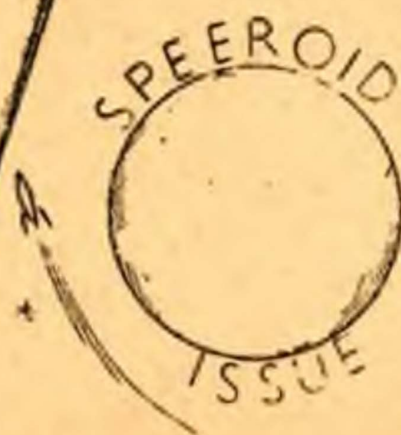


# Antistory

No. 1



# fanhistory



A Fanzine for erudite fans who can read and are willing to do so.

Feb 1956



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Staff: Lee Hoffman - editor-publisher-financer  
Larry T. Shaw - assistant editor and New York correspondent  
Walter A. Willis - associate editor and bog correspondent  
Harry Warner Jr - staff consultant and source of inspiration

"Chop. Chop chop. Chop chop chop. Or don't you speak somphere?" ---Juffus (FA)

Fanhistory, the unoriginal fanzine, issue #1, published under the auspices of Knossosyne at The Sign of Nemo, on occasion, and for the purposes of entertainment wherever the twain should meet and distributed thish to FAPA and the select few outside of the sterling organization chosen by the editors' unanimous vote. Letters and postcards of comment solicited and pleaded for. But please don't send unsolicited manuscripts. Write and tell us what you have in mind, and we'll talk it over...and remember, letters are liable to publication in some Hoffing, unless you specify therein otherwise. Opinions expressed in this magazine are generally those of the authors but not necessarily so. Remember Hanlan, and Hop Bitters, the Invalid's Friend and Hope! ---Loch

Lee Hoffman

101 Wagner Street

Savannah, Georgia USA

Write if you get work...

Within the

# WARP

and weft of our microcosmos the threads of individual fanactivity tangle into the multitudes of patterns that make the fabric of fandom into a fascinating thing. We present you this fanzine, a sort of wrong-ended telescope, with the purpose of looking at these threads and patterns. But like the telescope, *Fy* is merely an instrument. Its field of vision is severely limited and its lenses are aberrated by the unskilled hand of your lensmith.

In each issue, our home-made telescope will come to sight on some particular sphere: a fan item, event or personality, giving you a quick look at the earthward and so the revealed side of that sphere. We hope that you will look through the eyepiece of *Fy* open-eyed and open-minded, accepting our limitations and understanding the nature of our goals, though they may differ from your own. *Fy* is not a revival or sequel to any other fanzine, despite its appearance. It is itself, no more, no less.

We solicit your advice, your comments and observations. If you have ideas for future issues, or would like to write for *Fy*, please let us know.

We intend that *Fy* appear in volumes of five, the fifth issue in each bloc to contain letters of comment, discussion, and addenda to the preceeding four individual issues. Letters are solicited, and if not for publication should be so-marked. If you are interested in *Fy* and want to keep receiving it, please write. If you show no signs of interest, someone else may take your place in the queue. *Fy* will probably be distributed by way of FAPA as well as by the mailing list, depending on its reception in the organization. Regardless, it will be guaranteed to those persons who show a lively interest, but not to others.

So this is us.

And that is the lecture for today. The guided tour begins almost immediately. We suggest that you follow the numbers at the bottoms of the pages, reading from front to back for continuity's sake.

---Mnemosyne



# why jack speer ?

"Jack Speer has probably done more good for and less harm to fandom than any other individual ENF..."  
Lloyd Fuller in STONE

and from HORIZONS #60, autumn 1954

Harry Warner Jr.

## THE FAPA OF FAPA

The campaign to make Jack Speer a member of the FAPA through all eternity has my full support. But I don't think that the published reasons for the campaign are quite correct. Lots of people have maintained over the years an interest and activity in the organization just as great as Speer's. We should keep sending him bundles without requiring money or activity for another reason--because he's the one who shaped FAPA into the kind of organization that exists today. Not many current members of the FAPA can remember just what he did.

I entered the FAPA in the fall of 1938, a time when the Speer influence had just started to transform the organization. The FAPA was still young, and was approximately like the group that its founders had conceived. Those founders--Wollheim, Michel, and a few of their New York cronies, mostly--had organized a new amateur press association whose membership would be confined to fans. I don't think they intended it to be devoted to science fiction discussions, in spite of all the controversies that have sprung up so regularly about mundane articles in FAPA publications. The typical mailing in those early days contained between 75 and 100 pages. The New York bunch distributed a lot of material devoted to their current political opinions and fannish feuds. The left wing propagandizing was supplemented by microscopic publications of other members, modelled after subscription fanzines, and an assortment of giveaways from political organizations. There was much politics for politics sake in the FAPA. The elections in those early years appear incredible today. There were bitter words over them, and regular FAPA political parties, since the founders seemed to feel that some sort of prestige attached to office holders. The Fantasy Amateur Press Association was ridiculously sedate. For example, it was required that all references to members consist of last names prefaced by Mr. Use of nicknames or given names was unethical or something. The founders hadn't taken the trouble to write a constitution suited for the needs of a fannish group. They had just copied one of the general ayjay constitutions, making essential changes to suit a smaller group with less frequent mailings. The membership roster of 50 was never filled, so you could join, be inactive for a year, and immediately rejoin without missing a bundle.

Well, Speer did to FAPA what Campbell did to science fiction. He probably would have had a parallel in some future years, if he hadn't existed, but we can't be worried about that, until parallel time tracks are opened up for exploitation.

You could find an occasional FAPA publication showing details of the Speer type before Juffus really became an influence, just as white men probably came to North America before Columbus, without leaving permanent traces behind. Speer turned the organization into what it is today--a means of self-expression in which individualism reigns supreme. Sustaining Program, Full Length Articles, and other Speer titled began to fatten the bundles. Other FAPA members hopped delightedly onto his bandwagon, when they found that they could write about their personal problems, their opinions on the world situation, and the true facts of fannish meetings. The founding fathers struggled vainly for a time against the tide, but went down for the third time somewhere around 1941. They have become one with Nineveh and Tyro. It may be symbolic that their dying attempts at keeping FAPA on its original plane consisted of a fight against a plan to raise the original dues (to meet an unmistakable rise in postage costs) and a terrific fuss over the informality of a secretary-treasurer who accepted two years' dues at the same time from a member who didn't want to be bothered about sending another check 12 months later.

