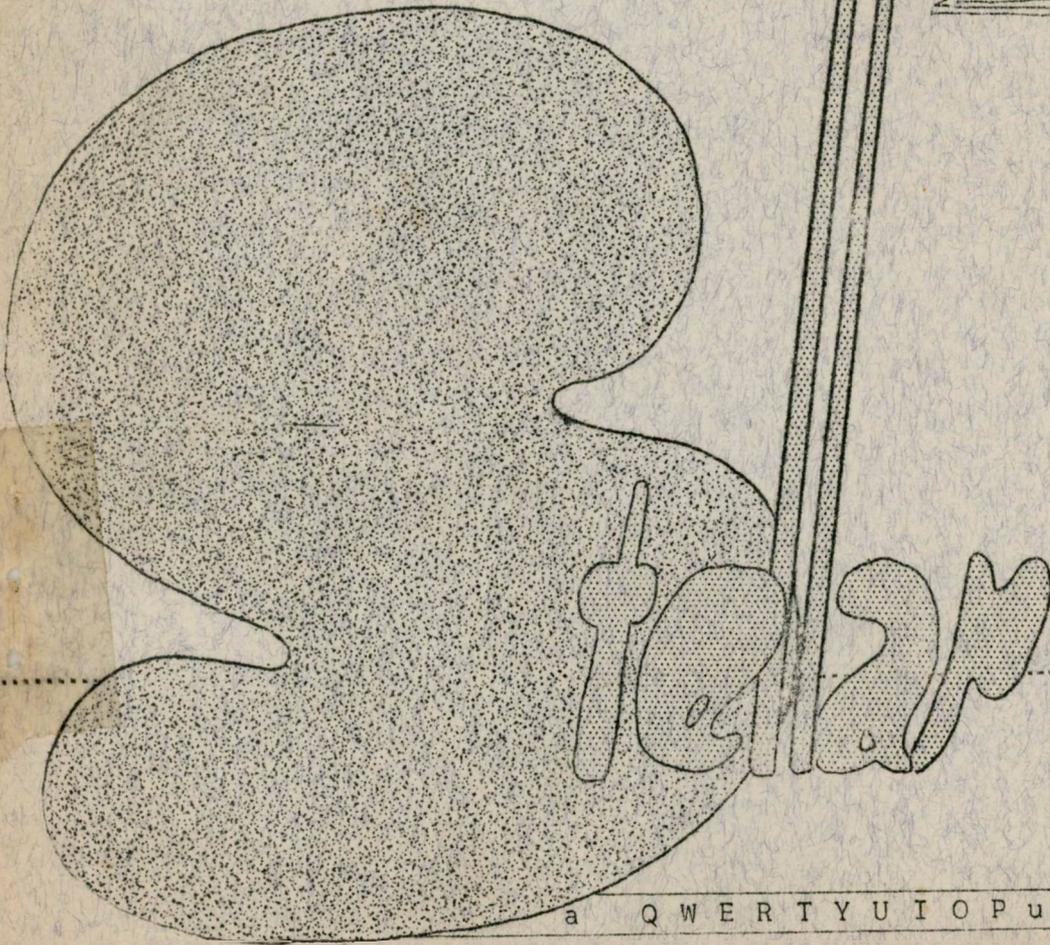
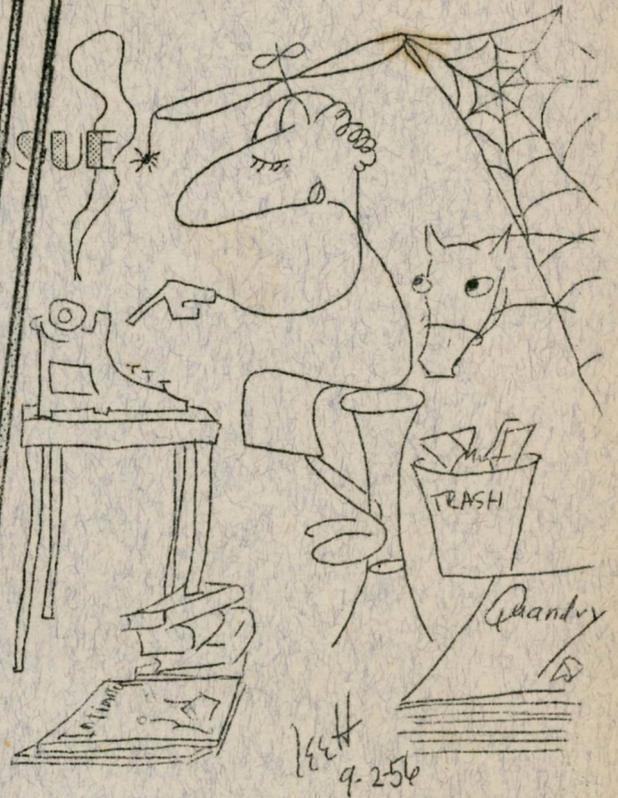
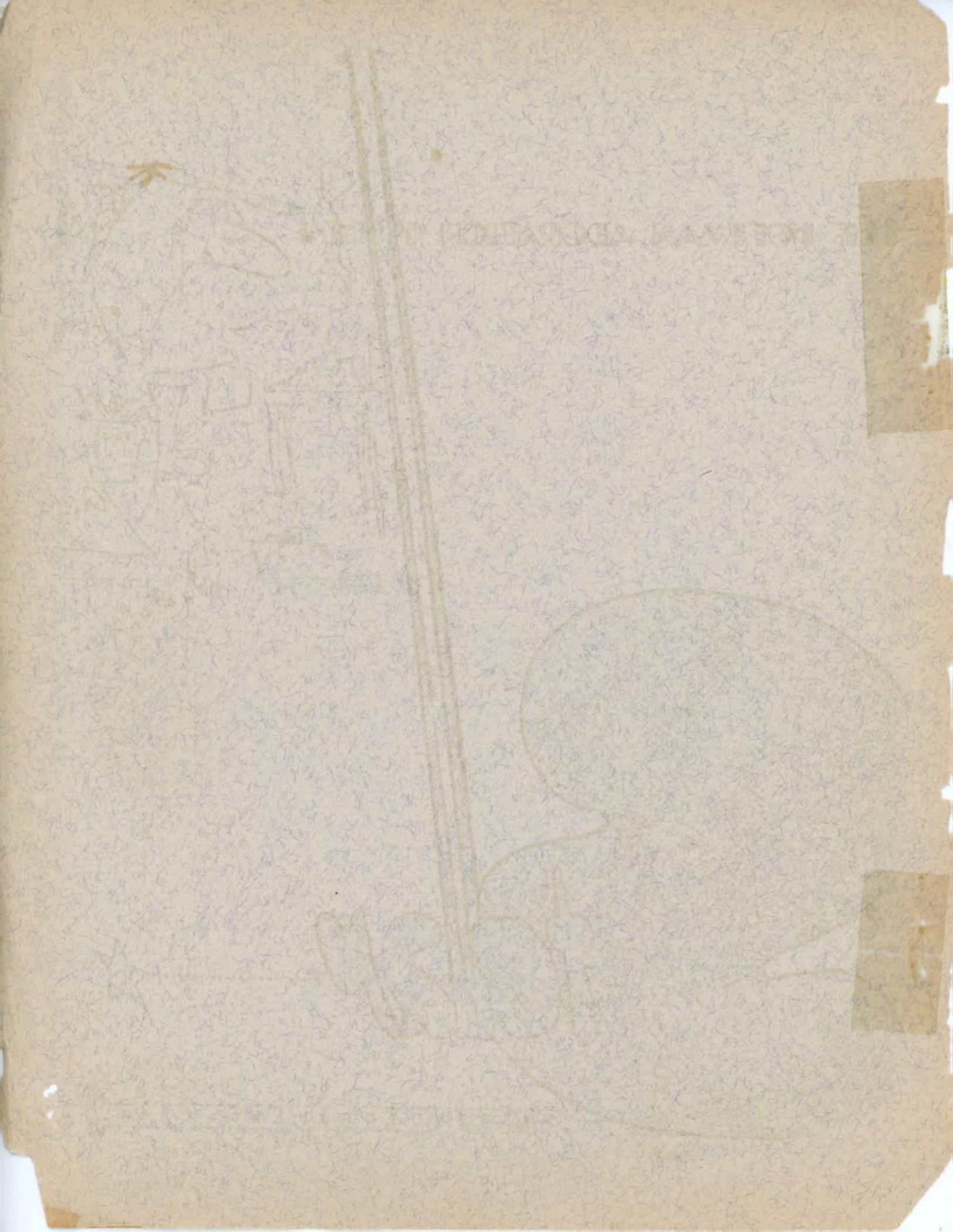


LEE HOFFMAN ADORATION ISSUE *





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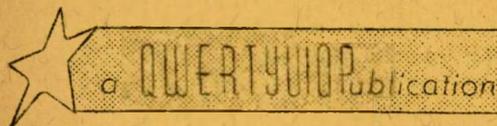
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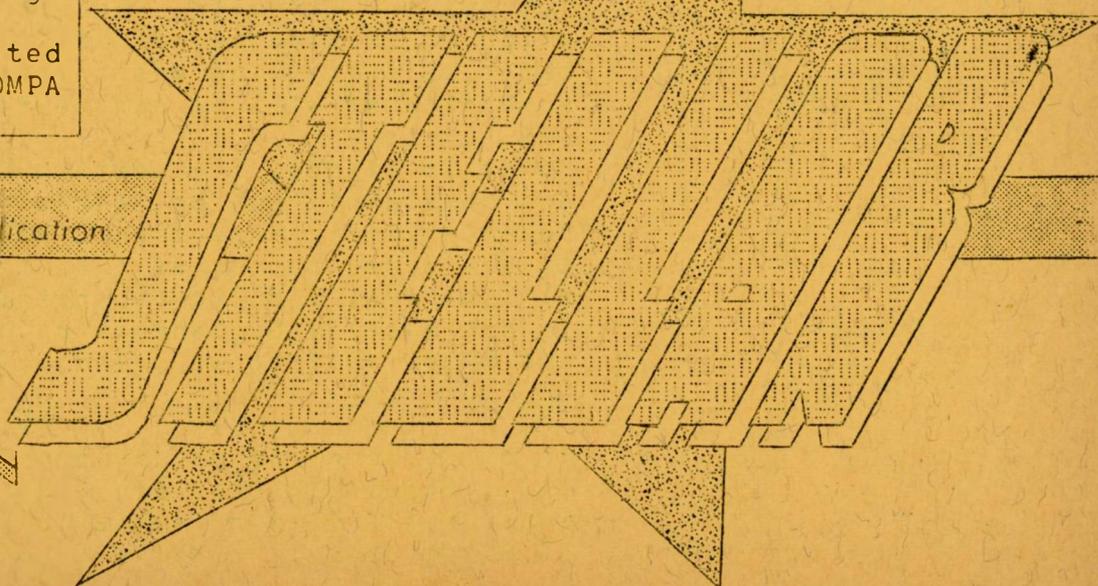
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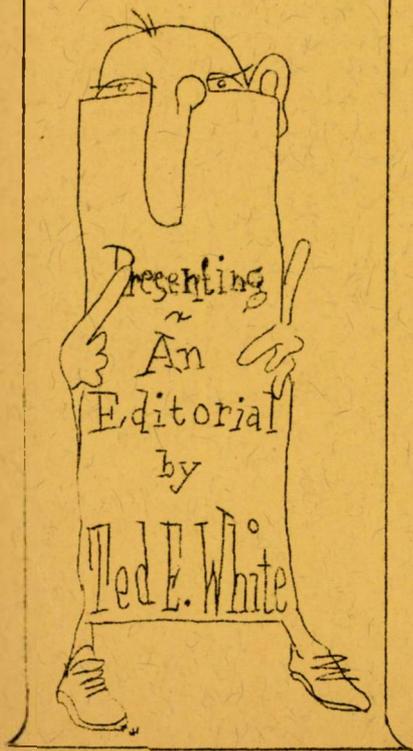
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LEE
HOFFMAN
ADORATION
ISSUE



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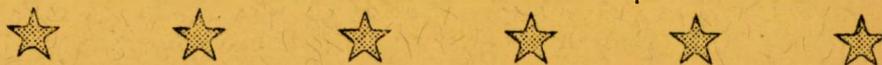
It appears that there is some confusion surrounding STELLAR. I received a letter from one fan wanting to know why Stark was listed as editor for the last two issues when "I did everything". Several have taken issue with 'my' answers to letters in the letter-column. John Hitchcock, both in UMBRA #15 and in person to other fans, has stated that "Dick Eney replaces Stark as the editor of STELLAR". Several reviews referred to "Larry Stark's STELLAR", and passingly mentioned that the mimeographing was by White...

I thought that it had been fairly clearly stated in STELLAR #8 just what the procedure was. Obviously no one else felt so. So let's clear things up a bit. Issues 8 & 9 were the joint creations of Stark and myself, with Stark doing most of the actual work: typing. We agreed on material, and hassled over important issues (mostly in the serial). Neither of us deserve(d) credit for solely producing STELLAR; neither of us was the 'flunky'. Larry initially selected the material, and stenciled it. He selected the letters to be printed, and answered them (Even the answer credited to me in #9 was Stark's...). I laid the entire issue out, and stencilled the artwork. And I mimeographed it.

However, the situation was growing somewhat intolerable. We did not always agree on various issues, and we found it difficult to share the mag so evenly. So, when Larry went back to New Brunswick this fall, and naturally ceased being able to cut stencils, we relinquished editorship. We both had a lot of fun, but we both found the duality trying...

Knowing that Larry could no longer help with the typing, I asked Dick Eney (who lives quite close) if he would help on the stencilling. And Dick agreed. Except for this column, he will probably cut all the stencils. (Except WHAT! ME A HACK!, which Stark stencilled while here.) Most of the material this issue was selected by Stark, and some of what will appear next issue.

So as it stands, I'm editing the whole thing now, and complaints can be addressed to me... I like humor a little more than Larry, and would like to see some, but other than that, the changes will be few. I'd like to point out that STELLAR is not a solely SerConFanFiction zine--good satire and humor will be welcomed with open arms!



In order to clear up any problems you may have about acquiring this zine, here is what I'm doing: US fen must a) subscribe, b) contribute, c) trade zines, d) write consistently. Letters

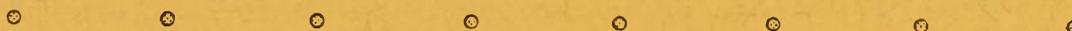
printed will count as contributions, and will extend any paid subscriptions. British fan can subscribe at 1/- for a single copy, three issues for 2/-, five issues for 3/-, and upwards at the flat rate of two issues per shilling. These subscriptions can be paid to Archie Mercer, whose address is on the contents page. Or, they can a) trade, b) contribute, c) write consistently. The same applies to all continental fans, who, should they desire, can brave the monetary exchange and either subscribe to Archie or myself. I hope that takes care of that.



