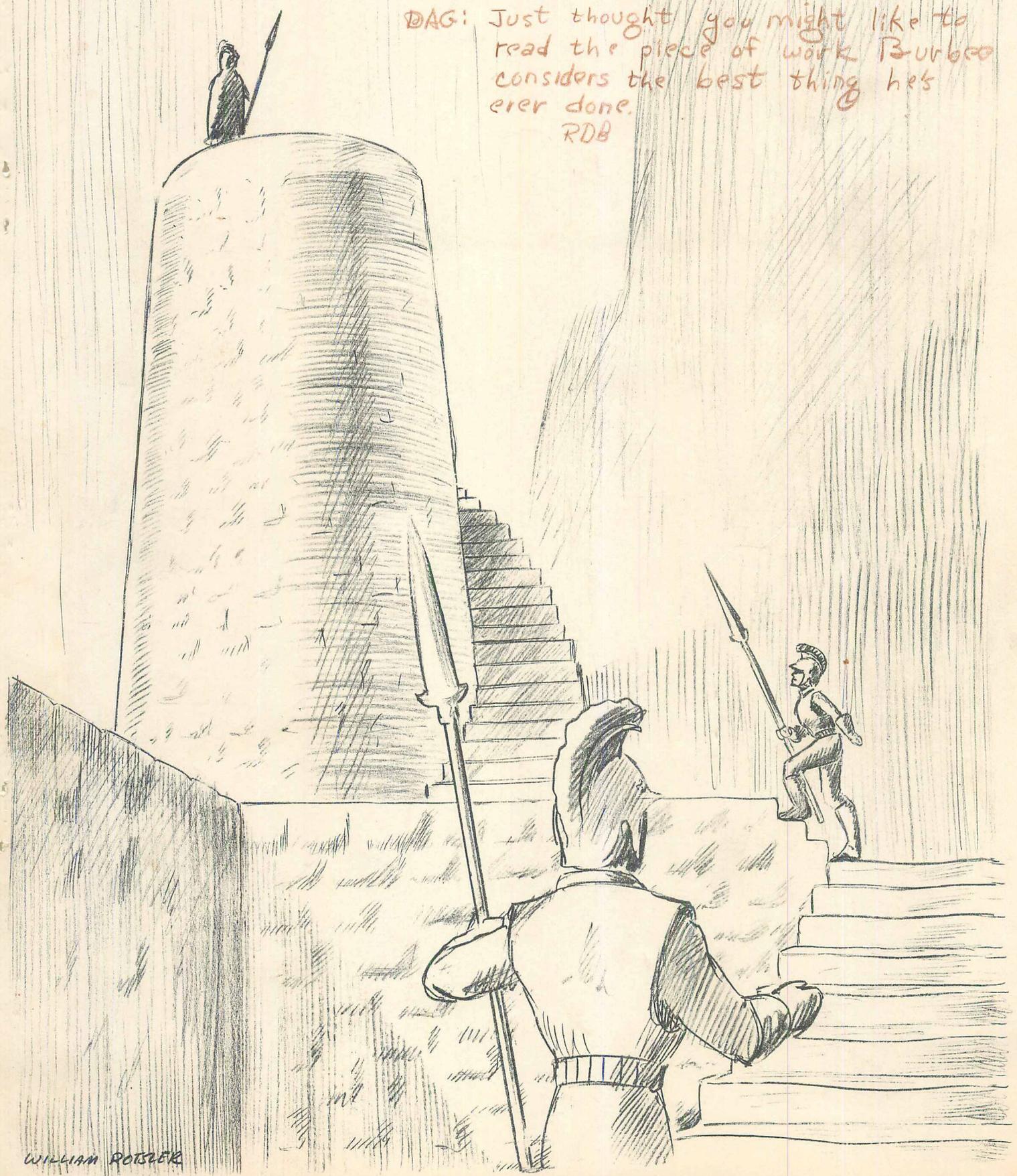
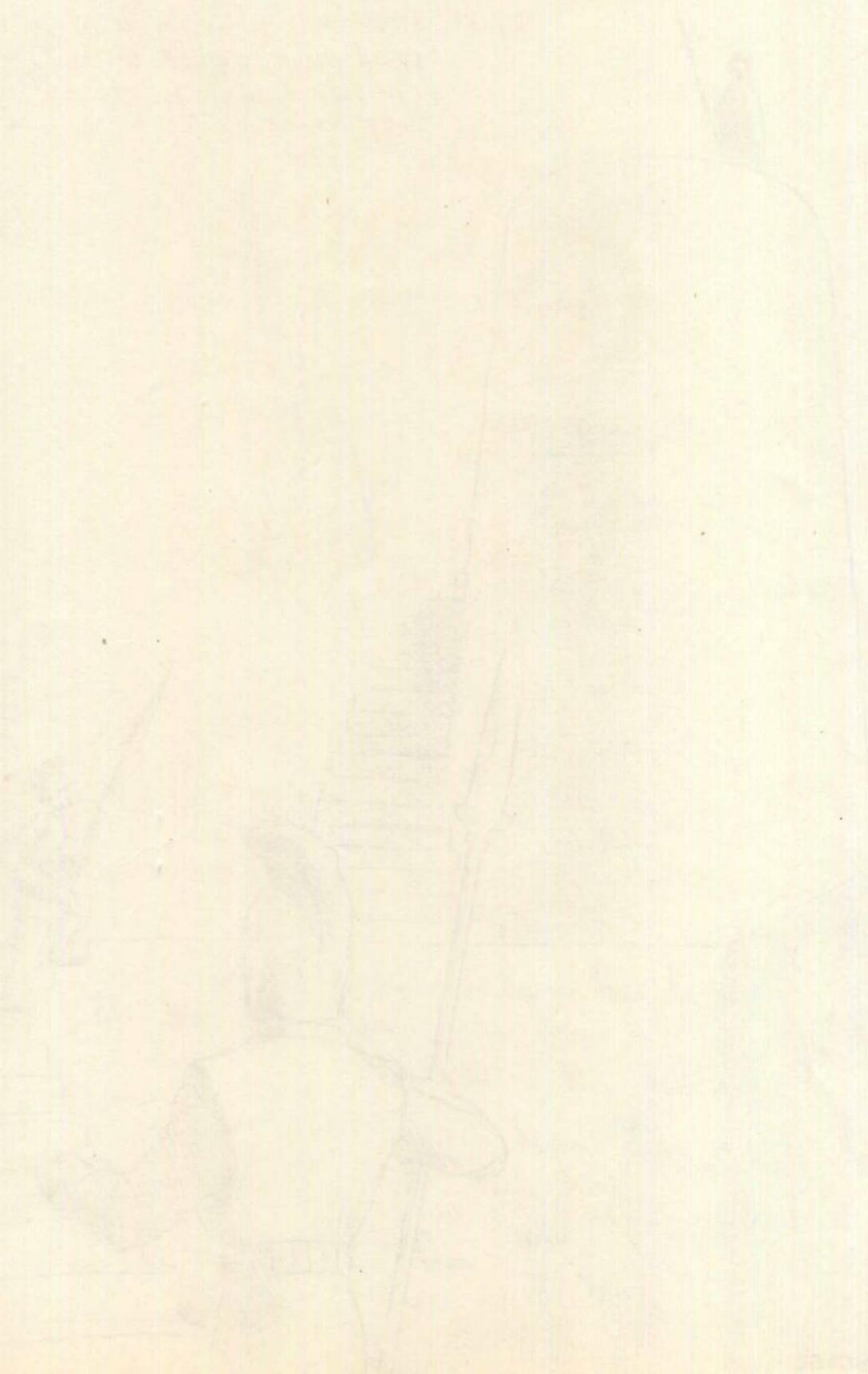


MASQUE

DAG: Just thought you might like to read the piece of work Burboco considers the best thing he's ever done.
RDB



