

MR. MANSTER

A man with glasses, smiling, is seated at a dark wooden desk. He is wearing a light-colored suit jacket over a dark shirt with a patterned tie. His hands are resting on the desk. The background is a composite image featuring a starry night sky, a planet with rings (Saturn), and a bright yellow comet streak. The overall tone is nostalgic and whimsical.

Another Time
Another Place



Sometimes I think Earth has got to be the insane asylum of the universe. . . and I'm here by computer error. At sixty-eight, I hope I've gained some wisdom in the past fourteen lustrums and it's obligatory to speak plain and true about the conclusions I've come to; now that I have been educated to believe by such mentors as Wells, Stapledon, Heinlein, van Vogt, Clarke, Pohl, (S. Fowler) Wright, Orwell, Taine, Temple, Gernsback, Campbell and other seminal influences in scientifiction, I regret the lack of any female writers but only Radclyffe Hall opened my eyes outside sci-fi.

I was a secular humanist before I knew the term. I have not believed in god since childhood's end. I believe a belief in any deity is adolescent, shameful and dangerous. How would you feel, surrounded by billions of human beings taking Santa Claus, the Easter bunny, the tooth fairy and the stork seriously and capable of shaming, maiming or murdering in their name? I am embarrassed to live in a world retaining any faith in church, prayer or celestial creator. I do not believe in Heaven, Hell or a Hereafter; in angels, demons, ghosts, goblins, the Devil, vampires, ghouls, zombies, witches, warlocks, UFOs or other delusions and in very few mundane individuals - politicians, lawyers, judges, priests, militarists, censors and just plain people. I respect the individual's right to abortion, suicide and euthanasia. I support birth control. I wish to Good that society were rid of smoking, drinking and drugs.

My hope for humanity - and I think sensible science fiction has a beneficial influence in this direction - is that one day everyone born will be whole in body and brain, will live a long life free from physical and emotional pain, will participate in a fulfilling way in their contribution to existence, will enjoy true love and friendship, will pity us 20th century barbarians who lived and died in an atrocious, anachronistic atmosphere of arson, rape, robbery, kidnapping, child abuse, insanity, murder, terrorism, war, smog, pollution, starvation and the other negative "norms" of our current civil(?)ization. I have devoted my life to amassing over a quarter million pieces of sf and fantasy as a present to posterity and I hope to be remembered as an altruist who would have been an accepted citizen of Utopia.

Through These Portals

Enter

Another world

Where time bides full spectrum,

A world of ageless thoughts

Preserved on paper;

Of sights—

Captured frames of moments

Out of time,

Souls frozen in eternal posture;

Of illusions -

Fantasies that rival Nature's best,

A far-flung universe of Stars,

A galaxy of

Resplendent hopes and dreams.

Our future's here,

among this past—

The visions of the greatest minds

This world could hope to offer:

Brilliant flashes Of vivid imagination,

Of calculated abandon;

A strange and awesome perspective,

A bold and daring legacy.

And amidst it all,

One man -

That legacy's curator,

Administrator of the past,

Harbinger of the future

Offers graciously

This cornucopia

For those who would pursue,

For those with eyes to see

And hearts with courage to embrace

The future's past,

Its present

And its destiny.

Ann Wilmer-Lasky

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Dedicated to Forrest J Ackerman, Mr. Science Fiction, without whose foresight, much of our science fiction heritage would have been lost forever.

Who can argue over the last 90 years, Forry Ackerman has stirred the gray matter of millions of fans the world over? Some to wonder, some to create, share, get involved, and more importantly, to think. The fact you are reading this is testament to Forry's tenacity and love of life. And certainly, the legacy of the man will live beyond the pages, the movies, the collections, the conventions to all the people who will never know they've been touched by "Mr. Monster", Forrest J (no period) Ackerman.

This isn't to say Forry didn't have his detractors; not everyone can go, and do and be and have and aspire without discovering those who may not share the same ideals. And who, after all can always be right all the time?

We are now at that point, that parting we all know must come, saddened perhaps, but not surprised.

Whether you met Forry through the pages of some dusty tome, over a box of popcorn at a double horror matinee, a legendary Open House at the Ackermansion, the "Famous Monsters of Filmland" letter-column or shaking his hand at a convention, you are now charged with taking what you have and doing what you will to pass along the joy, the interest and enthusiasm that we all share to those less fortunate. If we don't, then what does that say about ourselves?

It was 1960 when this 13 year old kid walked into the drug store and smack into the 10th issue of Famous Monsters of Filmland. It called to me from the rack, crying "Take me home little boy and I'll change your life forever." (with apologies to 4E). I was smitten. Months later, I returned for my next dose, in the form of the Gorgo clad issue #11 and found it fresh from the delivery truck, still baled and pulsating on the floor. Inquiring to the time of Gorgo's freedom, I was told "Those magazines are going back to the distributor because they are bad for kids' minds."

The rest is history.

Alan White

In one way or another Forry, directly or indirectly, you have changed the lives of millions of people. you were the parent, the guardian of light and leader of the way to an entire generation of baby boomers.

By your friendship, willingness to give of yourself, contributions to fandom, and ability to laugh along with, as well as question fandom, you have, for 92 years proven yourself to be an exemplary resident of Fandom and planet Earth.

Just remember that whatever highway, country, planet, plane or dimension you travel, you will be remembered by those who love you. ■

This publication is dedicated to Forry Ackerman and the world he helped create that in one way or another we all live.

Alan White / iMonsterkid.com

In July of 1989 I published the last issue of my magazine "Delineator". That issued featured a tribute to Forry Ackerman allowing our readers to add their own tribute to Mr. Monster. Here is a reprinting of those tributes, plus a few picked up along the way. Almost 20 years ago; were we insightful or just silly?

Forry provided me with a lot of material for a project such as this and for the first time, it will all be printed. Many of the photos were taken by myself, yet Forry, while giving me permission to print everything, didn't necessarily include names of individual photographers. My apologies.

Mike Yerkes. . .

I'm 37, but only became personally acquainted with Forry over the last 6-7 years. Yet, in a way, I've "known" Forry since I was 8 years old. In Fall, 1960 - when my step dad left on the coffee table a magazine called Famous Monsters (it was issue #10, the Claude Rains Phantom cover).

As I grew older, I actually read "M" in ADDITION to looking at those HUGE, clear black and white pictures of ghouls, mummies, robots and, of course, Lon Chaney. So, like most readers of FM, I became acquainted with Forry through his editorials and personal asides inside the magazine. And I loved it all. The kindness and warmth of his words only hinted at the kindness and warmth of the real man.

I suppose, looking back on childhood and FM, I'm like a lotta guys my age who loved the magazine and the man behind it; I was poor (in the early years) and had sometimes a chaotic family life (oh well, who doesn't?) but FM and Forry's writing was a dependable - and needed - friend to someone growing up like myself.

I only regret - because of law school - I can't see him. He's the most accommodating, decent and warm person I think I've ever encountered.

I just wanted to express my affection and admiration for him. In this world there are few truly decent and good people, of this I'm convinced. That's why Forry Ackerman is a person who makes the world livable because he surely is one of those few.

And Forry, if this is published and you're reading this, THANK YOU for being so nice to me the past years, welcoming me into your home and your life. I'm very lucky!

After all, if it wasn't for Forry Ackerman and "Famous Monsters," a skinny little kid would never have earned the appellation "Monster Mike" amongst all the other kids.

Jim Morrow. . .

Always Gentle on My Mind

Memories are a wonderful gift that we possess while we are here on earth. As we travel life's party, we experience many things, some good and some bad! We also meet people from all walks of life. Again, some are good and some are bad. These individuals, forever etched into our minds, teach us important lessons on happiness and sorrow.

Yet, if we are lucky - we will meet someone like Forry.

I have known Forry personally since 1974. It seems like I have known him a lifetime.

I first became acquainted with Forry when I started reading "Famous Monsters of Filmland" when I was in the first grade. The year was 1963, right before John F. Kennedy was assassinated. (It's funny how those things stick out so vividly in my mind.) I was not allowed to buy the magazines, but I still read friends copies at school.



In 1965, when my father was stationed in Tripoli, Libya, we (my mother and brother Jeff) flew to meet him at our new home. The first thing my father did was to take me to the AFB Bookstore. (This bookstore became my link to the outside world)). He promised that he would buy anything that I wanted. What did I see? FM. #36 leapt out and grabbed me! Well, to a little kid, so far away from the U.S. of A(ckerman), let's just say that I felt a little closer to home.

I have many fond memories of Forry over the years. He is one of the most gracious people I have ever known. The many times that I have been with him, I have never seen him rude to anyone. He has never turned away a fan. He is always eager to answer any questions or chat with them. I think that because he has been a lifetime fan himself, he knows how good a fan feels when they are not talked down to. When I see the smiles of the fans and Forry, I have to say that I have a warm feeling inside.

There is one thing for which I will always be grateful to Forry. In 1983, I invited my brother Jeff to attend his first convention (Atlanta Fantasy Fair). Forry was kind enough to visit us in our room. He entertained my brother with tales of FM, Boris Karloff, movies, and gave a demonstration of Esperanto. Jeff met him again in 1984, where he was also warmly greeted by Robert Bloch. To this day, he still talks of these two men and how interesting and entertaining they were.

I had always wanted to personally visit the Ackermansion. In 1986, I finally had the pleasure of seeing his collection. To finally see it was a dream come true. To see the collection is to see the history of the sci-fi, horror, and fantasy world. It is a time machine that will take you on a journey to the past, present and future.

Jay Singer. . .

This is simply a thank you letter; admittedly one I should have written when I was thirteen. (I have just turned thirty four.) My younger brother and I attended the auction in New York and meeting you and hearing your speech as a high point in our life.

I understand this comment sounds a bit dramatic, but to us it was a thrilling moment. (I am not a mushy type of guy.) When your formative years are heavily influenced by someone you never actually met... well, it's a SHOCK to finally meet that man in the flesh. We grew up in the "Golden Age" of monster books, collecting FM, Castle of Frankenstein (whatever happened to Calvin T. Beck?), monster cards, Aurora models and, of course, Creepy and Eerie.

I, along with legions of fans, want to finally thank you for the moral values you instilled in us and the appreciation of the world of science fiction and horror in both film and print. If there is one man who is responsible for the interest and devotion we show to the genre, it is you, Mr. Ackerman.

While I am happy for Fangoria's commercial success, they and their various offshoots dwell so heavily on sickening depictions of disembowelments, facial disfigurements, etc. , that it seems to border on the psychopathological. Forry, if censorship was as lax in 1966 as it is in 1988, you would never have printed these images. You never even whispered the name Hershel G. Lewis nor acknowledged

the existence of his film. For this, Forry, I thank you. I just wrapped up seven years in the video retail business, and, during that time, I would seriously ponder what the long-range effects of these intense gore films will be on the minds and personalities of young people. Fortunately, the owners accepted my recommendations so we did not even stock most of the stuff. We just told customers to try other stores. I have always believed in freedom of expression, but I also believe in moderation.

I wish you and yours much good luck and success in the future and hope one day to stride through the portals of the Ackermansion. Just seeing the photos and video isn't enough. Through your efforts you keep the past alive and remembered. Without the past, without memories, life is just existence. Once again, Forry, THANKS!

Donald A. Wollheim. . .

News of my November 1987 winning of the Forry Award made my day - I now find I cannot see my reflection in mirrors. Forry is certainly one of the pillars that uphold the fan world and keep the faith.

Al Shamie. . .

"I cannot bear to contemplate Forry's mortality. If he should depart this realm via any mode, my reaction would be to eat the wild grass of the fields and bathe in the dust for at least 7 years."



pic: Alan White

Forry bookended by Carroll Borland and her daughter at Halloween party, 1966

Tetsy Pryor. . .

"Forry is the guardian angel of sci-fi."

John Kobal. . .

"Forry is a real-life Margo in his very own Found Horizon."

Emil Petaya. . .

"He is the 'Mental Emperor' of sci-fi"

Donald Franson. . .

Originally written for Isaac Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine in response to some "antisci-fi" editorial.

Higgledy-piggledy
Forrest J Ackerman
Coined a new word that now
Isaac assails.

Experts on everything
Scientifictional
Forry struck first and so
"Sci-fi" prevails.

I've never used the term myself, thinking it neofannish, but I believe it's time for us all to accept the fact that it's now part of the language. I cite Ninth New International Dictionary, and Leonard Matlin's TV Movies and Video Guide, which doesn't confine its use to bad movies. It's become non-pejorative, at last, so Forry can quit fighting; the battle's won.



pic: Alan White

Carroll Borland set to pounce on the Ackermmonster

Walter Willis. . .

Forry Ackerman and the Pacific Ocean

One of the sideshows turned out to be the Pacific Ocean. It . had a concession of a few yards of rather dirty sand, and looked depressingly like the Atlantic. It was my intention to wade out a short distance, thinking appropriately solemn thoughts such as that I had now reached the furthestmost point of my journey westwards and this was the turning point. Feeling as poetic as I could in bare feet with my trousers rolled up, I stalked rapidly into the Pacific Ocean only to slow down with an aching sense of injustice. It was COLD. My Ghod, the Pacific was cold! It was intolerable. However I suppressed my indignation and continued on to where the water got deep. I paused, savoring the solemnity of the occasion. Here I was in the Pacific Ocean — my romantic reflections were shattered by a shout from Forry. I looked round. He pointed. I looked down. There, sailing past in a line ahead at a good 15 knots, were my only pair of shoes in 7000 miles. With a strangled cry I leaped after them, letting go my rolled up trouser legs, which immediately fell into the water. I overtook my shoes halfway to Hawaii and struggled back to dry land. I regret to have to tell you that Forrest J Ackerman, a fine man in many ways, failed to show the quiet sympathy which would have been appropriate at this tragic moment. He was rolling on the sand, laughing. And as I trudged up to him and said, "a slow boot to China!"

Jay Kay Klein. . .

A long time ago, back when I was 17 and had just been graduated from high school, that summer I met ForTy at a science fiction get-together in New York City. I knew who he was, and had met him a time or two before, but this was the first time I'd ever done more than exchange a few words. I had a copy of the science fiction novel written by John Jacob Astor and published at the end of the 19th century, intending to peddle it to help defray expenses. Forry was interested, but said he was short of cash at the moment, but would send it to me when he got back home.

Knowing I would leave for college in a few weeks, I told him to wait until I let him know my new address. And then, I forgot all about it until about six or seven months later. I wrote, and received a check practically by return mail.

I only wish everyone were that dependable.

Brad Linaweaver. . .

Forry and Wendy are characters in my first sci-fi novel, *Moon of Ice* (with Forry's full cooperation I might add). This is the long version of an article I did on FJA for *Tropicon III*, December, 1984. He was Guest of Honor.

