

SCIENCE-FICTION

FIVE-YEARLY

NOV
1981
FADA

FANNISH MUSEUM

SUPERB!

SMOOTH!

PICKLED
FOR
POSTERITY

BLOCH,
ROBERT



SCIENCE-FICTION FIVE-YEARLY



NUMBER SEVEN

FAPA

NOVEMBER 1981

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"The hand that cranks the mimeo rules the world."

Yes, each and every copy of SFFY 7 is dedicated to Chuch Harris.

EDITORIAL---LEECH



THIRTY YEARS OF FAN PUBLISHING! THAT'S NOT TOO MANY---IS IT?

An Anniversary issue of a fanzine seems to call for something in the line of retrospective: A glance

back at past issues. With SFFY, every issue seems to call for a retrospective. So here we go again....

Looking back, it seems like lifetimes have passed since I cranked out the first issue of SFFY on the Thing In The Attic thirty years ago. I've undergone a multitude of incarnations since then. So has SFFY.

The first issue was primarily an experiment in mimeography. Tucker had told me about the masterful multi-color work some folk called The Decker Dillies did in a fanzine titled PLUTO somewhat before my time. I've never seen PLUTO, but I felt challenged, so I stocked up on the necessary equipment and started cutting stencils.

The cover, as I recall, involved eight different colors/tints, and went through the mimeo five times. Since I was trying for some pretty close registration, my loss ran well over fifty percent. Actually I didn't get any with really good register. I had to lower my standards appreciably to get enough copies for FAPA and friends. Fortunately most of the interior work was not quite so ambitious

This trouble with register may seem strange to those modern mimeographers who never knew a Speed-O-Print Model L or its ilk personally. And the idea of eight different colors may appal the mimeographer who envisions cleaning ink rollers, changing fountains, etc. But the Speedy L wasn't that kind of machine. With it, color changes were fairly easy. Nothing else was.

Invention of the mimeograph is generally credited to a fellow named A.B. Dick, but modern philosophical archaeology has surmised that the true inventor was one Samuel S. Torquemada who developed the basic design during the Second Fannish Inquisition (An occasion deftly and subtly celebrated by Suzanne Tompkins and Jerry Kaufman in trufannish manner.) Most scholars agree that during the Inquisition, the person accused of fannish proclivities was forced to operate the device until such time as s/he became so disillusioned as to denounce fandom publicly.

The Speedy L consisted primarily of an open drum -- a cylinder gaping wide on one side -- with holes in it; an impression roller -- like a typewriter platen -- which would engage the drum; and a pusher arm -- a series of levers attached to the drum which culminated in a device that applied weight on a friction surface against the top sheet of paper on the bed, shoving the paper between the drum and the roller at more or less the appropriate time as the drum was turned. The friction surface was usually supplied by rubber bands slipped over the worn-out pressure pads that came with the machine.

The bed where the paper rested before going between the drum and the roller had guides on three sides which were supposed to position the paper so that it would feed neatly and evenly. An adjustable rubber pad at either side of the stack was supposed to provide just enough pressure to prevent the sheets under the top sheet from moving with it into the rollers. These pads were also always worn out.

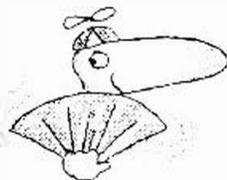
The system was completed by a detachable tray at the other side of the roller and drum which, under the right weather conditions, caught the mimeoed sheets into a neat stack.

In operation, the mimeographer would turn a crank attached to the drum with the right hand. With the left hand s/he would assist the pusher in getting the top sheet (and it alone) started toward the rollers. As the top edge of the top sheet came to the point where the drum and roller met, it would be caught between them and carried through. If the top of the paper met the drum and roller evenly, at just the right time, the sheet would feed straight through. If it arrived a little late, it would go on through, but half of the stencil would print on it while the other half would print on the impression roller which would, in turn, offset that print onto the back of the sheet in question and -- if not cleaned before the next turn of the crank -- onto the backs of the following sheets. If, in its travels, the sheet wobbled a bit or the pressures guiding it weren't well-balanced, the sheet would feed through at an angle which usually resulted in the rollers gently creasing it into an erratic fan-shape. If the creases were deep enough, the stencil would tear.



Fig. 1

Where did the stencil fit into all this? Remember, I mentioned the holes in the drum? There were a lot of them, like someone had fired at it with an amazingly-well patterned load of buckshot. Over these one fitted a blanket of soft absorbant fabric which fastened inside the drum at each end. Ink the consistency of cheap ketchup was poured from a can into the opening of the drum and evenly spread (as evenly as possible) over the buckshot holes with a paint brush. (You could get a long-handled bent-necked brush made especially for this purpose which got into the corners better and didn't put quite so much of the hand into contact with quite so much of the ink inside the drum -- but cheap paint brushes were cheaper.) The ink was supposed to be absorbed evenly through the blanket and to seep evenly through the cut-out areas of the stencil. (It was not supposed to drip out of the drum onto the impression roller, thereby causing the backs of each sheet to be printed with large smeary blobs. Hah!)



ERRATIC FAN

Fig. 2

Those of you who took General Science in High School will recognize that this device called a Speedy L is actually a very cleverly disguised static generator. All that friction, paper sliding over paper, drums turning, etc. On an ideal chill dry winter day a competent operator could draw a magnificent blue arc that could be picked up on a radio receiver far at sea. And the levitational aerobatics of the sheets which were supposed to be piling up in the receiving tray were a wonder to behold.

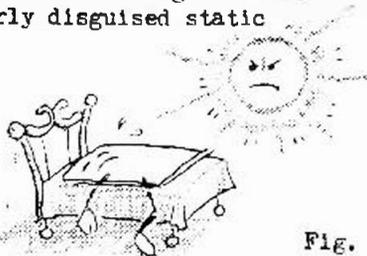


Fig. 3

On a warm humid summer day the paper tended to lie limply on the feed bed, refusing to move, except in clumps. And, of course, the ink didn't dry until autumn.

But changing colors was pretty easy.

One simply removed the blanket, cleaned the drum sufficiently to keep globs of the black ink from escaping it, then covered the holes in it with an old backing sheet from a used stencil, put a fresh blanket over the backing sheet, and inked from the outside.

Inking from the outside meant that with each impression the amount of ink lessened. The image grew a little fainter. After a couple dozen or so copies, the mimeographer had to stop, carefully lift the delicate and inky stencil from the blanket, and reink, a process not conducive to long stencil life.

As Samuel Johnson said of dogs walking on their hind legs and women preaching, "It is not done well, and you are surprised to find it done at all."

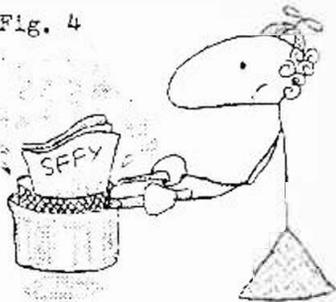
After a while I stopped doing it.

In 1971, SFFY appeared for the first time entirely in black and white. While it was a relief to go to one-color repro, this wasn't the actual reason for this exciting innovation. The fact is, I just couldn't get the necessary materials.

Over those twenty years since I discovered the results of shaking a can of yellow ink without first being sure the cap was on tight, the technology of mimeography had advanced far more rapidly than I had. With the exception of a few hard-shelled old timers in church basements and various impecunious faneds, mimeographers had gone Gestetner and Rex Rotary. Speedy L's were just about obsolete. It became difficult, then impossible, for me to get the inks I required.

The white toner disappeared first. I couldn't turn it up in my neighborhood in NYC in 1966. I ended up concocting my own from artists' titanium white and Wesson oil. (This may have been the first low-cholesterol mimeo ink suitable for deep frying.)

Fig. 4



Five years later I found myself far beyond the bourne of civilization as I had known it, in a village that had not even existed when I first entered fandom. Here, it was hopeless, so I sent an emissary to that outpost of civilization, Tampa. Tampa proved not to be as far behind the times as I had hoped. Even there, the Speedy L was obsolete. My representative couldn't get red, or blue, or yellow ink, or even a new impression roller for the old machine.

Fortunately black ink could still be had and a good clean up and dusting with talc brought a glimmer of life back to the old impression roller, so I managed to squeeze one more issue of SFFY through the mimeo myself. But by 1976, I knew it was hopeless.

I had neither the inks nor the ambition to carry on in the ancient tradition of truly hand-crafted fanzines. Or even the Do-It Yourself Plastic Kit tradition of pubbing an ish. If it had not been for Terry Hughes and Modern Technology, the 5th issue of SFFY would have been the first to feature invisible ink on intangible paper (without staples, Grandpa).

