

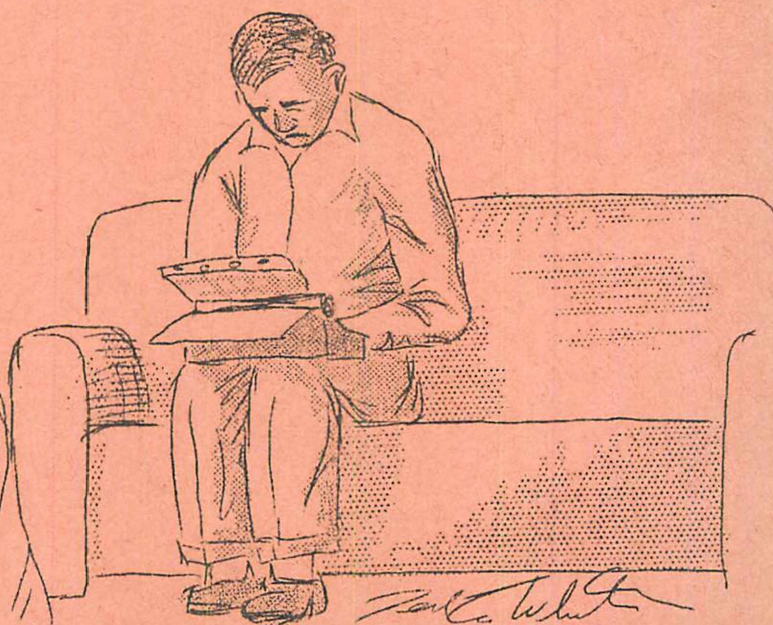
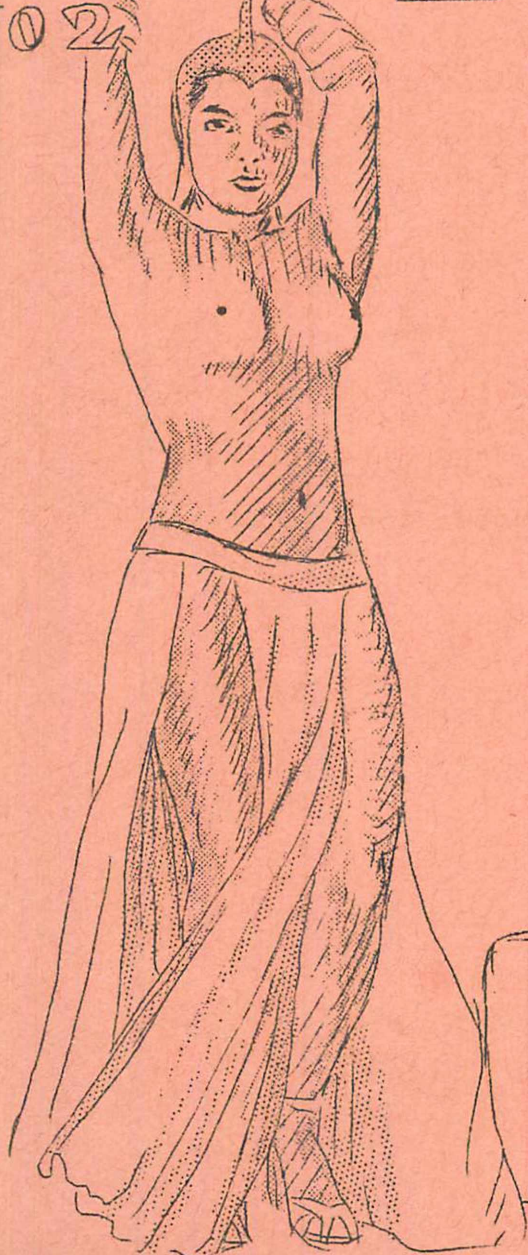
DOUBLE

WHAMMY

THE TWO SHOT

NO 2

"WHAMMY
SESSION"



EVERY ISSUE BETTER

WHY, YES, THIS IS A

DOUBLE

WEEKLY

Published by Ted E. White at 1014 N. Tuckahoe St., Falls Church, Va.

Edited by Ted E. White, Larry Stark, John Hitchcock and John L. Magnus.

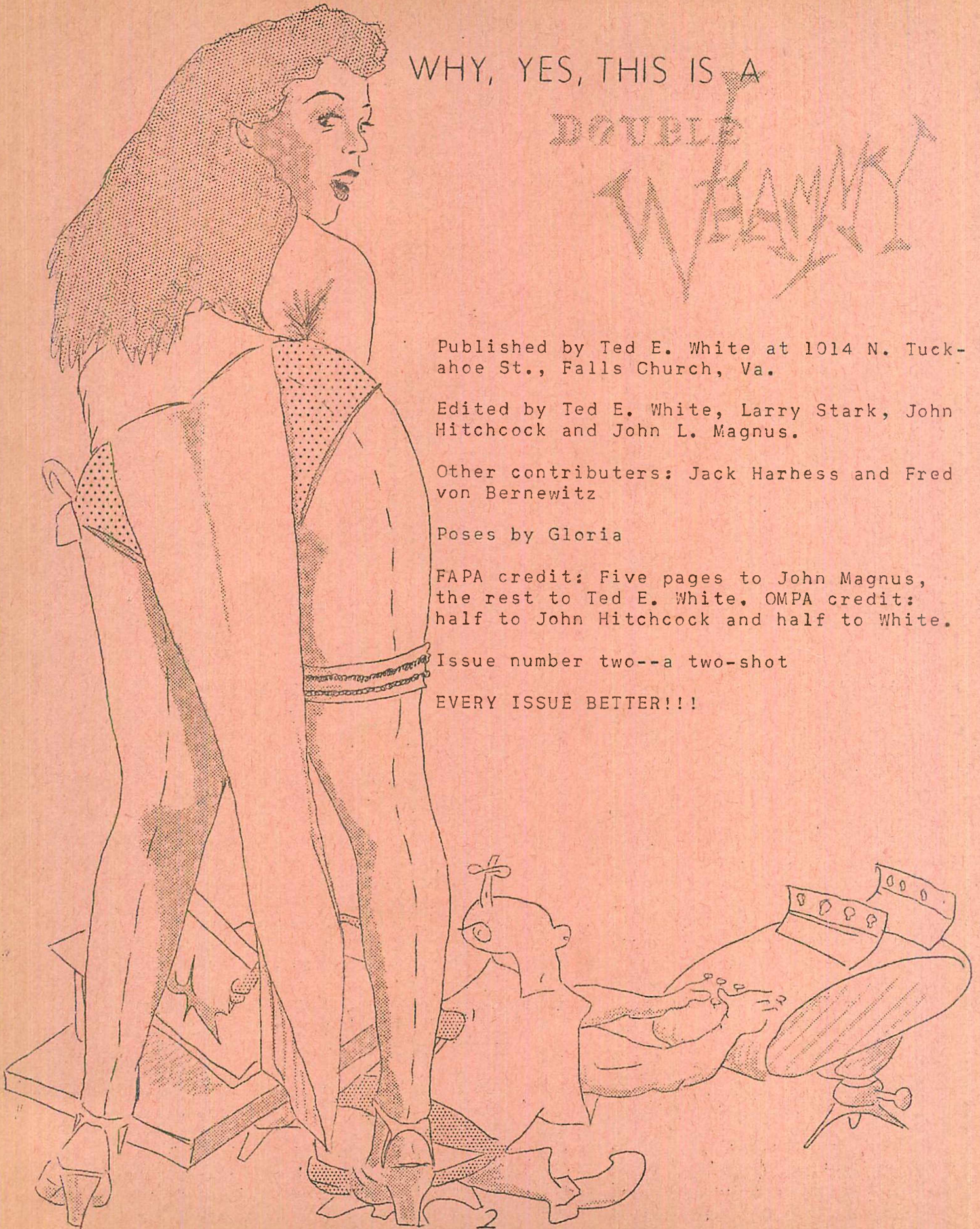
Other contributors: Jack Harhess and Fred von Bernewitz

Poses by Gloria

FAPA credit: Five pages to John Magnus, the rest to Ted E. White. OMPA credit: half to John Hitchcock and half to White.

