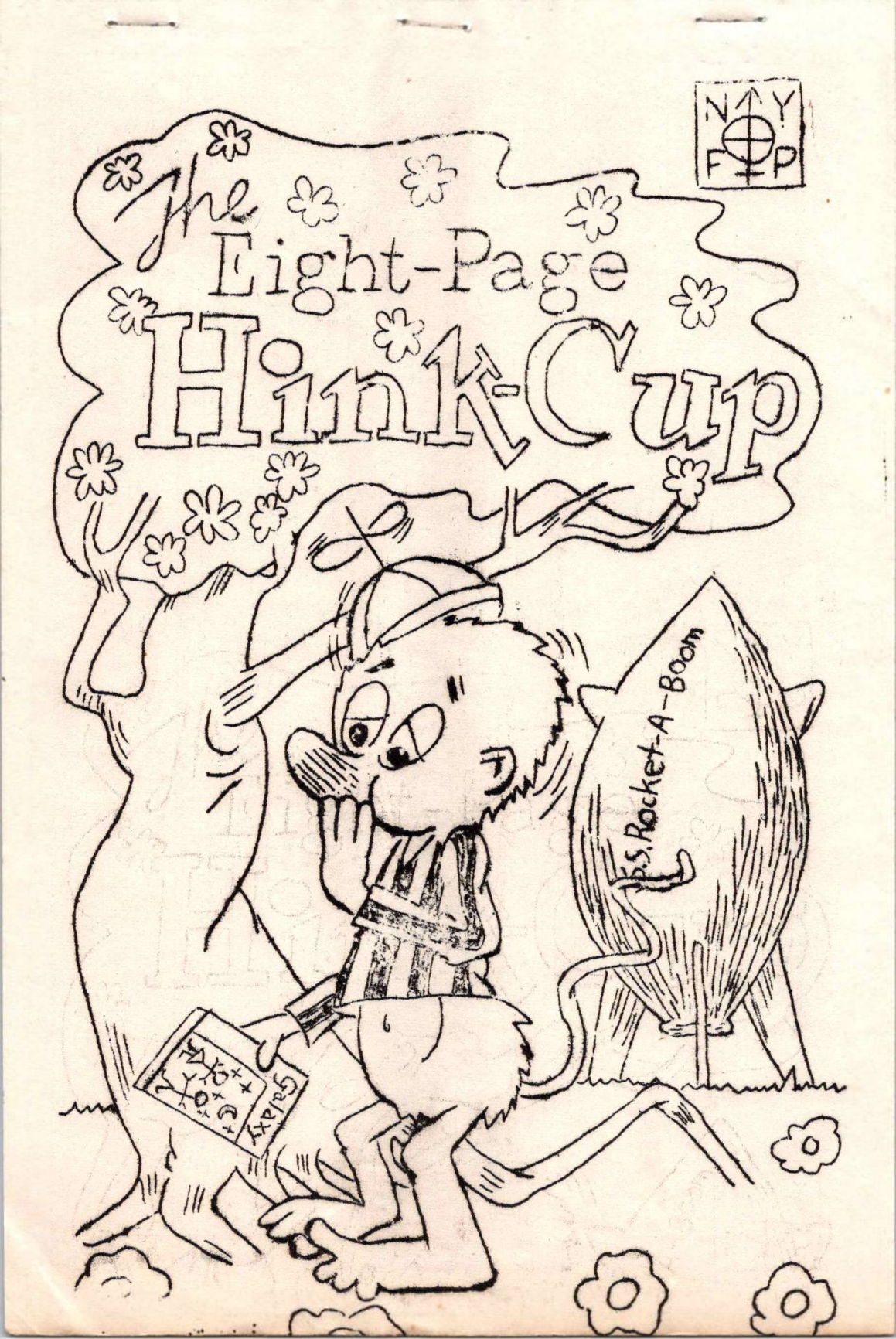
N Y
F P
The Eight-Page Hink-Cup
J.B.S. Rocket-A-Boom
Galaxy

The Eight-Page Hink-Cup

This am a natural-born Sapzine published for the seventeenth mailing by Po'kchop Markman at 1560 Grand Conkhorse, in the heart of the Big Bronks Swamp.

Page One - The cover, done by the great artist-type fellow Chabot who bows in reverance to W.K.

Page Two - That's this.

Page Three - Po'kchop Markman sees all, knows all, tells all.

Page Four - A smashing exposé. Bog Silverberg reveals the greatest hoax of the ages. You read it here first.

Page Five - That's Silverberg, still blabbing away.

Page Six - That Clancy sho nuff do spin a hot couplet.

Page Seven - A real fiction-type story by Po'kchop. Illustrated by Hindoo Bok.

Art Editor, master calligrapher, layout man and all around printer's devil: Henhawk W. Chabot.

C'est une revue por N.Y.F.P.

