting this material and suggesting things to reprint are  
the favored ways for you to get future issues.

This is not an issue of Fanhistorica but rather a prospectus for it.  
The actual zine will be fleshed out with background and introductory  
material for each reprint, annotated indices of complete runs of old  
fanzines, and, hopefully, a column or two.

Fanhistorica will be out in <sup>January</sup> ~~October~~. The material will again be mostly  
reprinted but will also contain some indices and previously unpublished  
material. Gary wants me to mention there will be a letter from Robert  
Bloch in the issue. Consider it mentioned.

We are considering serializing two long articles and would like your  
comments. The two pieces are Lacey's Ah! Sweet Idiocy! and Willis  
Discovers America.

The Non-Ish was placed on stencil this past week with extraordinary  
special help from Karina Girsdanský and last-minute expertise from  
Jon Singer. The bacover was run through Miniapa by Jon and is being  
used here by his good wishes and Ross's good art.

\*\* \*\* \* \*\* \*\* \*\*  
Oftimes I am hard-pressed for space to say/write what I want. However,  
I think this zine and its purpose is self-explanatory to anyone who is  
interested. With all my spare time spent pubbing this, I feel let d wn  
now that this Non-Ish is finished. I will have to build up to the week-  
end. I talk much better than I write.

Good luck,

*JoeD*

\*\*\*\*\*

# AFTER THE ATOM

## SOME FANNISH MEMOIRS

by Joe Kennedy

I.

### CONCEPTION ON A COUCH

Shortly after the atom bomb went off, blowing a lot of Japs. all to holl and providing John W. Campbell Jr. with a topic to write a non-fiction book about, things began getting back to normal. Ramoses cigarots and Orbit chowing gum vanished from the markots; newspapers went back to using small headlines; and George R. Fox of Rahway, New Jersey, decided to form a whiz-bang new science fiction club.

One balmy December day in 1945, this club was conceived on a couch in Fox's livingroom. Somebody sitting on the couch-- I forget whother it was Lloyd Alpaugh or Sam Moskowitz or Bob Gaulin or mo-- thought up a name for the organization. "World of Null-A" was running in Astounding at the time, and so the club was named "The A-Mon".

It was, as Moskowitz later remarked, the first time in fan history that a club had been named after a story which none of its members liked.

Ten people from New Jersey and New York got together at Moskowitz's house the following January, to eat Moskowitz's liverwurst and paw with unwashed hands through his magnificent collection of rare fanzines in bound volumes. This was the second meeting of the A-Mon.

In March 1946 the A-Mon considered themselves sufficiently mighty to sponsor an affair which foundered under the official title of The First Post-war Eastern Science Fiction Convention.

Now, although George Fox and I lifted a couple fingers to mimeograph and address a wad of circulars, the first Postwar Eastern was Moskowitz's show from start to finish. He hired the hall, he talked L. Sprague de Camp into giving a speech, and ran the affair like a veteran ringmaster.

More than a hundred people squeezed into Newark's gloomy Slovak Sokol Hall. For our heroic efforts on the convention committee, Fox and

were given the honor of sitting up on the speaker's platform. Manly Wade Wollman and Tremaine and Morwin and Robert Arthur and Wolheim spoke briefly; a little guy with hornrimmed glasses stuttered forth a question and I didn't find out until a year afterward that this had been George Eboy; Helen Wesson was wandering about with an armload of The...Things, looking beautiful and bewildered as she tried to locate all the people that the copies were supposed to go to, Afterward, an account of the proceedings somehow managed to get into -- of all places -- Harper's Magazine.

Tom Hadley was there, too.

Of the fabulous individuals whose fannish trajectories my own has crossed, Tom Hadley will remain one of the fabulousest. The man himself is shrouded in legend. His mother, some say, is a multi-millionaire. I do not know if there is any truth to the story that when Hadley, out driving, confounded a tree with the highway, he calmly phoned for another new Cadillac. At the Philcon, anyhow, the hotel staff leaped to his service as if motivated by springs.

Hadley had just published THE TIME STREAM by John Taine, and he brought along a couple hundred copies which were offered for sale at the con. As the firewater rose higher in Hadley's hand, the price of THE TIME STREAM sank lower. Collectors who, minutes earlier had relinquished three dollars for the volume, were mad as bloody hell when the book was suddenly offered for two.

At the auction Hadley was the biggest buyer. After a bitter bidding duel with Gerry de la Rue over a not-particularly-good Lawrence original, Hadley pooled off fifteen dollars, took a close look at the drawing, and bellowed: "Migawd! What made me buy this?" He also paid five dollars for a batch of old Cosmic Circle Commentators.

It seems to me, though, that Hadley deserves much of the credit for starting the current stampede to cram sci-fic between hard covers. When TIME STREAM first appeared, I heard full a score of people opine that Hadley was throwing his money down a hole. There were not 2,000 sf fans who'd plunk down \$3 for a book, said the prophets gloomily. The only reason Arkam House prospered was that it specialized in weird fiction, for which there was a larger audience.

Hadley continued throwing his money down a hole. I read the other day that Fantasy Press has printed 7, 000 copies of E.E. Smith's Triplanetary.

## II.

### SKLARKE OF SLOVAK SOKOL

Eight weeks later Sam Moskowitz again stood on the rostrum of Slovak Sokol Hall. Fifteen faces smiled wanly up at him.

Though the sperm of the Eastern Science Fiction Association had been planted on George Fox's couch, it was not until this organizational meeting in April 1946 that the ESFA was yanked into



the world, a squalling, hairy brat; its umbilical cord snipped, and its back roundly thumped to encourage participation. This meeting also marked the first appearance on the fan scene of 16-year-old Ricky Slavin. Of this, more later.

A long, dull, political meeting was spent in arguing over by-laws and suchstuff. The old name, the Null-A mon, was given the axo. Two more votes and the club would have been named "The Odd Johns" instead of the ESFA.

Not the least attractive feature of Slovak Sokol Hall was the fact that it rented for \$3. The proprietor, a cunning character allowed this low rent in the expectation of getting business for his bar, downstairs. Little did he realize that the upper lips of fully half the club's membership bore less fuzz than a peaco -- uh -- peach. Many a sober speech on the place of science fiction in the modern world was drowned out by the thumping strains of a polka wafting upward, accompanied by legions of boots clomping the barroom floor.

From the nativity of ESFA, there was little doubt in anybody's mind that the man who should by rights run the club was Sam Moskowitz. Virtually single-handedly, he had presented the First Postwar Eastern Conference; nobody else had the personal contacts necessary to get big-name speakers. Even after the reincarnation of the Queens SF League in the fall of '46, many New Yorkers continued tooping over to Newark the first Sunday of every month. Elections were a polite formality. The ESFA was Sam Moskowitz, and its members seemed well satisfied.

