



RVT

The guts are enumerated below.

COVER by Tom Wright

CONCLAVE p.2 Jay Edwards
von Halfenspiegel has his troubles too

TABOO p.4 James Kepner
fan predicts ASF trends

FABLE p.7 Eric Winters
Are you stupid? Abu was?

CARTOON p.8 Jack Riggs
Truly, a work of art

CAMPBELL p.9 Jack Riggs
An appraisal of his last five editorials

EVEN ON MARS p.11 Carlson & Walton
Double dealing from two decks

STOP THAT SCREAM! p.12 Burt Brazier
But she didn't understand!

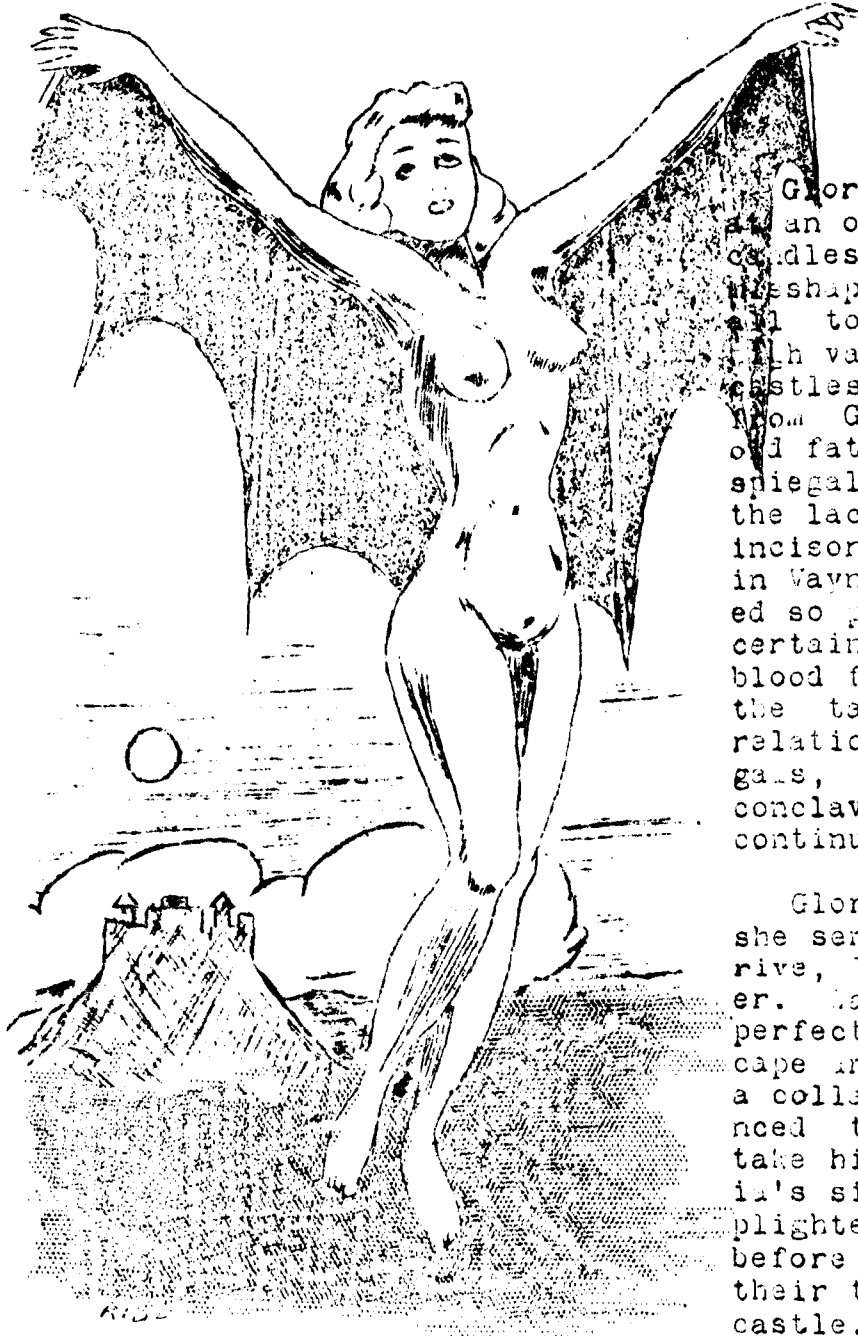
GGFS p.15 Ye Olde Editors
The sleeper awakes .

