

NOV 1951

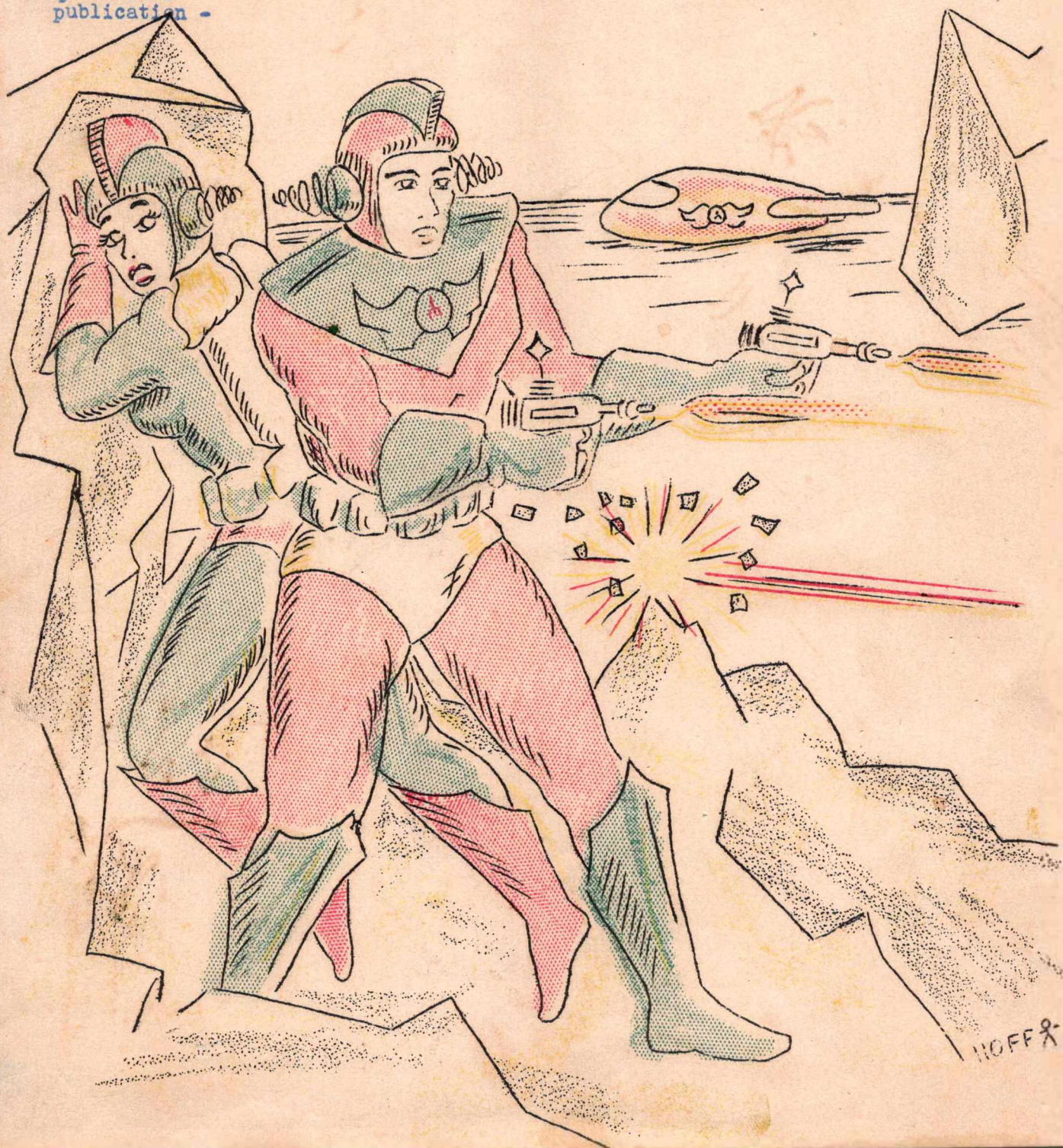
FAPA

SCIENCE-FICTION

FIVE-YEARLY

25¢

-a quadrical
publication -





science-fiction five-yearly

1951

A Quandrical Publication

FAPA

contents

contents page.	1
dedication	2
The Ether Jiggles. editor	3
The Lives and Deaths of Earl Tuckleton a fan expose.	5
With Apologies --- Peter J Ridley.	8
After 1939, What? (reprint) Jack Speer.	9
Welcome to Our Planet.	12
My Further Struggles Floyd Scrilch & Bob Bloch	13
Among Fankind (with apologies)	15
Surprise (reprint) Walt Kessel	17
FanAllysis (a mathematical study)	18
Lazilee Speaking editor	19
Are YOU Sane?	20
The Marching Men	21
FAPA, Where?	22
The Tragedy of Fannius McCainius (reprint).	23

cover illustrates the thrilling story DeathTrappers of Mars (SF-FY novel of the month) as does the inside backcover.

Unless otherwise specified the editor takes the blame for material and art.

SCIENCE FICTION FIVE-YEARLY appears every five years. It is published by the Quandrical Press at 101 Wagner Street, Savannah, Ga. and distributed through FAPA and to a few friends. This issue is intended for FAPA mailing of Nov. 1951. Next issue on your newsstands about 1956. Vernon McCain is mentioned here by arrangement with Proxyboo, Ltd.

This
issue
of
SF-FY
is
dedicated
to

Walter A. Willis - Head Wheel of IF
and

The Tucker Boys - Robert, Wilson, and Arthur

THE ETHER JIGGLES



It is with mixed emotions that we dedicate this first issue of Science-Fiction Five-Yearly to Walter A. Willis and Bob Tucker. These Greats of fandom are the cause of our cover. You see, some time ago Mr Willis commented on the limitations of the mimeograph for duplicating, especially art. As a mimeographaphanatic, yed was quite taken aback. We went into conference with our mimeo (at that time an aged ABDick #90) and soon came up with what we like to think of as one of the first and finest examples of a rainbow effect in mimeoing (done with one stencil and one run). Mr Willis, who had been dabbling with a multicolor effect with some archaic method of duplicating called "printing", admitted his mistaken impression and told us that as soon as circumstances permitted he would purchase a mimeo of his own.

In tribute to Mr Willis we proceeded to mimeo some art work involving line-width variations, that we were told couldn't be cut by hand on a common stencil. Then we sat back on our laurels.

But there was a thorn: in our laurels and a snake in the grass by the name of Tucker. Mr Tucker, being aged and hoary in the annals of fandom, dug back into his colorful past and came up with a fanzine titled PLUTO which he told us used multi-run color effects. "You haven't yet matched its excellence and ingenuity, Lee," he told us. We cried... here Tucker was flaunting in our face a fanzine which we had never seen. How could we even try to match its excellence and ingenuity, when we didn't even know what it looked like?

Well, not long ago we received a bundle of Fmz from Forry Ackerman and among them were PLUTO # 2 and #3. "Ah hah!" said we, "Now we have something to try to match in excellence and ingenuity." Gleefully we persued those two copies, noting such achievements as a five-color bacover (counting black). So at no little expense, trouble, and mimeo ink in our hair, we bring you our first attempt at synchronized color work. Out of the 110 sheets we began with, we got 80 covers, most of which were pretty well synchronized. Some were off slightly, but were useable. The remaining 30 were badly misprinted. We are pretty happy at getting 80 prints, since we were told by one who should know, that this multi-stencil work in which colors must be synchronized is practically impossible to do on a Speed-O-Print. It is. The feeder is very inaccurate...in fact it kept falling apart while we were working. Anyway this cover is our first attempt as synchronizing colors and we're pretty happy with all but the cost of this stuff...

So we dedicate this issue to these two thorns in the side of a mimeographanatic and gleefully suggest that they should have to pay for all this ink and 20 lb paper.

The next issue of Science-Fiction Five-Yearly will appear in 1956. You are asked to submit manuscripts for consideration for that issue between January and June of that year. Any manuscripts received before January, 1956, will be considered for some other publication of this organization. There will be a charge of 50¢ a page for running unsolicited material in Science-Fiction Five-Yearly which we hope will help to pay for the coffee and doughnuts absorbed by the staff during publication and also discourage talentless amateur writers from wasting editorial effort with miserable mishmash which they want published in this noble journal.

