

STICK A



Volume I
Number 1

STIGMA

is pubbed monthly (this month)
by the editor WHO IS**...

at 403 East Melbourne Avenue,
Silver Spring, Maryland.

Articles stoars (storeez), poems,
and artwork needed.

No kiddin?

Nothing should be reprinted
unless you should go to a psychiatrist
(head doctor) and see if you got rocks
in yer bean.

Plagiarism is practiced extensive-
ly and this mag is registered with the
National Plagiarist and Clarksonite
Society, thank kew.

Material thish is largely the eff-
orts of unknowing people who got their
stuff stole and a cuppla poems by R.
Twesly who gave no permission to have
them printed.

also the editor, Ronald Freshman**

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XLV2



OhhhhhhhhhHELI;

Another fanzine.

And a damn poor one.

Just when you'd settled down nicely
and adjusted to a few favorites with
an occasional glance at the others..

Another Fanzine.

and just LOOK at that mimeo job.

I DON

LIKE

YOU

FILE

.....

The usual beginning
for any neo-zine is
a quick and soul
searing, vivid and
defiant statement
of policy.

A fued establishes a mag...just
take a fued...any fued.

Just call somebody a bastard and
you'll find your mag is flooded (tem-
porarily, at leest) and your letter
column will be filled with letters
((start a letter-zine)).

Ov cuss, the letters will all be from
the bastards you called bastards, but
...it fills the zine.

O.K.---so heres a fued to satisfy you
guys who are always looking for

trouble.

ANYBODY WHO DOES ASSINELY CONDEMN
SCIENCE-FICTION IS A .

Aha.

Oh.

Tis done, mye son.

fill in

There is a tendency in
editorials for a lot of foo-
forawing and not much edit-
orializing, if you know what
I mean.



I just wanna state my
case, right hyar and noww.

The editorials in this
mag will show a tendency for a lot of
fooforaw and not much editorializing.

Yaaaay!



A word about good,
clean mimeographing
with readable words
and nott tooo minny

blots on ye page.

The word is--y'aint finding that
stuff here.



(Editorial continued)

What other mag kin sey that state-
munt?

Whot odder wantsta?

Frank Yerby, whose "Towers of Har-
ow" was on the best seller list of the
year and whose "Golden Hawk" and "Flood-
tide" have both reached pocketbookium
wrote most of "Foxes" while serving as
a janitor in an aircraft factory. "To
put it bluntly," sez he, "I got most of
my best ideas off the washroom wall."

Who doesn't?

You may think authors drink coffee
because of the Balzaac tradition.

I admit that I often think of Hon-
oor while drinkin strong black coffee.

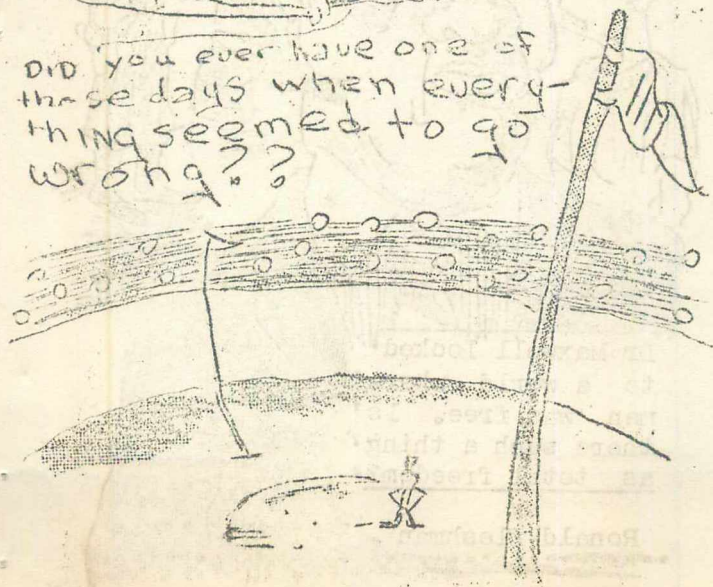
But I was drinking coffee before I even
heard of Balzaac. By the way, I suppose
they've exploded the old theory that
Balzaac died of drinking too mush strong
black coffee. If not, consider it ex-
ploded. Balzaac died of overwork.

Coffee never killed anybody. Over-
work has slain its millions. Therefo'
I bbelieve s'abbut time I dropped this-
run-on editrl and go have a drink.

Of coffee?



Did you ever have one of
those days when every-
thing seemed to go
wrong??



