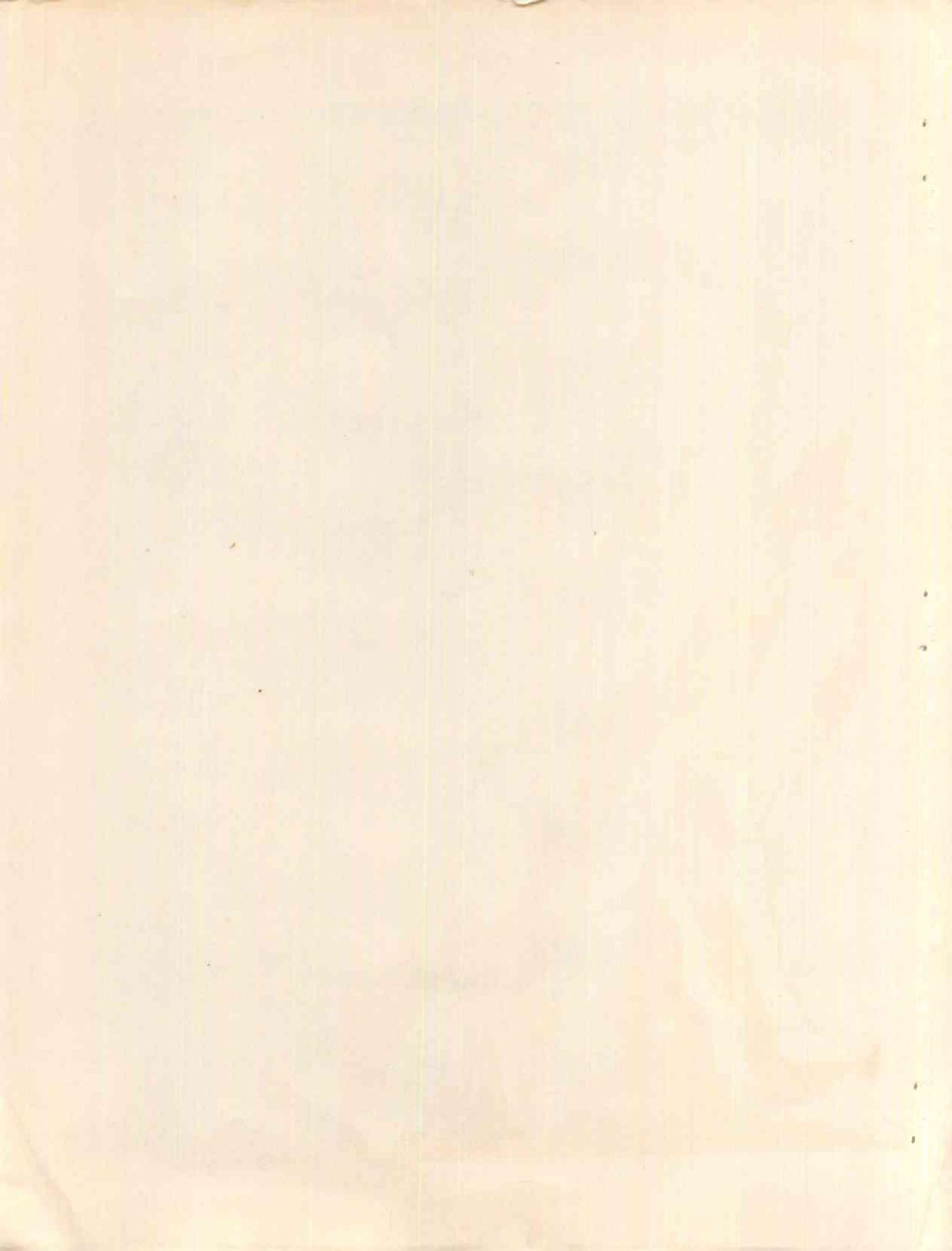


# MASQUE



SYDNEY EDWARD STIBBARD -



MASQUE FOUR

FAÏENCE  
D'ARXELIX





# TOWNE TRACKING WITH THE TIGER

BY F. TOWNER LANEY

"I SHALL NEVER  
AGAIN USE THE  
NAME OF AL ASHLEY  
IN ANY OF MY  
PUBLICATIONS OR  
WRITINGS..."

Charles Burbee, known as "The Tiger" by most of his compatriots at work has never been a book collector. Neither have I. But the afternoon of December 4 saw these two non-book-collectors give the downtown Los Angeles area a thorough canvassing, collecting books of all things, and this becomes news muchas when a man bites a dog.

The Tiger was in search of books by Max Brand, his current way of life, while I sought books for my mother's Christmas and incidentally got some stuff for myself.

The conversation all afternoon was of such a high order that many Faps would gladly pay hundreds of dollars for a transcription thereof. It was also of so esoteric a nature that it would take pages and pages to give an adequate background. It would also be difficult to paraphrase it so that it could go through the mails, dealing as so much of it did with the latest manifestations of that slimy little man, Al Ashley, the spittoon which suddenly decided it was an ewer for holy water.

Our first stop was in a horrible place down on Main, a place which is undoubtedly teeming with Mixie's, rare seafaring stuff, and other material of interest to the intelligentsia. The arrangement of the shop could be approximated only by loading three bookshops full of stuff into a dump truck, backing it up to the door, and raising the hoist. While there are a few books on shelves around the wall, 80% of the stock is stacked on the floor in great mounds, breast-high and as much as ten feet across. How this place clears itself with the fire inspectors is more than I can see. We wandered about for a while, peering at the top layers in the semi-darkness of the cavernous interior, and finally fled when Willard Thompson, a prominent member of the IASFS, entered.

From there, we started on a zigzag route which carried us along the 6th Street bookrow and ended at the A to Z on Figueroa and Wilshire.

And Willard Thompson played hide and seek with us the whole way. He is a most fantastic character. Tall, spindly, and unkempt, he ekes out a precarious existence hunting books and reselling them. Sometimes he is affluent enough to have a room in some flophouse, but much of the time he sleeps on the floor in a small 9th Street upstairs bookshop. I first encountered the fellow in early 1944 when he drove me wild dropping around my Georgia Street dump bringing odd volumes of fantasy after Thor Mauritsen, a prominent local ayjay and book dealer, had sicked him on me. Since the feud was on at the time, I told Thompson of this fantastic stfantasy collector who paid such fantastic prices for such stuff, who would buy anything he had, and who lived at 236½ North New Hampshire. I rubbed my hands with glee as Thompson left me for the last time and headed Ackwards, but the merry jest backfired but good when Forry took the fellow to his bosom as a kindred soul. The only good it did me was to rid me of Willard Thompson once and for all, since Ackerman was willing to pay far more for stf than I was.

Anyway, we had no more than gotten into the Goodwill Store when Willard Thompson and another character came into the place. Thompson, who has an indescribably horrible voice anyway, was bellowing at the top of his lungs about science-fiction and this sucker he had found who bought so much stuff, and paid such high prices. This sucker, it seemed, was a dealer on the side, and had a club of similar people which Thompson had joined. "Science-fiction," brayed Thompson disjointedly, "this club, especially this fellow that deals in science fiction, why

they keep me in business. That sucker, why he supports me."

