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 \* numbered 28. Co-perpetrators are Ed Cox (14524 Filmore, Arleta, CA 91231) and -  
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 \* Publication #1. This one-shot is dedicated to the one and only Shelley Knook- -  
 \* ers. Incoherency courtesy of Anheuser-Busch Incorporated. ...Mutha! .....

(EdCo here) This is the one-shot that almost didn't get off the ~~ground~~ launching-pad (gotta be up-to-date scientific frictionly!). Lon and I debated and deliberated and cogitated for some time about the title of this furlong stanzine (that's a old joke Charles)((Burbee's that is)). Naturally, the first thing we thought of was (if you'll pardon the expletive) MURDER. We immediately discarded, yea, even cast it mightily away from us. Following that, the next logical ~~title~~ title was MUTHA! Casting about for a proper frame, I looked at titles on spines of paperback books that ordinarily distract me from my train of thought while trying to sit here and write serious and constructive articles such as "The LetterHacks of T.W.S. in 1941". This time they served to inspire inspired titles for this here ~~stanlong~~ furzine. So that we came up with, and promptly rejected, such titles as: THE MAN FROM M.U.T.H.A., MUTHA, ASK NOT, MUTHA AT SUNSET (non-stf), WILD MUTHA (by Wilson Tucker), THE MUTHAS OF LANKHMAR, that wonderful trilogy, THE MUTHA OF THE RING, THE TWO MUTHAS and THE RETURN OF THE MUTHA and, finally (not really, I'm just being kind...if at this point it is any longer kindness), de Camp & Pratt's THE INCOMPLETE MUTHA.

It went on like this for a long time including a number that couldn't be used no matter how ~~loopy~~ inspired we got. Isn't that right, LON ATKINS.

(Lon here) Why yes, ED COX, we did manage to run out a string of progressively more obscene tiltes ("Tiltes"??? Rather say "titles"). But no power on earth, nay nor in the vast heavens above, could prevent the inexorable coming upon the gentle pages of SFPA of another revolting Atkins Atlanta-style one-shot. What was plotted by Kaltotun in the blacks pits beneath the evial temple of Set the Abominable must come to pass in its necromantic destiny. What was schemed for by JERRY PAGE and his fawning acolytes HENRY REINHARDT and BILLY PETTIT cannot be stayed from its ominous course. Atkins is at the typer again with a belly filled with beer and a evial punning mind filled with reckless disregard for grammar and syntax. Quake in fright, ye SFPANs, for your doom has come upon ye!

And with that introduction I plunge into the main text -- what is naturally suggested by the title to any red-blooded science fiction fan: namely, wild exciting daring super fantastic stimulating...science fiction.

But wait! Ed and I aren't red-blooded science fiction fans (unser Blut is grun) so our first thought was of wild exciting daring super fantastic stimulating...girls! Aber richtig, Herr Cox?

(EdCo) Yea, and though we thought of it, we couldn't go over to any of those ~~topless~~ topless bars (to the uninitiated, this is not to infer roofless...) and gaze ~~drily~~ fascinatedly, coolly, speculatively, ~~lustfully~~ and like that at the taps of the draught beer and, incidently, at the young ~~madams~~ girls doing strange gyrations, to even stranger "music" up on tiny platform. But really, over and above these strange tangents upon which us serious and construction fans of Science Fiction sometimes go, there is, underneath it all (which reminds me of another title that I forgot to mention up above...one by Roy Chapman Andrews, sort of a Nature Book: UNDER A LUCKY MUTHA...), a dedicated and devoted, ~~detached~~ (this must be my night for ~~//////s~~ and ~~()()()()~~s I guess) concern for The Field. Like, f'rinstance, the Dreams of the Collector and/or Opportunitites that Slipped from my Grasp. RIGHT, Lon?

(Lon) Yes, we have been talking on a variety of subjects, including Things that Make Collectors Weep. Why just to chronicle the recent conversation: skin shows, Tiajuana, the Dodgers, blue laws -- and Ed just left for another beer. That leaves me free to push on into the second stencil (and last stencil, you hope) of this page-count boosting one-shot.

The Dodgers scored! A miracle!

As you can tell we have the Dodger-Cub game tuned in, wherein Don Drysdale is hurling a nifty shutout. The lack of power on the Dodger line-up was being mentioned when an old name came up. Remember big Frank Howard? Hondo? Ed and I are both Frank Howard fans from way back -- Ed watched him play in the Pacific Coast League, even. The damn Dodgers just wouldn't play him regularly -- always the platoon system -- but as soon as he was traded to Washington he was allowed to play the season out and he gelled. The Dodgers could sure use a .300 hitter who produces 20 to 30 homers a season now. Couldn't they, EdCo?

(EdCo) Indeed they could. If only they would.... \*FLASH!\* \*FLASH!\* Lon Atkins has just come up with a classic title which ought to be used for the next one-shot for the SFPA. A CASE OF BEER AND A TOPLESS DANCER TO GO, PLEASE. It is what one, of course, would order at a place like The Classic Cat. If, of course... well, never mind. I am digressing from the subjick. Or am I?

The situation, you see, is that it is now 14 May, a mere week prior the ol' deadline, and not bne hell of a lot of zines have come thudding into the OE's mailbox. So, this is to serve Notice on You Who Haven't Not Been With It, Loyal SFPAnS and lax.

Be it known ~~that~~ if you all don't Get With It, you can expect another one of these one-shots next mailing! That is a sincere if sadistic promise and furthermore, it might well run more than two pages. Think about it.

Next time we could go thru the Title Game some more. How about, next time, for instance, titles like ARNIE KATZ, ASK NOT, or THE RETURN OF ARNIE KATZ, or how about GALACTIC SIBYL ARNIE KATZ? Would you believe THE INCOMPLETE ARNIE KATZ? Not by Sprague, etc. ... Okay, the Reader Is Warned (not by Carter Dickson, in this case, Dave..).

So, there you've had it. Next time promises even worse if you members don't get on the stick, or the typewriter and produce. Surely SFPA can endure and do better than some of the other apas that seem to be hanging on. Like APA45, N'APA and some of those others. Is it that the genzine Boom is upon us and the apas are about to take yet another nosedive. But it seems to me that the SFPA has enough members and enough people on the waiting list, once invited in, to give the old group a shot in the arm. Hooray for the rah-rah-rah biz but why don't all of you members go ahead, for next mailing, and drink down two or three cans/bottles of your favorite beer and then sit down at the typer and let go. If you'll pardon the expression...

(Lon) This is being finished the next day. Anne returned from cake-decorating class and offered cake (beautifully decorated) for Ed and I to gorge ourselves on (which we promptly did). I said my good-bye and when home via the Classic Cat. There I discovered something unspeakably terrible, which will shock Ed terribly.

The Classic Cat doesn't have topless dancers anymore. True, I swear it! What is this world coming to? Mighod -- even Shelley Knockers may have retired unbeknownst. The mind boggles.....

Oh yes, one happy note -- the Dodgers won by the score of 1-0. At least Dodger power maintains its usual, errrr, impressive level.