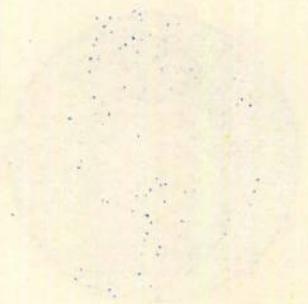


Archer



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staff artists: LEE SHAW & JACK HARNESS



st^ellar

THE VERTICAL PRONOUN

((While Dick Eney is too modest to come right out and say it, it should be explained that there will be a FANCYCLOPEDIA II, and Richard M. Eney is the man who will be editing it. Soon a prepublication price, and the dope on how you can get a copy of the FANCY will be made public. -tew))

ULTIMATE CAUSES AND LIKE THAT: As some of you know, about fourteen years ago Jack Speer published an encyclopedic reference on fandom and its ways and works—the ever praised FANCYCLOPEDIA. This was a hundred-odd pages of Good Stuff; dissertations on fannish personalities, methods, history, and catchwords, which has perpetuated an outline of Fandom 1944 as perfectly as a cockroach in amber.

Ever since the last-war-but-one there have been occasional feelers thrown out by faaans who craved another, up to date FANCYCLOPEDIA; for that matter, there have been smallish supplement-like publications (Rapp, Boggs, and Hoffwoman's FAN-SPEAK, Bob Tucker's NEOFAN'S GUIDE) every now and then, like the Britannica Books of the Year.

A short while ago, however, a serious FANCYC II project got under way with the publication of the first CHI SQUARE—a pamphlet full of subjects for consideration, which was circulated to potential contributors; i.e., fans either interested in fannish history or themselves old-time BNFs. Among the latter was Eric Needham, known to anybody who has read NOW AND THEN or, perhaps, GRUE and A BAS.

Oi, was that ever a mistake!

Eric replied with a challenge to the whole idea of a Fancyclopedia. I want to quote some of his objections—and I wish I could quote the whole letter; it's an excellent criticism of the Inner Circle trend in fandom.

"I suppose this burst of misguided enthusiasm has much to recommend it. You could be robbing banks or sniffing dope or even writing S.F. instead...

"All I can ask is: what purpose will be served by a fancyclopedia? ...The idea ought to be buried, deep down. I know several science-fiction readers and addicts who would be a credit to any group...but are they in fandom? Am I in fandom? Am I hell. How can I take an interest in things I find impossible to understand, when nobody I've met can even explain the significance of Courtney's boat? But Courtney's boat is very fannish, and doubtless will be perpetuated like the Poob



Editorial:

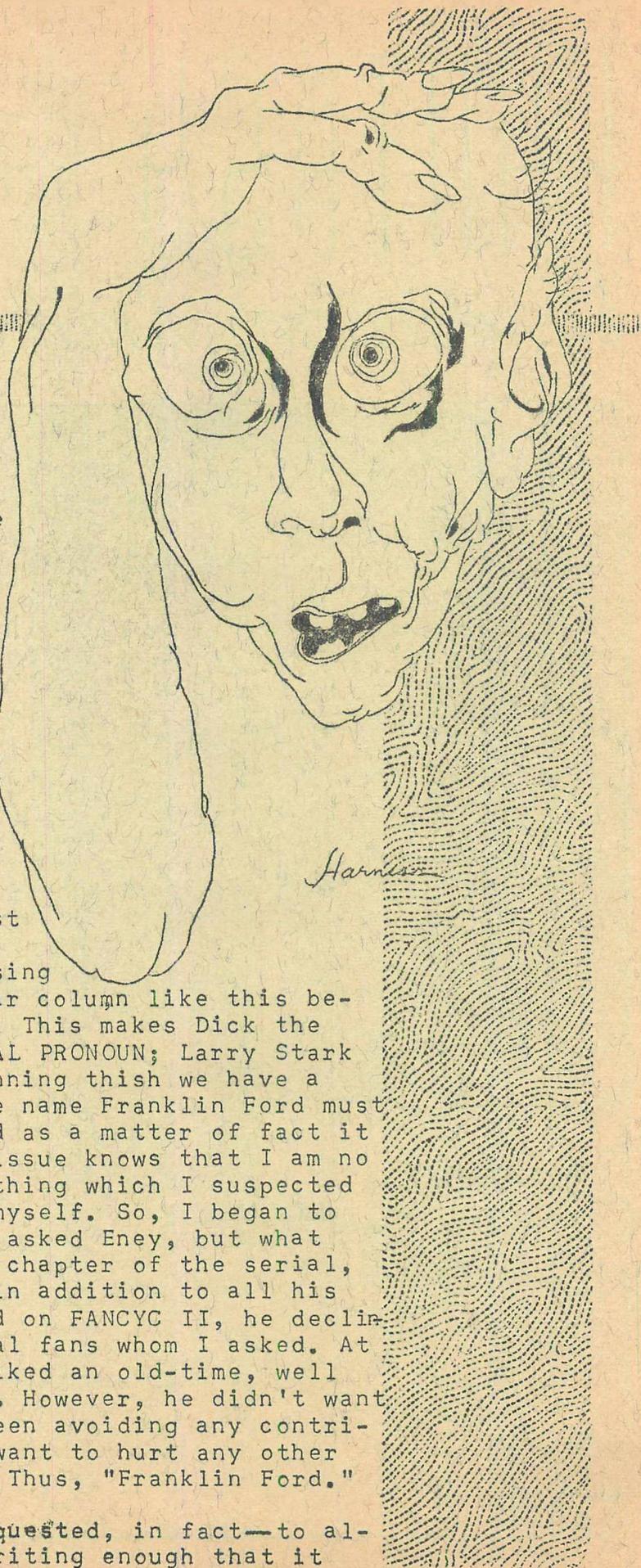
Uffish

Thots

While as I said last issue, we're supposed to feature a 'theme' each issue, we aren't this time. The reason is simple: We've got two long stories which simply won't fit into an issue which is partially or mostly devoted to a special theme. Together, these two stories alone run 21 pages—as long as some fanzines. So thish is for catching up on general stuff.

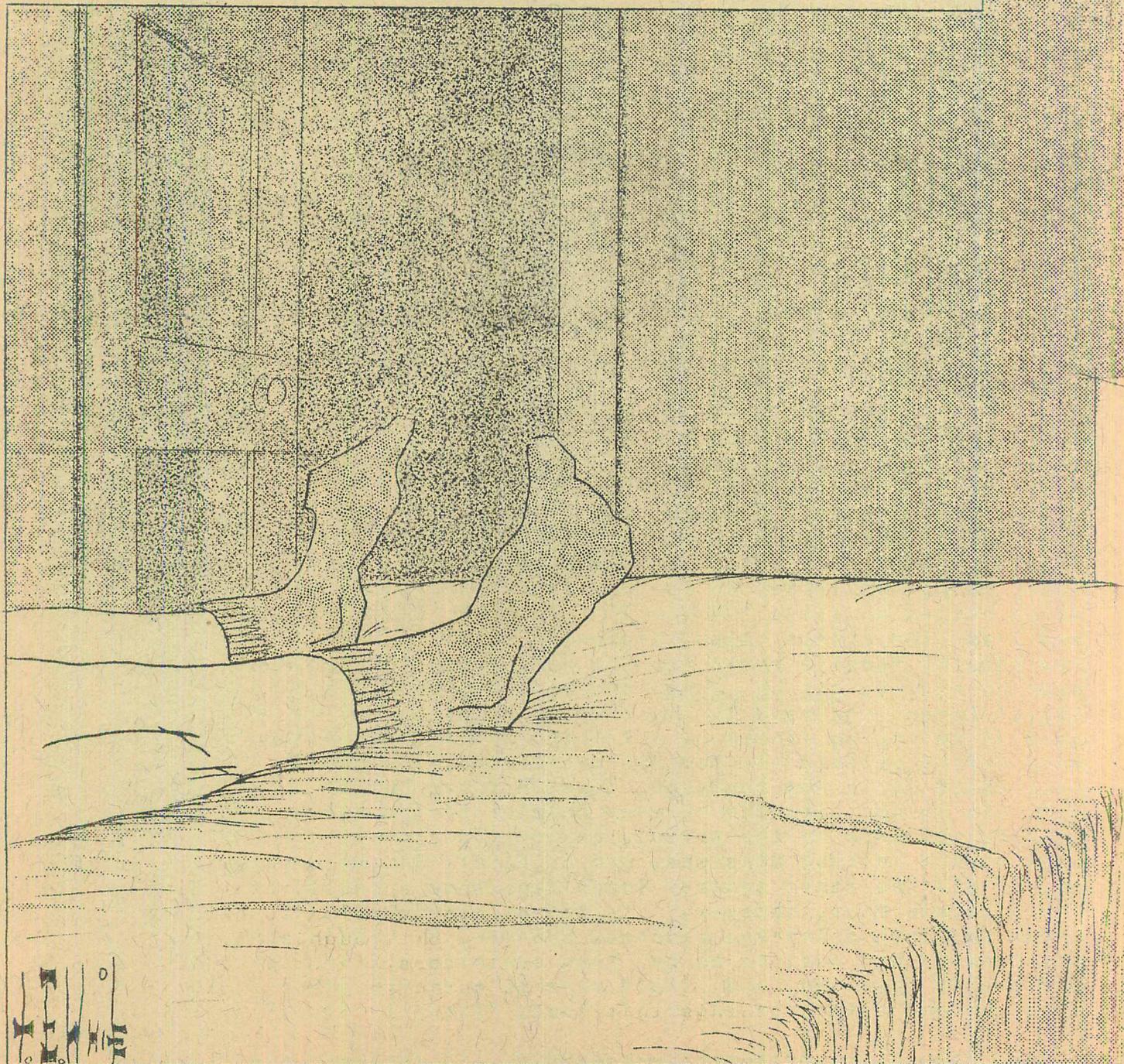
There are a couple of other new things in thish: Dick Eney, our Assistant Editor, starts his first column for a general fanzine on the facing page. It seems surprising that Dick has never done a regular column like this before, but, at any rate, he is now. This makes Dick the third person to write THE VERTICAL PRONOUN; Larry Stark and I are the others. Also, beginning thish we have a new regular fanzine reviewer. The name Franklin Ford must seem an obvious non de plume, and as a matter of fact it is...! Anyone who read the last issue knows that I am no good at reviewing fanzines, something which I suspected even before writing the reviews myself. So, I began to cast about for a new reviewer. I asked Eney, but what with his column, and the current chapter of the serial, plus future work on the serial, in addition to all his work on his several apazines, and on FANCYC II, he declined, as did the other several local fans whom I asked. At the Eleventh Hour, however, I talked an old-time, well known BNF into doing the reviews. However, he didn't want his name to get out, as he had been avoiding any contributions to fanzines, and didn't want to hurt any other fans who had asked for material. Thus, "Franklin Ford."

I have been given permission—requested, in fact—to alter wording and paraphrase the writing enough that it
(continued on p. 39)

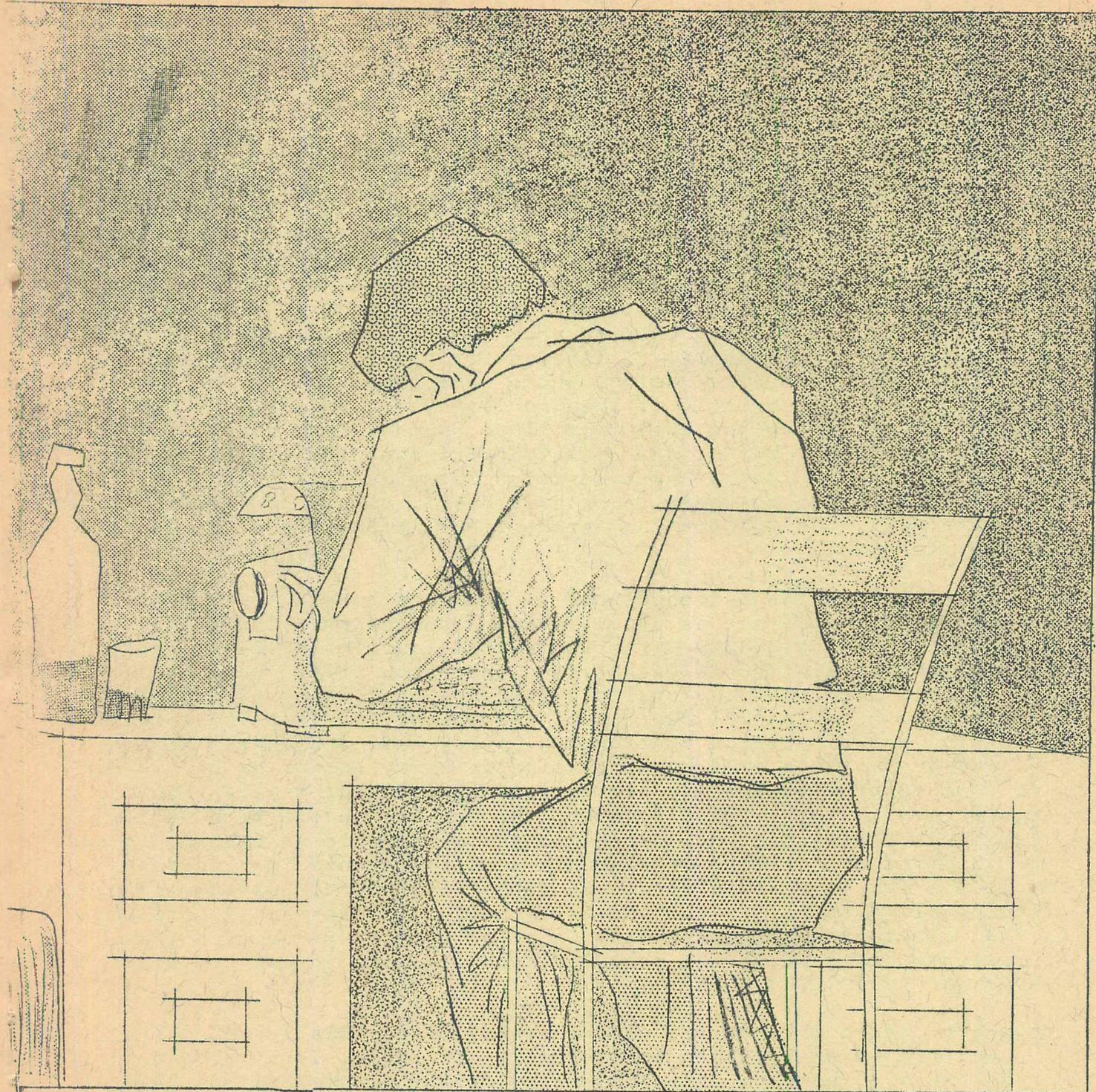


FANTASY BLUES

by mazon zimmer bradley



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MIZNER
PUBLISHERS



SEEMS LIKE THERE are an awful lot of good fans going gafia these days. I don't mean the BNFs who turn pro and spend all their time writing, or the ones who get married and have to spend all their time making a living, or even the ones who are in college, working so hard on their degrees that they don't even have time to glance through a prozine, let alone a fanzine. I mean just ordinary fans, youngsters, fellows who ought to be full of that goshwowboyoboy-ism. It seems to me that the story of Terry Becker is one of those things that just illustrates what's happening to fandom these days. Like the rest of us, I gave my word not to say anything about it at the time. I'm breaking a promise, I guess, but I've got my reasons, and I think they're good ones. In the first place, there's been so



much talk and gossip about what really happened at that convention, that I think it's about time somebody told the straight of it. I'll be doing everybody a favor, even Terry. In the second place—but you'll know the other reason when I finish.

It started, I guess, at the first session. That early stage of a convention, when nobody was bored yet with sitting around in the convention hall, nobody had started making speeches, and everybody was still interested in the con itself—not the sidelines. Bob Bloch, up on the platform, was cuddling a microphone and introducing the celebrities and guests of honor, and I was leaning back in my seat, trying to find room for my legs, and enjoying the euphoria of fannish living. On one side of me was Jerry Ruston, who'd come from upstate; we'd met briefly at the Con last year, and drifted together right away this time; on the other side, Jake Edwards, one of my fan friends from way back. There was a quart upstairs in my room, a pile of my fan-

zine, QUITCLAIM, under my chair to be hawked off, plenty of familiar faces all over the hall, and not too many pro writers, promoters or femme fans messing up the joint.

Bloch was corning up the introductions as usual; a couple of writers, a couple of editors, Ackerman as usual, some newspaperman with a flash camera tucked under his arm, Jim Cartwright—that fourteen-year-old prodigy who'd sold an oil painting to GALAXY, and that book critic who'd done some kind of article about the cultural significance of science fiction in one of the highbrow magazines, I can't remember which. The fact is, I don't read an awful lot of science fiction. Oh, I buy Asf, and Shaw's mags of course, and I sometimes pick up a magazine if Harry Warner or Bob Silverberg or some other big-name fan has a story inside, but that's about all. Anyway, you get the idea; they'd worked through the guests of honor and the minor celebrities, and now Bloch had the membership roster in his hand and was skimming down it and craning his neck all around the audience, picking out a fan here and a fan there to be introduced. Suddenly he started grinning all over his face. "And now," he said, "fans and fellow citizens, I'd like to introduce somebody we're all pretty proud to have with us. I just saw his name on the register, and I'd like to ask him to stand up. Where are you? TERRY BECKER!"

I sat up and craned my neck. So did everybody else. This I had to see. Living 'way off in an isolated small town in Oklahoma, Terry Becker, neo-fan, had leaped to sudden, incredible popularity; first with the "Bemlet" cartoons in a bunch of top fanzines, and then with the "Adventures of a Serious Constructive Fan"...remember, those articles I asked him to write for QUITCLAIM? About that time he published the first issues of ZANY. It was pretty sloppy when he started, and his spelling was worse than Sneary's, but after he learned to handle his mimeo, it was—well, you've read ZANY, you know what I'm talking about. Sort of a cross between QUANDRY and the old Tucker zines. I talked him into joining FAPA too, but with the waiting list in the shape it was in, he never quite made it. Now, I guess, that name isn't even on the waiting list...but I'm getting ahead of myself again.