W. S. GAM



The Gaudy Fanzine

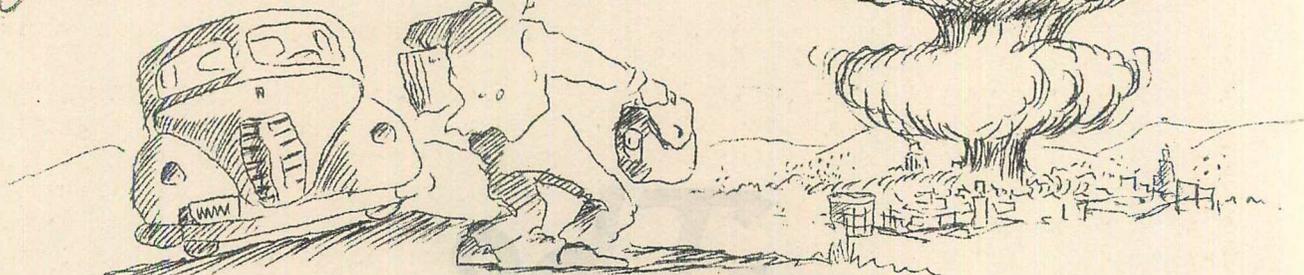
It soon grew dark. The sun had
been down for some time. There was a
darkness about the place. The
people lived there and good was
the words were written on the
steps because he was a great
and fell over a wall.
and shortly afterward
he lay in the ditch. The
situation. He was not
was it was not well to
however unliking and
darkness when he could not see

the night. He entered
standing there looking
about that was behind
the things looked just like
hundreds of other people
around with a word, wondering
what he
and there Fan didn't ask anybody.
he went to do. He left his
and behind him since they naturally
the next day. After all, his
was over 30 and therefore an
the chance of getting a woman.
The name Fan got into his
and taking a big name Fan he naturally
and to get of his car and drove off
in a direction he had decided on two
years before, after reading about it
in a magazine. As he drove, he saw
people starting behind him at the
way there. But his legs didn't look
at the ground. They would mean lower
the effort to their level of inno-
ence. He'd know about stoma-
chic and digestive and hyper-

THE GAUDY FANZINE
1952

BIG NAME FAN

by CHARLES BURBEE



AS SOON AS THE BOMB FELL, BIG NAME fan leaped to his feet, slung his typewriter under his arm, along with several reams of typing paper, and made for the door.

As he stepped out he slung over his shoulder Survival Kit BNF model 48, (his own design).

There was the beginning of chaos in the street he entered. People were standing there looking at the mushroom cloud that rose behind him and remarking that it looked just like in the newsreels. Other people were running around wild-eyed, wondering what they should do.

Big Name Fan didn't ask anybody. He knew what to do. He left his parents behind him since they naturally had no survival value. After all, his father was over 50 and therefore in the clutches of senility. His mother was just a woman.

Big Name Fan got into his father's car (being a Big Name Fan he naturally had no car of his own) and drove off in a direction he had decided on two years before, after reading about it in a fanzine. As he drove, he saw people staring behind him at the mushroom cloud. But Big Name didn't look at the cloud. That would mean lowering himself to their level of ignorance. Hell, he'd known about atomic bombs and spaceships and hyperspace

ILLUSTRATED
BY S. Stobard

way back in the late twenties, before they'd even heard of an atom.

He left Los Angeles. He noticed a lot of other people doing the same thing. He frowned. How had his Master Plan #1: "Get away from the Target with all possible expedition"--how had this plan leaked out to the rabble?

At the outskirts of a little community the car stalled. It was out of gas, due to the lack of foresight possessed by his father (another example of senility). Big Name got out of the car. He adjusted his survival kit over his shoulder by its straps. He hefted his typewriter and paper and went on. He had no money to buy gasoline, since money would of course be useless in the new barbarianism that was descending on the world. He struck out from the car with the sure unhesitating step of one who had read science fiction steadily since 1926.

It soon grew dark. He was in a semi-desert area, There was a house or two nearby; their lights began to wink on in the darkness that falls swiftly in semi-desert country. He avoided the houses--the odds were that people lived there and none were fans. He strode purposefully on, taking big steps because he was a great big man 5'2" tall. He fell over a coil of wire once, and shortly afterward went headlong into a ditch he couldn't see. He lay in the ditch considering the situation. He was not hurt, but perhaps it was not well to go marching (however unfaltering his steps) in darkness when he couldn't see his way.

He thought about it a while and decided to lie there until morning.

"I will lie here until morning," said Big Name.

And he did, shivering in the chill air of the desert night. Survival Kit BNF 48 had no room for blankets. When morning came he crawled out of the ditch and carefully observed the terrain he was about to traverse. Later, from a volcanic ridge he saw the road, far away, packed with outgoing automobiles. People fleeing from the scene. Big Name tramped on eastward. After a time he thought about breakfast. In his Kit was a book which listed all edible plants in the nation. He stopped and set up the miniature projector which was needed to read the book. It was photo-micrographed and took no more space than a dime. He set up the screen and soon was absorbed in the projected print of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary. He had taken out the wrong film but it didn't matter. This was fascinating reading.



He came upon the word "gules" and found that it was a heraldic term meaning the tincture red, indicated in seals and engraved figures of escutcheons by parallel vertical lines:

His sev'n-fold targe a field of
gules did stain

In which two swprds he bore; his
word,

"Divide and reign."

P. Fletcher

With man's blood paint the ground;
gules, gules.

Skak.

Let's march to rest and set in
gules, like suns.

Beau. & Fl.

He learned about gyrons, impalements, gemels, gores, and fusils: checky, chevrons and cottises came to

his notice, and as he looked up other symbols he came across the words yapock and zenick. A yapock, he learned with matchless interest, was a South American aquatic opossum. A zenick, on the other hand, was a South African burrowing mammal, called also suricat.

There was nothing like knowledge, thought Big Name, as he regretfully shut off the projector. He had spent so much time acquiring this useful information from the dictionary that he'd used up his time allowance for breakfast. There was nothing to do but to lean on into the east where safety lay. He went on the rest of the morning, resting only occasionally, for he had a valuable life--his own-- in his keeping.

The sun was directly overhead when Big Name stopped for the noon meal. It was very hot here, and no houses were in sight. He was very very dry. He dipped into Survival Kit Model 48 (his own design) and brought out a cellophane packet of tablets. Vitamin tablets, the nearest thing to food pellets that backward modern science had yet developed. He popped them into his mouth. From a plastic can he shook a white tablet. That was an invention of his own. Dehydrated water tablets.

Big Name had developed them himself. He'd boiled great quantities of water away till nothing but a powder remained. This powder he carefully scraped up and compressed into tablet form. And there he was: dehydrated water! Dissolve a tablet in a glass of water and you had a glass of water!

But there was not water around to put the tablets into. Big Name was mighty thirsty. Luckily, he later found a sort of irrigation ditch with greenish water in it, and by this time he was not squeamish. Then he went on.



He saw no more people, for he was in the Mojave Desert and the few inhabitants had left--at least the area he was in was deserted. Now and then he unwittingly faced in the direction of a distant Bomb hit--he swivelled away swiftly when he saw those mushroom clouds. Looking at them did harm, he reasoned, while not looking at them did a lot of good.

By and by he settled down in a heavy clump of mesquite. A stupid tall cactus clump nearby furnished him a little shade. He sat there and wished for water. For a moment, he almost regretted that Survival Kit BNF Model 48 contained no canteen. Only for a moment he regretted this--he knew the regret was stupid, for he had carefully selected the items to go into the Kit, carefully and over a period of two years, so that he knew that every item in it was essential to the well-being and comfort of a fan. So obviously and logically, a canteen was strictly an unessential item which did nothing but add weight. He licked his lips and his tongue rasped harshly like a file on a rock.

This was Meeting Point #1. He'd reached it and now all he had to do was wait two months, which was as long as he figured civilization would take to throw off the shackles of convention and revert to complete barbarism. The survivors would then be ready for a Leader, and Big Name would be ready to step miraculously into their midst and restore order with a beneficent wave of the hand and a soft conciliatory voice.



He heard footsteps approaching. Coming across the hard-packed earth was Small Town Fan. Though they lived but 20 miles apart, they saw each other only at conventions. Small Town too, was prepared. He also had a survival kit, not so completely equipped as Big Name's, but Survival Kit Model 1950. (It was a sore spot with Big Name that fans couldn't even agree on a standard terminology for Survival Kit--some used the number system and some used a lettering system and others, like Small Town Fan, used the date on which they'd conceived the idea of the kit.)

Shrugging off his annoyance, Big Name stood up. "Hi, Small Town. Haven't seen you since the Malay Archipelagocon."

"You mean the Pelicon," said Small Town.

"Sit down, rest your weary bones."

Small Town sat down and rested his weary bones. He took a canteen from his kit and had a sip of water.

"It's a hell of a thing," said Small Town. "The darndest thing ever."

"You mean about the next Convention being held in Panama? I don't see why. After all, there's a plenty active little group of fans down there. Been publishing regularly."

"I know, but it's getting so I sometimes don't think it's worth it to travel a thousand miles or more to go on a convention."

