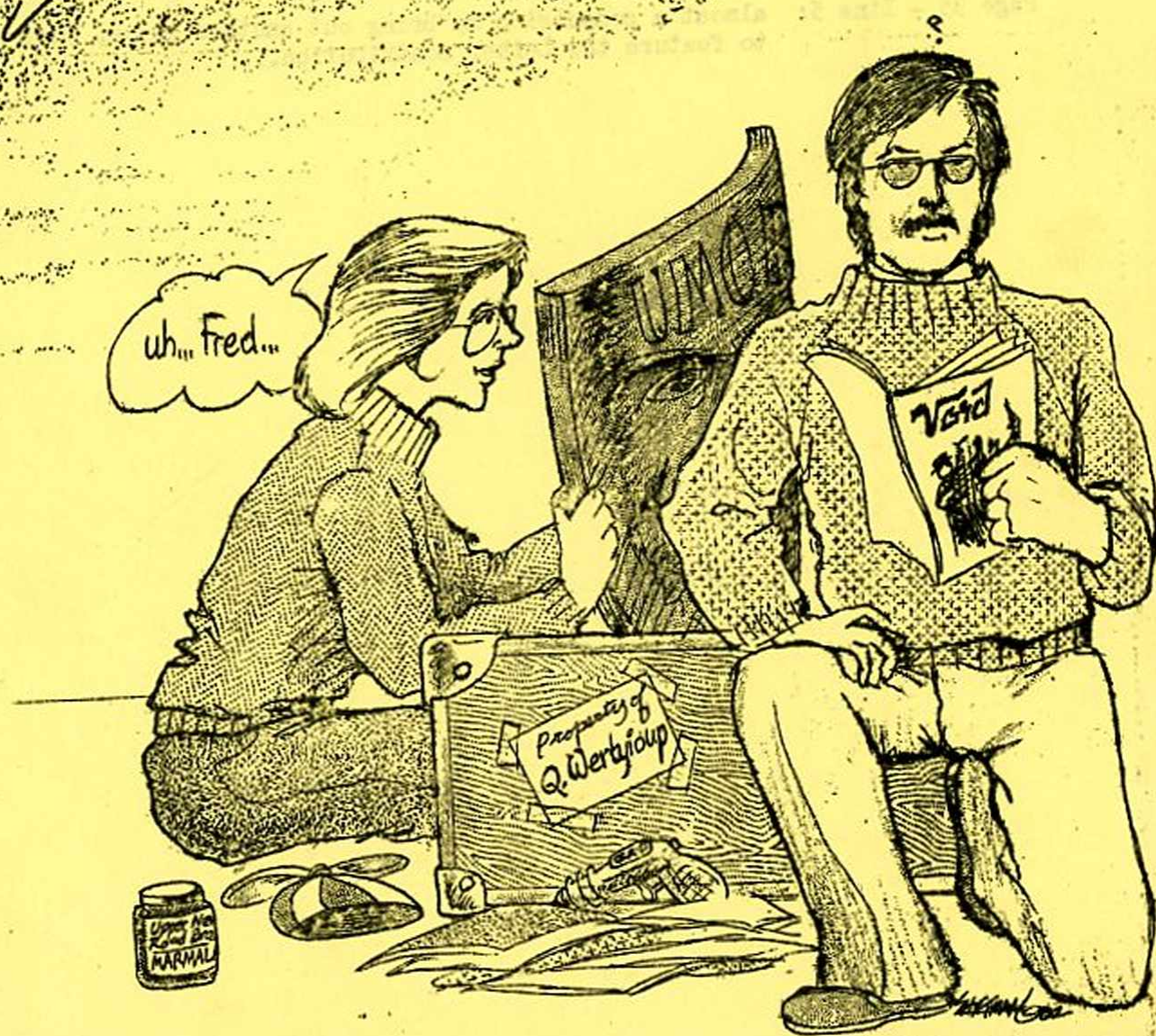


# FAN HISTORICA





**ERRATA:**

During the print run, several stencils tore and made some of the lines illegible. Below, I have listed the correct lines for the problems I found.

Page 23 - line 4: Daugherty came in shortly after this, and immediately had a fit, claiming that...

Page 29 - line 4: worst cases before we saddled ourselves with them...

Page 30 - line 4: character whose army career had carried him briefly through Shangri La but long...

Page 35 - line 5: almost a compulsion to bring out another issue, just to feature the Leiber contribution...

Fanhistorica #4

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Art Credits:

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Stu Shiffman.....cover art, 20  
Marc Schirmeister.....5  
Bjo Trimble.....6, 7, 9, 11  
Bob Shaw.....18, 19  
Alva Rogers.....36  
Ray Nelson.....47, 48, 49, 50  
Hannes Bok.....backcover  
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Lee Hoffman  
Bill Rotzler  
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A Fanhistorica Press Publication

December, 1982

TICKA...

TICKA...

TICKA...

THE TYPER

GOES EVER

ONWARD

BY JOE D.

SICLARI

I was looking for a variety of material in order to put this together and after I determined what was to be included, I was struck again by how often the same people are involved. It's almost as if fandom has revolved around a dozen people. In fact, I do believe this is not too large an exaggeration.

Combine short fannish lifetimes with the passiveness of many fans and the fuggheadedness of most others, and it leaves relatively few to get anything accomplished. This was particularly the case when the fan population was small, through the mid-60's.

The contents of this is a perfect example. The period covered is from the early 40's to the early 60's. The Rogers' and Laney articles each mention the other. The Tucker Hotel has special facilities for Laney and there is the complete reprint of SCIENCE FICTION NEWSLETTER which Tucker pubbed. And the bacover by Bok was the cover for the program book from the 1951 worlcon, the Nolacon, which is featured in SFN. Dick Lupoff's article is the only unconnected piece in the issue.

This material is even connected with The Complete Quandry, Vol. I, (Re-Q I), which I pubbed to commemorate Lee Hoffman's Fan Guest of Honor presence at Chicon IV. Major emphasis in two of the Q issues reprinted revolved around the Nolacon and Tucker and Laney, among many others, are included as well.

I sometimes wonder if I have tunnelvision but it seems that Tucker, Laney, Willis, Hoffman, Ackerman, Degler (and maybe two dozen more et ceteras) influenced fandom more than all the thousands that have passed through our ranks.

\* \* \* \* \*

This was a bit of an experiment. Until my Gestefax started burning solid black this was going to be a facsimile edition. The Rogers, Tucker, and Nelson material are exact duplicates of the originals. I hope to continue this at some time. Also SFN #22 is a complete reprint including ads, reviews, etc. Hopefully, some complete reprint issues (as also in Re-Q I) will give a better idea of what fans perceived at the time.

The repro on "The Fanoclasts" has some problems. I used seven year old stencils from an Apa-Q zine I did during one of the periodic revitalizations of the Fanoclasts about 1975. Apa-Q was almost an unofficial Fanoclast apa at the time. Other repro problems arose as my Gestetner 360 broke down twice and as several stencils tore for no reason that I can find. Hopefully, all the copy is readable. Even the Sears typewriter quit running while Edie was typing ASI.

\* \* \* \* \*



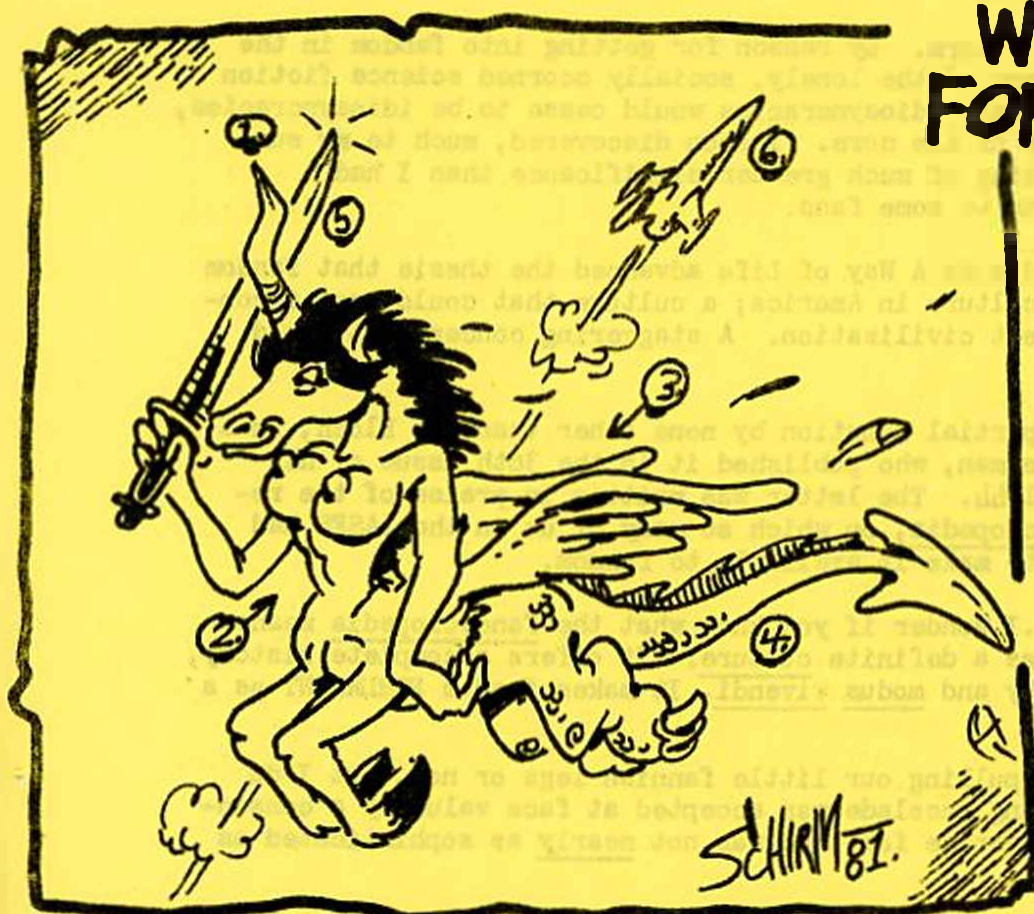
On a still sadder note, Alva Rogers died this year on July 8. His 1962 Westercon speech is reprinted starting on page six. The speech gives you some of his background in his own words. Alva was very enthusiastic when I spoke with him last May and asked to reprint some of his material. And a bit surprised. But I think he concisely recorded some interesting fannish history. I plan to reprint his answer to Laney's ASI in the future as well. In addition to his nostalgic look in A REQUIEM FOR ASTOUNDING (Advent:Publishers, 1964), Alva was one of the better fannish artists of the 40's. His art was a bit more sensitive than was common at the time, oftentimes having an ethereal quality found rarely even in the prozines. I hope the piece on page 36 does justice to his talent and his memory.

I hope this issue is interesting to all. I'd like your comments on this issue — good, bad, and those with new information. Suggestions for future reprints are also welcomed.

SUPPORT — Australia in 1985

Atlanta in 1986

Jerry Kaufman for DUFF



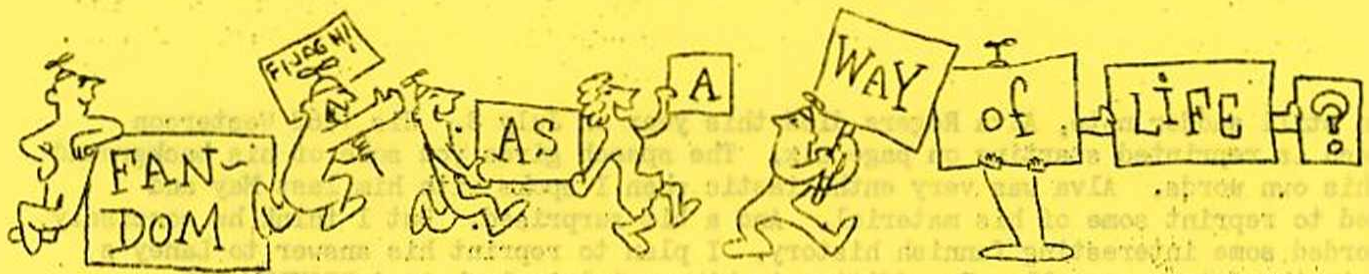
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The text of Alva Rogers' Fan Quest of Honor Speech  
at the Westercon XV Banquet, June 30, 1962, in  
Los Angeles, California

I'm going to talk tonight on a subject of periodic interest to many fans. This subject has been lying dormant for some time now, but lately there has been some discussion of it in the fan press — not much, it's true, but enough to suggest that we might be in for another round of profound debate on that most pregnant of questions: Is fandom a Way of Life, or is it Just a Goddam Hobby? As Barry Goldwater would say, how do you stand, sir?

Before declaring my stand, I'd like to examine the subject in some historical depth, in accordance with the highest standards of punditism.

When I plunged into the mainstream of fandom some twenty years ago I found, after becoming somewhat oriented, that a goodly portion of fandom seemed to be hung up on the horns of this fannish dilemma — is fandom a way of life, or is it, instead, just a goddam hobby?

Me?...I favored the hobby horn. My reason for getting into fandom in the first place was the classic one of the lonely, socially scorned science fiction nut looking for a haven where his idiosyncracies would cease to be idiosyncracies, but would instead become part of the norm. I soon discovered, much to my surprise, that fandom was something of much greater significance than I had imagined...at least, according to some fans.

The philosophers of Fandom As A Way of Life advanced the thesis that fandom constituted a distinct sub-culture in America; a culture that could, not inconceivably, become an independent civilization. A staggering concept, it would seem.

But the idea was given partial sanction by none other than Bob Bloch, in a letter he wrote to Forry Ackerman, who published it in the 36th issue of his letterzine VOII, in October, 1944. The letter was written in praise of the recently published Speer Fancyyclopedia, on which so many of us in the LASFS had devoted many hours in order to make it available to fandom.

Bloch said in part: "...I wonder if you know what the Fancyyclopedia means to your group? It establishes a definite culture. It offers a complete history, sociological study, philosophy and modus vivendi. It makes fandom PERMANENT as a social phenomenon."

I don't know if Bob was pulling our little fannish legs or not, but I do know that this rather croggling accolade was accepted at face value by a considerable number of fans. The average fan then was not nearly as sophisticated as the average fan of today.

Most of us came from middle class families that just a few years earlier had been primarily concerned with surviving the depression; an American middle class that was generally provincially suspicious of intellectuals (particularly when it was their fannish sons who aspired to be intellectuals); staunchly isolationist in its world outlook, but, as a result of the war, slowly beginning to alter that outlook.

