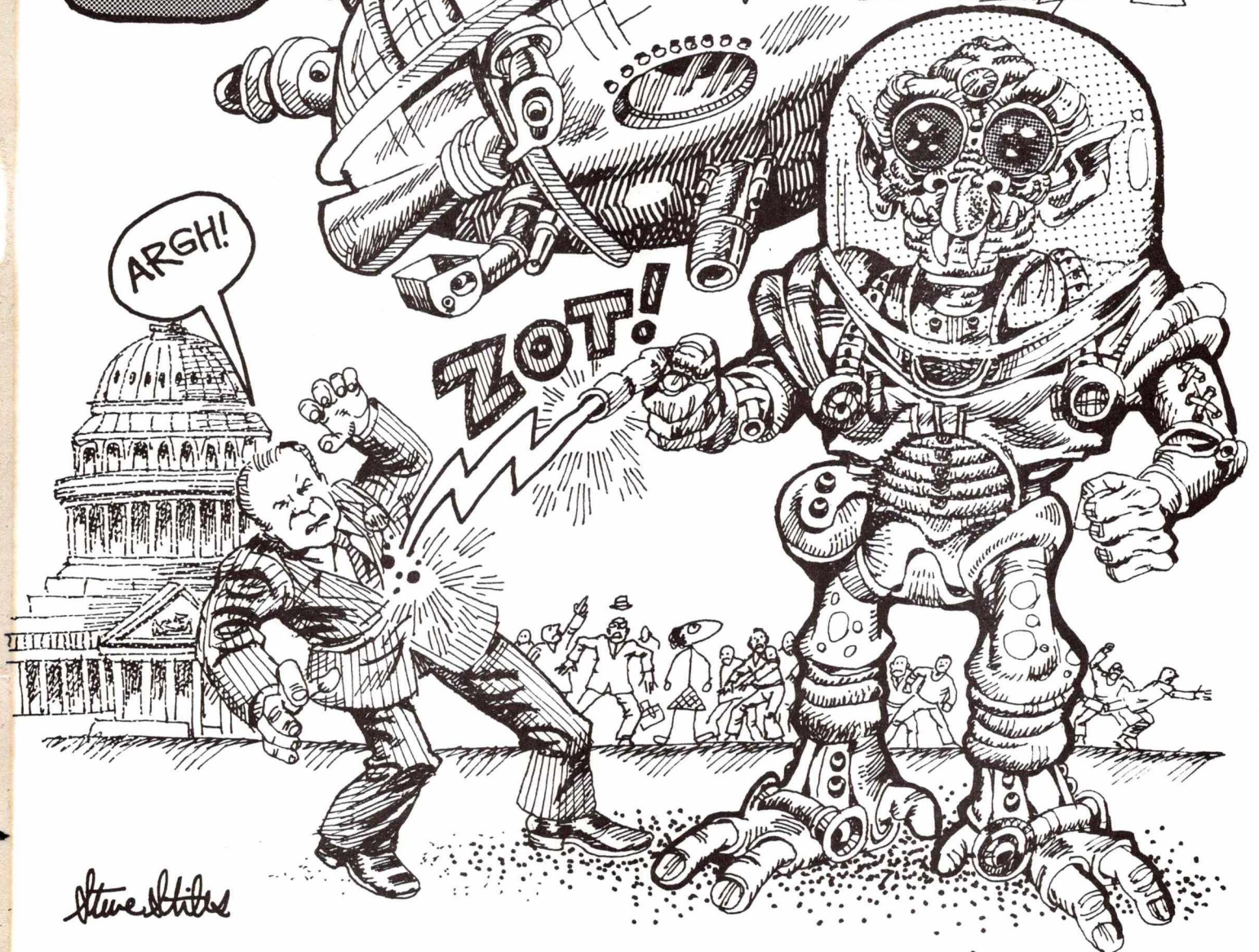


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1976
FAPA

SCIENCE FICTION

FIVE YEARLY



SCIENCE FICTION FIVE-YEARLY

Number Six

November 1976

- contents -

EDITORIAL by Lee Hoffman	4
LETTER COLUMN	6
THE LAST SURVEY by Bob Tucker	7
IN ONE LUSTRUM AND OUT THE OTHER by Harry Warner, Jr.	11
STARS OF THE SLAVE GIANTS by Calvin Aaargh	15
THE THIRTY YEARS WAR by Robert Bloch	18
CAN YOU DO ANYTHING WHEN I FEEL THIS by Bob Toomey	20
TWENTY-FIVE YEARS? THAT'S -- by Ted White	22
ASS'T by Terry Hughes	30

art:	Ross Chamberlain	15, 17
	Lee Hoffman	4, 5, 23
	Dan Steffan	7, 9, 14, 21
	Steve Stiles	cover, 13, 18

SCIENCE FICTION FIVE-YEARLY, The World's Only Intentionally Five-Yearly Publication, is edited by Lee Hoffman, Founder. Assistant Emeritus, Bob Toomey. Assistant Editor/Publisher, Terry Hughes. Proofreader, Rick Sneary. All correspondence should be addressed to Lee Hoffman, 350 N.W. Harbor Blvd., Port Charlotte, Florida 33950, U.S.A.

This Sixth issue of SCIENCE FICTION FIVE-YEARLY has been mimeographed in vivid black and white, as has been done for the past five years. There are, however, a limited number of Deluxe Full-Color Edition copies of SFFY #6 available from the assistant editor. Please state which crayon colors you'd prefer when making your request.

SFFY #6 is being distributed to contributors, through FAPA, and to very important people like you. Despite what you may have read above, this issue is available only from Lee Hoffman, the driving force behind this fanzine.

25TH YEAR



EDITORIAL

LEEH

It is with more than our usual humble pride and ridiculous braggadocio that we bring you this, our twenty fifth anniversary issue of SFFY. Few regularly published fanzines have reached such an anniversary without ever missing an issue. Joyfully, we flaunt this claim to fame and dare the rising young generation of fan publishers to catch up with us if they can!

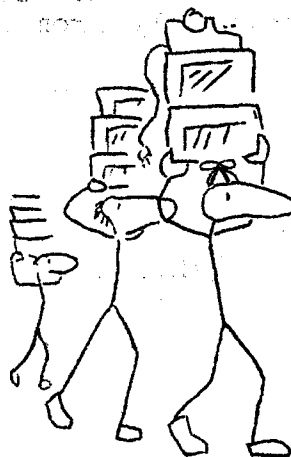


In preparation for this momentous occasion yed has been browsing past issues of this sterling journal, and it has come to our attention that previous editorials by yhos have been devoted largely to bemoaning the multitude of technical problems encountered in production -- the difficulties of duplication, the miseries of mimeography.

At last, with this issue yed had finally conceived a method of overcoming this difficulty. The solution was so simple it seems odd it had not occurred to yhos before.

Acquire an associate editor/publisher and let him do all the drudgery and dirty work.

Obviously, such a gem of brilliance does not come upon one instantly. Such an idea evolves. For the last issue, SFFY had an editorial associate. Bob Toomey aided in the preparation of the publication, giving great assistance in the overcoming of various obstacles. Still the mimeoing was done then on the erstwhile Space-ship Mimeo by yed. And the technical problems recurred as always. Relocation of the editorial offices and production facilities to the hinterlands of the semi-tropics didn't help any either. Supplies had to be brought in by ox cart. Mail went out, apparently, by The African Queen. Multicolor ink was unavailable. Mimeo replacement parts were unavailable. Staples could be had only through the SPWSSTFM.



So, as 1976 loomed on the horizon, we began our search for the ideal associate editor/publisher for this issue of SFFY.

Bob Toomey, obviously having forgotten or failed to learn from past experience, immediately volunteered. His plan to put out an issue composed entirely of blank pages seemed a perfect solution to duplicating difficulties. However, after much discussion, we realized that neither he nor yed would receive adequate egoboo from a fanzine with no return address.

Jerry Kaufman and Suzy Tompkins were queried about acting as guest editors/publishers (two collators are better than one). They were willing, but it turned out that their own publishing schedule conflicted with SFFY's. Since this would have put an untoward burden on their facilities and, perhaps, stability, we turned elsewhere.

