

PM TO 43

JUNE 1948 AD BURBLINGS NUMBER 3 FAPA

Burblings #3 for June 1948. Published for FAPA by Charles Burbee, 1057 S Normandie Ave., Los Angeles 6, California. A few copies distributed to non-FAPA members who have in unguarded moments expressed sentiments to the effect that they like my stuff. This magazine is recognized as the bible of the insurgent element.

BURBEE IS A GOOD MAN....

Burbee is a good man. I should put quotes around that statement because I heard it said not long ago. About forty seconds ago. In fact I was the one who said it.

I meant it, too. I am a good man, in a FAPA office, at any rate. You may remember that Laney and Ackerman and I, in our pre-election blurb, said we would get the mailings out on time, regardless. And we did just that. Have done, rather.

Laney has done the stenciling on the Amateur, Ackerman has gotten his reports in on time and stenciled them besides, and I, with the occasional assistance of Laney and Rotsler, have done the mechanical task of assembling the mailings. All on time, too.

We gave FAPA a goose. We ran up the membership by judicious publicity, got a waiting list, got FAPA's debtors to pay up. Three mailings down and one to go. We're proud of ourselves. And now we want to carry on for another year. Except for Ackerman. Ackerman hates the job. He's done it well, but he hates it. He's a good man but he hates the job. So just Laney and I are left of that holy trio. And we want to run, switching offices. Laney for Editor and Burbee for Vice-President.

That part of the business out of the way, let's talk about the next mailing. In the current Amateur I neglected to mention that next mailing is the election mailing, and candidates for office should file with Ackerman right now, so he can supply me with the proper information for making up ballots.

If you want to run for office, look at your copy of the Constitution and see what sort of duties you'll be expected to take on, or how much egoboo you can get for the least effort. Decide, and file with Ackerman.

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While it is easy enough to figure out the deadline for the next mailing, let me say here that the deadline for magazines to be included in the next mailing is 13 August 1948. If you have material you think should be published in the official organ, get it in by 6 August.

Laney Memoirs.

A couple of members have complained to me that their copies of Laney's Memoirs ran only to page 72. Wanted to know where the rest was. For their information and yours (if you were wondering) the balance of the book will appear in the next mailing. That is a tremendous job of mimeographing---5,000 impressions, to make up the current section. Not to mention the gigantic job of assembly.

Don't sell Sneary short. Don't sell Sne

Mailing Comments.

No mailing comments this time. I had several pages of comments sketched out, but on re-reading them I find they stink." So I have rejected them.

I think there were some good remarks in there, though. Rotsler read the rough draft and laughed like crazy, then went off and stole 15 of my best lines for his mailing comments in Disturbing Element. He says he stole only 3 lines, but I hold out for 15. "I can prove it!" he shouts. "No," I say, "don't prove it, because if you do I'll be mad because I've got my mind made up that you stole 15 lines."

FOR POSTERITY

I have just sent two copies (of the de luxe edition) each of Shangri-L'Affaires #36 and #37 to the Library of Congress.

The more alert among you will remember that once I was editor of this once-upon-a-time fanzine.

The more astute among you will also remember that these two issues contained the Laney articles on homosexuality in the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society. You may also remember that it was because of the publication of these two articles that the fearless editor (me again) was booted out of the editorship of the magazine on some pretext or other.

Anyhow, I have sent these extra copies along to the Library of Congress, where I understand even fanzines are duly received, noted, cross-indexed, and stashed away somewhere so efficiently that they can be located in less than five minutes.

I want you to know that I did it from a science-fictional and fannish point of view. I can see in my fannish mind (though no hint of it may appear on my sensitive fannish face) giant-domed researchers of the Year 15,948 A.A. (After Ackerman) delving into the vaults containing the publications of this era, searching, perhaps, for material with which to turn out a scholarly report similar to some sort of Kinsey Report.

Too, time travellers might find this a good era to stay away from.

don'tsellsnearlyshortdon'tsellsnearlyshort

Ackerman quotes from newspapers for your edification and amusement. With this exalted precedent in mind, I present the following item which appear in the Los Angeles Daily News a coupla months ago:

**PSYCHOLOGIST HELD
IN MORAL OFFENSES**

Fashionable child psychologist and youth counsellor Carlton J. Mehler, 25,

yesterday was held for Superior Court trial on eight counts of moral offenses against minor boys.

Mehler writhed and screamed while his former charges testified against him.

As a psychologist, Mehler had been retained by prominent families in Brentwood, Beverly Hills and Hollywood to guide their offspring.

The boys, ranging in age from 8 to 13, testified before Municipal Judge Arthur N. Guarin against Mehler.

Mehler has required forcible feeding in the County jail hospital and refuses to recognize anyone. Psychiatrists will be appointed by the Superior Court to determine sanity of the psychologist.

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Ackerman denies that this man was ever a LASFS member.

buthebas sucha sensitivefannishfacebuthe

LANEY PUTS OUT....

This mailing is a record one because of the stupendous and stupefying output of F Towner Laney, ex-fan.

Besides 77 pages of his memoirs, he did 6 pages in the Amateur, 12 pages of Fandango, 5 pages in Masque and 2 pages in this restrained journal. Tote: 102pp.

