

**SELECTED WRITINGS  
OF  
RICK SNEARY**

A "SOUTH GATE IN '58!" PUBLICATION



selected

writings

of

rick

sneary

editor: len j moffatt

diagrapher: anna sinclare

front cover: stan woolston

back cover: arthur thomson

a

south

gate

in

fifty-eight

publication

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#### DISCLAIMER

Other than the original sin, I hereby disclaim all responsibility for this publication. While no one could have better friends than the editors and publishers of this work, they have two general weaknesses. They allow their friendship to carry them away, and they don't listen to a friend's advice. I have tried to tell the Moffatts, whose idea this was, that it was not worth the time and effort. Not that I am not flattered, or feel you may not be amused by what you read. It is that I honestly feel that the writings of others would be of more general interest. Also, that the "collected writings" of someone should only be produced after his death.

Of course it is true that the individuals who wrote most of the material are dead. That now, reading the proofs, they are the letters of forgotten strangers. Read them as such, and guard well your own past writings--lest they fall into over-friendly hands.

Rick Sncary

June 15, 1957

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## Glossary

BNF--Big Name Fan  
CRIFANAC--Critical Fan Activity  
FAPA--Fantasy Amateur Press Association  
GAFIA--cutting crifanac to "Get Away From It All"  
LASFS--Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society  
NEO-FAN--Newcomer to science fiction fandom.  
NFFF--National Fantasy Fan Federation  
NORWESCON--The World Science Fiction Convention, Portland, Oregon, 1950.  
PACIFICON--The World Science Fiction Convention, Los Angeles, California, 1946.  
SERCON--Serious and Conscientious  
SHAGGY--nickname for both Shangri-L'Affaires and Shangri-LA

Most of the material used in this booklet was selected from the following publications:

PROMAGS--professionally published magazines

PS--Planet Stories  
SS--Startling Stories  
TWS--Thrilling Wonder Stories

FANMAGS (sometimes FANZINES)--amateur magazines published by fans

Alpha	Mezrab
Alpha and Omega	Mi Skribas
Camber	Outlander Magazine, The
Cygni	Peon
Dawn	Postie
Deviant	Proteus
Explorer, The	Shangri-LA
Fandom Speaks	Shangri-L'Affaires
FANTASTIC Story Mag	Sine Nomen
Fanvariety	Spacewarp
Fanzine Reader's Review	Tacitum
Gorgon, The	Time Travel Tales
Grue	2000, A. D.
Hodge-Podge	Vampire
Hyphen	Arcturus

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"Don't bite the goose that lays the golden egg"--rms

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### The Angels:

Forry Ackerman  
Anna Sinclare  
Stan Woolston

### Introduction

Rick Sneary needs no introduction to those of you who have been active in science fiction fandom in the past thirteen years. For those of you who have never had the pleasure of meeting Rick in person or in print--well, you will discover a portion of that pleasure in these pages.

It might be well to list some of the fan organizations with which Rick has been affiliated:

The Fantasy Amateur Press Association (Past President)

International Science Fiction Correspondence Club (Past Vice-President)

The Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society (Past Committeeman and Director)

The National Fantasy Fan Federation (Past Director and President)

The Outlander Society (Past Secretary, Welcomer and Treasurer)

Science Fiction International

Science Fiction League

Young Fandom (Past President, Secretary, Treasurer, etc...)

Rick is currently the Treasurer of The South Gate in '58 Planning Committee.. The purpose of this Committee is to bring the World Science Fiction Convention to Los Angeles, California in 1958.

This booklet is not for sale. You may obtain your copy by donating 25¢ or more to the WAW TO THE GATE IN '58 Fund. The purpose of this Fund is to bring Walter A. Willis, Ireland's greatest gift to science fiction fandom, to the South Gate in '58 Convention. No stamps please. Address your donation to the editor of this publication.

Most of the footnotes to be found in the following pages were made by Sneary Himself and are signed "rms". Notes by the editor are signed "ljm". We are planning to use wide margins, so you too may make your own footnotes..... (Besides Anna insists on wide margins as it makes her job of duplicating easier...)

If you are interested in seeing more publications of this nature, please let us know.

One final note: If any of the Selections are not in proper chronological order it is only because some fanzine editors have a penchant for not dating or numbering their issues. We have a word for them but we refuse to besmirch these pages with such language. Despite such minor irritations as having to guess when certain items were published, we had a wonderful time compiling these Selections and trust that you will have an equally wonderful time reading them!

-Len J. Moffatt  
5969 Lanto Street  
Bell Gardens, California

June, 1957

1944

SNEARY'S FIRST PUBLISHED LETTER (Shangri-L'Affaires #20, November 1944)

Dear Editor Burbee First let me thank you for puting me on your mailing list.

Second let me thank Walter Daugherty and apologize to. Thank him for passing my address on to you and to apologize for calling him. Lorraine. I am afraid I cause him some embarrassment for which I am deeply sorry. The only reason I can give is that there was a Lorraine listed just above Walt and I may have copyed it by mistake. If walt wants I will be glad to bang my head against the wall 100 times, the only thing is the dust comes out of the cotton padding and makes me sneeze.

And next I am sorry to say I will be unable to come to the meteing as I live one hour ((away)) by street car. Besides winter's coming on. One hour from Bixel St I live and 11.30 is no time for me to be out.

Why doesn't your club have branches in the smaller citys? So the fans that live to far out can belong to the club even in a small way. No! I am not trying to change your swell club, just make it biger.

As for Shangri-L'Affaires, the best fanzine I have read and the first. Cover is good but why not a flying eye? It is more appropriate. Your editorial was swell. That one thing about a free fanzine you can tell your readers to go jump in to space, if you feel like it.

The articles by Ebey, Daugherty and some one named Yobber were fine, swell.

Merlin Brown article was well written but to long. Three pages! Nuts. I say Burbee you out to get a personnel manager to handle the troublesome help. Need I mention names? The fue letters you had were completely enjoyable, only they were to fue. They sure are a hight type of fans. What do they drink to get so hight?

How about giving my friend Benson Perry's new fanzine "CYGNI" a plug. Allso watch CYGNI for big news next ish. I mustent tell you what but be on the look out for it anyway. Sorry the letter looks a mess (I suppose you won't print it) but I don't have a typewriter.

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1945

EARLY VERSE (From Sneary's own Fanzine Reader's Review #2, 1945)

Mighty Sneary lay and thought  
Of all the thinkings he aught  
Of days when he is King  
And many other silly things

His visions around him loom  
They fill his little room  
His family are sad  
They say "He is finally going mad."

WHAT GO'S? (Shangri-L'Affaires #23, February 1945)

Dear Burb: I want to thank you for finally sending me S-L'A # 20. I don't mind the wait, but it seems it's been mixed up as I got your card saying that #21 would be out in a week, and that was 3 weeks ago. What go's? I hate to keep bothering you but I would like my copy. So I can write in another letter. I am not mad yet but I would like to know what go's on. Could it be that I didn't write in the week between the time I got #20 and when #21 came out? If I am figuring right #22 comes out in two weeks, so I better get #21 so I can answer it and not be left out on #22. Huh.??/???

Do you think that S-L'A could use a cover done (IN) by me?? I would be glad to send in one (or as many as you can use.) It may not be as good as some but it will be pretty good. Tell me if there is a thing that is done differently in drawing a cover. Let me hear from you.

"...A CLUB...I HAVE STARTED." (Shangri-L'Affaires #24, March 1945)

Dear Burbee: As the Knight of Shangri-L'Affaires I step forward to do joust with you. Aaaaa first let me thank you kindly, for throwing the last three ish's at me. I got four now, and four tips of covers. One action, one wild, one funny and one, mmmmmmm. The best article was "Xmas at the LASFS". Say what is wrong with you Burbee old man? Why do ((you)) let Acky say such things about you. Aren't you the Ed? Or is 4e's word law in LA?