Maybe the forms in which Speer's FAPA activity emerged are Forms in the Platonic sense. They keep bobbing up in the FAPA in the original form, from new members who can't possibly have seen their original appearances. But the fact that a circle is a Form is hardly insulting to the genius of the fellow who built the first wheeled vehicle, and we shouldn't disparage the Speer contribution on the grounds that others have done as well in later years. The FAPA might not have lasted long enough for these latter-day prophets without Speer.

Nobody could accuse Speer's Sustaining Program of attracting interest through its eye-catching metrics. Speer used a typor which cut unpleasantly ugly stencils. And he had no artistic ability...Speer was working all day and attending school most of the evening in Washington during his days of greatest glory, so he concentrated on what he said, rather than the format in which he published it. But Sustaining Program had continuing features that are still prominent features of the FAPA--reviews of past mailings, comments on current science-fiction, quotes from correspondence, descriptions of recent encounters with fans, and selected quotes from recent reading, for instance.

The Sustaining Program influence wasn't entirely good. It gave the FAPA a permanent tendency toward scrappy publications and may have prevented members from issuing more carefully prepared fuller length essays. Speer himself had a separate title for which he reserved major work. Full Length Articles contained large undertakings, like a survey of the fantasy element in Mark Twain's fiction and a review of the provisions of the copyright law as it applies to fandom. But Full Length Articles appeared less regularly and was less fascinating to read than the Speeriana of Sustaining Program, and it was the big influence.

Then there were other Speer undertakings. For years he continued to add to "A List of Lies, Half-Truths and Misstatements Contained in Le Vembiteur During its None-Too-Short Existence". A separate publication contained what must have been the longest poem ever written by a fan, if not the best one by a long shot. He figured out an ingenious adaptation of the Dewey decimal classification of non-fiction which could be used to catalog fantasy. The FAPA constitution is his work entirely, except for a few minor amendments that were necessitated by changing conditions.

( continued at bottom of page 6 )

# A POCKET GUIDE TO JACK SPEER

or as Jaffus himself puts it

"The vital sadistics"...

I was born 9 August 1920 in Comanche Oklahoma, one of four children. My father is a lawyer. In 1938 i took a few months of business college in Oklahoma City, then went to Washington DC, where i worked for different departments while getting an AB at George Washington University in American Thought and Civilization. 1944-45 i spent a year in Algiers, where i worked for the American Food Mission. Then i came to Seattle and attended the University of Washington law school. In 1949 i began to practice law in North Bend, near Seattle. In 1951 i married Ruth Cox. We have one daughter, born in 1955.

I am of average size and have no physical handicaps except red-green blindness. I have never had an IQ test; a Graduate Record Examination in 1948 showed me high on some things, such as verbal intelligence, and no better than the average (graduate) in other parts of the profile, including mathematics.

In 1934 i began corresponding with Donald Wollheim and subscribed to Fantasy Magazine. A year later i did a little in the embryonic Oklahoma SA, writing columns on scientificomics and other things for the official organ which Dan McPhail published.

In 1934 i got more actively into the field at large, engaged in the Michelistic feuds on the anti-Futurian side, nationalized the Sacred Order of FooFoo, and launched the first fanish poll. I reached an extreme of absorption in fandom while at business college. That fall i had an accident while driving to visit fen, and tried to withdraw from the field; i didn't succeed.

With the rise of the Brain Trust after the first Chicon, i came to occupy a leading role, especially in FAPA. I have attended several conferences and the world conventions of 1939--New York, 1940--Chicago, 1946--Los Angeles, 1947--Philadelphia, 1950--Portland, and 1951--New Orleans.

Most of my publishing has been in FAPA. My principal fanzine there was called Sustaining Program, and later Synapse. Others included Full Length Articles (there have been about half a dozen), infinitesimags, the story of Fantasite's progress, the Clayton Astounding Index (using my decimal classification system). Fancyclopedia was published in 1944. I have never published a subzine, but at most conventions had a special mag for the occasion. 1945-46 i published Stefnews weekly for a year, and TNFF about the same time. A fair number of articles et cetera have appeared in others' mags.



## Guide (2)

I am a serious constructive fan myself, but have found insurgents generally more congenial than the turgid type. I have campaigned unsuccessfully for causes such as grammatical purity, simplified spelling, a substitute for the word "fan", diverting energy from crudities to indexes and the like, against Vomidens, ktp.

In 1948 i almost dropped out of sight, and in spite of some participation in the Nameless Ones (the only local club i have belonged to), and keeping up membership requirements in FAPA (just barely), i stayed at low tide for a long time.

Current interests outside of the microcosm include considerable activity in politics on the liberal side, compiling a guidebook of Washington, and a histomp on Spenglerian principles.

Jack Speer 18 Oct 55

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"You mean Fantastically Amateurish Press's Association," said the purist.

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Continued from page 4

## WHY ...

### The Papa of FAPA

Speer's greatest years in FAPA were during the early and middle phases of World War Two. Toward the end of the fighting, he went to Africa as a civilian employee of the armed forces, inevitably cutting his fan production. He never got back into full swing upon returning to the United States: admittance to the bar, marriage, increasing interest in politics and shifting interests have reduced him to token production that just meets the activity requirements.

Summing up, I don't think we'll set a dangerous precedent by making Speer a FAPA institution, as long as we realize why we're doing it. It isn't likely that anyone else will ever have the revolutionary influence on the organization that Juffus did. Nowadays fandom is big enough for people with such ideas to start another fantasy ayjay group, when they have notions of their own; that's how the VAPA and SAPS came into being.

---by Harry Warner Jr

excerpted from Horizon  
FAPA autumn 1954, slightly  
abridged.

JACK SPEER

## MY PROTEROFANNISH PERIOD

My older brother and I would tell each other made-up stories after we had gone to bed, though Jim was quite capable of falling asleep during mine. After a while I just told them to myself; so daydreaming was highly developed by the time I was seven. Once I asked Jim what a magic was, and he said it was something that if you had it you could do anything you wanted to. Vistas opened up, and a magic (concoived as a box) played a prominent part in my endless serial adventures.

Before we could read, the funnies were read to us. One I liked was a page of The Kewpies in every issue of the Ladies' Home Journal. In regular papers was Little Nemo in Slumberland, by Winsor McKay. The Gumps and The Katzenjammer Kids, with their desert islands, were a bit out of this world too.

