

# TRUFAN

Volume One . Number One

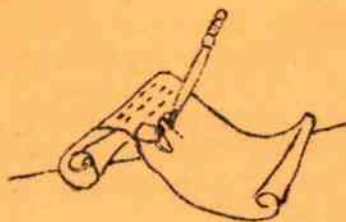
FEBRUARY '57

Edited and published by  
Ray C. Higgs, 813 Eastern  
Ave., Connersville, Ind.

For FAPA 78th Mailing.

An amateur science fic-  
tion publication.

AND ON THE  
OTHER HAND I  
HAVE FIVE  
FINGERS!!



R A C Y ' S    R A M B L I N ' S    -    -    -    -    -    By    Little    ray

I most humbly dedicate this issue of TRUFAN to Richard H. Eney, official editor of FAPA, and to all those lovely FAPAns who came forth with zines to make the 77th mailing one of the finest yet. Hats off to the following who made the mailing:

Eney	Labowitz	Warner
Tucker	Danner	Golding/T. Carr
Ashworth	Young	Evans
Ryan	Willis	Economou.
Coswal	Harness	Murdock
Share	Stewart	McPhail
Graham	Wensborough	Spöer
L. Shaw's	McCain	White
Silverberg	Higgs (that's me- hurrah, I made it!)	

and the following postmailers:

Ellis	Bradley & Boggs	G. Carr
	Martinez	

538 pages in the regular mailing, plus the postmailings is something not to be sneezed at, and frankly, every zine seemed to rate high. Hold your heads high, fellow FAPAns....we sure hit the jack pot. I'll make no attempt this ish to re-view the zines...because I couldn't give them the justice which they deserve.(I'm still hobbling around the house since my recent operation) but will do so come the next issue of TRUFAN, which I have adopted as my pep zine.I hope to do more publishing during 1957...and a lot more talking.

I'm almost attempted to squeeze in a few words concerning some of the zines in the 77th....take for instance...SCIENCE-FICTION FIVE-YEARLY, STELLAR, one/fourteen, NULL-F...gad, I'd like to receive zines like this every day....and we had many, many more grade-A zines in the mailing too! FAPA IS ON THE UP!

I have great hopes of putting out a special zine giving ego-boo to our mighty FAPA members- this to be dubbed FAPARADE which would consists of write-ups concerning YOU FAPAns, written by YOU FAPAns, giving yourself all the ego-boo and self praise your little hearts desire. No kiddin'- I would appreciate (and I beg) that each one of YOU write me a page or two concerning the inside of your FAPAlife...when did you join, what mags you publish, cons you have attended, what kind of equipment to print and publish do you have, did you ever win laureatte awards..for what, etc. You can go on and on giving info on yourself so as I can include your write-up in FAPARADE for 1956. Will you please do this for me, and as soon as possible. Also included in this FAPARADE will be the FAPA INDEX for 1956,listing all the zines, their contents, etc- this for mailings 74, 75, 76,77, all mailings of 1956. Now to make this issue of FAPARADE a triple-decker, I desire to include a LAUREATTE BROCHURE, which I hope to list laureatte winners for 1956 (chosen from the four mailings listed) THIS IS NOT TO BE CONFUSED WITH THE PRESENT FAPA POLL.For the Laureatte Brochure poll I would like to have the following info:

- 10 Top FAPAZines...which ish of each (in the 4 mailings) rates top.
- 10 Top Editors
- 10 Top Articles...in what zine and issue.
- 10 Top Artists..what zine, appearing in, page, etc.
- 10 Top Writers of Mailng Reviews.

(continued on bacover--inside page)

WHAT IS THIS THING CALLED  
FANTASY?

BY OLIVE MORGAN



Ask that question of any group, your answers will be as varied as the number of people present. Fantasy is more than a definition. Many have tried to pin fantasy down with words to find it had a way of slipping out of pinned position. It flits in lightning-bug fashion, throwing a gleam of light on this word, and a glimmer on that one. And fastens not upon a stable one. We have an old saw,--set a thief to catch a thief; perhaps we must set fantasy upon fantasy to trap it.

Our authority on words opens up some interesting avenues. Let's wander down a few of them. First we study street sign marked Fancied Image. In this expression one finds opportunity to attack any belief of man through all time! Each step forward along the line of march, was born in a plan, and the plan produced a fancied image. Was the first dream of the wheel a fantasy? Is the Deity we believe in fantasy? We want no more of this street...

The next street sign says, MENTAL REPRESENTATIONS. Now here should be scope wide enough to permit coherence,--of sorts. Wayside signboards in motion clutter roadsides along this way. Wonder of wonders! They are all in contemporary settings. Here is father looking at tiny bundle, his first born son. But over his head strides stalwart man who steps with joy of physical well being, eyes alight with honesty and enthusiasm. An aura of position and prestige surrounds him, as he walks along with the best of them. That will be the babe, man grown. Is this fantasy? It cannot be, for it is the dream of every parent; a mental representation of a dream.

Next comes picture where inventor works with model. Under his capable hand it has not yet reached workability, but with the mental representation of finished work before him, the hands do not hesitate. So it is builders from all of time, have built on mental representation as the initial concept. IS this fantasy? No conscious labor is performed without pattern of mental representation. The thought is sire to the deed, so man must dream. To apply fantasy here, we must make a blanket of it that covers the human race.

