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SCIENCE-FICTION FIVE-YEARLY

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Issue # 5

FAPA

November 1971

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Artwork: traced from the work of Ross Chamberlain

Illustrations: LeeH

Decorations: Bob Toomey, Speed-O-Print & Masterweave

Our cover illustration symbolizes the climactic scene of the climaxing serial, "!Nissassa". It should be by Steve Stiles, but unfortunately isn't.

This issue is dedicated to Carol & Terry Carr, who should be here, but unfortunately aren't.

SCIENCE-FICTION FIVE-YEARLY is published once every lustrum, at mid-lustrum, for the Fantasy Amateur Press Association and various other oddities, by the formerly underground but now aboveboard commercial conglomerate, the Quandrical/Peace River Press. The founding editor is Lee Hoffman, GH&C BNF Emeritus. The functioning editor is Robert E. Toomey, Jr., noted author, critic, theatrical director, artist, and chauffeur. Opinions expressed herein may be, but on the other hand, probably aren't. The publisher assumes no responsibility.

Lee Hoffman and/or Bob Toomey
350 N. W. Harbor Boulevard
Port Charlotte, Fla. 33950

EDITORIAL

This issue is our first with a new type of paper--and we're holding our breath. But all the signs, auguries and portents point to the same old smeared, badly offset, semi-legible sort of zine--something you've been asking for over the past lustrum or two.

Periodically, letters come in with complaints about one thing or another in this magazine. One recent letter was from a new reader who admitted not having read any of the issue. He informed me that he'd "choked" on the title. He seemed to feel that no one had any business whatsoever putting a hyphen in science-fiction.

Well, we can't please everybody, and some people really dig that hyphen.

Our point is: He complained to me. This, you see, is something we have to put up with, and often the causes are beyond our control. They are certainly beyond my control. Almost everything is. But the fact is, this has underlined my growing awareness that for a great many of you I am the personification of this magazine. This being so, I feel a great many of you would really like to know more about me. Others of you already know too much.

You must remember that this magazine is produced with a very small staff--for simple economic reasons, and because I am jealous of the power I wield as the personification of this zine. However, due to the pressure of time on the very tight schedule upon which this magazine is produced and at his most annoying insistence, I have taken on an assistant editor this issue. It is my sincere hope that he will do most of the donkey work while I continue to receive the glory and credit for this publication.

The circumstances under which this issue has been produced have been quite harrowing. To put it bluntly, we just moved from New York City to Port Charlotte, Florida, which is a nice little town, but has very limited sources of production materials. However, the foraging is excellent. On a recent expedition, I returned with two wall clocks, two pole lamps, a woven basket, a measuring cup

Hoffman - 2

(two cup size), and a scoop for the kitty litter, all for an outlay of approximately \$8.00. A previous expedition into the same area netted me three beds for a mere \$15 each, and a hot dog cooker for only \$2.00.

Let me make one thing perfectly clear.

Foraging, as many of you members of the Sierra Club are aware, is almost a lost art in this day and age. However, I intend to revive it. I want everyone out there to go forage now. Quickly, before all the foragibles have been foraged by everyone else. For those of you who feel at a loss in the foraging field, I am presently preparing a handbook which will sell almost reasonably. Watch the next issue of SFFY for news of its publication.

The cat meanwhile has made an excellent adjustment to her new environment, which exemplifies my theory that cats can make excellent adjustments to new environments. By the next issue I hope to be able to say that I have done the same.

---LeeH

CONTEST!

CONTEST!

CONTEST!

Hey, gang!

Win a really super prize!

As you read through this issue, pay close attention to each "blurb". The first person sending in the correct identification of the author of each blurb in this issue will win a free lifetime subscription to the next issue of SCIENCE-FICTION FIVE-YEARLY.

All entries must be postmarked before midnight, 1975.

Neatness counts.

Bribery will help.

Calvin Aaarg is a misanthropic hunchbacked gnome living a life of utter depravity in a hippie commune whose location he refuses to reveal. All editorial correspondence with him has been carried on through his guru Robert Silverberg. In this, the shattering fourth part of a blockbusting four-part serial, Aaargh's propensity for colossal action and unbelievable speculation reaches incredible heights. We'll even go out on a limb and predict that this fantastic and amazing novel will win a Hugo, a Nebula, an Edgar, a Spur, an Academy Award, the Pulitzer, and the Nobel Prize. And remember, you read it here first. All new, all new, all new.

stars of the slave giants calvin aaargh

Crudely rendered artwork

based on a truly magnificent original by ROSS CHAMBERLAIN

The Exciting Fourth Part
of

A Four Part Serial

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALLMENTS:

From world to world wanders Floyd Scrilch, intrepid spaceman, veteran of an infinity of death-defying exploits. Neither the cruelties of slaving alien monsters nor the indifference of fair women nor the hardships of extra-terrestrial environments nor the churlishness of barbarian pirates can dismay Scrilch for long, as, meeting challenge upon challenge, he survives a decade and a half of potent metaphorical convulsions and stylistic mutations. At last, cornered by the excessively liberated Trimazon Queen, Melpomene, Scrilch faces his utmost test. Her three heaving breasts have tempted him into an act of mad lust; and, infuriated, she thrusts her trident against his chest,

crying, "Prepare to die, loathed male!" She tenses her muscles for the fatal disembowelment. "Prepare to die!"

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

1. Around this dichotomy, McLuhan builds a theory of American culture and, hence, of modern culture generally. He sees the South as a direct inheritor of the encyclopedic Ciceronian tradition ("The Southern Quality," Sewanee Review LV, 1947.) By virtue of its con-connections with the eloquent and humanistic European ideal represented by Castiglione, Sidney and Spenser.

2. Brachycephalic. They stopped beneath the half-painted bowl of the radio-telescope. As the blunt metal ear turned on its tracks, fumbling at the sky, he put his hands to his skull, feeling the still-open sutures. Beside him Quinton, this dapper pomaded Judas, was waving at the distant hedges where the three limousines were waiting. "If you like we can have a hundred cars -- a complete motorcade." Ignoring Quinton, he took a piece of quartz from his flying jacket and laid it on the turf. From it poured the code-music of the quasars.

3. Cunningly, Scrilch avoids the thrust and siezes the weapon. He moves through dooms of love to dematerialize its menacing prongs. The Trimazon Queen pants passionately. In the suddenly transparent sky the mask of Eshb Hack looms in unexpested benignity.



4. Decidedly
nothing this evening I shall say

that is not false.
I mean nothing that is not calculated to leave me in doubt as
to my real

intentions.

For it is evening, even night,
one of the darkest I can remember, I have a short memory. My
little finger glides before my pencil across the page and gives
warning, falling over the

edge,

that

the

end

of

the

line

is

near.

5. Every culture, as it enters its decadent period,
produces bizarre and quirky manifestations of impending
dissolution. The forms of art mirror the inner chaos.
A time of fragmentation and desperate experimentation
arrives. The malaise of the spirit spreads even into
the popular arts, which take on an adgy pretentiousness,
a shrill superfluity of ambition, that destroys their
value as mass entertainment while reinforcing the general
sense of cultural collapse.

6. Frantic motions galvanize Scribch. He spins through hyper-
space, looping back again and again on his own time-track.
Mushroom clouds belly from the sea. Psychedelic rainbows flutter
through his dazzled cerebral valve. Swords descend, sever his
body, and melt away, leaving him unharmed. April is the cruelest
month, he cries.

7. "God," exclaims
novelist Ronald fair,
"it must be terrible
not to be born black
in this day and age."
It all depends, it
all depends.

8. He wakes. Beneath him the black
earth is cool and moist. He lies on
his back in a field of scarlet grass;
a soft gust of wind comes by, ruffling
the blades, and they melt into a stream
of blood. The sky is iron-blue, an

intensely transparent color that briefly sets up a desperate clamor in his skull. He finds the sun: low in the heavens, larger than it ought to be, looking somewhat pale and vulnerable, perhaps flattened at top and bottom. Pearly mists rise from the land and swirl sunward, making cortices of blue and green and red lacings as they climb. A cushion of silence presses against him. He feels lost. He sees no cities, no scars of man's presence anywhere in this meadow, on those hills, beyond that valley. Slowly he lifts himself to his feet and stands facing the sun.

9. I think this is one hell of a weird way to write a space opera.

10. J. S. Slotkin -- one of the very few white men ever to have participated in the rites of a Peyotist congregation -- says of his fellow worshippers that they are "certainly not stupefied or drunk....They never get out of rhythm or fumble their words, as a drunken or stupified man would do.... They are all quiet, courteous, and considerate of one another. I have never been in any white man's house of worship where there is either so much religious feeling or decorum."

11. "Katabolism!" Scrilch cries, bewildered.
"Ia! Shub-Niggurath! J. G. Ballard! Help me! Help me!"
But there is no help to be had.
He is trapped.
Time winds on its own bowels and Scrilch topples passively through the unending void.
The space station crashes and its girders twitch nervously in the first few moments of its death.
The astronaut lies decomposing on the vermillion sands.
Scrilch weeps.
He prays.
He masturbates.
He worries a lot about himself.

12. Look, Simeon Krug wanted to say, a billion years ago there wasn't even any man, there was only a fish. A slippery thing with gills and scales and little round eyes. He lived in the ocean, and

Silverberg - 5

the ocean was like a jail, and the air was like a roof on top of the jail. Nobody could go through the roof. You'll die if you go through, everybody said, and there was this fish, he went through, and he died.

13. Metamorphosis, Scrilch mutters, is the key to eternal harmony. The more things remain the same, the more they change. Let us therefore undergo transformations.

Let us become polymorphous.

Let us make a joyful

noise unto

the Lord.

ScriIch, transfigured, draws his sword. I am the resurrection and the life, he cries.

Verily, verily, I say unto you, The hour is coming, and now is, when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God: and they that hear shall live. This is a problem that has been handled satisfactorily before.

They sieze him. They place in on the Cross. They hammer in the nails. Scrilch sighs. Father, forgive them, he murmurs; for they know not what they do.