Forry-Word to the Future

(c 1984 by Brad Linaweaver)

Long before there was discussion in various circles of Academia over the cinema of terror, there were monster movies. Eons before serious attempts at finding the boundaries of SF, there was the hoary pleasure of sci-fi. Always before the coming of the connoisseur, there must be wine to put in the bottles.

Forrest J Ackerman, tee-totaler that he is, holds the record for the most complete cellar of vintage science fiction, fantasy and horror memorabilia. Not a small portion of that vast accumulation is the result of his own work as editor, writer, agent, journalist, columnist, actor, anthologist, and public spokesman for the field he has made his own.

Forry is a popularizer. Ray Bradbury has called him, "the most important fan / collector / human being in the history of science - fantasy fiction."

His is the necessary figure, the complete librarian, a man able to cross-reference highly diverse material as though a real life psycho-historian. He has met virtually everyone in the field but those few giants who passed away before he had the opportunity, one such case inspiring the title of proposed book by Ackerman:

I Never Met Jules Verne. But he did meet H. G. Wells!

Born in 1916, Forrest J Ackerman didn't waste much time. By 1923, he had seen his first Lon Chaney film; by 1929, he had started reading *Amazing* and had seen what was to be the favorite film of his life: *Metropolis*. (Forry being ForTy, he would eventually meet Germany's greatest director, as he always seeks out those who inspire his admiration.) Like all those who are to be eternally young, he was the kind of child who allowed himself to be impressionable in the most total way: science fiction became the center of his life.

FJA was in the right places at the right times for this monomania to result in a series of firsts, the flavor of which is captured by the following: he wore the first costume at the first Worldcon in 1939, thus setting in motion the masquerade balls; had the first fan letter published in the first issue of *Science Wonder Quarterly* in 1929; received the first Hugo from the hands of Isaac Asimov in 1953; wrote the first article in the first fanzine, *The Lime Traveler*, in 1932; founded the first exclusively SF-oriented fan club in 1929; published Ray Bradbury's first stories in the fanzines, *Voice of the Imag-i-Nation* (Forry having had his own first pro sale in a 1936 *Wonder Stories*; was polled as the first fan in 1941; along with Boris Karloff, received the first Ann Radcliffe Award from the Count Dracula Society; published the first *Fancy Encyclopedia*; was Guest of Honor at the First International SF Con; was the first BNF to make cameos in SFilms, beginning with *The Time Travelers* (shades of an earlier fanzine!) in 1964; started the custom of nicknaming conventions, an example of the practice being *Tropicon*; and last, but hardly least, was the editor of the first filmmonster magazine (*Famous Monsters of Filmland* in 1958), and the first science fiction film magazine (*Spacemen* in 1960).

Regarding the last credit, Forry is especially famous — or infamous, according to some — for coining sci-fi in 1955. Since then, the neologism has caught on to the extent of appearing in modern dictionaries and being used on the cover of *Playboy*. Although many

identify "sci-fi" with the worst of SF (an argument used by Harlan Ellison, usually accompanied by an example of a giant insect movie), the term is yet another example of short-hand for the entire field. that it has caught on with international journalism is eloquent testimony to Forry's impact as a popularizer.

His good friend, Terri Pinckard, is doing a biography of FJA. I had an opportunity to talk with her about the project at one of her Salons, held a week after LA con II at her home in Santa Maria. Terri informed me that the most practical manner of approaching the subject is to place Ackerman's various contributions in historical perspective, since



pic: Alan White

Forry alongside Curtis Harrington, Peter and Polly Bogdanovich, Terri and Lucky Pinckard and the Right Honorable Dr. Donald A. Reed.

he's been around from the beginning, and has not lost contact with the field at any point of its development. Not for nothing is he a fan of dinosaurs.

When one thinks of all the young people who came to an appreciation of silent films through the work of a man who dreams of the future, it is clear that love of imagination is the bridge between yesterday and tomorrow. Nothing is more important than this sense-of-history in the career of Forrest J Ackerman. And if a man's wealth is ultimately judged by his friends, then Forry is one of the richest people in the world. There is many a person who has been glad of such a relationship, as when Forry befriended Bela Lugosi whom he had first seen live on the stage in Dracula back in the actor's heyday - in the late year of 1954, when the world was pretty much ignoring the Count. Forry did a lot for Bela in the closing years. The man who gives out the Big Heart award at worldcons has the biggest heart, himself. He never forgets anyone or anything, because he won't even consider the possibility that someone who has made a genuine contribution to the Imagi-Nation could become a "has-been."

Yet with all his idealism, one can't say that Forry lacks a practical side. Consider: he has edited 100 Perry Rhodan books; he has sold over ten properties to the movies that have been produced; as a literary agent, he has represented over 200 writers; as an editor, he not only captained the original filmmonster magazine (and survived years of dealing with James Warren), but saw it succeed against all competitors, and that to the tune of 190 issues!

Many a fan spends a lifetime collecting, but without having an effect on the subject of his interest. Forry is the collector who influences. He has made no small contribution to the continuing popularity of the films of Lon Chaney and Lang's Metropolis. Recently, he has published "Lon of 1,000 Faces" a definitive photographic record; and the most recent release of Metropolis carries a well deserved credit for him.

Who but Ackerman could, at a moment's notice, write a script for his favorite actor that became the performer's most complete oral record (pun intended) of his own career: "An Evening with Boris Karloff and his Friends?" Who but Forry could, appear in films with such diverse cast of characters as Basil Rathbone, Dick Miller, Kirk Alyn, and Robbie the Robot? Who but FJA could turn years of interest in comic-books into as popular a new character as Vampirella? Who but 4E could have been on the receiving end of criticisms from sources as diverse as H. P. Lovecraft and Harlan Ellison? Who? "Mr. Science Fiction," that's who, the man they also refer to as the poor man's Vincent Price.

Anthony Bouchee wasn't kidding when he said, "If Forry Ackerman had not existed, it would have been necessary to invent him".

I had the pleasure of first meeting Forry in 1971, a year after I'd had a loch published in Famous Monsters, which latter event seemed to convince me that I'd lost my finnish virginity. Little did I dream that over a decade later, I'd sell my story, "The Lon Chaney Factory," to the number one Chaney fan!

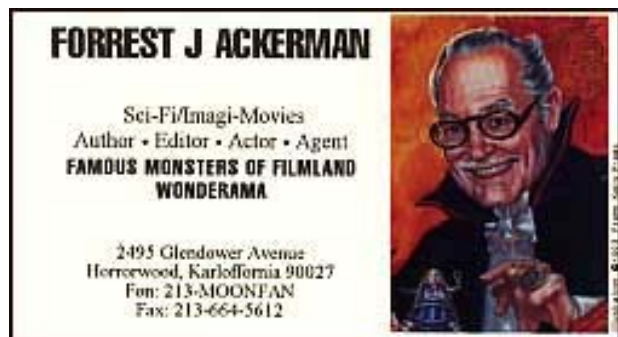
Nor would I have believed at the time that in 1982, I'd be eating dinner with Forry and his old friend, Ray Harryhausen, thanks to the Atlanta Fantasy Fair. Upon that occasion, Forry let me put on the original Lugosi Dracula ring that he wears. Imagine my surprise when I learned that a good atheist like Forry possesses an artifact with supernatural powers. I mean, after I pointed it at special effects wizard Harryhausen, that splendid gentleman began moving in slow motion, without stroking! Realizing what I had in my possession, I hastily returned the cursed ring to a man with sufficient maturity of vision to control its power: the owner known as Dr. Acula.

No discussion of Ackerman's career would be complete without saying a few words about his wife and helpmate of many years, Wendyne. One example of her dedication is a story of two decades ago, when she undertook with her husband an 8,700 mile automobile trip across the USA to meet 1,300 readers of FM who had written that they would like to meet the Ackermmonster.

Wendy helped their dreams come true. As a new-comer to Los Angeles, I quickly learned first-hand that Wendy has as big a heart as they come. She and Forry make quite a team.

Despite all that may be assigned to the ever-lasting credit of Forrest J Ackerman, there is a fly in the ointment, one dire aspect of his character that must be mentioned if the portrait is to be complete. He is a punster, a complete and total punster. When I attended one of his birthday parties, I heard that old standby: "Here we are in Karloffornia, and I'm sure it won't Boris." It was to be expected. But the most chilling evidence of all comes from his friend, Robert Bloch, who says that as a punster, Forry is second to none. That's Robert Bloch talkin'! The mind reels.

One is tempted to say, "Gosh wow



pic: Alan White

Alan Warren. . .

FJA and And ME

Forrest J Ackerman (no period after the J, thank you) first entered my life in the late summer of 1960 - 27 years ago? Can it be? - when I came upon a newsstand in downtown Philadelphia. There, amid the racks teeming with copies of TV Guide, Newsweek and the National Enquirer, was a magazine with a colorful cover bearing the likeness of Vincent Price. I implored to buy it for me, which she did. The magazine bore the unlikely title of Famous Monsters of Filmland.

That was my introduction to Forrest J Ackerman.

I spent hours poring over that issue (#9). The cover alone was worth the price (thirty-five cents); Vincent Price, in the guise of Roderick Usher, peering out from under the oils of Basil Gogos. Inside was a wealth of articles, some titles bearing Acker-puns: "ne Ship of Things to Come," "You Axed For It," "The Winter, Spring, Summer and Fall of the House of Usher," "The Scream Test." Most amazing of all were the photos, particularly those of Lon Chaney, of whom I had only a vague awareness, as the Phantom of the Opera. And those ads! Pages and pages of them, offering amazing things — monster masks, paperback books, comics, 8mm movies, records — all this in one 68-page magazine, mine for thirty-five cents.

It opened up a world for me, as it did for thousands of others. It introduced me to movies I'd never heard of, authors I'd never read, personalities whose very names conjured up visions of the weird and wondrous: Lugosi, Karloff, Chaney. . . it was in FM that I first became aware of Ray Bradbury, Robert Bloch, Fritz Leiber, Theodore Sturgeon and others. It was here that I was exposed to the artwork of Basil Gogos, Charles Neutzell, George Barr. Best of all, FM informed us of movies to come, some of which were never made, existing only (as FJA would put it) in the Realm of Unwrought Things: titles like *Monster in my Blood*, *The Devil's Elixir*, *The Experiment of Dr. Zahn*, *Frankenstein From Space*, *The Phantom of the Ferris Wheel*, *When the Sleeper Wakes*, and (most marvelous of all the unmade titles) *The Library of Dr. Maldonado*. In addition, there were names to conjure with, up-and-coming actors and makeup artists like Frank Coe, Allen Fife and John Lackey, seen in Martian guise on the cover of *Spacemen #3* (and, come to think of it, what did become of John Lackey?)

After that heady first experience, I did not encounter another issue of FM till #12 (by which time I'd found a local supermarket that carried it), and from that issue on I was a devoted reader. The magazine reached it's peak in 1963: by then it had expanded to 100 pages (for fifty cents!) and it's editor's knowledge of unseen films and his ability to reproduce mouth-watering stills from the most obscure and esoteric horror and sf films were apparently limitless. FM had also become more literate, featuring though-provoking articles by Robert Bloch and Wendayne Wahrman (whom I never realized was also known as Wendayne Ackerman). Best of all, the quality and scope of the magazine increased to a point where it was very nearly unbeatable for ferreting out obscure bits of information and dredging up incredibly rare photographs (remember the *Frankenstein* of 1910, the spider scene from *King Kong*, Conrad Veidt as Mr. Hyde from *Der Januskopf*, Lon Chaney Jr. in his own makeup from *One Million B.C.*, etc., etc., etc.)

And, always, those peculiar Acker-spellings, which lent the magazine a kind of breezy shorthand and informality even at its most augustly professorial: shortenings like thot, tho, nite, thru, nextime, foto, Karloffilm.

And those pseudonyms! Did anyone ever have so many outrageously extravagant noms-de-plume: Dr. Acula. Robert Benson, Karlon (and Vespertina) Torgosi. The Ackermmonster. 4sJ. Weaver Wright. Spencer Strong. J. Forrester Eckman.

The downfall of FM, courtesy of James Warren, lay ahead. Forry was told to lower his sights, to slant the magazine toward a less discerning readership, and a great opportunity was missed. Even now, to envision what an intelligent, literate and informative magazine FM was, all one has to do is thumb through issues #21, 22, 23, 24, 25 and 26 to see Forry (and M at their best. Even so, after the quality dropped, FM kept going. Where magazines like *Castle of Frankenstein*, *Mad Monsters*, *World Famous Creatures*, *Monster Mania* *Monsters and Things*, *For Monsters Only*, *Shriek*, *Modern Monsters* and so many others bit the dust (most of them deservedly), FM kept plugging away, with Forry at the helm.

I first met Forry at the 1968 World Science Fiction Convention in Berkeley, where he signed my copy of FM #1, said some encouraging things (how many youngsters



pic: Alan White

Dr. Donald A. Reed, Verne Langdon, Don Post, Orriel Smith, Lon Chaney Jr., Forry and Robert Bloch. *The Haunted House*, 1966.

has he met over the years and encouraged in just the same way?) and awarded me a batch of stills from 2001, my prize for winning the “monster contest he had staged. My memory of that day is very clear. And in the years since, FJA had been a constant inspiration, a never-ending source of information and erudition, and an apparently bottomless source of bad puns.

If there had been no Forrest J Ackerman I would probably not be a writer today. Or at least not the same kind of writer. Before I picked up FM #9, my favorite kind of entertainment was westerns. For all I know, I might have been writing stories in that genre today. I’m sure many of my contemporaries, who were also brought up on a nutritious diet of FM and Acker-puns, feel the same.

So, for all that, and for so capably embodying all that fandom stands for so many years, I’d just like to extend to Forry, as he has always extended to us, my fondest “Beast wishes.”

Mike Glicksohn . . .

4E’s A Generous Fellow. . .

I met Forry for the first time at my very First Contact with fandom, the 1966 Worldcon in Cleveland (and would not have been there at all had it not been for an announcement in his Famous Monsters of Filmland, the reading of which probably changed my life more than any other action I’ve ever performed) and have since re-encountered him, always pleasurable, at several regionals, seventeen subsequent world science fiction gatherings, and once or twice in the corridors of his own museum. But the incident that most encapsulates Mr. Science Fiction in my own mid took place at the 1973 Westercon. . .

At the time I was married to the legendary fan Susan Wood and we’d both been working hard on the upcoming worldcon, Torcon 2. We thought a change of scenery would do us both good and so scheduled a holiday in California, framed around visiting fannish friends, exploring San Francisco, and attending the Westercon. The memories of that trip will always be with me — I will forever treasure the glow of sheer enthusiasm that suffused the youthful faces of Susan Wood and Walt Leibscher after their helicopter ride above the City — but oddly enough I have only the one clear recollection of the convention itself. . .

