

the ferocious fanzine

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Rats will eat you,
Walter J. Daugherty

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Not that there is any reason to emulate Walter J. Daugherty in any way, but I do think it would be a good idea to set down my opinion of him, as he did his of me, right here at the beginning of the article. Unfortunately, my opinion of Walter J. Daugherty is completely unprintable....

Walter, my faithful readers will recall, has issued a blistering attack on me, ending with a challenge to answer him in the FAFA. Looking at this from one angle, a detailed reply to and criticism of Walter is something I'd much rather leave to somebody like Degler, as the two come much closer to being on the same mental and emotional level than do "hatta Jerk" and I. Then, too, my beloved readers may consider that reading an article that comes right out and admits to being part of a feud would be just a waste of their valuable time. I admit that it would give me great pleasure to merely set down, as my full reply to Walter, his own words--"Talk is the cheapest thing in fandom today!!!" Action is the scarcest."--and then settle back and enjoy the mental image of my dear enemy repeating "To Hell with you, Larry T. Shaw!" over and over for the rest of his life, or until his

vocal cords gave out. Just think--my own name would go down in history among the famous last words of famous men. And please don't ask what famous men; after all, we don't want to make Walter's inferiority complex worse than it is already, do we?

However, there's another side to this particular question, unusual as that may seem. My own time might not be considered valuable, but at least it's scarce; and I deem it worth-while to use some of it, and my definitely valuable stencils, paper, and ink as well, to give Walter the reply he asked for. Now, please don't anyone ever say that I called Walter J. Daugherty a fascist. What I am saying is that Walter can be compared to the menace of fascism in one way: if he/it isn't squashed now, the job will merely be postponed until some future date, when it will certainly prove much more difficult than it is now. What I'm hoping to accomplish is to eliminate a potential menace to fandom while it is still potential. Hail, Walter, you blasted little menace, you; hail--and I hope I can soon add the farewell.

In one way I'm lucky. Walter asked me to break his article up into paragraphs and answer it. However, his secretary, in translating and stencilling the thing, very kindly broke it up into paragraphs for me, so that I don't have to bother with that. I suggest that Walter take the trouble to look up the meaning of "paragraph" in the dictionary. I did, several years ago, and was quite surprised to find that a paragraph is not at all the same thing as a pacyderm or a pterodactyl. One learns something every day, doesn't one?

I quote Walter:

"It is my belief that Larry T. Shaw is a
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cockeyed liar." I don't deny it, but I don't think it has anything to do with the business at hand. Anyone wanting to hear my beliefs about Walter J. Daugherty may have them for a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

"I HAVE FULFILLED ALL THE REQUIREMENTS THAT ARE NECESSARY TO MAKE ME A MEMBER IN GOOD STANDING OF THE FAPA." Haven't strained yourself, have you, Walter? "May I ask ... why my last mailing was later than any other L'A' mailing?" Why don't you ask Swisher; he was editor then, dope. Perhaps you neglected to inform him of your address, eh? "... I was questioning everyone of the L'A' FAPA'ers as to what the ballots were about, and why they were coming to my place ..." If the L'A' FAPA'ers could read, they would have answered you, chum--since you claim they all had their mailings two weeks ahead of you. "... AS I HAD RECEIVED NO NOTIFICATION OF ANY FORM ABOUT THEM." That wasn't my fault either, stupid.

