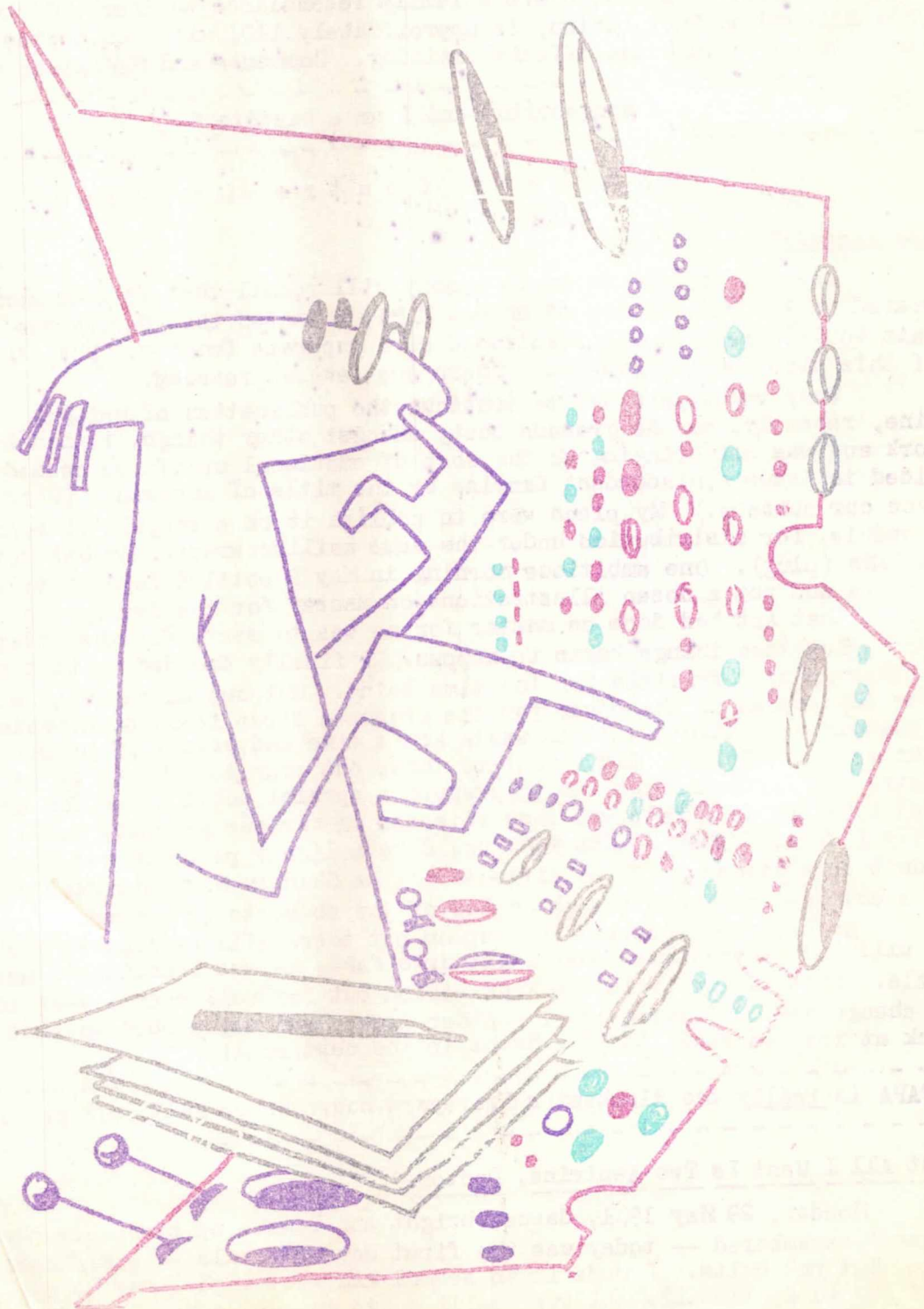


AMNESIA

NO.1

JULY 1961



ATOM "EENE, MEENE, MINI, MO!"

