
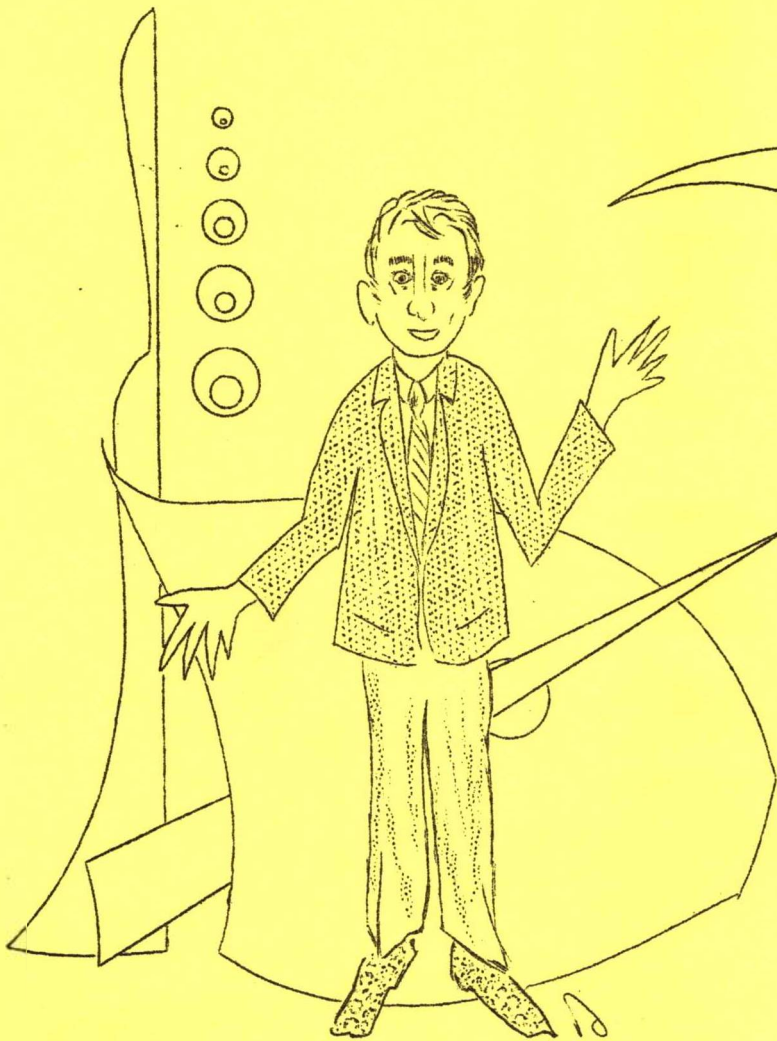


THE BEST LINES ARE ON THE FLOOR

A GENUINE  ONE-SHOT



FANTASTIC CONTEST INSIDE!
PICK THE FUNNIEST
CONTRIBUTOR!
WIN THE LATEST ALEXEI
PANSHIN NOVEL - SPECIALLY
AUTOGRAPHED BY ROBERT
HEINLEIN!

ALL LOSING ENTRIES
(THOSE VOTING FOR BURBEE)
WIN THE SPECIAL
CONSOLATION PRIZE!
AN AUTOGRAPHED 4th DRAFT
OF HIS SPARKLING ON-STENCIL
CONTRIBUTION TO THIS
FANZINE!

NEXT TIME LET'S INVITE
AN ARTIST TO ONE OF
THESE SESSIONS.
AFTER ALL, HOW MUCH
COULD HE DRINK?



 * THE BEST LINES ARE ON THE FLOOR, A Genuine One-Shot, Volume I, *
 * Number 1, Whole Number One, First Issue, May 1975, produced by *
 * Ed Cox, 14524 Filmore Street, Arleta, California, 91331 for the *
 * 151st mailing of the Fantasy Amateur Press Association, dated *
 * May 1975. Members and others also to blame include Charles and *
 * Cora Burbee, Dave Locke, Dave and Marcia Hulan, Dean and Jean *
 * Grennell, Milton F. Stevens, Anne Cox, David Cox and Ed Cox. *
 * Individual credits against membership requirements shall be sent *
 ** to the Secretary-Treasurer. Stencil-cutting by Charles Burbee, *
 * Dean A. Grennell, Dave Locke, Dave Hulan, Milt Stevens and Ed *
 * Cox. Coverland other artwork but Dave Locke; interior artwork *
 * also by Dean A. Grennell. Run on the Gestetner 300 on May 4th *
 * and collated by Ed Cox. This is Asteriskized Publication #216. *
 * Distribution outside F.A.P.A. limited and at the discretion of *
 * Charles Burbee and Ed Cox. This about takes us as far down the *
 * page as anybody could usually expect out of a colophon. *

The Art of the One-Shot entails many things. First of which, of course, is the classical Burbee-type one-shot. It has a theme, there is material prepared in advance of the actual day the one-shot is produced. This can be in draft form, already stenciled or even already run off. Each participant brings this material in one form or another and brings their own typewriter. At the one-shot session, each then writes additional material. This all is supposed to center around a central Theme.

I would say that the theme of this one-shot would be Burbee's disappointment with the unpreparedness of the rest of the participants!

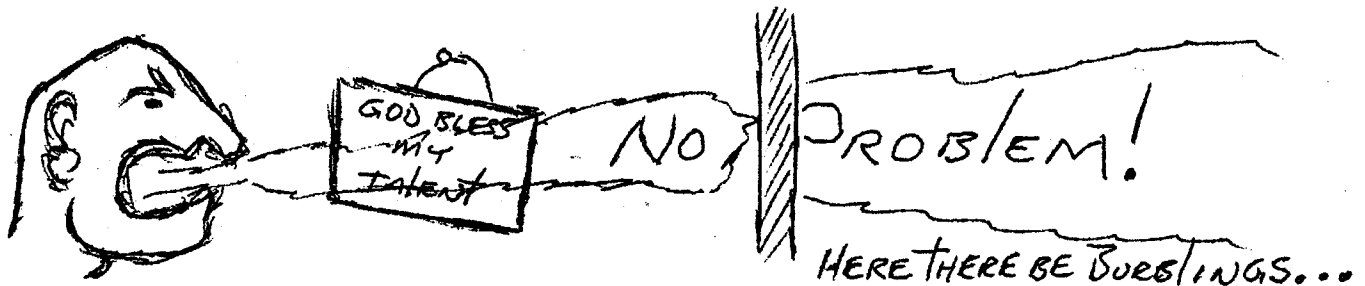
Dave Locke did bring the cover and two pages already stenciled. Charles Burbee did bring drafted material by himself and Cora. Other than that, we all winged it. Of course, Dean Grennell did Mailing Comments. Almost unheard of in one-shots. So much material was then written that it became logistically uncertain as to what to run off and when, so none of it was run off yesterday, the Day of the One-Shot. It has therefore made it possible for me to write this editorial type stuff after the fact, in the cold daylight of the Day After. And, of course, put the thing together in some coherence as to format and also get to run it off all by myself...and collate....and staple....all by myself...