With the exception of Mike Fern your readers are better writers than your editorial staff. Except for your editorials I learn more from the letters than the rest of your mag. Let me put my banner beside that of Elsnor's, in the Crusade to bring Science-Fiction Fans back to science-fiction. He is right, most fans are more interested in fanning than in SF.....But what I want is more letters, lots more. Some by me ofcourse.

Your attempt at fiction was..."not so hot". The Baldwin is a good enough writer, the story was-----. It's only good feature was the warning about money autographs. I now go back to S'L-A 21. After crawling



threw 7 pages of Acky I find that I am to the letters. Jack Speer's was the best, I may use his idea in a club, or a branch of a club (this depends on Elsner) I have started. Anyone interested in getting info on joining a club in which their questions on Science or SF fandom will be answered by fans that know, write me.....Will answer all mail.....

((This club was short-lived. -rms))

At this point let me say that I am glad to hear you didn't quit, as S-L'A wouldn't be the same with out you. No other Zine can make that clam.

Hemmel's (HA) Science Stories #1 wasn't bad. That is Tom Mix's secret code, not the Lone Ranger's. If the L R is using it, he is a cheet.

WHITHER BURBEE? (Shangri-L'Affaires #26, June? 1945)

Dear To-Whom-it-my-Concern: Whith dear old Burbee gone, and no editor on the last copy of S-L'A I am forced to write to the club as a hole..... Why didn't Burbee get Rogers to do S-L'A covers when he was Ed? He's great. Outside of the girl's face, this is the best cover I've seen.

RE: JOE KENNEDY'S GENIUS (Vampire #2, September 1945)

.....another sign of your genius apperd here. I mean your printing the page of derogatory letters so lightly that no one could possibly read them.....Vamp is swell and that is the real truth. Can hardly wate tell Vampire #2 comes out.....In answer to your plea for material I am sending you a Vampire story. I am sure you will like it. If you don't you can forget what I just said.

((It was never used. -rms))

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1946

ALAS, POOR BERGEY! (Startling Stories, Summer 1946)

Dear Sarge: ENOUGH IS ENOUGH! At last Bergey has gone to far even for me. The utter sickening horror of it all is enough to make a fan gag. The March cover will go down with me as the worst cover I have ever had the misfortune to gaze upon.....oooge! Look at her eyes.

This is the first BEH (Bug-eyed heroin) I have seen. (And I pray to Foo the last!) And look at that mouth! What is she going to do, bite her way out? And the darkly-shaded cheeks just aren't natural. Why I'd rather go out with that Cary Grant type hero than that horrid looking heroine.

# A F V L L A S F S

(Cygni #4, Annish 1946)

(Note to readers: All opinions as to the characters spoken of in the following is based on the few times I have seen them. They may be wrong and undoubtedly some of them are....Rick)

One Sunday in July, at eight o'clock I opened my eyes. I looked out to see if any BEMs were looking at me. As none were I proceeded to get out of bed, took a deep breath of beautiful California air and fell back into bed, where I kept telling myself I should arise. After reading the stock market quotations in the Sunday paper and eating breakfast, I got dressed. And so by 11:00 I was ready to start. I had writing paper, pencils, maps and last but not least money. (I was going to copy stories and stuff for my zine, The Fanzine Readers Review.)

The family wondered if I could find the place. I said I could but they decided that just to be safe they would drive me over (some 5 to 7 miles). So by 11:45 or thereabouts we came into the neighborhood of the club house. When two blocks away, we came to a steep hill. (I think the Shaggys live at the top so that they can defend themselves better). With the car in second (or was it?) we crawled up the hill, looking for the right number. At last my father said, "there it is". I looked. I saw a three story (maybe four) brick building. An apartment house no doubt. It was built even with the sidewalk and a wide stairway led up the middle of it. This left two corner rooms even with the sidewalk. One had an outside door and on closer inspection I could see that it was indeed 637½ S. Bixel. I got out and with a fast "so long" was gone. I walked up to the door with, I must admit, my heart in my mouth.

On opening the screen door, I saw a very dark room (anyway it was dark at the time). There were hunks of paper scattered here and there, mostly there. Before I go any further I will give you the layout of the room. Well, it is about 12 x 20 feet. That is no doubt off as I am a poor judge of size and shape. The door was on the far left side (looking in) and a big window across the front under which was a shelf on which lay all sorts of things. Under it was a trunk belonging to some member. Between the door and the window was a couple of orange boxes in which was their card indexes. In a corner along the wall was a steel cot. And to the left of the door (still looking in) was a small closet, where paper is kept, I think. On the side wall just in front of the door was the bulletin board and a little farther on is a large table covered with more stuff. On the other side of the room at the end of the cot is a dining room sideboard on which more stuff has been piled. At the end of this, and reaching more than half way across the room is a set of book cases filled with the club's promags and books; no one knows, I guess, how many there would be if they were all there. Behind this, I saw the club's printing room. There were a couple of cases of type, a printing press and a large mimeo machine. Also a phone.

As I walked in the door, a head stuck up over the bookcases. It said, "yes?". I replied, "I'm Rick Sneary; I'm planning a reprint zine and Burbee said I could come down and copy stuff from the files."

"Well why the hell don't you?" came back at me. The fellow introduced himself as Elmer Perdue. He is a difficult fellow to describe. However, he is of average height, a little thin, dark hair and somewhere near thirty. He looks and acts like an artist but I don't think he is one. He is without doubt, the hardest member of the LASFS to understand. He seems to know more about fandom than any of the others, or anyway said more.

Well, I put my stuff on the cot and went after the zines. I pulled them out a dozen or so at a time. Purdue went out and I kept on. A little while later Andy Anderson came in. He is a nice looking guy about nineteen and looks something like a farm boy though he doesn't talk like one. He is blond, curly haired and the kind of guy you like right off. I told him what I was doing. He looked over the mags that I had picked out and told me some of them were'n't old enough; a fact I had forgotten to check.

I think the next person I met was Mel Brown, a quiet spoken fellow in his early twenties. He was another blond. Next fellow to come in was Forrest J Ackerman. He was a slight surprise as he didn't look like a god. Sort of tall and thin. Come to think of it, most of the fen were sort of thin. No doubt comes from spending all of their money on fan crud. Anyway, he didn't say much. In fact all the times I have seen him, he has never said a great deal.

Close behind him came Walt Daugherty, the only fan that looked like he ate regularly. He was older than I thought, about forty I think; getting bald....I saw little of him as he was busy all day. It was about this time that I finally found out the worst. Today was house-cleaning day for the Shaggy Laughers. After an unknown length of time, the dirt had finally got the best of even these hardy souls. They had decided that as a last resort they would clean the place and even paint the floor. Oh yes, while all these people kept coming and going, I sat on the bed and tried to copy a lead article for my mag.

I have lost all track of order but the following people came in: James Kepner jr., another thin, dark haired guy about 20-4 and though of course he isn't, he looks like one of those mentally unbalanced young guys you see in the movies.

Alva Rogers, a red head and a little shorter than the rest, is a guy with a sharp sense of humor. Didn't see much of him either.

Gerry Lee Hewett, a fifteen or sixteen year old. He tries to act older though, with bad results. I think he would be a swell fellow and a good fan but I think he has hung around the wrong kind of people too long. Nice guy but not the kind that gets friendly quick.

I also met Nieson Himmell but I'm not sure when. Sort of a queer.