Now a new lustrum is upon us and another hand has grasped the crank -- or pushed the button as the case may be. Dan Steffan (of whom Living Legend Charles Burbee has said "He's intelligent...is he real?") is doing the work this time, while I bask in undeserved glory. After thirty years of experimentation, I have definitely found the ideal way to publish a fanzine -- let somebody else do it.

--Lee Hoffman Sept. 1981

an
outer view
with robert
bloch
by the
author of
PSYCHO

During the first six weeks of 1981
I have already been interviewed five times.

Two interviews were conducted by longdistance telephone and lasted two and a half hours apiece. A third phone interview was mercifully terminated after a mere thirty-five minutes. The two in-person exchanges of queries and replies ran close to three hours each. Based on the latest researches into quantum mathematics, this adds up to roughly eleven and a half hours of time frittered away in this questionable and answerable activity. To make matters worse, I've no use for frittering to begin with, and haven't eaten a fritter in the last thirty years.

In another week or so I'm slated for yet a sixth interview -- this confrontation to be accompanied by picture-taking, which is ever worse. Several other recent photography sessions deepened my dislike of the procedure; in recent years no one, to my knowledge, has ever voluntarily taken a proper photo of me. Every camera freak seems to have a thing about candid shots; none of them are happy unless they can catch you off-guard with your mouth or fly open -- preferably both.

The same interviewing problem is bound to crop up again in the mail, which regularly brings requests for written replies to lengthy questionnaires. And it will certainly surface in April, when I'm scheduled to appear as GOK at the Cinecon in Australia. Far be it for me to complain about the trip; I feel it's my duty to go, if only to heal the breach in international relations caused by Tucker's visit some years ago. But there will be fan interviews and press interviews and -- if Tucker did as much damage as I suspect -- there may even be questions asked in Parliament.

Questions.

That's the real problem. I'm not so ungrateful as to complain about interviews per se; after all these years it's really remarkable that anyone would still care about me or my efforts. Remarkable and rewarding. Show me a writer who doesn't like to talk about himself and I'll show you a terminal case of lockjaw.



(Note to feminists who object to the use of the term "himself": I can't add "herself" without spoiling the gagline, and if that's what you're bitching about, go stuff yourself.)

Where were we? Oh yes, you're up there reading and I'm down here on the paper. And I was telling you about questions being the real problem.

Dumb questions? Not necessarily. It's actually a matter of the same questions asked over and over, by every interviewer who comes along. And sick as one gets while hearing them repeated, the nausea is nothing compared to that of listening to one's own voice droning out the same old answers. It's reached a point where I often stick my fingers in my ears before replying, and when forced to write down such responses, I close my eyes.

But there's one sure solution to the whole problem. Instead of giving interviews in the future, I will give an outerview.

What is an outerview?

Well might you ask, because if you don't, this whole thing is going to go down the tube right now.

An outerview is an all-purpose series of questions most commonly asked by interviewers, coupled with the proper answers from the interviewee.

(Another note to feminists: "Interviewee" is not a bit sexist, so maybe that will hold you for a while. If not, I once again recommend auto-taxidermy.)

So be it. As the French say, let us proceed to the outerview immediately, without further adieu.

The following queries are the ones I get hit with time after time, and the rejoinders are those I most frequently give. Once you have read this brief exchange you will know more about me than I know myself. Or care to.

Q. WHERE DO YOU GET THE IDEAS FOR YOUR STORIES?

A. Nowhere. When I started writing I realized this might be a problem so I came up with the only sensible solution. If you read my stories carefully you will realize that they contain no ideas at all.

Q. IS IT TRUE THAT YOU USED TO CORRESPOND WITH H.P. LOVECRAFT?

A. That's a damnable lie. Lovecraft lived in Providence. I lived in Milwaukee. He was a wellknown fantasy writer; I was a beginner. Lovecraft had already reached middle-age when I was still a teenager.. Just compare a photo of Lovecraft with a photo of me and you'll see for yourself that we did not correspond in any way.

Q. YOU HAVE WRITTEN FANTASY, HORROR STORIES, SCIENCE FICTION AND MYSTERY-SUSPENSE. DO YOU HAVE ANY SPECIAL PREFERENCES?

A. Scotch on the rocks.

Q. ALL RIGHT, LET'S PUT IT ANOTHER WAY. YOU HAVE WORKED IN PRINTED MEDIA, RADIO, TELEVISION AND MOTION PICTURES. WHICH IS YOUR FAVORITE?

A. Get off my case.

Q. SPEAKING OF CASES, I'M TOLD THAT YOUR MOVIE PSYCHO WAS BASED ON A REAL-LIFE MURDER.

A. Psycho was originally a novel, not a film. And it was not "based" on a real-life murder, merely on the circumstances under which such a murder had occurred.

Q. THEN WHO WAS YOUR INSPIRATION FOR THE CHARACTER OF NORMAN BATES?

A. Alfred Hitchcock.

Q. MANY PEOPLE SEEM TO BE UNDER THE IMPRESSION THAT PSYCHO WAS WRITTEN BY HITCHCOCK.

A. Then they're going to have quite a time when Psycho II appears next year. Unless, of course, they figure out that Hitchcock is my ghost-writer.

Q. DO YOU HAVE ANY ADVICE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE WHO ARE INTERESTED IN MAKING A WRITING CAREER?

A. Yes, by all means. Don't.

Q. WHAT ARE YOU WORKING ON NOW?

A. A way to get out of answering any more damn fool questions. Then I can go back to sleep for another five years.

--Robert Bloch

I will eat no fritter before it's time!

WHICH FANHISTORY DO YOU READ?, Dept.

--by Dick Bergeron--

"Vernon L. McCain summarized the overall importance of this feature /in AMAZING STORIES/ like this: 'The Club House' had done more to make fandom grow than any other single force in history, and it altered the whole character of fandom by bringing in a different type person. Not that this new type was in any way superior or inferior to the old type, but they were different and they changed fandom. Many of us preferred the old type to the new, which somewhat resembled a combination of the American Legion and the Housewives' Thursday Knitting and Tea Auxiliary. Less publicity is what fandom needs.'"

--Harry Warner, Jr. in "All Our Yesterdays" Pg185

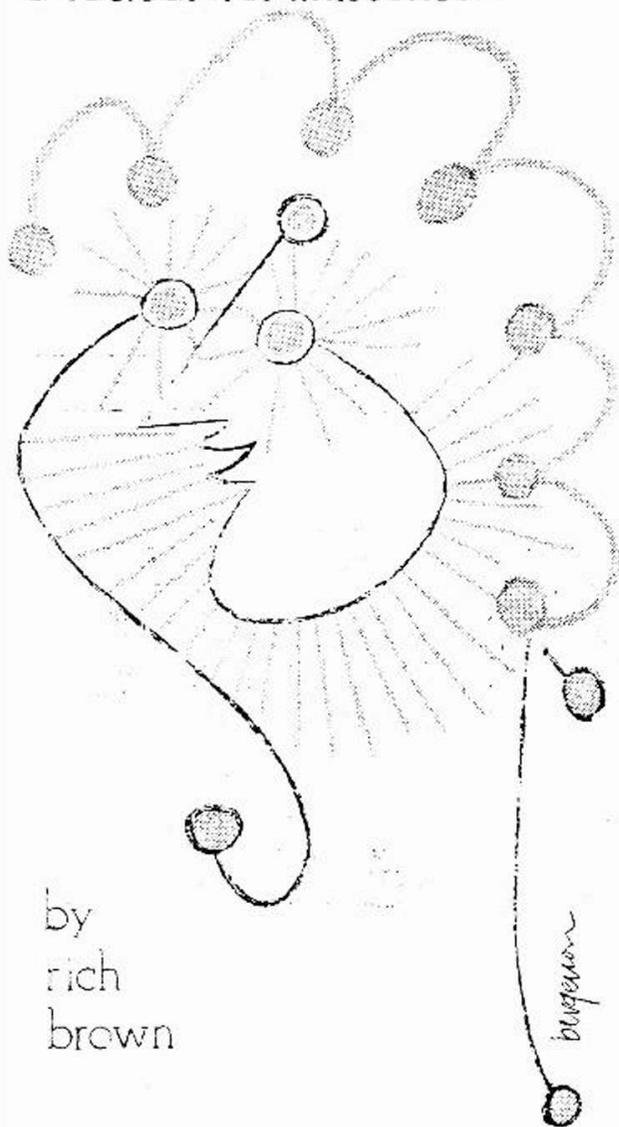
"Palmer claimed that Phillips' 'Clubhouse' changed fandom 'by bringing in a different type person.' He compared the new fan element to a combination of an American Legion and a Housewives' Thursday Knitting Auxiliary, but declined to state whether this new fandom was either inferior or superior to the fandom it had allegedly replaced."