We set out on this mythical journey to run down fantasy, so that once cornered and caged, we might discriminately label it. Two streets of reality leave us empty handed although the words which define fantasy were pictured here in motion. Evidently fantasy cannot be separated from reality, when they go hand-in-hand, and we

must search in the land of make-believe.

This looks more like it. The Way is plainly marked by, -IMAGINATION. Ahead a viziscreen holds fantastic background, but we are dissappointed again. It is only a child at play! His surroundings are words he has picked out of reality, and dressed them in cloth of imagination; the normal result of child's creative mind, so commonplace and familiar we cannot accept it as road's end.

Motion ahead hurries us to stand before another screen. This one is almost a city block long. Two mortals rush about, with pre-occupied gleam of eye and certainty of motion that speaks of plan, as all that fantasy means to us grows before our eyes. Desert isle springs to be, by a few deft motions and some props which appear from nowhere in magical manner. Lurid green palms, with foliage unknown to earth, are pulled out of some dark cavern in the back, and even an oddly contorted creature which could only be a BEM, lolls lazily on the sands. Robots are moved into center stage, to await flipped switch. Excitedly we whisper to one another, "This MUST be fantasy, -truly born of imagination!" Our elation boomerangs when one of the busy mortals places placard in the foreground: -BUY YOUR VACATION CLOTHES AT SMOES!

This sudden transition from fantasy - shore to commercial-reality was the final blow. Our quest has been as illusionary as the streets we walked upon to find it. Fantasy cannot be found on either reality's amazing avenues, or imagination's exciting streets. It does not exist, except for a while in the heart and mind of those who's projections we watched. We have but one more way to search, and is it worth while? So it is we moan, as we sink exhausted and discouraged on a bench under some trees. Our gaze sweeps perplexedly over the signpost, with many stenciled fingers pointing the ways; some of them we have just now walked. We must be more spent than we realized, for our eyes are playing tricks. As we watch those pointing fingers they begin to writhe, as Medusa's hair-do of serpents must have wriggled and squirmed, to remain at last with every finger pointing down at us! And fantastically, from every finger end, invisible waves are striking into our beings and sweeping away shadows of misunderstanding.

Eureka! Now we know! Fantasy WAS there, it was in every scene we watched. But it lay so much a part of the projected person, we were blinded and confused. Fantasy is not a definition. It is not a substance you can separate and view materially; it is a component quality, triad of heart, mind and sight beyond ordinary vision! It is an essence which lets us project a part of us into time at our will, with elasticity of comprehension and adaptability of vision. There is but one lettering on the signpost now. It reads, -YOU--- AND POSSIBILITY.

Fantasy is not a word that can be defined. It is a state of being.





## THERE'S NO FORMULA FOR S-F

by JOE GIBSON

Today, there seems to be a wide-spread, general understanding that no editor could safely depend on merely what stories are submitted to him and still put out a magazine. He's got to have a complete layout of stories totalling just so many words for each and every issue- and he's got to have it complete before a specific deadline date when it has to go to the printers. Add to that that each issue needs a good lead story which will measure up with lead stories in previous issues and in the competitors' magazines. The editor's got to get this material somewhere, month after month. If he doesn't get it, he doesn't remain an editor for long. He can't always sit around waiting for it to come to him.

And it's especially true in times when the market is flooded with magazines, all of 'em vicing with each other for stories. Which beyond doubt explains how many of the readers know about it today. The beans are spilled. So we now know that quite a few s-f novels originated over a couple beers, that some big novels have been written as much by the editor as by the author; they'd get together and hash out the plot and characters and ideas, kicking it around until it shapes up as a good story-they hope.

A good writer is a craftsman with words, but with story-ideas he's a temperamental artist. He often needs help in jolting the shadow of an idea out of his subconscious catacombs and on to paper. Left to himself, he'd take a long time getting it out. An editor can't always wait that long. He's got a schedule to fill.

But under pressure, with a dozen editors demanding material, a writer's output can get ahead of his idea-hatching rate. He can run dry. Then you ask him for stories, try to get ideas out of him and kick 'em around, and there ain't nothin' there no more. What he writes comes out stale, a mere rehash of what he's already written.

And s-f stories can't be molded into a formula you can use for dozens of writers to bang out story after story. You know darn' well the western and detective fields got their boost up to general popularity that way, back in the prehistoric ages. Back in the boom of the 30's, the s-f mags tried it with the old thud-and-blunder formula and it didn't work; that boom fizzled, too. Science fiction just covers too much ground to lend itself readily to any formula.

If we're ever going to build the s-f field up to anything like the western and detective fields, it'll have to be done differently. Seems to me it'll have to be done slowly and gradually, with a long series of minor booms and recessions, persis-  
(turn two pages over)

# HOMECOMING

----- By V. LELA

The long grey space-ship neared the earth's atmosphere. The man at the controls, a tall, thin aging man, peered anxiously at the Viso-screen. He sank back into the control seat with a long drawn out sigh. He turned to his companion and said,

"Well, son, we'll be home soon."

