

FAPA VARIETY
fantasy amateur press association

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Ill

HABIT: It is our habit to make notes on the various Fapazines as we read along. Sometimes we jot them down in the margins, other times we'll make a notation on the envelope the mailing arrived in. We have before us one such notation. It was scribbled on the back of the March envelope. At this late date we would appreciate some one telling us what it is all about:

"They imagined that they only imagined that they imagined these things."

Now what, kind peoples, called for that? The note bore the initials of EEE, so in some way refers to him.

AUTOGRAPH: We had a barrel of fun with the little department printed here last issue, asking if anyone would be interested in an autographed copy of the Weinbaum Memorial volume. Some of our best brains bit on it. Dick Wilson, lounging on the sands of some far Pacific atoll said he wanted it. Bob Swisher sent word that a collector friend of his would be interested. And until Frank Robinson busted a gut laughing, about 95% of the male population of Slan Shack was all for rushing me a money order before anyone else got here.

Come, come folks, are your slannish wits no sharper than that? In view of the success of the advertisement it behooves us to make still another attractive offer: would anyone be interested in a copy of the second Amazing Annual, mint condition?

FAN PROFITEERING: Kepner's remarks on this in his article on ethics & things in Toward Tomorrow #2 recalls to mind a case that was pulled off before our very eyes. We saw one fan sell another his copy of the 5th anniversary issue of LeZ for fifty cents. If we had a soul, we would have been sick at. Blood, sweat, tears, toil and fifty bucks went into that anniversary issue. It sold for a dime along normal channels, but not to this particular guy--he got his copy free, and then sold it to some one else for fifty cents. We weep.

Another interesting sidelight on the fan-heel is the new fan who recently brought forth the first issue of his new fanzine. Sure, we were glad to xchange with him. That is our policy. But what happens? Several weeks before his second issue appeared, he wrote us a note and requested we send along two or three copies of the new LeZ in exchange for his second issue which would be out in a little while!

Do you think he got them? Hah. If he took our friendly little reply to heart he is probably sticking pins in our picture at this moment. The fan is a dealer of sorts. He intended to offer the two-three copies for sale over the counter at a neat 100% profit. The cad.

FUTURIANS ALL: We've wondered for some time just how long DaWolheim would put up with his name being bandied around the cosmic circle premises for advertising purposes. It is notable that CD has seen fit to use it at every opportunity, publishing every little note or letter Wollheim sent him, constantly cashing in on the name to promote his organization. We actually gathered the impression that DAW was heart and soul for the circle.

A few exchanges of correspondence cleared that up in a hurry, but it is a pity he cannot prevent CD from further use of the name. Presumably, when one joins for whatever ulterior purpose, one loses all rights to his good name and reputation. We know only too well the fate of a couple of critical letters we sent to Newcastle. They appeared in due time, but with 99% of the criticism eliminated. Bah.

CLUB STUFF: The Arisian Charter tickled us. It's good--and completely satisfactory for almost any fan organization. Long, windy sets of rules and regulations for fan clubs stifles us. They are not needed. If a bunch of fans can't get together for regular or irregular meetings without the doubtful aid of paper rules, there is something wrong with those fans.

Not so long ago we and some of our not-now-active Illinois fans formed the Ill. FFF, as part of the Midwest FFF. We had not one paper rule to guide us, and wanted none. It existed "in our heads". You can probably guess the amount of criticism thrown at us from certain moronic quarters because we didn't exist on paper. In fact, our self-appointed successor declared that we no longer existed as a club and never had, so therefore he was now the Midwest FFF and blah, blah, blah. He put the name down on paper and promptly formulated a set of rules to clinch it.

Nuts to him and to any one else who believes a group of fans like the Arisians can get along badly if at all without red tape. It takes only adult behavior, which our critic lacks. Not that we pretend to be a full grown adult. (Deliver us from such fate!)

THE NUT GALLERY ON THE WEST COAST: Don't get us wrong, every one of them is our friend and we love 'em all. We wouldn't trade a fan in LA for a Park Avenue pent house. But how they entertain us with their crazy antics. Yerke's fanzine and Jim Kepner's long article on LA fan-history were the two best things offered in the June mailing solely because of the happens they related. It amuses us because so many of the little things recorded are just that--little things.

The LA fan must be hyper-sensitive indeed to take offense and fly off in a huff over some of the apparently insignificant incidents that have caused large rifts in the club. It not only amuses, it amazes us that various fans are so eager and ready to bolt the clubroom the minute some bit of business doesn't go their favorite way.

The next time we visit Slan Shack we are going to give Ashly the shock of his life. We'll saunter down to breakfast some fine morning, glance over the table and find our favorite cereal is not there----and oh boy, will we rage! We'll leave there and then and come back home to pout. Will Ashley be chagrined!