

The KNANVE

THE MAGAZINE FOR KNANVES

NUMBER TWO - TWOUARY 1944

OUR LITTLE venture has been beset by requests for two imagined imperatives without which it cannot be called a magazine at all. A Golden Gate fan insists that we have a cover, and has even gone so far as to make one and run it off for us. Alas! we appreciate the effort but remain unbending in our belief that a cover is merely another bad habit of the American reading public. Poor Richard's Almanac, The Congressional Record, The Nation, et al manage to get along quite well without one...in fact, we are inclined to believe that the cover is one cause for juvenile delinquency and lowered reading standards.

Also, someone in the middle west wants to know if we will feature the voice of the reader. Again, no! However, chums, should you want to continue to receive The Knanve, keep sending in little notes, because, like FAPA, our circulation is limited to 75. We too have a waiting list Mr. Swisher!

This limitation is not the result of a desire to remain elite, nor is it our intention to set up a snug little private fandom. Bronson is a draftsman for Douglas Aircraft, Benson an engineer for North American, Chamberlain is in the personell department of the same company, and Yerke is in the Public Relations Photography department at NAA. We all work from 48 to 60 hours per week. The point is simply this: any larger circulation increases the volume of correspondence, the length of the press run, and the task of assembly to the stage where all the fun is taken out of it.

Our circulation is full up. If you're getting the magazine, send in your comments from time to time as an indication of your interest--otherwise we'll be very glad to let in some others. Interesting discussion and criticism will be excerpted and published, but that's about all.

LIKE MEMBERS of most progressive organizations, we Knanves have our postwar plans. We are all for reforming the calendar, for one thing. This issue is dated Twouary, for instance. Other months: Threech, Fourpl, Eightust, Ninember, Tenober, etc. The advantage of this is immediately apparent when one is able to figure in a flash what number in the yearly set-up a given month happens to be. This eliminates, when dating 2/10/44, etc., the process of counting the months on one's fingers.

And for postwar economics, the Knanves urge that everything be given one price, \$8.00. This will eliminate superfluous buying of inferior items, stop kiddies from buying candy, cut down double-features...and at the same time make it possible for everyone to have a house, car, clothes, and the stable items of life. Furthermore, it eliminates bookkeeping. We predict that the level of American health and well-being will bound upward immeasurably under the Knanve Plan.

THE STAFF: T. Bruce Yerke, Arden R. Benson, Philip R. Bronson, Edwin Chamberlain. THE KNANVE is a Knanve Press Publication, issued, with luck, on a monthly schedule. Mailing Address: 1223 Gordon St., Hollywood 38, Calif.

INCIDENT:

ON OR about January 15th, out went a mimeographed postal card to (we presume) a good part of fandom. It was obviously a concoction of tall, temperate, former Top-Fan Forrest J Ackerman, and companion, small, temperate Morojo (Myrtle R. Douglas). Probably not so obvious was the card's message, and many of its recipients were doubtless confused over the perplexing alliteration and the Ackermanese. The card stated that "on January 13 the fanne known as 'Morojo' died." "Or was 'divorced'." "This is no hoax, foax." "Forry once was her mentor; finally became her tormentor." "Their affinity...wore thinity to infinity." And so on. Assiduously studying this cryptic message, we have finally determined that what it was meant to say is this: "On January 13, Ackerman and Morojo broke up. Myrtle Douglas has discarded her Esperanto name. These two now go their separate ways; Forry to carry on with VoM, Myrtle to do a bit of living."

Three days after receiving the above information, another card deposited itself in our box. Wearily rubbing the back of our hand across our brow we set to work, came up with the following news: "Morojo and Forry have made up. She has reassumed her Esperanto monicker. Ackerman has also made up with Pogo."

And so, we release a long sigh, turn back to the weary grind and hope vaguely for something else exciting to happen soon.

"AND NOTHING TO LOOK BACKWARD TO WITH PRIDE...."

TO MEMBERS of the National Fantasy Fan Federation, late in January, came copies of the organization's bulletin, which few of them had expected to see again. In his capacity as Acting President, serious, well-spoken Michigan fan Al Ashley offered a retrospective message which said little, offered less inspiration to the NFFF's seventy-six members. Following Ashley's report, newly-returned NFFF President E. E. Evans contributed a paragraph of equally vague content. All too apparent was the fact that neither of these two officers was committing himself by making any definite statements about the status of the NFFF.

