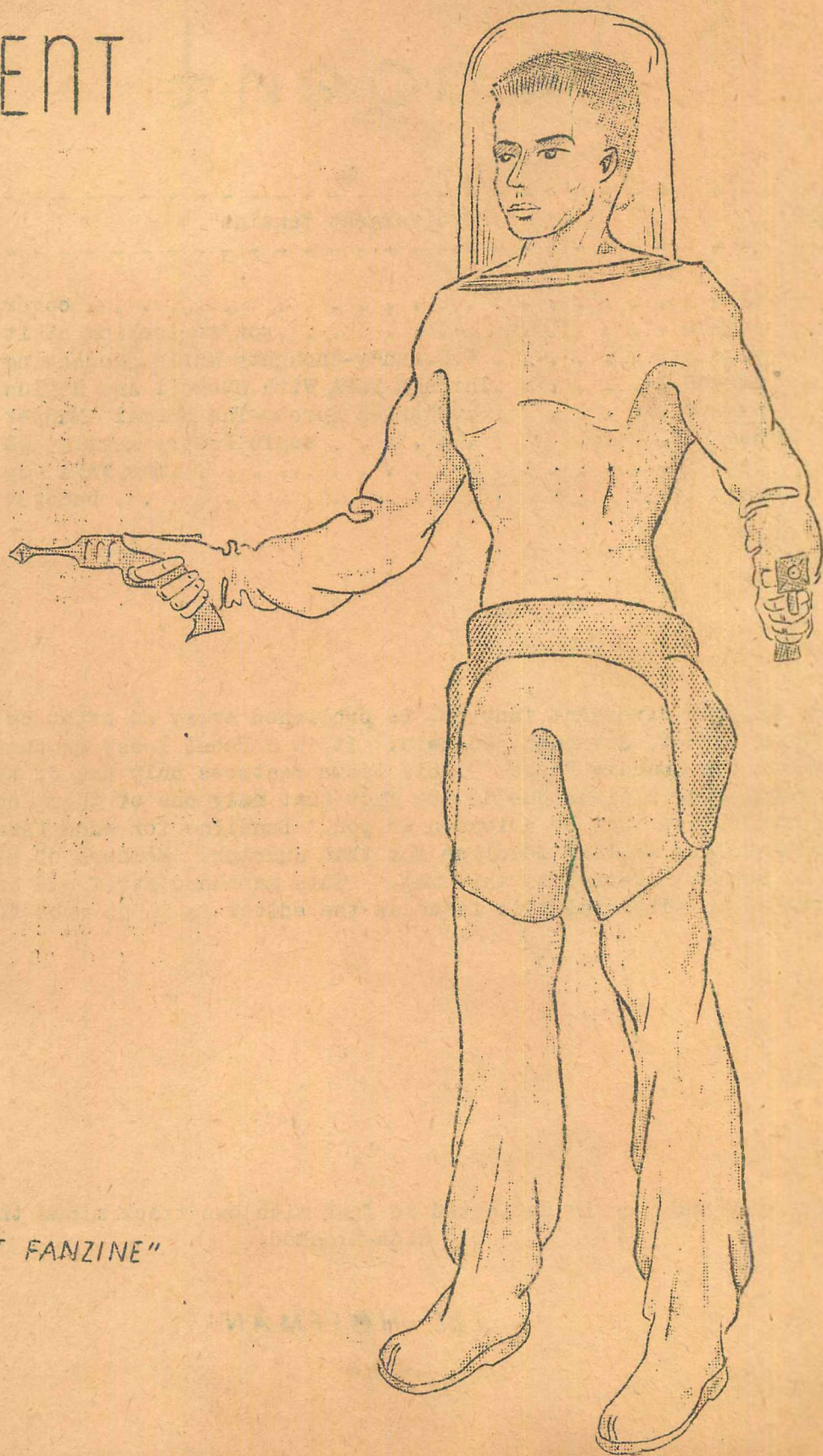


TANGENT



"THE DIVERGENT FANZINE"

Tangent

FAPA 59

"the divergent fanzine"

Spring 1952

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Tangent #2, the divergent fanzine, is published every so often by Lee Hoffman, 101 Wagner Street, Savannah, Georgia. It is a Rebel Yeast Production and is mimeoed on the Quandry Press. This issue features only one of the magazine's three regular columnists due to the fact that **only one** of them sent in copy this quarter. Let that be a lesson to you. Deadline for each issue is exactly one month before mailing deadline for that quarter. Members of FAPA are invited to submit material to this mag. This masthead stuff and such is having to serve as an editorial this issue as the editor is in no mood to editorialize.