AMNESIA

This is the first, and perhaps the last, issue of Amnesia, The Easy-To-Forget Fanzine. It is published by Bob Lichtman, 6137 South Croft Avenue, Los Angeles 36, California, and is intended for distribution in the August 1961 mailing of the Shadow FAPA mailing, under the aegis of Les Gerber. The cover of this issue is by Arthur Thomson, and the interior illustrations are by Bjo and ATom. The Careful Reader will note that Arthur Thomson bears a family resemblance to ATom. Circulation of this, the 36th Silverdrum Publication, is approximately 110, with 100 copies being initially distributed through the official mailing. Comments and FAPAZines welcome...

"All the world's a stagecoach, and I am a bandito."

...Cal Demmon

M a r c h a n t C o n t r e L e V e n t

Why Amnesia?

The reader with an acute memory will recall that in Idle Hands #3, which appeared in the 3rd mailing of Shadow FAPA, I stated that during the summer Le Shadeau Sait would appear in all likelihood as a separate fanzine. Why, then, is the title of this contribution Amnesia? There are several reasons.

When we decided not to continue the publication of Psi-Phi, our general fanzine, recently, on the grounds that, amongst other things, it had become far too much work and was not bringing us the sort of emotional uplift we needed anymore, we decided to issue a Discordant fanzine by the title of Amnesia. (Pardon me while I reduce our numbers.) My plans were to publish it on a roughly bi-monthly to quarterly schedule, for distribution under the same mailing wrapper as Cal Demmon's estimable *SKOAN* (plug). One ambitious morning in May I settled down to my stylus and colored masters and put a dozen illustrations on master for the issue. One of the ATom covers that Art had done on master for me was to serve for the cover of the issue.

But then things began to happen. I finally decided against publishing any further general fanzines for the time being. But not until I had run off somewhat over 100 copies of the cover for the proposed first issue of Amnesia. Now I was in a quandary. I didn't want to waste Art's time and effort in preparing that particular master. Neither did I want to throw out over 100 sheets of perfectly good paper. My first thought was to prepare a special publication for one of the other apas I belong to. This was soon rejected on various grounds, mostly laziness. Finally I decided that Shadow FAPA would be a likely place to use up the covers. I hadn't established any real title there--Le Shadeau Sait was really only the name of a column--and I had enough copies of the cover to go around.

So here is Amnesia. Whether or not there will be another issue I don't know. It will not be continued when I get into FAPA, unless I decide to use it as a column title. I've had my title for FAPA picked out for well over a year and I'm not about to change now. If there isn't another issue, you may expect to find Le Shadeau Sait back at its old stand in Idle Hands in the next mailing.

FAPA is really the Elephant's Graveyard now: Bruce Pelz just got in.

...BL

"But All I Want Is Two Aspirins, Doctor!"

Monday, 29 May 1961, dawned bright and I woke up even more cheerily than usual. Then I remembered -- today was the first day of finals -- and almost fell back into bed. But not quite. I made it to school and went right away to my first final, an 8 am one in English 1B. It was really quite an easy test, I confess, but for some reason unknown to medical science I managed to contract a headache about two-thirds of the way through the final. Well, well, I thought. But since I often have headaches that last for a few moments and then go away, I didn't bother to do anything

about it.

This one didn't go away though. It kept persisting and getting more intense. I haven't the slightest idea why, but it did. I asked at the food stand if they sold aspirins, but they said no. Neither did the coffee shop. So I figured the hell with it and went off to the chem building terrace to do some additional reviewing for my afternoon philosophy final.

While I was busy reading through the confusing final chapter of Mill's Utilitarianism, one of the students in my quiz section came up and sat down next to me. We started talking about the text, particularly Mill's essay as above, and finally I got around to asking a burning question. "Where in the hell can you get a couple of as-

pirins on this campus?" was about the way I phrased it. He suggested that I go down to the medical center. "But that's such a long walk!" I objected. I then launched into a series of comments, related to utilitarianism, about how I would derive fewer negative pleasure units (my own invention) from having the headache than I would from trekking to the medical center. Eventually he left and I started studying again.

The headache persisted and began to get worse, so I figured, "Oh hell" and began the long walk to the medical center. A couple hours later (or so it seemed; really it couldn't have been more than five minutes) I arrived. I found my way to the main desk of the Student Health Service and asked the attractive young lady there "What do I have to go through to get a pair of aspirins for my headache?"