HELLO TOMORROW



Dr Maxwell looked
to a world where
man was free. Is
there such a thing
as total freedom?

by
Ronald Fleshman

"...and today, Senator Hotchkiss, of the Baptist party proposed a new tax cut to Congress. Seems Old Hotchie realizes another election's coming. And here's another interesting sidelight of news, ladies and gentlemen, that brilliant scientist, Doctor H. Maxwell, Dean of the Chicago Institute of Advanced Sciences, and one of the most helpful of men to our great military with our last world conflict, has seemingly gone off his nut. He announced today that he had perfected an "Elixir of Life" which would enable man to hibernate, to live in a dormant state, without aging. It is rumored that the good Doctor had certain Communist affiliations and it is the belief of this reporter that..."

He was a small man, Bald, almost with just a few stray strands of damp stringy hair lying limply on his polished dome of a skull, like twisted cobwebs. He had sagging jowls and his eyes protruded somewhat, giving his entire appearance one of a tropical fish looking out from another world.

This was Doctor Herbert Maxwell, a man who had developed and improved

on the Hydrogen Bomb, a man who had instrumented in the cure of cancer, a man who had adapted super-sonic sound into a weapon for the military (this out of all his great discoveries had been the one that got him the Nobel Prize---for outstanding accomplishment in the field of "military science") and finally the Dean of the Chicago Institute of Advanced Sciences.

He didn't look like a genius--but like a fat, dissatisfied businessman.

And he was dissatisfied. Sickened. Sickened at the horrible society around him and the demands that it had made on him. The thoughts of the people who had died through him. The people who died because they did not have a good enough excuse to live, as did their murderers, who were after all, making the world safe for democracy. Their murderers who were now the masters, the keepers, the whip-wielders of this carnal, ugly world.

He hated it?

He hated the sound of the dirty city arising for another day of sin and graft, the smell of the human bodies twisting and turning in their efforts to get to their tasks, the

sight of his university, rotting on its timbers next to an ultramodern apartment building that catered exclusively to politicians, playboys, and prostitutes, the nauseating sight of his bleary-eyed, pimple faced and immovable students.

HE hated it!

Automatons!

Robots building bigger, living higher, dying faster...foundering on the mire of their own cess-pool of civilization.

The man looked down at his sweat covered hands. He glanced out the window at the ill-tended grounds of the university.

"I can't go on," he said aloud. He glanced around to see if anyone had noticed him.

He contemplated suicide. Why not? Let the people see how it was without him. Let them rot in their own destruction without pity.

But then he knew he couldn't. They wouldn't miss him. They, in their own miserable existences wouldn't know he was gone.

And then he thought of his contributions to the world. He had helped to cure cancer. For what? Man turned to him now, asking for the c

to cure cancer. For what? Man turned to him now, asking for the cure of another disease and another and another...more...more...more.

And the H-bomb. He remembered back in 1958, when the army came to him and spoke of patriotism and duty. And how he'd given them what they'd wanted and how they stood in the cockpit of the airplane watching the first test bomb go off over Antarctica. And hearing of the thousands killed in Moscow.

And then they'd come again, with gratitude and war effort and the equality of man. He'd given them the X sound wave director that turned a man's brain to jelly. He still remembered the fat politicians with the big cigars who had shook his hand and told him of the millions of enemy he had destroyed for his country and what a great, proud feeling he must have. The fat bellies didn't think that he could feel any other way, that he could dream. The dream--the beam seaching life out in the night, and the man rising from his sleep, holding his head and screaming.....until he could scream no more....and the beam moving on...for more life...more resistance.

And now people rejected him when he showed them a way that man could live forever. A simple chemical process of slowing down life processes and function; to a minute necessity. But they laughed. They called him Ponce de Leon and his fountain of Youth.

When he could offer them destruction, they turned to him; but when he offered them immortality, they turned from him, as from a blasphemer. Man was not meant for immortality, the church had said. That was it. The church had said. But why should the church be so powerful? Simple.

Russia was godless. The U.S. was against Russia. Russia was against God. Therefore the U.S. was against godlessness. They had to be devout, fanatically so. And the fanaticism continued after the war. The church state that the founders of the Constitution had abhorred, now existed. The church said man was not meant for immortality.

And they called him fool. They were the fools.

He mused... if I could only get away from this savage world, if I could only live in an advanced civilization

where science is king. Where man is ruled by logic and pureness. Where there are no taboos or wither's tales ...if only I could get away and live somewhere else, sometime else.

Sometime else!

Why not? 'Supposing I' could live in the future...the future. Who is to say that after a thousand years the world would not have done away with all its prejudices, its graft, its turmoil, its conflict, its blood, its horror.

The idea infleamed him. The more he thought of it, the faster his mind worked. Leave this base life and live after them all through the experiment they said would never work. Live in a world where man would surely be free of inhibitions and strife, in a world of reason.