--Harry Warner, Jr. in "A Wealth Of Fable" Pg24

"One who studies Fanhistry is, they say, NOT doomed to repeat it." --Larry Stark

up here in the dream nickle

a factual reminiscence



by
rich
brown

While I have never in my life been in Lower Armpit Heights, West Virginia, and although I cannot even truthfully attest as to whether or not there is such a place, I would nonetheless ask you to strap on your disbelief suspenders so you might be able to believe me when I say I recently met my old friend ichy the cockroach at a bar in Lower Armpit Heights, West Virginia

I was just passing through, really. A light rain was falling and I was on my way to a convention, a one-shot session or a fan meeting, I no longer recall which -- you know, the sort of things we fer do so frequently that they pass out of memory very quickly. Or out of my memory, anyway, because my memory is like a caste-iron sieve.

It was drizzling and there were cars on my left and the sign which said "Right Turn Only -- 20 Feet" did me no good whatsoever. Cursing, I made the mandatory right turn and found myself on the main drag of the little town which I'd intended to avoid as though it were Claude Vortzimer. I would have made a U-turn but a neon sign at the end of the street caught my eye. "Rosebud Bar & Grill," it said. On the one hand, just stopping to have a beer might make an interesting anecdote to tell Bill ("Jim") Tucker; on the other, this was West Virginia -- the place was likely to be crawling with local red-necks. But the former consideration outweighed the latter, so I stopped.

Except for the word "Rosebud" on the neon sign, the outside wasn't at all remarkable. Once inside, though, I was immediately struck by a feeling of deja vu and very quickly realized how much it reminded me, in some incredible but ineffable way, of all the bars I'd ever been in at convention hotels. It was full without being really crowded, men and women in casual attire were drinking and passing their cigarettes around and chattering, the atmosphere was convivial. Someone was laughing in a manner which also struck a semi-responsive chord -- I felt I should either recognize that laugh from having heard it before or from having heard it described somewhere.

The waitress sized me up and evidently my aura met with her approval because she came over, smiled the smile of professional waitresses and left a mimeographed drink list. I had no time to be surprised by the list, which included selections such as Xeno, Blog, Grog, Nuclear Fizzes, "Smoooooth" Jack Daniels, India Pale Ale and Bheer (Home Brew 25¢ extra) because it was at this point that my old friend Ichabod wandered up.

I should tell you about Ichabod. I will tell you about Ichabod.

Ichabod was a trufan who had died and been reincarnated into the body of a cockroach. In the late '50s and early 60s, he made use of my typer at nights when I wasn't using it. By diving head-first onto its keys, he wrote articles and essays for fanzines. The process was a painful one, as it often took him all night to complete his pieces. He couldn't work the shift lever no matter how hard he tried, so he had to do without capital letters. But the first line he wrote as a cockroach, "expression is the need of my soul," summed it all up. He was a trufan, ichy was, and he had to write.

I thought his articles were mildly amusing and so passed them on to other fans; fans who were publishing fanzines (or "Fan Eds" as we called 'em in those days), along with my own articles and columns and stories. To my everlasting surprise, my superior articles, columns and stories were frequently rejected while ichy's musings were printed. While I admit some jealousy existed there, and even a slightly uneasy feeling on my part that ichy was satirizing me when he wrote about a fan who was forever complaining that "these new fans haven't got it here" while placing his hand over his heart, ichy and I remained great friends even when I moved to New York City. (But then, you know how fannish friendships are -- they're immortal, or they wouldn't be fannish.)

But I don't suppose it escaped every fan's notice that there came a time when I no longer sent out ichy's column and never again talked about him; to the more astute, it might even have appeared that we had come to a parting of the ways. I must admit this was, for me at least, no less than the truth. Ichy stayed for several months with me and three other fans -- Mike, Mack and Ernie -- at our slushack, the piebald palace, on Manhattan's Lower East Side and then left abruptly, leaving behind only a short curt note to the effect that he could not stand to spend another day "in a place with so many nonfans." This, at a time when more innocuous remarks were plunging All Fandom Into War.

I was then the same mild-mannered person I am now -- everywhere except on paper. On paper, in the fannish press, I was a veritable dragon, rushing in where even angels might fear to tread and where the hand of man had never set foot, delivering glows before would-be opponents could so much as remove their pinky from their gauntlets. It took all the restraint Mike, Mack and Ernie could muster to keep me from using the pages of our fanzine FOCAL PINT to denounce ichy.

I never have been an in-person dragon and considerable time had passed by the time ichy came up to me at the Rosebud Bar & Grill in Lower Amplit Heights, West Virginia, while I was on my way to some sort of fannish something-or-other, so it took me a while to broach the subject. Ichy, who'd had no notion I'd carried these feelings around for over a decade, quickly explained it all to me -- and I felt quite a fool.

You see, Mike, Mack and Ernie and I had been collectors. The things we collected -- books, magazines, fanzines, newspapers, popsickle sticks, candy wrappers, etc., &c. -- stood in high piles which, through an entropy we did nothing to counteract, frequently fell over to become ever-thinning isles through which visitors to the piebald palace had to make their increasingly difficult way. And the accumulation of paper, dried popsickle and melted candy attracted hoards of mindless cockroaches.

Needless to say, it was these cockroaches -- and not Mike, Mack and Ernie or my own humble self -- to whom ichy had been referring with his line about not being able to spend another day in a place with so many non-fans. When ichy told me an entire American Legion Post had died and been reincarnated, I held up my hand -- he didn't have to explain any further.

So ichy and I enjoyed a nice conjcbbble. We talked into the evening about those chimerical days of yore ("mais ou sont les neiges d'atan?" ichy asked, to which I replied, "I had one once, but the wheels fell off."). I got around to asking him what all he'd been doing since I'd last seen him and he told me he'd gone down to the Tucker Hotel (he dropped into a bowl of soup for a hot bath in a restaurant there) before taking off to the West Coast. Said he'd wanted to take one last look at the Berkeley Towers -- that is, the shiny Tower of Bheer Cans to the Moon built by Pete Carr, Terry Rike, Dave Elik and Ron Graham -- before the sercon forces tore it down to build a monument to the betterment of stf. After that, he said, he'd kicked around a bit, going from con to con -- mostly regionals, because the worldcons were getting too big to be a place where friends could get together for a good time -- and was now on his way to Ft. Mudge, where he'd landed himself a job as chief steam engineer. He thought he might get himself an electric typer because he was having trouble getting his beanie on his head over the callous which had started to grow there.

It did not seem long, but of course it was really in the early hours of the morning, before we were both deploring the current state of fandom (they haven't got it here, we agreed, placing our hands over our hearts); I had had "a few," as they say, and ichy was drowning himself in suds as only ichy can. Not wishing to get into a maudlin frame of mind and trying to look on the bright side, I asked him if he'd seen PANG, the zippy little fanzine published by Ted Steffan and Dan White. He admitted as to how he had, and added that while the writing and cartooning were as good as any fan could hope for, and even opined that Wally "The Snake" Mind was His Kind of Fan, he said overall he was really rather disappointed.

Disappointed, I said. What do you mean, disappointed?

He pointed out that, in a very early issue no less a fan than Lee Hoffperson himself had said a little feud might liven things up a bit, but no one had been fannish enough to step forward to fill the breach.

you would' think
with a challenge like that
flang out by no less a fan
than lee hoffperson hisself
if a trufan or two was about
they might rise up to the occasion

was about the way he put it. When I pointed to the Martin Moose Rooster affair, ichy immediately dismissed it, as had the editors of PANG, because it wasn't really worthy. You really couldn't call it a feud when your opponent couldn't be made to eat his words only because his shoe was constantly in the way. I asked ichy, if he'd really felt that way, why he hadn't done something himself. He said he had -- a long piece in which he asserted that all members of the local fanclub were weird and pervery, stated without equivocation that the friction-type belt buckle was the thing of the future, opined that a poo could whip a jobber with one tentacle tied behind its back, and added (for the sake of those who might not be able to find anything controversial in his other statements) that the sky was pink. But he hadn't submitted the article to PANG; after all, the true test was whether or not the present generation of fer could conduct a feud -- since it was already established fact that our generation could.

It was at this point that the bartender came over -- a friendly sort he was, generally, although ichy had warned me he'd have no truck with sci-fi talk in his bar. He apologized but said he'd have to take the typer which ichy had been using to type out his replies -- it was needed for a one-shot. I recalled the press of time -- I had to get on off to wherever it was I was going when I'd stopped off -- so I told ichy I'd really enjoyed our fangab and maybe I could drop by the bar on my way back from wherever it was I was going.