We, as fans, had (either consciously or unconsciously) sought escape from the nagging grimness of reality during the depression years in science fiction, and as a result of our reading our adolescent minds had been filled with all sorts of wonderful ideas; ideas of how life should or should not be, and of the ultimate invincibility of the intellect over brute force. Naturally the young fan, on his own at last, and intoxicated with the soul-searing discovery of his intellectuality, tended to get his fictional and factual ideas all mixed together, and was therefore quite receptive to the idea of an intellectual elite, such as fandom, becoming a dominant force in American society. And so, these fans were not at all dismayed by Bloch's enthusiastic endorsement of the concept of fandom as a culture.

However, there was one fan who took a more jaundiced view of this whole business of fandom as a way of life.

Francis T. Laney, in an essay titled Some Sociological Aspects of Fandom, published in the January, 1945, issue of VOM (#38), took a critical look at this theory of the stefnate as a distinct civilization. This essay was prompted by the almost simultaneous publication of the N3F Welcome Booklet (which attempted to explain fandom to the neo), the Fancyclopedia, and Bloch's letter, all of which seemed to give validity to the theory of a fannish culture. Laney said, also, that he first became interested in the philosophical aspects of fandom when Al Ashley introduced his Slan Center Proposal.

Fran first drew a sharp distinction between science fiction fans (fans), and faaaans (referred to as stefnists, or the stefnate) so as to avoid any confusion in anyone's mind as to just which segment of fandom he was dealing with. Speer he identified as the leading stefnist of the day, while H. C. Koenig (an ardent collector and bibliophile) was the leading fan. Ackerman was a combination fan-stefnist, and Tucker was more fan than stefnist. As for himself, Laney insisted that he was a fan and not to be in any way identified as a stefnist.



Initially, Fran said, he boggled at Bloch's pronouncement. Then, after deciding that Bloch, whether he knew it or not, was actually referring to the stefnate, he acknowledged that, on that basis, he was probably right.

Strictly for the sake of argument, mind you, Laney then granted the stefnate their premise that they represented a classifiable culture; he then conceded the exceedingly remote possibility of some sort of Slan Center being established at some future date which would be free and independent of mundane society. If such a center could be established and achieve economic and cultural self-sufficiency, Fran reasoned, then the stefnate would cease to have any need for any intercourse with mundane civilization--except for occasional raids into the "wilderness."



He then devoted several brilliant paragraphs to a consideration of the stefnate as a civilization with its politics and government, its rigid class structure, its moros (which he insisted were "...very nearly as immutable as those of an extremely primitive society."), and its journalism and self-expression which was, he said, largely centered in FAPA.

The weakest characteristic of the stefnate, Fran was convinced, was its generally poor adjustment to the opposite sex, and a marked -- if not widespread -- aversion to children by many stefnists. This certainly was not a trait of an enduring civilization, he pointed out.

He concluded his essay with these observations:

"But in any event, the rise, progress, or decline of the stefnate should furnish us all -- actors and spectators -- with a gripping and highly amusing drama.

"Y'know, I can't help hoping that the stefnate actually reaches the stature of an independent culture. I always did like a good circus. And, more seriously, the sublime egotism of some of the little slannies touches a chord of sympathy in this cynical old fan. Somehow, I wish them luck."

Although the general tenor of Laney's article was strongly critical -- even mocking -- of the stefnate's pretensions, the mere fact that he wrote this article -- that he felt he had to write it -- seems to indicate that even The Great Insurgent was not completely purged of the romanticism of the stefnate; that he was willing to go so far as to grant even the remotest possibility of a fannish civilization sprouting and flourishing in the future shows that he, to some extent, shared the dream of many of the stefnate.

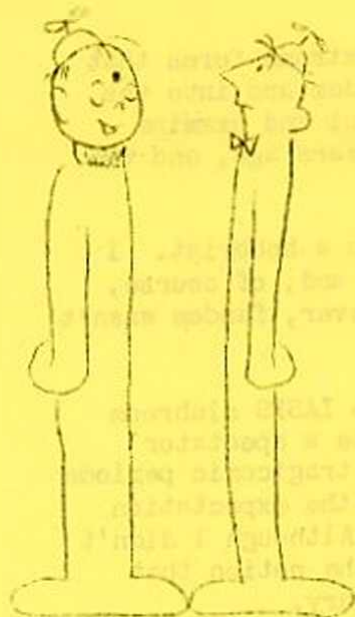
This dream of a fannish civilization (or "fanationalism" as Speer called it) had been kicking around fandom for a long time in a vague sort of a way until the idea of a Slan Center gave body and substance to fanationalism. Al Ashley, purportedly, was the first to outline the details of a Slan Center: It would be a co-op community supported and financed by voluntary subscriptions by fans, totally self-sufficient economically, with its own government, scientifically organized school system, and functioning under its own moral and social codes.

And then along came Claude Degler, with his great crusading cry, "Fans are Slans!" and his doctrine that fans were the next mutation of man, destined to rule the entire universe. With mighty labors, countless miles of hitch-hiking missionary work, an incredible number of Cosmic Circle Commentators, and other bits of crud that poured forth in an unending stream from the Degler (and other's) mimeo, Claude tried to impress the Cosmic Circle on fandom.

This was fanationalism with a vengeance.

But most fans -- even those who believed in fanationalism -- weren't buying. Not only was the Cosmic Circle preposterous beyond belief, but the hysterical megalomania of Degler, combined his unsavory personal habits and unfortunate personality militated against his particular program ever finding acceptance by any but the lunatic fringe, or the most credulous neofan. In spite of the appeal to fannish egos of the idea that they were Slannish mutants, and that fandom would ultimately control the universe, fandom soon realized that Degler had taken their lovely dream of an independent fandom and turned it into a crackpot's delirium, and drummed him unceremoniously out of fandom.





IT'S A CASTE MARK!

Like Dogler's Cosmic Circle nightmare, fandom's dream of fanationalism was relatively short lived. The intellectual euphoria that convinced many fans that because they were fans they were superior to less fortunate souls; and that fandom was such a dynamic force that it would soon be a recognized culture within a culture, gradually lessened and they soon took a more rational attitude towards fandom vis-a-vis the greater society around them.

The idea of the manifest destiny of fandom was not, of course, held by all fans. There has always been in fandom a strong element of irreverence, and, as given expression by some of our more talented brethren, this irreverence can make a shambles of any Serious and Constructive project. However, even if much of fandom viewed this whole business with the skepticism of Lancy, the biting satire of Yerke, or the foy wit of Tucker, many of them managed to write some very serious pieces about the microcosm, with some interesting results.

Jimmy Kepner, for instance, wrote a long article, complete with numerous graphs and charts and half-page footnotes, on The Social Structure of Fandom, which he published in his FAMzine, Toward Tomorrow #11, circa Jan., 1945. Kepner was inspired, in part, by an assertion made by Lancy in his essay that fandom was divided into rigid classes. Jimmy took exception with this statement and went into exhaustive detail in an effort to prove that fandom was actually a highly fluid society, and illustrated this with graphs which showed just how fandom was stratified, and indicated the movement of various fans up and down from one stratum to another. In the course of the article he showed where many of the pros were definitely a part of fandom, whether they knew it or not, and also demonstrated the interdependence of the pros and fandom. Of particular interest was his analysis of the various clubs existing at the time, and the cliques within them -- most notably the LASFS.

Another manifestation of the seriousness with which many fans took the fannish way of life can also be found in that reservoir of fannish lore, VOM. Although VOM was primarily a lotterzine, it occasionally published an article, such as Lancy's, and also had a column every so often to which various fans contributed, called Plans for Slans. Many of the great, and near great, of the day submitted to that column their grandiose programs for rearing their children in a truly scientific, philosophical, and fannish fashion. It was the great conceit of many fans, believed in seriously and soberly, that as fans they were endowed with greater vision and humanity, a deeper regard for man's cultural heritage (and the ability to instill these virtues into their offspring), than mundane man. (I wonder if this isn't still true, to some extent, of some fans?)

It's been almost twenty years, now, since many of those "Plans for Slans" were expressed -- and some of those who expressed them are still around in fandom -- I'd be curious to know how many of them, when finally confronted with the problems of child rearing, actually made an effort to carry out their plans, and if so, with what success?

So far, I've been speaking in general of some of the more extreme forms that fandom as a Way of Life has taken, particularly during Third Fandom and into the Third Transition. Now, I'd like to narrow it down to the personal and examine briefly my own attitudes toward fandom -- the fandom of twenty years ago, and the fandom of today.

As mentioned earlier, when I first entered fandom, it was as a hobbyist. I was an avid reader and collector of science fiction and fantasy, and, of course, yearned to be around people with similar tastes in reading. However, fandom wasn't all that simple.

It was my great good fortune to walk through the door of the LASFS clubroom at almost the same moment as did F. Towner Laney -- and thus to be a spectator and minor participant in one of the most dramatic, eventful, and tragicomic periods in fannish history. Anyone entering LA fandom at that time with the expectation of finding it a quiet literary society was in for a rude shock. Although I didn't find LASFS a quiet literary society, I did continue to cling to the notion that fandom was just a hobby -- in spite of much evidence to the contrary.

I maintained this belief down through the years, convinced that I was right. And I had good reason to believe so, I thought. I didn't get around to reading "Ah! Sweet Idiocy!" until 1960, although it had been published in 1948, three years after our relationship ended, and was pleased to note that Laney characterized me as "...much more mundane than other fans..." and because of this, "...by and large was about my favorite associate."

This pleased me, not only for personal reasons, but because it sustained me in my faith that fandom was just a hobby. After all, it had been Laney who'd impressed upon me, frequently and profanely, that to look on fandom as anything but a doubly goddamned hobby was to admit to having a weak mind.

It's pretty evident to me now that both Laney and I were kidding ourselves about this whole business. I think if Fran were alive today, he would be forced to admit (if only to himself) that at least from, say, late 1942 to 1945, fandom was much more than just a hobby for him -- it was, in the truest sense of the term, a way of life...just as it was for me.

I'd like to just briefly reminisce a bit about those old days to show why I now think this is so...as far as I'm concerned.

I lived, most of the time, at 628 South Bixel -- a rooming house famous in fannish song and legend. Most of the time there was anywhere from one up to half a dozen other fans living there at the same time. Mel Brown, Jimmy Kepner, Nieson Himmel, Gus Wilmoth, Lou Goldstone, Arthur Louis Joquel III, my sister, Marjorie, E. Everett Evans and his daughter Jonie...these are a few that come to mind who lived there while I did.

At a slight angle across the street was the home of Morojo (Myrtle R. Douglas), which was taken over in 1945 by the Slan Shack gang, Al and Abby Lou Ashley, their daughter Toopies, Walt Liebscher, and Jack Wiedenbeck. And almost directly across the street was the LASFS clubroom at 637<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> South Bixel, to which -- as one of the key-carrying members -- I had access at my pleasure at any time of the day or night.

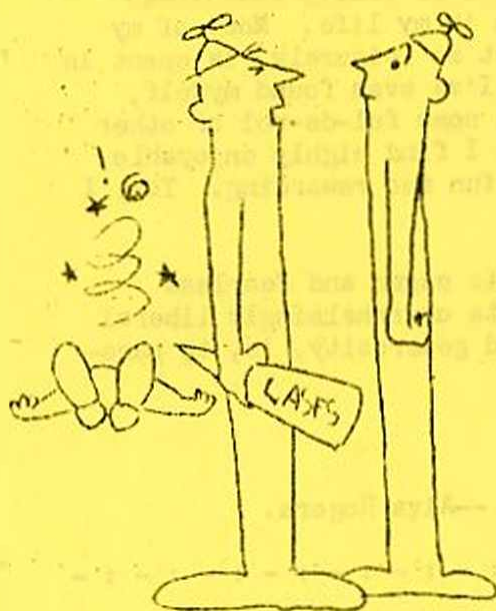
It's obvious that, even if I wanted to, I couldn't avoid being in contact with one or more fans at any time.



Every evening, after work, most of us from Tendril Towers (to use the least controversial label that has been attached to 628), augmented likely as not by Laney, or Walt Daugherty, or possibly Forry (if he could make it from Fort Lincoln in time), or any of a possible dozen other fans, would go around the corner on Sixth to the coffee shop in the Professional Bldg. for dinner. Then afterwards, if it was a nice evening, we'd go across the street for a smashing game of miniature golf.

Then, more than likely, we'd all drift back down Bixel to the clubroom for assorted fanac; or just sit around and talk; or watch ol' Ferdue trying to unscramble his pried type between pulls on his trusty wine bottle; or just to rendezvous there preparatory to going down town to a show, or out to a bar, or God knows what. Regardless of what was planned for the evening, it was almost a ritual for most of us to check in at the club first to see who was there or what was going on.

This all sounds very idyllic, I know. But the foudin' and fussin' in the LASFS has been chronicled at great length elsewhere, so I don't see any point in going into it here...that could provide the subject for a four hour speech all by itself. Needless to say, one of the things that makes those days so memorable to anyone who was around at that time was the spirited infighting that went on almost constantly. The class of wills and personalities -- and the sparks they struck off -- was a source of never ending delight to me, a relative non-combatant...at least, in retrospect.



HE CALLED OUR CLUB A  
FOCAL POINT.....

However, that's getting a little off the subject. The point I was trying to make was that for me, or anyone else who lived within walking distance or a short commute, the club was generally the focus of most of our activity.

It seems to me now, in thinking back to those faraway years, that all my time was spent in some sort of fanac, with some sort of fan. Even the most mundane pleasures -- wenching, boozing, jazz, bookstore browsing, movies, swimming, even political activity -- all were pursued in company with other fans.

And yet, in spite of all this, I stubbornly clung to the belief that fandom didn't dominate my life...that it was, you understand, just a goddamn hobby.

Maybe, after all, it was just a hobby. But when one's every waking hour, practically, is devoted to fanac in any of its multifarious forms; and when all of one's friends are fans, then this particular hobby becomes peculiarly amplified. It becomes, really, a way of life, no matter what you might prefer to call it.

If fandom was a way of life for me in the early forties, did it -- as Laney would insist -- handicap me in the fearsome outer world of mundane, leave me ill equipped to meet life's exigencies, cripple me emotionally so that I would be unable to cope with the problems and responsibilities of, say, marriage and

raising a family? For these were some of the more serious consequences, Fran believed, of overactive and involved fanning. Well, the only answer I have to that is that Sid and I just celebrated our fifteenth wedding anniversary a couple of weeks ago; and — although we are still adjusting to each other's personalities — we love each other, have three lusty offspring to bear witness to that, and still manage to get mutual enjoyment out of our activity in Bay Area fandom without upsetting the equilibrium of our family.