That's one of the drawbacks of this sort of one-shot.

However, the whole things has probably lost that frenetic air of spontaneous activity that sets a one-shot apart from other more sedate publications. I have retained the typeover, however, in an attempt to keep some aspect of the one-shot about this publication. It also gives me a chance to note a few notes to the wary reader from a technical point of view.

Such as the extremely heavy typing touch of Milt Stevens. One page has all the small "o's" punched out. Yet it was the same typer that both of my pages were typed on.

(continued on last page)



I could hear the voice of Walter James Daugherty ringing loud and clear on the otherwise peaceful afternoon air, right through the wall... "Suppose the Guest of Honor of a convention doesn't show up? No problem. Just ask old Walt Daugherty to get up there and say a few words. And I can get up there with no notes or any preparation at all and talk for fifteen minutes and nobody will miss the Guest of Honor at all."

I said to Cora, "These walls are thinner than they ought to be. Let us move to another room."

We moved to another room. Now the voice of WJD faded away into pleasant inaudibility.

We were in Forrest J Ackerman's newest home in the Hollywood Hills. I think it's four stories high. What it really is, is four book-filled garages stacked vertically, with a lot of living space left over.

This is the sort of place that former fanzine publishers wind up in.

Cora and I had been invited to this place to hear a man talk about The Last Days of Arthur Louis Joquel.

Art Joquel was a member of the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society in the Forties.

He was the first fan I ever saw, and the sight of him nearly scared me out of fandom forever, before I'd even gotten into it.

Back in 1943 I'd gotten interested in fandom, having seen a couple of fanzines I'd sent for after seeing them mentioned in Super Science or some mag like that. Sunspots by Gerry de la Ree; Spaceways by Harry Warner Jr., and Pogorus by Pogo and Russ Wood of the LASFS.

So, one night I drove up Bixel Street looking for 637½. I saw what looked like it, on the other side of the street. I parked my 1928 Chevy--4-door sedan with a wooden steering wheel--directly across from the clubroom. I heard loud, boisterous laughter coming out of the place.

"A happy group," I mused. "Awful loud, but maybe happy."

As I laid my hand on the door handle, the door of the clubroom burst open and a fat blond fellow in a black opera cloak with a crimson lining surged out of it, slammed it behind him and swaggered up the hill toward Sixth Street, where the streetcars ran.

My hand fell away from the car door handle.

Many thoughts passed through my mind at the time. Was there a mess of crackpots over there? Was everybody standing around in opera cloaks? I didn't think that some of the male members might be wearing Chanel #5 "Because it lasts ever so much longer than cologne, you bitch." That came later.

Then, I figured I may as well walk in and look around. I could always walk out again. I went across the street and into the place. A quick look around discovered no more opera cloaks among the four or five people present. Perhaps this swaggering loudmouth blond fella was one of a kind?

Ackerman was there. I introduced myself and he had that smile on his face. If you've seen Ackerman, you've seen that smile. He had it down perfect, even then. He was a nice guy, I thought. So, on account of Ackerman I stayed around the group, long enough to help make some history and publish their magazine for awhile and eventually be called "That goddam Burbee."

Back to Ackerman's house, in the Hollywood Hills.

Ackerman had invited us to this affair as he drove out of the Francisco Torres parking lot up there in Goleta at Westercon 27. "Come to the house two Sundays from now and hear about The Last Days of Arthur Louis Joquel!" he called.

Present, as nearly as I can recall, besides the aforementioned Daugherty, were Pogo (co-editor of Pogorus), Elmer Perdue, Elmer's ex-wife Betty, Fred Batten, Dik Daniels, Len and June Moffatt, Gus Willmorth and Leonore Cannon, James Kepner, Robert Formhals and two or three or four other people I didn't know. Plus, of course, Forry the host and Wendy.

By the way, Dik Daniels took a picture of me sitting next to Walt. I have a smile on my face as though I actually enjoyed sitting next to him. So far, Dik has refused all offers for the negative.

As we walked into the huge living room, Walt was one of the people who met us. I introduced him to Cora.

Prätty soon Daugherty was telling the roomful of people--about twenty of us were there--how much a local radio station loves to have him speak on it. They have a program every Friday, Hour 25, and speak about science-fiction fandom. Walt was describing what the station manager had said to him:

"Mr Daugherty, when you speak on our program we get more mail than for anybody else.' And I said, 'Gee, Mr Morphophle, I don't even talk good English and I'm not really a public speaker' and he said 'That don't matter, Mr Daugherty, because you are so enthusiastic that you make a deep impression on everybody. In fact, you have a genius for infecting people with your own enthusiasm.'

"And I guess that's true." He looked around and smiled with overpowering modesty. "I am a genius at public speaking."

Then we listened to Robert Formhals, a sincere acolyte of Joquel, talking for nearly an hour. I thought it fascinating that anybody could inspire such a man to go around the land speaking to ex-acquaintances of Joquel.

Who would do that for any of us, should we one day die?

One thing he said: "Arthur was almost a character. Almost, but not quite."

I wanted to tell the story of Joquel swaggering up the block in an opera cloak, but Jimmy Kepner came up with a story of how it was to eat in a restaurant with Joquel. It seems that if Aft were the least unhappy with the food or service, and he always was, he would bellow out his unhappiness to everyone present.

"It never was a pleasure to dine with him in a public place," Jimmy said.

I learned that Joquel, who disappeared from our midst in 1946 or so, had gone on to teach Anthropology in Fresno, had taught fencing for awhile, had attained a brown belt in a martial art, and had gotten himself knighted a couple of times.

