

M. 74

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Trades Welcomed



All fmz and letters should be sent to the above address.

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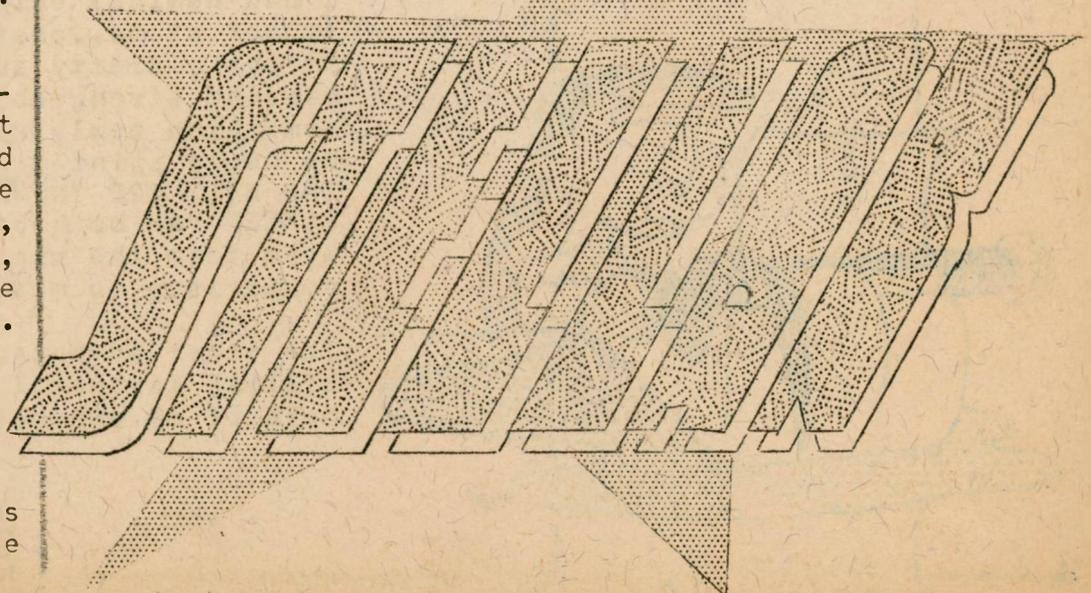
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COVER Ted E. White

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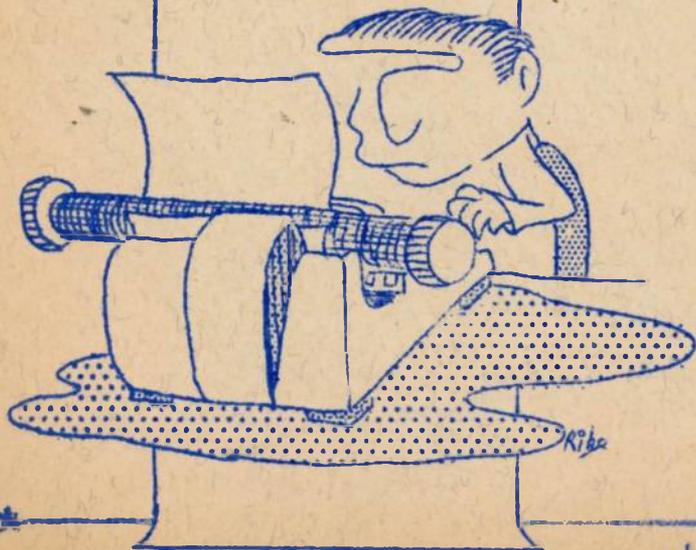
INTERIOR ILLUSTRATIONS— Dave Rike: 4,6,15; Jack Harness: 5,7,9,11,13,32,33,41,44,47; Larry Borne: 36,38; Ron FLESHMan: 48. Layout on p. 15 by Terry Carr.



THE VERTICAL PRONOUN



editorial



No, friend editor, this is NOT a review-column any more; Ted complained that titles didn't seem to fit the subject-matter. "You aren't talking about yourself in the Pronoun, you're talking about other people." That's Null-F logic for you. ((yes, I know you're supposed to write it with a (_) over it, but I have a hard enough time trying to keep the vertical margins straight.))

This is the last issue of STELLAR with which I will be physically connected. Every single typo in here is mine..all mine! And, sadly, so is a predominant percentage of the contents. ~~It wasn't~~ ENTIRELY intentional, no matter what The Great White says later on. I just lost my head in regard to the serial, and then when the issue began to burgeon out beyond all reasonable proportion, I snickeringly decided to let a Lee Shaw reprint wait till next issue, rather than cut my own story.

In that respect, I suppose editing a fanzine will be an activity sadly missed in the future. If you've done much corresponding with me, or if you're one of those things called Cultist, you may remember that one of my pet gripes about fanning is that it takes so much TIME for a Geis or a Silverberg to print an accepted story...if they don't fold their fanzines and silently steal away with said accepted story. When I had nominal editorship of STELLAR ((Look at me..past tense already!)) it was a pretty sure bet that, barring strong objections from Ted, something newly written would also be newly printed within a short time. THE BILTMORE INSURGENTS and THE FANGED FAN both come to you pretty warm from the platten, at least in comparison to most other printings.

The other advantage of printing STELLAR is that I seem to have much more of my own material to go into

LARRY STARK

it. I've been extremely satisfied with my output this summer, though I know Ted would wish it to meddle less into the Serial and perhaps even a little less into him. There isn't quite as much material this year as last, but I think much more of it is solid and satisfying, at least to me. ((Last year's stories, by the way, ought to be cropping up in some of those Very Late Fanzines I was mentioning a while ago, if you want to tear-and-compare.))

I had made rather complete plans for STELLAR #3, and so far Ted seems to have no complaints. In it, I want to add two more chapters of the Serial which I've just finished writing, and from there on I don't plan to touch the thing. I've added so many chunks of my own mainly so that the background that seems vague and sketchy in the first few installments. I think the vagueness of the situation itself was the reason for my slight dissatisfaction with the chapters Dick Eney and Ted White added; at least we'll see before long.

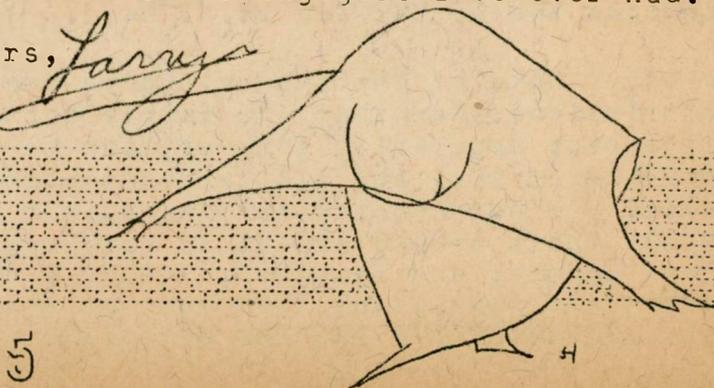
In the next issue I had planned to reprint "Fantasy Blues", legibly, from Marion Bradley's DAY-STAR, and a Lee H. Shaw revival that got squeeze plumb out this issue, a story of mine from this summer, a reprint from ALPHA by Mal Ashworth, and chapters of the serial. If all goes well, we may have one from John Hitchcock, and one from Dick Ellington...depending on how long it takes to produce STELLAR #3, and how good we can argue once we get to the Biltmore.

Incidentally, a propos of just about nothing, there have been increasingly frequent complaints about the names situation, mostly in the things I write. You can turn to the letter-section to see the complaints outlined more precisely. For the benefit of any of you who are worried out there, the characters, situations, and names used in STELLAR should not be taken as representing real people, or my view of any real people. My prime concern, and I hope the prime concern of all people who have or who want to contribute to the magazine was Making Stories, in other words dealing INFICTION! I do have a habit of using the names of friends, people I don't expect to mind. In most cases, particularly in the serial, attempts were made to resemble reality, in order to create better fiction. And, where the serial is concerned, fans do have the right to get in line, write a chapter themselves, and smear me all over the map, if they so desire.

I don't know where STELLAR goes after this; Dick Eney((he of the red, red beard))has agreed to type a little of it, and Ted seems assured that he can keep it running without my ugly personality around to argue with. I won't pretend getting out STELLAR has been a bed of roses; I've argued over it...sometimes in rather frightening earnest...but though it's given me some disappointments, it's been the proudest achievement of my life; and, because he is more than anyone else responsible for allowing me these brief moments of summer sunshine, I've got to thank Ted White for giving it to me. It's been the biggest and most satisfying gift I've ever had. Thanks, Ted... for everything.

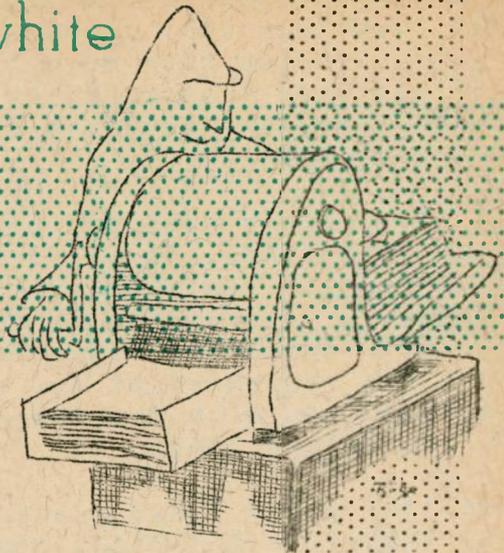
Cheers,

Larrys



ted e. white

publishers puddle



If you've been reading from front-to-back, as you should, you've already read Larry's editorial. If not, go back and read it now.

We both knew it would happen, when we started STELLAR; we knew that Larry would have to return to New Brunswick come fall. So now he is. And this is the last issue he will actually 'edit'. But this does not mean that he will cease any and all association with STELLAR. To the contrary--his stories will appear here at least as regularly, I hope he will continue at least his fanzine review column (which is absent, due to lack of space, this), and perhaps the editorial column as well. I know that his personality will not cease to infiltrate each page of STELLAR. There will be no abrupt policy changes, and no change except for the better in the material (or at least we hope we'll be getting better material all the time). Best of all, the zine will continue to appear with some semblance of regularity. To help with this, I've enlisted the aid of Dick Eney, who now lives nearby, and Fred von Bernwitz, who does exist. I recently acquired two more typewriters with this typeface, and I've loaned one to each of them.

As to next issue, Larry has already selected most of the material, and even put some of it on stencil. So as soon as the rest is stencilled, you'll receive it as well.

At this point, my thanks to Larry for all he has done for STELLAR. He has sat down in my basement many a hot night typing stencils, when I am sure he would rather have been elsewhere. We've argued, and many times, over the material and its presentation, and I think we've both been the better for it. I have.

One other note of importance. We've decided to accept subscriptions. Now that I'm fairly certain that the mag will appear regularly, I'm willing to risk it. The rates are 2/25¢, 5/50¢, and all larger subscriptions at 10¢ apiece. I'm not begging for money, but it would help; STELLAR costs around \$20-25 to produce, and every little bit counts. And remember, FAPANS & OMPANS, that to receive the next issue, you must write--no more free copies. (See NULL-F #4 $\frac{1}{2}$ for details).

*second
editorial*

CHAPTER 4

ONE JUMP

ted e. white

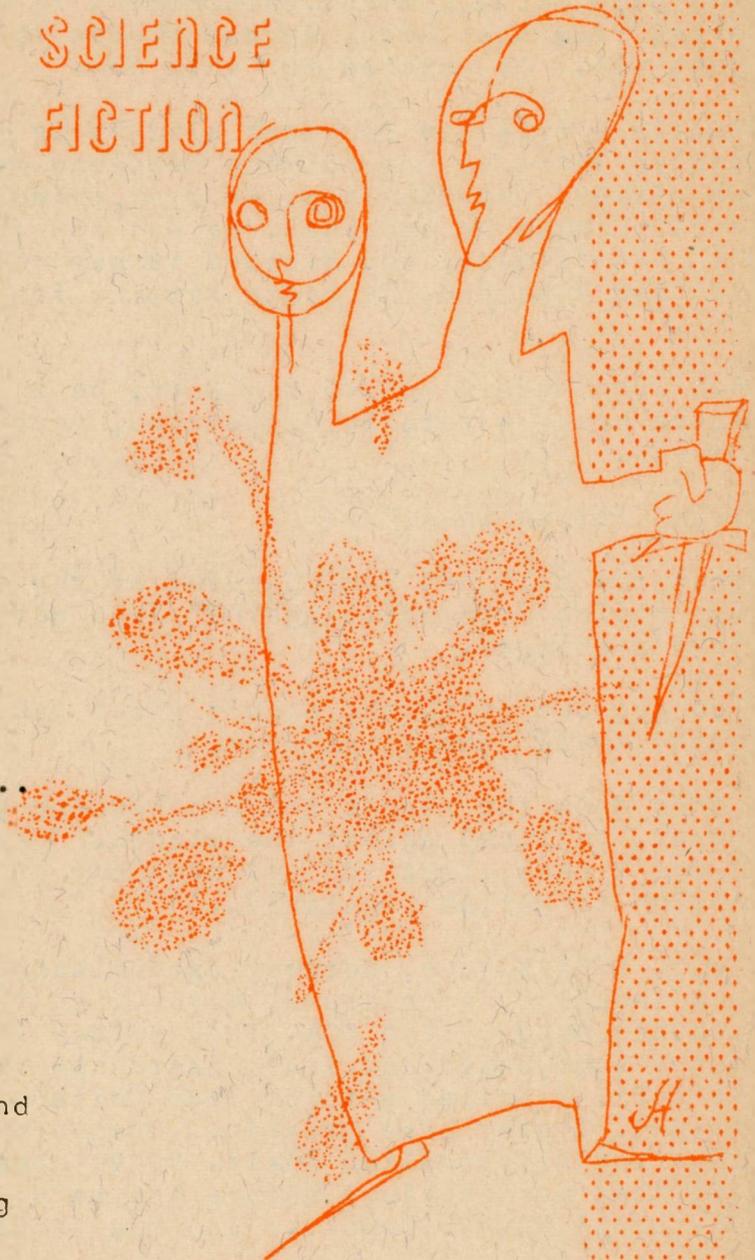
Jake stepped off the bus. His glance quickly took in the other passengers about him; their unusual silence had flourished over the entire trip, and he was glad to be rid of it. He followed the crowd through the doors into the lower part of New York's Port Authority Bus Terminal, and walked nervously over to the escalators, hugging to him his only baggage, a battered brown suitcase. Still sticking to the silent groups of fellow-riders, he rode the escalator to the main floor. It was now or never...and it looked like never. He was free of the SCA, at least temporarily.

He had made it! The chrome, the noise, and the marble were all that seemed real. The past was some dream..

* * *

He had jumped a freight train to Baltimore, after fleeing Washington, D.C. He had always heard how easy it was to hop a freight, but somehow it didn't turn out that way for him. He had picked the tracks parallelling New York Avenue, and waited for a slow freight with an open box car. And waited. The freights were all fast--at least twenty-five miles an hour. Finally, in desperation, he ran along beside one of them and made ready to jump. Air suddenly "whooshed" from one of the breaks, blowing dust up in front of him. He gasped and managed to stumble away from the train, only to find another bearing down on him on the next track. It was a freight, and luckily slower. By again running, and making a lucky grab--which seemed to tear his arms loose--he swung aboard. He was never sure how he was able to climb to the roof of the car and then down the side into the interior, but somehow he did.

THE DEATH
OF
SCIENCE
FICTION



INSTALLMENT 2

CHAPTERS 4,5,6

by

Dick Eney

Larry Stark

Ted White

At first he told himself that he must not go to sleep, because he might miss Baltimore, or might be found. But as time wore on, the jolting became monotonous, his limbs ached, and his head nodded.

The drawn out honk of an air horn awakened him. He looked out quickly. A sign said "City Limits..Baltimore". He crossed to the other side and peered from that door. He had ridden the route before, and knew certain areas well. He watched for them now.

Finally a friendly landmark slid by in the moonlight, and he tensed. Minutes later he was rolling headlong down a bank. He landed in a ditch, and climbed out drenched. He discovered he could not stand; an ankle was either broken or sprained. He sat down, testing the spot of intense pain with his fingers, and decided it was only a sprain. After the primary pain had subsided, he began limping for Franklinton road.

When John Magnus opened the door, he was somewhat unprepared for the sight before him---a totalle disheveled, very muddy, and slightly bleeding Jacob Edwards.

"John, let me in--!"

"What the hell hit you! Careful of the step here... Ghoddammit Jake, you been riding with White again?" John quickly shut the door before speaking above a whisper.

"You are out of touch, aren't you?" Jake sighed gratefully into the couch in the small downstairs room.

Magnus drew the shades and reached for a light. He looked quite tall and somber, outlined against the window, Jake thought; not his usual mild self. "I don't know...what do you mean out of touch? I've been sneaking letters through to Harlan regularly..."

"Well, WSFA's gone, busted, exterminated. White was shot through the head in a shopping store crowd. Mayor..all the rest of them were raided and machinegunned by the SCA. They raided Pavlat three days ago...while I was in the same building. I.. I heard him shot. Now it looks like I'm the only one left. I pulled a trick from White's pulp-collection: I hopped a freight. I came here because... nowhere else I knew to go." He stopped, fingering his swelling ankle. "I've been just one jump ahead all along. I left that meeting just before the raid, and I was talking to Pavlat when they broke in, ...John!... I gotta stop!"

"Take it easy, and let's get you upstairs to my room." John helped Jake up, and together they ascended the narrow stairs.

"Just someplace I can rest, and be safe, John!" Jake said, physically and emotionally exhausted.

"You're among friends here," John said. "Get to sleep. I've got to go out on an errand, but I'll be back as soon as I can. You can rest easy here, Jake, at least for a while.

* * *

A green '51 Ford pulled up behind a slowly walking figure. "Hey, George,

want a ride?" The figure turned, recognized the occupants of the car, and climbed in.

"We've been looking for you, George... You weren't at the last Baltimore SF Forum meeting."

"Yeah, I know. That's because I couldn't find the place. What a neighborhood you've picked! Nothing but those damned Niggers all over the streets. Uh.. where's it going to be next time?"

The shorter fan looked at him. "I think we'll have it at your place. Plenty of room in that basement, if we can get in without cracking our heads." He slowly reached over George to the right-hand door and pushed the lock down.

The car swung up an alley, and into a poorer, more littered street. "Hey, John, you going this way because you know I don't like the blacks?"

The taller fan took his eyes off the road briefly, and stared mildly at George. "No, I hadn't thought of it. But this is a nice, noisy neighborhood. They won't notice us." The green Ford slid to the side of the road. Two colored children on roller-skates rolled noisily past. "George, what would you know about the SCA's new shipments of badges and ID cards?"