Fandom as a Way of Life, or fandom as just a Goddamn Hobby -- in the semantics of fandom these are merely two sides of the same mimeo stencil. Most hobbies, seriously pursued, take up a good deal of one's spare time and become, to a limited degree, a way of life. A hobby such as fandom which gives one a sense of participation, throws one in the company of congenial, like-minded characters, and offers intellectual stimulation and an outlet for one's artistic and intellectual efforts, can't be too bad, even if one takes it seriously and makes of it -- for a while -- a Way of Life.

Do I consider fandom to be a way of life for me today? After much "agonizing reappraisal" I've come to the conclusion, painfully to be sure -- after all, one doesn't abandon a belief held firmly for twenty years without some trauma -- that fandom is a way of life for me. Oh, not in the sense that the more devout fanaticists of the past thought of fandom as a way of life, but in a more relaxed and less exaggerated sense.

Since I was "rediscovered" to fandom (as if I had ever really been lost) three or four years ago, fandom has again loomed large in my life. Most of my friends are fans, most of my leisure time (and some not so leisurely) is spent in fanac of some sort or another — and in recent months I've even found myself, much to my surprise, embroiled as a major disputant in some sol-de-rol or other concerning the moral character of fandom. All of this I find highly enjoyable, stimulating and at the same time relaxing, just plain fun and rewarding. Yes, I do think of fandom as a way of life for me.

In all seriousness, I believe that fandom, with its eager and fearless interest in the widest range of subjects imaginable, its overwhelmingly liberal and skeptical attitude, and its frequently demonstrated generosity, is, to paraphrase *Candide*, the best of all possible ways of life.

**Thank you.**

--Alva Rogers.

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**FOR SALE:**

A WEALTH OF FABLE by Harry Warner, Jr.  
(a history of SF fandom in the 1950's)  
233 & vi pages, mimeo; \$10.00 & \$1.00 postage and handling

THE COMPLETE QUANDRY, Vol. 1, edited by Lee Hoffman  
(the most famous SF fanzine, reprints issues 14, 15, 16, 17 complete)  
110 pages, offset; \$5.00 & \$1.00 postage and handling

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## PANOCLASTS

by

Dick Lupoff

(Reprinted from Section 3, Spring 1962; edited by Eric Bentoliffe)

"AXE," stated the colophon of AXE No. 7, "is a Panoclast Publication. Other Panoclast Publications include SAM, FANAC, FANFANOMADE, THE SCUM, ICE AGE, VOID, KERO, TESSERACT, FLYER, INSIDE UNIVAC, DUBIOUS, HELP!, FAN-ILL, FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND, WILDEST WESTERNS, SINGLES, RODDING AND RESTYLING, CUSTOMS ILLUSTRATED, DUDE, GENT, etc."

This struck me as a rather remarkable statement, as the periodicals listed are an extremely mixed bag of publications as you could easily name. There are general fanzines included, personalzines, two newszines, a couple of apazines..... eight consumer (newsstand) magazines, which further break down into one humor-satire mag, three movie still mags, two hot-rod hobbyzines, and two "mens" magazines...plus (so help me!) an electronic computer market newsletter.

What makes these magazines alike, as we used to say in our pre-adolescent ridicule-posing days, is that they are all published or edited by members of a New York fan group, the Panoclasts. The Panoclasts, in operation less than a year (I think we are still the youngest NY fan club) have attained by far the most influential membership in terms of the fan-press of any fan club presently in existence, and just possibly, of any which has ever existed.

What's all the more remarkable is the number and scope of professional publications controlled by Panoclasts -- not one of which is a science-fiction magazine!

The Panoclasts came into existence late in 1960, in a manner well supported by New York fan traditions: we schismed from another club. Well, maybe we didn't quite schism; there was never any blo-up, no harsh words and/or dramatic walkout. Six members of the revived NY Futurians just quietly decided that we would start a new club, and proceeded to do so. All six founders of the Panoclasts, in fact, said that they would probably continue in the Futurians, although as things worked out, this did not prove the case.

To backtrack and tell you why the Six came to form a new club, let's look at the New York fan scene a year ago. There were four science-fiction clubs in greater New York, which is about the average number in the metropolitan area at any time, although the rate at which they come and go is higher here than in most cities.

In the Bronx there were the Lunarians, dominated and typified by the Dietz-Raybin axis. In Newark, just across the Hudson from Manhattan, there was ESFA, the Eastern Science-Fiction Association, dominated and characterized by Dr. and Mrs. Moskowitz, and the spiritual twin of the Lunarians. Here in Manhattan there were two groups: the Hydra Club - but they're science-fiction pros, not

~~fans~~, by ~~their own~~ oft-and-loudly reiterated word - and the Futurians.

The Futurians were the closest thing to a tru-fannish group in the area. The Lunarians and ESFA were (and still are) both examples of the business-meetings, speech-making, rather formal and very pompous type club. Further their personnel are not such as to appeal to trufen particularly. The Hydra Club, by its own exclusivity, was ruled out. And the Futurians thus again came up for consideration. A goodly portion of Fabulous West Coast Fandom consists of transplanted Futurians; those who still remained were a pretty good crowd, including Larry and Noreen Shaw, Lin Carter, Tom Condit, Ted and Sylvia White, and several other worthwhile types. They also included, unfortunately, a disturbing element, or "B" membership. I use the term because I'm not really sure which of three words really best applies to this type; fortunately, all three begin with the same letter - bohemians, beatniks, or just plain bums. What these people were is not something I'm particularly interested in right now; I'm not going to get involved in the beat controversy which built HABACKUK; I'm not going to condemn (or praise) this element in the Futurians except in the light of a single criterion: they weren't fans. For the most part they weren't even s-f readers. They knew little and cared less about science-fiction, fandom, fanlines, conventions, or anything else which makes the common foundation of fannish comradeship.-

Fans may talk endlessly of sex, politics, drinking, gourmetship, folk songs, and an infinity of other topics, but at heart we're all s-f fans, and at heart we all know and feel warmly about fandom as an institution. And no outsider, unless he has an interest and makes himself familiar with these cornerstones of common interest, can be genuinely and fully accepted in a fan group.

Still, half a loaf and all that, and so Pat and I continued as members of the Futurians. The Futurians had been meeting at the White apartment for some time, and were there sorely crowded. Early last fall Ted asked Pat and myself if we would agree to the transfer of Futurian meetings to our own, somewhat less cramped, apartment. We agreed in principle, but there was no immediate change; the semi-monthly meeting stayed on, temporarily, at the White's.

At the same time, Ted mentioned to us that a new, secret fan group was being hatched. It had no name, and so far the only proposed members were himself, Sylvia, Larry and Noreen Shaw. Pat and I were invited to become the final two founding members; the Six would start the new club, adding members slowly, selectively, by invitation only, and with a veto over new members.

In the long run this is exactly the method used by the Fanoclasts; it has worked out admirably so far, in the whole, although the veto provision had kept out at least one person I would like to be invited in. Still, it has avoided the induction of any member to whom any other member has a violent aversion, thus avoiding uncomfortable scenes and the possibility of a further schism.



But in the short run, nothing was done to get the new group started, except for talk, more talk, and more talk. The Futurians were transferred to the Lupoff Penthouse, however.

The first few Sunday afternoon soirees held last fall at our apartment, were fairly satisfactory meetings. The trufen gathered and talked their talk. The "B" membership were largely content to scrounge whatever peanuts, cookies, or other goodies Pat and I left out for casual callers and fans.

As the weather turned colder, however, and as the "B"s increased in number, things took a turn for the worse. "There are these people," I imagine the word must have been going around, "with an honest-to-God penthouse in the east 70's, and two Sundays a month they have this crowd in. It's warm, comfortable, there are hundreds of books around, and cigarets, a hi-fi, usually food and sometimes even booze. It's great! And all you have to do to get in is to come with somebody who's been before."

The "B" membership burgeoned steadily, our irritation did likewise, and then one bitterly cold Sunday came the breaking point. There were about twelve trufen in attendance, an average turnout. The "B" membership were very little in evidence until there arose a raucous roaring from the street below, and a few minutes later Tom Condit (main contact of the "B"s as well as a fan) arrived, in ankle chains and wearing a scimitar because he thought a costume was appropriate to the Halloween season, and trailed by a motorcycle-jacketed, guitar-toting bunch of the most dirty, foul-smelling, generally unsavoury "B"s ever to disgrace a Futurian meeting. That tore it.

"Hide the liquor!" Pat yelled at me, and I raced frantically to do so. This vital mission accomplished, Larry and Noreen, Ted and Sylvia, Pat and I withdrew to the bedroom, carrying with us for safety Mike Shaw and bringing with us for the same reason our now thoroughly terrified dog.

While the "B" membership had the living room to themselves, filthyng the rug, doing their best to ruin the furniture, mistreating our collection of books, magazines, and rare and valuable comicbooks, and while the remaining half-dozen fans among them had this chance to become thoroughly disgusted, the Six decided that it was time to move with our new club. We first ran over the list of people in the living room, screening whom to invite to membership, and one by one asking these people into the bedroom, where they were invited into the new club, and where every person invited joined the new club.

The Fanoclasts, as yet unnamed, were in business.

By now it was 6:45 in the evening. I went back to the living room, where the "B" group were now swilling huge amounts of ale (and spilling it indiscriminately on furniture, books, magazines, and each other) and started shooing them out with the explanation that Pat and I had an appointment at 7:00. I'm sure we would have had a houseful of unwanted overnight boarders if we had done no shooing.

There was never another Futurian meeting at our house. I know of one further meeting. The only fan present was Sylvia White, who has also since dropped out. I do not know whether the "B" Futurians still exist at all. If they do, they are no longer a s-f club, and are not connected with fandom as we know it, in any way.

How were the Fanoclasts going to operate? Well, the first question faced was when to meet. Friday night was decided on; so far all our meetings have been held on Friday nights, at irregular two-to-three week intervals. The original concept of a small intimate group did not work out very well, as word spread and more and more fans asked their friends to propose them for membership. Meeting attendance generally averages about twenty. The peak was twenty-seven that I counted one night, and the low, after the first few meetings, has been about thirteen.

There has never been anything resembling a program at a Fanoclast meeting. There have been two or three thoroughly informal business sessions, short and to-the-point, and gotten over with as soon as pressing questions were settled. (Sample: how to pay for liquor consumed. Solution: drop money in a straw hat kept on the bar.)

The meetings are regarded by many of us the high points of the New York fannish scene. The club has not sought publicity (I even be criticised for writing this article, but let me repeat our rule about membership by invitation only) but has been gaining recognition nonetheless as an outstanding one.

There are few problems. One was what to do with the small treasury accumulated in our earliest days. We solved that by putting it into a TAWF piggy bank. Another is where to meet while Pat and I are busy with the new baby we expect soon. Meetings may be passed around among the Whites, the Shaws, and others.

The name Fanoclasts, oddly, is one that nobody particularly likes, but it was the only one nobody disliked with sufficient violence to rule out. Bill Myers proposed it; the reaction to its final acceptance was Algis Budrys' comment "Fan-smashers? Okay, I guess if that's what everybody wants."

To get back to the list of Fanoclast publications, they will serve as a pretty good means of introducing our members. Of course, with membership as informal as ours, there is no real members list, and I may well leave someone out, if so, I crave forgiveness, offended sirrah; it is unintentional.

Anyway, AXE is the Shaws' newszine, and ICE AGE is their PAPAZINE: RODDING and RE-STYLING are the two prowags, editing which earns Larry his living. SAM is Steve Stiles individzine, although it shows signs of becoming a generalzine. FANFARONADE is Jeff Manshel's genzine. THE SCENE is an odd publication; it looks like a fan-line and reads somewhat like one, but its topics are non-fannish, as is most of its circulation. It is published by Bob Shay, who edits DUDE and GALT professionally. VOID seems to have an endless procession of co-editors of whom Ted White and Pete Graham are 'clasts; NULL-F is Ted and Sylvia's PAPAZINE.



XERO you know comes from Pat and myself, as does FLYER; INSIDE UNIVAC, the marketing newsletter, is my prozine-in-a-small way.

DUBIOUS is Ajay Ludrys' fanzine. AMP!, FAMOUS MONSTERS, WILDEST WESTERNS, and SPACEMAN are all published by Jim Warren. And PANALINE is a product of the Philadelphia contingent who are represented in the Fanoclats by the part-time attendance of Hal Lynch and Will Jenkins. PANAC I have saved for last, as its editor, Walter Breen, spends his time half in New York and half in California. He was an early Fanoclast, and still is regarded as a fully-fledged member, attending meetings when his schedule allows. Walter also published TESSERAUT. Incidentally, the former editor of PANAC, Terry Carr, is now in New York, and is a Fanoclast pro tem, depending upon whether he stays or not.

Not every member of the Fanoclats is a Publishing Giant, but a good number more are professionals, involved in one way or another in the publishing industry, whether in s-f or not. Larry Ivie and Bob Stewart are both professional artists (although none of Bob's work has appeared in the science-fiction field as yet).

Chris Steinbrunner, a radio and television writer is one of our newer members. And there is Robert Silverberg, famous writer of sex novels. Lin Carter, small-time s-f pro and an advertising writer, attends when he can, as does that other travelling giant, Jock Root.

Anyone left out? I hope not, but again, if there is, I apologise; it's accidental.

Well, you take such a group as the people I've listed, put them together in a comfortable but rather crowded apartment, turn on some records and open a few bottles of assorted hard and soft drinks, and let the conversation flow. Do you think it would produce an utterly fascinating evening? It does.