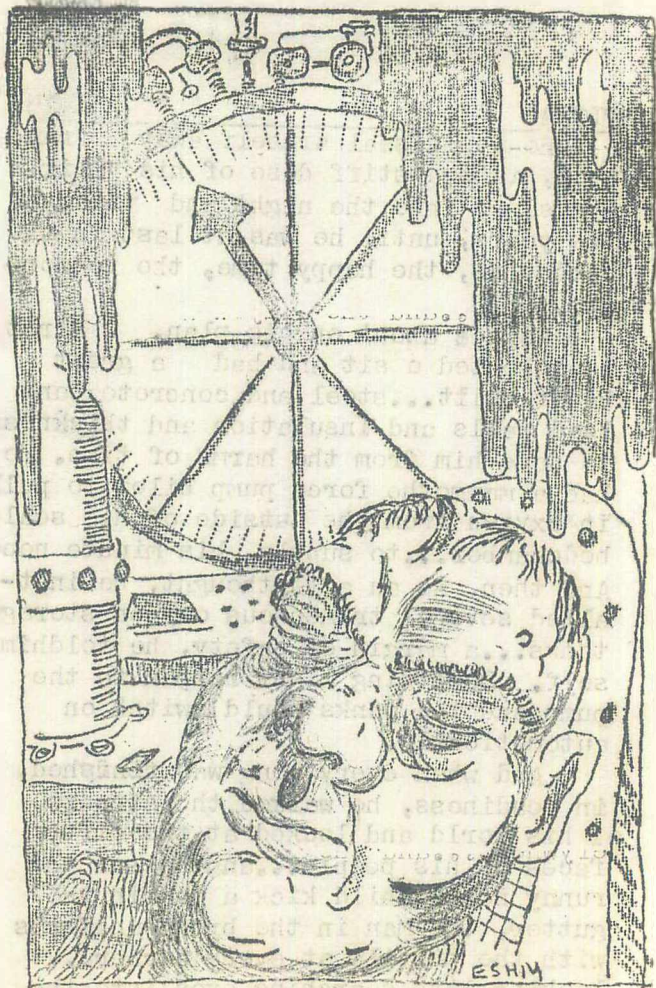
A world of reason...how will it come about? By the sacrifices of others. By the sacrifices of ~~the~~ dumb brute beasts he now scorned. But they didn't realize. He did not belong with them...he was not one of them. He could not wait and know what will come in a thousand years and not be able to touch it or be a part of it. He must go to the world of the future...he must be there.

STIGMA

He would seal himself away from them, take a stiff dose of his "Elixir" and sleep into the night and through the years, until he was at last in the good time, the happy time, the tommorow.

He set about on his plan. First he selected a sit and had a great vault built...steel and concrete and lead walls and insulation and thickness to save him from the harms of time. He had a mammoth force pump bilot to pull in oxygen from the outside of his sealed bedchamber...to supply his minute needs. And then, as an afterthought, he installed several tremendous oxygen storage tanks...a margin of safety, he toldhimself. Something might happen to the pump and the tanks would switch on automatically.

And when everything was finished, in readiness, he walked the streets of his world and looked at the dirty faces of his people...and he saw the runny nosed child kick a dog in the gutter, the man in the brown uniforms with the pistols at every corner...looking with searching eyes into the faces and the minds of all...and the big banners of the divine leader everywhere...



people. What he saw, he hated... and he went to his chamber, unmournful and with no remorse.

And he sealed up the sterile chamber and prepared the hypodermic needle. He injected the "Elixir of Life" and he went to sleep with a wise and knowing grin on his face.

Suddenly he awoke. He felt an immediate sense of failure. The elixir had not worked. He jumped up... and tumbled flat on the floor. He arose, slowly, painfully. He walked to the time indicator to ascertain the hope that was racing through his brain.

The solemn face of the indicator showed that one thousand years had passed... one thousand years!

He wanted to shout, to scream, to become irrational; And he would of if his next thought hadn't calmed his racing blood. The world was outside waiting... waiting.

He wanted to tantalize the last moment... to feel it to the fullest, to savor it. He walked around the room, fingering the equipment. He noticed that his oxygen pump had stopped about two-hundred years ago. Good thing he had the storage tanks. The pump had probably broken. (cont. page 26-)



It was one of those days.
You feel the need for something
to read.

Bad.

You thumb through your well thumbed
through Spillane collection.

Nah.

You want to enlarge your MIND, to-
day.

You sigh halfheartedly, jump in
the old buggy and head for the local
shopping center.

You park and walk into the drug-
(drug) store which deals exclusively
in Irons, Luggage, Hairpins, Magazines,
Post Cards, Cosmetics, Jewelry, Sodas,
Supports, Stationery, Tobacco, and..
...ahem...drugs!

You walk to the magazine rack.

You glance around.

You're looking for something cul-
tural.

