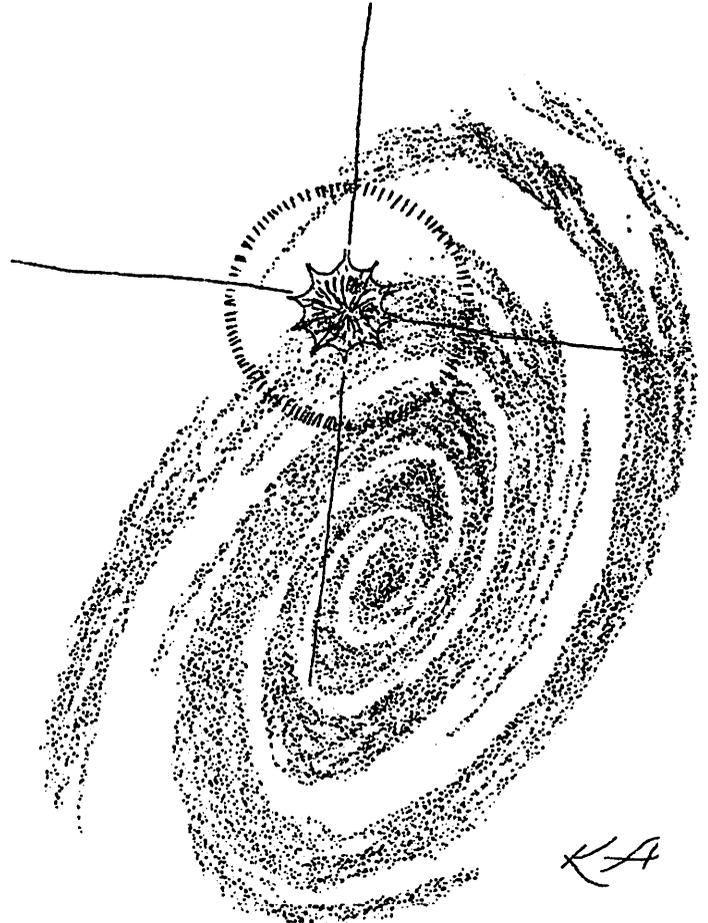
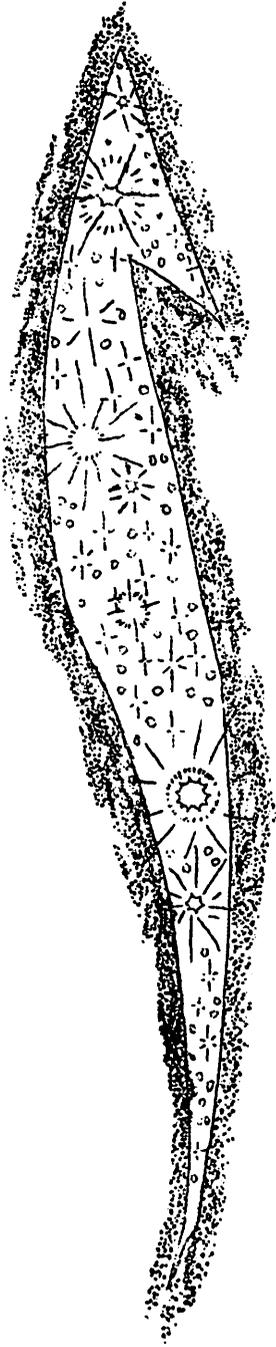


ALIF



SUPERNOVA

KA

FLIA



#V0053402

W A R M I E D -

O V E R

R E G A R D S

and

Thrift Quality Wishes

"It is not my intention to be fulsome."

--- James Mortimer, M. R. C. S.

SAND IN THE BEER (Eney) Much appreciated. I don't recall seeing these before --- what mailings were they published in previously?

THETA (Harness) Could hardly read it for the glare --- but it was worth the effort. One distinctly minor quibble: the correct spelling of the name of the Blue One is PHTHALO.

OTHER PEOPLE'S MAIL (Shaws) Add my endorsement.

FANMARK GREETING CARDS (Caughran/Trimble/Bjo) Purely delightful, especially the "MR. Garrett" one.

SHIPSIDE (Trimble) Keep them coming, and more so if you can!