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AH! SWEET IDIOCY! (continued from page 35)

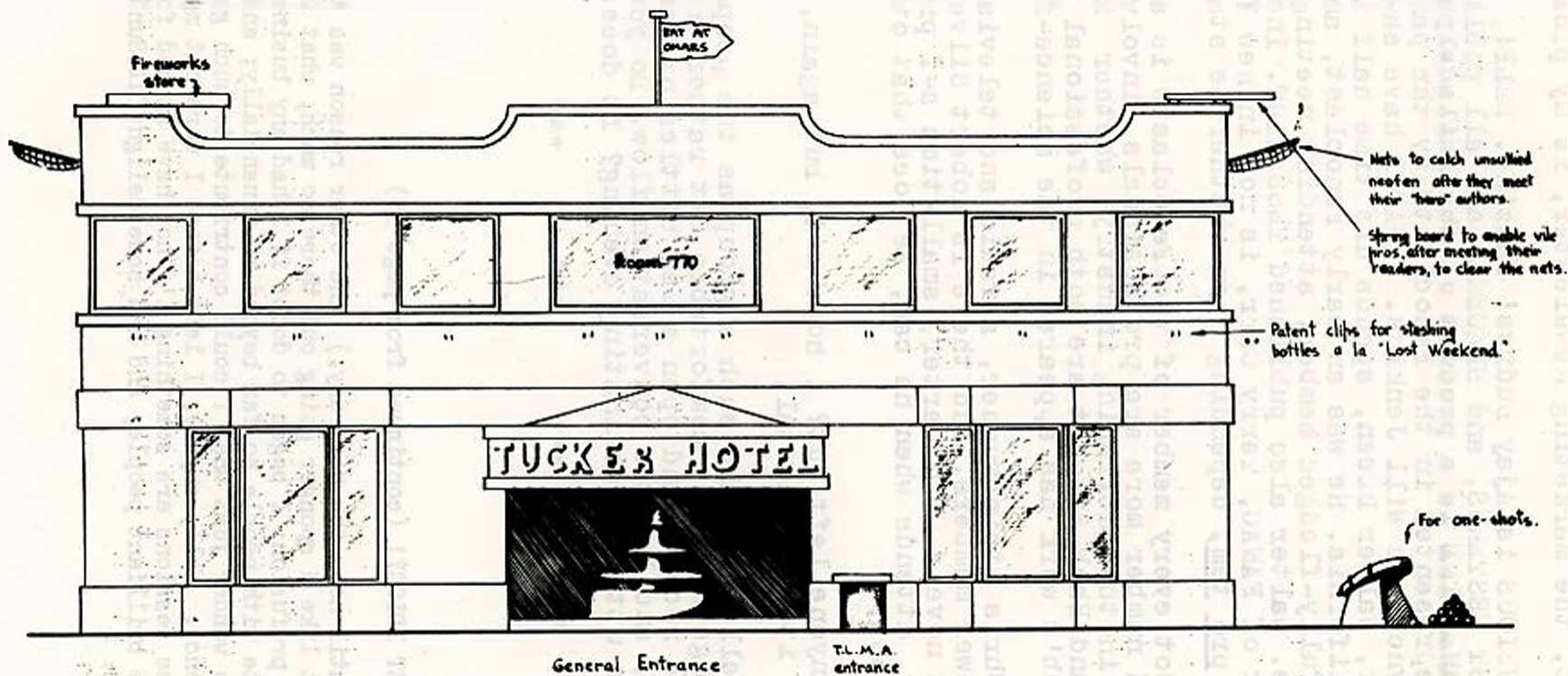
sleep until noon the next day.) The other reason was that I began to feel somewhat like a sponger going out there so much, what with drinks and eats in such profusion; I began to doubt if I had any business trying to associate with people so far beyond me financially; and to top it off began to wonder just what I could contribute to such gatherings to warrant my presence. Well, anyway, I left before I wore out my welcome entirely, and those sessions are something I'd not have missed for anything. I met some brilliant people, and had some delightful Sundays—what more could one ask?

# T H E      T U C K E R      H O T E L

## G R O U N D   P L A N

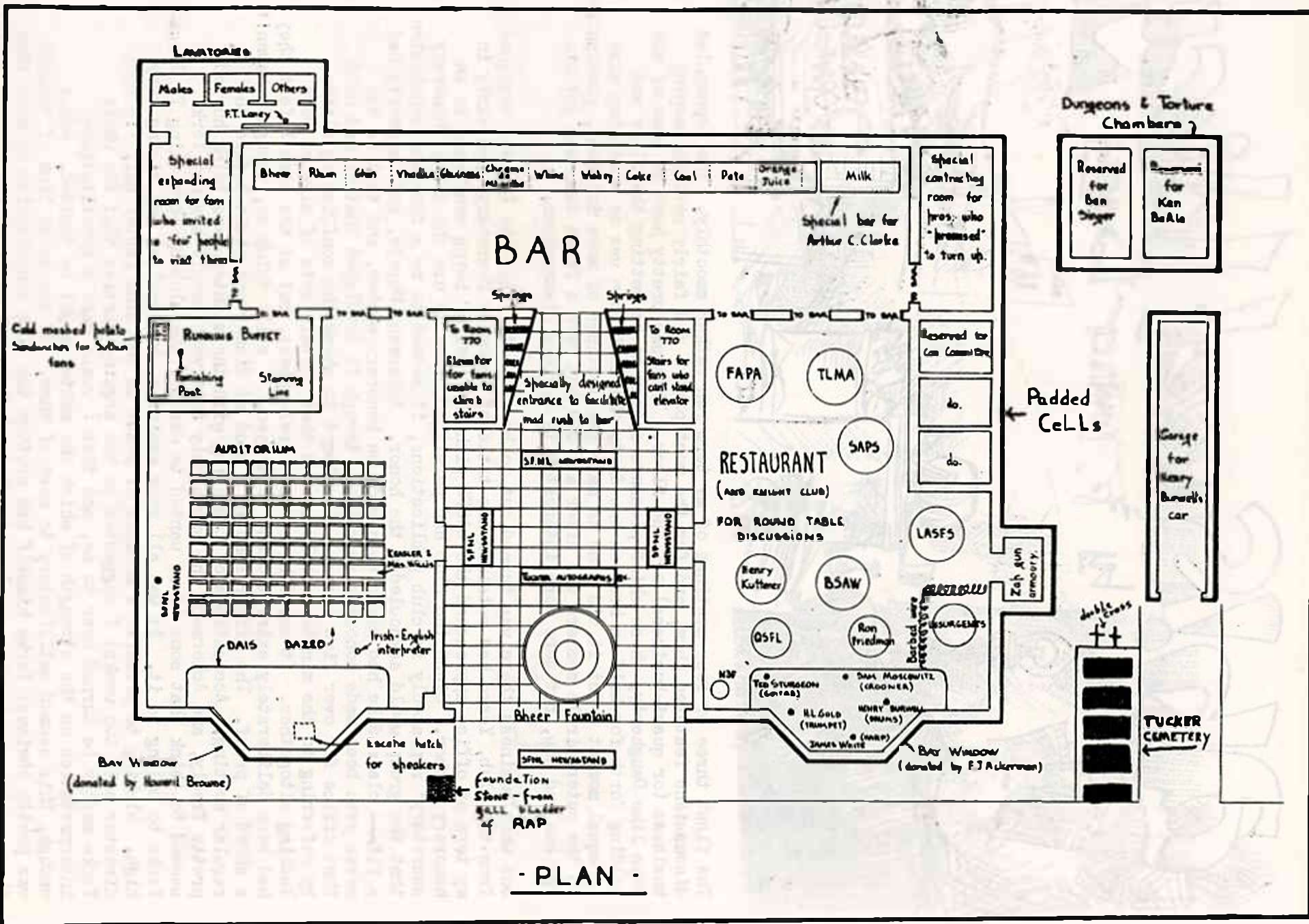
GRINDERS: Ken Slater, James White, Vince Clarke, Chuck Harris, Bob Shaw, Walt Willis.

DRAWN & QUARTERED BY: Bob Shaw

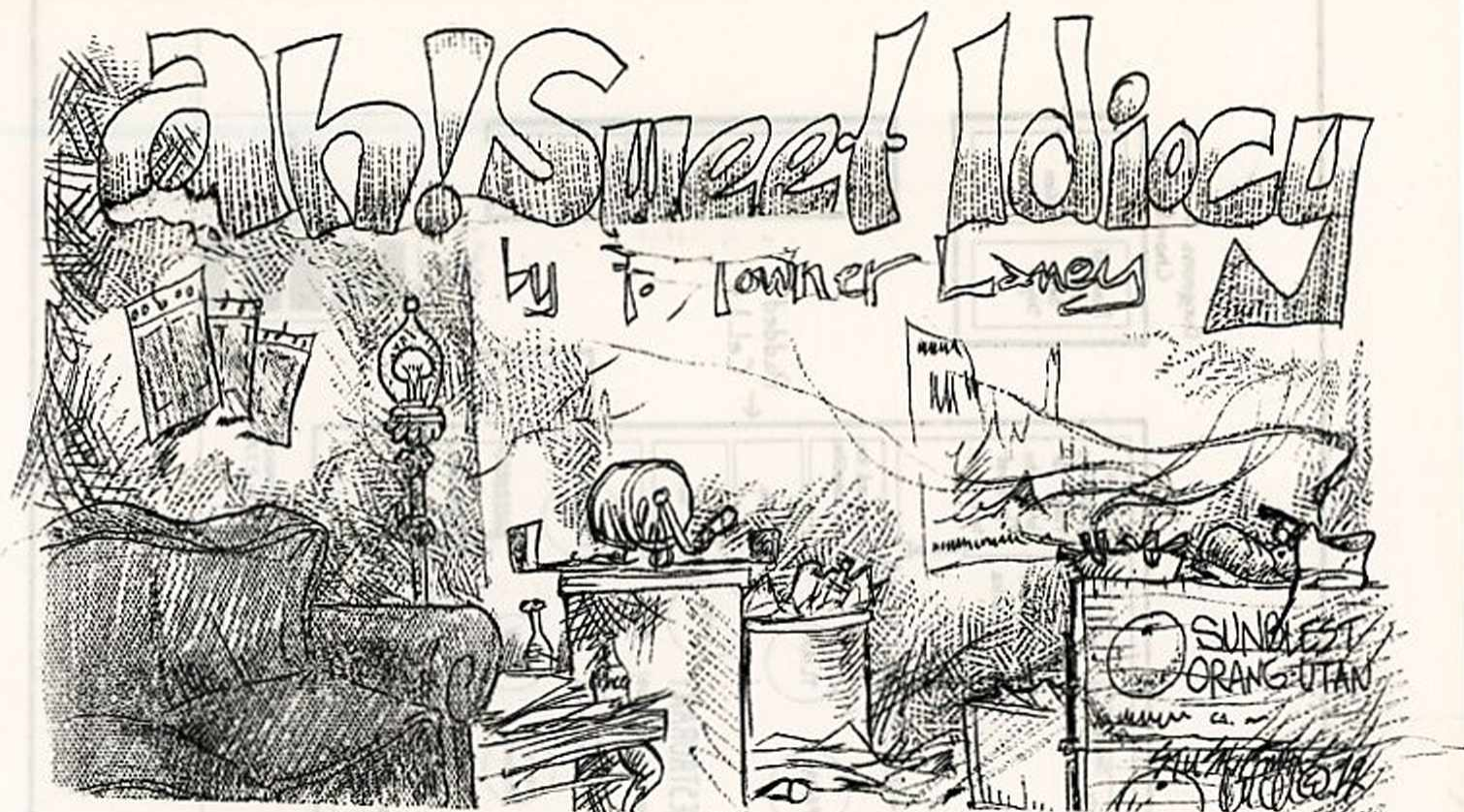


- FRONT ELEVATION -









The first three or four meetings of my term ran rather smoothly. The Kepner-led discussions featured them, and for the most part I did fairly well in keeping business (or quasi-business) off the floor. This was pretty hard on some of the boys like Daugherty, whose chief pleasure seemed to be getting the floor and holding forth for half an hour on how dirty the club room was or something else of equal moment—but it did tend to make the meetings of more interest, particularly to the outer-circle members who after all did not care a faint damn who got his ego boo and how, but were more interested in serious discussions.

But what business there was turned out to be red-hot. When the Knavos resigned from the club, Yerko had retained his title of Honorary Secretary, and early in my term of office approached the LASFS with the idea of being confirmed as an honorary member. Since the club had permitted Bruce to use the title "honorary secretary" repeatedly in club publications, it seemed to me a foregone conclusion that the group would acknowledge the honor. Ackerman, Morojo, and Daugherty had a fit—claimed he had never been made an honorary member, and that he had never even been made honorary secretary, though it developed that he had held that office for over five years. An attempt to check the conflicting claims by referring to the minutes merely showed that certain sets of minutes were lacking altogether. It could have been carelessness, but at the time I felt they had been deliberately extracted and destroyed. I still think so, though I haven't a shred of proof. The affair came to a head at dinner one night before the regular meeting. Accusations of tampering with the minutes were being hurled pretty freely, and Ackerman, who apparently felt very deeply against Yerko, seemed to think that some of us wanted to destroy the club by permitting T. Bruce Yerko to belong to it. It was all very assinine, but feeling was rising very high. (Wishing to preserve a modicum of peace in the club (after all, I'd been director only two weeks) I suggested to the arguing parties that the whole Yerko matter be turned over to me, and that I would make a constitutional interpretation on the strength of which the matter might be decided. Oddly enough, this seemed satisfactory to most of them. Of course my line of thought was pretty obvious; Yerko himself had written the club constitution no more than three months previously, and I was certain that he had provided for himself therein.



Unfortunately, he had neglected to do so; though I spent most of the evening studying the document I could find no pretext on which I could announce Bruce as an honorary member. So of course I had to rule that the constitution did not provide for honorary officers; however, I pointed out, it would be a fine gesture if we were to grant Bruce an honorary membership, "since he has served as an officer of the club for years and moreover is one of the few local fans who has any sort of reputation outside Los Angeles." This made Ackerman very angry; "Give him an honorary membership? Why, he has insulted the club!"

My personal affairs struck a nadir in mid-January. In the first place, I was rather dissatisfied with my job at the time, yet could not as yet figure any angles to get around the war manpower commission and make a change, particularly in light of my rather shaky standing with my draft board. Secondly, the quarrel between myself and Jackie had become terribly bitter ---she seemed to hold me personally responsible for the housing shortage, raved and raved because I had not rented a house and sent for her (though she steadfastly refused to allow me to buy a house at swollen wartime prices ---nearly 40% of what a house would cost today in 1947), demanded that I come back immediately and go to work for Boeing (and live with my in-laws), and so on. Well, the Weird Willys was done, finished. It would still hobble around town after a fashion, but both it and its tires were too far gone to take off on a trip. And I most certainly did not intend to spend the furniture money for a dubious used car which might turn out to be even worse. To lend greater immediacy to the situation, my room at the Lee was becoming impossible---the hotel was trying to put me out (so they could make more money on the room by renting it by the night) and had managed to make it uninhabitable---through ransacking my dresser daily while I was at work and leaving my clean clothes strewn all over the room, unlocking my door and leaving it standing open, not permitting me visitors, and so on. To top it off, I still had that bronchial cough which had been chronic since early October; I felt lousy physically, and missed enough work to cut my earnings away down---this of course leading to a certain amount of psychological upset and worry which was not in the least abated by the letters my supposed helpmate was knocking me over with once or twice a week. I mention all this simply to point out that I was not myself during those first few weeks of 1944, and that these other conditions undoubtedly contributed to my getting so bitterly involved in the feud. Imagine it, here I was caught in a situation in which I could see no avenue of satisfactory escape, yet one tiny facet of it (the club) most definitely was susceptible to being worked on.