Write us a letter, or postcard, or contribute, or send
money, and old shoe, or something, and get the next
issue for nothing. Published at....
1620 Chestnut St.
Berkeley 2, Calif.

By
The Outhouse Press (we're outsiders)
Wyers & Riggs Prop.

CONCLAVE

Jay Edwards



Gloria von Halfenspiegel sat at an old oaken table. The few candles sputtering their way to reshaped lumps of grease, were all too few to illuminate the high vaulted ceiling of the old castle's dining room. Across from Gloria sat her doddering old father, Glahzei von Halfenspiegel, who was mumbling about the lack of an edge on his two incisors. On her left was Cousin Waynt, a timid soul, who looked so pale and thin, Gloria was certain he hadn't had a drink of blood for over a week. All down the table roosted friends and relations of the von Halfenspiegals, for this was a serious conclave that might decide their continued existence as vampires.

Gloria's heart fluttered as she sensed the last guest to arrive, Wald von Gobber und Globber. Wald folded his wings in a perfect imitation of an evening cape and produced from nowhere a collapsible top hat, and advanced to the council table to take his rightful place at Gloria's side. Gloria and Wald had plighted their troth only a week before while they had hung by their toes from the eaves of the castle. It was so romantic, with the full moon and all; they had talked many an hour of all the little blood suckers they were to raise someday. Their

plans were all going astray however, as were all other vampires' in the vicinity, because of the desperate situation which faced them.

Old Glanzei creaked as he rose to command attention. He told Karl Blutschwein to turn the record player off, the record grated on their nerves. Karl had purchased it with the assumption that it was "their type of music; he wasn't too bright. "The Devil Sat Down and Cried" snapped suddenly off, and somehow seemed to mock them in doing so. Glanzei von Halfenspiegel began to speak, and told them to suggest anything pertinent to the subject if they thought of it even while he was speaking to them. The situation was thus: All the Germans living in their neighborhood were moving to the shipyards at Bremen, Kiel, and Emden, or to other war plants. The war was playing havoc with the vampires, for the Germans living nearby were all farmers, sheepherders and as such.... never had much money. By migrating to the shipyards and other war plants and leaving their poor soil, they were making more marks per day than they had seen in a year back on the farm. Of course the older ones remembered 1919 when they covered their rude walls with money; it was much cheaper than wallpaper. So the vampires were faced with an acute shortage of victims. The older ones who stayed, went to bed early and took precautions against vampires and were difficult to obtain access to. Besides their blood was thin and watery.

A suggestion was diffidently offered by Gloria's Cousin Vaynt, who suggested robbing the German Red Cross of their reserve blood; but Wald scowled back into his seat.

Gloria's lover, Wald, was a rather young vampire, and so was rather bold in his ideas. He couldn't see why they shouldn't pack their shroud and fly away with their coffins of earth to a city. The cities were full of drunks who wouldn't be apt to make annoying outcries. The traditional families were shocked at the very idea of moving; no one even replied to his suggestion.

They all agreed the situation was desperate, then wise old Glanzei offered them a hard choice. They could either follow the suggestions already submitted, or follow his plan. Tense silence gripped the very atmosphere, every eye focused on the old fellow. It was fairly simple. Enemy planes flew over their deserted castle en route to highly important targets. All they had to do was to guide the enemy to their objectives and then the war would soon be over and things would return to normal when the peasants found themselves out of work and no food.

At first there was a great cry over being traitors to der Vaterland until old Glanzei reminded them that they were vampires first and German second. After all we have to live, and our method of sustenance is not in favor with the authorities, he reasoned. Then Wald unconsciously supplied the clincher by suggesting that they could take a nip or two out of the tail gunners in the bombers going over. This salved their consciences and the meeting was happily adjourned.

To the strains of "Danse Macabre," Wald turned to Gloria and said "Shall we dance?"