After ten or fifteen minutes of the bellowings and rantings of this Sincere Acolyte of Forrest J Ackerman, the old gentleman who runs the Goodwill book department got fed up, and told him to quiet down or leave. Wild Willard, whose joining of the LASFS and acceptance into membership caused Cyrus B. Condra to resign from the club, continued to bray and bleat, like the sincere fan which he is, and to our ineffable delight was kicked out of the Goodwill.

A stop or so further along our itinerary, I had the pleasure of seeing the native Angeleno eyes of the Tiger bulge with awe as I ushered him into the Great Book Cavern on 6th St. I can't remember the name of this shop but it is by far the biggest used book store I ever saw. It is a labyrinth of rooms and rooms and rooms bulging with books. The place is just average width across the front, but has the rear portions of the stores adjoining tacked onto it, plus a sizeable upstairs portion. "Hundreds of thousands of books," it says in the window and if anything this is an understatement. Another attraction of the place is the proprietor, a paunchy old gentleman with one of the shiniest bald heads in California. This old boy can burp louder than anyone in the world; he also can sing any number of operatic arias in a quite passable voice. Usually he is roaming around in his lair, singing and burping at the top of his voice, and is a show worth listening to. Unfortunately, he was silent this time.

Burbee found his first Max Brand of the day in this place, a rather dogeared and disreputable copy, and when he found it priced at \$1.50 he started for the door in high dudgeon. "Where are you goink? Cand't you vind anythink?" demanded the bustling wife of the burping operatic. Burbee made some characteristic answer. "Vell now ledt's zee. Hmmm. Vell, how aboutt 50¢? Come on bagck and loog aroundt. Ve haf lodts of boogs."

I'd already drawn a blank in this place so I started helping Burbee. He set me to looking for ~~David Manning~~, a Mixie pseudonym. "How many do you want?" I asked as I found two side by side. Gibbering mad incoherencies, the Tiger raced like a maniac to where I was. "Put them back on the shelf, Towner, I want to find them myself." So I put them back and he roamed along the shelves until he came to them and pounced. In the case of most people, this conduct would indicate a severe mother fixation only partly compensated for by basic homosexuality, but in the case of a Famous Fellow like Chas. it can be dismissed as being merely the charming eccentricity of a Great Man.

A bookshop next door was the scene of a most touching reunion. I happened to glance up over the top of a tall display rack, and from behind it I saw this pale, claw-like hand, covered with black hair. It looked most familiar, so I followed it to its source. "Don't I know you?" I asked. "Fran!" "Sam!" Yes it was. That incomparable lad, that ornament to his profession (don't ask me what profession it is, but he ornaments it), that sterling character, Samuel Davenport Russell, the one and only Gankbottom. We'd not seen each other for about a year. A moment later, Fred Shroyer strolled around the corner, followed by Burbee. We had quite a chat. Burbee outraged Gankbottom by asking him if he was looking for fantasy items. "Ah, that trash!" snorted SDR. "I wasted my youth with it, but now I am in the sere and yellow leaf I'm going to sell my collection." Shroyer made some comment or other and I remarked that his voice didn't contain the proper reverence as he spoke of the sacred literature. He declaimed vehemently. "But you are a famous collector of fantasy books," said Burbee.

"No I'm not," replied Freddie. "I only collected fantasy until I reached the age of thirteen and my pubic hairs began to sprout."

"What did you do then," I asked.



"I started in on erotica and pornography."

"What did you do when your testicles descended?" inquired Burbee blandly. Shrover didn't like it, and left almost immediately.

So did we.

We were in Holmes' when the earthquake hit. It was my first one, and the biggest here supposedly since the big Long Beach one in 1933. It almost made a sincere fan out of me to partake in so steplan an experience. Here was this big store wallowing like a ship at sea, the big front window billowing in and out for at least six inches. I still don't see why it didn't break.

And in the A to Z we had a most edifying chat with the proprietor, one of the nicer guys among the local used book fraternity.

"I sell paper," he characterised himself earnestly. "Paper with little black marks on it."

All in all, it was quite a session. This article fails utterly to give the true savor of the afternoon, but no family magazine could sully its pages by printing unexpurgated the erudite, intellectual, witty, charming, and sensitive dialog always brought forth by the meeting of two such fine people as F. Towner Laney and Charles Edward Burbee. We say so many wonderful things that we need a corps of Boswellsto follow us around and write them down while they are still fresh. Great creative conversationalists such as us are too busy, far too busy, to be bothered with preserving this undying magnificence for posterity. For we are constantly creating more of it. So this immortal stuff dies, a paradox which is among the major tragedies of our time.

We must not lose track of the prime objective of the afternoon. We sought books, and here is what we came home with:

Burbee:

David Manning. JERRY PEYTON'S NOTCHED INHERITANCE.

David Manning. JIM CURRY'S TEST

George Owen Baxter. SHADOW OF SILVER TIP.

Max Brand. THE IRON TRAIL.

Max Brand. SOUTH OF THE RIO

GRANDE.

(The foregoing all being written by Frederick Faust under various pseudonyms.)

Gruber. THE LAST DOORBELL.

Miller. I COVER THE WATERFRONT.

A book by Anstey.

A book by Hecht.

Laney for his mother:

Gamaliel Bradford. WIVES.

W. H. Hudson. FAR AWAY AND LONG

AGO.

Claudius O. Johnson. BORAH OF IDAHO.

Charles Dickens. TALE OF TWO CITIES. (This is in a sharp or as Rotzler would say, shrewd) edition of 1859.)

Laney for himself:

Ray Millholland. THE SPLINTER FLEET.

Abbot. BLUE JACKETS OF '61.

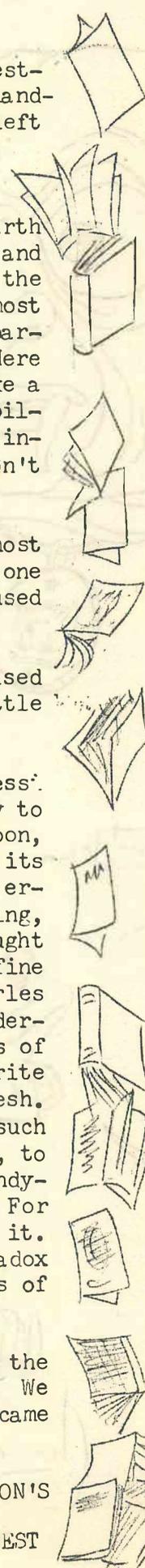
Susan Ertz. WOMAN ALIVE. (The one fantasy stuff item of the trip, and this mint copy with dust wrapper cost all of 15¢. Nya-ah!)