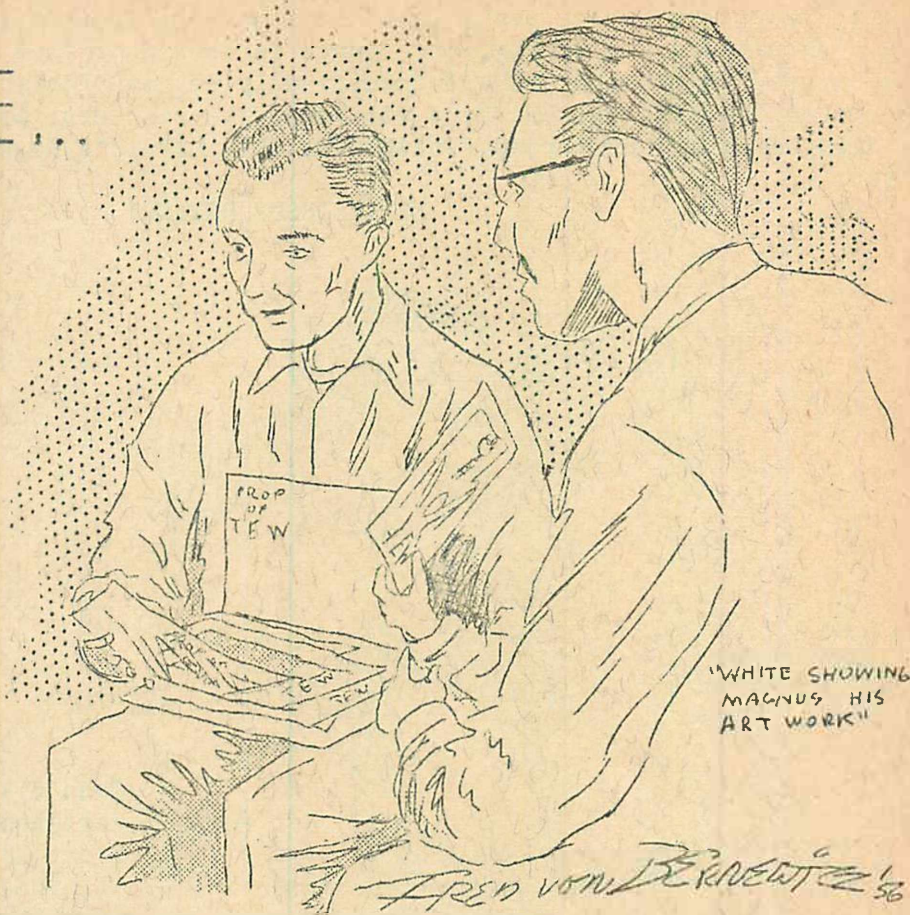
Issue number two--a two-shot

EVERY ISSUE BETTER!!!



THAT BLOODY BUSINESS IN BALTIMORE...

In the interests of purely clinical science, there are reproduced below three separately-composed con-reports dealing with THAT BLOODY BUSINESS IN BALTIMORE. First of these was composed by John Hitchcock, in the midst of the confusion of the event itself. Following are two ex-post-facto reminiscences by Ted E. White and Larry Stark.



DOUBLE WHAMMY is the second issue of a famous two-shot. This will be circulated in OMFA, with Ted White and John Hitchcock(me) sharing credit, and in FAPA with John Magnus taking credit for the whole thing. Other types of people, however, will receive it, as our collective whim dictate. Various fans have participated in WHAMMY: John Hitchcock (me), editor of Umbra, and host to the Group both times; John Magnus, sometimes Baltimorean, and nearly ex-fan; Ted White, professional mimeographer and fanpublisher from Falls Church, Va.; Larry Stark, senior at Rutgers U. and ~~fanartist~~ one of fandom's newest Great Fanauthors(as we see it), editor of Stellar; Fred von Bernewitz, senior at the high school that spawned Emsh and Eshm (to say nothing of John Magnus, since that's what he's been saying), and one of fandom's newest Great Fanartists; Jack Harness, famous fanartist and scientollgist from Pittsburgh; and Jim Roberts, a neo-type fan from Wetzel's territory who (naturally) has an aversion for that Prophet of L vecraft. The last two distinguish themselves by being absent this session, but from Jim have arrived his apologies and best wishes, and from Jack has arrived the following telegram:

FLASH! CANNOT ATTEND. AM FIGHTING OFF MARTIAN INVASION.
DETAINED BY SIX FOOT BLOND. VENUSIAN SPY. YOU KNOW HOW
IT IS. BEST WISHES TO WHAMMY WHATEVER THAT IS. ARE YOU
FEELING DOUBLE?

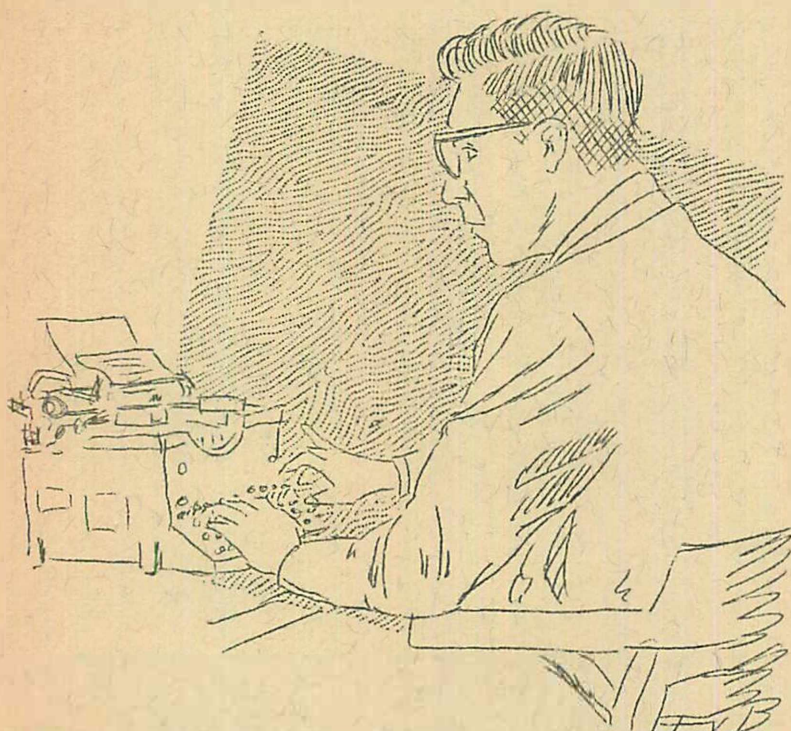
Ted White is now reading a letter that I wrote to him dated 4 February and never sent. The interesting thing is that since then one fanzine, one column, and over half a dozen letters have passed between us. Many chuckles.