He hadn't made it to the Con last year; I gathered that his family didn't

especially approve of fandom, and, you know, down there in the Bible Belt—maybe his mother had read something about all the drinking at conventions. I hadn't known he was coming this year either. He'd said, in his last letter, that he just might be able to get a ride with some friends, but not to count on it. Anyway, there he was. I angled my neck to look at the skinny figure with rough dark hair, climbing the rostrum as Bloch had asked, stopping to grin at some remark Ackerman had made on the way up—I didn't get it—and then turning around so we could get a good look at him.

Skinny, I said, and not very tall. And young—maybe fifteen, maybe not quite that old. I'm used to that, though. The most enthusiastic and mature sounding fans are always turning out to be kids in high school. I'm getting pretty near eighteen myself—well, I was seventeen last June—but I think this maturity business has been kind of oversold. Anyhow, Terry was just a kid. The dark hair was curly, and he could have used a haircut; the face looked very serious and suntanned, and he was wearing a white shirt and a silly looking little bow tie. And when, in the storm of applause, somebody yelled "Speech!" he blushed under the sunburn.

"Gosh—gosh, thanks," he said. His voice hadn't started to change yet; I noticed that because I'd felt so much like a geek, last year, when I started to say hello from the platform and my old throat went off into a crazy little croak right in the middle. "Thanks, everybody. I can't make a speech, I can only talk behind a typewriter. I'm glad to be here, and you'll know just how glad when you read my con report in ZANY. Because I can't say it. Thanks again."

There was a ripple of laughter, and more applause. Rusty and Jake and I all had the same idea. We slid out of the row of chairs, disregarding the protests of a couple of drippy reader-type fans who wanted to hear the next introduction, some fool femme fan, a motherly type from somewhere in the Northwest. Who the devil cared? We met Terry coming down off the platform.

"Hey, Terry," I said, "I'm Roy Allen. QUITCLAIM." we shook hands. "Swell to see you, kid."

"You, too. It's grand to be here. I'd have let y'all know I was comin' only I wasn't sure myself till just day before yesterday."

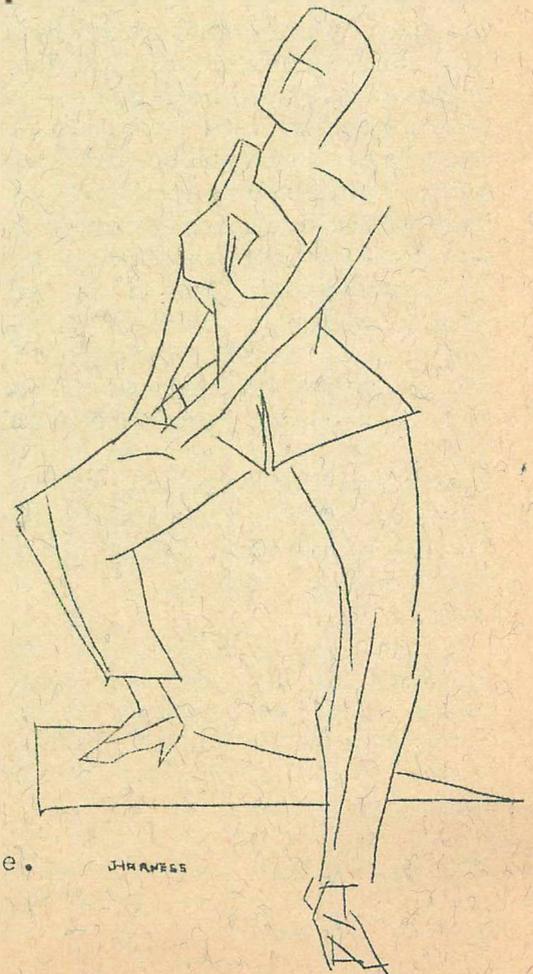
"This is Jerry Ruston, Terry."

"Hi, Rusty."

"And this is Jack Edwards." They exchanged greetings and grins.

Somebody turned around and said "Will you kids keep it quiet back there?" Somebody else said "Those damn' noisy neofans!" Bloch banged something on the platform. "Quiet back there, please!" he insisted. Rusty dropped his voice just a little.

"Hey, let's dodge out of here, shall we?"



We let the door drift shut behind us. "I can't imagine why they want to sit in there and yakety-yak all day," Terry said, and Rusty suggested "I've got a quart. Let's go up to my room where we can talk, huh?"

Terry hesitated, and Jake urged "You don't care about that guff in there, do you? There won't be anything interesting going on in the hall until tomorrow morning!"

"Well, okay. But I'm hungry; I didn't get a chance to eat anything on the bus..Let's go and get a hamburger first, shall we?" And from there on, it went just like all fannish sessions. There was a place just around the corner where they sold hamburgers with everything piled on them except ice cream, and we sat there around the table until the waitress threw us out. Then Terry disappeared for a while—he said he had to make a phone call, and I guess he didn't want to say right out that he had to call up his mother. Sometimes it's rotten to be young. Then he had to check in at the hotel—his bus hadn't gotten in till just before the first session. He got himself a single room down the hall—we told him that if he'd wait till the session was over, he could probably find some fan who'd give him half a double room, and he'd get off cheaper, but he said no, he'd already reserved the room. He had a stack of stencils in his suitcase, and Jake had been scouting around and seen a mimeograph down in the hall, so we wound up in the room I shared with Rusty, and settled down for a one-shot session. Terry started scribbling cartoons on the pages, and—oh, well, why bother telling all that? We got to talking about the creeps down in the hall, and wondering why they bothered to come to a con at all—just to sit and listen to a few blowhards. By the time Rusty's quart of gin had passed around a few times, we'd all arrived at the conclusion that the neofans were the real BNFs, because by the time a BNF got to be a BNF he was sick of it all, and not a real fan any more. We finished off Rusty's quart, and opened mine—not just the four of us, there were other fans dropping in and out all the time—and I guess we got a little noisy; I remember Gertrude Carr sticking her head in to ask what all the noise was about and then jerking it out as if she smelled something bad when she saw the kids horsing around on the floor. I think Redd Boggs was there for a while—it was somebody with red hair, anyhow—and there was some tall jerk in a business suit; I thought it was H. L. Gold and asked him when Bester's new novel was coming out, and it turned out to be the house detective, but he mostly wanted to see if we had any women around. As it happened, the only woman there was Jean Young, and she was sitting on her husband's lap, which struck everybody as funny—even the house dick who looked like H. L. Gold. As a matter of fact, I don't remember much. I wasn't drunk or anything like that, but I just don't remember much. I did have a stencil around, that everybody signed their names on, but Terry must have packed it up with the other stencils, because I can't find it. It doesn't matter much now, anyway.

It was about three in the morning by the time the drinks ran out, the horseplay ended, and the other fans went off to sleep in their own rooms—or else we shoved them out. Terry had gone to sleep in his clothes, though, across the foot of Rusty's bed, so Rusty just pushed him to one side and passed out beside him. Jake and I crawled in the other bed and went to sleep.

It was about seven when I woke up for that function usually expressed delicately in print as a "call of nature", and when I came back to the bedroom, after dousing my head under the faucet, I saw Terry sitting up, his tumbled head cradled in his hands. He looked up at me, his eyes bloodshot.

"Holy smoke, what happened? Where am I?"

"I guess you passed out," I said. "Go on, roll over and go to sleep again." I looked around the room. Putting it mildly, it was a mess. There were stencils, dirty socks, an open suitcase spilling comic books and tangled underwear, and some joker had turned Rusty's typer upsidedown on a chair and balanced a couple of sticky glasses on top of it. Rusty was lying on his face, still dead to the world, stripped down to his shorts; Jake didn't have even that much on, and I was about half dressed. Terry was the only one who still had his clothes on, including that silly little bow tie.

He said "But good Lord, do you mean I—I went to sleep right here?"

I couldn't help laughing. "Went to sleep is one way of putting it," I agreed. What the heck, he was probably scared to death his mother might think he'd been drunk.

"You mean I—I spent the night here? I don't remember—"

"Forget it," I said, "There was plenty of room. There's a first time for everything."

He sounded half hysterical. "What do you mean?"

I scowled. "Pipe down, hey? The fellows are still asleep! Everybody gets drunk for the first time sooner or later."

"Oh, is that all?"

"What in hell did you think I meant?"

"Oh, nothing." He got up. "I guess I'd better go back to my room. I've got a headache—"

"There's some aspirin in my pants pocket. Here, catch." I flipped them at him; he caught them awkwardly, by one leg, so that they fell across Rusty, who rolled over and groaned.

"Jesus, what is it? Pillow fights already? What time is it? Oh my god, seven o'clock. Can't you early birds keep quiet? Where you going, Terry?"

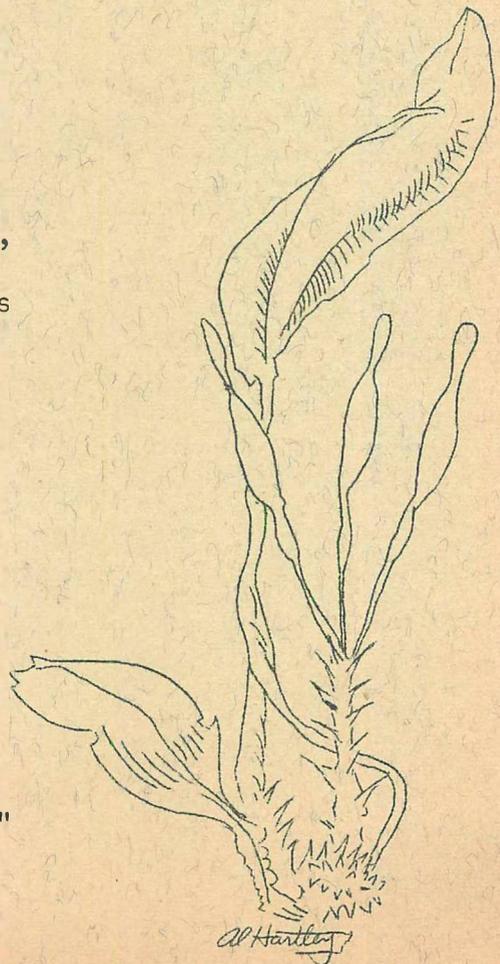
"Back to my room, I guess."

Jake grinned, suddenly wide awake. He sing-songed "I'll bet somebody I know's got a hangover."

"Oh, shut up!" Terry's face, part sunburn and part blush, was beet-color. "I'm never going to take another drink as long as I live!"

"Everybody says that the first time," Rusty said, laughing.

Jake made a grab at the kid. "Hey, let's



dunk him under the shower! That'll straighten him out, all right!"

"Quit it, you!" protested Terry, shoving him away again. He headed for the door, and there's no telling what might have happened if Rusty's damn' weird sense of humor hadn't bust out right then. He grabbed Terry from behind, and started wrestling with him. Jake jumped to join in the horseplay, and I started in too, then backed off, realizing that Terry looked sick and miserable. "Lay off the kid, fellows," I said half-heartedly. But Rusty had grabbed him by the back of the silly-looking little bow tie, and pulled. He must have grabbed a handful of shirt at the same time, because all the buttons ripped open down the front.

Jake gawped.

"Well, I'll be damned," he half-howled, "Look at the goddamn fairy, willya? He even wears a brassiere!" And the rest of the shirt came off in his hands.

Terry squealed "Lea' me alone! Darn it, you, lea' me alone!" and made a grab at the shirt. It was just starting to filter through my mind. I should have known it all along. That wasn't an effeminate boy. It wasn't a boy at all. "Darn it, damn it, you lea' me alone," the girl squealed again, and suddenly snatched the shirt across chest and ran, sobbing, out the door.

In the still, deadly quiet of the room, I stepped to the door after her, and watched. Thank God, the hall was empty. Rusty said emptily behind me, "Well I'll be damned. I'll be everlastingly damned. That stupid haircut. Skinny as a little kid. My God, she can't be over thirteen!"

"Crazy stunt," Jake muttered, "Kid must be nuts!"

"Aaah, the darn little jerk!" Rusty snarled, abruptly angry, "that was a lousy trick!"

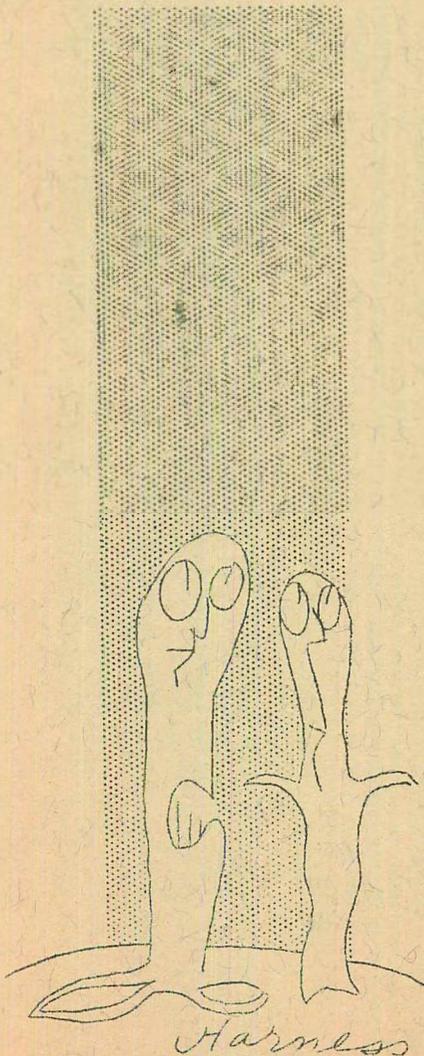
I said nothing. I was—for once, the old cliché hit me right on the nose—speechless. Good God, the kid had slept here all night. Jailbait size, too. She might be more than thirteen, but she couldn't be much more than that! If the kid's parents ever got wind of this—and the Bible belt too—to say nothing of the hotel, we'd all be in the dickens of a mess. Convention and all. I hauled on my trousers and shoes, and hurried down the hall. Thank heaven I'd heard him—her—say last night that the room number was 813. I rapped lightly on the door.

"Terry," I called, "Hey, Terry!"

No answer.

"Terry! Terry Becker! Please!" I banged a little louder. I was starting to get sore; after all, I could get in trouble just standing here, after what had happened.

"Terry, goddamn it, open this door or I'll wake up



"It's raining"

the whole hotel!"

From inside there came a muffled sound. "Go away. Please—go 'way!"

"Terry, please open the door just a minute. I just want to talk to you. Please, Terry."

After a minute the door opened just a crack, and she peeked out. She had on a different shirt, and her short hair just looked to me, now, like one of those real short haircuts girls wear these days. Looking at her as a girl, I could see that with a little lipstick, and whatever else girls put on their faces, she would even be rather pretty. She was on the skinny side; not very much either here or here, of course, and her eyes were red.

She looked at me sulkily. "What do you want?"

"Terry, what are you so mad about? Nobody's hurt you—have they?"

She started to slam the door in my face. This time I grabbed it first. "Listen," I said in a whisper, "Please let me just come in and talk to you a minute. I've got to!" She sniffled, but she didn't say anything, and I walked in past her, and shut the door behind me.

"Now," I said, trying to sound reasonable, and for Pete's sake not to start her bawling again, "What's the big idea, anyway? What's your real name? And how old are you?"

She said, shakily, "Terry. I mean, Mary Teresa, but nobody ever called me anything but Terry all my life. It was jus' a kind of joke. I mean, I'm fourteen an' a half, an' my brother and I look a lot alike. He's jus' twelve, but I can wear his clothes. My mother thought—I mean, I was coming as a girl, I was going to surprise everybody, but the friends I was comin' with couldn't make it at the last minute, and I finally talked Mama into letting me take the bus. I—I had to change busses in Chicago an' I changed into Bill's clothes in the station there. This was jus'—jus' a silly joke because everybody in fandom thought I was a boy—"

"We sure did," I said. I was used to young fellows, thirteen or so, being fans. Dave Ish, Bill Searles, Con Pedersen—a bunch of high school, even grade school kids. But a girl—

"I guess it's all over now," she said, and sniffled.

"That's what I came down here to tell you, Terry. Listen, we aren't going to tell anybody. Go right ahead, go on dressing like a boy if you want to."

She looked suspicious. "Y'all aren't going to talk about it, spread it all over how I—"

"Hey, now, listen," I interrupted, "You think we want it to get around that we had a kid your age in our room all night? You think we all want to get thrown out of here? As far as we know, you're still a boy," I emphasized, "we don't know from nothing!"

She looked at the floor. "I'm goin' home!"

"For Pete's sake, why?" I demanded. "Listen, Terry. People are going to really think there's something funny if you don't show up for the next session. Come on, now. Go take a bath and comb your hair, or something, and let's go get some breakfast. You'll feel a lot better after you get something to eat. Honest, none of us are going to tell!"

She kept right on looking at the floor, but now she was sniffing again. "I can't. I jus' can't. I keep thinkin' they'd look at me an' just—they'd know."

"They didn't know yesterday, did they?" I argued. "Look, Terry. If you don't want to do that—you've got some dresses with you, haven't you? Well, how about this? You put on a dress, do your hair up in curls, and come sailing downstairs and tell about it. We'll even say we put you up to playing you were a boy. They'll be tickled pink by the hoax you pulled on them. Do you want me to go out and get you lipstick, or anything, from the drugstore?"

She wiped her eyes with the bottom of the shirt. "I just want to—I want to go home!"

"Terry—" I put out my hand, but she jerked away as if I was poison, and I didn't dare touch her. I got up. In the mood she was in, she might scream if I touched her, and oh my God that was all we needed. "I'll go away if I upset you," I said, "only please think it over. Don't rush off in a hurry. We were good friends, back when everyone thought you were a boy—weren't we?"

Her curly head bobbed up and down with a certain violence. I said, "Well, then. You don't want to get us in trouble, do you?"

"N-no—"

"Well, listen, Terry. Everybody's going to think something's really wrong if you sneak away now, without telling anybody. You know, you could get us in awful trouble—don't you?"

I wondered if she even knew what I was talking about. Girls these days surprise you with the things they know, but sometimes they surprise you just as much with the things they don't know. She just gulped and sniffled a little more.

"Stay a boy if you want to, or tell them you're a girl; we'll play it either way, but for Pete's sake stay!"

She still didn't look up or move. Something wet splashed on her crumpled pants leg, and I realized I couldn't do any good by any more chin-wagging. I turned around. "Think it over, huh?" I asked, and went away.

