

TANGENT

FAPA



# tangent

#1

FAPA 58

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Tangent is the Alpha-type FAPA mag published by Lee Hoffman, who sincerely hopes that this mag will live up to FAPA standards of quality, and will be the mag for which she searched through numerous titles and types of zine for over a year now. She hereby welcomes anyone in FAPA to submit material to this mag and assures one and all that they will see herein the writings of such FAPAns as Walter A. Willis, Vernon McCain and F.T. Laney, who have promised more-or-less regular columns for the mag. It is hoped that other FAPAns will avail themselves of all this free space to hold forth for their 8 or more.

This mag is published in a very limited edition of 75 copies, 68 of which go to FAPA, two to the publisher's files, and five to others who are suspected of having what might be known as a quadrical type personality\* (\*apologies to the OUTLANDERS). It will appear every quarter that there is material on hand.

Thanks are due to F.T. Laney and Charles Burbee who supplied their material in this issue on the stencil.

Lee Hoffman  
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Savannah, Ga.



# A LETTER FROM

MARION BRADLEY

Dear Lee,

Since everybody seems to be jumping on me simultaneously, I think it's only fair to explain my side of the mess and you are the first one who hasn't either defended or condemned me unheard. I know your views and mine differ; we are two radically different people, and have always had different ideas, but I hope we'll remain friends in spite of all this fracas, even if we find ourselves lined up on opposite sides of the fence.

I don't at all mind explaining my stand on the anti-Insurgent business, and I might as well say here that should you wish to quote, publish or pass on to someone else to quote, publish or copy any part of this letter, I'll stand back of every word I say and simply be glad of the chance to defend myself in public as well as in private. This is not a "personal" letter, but a sort of last-stand putting-forth of my side; since, having refused the half-presidency, I can't explain my stand anywhere else.

First; I like Art Rapp very much; I always have. I liked SPACEWARP, too, UNTIL --and that's a big UNTIL--he turned it over to Laney/Burbee; for their personal playground. You may remember that a good part of my stuff appeared therein, including the AMAZING \$50.00 prize story. Rapp and I used to correspond, and the correspondence kept up in a friendly fashion until it just drifted off because we had said most everything we had to say to each other. We never quarrelled or disputed on any subject that I can recall. I understand that there is a rumor going the rounds that I refused to serve as president out of pique or dislike of Rapp. The author of this rumor is a stupid liar, whoever he may be. When I discovered that Rapp was my opponent I wanted to withdraw from the election since I knew I had no chance of winning. Rapp is more popular than I, with good reason, he's a likeable guy, and I disliked to split his votes. However I decided to stay in just for the fun of having my name on the ballot. Egoboo, you might say. I didn't want to run for president in the first place; Redd Boggs talked me into it because I was the only femme in FAPA who stood a chance, Helen Wesson being too busy and the others either too new or too obscure. I had some name as a "BNF" and was draftproof. I figured "Oh well, why not." When the ruckus with Laney came up, I wanted, again, to withdraw from candidacy and told Redd Boggs so; he persuaded me to stay on the ballot, and promised all-out support.

The row with Laney had nothing to do with the presidential election until Laney dragged it in. If Laney had as much brains as he has profanity, he would have realized that Art Rapp was FAPA's choice; the late ballots proved that, since all the ballots that came in after the deadline were for Art. We weren't running an election for political power, simply one to see WHO the Fapa wanted for their President. Since more people wanted Rapp, Rapp should have had it. After I received Coswal's postmailing, I wrote out a card requesting him to cede all my votes to Rapp, withdraw my name from candidacy entirely. Before I could mail it, I received Laney's fuggheaded decision which struck me as a major piece of idiocy. I refused the half-presidency for one reason and one only; because by all sane methods of reasoning. Art Rapp had been elected FAPA president and he, alone, deserved to have the presidency. I caused the tie by voting for myself; if I'd voted for Rapp, I'd have broken the tie and we wouldn't have been in this mess.