KEN BULMER IS A FATHEAD---Space opera is rather ill suited to intellectualization---
The anti-Wetzelian Internationale can be heard floating over the waves from
Glockamorra---I have a whole drawer full of interlineations that have paled into

insignificance---Wilted Willisisms---by Larry Stark.

As for the further submicroscopic hebephrenia herein manifested, may I respectfully submit(always was rather weak) that the honorable lectors cavil-at thoughts of life, home, dependants, and sanity, and plunge farther into this narwhal of a maelstrom of sheer fannish apathetic pathos? Specifically we have Larry Stark, myself, and Ted White with fan fiction, and Fred von Bernewitz with art; and the issue comes to a sublimely deep and panderous finish with John Magnus's Page. Till then, remember our motto

EVERY ISSUE BETTER!



John Hitchcock's notes above were designed for the page behind the front cover, in order to warn away all those whose delicate constitutions or bills of rights might be upset by any of the personnell on view inside. The pic

up there is by Fred von Bernewitz, of Larry Stark (me), in a characteristic pose which was maintained all Friday evening.

The reasons behind by remaining rooted(And that's a hell of a place to fine your anatomy breaking out in rootlets, let me tell you!) like so go back to my wanting to start a fanzine consisting of fiction-by/about-fans; STELLAR, as Ted so nobly shouts. Arriving Thursday afternoon, I had time to discuss the plans with JCH before the rest of the Men in Buick Yellow reached our part of the forest. John offered any help; I demanded a story; he had no ideas; we kicked around a half-dozen, all of which he sneered actively at. Then I spied the notation on an ANDromeda cover 'Every Issue Better!', and wrote on the lino-sheet(quote) "SUGGESTION: "Every Issue Better! fictio fiction-biog of Joel Nydahl" John had never seen VEGA. He sneered actively.

I gave up thinking up ideas for HIM, then, but appropriated the last for myself, and from then on I didn't leave the typer. Only after the first two pages were finished and Magnus arrived did I discover that Hitchcock's chattering typer was pecking away at the same subject. M Ted White read the first two pages out loud. Hitchcock sneered actively.

Once the similarity was discovered, Ted turned from WHAMMY SESSION and added his typer to the din; now we had an INSTITUTION, a Tradition.....and a mess. Three yarns on the same subject, and with Nydahl as model; Hitchcock sneered actively. That's when the "whole new plot development" lino came from Ted, and the day was saved.

This unofficial con lasted two days, taking place in a rooming-house, and generally conforming to the usual expectations one might get from Con-Reports of the past, but without alcohol. Maybe that's why Ted calls this "A SexCon One-Shot"; John Hitchcock sneers actively.

The least amount of writing in here was done by Fred von Bernewitz, who spent the entire time scribbling fillios like crazy...and listening to his taperecorded library of Les Paul classics. Much of the time, he did it by earphone, which accounts for the frozen-faced appearance. I'm of the opinion that Les Paul would sound better to frozen eardrums. John Hitchcock just sneers actively.

Ted White will finish this report with more concrete details. I'm trying to figure out just HOW one sneers actively. --LES III

The beard tickles.

"Damn....just Magnus!" FvB

"Let's go put my top down." TEW

"Why not 'Write it down!' as a lino? It keeps getting the biggest laughs." JCH

Larry had had a standing invitation to come down here Easter, but the first I heard was a card from John Hitchcock that stated that one Lawrence E. Stark, 3rd., was coming to Baltimore Wednesday. I was to come Thursday or Friday and transport him back to my place. I left for Balto on a dreary, rainy, mid-morning Thursday in my new Buick convertible. I arrived at Sean's around 12:30. I beeped the horn, and nothing happened, so I went up on the porch and rang the bell. Five minutes later I heard footsteps approaching. Two minutes after that, Mein host Sean O'Hitchcock opened the door of his mansion. I stepped in, and we traversed the halls back to his living room, where I happened upon Stark. From there, my memory grows hazier, but a few high points stand out in this miasma... Fred von Bernewitz was originally to come on the train, but he called me Wednesday and said a girl friend was going to Balto and would take him. This was the same girl he was to bring to a WSEA meeting, but in two months he had not succeeded. Her name is Gloria, and she carried on fandom at Blair High after Magnus graduated there. She was supposed to be happy to see us... Well, she dumped Fred a mile away from Sean's, where I had to go to pick him up, and we never saw her afterwards, tho Fred had elicited a promise to come the next day from her. Hence our revenge, in the form of various references scattered thruout this mag.

The fillios by Fred are pretty accurate at least in representing those present...as to Gloria, we have only his word...

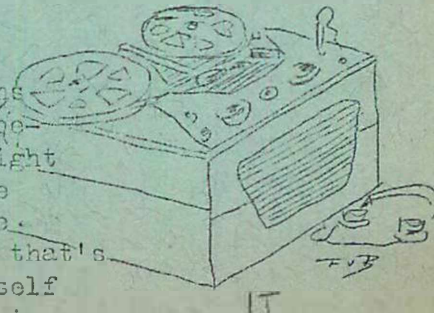
Magnus showed up Thursday night, and said he needed five pages FAPA credit, so we said we'd put this zine in in his name, if he'd write something for us. Fraise be, he did! He also came over Friday aft to "help" us, and to play Flying Saucer out in the yard. You haven't lived till you've seen John Lawrence Magnus, Jr. loping, full-leggedly across a yard, shouting "Wheeeeeeeeeee!!!"...

Of course, we had no idea that this zine would be come so long, or so good, but then, thass our motto: "EVERY ISSUE BETTER!"



FRED VON BERNEWITZ by FvB

As Hitchcock mentioned, Harbess phoned a telegram, but as it turns outm he's here now anyway (here being my basement den...) On the flight is Fred's infamous taper, that he had only Les Paul tapes for... We made a tape for Jan Jansen on it that's not bad... Strangely, I find myself with little to say, so I better sign off...



"every issue better"

by larry stark



Gilmor 5-6860; he left a smudge of purple on the dial as he stabbed nervously at the number. The receiver clicked on the other end after the third ring. Too much time, he thought. Why must everyone waste so much time?

"Hello?"

"Hello, John; listen, I need your help. I'm.... "

"I told you last time, Sean, I can't do it any more. This is supposed to be my vacation, and I'm going to make it just that."

"But it's just the assembly, John. Please... it'll be an ANNish! At least let me go out with a bang."

"Sean, look, last time you said 'Only assembly,' and I had to master half a magazine. I won't be involved again."

"But John, this will definitely be the last.... Hello?? Oh, DARN!"

He slammed the receiver into the cradle as though it had committed the offense, and stalked angrily back to the typer. That was his last hope. Perhaps it was foolish to try to use the same excuse again. But he was desperate by this time. There were over sixty pages to go, and he'd never even be able to get them mastered before the deadline...to say nothing of the rest of the job. If he had to do all the work himself he'd be a month late.

Maybe this was the end. He'd been at it almost two years; and the squeaks had been getting closer together, the deadlines bent more and more out of shape. He'd hardly had time to catch his breath between issues in a long, long time. Perhaps this time the job would finally lick him.

