

Pm 7041

WILD-HAIR

The Hirsute Fanzine

NUMBER 1 - FAPA - DECEMBER 1947

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OF HYPERFAN

F.I.A.

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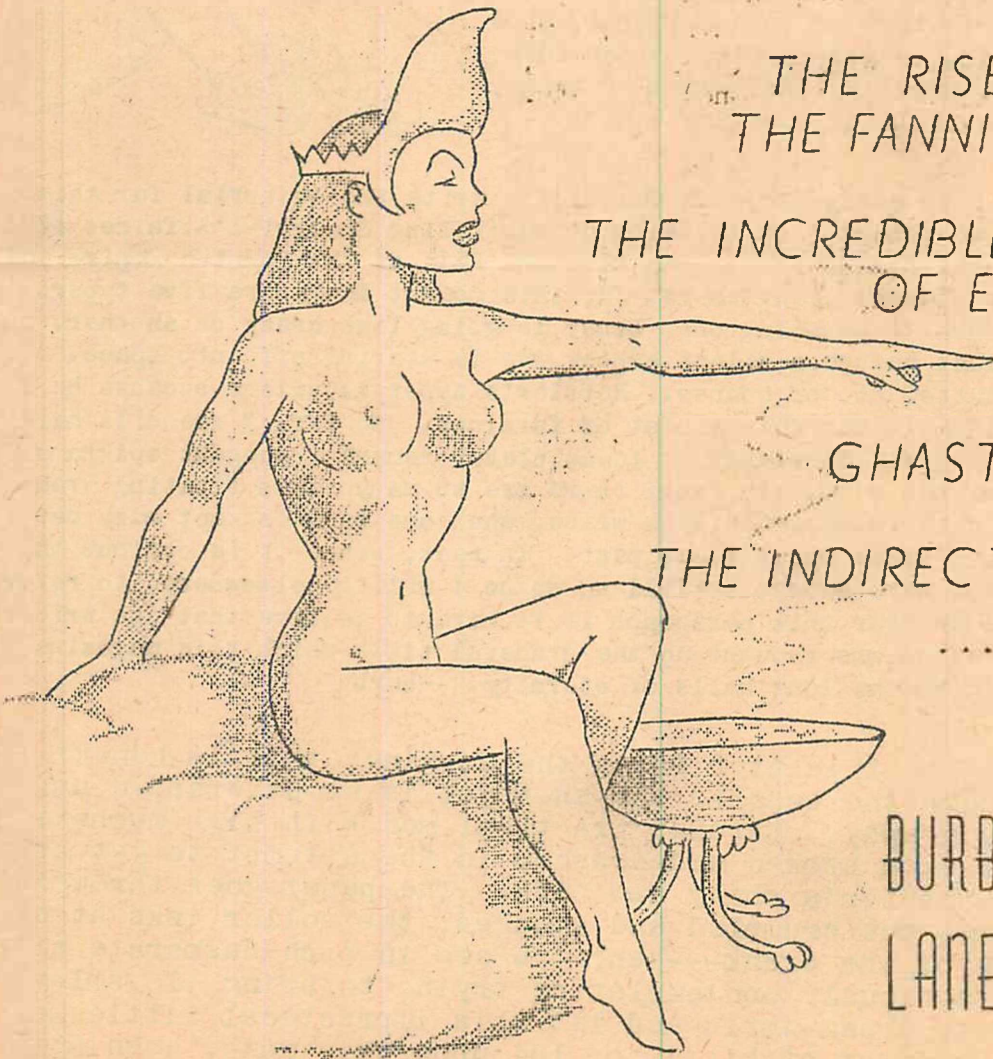
GHASTLY GOSSIP

THE INDIRECT MANNER
...featuring

ASHLEY

BURBEE · CONDRÁ

LANEY · ROTSLER



WILD HAIR NO. 1

the HIRSUTE FANZINE

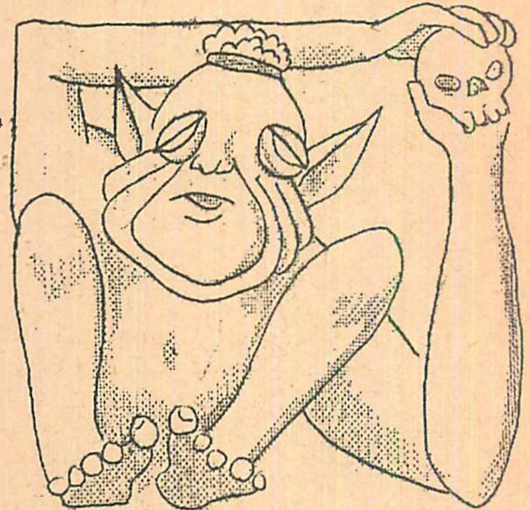
13 December 47

Alhambra, California

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In a flash of high gear thinking Burbee, (sometimes called Sweet Old Burbee and some times just the initials) thot up WILD HAIR (to be known to following generations as the highpoint of the one-shot fanzine era), as a title for this unperturbed fanzine. This bit of compression thot was prompted, no doubt, by Burbee's strange complex, as defined by "Two-brain" Ashley, AA 194. Since I am just a stylii wielder I yield the floor to the one shot fanzine twins, The Cad and The Laniac & to the other creators of this cultural, erudite, acroamatic, encyclopaedic, Simon Pure, sophisticated, privily (chose one) fanzine.

...William Rotsler



It's a little early (this is Burbee) to write the editorial for this sterling fanzine (which I am thinking of subtitling Shangri-L'Affaires #39) but I have just finished stenciling Rise and Fall of the Fannish Empire and there was this stencil lying there. At this moment There are five typers in the room. Condra is pounding one, Laney is going like crazy on another, one is sitting silent before a silent Ashley who is staring off into space. This one is being batted at, of course. Rotsler's typer is silent because he is over there doing pix for this finest of fanzines. So far, 7 stencils have been cut and two run off. Thousands of ideas, clever remarks, pungent epigrams, are bouncing around the room. In fact, there are so many ideas floating around that it is difficult to think, much less write, when one hand is kept busy batting away inquisitive ideas which float past. In fact, since it is obvious that I am doing no good here except to fill up space I will go elsewhere, to return later. As I look over this paragraph it is hard to believe that its writer was the fine fellow who thought up the graceful title which this magazine will carry to fame down the long halls of eternity. --burb

As I write this at 2:00 in the morning (this is Laney) it looks as though the best LA one-shot yet is about wrapped up. All but the mimeography. Strong, practical men with high mechanical ability have been broken and crushed in the attempt to get production out of Rotsler's shiny new Dick. The paper goes through it in wads, comes out crumpled and smudged; the roller inks at every other stroke of the crank--bah! We are in such desparate straits that we are seriously contemplating trying to bring Al Ashley out of his private dream-world and let this impractical little man turn the full power of his I of 194 upon this mute, inanimate monster.