When I got back to my room, I didn't tell Jake and Rusty anything. What business was it of theirs? I just said one thing:

"If you bastards say one word about this, one word, I'll take you apart. In little pieces. You hear me?" I kept seeing Terry, sitting on that hotel bedspread, her curls all tumbled, something halfway between my friend

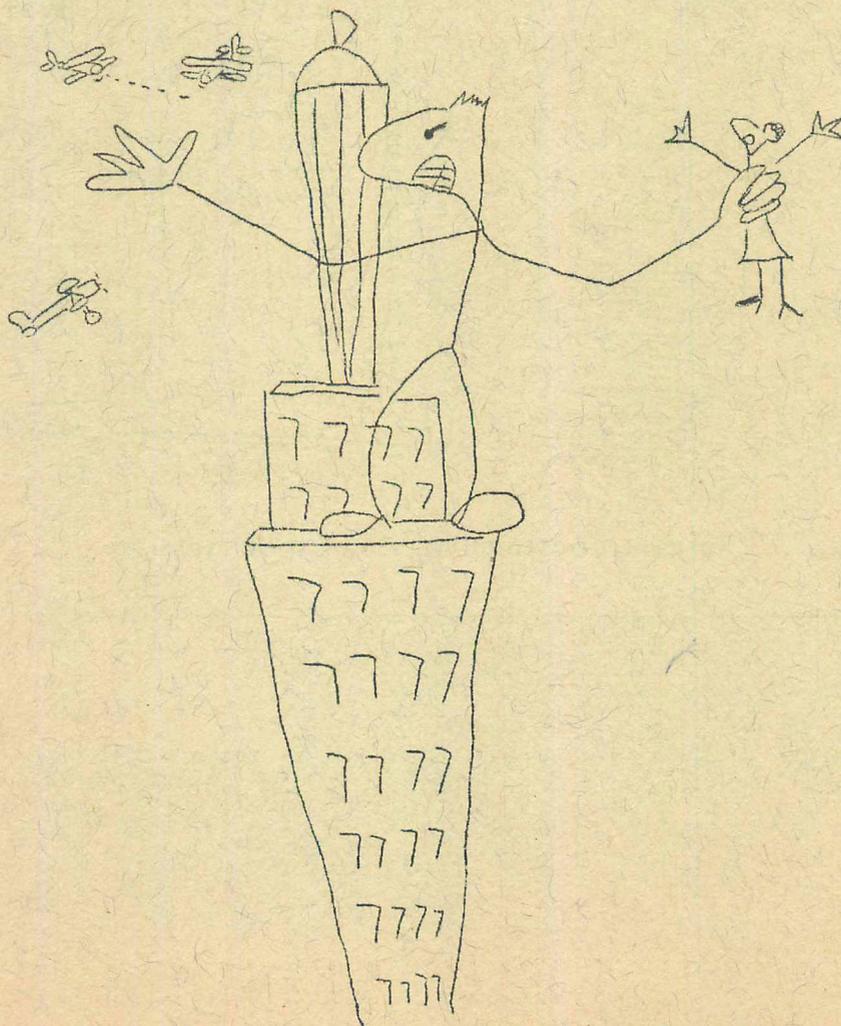
Terry and a strange girl, half a scared kid, half the clever fan I knew, the fan who'd been my best friend for a year. Sometimes I still see her that way, because I never saw her again. Sometime between that early morning and the time the hotel woke up for the next session, Miss Mary Teresa Becker had packed up, checked out, and gone. And then there was no way to stop the gossip.

None of those crazy yarns that came out in the Con reports have a word of truth in them. Particularly not that damn' slander Ellison spread. This is the straight stuff I'm giving you. Now that I'm folding QUITCLAIM and getting ready for bootcamp, I think somebody ought to know what it was really all about, and why ZANY folded. That's what happened, and, damn it, that's all that happened.

I'm going to try to get to Oklahoma on my first leave. Bootcamp isn't too far from Terry's home town. But whatever happens, it won't get into a fanzine report.

Sometimes fandom makes me sick.

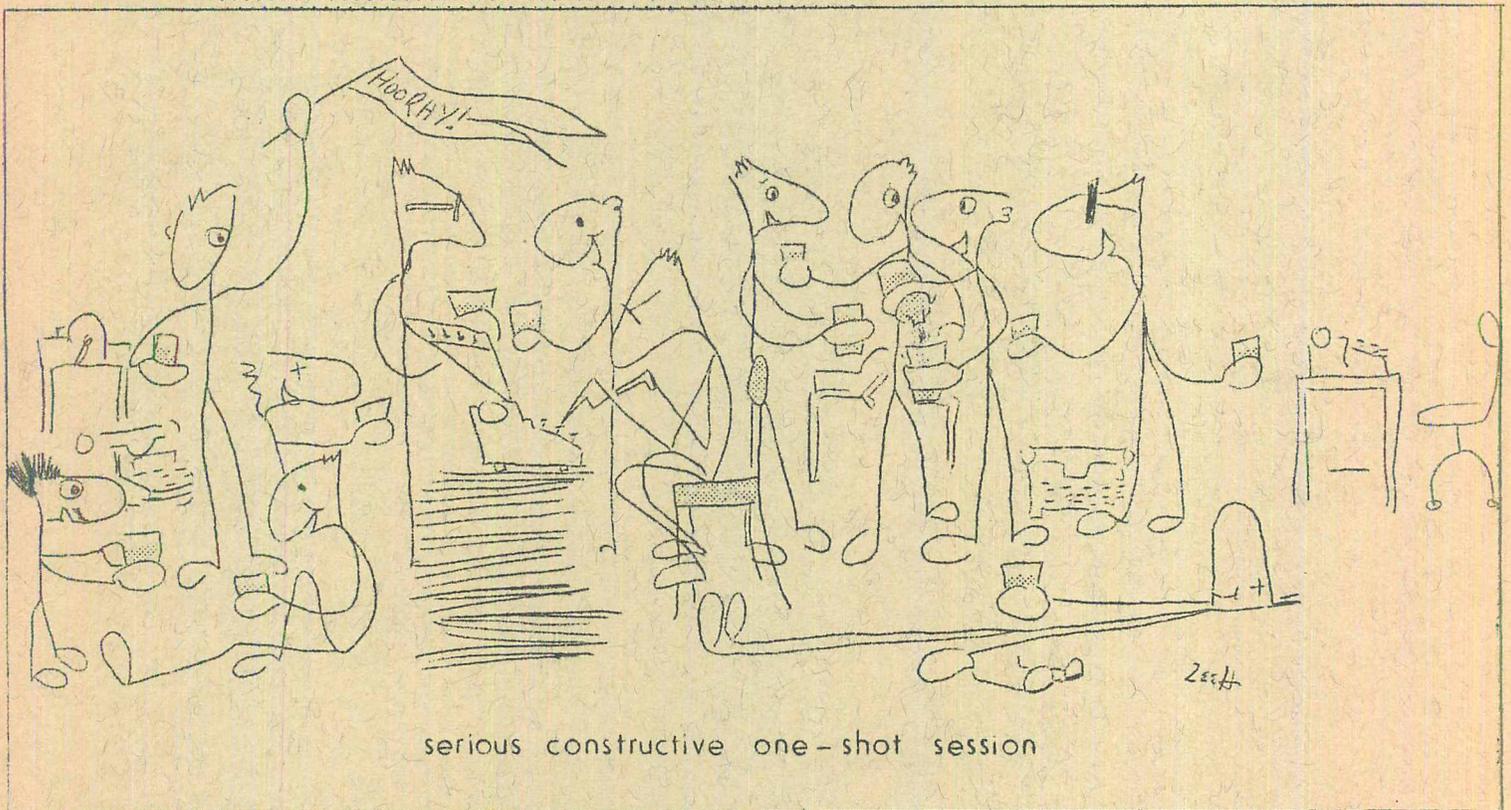
—Marion Zimmer Bradley



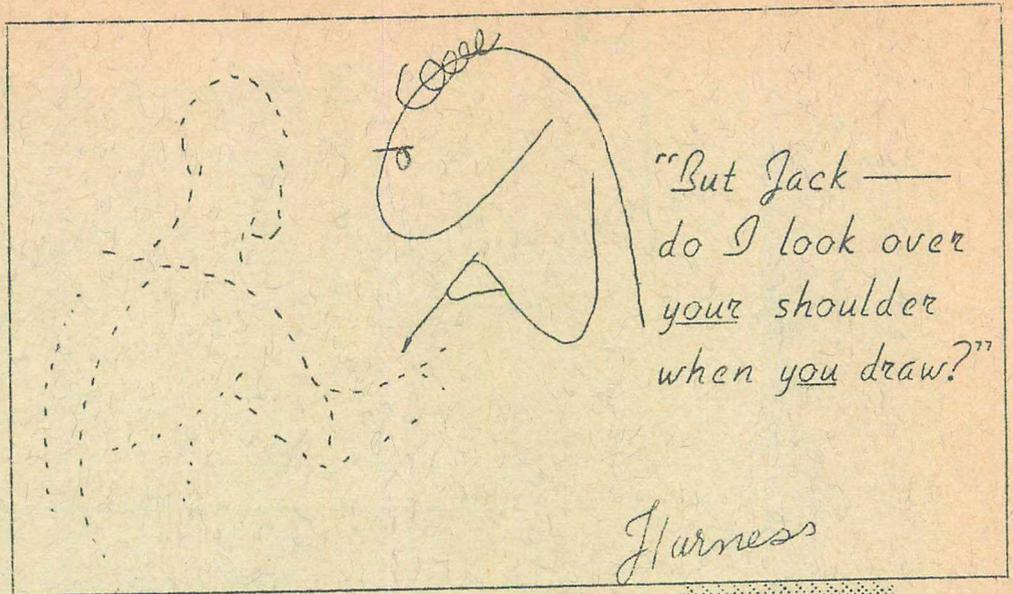
hoy ping pong

Lest's

stellar
goes to a
party

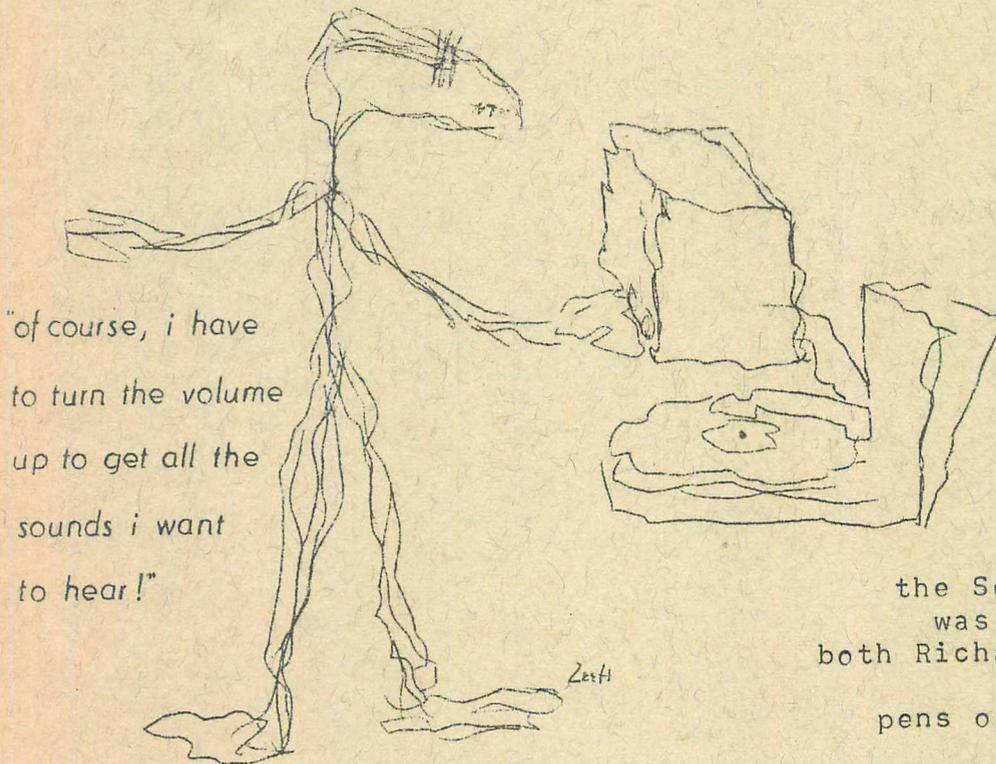


serious constructive one-shot session



"But Jack —
do I look over
your shoulder
when you draw?"

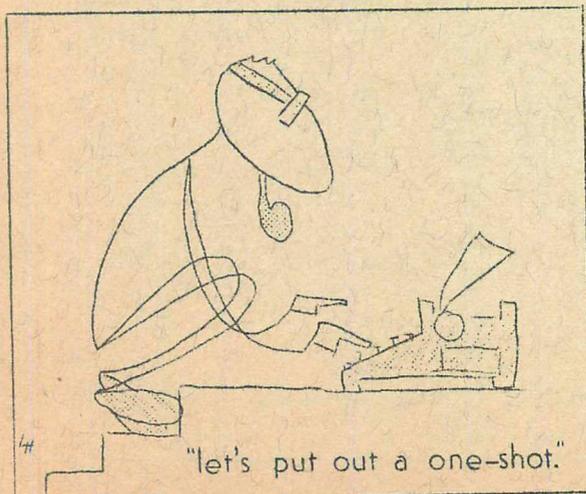
Harness



"of course, i have
to turn the volume
up to get all the
sounds i want
to hear!"

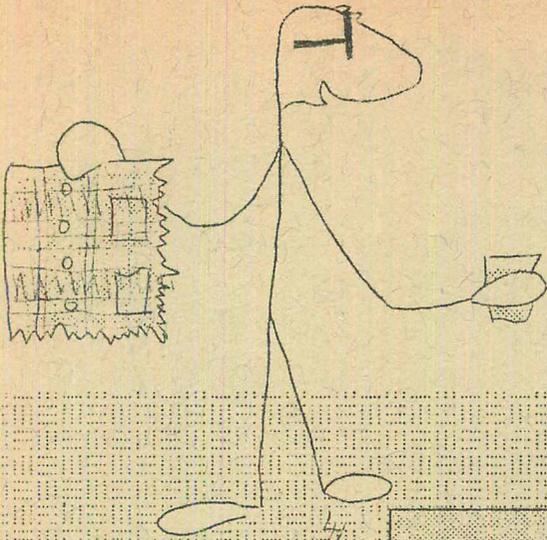
Zeff

On February 9 & 10,
the Second World FAPACon
was held at the places of
both Richard Eney and Ted White.
Here, the
pens of artists Lee Hoffman
Shaw, and the Rev.
John R. Harness recreate the
chaos that was
the FAPACon II.



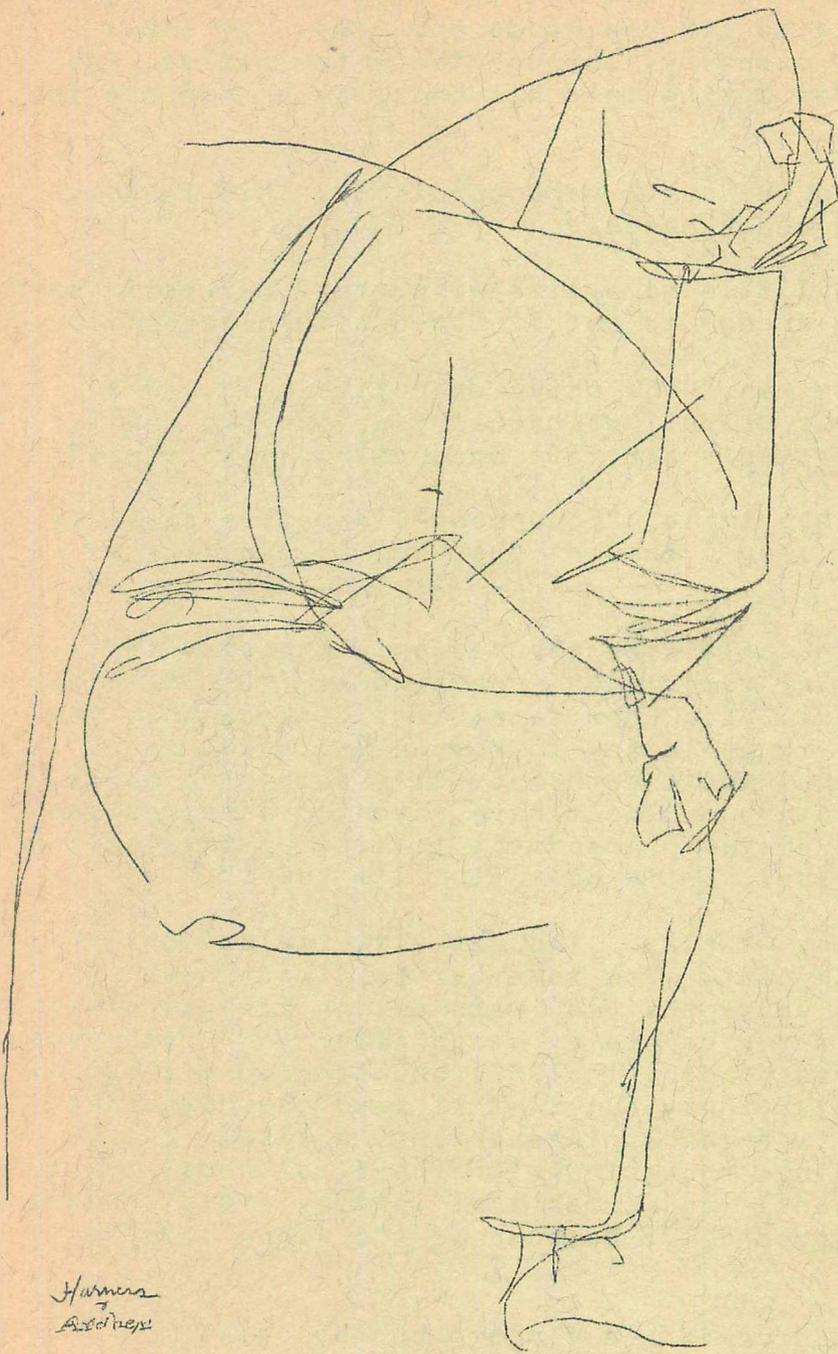
"let's put out a one-shot."

"I've got a blanket!"



richard h. eney and very young

Z.H.



A WAY OF LIFE

Frank Berkebile uncrossed his legs in anticipation, when the four men with bulging briefcases reappeared. They nodded to him as they retraced the steps they had made, ten minutes before. As they headed toward the White House's exit door, they began to converse in low, excited tones.