"I have yet to see the job in FAPA that is too big for me (alone) to handle." Okay, have sixty or more mimeographed pages in one mailing. I've done it, and so has Speer. I challenge you to do the same. Walt. Certainly it wouldn't be too hard for you. "The minute I saw the ballot I could have given you the answer as to who would be elected and what bills would have passed and which would not have." Nice going. If we could all do that, the necessity for ballots would be completely eliminated. But we're not all supermen yet, are we? "May I presume to ask, Mr. Shaw, why did you pick Phil Bronson for the committee?" Go ahead and ask, Walt, but why not ask the right person for a change? Ashley picked the committee, of course. Honest to Ghu, if I thought you really believed I did the picking, I'd figure you were pretty stupid. And if I thought you really did know

(which I don't see how you could help) and were trying to gain backing for your attack by confusing the issue, I'd still figure you were pretty stupid. As it is, I don't know exactly what was going on in your mind when you wrote that, but I still think you're stupid. "After your AirMail letter I had to drive 40 miles to Eronson's place to get his signature." Why? Couldn't you have written to me, explaining the delay, and giving me the tentative results? Hmnn? "... how about re-imbursing me 1 gas coupon, 60 cents for gas, 45 cents for extra postage and "4.50" for a phone call?" You got off cheap, chum. How about reimbursing me the approximately "50.00 my trip to the Pufflocon, with the primary purpose of getting the ifnal election results completely straightened out, cost me? Hmnnn?

"You speak as if I were a criminal and the FAFA ballot-counting job was my chance for a parole, and that 'I feel' puts you in the role of warden. Of the Georgia Chain Gang wardens, no doubt." The Voice of Experience, no doubt.

"If it only 'seems to be customery' to you how in the devil do you expect me to be guilty of a direct charge unless it is fact and not something that is 'customery'?" If your understanding of satire doesn't extend any further than that, Walt, I'm not surprised at your continually calling me "Mr. Shaw." And I deny the mis-spelling of customary.

"If you care to check up, Mr Shaw, you will find that Al Ashley had an unofficial tally prior to this date or perhaps you do not consider Battle Creek, Michigan as the east?" I don't consider Battle Creek as the east, Ashley doesn't consider Battle Creek as the east, and the almanac doesn't consider Battle Creek as the east. Does anybody outside of Walter consider Battle Creek as the east?

"If you think that being too busy to answer a letter is 'ignoring someone'..." Too big a job for you, eh?

"... it seems to me that you are taking a lot for granted by warning the FAPA members and telling them what you are going to do with the FAPA mailing." Not too much. Has the only person running for an office ever been defeated?

"The next time you want anyone to handle a job you might ask them about it and let them know their duties and be sure it is an official appointment." I'll be only too glad to, Walter darling. And the next time will be the first time. "Do you have the power to appoint a ballot-caster?" Come again? I think one of us is a little confused.

"You have a job which I would like very much to have, that of official editor but what chance would I have when I've always had a few crack-pots like you let loose with a bunch of half-baked charges that are so full of holes you could use them for a seive?" Read that sentence again, Walt, and see how much sense it makes. And I'd advise you to do something about that inferiority complex. I think you could conquer it if you tried, seriously I do. You won't listen to my advice, of course, but you'd be better off if you did. And if you really want to be OE, I suggest you run for the office in the next election. In fact, I not only suggest that you do, I challenge you to!

"... that toilet paper you put out to drag my name through the mud ..." That is not what I put it out for, and everyone but you seems to know it. And it wasn't toilet paper, so there too!

And now, Walter, I have just one more chal-

lenge to make. If the job of ballot-counting was so blasted simple, why didn't you count them correctly? Why, Walter, WHY??? Answer that and I'll gladly let you have more apologies than you can use in a month of second Tuesdays. But until you do, don't print any more articles like "To Hell With You, Larry T. Shaw!"

Next time I may lose my temper.

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McSNOYD'S BULLETIN is published occasionally for members of the FAPA by Larry T. Shaw of 313 West 4th Street, New York City 14. The only reason for its existence is that it gives me a spot on Swisher's Check-List that is shared by no one else at all. (Yes, the "Mc" classification is listed separately in all filing systems, and no fanzine so far has had a title beginning with it.) Not that it matters especially, because chances are that this is the final issue. I have no more of the small stencils, and I hate to ask Russ Wilsey and his Feline House Press (to whom, incidentally, go many many thanks) to run them off for me all the time. Hi Ho.
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