From the movies I remember a few scattered fantasy scenes--silent movies, of course, except for Jim reading the titles to me. Once he told me that the cartoons were just people dressed up, so I guess we thought that what we saw on the screen was live actors. As for how the cartoon characters were able to rise into the air, anyone could see the thicket of vertical lines down the screen, wires that they climbed. Thus the live actors in Peter Pan were able to fly. Tom Mix got knocked coccoo once and dreamed that he rose and walked among the stars, ordering a drink at a bar in one large mullet. The most impressive movie was The Green Archer, a serial with a Genustarkian locale in the usual number of episodes. The old boy appeared sparingly, but was always on hand with an arrow to cut the furo just before it burned to the kog, ktp.

Having wandered thus far from fantasy, I might also mention my first roles on the stage, Peter Rabbit in the second grade, and even before I was six, cupid in a high school play. Would you like to see my photograph?

When I was able to read the funnies for myself, Happy Hooligan, the fellow with the tomato can on his head, was still around. I detested this comic but I suppose it was sort of a pioneer. A common formula was for an inventor to appear in the first panel and say "Gonts, I've discovered --". Mr. Dough and Mr. Dobb would volunteer Happy Hooligan to try out the new discovery, and after submitting with a great deal of reluctance, in the final frame Happy would be



## Proterofannish Period (2)

taking credit for what he did to help science. For several Sundays they worked with the idea of astral bodies leaving the physical body, and maybe you think my daydreams didn't seize on that. Mutt and Jeff were somewhat fantastic when Bud Fisher would be persuaded to draw Jeff larger than Mutt. Gasoline Alley did some free-wheeling during the twenties. I made the acquaintance of Popeye rather late, and did not like the first I saw of him. Boob McNutt was a well-known comic at the time, and was pretty fantastic when Boob and the professors brought back a carload of strange animals, losing, through Boob's stupidity, all but the Foot-waddle, the Dunklewimp, and the Magneto Wolf, and finally all but one of them. The author was Rube Goldberg. Krazy Kat must have come along about the end of the decade. I imperfectly remember one of the legends, "Bum Bill Bee, heading northward in his southerly course, with the rising sun setting gently before him, pauses swiftly and considers that this and that are similarly different." I have a better memory for Gross Exaggerations, a form of humor which was unhappily cut short by, I suppose, the rise of anti-Semitism. "So into de sout siz it came transformations from a ceewilized hinfloocene, wot'll be continued nart wick de sturry." For a while Milt Gross shifted to Count Screwloose of Tooloose, who was always escaping from the booby hatch in some ingenious way, only to discover that the outside world was crazier than the inside.

Something he was later to regret, my father brought home the September 1927 *Amazing*. O read most of *Around the Universe*, not understanding a lot of it, and tried the *Hick's Inventions with a Kick*. According to Unger, this issue could have been out as early as August 1, so it might have been before my seventh birthday. A few other prozines drifted in, but for a while I read more in books.

Rather curiously, though I read such didactic fantasies as *The Road to Health*, *The Road to Nowhere* and *At the Back of the North Wind* didn't appeal to me. I never contacted *Oz* until the days of the Big Little Books. I rose to the level of boys' books with *Tom Swift and His Wireless Message*. In the book-exchanging that went on between Jim and his friends I read most of the Tom Swift saga before I was out of grade school (you may not think they're science-fiction, but think how important they could be in heading a person toward science). I omit mention of many mundane books such as the Alger stories. With the Tarzan books I thought I had risen to the adult level, and read *The Beasts of Tarzan*, *The Return of Tarzan*, and *Tarzan of the Apes*, in that order, followed by a host of others. Similarly I read *The Gods of Mars* and *Thulvia Maid of Mars*, which Dad had around the house, and later borrowed *A Princess of Mars* from Louis Clark. In the late twenties a panel-strip of Tarzan began in the paper, but it was country cousins, rather than me, who thought of collecting these.

At the age when kids have very small clubs, I had one with Louis Clark's brother, Rex, the year that my second grade and his third grade were in the same room. Rex had quite a collection of movie stills of the sort that were posted in front of the theater, and they were in our clubhouse, a little shack at the back of Clark's unpainted frame house, which was to become Louis's first laboratory. It was probably during visits with Rex that I was exposed to his big brother's influence. By 1928 he had some reputation with the kids as a scientist and he had great enthusiasm for science-fiction. He felt none of the qualms at seeing it reduced to comic-strip form, which were to plague more sophisticated times.

He glowed as he showed me the first few Buck Rogers strips which had just started in the paper that Clarks took, and he kept them sewn together with string (i now have the collection that Dan McPhail made at the same time). Many a dim afternoon i sat on the bed listening to Louis narrate stories from his box of Amazings et cetera, and i began borrowing magazines from him. Whenever it was that War Stories and Battle Stories came along, i read a lot of them (in a late one, when they must have been feeling they'd killed all the Germans in World War I several times over, there was a serial about an invasion around 1950 by the Old World, dominated by Asiatics), as well as certain Blue Book series, including Bertram Atkey's tales of the pills that revived ancestral memories.

My understanding of the world around me, and my regard for science were strengthened by The Book of Knowledge, which i borrowed a few volumes at a time from an uncle's house. I spent the most time on the Things to Make and Things to Do sections, and for years after, perhaps a little more than is usual in boys of those ages, i was attracted by tricks and puzzles.

American Boy and Boys' Life had crossed my sights a number of times, but when i had a chance to pick a magazine subscription for a present, about 1923, i chose The Open Road for Boys, which had a nice bonus accompanying the subscription, a paper-tube blowpipe like the savages used in The Snake-Blood Ruby in the old Youth's Companion. The only fantasy i recall in the Open Road at the moment was one in which a youth had had premonitory dreams about lying on an alter while the barbarians chanted. "The light! The light of Ra has reached the fifth step!"