After their murmuring died away in the distance, ten seconds elapsed. Then the door at the far end of the reception room opened. The harassed-looking man in shirt sleeves stuck out his head and said something to the two guards. The guards nodded at Berkebile. "The President will see you now."

HARRY WARNER, JR.

Berkebile rose, feeling absurdly naked without the protection of a briefcase, wishing he had some place to put his hands and arms. He forced himself to move slowly, almost casually, through the outer office, feeling the shirt-sleeved man's eyes boring into his back, as he entered the presidential offices.

President Patrick Gipe rose and put out a hand cordially. His fingers felt tired to Berkebile, as he shook hands.

"I wish that they'd given me a little more time with you," Berkebile said. "Six minutes doesn't seem long enough to get finished with pleasantries."

"The President is a rather busy man," the chief executive said. "You have two minutes more than the four fellows before you, and you don't represent ninety percent of the nation's aircraft production, like them."

"Well," Berkebile said, forcing a smile, "I suppose I'd better start by telling you why I'm here. You see, I thought that out of old friendship --"

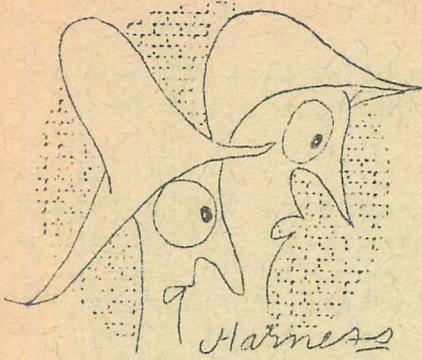
"Stop right there." President Gipe's face assumed an expression that never appeared on his pictures or television appearances. "Don't bother about carrying through a pretext. You know something. I know that you know it, otherwise you'd never have had any luck when you asked those congressmen to finagle this appointment with me. It's something major, otherwise the White House secretary wouldn't have invented a delegation from the Society for the Twenty-Seventh Amendment to fill up this spot in my daily calendar for publication. Let's hear it. I'm busy."

Berkebile coughed to gain time. "Well, I thought that you'd just like to reminisce a little about the past. You remember me, I suppose? I published a fanzine during the years that you were on the fringes of fandom. I hung around in fandom for a couple of years after you disappeared from the field. I stopped corresponding in 1952, and stopped collecting magazines a couple of years after that, but I still read the magazines occasionally. So I thought it was rather interesting, a little while back, to dig up all the old things connected with the first President who was a science fiction fan. Then I ran across this letter, and I thought I'd better tell you about it personally, because if the wrong persons read it -- "

"Let's see it." The President drummed his fingers on the desk.

"You can't. It's on its way to England by surface mail. I have a good friend there. With the letter are instructions on making plenty of copies. And there's a list of persons who would be interested in seeing those copies. You can't stop that letter. I'm not going to tell you just when I mailed it or where my friend lives. You'd have to seize every piece of mail going to the United Kingdom for the next week, to be sure of stopping it. But I could very easily call off the whole thing. All that's needed to stop the process is for me to air mail my friend a letter, special delivery, telling him to burn the next piece of mail that arrives from me, without opening it. He's a good friend. He'd do it."

"I wrote lots of letters while I was in fandom. They aren't so rare that you'd -- "



"Well, I took the trouble to have photostats made before I sent away the original." Berkebile drew a piece of paper from his pocket. "It's dated in the late thirties. It's addressed to a New York fan. Another New York fan salvaged it when he threw away everything connected with fandom, and I found it in a pile of fanzines that I purchased from this second New York fan. The fellow it's addressed to must have asked you to join the FAPA. You say, let's see, here it is: 'I refuse to participate in an organization dominated by adolescents who are striving to pretend sympathy for the workers' cause while avoiding any action that might injure their job or social standing among so-called patriotic Americans. If you will

have my brand of courage, state publicly along with me that this country needs a Red revolution immediately to avoid the horrors of another capitalistic war...'"

"Time's up." The worried-looking man in shirtsleeves stuck his head in the door.

"Put everything back three minutes," President Gipe told him. "As we did the day that the gentlemen from Los Angeles were here. You remember?"

The secretary nodded. Berkebile looked suspiciously at the President, because he thought he caught a wink passing between the two.

"A youthful indiscretion," President Gipe said. "I tried to round up all of the documents from the two or three months when I was so fond of Communism. Let's see, I was fourteen at the time, wasn't I? It's a good thing that I wrote only one propaganda item for the fanzines, and sent it to a publication that turned out only twenty hectographed copies. I've tracked down every copy of that magazine, fortunately. I suppose that Bulganin gets awake in the night sometimes, shuddering at the memory of the underground pamphlets that he wrote when a youngster, urging the introduction of dividend-bearing stocks and bonds into Russia."

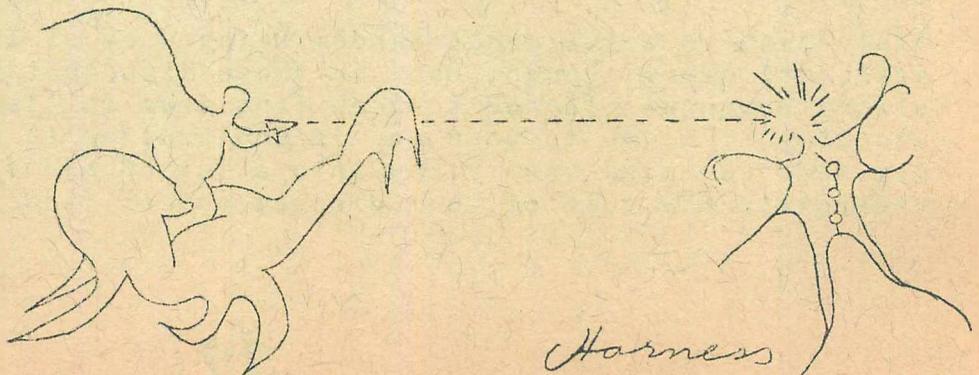
Berkebile shoved the document across the desk. "You can have this copy, if you want to think it over for a day or so. There's time."

The President shoved it back to him. "Why wait? What do you want?"

"A job. One that pays big money and means egoboo for me."

"What can you do?"

Berkebile flushed like a schoolgirl. "Practically nothing. I wasted a lot of time on fandom. I've floated from one work to another. I don't have any special training. To be frank, I don't want a job that requires special



training. I want something fat and easy, commensurate with the value of that letter. Next year's the election, you know."

"Well," the President said, leaning back and smiling slightly, "I could send you to Mars. You still read the prozines, so you must still feel the urge for adventures of the future."

"If you're trying to say that you can cause me to disappear, you'd better remember that a letter is in the hold of a ship somewhere on the Atlantic."

"I'm not threatening you, fellow. I'm just trying to tell you that you can have an excellent job in the Office of Cultural Advancement. That's what we call the space flight project. The salary is open. We'll find something for you to do." The President shoved a plain sheet of paper across the desk toward Berkebile, adding: "If you'll write to your pal in England right now and countermand your instructions, we'll swear you into government service before the morning is over."

Berkebile looked around the Presidential office without apparent reason. "I don't understand. You mean that you'll create some fake space flight project just to keep me quiet?"

"There's nothing fake about it. Some of the other old fans have been much more rowdy than you when they came to see me with old letters or fanzine copies. None of them had much ability; just the common interest in blackmailing me. A couple of them from Los Angeles gave me the name of creating this space flight project under an alias departmental name. It's the real McCoy. There's lots of money available for the space flight project, since we're finagling it from the Department of the Interior budget. Understand, you don't need to go on the first space ship. You can just sit in the Pentagon and help to plan the trip."

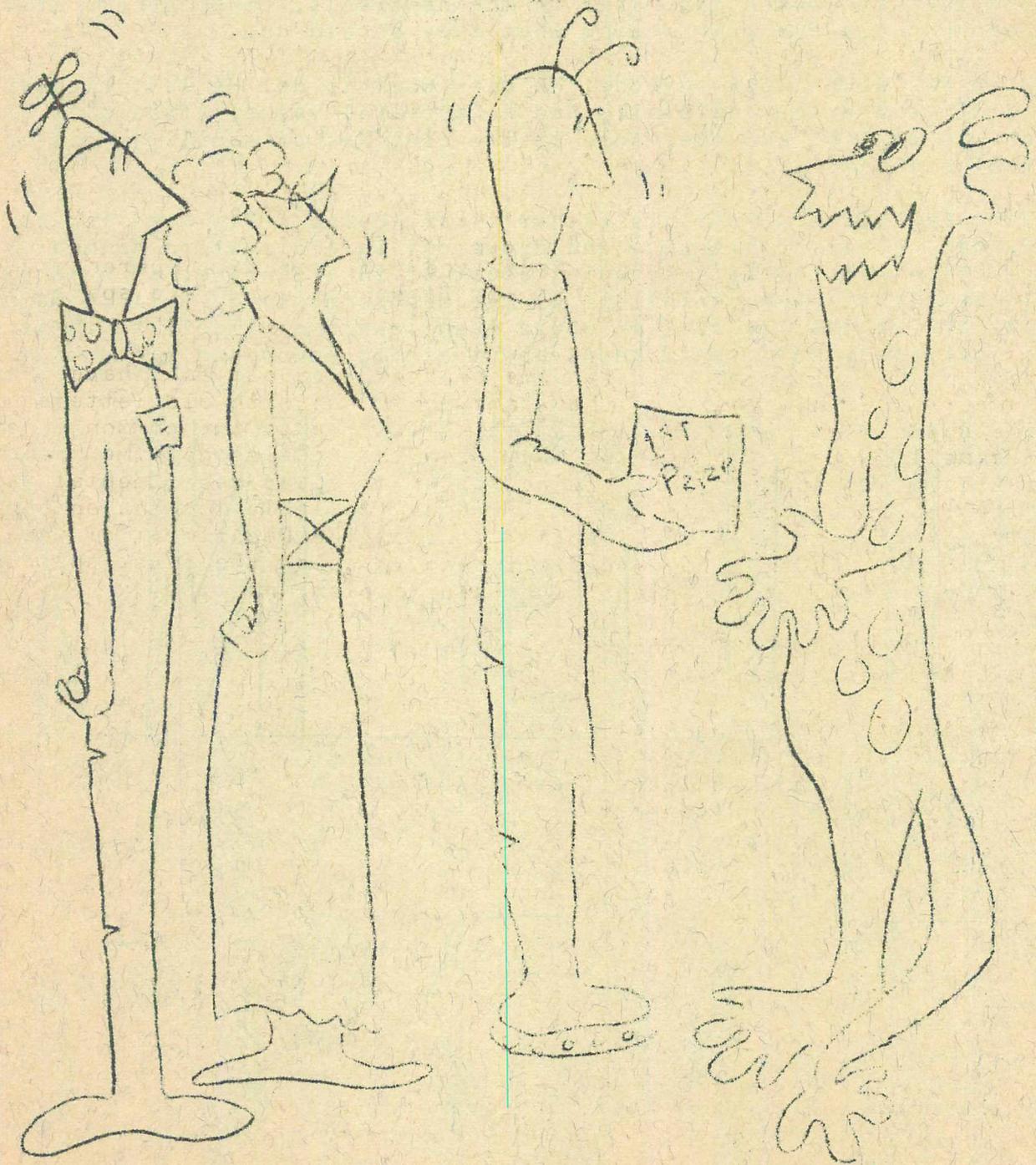
Berkebile stood up. "I'll need time to think it over." He felt suddenly nervous, and wanted to get out of there.

"I'm afraid you can't think it over. My staff can spot you old fans by this time, even before you enter this office. Politics can be a very dirty business. If it's the difference between you and the next election, you're going to disappear from this moment on. You might as well take the job and continue to enjoy life. Don't count on that letter too strongly, by the way. Some of the old fans who visited me before you did have kept track of present-day fandom, and they'd probably be able to figure out an accurate list of possible recipients for that letter in England. Let's shake on your new job." The President stuck out his hand. Berkebile looked at it, as if it were the hand of a Martian, then accepted it tentatively, feeling his own fingers go limp in its grasp.

"They used to write about fandom being a way of life," President Gipe said. "I never thought back in those days that the first trip to another planet would be planned to keep fans from raising mischief. Now, if you'll just write to your pal in England, we'll introduce you to your new job. I think you'll run into a lot of old friends. Maybe you'll understand why some of them dropped out of fandom so suddenly!"

—Harry Warner, Jr.

MASQUERADE BALL



"So, who's in costume?"

archy

AS SOON AS the bomb fell, Big Name Fan leaped to his feet, slung his typewriter under his arm, along with several reams of paper, and made for the door.

As he stepped out, he slung over his shoulder Survival Kit BNF Model 48 (his own design).

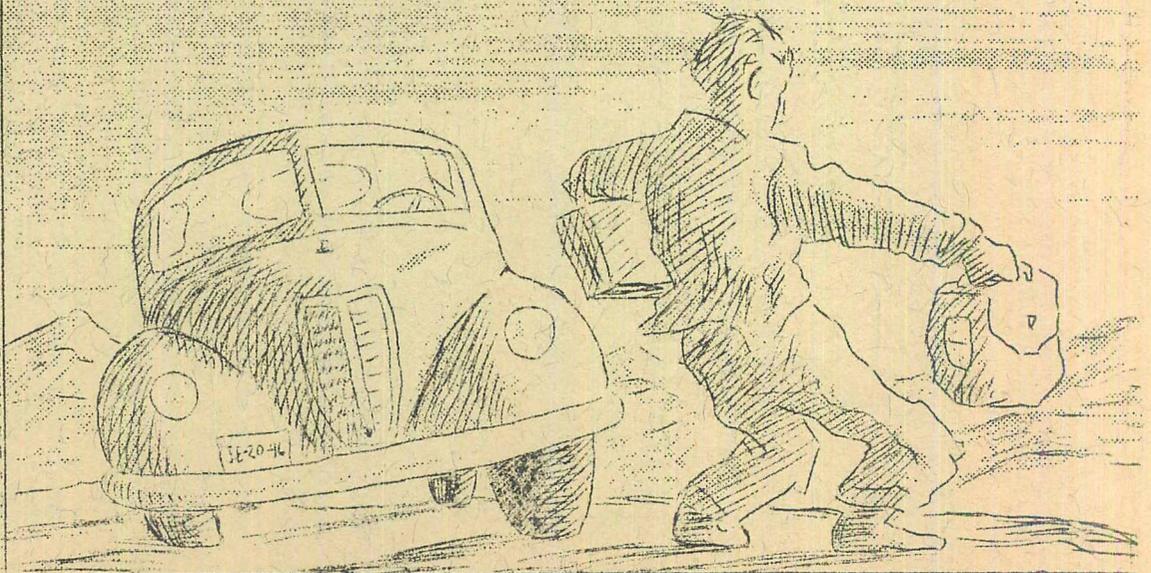
There was the beginning of chaos in the street he entered. People were standing there looking at the mushroom cloud that rose behind him and remarking that it looked just like in the newsreels. Other people were running around wild-eyed, wondering what they should do.

Big Name Fan didn't ask anybody. He knew what to do. He left his parents behind him since they naturally had no survival value. After all, his father was over 50 and therefore in the clutches of senility. His mother was just a woman.

Big Name Fan climbed into his father's car (being a Big Name Fan he naturally had no car of his own) and drove off in a direction he had decided on two years before, after reading about it in a fanzine. As he drove, he saw people staring behind him at the mushroom cloud. But Big Name Fan didn't look at the cloud. That would mean lowering himself to their level of ignorance. Hell, he'd known about atomic bombs and spaceships and

B I G N A

BY CHARLES BURBEE



REPRINTED FROM MASQUE #3

ILLUSTRATION BY *Red White*

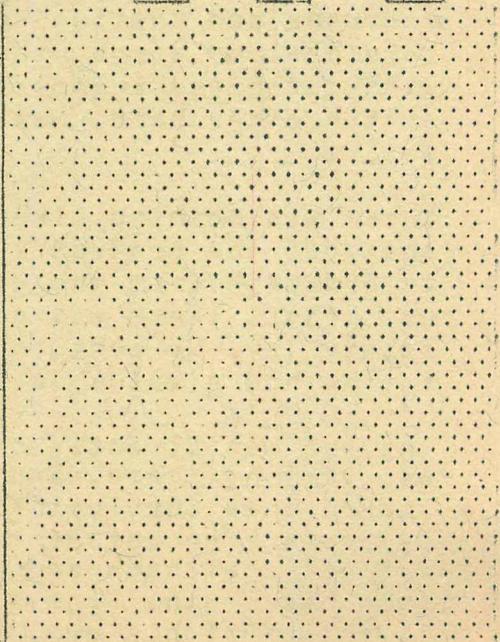
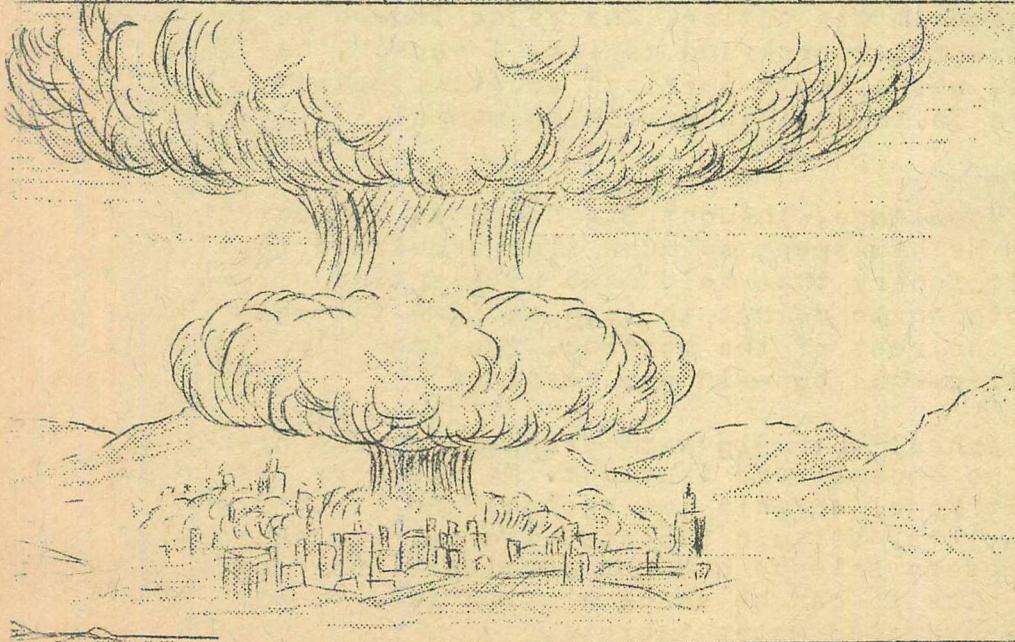
hyperspace way back in the late thirties before they'd even heard of the atom.