George emitted a startled squawk, and tried to get the door open. A hand grabbed him and pulled him back. The shorter fan slithered over him, and George found himself between the two. "But fellas! I'm a fan! What do you think you're doin'?"

The tall fan grabbed George's hair as the short fan pinioned his arms. He struggled to kick, but missed in his fright. The tall fan slugged him between his legs, doubling George in agony. Then he went back to his original tactics, pulling George's head back by the hair and then calmly, almost methodically, inserting a thumb and forefinger against George's eyes. While the shorter fan held tight to the man's wrists, a conversation in whispers and whimpers took place.

* * *

Jacob woke, feeling at least free of fear. He lay against the crisp sheets, savoring their crisp peacefulness, and then he opened his eyes. Magnus stared back at him, mildly. Jage stretched, and instantly regretted it. He ached in every joint and muscle. The ankle, less swollen and more ably supported, came back to him with a twinge. Magnus shoved a breakfast up under Jake's chin, and instantly some of the old peace seemed restored. His nerves at least were rested, and he had endured worse pain before.

"Want to do something for me?" Magnus said, suddenly interrupting their mild conversation.

"What?"

"Take some stuff to New York for me."

"What kinda stuff?"

"SCA badges..." Magnus smiled, and the corners of his mouth turned down slightly. "If you could get to New York, you'd be safer. The fans are stronger there. We're going to have a big blowup here---Hitchcock and I have been poking at the ants' nest; or at one particular aphid, rather."

"Where did you get the badges, and just how long have I been sleeping?"

Turning to the window, Magnus looked out for a moment and then replied, "About thirty hours or so...And we haven't actually gotten the badges yet, but we know how to, and we're going to..."

"Well, I mean--oh, tell me how you found out and all that!" Jake found himself impatient; impatient at his aching body, at Magnus for his quietness, at the whole situation.

"You remember George? How he complained about FAPA and all that, back before this mess? Well, it had always seemed strange to us that when fandom was put on the subversive list that George did not run from the sinking ship. He hated Commies, or said so, and he claimed we were. Why did he stick his neck out by staying in fandom, we wondered. As things went on, we found that the only meetings that were raided were the ones he knew about, but didn't attend. We started getting suspicious. Yesterday, Hitchcock and I decided to get him and find things out."

"And he was--?"

"--a very small chicken in the SCA. When they started moving around here, he went to them and offered to spy on us for them. They took him up on it. He doesn't rate himself--doesn't have a badge, and I'll bet that hurts him--and he doesn't get to the big meetings, but he knows where their headquarters is, and the layout. So now we got to get the badges, and we're set."

"Well, what are the badges for? Why do you want them?" Edwards was curious now, and interested.

"Well, I don't know...Hartley wanted them. I thot we'd keep a couple around here for our own protection. After all, there's no other way to tell who's an SCA man--even the agents don't know each other too much."

Edwards pushed the covers back, and swung his feet around and down onto the floor. With a little effort, he could stand. He limbered his muscles, and Magnus continued. "We want to get this over with as soon as possible--they may miss George, tho I don't know how... You'll come along with us, and right afterwards you can get a bus for New York--that's the safest, I think. I've already got you a ticket."

"What did you do with George? You didn't--kill him?"

"I'd like to, but we didn't. He's at Roberts' house, well tied up, and with a couple of sleeping pills inside him. The rest of us Baltimore fans will meet there after the raid, to figure something out...they won't let

this raid go unnoticed. But you're clearing right out with those badges!"

Jake started to dress.

* * *

A green '51 Ford eased into an alley behind one of Baltimore's Catholic churches. It was early Sunday morning, and the place was quiet. Three fans climbed out of the car, and made for the nearest window. It was locked. They tried the others, with the same results, until the short fan found an unlocked rest room casement. He pulled it all of the way out, and looked in. "Looks like this is the only way, guys."

The other two fans joined him. "I'll boost you two in. You first, Jake, and then you Sean."

"What about you, John?"

"I'll climb up on that ash can over there. You guys better help me drag it over here, so we won't make too much noise."

Minutes later, the three were inside the building. The first floor appeared to have conventional business offices, so they tried the second. At the head of

the stairs they found a small door facing them directly across the corridor. The letters on the door were small and gold: "Baltimore Office of The Sedition Control Authority".

The tall fan tried the door, and was surprised to find that it opened. The three tip-toed in. Before them was a long desk, and behind it a switchboard. Even as they entered, the phone began to ring.

A voice rose, exasperated, from a room beyond. "Oh, damn!" It was a feminine voice. The tall fan pricked up his ears.

With a clacking of heels, the woman entered the room by a side door. She did not glance at the main entrance until she had crossed to the center of the room. All she could say was "Oh!" After that the tall fan had his hand over her mouth. He seemed to have one approach to any situation requiring fighting. He grabbed her hair with one hand, and while the short fan held her arms, he pressed his thumb and forefinger against her eyes. "Make any noise and you'll never see again." He said it mildly, as if in conversation.

The third fan fished into his pocket and pulled out a scrap of paper. He referred to it, and left the room.

Five minutes later, his voice preceded him into the room. "Piles of the things here, man! I got all I could carry. They do?"



"Good Lord, Jake! I didn't say make off with every badge in the country!" The corners of the tall fan's mouth turned down as he smiled. "We can't handle all those badges! How many have you got?"

"Well, there are ten in a box--I've got four boxes..."

"Damn, they must have been just ready to hand them out. We didn't think there were more than five or six!"

At this point, the woman kicked at her captor, and as he released her, tried to knee him. Her skirt caught her, however, and she lost her balance. The tall fan stiff-handed her on the back of the neck, and she dropped to the floor, unconscious. "I hope you didn't hurt her, John..." The short fan had jumped away from her as she had kicked.

"At least I did something about her, Sean! She could have ruined this!"

"I'll bet you'd like to do more..." Sean eyed the well curved form on the floor.

"She's out of your range, sonny..."

"Oh, come on, you guys! You can rape some woman later! You realize that if we're caught here, we're as good as dead?" The others turned, and without further word took a box each from Jake. All three left the office. And then they froze as the chiming of a bell sounded loud and clear.

Sean laughed. "It's just the Catholic church across the alley."

"Was there anyone else, Jake?"

"Whatta stupid question. Naturally not. Kinda funny when you think of it.. The SCA surely doesn't go to church...?"

John led the way back to the washroom. "I don't know...maybe they do go to church...maybe even some of them to that Church."

John and Sean climbed through the window first, and Jake started thru when behind them they heard a woman scream. Jake, still lame, slipped back from the window, almost falling into a toilet.

"Hurry up, Jake!"

He tried again, and succeeded in getting out. The three dashed for the car, and piled in. Jake found himself in the middle, and climbed over Sean to reach the door--- he would be the first to climb out. The Ford kicked up gravel, and shot out of the alleyway, narrowly missing a passing car. The other car slid to a stop, made a U turn, and gave chase.

"What the hell! This car can't drag! We've got to ditch that car!" Magnus' usually mild face was grim. "Why the hell did that ghoddamn bastard turn around, anyway?"

Jake glanced back. "He might be with the SCA. When he heard the scream, and then saw us come out so fast, he figured things out."

The usually untalkative Sean Hitchcock spoke quickly. "Turn here!"

Sean knew the streets of Baltimore well, and in the next few moments they had lost their pursuer. They then slowed down to a respectable pace, and headed for the bus terminal.

Moments later saw Jake on a bus leaving Baltimore. With him he had only a brown suitcase of days well past. In it were some clothes which might fit him, and three boxes containing thirty SCA badges in all. Magnus had kept ten. No one had looked at him with undue interest, and he felt safe and comfortable. He relaxed his aching body and went to sleep.

He woke much later, and it was fark outside. The bus had stopped. "Ten minutes rest stop! Ten minutes..." He climbed down from the bus, stretched, and ambled to the roadside diner. After downing a coke and a hamburger, he glanced at the papers. Suddenly, one held his eye: The Baltimore News-Post. He read:

SCA NETS SIX COMMIES IN SURPRISE RAID

The SCA today reported the capture of three Commie "Fanatics" today, and the shooting of three more who attempted escape. The names of captured Reds have been withheld by the Authority. However, killed in the surprise raid were "Fantaics" identified as Jim Roberts, John Lawrence Magnus, Jr., and Harry Arthur. Discovered in an abandoned...

There was more, but he couldn't read it. John Magnus dead! It seemed a final straw, in the haystack of deaths which surrounded him, followed him. He managed to read further. There were four reported escaped! Their names and descriptions were given in detail. One was Sean, another George--- he must have escaped his fannish captors first---and then there was Jake's description! They didn't have his name, tho, which might not mean much anyway. He glanced around, but no one else seemed interested in the paper. He stuffed his own under his jacket, and climbed aboard the bus.

* * *

He took several breaths, felt the queazyness leave his stomach as he relaxed, and then jumped as a hand grabbed his arm roughly. He sensed the figure before he turned to face him. The SCA man stared contemptuously at him for a second. "Okay, fella...this is as far as you go..."

He had been caught! It was a bitter piece of irony...the sacrifice of three lives, and probably three more, all for nothing!

CHAPTER 5

ENTER THE VILLIANS

Larry Stark

"Well, I don't know what the hell to do about it," Ned Johnson was saying. "I'll just bundle the reports all up and ship the whole case to T-8. Hell-- let the Attorney-General dish out the justice; we're only trying to find the facts and stop obvious practices. Am I right?"

I shifted my feet to a more restful pose and let the door slide out of my fingers; Tom FitzMorris was answering him. It might be a long wait.

"Ned, I don't care what you do with it. I'm only telling you what I know about the Policy Directives and the function of this department. If you think those reports are in doubt, then transmit an I.E. Release-Form. If not, either make it a Complete Release, or send it to T-8, whichever it looks to you. It shouldn't take this long to pigeonhole a case as documented as that."

"I'll ship it to T-8," Ned said, rolling his chair back to his desk with a kind of finality. Tom turned to me. "Bob?"

"That Mrs. Maguire's here from Baltimore."

He glanced around at the glass-encased offices. "Is Chris in?"

"No, he's at a CIA conference."

"I'll see her in his office, then; and stay around to listen, Bob." He moved into the other office for the privacy. Tom was a short, gentle-voiced man who might have been a college professor, but who received respect around the Central Office.

Mrs. Maguire turned out to be a rather well-proportioned woman who might be called a typical secretary. She resembled the people who made my walks from the parking-lot so pleasant: good figure, good girdle, good posture, and good taste in clothes and cosmetics. A swath of white bandage perched on the side of her head, and she lurched rather melodramatically against my offered arm as we entered. She was almost glaringly well-dressed, and despite her dizziness she wore the highest heels possible.

"Please sit down, Mrs. Maguire, this won't take very long," Tom said, pushing a chair before his desk and resuming his seat.

"I don't know what else you want to know," she said, irritably. "They made out two or three reports already. Don't you have those?"

"We thought perhaps you might help us on something we could work on at this level...perhaps you know why it was you they attacked?"

"I was there, that's all. The dirty Reds wouldn't have any other reason to try to kill me, would they? Terror---that's their weapon; terror and propaganda. I saw them coming in, and tried to scream, so first they tried to strangle me and then they tried to kill me. I was the only one around."

"It was Sunday morning, wasn't it?"

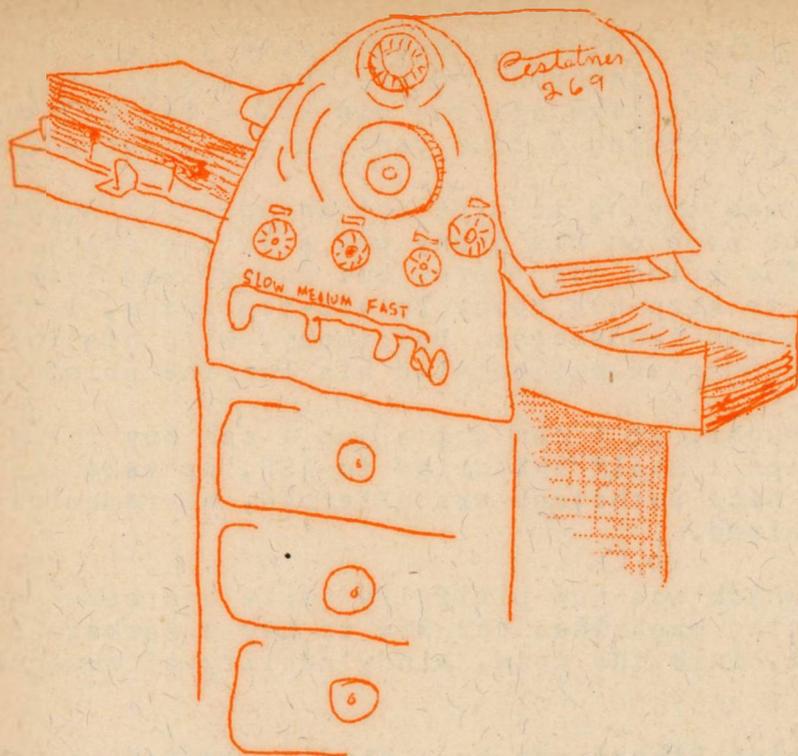
"Sure it was."

"How come you were working then, Mrs. Maguire?"

"The Goddamn Commies were working on Sunday too, weren't they?"

"I only meant that..."

"I was working on those damn Triplicates we have to send in on all activities of the local office. It seems to me there's more paperwork than
continued on p.37



CARL BRANDON



THE DARING YOUNG FAN WITH THE THREE SPEED MIMEO

I. SLEEP

A thousand million fanzines, copies of ASF with the spines repaired, a shady bookshop on Grant Avenue, hectograph with jelly freshly melted, typewriter with 14 karat gold space bar, a letter from Ireland, a check from John, cold glass of beer.

reprinted
from

aton,

fantasy rotator

27

Slipsheet, more ink, find the issue that has it, an old Amazing with a Rog Phillips novel, pictures of fans, pros, editors, keep the handle cranking, July 1934, three dollars and fifty cents, order from MASTER PRODUCTS, ten quires.

O sleep, thy bubble is sadly popped. Now we are living.

II. WAKEFULNESS

He swung his legs out of the bed, touching the icy floor. A spot of ink left there from the day before's mimeo run blackened the bottom of his big toe, and he thought, I should scrape that off and save it. Perhaps if I mixed it with water it would be enough to run the contents page.

But he knew it was not possible. There simply was not enough ink anywhere to finish the issue, and he found it hard accepting that fact. Maybe



if that story he had sent Astounding did not come back with a cold, formal rejection slip he would be able to finish running off the fanzine. But that was impossible. It would be just like all the others, a fat envelope bulky with typewritten pages and carrying a four cents postage due stamp.

He dressed, wetting his finger and trying to wipe out an ugly ink smudge on his Philcon II tee shirt. The prop on his beany was a little beat, but he did not attempt to fix it. The pride was there, but energy was lacking. Normally, he would do anything to keep his beany in tip-top shape, lest other fans accuse him of common-man tendencies. But today, with his ink can dry, he could think of nothing else but getting his fanzine printed.

I shall get a job today, he thought. If I can get a job I can buy the ink and all number of things. Perhaps I shall subscribe to ASF, or take the next SF Book Club selection (a nice anthology was offered, he remembered), or even have my typewriter repaired.

He left his little apartment, which was now pitifully empty and bare---- he had sold the last few remaining magazines for 35¢ to buy a package of typing paper. Out in the street, into the cold, windy reality of human riff-raff.

Remembering a book shop on Mission Street run by a kindly old fan, he decided to try there for a job. He knew the fan could not pay well, but any sort of money would do.

On the way to Mission Street, he passed a number of stationery stores, and paused a moment in front of the windows to look longingly at the rows on rows of brightly labeled hard set and oil base. When I am rich, he said, I shall buy every can in the city; I shall pour them all into a five-hundred gallon vat and dive in; I shall drink ink for breakfast, lunch and supper. And I shall finish my fanzine.

Once he passed a store that sold a new model mimeograph. It was a beautiful thing, all polished steel and chrome, and it featured a three-speed motor. He looked at it for a long moment, seeing himself sitting at the controls running it in high gear, and the paper flipping swiftly into the paper catch.

The daring young fan with the three-speed mimeo, he said. I shall be him. What other fan in the world owns a three-speed mimeo? I'll be the only one; and he turned away from the window and walked the half block down to the book store.

The kindly old fan was sitting behind the counter, reading a thick volume of James Thurber stories.

I'd like a job, he said.

The kindly old fan scrutinized him with black beady eyes that resembled pools of type-33 hard set. What can you do? he asked.

I can fan, he replied.

And how well?

I can fan a blue streak, he said vehemently, but already knew that the old

fan would never hire him. He should have seen that when the old fan put down the copy of James Thurber stories; he was old and tired, long past the fan stage and entering into senility---he would have no use for someone to fan for him.

He read it in the old fan's eyes, and without waiting for an answer, left the book shop. He walked blindly for an hour, not knowing whence he came or where he was headed. He saw a million faces, all of them stamped unmistakably with cold hostility for him and his breed.

The daring young fan with the three-speed mimeo. He knew now that there was no hope; the fanzine would never be published, and he would die of starvation to boot. It made him angry that he would have to martyr his life for fandom when he was still young. Perhaps if it came later he would be willing to face Ghu with solid accomplishment under his belt; but he had not even published an annish. He was wholly unprepared to die.

He decided to read one more Bradbury story, and stumbled into the nearest library. Taking a large anthology out, he turned quickly to "The Million Year Picnic", and read it through twice, since the library did not have any other Bradbury's. When he felt himself getting weak he left hurriedly, and took a long draught at the drinking fountain. It somehow refreshed him, and he returned to the library again and read a William Tenn short. He put the book back, and leaning back in his chair he said, I should at least write a letter to Dean Grennell before I die, and he tore the flyleaf off a book and began composing a letter.

Suddenly he felt ill again, and decided to let the letter go. The very thought of making a pun repelled him, and he decided that Ghu would accept him as he was.

He walked the ten blocks to his room and on the way saw an old man sitting on a doorstep opening a fresh can of beer. Somehow he felt he should ask the man if he could lick the end of the churchkey, but he fought down the temptation.

Instead, he waited in the next doorway till the man left, and found the churchkey still there. The beer had dried up, he found with dismay, but he pocketed the key anyway. He did not know what use he could put it to, but it seemed too valuable to leave.

When he reached his room he fell down on the edge of the bed tiredly. He took out his prize, and studied the words on it. Hamm's Beer From The Land Of Sky Blue Waters, he read, and turning it over, Quick And Easy Bottle Opener Company, St. Joseph. He began to polish it, and in fifteen minutes it gleamed like a mirror.

There is nothing that can be made to shine so brightly as a churchkey, he said. He studied it a moment, admiring the smooth symmetry of the hook and the beautifully engraved lettering. He dropped it on the floor and fell back into his pillow. I am going, he thought, and that churchkey has never been used by a fan. I should at least give it to a fan before I die; it is too beautiful to stay here while I die.