It was a pleasant visit. Since it was our first time there, Forry gave us a tour of the place. First, though, I had to watch him sell a comic book for \$5 to a ten-year-old boy. Then I had to watch and listen when the little boy shook his hand and said: "It's been a real pleasure to meet you, Mr Ackerman."

Later, Wendy offered us some champagne or gin or something and Ackerman asked me if I were amazed at seeing alcohol in his house but I was too amazed at seeing alcohol in his house to give him a proper answer.

Oh, another Joquel incident comes to mind. Sometime in 1944, a group of us was sitting in the clubroom when the door flew open and Joquel strode in.

Like a character in a play by Shakespeare, he never came tamely on or went tamely off.

His usually genial face was livid, this night, contorted in an unfierce frown. He couldn't look fierce, though he often tried, and he was trying now. He was outraged at someone there who had stood him up for an appointment. He stood there, legs apart, hands on hips, bellowing his righteous wrath at the culprit, and then, swinging around so that his black cloak flared out hip-high, he strode grandly out the door, slamming it behind him.

Oh, it was a grand exit. He had held us all spellbound during his thundering speech, and now, that striding, grand exit.

Except for one thing. The slamming door had caught the last six inches of that cloak.

We all saw this and chuckled. F Towner Laney, thinking faster than the rest of us ran over and grabbed hold of the cloak end, so that when the door opened--oh so slowly--about half an inch and Joquel tried to pull the end, it wouldn't come. Finally, Laney, with a joyful bellow, let go of it. It disappeared and the door closed. But only for a moment. It burst open again and our recent visitor stomped in and stood there even more livid than before. He roared out something about some people and perverted senses of humor, swept us all with an unholy glare and surged out the door again, slamming it, being careful, even his high dudgeon, to mind his cloak this time, and in my mind's eye I could see him again, as I first saw him, swaggering in his red-lined opera cloak up toward Sixth Street, where the street cars ran.

I sort of wish now I had told a few Joquel stories myself at that little session at Ackerman's house.

Ah, well.

On the way home, I said to Cora, "Well, what do you think of Walter J Daugherty?"

"What can I say about a man who tells a roomful of people, five minutes after I've met him, that he is a genius?"

////////////////////

"In 1597, Cuthbert Burby, who had already brought out a bad Quarto of The Taming of the Shrew in 1594, now produced a poor version of Romeo and Juliet, put together from memory. In those days an author had no copyright protection...." --William Shakespeare, by A. L. Rowse, p 294

Shakespeare might well have been the first person in history to say: "That goddam Burby!"

IS THIS A FAPA WHICH I SEE BEFORE ME?

--Dave H ulan

Or is it even a real typer? This one doesn't have even a switch to turn it on, and to return the carriage one has to do something weird with the left hand instead of accomplishing it with the le - er, right little finger. It's very strange. I'm confused. Especially since this thing spaces an extra space between letters on an irregular but frequent (like some fanzines) basis.

As long as I'm doing this things I should probably explain to a whole bunch of FAPAs what has been going on in the past few weeks, which has resulted once more in my having (albeit briefly) assumed the powers and prerogatives of the President of FAPA. If I can remember to send the letter to Gregg I can figure you all know what I'm talking about, because it'll be discussed in the O-O (which I suspect two or three of you might actually read, unlike this one-shot), but I probably won't remember, so I might as well explain it here on this primitive excuse for a typer.

Y'see, Roy Tackett wrote several officers and ex-officers of FAPA with a formal protest of the last election based on the fact that no ballot was included as required by the Constitution. As VP as of the time that the election happened, I consider that that gives me the right to decide on the constitutionality of the election. I therefore ruled that the election was in fact unconstitutional, and therefore invalid. That meant that under the rule that officers serve till their successors were elected, the officers remained Boggs, Hulan, Evans, and Calkins. But Boggs subsequently resigned as President. He resigned from a couple of other offices as well, but since he didn't legally hold ~~that~~ those offices those were actis without meaning. He thought this left him VP, but since I was still the legal holder of that office his thought was wrong. B oggs was thus out of FAPA office entirely, because he had resigned from the only office which he had legitimately held. And by the rules of FAPA, I, as incumbent VP at the time, was once more elevated to the office of President of FAPA.

This is legal enough; one cannot be elected to the FAPA Presidency more than once in five years, but one can serve in the office more than once.

Now, if I'd wanted to be President of FAPA I'd be in a good condition to assert the prerogatives of the office (minimal as they are) and see what ahppened. Unfortunately (or maybe fortunately for the peace of FAPA - if anyone had noticed) I didn't want to be President again. So I promptly appointed Chuck Hansen as VP and resigned as President. After that, with everything legal, I was out of the woods. If I had let Chuck know that I'd made these rulings I might be further out of the woods, but wotthhell.

I'll say this. It's the most fun I've had in FAPA in the last seven years. And the only fun I'm ever likely to have in FAPA, since at present my intention is to dump FAPA at the end of this year. Who wants to spend the rest of his life in a Graveyard? I just wish there were some way I could give my membership slot to Charles B urbee. He seems to be really Interested in FAPA. I can't conceive why, but he is. Maybe I will, though. Maybe when I finally drop out coming next May it will be about the right time for Charlie Burbee to get in and he will take my place. The only sad thing is that no one will probably ever notice the difference, and this neo I'm talking about will burst into FAPA with an enormous burst of enthusiasm like I had when I got into FAPA (as a neo of only eight years in fandom), and will get the same leaden response that everyone gets in FAPA and be Disillusioned. And if you ain't seen a disillusioned Burbee, you ain't seen nothing yet...

--DGH

SIX EASY POUNDS

by
Socorro Burbee

I've never been a 98-pound weakling with bullies kicking sand in my face. Besides, I'm a girl. You perpetual skinnies, like Ed Cox--I hate him--may turn the page.

When I was ten years old I started getting fat. I was never encouraged to lose weight. I was fat, rolypoly, ergo, healthy, period. My parents, being from the old country, Mexico, had standard, old-country ideas--fat and rolypoly, meant healthy; thin, was scrawny, and meant sickly and in need of fattening up.