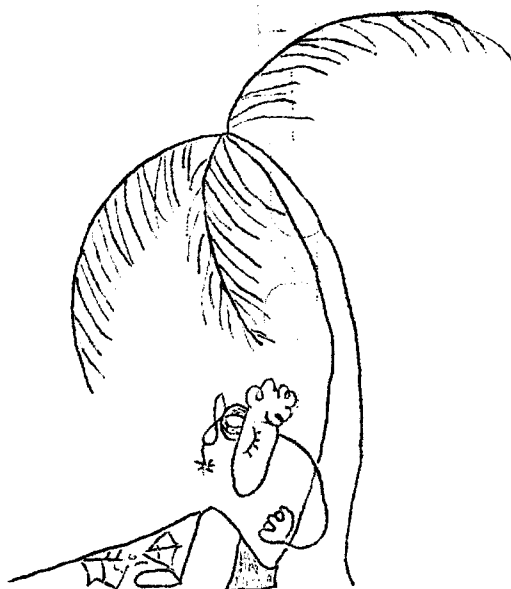
Where, in this vast fandom in the mid-'70's was there a fan with the eager enthusiasm for fanzine publishing of a neo, the anachronistic grasp of things Sixth Fannish of a platypus, and the duplicating facilities of a young Ted White?

We considered asking JoeD Siclari, but he was involved with marriage, a Worldcon, Fanhistorica, Ah, Sweet Idiocy, and A Wealth of Fable. We harbored some doubt as to whether he could give SFFY the total attention it richly deserves.

So we turned to the one fan who, from the very beginning, was the most obvious choice. Who but the publisher of MOTA, a veritable Ralph Rayburn Phillips of a fanzine, dripping with decaying contributors who had long been thought buried by the snows of yesteryear, a fanzine with charm and wit and legibility and an irregular enough schedule that it could hardly conflict with SFFY.

So this lustrum, yhos sits upon a bed of laurels, basking in the glow of past achievement and anticipating fresh shipments of egoboo, while Terry Hughes does the donkey drudgery of producing this issue.

Blessing on thee, Terry Hughes. It is your ilk that have made fandom what it is today!



LETTER COLUMN

RECEIVED



By **BOB TUCKER**

I have a weakness for fan history, and somebody made a joke about rubber chicken. It may have been Robert Bloch because he has this weakness for chickens. Preferably, chicks in showers.

I wondered if it were true that all fan convention banquets served rubber chicken? For many years the allegations were rife, the references many, the jokes extensile. Were fan banquets all rubber chicken banquets? The question itself was enough to light a mental fire, enough to cause me to spring from my rocking chair and dash quickly to the bookcase to consult Harry Warner. (The elapsed time from rocking-chair-spring to bookshelf arrival was thirty-five minutes, but then this is a wide room and I did become entangled between feet and beard on the first upward spring.

I was astonished and disappointed at what I did not find in Warner's All Our Yesterdays. I realized at once the omissions were the fault of Ed Wood and George Price, who labored many hours extracting the index which appears at the back of the book, but nevertheless Warner must share in the guilt, if only by association. The index does not have an entry "Rubber Chicken." Nor does it have a "Chicken, rubber." There isn't so much as a "Banquet" entry. I know very well the fans who attended conventions in the 1940s ate something, because I was among them and I remember eating -- but here, in supposedly living history, was no mention of that fact.

Still unbelieving, I turned to the text itself and discovered that Harry had mentioned worldcon banquets but did not often reproduce the menus. Of Chicago, 1940, he said: "They got free meeting rooms (in the hotel) in return for staging a banquet at which they needed to guarantee only fifty dinners at one dollar each." And later: "The banquet that night

had food in quantities approximating the cost of the meal." Nothing about chicken, rubber.

I was at that banquet but creeping senility has long since robbed me of the memory of what was served. (However, I doubt that it was hamburgers or hotdogs.)

Of the 1941 Denver worldcon, Warner reported that bread was the banquet entree: "There were forty fans on hand for the banquet. After the breaking of bread, there were many informal talks." It should be noted that again, Wood and Price failed to include an entry for "bread" in the index, and I'm not aware of any stale jokes about rubber bread in fandom -- not even from Bloch.

But now, at last, a partial success! The Pacificon, 1946, served chicken. Yes, they did. Read Warner on page 262: "More than ninety fans and pros ate thin soup and halves of chicken, and mulled a lot of statistics that Don Day gave ... " Note that. The first admission of chicken appears in history, together with a convention menu: thin soup, halved chicken, mulled statistics. No doubt a satisfactory meal for the \$2.50 fee charged in that year. (Also please note the alarming rate of inflation: the official banquet had rocketed from only one dollar per person in 1940, to two and one-half in 1946. Remember this when someone blames Nixon for inflationary pressures.) I shouldn't have to state at this point that Wood and Price are again remiss. The index carries no mention of soup, chicken, statistics.

I do remember the mulled statistics. They were succulent.

As for the 1947 Philadelphia worldcon, Warner says only: "The banquet was served long after most stomachs needed it." The meaning of that statement is unclear. Perhaps it was that everyone had munched on bread, hotdogs, statistics, and frayed collars beforehand; or perhaps everyone was drunk and unable to appreciate a good hotel meal. And then came the first Toronto convention of 1948. Warner reports that: "The final item on the formal program was a meal that had the labored trick name of buffanet." No hint of the available food; no index entry for that labored trick name. "Buffanet" may be a Canadian colloquialism for Po'Boy sandwiches.

The last banquet to be reported by Harry Warner was that one held at the Cincinnati worldcon in 1949. His first volume of fan history ends shortly after that date, but of the Cincinnati event he said only: "The final report also showed that the banquet had attracted 116 persons." Well and good, I suppose, but the sparse statement serves no good purpose by explaining what the 116 people ate or didn't eat. Did they gorge themselves on thin or thick soup, quarter-, halved-, or three-quartered chicken, bread, mulled statistics, or Canadian buffanet? We will never know, but we are free to speculate that the menu must have been tasty, savory. "... the banquet attracted 116 persons." (Underlining is mine.) Either the food was very good to excite that attraction, or a naked woman was dancing on the guest of honor's tabletop.

So much for published history. But my question is not answered and my quest is incomplete. There remained the time-honored method of determining answers: the fan poll.

I mailed out 193 questionnaires. The final number was 193 because I could locate no more than that many key people. I queried past worldcon committee men and women, past guests of honor, past toastmasters, past treasurers (except those who had absconded with convention funds and now couldn't be located), and all those fans who had attended world conventions since the beginning in 1939. And because every scientific experiment must have a control group to obtain credible results, I also sent the questionnaires to twenty fans who had never attended a convention in their lives.

The returns were in keeping with past fannish co-operation. Fifty-three completed questionnaires were returned to me, including all twenty from the control group. The competent, scientifically-trained pollster never asks a direct question, never reveals the true object he is seeking. The approved method is to ask an indirect question which only appears to be direct, and the person who is polled will reveal his true state of mind while attempting to answer that indirect question. Rick Sneary, a master pollster, applied that brilliant technique to fandom in 1945 when, tucked in among other innocuous questions, he asked the key one: "If you knew you were going to be hit by a car, what kind of car would you prefer?"

Well, what kind of a car would you rather be hit by?

He received scores of answers, perhaps hundreds, ranging from the frivolous to the reasoned scientific state-



ment, and among those which revealed the respondent's thoughtful analyses of the matter was this favorite: "A Stanley Steamer, of course. It is much softer than, say, a Mercury." Rick Sneary considered his poll a success.

My key (and loaded) question was this one: "Based upon your attendance at past worldcon banquets, what do you expect to be served at the Miami Beach convention in 1977?"

Twenty replies (everyone of them from the control group) said T-bone steak. Setting aside the controls, the true response was as follows:

Rubber chicken	46%
Salisbury steak	29%
MacDonald's Super	18%
Chili	9%
Rotten fish	9%
Ptomaine	3%
Waiter's dirty thumb in my soup	1.5%

Two replies were invalid, being obvious crank answers. One of the invalid replies said: "Don Lundry's body served on a flaming skewer." The other said simply: "More of the same bullshit." These were discarded as being unscientific answers, but from the remaining answers it is obvious that rubber chicken was served at most of the past 34 worldcons. (Don't be misled by those percentages totalling more than one hundred points. My Texas Instrument is broken and I did it with pencil.)

One key person didn't answer my questionnaire, one person who was a 101% true-blue All American Fan, and I was so disappointed by his failure that I telephoned his home in Savannah, Georgia, to ask why he hadn't responded. To my surprise, his widow answered. She said that Lee had choked to death some weeks before on a rubber chicken rubber bone.

-- Bob Tucker

IN ONE LUSTRUM and OUT THE OTHER

by Harry Warner, Jr.

