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FAPA 117

SCIENCE-FICTION FIVE-YEARLY



1870

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO



This issue is dedicated to
Bjo & John Trimble
Ron Ellick
Al Lewis
Felice and Joe Rolfe
Karen & Poul Anderson
and all the others
who so warmly welcomed
the Second Annual Fanoclast Trek

A FEW WORDS FROM OUR SPONSOR

It seems as if the lustrums slip past more swiftly than ever these days. Certainly the last few weeks of our publishing lustrum are all too short. One moment there is Plenty Of Time. The next thing we know, the deadline is upon us and we must rush to press. Seems like we barely get our fingernails clean from one issue when it's time to ink up for the next.

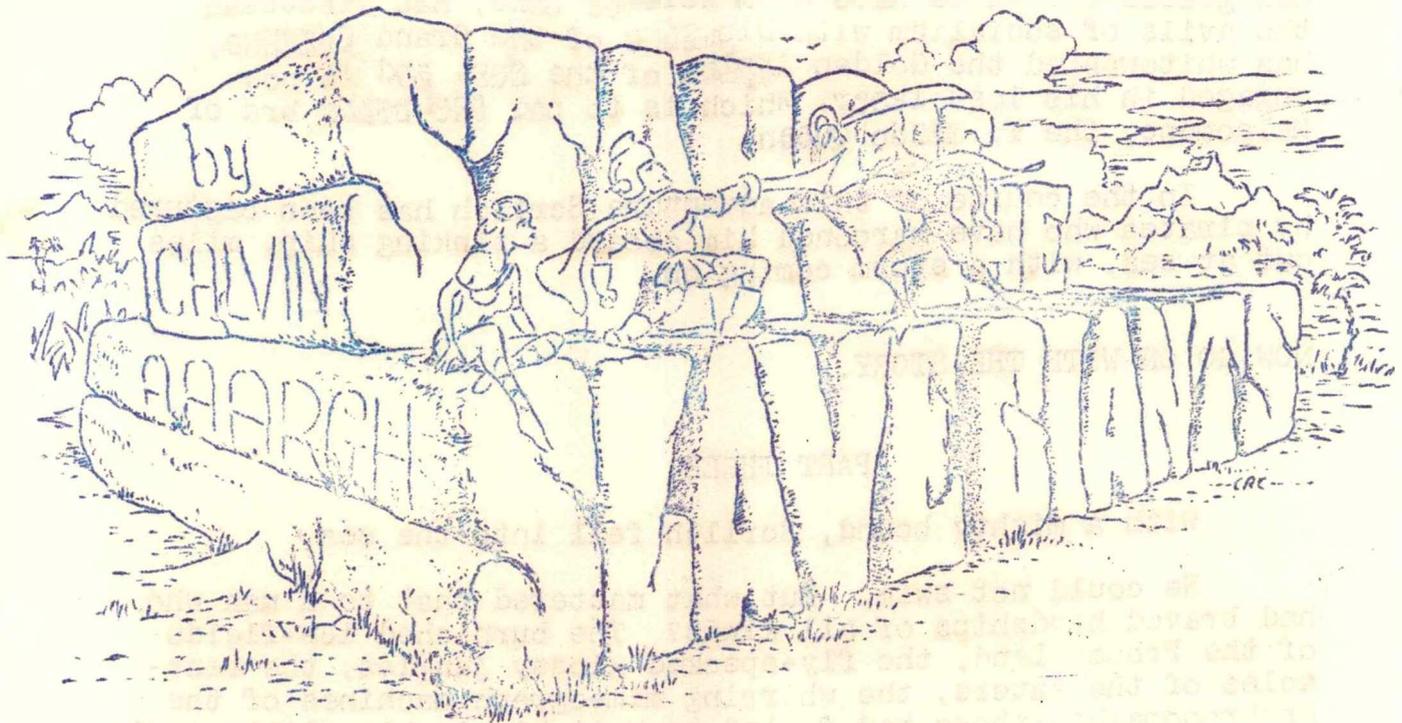
And there are Problems involved in a publication like SFFY, a number of which are insurmountable. Those of you who've tried running with the wettest wet inks known to civilized man on bond-type paper, using external inking on a Speed-o-print Model L type mimeograph will know what I mean. I will spare the rest of you the gory details. I couldn't really explain what I mean...not without getting tear-stains on the typer.

At no little effort and expense, we are again bringing you the most popular feature included in previous issues: a plethora of exciting new typographical errors. We are also including some sudden switches from the editorial "we" to the editorial "I" and back again. Despite the increasing costs of publication, we continue to feature these at no additional charge to you. However, we do ask that if you wish to point them out to us, you forward a small payment of 10¢ per type to cover the cost of handling.

You may be interested to know that for this issue our editorial staff (namely me) has scoured the countryside, travelling to such wild and exotic places as San Diego and Brooklyn to obtain the material included herein. And we want to offer special thanks to our artists, who travelled from the remote wildernesses of New Jersey, Ft. Eustis, and Manhattan, to provide us with the illustrations for this issue, with one exception, committing them to stencil themselves. And an additional thanks goes to Ted White for getting us the paper and delivering it and all that. Much obliged.

(Continued on page 38)





A Serial in Four Parts

Part Three

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALLMENTS

Floyd Scrilch is the hero. He has been in trouble for most of the story and is doing his level best to survive till the fourth installment. A noble figure of a man, six feet eight inches tall and weighing more than a hundred pounds, Scrilch acquits himself deftly with blaster, sword, pop-gun or water-pistol, depending on the whim of his opponents and the mood of the author.

While visiting the planet, Zyz, whose western hemisphere is a grim, bleak desert of permafrost and whose eastern hemisphere is a torrid, steaming sweltering rainforest full of monsters and whose northern hemisphere is a landless ocean infested by roving bands of ruddy-bearded pirates and whose southern hemisphere is a densely populated teeming mass of overcrowded apartment houses, Scrilch has enrolled in the service of Mong of Mingo, the hearty, good-natured tyrant of the South. Scrilch, gallant gentleman-adventurer that he is, has undertaken to perform any tasks Mong might care to set for him. At Mong's command, Scrilch has collared the Wild Capybara of the East, has amputated several heads of the Eig Red Cheese of Metaporpha, has captured the Golden-Hooved Whisenant of the Western Marches, has koshered the Wild Pig of Teleport Aviv, has polluted the Aegean Stables, has resubmerged Mu, has

Aaargh-2

trimmed the nails of the Ogre of the Fifth Worp Dimension, has gelded the White Mare of Mistletoe Lake, has discussed the evils of socialism with Diomedes of the Grand Commune, has whitewashed the Golden Apples of the Sun, and is now engaged in his last labor, which is to pad the brass bra of Melpomene, the Amazon Queen.

In the course of this adventure Scrilch has been captured by pirates who have marooned him aboard a sinking ship, miles out at sea, with a storm coming on.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

PART THREE

With a mighty bound, Scrilch fell into the sea.

He could not swim. But what mattered that to a man who had braved hardships of all kinds? The burnished ice-fields of the Frozen Land, the fly-specked glossy jungles, the tentacles of the Eaters, the whirring mimeograph machines of the anthropopaghi--those had failed to halt him in his glitteringly heroic progress. How could a mere thing like water cause him any trouble?

He bobbed along only a few feet below the surface, gasping for breath.

Could this be...the end?

Floyd Scrilch--drowned--in a dirty bathrobe?

The irony of it! The agony! The ecstasy! Down, down, down! His lungs gurgled. His ears bubbled. From his nostrils issued the dread stream of encapsulated oxygen pellets that spelled his doom.

"Help!" he alveolized feebly.

But no help was forthcoming. Hundreds of miles from any known body of land, trapped in torrential rain, tossed on the bosom of an all too voluptuous ocean, Scrilch realized that the end indeed had come, one goddam installment too soon. Oh, the bitterness of it all! The treachery! The consummate and exquisite misery!

His feet grazed against a sandy bottom.

For one dread moment Scrilch feared that this was the end, that he had fallen to the depths of the sea and, somehow, remained

Agberg-3

yet aware of his circumstances even as he touched the ocean floor. It was a melancholy prospect. For several minutes Scrilch allowed himself the luxury of introspective self-pity, which had not been permitted to dying heroes of an earlier day.

Then it occurred to him that he was being washed ashore on a desert island.

Like a puzzled whale, Scrilch heaved his mighty bulk on the amber shore and lay there a long while, wheezing, dripping salt water, and bleeding from the million tiny cuts inflicted by the vicious little arrowhead slugs, a breed of fish that is common in these waters. Overhead the sun was a great unwinking swollen eye, mildly bloodshot and slightly astigmatic. In vast gasping sighs Scrilch let the sea ebb from his waterlogged body.

Strength returned, in a sense. He slathered a few more feet up the shore, using his arms and legs the way a turtle might, and leaving a track not greatly different from the track made by the first bold amphibious fish as it crept ashore to start the whole damn deal. Sand penetrated the interstices of his skin, but he did not mind. To breathe the air again! To fill his logy lungs with the sparkling, slightly over-nitrogenous air! To be alive!