Several of you have remarked at the house name of "QWERTYUIOPress" that I use. Well, I originally began using it because it was simplicity itself to spell on the typewriter, and because the last letter was 'P', allowing me to add either 'ress', or 'ublication' to the word. I've been publishing for several other fans, and so it's a handy way to identify myself, just as Redd Boggs uses "Gafia Press", and Dean Grennell uses "Mafia Press" when they mimeo others' zines. So far, QWERTYUIOPress has published several issues of Vernon McCain's BIRDSMITH, John Magnus' VARIOSO #14, Dick Eney's ONE/FOURTEEN (The NyCon report), all of Jack Harness' FAPA and SAPS zines since he moved to D.C., as well as various Cult zines. In addition to my own NULL-F and STELLAR.

If any of you other fans are interested in getting mimeo or ditto supplies at around 25% off list prices, write me for a catalogue. I can get ALL Speed-O-Print, Heyer Corp., or Print-O-Matic supplies for you at a discount; the only thing I don't handle is paper. You can get this from Master Products as easily as I.

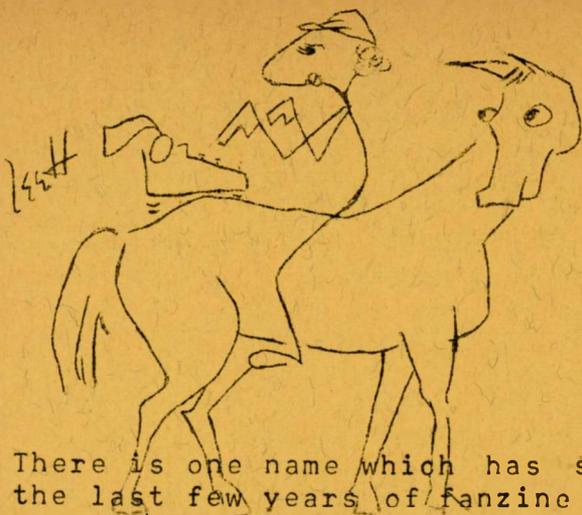
Likewise, QWERTYUIOPress can mimeo your fanzine, providing that you cut all stencils, and assemble and mail the zine yourself. Write, if you're interested, for the rates.



I feel like putting my two cents in on the question of real names in fanfiction--particularly the SerCon brand. I feel that the usage depends on the story type. For the allegories which Stark is fond of writing, I really think that completely fictional names, for the lead characters at least, in the serial, we've tried to use real fans with real names, as written by those who know them well. In one case, that of the Baltimore 'George', I used only the first name. And of course our protagonist, Jake Edwards, is a fabrication--a typical medium-name-fan. But you'll note that Stark's description of Ellington this issue, done before he had met him, does not tally with the real Dick Ellington, as Dick points out in his own chapter... This is one of the things you run up against. Yet, all was straightened out easily enough. I would like to clear one point. Both Stark's chapter 5 and chapter 7 were written first-person. (Dammit!) but the narrator is not the same! In one case it was Bob Pavlat (Chap.5) and in chapter 7 it is Stark himself. Don't let it confuse you, and please, future contributors, no first-person chapters in the serial!

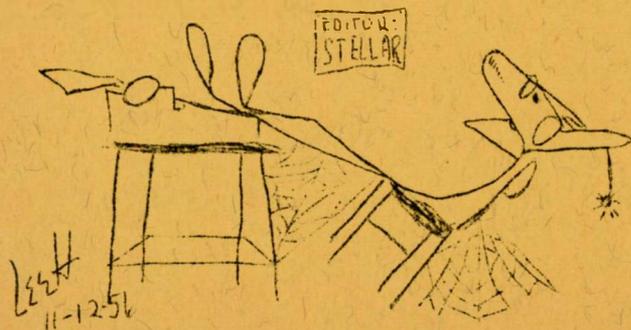
Also, for those who did not understand Magnus' PEON PAPERS last issue, the title is a dead giveaway--as we intended it to be. Several years ago, someone stole Lee Riddle's briefcase, which contained the manuscripts for an entire issue of PEON. It was well known at the time, but I suppose it's been forgotten by now. The story itself was written two years ago.

That winds it up for this. See y'all in #11...



There is one name which has stood out in the last few years of fanzine publishing: that of QUANDRY. Since its death, QUANDRY has gained even greater fame, creating a legend that may be greater than the zine itself. But several facts remain evident, even in the face of any attempted debunking: no single fanzine since QUANDRY's death has been able to approach Q's record for number of issues, for consistent quality, as well as a consistent publishing schedule. All of this was due to the editor, Lee Hoffman. Shortly after folding Q, Lee dropped out of the fannish scene, and was not seen or heard of (outside of FAPA) until the Cleveland Convention in 1955. Since then she has published three issues of FAN-HISTORY - a fanzine of even higher quality than Q - the second SCIENCE-FICTION FIVE-YEARLY, and has even found time to marry Larry Shaw, well known editor of INFINITY and SCIENCE FICTION ADVENTURES, and to attend a British convention. In addition to having edited and published some of fandom's top zines, Lee can and has also written some excellent fanfiction, and is a good artist. Two of her stories are presented in the following section. Lee has stopped writing, but is still doing some drawing, and is managing to remain quite active in FAPA and OMPA. In line with our policy of devoting each issue to a theme, we felt that to make this the LEE HOFFMAN ADORATION ISSUE was only fitting. Our thanks to Lee and Larry Shaw for their interest and cooperation.

Lee Hoffman Editor



THE MAN WHO CANNOT DIE

I cannot tell this tale from the beginning, for men would not believe that matters of such strange import could come between fan and fan...

And so I begin my story on a sunny afternoon of 1989, at the entrance to the huge building which the Hydra Club in New York built after Henry Kuttner died and left his

by LEE HOFFMAN
SHAW

reprinted from quandy no.20

immense fortune to fandom at large. About the sumptuous built-in bar on the steps, where Insurgents were gulping down beer, regular fans were sipping whiskey, and the little neo-fans were slurping chocolate milk through straws, a crowd of fans is gathered, discussing the forthcoming convention to be held in Rochester, Texas, under the sponsorship of grandmotherly veteran femme fan "Mama Bradley", when suddenly a little neofan, his propellor-cap awry and his zap gun falling out of his holster in his haste, rushed up. There were tears in his bonny blue eyes and chocolate milk was dribbling down his bib all over his copy of Buck Rogers. His lips trembled as he gulped "Say, fellas, goshwowboyoboy, have you heard the news? Have you heard the news? It's just terrible! It's just awful! Aw, gee..." and tears began to dribble down to mix with the chocolate milk.

"There, there, little man," Bob Silverberg said in a fatherly manner, thinking of his own twelve children at home, "don't cry. Tell us what's wrong."

"Bob---Tucker's---dead!" wept the little fan. "I just heard it on the TV! Prominent Author Dies in Bathtub!" He broke down and began to sob, uncontrollably.

A few unkind souls from the outer reaches of the crowd began to laugh, while the little neofans began reverently to take off their propellor-trimmed caps in a body. Sam Moskowitz pulled his beard, frowning.

"Who is responsible for this child's education?" he asked sternly, while Bob Silverberg tried vainly to comfort the little fan with a promise of a Vol, 1 No. 1 ASTOUNDING for his very own. This made the fan stop sobbing, but his lip still trembled.

A tall, scholarly gentleman came out of the crowd. He put an arm around the small neofan and faced Sam Moskowitz shamefacedly. "I'm sorry, Sam, but I'm responsible. I should have told him these things, but he seemed so young and innocent...I didn't believe anything like this would happen for a few years yet."

"Joe Kennedy," Sam said sternly, "you are guilty of a severe dereliction of duty. You should have informed him of these minor facts of life. By failing to do so, you may have caused him severe shock and traumatic experiences. The offense is worthy of public admonition, and I fear it is my duty to report it to the Laney Council For Preserving the Standards of Fandom."

Joe quailed in his tracks, but he was brave. "Do your duty, O Moskowitz," he said valiantly.

"You are hereby deprived of the privilege of guarding this innocent fan, and he shall be turned over to another. Mr. Silverberg, you have children of your own. Take this child away and tell him the facts of life."

"Come along, sonny," said Bob, and he led the sobbing little fan away.

* * * * *

At the hangout of the Outlanders, in South Gate, California, a neofan was making a speech when a bulletin was handed to him by a telegraph boy. He ripped it open, read it, then gasped with shock.

"Fellow Outlanders," he said with dismay, "I have just received a very sad bulletin. Bob Tucker has just died. I--I suggest we observe two minutes of silence in respect to the memory of this great writer."

He opened his mouth in dismayed amazement as the entire crowd burst into wild laughter.

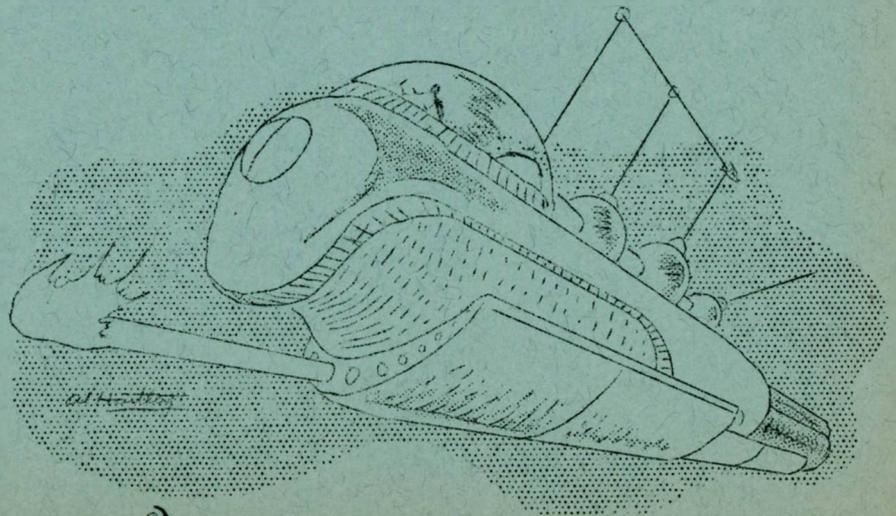
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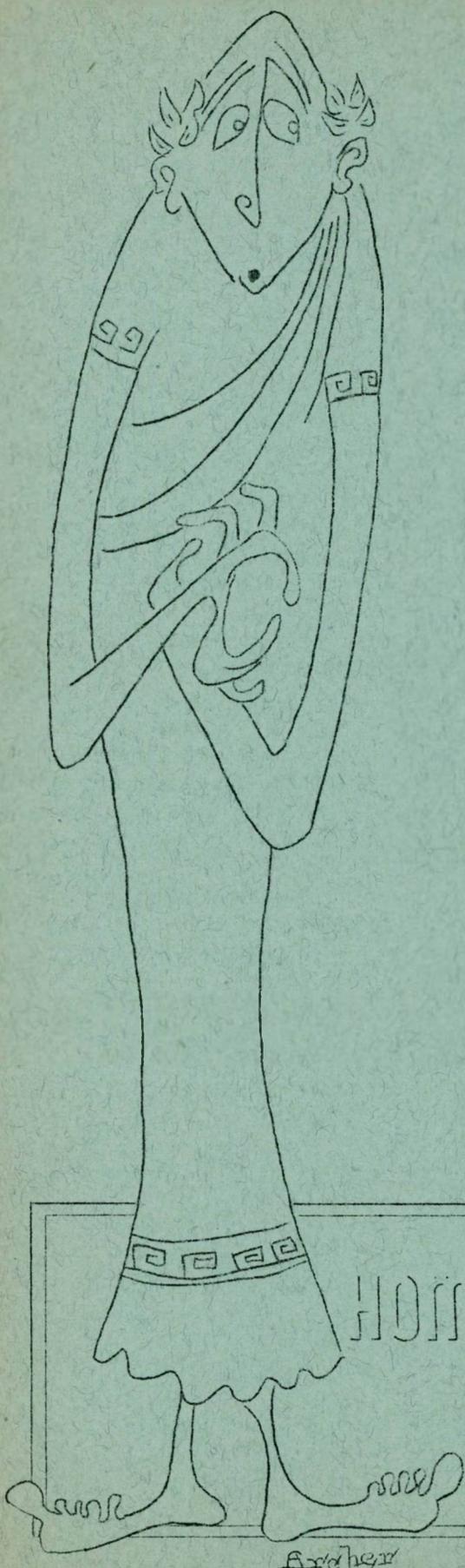
Every major fanclub in the country sent a delegation to Bloomington on the day of the funereal. A few neofan clubs were sincere; but most had come to deride. After all, they thought, four such hoaxes were too many. Bob was showing very poor taste in carrying the joke thus far.

The coffin, as it lay in the parlor of the funereal home, was the scene of all kinds of ironic horseplay. Someone laid a wreath of skunk cabbage in the pall. A procession of fans carrying onions and shedding tears ceremoniously laid their zap-guns in a pile at his feet, and when the body was borne through the streets, it was followed by a parade of yelling, hooting fans. Beer, whiskey and chocolate milk flowed like oil in Texas. And an auction of the "dead man's" was held over the grave. That, they felt, would teach him to try to fool fandom with such childish tricks. As the coffin was lowered into the grave, a salute of a hundred zap-guns was fired.

The convention that year was a big failure, as most fans had spent their convention funds to travel to the Big Funereal, and only about fifty fans showed up. However, as Mama Bradley had been at the funereal too, she didn't care much about the convention failing. But the Big Tucker Funereal was talked about in fanzines for two years, and they all waited impatiently for Tucker's comments to show up. They all expected that he would fool them by acknowledging the hoax in some small pinding neo-fan's fanzine, so a number of the neofans got rich on subscriptions to their inferior crudzines and were able to buy new automatic mimeos. Then that fad died but Quandry, Slant, and the revived Nekromantikon went on and on and on.

Almost five years after the Big Funereal, an article appeared by the venerable Redd Boggs, one of his usual cynical writings, in the November 1994 FAPA mailing, entitled IS TUCKER REALLY DEAD? He had the insolence to suggest that, after all, even Tucker must die sometime and that five years was too long to wait for a dead man to come to life. He even suggested that delayed respect should be shown to the fan, for after all, no more new Tucker books had come out, there had been no issue of Fantasy Jack-ass or SFNL and all the





Everything might have been fine if she hadn't found Fandom by reading the Fancyyclopedia.