DRIFTWOOD (Dunn) Appreciated.

KLEIN BOTTLE (Carrs) Jes' fine, jes' fine.

LIKE HOGAN'S GOAT (Busby) I take it you mean what I think you mean about the condition of Hogan's goat?

THE CAMBRIDGE SCENE (Stark) Some of those haiku were worth really working at. Try again?

AND

TO EVERYONE ELSE sincere apologies, but I just can't manage any more mailing comments. Hello, anyway.

HOW ABOUT SOME

TALL TALES?

Reading the winning stories of this year's Burlington Liars' Club contest was a disappointing experience, and I realized that I haven't heard a real out-and-out tall tale worth noticing for years. Fans if anybody should be capable of generating tall tales --- so how about it? My ambition is to tell a story so tall I have to climb down from it by way of the Tower of Bheercans to the Moon.

To start things off, I offer this tall tale, and I hope to start some competition. Surely some of you can think up a taller one than this:

Christopher Rødkaelk, of Finland, Minnesota, heard about fandom on a visit to Minneapolis. At the same time he learned that pro author Winston P. Sanders was also a resident of Finland, Minnesota. Although too shy to introduce himself to his famous fellow-townsmen, he was stirred by ambition.

"If Finland has its pro," he said to himself, "why should it not also have its fan? And if Sanders is a big-name pro who sells to ASF and F&SF, why should not I, Christopher Rødkaelk, become a big-name fan and enter SAPS?"

And so he did.

However, somewhat to his dismay, he learned that the mailing in which he would have his first fanzine would include the Pillar Poll, and he worked frantically to make his first Sapszine worthy of honors in the Pillar Poll.

Finally he had all his stencils cut and was ready to run them off, but (since the winters in Minnesota are bitterly cold) he found his mimeo ink would freeze as soon as he took it out into the garage where he kept the mimeograph. Moreover, the mimeograph had to be kept in the garage, since his wife had forbidden him to bring it in the house, on account of the time he tried it out in the kitchen and half a can of mimeo ink had found its way into the mayonnaise she was making. The worst part of the episode was that never before or since had she been able to make mayonnaise that would not separate.

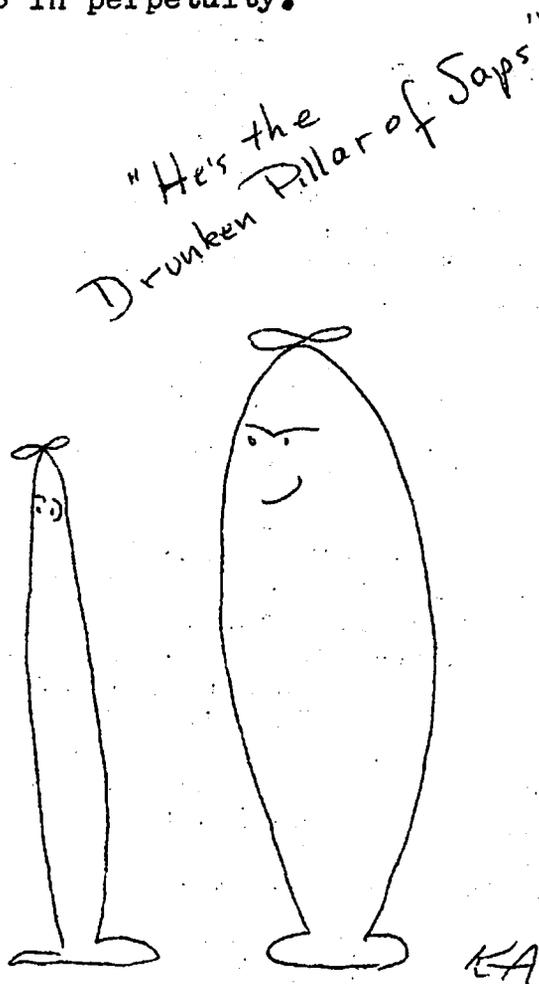
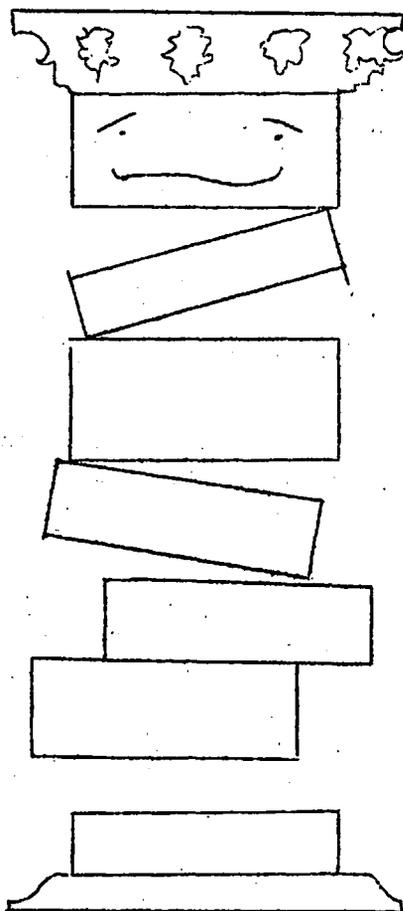
He managed to sneak the frozen ink into the box of rags under the kitchen stove where the cat slept, though the cat's complaints regarding the disarrangement of her bedding nearly gave him away. But how was he to use the mimeograph?