The man who has piloted ESFA for the past four-and-a-half years should rate at least a paragraph here. Moskowitz, as most actifans know, is physically massive. Indeed, he worked for a time as a boxing instructor. He has a powerful voice that would fill Mammoth Cave. He is an interesting speaker because he himself is interested in everything in creation. I have heard him deliver impromptu a discourse on the colonial history of Newark, then switch to poetry or politics with equal competence. He has remarked on occasion that he works as a truckdriver because that is a job which places little strain on his eyesight, which.





his beliefs was impaired by overconscientious reading of the letter sections in the Gernsback pulps, which were printed in microscopic type. Moskowitz is a highly readable writer because of his ability to pick out shrewd angles in his topic which nobody else would ever think of. Fandom has not produced many better critics because there are not many people in fandom who can match his enthusiasm.

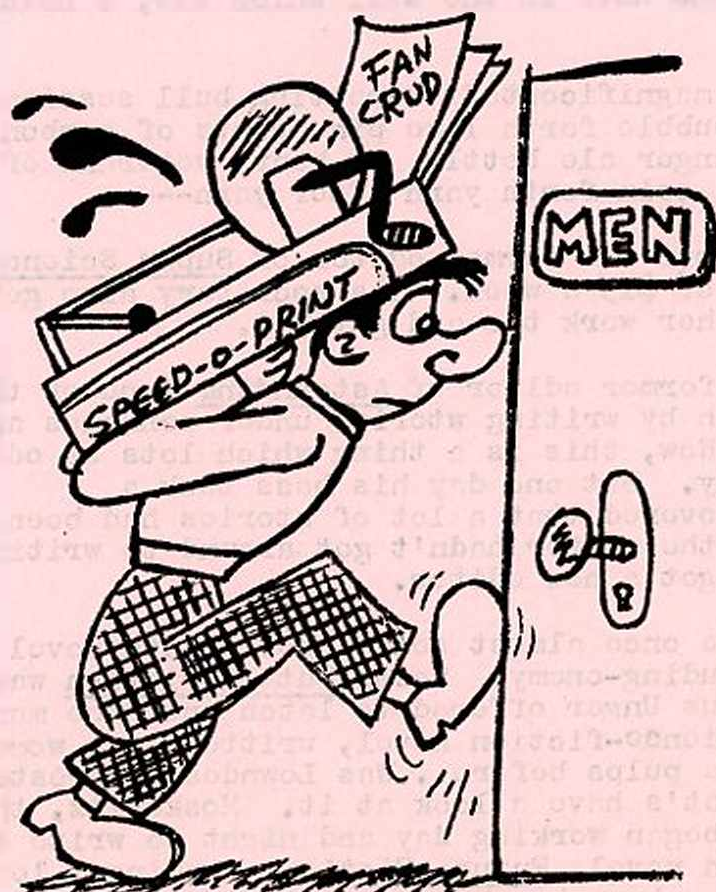
ESFA was not only a convivial place to spend a Sunday afternoon but it soon became a marketplace where dealers could spread their wares. Membership cards were struck off by Sykora, bearing the initials of the club in huge scarlet letters. I have heard of at least one member who flashed one of these things in a bar and was mistaken for a Communist.

Toward the end of the year, meetings degenerated into much bitter wrangling over whether the club should boycott Amazing for printing the Shaver mystery, and whether there was such a thing as fantasy music. These bickerings led Gerry de la Ree to quit the club in disgust. A few others followed.

### III.

#### THE AFTERGLOW

Interesting as it was to look at writers (Frank Bolknep Long, a retiring individual, faced the assembly like a hare ringed in by hounds), lots of people went to the ESFA because of the enjoyable bull sessions afterward. The younger mob, as soon as the meeting was over, if not sooner, would streak for the nearest Chinese eatery.



One Sunday night a bunch of us youths were as usual chawing chop suey in one of those joints when a rather memorable incident occurred. Monroe Kuttner, a faithful ESFA attendee, was afflicted by a queasy stomach. To tantalize him, Fox related an anecdote about a Chinese chef who suffered from leprosy. Parts of the chef's anatomy kept unexpectedly dropping off; so one day a patron of the house sank his fork into a steaming heap of chow mein only to draw it forth holding a human thumb in an advanced state of decay. As he listened

to this, poor Kuttner's face assumed the color of fish. "Things don't happen like that in these Chinese joints!" he gurgled. "They're cleaner than any other kind!" so saying, he cut upon a tomato on his plate and out rolled a plump louse.

On one occasion the club heard a talk by Kenneth Sterling M.D., an oldtime member of the Futurians and a close friend of H.P. Lovecraft. Sterling spent about an hour lecturing on the chief causes of death in the United States, giving statistics -- O confound these ditto mastersets that cannot be corrected without snipping a little piece of paper off one end of the masterset, and pasting it over the correction, which is a thing no red-blooded American boy would do. Sterling gave statistics for fatalities due to cancer and heart disease in great profusion. As the hour dragged to a close, he remarked, "Well I'd intended to discuss my friendship with Lovecraft, but I see my time is just about up, so I thank you all for your kind attention," and sat down. John Michol was there too, chowing a sinister black cigar.

Sterling's speech was one of the few events in fan history that have been reported right on the spot. Maddox had lugged his bulky Speed-o-Print machine all the way from Greenwich Village. In the white heat of enthusiasm, he struck off the latest issue of his newssheet, The Fan Spectator.

After the meeting the skies opened wide up and it rained like all billy-hell, I will never forget passers-by in the middle of Newark gawking openmouthedly as we hiked through the downpour, brandishing this colossal Speed-o-Print machine in the air. We ducked into a horror movie, where a flabbergasted usher agreed to park the contraption in some hole in the wall which was, I believe, the men's room.

But -- ahh! Those magnificent after-meeting bull sessions. The anecdotes that would bubble forth like pin points of carbon dioxide coming out of a ginger ale bottle, as hoary veterans of the early days of fandom would spin forth yarn after yarn---

One anecdote was about the former editor of Super Science who got the glorious wage of \$15 a week. His secretary also got \$15, so he fired her, did her work too and got \$30.

Then there was the former editor of Amazing (one of them) who used to snag spare cash by writing stories under pennames and selling them to himself. Now, this is a thing which lots of editors have to do to live decently. But one day his boss took a look at the files and discovered that a lot of stories had been bought and paid for which the editor hadn't got around to writing yet. Amazing abruptly got a new editor.

Moskowitz claimed he once almost sold a book-length novel to Doc Lowndes, his bitter fouding-enemy. Sooms Future Fiction was crying for material. Julius Unger offered to latch onto the manuscript of a sensational science-fiction novel, written by a woman who'd never appeared in the pulps before... Was Lowndes interested? So Lowndes replied sure, let's have a look at it. Moskowitz, the "woman" in question, then began working day and night to write this sensational science fiction novel. Future Fiction, lacking a lead novel, was delayed. Lowndes tore his hair. Just when Sam was



putting the final touches on his book-length masterpiece, Lowndes made a deal with Ray Cummings to reprint a long string of that worthy's novels. Well, so the story goes.