It was early morning and the rain had stopped when I walked out of the Rosebud Bar & Grill. I made it to my car, made it to wherever I was going and (I assume) had a good time. Somehow, though, on the way back I missed the turnoff. I suppose, by now, ichy has hitched up with some fan caravan and long since made it to Ft. Mudge.

#

Now, I can't pretend I didn't agree with what ichy said; at the time, it seemed quite sensible to me. It wasn't until later, after considerable reflection, that I reached an entirely different conclusion on my own. What he had said was indisputable, but it was quite unconscionable to blame the current crop of fans because they could not conduct feuds in the grand old manner. How, after all, could they be expected to "know better" when no one had ever pointed out the error of their ways? Nothing exists in a vacuum, you know. And, to paraphrase something someone once said about the weather, we old fans constantly talk about the shortcomings of neos but no one ever does anything about them.

Well, I decided to do something about them. I thought perhaps I might start "The Great Feuders School of Writing," but got no further than designing --and then only in my head -- the ads I would place in the prominent fannish fanzines.

I figured at the top of the ad, in bold letters, I'd have something like "MOSKOWITZ! ACKERMAN! LANEY! WHITE!" and below that, "The Great Feuders School of Writing." And then, using a

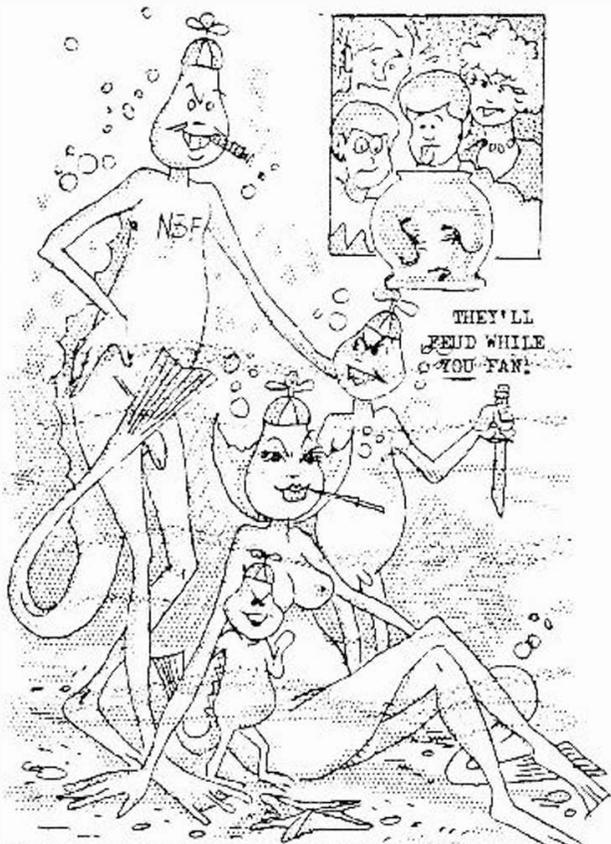
Enter the WONDERFUL WORLD
of AMAZING LIVE

SEA-FANS

Own a BOWLFULL OF MEANNESS!

Instant FEUDS!

Just ADD WATER -- that's ALL! In ONE SECOND your AMAZING Sea-Fans actually COME TO LIFE! Now, all you do is simply grow & enjoy these frightful fans who'll put the blood-letting back into fandom. So Eager To Please, they are born knowing how to type. WOW! JEEPERS!



THE TRANSCIENT CORPORATION Dept. 44D
200 Fifth Avenue Street
New Jersey, New Jersey

YOIKS! It sounds unbelievable! Send my SEA-FANS kit(s) and FREE mimeo supplies. I must be satisfied or you'll refund some of my cash immediately! I enclose 50¢ plus \$15.000 for postage and handling per kit. I enclose: _____

NAME _____ PHONE _____
ADDRESS _____ ZIP _____

little humor by way of enticement, I would use fake names (instead of the real names of fans which the bold type might lead you to expect) in the body of the copy: "Yes, our staff of fandom's finest feuders -- Sam Moscovitz, Forrest J. Ackerman, Francis T. Laney and Ted White -- will instruct you in the fine art of conducting a feud!" Having thus gotten their attention, I would then go on to more serious points to get them to send for free details. I also thought there might be some profit in doing a Charles Atlas-type ad, like the ones which used to grace the backs of comic books, with before and after pictures. In "before" a bully-fan would be shown forcing a non-feuder to drink a bottle of hair cream; in the "after" the non-feuder would be pictured flying across country to kick sand in the face of the bully-fan.

But I am an old fan and tired and I can still recognize a Dougherty Project when I see one. I could all too easily envision myself running out of enthusiasm as soon as I finished the ads, which would fall short of the intended objective. It would be much easier (and, therefore, something an old and tired fan might actually accomplish) to write a series of articles like Walt Shaw's "The Lectures on Fansmanship" (albeit more serious in intent) in which I would guide the much-erring neos along the True Path.

I realized this could also become a Herculean task, but remained determined to go through with it -- despite the obstacles littering my way and the opposition I was certain to encounter.

I know precisely where that opposition will come from, too. There are those who have long deceived newer fans, making them believe fandom a pleasurable association of people with whom it is enjoyable to exchange good will and bright wit, a virtual utopia of creativity. Hiding behind their sense of humor, these depraved individuals have even implied that it is not only possible but preferable to exist in fandom for years and years without ever once engaging in a feud.

I realize it will be no easy chore to dispel this illusion. And yet I am willing to try, even if I have to knee the mad dogs in the groin and run them out of fandom on a rail. Fandom will then be a much better place, since it will be comprised only of right-thinking fen -- i.e., those who realize the microcosm is an arena in which an image of feral ferociousness must be maintained at all times, since the strong inevitably triumph over the weak, and in which no quarter can be asked for or given. Fandom will then be what it was always intended to be -- a place in which to enjoy the suffering of fellow beings while wielding auspicious power.

My articles will not only tell you, in graphic detail, how to inflict such grievous suffering but how to gain and properly wield this power.

Tune in next issue.

--rich brown

Good humored and condescending BNF



Mister Blackwidow Spider perforce
Had reason to fear intercourse,
He wistfully said,
As she bit off his head,
"I believe I would like a divorce."

★ ★

THE TUCKER HOTEL

★ ★

**PART
TWO**

FANDOM
UBER
ALLES!



YNGVI
WAS A
LOUSE!

★ ★

**"ALL FANS
WILL REJOICE
IN THE
KNOWLEDGE
THAT THE
TUCKER HOTEL
IS COMPLETE,
EVEN UNTO A
BEANIE FLAP-
PING PROUDLY
ON THE POLE
ATOP THE ROOF."**

★ ★

BY **BOB TUCKER**

THE ULTIMATE

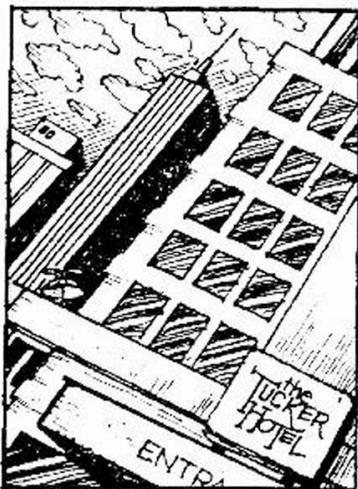
Since about 1950 we have been tediously gathering bricks for the project, ably assisted by hundreds of fans who contributed to the mail-carrier's load and now, at last, the magnificent edifice is up and waiting to house the unwashed hordes of fandom. We had enough bricks to erect a beautiful ten-storey hotel which includes three hundred sleeping rooms (each of which will expand for parties), five function rooms, two fan history rooms, two restaurants, an indoor swimming pool and a sauna. We lack only wheels to move the hotel from city to city. As soon as we can find the wheels and attach them in an approved engineering manner we plan to go on the road and into the convention business.

These are our plans for the Ultimate Convention.

The Ultimate Convention will be held in the Tucker Hotel in a city to be selected by you. To vote for the selection site you need only donate a dollar to DUFF or TAFF, and tweak the beard of Rusty Hevollar. Our hotel will offer the discriminating fan the lowest prices, the very best service, fine foods and mattresses, and a total freedom from nagging airline pilots who want to do silly things like sleeping while parties are in progress nearby. Airline pilots will not be admitted to the Tucker Hotel.

Reservations at the hotel will be restricted to true fans, to favorite hucksters, to starving artists, and to those pros who promise not to make speeches while on the premises. Any pro caught making speeches will have his name and book titles removed from the trivia bowl. Hucksters will be admitted only if they contribute generously to the kitty for bathtub refreshments.

