



S---, of which this is the first issue, is produced for SAPS by Miriam and Terry Carr, 3320A 21st Street, San Francisco 10, California. This issue is intended for SAPS mailing number 47, April 1959. Considering that we're entering into a joint membership here, there should be at least six pages of credit for each of us herein. The cover is by Atom, and you should be able to read the signatures on any interior art by yourself. Caveat SAPS.

Sometimes I think my soul is full of weeds.

Greetings !

Ever since it became apparent that we'd be entering SAPS soon, Miriam and I have been thinking vaguely of what sort of zine we'd do once we got in. Mailing comments, of course, would be a necessity, but how should we do them? I suggested each of us running a column of mailing comments, titled "His" and "Hers," but Miriam said "pshaw" to that, thank Ghu. The mailing comments have no such silly nomenclature, as you can see.

Our real problem, though, was in choosing a title for the zine itself. Miriam, of course, changes titles with every issue of her generalzine as a matter of policy, and she was saving all her pet titles for future issues of her Goojie Publications. Myself, I'd used up so many titles in my eight years of fan publishing that I felt titled out.

So we grabbed for the stf collection and started going through that, looking for promising titles. John Collier's "Fancies and Good-nights" was the first we looked at. We considered "Bottle Party," decided it would be fine for a drunken oneshot but not for a sober, regular SAPSzine such as we contemplated (kaf, kaf, Major Hoople, sir). "Squirrels Have Bright Eyes" would have been fine if we wanted to publish a zine composed entirely of anecdotes about Ron Ellick, but we didn't want to do that. (But don't you think for a moment that we couldn't have!) "Great Possibilities" would have been quite appropriate for a fledgling SAPSzine, but our innate modesty forbade us using that. Our even more innate conceit turned thumbs down on "Another American Tragedy" as a title. "Little Memento" seemed unnecessarily cute, "Green Thoughts" was abandoned only because Joe Kennedy had used it a decade before, and "Collaboration" lacked--what is that word I want, Meyer? Zip!--yes, that's it.

Judith Merrill's latest "SF--The Year's Greatest" anthology was next. We liked "Anything Box" extremely well, but Marion Bradley had already beaten us to it. "The Damnedest Thing" wasn't bad, but there have been too many fmz titles of that sort (such as THE UNSPEAKABLE THING in FAPA several years ago, and THE SLOTHFUL THING in FAPA too, and no doubt countless fmz titled THE THING). Miriam thought "Digging The Weans" was a delightful title, but I objected that it sounded too much like a CRY column and we discarded that too.

We looked through Boucher's collection, "Far and Away," and rejected "Snulbug" (used already by Richard Elsberry), but were mightily

tempted by "They Bite". Such an intriguing title!--but, we finally decided, it had too little connection with fanzine titles.

We looked over the novels we'd read recently. "I'm Owen Harrison Harding"? But neither of us was. "Reflections in a Golden Eye"? A title like that in SAPS would be unthinkable. "The Genius and the Goddess"? Er...well, modesty once again prevailed.

We kept looking at our books. "In One Head and Out The Other"? We decided to use that for the mailing comments. "Drawn and Quartered"? That might have served for mailing comments, but not for the fanzine's title. "Three Ways of Thought in Ancient China"? No, it didn't seem quite apropos.

So we dug into the prozines. "The Silver Eggheads" offended our self-esteem, and besides, we hadn't liked the story. "Short Snorter" sounded more like a quotecard than a fanzine. "Double Meaning" could have had some relevance, but it seemed too similar to INNUENDO as a title.

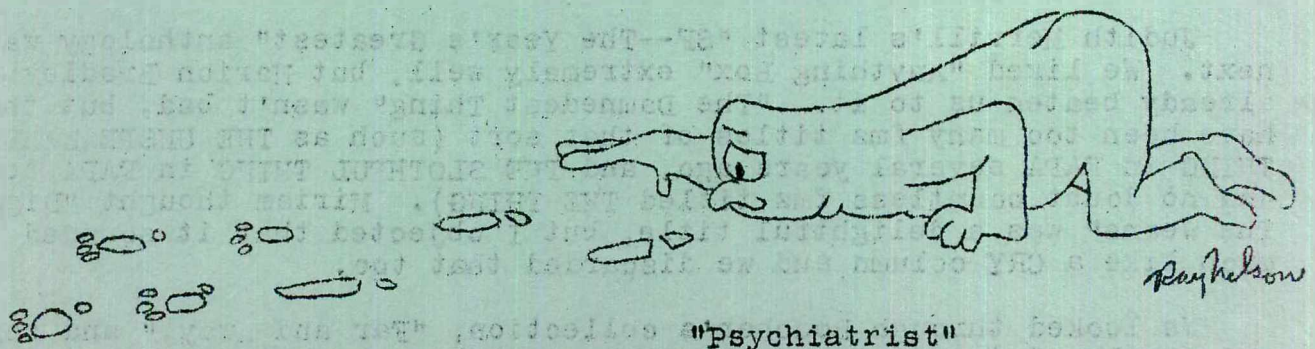
Then we got to Planet Stories, which offered all sorts of fine titles. "Garden of Evil," "Captives of the Thieve-Star," "The Green Dream," and so forth--all stirring, imaginative titles. Busby certainly couldn't complain about Prefrontal Lobotomy cases if we used a Planet Stories title on our SAPSzine! But somehow we didn't feel quite like putting out so grandiose a SAPSzine as those titles would have necessitated.

So we kept looking, and in Richard Matheson's pb collection, "Third From The Sun," we found his "The Woodlegger," reprinted from a Startling Stories of a few years ago, and retitled, "F---". A perfect title for a FAPAZine, we decided, but for SAPS it would have to be...er...sure, that would work.

So we ended up titling the zine S--- and I ended up writing a page and a half on the titles we'd rejected, thereby (as in the case of all such articles) ruining a whole batch of potentially suitable SAPSzine titles for future SAPS publishers.