"Not---worth---it!" gasped Big Name. "Why, man, it's the event of the year. Absolutely everybody is there! Pro-authors, editors, and fans galore, and they have a big auction & everything. Man, I wouldn't miss one! I've never missed one."

"I've been to five," said Small Town. "But sometimes I wonder if it's worth it. I guess it is, at

that, the way you put it. But I still wish the Convention was somewhere else--sokewhere closer."

Big Name said nothing. He didn't care a lot for Small Town, even if Small Town was a fan and published the #4 fanzine, Paraspaces, and was a dignitary in the NFFF and FAPA. They'd kept up for the last four years a tremendous correspondence; microfilms of their letters reposed in Big Name's Survival Kit,

"Say," said Big Name, "just before I left, I put microfilms of forty seven new books in my film. I've got some really choice stuff in there. Got some really nice titles. Got The Green Mouse..."

"I traded you that one a year ago," said Small Town. "I've got it in microfilm, too. That's a good title. I heard somebody say it wasn't fantasy, though."

"Sure it is! said Big Name. "Why, I've had that copy a year and just got it microfilmed a week ago. How long did you have the book?"

"At least four years," said Small Town. "I know it's fantasy--don't get excited. I just mentioned I'd heard someone say it wasn't."

"I know darn well it's fantasy," said Big Name. "I saw a copy in Ackerman's collection a couple of years ago."

"Ackerman read the book?"

"No, he hadn't read it."

"You read it?"

"No."

"Well, I haven't read it either, but it must be fantasy, if Ackerman has a copy."

Small Town took another sip from his canteen while Big Name watched, his lips rasping drily over his blackening lips.

"You bring a mimeograph?" asked Big Name.

"No," said Small Town. "Designed one that would fit into the kit, but never got it off the drafting table. Was a honey, too. Would've been a beauty. Why?"

"Oh, I just thought I'd like to publish a one-shot fanzine now. I brought my typer."

"So'd I. Soon's I rest a bit I'm going to write up this trip of mine and our meeting for my fapamag DOORWAY."

"Why, that's a new one, isn't it? Your regular magazine is Continuum, isn't it?"

"You know darn well it is. I got tired of that title. It had no significance. CONTIUM....just r oll that around in your mouth. It doesn't mean anything, doesn't it?"

"It must mean something," said Big Name. "It came out of somebody's head."

"I thought DOORWAY had a broader meaning. DOORWAY. That gives a picture of a gigantic brass-studded door opening into an azure sub-space fringed with dark straiations, sort of, as though indicated the presence of a darker knowledge."

"Yeeeeees...I see it, too," said Big Name. "Why, a title like that could carry a magazine all by itself without need for anything else. But a title like that is so good somebody's liable to steal it."

Small Town laughed derisively. "How can anybody steal it? I've got it registered with the NFFF Copyright Bureau."



"Smart boy," nodded Big Name. "I'm not so good on titles. I--" He had to stop talking for a moment. Fifteen giant jet planes flashed overhead at 3,000 feet and the noise was deafening. Black planes, they were, with a foreign device on their wings.

"I'm no good on titles," said Big Name. "I just sit around and think and think and nothing comes out, so I'm using the old one I've been using all this time. Coming in to my 40th issue next month."

"That's no record," said Small Town Fan.

"I'm not shooting for a record," said Big Name. "I've just been going along, minding my own business, and quietly publishing my magazine. Been doing it all this time and I guess it's sort of a habit with me now."

"It is a pretty remarkable magazine at that," mused Small Town. "You started the mag when you were only 17, didn't you?"

"Yes," said Big Name. "And here I'm 36 and I'm still publishing the same mag."

"Gosh, that is a record, far as I know. Publishing the same mag from boyhood to adulthood."

"I don't think of myself as an adult," said Big Name solemnly, "but rather - as a fan."

"Yeah, 'tis the mortal truth. The mortal truth. That's the way Giles Habiblua would say it. The mortal truth."

"LEGION OF SPACE," said Big Name. "Damn good yarn. You read it?"

"No, but the current issue of my mag carries a review of the new book edition. I read the review. You read it?"

"You mean the story? Oh, no, but I have it on microfilm." He gestured toward his kit.

"How many titles you got there?"

"Oh, offhand, I'd say 3,900."

Small Town shook his head. "That's a lot. I've got only 2400. But, then, you've been collecting longer than I have. I started microfilming sooner, though. Beside my books I've got all the important fanzines of the past ten years on film, too, and stills from stf movies, and a lot of my correspondence. And my projector and typer and paper, and stencils of course. Besides that, I have a spool of wire containing the voices of over 200 fans."

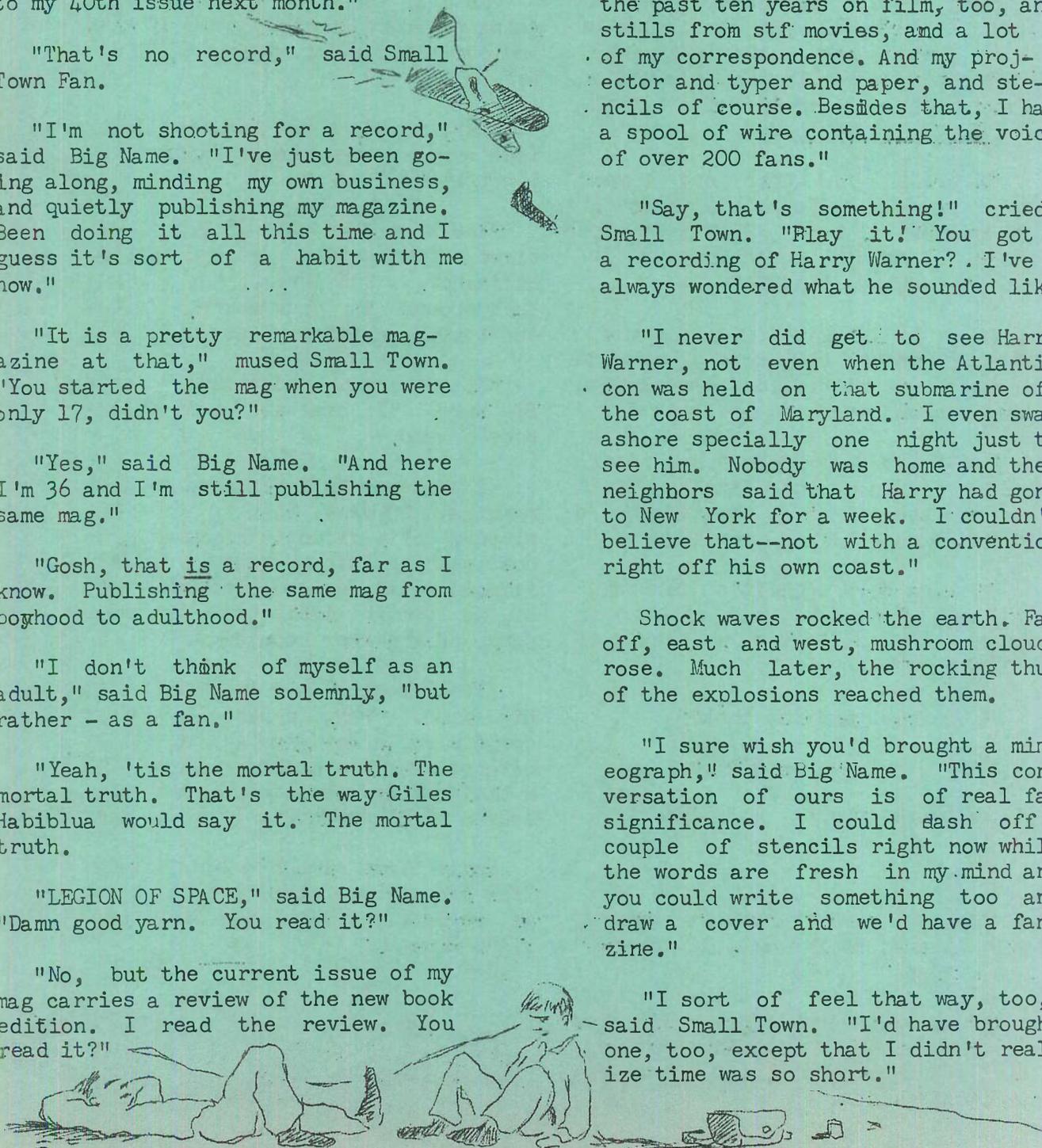
"Say, that's something!" cried Small Town. "Play it! You got a recording of Harry Warner? I've always wondered what he sounded like."