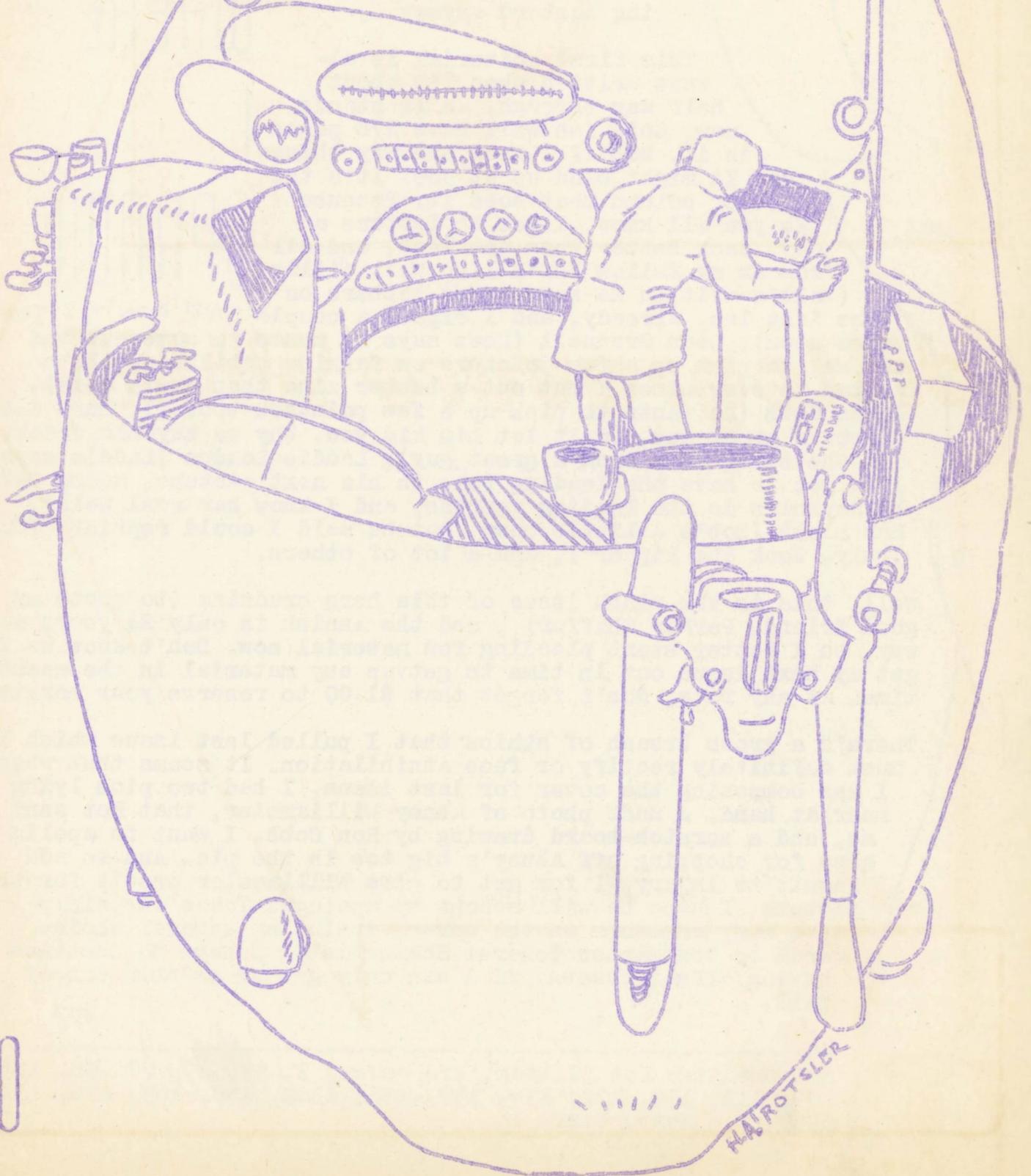
Black haze settled over him. He tried hard to see the cracks in the ceiling, but he he was failing. And he had not even finished his fanzine.

continued on p.32

dittogravure SUPPLIMENT

The object of the following twelve pages is to present a satire on a fanzine many of us--and I hope you--remember: Pete Vorzimer's ABSTRACT. It was prepared and partially mastered about a year ago, but up to now we had no way to run it off. Recently we had access to John Hitchcock's Rex-O-Graph, and the results begin on the next page. Unfortunately, due to a run of over 300, a few pages may be faint in some copies, but all are legible, and even the faintness is in keeping with ABby. Our sincerest apologies to Bill Rotsler for the liberties we took with him as 'Rot Williamsler'. He was part of the ABSTRACT picture. Most if not all of the statements attributed to real people are either direct quotes or quasi-quotes, while those of Littul Petey, tho they have their roots in reality have been twisted to aid the cause of satire. If we've stepped on other toes, we apologize. At this moment we only hope that you remember this fine old zine as we do...

ABGECEJ



This issue of ABject has gone alot slower than any of the previous issues. I haven't any idea as to why except that I'm just generally a lazy, ing bastard anyway...

FROM
WHERE

This first editorial is always written when I'm about half way through. As it stands now, this ish will have 278 pages in it. But if I know the way things go, it might wind up at 969. It's the letter column that does it. Because as you all know, I get 46 letters a day, each better than the last, and all from ~~th~~ my fellow bnf's like Walt Willis (Walt's written me seven rave letters on

SPRAWL

the last ish, already, and I expect a couple more soon), Dean Grennell (Dean says he wants to come out and see me, to pick up a few pointers on fanzine publishing; he's wanted to ever since I put out a better zine than Erwin Geis), Erwin Geis (he wants to pick up a few pointers too...), Burt Satz (Burts a great guy, don't let him kid you. Why we buy him drinks all the time, he's such a great guy), Laddie London (Laddie says I've got to have the leading role in his next picture. Seems Debby Reynolds as the leading actræss, and I know her real well), Bob Block (Bob's a little busy, but he said I could reprint "Yours Truly, Jack the Ripper"), and a lot of others. AND DON'T I THO...?

Well, this is the ninth issue of this here crudzine (to quote my good friend, Parker Shaffer), and the Annish is only 2½ years away, so I better start pleading for material now. Don't know as I'll get my next issue out in time to get up any material in the meantime. At any rate, don't forget that \$1.00 to reserve your monster.

There's a gross breach of ethics that I pulled last issue which I must definitely rectify or face annihilation. It seems that when I was composing the cover for last issue, I had two pics lying near at hand. A nude photo of Abney Williamsler, that Rot sent me, and a scratch-board drawing by Ron Cobb. I want to apologize for chopping off Abney's big toe in the pic. And to add insult to injury, I for got to give Williamsler credit for the picture. I hope he will accept my apology. There certainly were many comments on the cover, including several choice words by Postmaster General Sommerfield. I hope to continue having offset covers, if I can only get my printer out of jail.

jpz

Art credits: Rot Williamsler- cover, 3, 19, 69, 72, 96, 105, 109, 112, 119, 132, 136, 137, 138, 138½, 150, 169, 416, 434½, 6969, 2. Terry Carr- 14.

THE LOVES OF MICHELL

L. DON RONNELL

As the Editor of twelve magazines, often published as often as once a year, and the co-editor of seven more, plus the publisher of sixty-nine, I have seen and read a great many stories by a great many authors. In my estimation, Don Ronnell is the second worst amateur author in Fandom today.

After reading this installment of this excellent serial, which is almost a story in itself, I am sure you will retch. I did.

His name was Mike and his head was way up above the clouds, away from the world and its unpleasant, fun-killing realities. A deep, intense look of wonder came from the depths of his black, searching eyes, and his even blacker hair culred down on his forehead lazily, wondering too.

He was padding unhurriedly along on his kiddie-car down ~~the~~ main street of the small town. It was dark ...too dark. He saw the lamp post coming. It was speeding, and he could see she didn't have much control over it. He tried to swerve. Then a feeling of sickening horror came over him. He shouldn't have tried to drive with his head in the clouds and hair all over his face. There was a horrifying crump.

* * *

Her face was staring at him when the lights came on again. He shook his head and closed his eyes.

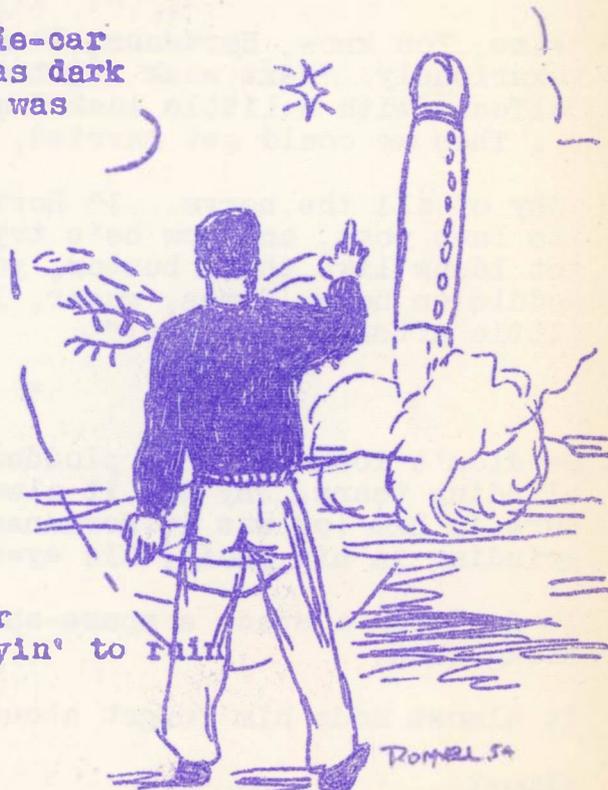
"Where am I?" is an inevitable question.

"At my house," said a voice. "Your kiddie-car hit my lamp post. I brought you here. You tryin' to ruin my business?"

He opened his eyes again.

"Hello again, Mike. The last time you tried to make me you passed out. My liquor's not that bad, is it?"

He focussed his eyes. Her face swam into focus.



Don't look, Mike? His mind screamed. Don't look at the rest of her, or you'll be lost!

The focus cleared. His stomach flipped a little. No, he shouldn't have looked.

"No, he said, it wasn't that."

"It wasn't," another voice said. "I know what it was. Do you want to hear it, Mike?" His damn psychiatrist, queering his pickups again!

"When you met Angelia, you fell in love. Or thought you did. You were five, and a whole host of strong emotions were churning in your body. When you put that cigar-band on her finger, you thought it was love. And when she threw you over for an older 3rd-grader your ego was crushed. You retreated into a closet and slammed the door on all womanhood! Face it, Michell!" His voice rose in triumph.

"No," mused Michell, making himself more comfortable. "Last time we had just come from a party at Barbee's house. It wasn't your liquor, Hortense. It was his Home Brew."

"Ghoddam point-killer!" the psychiatrist snarled. "Wait till I get you on the couch next week. Needles under the fingernails! And be prompt!" He left angrily.

"You restin' comfortable, honey?" Hortense said.

"Fine. You know, Hortense, I've been thinking..." Michell said, stretching luxuriously. "Next week I get my PhD in Post Einsteinian Metaphysics from CalTech. With a little luck I might swing a janitor's job at Princeton. Then... Then we could get married, maybe..."

"Why of all the nerve...!" Hortense exploded. "First he fractures my favorite lamp post, and now he's tryin' to take my career away from me! If you got ideas like that, buster, you're fit enough to get out of this bed and toddle on home. C'mon, sugar, I gotta work for a living, and it's only a little after eleven now!"

* * *

He didn't look back. He plodded blindly along the street, blinded by the blinding tears. Why did it always have to happen this way? Harriet still hurt in him (or was it Hortense?), deep...like the planned pain of a knee grinding in his groin. His eyes fell on the poster.

It depicted a space ship blasting against a starred, cheeseckae background.

It almost made him forget about her!

Almost.

The words said: "JOIN THE SPACE CORPS...SEE MISS UNIVERSE!"

He went through the door. He was dressed for a physical, anyway. THIS CONCLUDES THE STORY OF MICHELL'S SIXTY-NINTH LOVE To Be Continued...

THRU FARE

THRU MILD

THRU LITTLE CHANGE...ETC., ETC.

DEAN GREENELL

Just a short note on ABject #9, as I'm up to the armpits in work on GRUE.

I like your cover this issue...very good indeed.

One thing that continues to jar me though, is what seems to me to be an unduly high frequency of typographical ~~errors~~ errors. In most cases a guy can figure out what you meant though there was one that baffled me--can't find it offhand, and I'd just as soon rather not go through the nervous shock of looking for it.

Certainly a hot letter-section of late, isn't it? Maybe it's your review section that is getting most of the attention. Personally, I may have panned a fanzine at ~~one~~ one time (certainly I've seen some that I thought deserved it!) but I can't ever recall having done so.

You see, Pete, there's an obscure psychological factor at work here. If you go ~~out~~ around knocking people, no matter how richly they may deserve it, your contemporaries eventually come to regard you with uneasiness...they may get along with you, but it's through fear and not affection. There's always that question in their minds, "What does he say about me?" or "What is he apt to say about me in the next issue?"

Fond du Lac, Wis.

((Strange you picked that particular pair of subjects to talk about, Dean, of all the hundred-odd pages of the last ABby. True, most of it was letter-section, with only an editorial, a Fan Times, and the Ronnell story, but there must have been something else besides other people's knocks of me to talk about. Typos? Sure, I know how to correct them. Just never bother. They don't look so bad to me. Besides, what do you expect for 85¢ an issue... proof reading? You impress me as having an awful nasty attitude this month, Dean;..sugared over as it may appear. So what if you are 'up to your armpits', how long does a 12-page letter take? Besides, what's more important...a dead zine, or egoboo in a ~~new~~ five-wire focal-point of the Fandom to Come?and only one nice thing to say about the whole issue! Call that acting like

a BNF? It's we little guys of fandom, the nobodies like me, who elected you a BNF, buddy, and make sure you never forget it or we'll maybe organize a recall! You push me around again and I'll sic Harlan Ellison on your heels. Will you be sorry then, boy? I swing quite a heavy weight in fandom, even tho I have been a BNF only since my second issue (first one didn't have any letters), so you just watch your step!))

R A L E I G H E V A N S M U L T O G

My, ABject keeps coming right along, doesn't it? And it sure looks big, doesn't it? I just like to read, and read, and read it. Only a week now, and I'm on the second paragraph. You use such big words! (By the way, "taht" isn't in my Merriam-Webster; should I buy a new dictionary?) I've been out to a new magazine shop where I bought some real fine old stf mags. Did you ever see the big-sized FANTASTIC SCIENCE FICTION, or OUT OF THIS WORLD ADVENTURES, with the color section? I didn't know you could still get such rare old mags. Well, I'll close now. All I can say is, I wish there were even more of ABject.

Playfield St.,
Dundalk, Md.

((Now that's the kind of letters I like to get! Straight-from-the-shoulder, hard-hitting criticism! I'll do my best to meet your complaints and remedy them. "Taht" might have been a typo, but I'm not sure. Play it safe and get a better dictionary. I don't think I could be wrong, but then some of us are human once in a while. Say hello to your brother George for me.))

L E E H O F F M A N

What do you mean, damn girlish?

Savannah, Georgia

((I don't know why everyone in fandom picks out poor Jim Zrovimer to feud with. I happen to print opinions in my review-column... MY opinions. Maybe a lot of them don't agree with what the editors would like to hear about themselves, and once in a while I may not even agree with the rest of fandom. But it's only one column in one funzine! I reviewed the NoLaConIsh of "UANDRY" as a favor, Lee, because I thought it good enough to be remembered. I gave it a B-, which I think is a damn good rating, for something that hasn't been in print for years, and it still looks damn girlish to me!))

C L A U D E R . H A L L

ABject #8 finally floated in with the tide--surprising to say the least as I had never received AB#2 yet...nor any after. #1, though, I had. So the slight change from handwritten to a dittoed format affected me none. Guess you found out, like all the others before you that the medium was just a little too costly, in time and finger-fatigue, to be practical on a monthly. I do wish I could see when you saw the light and made the change. ((It was with ish #7.))

Having missed the intervening Loves of Michell, this one was boring. And it was greatly loused up in details. Seemed clear to me that Ronnell has neither been in the Central Intelligence Bureau nor around the Space Satellite. Of course, that has little to do with the story itself--but for basic background he should have perked himself up on info. Never seen a Secretary of The Air Force sent out to do taxi-service for incoming recruits yet. And it Ronnell thinks that an H-Bomb is set off by lighting a fuse and holding one's ears, or that students ~~in~~ have to build and set off their own in order to pass Soph Physics, well he's just got a few things wrong. I suppose that this was a good bit of fiction, though. But to say that it was more realistic than THE MAN WHO SOLD THE MOON and more literary than anything Bradbury's ever produced is strictly ridiculous.

Of course you wouldn't know about FANTASY TIMES, J.V.Taurasi's zine. Guess you've been in fandom too short a time to have heard about it. Intentional or not, they're right: you did steal a title.

Re GRUE you state: BETTER REPRO WOULD HELP. Just like some of Wetzel's tricks! What gets me is this: how can you say that about another faned's zine when your own zine is staring you in the face like an old wet mop? No wonder most fen join SAPS, FAPA, OMPA or the Cult and leave you goon-birds to scabble among yourselves.

TEXAS, SHH!

((You sure spent valuable letter space splitting hairs. Sec'ys will pick up enlisted men--especially if the EM are corporals...and work for the Ag.Dept.--damn right they will! You shouldn't pick on poor Don that way. I realize that he hasn't researched as thoroughly as he might, but at the age of eleven, it's not easy to tour all the top secret bases. He had to improvise, and I'm sure that even Campbell couldn't do better. GRUE, regardless of the state of my own mag...NEEDS IMPROVEMENT. Grennell can't even see the advantage of using eighteen colors per page, like I've done quite often, to add a little tasteful variety to his zine. But, no! Just one damn blue page after another. (I'm experimenting with all purple this myself, but don't think I like it. The old system of a different color for every line sparkles a zine up, gives it that old Zing.) Your letter was a very expensive waste of stationery and postage. Well, that's all of the letters...))

GRUAN DEPT.

No real groans this time...just the last thing to type. ABby is a little short this time--only a ream long--but it'll be back in its old glory next time with a real meaty size.

Had the extreme fannish honor of visiting the pad of one Charles E. Burbee. Had a lot of fun, but there were some other clods there who kept spoiling things. I never heard of them before--Ed Cox, Lee Jacobs, Don Wilson, and some others who I can't remember. Rot Williamsler never did show up, so I had to put up with these other guys. Real squares; never heard of Seventh or Eighth Fandom.