Just as apparent is the fact that the ill-fated NFFF has but briefly stirred in its oblivion, that it should be allowed to retire in its futility to a permanent sleep.

Born somewhat haphazardly in 1941, the NFFF plugged dully along, losing momentum with every moment of its existence, accomplishing nothing of importance. A few hard-working, almost idealistic officers could do nothing to circumvent a growing lack of interest on the part of three-fourths the NFFF's membership. Interested members were none-too-pleased at the mishandling of the organization's ambitious year-book, which after long lying in a state of suspended animation was announced to have been lost in the mails, in toto. Lost to many were large and small monetary investments and mss., a situation which did nothing to improve the good will and interest of the members, and about which no official explanations or apologies were ever disseminated. R.I.P.

THOUGHT FOR THE MONTH

(From a letter by John M. Cunningham in FFF Newsweekly)

"Never build your bridges afore you get to them, lest you most likely have built them too late, and do make-shift plans of quick action."

DR. Fassbeinder's
SPACE TRAVELS
No. 2
A VOYAGE TO DAUGHERTYMANIA

CHAPTER ONE

Captain Snee brough the Bronsonian Space Liner to dock at Bigappul, the space port for Charlstunwok, capitol of Daughertymania, and I eagerly departed from the cramped quarters of my bunk. Once outside of the space-port, I discovered that Daugherty, the High Whirligig, had proclaimed one of his interplanetary nefarious Dance Holidays, which usually lasted about three weeks. I tried to get an interview with Daugherty, but arrived at the Hippodrome, his official residence, only to see him carried away on a litter. Official guards told me he had been struck by an inspiration going West on Shangri-La Road.

CHAPTER TWO

Making my way through throngs of dancing, shouting inhabitants, I managed, on my second day, to get to the studio of Ronald Clyne. Clyne was inside in a smudgy smock. He looked haggard. "I'm going mad, mad, MAD!" he screamed at me, tearing up some Clyne originals. "Daugherty buys up all my originals, and demands I make more. Then he gets tired of them and sells them back to me. If I refuse to buy them back from him at twice what he paid me, he threatens to stop his Royal Orders. I'm going mad, mad, MAD!" I told Clyne I would speak to Daugherty when I saw him. When I got back to the Hippodrome, I saw him being carried away on a litter. Pedestrians informed me he had been struck with a new project while looking at some Bok originals.

CHAPTER THREE

Al Ashly lived in a discarded FAPA mailing envelope down on the banks of the Pacificon Palisades. When I met him I saw a fan mad with hate. "Walt promised to revive the NFFF and I left my wife in Battle Creek to come to this planet and help the dirty bum. When I got here I found Daugherty was in the rest home. He had been hit with a new idea, and when he recovoured, he was unable to recall anything about the NFFF. Meanwhile Tucker has moved to Battle Creek and all my mail comes back 'UNKNOWN AT THIS ADDRESS.' I'm going mad, mad, MAD!" I offered my services in reminding Walt of the NFFF, but when I presented my credentials at the Hippodrome, they were carting Walt away in a litter. Newsmen told me he had been hit with an idea while looking at some old fan mags, and was now in a critical condition.

CHAPTER FOUR

I awoke the next morning to find all Daughertymania in an uproar. The entire concept of all organisations was going to be reconstructed, according to an Official Proclamation from the High Whirligig's breakfast nook. However, an hour later, the High Whirligig couldn't remember anything about it. In fact, he was obsessed with a plan to erect shelves along all the walls of the Hippodrome. But, when the Cabinet assembled to hear Walt's idea, he lec-

tured to them for three hours on his new 100 page all-lithographed fan magazine which would be out in two months. As the council was buying pages in the new magazine, Daugherty was struck with a new interest falling from the ceiling, and he was carried away on a litter.

CHAPTER FIVE

After several days in the capitol, I did get to Daugherty. "Doctor," he said, "I'm glad to see you. I've been working on a vast new plan to unite all everything with me at the, cough, cough, head. What place do you want in this plan which all everything is crying for?"