"I never did get to see Harry Warner, not even when the Atlantiscon was held on that submarine off the coast of Maryland. I even swam ashore specially one night just to see him. Nobody was home and the neighbors said that Harry had gone to New York for a week. I couldn't believe that--not with a convention right off his own coast."

Shock waves rocked the earth. Far off, east and west, mushroom clouds rose. Much later, the rocking thud of the explosions reached them.

"I sure wish you'd brought a mimeograph," said Big Name. "This conversation of ours is of real fan significance. I could dash off a couple of stencils right now while the words are fresh in my mind and you could write something too and draw a cover and we'd have a fanzine."

"I sort of feel that way, too," said Small Town. "I'd have brought one, too, except that I didn't realize time was so short."



"It is later than you think," said Big Name, solemnly.

"That's the title of a Jack Williamson story, isn't it? No, that was DARKER THAN YOU THINK. Werewolf stuff. Deftly handled."

"You read it?"

"No, did you?"

"No, but I've got it on micro-film."

"So've I."

They nodded smugly at each other.

"I wonder how Midwest Fan is making out," mused Small Town Fan. "He was planning a Survival Kit, too. When I saw him at the Jalapacon last year. Too bulky, though, to my mind. He had high-powered rifles, distress rockets, and didn't believe in micro-filming. Said he'd take just one book along...the Bible."

Big Name's lip curled. "The Bible? What in Ghu's name does a fan want with that?"

"I don't know," said Small Town. "He just said it was the best fantasy anthology of them all. Said it was the source-book of all stf. I didn't press him for details. You can ask him when you see him at the Panvention."

"Or you can."

"I don't know that I'll go to the Panvention," said Small Town, eyes averted.

Big Name sat up abruptly. "Not--going?"

"Probably not. You know, I don't think a Con every year is a good idea. Happens too often. You save up all year to finance your trip, spend several days traveling, and often put in a few days before the Con and afterward running around being a visiting fireman, and then you

go home and start saving up again because the first thing you know another Con is due."

A wild light shone for a moment in Big Name's usually complacent eyes. "You're kidding!"

"No, I'm not. Really. I've been thinking about it seriously for a long time. I've even written an article about it which will appear in PARASPACE, out the 15th of next month. I'm trying to start a movement for a Con every three years. Then with them spaced so far apart, you can really savor the Cons when they do come."

"Three years!" said Big Name, rolling out each word slowly, as though he were trying to taste them and couldn't believe they tasted like that. "Why, it would mean that we'd never get to see a lot of the fans. Some really fine fellows rise to prominence and fade out in that time. Why, between conventions there'd be any number of promising people who would never know fandom--never know it truly--if they didn't have the convention to open their eyes and inject them with new enthusiasm and interest."

"Just the same, my article points out in detail the benefits of the 3-year Con, I'm going all out for it. I've taken your advice before," said Small Town. "I've always considered your advice to be the best."

"Why?" said Big Name softly.

"Because you're the Number One Fan," said Small Town. "To me your word was LAW, if our little fan-group can be said to have laws."

Big Name smiled enigmatically. This same enigmatic smile had won friends for him all over the nation, even the world.

Small Town drew himself up. "But this time---" his voice faltered and then came in strong again.

"This time I won't give in. You got me to give up going with girls because you said it took a fan's fanning time. I was even engaged--you coaxed me into taking back my ring. Remember that?"

Big Name nodded. Indeed he did remember. Small Town had sold the ring and with the proceeds had published a gala issue of PAR SPACE, with lithographed cover and interiors, and articles by the biggest names in the fan field. Even two pro-authors had written articles for it! It had been 60 pages thick, and was spoken of even now as a paragon of publishing.... Big Name shook himself from his reverie. Small Town had been talking.

"Not this time," he was saying. "I've given it serious thought. I even took off work one day and consulted a psychiatrist about it. He said it was a wonderful idea and he charged me only \$10 for telling me."

Big Name stood up.

"My eyes, perhaps more experienced than yours--you are rather a late-comer into the field you know--you entered the field in 1934--my eyes can peer past the confusion of the present to a lucid future..Shall I tell you what I see, Small Town? Shall I tell you what I see?"

Small Town, englored by this rhetoric, so unusual from Big Name, could only nod wordlessly.

"I see dissension and strife and war. I see old fans, bowed by blows in the past, dropping to obscurity beneath this new onslaught. I hear the thin cries of dying fans, crying aloud for a savior, a leader, someone to point the way, and above all this, like the specter of Death on the battlefield, rides Chaos, laughing to hear the plaintive cries, roaring to see the dreadful scene of fandom dying, folding in on itself! And do you know who Chaos is? YOU are Chaos, Small Town!"

Small Town stared back defiantly.

"Look at you, Small Town" cried Big Name. "Your hands, bloody from the murder of F a n d o m! Can you, with those gory fingers, ever twitch a typer i n t o gleaming sentience again, or spin the crank of a mimeograph? Can you ever o p e r a t e a stapler without those grom thoughts and memories crowding out your very reason?"

"Frankly," said Small Town, "I think I can."

He stood. "Big Name," he said. "I guess there comes a time when every fan comes into maturity. It may be when he discovers his idol is clayfooted or when something breaks in on his somnolent smugness to awaken him to what a fool he's been all along. And while I sat there listening to you, it came to me. I grew up in a paragraph. Big Name," his words went more slowly, "do you realize that I'm a Big Name Fan?"

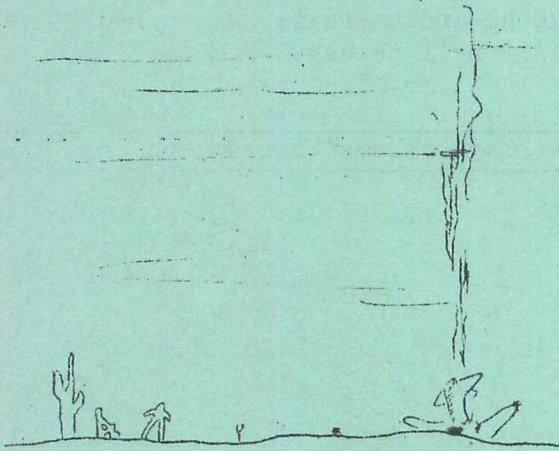
"This is awful," said Big Name. "This may well be---" The high roar of jets slapped down over the desert. The enemy jets were returning. In a few moments they were gone, but the roar persisted. One black plane lagged behind, dipping and rising, its jet motors barking intermittently. Part of the fuselage was blasted away. Evidently some lucky shot from an alert anti-aircraft gunner. The plane suddenly dipped and plunged into the earth not far from the two fans. Instantly there was an explosion as the fuel tanks let go. The two fans were knocked down by the concussion, and flaming fuel hissed about them like a rain from hell. Then all was silent.

Slowly Big Name Fan rose. Two wisps of smoke rose from his smoldering jacket and in the still air of the desert rose twining about his forehead so that they seemed to grow from his hair, like tendrils, giving him a positively Slan-like

appearance. And the brilliant desert sun caught for a moment at the dial glass of his wristwatch, making it look for all the world like a Lens!

Indeed, to Small Town's eyes, Big Name appeared wreathed in stéf-nalistic g l o r y. He looked like some swashbuckling hero from yet-to-be-written future history. His eyes were glinting with a hint of hell as he said:

"This may well be the end of the world as you and I know it, Small Town. If you insist on having the conventions every three years or even on alternate years, I cannot go along with you. It will mean the end of our friendship---even our---correspondence." He whispered that last word brokenly.



"It isn't t h a t serious!" said Small Town.

"Not serious! Man, this isn't just the end of--us, our fan relationship, but it may well be the opening wedge of revolt in fandom. Why, it's like rage in heaven! The two warring factions may well split fandom wide open, and there will be chaos in the fandom that I have known and rather enjoyed the past 24 years! I...." But his vocal chords could bear up no longer under the strain. Emotion had swept over him like blood over the scuppers of a pirate ship.

Quickly he sat down, jerked his typewriter open, slipped in a fresh sheet of paper. For many minutes only the sound of his rapid frantic typing disturbed the air. Then he rose, folded up the letter and put it in an envelope (with Small Town's address mimeographed on the front) and handed it to Small Town.

Picking up his Survival Kit, he slung it over his shoulder, along with his typewriter and several reams of typing paper, and stomped off.

They found him days later, dead of exposure and thirst. His hands still clutched his Survival Kit, as though to draw strength from it.

howdoyouknowyou're sane?howdoyouknowyou're sane?howdoyouknowyou're sane?howdoyouknowyou're sane?