I have just skinned down sixty pounds, and like somebody who has quit smoking, I can't quit talking about it. I don't look like any girl in a fashion ad because I'm not beautiful, and besides they all look half-starved to me and in need of fattening up. (Is that a child-good hang-up?)

It seems to me that most women, even mature women, think that their ideal weight is what they weighed at age eighteen. They do not consider that most women add ten pounds to that when they mature.

We all know that fat has been considered the prima facie of beauty in many cultures, in many eras, but in America, slender is beautiful.

Here's another point to consider; when a girl skinnies up, so does her bosom; some gals wear padded bras to present a bold front to the world.

America is bosom crazy. Why, may I ask, is America so bosom crazy?

Actually, only 50% of the men are bosom crazy, according to an authoritative article by my husband, Charles Burbee, after he made an intensive survey of guests, friends, acquaintances, chance passersby, total strangers, and stray dogs. He found that only 50% are bosom crazy and the other 50% derriere crazy. He is of the latter persuasion. He has been fanny crazy for years--since covered-wagon days (he is more than 100 years old, he tells me, and why should he lie?) I don't wish to hint that he is influencing my ability to think or express my opinions at this time; he is sitting in the living room listening to our new sound system. Right now he is playing Pookie, King of the Jungle, by Soupy Sales. Ten minutes ago he was listening to Johann Sebastian Bach. He is listening to Soupy with the same respectful attention he gave to Johann.

Getting back to the fatties...last year at Westercon 27 in Goleta, I weighed 200#. Like I said, I've never been a 98-pound weakling with bullies kicking sand in my face, but I had to return to work on Sept 10 after being on strike for five months and lots of inactivity. I was shocked to find I had gained so much weight. 200 pounds has always been panic point with me, time to trim down to 180 or 160 pounds. I've always had more fat on my body than is considered fashionable, but this was too much.

A charming girl I work with named Deb Marsh was attending lectures at Weight Watchers and asked me to go with her. I certainly was ready. I joined that very night. I lost six pounds the very first week. That was the easiest six pounds I've ever lost. It got tougher later and went far more slowly. I fully expect to be at goal by Westercon 28 time.

I was amazed to find that there exists a program where you can eat so much and still lose. I love WW. It is a way of life for me from now on.

I've tried aevërything in the past, many diets, shots, pills that made me climb the walls, starvation or fasts, fad diets, Stillman, Atkins, and none of them produced the results that WW has, and so pleasantly. I am a living library of weight-losing regimens, and here I state that WW can do it for you as it did it for me. (Somebody just called out, "You weren't too fat; you were just too short.")

Today, I'm not thin, but I'm not fat, either. I look better and feel better, too. I can never be 18 years old again but fashion magazines and their shining, slender models have stopped looking like never-never land, especially to one who has been overweight all of her adult life, as they have to me in the past.

By the way, Deb, the girl who introduced me to WW, dropped out soon after, and now weighs more than I do.

I forgot to mention that Charlie fell in love with me when I was heavy. I did run into a problem with him when I reached about 160.* He wanted me to quit. I looked "fine" right there. Don't go any further. You'll lose all your "CHARM."

I had a serious talk with him. I finally made him understand that I would like to be normal weight, for once in my life, so please let me do my thing. "No more negative statements from you," I said. He got the picture. We reached an understanding.

If a woman can remain stable, charming, and have enough brains to have a sensible conversation and communication with her loved ones and husband, she has it made, whether she is fat or thin. To someone like Charlie who prefers the fuller figure, all I can say is, is it really that important? Not to Charlie, but to me. He likes me even at my heaviest, but I want to be slender.

I hope to keep enough "CHARM" to keep Charlie happy.

////////////////////////////////////

... A Filler...

This is a filler about a hexed tape recorder. It was a jinx. It made bad things happen to the person who owned it. It was my tape recorder at first, and it was just like any other taper. But one day I noticed that nobody would kiss me in the room it was in, and I kept dropping reels of tape on my bad toe, and my hangnails kept flaring up.

Well, a person can live without kissing in one room of a five-room house, and reels of tape aren't too heavy, and hangnails can be lived with. But. A local piano player, Bill Mitchell, noted in the 60's as the finest ragtime player around, sat down at my piano and ran off 45 minutes of fine ragtime, and, do you know, that taper wouldn't record it! Who, I said, needs a taper as a music critic? No god damned taper is going to tell me what sort of music to listen to, any more than any sea serpent is going to tell me how to raise my kids. So I sold the taper to some neighbors.

Know what happened to those neighbors?

Inside of two months, they lost a boat in the Catalina Channel, had their 11-year-old daughter turn up pregnant, and, worst calamity of all, had two cats move in with them.

End of filler about hexed tape recorder.

--Charles Burbee

OAG - His Pages Numero 1



Grennell's second page. Well, here we are at Ed Cox's pad and I am typing on Ed's little Royal electric portabobble, which is an unexpected delight, since I had been grittily bracing myself for the arduous chore of whamm-ing a manual hard enough to puncture the stencils and that is something I've done but rarely these past happy eleven years and a bit. Actually, the touch of this machine is not all that different from that of my trio of IBM Exec's, so I cannot plead unfamiliarity, for what that may be worth.

A month or two ago, whilst perusing the letter-col of the LA Times, I was struck by a contrib from a gent in Reseda or somewhere off up that way: "Gentlemen: I have no communication of particular importance to make at this time." Swelp me, they printed it, showing rather a touch of class on their part, I thought.

Like the candid Resedan, I do not have any comments immediately occurring to mind that seem to hold the flavor of earth-shaking import. However, since when have I ever allowed that to daunt me when it comes to desecrating mimeo stencils. You got that right.

For some curious reason, this machine's question-mark does not possess sufficient vitality to make an impression upon the stencil. I must remember not to ask any further questions. Certainty shall be the order of the day. Right/q-mark

Not too many heary relics of the organization, I might cautiously wager, retain much if any familiarity with "Bleen" as a fapatitle. Once, long ago and quite a ways away, it was the title of a companion to Grue, in which I was wont to disburse my mailing comments. As in Hail to the Grue & Bleen. It illustrates how hard-up I am for something to say that I am driven to the desperate expedient of throwing in mlg comments; Bleenotes, if you prefer the term. Sadly, my own copy of the fabulous, late-blooming Feb'75 mlg is some seventy-odd miles to the southards, but EdCo's mlg is at hand, even though it prob'ly doesn't have the same cryptic marginal markings as my mlg. I shall endeavor to improvise therefrom.