TABOO

James Kepner

There are a lot of fans and readers, who like to take their doses of scientifiiction and fantasy straight and narrow. They are able to enjoy only those adventure yarns which are either impossible, as thus fantasy, or those which are mildly tainted with something that smells scientific. But they do not care for any stories which might tend to make them think, in any form or fashion. Good, if that is to their taste, there are several of the pros, and not a few fan mags which would satisfy them one-hundred-percent. But they are not satisfied that merely about ninety percent of all science fiction or fantasy stories are the type. Instead, they must yammer like neglected brats whenever a story is published that is too deep for them, or that contains some ideas of which they disapprove.

So many times, I have heard the remark, in regard to some story with rather strong political or philosophical core, "Yes, it's a good story but it doesn't really belong in science fiction." Why doesn't it? Science fiction is understood to include future fiction, and the stories under fire were future fiction. They would come quite properly under the term fantasy, using it in its broader sense to include the entire field of imaginative literature. And the fantasy field could reap untold benefits by including more stories of a more serious nature. And back to the hair splitting about science fiction. They say stories which contain science are not science fiction. And if I ask them to name the science they would brazenly list only Biology, Chemistry, and Physics, and perhaps they would include such minor studies as Physiology, Astronomy, and Geology. Someone has given them the mistaken impression that the physical sciences are the only sciences. But they forget to include Mathematics the most perfect of all sciences. And, while far less perfectly developed than others, Psychology, Philosophy, History, Politics, Economic Sociology, Geography, and other such subjects have a fully just claim, to be classed as sciences. Even religion has staked its claim, but I would consider it to be one half a mixture of psychology, philosophy, economics and politics, and the other half pure ignorance. But then, that is personal opinion.

So, to get on with the discussion of whether stories and the fanzine ought to mention or include those subjects which the would-be censor tell us have no place in the fantasy field or in fandom. Who gave anyone the right to forbid them? They claim to be interested in the future. Let me ask them what things will have the greatest influence on the future: their tin space ships, ultra-modern buildings, hideous monsters, ray guns, and mad scientists; or such moving factors as politics, sex, sociology, religion, economics, philosophies, education, heredity, environmental mutations, etc.? So why shouldn't we have at least a few more stories that get to the core of what the future life might be like? Let

have a little more real adult science fiction and fantasy. There has been such a sparing handful of it so far. Wide new vistas for science fiction and for fantasy could be opened by deeper and more open minds, and imaginative literature could gain more of the recognition it so properly deserves.

In fan mags too, anyone receives a lot of criticism whenever he tries to discuss anything which the narrow minds say doesn't pertain to science fiction. Bah! Most of the fans are interested in said subjects, and would like to discuss them. If the majority (if they are a majority) aren't interested, they should remember that they do not speak for all of the readers, and there are plenty of mags, fan and pro that satisfy them.

There have been few stories which consider open mindedly, the possible politico-economic systems which will rule the future. Of course, there are a lot of dictator stories, because they are timely now, and it is good propaganda. But it is interesting to consider it a bit more on this line of thought. First we must find how the individual looks at the future. Do you think that progress is being made, and may continue to be made along a slow line? Or do you perhaps feel that mankind never really advances, that he merely makes superficial changes? Or do you consider progress a wave motion which goes up and down, but keeps to an average level? Or perhaps, the waves could be accompanied by an incoming tide, which would slowly raise the level? And would you, after that, expect an ebb tide? Then with your decision in mind, what sorts of governments and political systems will prevail in the future? Will men continue to attempt to build a mountain by the process of each trying to climb on the trampled bodies of the rest? Or might they somehow discover that they could all get slightly better results by cooperation? And if the cooperation comes, will it be willingly, or by coercion? Will the voting age be lowered, and what would the results be? Totalitarian Socialism, Social Democracy, Democratic Capitalism, Limited Monarchy (either socialist or capitalist), Feudalism, Workable anarchy with perhaps slight controls, Unlimited Monarchy or Dictatorship, Aristocracy, or what have you. There are a lot of them to choose from, and a lot of really good literature could come from it. Most of it so far, with a few notable exceptions, has been tripe.

And about religion. I wonder how long the religions we know today, will survive? If they pass, and I feel that in a few more centuries, they will; will others take their places? What will these others be like? And suppose any one of the religions should prove itself to be right? That would make a good yarn, imagine a future civilization, with advanced sciences coming to grips with a religion which had real power behind it.. If there is a God, suppose he should really make himself known. I know, a lot of stories have mentioned religion, but few have really handled the subject.