But seriously, we hope you like our little fanzine. We have never published before, and so we don't know much of what is expected. All we've tried to do is to capture our light-hearted

approach to fandom in bright shimmering mimeography.

We hope that our happy prattle has made us lots of new friends. Because we have a Mission in fandom. Our sole purpose in publishing is to give us and our many splendid friends a few moments of pleasure. All else is illusion.

Won't you all write us, and tell us how much you like WILD HAIR?

And we have one more sweetly homespun bit of philosophy that we are sure will give you the raw material for many Splendid Adventures Into Thinking: We love EVERYbody.

Good night, Everett. Sleep tight.

---ooOoo---

There is a strange breed self-important and stuffy people abroad in the world. They believe with unbelievable intensity in the damndest things. They think the auto will replace the horse when anyone knows that after the bomb we'll all ride horseback. They believe that the Technate is due any minute. By some weird mental contortion they view fandom as a way of life. Stf is mentioned in slightly hushed tones, and fan organizations and officials smother themselves in infinite layers of dignity. They crusade militantly and impotently against religion, crack-potism, and dash madly off on other idealistic and impractical sprees with a fervor and seriousness worthy of some worthwhile endeavor.

Out of our colossal irreverence we give the laugh to all stuffy and stupid people. Will you join our merry throng?

--Al Ashley

2:30 in the morning, and Condra editorializing after sweating out a session on Rotsler's somewhat less than perfect mimeo. (Ashley won't tell us how to run it). This fanzine is, as you doubtless know by this time, issued as a sort of vitamin supplement to your regular reading diet, in the hope that your systems may more easily absorb the ethdcal nutriment to be found elsewhere in this field of publishing. It is our hope that you may enjoy reading this as much as we enjoyed writing and publishing it--and particularly this sentiment is extended to all present members of the LASFS, whose broad mental horizons and exemplary conduct have served as a constant and comforting inspiration to the editors.

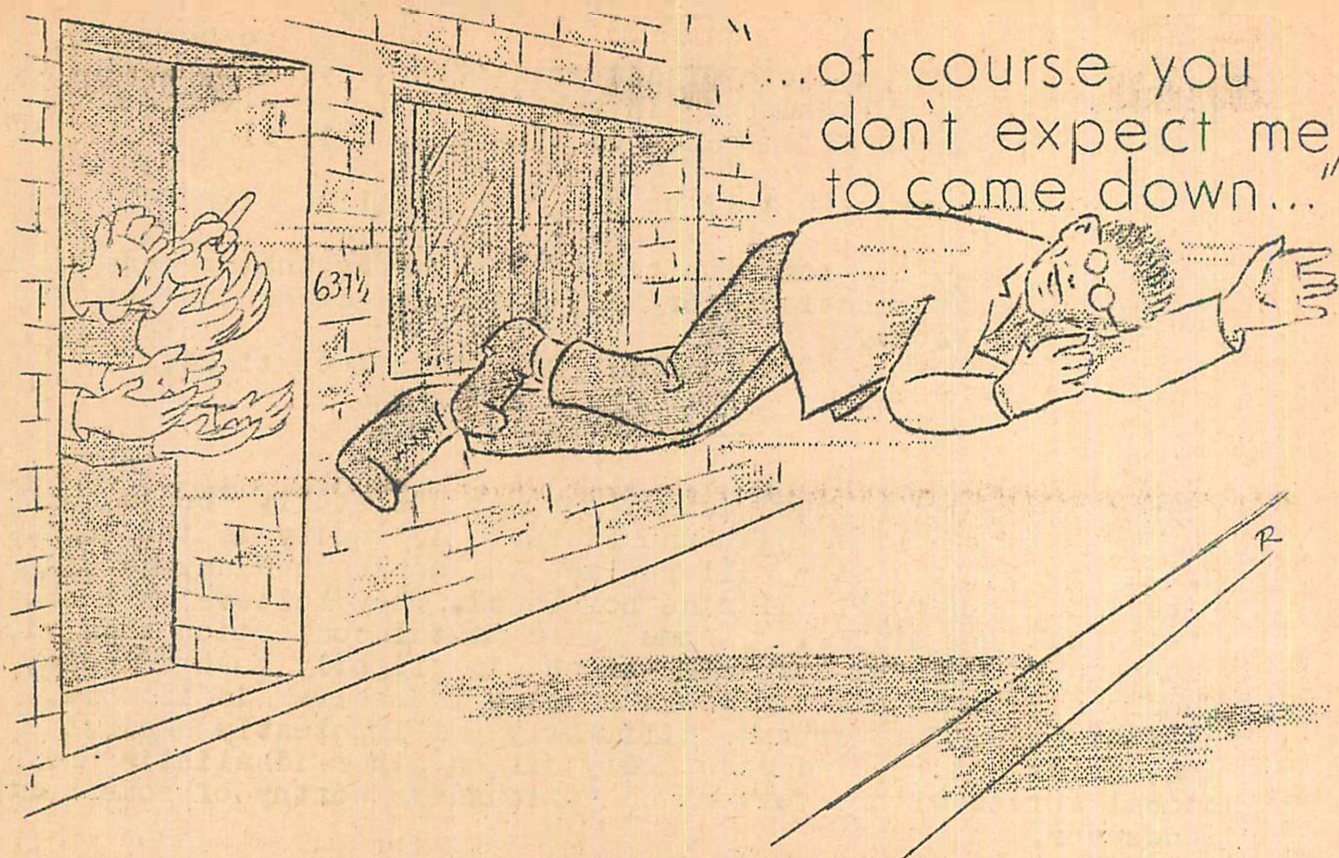
--Cyrus B Condra

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FLASH! CONDRA HAS JUST JOINED FAPA!