The Divergent Fanzine is dedicated to fans with one track minds that have been side-tracked.

LEE HOFFMAN

thoughts while bandsawing

by F. Towner Laney

come to christ, brother,

(WITH A TEN DOLLAR BILL IN EACH HAND!) I spent over two weeks of evenings

and weekends just before March 17 working for a public accountant. Most of my work was fixing up people's income tax returns.

On the evening of March 11 (my birthday, by the way) three incidents took place which I shall relate in the exact order in which they happened.

(1) I was busily figuring someone's return when an emotion-laden voice broke into my thoughts. One of my colleagues was interviewing an excited client, trying to get the necessary information to prepare his return.

"No, no! It wouldn't be right!" he wailed.

"Yes# but everyone claims# donations to his church as part of his deductions. You're supposed to do it. The government wants you to. You say you drop a dollar in the plate every Sunday; that'll be \$52.00 for the year."

"No! I won't claim it. It wouldn't be right."

By golly, he didn't, either. That was god's money. He wouldn't claim god's money as an expense!

(2) Pretty soon I hit another return, joint return for husband and wife with two children. The husband earned roughly \$5010.00 and the wife \$850.00 for the year. Over on page 3 was the notation, under donations, "10% of all gross income to the Church of God". I questioned this. "Does he really mean 10% of the gross, or just 10% of the face value of their pay checks after deductions?" He meant 10% gross --10% BEFORE deductions.

Thus the Church of God got around \$590.00 out of these people. Yes I know, of course it is their money.

But the thing that haunted me about it all was that this tithe virtually neutralised the wife's earnings. Here is this woman, going out and working on a waitress' job, leaving her kids, just to give the money to dear old j.c. If they cut out the church, she could stay home and do right by her kids, and they could still maintain the same standard of living.

God's money!

(3) A couple of returns later, I picked this great fat dossier out of the file. It was from a minister. I won't even say what denomination, but it was one of the better-known protestant faiths, that starts with the letter "p".

This guy had a regular set of books. He had down every single expense for the year, all neatly tabulated and added up. So much for meals served to church members in his home. So much for car expense (including depreciation) running around his flock. So much for Xmas cards to the congregation. So on and so on. This of course is perfectly legitimate. If you are put to special expense on account of your occupation, you may claim every bit of it

on page three (under miscellaneous) as a business deduction. Welders deduct their goggles. Doctors deduct their new medical books and instruments. Waitresses deduct their uniforms and the cleaning thereon and ~~xxx~~ salesmen deduct their car expenses and phone bills and drink and ~~xxx~~ food for the prospective customers.

Why shouldn't the poor old preacher make an honest buck too? His pay for the year was not anything to brag about; I most certainly don't begrudge the guy getting out of paying income tax on most of it.

His attitude towards money was so far out of tune with that of those other two clients that it obsessed me for a time.

Then I realised that it was all right.

Why of course.

The Man of God was on the receiving end of the Jesus racket.

---ooOoo---

PUT UP OR SHUT UP DEPT. In a characteristically immodest way, I cite my standings in the last two FAPA polls. Oh well, I never claimed subtlety among my virtues:

1951

#4 FAPazine
#1 Article Writer
#5 Mailing Comments (tie)
#3 Humorist
#3 in FAPA's Top Ten

1952

#3 FAPazine
#1 Article Writer
#3 Mailing Comments
#5 Humorist
#3 in FAPA's Top Ten

Now I quote from Marion Bradley's letter on page 3 of TANGENT: "...if fandom supports Laney, then fandom and I have nothing in common."

Well, Marion?

---ooOoo---

THE FABULOUS WM. DANNER. I get a terrific charge out of the casual and unplanned way that some of our sharper members make the rest of us look like 2¢.