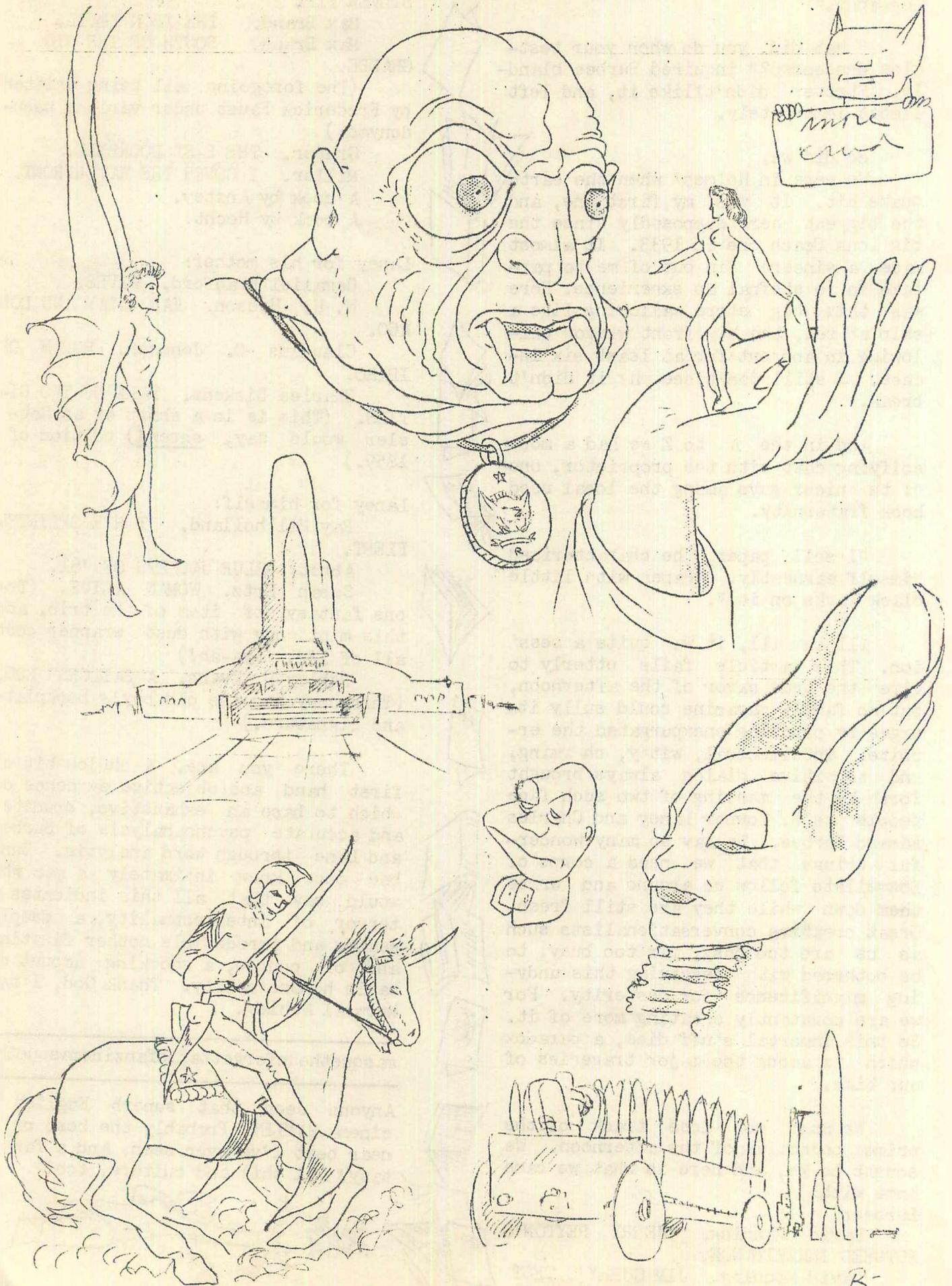
Robley D. Evans. A SAILORS LOG. (This copy has the old boy's bookplate and signature.)

There you are. A choice bit of first hand and objective evidence on which to base an exhaustive, erudite, and accurate psychoanalysis of Burbee and Lane through word analysis. Burbee once knew intimately a man who would say that all this indicates a terror of intellectuality, a deeply seated and irredemable mother fixation and, of course, a shocking amount of basic homosexuality. Thank God, I never knew Al Ashley.

masquetheunforgettablefanzinemascuethe

Anyone seen that superb English cinema HAMLET? Probably the best or near best I've ever seen. And a fantasy! All this and culture, too!





# THE MAN BEHIND THE MASQUE

Coming to the theater the other night I met two dinosaurs on Sunset Blvd!" That may sound stock but it actually happened. I was on my way to the Las Palmas Theater in Hollywood to help roommate & schoolmate Sydney (not Stanley) Stibbard make and paint the sets for ICELANDIA, an ice show that opened Jan 19th at popular prices. The dinosaurs were on a truck that advertised that stock movie UNKNOWN ISLAND. (Even 4e said so!)

I suppose I have to apologize to C. Edward Burbee for the typo errors in BIG NAME FAN, last ish. He grumbled and groaned and cursed me in downright fannish terms as if I were Al "Foul Up the Punch Press" Ashley but I tossed my raven locks and said something very clever like I never said I could spell.

This issue, as last, I banged out some gay repartee, painfully clever comments and truly great criticism on the previous mailing and quickly lost them. But here are the few mental notes I remember...

THE F.A.: I love postmailings, I always have loved postmailings and I always shall. About drafted faps - in wartime I would definitely suspend activity for them until discharge. That way a GI fap may contribute or may not. Besides an envelope full of even fapa crud would be welcome to almost any Gifap. In peacetime however I would (all I hear is I, I, I!) keep the regular rules. Oh, well, all this is a little late anyway - I hope.

FANDANGO: Doggone it, I still can't help saying Towner has a well-rounded ah, fanzine this mailing as usual. Despite jazz articles - which I read and enjoy but would rather read other FTL outpourings. # Burbee, too, as usual, turned out a li'l masterpiece in his fine filler bit CORRECTION.

BURLINGS COMBINED WITH FANDANGO #1: Ah, these premailing, post-premailings and multi-crosstitled fanzines. A note on MY filing method. I get the mailing extract my stuff and throw it away. I actually don't o'course but keep FTL's and Burb's stuff and a few others, and bind those in looseleaf binders, usually letting the other disappear.

MORPHEUS: "This would get them acquainted more." "...fencing masters." (who does your spelling - me?) But what about the days of yore (and gore) when everyone & Fairbanks sported rapiers, dirks, bodkins, broadswords & other cutlery?

FAN CRUD: Mighod, why this is better for my ego than Perma-Lift! Of course, My Boy Higgs took some ancient, ancient scribblings for examples, stenciled them so I have a hellava time recognizing my own stuff but it still gave me a hellava boost. As an artist you make a good plumber, boy. This is also one reason I think any artist should stencil his own work if possible. Compare MASQUE to this zine & decide.

FULL LENGTH ARTICLES 5: Defense rests,

EGO\*BEAST: As usual Burb walks off with the show. His article on wire & tape recorders had me looking for a punchline.

MASQUE: I was a little rushed on #3 & the green-white-violet color scheme was not what I had planned. The covers were my first attempt at multilith & show that I had seen HAMLET. Let's look back now and see if I've insulted anyone...enuff. Why, no, I've been very kind. Hummm, must be slipping.....WR



# A COINAGE FOR FANDOM



CHARLES BURBEE

He slid a half ack across the counter, took his mimeo correction fluid and fifteen faps in change and went home to publish his fanzine.