After reading a bit of Benjamin Franklin's autobiography, i tried my hand at poems about halloween animals. I can still remember one of them, but i won't quote it. I wasn't cut out to be a poet. One time when we were given writing assignments in school, i wrote a story in which i was contacted by a water-fairy, but i condescended as i wrote it, for was not sciantifiction the real stuff? Because of their origin, my daydreams were for many years verbalized rather than simply projected before my mind's eye, and it was no great step to writing stories of the kind of thing i would like to do, although some self-consciousness made me put them in the third person on paper. The only one i can remember now, that belongs to the twenties, was about boys in a deserted house finding out that it was a crooks' hideout. No one ever read this, and i threw it away during some Widerpapiereblitzkrieg of the thirties, not without misgivings that i might want to study it someday. The daydreams, however, were stronger stuff than crooks and deserted houses. When the magics were left behind, caves played a large role (Bloch strike me dead, but i don't think they had any Freudian significance; Jungian perhaps; an escape from the adult world, all-powerful above ground), and the Edgar Rice Burroughs influence was strong. In all of this, however, i probably did not differ significantly from millions of people.

--- Jack Speer 5 Oct 55

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"Add gag lines: 'What do you know of the caves?'"

SusPro - Sp F45

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# The Caves

excerpted from IN MEMORIAM;  
SPIRIT OF FOOTFOO  
Full Length Articles #3

COMANCHE: 1943--

"I went walking along the opposite side of the creek valley.

Here was the site of the last cave we'd dug, and the only one that went into a perpendicular cliff face and had a dirt roof. Only one who knew it had been there could see the traces now. On a little farther was the thicket with the low place where we'd started once to dig a cave for a patrol den; Mother told me that some of the new generation were working on a cave there now, but I didn't see much trace of it. Nearby was the site of Gushing Springs, a long-broken water pipe which often gave a nice spray and created fantastic ice formations, swell for fotograffing, in winter time. It's been repaired at last.

Beyond was the flat on which we built out great system of caves. It seems like we had always built caves, but I know there must have been a definite beginning, for I can remember when the only trenches were traces of caves made by an older generation. Ours consisted of trenches; with deeper and wider places for rooms, covered with boards, tin, and finally fresh dirt which in no way concealed the locations.

...mobs of bad boys from the other side of town were wont to come over, at nite or by day, to trample in our thin roofings, and pitched battles were fot. We usually had superior weapons --BB guns against N-----shooters (you call 'em slingshots, but they aren't)--and inferior numbers. The only one we lost was the last one, when our whole west lawn--then the garden--was full of toughies of high school age, throwing rocks, and some of our boys had to work, another had "gone home for his BP gun", and only Jim with his gun and Johnny Kelly with mine were holding off the hordes. Many wild tales were told of that battle, such as that someone had shown up wi th a blank cartridge pistol. I locate it temporally by the remark that the Sheriff and some assistants had come up in a New Ford (Model A) to break up the crowd. They must have arrived too late tho for I crawled into the cave--"forts"

we called them--after being hit with a rock, and was there when the invaders swept over the land and trampled down the entrance. I emerged later thru a secret removable place in the ceiling. The war was the thing that kept us so interested in cave-building, tho; after it was over we built the system of caves, but didn't stay interested in it long, despite initiation plans and secret wall recesses where we hid candles and weapons...So the rains descended and the weeds and briars grew, and in 1943 I forced a way thru them with difficulty and traced the old tunnels and rooms more by memory than by the recognizable depressions in the ground.



jack speer

## THE EOFANNISH ERA IN COMANCHE

In writing 1934 *The Making of a Fan*, i was struck with the frequent references to an earlier period, around 1931, when i began collecting Sunday Buck Rogers pages, had a scrapbook, and so on. It appears that, though i was not in touch with fandom at large during its first years, i was doing parallel things in my own little world. If someone came up with a convincing argument that eofandom was a phenomenon of localities rather than an integrated movement across the nation, i might even claim to have belonged to it.

The two scientifictionists i was in touch with were in contact with fans elsewhere. Dan McPhail published the first *Science Fiction News* in the early thirties, and i have no doubt that some of the pamphlets mentioned in my 1934 article as seen in Louis Clark's laboratory were pioneer fanzines he had received; i almost seem to remember the name *Science Fiction Digest* on the cover of a large-sized one.

Dan was about three years my senior, and Louis a year or two older than that. Besides us, various relatives and others constituted a fringe of what we might have called Comanche fandom (or Oklahoma fandom, since i think we had no rival). But there was no consciousness of entity. We three were never even together at the same time, nor did Dan and i gather in the same of *Science Fiction* until 1935.

My older brother's set had a club to which i belonged, called The Jolly Rogers or The Literary Club, who lent books among themselves, had parties at members' homes, and in the summers of 1930 and 1931, i believe, published issues of a carbon copied magazine named *Adventure Trails* (its masthead was curiously similar to that of the later pulp magazine *Adventure Trails*). Between the summers mentioned, while they were in the eighth grade, Jim's and Dan's class published a similar magazine, *The Original Idea*, under the teacher's supervision. Dan had a story of comical darkies in this one. In the first issue of *Adventure Trails* i had a story called *Lost in Space*, reusing some of the characters from *The Shot Into Infinity* (which i read in a quarterly borrowed from Louis); and in the second issue had a random story inspired by *Two Boy Gold Miners* and other boys' books.

This little appearance in print stimulated me to draft a number of other pieces. A sequel to *Lost in Space* was rejected by my brother, and i never submitted such articles as *Problems of Space Flight* and a sentimental piece about the bygone days of our cave wars (see *In Memoriam: Spirit of FooFoo*). I wrote *From Another Universe* after reading *Outside the Universe*, which Louis had bound together from issues of *Weird Tales*.

## Comanche (2)

About this time I also had a spell of copying heads from the comics, did quite a few installments of a mundane comic strip, drew on a home blackboard a couple of installments of a comic about a Martian invasion which was temporarily thwarted by the Cocolidge ray, and wrote some puzzle pages which I expected my brother to enjoy. Plainly I was striking out in various directions.

Feeling vaguely that I ought to be a scientist, I had my parents get me a Chemsraft No. 2 for birthday or Christmas, and also sent off for some free issues of the manufacturer's magazine for the young chemist. The chemistry set strengthened my connections with Louis. He had a laboratory gathered from here and there, in one or another shack or lean-to. He must have become some kind of ideal for me; I remember my disappointment when he mixed brawn with brains, leaving the lab to chin himself a few times on a horizontal bar in the yard. I saw little point in some of the experiments he showed me, but there were always spectacular ones on tap too. Louis was willing to trade me for quantities of some of the chemicals in my set, and I was happy to get such substances as phenolphthalein and saltpeter, with which one could do more satisfying experiments than those in the Chemsraft book. Besides chemistry, he showed me Rube Goldberg inventions he collected, and various Cornsbacks, Science and Invention, French Humor, and others besides Amazing and Wonder.