WHY I DECIDED TO BECOME A MEMBER OF S.A.P.S AND NOT F.A.P.A

or

THE STORY BEHIND THE STORY

(the true adventures of one fan.)

by Po'kchop his self

It was the time for descisions. Should I join FAPA or SAPS, and I near decided on FAPA. That's when the phone rang. Pesetsky wanted me to hop over to his house and read an article he had just gotten for Asmodeus. It wasn't very far so I went. It was during those following few minutes at the Pesetsky menage that my entire outlook was changed.

At any rate, opening his door without bothering to knock I happened upon Pesetsky, a piece of dirty yellow paper in his hand and a leer on his face.

"M'god," I said. "Wipe that silly grin off'a your face, you look uglier than usual." He thorupon said something caustic, which I won't repeat here.

"Read," he said, handing me the article. It was by no less a personage than Joe Schaumberger. It was about Lovecraft. I thought, this must be a gem, but how wrong can you be, Shaumberger must have lost his touch somewhere. It was godawful. I told Pesetsky so.

"I think so too," he said. "I think I'll put it in my FAPA-zine. "

"Well is that all," I said, getting ready to leave.

"No, lets write an alternate paragraph story." We wrote an alternate paragraph story, pretty lousy it was too. That was going into F.A.P.A. too. I couldn't take much more. I would join SAPS just to get out of recieving a copy of his FAPA*zine . . . How was I supposed to know that it was going to go into SAPS first. By now it's too late.(most of the above is true, a bit manufactured.)

The GREAT BIG PALEY HOAX

by BOB SILVERBERG

In an exclusive interview today, Sam Merwin Jr., former editor of Startling Stories and Thrilling Wonder Stories, revealed that noted New York fan Morton D. Paley actually does not exist, and that he and Jerome Bixby, former editor of Planet Stories, had been carrying on an elaborate hoax for two years.

Merwin said, "In 1949, after four years of being an editor, I decided to find out how it feels to be on the other side. I became a fan, I teamed up with Jerome Bixby, then managing editor for Fiction House, and together we cooked up the ficticious name of "Morton D. Paley". Bixby and I rented an empty apartment at 1455 Townsend Avenue under the Paley name, and subsequently sublet to another family who agreed to turn over to us all mail received by "Paley".

"At the same time, Bixby and I began reading some of the other promags, and then instructed our respective secretaries to write letters to the editors. As we each have four secretaries, you see how we were able to turn out the huge number of letters that "Paley" had published."

Merwin went on to state that he and Bixby joined Fapa under the Paley name, using the Fapa mailings for the unique wallpaper in Bixby's home. They hired one of Bixby's cousins, a teenage youth, to represent Paley in public. This boy joined the Queens SFL under the name of Morton D. Paley, and was subsequently semi-active in the organization under the strict control of the two editors.

GREAT BIG FANLEY TOAST

by DON SILVERSBERG

In an exclusive interview today, Sam Merwin Jr., former editor of Thrilling Wonder Stories, revealed that noted New York fan Morton D. Fanley actually does not exist, and that he and Jerome Bixby, former editor of Planet Stories, had been carrying on an elaborate hoax for two years.

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Merwin and Bixby issued a fanzine called "Beelzebub" by tying stencils around an orange juice can and inking the outside, Many of the letters under the Paley pseudonymn were sent to their own magazines, and Bixby was on the verge of awarding an original Cartier pic to "Paley" when ace reporter Ron Lyons uncovered the scoop and Merwin confirmed it. The two editors were somewhat relieved that the hoax had been unmasked, and both said that "Paley" would disappear from fandom. Friends of "Paley" were profoundly shocked at the disclosure. Alan Pesetsky, who actually does live next door to the so-called Paley home, knew about the hoax for more than a year but was persuaded to keep the affair secret after a visit from one of Earle Bergey's models.

Whether the model in question was one of Bergey's feminine ones or not has not been revealed.

In the opinion of Bill Sikkora, noted Astoria vegetable dealer and former director of the Astoria Mother Goose Club, "This hoax by Merwin and Bixby will go down in fan annals as the greatest since Unger's 'Odd Tales' scoop or Earle Singelton's pseuicide. I wonder whether this business of an editor masquerading as a fan has ever been done before. Readers of the magazine will be interested to learn that my special agent Kenneth Beal has been sent to Wisconsin to track down the truth of the rumor that Ray Palmer carried on a similar career under the pseudonymn of Sam Muscowits.

Fandom is waiting for further developments.

editors note: Have Bixby, Bergey and Merwin disappeared from the profesional field, and if so why?

Why has Morton D. Paley left Queens?

Scout Beale was waylayed in Cleveland where he spent the summer. Later he lost the trail completely and headed south. He wound up in New Orleans. He has finally found his way back to New York and the Bronx, but I am afraid that we shall never find out the truth about Sam Muscowits, though one can never tell.

Joel Markman

four poems
by Raymond L. Clancy

EARTHBOUND

They left, I linger, sadly wounded by
The sword of light they trail ten thousand miles
Behind, from where their engines pulse in space.
If birds remember worms upon the ground
When beating air with flailing pinions bright,
THEY think of me where suns blaze all about,
And rockets flame, for THEM, alas, live fire.