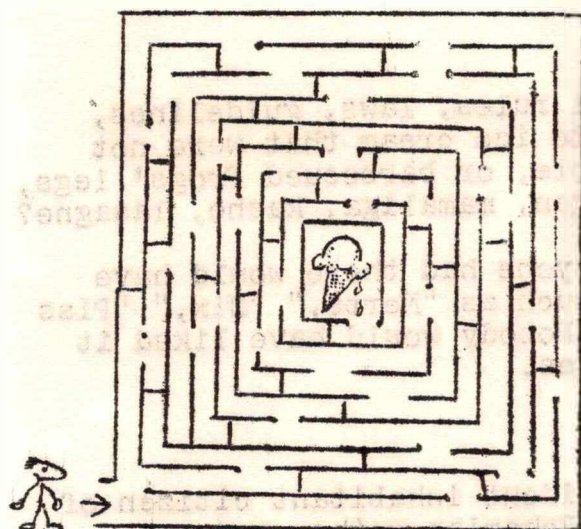
TO BE CONCLUDED

* *



DON'T MISS THE SMASHING FIFTH PART OF
THIS EXCITING FOUR - PART SERIAL

--Bob Silverberg



Once again our all new critic in residence Iexela Nihsnap explains to the mysterious O*v*a H*a*m*l*e*t the significance of certain amazing and fantastic trends that would not be readily apparent to an unqualified outside observer. This is the real dope, and remember you read it here first. And remember too that real dope is better than unreal dope, although unreal dope is better than nothing. And now---

ICE-CREAM IN DISTENSION

by

Iexela Nihsnap

as
told
to

O*v*a H*a*m*l*e*t

1. Ice Cream in History

Man has known and enjoyed ice cream for thousands of years. Ever since the days of Nero when mountain snows were carried by swift runners, trotters, gallopers, speedsters, messengers, carriers from the mountain peaks to the court of Nero where they were devoured, eaten, sampled, tasted, gobbled, licked, chomped, swallowed, people have attained enlightenment, understanding, joy, terror, sniffles, tonsillitis from ice creams, sherbets, ices.

Never through dozens of centuries did anyone think this extraordinary. Ice cream was regarded simply as food. The world's great chefs made ice cream. The world's great gourmets ate it.

Lupoff - 2

Yum! Did anyone try to apply special rules, laws, guidelines, standards, measurements, valuations to ice cream that were not applied to turkey stuffing, for example, or barbecued frogs' legs, matzoh ball soup, gefulte fish, pirogen, mamaliga, kashe, lasagne?

Nobody even suggested it, if anyone had there would have been an immediate negative response such as "Nerts," "Nix," "Piss on that stinky idea," or some such. Nobody would have liked it except maybe a few rightist degenerates.

2. The Influence of Howard Johnson

Along came a native denizen resident inhabitant citizen of Poughkeepsie, New York, the son of a Bohemian mother and a Transylvanian father, named Howard Johnson who, for reasons which have never been clear, set out to establish a separate identity for ice cream.

Where ice cream had previously been served in general restaurants along with Kellogg's Rice Krispies, chopped kolrabi greens, escargot bourgoigne, corn syrup, artificial flavorings and preservatives, John established a chain of Howard Johnson's Ice Cream Parlors across the nation.

Suddenly ice cream was segregated, separated, removed, severed, differentiated from other foods. New standards had to be applied to ice cream. It had to be smooth. It had to be sweet. Above all it had to be cold. Oh, poopie gucky!

A quotation which I recently came across is of no relevance whatsoever to the topic of ice cream:

"Heaven in their dreams was a range better watered than the one they knew, with grass never stricken by drought, plenty of fat cattle, the best horses and comrades of their experience, more of women than they talked about in public, and nothing at all of golden streets, golden harps, angel wings, and thrones; it was a mere extension, somewhat improved, of the present.... For every hired man on horseback there have been hundreds of plowmen in America, and tens of millions of acres of rangelands have been plowed under, but who can cite a single autobiography of a laborer in the fields of cotton, of corn, of wheat?"

That comes from Frank Dobie, whose notions, although inadequate and incomplete, are nonetheless worth your going back and reading it again. Do it.

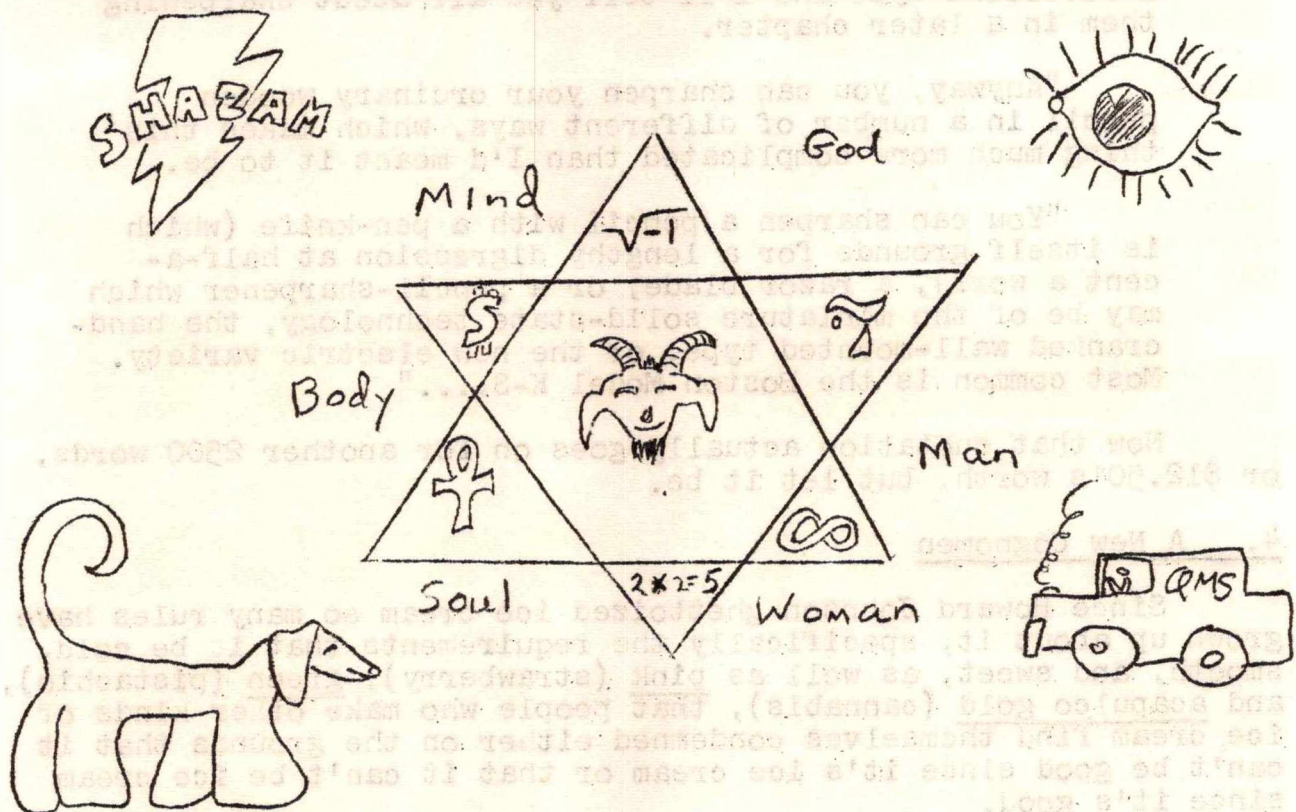
3. The Basic Elements of Ice Cream

The many kinds of ice cream can in fact be brought down to

Lupoff - 3

three elemental types. In fact, if you break anything down far enough you find that it's all vibrations. But we need not go quite that far. Three is a chummier number than one.

The three elemental types of ice cream are pink (strawberry), green (pistachio), and acapulco gold (cannabis). These three elemental types of ice cream can be combined in various ways, as indicated in the diagram shown below:



We can easily see that there are various combinations and permutations possible, enough, if my publisher would only send the half-a-cent a word that the editor promised me, I could buy enough food stamps to add the needed seasoning to the fruits of my foraging expeditions. At present, things are pretty bland.

I could cite any number of examples here, but instead will quote my own greatest novel, solely because it is one I have memorized and will thus be able to cite without having to rise from the typewriter and walk to the bookshelf. Here, from page 573 of the Deuce Edition of Rite of the Thurb:

"The way you sharpen a pencil is like this: First get a pencil. You can generally recognize them by their shape, which is long and thin, frequently with a hexagonal cross-section but sometimes round. The pencil is made of

wood. There is a long cylinder of wood with a shaft of graphite (or, to be technically correct, led) up the middle. An eraser at one end is optional and doesn't concern you except to remember that if there is one you should sharpen the other end.

"There are also mechanical pencils but those are a different type and I'll tell you all about sharpening them in a later chapter.

"Anyway, you can sharpen your ordinary wooden pencil in a number of different ways, which makes this thing much more complicated than I'd meant it to be.

"You can sharpen a pencil with a pen-knife (which is itself grounds for a lengthy digression at half-a-cent a word), a razor blade, or a pencil-sharpener which may be of the miniature solid-state technology, the hand-cranked wall-mounted type, or the new electric variety. Most common is the Boston Model K-S...."

Now that quotation actually goes on for another 2500 words, or \$12.50's worth, but let it be.

4. A New Cognomen

Since Howard Johnson ghettoized ice cream so many rules have grown up about it, specifically the requirements that it be cold, smooth, and sweet, as well as pink (strawberry), green (pistachio), and acapulco gold (cannabis), that people who make other kinds of ice cream find themselves condemned either on the grounds that it can't be good since it's ice cream or that it can't be ice cream since it's good.

Well! Rather than struggle with false restraints, I propose that we just throw away those limitations by calling the stuff something else. Thus when somebody comes along and says to us: "Ho, varlet, thy confection strikes me as some other stuff than the veritable iced cream," rather than getting into a snit over technicalities we can simply respond, "Right on, man, it ain't!"

But we need some name for it. We can't go through life calling our products "Hey, kid!" or "You there with the cherry on your melted marshmallow topping!" Imagine walking into a drug store and asking for a frozen meat ball brillo split!

Never happen.