All the hotel employees from the doorman, to the maids, to the cooks will be given free memberships in the convention and will be invited to participate in the room parties. This thoughtful gesture will ensure either their whole-hearted service, or no service at all, depending on their heads the following morning. The hotel manager will be a member of the convention committee and will be accountable to the chairman. At the close of each convention he will be called in to account before the business meeting, and his contract will be renewed for another year only if he receives a vote of confidence from the fans assembled. Proxies from absent fans sleeping it off will be accepted.



CONVENTION!

A word about room rates.

A modest fee of three dollars per day will be charged. This fee is for space only, not the number of people occupying a room. However, if more than ten people are occupying, the management will insist that the bathroom have at least two bars of soap and two toothbrushes. Impoverished fans will be allowed to sleep in the lobby free of charge, but in return they will be required to tidy up the grounds of all beer cans, paper cups, and bathtubs thrown out of windows the night before. (Bathtubs dropped from rooftops are exempt from this requirement.)



Ice machines and sodapop dispensers will be serviced hourly on a round-the-clock basis, by a squad of Dorsal Irregulars charged with that duty. The commander of the Dorsal squad will be relieved of his duties and demoted if the machines are neglected. Ice will be free and sodapop will sell at 10¢ per can or bottle.

Particular attention should be paid to the beautifully decorated fan history rooms.

The first room, opening off the spacious lobby and always under armed guard, is the Degler Room. Here on display will be found an amazing array of Degler artifacts including complete runs of the Cosmic Circle publications, all the important manifestos and broadsides, the famous Battle Creek Exclusion Paper with annotations by Al Ashley himself, a pair of ragged tennies worn to Chicon One in 1940, and the very shovel used to dig down to hell in a New Castle backyard. Stroll through the Degler Room at your leisure and relive fandom's colorful past.



The second fan history room nearby is the Robert Silverberg room. Only Silverberg has the key and it is for his exclusive use when he needs a retreat. When sorely vexed, Mr. Silverberg is wont to go off by himself and shout "Aaaarrrrrgh!" This room may become known as the 'Aaarrrrrgh! Room'.

And now, our hospitable facilities.



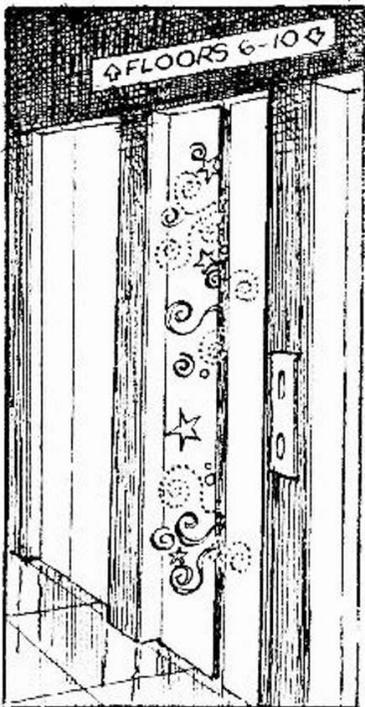
The restaurant and coffee-shop will be kept open on a 24-hour basis and no meal except that of sirloin steak will cost more than \$1.00. For those few discriminating fans who eat sirloin steak, the cost will be \$1.25. Breakfast will not be served after 5pm each afternoon. As a matter of course, all waitresses will be convention members and will not accept tips larger than 10c. A special task force of non-drinking fans headed by Forry Ackerman will be charged with the responsibility of rounding up waitresses, getting them sober and fully dressed, and delivering them to their duty stations ten minutes before they are scheduled to work.

Now, the elevators. The Tucker Hotel has a bank of seven large machines. One elevator will be set aside for pot smokers wanting to get high quickly. Five other elevators will run continuously, and will be programmed to eject children punching all the buttons. The seventh and last elevator will be taken out of service at random hours of the day and night, so that Veteran fans with a fondness for the good old days can bitch about it.

A word about our cheerful tavern.

The barroom will be called 'Gordy's Grogshop'. The only bourbon sold in the Grogshop will be Bean's Choice. The Grogshop will sell drinks at half-price during the Happy Hour, and that Happy Hour will extend from noon each day until sunrise the following morning. Gordy's Grogshop will be closed for a few hours each morning to allow the staff to sweep out the peanut shells, the beer cans, and the drunken editors sleeping on the floor. It should be noted that the convention guests of honor, the toastmaster, and the committee all will be served free drinks during the Happy Hour. A drunken con chairman is a contented con chairman.

There will be no speeches during the official program. The guests of honor may, if they choose, have their speeches mimeographed at their expense and distributed at the door to the hall. The fans assembled in the hall,



SAVE YOUR

to better demonstrate their respect for the guests, will be encouraged to make paper airplanes out of the mimeographed speeches.

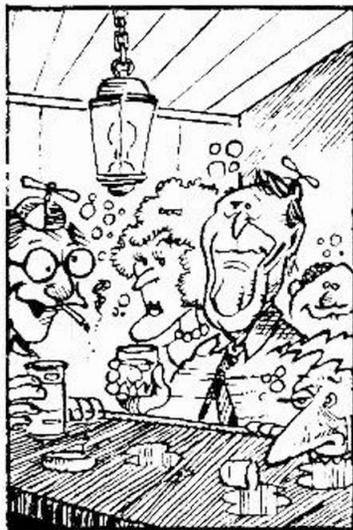
Indeed, the con committee will not be permitted to formulate a program of any kind but will instead be required to turn the programming over to the assembled fans. Individuals in the audience will be encouraged to make up the entire program and present it on the stage or podium. But a caution: the microphone and the lights will be turned off if any member of the audience is found dozing or napping during this spontaneous programming.

Truly, it will be an ideal convention.

All this -- this great, glorious Ultimate Convention -- can take place as soon as we find wheels to move The Tucker Hotel.

Save your old roller skates.

--Bob Tucker



ROLLER SKATES!





PART SIX

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

Many installments.

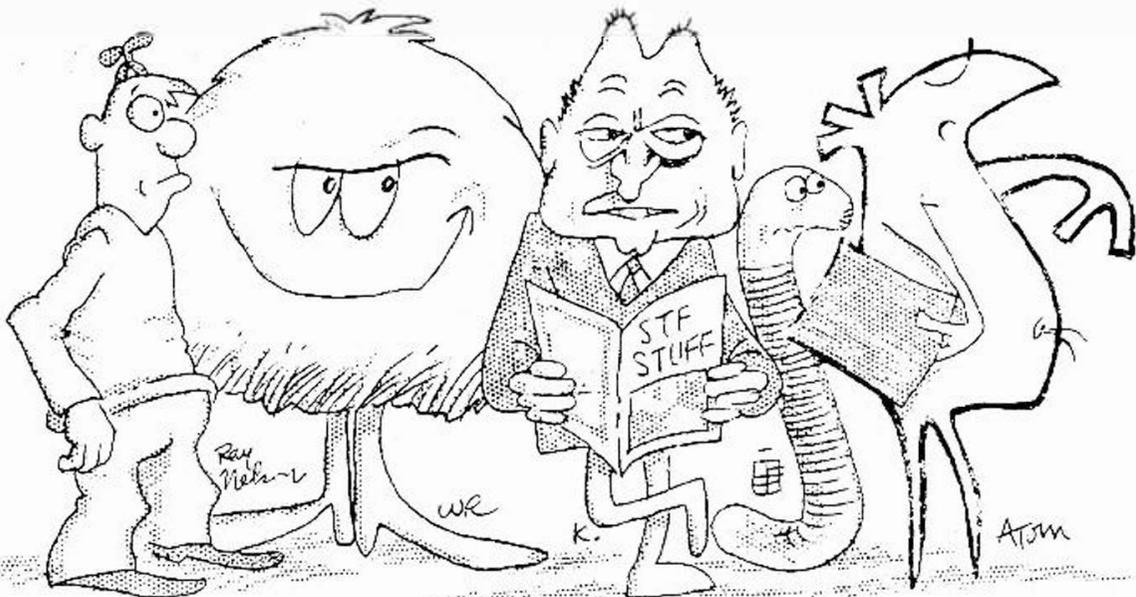
NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

Scrilch woke --

THE END

--Bob Silverberg

GIANTS



James Oldfan was tired. He looked up from the letter he was typing. The clock on the wall said 11:37. He yawned, then glanced back at what he had just written:

"Moody is a jerk. I've suspected it for a long time now, but his piece for you, 'Why We Need Worldcon Security,' serves as outright confirmation. Only a jerk could"

Only a jerk could -- what? The entire thought had flown out of his head when he'd idly glanced at the time. His eyes fell to the fanzine folded open next to the typer. STF STUFF. A really neolsh title, but snappily edited nonetheless. Something about Joel Crawford made the most naive ideas sparkle in his hands. The first five issues were just what the title implied, but they were dittoed in short runs of less than a hundred and mostly forgotten. When STF STUFF went xeroxed it suddenly bloomed with both striking new talents and revived-from-the-dead old talents. Joel had the touch all right. Oldfan admired him for that. Who else would use xerox in such a personal way -- even to running direct copies of the letters of comment he received? In anyone else's hands it would have looked messy, scrapbooky. Crawford made it look fannish, clever. It was probably, Oldfan reflected, and not for the first time, because Joel used the reduction feature on the xerox machine, reducing the letters 15% or so, that it looked so neat in STF STUFF.