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Burbee is another matter. Laney, too, for that matter. I have detested Charles Burbee as a person since I read his mean, libellous and thoroughly detestable attack on Elmer Perdue, back in 1947. You don't remember that; you're too young. It showed me that CB was simply a mean individual with no decency and no manners, and I wanted no part in him or his friends. Burbee was supposed to be Perdue's friend, you may as well know, and went over to his house to see why the FAPA mailing was late. Perdue happened to be drunk. So Burb wrote a highly libellous and scandalous account of E.P.'s drunken struggles with the mimeograph, etc., and Betty Perdue's slightly-drunken acts which, even if true, should never have been published. Now, to this day I don't know Elmer Perdue; but anyone who would write anything about that about a supposed friend and publish it in FAPA, is demonstrably not a nice person.

My dislike of Laney stems from about the same type of thing; his preoccupation with what is delicately called the rear end, his attacks of E.E. Evans, whom I know to be a nice man, his continual blistering accusations of homosexuality on the LASFS ...not that I'm a prude. I'm not; you know that from my writings. Sex never bothers me. Plain old-fashioned smut is something else. Even if the LASFS are homosexuals, my experience with such unhappy people is that they are more worthy of sympathy than derision.

I've never wanted to tangle with Laney; I go my way, he goes his, and we are happy in mutually ignoring one another. I know you like him. I have nothing against the man personally; I understand he is pleasant, well-spoken and kind to children and dogs. FAN DANGO scared me. I was afraid somebody would open it and throw the FAPA to the wolves. I didn't threaten him with the P.O. except as a sort of last resort if he ignored my plea to clean it up. Laney's very good at ignoring the important points of an issue and concentrating on minor implications; it's his study of semantics. I'm something of a semantic student myself but I refuse to use semantic tricks to catch people in. I simply suggested that if Laney insisted the material was printable, that we get a supposedly impartial post office inspector to act as referee in the dispute. After all, the P.O. knows neither me nor Laney; they're interested only in enforcing the regulation that no smut or obscenity passes through the mails.

Sure, I got mad at the way he responded. Who wouldn't? But I STILL have nothing personal against Laney; it's only his manner that sickens me. I was the angriest about the manner in which he reviewed MEZRAB: After all, our major readership is not of Laney's type. He wouldn't have complained, I suppose, if MEZRAB had been chuck-full of fannish feuds, convention reports, reviews of pulp magazines and nasty personalities. The only thing is that our readers would leave us in a body if we printed such stuff. Our readers aren't fans, don't go conventioning, don't usually read sf mags, and don't know the fan-personalities we might introduce. That is the great majority of our readers.

I have reason to grouse about Laney now; he's lied and made false implications to the effect that I was "censorship" in FAPA -- which I don't and never did -- he's lost me two friends I valued greatly by his lies, and has disgusted me with fandom and FAPA to such an extent that I'm about ready to withdraw from both.... because if fandom supports Laney, then fandom and I have nothing in common.

You are right in suggesting that I've always been anti-Insurgent in fandom, since I feel that if a person's main interest is beer-drinking, smut-chasing, personalities, etc, the place for them to do it is in their home town, not fling it in with fannish things. My interests in fandom are in the fiction which forms its base, in the backgrounds and scientific theories behind that fiction, in trying to write and sell it myself, in reading it, in discussing fantasy and science fiction with others of similar tastes. To that extent I would enjoy a Convention, I suppose. I don't get any enjoyment out of reading narratives of beer parties, etc, because I fail to see how such things are fannish. If I want to get drunk, I can do it quite well without travelling thousands of miles to a world convention. If I want to indulge in nasty talk about my neighbors, I can do that in private, but not proclaim

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Bradley (3)

my little mind and mean thoughts to the public. And I don't think it's smart to brag about one's vices. I have faults but I don't get on the defensive and publish them as virtues. It seems to me a question of juvenility and wrong emphasis.