Anti-freeze was the answer, but he couldn't get any, on account of the local pessimists having bought up the entire supply in the first days of October. Finally he was inspired to use the local white lightning. It turned out to be cheaper than real anti-freeze, as well as easier to get.

When he started running off the first stencil, he realized at once that the machine was drunk, because it gave no difficulty at all. At least, he thought, it was a happy drunk. He shuddered to think what a pugnaciously drunk mimeograph would be like. And so he spun the crank with a light heart, glancing at the flying pages from time to time to assure himself that they were reproduced cleanly. Then, in somewhat of a hurry since he had come uncomfortably close to the deadline before solving the problem of the freezing ink, he assembled and stapled the pages and mailed off forty copies.

In all this time he had not even glanced at the text. Had he done so, he would have been profoundly shocked, for it wasn't what he had written at all. The violently corrosive raw alcohol had dissolved the stencils instantly, and his joyously intoxicated mimeograph had printed whatever it felt like. His carefully written work was replaced by material of completely abandoned gaiety. It was, in fact, the most SAPSish thing ever done since the founding of SAPS. It took first place on the Pillar Poll, by unanimous vote.

But you should see the first places he took in the next Pillar Poll! (You won't until next year, unless you have a crystal ball like mine.) After that first time, he put the alcohol inside himself, too. He'll be President of SAPS in perpetuity.



THE ULTIMATE DEADWOOD

a tall tale, sort of

by Terry Carr

Albert Ben Abram, as it happened, was an inventor. It also happened that he was a fan, that he was a member of FAPA on one time-track or another, and that (unfortunately) he was of the Deadwood clan. Therefore, as it happens to so many members of that clan, there came a time when he needed eight pages before the day was out, to maintain his membership. And Albert Ben Abram simply didn't have eight pages in him. As a matter of fact, he didn't even have one page in him. He felt completely incapable of producing a FAPazine on that foreboding deadline-day.

The thing was, he was really far more interested at that time in his inventions. He had a little home workshop in his basement, made up of a pair of pliers, a hairpin, an Erector set, a Kirby vacuum cleaner, a screwdriver and a Nuclear Fizz. He had a fine collection of old Amazings down there, too, for reference-works.

On deadline-day, Albert Ben Abram worried for two hours of the morning over coffee, staring into subspace, and then, to relieve his mind and forget his troubles for awhile, went down to his workshop to putter around a bit. He whipped up a radio capable of receiving messages from the Dero (and found that they'd gone off the air years ago), tinkered together seven frammis transers, and tossed off a small phonograph capable of reproducing sounds from fifty different directions at once ("years ahead of my time," he muttered). He also tossed off five Nuclear Fizzes.

At length, he sat back and considered the problem before him. He needed eight pages, immediately. He didn't have eight pages in him. Ergo, the thing to do would be to invent something that could produce his eight pages. Obviously. Q. E. D.