Here our boy Alger tells us--in a leaflet that is sheer esoterica to anyone who is not more or less versed in machine shop technique and is sheer frustration to anyone not having access to a lathe, drill press, and other equipment--how to build a mimeograph. He sounds very smug about the whole thing, and I don't blame him a bit. The machine and leaflet were both well conceived and impeccably created, and if Alger doesn't feel a bit boastful he still has every reason to.

Ah yes, but this fabulous, Danner-like character! He decides, doggone it, that he ought to try some mimeography, so he just up and throws something together, tries it out, and finds it works as well as FAPA's average mimeo.

To top it off, Marion Bradley speaks in TANGENT about Laney's preoccupation "with what is delicately called the rear end". Sure, that's all I think about--at least, it's all I ever write about! No one else would turn out THAT sort of drivel!

So in his fabulous, Danner-like way, our Pittsburgh friend regales us with that glorious ad for Rectogunk, the only toilet tissue with anal detergent.

What I love about Danner, he's so casual about the way he carves the rest of us every way but loose.

February 27, 1982

To the FAPA/SAPS reorganization committee:

This is my first, and very likely my last communication on the proposed merger of FAPA and SAPS. For several reasons, I am totally opposed to the entire idea.

(1) FAPA, a going concern for 15 years, should not much concern itself if a rival group--conceived by people who did not like FAPA--is going under. The SAPS are permitted to join FAPA--most of them already have.

(2) FAPA's present constitution was adopted in late 1947 after over two years of discussion in the mailings and innumerable drafts. It has guided the group for $4\frac{1}{2}$ years, and as an office-holder for three of them I can state that it works very well. There is nothing sacred about it, of course, but it seems the height of stupidity to start tinkering with it for no cause.

(3) The two chief differences I can see between FAPA and SAPS are the banning of postmailings in SAPS and the SAPS requirement of activity every six months instead of every year. The adoption of either of these policies would harm FAPA. If a member wishes to mail his stuff individually and stand the cost thereof, why shouldn't he? Several of our best members, qualitatively, are still members only because they could postmail. The every-six-months-activity would knock out more good members than dead-wood, because far too many of our best members are relatively inactive. The quantity boys are with us, and always will be--why put in an amendment favoring mere quantity as against quality? A member who puts out eight readable pages a year is far more desirable than one who puts out eighty pages of dull rubbish. Is our overall quality so high now that we can afford to discriminate against its producers? I don't think so.

(4) I have seen and read a sizeable number of SAPSazines. I never yet have read one that was really first class. Even as consistently as good a publisher as Redd Boggs is at his poorest in HURKLE. No doubt the SAPS have turned out some fine stuff I haven't seen, but on the basis of my personal knowledge of their output as compared with FAPA's they collectively are in no position to bargain with FAPA as an equal seeking a merger. FAPA has earned its position as the oldest national group arising from fandom. What has SAPS earned?

(5) I personally like FAPA just as it is. In some slight measure I perhaps have helped make it what it is, as with this next mailing I will start my tenth year of continuous membership. In any event, I have had a great deal of enjoyment from and with the group, and in what is no doubt an egocentric, ultra-conservative, and hog-selfish manner, I'm in no mood to change any of it.

If SAPS does disband, I would be pleased to see its members all join us. (They will join us anyway, if they intend to remain in any fan-slanted APA--we are along in the field.)

To further their joining us, I favor giving each of them memberships prepaid to the date that their SAPS memberships now run, and credit for whatever current activity they may now show on SAPS books. SAPS can give us their treasury. We can expand our membership to 75 to help take up the slack, and if we are for a time above that figure take in no new members for a while.

I'm sending this to Redd Boggs for distribution to the committee, and a copy to Lee Hoffman, who I hope will publish it in the next mailing.

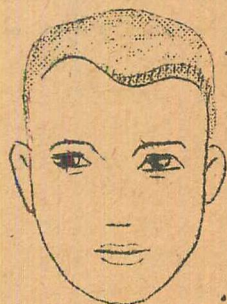


Bull-
dozer
or
Clam shell ?

Through
+ APA
with
Stencil & Stylus



Just
decomposing
on some old
stencils



So
what's
an N more or
less among
demons ?

But, Towner,
would you
welcome me at
your house if
you really knew me ?