He left Los Angeles. He noticed a lot of other people doing the same thing. He frowned. How had his Master Plan #1: "Get away from the Target Area with all possible expedition"—how had this plan leaked out to the rabble?

At the outskirts of a little farm community the car stalled. It was out of gas, due to the lack of foresight possessed by his father (another example of senility). Big Name got out of the car. He adjusted his survival kit over his shoulder by its straps. He hefted his typewriter and paper and went on. He had no money to buy gasoline, since money would of course be useless in the new barbarianism that was descending on the world. He struck out from the car with the sure unhesitating step of one who has read science fiction steadily since 1936.

It soon grew dark. He was in a semi-desert area. There was a house or two nearby; their lights began to wink on in the darkness that falls swiftly in semi-desert country. He avoided the houses—the odds were that people lived there and none were fans. He strode purposefully on, taking big steps because he was a great big man 5'2" tall. He fell over a coil of wire once, and shortly afterward went headlong into a ditch he couldn't

MEEFAN



FROM THE ORIGINAL BY S. Stibbard

see. He lay in the ditch considering the situation. He was not hurt, but perhaps it was not well to go marching (however unfaltering his steps) in darkness when he couldn't see his way.

He thought about it for a while, and decided to lie there until morning.

"I will lie here until morning," said Big Name.

And he did, shivering in the chill air of the desert night. Survival Kit BNF 48 had no room for blankets. When morning came he crawled out of the ditch and carefully observed the terrain he was about to traverse. Later, from a volcanic ridge he saw the road, far away, packed with outgoing automobiles. Big Name tramped on eastward. After a time he thought about breakfast. In his Kit was a book which listed all the edible plants in the nation. He stopped and set up the miniature projector which was needed to read the book. It was microphotographed and took up no more space than a dime. He set up the screen and soon was absorbed in the projected print of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary. He had taken out the wrong film but it didn't matter. This was fascinating reading.

He came upon the word "gules" and found that it was a heraldic term meaning the tincture red, indicated in seals and engraved figures of escutcheons by parallel vertical lines:

His sev'n-fold targe a field of gules did stain
In which two swords he bore; his word,
"divide and reign."

P. Fletcher

With man's blood paint the ground; gules, gules.
Shak.

Let's march to rest and set in gules, like suns.
Beau. & Fl.

He learned about gyrons, impalements, gemels, gores, and fusils; checky chevrons and cottises came to his notice, and as he looked up other symbols he came across the words yapock and zenick. A yapock, he learned with matchless interest, was a South American aquatic opossum. A zenick, on the other hand, was a South African burrowing mammal, called also suricat.

There was nothing like knowledge, thought Big Name, as he regretfully shut off the projector. He had spent so much time acquiring this useful information from the dictionary that he'd used up his time allowance for breakfast. There was nothing to do but to lean on into the east where safety lay. He went on the rest of the morning, resting only occasionally, for he had a valuable life—his own—in his keeping.

The sun was directly overhead when Big Name stopped for the noon meal. It was very hot here, and no houses were in sight. He was very very dry. He dipped into Survival Kit Model 48 (his own design) and brought out a cellophane packet of tablets. Vitamin tablets, the nearest thing to food pellets that backward modern science had yet developed. He popped them into his mouth. From a plastic can he shook a white tablet. That was an invention of his own. Dehydrated water tablets.

Big name had developed them himself. Simply dissolve a tablet in a glass of water, and you had a glass of water!

But there was no water around to put the tablets into. Big Name grew very thirsty. Luckily, he soon found a sort of irrigation ditch with greenish water in it, and by this time he was not squeamish. In a moment he went on.

He saw no more people, for he was in the Mojave Desert and the few inhabitants had left—at least the area he was in was deserted. Now and then he unwittingly faced in the direction of a distant bomb hit—he swivelled away quickly when he saw those mushroom clouds. Looking at them did harm, he reasoned, while not looking at them could do a lot of good.

By and by he settled down in a heavy clump of mesquite. A large tall cactus clump nearby furnished him a little shade, and he sat there and wished for water. For a moment, he almost regretted that Survival Kit BNF Model 48 contained no canteen. Only for a moment he regretted this—he knew the regret was stupid, for he had carefully selected the items to go into the Kit, carefully and over a period of two years, so that he knew that every item in it was essential to the well-being and comfort of a fan. So obviously and logically, a canteen was a strictly unessential item which did nothing but add weight. He licked his lips and his tongue rasped harshly like a file on a rock.

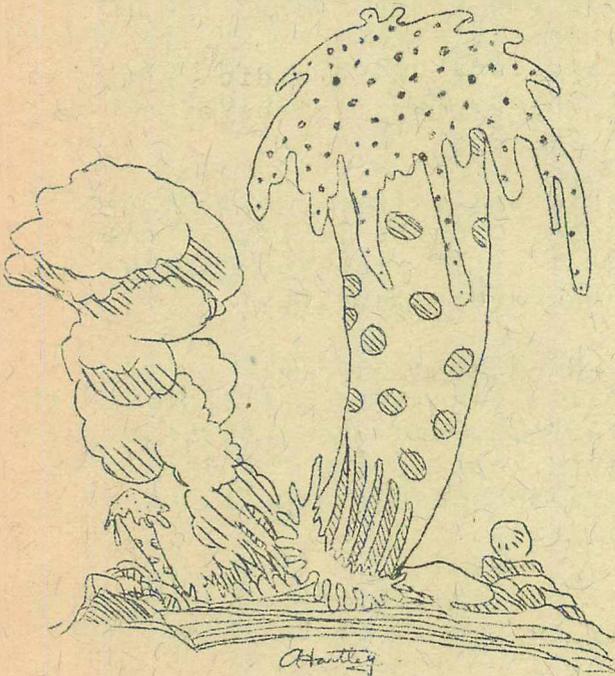
This was Meeting Point #1. He'd reached it and now all he had to do was to wait two months, which was as long as he figured civilization would take to throw off the shackles of convention and revert to complete barbarism. The survivors would then be ready for a Leader,

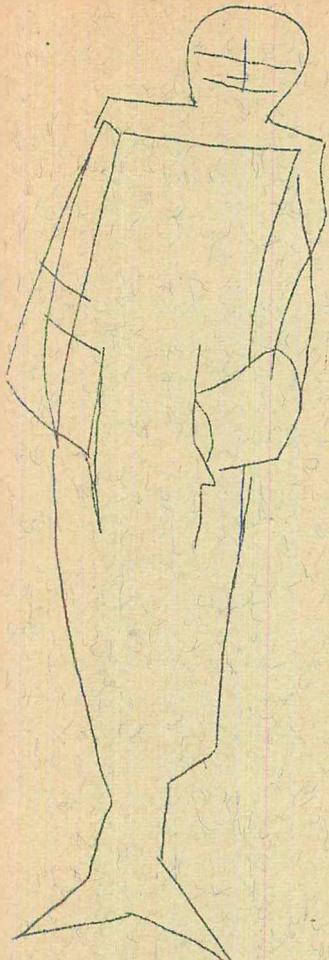
and Big Name would be ready to step miraculously into their midst and restore order with a beneficent wave of the hand and a soft conciliatory voice.

He heard footsteps approaching. Coming across the sand and rock was Small Town Fan. Though they lived but 20 miles apart, they saw each other only at conventions. Small Town too, was prepared; his survival kit was not so completely equipped as Big Name's, his was Survival Kit Model 1950. (It was a sore spot with Big Name that fans couldn't even agree on a standard terminology for Survival Kit—some used the number system and some used a lettering system and others, like Small Town Fan, used the date on which he'd conceived the idea of the kit.)

Shrugging off his annoyance, Big Name stood up. "Hi, Small Town. Haven't seen you since the Malay Archipelagocon."

"You mean the Pelicon," said Small Town.





Harness

"Sit down, rest your weary bones."

Small Town sat down and rested his weary bones. He took a canteen from his kit and had a sip of water.

"It's a hell of a thing," said Small Town. "The darndest thing ever."

"You mean about the next Convention being held in Panama? I don't see why. After all, there's a plenty active little group of fans down there. Been publishing regularly."

"I know, but it's getting so I sometimes don't think it's worth it to travel a thousand miles or more to go to a convention."

"Not—worth—it!" gasped Big Name. "Why, man, it's the event of the year. Absolutely everybody is there! Pro-authors, editors, and fans galore, and they have a big auction and everything. Man, I wouldn't miss one! I've never missed one!"

"I've been to five," said Small Town. "But sometimes I wonder if it's worth it. I guess it is, at that, the way you put it. But I still wish the Convention was somewhere else—somewhere closer."

Big Name said nothing. He didn't care a lot for Small Town, even if Small Town was a fan and published the #4 fanzine, PARASPACE, and was a dignitary in the NFFF and FAPA. They'd kept up for the last four years a tremendous correspondence; microfilms of their letters reposed in Big Name's Survival Kit.

"Say," said Big Name, "just before I left, I put microfilms of forty-seven new books in my Kit. I've got some really choice stuff in there. Got some really nice titles. Got The Green Mouse..."

"I traded that to you a year ago," said Small Town. "I've got it on microfilm, too. That's a good title. I heard someone say it wasn't fantasy, though."

"Sure it is!" said Big Name. "Why, I've had that copy a year and just got it microfilmed a week ago. How long did you have the book?"

"At least four years," said Small Town. "I know it's fantasy—don't get excited. I just mentioned I'd heard someone say it wasn't."

"I know darn well it's a fantasy," said Big Name. "I saw a copy in Ackerman's collection a couple of years ago."

"Ackerman read the book?"

"No, he hadn't read it."

"You read it?"

"No."

"Well, I haven't read it either, but it must be fantasy, if Ackerman has a copy."

Small Town took another sip from his canteen while Big Name watched, his tongue rasping drily over his blackening lips.

"You bring a mimeograph?" asked Big Name.

"No," said Small Town. "Designed one that would fit into the kit, but never got it off the drafting table. Was a honey, too. Would've been a beauty. Why?"

"Oh, I just thought I'd like to publish a one-shot fanzine now. I brought my typer."

"So'd I. Soon's I rest a bit I'm going to write up this trip of mine and our meeting for my fapamag, DOORWAY."

"Why, that's a new one, isn't it? Your regular magazine is CONTIUM, isn't it?"

"You know darn well it is. I got tired of that title. It had no significance. CONTIUM...just roll that around in your mouth. It doesn't mean anything, does it?"

"It must mean something," said Big Name. "It came out of somebody's head."

"I thought DOORWAY had a broader meaning. DOORWAY. That gives a picture of a gigantic brass-studded door opening into an azure sub-space fringed with dark straiations, sort of, as though indicated the presence of a darker knowledge."

"Yeeeeeeeeesssss...I see it too, " said Big Name. "Why, a title like that could carry a magazine all by itself without a need for anything else. But a title like that is so good somebody's liable to steal it."

Small Town laughed derisively. "How can anybody steal it? I've got it registered with the NFFF Copyright Bureau."

"Smart boy," nodded Big Name. "I'm not so good on titles. I—" He had to stop talking for a moment. Fifteen giant jet planes flashed overhead at 3,000 feet and the noise was deafening. Black planes, they were, with a foreign device on their wings.

"I'm no good at titles," said Big Name. "I just sit around and think and think and nothing comes out, so I'm using the old one I've been using all this time. Coming into my 40th issue next month."

"That's no record," said Small Town Fan.

"I'm not shooting for a record," said Big Name. "I've just been going along, minding my own business, and quietly publishing my magazine. Been doing it all this time and I guess it's sort of a habit with me now."

"It is a pretty remarkable magazine at that," mused Small Town. "You started the mag when you were only 17, didn't you?"

"Yes," said Big Name, "and here I'm 36 and I'm still publishing the same

mag."

"Gosh, that is a record, far as I know. Publishing the same mag from boyhood to adulthood."

"I don't think of myself as an adult," said Big Name solemnly, "but rather—as a fan."

"Yeah, 'tis the mortal truth. The mortal truth. That's the way Giles habiblua would say it. The mortal truth."

"LEGION OF SPACE," said Big Name. "Damn good yarn. You read it?"

"No, but the current issue of my mag carries a review of the new pb edition. I read

the review. You read it?"

"You mean the story? Oh, no, but I have it on microfilm." He gestured toward his Kit.

"How many titles you got there?"

"Oh, offhand, I'd say 3,900."

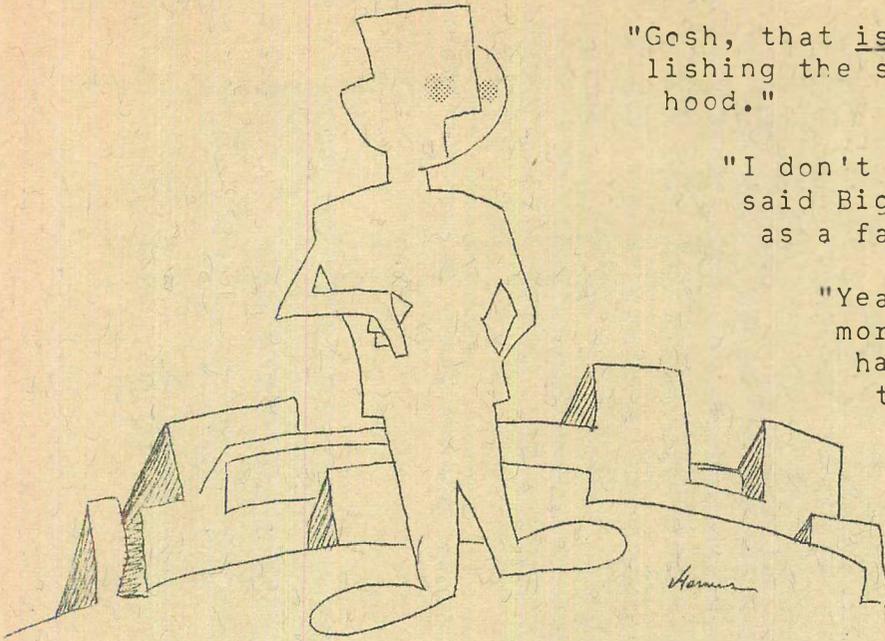
Small Town shook his head. "That's a lot. I've got only 2,400. But, then, you've been collecting longer than I have. I started microfilming sooner, though. Beside my books I've got all the important fanzines of the past ten years on film too, and stills from stf movies, and a lot of my correspondence. And my projector and typer and paper, and stencils, of course. Besides that, I have a reel of tape containing the voices of over 200 fans!"

"Say, that's something!" cried Big Name. "Play it! You got a recording of Harry Warner? I've always wondered what he sounded like."

Big Name shook his head. "I never did get to see Harry Warner, not even when the Atlantiscon was held on that submarine off the coast of Maryland. I even swam ashore specially one night just to see him. Nobody was home and the neighbors said that Harry had gone to New York for a week. I couldn't believe that—not with a convention right off his own coast."

Shock waves rocked the earth. Far off, east and west, mushroom clouds rose. Much later, the rocking thud of the explosions reached them.

"I sure wish you'd brought a mimeo," said Big Name. "This conversation of ours is of real fannish significance. I could dash off a couple of stencils right now while the words are fresh in my mind and you could write something too and draw a cover and we'd have a fanzine."



"I sort of feel that way, too," said Small Town. "I'd have brought one, too, except that I didn't realize time was so short."

"It is later than you think," said Big Name, solemnly.

"That's the title of a Jack Williamson story, isn't it? No, that was DARKER THAN YOU THINK. Werewolf stuff. Deftly handled."

"You read it?"

"No, did you?"

"No, but I've got it on microfilm."

"So've I."

They nodded smugly at each other.

"I wonder how Midwest Fan is making out," mused Small Town Fan. "He was planning a Survival Kit too. When I saw him at the Jalapacon last year. Too bulky, though, to my mind. He had high-powered rifles, distress rockets, and didn't believe in microfilming. Said he'd take just one book along...the Bible."

Big Name's lip curled. "The Bible? What in Ghu's name does a fan want with that?"

"I don't know," said Small Town. "He just said it was the best fantasy anthology of them all. Said it was the source-book of all stf. I didn't press him for details. You can ask him when you see him at the Panvention."

"Or you can."

"I don't know that I'll go to the Panvention," said Small Town, eyes averted.

Big Name sat up abruptly. "Not—going?"

"Probably not. You know, I don't think a Con every year is a good idea. Happens too often. You save up all year to finance your trip, spend several days traveling, and often put in a few days before the Con and afterward running around being a visiting fireman, and then you go home and start saving up again because the first thing you know another Con's due."

A wild light shone for a moment in Big Name's usually complacent eyes. "You're kidding!"

"No, I'm not. Really. I've been thinking about it seriously for a long time. I've even written an article about it which will appear in PARASPACE, out the 15th of next month. I'm trying to start a movement for a Con every three years. Then with them spaced so far apart, you can really savor the Cons when they do come."

"Three years!" echoed Big Name, rolling out each word slowly, as though he were trying to taste them and couldn't believe they tasted like that. "Why it would mean that we'd never get to see a lot of the fans. Some really fine fellows rise to prominence and fade out in that time. Why,

between conventions there'd be any number of promising people who would never know fandom—never know it truly—if they didn't have the convention to open their eyes and inject them with new enthusiasm and interest."

"Just the same, my article points out in detail the benefits of the three-year Con. I'm going all out for it. I've taken your advice before," said Small Town; "I've always considered your advice to be the best."

"Why?" asked Big Name, softly.

"Because you're the Number One Fan," said Small Town. "To me your word was law, if our little fangroup can be said to have laws."

Big Name smiled enigmatically. This same enigmatic smile had won friends for him all over the nation, even the world.

Small Town drew himself up. "But this time—" his voice faltered and then came in strong again. "This time I won't give in. You got me to give up going with girls because you said it took a fan's fanning time. I was engaged—you coaxed me into taking back my ring. Remember that?"