He felt a booted foot press vigorously against his shoulder-blades. Weight was exerted; gray, salty water spurted from his throat.

Again...again....again....

A divine stranger was artificially respiring him. The weakened Scrilch was suffused with gratitude, and gasped out his thanks in hoarse, ragged filaments of sound.

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he ejaculated.

But gradually he became aware that the gesture of the booted foot was not one of neighborly consideration, but one of contempt. He was being tromped on. Slowly and painfully Scrilch leaped to his feet, fire in his eye.

"Your grandfather," a tender, huskily female voice informed him, "was unfit to be the barber of a pig."

Scrilch stared in dazzled amazement at the splendid woman who stood before him, arms akimbo, mouth drawn back in a sneer that looked sadistic and sensual all at once. A silvery tunic revealed as much as it concealed of her lushly contoured body, while her high bosom was just barely contained in breastplates of some shining yellow metal.

The breastplates were lowcut, exposing the delectable valley between the right breast and the center one, and also baring the plunging crevasse that separated the center bosom from its companion on the left.

"Melpomene!" Scrilch hypothesized. "Melpomene, the Trimazon Queen! I have sought you through thin and thick, through salty and peppery, these many months! You are the twelfth and last labor imposed upon me by Mong of Mingo! Now I can fulfill it and earn my vacation!"

"A Trimazon knows naught of labor," Melpomene lipped thinly.

"Not you!" hissed Scrilch. "Me! Me!"

"I'm no obstetrician either. Sorry, pal, but you've come to the wrong island."



Aaargh-5

Listen, this'll only take a minute," Scrilch said, reaching tempestuously for the shimmering breastplates that covered those three heaving mounds of succulent flesh.

But his groping hands did not reach the forbidden bastion. Whipping out her trident, the warrior queen thrust it against scrilch's chest.

"Prepare to die, loathed male," she gritted, and tensed her muscles for the fatal disembowelment. "Prepare to die!"

TO BE CONCLUDED

---Bob Silverberg

BE SURE TO MISS THE NEXT EXCITING INSTALLMENT OF

STAR OF SLAVE GIANTS

in which the indomitable Floyd Scrilch meets

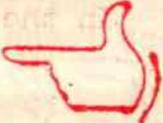
*The Dread Haberackers
of Outer Space...*

without a rosenblum to his name.

In the November 1971 issue.

STAR OF

Bob Tucker

HOW I PLOTTED TO
GET DAG 
FLANG INTO JAIL ON
HORRENDOUS CHARGES
AND THEN SPRING HIM
IN THE NICK OF TIME!

Write this on the spine of the oldest copy of WONDER STORIES that you own: Monday, July 19, 1965 was a momentous day in history. On that day there occurred five seemingly unrelated events of vast import, each one touching on fandom to a greater or lesser degree, and at least two of which may yet plunge all fandom into war. The historic events of the day were these:

- 1) Dean and Jean Grennell were visiting the Tucker freehold.
- 2) Quark arrived in the morning mail.
- 3) One of my sons decided to publish a fanzine.
- 4) An incredibly evil scheme was hatched, the results of which may be visible to fandom this year or next.
- 5) Adlai Stevenson was being buried in Bloomington ten miles away, his home town, and some fifty thousand people were lining the streets to gawk at politicians in the funeral cortege.

Those five memorable points, in order:

1) The Grennells were making their first visit to the home of the Scion of Eofandom in ten years, having last visited here in 1955 while the house was being built. Dean was properly impressed to find that I had gotten it erected, and equally amazed to learn that my unregenerate offspring had not succeeded in tearing it down again in that same decade. He muttered something beneath his breath about wishing he had brought his striplings along for the day. We raised our beer cans high in a quiet toast to William Holden (that's an in-group joke, lads) and he showed me the very same Oldsmobile station wagon that had chased deer over snow-covered Wisconsin highways at eighty miles an hour. A bit of antler protruded from the radiator grille. I also found marks on the hood that appeared to be scratches caused by bear paws, but DAG declined comment.

Tucker-2

In addition to the usual traveling gear, the Oldsmobile was packed to the gunnels with cameras and firearms, the owner's other two hobbies beside fandom and the begetting of children. My older boys were impressed with both but exhibited the keenest delight in the handguns, being as civilised as most. A few empty cartridge cases were passed around as keepsakes.

2) Quark arrived in the mail, and DAG snatched it up with sounds of glee to bite out the holding staple with one strong thunk of his teeth. I turned my attention to the daily chore of destroying bills and past-due notices, burning illegible fanzines, and hiding royalty checks from the family. In the opposite chair, the sounds of glee had turned to distress. My guest was growing red above the collar. He seemed aghast. There was some comment about him in Quark which sent his usually-sweet temper a'boiling. I'm sorry to report that I can't remember the offending matter at this late date; there is a hazy memory that it may have had something to do with political matters, in or out of fandom, but whatever it was, it rubbed DAG the wrong way. He waved his arms in the air and befouled the nearby fields with strong language ("he cursed like a trooper") while mothers ran to cover the ears of innocent children.

I attempted to defend the hapless, distant editor, suggesting that it was all a natural mistake and Thom Perry had confused him with someone else named Degler, but DAG would have none of it. His anger burned, and in the end he swore a terrible revenge, a mighty vow. Quark, he declared, would be gone within a year. The die was cast.

3) My son, David, who was eleven that year, was fascinated by the talk of fanzines. He had looked through mine infrequently, asking questions and staring at Rotsler illustrations, but until then had shown no real and fannish interest in them. Suddenly that day, he did, and I suspected a fan was born. In his childish eagerness and ignorance he prattled of fifty and hundred page issues, while DAG and I listened, thunderstruck; he talked of beautiful covers and big names on the contents pages and innumerable subscription dollars rolling into his pockets to spend on comic books and bubblegum. We cringed.

Less than a year later his first issue appeared. It was school-oriented, filled with juvenile offerings and the inevitable science fiction story about a mysterious submarine. It included a filler by Pong, and because of that and a covering page to make it eligible, it was put into a FAPA mailing under my frank. Three or four more issues have followed, and I was astounded one day to see a DOLLAR arrive in the mail for a long-term subscription. That made me realize that there was big money to be made in the fanzine business.

4) The incredibly evil scheme was really hatched in the quick, cunning mind of DAG as we sat in the cooling shade of the century-old sequoia I had planted ten years before. An ingenious plan. I fell easily into the scheme with snorts and chuckles of diabolic

Tucker-3

glee, for it seemed so right, so timely, so long overdue. The dark plot is even now taking on substance and already a handful, a bare handful of far-flung fans, have gained an inkling of what is to come. They must know sooner or later, for perhaps a half-dozen of them will become embroiled before the plot bears flower. Time is not of the essence; our scheme has a deliberately slow-burning fuse. You may become aware of it this year or next, unless someone runs you out of fandom beforehand. A pity.

5) Adlai Stevenson had died in London a week earlier. The body was flown first to Washington DC, and then to Springfield, Illinois, where it was transferred to a hearse and carried fifty miles along Route 66 to Bloomington for burial. Bloomington is the hometown of the Stevenson family. Adlai's sister still resides there and the town's oldest cemetery contains the family plot where several generations lie, including Adlai Stevenson I, who was vice president of these United States under Grover Cleveland. Bloomington is so proud of its native son that it twice snubbed him in the national elections, giving instead a landslide of local votes to his opponent, Dwight Eisenhower, in 1952 and 1956. Within a day after his death, hastily printed placards appeared in shop windows bearing his picture and the legend "Our Fallen Statesman." Several pious businessmen announced they would forego profits on the day of the funeral and close their stores for an entire hour in respect for the fallen statesman.

Whoever was in charge of funeral arrangements made over the event into a production, only slightly smaller in size than the funeral of President Kennedy. A church was kept open 24 hours a day, enabling those voters who had snubbed him to walk by the casket and perhaps snitch a flower as a souvenir; a University field house was obtained for a giant memorial service; an enterprising insurance company opened its large meeting hall to incoming reporters and established a press headquarters there; telephone crews erected a radio relay tower atop the city's tallest building just in case the TV networks decided to carry the funeral "live"; and the police announced that parking along the funeral route would be prohibited, which was fair warning to every motorist who had planned to leave his car on the street the night before to gain a ringside seat the next day.

The local rocket went up on Sunday afternoon, when word came that President Johnson and his family would attend the services the following day.

* * *

Bloomington's normal population of about 37,000 nearly doubled overnight as the gawkers and camp followers poured in from outlying villages and farms to watch the show. Hotel and motel rooms couldn't be had for a premium. Chartered busses from somewhere--perhaps Chicago--brought in about 200 newsmen, sob sisters, camera crews and Big Name Announcers; another 70 White House and Washington correspondents flew in with the President. Swarms of high and low politicians suddenly decided that they too should attend the

Tucker-4

funeral, and the delighted townspeople were treated to the rare sight of droves of governors, lieutenant-governors, senators, garden variety congressmen, Supreme Court justices, cabinet members, metropolitan mayors, and a covey of lesser lights such as nationally known authors and actors who wanted to be seen in the parade. Some of them may have attended because they really wished to pay their respects.