It was in the middle of my depressed period that I brought out the "drunken" FAIL-DANGO which caused so much unfavorable comment for the next year or so. The Sunday of January 16, 1944 saw me confronted with a FAPA deadline, a date with Pogo, and a bottle of rum. I started the afternoon cutting stencils furiously to try to get most of them done before my date; being in the dumps anyway started sampling my bottle, and first thing I knew all my disgust with life in general and the LASFS in particular started pouring out of that machine. Somewhere along the line I knocked off, went on my date, and came back around midnight gloriously potted. Kepner was there and wanted company, since he intended to mimeograph all night, so I went back at it with more force than judgment. On looking over that once notorious issue, I find myself in hearty accord with nearly everything I said. The trouble was that I did not substantiate my remarks (taking my proofs for granted without realizing that most fans idealise both the LASFS and fandom) and that my language occasionally got just a shade vulgar.

Along about this time I had discovered that Pogo intended to divorce her husband, and commenced taking her out quite a bit, seeking in her and one or two other girls a bit of compensation for my own stormy matrimonial situation. And this brought me headon into collision with Ackerman. Certainly I was around the club a number of times when I had been drinking. So were a lot of others. As long as I could carry my liquor (which I definitely could and can do) I couldn't

see that it was anyone's business but my own, and I not only resented the fact of meddling on Ackerman's part, but even more his refusal to tell me off like a man and his constant circulating of lurid and unfounded tales about me, tales which came back to me almost daily at about that time.

Also, when I commenced dating three to five nights a week, Ackerman and some of his friends began howling that I was neglecting the club, forgetting that I was still spending more time around the sacred styce than any director since except Ackerman himself. Though I find myself unable to remember specific instances, I still recall vividly how bitterly I lashed out, "Was this place a male nunnery, and had I taken some perverted vow of chastity and self-denial?", when all this finally came to my attention once too often.

The drinking situation came to a head in mid-January. Pogo and I had decided to use the clubroom and Mike Fern's radio as a spot in which I could teach her to dance; I had part of a bottle of rum, perhaps two-thirds of a pint. We waited until the fans had left, then went over and spent perhaps an hour dancing and talking and taking an occasional short nip. Kepner dropped in and also picked up some dancing lessons by remote control. (No, Burbee, I didn't dance with him.) About 11:30 the radio went sour, we talked for a while and then decided to play pinochle, which we did until about 2:00. We still had some of the rum left when we adjourned, so it is pretty evident no one was more than faintly happy; and we also tidied up the club, leaving it neater than it had been when we entered it.

The next evening all hell broke loose. Daugherty and Ackerman both jumped me for turning the club into a whorehouse, holding a drunken party, and destroying the members' property. I gave right back with as good as I got, and it was a honey of a fuss. From here on out, it was open war between Ackerman and Daugherty against me.

I finally had gotten my bellyful of both the Lee Hotel and my dear wife's fantastic refusal to face the facts on housing. I decided to lay off work and hunt full time for a rental. When I finally saw that such did not exist, but that there were a number of cheaply available store-buildings, many equipped so as to be convertible into housing with little or no effort, I decided to make a compromise, rent and furnish a store (after all, I had to buy furniture anyway and had the money for that purpose), then sell Jackie on the idea of buying a house.

Very shortly I had located a former vegetable market, located at 1104 South Georgia. It was horribly filthy, having been empty since its Jap tenants had been put in a concentration camp in early 1942, and was in a tough part of town; on the other hand it was filled with shelving, had a small separate room in back, a toilet room, a sink with running cold water, and several gas outlets. The landlord agreed to give me a gas hotplate on which to heat water and permission to do anything to the shelves I wanted to. So I rented it for \$50.00 a month, bought a bedroom set and a living room set, and moved in. Jules Lazar helped me move and do the heavier lifting, and one weekend of really hard work saw me fitted up with a really nice apartment. I tore out all but two sections of the shelves, rebuilt these into an "L", using the leg (backed with the corrugated board off my mattress box) as a partition. This gave me a three room suite: 20x30' living room, 20x18' bedroom (containing the sink and hotplate as well), 12x12' utility room (which later was fitted up as a publishing workroom) and of course the toilet room back in the far corner. That was the once-famous Fran Shack. It had its flaws, notably the tendency for street dirt to blow in under the door, and the inconvenience of having to bathe out of a small pan. But I had a broom and was not afraid to use it, and you'd be surprised to know how much bath water can be made out of a gallon of furiously boiling water.



The second meeting of my directorship, I announced that since I could find no qualified person willing to take over the editorship of SHANGRI L'AFFAIRES to replace Phil Bronson, the club would devote the last meeting of each month to getting out a jointly published issue. I asked for a show of hands to see who was willing to do what, and very shortly had a pretty good issue lined up. I immediately went to the club, and immediately had a fit, believing that joint publishing had been tried before (under his aegis) and had failed abysmally. "It can't be done." Ackerman, under this prodding, allowed that he was afraid of being stuck with all the work.

Since everything I had yet suggested, since my election, had been greeted not only by this Daugherty "can't be done" sound-off, but by apparently sustained attempts to discourage anyone who might want to try it anyway, I called Daugherty on it right out loud, accusing him pointblank of trying to sabotage my attempts to do anything with the club and suggesting that his possible motive might be that he did not want to see anyone succeed where he had failed. Somehow, Daugherty's and my relations took a turn for the worse about this time.

But the membership went on anyway, writing and stencilling for SHANGRI L'AFFAIRES. I wrote a two page article entitled, "Knanveism: A Boon for Fankind?", in which I analyzed the first issue of THE KNAHVE, and suggested possibilities for the group, likening them to the alumni associations in mundance ayjay. The tone of this article was on the whole rather friendly towards the Knanves, though it was not without a certain amount of sarcastic undertones, and wondered out loud if they'd be big enough to rise to their opportunities. Ackerman, incensed by the #1 KNAHVE, wrote a really rugged article called "Knanve is a louse, by L. Sprague de Campfollower" in which he stuck his usually retracted neck out just as far as it would reach, and put out a pretty sharp personal attack on Yerke and Bronson. Among other things, it stated that Bronson and Yorke had stated that they would walk across the street rather than speak to Ray Bradbury, that Yerke was rejected from the army as a manic-depressive, and a number of other items which would be hard to prove. (Yerke, for example, was put in 4-F on account of hypertension.) Forry showed the article to me, and asked me what I thought of it. Well, I knew very little of the facts of Yerke's seven year sojourn in the club, so I told Ackie that if he were reasonably sure of his facts I thought it was OK. I figured it would get a rise out of the Knanves, that they probably would answer it, and that in the course of the resulting controversy the truth would probably come out. And I didn't care a rap who ended up with a tarnished reputation.

In due season, the last meeting of January rolled around, the meeting at which we were to publish SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES. I had done a considerable amount of advance planning, assigned Brown and Fern (both shaky typists) to the mimeograph, and had arranged that some stencils were already out for them to start in on. Before the meeting, I went next door to Pogo's, got to talking, and let the time for starting the meeting roll past. It made no difference, really; everyone knew what was planned and that there was to be no formal meeting other than a call to order, reading of minutes, and adjournment; and the secretary (Kepner) was supposed to preside in the absence of the director. For some reason, Kepner could not bring himself to call the meeting to order, and a number of the people (notably Joquel) got extremely angry because I was not present. Joquel had a tantrum and stormed out of the club, and shortly I got a phone call from Fern, who also seemed in evil mood. I asked if the meeting had started, found it hadn't, and told Fern to tell Kepner to call it to order and get it over with, that I'd be over as soon as I finished my drink. A few moments later, Fern came into the partment without knocking and walked right down my throat. I blow up at him, told him I didn't intend to preside, that Kepner had certain definite duties in my absence, and that I would come over as soon as the club was ready to start publishing. Following which, I shoved him out the door and slammed it on him, and went back in for another drink.

I arrived at the club, finally, just as Kepner was adjourning the meeting, doled out assignments to the few who did not already know what to do, and commenced ~~stencilling~~ my own article. I cut the two stencils, checked to see that everyone had something to do, and took Pogo around the corner for a short drink. Everyone seemed furious at me. I got back, found little had been done in my absence except cuss me, but I merely sat down and composed an editorial on the stencil. I got it finished all but two or three lines, was called across the room to settle the order in which certain unforeseen items would fit into the issue, looked around and saw that everyone had a half an hour of work while I had perhaps two minutes, so took Pogo around the corner again for another drink.

When I came back, the atmosphere was pretty tense. Mol remarked he needed a stencil to run off, so I sat down to finish mine only to discover that Ackerman had finished it in a most insulting way. I blew up about it, and the meeting ended up in a savage quarrel. Ackerman, Brown, Fern and Daugherty (the latter having just dropped in) waded into me for neglecting my duty; I came right back to point out that I had written and stencilled three pages out of a twelve page issue, had coordinated the work, that I was only one-fifteenth of the people present but had done a quarter of the actual work, and what did they expect for two bits. I further gave Ackerman the tongue-lashing of his career for sabotaging my stencil. The upshot of it all was that we did not quite finish the issue, having, as I recall, 10 of the 12 pages done.

The next day at work, I thought the whole thing over, realised that while I probably should have made a point of being on hand every second there was nothing to make such a fuss about, since after all I had done my part of it (if I was that much faster a typist that I could go out for a while too that was just the reward of genius (!) or something) and that anyone would resent being sent for in so insulting a fashion when there was no need to send for him at all. On the other hand I realised that I had never had any serious trouble with anyone while I was merely a member of the club, and it occurred to me that I'd better give the club back to the nitwits and confine my fanning to publishing THE ACOLYTE. So that night I wrote out a resignation as director, which I thenceforth carried in my pocket, with the resolution to use it the moment another fuss came over the horizon.

But that was on Friday.

Sunday the whole complexion of the brewing feud changed sharply. Along about noon I was puttering around Fran Shack when there came a rap at the door and there were Phil Bronson, Buns Benson, and Bruce Yerke. Yerke was at the point of a temper tantrum over Ackerman's "Knanve Is a Louse" which the three had just read, and peremptorily demanded that I suppress the article. I told him I was double-damned if I'd be intimidated, particularly in my own house, that I took orders from no one on club affairs, but I would be only too happy to talk to him about it if he could present his case civilly. He more or less subsided, grumbling like a bear, and Bronson took the conversational ball, from time to time subduing Yerke. Benson throughout the afternoon said little or nothing.

It seemed that all of them had taken violent exception to the article, particularly on certain points which they assured me were totally unfactual, and that they felt Ackerman's characteristic ducking behind a pseudonym would make the publishing of it an official sentiment of the club.

I pointed out that Ackerman had submitted the article to me in advance, that I had told him it would be OK if he were reasonably sure of his facts, and that since it was patently impossible for me to have witnessed most of the stuff the



article was talking about I could do little but take Forry's word. However, I pointed out that the pages of SHANGRI L'AFFAIRES were open for a rebuttal, that if necessary I would mimeograph the Knaves's article myself, and that I was quite willing to put it right in the same issue as "Knaves Is A Louse" and let fandom as a whole pass judgement on who was truthful.

Yerke looked very much startled. "Just where do you stand between the club and us?"

"I'm trying to be neutral, but I'm getting sick of some of the stuff that goes on around the LASFS", I replied, and went on to tell of the various troubles I'd had, and of my intention to resign as director. I got out the resignation and handed it to Phil.

He read it over, burst out laughing, and remarked that it read like Yerke had written it. "My god! Are you one of us?"

So we settled down for an afternoon of conversation which definitely was the turning point of the feud. I did my best to talk the Knaves into rejoining; pointing out that four more votes would control the club, and that if we could only maintain political control for a while we could probably raise the standards of the club sufficiently to make it an organization worth belonging to. Bronson at length seemed willing to rejoin, Benson said he wanted no further part of fandom, and Yerke seemed wavering but more or less unwilling to back down on his previous resignation unless the club could make some concession.

We commenced comparing notes on the LASFS during the past two months, and very shortly discovered that both Ackerman and Daugherty had done everything they could both to turn all club members against the Knaves and to convince the Knaves that the club was united against them. Before long we had worked out a nebulous sort of pact; Bronson was to rejoin the LASFS for voting purposes and attempt to bring Chamberlain in with him, Yerke was to remain outside the club but it was vaguely understood that if the matter of his honorary membership were to be settled one way or another he would rejoin and take over the secretary job once more, with Kepner being kicked upstairs to a post as program director. At the same time, he made it plain that he was dubious as to the possibility of the club amounting to anything, and that he felt a separate group, minus Ackerman, Daugherty, Morajo, Crozetti, and one or two others, would be the best ultimate solution to the problem of having an adult and intellectual fan club in Los Angeles.

At about this point in the conversation, I remembered my anti-Bronson blast I'd sent to Innman. Gulp! So I told them about it, handed Phil the carbon, and dashed off an airmail note telling Innman to kill the article. (Our comparing of notes had shown beyond a shadow of a doubt that I had largely based my article on erroneous conclusions.) Phil was pretty angry over the carbon, but Yerke exploded into gargantuan laughter when he read it, reminded Phil of a letter they had received on the same subject from Art Sehnert, and shortly we were all friends.

Late in the afternoon, the Knaves headed towards the club with the intention of talking Ackerman into withdrawing his article. He withdrew it.

The next evening, I learned of this, and was stunned. In the first place, this necessitated rerunning over half of SHANGRI L'AFFAIRES, and for no good reason that I could see. In the second place.....

"Regardless of what the Knaves said or did not say yesterday, that article is either more or less true, or more or less false. If it is more or less

true, then your withdrawing it under pressure brands you as a coward. If it is more or less false, then your writing it at all brands you as a liar. Can't you say something reasonably objective to me, that will give me an excuse to preserve a good opinion of you?"

Forrest J Ackerman said nothing.

"Then as far as I'm concerned, you are a lying and cowardly son of a bitch," I said coldly, and walked out of the club.

The feud was on.

Two days later, on Wednesday, Fern and Brown came to me, apologised for their part in the row with me at the publishing session, pointed out that they were sick of the club in general and Ackerman in particular, and could I as director use a couple of new henchmen who were willing to vote to expell Ackerman from the club.