Of course, all Big Name Fans are SerCon fans, at bottom; it takes a kind of dedication to keep publishing, and to keep trying, consciously, to contribute more and more to Fandom. But I do think the tone and attitude of Juffus were the main factors in this history... not because they're in any way pernicious, but because this particular fan might have ended up a lot happier not taking them as a model. To compound the problem, she started her publishing career with an originally unintentional hoax. "Just like John Bristol!" she must have thought.

Her fanning began modestly enough, but her magazine was regular, and dynamic, and before long it had assumed major stature, and she was building up a fine collection of friends all over the world. She was still young, bright-eyed and bushy-tailed then, and I think perhaps the mere act of fanning had her dazzled a little; certainly her famous personality drenched that little mis-spelt magazine for about a full year...and the only seriousness about it was her own.

But then came the Convention, and once she revealed her little hoax to everyone there, things changed drastically. She soon found out that she wasn't just a widely-known and respected fan any longer; in the eyes of almost everyone she became the king-pin of The Inner Circle, and the best-publicized fan in all history.

Everyone wanted to be in on her every idea

HOMAGE TO JUFFUS

BY LARRY STARK

and acquaintance from then on, and the crown of BNFdom lay heavy on her brow. Publishing became a chore instead of a happy honor, though she kept at it for two more years. It wasn't the quality nor the frequency of publishing she minded, but the feeling that she was obligated to publish, and had to provide everyone with the fruit of her labor of love--whether they were loved or not, whether they understood and respected her or not. They intruded. They couldn't let her "be herself", because "herself" included a longing after that long-gone clique of inbred friendship that the War and the Boom had swept away. You can't create a clique ((nor a clique-organ)) out of 250+ constantly-replaced, mostly-anonymous subscribers to a fanzine.

Her first noticeable symptoms of Juffus-itis were pointed out to me by fans who knew her then. They were part of the death-throes of her magazine. She deliberately cut back production of the one magazine all Fandom---from Tucker to the youngest neo--wanted most to own; and she made it clear that only the more-sympathetic souls who pleaded for it would get a place on her mailing list. It was a futile attempt at preserving that "Little-Puddle" atmosphere which she felt she needed to remain active. The Restricted Mailing List drew a lot of heavy fire from Outsiders, however, most of whom called it her "duty" to supply them with issues they could call "Not what I'd expect from today's" Leading BNF", and shortly she gave up the whole thing and retreated into FAPA as a way of escaping the irate crowd. Fandom was bigger than she might have liked, but not big enough for her to avoid the less likeable of those to whom she was not an inviolable Ghoddess.

Her FAPAZines were fine---exquisite little mirrors of her sharp intellect and vivid humor---but they never seemed to attract lengthy mailing-requests, nor did she ever appear to write in such a way nor on such subjects as to become the center of FAPA's conversations. Her zines were finely sculptured gems---but left the reader little room for discourse beyond murmured admiration. The sculptor worked from her own desires and for her own satisfaction, and the air of abstraction and detachment that resulted gave the impression that she neither needed nor desired an audience.

While she ignored Fandom-as-such for three years, her ideas sorted themselves out and her personality solidified, and after a while her FAPA contacts began to draw her back. However, while she was changing, fandom changed, as it always does. A new group of fannish adolescents had sprung up, and, knowing nothing of Fandom except its present state of anarchy, they had run riot over the landscape, exalting their iconoclasm and proclaiming themselves "Insurgents". It's certain none of them knew the real meaning of the term, for though Insurgents were quick to point to fannish historians as having predicted their rise to power, elder-statesmen were even quicker to point out that no one was more ignorant of fannish history than the full-blown Insurgent himself. For three years Fandom had been a battleground fought over by the Iconoclastic youth, and the few perennials who seemed to date from before Tucker and Palmer.

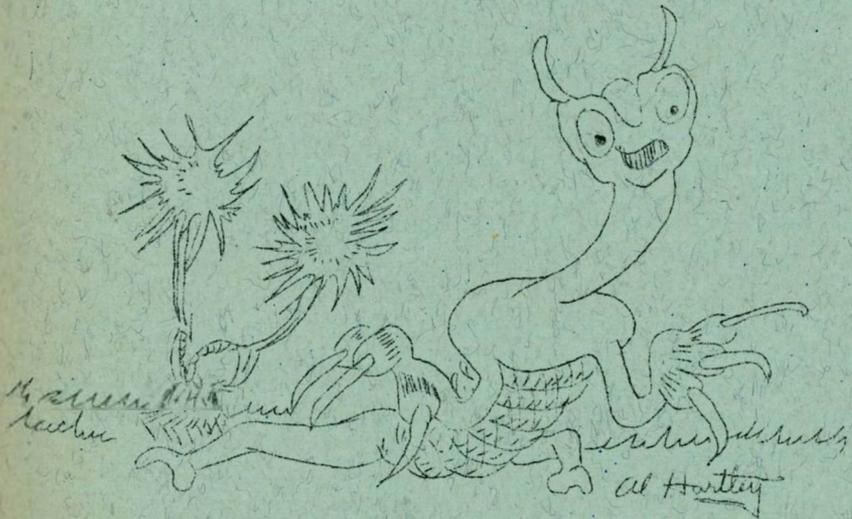
When she broke her three-year stay in The Wilderness by a sudden appearance at a Convention, the returning fan must have been surprised and flattered at her reception. Except for a few lesser-known members of her circle, who were either out-shouted or ignored by the Insurgents, she was the first piece of the past the younger fans had seen outside borrowed old fanzines. She was The Ancient Circle reborn, and old acquaintances hailed her with exaggerated glee, Insurgents gazed on in meek wawe.

Perhaps that appealed to her innate Juffus-ism, or perhaps it merely seems that way. In any case, she'd been bitten by the mimeo-mosquitoes again. This time, however, her personality, and her streak of Serious Dedication, were completely developed. She had long since mastered the means, and now she also knew what she wanted in her fanning. Once the resolve to publish again was certain, she had also resolved to publish the Best Fanzine she could conceive of. As it turned out, this was even closer to publishing for herself alone than it sounds.

She had always read all the fanzines she could find, the older the better, and keenly felt the presence and importance of the past, so we can't accurately call her magazine the product of its time. It is also true, however, that Fandom was in flux, and the mounting criticism of Insurgency was its know-nothing iconoclasm. After her reception at the convention, publishing the new magazine appears, whether it was designed as such or not, almost like a personal crusade. She resolved to give fandom that one ingredient it seemed to realize it lacked; her own special brand of Sense of History.

Late one evening, just after her triumphal return to the fold, she passed through our town and sat in on a party our local S-F Society was throwing. She was merely pleasant and unassuming, not particularly amazing to see or listen to; yet, long before the 4 AM breakup time, she'd gradually become the focus-point of all attention and every pair of eyes in that room. The old hands among us said later that she presented only a dim afterglow of her former self, but to me it was sight of the sun after a lifetime

spent in dark caverns. It took me an hour to speak to her, and then nothing came out but cliches. I could have melted gladly into the carpet, if it weren't for the glowing, somewhere deep inside. Not all of what she said made sense to me, but I felt it a rare privilege just to hear her. I was certain then that she'd soon again be the focus of fandom, just as she was of that little conclave.



She called her new zine "SaM's Appendix" that

night, and in a line later, but it was much more. The new insights and amplifications on "The Immortal Storm" that the zine printed, plus the appearance of scholarly continuity of the history, were appreciated. Yet it wasn't as scholarly a publication as was expected...particularly, I think, not as much as she'd expected. Despite what good effect it had and what clarity of presentation her articles and reprints were given, the unnoticed hand of her own personality always intruded...choosing irrelevant ideas for unexplained reasons, and painting a portrait of the past just as arbitrary and unnatural as was the Insurgent decision to have no history at all. Worst of all, this intrusive personality was one purged, to the bone of seriousness, of all that those who could remember her first fanzine would have thought to be her real self. Someone called the atmosphere of the magazine "a glassy stare backward", and that seems

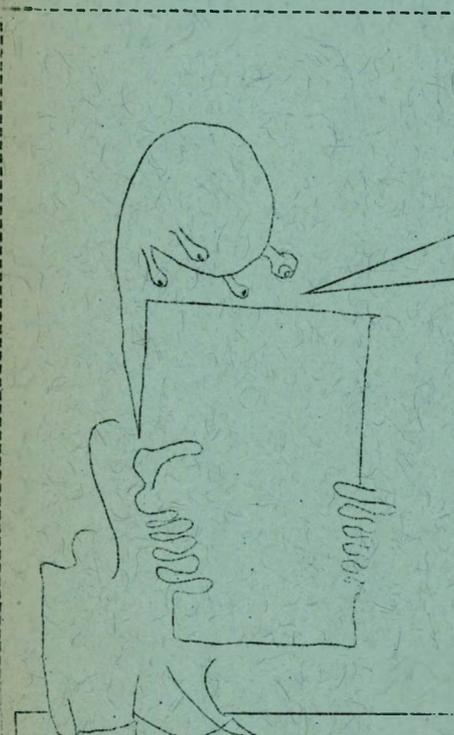
to sum it up completely.

One feature of the new magazine was the same Restricted Clientele policy that marked the last days of the old one. It was circulated through FAPA initially, and "to those showing sufficient interest to the editors." However, this time there weren't quite as many curious fans queued up to wait for it as planned.

It was an admirable, yet a disheartening accomplishment. It was, as stated, the ultimate product of a fully matured fannish individual, the attainment of her real desires. It was tastefully executed with power, good humor, and restraint, and it did exactly what it was meant to. And yet, when it explained that its editor worked from inner conviction and wanted merely acquiescence or approval from readers...well, it seemed as though a respected, intelligent, gay personality had simply turned her back on all those who wanted eagerly to be her friends. There was a powerful, lovely voice singing through its pages...but it was singing a lonely song, a song chosen deliberately to be an almost-mournful solo.

It went irregular after the first few issues, and then was put aside. There were protestations that its editor was not giving up Fandom, but was working on some new ideas. I don't know if she'll retain her FAPA membership this year or not.

Last rumor I heard was that she was trying to produce a second, modernized Fancyyclopedia. That was some time ago. I wonder how far along she got on that project.

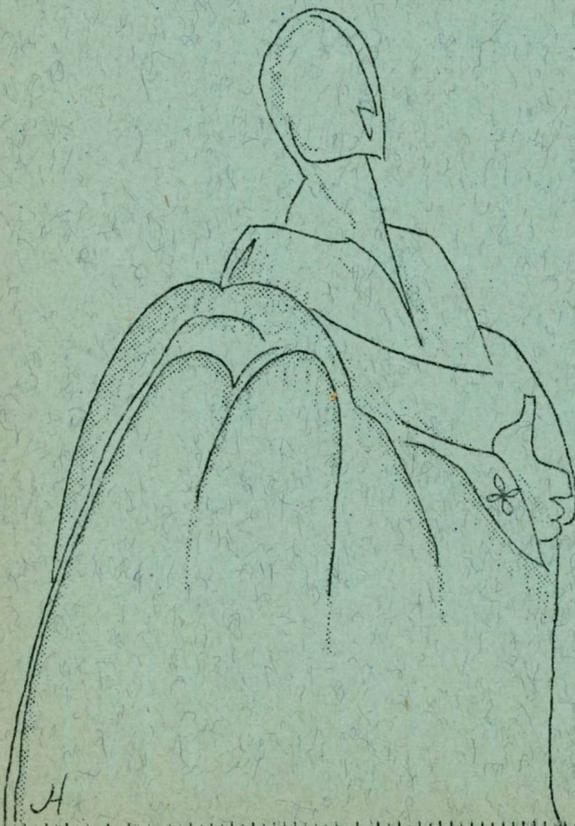
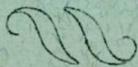


I SAY THERE — JUST A MOMENT!
I'VE GOT AN ANNOUNCEMENT HERE...
(If I can just find it — ah! Here it is...) ER,
IT APPEARS THAT (HRRMPH!) *Stellar's*
ASSISTANT EDITOR HAS BEEN
NOMINATED TO THE T.A.F.F.
AS THE AMERICAN REPRESENT-
ATIVE TO THE '57 WORLDCON
IN LONDON! VOTE FOR HIM!!

SEND ENEY TO ENGLAND

What! ME A Hack!

by ROGER
P.
YOUNGFAN



It has come to my attention in recent months that some writers in fan magazines have accused me of writing hack. This is a base and cruel accusation and I hope to prove that the snivelling young critics who have scorned my work have no basis for their contempt. Let me tell you about my stories and you will be able to see for yourselves the answer to the question; is this hack?

You first came to think of me as an imaginative writer when I sold The Martian Death Traps to HOTCHA SCIENCE STORIES. TMDT was the story of four intrepid, young space cadets, Bloch, Korshak, Eshbach, and Evans, who were rocket-shipwrecked on Mars during a raging blizzard. Now I ask you, how many other writers have been clever enough to write about raging blizzards on Mars? Very, very few, you'll grant me.

My second sale was The Trappers of Mars, about a handsome young captain of the Space Patrol who was rocket-shipwrecked on Mars, alone. Alone, mind you! Not with companions, but alone. This young officer, Bloch, meets three young Martian trappers, Korshak, Eshback, and Evans. (I have recently sold a sequel to this story to .44 CALIBER SPACE TAILS entitled The Trappers Of Venus in which Bloch, Korshak, Eshback and Evans are rocket-shipwrecked on Venus where they go into the trapping business.

Later I sold The Martian Death Trap Plant, a tale of the adventures of a space ranger (not a member of the Space Patrol, or Space Cadet, you'll note. No one can accuse me of repetition.) who is forced to make a crashed landing on Mars where he encounters the four-

as told to Lee Hoffman Show



headed death-trap plant, the Blochkorshakeshbackevans. After he has successfully rescued the slightly clad maiden from this evil creature, he marries her and lives happily ever after.

After that, I decided to do a completely different series about four intrepid spaceteers, Bloch, Korshak, Eshback and Evans, and their adventures on Mars. This series was eventually combined and sold to SCIENCE FICTION FIVE YEARLY for their first SFFY novel.

Meanwhile, under the penname of Bloch, I wrote a novel about four Venus Space Rangers, Korshak, Eshback, Evans and Youngfan, and their struggles with the Venusian Death Trap Smugglers. You'll notice that I introduce several completely new elements into this story.

Then I began the Spacelark of The Sky series. The first book was the story of Korshak, a spaceman of the first water, an old scientist named Eshback, and a beautiful young Eurasian girl, Bobbie Pong, who is an electronics expert. In this story, Korshak encountered the eyeless monsters of Venus (you will notice that never in my stories does one encounter those hack Bug Eyed Monsters.)