Then there was a girl that no one introduced me to. But I think she was Myrtle Douglas; she is in her late twenties and very nice. The club and fandom would be better off with more like her and Mel and Anderson.

Well, cleaning again. All loose paper that someone didn't claim as being important was thrown into a huge box. Which emptied later by Hewett (after much arguing on his part) and myself was found to have a number of things in it that had been lost for months. It was about this time that something very funny happened. Someone handed a large pile of loose



paper to, I believe, Anderson to put on the top shelf of the closet. As the shelf was as high as his head, he could not put them there without dropping them. With a mumbled curse he said, "you...you Ackerman." With which Rogers said with horror, "no, no, not that; anything but that". After which everyone laughed, even Ackerman, who is a good sport. (One has to be to stay in the LASFS long.)

Soon after this, it was decided that the cot I was sitting on must be moved so they could clean in back of it. So I moved my stuff to the shelf under the window. All the while they were saying that they were sorry that I had come when the place was in such of a mess.

They soon began to wash the floor. As they had started it in the corner, I had to move to the back of the room where the press had stood before they moved it to the middle of the floor. There I pulled up a chair and tried to work again. But this was not to be. They had started to clean the floor with ammonia. The ones in the front of the room began to complain and left. Just to see what it was like, some smart fan stuck his nose over the pail and took a deep sniff. I sat in the back and smiled at those softies. Then the gas began to reach me, so I left. I found no less than five members sitting on the hotel steps crying. Rogers said they looked like a Bette Davis fan club. As I don't like her I thought this funny.

I continued to write on the steps, having to stop either to listen to what was being said or now and then say something. For though I do write long letters, I am not a great talker.

Then I heard a car drive up and a great deal of talk. It seemed that the Lancys had arrived. I was soon standing face to face with the one fan that I had thought I was sure not to like. (The reason we were face to face was that I was still standing on the bottom step). If the step had not been stone, I am sure I would have sunk through them. I was that surprised. For the Laney I had pictured was a guy in his forties, gruff and with a dislike for all new fans. But here was a slim, thin-faced fellow in his thirties, I'd say, and not at all the kind that would roast a new fan. He may have been on good behavior the times I have seen him but he struck me as being okay and more interested in fandom than some. I also met his charming wife and...ahem...kids.

After this, I worked on and finally at about 4:00 was done. I then took the zines as the box was gone. (The outside of the building was piled high with type boxes and every other thing that you could think of. As one fan said, it looked like the sherriff had been there.) I was told to pile them on top of the stuff the members were busily carrying away to their homes, under the pretense that they were taking them for safekeeping.

Having nothing better to do, I helped haul some of the lighter stuff. Then I stood around and gabbed some more. Then another very funny thing happened. Daugherty who had been painting the floor, had just reached the door when he noticed that he had left two lights burning. One about four feet from the door and the other on the other side of the room. There was nothing to do but walk across the floor and turn out the lights and then paint out his foot prints on the way back. Which he did. But he forgot to turn out the light near the door. Everybody else saw this

and all but burst trying to keep from laughing, till Walt had gotten out of the door again. Then with howls of laughter they told him. Just after he got back from that, the phone began to ring. At this, everyone howled and I do not mean laughed. They had finally decided to let it ring when it stopped and Acky came out of the hotel fit to bust. It had of course been him; he said he could hear the howls from inside.

As they finally locked up the room and everyone started to talk about eating, I decided to leave. So with a few goodbyes, I set off for home, an hour late. Thus my first visit to Shangri-La came to an end.

RE: A FAN VISITS THE LASFS (Cyclops #5, September 1946)

GAD did I write that? I have yet to decide if I am happy about you using it. Don't remember you asking me, just said you were. I'm still glad I'm leaving town day after tomorrow. Wish it was tonight. I really..... Oh well what's done is did, and I guess, except for the printers mistakes it is all true. (Please tell me what people say about it. I'd like to know when its safe to go home.)

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1947

WOOD FOR THE PULPS (Planet Stories, Summer 1947)

I am no longer a hermit I am glad to say. I now have two fan friends ((John Van Courvering and Gilbert Ayala)) living nearby, and I get to see them every other week. We are even thinking of forming a club..... Oh yes, enclosed find some wood. It is only a little, but maybe you can add a page to the Vizigraph. ((There was a shortage of wood pulp still.--rms))

SNEADY MEETS BURBEE (Shangri-La Affaires #35, March 1947)

By the way, your looks suprised me no end. I pictured you as a nother Daugherty. (Stop screaming.) Really, that is the way you sounded..... You really look more the Tucker type. And a grate deol what I thought fans should look like before I met any and found they looked like everything else.

SNEADY, THE ART CRITIC (Sine Nomen #2, July 1947)

The cover was reather good. Looking like a Paul idea done by Finlay with a wet broom on Bok's back. And copied by Cockroft. ((John Cockroft-- fan artist of this era.--rms)) Really not bad.

SNEADY, THE PHILOSOPHER (Time Travel Tales #3, August 1947)

It would seem to me that memory is more like stars: some bright, some dull, but all there, if you know how to look for them.

PREFACE/FIC/NOTES (From an article written July 1946, published in  
Cygni #6, October 1947)

It was still the day before the convention, but there were things doing, so I found myself walking up to that friendly little door that leads to the hole-in-the-wall that is the LASFS club room. Walking in, I came face to face with two odd characters. One I knew to be Elmer Perdue so the other must be my pen-fan John Cockcroft. On saying "John" in the tone of voice one would say, "will he live doctor.", the tall character rose and said "Rick." Waving aside Elmer's attempt to introduce us, we shook hands and sat down. After refusing Elmer's bottle, saying it was too early in the year, we fell to discussing RAP and Shaver. I hadn't heard about Palmer's breakdown, so Elmer told me, as only that master story teller could. We then discussed Amazing and what the Shaver stories had done to it.

We were then interrupted by EEEvans and another fan coming in. After EEE left the conversation swung around to dirty stories. John and I being pure and innocent only listened, exchanging sly smiles. In the middle of what I believe was to be a clean story, the other fan was called away, with Elmer following.

((Later))....We crowded into the Ashley's part of the Slan Shack and began shaking hands with everyone. Most of them I know, and some I forgot, but one face will remain imprinted on my mind to grow and feed and become a part of me. And that face belongs to BOB TUCKER. So at last I had met the mighty Pong. Gad! My best description of him is that he looked like Frank Sinatra. Bow tie and all. Tucker seemed worried; he thought I might be angry at him because of an article in his zine. (Why should I plug it for him?) I hadn't read it yet, so he got me a copy. I found nothing to be angry about as it was very funny. He laughed and said, okay, the next time he wanted to stab me in the back, he would laugh. And did so. (Laugh of course.)....

....Daugherty came in looking for someone to help clean the club room.....John swept the floor while Sandy ((Kadet)) and I straightened the rest up, after which Walt mopped it up, making it look better for the other fans. Of about eight times I have been in the club room, they have been cleaning three.

RICK RAPS RAP (Fandom Speaks #1, October 1947)

...most of you have either read the now-famed letter of Palmer's in the last issue of Vampire or heard of it. The letter in which this old time fan ((then editor of Amazing Stories, featuring the Shaver Mystery)) called Don Wilson and fans in general a lot of things that wouldn't pass a radio censor. All because they objected to his printing of the Shaver stories.....

...I have just been sitting around and letting the Shaver thing take its course. But on reading this letter I got mad. Not that RAP should write such a letter to Don, because I don't know what Don wrote, but the remarks he made about the rest of fandom. I read some back issue editorials and got madder. And I started to do something. First was a letter to Palmer. I tried in less questionable words to explain my point of view. I also made quite clear that I spoke only for myself.....Do you believe as I do that we should openly show our disrespect for RAP. Or should we...wait till the whole thing blows over (which may be quite a while--they won't lose 200,000 readers soon)? Or should we...crawl back with apologies in hopes he will throw us a bone? What do you think?