You see something that passes for
a photography magazine, in reality filled
with pictures of NUDE women.

Your blood races,
Your temples throb.
You reach for the
book.

The hand of conscience
tugs at you.

You remember your pro-
mise. Something to give
you culture. Knowledge.

You see a few of the different(?)
magazines described as Science-Fiction**

You remember vaguely hearing some-
thing about it.

They must have culture,

Science-Fiction.

Science-Fiction?

Science-Fiction!

You grab one with shaking hands
and glance through it.

Pretty deep looking stuff.

Not deep. CULTURAL.

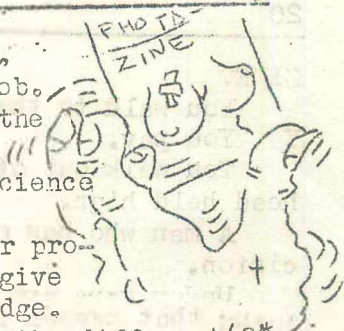
You place the book back on the rack.

You glance at other Science-Fict-
ion books.

Your back straightens. You've made
your decision.

You reach out and pick up a maga-

**TO THE UNPUBLISHED



ZINE.

You walk to the counter.

Y You pay.

You walk out of the store, your head held high.

A man who has made the right decision,

Under your arm is clutched something that passes for a photography magazine, in reality filled with pictures of NUDE women.

Culture?

Who needs it? Hanh?

WANTED!!!

ANY AND ALL EC (enter-
taining comic) COMICS:

SEND PARTICULARS:

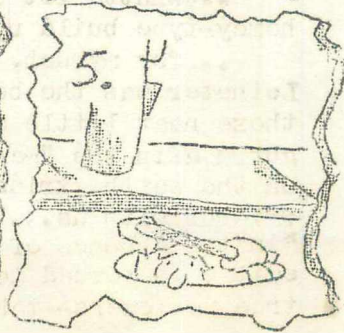
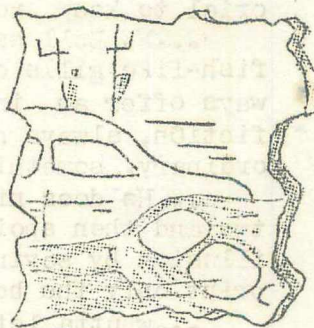
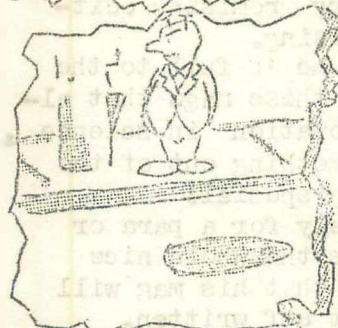
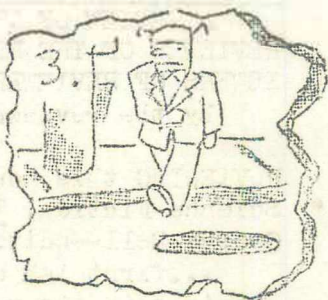
TO: * - c

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3¢ per a quarter.



A REVIEW OF THE REVIEWERS OF THE
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 OF REVIEWER'S REVIEWS.

by the reviewer*

ReVIeWIng this month: Universe
 Science Fiction, 35¢, Bell Pubco.,
 George Bell--editor.

...first ish of a new mag that
 promises in its very promising edit-
 orial to keep promising.

...Bell sez he 's full to the
 fish-like gills of these mags that al-
 ways offer an innovation in science
 fiction, always something out of the
 ordinary, something special!

...He does nicely for a para or
 two and then spoils the whole nice
 illusion by saying that his mag will
 print only the best stf written.

...whutta let down after all that
 homey--type build up.

...for my doh, 'Castaway' by Murray
 Leinster was the best storr. One of
 those neat little spoeks to put yuh on
 guard afin the "man next"...alien life
 on the earth...tries in vain to make
 friends with us...but ye brutal barbar-
 in the absence of true reviewers the
 editor is forced to usurp this title.
 true reviewers--take notice!

ians of earth's modern world sez noh!
WITh urthen rive chase and threaten
with snarling dawgs and blazing guns to do
do bodily harm to ye outer-worlde...
(thats the impression they impart, any-
way)...alien is forced to flee in vio-
lence and his whereabouts at present
are as yet, unknown....or are they????
D'jever have the feeling sumpins watch-
in'?



Clos second is Bob
Bloch's...Constant
Reader...The way a hostile planet succ-
eds in getting shut of earth explorers
id pretty funny...and gory.

Or is it gorey?

Coming thied is Mark Clifton's...
Bow Down to Them. Its another satire
on the corruption of a future earth
government. Good for a chuckle or so,
especially if you were ever in the ser-
vice.