He gazed about the room, re-appraising the job still left to do. Beside the typer lay the few pages he'd managed to dummy, before the press of time became unbearable. Two stories had come in, one terribly scribbled. He hoped there would be enough in it that was legible so he could guess at Star's meaning; there wasn't time to read it. White's cover rested on the top of the dresser, slouching against the mirror. It looked like a lead-illustration for the old AMAZING STORIES? but he was no longer in a position to be choosy. There were filler-illustrations scattered on the bed,

where they fell the last time he tried to find a decent one. Von Bernewitz was trying, but there was just so much inventiveness left in him. Finished masters were strewn about the kitchen table in the next room, while the voracious ditto lurked beneath the bed, still not used on this issue at all.

He'd never been this far behind in his entire fanrish life. Ever since he'd decided to go into the comparatively uncrowded field of monthly publishing, there was always this danger; sometimes the fanzine appeared under conditions that seemed almost miraculous. But there always seemed SOMETHING he could do. Now....

It really started with that masthead signature from the third issue. "BETTER EVERY ISSUE!" That was the time of youthful exuberance. For the first time, he'd had enough material on hand to insure a next-issue, and he'd heard from someone who, at that time, he'd considered a BNF. That was even before he'd heard of FAPA? before the first convention, and a good deal before his fanzine looked like much of anything.

That was what made the magazine, he decided. It must have caught Mari Wolf's eye, and despite the crude printing and inferior material she applauded his outlook. From that good review, his destiny was sealed. The masthead almost took possession of him.

First it was just size. At first he accepted just about anything, and kept adding whatever he could to the letter-column from his private correspondence to jazz it up. From a seven-page monthly, he built a nice, thick, twenty-plus magazine out of the few contacts he had in fandom. Remembering, he knew that most of the early material was total crud, and there was little he could now be proud of in his first few issues.

Once he had a fairly sizable zine, the next frontier was circulation...but that hadn't been hard to remedy. Free copies to practically everyone for a while made him widely known in fandom, and eventually led right into his next problem, which was quality. So many trades gave him a much better idea of excellence in fanzines, and bombarding BNF's with copies and requests for material. Some of them eventually complied, and he made the most of whatever dropped his way. Now that all appeared to be over, he felt a little regret at the original friends and contributors that he'd snubbed and dropped so abruptly back then. Many of his ruptured friendships had been causing him trouble lately.

Quality came, as it did to anyone who edited shrewdly and kept consistently on the job. Before three or four issues went by, the BNF's began jumping on the band-wagon. That was when he began to realize precisely what his position in fandom had become. Before, the monthly schedule was merely something of a boast, but now it was a definite asset. Monthly schedules had seemed rare, at a time when OPUS and QUANDRY were newly buried, and Galkins was having a difficult time trying to prove that COPSla hadn't followed them. Fandom couldn't exist long without frequent spurts of activity, and without frequent spurts of activity, and without frequent notice from some zine that the rest of the brotherhood hadn't fallen into decay. They picked his zine as a frequent, consistent, available signpost for the currents of fandom, and contributions were liberal from the best minds remaining active.

Perhaps it was then that the masthead turned and bit its editor. It seemed that fanrish success made him uncomfortable. Every other time, when he reached a plateau, it was only to re-evaluate his still-existing inadequacies. Now... No, there was one more barrier to crack: size. Thirty pages a month of top-quality material would probably be enough for ordinary fans, but this was the "BETTER EVERY ISSUE!" zine. He made the decisive step that issue, and added his entire backlog of material.

That was when the real rat-race began. At the convention he never had time for a drinking-party; he was too busy contracting for all the con-reports he could find.

Not only the best available writers now... his idea was to get a "Multiple point of view" in his zine, and to fill out the page-count along the way. Grabbing material whenever it appeared made him miss most of the program himself. He was up all night convincing a visiting foreign fan to give him his pro-yarn instead of working on the pro-eds in the crowd. He'd got no sleep during the entire week-end...and upon his return the monstrous job of dummyping had to be begun immediately.

That was the first issue ~~z~~ that actually seemed to be work in all his long experience turning out monthly dittoed fanzines. There were still amazing flashes of excellent material, and the size was not so much larger as he'd planned, but there was more bulk, and that was his aim. "BETTER EVERY ISSUE!"

For a while he could maintain some standards as before, but the backlog was never either very large or very good after that convention. And, lately, it seemed that the BNF's were becoming a little intractable. For the past few issues they seemed irritated at his too-frequent pleas for more and longer pieces of material. And the strain was increasingly unbearable. His zine had remained the trading-post for fannish information, despite the lengthening overstepping of the deadlines, but he noticed a definite difference. Two or three of the biggest names in his regular contributing roster seemed to feel it better to absent themselves from 'fandom's brightest light' rather than put up with his insistent reminders that they were late. One of them...Boggs in fact...lashed back at his daily post-cards with a three-page criticism of his zine's "quantity not quality" approach, and a warning that he might burn himself out as some others had done in the past. Despite the sharp, personal language, he printed it...along with half a page of Coming Attractions and defenses. It filled out the page, and put his page-total into the fifties, but he paid for it.

The letter-column was filled with evidence that Boggs' note was taken not only seriously, but taken as the keynote of the magazine. Four people sent along bright, cheering letters, heartening an ed they appeared to expect to die any day. Ghod knew he was exhausted by then, but never ready to quit. The next issue almost hit seventy pages...he had to call Magnus in to help him that time...and he played up the top-flight material as best he knew how. The beginning of the White-May feud coming just then was a god-send, even though the issue was later than ever.

From then he'd never even attempted to catch up. His zine grew to impossible proportions, he missed full weeks of college classes, but the old stand-by rolled on: "BETTER EVERY ISSUE!"

Now... Well, if Magnus was unwilling to help any more, that was the end. There weren't more than forty pages on-master yet; less than half. Deadline would sweep over him in a day or two and.... there it was. He gazed around him at the ruins of his AnnIsh. Two years of constant plugging. And... where was he, really? He rememb remembered the days when BNF's were still friends. He remembered the time when each issue was an intellectual challenge, not just a physical one. One dummied page of crud stared up from beside the keyboard, till he fled to the relaxing softness of the bed. Crushed into the pillow, his eyes may have been smarting; the words "BETTER EVERY ISSUE!" would not be driven from his mind.

Larry Stark 3rd

"Who says Psychotic will fold?" --GASp

Wilted Willisisms

"I just got a whole new plot development." Ted

He not only read it, he counted the words too; that's what took till three a.m.

Freem of speech, freem of press, freem to petition, freem from want, freem from fear

Shock yourself, Ted; sometimes it's amusing.

And now John Magnus will lead us in prayer

A [NOTHER] FANNISH TRAGEDY

BY
JOHN
HITCHCOCK



I

Jesse Mac Pipsqueak slipped the yellowing sheet of paper into his squeaky old typewriter and cranked the ratchet until a full two inches of off-white pulp had passed beyond the scale guide. Now he began to type. "March 23 (or so)," he produced. Then he spaced half a dozen times, returned the carriage to the left margin and typed "Dear Dean."

He paused.

What would he say to Dean now? He thought, How many times have I written the same stuff to him, And to all the rest of fandom? What could I possibly say to faneds? Faneds were always talking about their fanzines, getting columns, printing them, and so on. Why, Dean could probably dash off a two or three page letter to him, and just talk about the various things that were happening with his fanzine, to it, for it, about it ~~why~~, just everything. And Dean could say something different each time, and it was always so damned interesting. Every time. A fanzine, and all the preparations going into it, made an unending source of palaver. There's so much that an editor does behind the scenes that he can just sit down and ramble on for a page or two about what he's just done, and because he's always talking about something that you know nothing about, he's always original and interesting.