During the ESFA's first year, Moskowitz was having a lot of trouble with his landlord. This dignitary kept breaking into the locked room down in the basement where Sam stored his surplus books and prozine duplicates, and making off with armloads of choice items.

"I don't know what he steals them for," said Sam sadly. "He can't read."

#### IV.

##### LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI

The first time fifteen-year-old Ricky Slavin came to ESFA I got the impression that she was a nice, innocent, slightly naive kid. Hence I received something of a jolt at the following meeting during the course of which she calmly blew a lungful of cigarette smoke into my eyes and asked me if I was a virgin.

Ricky Slavin was dark-haired, plump, and pretty. She soon got to know almost every stefnist of importance in the metropolitan area, and the ESFA promptly elected her secretary. Her contributions to a serious discussion were keen, almost brilliant. ESFA males soon discovered that to arouse her wrath was like chucking a torch in a pile of TNT.

Once I wrote an account of the October 1946 Philly conference which Virginia Blish said was an awful waste of my considerable talents. On the train coming back from this conference, Slavin and I were chatting.

"Sometimes," she sighed, "I get so mad at this stupid world and all the men in it that I feel like casting myself under the cruel, rolling wheels of this train."

"Well, why don't you?" I said politely.

"You jerk," she spat. "I've got something that will take care of a jerklike you. You never saw my hidden fang, did you? Well, I'll show you something that will make your eyes pop--"

So saying she tugged her skirt right up to her hip. As I looked on helplessly, she began drawing something out of the top of her stocking. It was a switchblade knife. She flicked the trigger and a wicked-looking seven-inch blade shot out at me.

"Feel this!" she hissed. "It's sharp enough to rip you guts out." Then, to my relief,





she returned the weapon to its hiding place...

There came into being a state of undeclared warfare between Slavin and ESFA's director. On one or two occasions somebody bought Ricky a drink downstairs in the Slovak Sokol bar; this innocent occurrence filled Moskowitz with visions of the club losing its three-dollar meeting hall. (In New Jersey you have to be 21 even to buy a beer.)

The full story may never be known; but anyhow Slavin went storming up to Moskowitz's third-floor apartment one day, unannounced and uninvited, determined to do him dirt. An argument followed. Slavin seized his prized copy of The Outsider And Others, hurled the volume to the floor, and ripped to shreds the book's dustjacket.

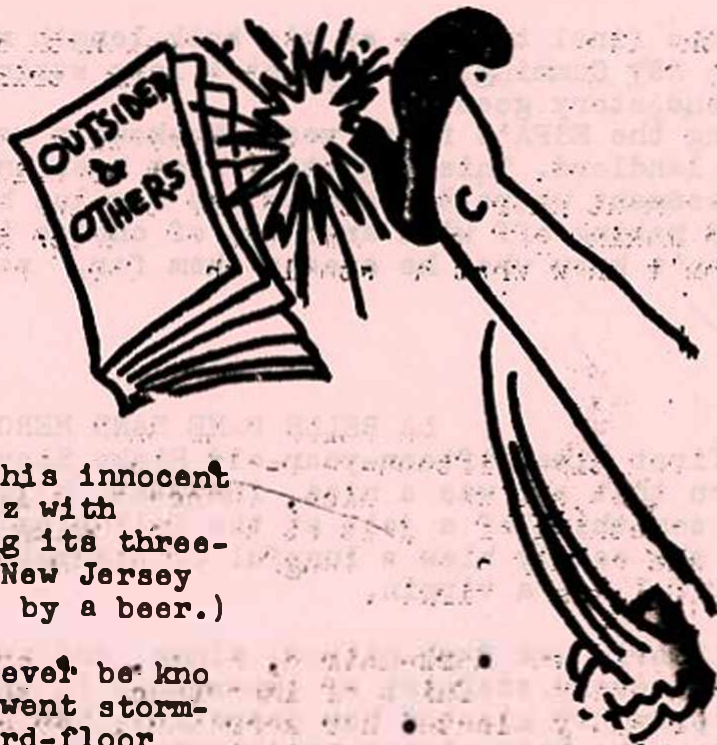
Since collecting is a way of life to Sam, she could not have touched a more vulnerable spot. So far as I have been able to figure out, ESFA's director practically flung the poor girl down two flights of stairs, then booted her into the street.

"After all," said Sam mournfully as he related the tale, "the dustjacket alone was worth five dollars!"

From that day on, he imposed a ban against Slavin's entering Slovak Sokol Hall.

In December '46, Alpaugh, Ron Maddox, Fox and I held a one-shot fanzine session at which we knocked ourselves out publishing a thing entitled Tails Of Passionate Fans. The piece de resistance of this literary abortion was a story purporting to have been ghostwritten by Stanley C. Weinbaum, and Slavin was the heroine of it. When Slavin latched onto a copy of this thing, she sent special-delivery letters to the fathers of the four co-editors, threatening to sue for libel and I don't remember what all else. By luck, every one of the four co-editors managed to intercept the letters, and Fox even went so far as to write an answer, signing his father's name to it. A couple years later Alpaugh published a second issue of Tails, but it was tame stuff by comparison.

Then there was the time Joe Schaumberger was in a penny arcade and discovered one of those machines which you put a penny in and you press down the right keys, and a little strip of tin comes out the bottom with your name on. On this contraption Schaumberger



typed out an obscene greeting and sent it to Slavin. She promptly sicced the postal authorities on him, and Schaumberger told me that this greatly influenced his decision to join the army abruptly.

A year or so after Slavin stopped coming to ESFA, I met her at a Queens SF League conclave. She planted her foot squarely in the middle of my pratt.

She is married now, and doesn't go to science fiction meetings any more. She is, without doubt, one of the most real personalities I have ever met, and somehow I have always liked her. Someday when I write my Great American Novel I would like to use her as a character in it, if I thought she wouldn't mind.