Well, I've gotta run off seven more zines tomorrow, so I'll cut this off.
jim

FAN TIMES

JJM

ZROVIMER II

I would like to take this space to explain more about myself...JIM ZROVIMER, one of the Nation's Five Best Amateur Editors, as of the last count of my impartial poll. In my book the others are Kent Corey, Raleigh Multog, Parker Shaeffer, and George T. Wetzel.

I am a comparative youngster in BNFdom, having been a BNF for only nigh onto 2 years (May, 1954 - May, 1956, historians, don't forget those dates!) Being the newest of the group (there have been no BNFs come along since my ascension, sad to say, though I thought a lot of my friends were right up there with me a while ago), I feel a little reluctant to go into this autobiography, but after my article on How I Became a BNF, in the third ish of ABby, requests have been pouring in every month for the full particulars of my fannish career. Modest as I am, I must bow to the wishes of you, you, and you out there who make this tiny dittoed monstrosity worth the effort.

I was born, as all fen seem to be, one afternoon at a newstand. (Not really born, you understand; I'm speaking hermetically.) I looked up from a copy of Dostoevsky's BROTHERS KARAZAMOF, and there was a copy of THE TIME MACHINE staring me right in the face. It was love at first word. (The first word was "the") In fact, even though it was the last of Dostoevsky's works I had yet to read, I've never finish his BROTHERS KARAZAMOF.

No, instead I read scientifiotion...avidly. THE TIME MACHINE, THE WAR OF THE WORLDS, A TRIP TO THE MOON, 20,000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA... Oh yes, space opera you call it now; crudg trash, pulp-hack stuff. Well maybe it was, but you'll have to remember all of them were new to me then! And how much better than THE BROTHERS KAFAMZOR! They brought me the sense of wonder, as they have to every almost-teen-ager who had to go through the crud-stage before he could move on to better things.

And I did move on, by leaps and bounds. I won't bore you with the tale of hoe I discovered that wonderful OUT OF THIS WORLD ADVENTURES, and how it helped be to develop an ever-widening horizon of appreciation for all that is crud in life, nor how after OOTWA folded I discovered FANTASDTIC SCIENCE FICTION (yes, Raleigh, they both were wonderful old magazines!). Through these prozines, I found something else, something wonderful: Fandom. I was really born! (Speaking hermetically again. Mom wouldn't let me read magazines in there!) THE BROTHERS KAZAMROF was shelved forever!

I went through a lot of mistakes in fandom those early days. I wasted two whole months adoring Silverberg and Geis, before I found out that they were not the greatest editors in fandom. I had read just too little to be dis-

criminating. Why, I once called Boggs and Grennell the editors with the best duplicated zines in America! (Two months later, I got a glance at a truly great fanzine, Kent Corey's ALICE. I could have cursed myself for saying such things publicly!)

It wasn't long before fandom seized me, just as scientifiction had before. I resolved to get into the swim of things immediately, and that's bluntly how ABject was born. It was a pallid issue, as everyone (including myself) will have to admit, with nothing much in it except my editorials, an original short-story by Bob Heinlein, a serious article by Rick Elsberry (the last he did in fandom), and humor (if you could call it that), by nobodies like Willis, Bloch, Lee Hoffman, and Willy Ley. It was hand-produced, as have most of the issues so far, but since I'd just learned how to use the process...I hope some subscribers forgave me for blank pages; writers' cramp and a leaky penkept the issue small.

My second issue was better, seeing the first of the columns by members of the Golden Gate Futurian Society (whom I had just met around that time), the first Boob Stewart resignation from Fandom, the first review-column by myself, and generally the cream of ABject's crops thus far.

There were letters that ish, too. A trickle of only 97 letters came in that month, one or two of them offering hints that helped make ABject what it is today, but most just praising me to the skies. I had become a BNF! It was quite a shock to me, too, being right up here ~~with~~ along with all the other fannish greats, as I'd always wanted to be, but had never hoped to be. I'm a modest guy. I never even thought anyone could be a BNF without, say, at least two months work! But, I guess it just goes to prove that fandom's gifts are there, for whoever has the drive and the patience and the gift of natural talent that wins through in the end.

From there on, it's been one happy, happy time of it. Of course, not all of it was rosy. Not all of it was raking in the egob o and blushing at compliments. I knew from the start that a BNF couldn't just sit around and stay a BNF; he had to act like one. I wasn't going to be like some BNF's, who just sit around and try to be BNF's without working, boy. Won't catch me being another do-nothing Speare, boy!

First, I joined the Golden Gate Futurian Society...a sterling, high-type organization devoted to the more non-neo-fannish attributes of the scene. When we meet, the GGFS rarely indulges in the usual horsing around. Some of us actually try scientific experiments at the meetings. I remember one night, we conducted an experiment to see how much straight gin we could pour down a puppy's throat before he slid under the table. (I still have to laugh at him puking his guts out all over the rug!) One evening the whole club set out to get the truth when Burt Satz rashly stated that peyote was more efficient than either heroin or opium for the creation of Little Willies. (Burt has chosen as his own pet project the discovery of a ~~drink~~ fannish drink to replace bheer. He's settled on 200-proof alcohol cut with Kreml, but it doesn't seem to be catching on. Nonone out of the San Francisco area seems to like the taste of the alcohol.) But probably the best thing about the GGFS is the availability of dames. Our club-rooms were specifically chosen with that in mind, and except for one unexpected vice-raid, all our fannish experiments have been surprisingly successful.

I've found that you out there (who make this modest little fanzine the topzine it is right now!) like my policy of having whatever I don't write myself in ABby done by my West Coast friends. Your response to our reprinting GGFS meeting-reports in the last issue will mean they'll probably continue...and next time we'll note down the gals, the phone-numbers, and the bust-dimensiõns, like you (who have made me the BNF I am!) asked for.

But perking the GGFS into new life and producing the best fanzine of the past past year wasn't all I did as a BNF. I plunged into the maelstrom of pseudo-gafia surrounding Seventh Fandom, and built the cornerstones of the Fandom To Come. National Amateur Press Association (which was better than SABS ever was) was founded by me, and soon drew that hard-core of true-blue fans that will create The Fandom To Come. Most of them are GGFS members, and I know them personally as fans I'd want to entrust the future of Fandom to. Then I spearheaded the drive to make WAPA going concern, and under my guidance Larry Anderson almost had a great organization. Other BNFish duties have curtailed my time, however, and I fear the organization is not lasting as everyone expected. Finally, as my final gesture to the fan-world, I single handedly created the MYSTIC SIX...the Apa of The Future. This is ~~my~~ the achievement on which I wish my BNFship to be measured. This "Wide-Open-Six-Way" (which is not so damned exclusive as some Wide-Open-Ways I could name, boy!) has produced eighteen million pages of activity in the past three months, and looks like it'll go on forever. Due to secessions, abstentions, and self-withdrawals, the original group of seventy-five fans has shrunk surprisingly, and there aren't many new fans of like quality to replace them, but our MYSTIC SIX continues to be the happiest and most homogeneous unit fandom has produced. (Oddly, enough, all of us are members of the GGFS, and that homogeneity sure comes in handy whenever any of the gals are picked up on the way to our meeting-rooms!)

Yes, I did say final gesture to fandom. I have planned to publish just one more hand-written conish of ABject before I join the HAPPY GAFIATING GROUNDS. Another decision I have to make is just what fanpubbing I will leave behind. When one publishes sixteen regular fanzines, half of them in fond old apa(s) (one (one third of which he created and wrote the constitutions for himself!), the choices become rather difficult. The question is, just where to cut the tie?

For, you see, it's becoming increasingly obvious that I'm becoming a fake-fan...much as I hate to admit it. At first, it was just a kind of a snyder-sneering: I stopped buying the gosh-wow mags: F&SF, IF, RESPONDING. Finally I was only devoting what little time I did spend on s-f on the garConFinnish journals: IMAGINATION, AMAZING, FANTASTIC...if you can call them fanish at all! About ~~that~~ all my letter-hacking now is restricted to an occasional highbrow literate discussion with Howard Browne, or an argument on Einst ein sent to Hamling. Most of that doesn't even get written or mailed, and many less mags are read than bought.

Then, just last month, I had the final twist of Gafia: I read happily through what I thought was a wonderful new monster-story by Leon Tolstoy before I found out it wasn't called "were and race"! Worst of all, when I did find out, I read it anyway...and I liked it!

---James P. Zrovimer

LOOKING BACKWARD

...with the editor

Well, this marks some sort of turning point for good old AB. There are a number of changes this issue, and also quite a number that will come with the next issue. Or the next after that. Or the one after that. Maybe. Now, with this issue, I am using my little thumbnail-size portable with the B I G ~~readable~~ type--if I can learn how to use it, that is. You'll also notice that this is a big improvement over handwriting the way I did the last dittoed issue. I can get more words onto a page. About 300 more, in fact. This issue is letter-column heavy. In fact the only other features are the serial and my stuff, and I couldn't leave them out!

And I have some new autobiogs by the fans you've been asking for! Leading of nextish, in fact, is George Wetzel's. George is the famous Baltimore fan who pubs STAR ROCKETS (and I'd advise you to get the latest issue if you can--15 letter-size pages for only 20¢!), and in this auto-biog he'll tell all about Raleigh Multog!

You out there who are going to submit--write in advance as I have a long line of eager girls already ahead of you, and I'm working out a schedule so that I can take care of you. Now, here is a very important thing: MY ADDRESS WILL CHANGE AS OF JULY 1st! Trouble is, I don't know the new address now. Here is what I'm going to do. My new address will be on the back of this ish. You see, I'll know FOR SURE by the end of this week, after AB ~~is~~ all run off except for the back cover. This is VERY IMPORTANT to me, as I get about 120 or more letters a day and I can't very well come back and sneak into the old house for them. I have to give up my key. So that would be a fix.

And that's not all--for you see, in September, after the trial, I'll be moving up to the San Francisco Bay region. I have to start in a new institution. That will mean another change of address--then to a box number. Please bear with me as this correspondence means a lot to me and is what keeps AB coming out. And if you know any good Escape Tricks, I'd like to hear about them. They're my new hobby.

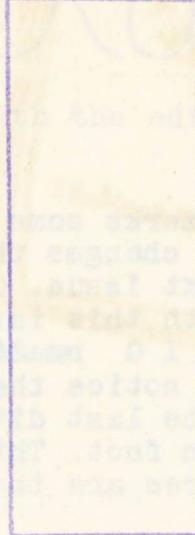
You know, the other day I received a call from one of my best friends, also a fan editor. He asked why in heaven's name I was going to ditto ABject instead of writing all those copies by hand. Before I could open my mouth, to answer, he told me that ABject would lose its personality, and that ~~honey~~ homey feeling that had been created through the splotchy crayon scrawling of the previous issues. He felt, in short that AB would lose all the feeling of being an amateur magazine if it were duplicated.

Now the reason I'm telling you all this is because you are the readers in my book, and what you say goes (within reason of course!) Let me hear your opinions, and I'll see if they can possibly change any of mine.

JPZ

will come out
at the P.O.
please put a
50¢ stamp
here 2 1/2 in
broke.
10d. 50d.

KING BAG



10.

THIS IS A MAILING WRAPPER.....you may tear it off if you
wish ---NO! DON'T! I typed the editorial on the back of
this!

ABJECJ

~~ABJECJ~~

~~ABJECJ~~

~~ABJECJ~~

~~Not with the same
of J. or J. J. J. J. J.~~

~~ABJECJ~~

No it's not! I
don't know where
I live. You tell
me where to go.

THE PEON

PAPERS

Concerning the events which might well have given the enemy the upper hand in a third world war, had certain of our naval personnel not been what they were.

The world has collapsed around me in the form of an icy salt mine in Inner Mongolia. This is my home. My true station in life has been betrayed by the carelessness of the enemy.

It was a gorgeous set-up. I had risen in the party to the glorious point where I had Norwich as my exclusive territory. I had been casing one admiral for two months. At least he had enough spaghetti on his uniform to look like an admiral. How was I to know his wife was of Italian lineage?

He was obviously the most important man in Norwich. My liaison men told me ten reams of paper went through his office each month. He had such an air of secrecy about him, even his name was some sort of a puzzle.

From the books he carried I could tell he was in atomics. Missles research was my guess. Anyway, I could tell from a distance that he was the man for me.

When things got hot at home and I saw bosses were going to change, I decided it was time to cut the deck and make my big play. I would have to score now or crap out in the salt mines. Luckily, the admiral played right along. He had been acting suspiciously all along, but when he started mailing out letters with "RUSH" marked on them, and having work piled up on his desk at home till three o'clock in the morning, I knew things were getting hot.

They don't work like that except for very special projects.

I called up uncle Joe in Washington just to make sure, and he supported my opinion that violence would break out any day against our ilk. Maybe I would get their secret weapon and receive the 20% molybdenum hero's badge when I returned.

My chance, came sooner than I expected.

JOHN L. MAGNUS

The admiral left his car parked in an inconspicuous place where I only had to implicate five innocent bystanders to make room for me to work. The rest was easy.

I pressed out the non-glare emergency-only windshield, grabbed out his stuffed briefcase full of nuclear wonders (plus a few other trinkets for myself), left a "Big Brother Is Watching You" sign in the glove compartment, and made off. It was so easy I had time to chalk a "GO HOME AGNES, BERTHA, CONSTANCE, DINAH, AND ERMINTRUDE" sign on the sidewalk before I buzzed for a flying saucer to take me to begin my life of ease as a parsley-waterer on a collective farm.

Everyone knows they can't afford parsley in Russia.

Anyway, I was quite surprised when I was called into the front office to see Milt, the new Commissar.

It wasn't anything I had done wrong, he explained, handing me a shiny new salt pick. But now the admiral would find everything missing and become suspicious.

It wasn't anything I had done wrong, he explained, clamping a chain onto my game leg. The blueprints were fine. There were even drawings of the proposed missiles. The engineers were even now hard at work inventing the typewriter (which I had planned to keep for myself) which would add tons of polish to our national glory.

It wasn't anything I had done wrong, he explained, kicking me in the stomach and sending me off for the salt cure. It was just that the nasty irresponsible admiral had neglected to include the most important piece of equipment with the blueprints, diagrams, and sheaves of letters.

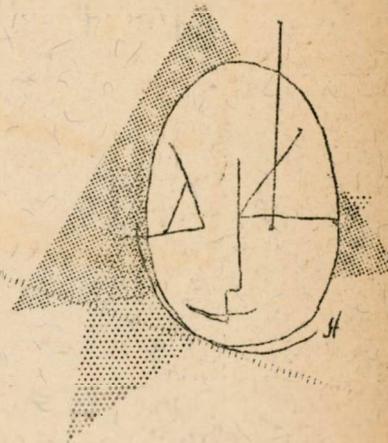
Handing me over to the MKV, he politely explained that it wasn't my fault the admiral had been careless and forgotten the decoder. The real secrets of Project Peon were lost to us forever.