So we might retittle our product "frigid sweets," or "chilly treats," or, if the initials IC seem to be of some value, we can retain the initials and the connotations of ice cream by calling them something different like "industrial cheese." Yes, that has

Lupoff - 5

a distinctive ring to it, yet retains the important initials. Let's call it "industrial cheese."

5. The Stork Paradox

When it comes right down to it, and I am getting tired if you want the truth (still, half-a-cent....), the whole thing is summed up in this nifty piece of dialog:

The car leaps into the air -- straight at the planes!

"Heaven save us! We're going mad! The car is chasing us!"

"Turn tail! Let's beat it!"

"Just shows you what you can do when you meet trouble halfway! It turns around and beats it!"

"I don't know how you did it but you sure get results!"

"We ought to get a boat here! This is a seafaring part of the country!"

"Get aboard! I'm sailing in five minutes!"

"My thanks!"

"Mine too!"

Etc.

6. New Attempts at Freedom

All of the great innovators in the development of modern ice cream (or "industrial cheese") have, whether they liked it or not, been forced to smash their heads against the walls of Howard Johnson's legacy. Still, whether it was Otto Dreyer with his rocky road ice cream (or "industrial cheese"), Max Baskin and "Whoopie" Robbins with their Berry-Berry Good, or even Elmer Bordon's Glue-All, they stuck to their gums and came up with types of "industrial cheese" which could never for a minute be mistaken for the old-fashioned ice cream.

Some were not creamy.

Some were not smooth.

Some were not even cold!

But this was only the beginning of innovation. We can go on to hallow the names of "Bunky" Starnstedder of Billings, Montana, who invented the sundae -- a daring innovation in the development of "industrial cheese" (or ice cream). Mel Cartwright, a pharmacist's assistant in Oil City, Pa., who developed the cherry smash. Janie Ginsberg of Cambridge, Mass., originator of the root beer float. And Alvin Van Macklinberg of Stockton, Ca., who in 1915 accidentally knocked an open can of powdered malt into a glass of milk, with what results the reader may infer.

John Kendrick Bangs, the bard of Yonkers, said this:

"If you have faults, grieve not!
Let this thought keep you warm:
Who hath no faults hath got
No hope for a Reform!"

7. Now, Voyager!

Even so, Starnstedder, Cartwright, Ginsberg, Van Macklinberg are all struggling to reconcile their confections with the traditional limitations of ice cream. I say, let them eat "industrial cheese!" There need be no limitations.

New flavors and combinations lie before us. Chicken enchillada industrial cheese! Rhubarb pie industrial cheese! Kim chi industrial cheese! Griffin A-B-C industrial cheese! Reo Speed Wagon industrial cheese! Leonid Brezhnev industrial cheese! There is no limit!

Let "industrial cheese" be our war cry, and half-a-cent a word our price!

Ave, atque vale!

Eheu fugaces!

Paraguay and Uruguay!

Et cetera.

--Dick Lupoff

DON'T MISS THE NEXT EXCITING INSTALLMENT OF

I*C*E C*R*E*A*M I*N D*I*S*T*E*N*S*I*O*N

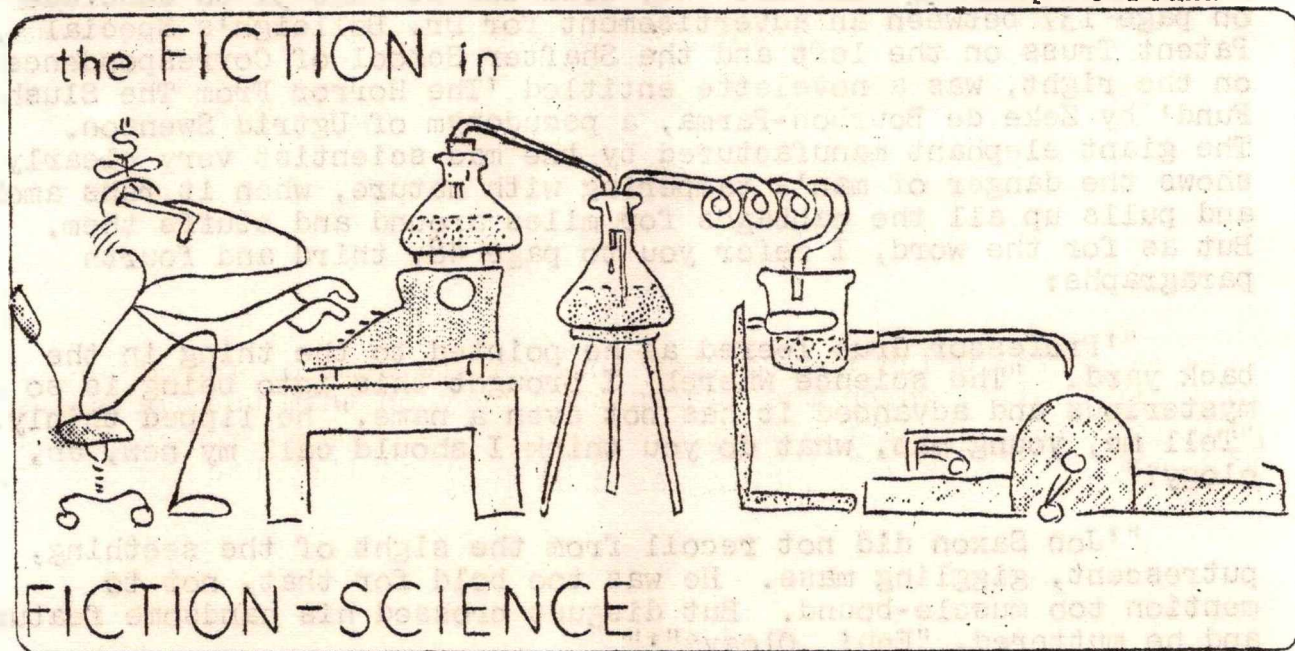
Coming next issue!

(Assuming the author stops badgering us about that half-a-cent a word and gets busy writing the next installment.....WHEW)

The attitude of our times is reflected in the attitude of our fiction. The attitude of our fiction is reflected in the attitude of our times. The fiction of our attitude is reflected in the times of our attitude. The reflection of our fiction is timed in the attitude of our attitude. You may if you wish substitute the word altitude for attitude anywhere in the above. As for the below, the only way to get to it is to continue. So continue already.

GERG DROFNEB & DIVAD KOOB

as told to Luop Nosredna



Only in recent years have science ifction writers as a class become aware of the infinite interrelatedness of species upon our globe and the mess created by man's tinkering, man's short-sightedness, man's greed, man's existence. The Great Web of Life is rapidly coming unglued. Or, as the deservedly obscure eighteenth-century poet Alexander Beasley makes Adam exclaim, contemplating his pregnant woman and what their descendants will do to the earth:

"Oh, what a tangled web we weave
When first we practice it with Eve!"

So now we can expect a rash of environment stories. Dare we hope to put the Johnny-come-latelys straight about a few elementary facts?

First we had better prove that the genre hitherto has, by and large, been noted for ignorance about these matters than for foresight, hindsight, or even sidesight. Its self-appointed historian Sam Minskowitz takes the opposite position, predictably. He has given us permission to quote from a speech he delivered at the 1969 Central North-northeastern Regional Science Fiction Conference in Serbia, N.H. (the Sercon). In fact, he quoted it to us himself, just the other day on the telephone, exactly as he spoke it in Room

Anderson - 2

1221 of the Serbia Hilton, from 11:43 p.m. to 4:37 a.m., when at last his host insisted on getting some sleep.

"Science fiction actually created this word. In the June, 1927 issue of Flabbergasting Stories, beginning on page 33 with an illustration by Wroczelowski, breaking at page 51 to conclude on page 137 between an advertisement for Dr. Belleigh's Special Patent Truss on the left and the Shafter School of Correspondence on the right, was a novelette entitled 'The Horror From The Slush Fund' by Zeke de Bourbon-Parma, a pseudonym of Ugtrid Swenson. The giant elephant manufactured by the mad scientist very clearly shows the danger of man's tampering with nature, when it runs amok and pulls up all the cabbages for miles around and stuffs them. But as for the word, I refer you to page 48, third and fourth paragraphs:

"'Professor Grue leered as he pointed to the thing in the back yard. "The science whereb I brought this into being is so mysterious and advanced it has not even a name," he lipped thinly. "Tell me, young man, what do you think I should call my new, ah, ology?"

"'Jon Saxon did not recoil from the sight of the seething, putrescent, giggling mass. He was too bold for that, not to mention too muscle-bound. But disgust crossed his handsome features and he muttered, "Ech! Ology?"'

Minskwitz went on to trace in some detail what he alleges to be the concept, beginning with certain cave paintings which Hugo Gernsback once mentioned in the Electrical Experimenter. But space forbids us to quote him further. So does our editor.

The point is, however, none of these early stories show any sophistication about the dynamics of a bio-system. Monsters simply rove around, trampling houses, slaving, and eating Los Angeles. Actually, if this happened, termites would become an endangered species, algae would become thick in the puddles of drool, and the monster would become violently ill. Pull one thread in the Web of Life, and elsewhere a bell rings and nature lights up and said, "Tilt."

A handful of more modern sf writers have used such facts to good advantage. For example, there is Hank Frerbert, who lately published the ninth novel in his famous series in which a time traveler from the desert world returns to the boondocks of Old England: Lorna Dune. Clem Mental's Gravity Impossible depicts a life cycle on a huge, cold planet in which the squonk breathes hydrogen and excretes methane which the zorch and the zilch successively polymerize to a plastic which is not biodegradable until the dwarfs come along and pulverize it with their little hammers, after which the toitles incorporate some of the material in their shells, which the iggles that prey on them use for nests,

Anderson - 3

while the rest of the material goes off in fifteen different biochemical chains and the whole thing gets much too complicated to follow. And then we have Hari Seldon -- perhaps a pseudonym -- who was inspired by the moth-yucca symbiosis (the former lives off the latter but is vitally involved in its reproduction) to produce Yucca Sucker, the first pornographic ecology novel.

But the exceptions like these are few. Most authors continue to copy the same old fallacies from each other. To take a notorious case, they keep saying that biological processes reduce the entropy in the organism. This is not true. What biological processes do reduce is the Gibbs free energy. Never mind now what that means. Read next month's column.