In fact, you might call me an Old Guard Fan. I don't belong to the CCF, but I think that discussion of beer belongs in the saloon where you drink it, discussion of sex belongs to the bedroom or the bull-session where it's performed or mooted, discussion of homosexuality, if necessary, should be handled as a social problem and not as a scandal or a joke; would you have a glass door on your bathroom? The companionate marriage and natural childbirth articles were handled scientifically; not with the idea of libelling any person or creating trouble or scandal; and they are 100% mailable, since I checked them with our local postmaster. The bona-fide presentation of any problem, sexual or social, doesn't bother me. The prurient titillation of nastiness does bother me. Compare my discussion of natural childbirth (which is mailable, since the original textbook, which is specifically anatomical, goes thru the mails) with one of Laney's dissertations on somebody's anus...or even with Joe Gross' belly-button. Even SEXOLOGY MAGAZINE goes through the mails, I understand. The main thing is the intent.

But I don't want to impose my morals on anybody, I just asked that the one person who has the right to judge, a US postal inspector, make the decision; not some Fap who is pre-prejudiced in either of our favors, I've written (who hasn't) plenty of stuff that couldn't go through the mails; I'll even quote you a portion of a letter I wrote...~~last~~ week, thus; ((withheld for obvious reasons))

Now I would never publish that anywhere, although I heard it with my own ears, first because I'm not 100% sure that it was .... and ....; it might have been somebody else and they could sue me for libel; second, because it's nasty and implies scandal; third, because I wouldn't want to hurt ..... 's feelings, even though I didn't especially like what little I saw of him. I wrote it in a letter, but it was private conversation through first class mail, and a statement of ..... 's made me think of it. I ask only that other people show a like decency. After all, people who don't like my conversation, etc, don't have to correspond with me. I can't avoid getting FANDANGO, and other Fapazines, except by resigning; and I'm darned if I'm going to give up getting GEM TONES, LAZILIE, LIGHT, etc, just because of two or three stinkers. I have no objection to what Laney writes to other people, what he publishes where I don't het it, what he says or does; but why should he dump his garbage in MY backyard?

See what I mean?

---Marion Bradley

I have discovered that warming the mimeo ink slightly in the winter when it is cold and stiff, makes for a clearer image, although the ink doesn't dry as fast as usual. Also, an ink tin that has been drained will sometimes give up enough ink to ink a run of a page or more (75 copies) when it has been warmed. Don't get it too thin tho, or it'll flow too easily and splotch up and smear your impression.



## WITH MEDIOCRE MIND

I am capable of much greater trickery.

Though by nature a mild fellow whose chief delights are music and the production of literature such as this, I could, if I wished, be a Machiavellian character whom even Laney would envy. Not that he doesn't envy me already.

To get to the reason for this outpour...not long ago FAPA had an election. Last mailing it was. For the other offices there was no struggle but the office of President had two candidates running neck and neck all the way. And that is the way they finished, in a great big tie. The candidates were Marion Z Bradley and Arthur H Rapp. Rapp is now pounding a typer with deadly effect in Korea.

Rapp said he could not "remember" filing for the office, but he didn't seem to worry about it. He didn't care if he won or not.

Bradley, on the other hand, wanted that office as she has never wanted anything. The deadlock caused what mad emotions to surge behind her eyes?

At any rate, she did not remain silent about it. She wrote people that she more than suspected that I had written in "the strongest of his Insurgent Party" merely for the pleasure of seeing her defeated.

I of course could have done just that. I was Secretary of FAPA at that time. I can understand how she might suspect me of something because it has come to my ears that Bradley dislikes me, and not only that, her husband David also dislikes me. This, when I found out about it, was a matter of some surprise to me, for I'd never had any sort of dealings with either of them. Well, as I said, it is not too surprising that she should suspect me of chicanery. Anyone who believes that metaphysical nonsense featured in that curious fanzine MEZRAB could persuade himself to believe almost anything.

I am a bit hurt that she didn't give me credit for more wit in my witchery. Or sense in my sorcery, let us say. I certainly would not have written in a man without even telling him about it. And is Rapp the strongest of my Insurgent Party? I am using her own phraseology here.