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WILD HAIR, published jointly by Cyrus B Condra, William Rotsler, Al Ashley, F Towner Laney and Charles Burbee in Alhambra, California, but using as a mailing address 1057 S Normandie Ave., Los Angeles 6, Calif. All five editors have convened from far places to create this deathless thing--Condra came from Culver City, Bill Rotsler stayed away from Camarillo, Ashley and Burbee came from unhappy far-off Los Angeles, and Laney came from the Alhambra-LA boundary, which he straddles madly like a wavering politician. If by some chance you people love this thing (which is distributed thru FAPA and to Shaggy subscribers) you might write and say so, and it is possible your ego-boo will cause these 4½ fine minds to convene once again and go through the whole boisterous, mad, mad routine all over again.



"I can handle them," said Al Ashley. "I can take care of that situation." He was referring to the threat made by the Executive Committee of the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society and Dancing Academy (Walter J Daugherty, Prop.) that they would eject him bodily from the club if he ever dared show up again at a meeting. It seems they removed him from membership some time ago, and since then he has shown up for meetings more regularly than before.

Hints that he was not welcome bounced off him. When Russell J Hodgkins, who prides himself on his dignity, so lost his dignity one night that he called Al in open meeting "You damned welsher", Al merely sat there and stared at Russ with the identical expression he uses for staring off into space. Every so often, too, EE Evans, that most patient of men (he says) loses his patience and addresses some sharp, impatient remark to Al, who doesn't seem to mind at all.

But the other night the Executive Committee decided that the next time their unwelcome visitor showed up they would, by main force, throw him bodily and with malice aforethought, right out the clubroom door. Ashley, when informed of this decision, made the statement as recorded in the first line of this factual account. He said that if Gus Willmorth (who weighs 220 on the hoof and virtually the same sitting down) were omitted from the Ejection Committee (one wonders why there is no Welcoming Committee) he could handle Cox, Evans, Hodgkins and Ackerman.

"Yes, Al," said a friend. "Perhaps there would be a mighty struggle, with you swinging Evans around like a blunt instrument (which is no doubt the mental picture you carry of him) but don't you think that eventually you would wind up in the street?"

"Nope," said Al calmly. He calmly picked up his coffee cup, placed it calmly to his lips and calmly drank the contents.

Trouble was, the cup was empty before he picked it up.

THE VARIABLE EXISTENCE OF HYPERFAN by Charles Burbee

Hyperfan was a moody boy who began reading stf at an early age--even before he could read at all, which showed how bright he actually was, and how broad his mental horizons.

He grew up, wrote interminable letters to prozines each month and at length began a tremendous correspondence with fans all over the world. He wrote to German fans in German, French fans in French, Zulu fans in Bantu, Arabic fans in Arabic. He could not translate the answers since he wrote the languages but could not read them. This was just as well, because it saved him the time of reading the letters and gave him more time to write more and more letters. He published four fanzines. One was a serious magazine, devoted to the heavier aspects of heavy fantasy and in it he titled himself a sincere acolyte. The second fanzine was composed of letters to the first fanzine. The third fanzine was a light frothy thing that caused jolli-ment wherever exhibited, for hyperfan was endowed with a great wide streak of humor which ran straight down the middle of his back. The fourth fanzine was made up of letters to fanzine #3 and their answers. He began a fifth fanzine for the sole purpose of conducting feuds, for he was at war with all fandom. In each of his fanzines he took a different stand, each stubborn as hell, and much of his time was spent writing scathing letters to his own fanzines in answer to his own previously published scathing letters.

At length, though he hid himself from the Outside World as best he could (he was a flagpole painter) he met a girl. She was charming, lovely, and could type 65 words a minute. He became aware of her with every fiber of his being when she drifted close to him and he got an elusive whiff of her perfume--Essence of Mimeograph Ink. It had heady overtones. It was exhilarating, exciting. His head buzzed in ecstasy. Though he never spoke to people, he got up enough courage to grunt when she asked him the way to the postoffice. She was patient, though, and at length he accompanied her to the postoffice where he shyly presented her with a brand new airmail stamp, gum unlicked. The way her eyes glowed made him realize that this girl was--what was that word---oh yes...different! She laughed gaily and chatted with him like an old friend as he went to his forty-five postoffice boxes and got his daily mail, which came to him under four hundred and ninety two aliases. After that they were inseparable. In fact they never left each other. In fact they were together all the time. They even slept together. And rumors were flying that they liked each other more than somewhat.

One day hyperfan breathed words into her ear. I love you, he said. More than fanzines. More than prozines...even Stortounding Sagas. More than blank paper in a typer. I love you more than a mailbox stuffed with thick letters. We'd better get married, so we can be together like we've been from now on and also forever.

She agreed. So they got married. Before long she presented him with a child (whose arrival was no shock since he had suspected something of the sort). The child soon learned to peck haltingly at the keys of a typewriter specially fitted to type babytalk. The child spoke only to its typewriter and a small model of a space ship, and only the space ship ever bothered to reply.

Then came the war. Hyperfan was not drafted because when they took away his glasses they found another pair of glasses underneath. This second pair of glasses, explained hyperfan, was in order to see as far as the first pair of glasses so he could see as far as his glasses.

But his wife was drafted. She went to a basic training camp and hyperfan kept busy writing her letters each hour. After three months hyperfan began to grow a bit uneasy. He began to ponder on the situation. What, now? How could she be drafted, a woman, and the mother of a child? He set inquiries in motion and at length was made to realize that a very serious thing had happened to him---he had been married to a man for four years! What a colossal deception, thought hyperfan. I feel like a fool, said hyperfan. Can such things be? asked hyperfan.

He put his fannish mind to work. How could this all have happened? He used all the sciences in which he was adept (concise courses, sugar-coated with fiction, had been pushed at him in thousands of magazines) and could arrive at no answer that satisfied all conditions, because there was the child.

