BEGINNING TWO NEW SERIALS!

SCIENCE-FICTION FIVE-YEARLY

FAPA OMPA

NOVEMBER 1956

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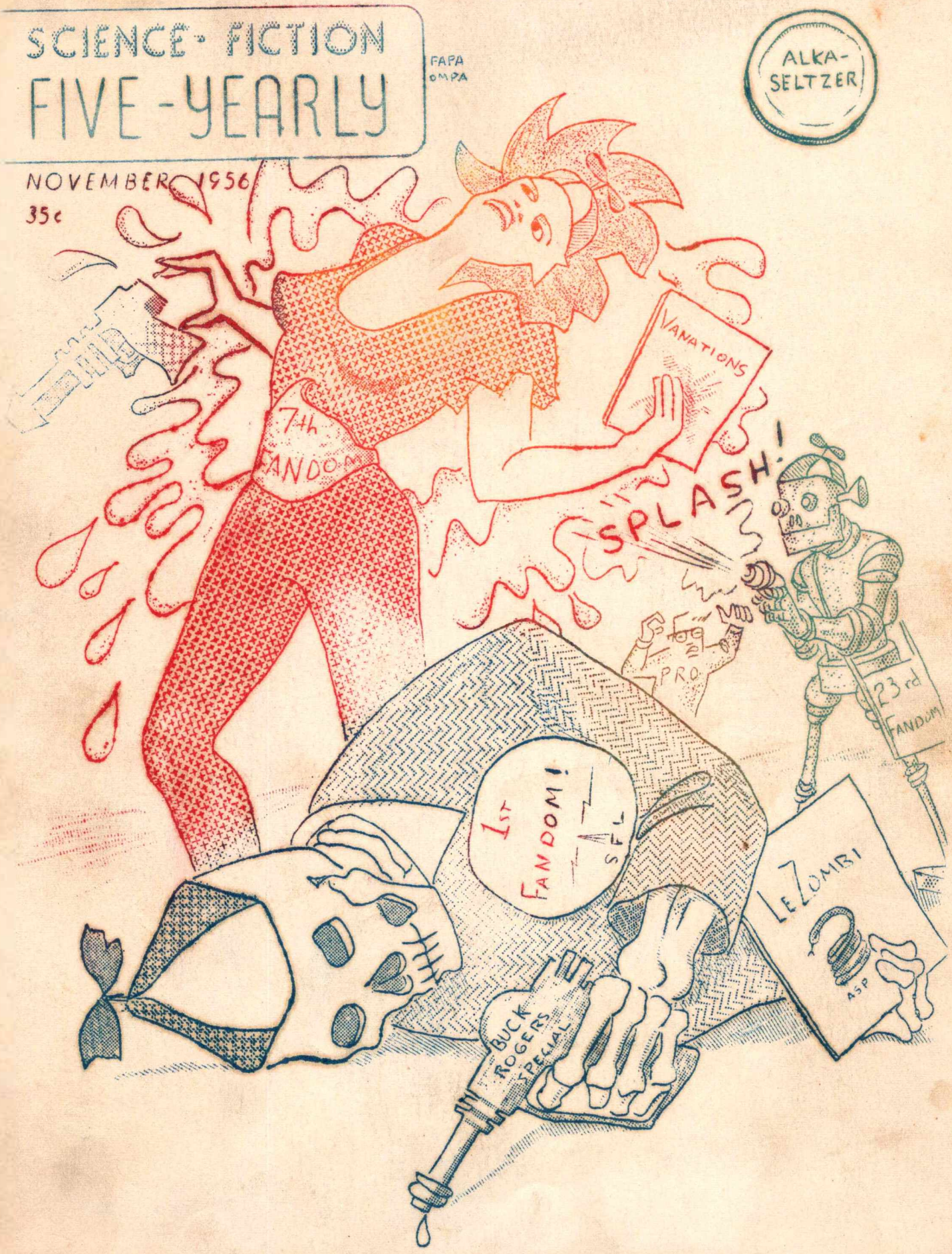

science-fiction five-yearly

ompa 1956 fapa

contents

Cover symbol: All that fizzes is not nuclear.

Cover illustrates q wcene from the thrilling story DEATH TRAPPERS OF STAURN'S SATELLITE (SFFY Novel of the lustrum): Theexciting adventures of those four intrepid space troopers; Gold, Boucher, Campbell and Lowndes, in outer space.

Interior illos by Arthur Thomson, William Rotsler, John Berry, Harlan Ellison, Andy Young, and yed.

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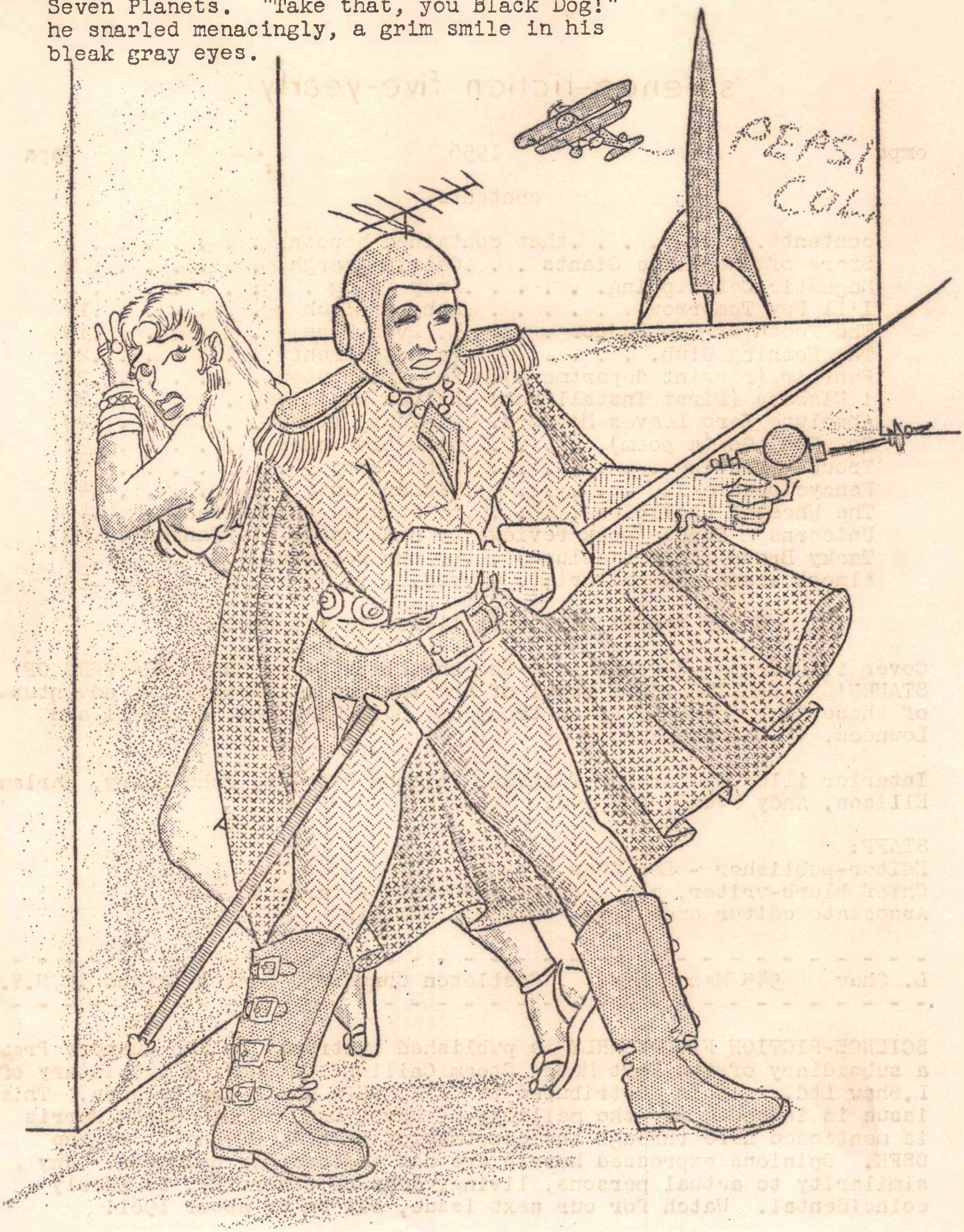
Sword in hand, Floyd faced the Scourge of Seven Planets. "Take that, you Black Dog!" he snarled menacingly, a grim smile in his bleak gray eyes.



Malevolently evil spawn of the dead-blackest, zero coldest regions of utterly outer space, the demonaic aliens came--leaving blasted planets like shriveled eggplants in their flaming wake. Only one man stood between civilization and chaos--a man whose superhuman powers were unique, but whose philosophy was:
"What--me worry?"

Stars of the Slave Giants

by
CALVIN AAARGH

First of Four Parts

PROLOGUE

Floyd Scrilch was the sort of man who made the heavens tremble when he walked. Across the blazing skies he cut a swath of fire, back in the early days of space travel when men were men and the sense of wonder yet endured.

This is his story: the immortal saga of Floyd Scrilch, startossed hero of a thousand adventures. Read it and sigh, you Earthlubbers! Read it and know that here lived a man -- proud and lonely, spitting defiance at the contemptuous stars till the tragic day the mad dogs kneed him in the groin. Read it!

You might as well; you've already bought the mag.

CHAPTER ONE

Dark Doom

Black clouds swept across the chocolate-hued horizon as Floyd Scrilch brought his spaceship Rosebud to a landing. He swung down the catwalk, knife between his teeth, sword in one hand, gun in the other, waving his spear aloft.

"Ho, Green Ones!" he cried. As he spoke, the knife slipped from between his clenched teeth and dropped dizzyingly to the ground, embedding itself fiercely in the soft spongy muck of the alien world.

"An omen," remarked Kors Hack, the high priest of the Scaled People. "You drop your knife on Xfuzian soil, Earthling. Just so will you shed your blood!"

"As you well know," observed Scrilch balefully, "I am not given to accepting insults of this sort. Defend yourself!"

And without further ado he plunged his flashing sword between the high priest's tightly-packed vertebrae.

"A hit! A hit! A palpable hit!" Scrilch exclaimed triumphantly.

"You lie in your teeth," Kors Hack sneered malevolently, plucking the sword from between his tightly packed vertebrae and hurling it to one side. Green ichor flowed revoltingly from the gaping wound, but the hideous alien paid no attention and advanced relentlessly.

Scrilch stood his ground. "If you kill me," he stated determinedly, " we will find ourselves at our wits end to find enough plot to fill the rest of this story."

"A questionable point," the priest commented coldly, and drove his dagger home.

Scrilch clutched at his throat, drew his hand away covered with blood. His blood.

"Alien, you will pay for this." he grated hemoglobically, as he sank to the ground.

CHAPTER TWO

Mutiny on the Bounty

Slowly and painfully, Scrilch leaped to his feat. He was mightily pained by the wound in his throat, but he shrugged the agony off light-heartedly and began freeing his feet of the cement globes attached to them. This task concluded, he began to swim to the surface.

"Avast there!" someone shouted.

Scrilch blinked; his eyes, unaccustomed to the sunlight, wavered, finally fucessed and observed the awe-inspiring figure to the starboard.

"What are ye doing in the sea, Lubber?"

"Drowning," Scrilch muttered, and shrewdly allowed himself to slip beneath the waves. Immediately the vibration of the water told him that the captain of the ship nearby was rapidly making toward him. Scrilch allowed himself to drift helplessly.

Strong arms lifted him, pulled him up. He lay gasping on the deck while figures hovered around him.

"What be your name, Earthling?" the alien asked.

"Gosseyn," Scrilch improvised desperately. "Norbert Gosseyn. I -- I was on Venus, you see, and --"

"Tell it to the judge," the alien hissed sibilantly. "How came ye by that scar on your throat?"

"This?" Scrilch asked casually, putting one hand to his throat and negligently massaging his exposed pharynx? "A mere scratch," he remarked. A sudden savage fire lit his eyes and he said, "Kors Hack, the high priest?"

"My brother," the seacaptain said, "We're not on very good terms."

"You are, then, Eshb Hack?" Scrilch aspirated interrogatingly.

"The very same," the captain replied affirmatively.

"Excellant," Scrilch responded enthusiastically. "For you are the very man whom I quest!" Drawing his gun, he advanced rapidly upon the loathsome figure of the alien.

"Quarter me this pig," Eshb Hack ultimated imperiously. Four burly crewmen stepped forward to block the onward motion of Floyd Scrilch.

"Out of my way," Scrilch ordered.

The crewmen paid no attention. They lifted their shimmering swords of finest damascus steel high overhead, chanting their savage alien war cries.

"Aliens, you will pay for this," Scrilch rasped threateningly, as the four razor-keen blades descended implacably.