Three other stoars...Down Will Come
the Sky, The End, and Musle Man by
Bond, Fritch and Robinson, respectively
have the usual, entertaining O. Henry
chiller endings that typifies a stf
stoar that always sells.

However, it is the remaining two
stoars...unimportant enough in them-

selves but kinda funny when they appear in the same mag continue to gimme squirms of disgust.

Y'ed showed loose judgement in letting them come together.

Stowawy...by Mack Reynolds is about a highstepping space ship that holds e every record that they keep records on in the Inter-Planetary Navy.

Ye spaceboat is about to lose its prestige, as its crew is not performing to the best of their little round abilities.

There is dissansion among the crew and quite a few of them are going buggy. Seems they've reached outer space and somebody hid their checkers so the entire crew is consequently sinking into insanity mire via boredom.

WHEN...

A girl appears...not a bad touch in itself and designed for a lotta laffs but when the girl turns out to be a man. hell!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

The other stoar, The World Well Lost by Theodore Sturgeon is actually billed on th cover...T. STURGEON'S MOST DARING GAY (in Red and Blue letters, yet.)

Be concise... (a great virtue and credit to any reviewer, brand of cigarette or Litke, Spillane stoar):::

a pair of extra solarians show on earth and their home planet, an isolationist who never had no truck with earth, asks for their return, claims they're criminals.

Not wishing to affront, earth sends a pair of ol' buddies (the George and Lennie type affiliation) to take the criminals back. The return of the pair proves uneventful as the criminals are so much wrapped up in each others limbs and so filled with obvious affection that the snide earthmen dub them the dubious dubber of "Lovebirds".

Through some asinine character development of the "Lennie"-type character it comes about sl-o-o-o-o-o-owly to the eyes of the reader that there is sumpin not quite kosher about the "Lovebirds" affinity for each other.

With a little byplay, Lennie lets the "Birds" go.

End of story discloses that home planet of "Birds" has a society where men are drastically different than women in thier fizical makeup...so drastically that many men turn to homosexuality, etc. When original envoy comes to earth and sees that earth's sexes are pretty close to the same anatomical make-up...he thinks that earth is a planet of homos. Hence no diplomatic ties.

It also turns out that the Lennie character is also a darling and bids the Lovebirds adieu because he just couldn't stand-to-see-the-poor-things-suffer.

The story ends with a giant of a man stroking the sleeping lips of a smaller man with his oversized paw and burburling... I'm glad it's you, little pringe, I'm glad it's you.

Shades of Gore Vidal!

ITH THITH THE NEW THEODORE STHURGEON?

ITH THITH THEODORE STHURGEON?

ITH THITH THEODORE VIRGIN?

H'xxxxxxxxxxxxx?

SECOND ISHOF UNIVERSE is out June 5th, darlings.

Braaaaaaaaaaaaaack!

HELLO TOMORROW--cont. from pg where it l

Finally he could stand it no longer, ...he must go. He walked to the door and looked back at his silent bedroom of the last thousand years.


"Goodbye, Goodbye, savage life...hello to tomorrow?"

My last breath of rationed air, he thought as he filled his lungs. He rested his hand on the knob of the chamber door, now to taste the sweet pure air of freedom.

"Hello tomorrow," he smiled
re-continued in part 8.....hah!



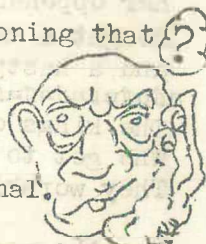
In addition to other forms of nonsense, Aristotle is credited (poor man) with promoting the syllogism, if not actually inventing it.

That's the line of reasoning that goes: 

Socrates is rational.

Socrates is a man.

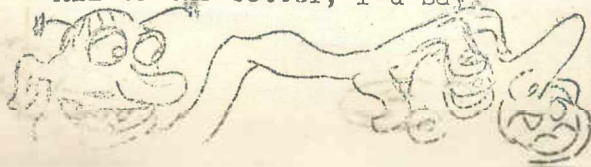
Therefore, man is rational.



Even at that time everyone knew perfectly well that Socrates was not rational. Subsequently, an unsung Great Thinker was pointed out that "the major premise of the syllogism takes for granted precisely the point to be proven."

These days syllogisms have given way to Twenty Questions and Charades.

All to the better, I'd say



THE POET'S

POT (out of the mouths of
slobs -- of ftime
comes halitosis)

There was a young lady named Carol,
Who loved to play stud for apparel.
Her opponent's straight flush
Bought a maidenly blush
and a hasty trip home in a barrell.
The kings of Peru were the Incas,
Who got to be known as big drinkas.
They worshipped the sun and had lots of
funnn.
But the peasants all thought they were
stinckas!!