You can call me many things with accuracy. But the person who says I'm systematic is either a chronic liar or thinking about someone else. All the small supply of neatness and order with which I was equipped at birth has evaporated over the decades. Except for one trivial, useless survivor of that early instinct to do things properly. Like a newly hanged man who absent-mindedly persists in reaching with his feet for the floor that he knows perfectly well isn't there, I continue a correspondence record. It serves little purpose, but I cling to it as a sliver of sensible conduct. I have this suspicion that my entire environment would turn inconsistent and inexplicable, just like a Phil Dick novel's setting, if I ever gave up that correspondence record.

It's primitive, consisting only of the date an item arrived, the last name of the letter writer or the title of the magazine, and the date the item was written or published or postmarked. But it's enough to provide some frightening insight into aspects of fandom other than my unsystematic self. I've been looking back over the correspondence data for previous years in which Science Fiction Five Yearly was due. I'm appalled at two things, both of which I already know so well that I shouldn't have reminded myself this way. There's a stupendous turnover in fandom within each five-year span and fans and fanzines whom I must have liked very much when active and new have vanished totally from my memory.

I'm writing this late in June of 1976. Only in fandom could nostalgia result from thinking about the entries for late June of 1971, because things are born, flourish and wither so much more rapidly in fandom than in most parts of the space-time continuum. The only letter I received on June 16 five years ago won't be nostalgic to me, because the name of the writer, Tuttle, doesn't arouse any specific memories today. I'll hate myself for admitting this fact, because as sure as fate, a fan named Tuttle who wrote me a letter on June 11, 1971, will read this article some day and experience all the emotions that this specialized form of snubbing by a faulty memory must create.

But the next day, a couple of fanzines arrived that awaken fine recollections. One was the ninth issue of Dallascon Bulletin. Dallas fandom never achieved the worldcon that they published this fanzine for. But it grew into an entertaining publication aside from its missionary purpose. I seem to remember that several fans connected with it became a little later big names in mundane pulp fiction fandom. An issue of Focal Point also came that June 17. There are several excellent newszines today, but nobody seems to have just now the knack of publishing a newszine that stays small and frequent like the Arnie Katz-rich brown endeavor.

Curiously, two surviving fanzines put issues into my mailbox on June 18 five years ago. Instant Message, the NESFA bulletin, was already up to its 84th issue five years ago, and SFCommentary's 20th issue had just reached me. But who can remember today some of the other fanzines that

came in the next few days: the second issue of Libel, an issue of Sentry which apparently wasn't numbered or dated because that column is blank in my record, and the third issue of something called Chad? I can't remember a thing about them. Some of the letter writers in the last couple weeks of June have familiar names but they seem hopelessly lost to fandom. There was a postal card from Jerry Lapidus, who just quit FAPA because the theater has claimed all his interest, a letter from Larry Farsace, the once famous Rochester, N.Y., collector and publisher of Golden Atom who is now deeply engrossed in poetry fandom, a letter I wrote to Mike Raub who became famous by living and conducting fanac in a church before his semi-gafiation, and saddest of all, the note indicating that I wrote on June 23 a letter to George Heap.

It's even harder to find familiar names and faces in the entries for the last half of June, 1966. On June 20, I received letters from two other fans who are now dead: Harold Piser, who claimed he didn't like fans or fandom but wanted to update the Fanzine Index because he liked to create catalogs, and Herbert Häussler, who suffered many misfortunes during World War Two, found himself in the DDR at its conclusion, and kept up a correspondence with a few fans despite his inability to receive magazines or books in East Germany.

Fans who know Ted Pauls today as a convention fan and book dealer might not believe it, but the 103rd issue of his good-sized fanzine, Kipple, reached me in that period. It was one of the last important fanzines that emphasized mundane current events. My memory is shakier about another fanzine, the 29th issue of Vorhut. It sounds like a German fanzine, and yet I connect it somehow in my mind with Serge Hutin, a French borderline fan who published an impressive paperback book on Masonry. There's the May, 1966, issue of G², causing me to wonder if Joe Gibson will come up for the third time. He was quite active in the 1940's, vanished for a long while, then reappeared in the 1960's to put out lots of issues of this fanzine with the help of his wife, only to gafiate a second time as abruptly and totally as anyone ever has quit fandom. He just decided that he was more interested in old airplanes than in fandom, as far as I could determine. Another letter entry is the name of Les Gerber. Younger fans and the oldest fans may not remember him, but he had a meteoric career in New York City fandom, his enemies immortalized his name by invented the term gerberizing to mean the act of inadvertently doing a person harm by an effort to praise or defend him, and Les eventually became a major authority on records. The last I heard, he was living in Phoenicia, N.Y., producing historical recordings on lp dubbings.

The old nostalgia juice really starts flowing when I look at the entries for the same period in 1961. I was out of town on vacation during the final days of that June so I can't be sure exactly when some of the stuff reached Hagerstown. But on July 3 I picked up the accumulated mail, not realizing how fabulous some of the fanzines in the stack would seem a mere fifteen years later. In that stack was the 28th issue of Hyphen, probably the most-wanted fanzine today except for those which have become rare because they're connected with a celebrated pro. The fifth issue of Xero, Dick Lupoff's fanzine which had much to do with making comics fandom respectable enough to result in professional books dealing with the comics field and reprints of famous strips in book form. Shaggy, the LASFS clubzine which was then in its 56th issue, nearing the end of its best years which saw it edited at one time or another by everyone who was anyone in

Los Angeles fandom. (Ken Rudolph put out a few issues perhaps five years ago that were its final manifestation, as far as I know.) Other fabled fanzines like Axe, Scribble and SAM. Just before I left town, I'd received one of the finest of all fannish anthologies, the ATOM collection which Ella Parker largely instigated.