State, county and city police joined forces with the Secret Service in such numbers they were bumping into each other on street corners and, for all I know, frisking each other as suspicious characters. A call went out to locate and bring in "for safe keeping" the local anarchist, but he was never found. Postal inspectors roamed up and down the streets the motorcade would follow, checking mail boxes for concealed bombs. City garbage crews were sent along the same route to remove garbage cans from sight and hide them behind houses. All local ambulances and hospitals were put on a standby alert, and two "escape routes" were laid out between downtown and the airport, in case something happened. Four Secret Service men took their stations at the City, two to handle crank calls and two to render harmless any bombs as might be found. Off-duty firemen were called in and posted at the airport with a fire truck. The church that would be the scene of the funeral ceremony was checked brick by crevice, and then a snow fence was set up around it to keep out the rabble. One imaginative newsman, irked because the Secret Service would not permit him and his cronies to crowd the casket at the cemetery, put a story on the wire to the effect that an unruly crowd rushed the barriers and trampled graves in their eagerness to get close to the actual burial. The local chief of police indignantly branded him a liar.

And all the while, I sat at home in the cooling shade of the century-old redwoods with nervous tendrils twitching, turning pale every time the phone rang--I hoped it rang not for me. Monday was my day off, I was being royally entertained by the Grennells, and the last thing on earth I wanted or needed was a call to work, a call to come into Bloomington and elbow my way through that mob. Color me chicken.

You remember me: I'm the chap who toils in the Technicolored Entertainment Industry. I not only crank the talking pictures and set up the scenery for travelling road shows, but I am on call to supply crews for movie, newsreel and TV camera crews when they are in the field, my field. We all belong to the same guild, you know, and this is an interlocking monopoly. My local group supplies cablemen, electricians, spotlight operators, assistant this-or-that, or whatever a TV or movie cameraman may need in the way of help while working in the field, and if just one of those cameramen covering the funeral decided he needed help, he would pick my name and number out of the handy little directory in his pocket and I would be obligated to go into town and find a crew for him. I didn't want that. Not that day. I didn't want to fight the mob

Tucker-5

and then fight the Secret Service people who didn't know me and hadn't previously cleared me for such close work; I didn't want to tag around after some crazy cameraman, toting his dirty cable, while he whispered to the minister to speak louder or asked the President to turn his best profile this way a bit. I didn't want to have to find the power supply in that outsized University field house--I knew where it was, and I know what it would entail: some genius had put the incoming power supply under the floor, under a corner of the basketball floor, and more than once I have been a member of the stage crew which has had to move people and chairs off that corner of the floor to reach the electric outlet. (It is the only outlet offering 440 service, and the only safe outlet which cannot be lost in the middle of things when some damned fool somewhere in the building turns off a switch. We split the 440 into the number of circuits needed for the stage and have learned the hard way not to rely on anything else stuck into the walls and called a "wall plug.")

Most of all, I didn't want to be trampled by 200-plus scoop crazy reporters bent on reaching the same spot at the same time---remember those two escape routes set up by the police? That many rampaging newspeople may be compared to an equal number of water buffalo in headlong flight, wouldn't you say Mr. Warner?

Luckily, happily, the phone did not toll for me that day. My fellow monopolists in town ignored me. I saw some of the TV shots that evening and noted with relief that every cameraman in sight was using hand-wound cameras and existing light, be it church window or fieldhouse basketball lighting. I would have felt as silly as hell standing in the church (if I ever got into the church) panning lights back and forth from minister to coffin to President, while the crazy cameraman muttered directions from a corner of his mouth. (All TV cameramen are crazy. That is a good story for a future day.)

* * *

The afternoon waned, as afternoons do in the temperate zone, and the Grennells repacked their bear-clawed Oldsmobile for the next leg of the journey; they were on a combination business-and-pleasure jaunt and the next stop was the business kind. DAG asked for the quickest route to Peoria, a wicked city famed in song and story. Regretfully, I had to tell him it was too late to go there for business, because a reform administration had closed down all the interesting shops.

Somewhat pained, the meanwhile casting anxious glances at his wife, DAG denied being interested in that kind of business and asked again for the shortest route. Recognizing an opportunity, I told him. I said, go into Bloomington on this road, then turn west on Route 150--it was as simple as that and even he couldn't get lost.



Tucker-6

The man blanched. Into Bloomington, he quavered? What that awesome procession under way? With his car loaded to the gunnels with arms and ammunition? Was I crazy? Didn't I realize what would happen to him and his wife? Think of the children alone in the world!

But I quickly assured him there was absolutely no cause for alarm; after all, he was a privileged character. Law officers around the world recognize their own kind and smooth the way for each other. All he need do was flash his Germantown police card, get off a snappy salute, thrust his head through the open window and yell out "TEN---FOUR!" He could whiz right along.

DAG stared aghast. (He has aghast eye.) He cringed, and cried out that he would be flang into jail to rot.

Not so, I assured him. If the very worst happened and the lawmen failed to honor his credentials, I, personally, would intercede on his behalf. I pointed out that now I had a powerful friend in court, a powerful political crony, and if the locals were so ignorant as to harm him, I would speak to my friend and spring him.

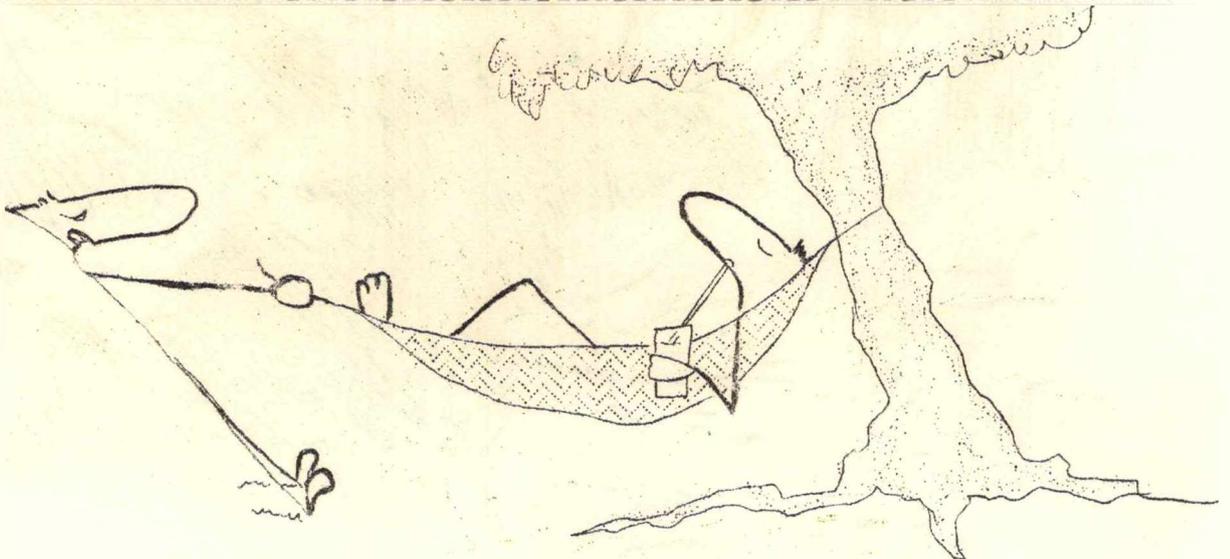
His following question was somewhat sarcastic.

Drawing myself up pridefully, I said that now I was the only remaining Democrat voter in Copake County, and my powerful ally in Bloomington would realize that. He would welcome the opportunity to do a favor before flying back to Washington. Together, we would and could spring DAG before the rot set in.

The craven faaan found another route to Peoria.

---Bob Tucker, Eof

"I had one grunch but the eggplant over there" --Harlan Ellison



!Nissaja

By Nalrah Nosille

PART III

SYNOPSIS OF THE THRILLING PARTS THAT WENT-BEFORE:

Dorgla, Emir of Joungfrou, upon realizing his court had been infiltrated by the deadly Filthy Folk (who had been smuggled into the kraal within giant pomegranates ostensibly brought by the Slave Trader Koung as oblations) sent back through all of time for a mercenary who could venture through the Seven Valleys of Pain to seek out and kill the Tainted One, not realizing it was she, his own mother, the breeder of lies, the teller of sighs, the wind-woman who had herself sired him out of anguish and wedlock. Dorgla's seeker-beam plucked the dissipated rum-runner Aaron Horstmann from his bunk in the Saigon cocaine-parlor, even as the renegades who had been trailing him in an attempt to regain their forged rice-quota books, found him and closed in for the kill. Horstmann materialized in Dorgla's ante-chamber, out of phase, only half-substantial in Dorgla's alternate universe. Insubstantial as a wraith, Horstmann found himself half-man, half-shadow, even more aptly equipped to serve Dorgla's needs than the Emir had hoped.



Given the Ring of Silence and the Whip With A Million Eyes, Horstmann--amoral and without reasons to refuse--agreed to seek out The Tainted One, slay her, and return with the bagged eyes of the demon, in exchange for which he would be given super-normal powers in the world Horstmann had left behind. Riding the West Wind, Horstmann entered the first of the Seven Valleys of Pain, the dreaded Gulf of Weariness, where even the onyx birds that flew overhead were consumed with fatigue and plummeted to the ground to be swallowed whole by the living soil that sucked and roiled in darkness eternal.