CAMPBELL THE FAN (The GORRAN #5, November 1947)

I wrote a letter to him ((John W. Campbell, Jr.)) asking if UNKNOWN would be revived. And knowing he was a busy man, sent a postal card with the possible answers in, so all he would have to do is check them. Well, I got that back, but then a week later a letter came explaining why UNKNOWN was being held up, and that they did hope to revive it. Truly Campbell is a fan we can be proud of.....

....Well, Ackerman (All Hail) has reviewed another dull book. Doesn't he read any good books.....

QS (2000, A. D. #2, December 1947)

The big thrill for me was on page 12, where Parker says "QS, Pres; you're the boss." For as far as I know I was the first to use QS instead of EE Smith's "QX" or the old-old word OK. It has a meaning by the way. But it sounds so funny I shall leave you in the dark. ((Sneary is no longer sure what it did mean.-rms))

TROMPING THE CLUB HOUSE (Arcturus #1, December 1947—Rick's own mag for the Spectator Amateur Press Association)

.....this new column will not be the great thing it is being called. ((The Club House column in Amazing Stories, wherein Rog Phillips reviewed fanzines)) Oh, it will no doubt be fine for fans. But for getting new fans, I'm not so sure. After all, it is not going to be a letter dept, and I ask you, except for the few fans that by chance meet other fans, aren't most new fans brought in that way? Personal contact has always been the keystone. I came in after writing Kennedy ((editor of Vampire)), not after hearing of the NFFF or reading a review of Shangri-L'Affaires.

DIE, I THOUGHT I'D LAUGH (Planet Stories, Winter 1947)

...You called Zero Hour the best STF story you had seen. Maybe some will agree.. I don't. Don't get me wrong, I liked it. I'm beginning to believe Bradbury is a nother Nelson Bond, but it wasn't a clasic....

....I nearly rolled off the couch tho at the ending of Black Silence. I'm harden to the hero geting the girl in 99.9% of the stories, but this fool winds up with seven. Ha! Dio, I thought I'd laugh.....

....Oh say, I wrote that young Britisher. Cost me all of 25¢ to air mail it to him. I'm not happy the way the letter looked. Oh well, it might cheer him up, and I might get a answer. And a stamped letter from there will go nice in my collection too.

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1948

W(H)ERE OLD FANS GO TO DIE (Mi Skribas #1, Feb.1948---Rick's first FAPA mag)

Greetings old things. The moment is at hand. Sneary enters the last stronghold of ye Old Gaurd. Pull down your ghods and flee if you must, but I am here. And once in, I plan to stay.

Seeing as how this will be a individual-zine I think the title is reather apropos, as it means "I Write" in Esperanto. (No I don't know Esperanto, I just happen to have a little book on it.) Was going to put it in Spanish, but thought this more Fanish.

.....Now I hardly expect to find any new fans in FAPA, the last stand of the Old Gaurd. Were old fans go to die.....

ODD BUT NICE (Thrilling Wonder Stories, February 1948)

...the cover was an improvement...the ship was odd but nice. Ditto girl...  
.....a right to his...appion about Lovecraft, but I have read five stories counting The Outsider...and can not say I liked any of them. ((Written during the great Merritt versus Lovecraft debates in TWS.--rms)) I think Merritt much better at descriptive writing, and Heinlein (of old) better at making you feel a persons feelings. As for the Outsider I felt more pity for him than horror.....And you can't say I don't get in the mood of stories. I nearly died when the hero of a story I was reading got shot. IT'S true, so-elp me.

ON CONQUEST (Startling Stories, May 1948)

...your Hall of Fame story fooled me. I, in the past, haven't liked your choises. But this really was a clasic. THE CONQUEST OF TWO WORLDS...is the best HoF story I have read excepting the unforgettable MARTION ODYSSEY. And about the best picture of Earth's conquest of space I have read. That is if we reach the planets still thinking and acting as we do today. Few stories have pictured better the heartlessness of a more powerful people over weaker ones.

I doubt that anyone will chalange me if I say there are few weak people that are not today being pushed around. The Chinese by their own people and Russia. And most of us by now have heard the reports of the Indians (our Indian citizens, whos land we took away from them) are underprivelaged and in some cases starving. Yep. I hope there aren't any Martions. For their sake.

ON BIGOTRY (Peon #1, July 1948)

The question of rase pregidice is a hot one also, but there are very few fans that are anti-negro. I have a hunny of a letter from Paul Cox. If I wasn't broad minded I'd burn it up. He all but advocates mass murder of rases other than the white. Some of it is so red'culouse that you have to laugh.

PEACE ON EARTH      (Planet Stories, Fall 1948)

Paul ((Cox)) calls fans impractical and starry eyed. Maybe it comes from looking at the stars, huh! Anyway if you mean we believe in giving everyone an even brake, and judging him on his personal merit, then I pleade guilty. It may be impractical, but I have always dreamed of a world at peace under one government. And you can't have that if a few (comparitively) stupid men beleive one color of skin, or way of parting the hair is better than anyone elce.

As for the alien races, I can't say. I know we couldn't get along with them if people like Paul had anything to do with it. But then I doubt that what we think will mater much. If we meet any intelagent life it will most likely be inter-stellar. And if so, they will eather be friendly and we will have to be; or war-like, and we will become slaves. I can see no possable way we could hope to match anyone with brains enough to make a stellar drive. But then maybe a few visitors have been here and seen what a gosh-awful mess the world is in and left. I know I would.

FAN HAMMERY      (Startling Stories, November 1948)

Say, why don't you turn all your covers over. The girl on the inside ((advertisement)) was sexer, and looked happy beside.....Really tho old fish-cake, your covers have improved quite a bit in the four years I have been reading the revolting thing.....I got quite a kick out of your editorial about fandom. Not bad at all for a guy that was brought into this world at the wrong end. Your calling us anarchist adds a new name to a growing list. I nearly died when Howard Miller...said that thought fandom was misbegotten radio hammery. (I not only miss spell the words that exist, but the ones that don't.) ...Say why the hot remarks in re my calling your glowing mag a pulp? What else would you call it, with fuzzy paper, untremed edges, gody covers, weird type face, etc. I don't mind understand. I'd read stf if it was printed in green ink, and you bought it in rolls. But still a spade isn't a shovel. I can well imagin you would just as soon forget you edit a pulp, tho I can't think why.

ON BOMB DODGING      (Proteus #2, Winter? 1948)

Burbee lays it on thick...he is a little bit of a cinic now, but still if you can ever please people like him, think how happye the reast of us will be... ....Bomb dougers fall into two groups...the ones that say "get away while you still can" and thos that want to wate tell the bombs start falling, and then run....The other day just for fun I made a list of the things I would take with me, if I ever had to leave for the hills. (Figgering only things I could carry, of course) I limited myself to things I now have, and could get quickly...First of course the heaviest and warmest of cloths. I have a army OD work outfit that I could slip over my regalar cloths. Also a wool jacket, and scarf...a army helmet liner would serve as a hat...I don't have a metal top for it, but wouldn't bother with it anyway, unless I wanted it to cook in.

Next would be my canten and belt, hunting knife (I'd like a gun, but no got) boy-scout hand book, army sewing kit, what canned goods I thought

I could carry, and my alumanum cane. (Really the handle off a old sweeper, but it is lighter and stronger than y.) And of course such things as paper, compus, and money...