... THE NORMAL MANNER ...

"No, I've never met Laney but I hate him and everything he stands for!" Louise Leipar roared at me.

I asked her if she'd read much material by him. It seems that people have dropped into the habit of psycho-analyzing Laney by his writings.

"No," she bellowed. "I refuse to read anything by him. I am against him and what he stands for and if I ever see him I'll tell him so to his face."

The time was ripe for me to say that Laney was against homosexuality and fan-type fools. Yes, the time was ripe for me to make an infuriating remark, but I remembered that my wife had said to me as we drove to the Ackerman house-warming, "I don't want you to act like a fan today. I want you to act like a normal person."

To act like a normal person at a fan gathering! What a handicap that was. It meant I couldn't say the things to people that they were begging for.

Off that we should have been there at all. I had been so long removed from the fan scene that I still thought of Ackerman's wife as Tillie instead of Wendy. A whole new generation of fans had cropped up, and to them the name of Burbee was anathema, due to some fine publicity work on the part of surviving LASFS members.

It was odd, as I said, that we should have been there. But on the previous Thursday we had received a postcard which invited us to the Ackerman house-warming at their new place on Sherbourne Drive. I doubted the authenticity of this card because there was a typographical error on it and the message was not perfectly centered. For all I know, the watermark might have been upside down too. But Sunday afternoon I called up Ackerman and from the gibberish in the background ("Spaceship! Spaceship!" and the gay voice of Forrest J himself I gathered that not only was there a house-warming but that Isabel and I were actually welcome!

At least that is what Ackerman said.

So we went.

The first person who caught my eye as we tried to squeeze through the narrow space between the porch wall and a car parked by a person with a fine mind was Rick Sneary. I said something to him, and to Moffatt who stood beside him and to Stan Woolston who was there, too. Woolston, a chunky well-scrubbed lad, said something obscure and immediately got down on his hands and knees and bumped his neatly groomed head against the concrete twice and said something about it being the proper way to greet a Burbee. Len Moffatt's wife was the only one to look at Woolston as though she thought this action a bit out of line.

I had to act like a normal person so I merely said "Thank you, Woolston."

I met Mrs van Vogt who seemed to have gained 13 pounds since I saw her last three years ago. And the largish Louise Leipar was there too, as you may have noticed if

Burbee (2)

you started reading this at the beginning.

There was a dianetic auditor there whose name has slipped my mind. He was displeased when I said that it took longer to learn to be a witch doctor than a dianetic auditor. "Not a good witch doctor" he snapped as zipped away with the speed of a witch doctor. I left Isabel outside talking to Mrs vV and I went inside. I saw James Kepner, Elmer Perdue, and an attachment of AEvV's whose name is Manning MacDonald. MacDonald, when he saw me, cried: "Say something funny, Burbee! Say something amusing and clever and droll!" He clutched his belly in anticipatory laughter. "Turn on your sense of humor," I said.

Forrest J Ackerman was trying to show me the north wall of his living room. The whole wallpaper scheme was hidden by row upon row of bookshelves crammed with books, wall to wall, ceiling to floor. "Forry is proud of that display," said someone. "You mean he built the bookcases himself?" I said. "Golly," I went on, "All that reading matter and Ackerman hasn't read one book in the lot." "I'll have you know I've read every last word," said Ackerman.

I declined the gambit.

A voice behind me called my name. I saw Phil Bronson, of the forgotten Fantast site and the much-mourned Knave standing there. Years of non-fan activity had aged him. I said the last time I'd heard of him he was working for a Mpls newspaper. "Yes," he said, "but I'm here now."

There wasn't any sensible answer to that.

I asked him if he'd seen much of Redd Boggs, the #1 Fan of Minneapolis.

"A bunch of us went up to his house one day," said Bronson. "His aunt, or somebody told us, 'Try to get him out of the house. He hasn't left the house for three days. He's been living behind that typewriter.'"

A ten or eleven year old kid went past, followed by another boy the same age. "Who are those kids?" I asked. "The first one is Wendy's boy and the other his friend," said someone. "Oh," I said, "I thought I was looking at the LASFS Director and Secretary." And to myself I said, "Little does that boy know that Ackerman felt worst about the death of Joleson than he would feel about that boy's death. He said so in print."