I guess now we'll never get a SAPSzine titled CAPTIVES OF THE THIEVE-STAR.

--Terry Carr



IN ONE HEAD AND OUT THE OTHER

You'll agree, I'm sure, that it's quite hard to write SAPS mailing comments without a SAPS mailing to read first. In fact, I suspect it's impossible. However, for the past few months Miriam and I have been receiving occasional SAPSazines, and when we moved in here we haphazardly threw them into a special pile, suspecting even then that we'd never get around to sending off a buck to the Busbys for a copy of the mailing itself.

I can't guarantee just what's in that pile of supposed SAPSazines. We're not too well settled here yet, and until we build some bookshelves or at least move in some orange crates I'm afraid the piles such as this will build up to the point of critical mass before we'll sort them thoroughly. Well, let's see what's in the pile...

A copy of the latest SPECTATOR--fine. SAPSTICK #4--yass, yass, that's a SAPSazine, but it's over four years old. A copy of UR #3--hell, that's Ellis Mills' OMPazine, that won't do. AGHASt #4--well, that's better, but it was a couple of mailings ago. THE SPICE ISLANDS HERB CHART--I'll bet Miriam's been wondering what happened to that. ORGY #6--a SAPSazine, all right, but dated July 1957. FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND--good grief, no. MAINE-IAC #14--that was a couple of mailings ago too, dammit. ROCK, from Esmond Adams--aha, that's more like it. THE ZED, October 1958--two mailings ago again. Tsk. NOVACIOUS #6--hell, this is Forry and Morojo's FAPazine from ghod knows how many years ago. ROAD BASH--hmm, no, this is just a one-shot published by Bourne and Caughran awhile ago. AGHASt #'s 6 and 7--fine, there's two more to comment on.

And I guess that's all we have just now. Short mailing comments this time, I guess. My comments will come first on each zine, then Miriam's comments.

AGHASt #6: Your wondering why people die struck me at first as rather naive, but on sober consideration it seems a fair question. I suppose I could make noises about machines breaking down and all that, but it boils down to the fact that we don't understand what life is and hence can't say why it fails. Miriam is constantly asking silly questions like this too, usually to my annoyance, though I suspect it's largely because I don't know the answers or don't believe anybody can and therefore hate to have the problems posed. Questions like "what is sin?" Take it out of a religious or authoritarian context (that is, try to define it in terms of experience rather than definition by some higher authority) and it becomes a tricky problem. Tom Condit said something about it being selfish actions which harm others, and that seems as decent an explanation as any, I suppose. # If you want to believe Shaver, we die because of the evil radiation of the sun's rays. # Are those "portraits" drawn with the subjects in mind, or do you just take sketches and try to fit them to the persons concerned? # Your story of the visit with Adams is well done, though a bit depressing. Adams and his buddies seem like nothing more than teen-age punks from this writeup ("Duhhh, le's go get drunk!"), though Miriam and I just loved that "Think I'll just, just

bop on out here, just bop on out." Adams' buddies are characters all right, but I don't think I'd want to meet them. # The contrast between your writing and Adams' in the two pages typed on-location is striking. There's Sefton in the background wanting to get drunk, and Adams nattering some nonsense about how he feels possessed and just has to draw, man, like I mean draw, and then you come on and suddenly there's a refreshing whiff of cynicism. Thanks. # Adams might do well to remember (since he says, "...if I were a Negro, I would get the hell out of the South.") that the Negroes' presence in the south is none of their doing, and if the white men want them out, it would be only fair for them to pay their fare, at least. (Then again, I may be doing an injustice to Es in assuming that he means he wishes they'd get out; maybe he just recognizes the fact that the South is a hell of a place for a Negro to try to live.) Personally, if I were Adams I'd get out of the South, white or not. It's the most backward region of the country.

--Terry

Bill, why don't you use Es Adams' drawings with a bit more restraint? A few of his illos, like the cover, are cute, but using so many--and especially such hasty ones as on the page headed "More"--ruins the appearance of an otherwise very well presented mag. # I enjoyed "A Tale of Two Entities". Sefton reminds me of a less mature version of a very good friend of mine, Milo Mason, of whom you may have read in LLOOR PARK. He's enthusiastic about alcohol himself, and among his many unusual pastimes he is a big flying saucer fan.

--Miriam

AGHASt #7: We're writing this whole zine on-stencil, and to complicate matters even more, Miriam currently is undergoing a hell of a bout with the flu, with pains all over and like that. I somehow feel that this is not the ideal way to publish a SAPSzine. # My ghod, who is this Seagle to whom you keep referring? He sounds like a real crackpot, unless he's joking in the things he says. But I get the impression from what you say that he's mostly serious. Ghaaa. # Then again, maybe Seagle is The Last of the Prophets. # That ~~parody~~ travesty that Leman did on RUR was one of the stupidest things I've ever seen in a fanzine, rivalling many of G.M.Carr's inanities. Leman has immense talent, but every now and then my admiration of him is dampened by the spectacle of clay feet showing through, as for instance when he writes some typical piece of corn which doesn't quite come off, and ends up looking like the slop you can read in any neofanzine. At times like that I realize that Leman is, after all, still somewhat of a neo, and only hides the fact by his vast talents. And when I read the RUR thing my faith in Leman was shaken even more. Ghod knows I'm not in agreement with much of what Rike says (most of his political views repel me), but at least I understand most of what he writes, which is obviously more than Leman does, since his ROB seems to be satirizing something entirely different from RUR. Personally, I enjoyed it greatly: it read to me like a very funny satire on Bob Leman. # Rich Brown sent up the page from his SAPSzine in which he defended Dave against that ROB bit of Leman's, and I'd like to go on record as agreeing fully with everything Rich said therein. # I was thoroughly croggled by this line of yours, Bill: "...the Golden Age and the late '40s and early '50s when revolutionary styles of writing were being born under the hands of Bradbury, Sturgeon, etc., as a result