In 1973 Susan hadn’t yet become the BNF she would be before her untimely death, and she wasn’t yet the fan historian she would soon develop into, but the seeds had been sewn, and she was more willing to accompany me to the auction that was scheduled as part of the Westercon program. I checked out the displayed items, took a look around the room, and was immediately gripped with subdued excitement. One of the volumes to be auctioned was a rare and leatherette bound copy of the original “Fancyclopedia,” edited by Jack Speer (as “John Bristol”) and published by Forrest J Ackerman. What a find! I’d previously only boasted a photocopy of Eney’s “Fancyclopedia 11” as part of my collection and I’d never even seen one of the original tomes. And the audience was both small and not recognizably fannish! I sensed the possibility of a trufan’s dream coming true.

(To place things in context: in 1973 I’d been a high-school teacher for two years. My annual salary was considerably less than I now pay each year in taxes and although I was no longer as indigent as I’d been at Baycon in 1968 when I’d sadly watched as Kelly Freas “Analog “ covers had gone back to the shelf for want of an opening \$40 bid, neither did I have vast amounts of spare cash to indulge my collecting instincts. So the chance of perhaps obtaining an original Fancy for a non-outrageous price was stimulating indeed.)

A few items went under the hammer and my instincts were shown to be correct. This was not a big-money fannish audience. I kept hoping “my” item would be presented before some of the affluent West Coast fans showed up and bid me out of contention. And finally it was brought up for sale.

If memory is serving me correctly, there was not a lot of interest in the item. I doubt that most of the sparse gathering even knew what it was they were seeing auctioned. I bid, and someone behind me raised the bid. I bid again, and that bid was also raised. I raised a little more, to test the waters, and that bid was also reraised. I was mildly annoyed that at least one other person in the room knew what sort of fannish treasure this was. But I bid again, just to see what would happen. And as that bid was raised Oust a dollar), I turned around to see who the knowledgeable counter-bidder was.

Just in time to see Forrest J Ackerman make his fourth bid on a piece of fannish history he himself had, once published!

Damn! If Forry wanted it then (a) he had every right to have it, and (b) there was no way my limited resources could stay in the fight. Or so my reasoning went. (Understand this was 1973: we’re talking what would now be only a moderate amount, but this is now and that was then. You remember “then,” when the Canadian dollar was worth more than the American buck?) I made one last moderate jump bid, only to have it quietly raised another



pic: Alan White

Forry’s induction into the “Order of St. Fantany”, Worldcon 1968.

pic: Bill Appleton



dollar by 4E himself I was still under my own pre-set ceiling for the item, but I saw no point in raising myself to that ceiling if the only end result would be to cost Forry more than he needed to have paid for an item that wouldn't even have been up for sale were it not for Forrest J Ackerman Himself So I stayed silent and the beautiful fanhistorical memories went back to the man who'd given it birth in the first place.

Susan and I stayed for a few more items but my interest in the auction had dissipated, so it wasn't long before we were out in the halls chatting with too-seldom-seen fan friends from the western part of the country. And so it was that, mere moments later, Forry walked up and totally blew my mind.

He handed me the gold-stamped, red-bound copy #67 of the original 250 print run of John Bristol's

"Fancyclopedia" — originally issued to Phil Bronson. Inside, on the frontispiece, neatly inscribed in Forry's

immaculate calligraphy was, "Dedicated, with Admiration, to Mike and Susan Glicksohn, at the Westercon

1973 (and don't let me buy this back again!)" There was an asterisk beside the name of the original owner and at the bottom of the page Forry had added, "Footnote 1973: At the time of issuance, I believe Bronson was considered to be one of the top 10 fans. Alas, long gafiated. "

What's to say? If anything captures the joyous spirit of giving that Forry brings to fandom this example of fannish generosity must be it. He had brought me into fandom, and he knew he had me completely hooked. I'd

visited his collection and the latest issue of my fanzine *Energumen* — a Hugo-winner less than two months later — was already part of the Ackermansion museum. And still he wanted to give me his fanzine, one fanned sharing with another, even if he had to stop by buying it first!

Fourteen years later, much has changed. We've lost many friends and we've lost a part of fandom since 1973 and much that is good has been consigned to memories. But some things do not change. Forry is still here and he's probably changing the lives of young fans as much as he changed mine so many years ago. Our paths have crossed, amicably, a score of times since then. But for me it remains the one clear recollection of the entire convention. And I have no intention of parting with it, Forry-at least not until the giving of it can be as memorable for the recipient as your wonderful gesture was to me in 1973.

And that could be a long, long time.

Bill Warren

Forry has been part of my life for 30 years, ever since I discovered his column in *Imaginative Tales* about a year before *Famous Monsters* appeared. When I moved to Los Angeles, I first got a job at an insurance company, which I later lost partly because I was calling Forry too much on company time. So I worked for him for several years, and pride myself on having initiated some practices he follows to this day. Mostly putting movie things in order.

He and I have had our ups and downs over the years; we're both people of strongly-held viewpoints, and sometimes those viewpoints don't coincide. There was something about a rug that I thought a minor incident, but which Forry thought more significant. There were clashes I had with Walt Daugherty which spilled over into Forry territory, and later other confrontations with Dennis Billows, one of the people who later did for Forry more or less what I had been doing. While Forry was my agent, there was an embarrassing involvement with *Amazing Stories* — the *magazine*, you acultural dolts, the *magazine*.

But you don't know someone for 30 years without having some unpleasant times — not if you, like Forry, are a vivid *alive* person.

After all, there are all those things to remember: Fritz Lang grumbling while watching "Dark Shadows," the great Ricky Schwartz discovery, the limericks that made corners giggle, fatty lumps, Olaf Staplegun, my first published story, professional appearances in *Famous Monsters* — under a variety of names, Thanksgiving dinner with Carlos Clarens, many sneak previews of 2001, staying at Forry's while he was out of town, Steve Pickering's suitcases, hamburgers with Brother Theodore, James Warren and the dancing hippos, Barbara Steele and the faunching fans, Boris Karloff at the Magic Castle and a t a hot, cramped soundstage on Santa Monica, tours of the house for kids of all sorts, the back of the Robotrix, suddenly discovering that Forry can play the piano, which is why that monster baby grand is there all the time, Forry's mother and Forry's aunt, drives to Long Beach, a letter to George Pal that resulted in Forry eating sunflower seeds in their shells and winding up on the cutting room floor - or in the refrigerator, Christopher Lee in the wingmaster room, Kenneth Anger in the wingmaster room, after Forry's heart attack — the parties resume, dazzling a yokel from Oregon, *The Most Dangerous Game* for Ray Harryhausen, Dick Smith 'and Jack Palance's face, the people, great and small, I met through Forry — Ray Bradbury, John Berg, Phil Tippet, Larry Niven, Greg Bear, Boris Karloff, Robert Bloch, Christopher Lee, Robert Quarry, Fritz Lang, Michel Piccoli, Barbara Steele, Don Glut, "Jack Turner," Fritz Leiber, Curtis Harrington, Dr. Donald A.



Reed, president of the count DRACulas society, the Brooks Brothers, Bjo, Tom Savini, Lawrence Tierney, Jim Danforth, Ray Harryhausen, even Russ Jones, LASFS itself, and on and on and on and on. But probably most of all, Sundays at the old Ackermansion, with me sorting stills, Beverly wrapping packages, and Forry typing away like a snare drum. And feeling like I was home. You see, in many ways, I feel closer to him than I do to my own father; when I talk to him, I often still revert back to a babbling, enthusiastic Famous Monsters fan.

The point I am hoping to make is that in all those 30 years, 20 of knowing him as a friend and not just FORREST J ACKERMAN, MY ROLE MODEL OF MODELS, whether I was angry at him, or he was angry at me, I have never stopped loving Forry. I'm proud to be a part of this tribute.

Alan White, Forry, Walt Daugherty and Karl Freund at banquet held at Universal Studios for the re-release of "Frankenstein" and "Dracula", 1968



Forry Ackerman is one of the earliest science-fiction fans. He was active when most of us didn't even know there was a thing called science-fiction. From his very early days in fandom, science/fantasy movies was his "dish". He first columns for fan magazines were on s-f films. After World War II he became one of the most successful science-fiction agents. Many writers and artists owe their success to their agent, Forry. It didn't seem strange at all when he announced that he was editing a monster one-shot a few years ago. It was only natural that a guy with his knowledge and connections with the movie industry should edit a movie mag. Famous Monsters of Filmland hit the jackpot. Many others tried to cash in on this new popular theme - they all failed. Today he has almost no competition in this field. His new magazine Spacemen brings him closer to the field he loves and is a big part of - science fiction.

— Editor Science Fiction Times

CALLING ALL CONCERNED FANS!

AS YOU ALL KNOW, A GREAT FAN TRADITION HAS BUILT UP OVER THE YEARS. IT IS, OF COURSE, THE INEVITABLE AND HONORED PRESENCE OF "MR. SOL-FI" HIMSELF, FORREST J ACKERMAN, AT EACH AND EVERY FAN CONVENTION. WELL, WE MUST ADMIT THAT THE "ACKERMONSTER" IS GETTING ON IN YEARS, AND IT WON'T BE TOO LONG BEFORE WE'LL HAVE TO DO WITHOUT HIM FOREVER.

THIS NEED NOT BE!!!

AT LEAST, NOT IF YOU AND OTHER ADMIRERS OF FORRY ALL CONTRIBUTE TO THE...

PRESERVE FJA FUND!

THAT'S RIGHT! WHEN FJA PASSES ON INTO THAT BIG ACKERMANSION IN THE SKY, IT WON'T MEAN THAT HE'S GONE! BECAUSE THE PROCEEDS OF THIS FUND WILL GO TO MAKING OLD "DR. ACULA'S" CORPSE STUFFED AND BROSSELED AND EQUIPPED WITH A CASSETTE TAPE RECORDER, SO FJA CAN RETELL ALL THOSE OLD "NEW" STORIES WE'VE HEARD 1,000 TIMES. CONVENTIONS WILL STILL HAVE THEIR CLOSINGS, SO ACT NOW, BEFORE HE DEPARTS!!!

MAILED: 10/10/77

Enclosed is a donation of \$10.00 to preserving FJA. (Sponsor's name here)

JOE KERR

1 BIG HOLE

LOS ANGELES, CALIF. 90012



Two Guys Sitting Around Talking About Fandom

With Help from Amélie Frank who transcribed all this from tape; 1985.

This interview, if you could call it that, was merely turning on the tape recording and rambling on about anything that came to mind. So what we have here isn't so much an interview as a stream of consciousness done during before the fateful auction of doom.

4E: About the auction, I'm beginning to get some reaction. Some people chafed, and some people said "How could you?" And after 62 years of collecting, why are you selling. Well, first of all, the , it's considerably overblown, when they say 2000 items, I think it may be more like 1000 items. It's also bulked up with material that Frank Frazetta put in, and Bert I. Gordon individually put in to bulk it up. It all began six months ago when I was discovered by the president of of an auction outfit named Guernsey's. I'd never heard of it, but they talked to me over the phone for about an hour saying they only do six auction a year, and they specialized in really far out things, like they auction a merry-go-round piece by piece so you could get one horse if you wanted, and they auctioned the entire contents of the U.S.S. United States, right down to the towels and the toothbrushes.

So he thought it would be unique to have the world's first great auction of science fiction and I said I don't want all the raisins picked out of my collection leaving just the dross, I said I do have three garages full of duplicate material I would be happy to empty as much as that out as possible, so he came out and looked it over, got very enthusiastic and eventually came out with two assistants, and we spent a week here each morning from about 8:30 to about 10:30 at night, and at the time I was well into talks with Disney and I thought at last it looks like the majority of the collection was going to go down to Disneyworld and so as



pic: Jim Williams

I looked at various things in my collection that were really erotic, exotic, nudie, and so on, I thought, well, that wouldn't do for Disney—for instance the first cover Margaret Brundage did for *Weird Tales* I knew wouldn't be suitable for Kiddyland way down yonder in Disneyworld, so I began to take various things of that nature out of my personal collection so it wouldn't be going to the museum anyway, so where I had 6 autographed photographs of Boris Karloff, or Bela Lugosi, I don't have to be greedy, I could live with one less, so I'll put that in.

When I met Bela Lugosi in 1951 prior to our meeting, he had 25 little statuettes of himself made as Dracula, and he gave me one. And in some fashion, I don't remember, I wound up with another one, giving me two of the statuettes, and again I thought I don't need to be greedy, I could put one in. Well, had I been able to look at the crystal ball, when I got back from my trip to Europe to see if the earthquake had done any damage, it had smashed my own Lugosi statuette to smithereens, so now it's really going to be a rare item. I myself don't have one.

We worked day by day, including books by Edgar Rice Burroughs, some of them signed, I'm not so particular about Burroughs books because I have most of his work in the magazines that preceded the books, and I could let 1 piece of Bok art go, and 1 Frank R. Paul, and one Bonestell, just to spice the whole thing up, so it's really a pretty incredible collection of goodies back there, and they are arranging for some television appearances.

It was 25 years ago I was on the Joe Franklin show called "Down Memory Lane" and a quarter of a century later, I'll be on that again. And various interviews and so on, and they want me to talk for an hour or two about interesting anecdotes during my collecting career of some of the more astonishing things that have happened.

When I was in France, I got a call from *Omni* magazine, I guess in their new issue, I haven't seen it yet they have an article about the auction and they wanted to know flat out, how come after 62 years of collecting you're auctioning some of your world. I said "It's very simple. In those 62 years of collecting, I have poured about every penny I have ever made into the collection, I haven't wound up with a big bank account like Bradbury, or Stephen King, or Lucas or Landis or any of them. I actually have no money in the bank, and I woke up to the fact several years ago that I'm not editing the magazine any more, or agenting, or really, I'm not earning much money. Then I said, "Whoa! Wait a minute. I've got a few years left, a lot of standard money due for me on insurance and one thing or another, and where's it going to come from? I had hoped, for the first 5 years I was willing to give the collection away, and then I began to realize I'd better get a little cash for it and then I was willing to let it go for about 10% of what it was really worth, but I've had these big carrots dangled in front of my nose now for seven years, and nothing has happened."

If I had sold it to Disneyworld or some of the other places, then I would have been intact and I wouldn't have



pic: Jim Williams

had to worry about cannibalizing a little of it here and there, but I'd let just enough of it go over the next few years so that the next few years, if nothing happens, at least I won't be overdrawn at the bank.

AL: Do you have any bare spots?

4E: You'd never notice anything had happened. You know, to this day, I'm still buying, actually. Saw an ad the other day, and I called up and I thought maybe I'll only own this for 6 months, but I'm still in the habit of getting things and adding things, so as long as I can I'll probably even out of the auction money, I'll turn around and buy a few nice pieces.

AL: What does the future hold for the Ackemonster and Wendy post - mugging?