The material reprinted in this issue of SF FY is here because we feel that it should be circulated in FAPA or because we feel that it should not be lost to fandom because of rather obscure publication originally. For the former reason we are running The Tragedy of Fannius McCainius, which was written for FAPublication but which appeared in Quandry #13 because Redd Boggs failed to come through with a File #13 for which space had been saved. In the latter qualification falls Surprise by Walt Kessel. The was originally published in Ad Infinitum by Al Weinstein in June of 1944. We feel that it is timely so we reprint it here. Little did Kessel know when he wrote it, what repercussions it would cause in fandom today.

IF YOU PLAN TO THROW THIS MAG AWAY you are asked to mail it back to the editor. As there are only eighty copies we will have only ten copies to circulate outside of FAPA. We have more than ten friends outside of FAPA and we'd like for the eleventh one to get a copy too. So if you return your copy when you're through with it we will return the postage and our thanks. Besides this might become a collector's item and worth a lot of money in a few years, and we wouldn't mind having a few on hand just in case...

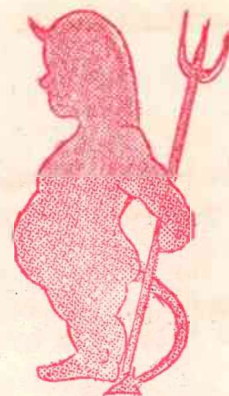
We've learned alot about mimeography working on this zine. We've learned that 20 lb paper isn't heavy enough and that the Speed-O-Print is a lot of unprintable things. We've discovered that Ajax Cleanser will take most of the ink off our hands and the woodwork. And we will probably learn in the next mailing, to keep our fingers off the typer keys when it comes to controversial subjects.

We have belonged to FAPA for a year now and the thought of it (FAPA, not the year) still leaves us with cold chills. For a while there, the flame of enthusiasm burned hot, but now after disappointment after disappointment in attempted mimeo-effects, not to mention spilling half a pound of yellow ink all over the attic, we are again at our usual state of discouraged despair. All this for a handful of sheets discussing things we know nothing much about. And the cost...\$ Honestly, is it worth it? (Ad to discouraging incidents that town stencil inside the bacover.)

We will thank you kindly not to point out Diablerie, Nova, and Nekromantikon as further goals for our publishing efforts. Tho we are a mimeographanatic, we are neither a lithographic lunatic nor a woodcut nut. And we leave fancy foto folderol to Martin Alger. As pressed for cash as we are, you would never be able to press us into purchasing a press for our amateur press publications; so don't expect us to be wracking our brains over a type rack, wondering what type type to press into action next. And heck we say to that graphic means of reproduction, the jelly pan. As far as we are concerned jelly is a flash in the pan when it comes to mass production. Our only adventures with a hekto so far panned out as a mess production...a publishing venture that didn't jell. The jelly likewise, so it ended up down the drain and we were left holding the pan. So hektographic frills we leave to FAPA's automotive element. And don't expect another SF-FY until 1956, for it will undoubtedly take at least five years for us to forget out adventures with this venture sufficiently to be fool enough to try again...

L.H.

the lives and deaths of earl tuckleton



If you follow fanzines and fanews you know about the latest "death" of Earl Tuckleton. This is the fourth time Earl's death has been reported. First time was back in 1936 when Earl was a very young fanpoet and humorist.

Earl wasn't too well known then, just an up and coming young writer. His poetry had appeared in a couple of zines and he'd written a humorous article or so under an alien penname, but he hadn't done any publishing himself. Not even L'Nethpen. Anyway the fanzines made a big to-do of it when Earl's death was reported. Dedicated issues to him and all that. The report was that Earl had been attending the screening of chapter six of a new stfilm, The Underseas Kingdom with Crash Corrigan or something like that. According to the report Earl had been trapped in the theater and couldn't get to safety. He was the only casualty. In fact he was the only patron in the theater at the time. The fans wondered about that but the report went on to state that Earl had been trapped in a folding seat that had needed oiling.

Well, Ray Sloser called the theater mangement long-distance and found out that that particular theater didn't have folding seats as it was a drive-in, so Tuckleton's first death was revealed as the work of a fan hoaxter. The culprit, it turned out, was Walt Fletcher, a Michifan of the period, and supposed friend of Tuckleton's.

The second death was Earl's own idea. It occurred in 1941 and was perpetrated by Tuckleton and a friend who printed the local paper. This friend ran off fifteen copies of the local journal without the lead story. In its place he substituted the following: Tuckleton Blows Lid - Local Rocket Enthusiast Enthusiastically Rockets Into Space - Earl Tuckleton (27), gas station attendant, was last night confronted with a dark gas tank and a broken fuel meter. He lit a match to determine whether or not there was any gas in the tank. There was. Mr Tuckleton was last seen at latitude 34, longitude 8 headed due west at approx. 364 miles an hour. Further progress reports will be carried daily, climaxed after his landing by a gala funeral and clambake financed by the local fan group of which Mr Tuckleton was a very popular member.

All fandom wept at this report and it was said and said again, "That's how Tuckle would have wanted to go...fast."

When the clam-bake failed to come off, the affair was looked into and Earl was found to be working as a car hop for the Snazzy Drive-In Cream and Custard Bar. That was unusual as they hired only female car hops. Then it was discovered that Earl had let his hair grow into long ebon curls and padded his T shirt.

(over page)

Earl Tuckleton (2)

But he was fired three weeks later because he had forgotten to shave off his mustache. Seems the boss was hearsighted and hadn't noticed it until he realized that he was especially tickled by Earl's kisses.

For a couple of years after that Ear went along in a normal rut, pubbing L'Nethpen pretty regularly and writing for other fanzines. He even did a column called "Slobbers by the Slobberer" for a Southern fanzine.

Then early in 1943 a rumor was circulated around fandom that the draft board had discovered Earl's mustache and realized that those long ebon curls were a fraud, so Earl was in the Army.

Nine months later a telegram was received by Mrs Tuckleton informing her that Earl was missing in action in the Pacific. According to the report, Tuckleton had been lost his first day of combat duty. There was a campaign in fandom to petition the president for a citation for Earl.

After the end of the war, tho, Tuckleton was discovered teaching Sunday School in the mountains of Burma at a small Red Cross hospital. But the mustache gave him away again and the Nurse Corps sent him back to the United States where he explained his sudden disappearance by temporary amnesia. There was some talk of AWOL and court martial but fandom came to the rescue by sending the psychiatrist a complete set of L'Nethpen. After the doctor was certain that Earl wasn't given to violence he released him into his wife's custody on the condition that the moment he showed any signs of becoming violent he was to be confined.

So after three deaths and several short confinements, Earl returned to actifandom. He began his re-activation by writing book-review for fanzines, and soon he was publishing a page called Local Littered Reviews and News. Soon he changed the title to Reviews and News Litter.

Tuckleton's fourth death was reported to fandom a little over a month ago. According to the reports Earl had been working as a popcorn salter in a local theater. He was dissatisfied with his work and generally unhappy. News Litter wasn't selling and he had been unable to place a single one of the many books he had written during his confinement.

Word came to him one September morn that he had been appointed chairman of the next annual convention. That afternoon, Sam Neanderthal received a phone call from Earl's co-worker, Koliver Ping d'Smythe who worked on the same machine with Earl as popcorn butterer., to the effect that Earl had been cleaning out the inside of the popcorn machine when he received a telegram. He read the telegram with a pained expression. Then he reached down and switched on the machine. He was popcorned to death.

d'Smythe was quoted in Fantasy-Times "It was horrible."

But for no reason at all some fans were suspicious. They questioned this report of Tuckleton's death. One even called the chief of police (popcorn

Earl Tuckleton (3)

division) in the town where Earl lived, and questioned him. There was no record of a man being corn-popped to death in over three years. Another fan called Tuckleton's home but a man answered and through sheer force of habit the fan hung up.

Still there was doubt. Koliver Ping d'Smythe was obviously a psuedonym. No such person could exist. Earl was no doubt alive somewhere. Fans all over the country began watching for an ebon-haired woman with a mustache. Three were found but one turned out th be a dyed blonde and the other two were members of the House of David auxiliary.