of the A-Bomb." That calls to mind a wonderful picture of Sam Moskowitz holding a copy of "The Martian Chronicles" and frowning, saying, "We never had any of this new-fangled writing till they started dropping them bombs!" # I've never whistled "Toccata and Fugue in D Minor," but one night when Bob Stewart and I were fooling around we went into a movie whistling, respectively, themes from Beethoven's 9th and Mozart's 40th. That was also the night we wore tee-shirts and sweatshirts under sportcoats, with tennis balls in the coat pockets for That Lumpy Effect, and sports slacks and tennis shoes. I forget the rest of the foolishness we engaged in that night, save for limping in unison down the street and at a prearranged signal ceasing the limps simultaneously, chuckling inwardly at the reactions of any people behind us who may have been taken in by our little ploy. Hmm, maybe Sefton and the rest aren't so bad at that. # "...decadent Count Basie type swing"? Oh well, you like that decadent Wagner-type opera, don't you? # Yes, I used to be all hung-up on archaeology, too. The usual dinosaurs and mastadons, saber-toothed tigers, and like that. (And by the way, how in hell did those saber-teeth ever use that huge, apparently useless overhang of tooth?) In the last few years I've somewhat revived this interest, in connection with my fascination for ancient history. I'm interested in the Aztecs, Mayans, Toltecs, et al too, but mostly in the ancient civilizations of Egypt, Mesopotamia, Assyria, etc. Tracing the tie-ups between the Peloponnesian Wars, the liberation of the Jews from Egypt, the Greeks bopping on down to Crete and thence splitting on out for Egypt and Palestine, etc, is fascinating. # Yes, I doubt that Madle's seldom-if-ever column is dragging many fans into the fold. When we printed the news of the end of Bloch's column in FANAC, we said that left fandom with no fanzine reviews in the prozines. Madle immediately wrote in very sarcastically asking us if we'd never seen his column in the Lowndes zines which had been running for 10 these many years and blah blah blah. I've been looking for it studiously ever since, but it hasn't appeared in possibly a year that I've noticed. # Brandon's "San Francisco Confidential" was written by me originally, but I wasn't satisfied with it and had Dave Rike rewrite it. He did so, improving it considerably, but I agree that it doesn't measure up to the later Brandon stuff. "San Fran Confidential" was written years ago, just after Berry started RETRIBUTION. At the same time, I might add, I wrote a Goon report which John accepted gleefully, then never printed. When I asked him about it a couple of years later, he said he thought it was brilliant, stupendously funny, scintillatingly witty, but that he hadn't printed it because he thought it would go over the heads of his readers, it was such a work of genius. He's still hanging onto it, apparently planning to print it somewhere or other, possibly in SAPS. I'll warn you right now, though, that it's about as good as "San Fran Confidential," no better. # Bourne started out to hitchhike cross-country, but got halfway and decided to turn back. We're still laughing about that around here. # The annals of archaeology itself are oftentimes fascinating, and I found "Gods, Graves, and Scholars" extremely entertaining reading, largely because of the material on the archaeologists as opposed to the discoveries. Another fascinating book was Howard Carter's "The Tomb of Tutankhamen," which relates the whole story of that fascinating discovery, along with a lot of background material on Egyptian archaeology and archaeologists. Here's a quote I liked: "Those were the great days of excavating. Anything to which a fancy was taken, from a scarab to an obelisk, was

just appropriated, and if there was a difference of opinion with a brother excavator one laid for him with a gun." # As a matter of fact, I had to content myself with the story of the excavation of the tomb, rather than the discoveries, since it was a three-volume set, and I could only get two from the library--the third, containing most of the material on the contents of the tomb, had been stolen.

--Terry

Bill, why do you and Toskey talk about astronomy all the time? You don't have to study, just send 25¢ and a Quaker Oats boxtop and get your genuine Space Map, complete with pictures of spacemen, rocketships, and even planets. # I want to hear more about Seagle. Tell us about the time he was possessed of a demon a couple of years back. # Though I'm sure you've had enough discussion of segregation and integration and prejudice and open-mindedness I must admit that I have grown up with an unreasonable prejudice toward Southerners, no matter what color. I suppose this is because I've heard people say, with fire and hate in their voice, "Southern Democrat!" and because Harriett Beecher Stowe and other writers of her era made the Simon Legree such a real living personification of a hateful, ignorant Southern slob. Practically all the Southerners whom I have ever met have been ignorant, superstitious, and narrow-minded. I hope, Bill, you won't think I'm trying to pick a fight with you here; I have nothing against you personally whatsoever--in fact (so far, at least) I rather like you and Bruce Pelz. But that might be even more unreasonable than my prejudice. # A lot of the people where I work are from different parts of the South, and one acquaintance who comes to mind most specifically, Marie Gill, who was born and raised in a New Orleans convent, is prejudiced against everyone except "well brought-up, cultured" Southern Catholics. Marie is over 35 and single, and fairly man-crazy in a refined, prudish way. Someone at work mentioned to her that she ought to go "down home" at Mardi Gras time and grab the first man who kissed her during the festival and take him home with her. Marie was flabbergasted. She said, "Why, I don't cotton to that kissin' in the street, 'specialleh with evrehbodeh in costume--why, that might be some big ole black jigaboo under that mask a-kissin' you!" # Marie was also highly scandalized when Harry Bridges was given permission to marry his Neisi bride recently in Reno, because a local ordinance forbade inter-racial marriages. She said, "Bless my soul if that man ain't stronger than the law!" I said, "Marie, you know, the United States Constitution forbids discriminating against people because of race." She stomped out of the office, muttering something on the order of "What nerve!" # Marie feels that since Jews get their holidays off, she should have Robert E. Lee's birthday and all the Catholic holidays off. "That's the way they do it back home," she says. # I guess I'm being a bit narrowminded--because I know only twenty or so Southerners, and I know people from back East and California and so forth who are just as narrowminded as Marie--judging Southerners so harshly. It's just an overall impression that Southerners give. # I don't exactly know, Bill, what this has to do with ACHAST #7, but I see there's been a lot of talk about segregation and integration in the fanzines, and it all kind of gets me. What I mean is, I'm opposed to segregation. # In re your comments on the size and shape of female that men go for, you give Bridgitte Bardot as an example of the slim-hipped antithesis of Mansfield and Ekberg. I'm sure if you compared Bridgitte's measurements with those of Mansfield and Ekberg you would find her to be every bit as hippy and chesty