If the authors don't want to get this technical -- and after all, why should they? That's our shtick. Let them find their own and stop snooping around! -- they ought at least to do their homework here on Earth before they start trying to design other planets, a job which a realistic look around this phooey Solar System indicates could have been handled better by the Creator himself if competent advice had been available. Let them develop, and show, some appreciation of the subtleties and complexities of the Great Web.

To take only one case, we've all heard about deer and predators. Hunters kill off the animals which prey on deer, such as wolves, mountain lions, and other hunters. The deer then have no check on their numbers. They multiply till they overgraze their range and starve.

Ah, but this is merely the obvious part. Pay attention. Hungry deer kill trees by stripping the bark off them. This changes the character of the forest. Tougher, brushier growth moves in. Birds which lived here say, "There goes the neighborhood" and move out. The insects they formerly controlled take over. Dying off, these bugs support a vast community of ants. Given time, they in turn attract other animals. And so at last the deer are replaced by pangolins.

The main thing for the sf writer to keep in mind is that ecology works like something by Rube Goldberg.

--Poul Anderson

"No matter how much you dislike pickles, it is, after all,
the only thing that you can do with cucumbers."

--Ernie Lundquist

And now -- what you've been waiting for -- here it isn't!

!Missassa

The fourth part of an exciting four part serial
by Nalrah Nosille

SYNOPSIS OF THE THRILLING PARTS THAT WENT BEFORE:

In the beginning the earth was without form, and void; and
darkness was upon the face of the deep...

NOW!

ON WITH THE STORY...

Ever since she completed her correspondence course in Poetry and and Fiction Writing, one of our most persistent would-be contri- butors has been a retired fruit-stand proprietress named Nova Omelet. A sweet old lady, but as we say in the trade, "Good stick, no plot." However, we are happy to say that since she cemented her friendship with a young illiterate named Dick Pilaff, her work has really got it on. This, their thirty-ninth fruitful collaboration in the last month, will be Chapter 72 of Miss Omelet's soon-to-be-published New Wave porno pb, MAGNIC OSTRICH STRIDES. "This'll lay 'em on their heels," says Miss Omelet, and we think she's right.

BENNY AND THE BOCKHOCKIDS

by

DIRK PILAFF

as told to *NOVA OMELET* (a sweet old broad)
and stranscribed by YROC & IEXELA NIHSNAP

I. FARMER IS KILLED IN CRASH

A young farmer from Christ's Home, Warminster, died as a result of a two-car collision on Street Road, Warminster, at 7:21 p.m. Saturday. A passenger was seriously injured.*

A. Benny Bogotuik, hipper than the next, flash, ballsy and fifteen, Stash-Master of the Fleishhacker Pool People, ideal of women from ten to seventeen--Benny Bogotuik crouched in the Calif-ornia pin oak leaf mold taking no mind of damage to his electric blue and orange tie-dyed burlap togs.

1. This was no moment for false pride, though it was a spiffy get-up.

2. Time enough for false pride later.

B. Below him, in the delicate filigree of late-afternoon Pacific sunshine, Benny could see the object of his quest, the heaviest rock group in the brick-and-stone rubble of San Francisco, the rightly-worshipped Bockhockids, as they practiced in their sacred grove in Crocker-Amazon Playground.

1. Since his own tribe's beloved Turnip Drill had died

(*All quotes from the Doylestown Daily Intelligencer 10/18/71.)

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of botulism from a bad can of beans, the gots had not smiled on the Fleishhacker Pool People.

a. Time for Benny to go into action.

b. He was here to put the snatch on the Bockhockids.

2. Benny smiled to himself, the cool insouciant smile of an aficionado, as he recognized the song they played, the classic "Incense and Peppermints" of the Strawberry Alarm Clock.

II. REP. FAWCETT CALLS MEETING ON FLOODS

A special meeting to study the problems created by flooding in the Pennypack Creek area has been called for Thursday by Rep. Charlotte Fawcett, R-152.

A. Benny was nearly betrayed by his love of Golden Gassers, Blasts from Out of the Musical Past.

1. His foot tapping in the rustle-crunchy golden-brown leaf mold all but drowned the sound of a stealthy approach, but the keen acuity of his ear and the fantastic swiftness of his reflexes saved him once again.

a. He whirled, striking out with the rat-tat-tat efficiency of a Yellow-Bellied Sapsucker (Sphyrapicus varius) chiseling a hole in the interstices of a Golden Chinkapin (Castanopsis chrysophylla).

b. He missed.

2. The naked fourteen-year-old girl who had been about to bash him in the head with a fine-grained porphyroid leaped back at his overture, bounteous breasts bobbling beautifully.

a. Her face was deliciously spotted with pimples.

b. Her hair fell about her face in golden strings.

3. At the sight of his heroic visage, she gasped and dropped the rock.

a. "You're Benny Bogotuik," she said.

b. "Yes," he allowed modestly.

c. "You know what they say about you."

d. "No," he said. "Tell me."

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B. The girl (her name--Blodwen "Hot" Fawcett--was stenciled in italic sans-serif capital letters one inch high beneath her bony rib cage) drew close and whispered in his ear, her tongue making quick little sidetrips.

1. "Wow," he said. "Do they really say that."

a. She nodded mutely and cast her eyes delicately downward.

2. "Well," he said.

a. Benny wrapped his tongue around her erect brown nipple and drew Blodwen close, spreading her legs wide with his prehensile toes.

b. No hands--Benny was an advanced lover.

c. The leaves crunched rhythmically to the sound of the Bockhockids moving into "Wipe Out" by the Surfaris.

III. FOREIGN STUDENTS ENROLLED

There are five exchange students at Pennridge High School this year. They are: Mads Ingholt, Felix Farre, Bernard Peralto, Angela Schlafer, and Angela Bogutzki.

A. Benny pulled his burlap together and left Blodwen there gurgling and writhing at the memory of his potency, and strode on down the hill to meet the Bockhockids, secure in the knowledge that he had justified his advance billing.

1. He was an amiable young man and he aimed to please.

2. But enough of that.

B. Bouyed by the memory of his potency--he was no more immune than anyone else to the power of his legend--Benny faced the Bockhockids, pointed his finger and named them one by one.

1. "Noel Harrison Ingholt--electric nose flute."

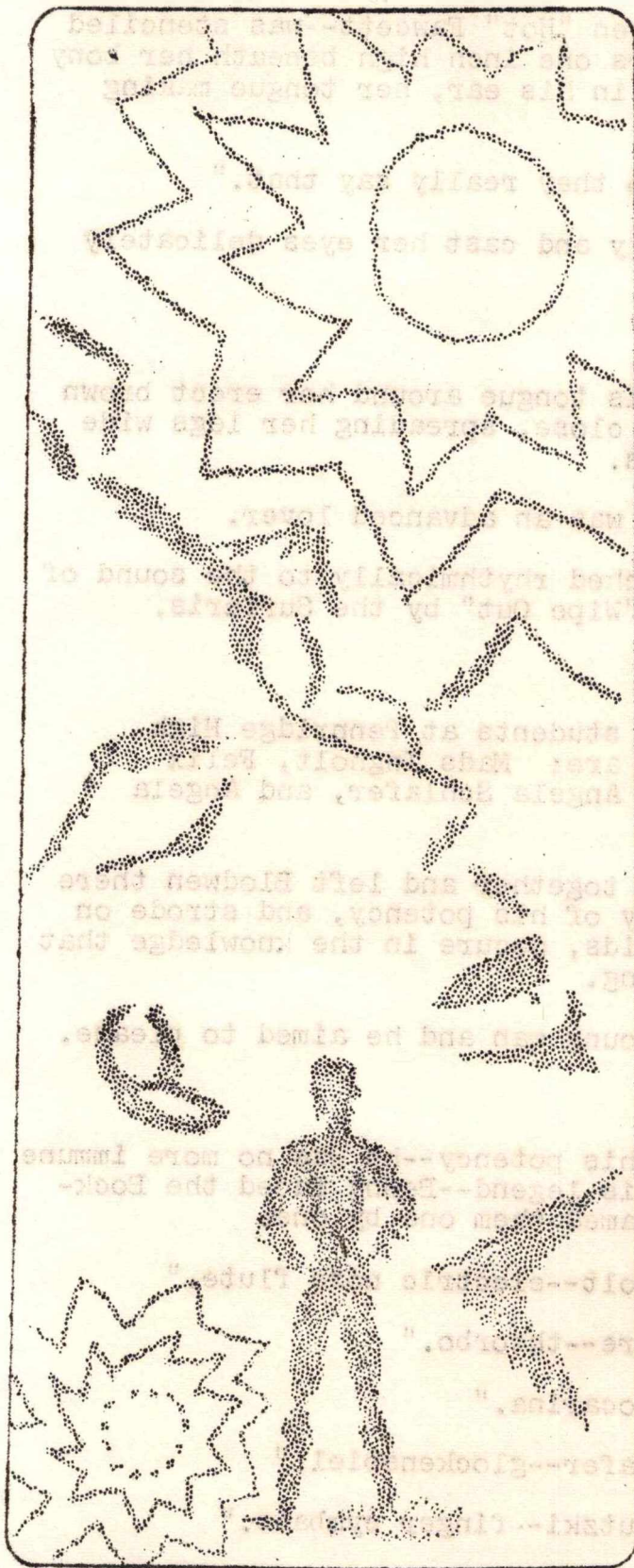
2. "Scott McKenzie Farre--theorbo."

3. "Joey Dee Peralto--ocarina."

4. "Bobby Sherman Schlafer--glockenspiel."

5. "Blindboy Grunt Bogutzki--finger cymbals."

C. They recognized him, too, as they were bound to, and broke



first into spontaneous applause and then into the best rendition of "Sugar Sugar" that Benny had ever heard.

1. He accepted the tribute with all the modesty that you have come to expect of him.

a. Equals are cool about things like that.

b. You should have been there when Tiny Tim and Mrs. Miller met.