Being a faned. It did have a lot to say in its favor. Jesse began to think—an operation requiring three deep furrows to dig themselves into his forehead and glisten softly with perspiration, necessitating an odd curl to come over his mouth, a tense curling of the lips, almost a nursing, necessitating him to draw back one and a half feet from whatever he might be doing at the time and bring this face thus contorted in contemplation to rest upon his cupped right hand. Jesse assumed this posture, and sure enough, his mind started probing.

He had always said that he would never just jump into fanediting. He had seen all too many fans, he had told himself, who leaped blindly into this field, had immense fun for three or four issues, and then suffered the extremes of disillusionment and quit fandom. No, Jesse would never make that mistake. Jesse was going to get the maximum of enjoyment out of fandom. He was going to be mature and sensible.

But the thought appealed to him, right now, to start work on a fanzine. Wondering what to say to Dean had started him off. The furrows deepened in the moist skin of his forehead. Yes, it was definitely feasible. He was doing it maturely, too. Concentrating, weighing, pondering, judging. He resolved himself that night to start in.

So now he knew what to tell Dean anyway. "I'm starting a fanzine." He'd just..... just throw that into the rest of the junk he sent off to Dean in the guise of a letter. And so he did.

ii

An unpretentious start. That was it. As a matter of fact, his fanzine, Night Hawk, was all of five pages. He had thought of calling it Five Pages, but he decided at the very last moment not to limit himself to a certain size. Too bad; Five Pages was such an original title. Oh well, he thought, this is only the beginning of the behind-the-scenes activity that was such an important part of faneditorship. So Night Hawk was to be its name, and its size was to be five pages...at first.

He finished drawing the cartoon for the cover on the master, and he put the master unit into the typewriter to write the caption: "Crack another corny joke and I'll box your ears." Suddenly he had an inspiration. He rolled the sheet back up to the top and typed in all caps on the master: EVERY ISSUE BETTER.

iii

As is their wont, comment started coming in. Now it is a true and wondrous fact that Jesse Mac Pipsqueak was nit quite the mature, thinking fan he supposed himself to be, although he must not suffer the denail of many positive virtues. What is more important, fandom had just about this opinion of him; and fandom was ready to judge his work as impartially as they would judge that of an unknown. Despite Jesse's great correspondance, he never made a really great impression on fans at large.

So, when the wonted comment began to appear, Jesse was a little taken aback. His cover, they said, was crappy. His editorial was inconclusive, and in many opinions immature. His one fiction story, as he called it, might, he was informed, be called "a story" or "fiction", but not "a fiction story", and it was poor anyway. His fanzine reviews said nothing, they said.

One fan, however, Menelaus "Blondie" O'Froggeys, expressed an interest in Night Hawk, and wrote not only comments on the issue, but also brought up his thoughts about letterzines (he didn't like them!) O'Froggeys had also, most importantly, applauded the "EVERY ISSUE BETTER" slogan. He said that with a principle like this, Jesse could never fail to become a fannish success. This was definitely the right spirit, he said. So Jesse decided to adopt this path. Every issue, he vowed to himself, would be better. And it would continue, through the months and even the years, until Night Hawk was one of the Ten Top Fanzines!

He began to think of a cover logo for the second issue, and EVERY ISSUE BETTER would be the focal point of the logo, you could be sure of that! This second issue would be better thought out, he thought. Of course, he didn't have any material (Willis had somehow refused to send even one page), but he did have several letters and he could talk about the latest issue of his favorite promag, AMAZING STORIES. The way he saw it, this issue would take up seven pages, plus the blank page behind the front cover, of course. Naturally, he would have to type double-spaced, as he did last time, but that gave the impression of thickness.

He had then his first experience with a letter-column. It was fascinating. Deciding which parts of his letters would interest his readership and planning incredibly witty retorts to every letter for the bottom. For instance, Froggeys's letter required special attention. He duly printed the parts which commented directly on Night Hawk #1, and his answer dealt especially with the slogan, "EVERY ISSUE BETTER!" But where Froggeys yammered on about letterzines, he studiously deleted every paragraph. That was quite irrelevant to the whole, as the writer even said. He had a feeling that if Froggeys had known, he would have been thankful for the care that

Jesse gave his every word.

Care. That was the keynote, he thought. Jesse expended great amounts of it (if care can be measured in amounts) into his editorial decisions, most probably because, as he reasoned, he was so new at it. Besides, he was adopting the deliberate, mature attitude; and other neofans who rushed like blind fools into this venture never did think of giving any care or deep attention toward their zines. No, they just dashed it out. And the secret of Night Hawk's future lay in the care that Jesse gave it. Each issue would be better---into each issue more attention would be poured.

iv

With tremendous personal exertion, he emitted Night Hawk #2. The Responses, nearly deified in his mind ("Response is the heart of Fandom," he said), announced that it was a great improvement, but couldn't he perhaps (a) get some outside material, (b) type single-spaced, (c) adopt some sort of schedule.

Several letters brought up all three points, as a matter of fact; he finally concluded that he ought to try to get some writing from outside, double-spaced typing really wasn't too good looking, and he'd never even thought about schedules. But he didn't know how or where to go for material; so he could only hope he would have enough to write about to go single spaced. But the matter of a schedule was different. He decided that the 'betterment' in NH#3 would be a matter of putting the fanzine out on a steady, regular, frequent schedule. Monthly, he thought, would fill the bill. Since the leading fanzine of the day, QUAGMIR, had just folded, there weren't any more monthly mags...of note.

Although he had no hopes whatever of getting any material, a friend, Jim Alevender, sent a three page article on the current glut on the stf market. Naturally, after considerable consideration, Jesse Mac Pipsqueak printed it. Along with the usual letter column, editorial, and fanzine reviews, the ish came out to ten single spaced pages! Of course, he thought, he might have to discount the place where one page of the letter column just didn't take; but, aside from intermittent blanks or streaks down the page in places where the dittoing went right through the paper, the fanzine was legible. And Jim's article got the best reproduction, which was the important thing, actually.

Response to issue three was nothing short of flabbergasting. Twenty-five letters came in, along with two columns replying to Alevender, plus Alevender's offer to do another column. That made issue #4 total thirty pages, single spaced, and it came out less than a month after its ten-page predecessor. Furthermore, there were no ruined pages, either. That helped.

With #5, out the next month, Jesse began to hit his stride. The average size of the issues by then was around 35 pages; he had articles and columns from most of the sub-BNF's (and letters, which he faithfully printed, from all the BNF's); and his editorials and reviews were acclaimed. Reproduction, however, did not improve until the sixth issue, when he bought a new, expensive(\$40) Tower ditto from the local Sears Roebuck department store. That issue he also added a bookreview column and a movie review column, the former by himself, the latter by his friend in Burbank--Raoul FitzStapleberry. Yes, every issue was better, and now that he had a red carbon the "EVERY ISSUE BETTER!" took an even more prominent position on his cover.

With each issue---#4, #5, #6, #7, and so on---he felt that more and more of his basic energy, his "heart" as he called it, went into Night Hawk. He felt very good about this, because he concluded that if you had it in you (and he apparently had, to overflowing), expending more of "it" into your zine would make it better, and his nearly-habitually-gradually increasing expenditure of portions of this "heart" would

make Night Hawk gradually better and better: yes, BETTER EVERY ISSUE!