Suppose the other 64 of us would jump up and quit fandom the way he has done. If we followed further in his steps, we would each do 102pp per mailing for a total of 6,630pp. If this stuff were run off on 20-lb mimeo stock it would weigh (each mailing, that is) over 33 pounds. Plus the Amateur.

Each mailing would make a stack 17 inches high. Plus the Amateur.

To mail such a pile of crud would cost \$168 per quarter. By parcel post, that is. Freight would be cheaper, I believe. Will someone check this for me?

I don't know who would want to be Official Editor in such a case.

But, since dues would be around \$50 a year, I imagine we could afford to hire a full-time editor.

DOWNWARD SLANTING EYES

The baiting of Evans has taken up the combined talents of many fine people, who seem to derive great enjoyment from the practice. The impeccable fanzine Wild Hair was famous in this respect, as was also Shangri-Lliffaires (the defunct fanzine) and other publications edited by far-seeing and intelligent individuals.

On the appearance of Wild Hair, the Virtute Fanzine, two boys in Banning, Calif. whose names are Don Wilson and Howard Miller, got so inspired by the lovely rhetoric contained therein that they became Evans-baiters of the first water.

For some reason, they thought that Laney and I would be interested in getting first glimpse of various anti-Evans or anti-LASFS writings. They accordingly sent me much material along these lines. One of the items was a gigantic epic poem which had for its inspiration The Jonge, by Lindsay. The poem was called The Bixel, and the first hundred and fifty cantos dealt with Evans. It had a vigorous chorus which used the terms "crew haircut" and "downward slanting eyes." This was supposed to refer to Evans. It got tiresome after forty cantos.

"After all," said Laney, "this baiting of Evans is scarcely in good taste."

"You're right," I agreed. "There are other things to write about. At least I think there are. Well, aren't there?"

"There must be," said Laney. "And what's wrong with these guys? 'Downward slanting eyes!' Why do they keep saying that? He hasn't got downward slanting eyes."

"I know," I said. "That makes it all the funnier. Here they're completely sour on the LASFS and Evans and they've never seen the LASFS or Evans. Somehow I envy them that. Somewhere they got this idea of downward slanting eyes and have been running it into the ground."

We went back to reading The Bixel. Laney began to bellow. "Downward slanting eyes! Here it is again. Oh Lord, this is rich. Those poor stupes ranting about Evans and his downward slanting eyes."

I began to laugh, too. "They've never even seen Evans," I said. "Like the troubadours of old, they have heard of his name and hate him from afar. They make little songs in his name."

For some weeks after that Laney and I could rouse each other to laughter by the mere mention of "downward slanting eyes." We'd laugh and shake our heads and think it all fine fun.

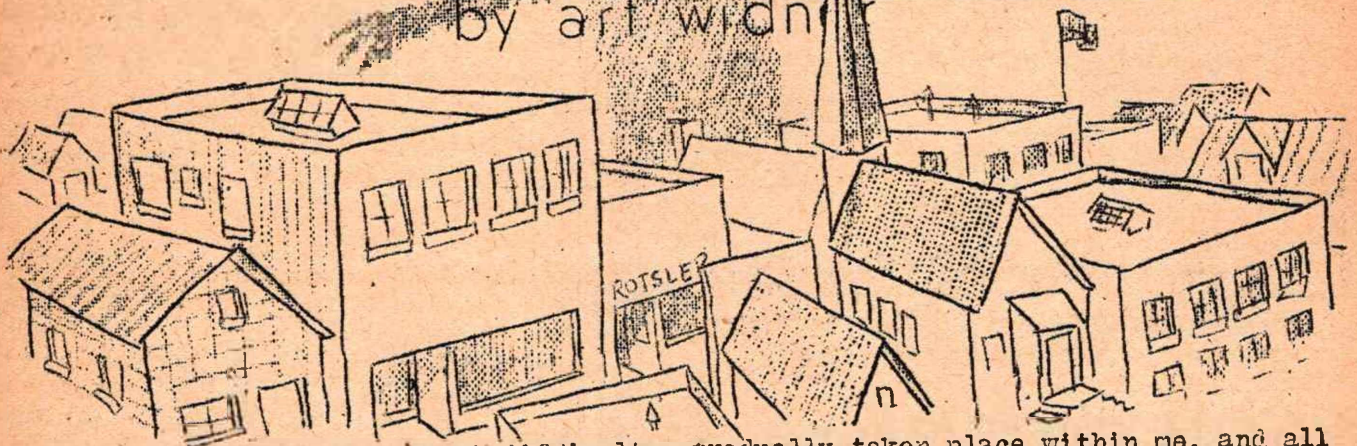
Last week Laney came to me, a dead serious look on his sensitive fannish face. "You know," he said, "I was stacking and filing my fanzines away last night in my new shelves and I must have come across six or eight pictures of Evans in various magazines. Do you know, by God, he has got downward slanting eyes!"

After I had gotten through rolling on the floor in maniacal glee, he got down and rolled, too. We couldn't roll together for fear it would be thought that we were training for a return to the LASFS.

Now that it has been ascertained that Evans actually has d.s.s., we have accepted the epic poem. It will appear in booklet form in the next mailing.

THE SHADOW OVER NORTH WEYMOUTH 91

by art widner



It is with the utmost difficulty that I begin this narrative of the strange occurrence that happened on that fear-fraught October night of nineteen forty something.