Big Name nodded. Indeed he did remember. Small Town had sold the ring and with the proceeds had published a gala issue of PARASPACE, with a lithographed cover and interiors, and articles by the biggest names in the fan field. Even two pro-authors had written articles for it! It had been 160 pages thick, and was spoken of even now as a paragon of publishing... Big Name shook himself from his reverie. Small Town had been talking.

"Not this time," he was saying. "I've given it serious thought. I even took off work one day and consulted a psychiatrist about it. He said it was a wonderful idea and he charged me only \$10.00 for telling me."

Big Name stood up.

"My eyes, perhaps more experienced than yours—you are rather a late-comer in the field, you know; you entered the field in 1944—my eyes can peer past the confusion of the present to a lucid future. Shall I tell you what I see, Small Town? Shall I tell you what I see?"

Small Town, englamored by this rhetoric, so unusual from Big Name, could only nod wordlessly.

"I see dissension and strife and war. I see old fans, bowed by blows in the past, dropping to obscurity beneath this new onslaught. I hear the thin cries of dying fans, crying aloud for a savior, a leader, someone to point the way, and above all this, like the specter of Death on the battlefield, rides Chaos, laughing to hear the plaintive cries, roaring to see the dreadful scene of fandom dying, folding in on itself! And do you know who Chaos is? You are Chaos, Small Town!"

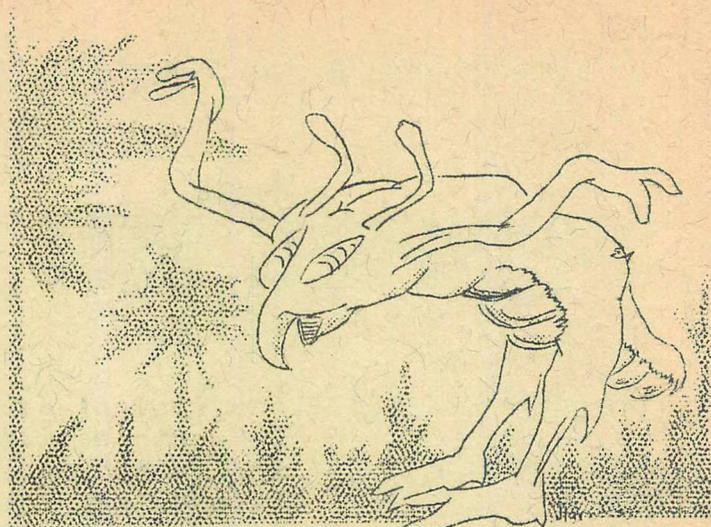
Small Town stared back defiantly.

"Look at you, Small Town!" cried Big Name. "Your hands, bloody from the murder of Fandom! Can you, with those gory fingers, ever twitch a typer into gleaming sentience again, or spin the crank of a mimeograph? Can you ever operate a stapler without those grim thoughts and memories crowding

out your very reason?"

"Frankly," said Small Town, "I think I can."

He stood. "Big Name," he said, "I guess there comes a time when every fan comes into maturity. It may be when he discovers his idol is clay-footed or when someone breaks in on his somnolent smugness to awaken him to what a fool he's been all along. And while I sat there listening to you, it came to me. I grew up in a paragraph. Big Name," his words went more slowly, "do you realize that I'm a Big Name Fan?"



"This is awful," said Big Name. "This may well be—" The high roar of jets slapped down over the desert. The enemy jets were returning. In a few moments they were gone, but the roar persisted. One black plane lagged behind, dipping and rising, its jet engines barking intermittently. Part of the fuselage was blasted away. Evidently some lucky shot from an alert anti-aircraft gunner. The plane suddenly dipped and plunged into the earth not far from the two fans. Instantly there was an explosion, as the fuel tanks blew. The two fans were knocked down by the concussion, and flaming fuel hissed about them like a rain from hell. Then all was silent.

Slowly Big Name Fan rose. Two wisps of smoke rose from his smouldering jacket and in the still air of the desert rose twining about his forehead so that they seemed to grow from his hair, like tendrils, giving him a positively Slan-like appearance. And the brilliant desert sun caught for a moment at the dial glass of his wristwatch, making it look for all the world like a Lens!

Indeed, to Small Town's eyes, Big Name appeared wreathed in stefnalistic glory. He looked like some swashbuckling hero from yet-to-be-written future history. His eyes were glinting with a hint of hell as he said:

"This may well be the end of the world as you and I know it, Small Town. If you insist on having the conventions every three years or even on alternate years, I cannot go along with you. It will mean the end of our friendship—even our—correspondence." He whispered that last word brokenly.

"It isn't that serious!" said Small Town.

"Not serious! Man, this isn't just the end of—us, our fan relationship, but it may well be the opening wedge of revolt in fandom. Why, it's like rage in heaven! The warring factions may well split fandom wide open, and there will be chaos in the fandom that I have known and rather enjoyed the past 24 years! I..." But his vocal chords could bear up no longer under the strain. Emotion had swept over him like blood over the scuppers of a pirate ship.

Quickly he sat down, jerked his typewriter open, slipped in a fresh sheet of paper. For many minutes only the sound of his rapid frantic typing
(continued on p. 40)

fanzone reviews by Franklin Ford:

WHIPPING INTO THE FAI

THE HARP STATESIDE

Any real pleasure is worth waiting for, which makes it odd that there haven't been even more holdups than there were in the production of this excellent mag. It is over 70 pages of writing by Walt Willis, which should be almost

enough recommendation by itself without mentioning the two or three ATomillos on every page. Most important, THS itself has that idealized Sixth-Fandom atmosphere that W*A*W praised in WILLIS DISCOVERS AMERICA: "...a sort of Golden Age, when fandom was happier, brighter, and more intimate than it is today..."

It's peculiarly hard to comment on a travelogue—about as hard as it is to criticize Willistuff in general—and when the two are combined, the only resource for faaans trying to write

a respectably lengthy review is the one that begins "—that reminds me of..." THE HARP STATESIDE reminds me of many things; one of them is all the inanities and wetzalism (common noun courtesy Ted White) one piece by Willis or Burbee or Dean A. Grennell or Rotsler or Boggs or...(...) can wash away. Don't miss it, if you'll forgive the suggestion that you might.

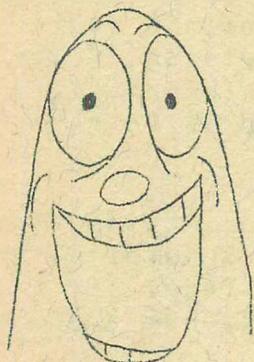
(THE HARP STATESIDE, Walt Willis, 170 Upper Newtownards Rd., Belfast, N. Ireland; 74 pages; bound in stiff paper & taped along the spine, easily worth the 2/- or 35¢ to Walt. Highly Recommended.)

MANA #2 is all full of Profound Thoughts and goshwow and like that, but most of them, for a wonder, are well worth kicking about. I think my favorite out of a clutch of wonderfully quotable lines occurred in Murray Leinster's article, in which he—Leinster—announces the trouble with modern science fiction: it's got filter-tip plots. ** The best entire piece of writing, however, was L. Sprague de Camp's acute dissection of yögaism—it isn't every day somebody can squash Eric

Frank Russell like a blackbeetle.

(MANA #2, Bill Courval, 4215 Cherokee Ave., San Diego, Cal. Courval, Richalex Kirs, Tom Condit, John Berry, Murray Leinster (!), L. Sprague de Camp (!!), Terry Carr, Dutch Ellis, Jean Y*O*U*N*G, Dave Jenrette, and quotes from more people than are really necessary. Review, swop, write, or even contribute. Recommended.)

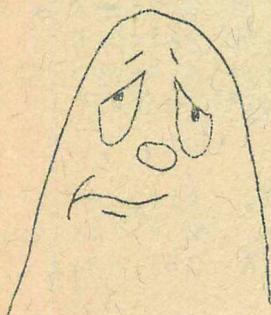
EXCELSIOR #s 1 & 2 A fanzine for luvvabobble Shaw-type critturs, published for fun and money and you can't hardly get that kind no more, which is a pity. CELSY is the successor in appearance and spirit to QUANDRY, and only the title has been changed to protect the subscribers... In these two issues, Andy Young with a lucid if difficult article makes plain—among other things—why Quantum Mechanics isn't usually described in talking-type language; Algis Budrys demonstrates his hard-won mastery of the typer; Ah Chee Mercer contributes a column equal to his stuff in ARCHIVE; Bloch surpasses Jack Benny; Ron Parker parodies The Shrinking Man very well, Jean Young tosses oceans and dinosaurs around with fine abandon;



and TS Elliott contributes a deft typersketch of Harlan Ellison, vile but admirable pro. ** Despite the lineup cited, the juiciest part of the magazine, to my way of thinking, is the CRITIC AT LARGE dealing with The Power, the first issue of SCIENCE FICTION ADVENTURES, Eye in the Sky (an Ace pb by Philip K. Dick), and most especially with Bester's The Stars My Destination and Blish's The Frozen Year; all these being dealt with quite ably. ** All in all, the appearance of CELSY, and the return to general active fandom by Lee Shaw, along with her talented and overworked husband, is cause for real rejoicing. For here is the Spirit of Sixth Fandom once more in full bloom.

(EXCELSIOR, L. Shaw Ltd., 545 Manor Rd., Staten Island 14, N.Y. The Shaws, Algis Budrys, J&young, Archie Mercer, ATom, Bloch, Ron Parker, Ted White, and TS Elliott. 7/\$1, trade for non-AJ fanzines, or letters from non-dollar fans. Well Recommended.)

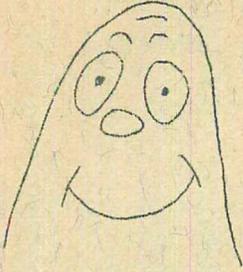
MUZZY #10 represents Claude Hall back again, with some of his more revolting characteristics smothered, though not well enough; best balanced, perhaps, are his fanzine reviews; least, his blast at Greg Benford as Nut of the Year for 1956. (Greg had observed that Hall had managed to feud with such assorted personalities as Hitchcock, Gould, Thompson, Wetzel, and Raeburn, which didn't look like the act of an Ultimate Intellect.) Aga Yonder contributes an article on religion of the sort that makes me faunch to found one myself, just for spite. (We'll have Tucker for Ghod yet!) Alan Dodd, in turn, reviews two English fantasy TV shows—Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde and The Strange World of Planet X—which were good and fehchy. Respect-



ively.

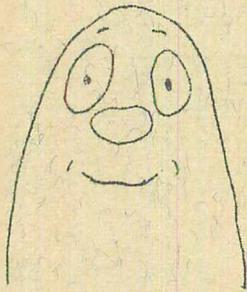
(MUZZY, Claude Hall, 2214 San Antonio, Austin 5, Tex.)

TWIG #3 Features the third of Alan Dodd's reviews of British TV shows, The Trollenberg Terror (a fairly routine Alien Menace yarn, it develops), which is the only excuse for planting this review next to that of MUZZY. Bob Coulson contributes a short article on his wife, Juanita, a note on himself, and a clutch of Juanita's "spasgals". John Mussells discusses Campbell's method of getting a readership among scientists which has allowed JWC to ignore faaans, though perhaps he could have added some comment on Campbell's latest pseudoscience kick. Guy Terwilleger, the editor, calls down certain fans who grotch at practically everthing (forgetting, I think, how much there really is to grotch at in many fanzines) and then criticizes Reluctant Eve without really daring to swing hard at this story.



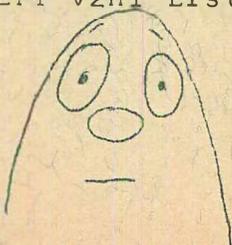
(TWIG, Guy E. Terwilleger, 1412 Albright St., Boise, Idaho; Adkins, Terwilleger, Vic Fletcher, Ray Palmer, Herbert E. Beach, Robert & Juanita Coulson, John Mussells, John Champion, Marty Fleischman, Alan Dodd. 10¢ a copy, 6/50¢, exchange or contribute. Not quite in the first rank, but a sound fanzine.)

ABERRATION from Kent Moomaw leads off with a gripe about some dirty old BNF who wouldn't let him, Moomaw, publish an article acquired through a third party in this, his first issue. It happens that the BNF wouldn't have done so badly after all, though if Kent had seen a few of the first issues the average BNF has, perhaps he'd forgive his unknown bête noir. ** "The middle class man, as opposed to the extremely poor and extremely rich classes in our society, is a dangerous animal. He is a neurotic..." begins Mark Schulzinger in "A Voice in the Night". A peculiar thing to have flang at you unexpected like, but also the sort of thing that generates its own resistance; Mark fires away mercilessly for a page and a half without once mentioning anything good, and it just ain't in natur' for anything to be unrelievedly evil. Further, the evils cited are so general that they can be applied at any level of society, and are entirely too unqualified to be in anyway correct. ** Larry Sokol offers a rather pointless story of a sort of shotgun wedding in the Ozarks—er, I mean Centauri II; but for the rest of the issue, Bob Coulson, with his usual intellegence, gives a good explanation of the "fandom-is-a-way-of-life" phenomenon, while Dave Rike and Terry Carr discuss with equal readability the fan-who-never-reads-the-prozines.



(ABERRATION, Kent Moomaw, 6705 Bramble Ave., Cincinnati 27, Ohio. 10¢ or 3/25¢, or contribute if you will. Moomaw, Mark Schulzinger, Buck Coulson, Larry Sokol, Terry Carr, Dave Rike, Adkins, Rotsler, and lots of arty fellers. A good issue, and outstanding for a first ish.)

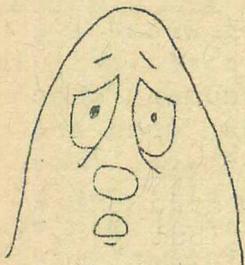
CONCEPT v2n1 Lists Edgar Rice Burroughs' books and offers two examples of something at which I grotch more than somewhat: really serious fan-written fiction. Not that fans can't write good fiction, but trying to work up a serious story in the limited space a fanzine can afford is just one of those things few if any can do. A light, humorous story—or the sort of thing Larry Stark calls SerCon-FanFiction, in which everybody is presumed to be familiar with the background already—is different; with



those an author can devote his space to story rather'n background... Good lord, somebody get me off this soapbox.

(CONCEPT, Ronald Parker, 714 West 4th St., Tulsa 7, Okla. Ron, plus Larry Ivie, aparently produced it all themselves. This was an experimental issue —CONCEPT is turning from single-copy production to mimeography—and both of the editors can do good work; I suspect that the next issue will show it. ((The third issue, now out, shows tremendous improvement, in both duplication and material.-tew)) 15¢ a copy, 7/\$1.)

FOR BEMS ONLY #5 Considering the lack of bems in these parts, this zine might well change its name. ** John Berry tells his joke again—if he'll excuse my putting it that way— Joe Saunders reviews The Forbidden Planet and concludes that Hollywood should stop making stfilms, in which he may be right. "The Wizard", by Marv Bryer, hits a slightly better fiction note, being rather a wry and humorous item; but Fred Marlborough in his turn overworks the humor angle with a grisly story about Irishmen and bright orange aliens. ** A collection of reviews—an only passable one in which Jerry Greene tells us Grade B stf movies are poor things, and others in which John Champion more readably swats H.L.Gold a couple of times while praising The Stars My Destination; Kent Moomaw turns out an equally good review of The Shrinking Man and others—about finish thish of FBO.



(FOR BEMS ONLY, Jerry C. Merrill, 632 Avenue H, Boulder City, Nevada. ¼¢ a page, or exchange. (thish was 56 5½"x8½" pages) Repro passable, artwork fehchy—some of it good, but spoiled by poor cutting. John Berry, Lars Bourne, Joe Sanders, Marv Bryer, Kent Moomaw, Alan Dodd, John Champion, Fred Marlborough, Marty Fleischman, Jerry Green, & arty fellers. If it was half as big and twice as good, now...)

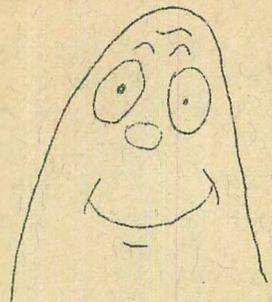
UFA BULLETIN, is one of the poorest 'fanzines' I've ever seen. The first issue features six unstapled pages of listings of fantasy, horror and stf films and a few short squibs. The mimeoing matches the makeup in lack of quality, and the editorial personality is one of the most juvenile since the death of STAR ROCKETS. I quote: "THE EDITORIAL***** Welcom to Ufa Bulltin (name after the old and famous German Flim Co.) I would would write a long Editor but sense I have been typing from LL:00 to \$:00 o'clock to night. In other words all I can say is that I Think FIVE was the best sf flim that I have sen (it came out in \$951 with Arch Obolor at the stern). GOOD NIGHT! P.S. If you would like to Join the Dall

Futurian Society (i sf club) writ me." All strictly sic. Any editor with so little feeling of responsibility as not to at least correct this sort of thing come daylight has no business putting out a fanzine. The appearance of both first and second issues match the writing exhibited above.

(UFA BULLETIN, Richard A. Koogle, 5916 Revere Place, Dallas 6, Texas. 2¢ Not recommended.)

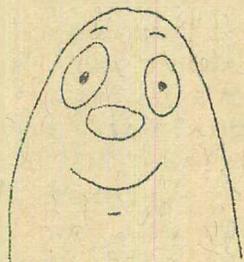
STAR STUFF has a pretty lithoed cover and excellent repro inside, but that won't do you any good if you can't read Swedish—which it's written in. 6/\$1 or 7 Swedish crowns to Karl-Evert Wetterlund, Box 895, Stockholm 1, Sweden.