Horstmann, in shadowy insubstantiality, fell prey to the fatigue, plunged forward and was swallowed up. Black viscousness surrounded him. His very fiber of ego felt torn and ripped by the madness that lived within the soil. The struggle was a short, inept one. Horstmann succumbed.

NOW! GO ON TO THE THRILLING PART III!!

"Rogoth!" Horstmann screamed, as he freed himself by dint of sheer will-power. "Rogoth!" And he burst out into an underground cavern of such size that the far walls were shrouded in mist and dampness.

Then, he saw it...the real menace of this place of death.

The Golden Thing that lived in that cavern.

Horstmann settled himself, and unshipped the Whip With A Million Eyes. "Come, desolation, come filth, come, I await!" He cried, in a voice not his own.

And from the depths, from the darkness, it came.

DON'T MISS PART IV IN THE NEXT ISSUE!

A PILGRIM in
Never-Never*
Country

(*well...hardly ever)

The hiatus since the last appearance of SFFY has witnessed many things, including a detectable exodus of faans from the mid-continental hinterlands to the coastal areas..as though the helicoptered hordes were emulating the enigmatic lemming, at least up to a point.

The state of Wisconsin, once one of the cooler hotbeds of faanish endeavour, today lies fallow, barren and all but devoid of the faintest crepittance of crifanac. In the days when mastadons the ilk of Bloch lumbered across its frozen tundra, upward of 6% of all FAPA resided within its limits (why, modern medical science is totally at a loss to suggest). Today: pfft: nobody a-tall.

How come?

The obvious metaphor makes treacherous footing: one starts to say that they took off for greener pastures but that hardly explains why Bloch and Boggs and your present scribe (D.A.G., AMORC) came to rest in Southern California, where months go past without producing enough precipitation to stickify the goo on a postage stamp. Any verdant turf in SoCal exists via the tender solliciture of some grass-worshipping homeowner who coddles it with water that comes through the meter. At a casual glance, one might imagine that this would be a lively thing; that you'd be able to wash your auto for once with little fear that the ensuing deluge would leave it all streaks and speckles. However, the aforesaid suburbanites douse the square-footage with such fanatic intensity that you can't drive a clean car through the endless gantlets of sprinklers without getting it just as blasted empockulated as if it had fared beneath natural rain from the heavens on high. In their sollicitude for the desiccated shootlets, the sprinklers spray and spew on grass and macadam with fine impartiality and you become accustomed to the sight of surplus water burbling down the gutters in babbly rivulets, the runoff from lavishly drenched lawns beyond counting. Someone, you figure, needs their head bored for the sillies.

The rest of the country views California with considerable askance and its neither portion with a ration even more lavish. From the perspective of a come-lately emigré, I can attest to this with no small degree of authority. Well do I recall the aghastly murmurs voiced by countless friends and acquaintances back in Beerville when I confided that I was proposing to number myself among the 1500 souls who surge into SoCal each day of the year from the less magnetic regions. Their general attitude might be compared to that of the compeers of a Buddhist bonze who announces that he is off to the local Shell station for a gallon of their ethyl and a book of matches. "My ghod, the Smog," they expostulated; "It costs a fortune to live out there," "The intense sun of Southern California causes nose-warts." I confess, my imagination is not sufficiently fecund to produce that last one; it is a precise, literal and verbatim quote, which I can document upon demand.

I have hypothecated a tentative theory that all these ideas are but compensative and palliative comforts by which non-SoCalites ameliorate their discontent at not being here. Admittedly, my temporal sampling, after five or six months, is not yet so complete as to be viewed as conclusive but I've yet to encounter anything that makes me want to drag my anchor out of this place and very little to engender faunching for the cool green hills of Wisconsin. I miss the convenience of free and unlimited access to a Xerox. I miss the superb and pluperfect service of the Silver Spring Bank in Milwaukee...an institution so conscientious that it plain spoiled me rotten. I miss tomato juice in glass bottles and I miss Heilemann's Special Export bheer. I miss the joyous muted roar of the Blue Beetle's corroded muffler but that no more than lightly as I waft about in the silken silence of its younger brother and I miss a good deal more the warm camaraderie of handful of old friends that I had to leave Back There. But I remind myself that nothing is bought without price...nothing very worthwhile, that is...and, over all, the price seems one helluva bargain.

There are so damned many compensating factors. Contrary to all the dour predictions, food prices are generally lower than those in Milwaukee...some drastically so. Housing costs?...the monthly payments are four bucks above those for the hacienda in G'town and between the two houses you couldn't hardly compare. Overcrowding?...not in the San Gabriel Valley; ten minutes of easy cruise on the 80 cc Yamaha puts me out of sight of the rest of humanity (even on a clear day) if I crave solitude and communion with nature--which would have taken a four-hour drive in Milwaukee and not on the howling sputterbike, either. Smog?...well, maybe it's coming but I've yet to see anything very formidable so far. A little haze, a little smarting at the eyes once in a while, but nothing to compare to the peasoup letdowns along Lake Michigan, when we used to shove the squadcar along with one spotlight on the shoulder at 15 mph, praying that we wouldn't have to get somewhere in a hurry. Heat? Intense sun? Fehh: not in the SGV. Perhaps in the San Fernando Valley, maybe at Palm Springs; but not here, Meyer. At the front door of August I've yet to see any of the enervating swelter which

DAG-3

is such a pungent memory of Wisconsin summers, with the towering humidity and the breathless sauna that hardly let up the whole night long. Anyone who endured the midwestern summer of 1966 won't pity me greatly when I note that we've had one night when it wasn't down to 70° by 10:00 PM; that night it was like 78° with the humidity down to sensible levels. Recalling that productive endeavor was difficult when it wasn't downright impossible during a major percentage of the year back in American's Dairyland, I look back upon my years in the mitten-shaped state with the same sort of wistfully yearning nostalgia that one might feel for an aching tooth that has been pulled.

The change in jobs is a personal and subjective thing, but startling, withal. After 17 years of pushing furnaces amid an atmosphere of tense boredom, the Milwaukee years produced three months--minus a couple of days--of living hell followed by nearly three years of placid boredom during most of which I kept reminding myself that there had been numerous interludes in my past during which I would have paid a hundred dollars an hour, cheerfully, for the privilege of being bored. I mean, tech-writing beats swamping gobboons most any day and it's easier on the viscera than getting screamed at.

However, I have fallen into a pot of glotch and, somehow, have emerged smelling like unto a great hairy rose, jobwise. Nowadays, I get death a downpour of ducats for doing substantially what I used to do for recreation back in the old days. In the paraphrased words of a touching old madrigal, now I'm selling what I used to give away. Any veteran faans who slogged their dogged way through the GRUE of the mid-fifties will detect a few familiar undertones in the following paragraph which, s'welp me, is extracted verbatim from a hunk of copy which I stomped out this very afternoon, in the heart of the afternoon office hours, with not only the indulgence but the harried insistence of my present employers. So, as I say, help me:

"Found only upon a chain of tiny atolls lying between McBurney's Point and the Isles of Langerhans,--and then very rarely, if at all--the Screeching Halt grows to enormous size and, in a few semi-documented instances, to adulthood. The Screeching Halt may be distinguished from its slightly less well-known contemporary, the Sliding Stop, by the fact that it has a ruff of feathers located about where the neck would be on a normal creature, the balance of its exterior being furred with hair and pelted with rocks. Moreover, it is believed to be the only known viviparous mammal that lays feathered eggs."

The foregoing is excerpted from a series entitled "Little-Known Game Animals of the World" that will extend for so long as I can dream it up. The readers profess to love it and the majority of them clamor for more, vociferously. A few edwoodian purists set up febrile outcry but the publisher gives them short shrift and dark umbrage. I know I had found a clot of kindred souls when I first made the scene and saw a sticker on the boss's office door which read, "THIS PHONE BOOTH IS RESERVED FOR SUPERMAN."

Want a few more contrasts? Back at the tech-publishers, you paid a dime for about five ounces of hirrid slok alleged to be coffee, delivered in paper cups that were emblazoned with smarmy mottoes like (s'welp me): "A ZERO-DEFECTIS WORKER IS A WORKER WITH JOB SECURITY." Here, you can guzzle a gallon of good java per diem-- or more, if your kidneys will bear the brunt--and the cost is the same as for dipping into the carton of rolls freshly emplaced each day on Girl Friday's desk; namely: free. No serious, constructive gear-meetings to discuss How We Can Corner Our Fair Share Of The Market; no earnest talks from the Personnel Director on How We Can Stop Unauthorized Postings On The Bulletin Board; no notices on How Employees Aren't Waiting Their Turn To Get Out Of The Parking Lot; no grisly company picnic in August to use up the accumulated surplus from the take of the coffee machines (an unexpected, but welcome, added bonus); instead, when one of the thirteel employees manages a birthday, it's all hands aloft to splice the main brace and free Mai-Tai makin's in the ad-room. And, if it goes too long between birthdays, the boss comes around and says, "Tomorrow will be Hawaiian Day," and the girls wear grass skirts the next day and...well, hell, this you would not believe so what the hell archy.



