
FAPA FLYPAPER - FALL '47

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The name and address of the responsible party: Dale Hart, Apartment #20, 1116 Georgia Street, Los Angeles 15, California. (Mail at Stan Shack gets to me speedily, of course, but I prefer the use of my home address, if you please.)

NOTES ON THE BACK OF A BEER LABEL

This is a first issue that never will be valuable to collectors of anything. It will appear occasionally, always in haste, to make a deadline.

The mailing this time will not be large, I fear, so this is my small attempt to give it bulk.

In the next mailing, dear reader, I promise you a more pretentious publication. The name is a secret. For no good reason. For it doesn't matter.

THE COLLEGE SCENE

Right now, I'm in my last year at UCLA, with scads of scholastic work forever pyramiding. My advice to young men is---don't go to college, for a college diet often proves to be intellectually non-fattening; also, you're likely to grow old while still harnessed to the matriculate plow. (If I'm making sense, you might be reading me awrong.)

THE CHANCE OF A LIFETIME

Are you a new member of Fantasy Amateur Press Association? If you didn't get the last mailing, drop me a card. I won't send you the whole mailing...but I will send you a copy of ICHOR #2 from that mailing.

The second chance of a lifetime: If you like magazines better than you do books, you might want to trade me "Out of Space and Time," by C.A. Smith---for stacks and stacks of my duplicate magazines. I have Old and New Pros, fan mags, art work, etc. My offer may interest you.

HASSE PUBLICITY

Somebody vocalized to the effect that if Henry Hasse is not dead where in Hell is he.

He is alive and able to drink beer, thank you. While visiting me the other evening, he stopped drinking long enough to tell me about a story that is being written. And if you want my opinion, it's colossal. Jus t wait.

WITH A CLEAVER FOR EMPHASIS

Mr. Burbee, you had better not be dilatory in the performance of your work as Off'al Editor. Remissness will mean, Mr. Burbee, that holes will be c-h-o-p-p-e-d in your abdomen so as to facilitate the planting of geraniums among your fertile intestines.

If I can't get a dero to do it, I'll do it myself.