"I want to learn to run a bullddzer," said a little old lady a moment later.

"A bulldozer?" I muttered, looking at her. She was about 65 years old and weighed no more than a jockey. I tried to visualize her stripping a hill or snaking logs down a mountain grade and just couldn't do it, though her eyes were shining brightly as anything.

"Yes," she said. "One of those things with a big blade, a tractor sort of thing." Perhaps Reader's Digest does that to people.

"But what for?" I asked. "Why should you want to run one of those things?"

"Why, it'll be useful for clearing up the rubble of the city after they drop atomic bombs," she said pertly.

I went away.

Elmer Perdue and I had a vocal jam session as of old. He told me a little of the Baxter Street Irregulars, a group which can't stand the stuffiness of the LASFS. Elmer was standing by when I spoke to James Lynn Kepner who once published a thin mimeographed pamphlet of poems titled Songs for Sorrow and Beauty. I wanted to say to Kepner, "Well, you odd boy, are you still a writer for the Daily Worker or have you come to your senses?" But I remembered I was there with a geas upon me. So I said, "Kepner, my boy, you look as intellectual as ever." He smiled half-heartedly and Perdue, who was standing nearby, laughed like crazy. Perdue sometimes has the strange faculty of hearing the unsaid things in my speech.

While I stood in a jam session with van Vogt, Moffatt, Leipiar and two or three others, a large adolescent with lenticular glasses and a thick-lipped mouth came and took hold of the chair I was leaning on. He looked at me with his over-magnified eyes peering at me and his heavy lips pouting like a suffocating fish. I moved and he took the chair and vanished into the front room where the bulk of the guests were gathered. "Member of the LASFS?" I asked the group with me. "Yes." said someone. "He just sold a story for \$150."

Since we were standing in the doorway that separated the rooms, there was a goodly amount of traffic going by. I saw Everett Evans going by, always with a thriftily unlit cigar in his mouth which he mouthed like a friend he was saying good-by to. He never spoke to me. I didn't speak to him. He must have gotten his kicks there, as some young lady spoke to him with some awe. She later confided to us "He's a professional author," you know. This was news to me.

All the time ~~wa~~ were there, a slim dark fellow was sitting at the dining room table doing math homework and paying no attention to the thirty or forty people who were passing to and fro. When Ackerman, who was circulating like a first class host among us, came by again, I asked him who the fellow was. "Did he come with the house? Has he ever spoken enough to identify himself?" But Ackerman did not answer. He merely adjusted a publicity still for "Girl in the Moon" on a shelf and went on.

Later I spoke to the fellow. He seemed like a nice guy. Name Leland Sapiro, which I read off his copy of "Theory of Functions."

As I went by the Leipiar woman I heard a fragment of her loud monolog (she has a baritone voice) that went something like this: "I straightened out Forry. I told him to come out of his shell and live! I fell I am 100% responsible for this party." As I went on I mused that this gathering was exactly like hundreds of other gatherings Ackerman had attended and been the host of. Later I was gathered in by someone and introduced to this Louise Leipiar who may or may not believe in transmigraton of souls. "I've heard of you," I said. "Nothing good," she said. "No," I said, "Though I did hear you were easily excited." Her eyes flashed and her breath shortened. "I am not!" she bellowed like a great jungle beast. "I am always...." here she was quick to see she was being baited so she continued in a lower voice, even ~~wh~~oking in a smile.... "why, I'm always clam and cool as a cucumber. I never get excited. I wouldn't hurt a fly."

"I guess not," I said. "Well, I'll have to tell Laney I met you. I'll describe you and say she's not a bad kid, except that she gets excited easily."

Her eyes blazed up on cue again and she thundered out something to the effect that she cut people's throats to their faces, never from behind, and she never hurt a fly and she frequently told people off for their own good.

I didn't laugh in her face. After all, this woman is a friend of the van Vogts and I like the van Vogts.

Later, Kepner drifted over and the talk drifted to FAPA. "Oh, yes," said Kepner. "I was on the waiting list two mailings ago but I never heard from them. I presume I've been dropped."

"Two mailings ago? You weren't on the list then."