V

Presently, Jesse was expecting each new issue to expend more of his basic energies and soul, and he felt that each issue must carry more of himself, to live up to the slogan of "EVERY ISSUE BETTER!" So his energies began to seek new ways to express themselves. It wasn't enough to publish a forty page fanzine (that was what it was by now), with the soliciting, corresponding (at least a dozen in and a dozen letters out each weekday), dummyping, printing (and on that highly erratic ditto!) of 350 copies (Night Hawk went to all of real fandom, since Jesse had gotten hold of the NFFF membership list)...no, Jesse had limitless energy, it seemed to him, and it must expand, expand, expand.

Quality was as good as you could possibly get in fandom. Reproduction was magnificent and he preferred to stay with the Tower rather than waste energy learning a new process. No, there was more in him than merely changing mediums of reproduction. He had almost decided to pour his excess energy into columns for rival editors when an idea took shape: quantity.

He had been fanediting for all of three quarters of a year, he thought as he typed the editorial of Night Hawk #8. "I should really try to put out an-- annish! I'll make it the greatest annish ever produced! With my tremendous ability of output I can do a job fandom will never forget." The entire focus of his actions began to focus on Night Hawk #11, the Annish, and he typed the announcement of the coming monster issue into his editorial. No, it wouldn't cost any more than usual, 15¢. It would be from 150 to 200 pages, maybe more.

He began to slacken his tremendous outpouring of energy into NH in order to establish contacts with everyone who was even remotely connected with fandom, to ask them all to write two pieces for NH#11, and to do the best they ever had. He bought all the science fiction books and mags on the market to make the most colossal book review section ever seen. He planned to spend one full page reviewing each fanzine in his fanzine review column. He decided then and there that he would save up all the letters he had recieved on any subject--even non-fannish--to print in toto in NH#11. It would be colossal, he thought to himself with a sudden, powerfully upsurging thrill in his lean body.

He ran Night Hawks #8 and #9 on a more or less even keel, not forgetting, in keeping with his slogan, to add two more pages to each one. But his real attention was now on NH#11. Already twenty excellent articles had come in, and he had typed them up before NH#9. There was no sign of this inpouring ever abating. This, he thought while typing up the sixteenth article, would even be enough to make fandom stop publishing! In his enthusiasm, Jesse imagined that he would even be able to print every possible piece of fan-writing, every article, poem, letter, story written by any fan... and with a little selection and re-writing the issue would be so good there'd be no further need for organized fandom. This was Jesse's final psychological adjustment to the oncoming magnum opus: an insatiable egotism regarding his abilities that only made him work harder and harder to achieve his Goal.

He was now typing the first editorial for Night Hawk #10. He said, "Night Hawk #10 will be shorter--28 pages--and some of its features will be very slim, especially the book reviews. But I am sure that you'll realize that I have a lot of work to do to prepare a 300 page Annish, if it's to appear in only a month from now." He thought to himself, "You know, I've actually given up the slogan, for the first time in my career. Menelaus O'Froggeys always said it'd carry me safely through my whole fannish existence. But.....Maybe "Blondie" didn't expect me to find the Enchanted Duplicator so soon." He reasoned the retreat was necessary. But he was superstitious enough to

scrape the red letters of the slogan carefully and painfully from the cover of issue eleven. Sustenance of fannish activity was much more important to him than a slogan.

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Yes, Night Hawk #10 was a slack issue. But the most surprising thing was that the fans he'd asked to send material (about 100 of them) actually sent good stuff. And there were two pieces from almost everyone. It averaged one page a contribution... some delightful parody-poetry that went only four lines, and there was a manuscript from Ray Palmer on the First Fanzine that went on for five pages... well, it was well written, anyway. He almost turned Night Hawk #10 out mechanically. Almost everyone recognized it as a poor issue, but they were perfectly willing to forgive it in view of what was to come. All, that is, except O'Froggeys, who seemed enamored of that old "EVERY ISSUE BETTER!" slogan. But "Blondie" had been kicked out of fandom three months before for poking his nose into everyone's business and giving heartening advice to crudzines, so his opinion didn't matter. In fact, it was rumored that Mac Pipsqueak had helped disgrace him. But that was just a rumor, and the business at hand was the most monumental undertaking in all of fandom. One hundred fans contributing, two pieces each, of everything---sercon, erotic, esoteric, fannish, even club-news---and all excellent or very-well-written, too; seventy-five letters to quote verbatim, intact, uncut, in toto; forty-three fanzines reviewed at a full-page apiece; and two beams of interlineations("Did you know that John Magnus is the spitting image of Lawrence Welk, who sells Sellathon Dodges for a living?"); seventy-eight books and twenty promags reviewed, at half a page each; a history of science fiction movies by Racial FitzStapleberry, his Hollywood correspondant(the Official one; actually, he had seven there)----it looked like a total of 430 pages, with sixteen fullpage illustrations by all the top fanartists, 300 fillers, and a ColorTint cover that David Grenncuille contributed. He still planned on using the old Tower, of course, and there would have to be five hundred copies to take care of expected demand. Of course, some of the last copies would come through a little faded, but that chance had to be taken. This would feel so good---to finish a task worthy of his energy(his "heart") at last!

By the time NH#10 was out, Jesse had typed up a good 200 pages of material. That week he ran off 100 pages and typed up fifty more; next week, another hundred, and he typed up fifty pages of letters and another twenty-five of fanzine reviews, plus the thirteen-page history of stf-movies; and he ran off 150 pages the next week and typed up the last 100 pages, which he ran off the fourth week. In that last week, and the first part of a fifth, he assembled, assembled, assembled. Night Hawk #11 went out the Thursday of the fifth week after Night Hawk #10, and practically on schedule.

Jesse Mac Pipsqueak had cut college classes four weeks running, just before finals; and, as he returned to the ivy halls, exhausted utterly, yet happy, to write five failing exam-books(nothing mattered; he'd had his real taste of triumph), plans for Night Hawk #12 already filled his mind. But he'd have to acquire a job, since he was \$100 in debt already(his parents had sold their car to liquidate most of it). And.. he wanted to rest a little. After all, this was the Annish that he had designed in the mad rush of enthusiasm to be so complete that fandom would be left with nothing more to do, and it would just stop. After such an effort, he deserved a rest.

It's probably just as well, therefore, that Jesse Mac Pipsqueak never returned to fandom after that Annish. In a way, Night Hawk #11 really did put an end to fandom, after all.

END, at last.

JOHN HITCHCOCK

* * *

"I'd like to get ahold of...

...a nice electrically manipulated and up to date reproducer."

That WOULD be nice...

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—C.T.Beck

AND LOVE WALKED OUT

by Ted E. White



EVERY ISSUE BETTER. It stared him in the face, unmercifully. "Why the devil did I do it?" he asked himself. It wasn't the first time he had asked the question, nor would it be the last. The fanzine lay there, on the kitchen table--the first assembled copy of the second annish. MINI#24. It had come a long way since the first, half size, 14-page issue.

Looking again at the fanzine before him, he wondered if it was worth assembling the other 349 copies. Lessee...349 times 124; Lord, the paper he had used! At least it was inexpensive...20# duplicator was all the multilith needed...But, he figured out: forty-four reams! No wonder his spending-money had disappeared. He hadn't realized he had bought that many reams of paper.