This is of course only a limited supply, and would have to be augmented by some means latter...no doubt there will be eather looting, or you can buy something...if someone had a lot more food than brains....the best place would be a hilly, unpopulated country...or in other words....but then if I tell you the spot...you will go there and it will be to crouded...I would hate to see all the fans go there. They would start a fewd as to the best way to make corn bread or something, and kill each other off...

GOOD CLEAN FUN (Thrilling Wonder Stories, December 1948)

Dear ~~##~~---#&: How can I stand it? No letter this time. Oh the horror of it all! My fame is waning--I'm on the way out. Cast aside like a last years skirt. You don't love me anymore--you slob. And after I've given you the best years of my life.

Well about the most exciting thing was the official announcement you were going to 180 pages.....but will Kuttner and pen names be able to keep up with you. I hope so.....

....on the subject ((of practical jokes)), did you ever subcatute a shaped turnip or potato for the soap in a barber's shaving-mug? This falls under the heading of good clean fun...An even better one is frosting a cake with beaten soap-suds. (One part water to one part soap and beat with egg beater.) Oh my, I'll give you the wrong impression of me. I'm really a dear sweet lad that wouldn't think of doing such things.

\* \* \* \* \*

1949

WORDS IS WORDS (Dawn #3, April 1949)

Careful of my spelling! What do you expect? I send you subs, write letters, now you want me to spell the same way other people do...Faaa! Words is words so way spell them the same way...how dull.

THE ROAD TO GAFIA (Startling Stories, July 1949)

Well, the time has come. Yes, it has. Sneary, the mastermind of the miss-spelled words and all asorted names is rasing his tent and like a Martion sand houd, slipping off into the dark. I follow such emortals as Kennedy, Perry, Clements, Shaw and others. I return this once only to wave fairwell and give you the adds for the clubs I'm interested in.

I leave with a lump in my thought. Sad is the day, but it must be. I'm simply over worked. Tomany

letters to answer. No time for anything else. I can't read or go out or improve my mind. And SS and TWS are to blame. They have brought me letters from so many interesting people, that they have sealed their own doom. For not only must I stop writting you to keep from gaining other frinds, but I must drope about thirty of thos I do nave. Oh I weep. It is like pulling out teeth.

But as President of FAPA, Chairman of the Board of Directors of the NFFF, and Sec-Tres of Young Fandom, not to mention unofficeal Welcomer of the Out-lander Society, I just haven't the time for anyone more.

So Editor, old friend, no more will you and your type-setters weep over my spelling, or your readers ...have to wade through them.

I'll come back some day. Maybe at the end of the year...

ON GENERAL SEMANTICS (Shangri-LA #15, November 1949)

((After van Vogt had introduced G.S. to fandom, and everyone was trying to understand it.--rms)) ...but still confusing. No doubt Aristotle would have been a Null-A if he were alive today. It would take someone with a mind like that to understand GS. I still think reading a book three or four times denoted either dullness on the reader's part, or too many brains on the writer's part. Give me the simple life with Laughing-boy Hayakawa... ((Author of "Language in Action"--rms))

HOW TO OBTAIN MATERIAL FOR CONVENTION REPORTS (Shangri-LA #16, December 1949)

I want to thank friend Len for so kineally putting my name in so many places. I asure you his prices are the lowest to be found anywere. Of course the fact that I snaged the notes of Bradbury and van Vogt to add to the report may have been partly responceable for the reduced rate. The remark that I twisted van Vogt's arm tell he dropped them is quite unkind. I mearly asked him to sign his autograph, and left while he was thus ingaged.

\* \* \* \* \*

1950

GREY MATTER (Shangri-LA #17, January 1950)

As a minority report, let me say that while I loved the cover, the grey paper read very poorly. Why, I only read my letter 6 times and the words started blurring.



## THE CARE AND FEEDING OF YOUNG FANS (The Outlander Magazine #4, 1950)

They say it is an inherent instinct of all species of animals to think first of self preservation, and then of the propagation and reproduction of his kind. This then is also true of that queer animal that haunts magazine stalls and smoke filled rooms, the actifan. We are indeed a fiery race, and it may be that this inner fire is our greatest handicap. For fans, even if there were enough female fans, do not breed true. A fan is not born, but seems to burst, full grown, from the shell of a seemingly normal and average human. Therefore we must capture these bright new fans whenever we see them, and swing them into the mad world of fandom, to replace those that wander off in search of college or Albert and Pogo Comics.

Now, the new fan you meet might be of any age. He might have started reading stf with the first issue of Papa Gernsback's mag. Or he might have just read the latest Amazing Stories, which he found stuffed in an ash-can somewhere. Each new fan is a problem in himself, and the wise actifan will treat him as such. In this article I will try to give you a few pointers in handling that hardest of all to handle, the Young Fan. Most of the knowledge has been gleaned from personal experience with local new fans.

To start at the beginning, we will say that you are an actifan, and are expecting a call from a new Young Fan who you have never seen personally. Now, Young Fans usually travel in pairs, when first they set out to visit some older fan. This sets up a problem for the actifan, as one of the two is almost sure to be a mirror-fan---one who has merely the reflected enthusiasm of his friend, who has no doubt been talked into reading a few stories. He then insisted in pouring out all his thoughts and ideas to his slightly dazed companion, until he almost believes he does like it. The actifan must carefully divide his attention between the two fan till he is reasonably sure which is which, and then forget the mirror-fan. He wouldn't be likely to come back in any case, as he will think you are nuts. The Young Fan will probably drop him too, as soon as he realizes there are other intelligent people to talk to.

The actual feeding of Young Fans is usually quite easy. Being only slightly different from young boys (or girls) they will eat almost anything. They are very easily satisfied, not expecting much; they will be satisfied with beans and hamburgers, if that's all you happen to offer. As eating quite often allows a Young Fan to relax and become more friendly, you are advised to keep a close watch on him throughout the meal. For should the conversation become heated while eating, the Young Fan is apt to eat plates, flowers, and the extended hands of fellow diners.

Conversation is, of course, one of the most important parts of a fan meeting, and when it is with a brand-new Young Fan it is even more so. You must remember to be witty, charming and above all friendly. Even if, as the saying goes, it kills you. He may appear to have an I.Q. of 65, and not have taken a bath for a month of Thursdays, but be good to him; he is the hope of fandom and might be another Dean Boggs or Rick Sneary.

Actually, of course, most young fans are clean, and not the unintelligent slobbs their schools have confined them with. You will probably get a kick out of his

enthusiasm, and remember when you were a young fan and thought Captain Future was wonderful. Don't laugh, either, when they babble of world-shaking ideas, or their own private plans to sit fandom on fire. Just because you tried and failed is no reason to spoil his fun.

But on the other hand it is a good idea to try and channel some of his energy into the right direction. Your young fan is going to find fandom twice as interesting if he is busy doing something in it. The first thing, of course, is to get him to sub to some of the sub zines, and then to try his hand at writing for them. There are always some fan editors popping up that will use almost anything. And there is nothing that will compare with that first thrill of seeing his name on a title page, even if it is a crummy zine.

There are all sorts of projects you can start them off on. If you are really good you can get them to do some of the things you have thought of and never had the time to do yourself. Of course never rely on them to finish what they start. A young fan is inclined to flit from one bright idea to another, and if he has to work overlong on a thankless job, he might give it up. If you happen to be a fan editor you can, of course, draft him in for a little literary and a lot of manual assistance. Oddly enough some young fans get a kick out of stacking paper and assembling mags. Of course you must get him to write to out-of-town people. You probably know a few fans that have been wanting a letter for a few months. Get him to write them, and keep them too busy to miss you.