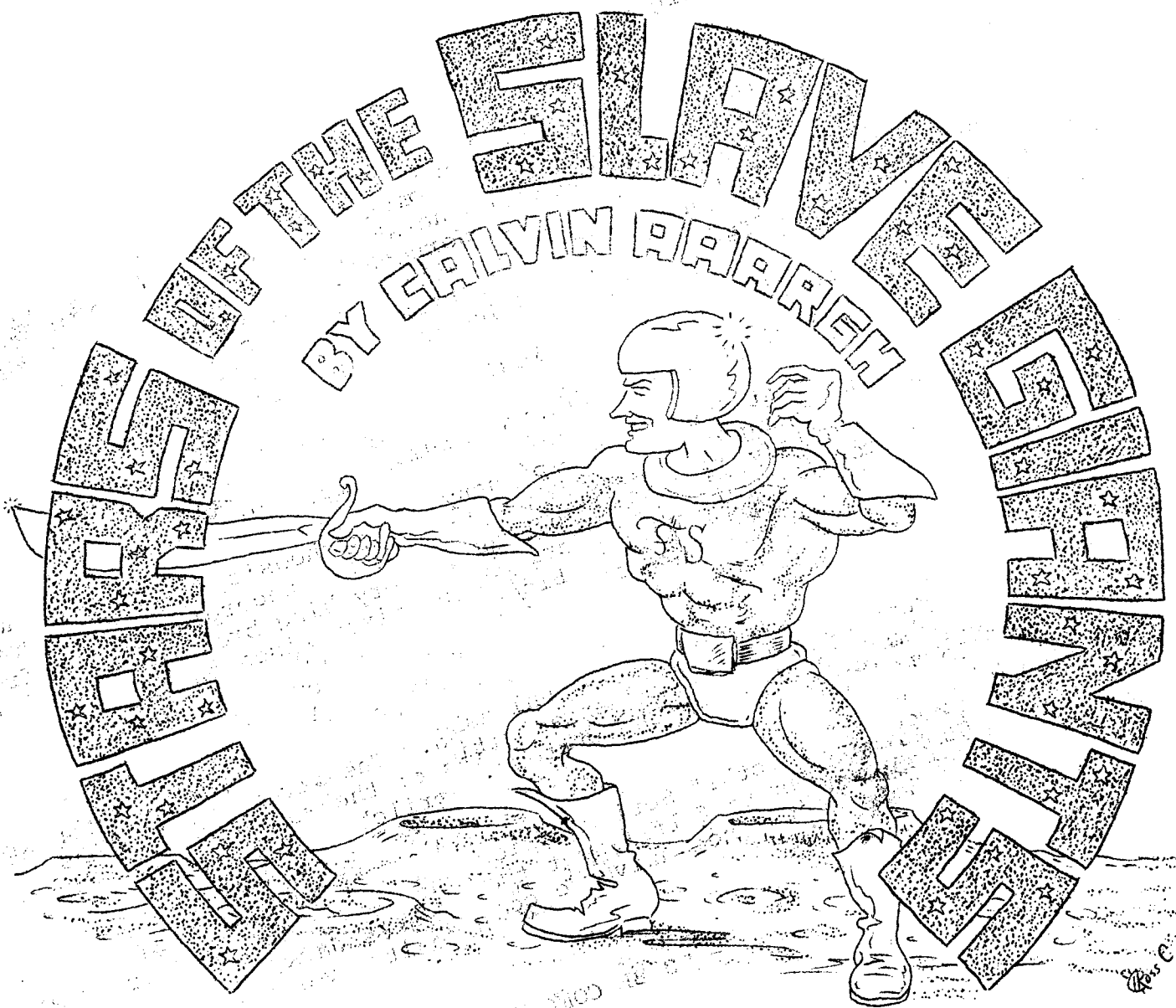


Also from late June in 1961 I find entries for two postal cards from Les Nirenberg, whose wonderful ability to write humorously was bestowed on fandom for a few years, then lost when he discovered his ability to make money out of it in mundane fields. A letter from Clay Hamlin, once one of the big names in the NFFF. He seems to have disappeared as an active fan even in that organization, which is going pretty far away. A letter from Art Rapp, whose publishing and writing career covered several decades, now he's living in Baltimore with his wife, the former Nancy Share, his activity confined to SAPS. I was still taperesponding in that year, because I received in this period a tape from Bruce Pelz which I suspect was a very dear treasure, Forry Ackerman rambling for the better part of an hour about his career, and another tape from Wrai Ballard, still living in the wilds of the Dakotas at the time. He later moved to Seattle, married a fan, and he was also concentrating his remaining fannish energies on SAPS, the last I heard.

But who published in 1961 the fanzines that arrived in this period like the second issue of Heptagon, an undated and unnumbered issue of Odysseus and the first issue of Prose of Kilimanjaro? When I can't remember, I find lukewarm comfort in realizing one fact. There have been an awful lot of fans coming and going during the 1960's and 1970's, they've published a lot of short-lived fanzines, and I suspect that even a veteran fan with a good memory would have trouble remembering all such fans and fanzines with nothing to help him but hastily scribbled entires in a correspondence record.

-- Harry Warner, Jr.





WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

Floyd Scrilch has had a variety of nasty things happen to him in an assortment of currently trendy literary styles, and yet, to the dismay of almost everybody, has survived just about everything, even the ferocious onslaught of J. G. Ballard. As we left him in 1971 they have just begun to hammer the nails into the palms of his hands. Scrilch, in ecstasy, blesses the unruly multitude.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

It is an apocalyptic moment. Gaudy streaks of color stain the heavens. Across the harsh windswept screen of the sky ride the terrifying Four Horsethieves, Bloch, Korshak, Eshback, and Evans. Scrilch smiles. He weeps ultramarine tears of joy and relief. A lifetime of interminable and inexplicable suffering soon will be over. This is the Big Day.

Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes!

"Yes!" Scrilch affirms triumphantly.

In that instant of epiphany and apotheosis, there is an awful twanging sound, a sickly lurch in the underpinnings of the cosmos, a grisly grinding sound as of everything breaking loose from its moorings at once. Scrilch Crucifixus rises on high and floats at the right hand of Bloch.

Yes!

The legions of doom are unleashed. The rivers of oblivion are running. In the tormented cities of the world, blood runs like mimeo ink through the gutters. Scrilch is redeemed! Bliss has come!

"Smoooooooooooooth!" Scrilch cries, and in that moment of mind-numbing orgasmic fulfillment the sun goes dark, the stars tumble, the whole goddamned universe comes to its everlasting end.

- TO BE CONCLUDED -

-- Bob Silverberg

The next issue of SCIENCE FICTION FIVE-YEARLY will feature the breath-taking, mind-boggling, eye-rattling, pulse-pounding, fingernail-biting, compound of a noun and the present participle of a verb to form an adjective, earth-shattering conclusion of STARS OF THE SLAVE GIANTS, Calvin Aaargh's breath-taking, mind-boggling, eye-rattling, pulse-pounding, fingernail-biting, compound of a noun and the present participle of a verb to form an adjective, earth-shattering novel in four parts. Rush down to your newsstand today and reserve a copy of the November 1981 issue of SFFY.



THE THIRTY-YEARS WAR

BY ROBERT BLOCH

"Write something for the Bicentennial issue of Science Fiction Five-Yearly," said Lee Hoffman.

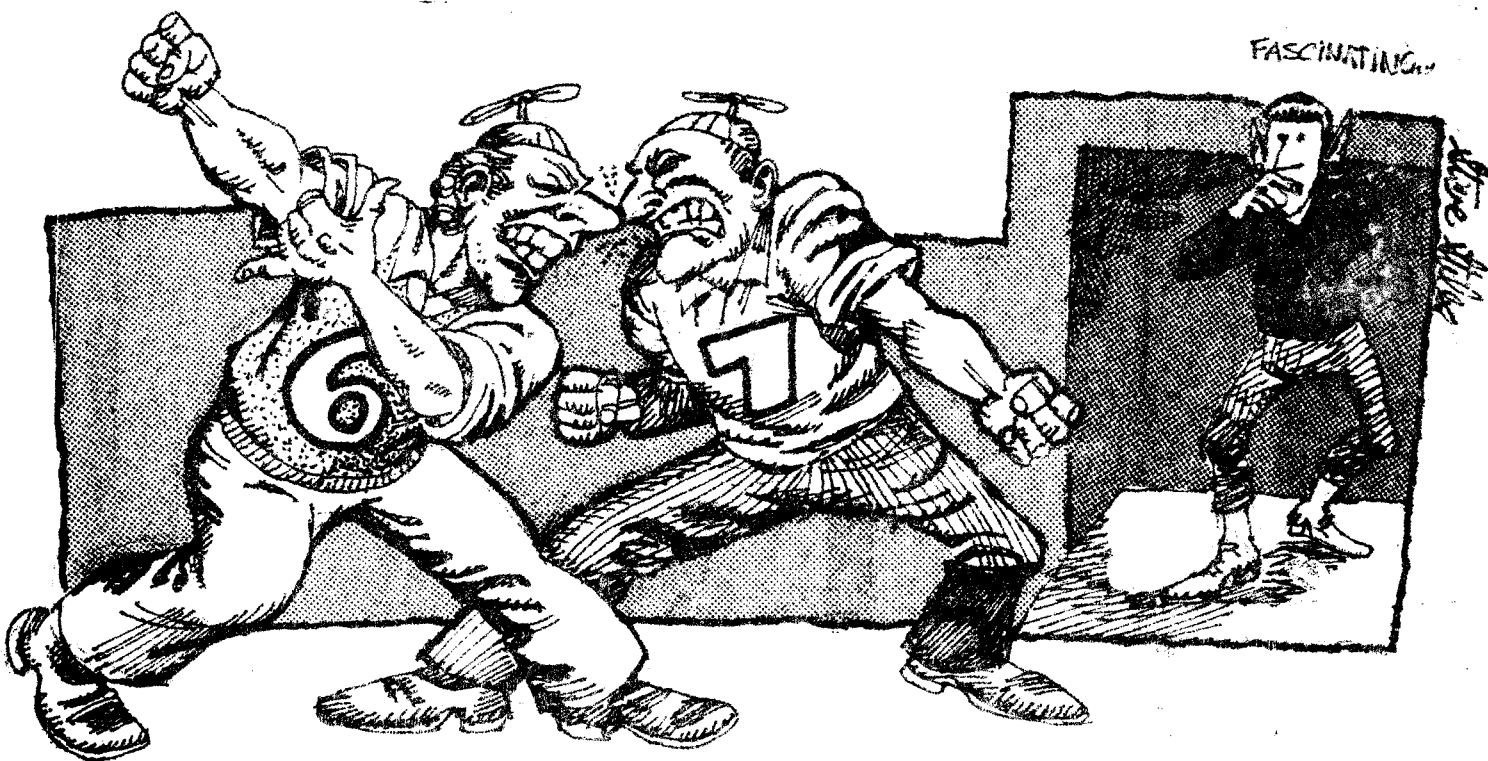
At first I hesitated. I have a grudge against the magazine. It seems like every time I read a new issue, some of my hair falls out.

But I have nothing against the Bicentennial itself. Why, some of my best friends are Bi-s.