"We have patriotic trash around here." TEW

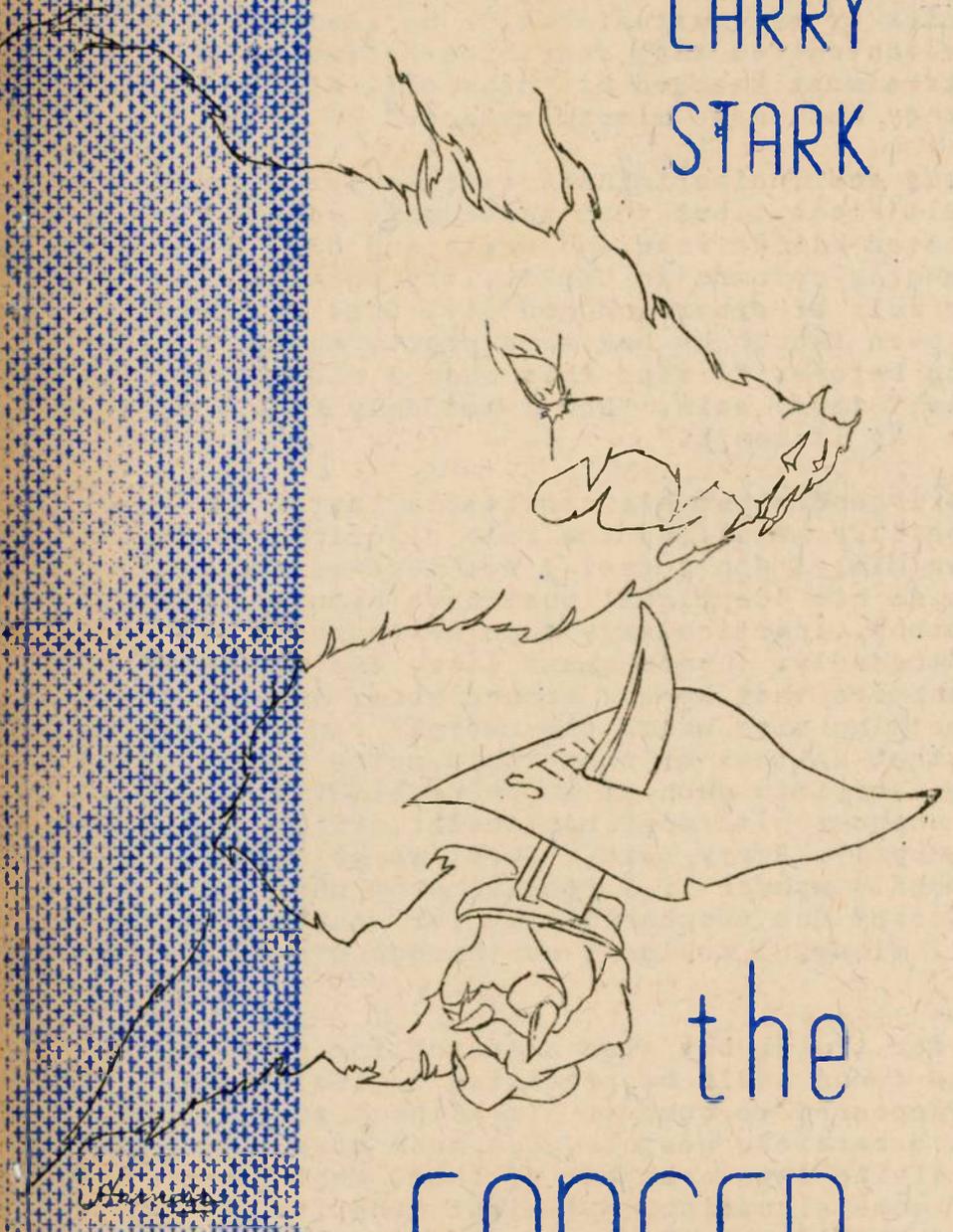
++++
"Oh, to be a linguist, now that Hitchcock's here!"
++++

~~~~~  
DARING YOUNG FAN... CONTINUED

Then swiftly, gracefully, with the ease of The Daring Young Fan With The Three-Speed Mimeo, he was gone from his body. For an eternal moment he was all things at once: the churchkey, the mimeo, the ink can, and fan. An ocean of hardset swept up before him. A multitude of fans clamored. The beer can spouted. The earth circled away, and knowing that he did so, he turned his sensitive face to the fannish sky and became dreamless, unalive, slanlike.



by  
LARRY  
STARK



the  
FANGED  
FAN

Sure, Larry Stark was a member of the WuSFA; in fact, he produced STELLAR one summer while he was here. Copies are so rare, most people haven't read the "Falls Church" banner on its contents-pages. Of course, he'd been bouncing around fandom for quite a while, but that was his first job of editing his own fanzine, his first crack at his own personal style of fiction, and probably the most famous thing he ever did.

He was only here during the summer, and while he was here the Washington Science Fiction Association was swollen with a lot more school and college people back from classes. There were about half a dozen of them who'd kept in constant touch throughout the school year, and formed a kind of subgroup all their own. Larry was part of that.

He was always built of extremes, even then. In conversation he either faded into a smiling nonentity, or waded in for a sudden pitched battle for some outlandish new theory or idea. Most people couldn't follow his hyperbolic arguments-by-example and wrote him off as a young, opinionated cynic. That might have been true, but I think it went a little deeper than that. Often Larry'd say he was nothing more than a critic, and perhaps that was closer to it. Perhaps he loved the truth too much.

Certainly his stories were an outgrowth of such a love. He'd started the

year before, writing some that eventually appeared in STELLAR, but it wasn't till his magazine got off the ground that fandom took notice. They were pretty harsh criticisms of fandom, in some respects, but Larry always tried to make them as true to reality as he could, and still have a story. Some people got pretty angry at him, for the kind of thing he was writing, but he always said he had to pick extreme situations or he couldn't write anything worth reading. At the convention that year, Lee Hoffman wouldn't speak to him, and Sam Moskowitz almost knocked his head off. All Larry said at the time was, "I'm sorry; they must have misunderstood."

Larry seemed to have a voracious and indiscriminate appetite for reading material and facts of almost all kinds...but that passionate search for truth and order actually dominated all he read and wrote and did. You must have heard about those wide-ranging columns in UMBRA...trying to subdue the whole world, it seemed, to the rule of order and honesty. Once we found him reading "A Fairwell to Arms", even though he had some pretty nasty things to say about Hemingway not long before. "I read this when I didn't know how good some people thought it was," Larry said. "Now I not only know why it should be that good, I can see why it isn't."

Fandom has built up a fabulous legend about his capricious tastes and abominable disposition, just because he played the role of critic in almost everything he did. Having known him, I don't feel I can type-cast him so easily. What fandom recognizes as his 'caprices' must have been the results of some rather hellish revelations...particularly when he searched for and maintained the truth so cold-bloodedly. I once heard Larry and Ted White ((Larry stayed with Ted both summers that he was around here; and Ted published STELLAR for him, something else which the average fan doesn't recall.)) discussing the fact that neither of them could quite talk a girl into attending a WuSFA meeting...or into much of anything else. Ted said Larry must have had plenty of chances with some particular girl, someone they must have seen quite frequently. Larry said, "Sure, maybe I have. But every once in a while, I'd suddenly wonder if I really meant what I was saying...if I was willing to accept the responsibility for whatever would have to follow. And I knew, all along, I couldn't go through with it unless I did mean every word of it."

Larry's was not only a search for truth, but also a search for ways in which whatever bits of truth he found could be presented logically and dramatically in a story. They appeared to come to him without much effort, and to be dashed off in almost a careless gesture, but much more must have gone into it. He put a lot of living into each one of them. He told me once he had been trying to think of some situation that might lend itself to explaining and interpreting the WuSFA, but that the only ideas he'd had were of a kind he couldn't write. Most ideas he tried consciously to bring into being seemed to go that way. The flashes of insight, whether they burst forth from subconscious pondering or not, were the things he built those STELLAR stories on, and most of them turned out right, too.

That summer he worked on STELLAR, he was all immersed in the French moderns. He'd just read a book on art by Andre Malraux that he talked about as if it were a new book of the gospel, and Anouilh, Giraudoux, and Gide were names he mentioned more often than Bradbury, or Sturgeon...or even Shaw or Grennell. The local straw-hat circuit seemed to be on a little French kick that year, too, and he dragged Ted all over Maryland and Virginia, so they could argue with one another about the plays. Larry kept saying the best thing about them was that the playwright was always quite consciously a

Man of The Theatre, who represented reality not by a photograph, but by an analogy; it allowed for more freedom of interpretation. And, of course, Ted came right back with the "All for Entertainment" opinion, with liberal quotes from Ray Palmer the Divine.

I don't think anyone could seem so unsuited to spend a summer together. Ted Ted loved his pulp-collection as rabidly as Ackerman loves The Creature, or Moskowitz his Sense of Wonder Past, and Larry's pet phrase for them was "that SlanSlush". Their tastes in almost everything were about like that... and maybe the only thing in which they were like one another was their unshakeable belief in their own opinions, and their ability to argue about them at the drop of a hat. But maybe the ability to argue...without fighting...was the one thing that mattered about them, and made them identical; They both approached life as something of a comprehensible, intellectual experience. Neither one understood it in the same way, but they interpreted it by the same method.

Larry often said it was Ted's fault STELLAR came out in three issues within three months; Ted wouldn't colate the magazine, and while absorbed in the mechanical routine Larry just kept getting new ideas. But, if Ted was responsible for STELLAR, he was also responsible for its sudden death. That may sound damning, but remember it's taken fandom a long time to recognize what a loss that really was.

Larry had been concerned a little with the race question...in fact he'd written two little non-fannish stories about it. ((I think they were finally printed in a college magazine he edited, but I'm not sure.)) One day, while they were finishing the third STELLAR, Larry told Ted that the whole White family fascinated him. If he could, he said, he might like to write something about them...perhaps a play. Ted was dubious. What possible situation could there be that would make them the subject of a play. "Oh, what do you suppose would happen if that big yellow Buick of yours ran over a negro child some day?" Larry said, and elaborated a little on the structure of the conflicts he thought might arise.

The argument that that kicked off started things that neither one of them liked, but neither could prevent from taking place. They went to the convention together, and remained friends...so far as I know...right up to the end, but some link seemed absent in their relationship to one another. I'm not sure if they even saw one another again.

That convention, of course, was just about the beginning of the end. There were naturally a couple of enthusiastic admirers in the crowd, but no one could have been less prepared for the misunderstandings that STELLAR caused than Larry. He had produced three issues in a partial vacuum that was populated mostly by his friends in the WuSFA, and the FAPA distribution was too soon before the con for him to have had much indication of opinions by mail. As an example, I know that he considered his story about Lee Hoffman the loving libation of a long-admiring worshipper, and her anger caught him completely off balance. He just couldn't understand why everyone treated him like a neo-Deglar, because of course he had expected them to read STELLAR with an eye to broad generalities, and instead all they noticed was the detail.

Larry all but quit fandom after that...though he didn't stop writing...and when he did things seemed to change for him. He suddenly decided that Library School wasn't really what he wanted at all, and dashed into the

canyons of New York to try to discover what it really was. He seemed to need to prove himself capable at something...by his own standards.

For a while, it looked as if he might have made a smart move. The pro-mags liked the new style and bite of his critical columns, and he turned them out in mass-production fashion. There was a stretch when he was keeping three magazines overstocked with columns of general criticism that fans described as Boucher's tastes plus Campbell's wide range and seriousness. Then that magazine deal fell through, and it all seemed to disintegrate.

Larry was an obvious choice for an editor, with his fan-background, and the seriousness and success of his reviews. It was just a matter of time before someone gave him the green light on it...and I know he wanted to try a magazine all his own. He had everything set up, too, but then there was a final conference with the publisher and the business-manager...and after that the whole thing just lost momentum and died. I doubt if it was true that "No one would have wanted to read it," as the publisher said in INSIDE. I do think larry would have found it tough to fill a second issue, though.

After that...nothing. He sent a few mundane things to Partisan Review, and some literary-magazines no one ever heard of, but he just retreated into his apartment. He never stopped writing...friends who visited him said they couldn't see how he paid for the paper...but wouldn't try to sell it. "The novel's not finished yet," larry'd say, and none of the short-stories satisfied him. Silverberg tried to help, tried to convince him they were good enough, but larry insisted on more revisions. And, since he burned them all just before the end, perhaps his work in STELLAR is the closest we'll ever get to knowing what those novels and stories might have been like.

Larry once said he could believe in no religion, that he knew the good it did for others and the harm the lack of it did to him, but in the final throes of conversion a religion presented him with more questions than he could answer logically. So I presume he's not sorry for what he's done, even now. If I were faced with a life damned to constant question, I'm not sure but what I would have done the same thing. Yet I'm really sorry he did. It's just as Ted White said, "When we were together, all we ever did was fight...larry fought with everybody. But I miss him when he isn't here."

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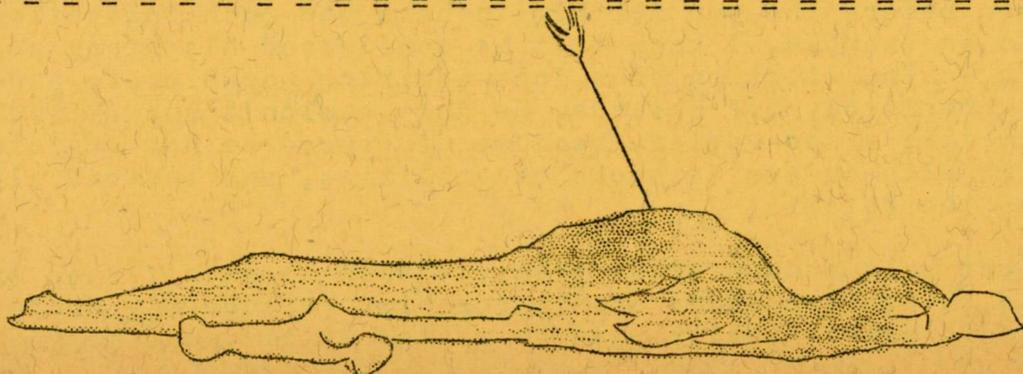
"Enunciation is the heart of Dutch." JCH

\* \* \* \* \*

= = = = =

"I always wanted a turkey dinner with butter and sugar on it."LS3 A.B.

= = = = =



THE DEATH OF SCIENCE FICTION CONTINUED  
police-work connected with the SCA these days."

Tom nodded, but pursued the same line. "Was it overtime work?"

"Yes, of course it was. Almost all our secretaries are behind on the Triplicates."

"But none of the others had to work Sunday morning, did they?"

"No, I was... Say, what do you mean? You saying I had no right to be there?"

"I merely meant you didn't have to be there, Mrs. Maguire, I didn't..."

"No, I didn't! I didn't have to work for the SCA in the first place, either, but I did. And my husband didn't have to go into a bar in Leipzig and get bombed, either, but he did. He'll never walk again, Mr. FitzMorris, and it was cause some damn German communist did it to him. That's why I'm working Sundays, Mr. FitzMorris--- Why I'm doing everything I can to see that the dirty bastards are fixed...and fixed good!" When the tears came, I had a handkerchief ready.

Tom said, "I didn't mean to call your motives into question... I'm afraid I don't know local-office problems as well as I should, Mrs. Maguire. I only thought we might have had some regard for your safety, and protection. If there were others with you, perhaps..."

"Of course I might have been protected, if we'd expected anything like that," she broke in. "But nobody worried about it all the other times I had to work overtime, or when anyone else worked late at night. Anyone can think of locking doors once they know the bull's been stolen. Too damn much of that stuff in this organization, if you ask me."

"Well, in the future we'll maintain maximum security."

"The only security that will do any good is to line those commie rats up against a wall and use a machinegun on them. Every last one of them!"

Tom tried changing tack. "Could you identify them?"

"It was all pretty fast, but I saw them. There were three of them...all young, too. Commies must have got them in school or college. All of them were killed in last night's raid, though."

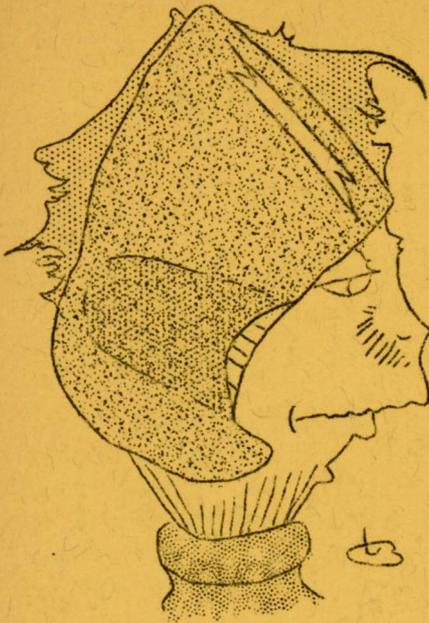
"Are you certain?"

"Oh yes. I saw pictures of them, and identified all three. It served them right!"

"Well, then, perhaps we have little to worry about, really. I'm sorry about your injuries, but I hope there will be no other harm done by the people involved." She fiddled with her bandages. "Have your wounds been taken care of?"

"I've been under a doctor's care ever since they assaulted me."

"Well, I won't take any more of your time, then. I'm so glad you felt able to make the trip, Mrs. Maguire. I'm sure you've helped a great deal," he



said, terminating the interview and helping her to the door. "Have the receptionist call a cab, and the SCA will stand the bill."

"I'm happy I could be of service, Mr. FitzMorris," she said, as Marge met her at the door and escorted her out. Tom dialed a number on the intercom.

"Barb, I want Mrs. Maguire followed and observed for the next three or so days. Put Wayne on it., he's familiar with Baltimore. ---No, I don't want any of the local people in on it. ---- Fine."

"What's that about, Tom?" I asked. "Protecting her?"

He snorted. "Protecting us! The people that were raided last night were in possession of SCA badges and nothing else."

"So?"

"When Mrs. Maguire was found in that office the safe containing Personal Messenger dispatches was open, and Raid Directive PM's covering future operations in Baltimore were missing. We thought those Fanatics took them, or I'd never have authorized that raid. Well...they didn't have them."

"Then you think...!"

"I can't be sure. She sounds like a 'Patriot' with a legitimate beef, but that could be an act. Anyway, Mrs. Maguire was in the office alone Sunday morning, and the PM's are gone. I can't take chances on such evidence."

He began to go, but I stopped him. "Tom..can I talk to you a minute?"

He grunted and settled back in his chair. "What's eating you, Bob?"

"Are those new badges going out this afternoon?"

"We can't stop the machinery now."

"But all of them weren't recovered...and Edwards and Hitchcock weren't found with the Baltimore S-F Forum last night. They might still be at large."

"Oh, yes, your young friend Edwards. Well, if he is at large, it's going to be plenty dangerous for him in the very near future. His face is in every branch-office right now, and all of Baltimore is organized to hunt him down. He's a red for certain, Bob." Tom announced his judgement before thinking, and I noticed he thought better of his abruptness.

"You forget I used to know the boy, Tom. He's young, angry, headstrong... but not a Commie. I'm sure of that."

"Then why would he pull such a stupid trick as this? Pilfering a bunch of

badges and ID-cards from an SCA office: a crazy kid's stunt...or a clever Communist tactic. How did he get wind of the National Reorganization, if it wasn't from a commie? Okay, so maybe the Fanatics aren't Commies; isn't it possible some of them might have become Commies? Isn't it possible some Commies have come to them preaching the Brotherhood of The Condemned and Striking Blows for Freedom? Whatever he is, Bob, what he's done breaks the law, and it's the SCA's duty to try to hunt him down...and every citizen's duty to help in that direction."

"It seems to me you told me something else about 'Duty' when I joined the SCA, Tom. As I recall, it didn't include letting the Attorney General worry about Justice the way Ned Johnson thinks it does, either."

"Bob, do you think I like ordering twenty-year-old kids murdered? Do you think it was easy to order that raid last night, knowing full well what that unholy crew in Baltimore would do once they had a green light? But we're in a War, Bob, a Goddamn nasty war...we have to fight it right here in our own back yard, and we can't wait to be Right before we do our fighting.

"When you go past, take a look at my desk; that thing is snowed under with reports from SCA groups all over the United States...thousands of them. So many this whole office couldn't possibly hope to get my desk cleared and processed and Action-Slipped before it'd be covered over again. How much of it is God's Truth evidence of Communist subversion and propaganda, and how much is just Aunt Tilly's War-Nerves I haven't the damndest notion. But I can't throw it all in the trash-basket and pick out the ones I think ought to be dangerous, can I? And I can't overlook some almost obvious evidence, just because I once knew the man, and back then he didn't seem Subversive. He's been acting Damn subversive, Bob, and I just can't take chances with him."

"Tom, a week ago you told me The SCA was a..."

"..was a rotten cancer in our government; I know...I meant it then, too. But I'd just started this job, Bob. The administration put me in as a Cleanup Commando, to try like hell to correct some of the stupidities that man Boone committed in his fanaticism and his eagerness to capitalize on this crisis."

"And they picked the wrong man, I suppose?"