In the second book of the series, Korshak and Bobbie fly to Mars taking along old scientist Eshback as a chaperone, since this is a first-class science-fiction novel and not one of those s-x books. Besides, Doc Eshback (as he is lovingly called) is the only one who knows the secret formula for the space-ship's special fuel. On Mars they encounter a handsome young captain of the Space Patrol named Bloch. He has been rocket-shipwreched there and mistakes Korshak for one of the three Martians he has befriended, but it develops that the Martian for whom he mistook Korshak was named Evans.

You will note the skill with which I have tied certain of these stories together, thereby forming what I like to call a Future History. Can such originality be called hack?

And my latest story, Death Trappers Within The Earth's Core is the story of a handsome young scientist, his elderly teacher (an old scientist of infinite wisdom and somewhat eccentric habits) and a beautiful young girl who is an electronics expert. These three travel to the earth's core where they encounter many strange things, among them, Bloch, Korshak, Eshback, Evans, and Tucker. You will notice that in my stories there are none of the stock characters or situations. There is no repetition of plot. And especially conspicuous by their absence are such hack elements as BEMs and the scientist's Pretty Daughter. (She's always his niece.)

Now I ask you fairly, am I a hack!

The Best of Fan Fiction...New And Old

the death of

SCIENCE FICTION



installment 3

CHAPTERS 7 & 8

by

Larry Stark

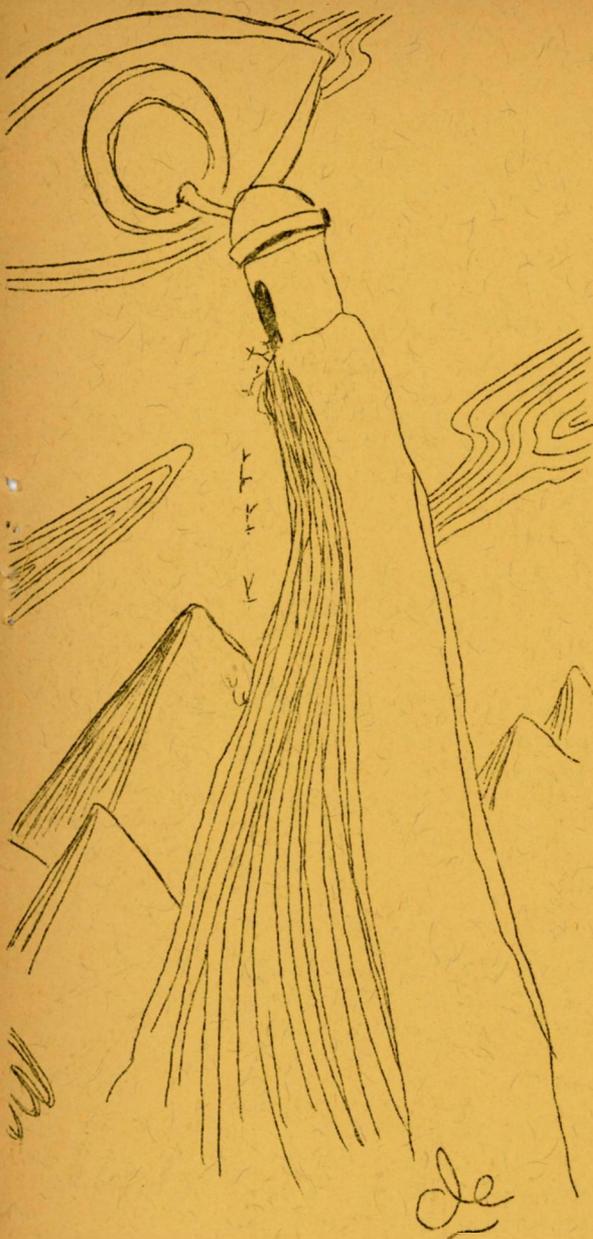
&

Dick Ellington

CHAPTER 7 OLD SOLDIERS... BY STARK

"But I Came here to do something!" Henry Moskowitz said. "First Washington---then that slaughter in Baltimore---it's just too much to sit still for. At least Hartley's doing something." He had just returned to the ranchouse from a trip into New York, and he, John Quagliano, and I were sitting downstairs discussing the news.

"It's what they're doing that worries us," John said. "Besides, Alan's insane. You don't remember when he was here. Larry does,



though."

I did. The real crackdown had just begun...and Alan Hartley's young wife was one of the first casualties. Some SCA goons couldn't believe Hartley was just out for beer, and tortured her to death trying to find out 'the truth'.

"He always did have weird ideas about society persecuting him," I said. "When it really began to persecute, Alan declared war on it...and the Communists gained one of their most powerful members."

He was at "West Cupcake" ((That's what all fans called the Lee-Bar-H dude-ranch, in Northern New York State)) only twenty-four hours. He was raging and almost incoherent when they brought him in...and when he left there was a dull, blazing hatred in his eyes that made no one try to stop him. Everyone had noticed how much Alan steadied down after his marriage, but no one ever guessed just how important to his sanity his wife really was. When he left West Cupcake, it was with hate and destruction the only things in his mind ...and the Communists gave him the best opportunity to put them to use.

"How do they get their information?" John asked. The New York Communist cell that Hartley headed seemed to know more about the SCA's inner workings than most of its members.

"I can't find out," Henry said. "Probably they've infiltrated a Red member or two. Their organizational structure is so damn loose that wouldn't be very hard. I imagine I could have joined some SCA unit or other, if I let them know my name was Moskowitz."

That was one of Hank's big reasons for wanting more action: he bore the same last name as Sam. Undoubtedly, Sam Moskowitz acted as a voluntary witness before the first public SCA investigation board in an effort to clear fandom of any stigma...but his every word was twisted and distorted until he appeared to be working for the prosecution instead of the defense. After he defined Michelism, and the board read a few copies of The Immortal Storm, Sam began to look more and more like a paid informer. The Interrogator at one point even went so far as to brand G.M. Carr "a Communist playing Devil's Advocate", because "as a result of her initial arguments on the question of security, most of the organization agreed that the government was somehow in error". Sam was helpless before their doublethink, and

shortly after things became hot he retired completely from any publishing affiliations in shame...though people still remembered his part in the original teapot-tempest. Henry remembered too.

"Could you get any details about the reorganization?" I asked. The change of top personnel in the SCA had hit television and headlines, of course, but no reasons were given, and I could see no changes in conditions.

"Hartley wouldn't say much. I do know they've switched ID cards and badges---I think to try to reappraise the membership of each branch office. All it did, though, was create confusion. And give Silverberg and Edwards their chance."

"Three Against The World," John pronounced, grinning at the melodrama of the situation. "Well, who knows? Stranger things have happened than what they're planning on."

"What worries me is this guy O'Dudwy," Hank said. "A real bloodthirsty character...and in complete control of Edwards and Silverberg. He has all the power and all the arrogant contempt for underlings of a contemporary Napoleon. He sounds serious, and I guess he believes in what he's doing, but...I just don't like him."

"Anything new from Ron Smith?" I asked.

"Nothing much, except things are a little tighter. That little offset place he expected would do the work has backed out. Too risky. Ron doesn't think much will come of it, but he's moved again just for protection's sake."

"Damn, I wouldn't have that job for anything!" John commented. It was pretty dangerous, trying to get a subversive magazine like INSIDE printed, one that printed defenses of 'subversive' fans, that asked for the release of convicted 'subversive' editors, and that openly proclaimed that Justice had not been served by the government's most powerful branch. Ellington, Deitz, and Kyle...who functioned as a central committee at West Cupcake...decided the publication would be useful, if only to prove to people that a kind of quiet resistance could be attempted, despite the penalties.

"Ellington knows what he's doing," I commented. "Fandom has to prove itself still a functioning unit, and it has to have some way of waking honest individuals up to the truth. Maybe it is dangerous to publish INSIDE; maybe trying to publish it will get us all killed. But the possibility of swinging anyone onto our side has to be risked."

"The point is. Larry..." Henry began to disagree, but before he got any further Dave Kyle burst in the door.

"Come on in here and listen!" he said. "Boone's finally making his big play!"

The general office next door was equipped with a television-set and a couple of varieties of radios; aside from passing some pretty boring days in hiding, they often proved useful for checking on impor-

tant newsmaking events. This was obviously one of them. On the screen was a man of thirty-five or forty, thin, and beginning to acquire a number of dry wrinkles that no t-v makeup had been used to hide. He was mounted before a large speaker's rostrum, shaking hands all around while a large crowd set up an almost unbelievable welcoming ovation.

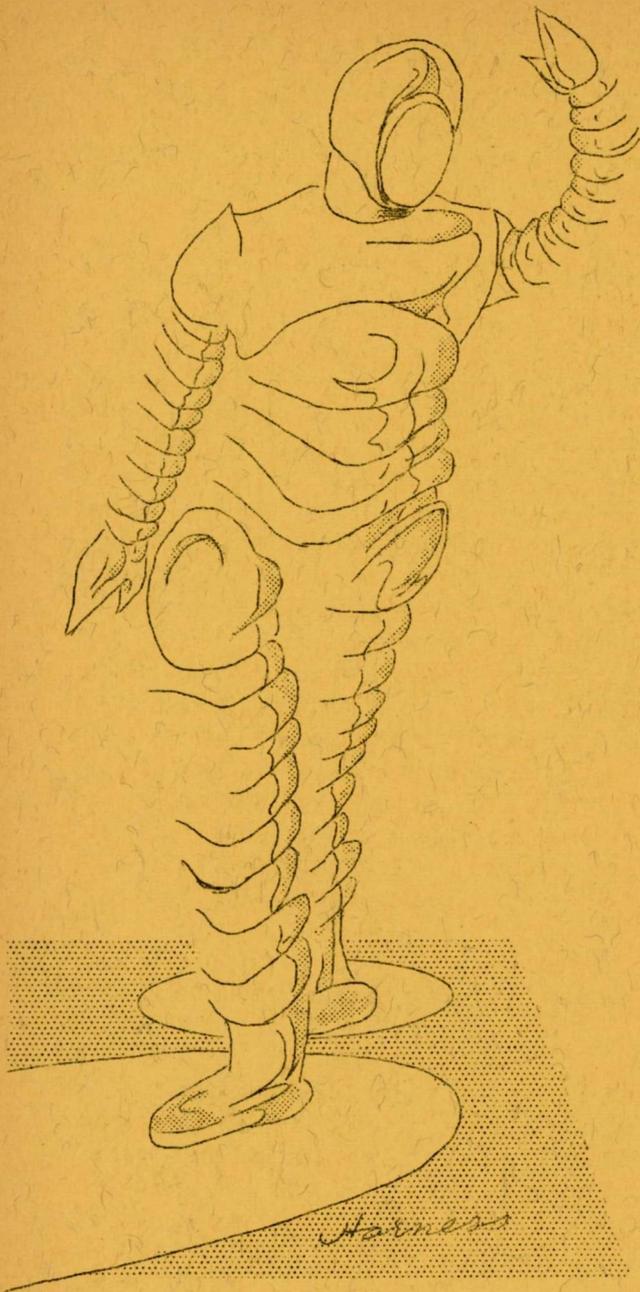
"That's Dallas," Kyle commented softly, "turned out to cheer their former mayor on to higher conquests."

After trying repeatedly, the beaming gentleman on the speaker's stand managed to clear enough silence to begin his speech. The zoomars closed in on him, as he made the usual salutations, and acknowledged all his "loyal old friends in the audience tonight". He spoke of pleasure and satisfaction that his home city should still think so highly of a retired politician...and the pandemonium almost broke loose again. He spoke generally and platitudinously of the "grave conditions under which Dallas, as all America, must labor today," of the threat to liberty and freedom in the world which menaces all honest, peace-loving neighbors on the continent of Africa. He mentioned the truism that "America stands virtually alone in the world, ready and capable to shield the people of the free world from any spread of that unholy cancer of war that now infests a whole continent with its hate and carnage." He seemed to run swiftly by all these generalizations, uttering a kind of truth, but in reality working up to the fact that "This is a grave test to which we must be submitted, and to withstand this test America must be steadfast, must be strong, must be kept pure." There was even a spatter of applause on that line, from those in the audience intelligent enough to link it with his former government position.



"Here it comes," Kyle murmured.

"In recent months," the face in the fishbowl continued, "there has been repeated concern over the functioning of one agency of our government dedicated to the protection of our strength and purity. Our critics have been worried about the protection of liberties, about the efficiency of operations...about almost everything you could think of. These critics worried the president, the Senate, the Congress, and even worried the people, over the effectiveness of this organization...worried them so much that it appeared the public confidence in that fine organization had been shaken. Conditions seemed so bad that it was decided it would take a change of leadership to restore that measure of public confidence so necessary to the proper function of that agency. It was for that end, and that end alone,



that I resigned my post as executive chief of the Sediton Control Authority just one month ago. In such troubled times, I thought it imperative that I place public good above personal desire." The clamor broke out anew, in a slowly gathering wave of applause.

"That's not quite the way I heard it," Henry Moskowitz said.

"But the problem of sedition and subversion in this nation is one so powerful and so vital that no one, so closely concerned as I was, can renounce his duty along with his title. The Activity and the Welfare of that Agency which I felt it at all times a proud privilege to command in its fight to preserve American integrity at home, is such that I can conceive of no one, once he has been part of it, ignoring its problems or forgetting its plight. I always have, and I always shall, concern myself with the battle against sedition and subversion wherever, whenever, and however I can." The crowd fairly leapt into a frenzy of ovation.

"I am not only concerned with the state of morale in the Sediton Control Authority," Boone continued, when he could, "although such unfounded attacks as these good people have had to endure have certainly done their damage in that respect. No, that is the least worry of an agency dedicated to such a selfless, and in most cases thankless task.

No, the most startling thing about the new, reorganized, and supposedly revitalized SCA is, in my mind, the present chaotic state of its management." Here 'Trigger' Boone paused, and for the first time all evening there was a tangible hush in the televised auditorium. His statement seemed like the sour-grapes complaint of a sore loser, and this man was an idol who could ill-afford to show evidences of clay construction.

"I mean no offense at those who have continued my work," Boone hurried on, "nor have I any quarrel with my immediate superiors in my former job, nor with the administration whose decisions I believe always to be final and just. I do, however, question the propriety of criticizing a group of public servants who have been doing their jobs efficiently and thoroughly. I question the logic of entrusting the affairs of a governmental organization to persons unfamiliar with

the organization's problems. I question the integrity of any man, no matter what his position, no matter what his power, who advocates a "Go Slow" policy in dealing with Red Spies and Seditiousists!" The lid blew off again, but the crowd remained puzzled. Obviously Boone had something specific in mind.