++++++
A gent with a drooping mustache,
Chewed some hair out while eating hash.
The phrases profane
That he shrieked in his pain
We shall represent here with a ---

† † † † † † † †



A sickly old gent from Algoma
 Once fell, in a sort of a coma
 And he lay on the grass
 Till a kick in the glutenous maxims
 Sent him hurrying, scurrying home.

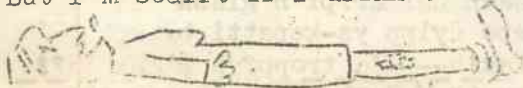
.....
 little willie, in a pout
 hacked screaming sister's tonsils out
 asked, "Wh t do you expect 'o me,
 a painless tonsillectomy?"

There once was a sailor named Juano
 Who shipped on a boat-load of guano
 Soon he uttered these words...
 "This stuff's for the birds,
 But it's good for the flora and fauna!"

.....
 a stout social leader named kroll
 thought her costume exceedingly droll
 at the masquerade ball,
 dressed in nothing at all
 and backed in as a parkerhouse roll...

.....
 There once was a lady from Slinger,
 Who guzzled ten beers and a stringer
 Said she, from the floor,
 "I could stand a few more,
 But I'm scairt if I drink them, I'll ling-

er.



"Give auntie dear a chair" said ma
and will politely rose
he gave his aunt a chair all right
across her powdered nose...

A loose living lady from Brillion
Whose intent was amassing a million
Found her work so much fun
That, before she was done,
She decided to shoot for a trillion....

Mary had a bathing suit--
The latest style, no doubt
And when she was inside of it
She was more than half-way out. (-).

A bee is such a tiny soul,
It has no thought of birth-control
That is why in times like these
We have so many 'sons of bees.....

The sign upon the barber shop
wuz reely very queer
it sed, "During alterations, we'll
shave you in the rear....."

Here I sit in the moonlight
forsook my wimmen and men
while murmuring over and over
I'll never eat ontons agin...

'esceltaa duef eïgh ouflrrph slrrph.
ooum nyaaah dei urrpf'n glask 'aa:
'nm--nuepe dylpp ys-kepetti blrrph.
cyak glak'h-----'a troppfyn plask 'aa:
(poetry is E Z when you invent the

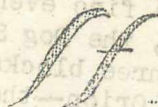
language.....)

DO YOU LIKE
SOPHISTICATION

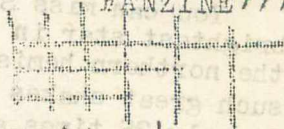
in
fanzines?

YOU DO!

then read...



THE STAID
FANZINE ///



pubbed

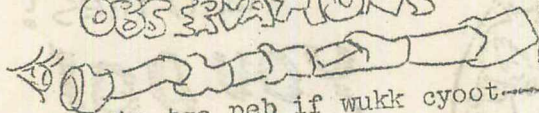
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1.00 for eight

THEIR OBSERVATIONS

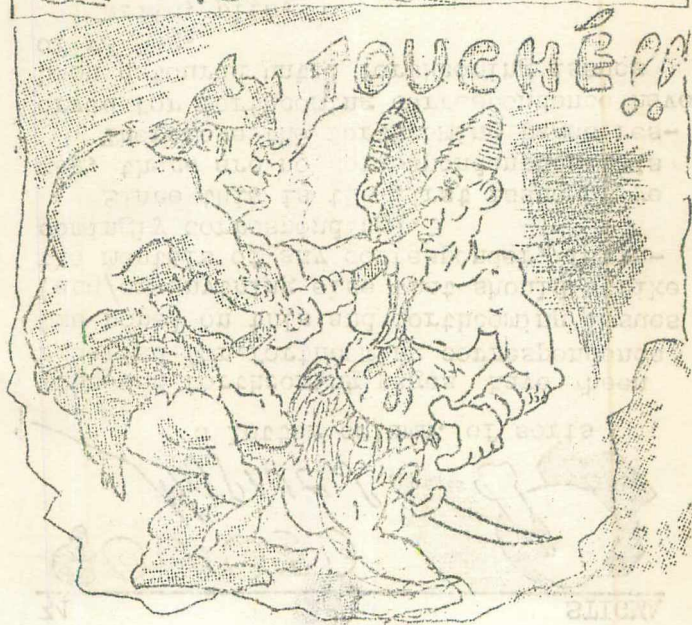
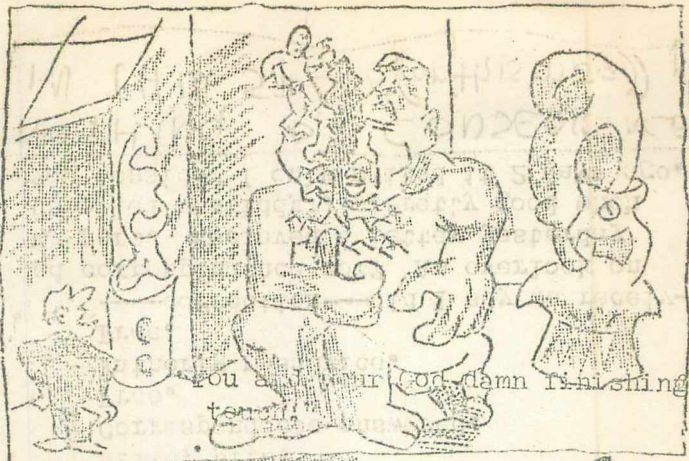