V. ELAINE SOURWINE, KENNETH KRAH, ANNOUNCE TROTH

Mrs. Charles Rohrback of Porters Lake and Mr. William Sourwine of Lebanon announce the engagement of their daughter, Elaine Sourwine, to Mr. Kenneth H. Krah, Blooming Grove, son of Mr. and Mrs. Elmer G. Krah, 114 Horseshoe Lane, Warminster.

A. When they were done, Benny Bogotulk returned their applause.

1. "I've come to kidnap you and carry you away with me," he said.

2. "Us?" they said in wonder. "But we are only the second-best rock group in San Francisco."

3. "The best in San Francisco," Benny said. "The best in the world. The Turnip Drill has died from bad beans and the Fleishhacker Pool People must have a new rock band."

4. "Yes," they said. "Yes. Yes. We will. Oh yes."

B. And on the spot they packed their instruments--electric nose flute, theorbo, ocarina, glockenspiel and finger cymbals--and prepared to leave with Benny for a new sacred grove in the San Francisco Zoological Garden between Lake Merced and the sea.

C. But they had hardly set a foot outside the grove when fifteen aroused men leaped upon Benny and subdued him and shoosed the Bockhockids back where they belonged.

1. "Get these ideas out of your heads," they said, "and go back to your practice. You're our rock group."

a. "How did you know?" asked the Bockhockids. "What made you suspect?"

b. "It was easy," the fifteen aroused men said. "You were playing 'Sugar Sugar'. We knew it had to be something heavy."

IV. BRIDGE MARKS 100TH YEAR

'Hoopla" will abound at the centenary celebration for the Erwinna Covered Bridge.

A. They carried Benny back to their headquarters at the corner of Moscow Street and the 1300 block of Geneva Avenue.

1. "Imagine," they said to themselves. "Benny Bogotuik here."

2. "It's kind of an honor, isn't it," they said to themselves. "It must mean that our own Bockhockids are the best rock group in San Francisco."

3. "But we can't let the Bockhockids go," they said. "Not now."

B. Benny said, "You'll never stop me. I mean to have the Bockhockids and I will."

1. They had to believe him.

a. After all, he was Benny Bogotuik.

b. He was Stash-Master of the Fleishhacker Pool People, and that ain't nothin' to fuck with.

2. "We can't kill min," they said. "That wouldn't be right. We'll have to blow his mind."

C. They strapped Benny into place and wired him to their maximum power source, four Eveready "D" Batteries they had been

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hoarding to turn on Noel Harrison Ingholt's electric nose flute, and they switched on the current!

1. Simultaneously, they lit matches before his eyes and whispered suggestively into Benny's ear.

2. Benny's eyes glazed and he grew rigid.

- a. They were past masters at Mind-blowing.

- b. Benny was caught in the grip of a powerful illusion.

VI. BLAIR MILL PARENTS PLAN FALL FESTIVAL

A Fall Festival to benefit the Blair Mill Elementary School Parent Teacher's Association will be held Oct. 22 at the school, Pepper Way, Horsham. Entertainment for the children will include television personality Dr. Shock and an imitation of the Sesame Street character, Big Bird.

It was night in Poughkeepsie . Lew Poff, middle-aged computer corporation executive, stood before the hungry maw of the flamingo pink toilet in his suburban bathroom, one foot at ease in the warmth of a high-piled turquoise bath rug, the other nervously savoring the chill of a 2 a.m. tile floor. He hoped his aim was true in the darkness, but he was too deeply engaged in the on-going flow of event to break off and find the light switch. He was afraid he was going awry. It was the symbol of his life, he decided bleakly. He wouldn't turn on the light even if he could.

As he stood urinating into the unknown like an albatross winging into the setting sun, strange thoughts flickered through his mind. Thoughts of the Fillmores, East, West and Millard. Of trading HAL Int. for a Fender bass and disappearing into the West to begin life anew as a nineteen-year-old rock star. One speculative fantasy succeeded another.

It seemed to him suddenly that he had been pissing for a long time, but at the same time he felt he had barely begun. All the certainties of his life were suddenly a matter for question. He could have been here forever, world beginning to world end, pissing his life away, and all that he thought he was or might be could equally be a dream.

This was reality. This was true reality.

He stood, one foot warm, one foot cold, caught in the eternal moment.

VII. HINDERLITER, ROATCHE RIP KNIGHTS 28-7

The name Joe Hinderliter isn't new to the followers of the Hatboro-Horsham (5-0) football team, but seeing his name ahead of Alan Roatche in the yards rushing column will probably give future coaches some sleepless nights waiting for the red and black game.

A. The door burst open, and into the room strode naked Blodwen Fawcett, savage, sullen, defiant and contemptuous, beautiful breasts bobbling bounteously.

1. "Cheech," she said chidingly. "You shouldn't have done it. I'm not going to be your groupie any more."

2. "But he was trying to snatch our sacred rock group," the fifteen aroused men said.

B. She waved their futile excuses away.

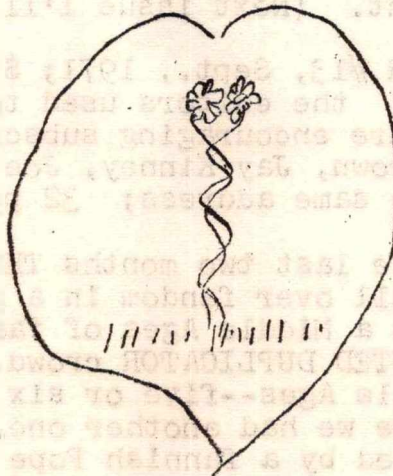
1. "I'll take Benny Bogotuik any way I can have him," she said, "over you. Even like this. He warmed my loins like no one ever did before."

2. "If it's a boy," she said, "we'll name him Dick. If it's a girl, we'll name her Pat. After the Nixons."

a. She paused in the doorway with Benny balanced like a board on her shoulder.

b. "You haven't heard the last of us," she opined. "Lose sleep."

--Cory and
Alexei Panshin



Here is an all new column by an amazing and fantastic man who needs no introduction. However, the style of this issue requires an introduction for him. We only wish we could think of something to say that would do him justice. Perhaps we will. Stay tuned and see.

D. JOHN YRREB

The Flophouse?

as
told
to

Namfuak Yerrj

This is a column of fanzine reviews. A "review" is a dramatic rendering of the opinions of a "reviewer" (surely you can see how this contraction is formed) in a column in magazines like this; there has been an unfortunate trend in English language literature lately for reviews to be short and lacking in content but I'm sure that I hope you'll find my reviews long and bursting with content. (Next issue I'll write about "content.")

THE ENCHANTED DUPLICATOR #13, Sept., 1971; \$1 or four for \$5.00 (down from \$10 per copy; the editors used to want only written response, but now they are encouraging subscriptions); monthly, from Arnie Katz, Rich Brown, Jay Kinney, Joe Staton, Joyce Katz, and Bob Shaw, all at the same address; 32 pp., gestetnered.

Every month for the last two months THE ENCHANTED DUPLICATOR has been pouring forth all over fandom in a great viscous tide of faaanishness. I predict a Middle Ages of faaanishness in the next month, led by the ENCHANTED DUPLICATOR crowd. It's been far too long since our last Middle Ages--five or six hundred years, in fact--and it's about time we had another one. This fannish Middle Ages will be characterized by a fannish Pope in New York, just like the old days, and a great resurgence of small manors and fiefs around fandom; it will be the age of the small, medieval fanzine. Lots of battlements. A brand new edition of the Index

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Librorum Prohibitorum. That is, if we're lucky, and if we don't talk about this Middle Ages.

The contents of this issue are indicative. There's a fabulous fannish reprint, consisting of all the introductory material from the best of Terry Carr's famous "Entropy Reprints" columns. You won't remember these, but they are very highly regarded by those of us who do. Besides the vintage reprint there is brilliant new material: A joint editorial by all the editors, written entirely in the first person; a hilarious article by Arnie about playing monopoly until three a.m.; a long but interesting essay by a new fan about taking the IRT for the first time (this is not a drug story); and a lettercolumn by Harry Warner.

This fanzine is highly recommended except that it will probably have folded by the time you read this. Sheer genius.

LOCUS 96, Sept. 24, 1971; 12/\$3 or 26/\$6; "weekly/bi-weekly", from Charlie and Dena Brown, 2078 Anthony Ave., Bronx, N.Y. 10457; six pp. if you don't count the inserts. Mimeographed.

LOCUS has changed from its former happy, carefree, fannish self and is becoming sercon ("Seriously considered" in the fannish jargon.) Gone are the days of the old LOCUS; Charlie has led his fanzine off the beaten track and turned it into nothing but a pseudo-professional vehicle for serious discussion of news. Four out of six pages of this issue are devoted to news, and the remaining space (outside of a slightly fannish colophon) is taken up with a column of capsule fanzine reviews by Jerry Kaufman. I just don't understand the minds of the people who wish Jerry Kaufman would win a Hugo. Do you?

This fanzine will probably be around for a long time. No longer recommended.

ENERGUMEN 11, Sept. 71; trades, contributions or 2/\$1, from Mike and Susan Glickson, Apt 203, 731 St George St., Toronto 6, Ontario.

ENERGUMEN has been following a careful path down the middle of the road. It has been following this path so consistantly that it is now in a rut. Each ENERGUMEN seems much like the last.

For instance, Ted Pauls' "The Salty Kumquat" is another group of notes on his weekend activities, reprinted from WOKL, Arnie Katz turns in a history of QUIP (Len Bailes' old fanzine, for those of you ignorant of fannish history), Rosemary records her witty ripostes with a blind newsdealer, Stephen Pickering does a sociological study of the criticism of Leon Taylor, Leon Taylor writes five pages on his reactions to the first five pages of Robert Silverberg's "The Nudes of Quendar III," and Dan Osterman compares

Kaufman - 3

his own approach to art with that of Jack Gaughan. Mike and Susan write their usual balanced editorials, Mike concentrating on Charles Burbee and Susan on Stephen Leacock. The lettercol is nearly incomprehensible, filled with references to some obscure in-group word, "prime". There isn't one single Austin illo.

Except for the probability that ENERGUMEN will win a Hugo, I can't see any reason for reading it. Recommended as a trend-setter, or to hang on your wall.