Then one day a stranger walked into the LASFS club room and announded that he was Koliver Ping d'Smythe and even produced his driver's license for identification. Finally he was persuaded to tell the whole story of Tuckleton's last "death" and here as that story exactly as he told it:

Earl and I worked side by side all day on that popcorn machine and we got to be pretty good friends. When Earl got that telegram telling him he has been appointed next convention chairman he was pretty disappointed. He had wanted to be treasurer.

So he sez to me, "Kollie, I think I will get out of fandom once and for all."

Earl wasn't one to do things in a small way, not Earl. If he was gonna quit he was gonna do it up big. So he told me his plans and got me to agree to help him pull it off. In fact the only place where he slipped up was in not getting the chief of police (popcorn division) in on it.

Well, I made the phone call amd everything just like he told me to do. Then we went down to this little place around the corner from Earl's for some beer.

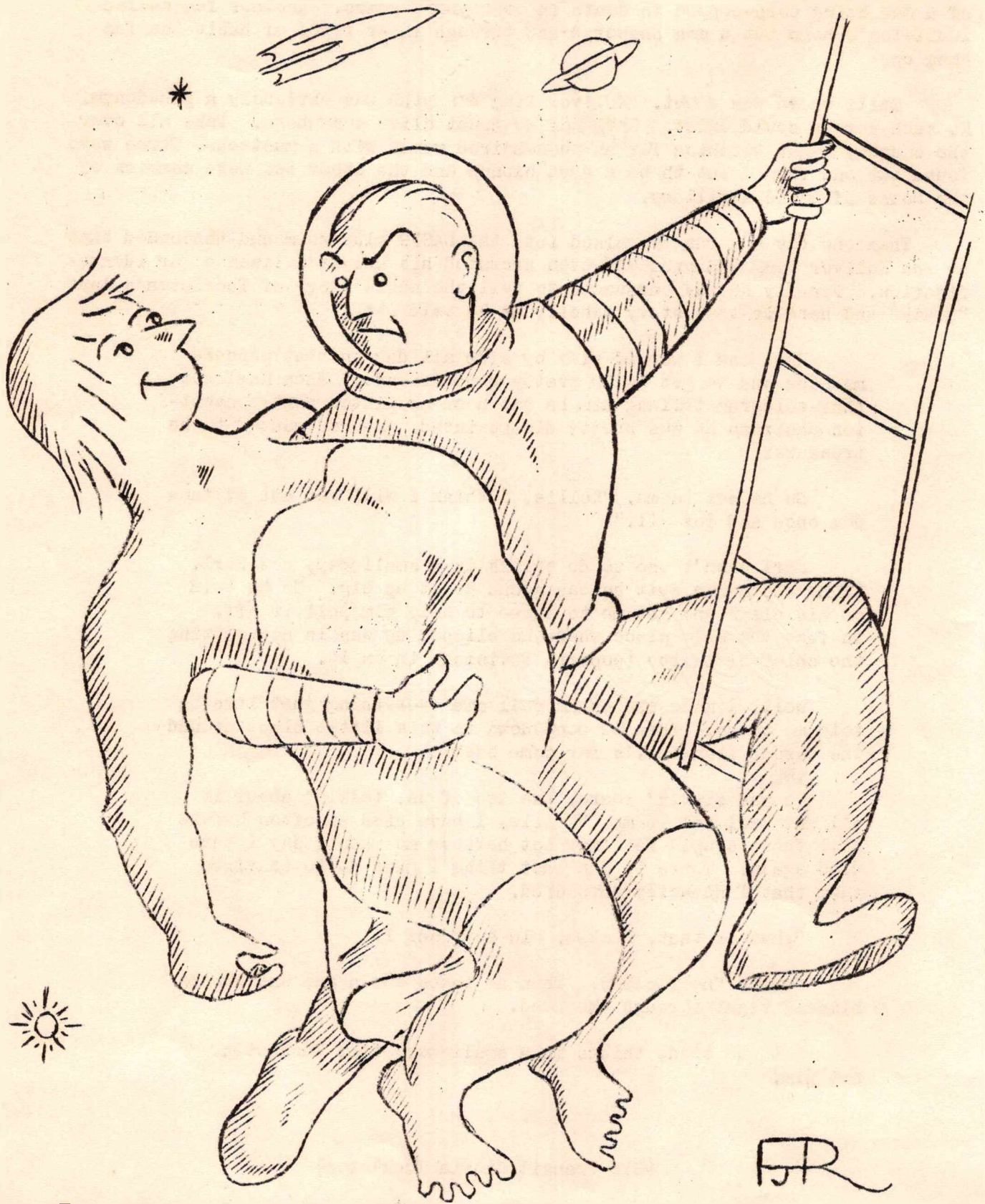
We was sittin' there, the two of us, talkin' about it all and Earl sez to me, "Kollie, I have died so often before that those stupid fans may not believe me when I say I have died again. There is one last thing I must do to convince them that I actually have died.

"What is that, Tuckle, ole boy?"sez I.

"This," he replies. Then he takes out a gun and shoots himself right through the head.

Not one to do things in a small way, that Tuckleton, not him!

{Sic Transit Gloria Tuckleton}



WITH APOLOGIES TO MARVEL SCIENCE STORIES

Jack Speer



AFTER 1939 - WHAT?

(from Madge's Prize Mss. 1938)

These predictions were made 24 Aug 83.

It seems to me little short of amazing, in a group of people confident as we are of the possibility of predicting future events from present knowledge, there have been so few attempts to forecast the future of Fandom. Yet certainly there will be changes; none know better than we that nothing is static.

To be sure there has been some talk of what science fiction will develop into but what of fandom? A word here and there but everything seems to stop with the World Convention in 1939. There is perhaps good reason for this: What happens at the convention will mold the future of fandom. So to predict fandom's future one must predict the outcome of the convention; the next FAPA election also, and similar such.

And the difficulties are great, it must be admitted. We have little data to go by. To make it more difficult fans are such a queer bunch of people that predicting what they will do might well faze a more prudent man than I. It is a small group, easily influenced by a single person or event to turn in an entirely new direction. The mere prediction of a thing might influence the probability of its happening!

Yet we do have five years behind us; we have seen fandom pass from one stage to another and it is reasonable to assume the transition to a third stage will be accompanied by some manifestations of the first change. And while admitting the chances are against my predictions' being correct I think they are more likely to come true than any other one set of developments. So, the fool rushes in --

Most prophets will talk in terms of trends and ifs-and-buts and let it go at that. My predictions are based on trends and on the most probable of the ifs but I am going to try to make them concrete as possible.

After the World Convention is over we can expect a general letdown. There will be talk about the Convention, Convention accounts and perhaps wranglings over who went to what automat with whom; but I expect for at least six months after the Convention fan activity will be at a low ebb. And I rather doubt it will ever build up again to the point it will have reached just before the Convention.

It is not yet clear whether the Convention will take place before or after election time in FAPA. After these two events are past there should be a long breathing spell. I am assuming the Wollheim group will lose most the FAPA offices; this is a dangerous assumption but seems more likely than that it will stay in power another year. If it loses out things in the FAPA should be pretty tranquil and everything routine. If DAW and men should win again the Anti-Wollheimists can be expected to keep fighting another year or however long it may take. But the fighting won't be so fierce as that following the 1938 election.

I am also having to assume the Michelist motion will be defeated at the Convention. This is an even more precarious assumption as there is a strong possibility
(overpage)

After 1939, What? (2)

that, the C. being held in NY, numerous Young Communist readers of stf, such as Herman Leventman, Leslie Perri and Jack Robinson, whom most of us would not consider "fans", will swamp the Convention and carry the motion. However, in this case it will not make so much difference. If Michelism carries a group of fans will detach itself, I believe, and go off at a tangent; and we remaining behind will simply deny the Convention as the voice of fandom and continue much as before, discussing the ideologies objectively, as the English do. If Michelism loses I have no idea the head Michelists will stay with us, tho some may return in after years. In either case fandom loses the most radical element.

One factor that will be almost completely disregarded in this discussion is the question of the increasing age of the fans. There will be so many things tending to let the average age advance only very slowly that this had best be passed by--if indeed any significance attaches to chronological age in our group, which one might well doubt.