First, let me say I did not write in Rapp. In a postcard dated May 31, 1951, postmarked at Annville, Pa., Rapp said, in part, "I hereby announce my candidacy for the office of FAPA Proxy." Four FAPANS have now seen this card and can vouch for its authenticity.

Suppose I had just neglected to put her name on the ballot? Of course, the campaign flyer put out by Boggs would have informed the readers of her candidacy but since the vote was so close it is obvious that if even one person failed to write her in she'd have lost.

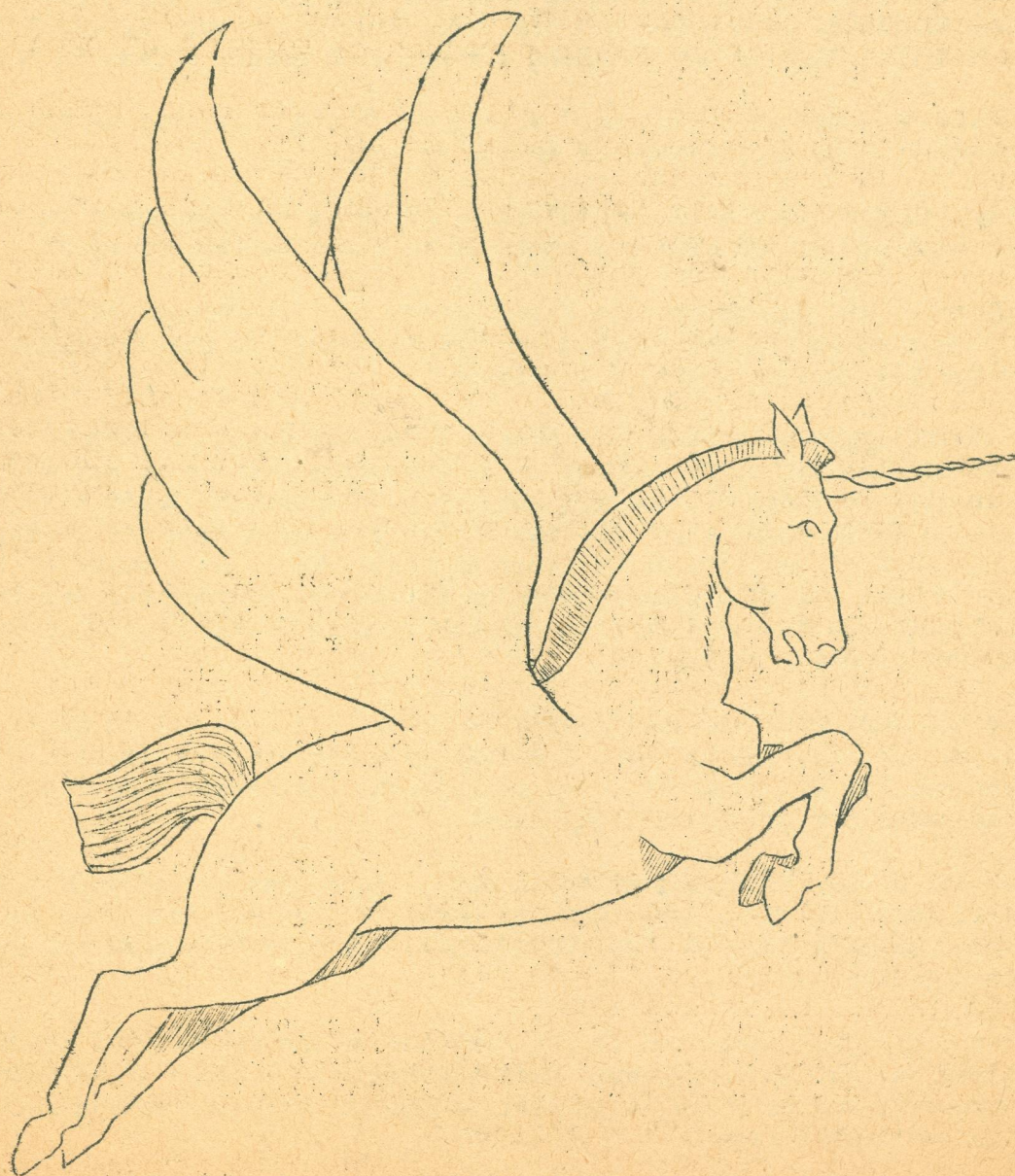
Or say I left her name on the ballot... I could have written in another Bradleyite (if there is such a thing) and thus split the vote so that Rapp would have won easily. This technique is old as elections but is still being used with great success.