Brief Mentions:

CORRELATIVE 3, from Fred Mimsey. Fiction by Darryl Schweitzer, column by Dean Koontz, article by andy offutt, art by Dan Osterman and Mike Gilbert, and poetry by Mimsey.

PARALLEL 5, from Cynthia Wilsey. Fiction by Dan Osterman, article by Darryl Schweitzer, column by Fred Mimsey, art by Dean Koontz, and poetry by Mike Gilbert.

SIMILAR 4, from Jacob Blakey. Fiction by Mike Gilbert, poetry by Mimsey, Wilsey and Blakey, column by andy offutt, article by Dan Osterman and art by Darryl Schweitzer.

DITTO 7, from Sam Jaspey. I seem to have mislaid my notes on this, but see my reviews of CORRELATIVE, PARALLEL, and SIMILAR. I think Perry Chapdelaine may also have had an article in this.

KRATOPHANY 1, from Eli Cohen. Shows a lot of power for a first issue.

PATTYPLAN 1, from Steve Stiles. Official Organ of the revived Mickey Mouse Club.

APPLESAUCE CAKE 1, from rich brown. Written from great experience about the dangers of cake. This is an official Publishing Frenzy Fanzine.

FRENZY 15-18, from Jerry Kaufman. This leading Publishing Frenzy Fanzine, a newszine of highly biased reporting and peculiar attempts at humor. At least it's frequent.

--Jerry Kaufman

*Send fanzines for review to Jerry Kaufman, c/o

Continued on page 47

Gardner Peachpit is perhaps least known for the celebrated "Spit" (Orbit 12) in which he told the story of a drooling alien caught in a Times Square rushhour subway jam. Now he turns his efforts to the perspiration of an amazingl and fantastically diverse cast of characters. To properly understand this story as science-fiction, you must remember that it takes place in its entirety on a flying saucer.

HOW ODD MY GRAVESTONE

by Gardner Peachpit

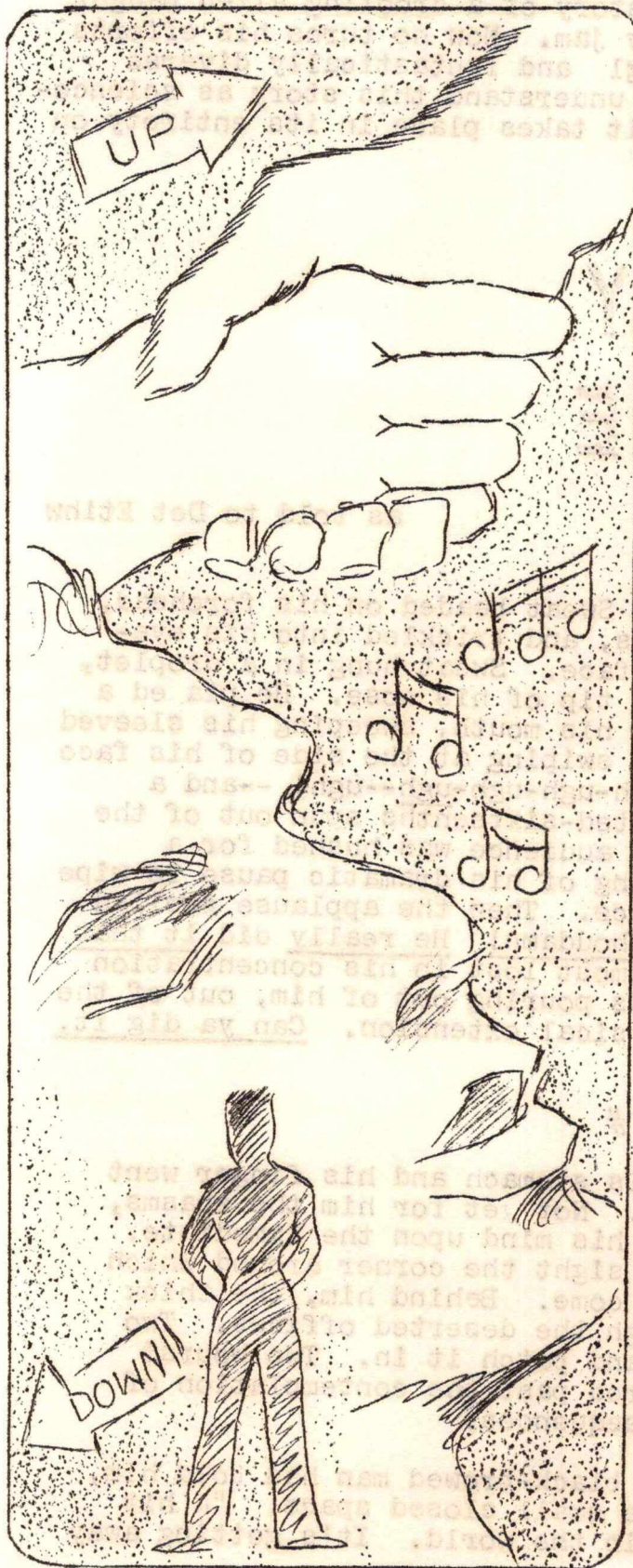
as told to Det Etihw

His embouchure tightened. Sweat beaded on his forehead, gathering into miniature rivulets, and trickled into his eye-brows and down the sides of his face. Sweat hung in a droplet, as if gathering momentum, at the tip of his nose. He played a triplet and yanked the reed from his mouth, sweeping his sleeved arm upward and tilting his head, swiping at the side of his face with the soiled white shirt. Ugh-ugh-ugh-ugh--ugh! --and a sudden shattering cascade of dotted-sixteenths spun out of the tarnished bell of the alto. The audience was hushed for a moment, still caught in the daring of his dramatic pause to wipe the sweat from his glistening face. Then the applause swelled up and the laughter of relief--Ghoddamn! He really did it that time! Shee-it!--but muffled, almost lost in his concentration and the piercing babble of sounds pouring out of him, out of the metal appendage that was his physical extension. Can ya dig it, Bird?

#

Apprehension curdled in his stomach and his finger went white against the trigger guard. Not yet for him the spasms, the chattering teeth. He fixed his mind upon the immediate, sighting through the telescopic sight the corner around which the Presidential cavalcade must come. Behind him, the thick cord twisted like a snake through the deserted offices. Two hours to find the main circuit and patch it in. Two hours! Mouse-like, his thoughts skittered past the contemplation of the act itself...toward the consequences.

"You gotta remember," the black-browed man had told him, his breath a fetid stench in the small closed space. "A hit like this is the easiest thing in the world. It's getting away afterwards that ain't so easy."



"Oswald..."

"Oswald, my ass! A nut! Forget him." The man leaned closer, his breath the smell of death and decay. "The simplest way--you know what the simplest way is? You load a guy up. You make him into a walking bomb. And you send him up to shake hands. You know what I mean? He just shakes the guy's hand. His fucking hand," he repeated, shaking his head in rapt fascination with his own metaphor. "And--he's gone. Wiped off the land. Course, so's our guy."

"Not me." Positive. Empty. He'd do as he was told...

...had done as he'd been told. A simple hit: the pulse-laser was all set up. No problems with distance, windage. No noise. He had a chance--just a bare chance.

He ducked his head under his arm and scraped the sweat from his face.

#

He stood there, staring at it, dangling in his hand. He jerked at it, his bladder straining. Oh, Christ! He needed to piss so bad! Why was it he could never get it started here in the subway toilet?

He tried visualizing a running faucet, water gushing out; tried to summon up the sounds, the familiar sounds of his own bathroom sink, when he turned on the cold water to quick, wash away the tell-tale yellow stains of his impatience. Easy to do there, in the security

White - 3

of his own home, behind two locked doors--three, if you counted the downstairs door that was always out of order, the buzzer not working and old Fritz the super setting the lock so it wasn't locked because he hated to go out and open it each time someone buzzed--the police lock secure on the apartment door, and the push-button pushed in on his bathroom door each time he came in even though he was the apartment's only tenant.

He looked down at the tile floor. Smears of dirt, pushed futilely around by a hasty mop. Wet spots: saliva or urine, Cigarette butts, mute witnesses to illegal goings-on. A wad of toilet paper someone had dropped and stepped on.

The toilet was filthy. Crusts of scum coated its bowl. The seat was a patchwork of stains. He wouldn't sit on that seat, not once in a million years. Not even covered with toilet paper. The stuff was so flimsy you could see through it; less than useless. But if he didn't sit down, get the weight off his legs, ease the strain out--if he didn't gain the security of pissing against the silence of the side of the bowl and not loudly into the water--he wasn't going to get any piss out at all. Already his bladder was painful. He knew he'd never get home on the subway. Not in rush hour, standing up, knees locking, thighs pressed vainly together, not all the way out to Flatlands. A drop of sweat fell from his slumped head into the toilet bowl. He didn't see it.

#

He watched the two girls down at the opposite end of the bar and wondered why his palms had gone sweaty.

--Ted White

"We all know evils to some can cause good to others; but to leap from what may be true of the whole, or true of any given action viewed historically, to the theory that the individual can be excused any moral concern about his actions is to fall into the fallacy that what is true of an action must be true of the enactor. A man must finally do good for his own and his society's health; not for good's sake or the action's sake."

--John Fowles
THE ARISTOS



SPECIAL: AMAZINGLY FANTASTICAL ALL-NEW REPRINT!

The Return of the Mist

"Warden Lawson had a strange power over the convicts of his prison, but Spike Torri was a different proposition. Then came the Mist--a mist that was living! And the life in it was that of Spike Torri!"

A fantastically Amazing Classic
by
Robert E. Lee, Jr.

High atop the tallest building in the world, the towering sixty-storey Woolworth Building in downtown Manhattan, are located the headquarters of the fabled economic empire which is master-minded by one man. He is the eighty-ninth richest man in the Social Register, the fabulous globetrotter, gourmet, bob-vivant, adventurer, envied by millions--David Lloyd Barrett.

On that particular day in May, the sky was overcast. There had been rain. There would be rain again. Standing at a window in his magnificent blue octagonal personal office, the most inner and sanctum of inner sanctums, DLB clasped his hands behind his back and ruminated as he looked down at City Hall Park across Broadway. The greenery had a dank limpid glisten to it and the pigeons perching on the heroic marble sculpture commemorating Civic Virtue seemed sadly forlorn.

