

ROSLER

BURBLINGS combined with
FANTASY AMATEUR #1

BURLINGS COMBINED WITH THE FANTASY AMATEUR #1 is the ill-considered magazine of Charles Burbee, published at 1057 S Normandie Ave., Los Angeles 6, California, in January 1949. Distributed as a post-pre-mailing to FAPA members. I have not yet decided what mailing this belongs to; you'll have to make that decision for yourself or as your files demand. I thought I said last issue of Burlings that I was suspending Burlings. As a matter of fact, I have suspended Burlings. This is a brand new title I've got here. The original title was to have been Moratorium. I have written permission from the Official Editor, FTLaney, to use the title "Fantasy Amateur" in this instance. If you don't believe me and wish to check this story, write Laney about it. He guarantees to answer all letters of protest. Verbally, that is. So if you live out of earshot of Alhambra (a 500-mile radius in this case) don't bother to write Laney because you won't hear his reply. Which, come to think of it, is just as well, because Laney is the dirtiest-talking man I have ever known.

I had no intantion of publishing till November 1949. But along came a special one-shot, one-issue, one-copy magazine titled EGOBOO EXTRAORDINARY.

Many of you know about this magazine. For the benefit of those who don't I'll explain a little. Jack Speer thought it all up. On his way home from the Philcon he came by my house one afternoon, shot the breeze a while, and left, after snapping a pic of me leaning (and looking for all the world like a fairy) against the door of his car.

He got this photo enlarged--it's in color--and sent it around FAPA with a letter accompanying which went in part like this;

DON'T LET THIS TRACK DIE!

The enclosed article is going around the United States, I hope.... etc.

It was dated patriotically July 4.

The idea was to get nearly everybody in FAPA to sign it. On the inside front cover was a large-lettered heading: WE LOVE BURBEE. He got the mailings out on time. A lot of guys signed it: Jack Speer, Walter A Coslet, Redd Boggs, Bob Stein (plus doodle), Beak Taylor, Harold W Cheney Jr., Ed Cox, Boff Perry, Paul Spencer, Virginia Blish, Sam Moskowitz, Joe Schaumburger (doodle), Joe Kennedy, Milt Rothman, Harry Warner Jr., Andy Lyon, DBThompson, Stanley Mullen, Chuck Hansen, Art Widner, F Towner Laney, Don Wilson, Howard Miller, Rick Sneary, Stan Woolston,

Con Pederson, Len Morfett, Gus Willmorth, Forrest J Ackerman and EEVans.

After the word LOVE in the heading was an asterisk, which referred to a note written by Ackerman: "This is purely platonic and with reservations on the part of". EEVans remarked parenthetically: "Choose your own dirty connotations---you will anyway." (In reply I sent him a Christmas card).

At the bottom of the page was: "Due to limitations of time, the above is only a partial list of Mr Burbee's army of admirers."

So this magazine is a big thank-you letter to everybody concerned, even those who signed under duress.

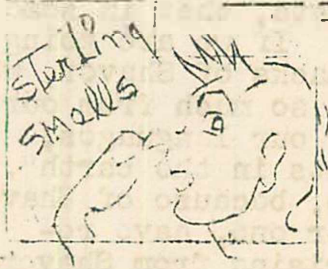
So, if you have any complainst about this mag or the material in it, consider yourselves to blame; I had no intantion of publishing, as I said, so the very existence of this so-called magazine is directly traceable to you and you and you.

You say nice things about me and I publish a magazine an account of it. That was the only thing that got me out of my publishing torpor. I hope none of you regret this.

CONTRIBUTORS' CORNER

My three contributors this time cut their own stencils. For this, and for their kindness in supply me with good material to fill out the mag, I thank you, Nuttall, Rotsler, Laney.

FROM REFERENT TO "LABELING" TO GOSTAK TO DOUSERS



Quote: "Dear Editors: Without a doubt, the story Referent, by Brett Sterling, in the October issue of TWS, is the best damn story in the whole book. This is Sterling's best to date. More!

Ray Bradbury" Unquote

This subtle bit of horseplay in the letter column of the Feb. '49 TWS is just one of the tinderboxes that justify the scanning of said columns. This was really a peacheroo.

For, in the story referred to, a Sterling author reduces semantics to the lowest possible denominator, sheer symbolism--by going on the premise that the "labeling" of an unknown mass by a known name caused it to assume the physical properties of that "label".