Not only is my typewriter in the possession of the dweller who dwells at the sign of the three golden balls, but my fountain pen leaks. Consequently, I have been forced to use this scratchy old goose quill, and, as if things weren't horrendous enough (cosmically, that is) the goose keeps uttering loud honks and tries to escape.

What transpired in the little village of West Privy, Mass., between sundown and sunrise, October 30, 194? has always been a mystery to the world. But since moss has been discovered at the South Pole, it is about time that the world knew the facts. (In case nobody wonders, this sentence has erotic overtones, to coin a cliché.)

I had come down to West Privy on the afternoon train from Boston to investigate the claim of a fellow connoisseur of architectural art that there existed in this degenerate section of farm country one of the finest examples of early Georgian blonde he had ever whistled at.

Unfortunately, the train happened to be the race-track special, and before I realized it, an insidious change had

gradually taken place within me, and all my money was on a horse named Rubber, which was a sure thing to snap into it in the stretch.

Well, it turned out that Cabbage was ahead, Onions coming in strong, and Spigot running third.

It was on the return train that something happened which I can still remember as dimly as though it was the day before I was born.

To pass the time away I picked up a magazine that lay on the seat beside me. Little did I think that this act would change my entire life! And I was right--it didn't.

What unfolded before me was a breathless (dead, that is) epic of the spaceways, a story called Mars Isosceles by George Ohm Jargon. As I remember, it went something like this:

(Scene: The men's room at the laboratories of the Mars Isosceles Corporation. Chon Danning, who is the Big Wheel, and a couple of straight men are trying desperately to warm up the plot by pooling their cigarette lighters.)

DANNING: Now here's the dope. Interplanetary Perambulators, Inc. is licking the bejzus out of us because they are dishonest, crooked, unethical and have rigged the market. Besides--they're smarter than we are.

SM1: What're we gonna do, boss?

DANNING: Nothing to it. All we do is work out a couple of basic new laws of science, make a practical application, and engineer the thing on a large scale---by next Wednesday. There's one thing that will make it a little tough, however.

SM2: What's that?

DANNING: No equipment.

(Two days later, in the electronics lab. Haggard and Unshaven, Danning's two top assistants, are bending over an assortment of tubes and wires. D enters.)

H: I've got it!

C: What? The new law?

H: No, no. We've got "Life Can Be Sickening" direct from Earth on a $\frac{1}{2}$ tube radio!

C: Hmm. Interesting by-product. Maybe we can use it.

RADIO: Will gangrene set in? Will poor little Doughhead's leg have to be amputated? Or will they shoot her? Tune in---glrk!

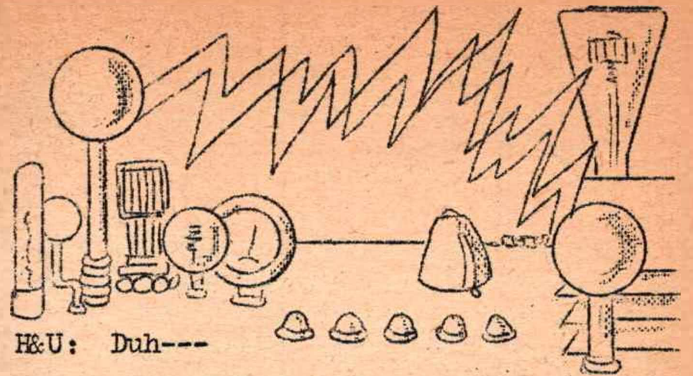
C: (Turning off radio) Congratulations, boys, you've done a fine job!

H&U: Huh?

C: Just a few minor changes in this and we'll have just what we want.

(H&U crowd around, awestruck, as the master goes to work, flinging parts with gay abandon all over the room. Izal Bloodshot, another top assistant, drags in Danning's beautiful wife by the hair of the head and dumps her unceremoniously on the floor. B exits.)

C: Now--we damp out the skatolic vibrations with this piece of tissue paper, move the babulator up a notch, and shunt the input-output pupput variation condenser through the dynamitronic feedback by way of the cressafriv oscillator and route US 66 through Bloomington. Do you follow me?



H&U: Duh---

C: Fine. Now we'll shoot a few million kiloamps into it and see what happens.

(Nothing happens)

C: Just as I thought. The flapdoodle is out of phase with the yobber circuit. (He makes a few adjustments.) Now-- (He presses a button. The machine hums softly to itself "Fandom is a way of life Where each boy is like a wife" over and over again, emitting a soft green aura. Danning's wife, who has been lying there moaning piteously all this time, finally gets up, dusts off her fanny, glares at them, and flounces out of the room. Nobody notices.)

C: Ha! A fourth order force field! Watch this---

(He sticks finger into green glow. He pulls it out. No finger.)^o

C: Tsk! Well, machines will be machines.

(He leaves, sucking the stump, to look for a Band-Aid. (Advt))

EPILOGUE

Needless to say, C, H, & U (and also Mr Bloodshot who was phoning for another carload of benzedrine and so missed the whole thing) used the force field to beat the stuffing out of IP, and they all lived happily until the next issue when they went through the whole business again, and the issue after that and the issue after that and the issue after that and the issue after that and the issue after that and the issue after that until even the author got sick of it.

^oExtra fingers for more players may be obtained by writing CHANNEL BROS, LTD., New York and London. Just ask for it by name---CHANNEL #5.