But to the trends. One big trend I foresee is a blurring of outline, a fusion of the "inner circle" with the mass of scientifictionists, as a result of cooperation by the pro editors and other forces. Our numbers have been somewhat augmented by the cessation of the old wierd-sf battle and merger of their two fandoms but the publicity now offered by all the professional science-fantasy magazines should increase our number many times. McPhail tells me of reading of some amateur journal in a newspaper or magazine and writing for a copy. The boys who published it replied they'd had 50 calls for copies from that single mention!

There will be far reaching repercussions of this influx of demi-fans. For one thing it will no longer be safe to assume, in an article in Fantascience Digest, say, that practically all the readers also get the News Letter, for example. Articles and columns must perforce in the interest of greater completeness within themselves be less personal, more laboriously composed, less spontaneous.

This influx of a new market will also mean the eclipse of hectography among the subscription fanmagazines. Mimeograph and printed publications should come to have subscriptions running into the hundreds.

The subjects for writing will be more on the order of the First Fandom, too. Since the pro mag eds have cooperated to bring this new audience in touch with our world we in turn will have to print more news of the pros and authors; would in fact have to do so to interest the newcomers.

The majority of fans will no longer be of the "Star-Begotten" type. The newcomers will provide a conservative element and a less brilliant one. We shall have to be more dignified in front of them.

Perhaps it is untrue to speak of them as a separate group since the whole will be fused into one. But there will still remain a less distinct inner circle and within that the very core of the Old Guard who stay with us. Graduated degrees of fan activity will extend all the way out to those who get only one fanmagazine and do not correspond at all. There already is a state of affairs like this on a small scale. Witness the wide variation in estimates as to the number of "real fans".

Another trend which might be noted is the tendency to discuss interesting books, ideas, movies, and so forth which are entirely outside the realm of stf.

When all this happens, the Second Fandom, in which we are living now, will be well behind us.

After 1939. What? (3)

I shan't go so far as to say whether this Third Fandom will be the last; I rather thing it won't. But the activities of the Second Fandom are swiftly coming to a head, culminating in the summer of '39. None plans beyond that; it's not safe. When the Convention is almost upon us some plans beyond it may be made but these will be few.

The FAPA will become a highly-sought-after honor for awhile and then due to the increasing accumulation of "dead wood" (comparatively speaking only) revisions have to be made and the membership limit probably abandoned.

The mere fact articles and stories will be published in mimeoed or printed form will affect the writing thereof. Too, the realization everything written or published in the FAPA goes into a permanent library in Philadelphia will cause the writers to take greater care. Writing won't be quite so much fun as it is now.

There will be compensations. With a letup in controversy those so inclined can take time off to pursue those little side-lines they've always wanted to follow. Larry Farsaci will be able to devote his whole time to his index of magazine stf without fear the Michelists will slip something over while he's not watching; in fact, it is highly probable the central authority (of course there will be a c.a. then) will appoint a committee to carry on the interrupted work of the Fantasy Magazine Service Dept. Others may follow other lines. Lowndes, if he cares to stay with us, can write poetry instead of answers to Sam Moskowitz. I'll confess there are things I'd like to have time to do, too: Take up Will Durant; get all my collections (now in Okla.) up here to DC and in order; bring that scrapbook and photo album up to date; there are parts of my diary still unwritten; I'd like to complete my listings of the comic dabblers; I have a faint vision of a ...Corpus Juris Fandom! Probably everyone has things like this he can do when there's time to relax.

In conclusion, some ifs should be considered. There is always the remote possibility of war, for example. I haven't met many fans physically yet so can't say whether I think many would be accepted by the selective draft but even if only a few are drafted into the army it would be highly advisable to suspend fan activity for the duration; otherwise, after the war were over and the fever had passed there'd be many a regret over what we'd written. And after the war, with many the fellows embittered perhaps, and other profound changes having taken place, it would be difficult to restore the old round of fan activity in its entirety.

But the period from the fall of Fantasy Mag to the Third Convention showed that Fandom as an entity is as tough as a boot. No matter what might happen to the old globe I think there'd always be a group that could be called "science fiction fans", expressing themselves without restraint to each other and speculating upon the future. (I might go off on a tangent here on the future of sf when space-flight is accomplished, synthetic life a fact and all the other things short of pure fantasy realized. See DRSmith.)

These, however, are the ifs. This prophecy is supposed to be based in what I think has the best chance of happening. So, to recapitulate:

A degree of fusion between the inner circle and the promag audience in general; a trend toward converatism; a movement toward the literary and away from the spontaneous; a relaxation of the heated controversy...

The central idea of pre-fandom was science (the Gernsback influence).

The First Fandom discussed fiction and authors.

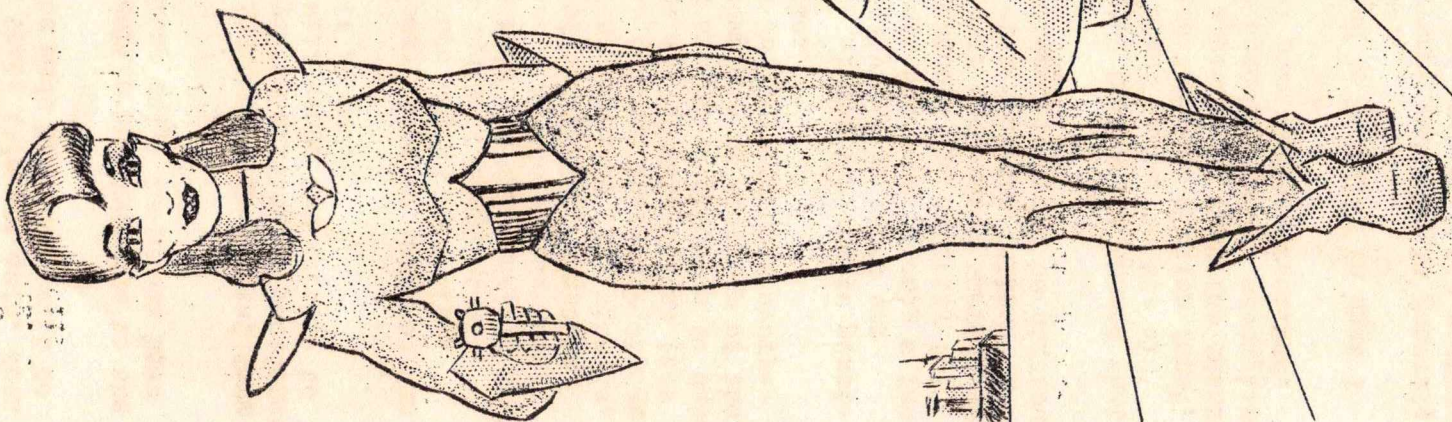
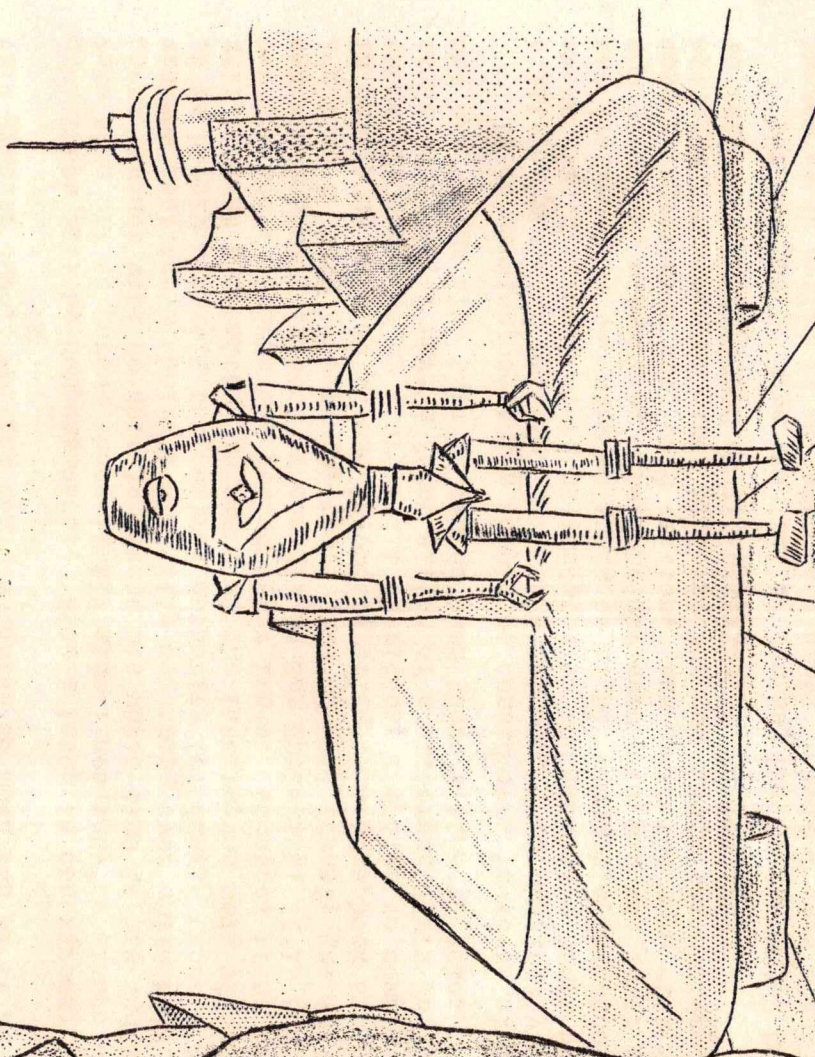
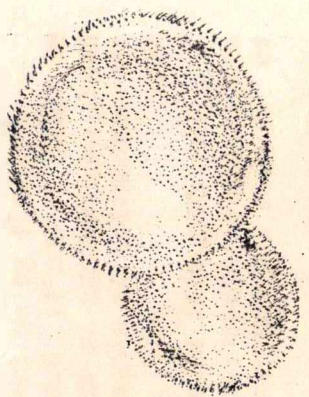
The Second Fandom interest centers around the fan personality.