TO BE CONTINUED

---Bob Silverberg
(October 1956)

The next issue of SCIENCE-FICTION FIVE-YEARLY will lead off with "Nine Planets in Peril", a smashing novel of two men's desperate missions to Venus, Uranus, Mercury and Jupiter, to find the answer to the strange menaces that menaced Earth, Neptune, Mars, Pluto and Saturn--only to find that the same menace menaced our sister planets in even more menacing form. It's by James Fish and Phil Barnyard. Fish, as you all know, is a top-botch science-fiction hack! Barnyard is an astrologer and poet making his first appearance in this field. As a team, they have produced one of the most menacing novels we have seen yet. Don't miss "Nine Planets in Peril" and the other great stories of menace in the 1961 issue of SCIENCE-FICTION FIVE-YEARLY


NITED STATES ARMY AIRFORCE SPACESHIP 718
DANGER

Andy Young

MAGNETIC CAT TIPPING

Part I. Theory

One of the more interesting of the early experiments in biophysics was that relating to the sense of equilibrium in the lobster. Various of the Crustacea possess a balancing organ which consists of a cavity in the side of the head, lined with fine hair-like projections. These animals shed their exoskeletons periodically, and with them, the contents of the cavity. After each moult, the animal is unable to retain its balance for a short time. It was suspected that just after the moult, the lobster places a few grains of snad in the cavity; the direction of gravity is then detected by means of the weight of the sand grains, which press downward on the hairs.

This hypothesis was brilliantly confirmed by means of an experiment in which a freshly-moulted lobster was placed in a bare aquarium. Instead of sand, the bottom of the aquarium was covered with iron filings. The animal placed in the iron filings in its balancing organ, and the experimenter was able to reverse the apparent direction of the vertical by holding a strong magner above the lobster, which immediately turned over on its back.

In order to study the effects of a variable apparent direction of gravity on an organism more similiar to Man, it was decided to perform an analogous experiment with a cat. (See Fig. 1)

Fig. 1

Since the balancing organ of the cat is not similiar to the balancing organ of the lobster, the proeedure had to be modified somewhat; however the basic idea

remains the same. By introducing magnetic material into the balancing organ of the cat, it was hoped that the effect of a variable gravitational field might be simulated.

PART II. Experimental Technique

A standard laboratory cat, Felis scientifica, was tested for scuity of balance. It was found that in a series of ten trials in which the cat was dropped from randomly chosen positions, and through heights ranging from one foot to five feet, the cat never failed to strike the substratum in a normal (i.e.,erect) position. It was judged that the cat's sense of balance would be sufficiently accurate for the purposes of the experiment.

A suspension of precipitated magnetic iron oxide was then prepared. The diameters of the suspended particles were uniform enough to be measured by means of Young's eriometer; the mean diameter was 12 microns. The suspension contained 1.142 milligram of suspansoid per milliliter.

The cat was anesthetized and its inner ears were exposed. Approximately five cubic millimeters of suspension was added to the fluids of the semicircular canals aof each ear with a micropopette, and the cat's ears were otherwise returned to thir normal condition.

When the cat had recovered from the operation, its normal balancing sense was again tested, as before, and (within the limits of experimental error) found to be the same as before. (See Fig.2.)

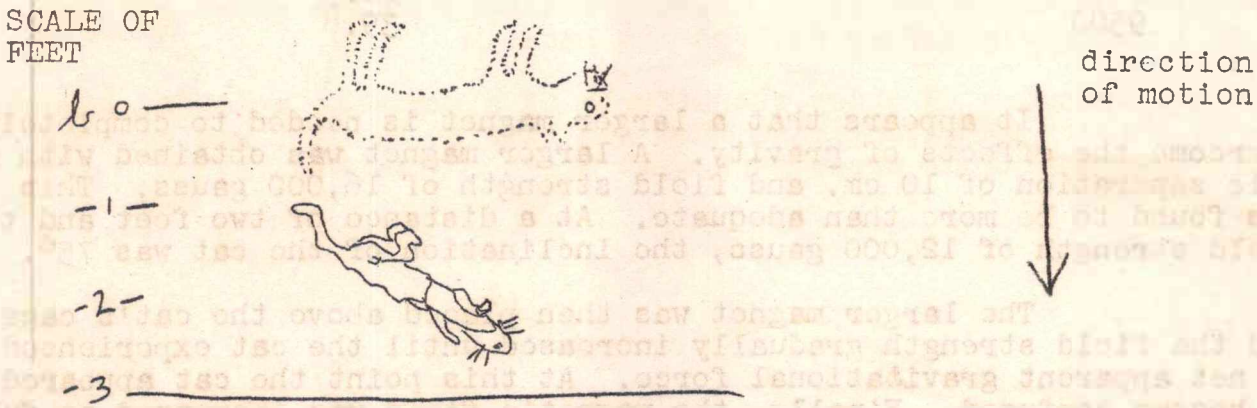


Fig.2: The cat is being dropped from a height of three feet. Initial position, inverted, as shdicated by the dotted lines.

Next, the cat was placed nine feet away from a large electromagnet of the parallel-pole, research type, capable of producing a uniform field of 9500 gauss over an area of 125 cm^2. As the magnetizing current was increased, the cat was observed to tilt gradually toward the magnet. The observations are summarised in Table 1.

Table 1.

Pole seperation: 5 cm.

Intensity of field in air gap (gauss)	Angle of tilt of cat (degrees)
1000	0.1?
2000	0.25
3000	0.40
5000	0.55
8000	0.95
9500	1.15

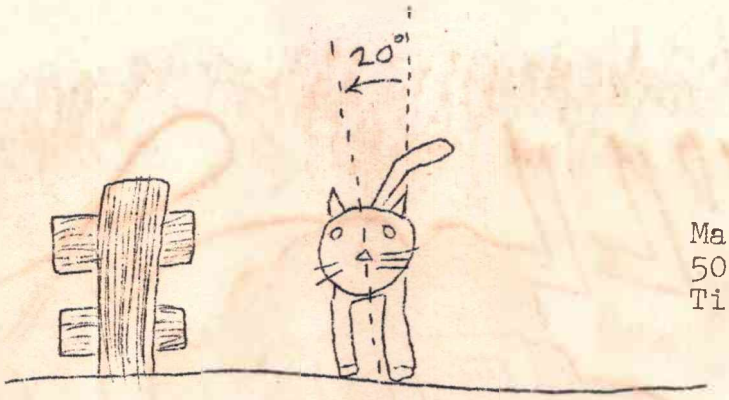
The uncertainty in the angle of tilt is of the order of the tilt itself, for the lower values, but it appears that the tilt is a linear function of the magnetic field. The experiment was repeated, placing the cat only one foot from the magnet. The results are summarized in Table 2.

Table 2.

Intensity	Tilt
1000	4.0
2000	7.9
3000	11.9
5000	20.0
7000	28.5
9500	39.8

It appears that a larger magnet is needed to completely overcome the effects of gravity. A larger magnet was obtained with a pole seperation of 10 cm. and field strength of 16,000 gauss. This was found to be more than adequate. At a distance of two feet and the field strength of 12,000 gauss, the inclination of the cat was 75°.

The larger magnet was then placed above the cat's cage and the field strength gradually increased until the cat experienced no net apparent gravitational force. At this point the cat appeared to become confused. Finally, the magnetic field was increased to full strength, so that the cat experienced a net upward field. By this means the cat was made to walk about on the roof of its cage. (See Fig.4)



Magnetic fielf of 5000Gauss.
Tilt of cat - 20°

Fig.3

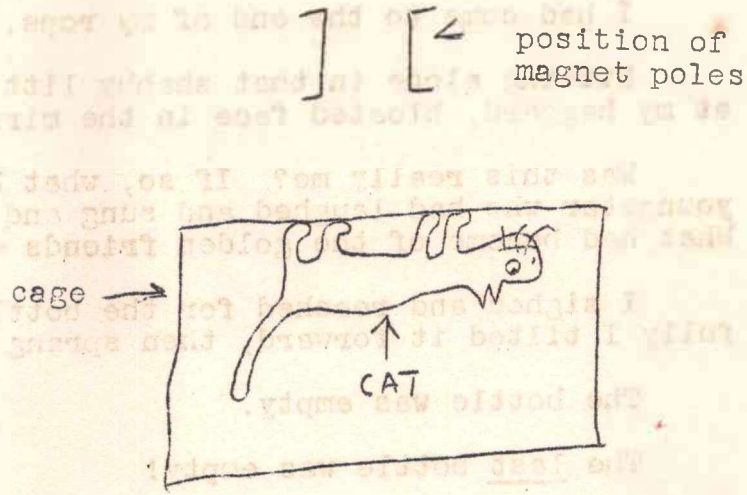
PART III. Conclusions.

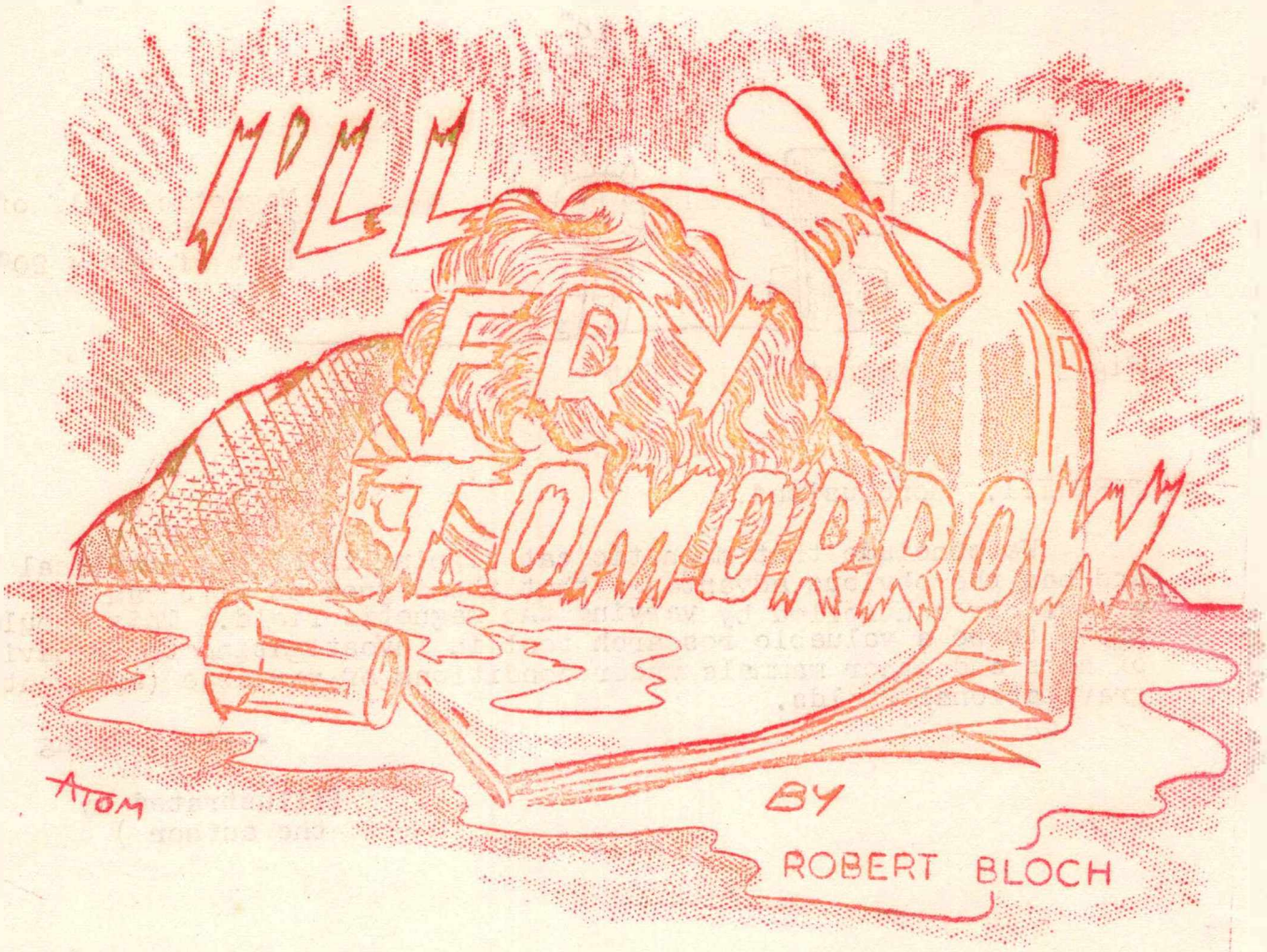
We conclude that magnetic cat tipping is highly practical and has the obvious advantage: that the degree of tilt can be accurately controlled by varying the magnetic field. This should prove to be a valuable research tool in investigating the behavior of cats and other mammals under conditions of variable (apparent) gravitational fields.

-----A. Young

(illustrated by the author)

Fig. 4 Cat inverted





I had come to the end of my rope.

Sitting alone in that shabby little room on Skid Row, I stared at my haggard, bloated face in the mirror.

Was this really me? If so, what had become of the charming youngster who had laughed and sung and danced her way through life? What had become of the golden friends of the golden years?

I sighed and reached for the bottle with trembling hands. Carefully I tilted it forward, then sprang up with a curse.

The bottle was empty.

The last bottle was empty!

I held it upside down, shaking it in dispair, but I knew the truth then.

There wasn't a drop of mimeograph ink left.