The younger man looked at his father and then looked at the viso-screen for his first close view of his home planet Mars.

About twenty-five years ago a group of courageous men and women set out for the planet Mars to explore, establish a colony, and make scientific observations. The expedition was a complete success. Many problems arose and were solved sooner or later. The colony flourished and twenty-five years passed quickly. That was the period of time set for the return to the Mother planet Earth. The leader of the original expedition John Blaine and his son Rick were chosen to report to the World Government at New York City.

Now both father and son looked at the screen as the ship approached the city of New York.

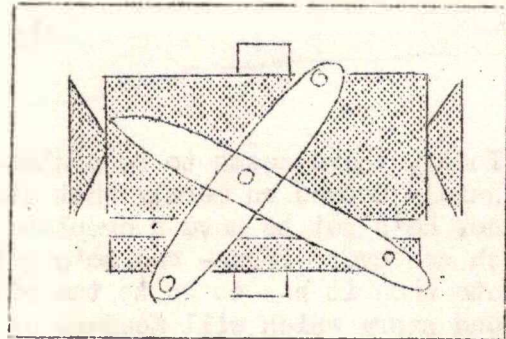
"Father!" exclaimed Rick, "look at those buildings, why they must be several stories high! How do people get about?"

The older man merely glanced at the tall structures and proceeded to tell his son about the "wonders" of the fair city of the world. Had he looked more closely he would have seen that many of the buildings were distorted in shape. Many of the windows were broken and the stones were crumbling away. Smaller buildings were ground into rubble. But he was anxious to land the ship safely and did not notice the apparent ruin of the city. His son did not see anything unusual in the destruction all about, not being earth born.

Finally the grey ship was brought to a landing and father and son stepped out on the earth. Strange, thought the older man, there should have been someone to knotic the arivel of the ship, but no one was about. The utter silence was almost deafening. He looked at his son and remarked that surely someone, anyone would have been here to greet us and obtain our report on the results of our expedition.

After a brief conference the two men decided to to take a small plane from the space ship and cruise around.

The ship flew to New York and there John Blaine saw the terrible destruction of



*Murray*

one of the fairest cities in the world. No where was there a sign of life. Only huge rats scuttled in and out of the buildings and seemed to have overrun everything. John and Rick Blaine traveled to other cities. Philadelphia, Washington, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Chicago, Los Angeles, San Francisco, and other smaller cities on their route. Everywhere were the same signs of destruction, and no life except ever present and nauseating rats.

The communication system was turned on but no answer was received to any of their queries. They returned to their space ship and flew to Europe in some faint hope that perhaps there might be someone who could explain the terrible thing that had happened. But in Europe the scenes were even more terrible and the rats seemed more huge and fierce. The only evidences of human life were moldering bones. They were picked clean. John Blaine shivered as he watched one of the rats approach a pile of bones and run off with what was once a human arm.

Slowly John and his son returned to the space ship. He adjusted the controls and the rockets of the ship roared and then settled down to a steady thum, thum, thum.

He looked at his son with tear-filled eyes and said,

"Come, Son, let's go home."

-----  
THERE'S NO FORMULA FOR S-F - (Continued)

tently and insidiously creeping into the public's minds as time goes by. I think that, as a branch of literature, it has something good to contribute to our technological civilization, perhaps comparable to the tolerance Sophism managed to generate in the Greek civilization. Science fiction embodies a considerable tolerance and preference for free-wheeling ideas, too. But we still live in a generation that felt the bottom had dropped out of their world when the A-bomb was announced. This is not a generation that will take readily to world-wrecking stories. They're a little too emotional about it just yet.

-----  
ROBERT BLOCH WRITES TO RACY

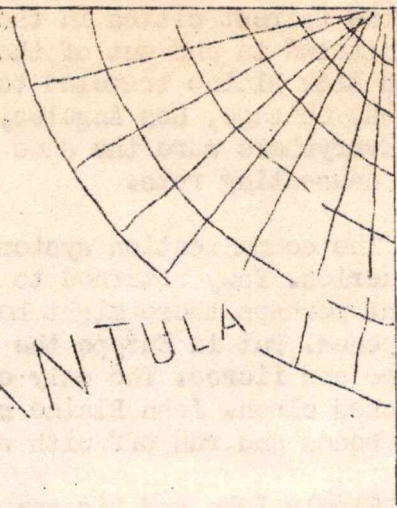
Just noted your FANTASY PSEUDONYMS in NYCON II MEMORY BOOK. Under my name you have Tarleton Fiske and Nathan Hinde (which is "Nathan Hindin" actually) and also Richard Martin. Where did you get this from? I not only have never used this pseudonym; I've never even heard the name before. So I'm curious about it. What's the story?

Best,  
Robert Bloch

Ed note) The Pseudonyms were sent to me for publishing and were used 'as were'. Glad you wrote in for a correction. I wish more folks would do this when and if mistakes are made in their pseudonyms. That would make for better up to date lists- so if U see mistakes, by all means send me the corrections. Additions and corrections will be accepted....let's keep the Pseudonyms up-to-date-and correct in every way. All you folks collecting and using pseudonyms list, please make the correction concerning Mr. Bloch.