The Fantasy Amateur (ofishuldom) Something I've not done in a longish while is to brood down the list of members, ticking off those whom I've encountered on a face-to-face basis at one time or another. I am heartened to note that I can still tick off 30 lines out of the 65 and, since two of those are dual mem'ships, I am prepared to testify that no less than 32 of the 65 do, in fact, exist (or perhaps I should say they did the last time I saw them) This is a reassuring note against the existence of pseudobods on the roster, such as the likes of William Clyde or Carl Brandon, to name but a random pair. These, then, are the names I can verify: Anderson; Benford; Boggs (I guess); Breen; Calkins; Carr; Caughran; Cox (whose typer, I just this instant discovered, has a full-auto x-key); Crayne (2); De Vore; Eney; Evans; Fitch; Geis; Hansen; Hickey; Hulan; Locke; Moffatt (2); Moskowitz; Pavlat; Pelz; Perdue; Raeburn; Silverberg; Speer; Stevens; Tackett; Trimble and White.

As to waitinglisters, I recognize the Busbys; Chas. Burbee and Stan Woolston as people I've actually met. Which is not intended to impugn the valid existence of the rest, surely.

E.B. Poll (Boggs) At least you could've deadlined this for the 2th of April, for obvious reasons. I'm not even certain I'd gotten the furschlug-giner thing yet by the first.

Of Members, etc (Peggy Rae McPavlat) Oops. Make that 33 members, since I encountered both of the Ps in Germantown, Wisconsin, of all unlikely locales. Which pushes me over the halfway mark as to having met current members. Foosh, I didn't vote in the last e.b. poll, nor in the one at hand, either. Why q/mark Not really sure, but I suspect it may've been due to no award of points being offered for voting. But I wouldn't bet on it. Perhaps the motive is similar to that of the guy Dave Locke tells about who attended a sensitivity session. When his turn came to speak his piece, bare his soul and spill his tripe, he arose and declaimed, "Well, my problem is apathy, but I just don't care."

DUFF I declare myself ineligible to vote in -- and thus send cash contributions for -- this project on grounds that I have not been notably active in fandom since 1 Sep '73. But rotsa' ruck.

RATAPLAN 16 (Leigh Edmonds) Some unusually nice artwork and, as to instilling culture amongst the hoi and the polloi, I am reminded of Dorothy Parker's immortal observation: "You can lead a horticulture, but you can't make her read." I wish I'd beaten her to that one.

GOLIARD (KKA) Oddly enough, most, though not all of the taxis in Stockholm provide some measure of defense for the driver these days. Usually, this takes the form of a sort of hooded-cowling, made of lexan or some similar tough-looking plastic, about half an inch thick, extending from the back of the seat upward over the driver's head and around from both sides. It would fairly well foil attack by blunt instruments and it wouldn't simplify a knife attack, though it would not prevent the latter very positively. The bulk of Swedish cabs are Volvos, not surprisingly, but there are a great many Mercedes cabs and a fair sprinkling by Opel in some larger model that doesn't seem to be imported to the USA.

SYNAPSE (Speer) Locke advises me that Edgar Cayce wasn't really a medium after all; what he was, says Dave, was an extra-large. Well, yes, the Opel is streamlined pretty thoroughly, so wind resistance isn't as big a factor as it might be on some. I drove it Houston and back in January, but did not pass very close to Albuquerque and nearest approach, on the way home, was around midnight or so, maybe aa touch earlier. I went and came back on I-8 and, after leaving San Antonio at 11:00 a.m., passed El Paso about sundown and called it a day when I got to Tucson, around 2:00 a.m. or thereabouts, 914 miles and not a bad day's run, considering the late start. Typewriter necrophilia sounds like a notably singular hobby.

SHADOW OF A FAN (#11 Koch) Is "Babel II" the one wherein the hero discovers that the typo's he hits are, in really, a sort of extrasensory cryptogram and can be deciphered-q/mark Or is that yet another dfk novel. I do recall that particular one from when it first appeared (in BEYOND, I think).

S.O.F. #12 (Koch) Well, ecksh'ly, Meyer, calling someone by that name is an ancient fannish custom, initiated, invented and patented by that ancient fan name of Charles Edward Burbee, not to be confused with Burpee, of seed catalog fame and fortune. Though, comes down to that, I've seen Burbee in some fairly Burpee interludes, even looking a touch seedy. If it is of any relevant fascination, as long as we're exchanging vital statistics as to middle names, "Art" is my middle name. Over the past many years, my hardest-working nom de plume has been "Art Wesley," composed of my midst-monicker and that of an old friend, gone these last two decades.

SPIROCHETE (Boggs) Good grief, I hadn't thought of the Boon Breendoggle for at least a week before this turned up in the February fapamailing some time along the advance portion of April. It rings with the unheard clash of distant weaponry, it do. I wish you well in your waiting for a fresh call from your unknown friend. Speaking of which, did you know the patron of tranquil love affairs is St. Valiumtine, or that the one having jurisdiction over aspirin tablets is St. Joseph -- yeah, that's a little obvious, but how about the one in charge of twitchy, granulated eyelids: St. Conjunctivitus q-mark

Devil's Work (Metcalf) Milt Stevens was just telling about a girl he knew once, who had an idea for a s-f story, concerning a huge computer that functioned as a suppository of all knowledge.

ARINAM (Tackett) We've just been kicking around the concept of how to combine properties of various widely advertised (on tv) products, so as to offer combined utility and virtues. E.g., adding a drop of precious retsyn (wotever that is) to Preparation H to get something that will not only shrink hemorrhoidal tissues, but prevent AO at the same time.

PHILGAS (Bangsund) Very nearly all my knowledge of Australia has been extracted from the Arthur Upfield books. In fact, I'm currently on yet another binge of reading them. A minor problem lies in the fact that they keep putting the same books on the stands here under different titles. I am thinking of making up a master checklist containing about the first paragraph of each book, to avoid duplicating my files.

THE LEAST (Raeburn) The lobster thermidor sounds groovy and I mean to try it, just as soon as I can put through the escrow papers on a pound of lobster.