And some of my best friends were around when the magazine was first started. They formed part of a group which was called Sixth Fandom, among other things.

The other things were epithets hurled at them by a group of young rebels who proclaimed themselves to be part of a new wave known as Seventh Fandom.

The concept of Seventh Fandom had been more or less officially established in another Hoffmaniactal magazine (Quandry #25) by a youthful fan named Robert Silverberg. Writing in late 1952, he predicted that the coming year would see the triumphant establishment of Seventh Fandom by such luminaries as Ish, Calkins, Hirschorn, Ryal, Wells, Bergeron, Semenovitch, Anderson, Schreiber and Rosen.



Well, aside from Calkins and Bergeron, I don't know if these people are even numbered among the living today. Silverberg is still alive, or so he claims. But most of the others have apparently rubbed themselves with vanishing-cream. The only hyperactive member of Seventh Fandom prominent in our midst is a name which Silverberg didn't even mention -- Harlan Ellison.

But Sixth Fandom is very much around. Lee Hoffman writes novels. Bob Tucker writes on pay-toilet walls, and is still spry enough to enter them by crawling under the doors. Shelby Vick invented Vapo-Rub. Chuck Harris is -- as this year's catchword would have it -- viable. And despite the dreadful doings in Belfast, Irish fandom seems to be alive and well and writing pro-prose.

Thirty years is a long time, as my uncle in Sing-Sing used to say. (My uncle, poor soul, was a confirmed child-molestor, who hung around churches and molested children after their confirmation.)

And yet thirty years is nothing compared to the length of time certain members of First Fandom have endured. Every Worldcon is the scene of a First Fandom meeting -- and if anything, these affairs are noisier and more lively than current fandom's pot-parties or the Trekkie-orgies during which pins are stuck in mannikins fashioned out of the wax from Spock's ears.

Time is longer than anything, and it's amazing how many fen -- and pros -- survive. Last fall, at the first World Fantasy Convention, I came face-to-face with Manly Wade Wellman, H. Warner Munn and Frank Belknap Long. All three of them were already writing for Weird Tales when I read my first issue of that magazine back in 1927.

Come to think of it, I'm still around too. In the past year I've attended six conventions, written twelve new stories and two introductions, edited a book of Fred Brown's work, made two LP records reading my own stuff, and prepared four short-story collections to be published over the next few seasons. And if I can only involve myself in a government scandal or get caught sleeping with a call-girl, I may even write another novel.

No, I can't vouch for Seventh Fandom, but the very existence of this magazine is proof that Sixth Fandom lives.

At least it is living now, on June 23rd, 1976, the date on which these lines are written. Lee Hoffman tells me that the deadline for the issue is Labor Day, but I'm writing it now because there's no sense taking chances. I want to do it while I'm still alive.

As they say here in Hollywood, you never know when you'll get a better offer.

-- Robert Bloch

CAN YOU DO ANYTHING

WHEN I FEEL THIS?

BY BOB TOOMEY, ESQ.

Recent Supreme Court decisions upholding the laws against sodomy -- unnatural sex such as oral and anal and aardvark -- greatly increases the criminal population in this country. Which is cool. No problem. Let the homosexuals and heterosexuals and the growing legion of undecideds work things out for themselves. But what about people with really unusual tastes?

S-M? No -- that's been tied up in our culture for years. Pedophilia? Kid stuff. Amputee sex? No more than a cut above the ordinary. Enema orgies? They're a washout these days. Caprophagia? Don't give me that shit. I hate all these movements.

No -- I'm talking about something earthy. Something monumental. Something grave. The newest and funkiest of carnal plots. That's right -- necrophilia. Think about it.

You have your basic necrophiliac, a thoroughly perverted, but essentially harmless individual. Say he and a consenting corpse of legal age fall in love. Have sex. They do it in the Missionary Position. So far, so good.

But what if they get into illegal variations? It happens. Those oral, anal, aardvark numbers. What about that? What if they get caught? Here you have two criminals, and one of them is dead. Now don't get me wrong. Some of my best friends are dead. But really -- consider our couple.

Both of them are consenting, to the best of their abilities. But both of them are lawbreakers, right up there with burglars and politicians. And both are entitled to be tried before a jury of their peers.

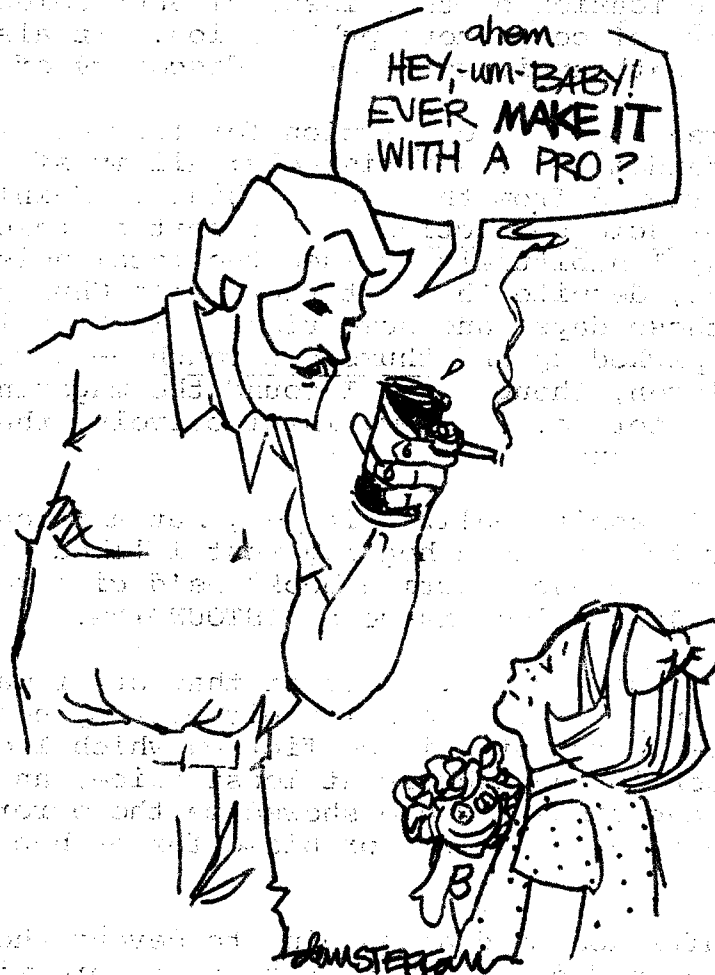
Now try to imagine this. Try to imagine taking the word peers literally. Why not? What you get in this instance, you get a jury of necrophiliacs. That might be a bit tough to find -- a jury of practicing and admitted necrophiliacs. But let's say the court can find them. And of course the codefendant is a corpse. And she's also entitled to a jury of her peers. Dead people who have had carnal knowledge of the living. You have to go with that. It's only fair. Hell, it's the law.

So okay. They're being tried together. I can see that. Half the jury is composed of practicing, admitted necrophiliacs, and the other half is decomposed of corpses. Can you picture this? Baliff, do something about the jury -- they're falling apart at the seams. Your Honor, I object -- the defendent is unresponsive. It's a nightmare.

And there's only one possible outcome to a trial like this. I mean, once all the issues have been sorted out, you know what you're going to end up with. That's right -- a hung jury. The hell with it. My three-legged nine-year-old aardvark is waiting for me, and she gives me a terrific enema when I whip her. I'm coming, dear.

Pax.

-- Bob Toomey



TWENTY-FIVE YEARS?

THAT'S --

BY TED WHITE

Good heavens! Is it 1976 already? How time flies! The next thing you know 1984 will be with us and gone with hardly a blink of an eye to commemorate that date. Nineteen seventy-six. Six issues of SCIENCE FICTION FIVE-YEARLY already. Pardon me -- I can't get used to this time-travel quite so easily as you young ones can.

Oddly enough, the publication of this issue of SFFY celebrates more than just twenty-five years of continuous publication. It also marks an anniversary for me: the 25th anniversary of my discovery of fandom.

