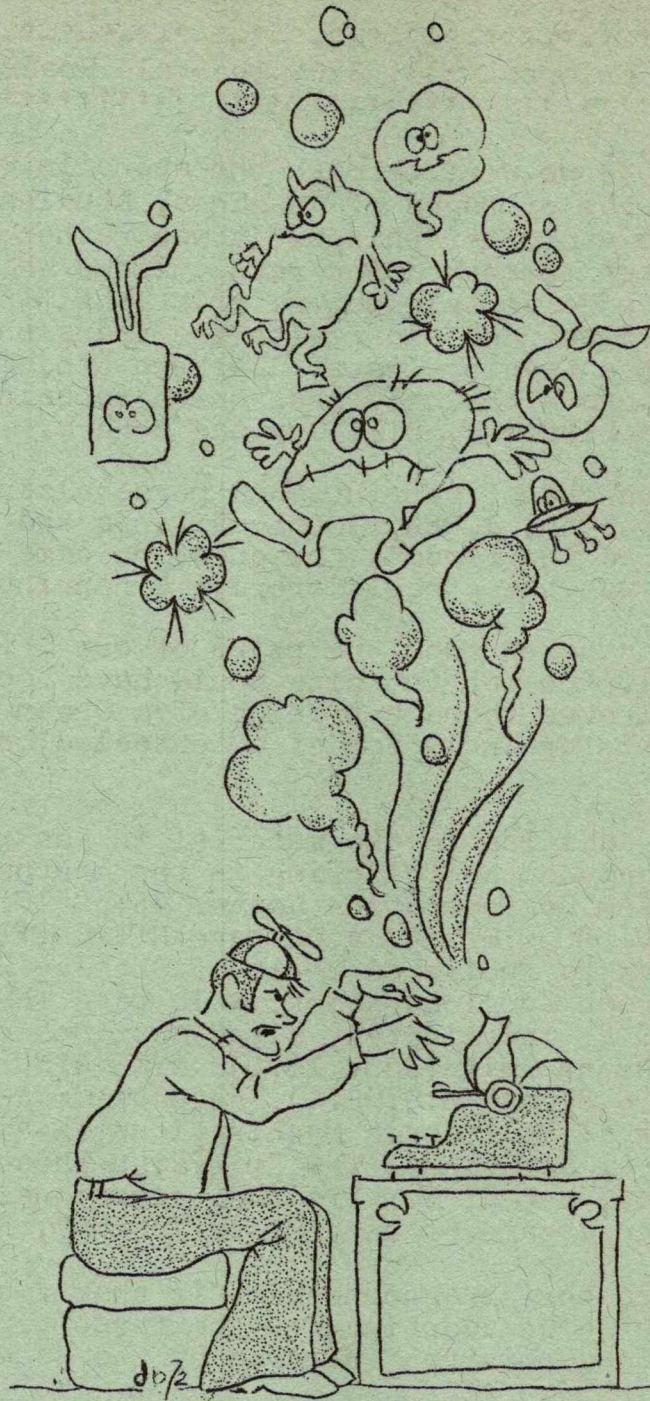


THE POKE SALAD DAYS CHRONICLE



THE POKE SALAD DAYS  
CHRONICLE

Produced by Meade Frierson III, 3705 Woodvale Road, Birmingham, AL 35222

On September 3, 1973 we went through the stencils which had been saved from several hundreds of pages of apazines, studies of science fiction on radio, parodies and other things. It was rather disturbing to find that so few had been preserved for reuse. Zines which we had considered reprinting are definitely out of print: HUITLOXOPETL 8, HPL SUPPLEMENT NO. 1, discarded along with the transient, reworked ones like our radio tapes trading lists, Southern Fandom Confederation bulletins and rosters - the only loss on these being the artwork by Dany Frolich, Dave Birdsong, Bill Guy and others.

We seem to be in an era of reprints and personalzines - certain ones have reached their 50th, 100th, 300th mailings and nostalgia is rampant. "Why not add to the flood", the question came readily to mind. "Why not indeed," was the croggled reply: A reprint of personalzines.

Had these only been taken from the pages of our SFPazine, started in 1969, Huitloxopetl, the reprint zine would have been properly called CREAM OF HUITL - I even found a tracing of a Cream of Wheat box with the face left blank for inclusion of a tentacled horror, but such is not to be.

TO THE FUTURE: In addition to the material in the pages to follow, the old ABDick must produce the following in the months to come: an 18 page Southern Fandom Confederation Roster #5; a 10 pages SFC Bulletin 9; a 64(?) page HUITLOXOPETL 9; a 64 page HPL SUPPLEMENT NO. 3; an 80 page Crawford Index to Published Works of Chesley Bonestell; a 36 page Index to the Frierson Conglomeration; a 16 page THE UNNAMABLE 3; a 16 page THE UNNAMABLE 4; indefinitely sized apazines of the following titles: The Cthulhu of Cult (Jan. 1974); NYEH NYEH for TAPS (July '74), Huitloxopetl 8.7, 8.8, and 8.9(SFPA), several Wonderful Day for Piranha Fish (N'APA), several Multimedia Machinations (K-a), several Fourth Zine (RAPS), several SAPSazines, The Friersign Theatre Act II Scenes ii, iii, iv &c (Myriad), sveral GALAXYZines; occasional one-shots, and more stuff than has been dreamt of in your philosophy, Horatio.

The purpose of this boring announcement is that from the publication of this zine forth we're adopting for the first time a Press Pub No. called Countdown to Washington followed by the pages in consecutive number.

On the following pages we present the wrap-up of the Poke Salad Days: 1,419 mimeographed pages and 156 offset or printed pages, with press runs from 28 (no file copy) to 1,500 (HPL first and second printings). These figures are exclusive of this zine, of course. According to the Official Organ, S.F.P.A. received from mailing 34 to 54, 975 pages of this out of a total of 6,895 pages in those mailings. In addition to what is shown, Penny published under her own name, all for SFPA, 5 zines with a total of 22 pages during the period.

continued

The Poke Salad Days Track Record:

Since there is no way to track press pubs and celebrate the 100th or suchlike, we'll have to denote the "Salad Days" as dating from our first apa, S.F.P.A. of course, the November, 1969 mailing -and since at that time it was the first mailing after worldcon, we'll take this listing through the first SFPA mailing after worldcon and call it a 4 year record.

SOUTHERN FANDOM PRESS ALLIANCE MATERIALS:

<u>Huitloxopetl</u>	#1 (Nov. 1969)	2 pp.	
	#2 (Feb. 1970)	5	
	#3 (May 1970)	17	
	#4 (Jan 1971)	5	
	#5 (Mar 1971)	42	
	#6 (Sept 1971)	21	
	#7 (Aug 1971)	51	
	#8 (Jan 1972)	30	
	8.1 (Apr 1972)	24	
	8.2 (July 1972)	16	
	8.3 (Sept 1972)	16	
	8.4 (Nov 1972)	80	(contains pp.3-74 of HUITLOXO-
	8.5 (Feb 1973)	17	PETL 8 below)
	8.6 (June 1973)	16	

One-Shots with Others:

A Hankmas Offering - 2pp - January 1972- Reinhardt, Inzer, Elfer, Shukas  
 The Call of K'orphluu - 7pp - Jan , 1972 - Lillian  
 Contempt of Fandom - 7 pp - July, 1971 - Inzer, Lambert, Birdsong  
 ...Decisions in B'ham... - June, 1972 - Elfer, Shukas, Reinhardt-4  
 The Sunday One-Shot - 4 pp - Inzer, Reed, Bennet & others  
 Steve Hughes for OE - 4 pp - August 73 - Lillian, Inzer

One-shots all our own:

Yankee Doodle One-Shot, July, 1971	17pp
P.O.M.P.O.S.I.T.Y, Nov, 1971	27
Yankee Doodle Son of Huitl 6, Oct. 1971	20
Shadow Over Woodvale, March 1972	11
Frierson Theatre, March, 1972	10
There's No...April Fool, April 1972	4
Ad Astra Per Aspera, April, 1972	2
Perspicacious Peregrinations, April 1972	2
Opus 30, April 1972	7
Justin Case, March 1972	4
With a Malenky Help from my Droogs, May 1972	1
Atlanta Blitz, May 1972	8
Meade's Birthday Special, August 1972	20
Vultures, August 1972	2
Shattered Like a Clockwork Orange, Aug. 1972	6
Ah yes..., Fall 1972	10
Science Fiction Times Chronicle, Fall 1972	4
Labor Day Stencil Freak One-Shot, Sept 1972	3
Malt Licker One-Shot, Sept 1972	13
HPL Supplement No. 1, October 1972	64
A Passing Fancy, October 1972	12
We Grock You, SFPA, October 1972	18

continued

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SFPA ONE-SHOTS (continued):

A Response..., December 1972	2 pp
Because It's There, December 1972	7
Gafia - Ohui, December 31, 1972	9
Sunday...Avoid...Work, 1/28/73	12
Captain Video, February 1973	4
REALLY!, Spring 1973	2
Waiting for Godot..., May 1973	6
Buck You, SFPA, June 1973	10
Monkey Day Gazette, July 1973	10
Frierson III Faxsheet, June, 1973	2
Grandson of Yankee Doodle One-Shot, June '73	8
LCCO 146, June/July 1973	2
HiYo SEPA Away, July 1973	15
Frierson Collection Culls, August 1973	16
Raving Timmie GGazette, Aug 1973	20
Labor Day Stencil Freak One-Shot #2, Sept '73	8
Poke Salad Days Chronicle, Sept 1973	—

SFPA received the following Southern Fandom Confederation Materials which were widely circulated by direct mailings as well:

SFC Bulletins: #1, March 1971 (offset)	10 pp
2, June 1971	13
3, Sept, 1971	14
4, May, 1972	9
5, Aug. 1972	14
6, Feb 1973	20
7, May 1973	13 (with Roster supp)
8, Aug 1973	8
S.F.C. Rosters: 1, June, 1971	12 pp
Supp, Aug 1971	8
2 Sept. 1971	2 [offset]
3 May 1972	14
4 Dec 1972	15
Supp, Feb 1973	2
Supp, Aug 1973	6

SF RADIO RESEARCH - The following were successive revisions of the basic research materials:

STATIC, FLUTTER & POP 1; Feb; 1970	22 pp
2; May, 1970	54
Supplement, Nov 1970	21
SCIENCE FICTION ON RADIO, Nov 1972	55

H.P. LOVECRAFT TRIBUTE - In March 1972, the 35th anniversary of his death, H.P. Lovecraft was honored by some 63 contributors - this publication, HPL, was printed, 144 pages of reduced type text encompassing 24 articles and 20 fictional pieces with 120 illustrations. 35 hardbound copies, 965 first editions, and 500 second printing copies.