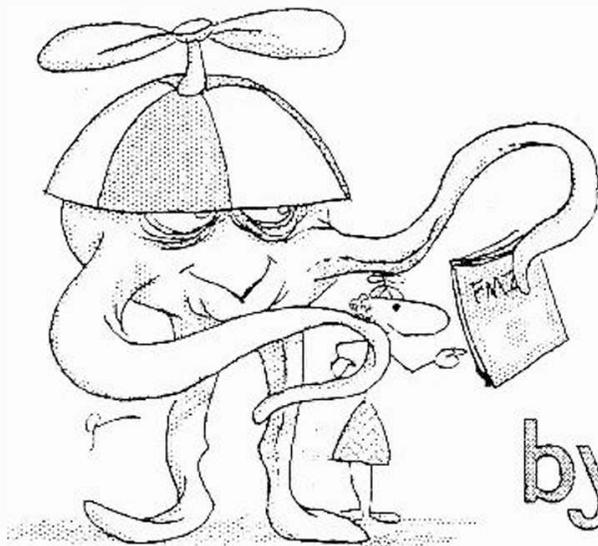
Oldfan yawned again. Best leave it for morning. It would all come back to him then. He glanced at the Cut tray on his desk. Four letters sat in neatly addressed and stamped envelopes, waiting to be mailed. Under them were three fanzines and a letter, ready to be filed away. He'd spent the entire evening at the typer.

He pushed back his chair and stood, stretching. Damned satisfying. Four letters done and a fifth half done.

He drank a glass of milk and went to bed.

#

Bright sunlight streaming through his bedroom window awoke James Oldfan the next morning. He rolled over to keep the light out of his eyes, but he felt its heat on the back of his head and his neck and finally he gave into it and awoke.



THE PURPLE FIELDS OF FANAC

PART ONE

by ted white

He was still eating breakfast when the mail arrived. He poured himself a second cup of coffee and then while it was cooling he pried loose the staples that held shut the new VANITY PRESS from Beechar. He scanned the half dozen sheets quickly for the major news and any passing mentions of his name, then set the newszine aside for a more thorough reading later. He had stacked the letters in order of increasing importance, as assessed from return names and addresses, leaving the thick one from Crawford for last and opening first the letter from W.F. Glea. As he'd expected, it was a one-sheet LoC on Oldfar's FAPAAine, ELEPHANTS GRAVEYARD, extras of which he sent out to non-FAPANS. W.F. Glea -- no one had ever known the names behind those initials -- was one of those types who always and faithfully responded to each and every fanzine he got with a one-page letter of comment. There was never anything worth quoting in a W.F. Glea letter -- they were always almost anonymously bland -- and in fact the sure sign of a fanzine which wasn't getting good letters would be the appearance in it of a W.F. Glea letter. Every fanzine always received a letter from W.F. Glea. That was ol' W.F.'s hold on faneditors, Oldfar mused. He always responded, thus obligating the faned to keep sending W.F. his zines.

"Well, I just got my customary letter from W.F. Glea," Joel Crawford said in his letter. "You know, I really have to wonder about that guy. I bought some old fanzines from Tucker last year, and in one of them -- a Bowers fanzine, I think -- there was this letter from W.F. Glea. Same address in South Carolina. And except for a couple of dated references it could as easily have been his latest letter to me! ...Oops! I just went to check. I was wrong -- it wasn't a Bowers fanzine, it was a RUNE. You know, I think it might be funny to reprint that old letter and run it in the next STF STUFF. What do you think, Jim?"

Oldfar grinned when he read that. Yeah, and it would be just like Joel to do it, too. Joel had the right touch.

He rose from the breakfast nook and took the mail with him into his fander. He tossed Joel's letter down on top of the open issue of STF STUFF on which he'd been commenting, and threw the other letters into the in box to be answered (or filed) later. Then he plopped into the easy chair by the window to read VANITY PRESS more thoroughly.

Will Wheatly came over that afternoon.

"Hey, Jim," he said in greeting, "you get the latest BLACK HOLE?" He waved the fanzine in the air.

"No," Oldfan said. Will always seemed to get fanzines a day or two before he did. That and the man's never-ending cheerfulness was enough to put the damper on any day of the week.

"Well," Will continued, "you'll want to look at this one, then, because Mike Moody has a really heavy attack against you in his column, 'The Moody Blues.'"

"Yeah?" That wasn't too surprising. They'd been sniping at each other off and on for the last two years. Christ, Moody was such an asshole! Always wore black whenever he showed up at a con or a fargathering, always looked like someone had rammed a poker up his fundament.

"Yeah! Look --" Wheatly thumbed through the fanzine until he found the page he wanted, but rather than showing it to Oldfan, he began reading aloud from it: "Jimmy Oldfan's reactionary crusade against progress is typical of the kind of ostrich-headed fan who thinks that just because conventions used to be small enough to be held in motels we ought to limit the membership in today's worldcons to no more than ten thousand. That's fine for reactionary elitists, but what about the rest of us? Don't we have a say in this too?" Wheatly stopped reading to glance up at Oldfan's deliberately disinterested expression. "Hey, you wanta look at it yourself?" He thrust the fanzine at Oldfan.

"No," Oldfan said. "I'll probably get it in tomorrow's mail. That's soon enough. I don't need Mike Moody. He's a fugghead."

They talked a while longer. Wheatly asked questions and Oldfan answered at length, gratified at the younger fan's interest. Then Will glanced at his wrist, said "Gotta go," and left. He left his copy of BLACK HOLE behind. Oldfan noticed it just as the door closed and had to wrestle with himself for a full minute before deciding that if Wheatly wanted it badly enough he'd come back for it, and then settling back to read it from cover to cover.

#

Wheatly shut the door behind him and stepped out into the bright yellow sunlight of late afternoon. The shrubs in Oldfan's front yard looked an impossible, heart-ache green in the low-angled light, the shadows from the white picket fence marching like soldiers across the grass. An invisible bird overhead in the oak tree sang a full-throated song. Wheatly chuckled to himself as he imagined Oldfan making a mad dash for the purposefully abandoned BLACK HOLE the instant the door had closed. He shook his head as he opened the gate, and turned to look back as he swung it shut. The house, a cottage really, looked almost quaint. But it was surely no more quaint than its inhabitant. Wheatly shook his head again, as if dismissing what he saw, and turned his back on the house.

He strode directly across the macadam road and up the walk to the front door of the house which stood directly opposite Oldfan's. He fumbled with a key and opened the door, stepping directly into the antiseptic corridor that lay beyond.

He went through another door, this one fitted with pressure seals, and closed and dogged it. His ears popped and he swallowed automatically as he undogged and opened the third door. Oldfan got Earth-normal; the rest of Leytown got by on 8 lbs pressure. Wheatly let his muscles slacken as he fell into a "luney slouch," and his pace became the "luney lope." It was damned tedious trying to pretend that 1/6th G was also Earth-normal.

Wheatly followed the corridor to its first intersection, turned left and

then again at the first door. The room inside was dimly lit and one wall was filled with monitor screens. Some showed the outsides of Oldfan's house, others each room inside. Wheatly's eyes went to the monitor which showed Oldfan engrossed in the copy of BLACK HOLE.

"We're going to have to step up the Moody material," he said to the room's other occupant.

The being, encased in a life-support system which resembled a tiny tractor with an aquarium on top, extruded an eye with which to regard him. Three other eyes remained transfixed by the monitors.

"That will require reprogramming. Is it necessary?"

"You know as well as I do that we have to keep his attention fixed on that pseudo-1987 world he lives in. 'Moody' provokes him, makes him angry. He loves to be angry, especially when he knows he's right. It really engages him. So jack up the program -- it's time for some fine-tuning. That's why I've been giving him personal visits, anyway."

The life-support loudspeaker rasped; Wheatly knew it was intended to sound like a human sigh, to indicate the shrug of non-existent shoulders. Then, with a whirring of electric motors, the machine turned and crossed the room to a computer console, leaving Wheatly to stare alone into the monitor screen where James Oldfan still sat reading the left-behind BLACK HOLE. To think that the fate of the whole of humanity rested upon convincing this one man that he lived more than fifty years in the past! Wheatly shook his head yet again.