There you have two bits of strategy I could have used to defeat Bradley if I'd thought it mattered a bit who was President of FAPA. That office is meaningless, useless and powerless to all intents and purposes. It gives its holder a bit of ego but nothing else.

I could go on with new stratagems but why should I contribute to the education of Marion and her husband? Besides, as I said, I am a quiet chap who likes music, chess, peace and quiet, and the writing of ectomorphic pieces such as this.

--Charles Burbee





# THOUGHTS WHILE BANDSAWING

.....F. Towner Laney.....

ANOTHER QUANDRICAL FIRST! This new column will henceforth appear only in TANGENT, and this marks the first time that "Thoughts While Bandsawing" has ever appeared outside of FAN-DANGO. It will be a mixture of mailing comments and short notes which for one reason or another seem appropriate for FAPA. My sudden appearance in these hitherto unsullied pages should give everyone pause for solemn reflection. Remember SPACEWARP'S bad end!

---oo000---

ENEY, MENEY, MINEY, MO... Richard Eney is having himself a fit because I am supposed to have fumbled his amendment to give only half credit to postmailings. Fumbled? Well, Eney seems to be trying very hard not to have suspicions, but they are rearing their ugly heads what with his mention of pocket veto and the obvious anti-Laney bias in other portions of TARGETS OF OPPORTUNITY.

According to all the detective fiction I've ever read, which of course being printed is 100% true, the truth is usually too flat sounding to be believed. In the instance of Eney's missing amendment, the real story is hardly worth setting down. I should make up some gory yarn about pocketing the amendment under orders from MZBradley who threatened me otherwise with the post office, or some other equally plausible untruth.

What actually happened, I received the amendment as Eney tells you. I don't know when. I looked at it casually, thought "ahhh, these idiots are trying to mess with the constitution again", mentally wrote a 9000 word article attacking the amendment because it would give Rotsler only 50 pages a year credit for his 100 page annual MASQUE instead of the 8 he needs, tossed the letter in my desk, and forgot it. After all, it was a fannish communication.

Later on he sent me a postal to jog my memory. (How come you didn't mention the postal in your lament, Richard? You infallible too?) By that time of course I'd thrown the amendment away without looking at it again, because I always throw away communications from fans unless I've answered them and have a carbon to keep. So I threw the postal away too. What the hell, I thought, the other officers have copies of this.

It isn't as though it were important.

FAPA may have only 65 members, but it is a source of ever recurring pride to me that my administration functioned as listlessly and maladroitly as though it had charge of a government agency with millions of dollars to spend. And you didn't even have to pay me a five figure salary to gum up your affairs for you; I did it all on my own time.

Seriously though, only a small part of the blame is mine. Since as president I had "general direction of the FAPA's affairs", I should have checked on this amendment and done something to remind the other officers.

But what the hell, if I may coin a phrase, they had copies of the amendment too.

Your real culprits are Burbee and Coslet. Burbee "furnishes the official editor



information for preparing the ballot". He should have included the amendment on the ballot for the general election; since "unless the # president orders a special vote, amendments are voted on at the annual election".

And since "the official organ contains the reports of the various officials and other material at the official editor's discretion", and the official editor "publishes ballots"; Coslet should have put the amendment on the ballot regardless of what Burbee or I did.