Heredity and environment are rather interesting subjects. And mutants too. A few more stories that handle these things capably, would be quite welcome. And sex as well. I do not mean that the story should be neces-

sarily "sexy." But suppose our life in the future changes somewhat.... Is it likely that the sexes will grow more or less alike? And will there be more individuals whose sex is not clearly defined? Will they be able to find a proper place in life? Will the home unit remain? Will the human body develop more fully? And will we be continuing ashamedly about it? When mutants are mentioned, too many people think of freakish monsters. But there are other, more successful types of mutants. Mutations and natural selection slowly change the race. Where does the change lead? And what sort of philosophical systems will evolve? Philosophies can have a powerful influence on the individual or on the group.

Yes, I feel that we should have more real solid science fiction stories, and also a lot of fantasies along these lines, and they should be discussed more in fandom, for they definitely concern fandom. And let the would-be censors censor their own censorship.

((EDs. note.)) Glancing over some material we had on hand with which to publish this issue, we came across this article. We noted that although this foregoing article was penned some four years ago, it had a certain timeliness about it. It was interesting to see that most of his "moving factors" had moved into reality, courtesy of Astounding, in the past four years; while his gripes are as timely as ever. It is a sad commentary on fandom, that we still have those "characters" with us. We gloom.

FABLE

Eric Winters

Eric Winters

Sgt. Hartman mercilessly cursed Abu for the 11th time that day. It seemed the little fellow would never learn right from left. It wasn't that he didn't try; he was merely stupid. A timid, funny-looking little guy who always seemed to be in a fog, as though he couldn't place himself, but nevertheless, a hulluva nice fellow. Then perhaps he wasn't as stupid as he seemed. Perhaps Sgt. Hartman was just hard on him. It was a well-known fact that Hartman loved to bully rookies.

Be that as it may, in any case the Sgt. had finally given up. He glowered at Abu and smiled inwardly as he sentenced poor Abu to six months of Kitchen Police duty. Abu pleaded with him; begged him for one more chance. But no! The mean old Sgt. just laughed and wished his good washing.

For a couple of weeks Abu washed dishes. Then he got tired. After that he didn't wash them but nevertheless they were always clean. Finally Herman, the Mess Sgt., woke to the fact that something very peculiar was afoot. Abu never appeared to work, yet his chores were always done. Coincident with this was the rather strange fact that Abu was seen in the Post Exchange at a time when the Sgt. would have sworn he was in the kitchen.

Finally, after being picked up in town minus a pass, while he was on duty; the little chap found himself on the short end of an earnest conversation with Sgt. Hartman. He suddenly decided to tell all and broke in on the best tongue lashing the Sgt. had delivered in months. After ten minutes and several requests to shut up, he was allowed to tell which he did.