The basis for the Third Fandom may well be no more than "fraternity".

Maybe I'm all wrong. I rather hope I am.

* * *

(Translated from the original Ackermanese)



My Further Struggles

by
Floyd Scrilch
(as told to Robert Bloch)

Now that was the funny part about it. They laughed at Columbus, and Einstein, and Edison, and Marconi. They even laughed at Milton Berle.

But when I came up with the screwiest idea in the world, they didn't laugh at all.

Nobody tried to put me in the asylum. Nobody tapped his forehead and pointed at me. Nobody stoned me in the streets. I got a patent right away. I didn't have to suffer. Eighteen millionaires offered me contracts. Everybody admitted I was a genius. It was all as easy as pie. The newspapers didn't scoff. They printed big headline articles about me.

"FLOYD SCRILCH INVENTS PERPETUAL MOTION MACHINE"

"INTERNATIONAL COMMITTEE OFFERS SCRILCH BILLIONS FOR RIGHTS TO HIS INVENTION," said the papers.

It was as perfect as that.

So there I was in my laboratory, with the 97 committee members (it was pretty crowded and they were standing three deep, with the guys from the little countries like Siam and Norway on the bottom) and they were all waiting for me to demonstrate my perpetual motion machine.

I signed the contract, the most tremendous contract in the world, which stated that once I started the machine (it couldn't, of course, ever be turned off) I'd turn it over to all the nations to use in their industries.

Then I stepped over to the gleaming metal platform of my machine and bowed as my voice rang out on all networks.

"Gentlemen, "I said. "This is the dawn of the Golden Age. I have never tried the machine, because as you know, it can never be stopped; nothing can be changed or removed. But now I've made my deal and I'll pull the switch. Thanks to my years of reading science fiction magazines, I give you -- perpetual motion!"

Some of the scientists yelled, "Yaaaaaay Scrilch!"

I went to the machine. "I just hook this band over my shoulder, "I said, doing so. "And this band over my leg. Then I press this here switch and -- "

The machine started, just as I'd predicted. I stood there as the cogs revolved. My leg shimmied up and down and my shoulder jiggled. The machine was a success. Perpetual motion worked!

(overpage)

Further

The applause was deafening. I stood jiggling in the machinery. Then workman stepped forward. "Let's take it away now," they said.

"Hey, wait!" I yelled. "What about me? I'm inside here."

The head of the Committee smiled. "Yes," he said. "And you can't stop the machine. But the contract sold the machine to us, and I guess you're part of it. Those two bands on you can't be removed, so you'll just have to stay in there and keep it running. Come on, boys -- take it away!"

And that's what they did. Carted me away inside the machine. I've been here ever since, jiggling up and down, 24 hours a day, working like a dog. And they've got a guard with a abyonet to see that I don't stop or get out.

I've got a hundred billion dollars and I'm stuck in this machine for the rest of my life. I don't even get out to go to the movies. Or anywhere else.

You know, sometimes I wish I was crazy.

ooo ooo ooo ooo ooo ooo ooo ooo ooo ooo ooo ooo ooo ooo ooo ooo ooo ooo ooo ooo

FILLER

"An interesting prediction by the editor is that there will eventually be
30 s-f mags. Ghu help hs! . . ."
--Robert Madle's FANTASCIENCE
DIGEST Jan-Feb 1939

"In his own words (C.D. Hornig's) "We have learned that there are not enough
lovers of wierd fiction who are interested enough in the subject to pay for a
fan magazine."
--Science Fiction Bibliography
Vol.I No.I - 1935

"A stf reader, driving through the New Jersey counttryside, spotted a number
of huge, silver tanks standing in the middle of a field. He rushed a letter off
to Hornig, demanding to know if they were space ships. Hornig proceeded to set
him right. They were Standard Oil Storage Tanks!"

-- Al Ashley in his NOVA #1
Nov - Dec 1941

"Chop. Chop-chop. Chop-chop-chop. Or don't you speak semaphore?"

-- Jack Speer in THE FANTASY
AMATEUR for Dec. 1941

AMONG FANKIND



BoB Tucker



Dale
Hart



EEEvans

Among Fankind, these faces were seen and photographed at the Nolacon. Unfortunately they were stencilled without the aid of a mimeoscope.



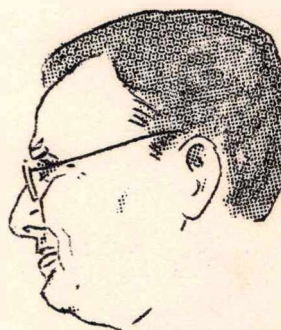
Les
&



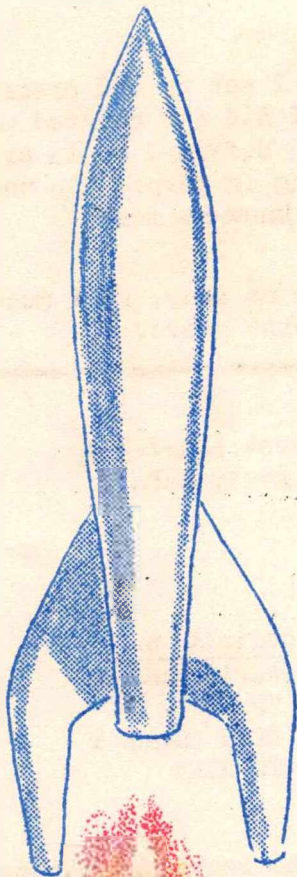
Es
Cole



Lee
Jacobs



Sam
Moskowitz



by Walt Kessel
(from Ad Infinitum: Oct. 1944)

"Does Weinstein live here?" I asked. The comely maid who answered the door assured me he did. "May I see him?"

"He's not home right now. But if you would care to wait..."

I thanked her and followed her to the study. There, making myself comfortable, I browsed through his famed collection of priceless sf mags. I settled down to read a story I had heard much about, but before I had finished the third page, a handsome clean-cut man walked in.

"Mr Weinstein?" I asked.

"No", he answered, "I'm a friend of Al's. In town over the weekend. Name's Kennedy. Joe Kennedy."

"JOE!" I shouted, "Joe Kennedy! I'm Walt Kessel. You remember. COSMIC DUST." The last two words got him. Who could forget that...uh...that.

"Walt. Well, I'll be higgergiggered. I've always hoped you could get up here sometime.