"I beg your pardon," said the Communist loftily, "I happen to know that I was."

"But I know you weren't" said I.

"I am certain that I was," said Jike.

"Ah, but you weren't. For the past four mailings I have been secretary of FAPA in charge of the waiting list. If your name had appeared there I'd certainly know it."

Kepner kept his lofty air but said nothing. Hell, I thought ~~there~~ Communists had a Party quotation for everything.

I remember talking to Jean Cox. He wanted me to tell Laney that he objected to Laney's calling him a "garden variety crackpot".

I talked to Len Moffatt a while. We talked about moving pictures. I couldn't hold up my end very well because I ~~don't~~ go to movies, but when we got to talking about the attitude of the public toward special shots like rocketships taking off, we went along rather well.

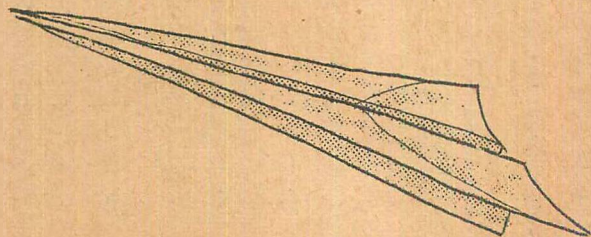
I asked him: "Where is the poor idiot who ~~is~~ the editor of the LASFS magazine, Shangri-La?"

You mean the next editor?" he said.

"Yes."

"I'm the next editor," he said.

I asked him if he could lend me the mailing list of the LASFS magazine but he said distribution of the magazine was taken care of by another department. He said that taking in the money was done by still another department. I remarked that it sounded like a Walter J Daugherty set-up, meaning that it was elaborate, complicated, and completely unworkable.



Actually, such a set-up prevents any single person from running the magazine. I once ran the club magazine and while I ran it it was the #1 club magazine and the #2 national magazine. They don't want that to happen any more. They want a stillborn magazine, dull as hell, for that is their hearts' desire. And they have attained it.

Moffatt told me he'd sold a story to Weird Tales for \$100. "Fine" I said. "Too bad I'll never read it. I never read Weird Tales."

"Neither do I," said Len Moffatt.

Isabel and I left early. My geas was wearing off anyway and Isabel is bored by fans because so few of them have any sense. I wonder if there was a poker game later on? I'd sure have liked to sit in of a fannish poker game with E E Evans the way I did in 1945 when I first met him. At that time he'd just returned from serving 18 months in secret Navy work, he said. We had a short dialog at that game which has since rocked the minds of everyone I've told it to. I'd have given a lot to have repeated that deathless bit of dialog at Ackerman's housewarming, Section 2 of 3 sections, Sunday, October 21, 1951.

As we left, I remarked to Ackerman that since the sun had just gone down it was time to go down to the basement and release the guest of honor.

-----Charles Burbee

. ooo

Do you want a really CLEAN FANZINE?

Read

BUBBLINGS

. the foaming fanzine

published by

THE DETERGENT ELEMENT

816 Pioneer Blvd.
North WashingMachine, California

Three box tops a copy.

SNAFU

POETRY LEAFLET

This is a beginning of a poem, which
was dredged from the depths of a stack
of great unfinished works by the author.
You are welcome to finish it if you
would care to. I don't intend to...

2

It is an ancient editor
And he stoppeth one of three
'By thy long grey beard and glittering eye
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?

The Convention doors are opened wide,
And I am an honored guest,
If I do not hurry in, old man,
I surely will be missed.'

He holds him with his skinny hand
"There was a zine," quoth he.
"Hold off! Unhand me, greybeard loon!"
Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

He holds him with his glittering eye--
The Stfcon guest stood still
And listens like a three years' child;
The editor hath his will.

The Stfcon Guest sat on the curb
And wished that he were dead;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
That ancient bright-eyed ed.

"The zine was dummied, the stencils cut,
Merrily we did plan,
To run 400 copies,
Of this zine for the broad-minded fan."

.....
This one is by Walt Kessel too..."

The things I thought I'd not forget,
The thoughts I think won't be forgot;
I think the thoughts are things, and yet,
The things I think are thoughts, are rot.