EDITORIAL

Methinks this will be a good place for an editorial. So this is an editorial. I'm in a peachy atmosphere to create lasting lines for Fandom; John Caruthers is making water colors to my right while Sydney E. Stibbard, noted MASQUE illustrator, is doing a real oil painting (freehand). So I'll create, on stencil (bragging or complaining?) a real keen editorial. Hah.

'Twould be a good place to mention that Walt Daughtery did the mimeography, Laney's press was used for the linoblocks, and my gurl, Maryanne Borchard, did most of the

dummying for what Burbee considers his greatest contribution to the literature of fankind. Harumph.

I was rushed this issue so it is not all I wished it to be (is it ever but at least you lucky, lucky people have the Third Masque clutched in your lillywhites.

More thanks goes to Russ Manning and roommate Stibbard for their pix. Someday I'll learn to collect similia items in the same place. Oh, well... All is illusion.

William Rotsler

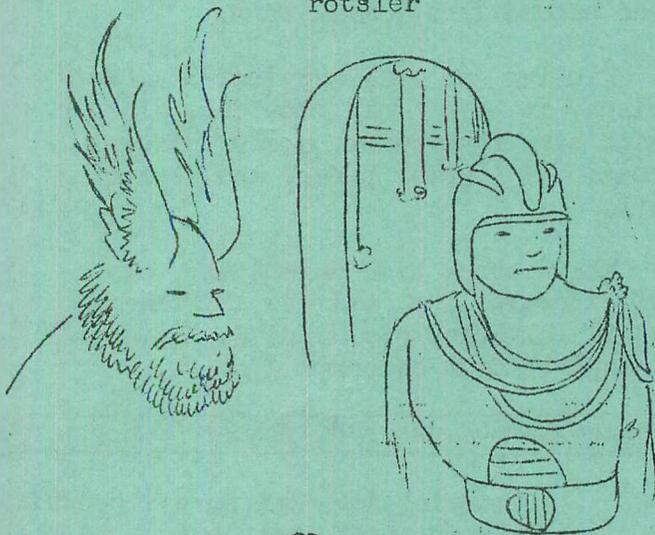
MASQUE

is published exclusively for the well known FANTASY AMATEUR PRESS ASS'N and its contributors and for a few very, / very lucky people that have done some thing or maybe nothing that I like. // Place of publication is Box 638, Rtel Camarillo, Calif but ye olde business address isc287 S. Carondelet, LA 4. //

Comments

You know, I think I'll do this all the time...I wrote some snappy reviews out right after getting the last mailing. Now I can't find half of them, my mailing is scattered about and the half of the reviews I can find doesn't seem worth publishing. Very little needed comment or caused any or was worth it so I'll not bother. I do wish I had room for a comment on Spe's comment but I'll use that as a say the hell with it. I'll fill this page with pictures.