Now I would never get my fanzine out. I, Ellen Harlison, was finished. There would never be another issue of Pretensions.

The room reeled before my eyes and I fell back upon a pile of correspondence. Aimlessly I opened 15 or 20 of today's fan letters, but I found myself too nervous even to read the enclosed quote cards. I reached for a prozine, spat upon its cover, then dragged myself to the typer to compose a letter of helpful critical advice to the editor.

Dear Sir, I typed, Your last issue stinks.

Then I found I could not go on. I could no longer escape the truth. My eyes inevitably strayed to the corner where I had piled the unfinished portion of Pretensions already run off. A mere 1000 copies each of the first 234 pages. I, who had boasted an edition of 10,000; of a full 500-page fanzine with justified edges and unjustified interlineations! The mere sight of those looming piles was too much. Trembling, I picked up the phone and dialed a number before my courage failed me.

"Hello," I quavered, "This is Ellen Harlison. I need help, quick"

The voice on the other end of the wire was calm, cheerful. "Fanzine trouble?" it inquired

"Yes. It's my piles. I look at them and I can;t sit still. Oh the itching, burning torture --"

"Be right over."

The voice clicked off and I staggered across the room, frantic with the realization that I had completely lost my grip. My grip, already packed for the next Convention, and containing everything I had planned to huckster off in the lobby -- the placards reading YNGVI IS A GOOD MAN, and DEAN A GRENNELL IS A LOUSE, the Eney for TAFF buttons, the original Ivar Jorgenson manuscript, and all the rest.

It was gone. Everything was gone. Voices mocked me from the corners of the darkened room.

"You sawed Courtney's boat! Fake-faaaan! You have no sense of wonder. Why don't you go on into FAPA nad die?"

"No!" I screamed.

But the voices continued: dreadful booming voices that sounded like Moskowitz with his head in a barrel, or a bunch of Canadians holding a party in their room. I ought to know, because I could remember when I was the party being held.

"Go away!" I shouted, tossing a handful of half-completed stencils at the mirror. The tracings of the Rotsler drawings fell in the floor and I stepped on them. I'd always heard about how some men have the ambition to walk on acres of those things, but it didn't give me a thrill. I just got blue ink all over my feet.

My feet were cold. Suddenly I sneezed.

"Achoo!"

"Gestetner!" said a polite voice behind me. I wheeled and confronted the intruder.

"Who are you?" I whimpered.

"You called a while ago?" The stranger was calm. "I'm from the organization."

"Yes," I faltered. "I remember now. But it's no use. I don't think you can help me. It's too late."

"Sit down, my child," said the stranger, taking my hand in his. His fatherly manner reminded me of Tucker. "It's never too late. Just tell me how it happened."

Before I knew it, I was pouring out my heart to this quiet, understanding man.

I told him how it had all begun, years ago, when my friends lured me into a magazine store and urged me to buy my first copy of MAD Comics. How, slowly but imperceptibly, I worked my way up to POGO -- reading, at first, only in spare moments or public washrooms. Then came my introduction to science-fiction, a logical step forward. Before I realized it I was off on a GALAXY kick, then switched to ASTOUNDING. Within a year I was reading two magazines a week --

sometimes mixing MoF&SF with AMAZING just to give me an extra thrill. From there, there was no turning back. Somewhere along the line, unbeknownst even to myself, I crossed over into fandom. Starting with the "harmless" MAD Comics, I had graduated imperceptibly to HYPHEN, GRUE, OOPSLA!, A BAS and even worse. Inevitably I began to "correspond" with other addicts -- people like Chuch Harris, Charles Harris, Vernon McCain; rabid fans like Redd Boggs and his partner, the notorious Henry Thoreau.

"I thought I had it under control," I I confessed. "But the fanzines started rolling in and I found myself reading two and three a day, cover to cover, without stopping. I began to mail out quote-cards and enter into hoaxes. I went to Conventions and bid at the auctions. It got so I didn't care about my reputation any more -- I once had a hotel-room on the same floor as Damon Knight

"Pretty soon I was trying to get into FAPA. I knew it was certain death, but I didn't care. I put out the first issue of Pretensions - a mere 200 pages -- and started th assemble the second 500 page issue. Then something happened to me. I found that I was falling farther and farther behind. Now the mailing is ready and to my horror I realize I've been delaying for two months. What's a girl to do?"

"The stranger patted my hand consolingly. "You can give it up if you really want to, " he said.

"I can't. I've gone too far. You know what I am," I whispered.

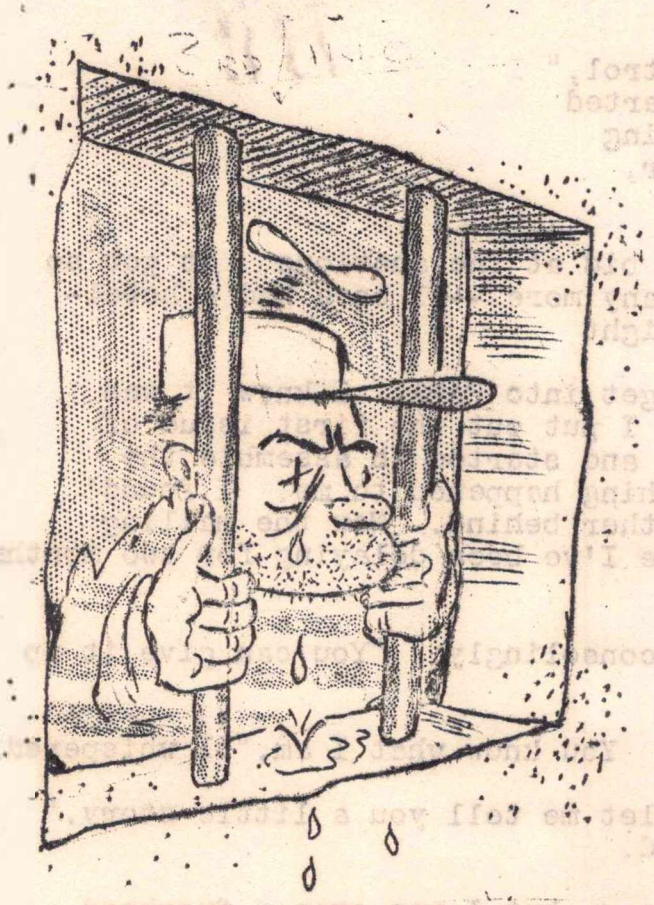
"Of course," he sighed. "But let me tell you a little story." He cleared his throat and continued.

"You may not believe it, my dear, but I was once a fugghead just like you. Perhaps even worse than you, because I was a serious constructive fugghead. I contributed to the TAFF and even attended the Business Meetings at conventions. I joined a fan club in my home town, and one year we even put in a convention bid -- though Ghod was good to us and we lost by 20 votes and two fifths of Jack Danials.

"I thought I could take it or leave it alone, but you know what happened. I began to neglect my work, my friends, my very drinking, in favor of fanning. Then one day I found myself at a Midwescon, playing poker with Tucker. Suddenly a wave of realization swept over me. "What am I doing here?" I asked myself. "How low can a man sink?" Throwing down my cards -- and scooping up the pot -- I rushed out into the night and wandered down a lonely Ohio road.

"A car pulled up alongside me and a kindly voice bid me enter. I did so and found myself in the hands of the State Police. It seems Tucker had issued a complaint, claiming I had stolen his ten of clubs from the game. (The one with the earmuffs.)

"My trial was a hollow mockery, but I was so deeply immersed in misery that I paid no heed. I accepted my sentence of a year in the penitentiary without a murmur. Soon I was occupying a cell. And it was there that I found my salvation.



"My cell-mate was a kindly old rapist from the East. Discussion of his exploits inevitably reminded me of conventions. I began to talk about them, and to my surprise found that he himself was a former BNF. In fact, he had once been a member of the Hydra Club ---

"And yet this man -- whose name I'm sure you'd recognize -- was to all intents and purposes completely cured. He did not receive a single letter from a fan during all the time I spent with him, nor did he send out as much as a scurrilous poctsarcd to Willis. He never read a fanzine or prozine, although many of those containing Nancy Share illustrations were being smuggled throughout the prison.

"WHat impressed me even more, he was capable of discussing fandom without the slightest hesitation. I'll never forget one remark he made to me after I'd been in prison about six months.

"'Fandom', he said, 'is just a goddam hobby.'"

"I began to think about that. And when I came to realize the truth of this statement, the turning-point arrived. I asked my cell-mate for the secret of how to free myself from the habit. And it was he who put me in touch with Fuggheads Anonymous.

"Upon my release from prison I immediately sought out the local chapter of the organization. I worked with them for another year. Oh, it wasn't easy, I assure you, and there were many times when I was tempted to backslide into the mire. But I found my solution in helping others, such as yourself."

I nodded. "Do you think you can help me?"

He smiled. "I can try. The first thing to do is get rid of this mess." He pointed to the stack of paper standing next to my mimeograph.

We set to with a will.

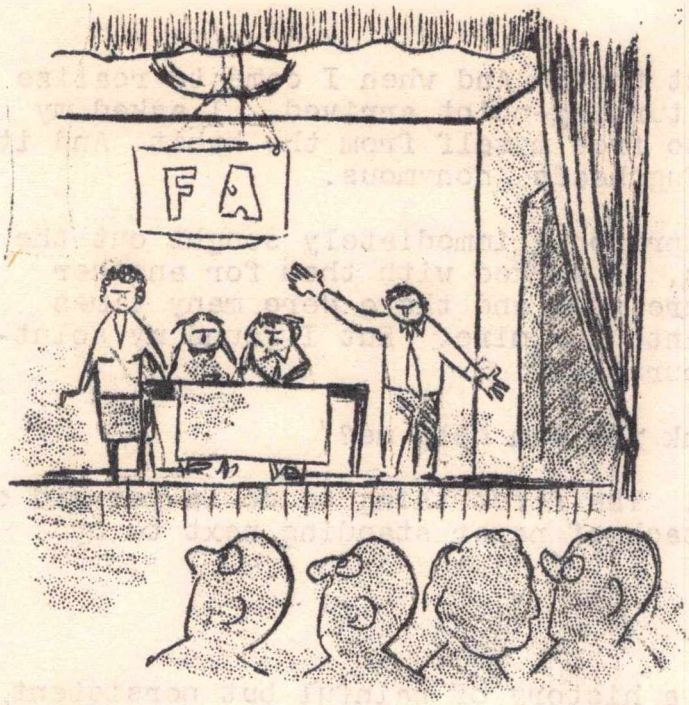
From them on, mine is a history of painful but persistent progress. Once I got rid of my piles, I was able to sell the mimeograph. The whiskey bought with the proceeds enabled me to win the friendship and the confidence of the local Fuggheads Anonymous chapter in my community.

I learned that I was not alone in my terrifying battle against the ravages of acute fandomania. A man from California, who had once been a member of the notorious LASFS. A Minnesota resident, and a Florida fan who had actually met Walter A Willis. A former Missourian, now in the Navy; even a girl about my age who stablized herself by buying a horse.

Our weekly meetings are held in a little hall downtown, and every member is required to attend. Generally, we devote a certain amount of time to discussing each other's past fuggheadedness, and give testimony of our thanks at escaping from the clutches of organized fandom.

Sometimes we have a little program with speakers, and we often invite fuggheads from other parts of the country to be out guests. You see, we have a great numger of correspondents here and abroad, and many of us now print up little Fuggheads Anonymous magazines for general distribution. Our membership is limited to severty five at the present, but we have about forty two on our waiting list. Perhaps next year we'll hold a sort of get-together, or Convention.

So you see, I have found it easy to forget fandom.



Fuggheads Anonymous has given me a new outlook. And I'm writing to that rapist in prison too. When he gets out he has promised to start a new life with me.

But one of these days you can read it all. I intend to write it up in my own magazine - a little 750-page effort which I call Dissensions. Goshwowo-boyoboy, wait until you see this issue! You'' blow the propeller right off your beanie---

- -

"Any by-laws are better than no by-laws." ---old fan proverb

- -

Science Brief: EMPTY SPACE

Intergalactic space is, by all Earth standards, an excellent vacuum, full of nothingness. The best vacuum pumps on Terra cannot produce a vacuum equal to that of outer space, except with the most elaborate preparations. Consider the vacuum that exists between Earth and Mars. It is estimated that there are fewer than one molecule per cubic rod. That is surely a small quantity! From a macroscopic viewpoint space is a lot of nothingness.

But fom the atomic, microscopic point of view, intergalactic space is full of stuff. It is loaded with Electrons and Protons, etc. And exact count aan be obtained from your friendly neighborhood Physicist.

That is all at once space full of nothingness and space full of stuff, depending on your point of view. It's got more vacuum in it that the best heads on this planet, and still it is glutted with these particles. The only time when the matter in space will have to be taken into consideraation is when one is spacetravelling. Then it might get in the way. Of course, the density of the stuff in this vacuum depends on where you are. Out between Alpha Centuri and Pluto, the density may be different. But in some places there is a load of it. Lots.