Many, many thanks Bob for writing us. We would appreciate it very much if others seeing mistakes would do likewise.

Yurs,  
Racy Higgs



# ARANTULA II

## BEMS INC. - - - A Movie Review

The other day when I had nothing else to do besides write letters (which becomes very boring at times), Jim and I decided to take a jaunt down to the local cinema and see a film called "Tarantula".

The thing opens up with a pretty shock bit about a man staggering across the deser. This guy has a distorted and twisted face which is designed to scare the pants off everybody within hearing distance, but merely makes the brats in front yell and scream. After the ones in the seats down by the screen quiet down the plot rolls out like a second-grade thriller...which it was.

A small-town doctor in Arizona (the Hero, natch, who is young and handsome and single and chock full of guts) has to look over the guy above and immediately declares that due to the condition of his muscles he couldn't have died from anything else but a rare disease (five cases of it reported in the history of man, so of course he'd know all about it, being fresh out of school) which requires years to produce the distorted face. Then somebody comes along and says the man looks something like the assistant of some professor who lives out in the desert all alone and experiments on Strange Things.

Hero drives out to investigate and picks up a girl along the way who is supposed to be the new assistant for the doc. Turns out at the doc's lab that the assistant took off a while back because he was lonely. Hero swallows the story and goes home, leaving things to rattle around for a while until the doc is working late one night in his lab and another guy with a horrible face comes from upstairs where he must have been hidden and starts a fight. Seems the doctor is experimenting with some special atomic food (the substance is never made quite clear) that feeds up the growth of the body cells, causing the distorted face. In the process of the brawl the cages are smashed and a tarantual which has been treated with a high doseage escapes into the desert. The man with The Face knocks the doc out and injects him with an overdoseage, so he will Suffer The Same Fate, and passes out dead on the floor. Herr Doktor buries the poor slob and goes back to work, not knowing he has been injected.

After a few cattle are killed and the cops get called out to investigate it our doc gets the disease good and his face starts twisting up. The girl assistant is shocked but won't tell...or can't, since she is kept in the house and isn't able to get to town. About this time the tarantula is at least a half block wide and has



to pick up something besides cattle to live on. The fearsome night comes and he first raids a horse ranch, getting most of the livestock and the rancher.

Then comes the only scene I really like in the entire pic...the spider comes over a hill just as a truck with two men in the cab drives down the highway. The tarantual is a big thing by now, and scares the driver to no end, so he's unable to stop and runs right under his legs. Our Boy picks the entire truck up with his pincers and hurls it over a roadside wall. Next day the cops find some bones by the smashed truck and natch everybody gets scared and paniky. Hero takes some of the strange white liquid he finds around the scene to the Big Name Scientists upstate and finds it is a type of acid used by spiders to dissolve their prey and therefore make them easy on the stomach. (Gory, isn't it?) By this time the tarantual has killed off a few more people who were out on the desert and Hero, suspecting that Something Is Wrong, hotfoots it back to the doc's lab to get the girl away to safety. You'll notice the deep concern he has for Herr Doktor. Spider Boy meanwhile has come to the lab-cum-house where the girl is and bonds down over it, mystified, I guess. Hero's girl goes to bed but can't sleep, so she gets up and walks back and forth in front of a big bay window, not caring in the slightest what goes on outside. Here's another scene designed to chill the bones right off any self-respecting movie-goer, but it falls flat since the tarantual, which has been called "the most deadly killer in the world" puts his eye (or one of them, at least) right outside the window AND JUST SITS THERE. For about 30 seconds this goes on...the girl paces back and forth and the spider watches. Then, without batting his eye, Our Boy leans on the house and stuff starts falling from overhead. Now she sees the eye, and runs like the devil to get out of there. Naturally, this leaves doc to be eaten alive by spider boy.

Hero arrives and speeds the girl off in his car, the tarantula in hot pursuit. They meet some cops on the road back and plan to kill it by explosives and/or the Air Force. Leaving two patrolmen behind to try to slow him up a bit, they race for town. They die a horrible death...one of suspense, as the dumb cop can't start the car and as a consequence is slaughtered on the road. By this time the explosives are rigged and when they are set off do not affect the tarantula in the least. The Air Force contributes some shots of fighters training which would have more like they were the real thing used for the movie if they didn't mix the films and show different models taking off and bombing. Anyway, these fighters drop bombs and rockets, and not until THE THIRD PASS do they score on a target more than A BLOCK WIDE. Then proceed several mock scenes of spider boy burning and The Big Beast Is Dead. Unfortunately, as many semi-horror pics go, this one cuts off right here.

As you may have accertainted from the above, the movie is to be missed if at all possible. Save your money and buy a mimeo or something.

— greg benford

---

Romson Productions will film "The 27th Day." The screenplay is by Robert Fresco.

---

Allied Artists are filming David Duncan's novel "Dark Dominion". Sidney Salkow will direct with William F. Brody doing the producing.