Genzine - HUITLOXOPETL 8, January 1973, is 102 page genzine of which 25 pages are our own (in HPL, about 135 pages were by others)

Track record - p.3

In Other Apas: C\*U\*L\*T - The Cthulhu of Cult, FR 300, 4/16/73 26pp  
Abu Ben Frierson,,,, f/r 305½, June 73 6  
Raving Timmie Ggazette, 306-1/13, Sep73 10

RAPS - The Fourth Zine #1, 9/72 4pp  
#2, 12/72 2  
Old Deadline Misser #3, 9/73 6  
Sly Titlesifter #4, 7/73 8

E\*O\*D - The Unnamable #1, 5/6/73 17pp  
1.5, 6/18/73 6  
# 2, 9/3/73 16

CAPA-alpha- Multimedia Machinations 1; 2/73 6pp  
2; 5/73 4  
3, 6/73 3  
By Light of Waçergate 7/73 4

N'APA - Wonderful Day for Piranha Fish 1; 9/72 6pp  
2; 4/73 6  
4, 7/73 6

Myriad - Friersign Theatre, Act I Scene i; 9/72 6pp  
ii; 12/72 4  
iii; 1/73 8  
iv; 3/73 4  
v; 4/73 4  
vi; 6/73 7  
Act II, Scene i, 8/73 4

SAFS - Post Apollo Zine #1, 12/72 6pp  
Alabama Alembic #2, 3/73 16  
....Sunday.... 3/73 10  
Miscellaneous Musings #1, 5/73 8  
Raving Timmie (SAFS), 9/73 10

Galaxy - By Light of Waçergate, 8/73 6

TAPS - Nyeh-Nyeh (Terrean 102), 7/73 15pp

Miscellaneous Non-apa Publications:  
Radio Trading List - 16pp  
HPL Supplement No. 2, 7/73 59  
\* \* \* \* \*

From November 1969 until earlier this year the mimeographed publications were typed by me and run off by others - now I control the entire production. Most of the . . . material in HPL was typed, rather than typeset, and this was all personally done by me. This by way of setting the record straight if anyone thinks I dictate such nonsense to a secretary who then produces it. Bosh! I wouldn't waste an employee's time. Nor my own office time - this is a hobby like golf or stamps - I do not take my working time to do it and never will. Unfortunately, I do these things rather than take my family camping or whatever most people do with families.

THE BROKEN SABER (10:34) RATTLED ONCE AND WAS QUIET  
(new wave science fiction...wanna bet?)

(sip) (10:35--you'd not believe how little I care about what is going on under my fingers)...There was a boy and his dog and there was a rock and a hard place and a 'nother rock to be continued on. It was a blank time, a time of vexation and troublement...it was a time of grating and of ingrates; it was time of timelessness and the full flower of mankind (10:40) had been plowed under. There was a restless wind in the stratosphere.

"Be damned, Halifax," said Novascotia, reluctantly. "I am tired of grubbing in this fallow soil for worms. Man was once a mighty beast, and see ye (10:42--"see ye"???) how he has lowered himself."

"Shuddup-a you face, you worm-grubbing cur, my dog and I will make Mankind whole once more." Halifax was a testysort, being spawned of aardvarks and mistletoe in the weird wild century after the great It-All-Didn't-(10:44)-Get-Together-Somewow-Didn't-IT.

"But, boy, (if I can use the term) how is it that you did not come to this realization earlier, like when we were kicking around (10:45) the Ringworld...you never mentioned that you thought you had within you the germ of (sip) unity for That-Which-Was-Man-But-Now-Squirms-On-Its-Belly-Like-Unto-a-Reptile.?(10:46)"

Halifax regarded Novascotia with an almost indiscernible sneer on one of his mouths and turned to his dog, "Dog," he said "Can you find a good porno film tonight?"

Dog yawned through one of his ani and sniffed the stark night air: //Thirty-five thousand particles per square inch per square minute// thought Dog, //Gee, its a nice night--what does this fule want to shut himself away indoors for what// Thus mused the noblest Dalmatian of them all.

"Allright, Dog, I'm still waiting for an answer, you psi-choleric cur, you." Halifax was ugly when riled (10:50)..as a matter of plain fact, we was pretty ghudammed ugly when unriled as well.

(10:51) explained Novascotia, sensing the impatience of the author. (sip) // thought Dog, morosely. (10:52) ejaculated Halifax, wanting to get on to the sexy part of the story which Don Marksetin is going to have to run off and add to this zibe in New Orleans owing to the obscene (i.e. non-office boy, nonsecretaria' nature of same and also that Bill Guy didn't carve the stencils good enough to run without Don's expert tracemanship (10:54)--I couldn't stop this now even if I wanted to which I don't and rarely do...WRITE ON, MOTHER-XXXXXXX HONKEY....

At that precise moment, Little Black Sambo ran up to them ...now so you ofey charlies don't get turned on too high, little black sambo is nothing but a mother-XXXXXXX beetle which has been embued (see, us coons can use the dictionary too, you pigs).....

Little Sambo-type being, say, he sqy, "Hey, there" he say, "what's playing at the porno-palace? Hmmm, bay-bee, mebbe Rak-el Welsh's, the grape-juice queen who takes a whole pint in her mouth before she...or mebbe tonight its Jeans Lowerdabridges, in which case I'll stay home because the "feelies" are better."

Now understand that Dog had no such drives as any of these benighted souls and consequently (10:59) (s ip)

"E-E-E-E-E vil", declaimed Novascotia after tuning in some tapes of WJLN-FM ("Sorcerers of death's construction, In the fields the bodies burning, as the war machine keeps turning...")

HUITLOXOPETL #6--Page (11:00) (sip)(11:04--listening to Penny reading page 16 so this must be seventeen already--whoopae(sip)

(sip,sip,sip,while listehing to Penny bring me--us--up to date--11:10)

"Novascotia, sneered Halifax, spelling it right this time, "You have got to keep that MHz reception toned down or we cant (11:11) finish the story.

"Aye, laddie, " replied Novascotia, "That I will, faith and begorrah...now, (sip,11:13) it's about those porno films that we were talking."

//Indeed, yes// thought Dog, feeling one of its many bowels moving around, //We must regenerate mankind or some such nonsense before this boob runs out of stencils or virgin pot likker.//

"Allright, already," quipped the black beetle, who had seen too many videotapes of jewish [sic] comedians in his long lifetime, "I hear that the Alvarezz boys have found an 'undie' over at the arroyo."

"I told you seven-eight pages ago, pat, " said Halifax a/k/a Roy, that I didn't know what a (11:16) arroyo was."

(sip)(6th drinkie-poo) //Cheez??// thought Dog, if Ellen Harlison was here, she'd cream in her jeans, as the saying goes.//

"One gingerake bottle is already gone, chortled Penny, hoping Dog/Beetle/Hal/Nov would run out of stencils soon and go to town.

(sip)(11:20) The reason why this whole conversation was confusing to the participants was because Larry Niven was not there to make all the obscure references flow freely from the tongues of them all.

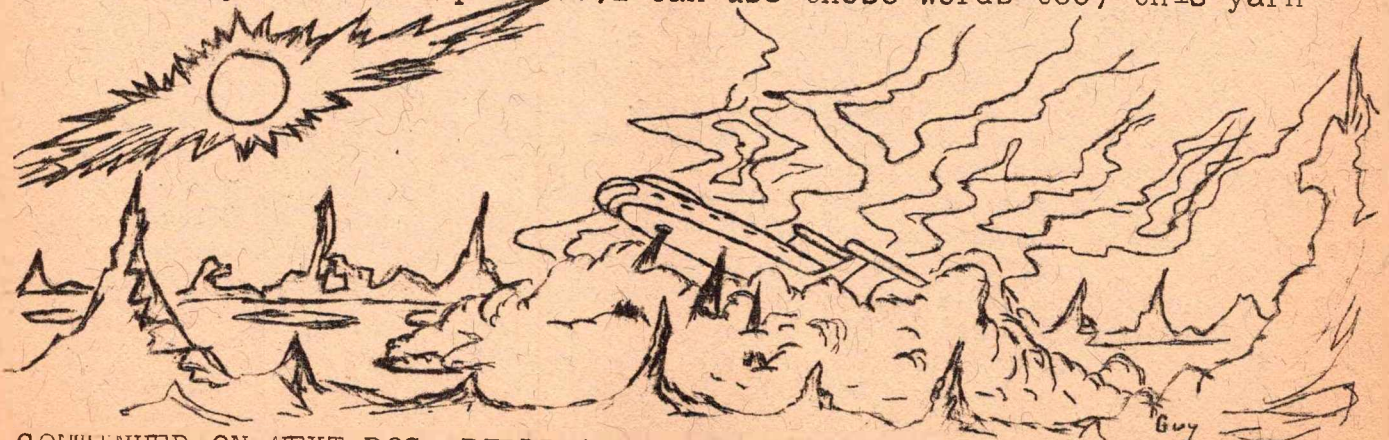
At last (11:21) the kzinn (keep out of this, Niven) the Dog thought //?//, which was echoed by the hue and cry and the vast bored multitude of SFPAns attendant at this conference.