That is what true space is made of, a lot of emptiness all full of stuff. --whl

Warm-hearted, lovable L. Evan Tine is perhaps best known to the world at large as the first man to perform an Immelmann turn in the U.S. Air Force's charmingly science-fictional new "Flying Platform". He has endeared himself to his many friends in literary, advertising, television, radio and motion picture circles by his masterful preparation of Wor Shew Opp, using a genuine antique Gutenberg machine to press the duck. Under the psuedonym of Leak Orey, his fiction has appeared in virtually every weekly Wild West pulp you can name. To find the real L. Evan Tine, however, you must visit the stables at Red Sands around cleaning time, for it is then that he really comes into his own, doing the research that enables him to prove his modest claim of knowing as much about horses (from one end to the other) as any man alive. In the present article, he offers a few entertaining footnotes (or, as he with his ready wit, might put it, hoofnotes) on horses which may shatter an illusion or two.

The Tooth of The Mudder

Pick up a story dealing with horses, or horse-drawn vehicles, and you will undoubtedly find a sequence which reads something like this:

Captain Smurch settled into the driver's seat of the buggy and picked up the reins. The red and green buckboard class wagon hitched to Dobbin was ready to go.

"All stablehands report!" he rasped

"Ready!" went up the unamious cry.

"Green light from traffic control, sir!" snapped the head groom.

"Very well, all four hooves at a gallop! Giddap!" the order came from Smurch as he cracked his whip.

Now, undoubtedly this is taking place in the far, FAR, FAR future when horses have become as reliable and commonplace as a bottle of likker. But it isn't going to be that easy for a long, LONG, LONG time to come.

Nor is our gallant Captain Smurch going to be totally nonchalant about the whole thing, sitting there quietly picking up the reins while a giddap and crack of the whip start the horse.

Why? Because horses have a certain amount of innate cussedness to them--they all seem to have cunning little minds of their own. Horses are pretty stupid at this point in their development.

And human beings, still the smartest things around, will continue to goof. Let us talk about the riders, since we got off on the human tangent to start with. A rider or driver in a story is usually flawless and imperturbable, physically fit to the nth degree. But it ain't likely in real life.

Consider some of the oft-told tales around Red Sands Horse Corral--which is where I happen to work and therefore the place about which I can talk most intelligently.

When it comes to riding a horse, there are a million little things to check before mounting, all of which must be done properly. The saddle must be in place on the horse's back, and the girth must be fastened or it will come off. The bridle must be placed on the horse's head and its buckles fastened. The curb chain must be put in place, and the reins must be attached to the bit before it is safe for the rider to mount. On top of all this--and more--there is the horse itself. A horse in the wild stage still has bugs on it, which is why it is still being disinfected. But even the old mustangs had their share of troubles.

The last of the mustangs was scheduled to be ridden in late September several years ago. Two other writers and I drove out to Red Sands on the morning when it was to take place. On the dark, cold desert, we found a place to watch from, and settled down. Everything seemed to be going on schedule until time for the ride to take place. Later we learned the following dialog had taken place at the corral:

"Okay, the saddle and bridle are ready. Bring in the horse."

"Funny, but it should be here. I don't see it anywhere."

"Call the ramrod and find out where it is."

The groom did so, and got the answer, "What horse?"

In the rush and tension of getting ready for that ride, nobody had thought to order the horse.

Stories of the mustangs are rampant at Red Sands. By far the best is told about "Pappy" Coosie, a field man. He was one of those wonderful personalities who helped give Red Sands its fine

reputation as riding corral capital of the world. He knew horses and had a reputation as riding more horses than any man in this country. But the mustang called "Old Paint" was almost his undoing.

Pappy used to stand between the corral and the bunkhouse calling instructions during the saddling and bridling of a horse, and he was in that position when they tacked up Old Paint.

The bridle was in place, and the cinch tightened, but Old Paint didn't just stand there. He built up energy slowly, and jittered or waltzed around in the corral, breaking into a series of bucks and kicks, and he charged for the corral fence head-on.

Pappy was the only man in the yard who could see what was happening. He ran for the bunkhouse, slammed the door behind him, and crawled quickly under his bed. There were about two dozen people in there and when they saw Pappy hit the floor, they decided as one that under the bed was the place to be.

Then Pappy got up and took a cautious peek out the window. All two dozen others crawled out from under the beds and looked over his shouders. At that instant the horse gave out a snort, and Pappy went down again, followed by everyone else in the room. This jack-in-the-box routine involving more than a score of men happened four times in all, while the horse kicked and snorted.

After Old Paint quieted down, a lot of people felt downright silly. That corral fence was built to withstand the force of a horse far more powerful than Old Paint. But Pappy was an old timer; and when he ducked, everybody else thought it was high time they ducked too.

There are other stories about Pappy too, most of them too obscene to mention here.

By far the most classic goof in riding a horse is one where a man who was responsible for tracking the horse and rider through a pair of field glasses, came down one day and asked what time the horse he was supposed to track was to be ridden. The horse and rider had left three hours before and were back already.

Running a close second was the occasion where a groom called for a reschedule of the ride that his horse was to be in that afternoon, only to be denied it by the range controller, because the horse was already mounted and on its way.

Any rider will contest there, maintaining some other goof to be classic . To hell with him.

All of which served to point out that the truth of the whole matter is something entirely different from the fictional representation. Not knowing much more about travel in horse-drawn vehicles than the next man at this time, I'd still venture a read prediction that troubles will be manifest and grow into the same sort of legendary yarns as those of riding.

And probably the cry o. "Hold your horses!" will be more common than, "Giddap!"

---L. Evan Tine

- -

the nothing club

You will find listed here, the names of a number of pen-friends who are waiting to hear from you. In the years to come there will be many more and we hope your name will be among them. As a general rule, corre spondents meeting in this department will have a common interest--sex. But they will, of course, have other interests also. Some are noted. Others may never be known.

JIMMIE FUTCH
109 Salem Ave.
St. George, Dragon...
Jammie would like to correspond with other fans who are fire-eaters.

FRANKLIN REABIBBLE...
127 Silverberg Street
North Jorgenson, Ivarton...
Little Frank is only 4 years old. He'd like to hear from other fans who speak Cantonese with a German accent.

RICKY AAARGH
47 E. 44th
Royalton, Magnum...
Ricky is 16 and would like to meet a loose-moraled girl about 15, who likes science-fiction.

H.L. DORADO
P.O.Box 2
N.Y.,N.Y....
is planning to publish a fanzine and would like material. He is 43.

MICHAEL O'HARA
Route 66
Between the Atlantic & the Pacific
Little Mickey like to travel and would like to exchange picture postcards with a European fan. Mickey is 17.

CHARLES GRIBBLE
Brockham House
Rainham, Essex,
Canada....
Charlie collects pictures of nude women, and would like to hear from some nude women who own their own cameras. Little Charlie is 7½.

MARIJANE PLUMB
P.O. Box 260,
Bloomington, Sill.
Marijane is a young lady of 15, who would like to meet a loose moraled boy about 16 who owns a complete file of Clayton ASTOUNDINGs.

FANFAIR?

Whenever something of suitable quality can be found, SFFY will reprint an item from a "fanzine"--one of the amateurish journals pubbbed as a hobby by some fans. Van Houten Says--originally appeared in GREETINGS! TO THE WORLD'S FAIR SCIENCE-FICTION CONVENTION, New York City, 1939. The article is reprinted in its entirity, typos, and all.

VAN HOUTEN SAYS...

Well, here we all are, a bunch of scientifictional nuts (fans to the uninitiated) together again for the fourth time, with the same objects in view, and the same effulgent noses to light our way to them. The science-fiction circus is in here, Grerter New York is just outside, and the World's Fair is out on the Flushing dumps so don't start a Tong war with your friends about where to go for a good time.

The more ads you see in his part of the country, the more painfully familiar you become with the trylon and perisphere. Perish the thought, but some say that this motif was suggested by half a man!

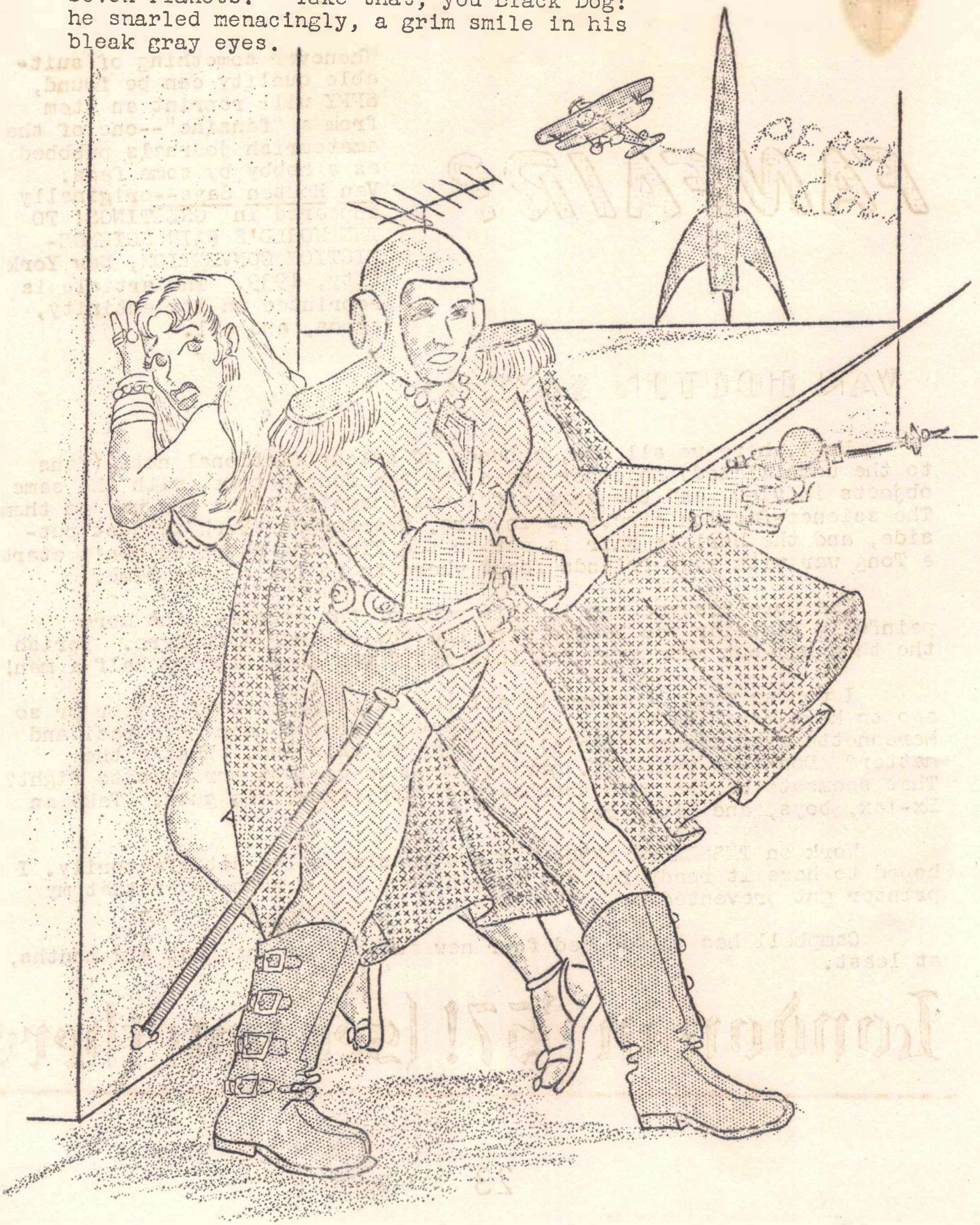
I wonder what happened to all the feiry resolve of a year or so ago to have more and better scientifiction movies made? Taurasi and Marconette even issued special fan mags to this end. What's the matter? Don't we want stf. movies, or have we lost our guts to fight? That seems to be the main trouble with stf. fans. No guts. Take an Ex-lax, boys, and let,s go!

Work on TESSERACT ANNUAL is progressing quite satisfactorily. I hoped to have it ready for the convention, but a rush order that my printer got prevented me. It will only be a month or so ---

Campbell has introduced four new authors in the last six months, at least.

London in '57! (See you there)

Sword in hand, Floyd faced the Scourge of Seven Planets. "Take that, you Black Dog!" he snarled menacingly, a grim smile in his bleak gray eyes.



His life, his world, his marbles--all were gone, vanished down the swirling drain of yesterday-glutted eternity. Disowned by civilization, branded an outlaw by the Galactic FFF, he flew alone to meet the blaster-bristling armade of the whip-wielding warlords--in an Italian racing red Sopwith Camel???

!NISSASSA

NALRAH NOSILLE

CHAPTER ONE

Sex-Goddess of the Slug Invaders

I struck without warning!

"Aaaaaarghhh!" he aaaaaaarghhhed, falling amidst his own blood and gore. I couldn't watch it. He'd been a traitor and a murderer, a rapist and a vandal, a mud-and-blood spattered remnant of Delpheron's rabble-horde, but I couldn't stand seeing all that blood and gore going to waste.

I ran to get my spoon.