That a "labeling" happened to the very story describing the process is the height of ironic humor. The old poets may have assumed that "a rose by any name would smell as sweet"---but what about the fabulous Bradbury under the house-name of Sterling? Quite a different story, by reader-reaction. A few acclaimed it; some didn't catch; and some sterling letter-hacks just plain didn't care for the Sterling rose. How different would the reaction have gone had the tale come out under Bradbury's name?

Seriously, labeling is dangerous when quality material suffers from lack of recognition because of the label. This happens around us more than we can possibly realize. Mostly because we lack time; and it does take time to be selective; so we have to depend a lot on labels. Yet, when a false label is tacked on something and accepted as true, there's where we are being deluded.

Take the case of Bratton's post-mailed summer Gostak, for instance. He offers a little item called Crackpots on a Pogo-Stick, wherein, by some weird form of deduction, he concluded that Tremaine "has joined Raymond A. Palmer in jumping off the deep end!" Whereupon Rothman, who apparently hasn't read the Tremaine article, WORLD ON A POGO-STICK, accepts Bratton's "labeling", because under Tremaine's editorship he ushered in a period of "vaste concepts" lacking what Rothman deemed sufficient stf-basing.

I disagree thoroughly with Bratton's opinion. His criticisms are biased and therefore basically unsound. I quote: "Nor is the influence of Ziff Davis's Shaverism lacking. Witness Tremaine's statement, 'Please note that the word generation could easily be spelled as gene-ration, and the word genius could easily have been developed as gene-ius.' I'd hate to stretch a point here, but it is suggestive."

I fear you did stretch a point, Bratton--too far. You neglect the fact that there were reliable and very authentic scientists studying on the origin of the languages long before Mr. Shaver dehydrated it into deros. You credit Shaver with far too much originality. He merely borrowed those studies and added a few derogatory ideas of his own onto the tremendously important research of serious and intellectual students of lingual root-systems.

Connecting such valuable basic theories with Shaverism only goes to show what extent of reach Shaver exerted. If we will admit it, we will find that he so closely tied his obnoxious writings in with known legends, myths, and valid scientific data, that in some places it is hard to find the borderline between. If we are going to have our stomachs turned by everything that smacks of Shaver, we might as well give up and go crazy now. He stole so much from our ancestral traditions. Not only the root-forms of our languages; but also our previously accepted legends of "giants in the earth". Shall we speak no more of hidden caves, then, too, because of Shaver? This is only a wee part of the steal. I, for one, have rebelled, and disown the unpleasant associations arising from Shaverism, and Ziff Davisism. It makes them far too influential in our thoughts to allow them such leeway. I refuse to allow my imagination to become stunted because they jinxed caves and horrified the myths of the Elder Gods. I still like caves, darn it!

And now for some of your other assertions, Bratton. Incidentally, since you mention lobotomy, I might mention you are rather behind in your data. Both prefrontal lobotomy and topsectomy have been outmoded by the more recent needle-operation called thalamotomy. In this latest method, the electric needle sears the connection between the thalamus and the frontal lobes; blocking the nerve pathways between the two parts. The drawback on both older operations was the extent of damage done to brain tissue; sometimes producing childishness, lack of responsibility, and even epileptic fits. The effectiveness of said operation is easily explained, contrary to your statement that "Tremaine would be hard put to explain the effectiveness of frontal lobotomies."

Following Tremaine's analogy of the 20-mule team--If a few of the mules refused to pull right, this operation merely cuts the traces connecting them to the rest of the team--which still pulls! It is generally surmised that the frontal lobes store memories; and according to psychiatry, it is usually childhood events that come back to cause trouble in later life. How you dare state that Tremaine bases his statements upon either "mysticism" or Rosicrucianism completely baffles me, since he follows directly the latest finding of mental specialists. In fact--you are following your "Talent" in keeping with his findings by your FAPA activity. Me, too. But I know a guy who has no outlet--and he is as near a mental-case as I'd care to see, from his very frustrations.

Warning! This ends the serious part of this discussion. All you out-and-out scorners of the curiosities---you correct-scientific-procedureurs---had better retire to a handy test-tube. This is a direct defiance of the taboo labelled "superstition". Here I confess I have rather a predilection for some of the things you might label "crackpotism". Must be the Irish in me.

For instance, there's the old and oft-"Ziffed" feat of water-dousing. An insane process, surely, to the scientifically minded. Yet I happen to be brought up nigh the subject, and proximity is half of believing. Anyhow, I rather like this yarn my dad (a D. in W. sceptic) tells. It bears repeating, just for the devil of it.