I want that scene to be a reality. I want it all to come true.

I want a coinage for fandom.

After all, we read science-fiction. We have conquered space—in our day-dreams. We understand that the fabric of time itself can be coiled, or overlapped, or branched, and can be traversed backward and forward if one has the properly shining, weirdly glowing machine and an old professor to run it from this end. No use going on for pages, as I could—you can think up a dozen likely reasons offhand yourself. We are without doubt an important group of citizens of tomorrow in a world of today.

Important people need a coinage of their own. So far we have condescended to use the coinage of the country. But there has always been a notable shortage of the country's coinage passing through our hands. In fact it has been the complaint of fans all over the nation that money is so terribly hard to come by, and even harder to hang on to. With the plan I am about to set forth, this big stumbling block in the path of fan progress will be removed forever.

We will coin our own money.

First off, some responsible fan organization with responsible people at the helm will be entrusted with the coining of our money. Right away we think of the NFFF. And right away we reject the NFFF. But eventually we come back to the NFFF. We admit it stinks. We admit that the officers

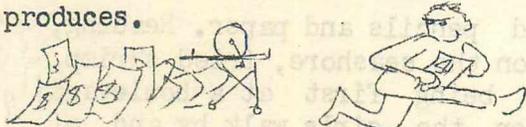
thereof are unable to decipher English as written and probably English as spoken, and that projects undertaken by one officer may be entirely unknown of by the other officers, even should the said officers live in the same city and often visit each other. But these and other objections are swept away before the overwhelmingly convincing argument: "The NFFF is a national organization!" This may seem like a senseless argument to you, especially if you have some sense, but it is all we need to convince us of the NFFF's fitness to coin our money.

The NFFF appoints a Mint Division, headed by some member skilled in recognizing various types of coins and currency. One who can, by feel alone, distinguish a cent from a nickel, and who is fully aware that dimes and other silver pieces have milled edges. This eminently qualified member can appoint as many helpers as he needs. He is empowered to print currency. Since we know he will be sadly equipped at the beginning (but only at the beginning!) the first money he prints will be mimeographed. He will mimeograph everything, from fractional currency on up to the largest denominations. He will, as honorarium, be permitted to keep one bill for every twenty he mimeos.

A large supply of this fan currency will be sent to each fanzine publisher registered with the NFFF. The fanzine publishers can aid in the distribution of the stuff by paying top rates for material written by fans. For each fan article they will pay a minimum of 200 units per page, and of course nothing but their own critical judgment will keep them from paying 1,000 or more units for a particularly pleasing contribution.

The NFFF will also distribute large sums to the winners and runners-up in all fan polls, and staggering amounts to each member of the NFFF. In this manner, most fans in due time will be possessed of quite large sums. And now it is time to make the federal government see the strict utility of our scheme. Prominent fan writers will be commissioned by the NFFF to write, at fat rates, letters to Congress informing them in a nice way that these citizens of tomorrow are printing their own money, and while it may be in defiance of certain existing federal laws, one must realize that fans are the star-begotten and should not be forced to live miserable existences such as other geniuses and great people have been forced to live throughout history.

You can be sure that Congress will quickly see the point and will speed bills through to further the happy plan, and before long fan money will be in circulation in the general public's hands, too. Private fans will not be permitted to print money, for this would have a tendency to ruin the national economy. Of course, any fan granted a license to mimeo money could do so, provided he sends, in bundles of 5,000 units, his entire production to the NFFF's Chief Mint Master. The bundles must be tightly wrapped, and bear the legend "FAN MONEY TO THE TUNE OF 5,000 ACKS. POSTAGE FREE." You see, the fan is rewarded for his labor by getting a postal franking privilege besides one bill for every twenty he produces.

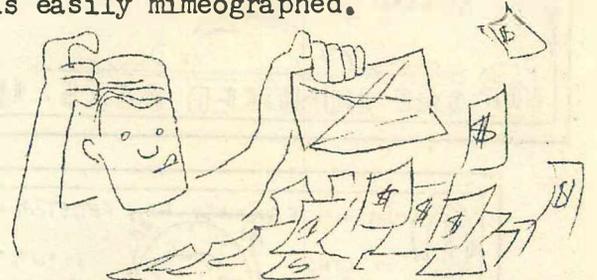


Since legal fan currency, being mimeographed, would be easy to counterfeit, each NFFF member, on being sworn in to his sacred status as a member, would solemnly promise not to mimeo any money but to earn it honestly by writing fan articles and/or winning a fan poll and/or publishing a fanzine or just plain being a serious, constructive fan.

And you can be sure that all fans would be NFFF members, for "The NFFF is a national organization!"

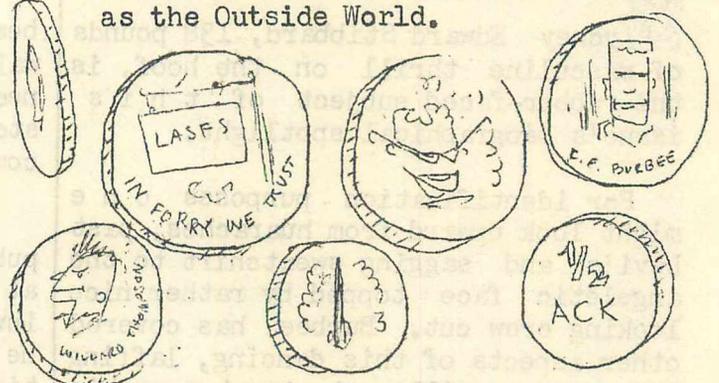
When all this comes to pass, each and every fan will easily be able to keep himself in comfort, with all the finer things of life surrounding him, such as Niagara mimeographs, mint copies of all esoteric publications, membership cards from all the fan clubs, reams of fine typing paper, a silent typewriter, and sheet upon sheet of stamps. And all these things and more will come to him if he will now and then sit down to his typer and negligently toss off an intellectual article (titled maybe THERE IS NO GOD) for the harassed editor of some fanzine.

Never again will we be confronted with the spectacle of an impecunious fan. The NFFF will give 10,000 Acks to each new member, just for joining. No dues will be charged, for new money is easily mimeographed.