Talking to a young fan is possibly one of the greatest opportunities for first hand ego-boo an actifan ever gets. All you need do is casually mention some of the vast store of fan-information you have gathered through the years. An article could be written on the reaction to finding out all the Kuttner pen-names alone. Later, when you have passed on most of the common knowledge, you can turn to bits on news and gossip. Being an older fan you are naturally better informed on the news of the day, and you have an excellent opportunity to impress the young fan with this fact. (Flash a letter from some big-time writer, and watch his eyes bug.) It is wise though to leave yourself a small backlog of information and news to fill in the low spots in future conversations. For if you shoot your bolt the first time, the young fan might find out that you aren't much smarter than he is, and then where are you?

The first thing the young fan will want to see is your collection of mags and books. This is always interesting to the host, too, as you might not have looked at those mags for a couple of months yourself.

It is a good idea to stand rather close to the Young Fan as he examines your mags, and pass on little bits of information about the different items. Such as how you like the lead story, the extra-good cover, the trouble you had getting it, etc. Don't make your guest feel that you are going to pounce on him, though, if he mis-treats one of your mags, even if you are.

He will undoubtedly ask to borrow some of them, or at least make it clear that he would like to be asked to borrow some. This places you in your greatest dilemma. Chances are you are one of two types of fans: One kind thinks of his collection every time he hears a fire whistle, and sleeps with them in his room so no one can steal them. The other kind doesn't care much for the old things, as long as they

get them back sometime. In either case you should beware. If you lend them you must face the fact that a young fan is as apt to sit a wet coke bottle on a 1930 Astounding as he is to use a 1947 Amazing to kill flies. But if you don't lend him some, you are sure to make him feel you are unfriendly and stingy. Therefore the only reasonable middle-of-the-road course is to flatly put a limit to the number of the age of the magazines borrowed. Do this of course as unobtrusively as possible.

Of course the simplest way out is to merely drag out a box of duplicates, and let the Young Fan pick them over. Or if you find one with money you might try selling him a few, all the while impressing him with the great bargain you are giving him.

As I said, never try to discourage a young fan more than you can help, as it usually proves disastrous insofar as his enthusiasm goes. And there is one subject on which you must use the utmost tact. That is the subject on putting out his own fanzine. Of course one of your first acts will be to show him your vast stacks of fanzines, and also to get him to read some of your deathless words. In time he will get an urge to put out a zine of his own. Here you may have to work fast. There was only one fanzine to my knowledge put out by a young fan that was good from the first issue on. (That was IF!, edited by Con Pederson)

So you must try and forstall the day as long as possible, for a bad zine will receive no response or bad, which will hurt the Young Fan. Try to divert him as long as possible, but once you can stop him no longer it is your duty to help him as much as possible. Not so much with the manual work, as the new fan gets the greatest kick out of seeing the mag grow under his own hands. But help him plan formats, the mag's policy and style. And write for it. No matter how bad you know your own writing is, it is probably not any worse than his. And better you should take part of the blame for it. After all, didn't you start the little jerk in fandom?

#### AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL NOTE (The Explorer #2, April 1950)

I was born, July 6, 1927, in the same town I'm in now. I came into this vail of tears minus a few parts and ((with)) a faulty ventilating system. As I wasn't sent with a garentee, I had to stay. The first 16 years of my life were uneventful. I studied at home, spent a little time on the desert, and developed my mind listening to the radio. When I was 16 I started reading s-f. The 1944 Spring issue of TWS was the first that I read; Planet and others soon followed. Seeing an opportunity to make friends and improve my spelling I started writing to the names I saw in the magazines. I met my first fan in 1945, the year I joined NFFF. In 1946 I attended the Pacificon and was defeated in the NFFF election. I helped found Young Fandom and have held every post in it, now President, as I am in NFFF. I was a founding member of SAPS, and joined FAPA in 1943, and a key figger in the OUTLANDER SOCIETY. I issued two ill-fated general 'zines in my early days, but now confine my work to one of the APA's, or articles in other 'zines. I have a collection of over 500 mags and 100 various books and p-b's. My primary interest in fandom is still the finding of friends. Fans are the only friends I have, and I will never have enough of them. I see no future and plan for none. Today is All, and the past and future but reflections of a dream.



BUTTON-TACK (The Outlander Magazine #5, June 1950)

I have thought of a new word, which I want someone to invent something to fit... It is "button-tack"...It is a wonderful word, as I'm sure you will agree after repeating it aloud a number of times. ((Button-tack subsequently became an Outlander version of "hello" or "goodby", depending on the situation.-ljm))

UNKNOWN FEARS (Spacewarp #39, June 1950--from Sneary's regular column:"1958")

I hope Unknown Worlds isn't revived...Why? Because I am pretty sure it wouldn't be what we want. Not the Unknown that is sung of around campfires at night. Not the Unknown of the Roaring Trumpet or Mislaid Charm. Why? Well, look around you. Who do you see that could be expected to write for it? Hubbard has been changed by time and war, and is now settling back to rake up the easy money from his book on Dianetics. L. de Camp has lost ground, and Kuttner is doing little writing. Van Vogt might of course, but it is doubtful. ....And then try to think of new authors that might replace them...

Then there is the most important factor of all, the editor. It is well known that toward the last, Campbell was all but writing the mag himself. He thought of ideas and plots and passed them on to his best writers. He also knew what was needed to give the magazine that extra life. And even the most loyal followers of Astounding will admit that Campbell is not editing the same way he was back in 1939-43. Whether it is better or worse, it is different, and it is reasonable to assume that a changed Astounding would mean a changed Unknown. And could anyone else give it that spark? I doubt it. So I fear we will just have to mourn the memory of Unknown, as we do that of greats like Merritt, and realize that no one could bring them back or take their place.

SNEARY THE HISTORIAN (Startling Stories, July 1950)

Dear Editor: Was looking through the Ether Vibrates the other night, and got to thinking of what a change I've seen in it in five years. Not nearly the change from the space-happy Sargent Saturn day, but the over all change. It used to was, that there were only a few pages, and you had to be a Joe Kennedy to get print. Then you had to make pratel about the stories, and dream up cute things that would get your letter printed.

Then there was the days when everyone was sending in drawings of Sargent Saturn, hoping for extry ego-boo....The days when everyone had a name, such as the MAD ROBOT or THE HERMIT OF THE GATE....but lackaday, thos are time far gone. Today nearly everyone, if he comes from England, can get his letter printed in micro-type that ruins your eyes to read. ....I see you are still confused over the different Los Angeles fan groups. Maybe a brif outline of history would help.

A few years ago, F. Laney was very active in the IASFS. He was highly critical of some of the members, and part of the club. As a result he wrote a series of articles about the club, and had his friend C. Burbee, who was then editor of the club fan-magm publish them. Disregarding the accuracy or not of the articles, they were very rough on the club.

At the same time the club had voted not to send review copies of it's magazine to one of your lesser compeditors. Editor Burbee sent copies anyway, and as

a result was asked to resign as Editor. He and Laney then resigned as members, and formed what is now known as the Insurgent Element, which is more a state of mind than a club. Its members being former friends of Laney and Burbee, and their main group activity is putting out copies of WILD HAIR, and baiting the LASFS.

I might mention that the LASFS has made a great change since the days when Laney was a member. Both in members and activity. It is now run by a new group. With Mr. Hershey, a chemist who spent the war in a little out of the way spot called Los Alamos, as Director for the past year, the oldtimers agree that "we've never had it this good."

The Outlanders are on the other hand, a group of friends that grew up from the few that use to drop in on me. With the belief that hard-felling are caused in clubs by politics, we have no rules, except that no one may belong unless he lives outside the city limits of L.A. and is agreeable to all present members. We pick our members, not because we are snobs, but because we are interested in having a good time with fans that enjoy the same thing we do, and that we enjoy being with. While a social club, with all day monthly meetings, we are still extremely active.