SCIENCE FICTION PARADE from Len Moffat starts out with a letter column for a change. I'm afraid Len cares nothing for Tradition. ** Ah, but the fugghead brigade rides again! Redd Boggs offers a sarcastic comment on a "Time Capsule to contain science fiction", whereupon the President of Twentieth Century Fandom (!!!)((!!!-tew)) blasts off as if Redd had attacked Gernsback's virtue or something. It turns out that the "Time Capsule" is the name of an award, not a means of introducing 2100 AD to John W. Campbell, Jr. ** For some incredible reason, Anna Sinclare tries to prove that The Lord of the Rings is science fiction. I almost hesitate to tackle this proposition, but: Anna apparently mistakes logical coherence for scientific consistency, arguing that since Tolkein wrote a story that makes good sense when considered in the light of its basic postulates it must be science fiction. That's hardly an acceptable argument when she then goes on to explain that those basic postulates include "good and evil are natural forces", for practically every definition of SF specifies that it must not violate known facts without any explanation at all; and to use a practical objection, I think Anna's definitions reduce themselves to absurdity when, applying them, she classes as science-fictional such things as magic rings that make their wearer invisible and magic swords that glow in the presense of goblins. Besides, is "fantasy" a dirty word that people should shun it? ** Competent prozine and fanzine reviews by George W. Fields and Rick Sneary round out this well-presented fanzine.



(SCIENCE FICTION PARADE, Len Moffat, 5969 Lanto St., Bell Gardens, Cal. Letter or card of comment, or a reply to the SFP Poll. Lettercol of premier cru, plus articles by Anna Sinclare, George Fields, & Rick Sneary. Excellent reproduction. You can't go wrong at the, er, price, and it's worth money if Len ever decides to charge.)

FAN-ATTIC John Champion makes it plain at some length that, by ghod, FAN-ATTIC is his fanzine, but after this pugnacious opening he proceeds to show that by ghod it can still be readable. ** Two pieces of fiction (by Patsy Lang and Buz Hartman), plus columns in which Kent Moomaw views fmz, and Marty Fleischman discusses prozine editorials and fan classification, and John's own comments on Empire of the Atom and Shores of Space fill most of the zine; Guy Terwilleger files a protest against puritanical objections to swearing; and best of all, John Berry contributes both an uncommonly good piece in his usual vein—covering the introduction of the suction-cup dart to Irish Fandom—and a contrasting semi-serious piece which works a gimmick from Berry's mundane job, police fingerprinting.



(FAN-ATTIC, John Champion & Id, Route 2, Box 75B, Pendleton, Oregon. 10¢ each or 3/25¢; by no means misspent. Berry, Champion, Patsy Lang, Marty Fleischman, Buz Hartman, Kent Moomaw, Guy Terwilleger, and arty fellers. Dittoed with far too much showthrough, but legible. What the heck, Berry's stuff alone is worth the dime...)

—Franklin Ford

(Crowded out this time were reviews of TEEN-ZINE, ECLIPSE, and PEON. We'll try to include them next issue, along with more new reviews.))

will not betray 'Ford'. The sentiment and rating however, will remain entirely Ford's, and I will not accept any responsibility for statements made by Ford.

But, "Aha!" will cry Mrs. Carr, "I know who Franklin Ford is!" Members of SAPS will voice their suspicions on the subject. They will be wrong. For, you see, the pseudonym has seen many uses from many local fans. It was created for a mundane purpose by a local fan, and others, including myself, have also used it for fannish and mundane purposes. Because four or five local active fans have made use of the name, it will be understood that 'Ford' could be unmasked several times without hitting the 'real' Ford, who will deny being Ford as vociferously as anyone else. Because of this, there is little point in searching for him.

An attractive addition to the reviews is the original heads by Ray Nelson which have adorned the review columns of several famous fanzines of the past, and which I hope will be with STELLAR at least as long as is 'Franklin Ford'.

+ + +

I hope you've been reading this zine in the proper fashion: from front to back; and have already read Dick's editorial. If not, do so now, because I want to comment on a part of it myself.

Or, rather, I want to comment on and take issue with Eric Needham's letter quoted therein.

Eric has either forgotten or never realized that fandom is made up of friendships, and out of friendships come common experiences, and private jokes and allusions; what Dick has termed "inner-circle jokes". Yet, fandom as a whole is not unacquainted with these jokes, even if ignorant of the sources. Just because a newcomer may not realize whence cometh the Horse of a Different Color joke, he may still enjoy the puns themselves, and soon he may even be perpetuating the joke himself. Do you know where the jokes you've repeated came from, or what their significance might be? Of course not! Their origins and outside significance lies buried and forgotten in antiquity. But Eric objects to the Courtney's Boat joke. "Nobody ...can even explain the significance..." he says, doubtless clamping his jaws together in an effort to hold a straight face. I submit that any intrinsic significance lies in the joke itself, which anyone who has read or heard the joke could explain.

Likewise, the origins of the joke have been explained many times in the past, and I believe the commonly accepted version is that the joke first appeared in ESQUIRE. Certainly anyone as close to the inner-circles of fandom as Eric (whose fanzine, NOW AND THEN has created several inner-circle gags itself...) would have seen one of these numerous mentions.

And I fail to see why this should be so uninteresting to "people who could undeniably offer original stuff to fandom." More often than not, any potential fan of worth, the future BNF, will be the one to take the most interest in fandom's esoterica.

If I were 'breaking in' a prospective fan, I wouldn't just shove a pile of GRUES, HYPHENS, RETREBUTIONS or QUANDRYs under his nose. I'd lead up to it by quoting parts that made sense to a non-fan, were funny, and made him interested in seeing more. I'd also explain some of the more difficult jokes to him. I have done this with mild success. But I wouldn't overwhelm

him with a horde of esoteric articles.

Esoteric—that's what fandom is...to the outsider. But it shouldn't be for the fan; especially not a fan of Needham's experience.

However, for all the talk of bringing one's brilliantly witty and talented friends into fandom, the top fans are usually their own discoveries. No one else brought them in—they found their own way into fandom. They discovered and learned to understand fandom by themselves. This aura of discovery is a precious thing, and I think it makes fandom much more worthwhile to the fan who has or remembers it. The usual progression for the average fan is to discover, usually thru the few remaining review columns, and read the lesser fmz devoted more to stf and less to fandom, the fmz published by those who have only slightly more experience in fandom. Gradually, he works into the more fannish fanzines. At one time this was supplemented by lettercolumns like those in STARTLING, TWS, and PLANET. Now, alas, there are no lettercolumns worth the name, and the fan must rely for his fannish information on the fanzines themselves.

The point is that gradually Jophan works his way nearer and nearer to the Enchanted Circle—the much despised inner-circle. Many may drop off on the way, others get stuck partway along, but Jophan—the fan who Needham believes can "undeniably offer original stuff to fandom", and who will make his name for it—will arrive, and it will be a precious thing to him, a goal; his goal. And this is not something to destroy. It is BNFdom. It is friendships.

It is Belonging.

To destroy this is to destroy the only real reason for Fandom.

Returning to Eric's objections, he says "Fandom needs variety. Lots of novelty. Plenty of innovation." Eric must be blind, for I'd say that fandom has all of the above mentioned. At this point in fannish history, fandom is more diverse, has more novelty, than ever before. Eric decries Berry's own developing mythos, yet it is an innovation, one of the biggest new things to hit fandom in years. There is an incredible variety in fanzines now, even in what we think of as a sparse period. And novelties? To quote only two, how about CONTACT and STELLAR?

How about the FANCYCLOPEDIA II?

You know what I'd show to a prospective fan when he asks "Just what is this Fandom bit?" I'd show him the FANCYC II. Or, I will, when it is published. What better primer? Where else could he find such concentrated fannish lore and history? Where else could he 'discover' more?

—Ted E. White

BIG NAME FAN CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

disturbed the air. Then he rose, folded up the letter and put it in an envelope (with Small Town's address mimeographed on the front) and handed it to Small Town.

Picking up his Survival Kit, he slung it over his shoulder, along with his typewriter and several reams of typing paper, and walked away.

They found him days later, dead of exposure and thirst. His hands still clutched his Survival Kit, as though to draw strength from it.

Serial:

Chapter 9: A WINK IN THE CROWD....

Murragh O'Dudwy strode toward the barn at West Cupcake with such furiously hurried strides that Jacob Edwards had to call after him to wait.

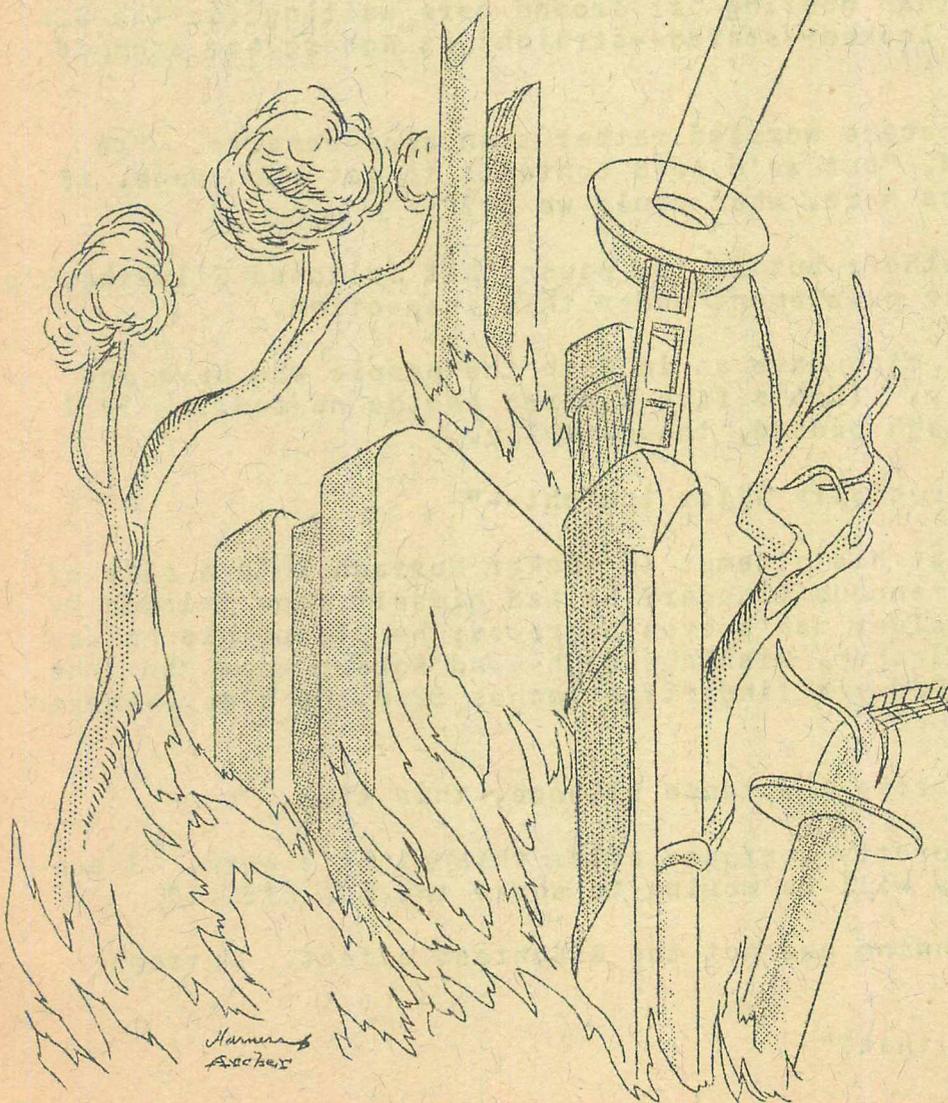
The older man stopped impatiently, while Jake caught up; but he suited his pace to Edwards' as they walked away from the house. O'Dudwy's fists were clenched; he scuffed his feet along the gravel path as if NYfannish faces were under them. Not till they were almost a hundred yards from the house did he suddenly, with a sound between a

THE DEATH of SCIENCE FICTION

INSTALLMENT 4

CHAPTER 9

by *Richard H. Eney*



gasp and a sigh, swing his arms crosswise twice and begin to amble along with abrupt calm.

"Jake," he began presently, "I want you to know that I admire your courage in choosing the path of action rather than—" he waved his arm toward the house—"cowardice! We can still smash the SCA without the help of bleeding hearts and pussyfooters."

He pushed the barn door open; they entered. After a few thumps and curses O'Dudwy found a lantern and lit it, hanging it on one of the stalls. He took time to light a cigarette; but Jake saw that he was being studied from behind the mask of action. He lifted his chin and met Murragh's eye with his "reliable" expression.

"I think I should explain to you, Jake..." Murragh

started...he broke off at a rattle from the door-latch.

Bob Silverberg slipped through, opening the door barely enough to admit himself. He glanced around and walked over to the stall on which the lamp was burning; as the others turned to face him Jake saw that he was pale and sweating. There was a moment's silence.

"You were walking too fast for me to catch you..." offered Agberg.

O'Dudwy started to say something, but checked himself. He glanced from Bob to the door and licked his lips, then began hesitantly:

"I wanted to explain to Jake that we could still, uh, those, those cravens to the contrary, we could still, uh, strike some effective blows for the people of the United States." Suddenly he became calm; not till afterward did Jake realize that Murragh must have revised and enlarged most of his plans in those few seconds.

"We still have our guns and badges, and we can go ahead with the raid you planned, Bob; the destruction of the SCA's local records. We've still got the chance to hit them and burn them out. Don't you agree, Bob, that that's better than goofing off around here waiting for the SCA to come and get us?" He looked--stared--straight at Agberg and stopped for an answer.

Silverberg's expression became worried rather than apprehensive. "We could do that," he agreed, "but we'd need contacts to get much done. If we threw away our contacts here, what could we do?"

O'Dudwy's brows drew together; but in the pause that followed Silverberg's expression altered only to puzzlement under this inspection.

"Some personal friends of mine have an in with the people who have information," he said slowly. (Bob's face cleared and he nodded.) "If I can contact them---" Murragh paused, thoughtfully.

Agberg nodded again. "Especially after tonight--"

Instantly Bob realized that his attempt to sucker Murragh into a slip of the tongue had been a tremendous blunder; he had himself been tricked by his own impatience. The older man's eyes narrowed; he placed his hands before him, fingertips together, wishbone high--and Agberg knew that the prayerlike gesture put O'Dudwy's fingertips inches from the sleeve-sheath of his knife.

It was Jacob Edwards who broke the tense silence, this time.

"Yes, the city should be pretty confused after this night's work. I suppose lots of fannish types will be moving to shake the SCA off..."

His simulated misunderstanding had not the slightest effect. Murragh smiled and asked quietly:

"Just what do you mean by that?"

Silverberg swallowed; the others saw only that he compressed his lips and his slightly blank gaze sharpened.

"I mean that after tonight's raids you'll have a hell of a time re-establishing your contacts. Particularly with most of them having been on the receiving end of those raids."

Hiding his hand mandarin-like in his sleeve, O'Dudwy laid his hand on the hilt of his knife; both of the fans knew what he was doing, and Murragh knew that they knew.

"And these contacts are...?" he murmured, silkily. (No other word could describe the completely selfconfident tone of his voice.)

Later Jacob Edwards figured out that, given O'Dudwy's then-selfpossession and his skill with the knife, Silverberg had perhaps half a dozen seconds to save his life.

He did it by wincing in aesthetic revulsion.

"Why the hell," he demanded, "don't you wear a long black cloak and a sixteenth century rapier while you're at it?"

Murragh's start and flush told Agberg his thrust had hit something. (So even at moments like this people could be upset by ridicule. Well, Murragh boasted of his realism...) Now that the older man had been jolted from his private role of Grim Master of the Situation, he must be rushed.

"I'm talking about the contacts you are in such a sweat to pick up. The surviving Communists that you're supposed to get in touch with now that Hartley has been knocked off and you're the top Commie in New York, you poor sucker!" Silverberg had never come past the stall; now he leaned against it with his right shoulder. (O'Dudwy's lips had tightened at the last word; was he proud enough of his cleverness to make ridicule effective?) Bob allowed the proper note of contemptuous curiosity to enter his voice; he dared not spare a glance to see whether Jake had been shocked out of his loyalty to Murragh.

"Did you think you were using us?" Out of the corner of his eye Bob saw Jacob Edwards fidgeting, but did not venture to turn his head. "We found it useful to have a tame Communist who could make contacts for us; how do you think we found out about all the Communist cells in New York?"

Murragh's eyes widened; he straightened up with his lips parting for some retort. O god, under the cell system we couldn't have found out about all the groups by using one man.

What happened next took perhaps three seconds.

"Murragh!" rasped Jacob Edwards suddenly. "Put that knife down!"

O'Dudwy half turned his head toward Jake; Agberg gestured. He meant to silence the younger fan, but all Murragh saw was the sudden move; he snatched out his knife and sprang at Bob.

Agberg would have had no chance against a collected O'Dudwy; a furious one had no chance himself when Bob jumped clear of the stall with a piece of two-by-two in his hand. The knife-thrust was anticipated; Murragh dropped the blade as Silverberg chopped down across the forearm with his club, but closed in too fast for Bob to deliver a second blow. As the fan drew back his arm to strike again O'Dudwy seized his wrist and, doubling the arm back against Bob's shoulder, grabbed at the elbow for a dislocating wrench. Or he tried to; his numbed right hand failed to grip. Silverberg shot his hand up between his opponent's arms and with clenched fingers struck the other across the larynx, twisted his arm free, and hit O'Dudwy carefully with the two-by-two.

Jacob Edwards was just swinging a halter for a blow of his own; he promptly used it to tie Murragh's hands and, after a struggle, feet.

After trying twice Silverberg got his sleeve up and looked at his watch. He wiped his chin.

Then he carefully checked O'Dudwy's bonds.

"That's good enough for half an hour," he declared. "Jake, will you please go back to the house and tell Dick Ellington what's happened? Tell him," he specified, "that Murragh tried to fight out and we have him tied up out here."

Edwards hesitated only a moment before plunging out the door.

Bob pressed the end of his club between O'Dudwy's shoulders. "Lie still and be quiet!"

For some time the Communist used vigorous, if unimaginative, invective; but even with its defects it must have had some influence, or Bob would not have reacted as he did to O'Dudwy's final train of comments.

The Red had been explaining the craven nature of pacificism when Bob heard two sets of footsteps approaching. As Jake and Larry Stark entered the barn Murragh was declaring:

"But as soon as your own yellow hides are in danger you don't hesitate to murder the...!"

"Oh, be quiet;" snapped Agberg, "We're not going to murder you, just have you put away."

"What's this?" asked Jake, astonished.

"Did you tell Dick?"

"Told Dave Kyle. He said he'd send word to..."

"Saha," supplied Larry Stark. "He'll let these people in that you're expecting." A gesture at O'Dudwy: "Coming for him?"

"Yes."



