



bob tucker -- box 260
bloomington, illinois

the fapazine for the
downtrodden phanne

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* By Their Words You MUST Remember Them *

The fapa constitution specifies the quarterly mailing dates. But in the most recent case, the president of the organization set back that date by several days because of the extreme lateness of an earlier mailing. And in addition, an August deadline was specified for the return of ballots. I wish to call your attention therefore to the following statement, with the thought in mind that you will remember it for years to come, should the writer ever decide to run for office.

Willie Watson, official editor, in Fantasy Amateur, July 1945:

"Nope, this mailing didn't appear on time either. In the 1st place it would have taken an infinite amount of effort and work to get it out on time. Bah, said we. Let 'em wait. So you waited."

Yes Willie, we waited, impatiently and anxiously, and towards the end, disgustedly. Thanks to you the August 8th deadline on the ballots was destroyed. My bundle arrived on August 8th. And Willie, I am still waiting-- waiting for you to run for office -- any office.

OF ALL SAD words of tongue or pen, the saddest are these: "I've resigned again." Under date of June 12 comes this letter from Russell Chauvenet, not quoted in full:

"Likewise, I am resigning from NFFF, FAPA and VAPA; too bad I haven't joined more things to resign from. Its lots of fun resigning & picturing the appalled chagrin at the other end; tho in reality I of course know the reaction is more likely to be a bored yawn.

Frankly, my decision to terminate the far too long drawn out phase of fandom and all that participation in fandom implies, seems to me one of the best I have ever made. Two years ago I would have left with far more regret & less relief than I feel now, but two years ago was nonetheless the right time to leave; these resignations have been postponed, like visiting the dentist ... but now I find the dentist quite painless, & I feel lots better already.

Don't bother sending me any further issues of LeZ or any other of your publications. I assure you I wont read them; I have no further interest in anything pertaining to fandom, and most of all I have no wish ever to see, let alone read, another fmz. "

THE FORWARD MARCH OF CIVILIZATION: From Detroit over the AP wires comes this touch saga of mother love:

"Sixteen year old Elven P. Kent, who beat his mother to death with a skillet in the kitchen of their home last Feb. 15th, was sentenced Friday to serve 5 to 10 years in prison."

--and Rochester, N.Y., via the INS wire:

"Dorthea Wanderer, 14, was bound over to the grand jury yesterday for allegedly killing her grandfather with a pitchfork in the barn because she 'didn't like the bad way' he looked at her."

--and again Detroit, via U.P.:

"The mother of red haired Rita Powers Clements, pretty 27 yr old war worker who said she fatally shot her truck driver boy friend by mistake as she playfully pointed a gun at him, revealed Saturday that her daughter is married to an overseas soldier."

There should be a whopping good moral in all this stuff somewhere.

Unfunny last laffs: "No--- but you can rub my back."

SCIENCE (the anachronous) FICTION: Headlines in the newspapers: (1) "German Scientists Talk Rocket's Future"; (2) "Nazi Secret Weapons Startle Navy Probers"; (3) "Sun Gun 5000 Miles Up? Nazi Weapon Ridiculed"; and (4) "Doomsday Prospect".

The editor humbly suggests we desert science-fiction and instead collect newspapers.

Ted Carnell (London) says: "One thing I would esteem greatly. I have been meaning to write an article for the FAPA for over two years now, on the subject of my appreciation of being an honorary overseas member, but war operations, travels, and the like have left me just holding the idea. Maybe I'll still be able to write it before long, but I would like you to express for me my thanks at belonging to the FAPA and above all my appreciation of the work that the Association does. The regular arrival of the fanzines is always keenly looked-forward to by myself, and I've never been disappointed yet. Last year when I arrived back from Italy I found four bundles waiting to be perused. You can imagine my enjoyment."

Charles Tanner (Cincy) says: "A certain obnoxious author, highly indignant that he should be so lampooned thruout fandom by a degraded Chinese philosopher who, according to the Great Liebscher, is definitely slipping, hereby takes his pen in hand to refute the base canard that he has any intention of bringing the deeply buried Tumithak back to life, under any circumstances. If ever a character was slew by an editor, Tumithak was. It would take lots more than an escalator to raise him."