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Dad was a forest ranger, (now retired) and saw service first in New Mexico and then in southern Arizona. During this period, his ranges went through some severe droughts. In one of the worst dry seasons recorded, there was such a water shortage that the range stock was dying off like flies. The cattlemen drove their herds incredible distances, sometimes, in order to save them.

In that area, one of the last remaining water supplies belonged to an old fellow named Dave Thompson. He was a stubborn critter; very belligerent towards the ranchers. He claimed they were using up his reserve supply, depleting him, and that it was completely unnecessary---because if they had listened to him, or would still listen, and put in a little effort, they could have all the water they needed in just the same way he had gotten his.

So you've guessed; the old guy was a douser, or water-witch, as they called them down home. He had located the adequate supply of water on his land with a forked peach-stick. More than that, he had ridden or hiked over the vicinity and knew where a good many underground waters lay hidden. Ranchers in that section had hired geologists, and spent a lot of money drilling wells that went down and on down into bedrock without success. They were leary of more expense---and especially of dousters.

Finally, as a last extreme, a bunch of the least hard-headed of them agreed to go in on a project together. Some would supply the equipment, and all pitch in on labor, to dig in just one spot Thompson had indicated. Make him either a liar or a prophet!

It is an anti-climax to state they got their water; sufficient to reward their labors--and to start about ten other smart ranchers digging where indicated. Thompson never missed once! He saved the day with his crack-pot theory that a man can feel through the vibrations of a forked stick the underground attraction of life-giving H_2O . It really happened, crazy as it sounds. And for those who demand a scientific verification, there was a very illuminating article in Life this fall, showing a cardiograph test on a douser. The graph records a conclusive jumping; high ups-and-downs, in contrast with normal heart-beat--beginning as the douser felt the vibrations proclaiming underground water below him.

Some unorthodox speculations on my own hook led me to some interesting ideas. I offer the notion that sensitive humans just luckily hit on another of old Mother Nature's wonderful provisions for continuation of plant species.

Look at it this way: a nurseryman cuts off a section of tree; sticks it in sand; the section roots, and begins a new tree. Okay, so nature does the same thing. Only, not having the sand and water easily available, provides the branch with an instinct to hunt water--a magnetic attraction, so to say, so that when storms blow the branches can roll unerringly towards the nearest spot that can furnish them moisture to root, and begin a new growth. Doesn't this follow logic?

If such speculations about life's mysteries is what Bratton calls the "deep end"--the farther I can jump and yet consider logical, the better it suits me. I like the open-minded approach.

Marijano

STIBBARD THE GAY

by

CHARLES BURBEE



"Make me dashing, romantic and gay," said Stanley Stibbard.

I said that this was beyond the power of a mortal such as I, and I am a mortal even if I am a fan.

"I cannot work miracles," I said.

"But if you're going to write an article on me I insist that you make me dashing, handsome and gay," said Stibbard.

Stibbard is a colleague of Rotsler, as you may know. They go to art school together. He is not a fan. He is crazy about Albert and Pogo, though, so I will talk to him even if he isn't a fan. Rotsler can sometimes induce Stibbard to draw fantastic pictures, and these Willie latches onto quickly, for Stibbard being a true artistic soul, is wont to destroy his marvelous sketches as rapidly as he draws them. It is impossible to say how many sketches, each featuring his characteristic economy of line, he has channeled onto paper, only to liquidate a moment later.

But I must make him dashing and gay and romantic. I can't really do it, of course, but maybe I can cause you to carry away with you the impression that Stibbard is all these things. If mere saying it here on paper will do it, I will say it here on paper. Stibbard is a dashing lad, romantic, handsome, and gay. As a matter of fact, he looks a hell of a lot like Steve Canyon. Especially when he wears that leather flier's jacket. With his crew haircut and downward slanting eyes--wup!--he does cut a swashbuckling figure at that. One expects to see either the flash of a rapier or the ugly snout of a Colt 45 somewhere about him. He smells impressively of doublemint chewing gum and Cuban tobacco and damp wool (this last from the flier's jacket which he wears everywhere except to bed and breakfast).

By now I hope you have a firm grip on the illusion of Stibbard that I have striven so manfully to build up.

As a matter of fact, it is not about Stibbard the gay that I wish to write. It is about Stibbard the obsessed, Stibbard who acts as though under a geas, Stibbard who has one supreme desire, Stibbard who will never be completely happy even in his sheep's-wool-lined flier's jacket until he has realized his paramount passion---"I want to fall downstairs," says Stibbard.