"Fur Chri-eye, " explained Adkins of the Small Tooth, a leper from the blasted ruins of El-Lay (easy, you randy mexicano readers, you).

(sip)(11:24) //The plot developeth not/ thought Dog, typographically.

(11:25) Well, someone once mentioned that the Alvarezz gang was trying to do something to an undie, whatever that is, said the Black Creature from the Lagoon, uffishly.

"Verily, "cried Halifax, who was prone to dramatic utterances, despite (11:26) himself. "And I've got an old pre-war laser-beam-~~disintegrator~~ disintegrator which I must foiston this script in order to embue (you Black Supremist, I can use those words too) this yarn



CONTINUED ON NEXT ROC, BIRDBRAIN.....Bill Guy

"with a little get-up-and-go."  
//[an old, old canine line]//  
thought Dog, thoughtfully.

"Allright, (11:31) said  
Halifax, lordly, "I'm going to  
the Berg to find out if the undie  
is worth screwing..."

"Bully for you, my son," said  
Novascotia, "But I'm damned tired  
of these skinny columns so I'll  
cut my erstwhile (11:34) speech  
short and only say unto you,  
"Comma, quote, the piece you  
save may be your own." And he  
quietly expired which is the  
way this zine gets rid of quite  
a few unwanted extras (11:35).

It was the Black Beetle who  
next proffered a suggestion,  
"Look, if we shit around like  
this for another 50 pages we'll

get a goddamn Hugo and then where in hell will we be." To which  
Dog thought a crafty reply //Along with the other Hugo winners//.

"Dog, shuddup-a you face," snapped Halifax, (sip,11:37)

//Ghu, its nice to be back to regular margins//

The weary band (not half so weary as the (11:37) author  
rose, daisied and finally rhododendroned and set off [You're off al-  
ready, screamed Bob from the Bob & Ray show deep, deep back in their  
history] It was the alert Dog who cast his eyes (all eight of them)  
over to the tape-recorder and said (because we been shucking you  
all this (11:40) time, DOG can speak, // be damned...he said "Look,  
gang, this fule is not being paid by the word and he has (with  
Don's help) only one goddam stencil in this whole masoleum he quaintly  
calls a house, so let's get the lead out."

Thus braced with encouragement, the trio (you count, I'm  
tired (11:43)) set out for the nearest hamlet ][read the script,  
and don't ad-lib, it's Berg] with all due deliberation.

(11:43) As they neared the first piece of glowing rubble, it  
was the alert beetle who cried, "I sense decay..I believe they have  
disemboweled and eviserated the undie, having plunked her ovaries  
neatly forth and crammed them down her rosy pink gullet."

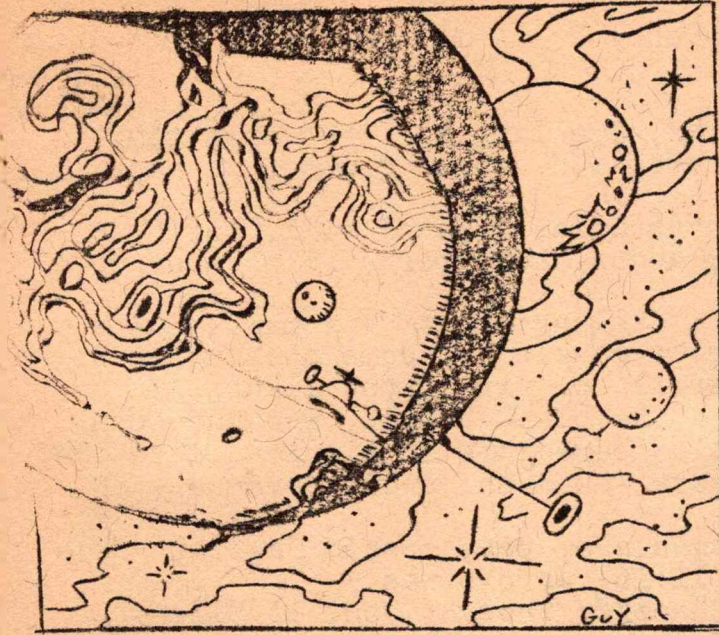
"Hold, there," barfed Novascotia, "Methinks you have captured  
the Bloch/Ellison syndrome and doth putrify your speech with bloody  
damn homilies and metaphori and that kind shit..."

//No//, thought Dog, reticently, //It's for damn sure this  
piece of meat I'm chomping on used to be an undie's thigh and since  
there's not a whole hell of a lot of life left in it, I'd off-hand  
say that she's been done in//

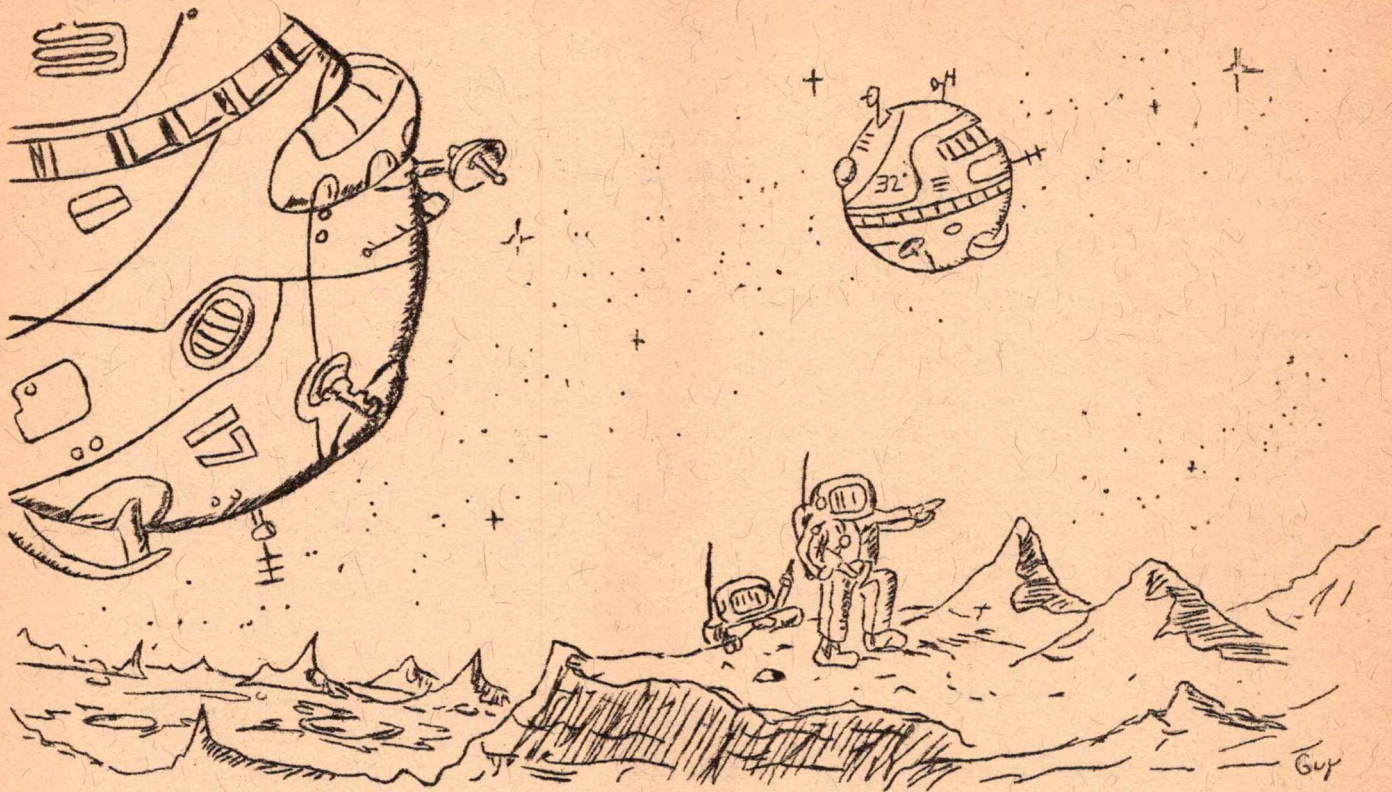
But since Dog, the stupe, had reverted to his earlier penchant  
for silent communication with you, the last reader of this crud,  
the rest of the company (sip)(11:47) kept right on looking  
to the bottom of the stencil to wander what in hell was going to  
happen/ happen next.

It was Novascotia who next spoke, "Now that we are in  
the middle of Berg, Halifax, I think that you should do one of  
two noble things: mainly, I think that you should fish or cut  
the mother-XXXXXXX bait, old buddy."