There is the child, said hyperfan. Obviously that is the product of a man and a woman and I am not a woman. So my partner in this adventure into thinking must be a woman. But the U.S. Army, which is infallible, says she is a man. A man in the days of his strength, strength which I understand the army is tapping daily as though the supply were inexhaustible. Now, if she were a woman, some inquisitive non-com would have found it out long ago. And if she is a man then the army is right and I am wrong. And though this is as it should be, there still remains the child.

He was nonplussed. And then, out of the maze of fannish events and fantastic fiction that cluttered his broad mental horizons, he got the answer. She had tricked him by semantics. God, it was easy to see now. Much as the Emperor of Juno had been tricked by a wily space prospector in that deal involving the Platinum Planetoid. He began to extrapolate and the story came bit by bit. This man, madly in love with hyperfan since he (hyperfan) had published his first fanzine, wished to consummate this mad, mad love. This man, whom we will now call X or perhaps Y, under the stupefying influences of applied semantics and null-R logic, had blinded hyperfan's psychically perceptive senses for long enough to entangle him in a mess not to be outdone by the jam gotted into by the Three Men from Mustodia when they got mixed up in Ganymedan politics.

Ah, but it had been so romantic! Hyperfan brushed away a tear as he recalled how the showers of shredded prozines had fallen lightly and warmly about him and his lambent-flame-beautied bride as they left the citadel of religion in which they had been wed. The first church hyperfan had ever entered under his own power, since he believed only in the power of the Infinite Will and natural selection. These beliefs had obviously been proven when he was born.

And there was the child. Say, said hyperfan, how did this all come about? How could this have happened. Semantics! he shouted at the child, who now turned its wobbly, slobbery, rubbery, wizened face (mirror image of his own) to him, eyes on fire. Hyperfan rattled off a formula which included mathematics he invented on the spur of the moment. "Cthulhu!" cried the child soundlessly (the sound passed through hyperfan's mind only) and did not vanish in a puff of green smoke.

Crushed, his last illusion gone, hyperfan plunged into fandom for escape and never came out. Not even when he died, for he refused to be buried, what with 18 deadlines to meet on 18 fanzines and 220 letters per day to be answered. My schedule won't permit me to be buried anyhow, said hyperfan. Not till spaceflight is achieved and my ashes can be scattered over a dead Martian sea-bottom, for such is my wish as declared in my will.

Besides, there was the child.

F.I.A.

financed by the fantasy
foundation

F. TOWNER LANEY

The recent disbanding of the NFFF has left a gaping lacuna in the organizational affairs of our # fair microcosmos. Unlike the giddy irresponsibility of fandom as a whole--which boasts such puckish characters as Top-Humorist Evans, with his hilarious funzine TIMEBINDER; Harry Warner, with his bitter indulging in acrid personalities and chronic embroilment in feuds; R.J. Hodgkins, happy-go-lucky and undignified; or Gus Willmorth, who heretically denies fandom to be a way of life, holding it to be a mere hobby--unlike these, as I said, we are serious fans, interested only in constructive endeavour, the exhaltation of the holy state of fandom, and good works generally.

Accordingly, we have instituted a fine international fan organization--the F. I. A. These cryptic initials stand for Fandom's International Association; the cognoscenti may perhaps recognize a more esoteric but equally valid translation.

We care nothing for power, riches, personal aggrandizement. We are doing this for Fandom, for Fandom as a Way of Life. Our motto shows this: "Ego-Boo Sans Service".

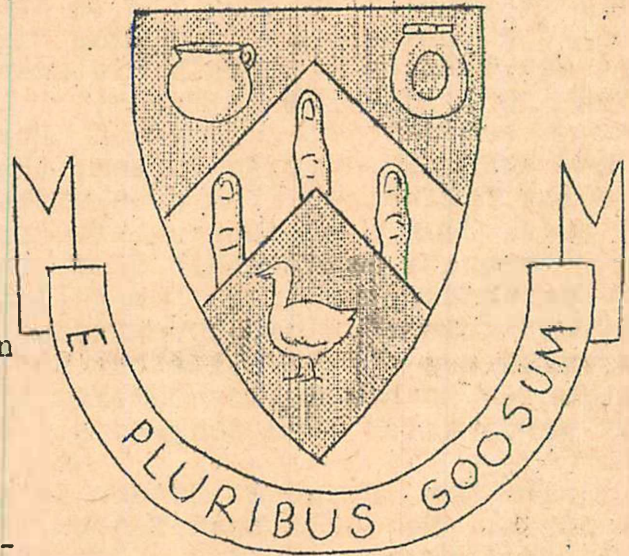
The five of us, Ashley, Burbee, Condra, Laney, and Rotsler, boast an aggregate acquaintanceship with the stf field of 88 years. From the deeps of our vast experience, and with the full power of our fine minds and Ashley's brain, we have surveyed fandom from attic to cellar. We know what fandom needs, and now we will give it to fandom.

To decorous, serious-minded people like ourselves, there is nothing more distressing than the constant turmoil and brawling that has hitherto kept fandom seething like a toilet in the height of flush. We are going to put a stop to feuding, yessirree! Why feud when you, as a member of the FIA, can make use of the Al Ashley De-fuzing and Fumigating Service.

For one dollar, Al Ashley will devote one hour each day, staring into space as is his wont, hating the object of your disaffections with all this little man's astounding malice.

For five dollars, Al Ashley will, in an indirect fashion, cause your feudee to be boycotted by both Forrest J Ackerman and R. P. Graham.

And for 10¢, Al Ashley will spread all through fandom a rumor that the guy is a queer from way back. (It may be wondered why this biggest service is



also the cheapest. Al Ashley just hates to take pay for doing something so near and dear to his heart.)

Our Mr. Burbee is more interested in building up the ability of fans to write. After a great deal of difficulty, we finally induced him to start the Burbee Brotherly Guidance School for Would-be Spell & Time Binders. (We had to bribe him by promising to make a certain statement about him in print. The payoff: "BURBEE IS A BIG-NAME WRITER.")