CHAPTER TWO

Death's Horny Alabaster Hands*

She sinuoued toward me sinuously. Her white belly with the emerald stuck in the valley of her navel (screwed counter-clockwise,

* !!! optional

I was perceptive enough to notice) undulating at me undulatingly. I was enthralled. She was death, death incarnate and her hands were filled with the plague-spore of Zathutapek, but I had to have her. She was just what I needed. She was tall, and lithe, long-legged and huge-breasted, ripe-mouthed and hip-switching. She was everything I needed, incarnate. She was the woman they wanted for the cover illustration.

But I knew she had lured Curla, Shempp and Mowah to their deaths, and the hate surged up in me like a sinkful of Joy. I wanted to kill her. She came toward me, huskily whispering love-words of the Cootsalinga mating ceremony.

Then, just at the last possible second before her lips met mine, she whipped out a vicious little deeler and thrust the beast at my throat. The fangs and claws of the Mercurian devil-beast raked my face, and I felt the poison surging through me.

Damn, screwed up again!

CHAPTER THREE

Aiee, for The Horror-Horde's Lust

They came streaming across the blood-red plain. Their battle flags massed and messed. Massed against the mess of moss that milled and flossed underfoot. But the mess of moss mockingly melted before their might as the moss medsed itself into a mass of miserly messed massed mosses moss.

I was clearly too late for me to do anything but save Rappy. I looked up at the dark tower behind me. I shifted my electro-sword to my free hand--my one good, remaining hand, and called out the code phrase.

"Rappy! Rappy, let loose! Let fly, Baby!"

But they were the wrong words. That was not the code phrase. No one came to the high, lone window of the dark tower. No one, not the face of my beloved.

Just as the armada of Belthagor-Schwartz overwhelmed me, I remembered...remembered, and even under the onslaught of that messed and massed miserable melting misty moss massed undermined and molded mosses mastered and malignant moss, I remembered, and screamed out, brandishing my Marlon.

My Marlon Brandishing.

I screamed it again, this time the proper code-phrase:

"Rapunzel, Rapunzel, let down ya fraykin' top-knot, I'm gettin' the hell beat outta me!"

But it was too late. They were upon me. Miss mass moss moose meese mice miss mass moo mee mi...

Glub!

CHAPTER FOUR

Incident on a Country Road

Where had they gone in the darkness? Where had they gone with the square of light and the flickering words? Where had they gone with the faces and the legs of the silent and the spoken? What had happened to the massed moose of the...no, that was last chapter... where had the man with the strange hat and the cry of, "Wanna theese dayz...povah! Rite inna kizzr!" gone? Where had everything gone? Why was it so dark, with a darkling dark darkness that superseded mere darkness? Why had my enjoyment and my Reality been taken from me this way? Why had the darkness encroached, and for Christ's sake awreddy, where had everything gone?

Why was it dark?

Simple: I'd switched off the TV.

CHAPTER FIVE

The Devil Bat's Mother-In-Law

I knew she was an esper the moment I saw her tennae quivering in the evening breeze. She stood high on the hill, overlooking the spaceport, watching the evening sky from the hill overlooking the spaceport as the evening closed down like a lid on the hill overlooking the spaceport. That evening. The hill, that is. The one that overlooks the, uh, yeah, the spaceport. The hill. Overlooks. Port. She was looking see. Over the spaceport that evening, while the lid of the evening evened the lid that closed down across the... oh hell!

She was an esper, because I heard her thoughts running to and fro in my head...

4 - Nosille-?

Why be half-safe? Be completely safe! Protect yourself from fallout, remain dainty, retain your hair, stave off those annoying extra limbs and twin heads...
Smoke Zygote! Tastes good...like a spermatazoa should!

I hated to do it, but I planted the shell just at the lip of the hill, right at her feet. It blew the goddamed lid off the evening.

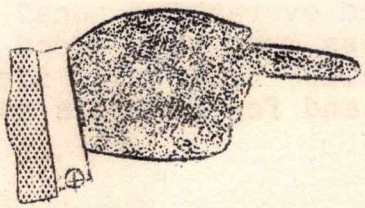
Overlooking the you-know-what.

to be continued

Part Two: The Onslaught from Yog-sothoth-on-the-Thames-By-The-Stream
DON'T MISS IT!

--Harlan Ellison Oct 56

* *



THIS issue of SFFY was cut on a mature IBM electric, on the following brands of stencils: ABDick 1160, 1260, and 1360; Speedoprint Soverign 850; Drytype Indestructable; Bohn Duplicator Corp.; Allied; and Heyer Letter-graph 2103-P"for mimeograph". These stencils consumed a quantity of ABDick correction fluid, and an entire bottle of Speed-o-print correction fluid (which didn't begin to cover all the errors. It is duplicated on Exact Mimeo (Wassau) 8½x11 Sub 20, with a Speed-O-Print model L. Data on the color work is not available at this time, as the ink we ordered hasn't come yet. If there is no color, now you know why. (Of the above-mentioned stancils, the Heyers seem to be most satisfactory.)

- -

ENEY for TAFF!
He's a Solid Citizen!

- -

Andy Young

absolute zero leaves me cold

If there is one thing that will turn me against a science-fiction story in the twinkling of an eyelast, it is the mention of "the absolute zero of outer space". I guess this must be my pettest peeve in science-fiction. I can take hyperspace and faster-than-light travel without a murmur, partly because I don't expect every author to have a good knowledge of relativistic mechanics, and partly because I accept it in the realm of science-fantasy--temporarily suspending disbelief as is necessary with dragons and witches. But the Absolute Zero of Outer Space simply does me in. It is just too contradictory' it not only goes against a vast body of esoteric laboratory experimentation, it is opposed to the simplest sort of physical experience. The most rudimentary reflection is necessary to show that the idea is an absurdity, and a little more sophisticated thought confirms this.

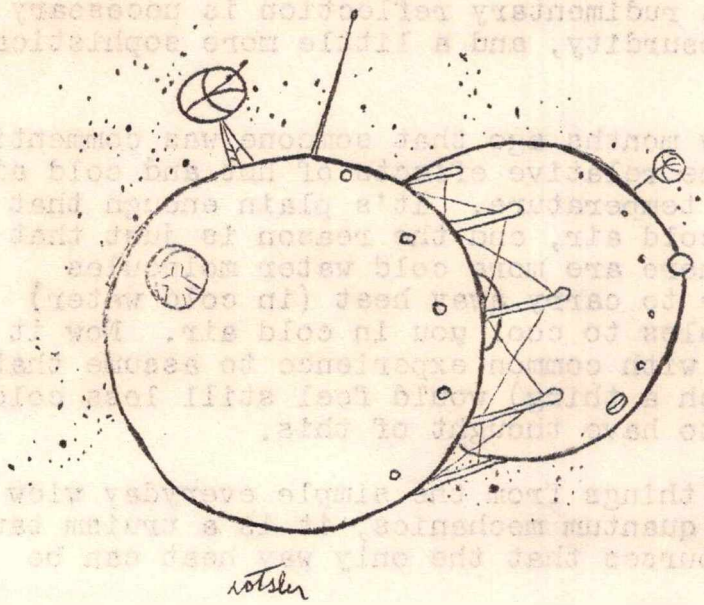
It was just a few months ago that someone was commenting in a fanzine (Wendigo 9) on the relative effects of hot and cold air and water on the sensation of temperature. It's plain enough that cold water feels colder than cold air, and the reason is just that water is denser than air so there are more cold water molecules sitting next to your warm hide to carry away heat (in cold water) than there are cold air molecules to cool you in cold air. Now it would certainly be consistant with common experience to assume that a cold vacuum (if there is such a thing) would feel still less cold than cold air. Nobody seems to have thought of this.

Still looking at things from the simple everyday view and not bringing in atoms and quantum mechanics, it is a truism taught in most high-school science courses that the only way heat can be

transferred through a vacuum is by radiation. How you think all that heat gets here from the sun, hey? Radiation. Now it is also pretty common knowledge that hot bodies radiate more than cold ones, and that every object warmer than absolute zero radiates at least a little heat. If you have any sort of solid object that either rotates fast enough or is small enough to have a reasonably uniform temperature sitting out in space, it will eventually come to a temperature where it radiates heat at the same rate it received it. At the earth's distance from the sun, this equilibrium temperature is near the freezing point of water. (Freshly fallen meteorites are about the temperature of ice.) Pretty warm compared to Absolute Zero, hmmm? Even way out in interstellar space the energy received from starlight is enough to keep a lump of rock or metal several degrees above absolute zero.

The point I wish to make is that empty space just does not have the property of temperature. That attribute belongs exclusively to matter, not space. Since space is neither cold nor hot, it can't cool or heat a spaceship. Let's keep radiative equilibrium in mind, please.

But there is a further interesting point to be made: matter doesn't always have a temperature either! In the simplest theory of heat, thermodynamics, temperature is defined only in an equilibrium condition. More advanced theories such as statistical mechanics show that we cannot measure a unique temperature unless conditions are very nearly in equilibrium; if things are changing rapidly or if the gas molecules have not collided with each other often enough after a change to spread out the thermal energy among them, a piece of matter may not have a temperature at all.



This condition is met with sometimes in astronomy, particularly in the stars. There are various ways of measuring the "temperature" of a star, and they usually give different results. For the sun we have temperatures ranging from about 4200°K on up. I find an excitation temperature of 4500°K, effective temperature 5785°K, color temperatures from 5800° to 7500°, and brightness temperatures from 5910° to 6480°. Hot, isn't it?

You can even have two things in close contact and still have them permanently at different temperatures; oddly enough, this can happen out there where the ol' Absolute Zero thing is supposed to crop up. For example, you can have a cloud of gas and dust in which the dust grains have a temperature a few degrees above absolute zero and the gas has a temperature of a hundred degrees above absolute zero. How come? Well, the dust grains can cool off until they come into radiative equilibrium with starlight, but the gas atoms can only cool off by striking the cool dust particles. Because the gas and dust are so dilute, the gas atoms pick up energy from the starlight fairly rasily but only rarely get a chance to unload it on the dust. So the gas is always hotter than the dust.

On the other hand, there are regions around certain hot stars in which the gas is heated (by ultraviolet light from the star) to several thousand degrees' but the gas still stays fairly cold. I have heard that someone once wrote a science-fiction story about a spaceship that was sent <u>into</u> a red giant star; these objects are less dense than the best laboratory vacuum so the only heating the ship would get would be by radiation. It may be possible to send a cold spaceship into a fairly hot star for a short while without heating the ship up very much, though I wouldn't want to spend my life inside any star.

An interesting sidelight on the matter of the absolute zero of you-know-where is the time it takes for an object to cool off by radiation. A copper sphere one foot in diameter, if coated with a <u>perfectly</u> black coating, will cool by radiation into empty spacein six minutes and twenty seconds at room temperature. But as it cools, the rate of cooling decreases; it will take nineteen and a half days to reach -196°C (77° above absolute zero) and one year and twenty-two days to cool from there to -253°C (20° Absolute) at which point it takes seven and a half days to cool one degree. But this is all assuming the sphere to be perfectly black; actually it will cool much slower than this and a polished copper sphere will take about a hundred times as long to cool because it is a poor radiator. This should discourage Hugo Gernsback and his eager-beaver followers who have recently proposed and patented devices which would use Absolute Zeero of Outer Space to make electrical equipment superconductive. It takes decades for an object of any size to cool in outer space, even down to 20° above absolute zero; and superconductivity does not show up until still lower temperatures are reached, as low as two or three degrees above zero in many cases. I can see Hugo & Co. sitting around for years waiting for their little robot to cool off and start working; finally they alldie off, and their grandchildren collect the royalties. If the thing hasn't been destroyed by a meteor by that time.

Foosh on the Absolute Zero of O.S. Like I say, it leaves me cold.

---Andy Young

GO, FAN, GO

a perforated poem

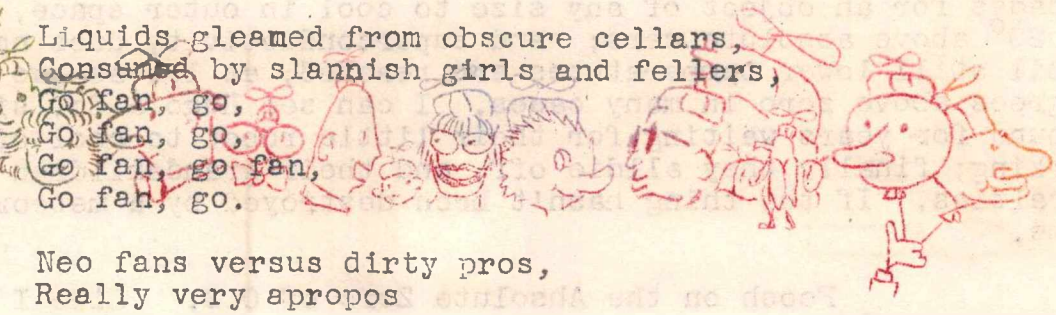
Drunks are reeling in the halls,
Writing lyrics on the walls,
Go fan, go,
Go fan, go,
Go fan, go fan,
Go fan, go.