So he did. It took him all afternoon, and his first model wasn't anything much--it produced football tickets typed in quarter-inch high type--but by that evening he had all the bugs ironed out and was sure his machine could turn out eight pages of passable FAPASTUFF in a half-hour or so. He wanted some mailing comments, of course, so he fed into its memory-banks the Encyclopedia Britannica, the FANCY-CLOPEDIA II, Plato's Dialectics, and Richard H. Rovere's "Senator Joe McCarthy". Then he fed in the entire last FAPA mailing, set the dial for eight pages, and stood back. Twenty-five minutes later he had his FAPazine, 70 copies of it, all assembled and stapled. He put the stack in the back of his car and drove over to the Official Editor's house to deliver it.

Well, a year passed, and one day Albert Ben Abram realized that another deadline was approaching. So once again he activated his invention--frowning slightly, because it used a lot of electricity and ran his bill up terribly. But then, electric fans do tend to do that, he said to himself. He fed in the last mailing and in due time had his fanzine ready. And this time he had produced it a few days early,

so he simply wrapped and mailed it rather than bothering with driving over to deliver it. He gloated at that.

And while he was gloating, a thought came to him. It took him no effort to produce FAPAZines--therefore, why not have a zine in every mailing? And why only eight pages?--why not twenty, or thirty, or fifty? Why not indeed?

So he entered an issue of the zine in every mailing for awhile, and he noticed with pleasure that even though he hadn't really developed the machine to produce as much quality as it might, still, with more frequent, dependable publication he was getting more friendly and egobooful comments in the mailings. And it occurred to him that he would no doubt get even more egoboo, might be an even more popular FAPAN, if he adjusted the machine a little for quality. Why, he might even get to be elected O.E. or something! Of course, there was work connected with the O.E.'s position, but there were already such things as assembling machines and such--he could whip up a machine to assemble and mail the FAPA mailings. And think of the egoboo he could get as O.E.!

So he filed in writing for the O.E.'s job, the election being held in the next mailing, and then set to work adjusting his machine. His next zine had to be the best one he'd ever produced. Why, it should be the best FAPAZINE ever produced, bar none! So he adjusted levers here, upped capacities there, added a few new parts, reconnected relays, and in general revamped the machine. He even went to his research library and got ideas from various sources, including Alger's HOW TO BUILD THE AHME \$3.75 MIMEO.

When he had finished remodelling it (he even added chrome!), he fed into its banks everything he could think of that might possibly help. THE ENCHANTED DUPLICATOR, "The Mathematics of Fandom," THE INCOMPLEAT BURBEE, "The Immortal Storm," three books on writing by Jack Woodford, all the novels of van Vogt (and, as a counterbalance, Hubbard's "Dianetics"), FANHISTORYS numbers 1 to 3--in fact, every significant piece of fannish and mundane writing he could lay his hands on.

When he had finished with this he set the dial for 250 pages and stood back. It took the machine three and a half hours, but it did the job. Albert Ben Abram read through his new mag, alternately guffawing uproariously and nodding sagely, then packed the bundle off to the then-current O.E. He knew then that he would be elected O. E. of FAPA.

And he was, of course; it was a landslide election. Albert read the notice with a glow of warmth and put the finishing touches on his mailing-assembler. Now he was all ready for his first mailing as O.E.

But time passed, and no FAPAZines came. The deadline came, and still he had no mags. He got only one letter, saying that the fan in question had been so dumbfounded by Albert's last zine that he couldn't bring himself to publish anything himself. Nothing, said the letter, could top Albert's last mag. And Albert, thinking it over, knew that that was why no one else had sent in a mag for the mailing.

This has been the story of how a Deadwood member destroyed FAPA

THEME WITH VARIATIONS

"When you steal from one source,
it's plagiarism, but when you
steal from half a dozen, it's re-
search."

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean - roll!
Ten thousand galleys sweep over thee in vain;
Yet Miriam has done a FAPA poll.