"My friends," he saluted the stilled multitudes, "when I left this young metropolis to begin work with the Sedition Control Authority, I made a vow that, so long as I was entrusted with the responsibility of that post, I would make certain that sedition was dealt with wherever found, as quickly and harshly as it deserves, and that any traces of subversion would be rooted out of our country and disposed of wherever it was found. For three years I tried as best I could to make good on that promise." The crowd awakened once more, but Boone stilled them before they could really get rolling. "But---but my friends, that job is by no means as simple and as easy as it might seem. The Sedition Control Authority is a vast and complex organization, and its operations encompass a great and diversified number of activities. It was my business, as director of such operations, to know the men who worked along with me, to know their integrity, their honesty, their loyalty, and their capabilities. And it was also my task, while heading that bureau, to make certain that sedition and subversion were pursued directly to their sources...but to make equally certain that there could be no mistakes in the execution of justice. These two duties I consider it the minimum requirement of any who seeks to do such a job honestly and well. And those tasks, I must tell you, have not always been properly the concern of the SCA since I was in command."

Again the crowd stood hushed and expectant. "Looks like the dogs are eating dog-meat," John murmured.

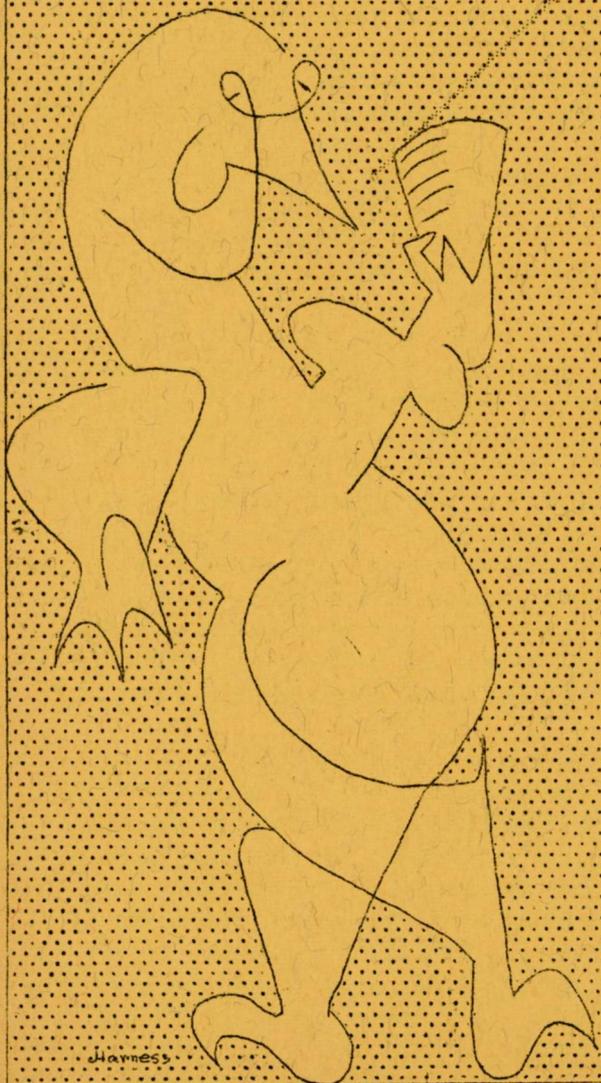
"In the recent past, you all have seen notices of the consequences of such laxity. You have read of the inhuman mistreatment of religious leaders in New York City; you have been told of the manhandling and mistreatment of honest labor leaders in the streets of the nation's capitol itself. And in Baltimore, an agency that has always worked closely with the SCA to make certain that African Fanaticism and Communism does not gain control of the less fortunate yet no less loyal elements of our society...this agency was brutally attacked and forced to suspend operations in a vicious and unexpected raid. And, friends, it is my unhappy duty to report that in every one of these outrages, the Sedition Control Authority was the center from which the violence broke.

"And yet, friends, despite such shocking conditions, I cannot say such occurrences surprise me. I cannot believe that Chris Jorgensen who heads the department is to blame...or was even aware of plans for such confused actions. I've known Chris and worked with him for three years, and I know that no such brutal and unthinking outrages could have occurred were he aware of them. But I do think, however, that he has not received the cooperation that he has come to expect in the past." Again, growing slowly from the more perceptive, a long roll of applause stopped the speaker.

"I do not know how such scandalous conditions may be remedied...but, for the good of the SCA, for the good of the Nation, they must be

CONTINUED ON PAGE 29

WHO drinks more than a frat man?



Fifteen assorted people sat around the room in chairs, by chairs, next to tables, under tables, and on the floor. The smoke that drifted through the room was disturbed as they talked and laughed and breathed heavily; now and then the clean, quiet sound of a churchkey cutting through the top of a beer can could be heard through a lull.

Jensen, the boisterous one, had just noticed his roommate sitting in a corner alone, chugalugging bheer shyly. With a "Wup, see you people later!" he broke away from the group and approached the young man. "Henry!" he said loudly and reproachfully, "live it up! Partytime tonight; make the most of it, for tomorrow we may have hangovers!" He slapped Henry on the shoulder and sat on the floor next to him.

Henry smiled and reached for another Burgermester. "I'm enjoying myself," he said as his churchkey bit into it.

Jensen studied him sagely. "Henry my boy," he said expansively, "I do believe you're drunk!"

"Drunk?" said Henry. "Hell no, I'm not drunk; I've only had about ten or eleven bheers!"

"Ten or eleven!" Jensen laughed. "Ten or eleven beers and he says he's not drunk! My boy, take it from an old beer drinker; unless you're drinking army beer you can't down ten of them and not be drunk."

"I'm not, though," said Henry as he lowered the beer from his lips. He studied the moist top of the can. "In fact, I'll bet I've drunk more beer than you have in the past two years."

Jensen laughed loudly. "Come on, Henry! I'm a frat man! Tell me, who drinks more than a frat man, unless he's an alcoholic?" At this minor witticism he laughed again.

"Fans do," said Henry, grinning back at him.

"Fans?" said Jensen. "You mean those oddballs you go out with all the time? You're kidding me!"

"Oh no. It's our ghod."

"What is...beer?"

Jensen's upcoming laugh was forestalled by Henry's "Of course."

Jensen stared at him. "Henry my boy," he said, "you are definitely and unequivocally drunk."

"Care to see me walk a straight line?"

Jensen chuckled. "You're a riot! Sure, maybe you can; God, I've done it myself when I had to. Doesn't prove a thing, old man; doesn't prove a thing."

Henry finished his beer and crawled across the floor to the case near the coffetable to extract another. He opened it deftly as Jensen commented, "At least you can crawl a straight line!"

Henry leaned back against the leg of a table and proceeded to down a good portion of the beer. "Ever taste Home Brew?" he asked.

"What, bathtub gin?"

"No, beer. Mix it up yourself; cheaper and better, too, if you know how."

Jensen was interested. "You make it yourself? By God!" He paused long enough to open a beer for himself. "Sort of seems like sacrilege, if you really worship the stuff," he smiled.

"No, that's the beauty of it; it's the most available ghod there is."

"Well now wait a minute, my boy," said Jensen, and the all-too-serious tone of his voice indicated that he was feeling the effects of the beer he had been drinking. "Kidding about that is fine, but let's not go off the deep end about it. God--the real God--is obviously the most available god. He's...what the hell is it now?...omnipresent! You know, everywhere. You can't hardly get them more available than that!"

"So is beer, if you work it right," said Henry. "Especially if you're brewing it up yourself."

"Yes, but hell man, what good is the stuff as a substitute for religion? Do you get spiritual satisfaction from it...aside from the spirits in it, I mean?" He didn't laugh. "I mean do you get satisfaction of the... satisfaction of the soul and all that?"

"Sure," said Henry. "Do you get as good a feeling from praying as you do from drinking bbeer?"

"That's an unfair question!" said Jensen with a frown. "Two entirely different things. God gives you satisfaction in the...mind. Beer just gives you bodily satisfaction."

"No, it gives you a richer, fuller life and like that too," said Henry. "It dulls the inhibitions and produces a pleasant euphoria."

"Like dope," Jensen said briefly.

"Freud called religion an opiate of the people," Henry grinned.

"Yeah, maybe; but beer doesn't always make you feel good; if you're sort of low when you drink it you're liable to get depressed as hell."

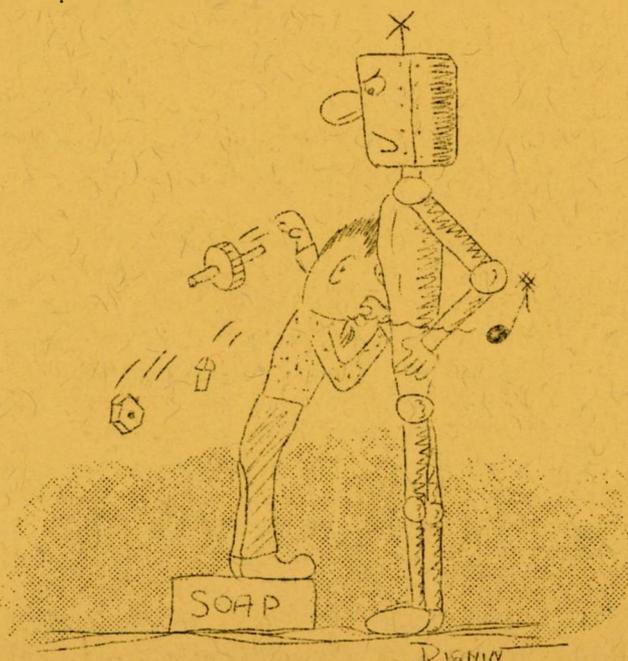
"It magnified your emotional state," Henry explained. "Releases your inhibitions so you can express your emotions. Good release valve, sort of like Confession when you're feeling guilty."

"All right, it helps keep you mentally healthy," Jensen said. "But just tell me this...how about when you've got troubles, what do you do, pray to beer?"

"Don't be silly. We drink the bbeer and solve the problems ourselves. But if they can't be solved, then bbeer is just as good at helping you to rationalize them away as any God is. There's not much difference between getting good and drunk to forget your troubles and praying so you can shift the responsibility to someone else's shoulders."

Jensen set down his beer and studied Henry gravely. "My boy, you've got a hell of a philosopholy...philosophy in life. I'd rather pray any day."

Henry grinned. "I'd much rather drink bbeer," he said, and tipped up his thirteenth can to prove it.



"must you whistle while you work?"

ALL
NIGHT
PARTY

mal ashworth



Rain curled under the edge of the cave's rock roof and dripped down the neofan's neck, making a hollow "sploof" as it hit the rotors of his beanie.

He had been sitting at the mouth of the cave for about three hours with only the driving rain and the wind -- howling through the moss-covered valley below him -- for company, and his enthusiasm was the only thing about him which was not damped. Now, as he spied a slight movement in the encroaching dusk far down the valley, his anticipation pushed his heart up into his mouth afresh. He kept in the shadows, watching the figure approach the cave until, when it came within less than a hundred yards of the spot in which he was crouching, he realized with awe that it was a stately, grey-bearded BNF. The neofan dashed out of his hiding place and reverently, without speaking, took the oldster's elbow and assisted him into the shelter of the cave.

"Thank you, my son", the BNF said gravely, when he had caught his breath. "May Ghu or Roscoe, or whoever you're with, bless your ink and stencils."

The neofan blushed to the bottom of his beanie at the Great One's attentions. "It was nothing" he stammered, only able to restrain himself from adding "sir" because he knew that was frowned on.

"This is your first convention?" queried the BNF.

"Er...yes...yes, my first con", the neofan stammered, his bright eyes shining from the raindrops.

"No other convention quite like your first one", said the old BNF reminiscently. "I remember my first convention..." he trailed off into ghoul-ish chuckles. When his mirth had subsided, he went on:

"But conventions aren't what they used to be; not by any measure. I suppose you know they used to be held in hotels? Yes, yes, of course you will; the last one was only five years ago. Though", and he chuckled again, "you could hardly call that ramshackle old pub in the Outer Hebrides a hotel. Still, it was better than this, and the whiskey they had was...whiskey. As though the thought reminded him he pulled a flask from his inner pocket and gulped at the liquid. "You'll still be on Bheer, of course?" he asked, regarding the neofan almost severely, as he tucked the flask away again.

The neofan nodded wordlessly.

"They could see it would come to this eventually, of course", the oldster continued, as though talking to himself. "Even in the early days, a couple of hundred years ago, it was obvious that someday the time would come when there were no more hotels in which Conventions could be held. And you know they weren't held in every one then." He spoke as though the words left a bitter taste in his mouth; as though he, personally, had failed to achieve an objective by not holding a convention in every hotel. "They passed word on to one another, and there were five hotels which we were never able to get into under any pretext. Yes, as I was saying, they knew it would come sooner or later, but did they care? Not they...they were faaaaaans."

The neofan was overcome with pride in the honor of his kind.

"Even in the beginning they were unable to hold them twice in the same hotel you know (though they managed it once just for the hell of it, by booking the hotel, the second year, for a "Friends of Florence Nightingale Conference", but that's another story). Naturally, they started to run out of hotels in the big cities pretty fast. What a night it must have been when the Provincials and the Southerners held a pitched battle with fire-extinguishers on the main staircase of the Dorchester in London!" He sighed. "That was before my time though of course."

"It wasn't just in Britain either; the same thing was happening wherever there were fans and you've read in your fannish Histories of the Second Deluge, as the New Yorcon at the Waldorf-Astoria became known?"

The neofan nodded vigorously, with bated breath.

"And of the roofcon on the Empire State Building? Yes, naturally you have. Well, so it went on. The hotels got harder to find and the porters got larger and tougher and more numerous, and even more incorruptible eventually." He laughed into his beard. "The fans were forced from the

big towns to the small towns and...to the villages. From thence they were forced to find hotels almost completely cut-off from civilization out in the wilds. Ghod, if only you'd understand the joke I'd say 'places like Manchester'..." he gasped, doubling up with laughter. The neofan, full of concern, dashed to the oldster's side and proffered his Bheer bottle but the BNF waved it aside with a wry face and swallowed another mouthful from his whiskey flask.

A few minutes later he went on. "The end was very near then and we all knew it. We were forced to take over small pubs in any remote or inaccessible spot for the cons. The very last time, at the 'Dunniton Porpoise' in the Outer Hebrides, we managed to pack the landlord and all the staff off for a week's holiday while we ran the place ourselves. Many's the time I've wished before Ghu that I could have seen that landlord's face when he got back and found a pile of flooded rubble where his hotel used to stand." He chortled to himself and the neofan laughed in a polite and rather awestruck manner.

"So that's it. All the hotels, pubs, and any place like that, are finished and we've got to make the best of old caves like this far away from the haunts of normal people.