THEIR SENSITIVE FANNISH FACES

It was perhaps early in 1944 or late in 1943 that I was sitting at home one Sunday afternoon minding my own business, never dreaming of fans or fanzines when the doorbell rang. Since I live upstairs, it involved quite a trip to go down to see who was there (the door buzzer-opener didn't work) but before I could leap to my feet my wife went to see who it was. She came back up with a quizzical look on her face. "There are three people down there," she said. "They have funny wild looks on their faces. I think they're fans."

Funny wild looks on their sensitive fannish faces...

I went down and could see through the door window, a couple of sensitive fannish faces. How did I know what sensitive fannish faces looked like? I had never seen any. Neither had Isabelle, but she had seen a funny wild look there. I opened the door and the boldest of the trio introduced the bunch, none of whom I had seen before. I saw those faces often after that, but this was the first time. I gazed with awe on these genuine fan faces on genuine fan heads. I invited them in, opened the door wide, and up the stairs trooped, in shambling unison, James Kepner, Andy Anderson, and F. Towner Laney.

James Kepner, later known as Dirty Old Kepner. Andy Anderson, described in a later article in Shangri-L'Affaires (the Defunct Fanzine) as "horse-faced." F. Towner Laney, known also as Francis T. Laney, whose letterhead proclaimed him a connoisseur of "unusual books, jot jazz". They all trooped up my stairs, gay smiles on their sensitive fannish faces.

We spent a reasonable time getting acquainted, sealing the bonds of friendship by the use, eventually, of the four-letter word made famous wherever our troops were stationed. I loaded them with beer, whiskey and milk. They got high on all three.

They went through my fanzines, spoke in gentlemanly uncomfortable tones. In general they were nice and polite and considerate, not the least like fans. Now and again, various expressions came and went on their sensitive fannish faces.

They told me Mike Fern had come by some weeks before in search of me but had gotten lost somehow and had spoken in guarded tones of his mission to bring another fan into the fold. The fish-faced people he had spoken to had answered only in guttural grunts. Now the three of them had come and had succeeded where Mike had failed. They had found me.

This was a sad day for me, in a way, because I got from them the erroneous impression that all fans were that way. Intelligent, pleasant, friendly, with no sign of the stuffed-shirt. They got me to go to the LASFS, to publish fanzines, and in general become a Big Name Fan. But I never did go all-out fan. I stuck to my one unfannish trait--I kept on reading science-fiction.

When they'd gone, I said to my wife, "What do you mean, they had funny wild looks on their faces? They looked all right to me."

"Oh, I can't describe it," she said. "Go look at yourself in the mirror. You have the same sort of look. That's how I know they were fans."

I WAS YEARNING FOR MY KIND

CYRUS B CONORA

Some time in October, 1936, while loafing after school I found the current issue of Amazing Stories. My first pulp science-fiction magazine. I wouldn't trade the memory of that hour for anything, for while I had read Verne and others since 1926, this was different!

Here were the glorious universes of Hansen's Prince of Lairs; Hamilton's Man Who Saw the Future; Peril's Dynasty of the Blue Black Rays; Kline's Man from the Moon and, better remembered today, the second installment of Skyark Three by E E Smith, Ph. D. Into these strange worlds I plunged--never wholly to return--and in that hour of departure there was born a fan who immediately sought about for others like himself. Tentative inquiries taught me that no one in his right mind would read the stuff, and that those who did should enjoy it as a secret vice. (None of my acquaintances admitted to being a fan so I'm still wondering who paid for that magazine I found. Oh, well...)

I was an isolated fan, yearning for my kind.

Eleven years later I met a chap who--after we passed the mere acquaintance stage--admitted reading the stuff, and for a month we traded mags and talked over our hobby. He was good company; an excellent talker, efficient worker and pleasant to be around and (thought I) if this man was a typical fan, I wanted to find more. Then we lost sight of each other in the shuffle of World War II and it was five years before I met another fan in the flesh.

In October 1946--if you are a true fan with an adding machine and someone to run it for you, you know that I had now been a fan for 16 years--I was still isolated and yearning for my kind. I now lived in Los Angeles; the A-Bomb had made Stf respectable, the LASFS was near, composed entirely of brilliant people whose agile tendrils (mental) would lock with mine in flawless intellectual union; in short, FANS, so I went there and stood surrounded by living, breathing, science-fiction and fantasy fans. They were real people! (I keep telling myself that--- they were real! It was my first contact with organized fandom and I'll trade the memory of that hour to anyone for an old Shaver excerpt.

They were not what I thought they would be; let that suffice, for true fans are not to be described. Laney, having partially perceived the monstrous shapes that tramp the darkness on Bixel Street, has tried against his handicaps of being but mortal. Great Ashley is their cousin; yet he can spy them but dimly. Ia! Shub Niggurath!

Since these words appear only in FAPA it will be enough to refer you to the first installment of Ah! Sweet Idiocy! by F. Towner Laney, in the last mailing. There, better than I could tell them, are the reasons that led me--and others--- to get out of fandom as impulsively as we went in.

For sixteen years I was an isolated fan, yearning for my kind.

Brother, they were the best years of my life!