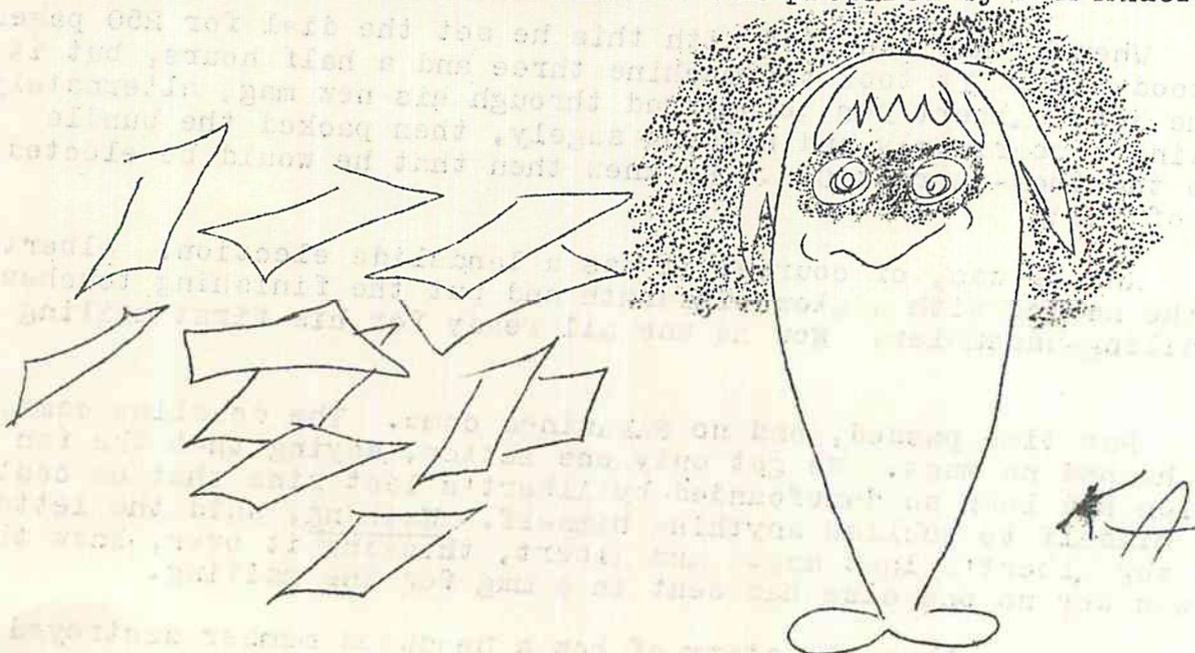
Now walk the Angels on the walls of Heaven
As sentinels to warn th' immortal souls
To entertain divine Zenocrate
Who always did correctly fill out polls.