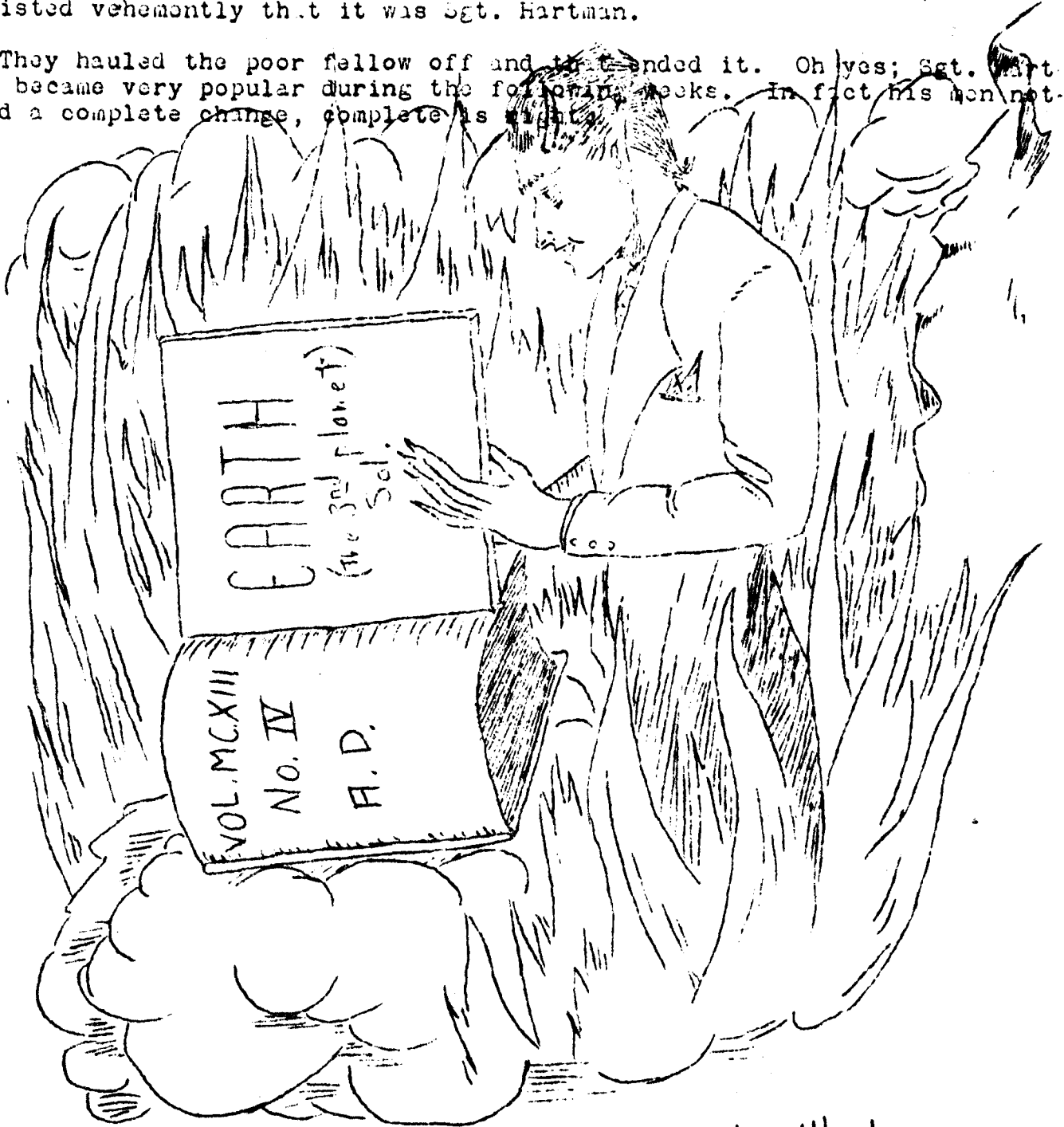
It seems that Abu was not a resident of Earth. He was merely a visitor who had displaced a mind and borrowed a body, so to speak, in order to observe our mighty war machine. Something had gone wrong during the mind transfer and he had found himself so really able to control his borrowed body, as well as perceiving the world as sort of foggy mirage. Well, gradually the condition had passed and he was now in full possession of all his faculties. Such being the case he wanted to take his place in the ranks of our glorious fighting men. Would the kind Sgt. be so kind as to get him off K.P.?

The Sgt. looked amazed. He turned purple with rage. He was mad also purple. He laughed, sneered, cursed, and discredited Abu's story he told him that even if his story was true he sure picked a hulluva spot to observe our army. Abu's eyes gleamed speculatively at this. Once

tried to protest that his story was true. Just once. Then he found himself digging a hole, a famous six by six; six feet by six feet by six feet. In rocky ground, too!

The next morning was a beautiful morning. A twenty foot hole contained Abu. Or rather the gibbering maniac that had once been Abu, and now insisted vehemently that it was Sgt. Hartman.

They hauled the poor fellow off and ~~it~~ tended it. Oh yes; Sgt. Hartman became very popular during the following weeks. In fact his men noticed a complete change, complete ~~is~~ ~~right~~.



"Hmm, World War III. Looks like that will close a long and eventful account book."

CAMPBELL

Jack Riggs

That pessimistic prophet John Campbell has been sounding the death knell of civilization as we know it, but no one seems to listen. Glancing through today's paper we can discern that Government heads all over the world do not know that the Atomic Age is here. Our Congress certainly doesn't seem to know it, as evinced by the coming fight over handing problems atomic to the military, instead of scientists. The man on the street doesn't know it. No one can possibly foresee all the facets of the thing, the scope is yet too huge, the beginning only begun.