Or, more accurately, Stibbard wishes to master the prattfall. He wants to be able to fall instantly on anything, down anything, amid great crashings and thumpings and scatterings of books, pencils, papers and other impedimenta---always with an awestruck throng gazing on in horror. Then he wishes to rise unhurt, make some snappy remark which he thinks will occur to him during his spectacular descent, and make an unforgettable exit.

He and Rotsler were over the other night. Or maybe I was over at their place, a Bohemian (or is that word de trop now) lil place near the LA art center. They made a wonderful audience as I demonstrated the various thrusts, parries, lunges,

rapostes, etc., of the art of fencing, at which I am adept. Change that to "used to be fairly good at"---after all, somebody in my reading audience might challenge me to a bout and show me up for a lying bastard. Anyhow, there I was in that seemingly awkward position (my leg was sore for two days afterward) and Stibbard (famed for dashing romanticism) and Rotsler (publisher of BIG NAME FAN) looked on in glee and well-simulated fascination. "I've never seen you move so fast," said Rotsler. All in all, they made an excellent audience.

So it was only natural that I act as audience (along with the unwilling Willie) when Stibbard rose from his chair in the heights of his passion as he described the crashing prattfalls he had planned. I was a good audience. I couldn't help it. I was fascinated, held in thrall, as he rose from his chair and shouted something like this: "And so I would say, 'Thank you, Mr President,' bow, and turn and take a big step, and down the marble steps I would go, with all my books and papers flying about and the crowd shouting 'My God! He'll be killed!'. And down I go, to the bottom. I get up, dust myself off, shake my fist at him and shouting 'God damn you, Harry!' I storm from the room, leaving everybody in utter consternation."

"He wants to do prattfalls," said Rotsler.

"He likes them elaborate," I said.

"Or another one," said Stibbard. "Here I am in a crowded theater. I'm at the top of the stairs leading to the balcony. The stairs are crowded. At the very top I shout 'I'm a goner!' and down I go crashing through the mob, knocking everybody down like ninepins, howling and shrieking and copping feels on the way. At the bottom I shout 'I'll sue for a million!' and stomp out."

"Without seeing the picture?" I asked.

"I've already seen the picture," he said.

"Good?"

"A stinker. Saw it twice to make sure."

"People might get hurt in that fall."

"No they won't. The stairs are carpeted."

"Oh," I said.

"Of course, the simpler kind of prattfall would be good for art school. Here I come in--I'm late, and the room is already full. I come charging in, suddenly slam on the brakes and skid---" he took a stiff crouch, head back, wild grin on his face, eyes dilated, "---across the whole damned room, sweeping chairs, easels with work on them, people, everything, till I crash up against the opposite wall."

"And what's your punch line there?" I said.

"I haven't figured one out yet. It'll be something good."

"You've figured out the fall, though, and that's what counts."

"Right," said Stibbard.

SOME NOTES ON FANZINE FILING



by
F. TOWNER LANEY

"These postmailings should be banned, because they are messing up my files," seems to be a complaint held by several Faps. Last mailing, I waxed sarcastic over this. For a time I felt quite smug at the thought of the snotty remarks I had slipped into my report as OE, but then it occurred to me that I should be more constructive about it. "You big oaf," I thought, "Just because you can file your fanzines so well that it never takes you more than four hours to find a given item you are forgetting that some of these guys probably don't know the first thing about filing systems generally."

So as a penance for my uncooperative attitude of a few weeks ago, here goes a stab at a very elementary treatise on the filing of fanzines. I guess I'll have to keep it elementary, so as not to transcend my own limited knowledge of the subject. Filing, surprisingly enough, is a fairly abstruse subject. A really adequate system of filing and cross-references--such as is used in large businesses--not only takes a great deal of careful planning in its setting up but requires no little skill in the utilization.

The first thing to consider is what our classification is expected to do. Do we want to be able to find anything by a given writer regardless of where it appears? (This of course would require some indexing as well as mere filing.) How important is it to us to find any given item immediately? Obviously, it is easy to get a more elaborate system than we really need. What mnemonic or other devices do we customarily use to orientate ourselves with our fanzines? Do we think of them in terms of who published them? As magazine titles? In reference to the approximate date of their appearance? And so on.

It so happens that I have a titanic fanzine collection--one I like to think of as being among the four or five most complete in captivity. Not only does it contain all the stuff I have received in seven years connection with the field, but it includes the collection of the late Paul Freehafer. And I have taken some pains to complete it, both through swapping and outright purchase--so from 1930 through 1946 the run is at least 85% complete in all items, including throwaways and other ephemeral leaves, and probably 95% complete in the major titles.