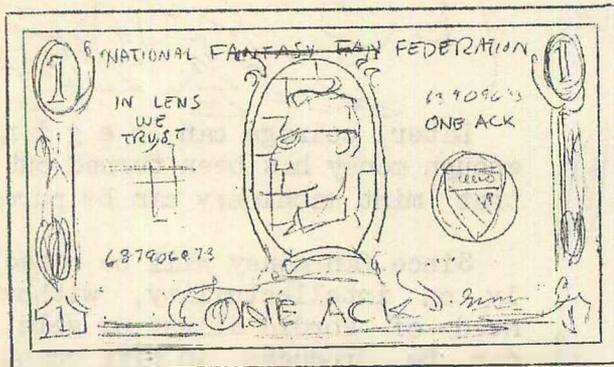
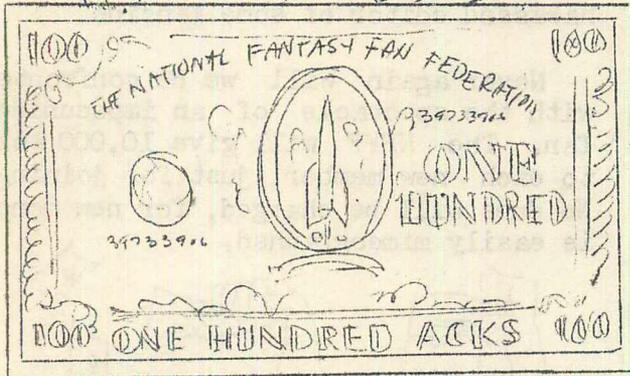
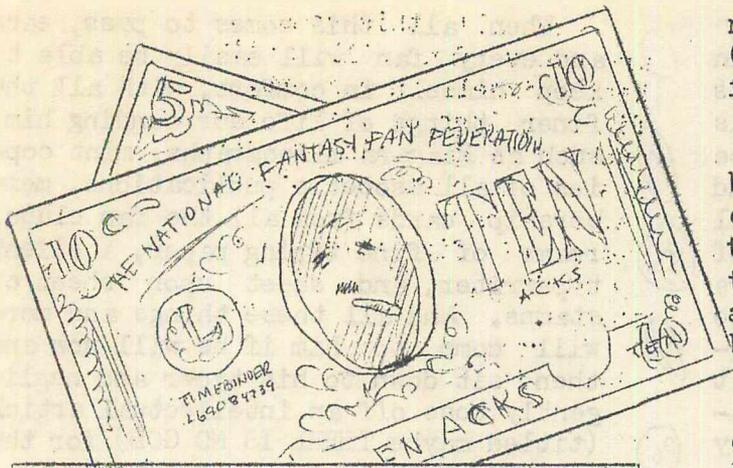


Later, coinage can begin, when enough money has been turned out so that mint machinery can be purchased.

Since fan money will be based purely on intellectuality, without the need of sordid silver or gold, bills can be produced in vast quantities, but some coins should be struck for the delight of coin collectors, of which there are many in fandom as well as the Outside World.



I suggest that the money be based on acks. An ack corresponds to the US dollar. There will be half-acks, quarter acks, five-ack bills, 10-ack bills (also called timebinders), 20-ack bills (double timebinders), 50-ack

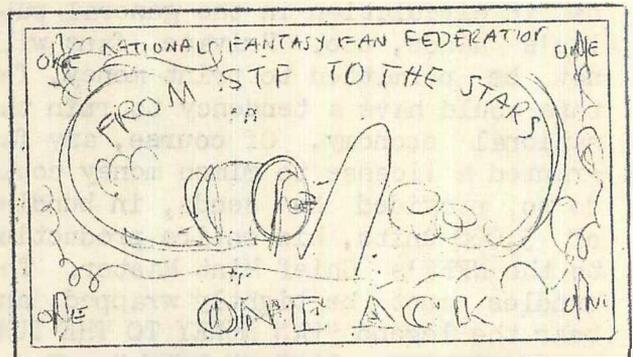


notes (half-tendrils), 100-ack bills, (called tendrils), all paper money, at first.

When coins are struck, there will be the fap, corresponding to the US cent, 100 to the ack. There will be the five-fap piece, known as the burb, the ten-fap piece, known as the towner and the half-ack or fifty-fap coin can bear the nickname evans.

The designs and patterns can be decided upon by the NFFF Mint Master and his cabinet, which he appoints subject to approval by FAPA, SAPS, and VAPA.

I leave design suggestions to the Chief, save one, which I suggest now. Listening, Higgs? The one-ack coin should bear the head in profile of our #1 fan on the obverse, on a field of fanzines, with the legend In Lens We Trust. The reverse, a mimeo operated by a phallic symbol, a motto From Stf to the Stars, and One Ack.



Stibbardthegaystibbardthegaystibbardthegaystibbardthegaystibbardthegaystibbardthegays

Sydney Edward Stibbard, 138 pounds of masculine thrill on the hoof, is the rubber-faced subject of this issue's biographical spotlight.

For identification purposes one might look upward from huaraches, past Levi's and sagging sweatshirt to the angelic face topped by rather nice looking crew cut. Burbee has covered other aspects of this dancing, laughing lad so we will not touch upon his great desire to master the pratfall & own a putty nose.

Sy'd niche in the art world is yet to be carved but methinks it will be a large boomy one, well-stocked with

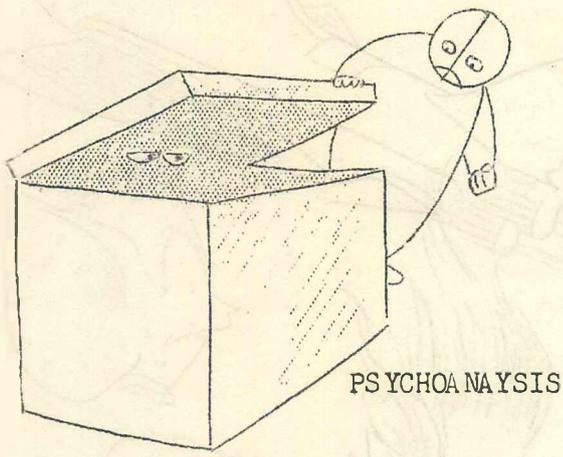
beer and pencils and paper. Reading, walking on the seashore, fried shrimp, necking, being first at a boulevard stop when the girls walk by and, of course, drawing are favorites.

Quiz programs, banks and other public institutions, (marriage, too.. at least for him), cafeterias, and invitations of all kinds are pet hates. He is also conducting a private investigation as to how long an individual can sleep without interruption.

I like him. But I have to. I live with him. WR  
...Rotsler

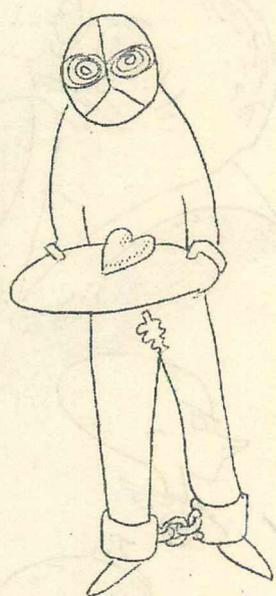
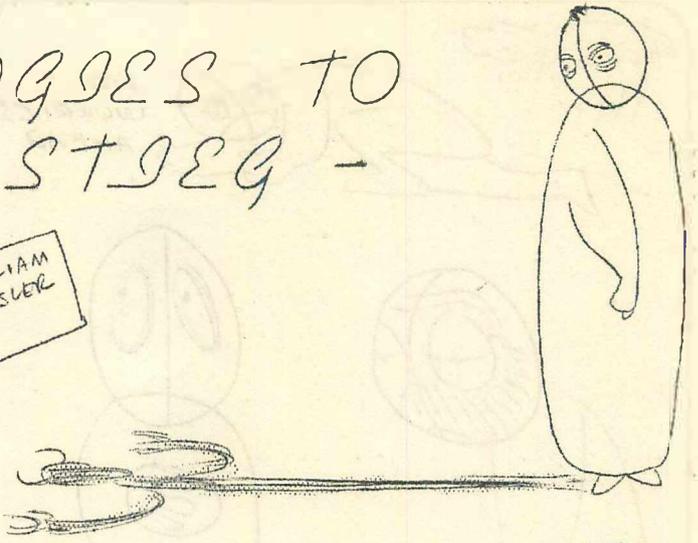