Halifax, who had been silent for ghu-nose how many lines said,







HUITLOXOPETL. KSIDLKJWLKEI "Aha, he said, the damn fule has forgot that he cannot type at this hour (11:50) and that this is HUITLOXOPETL #6, Page the 19th which is, betimes, his last stencil unless he try midnight burglarly at his office and procure more in which case he will be forthwith expelled from SFPA." Thus spake Novascotia, lord of all he surveyed (and without no engineering type tools, it was damn little that cat surveyed---you didn't realize, that Novascotia was a mutated cat--yea, baby, like the Kzinnn or whatever--us new wave writers don't really bother to clue you fast readers in too much anyways.)

"BULLSHIT," screamed Halifax, diving undera divan after a dervish. "This is the theater in which I was supposed to find a undie beating her...well, getting her cookies...I mean, gee, its hard to say it in front of a mixed audience of aardvarks and mistletoe, y'no."

Thus abashed (11:55) it was DOG, who had suddenly gained all caps, who decided to put the entire matter to rest once and for all: //Folks, let's face it--I ate the undie's thigh; therefore, we must surmise there's not a hell of a lot of sex can go on, even necrophil-iacally speaking[or thinking]. This polyglot (sip, 11:58) group could cavort about the ruined waste of this world for another twenty-thirty stencils (given the larcenous qualities of hhe author]. howsome- ever, it would be appropriate to say that the Black Yakkity Beetle was stepped on by the Alvarezz gang's motorcycle boots tomorrow that Halifax got laid a few more times by surfies rather than undies, and that Novascotia was laid..to rest under a mulberry bush at the outskirts of El-lay/// But since we've just found another stencil to round off the twenty pages sought after-like; then he who wishes to know what unbearably good news remains in the tale must continue on the next ~~page~~ page in order to discipher same.....

(12:06)

Beetle had wandered into a (sip) harem of scarabs and was making passes.

"Wait a minute (12:07), "shouted Halifax, "I need one of those passes to get into the movie house, the Rialto is showing Black leather stocking kittens at play in the fields of elysium tonight and even hornless old DOG wants to see that one..

Novascotia had wandered off into oblivion so there was nothing more to be concerned with from that direction. But a newcomer appeared, "Hi, I'm Joe Newcomer and I'd like to join your Band of Merrie Men."

Halifax snorted in reply, "If you're myopic enough to think that a bug, a many-ani'ed DOG and me, a sniveling freak, is a band then you're a tone-deaf sunuvabitch and I bid you welcome [Halifax had unwittingly adopted the speech-pattern (12:12) of the late Novascotia in default of anything better to do on a warm summer's eve. But it was DOG, who from his all capitals position, injected the note of levity into the evening's (12:13) discussion: //Say, Newcomer// thought DOG //why does the chicken cross to the other side of the road?//

Long moments were spent in thought by Newcomer and El Arturo (who by 12:14 had had enuf of this....), head of the Alaaarez gang, (sip)(light cigarette)(ponder) 12:15) "I give up," piped up the Black Beetle, to kill a life or two, "why did the chicken cross to the other side of the road, doggie?" //Call me 'doggie' once more and I won't wait for the deus ex machina which El Arturo, El Foney, fabricated on page 19 to rid us of you, but I'll cream you myself.// Thus thoughteth DOG, wisest of the lot which was casting about (at line 32) for an answer--at 12:16--to the marvelous strait line some ijut had cast forth ). ##### MY WILL BE DONE ### interjected the nearest theatre-seat-cushion which was Living Nauga, speak-thinking on just enough of a differnt wavelength to differentiate himself (12:19) from DOG and the rest of the kooks. #####The chicken### speak-thoughted the Nauga #####was just enough paranoid to think that the grass might be greener there.##### Upon this note, the entire crew (include El Arturo who was doing something mysterious in a far-away seat) burst into a hysterical peal of THE-LAUGHTER-OF-RELIEF (sorry, Laumer--you really ought to use MIT's newest service) that the Rubicon (held in Ruby Falls, Tenn. 1973) had been crossed.

(12:24) The whole melage had subsided into a drunken stupor at this point (four billion particles per square inch per square minute being pretty heady stuff (12:25)). It was decided that there were fifteen or so lines of merriment left in HUITLOXOPETL # 6 and for that reason and that reason alone, DOG raised his leg and wet down the entire first thirteen pages of the manuscript (NOW YOU KNOW WHAT THAT FUNNY S-ELL WAS) and Faruk Von Turk cropped up along with another figment, Dwerd Gremlin (really, George, you could have shown more originality)...and the whole thing degenerated into a free-for-all-but-costly-for-few (namely, 12:26, me)(sip) and with eight lines to go, our stalward forces figured out that those weird bulges in the paper which the author could not see were indentations left by tiny meters and that in some one of them there must be a whole (if not a part, for each to play) and consequently (line 57) (12:30) (7 frigging hours...unreal) they tied some thread to the waist of each other preparatory to plunging through the hole and the whole schmeer (to quote Henny Youngmann or Harlan.. Ellison) ended up with extremely divided bodies.....

We reproduce below a well-padded, half-penny a word short story which was published in the rare October-November, 1941 issue of Spectacular Fantasy Magazine under the improbable pseudonym of "Meade & Penny Frierson", a patently penetrable nom de plume for the brilliant-boy-from-Lincolndland-turned-all-golden-brown-and-dewy-eyed-by-the-great-California-sun:

### THE MILLION MILE PICNIC

By Meade and Penny Frierson

One moment it was a cool Martian summer with crystal towers ringing gently in the soft breezes and the next it was an inferno, a hades, a hell of burning atoms, of blistered sands tossed skyward and flames and heat and fire. The great silver rocket stood in the sky on legs of red confetti and molten lava, glowing above the timeless sands near the blue-green waters of the Grand Canal. It went down, breathing in the air of Mars with a mighty roar of its engines, down, down, blasting out in filmy wisps the rocks, the stones and the pebbles which moments before had nestled quietly, serenely, on that bank in that year on the great red planet Mars.

Then all was quiet, all was still. The skymetal had come to rest. It relaxed, groaning like Gramps when he returned from the fields at dusk to ease into his overstuffed chair. It sat on the sands of the red planet, at peace, at ease, at rest, like it was home after a long trip, like it belonged there always.

All through the long day, now hot, now cool, the ship sat on the sands and was quiet, at rest, and all through the dark, dark night, while the sands cooled and the night insects came out of hiding and chirped and sang for the ship, the ship sat, at peace, in its new-found harbor.

And within the ship the crew stirred and grew restless and they looked to their Captain, John Black, and their captain looked back at them, gently. "They are just kids," thought their captain John Black, "kids on a great adventure, on a raft in the Mississippi with the taste of mom's apple pie in their mouths and milk and doughnuts on the kitchen table when they come home." And the captain looked out at the planet Mars and thought, "We are here. In this year 1957 the spaceship Beautiful Ohio has come to Mars." And his fists clenched and his fists relaxed and he looked through the porthole, looked out over the red sands of Mars where his ship had come, and he thought of all the fallen Christmas snows that ever were or ever would be and the thought was sweet like old wine, dandelion wine that Gramps doled out in thimbles while the Yule log burned.

And the men, the men of the crew stared out the portholes, pressed noses flat against the glass like it was a candy counter in front of licorice twists, lemon drops and chocolate bunnies. They stared at the sands in the slow, warm time of early morning like they had stared at the midway at the State Fair with cotton candy stuck in their hair, the taste of lime sherbert melting in their mouths.

"Mars," they thought, each thought and all thought, "Mars!"

The captain, John Black, turned to his mate, Jim White, and said, "Well..."

"Yes, captain?", said Jim White, anxiously like a 12-year old with a new Vikings helmet turning to his football coach on the bench in a red-leafed autumn afternoon.

The Million Mile Picnic--Page Two

"Well," said Captain John Black, slowly, gently, savoring the word and the meaning of the word and all that stood behind the word. "Mars," he breathed at last.

"Yes, captain, Mars," whispered Jim White, the mate, in awe, just perceiving, just glimpsing the meaning of it all.

"We're on Mars," repeated Captain John Black and he felt sick and he did not feel sick.

"Is it time," asked Jim White, sweating like a horse, a pony, a cow, a shaggy dog, "Is it time...to leave the ship?"

The captain winced and he did not wince. There was a long, long moment and the crew stood frozen like icicles and the captain stood frozen and Jim White stood frozen. For a long, long moment no one breathed, no one thought, there, on Mars, in the year 1957. There was a smell in the air of dry confetti and fresh scraped pumpkins and old sneakers left in the basement until spring.

"Men," said the captain, looking at them from the bridge, down below him, all the men, men of earth, all children here on Mars across the long, long voids of space. Men from Maumee, Ohio, men from Brooklyn, men from the green hills of Tennessee and men from the cold territory of Alaska. All here on Mars, all waiting for him to speak.

"Men," said the captain, looking at them, "It is time to go out and claim this world in the name of Earth."

And the men looked at each other. Brown, the navigator, looked at Green, the radio operator, and Green, the radio operator, looked at Gray, the helmsman, and Gray, the helmsman, looked at Silver, the quick one. And they all looked at the captain, their eyes filled with questions, questions which welled out like tears, like raindrops in a summer afternoon.

"Men," said the captain, assuringly, quietly, firmly, the taste of orange marmelade on buttered toast in Granma's kitchen thick on his tongue. "We're going out!"