"That's not the end, though, of course; not for Fandom. When space travel rates become more reasonable, we shall get out to some frontier dive on one of the planets for the convention; there should be some that haven't heard of us. Fans don't give up that easy." He patted the neofan on his beanie. "One day even you may tear someone else's fanzine to pieces on a platform in an inn somewhere on Mars...think of that, son!" He chuckled. "Anyway, I'd better get some sleep now; the others will be rolling in anytime and there's bound to be some serious, constructive speeches to face up to tomorrow..."

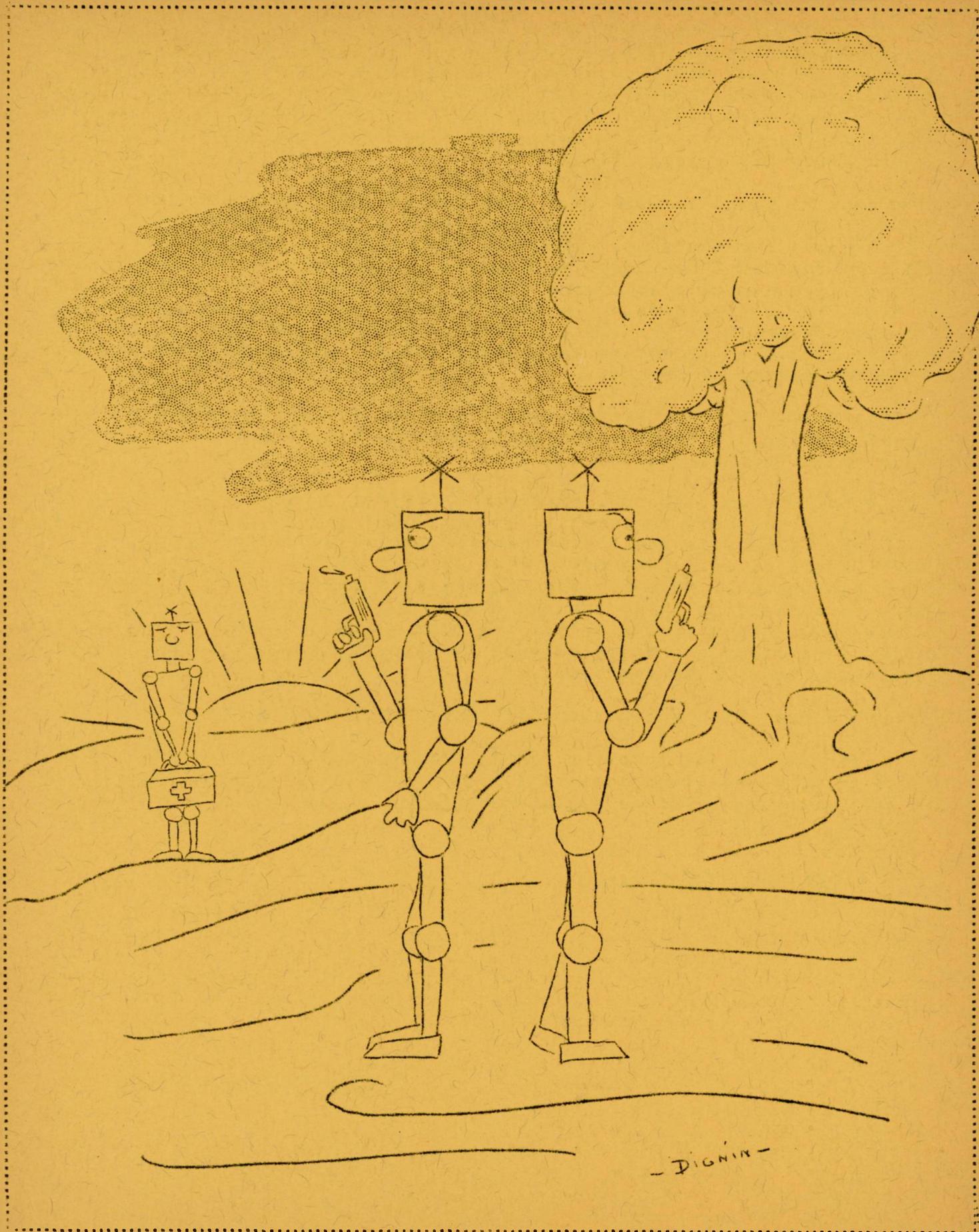
He found a dry patch against one of the cave walls and prepared for sleep.

The neofan sat up far into the night, fingering his zap gun and listening to the rain, as he lived again the mighty battles of the Waldorf-Astoria and the Dorchester, for he too...was a FAN.

a QWERTYUIOPublication _____

IS A GOOD PUBLICATION

birdsmith
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THE DEATH OF SCIENCE FICTION CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

remedied. Perhaps it is time for those in our congress who love America to speak out, and silence those short-sighted critics, and the advocates of 'Go Slow' and 'Go Soft'. Perhaps it is time for another voice to ring forth from the Senate, as such voices have in the past, to call the truth to all who can hear and can recognize the truth. Perhaps it must be the People now, who should cry their protest to the lawmakers that the watchdog of our liberty lies in chains, and attacks the friend as well as the burglar.

"I know not where else to turn. But I am sure, as I am sure this nation can never allow itself to become weak, will never be so drowsy as to be defeated from within, that such a voice will be found, that such truths will be said, and heard, and obeyed. And, when it is heard, I, as I know all loyal Americans within the sound of my voice, will arise and follow its bidding...for the future of the world lies in its sound, and in its truth." There was a half-second of silence, before the auditorium exploded in a unison cheer and demonstration. The men who had shaken 'Trigger' Boone's hand before the speech now crowded joyously about him, pumping his arm, and talking excitedly into his ear. The television announcer struggled bravely with the audio, trying to be heard giving details for late-tuners, and then gave up. Frank Deitz stood up and switched the set off.

"Well," he said, "there it is."

"Does he really expect people to believe him?" Quagliano said.

"That crowd believed him," Henry Moskowitz pointed out. "And that wasn't just Dallas, either. I'll bet he hypnotized the whole television audience with that speech. He's a much better orator than he is an administrator."

"What does he really want, though?" I asked.

"He'll probably settle for being senator from Texas," Dick Ellington replied. "And, if someone's not careful, he may become popular enough and powerful enough to see that a very grateful friend is in the White House next January."

"Who did he mean was mucking up the SCA?" John said. "Jorgenson?"

"Probably the guy who took his place..Fitzmorris. Is he really so confused and soft, Dick?" Dave Kyle took a seat with the other two committee-members, and they began to discuss the speech. They knew much more than the rest of us about conditions generally, and had a good deal more contact with other fans.

"I can't tell yet," Ellington said. "That's one thing Hartley's friends have in their favor...their sources of information are a lot more efficient than ours."

"Did you catch that reference to New York?" Dave said. "Looks like Silverberg and crew might have done something after all. At least they don't seem to have been suspected."

"But they'll be the Public Enemies Numbers One, Two, and Three in New York for quite a while, after tonight. Nothing the SCA hates

worse than being accused of mismanagement. If they can find the fake agents, they sure as hell will, and I don't think they'll go easy with them, either."

"Then, shouldn't we try to get them out, Dick?" Deitz offered.

"CAN we get them out?" Kyle objected. "They'll probably be on the run by now."

"If they want help, they can get word to Ron Smith," Ellington decided. "Meanwhile, it'd be a good idea to try to get INSIDE printed as soon as possible; if there is any big political squabble, maybe we can use it to convince some anti-Boone people that 'Go Slow' might not be such a bad idea after all."

"Henry," Dave called, "that's your department."

"I'll leave in the morning," Moskowitz answered.

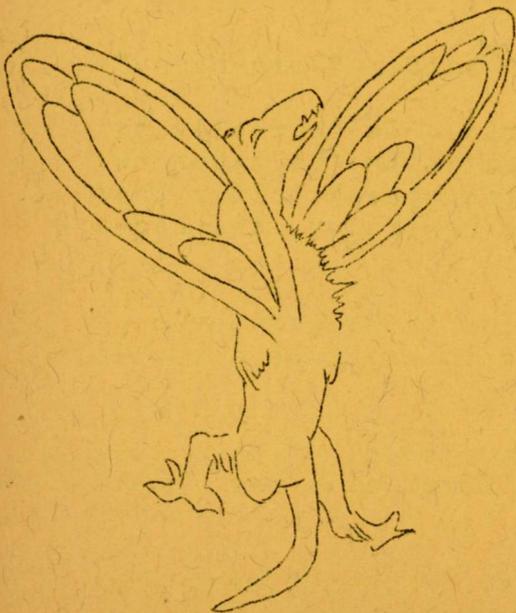
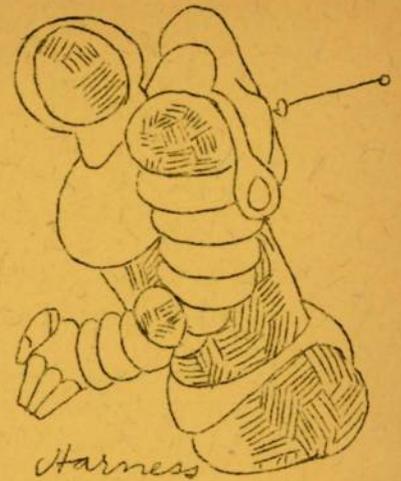
"At least this has one good side to it," Dick Ellington mused. "The whole problem is going to be chewed over a lot, in the open, and people won't be able to ignore it. Perhaps if we can get evidence of the persecution of fans into the right hands, we can do some good."

"There's one other thing I think we ought to discuss," Deitz said. "Alan Hartley has offered to join forces again. Hank brought a letter in this afternoon."

"Henry," Ellington said, "you tell Hartley we'll handle things our way."

"But he does have the communications we don't," Deitz objected. "And we're not very powerful, by any means."

"Frank, why do you think we have to be powerful?" Ellington looked stern. "We've been wronged, we're not doing wrong. We have to hide, and to protect ourselves, but we're not getting into the gutter to fight Hartley's kind of a war. There are people who will protect us, or Boone wouldn't be out of a job right now. If we can, our best bet is to try to see that he stays unemployed. We can't do that...we would have no claim on the respect of decent men...if we joined Alan Hartley's gang of radicals. Leave the violence to him and Silverberg. I'm still positive we can have a return to sanity within the framework of this present government."



"It would be nice to strike back, though," Henry Moskowitz said.
"Just once."

"You are striking back, Hank," Ellington said, "by remaining innocent of the crimes they charge us with. Now I think we'd better get some sleep. We might need the rest before long."

CHAPTER 8 ACTION & REACTION

BY DICK ELLINGTON

Hank left the room and Larry followed him. Quag grinned at Dick. Kyle snickered and Dietz frowned. It was Dietz who finally spoke.

"Don't you think this big b.s. line is a little unnecessary?"

Dick reddened. "I suppose you think I like it? Can you think of any better way to impress these yo-yos that we're tru-blue, 100% Americans? Damn right you can't. How well do you know those two? I've only met Larry twice and I know his ideas are a little opposed to ours to say the least. I've got no doubt that their intentions are good but I can't see trusting them with the whole story. There's too much at stake. If you got any better ideas, suppose you..."

Kyle interrupted Ellington's burbling defense. "We're going to have to tell a few more people soon. We've got three days left and we barely have enough fans in on it to do liason, let alone help pull this off."

Dietz nodded in agreement and Dick grumbled an assent. "Alright--who?"

Quagliano had a ready answer. "What about Silverberg and this Edwards character that O'Dudwy's working with?"

Dick nodded. "I hadn't thought of them myself."

Kyle was enthusiastic. "We know Bob is alright and I think he'll go along -- and from the way things have been going this Edwards boy might be good too."

"Okay", Ellington replied, "That'll give me a chance to get O'Dudwy back in line again. He's been getting a little rough lately. I'll ride in with Hank and see if I can't help out with the printing bit for Inside. Then he can go see Hartley. That'll leave you three and Stark here till next week and you'll have your hands full." He stood up slowly and winced at the stiffness in his legs. These last weeks had been rough. It was hard enough to lie successfully when he was alert, and sleepy like this he was flubbing right and left. He couldn't remember who to tell which lie to when.

He turned to go out. "Don't forget to feed the horses or Lee'll have your hide." Quag groaned.

* * * * *

Dick had Hank let him off at Sheridan Square and when he pulled out Ellington headed down the familiar side street slowly. He stopped at

a garbage-littered flight of stairs and looked around. No one in sight. It was late evening and the street was dark. He slipped quietly down the stairs to the basement entrance and reached behind a garbage can for the hidden buzzer they'd rigged. The door looked like one swift kick would knock it off its hinges. Actually it was backed with a sheet of steel and rifle bullets wouldn't pierce it.

The bolts clicked back finally and the door opened a crack. He saw light glint on a wavering pistol barrel and one bleary eye regarding him distrustfully above it.

The door swung open and Curran regarded Dick through a week's growth of beard. He lowered the huge old pistol he held.

"You pick the goddamnedest times to come calling. C'mon in."

Dick bolted the door himself and followed Dan's ragged form back through the hall to the one bare room that constituted New York Headquarters for The Committee To Fight Totalitarian Oppression In The United States, about as pretentious a title as could be imagined.

"Where are the rest of them?"

Curran regarded him disgustedly. "Where do you think? They're out looking for food. Hell, even bread and cheese at the Dive was better than the slop we've been eating here. Can't even get any Vino Fino any more. You slobs at the Ranch don't know how lucky you are."

Ellington grinned at him. Their clothes matched, hole for hole and tatter for tatter. They'd been living on boiled turnips at the Lee Bar and he detested boiled turnips. He'd even cast hungry eyes on one of Lee's horses.

"So what gives?" Curran was impatient to go back to sleep.

"This is it. Day after tomorrow -- late at night. Everybody's finally in agreement." Dan sat up at this and showed a little life.

"Christ! Why didn't you say so. I'll go play Paul Revere and round up the delegates." He shrugged into a jacket and headed out the back entrance. Dick sat down and dozed off.

* * * * *

Jake Edwards looked quizzically at O'Dudwy. O'Dudwy stayed dead-pan. Silverberg's face was a little less grim than usual.

"Well, what about it? O'Dudwy, you've known about this for quite some time. I know you'll want in. Bob, I know at least part of this deal will appeal to you. What about you, Jake?"

Jake looked at Murragh nervously. "If Murragh goes, I go too."

O'Dudwy shrugged disinterestedly. "I'm game if you can use me."

Dick regarded them carefully for a slow minute. "OK, let's go. We'll meet the others downtown."

They walked down and Dick pondered the O'Dudwy-Edwards relationship. Jake was obviously just being led and while O'Dudwy was useful, he wouldn't have trusted him behind his back for a minute. He was killer born and bred. Dick shrugged it off. They had work to do.