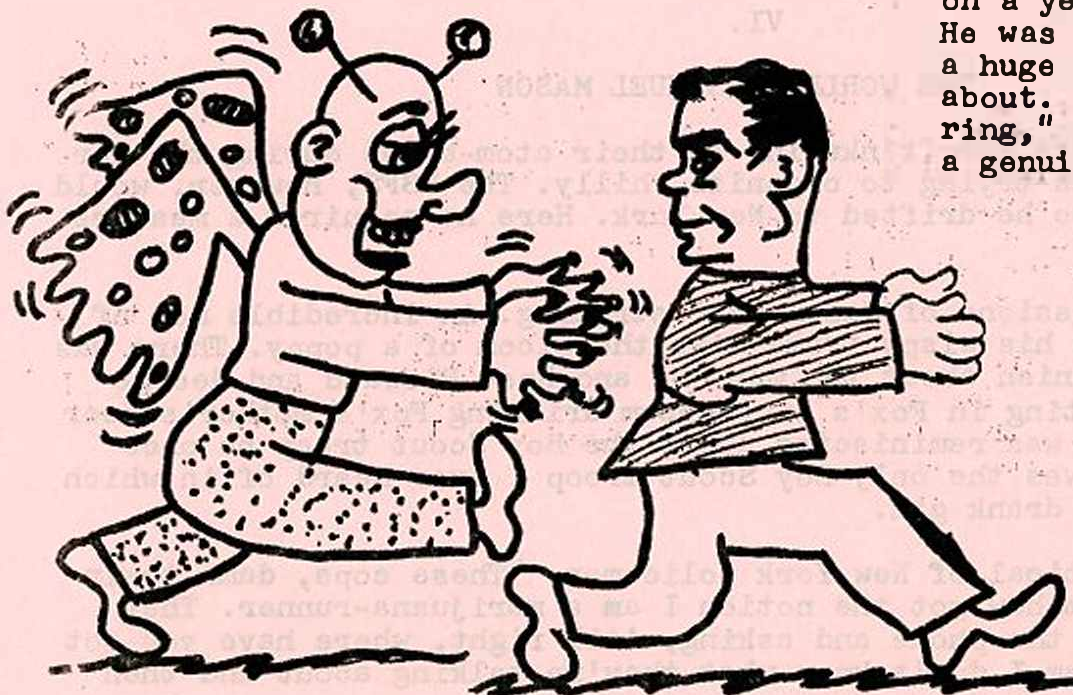
## V.

### THE ANCIENT MYSTERIES

Paul Dennis O'Connor's appearances at the ESFA, though infrequent, were memorable. Drooping eyelids and an affected Boston accent are the characteristics of the man that stand out in my recollections of him. He is, of course, best known for publishing two fragmentary Merritt novels with endings by Bok.

I would say without hesitation that O'Connor is by far the most enjoyable impromptu speaker I have ever listened to. His rare addresses to the ESFA were a dazzling bunch of bawdy quips, belly laugh-provoking anecdotes about well-known writers and editors -- at least half inaccurate, but all uproarious.

O'Connor once bowled over an ESFA audience by remarking in a perfectly deadpan fashion: "Contrary to many reports, I am not in the habit of sprawling in the nude on a yellow chaise longue." He was fond of flashing a huge green ring coyly about. "The stone in this ring," he explained, "is a genuine emerald taken from the eye-socket of an Egyptian mummy."



To characterize O'Connor as a fruit, would be, I think, dead wrong. He has a subtle sense of humor. I always got the impression that his mannerisms were often put on as a gag, as a carefully studied



pose, designed to amuse other people.

On a few occasions O'Connor threw open his apartment and showed old Fritz Lang movies and army training films. Various queers from the Village were among the crowd. I am indebted to Lloyd Alpaugh for an account of one of these open-house clambakes. Les Mayer, a good-lookin ex-GI, was seated in O'Connor's darkened bedroom watching the movies when a couple of characters sat down on either side of him. Though they were males, they wore fingernail polish and tried to snuggle up to him. This naturally disconcerted Mayer. Hieing himself to another chair several yards away, he tried to ignore the characters. The latter, who so far as I know were not fans, simpered and moved after him. Around and around the room they went, Mayer vacating chair after chair and the characters following him hell-bent, giggling all the while.

"You know," said Mayer to Alpaugh when the movies were over and they were going home, "I believe those two guys were fairies."

In bull sessions after an ESFA meeting, O'Connor was a very interesting man to listen to. One night in a cafeteria he delivered a long and wonderful discourse about the time Hannes Bok was employed to paint some sexy murals for Dunninger, the mind reader; about how Derleth used to pay off his dustjacket artists in copies of Arkham House books; how the New Collectors Group was not going to publish Merritt's sequel to The Moon Fool because Mrs. Merritt wanted a dime a word for it. He then went into a diatribe against all science fiction fans, whom he considered viler than maggots; proceeded to read the palms of several people at the table including Ron Clyne; and spoke very seriously of the forgotten mysteries which only the ancient sages knew.

I believe it was around this time that Moskowitz went to New York in a rented car and bought up all the copies of The Fox Woman that O'Connor had left, for speculation. He did, however, sell them at a fair price to ESFA members.

## VI.

### THE WORLD OF SAMUEL MASON

While physicists were tinkering on their atom-bombs during the war years, Sam Mason was trying to organize Philly. The PSFS, however, would have none of him, so he drifted to New York. Here he acquired a measure of inverted glory.

My first impressions of Mason were striking. An incredible mop of reddish hair topped his wispy frame like the bloom of a poppy. There was something leprechaunish about the man. He and Rose Riewald and George Fox and I were sitting in Fox's livingroom drinking Fox's mother's beer and soda and Mason was reminiscing about the Boy Scout troop he once belonged to. This was the only Boy Scout troop I ever heard of in which all the tenderfeet drank gin.

Mason was critical of New York policemen. "These cops, damn their guts. They have somehow got the notion I am a marijuana-runner. They keep calling up on the phone and asking, 'All right, where have you got it hid?' I tell them I don't know what they're talking about and then

they hang up. But hte F.B.I. agents are even worse. They keep breaking into my apartment at the damndest hours!"

To Mason's Greenwich Village lodgings toddled callow fan- editors bearing stencils to be run off on the rickety mimeograph, (\*) leaving laden with heaps of the stories and poems that rolled unquenchably from Mason's typer. By all reports, mason got a huge charge of watching these innocents get red-eyed on his run; and one youthful Brooklynite suddenly took a vacation from fandom when his mother smelled reefer



smoke on him. Yet Mason's contributions to crifanac were often salutary. His two-shot fanzine, Count Wacula contained traces of terrific writing, the best single item being a satire on Saroyan. On the basis of this piece alone, I consider Mason a humorist of almost Burbee-esque stature. As near as I can remember, the beginning went: "The world is a beautiful place when you are a young writer starving to death in a furnished room, longing for a beer, longing for a check from SatEvePost, longing for Hedy Lemarr, all full of wants and desires and salami, and not entirely certain that Lenin was right, either."

The last I heard of Mason, he was smuggling guns to Israel.

## VII.

### THE CONVENTION THAT ALMOST WASN'T

In March 1948 the Eastern Science Fiction Association decided to hold a "convention" of sorts, to celebrate its second birthday, George O. Smith. Merwin, Sturgeon, and other notables were invited. The Sunday of the convention was a drizzlingly rainy day. As I stepped into the meeting hall, the overpowering stench of old eggs hit my nose. Half an hour earlier, Ron Christensen and Bob Caulin--with gymnastic prowess--had entered the hall by a skylight and planted a quantity of ammonium sulfide among the rafters. This substance promptly began vaporizing as hydrogen sulfide, and perfuming the meeting hall below.