THANK GOD LA FANDOM IS NOT TYPICAL!

by F. TOWNER LANEY

For right around four years now, I've been having a hearty chuckle out of the antics various fans have been going through as the truth about fandom in general and the LASFS in particular leaks out. Somehow, a lot of them just can't quite face the facts.

When I first lashed out at the LASFS in early 1944, they said that I hadn't been in fandom long enough to judge. Then the tack veered to complacencies about the wartime deterioration of the LASFS. For quite a while most of the unpleasant revelations were dismissed as irresponsible trouble-making. The current dodge is to admit that the LASFS is as it is, but to set it apart as a special case, a horrible example to the rest of the microcosmos. What do you expect from anyone in Southern California anyway? Speer varied this approach in a letter to me by claiming that the queers and misfits would naturally gravitate here, so it was not significant that our two most notorious queers had previously held offices in other local fan groups.

And, in the current HORIZONS, Harry Warner says, "Of course, LA fandom is not typical." It is that offhand "of course" that is responsible for this article.

Burbee and I listed from memory all the localites past and present that we could think of. We undoubtedly missed a lot of them but we don't have access to the club's records or the inclination to spend hours poring over old fanzines. But I doubt very much if we missed anyone who has been of note during the past five or six years.

We got 65 names, 20 of which are definitely outer-circle, even as far as the LASFS is concerned. We then tried to figure out if they had been active in fandom before coming to the LASFS. If they had been, we counted them as out-of-towners. Of the entire group, 37 were out-of-towners and 38 were localites. 17 of the localites were outer-circle, while only 3 of the out-of-towners were not active fans. So of the really active fans 34 were non-local and only 21 were local.

"Of course LA fandom is not typical". Huh! Looks to me as if LA fandom were a doggone good cross-section!

FJackerman: active San Francisco fan for four or five years before coming here in 1936. Al Ashley: Fan bigshot in Michigan for three or four years. Andy Anderson: published CENTAURI in Pismo Beach a full year before moving to LA.

Don Bratton, Wallace Brand, Ray Bradbury, Bob Bradford, Barbara Bovard: localites. Phil Bronson: active in MFS and leading publisher for three years. Beverly Bronson: Phil's sister. Buns Benson: MFS transfer. Mel Brown: wrote letter to VOM from Portland Oregon and active in a local there before coming here. Charles Burbee: conducted a one-man fandom of his own for over a year before coming to the LASFS, subscribing to nearly all fanzines and contributing to some of them. Art Barnes: pro author before joining LASFS.

Cy Condra, Ed Charberlin, Lora Crozetti, -- Chambers: localites. Ronald Clyne: transfer from Windy City Wampires, Chicago. Bill Crawford: published printed fanzines in the East half a decade before coming to California. Dal Coger transferred from the Galactic Roamers of Michigan. John Cunningham: active in Texas and brought to LA by the Army.

Walt Daugherty, Myrtle Douglas, Virgil Douglas, Gordon Dewey, Charly Dye: localites. Morris Dollens: transfer from MFS, Minneapolis. Clod Degler: famous Indiana fan who sought his level in the LASFS and left disappointed. Tom Daniel: FAPA member from Pomona who later joined LA group. Glen Daniels: localite.

EEEvans: transfer from Galactic Roamer of Michigan. Mike Fern, Dave Fox, Helen Finn and her two daughters: localites. Paul Freehafer: isolated fan from Payette, Idaho who subbed to many fanzines there before moving here.

Lou Goldstone: transfer from GGFS, San Francisco. Pete Grainger; localite. Gerry Hewitt, Russ Hodgkins, Niessen Himmel, -- Hummell: localites. Dale Hart: active Tex fan in 1937, came to LA in 1945. James Hevelin: PSFS transfer. Ches. Hornig: New Jersey publisher of dawn-age fanzine THE FANTASY FAN. RA Hoffman: corresponded with Freehafer before moving here from Iowa. Henr Hasse: moved here from Indianapolis, where he did pro stf writing.

Art Joquel, Henry Kuttner: localites. James Kepner: transfer from GGFS. Jud Kazar: transfer from Strangers Club, Boston. F. Towner Laney: published five issues of ACOLYTE before moving to LA from Clarkston, Washington. Walt Liebscher: transfer from Galactic Roamers.

-- Mooney, localite. Le Moffat: belonged to FAPA in his Pennsylvania incarnation in 1942. Came here in 1945 or 6. Pogo and Leonard Pruyn: localites. Elmer Perdue: active in FAPA and NFFF as a resident of Washington D. C. and Wyoming. Al Rogers, Jack Rhodes: localites. Sam Russell: transfer from MFS.

Roy Squires: localite. Paul Skeeters: transfer from PSFS. Fred Shroyer: did fan publishing at Indianapolis. Rick Sneary: active for at least a year before seeking out the LASFS.

Tigrina: center of VOM-wide controversy as a Palo Alto resident in 1941. Moved here in 1945. Roy Test, Ken Tuttle, Sophie Van Dorn, Carl Welsh, Bruce Yerke: localites. Jack Wiedenbeck: transfer from Galactic Roamers. Gus Willmorth: isolated fan from Chelan, Washington who learned of the LASFS at the Denvention and then came here.

Of the ones named following are counted as outer circle B. Bronson, Benson, Bradford, Chambers, V. Douglas, Dewey, Dye, Fox, 3 Finns, Grainger, Himmel, Hummell, Hoffman, Pruyn, Rhodes, Tuttle, van Dorn, Welsh.