* * * * *

He felt the sweat ooze out of his palms and he had to shift the long club to his left hand to wipe it off. Dick was scared. Rough stuff wasn't exactly in his line.

Actually, it wasn't too dangerous. The old building they were using to house the past few years' overflow of "political" prisoners wasn't exactly maximum security. They moved in on schedule -- right to the front door. There were six of them; Silverberg, O'Dudwy, Edwards, Donaho, Curran, and Ellington.

Murragh had elected to take the guard at the front door. They stood back in the shadows as he approached the man with a disarming smile. He posed some silly question and as the guard relaxed he rammed the palm-knife home. The rest felt a little sick at the grin on O'Dudwy's face as he waved them forward.



Harness

They moved through the halls quietly. It was Donaho's plan and after the incident at the door he had tactfully placed Murragh in rear-guard position. He handled the other guards himself by creeping up behind them and simply clobbering them on the side of the head with one huge ham fist. They dropped like rocks.

The fen bundled them into a corner and went at the rooms used as cells.

They were full of an odd mixture of radicals, cranks and stfish types. The radicals were given instructions for contacting their own groups, the fans and pros we sent to the cars waiting outside. The comies we herded back into the cells over their rather loud protests.

Lee and Larry had a fairly large end room. It wasn't badly furnished and they had passed the time away covering the walls with weird caricatures of Trigger Boone and some of his compatriots. Lee had even built what she swore was the first entirely wooden printing press in existence out of old desk parts. They took as much of it as they could carry but the three-mouse-power motor had to be left behind.

* * * * *

They'd gathered in the museum of the Lee Bar. It was the only room in the place big enough to hold all of them except the barn and Quag had given up the cleaning job, so that was out of the question.

There were about thirty fen present. They were doubled up on chairs and perched on the cabinets. Lee chased a couple away who had been trying to pull down one of the Confederate flags to use as a rug.

It was time for some explanations and Dick was elected. He rapped for order and, for once, a group of fans were interested enough to shut up.

"Some of you know the whole story and some of you don't, so I might as well start from the beginning."

"All of you remember the start of the fan persecutions but how many of you remember a few months before that, when it wasn't fans but radicals they were picking on?"

"Some of us here were part of that first group. Things weren't too well organized so most of the small groups managed to go underground pretty successfully."

"Don't get excited. None of us here are Communists. That's what made it rough. Most people didn't and don't realize the fact that there are all sorts of groups of socialists and assorted radicals around who not only aren't Communist but have more reason to hate and fear the Communists than any of you. If this country were taken over by the commies tomorrow you would be badly off -- true; but we would be taken out and shot immediately with no questions asked. It's happened before."

"But these groups 'talk' like Communists and their ideas 'sound' like those of the Communists so we were all classified as 'Reds'. Luckily enough, most of the groups had a few old-timers among them who had had enough experience in Europe and South America dodging Peron's police, the Gestapo, and the MVD to know what it took to escape an inefficient bunch like the SCA. So we were o.k. -- but we weren't accomplishing anything. None of these groups would trust each other enough to cooperate on anything like a united front action."

"That's where we, as fans, came in. Acting as fans only, and with the aid of a hell of a lot of fans who aren't in the least 'radical' minded we were able to organize these groups for one good action. That action happened last night. I didn't make the plan and neither did any of the rest of the fans, but we had enough say in matters to make sure that a few of our own ends were carried out. As supposed outsiders, we were trusted pretty much by all the groups. We did the liason work they couldn't do themselves."

Harvey Segal stood up in the back of the room. "You mean you went through all that work just to free a dozen people from prison?"

Dick grinned and gestured at Dietz. "Let Frank tell you about it. Saha and he were at headquarters in the village coordinating the whole thing."

Frank stood up and cleared his throat. "There were dozens of different actions carried out simultaneously all over town. The prison raid was only one of them."

"Some of you were wondering where Hartley managed to get his information. It was pretty easy. Not only had the Commies infiltrated the SCA pretty thoroughly but they even had complete control of several branches. Two of those branches were bombed out last night." He stopped as a murmur went up.

"Don't worry. We picked them carefully. Nobody was hurt who didn't deserve it."

"At the same time, a picked group composed mostly of fans hit Hartley's crew." He looked around nervously. "Very few of them got away." There was a definite murmur of protest now. Frank continued.

"These boys were playing it pretty cagey. Besides wiping out or driving underground all the left-wing opposition groups they were able to commit an occasional fast murder under the guise of super-patriotic carelessness." He looked up and frowned. "Not that the patriots aren't doing plenty of that themselves!

"The final, and probably the most important, part of the plan was a series of raids on various liberal church groups, union halls, and newspaper headquarters. They were done in the same style that Bob, Murragh, and Jake had initiated. They used those badges Jake brought. It had to be done quickly. We've learned that due to the trio's work, new badges will be issued in a few days." He stopped and looked meaningfully at O'Dudwy. "There were no casualties in these raids."

"So -- a large part of the Communist bunch around here has been silenced in a way the SCA with its bumbling could never have carried out and this last series of raids should provide plenty of meat for a good campaign against Boone's crowd. They may even stop him. Until we hear what's been happening and decide on something else we'll have to stay put up here."

"NO!"

It was O'Dudwy, on his feet and snarling. "Maybe it's enough for you milksops but there's plenty more to be done in town and if the rest of you are chicken -- that's o.k. Jake and me will do the dirty work ourselves. Right, Jake?"

Jake looked around and nodded uncertainly. "Whatever you say, Murragh." O'Dudwy turned and walked stiffly out of the room. Edwards was right behind him.

There was a tense silence in the room; the Saha shrugged and stepped forward. "Let them go. It's their own funereal." He turned to a cardboard box and opened it.

"I've got something for us to pass the time with. The latest issue of Inside finally came out and I've got a whole boxful here!"

There were howls of glee as the fan surged forward. The tense feeling of a few minutes before disappeared in the warm surge of fellowship. Dick even dared to relax for a while. He snapped back when he saw Stark head out the door after Edwards. Larry looked worried. Dick remembered with regret that Edwards was a friend of his.

He was just settling down for a little snooze in the corner when Kyle came into the room. He was breathing hard and this alone was enough to make Dick sit up. He banged the old convention gavel for silence and stood on a chair.

"Listen to me!" His voice was shaking. "We've just had word that there is an SCA investigator either here or headed here. I don't know what he'd want here if they know the location of this place but since we've got no place to go we'll just have to sit tight and watch out." He paused and looked around. "He could be here now. He could be any of

you. Nobody is to leave. You'll have to watch each other closely."

Ellington turned to see who he was going to watch and saw Stark standing in the door. The rest of the crowd was open-mouthed and frightened but Stark had a different look about him -- like a man found out in something. Dick resolved to watch him a little more closely. After all, he didn't know very much about him.

Sleep came over him in a wave and he forgot about watching anything.

TO BE CONTINUED

THE MAN WHO CANNOT DIE CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

mail sent to Bob's address was returned marked "Deceased".

The results of that FAPA feud are still rocking fandom. Mama Bradley sided half-heartedly with Redd, and curiously enough so did Fran Laney who was getting mild in his extreme senility. But the current crop of "new blood" felt that those oldtimers were simply jealous of the miraculous success of the hoax, wishing they'd thought of it. As a result a brand-new Insurgent group was started by little Joey Kennedy, aided by young Scotty Drummond and Gil Austin. Michael Slater and Stevie Bradley Jr. sided with their parents, and Les Cole's oldest girl was almost thrown out of the Elves', Gnomes', and Little Men's because she wrote an article suggesting that the post office might really believe that Tucker was dead. And the rest is history. Everyone knows of the feuds that have racked fandom for the last years and the TLO is so much a part of fandom that everyone knows it stands for Tucker Lives On.

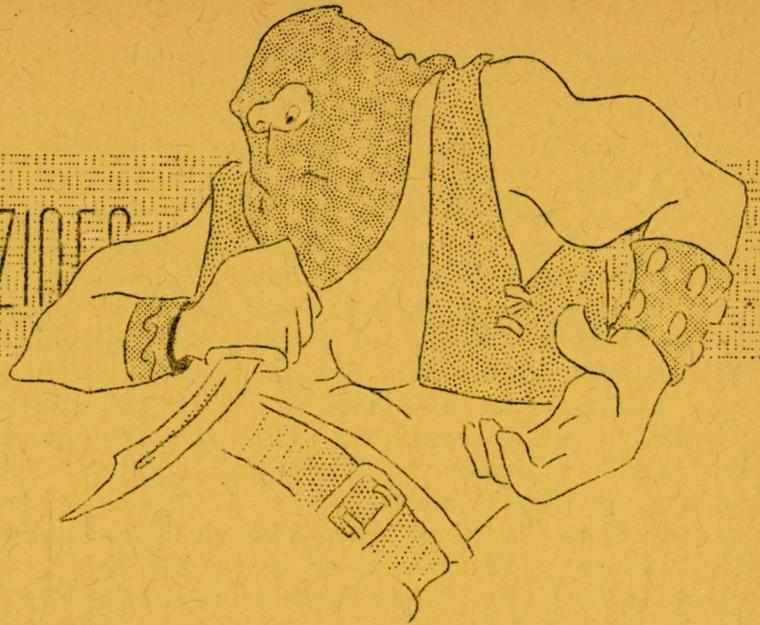
I have written this story to tell the truth of the New Findings in the Field of Immortality. I tell you, there is no truth in the rumor that Redd Boggs ordered an excavation and proved by dental work that the skeleton was really that of Tucker. Now as the 21st Century is at hand there is no room for doubt. TUCKER LIVES ON! He will always live. Beyond all doubt, he will appear at the 2000 Con. Ten years after the Big Funereal I say is: TUCKER CANNOT DIE! He lives, somewhere, waiting to come forth and reclaim his world anew. Ia! Ia! Hoy Ping Pong Immortal. Send today for your free sealed book of the Tucker Mystery. You too can take part in FANDOM IMMORTAL! And I adjure all not to believe the ones who say they have seen Tucker's ghost.

Shucks, nobody believes in ghosts, nowadays.

next issue—

stories by: Marion Zimmer Bradley
Harry Warner, Jr.
Charles Burbee
Jack Harness
John Magnus
Richard Eney —and others

RIPPING INTO THE FANZINES



These will be the first fanzine reviews I have ever done, and as of yet, my style is not solidified. Because there is a large stack waiting for at least acknowledgement, I'm going to try 'reviewing' them. Don't be surprised if they turn into FAPA-type comments. Actually, the title of this column isn't too accurate, since a majority of the zines I've received were pretty good. No 'ratings' will be given, because I don't trust my critical ability that well. There is no particular order to the way the zines are reviewed either. I start at the top of an accumulated stack and work down. Addresses are at the end of the column.

CONTACT

This is a Good Fanzine. It is one of the few original ideas in fanzines today, and as an idea is probably worth more than Jansen's already established ALPHA. The editor is Jan Jansen, and the zine is edited and mailed from Belgium because of the low postal rates. Co-participants in the Contact Group are Ron Bennett (of PLOY), Ellis Mills, and John Hitchcock (of UMBRA). The first three issues are free, and then the rest are available on a 'sub only' basis. You can get 24 issues (one year's supply) for \$1.00 to Dick Ellington. I'd urge that you subscribe, because CONTACT is worth getting. And what is CONTACT? It is a twice monthly fan-newspaper. Unlike FANTASY-TIMES, which it does not ape in format, CONTACT is based exclusively on fan doings. With the current lack of any fannish focal point there is little communication among the various fannish cliques, and news travels in a round-about fashion. CONTACT is designed to serve as the focal point of fannish news, and might well become THE fanzine of this 'fandom' thru its regularity and usefulness. Certainly, there is far more demand for a fanzine of this type than of any other, at the moment. Dave Rike tried it earlier this year with FANDOM-DISPATCH, and some other odd zines, but the news was usually too local, or out of date, and Dave was none too regular in his publication. I certainly hope CONTACT survives to a long, fannish life.

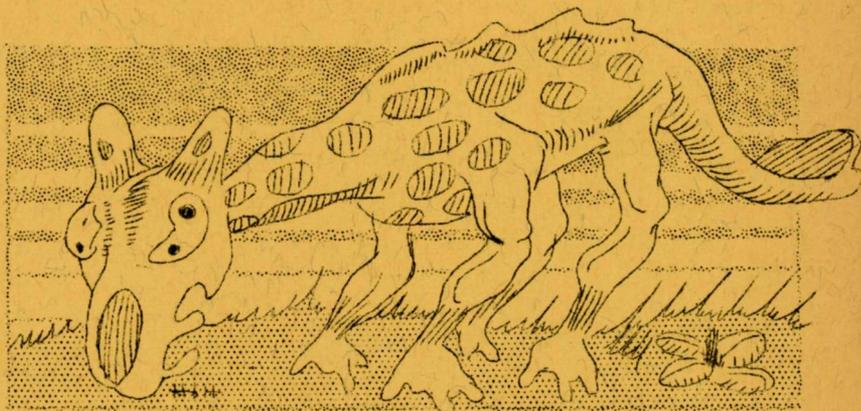
PSYCHOTIC

I wasn't too surprised when Dick Eney mentioned receiving the new PSY. I remembered that Geis had said something about reviving PSY in OBLIQUE.

So I wasn't too surprised. I was surprised when I opened my copy. Gone are the days of beautiful layout, Kellogg and Bradley illus, of McCain, and the others. This is Dick's personal zine, and as suits a personal zine, the layout is extremely informal. So informal, so un-pseudo-Campbellistic, in fact, that the name isn't even included on the cover. The Leather Couch covers the first five pages, and explains that due to duplicator troubles, PSY #1 will have a circulation of about 50, but that #2 will try for 100 copies. Geis says that he will trade with the zines he likes for free, but others must pay \$1.00. He doesn't state whether this is per issue, or what, so I'd take it easy before sending that dollar...try esping him a few times as to what the buck will bring you. Of the nine pages devoted to The Observation Ward, STELLAR copped 4½. Unfortunately, Geis was whistling in the dark as to the production of STELLAR, and some other points as well, since he had seen only the first (#8) issue. The first quibble is with the color scheme of the cover--seems that the yellow letters weren't pseudo-Campbellistic enuf for Dick, and that the illustration appeared to be done by an eight-year old. I wonder what he thinks of this issue's indescribably crude cover. "Pseudo-Hoffmanish", no doubt. It also seems that the contents page wasn't properly sloppy.