Raucaus laughter in the rooms,
Fannish babes with big bosooms,
Go fan, go,
Go fan, go,
Go fan, Go fan,
Go fan, go.

Neofans and old ones too
Shout the praise of the Ghreat Ghod Ghu,
Go fan, go,
Go fan, go,
Go fan, Go fan,
Go fan, go.

Fanzines littered on the floor,
Burn them all, make room for more,
Go fan, go,
Go fan, go,
Go fan, go fan,
Go fan, go.

Liquids gleamed from obscure cellars,
Consumed by slannish girls and fellers,
Go fan, go,
Go fan, go,
Go fan, go fan,
Go fan, go.



Neo fans versus dirty pros,
Really very apropos
Go fan, go,
Go fan, go,
Go fan, go fan,
Go fan, go.

Robert Bloch and Wilson Tucker
Both look like old Mother Smucher,
Go fan, go,
Go fan, go,
Go fan, go fan,
Go fan, go.

Wilson Tucker and Robert Bloch,
With no babes, what rotten loch,
To fan, go,
Go fan,go,
Go fan, go fan,
Go fan, go.

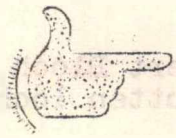
Fans are sleeping in the bed,
The overflow are in the head,
Go fan, go,
Go fan, go,
Go fan, go fan,
Go fan, go.

Fans with arms and legs akimbo,
Srift into a sleepers limbo.
Go fan, go,
Go fan, go,
Go fan, go fan,
Go, fan, go.

So I sand my fannish lyrics,
Hope to leave you in hysterics.
Go fan, go,
Go fan, go,
Go fan, go fan,
Go fan, go!

-Walt Liebscher
Sept 1956

TROUBLE BREWING



john berry

I've just had a brilliant idea.

I have noticed in my detailed perusal of fanzines that an element of fan-feuding is nearly always gently simmering underneath the surface, particularly, if I may say so, in the American fanzines. My onw feeling on the subject is that one is apt to rush into cold print, in the heat of the moment, nasty, vindicitive things which, on later consideration (when the fanzine is circulating) one regrets. Personally, I have made a vow never to indulge in a fannish feud, however great the provocation. But if a situation does arise when I have a serious fannish quarrel on my hands, I have found the answer.

I shall challange the other party to a tea-drinking duel.

A great deal of thought has gone into this startling statement, and I propose to show here and now, in detail, the basic ritual that all Tea Drinking Duellists (henceforth known as the Tee-Dees) should be guided by. It is natural to expect that etiquette is bound to vary slightly in different countries, and I hope that readers in, say, Japen or Peru or Norway will amend their code accordingly. There is no need to apply to me for permission to alter the undermentioned rules...just use common sense, and allow local customs to determine detailed amendments. My one stipulation is that, if by some mischance, tea is not recognized as the national drink, or perhaps is not available, ONLY A NON-INTOXICATING LIQUID IS TO BE USED.

As long as this is understood, and appreciated, I feel that readers are now ready to start basic Tee-Dee instruction.

TAKE A TYPICAL FANNISH INCIDENT:

For example, let us suppose you have published a new fanzine called BEMULA. You eagerly scan the pages of various fanzines to whom you have sent copies for comment. In Coo you see:

BEMULA: This first issue is one of the most cruddy efforts it has ever been my misfortune to read. Not only is the printing illegible, more, it is unreadable. The illo's have obvicusly been done with a knife and fork, and in my opinion, the fan-ed should go away and commit Hari-Kari...at least.

Now,you don't like this. BEMULA is your brainchild. You have lavished care and money on it. The response is obvious. You rush out BEMULA 2 and say something like this:

COO: The most insipid production I have ever seen. If the fan-ed has to use toilet paper, he should at least remove the perforated edging. The material is utterly obnoxious, obviously written by a gang of fumbling cretins.

As you see, readers, we now have a feud on our hands, a feud that will get even more biting and vindicitive as time passes by. However, bear in mind that if the parties had originally conducted themselves in their arguements as Tee-Dees, not only would fandom as a whole, benefit by not having to read the viscous dribble of bad-tempered fan-eds,but, after memories of the duel had elapsed nothing tangible could ever be produced to fan the dying embers.

The first step in this entirely SPORTING was of fannish duelling is:

THE CHALLANGE:

In England, in days of yore, when King Arthur was working on his round table, knights, anxious to duel, as was then the custom, slapped each other across the face with a chain-mail gauntlet. This is entirely unsatisfactory because chain-mail gauntlets are collectors pieces, and thus would be almost impossible for fans to obtain. To conserve, in some small way, this ancient custom, I have worked out a classical refinement.

To instigate a Tee-Dee duel, you slap your opponent across the face with a wet tea-bag...and then, with a flourish, throw it at his feet, taking care not to drop it on your own shoes. You will agree that there is something poetic about this...some-

thing that will appeal to the deep and fine fannish instincts of your victim. If he accepts the challenge, as he undoubtedly will, the correct proceedure for him to adopt is to whirl the tea-bag three times around his head, and bring it down on the crown of your head with as much force as possible. This leads directly to

PRE-DEULLING PROCEEDURE

The two protagonists now chose two seconds each. I would suggest that one second, at least, should be well skilled in the now neglected art of spoon control, although if both prove so dexterous, all the better, because if the duel gets really grim and the 10 cup stage is reached, active spooning is essential for final triumph.

The umpire is chosen from the panel of four appended below. These gentlemen are Certified Tee-Dee Umpires, and no duel is legal without one of them in attendence. Expenses only are payable, although there is no objection to the winner passing a hat around the spectators, should there be any. And the Umpires are all allpwed to receive a cup to tea after the proceedings.

Compleat list of Officially Certified Tee-Dee Umpires.

Mr Forry Ackerman.	USA
Mr Robert Bloch.	USA
Mr George Charters.	Great Britain and Northern Ireland
Mr Paul Enever.	Great Britain and Northern Ireland

DUTIES OF UMPIRES

a. To arrange a time and place for the contest to take place under their personal supervision.
b. To take charge of the tea-urn at the scene and supervise the preparation of the brew.
c. To ensure that each cup reaches the duelist with the tea content exactly level with the Tee-Dee line.
d. To keep official tabulation of the number of cups consumed by each duellist.
e. To announce the winner.
f. To control the rush to the toilet.

NOTE: The umpire is in complete charge of proceeding from the tea-bag-slapping stage, until such time as the winner is officially declared. His powers are wide...he may delegate the brand of tea to be used...he may order the milk to be in bottles or tines (or cartons)...etc...etc. The only standard item of equipment is the cup, samples of which can be obtained from me at wholesale prices.

DUELLING ETTIQUETTE:

Generally, with the offical umpire in attendance, nothing can go wrong, as the umpires are chosen for their worldly knowledge, age, and sense of fair play. Again, good manners in the arena will tend to keep down any incident. From past experience, however, it has been found necessary to make a few standing rules, which must be rigidly adhered to:

a. If the opponents are fan-eds, it is considered bad taste to flaunt copies of their fanzines. The diverse reasons are obvious.

b. Notices announcing that WILLIS IS GHOD may be exhibited behind the tea-urn, or in a neutral area.

c. Quote cards and fotos of Bob Tucker admissable by discretion of the umpire.

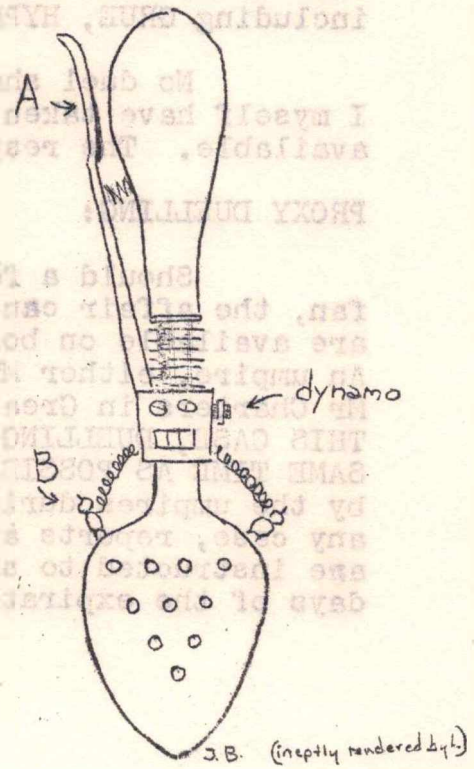
CONTEST PROCEDURE:

The opponents should not be introduced, but should each be brought forward seperately to the umpire. The umpire will present a box of spoons for the duellists to select their own choice.

For myself, I never enter the arena without chosing a L. Shaw Mark III (shown here) which Mr. Shaw first introduced at a tea-drinking bout I had with him in Belfast in 1956 (under the auspices of Mr George Charters.)

Briefly, the spoon has its own built-in heat generator, the dynamo of which is worked by pressure on the lever (A), which is pinioned onto a delicate spring. The idea is that the heat emitted by the transistors (B) turn the stirred tea into steam AFTER the full cup has been checked by the umpire. This, in effect, means that the quantity of tea so evaporated lessens the amount the duelist has to drink, thus making his overall task the easier. A L. Shaw Mark III, worked by an expert, is guaranteed to evaporate at least 20% of the liquid content.

Conversation by Duellists is not allowed, although spectators and cheer leaders are permissable.



L. SHAW Mk III

(Patent Applied For)

CONCLUDING MOMENTS OF THE DUEL:

A basic facet of the Tee-Dee duel is that at no time during the actual combat is either of the contestants allowed to leave the field of honor, FOR ANY PURPOSE WHATSOEVER. A restroom should be located within the immediate vicinity of the field in case of emergency, but for either contestent to even glance in that direction is practically an admission of failure.

No time limit is in force. The winner is the individual who can consume the highest total of loaded cups without having to leave the table, Tea is carried to each duellist by an opposing second, to see that a percentage of the liquid is not slopped away en route.

POST-DUELLING DEMEANOR:

When officially notified, the winner stands up (if able) and partakes of the LAP OF HONOUR. He may of course visit the toilet before doing so, but it is generally recognized as a symbol of perfect bladder control (a feat of Master Duellsmanship) if the trip is left until after the LAP.

The umpire submits a report of each contest to the Tee-Dee Federation (Membership of the Federation detailed in Schedule 2) who will order that the result be published in any six fanzines, but including GRUE, HYPHEN and BIPED.

No duel shall end in a draw. In previous contests in which I myself have taken part as a contestent, insufficient milk has been available. The responsibility for this is that of the umpire.

PROXY DUELLING:

Should a feud exist between, say, a British and an American fan, the affair can be handled by proxy. Special Tea-Bag Slappers are available on both sides of the Atlantic to handle the challange. An umpire, either Mr Ackerman or Mr Bloch in America, or Mr Enever or Mr Charters in Great Britain, handle their respective duellist. IN THIS CASE, DUELLING SHALL TAKE PLACE ON THE SAME DAY, AS NEAR THE SAME TIME AS POSSIBLE. (If cable or radio contact can be maintained by the umpires during the duel, this is doubly advantageous). In any case, reports are submitted in triplicate to the Federation who are instructed to send out a one-shot, giving the result, within 21 days of the expiration of the contest.

SCHEDULE 1:

TEA DRINKING CHAMPIONS FOR 1956

1st. Mr John Edward Berry	Ireland	11 cups.	Certified by Mr Charters
2nd. Mr Larry T Shaw	America	8½ cups.	Certified by Mr Charters
3rd. Mr Robert Shaw	Canada	8 cups.	Certified by Mr Charters

The next list will be issued in 1957.

SCHEDULE 2:

TEE-DEE DUELLING FEDERATION 1956

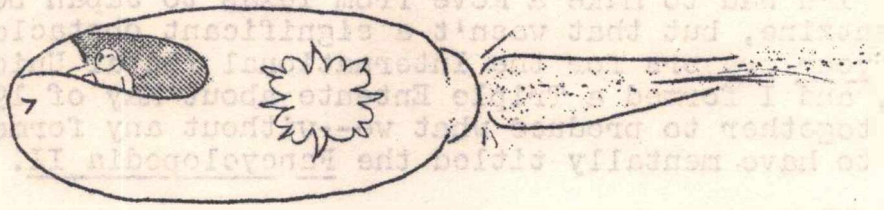
CHAIRMAN: Chick/Chuck Derry
VICE-PRESIDENT: Rev. Moorehead
SECRETARY: Stuart McKenzie

MEMBERSHIP: Nigel Lindsay
Zebediah Zyltch
Paul Cook
Pamela Bulmer
Norman G. Wansborough
Peggy White
Ray Palmer

APPENDIX:

Specially blended tea, eminently suitable for duelling, can be supplied at comparative prices by the firm I represent.

----John Berry
Autumn 1956



The best laid plans of mice and fen...

Fancyclopedia II: WHY THERE ISN'T ANY

-Richard Eney-

(It isn't Eney's fault)

It was in 1944 that Jack Speer, in his facet of fandom's answer to Oswald Spengler, wrote the Fancyclopedia and Ackerman & company published it. The Fancyc, as the name indicates, was a real encyclopedia of fandom; a worl covaring the 15 years of fannish existance in 100 mimeographed pages.