"They picked one who's trying, at least!" Tom glared, and I felt a little ashamed at my rashness. "But they didn't tell me how to clean up the department while still trying to run it. They didn't tell me I had to spend nine hours a day at my desk just to keep my place in the pile of incoming reports. They didn't tell me each Branch Office was almost a local Vigilance Committee, made up of small-shot politicians, American Legion 'Patriots', and small-time private-detectives. They didn't tell me the larger cities are maintaining staffs so big raids can be ordered and made without anyone in authority ever giving an order or receiving anything near a full report. They didn't tell me this was the most mismanaged and most overstaffed branch of government ever seen. They didn't tell me there are no more lines of command any more, and damn few lines of report back to me.

"They  
"They only told me two things, Bob: Clean up the department, and keep the Commies down. I'm trying to do both. And, by God, I'm going to have to have a hell of a lot of help."

It was a cloudburst I'd been expecting ever since I joined the SCA Central Staff. I'd worked with Tom before, for the government; it was just a lucky thing he managed to burst in while I was trying to shoot it out with some drunken SCA bastards who thought I must be a Red because I'd once been part of FAPA.

But Tom hadn't really understood how bad things were...he didn't now, really. Reports were sent to Central Staff, FBI, and CIA, for decisions as to further action. A hell of a lot simply read "Commies sighted, shot same," or words as cryptic and ominous. The local autonomy of the SCA was heavy, originally encouraged because local people were expected to know their town's affairs better...later encouraged because the SCA Chief ("Trigger" Boone, former mayor of Dallas) couldn't be bothered passing out intelligent Directives, and because he found that if left alone the local groups most often developed a vicious and fanatically patriotic streak that made them ideal candidates for whatever "SS Elite" he might want to mold. Once things became ridiculous, however, there was a change in Chiefs...and by then it was much too late.

I stared at my shoe in silence for a moment, puffing resignedly. "I know it's rough on you, Tom...damn rough. I've known it ever since I saw you trying to take over here. I just wonder why you're trying to do the job with the same old framework intact...not trying to reorganize at all."

"How the hell can I reorganize? Half the messages I send from this place aren't even acknowledged...and when they are I hardly dig the replies out of the mountain of inflow early enough to do any good. I don't even know the heads of local branches."

I took the bit in my teeth. "And that's where the real problem lies...you don't know enough about the operations of this department On The Local Level! You don't know who really issues Raid Orders, or what evidence they act on, or what other measures they've attempted. And until you do things will get worse instead of better."

"What do you suggest I do, take a month off and tour the country?"

"Of course not."

"Well, then, I don't..."

"But you could authorize a sort of Inspector General to make a tour for you."

Tom glared at me for a second, and then said, "And I suppose you'd start with a little week-end in Baltimore?"

"If you think that's your rottenest borough, yes." Despite the sarcasm, he was thinking of it seriously. "I wouldn't have to have any real authority, Tom...but you could use some first-hand reports. I can't even tell from here what's really going on outside this office...and I was on the Recieving-end of this run-around a while ago."

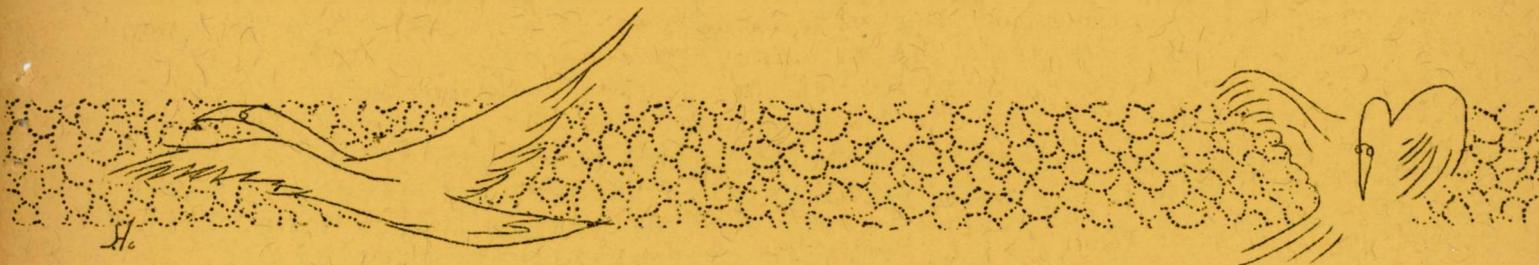
Tom scowled. "You're serious."

"Tom, I swear I'll do the best I know how to get this damn show running decently and correctly; I'll do anything you want along the way, too. There are friends of mine being squeezed. I wish you'd let me try to help

get things working right."

He rose, a little unsure how to answer. "I can't say anything. I'll talk to Chris, though. Meanwhile there's a hell of a lot of paperwork to plow through."

I knew he liked the idea, but everything goes through channels in Washington. I went back to my desk.



As I passed Ned Johnson, I caught sight of the headlines in the Washington Star he was reading: "BOMB KILLS ELEVEN IN PARIS NCO CLUB", it said in bold print; "THIRD MAJOR 'ACCIDENT' AT HANFORD IN WEEK", another proclaimed. A release from the White House was headed "FLEET SEEN EASY BAR TO AFRICAN RELIGIOUS PUTSCH". I had to get very close to be able to read the short notice headed "REDS RAIDED IN BALTIMORE; THREE DEAD, THREE IMPRISONED", in the lower left hand corner of the front page.

#### CHAPTER 6

## ONE FOR OUR SIDE

dick eney

The Sedition Control Authority was waiting for Jacob Edwards when he got off the bus in New York. He had been about to cross the terminal to the street doors when a hand siezed him roughly.

"Hold it a minute, fella."

Jake turned, startled, catching the flash of a badge; the SCA man fished a photograph out of his pocket and compared it to his catch. After a moment his grip tightened: "Okay, fella, this is as far as you go."

His tug nearly jerked Edwards off his feet--would have, except for a second man who stopped him with a stiff-arm to his shoulder. There was a stir all around them as passengers shied away from the group.

"This him?" demanded the second man. He indicated Jake with a backhand slap on the chest.

"It's him." The SCA man did a double-take and frowned at the other. One of the spectators, finding himself cornered between the SCA man and the telephone booths, edged past them--he brushed Edwards' sleeve--and hurried for the doors.

"Sit here and wait for the others." The new man grasped the SCA agent's shoulder and waved at the benches behind him."

"Huh!" The man who had arrested Jake seemed literally stunned by this command. His shoulders jerked with the force of his gasp of astonishment; his mouth dropped open and his eyes went out of focus. But his companion pressed down on his shoulder slightly; he plopped down on the bench in reflex-action.

"All right, you, come along."

Jacob Edwards followed Bob Silverberg to the baggage room.

\* \* \*

"How?"

Murragh O'Dudwy--the man who had brushed past the group in the terminal--held out his right hand, palm down. Nothing showed. He flipped it over; in his palm and along his forearm lay a blade twelve inches long, half an inch wide, painted black. A pantomimic gesture illustrated its use. Jake visualized Murragh's arm swinging back in a normal walking compensation-movement and, invisible behind an expected motion, driving that weapon up under a rib-cage, through diaphragm and heart. He felt a glow at Murragh's ingenuity; slight shock followed, tardy and feeble.

"But I was about to ask you," Agberg said, "whether you're willing to let Murragh and me have the badges?"

Jake stared at his feet and shook his head; but as Silverberg's face fell he explained: "Dammit, I've been on the run for.." he stopped to total up the time, and looked astonished."..four days; since Sunday. I've got to unwind."

O'Dudwy scowled at Jake's averted face, but Agberg broke off a half-formed word to glance at his watch.

"MiFoo," he exclaimed, "three o'clock! And I bet you haven't eaten since breakfast." He turned to his kitchen. "Anyway, we won't need them till Friday. Don't let us rush you. You like meatballs and french fries?"

\* \* \*

But the next morning Silverberg returned to the subject of the badges. (Jake suspected, rightly, that Murragh O'Dudwy had persuaded him to settle the matter at the earliest opportunity.)

"I know Alan Hartley and the Venture group are expecting them; how d'you think we found out? But you haven't any commitment; the Venture people weren't even at the bus station to meet you, much less to take you off the hook when the SCA tried to arrest you." Silverberg's face turned red for some reason. "The important thing, I think," he went on, "is the way we're to use the badges, as opposed to Alan's plans. Th-- "

"To pose as SCA men," defined Jake. "How else could you use them?"

"It's the purpose of posing I'm talking about. Alan and his crowd mean to act as SCA agents now and then actually to aid a terror-campaign. Their solution for the problem at hand is to destroy the SCA...and the whole government too, if necessary!"

"Sounds pretty good to me," observed Jake vindictively.

"And bring in a revolutionary government that would really depend on secret police terrorism?" He was momentarily silent in a search for the adjectives to describe such a scheme, "We--Murragh and I--with your help, plan to use those badges to start effective agitation to force the people and the government to become aware of the SCA atrocities and to suppress them."

Jake wrinkled his brows at Silverberg, who continued:

"We've found out that the Washington office of the SCA is planning to crack down on the DC organization of the AFL-CIO because they've been trying to form a Federal Employee's Union. Some local bastard's idea, it looks like. We knew it for some time---" he grinned wryly at his expression "---all of a month! And we were able to arrange with Magnus and Hitchcock in Baltimore two moves---one by us, one by them---that could begin the ball rolling toward expression of the anti-SCA feeling that's been building up for the past three years."

He began to enlarge on his scheme, and presently Jacob Edwards was leaning forward and following him intently.

\* \* \*

The man at the door looked up in surprise and fright at the three men who flashed SCA badges at him, but that was all the reaction he had time for. O'Dudwy shoved him sharply in the chest; he staggered back, the fans followed, and Agberg shut the rectory door behind them.

"Where's the office?"

"B-back---" a finger waved toward the rear of the building.

"Let's go. Go, I said!" Agberg poked the man in the kidneys with his pistol.

The doorkeeper fairly scuttled through the corridor to the office.

"There!" he jittered, pointing to the door.

Jake grabbed his shoulder while Agberg and O'Dudwy shoved past into the room. The person behind the desk looked up; under his professional expression of benign calm flickered a shade of the same surprise and fright the doorman had showed.

"Can I help you, gentlemen?"

"We can help ourselves," snapped O'Dudwy. He did so by grabbing a fistful of papers from the desk and leafing rapidly through them. Silverberg picked up a stack of pamphlets; Jacob Edwards swept a pile of books from the single shelf under the window and skimmed through their titles and dates of publication.

The Bishop of Brooklyn---Stephen Boyle was his name--sprang to his feet and siezed Silverberg's arm. "What are you about?"

Bob looked him over as he would a specimen. "We'll ask any questions,

fellow. Sit down and shut up."

Boyle justified Agberg's pinpointing of him as the most aggressive member of his profession in the Greater New York area; he forgot his pastoral dignity to jerk at Bob's arm and shout, "Come away from there! I'm going to call your office and--- "

Silverberg slapped the man across the face. With his pistol; Jake saw the bishop's eyes fill with tears of pain as he sat down with a crash.

O'Dudwy, as one paying no attention to this byplay, was reading sample sentences from every paper which expressed less than perfect submission to The New Order; Edwards held up a book and cited its contents: "Teacher's manual. They're poisoning kids---" he glared at Boyle, who was dabbing at his cheek, "--with this crap. Teaching them--" he fell from his pretense of SCA membership enough to actually read some of the book he was calling subversive. "--contempt for the government and unquestioning loyalty to Unamerican authoritarianism!"

"Pile that stuff there," ordered Silverberg. He indicated the center of the floor...

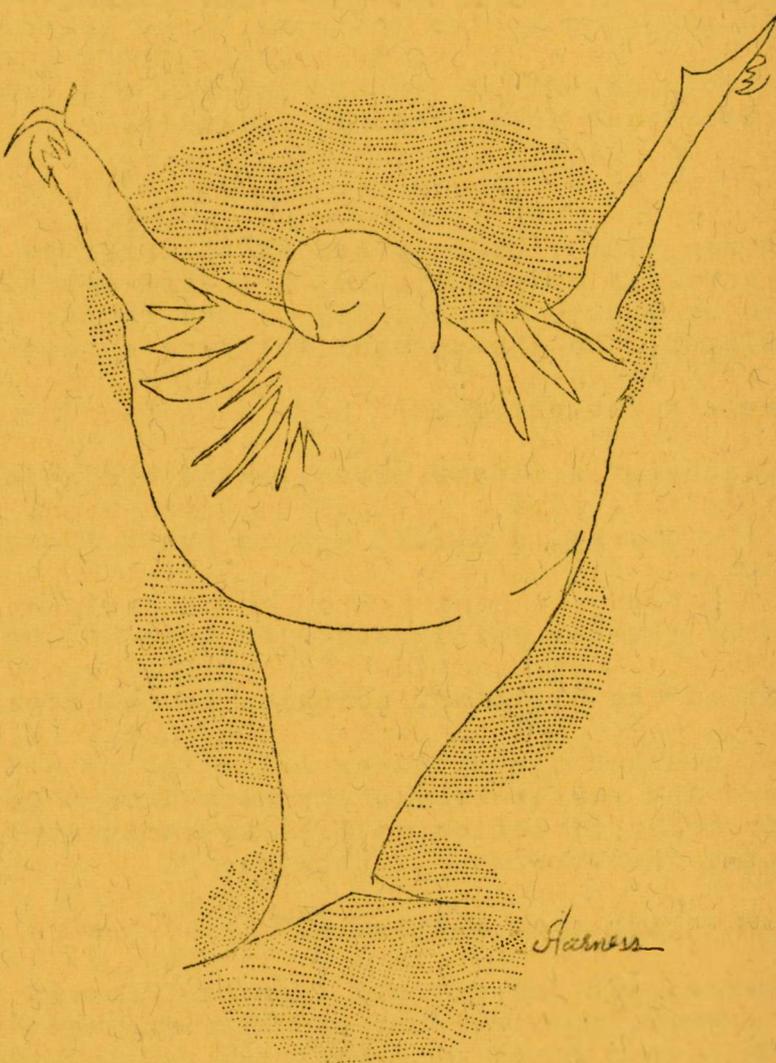
O'Dudwy's arms were full as he went out the office door.

Silverberg stalked over to the man behind the desk and glowered at him.

"Fellow," he bit out, "you seem to have gotten the idea that the laws weren't made for you to observe. I can tell you that they were. This stuff--" his gesture indicated the material Murragh had taken out. "--is enough to send you to prison for the rest of your life. Our orders were simply to clean it out and warn you this time. But the SCA means to make itself obeyed. If you get reported one more time---!"

No one could have recognized Silverberg behind the expression of stupid cruelty he wore; before it Boyle had been silenced for a minute, but now he broke in: "My duty is above the State, and I shall teach---"

He actually flinched before Agberg's clenched fist. Bob shot into the



momentary silence;

"Your duty is to the State first! If you don't like it here, you can go Back Where You Came From, but while you're here we'll see to it that you don't Destroy Our American Way of Life! You've been warned---"

"You are committing a mortal sin!"

Silverberg spat into the wastebasket. "You sneaking traitors who are trying to hamper the SCA are the ones committing a sin." He patted his revolver. "And you may find out just how mortal a sin it is!"

\* \* \*

"All this chessmaster-style maneuvering makes me feel like an Artisan," said Jacob Edwards. O'Dudwy snorted.

"After the first blow we've struck at the SCA in its whole existence?"

But Silverberg raised an eyebrow for explanation.

"I mean the way all these separate occurrences---the confusion in Baltimore, the raid planned in Washington, and what we've done here--will seem to be synchronized...though the DC office and Old George's buddies won't know anything about it till the whole thing blows up in their faces Monday morning. And then--- a wave of protest violent enough to force a reappraisal of the SCA and its methods."

"Delivered by the damned fools who should have opposed it in the first place." Silverberg's lip curled. "If they'd had the guts to fight before they were attacked we'd have been spared three years-- Oh hell! Spilt milk!"

Agberg glanced at his watch. "The bishop will never find anybody at the SCA office this time of a Saturday afternoon; no chance of his checking even if it occurs to him."

They parked and went up to Bob's apartment.

"Eighteen hours and the bishop will be giving his sermon. Wonder how that scar on his cheek will affect his congregation?" Silverberg shuddered. "I should have used the other hand, but he was holding that arm."

"He won't suffer from it," prophesied O'Dudwy calmly. "Probably makes a good thing out of being able to show his scars from the Battle with the Forces of Evil."

"I just hate to have bashed anybody we're trying to make a tool of."

Edwards recalled that Bob had an aversion to violence; but he should have known people were going to get hurt. When men decided in cold blood that their government had betrayed their loyalty, and set their faces against a secret police responsible to nobody and devoted to the violent extinction of all opposition, it was time for conscientious objectors to be grateful for situations which did not call for actual murder.

"If the SCA man at the terminal didn't weigh against the need to stop the

SCA as a whole, why should a minister who wasn't even hurt much? Better him than a dozen others." Jake thought he sounded over-lofty, but knew he meant his words.

"Hell!" snorted Silverberg. "Is that your idea too? The idea that mere people don't stack up against the Cause? Isn't that what we're protesting against?"

This from the man who had gotten him into the whole affair quite paralysed Jake for a second.

"Soldiers!" interrupted O'Dudwy, McClellanesquely. "Save your blows for the enemies of your country!" He stood up. "We have enough to worry about without arguing among ourselves. You're both getting over the reaction from this raid; and if that isn't enough, I know this plot of ours is enough to drive anybody batty if he thinks of depending seriously on it alone! So let's not think about it any more. It's in motion now, and we can't do anything else for it."

Jake realized, as Murragh put a name to it, the source of his and Agberg's nervousness. It was the frantic desperation of the chance they had seen and grasped, the idea that all their hopes depended on the wildest chimaera in history, and the freedom of America on the upshot of a scuffle in a back office. He said as much.

"But," pointed out Silverberg with a sudden grin, "they won't mention that if it succeeds. They'll just say that the SCA generated so much opposition thia it was supressed. Nobody will know that we learned about the SCA's raid on the labor union office in DC, and thac we played on the fact that the whole South thinks the NAACP is a subversive society directed by African Reds. And we took it from there---" Silverberg paused, a sudden thought sending a flicker of fear into his eyes. "They may find out that our little raid was the final touch necessary to give the impression that the SCA was beginning a campaign against nationwide pressure-groups. They're the only organizations big enough to make their objections heard over the SCA; and they're such powerful and important associations that their brass is sure to fight before letting them be broken up." Bob considered the judgement of history a moment. "But I bet that historians will content themselves with observing that once any of the big nationwide organizations started to object, the SCA was bound to give substance to their fears by a real attempt at crackdown, since under SCA policy all opposition is prima facie evidence of treason."

"If all this goes through," specified Jacob Edwards. "But you've left out a detail: what about Baltimore? Now that Magnus has been killed and Sean is a fugitive---"

Silverberg half-spread his arms, then smacked his fist into his palm twice. "That's out of our hands. We can only hope the Forum completed the arrangements---" he placed one hand on each arm of his chair. "Having done all, we stand and abide the issue..."

"No!" snapped Murragh O'Dudwy. "D'you think this little caper is all there is to our campaign against the SCA? What have we done, for all the results we're supposed to get? Pulled off a piece of vandalism-and-battery any teen-age gang could have managed! Do you think that's all we should do till we find out whether the SCA will decide to dry up and blow away? We were lucky to find out one--one!-- bit of SCA strategy in advance. We



303 Bryan Place  
Hagerstown, Md.  
July 31, '66

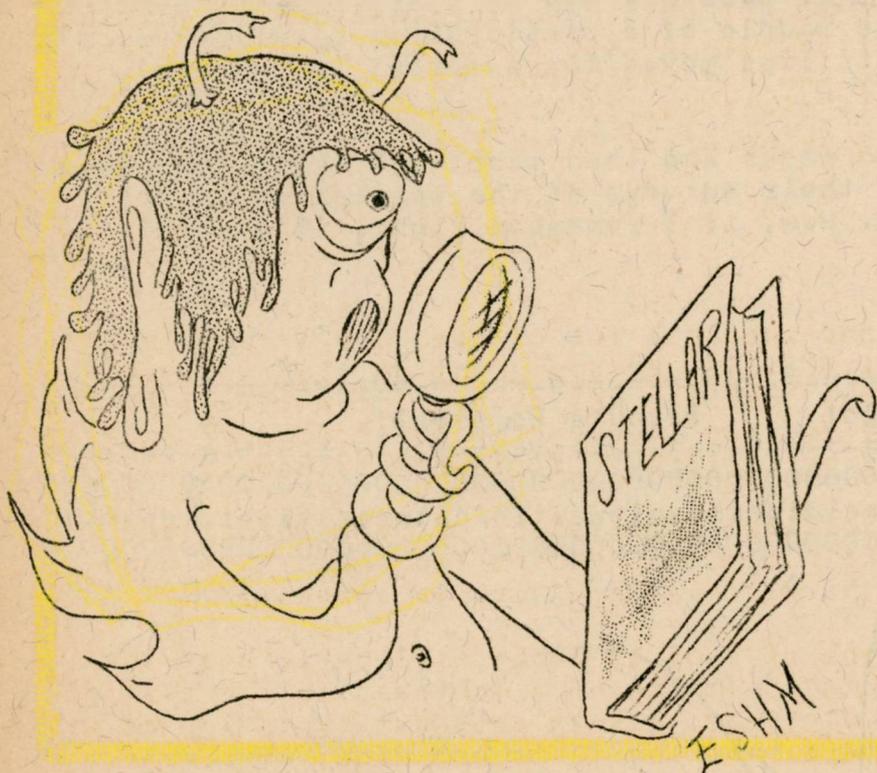
HARRY WARNER, JR.

Dear Ted,