Pre-convention attendees wandered around with hands clamped to their noses. Women looked sick. Moskowitz stormed in, doing a slow burn as he sniffed the stink. With a window pole, he poked around the ceiling trying to dislodge the source of the odor. Mumbling something to the effect that he'd throw the culprits the hell out if he knew who they were, he heaved open both the hall's windows, but the damp breeze only stirred the smell up a bit. Distinguished people began arriving, wrink-

(\*) Legend had it that the ABDick company did not release this contraption -- It escaped from them.



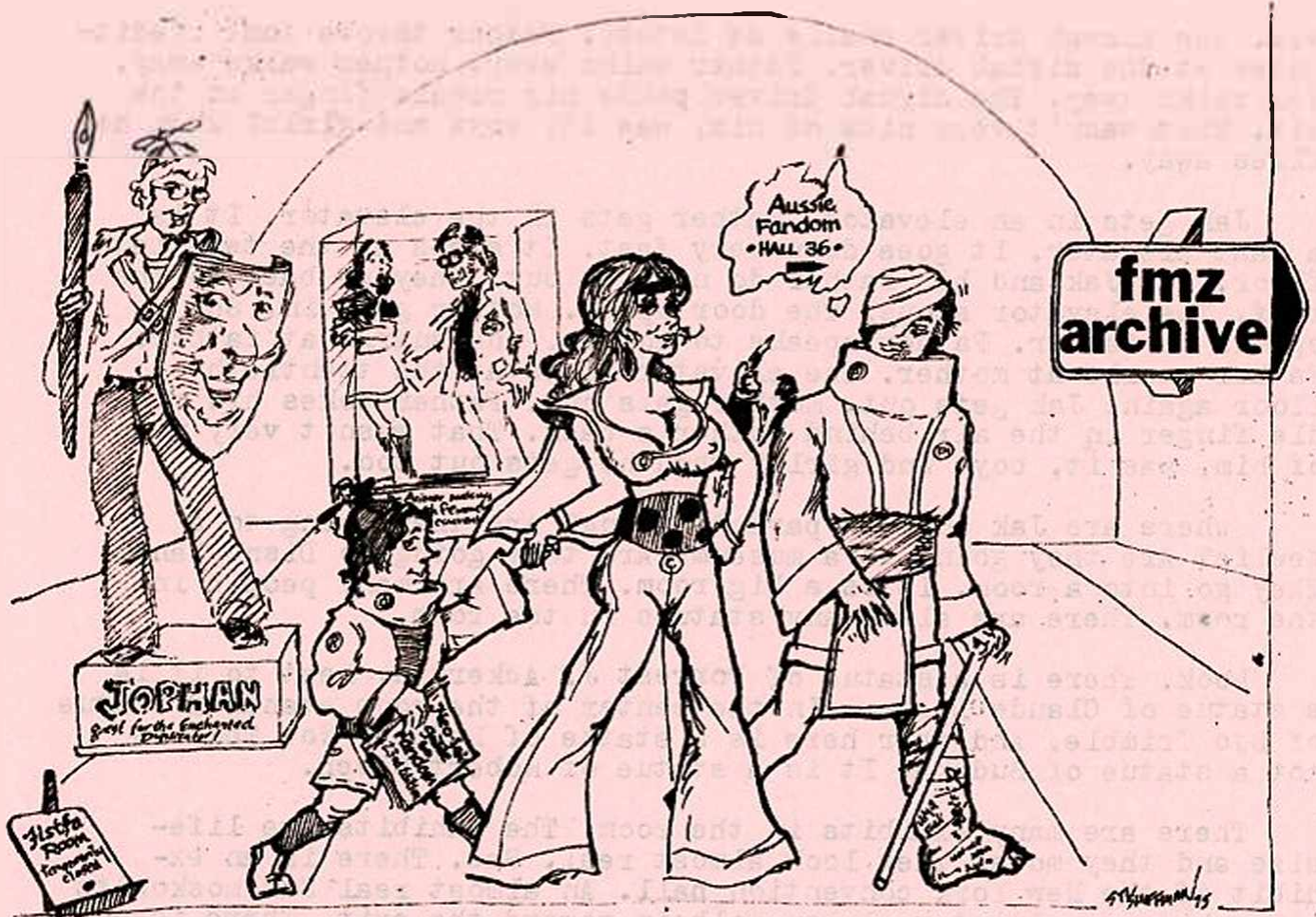
ling their faces as they entered the room. One well-intentioned lady insisted on going around tapping the walls, trying to locate the dead rat which she was convinced had met its doom somewhere between the board boards. By the time the meeting was called to order, the stink had abated somewhat. But throughout the afternoon many individuals looked glassy-eyed, and the percentage of attendees deserting the meeting for the bar downstairs was higher than was customary.

None of the subsequent ESFA meetings were as good as that one, so I stopped going.

---oOo---

(Reprinted from the special Insurgent issue of Art Rapp's Spacewarp, Summer, 1950. The issue was guest-edited by a special one-shot party of Charles Burbee, Francis Towner Laney, Rick Sneary, and William Rotsler, as what was intended to be the culminating, and last issue of Spacewarp, the top fannish zine of its day, Rapp had entered the Army and anticipated a cessation of publishing. Rapp, later tho, found himself able to continue, and Spacewarp continued to it's now current, diminished state in the Spectator Amateur Press Society, having reached over a hundred issues. )





### FANZINE FABLE FOR SIX-YEAR-OLDS

by Redd Boggs

reprinted from Vic Ryan's  
Bane #9

See the boy. He is a little boy. His name is Jak. He is six years old. He wears a blue blouse and a green cummerbund.

Jak rides in an aircab. The aircab has red wings. Jak's father and mother ride in the aircab too. His father wears a red cummerbund. His mother wears a polkadot cummerbund. (She also wears a pink blouse.)

The aircab lands on the roof of a building. It is a big building. It is made of chrome and glass. The glass is colored many colors. Some glass is colored blue. Some glass is colored green. Some glass is colored red. Some glass is colored polkadot.

Jak gets out of the aircab. His mother gets out of the aircab. His father gets out of the aircab. His father takes some credit notes out of his cummerbund. He speaks to the aircab driver. The aircab driver speaks to father. Father snarls at the aircab dri-



ver. The aircab driver snarls at father. Father throws some credit-notes at the aircab driver. Father walks away. Mother walks away. Jak walks away. The aircab driver pokes his middle finger in the air. That wasn't very nice of him, was it, boys and girls? Then he flies away.