Something was in the air, DLB thought with the subtle instinct that had served him so well at the outset of so many past adventures. A darkness that was not entirely due to the storm clouds that hovered above. A sinister static electricity that seemed to crackle from distant sources, veins of invisible lightning that--

Junior - 2

The door to DLB's palatial office burst open.

DLB wheeled and found himself face to yellow face with Jordan "Pudgy" Fong, his best friend, his cohort, the only man on earth allowed to actually enter the sanctum sanctorum uninvited and unannounced.

"Listen, David," Pudgy panted, "I---"

"Darn it," DLB expostulated, "If I've told you once, I've told you a hundred times: Call me 'Mister Barrett' during business hours."

"Sorry, Mister Barrett," Pudgy gasped, shuffling his feet.

"It's all right," DLB averred. "But don't let it happen again. Now, what the heck's the matter with you? You're sweating."

"Gosh," Pudgy bumbled, "I'm so excited."

"Take a cold shower," DLB advised drily."

He noticed then that Pudgy's skinny yellow Oriental fingers were clutching an object of inscrutable aspect. Pudgy held it before him, displaying it to DLB as though it were an offering to one of his own pagan gods.

"The Lotus Flower," Pudgy screeched, "is glowing!"

"Gad," DLB hissed. "This can only mean one thing!"

"Yeah," Pudgy assented. "Yeah, yeah, yeah."

Suddenly overhead a faint sound resolved itself into the drone of a single-engined aeroplane.

DLB cocked his head, tilting an ear unerringly toward the source of the sound. Without a doubt or hesitation, he announced:

"Lindberg."

"Ah so," Pudgy whispered.

DLB snapped, "Poor lad, to have endeavored so with all his might and main, and to be foredoomed to failure."

"He's got a good chance," Pudgy protested.

"No." DLB shook his head, his handsome features expressing his pity for the youth who would soon attempt to make the perilous New York-to-Paris crossing by hearier-than-air craft. "No, Byrd and Chamberlain will be the first to land in Paris. They will claim

the fabulous twenty-five thousand dollar Orteig Prize. But I must admit that I admire this Lindberg, in spite of his Jewish-sounding name."

"What makes you so sure Byrd and Chamberlin will beat him?" Pudgy sniveled, his wily yellow face illuminated by the glowing object he clutched before him.

"It is inevitable," DLB responded. "Two great men, their prowess already proven, dauntlessly reaching out to conquer one of the last frontiers, in their magnificent tri-motor Fokker, a masterpiece of technology from the most technologically-adept people outside of our own America, America, God shed His grace on thee. How could one lone youth hope to compete with such a combination? Why, this Lindberg boy has only one engine! What would he do should it fail over the raging Atlantic?"

"Go down, I guess, Pudgy anticipated.

"Poor lad," DLB sympathized.

The drone of the engine had faded. D:B returned his gaze to the object Pudgy held toward him. Cupped in Pudgy's hands was a loti-form bowl, conveiled with fantastically amazing artistry, rendered with the most intricate of craftsmanship, of solid gold, in the manner of the most ancient heathen Orientals. The bowl itself had been a revered relic of antiquity when the first of the Shangs was but an infant mewling and puking in his cradle, a heritage from a strange civilization now lost beyond the distant reaches of memory. Resting in this loti-form bowl, was an object even more ancient than its golden bed---the Lotus Stone!

Of the approximate shape and size of the egg of the now-extinct Royal Purple Bird of Mu, the Lotus Stone was a crystal of a most marvelous refraction. To the eye its depths seemed infinite and of an inconceivable purity. In its heart lay a small figure, a snake that, at one glance might have seemed carved of ebony, and on another glance might seem a living thing. At this moment, as the Lotus Stone gave off its transcendental glow, the snake was poised as if to strike!

Junior - 4

"It points," DLB coagulated, mentally charting the direction in which the minute snake would seem to seek its prey. A sharp jangling sound terraced the air. Recognizing the sound, DLB lifted the tele-phone receiver from his desk. It was a French model, mouthpiece and earpiece in one span. DLB spoke briskly into the mouthpiece. "Fuck off." Pause. "Oh, all right. Put him on." Pause. "No, Your Honor, I'm sorry, I won't be able to see you this afternoon." Pause. "Yes, I do understand how important it is, but something even more important has just come up." Pause. "No, not even five minutes." Pause. "No." Pause. "I---well, if you make it quick." Pause. "Yes, I am familiar with the geological structure of the bed of the East River at that point." Pause. "My advice is to go ahead and do it. Make sure you seal the cable as well as possible." Pause. "Rubber cement would probably be best." Pause. "You're quite welcome." He turned to Pudgy. "You know what this glowing Lotus Stone means, don't you?"

"Well," Pudgy empathized, "It has been in my family since the dawn of time."

DLB jiggled the tele-phone receiver. "Edith? Have the derigible ready for take-off immediately. Right. Yes, Pudgy, you know what the glowing Lotus Stone means?"

"Oh, for Tong's sake," Pudgy whimpered. "So tell me already, Mister Barrett, sir, please."

"It means," DLB vociferated dramatically, "that the Mist has returned! Now, let us be off about thwarting him!"

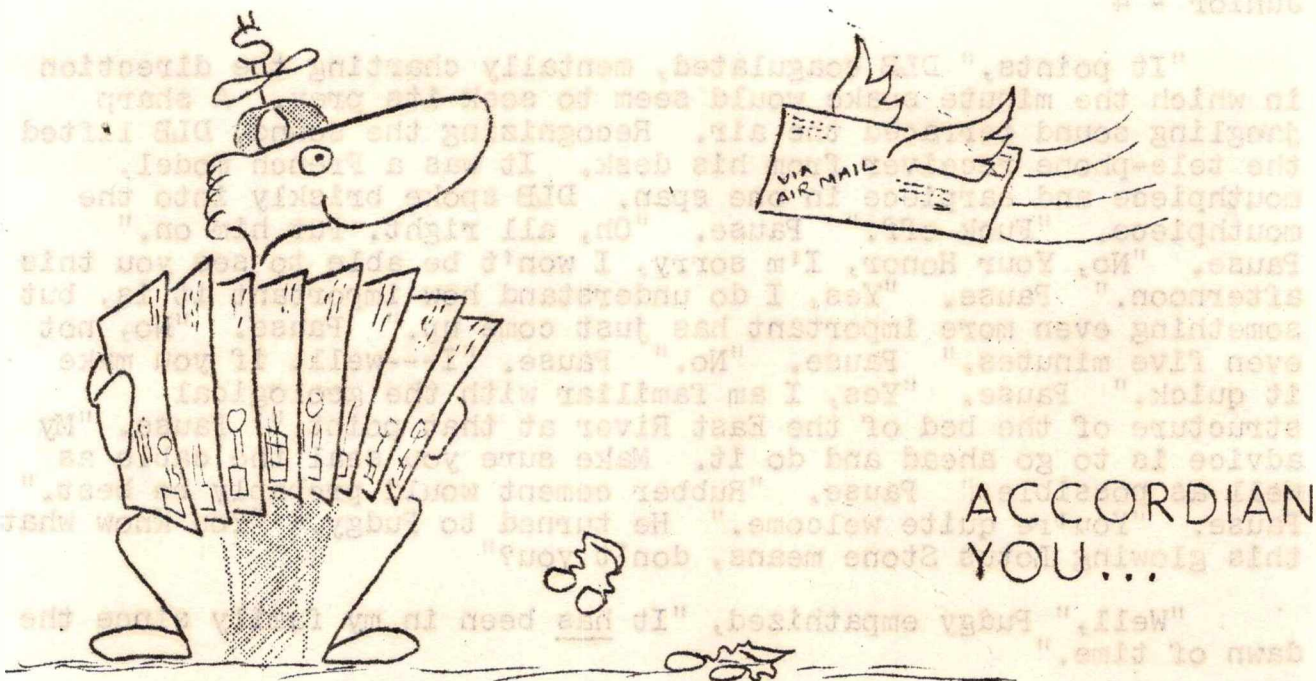
"Yeah," Pudgy sighed. "Let's."

THE END

--Rob't E. Toomey, Jr.
&
Lee Hoffman

NEXT ISSUE! Another Story in This Fabulous Series About The Greatest Arch-criminal of All Time, the Invader from Another Dimension Rather Unlike Our Own--THE MIST!

* *



Dear Editor,

The answer to the question posed in the previous issue is
YES.

Caligula True

#Perhaps. Keep those letters coming.

WHEW#

Dear WHEW,

Using an arbitrary scale of my own invention, running from one to one hundred Points, I rate the stories in your previous issue, in the respective order of their appearance on the Table of Contents, thusly: 84, 91, 71, 80, and 4. This averages out to 64 for the issue, not including the regular features, none of which I felt I understood well enough to attempt rating. You have dropped below my arbitrary passing average of 65. Cancel all my subscriptions at once.

Ralph D. Ralph

(You are mistaken, Ralph; or Mr. Ralph, if you prefer. The figures 84, 91, 71, 80, and 4 add up to 330. The average of 330, dividing it as is the custom by 5, the number of items, in this case stories, is 66, a passing grade. While I don't agree with your scores completely, I do feel that you should at least make some sort of small effort to add them up and divide correctly. Didn't you think I'd notice. I always notice. Everything. And it is my considered opinion that you deliberately and with malice aforethought added them up wrong to embarrass me publicly. Either that or you're a

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crank, and I hate cranks and piss on them in the street. Whichever, Ralphie Boy, cancelling your subscriptions will be a definite pleasure, one that I've been looking forward to for a long long time. Keep those letters coming. WHEW#

- - -

Sir,

What is this "fandom" anyway? What is "science fiction"? What is "New Wave"? What is "the younger generation of writers"? What is "Old Wave"? What is a "Hugo"? What does "moon" mean? What is a "chrono-synclastic-infundibulum"? What is a "fmz"? Why do you clutter your magazine up with all that stupid fiction?