Back at the tech-publishers, we were ordained to wear white shirts, with sober earnest four-in-hand neckties (and, of course, trousers, plus shoes, with socks) at all times although, magnanimously enough, this stricture was relaxed if you came in to work on Saturday morning. Here, I think they might just possibly raise an eyebrow if I reported for work in a leopardskin loin-cloth, although I have yet to verify this beyond a doubt. It's just a sobconscious hunch I have. At the tech publisher's, you punched the timeclock and if you took 32 minutes out for lunch, you discussed it with the personnel director; here, if we feel so inclined, we bring out our shotguns and hie off to the trap range 15 miles away for a few rounds and blot up a few beers afterward and amble back to the firing line by 3:30 PM or so. That's if we feel so inclined. We can take an hour, an hour and a half, two hours, and no one says boo. However,

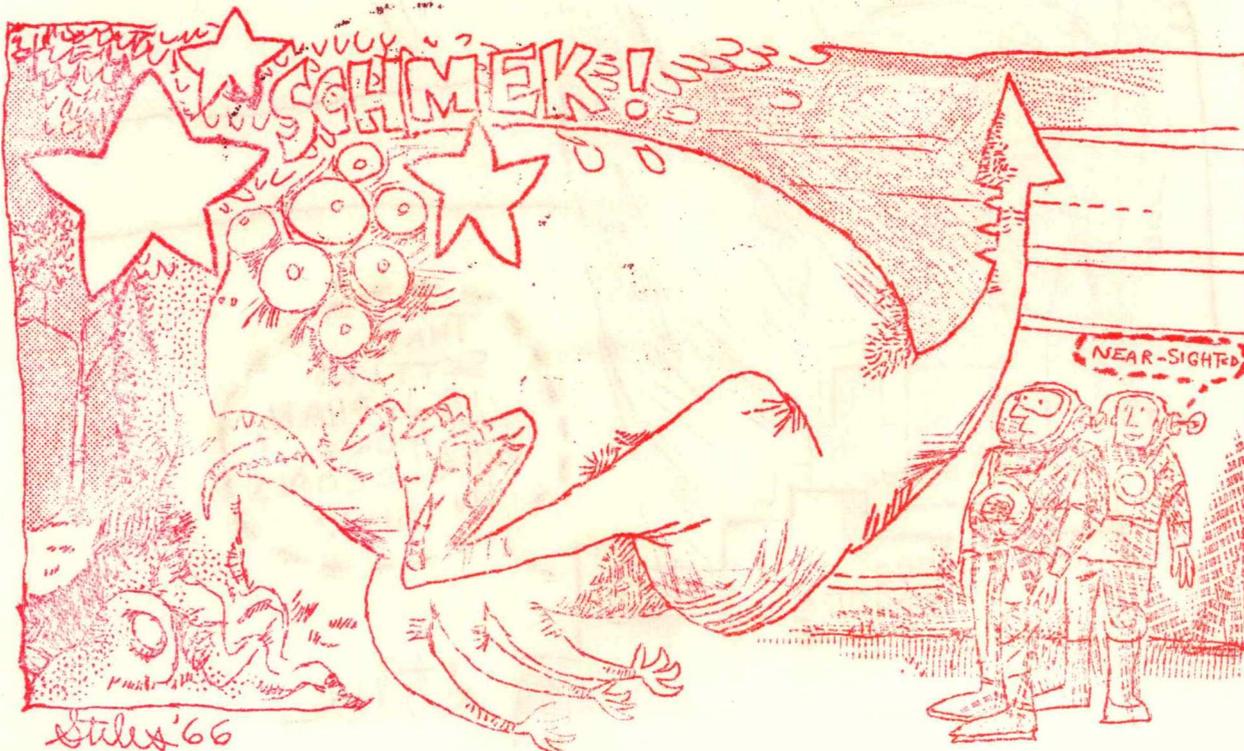
the work is so damned much fun that we generally get back to the desk inside of twenty minutes. But once in a while, we go shoot trap just to run a spctcheck to make sure that it's still okay.

Back at the tech-publisher's, ElJay and I used to risk instant dismissal by smuggling in a tiny flacon of 151-proof Lemon Hart to fortify our bootleg tea. Here, any time someone goes to the Party Time--a nearby liquor store and delicatessen--they check around to see if anyone else wants something, so long's they're going, and if you want a bottle of Dos Equis to perch next to the typer for inspiration, you send along 47 cents and you can drink it right out in front of Ghod and everybody. If you can be content with San Miguel, they had a case of that in the library room as recently as last week. The librarian complained about barking her shapely shins on it so I gallantly hauled it away. We try to make life bearable for each other.

The real shocker, for an ex-Wisconsinian, is the shameless way the supermarkets out here display and sell colored oleomargarine right out in the open. Thank gosh we no longer have to drive to the Illinois border for a case of Parkay; it would be a bloody long haul.

--Dean A. Grennell

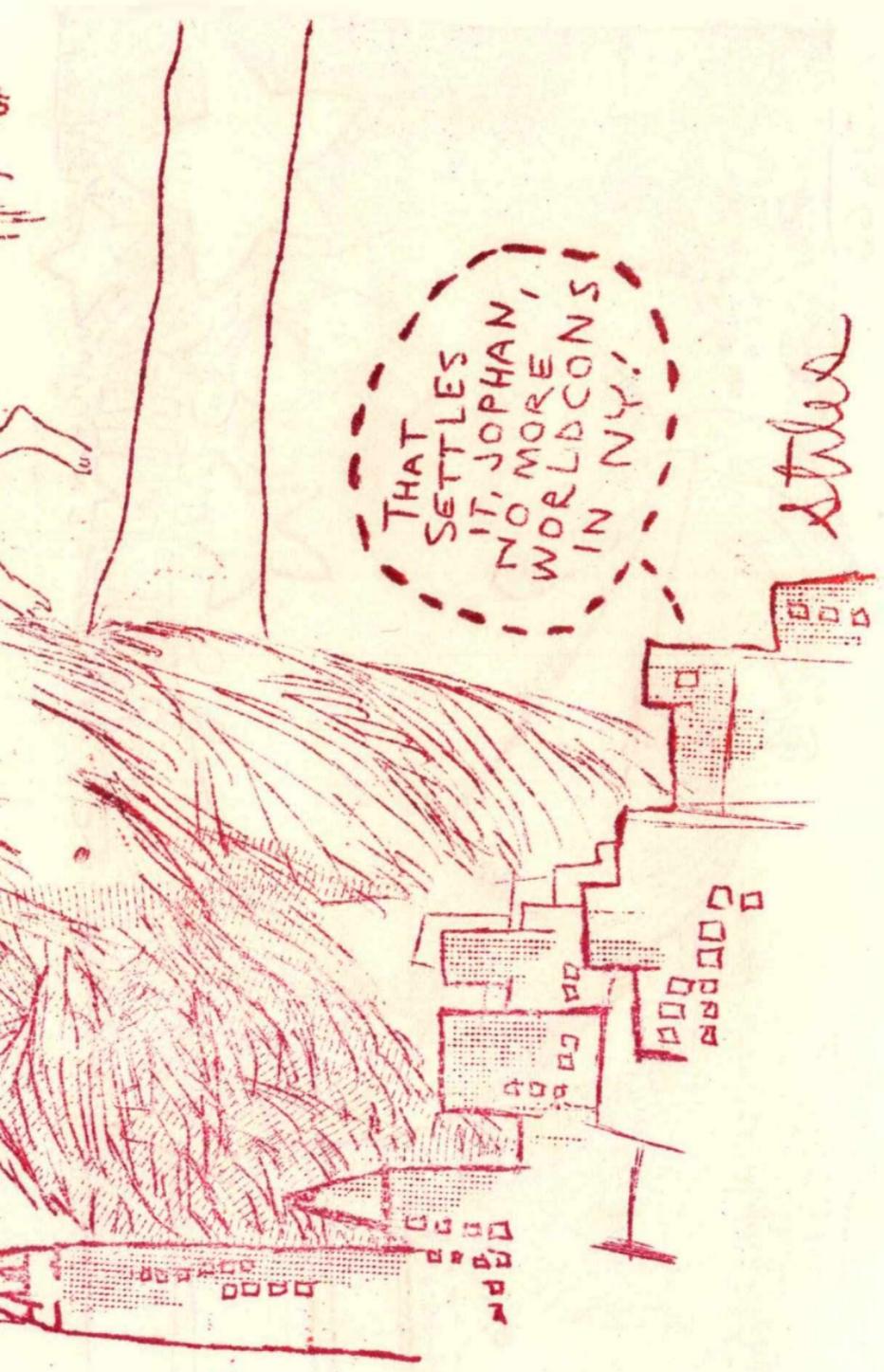
"Rosenblums Eliminates Haberackers"





THAT
SETTLES
IT, JOHAN,
NO MORE
WORLDCONS
IN N.Y.

Steve



The Most Horrible Book Ever Written

All right, students--what is the most horrible book ever written?