ON "DESTINATION MOON" (Spacewarp #41, August 1950)

The most important thing to my way of thinking was not that it is merely a good film. It is good propaganda.....With the cold war getting hotter, a base on the Moon is something anyone can understand. And once to the moon, only man can keep us from the stars.

ON DIANETICS (Spacewarp #42, September 1950)

Fandom has been known to go wild over new ideas before. It was not so long ago that General Semantics was the watch word where ever fans of intellect gathered. But with G.S. the fans stepped into a field already well established after many years of work. With Dianetics they got in on the ground floor, some even on the basement, and are now riding it for all they are worth.....

.....wants everyone to go out and start poking around in each others minds like monkeys looking for fleas....

.....I doubt that it will change fandom. In a few months it will move off to leave science fiction go its way....It won't hurt fandom like Shaverism. ....It is just that some of the people that run it are slobs.

SNEARY'S DUEL PERSONALITY (Startling Stories, September 1950)

...And on the purely dreamers side, it might be a better world if we did use a few more swords. Atleast between the wars. Take up the old art of dueling too. It would probably help the world in a number of ways. People would be more graceful, more thoughtful of others feelings, and it would thin down the overcrowded population. And as for murder, well they kill a lot with cars, with far less reason.....

HOW TO ATTEND A CONVENTION (Alpha and Omega #2, 1950)

...Chances are you will have to travel a ways to get to the Convention. The best way is...to go by car with other fans, though you will probably be tired by the time you get there.....Quite a few fans arrive looking like they had already been to a convention...You should get a room in the main hotel, no matter what...There is nothing like having a bolt-hole to dive into when things get to rough...or dull. You have a place to invite friends up to or to retreat to, when your friends are kicked out of their room.... ...The best way to meet important people is to go up and start talking to them. Don't overdo it though...If you time it right, you can join a group like this, just as it is going out to dinner, lunch or any of the places they go...Follow...If it is a private party they will tell you; if not, you are expected. Be bold, it is expected, if not over done....There is not another way to get to know someone quicker than to eat with him. It is better than drinking, I think, as it is usually a little more intimate... ...One day will blend into another, and the only way you can figure out what day it is, is to find out how many sessions you have missed by doing something else.... ...if you can stand not sleeping for a week, eating and drinking at all hours, living in another world, if you can--then don't miss a Convention. As for time and money, you can always quit your job and rob a bank...Afterward you won't care about these things anyway... Life will be tame afterward, and you will go on living till time for the next one...See you there...And SOUTH GATE IN '58!

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1951

THE PEDESTRIAN (The Outlander Magazine #7, May? 1951)

Dotty remarking about walking remind me that as a result of leading a slightly more nocturnal life in the last month or so, I have found that walking home at night can be very enjoyable. Around 11:00 or 1:00 things are nice and still; it is, thanks to our climate, seldom cold, and usually I'm in good spirits. I'm almost tempted to go out, just to walk by night. But I might start liking it. And anyway, it seems a waste of time... But I have found, at least, that there is a time of day when the streets of the city are left to those who like to walk alone.

CONVENTIONAL MANTRAPS (Fanvariety #10, July 1951)

I'm glad of the confirmation of the rumor that Ray ((Nelson)) and Perdita were married. This of little note, but she is the third girl I know that was married within six months of attending the Norwescon. I wonder if it means it is a good place to trap a man.

RICK SNEARY'S TWENTY YEAR PLAN (Mezrab #3, Winter 1951)

Dianetics is getting to be a dead subject out here, as far as fans go...It seems to be considered more and more quack...To bad, as the other night a



couple of the gang and I hatched a wonderfull plan...you merely go round bashing little kids on the head and then enplanting engrams....then in twenty years when they grow up and become famous men, you walk into their office and say "Garmish!" and they fall down and grovel at your feet. You have an army of engramatics, and you take over at key points. If anyone apoises you, you put them into revery and return them to the pre-natal stage and leave them there... it is almost fool proof.....if only we thought it would work!

FANOSTALGIA (The Outlander Magazine #9, 1951)

Ah, remember the old days when everyone talked in double meanings, and secrets were a dime a quarter's worth.....

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1952

F.O.B. FRANCE (The Outlander Magazine #10, February 1952)

As good Americans we all seem to want to rush off to the City of Lights, Paris. And my great Machiavellian mind has hit upon the answer of how we get there. We form a pool, sell all our wourldly goods and collections, and buy a

slightly used tuna-boat. What with Mexican tuna ruining the market we ought to be able to pick one up rather cheeply. We then load it with a cargo of quear fish, us, and sail off for France. We could fish on the way, selling and eattng our catch as we went.

Ah, but what happens when we reach France? All sorts of troubles, if you leave the boat. But that's where my plan starts working, we don't. Instead we devide up. Half the party goes off to Paris, the West Bank, and spends a glorious time with the sewer-rats and other artists, while the rest go back to sea. When they have their catch, they come back, sell the fish, turn the boat over to the other crew, and then they go to Paris. You see, they don't take up residence in France, they are always imployed, yet they have long periods of freedom in the great City. ...we have a large number of sailors in our little group, so running the ship should be no problem... Yes, children, addopt my plan and you will have no further worries about how to get to Paris, the City of Light. Get up and dance, there's shrimp boats a-com'en.

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1953?

((For some unknown reason we could find no Sneary-written material from the year 1953. However, the following hitherto unpublished song of the spaceways could have been composed by Rick in 1953; that is, assuming it wasn't created in, say, 1951 or 1954... Rick Himself can't remember, but we have been a-singing at it for quite a spell.-ljm))

### ROCKETS

Rock-ets....Going Up! Going Up! Going Out.....  
Banshee wailing..... Vapor trailing.....  
Rock-ets....Going Up! Going Up! Going Out.....

Off to Mars or the distant stars  
The men of Earth are sailing;  
To a wind swept shore or a Moon's cra-tor,  
Their rocket trails a-blazing...

Rock-ets....Going Up! Going Up! Going Out.....  
Banshee wailing..... Vapor, etc.

You ask me why the fair one cries,  
Her love's a gone star roving.  
D'spite all her tears, it will be twenty years  
Before he's made a homing...

Rock-ets....Going Up! Going Up! Going Out.....  
Banshee wailing..... Vapor trailing.....  
Rock-ets....Going Up! Going Up! Going Out.....

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1954

SNEARY--A HAS-BNF? (Hyphen #8, April 1954. We believe Walt Willis, Editor of Hyphen, created the term, "has-BNF".-ljm))

...American fans are starting to doubt my existance again (prior to the Pacificon some thought I was just a pen-name, and now I understand the rumor has started again--if this be an example of Seventh Fandom, well...)

ADVICE TO THE NEO-FAN (Deviant #2, May 1954)

...In most activities, from chess to steel making, it is generally thought wise to listen to the advice of people who have done it before, to learn any tricks of the trade you can use. Of course, only a fool would follow advice blindly or take only one person's advice, and only a dull one wouldn't try to think of ways to improve upon things. This...is...progress...building on the knowledge of others, and adding your own.

Your stand seems to be that most BNFs take themselves too seriously, and try to play Foo. Quite possibly in some cases, but I doubt that many really big fans have the time. Most of the ones I knew were willing to help other fans when ever possible, just because they liked it.....