Astounding Science-Fiction has a comparatively large circulation among engineers, and many of them write for it. The whole magazine breathes maturity. The editorials appeal to the straight-thinking mind. One never finds references to Xeno, or other Sargeant Saturnish juvenility. Also impossible to detect, is an appeal to the intellectually deficient, emotionally immature, the superstitious, and the credulous, as displayed in the editorials and pages of a magazine that features "dream" stories.

Possibly most of Campbell's audience is aware, in varying degrees, of the serious situation which faces the world today. Unfortunately they are not a force in politics, for few outside the narrow field of science-fiction realize the tremendous possibilities in the thing. The world seems to be tottering along like an old blind man with a cane called the U.N.O. The cane looks as though it is ready to snap at any moment.

Campbell, a man who makes his living from science-fiction, has an insight into the atomic problem and mechanics of the thing that is probably surpassed by no one. His whole magazine has been slanted on the sociological implications of changes in our culture brought about by inventions, accidents, mutations, or anything that will alter our lives basically. Yet; following his editorials for the past five months, one can see his ideas on the subject unfold. Starting out simply in the November issue, his statements and comments become more and more awe-stricken at the tremendous potentialities lying in the immediate future. For instance in the November 1945 ASF, he said that civilization as we know it was ended on July 16, 1945 and publicly notified of that fact on August 1945...also, that people do not like changes, and are extremely reluctant to make radical changes swiftly, unless forced.....Of different groups trying to use the bomb for their own purposes, never looking beyond that. Of the Powers That Be trying to work the atomic power idea into the old civilization; a thing that cannot be done.....Of the pressing need for a breathing spell to enable the world to absorb the fact that the bomb was not just another bomb, but something that will influence the lives of everyone, directly or indirectly....Winding up with the assertion; and I like that sentence; "Atomic war is as suicidal as a duel between two men armed with flame-throwers in a vestibule."....Or it might usher in an age of forced politeness among nations.

In December 1945 he tries to open up avenues of thought on what atomic power can do, and when an atomic power plant might become available, and how much it would cost...Conclusion reached: No small atomic power plant can be made for a considerable length of time.

January 1946....He stated that the human race is here to stay, for it would be impossible to destroy all the scattered individuals in a nation. He put forth the assertion that our cultural pattern is based on the proposition that a good big nation can whip a good little one any day in the week.....The atomic bomb has changed this, for the atomic bomb is the great equalizer; all nations that possess it are equal in power...He predicted that there would be a race to discover the process and the first nation to do so, would automatically join the Big Five.....Of course the situation would only last for a very short time until everyone had atomic bombs.....There will be chaos unless a real defense against it is found. All defensive measures now known are utterly useless.....Also stated was the method of constructing a super-super bomb, given a bomb equal in power to the one that destroyed Hiroshima to detonate the super one....No defense can be found in time once a war starts; it would be over too swiftly. Also, the U.S. will cease to exist 24 hours after the next war starts, for the simple reason that we are dangerous to would-be aggressors.

In Feb. 46 he presents, "Postwar Plans." A "Plan for Survival" dealt with a method of survival in event of an atomic war, prepared beforehand, of course....He advised building your home of strong reinforced concrete and placing it in some extremely deserted region of the country, and preferably in a box canyon....His "Plan for Expansion" proposed that we should pour forth our energies in releasing the atoms secrets, so that we could be far ahead of anyone else; and hence devastate other countries more thoroughly than they could do to us; or build a force-screen with the knowledge gained from the experiments.

March 46. He emphasizes the statement in the editorial of the Jan. issue that the U.S. will be target #1. Enlarging on that statement he listed a possible consequence of such an act. Estimating that 40 million Americans, concentrated mostly in the cities, would die....He reasons rightly that the rest of us would thirst for revenge, but against whom? Great secrecy would surround the aggressors movements; in fact; it would be highly doubtful to name him until the war was all over and all chances of successful retaliation past. The U.S. in a frenzy of rage might attack the wrong nation as its aggressor, and that would set the whole world ablaze; leaving the assassin to pick up the choice pieces left intact; providing no one attacked him, or guessed his identity.

Summing up the foregoing editorials briefly, I can see that he (and not a few others) feel that it is definitely "Solution Unsatisfactory"; and the future a sad prospect to look forward to.....