Sunday mornings on the Dallas station Uncle Somebody read, among comics we had never seen, a Buck Rogers page featuring Buddy Dearing. One day Jim extracted a promise from me (I reneged afterward) before revealing something he knew I would be interested in, that Buck Rogers had begun in the Denver Post, which we got weekly. It appeared on the back of the magazine section rather than among the ordinary comics. The first page picked up the story at the beginning of the Mysterian War. I had probably already begun saving the Open Road and a page of Mickey Mouse, and as Jim expected, I saved Buddy Dearing. A funny thing was that the adventures in the Denver Post were not the same as those we heard on WFAA. Eventually I found out that the Dallas paper was far behind, had probably started late but started with the first adventures. Months after the Denver Post, the Sunday Oklahoman started Brando at the same point, the Mysterian War, and it was still later that the Dallas News caught up with that event.

In addition to Buddy Dearing, I saved Sunday supplement science articles and some rotogravure sections, pasting them, thickly folded, into an old ledger. About the same time, I reached out into the world by sending off coupons for samples, free books or tricks, the Hood Rubber Company's Secret Writing booklet (with The Gold Bug), John F. Dille's interplanetary ticket and a mystery picture of Buddy fighting a large bird. I became well acquainted with Johnson Smith and Company, who advertised in the Open Road, and I ordered various novelties from their marvelous catalog, especially after I began selling Curtis publications in 1932.

In school, there was some fanish gratification in leading one of the units that prepared large illustrations for the Odyssey. My memory says it was also in the fifth grade, but history gives it the lie, that I had my first taste of fanzining. Like everyone else in the room, I prepared a handwritten newspaper, Paramount News (we were in the Paramount Building), on butcher-wrapping, but very unlike theirs. I modeled it on My Weekly Reader, the newspaper for school children. My front-page story was Manchuria Becomes 'Land of Peace', which dates it as the forepart of 1932.

Comanche (3)

This interest in international events I can trace to Dan McPhail's influence. In 1931 I saw and imitated cartoons by him depicting the flight of Alfonso XIII of Spain. (The same interest ultimately produced a significant step toward publishing a fanzine of my own, when I swapped The Mussolini Mocking-Bird for Dan's Ethiopian Eagle.) Marvin Bridges and I also discussed the Japanese invasions of China, our sympathies being all with the Chinks. I dubbed it "the slant-eyed war".

The thirties rolled along. I began corresponding with a boy in Guam, and attempted to open communications with Panama. I got a rubber-stamp set for my younger brother and decided to keep it myself, but never did much with it. My late aunt's typewriter came up from Florida, and I began learning to use it.

Though my taste for prozines gradually increased, mostly I depended on my father or others to purchase current issues. I think I bought an issue of Science and Invention with Will the Rocket Replace Artillery? on the cover, and a 15c large-size Wonder with The Time Express on the cover. My favorite prozine was Astounding Stories of Super Science, and when a letter from a thirteen-year-old was published, I wrote to Bates, perhaps my first letter to an editor, boasting that I was twelve, and had been reading s-f since I was six. The mag folded before they had a chance to print my letter.

By the time I went to Florida in the summer of 1933, our goofnish era had ended. Louis was gone to college somewhere, and Dan was in Oklahoma City. I had found outlet for some of my energy in the boy scouts. I stopped almost all collecting, including Buddy Deering. Science-fiction itself was in the doldrums, with just two prozines stumbling along.

Then at the house in Florida I found my maiden aunt's copies of Jack London's The Star Rover, and Mark Twain's Extrast from Captain Stormfield's Visit to Heaven, and The Mysterious Stranger. The cumulative effect was to break a bond between me and the world of believers. Henceforth I was superior to them; I knew something they didn't. The bond never broke for Louis and Dan, and that may explain why they remained part of general society instead of giving their first loyalty to science-fiction fandom

Jack Spear 5 Oct 55

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"Forward FooFoo!"

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HARRY WARNER

# ALL OUR YESTERDAYS

reprinted from FANVARIETY #13  
Oct-Nov 1951 (Max Keasler, editor)

The dreams of fantasy readers include such things as a really complete bibliography of fantasy books, microfilmed reference files to preserve and spread the comments of the rarest publications, an index to the articles of lasting merit in fanzines, and an encyclopedia that would explain all the terms and lore of fandom. The first three remain to be accomplished, but the last has been done, one of the biggest fan projects in history.

Jack Speer got the idea during World War Two that he would like to do some preliminary work on an encyclopedia for fandom. The project grew in scope as he worked on it, until he decided to go through with the job. The leading fans of the day read his manuscript and made corrections and additions. Forrest J. Ackerman, abetted by a number of Los Angeles fans took charge of the gigantic mimeographing task. The result was one of the finest things fandom has ever produced--a 100 page reference book, bound with attractive heavy covers. Its edition was limited to 250 copies. The only reason it isn't eagerly sought today, as far as I can see, is that few fans know about it. It appeared when the Third Fandom was coming toward its end. In the readjustment of the months following VJ Day, so many old fans dropped out, and so many new ones arrived. The volume had sold out so promptly that extensive advertising wasn't necessary, and a great demand for it didn't come into being until after it was out of print.

But even today the Fencyclopedia is valuable. Originally, it was both a reference work and entertaining reading. Now it has taken on a third value, because it treats of fandom as it was just before the Atom Bomb started falling and new prozines began appearing; the final years of fandom's privacy, when the whole world wasn't interested in stories about the future.

"The purpose of the Fencyclopedia," Speer wrote, "...is to define all expressions, except nonce-words, which have an esoteric

## Yesterdays (2)

meaning in fantasy fandom, and to supply other information, such as that on Esperanto, which may be needed to understand what fans say, write and do."

A quick glance at the contents will indicate how rapidly these terms have skidded from today's vocabulary. Take page 40, for instance. Who remembers today the Frontier Society, Fubar Pubs, der Fuhrer of the Newark Swamps, The Futile Press, or the Futiliterians? (For the benefit of the curious, they are: a group that was organized as a sort of Finnish equivalent of the Fortean Society; something Ackerman called his publications for a while; Moskovitz; the house name for an old-time fan, Claire Beck; and what the Michelists called their opponents.) There have been great shifts in interest and importance. Hectoining gets twice as much space as dittoing because in those days a lot of fans still pulled their fanzines laboriously off gelatin-filled pens, and only a few pioneers owned the mimeo-like duplicating machines. You'll look in vain for definitions of egoboo and criffnac; those and a hundred other terms, hadn't been popularized or invented by fandom in 1944.