For a very modest fee, Charles Burbee; the one and only Charles Burbee; the same Charles Burbee who created Al Ashley full-blown from a bakelite washer (off-center), three hairs from under Walt Idebscher's left arm-pit, and a cubic yard of ectoplasm from E. Everett Evans--this fine man Burbee will revise the inept efforts of budding writers. He will take their writings, these fumbling effusions from feckless typewriters, and fill them full of sly innuendoes about and subtle allusions to Al Ashley; or, if so desired, he will pander to his Ruling Complex by filling them with some of the dirty words which teem dangerously close to the surface of his fine mind.

The Hon. Cyrus B. Condra is more politically minded than the rest of us. He feels that fandom is wasting too much time trying to administer its own affairs. "What we need," he said, "is someone like Evans who knows what people should do and will make them do it. I'm going to take over fandom and run it to suit myself."

As soon as Cy takes over the municipal government of Culver City--a development expected any day now--he will take charge. Though his reign will not commence for a couple of months yet, it is not too soon for fans who wish to stay in fandom to start filling out the bulky, 147 page Application to Remain in Fandom and Transfer of Title to All My Property to Cyrus B. Condra. Those who do not comply will be summarily shot.

Laney, that bland and easy-going Friend of All, is interested primarily in a vast and overwhelming publishing programme. Other groups have made uninspired fumbling overtures, but the FIA is going to publish and publish and publish. Group publishing is our open sesame. For five dollars per issue, we will permit anyone to publish a fanzine. For ten dollars per issue we will let anyone publish a fanzine with one of our names on the masthead as editor-in-chief. All we ask is that the gross proceeds be sent to us to Carry on Good Works. Anyone publishing a fanzine without our official Permit to Proceed will be summarily shot.

Bill Rotsler is our summary shooter. After he's shot a few of you, you'll be grateful to us for taking over and protecting you.

For protect you we will. In addition to all our other services we will keep you from having ANY contacts with the outside world. We will spray your amnions with latex. We will PROTECT you. For the rest of your lives you will be truly happy. The grind and frustrations of the outside world will reach you only as a faint murmur.

You will grow to bless us, to revere us. And so now, my children, I will leave you with a heart-felt benediction:

F. I. A.

Forrest J Ackerman wishes to spike the rumor that he quit publishing VOM in order to give him more time to devote to his life-work of publishing the Shaver Saga in Esperanto.

THE RISE AND FALL OF THE FANNISH EMPIRE

CHARLES BURBEE

It was in the year 1957 that atomic bombs began to fall on the cities of the world. Every nation worth mentioning had enough bombs on hand to blow all the rest of the nations off the face of the earth, so as soon as the first one was fired by some unknown and nameless hero, the jet-propelled, self-guiding missiles darted across the skies like a flight of passenger pigeons. One observer said they darkened the sun, and if they had been pigeons he would have been drenched white (like a statue in a public park) in a matter of seconds. But they weren't pigeons, just bombs, so his recently cleaned and pressed coat suffered no damage.

Before long there was absolutely no place of power left on the earth. Each nation had fired missiles at each of the other nations' supposed and suspected seats of government, secret and public, so that by trial and error, it was only to be expected that all politicians were finished off in sixty-eight minutes flat.

The world was left alone, to its own resources. There were plenty of people left, but nobody knew how to make atomic bombs, and nobody knew where any of the launching sites were and nobody knew where the government was. All these things had been wiped out in sixty-eight minutes. You might imagine that the people, rid, or free, of government, would have been appalled at this hopeless plight, but this did not seem true. People paused to read the headlines and wonder about it, but the movies kept going and the radio kept going and the drugstores and used car lots kept going, so the obvious thing to do was to keep going. So everybody kept going.

But the terrific vacuum left by the sudden extinguishment of national government had to be filled somehow. After all, who would people pay taxes to? And who could declare emergencies? Who would close banks and ration food and tires and declare war and announce peace and tell the people to save fats and bomb the enemy one year and love them like brothers the next? Obviously, some sort of central government was urgently needed, so delegates of all nations were appointed and they held a gigantic congress which lasted for months, but they could reach no decision. Then somebody said (and it was instantly translated into 147 languages and flashed about the hall) that they needed somebody with broad mental horizons. The efficiently operating Kardex file system immediately brought up the names of all the science-fiction fans in the world. "There is our salvation," thought the delegates. "We will simply turn the job of unification over to them and get home and away from this noisy place, which is full of foreigners anyway." So they appointed fans to be rulers of the earth in high council, and it was so.

First there was a screening. Fans were quizzed on the number of years they had read the stuff and how much of their daily life was consumed in fan activities. If, for example, they had read Skylark of Space in the original Gernsback magazines they were immediately given low Party numbers and spacious quarters were assigned them. If they had published a fanzine they were elevated to immediate power and sat in judgment on future candidates. If they believed (and could prove) that fandom was a way of life, no honor was too great. This mighty task was finally accomplished, and fans ruled the world. Using to the full their broad mental horizons they ruled so well that for the next 200 years there were only 45 wars, the usual number of rapes, murders, thefts, libel suits, and new automobiles. They levied exorbitant taxes

which kept the peoples of the world happy, for now they had something to be discontented about. One day Emperor Bupertfan VI got a brilliant idea. "Let's give everybody broad mental horizons," he said, "and then everybody can be like us and be happy as anything, and people can rule themselves, each to each, and anarchy will result with everybody happy as hell. It will be Utopia for sure." Emperor Bupertfan VI was somewhat feckless, perhaps. He prized but one thing, his mint collection of fantasy which included all collector's items ever printed, even the ones printed for the express purpose of creating collector's items. He wished to spend more time musing over his collection and wondering what the stories would be like if he dared read them. This, of course, was a heretical thought, since True Fans never read their stuff or even spoke of reading it. They spoke freely of picking up copies of this and that here and there, and bandied bizarre titles about, but never did they let on that they might conceivably even have a random urge to read the stuff.

Emperor Bupertfan's plan was instantly carried out. By governmental decree all governmental printing presses were diverted from the printing of money, stamps, etc., and put to reprinting all the stfantasy classics ever written, and living authors were subsidized to write 24 hours a day. Each person in the world was given \$1500 worth of stfantasy books. Newspapers were cautioned to publish only book news and events of Fortean implications.