as they are, compared to her size. Bridgitte is just shorter. But there's plenty of room to return to the womb. Along the lines of slim-hipped women to satisfy little-sister images, how about Leslie Caron or Audrey Hepburn? # It seems that a lot of women want desperately to comply with the trend which seems to be what all the men want. There are now on sale nationally not only padded bras of all sorts and descriptions, but also girdles with either hips or buttocks or both padded, and they advertise, "Men don't like flat women--men like women with curves!" The woman who goes out all decked out in foam rubber must present a very appetising picture to the men she meets, but think how she must disarm any man who might be caught in her deception when her shape comes off with her foundation garments. Women's devices and subterfuges for trapping men are probably older than recorded history, though, and just because I got mine without the use of these three particular devices, I don't suppose that gives me license to go around breaking ikons and disillusioning young bachelors. Oh well. # I guess I have nothing else to comment on, except why do you use all those silly Esmond Adams drawings?

--Miriam

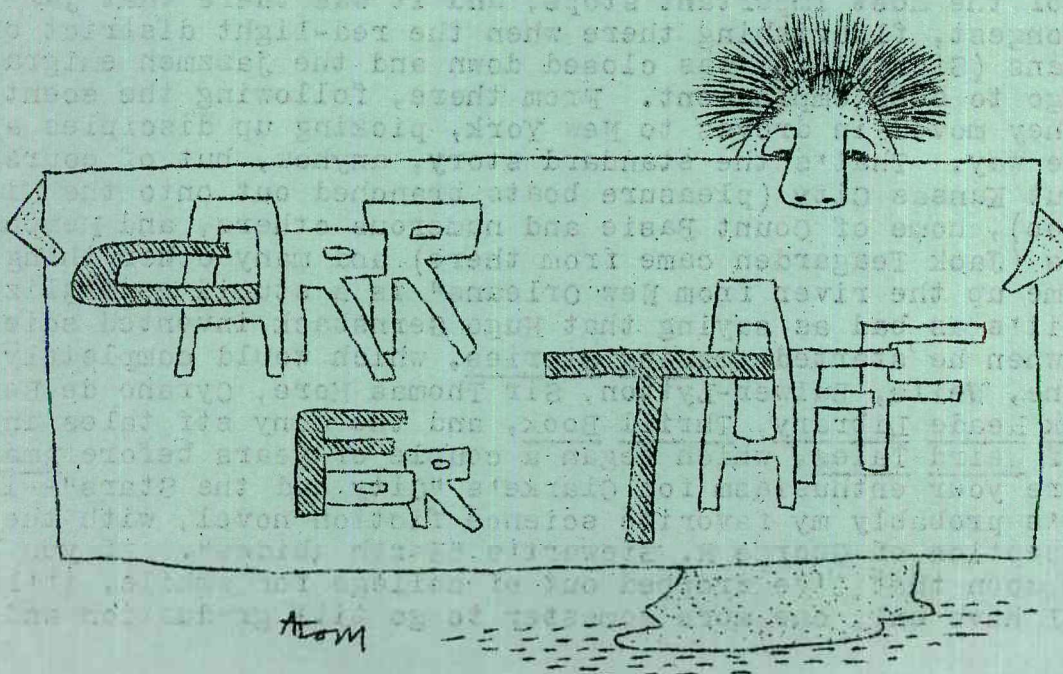
ROCK., Vol. II, No. 1: This didn't turn out to be so bad as I expected; in fact, I rather enjoyed it, though it's obvious you're trying too hard to be clevercleverclever, Es. On occasions you succeed, fortunately, but even then I feel more like sighing with relief for you rather than applauding, if you know what I mean. # How old does one have to be in Alabama in order to buy cigarettes? It's eighteen in California, but of course it's not strictly enforced--we were all buying cigarettes two blocks from high school in our mid-teens. By the time I was eighteen I was walking across the street between college classes for a beer. # Like, jazz came up the river from New Orleans on the pleasure boats, paddle-wheeled steamers which cruised fifty or a hundred or more miles up the Mississippi on weekends, with jazz bands playing for dancing. A lot of the legendary New Orleans jazzmen played on these pleasure boats, including Louis Armstrong, Kid Ory, Johnny Dodds, Sidney Bechet, and just about any other you'd care to name. Chicago was one of the most important stops, and it was there that jazz took hold strongest, flourishing there when the red-light district of New Orleans (Storyville) was closed down and the jazzmen emigrated to Chicago to seek employment. From there, following the scent of money, they moved in droves to New York, picking up disciples all along the way. That's the standard story, anyhow, but of course it leaves out Kansas City (pleasure boats branched out onto the Missouri River, too), home of Count Basie and numerous others, and Memphis and Texas (Jack Teagarden came from there) and many other things. "Jazz came up the river from New Orleans" is a stupid generalization because it's as bad as saying that Hugo Gernsback invented science fiction when he started Amazing Stories, which would completely overlook Verne, Wells, Bulwer-Lytton, Sir Thomas More, Cyrano de Bergerac, The Frank Reade Library, Thrill Book, and the many stf tales in early issues of Weird Tales, which began a couple of years before Amazing. # I share your enthusiasm for Clarke's "City and the Stars"--in fact, it's probably my favorite science fiction novel, with the possible exception of George R. Stewart's "Earth Abides". If you hear sometime soon that I've dropped out of college for awhile, it'll be because I have only one more semester to go till graduation and I

want to take Stewart's course in novel-writing at the University of California. It doesn't look like I'm going to be able to get into it this semester, so I may drop out for awhile until I can get in. # You see, Buz?--even ole Es Adams thinks I look Joe College! Pfagh. # As one of the originators of Cheat Monopoly, I feel qualified to rule that you did not win when you stole the board. The essence of Cheat is cheating without being caught. You have to be sneaky, like. If you got out the door without anyone else noticing that you'd taken the board, then you would win. Otherwise, no. You have to cheat fair and square or not at all.