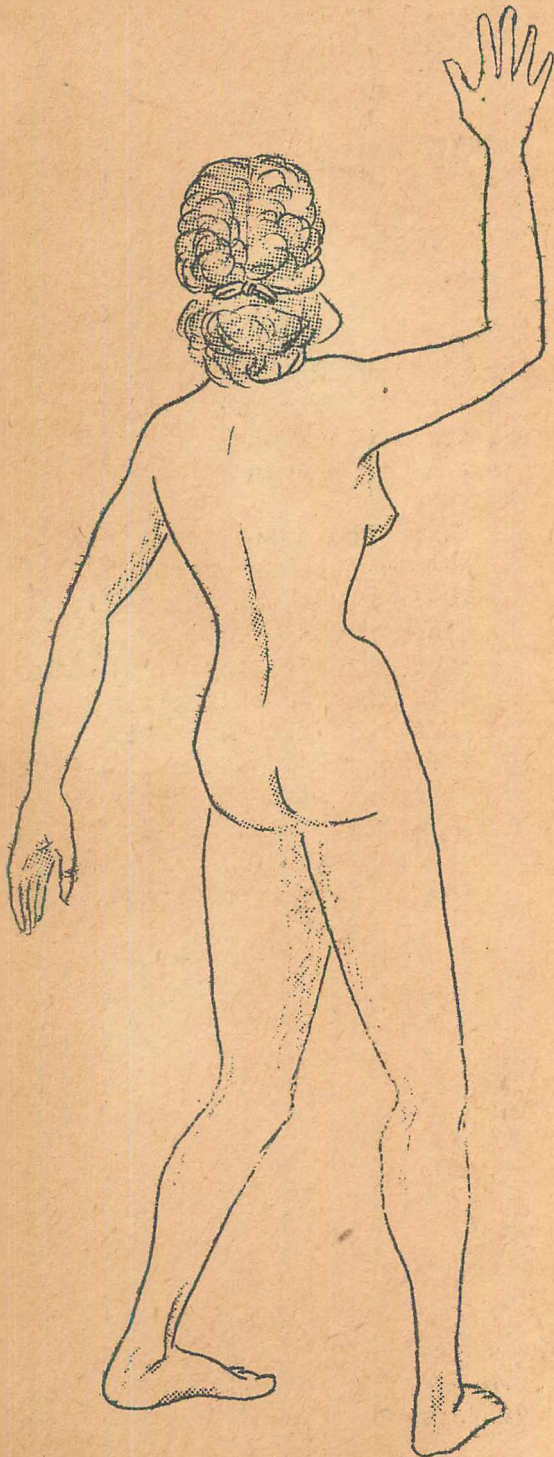
How so, you thoughts, what are you then?
So how to think and not regret?
The thing I think I'd like to do
Is think of thoughts I'd not forget.

The following item is by
Walt Kessel who will probably
be taken aback when he dis-
covers it in print.

"Who," said the cauliflower,
"Wants a piece of cake?
There never was a finer
I never will bake".
"Not I," said the little man
S leeping on the hill,
"Not I," said the robin
As the rain stood still.
"Nor I," said the squirrel
Standing on his head.
"I do," said the oak tree
And he took it straight to bed.



THE *FAPA* WAY



Noteable quotes from famous FAPAns,

"One thing that none of these people seem to realise about me is that, while I am rather loud-voiced and vivacious, I am for the most part good-natured, ready for a laugh and tender-hearted..."

vvv

" I'm afraid I'll have to stop writing to you because I am very shy with pretty girls."

oOo

" ...happily, my machine (recorder) is equipt with two input and two output jacks, and I've even toyed with the idea of running a cord from the output right over to the input, just to see what would happen. A bit of caution holds me back however, for I might accidentally set up a stress of some kind by doing so, and warp myself into hyperspace."

...

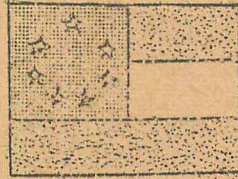
"Most female fans, as I've said before, are messy. They are either very young and pimply or old and have chopped hair."

sSs

"If I didn't know you so well, I'd think you were nuts, and if I knew you better, I'd tell you that you were nuts!"

www

A REBEL YEAST PUBLICATION



"The South

Shall Rise!"

"The South