The plan worked. Inside of a generation the world was solid fan. There was not a single non-fan in the world, anywhere. Every man, woman and child in the world published a fanzine, belonged to at least one stf club, and bought and sold and traded books and wrote fantastic fiction in their spare time.

And one day Emperor Bupertfan VI, now an old man, was deposed. He was no longer #1 Fan. Everybody in the world was the #1 Fan and could prove it. Everybody had a broad mental horizon and was equipped to rule the earth wisely and well for the next 200 years. A gigantic election was held, in which each person in the world was entered on the ballot for Emperor. The ballot itself was twenty miles long. Each person received one vote. In the run-off, each person received one vote. So everybody was #1 Fan, Emperor Blankfan I. So each person, and rightly so, demanded a coronation and began issuing orders. Since they were all rather feckless (as one might say) nothing came of this for some years. By and by the commotion subsided. Fanzine production fell off. The book market experienced a serious depression, its first in 20 years. Something was up. Lights were burning in cellars--atomic bombs were being made again. Each home in the world had two or more bombs in the making. Each bomb was being made secretly, without anybody else being aware of it. Since each superfan lived in his own private dream world, he did not notice what his wife or neighbor or brother or friend was doing.

Came D-Day, and the first fan to finish his bomb announced, through the medium of his fanzine, that he would blow up---well, something---unless elected Emperor Filbertfan I at once. Nobody replied, so he launched his bomb. At the same moment, all other bombs left their launching racks. Again, as in 1957, the sky was dark with flying bombs, none of which collided, of course. Within an hour, all bombs had found their marks, and all targets were destroyed.

Only one man was left alive. He was alone in the world. The last man. How he had escaped he did not know. "Oh well," he said, "I am Emperor Brownfan the First." He shouted to the world "I am Emperor Brownfan the First and all must do my bidding! I am the only man on earth with broad mental horizons!" There he was, Emperor, with no subjects, no one to levy taxes on, no one to tremble before his wrath, no one to shoot atomic bombs at. There was nobody to see him, hear him, or answer him.

He looks kind of forlorn, so suppose we leave him there.

FAPA MEMBERS 'TEN-SHUN!

IN-BETWEEN-TIMES VICE-PRESIDENTIAL REPORT:

Charles Burbee has asked me to rule on the sending of sample FAPA mailings to various prozines for review. These mailings are to be reviewed by STARTLING STORIES and AMAZING STORIES. All very routine, scarcely worthy of a ruling one way or the other--but then there is the comic opera war between AMAZING and part of fandom.

As vice-president, I cannot legislate. All I can do is to take the constitution and other organic laws of the organization, and attempt to figure out if a contemplated course of action is legal. Well, then.

There is nothing in the constitution specifically prohibiting the sending of extra mailings outside the membership for publicity purposes. There is moreover a previous precedent; for many mailings were sent to Edwin Hadley Smith for his museum of amateur journalism in Philadelphia.

As an organization, FAPA has taken no stand in the present fuss with Amazing. Therefore, FAPA must not send mailings to STARTLING without also sending them to AMAZING.

My ruling, consequently, is that Burbee is quite within his rights to send mailings to both STARTLING and AMAZING for review.

In recognition of the attempt by some to boycott the AMAZING fanzine review column, I am qualifying this ruling to permit individual members to notify Burbee in writing if they do not want their magazine sent to AMAZING.

It is my hope that this ruling pleases everyone.

----oo0oo----

FAPA has at least six new members since the last mailing. The following is an unofficial list dredged from the hidden recesses of Burbee's fine mind: D. A. MacInnes, Stan Woolston, Bill Rotsler, Don Wilson, Rex Ward, and Jack Clements. Fine, discerning fellows, every one of them. If you are not a member of FAPA, why don't you follow their example? There are still a couple of vacancies.

----oo0oo----

The foregoing is to be considered as a supplement to the last FANTASY AMATEUR. Any FAPA member who does not want his magazine sent to AMAZING for review should notify Burbee before the FA deadline of February 1, 1948. Silence gives consent.

Francis T. Laney, December 13, 1947

LOS ANGELES NEWS IN BRIEF:

Al Ashley wishes to deny once and for all the base canard that E. Everett Evans does his thinking for him. "Why shucks," said Mr. Ashley when recently interviewed, "Everett hasn't done any of my thinking for me since early in 1946."

Everett Evans wishes to decry the confusion in thinking which has led some to confuse the brownian movement with his organizational work in fandom. "All I've ever wanted to do," he said, "is to gather all these splendid young men into a fine large organization and inculcate them with the finer precepts of brotherly love. Fandom should be a big band of brothers, peaceably indulging in group adventures into Thinking."

GHASTLY GOSSIP

BY THE SPECTRAL SCRIBE

We have been assured upon good authority that author of this column was coerced into becoming an ex-member of the LASFS. Unable to live without fandom, he committed suicide. Whereas the LASFS has no By-Laws specifically dealing with wraiths, he finds his phantom facet an excellent vantage from which to view current happenings.

FLASH! The Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society has adopted a new mascot. Tall, gaunt, with wildly glaring bloodshot eyes, and tangled mass of hair, he makes an imposing addition to the club. Says Acky, "I feel that Wild Willie symbolizes the highest spirit of fandom!" Says O. K. Smith, "Ugh!"

BANG! Charles Burbee and Al Ashley are currently playing off a private fifty-game chess tournament. The score now stands at 20 to 11 in Burbee's favor. But.....while Burbee little suspects, he is in for a surprise. Ashley is about to switch from his Fumbling Dub facet to his Juggernaut facet to Burbee's everlasting chesstizement.

SNAP! E. E. Evans joins Ackerman clique in boycotting Amazing Stories, as well as all fans who refuse to follow suit. Sidelight on Evans: He works as a mimeographer and general factotum for the operator of a mail-order religio-occult racket, and operates a similar small-time racket of his own to provide additional income. Does Evans consider Shaverism as unwelcome competition? Evans also went over his literary agent's (Acky) head and submitted a couple stories to Amazing. These were later rejected. Is this significant?