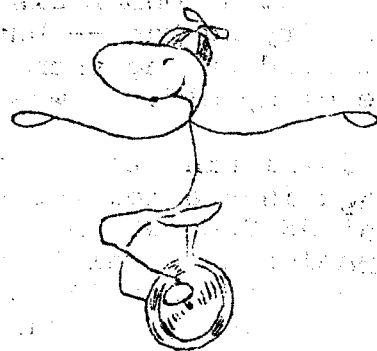
In 1951 I had been reading science fiction for four or five years, but I'd never heard of fandom. Not surprisingly; all my sf reading had been confined to books borrowed from the local library. Heinlein. Groff Conklin's Big Book of Science Fiction. That sort of thing. Oh, I knew sf magazines existed; I habitually browsed the local newsstands (of which there were more, then, despite the fact that Falls Church was much more of a small town in those days) and some time in 1948 or 1949 I'd picked up -- yes, actually picked up and thumbed through -- a copy of ASTOUNDING. I was only ten or eleven, though, and I found the magazine's aspects forbidding and "too old" for me. I knew, instinctively, that I was not yet ready for that kind of stuff.

But by 1951 I was. I hadn't realized it yet, but a friend who lived down the street, Eddie Pritchard, upon hearing that I liked science fiction told me that he had a "science fiction book" he'd give me. What he gave me was a copy of the July, 1950, issue of ASTOUNDING.

I read it. Parts were hard going. Some of that stuff was pretty sophisticated for a thirteen-year-old: still a bit over my head. But, my ghod! Here was a new source of science fiction which I'd yet to tap! I'd read every sf book in the library at least twice, and never really reconsidered the sf magazines. Eddie showed me the error of my ways. If ever a single person deserved credit or blame for my becoming a fan, it was he.

It took me only an afternoon and an evening to devour the ASTOUNDING. I got on my bicycle and headed for the nearest drugstore with a newsstand, a mile away. (Today an empty stretch of concrete commemorates the site of that drugstore; it was razed nearly twenty years ago to make way for a never-built Interstate...) There I found a copy of the September, 1951,

issue of ASTOUNDING and was taken aback to discover that in the interval between the earlier issue and that one the cover price had gone up from 25¢ to 35¢. Well, I read that issue as avidly as I had the earlier one and was soon back on my bike and hitting every drugstore that had a newsstand in the greater Falls Church area (there were then four). I picked up GALAXY (the issue just prior to the serialization of Heinlein's Puppet Masters -- Heinlein was then my favorite sf author, so I awaited the coming issue with ill-concealed impatience) and F&SF (Salter's fantasy covers turned me off a little so I read it last) and perhaps one or two other digest-sized magazines -- somewhere along the line I'd acquired the notion that pulp-sized magazines were not quite respectable.



Well, these new purchases lasted me maybe a day or two and then I wanted more. I was hooked. And there was nothing left but those other magazines -- the ones with the ragged edges, the Rupture-Easer ads on the back covers, and covers printed in only three colors (the blacks all looked muddy-brown, which did nothing for space scenes). I bought them. First STARTLING, then THRILLING WONDER and FANTASTIC STORY MAGAZINE (John Scott Campbell's reprinted "Beyond Pluto" so thrilled me that I read it twice) because they were neater in appearance than the other pulps. (Little did I know then that I had missed the last of Earle Bergey's BEM-Babe-Bum covers by only an issue; the ones I bought were the first to use Alex Schomberg's space covers.) After I'd read those -- and they seemed to maintain the high quality (that is to say, the slightly-over-my-head sophistication) of the digest mags I'd bought -- I turned to AMAZING, FANTASTIC ADVENTURES, and, with some trepidation (the covers were awful) Bob Lowndes' FUTURE and SCIENCE FICTION QUARTERLY, and, eventually -- the last in line -- PLANET STORIES (which I put off getting for months because it was published by Love Romances, Inc., and on the shoddiest of thick pulp paper -- paper that seemed to resist being printed upon in fact, turning illos into blotchy smears). It was only on a trip to D.C. with my parents that I discovered other magazines like OTHER WORLDS and the digest-sized MARVEL SCIENCE STORIES -- and that was several months later.

Well, reading these magazines was a heady experience and not the least of my pleasures came from reading the letter columns. In those days all the pulp sf magazines had letter columns -- long, sometimes running up to twenty pages (of perhaps a single column a page, the rest of that page taken up with advertisements for sleazy items of various sorts) -- and in tiny type. It was in those letter columns that I was first exposed to the concept of fandom. Letterhacking was in high bloom in 1951; the letter columns were filled with chatty letters from all sorts of people, the names of whom I soon came to recognize. Rick Sneary, Gregg Calkins and Terry Carr are just a few which stick in my memory, but there were scores of others, all chatting away happily to each other as well as to the editor. (When I started buying PLANET it was mostly for the letters; I rarely read the stories in that magazine.) These letters were full of fanspeak. People threw around words like "gafia" and "egoboo" with amazing elan. I was impressed.

I was also impressed by the fanzine review columns. There were two major

ones: The Clubhouse in AMAZING and Pandora's Box in IMAGINATION. STARTLING and THRILLING WONDER also had fan columns -- I think THRILLING WONDER's was The Frying Pan -- but they did not last long in those magazines after I'd started buying them. I considered sending off for a fanzine, but was unsure of myself. I was, after all, thirteen years old.

(It's intriguing to consider what would have happened if I'd discovered the magazines a few years earlier -- if I'd picked up a pulp, say, instead of that ASTOUNDING in 1948. In the summer of 1948 I spent two weeks in Los Angeles with relatives. What would it have been like if I had, at age ten, wandered into LASFS then? Well, it's an idle speculation since at ten I was even shyer than I was at thirteen -- if possible.)

Although I'd yet to see my first fanzine in the fall of 1951, I was already considering the idea of putting one out. I entertained the thought more on a fantasy level than as a serious idea to be carried out. I daydreamed my fanzine while mowing lawns or bicycling to and from school.

One thing which had a huge impact on my thinking was a review in Mari Wolfe's Pandora's Box in IMAGINATION. The review was of SCIENCE FICTION FIVE-YEARLY #1. (I wish I could quote it to you -- and I even considered trying to unearth that issue so that I could, but unfortunately it's in a box in a stack of boxes, none of them labelled except to say "SF mags -- Digest", in my basement. Searching out the issue might put off the writing of this piece past the deadline I've been given, so I'll have to go on memory.)

Well, that review did engrave itself on my memory, for Mari spent much of her time raving over Lee's use of multi-color mimeographing. It was, if Mari was to be believed, a tricky and demanding business, this mimeographing in several colors. Not for the novice, to be sure. My impression (which is what I remember best) was that if you wanted to put out a fanzine which would get rave reviews in the fanzine-review columns in the prozines, color work was a good way to go. Mind you, content had some value, but the technique and art of multi-color mimeography was something that would guarantee you much notice. Aha! I said to myself.

Well, of course I had no very good idea as to how the mimeograph process worked in the first place. My sole experience with duplication methods had been the hectograph. My mother -- who ran a private school -- had a hectograph, and used it to run off school papers. Being her only child, I was often required to assist in this tedious process, which involves placing a sheet of copy paper on a mat (or flat pan) of hecto jelly, smoothing it down, letting it wait a moment or two, and then peeling it off. The hecto process produces from 35 to 50 readable copies -- maximum -- in blurry purple print. During the Depression fans used hecto a lot more than they have since, and that's why FAPA originally limited its membership to fifty. I've seen some hectoed fanzines of the forties and they are occasionally impressive but fade over the years (especially in strong light) and represent at best a marginal duplicating process. Even at thirteen I could see that hecto was no way to produce a fanzine. (Others required first-hand experience in hectoing fanzines to reach the same decision. One was Bhub Stewart, who hectoed his only sf fanzine, FANSCIFUL, and hectoed a few issues of the EC FAN BULLETIN, the first EC fanzine. After this experience he threw up his hands in disgust and became my first coeditor, on ZIP. But I'm getting ahead of my story....)

My junior high school had a mimeo -- a black old ABDick -- on which copies of the school newspaper were produced. Since I was then more of an artist than I was a writer, I contributed a drawing (a cartoon, I think -- I was an awful cartoonist) and was asked to put it on stencil. This was my first experience with a mimeo stencil and it did not go well. Having no idea of what I was in fact supposed to be doing, lacking a mimeoscope and a drawing plate, I produced a totally unprintable job -- a few faint lines showed and that was it. I was not pleased.

The summer I was fourteen I splurged and bought my own mimeograph. It cost me less than ten dollars, complete with three cans of ink -- one black, one blue and one red. It was a postcard mimeo from Sears and would print a maximum area of about six inches by four inches. I played with it over the summer, mostly learning how to produce legible drawings on a stencil. By late summer I'd produced what John Benson, in a recent issue of SQUA TRONT, says is the first comics fan publication -- a four-page leaflet devoted to drawings of Superman with a few lines of text to justify the pictures. It wasn't an impressive debut, fanwise, but it led to many things.