I refer to my old fanzines a good deal, sometimes looking up a reference for use in needling someone; sometimes rereading my own stuff (?:); but most often just taking out a file at random and browsing through it. So I have set up a more elaborate system than many collectors would need. The underlying purpose was to fix it so I could find any major item in a matter of minutes, and any minor item in half an hour. (Unfortunately, it has not worked out this well in practise.)

Back to the generalities of fanzine filing.

Suppose we file all fanzines alphabetically by titles. This works fine for most of the major fanzines, but there are a number of disadvantages. One of the biggest troubles is the unbelievably large number of single sheeters and other one-shots,

which choke the files out of all proportion to their importance if we assign a file folder to each one. There are also a number of these which are untitled, being open letters of one sort and another. Many editors change the title of their magazine every time they turn around such as Coslet, whose last three consecutive issues have been titled SNIX, GALACTIC ISLAND, and THE WABBLER. And of course there are editors like Speer, who for much of his time kept two titles going simultaneously--SUSTAINING PROGRAM and MATTERS OF OPINION--and frosted the cake with an occasional FULL LENGTH ARTICLES. And there are a few title duplications, such as DAWN.

Most of these difficulties can be obviated by filing all fanzines alphabetically by editor. Thus, if we have a folder labelled "Coslet", Walter can change his title with every page if he so desires, and it will not bother us one bit. And most of the ephemeral junk will turn out to have been produced by someone for whom we already have a folder. But this thing of filing by editors has a set of drawbacks all its own. In the first place, some fanzines are published by a team or partnership. SWEETNESS AND LIGHT, for example, had six co-editors. And many fanzines have changed hands from time to time. An extreme example of this is SHANGRI L'AFFAIRES, which was edited at various times by Hornig, Willmorth, Daugherty, Joquel, Bronson, Burbee, and Hewitt, among others. And filing SHAGGY under LASES doesn't help either, since SHANGRI LA at one time was Daugherty's private fanzine.

To complicate matters further, some FAPA members like to keep their mailings together. Tucker in fact used to bind each mailing into a book. The only obvious advantage to this practise is that it does make it possible to go back and dig out an entire FAPA-wide discussion without going through the entire file and still probably missing something. And maybe you want to dig out some of these old bull-fests, who knows? But the drawbacks are many. In the first place, it is not always easy to say if a postmailed item belongs in one mailing or another, though the present administration has attempted to keep this straight for you. And worse than this, filing by mailings requires either an eidetic memory or an elaborate index if one is to find any given issue of a given magazine. There is also the fact that general fanzines have ended up as FAPazines (LIGHT, FAN SLANTS) and FAPazines have ended up as general circulation items (FANTASY COMMENTATOR).

Another factor that might or might not affect one's filing is the differentiation between periodicals and titles. The fan press has produced a large number of titles, in the sense of books or pamphlets, and some of these are tremendously difficult to fit in with the fanzine file, regardless of what system is used--being either so difficult to remember by title that they'll be lost if filed that way, or else published by a group.

I hope that by now, with all this maundering around, the crux of the fanzine filing problem has made itself clear. There is no perfect, or even approximately perfect system. And in order to dodge the drawbacks of whatever system one is using, it is necessary both to combine various methods and to make quite arbitrary rulings. It is ridiculous to fret about the proper way to file a given item. If it is stowed so you can lay hands on it at a moment's notice, it is correctly filed, regardless of where you have classified it. So this means that the arbitrary decisions should be reasonably consistent.

In my own filing, I've taken the lazy man's out most of the time. If an item files best under its title, I've filed it that way. If I think of it

think of a magazine by title, that's the way it is--but if I think of it more in terms of its editor it will be under his name. I have weeded out non-periodicals and made a separate stack of them, though I'll cheerfully admit that I might just as well have filed them with the magazines. And of course I make no effort to keep any one mailing together. To my mind the disadvantages of this system so far outweigh any possible advantages that I've never even considered it seriously.

And irrespective of what sort of filing system you will set up, you are probably going to have to establish some catch-all classifications. Otherwise you are going to keep stumbling over items that will either break down your system or will result in wasting a file folder on something unworthy of it. I have one folder labelled "convention crap" and another labelled "Futurian crap". These two solved 80% of my filing difficulties--conventions being notorious for the production of give-away items of slight worth often published by some character who never published anything else, and the Futurians, back in their days of activity, pouring out a veritable torrent of leaflets and other one shot titles. For the stuff which represents the ephemeral publishers, I set up special sections a-b-c-d, e-f-g-h, i-j-k-l-m, n-o-p-q-r, and s-t-u-v-w-x-y-z. I file this stuff by publisher's name, and occasionally, when someone finally becomes active, I have to jerk his stuff out and put it in the main file. And there are a very few supplementary folders: "Laney Misc", "Burbee Misc.", to name a couple.