"But wait. You don't know Al. Personally that is. I had better warn you so that you won't be too startled when he appears." He bent over and whispered into my ear. When he finished my eyes were bulging like a sf artist's BEM.

"No!" I gasped, "It can't be! Not Al. How could..." Before I could finish there was a sound and I whirled to face...AL WEINSTEIN! It was just as Kennedy had said. My heart pounded, my brain fogged, and I was about to collapse. I managed however to gain control of myself and stare at the most beautiful girl I had ever seen. ALICE WEINSTEIN!

I gulped."Al". I gulped again. And then again dizziness played at my brain and this time I went all the way.

* * * * *

When I awoke my head was in Al's lap. She was holding my head as I lay there unconscious and now as I gazed into her big blue eyes I knew I was in love. But first some explanation. "The maid who answered the door said he!" I managed to gasp. "Why?"

She smiled down at me. "She must have been referring to my father. He's also Al!"

(overpage)

Surprise (2)

"Oh," I wheezed. Then, being able to stand it no longer, I sat up and pressed my lips to hers. She responded as I had hoped she would, but I had not counted on Kennedy. He tore at me like a wild cat, hissing and snarling. Before I could cry out his hands were around my throat and my breath started coming in gasps. The walls grew hazy and then blacked out entirely. My legs buckled and I knew no more.

Even as I write this I hear the pallbearers coming to take me away, so I must stop writing like a good little corpse and go to my new home---the grave!

BUREAU OF ANALYSIS
Dept. Of Higher Mathematics
Component Analysis Division

Report: #XG-7-3-1
Subject: FAPA

1. W.A. WILLIS

components	definitions
W.	WEST
A.	A (i.e. the article)
WILL	DOCUMENT
IS	EXISTS

analysis:
W.A.WILLIS - A document existing in the west (i.e. a penname for V.L. McCain)

3. TOWNER LANEY

components	definition
TOWNER	ONE FROM THE CITY
LANE	NARROW ROAD
Y	WHY (a question)

analysis:
TOWNER LANEY - A city feller who asks questions about a narrow road

5. CHARLES BURBEE

components	definitions
CHAR	BURN
LES	-LESS (without)
BUR	FLAW
BEE	INSECT

analysis:
CHARLES BURBEE - A flawless insect burner

2. WALT COSLET

components	definition
WAL	WALL minus L
T	TEA
COS	COST minus T
LET	TO RENT

analysis:
WALT COSLET - One who rents walls near the el at cost (with or without tea)

4. RICH ELSBERRY

components	definitions
RICH	HAVING MONEY
ELS	SEVERAL ELEVATED TRAINS
BERRY	FRUIT

analysis:
RICH ELSBERRY - One who makes money selling fruit on elevated trains.

6. BOB TUCKER

components	definitions
BOB	SHILLING (to shill being to act as dupe for a con man)
TUCKER	FOLDER or PAMPHLET (to tuck being to fold)

analysis:
BOB TUCKER - One who acts as a dupe for a man selling pamphlets at a con.

Lazy Lee Speaking...

Has anyone tried recently to deny the fact that there is at present in FAPA sufficient deadwood to kindle a big enough fire to toast marshmallows for all of fandom...and roast the souls therein to boot?

Every mailing I've received so far has had a definite odor of "Barely meeting activity requirements" about it. In fact most of the FAPA mags I've seen in the past year consist almost solely of ratings of other FAPazines. Possibly slight comments. Seldom discussions of other zines or material other than reprints from the editors' subzines and old lithographs. Does a reprint from a recent subzine or a left-over litho really merit activity credit? I might distribute such material through FAPA but I certainly wouldn't ask for such material to serve as my eight pages.

Some mags in the past year have had material in them worth reading. From the last mailing I recall a few. WILD HAIR with Van Couvering's account and Laney's warning, FANTASY JACKASS with Tucker's memories and adventures, GEM TONES with a sematically questionable guest editorial, and several others.

WILD HAIR impressed me. It actually looked like a magazine and not just a page of typing that someone had stepped on. It had a cover and at perusal appeared readable. I saw at first looking thru it, interesting looking headings, sighs of satire, and short paragraphs. Not to mention that it was neat. Very few other FAPA mags are so.

Van Couvering's adventure with Degler was fun to read. And Laney's argument was interesting. I would very much like to read similar articles from the pro-censorship group and from those who disagree with FTL's argument. This is FAPA business and deserves discussion. It is a more vital issue than the recent Ackerman-affair.

Tucker's account was reminiscent of Jack Speer's IN MEMORIAM: SPIRIT OF FOOFOO. Altho it might not be vital to the further existance of fandom and science-fiction, it's fun to read and interesting to the fan who is interested in other fans. The fan who doesn't care about things non-stf wouldn't enjoy it. I am in favor of accounts of adventures like this. Sometimes people can be as interesting as nuclear fission.

GEM TONES's anti-tolerance article almost brought me to writing a reply but being as lazy as the other members of this noble organization, I was unwilling to do semantic battle via typewriter. So I rationalized that any intelligent and critical reader could see the fact that fancy word-play doesn't always make for good logic.

There were other interesting items in the last mailing. But very few really worth while items. There was a lot of mimeography of the kind that gives a bad name to the medium when it is usually the operator who is at fault. If you can't get a neat mimeo job off your machine, try cleaning your typewriter keys and inking the mimeo evenly. Neatness and legibility help a lot.

But a bit of worth while material helps a lot more...



ARE YOU SANE?

This little test won't answer that question. It is merely a "personality inventory". It is part of the Woodworth Personal Data Sheet.

Answer each question either YES or NO.

1. Do you feel well and strong?
2. Do you usually sleep well?
3. Are you often frightened in the middle of the night?
4. Do you have sensations of falling when going to sleep?
5. Does your heart ever thump in your ears so that you cannot sleep?
6. Do ideas run thru your head so that you cannot sleep?
7. Do you feel well rested in the morning?
8. Do your eyes often hurt?
9. Do things ever seem to swim or get misty before your eyes?
10. Are you bothered by fluttering of the heart?
11. Do you feel tired most of the time?
12. Have you ever had fits of dizziness?
13. Do you have queer unpleasant feelings in any part of your body?
14. Do you ever feel an awful pressure in or about your head?
15. Do you often have a great many bad headaches?
16. Do you have a great many bad headaches?
17. Is your head apt to ache on one side?
18. Have you ever fainted away?
19. Have you ever been blind, half-blind, deaf, or dumb for a time?
20. Have you ever lost your memory for a time?
21. Did you ever run away from home?
22. Did you ever have a strong desire to run away from home?
23. Do you think tobacco has hurt you?
24. Have you ever had any great mental shock? ((Like filling an inside straight?))
25. Do you ever have a queer feeling as if you were not your old self?
26. Does it make you uneasy to go into a tunnel or subway?
27. Do you usually know what you want to do next?
28. Do you think you worry too much when you have an unfinished job on your hands?
29. Can you do good work while people are looking on?
30. Do you get rattled easily?
31. Can you sit still without fidgeting?
32. Did you ever have the habit of stuttering?
33. Did you ever have the habit of twitching your face, neck, or shoulders?
34. Is it easy to make you laugh?
35. Is it easy to get you cross or grouchy?
36. Is it easy to get you angry?
37. Do your interests change frequently?
38. Did you ever have convulsions?
39. Did you ever have a nervous breakdown?
40. Can you stand pain quietly?
41. Can you stand the sight of blood?
42. Can you stand disgusting smells?

(scoring on next page)

THE MARCHING MEN

Some members of FAPA were around ten years ago...many are newcomers to Fandom. With the hope that this information will bring back memories to the Old Guard and inform the New Ranks, we reprint here some of the results of Widner's First Poll (1941) as supplied by Gerry de la Ree, and with them corresponding results of the NFFF Laureate Poll of 1950.