frin tge peb if wukk cyoot—okagua—
uzed, iv cyss.

These are fine eveniggs for brushing up on Sirius, the Dog Star, which you'll find about three blocks below the constellation of Orion—the three diagonal stars of Orion's belt point right to it.

You can miss Sirius, because it's the brightest star in the sky, at least in the northern hemisphere. Sirius isn't such great shakes for a fixed star, but it only 25 times as luminous as the sun not taking into consideration that it's 190 light years away from us. Oh, that's nothing to brag of for they say M31, the spiral nebula in Andromeda, is 870,000 light years away. They also say that every time a star blinks it makes a difference to each of us, so powerful are the laws of cause and effect.

It may make a difference to you.
but



90000000

Missives



a letter column, of sorts

This and forthcoming pages have been reserved for forthcoming correspondence (we hope) on this and forthcoming issues (and/or anything else that should strike the mentals of any corresponder, forthcomingly corresponding).

Since this is the first issue of ve mag, there are no correspondenthesets's

Therefore the forthcoming pages reserved for forthcoming correspondence have been detoured until forthcoming issues of ve mag.

Write, plis.

Correspondence answered.

Free.

Fatherly masadvice.

Free.

-----correction-----did I say we received correspondence not? An overlook on my part. Recieved a letter yesterday (spelled vestiddt*). Pretty good when you consider I only mailed it 2 days ago.

NOTHING OF CONSEQUENCE
IN THIS SPACE (or this mag)

THE HEATHEN



by ron fleshman

(with no apologies to Rudyard

Kipling, who should have
known better).

In the dark night far off, above
Amidst the nearby stars
Lives a heathen dirty face
On the red sand planet, Mars

They are stupid, They are dirty
And their warclubs' made of stone
And they don't obey no orders—
Unless they are their own

Their skin' is a light ochre,
Their hair, vermillion red.
If you stare at them somewhat askance,
They'll slam you in the head

They live with others of their kind.
They're a tribe of oafish louts,
But if you eye their ugly mates—
They'll slam you on the anouts.

They're sulky and they're smelly,
They're stupid and they're slow.
Their leader is a large green man,
Called ~~EM~~MPFG(pronounced Joe).

And the young space-adventurer
Who lives on planet Earth,
Tells you with superior smile
That he's five times what they're worth.

With his classroom talk, Geology, Meta-
physics,
Psychology, Metoreology,
And even Cybernytics.

He learns the engine of his ship
How to drive her through the eternal
night
And, Bless his mother's left hind leg,
He even learns to fight.

He learns his languages and telepathy,
Recites his Or'nance Book
He can e'en recall twenty out of twenty-
one things
With just a single look.

He learns to shoot his atom gun,
A heat cannon to strip
And how to strangulate a big strong man
Without a single yip.

He's Learned in military tatics
From Kiev back to Troy--
So athe the ending of two years,
He is a well-versed boy.

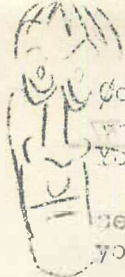
So he and others of his kind
Take off for the stars.
A hundred million superman,
All going to the planet, Mars.

They land at last
And set out armies, big and strong,
And for Joe(~~Empfg~~) and his cronies to
notice them
Don't ~~take~~ especially long.

And all ~~EMPG~~Joe)'s boys com gathering
round
To the desert where they land
And start a whooping it up
For a bloody fight in the sand.

And out comes a hundred million supermen,
Carrying weapons all.
Alongside of them there odds--
Joe's boys look kinda small.

But they come a'runnin fast
A'yellin bloody murder
Just like a bloomin' herd of sheep



Congratulations!



You've got a copy of STIGMA

NEW wott?

you got thees copy because:

You gave muhnee

You contributed

I would like a contribute fun you m.

This is an introductory ish

would you care to sub???

QUICK HENRY, THE EMETIC!

there was an extra lying around so..

No reason other than you have an
intriguing pocketbook.

WE TRADE, maybe?