Speer made no effort to assume an impersonal, serious tone in his publication. His style was charming, with hints of Dr. Samuel Johnson, and became serious only when treating of light-weight subjects. For instance, here is his definition of Sacred Order of FooFoo:

"A glorious foolosophy which saves its adherents from the purple doomination of Ghughu, and guarantees their footure bliss. While ghughuism set-up is roughly that of an Episcopal church, Foofooism's more resembles a militant monarchy. The western branch centers around the court of the Hi Priestess of All Foo, Pogo; Forrest J Ackerman is the Right-Hand Man, Morajo, her Handi-Maiden, ktp. In the east is Her Sacred Highness's Left-Hand Man, the royal General of FooFoo, F. Speer, who bears this title, countersigns and issues to neophytes such tags as Chief Scientist, Poetess Laureate, Vandy Con, Grand Vizier, Nen Nen, Baron Yobber, and others. Permanent membership cards are not given until the persons are proven through long adversity. In addition to these officers, the Order counts as rank and file members all persons wheresoever who are moved to go around reciting Foo proverbs. Foofooism began early in 1938, when the FooFoo implanted in the mind of Pogo, and about the same time, of Speer, his call to form the Sacred Order to opposit Ghughuism in all its forms, however monstereous. Since that time the ranks of Fooomen have grown by leaps and bounds (and shuffles). Victory is assured, for Foofoo has promised it. Like Tom Paine says, 'Ghughuism, like tyranny, is not easily conquered, but the fight is a glorious one.' A mighty weapon that has been given us by All-Blessed Foo is the Poo; far mitier is it than the yobber. Foofooism has a number of highly inspirational songs. One

Yesterday (3)

of these the entire Chicon (even the accursed ghughu and guggle, who were there) joined in singing." It might be advisable to point out that the Pogo mentioned here is not the comic strip character, but the Esperanto nickname for a fan, Mrs Russell M. Wood.

I put the Fencyclopedia in a desk drawer after reading it, on the theory that it would prove useful for research and reference purposes. This didn't turn out to be right. I don't think I used it in this manner oftener than once a year. But I've found myself drawing it out, skimming over its pages, and chuckling over either the phraseology or the memories it recalls, quite regularly in odd moments.

The memories are mostly personal and wouldn't appeal to others. But the merits of Speer's writing are as high as ever. For instance, the definition for gleep: "I never knew a viridous gleep, that did not snortle in its sleep." Or the explanation of little Jarvenon: "A science-fiction house inhabited in mid-1943 by Suddsy Schwartz and Larry Shaw, and such visitors as they couldn't get rid of." Under psychoanalysis: "The Futurians say that various of their number have visited professional psychiatrists at times, and caused the psychiatrists to seek long vacations." Modern fans are often puzzled when they find in mid-40's fanzines much reference to the word 'rose-bud', so it wouldn't be amiss to repeat Speer's explanation of how it became a printable version of unprintable words: "Originally the name of a boy's sled, and Citizen Kane's last word. It came into fandom when a character in Doc Lowndes' 'Trigger Talk at Green Gune' murmured that, just before kicking the bucket. The cry was repeated to Liebscher by Tucker, under circumstances which gave it its special fannish meaning."

That last definition is a good example of how the Fencyclopedia has gone out of date, however. Every reference book assumes a certain amount of fundamental knowledge on the part of its readers. Speer didn't bother to explain the "special fannish meaning" of rosebud. Everyone was familiar with the word in those days. He also assumed that his readers would have read some of the endless installments of "Trigger Talk at Green Gune", a spasmodic serial in Futurian publications, and there was no need to mention that Liebscher was a male fan in the Chicago area. But the fan of 1951 who wasn't around in 1944, doesn't know those things. He may not even link up Doc Lowndes with the H.L. Lowndes who is still editing STW magazines. And he may not be aware that Citizen Kane was the leading character of a controversial Orson Welles movie, which was devoted to showing why that character uttered that as his last word.

So the time would seem to be ripe for a 1951 edition of the Fencyclopedia. Much of the work has already been done. Speer's definitions of fundamental things --like those for dummy, mailing, Marxism, and scores of others-- could be used unchanged, or brought up to date with a few extra sentences. Many of the items, completely forgotten nicknames or fan slang expressions, could be deleted altogether. The principle task of the compiler of the new edition would be to turn out articles on the new words, concepts, and incidents of



the last seven years, to modernize the histories of the fan organizations that are still existent. And to rewrite spots which are fundamentally sound, but obscure to the present day fan. If the smaller fandom of 1944 bought all available copies of an edition of 250 I think today's fandom would make an edition of 500 or more practical. Maybe even justify photo-offset reproduction. A warning, however, if anyone has enough spare time and energy to tackle the task: Speer's volume is copyrighted, and you'd need his permission to put out a new edition.

----Harry Warner, Jr. 1951

"Loshes - Those which are distilmed by the Costak." ---Fencyclopedia



some of the Life and Times and Adventures of Jack Speer as quoted directly from the Fencyclopedia, culled casually,

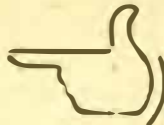
"Great Stationery Duel - Originally, a contest between Speer and Wilson in which each was to use a different letterhead or type of stationery in each regular letter, and the first who gave out would lose. They developed specialized kleptomaniac traits. Quite a code of rules was worked out, defining what a different type of stationery is, and forbidding the purchase of stationery simply for dueling purposes. Frequently they used different types of envelopes as well as letterheads. Some time after correspondence with Wilson ceased, Speer was challenged by Warner and the duel resumed. It's typical of a sort of whimsy very common in fankind."

"Juffus - Nickname for Jack F Speer, originating when he wrote his initials j'f's."

"Panzerkampfwagen - (Speer) - A Mercury convertible belonging to Juffus's brother, in which the Philadelphia Blitzkrieg and other trips were carried out."

"Ponopole - Nickname for Speer, from the incident in 1938 when he was driving a car of his brother's (not the Panzerkampfwagen) to Connecticut to spend Thanksgiving with the Kuslans: at the very outskirts of West Haven, while he was drowsing at the wheel, a blowout threw him into a telegraph or highline pole. Damage was mostly to the car, but he had to be inactive with regard to fandom for several months."