Maybe this letter should go to Larry Stark. But I'm writing it at the office, a mile away from Larry's address. ... About the eighty-first issue of STELLAR: I won't take time to comment in detail. I think that you would do well to take LeehS' advice, however, and stick pretty closely to fictitious names in the stories. I feel this way partly because of the temptation that arises when using actual names to stick in references that will be intelligible only to persons who actually know the real persons who have been inserted in the fiction. I don't think you'd be so enthusiastic about the round robin story if it were written about fans who aren't known to you. It drags pretty badly, as it stands now; the second and third sections really don't develop the theme, in the sense of introducing new angles to the basic plot-idea.

On the other hand, I liked very much the independant items, even the reprinted ones, which were new to me, and I didn't find the poem the least bit esoteric, since I actually lived through the days when rosebud was the battle cry of fandom, and I once watched part of an Orson Welles movie. (I couldn't take that television Lear; five minutes of the hamming sent me flying away from the television screen.)...

((The serial has turned into a self-devouring monster. It's split the editorial board, and made me disgusted at the whole idea of STELLAR much more than once. The plan, though, IS to open it to fandom as a whole, and let them use their cities and their friends as guinea-pigs. However, your point is



letter dept.

reader's  
reaction

right on the sore-spot...the point that background isn't being developed, in anything like logical order. Bob Pavlat complained also that the 'real world, slightly altered' that we'd promised in the first introduction hadn't been sketched in. I decided, a while ago, to do just that: to toss in a number of amplifying chapters, almost isolated incidents in themselves, that would make the future writers familiar with the problems they're supposed to deal with.

Immediately, Ted White cursed me with his most venomous beard-mutter: "Just like Gold!" he sneered. But I'm working exactly counter to what Ted says H.L. does: I'm giving you writers a background which you seem to have ignored((read Ted's and Dick Eney's plot-developments for illustrative material)). I plan just two more chapters, after the one included in this issue, and by then I hope anyone can approach the novel with "that lived-in feeling". Otherwise, all we'll get is a lot of pulp-fantasy and weird plot-twists.

The main thing I've been trying to do with these after-the-fact chapters is to head off such things as Omnipotent Dictators, black-uniformed SCA goons, and the clever device of obliterating the whole cast of characters behind the hero at the end of each chapter...for convenience's sake. It's always a lot easier to write a story about "Good guys" versus "Bad guys", but difficult to understand that in any war the opposition is a little right, and faces a lot of the identical problems; that there ARE no all-white nor all-black characters in the world, but differing and graduated shadings of gray.

I'd also like to get the idea across that Fandom is not ALONE in its being persecuted; if anything, it's a small segment of the downtrodden. Also, mere violent opposition of the SCA is not an answer; neither is joining a Communist cell; neither is withdrawing into a nonfannish womb. The opposition must be to METHODS, and not OBJECTIVES of the SCA, and it must attain a bit of sanity. What it might be...I will be in no position to say. I hope never to touch the thing after those two additional chapters.))

8302 Donnybrook Lane  
Chevy Chase 15, Md.  
Dear Larry,

GEORGE SPENCER

Ted said that OUTRE #1 surprised the hell out of him, and I can, in all honesty, say the same thing of STELLAR. My amazement at finding myself inside was boundless. When I was admiring the nice printed effect on the envelope, I kept wondering why you had checked the 'contributor' square. Could it be he printed part of my letter??? Little did I know...

All in all STELLAR makes an excellent impression, in both format and material. I doubt seriously whether either you or Ted could have done such a damn good job without the other.((Modestly, we agrees!))

I'm wondering what the reactions of fans at large will be...About the round-robin, I mean. It presents something of a contrast to the rest of the material. Methinks you dilute your talents somewhat by having to write work your way around my story and make the facts coincide. Of course, it's rather hard to write a story along a line thought up by someone else. I could never do it. As witness the bit you had to write around.

The Beginning((George was using a Varsity, hence all the italics)) suffers a bit because, as you said, it is silly that anyone would actually die for fandom. The last line is a fine for setting the keynote for future installments, but it sounds like you are laughing at your own 'hero'. Without a doubt, though, THE DEATH OF SCIENCE FICTION is going to arouse

a lot of comment. Whether pro or con, I can't say. Remember I'm on the inside looking out. Under the circumstances, you will probably get more comments than you would have if you had ended the magazine where you were going to.

3727 Ventnor Ave.  
Atlantic City, NJ

DAVE GRAY

Dear Larry,

I meant to include this in my last letter, but forgot. It would be the greatest if we could get together over Labor Day up at the convention. While I am only moderately fanatic over S F, I really am fascinated by the distinctive individual known as the fan. In a letter that will be a reply to your reply to this, I'll give you information and money for tickets for myself and a friend (who attends Brooklyn College.)

Incidentally, I am making a first draft on a story that may be acceptable to Stellar. (Stellar by starlight)  
Semper fideles, Mac!

(Cheers for D.Gray)

((My horribobble past done kotchted up wif me! (FANHISTORY just arrived, and ever since I've been afflicted with POGOese.)) Dave Gray is a VERY non-fan, with whom I used to share a cellar and a wrapping-desk in the Rutgers U. Press building. I waved a mimeoed zine hypnotically before his face, and whispered fanspeak in his ear, but all he dug was was the Dave Rike cover of a Man With Hypoed Arm being asked by a fan 'Have you tried science-fiction?' It was Dave who added a very essotterik lino to my vocabulary by answering to almost anything... say the mumbled note "Two 'Celebrated American Caves'..." the phrase

"Let's leave sex out of this." D.Gray

Maybe I've created my own little Frankenstein of Fandom. Or maybe he's going to be just another Andy Nowell all over again on This coast. Anyway, if you see me at the Biltmore buying liquids for a bespectacled young gentleman who looks like he's trying consciously to imitate Nelson Algren, drop over and act fannish for him. He may turn into a Nelson Algren, eventually; then you can sue!))

c/o Henry Moore Studio  
214 East 11th St.  
Kansas City 6, Mo.

JOHN MURDOCK

Dear Larry:

Megathanx for Stellar, it is truly appreciated and I want to continue recieving it if I may. ((Trades gratefully accepted.))

..Your round robin has one fault, the scope is too big for a fanzine. I would hardly think it fair to the rest of fandom if you limit the crack-down on fandom to the DC area which you seem to be doing. Maybe I'm wrong but it seems to me that a fannish story with the plot you have could not be worked out in anything less than a novelette.

((Our idea, John, was to let people of other areas handle chapters which concerned their neck of the woods. For instance, Ron Ellik about the West Coast, Dick Ellington about New York, Bob Silverberg about West Copake, and so on. And, since I've already expanded the scope of the novel to include fans outside the United States (Issue #3), and given half a hundred hints for future plot-developments, I think you'll stay pleased.))

P.S. I have a little story about a wolf who can't make a beautiful fellow

office worker and who in desperation resorts to hypnotism. There is a little tricky catch to it that causes the wolf to commit suicide. If you are interested I'll polish it up and send it to you to look over more fully. It isn't based on fandom but it isn't pro-fiction or something a pro would want.

((I'm afraid STELLAR doesn't want it either...though you might try Sam Martinez, who makes a hobby out of this sort of thing in SHADOWLAND. And, while we're on the subject, public, STELLAR is a magazine of fiction Of and About Fans and Fandom(("Old and New" -TEW)). Though your material may be great, if fandom doesn't play the major part in setting or action or characterization, STELLAR can't use it. Were Geis still publishing, I'd suggest that PSYCHOTIC had a policy that took non-pro fiction of good quality; STELLAR takes fiction of good quality that is non-pro because it's about fandom. Straight?))

Box 203  
Rodeo, Cal.

DAVE RIKE

STELLAR looks nice. Trade copy of CALIFAN #5 on the way to you (sent before I got STELLAR, by the way.) #It'll no doubt be reviewed by me in R.U.R., maybe #2 or #3. #I can't contribute now; I have More Important Things To Do. ....Tho, let's face it: you don't really need/want stuff from me, that was but a slip of the hand when that square was checked. There are all sorts of persons around that could draw/write/pub circles around me---I've realized this for six years---and thus any paltry contributions by me necessarily wouldn't be included in any ish of STELLAR, etc. (or other fmz) unless the editor felt sorry for me and/or found that my thing exactly filled that hole which no other item did. ((there was more, of the same))

((That is one long leap at a mighty false conclusion, Dave. Dig the Rike illos that Ted salvaged out of his trunk; in every case, due to the publisher's violent temper and better esthetic sense, the words have had to be packed in carefully around the art-work, so as not to disturb any of it. Around here fillios ("Artoons", Harness has taken to calling them, after a typo of the same name. Foosh!)) are cut first, and if you cross a line it's three spaces back and go to jail. I certainly like your work, and never manage to get any of it. In fact, my idea of an ideal art-work setup for STELLAR would be to put Harness Artoons in the serial, and Rike fillios in the satires. Sure, there's a guy what draws better than rike; but what faned can afford VIP's prices????))

ellik  
LS/mft:

RON ELLIK

STELLAR #1/8 (.125) recieved here today, at the Hour of Glimmering Idiocies; the following are to be known to all mankind as my comments on same. Tell TEW to watch his color schemes a little closer. Yellow on blue .. beautiful, but y/white is HORRIBLE. ##Enjoyed ..AND TIRED more than the rest. I remember reading something exactly like this in BOO!, many moons ago. ##Lees' point is well-taken. You don't know, my friend, how confusing it can be to someone who doesn't know your style, to read stories like yours. When I visited Jerry Merrill in J ne, he had just gotten UMBRA (the Jansen ish) and wanted to know if your story was fact or fiction. I finally convinced him that no such mag had ever come out in the 1950's--but that was the only way I could convince him! --He actually thought you were writing straight stuff. ##Go on, assign me a chapter. I'd love writing a part of that...more later, I'm busy.

((You'll be assigned, come #3, by Ted White and Dick Eney. Beware the Bearded Wrath of Washingtonians! ##Merrill didn't believe I was using INFINITY as a basis? That was my one worry before publication.))

299 Riverside Dive Apt. 11A  
New York 25, NY

DICK ELLINGTON

Dear Larry,

Ted saw fit to mail me a copy of STELLAR-- but wait a minute. The only address listed is Ted's, so maybe I should say...

Dear Ted,

As publisher maybe you should get this but on the other hand maybe it should go direct to Stark...

Oh hell.

To Whom It May Concern:

I got a copy of STELLAR and I'm sending this to Tuckahoe St. so fight over it.

I don't know what I did to rate a copy but it is most fortuitous piece of luck for me and as proof that even guessing can be profitable I shall stick a fifty cent piece in and hope that more come through. ((I sure hope so too, Dick. --LES3))

Just reading about this idea of serconfan-fiction left me cold but actually sitting down and reading the stuff itself is something else again. I think that it's about the first really novel idea to hit fandom in a long time and the content of the issue is utterly fascinating. ((Aw...well, Gee, Dick... I mean... --LES3))

Artwork, makeup and format I won't even bother with. ((WHAT!!!! --TEW))

You know it is a good job and as such leaves very little room for comment.

((However, being a little serious for a change, that taking excellence for granted bit, which far too many people seem to have used, can get run plumb into the ground. Already Ted's been mumbling something about making STELLAR #3 a Stinkerino in art/layout, just so he can get the egoboo I agree he deserves. ## And yet, in a true Way-Of-Life fashion, I guess both Ted and I knew as the issue took shape that It Was Good, and were satisfied; but it would be nice to have nice, long agreements come in occasional, just to prove we haven't filpped our pilds.))

But like the man says, "Content man, content!" I found everything either amusing, good reading, or just plain flabbergastingly interesting.

Of all the pieces in the mag, The Death of Science Fiction was undoubtedly the high spot for me. It's a fascinating theme and handled carefully enough to make it quite believable. I only wish that I wasn't so embroiled with the con and work connected with it. I'd make a bid to do a New York chapter myself. Even have a theme idea. There are quite a few of us radical fen around New York and since radicals would be the first to get caught in a purge like this and have the necessary experience to pull through one... Anyway there are various angles to it that could be exploited all over the place. And there's also a convention.

Yes, there sure is.

The letter column raises some interesting points. Just exactly where will you stop with this? And what happens if somebody decides to sue? It is a rather touchy business.

Rosebud indeed! Shocking to see old neo-obscenities arrising.

I don't know what more to say except that besides myself, several other fen about town have read The Death of Science Fiction bit and also faunched over it. I hope the enclosed fifty cents is enough to put me on a preferred list for any future issues.

Ted: Do you perchance know the whereabouts of Jack Harness?((Read the next letter and see, Dick. --TEW))

((For the benefit of those who have been confused about the two-headed editorial-publishorial board operating STELLAR, I((L.Edward Stark 3rd, A.B.)) have been in Washington-Virginia-Maryland((we gets around, we

does!)) all summer, staying with Ted White and parents...but don't write me there!!! By the time this is mailed, the Biltmore-Con will be upon us, and right after it I'll be ensconced in Rutgers U's Graduate School of Library Service. The address is the same old one most of my friends remember...13 Serviss Avenue (R-9), New Brunswick, New Jersey. I still hope to exercise some kind of editorial influence over STELLAR by remote control, and of course any commentaries will be eagerly eyetracked. The board, incidentally, will soon assume the aspect of a Triumvirate, when Redbeard The Buccaneer((He of the Dick Eney eyes)) becomes typist, editorial-consultant, and general workhorse for the outfit. We're also casting greedy glances at all that time Fred von Bernewitz wastes sleeping, when there are more fannish ac's to be did. Yes, Gloria, there will BE a STELLAR three!))

The Elmwood  
1627 - 19th St. NW  
Washington, DC

HARRISS

((He won't be at the BiltCon, Dick; Scientology calls. Act accordingly.))  
Dear Larry,  
With the sound of the mourning zhit-zhit bug bleaming over the loss of its mate, with the snickey of a faunching bibliopterix, the envelope rustled (two cows and a herd of migrating cthulhu)in my foetid fingers. No! Ia, Ia, Shub-niggerub!(a successor to burnt cork) STELLAR! Not the legendary dromedary Stellar, written by the hunchbacked hand of Abdul-Alhazrad Hitchcokh!(Spelled Hitchcoq in French, and Lhord knows what in Flemish)? Not the thrice-accurs'd fanzeen of dhoom? Aye! Yep! ((Tell me, Jack, just who do you letterhack to, now that PLANET is no more?))  
I wonder me, though, why you use such old illos of mine; didn't know you were an antiquarian(meaning, you can't swim). Does that truly describe the New Order, or the chaingang of the SCA, from Scarface? Does it even help out the hole in your head? Plague rot it, no. If I'm staff artist, don't call me that just because you give me the shaft, or the flagpole, as the case be may(Not This August). ((Don't you EVER type English??))

And multimimeogoofer Tedrik, even he rates the crank of approval for his outlay of layout. You two did a ghood jhob. A fine ish, even should it turn out to be a one shot. Because more ffiction from outside means more city locales used, which means dispersal. With one fangroup used, the continuity was coherent; with a new group used for each story, people will have to study writing in earnest, and that college is just too small for all those grubby mealworms.  
Maybe, though, you could publish it, using a foul tasting mimeo ink; every issue bitter, you know? Or be oleaginous, every issue butter. Cowed? Calf at the flippancy? Stir crazy? Every issue batter. ((Oh, foosh.))  
If I'm to be shaft artist, better allow me the needed leeway to do the artoons;(and that's a new word, and amazing no one thought it up at the typer before). I noticed the use of my name as an in genious incidental (but the sentence about Union Station was funny, in a Scientological way, because the place is used by us a lot; but I won't explain why)(sorry).

Playing Fantasy People, indeed! Send word to Ish.  
I think Hoffshaw will rate the best reviews.  
If 'Itchcoq(some nameless naturalpathic disease)objects to this raking of his eating/mating habits, hit the soup and travel South under an assumed name. For that matter, did the New Order have to machinegun WSFA with me there? You KNOW very well I WOULD'N'T BE CAUGHT DEAD THERE!  
Shame.

Editorial goofing, that's what it is.

I don't recall Mayor; he another fictitious, resemblance coincidental? ((Yep; George Spencer's caught the dreaded white's-disease. ## It seems to me a little odd, Jack, that the only letter we've recieved yet that complained about STELLAR #1's art-work was from the artist himself. Why, do you suppose? Is all fandom so utterly devoid of taste or perception that they failed to notice the nuances of discord in the weddings of sketch to script? Or were your sketched appreciated separately, as the fine, amusing, cleverly-executed things they were?## I chose old Harness artoons because that's all I could lay my hands on...and I kept using them because that's all I liked. Also, except for two "No's" by me about it, all choosing of art was Ted's department...and giving you credit on the contents-page for the work you ((unwittingly))did for us was also his idea. Personally, I much prefer some of the old doodles to two or three more recent STELLAR-slanted artoons, and I wish I could make you believe the same. The hydraheads were something NEW in fillers, done well; a lot of the new stuff is rehashed cliché. I still like and want Harness-art in STELLAR...but I have tastes too.))