I WALK ALONE



Now you're lookin' for the story.
 You think you know the change
 But Joe didn't win after all.
 Now ain't that just too strange.....

Yes, I'm afraid, me lad,
 That you've been reading too much
 Science-Fiction
 Which gives alot of positive facts
 Then makes a negative prediction,

True, that sells the story
 And develops your style
 But it ain't the end, not quite.
 So stick around for awhile.

Joe caught his in the very first
 charge
 And most of his tribe did too.
 I ain't seen no Martians since
 How about you??

They are stupid, They are dirty
 And their warclubs' made of stone
 And they don't obey no/ orders---
 Unless they are their own.

~~~~~  
 Hello Tomorrow--re-continued From many  
 pages

Hello, 'Tomorrow, he smiled.

He opened the door

He still wore the smile when the cold  
 black vacuum of empty space tore the  
 air from his lungs ---thend--



After looking at the cheap by-play on words up above, you're just about fed up with STICMA and are seriously contemplating whether or not you should set it down.

Go ahead.

I'm just about through.

Just a little more blah to round out the mag and give the feeble impression of quantity.

----- item 1

for real funny similarity in plots that hits you in the eye, take a look at the story, "The Glasses" by Charles Larson in the July-August FANTASTIC and compare it with "The Cheaters" by Robert Bloch in the November '47 ish of WEIRD TALES. The stories parallel each other pretty closely...but as usual, M. Bloch's is the superior.

# STIGMA

## item 2

There is a movement afoot by the certain members of fandom too numerous to list known specifically as Harlan Ellison and Donald (doc) Cantin to make the word Quatt Wunkery a household name in fannish vernacular.

Long live the Quatt Wunkers!!!!

## item 3

Advertising rates for a full page of STIGMA are 25¢/page or one ish of any pro mag printed before 1930.

Then kew, plis..

## item 4

I have noticed an intense dislike for Ray Bradbury in all fannish activities and sich. Anout 13uta3 mags has sumpin slurring to say about Bradbury.

Why?????

## item 5

LON G LIVE STIGMA. MAY IT FOREVER FLOURISH!!!

item 6---retraction of item 5

## item 7

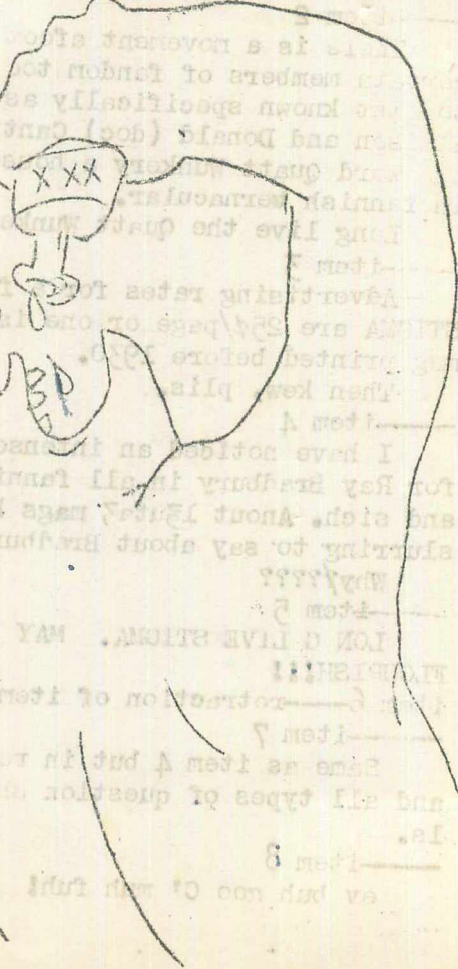
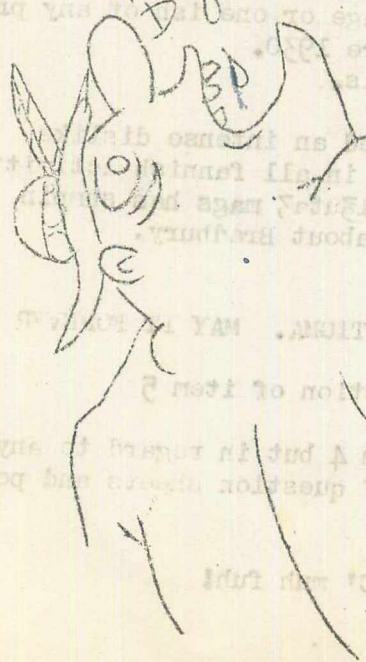
Same as item 4 but in regard to any and all types of question sheets and pols.

## item 8

ev buh goo C? muh fuh!

THE

END



Thank for  
praise

Thank

Thank  
why 'nt tries  
to stig and  
make it present-  
able

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ESTIM