The Necronomicon? No, this volume doesn't exist, except in the imagination of the late H.P. Lovecraft.

Justine, Juliette, or the other titles penned by the Marquis de Sade? Strong contenders, but the events described therein are scarcely appalling to anyone who has ever attended a science fiction convention.

There are those who say that the most horrible book ever written is The Chinese Doll, by Wilson Tucker. They have a convincing argument to support their contention (the book itself) but unfortunately there's another candidate for the award.

I hereby nominate Horror! by Drake Douglas, published by MacMillan in 1966, which the jacket blurb describes as "the definitive compendium of horror" and "a dandy volume to have handy to settle arguments..."

The same jacket identifies the author as follows; "Drake Douglas is the pseudonym of a gentleman who has been deeply involved with horror throughout his life--and prefers to remain anonymous."

His preference for anonymity becomes understandable to anyone who reads the book; he merely wants to avoid being lynched by fans of horror movies and horror fiction.

Leading the necktie party, of course, would be all those dedicated students and researchers of the macabre who have devoted years to a serious study of fantasy on film--men like

Bloch-2

J. Vernon Shea and Walter Lee, Jr.--whose hopes of eventually publishing an accurate and definitive volume on the subject must necessarily be dimmed after the appearance of this "dandy" effort. A reading will settle neither arguments nor stomachs, and the book can only be described as--well, let's put it this way; it would never have been published if we had stricter laws against abortion.

The psuedonymous gentleman who penned it has more guts than the string section of the Philadelphia Orchestra. He sets out to describe the classic horror tales without, apparently, having read them. Or if he did, then he must have gotten hold of some very poor specimens in Braille. (I assume he's blind because he obviously hasn't seen most of the films he also describes.) Douglas manages to mix up the plots of the books with the plots of the film versions--and in so doing gets both wrong, in the case of such easily-available classics as Dracula and Frankenstein.

Let's take a mercifully-brief, shuddering look at some of the erudition displayed by this authority on the subject of horror movies. Opening the book at random one runs across such gems of information as the following:

"Intelligent and beautiful productions of classic horror" were made by the "Mike Hammer Productions of England".

How's that for openers? "Mike Hammer Productions" indeed! Even a seven-year-old reader of his first copy of Famous Monsters doesn't confuse Hammer Films with the name of Mickey Spillane's famous (or infamous) detective.

But Douglas is a true royalist, dedicated to confusion's reign.

Again, sampling at random, here are some of the "facts" he presents...

The Wolf Man was filmed in the "early thirties" and was followed by The Werewolf of London. (The Wolf Man was released in 1941; Werewolf of London in 1935). But this is hardly a chronological problem for a writer who captions a still of Spencer Tracy's Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde as a "1954" picture.

Douglas also believes that Frankenstein was made before Dracula. He tells us that "Dwight Fry" played the role of Jonathan Harker in the latter film. In The Mummy, he informs us that Boris Karloff was called "Karis" and that his inamorata was "Ananka". He also describes how Karloff, a man of "common birth" uses the "life-reviving tana leaves". (There are, of course, no tana leaves used or mentioned in this film; Karloff was a temple priest, not a commoner; his name was Imhotep and

Bloch-3

his beloved was Anksanamon. Naturally, one only finds this out if one has actually seen the picture).

The authority on horror films admits he has never seen the silent version of The Phantom of the Opera--a statement equivalent to that of an authority on Biblical history telling us he hasn't read the Book of Genesis--but at least by so doing he spares us from an additional spate of misinformation. He does manage, however, to discharge his accounts of the book and the remakes, and thus retains his stature.

He seems to think that the original The Cat And The Canary had "bayou swamps" as a locale and speaks of the "haunted-swamp atmosphere" which is a more accurate description of his imagination than of the film's setting.

His hearing is apparently impaired, too; the famous chant in Island of Lost Souls--"Are we not men?"--comes out in his text as "We are men".

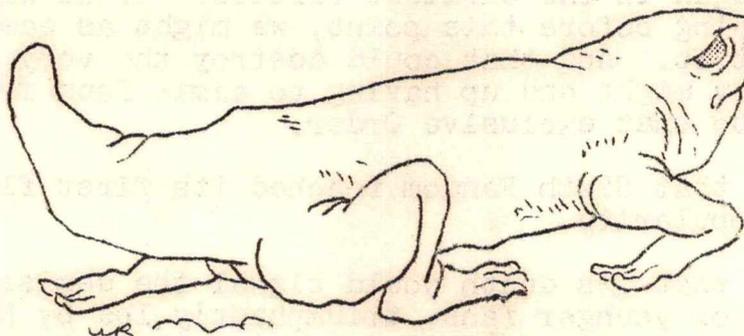
In case one thinks I'm being just a wee bit personal in my remarks concerning Mr. Douglas, I refer you to his indulgence in personalities as he describes the attributes of Edgar Allan Poe and H.P. Lovecraft. Poe emerges as a drunken degenerate and HPL walks through a "cold wind" (he never ventured out in cold weather) with "blazing eyes" like a character in one of the "Mike Hammer" films which Douglas so enjoys.

Lovecraft, by the way, is identified as the author of such stories as Pickman's Models (sic.) and the denouement of The Whisperer in Darkness, we are told, finds the hero discovering, in a chair, the clothes, face and hands of Ackeley, along with "a mass of green slime". (sick?)

Well, kiddies, we find no "mass of green slime" in Lovecraft's story.

Hoping you are the same...

---Robert Bloch



Ted White

123456789?

Two cycles seem to go hand in hand. One is the cycle of fandoms. The other is a cycle of speculation: What fandom are we in now?

When Bob Silverberg speculated in QUANDRY over the fandoms which had ensued since the original Speer article of over a decade earlier, he unwittingly set off a mad scramble which called itself Seventh Fandom. Since that time, fandom has not been the same. Periodically, prophets rise to announce the eminent demise of one fandom, or the Coming of the next. Different speculators have stated that we are currently in anything from Fifth to Tenth Fandom.

The average fan, old and tired perhaps, yawns knowingly, scratches his head, waves his arms, and says, "Whatinhell difference does it make?"

None, Charlie. But I want to write an article about it.

It seems to me that it is wisest to accept the Silverberg thesis that Sixth Fandom began in the earliest fifties. If we want to go back to second-guessing before this point, we might as easily revise Speer while we're at it. And that could destroy the very foundations of First Fandom--they might end up having to admit fans from as recently as 1953 into that exclusive Order.

So let's assume that Sixth Fandom reached its first flower during the height of Q's popularity.

Silverberg felt that Q's death would signal the demise of Sixth Fandom, and a group of younger fans, triumphantly led by Harlan Ellison, eagerly awaited that death to announce their formation of Seventh Fandom.

what was

that fandom

i saw you with...

For many fans of that period, the "Seventh Fandom Group" made up of such fans as Ian McCauley, John Magnus, Jack Harness, Joel Nydahl, Charles Watkins, Ellison and, while he wasn't looking, Dean Grennell, were a lot of noise and not much else. A couple of years later Harlan would utter, in PSYCHOTIC, his famous pronouncement that "The mad dogs have kneed us in the groin," but for the most part fandom just stood about and looked on, much as it would later do while Los Angeles fans romped about with swords and black uniforms. Seventh Fandom badges were in prominent display at the 1953 Phillycon and a 7APA was formed and produced perhaps four quarterly mainlings of so, but fandom never took to the self-proclaimed "7th Fandom". It was indifference, not the frenzied knee-thrusts of mad dogs, that killed the movement. Then, too, if one new generation of fans could announce the death of a "fandom", and the inauguration of their own, so could the next generation, following on their heels. At least one fanzine article named me as a leader of Eighth Fandom, and an issue of PSYCHOTIC carried the musings of two columnists on the subject of an "8th Fandom". This, no later than 1954...

If fandom was resolved that no upstart group of fans--no matter how talented--could announce itself to be the "next fandom", there was considerably less agreement over what had constituted a true Seventh Fandom, and gradually it seemed as though Harlan had won over the mad dogs after all--for fans, when speaking several years later, seemed to accept as fait accompli the existence of a Seventh Fandom in the 1953-54 period.

They were wrong, of course.

If we accept Sixth Fandom's formation as concurrent with QUANDRY's rise to dominance of the fanzine field, and the rise in popularity of Lee Hoffman and Walt Willis, together with the reemergence of Tucker

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and Bloch, we will have a beginning. But it is wrong to assume that Sixth Fandom died with Q.

A Fandom is characterized by the quality of its ghods. And the ghods did not die. The peculiar qualities of both fannishness and stfnality--bound up in the irreverence of wit and humor--which characterized Sixth Fandom during QUANDRY's heyhay did not disappear when Q did.

Just as Q was ekeing out its last issues, a young Michigan fan, Joel Nydahl, who, at the age of fourteen, had sold a story to IMAGINATION, began a hectographed fanzine called VEGA. With its third issue, it went mimeo, and with its fifth or sixth, it became a very good fanzine. It was a monthly and it quickly attracted columnists like Dean Grennell and Marion Bradley, and printed such milestone articles as Tucker's piece on interlineations--which single-handedly revived the interlineation for a whole new generation of fans. The letter column was rarely lacking in letters from Grennell, Tucker and Bloch, an unholy trio that was as much as anything the most potent symbol of the melding of older fans with the new--for Dean Grennell was then a hyperactive fan whose explosion into fandom in late 1952 made him at once one of the most active of the "7th Fandomites", and at the same time their patron, as his maturity naturally elevated him into the ranks of the ghods, Tucker, Bloch and Willis.