rotsler

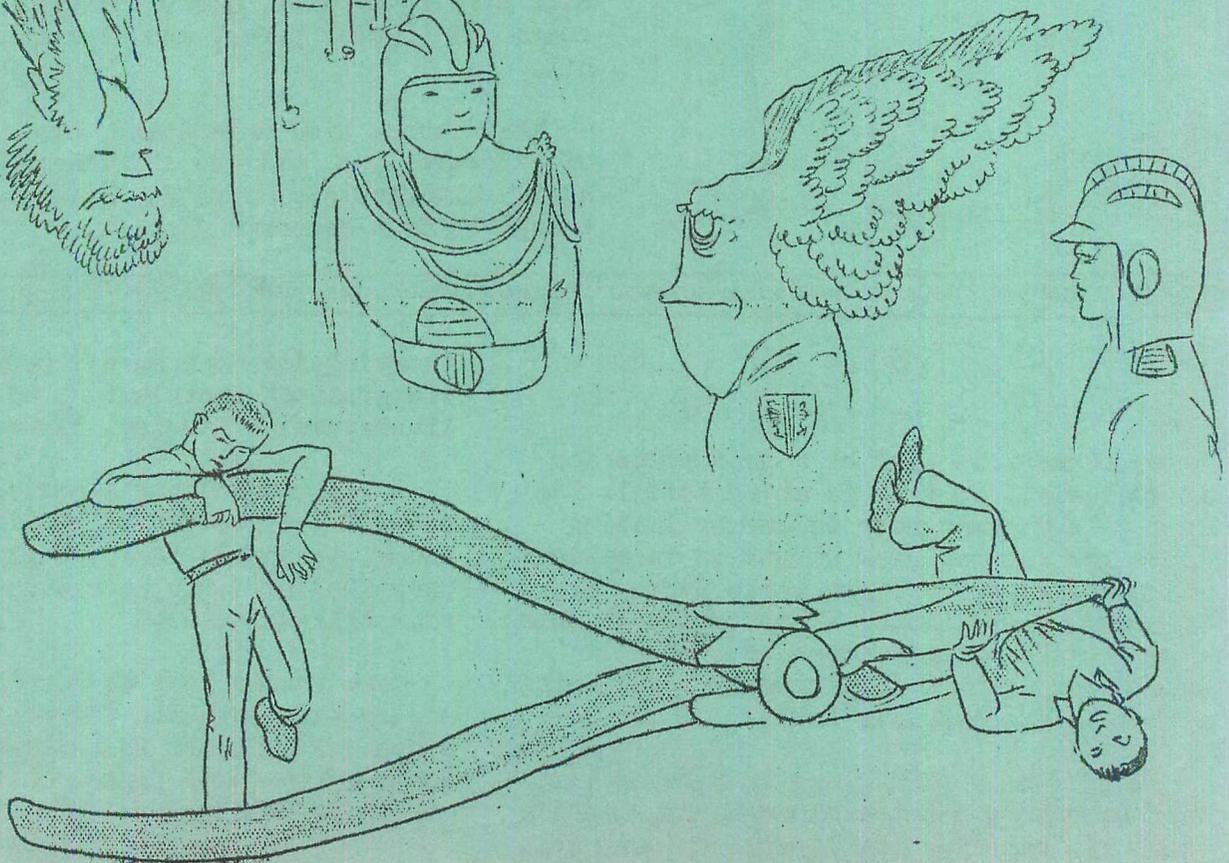


LETTER SEXSHUN

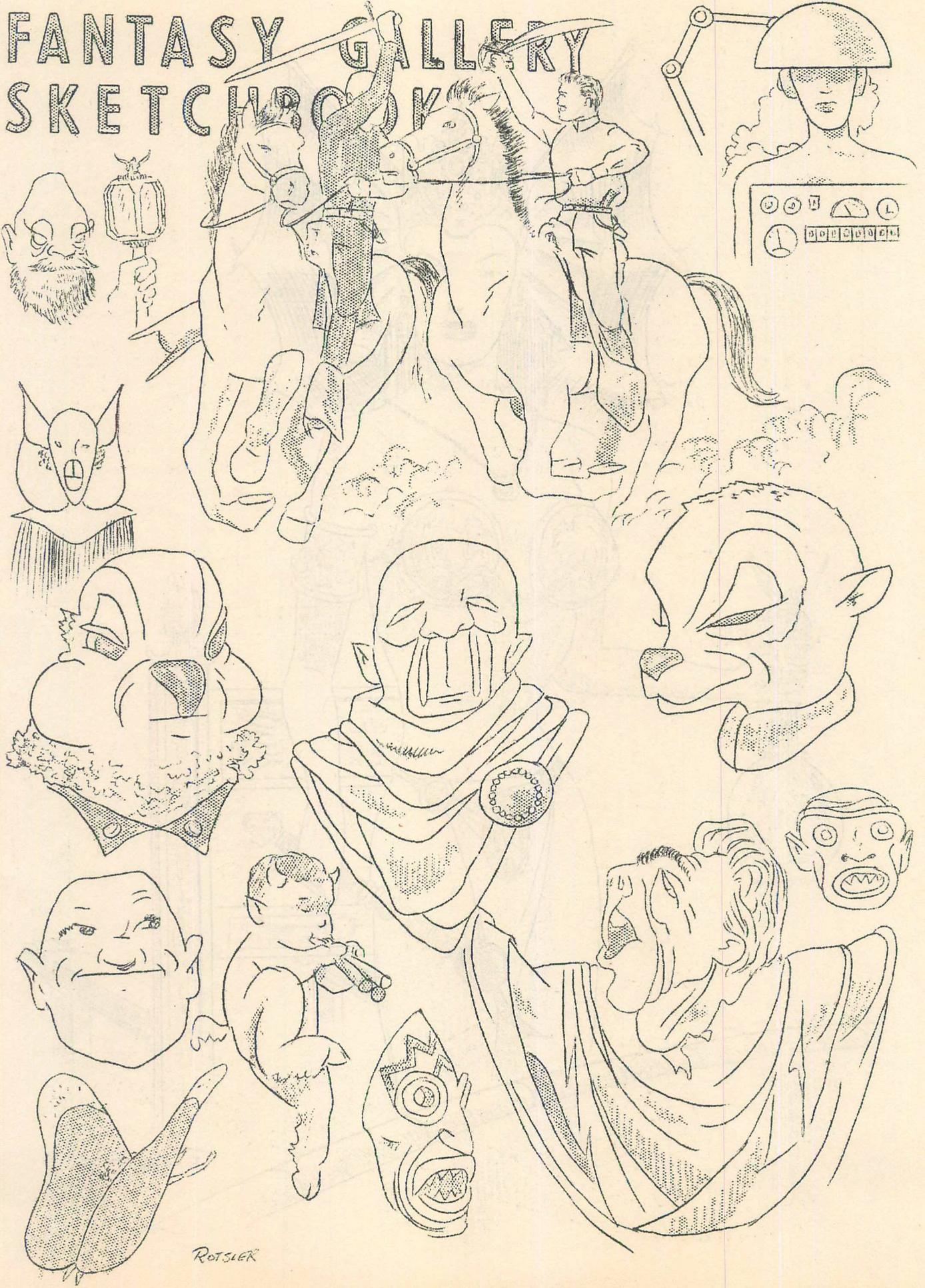
This isa fan leter to neopite & i demand it to be printted. Deer bill;; wel I red yur fanzine and thoght it was exelent, especaly that story by Burbie which had me laghing like crazy. And boy the pkturs were god to. I tel you I have seldum red such a magazine that had everything and I meen evertimg. Gosh it had humor and laghter and gayity and solemnes and serusness and was full of dier predicktuns of things to cum of cours I meen Cyres Condros story abot the man with the big brane. Hell