--Terry

Well, fabulous Esmond, I must lead off by saying that I am en-chanted, yes, enchanted is the word, by your vernacular. I think you'd have a very nice fanzine if you didn't louse it up with things like linos in the middle of sentences (their function is to separate, you know) and if you'd spell comment with a "c" at least part of the time, and you might even try calling correction fluid, correction fluid, or abbreviate it to corflu. I just hate such obvious cute-isms. There are other examples of this, but I think you know what they are, and I don't want to sound too critical. # You say that you're "more or less a hood". Pardon my ignorance, but is "hood" still short for "hoodlum," and do you mean by this that the majority of your activities are illegal? Or does all this mean you're a self-esteemed cool cat, and "bop in as your definition of swinging"? In either case, this doesn't interest me a terrible lot--however, you're playing to a much bigger audience than just me, and we must be what they want us to be, mustn't we? # If you're still interested, I might be able to get you the Stan Freberg "Green Christmas" record (the one satirising the commerciality of Christmas). Let me know if you want it on 78 or 45, and it'll cost about a dollar. I hear it didn't get distributed everywhere. # I didn't care much for the Boy Scout story, and am very confused about Johnny Math Camper. I realize that the state of being a math camper is probably too esoteric for me, but I did get sort of a bang out of it in a sick kind of way. # I thought your cover was cute, and that all in all you did a pretty good job for a first publication, Reproduction was very nice.

--Miriam



When We Were Very Young

by Miriam Carr

I have been keeping Terry amused the last few rainy afternoons by telling him escapades of my childhood. And that very same Terry who just a few short weeks ago promised to love, honour, and cherish, etc., said that I had some rather peculiar notions as a sprout. He was referring to the ambitions and aspirations to fame and great wealth that I cherished as a kidlet. I think he is a cruel wretch to scorn the flames that burned so brightly in my young heart.

After all, I was not nearly so ephemeral as most children, the types who want to be a cowboy one day, a fireman the next, and so forth. I had only two ambitions up till high school age.

From the age of five until the fifth grade, I wanted to be a scientist. I wanted to study and explore tide pools and rock pools in the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. To enter the enchanted lands of sea anemones, and little shell fish, and other delightful fauna. From the fifth grade to the ninth grade, I wanted to be a major league baseball umpire.

I got the idea for the life of ocean exploration from a trilogy of books on Oceanology, or Undersea Marine Biology, or whatever one would call this worthy field of endeavour which I so admired. I have forgotten the titles of this set, but remember very clearly the lovely colour plates, and one especially of some delicate flower-like anemones, labeled, "Dwellers in the Rock Pools".

I confided my precious secret to my then-current passion, Orin W. Zazlove, one day. I expected him to be immensely awed and vow to go to the sea with me. I had such romantic visions of Orin and me gazing at tide pools together, throughout life. Oh, I had faith in Orin W. Zazlove! He was a handsome fellow, and intelligent (he and I were the best readers in the class), and so well-informed! It was he who told me that "pastor" meant unmarried mother, and when I asked him how an unmarried mother could exist, he explained that these evil women must get their babies from the Black Market! Now I ask you, how many young men of six have such far-reaching knowledge?

But oh, how that Orin let me down! After I unfolded the drama of the exciting future in marine science to him, he simply said, "Oh, that's nice, I guess, but I'm a landlubber, myself."

I'd never been so broken-hearted in my life. I told him that it was all over between us, and he was very sad. But he was quite philosophical about the whole thing and commented that if our careers were to conflict, it was better to part friends now, rather than to add torment to our lives.

During my fifth grade year, I began to share my family's enthusiasm for baseball. I listened to all the ball games with them, and went to all the games I could, and in between times read the sports page avidly. On off-seasons I read books about baseball. I lost interest in the little fish entirely. I read

fiction about ball players. I read biographies of famous ball players, and others associated with the game. I read rule books. And I practically memorized a book called "Who's Who in Major League Baseball".

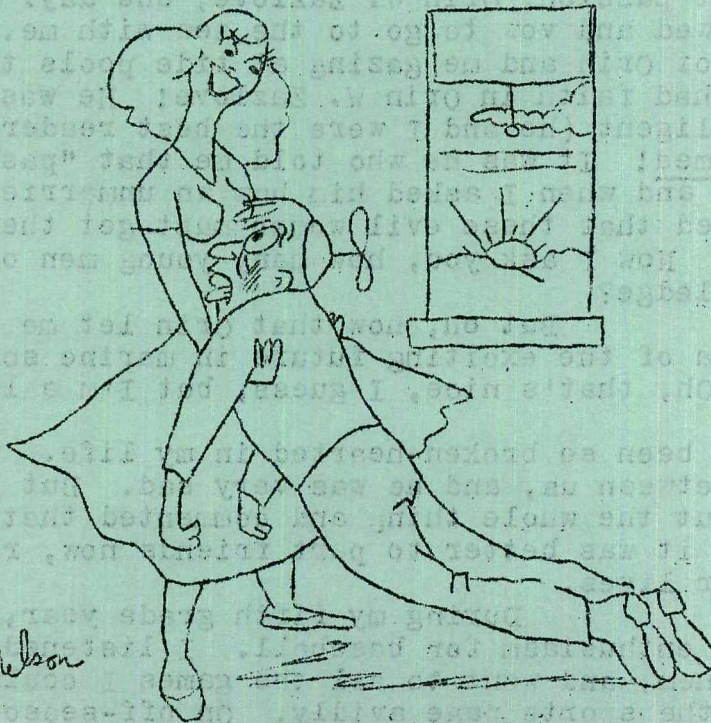
I wanted with all my heart to participate in that wonderful pastime as my career. I knew that I could never belong to a ball-club, tho. Not even a girl's club. I just hadn't--and still haven't--any athletic ability whatsoever. And I was not going to be content with sportscasting, commenting, or writing. My father had done all those things, but they weren't active enough for me, and not deeply involved enough in the game. Therefore, the die was cast, there was no alternative: I would have to be an umpire.