I was prepared to answer when Walt noticed an original painted by Gook, hanging in a small shop window.

"I'll but it!" he shouted, running into the shop. He came out with the picture wrapped in his arms. "Gad, that Gook can draw," he raved. "Why, the whole art field can't boast of anyone to compare with Gook!"

"What about this new plan?" I questioned.

"Oh, I don't know," Walt sighed, "interplanetary fan affaires are just a hobby with me. No one should take it too seriously."

"Well, what about——"

I was again interrupted as Walt cornered an acquaintance and began to deluge him with an irresistible sales talk on the values of this rare picture by Gook. "You must have it," he urged. "I'm selling a few of my less treasured relics, etc., etc." The friend gave in.

Once back with me Walt sighed. "Gook isn't so good, you know. I wish I could keep all those things though! OH, MY GOD!" he suddenly roared. "I'm late for a date with Tilly!"

He ran madly off down Rocket Ave., S.E.

CHAPTER SIX

Mel Brown ran a decrepit publishing office over on S.F. Phanny Ave. On my last day in Charlstunwok, I dropped in to see him. "Have a light, fantastic?" he proffered, offering me a blazing picture of the High Whirligig. I accepted, and asked him about his mag FAN PANTS. "Damn Daugherty," he snarled.

"No," I said, "I was speaking of FAN PANTS."

"Damn Daugherty," Brown snarled louder. "OH, OH, OH, the chisler, the low-life, the two-face ~~Walt~~! Do you know what he did to my Clyne original?" Brown became so worked up over what had happened, whatever it was, that I left the shop as he began throwing printers' chases in all directions.

CHAPTER SEVEN

As the Bronsonian Space Liner soared up from Charlstunwok, I heard a newsflash that Daugherty had been struck with a plan and was being carried out of the Hippodrome on a litter. He had just announced a new holiday prior to the accident.

THE END

(Dr. Fassbeinder will recount his visit to the binary system well known to all as Fernatica-Kepneria in next month's installment of his popular Space Travels series. Staff.)

REGARDING NATIONAL FAN ORGANIZATIONS

Donald Wallheim, in the current F.A.P.A. mailing, comments upon my report to Fandom on the Cosmic Circle, and states that my position in the past has been repeatedly in opposition to the establishment of such an institution. I congratulate Donald on a very excellent analysis of my report, and I imagine that in the long-run he is more or less correct. However, had the Cosmic Circle been a "Legitimate" enterprise, my opinions and their expression would have proceeded along naturally different lines.

At the Denvention I spoke against the N.F.F.F., and for the record, I am still opposed to such a project. The term "national fan organisation" is one which needs further elaboration as it means virtually nothing without qualifying explanation. My use of the term assumes a structure which: (1) allegedly is designed to represent all fandom, to be, that is, THE fan organisation, (2) supercedes in authority local groups which belong to it, (3) sets up a national director and other offices, and divides the continent into regions headed by a regional officer, (4) publishes a periodical purporting to represent the official voice of the official fandom, and (5) formulates the "policy" of fandom.

The concept of a national organisation, a national this, or a national that, falls right in line with a trend pointed out very excellently in Franz Oppenheimer's "Evolution of the State" and Alfred Nock's "Our Enemy: The State." It is a peculiar characteristic of the minds of the past two centuries to take it for granted that a national structure is just naturally better than local autonomy. This illusion has indeed persisted so long that very few social planners have ever stopped to question whether any other type of regulation is superiour. Indeed, most persons imagine that it is some obscure law of nature that everything must be nationalised. Good or bad, national-type of organisations have one fundamental flaw: the energy contained in this type of structure was amassed gradually from divergent sources, but it may almost never be redistributed in an orderly manner. A change from a national-type organisation is complete collapse. They don't seem to readily back-track once it is discovered that the thing is going in the wrong direction.

Some people attempt to justify national-type organisations when the purpose of this centralisation is to transfer the energy of the content out into another field. But the purpose of uniting fandom is assuredly not that. Assume that fandom were to accept a national jurisdiction, what then? We are all dressed up with no place to go.