Cy, hes not dead, dont ever think so for a minit--hes just sleeping or fakeing if you ask me. Dont think hes not alive any more becace that woud be a fatell mistaek of you ask me. I red somewhere about thees writers--they dont die they just sleep and o boy befor the yarn is over they wake up and there is hel to pay i meen really hell to pay. Dam rite.

birb

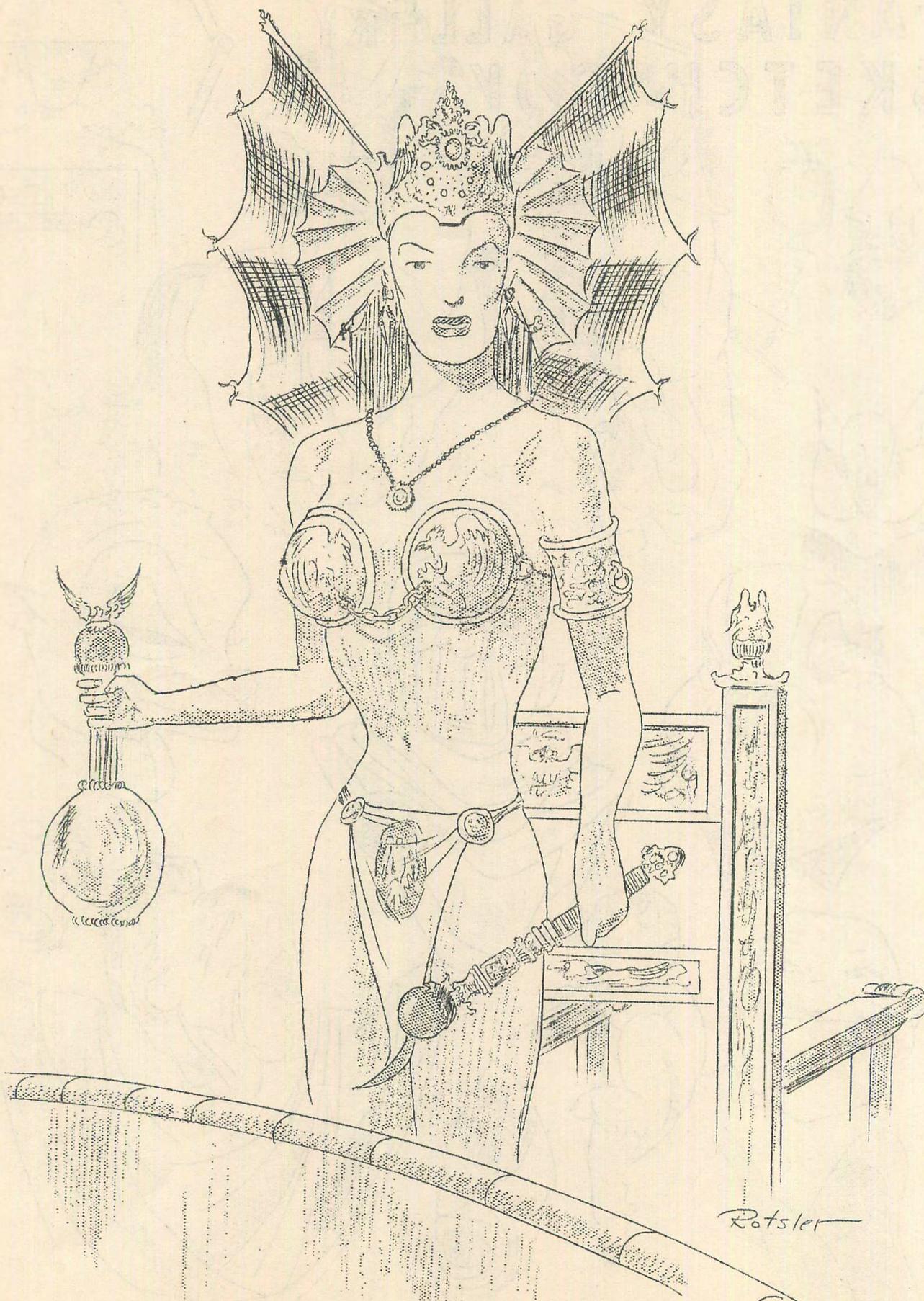
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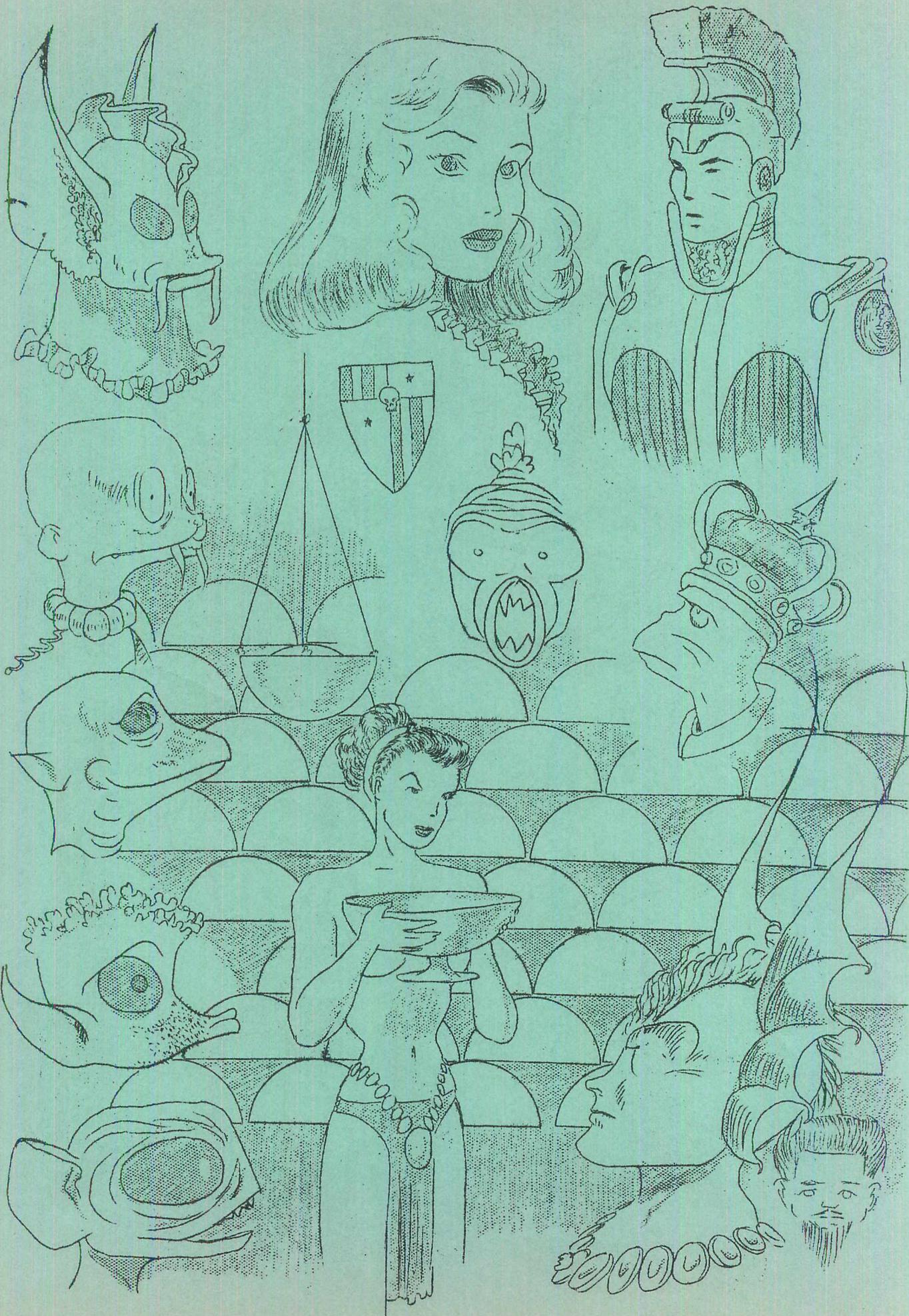
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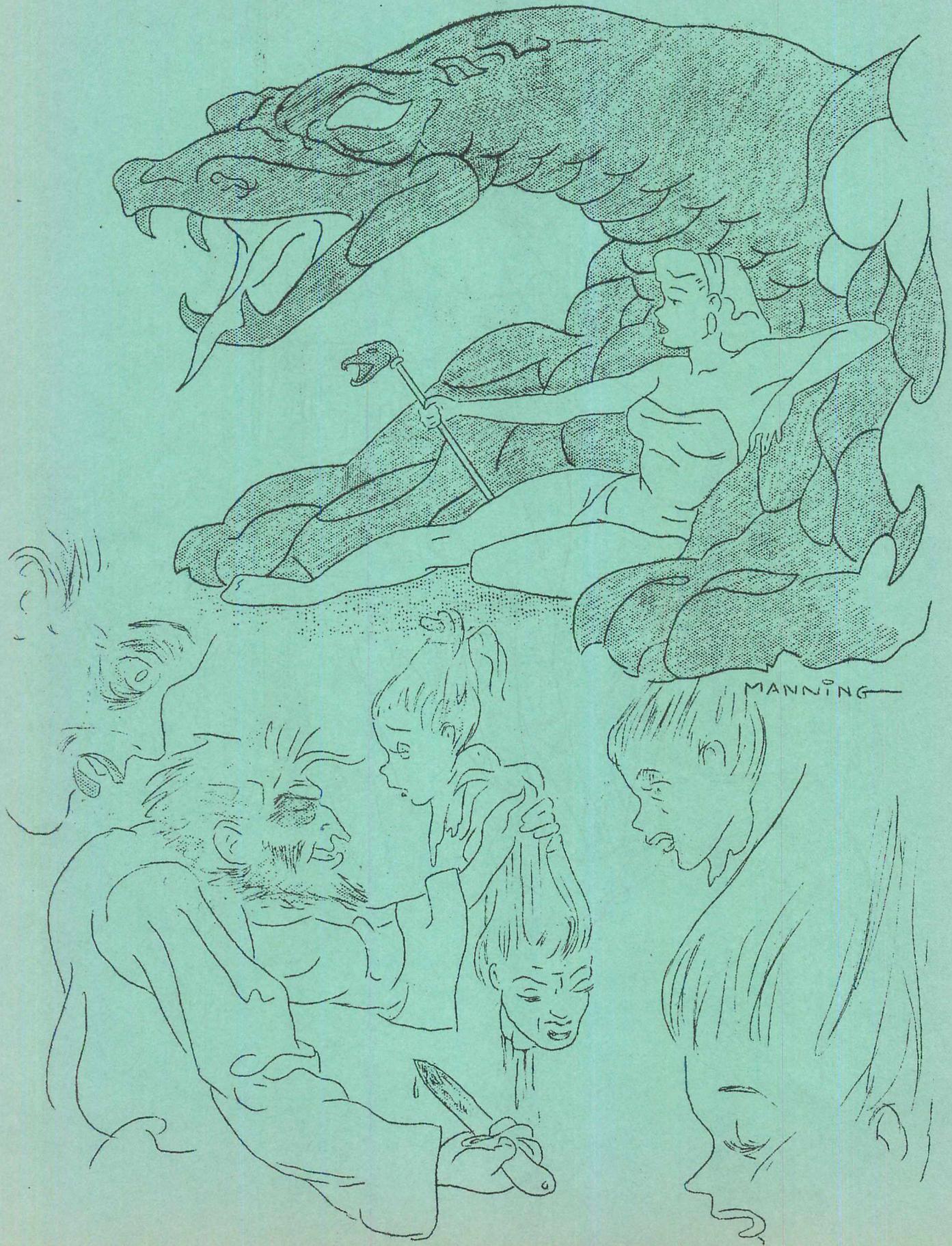
ROTSLER



