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An insert of reprinted material from fanzines of the past. This issue intended for inclusion in HYPHEN #15.

An all Burbee issue.

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EXCERPTS FROM BURBEE EDITORIALS

Al Ashley told me last night that LA fandom was going to hell and he wasn't a bit surprised about it. Somebody told him, he said, that LA fandom would go to hell after the Pacificon, and by God, Al said, that's just what it's doing.

Well, I said, you may be right.

I know I'm right, he said. It came over me in a flash. I was playing a game of

experimental chess the other night and using my other brain for random thoughts and it came to me like a flash. LA fandom is -- why the whole bunch of guys that used to collect books have become book collectors and while this does not shock me it does not surprise me either because I had my suspicions of this long ago. There was my other brain, the one with the high I.Q., ruminating on this subject and that, and all of a sudden it struck me like a bolt from the blue.

These so-called fans are not interested in fandom any more, Al said. They are taken up with such mundane things as sex and beer and vodka and chess and other stupid things and thoughts of stencil-cutting never enter their heads. They're all going to hell, in short. The same thing might be said for the whole of LA fandom. It's all going to hell. And somebody told me it would, right after the Pacificon.

You agree with him? I asked.

Well, he said, I looked at it from all angles. I abjure the use of psychology in all my thought processes, you know. I looked at it from all angles without the use of psychology and I came to that conclusion.

That was with your other brain, I said.

Yes, my #2 brain, that is. And then to make sure I called in my #1 brain and had a consultation, and the consensus is that LA fandom is going to hell.

Don't you think it rather significant that all your friends are female impersonators?

E. E. Evans is our new director. We voted him in the other night. Gus Wilmoth and Tigrina were on the ticket, too, but Evans won.

We sat there in the clubroom and the Xmas party was going on, and I turned to Elmer Perdue who sat there beside me on the inverted crud box and I said this is what the club has needed all this time, Meyer. A strong man with a strong back.

What about the mind? asked Elmer.

Let the mind go, I said.

We need a man like Evans, I said. A man who gets an idea a minute must of necessity get a good idea once in a while if the laws of chance are still in force.

Elmer looked up again from EXILE OF THE SKIES which he was re-reading for the fourth time and listened to me politely.

It is a fine thing, I said. We haven't had a good director since Kepner was director. Those were wonderful days, Meyer, I said. Every meeting was a thing of vital interest and divertissement. Each meeting had a program worth coming in from South Gate to see. They had spirit and verve and lift and -- what is the word I want?

"Sure I'm a good analyst, -- look at my sword cane."

Zip, said Elmer.

Yes zip. The meetings had zip then. They were tops. They reached an all-time high.

That was before my time, said Elmer.

Mine too, I said.

Look at the series of directors we've had since then, I said. Fine people all, Meyer. But they lacked that certain-- what is the word I want?

Zip, said Elmer.

Yes, zip. They all lacked zip.

Well, Meyer, said Elmer, do you think this character Evans has zip?

Well, no, Meyer, I said. He hasn't got zip.

But, I said, I think he'll be good for the club.

You're glad he's in, then, Meyer, said Elmer.

Yes, Meyer, I am, I said.

I suppose, Meyer, said Elmer, that in the months to come you'll be glad you voted for him?

Oh, I said, I didn't vote for him, Meyer. I voted for Gus Wilmoth.

This is God speaking.

...I've used up so much space now that I can't reveal Al Ashley's plans for surviving the Bomb, Atom, M-1.

How, in such a limited space, could I tell of his plans for ruling as an absolute monarch (beloved by all) over a group of hardy people in which the women outnumber the men 7-1? And how could I describe the Ashley Plan for Beating Off Well-Organized Attacks? And where would I find room for the Ashley Plan for Outmanoeuvring in an Indirect Manner Political Aspirants to the Place of Power? There is no room for this revelatory material. It is a pity, in a way, not being able to sketch out one of the finest pieces of mental engineering Ashley has ever turned out. It is the Ashley Program for Diverting a Sufficient Supply of Water and Power to Slan Center. Pity. I could go into detail on things like the Ashley Plan for Repopulating Devastated Districts, but come to think of it, you may be able to figure out that one yourself.

Most people are dull eyes, but some of us are bright eyes.

....Perdue came on. Said the April FAPA mailing would be late because he was getting married April 6, and I said that if he was going to let his honeymoon interfere with fan activity he should have his honeymoon now and get married April 6 as per schedule. He grew thoughtful and I suppose he is considering it. ((From SHANGRI L'AFFAIRES #32, Sept '46: #34, Dec '46: #35, March '47:#38 Dec 47))

My biggest regret is that I am physiologically incapable of being a lesbian.

THE DEEPER SIGNIFICANCE OF SCIENCE-FICTION

by

F. Towner Laney

(from WILD HAIR #3 Feb '49)

Here in our midst is one of the leading authors of science fiction of our time-- Roger P. Graham ((Rog Phillips)), who has written and sold more science fiction than most fans have read.

"Roger," I said, "what is the deeper significance of science fiction?"

"Science fiction," he said pensively, "is an escape used by escapists who are trying to escape from what they have escaped to."

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