VEGA was a flash in the pan. Monthly until just before its last issue, the First Annish (which was mailed out in two fifty-page sections, months late), it went straight to the top of the heap and then winked out of existance. Its lifespan covered only the last quarter of 1952, and the year of 1953.

But, rising phoenix-like out of VEGA's ashes, was Dick Geis' PSYCHOTIC. I've often wondered about the appropriateness of that title, in the light of Geis' later activities and proclivities, but in any event, here was a dittoed, monthly fanzine, to which The Clique quickly graduated. Its first issues appeared in the fall of 1953, and within the first half-dozen, PSY was The Fanzine. Geis was a sensible editor, and he embellished his pages with the columns of Vernon McCain, and the articles of Grennell, Tucker and all the rest. It was no coincidence that Harlan's last raspberry to the foes of "7th Fandom" appeared in PSY--this was the fanzine where it was happening, baby. Like VEGA and QUANDRY before that, PSY carried the lifeblood of fandom within its pages, and most especially in its lettercolumn. There were no newszines of note then, but if you subscribed to PSY, you were up on everything, from the famous Door Incident at the Midwescon, to the fights of the SFCon with the Hotel Sir Francis Drake.

The pace of publishing a monthly fanzine is wearing, though, and PSY began faltering after its first year. There was no fancy annish to destroy editor Geis in a burst of what was now called "Nydahl's Disease" but PSY began to become less and less regular, although

compensated for by larger issues, and Geis was obviously looking for a new direction and new challenges. PSY went photo-offset and half-size (perhaps the only fanzine in this format that wasn't overwhelmed by the pretentiousness of it), then to Gestetner print, and finally to a name change--SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW.

It was then quite dead as a focal point--and with it died, at last, Sixth Fandom. A neofan, Cliff Gould, tried to pick up the torch but was neither regular nor good enough.

Seventh Fandom did not rise immediately out of the ashes of Sixth. Sixth Fandom had not died a sudden death, but a gradual one, a death by attrition. By the time PSY had effectively folded, there were no notable genzines being published at all.

Where were the ghods? Along with everyone else, they were channelling their activity into the apas. Bob Tucker, Lee Hoffman, Dean Grennell, Robert Bloch--all were active almost exclusively in FAPA. Walt Willis was still publishing HYPHEN--a beacon in the dark night of fandom--but irregularly. SAPS was burgeoning. The Cult had been born in 1954, siphoning off the prodigious energies of the younger fans. And in England, in 1955, OMPA was formed to perform an analogous function for British fandom.

I joined FAPA with the May, 1955 mailing. I had applied to Sec.-Treas. Redd Boggs in the fall of 1954, and had gotten only two FAs before I was invited to join. Two years later, the waiting list was climbing to unheard-of proportions, while at the same time, mailing after mailing, page records were being made and broken.

It was a time of a great migration into the apas. It would be neither the first, nor the last, but it had a great impact upon fandom, since for the first time, a vast majority of the best material in fandom was being published for exclusive groups and was unavailable to newer fans. The apas became the In place to be, and the greatest status was attached to FAPA. Even today, long after the high points in FAPA quality were edged away from, and the group became listless and lackluster, the waiting list remains of approximately the same size as the membership list.

But a turning point was reached. In 1958 several things happened. One was that after the abortive attempt by a triumvirate from New York, London and Antwerp, to launch a newszine, CONTACT, Terry Carr and Ron Ellick waved the other wand, FANAC, and began a weekly newszine. Another motivating force was that the ten-year dream, "South Gate in '58", was being realized. It was four years since the last west coast worldcon, and twelve since the last in Southern California, and many fans seemed to have been waiting to reappear from the woodwork of gafia.

Suddenly there were genzines all over the place, and plans for more. John Magnus was publishing RUMBLE. I was publishing a weekly

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GAFIA NEWSHEET. Redd Boggs brought out BETE NOIR. Later SHAGGY would be revived, and I would be publishing VOID with Greg Benford. And in the meantime, Terry Carr was turning INNUENDO into one of the finest fanzines of the period.

But FANAC was the focal point. It won a Hugo, and it consistently came in #1 on its own polls. As a newszine, it took the disparate threads of a fragmented fandom and wove them into a whole again, putting fans previously so isolated in their own cliques that they'd never heard of each other before into communication. And it had news. Once again, there was a central clearing house for all the news and quasi-news, such as the furor over the WSFS, Inc. and its legal battles.

While Terry Carr published it, FANAC, although its schedule sometimes faltered, remained the guiding light of fandom. Its circulation huge with paid subscriptions in a time when fans were notorious for their refusal to pay money for fanzines, FANAC remained the center of fandom's paper universe, making and broadcasting the scoop on everything that was happening.

The original Speer Theory of Fandoms included the concept of interregnums--a period in which fandom is in a state of flux, during which there is no central point about which fans coalesce, a time between Fandoms. Silverberg did little with the idea, but I think it is one of the most valid aspects of Speer's structure. As I see it, Sixth Fandom lasted into 1954, lapsing with the death of PSY into an interregnum which itself lasted three years. True Seventh Fandom was born in early 1958, with FANAC, and persisted into 1961, and perhaps as late as the 1962 Chicon, carried on by AXE, and the fandom-wide interest in the second Willis trip.

After 1962? Another interregnum, and one which has persisted despite the attempts of various people, such as myself, to abate it. I published MINAC in 1963 and 1964, and had plans for a monthly genzine which more or less died amidst the Bbondoggle unpleasantness. The period from 1962 on has been marked by another swing into the apas, a swing heightened by the advent, in 1964, of the local weekly apas like the late APA F and still functioning APA L. There are regional apas like the Southern Fandom, Cult-like apas like TAPS, and others, such as APA 45 and INTERAPA and N'APA, which have drawn off much of the younger talent, just as the Cult and WAPA did ten years before them. Some fans now move directly from stark neodom into an apa without ever becoming aware of the history, traditions, or even existence of general fandom.

As for Eighth Fandom? It's been twelve years now, and we still ain't dere, Sharlie...

---Ted White

The Curse of the Chambered Nautilus Strikes Again!

"You Are Old,

Father Tucker..."

"You are old, father Tucker," the young femme said,
"And your fanac's become very light;
Yet you publish in FAPA eight pages a year --
Do you think at your age, it is right?"

"As a youth," said the ghod as he shook his grey head,
"I feered it the BNF's grave;
But now that the neos all think that I'm dead,
I continue the fanac I crave."

"You are old," said the femme, "as fan history books prove,
Yet at cons you are still to be found;
While after a belt you still mutter 'smoooth!'--
Pray how do you stay off the ground?"

"In my youth," father Tucker replied to the femme,
"I started the fannish tradition,
And you will see more of what I did then,
For Jack Daniels maintains my condition."

"You are old, father Tucker, ninety-five at the least,
And your interest in sex must be dead;
Yet you pub ads in FAPA for man, girl, and beast --
How big, may I ask, is your bed?"

"You are getting too nosy," he quickly replied.
"Besides, this is all DNQ;
But if you'll come here, and sit on my lap --
I'll show you what old fen can do!"

--Cindy Heap

Several of the outstanding fannish writers commissioned to contribute to this issue of SFFY actually got their manuscripts in on or before the deadline. Impressed by such diligence and devotion to duty, yed obtained the services of the reknown fan-artist, Steve Stiles, to render portraits of these noteworthies onto stencil. Hence, we take pride in introducing some of...

...OUR AUTHORS

Outside of fandom, Dean A. Grennell is undoubtedly best known to wielders of firearms. His early brilliant successes as a "7th Fandomite", handloader, prolific and prolix fanzine writer and publisher, and furnace salesman, have been overshadowed of late by his almost complete disappearance into the Old Elephants' Graveyard.

Long a resident of Wisconsin, Mr. Grennell recently fled that state to take refuge in California. He has brightened this issue of SFFY with an extensive explanation of this action:

Further, he is responsible for most of the photographs which Mr. Stiles used in the preparation of this article.