FANTASIA (Wesson) Nope, our cat-finks do not require much grooming. Once in a while, they get disheveled about the stern and have to have it cleaned, but that's about all and it's entirely enough. The JDM pastiche was superb, but it appeared some years ago. If I can find my copy of that ish of VW, I'll pull a b-copy to send you. I can sympathize with a guy such as MacDonald, but like to think he might decline more gracefully. My Opel is well into its 81-st thousand miles and going great (knock wood). Hope yours does as well!

HELP! (Westblom) I brought back a Sverige roadmap for my collection. If I can find the map, I'll try to see where Bromme is located. Spent some time around Orrefors, as well as in Eskilstuna and Stockholm last October. It is a lovely country, though the prices seemed a shade startling in comparison to ours. Scotch, for example, is about double the cost. I did not see anything on the Stockholm tv that I'd pay \$50 a year for a license to watch, but then I don't watch much tv when I'm over here, either. Your account of the radio licence hassle fair curdles my soul!

RamFap (Calkins) Sounds as if you have a pretty respectable thunder storm going in your glass of water these days, but never a dull moment, it would seem. As it worked out, time ran so short I had to fly to Oroville, rather than driving up, so there went my hopes to looking in upon or at least calling some of you nortecalifornicos. Perhaps some other year, all going well. And I find I must bite this off for the now. Actually, doing mlg comments is sort of fun and I wonder why I don't do it oftener. If I did not touch upon your 'zine, please to forgive, as no slight was intended. I but took them off the stack, in the order previously established by devious old Ed Cox and you know how he are, right/right!! --dag

Stevens Stencil #1

If the next FAPA mailing appears with the alacrity of the last one, I better begin by wishing you Merry Christmas. Of course, there might be two schools of thought on the arrival date of the last FAPA mailing. Most would think that it arrived too late, but others might be of the opinion that it arrived too early. I happen to be of the latter school of thought.

1 With the two month delay in receiving the last FAPA mailing, a number of the local FAPA members began thinking of things which could be done. One of the most obvious possibilities was to write "Tarzan and the Lost Mailing of FAPA." After all, FAPA is almost ancient enough to be interesting if it were lost. Unfortunately, we still keep finding it.

The second obvious possibility was R*E*V*O*L*U*T*I*O*N. I pointed out to several of my associates that fandom had never had a for-gosh-wow-real Communist Revolution and People's Agrarian Reform Orgy. I also mentioned that since Boggs had pulled a CIA financed, Fascist takeover, it would follow that we should have a little insurgency. Besides, it would make a great lead story for SFinctor. As the leader of our mooted Communist Revolution, the was only an entirely and completely illogical choice, Dick Eney. We were about to write to Eney about being First People's Commisar of Soviet FAPA when the mailing arrived. Well, after the lateness of the next mailing, we may have another chance at it.

To change subjects, you may recall that I have been associated with a big fancy genzine in the recent past. Actually, about half of you may recall that. The other half of you either don't read genzines or have died or have done some other thing deleterious to fanac. I am listed at the editor of said genzine, although my actual function follows from my status as financier of the West. Anywhoha, I have encountered this problem. Our previous printer fled to Argentina and is no longer in the printing business. We then discovered that our previous printer worked for about 50% of the cost of any other printer in town. Convoisly, this means that our printing costs have doubled. Sooooo, now I have 126 pages of masters for Prehensile which it would cost me \$300 for 300 copies. Somehow, I feel that our 11 subscribers may not support this sort of expense. I have already written to my associate, Mr. Glycer, informing him that I feel a groundsweal of enthusiasm for small fannish fanzines. Or small sercon fanzines or small excerpts from the Yellow Pages or small anything else. We shall see.

There are definite disadvantages to big fancy genzines. Between issues, you can develop so many opinions with no way to express them. Most of the opinions aren't worth saving for six months, and you can't afford to publish them some other way. Also, if the mx opinions happen to be insulting (which many of mine are), you feel that you shoudn't give them a tremendous circulation to people who aren't even fans. It's sort of like a compulsion to keep your socks on for an entire issue of a fanzine.

If Mike and I continue with Prehensile, we're either going to have to reduce the number of pages or develop a marketing system like Andy Porter. Somehow, Andy Porter's marketing techniques don't look like all that much fun.

Stevens Stencil #2

Where was I? On the last stencil, I know somebody will tell me. And I think I was talking about the problems of big circulation genzines. After two hours of drinking between stencils, I find that I k no longer care about the problems of large circulation genzines. So who cares about a little money. But it wasn't a little money, now I remember. Now I remember why I cared. But I am still not interested in developing marketing techniques similar to Andy Portzills. Even if you succeed and end-up with a circulation of 1000 with 850 subscribers, so what? Subscribers just aren't that much fun. In fact, subscribers impress me as one of the most useless things in fandom.

Stencils, Man's Final Frontier. And I've just got back from dinner. Since I am now utterly polluted, I guess I better shift to something utterly scandalous. Like my plans for the invasion of Canada. Didn't know I was planning to invade Canada, did you? Actually, I wasn't planning to invade Canada before I started reading Angus Taylor's articles in Gogenschein. Angus is prepared to fight to the death to repel the ferocious U.S. Marines. I don't see any reason not to help him along. We could start an advertising campaign with stuff like, "Visit Canada, North America's Invasion Playground." Or, ~~XXX~~ "Save Energy, Invade Someplace in North America." We might use an old retreatal like, "Canadians Cut Hands Off Little Belgian Children." I'm sure it won't take a great deal of effort to inflame the American public into a paroxysm of hatred directed toward these atrocity committing swine north of the border.

If I can't cause enough trouble in Canada, I'm perfectly willing to consider other foreign countries to cause trouble in. Newcastle-on-Whatever looks like a probable place to cause trouble. They seem to be having a fanzine revival, so that indicates that they deserve trouble.

I would continue in this vein, but Cora Burbee just hit me in the head. And Ed Cox seems to want to run this whole mess off. So I think I'll end this stencil even without reaching the bottom.

But I seem to have a few more minutes before I have to give up this stencil, so now that South Viet Nam has been given up, where else can we look to spend billions of dollars of our tax money. Where else but Northern North America? Let's take over the oil fields and uranium mines up there, now that we've lost South Viet Nam. What else do we have to play with now?