I knew that there had never been a female major league umpire. But that didn't daunt me. It would have to be the Majors. The PCL would do, but I wouldn't settle for the IL, oh no.

My family and friends pointed out to me that it simply wasn't done. They just didn't have female umpires. Who cares? said I. Women just didn't become doctors back when my grandmother and her sister became doctors, either. How can people stand in the way of progress like that? Of course I'd become an umpire! I'd just be so good that they'd be forced to hire me. I'd be the first female Major League umpire, and I'd be an all-time great, and they'd write me up all the time like "Beans" Reardon.

I did learn to be a pretty good umpire, at that. I had such a good knowledge of the game and the rules and fine points of play that I always umpired school games and all the boys that I was a real twentieth century marvel, and I had a lot of fun.

But I never did become a pro umpire at all.



"Good work, darling! You finished your fanzine just in time to be off to the little old office!"

THE CHASER

by Carl Brandon

Alan Austen, hopeful as a new faned reading his first review, went up certain dark and creaky stairs in a dimly-lit neighborhood, and peered at the names on each doorway on the dimly-lit landing before he found the name he wanted.

He pushed open this door and entered, following instructions on a postcard he had received the day before. The postcard had said, "This is a test. Bring this card to the address below and examine my stock of extraordinary fan supplies. Everlasting typewriter ribbons, psi beanies, hoax-finders, enchanted duplicators, oil-of-midnight candles, foolproof hektoes, potions of all kinds. Featured this week: the fan-success pill. (All merchandise guaranteed. No sticky machines.)"

Inside the door, an old man sat quietly reading a book called "The Necronomicon". Behind him were many shelves filled with bottles, cans, and packages. A door to the left led into a room in which the only light seemed to come, dimly, from half-seen machines of all sizes and shapes.

"Sit down, Mr. Austen," said the old man. Alan sat down.

"I am interested," said Alan, "in your fan-success pill. That seems to be--er--quite extraordinary, as your ad said."

"My dear young fan," replied the old man, "my stock in trade is limited--I don't deal in used magazines or rubber stamps--but such as it is, it is varied. Nothing I sell has effects which could be described as precisely ordinary."

"The fact is--" began Alan.

"Here, for example," interrupted the old man, reaching for a bottle from the shelf, "is a liquid which is quite palatable, like blog almost, but which induces the purest form of gafia."

"Do you mean people take potions in order to quit fandom?" cried Alan.

"Some do," said the old man. "Others find gafia quite easy--a natural talent, if you will. For those for whom it comes hard, there is the potion. A way of extricating oneself from too many unimportant responsibilities and imagined obligations. A way to get out of the rut. 'Fandom is just a goddam habit.' A gafia potion, yes."

"I want nothing of that sort," said Alan.

"Just as well, no doubt," said the old man. "The price for one teaspoonful--sufficient for all but the most hardened fan--is five thousand dollars. Never a penny less."

"I hope you have less expensive mixtures," said Alan.

"Oh, my, yes," said the old man. "It would be foolish to charge that sort of price for the fan-success pill, for example. Neofans who need them never have five thousand dollars--else they wouldn't need the pill. Eh? They'd pay the top fan-writers to write for their fanzines and so forth. Right?"

"Oh, of course," said Alan.

"I look at it this way," said the old man. "Please a patron with one article, and he will come back when he needs another. Even if it is more costly. You see? He will save up for it, if necessary."

"So," said Alan, "you really do have pills that will ensure fan-nish success. And they are not just--just--er..."

"Oh, no," said the old man. "Their effects are permanent. This is no fly-by-night establishment. Within two years, your fan writings will be collected together in one volume. THE INCOMPLEAT AUSTEN, perhaps. Or THE ALAN AUSTEN READER."

"Dear me!" said Alan. "How very enticing!"

"A permanent evidence of your mark on fandom," said the old man. "Your works collected. If you wish, a new collection issued every

year thereafter. Volume Two, Volume Three, like that. An annual affair."

"I can hardly believe it," said Alan. "My stories have been rejected by every fan editor I know of."

"They will no longer reject them," said the old man. "Instead, they will write you letters by the score, asking for your stories. They will want you to write columns for them, articles, poetry, your biography!"

"Oh, my!"

"Never a day will go by without at least one request for you to write something. You will spend all your free time writing for your public. That is," he said, "all of it except that spent publishing your own fanzine."

"My own fanzine!" breathed Alan.

"Your own fanzine. The number one fanzine, of course. The focal-point fanzine. Contributions by all the other top writers in fandom--the others besides yourself, of course. A long letter column in each issue--fifteen, twenty pages. Each issue will make up seventy-five pages of the best of all possible material."

"Seventy-five pages!" said Alan. "That is a lot!"

"Yes, it's a lot," said the old man. "But as a contribution to fandom it will be worth the long hours required for its stencilling, of course."

"Oh, of course!"

"Through all your most tiring days," said the old man, "that thought will be there to comfort you. You will be doing a service for fandom. A hollow comfort?"

"Oh, no!" said Alan. "It will fulfill me!"

"No young fan could have phrased it better," smiled the old man. "I think you will make a fine Number One Fan, Mr. Austen."

"That's odd," said Alan. "You know my name. How is that? You must have sent out many, many postcards."

"Just one," said the old man. "I sent only one postcard, and that to you."

"But why is that?" asked Alan.