Pro Authors ('41)

1. Campbell-Stuart
2. Weinbaum
3. EE Smith
4. de Camp
5. H.G.Wells
6. Williamson
7. Merritt
8. Lovecraft
9. Taine
10. Keller

('50)

- Bradbury
- Sturgeon
- Shiras
- Anderson
- Schmitz
- Knight
- McDonald
- Reynolds
- Simak
- Heinlein

Pro Artists ('41)

1. Finlay
2. Paul
3. Wesso
4. Cartier
5. Bok

('50)

- Cartier
- Finlay
- Bonestell
- Bok
- Vincent

Fans ('41)

1. Ackerman
2. Tucker
3. Moskowitz
4. Lowndes
5. Warner
6. Wollheim
7. Madle
8. Fortier
9. Sykora
10. Widner

('50)

- R. Lavender
- Firestone
- Higgs
- Winne
- Slater
- Rapp
- Moskowitz
- Venable
- Austin
- Ackerman

Fanzine ('41)

1. Spaceways
2. Le Zombie
3. Stardust
4. Alchemist
5. V.O.M.
6. Fantasy News
7. Pluto
8. Snide
9. Comet
10. Fanfare

('50)

- Fanscient
- S-F Newsletter
- Nekromantikon
- TNTT
- Fantasy Times
- Shangri-La
- Futurist
- Slant
- Operation Fantast
- Spacewarp

Are You Sane? (con't)

Scoring: 1 point for each of the following answered "Yes"...

3-6, 8-26, 28, 30, 32, 33, and 35-39

1 point for each of the following answered "No" ...

1, 2, 7, 27, 29, 31, 34, 40, 41, and 42.

Total your score. Compare it with the following scores:

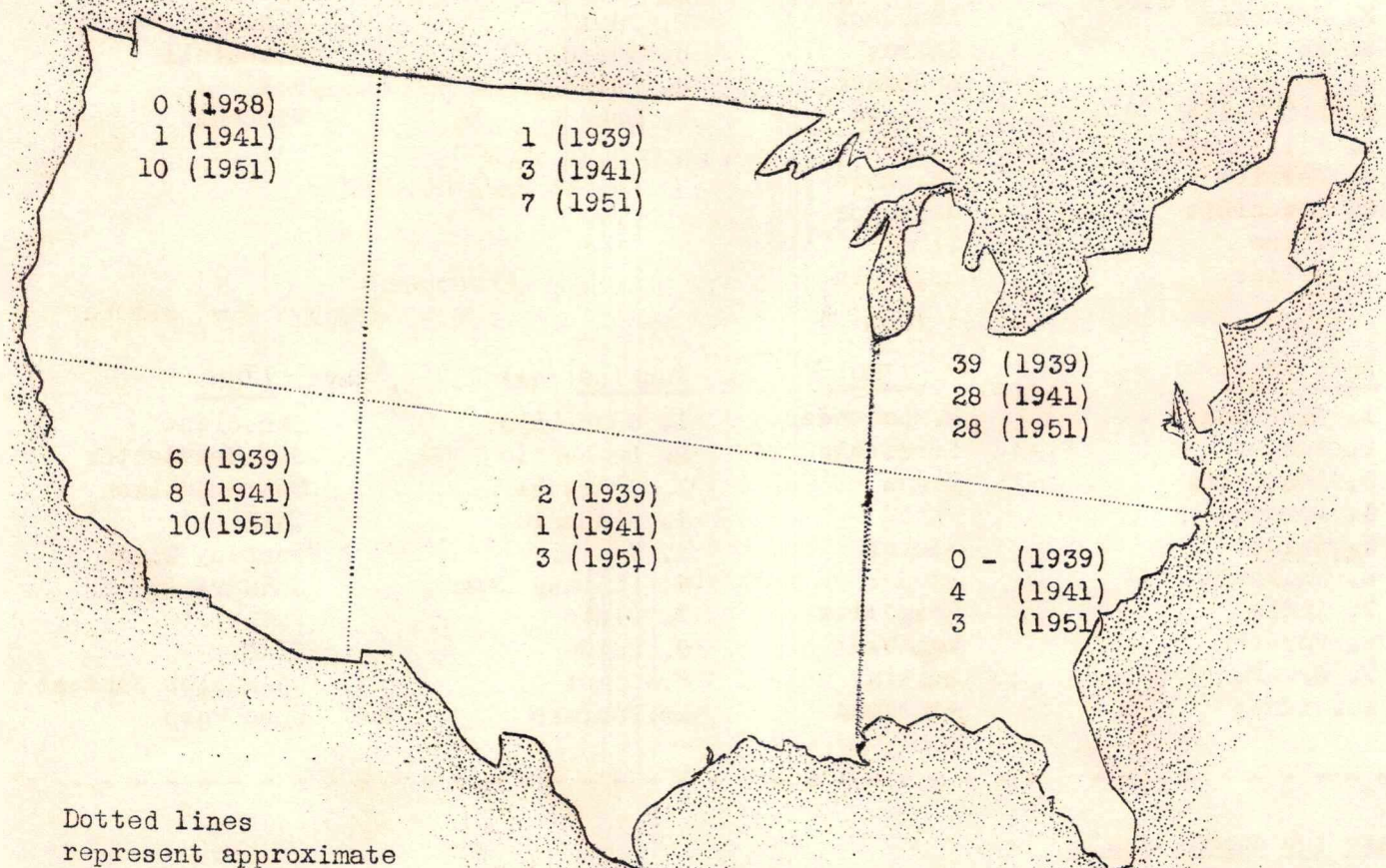
group of College freshmen - 6.8 average

group of male psychoneurotics - 11.7 average

(Remember these scores have little meaning in themselves. They merely represent probable emotional tendencies. Only complete tests in the hands of a competent analyst have real meaning. This test, which appears in a College Psychology Manual is for the use of students in self-inventory and analysis as part of a beginning psychology course.

FAPA MAP

numbers given are for the
following mailings: Fall, '39
Dec. '41, and Spring '51



Dotted lines
represent approximate
district divisions.
(strictly arbitrary)

England - 2 (1939)
3 (1941)
0 (1951)

Canada 0 (1939)
1 (1941)
1 (1951)

Ireland 1 (1951)

France 1 (1951)
(USArmy)

THE TRAGEDY OF FANNIUS MCCAINIUS

A Shakesbeerian Play in Two Acts

by
Lee Hoffman

ACT ONE

Scene: A street in Eugene, Oregon, site of the 17th World Stfcon

Leecius Jacobus: Hence! Home, you idle creatures, get you home:
Is this a holiday? What! Know you not,
Being mechanical, you ought not walk
Upon this day without the latest FAPA mailing?
---Speak, what FAP art thou?

Waltius Willis: Why, sir, an Irish FAP recently Big Pounded,
Without funds to return home, and in this strange land stronded.

Jacobus: Where is thy FAPazine and thy buck fifty, hey?
~~Knowest~~ thou not that all must pay?
Unto the royal coffers each man
Must give a dollar fifty American.

Willis: Ay, noble sir, but how wouldst an Irishfan, poor
And stranded on this shore,
And not in the best of health
Gain such Yankee wealth?
Unto you this tale I tell;
If a bob would be acceptable,
Then Robert Shaw I'd gladly give, I will
For well he would the royal coffers fill,
And unto overflowing, with Irish wit
That, witless, plagues and give a fit
To those who press the slanted press
Til laughter hinders all progress.
Yes, Shaw I'd gladly give
For just the chance to live
As once I did, midst hi-fi amps
Without a thought of mental cramps
And twisted wit and humor grave
Which, tho I face with courage grave,
I'd rather flee, unto the night
Where darkness reigns and there is no White,
I'd rather walk among the heather
And never hear the words "a feather".
Yea, if to give is FAPAN law,
I beg you let me give Bob Sh.

(over page)

Jacobius: Cease thy idle banter, Willis,
For surely thou does't try to fill us
To overflowing with useless prattle
Of Shaw and White and Irish cattle.
No more of this blarney will we hear.
So pay your dues and let there be beer!

Willis: Oh, sire, you do not hear me right,
For tho I speak of Shaw and White,
I would unto you make it clear
That I haven't a penny to spend on beer.
I've given you so many clues
To the fact that I have no money for dues.
Think you that if I had a dime
I'd waste my time on this silly rhyme!
For if I had some dough
I' swiftly go
Through yon door
To Ireland's shore
A ticket to buy,
That would I...
For I'm not content
With the time I've spent
With Fannius McCainius.
Let me go
For now I know
That this McCainius
Is out for gain, he is.
My info's straight.
He wants to dictate
O'er each fan
That's in the band
Called FAPA

Bobus Tuckerri: I'm very tired of listening to
This Irish stew
About the noble fan
McCainius, for every man
Knows of Fannius's works
And of the potent thought that lurks
Behind each word
That is heard
From the noble fan, McCainius.