--to be continued next issue--

--Ted White



COMPUTER LIZARD (Batteries not included)

Has Ted White ruined fandom?

"Seriously, Walt, it may well be that the release of your intended memoir marks the passing of an era in sf-fanhistory. There are signs and portents which I interpret to indicate that your good friends and mine are gradually withdrawing from activity. Lee, Max, Shelby and a number of others have not shown their wonted industry of late...methinks it's the beginning of the end. But they have left their mark on fandom with their greasy little paws; and god bless their greasy little hearts, they've done a lot which we can all be grateful for, whatever their activity in the future. I may be wrong...this may only be the lull before the storm...but something tells me that the Ides of March have come. You will remain as the Living Memorial of Sixth Fandom. Dunno what to predict of the new group. I have a horrid fear that fandom may one day be dominated again by a Serious Element. There may be Committees and Plans and Purposes and Crusades and Positive, Right-Thinking Constructive Attitudes. If that comes to pass, I'll be down in the bar with Tucker, crying in my beer of the good old days and wishing it wasn't a bar but a pub and not beer but Black Ben. There is, fortunately, a heartening note. If EYPHEN and SLANI are any indication, and if Harris, Clarke, Spaw and others are representative, a new Sixth Fandom is arising mightily in the Isles. From Bangor to Donaghadee, from Carrick-fergus and across the Strangford Lough comes the clarion call, "Pyromaniacs of the World, Ignite!" Yes, I have high hopes for you in this endless struggle against the Decent Element, this battle against the Better Things."

---A letter from Robert Bloch to Walt Willis, 3/10/53
"I Remember Me" by W.A. Willis SCOTTISHE 36 6/62

MOSTLY ABOUT
PUBLIC UTILITIES,
SERENDIPITY,
AND
WISCONSIN
by elmer perdue

Perdue has a certain difficulty in telling a story in a perfect linear fashion. Much of this is due to the plurality of origins, which to him are of equal importance; to a tendency of forgetting the need to foreshadow things which he assumes others know; and mainly because things happen to him in strange ways.

Like in 1965 or so, when he inherited maybe two dozen old law books, including maybe a dozen volumes of Opinions and Orders of the Railroad Commission of the State of Wisconsin. During the next decade they got rained on several times, and when he skimmed through them for discard, it was a signature at a time, sneering off the edges with a paper power shear and turning the pages by use of a paring knife.

An intriguing study was how the construction of one of the New York City elevated railroads was held up for a couple of years because a spur track connection led from the surface railroad to a lumber yard whose owner had powerful political connections, and the contract had no clause for future grade separations. It must have taken guts for the New York commission to order the lumber yard either to give up the spur track connection, or to arrange for a grade separation structure to the future elevated at its own expense.

Foreshadow: cases considered important enough to reprint in full in these books, generally have a number of advance summaries, maybe a paragraph each, taking some element of the text and listing it under a short definition. These are called "headnotes" and summarized at the end of the book. So if your interest is in maybe running cable television along an existing line of telephone poles, you'll find the case law listings under UTILITY POLES - JOINT USE. (This is a damned interesting study -- there are over twenty companies that erect utility poles along City streets in Los Angeles alone. I must go into this later.)

So early this year I worked my way through a book of operating statistics for Wisconsin -- railway companies, carloads of commodities, electric utilities, telephones, all sorts of crap. One fact of interest had to do with the motive power used by the thirteen or so electric municipal street railroads -- coal, wood, oil. Three of these damn street railroads -- and why should I lie to you? -- listed their motive power as being waterwheels. This statistic volume was dated about 1905.

This is an entirely new concept to me -- a turning wheel running a dynamo which in turn energized the overhead. Kind of runs you back to a time with

concerts in the park, crinoline, antimacassars, and mustard plasters, no?

Months passed. I read some more decisions -- would you believe a three-page decision in which the commission decided that pine kindling between Big Falls and Burlington should have moved at 27¢ a hundredweight instead of 29¢; and the railroad in question did not dispute the misapplied rate -- the decision, reprinted in whole, ordered the railroad to refund \$7.39.

Public Utilities, their definition and their regulation, was much of my life work. I found it of interest that Wisconsin regulated the fares and services of their municipal street railways. This is not the case in California. The Wisconsin commission sometime about 1907 ordered Milwaukee to construct a line along 27th Street. My visualization of the cosmic all shows Milwaukee to have its named streets in a north-south direction, and the numbered streets of the grid going east-west on the south side. I also visualize 27th Street as being eighty feet between property lines, having twelve feet sidewalks and a fifty-six foot traveled roadway at that time.

Joyce Scrivner passed through town a couple of months ago, and I forgot to ask her about it. It's just as well -- I'd forgotten that Minneapolis is an entirely different city in another state.

But the theory of utility regulation is indeed fascinating. The City of Laramie, Wyoming, where I went to college, did not have a municipal water department. The residents all received their water free of charge from the Union Pacific Railroad, which they told me was a tradeoff between the railroad and the City, under which the railroad was exempt from City taxes.

And then my home town of Casper, Wyoming. The graveyard was a separate City department; and naturally they planted all the blacks and all the Mexicans in their separate assigned section. One wonders what will happen if somewhere in Government, the decision will be made for a retroactive integration...

So I kept reading these Opinions and Orders, and in due time came to the back pages of headnote indices. My amazement is understandable when one index was headed Twilight Zone. (See below.)

Twilight Zone 939

— Connections at junction points. *Vol 20* *May 29,*
See ante. 1.

— Freight service. *Nov 14, 1917-1918*
See ante. 3.

— Proposed schedule disapproved.
See RAILROADS. 5.

TRANSFER CONNECTIONS

Reconstruction of trunk lines ordered. page 704.

TWENTY-FOUR HOUR SERVICE

See CONTINUOUS SERVICE: RATES—TELEPHONE. 35

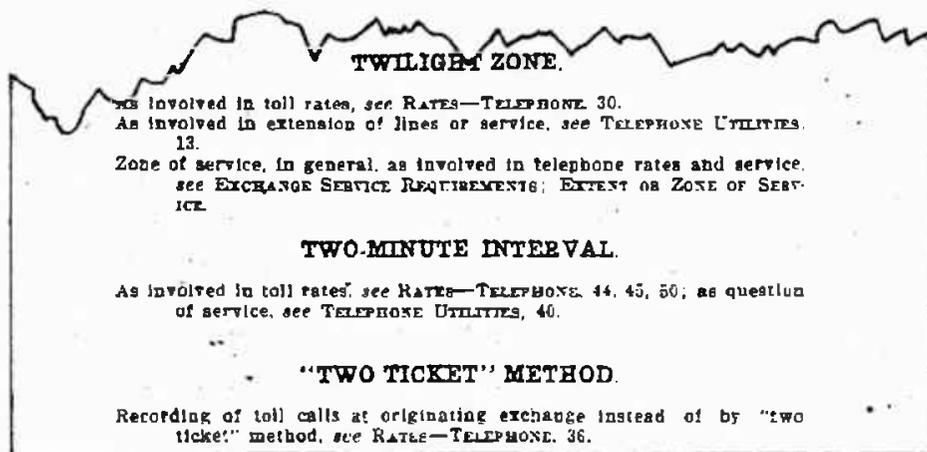
TWILIGHT ZONE

As involved in extension of lines or service. see TELEPHONE UTILITIES. 9.
Subscribers in twilight zone and free interchange of service, see RATES—
TELEPHONE. 9.

This bounced my memory back to the statistic page, destroyed some months before, where a dozen or so towns had streetcar lines. And the motive power in three of these places had waterwheel power. Places where a man could live his life full measure, unhurried, leisurely.

Is it possible that one of those towns was named Willoughby?

I had not been reading these law books in any particular order, and there was but one left over. I consulted the index-digest first, and found but three entries for the twilight zone. None of the three were for Willoughby.

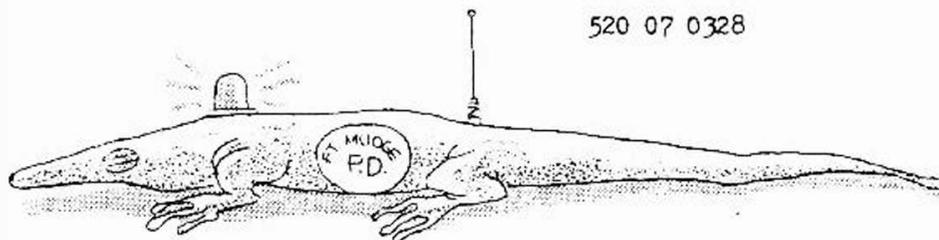


In California, you can tell what company owns the utility pole by the letter which precedes the pole ID number. Those owned by Pacific Telephone, for example, begin with the letter P (which, incidently, stands for Home Telephone and Telegraph, one of its predecessors.) Poles of the Los Angeles Transit Lines begin with the letter C. They ran their last streetcar eighteen years ago -- but I know where some of their poles still stand, and assume they still collect rent from the other companies using their poles.