4E: Now more than ever, we really have to live with a lady with her right side that will never be the same again, so we need to eliminate as much danger as possible - stairs and efforts and we really must get out of this house and into a smaller place. I have no intention of leaving the general area; I was born here, expect to die here, I love it around here, all my friends and activities are here - we just need a place half this size once the collection is gone, so I'm afraid unless there's an 11th hour miracle that somebody comes along to take it all, that bit by bit, I'm just going to have to let it go.

When I saw the late Terry Carr's collection of fanzines had been bought for \$25,000 by the University of California out at Riverside, I sent a letter to them pointing out what I had, and also I thought they might be interest, I have over half a century put together the greatest collection of Frankenstein and Dracula of over 250 different "Frankenstein's" and "Draculas. "There's no place on earth you'll find such a compact collection. I read someplace that Riverside got a grant I think of \$195,000, so I thought it might be ideal they might like to add the Frankenstein and Dracula and the fanzines and then bethought myself of other special areas I have that I probably have the greatest collection I have of juvenile science fiction, and then also something I think nobody has bothered to collect, which is the vanity press books where people pay themselves. I think it would be psychologically interesting for someone to analyze these books, why were they failures, or maybe there would be one great one in there the world overlooked. After all, if 18 editors could pass by "Dune" and could pass by "Who Goes There," well who knows?

AL: I've always been wary of museums and libraries where the public has access to the artifacts. When it was discovered, back in the mid-seventies the Library of Congress had complete runs of "Superman", "Batman", all the ECs and other original comic books, of course they disappeared over night.



4E: Yeh, well, I have copies of *Weird Tales* in my possession plainly stamped that they are part of the Library of Congress and how they got out, I don't know.

Oh, something has turned up in this auction book I am morally certain belongs to me. I have never known anyone in the whole collecting field who has sound discs from movies 50 years ago from "Frankenstein", "The Mummy", Jekyll and Hyde the (March version) and "Murders in the Rue Morgue". I had all of the sound discs on those four films. The "Frankenstein" discs were stolen from me many long years ago, I think by a fellow named John Andrews. About 10 years later, a fellow named Kramer, Robert or Ken Kramer or something like that, called up and said

"Ohhh Mr. Ackerman I've got something I'm sure you're gonna want these... I've got the sound discs from "Frankenstein" and I'm willing to sacrifice them for \$8,500. "

"Oh, so that's what my discs are worth?"

"What do you mean?"

"Those discs were stolen from me."

"Oh no, I got these discs ten years ago."

"Yes, that's about the time they were stolen!" Click, down goes the phone!

Now, and then, they are advertising sound discs from "Frankenstein"! Well out of 25,000 fantastic movies that have been made, it seems mighty strange to me that they would have sound discs unless they have come from this Kramer, or maybe they have passed through many hands by now, but I contacted right away, and said "Look, before you find yourself inadvertently stolen goods, I suggest you contact the (quote) the fellow who gave you these discs and discover where he got them and go back, back, back, and see if you wind up with the name Kramer or John Andrews at the beginning of it all. Of course there isn't any way on earth I could prove they're mine, obviously maybe 500 sets were made but it does seem highly suspicious. I never heard of anybody else in the collecting field who had sound discs of those early films.

AL: It would be ideal if an ambitious SF club could finance a museum. They would have the most to gain from it.

4E: Maybe even part of LASFS.

AL: Well, those people just aren't on the bus.

4E: Yeh.

When I discovered the group in the '60s I was hoping they'd be a focal group for some creative activities, but I... I don't understand how Larry Niven and his collaborator... why they bother about that group at all.

AL: In 1962 some of my friends and I put on a convention... It was in Long Beach; we'd gotten a list of fans from you, and about 50 people showed up and you let the little buggers climb all over you and ask questions and what not for the better part of the day. The highlight of that first con, was while you and the rest of us had moved into the garage for some movies, the exhibit room that boasted the entire collections for the lot of us was entirely cleaned out by thieves unknown. Upon returning from the garage, we found a completely empty room.



pic: Jim Williams

But thanks for taking us all out for a consolation dinner. That helped drown our sorrow!

The next year we put on our big convention where you also invited Ib Melchior, Raoul Delgado, and Bert Gordon. What a great day that was, over 100 people showed up and all the guests got a chance to speak. I like to think these were the first multi-media monster cons.

4E: Well, what I remember out of the whole thing was Eric Hoffman turned up at the penultimate moment just as a caravan of cars was pulling out of my place on Sherebourne, and there wasn't really any place for him in any cars - I don't know if he had to sit on someone's lap, but somebody accommodated him, maybe I did, and that evening, when it was over, I seem to recall one of the fathers of one of the fans. . .

AL: Steve Dobbins.

4E: . . . invited everybody to dinner. Eric didn't quit understand, and I don't know that any of us knew the dad was going to pick up the tab, and so Eric ate very sparse, I don't know, a watercress sandwich and a toothpick. Then when it was all over, he turned to me and said "I could'a had a steak!"

I once made the comment in an issue of "Famous Monsters" that I'll never know how many words I've written about monsters so then the kid, Jeff Kenoki came down with epazutic or something and was out for about a week and he counted every word in 27 issues and he called up saying "Mr. Ackerman, would you really like to know?" So he told me and my eyebrows flew off, I couldn't believe anybody would really spend all that time, well he lived about an hour's drive so one Sunday, I called up and said "Hey young fellow, I'd like to come down and meet you and when I got there, I noticed his father was kind of stand-offish and I thought he wasn't too keen 'bout my coming down to see his kid. Anyway I went down to his den and there was the usual thing, all the pictures on the wall I was familiar with, "Frankenstein" and "Dracula", and it didn't matter to me that there was a gulf of 40 / 50 years between us, I fairly enjoyed myself. But about 5 in the evening, I was halfway to the car, about to leave, and all of a sudden the father came running out and he grabbed hold of me and he shook my hand and he said "I gotta apologize to you," he says "I didn't believe that any grown man would really spend his time on a Sunday driving out here just to see my crazy kid. I figured in the end you'd open up your trunk and say now... now you take 50 copies of this magazine and sell them at school and you get to keep a dime on every copy, or you're going to show him a lot of masks for sale, or have some commercial ulterior motive."

"Absolutely not", Gosh, they wanted me to come in for dinner, and any time it was hot come down and use there pool.



Forry admires Trina's assets while Paul Robbins is otherwise occupied

AL: What's the tale on Trina? All those years of seeing her picture, and then only last year realizing it was Trina Robbins the artist?

4E: I was over at some friends, when they took me into this room and introduced me to this cute little creature named Trina, and... uh, all I did was hold out my hand to shake hands with her and she put her little nose up in the air and said "So you're the great Forrest Ackerman? You're not so much!" And she walked away, and I was standing there with egg on my face thinking "What's that all about?" A year or two later, I was at the World Science Fiction Convention out here in L. A., and that was the year Ray Russell, who has been the editor of Playboy had moved out here and he was at

the convention and Trina turned up, she had a cute little costume... total black leotard I guess you'd call them... she had some wires going around her, and she was Miss Saturn or something. Well I saw her and I stepped up to her and I said "Well Trina, you've had a couple of years, what new insult do you have for me?" She looked up... "I insult you Mr. Ackerman? So being a little artist, she immediately made a little badge that said "My Claim to fame is that I Insulted Forry Ackerman."

Well Ray Russell got the big eye for her and about that time, I noticed that Bill Rotsler was photographing a lot of nudes and I thought "That would appeal to me," so I got out a little Brownie and queried Trina about it. I said we might just have an opportunity to put you into Playboy. I don't suppose my personal pictures would be professional enough, but at least they



pic: Jim Williams

could get a look at'cha and some high-powered guy would come out here. So I took that famous photo of her she signed "From your little nymphette discovery," and other pictures around the office, and I think Bill Rotsler came over and took some pictures of her, and I sent my set into Playboy and I got a great letter from them and they were all enthusiastic about her being a Playmate of the Month, but they discovered in the month before, she had appeared in Penthouse so you have to undrape yourself first for Playboy if you're going to be the Playmate, so in an alternate universe, had she not appeared one month earlier, I might have been on my way as a photographer. Well, I really thought Trina had been photogenic, that she could make her way in movies, and at the time they were talking about making Lolita and would need somebody that could look about 12 and also look like a mature woman. I thought Trina was born for this role! I'd heard stories about Marilyn Monroe, how she started out at \$50 a week or so, and the next thing, she was making \$500,000 a month and I thought if anything like that should happen to Trina, I'd better have a seven year contract on her that I go along for the ride in case I'm able to make her rich and famous.

I thought I could introduce her to Jim Nicholson of A.I.P, who was making a lot of teenage sorority films and beach parties and so on... also took her out to the set of "Atlantis, the Lost Continent" and introduced her to George Pal and just hoped that he would see her through my eyes. She to me was the 7th Wonder of the World. With her face washed and with no make-up or anything she was not so special, but she could go into a bathroom and in 5 minutes and she'd come out and... WOW! Like in-went Cinderella and out-came Marilyn Monroe. And as I would go around with her, introducing her to motion picture, people, hoping I would get her a role, I felt I was virtually the Invisible Man as far as any men went you know. I felt that in those days, you could stand at the corner of Hollywood and Vine with her in broad daylight and I mowed down 7 people that no man could say who dunnit because all eyes would have been on Trina!

Eventually she turned up in some of the lesser men's magazines, Adam, I believe, and I don't know what else... she was called "The Gas House Girl" or something like that.

I'm distressed to hear she's turned her back on all that now, somebody told me she was kind of miffed at me when I ran those pictures in Mr. Monster's Magazine.

Well, I think a think of beauty is a joy forever, although she'd probably regret being called a "thing," but I always think that all beautiful young women should have nude pictures of themselves. I'm sorry that in Marlene Deitrich's case that wasn't done yet, or we got in on the tail-end of Brigitte Bardot, but I think when women get to be 50-60, 70-80 or something, it would be nice to look back and see what they were. And if there pictures can still please people... Frank Robinson was here a couple of months ago in my garage and into his hands came one of the "Adams", or whatever it was, and he came out "That's Trina?" Well he enjoyed looking at the Trina that was... I don't see anything, she could be upset about.



pic: Jim Williams

AMO: Where, ideally would you like to have the museum, would you like this house to be the museum?

4E: No, it would be too much of a problem, even if we used all of the 18 rooms. There wouldn't be proper parking space, neighbors wouldn't like Greyhound busses coming up. Down here, a couple blocks away at the corner of Vermont and Las Feliz is a great big empty lot, and a bus runs there, and I certainly think that could be included; after people take in the Chinese Theater, they could come an another couple of miles, and it would seem like an ideal location. Failing that, at least somewhere along Hollywood Boulevard if they ever build it back to former glory.

AMO: Do you think it would take much of fandom to get the impetus to get this going?

4E: I've no hope whatsoever in fandom, none whatsoever.

AMO: Why is that?

4E: I'm a member of the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society. I was at the first meeting, I've been the director, the secretary, the treasurer, the publisher, the editor, the garbage man, everything you can think of. I've poured thousands of dollars into that club, I've been to over 1500 meetings of it. I have never once heard any suggestion that they raise a dime to help me out. I understand that over 100 fans a week go to the club and I've put on the bulletin board I have open houses here, I'd be happy for members of LASFS to come and see the place but you know, I just don't seem to exist, and the unkindest cut of all... finally, 50 years rolled around and I went to the 50th Anniversary meeting. There I was, the sole survivor of the first meeting and I thought they'd like me to get up and tell how it began, the highlights, the lowlights, and so on. Well, the speaker of the evening was Harlan Ellison, who constantly claims he doesn't write science fiction, and he began by saying something like, "I don't know why you invited me because in 26 years I've only been to 3 meetings."

I sat there through the entire meeting, as though I was the invisible man, nobody even said "Oh, Forry Ackerman... He's our first member!" So I drove back with my wife, and I said "You know, have I lived too long or what?" She says "Well, young people, they don't care anything about history, the world began when they were born, and that's all they are interested in."

But I'm forever reading that the club is having some sort of fund raising thing for a variety of good reasons, but nobody's ever thought of raising a dime to help out here. And I'm told that Steven Spielberg has been here, he's seen with his own eyes and wrote that very nice, flattering thing on the "Close Encounter" poster about raising my generation of fantasy fans right but he or Lucas or at least a combination of Bradbury, Larry Niven and Jerry Pournelle formed a combine, they could make it all come true, or the late L. Ron Hubbard, he was after glory in the science fiction field, trying to make a comeback and ingratiate himself. Well, out of petty cash he could have written out a check for 5 or 10 million dollars, and have "L. Ron Hubbard presents the Forry Ackerman Science Fiction Museum". George Lucas present it, or Steven Spielberg.

Nowadays, as fast as somebody dies, like the late Manly Wade Wellman, Kelly Freas wife, it seems like they leave a big indebtedness behind and fandom goes to bat and raises a nice sum for them. When I moved here 14 years ago I had about a \$2,000 mortgage on the house every month before I got around to eating, and fandom in general didn't respond. It's more "fringe fans", readers of "Starlog" responded. And what was really the straw that broke the proverbial camel's back... nearly 20 years ago, I think, A. E. Van Vogt, Ray Bradbury, Fredric

Pohl, and a number of authors at the time said “Hey Forry, we’ll come to bat for ya! We’re sure that all the major magazines would welcome a free feature, and each of us in our own words would write about you and your dreams for a museum, and assure that Galaxy, and Analog, and Fantasy and Science Fiction would all be happy to feature this article, especially since we’ll just give it away.

Well, the majority of the articles were never even published. I don’t think Ray Bradbury’s got into print.

The one that did was A.E. Van Vogt. It got into “Analog” when they were reputed to have something around 135,000 readers. Well, Van Vogt’s article was published in the readers department and it said something like... “Folks, maybe you’ve never heard of Forry Ackerman, but he’s the very monomaniac who’s been devoting his whole life to the single minded subject of trying to collect every speck of science fiction on this or any other world, and he’s gettin’ along in years, and he’s not all that affluent and about the middle of the letter, he said, “Now don’t get nervous, you probably realize we are going to make a pitch here for some money, but we’re not talking \$100, we’re not talking \$25, or \$10... \$5. ONE dollar will do it! If each of you 135,000 readers will now put down my letter and put a single dollar bill in an envelope and send it to Forry, (now don’t expect he’s going to write 135,000 thank yous, you know, but I’m sure you know he would appreciate it, and this would really take the curse off it.”

Now if I’d really have gotten \$135,000, that would have taken care of buying the home.

Well, Van Vogt’s article appeared in “Analog”, in the shortest month of the year, February, and at the end of 28 days, you wanna guess how many responses I had? Just asking for a dollar? Even then, if one blew out of your hand, you wouldn’t chase it very far.

AMO: Several hundred maybe?