CRACKLE! F. T. Laney has a number of shelves of old, rare books set up in his garage, some of them dating back to the fifteenth century. One book in particular contains a large drawing of a statue of the god Priapus. Can it be significant that Laney spends most of his spare time in his garage?

POP! Charles (Complex) Burbee has been seen recently by a number of the local fans flashing a check for \$2.50 made out to himself and signed by E. Everett Evans. Said Burbee when questioned about the matter, "I love it! I love it!"

CRUNCH! What tall, wild-eyed, wild-haired local fan is eyeing The Budoff speculatively?

PING! There is no truth to the rumor that notorious malcontents, Evans, Hodgkins and Ackerman have seceded from the LASFS taking the club name with them. Declares Hodgkins speaking for the others, "We may be the only members left, but the LASFS will always remain the same."

SLAM! Ackerman is broke! Abandoning for the moment his anti-Bible crusade, he invested all his available cash in some thousands of copies of recent issues of Amazing Stories and Fantastic Adventures. Upon the evening of the ceremonial occasion that followed, while smoke and flames streamed up to augment the sky-dimming blanket of L.A. smog, Acky was heard to shout exaltedly, "Science fiction forever." Reasoning according to his new semantic system (soon to be presented to the world) Ackerman confidently expects the circulation of Amazing to drop out of sight. "How many Bibles do you find any more," asks Acky, "since I gave that book my attention?"

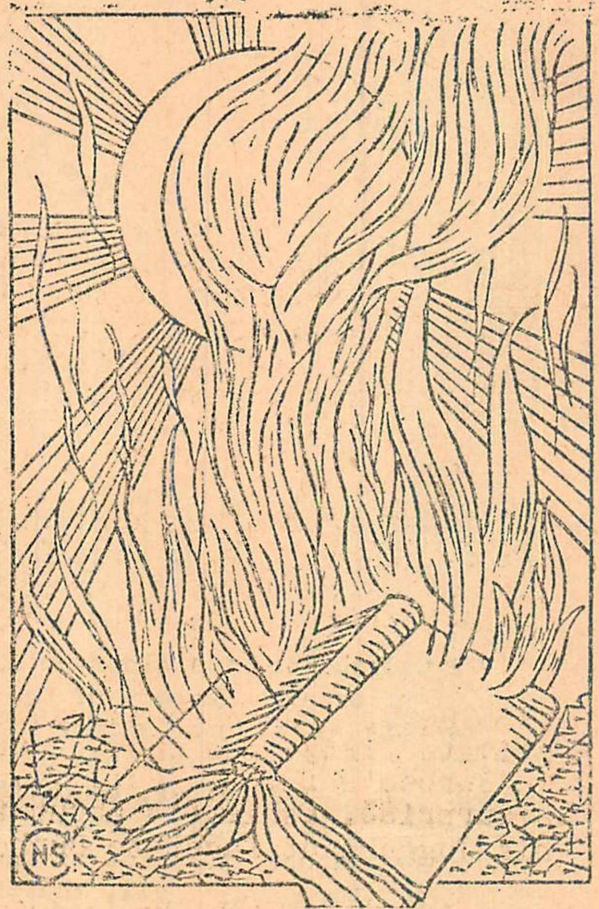
BAM! Cy Condra is not, as has been reported, taking up hero worship. Says Cy, "I may be tall and slender and have a grey moustache of recent vintage, but I do not intend to get a crew haircut. As for the brotherhood of man, I am completely broadminded---at least a page and a half worth."

WHAM! Everett Evans plans to organize a new writer's club. Having received aid and assistance beyond the call of duty from one local writer, he dreams of the benefits which may accrue from a whole stable of successful writers at his beck and call. Says Evans, "After writing my own stories for twenty-five years, I've found the secret of success and am now selling." Good luck in your new venture, Everett.

THANKYOUAM! Gus Willmorth denies any esoteric significance attached to his flowing beard. Stroking its silky strands he confides, "I wear it simply to hide my weak chin."

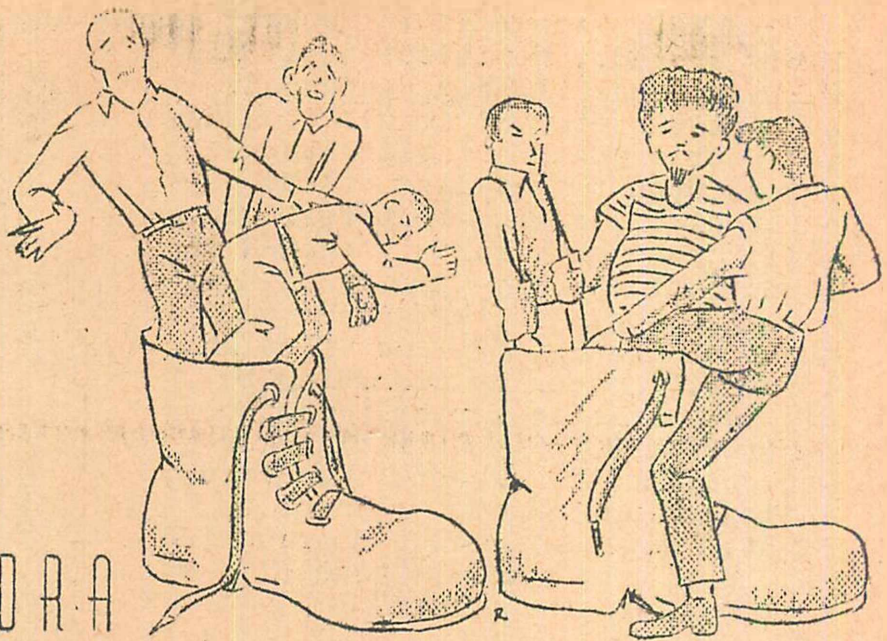
CRASH! Chubby artist, Bill Rotsler, has been spending much of his time hanging around with local fans, ostensibly sketching. Chided by his friends regarding his activities, he declares, "My interest is perfectly normal. Any perfectly healthy mind is fascinated by the grotesque."