"You'll have to talk to a doctor," she informed me. Curtly, like.

"But all I need is a couple of aspirins," I objected. It seemed a waste of both my time and that of the doctor to go through any extended medical procedure.

"You'll have to talk to a doctor," she repeated. Even more curtly, this time.

"Oh, very well," I acquiesced. "What do I have to do?"

I was pointed towards a form to fill out and after I did this was told to wait my turn. I settled down with Mill and after about fifteen minutes my name was called. Gathering up my books I was led down an antiseptic hall into a small room.

"I'd like to see a doctor about getting a couple of—" She stuck a thermometer in my mouth, ferghodsakes! "You'll have to wait a few minutes," she said, "the doctor is a bit behind schedule."

A few minutes later I walked an efficient-looking Oriental doctor bearing a busy clipboard. "What's your problem?" he asked. I told him. "Where does it hurt?" he inquired. I pointed at my head. "But where on your head does it hurt?" he queried. I pointed out the upper part.



WHERE'S THE COFFEE???

(4)

"But all I want is two aspirins for a very simple headache, doctor!" I said, getting just a bit impatient. It was getting on to the time for my exam, and I didn't want to waste any more time here than I had to.

"Well, you see," he began, "usually when someone comes in with a headache, they usually think they have a cracked skull or something big like that. We almost never get simple cases like yours, but we have to check them out to make sure."

I nodded my head.

"Now then, I'll tell you what I'm going to do," he continued, assuming the air of a carnival huckster, "I'm going to give you two kinds of pills. One of them is a simple aspirin compound. I want you to take a few of these right away and see if that relieves the pain. Then, if it doesn't, after about an hour take two of these more powerful pain pills that I'm going to give you." He scribbled something on a sheet of paper, tore it off his clipboard, and said, "Give this to the nurse. She'll know what to give you." I thanked him and left.

At the medical dispensary at another end of the hall, I handed the slip of paper to a nurse, who promptly disappeared in a series of catacombs lined with drugs of all sorts, put up colorfully in numerous bottles. About ten minutes later, she emerged with two small boxes. "These," she said, handing me one of them, "are the pain pills, and these," she continued, handing me the other, "are the aspirins. Has the doctor told you how to take them?" I said that he surely had, thanked her quickly, and got away before I could receive another ten-minute lecture.

On the way out, I found a cold-water drinking fountain, swallowed two of the aspirins whole, and wandered off reflecting on the efficiency and wonder of modern medicine.

Sure FAPA is a democracy. Even George Wetzel and Ray C Higgs can come
in first on a poll.

... BL

Of Cabbages and Kings

Upon joining the National Amateur Press Association recently, we were somewhat pleasantly surprised to discover that, aside from good FAPANS Sheldon and Helen Wesson and bad ex-FAPANS Racy Higgs and Wilfie Myers, one of our fellow SHAPANS, Al Fick, is also a member of NAPA. It occurs to us that perhaps several members of FAPA and its waitlist would like to try out NAPA for a year or so, but lack information. Despite the catcalls of "cruddy" from some people who have seen scattered items from NAPA and its sister mundane apas, we find their mailings to be fairly interesting. The quality of the material is at times quite high, and perhaps the only reason we wouldn't consider it better than we do is because it runs in different veins than FAPA stuff does. There is crud, don't get me wrong, but it's a different sort of crud than the old familiar FAPA variety. Dues for the first year of NAPA membership are only two dollars (after that, \$3/year), and if you want to get an application form, write today to Alfred Babcock, SecTreas NAPA, 24 Alan Okell place, Cranford, N.J. Your \$2 gets you a membership card, copies of the next dozen monthly (!!!) mailings, and an opportunity to let yourself in on an interesting and different facet of amateur journalism.

Or maybe the American APA is more to your taste, though it's difficult to tell. Here, the dues are \$3 a year, and the person to contact is Joe Curran, Secy AAPA, 24371 Alberton road, Euclid 23, Ohio. Give one or both of these groups a try, if you're interested. There's no waitlist!

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What can one say in the last couple lines of space on a ditto master? Nothing much more than urges you to support the Willis Fund, I guess.