I'd gotten into fanzines more or less via the back door. A big comics fan then, I'd noticed an ad from someone who wanted old SUPERMAN comics in the personals section (free ads from readers) in a 1951 OTHER WORLDS. Well, I wanted old SUPERMAN comics too, so I wrote a letter to the fellow, naively asking him to pass on to me any offers which duplicated issues he had. I never did get any old comics from him, but we struck up a correspondence -- making him my first fan correspondent -- and within a short while he sent me a copy of the first issue of his new fanzine.

His name was Warren Freiberg and his fanzine was BREVI- (as we intimates referred to it) was a 4" x 6" fanzine, produced on a postcard mimeo not so different from my own. I was much taken with it -- and even more so since Warren had printed a snippet from a letter of mine in that first issue, which was the first time I was to see My Name In Print.

Freiberg was something of a fugghead. He adopted a very pretentious editorial tone in BREVI-, and lauded all his writers (most of BREVI- was bad amateur sf) as The Next Bradbury. One of them was Terry Carr...

However, Warren launched me into fanzine fandom, even if rather inauspiciously (I had no idea then, but BREVI- was generally held in contempt among older, wiser fans). I became BREVI-'s staff cartoonist (I was still regarding myself as an artist) and also did covers. The first cover I did was on standard 8 1/2 x 11 paper, since I had no idea that art was to be stencilled directly by tracing it. Freiberg must have sweated to reduce the drawing to the size he published it, but -- to give him credit -- he did an adequate job of it.

My first "meeting" with Terry, by the way, was in the form of an argument. I'd written a column on sf in comics for Warren, and at the time I'd not seen EC's two sf comics and concentrated most of my praise on DC's STRANGE ADVENTURES -- a rather lame attempt at sf in comics, I can see today. Terry wrote a rebuttal for the next issue, pointing out EC's superiority. I was taken aback and imagined myself plunged into a feud of major proportions. (I spent hours, while bicycling, fantasizing the ramifications of this feud. Fortunately as feuds go it didn't go far.)

I see I've tangled my chronology a bit. The first BREVIZINE arrived at my house right after Christmas, 1951. In 1952 I devoted most of my fan energies to contributing to BREVI-, buying my own little mimeo that summer. In spring, 1953, BREVI- went "large-size", meaning that Warren had bought a full-size mimeo. I mourned the passing of the pocket-size BREVI- and decided I'd put out a small fanzine of my own.

By then I was getting other fanzines. I sent off dimes and quarters to a variety of fan editors and some of them sent me their fanzines. I was also letterhacking in a mild way to the prozines. (Letters in FANTASTIC STORY MAG, OTHER WORLDS and PLANET; the PLANET letter was judged -- by the readership -- second best in the issue and won me a Kelly Freas original which I still have; it's a lot better than the stuff he does now...)

Writing letters hadn't been easy. I had taught myself to type, using my mother's old L.C. Smith. I would first write the letter by hand and then carefully copy it on the typewriter, laboriously searching out the letters until gradually I began finding them more easily. To this day I am a one-finger typist.

(In 1963 I worked briefly for Scott Meredith. Everyone who works for Scott spends most of his office time at a typewriter -- manuscripts which had to be read were to be read on one's own time, in the evening -- and my job required of me that I type endless letters, most of them over Scott's signature. My desk was right across from Terry Carr's and right next to that of one of the two secretaries who worked in the office. One day the secretary stopped what she was doing long enough to observe me at my job. I was bent over my IBM typer with the distinctive sans-serif type, grinding out another of a never-ending series of letters. I had learned to type quite quickly by then, of course -- as long as I didn't have to copy anything -- and I was bashing away with my one finger at my usual pace.

(My god," she exclaimed, mostly to Terry. "Look at that! He's using only one finger!"

(I looked up at her.

("How do you do that?" she asked. "How can you type that fast with only one finger?" She was amazed.

(I was annoyed. Her watching me like that made me feel self-conscious and wrecked both my typing pace and the flow of my thoughts, which concerned the letter I was composing.

("Oh," said Terry, "that's just the way he is, you know. Types with one finger. Lots of people do, you know."

("One finger!" she echoed. "I can't believe it." But finally the novelty wore off, and she returned to her own work. A few minutes later I exclaimed loudly, ostensibly to Terry, "Look at that, Terry! Look at her! She's using ten fingers to type! How does she keep them all straight? How can she coordinate ten fingers all at one time, without getting them all tangled up?" The secretary's neat, even, clackety-clack typing rhythm slowed, grew uneven, and stopped. Then we all laughed.)

In August of 1953 I put out my own fanzine. It was called ZIP, it was

4" x 6" in size, and its contents were rather undistinguished: the product of a non-precocious 15-year-old. It was distinguished in only one respect: I used a lot of color in it. The cover was printed in three colors and the interiors were often two-color.

This wasn't hard to do on a postcard mimeo. You could change colors in a matter of minutes. The tricky part was to get the colors in register. That required getting the registration correct on each stencil and then running the sheets through so that the stencils printed in register. It was tricky, all right, but I was running off thirty-five copies, and it was possible to take time with a run so small.

I want it clearly understood that I did this -- funning multiple colors -- purely and simply because I'd read Mari Wolfe's review of SFFY in which she raved over the color work. I'd not seen the first SFFY then (I was not to see a copy of #1 until after #2 came out); it was the review which had so impressed me.

Well, I shan't bore you with an issue-by-issue description of the ZIPs I put out. I put out five on the old postcard mimeo and by the fifth I was getting better at it. ZIP was a better fanzine in terms of both content and appearance. By the fifth issue I was running four-color back covers (the front cover was the contents page) which were pretty zippy indeed.

What I do want to describe is the way I felt about the fanzine.

I well remember the day -- a hot sunny afternoon in August -- when I suddenly decided not to wait any longer but to start work on my fanzine. It was like a mystical experience and marked a profound turning point in my life.

Up until then I had expected that some day I'd put out a fanzine, but I knew it to be a tremendous undertaking and one not to be considered until one was "ready". I'd read things like Marion Zimmer Bradley's column of advice for neofans ("What Every Neofan Should Know") in VEGA. I knew that putting out a fanzine was not a project to be undertaken lightly. It took more than a whim to put out a fanzine. It took seasoned experience. It took ability.

Many a summer afternoon as I pushed a mower around our rather extensive lawns -- and when you had to push they seemed more extensive -- I would day dream about "my" fanzine. In my mind it was only a short step away from a prozine in terms of the effort and skill it would require. I knew I was a long way from possessing either the skill or the necessary energy. I saw it as something I'd do someday -- "when I'm more grown up."

I envied Joel Nydahl the fact that, at 13, he'd sold a story to IMAGINATION and put out VEGA (which was, in QUANDRY's aftermath, the focal point of fandom for a year). Joel was a year younger than I was, for ghod's sake. But I saw him as an exception to the rule. I did not see myself that way. I saw myself as a daydreamer whose ambitions exceeded his talents.

So that magical moment in August was absolutely transfiguring for me. It came down to the fact that in one blinding flash of insight I realized that I could do something I'd until then regarded as beyond my grasp. It stunned me. It excited me. It was a revelation. It was a major turn

away from the person I was in grave danger of becoming: a person who was already coming to regard himself as a failure.

I decided to reprint much of my material from old fanzines. I'd bought a bunch of late-thirties, early forties fanzines from Dick Witter. I figured it stood to reason that few other present-day (1953) fans had read these fanzines, and thus reprints would be of value to them. (I credited all the original appearances of the material I reprinted, of course. It gave me pleasure to note that one item -- by Sam Moskowitz, no less -- came from 1938. Why, I was born in 1938.) Unfortunately, most of what I reprinted was undeserving of the honor: snippets and bad fiction, the latter no better than what I was myself writing then. With the question of material out of the way, I began stencilling the issue. I wrote several pseudonymous pieces to go with the reprints and -- presto! ZIP #1. I was amazed. I'd produced my very own fanzine!

I recall very well thinking, four or five months later and after two or three more issues, that I'd never be embarrassed by my first fanzine (as I'd heard so many others had been by theirs). Today I know better. ZIP was a rather dreadful little fanzine, fully as embarrassing as any neofan's first effort could be. In fact, I have to confess that as a fanzine it was never much good -- until I changed the name with #8 to STELLAR, took on Larry Stark as co-editor, and began publishing consistently good material.