In my day I have fought a battle similar to yours, but in my case the villain was the "Old Guard", the fans whose activities go back to the late 30's and early 40's..... I'd been a fan only a year or so, and was editing my first hecktographed fanzine. With great pride I sent a copy to an Old Guard, who might also be called a BNF. His response was that the fanzine stank, and because of my spelling I should stop using a typewriter until I learned to write. Being rather impressionable, I felt I had been badly wronged. Other fans, who were at least BNFs of their day, assured me that I had. The result was I kept on, saying to hell with what "he" thought, planning to do him in the first chance I got. Years passed, and on looking at my first fanzine in the light of the hundreds of others I had read, it did stink. On the other hand, the Old Guard, later a friend, said he was glad I hadn't taken his advice. ...two lessons can be crawn from this case. One: That thought it might seem unfair to the new fan, the older fan's advice is usually good....Two: The race is for the strong. Any fan not able to stand on his own feet and make up his own mind, has no place in fandom. A well-adjusted person neither pushes nor is pushed,..... ....Don't damn the BNF because he is successful. No philosophy can be based upon a fame-means-shame foundation. Blame less the lone dictator and more the mindless dictated. Above all, don't take fandom seriously. You can get ulcers over more important things.

ANOTHER AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL NOTE (FANTastic Story Mag #6, July 1954)

I was born Richard Monroe Sneary on July 6th, 1927 of reather average uper middle class parents. My Father is a Union Pacific Railway Engineer, and my Mother is an ex-Harvey Girl, from the days when it was staffed from some of the better Eastern families. I have one sister, who marryed when I was 11, and thus left me vertually an only child.

In appearance I am told I resemble Ray Palmer some what. A fact that has not prevented me from feuding with that worthy gentleman at times in the past. I'm 5'3" and weight 100 lbs, with blue eyes and brown hair and, at the moment, mustache. Do to the fact that asthma left me without lungs, I do not smoke, and while not averged to beer, still find it a bitter draft.

My spelling, my apparent greatest clame to fame is soully the result of the asthma which bothered me till about two years ago. I was unable to attend school, and not being an abnormally bright lad was not overly interested in learning. I had hoped by writing a great deal that it would improve. But after calqulation the other day that I had written in the neighborhood of a million words, I see there is still much room to improve.

...At the present I am attending a business college learning to be an accountant. Perhaps someday I will be able to get a job taking care of all the money my friends are planning to make as great writers....

ON SERCOM FANS (Postie, September 1954)

I have exchanged a couple of letters with Paul Harold Rehorst, and am not sure what to make of him. ((He was trying to take over the NFFF.-rms)) He is Ser-Con, if not a fanatic. (Every one I know that uses their whole name has been.

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1955

HOW TO START YOUR OWN FAN CLUB (Hyphen #13, March 1955)

...a lot of our wildest members of five years back are now making like normal married folk. Most of thos I know have married other fans, or simi-fans, so they really are only starting new clubs of their own. Some are up to four members allready.....

A WAY OF LIFE (Tacitum #3, July 1955)

The average fan makes fandom part of his way of life. But, there is really nothing wrong with the more serious approach. It is usually hard on the fan, in the end, but he might do some good while around. In all groups, there has to be some dull routine work done. And if it were not for the SerCons, and Way of Lifers, things might be in a sad state. As an ex-SerConFan, I know that for some it can be a very good thing. I know of many fans, who like myself, because of illness were unable to take part in normal life. Fandom, which demands so little, but will take so much, is an outlet for people like that. And, the jolts and jars, along with the friendships, make most of us better for the belief that "Living is a Way of Life". South Gate in '58!

THE HAPPY ISOLATED (Alpha #11, August-September, 1955)

You know, in a way you people who are nearly isolated--any fans, anywhere--are lucky. Then you don't have to think of the people you could be seeing, but don't... And when someone comes...Wow! Here in Los Angeles (South Gate is part of L.A. County, and only 15 miles from the Heart, in which noone in their right mind lives) there are probably 200 or so fans, of one degree or another... I probably know 100 fans within 20 miles of me. Yet I regularly see only 8....I say this, because I honestly think you sound like you had more fun, fannish fun, than we do. I'm sure Willis does. When fans are plentiful, it seems sort of foolish to go and see them. Beside, they might not care to see you. So everybody stays home, in their own drunken, juvenilo, mundane, or writers circle.



WHEN A GOOD FAN DIES (Grue #25, November 1955)

Your gag/pun about naming your zine Pride coused me to laugh a real out-loud laugh. And I'm one of those guys that can read a joke book with a straight face... Please, I've a fine sence of humor, but when "reading" it, I don't give vent to my amusement. It is just as well, as when I do laugh, I sometimes get nearly hystarical.....

...John Berry is a good case in point, of letting new writers develope. He was a little sad to read when Walt started using his stuff, but look at him now. Has any rescarch been done to see just how much Willis has influenced English writing and fanzines? Maybe they were all that way to begin with, but they sure are all in the same mold now. And isn't it wonderfull. It accurse to me that might not be a good idea to let them import a US fan. He might carry a plauge with him, and make the English become TruFans...—Ahh, when a good fan dies now days, he must go to N. Ireland.

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1956

BATTLE OF THE SEXES (Hodge-Podge #15, February 1956)

I do not understand why Astra Bradley keeps fighting the battle of the sexes in everything she writes—or allmost. I don't see the point in it at all. I am a strong believer that female is quite a different type being than male, and it makes a very interesting arrangement. Why should they try to compare each others abilities? A wee-more child can see they are different.# I don't see what babies have to do with it though. Having babies is like having red hair so to speak. It is real fine, but nature didn't give much choise in the matter. If there is any compairason, it should be in the abilities we have that seperate us from the apes. The impathy that a woman can develope with someone she loves, to me is a far greater value, than the ability to bring forth young. No matter how vital that is.

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1957

CYCLES AND CARS (Camber #7, 1957)

Your editorial points up another fact supporting the case that English fandom is now at a simular level to what was the US's Third or Fourth Fandom. Let me quickly say that I do not think or mean to imply that you are backward. Just that your cycle development is later than ours. Personally, I, and other fans I have talked to over here, only wish we could join you, as you chaps seem to have a much better time than we do.

But, the point in question was about motor cars. Now, nearly all the fans around here own cars. Even I have a 1950 Cheve'.

But when I was first becoming active in 1946-48 when fan production and activity were very high here--almost no one had cars...So, as things follow their course, English fandom will have cars in time....But, chances are you will be an ex-fan then...

This Berry has gone far enough. It was funny when he pictured BoSh as a gluten. Or told of Whites lowness. Or even pictured Harris's depravity. That he pictures all the female members of the Wheels of IF as dumb stooges...But now he has suggested that Willis is cheep...This cuts to the very heart of fandom...Willis is my friend...He is famous. Burbee has said he was a good man. And Burbee has implicable taste. Someone should worn Thomson to cut himself loose. Berry is sealing his own doom. Someday we may import him half way to America.....

SNEARY'S CRIFANAC EXCHANGE (Letter to Woolston and Moffatt, January 1957)

Stan, your wish for me to get a job that paid \$152,000, and then hire you as a Secretary gives me an excellent idea. Solve both our problems. I'll hire you right now, for \$300 a month. Good pay for that kind of job, and beside, I bot you don't take shorthand as fast as longhand. With your help I can answer all my mail, write letters to fanzines, and maybe even start a project. An end with gafia...Of course, at the end of the month, I wouldn't have anything to pay you. So I'd have to work it off, by being your Secretary for a month. I could cut stencils for you, answer letters, sort magazines, set type. Then, at the end of the month, I'd hire you again, for another month. I might even give you a raise, just to keep you happy. Look at this, we both have good jobs now, with fine surroundings, and will get lots of time in on our hobbies beside... You know, Len, you are right. I am a genius, when I try.

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"That's what happened to knighthood--it got deflowered"--rms

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