For that matter, Griffith Park Boulevard is a public street laid out along the former right-of-way of the Los Angeles and Ostrich Farm Railway, which went out of business when a flood washed out their bridge over the Los Angeles River about 1920. I must walk that street someday, to see if any of their utility poles still exist....

Love

520 07 0328



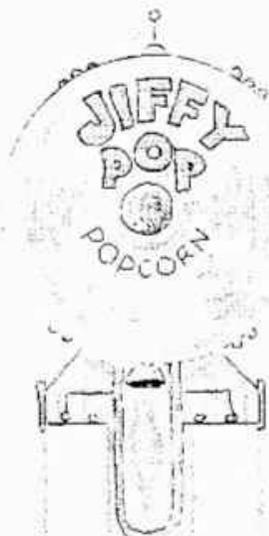
POLICE LIZARD

Poor Fred -- I don't think his door
is completely closed.

In my last column I proposed coating the hull of your spacecraft with vaseline so that it could slip through the pull of earth's gravity with greater ease. Admittedly my proposal was radical in nature and difficult to grasp, but it was not without merit. While no one in the scientific community (i.e., Palo Alto, California) has actually endorsed it as of this writing not one reputable scientist has challenged the validity of my concept. It is almost as if they are ignoring the matter entirely, no doubt feeling that I have said all that needs saying on the subject.

Once you have effectively gone beyond the pull of earth's gravity a new problem arises, namely: what do you do when you get there? This is one of the questions that has long puzzled mankind (along with why dropped toast always lands buttered-side down and how come crudzine editors always find your mailing address). Obviously you need a means of propulsion that will enable you to reach your destination, which we will call Point B (even though it is actually Point C).

For a journey of any great distance the traditional means of propulsion (which is to say liquid fuel) is not predictable due to the restrictions the volume and weight of such fuels would impose. One alternative, proposed by a scientist who shall remain nameless (on the advice of my attorney and because the piece of paper with the scientist's name written on it didn't survive the wash cycle), is a craft propelled by atomic bombs. The bombs would be released at the tail of the craft and detonated in a cup-like area so that the force of the explosion would propel the spacecraft. The basic principles behind this idea are quite similar to those of the pogo stick, especially in the areas where they are alike, although not so much where they are different.



THE MODIFIED BIG BANG THEORY

BY TERRY HUICHE



Unfortunately this big bang theory of propulsion has similar weight and volume problems to liquid fuels and the residue left in space from the explosions would probably violate current EPA standards. There is also a very real danger that an aborted launching might result in a series of massive explosions within the earth's atmosphere and create a great deal of fallout, both politically and otherwise.

The basic idea, however, is valid and I have used my background in hard and fast science to come up with my own variation, which I call The Modified Big Bang Theory. In a nutshell, my idea involves replacing the atomic bombs with popcorn.

Any fool can calculate how many popcorn kernels it would take to match the propulsion of an atomic bomb and you could release a steady stream of kernels into a cup-like area and have lasers mounted there to heat the kernels until they pop. My notion overcomes earlier problems associated with other sources of propulsion because popcorn kernels are quite small and lightweight compared to atomic bombs and liquid fuels and even if the flight was aborted in the earth's atmosphere and an explosion occurred, the worst that would happen would be that the inhabitants of the western United States would wake up to find themselves knee-deep in popcorn. Furthermore the exhaust of such a system in space would be a line of popped kernels which could be used to find your way home in case Point B was closed for the weekend.

Another advantage to my theory is that popcorn could serve both as a propellant and as food for the crew. By stretching something like a window screen over the open end of the cup, you would be able to retrieve the popped kernels once their explosive force had been expended and have fresh popcorn to eat while watching the in-flight movie. The popped kernels could also be processed to produce corn oil margarine (to go on the popcorn) and, of course, corn mash (to go in the popcorn eater). Some of you, especially those of you who are astronauts, may be asking "Just how long can a person survive on a diet of popcorn -- especially when that person is inside a spaceship." Based on 8 months of research at the Jiffy-Pop University of Super-Science, I can only answer, "You'd be surprised."

My popcorn powered spacecraft concept is bold and unconventional I admit, but then that's the kind of guy I am. Those of you who lost your sense of wonder long ago may dismiss my theories as corny but I don't care. They laughed at Christopher Columbus, they laughed at Robert Fulton, and they laughed at Rodney Dangerfield, but the popcorn powered spacecraft will get the respect it deserves.

--Terry Hughes

"Rosenblums Eliminates Haberaakers"

WORDS FROM
THE A&E EDITOR
BY DAN STEFFAN

The time has come for Fandom to know the truth! No matter how it may hurt, you must know. This Seventh issue of SCIENCE-FICTION FIVE-YEARLY is part of a dastardly plot. And I'm the dirty so-and-so who's beneath it all. Can you dig it?

This issue of SFFY is just another spoke in the wheel I'm using to flatten fandom and become its Rilly Supreme Being. My plans for ruling fandom are deceptively simple -- if they weren't I wouldn't be involved with them -- and after a mere eighteen months I am nearly to that lofty spot that is so rightfully mine.

It began at the Boston Worldcon during a solitary elevator ride. I really wasn't paying much attention to my surroundings -- nobody looks at elevators --

when I heard weird music. My first thought was that it was just Muzak, but after several more minutes I noticed that the tune had captured my attention. This was definitely no ordinary elevator music. We stopped between floors.

The doors opened and I was bathed in white light and a booming voice spoke to me. It said: "Meyer, you've been neglecting your fanac. You are destined for more than the ordinary fan -- don't you know that?" I answered that I didn't know that. "Well I've been trying to give you hints for a long time, Meyer." The voice said. "You don't think that you were given that AutoClave Guest-of-Honor-ship last month because you got cute legs, do you?" I shook my head, moved my mouth and said nothing; The voice continued, "I'm the fella who planted the idea of reviving your Genzine, ya know..." while I sat dumbstruck. It told me that I was picked for Greatness in Fandom, but when I asked just who it was that had picked me I got no satisfactory answer. "Oh, just some of the guys..." was the reply the voice gave.

After several minutes more of this mental assault I collapsed in submission, accepting my destiny. Once I did that I was released from the spell that the voice had maintained over me. Suddenly the elevator was moving again and I was surrounded by strange looking people. It was obvious from their clothes that my ordeal wasn't over. All the other people on the elevator with me were dressed nearly identically.

The only real difference between them were the phrases that were printed across their chests. One said: "Why not go bi-weekly?", while another said: "PONG is a good name!" It didn't take me long -- maybe three floors -- to realize that these phrases were secret messages from "the guys," so I found a piece of paper and began copying the words on the T-shirts. Among them were: "Publish Often!", "Write Letters!", "Coax Old-timers!", "Ride on Ted's coattails!" and many others. They were all pertinent suggestions for my fannish future and obvious proof of what the voice had told me.

One of the T-shirt slogans had also said: "Publish SFFY in '81!", but I ignored it at first. I would put it at the bottom of the pile of suggestions each time I came upon it. But every time I went to the pile, it would show up back on top. After two months of this I knew what I had to do -- I Had to Publish SFFY in '81!

At the beginning of December of last year I wrote to Lee Hoffman and asked about the next SFFY. I played it cool by saying I wanted to do the cover, while casually mentioning that I'd even be interested in doing the whole issue. She went for it hook, line, and sinker.

Lee!'s reply was perfect: "Okay. Do you want to pub and ish of SFFY?" I had her. I agreed to publish the issue and knew it would be one big stepping stone towards my goal. I had only to sit back while Lee brought me mountains of great material to publish. Hell, all I had to do is type a couple of stencils. That was the least I could do to achieve my birthright as the Rilly Supreme Being.

You now hold in your hands MY issue of SCIENCE-FICTION FIVE-YEARLY. It is proof of my Rilly Supreme Ability as a faned. Having stencilled the artwork personally proves that I am the Rilly Supreme Fanartist, and my extraordinary assembling of this issue is another example that I am the Rilly Supreme Stapler as well.

With the publication of this issue of SFFY I have stepped into those sainted ranks and become "just one of the guys." A Rilly Supreme Being.

On your knees, fandom!

Yours Rilly Supremely,

--dan steffan 1981

The more things change, the more they stay the same.