I welcomed their support, naturally, but pointed out that I wanted a more or less united club, that Ackerman was easily the most interested fan in town, and that he belonged in the club. I went on to say that I felt he was riding entirely too high, that his self-righteousness was driving the better class of members out of the club, and that he most certainly needed a shaking down.

"Why don't we just suspend his honorary membership for 30 or 60 days with the idea of handing him, with a jolt, the factual picture of what he is doing to the club, which we all know he thinks so much of?" Of course I didn't know Ackerman as well then as I do today, or I never would have made such a suggestion. I wrongly supposed that he would be shocked into examining objectively his relations with the club, see for himself how his actions were alienating so many of the members, and mend his ways somewhat.

The next night, Bronson rejoined the club, and I appointed him to the executive committee as a member at large, and called a meeting of the group to be held in Pogo's apartment for a half hour before the meeting. Knowing that Morojo would not countenance any disciplinary action directed at Forry, I did not inform her of the meeting, which of course was a grave error in political tactics, as well as ethics. But I was afraid that she would talk the other members of the executive committee around against me, and that she would thus nullify the effect of what I intended to spring as a surprise. The only way around it would have been to dismiss her as treasurer, something I did not feel justified in doing without cause, particularly in light of her long service in that office.

Present at the committee meeting were Jimmy Kepner, secretary; Mel Brown, librarian; Mike Fern and Phil Bronson, members-at-large; and Pogo as an interested bystander. Now Kepner had been my chiefest supporter through the entire month previous, but when it came to actually implementing some of the things we'd been talking about he had one of his frequent changes of heart and flatly refused to have anything to do with it, adding that he intended to get Forry and Morojo and run me out of office. I asked for and received his resignation as secretary, on the grounds that my administration had to be united and that if it did something the club didn't like they could get a new administration in which Kepner, no doubt, would find a place. He immediately left the meeting and went tattling to Ackerman and the club. I appointed Mel Brown secretary, and we fell to discussing the Ackerman ouster. Cold feet became in evidence at once, particularly from Pogo. I emphasized that the last thing I wanted was for Ackerman to leave the club, that all I wanted was disciplinary action to try to bring him to his senses a little, and that I felt it would do the trick if we, the executive committee were to



vote unanimously that we felt his honorary membership should be suspended for thirty days, saying why of course, and that we should couple this announcement with some remark from me stating that I felt the matter had gone far enough to open someone's eyes, and announce that I should like to hear a motion to table this report for a period of thirty days. We so agreed, and went over to the club.

Kepner had really stood them on their ears, and the place was buzzing like a hornets' nest. And by no means was the sentiment all pro-Ackerman, either. Forry gave me a look that I will never forget—a half-hurt half-angry stare—and never looked directly at me again until the feud was over. (Nor did he speak to me again for three months.) I called the meeting to order, ran through the prescribed ritual of minutes and treasurer's report, announced that Brown had replaced Kepner as secretary. Morojo had passed Pogo a note, requesting to talk with me; I saw it, and declared a recess for a second meeting of the executive committee, including Morojo. She did her level best to talk me out of my ideas, but failed to get very far because she insisted on getting off on a tangent explaining why Ackerman was more worthy of being #1 fan than Tucker, who had just succeeded to that position. She and I agreed, however, that Forry was badly in need of psychiatric care, that he was harming the club with his fanatical puritanism and other actions, but disagreed violently on what to do about it. She emphasized that if the club suspended Forry he would commit suicide, a possibility that had never occurred to me since I could not envision anyone becoming wrapped up in fandom to that extent. Finally, we decided to let the matter rock along (after all, Forry had been given ample evidence that his ways were offensive to a sizeable portion of the members—which was all I had ever intended to do). So we went back, I called the meeting back to order, remarked that everyone knew what had been discussed earlier in the evening, thank's to the "loyal cooperation of my late secretary", that the only intention was to show someone that his attitudes and actions around the club needed a certain amount of attention, and that the matter was dropped. I adjourned the meeting, but then made a side-remark that if we were going to purge anyone, it would be a good idea to start in with Walter J. Daugherty. I then went over to Ackerman, and tried to tell him the underlying ideas of the apparent attempt at an ouster, but he turned his back and refused to listen.

So the next day, before going to the Bixelstrasse, I wrote Ackerman a friendly enough letter, in which I set forth the things he had refused to let me tell him the night before. When I arrived at the clubroom, I walked into an embroglio de luxe. Walter J. Daugherty, who had not been present at the meeting the night before, had heard that I suggested purging him, and for some reason did not seem to like it. He lit into me and I lit right back. In response to his remarks I told him just precisely why I considered him to be a liability to the club: his utter intractability, his complete lack of reliability, his floor-hogging, his apparently deliberate attempts to sabotage everything that was not emblazoned with the name of Daugherty and the complete lack of accomplishments (other than on a verbal level) of anything that was emblazoned with the name of Daugherty. Oh, it was a honey of a spat! I daresay ten people sat quiet as mice in that room while we had it out. I expected him to take a poke at me any moment; it was running through the back of my mind that I shouldn't get into a fist fight with him because I'd be giving away twenty-five pounds (FTL, 155 lbs; WJD, 180 lbs); at the same time I was mad clear through with an inner fury that was like icy fire, and I was damned if I'd back down a fraction. No blows were struck, as it turned out, but it was mighty near to it more than once. In retrospect, I've felt that I gave a definitive statement of the case against Daugherty that night—at least, everyone present except Ackerman has been strongly anti-Daugherty ever since.

Right at this point in the feud, I realised that I had gone too far to think of backing down, yet realised with a sudden burst of clarity that my following, such as it was, was in the first place almost entirely losing interest in fandom, and secondly was too lacking in common interests to make an enduring separate club. I finally came up with an idea for a club within the club which, it seemed to me, would guarantee political control (thus preventing a few of us from being suddenly expelled if the Ackjo block should ever get the upper hand) and at the same time try to lift the club to a higher intellectual level, despite the hard feelings which, I felt, would gradually die out if we could avoid any further hostilities for a few months and couple this interregnum with an attempt at a constructive program.

I went so far as to draft a rough charter, in which I gave a few of the possibilities as a basis for discussion. I called the group "The Outsiders and Others", and set it up as an honorary political organization, semi-secret in nature, whose avowed purpose was to build up the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society through both example and precept. Even to this very day (April 1947) the LASFS has suffered acutely from a general low level of membership standards and a preoccupation with political wrangling in preference to constructive activity. Since the club claims to take to its bosom anyone professing an interest in fantasy, it is a lodestone to crackpots and psychiatric freaks of all descriptions, and the presence of so many of these impossibles tends constantly to drive away the few worthwhile people which the group attracts. A reasonably mature and intelligent person very shortly finds greener pastures than the LASFS unless he happens to be deeply involved in fan publishing or to a lesser extent collecting, but the fuzzleheads, socially unacceptable almost anywhere else, not only find themselves welcomed by the club but find enough other impossibles to associate with that driving them out is almost impossible. And the preoccupation with its own inner affairs, which can never be of other than clinical interest to the newer member, prevents the club's having anything remotely resembling an intellectually stimulating plane of activity save in spurts; if for no other reason than because the constant grind of intrigue and counter-intrigue and the long and deadly business meetings consume all the time and energy available to the group.

Through the establishment of the Outsiders I proposed to cope with both these major problems. The group, as I envisioned it, was to be invitational and highly selective, with a unanimous ballot required for admission. Since we would refuse to accept the more dubious specimens, their inability to get into the inner circle would tend to drive them away, and our being united would make it possible to expell the more thick-skinned ones. In short, I wanted to substitute the cold shoulder for the glad hand, and reserve our hospitality for worthwhile people, instead of wasting it on the misfits, crackpots, and impossibles.

Since the club revolved so exclusively around its own politics, I proposed making the Outsiders a political machine to end all political machines, take and keep political control of the club, and then attempt to focus their meetings on something worthwhile for a change. Previous attempts at discussion meetings frequently ran foul of someone's desire to get the floor and, through lack of intellectual depth sufficient to present anything of interest, talk about the club's already too much talked of affairs. I wanted constitutional changes put through which would force all club business to be submitted in writing and passed on by the executive committee before being allowable on the floor. This would eliminate 90% of the business I have seen brought up in the LASFS between 1943 and 1947, because so little of it is really business; most of it is just Daugherty or someone like that trying to get some egoboo. I wanted extreme powers vested in the director, under the theory that he should perform much as a city manager, discharging most of his duties without



a lot of time-wasting palaver, and being subject to recall or impeachment if he got out of hand. I wanted more stringent controls over the recruiting of new members, with a reasonable probationary period so that we could spot the ~~worst cases~~ before we saddled ourselves with them.

I proposed to exercise and maintain this control through the use of block voting in all elections and club business. Whenever necessary, the Outsiders would meet and discuss any proposed piece of business or select the next group of officers or do whatever else was needful. Among ourselves we would use completely democratic methods, with full and free discussion, then vote. Each Outsider was to pledge himself to vote in the ensuing LASFS meeting the way the majority of Outsiders had voted in their own meeting. In this way control of the LASFS would be child's play, since we would have had at most times a bloc of 10 to 12 votes to cast en masse in a club of 20 to 25 members, some of whom would be sure to vote our way just on the intrinsic merits of the matter under consideration.

It may be wondered why I kept harping so much on political control of the LASFS, but it must be remembered that without this control there was no way of keeping the less worthwhile things from coming on the floor and consuming an entire meeting, nor was there any means of trying to build up a qualitative membership.

In the form I have just described, The Outsiders never existed. Yerke opposed it because he felt that we would do better to get clear out and away from the club and make a fresh, clean start. Kepner and one or two others had their idealism outraged by the realism of the bloc voting and other points. However, the real death blow to the club-within-the-club came in the rushing events of the next few days.

Immediately following the abortive disciplinary action aimed at Ackerman, Jules Lazar sought me out and was going to knock my block off for taking overt action against Forry. The best my occasionally glib tongue could do was to calm him down a little; he was completely unable to see any reason why we had attempted to set Forry down a notch. Two or three days later, Jules and one or two others had a crap game in the clubroom; Ackerman got wind of it, and handed Jules one of those primly stuffy little notes of rebuke he was so free with in those days. Lazar hit the ceiling as though he had just attained critical mass.

Of more practical importance, he came to me, apologised for wanting to knock my block off, and gave me the most extreme anti-Ackerman lecture of the whole feud. He added that his vote was strictly anti-Ackerman from then on, and that he also held the proxy of Alva Rogers, who had just left town and returned to his parents' home in San Diego. (It might be added that Rogers had given this proxy to Jules with verbal instructions to use it as Ackerman directed, not realising that Jules was going to change sides.)

Well, this gave us two more votes; I counted them over in my mind and nearly fainted when I saw that we could for the first time in the feud probably carry a two-thirds majority vote. So at the next meeting, I instituted a motion to elect T. Bruce Yerke to honorary membership in the LASFS. Apart from Bronson, who made the motion for me, I took no one into my confidence as to what I intended trying; and in fact set up as a smoke screen the discussion among the Outsiders of what we could do to ruin the LASFS just before we resigned—such as send the entire treasury to Ziff-Davis for long term subscriptions in the club's name, or elect Walter J. Daugherty director, or perform some other heinous piece of sabotage.

It appeared that 14 persons qualified to vote attended the meeting. Lazar submitted the proxy of Alva Rogers, but it was with a sudden sense of mis-giving that I heard Ackerman submit the proxy of John M. Cunningham, a character whose ~~career~~ career had carried him briefly through Shangri La but long enough for him to part with ten bucks for a life membership in the LASFS. (The category of life member, and the dues for it, were easily decided when Cunningham asked about becoming a life member and the club discovered he had ten dollars.) It was pretty obvious that if Ackerman were going to write to every fan who had ever been a member of the LASFS and tell them a few carefully censored and misleading half-truths he could get enough proxy votes to run the club by himself, even though he turned every fan actually on the scene totally against him. The idea of challenging Cunningham's proxy flashed into my mind, but I quickly saw that it was more important to try to get Yerke's honorary membership (with the consequent return of Bruce to the club), and that it would be easy enough for us to quash this proxy idea if we had the two-thirds majority vote in hand, since we could even amend the constitution with that.

I asked if there was any discussion on the motion to grant T. Bruce Yerke an honorary membership, looking directly at Ackerman as I did so. There was a short silence. Finally someone called for the question. I appointed a couple of non-voters to act as tellers, and stupidly declared a recess while they passed out the ballots. Even more stupidly, I neglected to watch them like a hawk, and was stunned when they announced the results of the vote before I had called the meeting back in order. The vote was 11 for and 5 against, giving Bruce his two-thirds majority by a margin of one vote. I knew that this ballot would certainly be challenged, since it took place while the club was in recess, and tho we probably could have bulldozed it through (such as by my claiming to have reopened the meeting) it seemed evident that the motion would carry, and it seemed far better to have it absolutely in order. So I apologised to the club, explained what had happened, and requested a new ballot.

As there new ballots were being passed out, Ackerman got to his feet and said, "If T. Bruce Yerke is given an honorary membership in this club, I shall feel that all honorary memberships are without honor."

The result of the new ballot was an 8 to 8 tie.

I was completely stunned by this reversal. I shan't make any comments on the tactics Ackerman used, except that their success showed me beyond controverting that there was no use trying to do anything with the club as long as one member could sway that many votes with so little effort; particularly when that same member's actions were nearly all in direct opposition to making the club into an adult group, and when he could get proxy votes right and left.

I suddenly remembered the resignation as director which I had written a couple of weeks previously, and the next thing I knew I was reading it. Burbee made his long promised visit to the club just in the middle of the recital and he has told me since that he could not understand why a whole roomful of people would sit quietly and hear themselves torn apart so insultingly without doing something about it.

This resignation caught everyone by surprise, including me. It elevated Mel Brown to the director's post, and the meeting fell into chaos for a few minutes while he was getting the feel of things. I went over to the typewriter and wrote out a brief resignation of my membership in the LASFS, dating it to take effect two weeks hence 'thereby giving myself a chance to



wind up the 6th ACOLYTE), showed it to Pogo. She immediately signed it too, passed it to Bronson who signed it and passed it on, and the next thing I knew it was circulating among all the Outsiders, all of whom signed it except Mel Brown. It finally came back to me, I asked and received the floor, and read it. Mel then stunned us by pulling a paper out of his pocket and reading to the group a resignation of his own, a two page affair which for sheer vitriol has never been approached by anything else I've ever read anywhere.