EVEN ON MARS.....

K. Martin Carlson & C. Alan Westo

.....If this small tale wasn't laid (like an egg) on Mars....I'd be willing to swear I heard it somewhere before.....

Two Martian "farmerborghs" were on the outs and each envied the other for his better possessions. It so happened that Vatsug had a very fine horsoid and Kamar wanted that animal in the worst way. He even went so far as to call Vatsug on the transphone and offer him a large sum of money for that prize horsoid. Just to be mean, Vatsug refused to consider selling. But one day, the horsoid died, and Vatsug bemoaned the fact that he COULD have had a nice sum of money now instead of a dead horsoid. Suddenly he exclaimed:

"I'll go over to Kamar's, sell him the dead horsoid, and tell him to come over after it."

So this he does, and of course Kamar is overjoyed at the chance to finally buy the horsoid. But naturally he doesn't know that the animal is dead. Paying Vatsug the money, he goes back with him to obtain his property.

"There's your horsoid; take it and get out of here!" Kamar is stunned for a moment, at finding the animal dead. Then, borrowing Vatsug's levitator, he transfers the corpse through the teleporter, to his own farm. Vatsug, shocked that Kamar doesn't make a fuss over such an unsatisfactory purchase, barely manages to conceal his surprise.

But the next day, Vatsug's curiosity overcomes him, and he does his best to find out what was done with the dead horsoid, but no go! Finally, after a week has gone by, Vatsug can hold out no longer; he must find out, even if he has to ask Kamar himself. So over he goes, finds Kamar, and inquires about what happened to the dead horsoid.

"Oh, I made money on that critter!"

"What! You couldn't sell that dead horsoid!"

"No, but I DID sell 200 chances on it at twenty solarians each."

"How about the guy that won? Didn't he squawk when he found out it was dead?"

"Oh, sure! BUT I GAVE HIM BACK HIS TWENTY SOLARIANS, SO HE WAS SATISFIED."

Curtain

STOP THAT SCREAM

Burt Brazier

This is a sketch in prose and is not to be construed as poetry. It was written in this form to aid the actors in phrasing and to facilitate arrangements for the musical score.....Burt

((Note attached to this tale))

Written by my brother for a bit of heavy acting with appropriate lighting and sound. Done on Guam in the all colored review: Harlem Knights.



I

From the depths of the demented mind
Strange whispers oft issue forth,
Whispers from which there's no escape,
No mercy,
No end.
Around and around they go,
Burning, biting into the soul.
Soothed not by drink,
Soothed not by sleep:
But
Whispering loud and whispering long
They chisel away at the last shred of sanity.

Whispers! Whispers! Whispers!
Pleading to be heard,
Pleading to be answered,
And to what avail?
You cry,
You laugh,
Scream and swear- - -
But the syrup to soothe,
The balm for despair
Is the blood of another man.

And thus it was with my closest friend
Who dies tonight.
And forever after his name on the lips of man -
A synonym for murder.
Is it fair?
Is it right?
To judge him as a cold-blooded fiend
Who knew not what he was doing!

Need a man lose his soul
Because he lost his mind?
Because the germ of despair
Robbed him of his grasp on reality?
I beseech you...
Condemn him not
For he is mad!!

II

Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!
He says I'm mad.
My mind is a burning cauldron
From which blue vapors rise,
Leading me on to perform such deeds
As would freeze the hearts of you
Who watch and listen now.

He makes me laugh....
I spit in his face and laugh!
And so will you when you see
How calmly, how easily
I can tell my story to the very end.

I will tell you in every detail
How I sacrificed my heart,
To bring once again peaceful sleep
That was otherwise denied me forever.

I had been in bed for about a week,
Suffering from one of my sick spells
That comes with the summer heat,
Then all of a sudden I grew dizzy.
I wasn't alarmed at first because the doctor told me
It would happen often in my disease.
But gradually it grew worse
As the room began to spin and I could swear
The bed would tip and dump me to the floor.
Sweat broke out on my brow,
My head began to throb,
My eyes to run, my ears to ring.
In desperation I cried for water
And the echo of my voice came back to me,
Weird and hollow,
Swinging the lamp around
And then the chair and the door
Forever spinning,
Lifting me higher and higher 'till I gasped for breath
And began to fall.