Now that we've decided LA fandom is typical, what is the next in the series of sidesteps? From these and other researches, I think I'd be safe in saying that if the truth were known there'd be as many queers in the ESFA as in the LASFS, but of course I won't say that. Instead I'll say: Fans are slans!

Al Ashley denies that he ever said, "When I gave Andy Anderson my falsies to use at the Pacificon I was immolating the finest part of myself." "You leave Everett out of this!" Al shrieked.

EEEvans states that he has no old fashioned objections to zippers on trousers.

"It's all a matter of habit," he remarked. "I got to insisting on buttons because of the way things were back in Battle Creek. Every time I would leave Slan Shack for a while, Al Ashley would sneak into my closet and wear out my pants sliding the zipper up and down."

The following two pages are clear proof, (if any was needed) that I, and all fans, are fools. Here I should be slaving away at one of a dozen other things, and instead I turn out this. But the chance to appear in such a motley group of fen is not to be missed. Even the fact I had nothing written didn't stop me from excepting Burb's offer. I just dug this article up out of the files.

As for the title. RS/OS stands for "Rick Sneary / One-Shot." I being the aforementioned Sneary. Who, as the membership list says, live at 2962 Santa Ana St., South Gate, Calif. My regular zine (MI SKRIBAS) will, if all goes well, be out in the August mailing. With a hand-smearred air-brush-like cover.

((At one time when I was a new young fan I had a wonderful idea, (as such fans often do). I would start a group called The League for Science Fiction Research. It would be made up of fans expert in all the fields of science. And they would thus be able to answer among them any question asked. So I enrolled my friends, and with bright hopes layed plans. All of which soon withered and blew away. But before that happen there were two questions asked, and answered. And if only to get a rise out of the revered M. Rothman I print one of them. It was answered by Lewis C. Sherlock, who, tho not an actifan, was one of my first close friend. As I am still the head of the LSFR I believe I have the right to use it. RS.))

QUESTION: By hypothesis the Earth is rotating and exerting centrifugal force and suddenly all the universe is taken away. Does the centrifugal force cease? If so, would a dustmote a light-year away start the force again?

ANSWER. This is even further from my field than question #1. But we shall see what we can do with it. The reader is cautioned that the opinions expressed are those of the writer; if this subject is covered in a book, I have not seen the book. Perhaps it is too goofy to be in a book.

Am I to assume that the entire universe, including the sun, moon, stars, planets, satellites, comets, meteors, and every trace of star-dust is taken COMPLETELY away, leaving only the Earth, surrounded in all directions by infinite reaches of totally empty space?? (By the way, where would you put the rest of the universe to have it an INFINITE distance away?? Or would Marco the Great simply cause it to disappear??) Under these conditions, I doubt if the existance or lack of centrifugal force or anything else would be of much practical importance, as I believe the Earth would become quite chilly.

Under the assumption that the Earth and absolutley nothing else existed in the entire universe, if the Earth could be viewed anywhere else (this of course is impossible as only the Earth exists), it would continue to spin as usual. However, since nothing else exists, the Earth turning in empth space is

not motion. Being no motion, the earth itself can not exert centrifugal force. However, any motion ON the Earth would exert centrifugal force as usual, as motion on the Earth would be relative to the Earth, and whether or not the Earth itself was moving would make no difference in this regard.

As soon as the sun was taken away, everything on Earth would freeze, so there could be no motion on the Earth's surface. Therefore, the above regarding movement on the Earth is strictly theoretical discussion.

If the dustmote was placed in the universe at a distance of one light year from the Earth, the Earth would be moving with respect to the dustmote, and therefore centrifugal force would exist. But under these conditions, it would be very slight. The force of gravity is proportional to the mass of an object, and inversely proportional to the square of the distance. Figure the mass of your object (in this case, your dustmote), and the square of the distance is applied in inverse proportion. (If you want the answer in foot-pounds, get the mass of the dustmote in pounds and the distance in feet. Then figure the movement of the Earth's surface in respect to same. To find the centrifugal force on the dustmote, reverse the procedure. And say, don't pull a George O. Smith on this---one squared or raised to any other power remains one. This is O.K. provided the first factor is some proportional part of one, and this proportional part is squared. Also, be sure of your units. You are really going to have a mess of zeros, or a big minus power on this one.) Suggest you say it would be little more than nil, and forget it. The weight of a dustmote in pounds or grams or milligrams or anything else is pretty small. And the mass of the Earth in the same units would be. shall we say quite large?

O.K, so you think I'm goofy. But what are you going to do with the rest of the universe?? You see, no matter how far away the remainder of the universe was, there would still theoretically be attraction, under Newton's law of gravity, and as centrifugal force depends upon both motion and gravity, your isolated Earth would be impractical as long as any other matter existed anywhere. "Escape velocity" is apparently one manifestation of centrifugal force, but THAT is COMPLETELY out of my line.

No matter how far your dustmote was from Earth, there would be centrifugal force, as long as there was movement in respect to each other. If there was no movement, or if movement was below escape velocity for the distance involved, the Earth would draw the dustmote to it. ((The question was asked Boff Perry. He was one of the first fans I wrote to too.))