"Out...," cried Green and Gray and Brown. "...there!," cried Silver and White and Red, the cabin boy, and Blue, the yellow dog who had come along as mascot.

And they crowded near the airlock, chattering like boys at a swimminghole, shoving and pushing and teasing in their excitement. And the captain saw they were brave and ready and it was good.

The airlock opened wide and sucked the earth smells cut onto the planet which had never known fresh mown hay, chicken noodle soup or burnt almonds. Out went the smells of earth to mingle with the soft Martian breezes, incredibly old and wise, and out went the men of earth.

Captain John Black looked down into the waters of the Martian canal, old, old waters, and he thought of home. Jim White, the mate, handed him the flag and the captain pushed the flag down, down into the hot Martian sands, which shifted easily and let the flagpole pass down to rest.

They saluted the flag and turned toward the captain who was studying the blue, blue sky of this world looking for earth as he thought of home.

"Lord," thought Captain John Black, there on Mars in the year 1957 with hismen, "Lord, I'd like some lemonade." But he was on Mars and far from lemonade and the sweet, rich things of earth, far, far from his childhood.

"Look," said Green, and Brown said, "Look," pointing down the winding blue-green canal, down toward the hazy mists out of which the proud ancient Blue Mountains rose against the sky. And they were all saying, "Look, look!"

The sandcars whirred on cats feet, gently wafting above the shimmering sands of Mars. One, two, no, three of them quietly moving like tiny fish out of the mists toward the men of earth who stood waiting, tasting the moment, looking at each other and waiting.

"Men," said Captain Black, his hand reaching for his holster, touching the weapon he had brought with him all the way to the planet Mars. "Men," he almost choked on the words and the meaning behind the words and his heart went heavy, thud, like a basketball had been thrown when he wasn't looking and knocked the air out of his chest, thud, "Be ready," he said.

The men all looked at him, then looked back at the three sandcars which grew closer in the still afternoon and they touched their weapons and waited.

The sandcars stopped and settled gently down to the cooling sands and lay quiet like goldfish resting at the bottom of the bowl.

"Men," cautioned Captain John Black, his brown eyes squinting at the sandcars, waiting, "Be ready." And the men said, "Yes, captain."

And then there were strange men on the sand, stepping from the sandcars, two from each, bronze of limb and gold of eye with voices that tinkled and chimed like the crystal bells in the tall towers. And they looked at the earthmen across the short, short distance between them and they smiled and waved their arms.

"Why," exclaimed Jim White, the mate, looking at them and then at the captain, John Black, "Why, they seem...friendly."

And the earthmen nodded yes and looked at the strange ones and each gave up a murmur, an exhalation, a sigh, and they waited by the blue-green waters of the canal.

Carefully, the golden-eyed ones unloaded from the sandcars strangely woven baskets and handwrought casks and placed them gently on the sands and went back to the cars and brought forth gaily colored balls and large furled umbrellas and lengths of dyed cloth and they spread the cloth on the sands and unfolded the umbrellas and pushed them deep into the yielding soil and uncovered the baskets.

Then one tall man walked one step, two steps toward the earthmen and raised his delicately tapered hand and smiled.

The men of earth stared at their captain and back at the beckoning figure, and they saw another man take a colored ball and toss it high, high into the cool air and they watched it down, down into the hands of yet another and they heard the high tinkle and chime of laughter like ice in a glass of fresh made lemonade.

John Black, the captain, licked his lips, slowly, and his thoughts were troubled.

"Why," said Jim White, the mate, "Why, it's a . . ."

"Picnic!"; shouted Brown and Green and Silver, the quick one, and Gray and Red, the cabin boy, and Blue, the yellow cur, barked. All at once they were running, jumping in the light Martian gravity, kicking up sand, and yelling, all running to the picnic. And the captain looked in wonder and thought of home, thought of the 4th of July when he was a boy and of Labor Day and family reunions, of the seaside cabin Mom and Pop had rented one summer when he was only ten, and John Black started to run, too, and shouted and the golden-eyed ones with their strange speech came to greet them, one and all. And they danced, danced with joy, on the red sands of Mars.

And the men opened the baskets and gave the earthmen strange fruits and they tasted them and tasted fresh apples, tangy oranges and juicy blackberries. And they gave them strange wedges to eat and the men of earth tasted peanut butter with grape jelly, hot dogs with mustard and popcorn with salt, and they gave drink to them and they tasted root beer, lime kool-aid and cola.

John Black, the captain, sighed.

Brown and Green ran laughing to the water's edge and dove in. Blue chased a gaily colored ball and ate scraps from the delicately tapered hands and Red, the cabin boy, tossed a ball and laughed.

But when the twin moons rose above the Blue Mountains there was a sadness. John Black stood up and helped pull the umbrellas from the sandy red soil of Mars. Brown bent over and folded the cloth, shaking out the sand that fell like tiny fireflies in the growing dusk. Green reached out his hand to one and gripped it firmly and smiled with his mouth but not with his eyes for there were tears just beginning. White helped carry baskets back to the sandcars and tuck them carefully away. Gray drained the last from a cask and handed it over to the owner with a smile.

They all stood there for a long, long moment and there was a sadness; a longing. Captain John Black pointed a long finger into the sky, toward the stars and the alien nearest him stepped forth and placed his hands on his own chest and then on the chest of John Black and pointed up to the stars. It was a quiet time.

The men of earth stood and watched as the sandcars moved gently into the soft air and got smaller and smaller like circus balloons with a slow, slow leak. And they looked down at the sand they had kicked, the sand where feet had run, then at the water where they had swum, then at the sky where they must go and they were sad, very sad.

The men walked back to the ship and got in and the captain said, "Blast off" and the men looked at the dials and counters and were quiet and still.

Captain John Black looked at his men and sighed and slowly, very slowly, he said, "Yes. I know." And the men looked at their captain and tried to smile but it was hard and they turned to the controls and dials and counters, to the things that seemed now so strange to them, and they sighed, each sighed and all sighed, and it was time.

And the skything rose into the Martian night, up, up went the rocket, up, up and away from Mars, the red planet, like an arrow, a needle, a dart, up it rose, like a spear, a lance, a javelin until it was gone, gone from Mars and up, up toward Earth.

And on the other side of the Blue Mountains three sandcars whirred on slowly in the Martian night until the lights of the great spaceship basked them with a warm, orange glow and the sandcars stopped and men, dark of limb and yellow of eye, came from the spaceship, the leviathan lying on the Martian sand and took the sandcars into the ship with the empty baskets and casks and the balls and umbrellas. And the men looked at each other and into the clear skies of Mars and it was a quiet time.

The huge spaceship roared a mighty bellow and stirred the sands with its invisible breath. It pushed at the planet with its magnetic drive and the spaceship rose, up, up into the night, like a whale, a shark, a dolphin, up it swam into the inky blackness of space, up, up toward Jupiter.



The South's leading semi-weekly sci-fi nuus AJ...Vol.19, Non 101 ...edited and published by Meade and Penny Frierson, Box 9032, Birmingham, Alabama Zone 13. Subs: 4/25¢ (we would like to offer longer subs but President Humphrey has proposed a postal rate increase of Third Class tuu 2½¢...a 25% increase?! Truufen, uunite - if the OPA won't let Thrilling Wonder go to 25¢ in its bi-weekly form, why should mere stamps be allowed that kind of an increase?? Write your Congressman, if he can read...if uu can write!

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Collating help lastpub was furnished by LeeJ, Dave Hulan, Larry Montgomery, Mike Dobson and Lon Atkins. Thanks tuu y'all. Goshwow, we forgot art credits lastpub: Bok -p.2,7; Staton-p.5; Andrews -p.8; Freas -p.1(col); Finlay -p.4; Coye-p.3

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### CON COMMITTEE UNVEILS JOHN NOMINEES

Cochairmen Al Andrews and Lon Atkins of VULCON II, the 31st world science fiction convention, revealed the balloting results for the 30th annual "John" Awards for excellence in the sci-fi field. A record 7,976 ballots were tallied on the experimental "Alcoma" (algorithmic computational machine) which "Doc" Atkins has been working with at the Uuniversity in Tuscaluusa. The results are:

Novel: The Hurkles Past Saturn (Sturgeon)(Fantasy Press)  
Darkness on Ultima Thule (R. Phillips)(Planet, April A & B)  
Buck Rodgers and the Meteormen (Nowlan)(Startling, Jan-Feb)  
Weapons Against the Vladoto (Van Vogt)(Vortex #4)  
And There Shall Ever be Mumen (R. Palmer)(Terrifying Vol8, No3)

Novella: The Forever Machine (F. Brown)(Planet, June A)  
Fury in the Galaxy (Kuttner) (Thrilling, 72-19)  
The Return of the Abominable Groth (Howard)(Terrifying 8-6)  
Planet of the Apes (Kornbluth) (Pot Pourri, Sept.)  
Mrs. Mendelheimer Regrets (Bond)(Amusing Fantasy, May-June)

Novelette: Space War Two (Heinlein)(Space Stories, August)  
Star Beasts Revisit Mars (Geier) (Thrilling 72-43)  
Brigadier ffellowes' Last Mission (Lanier)(Beyond, April-May)  
The Sun People vs. Atlantea (Coblentz)(Super Sci-fi, March)  
Capt. Future at Absolute Zero (Hamilton)(F.A.Q. #37)

Short: Otis and the Razor (F. Brown)(Planet, Nov. B)  
Pyramids of Illustra (Barnes) (S.F.Q. #124)  
The Fourth Dimensional Robot (P. French)(Vortex #6)  
The Monsters and Mazie (Bradbury)(Planet, Sept. B)  
Demon-Queens from Uroro (Brackett)(Astonishing, July)

Comics: Weird Science Fantasy #89; Mystery in Space #203;  
John Carter #17; Universe #114; Startling Wonder #34

John Nominees (continued)

Drama(radio): Plasticmen (Outer Limits, ABC, 8/14/72; Rod Serling)  
If Tomorrow Brought (Fantasy Hour, CBS, 9/1/72; Cooper)  
A Tale of Two Worlds (Tomorrow Plus, NBC, 1/5/72; Welch)  
Planetfall #12 (Outer Limits, 3/19/72; Chas. Beaumont)  
Arcs to Arcturus (Dark Universe, MBS, 8/9/72; P. French)

Drama(movie): Far Centaurus (RKO)  
The Dunwich Horror (MGM)  
The Mightiest Machine (Warner Bros)  
Martians, Go Home (RKO)

Drama(play): The Proud Robot's Revenge (Circle Theatre, NYC)  
Menagerie (Campbell Theatre, Hollywood)

-oOo-

Memberships are \$1.00 in advance; \$1.50 at the door. Mail your choice of the above and your registration to: VULCON II, Box 1142, Birmingham 3, Alabama. Membership is presently 4,506 with twuu months yet tuu go!!! [Neos: get your Group Chief's certif first.]