About the only time my system really breaks down is when I can't remember how I filed a given item. And even then, the worst that happens is that I have to look three places--alphabetically by title, by editor, or in the miscellaneous section in the back of the file.

One of the chief secrets of fanzine filing success is to file everything as soon as received and read. Coming from me, this is swell advice; I just put a tape on my stack of unfiled fanzines and at the moment it is just under 28" thick!

It occurs to me that perhaps I should mention what I have my fanzines in. I use a standard, letter-size filing case, four drawers high, stuck away in the closet of our spare bedroom. I've overflowed it so badly that there are also two boxes of stuff, also filed vertically. You don't need a filing case--any strong boxes the right size are fine. And I use standard file folders for the thinner runs, home-made cardboard separators for the thick ones.

If you who are reading this does not file his fanzines, and yet intends to keep them for future reference, I'd like to urge you to consider seriously the establishment of a filing system of your own. It is fun to set it up, and it certainly adds to the satisfaction one can get from his fanzines.

WALTER J DAUGHERTY called ME.

ON THE PHONE

LAST NIGHT — SAYS

Francis T. LANEY

The wheel has come full-circle; the pendulum has swung back--- and Walter J. Daugherty is once again sole owner and operator of the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society.

He told me so when he called me on the phone last night.

In fact, he spent 40 minutes telling me about it. In spending the 40 minutes telling me of this, he also spent something like \$1.25 in extra toll charges, since he was talking long distance from LA to Alhambra.

For some inexplicable reason, he seemed to want to justify himself, as though accounting to me for his stewardship of the LASFS.

I don't understand any of it. I don't understand why Walter J. Daugherty would want to be sole owner and operator of the LASFS. I don't understand why even the LASFS would want to be owned body and soul and operated hand and heart by Walter J. Daugherty. And while I am flattered that he should account to me in such detail, I cannot understand why he should think of me as his suzerain; why he should think of himself as my helot.

Why it is just as though Adolph Hitler had rendered detailed reports to the exiled Kaiser Wilhelm II.

Anyway, it seems as though Walter J. Daugherty wanted some lettering guides in a hurry, and he had been told that I had in my possession the ex-LASFS set thereof.

No, I didn't have them. No, I didn't know who had them. Yes, I had seen them. No, not recently. Yes, I was willing to give him the names and addresses of everyone who had been at the Wild Hair session in December 1947.

And then Walter J. Daugherty lost sight of the purported objective of his phone call.

The LASFS, said Walter J. Daugherty, is the best it has ever been since 1938 or maybe 1937. For all practical purposes it is meeting twice a week now, what with the regular weekly meetings on Thursday nights and the regular Tuesday sessions--the van Vogt Lectures, dealing with "Orientation through Science", or something abstruse like that. And all these meetings are attended by 22 or 23 individuals---"a majority of whom, uh, well at least over 50%" (that's a direct quote, son) are big name pro authors who have actually sold something they have written or Bradbury has written for them. Of the names he named, I recognised only three

homosexuals, but then only five or six of the current LASFS crop were known to me, so it looks as though the club were still in that good groove. And these meetings are really good--all these people are serious constructive fans and they spend 30% of their time with fantasy and weird and 30% with science and 40% with science-fiction, or some similar proportion. And everything is on a high intellectual plane too; why Daugherty enjoys it more than even his dancing club--he said so in so many ~~gunk~~ words. And they make speeches to one another about the new books and isn't Palmer a so-and-so and semantics and why isn't there more money in the club treasury and the atomic bomb and how to ~~think~~ think and who in hell spilled that mimeograph ink on my nice clean floor and when is the new Astounding coming out and everybody likes everybody else and it is all just too, too intellectual.

"Gawd," I said, "that sounds dull."

"No, no! We are all serious and intellectual and we are above childish quarrelling."

It developed that Daugherty had had to expell only one member--the others who didn't like him left of their own accord, I gathered. "Two or three of us just surrounded Willard Thompson and told him we didn't want him around here any more," said Mr. D. "And he hasn't been back, either." In my polite way I refrained from the obvious comment that it was a pity that Daugherty should expell anyone so much like himself as Willard Thompson. After all, they are about the only two recent members of the LASFS whose interest in the group is strictly commercial: WT in selling books and WD in staging conventions and then not sending the money to the NFFF.