Since the officers of FAPA are at all times clever, courageous, dashing, infallible, intellectual, brilliant, suave, selfless, indefatigable stalwarts--carrying the banner of FAPA ever onward and upward,-- it is becoming increasingly obvious that none of us could possibly have made an error of either commission or omission.

It is becoming even more obvious that the entire blame in the matter is Eney's, for submitting the amendment in the first place.

Imagine the temerity of this chap, a mere member in good standing, venturing to disturb the majestid somnolence of FAPA's officers!

No wonder we didn't give him a deep-freeze unit.

---ooOoo---

BELLY LAUGH DEPT. The best single line in the 57th (or for that matter the last half dozen mailings) is Willis' "We are quacks, ducking." Boy, I wish I'd said that!

However, the loudest, longest, and lustiest guffaws I found in the 57th arose from Lee Jacobs' GENTLEFEN (a single sheet with perhaps a half page of text, but with separate context and publishing credits) and the utterly incredible binder for GEMTONES.

I have also been trying to decide if it is more fuggheaded to call oneself "a photo-fanatic lensman", or "a sincere Acolyte of H. P. Lovecraft".

---ooOoo---

SINCERE APPRECIATION DEPT. When in the last FAN-DANGO I asked for publishers for my stuff, I very candidly expected to get no worthwhile offers. I guess I must have taken some of the anti\*Laney hollering too much to heart.

The response really hit me where I live, and I want to thank all of you.

Lee Jacobs, Van Splawn, Martin Alger, Lee Hoffman, Redd Boggs, and Helen Wesson all overwhelmed me by throwing their pages wide open.

I'm going to try to distribute myself more or less equitably among all these publishers, but with my output as low as it seems to be just now it may take some time to hit all of them.

---ooOoo---

CHARLES LEE RIDDLE CALLED ME ON THE PHONE.... Yes he did. At a rather early hour New Year's morning, Charles Lee Riddle got me out of a sound sleep to yak at me fannishly. I'm afraid I was a bit ungracious, in light of the fact no one around here was awake yet, particularly when Riddle blandly assumed my ill-concealed and sleepy annoyance was the result of a hangover.

Well, it's nice to know our officers are so alert and bright, and chipper, and on the ball, so early in the morning. I bet Riddle never throws away any amendments!



## THIS COLUMN HAS NO NAME

((Editor's note: These pages are not listed on the contents page of this magazine for the very interesting reason that the mag was complete and ready for mailing to Boggs before the copy was received. But rather than miss the chance to feature WAW in this first issue of Tangent these pages have been added. ))

I know how Lee Hoffman must have felt when she said once that she wished she were dead when she thought of her FAPA membership: except that I wish I were alive. I have been a bad FAPA member so far, and I feel guilty about it---especially after making cracks about old Fapans decomposing on the stencil. It's not altogether my fault though. I would have had three articles in the last WASTEBASKET if Vernon McCain's linotype machine hadn't let him down.

This year I hope to do better. I've smuggled some more dollars across to pay my own sub and I hope to have something in every mailing, even if it's sometimes only mailing comments like these.

**ASTOUNDING LETTERS:** Not many skeletons in the Walter Closet this time, but if the Henry Ackermann poem he mentions for the next issue is the one I'm thinking of it's a beauty.

"It is a magazine one can buy without too much  
Unconomy, **ASTOUNDING STORIES.**"

**SKIP-ROPE RHYMES:** I'm beginning rather to like these little poetry leaflets. What I found fascinating about this one was not so much the sophistication of the American girls---Redd might have called this a little broadsheet---but the fact that none of these rhymes has a counterpart over here as far as I know. I don't know why I thought they would have except that children's play seems to have such an amazingly strong traditional quality---the infallible recurrence of seasonal games and their immutable rules---and that folklore on the 'purely' oral level (ie bawdy verse and jokes) seems to be pretty well universal. Maybe Redd will give us another anthology on these lines---songs he learned at his mother's knee, and other joints.