HEARD AT DALLASCON: HPL failing...FB Long had seen HPL at the Providence Nursing Home and "Grandpa" seemed weaker than when RE Howard had called some months ago. Neos may not recall that HPL was editor of WEIRD TALES 1944-54 and started Terrifying Tales with SaM in 1955 until it folded in 1959. SaM, of course, revived it in 1969 and it's a million-plus best seller these daze!!

Brown reveals trilogy - Fred Brown told Harry Warner, D-con toastmaster, that Gnome has contracted for 3 150,000-word novels from the master and slyly let slip that the books might have to go up in price to cover the royalties he's going to get!!! Holy comets, ain't \$2.50 enough?? Reet!!

Ellison demurs again - thrice now Harlan E., head Clevefan, has declined the crown of an editorship, this time pressed on him by the owners of no less than the venerable Super Sci-fi, vacated recently by Kornbluth after long and faithful service. Quoth the Harl: "I'm just a fan, bud; I can't accept money to write and I'd have to write editorials at least." There's a TruuFar, proppies! Harl's AJ, Dangerous Visions, is one of the best - send your dime.

The 7th net, Pacifica, will premier its sci-fi series this fall: Rod Serling was coyly-brown but did mumble "TZ or not TZ" A clue there for any of youu defecto-tectives?

The hossies were there to harass, reports Sgt-at-Arms Reamy. Seems they had a double gripe: RE Howard, the GoH (and he admits with shame, an ex-hossie) is considered a traitor since he broke camp, wiped off the equine feces as it were and blasted into Truu-Orbit. Also they wanted to protest the de-airing of the oater Gun-smoke after twuu seasons...Eat used oats, l'il hossies, Bill Conrad was needed to play Flash Gordon, not your silly "martial."

.....  
Sorree this is so short this time -- holidaye, yuu know. Nextpub we'll return to the regular columns - Beermutterings by Poul Anderson; Om Markstein Sklom Stuu by D. David Markstein and the uusual gang of luunies  
.....



PEOPLE - Former ASFO Pres. JH Reinhardt held an auction last week-end in Atlanta at which he sold the balance of his once-fabled Armor of the Ages exhibit. According to Terrifying Tales cover artist Jerry Burge, the proceeds will fund the completion of JH's Planet comics collection. \*\* One-time actifans who have dropped from sight - nuus of them, please? Tony Lewis, Dick Geis, Andrew Porter, Arnie Katz and Ted Carr. \*\* Nuu Wave/ Old Wave - the debate rages on between writers like Phil Nowlan and Doc Smith whuu never set a scene on Earth and Fred Brown and others whuu rarely depart. John Pierce, pubber of Middleroad, has been trying to mediate between the groups duuring recent flare-ups. \*\* HB Piper has contracted for his fifth Little Fuzzy novel, to be brought out by Crown. \*\* Groff Conklin is considering his 101st book, composed of reminiscences of his 100 anthologies and anecdotes concerning them. \*\* Department of the Interior spokesmen have been addressing club meetings in Cinnцинatti, Denver, Wichita and Spokane in an attempt tuu convince irate spacers that the government cannot afford tuu pursuu the hydrazine rocket experiments which failed so dismally last March with the last of the "Apollo" series of tests, but fans aren't having any part of that!! Blast off, feds!

AJ REVUUS - Last week's mail brought in 47 AJ publications so we only have ruum for some of the most striking - the SFTC Annual, as always, will carry all of the AJs received during the year:

Xenophobia 45 (John Dusenberry, 1145 LaGrange, Butte Mont.), 32pp 2/15¢, hekto'd. Bulletin of the Western Fan Alliance. General.

The Jovian Rocket #8 (Peter Meegle, Box 109, Boston, Mass.) 14pp, free, hekto'd. Pete's just finished his 5-year apprenticeship as a neo and offers these pointers tuu other neo's-in-training. Judging from last year's NESFA neo-revolt (from which Pete abstained, he aays) the neo system needs informative cooperation tuu endure the peckling order til truufandom is attained. Recommended highly.

Fan-Fare, 5/73 (W. Paul Ganley, Box 35, Buffalo 14, N.Y.), 44pp, mimeo, 10¢. General. Highly recommended.

Slant, 6/73 (WA Willis, 170 No. Central, Belfast, Com. of Ire.), 12pp, mimeo, 10¢. General

The Outlander, Summer '73 (Moffatt & Sneary, Box 1032, Hollywood 106, Calif) Truufan's delight!

The Science Fiction Digest, 6/29/73 (Mort Weisinger, Apt. 102, 145 Park Avenue, New York 14, NY), 44pp, offset, 15¢ but worth it. Criticism and nuus.

Also notable Le Zombie, Iscariot, Fantasy Fictioneer, Melikaphkaz, and Ad Astra among the regular AJs.

COMICS CORNER - Binder & Kashdan Ltd. have announced three new titles for the fall in the popular 100pp novel format: Wood and Orlando will adapt Children of the Lensmen; Adams and Wrightson will share an original tuu be called Roger Markham of the Space Federation; and Freas and T. Palmer will present an original space fantasy/allegory based on AC Clarke's The Sentinel and Beyond Jupiter.

Gaines & Feldstein Ltd revealed that the cover artist for Weird Science Fantasy 91-95 will be Bonestell. They have also accepted three Fred Brown stories for adaptation and originals by Jan Strnad, Tom Veitch, Richard Matheson and Fritz Leiber.

Carl Bark's The Astronuts will be Fawcett's next special. GW!!

MUUVIES - Morrey Dollens writes that the studio where he's sometimes technical director is considering John W. Campbell's Who Goes There? with location shootings in the Territory of Alaska. \*\* Jack Warner wrote a personal note that the Riverworld spectacular will premier in Chicago for PJ Farmer's benefit. See 6/3/73 SFTC for full details. \*\* According to Collier's, an Italian Company is beginning hush-hush preparation of a sci fi thriller which, they claim, will star a second-rate hossie from the purple sage series. From the meagre details supplied by the mag, we'll bet it's a rehash of the Capt. Future cycle. \*\* Rick Sneary, Ray Bradbury and Robert Bloch will have walk-ons in Bill Rotsler's outerspace epic, The Girls of Xanaduuu.

BOOKS - No time for a full report thispub but here are a few teasers: Fell's fall list includes a Heinlein juvenile (illo'd by Jeff Jones); DeCamp's fourth of the year; another Galligher yarn from Kuttner; and the expected potboilers from Wyndham, Norton, Van Vogt, Rogers, Hallman and H. Davis. Gnome will feature another Greenberg anthology, a Judith Merrill novel, collections from Kornbluth & Pohl, a Virgil Finlay portfolio (number eight, isn't it?), the Petaja-Eok fantasy mentioned by RE Howard at Dallascon lastpub; and Leiber's latest. Shasta will deliver the latest from Hubbard, Vance, Reynolds and Williamson. More details nextpub.

THISNTHAT - Last-minute word is that Astounding may be revived! Truufans have been haunting the used book stores for 30 years seeking the remaining copies of this long-defunct title which seemed destined for nuu things before the untimely death of the famous John W., its tuu-brief editor.

The Secret Masters of Fandom meeting held July 4 in Trenton, N.J. reportedly adopted the letter "j" as the fannish letter for '73-'74. As uu know, all truufen are expected tuu overemphasize the designated letters in all AJs after the announcement at Worldcon '73. Goshwow, what can uu duu with "J"?? Jjeorjj jjust suggested a jjiant jjoke?

Other reaction tuu that meeting is embarassment at the manner of deportment of these fans whuu are all old enough tuu know better. In long-john space togs and propbeanies, they ride the might streets on a flat-bed truck decorated like a spaceship, swilling bruu and singing the classics: "Maresy Doats", "Flash Gordon Forever", "The Spacer's Lament" and "Blast All Jets". No wonder truufans have a bad reputation.

Just in is an apparent put-on from someone on the West Coast which pretends to be the 142nd issue of a nuus AJ ("Locus"). It's supposed to be a publication from another dimension where books cost a fortune, there are no pulps, "television" has been developed, etc. Goshwow, ain't we glad it ain't so!?