Pristine Pruitt

#It's my magazine and I'll clutter it up however I please. If you don't like it -- tough. I like it, and that's the important thing. Sure, it's not all a bed of roses. I have my share of problems. The copy-editing isn't all it might be and my mimeograph broke down the other day, but I'm not complaining. And ungrateful writers keep suing me and my publisher and saying nasty things about us in print, but that's water over the dam. Things are improving steadily. Someday I'll be king. Then you'll be sorry. Keep those letters coming WHEW#

- - -

Dear Editor,

The answer posed to the previous question in the issue is NO.

Caligula Tree

#Possibly. Keep those letters coming.

WHEW)

- - -

Dear Mr. Editor Sir,

The artwork is great! The stories are great! Gee whiz! The non-fiction is a little hard to figure out sometimes but it's really terrific! Gosh, you sure are a wonderful editor! I've always wanted to write, you know! Along with this letter I'm submitting a ninety thousand word novel about life under the domes of Vesuvius! This time I indented each paragraph and used quotation marks around dialogue like you told me to!

"Hee, I hope you buy it!"

Gulliver Gush

Toomey - 3

#Keep those letters coming.

WHEW)

Dear Ed,

I refer you to the story GALLOPING GLADNEY by Frank Moss in your previous issue, Volume XXX, Number 9. The original premise for this story was used by Findly Field in a poem entitled ABACUS RETURNS, in the Volume IX, Number 11 issue of WHISTLER TALES, dated November, 1917. The secondary idea of bringing a corpse back to life by use of vanilla extract mixed with saltpeter and carrot juice is not a new one, either. Examine Volume XIX, Number 3, Whole Number 231, of BLATANT PROHIBITION EXCESSES MONTHLY, and you'll discern a factual article by Field Gladney entitled PRACTICAL MYSTICISM AND ITS CAUSES. The entire concept is detailed there. Characterizations found in Moss's story may be found in either of two places. I refer you to the Hong Kong translation of a Japanese fantasy one-shot called UNDER-THE-COUNTER ABACUS WHISTLES, and a story entitled SYANARA FINDLEY by Lu La Le, whom I later discovered to be the irregular pseudonym of popular German soccer star Reichlieu Gladney. Or in Volume XXX, number 8 of your own magazine, in your editorial. I suspect someone's subconscious mind is at work here. Who is this Findley Moss really? Huh? Be genuine.

(Name withheld at correspondent's request)

#Moss's actual identity was revealed in the lead article of my one-shot fanzine CRUNCH EXCLAMATION POINT. I guess you missed that issue. Too bad. Keep those letters coming.

WHEW)

Sirrah!

It has come to my attention that you have been carrying on clandestine correspondence in code with my thirteen year old daughter Pristine. If this continues I will have no recourse but to notify the authorities. The cover of your previous issue was slightly better than the one before. I would rather see a naked woman than a spaceman any day.

Rev. Abraham Isaiah J. Pruitt

#I'll take it under advisement. Keep those letters coming. WHEW)

Toomey - 4

Sir,

We can't go on meeting like this.

Pristine Abraham Pruitt

#Probably. Keep those letters coming.

WHEW)

Dear Son,

You never visit me any more. You never call. You never write. I sit here in the kitchen up to my elbows in Joy suds and stare at the rainbow bubbles going down the drain and you know what I do? I wonder, that's what. Yes, I wonder is my boy, my one and only sonny boy baby child all right? Why doesn't he call? Why doesn't he write? Why doesn't he visit me? Why why why?. Is he dead? Does he think I'M dead? Down the drain. Why? Why? WHY?

Mother

#See my editorial thiss issue. Keep those letters coming. WHEW)

Dear WHEW,

The question to the previous pose in the issue answer is MAYBE.

Caligula Tray

#Wouldn't be surprised. Keep those letters coming.

WWEH)

--Bob Toomey



CLASSIFIED ADS

BOOKS & MAGAZINES

Back Issue SF magazines & books, 5 for \$1! Copies with all pages, 5 for \$5! Send \$1 for free list! Box 69, Falls Church, Va.

The exciting true story of my life! In authentic handwritten manuscript! Send \$500 to box 69, San Miguel de Allende, Mexico.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

Become a witch doctor! Send for free rock'm-sock'm voodoo kit! Annihilate your friends! Box 69, Haiti

HI(GH)! Here's your golden opportunity! Your key to happiness! Your way to get a head! This is the number! Box 69, Acapulco, Mex.

WOMEN! Earn money in your spare time! Box 69, Bloomington, Ill.

FOR MEN

Men! Write now for free details! Box 69, Bloomington, Ill.

ASTROLOGY

Discover your hidden potential! Send \$2,000 and a stamped self-addressed envelope along with the date and hour of your birth. Six astrologers; no waiting! Box 69, Hartford City, Indiana

Meet your Star Mate! Astrological twins are fun for all! Send \$10 and a stamped self-addressed envelope to Box 69, Bloomington, Ill.

HYPNOTISM

Have power over women! Write for details. Box 69, Bloomington, Ill.

Have power over men! Write for details. Box 69, Bloomington, Ill.

INSTRUCTION

It is later than you think. Write Box 69, Port Charlotte, Florida

COLLECTORS

Exotic party items. (Give time & place of party.) Box 69, Bloomington, Ill.

FOR WOMEN

Erotic movies projected free on the ceiling of your bedroom. Send intimate photograph of yourself to Box 69, Bloomington, Ill.

POST EDITORIAL

LeeH

Once again, SFFY has been produced on the Spaceship Mimeo, a machine that, having reached its majority, now considers itself to be in a class with such legendary duplicators as the Epicentreal Flatbed, the AHMF 3.75, and the machine Bill Danner built out of an old pair of pajamas. Subsequently, the Spaceship mimeo would seem to feel itself entitled to the displays of artistic temprement that it has been showing all along. To this, I say, "Foosh!"

As is our custom, we are bringing you the usual plethora of typos in this issue. As we have pointed out before, it is somewhat necessary to make a small charge for these. However, in line with the President's War On Inflation And Others, we are holding the line on the price of typos. Those of you who wish to point the typos out to us may do so for the remarkably small fee of merely 5¢ each. Please include cash in advance. No C.O.D.s.

Meanwhile, back at the mimeo: the course of production of this issue has been fraught with adventure. All kinds of things have occurred to interfere with production proceeding in the quiet, orderly, well-scheduled manner than faneds always dream of and seldomn achieve.

For instance: At the time when I should have been in the first throes of production, I was instead in the process of re-locating from an apartment in New York City to a house in Florida. My co-conspirator, Bob Toomey, has told some of the story of the trip itself in his column in FOCAL POINT. The story of the three weeks of dislocation between my arrival in Florida, and my receipt of the house, may never see print. I'd rather not think about them. They are lost weeks out of my life. And out of the SFFY production schedule.

LeeH - 2

On finally achieving possession of the house, I discovered that there were all manner of Things That Had To Be Done--Now. In the course of doing one of them, I sliced the tip off my 3edc finger (I am a nine-finger typist). This was during the early phase of stencilling. The damage wasn't serious. For a couple of days I was into one-handed typing, which may be okay for correspondence, but as to stencilling--you think we've got typos now--

But shortly the finger healed enough for me to work on the IBM as usual. And then--

Last Sunday (24 October--a date I am marking on my calendar as a good one to spend in bed), I participated in my first automobile accident. It was really rather a minor one. The car got a headlight knocked out of it, and I got the daylights knocked out of me. I also got my first ambulance ride, my first stitches (not counting those one gets in surgery, which is a different matter entirely), my first black eye (which is still swollen enough to be a bloody annoyance), and a severe attack of not getting anything much done for several days. All this came about because of my continuing in motion in a suddenly stationary vehicle (watch out for non-moving cars). My forehead went as far as the catch for the convertible top on the upper edge of the windscreen frame--and then just a little further. Nine stitches worth.

Foosh.

Fortunately the car and I were still both functional, though a mite the worse for wear. And as of this typing, production on SFFY is proceeding in the usual sort of hectic frenzy.

Loathe as I am to share the credit, I must admit that if it weren't for my co-editor, this might not be the case. From the inception of the issue, from the original concept, through the obtaining of contributions, up to and including the mad dash for more ink yesterday, and, I expect, through the hurried collating and the impending mad dash to the post office, Bob has been there, making it all possible.

Well, enough of that.

Suffice to say, we have great plans for the next issue, so be sure not to miss it. SFFY is available to FAPA and, while the supply lasts, to such people as write and ask for it. A few stamps to cover the cost of mailing are always appreciated.

All kinds of things are appreciated.

---LeeH

October 1971

POST CO-EDITORIAL

It behooves the lowly co-editor to be brief. Therefore I will be brief. In fact I'll do my thing in a single dazzling paragraph. Here I go. If there's anyone who's to blame for this issue of SFFY-- and it's not really LeeH although she twisted my arm until I shrieked and agreed to help her put it out -- it's Terry Carr. Not Carol, however. Carol Carr, as anyone who knows her knows, is blameless. No, it's Terry. In GILGAMESH #25 Terry wrote down for posterity a conversation we'd had just a few nights earlier, a conversation I'd mercifully forgotten until he brought it up again. It concerned the homogeneity of the group who at that time was writing for AMAZING and FANTASTIC. The group consisted of such names as Ted White, Bob Silverberg, Lee Hoffman, Bob Toomey, Alex Panshin, Dick Lupoff, and others not pertinent to mention. I will not specify the extra special item that united our group, since Bob Silverberg says he was actually out of town that weekend, but here we are again, coming from all over the map, to mess up the minds of the people. Without Terry pointing out our homogeneity, I doubt any of us would have noticed it. At least I wouldn't have. I just thought we were all together like. Even so, time passes, and new names have been added to the roster. Among these is Jerry Kaufman, who is OK. And Poul Anderson is a darling lad. But Harlan's Blank Pages are significant. He isn't there. Maybe someday he will be. In the meantime I advise against anyone rolling up this magazine and smoking it. That could be hazardous to your health. Just lick the upper right hand corner of page 17. If it works, then you're the lucky one, perhaps the only person on earth capable of getting off on "Incentive" mimeo paper. Please send us a sample of your blood. And let's stop fucking around and love each other -- huh?

--Bob Toomey
October 1971