4E: Twenty eight days 28 envelopes! Then it was all over. But there was a particularly astonishing one. In 1953 there was a young Japanese boy named Tetsu Yano who had just been bitten by the science fiction bug, he came back from the war to find he had no home, his house had been blown to smithereens, and he laid on the ground at night where there used to be a house.

He found a science fiction magazine that turned him on and by Japanese standards, he did a rather unusual thing. He had a letter published I think in “Wonder” or “Startling”, and said I’m just a poor know-nothing Japanese boy bitten by the science fiction bug, and he was throwing himself on the mercy of American fans asking them if they had any beat-up magazines or pocketbooks they didn’t want. Well I thought they would have to put 5 more postmen on his route there would be such a reaction. I amongst hundreds of others sent him books and magazines, and started correspondence and then I mentioned that we were going to have a Westercon, a science fiction convention in July. Well I got a very excited letter from Tetsu that said “If I could possibly get there, would I be permitted to attend the convention?” I go, “Would you? My God, you’d be a guest of honor. We’d be thrilled”. Nobody up to this time had come from Japan. The consequence of which I got a telegram that read: Tetsu. Have bought a ticket. Come and go. Please be waiting 29 days from now.

He got on a boat with only five passengers aboard and the rest was cargo. Took him 29 days to get here, and we took him with us and we kept him for 6 and 1/2 months. We made sure



pic: Jim Williams



that he met Bradbury, and Kurt Siodmak, and went to the Westercon, took him to the Worldcon where he saw me get the first Hugo and sent him back with all kinds of memories, information and loads of books and magazines, and he became the science fiction personality of Japan.

He read that letter by Van Vogt. He went to his wife, and Kumiko - permanently beautiful baby - and discussed what he wanted to do and they said "Yes father, that's what you must do," and he sent me a check for \$1,000. And then he followed that up with the greatest present of my life!

On my 60th birthday, I believe it was, he came, and he brought with him an incredible gift. He had gone to all the science fiction writers, editors, everybody in Japan, and as he put it, I had "kept everybody's rice bowls full for a lifetime", and he collected \$30,000 and arranged for a three week vacation for us all over Japan, staying in the best hotels. One night 150 men and their wives and all of the ladies in their kimonos and everybody bowing, and, there were geisha girls serving such mountains of food, I'd never seen in my whole life. I didn't get a thing to eat! At midnight I went and had a hot dog in the hotel! I was so busy signing things, smiling and posing for pictures, and looking at the geisha girls, and there were

three TV camera men at all times photographing every move I made, and one of the most embarrassing thing of my life, I was wearing a tuxedo that was a little to large for me and one of the smiling Japanese fellas came forward, shook my hand, whispered in my ear and said "Excuse me sir, your fly is unzipped!"

But basically fandom has never taken an interest in me. There is something about me I don't understand. Look... 400 people came to my 70th birthday you know. I don't know if that many people would go to Heinlein's birthday, or Ellison's, or anybody else. I've certainly accumulated a great number of friends, and yet out there I feel there is a great antagonism toward me on the part of Norman Spinrad and different people, and if not antagonism, then, I don't know, "I ain't got no respect! You know old Forry Ackerman, he just fools around with kids and monsters," so I'm not taken very seriously or something. I don't see anybody rushing to my rescue.

AMO: But then, you didn't start out to do this to be taken seriously so much as to follow the thing that you loved?

4E: Un-huh.

AMO: Would you say that you're the original fan?

4E: Yes, but a chap who really deserves that is about 5 or 6 years older than me. Aubrey MacDermott. He calls himself "The" first fan, and he has a number of years on me and started earlier than I. .

AMO: Is there one item in your collection you favor over all others?

4E: Yes! Absolutely. The October, 1926 Amazing, Stories that started it all. I was attracted to the cover of it. So I went to the artist, Frank R. Paul, and he redrew it for me in huge size, and in place of the original man on the cover, he drew a kind of a futuristic version of me. He's long gone from this world, and I think if the big earthquake came, the one thing I would run for to rescue would be that, and the second would be the Metropolis automaton. That of course could be reproduced. It took a year and a half and \$600 to do in the first place. But the Frank R. Paul painting is unique. ■

Not Seeing the 4-Es for the Trees!

by Amélie Frank

Someone has to have a tough talk with Fandom, and it might as well be an outsider who will neither be offended by the repercussions nor tremendously heartbroken if she is burned in effigy. Permit me to address you collectively about the future of your past.

Fandom is a culture comprised of people with high I.Q.s and a willingness to invest time and money in pursuit of science fiction, fantasy, and horror. I would like to know why a rich, magnificent collection of your literature, your relics, your art, your history, and your heritage is allowed to inch ever closer to disrepair and decay due to your indifference.

Three months ago, this infidel breathlessly toured the Ackermansion and rejoiced in the wealth contained therein. To mundanes, this collection is the stuff of curiosity pieces in travel magazines and fillers in the local paper. To Fandom, however, it must surely be the genre Smithsonian. Imagine my surprise when 4sJ lamented Fandom's non-response to his search for a new home for this invaluable collection.

Perhaps it's my low tolerance for apathy and mediocrity, but it appalls me that you denizens of Fandom's imaginative realm would rather quibble over "Sci-Fi" vs. "SF" than attempt to preserve your own antiquities. Pardon me if I can't think of a more useless literary pastime. I'm sorry to have to break the news to you, babies, but IT'S NOT IMPORTANT! Sheesh! If the library is on fire, you don't stand outside the structure engaging in these sophomoric debates.

Does the prospect of actually shifting from the passive to active mode frighten you that much? Is the mere thought of taking action too anxiety-producing? To their credit, the silverfish chowing down on 4sJ's priceless posters and precious first-edition magazines from the early part of this century can at least enjoy some sense of accomplishment. You, Fandom, have succeeded at nothing for you haven't shown the self respect to take care of the things you so adamantly claim you love. I, for one, am embarrassed for you.

I am not a friend of Forry's, and I don't believe the matter has anything to do with him personally. What irks me is that his search to permanently house his collection for your edification is utterly wasted on you. The treasure trove is decidedly his, but the collection as much pays tribute to your dreams, your heroes, and your achievements as it does his efforts. You dishonor all of it when you allow such wonderful things to languish and disintegrate.

No distinguished society should be this irresponsible. Fandom and its heritage deserve a museum, but perhaps you, the apathetic fans, don't deserve Fandom. What is your five-year mission, folks? To boldly go where human culture has never gone before and ultimately have nothing to show for it? Who would blame the old man if he threw up his hands at the thought of you and tossed a burning match into his basement? ■



pic: Alan White



YOU CAN'T SEE THE FORREST FOR THE TEASE...

Terri Pinckard

Enter through a door at 915 South Sherbourne in Los Angeles and you enter the doorway to 2300 A.D. where in the many nights of the years that pass, the Mighty Giants of Horror, Science Fiction and Fantasy have come to visit and to dwell among the thousands of books and models of the weird and fantastic for an hour, a day, a week...



Ray Bradbury, A.E. Van Vogt, Robert Bloch, Bela Lugosi, Yma Sumac... the list could go on and on, for days are end-less and so are the visitors to the house, this monument to the future; this home of Forrest J Ackerman.

There are men who dream -- and men who are dreamers and of these, none are so sure of the coming reality of their Utopias than he. Born to the future, born before the time of his dreams, he lives in constant preparation for that future.

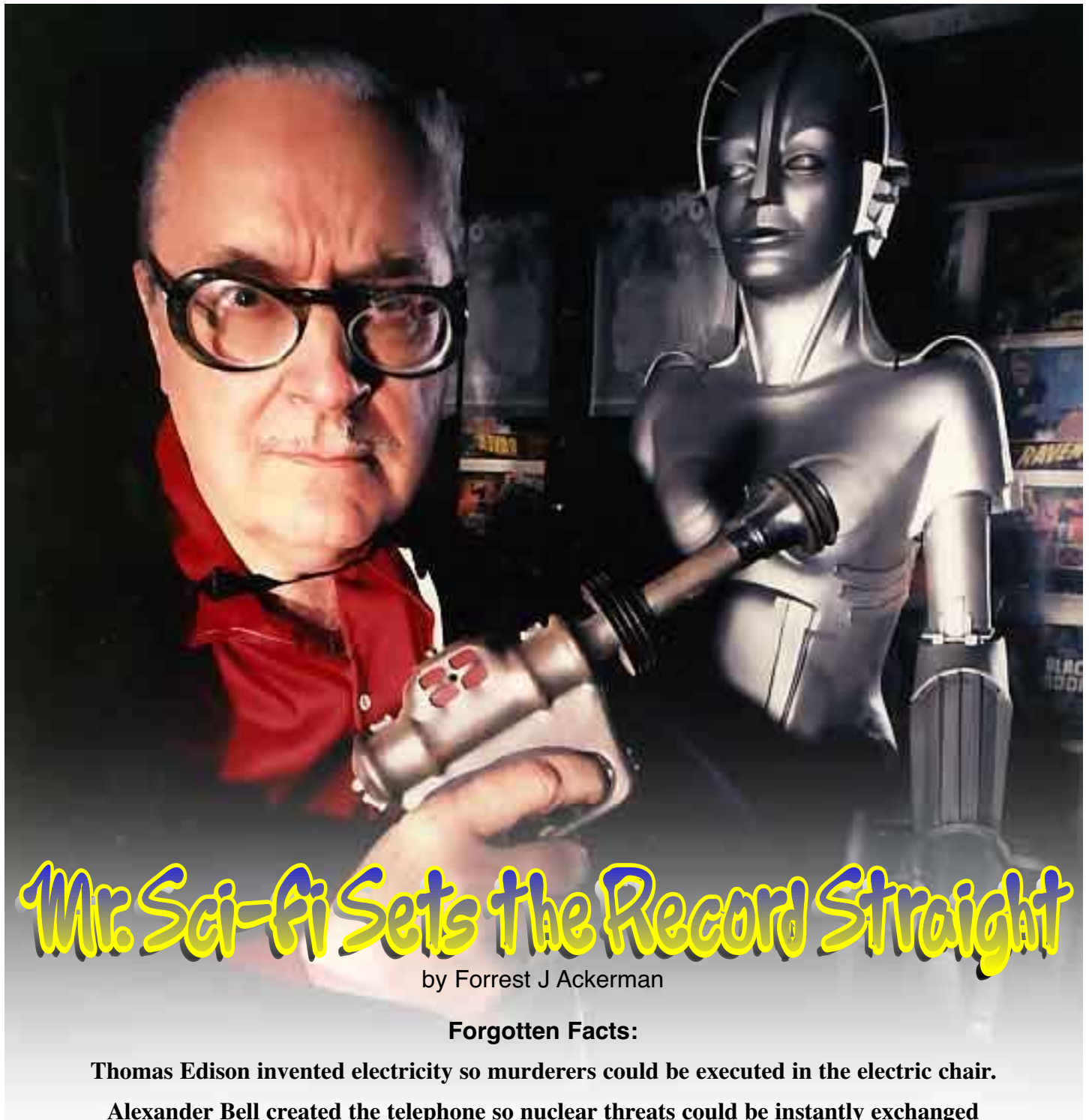
Through, the years of Fandom... of agenting, editing, counseling and advising; through a myriad of followers; most loyal, some adverse ... like a many-faceted zircon, the various personalities of Forry shine on many planes.

Two aspects that have come through all our studies of him all the letters that have come our in the unending research for his biography; his sense of humor and his open-mindedness. His humor, the teasing; taunting punning funning that is so much a trademark of Forry. Yet the thing we are most conscious of, is the perpetual curiosity that has never left him since childhood. The willingness and even compulsion that has made him go beyond mere curiosity to find the why's and wherefore's of all he saw and felt.

An "A" student-all through school, Forry quests and absorbs discussion. He embraces new knowledge with the arms of a lover. There Is no aspect of life that does not stimulate his to learn and experience and no-social dictates he bows to. He balances this nicely with a good decisive analysis of whether the experience would have merit. If not, well, let someone else experience it and he will absorb the knowledge second hand. ■



Bill Crawford and FJA



Mr. Sci-fi Sets the Record Straight

by Forrest J Ackerman

Forgotten Facts:

Thomas Edison invented electricity so murderers could be executed in the electric chair.

**Alexander Bell created the telephone so nuclear threats could be instantly exchanged
between the White House and the Kremlin.**

Monsieur Daguerre introduced photography to make pornographic pictures possible.

Ug the caveman fashioned the first knife for the benefit of Jack the Ripper.

Forrest J Ackerman coined the term “scifi” as a put-down for schlocky SF films.

Forgotten facts? I call them facts, but actually none of them are, and all of them should be forgotten.
They are the wildest fantasies, the Ackerman anecdote having no more validity than the Edison.

Al Jackson is the latest victim of Ellison's Syndrome. He probably wasn't born yet in 1954, when I was driving my automobile with the radio on and an announcer mentioned hifi. Since science fiction has been on the tip of my tongue since 1926 (when it was originally known as scientifiction), I stuck out my tongue, looked in the mirror, and lo and behold, tattooed there (on my tongue, not the mirror) was the now ubiquitous (not iniquitous) "sci-fi." Shortly thereafter I offered it to fandom in a news column in *Fantasy Fiction Field*, the *Locus/SF Chronicle* of its day, and I first put it into professional print in 1955 in a regular feature in *Spaceway* magazine. Oddly enough, no mundane reporter ever accepts the fact that I coined the term the phrase is always "Ackerman claims to have invented the term" whereas no one in the SF field has ever dreamed of crediting (or discrediting) it to anyone else.

At no time did I intend it as a term of denigration.

I accept it as simple ignorance, not malicious insult, when someone like Al Jackson in the *Cinefantastique* letter column (or others in *STARLOG*) falsely inform the world that "sci-fi" was created to distinguish between good science-fiction films and bad.

Wrong... tilt ... error... does not compute.

It was never created as an adverse adjective to apply to films, it was never created as a negative term, period. I am the ultimate authority on "sci-fi" and I am reiterating for the 10,000th time that I coined it with no object in mind other than that it could take its place with s.f., sf, S.F., SF, ess-eff, sci-fic, stf or any other abbreviation past, present or future of a simple descriptive non-pejorative nature for science fiction. If anyone, with the single-minded fanaticism (un)worthy of a witch-hunter, has led the crusade to crucify the term for the past quarter of a century, it has been Harlan Ellison. He has stated publicly that (in less elegant terms than I employ here) "sci-fi" is the sound made by "two crickets mating" and "no one but an anal orifice uses the term sci-fi." This could be considered an insult to legends Eke A.E. van Vogt, *Playboy* (which has employed the term on at least three occasions on its covers in conjunction with new SF works by Arthur C. Clarke, Gore Vidal and Kurt Vonnegut) and Tom and Terri Pinckard, creators of the internationally famous Pinckard Science Fiction Writers' Salon (established over 20 years ago) and most recently recipients of the Big Heart Award at the World Science Fiction Convention. Would the Pinckards drive a prestigious \$42,000 Mercedes-Benz with the license plate SCI FI if they thought they were advertising schlocky SF films?