...WITH APOLOGUES TO  
STEEG -

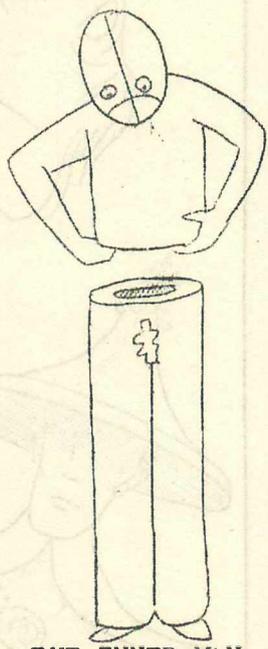


PSYCHOANAYSIS

WILLIAM  
ROTSLER



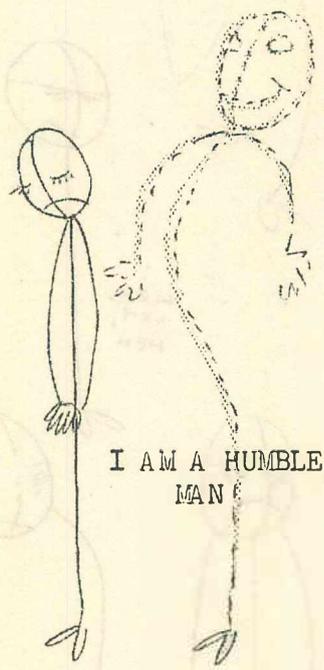
A LOVE THAT WILL LAST  
FOREVER



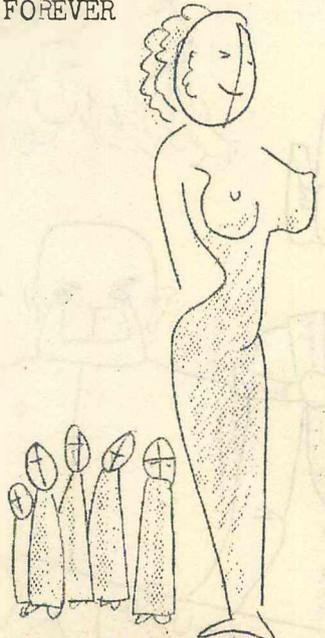
THE INNER MAN



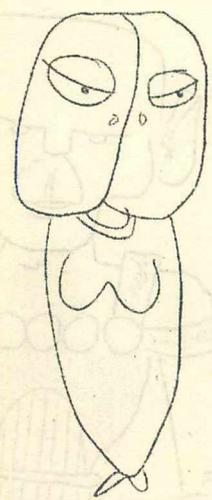
THE DRUNK



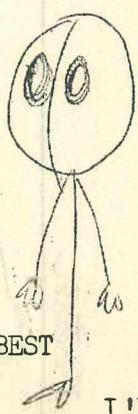
I AM A HUMBLE  
MAN



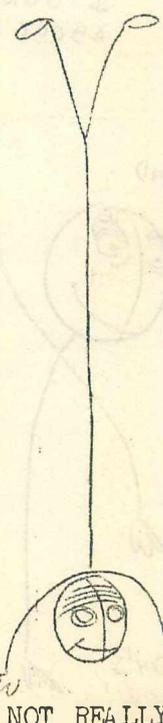
THOSE BOYS ARE LOOKING AT ME



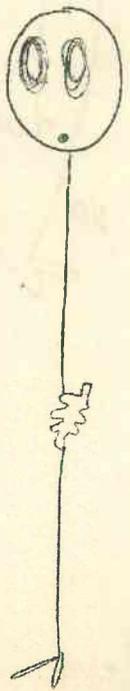
MOTHER KNOWS BEST

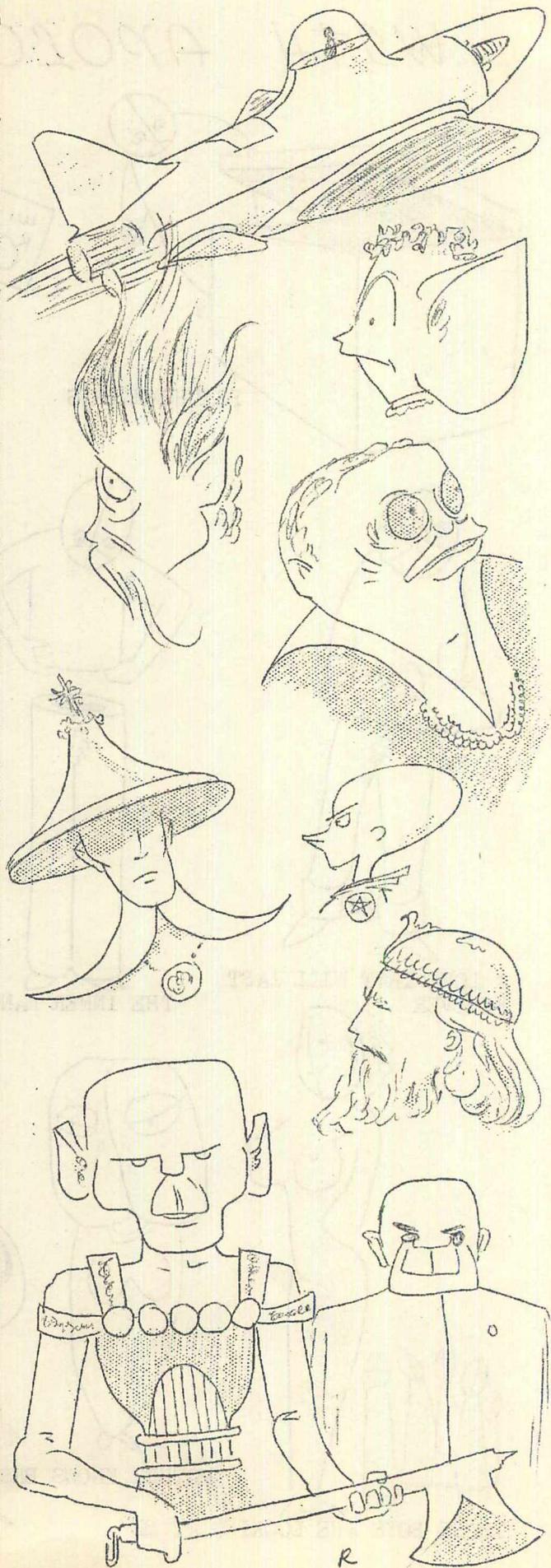
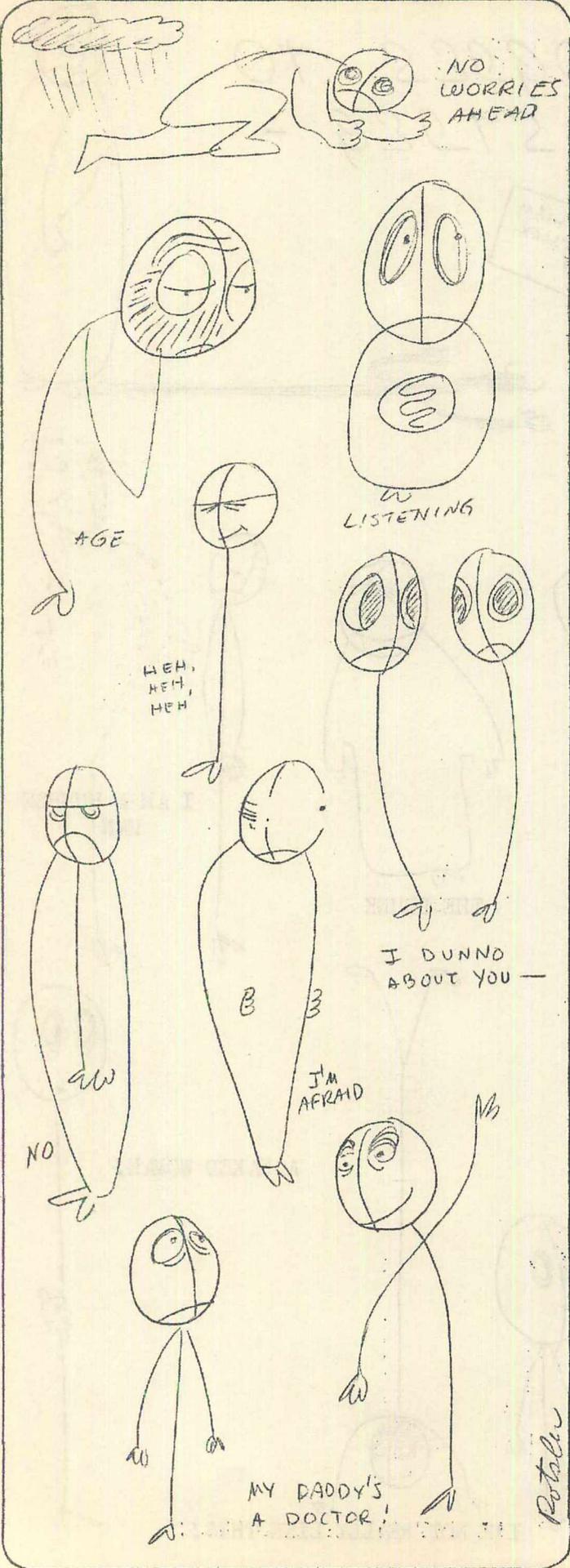