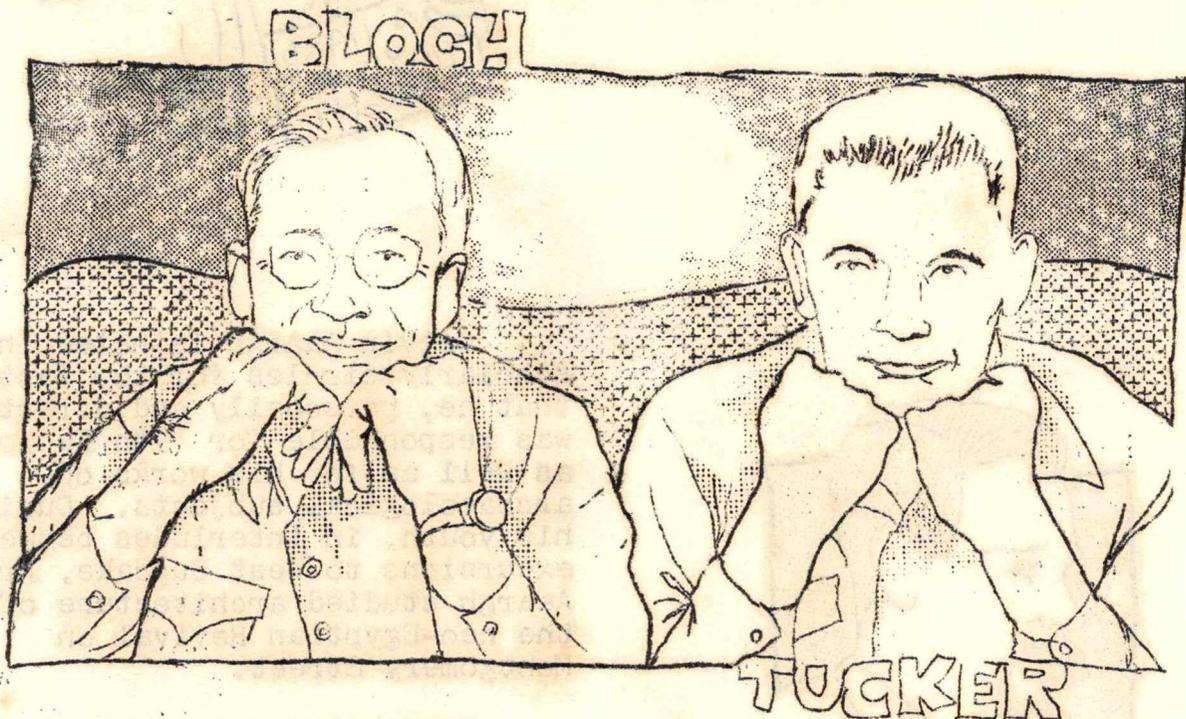
Along with his fame as a gunman, fan, and photographer, Mr. Grennell has achieved some distinction in the field of fatherhood.



Bloch is superb! Indeed, who has not heard the voices of the mobs in the streets crying merrily, "Pickie Bloch for Posterity!" and other things. Long famed in fandom, Mr. Bloch skyrocketed to prominence in the mundane when his autobiographical novel, PSYCHO, was made into a hit motion picture.

Like Mr. Grennell, with whom is has been frequently associated, Mr. Bloch has removed himself from the state of Wisconsin to take up residence in California where, we are told, he perches omniously on a mountain crag.

Mr. Bloch has the distinction of being the only person, aside from yed, who has had material in every issue of this sterling publication. Further, he has been exposed at length in the last issue, as well as other places too sordid to mention. However, it might not be amiss to point out that, contrary to rumor Mr. Bloch is not a figment of Bob Tucker's imagination.

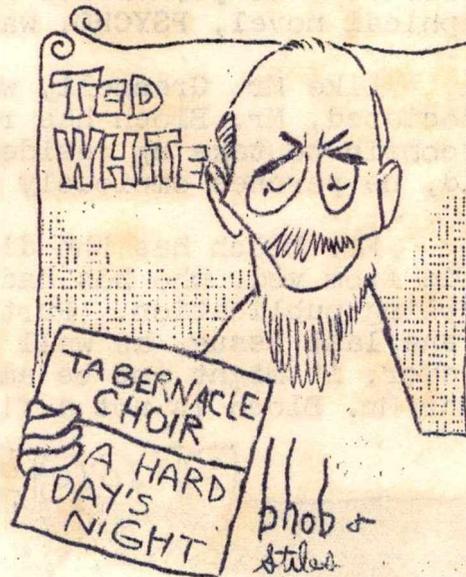


Few people are aware that the man known in fandom as Bob Tucker is in actuality Arthur Wilson Tucker, the noted motion picture projectionist and stage hand. However, Mr. Tucker, who has made the numerals 260, 702 and others, as well as the ten of clubs, household words, is undoubtedly best known within fandom for his publication, THE PLANETOID, for his organization of the SPWSSTFM, for his many deaths, and for his use of titles for fanzine articles containing as many as twenty-one words. There is no truth to the rumor that Bob Tucker is actually a figment of Mr. Bloch's imagination. However, his strength is as the strength of ten because his heart is pure.

Ted White, the kindly and beloved Father Barbour of Fandom, is currently host to the biweekly meetings of the Fanoclasts, co-chairman of the forthcoming NYCON 3, active participant in FISTFA, and host to the biweekly meetings of the Writers' Group (a mutual appreciation society), as well as most active of the new wave of aspiring professional authors associated with the Fanoclast group.

Known as the man who ruined fandom, as a jazz critic, as an authority on comic books, and sundry other things, he is presently famed as supplier of kittens to fans from New York and environs.

In many fannish circles he is no doubt best known for his lovely wife, Robin.



Calvin Aargh is noted in scholarly circles for the fact that he, personally and directly, was responsible for "7th Fandom" as well as for his works on archaeological subjects. During his youth, in interludes between excursions to West Cupcake, Mr. Aargh studied architecture of the neo-Egyptian Revival on Montgomery Street.

He is also a serious student of the haberacker situation and can discourse at length on the relationship of the rosenbloom to that dread species, although he seldom does.

A resident of New York, Mr. Aargh may be encountered on occasion in Central Park; however, he may more frequently not be encountered there.

NALRAH



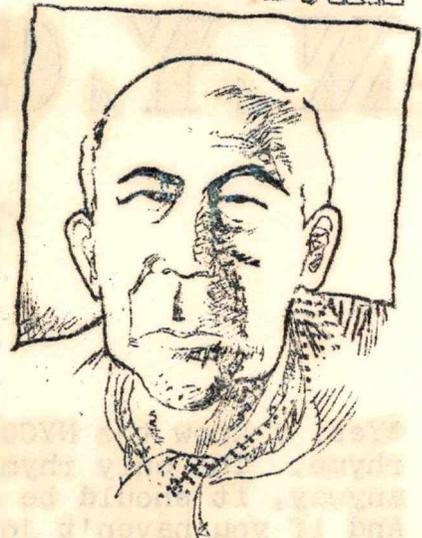
NOSILLE

Nalrah Nosille (formerly Max J. Runnerbean) has been called fandom's foremost chambered nautilus. Recently, Mr. Nosille reached a pinnacle of achievement in the winning of a Hugo for his outstanding short story, REPENT HARLAN SAID THE JELLYBEAN (formerly REPENT MAX SAID THE RUNNERBEAN).

Like so many of our contributors, Mr. Nosille at present resides in California. Unlike most of our contributors, he can count among his many literary achievements such works as DEMON WITH A GLASS BIRDBATH and the outstanding volume, MEMOS FROM SHAKER HEIGHTS.

Boyd Raeburn, the well-known (at one time) Canadian fan and gourmet, has the unique distinction of being the only fan who, when asked to contribute to this issue of SFFY, replied with an outright refusal.

BOYD RAEBURN



LeeH (con't from page 3)

Well, gang, this issue of SFFY is drawing rapidly to a close. As of this typing, almost all of it has been mimeoed, and there remains but the collating, mailing and jass like that. (!) We'd like to thank Mike McInerney and Cindy Heap for offering to help with that most vile aspect of fanzine publishing--collating. And thanks in advance to those of you who find time to drop us a note of acknowledgement, or the like, in return for your copy of thish.

For those (like yed) who are absolutely fascinated by technical data, thish was cut on S-o-P Sovereign stencils (film topped and too expensive) with an IBM Model B (also too expensive). It is run on "White Special Mimeo" paper, obtained by Ted White from his Source (cheap! cheap!). Ink pads and inks are all S-o-P, fresh-bought for this occasion. Toner is again homemade. Staples are Bostitch stcrp2115 $\frac{1}{4}$. Spine binding from a bargain table on Canal Street. As with last issue, the mimeoing was done on the erstwhile Spaceship Mimeo, in a hole in the ground. Thanks go to Bob Silverberg for the mimeo, a machine which is as fannishly old and tired as yed.

-LeeH
1966

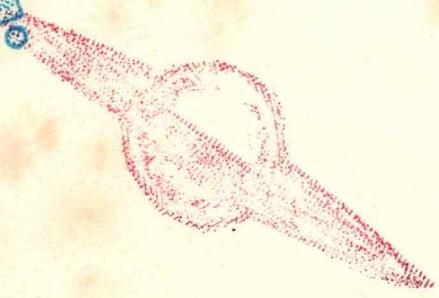
DON'T FORGET, GANG!

NYCON IN '66*

*Yes, I know the NYCON 3 will occur in 1967, but I couldn't make it rhyme. The only rhyme I could think of for seven was heaven...but anyway, it should be a whiz-bang convention, so try to make it, huh? And if you haven't joined yet, you'd better do so soon, lest you miss an issue of NYCON COMICS. Membership is \$2.00 supporting, or \$3.00 at ending. The address is:

Post Office Box 367
Gracie Square Station
New York, N.Y., 10028

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