Perhaps I am an atavism from another age of thought, but I have always had an aversion to a representative of a national-type organisation. I feel that I am not discussing matters with a free intellectual agent at all, but a sort of harlequin whose cerebrum is the property of The Officers. It has always seemed to me so obvious that the most satisfactory manner for human beings to progress is by improving oneself, thinking for oneself, and acting for oneself; that I have been unable to appreciate the natural assumption of others that, in this case, a national fan organisation would be one whit better to many well-organised local organisations.

How does all this apply to the fan field? Simply thusly: mass improvement methods have always ended up in a muddle. The only improvement that can

be regarded valid is that of each individual striving to improve society at large by making one improved unit, namely himself. And the best way to improve the fantasy fan field is by each participant striving to improve the whole by making one improved fantasy fan.

Under this situation, those who are intrinsically fitted to this field of accomplishment will hew a niche, while incompetents, with only themselves to rely upon for support, eventually will succeed in making such thoroughly successful asses of themselves that their withdrawal from the picture will follow in the course of evolution.

Huge national-type organisations become a refuge for incompetents, and the farther from the main office that positions become, the more likely it is that incompetents will filter in. One is faced with a symbolical concept, per example: Regional Director for the State of Delaware. The title carries with it an implied dignity and validity. When we hear that Gerald Geralde is holding this office, Gerald Geralde has title which one is compelled to pay lip service to, whether or not the man is worthy of a position. And if he appoints an assistant, one must give the assistant due amity. Maybe the office was vacant because no one wanted it or no one was available to fill it at the time. The Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society has had at least two abysmally incompetent Secretaries because better material was unavailable or not desirous of the position. Many titles to be filled leaves much room for incompetents to fill them.

Naturally a certain amount of organisation is necessary. This no one can deny, but the fewer positions created, the less sidetracked individuals become in their activities.

I think that fandom can best benefit by qualified devotees striving to strengthen and entrench the positions of local groups with complete local autonomy. Have a comprehensive and active bunch in cities where fans exist at the present time. Let each city, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Battle Creek, New York, Minneapolis, and where ever else one or more fan remains, develop in its own unique manner. Take due credit for your accomplishments as individual units.

As for individual fans, the lure of possibly being holder of a position in a national organisation is a great temptation to anyone. I know this to be a natural characteristic of our specie. Big Name Titles have held very little appeal to me. It is infinitely more fun to partake of the endless variety in literature and publishing, to make your own style unique, and if you achieve any degree of repute, it is a valid honour. The accomplishments of the minion of a large organisation belong to the organisation, and his own glory is primarily reflected from the home office.

The Knaves have no officers nor title holders. This is possible only in a small, cooperative group. That things are done, that the magazine comes out, that correspondence is answered, etc., bespeaks of single improved units functioning individually, and not under the artificially motivated structure of tabulated organisation. "Au diable chez les bagatelles, gentil-hommes. Il faut cultiver notre jardin!" (Candide, Voltaire)

-T. Bruce Yerke



BRONHOLLY CANYON



A few years ago motion picture companies constructed their elaborate outdoor sets, of all places, outdoors. This archaic system has of course been superseded by the fabrication of complicated outdoor sections, giving cameramen control over weather, sun, and atmospheric conditions. "On Location" no longer means glamorous caravans to the desert, the mountains, the tropics or the arctic; it means taking the streetcar to Sunset and Gower, or Melrose and Van Ness. (Columbia and Paramount, respectively)

But the remains of earlier epics still dot the hillsides in the vicinity of Hollywood. One of the most often used in bygone days was Bronholly Canyon; a short forty-five minute hike from the Yerke Den up Bronson Ave. Bronholly Canyon is of especial interest to scientifiiction fans as it was in this desolate area that the Flash Gordon serials, She, and the Crusades were filmed. In addition, the visitor will immediately recognise the scene of innumerable Western hold-ups, pitched battles, and stage coach chases.

The Knaves as represented by Arden Benson, Paul Freehafer, and Bruce Yerke made an historical expedition to Bronholly January 16, 1944. ~~Prime~~ purpose was to show this relic to Benson and Freehafer; Yerke, an inveterate hiker before he became a 4F, had travelled these regions as early as 1936.