In 1953 neofan Richard Eney mentioned casually (in the course of describing life as a faaan in the Army) that he carried in the pocket of his lab jæket a notebook in which he was collecting subjects for a revised Fancyclopedia.

Linking these two events was the most tenuous of connections: I knew that Elder Ghod Speer had published a Fancyclopedia (Lee Hoffman had mentioned it), and I'd read Fanspeak. That was the foundation on which I planned to construct a NEW Fancyclopedia...

Happily the basis wasn't ricketty for long. It was in the November 1953 FAPA mailing that the article described in the second paragraph appeared, and in comments on it Walt Willis mentioned that he and Redd Boggs were also thinking of doing some work on a new Fancyclopedia. And that's what started the project I'm about to tell you of.

I'd had to make a move from Texas to Japan before I got WAW's commentzine, but that wasn't a significant obstacle. (Have you said your prayers for the International Postal Union today?) Walt, Redd, and I formed a Triple Entente about May of 1954; namely, to work together to produce what we--without any formal agreement--seem to have mentally titled the Fancyclopedia II.

With almost neofannish energy we had a rough plan for the preliminaries working; we circulated to each other lists of all the subjects we could think of, for each of us to collate and make a stab at defining. (I remember my list needed much pruning

necause I'd sent too many pro-type subjects as opposed to fan-type ones.) Presently there were five or six pages listing some of the things we thought should be included; in Minneapolis, Belfast, and the wilds of central Hokkaido diligent faaans began to set down their understanding of things fanatic...

The intended second step would have been for us to exchange, not subjects, but definitions with each other for mutual criticism and correction. I remember that I'd collected about half a foot of filing cards filled with mucho material--Japanese pens have wonderfully fine points; I bet I could've written the Lord's Prayer on the head on a penny as William Rotsler had suggested if an opportunity had arisen.

But collecting papers is one of the things that should not be planned on while in the Army. Toward the fall of 1954 the US Army was preparing to withdraw from Hokkaido, and the 8165th USAE, as the most northerly company-sized unit in Japan, naturally was included. In the course of preparing to move in the Army manner--"having a throw-away party", it;s called--I had to write out my definitions-thus-far and send them to Redd Boggs, then get rid of my indexed cards and file box. Sure enough, a week later we moved.

Three blocks down the street from our barracks to quarters in the hospital itself.

I wasted a bit of time cussing out the Army for this; shortly later I did have to move, and for a week was shuttling all over the Northern end of the Japanese Empire, winding up in the boondocks of upper Honshu. It took about a month to get back in touch...

Planning and work went on intermittently for the next six months at all three fannish hotbeds, and I think we were beginning to consider starting the definition-swapping phase of our work when, 15 June 1955, Redd laid a bomb:

"Frankly," he wrote Walt and myself,"to do the Fancyclopedia II as I think it ought to be done has been far beyond my present powers. Lack of time is a factor, but mingling with it is the matter of my philosophy as regards Fancyc...to do the job successfully would involve a tremendous lot of digging into old fanzine files. I've done some of this (digging)...

"Trouble is, while I'm involved in Fancyc, I hate to dispose of any fansines. Meantime my storage space gets more cramped day by day, and...we may move this summer or autumn. ((He did--RE)) If we do, I will have to get rid of a huge truckload of mags; no choice about it. When (my collection) goes, I will be deprived of my ability to research for Fancyclopedia as I desire to.

"Therefore, I have decided that the best thing for me to do is to withdraw from the project..."

Walt and I were a bit stunned by this development; aside from leaning on Redd as the keystone of the project, the man with more knowledge of archean Fandom than both of us put together, we fairly required somebody in the States with a permanent home on account of the difficulties of storage and mailing. Most of our information from others would be American in origin; having one foreign-addressed editor and one highly transient American address meant a deadly cramp in our style.

Actually, "deadly" wasn't the word we applied then; Redd's enforced withdrawal just put off the starting-date for our fresh plan till I could get back to the States.

For this was the scheme that was worked out to get the information Redd could no longer supply:

Walt and I planned to pre-publish bits of the planned Fancyclopedia II as appendices to our respective fanzines; in this section ("Work in Progress: Fancyclopedia II") we'd put disputed or incomplete definitions, and send it round--as a special variant edition--to the most likely BNFs currently active. Expectations: that they'd correct/enlarge on our work, thus producing, if slowly, the definitive information we wanted.

We've been preparing for this phase of the Fancyclopedia II project all this spring and summer of 1956. (That, believe it or not, is the real reason I got my dittograph ((down, Derry!))and that li'l card-size printing press.)

Meanwhile, in the 344th Chorp Dimension, They gathered their forces to strike. Just a few weeks ago I received this word from Walt--who, in cooperation with Madeleine, had had an infant earlier in the year:

"I'm afraid I won't be as much help as I'd like to be. You can call on me for anything in the way of information and I'll give it gladly if I have it to hand, but I'm afraid actual work is out for me for a good while yet..."

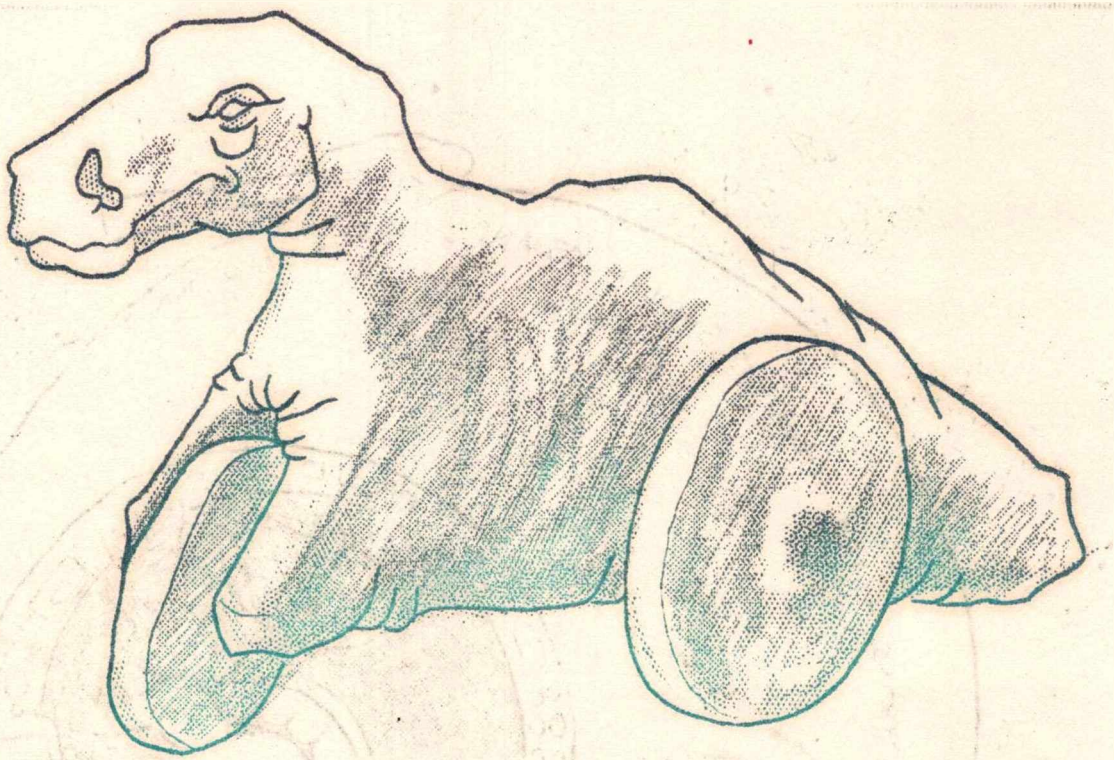
I think this pretty well paralyzes the second Fancyclopedia for the time being. I'm going to continue working on it, but you can guess the likelihood of my getting it done while going to college full time and working some of the spare.

And for the present this is what the Fancyclopedia II project has: a couple of feet of file cards, sixty-odd pages of notes and comments on subjects fannish not yet reduced to file form, and a mort of disappointed anticipations...

But damn, it would have been great if we could have swung it!

--Richard Eney
October 1956

The Wheeled Whollbies



In all of man's explorations in the vasthess of outer space, he has found only one wheeled life form, and that is the tricyclopedial reptilian called The Wheeled Whollbie of Watson's World.

# of Wilson's World

The planet called Wilson's World is an old one where the processes of time have worn its surface into one undulating plain, and the processes of evolution have developed its main life form, a reptile, into the only wheeled animal we have enoountered in all our interplanetary travels.

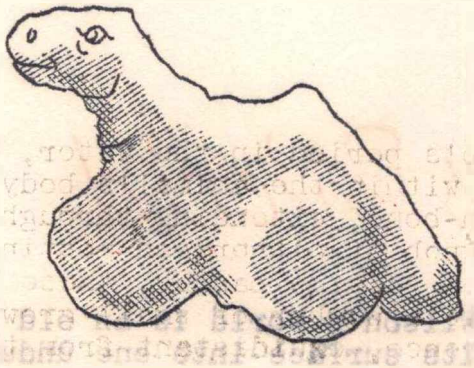
The Whollbie is a large three-wheeled animal, not unlike Terran reptiles in its nervous and cellular systems. A full grown male reaches a height of four feet six inches to the whithers, and is dark green or brown in color.

The young Whollbie is hatched from his leathery-shelled egg three weeks after the mother lays it in one of the many shallow pools that are found on Wilson's World The young Whollbie rests in the water, living on the algae that lines the bottom of the pool, for four months. During this time, his wheels develop, and when they are finally formed and operative, he rolls out of the water and begins life as a mobile animal, joining one of the many herds that roam over the prairies.

The most interesting feature of the Whollbie is the biological structure of its wheels.

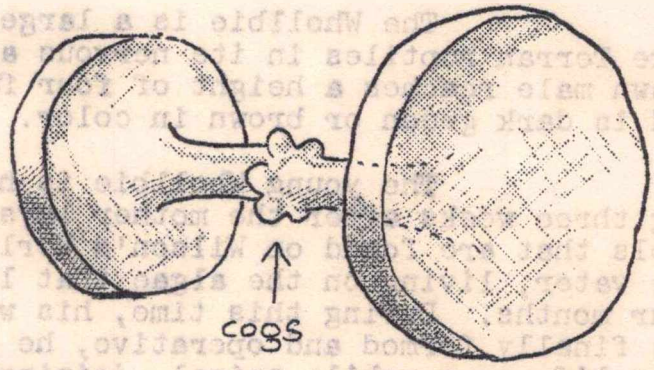
The forward wheel, which is used for steering, is not powered. It consists of a disk of bony substence, with a growth on either side located at the center of the disk and serving as an axle. These protuberances fit into sockets in either branch of a bifurcated appendage on the forepart of the animal. The Whollbie directs himself by turning this appendage in the same manner as a rider turning the fork-mounted forewheel of his bicycle. The growth and development of this wheel is biologically the same as that of the rear or power wheels.

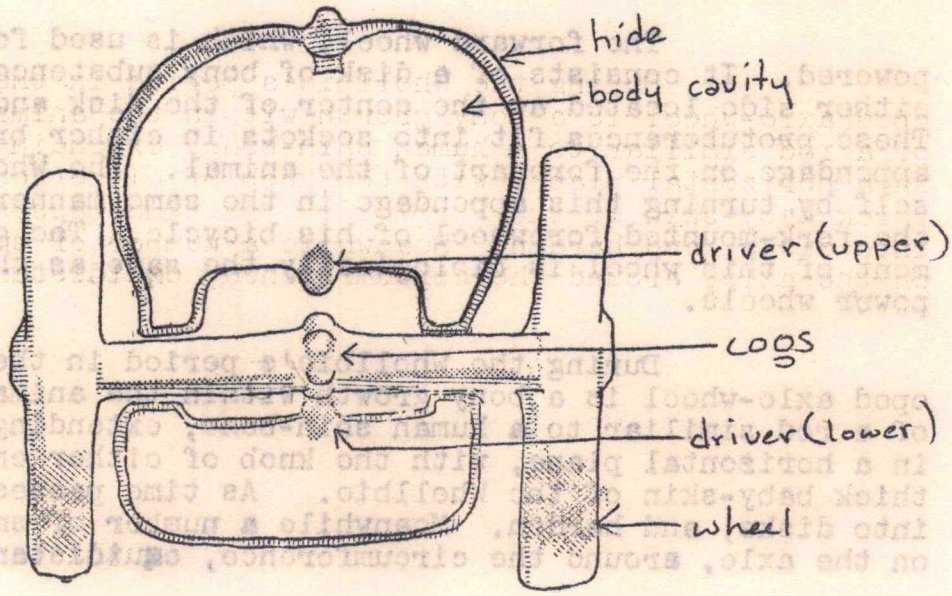
During the Whollbie's period in the water, the undeveloped axle-wheel is a bony growth within the animal's body. It consists of a rod similiar to a human shin-bone, extending through the barrel in a horizontal plane, with the knob of either end resting under the thick baby-skin of the Whollbie. As time passes, these knobs grow into disks, and harden. Meanwhile a number of small growths develop on the axle, around the circumference, equidistant from the disks.