Some of the above was not written by Milton F. Stevens. You figure out which please

This is a good place to remind all the membership of FAPA not to forget to vote for

R O Y T A C K E T T F O R T A F F

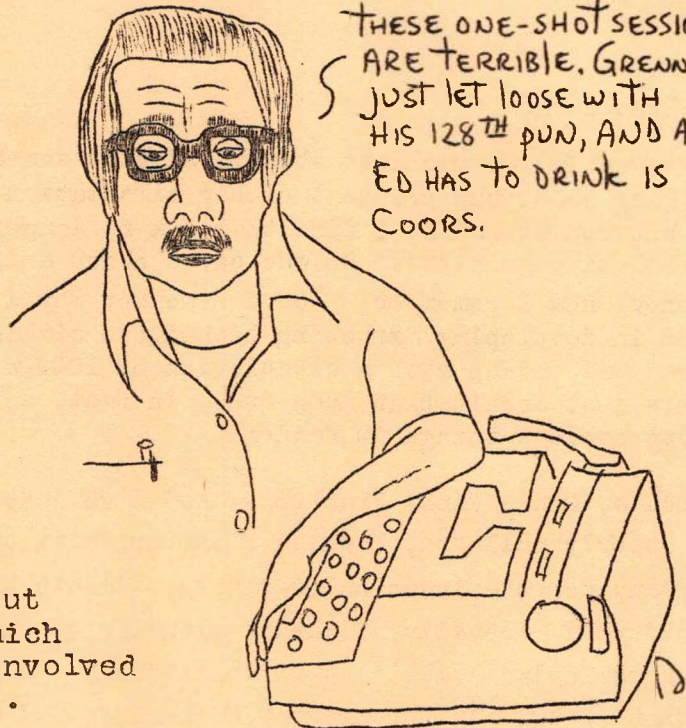
There is something about the nature of a one-shot which prompts otherwise sane people to temporarily forsake drinks, amusing conversation, staring down low-cut dresses, and maybe even a good Hearts game, just for the purpose of sitting down at a typewriter and cranking out drivvel.

There is also something about the nature of a one-shot which prompts those who are not involved to avoid reading the things.

I can sympathize with those who don't read one-shots. I don't read them, either. I also try to avoid participating in them, and only Ghod knows why I would want to drive all the way out to EdCo's house to beat an unstaccato rythm on one of his antiquated typewriters (using one of Ed's typewriters is like typing in a bowl of oatmeal mush; you have to press the keys about a full inch downwards before the letters grumblingly consent to rise up and hit the stencil). Perhaps my problem is that it's been so long since I worked on a one-shot that subconsciously I feel I should put myself through this again just because a little bit of suffering is good for the soul. It's also been a long time since I've eaten ochra, been pissed in the face by a newborn child, had a case of lover's nuts, or had a chair slammed across my back - however, as long as I feel that a bit of suffering is long overdue, I've decided there's no sense piddling around with this kind of minor stuff. So I'll go for the whole boot: I'll participate in a one-shot for FAPA.

Ghod will be proud of the degree to which I am humbling myself by this action.

Now, what does one say in a one-shot? I'm sure I read one once, a long time ago, but I can't remember what it was all about. But then, since no one but the drunken participants will be reading this, what does it really matter? The only thing I remember about doing one-shots is that you insidiously try to avoid changing the stencil. Why one tries to avoid this I don't know, but it is customary that one try. Not being a person who likes to break these age-old traditions, I'll do my best to measure up. However, if I fail in this task does it mean that I can go back to the living room and drink booze and look down low-cut dresses?



Squat-tag in an asparagus patch - or - Locke mumbles onward...

In my opinion - getting back to what I was saying - a really low-cut dress should end exactly at ground level. That would be low. Also, they should start at knee level. That also would be low. Running across the tops of the nipples is not really low, in my opinion, although it might be considered so by a satyr who is also a track star. Or a very quick elf. ("I had the strangest dream last night. I dreamt I was running across the tops of nipples." "How big were they?" "About the size of volkswagens." "How big were you?" "Inadequate.")

Digressions such as this are acceptable in one-shots, I've been told.

So let's keep it up (we're off the subject of low-cut dresses now). I listen to a very strange radio station each morning while driving to work. Most of the music it plays is quite terrible, but the news is fascinating. Yesterday they quoted from the manuscript of a trial, and the judge had said something like: "All right, as I understand it now you and your husband had a very violent argument that night, and he kicked you in the ensuing fracas." "Oh no, your honor," protested the woman, "he kicked me in the stomach." Another story concerned a woman who attended a local Fair, and the commentator explained that she had been "attacked in the amusement area".

Strange station. You never know when they're doing the news straight, intentionally pulling a boner, unintentionally pulling a boner, or outright pulling your leg. And they lie a lot, too. And for some strange reason they never seem to give out their call letters...

Well, enough of this drivvel. Let's move onwards to some other kind of drivvel.

A slan shack is when two fans go off for the weekend

I've seen several mentions crop up lately regarding an operation which the Japanese are performing. I first heard of this about ten years ago, and then not at all until the last few months at which point I started seeing it mentioned quite regularly. The operation is to put an artificial hymen in women who no longer have one (for the woman who has everything else). None of the latest reports quite capture the flavor of the first one I saw. There, they went into some of the advertising which the Japanese were using. Obviously, this is a fine operation for a woman about to be married if it so happens that she's concerned about that kind of thing. But one of the advertising statements was: "Surprise your husband on father's day!" Fancy that, now. I don't think "surprise" would be the word for it. The look on the poor bastard's face would probably be amusement enough for the price paid.

VASECTOMY OR NOT VASECTOMY

Ed Cox

In this day and age of enlightenment and the new, more lenient, morality, and the fact that I am now "single" again, it occurred to me some time ago that it would possibly be a good thing to have a vasectomy. That is, after the first idea of it had come and gone and I finished throwing up.

But, after the early old-wives tales, if you'll pardon the expression, of the terrible after effects and the grotesquely swollen scrotum and all that sort of jazz had dwindled away into proper perspective, it did come to my attention that it could be a "good thing" to get one.

"Why don't you go and get 'clipped' honey", was the way it was put to me by a lady with whom I had gotten very...uh...friendly. She was sort of concerned, for some reason or other, about the possibility of bearing children. Again.