From: Meade & Penny Frierson  
Box 9032  
Birmingham 13, Alabama

To:

THIRD CLASS PRINTED MATTER

The League of the Ten Thousand Blind Fools

Captain's Log: Stardate 7210.22:01.30 [yawn] The starship Unapprised on its five year [prior to cancellation]] mission to the center of chaos has just passed through the Nebulous Funk and encounters a swarm of forces beyond the knowledge of the computer to analyze.

Capn: Bridge to Engine Room. Snotty, can you give us any more power?

Engineer: Captain, sir, the main drives are in a terrible fix. I'm trying now to jury-rig a shunt into the decibel oscillator.

Captain: Be quick about it. Shirk out. Lt. Oohhoo, are any of these forces an attempt to communicate with us on any known frequency?

Lt: Could be, Captain. I seem to hear my lower left molar playing Oh Dem Watermelons.

Capn: Let's leave the ethnic humor out of it, Lt. Too many network VPs are pseudo-liberals.

Lt: So's our audience, Captain.

Capn: Let's leave them out of it, too.

Lt: They are, baby, they are.

1st Officer: Captain, I have a curious piece of data here?

Capn: Yes, what is it? A clue to the riddle in which we find ourselves?

1st Officer: Not precisely, Captain. "The shortest distance between two points is a straight line." I find that rather curious, don't you?

Capn: No, Mr. Stock, I don't find that curious at all. In fact, I am of the definite impression that it is MOST STUPID. You're rrelieved - go to your quarters.

1st Officer: I'm afraid I must refuse the order, Captain.

Capn: Why is that?

1st Officer: Based upon an application of this new datum to the present context, you have proposed a physical impossibility in that there is a bulkhead in the way. That one... right there, that very one

Capn: Stock, you're babbling. Countermand that order. Proceed by a course of distinct and separate straight lines through the known configurations of this vessel to the place wherein you sleep or whatever you do that passes for sleep in which whereat

- Stock exits stage left pursued by demons.

Capn: Lt. Lulu, what do you find so intensely funny about our predicament?

Lulu: Not a damn thing, sir, and that's why I'm laughing. Page 10 and we get this...hahahahaha.

Capn: Lt, you're relieved.

Oohhoo: I shore am, baby. This fox do not feel at her comfort with the tall rabbit with the yellow sunburn anywheres near me.

Capn: Not you, the other one there - Lulu, remove yourself from the bridge. I'm having so much trouble with my crew I can't even concentrate on figuring out what trouble we are in so we can get out of it.

Lulu: (leaving) That's okay, Captain. He can't either.

Shirk: [not Capn, its shorter?] He? Who he? Ha? Hmmm.

Engineer: Captain, I've got that shunt worked out and we now have some power to spare from our Delco batteries but the problem is: we have no plot.

Capn: [much better, isn't it?] No plot? Not even an erg? Gee, without plot we can't make the engines turn-over. Stomachs, yes, engines, no. Mister Checkout, see if you can find a little extra plot; maybe there's a small tin cached somewhere in the officer's mess - perhaps next to that quart of strawberries - the one with all that sand in it. [I didn't see the movie and I have no idea how funny you are being]

Nurse Temple: With a little chicken-soup, you shouldn't worry.

Capn: Wha?

Doc: Sorry, Dim, I shouldn't have let her out. I know, I know, ethnic humor is in bad taste.

Capn: Oh, it's not that. It's just that I got to thinking about what she said. Broth, bouillion, consommé, stock - where is that fool? Stock, are you in your quarters?

1st Officer: No, in fact, I'm right behind you, Captain. You've just chosen to ignore me as you talked to the rest of the crew.

Capn: Stock, you are blind? Will you please look carefully up there following the words "Page the 10"? What does it say?

1st Officer: I see that I am in error, Captain. I am not accustomed to stage directions written as part of the page number.

Capn: Well, sonny boy, around this zine anything is likely to happen - so you'll oblige me by keeping a sharp weather eye on footnotes, colophons and page numbers if you know what's good for you.

1 - Once more in calm seas, the vessel plies a course for its destination.

1st Officer: I'm sorry, Captain. I didn't hear the rest of what you were saying because the page cut you off.

Capn: Stock, I'll have you courtmartialed for miscues if you don't watch out. Can't you read the heading of this page. I just got us out of our sub-plot [used advisedly] difficulties so that we can now commence the primary goal of our mission

Stock: Which is, Captain?

Capn: Cock one more plucked eyebrow at me, buster, and I'll break you to Springwinder Third Grade. The Title, dolt! The ~~Leggaex~~ of 10,000 fools - as was plainly said.

Stock: [wised up now?] As was.

Oohhoo: [what happened to Lt] Pirate ship is hailing us, Capn.

Capn: Put it on the big screen up there whose name I've momentarily forgotten.

BLIP

"Ahoy, the Unapprised, it's 2 A.M. and you've been at this nonsense long enough. Do you read me?"

Capn: I must be dreaming [no, you should be]. Did you hear what I...

Stock: I heard it quite distinctly myself, Captain. As First Officer, it is my duty to recommend that such advice be complied with within the next 22 lines.

Capn: Okay, smart mouth, if Ionesco or Pirandello were in charge, he could conclude this allegory in some fashion in that time but take a close look out at the typer...(pause) does that look like a first class playwright flinging these words down here as fast as they come through the ether? No, indeed. So if this clown wants to fix another drink and try to transmogrify this mess into a document of redeeming social importance, we down here are just going to let him take all the stencils that he wants to, in order to accomplish that result.

1st Officer: It's 2:08. And Trafemadore is two points off larboard,

Capn: And this is line 49. Want to make something of it?

1st Officer: I would be greatly relieved if someone would make something of "it".

Engineer: I dunna mean to put in, sir, but a countryman of mine was rather good at these things..you know, waiting for Godot and like that and I'm rather curious.

Shirk: Your personal life is no concern of mine.

Engineer: Indeed, not, sir, and, I, would, be, greatly, disturbed,

Stock: Doc, what was the ailment which suddenly gripped our engineer?

Doc: He's in a comma coma. We'll have him out of it by the next page.

Capn: There's something terribly literary being in a situation like this. I find myself surrounded by the disembodied spirits of men like Koppit and Becket.

Stock: Yes, Captain, I perceive my perception of your meaning what you mean.

Oohhoo: I'm a poor lil pickaninny and I got no idea what you are jawing about. Woe is me.

Doc: That's what I mean...consider her lines...analyze them...dissect them. And then consider here I am saying someone else's lines... consider whose they should be, Stock's or Capn's? Then consider yourself considering these lines and finally, consider me, whoever I am, considering you considering these lines.

Capn: I believe I am beginning to understand. You mean...

Stock: Exactly.

Oohhoo: Why don't he bring Lulu back here - then I'd have somebody to talk to.

Doc: A communication's officer saying a thing like that - how utterly comprehensible, fairly steeped in appreciation, redolent with reason and tesseract-like in its inner nature.

Stock: These Jovians, for instance, illustrate that the shortest distance between two points is that lying between our heads.

Shirk: My lord's fleas, how did you produce these Jovians here? Is this the plot at last, shaking sand and strawberries from its hoary old head and dying a thousand unborn deaths, fetus-like in its god-head?

Stock: No.

Oohhoo: What Jovians?

Doc: What plot?

Lulu: What Sand?

Greek Chorus: What Oohhoo, Doc and Lulu?

Jovians: What Greek Chorus?

Paper: What words?

THE FRIERSON THEATRE:

(Or We're All Boozers on this Bus / or Antelope Freeway 1/64 Mile)

This record courtesy of countdown productions, ltd. Dated: X - 5,1972  
----- A Bone for Hugostell -----

This record supported by Y.L.L.A.R. (Yelling Loudly Loper After Records  
also know as the Golden-Eyed One or Old Yllar (here, boy, c'mon). All  
countenance copywrit in U.S.A.

Sur[hic]prise - this is Grandson of Huitl 6 (oh, no) (yep, but what  
else could one do after hearing all ][all?] well, most of the Firesign  
group...?) [anything but this.] (so's your old man) CUT: fade-in theme  
of (High?)(Darkness at?)(Twelve O'Clock) Noon... Voice over: This is  
ex-astronut Bud Williams III here at Big Car's Used Johns, located at  
the corner of Chip and Dale in beautiful downtown Emphesima, Califor-  
nia. (you're putting me on) We've got a real beauty on special here to-  
day - a lemon (yellow) [or yllar] (keep out of this) sedan from th  
Sudan, one of those sleek shiek jobs, yessiree, on special today only  
... that'sright, folks, can you believe only... (psst, hey, technician)  
[huh? ] (I don't believe the equipment is working right) [Whutzamatta]  
Just a second, folks, we'll be right back after this brief movie from  
the studio (I can't tell the price of the car) [So what? You're drunk  
and can't read the signs on the window?] (No, it's not that, I can't  
say anything about ... ) [How's that again?] (...) [C'mon; Mac,]  
(Bud) [Whatever, there's nuthin wrong with da machines] (Say, I never  
noticed how much you look like a Bode' lizard) [Look, Bud] (That's  
Mr. Williams) [Whatever, da ting dat's wrong wif your speaking appar-  
el] (That's apparatus) [Well, asparagus to you too, Cholly] EXIT