"I have only one fan-success pill for sale at the moment," said the old man. "Naturally, everyone can't be Number One Fan--the field is limited, by definition. I sent only one card. I won't have another pill for sale for some time. A year, perhaps two years."

Alan was lost for a moment in daydreams. "Number One Fan," he murmured. "How much do you charge for this wonderful pill?"

"It is not so dear," said the old man, "as the mafia potion. No. That is five thousand dollars. One has to be older than you are, and tired, to indulge in that sort of thing. One has to save up for it."

"But the pill?" asked Alan.

"Oh, that," said the old man, handing him a small bottle containing a black pill enveloped in cotton. "That is just a dollar."

"I can't tell you how grateful I am," said Alan, paying him.

"I like to oblige," said the old man. "Then patrons come back, later, and want more expensive things. Here you are."

"Thank you again," said Alan. "Goodbye."

"Au revoir," said the old man.

--(Terry Carr)

grandfather stories

by Miriam Carr

My maternal grandfather, Guy Archer Ridgeway-Lewington, was a truly amazing person. Daddy (that's what my brother and I called him, because our mother did) was a courtley gentleman of the old and wonderful tradition, and also a volatile and firey personality.

He was born in Australia, went to prep school on the Isle of Mann (where the tailless Manx cats come from), and became a Mining Engineer at the University of California at Berkeley.

Daddy was the leader of many important mining expeditions, but the things I remember best are the tales of his adventures in the famed Yukon Territory gold rush.

The indubitably true stories that he would tell me rivalled and in fact beat anything that the radio adventure programs had to offer. It is indeed sad that I remember almost no details.

My grandfather died when I was eleven years old, but I am truly grateful for the years I had as his companion and avid disciple. We were big fans of dramatic radio during this time, and lived for the adventure serials. Our favourite by far was Sergeant Preston of the Northwest Mounted Police. We never missed the adventures of Sergeant Preston and his loyal sled dog King. And after each chapter, Daddy would tell me about the time he was in White Horse, or Dawson, or Skagway, or wherever that day's script had taken Preston. And lots of times he would even know names that were mentioned. Oh, glory!

And Daddy's adventures were glorious, too, at least to me. Like the time he was stranded on an iceberg and a polar bear attacked him. G. A. R. Lewington killed that polar bear, bet your boots he did.

One time he and his dog team were lost and snowbound and frostbitten and starving and on the verge of gangrene somewhere in the wilds of Canada and would have surely died if the dogs' barking hadn't been heard by some Eskimos who found them, made a heroic rescue, and took him back to the tribe and nursed him all winter long.

My grandmother, Dr. Mable B. Lewington, tells me that "white medicine's" methods of treating frostbite and gangrene and exposure in general were not very advanced in those days, and that any care but the tender patience and Indian panaceas that those

Eskimos gave to Daddy would have probably killed him, if not the exposure itself.

Supposedly, when a man was brought in from over-exposure like that, the first thing they tried to do was warm him up. This sudden change invariably resulted in loss of frost-bitten parts, if not death. The Eskimo method, besides ancient herb remedies and all, was a most sensible way of bringing about circulation in the affected areas.

They spent weeks and even months, patiently rubbing his feet and hands with ice, then snow, then icewater, then cold water, then cool, then tepid, lukewarm, and so forth. This saintly patience truly paid off.

As I stated, Daddy stayed with those people all the long winter, and was an honorary member of the tribe. Remembering the biblical parable of the good Samaritan, who is our brother?

Daddy had a fabulous collection of hunting trophies, Indian artifacts, maps, charts, documents, gold nuggets, and many other things of historical and archaeological interest. After his death in 1949, these things were donated to the Northwest Museum in Southern California.

Incidentally, my wedding ring, which was designed by my grandfather for my grandmother and worn by her for decades, was made from Klondike gold that he himself mined.

Daddy and Me and the War Effort

Daddy and I took the war effort very seriously, were extremely patriotic, and engaged untiringly in many activities.

We were tireless in our search for scrap metal. We went on long walks and picked up untold amounts of metal oddities for the various drives.

We listened ceaselessly to all news broadcasts, and followed the news and commentary on our numerous war maps.

We almost always had service men staying at our house. We were really proud and happy to be of even that little use. But I still think that that was a tremendous thing for the men. So far from home during the horrible war...

We saved soap, and grease, and paper. We were active in all the collection drives, and even organized our own.

And we always, but always, saluted every service-man or -woman we ever saw.

Daddy and F. D. R.

I'll never forget President Franklin Roosevelt's death. Of course, I'm sure none of us will, but it does stand out exceptionally clearly as one of the most poignant memories of my childhood.

On the morning of April 13, 1945, Daddy was walking me to school, as was his practice. I was nattering away in my silly fashion about how funny the Crown trademark on my lunch sack seemed to me.

Daddy said, "It's a tear, not a laugh, today. Our president died yesterday."

Suddenly I felt very badly.

A few days later, I was sitting alone in our wonderful big kitchen listening to the radio. My mother and grandfather entered hurriedly, and inquired whether or not I had heard the new president's speech.

I replied that I had. And I secretly hoped that they would not ask me to tell them what he had said, as I was only not quite seven years old (my birthday being April 26, 1938) and my attention span wasn't the longest. (In fact I considered myself remarkable in that I had deliberately tuned in the speech. I don't think many other of my contemporaries would have.)