---

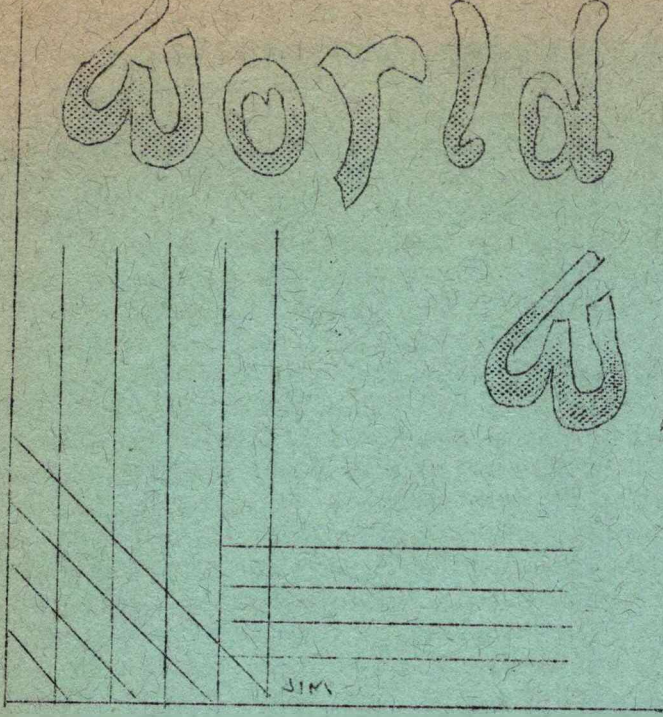
Universal-International will film a Science-Fivtion story entitled "Deadly Mantis." Co-starring will be Craig Stevens and Bill Hooper. Bill Alland will do the producing and Nathan Juran the directing.

---

U-I will produce "The Land Unknown" starring Jock Mahoney.

Columbia will also film "The 27th Day." The big stars will be Arnold Moss, Geo. Voskovec and Valerie French

---



# World

# Without

# End

This time Hollywood has really outdone itself. I really didn't think they could get an old and hack plot as this. The whole thing starts when the first Mars expedition is lost and runs into a time warp. The ship then crashes on Earth in the year 2508 and the crew wanders around the countryside until one of them finds some dog-size spiders and manages to get caught in a web. Rest of crew then fights off obviously fake spiders and draws its companion to safety. That night they are attacked by human mutants resembling cyclops, who bash at them with stone axes. Heroic Earthmen are hardly scratched and easily shoot a couple of Beasts which scares the rest away.

Next day they are attacked again and run into a cave where a panel opens and they enter the Underground Civilization where they meet tired-looking men and (of course) Beautiful Girls with Short-Snorter (courtesy Dean Grennell) Dresses. After much talking they find their quarters and tour the city. Meanwhile we are brought up to date. Seems an A-War has given mankind the one-two punch and all that's left is the mutants on the surface and the fagged-out super civilization underground.

Our Boys figure their chances of hitting another space warp are pretty slim so they forget about the ship and decide to help the Fagged-Outs get back on the surface. They put their plan up before the council and it's rejected. Reason: Fagged-Outs are yellow.

Fagged-Out Villian is jelious of Hero, who is stealing his girl. Enter Cosmic Intrigue: Villian takes guns which were taken from Our Boys when they entered and hides them under one of their beds. Slave Girl spots him but keeps her trap shut. Guns were missed and search finds them and heros are sentenced to be sent to the surface with just what they came with...

Slave Girl goes to Tell All to President of Council but Villian finds out and conks her one. He then proceeds to the surface. Authorities give chase, but Villian runs straight into an ambush by the mutants in a scene that looks like a Saturday mateene. Heroes can now chase the mean old cyclops till their hearts' content but for some reason Super Science can't make guns but can make bazookas.

The poor cyclops are then slaughtered and the Hero fights the chief for control of the tribe. Big Man tells the rest to scat and they hobble off down the trail.

The last scene shows the building of the first settlement on the surface which looks suspiciously like the suburb of Hollywood. If you weren't reading stf back in the thirties, this is a typical example. Miss if possible.

---jim benford

---

JUST FETCH ME THE LILIES - I'M CLEAR GONE

I'm all for a good three months rest...no work...just lay around in bed & read science fiction zines, smoke big-long black cigars, drink bheer and watch TV...YES! I'm all for the like of it...BUT...I do detest the way I had to go about getting to do all of this! Yes indeede! It seems that all I had to do to receive this grand and glorious vacation, was to rupture myself...which did happen on October 8, and now on December 7 they are carting me home...where I'll remain until the first of the year... '57 that is! Simple enuf...isn't it?

It sounds just about like a story book fiction...but to those who HAVE...must PAY!...and bro---ther, I'm paying!! First they come at you with a big Ray gun and you see, hear feel and smell no mo'...next approach is via the carving knife way... what wonderful patterns they can come up with..using your belly for the carving table...when they tire of playing tit-tat-to on your 'down-stairs'...they chase down a pussy and give you a yard or two of cat-gut. Now..all's over but paying the bill! (Did I utter bill???)

Trying to forget the \$900 I'm loosing thru wages....plus the hospital bill, I have been lucky enuf to receive via the mails that most wonderful 500 plus page of FAPA mailing.

I also had the pleasure of receiving a grand SAPS mailing...and it was mailed out just 12 hours after the deadline...sure...Big Howard knew I was in need of some reading matter.