As was I.

Not that I'd bear them, that is, but-- You probably get the idea.

If you're reading this...

Well, I considered it. After all, I think to myself, think of the freedom and un-repressed wonderfulness that this could facilitate. Especially in this new day and age of morality. Whatever that is. Or was, for that matter. The major drawback of this golden, warm morning of sexuality is that ol' debbil: Childbirth.

And, of course, with dat bigger ol' debbil, Malthian Theory looming ever grimmer over the western food-producing nations of the world, which are the only ones that at this time really practice any kind of birthcontrol, then the idea came to appeal even more than when I first think of it.

Except for the fact that I'd actually have to go into some doctor's office and really go through with it. But then, one of the guys in the office went and had it done and it didn't seem to be anywhere as bad as the old-wives' tales had had it to be. Or wotever. In fact, he as much as said that it wasn't as bad as he thought it was going to be. In fact, he even checked it out several days before he was supposed to.

"I tried it last night and it still works!" was the way he put it.

Okay, I thought, this is the route I ought to go. Just think how nice it is that I can relieve many young ladies, or not so young ladies (more my age) from the Danger of the Pill. Or the Coil or wotever. Think how happy I shall make them when they will already be happy not to be taking the Pill while I'm making them happy.

If I could only find some of them to make happy...

At any rate, I considered the idea of going and having a vasectomy. Of course, the phraseology isn't too good. "Having a vasectomy..." sounds something like having a baby. This, of course, is not the same. Having a baby is gaining something. Having a vasectomy is, sort of, losing something. Psychologically, if no other way. So, I thought about it.

After that, I thought about it as a fan. After all, I was brought up on JWCjr ASTOUNDINGS, the post-war (remember WWII folque?) and the "after-the-Bomb" stories. When the continuation of the Human Race depended upon a few. And there was usually this one guy, or two or three, and a whole raft of women, or even a whole bunch, and each of them had to be impregnated to perpetuate the race. Of Mankind.

I thought about this. I have even read Earth Abides by George Stewart.

So a whole new dimension of thought unfolded unto me. What would happen if there was one of these type catastrophes, like in all these Hollywood movies, where something wipes out all of humankind (or hupersonkind) except for about seventy-eight women, of various ages and nubility, and me?

I would be the only Man capable of impregnating these women so as to repopulate the planet.

I would consider this a duty, a service (if you'll pardon the expression) to the noble works and memory of Mankind, and Womankind, or, as the new fringe extremists would have it, Personkind, to keep the race going onward, and upward or wherever it was going all the time.

How else to revere the works of Back, Beethoven and Bacharach and Einstein, Wilber and Orville Wright and MacDonald's and so on. So, putting aside my own, deeply personal feelings, motives and drives (like completing my collection of Perry Rhodan), I would sacrifice myself and devote my entire energies and drive to impregnating all the women so that our race would once again flower, grow and become a nation of consumers.

If, of course, I hadn't had a vasectomy.

Thinking of the ramifications, the real possibilites, the likely profound impact on the continuation of my race, I re-considered.

Therefore, with the real possibility that I could be the perpetuator of Mankind, as we know it, I deferred getting a vasectomy. Or even having one.

After all, I'd hate to be the one responsible for the final phasing out of the race of Homo Sapiens just because of a selfish inclination on the part of two or three, or, hopefully, more wcmen around here who have no concept of what the ultimate penalty of this act could be.

So, in the interests of mankind, I decided against having the vasectomy.

After all, it could be against the best interests of mankind.

And especially of womankind, after all.

---Ed Cox

The above has been the Shakespearean article for this one-shot. Not that he probably ever considered this problem. But the fact is that we have to finish off this page and there is no other reason necessary than to say, for all FAPAns, and others, to vote:

ROY TACKETT FOR TAFF

(Continued from page 1.)

Yet I punched out no "o's" on my two pages. Of course, maybe my two pages won't reproduced And that typeover reminds me of another thing.

A few days ago, in fact, a week or two ago when Larry Shaw was here and we were running off the MWA newsletter. I noticed, or Larry notice, maybe we both noticed that the little brush in the corful bottle was getting thin. Like thinning hair. Yesterday, while attempting to use it, Dean Grennell noticed that it had gone completely bald.

This brings up an interesting question which is deserving of a lot of thought, observation and statistical data keeping. Probably something that can occupy a great amount of time, and pages, in FAPA for the next few years.

What is the life-span of a head of corflu applicator bristles? After all, less deserving topics have certainly occupied more space and time (see how cleverly I inserted a science-fictionish reference in here?) in FAPA in the past. So, we can try to determine this important parameter. I can start it off by noting that the corflu bottle is the Bohn brand. That pretty well dates it since it goes back to the time when the L.A.S.F.S. had gotten the Rex-Rotary in place of the original Gestetner 120. We all switched brands to some extent. It could be ten years old. Anyway, that's a staart for you. I will now turn the problem over to the enquiring, scientific minds of FAPA.

Another footnote I can make to some of the prior material herein is Dave Hulan's bemusement over the situation of finding an antique (i.e., manual) typewriter in front of him as he typed on the stencil. While I do have four typewriters, again, only one of them (this one) is fully electric (the rest are fully non-electric). Someday, maybe, I will have four typewriters and all will be electric. The portable is not working too well right now. A slight problem with the spacing bar. However, four typewriters were going full tilt yesterday, all at the very same time.

Charles Burbee had brought his own, old Underwood standard with him (as is the procedure in the Classical Burbee-type One-shot). It and the other three of mine working were making the glad sounds of the one-shot. Fortunately, all of them were working at the individual pieces of prose to be found earlier in this publication.

The problem, or maybe the FAPA readership will consider the blessing, is that the way it turned out, there was no round-robin type editorial written. That, of course, is the style of the Claassic Lee Jacobs type one-shot. One typewriter, all the participants rotate in turn at the typer. It has nothing to do with the NFFF, tho.

So, here it is. A Genuine One-Shot for FAPA. We hope our efforts will not go un-noticed. Maybe un-responded to, to be sure, but not un-noticed. In fact, if we are successful, maybe it will rally FAPA together, if only in outrage that it has happened to them again.

And, who knows, we might do it again, too.

Maybe even this year!

---Ed Cox