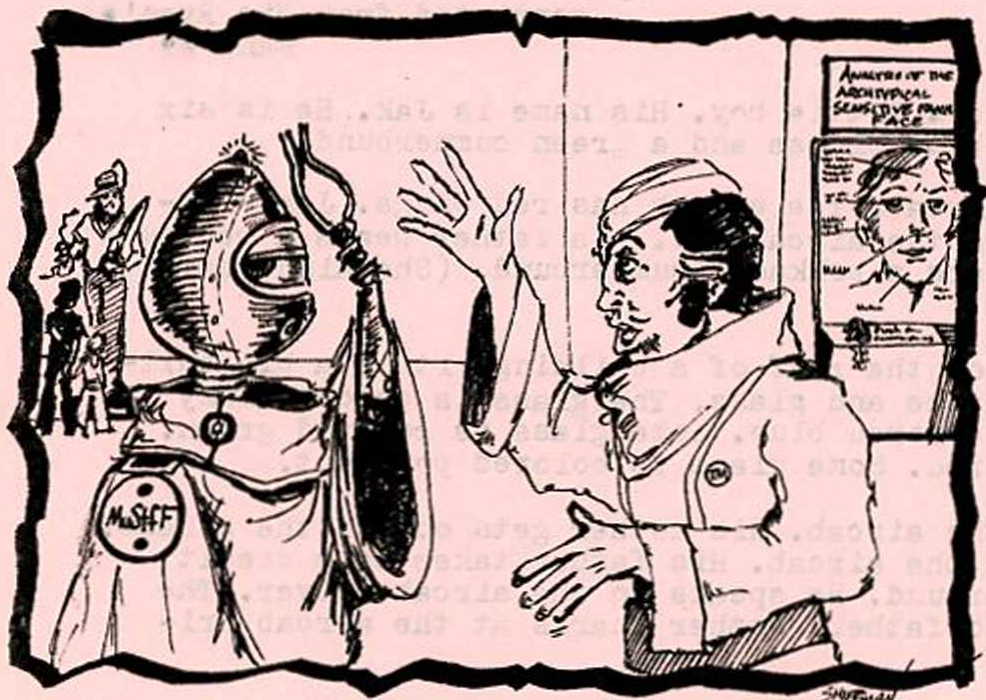
Jak gets in an elevator. Father gets in the elevator. It is a fast elevator. It goes down very fast. It stops at the twentieth floor. But Jak and his father do not get out. They go back to the roof. The elevator stops. The door opens. Mother gets in. She speaks to father. Father speaks to mother. She snarls at father. Father snarls at mother. The elevator stops at the twentieth floor again. Jak gets out. Mother gets out. Father pokes his middle finger in the air behind mother's back. That wasn't very nice of him, was it, boys and girls? Then he gets out too.

Where are Jak and his parents going? Are they going to a feelie? Are they going to a museum? Are they going to Disneyland? They go into a room. It is a big room. There are many people in the room. There are also many statues in the room.

Look. There is a statue of Forrest J. Ackerman. Next to it is a statue of Claude Legler. In the center of the room stands a statue of Bjo Trimble. And over here is a statue of Luddha. No. That is not a statue of Buddha. It is a statue of Robert Bloch.

There are many exhibits in the room. The exhibits are life-size and they move. They look almost real. See. There is an exhibit of the New York convention hall. An almost real Sam Moskowitz is pushing an almost real Don Wolheim toward the exit. There is an exhibit of Bellefontaine. An almost real Jim Harmon is breaking down an almost real hotel door. There is an exhibit of the New Orleans hotel.

Smoke is pouring out of Room 770. Jak almost coughs because the smoke is almost real.



Jak's father goes up to a robot attendant. The robot is dressed in uniform. The uniform is colored pomegranate and puce. (Try to find these colors in your crayon box, boys and girls) Father says, "I want to look at a fanzine. It is a very old fanzine."

I want to look at a very old fanzine."

The robot says, "Yes, sir. We have every science fiction fanzine ever issued. We have every science fiction prozine ever issued. We have every science fiction book ever issued. We have every science fiction science fiction science fiction sci--"

Father hauls off and kicks the robot. The robot says "--ence fiction movie ever issued. We have every --"

Father says, "I want to see Bane #9. It is a fanzine. It is an old fanzine. It is a very old fanzine."

The robot says, "Bane #9 is a fanzine. It is a very old fanzine. It is also a very popular fanzine. Many come to look at this fanzine. Then they go away. Later some of the children's fathers come back. Some fathers are limping. Some fathers are bleeding. Why is this?"

Father says, "I do not know. I do not know why this is. But I will tell you this. Yesterday my son's kite was caught in a tree. It was a very big tree. I climbed up a ladder to reach the kite. When I reached the top Jak kicked the ladder out from under me. I was lucky I wasn't killed. I broke both legs and my neck. I spent three hours in the hospital getting well. Then Jak told me the story. The story was he did it because of something he read in Bane #9."

Jak says, "wait, father. I will confess. I will tell all. Let us go into this room. Let us go into this little room. I will whisper to you privately."

Father opens the door. He opens the door to the room. He steps into the little room. He disappears. Jak closes the door. Jak goes back to his mother. She is admiring a statue. She is admiring a statue of Redd Boggs.

Jak says, "Daddy just fell down the elevator shaft. It is a deep elevator shaft, It is 20 stories down. Let us go home. Let us go home and open the wall safe. Let us read Dad's will."

Mother looks at the elevator shaft. She pokes her middle finger in the air. That wasn't very nice of her, was it, boys and girls? Then she says, "Like, that sounds like fun, man!"

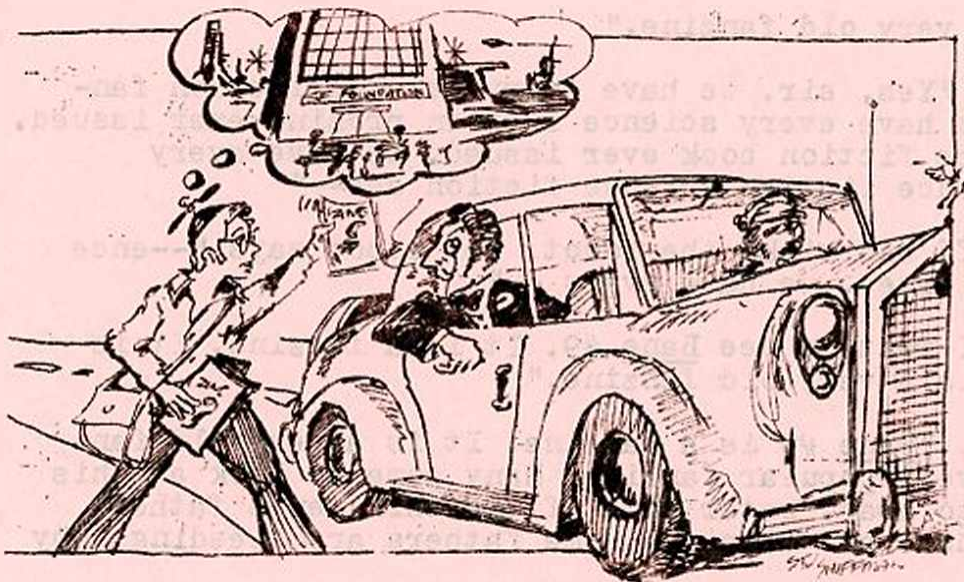
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This is just a story, boys and girls. It is just a dream. It is just a fable. Why is it just a fable? It is a fable because nobody in fandom is rich. Nobody in fandom has lots of money. Nobody in fandom is rich and died and left his money to fandom.