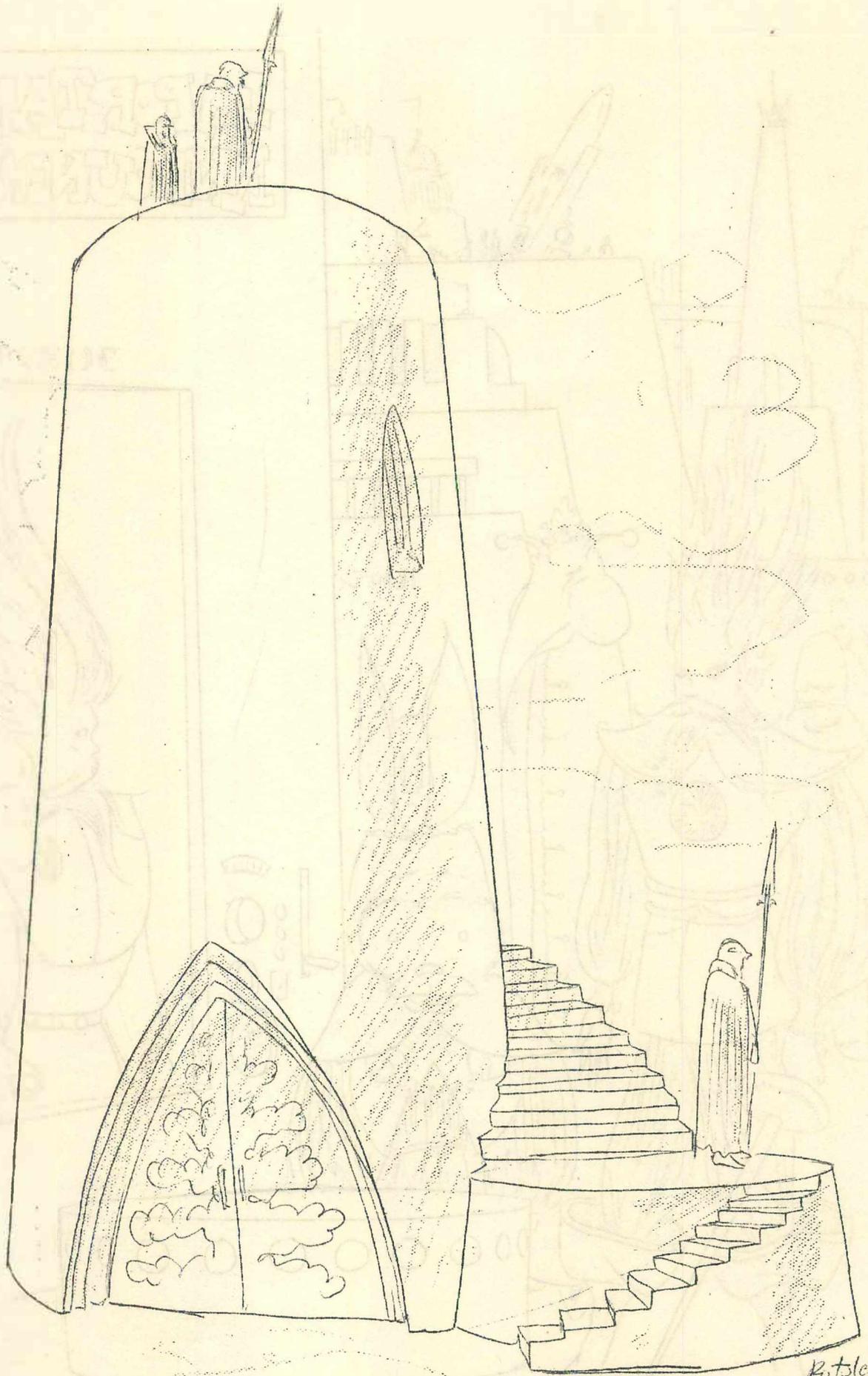
I'M NOT REALLY LIKE THIS!



A NAKED WOMAN!