My trouble was, then, that I had damned little to say, and thus all my concerns were with packaging and not content. I still saw myself as an artist then; my fanzine was primarily an artwork for me. I slaved for hours to perfect drawings run off in four or five colors, with really close registration (and this on machines never intended for accurate register work); the text which went into them was of relatively minor importance.

Indeed, when a fan named Mike May asked me to contribute a piece to his fanzine, I was really stuck for an idea. I had no idea what to write about. (As I recall, I wrote a piece about putting out my fanzine. I also recall it being a pretty poor piece, although May did publish it.)

The thing was, I wasn't a very good artist. I wasn't very creative as an artist. Ideas -- even for drawings -- didn't come easily to me. Around 1954 Harlan Ellison asked me to do some illustrations for his fanzine, SFBULLETIN (soon to be DIMENSIONS). I was flattered. He sent me a story. I turned in some really bad illos -- drawings which embarrassed me at the time (Harlan didn't reject them, but he didn't ask for more, either). Several years later Harlan gave me the DIMENSIONS file, and I found in it the story I'd illustrated (still not yet published) and my drawings. I quickly destroyed the drawings.

But in a fanzine I found the medium in which I could be creative. If I was not a very good artist on my own, I was good at stencilling artwork, both my own and others'. As an artist I'd been best at rendering -- the technique of realizing a drawing with shading styles, with mechanical processes like Zip-A-Tone overlays and Craftint Doubletone -- I made a good inker for someone else's pencillings. This translated well to mimeo stencils. Stencilling artwork is becoming a lost art these days, and I regret that. Only a few artists like Ross Chamberlain, Steve Stiles and

Dan Steffan still know how to exploit shading plates, for instance. Hand-stencilled art has the capacity to be much more impressive in every respect than electro-stencilled art. The mimeo stencil offers a creative medium.

STELLAR, which I put out in 1956 and 1957, is generally regarded as about the "best" fanzine I did in terms of fancy layout and production. Later, when I was putting out VOID, Redd Boggs -- who had refused to trade his SKYHOOK for the scruffy little ZIP -- wrote me a letter awash in nostalgia for STELLAR and the work I'd put into it.

Well, STELLAR was a lot of fun for me, but it was still a fanzine with which I lavished more care on the package than I did on the contents. The contents were good. Larry Stark was a good editor -- much better than I, then -- and when he dropped out I'd learned enough from him to keep up the standards, but the material was mostly by other people. My own contributions -- editorials, etc. -- were of no consequence. I had yet to learn to write decently and I had little to say.

But oh, the hours I spent over my mimeoscope, cutting artwork onto stencils, designing layouts, working with lettering-guides and shading plates, mastering the art of classy mimeography. I was much into jazz in those days and I'd play records at a loud volume while I stencilled, and I enjoyed myself almost completely.

(Today I recapture some of that feeling when I work on a cover mechanical for AMAZING or FANTASTIC at my basement drawing board, the radio tuned to the local progressive rock station...)

I met Lee Hoffman for the first time in 1955, at the Clevention. It was my first convention, and I was awed by the people I met. I'd been in FAPA for a few months and my first item for FAPA was ZIP #7, the final issue and one which had been at least a year in the making. Lee knew who I was when I was introduced to her; she said some very complimentary things about ZIP #7. I was a little embarrassed; I knew very well that ZIP was impressive only in appearance and lacked the kind of intrinsic quality with which she imbued all her fanzines, even her brief FAPazines. But I was nonetheless pleased; she had been, albeit indirectly, a seminal influence on me, via Mari Wolfe's review.

It's been twenty-one years since that convention. In that time I learned how to write -- I regard 1958 as the turning point there; that's when I started putting out a little personalzine originally called GAFIA NEWS-LETTER and later GAMBIT -- and to put out better fanzines. Lee and I became pretty good friends and cheered each other on as fledgling professional writer. And, eventually, I became a contributor to SFFY; you'll find me in the last two issues.

Well, that's time-binding for you. Blame my fan career on Lee Hoffman and SCIENCE FICTION FIVE-YEARLY. Who knows what strange path my life might have taken if not for that review of SFFY #1?

-- Ted White

ASS'T

There are times when I suspect that I am not the greatest intellect who ever put peanut butter on a banana. There are even times when I feel young and foolish. This, as it happens, is one of those times.

Just a few months ago I was celebrating the fifth anniversary of my fanzine, MOTA. Five years, I thought, is a Long Time for a fanzine to be published. Now ... now I find myself working on SCIENCE FICTION FIVE-YEARLY, a fanzine which celebrates five years of publishing with each issue. The realization that I am assistant editor for the 25th anniversary issue of SFFY is quite unnerving. (If you hold this page close to your ear, you can hear my knees knocking. Make sure the ink is dry first, though.) SCIENCE FICTION FIVE-YEARLY has been published for twenty-five years, always on schedule, always featuring the latest in lustrumly science fiction.

When LeeH asked me to be assistant editor/publisher for this issue, I felt very honored and I eagerly accepted. Since I've been assistant editor for AMAZING and FANTASTIC for a couple of years, I felt this experience should enable me to meet whatever demands SFFY might make of me. Then LeeH told me I had to write an editorial. *!!!!* What about? "It is Tradition," Lee Hoffman told me, "that the editorial of SFFY deals with the problems of duplicating this issue."

Tradition. There's a word for you. "Tradition" makes me think of the flag waving in the April breezes, of the national anthem being played on a tuba, and of police officers every way I turn. The only hitch is that I haven't run off any of the issue yet so I don't know what problems I will encounter. Since I've never used white paper before, anything could happen and probably will. My Gestetner has been running fine, occasionally dribbling ink down the side of the tube from a leak in the ink-feeding mechanism somewhere above, but running fine. If I'm to write about duper problems, then I'm going to have to make them up, deviating completely from my long record of absolutely factual reporting. Such fabrication just might jinx the old Gestetner and insure disaster. It would be like a sports announcer saying a pitcher is having a perfect baseball game -- no hits, no walks, no errors -- and you know then that the next ball he throws will be slammed for a homerun. It would be like allowing Gerald Ford to enter a store filled with fine china and crystal.

Anyway you have the completed product in your hands now, you've read the issue, so I'll let you the reports on duplicating problems. This, in the fan world, is known as readership participation. In mundane life it's called passing the buck.

Otherwise, things are going according to plan. We've split the work load so that Editor Hoffman takes care of the content (contributions, etc.) while Assistant Editor Hughes handles the physical package (stencilling, duplicating, etc.). Since we divided the work, we also intend to divide

the egoboo. LeeH gets the letters praising the fine fannish contributions and those commenting on the obvious presence of an editorial hand on SFFY. I get the letters commenting on the obvious presence of an editorial hand on SFFY which smeared the ink on a page. I also get those asking if Ye Ass't Ed knows how to collate, or how to slipsheet, or how to spell. (The answer in each case is no.)

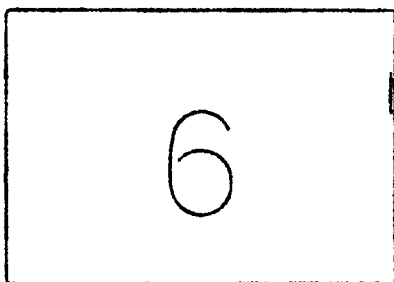
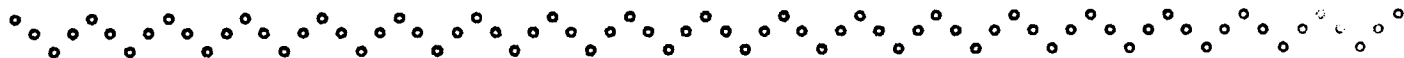
Since I am assistant editor for three world-famous science fiction publications (AMAZING, FANTASTIC and SCIENCE FICTION FIVE-YEARLY), I was of the opinion that assistant editors must be rare and uncommon. I said as much to LeeH.

"LeeH," I said, "I am of the opinion that assistant editors must be rare and uncommon."

"No, Terry, assistant editors are very common," said Lee Hoffman. "There's one born every minute."

I wonder what she meant by that?

-- Terry Hughes



This valuable object might be mistaken by the Unaware as a space filler or a desperate attempt to keep this page from being half empty. Nothing could further from the truth. This is number six in the Bicentennial Series of Numbers Which Made America Famous. Think about it: where would America be without the number six? Once you do, you'll realize the tremendous importance of this Bicentennial Series of Numbers Which Made America Famous, soon to be a collectors' item at a museum near you. Collect all 200!

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