So here, Jacobius, take this buck fifty
And when buying beer be not thrifty.
We'll not deny this slanter of words
His right to be among the birds
Who put out FAPazines.
Let this poster of Outpost, this harping Harp,
Become a member of the FARP.
And thought I blush at such forced rhyme
My time shall come, and come in time.

(filp over)

Fannius McCainius (3)

Shelbus Vickus: Listen, Willis, for I say
 That a plot is underway
 To free our land
 Of the treacherous fan.
 And altho it may pain us,
 We shall kill McCainius.
 For anyone who would dictate
 To his fellow vertebrate
 Deserves to die,
 Say I.

Willis: Aye.

Vickus: So come and listen to the plan
 To put an end to the man
 Who would enslave us.
 For you, Willis, will help save us.

Willis: Aye.

((Fanfare, followed by Paul Ganely. Enter Fannius McCainius and party))

Coswalius: McCainius for emperor of the FAP!
 There is no more deserving sap.
 No member of this train is
 Half as deserving as McCainius.
 Now, peace ho, Fannius will speak.
 List' to the words that drop from his beak.

McCainius: Caldonia!

Caldonia: My lord?
 Thy word
 Has reached my ear.
 You call for me, I hear.

Eneyis: Beware the Ides of SAPS!

McCainius: What man is this that walks
 Within my train and talks
 Of SAPS?

Coswalius: Out of the many, he is
 The one called Eneyis.

McCainius: He is a dreamer. Let us leave him.
 But scorn him not, for I would not grieve him.
 A noble editor this Eneyis,
 Some say better than FTLaney is.

Caldonia: Oh noble lord
 Whose honored word
 Doth proclaim
 A fannish fame
 An honored name
 Which none dare shame.

(next page)

Fannius McCainius (4)

Caldonia: I've seen a vision in the skies,
Which tells to me that danger lies
About thee in the men,
Who call themselves "devoted fen".

McCainius: A goodly prophet you, as well as a darn good cook.
---Among my men? Well...yon Willis hath a lean and hungry look.
And when I look to Tuckerri
I see a wary watching eye.
But noble Jacobius, I give
My trust, for I know he'd as leave I live,
For when eventide draws near,
I invite him to my house for beer.
In return I know he'd strive
To keep me alive.

Caldonia: Yes, sire, a good man is he.
But what if they offer him beer for free---?
Could you trust him then
In the hands of unscrupulous men?

McCainius: Listen to me, devoted wife,
I'd trust this Jacobius with my life.
He'd ne'er join in nefarious plan
To do away with the noble man
That is McCainius.

Chorus: Yea! McCainius!
(exeunt all but Jacobius and Tuckerri)

Jacobius: I must piece it out.
Shall FAPA stand under one man's awe?
What? FAPA?
My zines did from the mailings of FAPA
The Hoffmanias drive when Lee was called an emperor.

Tuckerri: Sir, October is wasted 14 days.
I we would mail, we must look to our ways.

Jacobius: Then we must go
To our mimeo.
But I'm in a stew
Over what to do
About the affair
That's in my hair.

Tuckerri: May I ask
What task?

Jacobius: They say that this McCainius
Trying to make personal gain, he is.
They say that I've nought to fear
For they'll give me free beer
If I'll take part in the scheme
To end his dictatorial dream
And use my little knife
To take away his life.

(turn page)

Fannius McCainius(5)

Tuckerri: To speak of such things is heresy!
--They'll give a man free beer, you say?--
Humm...if free beer they'll give,
McCainius has not long to live.

Jacobius: Listen my friend, and you shall hear
That I've decided on Free Beer.
To the mimeo we'll away
McCainius shan't live another day!

ACT TWO

Convention Hall. Coswalius is introducing the guest speaker, McCainius)

Coswalius: I say this now to every fan.
We should honor this mighty man.
Honor the noblest fan to live.
Unto McCainius, what is McCainius's give.

Chorus: Yea! McCainius!

McCainius: Lend me your ears, for I have a plan
To elevate the noble fan
Known to his fellows as a FAP
Far above the common sap,
To the epitome of his dream,
To a place of glorious high esteem.

Willis: (aside) Listen now, for we have a plan
To put an end to this bragging fan.
As Tuckerri said of those who rhyme
"The time shall come." Well--now's the time.

Vickus: O, Fannius McCainius---

McCainius: Hence! Wilt thou hold up the FAPA mailing?

Tuckerri: Great McCainius---

McCainius: Doth not Jacobius beerless kneel
And ask a can to wash down the noon meal?

Jacobius: Nay, Lord---

Willis: You'd have each man on bended knee!
Well, let my typewriter speak for me! ((He draws a typewriter
from beneath his robe and drives it into McCainius's neck. Vickus and
Tuckerri follow. Jacobius is last to thrust.))

McCainius: Et tu, Jacobius?

Jacobius: Brank two, McCainius. Free beer for all!

McCainius: Then fall, McCainius--- ((dies))

Coswalius: Oh, mighty McCainius, doth thou lie so low?
Are all thy FAPazines, SAPSazines, subazines, gratiszines,
Shrunk to this little measure? -- Fare thee well.--

Vickus: Don't take it so hard, kid. We all gotta go sometime.
Come on, let's all go have a beer.

Coswalius: Vickus for emperor of FAPA!

Vickus: That's the idea!

Willis: So call the field to rest and let's away
To drink as beer the profits of this happy day! ((exeunt))

ENCORE...

Due to a mistake in page numbering (or more likely due to the lack of page numbering) I find myself with an extra page to either fill or leave blank. I shall not leave it blank. There is entirely too much blank paper being circulated in FAPA. Or paper that might as well be blank, considering the legibility of the mimeoing upon it.

Now I have nothing against blank paper. Often I wish I had left some of the pages in my subzine that way. But still, I am rather disappointed when I get paper in a FAPA mailing that to all practical purposes is blank. Why some people are unable to get legible work off their mimeos is beyond me. Once or twice is forgiveable. I didn't know you had to put ink in the things when I first started out, either. And I know that a mimeo can be an especially ornery piece of machinery, especially when you are mimeoing a page on which you comment on the poor quality of someone else's mimeoing. But there is no reason why anyone can't do a decent mimeo job most of the time if his stencils are well cut and the machine properly operated.

To cut a stencil properly, you don't have to bend the typer keys on the strokes. But you do have to clean them, and clean them often. I keep a jug of carbon tet and a brush on the typer table and clean the keys at least three times in each stencil. When I've finished cutting a stencil I look at the light through it. The letters are cut clearly, not fuzzy and vague. My platen is fairly hard and my typer keys sharp. I don't use expensive or film stencils. I use the cheapest stencils ABDick sells. But if your machine cuts out letters, a film stencil might be worth your while, unless you are as much of a pauper as I. In that case, try using old pieces of cellophane. They help sometimes.

If your typer keys don't hit evenly on the roller - if the letters are heavy at the top and light at the bottom or vice versa, - save up your pennies and get it adjusted. If the keys are too dull, I don't know what to suggest, maybe you can get the use of some other typer. If the roller is too soft, again save those pennies.

If you have neat well-cut stencils and you pour the ink into the mimeo, yet there are blank spots on the copy, try a new ink pad. Or at least take loose the old one and flex it. If the ink floods into big black puddles on the paper, don't ink so heavily. Clean out the drum sometimes, too, if it's brush-inked. Those holes get clogged up. Old ink cakes in the machine. Keep it clean.

And if you still have trouble take a sample of your copy to your local mimeo dealer and ask his advise. That's what I do. And tho my mimeoing is far from perfect, at least it's legible. Why bother to print a fanzine unless it can be read?

Don't miss our exciting
companion mag, S-F Five Yearly Novels.
Novel # 1

DEATH TRAPPERS OF MARS

The exciting adventures of
those four intrepid space-
troopers, Bloch, Korshak,
Eshbach and Evans.