POWIE! Coming to the lesson on the Physics of Vibration in his G.I. bill Electronics Course, Charles Burbee has become absorbed in the phenomenon of Lancy's Knee. Long, lanky, loose-jointed Laney's left knee bobbles in sympathy with the rolling reverberations of his high-decibel voice. In consequence, Laney's knee is in movement all the time--continuously--and Burbee crouches before him enthralled.



THE INDIRECT MANNER

CYRUS CONDRA



I walked into the clubroom of the LASTS on the night of November 21, 1947 to find eight or nine members of the organization giving Charles Burbee the old heave-ho from his position as editor of Shaveri-L'Affaires, the club fanzine. Over my protests, and also over those of a caffeinated mist claiming to be the ghost of Al Ashley (Al, you remember, committed suicide after being allegedly drummed out of fandom by E. E. Evans), Burbee was discharged on the grounds that he refused to recognize and obey an edict of the club forbidding him to send a copy to Amazing for review purposes. Well, that's what they said. I heard them. I'm still laughing over the seriousness with which that very intellectual group of inspired people with broad mental horizons brandished the thing that they wanted so badly--a reason for taking Shaver away from Burbee. (After all, Gus Willmorth, Director of the LASTS, has sent to Amazing's column a copy of his own fanzine, Fantasy Advertiser.)

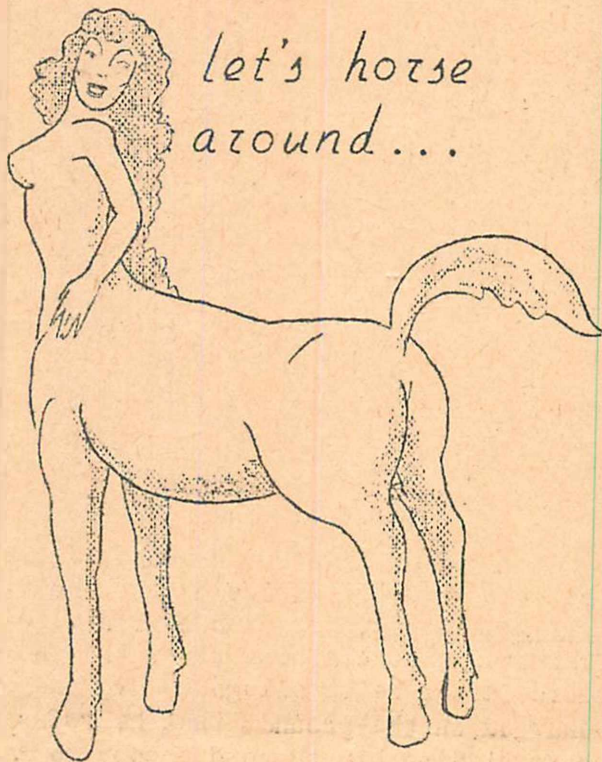
I was dere, Sharlie. I know why Ackernan, Hodgkins, Willmorth, Evans, Cox and others are mad at Burbee; that pimply-minded man who so indelicately published such articles as "Apologize Al Ashley" and "Homosexuality and R. Vernon Cook". I know the reason for the feeling of outrage against Richard S Shaver, and, because of him, against Amazing. I know why, after having produced an ostensibly valid reason for removing Burbee, five of these hard-working men (plus a Coordinator-in-Chief) are rolling up their sleeves to carry on the process of writing, publishing and mailing which Burbee singlehandedly effected in his spare time before.

No, people, placing the ultimate blame on the already burdened shoulders of Shaver isn't sufficient to explain why the allegations of homosexuality in the club were left unrefuted by even the most fanatical of the old guard. Not a word of denial was ever uttered by any member of that dignified group who silently and grinly tossed Burbee out on his ear for having committed the cardinal sin of mentioning one of the facets of fandom as a way of life--for that was the actual reason for his removal, and not the Shaver-Amazing review column deal.

A final thought, regarding Shaver. Want to hear some truly bitter criticism of THAT MAN? Drop around to the LASTS and hear what the boys have to say about him and the magazine in which most of his stories appear. There's a holy war (or jihad) in the brewing there, designed to drive Amazing off the stands and Shaver into bank-

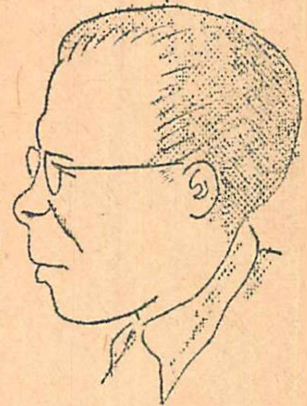
ruptcy. It is being waged by men who religiously buy and read each issue on the q.t., thus supporting the mag which they have sworn to destroy. These men hate Shaver. They loathe him; despise him. They distrust him completely.

Shaver, you know, has never been accused of being a homo.



let's horse
around...

al staring
into
subspace



THE INCREDIBLE
PATIENCE OF
E EVERETT EVANS
charles burbee

E E Evans, man of tolerance, man who believes in Brotherly love and Cooperation, man who is patient and understanding, and according to a letter in Fandom Speaks (his own letter) "the most broadminded man I ever knew...."

I wonder how this can be, since his actions are so at variance with his writings. For example, once when E Evans was on a train and wished to move from one car to the other he found his way blocked by a conductor who politely informed him that because of troop movements, the way through this car would be closed for a time. At this the calm patient man blew up. He berated the conductor in such terrible language that lady passengers were horrified (as well as instructed). The conductor, recovering, told Evans off, threatening to throw him off the train if he continued to use such language.

It is also a well-known fact around the Bixel area that E E Evans was once ejected bodily from the Tahoe Cafe for using abusive language to a waitress who neglected to bring him a glass of water.

Jean Cox, 19, tells how he was talking to Evans about a new Selective Service Act the government was contemplating. Naturally, at his age, he is vitally interested in such things. He was saying to Evans that he hoped it didn't go through because he didn't want to be drafted. Evans, safely beyond draft age no matter how badly off the country gets, whirled on him and bellowed savagely, "What's the matter, boy, got a yella streak down your back?"

I can't understand it, Evans. How is it that your creed of Brotherly Love and Tolerance fails to serve you just when you need it most?

Or are you just a hypocrite?