Walter J. Daugherty, after a whispered consultation with Ackerman, took the floor and demanded that the resignations be made effective immediately. This was refused by us. He then demanded that we be kept out of the clubroom, on the ground that we would destroy the mimeograph and other club property. This insulting remark led to some very bitter discussion, at the end of which a motion granting "all resigning members the full and free use of the club and its properties until their resignations actually took effect" was carried by an 11 to 4 vote.

This motion was implemented by Morojo the very next day, when on her own authority, and in direct violation of the vote of the club, she had the lock changed on the door, thereby keeping resigning members from using their keys. (This didn't bother us much, since Brown and Fern talked Kepner out of his key for a short time—long enough to have some duplicates made for those of the Outsiders who wanted them.)

Mel then remarked that since the club lacked a director, the floor was open for nominations. (I'll skip the maze of constitutionalities which first tend to show that an election that night was illegal and later indicate that it was in order. You readers who have not been around the LASFS will just have to take my word as to the astounding complexity of the organic law for this group of 18 or 20 people.) I immediately grabbed the floor and said, "Since we have just been accused of wishing to wreck the club, I'd about as soon have the game as the name. Since the worst piece of sabotage I can think of at the moment is to saddle the club with an incompetant director, I'd like to nominate the man whom I feel is most capable of making this club even worse than it is now—Walter J. Daugherty."

Phil Bronson and others then commenced tossing in nominations until nearly everyone present was nominated. When the victims of this merry prank had gotten their names withdrawn, Walter J. Daugherty and I found ourselves standing alone to be voted on. (I've always been hugely amused to think that Daugherty wanted to be director so badly that he accepted a nomination even from me and in such language.) The poor visitors we had used before found themselves again passing out ballots. (Boy, they must have just loved that meeting!) As they called the votes aloud, nearly everyone in the room kept a tally. Laney, Laney, Laney, Daugherty, Laney, Daugherty.....I took the lead from the beginning and held it the whole way. Daugherty was white with rage, but the last vote was for Daugherty and brought it into a tie: 8 to 8.

One or two other pieces of business were then tried, but ended in that same futile 8 to 8 deadlock. Finally Kepner took the floor, stated that his resignation had never been accepted in due form as prescribed by the constitution, and claimed the directorship. Mel looked blank, but I rushed to the gap, withdrew my own resignation on the same grounds, and found myself once more director of the dear old LASFS. Strictly comic opera, wasn't it? But all I did was to adjourn the meeting and go home. I did not attend another meeting of the LASFS until I rejoined the club the following summer, though I did spend a considerable amount of time around the club finishing up the ACOLYTE stencils which I'd previously cut with a spacing that made them runnable only on the club mimeograph.

And of course the quarrel between Ackerman and myself reached the stage of sheer idiocy long before I finished up the last stencil. Since I was seeing a great deal of Pogo at this time and Ackerman of course was keeping company with Morojo, he and I managed to run into each other at least once a day, either at the club or in Myrtle and Pogo's apartment. But Ackerman positively refused to speak to me. This of course made sense, but it did not make sense for him to hand me a long and vitriolic letter almost every time he saw me. - Since he would not talk to me, I fell into the habit of answering these letters, stopping only when I left the club neighborhood for good a couple of weeks later. He continued to send me weirdly conceived letters, clippings, and postcards for a few weeks after that, but after I had failed to answer three or four of them in a row he stopped. But it didn't take me long to learn that I could make Forry horribly uncomfortable by tossing succinct remarks at him; I regret to say that I was not above this sort of childishness.

Also during the post-club pre-Outsider interregnum I had a most amusing brush with one of the club queers, a character who from sponging off one of the residents at 628 had taken to hanging around the club. The moment the fruit saw Ackerman, he fell madly in love with 4sj. Ackie, with his all-inclusive brother love for anyone supposed to be a fan, probably did not even realise that the guy was a fairy, and most certainly did not realise that he, Forrest J Ackerman, was the object of the nance's unrequited yearnings. He saw in this pansy an industrious new fan, sincere, unassuming, and worthy. The poor swish spent the next three or four weeks drawing for VOM, cutting his stencils for it and SHAGGY, and even running the mimeograph for Ackerman. He finally gave up and commenced trying to make some of the others of us. I was alone in the club one afternoon, trying to finish up my ACOLYTE work, when I smelled an overpowering whiff of very cheap perfume. Turning around, I saw this dear fruit standing clear across the room from me. He immediately commenced a gambit, which I cruelly egged on until he was thoroughly committed---then burst out at him with a full-voiced roar of the well-known Laney laugh, a reaction which caused him to leave looking, believe it or not, rather deeply hurt. Faugh!

The last three or four days of February found me in bed, sicker than a horse. Several of us had spent Sunday afternoon at Paul Freehafer's apartment, playing records and drinking a little wine. Pogo and I had been invited to visit de Pina; when Alva Rogers heard of this and wanted to go, we decided to take him along. About halfway between Paul's apartment and Hollywood, we were struck by one of LA's famous cloudbursts, this one laced with hail and driven by a high wind. With two windows broken out of the Weird Willys, it took perhaps 30 seconds for us to become soaked to the skin; yet we were marooned in the car by the swirling water which was running six inches deep over most of the sidewalks. So we kept on to Hollywood, called de Pina and explained we were too nearly drowned to come on out, went to The Streets of Paris for a short, warming drink, and back to LA. This exposure touched off my bronchitis but good, and I made up my mind to spend the next few days trying to throw it off altogether, resting, baking in front of the fire, and so on. Except for a couple of trips to the corner grocery, I spent three days and nights absolutely alone.

During that time, I did a whole lot of hard and often unpleasant thinking, made myself face a number of facts I'd done my level-best to avoid. I realised that my besetting curse was a lack of confidence in myself, coupled with a hitherto unrealised oedipism, and that my tendencies towards introversion would always rob me of the better things in life unless I forced myself to overcome them. For the first time I realised, with a start, how seriously fandom was hampering me in leading the sort of life I wanted to lead, and yet, at the same time, I thought I could see ways in which I could make



fandom serve me as a stepping stone to new contacts and new confidence. (Most of these ideas turned out, on being practised, to be utter poppycock—probably merely indicative of my narrow escape from being completely submerged in the microcosmos.) The chief results of this painful session with myself were, so far as these memoirs is concerned, a resolution to ease out of fandom and a determination to try to replace the semblance of success that had greeted THE ACOLYTE with an attempt to succeed in something more mundane and worthwhile. My determination to quit fandom was seriously weakened by the reservation that I should fulfill all my existing commitments, but at least it gave me something to strive towards. And the total results of this big session with myself have done me lasting good; though I strayed from the straight and narrow and fell back into fandom more than once since that time, on the whole I have managed to keep forging ahead bit by bit towards the goal I then set myself of adulthood. I don't know how he'll like it, but since that time I have consistently used Forrest J Ackerman as my personal bug-a-boo: "There, but for keeping trying, goes FTL", or something like that. After all, Ackerman is my superior in every native ability that matters, except in physical strength (about equal) and manual dexterity (I think I've got him skinned in this one). We are near enough the same age to give point to the comparison. And, though I admit it with extreme reluctance, I have been as deep or deeper in fandom and similar escapes as Ackerman. He just hasn't made himself look at the handwriting on the wall as yet.

Don't get the idea that January and February was all childish feuding, as far as I was concerned. During those two months, I finished up the #6 ACOLYTE, the issue which I consider to be the best of all fourteen. And I made some personal contacts, strictly through fandom and THE ACOLYTE, which made my resolutions to quit pretty much of a dead letter for some time.

Miko Fern, an aggressive little devil if there ever was one, made it a habit to look up any of the great and near great that he could scrape out an excuse for meeting. Thus it was, while in San Francisco, he dug out a gentleman named William A. P. White, who is better known to you under his pseudonyms of H. H. Holmes and Anthony Boucher. They corresponded to some extent later, and, unbeknownst to me, Mike gave him a big build-up on THE ACOLYTE. Tony shortly expressed a wish to be sent a complete file up to date; I sent him the five issues and forgot about it.

One day in late February, I received a bulky envelope from Boucher, containing no less than five unpublished short-stories (three of which were as good or better than any of his stories in UNKNOWN), and a medium long, brilliant letter of comment on the five ACOLYTES. Needless to say, I was thrilled half to death, and commenced a spasmodic correspondence with Boucher. His next letter took up the matter of Craig Rice and a friend of hers named J. F. McComas—both, said Boucher, were great admirers of Lovecraft; Rice, though a highly successful who-dunnit author, had been unable to hit with fantasies, though the failure to do so distressed her; and several of these people and their friends were somewhat interested in forming a Lovecraft club similar in concept to the Baker Street Irregulars.

Of course Craig Rice was not the name in 1944 that she is in 1947, but she was still definitely big-time in anyone's language; while I am not a celebrity chaser by any means, it may well be imagined that I lost no time following this up. She was the personification of cordiality, urged me to come out to Santa Monica any Sunday afternoon and see her.

So it was that I spent several Sundays as a guest of Craig Rice, in real

life Mrs. Lawrence Lipton. The Liptons, it developed, held open-houses nearly every Sunday, and the assorted collection of people that dropped in and out was as interesting and stimulating as it was heterogeneous. Most were writers, musicians, cinema directors and technicians, and others of artistic tastes—but you never knew, until you got to talking with an individual, who or what you had stumbled into. One thing, though, I never met a bore or an uninteresting person out there—the Liptons were exceedingly gifted collectors of people.

I can no longer remember one visit from another, nor ever how many there were (between three and five). But when I went I'd arrive about one in the afternoon and stay until nearly midnight. It was at Craig Rice's that I met J. Francis McComas, Mr. and Mrs. Cleve Cartmill, and Mr. and Mrs. Fritz Leiber Jr. I believe that sums up the fantasy celebrities.

Some vignettes are perhaps in order.

Craig Rice is a woman in her early forties, attractive enough and friendly to a fault. She is capable of any kind of conversation one can imagine, though her best facets are literary criticism and writing shop-talk, and rapid-fire badinage. She has a fine sense of the dramatic, and plays excellent piano, both boogie-woogie and bar-room. All in all, she was a terrific hostess.

Her husband, Lawrence Lipton, is a novelist in his own right; is short, dark, debonnaire, and full of fun. One of his chief interests in life is making phonograph records; he has file after file full of acetates, and what a gamut of sound they cover. Radio shows, newshots of famous events, dubbings of hundreds of unobtainable commercial and not so commercial records, originals of Danny Kaye at the Lipton's, Meade Lux Lewis beating out boogie on the Lipton piano, trick combinations (such as Shostakovich and Raymond Scott dubbed together in an utterly spine-tingling fantasy)....well, just name it. If it can be put on a record Larry probably has it ten-deep.

I did not get particularly well acquainted with the Cartmills. They had happened to drop into the club during one of our most furious brawls; we recognised each other; I shied away from him because I was ashamed of the company he had seen me with before; he shied away from me just as any intelligent and informed person would shy away from a known member of the LASFS.

J. Francis "Mick" McComas is a big, jolly, roly-poly Irishman, with a rich booming voice, and a terrific personality. He is more a salesman and promoter than a creative artist (west-coast representative of Random House), though he has written successfully under pen-names, and is an editor of no small qualifications (cf. ADVENTURES IN TIME AND SPACE). But his most noticeable characteristic is a joie de vivre that just doesn't quit. Mick has read ASTOUNDING for several years, and also has a very nice collection of fantastic books—but fantasy plays only a minor point in his life, as it should.

Fritz Leiber Jr. is one of the most interesting men I have ever met. Tall, rather heavy, with dark bushy hair and his father's leonine head, he is as fine a figure of a man as one can imagine; and his quiet, rather slow, speech is packed with interesting experiences, valid literary criticisms, and everything else needful to make Leiber into one of the finest conversationalists in the fantasy field. He and I struck it off very well from the first; he had been one of HPL's last correspondents, and with Derleth and one or two others was one of the tiny handful of HPL's old friends who was really trying to keep the Lovecraft fires burning as it were. From Lovecraft we gradually came



to discuss other things. In passing, I might mention that Leiber, more than any other person, was responsible for the last 8 issues of THE ACOLYTE; he kept handing me such superlative material, much of it written especially for THE ACOLYTE, that no matter how annoyed I felt at publishing a fanzine I felt a compulsion to bring out another issue, just to feature the Leiber contribution. Vocally at least, ACOLYTE'S readers never appreciated Leiber as much as I felt they should have.

On different occasions Sam Russell and Pogo accompanied me to the Liptons'. All these soirees were rather similar, except of course for the conversations. The pattern centered around a profuse use of liquor—everyone present having entree to the refrigerator and passing around drinks to all present whenever someone got dry, a practice which often led to one's having two or three drinks in front of himself simultaneously. I never saw anyone get out of line from drinking out there, but on the other hand the amount of booze flowing around the place made it really rugged for me, since I was supposed to be working regular hours, while few of the others were. These parties used liquor in the way I've always felt the stuff was designed to be used: as an ice-breaker and tongue-loosener; and such was the high level of most of the conversation that partaking in it burned up most of the alcohol as fast as it was drunk.