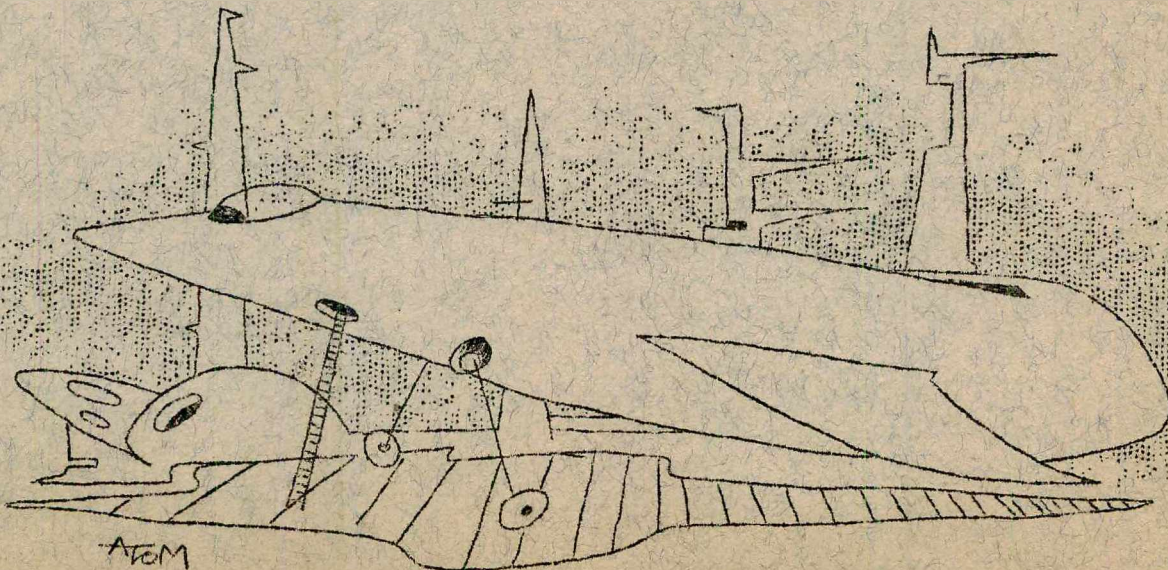
But they surprised me. They didn't ask me what he'd said.

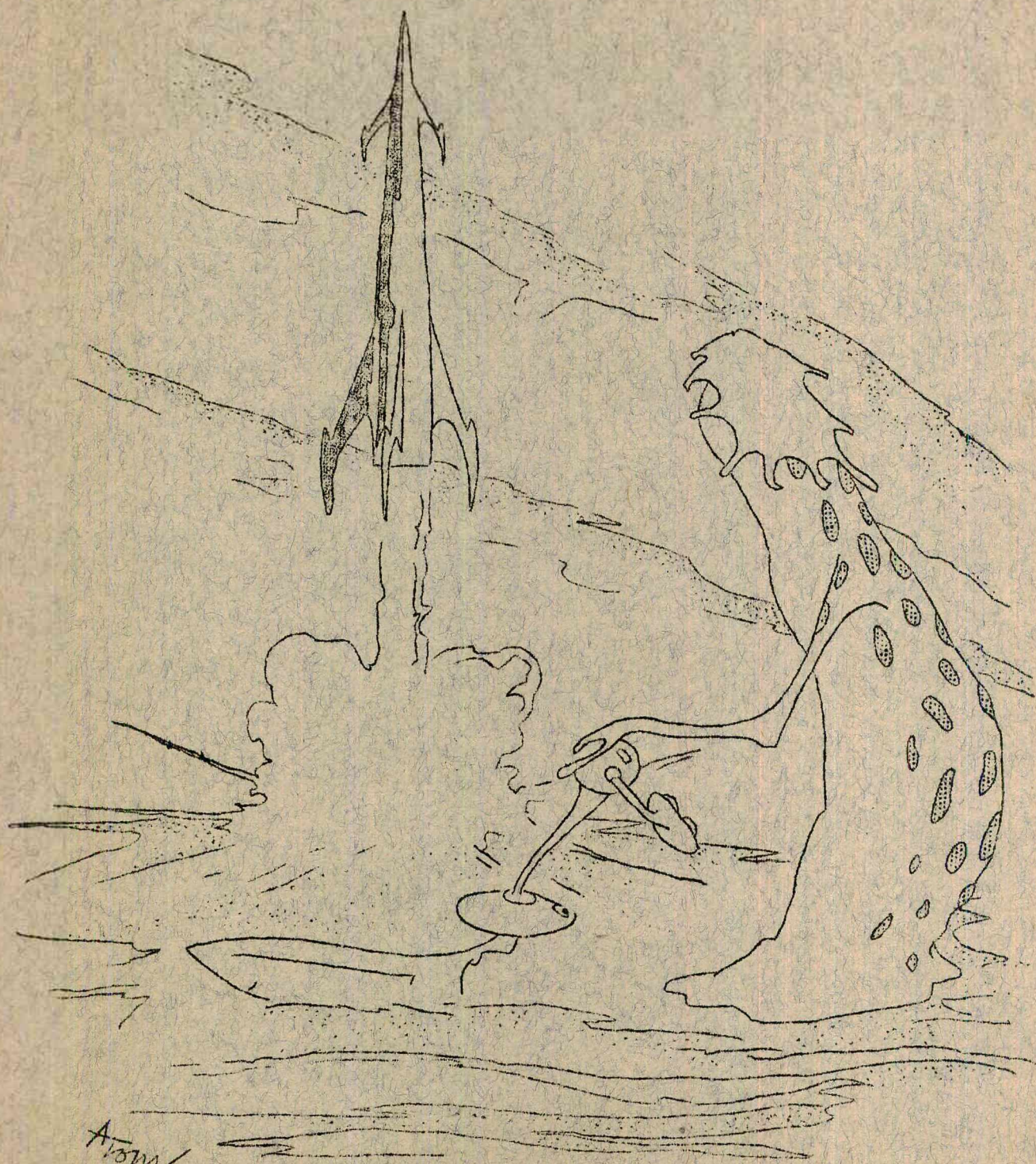
"What did his voice sound like?" they chorused.

I told them that I had been appalled by President Truman's high-pitched, nasal, whiney, and generally aggravating voice.

Long faces were the order of the day, as we sat around the huge table, looking at the omnipresent war maps, stirring and stirring the coffee and eulogizing President Roosevelt's wonderful voice.

Daddy sighed, "I agreed with damned little of what That Man said, but he certainly said it beautifully."





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