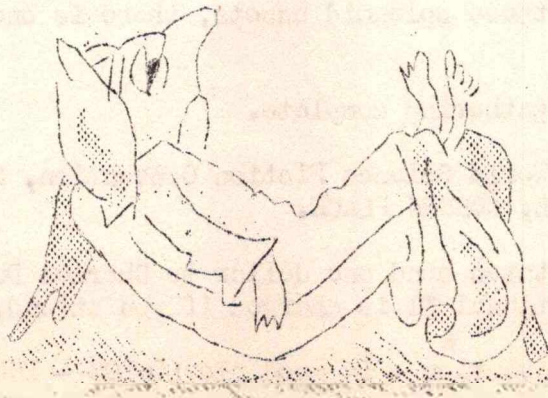
Also received a nice-big ish of TNFF, also the monthly bundles from UAPA OF A, AAPA, NAPA and UAPA....and the OO -EXPLORER - from ISFCC! Gee, ain't it wonderful to be operated..to rest..read..drink bheer..and to be an amateur journalists!!!

on

Long live mundane (amateur ajay) journalism and science-fiction-fantasy journalism

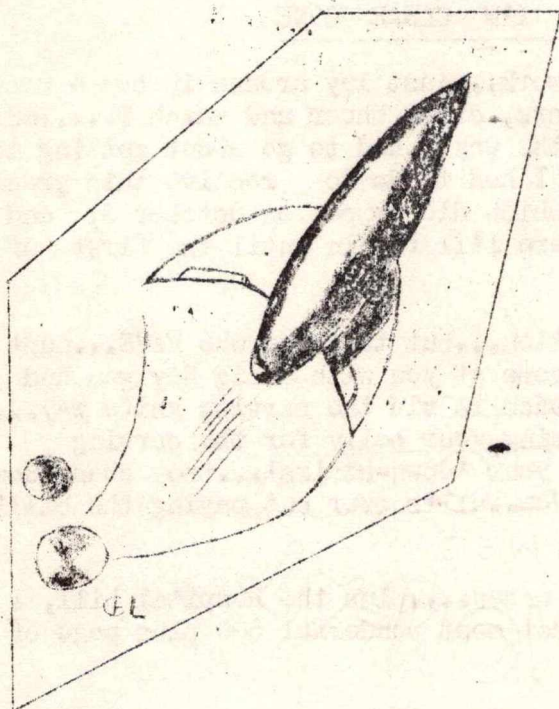
...Racy Higgs

just fetch me the  
lilies!



# YOU SCRATCH MY BACK . . . . . . I'LL SCRATCH YOURS!

By Little Ray



## LONDON INVITES YOU

LONDON 1957  
SCIENCE FICTION  
CONVENTION

Londinium! The venerable and vital, exciting and friendly city on the banks of Old Father Thames. British fandom is holding a science fiction convention in London on the 6th, 7th and 8th of September, 1957. It's the 15th World Science Fiction Convention, and it's UK's FIRST world con!

This will be the first convention in London since the very successful Coroncon was held at the Bonnington Hotel in 1953. During the interim, the National British Convention has been held once in Manchester and twice in Kettering. Each of these conventions had a personality all its own.

Now London - doyen of convention holding cities - is once more welcoming science fiction fans and enthusiasts to what will be the finest convention any of them will ever have attended. Fans from all over Europe as well as representatives from America came to the First International Convention - the renowned Festivention in 1951. We in London have the knowhow. We have the enthusiasm. We have the background. We have the professional men of science fiction - the authors - the editors - the publishers. We have the readers, the aficionados, the fans. We have the city - the city that has so much to offer volumes cannot contain it all. And, we have all England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales to add their support.

But, over and above all these splendid assets, there is one extra essential we must have.

We need YOU to make the gathering complete.

...and so it's the 15th World Science Fiction Convention, September 6th, 7th and 8th to be held at ROYAL HOTEL, WOBURN PLACE.

JOIN NOW! Folks in the States send one dollar to Charles Duncombe, 82 Albert Square, London, England. An additional \$1 is charged if you attend.

It's UK's FIRST World Convention - in good ole LONDON - ENGLAND. U R WELCOME !

T A F F - 1 9 5 7

Since neither the winner or runner-up of the 1956 TAFF accepted, a brand new contest is being carried on for 1957. If the winner of the election proves unable to travel the opportunity will be offered to the runner-up, and then to #3, provided he got more than 25% of the total points. If he cannot go, or the amount in the Fund is not enough to send anyone, the money will be held over to 1958 and there will be an entirely fresh election. (Note: as of close of nominations, I have on hand \$222.00 and there is about \$60.00 additional being held by Ken Bulmer....Don Ford)

The list of candidates follows:

George Nims Raybin.  
401 Broadway, New York 13, N.Y.

Nominated by: Earl Perry  
Ian T. Macauley  
Sandy Cutrell  
Jacob Schlzinger  
Jim Holtel

Stuart S. Hoffman  
Box 13, Black Earth, Wisconsin

Nominated by: Robert Bloch  
Bob Tucker  
Frank M. Robinson  
Marvin W. Mindes  
Dr. D.L. Corbett, Jr.

Dick Ellington  
299 Riverside Dr. #11-A, New York 25, N.Y.

