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*mar - apr*

# *ABSTRACT*

*the  
magazine  
of  
fantasy*





# TABLE of CONTENTS

I don't know why in heaven's name there even is a content page, you see, I forgot to number the pages, in the brilliant Vorzimer tradition. But who cares? 99% of the fen read right through without bothering to see if the pages are numbered or not. So what the heck?

I'm switching from my previously stated schedule of bi-monthly to monthly--if I can hold up under the strain. If at all possible, I'd like to get each ish out around the first of each month. I think I can do it. We'll see.....

It doesn't say anywhere, but this is the second issue of this fmz. Volume One, if that is important to any of my reviewers. This mag will have a gala 100 page Con edition for its september issue, with 48 pictures of the Con, in all its phases. Only 100 copies will be available, I'll let you know how to order them, some time further on, around July or so.

We'll also have our annish, which will be another 100 page affair, in the December-Jan, oops, I mean the January-February issue. It should be pretty interesting.

There isn't supposed to be much of an editorial on this page, so I think I'll leave you free to roam the pages of the magazine.

This magazine is primarily a trade-zine, providing you have a zine to trade. If you don't have one, you are either contributing, or you're leeching someone else's copy, you bum, you. Why don't you buy your own copy.

When screaming about the fiction contained in this issue, please address all missiles to Don Howard Donnell, or Carol McKinney. When yelling about the poor reproduction, address Rex-O-Graph x c/o Los Angeles.

Manuscripts, art work, and articles are urgently requested. Beware! This editor is very choosy. Hope you like the mag. Peter J. Vorzimer.

Table of Contents.....3

FROM WHERE I SIT (editorial).....4

SYNOPSIS of THREE LOVES.....6

THREE LOVES HAD MICHAEL (serial)....7  
by don howard donnell

THROUGH RAIN, THROUGH SLEET,.....17  
the letter column

THE CONQUERORS (short story).....24  
by carol mckinney

FAN-FARE (fan autobiographies).....30  
with Joel Nydahl

SUPER-FEN (article).....31  
with the boys from burbank

FAN-FARE (fan autobiographies).....32  
with Terry Carr

REST IN PEACE (fanzine reviews)....33  
by the editor

LOOKING BACKWARD (editorial).....36

and other sorts of babblings by y'ed

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ABSTRACT is published monthly by  
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NO SUBS WILL BE TAKEN!

Only subs available are three  
issue subs at 30¢ apiece, no, you don't  
get any break in prices...what do you  
want...blood?....I shouldn't have asked.

Only 110 issues of this zine are print-  
ed. Back issues (of which there is  
only one) available at 10¢ apiece.

# FROM WHERE

## J SJJ OOOOO

Well, well, what do you know.....here I am putting out another ish of ABSTRACT. For a while there, my head was so enlarged from all those compliments, I thought I'd quit while I was ahead. But no, the irresistible urge, that horrible addiction took hold of me and here I am.....fan-pubbing again. Yes, now I've got ditto fluid in my veins instead of the usual water.

I must say that the over-all compliments of the magazine were completely overshadowed by the flow of praise that came in about Donnell's story, THREE LOVES HAD MICHAEL. Don's hat size just increased three times.

You were all very nice to me with your compliments and I only hope I'm not letting you down in any way by going ditto in my reproduction. You see, I got a job especially to pay for ABSTRACT, but began to feel that one could find a cheaper means of reproduction and save some of that hard earned money. I realize no other medium can reproduce artwork as well as litho, but ditto has one or two other advantages that more than compensate for this fact. One, I am now able to use four colors, the regulation purple, -- blue, red, and green. Once I master the art of copying artwork accurately enough in these colors, I feel I'll have something that I could never have gotten by still remaining photo-offset. Two, I'm now able to give you much, much more in the way of good quality material for your dime. I think you'll notice this when you see how thick this mag is. I have 36 pages for the same price (which is still free for fen) as when I gave only 16 pages. Now I consider my price more than fair, instead of completely out of line.

Next, I think I should state my editorial policy. This being very important to both reader and would-be contributor alike.

First: I like articles myself, way ahead of fiction, in any form. I think that THREE LOVES was an exceptional piece of fan-fiction, and for that reason, printed it. The same held true with THE CONQUERORS. I had many, many manuscripts which I could have run, if not in place of the ones I mentioned, I could have added them. You see, I'm not primarily interested in fan-fiction. You people out there read enough fiction outside of fanzines to warrant the presence of too much fiction in fanmags. Therefore, I would suggest to some of you who are thinking of contributing or of continuing to receive ABSTRACT, that I am interested in articles, on anything new or current in the Science-Fiction world --anything that would be of general interest. Actually, size doesn't matter, being in this form of repro now, just the subject matter. I'd like nothing small than two pages, nor anything larger than 10. I think that is rather reasonable.