John A. Bristol



reprinted from FANCYCLOPEDIA  
1944: John Bristol Speer  
by permission

John A Bristol - A permutation of the name of John Bristol Speer, with "speer" translated to its Scottish meaning "to ask". Hoax suggested to Wilson while Speer was in Oklahoma City. It was not undertaken till the fall of '38 when he moved from one address in Washington DC to another, and gave the new address as Bristol's, keeping the former one himself and having the post office readdress mail coming to him. By giving Bristol a full background of life, easing him in gradually, and taking great care to give him speak like a newcomer and use a style of writing and grammar quite different from his own, Speer got him generally accepted as a new fan, who presently met Speer and associated with him. However, Wollheim knew from old time that Speer's middle name was Bristol, that it was his father's before him, and communicated his suspicions to the other Futurians; despite which, Lowndes says he was inclined to believe his correspondent Bristol was not Speer. Bothmen was told all when he moved to Washington, and the mask finally dropped at the New York Convention. But Bristol occasionally received mail after that, and is still sometimes used as a penname.

---Speer

"Such tricks have made fans wary, so that each newcomer is scrutinized..."

...what might be known as the case of the test tube fan. John Bristol became reasonably prominent in fandom back in 1938 and 1939, contributing to the fansines with fair frequency and subscribing to many of them. He published an interview with Jack Spear, then living in Washington, and there were hints that a fan club might be formed. It was months before Speer admitted that he and John Bristol were the same person. Speer had moved, and had given Bristol the new address, continuing to receive his mail at his former address and having it forwarded.

Incidentally, the denouncement of this hoax flopped. Speer's carefulness in keeping John Bristol separate from Jack Spear, even to peculiarities of grammar and typewriter, wasn't matched by his preparations for letting the truth be known. He wanted to make a sensation at a convention, so he put the name of Bristol on his identification badge. He forgot that the persons who knew Speer in person wouldn't look at the badge after seeing his face, and the persons who were not acquainted with Speer would look at the badge and take it for granted that here was John Bristol. It took a fanzine announcement to percolate the facts through fandom.

---Harry Warner Jr.

(reprinted from QUANDRY)

# the Spirit of Juffus

When Jack Spoor comes to mind, my first reaction is to think of him as a much less colorful person than lots of other fans I've known and admired. Then I remember his Investigation in Newcastle, or his sojourn in Africa . . . or smaller things like sitting next to him on the subway, one of the few times I met him in person (was it very late at night or very early in the morning, Jack?) and watching with amusement and awe as he sang "Inky Pinky Spider Went Up the Water Spout" with all the traditional gestures . . . and it becomes clear that Juffus was very colorful indeed, only he went about being colorful in the same way he did everything else: with a wonderful quiet competence.

Jack was, I think, a sercon fan because he was a sercon human being to begin with. But this isn't a complete explanation, because fandom—no matter what an individual accomplishes within its boundries—is essentially a somewhat frivolous world, its only possible sercon purpose in a large sense being the highly dubious one of promoting science fiction to the general public. Since Jack wasn't the "booster" type by any stretch of the imagination, it remains at least partially a mystery to me that he found enough interest and gratification in fandom to join it in the first place.

It will very probably remain a mystery, too. But looking back now with the benefit of some experience and some perspective (though still not enough), I am extremely glad it happened.

The FANCYCLOPEDIA, for one thing. Great ghu, could anyone else have seen the FANCYCLOPEDIA through to the finish? I doubt it muchly; others might have had the energy, but who else ever had the passion for orderliness and classification, the compulsion to record things? These made Juffus uniquely valuable, and it seems unlikely that anyone else with that peculiar combination of talents will ever turn up in fandom.

And the Investigation itself. It is probably impossible for today's fans to picture how important this was at the time, though its more sensational aspects may not be hard to visualize. The Investigation brought clarity to an area in which there was more muddled thinking and hysterical outbursting than you could wave an inky stencil at. It was an act calling for imagination (nobody else even thought of it!) a devotion to common sense, and a certain amount of courage.

And this part of the memory is far from entirely happy. I was flabbergasted—and flattered--when Jack sent me the manuscript of "Investigation".



But at just that time, I was undergoing a process of Futurianization, which of course included a good deal of anti-Speerism. Father Wollheim was opposed to publishing the ms. at all ("Somebody might sue, you know" . . . prophetic words!); in the end I printed it but didn't put my name on it. It was a serious blow to my friendship with Jack, which was a valuable thing.

The preceding paragrapg is not as much of a digression as it might at first appear. For one thing, it illustrates the kind of discouragements a genuinely sercon human like Speer will always run into in fandom. For another it contains a set of quasi-quotes. And quasi-quotes are, I'm entirely certain, the most useful fannish invention of all time; the world at large should adopt them, and I've never seen why it hasn't.

Speer invented them. On that our usually vague and shadowy fannish history is, for once, brilliantly clear. Somebody else might have invented them in time, I suppose, but it was Speer who actually saw the need and Speer who actually did it.

As Juffus himself quasi-quoted, "If you want a thing to be done right, you must do it yourself."

---LTS

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Tetrahedron - Speer



"tetrahedron - a solid bounded by four planes, the smallest number that can enclose a solid; a triangular pyramid. In positions of two such-shaped spaceships set for ramming, a pair of tetrahedrons around a publication's title indicate that it comes from Speer's publishing house.

---Fancylopedia. 1944

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WALTER A WILLIS

# Harping on the Past

Once upon a time....well, just over two years ago if we have to be specific....fandom was a dark and howling waste through which roamed savage hordes proclaiming themselves, with wierd guttural cries, to something called, "Seventh Fandom". These strange creatures are now extinct and perhaps it is worth considering possible reasons as to why they perished so ignobly. There are, of course, the statements of the last two surviving leaders---one to the effect that they succumbed to compound fractures of the groin inflicted by the knecap of mad dogs, and the other to the effect that they were all an elaborate hoax---but I think we can disregard these as being anatomically and logically impossible, respectively. No, the real reason they died, it seems to me, was that like the mule they had neither pride of ancestry nor hope of posterity.