Raym Washington (Live Oak) says: "While stenciling Plaintive Numbers, my new FAPA mag, I spilled correction fluid on my left hand and it burned like a mild acid. This accident has never happened to me before. With your conventional mind, you may not see the SUBTLE IMPLICATIONS of this occurrence, but it is quite obvious to me that Francis T. Laney is indirectly responsible. I anticipate severe political shake-ups in the stefnate, resulting in serious dissension within the VAPA and economic strangulation for all independly-operated fanzines. IT MIGHT EVEN MEAN WAR!"

Beak Taylor: Was Canadian Fandom #9 a part of the July mailing, or did I receive it seperately? I recall it coming in at about the same time, and it may have been a post-mailing. In re the Henry Elsner "Lemuria" item: Erle Korshak, recently thru here, and one who knows Palmer like a book, believes that RAP himself is writing the Lemuria yarns and having a first-class laugh at fandom the while. There is logic behind this belief. RAP has a decent scientific background and is surely aware of the flaws appearing in the series. And too, the letter sections of late have given the thing away. Erle also believes RAP wrote the letter purportedly from the student at Miskatonic, the boy who knows the dark book from preface to index. Most amusing aftermath of the whole affair is the great outcry from fans who fell for a gag and realized it too late.

Les Crutch's Light: So THAT's why Light was held up six months? And I thought it was something interesting. In re, television: I'm now a television operator. How do I know I am? Because, b'gorra, I've read a book on television projection. RCA puts it out, all you have to do is clip the coupon. The book is designed for theatre projectionists who will have to rastle with the machines when they appear. By carefully following the instructions, any intelligent projectionist can put a televised picture on his theatre screen if using the RCA machine. Given a basic training in movie projection, television projection is a snap. But I must admit I was surprised to find a televised picture can appear on the screen out of frame, just as a regular movie sometimes does.

"The Japanese Fruit Thief"
not by
Raymond Washington, Jr.

The night is noisy; the plum is sour:
I slipped among the piles of fruit,
Guess I must have stumbled.

Harry Warner, jr: In view of your unsaid declaration on the evils of movie-going, I'm wondering how you happened to witness a chapter of "Zorro's Black Whip"? Fan that you are, I'm sure you'd enjoy the serial our flicker-palace is currently showing: "The Monster & the Ape". It is a killer-diller in which a power-mad scientist steals a "mechanized robot" from simple, home-loving scientist #2. This #2 has a beautiful daughter of course, and presently there appears on the scene a Dapper Dan to help regain the stolen robot, and incidentally pitch a bit of woo on the side. The thing abounds in absurdities and paradoxes such as this: after the robot has been recaptured and is reposing in the good scientist's laboratory, the mean scientist hooks up a television receiving set in his lab to see what is going on. It seems that he thoughtfully installed the television sending set in the robot before the critter was recaptured. Consequently, he can see and hear everything said in the good scientist's laboratory. Everything for when the set is turned on, you, the audience, do not see just what the robot can see with his tele-viewer, but you see the entire laboratory including the robot lying in the far corner. Nuts.

Charlie Tanner, again: "That famous bomb which you dropped thru time several years ago, and of which you informed us thru "Probability Zero" seems to have been poorly aimed. Instead of landing on Tokio it dropped on Hiroshima. Still, I must admit that I'm glad it finally landed. There were times when I thot you had just been guilty of writing fiction.

"Most peculiar (in re the atomic bomb) is the attitude of the scientists themselves. Out here at the place where I work there are several research chemists. You'd think they'd be wildly excited at the vistas of the future which this discovery opens up. You'll hardly believe me when I tell you this, but only one out of our five believe it! Four of these chemists are absolutely certain that it's only an enormous hoax prepared by the government to persuade the Japanese to surrender! ((This letter was written August 8th, just after Hiroshima, just before the surrender.))

"And the remarkable part of it is, they don't believe that atomic energy would generate such an enormous force! They don't know the simple figures that are so familiar to us. It's hard for me to understand; I can only say that apparently these men are such specialists that they've never learned the simplest things about the development of atomic physics.

"Foremost of all, and first of all, is the attitude of people (?) toward science-fiction fans. We have suddenly become the guys who know. People are coming to me and asking me what it all means."

Charlie: the woim has toined, the woim has toined! -BT