The long shot (above) shows part of the triple-mouthed caves from which the Emperor Ming's rocket ships burst forth in the days of yore. Size of the same is gained by observing small figures in lower left. Landslides and rain have washed away most of the gaudy paint, but inside of the "fortress" the Knaves found cross-beams and rusted wires from the long-vanished props and lighting effects. Third mouth of cave may be discerned in far left of photograph.

Buns Benson stands (opposite) in near-obliterated opening to the cave of Universal Pictures' version of H. Rider Haggard's "She" (1935). Cave is now full of water, runs back into hillside some 85 feet. Illusions of size in picture were obtained by wide-angle lens and other trick effects. Just below cave are some rusted remnants of the catapult used by the crusaders in storming Antioch. Further left and a little higher is gravel bank and remains of collapsing bridge over which Joe E Brown drove tractor in comedy-thriller "Earth worm Tractors."

Modern indoor-technique made obsolete and decadant such onetime well-tended permanent movie locations.



MORE ABOUT THE FAN MAGAZINE SITUATION---

Our brief and rather one-sided outlook on the "juvenile" fan magazine situation as expounded in the first issue has elicited some heated response from one Art Sehnert of Memphis, Tennessee.

Says Sehnert: "I have on hand each and every issue of the Apollo Fanzine. I will readily admit that the Apollo Fanzine from conception through the current issue has not measured up to the standard of, say, The Acolyte, but from the first they have shown a marked improvement. I don't know just how old Joel is, mentally or chronologically, but I do know that he is still going to school. With my own small experience in fanzine publishing I know that Joel is having a hard time both financial and mechanical. I have considerable money and time to put into my own publishing effort, and even with my resources I can't put out the magazine I would like to....primarily because I am not well enough acquainted with the various types of duplicators. Necessarily neither can Joel."

Sehnert states that he has plenty of time and money with which to produce a fan magazine, yet turns out a pretty feeble effort. With his means, maturity, and background in the fan field, he should be quite capable of publishing a worthwhile magazine. Art's case is an excellent example of where we derive our inspiration for blasts like "Oh, Dammitall!". When a fan editor possesses the resources, knowledge, and aptitudes for fan publishing and does poorly we can only assume that, 1) He is too lazy and doesn't have a sincere interest in fan publishing, or 2) He publishes solely to satisfy his ego, or 3) he publishes solely to receive other fan mags in exchange.

Follows then Art's bald statement that even with his resources he cannot produce the magazine he would like, principally because he is not familiar with the various types of duplicators. Lord! If he has the money he can buy a duplicator, and if he has the time he can learn quickly enough to operate it. And if he can't buy a satisfactory machine, or if he just can't learn to work it successfully, he can have his work done for him!

"Money is the primary item in fanzine publishing," continues Sehnert, "with material and reproduction abilities following in that order. It's unfortunate that we cannot all be born with a pocket full of money; it's also unfortunate that we can't all be born with knowledge of the idiosyncracies of the mimeograph and hectograph duplicators. But what is more important is the unfortunate fact that a few fans, like the author of the 'Oh, Dammitall!' article are unable to move in any circle other than the one revolving in the immediate vicinity of their noses."

Money certainly is not the major factor in fan publishing. Harry Warner managed to publish the top fan mag while having to hold himself to a limited budget. We managed to publish highly rated issues of "Fantasite" while still in high school and well nigh penniless. And, at one time or another, we think that most fan publishers have had to contend with various stages of penury in your work; yet most fan magazines are not messy and puerile.

However, if money is an inescapably vital factor to some, we see no reason why groups like the Vulcanites cannot join together in producing one really good magazine, instead of a batch of inferior periodicals.

It isn't a question of merely knowing about the idiosyncracies of duplicators....most of them are extremely simple and require no particular knowledge in order to be operated capably. The idiosyncrasies are easy to conquer by the simple expedient of some pre-publication experimentation.

"For my own part and speaking for my magazine [Saturnalia], "Sehnert goes on, "the reaction of the author of 'Oh, Dammitall!' is as insignificant as the flea on the elephant's ear. But it must be one hell of a disappointment to the younger fans to read such derogatory crap about their efforts. These editors being young and impressionable have no incentive to improve their magazines as long as they are told they are not worth a damn; no matter how much they improve."

A disappointment? Yes, we know very well, having had our similar little disappointments. But we disagree with the declaration that harsh criticism destroys the incentive to improve. It seems to us that the result should be exactly the opposite----should be an increase of the urge to do better.