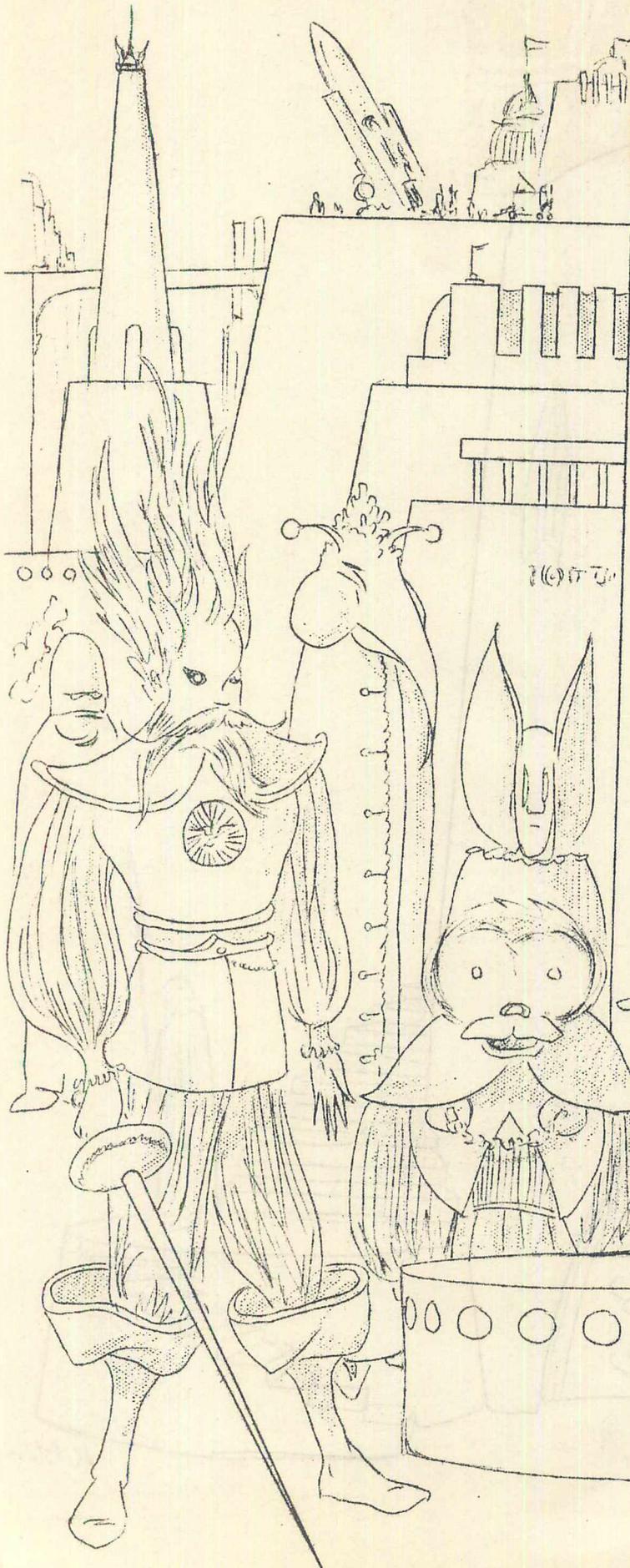




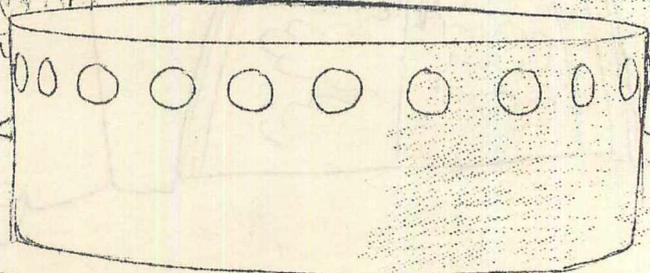
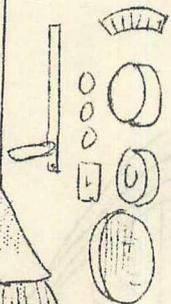


Rotler

# IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT



700014



Kobler



# A STATEMENT OF POLICY

There is none.

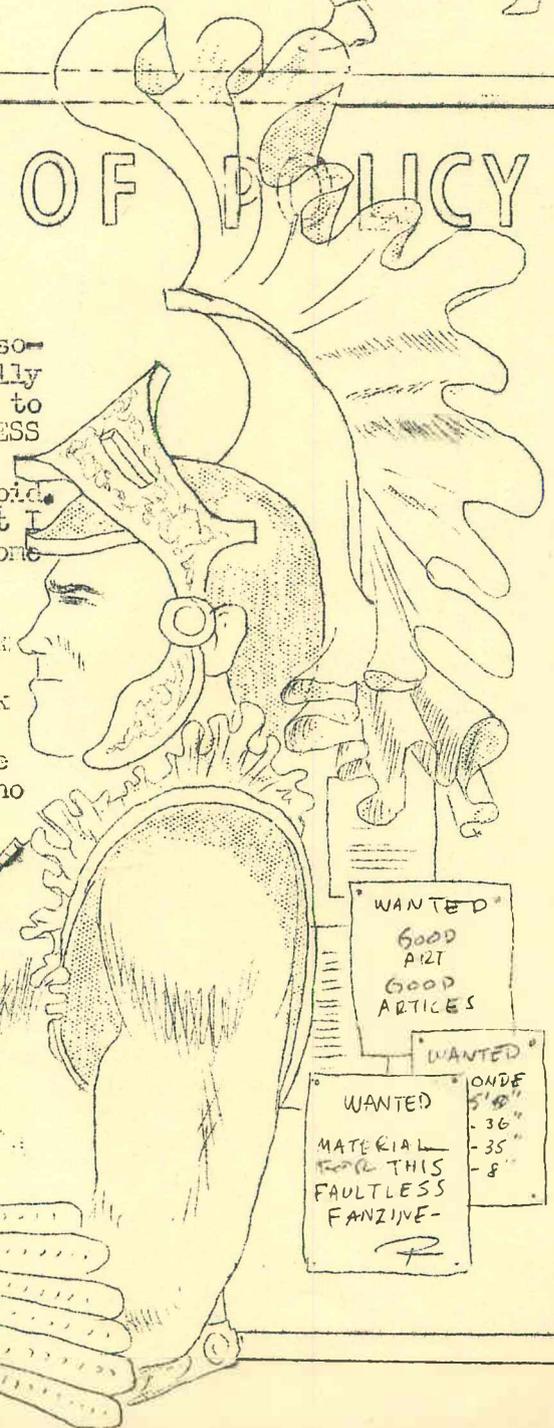
Unless no policy is policy this fanzine, so-called, will have no policy. All this silly wrangling about what not to print and what to print, about stressing FANTASY or AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION or passing laws about publishing only along approved lines - all this is stupid. I shall publish either what I can get or what I can do myself, providing it pleases me in some way.

You can expect, of course, drawings and work by me; drawings by Stibbard and Manning if I can twist their arms enough. I continually ask Burbee and ex-fan Laney for material so you might see stuff by them in this unforgettable fanzine. Beyond that I make no promises, no excuses.

Since every once in awhile some one says he hasn't reviewed certain fanzines and uses the old "no space, no time" dodge. I don't review certain fanzines because I either thought they were poor or found little to comment upon.

Bruff for policies.

*Rolsler*





STATE OF NEW YORK

IN SENATE

January 10, 1887

REPORT

OF THE

COMMISSIONERS OF THE LAND OFFICE

IN ANSWER TO A RESOLUTION PASSED BY THE SENATE

APRIL 18, 1886

ALBANY: ANDREW DEWEY, STATE PRINTER, 1887.



SYDNEY  
EDWARD  
STIBARD