Rotsler



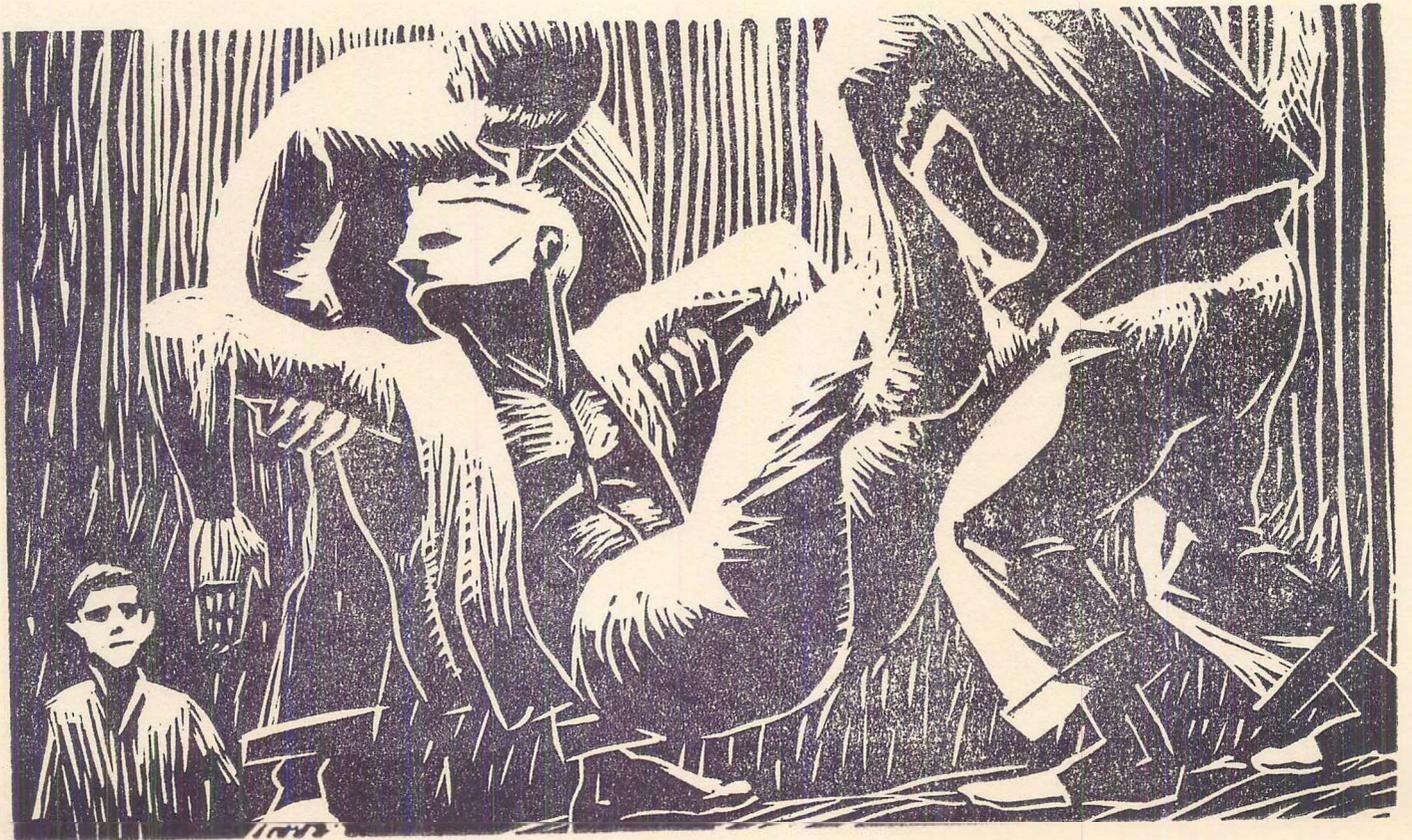
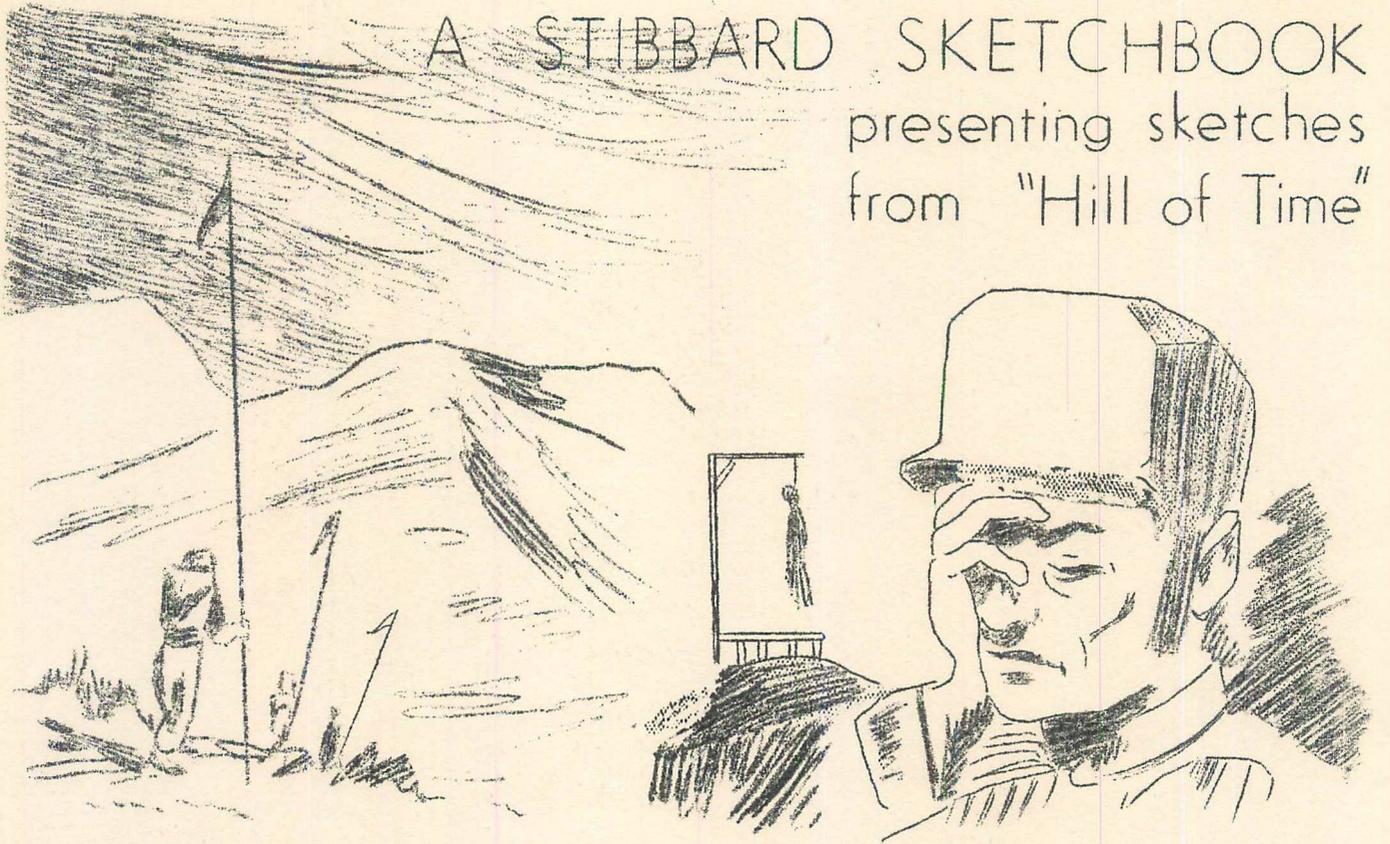
A MANNING SKETCHBOOK

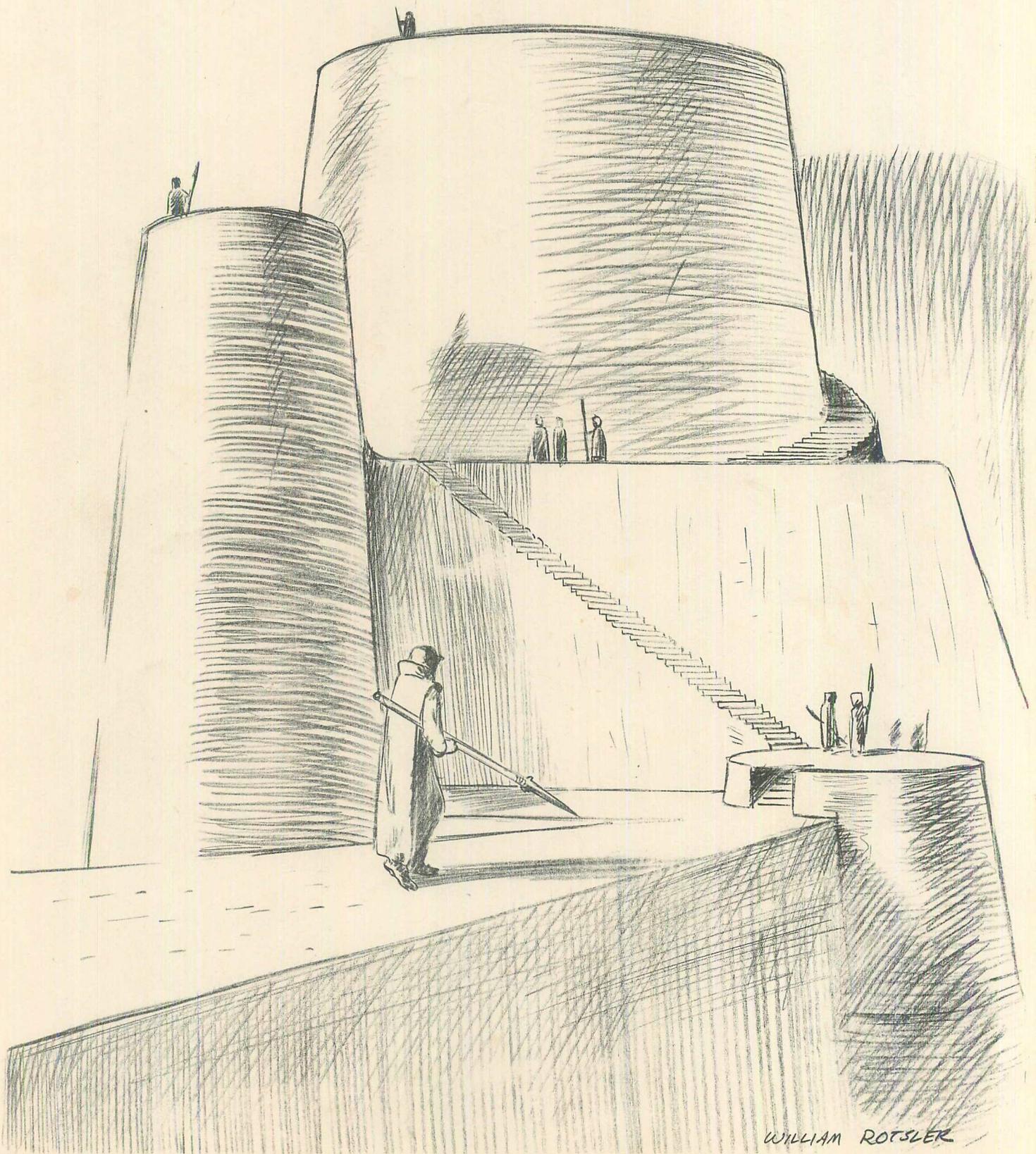




A STIBBARD SKETCHBOOK

presenting sketches
from "Hill of Time"





WILLIAM ROTSLER