The lettering guides, it developed, were for the new Shangri La. Daugherty said he was sick of having a sloppy, light-weight magazine put out in a big edition of 250 copies most of which just lay around the club and weren't appreciated. The new Shangri La, of which WJD is editor--but just for one issue, mind you--will have four lithographs and even edges and impeccable layout and wonderful mimeography on 24 pound paper and it will not be distributed by hand even to club members but mailed flat so it won't be rumpled and so they can't lay their copy down in the club and then claim they never got it and he is going to keep track of every copy and know just where it goes because this is a wonderful magazine and it has already cost over \$50.00 just for this one issue and a lot of it is out of his own pocket and goshwowboyboy.

"It sounds so much like a bond issue that you ought to number every copy," I said in my sarcastic way.

"By God, that's a good idea," shouted Mr. Daugherty. "I'll do it. And I'll keep a register of each copy so at any time we can tell just where it went."

And the next issue is going to be edited by Everett Evans who is now a big name pro author and it is going to consist of nothing but professional rejects from all the big name pro authors in the club a this-is-my-best sort of thing from the stuff the boys couldn't sell. Oh boy, Laney, this is really going to be good.

And then they are going to have an anthology of everything the club ever published, and it is going to be edited by some guy named Hershey or maybe he is the one that is going to edit the fourth issue--I forget. Anyway, it is some newcomer to the club, and he is going to go up to Ackerman's flat and read the whole file of Shangri L'Affaires and Shangri La with Ackerman on one side and Daugherty on the other to keep him from reading

stuff that wouldn't be suitable.

"Gad, what blatant censorship," I remarked.

No, no, no, no! Nothing like that, but so much of that stuff isn't timely any more. (Two-bits will get you a buck that NO-THING by either Burbee or Laney will appear in this anthology. Two-bits will get you a buck also that the name of Charles Edward Burbee, the man who produced more issues of LASFS official organs than all others combined, will not appear anywhere in the anthology, and this despite the fact that the Burbee Shangri L'Affaires was at one time the #2 fanzine, even though it was a mere club organ.)

(I don't mean to imply that there will be some censorship. No. I mean to say in so many words that this anthology will be censored.)

And Mr. Daugherty went on and on. He never again wants to hold office in the LASFS--he just wants to be the landlord and make all the house rules and otherwise run the club to suit himself. His only objection to the club as it stands is that it does not own enough property--just some beat up chairs and magazines and publishing stuff--and that there is not enough money in the treasury. He said so in so many words.

And somewhere along about the 37th or 38th minute of this impassioned monologue which cost Walter J. over a dollar to relay to my aching ear over the phone, he made the priceless remark that "actually he isn't really interested in the club, that he is just an onlooker."

And I was really pleased to hear once again from my ex-sparring partner, even if he does take such a slight interest in the LASFS. It isn't every onlooker who will go to so much trouble and expense to keep us old-timers posted.

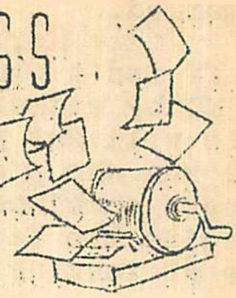
I still, in my modest way, think that Mr. Daugherty was hinting that I should ask to return to the fold. I'm glad he didn't ask me; it would have hurt me to have had to say no to such a nice fellow. And I would have said no, all right, because somehow his description, enthusiastic though it was, sounded to me like the same old psychopaths and queers and dime-store intellectuals sitting around making meaningless noises, vaguely like Al Ashley and Elmer Perdue trying to decide which one of them was God.

There are undoubtedly some nice people coming around too. It is too bad that things will work out as they will, that Ackerman's disapproving scowl and Everett's philosophising and Ashley's denture breath and Daugherty's big mouth will drive them away just like they've driven away everybody else.

But it was intriguing to learn from such an informed source--even though this source isn't really interested in the club--that the wheel has come full circle; the pendulum has swung back--and Walter J. Daugherty is once again sole owner and operator of the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society.

PLENTY MORE! If you are a collector of Daughertania, you can find all kinds of Daugherty anecdotes in AH, SWEET IDIOCY, the Fan Memoirs of F T Laney. This 130pp mimeographed magazine (or book) tells about a lot of stuff you'll never hear otherwise about fans, the pros, and particularly the LASFS. You can hardly believe your eyes! This is the giant fan production that has caused Laney to be voted worst fan of 1948. Get a copy! \$1.50, postpaid, from FTLaney, 816 Westboro Alhambra, California. Ackerman burned his copy!