"What are they going to do with him?" inquired Stark flatly.

Agberg looked at Larry coldly for a minute; but the other showed no sense of the impropriety of asking him to explain his plans before an enemy. He groped for oblique phrases.

"Remember those discussions we had about the problem of dealing with criminals without using vindictive punishments?" he began.

"I sure do. Do you?"

Abruptly Bob realized what Stark was getting indignant about, and smiled in relief.

"Oh. That's what all the arrangements are for." He chuckled. "We're going to try to deal with him without using vindictive punishments."

From O'Dudwy's expression Agberg guessed that the Communist had really done what he had seemed to: ignored the discussions as Impractical and Unrealistic.

Stark looked puzzled and, for a bare instant, shocked. "But if you're going to--" He checked whatever he was going to say and began again: "You'll need trained personnel and equipment--"

"We have those." Silverberg smacked Murragh's hands, which stopped squirming in their bonds. "And a fine isolated and guarded spot we can use for this."

There was a full minute's silence before Jacob Edwards found ignorance unbearable.

"How the hell are you going to do all this?" he gasped.

Silverberg pointedly indicated O'Dudwy listening eagerly, but for all that he could not quite restrain his own impulse to exhibit the skill of his arrangements. At least the Red was not familiar with the minutiae of fandom.

"Do you remember a Washington fan who was called back from reserve before any SCA existed, right at the start of World War III?"

"Good lord--" began Jacob Edwards.

"Doctor Zarkow says it's some kind of a ray!" completed Stark. He struggled for a moment and then laughed aloud. "For Pete's sake!"



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The rattling and squeaking outside stopped as whatever vehicle was approaching finally reached the stable. Silverberg went to the door and opened it; light streamed out and caught someone who jumped aside. Bob started to open it further but was hissed at; he put his head outside, listened a moment, and nodded.

"Put that cloth there around Murragh's head, will you, Jake?" he asked. "Blindfold him. That's it. All right..." He stepped back to let in the rest of the conspiracy.

They were two men in the uniform of the United States Army, with a stretcher carried between them.

After his first, almost convulsive, start at the mere sight of a uniform Jake looked again; he recognized the chubby, moustached one with the silver caduceus, but had to look twice and recall old photographs before identifying the lean, spectacled captain with crossed Nikes on his shirt.

"I've sent Larry Stark back to the house to keep this from turning into a spectator sport," informed Bob.

"Good," agreed the first man. "Hi, Jake. This is the joker, eh?" He paused and looked again at Jacob Edwards; Agberg, following his glance, saw that the younger fan had turned pale and was sweating even more than could be expected on a night in summer.

"When we were having that argument over crime and punishment I didn't expect to be applying your principles so soon, Bob." The medic had hopped over Murragh O'Dudwy's trussed form and approached Jacob Edwards. "Ar--" he had begun to address the captain, but stopped himself and covered the break. "Are all the arrangements made? Well, then...want to give us a hand, Jake?" He tugged gently at Edwards' sleeve.

Unfolding the stretcher, they got O'Dudwy on to it with no more than reasonable difficulty. Cloth straps went over Murragh and were buckled fast.

"They have special stretchers with canvas sheets you can tie to the sides, but we couldn't get one...there!" The Army man rose and dusted his hands, met Jake's slightly glassy stare with affected surprise and turned to look over his shoulder; found nothing, and assured the fan:

"I'm really human; of course I don't look it at this time of night but who would? Eh?"

Jake shuddered suddenly; his face contorted and his eyes closed. Then with an obvious effort he wrenched himself back to this world; he inhaled with a gasp and his expression became bland.

"I just couldn't get over it." His gesture indicated their uniforms.

"Merit, just merit..." the other breathed on insignia and made to polish

it with a cuff, then appeared struck with a thought and grinned. "You didn't," he asked gently, "think you-all were the only people in America who opposed the SCA...?"

Whatever Jake thought remained unuttered; hurrying feet became audible as the GI stopped speaking.

Larry Stark opened the door all the way as he came in (revealing an Army ambulance waiting outside), started as he saw the larger Army man, and rapped out:

"Bob, Dick, we'll have to get Murragh out as fast as we can."

The two soldiers instantly knelt and seized the handles of the stretcher. "Raise--Litter!"

"What's up?"

"Kyle came in a few minutes ago..."

"Grab that side--" Larry steadied the litter as the others shifted grips to slide it into the ambulance.

"--And said--I don't know where he got his information--that there was an SCA man here, or on his way."

"Steady!" (Jake had almost dropped his part of the litter.) "No more data than that?"

"That's all he gave."

"I suppose I'd better...uh!" The captain recollected his uniform. "I suppose one of you had better go and see whether you can find out anything definite. Bob?"

Silverberg glanced at Jake; then carried on a short debate: glance at the Medic and gesture at Edwards, rebutted by the other's gesture at himself and the captain, concluded by motion of farewell.

The medic finished securing Murragh's stretcher and stepped down; he folded up the steps into the body of the vehicle and closed the double doors.

"Sorry Art and I can't stay to fangab, but we don't approve of the company of SCA agents."

"Neither do we!"

The other realized that time lacked to continue trying to soothe Jake out of his incipient nervous breakdown. "The SCA knows about you," he said sharply. "It doesn't know about us. And with our little cage bird there in a mood to Tell All...Good lord," he broke off, "is this a track meet, or what?"

For the sixth time that night someone was hurrying up the path from the house to the stables.

(CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE)

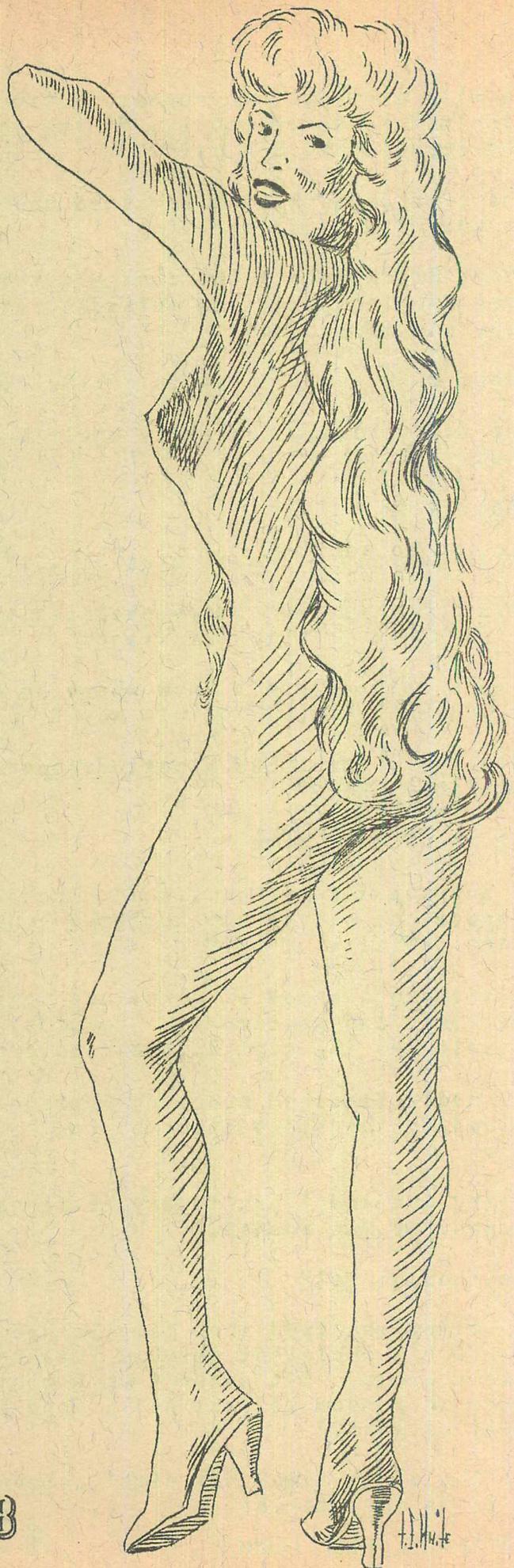


LADY GODIVA says:

send
eney
to
england!!

VOTE FOR ENEY FOR T.A.F.F.

(WRITE FOR VOTING FORMS)



THE VERTICAL PRONOUN (CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4)

and the Yobber and Yngvi. All very fannish, but hardly of interest to people who could undeniably offer original stuff to fandom.

"Take John Berry's stuff. Ghoddminton, the Budgerigar, Bob Shaw's appetite, George Charters' wheelchair, and the rest. I happen to know that John Berry's stuff has ruined two fine prospects of fandom gaining two new members. Can I honestly show prospective fans a copy of HYPHEN? No... fandom won't gain adherents while fandom is so damned incomprehensible. And it's certainly incomprehensible to me.

"Fandom needs variety. Lots of novelty. Plenty of innovation. Dig that tautology, and mark it well.

"Why not forget the fancyclopedia and look ahead once in a while? Harking back to things better forgotten only places a premium on the outpourings of the adolescent. And I'd be quite happy to forget my adolescence. Don't want to hurt your feelings...but odd times I think that fandom is in a trap of its own making."

I've got to admit that Eric is pretty well right about incomprehensibility in some fan work today; but heaven forbid the FANCYCLOPEDIA II should be intended to perpetuate that. Or that it should mean to "hark back to things better forgotten...(and place) a premium on the outpourings of the adolescent."

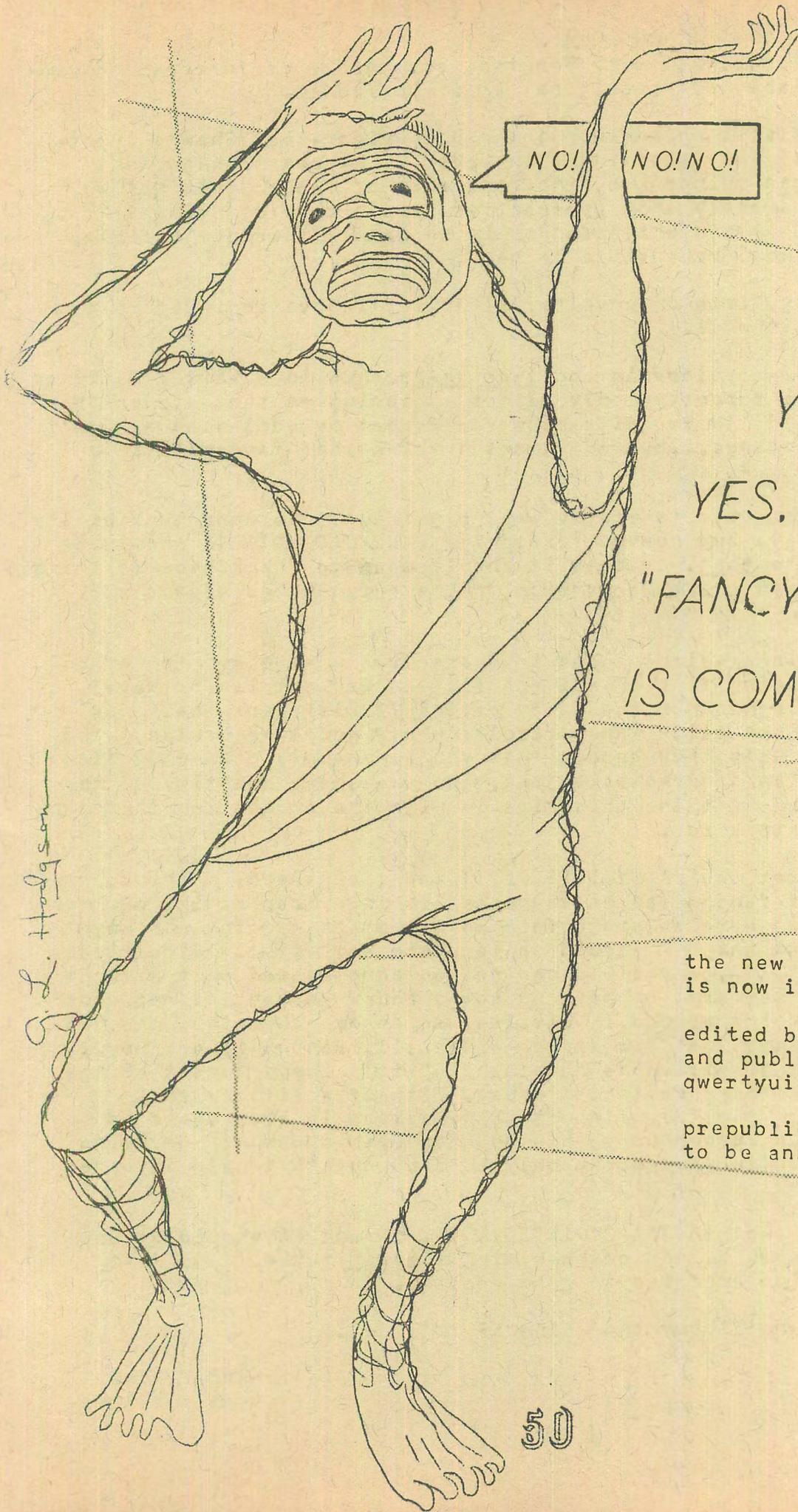
Let it be said that inner-circle gags in themselves are no symptom of decay; if, instead of being fans of science fiction we went in for Naval History or stamp collecting or the study of the 77 Different Positions there'd be fuggheads and elite inner-circles whose jokes we couldn't understand there, too. It's true enough that you can hardly open a fanzine without running into an inner-circle joke, and the sheer quantity of them may be a Bad Thing; but I think this ties in with the suggestion that fandom has run itself into a rut.

Eric's advice to forget the FANCYCLOPEDIA II and look ahead, I think, overlooks one thing: if fandom (as he suggests) is in a trap of its own making, we've gotta know where we are before we can start digging our way out. Although the last thing I should do is claim any Vitally Significant Purpose for the FANCYC II, any field can get so complicated that without some reference, some summary, nobody can get a sound enough idea of what's going on to avoid running around in circles, inner or otherwise. The FANCYC II is being produced just for kicks (after all, Fandom is a hobby...) but if it needs to be justified as "worthwhile" it's the argument of the need of clarifying incoherence that I'd use. Without a little looking back into the past, people too often find themselves in such spots as C*a*1*s W*1*e* when he rushed up to his teacher with a new and dazzling and brilliant approach to philosophy only to find out that he'd invented Pragmatism.

But let me say again that the FANCYCLOPEDIA II, though it should be useful, instructive, profound, and goshwow, isn't meant to be. It's just meant to be information embodied in good reading.

Because, after all, who'll buy the thing if it's dull?

—Richard H. Eney
assistant editor



G. L. Hodgson

YES, YES,
YES, YES!! THE
"FANCYCLOPEDIA II"
IS COMING OUT!

the new fancyclopedia ii
is now in preparation

edited by richard h eney
and published by
qwertyuiopress

prepublication prices
to be announced soon

UFFISH

afterthots

This winds up another issue of STELLAR. Once again, no letters. This time, tho, we did get some, but unfortunately there simply isn't any space left for them. Next issue will see a little less fiction, and, I hope, a larger letter column. Believe me, I like letter columns; I think they are necessities for general fanzines. They carry the continuity of the zine, binding it to its past and future issues. So next ish we'll try to print a lot of letters. Write us a couple, huh?

There are big changes underway for both STELLAR and myself. Currently, I expect to be moving out of this area within a month or two. This may disrupt some of our new plans for STELLAR. Or it may not. All mail for me should be sent to my 1014 N. Tuckahoe address, which will be forwarded to me. I'll try to make my new address available as soon as I'm certain of it, but mail sent to my old address will still reach me.

The next issue is a 'special' issue, devoted to one theme, and as it looks now, all but one story will be reprints. However, these have been dug out of some of fandom's darkest corners, and judging from the reactions of local fen to them, they are well worth reprinting. A large portion of next ish is already on stencil and (famous last words) should be out fairly soon. #12 will also feature the first (to my knowledge) mimeographed (in six colors) adaptation of a painting, a watercolor by Harness.

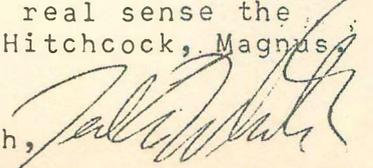
I have something of a problem; one I should apologize for. I enjoy creating fanzines, but I bog down when it comes to the chore of assembling, addressing, and mailing and all like that. The results are that #9, completed in time for distribution and sale at the Nycon, was not mailed until much later. #10 was completed last December, and I hope it will have reached you before you read this. I have hopes for improving the situation through a not-too-novel method: throwing an assembly party. When you receive this issue will determine the effectiveness of this idea.

While I'm on apologies, my sincerest to both Lee Shaw and Marion Zimmer Bradley for the mixup over THE MAN WHO CANNOT DIE in last issue. Because the story originally appeared anonymously in QUANDRY, I had assumed Lee had written it. This is not the case; it was the work of Mrs. Bradley. Again my apologies to both parties.

SALE DEPT: There are a limited (and I mean limited) number of copies of THE FAN ART FOLIO, featuring Rev. John R. Harness, Lee Shaw, Jean Young, and myself available from the QWERTYUIOPress at 15¢ a copy. If you're in FAPA, you'll be getting a copy in the August mailing. I also have on hand a large stack of old DOUBLE WHAMMY's; DW was in a very real sense the forerunner of the current STELLAR. Material by Stark, Hitchcock, Magnus von Bernewitz, Harness, and myself. 10¢ each.

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till next ish,

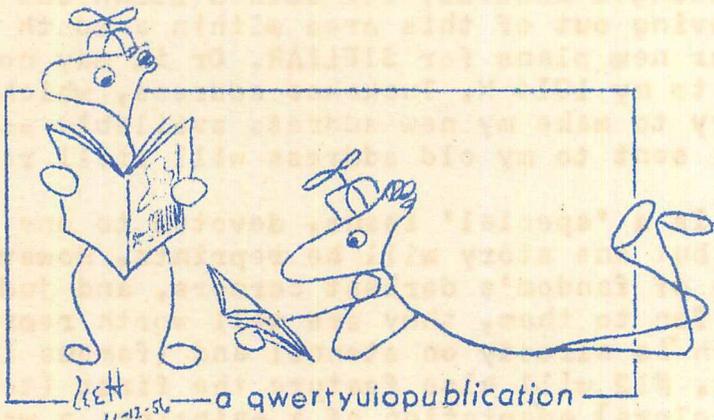


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