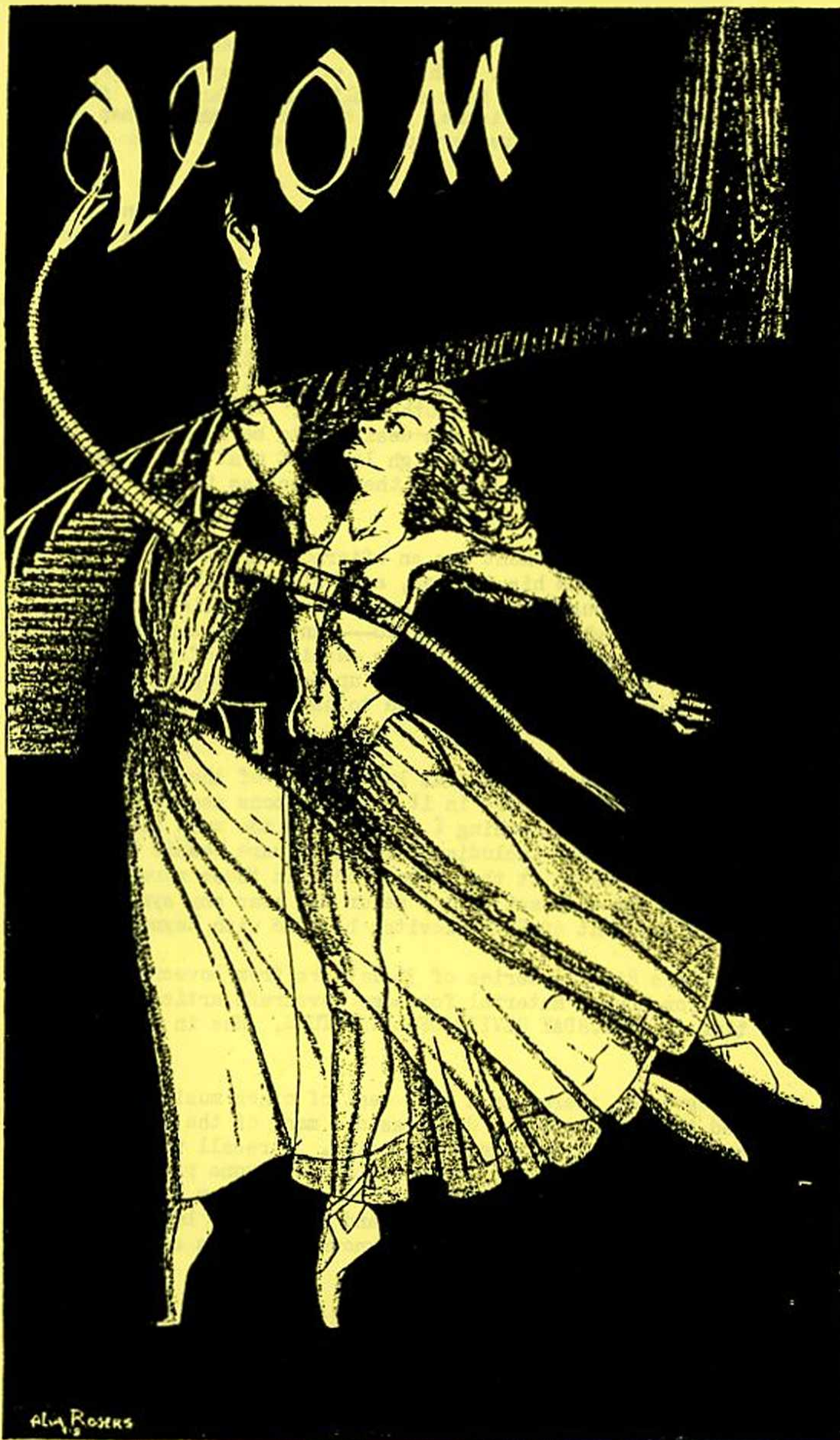
The best discussion I recall at the moment was an afternoon spent psychoanalyzing Lovecraft, his methods and his stories, and later branching out through a psychoanalysis of various members of the Lovecraft circle, to an attempted psychoanalysis of the whole fantasy field—fantasy, its psychological appeal. A number of people partook of this session, chiefly Rico, Laney, Russell, and Leiber, but it eventually ended up as a duologue between Leiber and Russell which I would have dearly loved to have had transcribed for publication.

The Lipton home was loaded with phonographs, at least three of them, and every room had stacks of records somewhere in it. The Liptons seemed most interested in humorous recordings, something I never cared too much for, but there was also a lovely lot of jazz, including a stack of rare Bessie Smiths and a flock of Muggsys, and I saw to it that I got loose in these more than once. Of interest, perhaps, is the fact that I never did hear any symphony out there, except for the fragment of Shostakovitch blended with Raymond Scott.

I had in my possession Duane Rimel's series of 36 letters from Lovecraft; these I loaned to Craig for source material for some Lovecraft article she contemplated at the time for SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE. She in turn loaned me various books.

In addition to the phonographs, there was a good deal of other music around the Liptons'. Craig played the piano a great deal, as did many of the other guests, and there was also a certain amount of singing. I recall with especial relish the time that Craig improvised a little song for everyone present, and the half-pleased, half-embarrassed expression of Sam Russell when he suddenly realised that one of these songs was not only for and about him, but that it summed him up perfectly, though Craig had only known him for a couple of hours.

I've often regretted that I drifted away from those bashes, but at the time my reasons for so doing seemed perfectly valid. In the first place, I invariably slept through my alarm and missed work the next day, with a resulting hole in my paycheck. (Not that those soirees were such drunken brawls as all that, but it must be remembered that they were not only an hour or more from town, but that they were being held by people who could, and probably did,



IN MEMORIAM

ALVA ROGERS

(1923-1982)

"DEIDRE" by Alva Rogers, suggested by the C. L. Moore story "No Woman Born".

Reprinted from the cover of VOICE OF THE IMAGI-NATION (VOM), # 43, June, 1945,  
edited by Sergento Forrest J Ackerman.

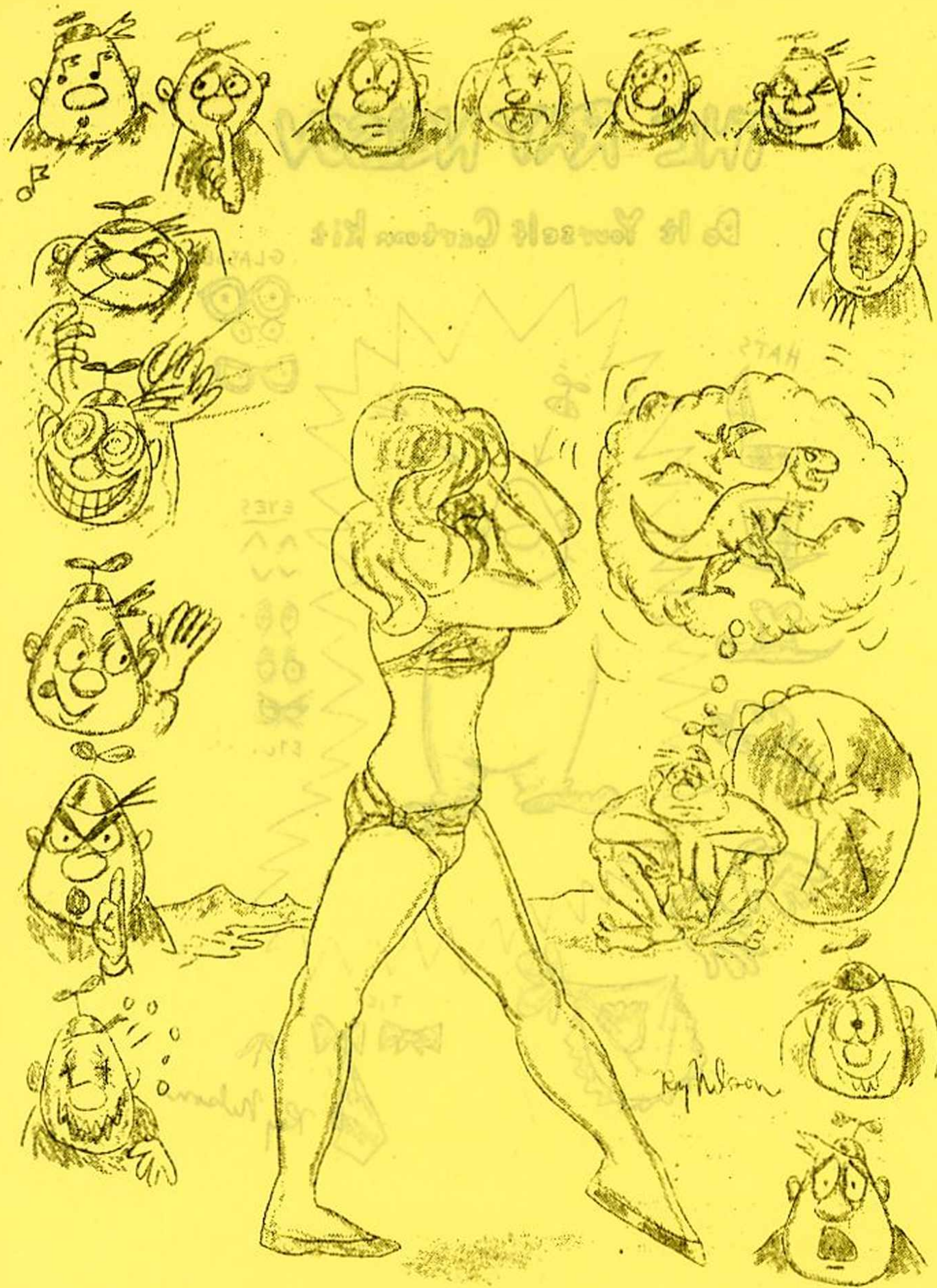


# THE RAY NELSON

Do It Yourself Cartoon kit









Those cartoons in the border are not a frame or anything. They are indeed a "Draw-your-own-Ray-Nelson-cartoon kit". The body on the first page goes with the heads. As for the arms and hands and props, etc., we trust you. You draw 'um in. The heads can also be used along with reviews to show your opinion of things—a smile for a good review, a frown for a bad one, etc. You can have rubber stamps made of them to illustrate letters or print your own wallpaper (for the guest room, of course) or impress girls with fake tatoos. They can be etched on glasses and glazed on plates, screen-printed on T-shirts and propeller beanies. You can make slides of them to demonstrate psychology lectures or splice them into movie films to subliminally advertise your fanzine, along with those frames you've already spliced in on the films you show girls—the ones that say "Sleep with me" and "Give me presents," etc.

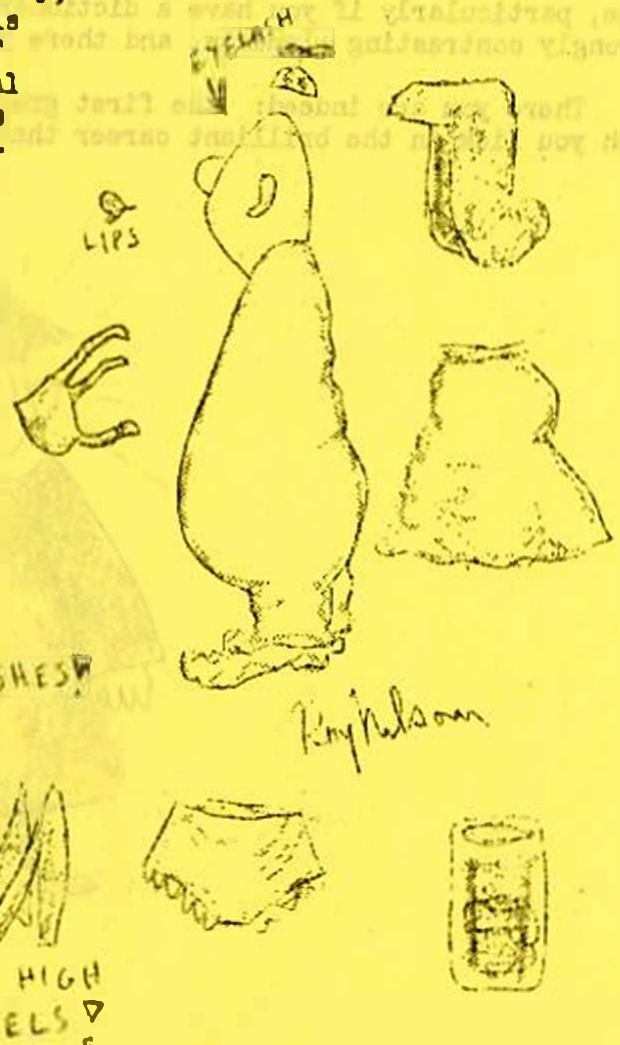
The only thing you now lack for turning out your own Ray Nelson cartoons is jokes. Here is a quick course in joke manufacture. There are only five main types of humor now in popular use. They are (1) The Derailed Train of Thought joke (2) The Running Gag (3) The Too-True Truism (4) The Open Secret and (5) Out of Place Juxtapositions.

(1) The Derailed Train of Thought. This depends upon building up an expectation, then disappointing that expectation as brutally as possible. Take a certain Chan Day cartoon for instance. A wife says to her husband who is reading the newspaper in an easy chair: "Can I have the car today, Dear? I'm leaving you." The "Can I have the car today, Dear?" builds up an expectation of the ordinary, the everyday. "I'm leaving you" derails this train of thought—explodes it even. Some of the best derailed train of thought jokes deal with idiots and madmen who derail the trains of thought of the normal world and make normality itself seem more idiotic and mad than their wildest fantasies. Puns and plays-on-words are "derailers" too.

(2) The Running Gag. This is nothing more nor less than simple repetition. It doesn't much matter what you repeat, if you repeat it often enough, it will lose all meaning and become absurd and funny.

(The fallacy of mass advertising lies in just that. Who actually uses Burma Shave anymore?) It helps if what you repeat is a little funny to start with—or at least stupid, but even a perfectly ordinary name like Alfred E. Newman (the name of a rather good composer of movie background music) can become screamingly funny by means of simple repetition. This is the easiest type of humor to master, since all it requires is a rubber stamp and persistence.

TO DRAW  
WOMAN  
ADD LIPS,  
A SKIRT,  
LONG HAIR  
AND EYE LASHES



(3) The Too-True Truism. A too-true truism is something like "Candy's dandy, but licker's quicker." It is a truth, perhaps slightly exaggerated, but stated in so pointed a fashion it jabs you right in the ass. My favorite is the bum's answer to a social worker who told him everyone had equal rights in America. "Yeah," he said. "The right to sleep under bridges in the winter is open to rich and poor alike."

(4) The Open Secret. This is where the reader knows something that the characters in the cartoon don't, as in the cartoons Chas. Adams is always drawing where some monster is sneaking up on somebody or eating somebody or something, and the character speaking in the cartoon doesn't know it, but you do. The more disasterous the secret, the funnier the cartoon. Missing pants, open manholes, banana peels, falling safes, unfaithful wives are only a few of the time-honored "open secrets" that go on getting laughs year in and year out. My favorite is the Chas. Addams cartoon of the wife sitting on a veranda in the tropics. She says in exasperation, "Oh, speak up, George. Stop mumbling!" Behind her is an overturned chair and there is a large boa constrictor on the floor with a distended, vaguely human-shaped middle.

(5) Out of Place Juxtapositions. This is actually an extension of the "Derailed Train of Thought" idea, but it is so often used in modern humor, I thought it was worth a separate category. This is the boy-in-girl's-clothes, the dog-who-talks, the child philosopher, the soft-hearted-gangster, etc. gag. These too are fairly easy to produce, particularly if you have a dictionary of opposites. Just mix the opposites or strongly contrasting elements, and there you are.

There you are indeed: the first graduate of the Ray Nelson cartoon school. I wish you lick in the brilliant career that now awaits you!