He picked up and riffled through the magazine. Material by Stark, Grennell, Willis, Harris, Hoffman, Shaw, knight, Blish, Berry, Jansen, Spencer, Warner, Delman, Phillips, Boggs, Magnus---that was a rare appearance---Bennett, Bulmer, Tubb...and MORE. The mere weight of the material staggered him upon rereading. The thought occurred to him: "Will fans have the patience to read it all?" Maybe not, but by Damn they'd remember it!

How did it all start? Not with that cruddy firstish, to be sure. Nor with the next several, though several local fen had helped. But the fact that the magazine was a monthly, in itself a rarity, kept up a certain amount of interest. Then White had helped him mimeo it large size, and Grennell had sent some ESHM and Rotsler fillos, and gradually the mag caught on.

It was at the Con in NYC that he had his first real success. "So you're Jake Edwards. Say, I got a story you might be interested in..." It went like that, and those who didn't have stuff for him, recieved assignments. When he returned home, he had enough material for at least four consecutive "better" issues.

It was just before his twelfth issue that he saw the ad for a multilith, used, at \$85.00. He entreated his father, and after some time, Mr. Edwards gave in.

"EVERY ISSUE BETTER"...and now his first annish would be multilithed! Only 52 pages for #12, but those 52 pages were full of the brightest fannish names.

"EVERY ISSUE BETTER"...with his 14th issue he bought John Magnus' varityper... Now he could cram more material than ever into each page, with the microscopic type he had.

And so it went, from peak to peak—from 24 hours of hard work a day to 24 hours of hard work a day. He'd quit high school in his junior year in order to continue MINI. He'd given up girls in order to have money for MINI—that had been hard—and he'd even given up reading both stf and fanzines! It took ALL his time to produce MINI. But Jacob was always a lonely fan, and the bursts of egoboo, the piles of letters were balm to his ego, and always he went on, struggling harder than ever.

Then, one day, Ted convinced him he should take a few hours' vacation and go to a WSFA meeting. That he should never have done...

He climbed out of Ted's convertible, and walked up the steps to Nelson's house where the meeting was to be held. He held in his hands six copies of MINI#16, all he could spare from his mailing list. As he stepped through the door, something hit him. He couldn't place it at first, and then he knew: perfume. Glancing around the room, he saw a small figure on the sofa, talking to Spencer. Ted walked in behind him, and began to make introductions. Jake waited until he heard: "And this is Gloria..." He stared at her...he could see nothing else. Perhaps it was because he hadn't seen girls for so long; perhaps because she WAS very pretty...but he knew she was THE perfect girl. He was, as they put it, really gone...

And from that moment, MINI began missing deadlines, slipping first days, then weeks behind. But Edwards had his ulterior motives in seeing Gloria, for every time he would bring a master or two along, and coax her to help type the issue...

It was just after his 23rd issue had come out that he walked up the steps to her front door. While figuring layouts in his head, he absent-mindedly pushed the door buzzer. He was still pushing it when Gloria came to the door.

"Hi. Come on in..."

"Huh? Oh yea... I was just figuring how we'd arrange LeeH's story..."

"I swear, don't you ever think of anything but that fanzine?"

He looked up, surprised. "Huh? Oh sure... Lotsa things--"

"Except me! Every night you've been coming over here, and all we do is type masters! Don't you think I'd like to do something else a little of the time?"

"Well, sure; you've got the whole day, haven't you...?"

"That isn't what I meant, and you know it, Jacob Edwards!"

"Aw come on... We've got a big issue ahead of us, the Annish. I can't do it all alone, you know."

She turned, suddenly very angry. "Well, this time you will! Make up your mind; that fanzine, or me!"

EVERY ISSUE BETTER. It stared him in the face, unmercifully. "Why the devil did I do it?" he asked himself. It wasn't the first time he had asked the question, nor would

WHAMMY SESSION

Jake sat quietly in the corner. Around him hovered the sounds of a one-shot session. He glanced disinterestedly over at the corner where Larry Somebody was typing on an old Royal. Then as his typing slowed, Jake was attracted by a second clacking from the sofa, and then a third joined the chorus. Out in the kitchen, one of the Johns (there were so many--one of them lived here, and another in Baltimore itself) was opening a can of beer. It fizzled over the rim of the can, and he heard John laughing with a girl who had entered only moments ago. At the desk, Fred von Whg was drawing people's pictures. He noticed Fred was looking at him, so he held still. Larry turned and looked over Fred's shoulder, and said something. It was drowned out by the other two typers.

It was a typical one-shot session. He had been so thrilled when Ted had offered to bring him to it. The ride in the car was fun, and he had enjoyed talking to Ted about jazz, and fans, and all. But the trip was shorter than he had imagined it would be to Baltimore, and all too soon he was once more on the outside, a "neo-fan". He knew what would happen when they got to John's, and it did: Ted shouted happily at John (was it Ichcock?) for not opening the door soon enough, and then bounded in to renew acquaintances with Larry. It was like clockwork. In no time flat, he was being ignored. The Other John arrived, and more greetings were exchanged. Jake sat them out.

Just as he now sat out the one-shot session.

"Hey, Edwards!" A shout came from across the clattering room. "I've finished using this typer now. Why don't you type something?"

"Well...gee...sure. Uh, sure you have space?" He gingerly sat at the rickety typing desk, and caressed the keys lightly. Nothing happened. "Ya gotta really hit that one" came from Ted, who was now over in the corner reading Larry's story.

"Dammit, stop looking over my shoulder!"

"Awright, awright..."

He tried to think over the din of something to say. "Well, here I am at a one-shot session. What do I do now..." It didn't look to good upon rereading, but...

Hours later, Jacob Edwards slammed the door to Ted's convertible, and walked up the walk to his front door. He was tired but happy. He had contributed something to DOUBLE WHAMMY...!

--Ted E. White

Yes, Virginia, there IS a Freom -tew

Yes, Santa Claus, there IS a Virginia -jlm

Freoms of the world: UNITE! -tew

Yes, Virginia, there IS a Gloria -tew

THE JOHN L. MAGNUS PAGE . . .

A phrase dropped by a fan friend of mine the other day set me to wondering. I picked it up. It said: "Robert Bloch is priceless." What with the ruble trade the way it is now, I felt this needed further investigation. What, exactly, is Robert Bloch worth? Now being a fan, my mind has an associative turn to it, with an assistant reflex to think out the implications of any new idea. In analyzing the circuit, I came around to the cyclic decision that a poll was in order. With cooperation, a lot of small talk about the high cost of fanning could be put to a logical end. Why don't you check the underlying questions, and total up the terrifying truth about what fandom, Robert Bloch, and other things lying around your fanattic are worth to you.

QUALITY	PRICE
For R.B. to have wound up a western writer.	
Never to have heard of fandom	
of George Ketzell.	
Never to attend a science fiction convention	
a wild hair session	
Never to publish a printed fanzine	
anything by Walter Alexander Willis	
Thurban III	
Never to play whoodminton	
To agree to retire by 10 p.m. at all subsequent conventions	
Not to have the FAPA minimum raised to 50 pages per $\frac{1}{4}$	
Never to have a convention in your town.	
Never to have a science fiction story published	
a mundane story	
a story in ASF	
in FANATISTIC	
in ALIGNANT	
To drop out of fandom.	
for a day.	
for a week	
a year	
99 years.	
Never again to hear about Joel Hydahl	
Not to have every issue of WHA. Y better	
	Grand Total
	Sales Tax
	Total Worth of Fandom

The End . . .