I

Time and tide will never wait
Nor the rolling sweep of the stars.
Ready your craft and start the motors
And blast away for Mars.

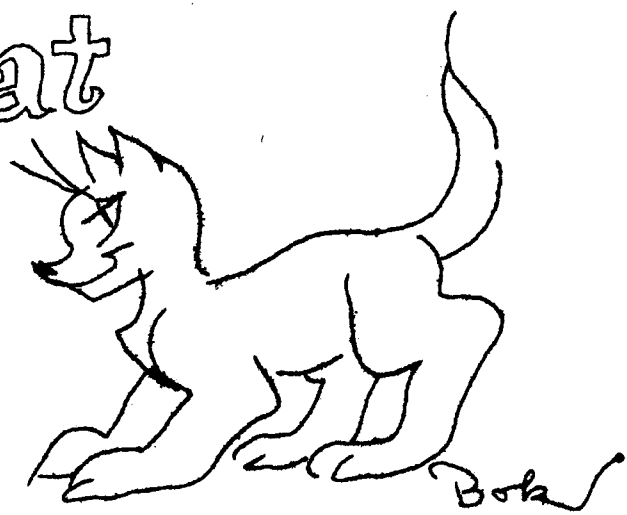
II

The stars swarmed out like bees
From a celestial hive.
Space was over my head and under my feet.
I was, at long last, alive.

III

The whistling gravs are turning,
And the burning rockets roar,
As we sweep from space o'er a sullen sea
By a strange planet's shore.

The Green Cat



by JOEL MARKMAN

"Do you really think it's a cat?", Mr. Coffin asked, looking dubious.

"Of course," Saxon replied.

"But it's green!"

"Tut, no matter Coffin," Saxon who was addicted to "tuts" said.

"I don't like it, it looks queer."

"Yes," said Saxon."Infact I wouldn't be suprised if it were magical.

"Are you magical," he said adressing the cat.

"Quite so," it answered.

"Good."

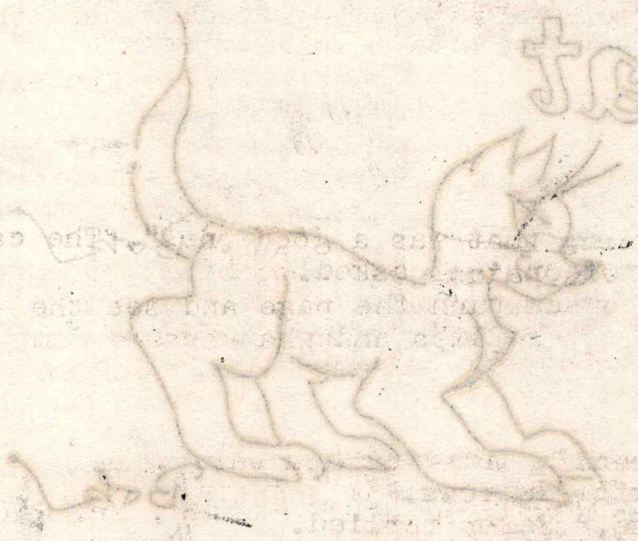
"Maybe not so good," said Coffin.

"Of course I'm good," the cat said indignantly. "Watch.

"Do you think that was a good one?", The cat who was now Cleopatra asked.

(quick, quick turn the page and see the replies and what ensued.)

Green Cat



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"Good."

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"Of course it's good," the cat said indignantly.

"Watch."

"Do you think that was a good one?", The cat who was now "Cheshire" asked.

(Quick, quick turn the page and see the replies and what ensued)

(now that you're here what's the rush. well anyway it continues like this.)

"A bit corny," Coffin said.
"Quite corny," Saxon said.
"I am hurt," Cleopatra who was once more the cat, shed a few tears.
"Can you do any other tricks?", Coffin asked.
"Good ones that is?", Saxon added.
"You are two nasty old gentlemen," the cat said to Saxon and Coffin, who were rather old. "And I don't think that I'll do any more tricks for you."
"Not even for a bowl of cream," Coffin pleaded.
"Or two sardines?" Saxon added hopefully.
"Maybe for two mice," the cat was now purring.
"Oh! But we haven't any of those," Coffin cried.
"There isn't one in the house," Saxon added, obviously shocked.
"Well, there is a walloping good trick I usualy do for nothing, but you might not like it."
"Oh, please," Saxon cried.
"Yes, please," Coffin added.
"Well then, if you insist," the cat assented, smiling a bit oddly.

...The cat, still smiling, picked her teeth with a mouse tail. They had been rather plump... For their age.

NEW YORKER-TYPE FILLER DEPARTMENT

(From Bronx Cheer, in Saps 17)

"Helena looked as though she had swalowed a fish and then giggled."

Such savoir-faire.

(From Asmodeus no. 2)

"A few typos escapped us in the proof-reading,"

Pixies everywhere.