Slowly at first and then faster and faster,
My hands clutching frantically in empty space
And grasping nothing.
My eardrums bursting from the screaming wind;
My eyes blinded by the flashing light...
Stop! Stop!, I say!!

I woke up.
It was night and I was alone,
Standing on a street corner
Wondering when I had dressed, where I had wandered.
Straining my eyes in the dim light of a street lamp
I tried to catch a glimpse of a familiar sight.
Perhaps a tobacco shop or drugstore,
Anything to help me find my way...
But, no, I was lost!

And then, all of a sudden,
SHE came.
I thought maybe she could help me,
Give me directions.
She didn't have to scream when I grabbed her, did she?
I meant to be friendly and ask just a question,
But her piercing scream made me forget.
This night I had suffered enough,
Could stand no more -
But sh wouldn't listen,
Paid no heed
And only screamed.
I had to choke her
 To stop that scream....
Squeeze her throat
 To stop that scream....
 To stop that scream,....
 To stop that scream,..!

GGFS

Ye Olde Dvlpdnted Editor

....Once again we come to that inevitable page.....

First; my apologies to C. Alan Walton. Can't understand what I was thinking of when I stencilled his name as C. Alan Weston; it didn't come out clearly anyway, so, no great harm done. Secondly, my apologies to the readers, at least those who waded through the rotten duplicating to get this far. I have some ancient stencils, that are very contrary, and don't want to print evenly. My typewriter doesn't want to print the capital letters very well either, as you've no doubt noticed.

You lucky fellows that got Lethe #1 are wondering why the long delay between issues, the change in size, and the difference in material. Explanation: Everett Myers intended to pub Lethe in this size originally, but Uncle Sam dressed him up and sent him to Europe and the Phillipines before this could be done. In the meantime, Lou Smith and Jack Riggs sabotaged him by using the title, but none of his material. Lethe #1 contained fantasy; Lethe #2 and the following issues will try to adhere to a policy of humorous fantasy, or straight fantasy, & serious articles pertaining to aspects of science-fiction.

We are indebted to The Manuscript Bureau for "Even on Mars" by K. Martin Carlson and C. Alan Walton; and "Stop That Scream" by Burt Brazier. We like you, Walter Coslet.

(over)

Tom Wright, currently in the employ of Uncle Sam at Camp Beale and dressed accordingly, is no longer an acti-fan, but the cover was done by him four years ago while he was. In fact the cover was lithoed almost four years back, and has been rusting in a drawer at Wyers' house along with "Taboo," by James Kepner. We deleted part of his article, but in the main, it is still interesting, which is more than can be said for a great part of the current fan crop we have seen. (Pardon the shift from me to we. We are in a confused state; don't know whether we are singular or plural.)

Perhaps you are wondering why the title of GGF3? Well, we'll tell ye. Upon the discharge of Wyers and Riggs, the GGF3 was re-organized. The Golden Gate Futuria Society has an excellent constitution, penned by Joe Fortier. We've got a couple of members; Jack Riggs, chairman, Everett Wyers (Lethe), Lou and Larry Smith (Tellus), Joe Fortier, John Cockroft (Stellarite), George Caldwell, Roger (Raj) Rehm (Without Glee), Ziza Schramm, and prospects of a couple more. The first meeting will be held at 1620 Chestnut St. Berkeley. With all members promising to come, except Cockroft (Poor fellow's in the Army, and in the Hospital to boot, but expects a discharge soon, and is only 150 miles from here, too bad he can't get a pass.)

We are proud of our Constitution; h'yar 'tis.

1. The purpose of this club is to provide a common meeting ground for those interested in fantasy, and science-fiction.
2. A chairman shall be elected to perform all the sad duties.
3. There will be no dues; no formal business, no organs, no officials, except the chairman; and the first person to suggest such, shall be forcibly ejected.
4. Membership shall be by consent of the majority of the existing members.
5. Meetings shall be arranged at the previous meeting, and the chairman will post reminders to members both present and absent.

You like? We do too. So simple. So loose. No binding obligations. Only somebody's gonna keep Riggs supplied with postage stamps; only who? There no dues.

Well; adios until next time kiddies.