Nominated by: Art Saha  
Bill Donaho  
Dan Curran  
Patricia Werner  
Ruth Landis

Richard H. Eney  
417 Ft. Hunt Rd. Alexandria, Virginia

Nominated by: Ted E. White  
Lee & Larry Shaw  
Bob Pavlat  
John Hitchcock  
Dr. W.H. (Bill) Evans

Forrest J. Ackerman  
915 S. Sherbourne Dr. Los Angeles 35, Calif.

Nominated by: Rick Sneary  
Len J. Moffatt  
Ron Ellik  
Helen M. Urban  
E. Loring Ware

Ed McNulty  
5645 Winthrop, Indianapolis, Indiana

Nominated by: Delray Green  
Bill Ludington  
James R. Adams  
Robert Adair  
Robert Coulson

Boyd Raeburn  
9 Glenvalley Dr. Toronto 9, Ontario, Canada

Nominated by: Howard Lyons  
Gerald Stewart  
Pat Patterson  
Ron Kidder  
Bill Grant

Robert A. Madle  
c/o Bob Pavlat, 6001-43rd Av. Hyattsville, Md.

Nominated by: Bob Pavlat  
Dot Cole  
Richard H. Eney  
Phil Bridges  
Forrest J. Ackerman

Votes must reach: Don Ford, Box 19-T, RR #2, Loveland, Ohio, USA before July 1, 1957. Please write your first, 2nd & 3rd choice of a candidate to be sent to the 15th. World Science Fiction Convention being held in London over Labor Day, 1957. Your 1st choice will be awarded 3 points, your second 2, and your third 1. Smartest way to boost your favorite candidate is to write his name in all 3 choices for a total of 6 points. To be eligible to vote you must contribute a minimum of 50c or 2/6 to the TRANSATLANTIC FAN FUND (TAFF). Persons living outside the U.S & Canada may send their contributions to: H. Ken Bulmer, Tresco, 204 Wellnadow Road, Catford, London, S.E.6, England. In any event your ballot should be mailed to Don Ford.

NYCON II MEMORY BOOK - NEWYORCON 1956

If you are looking for a collector's item - better purchase a copy of the brand new NYCON II MEMORY BOOK published by the National Fantasy Fan Federation for the NewYorCon. The 'king-size' publication was handled by K. Martin Carlson and Ray C. Higgs, project coordinators. The book carries some 160 pages, more or less.

Within its nicely printed covers- the editors start out with a well chosen dedication to: HUGO GERNSBACK, "the Father of Science Fiction"

EEVVANS, "the grand ole man of NFFF"

NEW FANDON, "who gave fandom our first World Convention"

DAMON KNIGHT, who wrote the article "Unite or Fie!" published in FANFARE which brought about the 'birth' of NFFF

THE NEWYORCON COMMITTEE for sponsoring the 1956 World Convention

NFFF 'FIRST' MEMBERSHIP as published in BONFIRE in 1941

Some of the high-lights within NY 2 MEMORY BOOK are:- Memories Of The First Convention written by James V. Taurasi, Sr., editor and publisher of the famous-zine FANTASY-TIMES...The Life Of The Fan by Milton Alpha Rothman... a re-issue of N3F's first official organ BONFIRE...Fantasy Pseudonyms...The Impact Of Science Fiction On World Progress by Hugo Gernsback...and many other surprises! The combozine sells for \$1.00 and only 100 copies were printed. To order a copy write to K. Martin Carlson, 1028 Third Avenue South; Moorhead, Minnesota- or Janie Lamb, RR One, Heiskell, Tenn. Here is a comment just received:

Dear Martin:

Many thanks for the MEMORY BOOK, which you may be sure I'll plug as 'you suggest in FANDORA'S BOX. And I'll definitely mention that a \*supplement covering the Convention itself will be available later. Come to think of it, thus far I've seen very little about the con: only two reports, as a matter of fact. Considering that there were at least 1200 attendees, this isn't much of a reaction. My own comment will appear in the next issue of IMAGINATION, any day now.

You and Racy certainly did a nice job on this MEMORY BOOK and I hope it's going well for you.

Again, my thanks,

Sincerely,  
Robert Bloch

NEWYORCON MEMORY BROCHURE - Supplement of NYCON II MEMORY BOOK

Something good has come at last...if a promise is made...it is kept...thus the \*supplement of the NYCON II MEMORY BOOK as mentioned above in Bloch's letter will be as promised. The NewYorCon Memory Brochure, as the supplement will be known will contain around 50 pages (more or less) and will go on sale soon. The Brochure will carry some of the finest write-ups of the New York shin-dig...varied enough by various writers to make it interesting reading. For info better write K. Martin Carlson sending along for a reply a self-addressed-stamped envelope. First come-first served!...is all we can say now!

1956 YEAR BOOK PROPOSED BY NFFF

J. Stan Woolston, 12832 West Avenue, Garden Grove, California, who is serving as president of the National Fantasy Fan Federation, announces the presentation of a YEAR BOOK for the current year of 1956.

The YEAR BOOK will be presented to fandom around the latter part of this year, or at the latest- the early part of 1957.

The YB will contain material from 'all fandom'- fans and pros -organized clubs and organizations - and folks who are just interested in stf-fsy.