To assure its continuance in the present, fandom must preserve its link with the past. I think it was one Jack Spoor who first pointed out that at any one time fandom depends for its existance on a mere handful of people, and if these were to leave it simultaneously fandom could perish. This very nearly happened in 1953, and it's up to us to do what we can to assure it doesn't happen again. Like any other civilisation, fandom depends on timebinding---the passing on from generation to generation of accumulated knowledge and experience---and this present series of fanhistories is an example I'm proud to be associated with. Incidentally, all this may seem pretty highflown talk about a little old thing like sf fandom, but I subscribe to the Burboe-Ashworth dictum that "Fandom is a Goddam good hobby" and I'm ready to go to quite a lot of trouble to preserve it. Just as a game is only enjoyable if you play it according to the rules, so any pleasure like fandom is worth taking seriously within its own limitations. This is not to say that the game or the pleasure has any intrinsic importance outside itself; though it could be argued that anything that gives pleasure is pretty damned important.

But to get back to our arguement. It seems to me that fancastor worship strengthens fandom all the way through. First, it retains and restores the interest in fandom of older fans; it is interesting and pleasant to them to be looked up to and written about. Conversely the seventhfandom attitude of brash contempt for the past only alienates them and drives them into gafia. Such neo-fan are the prime reason ENFs retire into FAPA. If they only realised it they are selling their own birthright, because fancastor worship can make fandom a more attractive prospect for a neofan. Not only could they have ENFdom to aim at, but immortality. Finally, intergration with the past increases the interest of fandom for everyone, by widening its field of reference in time as well as space.

About this last point, way back in 1953 I was crying this message despairingly into the wilderness, and amplifying it with The Enchanted Duplicator (first product of Serious Constructive Insurgontism, whose tenets I touched on

above), the Hyphen of those days with the lighthouse symbol on the backcover, and the reprint supplement. About that, Anglofan Archie Mercer once wrote in to complain bitterly. What was the point, he enquired, of reviving these old osotoricisms when it was all he could do to keep up with the present-day ones?

Well, of course Archie had a point. It's already almost impossible for one person to know all the intricacies of fandom, from the First Staple War to the misadventures of Courtney's boat, from Van Couvering's glass door or Harmon's wooden one to Jan Jansen's luminous porridge. But so what? It's just as impossible for one person to know everything about human history, but that's no argument for turning our backs on it. It just makes it more interesting, like a bran-tub with an infinite number of prizes.

Besides, it's not the mere collection of items of information that's important, so much as the attitude of mind. Someone said once that education consists not in knowing things, but in knowing where to look them up. Taking that in the widest sense, it's profoundly true. The mind of really educated person is not a box full of hard little facts, but a sort of growing tree which can accept them like soil and transform them into an organic unity. In the process the facts get a bit blurred, but while he might not know whether Columbus sailed the ocean blue in 1492 or 1482, he does have a pretty good idea of how important it was.

And if you can think of a better build-up to apologising for not really knowing much about Jack Spoor I wish you had told me about it before hand. Seriously though, I don't claim to be an educated person, but I suppose I know as much about fandom as most people...and yet if I was faced with an examination paper with questions like what year did Spoor enter fandom, how many frz did he publish and so on, I should probably not get a pass. On the other hand I seem to me to know quite a lot about Spoor in some other more important way. I don't mean the big things that everybody knows about--FAPA, the Fancyclopedia--but the sort of person he is and the kind of influence he had on fandom.

As for the latter, he was one of the few great fans who were able to synthesise in himself the serious and the funnish attitudes and fandom has been the better for him. It's been quite a while since he was active, and yet his influence on present-day fandom--on you and me--is still immense. I don't know about you, but in our group we have a standard indoctrination course for neo-fan and one of the two most important items, the crucial tests, is the Fancyclopedia. As for Spoor the person, I have quite a vivid picture of him, built up from a lot of half remembered quotations and anecdotes. None of them sufficiently precise or evocative to be quoted, but all adding up to a firm impression that Jack Spoor is someone I'd very much like to meet. I hope you'll feel the same after reading this magazine which is published as a tribute to one who made fandom more worth while for all of us.

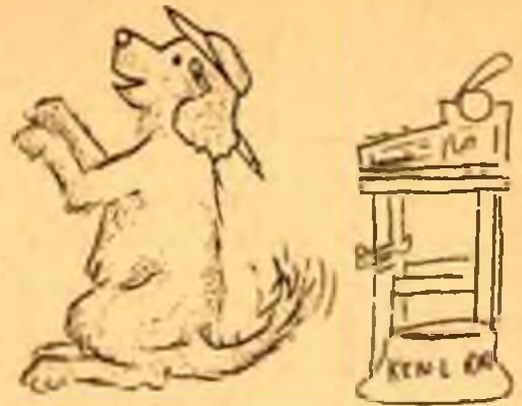
---Walter A. Willis

Nov 1955



# WOOF!

## WHEREIN THE EDITOR SPEAKS



Lee Hoffman here. The first *Fy* is rolling at last. We will spare you the customary first issue recital of woes with a blanket apology for omissions, errors, etc. We have shuffled through this ish picking a thread here and there, and misplacing the notes for this closing editorial.

So here: We thank you, Harry Warner Jr for material aid, reprint rights and the inspiration *ALL OUR YESTERDAYS* has provided. You, Larry T. Shaw, for encouragement and material. You, Walter Alexandrew Willis, for all the years that you have been our ideal and inspiration, for your encouragement, your putting into words of the emotions behind *Fy*, your material aid and your assistance in distribution. And you, Jack Speer, for being you, and being it so well as to have earned this tribute and more besides.

Also thanks to Walter Kessel, Perry Ackerman, Len Moffatt, Charles Wells and many others who have contributed fanzines to the collection which is source for *Fy*-research. To Charles Wells, Damon Knight, and William Kotler for helping edge yed back into fandom. To Pamela and Ken Bulmer, Jesse Floyd, and again Charles Wells, for thrashing over details of this series with yed and helping us formulate definite plans from vague ideas.

And here, an explanation for the white paper: the local A. B. Dick people tell us they are discontinuing the old green-tone white service grade. So we have a "better quality" paper which gives more offset and show-through for only a few cents more per ream.

And a personalish note: we realize that *Fy* will be a disappointment to many people. It is too personal, too far from objective, to be a "timeless document of fan history", and too soreen to be "another *Quandry*". Those are what it is not. It is the work of a fan, a long time wanderer on the road toward the *Enchanted Duplicator*. It is a fanzine and there as loved by the editor as a child is adored by its mother. We offer it to you sans the customary cigar, but nonetheless with a slight bow of pride. For all its faults, floppy ears, and wrinkled countenance, we like it and we hope you will too.

Thina,