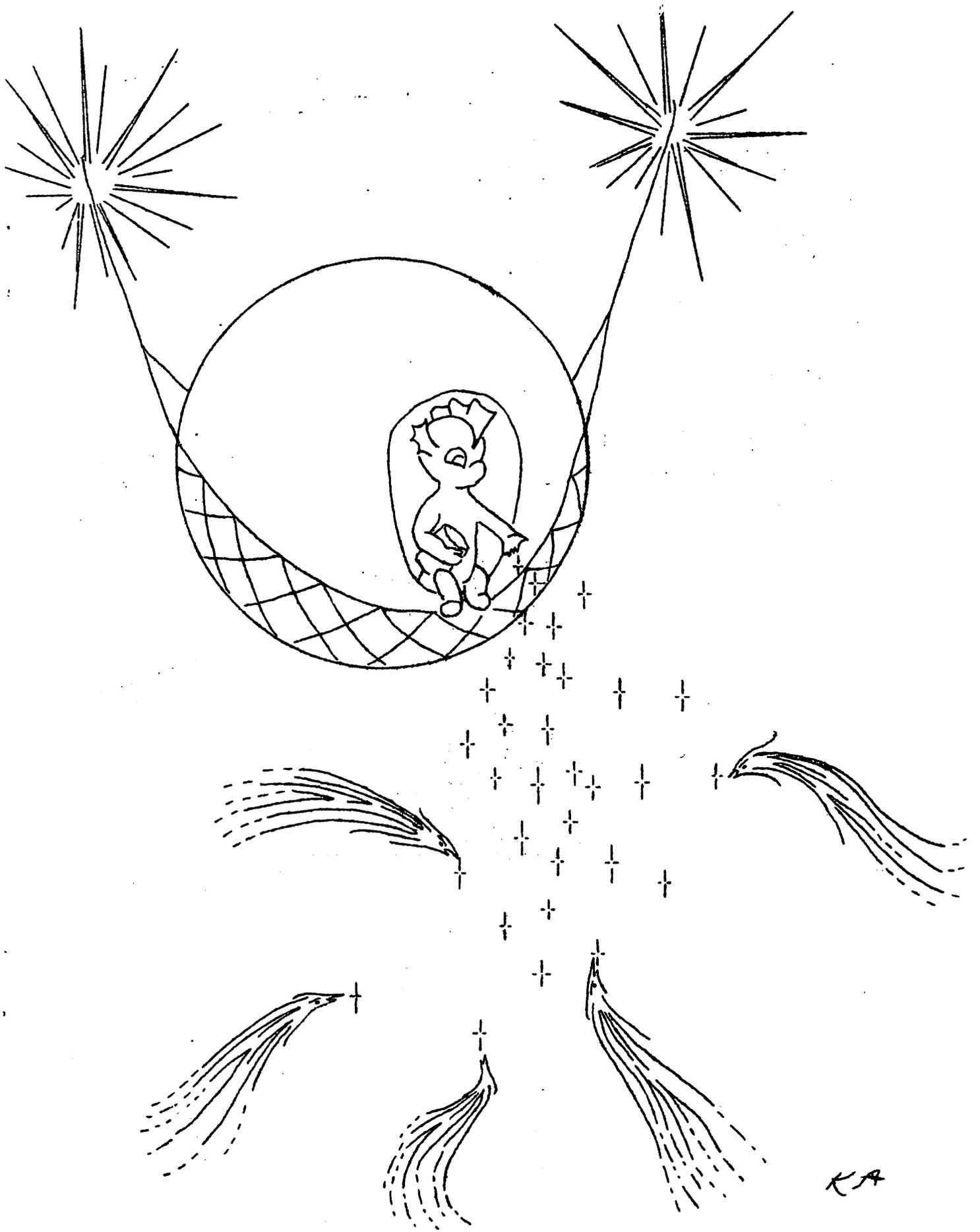
They are neither man nor woman ---
They are neither brute nor human,
They are Ghouls
Who joke on polls.

Out of the night that covers me
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods there be
I filled out Miriam's FAPA poll.

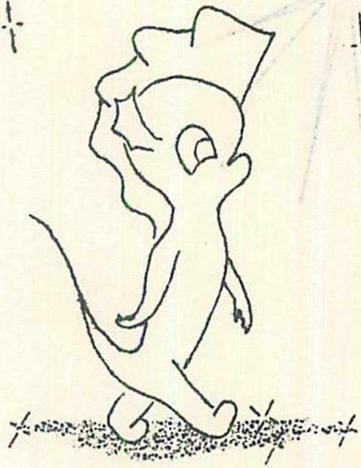
Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal ---
"Dust thou art, to dust returnest"
Was not said of Miriam's poll.

This has been a FAPA Not-Classic Poem prepared by K K Anderson.





KA



① Some of you are wondering about me - what I am ...



② I'm Doheug, of course. What else?



③ And then ...

KA



-Then you wonder where
I am.

④



Well, gosh! I'm here!
But what I wonder is...

⑤



Where are you?

⑥

The City of the Ivory Gate

Soft floats the mist. The moon is crescent now.

This is the City of the ivory gate.

Does moon or mist so endlessly create
The City? Tower and garden it, endow
Its citizens with snarl or shining brow?

Nay, or have touchless mist and vagrant moon

Been merely bent to serve the same strong rune
That built the gate of false dreams, none knows how?
Great is the rune --- to order? To allow?

Caused or at hazard, endless is the change

That rules the City. See it now proud and strange ---

Soft floats the mist. The moon is crescent now

Above the City of the ivory gate.

See it now proud,
Arrogant height
Piercing through cloud
And starry light:

Glass thrusting high
And strangely wrought
Where pale mists lie
Twixt towers caught,

Glittering tall
The city's tops flash,
In bower and hall
The wind-chimes clash.

Each icy spire
With movement teems,
Peopled entire
With false-born Dreams,

With its eons past
At once create:
All shadow cast
On the Ivory Gate.