THE FANTASY AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION CONSTITUTION



1. Function: The Fantasy Amateur Press Association operates in the general field of activity which has grown up around interest in fantasy fiction. The quarterly mailings distribute to its members material written or published by members.

2. Members: Not more than sixty-five persons can be members of FAPA at any one time.

Membership is open to anyone who can show as proof of his interest in fantasy amateur activity

either (a) contributions in the form of verse, drawing, fiction, or non-fiction writing, published in two fantasy amateur publications not produced in the same city area

or (b) position as editor or publisher, not merely nominal or trifling, of at least one issue of a fantasy amateur publication.

The credential must have been published within the year prior to acceptance of the application. When vacancies occur, the secretary calls on the applicants first on the waiting list to cite credentials and pay dues.

3. Renewals: To be eligible to renew his membership, a member must have published or had published in FAPA mailings or postpostings during the preceding year at least eight 8½"x11" pages or equivalent. The time limit for renewal is 45 days after the posting of the fourth mailing under his current membership.

4. Finances: To pay the FAPA's operating expenses, dues are one dollar per year, paid at time of admission or renewal of membership. Contributions are accepted and surplus stock is sold. If there are insufficient funds

to cover expense of the next mailing, the secretary-treasurer can announce equal assessments on all members, sufficient to pay for it, and members not complying will not receive that mailing.

5. Mailings: The official editor sends out identical bundles to all members immediately following the "second Saturday" in November, February, May and August. When individual members, or the official editor as an individual, send postpostings to all members, they are considered part of the mailing they were too late to go in.

Members are not obliged to distribute their fanzines, thru the FAPA, but all items included in the mailings are produced at the publisher's expense and are free to members, being considered exchanges. The publisher must send to the official editor at least sixty-eight copies of publications intended for the mailing. These publications may be printed, mimeographed, hektographed, photographed, or reproduced in any other way which gives a sufficient number of identical and legible copies. They must represent to a substantial extent the work of the member who has put them in the mailings. While some relation to fantasy is desirable, there is no restriction on the type of material included except lawfulness. The postage on postmailings is not to be paid by the treasury.

6. The following officers are elected,

(a) The president has general direction of the FAPA's affairs. He appoints members to fill vacated offices, and auxiliary officials for purposes not otherwise provided for. He has what power is necessary to deal

with situations not otherwise covered by the constitution.

(b) The vice-president succeeds to the presidency in case it is vacated. He also gives interpretations of the constitution after two or more sides of a controversy over construction have been presented.

(c) The secretary-treasurer receives membership applications and renewals. He keeps track of members' standing in regard to sustaining activity. Each quarter he sends the official editor a list of members' names and addresses, description of credentials, report of income and outgo, and other information within his department. Notices of candidacy for office being sent to him, he furnishes the official editor information for preparing the ballot. He keeps the FAPA's funds separate from his own in cash or deposit. At the end of his term the secretary-treasurer turns over the records and funds to his successor.

(d) The official editor is charged with assembling and posting the mailings. He publishes ballots and the quarterly official organ, The Fantasy Amateur, at FAPA expense. The official organ contains the reports of the various officials and other material at the official editor's discretion.

7. Elections: Elections are held by mail. Candidates whose names are to appear on the ballot file with the secretary-treasurer in writing. The ballots are included in the summer mailing.

All votes to be counted must be

in the counting committee's hands a month after the mailing is dispatched. This ballot counting committee notifies outgoing and incoming officers and all candidates, of the full results of the election within two weeks after the ballot deadline. A plurality is sufficient to elect.

Officers serve for one year. No person can be elected to the same office, except the official editorship, more than once in five years. The secretary-treasurer must be an adult.

8. Amendments: Amendments to this constitution must be proposed in writing, endorsed by four members. Copy with signatures is sent to the president, other copies to the other officers. The proposal in substance must be given in the official organ the mailing before it comes up for vote. Unless the president orders a special vote, amendments are voted on at the annual election. A majority of the members must vote on an amendment, and a majority of such voters must be favorable, for the amendment to be adopted.

9. By-Laws: By-laws may be adopted at any time by a majority of the members endorsing a copy of a proposal which has been sent to the entire membership. Such by-laws can expel members, remove officers, override officials' acts, suspend sections of this constitution, or do anything else within the sovereignty of the organization. On endorsement by 12 other members, a member's failure to meet sustaining-activity requirements will be waived on a particular occasion.