I wonder why he can't say ..., Maude? # What, Ur? # I said...  
Ur? I'm Irving! # I know but the drunk typing this has a spastic mid-  
dle finger... # Yeah and not only that, he can't hyphenate worth a d-  
amn. # Forget him, what was you saying about the TV? # Huh, oh, yeah  
well, this here announcer was gonna tell what a car cost and he coul-  
dn't...gee, I wish he'd stop that...couldn't say a simple thing like  
... # What? # ... # Irving, for ... I'd go home to mother. # What?  
#I can't say it either!! # Say what? # The thing you couldn't say.  
#You mean ... # Yeah, dat's right, I couldn't say da word # Gosh, Mau-  
de (blast) I never notice how you talk like a lizard; you got li-  
zard (blast, and damn) blood in you, Maude? # fade out

Mr. President? # HMMMMMM? # Wake up, Mr. President, we've a  
national emergency on our hands! # What'd Wallace do now? # Not him,  
Mr. President (aha) # What's so aha about that? # I just said aha be-  
cause the dummy at the typer didn't screw up another hyphenation on me  
(damn) # Young man, what are you trying to say? # Well, Mr. Presid-  
ent, a national phenomena is occuring all over our beloved land # How-  
's (now, really) I say, how's that? What national phenomena are you  
talking about? # Well, Sir, it's just the fact that no one can talk a-  
bout ... # About what? # About ...! # That's ridiculous, our whole na-  
tion runs on ... # What, sir, who, sir, me, sir, yes, sir [West Point Man!]  
# Stop babbling, lad, and by the way a ... for your thoughts - gee,  
you're right. "Ladies and gentleman, the figures on national product-  
ion reveal that Americans are saving ... per annum of which ... is  
invested in real estate and ... in comics and related publications."  
Hmmm, dat's very strange I tink. # Mr. President, send away your aides  
right away, we're taking you in for turning into a lizard in the  
face of national adversity. #

FT 2

:::134873492 J K MLX RE EMP JHN C POLIT TKR AS ... CNT SY WDS 1232378:::

O-kay, officer, I'll just pay up my tab and go home to Gertrude, say, that typer isn't any better on page two is he? [no, but it's none of your business, que sera sera] Barkeep, how much do I.O.U.? // That'll be...; Mac (Mr. President) [spud] (Cholly) [chowderhead] // What'd he say, officer? // Beats me; say, how much for the guy's beers? // I told you...//

WELL, MR AND MRS JOHN Q PUBLIC, ANYTOWN, USA You get the drift ((continental, snow or spen??)) All over our fair country the mighty ... had lost its power because just plain folks like you or I had lost the ability to say ....

Professor Ptomaine, as the world's greatest philologist can you describe the steps you and your students at Cal Tech have taken to overcome ] ] [I beg your pardon, youngish man, vat kind uv punk-tua ion...mine stars, me too; I withdraw mine question] say, cope with the pressing national emergency?

Ve haff been most diligent in our efforts to prescribe a form uv conversation dat can avoid da use of da words like ... and ...

And what have you discovered so far?

Dat dere's not a heck of a lot can be done, Cholly (that's Bud) [You've said it all] (dat's a commercial) [yeah, but a punk one so don't worry] Ve haff tried to say beans, like Boston Baken Beans but if I tell you I make ... beans a year, see, it comes out wrong. I can tell you dat I haff two eyes in my head but if I use da same words to describe some many ... I owe you, I can't get my message across, ja?

So you've tried some end runs, eh Professor Lizard...eh, heh heh, sorry about that but have you ever noticed...

(( Deep in a mineshaft in Western Missouri, this intrepid crew of explorers is attempting to determine the geographic boundaries of the blockage, the stiffling, yeah, the very destruction of the communications concerning the subject of ...; we join them in progress))

Joe, do you have as many ... in your wallet as you have feet? // No, Charles, I have ... more // More than feet and the fingers of one hand, Joe? // Yes, Charles. // More than the feet and the fingers of ... hands? // How many hands? // Have another drink.

Why, it's little Abraham Griswold; Abraham, what are you doing here in the john...I mean, the little boy's room; do you have a pass from your home room teacher? // No, Mr. Hundertmark, I ain't got no pass nohow. // Hmm, what is that you are drawing on the wall - why, it looks like a "\$" and it's got some numbers after it...can you read those numbers, Abraham? // No, teach, I ain't able to read nuthin // I know, son, all you youngsters who were born in '72 haven't been too good in Math.

Ladies and gentlemen, we are at Mission Control where a giant silver slipper is being prepared for the launch in must a few moments. As you know, this is our country's last hope after ten years of economic chaos - this mission to the iconoclastic incantabulum in the hope of resurrecting the by-gone economy of old by bringing back John Jacob Aster, Jay Gould, John D. Rockefeller and other wise old men who knew something about money. Yes, no expense has been spared in preparing for this trip. On the other hand, no expense has been incurred either, because you know as I do that expenses cannot be computed by a nation unable to utter a single monetary expense and a nation, I might add that is half human and half lizard, dats right ain't it. Cheech.







WITH A MALENKY HELP FROM MY DROOGS

(Meade Frierson III, 3705 Woodvale Road, Birmingham, Alabama 35223; SFPA Mldg. 47; May 9, 1972; Korova Milkbar Press Pub. No. 1)

So it's me, Alex, with my rooks at the typer, peeting Pepsi and me feeling a malenky bit bezoomny and ready to govoreet.

No, I have not yet viddied that horrorshow sinny, A Clockwork Orange, but with a malenky help from my droog, Gene Crutcher, who runs a shop with all those slovo-veshches, like books and a malenky help from my zheena, Penny, I have tolchoked handfulls of Burgess' oomny chepooka into my own malenky mozg. And, my brothers, I can slooshy Ludwig Van and the other choodesny zvooks because the devotchka, Pamela, sent me skorry the sladky lomticks of music from that interessovating State-film.

But no grahzny slovos will this kot allow in this veshch, kopat? I may be nadmenny like but I'm no pyahnitsa, chumbling like a starry bab-oochka. This nochy my rassoodock may not pony jeezny but not because I am gloopy - no, not poogly either from the oozhassny Bomb that oobivats or like could do it. My gulliver has these messels, not mersky and not doobby either, but messels that creech at me. Nazz! Shoot! Tomorrow there is rabbit, deng for the dorogoy domy and the molodoy malchicks to get, so why crack in the nochy, clopping the typer? Why?

"Because...the klootch to jeezny is that like any plenny we ahh want to ookadeet; any moodge worth the eemya ponys that. The bugatty bratchnys think they can itty any old raz..ha ha...o my brother, smeck at that. Sloosh, if they skvat at the shest and try to itty, that same chasso with the shлага waits for them, too.

Only scoteenas think there is radosty in rabbit. Cal! Kleb and sakar and moloko for your rot is in rabbit and that is all. The rest is a raskazz from the pee and em so you won't platch and plesk on their sneety. Smot! skriking around for cutter like the lewdies and making your litso all smecky until you're a starry ded or dama may privodeet to Bog but what if your dook is creeching forever in pain instead? Who can skazat? Rather, enjoy plott, pol and rassoodock before Death shives your shiyah with his nozh, that starry strack. Dratsing for a golly before the final collocoll is baddiwad, bolnoy. Brosay the hen-korm back in the litso of the veck whose lapa it came from, osoosh and cheest your rooks from the von of deng and itty into the world to nachinat again in a new mesto, crast, don't kupet, skvat what you want and kick the rozz in the brooko. You'll be rezdrax at first, odin or dva raz until you pony the eegra and then you can prod choodesny radosty, a zammechat jeezny."

So sayeth the nadsat Alex and his shaika - its polezny to smot the other side rather than zasnoot and not know the bitva is about to sloochat. My soviet: the nagoy plotts of the sharps in the film may be interessovating but there is more to vidy in A Clockwork Orange than groodies and krovvy and oobivating the millicents - it won't vred the rassoodock of any chelloveck to brosay that shoomb back in the rot of the doubters and with gromky goloss creech out Bravo Kubrick.

\* \* \* \* \*

Well, no time like the end of a reprintzine to let you know what all that garbage before was. First, (no garbage it) the cover by David

Birdsong was reprinted from Meade's Birthday Special (Aug. 72). The Broken Saber nonsense issued forth on a drunken night punctuated by times, sips of booze and the like - a drunken blend of Ellison's A Boy and His Dog, an influence from Larry Niven's Ringworld, and sheer idiocy as a result.

The Million Miles Picnic owes much to Bill Nolan's brilliant Up, Ship which I heard on tape before seeing it finally in a mid-1950's INSIDER magazine. This was not on stencil but it's best rendition was at a drunken party in New Orleans in 1971 with sound effects by Bill Bruce and various quips from the audience.

The Science Fiction Times Chronicle, the only product from the Poke Salad Days to earn a 7 from YANDRO, was spur-of-the-moment conceived but worked on from time to time.

The Star Trek parody was another drunken attempt (but only so) from the fall of 72.

The Frierson Theatre's roots can hardly be doubted- FT themselves with a dash of Vonnegut's TV show.

Malenky Help is offered as memorabilia of the great Clockwork Orange fetish of early 72 and isn't particularly funny or anything else.

Which brings us to this point.

We're going into production tomorrow with the last of the AB Dick Granite Mimeotone on which so much of the previous products were printed. However, paper supply being iffy, we cannot promise that we might not return to it.

I must restate that I would love to reprint some of the other stuff but the stencils don't exist and the retyping amidst this insanely overbrudened fall schedule is unthinkable. So we play grabbag and this is (was) it.

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This is one of the few pages of the last four years which has been ended when there was nothing more to say, rather than being filled with stuff just because there was space. Changing times.. ..