Data and info from all clubs including FAPA, SAPS, NFFF, ISFCC, etc is desired.. also any suggestions you may wish to make will be given due consideration. Prozine reviews..book and movie reviews, and indices are badly needed for the YEAR BOOK.

Let's help make the YEAR BOOK a collector's item for all fandom! Get in touch with Woolston at once!

- 10 Top Humorist...name of humorist contribution, what zine
- 10 Top Fiction Writers...name of their best contribution, what zine, ish
- 10 Top Verse-Poets...top poem, mag appearing in, issue.

ALL THIS AND MORE will go to make FAPARADE a real TRIPLE DECKER...but I need your co-operation in this project. FAPARADE no doubt will be mailed out separate from the mailings, at my expense, YOU get the egg-boo! It won't take an hour, more or less to give yourself and your fellow members of FAPA a hi Q in FAPARADE. May I be hearing from 'you-all's' real soon, and many, many thanks!

-----

I wish to thank Richard H. Eney (not only personally) but publicly also for giving me a hand with my zine which appeared in the 77th mailing. Being rushed to the hospital before I was able to finish the printing, Rich took over and did the work for me. That is what I call a real fellow...a real fellow member...and many thanks to you again Dick.

-----

Movie reviews this ish were prepared by greg and jim benford, both members of ISFCC. Greg is serving as president of the organization, and yours truly is editor of the official organ EXPLORER. Their address is:- c/o Lt. Col. James A. Benford, 051676 G-4 Sect. Hq. V. Corps, APO 79, New York, N. Y.

-----

I see no reason why married couples cannot belong to FAPA, under one paid membership, thus receiving one bundle each mailing. IF they both desire a bundle each, two paid memberships should be in store.

-----

Under my suggestions of choosing colors for various science fiction associations -- ISFCC have chosen Blue and White. I would like to see SAPS, FAPA and NFFF come up with chosen colors such as SAPS-GRREN and WHITE, FAPA-PINK and WHITE, NFFF-RED(pink) WHITE and BLUE (I believe they use these three colors in their emblem). Of course the above is just suggestions...and come to think of emblems...FAPA does have one... I understand these can be produced by some companies, and can be transferred from one stencil (after use) on to a new stencil. Like the idea? I do!

-----

*How ~~was~~ please get well for MY sake*

....you KNOW I can't slug a man when he's flat on his back, so I won't be able to start my Mailing Comments until you're back on your feet again.

G. M. Carr

The above is the typical GM humor, and many thanks for this little bit of cheer Gem, also I want to thank all others who sent me cards and letters of cheer and get well quick.. To all of you...many, many thanks!

I'm doin' my dernest...but no New Years celebrations for me this year. Drat it!  
HAPPY NEW YEARS TO ALL OF YOUSE!



Yuletide season is at hand again and here I am without any cards, so I've decided to type a personal greeting to you and let it go at that.

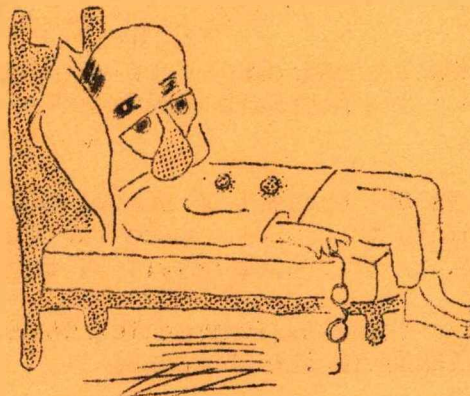
It's a chilly evening here, but cozy enough as I sit here by the fire, pecking away at the family portable and sipping Martinis. I wish you were here to have one with me, but since you're not, the least I can do is to toast your health and happiness. So time out while I bend my elbows again — to YOU!

I've also taken time out to mix another Martini, and while I was out in the kitchen I thought I might as well drink it there and mix another, so you could imagine I'm beginning to feel quite mellow. It's funny how a cold drink can warm up your stomach and inspire your thoughts isn't it? Jo-Jo (my big fat wife) just came in and is now in on the fun. She's now feeling a little dizzy (after 3 Martis) from sitting too close to the fire so we mixed another Martini and now our heads feel as clear as a bell again. You simply can't beat the combination of good gin, vermouth, and studded olives. Beer and scotch and borban are alright, but you just can't beat gin and vermouth and even pickleled onions.

Now we know you lick a little sprunk now anthen you c n undrstand that even with a fourth and maybr a fifth a person scoen8t get stufid and not habe the prper Inas spirit/ We could drinj Martrinis al day and negger quibber and erelash and bo ne sworse citizebs then we wer bevore. the contry is good ac evre was even wity the hi tazas ad reouvlicans there ujst isn8t a better contry.

Say these martunis isal righr when we nede stimulanys we sure do even is some peopel dont tikl to who are bluenoses and its a prety kinf od a ketlfush is we cant7 dronk martrimis byt he quaert to y9ur haelt al al nogth and still pass any sobeity tets so heres to youe heatj agan and a HAP:Y NWE YAER.8

Yiur Firedns



fetch the dan-dy lions -  
gad! - I'm all pooped out!