**LIGHT 47 & 48:** Enjoyed, except for that crack about his customers who try to fix their own radios. Most times it's because they know the repair man will bill them half the price of the set for replacing a faulty rectifier, it only because he burns out another one himself before checking the electrolytic. Maybe they're better over there, but I've often thought of writing a story called 'Ali-Baba and the Forty Radio Repair Men.'

**SNUL-BUG:** These profiles were fascinatingly candid. The Boggs one, though, destroys another illusion. I had such a clear visualisation of Redd too--a short, stocky bloke with thick black hair well brushed back, and heavy glasses and a square sort of face. Never occurred to me he might have red hair. How can I be so blind.

**JABBERWOCKY:** Yes, ORPHEE was terrific. I specially liked myself the gloses which put themselves on. The French seem to be making some very good fantasy. "Sylvie et le Fantome" was a beautifully made ghost story in the 'Ghost Goes West' tradition, and I hear very good reports of a genuine sf film called 'La Vie Commence Demain.'



WAW (2)

SCIENCE FICTION FIVE-YEARLY: This is the only mimeo job I've ever seen that can compare with Harry Turner's ZENITH. Certainly the best thing in the mailing, both on appearance and contents. Roll on 1956.

HORIZONS: There seems to be some sort of a correlation between hi-fi and FAPA activity. I used to be imbroiled in hi-fi myself, building amplifiers and knocking holes in brick walls for speakers and all that, until I found I wasn't listening to the music but to my amplifier. When I found myself detecting frequency distortion in concert halls at live performances I thought it was time to chuck it. It reminded me of the Wells story about the young prince who was so brokenhearted at the death of his beautiful young bride that he resolved to devote his life to erecting a memorial that would be worthy of her. For five years the greatest craftsmen in the land laboured at the construction of a magnificent sarcophagus. It was so beautiful that there was no building in the entire kingdom that was worthy to contain it, so the prince decided to build a shrine for it. After ten years the shrine was finished, but the prince was still not satisfied. It was so incredibly beautiful that it must have surroundings worthy of it. For twenty years the entire resources of the kingdom were concentrated on the erection of a magnificent temple, so astonishingly beautiful that it dwarfed the shrine. The prince, now an old man ruling an impoverished kingdom, walked through it with pride. Suddenly one excrescence offended his eye, one jarring note. "What is that thing?" he said. "Take it away." The workmen removed the sarcophagus.

YSATNAFETS: Doog.

IRUSABEN: That crack about OW being better as a professional fanzine than as amateur prozine is about the most sapient piece of literary criticism I've seen since the little Bradbury story in THE BIG O. I've been told--by Ackerman--that some of the stuff Browne bought for the slick AMAZING was re-sold to other mags.

TARGETS OF OPPORTUNITY: Some very good stuff in this. About the time machine I think I'd go back about 30 years with a copy of the Turf Calendar, Who's Who, and a good modern history.

CHOOOG: Liked this, though it wasn't Lee's usual style and it was startling to come unexpectedly on bits of one's own letters. One feels like a character in a Van Vogt novel.

STAR ROVER: Interesting. I gather Van Splawn has read 'Finnegans Wake!' I wonder does he know there's a phonograph record of Joyce reading part of the Annalivia Plurabelle scene. Well worth hearing.

FLANDANGO: I had Canadian fan Lyell Crane visiting us recently, and he had never heard of Laney. I hope this makes Vernon McCain feel better, but it only astonished me. (I'm afraid I'm another of these people who are fascinated by the Laney phenomenon.) He can write extraordinarily well, and I've always admired his talent for being insulting. This review of MEZRAB is a masterpiece of condescension: a nice example of restraint.

LARK: Bill, did you ever try setting type with both hands? Banister rigged up a little holder for the composing stick and tried it. He says you can set type 1 1/2 times quicker and go mad twice as fast.

DUCKSPEAK: Liked.