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REDD BOGGS

Ted, Larry:

The policy of STELLAR reminds me of an old joke. A wife says, "You told me when we were first married you liked liver and onions. Every night for six years I served you liver and onions. Now you tell me you don't like liver and onions!" I suppose it is useless, though not necessarily futile, to complain about the all-fan foction policy of STELLAR because it probably won't last many issues anyway. A too-restrictive policy bores the editor/publisher more than it bores most readers; the all-poetry, all-fiction, or all-time travel fanzine soon metamorphoses into a more general type of fanzine. But for the record I'll say that, while it's an interesting idea, your policy finds little favor here. ((We glooms.))

I am also sorry to see you using reprints. Strange thing: the only recent fanzines that seemed to deserve more than a passing glance -- Fantasy Sampler, -Can-Fan, and Stellar -- all depend heavily on reprints. I know that fandom is pretty dead just now, but there should be enough fans around to write new material to fill all the fanzines (such a small crop) being published these days. I suspect that using reprints is another cause of editor fatigue, just like an all- policy: there's no adventure in plodding through old fanzines for likely reprints as there is rounding up new material. ((I don't know, Redd; finding Morgan Bott stories gives me a hell of a kick. And finding the slightly-illegible FANTASY BLUES in Ted's FAPA envelope was well worth the plodding.## Just as a matter of record, however, I filled three issues of STELLAR with worthy material from old fanzines not for the sake of reprinting, but to make people aware of the policy of STELLAR by showing them specimens of my tastes in fan-fiction, and saying "Write like this, and we print it!" I've already got one new story that Terry Carr thought fit the visible policy of STELLAR, and the Carl Brandon epic in here is new...except for a CULTzine appearance. After ish#3, I know of no scheduled reprints. So...how about a slice of the "Craters of The Moon" Boggs for #4???)

Getting involved in D.C. area fandom was perhaps all to Larry's good -- previously I sort of suspected him to be a mythical fan invented by Silverberg (though Silverberg said he existed, and Silverberg is an honorable man.) But "The Biltmore Insurgents" is too esoteric for me. If it is based on fact, I don't understand who it's supposed to kid, bait, or satirize. The hair-tonic scene was nicely done, though, and neatly tied in

with fandom through the reference to Sturgeon (did he really say that?). ((The reference was to a "Dimension X" dramatization of 'A Logic Named Joe' by Sturgeon, in which an info-machine told a drunk to use a bottle of hair-tonic for immediate sobering-up. It seemed to fit.)) Some of the effects in the yarn were superficial and contrived, however, such as the reference to "Harlan doing most of the talking." It is pretty easy to trade on such references without doing any work. Harlan doing most of the talking is a cliché; so is Tucker down in bar, Everett Evans chewing a cigar, and so on. You could invent others -- DAG talking furnaces, Hitchcock sipping a glass of turnip juice, Burbee arguing about steam cars -- and still not do any work. Such observations may be true to life, but they merely reiterate what we all know already about these people and thus don't cut very deep. Since they are perhaps true to life, they are legitimate story-material, of course, but I suspect most fan fiction of the type you desire is going to depend mainly on pushing around such obvious tags.

"The Fanatics", on the other hand, was a more universal story and one that I, at least, got more out of than "The Biltmore Insurgents". I saw the payoff coming a long ways ahead of time, but it was beautifully built up. And here the personality-cliché was used for a legitimate purpose. I thought this was by far the best item (of those I read) in the issue.

Maybe "The Vertical Pronoun" was second best item; too bad it was so abbreviated. The title is clever, though not too appropriate for a fanzine review, is it? ((Ted thinks so, too; so we're switching, calling reviews "STARKly Speaking" and ed's column 'Pronoun'.)) I was surprised to notice that evidently there is such a thing as an "Insurgent Society" around there. For all I know, the name is appropriate, but I suspect that it's sort of like the cases over in Europe where some right-wing groups call themselves "Socialists." ((WiSFA and Pavlat would be surprised, too, if there were an "Insurgent Society" in DC. It's another of my short-hand mock-ups, like "Jacob Edwards" or Spencer's "Bob Mayor". However, after mumbling 'Wild Hair' grumpily through his new beard several times at me, Ted has decided to call the ACTIVE-Fan element in DC "The Insurgent Society", in a defeatist move; and John Hitchcock has counter-revoluted ((Counter-revolved??)) countered by forming a college-snob group together by the name "Independant Intellectual Insurgents" (('The Aye-Yi-Yi!')). Locally, at least, STELLAR seems to be a damned influential little infant.))

I haven't been able to force my way into "The Death of Science Fiction". I'll probably try again. I thought for a moment of offering you a rewrite of an instalment of "The Great Stf Broadcast"--or perhaps the sequel, "Stf Broadcasts Again!" I wrote it in 1949, a few days too late to make Rapp's deadline; later I rewrote it so it stands alone, though obviously an offshoot of the Spacewarp serial. But on second thought it is not about fans, though it is vaguely about science fiction. I wonder how it reads after all these years? I think I let DAG read it once...

I agree with most of Vernon McCain's remarks in "3rd Law Themes" but disagree that 'gafia' originally meant "getting away from things by getting into fandom". Somebody should interview Dick Wilson about the matter. Gafia originally involved science fiction, not fandom at all. Fancyclopedia says it was "the motto of escapism"; Fandom as an escape from reality didn't really become an important problem till the 1940's, with DB Thompson's "Fandom Is A Way of Life", the discussion of Slan Center, and Laney's attack on the whole idea. I do agree that gafia now means "getting away from fandom", even though it acquired the meaning through a misunderstanding. Matter of fact, as late as '47 it was merely an esoteric lino in Burblings and almost as esoteric as "Rosebud!" muttered by a fan in Burbee's "Fandom in The Headlines."

"Rosebud" is the third best item in the issue, I figure. Who is Charles Foster Kane -- obviously a penname for some citizen among us. Reads like the poet was unduly impressed with "Spoon River Anthology" -- as weren't we all, at one time or another? Good, though. I note that two of the three items I liked best in the issue were non-fictional. ((Third Best?!!!! And did it ever occur to you, Mr. Boggs, that Masters might have been a little impressed by me? --K.))

The headings, Pix, layout, etc., are first rate, of course. I didn't have to say it. Some of the text was printed lighter than my eyes prefer. What are the details as to mimeo, stencils, ink, lettering guides, etc., you used? Maybe you've told before, but I've forgotten and I always find such data interesting, at least in the case of an outstandingly good or outstandingly bad fanzine. ((And which is STELLAR, Redd??? Damn, did you have to encourage the publishing-head of HydraPubs, Inc.?? Next thing you know he'll be wanting to sign his name on things like covers, and maybe even want credit on the contents-page! --LES3((Natch)).))

How do you pronounce "Qwertyuiop"? I say "Qwerty - you - I bpe." Asdfghjkl to you. --Redd.

((Ted mispronounces it "Kwerty-opp", despite my objections, with the accent on the Kwerty; I rarely try to pronounce it at all.##"The Biltmore Insurgents" was a paraphrase of a ConReport incident in the next-to-last((the ConIsh, natch))ABSTRACT, from Peter J.Vorzimer. The idea I was sidling up to was simply that fans can show feet that are disgustingly clay-ridden at times. Except for having told the story in dramatic rather than reportorial terms, what I added was the speeches by Magnus...in fact the whole character and Greek-Chorus of John Magnus. The point is that No one at that West Coast con seemed particularly disgusted at the event...though the report of it rather revolted me. ## The characters involved were by no means the real people involved in the real incident, but "Insurgent Society" members I plucked off the streets of DC, Virginia, or Maryland.))

((From here on, I've gotta cram. This is page #56, and my bank-account WAS going for convention-bills; before I condense a couple of recent letters, I'd like to say I'm going to cut the guts out of a McCain letter, and print only half his arguments on the serial. I know it's doing mayhem to a respected friend, but here's the reason: McCain tore the whole idea to bloody, bloody shreds, at length; and, about half the time, I agree with his arguments...so much that I'd like writers to see them in the much-better-prose of VMCC, old pro. The other half of his letter blasts the whole idea so badly, and is so convincing, that if I printed it no one would ever read a word of the thing again. But I feel we must make some concessions to reality in order to have fiction, and I also feel that we may have gotten off to a half-cocked start on what has grown into a pet project of mine.##. So, Vern, if you don't mind, I'm going to pretend you agreed with us 100%, and ask you to continue to be expansively honest; I want to know the whole, horribobble truth, even though I've got to protect the poor, defenseless, blameless, over-eager writers.))

Boyd Raeburn, of 9 Glenvalley Drive, Toronto 9, Canada checked in early with praise for Ted's work on the ish; agrees with Boggs about all-zines; likes Hoffman and "The Fanatics"; has heard "that Hitchcock followed some weird diet, eating only bread made from wheat ground between the breasts of Nubian virgins(or some such thing", from TEW; wants to know where JO'H gets protein((From BEANS, among other places, Boyd!)); thinks Washington vicinity zines tend to be parochial and that STELLAR uses too many WisFA names. He thought 'Insurgents' theme was "what a louse is Vorzimer for making Burt Satz drink Wildroot", but that I advertised more.((Couldn't

you consider the story on its own merits, as one view of one element of Homo fanatic? The eclectic, over-important, vindictive hater of outsiders, and his clique of supporters? All I wanted to say was that some fans behave like this, but it's Wrong Thinking.))

Marion Zimmer Bradley, of Box 246, Rochester, Texas, sent a revised copy of "Fantasy Blues" for STELLAR #3((My Undying thanks; we've decided to turn this issue into a "Lee Hoffman Adoration Issue", and it would have seemed empty, no matter what we did, without this.)), and some notes about it that we'll print next time; she has high praise for me((Thanky)), and for "The Biltmore Insurgents"; she'd like to do a late chapter of the serial, though the next four or five months will be tied up in a new novel. ((Deelighted to have you aboard! And, for the record, I've not yet been to a convention, either; "Biltmore", and the one or two other Con-epics that somebody ought to be printing any year now, are con-report-researched.## If there's ever a dirty, old, illegible DAY\*STAR ((spelt it right for a change!)) around in the future, I'd be obleeged if you'd send it to 13 Service Ave.(R-9), New Brunswick, NJ. I like it.))

908 Walker  
Wenatchee, Wash.

((With apologies, and fears.))

Dear Larry--

STELLAR certainly is superior to the normal fiction fanzine, enough so that I read through everything in it. However, my views regarding the reproducibility of "Dirty Pro" as a type are not markedly altered(the sole way I'd moderate it would be to say that apparently you have a natural talent and attraction toward this sort of thing and it's quite possible you might be able to produce a fairly constant stream of high or medium quality works of this sort; written by yourself, that is). Nothing in this issue, by your or others, matches or comes close to "Dirty Pro" in quality, tho.

((About "Biltmore"))Naturally I quickly recognized not only the background but the plot, but I'm afraid I don't like this approach. I feel, at best, it is merely filler for a magazine like STELLAR. It seemed to me there was no real purpose in the story. Unlike "Dirty Pro" you had nothing to say. But then I'm always annoyed when some stf or fantasy writer steals a plot from the classics and rewrites...((a long explanation of "Borrowing", which I've got to cut, follows.))

((Vern didn't like the Hoffman, and told why at length; did like "The Fanatics", "the most successful story in the issue and the only one I would not have vetoed...were I editor of STELLAR. ...lacks the emotion of "Dirty Pro", the fine telling detail lavished on "Biltmore"...is Hitchcock really only 14?" ##No, Vern, he's about 17 or 16 by now.))

Next to "The Fanatics" "...And Tired" is the best story in the issue but "...but((he sez))the facts don't fit a word of it.

"The Death of Science Fiction" promises more than anything else in the magazine and, I'm afraid, disappoints most...partly for that reason. It's basic flaw is that you built it on a foundation too weak to even stand by itself, much less support a superstructure. Despite my praise for your own knack for this sort of tale, the best writing in the issue is by Ted. This challenge seemed to give him a shot of creative adrenalin for he's produced something far better than what follows(and inspired)it deserves. I like the chapter very much, except for part of his reasoning, which doesn't ring true.((Follows now a page and a quarter of blast..from which I'll quote:)) As long as the ((Communist))threat to each country's existence was removed they would revert to parochialism for five to 15 years unless forced to unite again. And in the entire world there is only one non-Communist who could even conceivably build up a threat that would force us to cooperate. Franco is politically senescent and Peron a has-been

Only Nasser has the personality, determination, and followers to pose any sort of threat in a Communistless world. And I don't think Egypt will be rich enough for another 25 or 30 years to be dangerous to World Peace (Tho she could play hell in Africa). ((The world situation I've asked the writers to envision is an Africa at war, with religious fanaticism the main battleground, and Europe requesting American military aid to contain sed war, while protesting American "empiricalist Domination".)) Also, I am firmly convinced that even a renaissance of Communism throughout the world would not restore McCarthyism to its former glory...There is a pulse to mass movements, a sort of cycle of destiny. At times a form of madness sweeps great masses of people and then it dies away, usually never to return or if it does come back slightly altered it's usually about 300 years later. We're just emerging from such an example. ((This I include because I disagree. The '20's had its "Big Red Scare" and its Sacco-Vanzetti culmination; pre-war days saw the "Dies Committee" doing a pretty thorough job of distorting justice; during the first three years of the war, the Japanese-Americans were horribly persecuted under total secrecy; and while the Korean War was on security at home popped Sen. Joe to the fore like a hot cork. If the whole period from '22 to '54 is what you refer to as our "form of madness", perhaps you're correct. However, even within such periods there are extreme fluctuations. There was a period when McCarthy cracked the whip to everybody...and shortly after, Sen. Harry Kane((A citizen of noble integrity))was televised saying he thought all that hysteria served no good end. And, before all of that, and before a corresponding period of rationality, there was all that Hiss business. I don't expect the Republicans to quit waving The Bloody Red Shirt this election, nor do I expect a neo-McCarthy; however, for the sake of making a story, and keeping the elements within plausible and easy reach of everyone, I've put the Subversion issue in the forefront. LES3))

A far more convincing reason for hunting fans down(although the founding of FAPA did give Ted a wonderful hook to hang the anti-commie issue on) would be the old one about anti-science. This anti-intellectual emotion (now hackneyed in stf)is a real movement and one still in infancy. Had he chosen to make the US a wreck, due to the war, then Ted could have depicted the anti-science feeling of the populous carried over into anti-science-fiction and into anti-science-fiction-Fandom. That I could believe in.

((Actually, Vern, the precise lines of persecution have never been drawn...and most of the REAL Villians seem to have been the lowbrows of society. I wish writers would keep this element in mind.##The top-echelon SCA is certainly interested purely in subversion, but as has been explained, no one knows who gives the ~~raid-orders~~, or what grounds they use. Ideas, anyone?))

The Spencer chapter of course ruins the whole story.((After that initial ((comment follows almost a page of criticism of George for being nothing more than a young, immature writer; in other words, for being a slightly younger Ted White(who did the 'best chapter', even though not a word he said was consistent with reality) or a little more younger Larry Stark. I can't see any justification for such an attack, Vern, and so wouldn't have printed, even if I had space.))

After that, the story is ruined and your attempts to save it, frankly, are doomed. And you don't sound as if you had many illusions about it. What I could read of your chapter(page 29-30 are missing from my copy)fell well below the level you'd set for yourself in the rest of the magazine.((Read all my "attempts to save it", Vern, and a few chapters beyond that ((which will take you some three issues after this one))before you make such immediate judgements.))

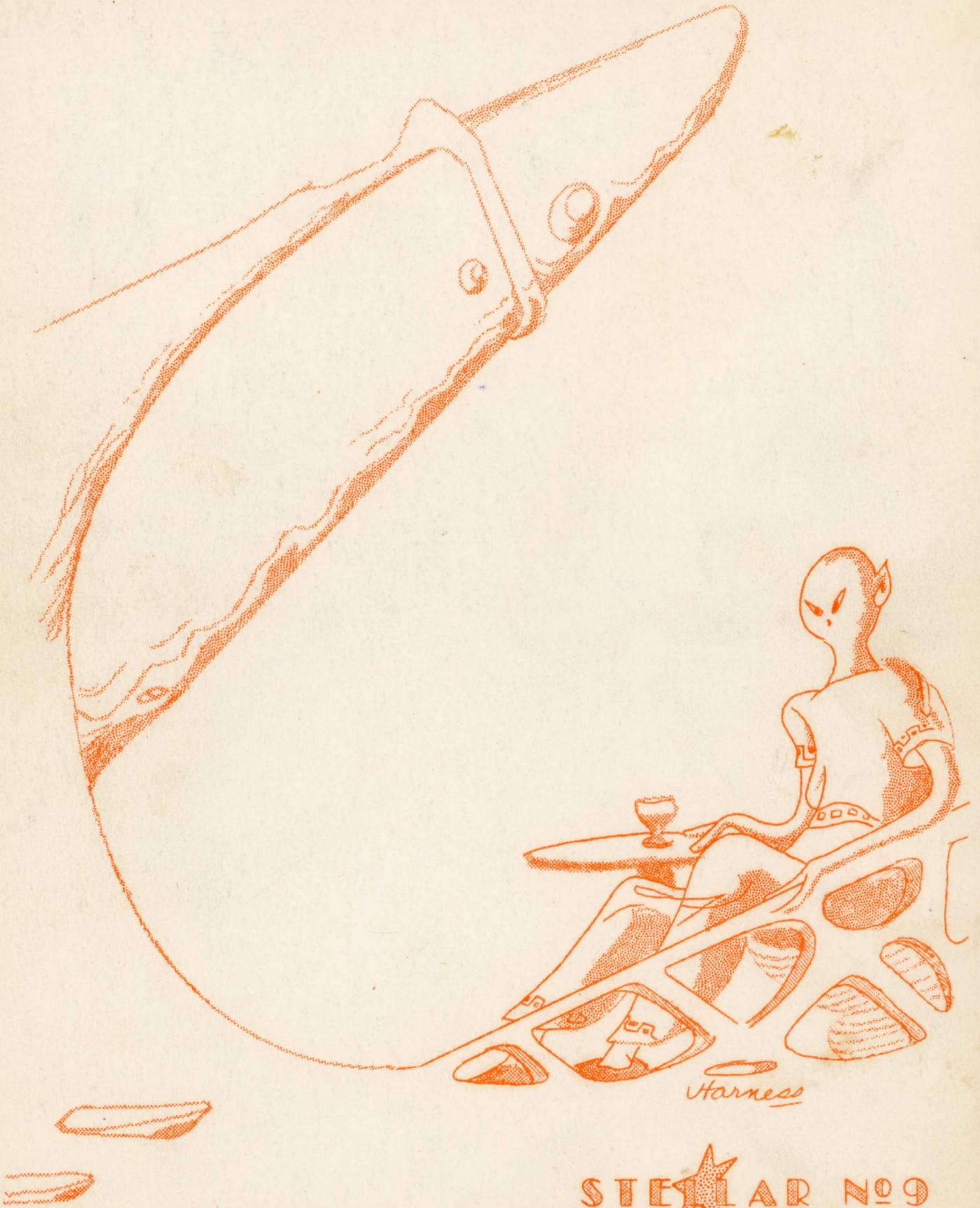
((CS Metchette checked in today with a discussion of what IS fan-fiction; but Ted has laid down an ultimatum, and so has my bank-account. Thanks Steve, anyway; thanks to you all; and thanks((and regrets))to McCain. Cheers,

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SEE AS NO



STELLAR NO 9