Back to Sehnert: "Throughout this short article I have allowed my temper to get the best of me, on occasions. Two paragraphs, temper-inspired, and entirely irrelevant, have been excised from Art's rebuttal. Ordinarily I wouldn't allow this to happen, but the fans being persecuted are well-meaning and decent kids doing their best in the pursuance of their hobby. They deserve the chance to show if they can make good. If they fail consistently, they need denunciation. But first, they need the chance to show they can improve with experience. If they are not to be allowed this chance, then I suggest you not read their magazines."

All well and good, particularly if all we were worried about was our own distaste for "juvenile" fan magazines (in employing the term "juvenile" we do not necessarily allude to ages of fan editors, but to the appearance and contents of their magazines). We do not doubt that the Vulcan kids are decent and well-meaning. We do doubt that they are doing their best. With us it is not a question of personal likes and dislikes; it is regard for the fan publishing field, for fandom, in which we have been active, past and present, and intend to be in the future. Magazines which are bad are bad for the entire publishing field, and for fandom as a whole. And the fact that this situation could be rectified by some logic, some painstaking work on the part of the "juvenile" editors, or by mass assistance from the readers does not help any to foster a needed maturity in fandom.-PRB

----- "FLESH AND FANTASY"

Although, as a fantasy movie, "Flesh and Fantasy" is not all that it could and should be, it is definitely recommended to all fantasy-fiction fans as being a picture well worth seeing. Boyer and DuVivier have produced a noteworthy effort, with a few bits of better-than-average acting some good lighting effects and camera technique. The film is divided into three separate, yet interwoven stories, each of which is quite intriguing and possessed of a nice fantasy background. Betty Field, Thomas Mitchell, and Edward G. Robinson are particularly outstanding among the group of twelve-or-so screen personalities who portray characters in the photoplay. Boyer is good, but a trifle Boyerish, if you know what we mean. He's most certainly a first rate actor, but one has to be able to take and like his ever-present hammy love-making to fully appreciate his merit. Of interest is the use of the "Orson Welles" technique, all to very good advantage. The producers shied away from the traditional makeup in creating an impression of the extreme ugliness of Betty Field by employing some excellent lighting effects, which is only one instance. Better see it...

ISN'T INTEGRITY MARVELOUS? DEPT: (Degler, in the Cosmic Circle Commentator Number Fifteen.) "Degler, while he was there in Los Angeles, had use of a key to the clubroom of the LOS ANGELES SCIENCE FANTASY SOCIETY, where he often came in alone late at night to work on the publications---yet in all the THREE MONTHS Degler was there, nobody in Los Angeles missed anything!!!"

ADDENDA:

ONE PARTICULARLY irksome habit of the new regime on Bixel St. is the plural for the word fan, i.e., fen. We imagine this is taking use of the germanic method of forming the plural of "man". (Der Mann...Die MÄnner) These clever word mongers have knocked off the "m" and substituted an "f".

We imagine this basic change eliminates the word "man" from their vocabulary. These fen aren't men at all, they are poor helpless, sexless things excommunicated from their race and origin. Scientifiction fandom is their reality....they ain't guys at all, they're fen, and fen doesn't mean men at all, it precludes membership in specie homo sapiens.

So, fans (guys what like stf. some of the time), be careful when you use this absurd philological tool, because its originator has done some tampering with the very roots of our language. The Semantic results may be most interesting. Oh Mr. Ogden, Mr. Korzybski, Mr. Hayakawa, come take a look at this strange corruption. Fan, the plural of which is "fen".

FOR FURTHER pictorial views of Bronholly Canyon, see TIME magazine for February 7, 1944, page 54. This opening for the cave in Song of Bernadette is photographed from the center cave of the Flash Gordon triplets. The ridge above center figure from this still was position in which Yorke's camera was placed for the Khanve shots. We're glad to see Bronholly back in use again.

LATEST RESIGNATION FROM THE LASFS: Walter J. Daugherty, former Director, member since 1939. Daugherty to continue work on NFFF.

THE KHANVE
1223 Gordon St
Hollywood 38
California

Printed Matter
Return postage
Guaranteed

TO: _____