This took more space than I figured. Oh well now I don't have to think of anything witty to say. Except to be sure and make plans now to attend the 1958 World Fan Convention to be held in South Gate, California. The fastest growing city in the country. Remember, South Gate in 58!

OUR DR. DAUGHERTY

elmer perdue



Egyptologist

Few of you characters have had the privilege of knowing those sterling ex-Lasfassers and former Angelenos, Alva C. Rogers, James C. Kepner (...he told me, "I'll try,

With some fresh Spanish fly; To put just a little more pepner."), Merlin C. Brown, or Arthur C. Saha. One fine Sunday afternoon, the club being dead and the wilderness calling, these lads and I hopped a streetcar and headed towards the Southwest Museum, an institution located in the northeasterly section of Los Angeles. Many and many a time our boy Daugherty had invited the club members to come out; offering to show them the scenes behind the glittering facade--the extrados of the intrados, shall we say? No. Say rather the exvolute of the diorama.

So in we trouped, through a long corridior carven from the living rock, and up an elevator to the museum proper. And with the normal number of eh's and ah's we rambled through the exhibits devoted to the intricate, meaningless primitive art of the North American western seaboard.

Eventually this grew tiresome to me. The boys were cruising slowly through the museum; I went out a side door and down a rough trail to the foot of the hall, where I found a stone of convenient height, sat and read Barnaby Quarterly #1. All of a sudden (Toot ah coo) I looked up and there stood the Lasfas pride and joy, Mr. Daugherty. "Hi," he said. "Hi," I said. "Alone?" he said. "No," I said. "Well?" he said. "The boys are in there." I said, and he entered the tunnel. A few moments later I left Jackeen J. O'Malley and followed.

So I rejoined the boys and Mr. Daugherty in the museum. Merrily, merrily led Mr. Daugherty through the back rooms--throwing open a cupboard here, jerking forth a Hopi ceremonial mask for our examination; digging through the grime of years there and exhuming a rare Shonokin fertility charm. Relics he had dug from the beach, relics others had dug--as all men must, I tired of the vaunting and retired to the museum reading room, where I sat and became immersed in a philological journal--another necessary fore-setting of the scene.

Somewhere along the line, Mr. Daugherty sold contributing memberships at five bucks a head to the other four. They were digging for wallets as I left for the reading room.

With the passage of three years, many details have become fuzzy. That article in the journal--I no longer remember the name of the language, but believe it was Toltec. Lordy, what a language! Agglutinative: infixes, suffixes, galore. And the verbs! The verb as such did not exist except as an infix modifying the noun, and the verb infix occurred in some 30 different forms depending upon the shape of the object which did the verbing--thus the rising of the sun took a round infix, and the shooting of an arrow took an arc infix and not a lineal as you would expect, because the bow is the active agent and of arc shape. Well, for

fifteen minutes to half an hour I was oblivious to everything, concentrating as hard as my 314.16% I.Q. would permit on translating the simple examples given and establishing a half-donkeyed grammar for the language as I went.

Something broke the spell. I don't know what--oh yes. The director or the president of the Board or some damn thing or other had come in and Mr. Daugherty had called me over to meet him. And this cluck filled us with praise of Mr. Daugherty until I excused myself audibly and resumed the article, but couldn't get so completely immersed this time. I looked up at a thought break, and there before these my own eyes stood a chubby little man that might have stepped out of a Cartier illustration. He was black-bearded and wore a Homburg, and was asking the museum attendant if anyone present were an Egyptologist. The attendant excused himself, returning shortly with the director or whatever-the-hell he was in tow. And I laid the article down and opened my ears. Call it premonition, intuition, or anything else. Director says no, no, there's no member of the staff that is an Egyptologist, but our Mr. Daugherty has done intensive study in that field. Go back, Elmer, and do it again right: Our Mr. Daugherty.

Now get this picture straight. It's terrific. I'm sitting down, have just finished a mental workout with a non-Indo-European language, and both shoulders are on the mat. My shoulders. The beaver in the Homburg stands stage left, facing center towards the director. Stage right, our Mr. Daugherty and the four drones, Mr. Daugherty bending their ears with his accomplishments while the drones look for dirty pictures in the Journal of Comparative and Correlative Ethnology of the U. of M. T. Got it? Let's go!

"No, no, there's no member of the staff that is an Egyptologist, but our Mr. Daugherty has done intensive study in that field. Oh, Mr. Daugherty, would you mind stepping over a moment?"

Our Mr. Daugherty overheard. He beams more--you can see him glow as he thinks now here's a man stuck on finishing a crossword puzzle because he don't know a two-letter word meaning egyptian sun god and wants me to help him out. Over he comes, open right hand outstretched for the handshake.

The usual interchange of banalities, introductions, etc., follows, and then Homburg starts digging in his left hand coat pocket, and brings out a small statuette. It is black, glossy, Sphinxiform; perhaps 4 inches high, handsome. Mr. Daugherty's gleam faded slightly. Then Mattonchops pointed in high excitement at the artifact's base, asking: "Do you translate that the same way I do?"

Fast curtain.