People in other hobbies are rich. They are all very rich. They live in big houses. They ride in big cars. They can afford to spend 50 million dollars on their hobby. Some of them are big doctors. Some of them are big lawyers. Some of them are big gangsters.

But fans are not rich. They live in little houses. They ride in subways and buses. They can't afford to buy 50¢ prozines. Some of them are salesmen. Some are teachers. Some are dirty pros. Fans are slobs.





There was a science fiction foundation in the fable. It was a big Science Fiction Foundation. But it was just a dream. It is just a dream because fans aren't rich. We can't build that big building of glass and chrome. We can't fill it with statues of Bob Tucker,

Dian Girard, and Walter Breen. We can't set up exhibitions of Exclusion Acts, zap-gun fights and oneshot sessions. We can't acquire a library of all the science fiction in the world. We can't do all these things till we find some rich fans.

Are your fathers rich, boys and girls? Does your father have lots of money? Does he spend it foolishly on big cars? Does he spend it foolishly on big houses? Does he spend it foolishly on ~~fast women~~ other luxuries?

He does? Well, then. Why don't you tell him about science fiction, boys and girls? Why don't you tell him about science fiction fandom? Tell him all about the doublepeachy fun fans have. Tell him he can become a BNF in fandom in no time at all if he will shell out a few thousand dollars for drinks at a con. Tell him being a BNF is better than being a millionaire.

Go ahead, boys and girls. Speak to him today. Maybe you can get him to subsidize needy fanzine editors. Maybe you can get him to remember fandom in his will. Maybe he will leave 20 million dollars to fandom to set up a Science Fiction Foundation. Go ahead and ask him, boys and girls. Maybe he will say no. Maybe he will say no and poke his middle finger in the air. But maybe he will say yes.

Have you gotten your father to put fandom in his will, boys and girls? You have? Fine. Now go outside. Go outside and fly your kite. Go fly your kite near a tree. Fly it near a big tree. Let your kite get caught. Let your kite get caught in the tree.

Now. Go find your daddy. Tell him to stop dallying with mother's personal maid. Tell him to bring out the ladder. Tell him to bring out the ladder and go climb the tree. Tell him to climb the tree and rescue your kite.

When your father has reached the top of the ladder, kick it out from under him. Crash! -- eh, children?

Fandom will thank you, boys and girls. Fandom will be grateful. When you do this, fandom can build a big Science Fiction Foundation. Then this story won't be a dream. It won't be just a fanzine fable for six-year-olds. It will be a prophecy of things to come. And Bane #9 will be remembered as the fanzine that made it all come true.

## THE RUMBLE

by  
Walter Breen  
Pat Lupoff  
Dick Lupoff

THE RUMBLE is a one shot published by Walter Breen, and Pat & Dick Lupoff in fond commemoration of May 15, 1960, the day of the Futurian picnic, possibly the first fan gathering ever to be broken up by the threat of gang warfare. These Futurians, incidently, are that segment of New York fandom who hold to a wide variety of philosophies and modes of living, the sole proscribed outlook being that to which the "Thismee tingisherebycalledtoorderwewillnowproceedtothefirstitemofbusiness" attitude is appropriate.

Well, for the Lupoff household the picnic got off to a head start-- it was scheduled for 2:30PM -- when Walter Breen arrived at one O'clock. I (Dick) made up a batch of bloody marys which were universally detested, except for me, fortunately, to the result that I got to drink just about the entire batch. "Too much tabasco!", Pat and Walter, in loud unison, cried.  
Pah!

We packed our lunch, took a bus and subway ride, and were shortly up at the general location of the picnic. That is, the picnic was scheduled to take place under the George Washington Bridge. "Under the GW Bridge" takes in a lot of territory even if you discount the water and the New Jersey side. So we paraded, waving copies of STARTLING STORIES and TESSERACTION to attract attention of any other Futurian who might be around. Oh, let me mention that none of the three of us knew any Futurians except the whites, wh were nowhere in evidence.

We passed plenty of people who gave us odd looks, especially after they saw what it was we were waving, but failed to raise that look of faanish recognition for which we had hoped.

Finally, just as we were sitting down to eat at four o'clock, planning to hoax up a picnic report for FANAC, we spied Sylvia and Ted White coming from the other side of Riverside Drive. The five of us then had a little food - actually, only three did, the latecomers being stuffed - and a bottle of wine. We all finished the wine and started wandering off in search, one last time, of any stray Futurians.

As we searched, we passed near upon the shore of yon blue Hudson's River, and inserting the proper message...

"HELP! I AM A PRISONER IN AN ITALIAN WINERY!"

...and recorking the bottle, sent it out upon the breast of the river.

In a moment a fellow ran up to us with a frantic plea for help to climb a tree and get down a caught kite. It was Lin Carter, and shortly the picnic was up to full strength: the Lupoffs, Walter Breen, the Whites, Lin, Martha Cohen, Martha Atkins (it was her kite), and (a few minutes later) Tom Condit carrying a small creature whom he introduced as Christopher Dennis Maclean. Katherine, Christopher ~~xxxx~~ Dennis' mommy, didn't make it.



After assorted fannish socializing, we decided to post a sign in case any more Futurians should wander by (sign: a tall pole surmounted by a beer can, suspended from which was a paper inscribed FUTURIANS and an arrow). Meanwhile Ted and Walter were trying to get the kite up as far as it would go--seemingly almost the height of the bridge at this point--with the help of much enthusiasm, some body english, and a favorable wind. They eventually succeeded, anchoring it to a stump amid much applause. During most of the next hour Ted was over by the kite making it do tricks. Tom left to buy additional food, and the rest of our group started building a fire to roast frankfurters.

(WB here for a few Ps) We didn't get to roast even one, though. Our preparations were interrupted by the arrival of a couple of young punks identifying themselves as "Cavaliers" (an Irish Catholic gang) and this park as Their Territory. One (whom we privately dubbed the Missing Link) called himself a half-breed, "half Irish and half spik", and we couldn't get through his thick skull that we were not another local gang, that we actually live in our own homes in different parts of town rather than being denizens of one neighborhood. The M.L. began telling us how he hated "spiks" (half including himself) and how Sunday evening was his regular night for beating up beatniks--he thought that we were beatniks despite not having seen Tom or TW (the only beards among us). Both hoods spelled out how we'd better leave RIGHT NOW, because there was going to be a RUMBLE, and any interlopers would be shot. Neither one could dig that we might possibly be peaceful neutrals. The M.L. made some remarks about raiding the Village Barn as part of his anti-beatnik pogrom, not realizing that the VB is really a touristy night-club, strictly for squares. I(WB) tried to explain that we were not beatniks but stf fans, but I might as well have said it in Turkish. The M.L. kept using 4-letter words, and apologizing, while brandishing a thick stick. We decided to cut out, though wondering if the promised rumble would ever be more than a lot of words. By the time we'd left doubtless everyone around had heard about the impending rumble; one of the girls spoke LOUDLY of calling the fuzz.