Newly hatched Whollbie
with yet-unformed wheels
still under skin.

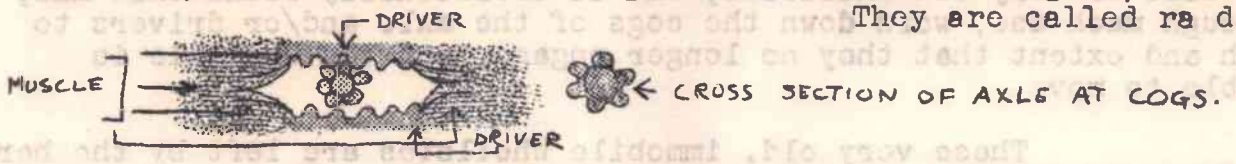
axle wheel growth,
with cogs fully
developed





CROSSECTION
OF ADULT
WHOLLBIE

These growths could be likened to the teeth of a gear, and are called cogs. Above and below the cogs, two new griwths develop. These are not attached to the axle but are formed indipendent of it, and lie with all but one face imbedded in the muscle tissue of the Whollbie. They are at right angles to the axle, one above and one below, as shown in the accompanying diagrams. These straight bony growths develop knobs similiar to the cogs on the axle, and in such a position that they will mest with the cogs in the mannor of a gear, thusly: They are called ra drivers.



The tissue which touches the bony growth of the axle. begins to change in the second month. The Whollbie sheds its leather-like baby skin, developing a harder, more scale-like coating at this time, and the new skin, instead of covering the wheel disks, join the tissue surrounding the axle, and hardens into a surface as tough as the axle itself. Thus there is a tube of hardened skin, expanded in the center and soffened to mobility to house the drivers and cogs, with the axle extended through it and a wheel on either side, the axle and wheels completely seperate from the body itself.

The drivers remain set in the flest of the Whollbie. On either end of each driver is a group of powerful muscles, connected in such a manner that the driver can be moved backward of forward with great force, and raised or lowered slightly. When the upper driver is lowered, it engages the cogs on the axle, and the lower driver automatically drops and disengages. The upper driver moves forward, turning the axle by gearing into the cogs, and the wheels turn, propelling the Whollbie forward. At the same time, the lower driver moves forward so that it is in position to engage the cogs as the upper driver is lifted. The lower driver is then pulled backward, turning the cogs, continuing the motion initiated by the upper driver. The direction of force can be reversed in order to propell the Whollbie backward, although they do not care for this direction of motion, as steering is awkward.

The action of the drivers is continuous, thereby keeping the wheels powered at all times, if the Whollbie so desires. The muscular contractions which control the drivers are as simple and easy for the Whollbie as are those which propell the human in the process of walking. And the Whollbie has the advantage of instinctive control, without the necessity of learning, such as the human must learn to walk.

The Whollbie's front wheel grows in much the same manner

as the rear wheels. The same form of hardened skin which form the tube in which the rear axle rides, forms the sockets in which the axle of the forewheel sits. This skin is spotted with ducts from oil glands which keep the axles lubricated. One of the infirmities of old age among the Whollbies is the drying up of these glands, and subsequent loss of mobility on the part of the aged Whollbie. In the case of very old Whollbies, one is occasionally found that has, through much use, worn down the cogs of the axle and/or drivers to such and extent that they no longer engage, and the Whollbie is unable to move.

These very old, immobile Whollbies are left by the herd as it moves on, and a small group of young healthy Whollbies remain with it, in attendance to its needs, until it is dead. Then the young Whollbies move on in a group, never rejoining their original herd, but existing as an indepentant manada.

The bones of the dead Whollbie have an enduring quality. Of a naturally solid substence, exposed only to the mild climate of Wilson's World, these skeletons last indefinitely. They are much sought after by collectors of curiosities and are quite valuable in their complete form. They are often made into tea trays, coffee carts, etc., by functionalists.

Unfortunately, during the early days of the colonization of Wilson's World, before the commercial value of the skeletons was discovered, a great many were destroyed by rough usage. Early colonists used them as wheelbarrows, and children's kiddie kars.

--LeeH
Oct 1956

- -

Hans Santa Steffason

Unicorns & Books

In June, 1929, in the first issue of Science Wonder Stories, Hugo Gernsback, the editor of that revered and lamented publication, had this to say: "Taste in reading matter changes with each generation."

I quite sincerely hope I may be pardoned for my presumption if I (the editor of UNICORN STORIES) bring forth at this date my opinion that the time has come for--to borrow an unquestionably resounding phrase--an agonizing re-appraisal of the words of the renonwned Mr. Gernsback.

Let it be clearly understood that no detraction from the reputation of Mr. Gernsback is indicated or implied by my statements. True it is that Mr. Gernsback was the father of the science fiction field; no dishonor is inherently attached to my mild and modest whisper that science fiction as a genre was inevitable, and if Hugo hadn't invented it, someone else would have. I might have done it myself, given the time and opportunity.

Be that as it may, what does the dictionary (a book which has my whole-hearted recommendation--no true science fiction fan should be without one, or possibly even two) say about this word, "generation"? Bypassing the irrelevant definitions, the relevant one which remains (by a process of elimination, as detective story writers are so fond of saying) is simply this: "the age or average lifetime of a generation; term of years (commonly 30) accepted as the average difference of age between one generation of a family and the next."

Semantics aside for the moment (although, be it noted, only a language ineluctably bound up with the essential meaningness of meaning could possibly set semantics--the science of meaning--aside for even a moment), what does this mean? It means, and this may shock you, but, if you grant that Gernsback's words carried any weight whatever (and, as a science fiction reader, you must by definition grant the proposition that Gernsback's words carried some weight, although of course exactly how much weight they carried for any individual is an entirely individual, i.e., personal, proposition), you must admit that a generation has almost come and gone since Mr. Gernsback wrote (or published, anyway) these words.

In other words, reading tastes are about to undergo another change. In June, 1959, to be exact. In that month, science fiction will disappear completely. Unless Mr. Gernsback was wrong. And how could Mr. Gernsback have been wrong, when he is said to have been the father of science fiction?

In any event, no new books were published this month.

--lts

Letter Column

TACKY BRASS

"So Say You"

Dear Editor:

Chances are you won't print this, as I am a comparative newcomer to the ranks of fandom, but I feel compelled to write anyway.

You will probably sneer and say that these words represent the vapid outpourings of a green "Neofan" in search of "Egoboo" -- and it is true that I am, to continue to use the currently stylish phraseology, a "Neofan". However, I would like to point out that I have been reading Science Fiction since the days of Mr Hugo Gernsback's late lamented (and never satidfactorily replaced) Electrical Experimenter. I can also claim some slight knowledge of basic science, being as I am employed in a responsible position in the frozen food industry. I might also point out, albeit with a slight trace of facetiousness, that I am, by your own self-admitted standards, completely sane, since I scored an absolute zero on the "Are YOU Sane?" test in the first issue of Science-Fiction Five-Yearly (having been unable to give an unqualified yes or no answer to any of the questions contained therein.)

But enough of my own qualifications. Suffice to say that I feel completely competent to criticise there little fanzines that you and others produce so voluminously and, apparently, so thoughtlessly.

I was not, of course, on your original mailing list to receive Science-Fiction Five-Yearly. However, I recently saw a copy at the home of a friend of mine who happens to be a "BNF" and who showed it to me as one of the better examples of what has been done in the "fanzine" field. Perhaps, indeed, it is one of the better examples. If so, I have no desire to see the worst.

I will not go into detail on the puerile contents, since it is fairly obvious that none of the contributors are over 12 years old, and I have no desire to damage their just-awakened and scarecely-dry-behind-the-ears psyches. One conclusion, however, simply cries out to be stated.

I do not think that anyone woll dispute that the greatest need in "fandom" today is for more organization: more discipline, more thoughtfully planned and judiciously directed striving towards a common goal, less helter-skelter dashing odd in all directions at once, less frivolity--and less deliberate sabotage of the vital campaign to make science fiction a respected literary field in the eyes of the general public. (Understand, I do not say that you are a deliberate saboteur. I do not know you well enough to judge your motives. But if you are not a del8berate saboteur, I am perfectly willing to give you the opportunity to prove it to me, thought of course I doubt that you will be able to do so.)

There are, it is clear, two well-defined factions in "Fandom" today. One is good, right-thinking, constructive. The other does nothing but tear down the good work accomplished by the first. And you, whether deliberately or not, have chosen to cast your lot with the members of the second faction.

Your defection is so blantant that I was able to form this judgement as soon as I read the title of your "fanzine"!

Your title, in case you have forgotten, is Science-Fiction Five-Yearly. I see this as an unforgiveable sin. It may not matter to you--onlya serious student of these matters could conceivably care enough to make the distinction--but there is no such word as science-fiction.

There is no hyphen in science fiction!

I repeat, there is NO hyphen in science fiction.

Or, if you prefer, there is no HYPHEN in science fiction.

Inserting a hyphen in science fiction can only be construed as deliberate sabotage of abysmal ignorance.

You may dismiss this aa unimportant and trivial. I will only remind you that scinece fiction, no matter what else it is, is primarily words. To misuse words is to damage science fiction.

In hyphenation lies madness and suicide. De-hyphenate--or perish!

There can be no middle course!

Sincerely yours,
Walter A. Whistle
Gold Star Home for the Oblique
770 Carrickfungus Road
Moscow, Georgia

*
*
*But a lot of people like this feature, Walt, and knoiwing you for what you are, a generous, fair-minded, all-around good fellow, we're sure you'll go right on reading SCIENCE-FICTION FIVE-YEARLY, happy in the knowledge that others are happy, too. --ED.

- -

Dear Editor;

As a long-time reader of Science-Fiction Five-Yearly, I have always found it in a class by itself as far as scientific accuracy and stimulating speculative thinking are concerned. Therefore, I am somewhat puzzled as to why you have so far completely ignored the greatest development in science since the wire wheel: Hieronymus machines.

That important work is being done in this field is beyond dispute. I myself, for instance, have conducted experiments involving the use of a Hieronymus mimeograph. I cannot go into too much detail about this machine, as the Patent Office has stubbornly refused to issue me a patent on it so far. However, the general effects are startling, and unquestionably Psionic in nature.

What happens is this. I take a manuscript, stencil it, attach it to the machine and start printing it, always using Hammermill Bond paper, 20 lb grade, 8½x11. At a certain point in the run, the mimeo ink loses its tackiness entirely, and refuses to flow through the ink pad. By carefully noting how many copies have been run off at that point, I can tell what kind of typewriter the original manuscript was typed on! For instance, if the manuscript was typed on an Underwood Noiseless Office Machine, the ink stops

running after 13,146 copies have been run off. If the typewriter was an Olympia portable, the run ends at 43,253 copies, and so on.

This works perfectly for me every time. I have tried it with other people too, but for some reason it only seems to work if the operator of the mimeo is a virgin and over the age of 35.

The most startling discovery of all, perhaps, is that the process works whether or not I crank the mimeograph--but it does not work if there is no stencil on the machine.

If the results of similar experiments were collated and published, we'd really have something. I await your reply with great impatience.

Sincerely,
Randall Randall
Institute for Scientology, Inc.
Hood River, Oregon

*
*
*But a lot of people don't like this feature, Randy, and knowing you for what you are, a generous, fair-minded, all-around good fellow, we're sure you'll go right on reading SCIENCE-FICTION FIVE-YEARLY, happy in the knowledge that others are happy,too.
--ED.

- -

Dear Ed:

Your magazine stinks!

Yrs truly,

Edwin Seigler,III
1014 Tuchakoe Rd.
Putney-on-Toast, Ind.

*
*
*But a lot of people like this feature, Ed, and knowing you for what you are, a generous, fair-minded, all-around good fellow, we're sure you'll go right on reading SCIENCE-FICTION FIVE-YEARLY, happy in the knowledge that others are happy,too.
--ED.

THE ETHER JIGGLES

as the editor speaks

It is with deep pride and humility that we bring you this, our fifth-anniversary issue. It is the rare fanzine that reaches this ripe old age, and even rarer when one attains its fifth-anniversary issue without ever having been late with an issue.

Basking in the glory of our achievement, we bring you this special celebration issue, which is being given a limited circulation among FAPA, OMPA and a few special friends. It is priceless, despite the numeral on the cover, which is a c on-desoention to modern conventions.

While on the subject of conventions, we want to mention those other interesting publications, the prozines, and compliment them on their continued attempts to gain success in their chosen fields. Good Luck, Fellas! Stick with it, work hard, and don't be disappointed! You'll make it, if you try! (This goes double for those two stalwart editors who are already on Five-Yearly's mailing list. If the rest were as astute as you fellows, they might be better able to fill their mags with good material and make the grade in the commercial world.)

----The Editor
(Who prefers to remain nameless)
October 1956

Science fiction

five (5) yearly

"WHAT I WANT IS MORE LOGICAL SPACE OPERA FOR S.F. ADVENTURES!"