I could fill an issue of *STARLOG* with a defense of "sci-fi." All that happened for a year when I wore a badge with a heart proclaiming "I Love SF" was that I got raised eyebrows in Southern California-why was I a supporter of San Francisco? Or appreciation in Finland (where SF stands for the Finn's country) for being a Finnish fan; criticism in Northern France for favoring Southern France; and kinky offers in Soho and Greenwich Village from deviates into SadoFlagelism.

"Dune" and "2010" are currently being characterized everywhere as sci-fi films who among you wants to enlighten the public that this indicates to "True Fans" (I'm a fake?) that they're Godzilla clones? Harlan Ellison thought "Brainstorm" was the worst sci-fi film of the year; I thought it was the best scientifiilm, and voted it such as a member of the Academy of Sci-Fi, Fantasy & Horror Films (Dr. Donald Reed, creator of the Academy, has no trouble with "sci-fi"). Obviously intended as praise, a Los Angeles telecaster described Harlan Ellison's *A Boy and His Dog* as "an excellent example of a sci-fi film."

When I was a kid, 55 years ago, the Earth as seen from space was always believed to be green, and was painted as such on the covers of "stf" (scientifiction) magazines. We know better now: blue. When we got out



into space and looked back upon our planet, it laid to rest at last the Flat Earth fallacy. I submit that it is high time and over time that we put an end to this science friction about the term “sci-fi” and accept it for what it is and what I intended it to be, a simple alternative to “SF.” I use “SF” interchangeably with “scifi” to avoid being boring, just as I wouldn’t use films, film, films when such variations are available as movies, motion pictures, cinema, talkies, silents, celluloid, etc. (Can you believe that “talkies” was once considered a despicable neologism?)

If there are those among you who feel a term for schlocky pseudo-SF films (“Robot Monster”, “Village of the Giants”, “Cat Women of the Moon”, “Plan Nine from Outer Mongolia”, et al) if you feel a cathartic requirement for a term to describe cinematic star dreck, then I challenge you to come up with a word of your own and leave mine alone. In fact, let me make an attractive offer to pro and fan alike: Harlan, Norman, Ben, Fred, Ike, Marion and other fellow pros, and the misguided Al Jacksons of fandom; I was paid \$100 for a single letter of the alphabet for my world’s shortest ess-eff story “Cosmic Report Card: Earth”... I’ll give that. 100 bucks as a prize for one word from the inventive mind which can come up with an acceptable term for schlocky science fiction. I’ve coined “spy-fi” for Bond fic, “cry-ri” for soap operas, “die-fi” for murder mysteries (did anyone ever decry “whodunits?”), now see if you can beat me at my own game. I thought up “sci-fi” in a split second. You have until June 1, 1985 to cudgel your brains for the right word to replace the one that makes some of you so uptight. I can’t comprehend it, but some of the same intellects in tile SFWA which many accept without cringing, “sefwah” as a pronunciation for ess eff double-you aye, scream bloody murder and have a hemorrhage of hemoglobal proportions over “sci-fi.” Well, here’s your golden opportunity to exercise your imaginations: I’m offering you \$100 a word.

Nobody ever paid me anything (but compliments) for creating “sci-fi.” If I had a penny for every time it’s appeared in print or been spoken with approbation, I would long ago have accumulated the \$5 million that the City of Los Angeles is still looking for to house the 300,000 piece Museum of Sci-Fi & Fantasy which (my life work of 59 years since age nine) I’m willing to make a present of to posterity. ■

16 June 88

Dearest Jack (Williamson);

I don’t want to get into an argument with you of all people but I wd like to think I cd change your mind with an appeal to sweet reason, whereas logic cd never reach emotion-drenched Harlan, not the man who fulminates in print (F&SF) about the asininity of puns and fans’ penchant for them, and lives in a house which he ironically calls Ellison Wonderland!

Surely you wdn’t go so far as to agree with HE that “no one but an asshole” (van Vogt? Linaweaver? Dave Kyle? George Gallet? the Pinckards?) “uses the term sci-fi”? Or that it is “scurrilous” and “the sound of two crickets screwing”? Or so poisonous to the atmosphere as to foul the Ackermuseum beyond Ellison’s wish to set foot in it — even to join Bear, van Vogt, Pournelle, Bloch et al in honoring the 101st birthday of Olaf Stapledon. I cannot forgive Spinrad for dirtying my term by declaring it is the sf equivalent of “nigger”.

Jack, every Saturday in the year that I can I have an open house and am visited by hundreds of fans from all over the world. Perhaps they’re not fanzine fans or con-goers but they are the money-spending readers who keep you, Harlan, Silverberg, Bradley, Heinlein’s estate et al in business. To a man, woman and child they say “sci-fi” when they mention science fiction, not because they know I am its originator and to propitiate me because the majority weren’t even born in 1954 when I introduced the term. They speak of their favorite sci-fi writers as Asimov, Clarke, Heinlein, Bradbury — even Ellison. When I ask if they know who coined the abbreviation they look blank. When the papers reported the death of Sci-Fi Author Heinlein, was it an ignorant put down? “Sci-fi” is no more heinous than “ess-eff” and simply means science fiction of any quality. ■

Open Letter to Harlan, Norman, Marion, Art, Ben, Ike, Jerry, Jack, John, Agberg, et al.:

Were you as staggered as I by the revelation on page 94 of “Grumbles from the Grave” where we find that in 1949, five years before I thought I coined the term, Heinlein used “sci-fi” in conjunction with his classic “Year of the jackpot”?! His only saving grace, that saved him from disgrace, was that he employed the term (certainly not in a derogatory sense) in a private letter to his agent rather than putting it into print. Just imagine an alternate universe where Grand Master RAH employed “sci-fi” publicly in 1949, then legions of SF pros and fans would have been cursing him rather than me all these years for foisting this “scurrilous” term off on the SF field, and I, the first to condemn the nauseous neologism, would be blessed for having added the indispensable brief-word “egoboo” to the English vocabulary. Probably Heinlein would cannily have copyrighted “sci-fi” and collected millions for its use by “Playboy”, “Omni”, the \$20 Million TV “Sci-Fi” Channel, et al. ■

THE TIFANIC SINKS

WHY IS THIS MAN SMILING?

105 boxes, a ton of treasures from my 62 years of collecting, went on the auction block in New York and for me it was a complete financial catastrophe and a personal tragedy.

“I hope you make a million,” said Don Wollheim in advance.

Anticipated Kenneth Galante, dealer: “You’ll make a billion!”

After the fact: “An unmitigated disaster” — Robert A. Madle, pioneer fan, collector, dealer.

“A horror chapter for New York Babylon”—Kenneth Anger, author of HOLLYWOOD BABYLON.

For the first issue, April 1926, of *Amazing Stories* I realized \$36.

An inscribed foto of LON CHANEY SR, for which I anticipated wild bidding up to \$5000, went for \$50 (\$40 to me).

With 3 issues of Schuster & Siegel’s “Science Fiction” currently in a catalog for \$23,000, I expected the entire set by the creators of Superman would command \$35-\$50,000. (I understand the world-class collection of Supermania is being leased to Cleveland for 5 years for \$2 million.) My set: knocked down at \$2750 ... less 20%



Two years ago I let go of my least favorite of three Brundage pastels for \$25,000 (and no 20% commission to auctioneers). My second best (and, historically, her first published cover on *Weird Tales*) went for less than half that ... less commission!

Collectors' items were selling at 10%, even 5%, of estimated bids.

One dealer was heard to glee that what he bought for \$80 he could sell for \$500 ... Heinlein's "Discovery of the Future" went for \$600 (previously \$1300 to a dealer) ... The 1912 "All-Story" featuring first publication of "TARZAN OF THE APES", which the American Booksellers Association reported a couple years ago sold for something in excess of \$8000 (and mine was inscribed by Edgar Rice Burroughs!) slipped away for \$2500 (\$2000 net to me) to a young Texas fan who decimated me afterward by informing me he'd been prepared to go \$20,000!

It was a field day for buyers, "Freebie Time in the Candy Shop"; for me, Heartbreak Hotel. A major downfall for me was the lack of reserves on important pieces. I told the auctioneers in advance that I didn't want to part with a valuable piece worth, say, \$25,000, for a tenth of its worth; that it should sell for at least no less than half its value; but they insisted that it was against their policy to have reserves: "You lose some but you win some and the bidders have to feel that it's possible to get an occasional bargain" In reality, it was almost impossible not to get a bargain, and too late I learned that Vallejo and Frazetta et al did have reserves on their works: for instance, the highly-sought-after "Conan" was withdrawn when it raised (as I recall) "only" something like \$42,500. My Brundage, "Tarzan", "Fear" (Hubbard/Cartier), "Science Fiction" (Schuster & Siegel), inscribed Chaney and "Ghost of Slumber Mountain" posters definitely should have had reserves on them. The "Slumber Mountains" (no sleepers!) went for about one-third of what I paid for them and about one-fifth of what I (and others) anticipated they would fetch. Did it make sense for the Auction to profit 10 bucks on the sale of the Chaney portrait at the expense of a loss to me of a potential several thousand dollars??

Among those present at the debacle were Robert A. Madle, Erle Korshak, Julius Schwartz, Tom Savini, Boris Vallejo, Ron Borst, Mark Frank, Zacherly, Phil Riley, Sam Moskowitz, Stuart Schiff, Peter Michaels, EF Bleiler, Frederick C. Durant III, Barry Malzberg, John McLaughlin, Bruce Francis, Andrew Porter, Richard Bojarski, Harvey Clarke and David Hartwell, from Los Angeles, Texas, Canada, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, England and elsewhere. I have heard from Atlanta, France and Israel (!) that I was seen on TV. I think 499 of the approximately 500 present, told me I made their childhood or was their hero or idol or expressed some similarly warm and humbly appreciated sentiment. I was flattered that Isaac Asimov came with his wife and made opening remarks about me at the reception sponsored by OMNI. I have no complaint that I didn't receive all the (unexpected) egoboo one could ask for. But my goal of financial independence was radically unrealized. I won't know for a month but my educated guess is that, after commission & taxes, I won't wind up with more than \$75,000 whereas my expectation had been for a sale in excess of half a million. Farewell, fond dreams, of another car (after 12 years), a vidicam recorder, money to restore & preserve important imagi-movie posters, spare cash to repay all major financial supporters of the Ackermuseum thru the years such as Mike LeVine, Bob Peterson, Charles Lorange, John Andrews, Peter Many Jr. et al, to invite quarter-century fan-correspondent Giovanni Scognamillo of Turkey to the Ackermansion at my expense, and in general play Scienti-Claus. ■



BORN FOR WONDERLUST



I WASTED the first five and a half years of my life, but in 1922 my eyes were opened to the wonderful world of Fantasy via what unfortunately is a long lost film one glorious night, well over half a century ago, my maternal grandparents, last of the big time angels, took me to see it: “One Glorious Day”, starring the internationally famous wit of his time, Will Rogers. But it was not the adult actor who amused me, it was a youngster named John Fox who portrayed Ek, a

mischievous ectoplasmic wraith who convinced me in 56 mesmerizing minutes that imaginative movies were more entertaining than mundane.

It was a great time to be alive, young, have doting grandparents who would take you to as many as seven films in a single day (we could have seen, more between opening time at 11 a.m. and midnight, but first-run downtown movies in those days took up the time of an extra film with vaudeville or stage shows) and it was a period of the flowering of fantastic motion pictures. The 13 greatest consecutive years of imaginative movies were the seminal period 1923-1936. At six, at seven, at eight, at nine, my wondering eyes beheld 49 dinosaurs and one prehistoric brontosaurus rampaging in London (Sir Arthur Conan Doyle’s “The Lost World”); The Man of a Thousand Faces, Lon Chaney Sr., as Erik, the nightmare incarnate, “The Phantom of the Opera”; the horrors of Hell in Dante’s Inferno; Quasimodo, the demented human monstrosity with a heart of gold, “The Hunchback of Notre Dame”; The Thief of Baghdad vs. the fire-breathing dragon, the giant undersea spider, astride the flying winged horse, in the forest of the arboreal beings, wrapping himself in the cloak of invisibility, the magic powder of power; Siegfried fighting Fafnir and bathing in the slain dragon’s blood; the ravishing robotrix of Metropolis, in the premiere city of the year 2027 with its population of 60 million, soaring cloudscrapers connected by aerial skyways, offices equipped with telephotophones, the amazing machinery of Moloch in the steaming subterranean depths; the revivals of the early German classics The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari (Conrad Veidt as the sinister somnambulist) and The Golem (Paul Wegener as the clay statue imbued with life) and the Russians’ picturization of a revolution on Mars, Aelita.

And at 10 and 11 and on into teenhood the silver screen burgeoned with titles that titillate to this day: Lon Chaney’s lost London After Midnight, Lionel Barrymore’s The Mysterious Island, A. Merritt’s Seven Footprints to Satan, High Treason (England’s vision in 1929 of the Federated Atlantic States of 1940 in Britain’s second talking film with Raymond Things to Come Massey in a bit part), “Just Imagine” (1930’s vision of a world of indexed numbers--hero J-2 1, heroine LN 18, et al – and a rocket trip to Mars in 1980, starring Mia Rosemary’s Baby Farrow’s mother Maureen “Tarzan’s Jane” O’Sullivan), Fritz Lang’s “Woman in the Moon” (wherein the director invented “countdown” on the screen), “The End of the World” from France, “The Strange Case of Captain Ramper” from Germany (Paul “The Golem” Wegener as a kind of Arctic “manimal”), Charles Laughton’s Island of Lost Souls, that inseparable pair of horror classics “Dracula” and “Frankenstein”, “Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde” with Fredric March’s Academy Award-winning performance in the directorial masterpiece of Rouben Mamoulian, Clarence Darrow’s “Mystery of Life”, the perennially remade (never as successfully as the original) “Most Dangerous Game”, “The Mummy”, “The Old Dark House”, “The Ghoul”, “The Invisible Ray”, “The Black Cat”, “The Raven” (all with Boris Karloff and sometimes additionally Bela Lugosi), “Murders in the Rue Morgue” (Lugosi as Dr. Mirakle), “White Zombie” (Lugosi as “Murder” Legendre), “Dr. X” and “The

Mystery of the Wax Museum” (both with Fay Wray, immortalized as the heroine of “King Kong”), “Transatlantic Tunnel, F.P.1 Doesn’t Answer” (both the futuristic visions of Curt “Donovan’s Brain” Siodmak) up to and including “The Invisible Man”, the memorable H.G. Wells cinemadaptations of “The Man Who Could Work Miracles” and “Things to Come”.