But Geis' Strike Three on me is a beaut! "'Where,' I ask myself, 'is the ego-boon for White?' He will be doing the typing, the mimeoing, the assembling, mailing, and absorbing the cost of the whole thing...and for what? His name on the masthead? Being 'merely a publisher' is okay if you also merely reap some profits. But this STELLAR zine looks like a total loss to White: no profits and little or no ego-boon! Bad judgement on his part, I'm afraid. Strike three on White." Unfortunately, from Dick's point of view, I didn't type the zine, I didn't assemble, address, or mail the zine, and I paid only for the stencils and ink, which I get at dealers' prices.

I did stencil the art work, which I enjoy doing, and I did mimeo the zine. Not bad, when you consider that everyone believes STELLAR to be 'my' mag. The real loss was Stark's, for he worked, and paid, and doesn't even get his trouble acknowledged by Geis. Currently, that Good Fan, Dick Eney (vote for him for TAFF) is doing most of the typing, and I am typing only my own material. So I should say that Dick's prime quibble is worthless. Dick



also believes that balancing material out thru continuations is a Sin, but again, I must disagree, and once again, I think his 'strikes' mere back-biting. Other than these quibbles with me, Dick appears to like STELLAR, but passes no actual judgement on the magazine as a whole. The remaining space is devoted to reviews of SATA and UMBRA, and here too, Dick is critical and observing. But, knowing as I do, the lack of basis for his complaints against STELLAR, I can't help wondering about the foundations for his other reviews.

Five and a half pages are given over to The Fapa Ward, wherein Dick jousts with GMCarr, and the Youngs, and thence onward to Quote and Comment, wherein he quotes from books and such, and then offers his own opinions on the subject. This is quite enjoyable. Indeed, the entire appearance is one of

a more mature Geis, a more critical Geis, who is concerned with applying criticism to fandom in some degree. And this in general I applaud. I certainly hope to see future issues of PSYCHOTIC.

SCIENCE FICTION PARADE

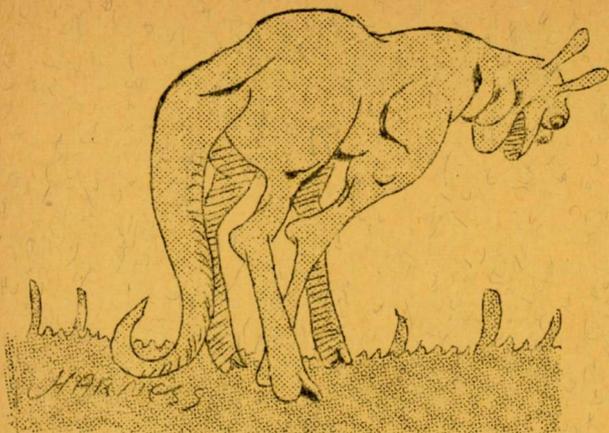
Here is a rather interesting fanzine. It could easily be another CONTACT. But it won't be. And as it stands, it merely represents a serconish portion of fandom, and a rather localized portion at that. The second issue features one of Ron Ellick's con reports. This the the 'straight' report of the formal sessions. A fannish report, presumably to be embellished with the goings on in room 403, the Dive, and those other places of fanish history, is supposed to be printed by Jean Linard. I printed Ron's report of his adventures hitchhiking to the Con in my fapazine. So Ron is pretty well covering everything. Outside of Ron's report on the NyCon (which was typed on my Underwood as Ron passed thru the area) are a few Book Reviews, Prozine Reviews, Film Reviews, and even Fanzine Reviews. PARADE is capped off by a mildly interesting letter column. Certainly a fanzine with potential, it may yet reach it.

PLOY

Somehow, #7 doesn't seem up to #6's standard, but it may be because every issue can't feature an Archie Mercer conrep. The cover is apparently to be taken seriously as part of a series of illos on space travel, but appears first to be a 'tin can on the Moon' thing, which might have been better. The artist, Jack Wilson, has done work for NEBULA, and is at least a competent artist. The first editorial by Gibson might better have been left out. The rest is above average to average in quality. Contents include Ron Bennett's own editorial; ERRATUM by Archie Mercer, a semi-fictitious followup to his conreport in the previous issue; A column, SOMETHING OR NOTHING by "Phoenix" carried over from the NEW FUTURIAN; a serious stf story by Terry Carr & Keith Joseph which was reprinted from Carr's fapazine; an interesting recount of Stuart Mackenzie's trip to Berlin; a letter section, and a column by Dennis Tucker. It is with the last that I have some quarrel. Here is the sort of thing that Sercon Fuggheads faunch for--the cliché article to end all such: It seems that Dennis feels that modern stf conventions owe it to fandom to be conducted with the decorum and solemnity to which science fiction is best fitted. Dennis wants a "'Serious and constructive' convention"--his own words--which would "give some favourable publicity to fans as a group and to science fiction as a medium." Feh! as Dikini would say. For that one can attend any American "WorldCon". There you can find an abundance of stuffy, formal, serious and oh-so-constructive programs--and there you can be bored stiff. Dennis asks the purpose of the modern convention. I'd say that it should be for fans who otherwise never meet to get together and to enjoy each other's company. I know I don't go to conventions to hear that "Today's Fancy is Tomorrow's Fact", and few other fen do either. The British are extremely fortunate in having evolved a fannish convention, and I plea that they do not abandon this heritage--at least before I attend the London.

ABSTRACT

I was more than a little surprised to receive this, but here it is, ABSTRACT #10, replete with a Rotsler nude on the cover, uppercase script headings, as before. The Peter J. Vorzimer, however, is not as before--he's even more fuggacious than ever. The colossal gall and ego of the bhcy is frightening. Overnight he has out-clodded Claude Hall.



Vorz has lost almost all touch with fandom, and yet acts in the I AM A GREAT BIG FAN manner, assuming that he knows all and is all. Some of the space in this twelve-page, all Vorzimer-written zine, is devoted to his memories of the past, and Fandom Gone. "I remember 7th Fandom, and I remember it well. I'm sure no one has forgotten Dean A. Grennell and his wc3w, or Richard Geis and PSYCHOTIC, or anybody really important like that." Least of all Grennell and Geis, eh? The wc3w is now a wc4w which includes Eney, but asside from that is still going, and in the light of PSY's recent revival... But let me continue quoting. "On the other hand, I bet no-

body except me remembers Raleigh Multog or Russell Watkins, two fans who enjoyed a short spat (sic) of popularity at the same time as I came into fandom." Littul Peter, for all his memory is not aware that Watkins' fannish lifespan was far longer than Petey's--long before PJV entered fandom, Watkins was making a name for himself (as a fugghead) with his Crusade to Clean Up Fandom. I rather think he would have censured ABBy's nudes. Further quotes are enlightening. "Now, tho, Geis is dead as far as fandom is concerned, not having published a fanzine for years (!); GRUE hasn't seen an issue since early 1956; Raeburn is one of the least stable publishers in fandom; Lyons isn't publishing anything outside the Fantasy Amateur Press Association (excepting OMFA, the Cult, and SAPS, Pete?); White is concentrating on mimeography rather than good material (and what does Pete want from mailing comments? He was, as you'll see, referring to F)-- I find this from the issues of NULL-F I managed to" --at this point the text runs off the bottom of the page, and I'm afraid I'll never know what Pete managed to do...

I also object the the rather meaningless labels he has pinned on various fen including myself. "It is a sign of maturity and stability for one to be able to remain in a fannish frame of mind over such a long period of time. Bob Tucker and Lee Hoffman are the only ones I can think of right off-hand who have remained "fannish" for really long periods of time. (I'm surprised Littul Pete didn't drop Boggs', Willis', Speer's, and other names while he had the opportunity. One rarely gets the chance, y'know...) Look at the people who came into the field at the same time I did--Richard Geis, who is now thru with fandom;"..."Ted White, who is obsessed with his powers of mimeography and who can't even think straight;"..."...none of these had the old stickeroo in them; none of them were true-fan types, none worthy of the name "FEN" which is a title of honor earned by the industrious ones who love fandom." By implication, Pete makes it clear, one Peter J. Vorzimer is well worthy of the name "FAN", and deserves to stand right up there with good ol' BOB TUCKER, who is, after all, only a little older, fannishly, than Littul Petey. This, Bob-Tucker-and-Lee-Hoffman-and-I bit catches in my craw, and I am somewhat disgusted. I also resent being told that I "can't even think straight", and that I am not worthy of the appellation, "FAN", and I don't doubt that Geis shares my sentiments. Likewise, Old Timer Vorzimer is totally unaware of what went on in fandom either before his time, or after it, and is hazy about the events during it, since he has paid rabid attention only to himself. I'm not sure what path might best be followed in disposing of PJV for the second time, but I have little doubt that Petey will drive himself out in the end, thru his God-given ability to make many staunch enemies. Unless you can stand ten pages of pure unadulterated fuggheaded Vorzimer, I advise you leave ABBy well alone. Treat it as you would a wetzel.

MEUH, VINTKAT, MEUHPEON

These are not so much general fanzines as they are Linardzines. There is a quality which surrounds them and lifts them from the realm of ordinary fanzines. Like jazz, they are a personal experience, and if you have the proper mind, they are superb. I marvel at the way Jean Linard has passed from non-fan to a near-BNF in one fell swoop. The zines themselves contain for the most part correspondence between Jean and various of fandom's greats and near greats. Unlike Vorzimer, Jean does not use these letters for name dropping, and the entire exchange is quite interesting. MEUH and VINTKAT are both over 50 pages long, while MEUHPEON is a short oneshot perpetuated by Riddle and Linard. As such, it is far better than most oneshots. I don't know about you, but I really dig this Linard kat...

addresses

CONTACT - twice monthly from Jan Jansen, 229 Berchemlei, Bergerhout, Belgium. US Subs to Dick Ellington at 98 Suffolk St., Apt. 3A, NY 2, NY. Sterling subs to Ron Bennett.

PSYCHOTIC - from Richard E. Geis, 1525 N.E. Ainsworth, Portland 11, Ore. \$1.00 (?)

SCIENCE FICTION PARADE - bi-monthly from Len J. Moffatt, 5969 Lanto St., Bell Gardens, California. no price

PLOY - from Ron Bennett, 7 Southway, Arthurs Ave., Harrogate, Yorkshire, England. 1/- or 15¢ per issue, 6 issues 5/- or 4 issues 50¢. US subs to Bob Favlat, 6001 - 43rd Ave., Hyattsville, Maryland.

ABSTRACT - from Peter J. Vorzimer, 777 - 48th St., San Diego 2, Calif.

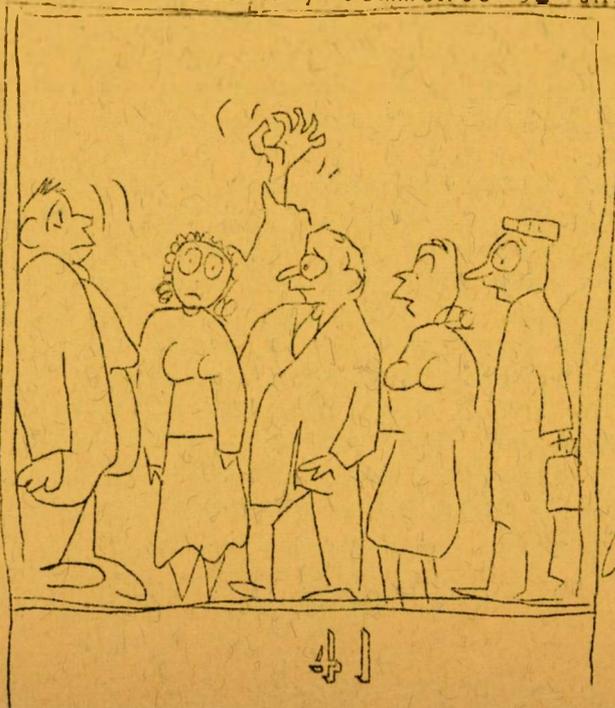
MEUH - quarterly from Jean Linard, 24 rue Petit, Vesoul, Hte Sne, France

VINTKAT - quarterly from Annie Linard at the same address.

I'm sorry that there wasn't space to review the other zines I've received. Perhaps I shall have to cut out the lengthy comments, tho I feel it makes the column of greater interest. Any comments on this?

--Ted E. White

"unclean!
unclean!!"



Ras Nelson

UFFISH AFTERTHOTS

My apologies for not including a letter section this time, but I have exactly two letters of comment. One from Dick Ellington, and the other from a new Baltimore fan, Fred North. Other than that--no letters. Last ish we received maybe twenty at the outside, for a distribution of 150 on the first issue. This time... An odd thing is that only one or two British fen have commented on any of the issues...

By now, the serial has taken on form, and is moving concretely in one direction. Ellington's chapter has tied a number of loose ends together, and next issue will feature chapters by Dick Eney and myself, which will point towards a definite resolution. I feel forced to point out, tho, that no one "believes" this story. None of us are deadly serious about this world where stfen are "picked on" and we are not registering "intellectual protest against the masses". However, it has given our various writers a chance to sound off on their political viewpoints, sometimes at variants to each other. The political setup is not too implausible, and the action within the framework is logical and well thought-out. As the story progressed, it became obvious that the fans are not the only ones to be persecuted, and it is not so much because they are "smarter" but because they have been mistaken for communists. I would like to make it plain that we don't consider fans Star-Begotten.

Somewhat to relieve what might become a monotonous fare, I am making STELLAR into a series of themes, one per issue. Last issue blasted ABSTRACT with surprising timeliness (now that ABby's back...at the time we tho't that the satire was out of date...); this issue focuses its attention on Leeh, and future issues have already been planned with their own 'surprise' themes. Next issue, however, will be a general issue, to allow us to catch up on the longer material on hand. With a serial running 10-20 pages per issue, there isn't room for too much else besides the 'special' material. So next issue will feature two longish stories by Marion Zimmer Bradley and Charles Burbee, plus the serial, plus whatever else fits in. A definite will be a new story by Harry Warner, Jr., which has been sitting around since last August; plus a John Magnus story.

It's a pity that AMAZING STORIES can't get a fmz reviewer who can read. In the review of STELLAR #9, my chapter of the serial is called "a takeoff on modern s-f magazines, fiction, and Mickey Spillane." "de Soto" is apparently unaware that ONE JUMP was one chapter of a serial, and he treats it as the lead story. He also states "John L. Magnus' 'THE PEON PAPERS,'" which hauls PEON over the coals is effective." I hope Lee Riddle didn't share that opinion, for it certainly wasn't Magnus' desire to haul PEON over any coals. "de Soto" also remains blissfully unaware that "THE DARING YOUNG FAN (misspelled 'MAN' in the review) WITH THE THREE SPEED MIMEO" was a takeoff on Saroyan, and calls it "a rather juvenile impressionistic collection"... Oh come now, "Roger"!

--Ted E. White