The pilgrimage to the Atkins pad was a sight: various Futurians carrying ale bottles & food bags, and I (WB) in the rear carrying little Christopher, who slept through it all (even through a record of "Rite of Spring" later on), up a series of steep ramps and stairs and slant slanty sidewalks. The vertical distance was some 300 feet (the height of a 30-story building) above our picnic--quite a climb!

Safely escorted in Martha's pad, out of reach of the Cavaliers, we settled down to music and fannish yak about almost everything under the sun--I particularly recall Tom and Ted expounding about peyote and recent and pending court trials (the U.S. vs 20 lbs. of peyote is still pending, I think). In the meantime, a couple of the girls had gone to telephone the fuzz about the impending rumble, figuring that there was no reason why the Cavaliers should have their fun if they denied us ours. A faction arose who maintained that we should have stayed down, insisted on our rights and fought for them, if necessary. None of these had raised his voice to that effect while we were down there confronting the Cavaliers. There was later considerable speculation on whether the fuzz would find our FUTURIANS sign and assume that the Cavaliers' opponents in the rumble were to have been a new gang of that name, and whether in that event the NY Futurian Society would make Monday's scandal sheets--particularly since the fuzz had raided the Nunnery at least once, while it still

was a Futurian hangout.

The faanish yak was occasionally punctuated by laughter when the Atkins' beagle, "Pammy", began clasping my leg and repeatedly attempting to copulate with it. This was the funnier in that the dog was a female, and a spayed one at that!

(RL again) When the conversation turned to stf- and other movies, the end was in sight. Lin has a single interest, apparently, when he goes to the movies: effects. Effects, special, as in stfilms; effects, feminine, as in Solomon and Sheba, Boy on a Dolphin, and the like.

Upon leaving Martha's, we all made for the West Side IND and the 'A' train, Christopher being held up to the front window of the front car to see the onrushing subway tunnel. His sense of wonder radiated to us all.

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#### SERIOUS CONSTRUCTIVE TYPE POST SCRIPT

Now that l'affaire Cavaliers has receded to the perspective of a few days, a serious question arises as to whether we did the right thing by leaving the park upon the threat of the coming rumble. On the one hand--and I think that even such odd bedfellows as Robert A. Heinlein and Harlan Ellison would agree--it may very well be an actual moral wrong for persons wh have a clear right to be someplace, to allow themselves to be intimidated by hoodlums into surrendering their right and leaving. Not only do such acts deprive people of the exercise of a right, they (far worse) aid and encourage hoodlumism and possibly contribute in the long run to the ultimate collapse of society.

On the other hand--is this the voice of practicality versus that of principle?--had the assembled Futurians risked a fight rather than leaving when we did, it would have been at best a bloody and painful fight (even if we had won), and more than likely a couple of of us might have been killed. This is no hyperbole. "New York's foulest" fight, not just with fists, but with clubs, , knives, bottle bottles and guns. Further, the Futurian group included five men, four women, and one small child, as we pointed out before. Had the men any right whatever to risk the lives and safety of the women--and further, had the adults any right to risk the life and safety of that child? Besides the pair of hoodlums immediately confronting us, there was a third we could see about fifty yards off (and who kept shouting back and forth with our pair), and who knows how many others hidden among the trees?

Your comments are invited.

(THE RUMBLE is reprinted in its entirety from the one-shot sent out by the Lupoffs in 1960).

(The cover of this is by Steve Stiles, reprinted from RATS! #13, edited by Bill Kunkel & Charlene Komar /now married/. The cover depicts this great fanhistorical event which we have brought to you in such vivid detail.)



## Chitterchatter

By Gary Farber

This is a fanzine devoted to fanhistory. It will publish good stuff. I am Gary Farber. So much for that.

It has been mentioned elsewhere that there are a lot of fanzines emanating, or to be emanating out of New York, quite suddenly.

This is true.

That is, it is true if you consider the number of fingers on the right hand of...oh, Terry Hughes, to be "a lot". Since I presume that Mr. Hughes has the requisite, and usual number of digits, as befits a normal human bean (dare I presume too much?), you may extrapolate this precise figure as to approximately how many zines are coming out of New York. Yes.

To be truthful (and I won't), there is an immense amount of activity on the New York fan scene. Most of this is channeled into unmentionable activities. The remaining activity expresses itself in several peculiar, and unique ways (well, not really, but I mean, what the hell). For an instance, Or Maybe More: New York Fandom eats Chinese food. Always. All. New York Fandom says "Well, I guess". (actually, this is one of the most important and Significant items. Hank Davis and I do it, mainly, but Hank Davis thinks Pepsi is sercon...) New York Fandom names movie stars, and animals, and tastes, and old fans after themselves. New York Fandom tickles Karina Girsdansky. New York Fandom tells Gary Tesser Stories. Some members of New York Fandom are frogs. New York Fandom Moves from house to house to house... New York Fandom does paranoid things at me. New York Fandom watches Jon Singer infiltrate Chinese restaurants, and avocados (have you ever seen Jon Singer infiltrate an avocado in a mad frenzy? An awesome sight.). New York Fandom occasionally monolithically listens to Steeleye Span, and several follow sheep-like to observe Monty Python. Dim. Several appreciate the Goon Show. Andy Porter barks at me on the phone. There is nothing otherwise untoward in our relationship. Or unfoward. New York Fandom is Strange and Very Fine.

Our chief activity is ignoring things. We ignore Apa-Q. We ignore any attempts at organization, (Nobody's even tried in Harry Warner knows how long!) We ignore things that require energy, except the useless ones. We ignore Moshe Feder. I ignore attempts to improve my grammar. We ignore traffic laws. We ignore attempts to fanac. We ought to ignore one-shots; But not Jon Singer one-shots. Maybe.

All this, and more makes up (Ghod, is it made up!) New York Fandom, Non-Monolithic. With close study, this editorial could be turned into a guide to Being a New York Fan, Circa August 1975 (TM by New York Faninc., Very Limited. Accept only the Genuine Item, Or Maybe Not.) That should not be so. I'm not sure why, but that shouldn't be so. However, I speak of only one small segment of New York Fandom. New York Fandom is very segmented. Look at any New York Fan. See how segmented he is?

With this in mind (or whatever you possess to fake it), I return to the rumor that various New Yorkers are now doing fanzines. They're not all from Brooklyn, but it's Good Enough. Five, six, 12 faneds?.... That's not too many... Well, I guess.



# The Monkey Pull Tree