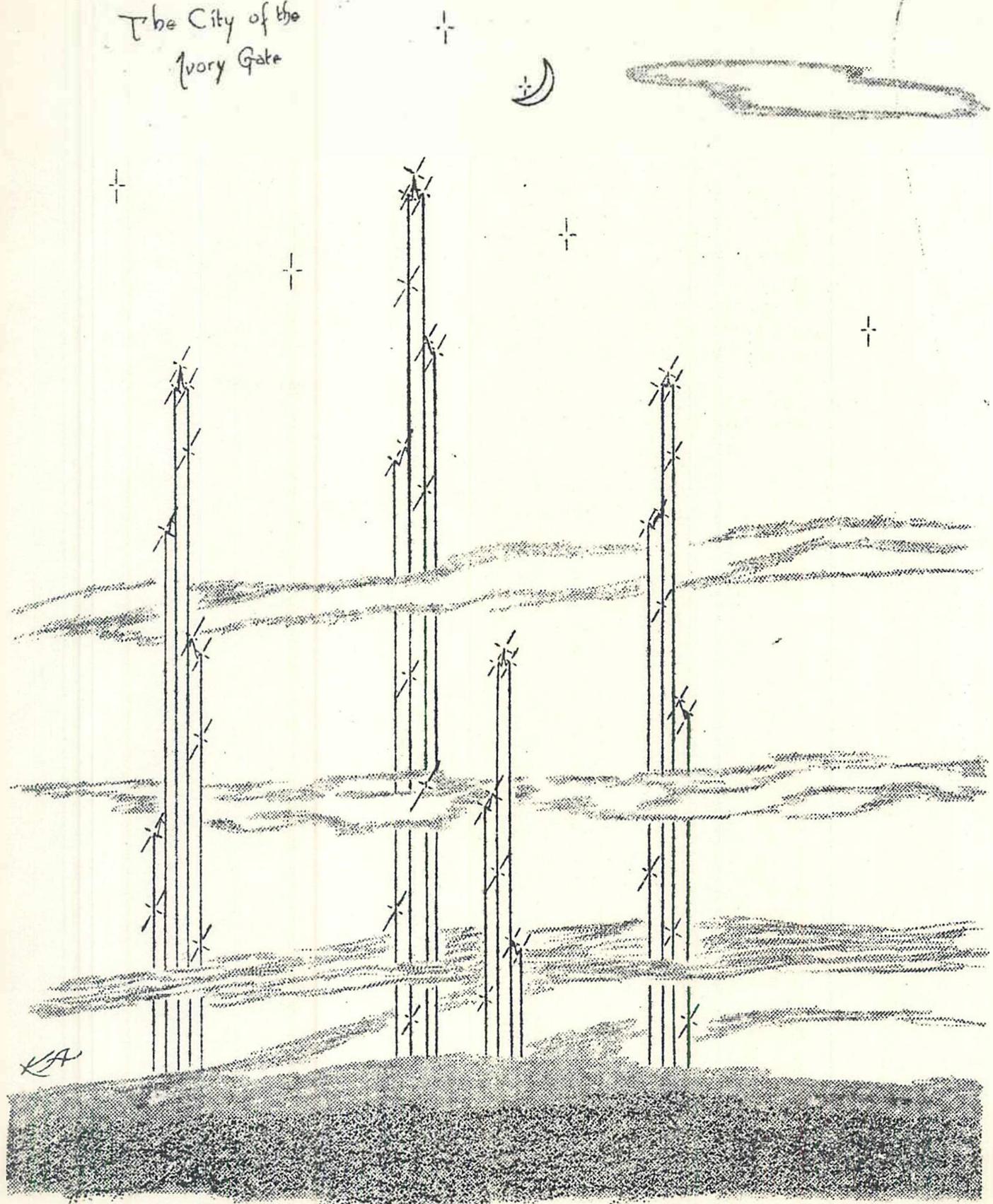
Proud the false towers
Glitter in glass.
Now turn the powers.
Now they pass.

A different City rises in its state,

Soft floats the mist. The moon is crescent now,

This is the City of the ivory gate.

The City of the
Ivory Gate



KA