Looking over the rest of this mag, I see a number of things have been unsaid that perhaps should be mentioned. First, this is the second half of a two-shot, the first being WHAMMY, which appeared in FAPA mailing #74, February 1956. That was produced over the Thanksgiving day weekend at John Hitchcock's, and was not at all memorable as a one-shot, being two poorly dittoed pages. However, the idea was spawned even then for a successor, DOUBLE WHAMMY. In fact, the way is still open for a TRIPLE WHAMMY, but I wonder if we can better thish, in keeping with our motto, EVERY ISSUE BETTER...

The material herein, for the most part was written on paper, and then stencilled, making a certain amount of corrections possible. The reason for this was that John Hitchcock has two typers, and Larry a portable, but only one was capable of doing a decent stencilling job. (This did not deter Magnus who did His Page on stencil with an o-l-d LCSmith...

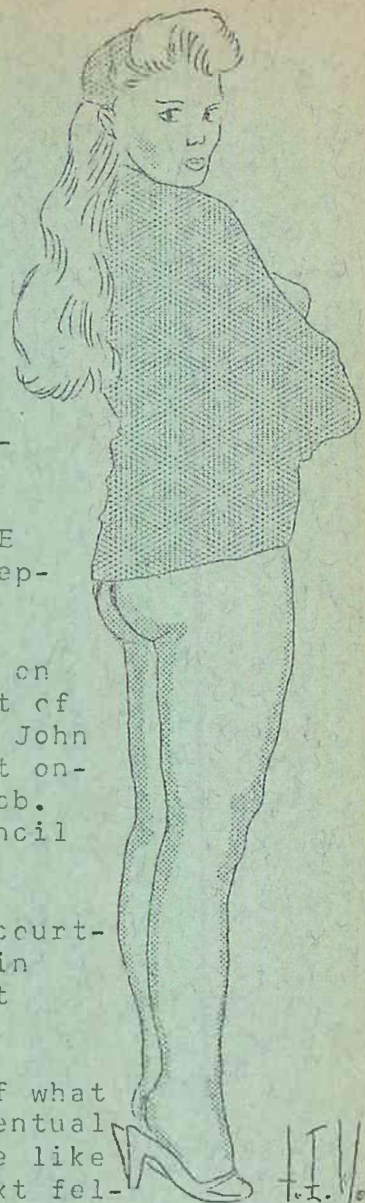
The nudes and semi-nudes adorning these pages are courtesy of MODERN MAN magazine, tho I have taken certain liberties in redrawing them... I hope they get past OMPA's censors...

The SerConFanFiction herein presented is an idea of what we want in the way of material for STELLAR--The Eventual Fanzine. It need not be SerConnish in treatment; we like humor and satire as well if not better than the next fellow, but we think FanFiction should be looked into more seriously. We welcome all material--and this applies to you British fan as well as Amerikaners...

The circulation on thish is 200; 70 to FAPA and 45 to OMPA, plus copies to friends (and enemies)... As a note to fanzine reviewers: This being accessible to the public, you may review it as costing 10¢ to those interested. (And that means, YOU, Pandora Bloch!)

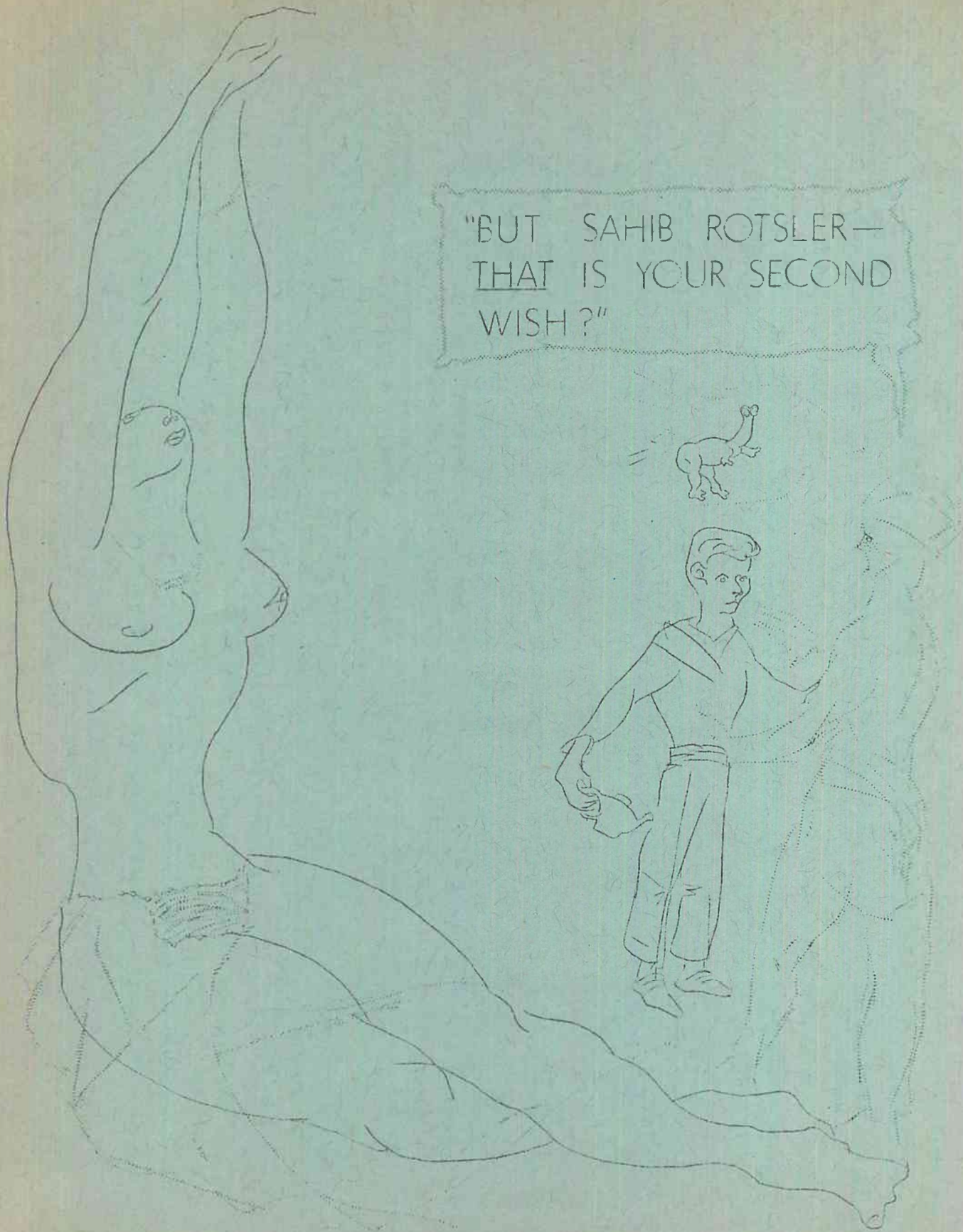
The entire issue, tho it may not look it, has been produced, from start to stop in five days, beginning with Thursday, March 29th, thru Monday April 2nd.

It's been a hell of a lot of fun!



Pat White
Publisher

"BUT SAHIB ROTSLE—
THAT IS YOUR SECOND
WISH?"



Harness