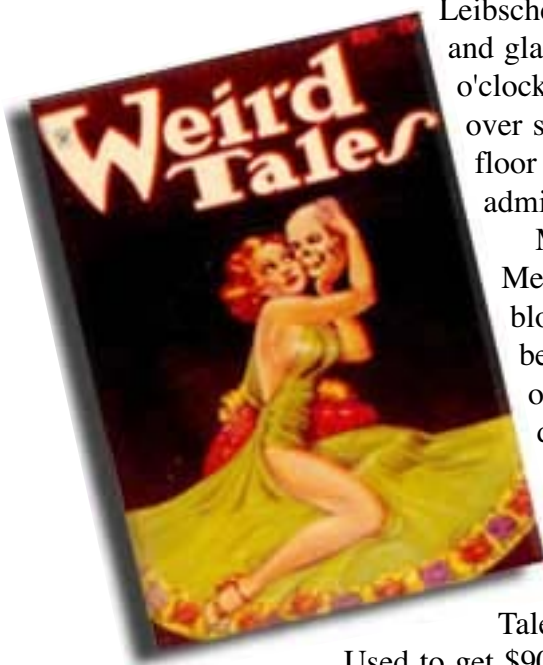
While all these “scientifilms” and “imagi-movies” were being seen (and, after Al Jolson, heard) on the screen, something new had been added: the world’s first monthly magazine of science fiction was published--Amazing Stories, bearing the date April 1926. At the time its tales by Jules Verne, H.G. Wells, Edgar Allan Poe et al were all reprints, an amalgam of imaginative literature transporting the reader from micro-space “The Man from the Atom” by teenaged G. Peyton Wertenbaker, later to make his literary mark as Green Peyton) to the rings of Saturn via Jules Verne’s “Off on a Comet”. The editor/publisher of this audacious periodical, which took off like a rocket, was Hugo Gernsback, author and inventor, an immigrant from Luxembourg who started the ball (lightning) rolling into the future with a momentum that by nearly 50 (49, to be exact) 1953 would produce a plethora of/fantastic periodicals which a dedicated aficionado could acquire (if probably not read) in a single enchanted month. ■

A VISIT WITH

Margaret Brundage

No interview, to my knowledge, ever has appeared with fantasy fiction’s foremost exponent of the unclothed feminine form divine in cover art. Learning that she lived in Chicago, I resolved to meet this mysterious Madame during “Chicon Week”, and accordingly called her on the phone one morning.

On my first call I explained I was an admirer of her work from the West Coast and would it be possible to see her sometime during the day? She replied she had certain things to do but that it was probable they could be put off and would I check back with her within an hour? Which I did, to learn she would be free and glad to see me -- and here I introduced the names of Erle Korshak and Walt



Leibsch, who were guiding me around the city that day -- she would be free and glad to see me and my friends anytime after 6:30. So I made a date for 7 o'clock. A short time after the hour we three - plus Ross Rocklynne, who stayed over specifically to be in on Brundage - we four found ourselves on the 2nd floor of an apartment building on the north side of Chicago. We were admitted to her room by Mrs. Brundage.

Margaret B., creator of those come-hither, getcha alladither, Mither-of-Mercy, Minga-maid-like pastel pretties is a woman in her mid-30's, tall, blond, affable. Has a teenage son who reads science fiction, Amazing being his pick for first place. Brundage, believe it or not, is an authority on Hitler having read every line available on the would-be World-dictator during the last year.

Margaret B. got started in fantasy with her Oriental lady on an early cover of Oriental (one-time companion to Weird Tales). Simply walked into the office and showed a sample of her work. Soon Oriental became Magic Carpet, and Brundage also began to draw for Weird Tales where her work was greeted with wild acclaim.

Used to get \$90 for a cover: now \$50. Cannot draw a cover in under a week, and the

materials that go into its making cost about \$10 with packing and mailing taking a good part of \$5 more. For such a price as this she cannot afford models and, like Finlay (who is a 2nd cousin of Mrs. Wright, we learned), frankly copies from photos. The phantom lover on the November (1940.RW) Weird Tales was Robert Taylor: the dancer, Loretta Young.

I have come to be far less critical of artists since Learning some of their trials and tribulations. For instance, Margaret pointed out to us, on a proof of one of her covers, that, the hands were over-large. That issue, no doubt, many fans said “What the heck’s the matter with Brundage, she ought to be able to draw better hands than that; why, they’re all out of proportion.” Pastel is a hell of a difficult and delicate medium in which to work. When she was about 7/8ths thru with that particular pic, the publisher ordered a change in it necessitating enlarging one hand, so naturally she had to make the second bigger. And so, they were out of proportion, thru no ignorance or intention of hers. Oft-times, too, the plate-maker does not reproduce her colors correctly, she stated, as in the case of the current cover of WV where the green was black.

Brundage also has done calendar art under the pseudonym of Bron, and now is developing a new black-and-white technique for propaganda work under her maiden name, Johnson. Considered by fans a natural for the late South Sea Stories, tho Palmer was all for her work, unfortunately she was never able to click with Ziff-Davis (the dope).

We were privileged to see two of her original unpublished calendar subjects; the most delicately done and delectable of damozels Hey Erle, Walt, Ross - your mouths still watering? Mine is! (from The Alchemist, February 1941). ■

A Visit With

EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

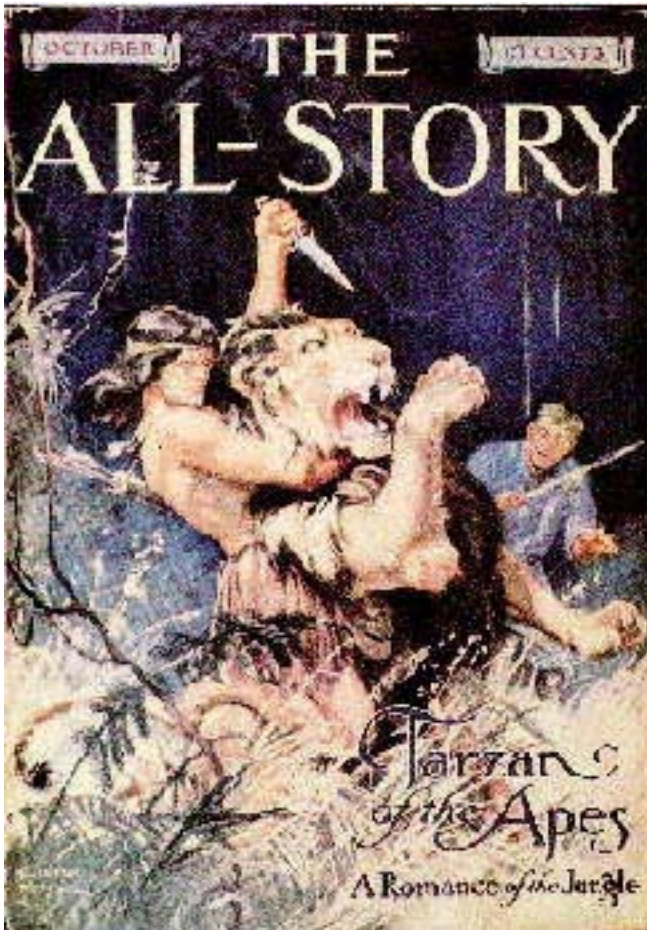
For the better part of my life I had lived only an hour’s journey from one of fantasy fiction’s most famous Figures, the late Edgar Rice Burroughs, whose stories of interplanetary adventure have thrilled millions; yet I had never met him. Having gone out of my way to shake hands with H.G. Wells, Abe Merritt, Hugo Gernsback, Frank R. Paul, Austin Hall and many other science fiction celebrities, I decided it was high time I paid my respects to the creator of “Tarzan of the Apes”, “John Carter of Mars” and “Carson of Venus”.

Perhaps it was because he lived so near me in California that I had contented myself with the thought that I could visit him at any time. Anyhow, I finally did so and spent three hours talking to him about his work, hearing him confirm much of what I had read about him and deny what was mere legend.

He lived, as every Burroughs fan knows, in the San Fernando Valley, in the little community once known as Reseda, until his fame overshadowed the town and gave it the name of Tarzana.

But we three other admirers of his who went with me actually had trouble finding him. The gas station attendant couldn’t direct us, and the drug store owner was no help; he didn’t even have a Burroughs book in his circulating library. I began to wonder: how famous is fame?





Then we found we'd gotten the name of the street wrong and had overshot our mark by about a mile, so we went back and finally came to a large rural-type mailbox bearing the Burroughs name. But the palatial residence I expected didn't materialize. The great sprawling estate of my imagination was a modest six room house surrounded by a garden and a lush lawn, with an orchard in the rear. The house had a built-on porch, where the owner spent much of his time reading.

Burroughs himself opened the door to us. We all liked him at first sight. He had aged, of course, since he posed for the familiar photo on the dust jackets of his books, but none of us would have taken him for 73. He had lived to see science catch up with and outdistance some of the wild imaginings of his earliest writings. "In some of my early Mars stories," he recalled, "I made the mistake of describing amazing airships which traveled at the incredible speed of two hundred miles an hour."

He led us through the living room, on the floor of which was a handsome black and white zebra skin, out on to the porch. He took an easy chair beside which lay the scattered pages of the Sunday paper; nearby on a table was a pile of cartoon books. On one wall hung the ornate robe of an Indian chief and a Japanese silk painting of a slinking tiger. A pair of Oriental equestrian statuettes stood on twin tables on either side, and by the door leading to the backyard orchard

was a huge vermilion jar decorated with ebony elephants and other jungle figures. Amid this colorful tableau, we talked.

I asked if it was true that he wrote his first stories on the backs of old envelopes, as I had read somewhere. That wasn't so, he said. But he did use old letterheads which he had printed when he went into business for himself years ago, and for which he had no better use when, as invariably happened, his venture failed.

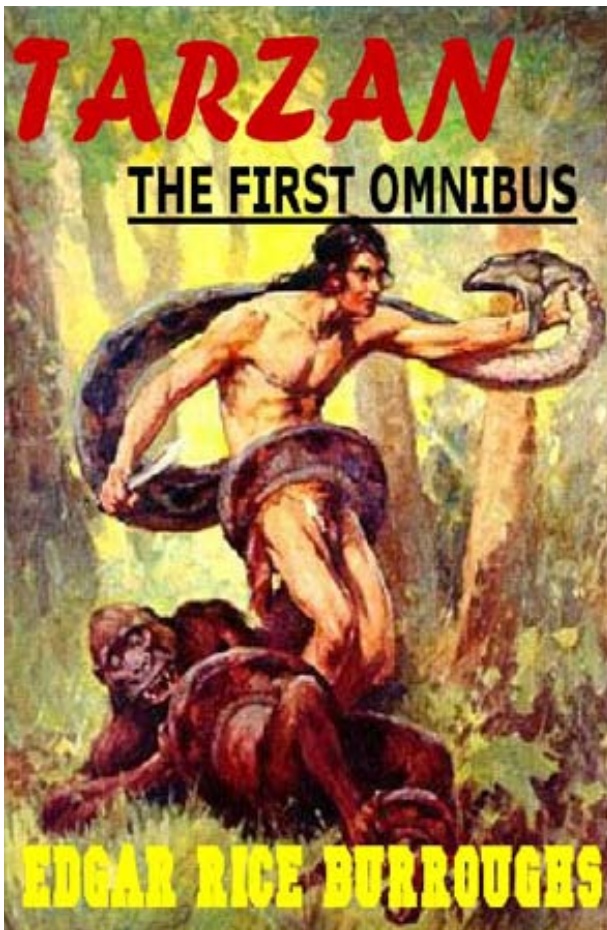
He was an unsuccessful businessman for several years before he tried writing fiction, and succeeded. So much that his Tarzan stories, translated into various languages from a Turkestan dialect to Hindustani (not forgetting Esperanto) have sold over thirty million copies, while a score of full length films adapted from his books have added to the rich proceeds of his imagination.

In addition, he gathered a small fortune from the use of his universally famed ape-man in newspaper cartoons and comic books. He had also been on the radio, with Burroughs' son-in-law playing the lead along with his daughter Joan. Few dream-children have been as profitable for their creator as Tarzan.

He also debunked the story that he began to write because he couldn't sleep. "I wrote because I was hungry, not through insomnia," he told us. "I had a wife and two children to support, and I wasn't making much money. But I did have a lot of weird dreams; both sleeping and waking. I thought I'd put them down on paper and see if they'd sell."

He was 35 and, having tried several different jobs - cowhand, policeman, railroad patrolman, salesman; he was working for a patent medicine firm. It was his duty to check their adverts in the pulp magazines of the time, and he sampled some of the stories in them. He thought he could do as well, if not better, and so he began to write-fast. In his early days, once he got started, he could turn out a novel in a month or two at the most.

His first story, "Under the Moons of Mars," ran as a serial in ALL-STORY MAGAZINE (Feb.-July, 1912) which for years previously had been featuring the fantasies of Garrett P. Serviss, George Allan England and others. He was paid about half a cent a word for it, and wrote under the pseudonym of "Normal Bean," which



appeared as Norman Bean. Five years later it appeared in book form as “A PRINCESS OF MARS”, to be followed by the rest of the Mars series.

But before John Carter continued his exploits, “TARZAN OF THE APES” had made his bow in the October 1912 ALL-STORY, and in hard covers two years later. He was such a success that ALL-STORY and ARGOSY leapt at the chance to publish his adventures through the decades before they were presented in book form for the benefit of his followers throughout the world.

They also featured his tales of the world “AT THE EARTH’S CORE”, “THE MOON MAID”, “PIRATES OF VENUS” and others. “THE LAND THAT TIME FORGOT”, so beloved of early AMAZING readers and all who grew up on his stories, and which he himself titled “The Lost U-Boat,” was first published in BLUE BOOK in 1918.

I asked if he, as a youngster, had been fond of fantasy fiction-if, for instance, he had devoured Wells, Verne or Rider Haggard, but he said no. The second story he wrote was “THE OUTLAW OF TORN”: he intended it to be a serious historical novel and did a lot of research for it. The effort wasn’t wasted, however, as he drew on the material later for “TARZAN, LORD OF THE JUNGLE”.

The handwritten manuscripts of the first stories of Tarzan and John Carter are carefully preserved, he told us. The original Tarzan of the Apes is still his favorite. “Re-read it a few months back. My memory was never very much good, so every once in a while I get out one of my own stories and re-read it.”

He autographed for me one of the rarest of his works, the novella “Beyond Thirty,” romance of a barbarian Britain of the 22nd Century, full of wild men and beasts. One of the others produced a copy of the Esperanto “Princino de Marso” and got him to sign it in Esperanto. Then we got to talking of space travel. “What do you think of a trip to Mars or Venus?” I asked. He considered. “Well, I don’t think it will come in our lifetime. I’d be interested in knowing what they found there, but I don’t think I’d care to go myself.” One of us, fresh from reading “THE MOON MAID”, pointed out that in 1926 he had predicted radar as coming in 1940, in the shape of “an instrument which accurately indicated the direction and distance of the focus of any radioactivity with which it might be attuned.”

