loyalty seeds. Elections, regular elections, are actually one of the strongest weapons of a democracy. For they instill in all a personal individual interest in the greater mass thing. One feels that one has helped--however some brilliant cynics may point out the fallacy of things. The proof of the strength of democracies over autocracies of any sort--whether divine monarchies or fascist states supposedly run by experts fitted from above for their positions--has been demonstrated by this war.

The democracies are beating the pulp out of those autocratic outfits. The Soviet people may, in our US estimate, have only a semblance of democracy having no rival parties to the official one, but they think they are the arbiters of their own destiny--and they do have innumerable small elections at every town, factory, collective farm council decision. That made the feeling of personal proprietary interest that welded them under the most ghastly of adverse blows.

The French, British, and Americans have democracy of a more political, less economic sort, but our elections did and do weld us together.

If the NFFF is weak and lacks vigorous support, and yet the FAPA is strong, resilient, and long-lived, it is due precisely to that. The Fapa member has a direct interest in his club and an audible voice and ballot on its affairs and officers. The NFFF has a self-nominated dictator, an appointed staff of officials, no voice for the members other than hat-in-hand begging from the Chief. Fandom seems to want a national club. But the NFFF is failing and will continue to fail until it amends itself to democracy and discovers a means for popular decisions and voices.

We have spoken.

and oldest fapa publication

THE F. A. P. A. FAN

published in the interest of the Fantasy Amateur Press Association since 1937 by Donald A. Wollheim, at 98-50 67th Avenue, Forest Hills, N.Y. Combined with The Futurian Amateur, The Futurian Fan, The Science Fiction Bard, The Mentator, The Science Fiction Bugle, Futurart, Bolide, and others.

September, 1944 No. 15.

TYPEWRITER TALK

Larry Shaw presents us with an ultimatum. He is going to put the mailing out September fifth, come hell or high water. This is now August 29th. We haven't a thing on hand. The reason is that for unaccountable causes we have nothing ready. And only tonight to do anything in. We ought to have had the Tenth Anniversary Number of The Phantagraph ready, but we haven't. We never got downtown to get the Junior size Speed-o-print stencils our little machine requires. Things seem to be getting complex this summer and that's why. But at last we reap the benefits of having talked another fan into buying a little machine like ours. We can borrow stencils from him. So this issue of the Fapa Fan is courtesy of Russ Wilsey's Felix.

Russ is one of those up-and-coming young enthusiasts who wants to be in the Fapa, who ought to be in the Fapa, who would be a credit to the Fapa. But his membership is held up by some twenty-eight lugs--bunnies who haven't enough interest to vote in the elections.

And that is a problem which the Fapa ought to face squarely. We are in favor of a poll to be sent out by the Vice-president to every member. It would ask but one question: Did you vote in the June 1944 elections? Those who say no should be cross-questioned as to their further interest in the Fapa and how the hell they think the organization can function democratically if they don't pay attention--and yet continue to hold up by their membership admittance of new and fully enthusiastic blood.

Amendments require a majority of all the membership to pass (the word active in the requirement is almost superfluous considering the nature of the club), and yet we barely got over the 50% mark on the whole balloting. This stinks, plain stinks.

And we would like to see a kick raised over it.

There has been some talk among new fans outside the Fapa of forming another APA. We don't exactly enthuse over the idea of two fapa's. We don't think both would prosper and we detest the idea of war between them such as the sickening dog-fight that always rages between the NAPA and UAPA. But these young fans, the Vulcan group, the Savannah boys, the SSDF group, are all going to do something for themselves if we don't clear out our dead wood and make a place for them.

There isn't any place in the FAPA for dead wood. And we cannot live removed from the actual fan world. That is where our roots are, and that is where our only chance of nourishing recruiting can be found. Otherwise we should wither up and die of inanition--we should die of an overdose of professorial cynicism, overFreudian self-castigation, and

the bloodless parasitism of non-fan braininess.

The fanzines of the new young hopefuls may not interest some of our old men of twenty-five, representing a stage they passed through. But the rocketship phase is vital for it is the groundwork for further building, it is the first flicker of the flame of what may be future Bloomers, Laurents, and Lowndeses. This [illegible] has always been favored by the [illegible] sort of fanzine for this reason. As long as some [illegible] best-meaning misspelled clumsy [illegible] us, just so long is our [illegible] wonderful, alive, and with a future. For those publications stop, call us [illegible] for it will surely mean just [illegible].

The Fapa cannot exist without stf fandom. Any attempt to sever it will stifle over the arteries of the club. But [illegible] hurt fandom--for there would [illegible] almost immediately new and better Fapas.

The NFFF still persists in ignoring our call for democracy. One of its enthusiasts, fresh from the vigor of F.F.Farrago's energy, took me to fault for saying, in [illegible] time, that there seemed no enthusiasm for the NFFF in the East. Unfortunately, it is too true, and we think that lack of elections is one reason for it. There is about an election something energizing. It compels every member to think for a moment of the club and its future and policies. It thus makes the club, if for only a day, the personal responsibility of the least member. This is damn good propaganda--this is damn good