GEM TONES: "The only reason for having two sexes is procreation." Assuming this remark has any real meaning at all---which I doubt---how does G.M. Explain the fact



WAW (3)

that this anthropomorphic Nature of hers has provided Man and Man alone (vitrually) will all-the-year-round sexual urges? Not, presumably, for the Noble Art of Self Abuse!

ROVOLTING DEVELOPMENT: Good, but surely to ghod it's not an offence in America to merely possess obscene photographs? What are things-coming to?

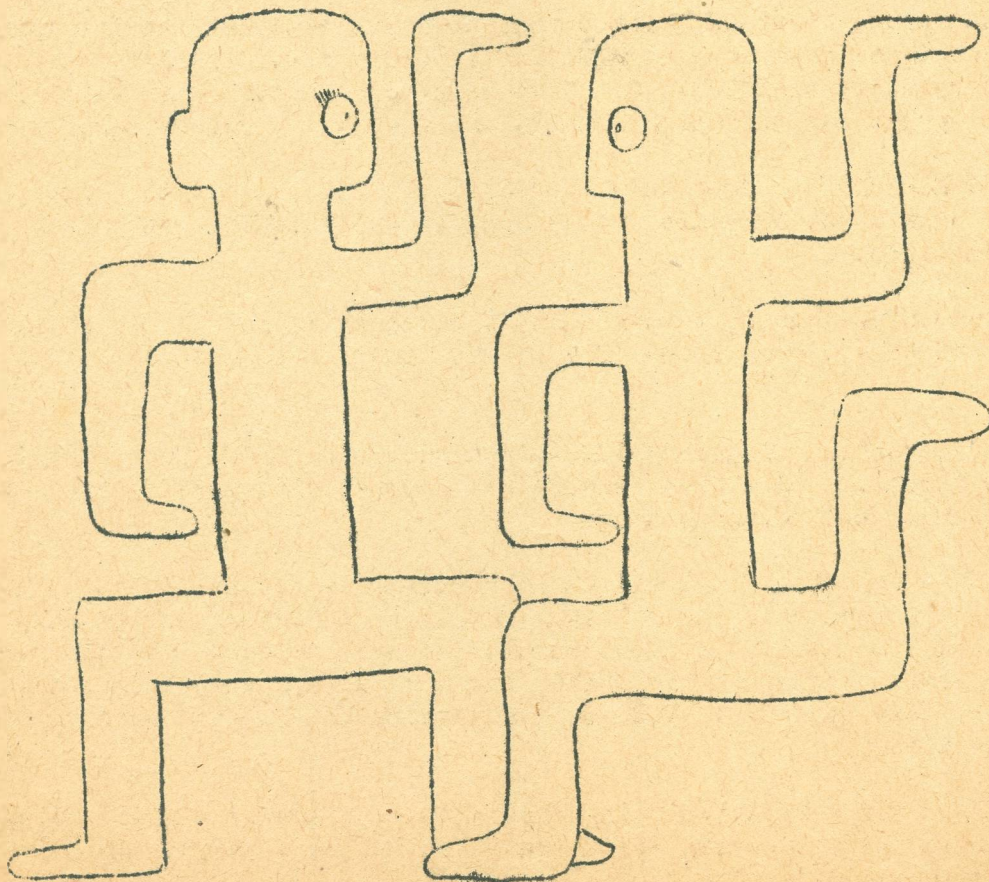
SHADOWLAND: Appreciated.

SKYHOOK: A very sensible fellow, this Boggs, and everything he does he does well. Thish of Skyhook was full of good things. Liked the low crack about POSTMORTEM ON FANSCIENT being as interesting as the magazine itself. About the British comic 'Jane', this strip---in which Jane always appears in various stages of undress under the most ingenious pretexts---was very popular with the Forces during the war, and it became a superstition that on V day Jane would finally appear in the altogether. She did too.

FANTASY AMATEUR: Mentioned so I can say how much I liked its neat and attractive appearance.

--Walter ... Willis

. . . . .



mala + hari



THIS HAS BEEN A REBEL  
YEAST PUB

THINGS DO TH S HAL LRISE