I asked him if he had spent much time thinking up such names as Barsoom, Gathol and Pellucidar. “Oh, I thought them all out carefully,” he assured us. “I discarded many combinations of syllables before I was satisfied with ‘Tarzan.’ I think the name of a character has a lot to do with his success, don’t you? And I don’t believe in describing them too accurately; I’ve never given Tarzan’s actual height. I leave as much as I can to the reader’s imagination.”

He wasn’t too happy with Tarzan’s transformation into a screen hero. He had thought of him, he said, as a pretty grim character, and the movies made him too humorous for his liking. He has a projector, with prints of “THE NEW ADVENTURES OF TARZAN” and others, but he hasn’t seen all the Hollywood versions of his stories. Of the nine different actors who have played the part, he liked Herman Brix the best. “He was absolutely fearless!” I suggested “THE MONSTER MEN” as a likely movie, and he said it had been considered on and off for years.

The only fantasy volume, apart from a few of his own, which we saw in his den was Otis Adelbert Kline’s

“THE PLANET OF PERIL”. The story goes that Kline’s “Buccaneers of Venus,” which appeared in WEIRD TALES, was declined by ARGOSY because they preferred to use Burroughs’ first Venus novel instead.

A monstrous tiger skin covered the floor of this room, where we saw a collection of oddments including a stone turtle which Burroughs had dug up himself. In the hallway hung a real human head which its hunters had shrunk, and from which we shrank. He could never bring himself to touch it, he confessed. There was a beautiful bronze statuette of a sabre-tooth tiger done by his son John Coleman Burroughs, who illustrated some of his books. John and his brother Hulbert collaborated on several science fiction stories, beginning with “The Man Without a World” in the 10th Anniversary issue of THRILLING WONDER.

Burroughs said he never rewrote, and never wrote a character into a situation from which he couldn’t extricate him, though often he had no idea how the story would end. He once tried the Dictaphone, but couldn’t find a stenographer who could spell and punctuate correctly, so he continued to type his own manuscripts. Although he never had a formal education in grammar, a piece from one of his books was once used as an example of good English in a British textbook.

Just before we left, our host produced an autograph book and asked for our signatures. Collecting visitors’ autographs had become a hobby in recent years, and we signed in his fourth book. As we departed he shook hands with all of us, said that he had been honored by our visit and what we had to say about his work. “Not everybody is quite sincere,” he added, “but I believe you have been. Thank you for calling, and if I don’t recognize you next time I see you I hope you won’t think too badly of me—I have a terrible memory.” ■



TO ALL THOSE WHO CARED FOR WENDAYNE ACKERMAN

4 November 1912: 5 March 1990

Née: Mathilde (Malka) Wahrman Temporarily: Tilly Porjes

LAST 41 YEARS: WENDY ACKERMAN

THE ONLY Wendayne (Mondelle) in the world died at 8 o'clock on the evening of March 5th in our home after a 5-month period of increasing and immeasurable misery due to renal failure compounded by dialysis dementia. In the end her gallant heart simply stopped. Sometime in the next century or beyond there may be another Wendayne if the hope of her son by a previous marriage, Michael Porjes, is realized: Upon his demise he will be cryonically preserved and, with his Mother's permission, a sample of her body tissue is being cryonically preserved, the intention being for Wendayne to be cloned and for her son to raise her like a daughter. What hath science fiction wrought?

The first words my Wendy ever spoke to me (as a book clerk in a department store) were, "May I help you, sir?" Heartbreakingly but comforting, the last words she ever said to me were, "Forry--help me!" In between she:

Was the translator-in-chief of 137 novels of the German space opera series Perry Rhodan, the majority a phenomenal success for Ace Books and some she published herself, proud to have created Master Publications. To this day legions of fans love her for her role in bringing Perry Rhodan to America.

Was the translator of Stanislaw Lem's "The Invincible", her rendition of which (from unorthodox East German German) was not received kindly by most critics. I suppose I must bear the brunt of some of the blame as I did the final editing on it. She was consoled by the fact, however, that the author himself expressed his satisfaction with the translation.

Was the translator (from French) of Pierre Barbet's "Games Psyborgs Play" (her title), published by DAW.

Was the translator of the Strugatsky brothers. "Hard To Be A God", which is being made into a motion picture. Met the authors in Russia.

Was the author of one of the most popular and oft-reprinted features out of 191 issues of Famous Monsters of Filmland magazine, the entertaining and informative "Rocket to the Rue Morgue", originally a paper for a university project.

Earned a degree in Biology, taught science in high school, acquired an M.A. Magnum Cum Laude in record time in her 40s, and was a professor of German and French for 20 years at East Los Angeles Jr College.

Accompanied me around the world to England, France, Germany, Italy, Spain, Scotland, Wales, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, Japan, Hong Kong, China (one tiny border town), Sweden, Norway, Lapland, Luxembourg, Liechtenstein (we longed and planned to return to this fairyland), Moscow/Leningrad/Kiev, Finland, Hungary, Yugoslavia, E. Germany, Poland, Czechoslovakia. She did more than accompany me, she took care of it all: the transportation, tickets, accommodations, passports, that sort of thing; things I have no patience for and am not adept at. I quail at the thought of international travel without her but this year it's back to Holland



and Belgium, where we were happy once before, and Denmark, which she never saw. Abroad, her command of languages was indispensable: French, German, Spanish, ordinary Italian...and Hebrew. Perhaps some-eyebrows raise at the mention of Hebrew? Why did she know Hebrew? Because according to the law of Germany at the time she was born there, since her Mother and Father were Jews born in Poland, Wendy was considered a Polish Jew. Yes, racially she was Jewish--so what? Do you think it mattered one iota to this Esperantist? Not for one fraction of a nanosecond. I only hope you're not one of those unfortunate people who cracked a Jewish joke in her presence or made some anti-Semitic remark which now embarrasses you when it's too late to apologize. She suffered in silence and never let on. She didn't practice Judaism. She lived the major part of her life an American Angeleno Agnost. In pre-war Germany she was a pre-med student at the Goethe University till one day Hitler dismissed her because of her ancestry. Years later she was tickled by the irony of being an honored guest of the city of Frankfurt-am-Main, where she was born, and in 1951 in Munich in the home-of Brigitte (METROPOLIS) Helm she could hardly contain herself and refrain from exploding with laughter when her "tainted" hand was kissed by the grandson of Kaiser Wilhelm! In 1933, a pariah in Germany, she went to France and practiced midwifery; long hours, grueling work, one day a month off. When she moved to London she continued the nursing profession till she left for Israel (still Palestine) where she experienced enough of the horrors of war to last her a lifetime; married and had her son. In '48, getting a divorce, she moved to LA where she became a clerk in the book department of a major downtown emporium. When her body chemistry reacted attractively to a 32-year-old shy-guy she saw approaching her station with an armload of books, she said to her fellow clerk, "Lay off him, he's mine." The moment I heard her charming accent I asked her where it came from. "Oh, my ancestors," she replied mischievously, "were highly civilized while yours were hanging by their tails from trees!" Naturally, I never spoke to her again.,

Favorites among her fantasy and film friends were Tom & Terri Pinckard, the Robert Blochs, Frank & Bobbie Bresee, the Yanos, Shibanos, Fritz Lang, Kenneth Anger, Ray Bradbury, Brad Linaweaver, the van Vogts, Kyles, Pohls, Siodmaks, Avices, Walt Liebscher, Vincent Price, the Wm. Temples, Wm. Tuttle, Walter Ernsting, Georges Gallet, Cornelia Ilie (Sweden), Ion Hobana (Romania), Luis Gasca (Spain), Boris Grabnar (Yugoslavia), Josef Nesvadba (Czechoslovakia), Oscar Estes, Bela Lugosi, the John Landises, Aubrey MacDermotts, Melchior, Harryhausens, Ferraris (Italy), Rich Corrells, Vern Corriell, E. Everett Evans' widow, Catherine Moore, Charles Higham, Amy Jewett, Cyndi Gossett, the Waldrons, Stuart J. Byrne et ux, Sam Sherman family, Phil Riley, Edgar Rice & Danton Burroughs, Cynthia Goldstone, Erik von Buelow, Verne Langdon, the Brooks family, all 4 Nuetzels, Jean-Claude Romer. Forgive me if in my upset state I've overlooked you and you know you qualified. Unfavorites: Jim Warren, the New York editor who sabotaged the Perry Rhodan program and wouldn't publish anyone (including van Vogt!) I represented, Author Services (but she liked L. Ron, Arthur and Diana), the female editor (now deceased) who treated me so cavalierly, the 2 chief detractors of the term "sci-fi" (we often laughed how in 1954 when I first uttered it, she said, "Forget it, Forry—it will never catch on!") and Herr "Heartburn" (Bernhardt, the German arbiter of Rhodan's USA fate).

In 1963 she co-drove with me on the 8700-mile cross-country adventure to meet as many as possible of the 1300 filmonster fans who wanted to see us. She was the world's slowest eater, had the world's most sensitive nose. Accompanied me to nudist camps for 5 years. Accepted gay men and lesbians. Loved sushi and gefuele fish. Had a sweet singing voice (we dueted on "True Love" & "Side by Side"). Didn't drink, smoke dope-- or swear. Curt Siodmak, Albert van Hageland (Belgian sf agent), George Pal, Georges Gallet, Dave Kyle, Vincent Price and several others considered her "a real lady". "Her sparkle, enthusiasm, feistiness, wit, intelligence, protectiveness-of-Forry, generosity"; these are some of her attributes for which admiration has been expressed in the first two days' cards and condolences. I think she was a candidate for the Big Heart Award. Favorite singers: Theodore Bikel (Uber Alles), Al Jolson, Bing Crosby, Dean Martin, Marlene Dietrich, Maurice Chevalier, Brigitte Bardot (!), Aznavour and (blush) me! (She said she preferred my singing to Sinatra's!) Actor: Burt Lancaster. Novelists: Thomas Mann, George Simenon. Films: "African Queen", "Cabaret", "Lies My Father Told Me", "The Jolson Story(s)", "Metropolis" and all Busby Berkeley musicals. SF: "The Forever War", "4-Sided

Triangle”, the Auel series, “Childhood’s End”, “Letter to An Angel” (by me) and “Forever” by Mildred Cram. She read the latter to me years ago; I read it to her a few weeks before she died. She had no use for religion of any kind, didn’t believe in a life before or hereafter. Was reserved in her praise of my writing (how do you judge this obit, my dear?). Was once active in LASFS and early Westercons. Especially liked the San Diego Comic Cons and their sponsors.

We always planned to celebrate the year 2000 together. My broken heart asks, “How could you leave me?” My reasoning mind tells me you couldn’t help it. I forgive you; I love you. ■



Ross Rocklynne, Leroy J. Tackett, Trudy Kuslan, Bob Tucker, Walt Liebscher, Morajo, Erle Korshak, FJA, Julius Unger, Robert A. Madle, Robert G. Thompson



4SJ, 3 Esperantists and Morajo



J. Michael Rosenblum, Ethel Lindsay, Roy Hunt, FJA and Leroy Tackett hiding among other fans



LASFS, 1939 Dorothy Finn, Helen Finn, Eleanor O'Brien, Morojo, Arthur Louis Joquel II, Ed Chamberlin, Grady Zimmerman, Henry Hasse, Paul Freehafer, Peggy Finn, Walt Daugherty, 4SJ, Technocrat STFAN



Charles J. Hornig, Albert Nuetzell, Wendy, A.E. Van Vogt, E. Mayne Hull, Tigrina, 4SJ, Terri & Tom Pinckard, Dawn Langdon



A.E. Van Vogt, Grady Zimmerman, E. Everett Evens, 4SJ, Kenneth Bonnell, David Lesperance, ?, Jean Cox



Morojo and Sgt. Ack Ack

Arnie Katz. . .

Forry Ackerman is gone, but he left indelible memories with everyone he knew. Even beyond that, though, Forry will never be forgotten as long as Fandom endures.

There were many who loved science fiction and fantasy before Forrest J Ackerman, but he was the first member of the enormous cluster of subcultures known as Science Fiction Fandom. It was the vision of this boy, for he barely qualified as a teenager at the time, which created the human network that has swollen to over 250,000 people today.

Forry wanted to bring all lovers of science fiction, fantasy and horror together so they could enjoy sharing their interest. Already well-known for his letters in the prozine letter columns, Forry reached out to others, first alias Jack Darrow and then Jack Williamson, which started the fannish chain reaction.

I knew Forry a long, long time before I met him in person on one of two mid-1960's trip some Fanoclasts took to support the club's worldcon bid. *We won; Ted White and Dave Van Arnam co-chaired the 1967 NYCon 3.)

I "knew" him even before I'd ever heard of Fandom, as the jocular presence that saturated Famous Monsters of Filmland. I began buying it with the third issue – and eventually acquired the first two – and read it regularly. Back then, I didn't know that Forrest J Ackerman pioneered discussion of science fiction movies in fanzines with his numerous 1930's articles about "scientifilms."

Of course, I learned that and much more besides when I finally did enter Fandom, The First Fan certainly had an impressive list of fannish accomplishments. So you can imagine that teenaged Arnie Katz was pretty thrilled when Ted White told me that Forry had invited our roving band of Fanoclasts to visit the Ackermansion and then join him as his guests for dinner. That visit, still fresh in memory after more than 40 years, encapsulated so many of the man's virtues and also the colorful quirks, idiosyncrasies and eccentricities that helped make him such a memorable character.

The Ackermansion was a museum of science fiction memorabilia, including many one-of-a-kind priceless mementos. Forry let us roam through a house where even the bathroom had a bookcase. I saw the headpiece from "It Came from Outer Space" and the enormous nude of Trina Robbins that fuelled the ceiling over his bed.

At that time, Forry favored an all-you-can-eat smorgasbord place on Sunset, which sounded pretty wonderful to a bunch of perpetually starving fans. We soon found ourselves motoring toward what turned out to be a very nice dinner in Forry's black Cadillac. I say "toward," because a malfunction prevented the mighty Caddy from reaching its goal under its own power. And so it was that the Fanoclasts ended up pushing Forry in his Cadillac down the Sunset Strip.

Forry remained the convivial host and reaped a just reward after the dinner; his car started. Capping off the visit, he showed us the largest newsstand in Los Angeles, where they knew him by name.

That was so like Forry, too. He had an infectious friendliness and warmth that often cut through situation that are fairly anonymous experiences for most of the rest of us.

Farewell to Fandom's Founding Father.



Ed Chamberlain, David L. Fox, Peter Bogaslawski, 4SJ,
Henry Eichner, Walt Daugherty