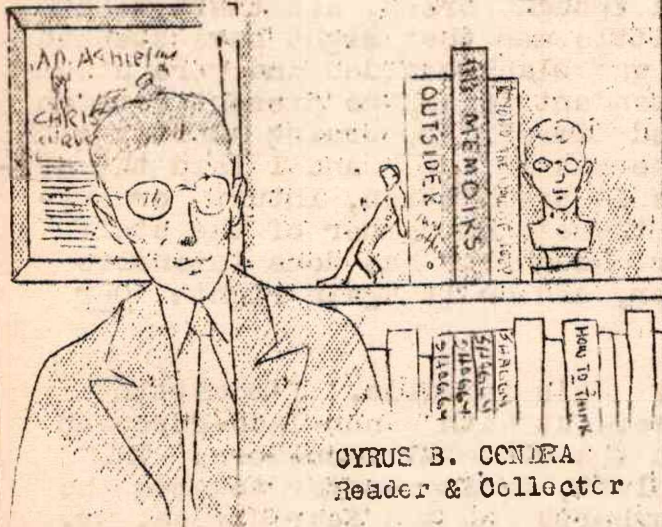
* * * * *

Gentlemen, I regret that I can do nothing else than pull a fast curtain on that scene. I was there, yes. But I heard nothing for sixty seconds or more. I fought so hard to keep my guffaws smothered in my throat that for minutes, I was oblivious to the outside world. But my hat is off to Our Mr. Daugherty, because he, in some bekknowns

only to god manner, sent this man, who presumably knew enough to read heiroglyphics, away from the Southwest Museum, located as I said before in the northeasterly section of Los Angeles, believing that Our Mr. Daugherty, the luminary of the Lasfas, was not only an equal but a superior.

--Elmer Perdue

A TYPICAL FAN'S VIEW OF THE MEMOIRS



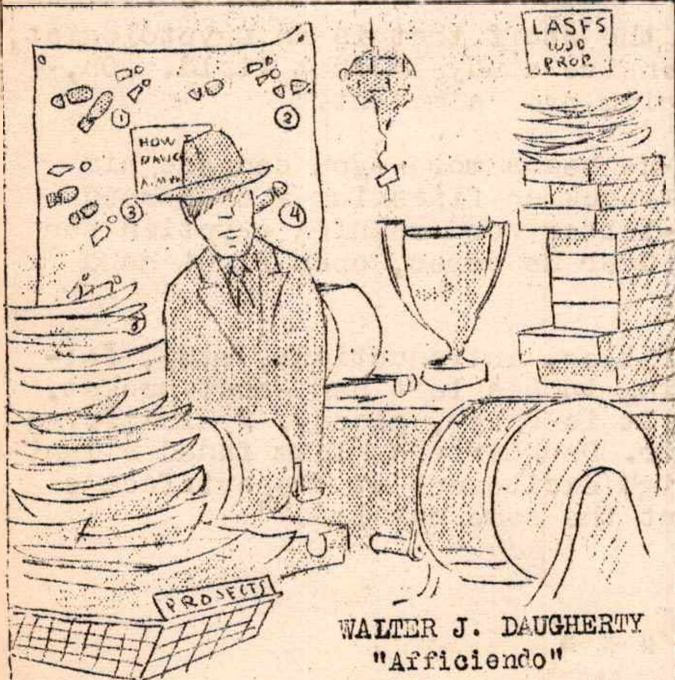
CYRUS B. CONDRAS
Reader & Collector

I've got the Laney Memoirs in a significant place in my library...a most revealing and significant document...."



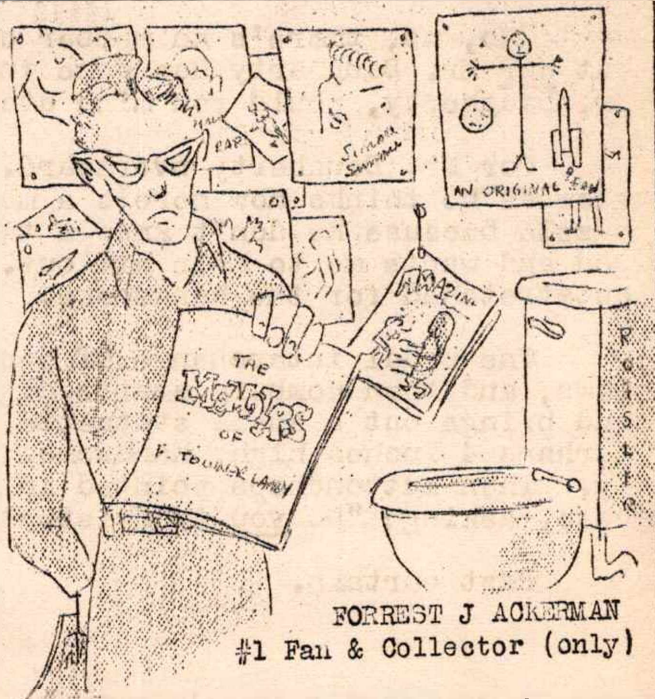
RUSSELL J HODGKINS
Sincere Fan

The club's dignity (which I invented) will remain untouched by the slings and arrows of outrageous Laney....



WALTER J. DAUGHERTY
"Afficiendo"

They're filthy, rotten and the dirtiest bunch of lies that I've ever seen... Ackerman ought to bring suit...



FORREST J ACKERMAN
#1 Fan & Collector (only)

I regard the Laney Memoirs in the same light as the Ziff-Davis publications... Title shud be "I Remember Ackerman"....