(continued on next page)

Second: Since I consider myself (at times) somewhat of a humorist, I enjoy and appreciate good humor. I think, it too, has a place in fanzines. Though I don't like typically juvenile, or very trite humor. Cartoons are another thing that I would greatly appreciate receiving.

Third: I enjoy art and think that it serves more than a single purpose of telling a story. I'd like lots of small (approx. 3" x 4") fillers to break the monotony of many solid pages of type. This type of art is easy to supply, whereas the type that illustrates a specific story would entail a lot of time. You see, I'm not an artist at all and thereby would have to send out my manuscripts to have them illustrated, or would have to leave them go the way they are, unillustrated.

Fourth: I like to consider myself (as almost every faned does) as being very choosy when it comes to fan-fiction. I think my choice of Donnell's story was a very good one. But I will not run any fiction at all in any of my issues, provided it is of a caliber (both in theme and style) of a fanzine. By this I mean, I don't want the type of stuff prozines would run...you find that sort of trivia in all pro mags, and I take it for granted that being a fan, you read quite a few. I want off-trail (not Freiberg style) fiction and other stuff. As Geis said, "material, taboos, words, situations, and themes, which must seek the amateur or private circulation." That just about sums up what I'd like in the way of fiction.

Well, I've taken up a lot of valuable time and space just yelling about what 'his royal highness' wants. But I intend pubbing it or not pubbing at all.

Keep up those letters coming in...you all know how much I appreciate it. Thanx for listening.

P.S. I didn't mean to scare all you authors away, I just wanted to let you know where I stand in the way of fiction. Its better to let you know right off the batt, so you won't be guessing blindly as to what the editor wants.



# ABSTRACT



# A SYNOPSIS

I have been asked by Mr. Donnell, to write a synopsis of the first part of THREE LOVES HAD MICHAEL which ran last issue. You see, it is apparent that Mr. Donnell is too lazy and since he knows how crazy I am about this story, knows also that I would write the synopsis, if I had to... and so I have to!

Well, first off, THREE LOVES was a story of strong feeling, and a very good one at that. The story is basically three stories. One for each love. Therefore, it is more than excellent for serialization. And so on to the synopsis.

Michael Sommerfield, the chief character of the story, meets and falls in love with a beautiful girl, name of Angelia, at his High School dance. They dance. Soon the dance is over and they go home. Michael is promised another date.

The next day, as Mike is pedalling down the main street, he sees Angelia, with one of his hated enemies, Richard Marks. When he questions her he finds out that she intends going to the show with Richard and that the night before meant nothing to her.

Michael is deeply depressed. He finds himself crying as he pedals home. When he gets home, his mom asks him to run an errand. Before coming home, Mike stops at the corner drugstore, where he spies the colorful cover of a Science-Fiction magazine, ASTOUNDING SCIENCE FICTION. He buys the mag and takes it home.

Although deeply hurt, Michael reads the magazine, and soon forgets.....but not completely, no, he would never forget this day.

I'm sure you'll enjoy this chapter even more than the first. This story, above all the others Don has written, has brought him more recognition as a writer. He has been compared as good or better than similar-type professionals.

I leave you to read the second chapter.....

---

## THREE LOVES HAD MICHAEL

## CHAPTER TWO

Michael Sommerfield graduated from high school with the highest marks of his class. His college entry examination scores were far above average. He was thought of as the brightest boy Riverdale had ever produced. And the strangest. He always kept pretty much to himself, and he had few friends; the ones who were close to him couldn't understand him, or the seemingly inexhaustible vitality that drove him onward to be the best in any undertaking he pursued. He worked hard. His hours of study were long, and as he grew older, he drew further and further within himself. It was a marked change. His mother knew when it came about; he was fifteen, and still normal, but when he drew closer to his sixteenth birthday, the changes that would distinguish his later life were already making themselves evident.

And no one knew the reason.

Except Michael.

And he never told anyone.

So it was with a guarded admiration and mixed feelings of curiosity and pity that the town, his parents, and his friends regarded him as he received his diploma and awards of excellence.

They knew, and could feel, that someday he would be a great and famous man. But if they thought they knew why, if they felt they had guessed the reasons, they were wrong.

Then Michael Sommerfield went to college.

The bell rang, releasing the students into the halls like a bursting dam. The silence of a few seconds before was rent by the sound of feet, and the low, blended roar of many conversations. It was not the high, thin sound of a grammar school, but of young, strong voices, poised between the thin line of maturity and youth.

Most of the students walked in pairs, or in larger groups, talking and laughing. That was why Mike was so conspicuous. He was alone, silent, his face sombre.

Layton Crawford stopped and looked at the serious young man as he walked slowly down the hall. He nudged his friend.

"There's Mike."

"Yeah. What an odd ball. I guess he's a right guy, and all that, but all he does is go to this room and study every day. Never goes out with the guys, and he seems scared to death of girls."

"I know. I've been sort of palling around with him for a couple of months now, and I still haven't been able to figure him out. I'd sure like to psycho-analyze him!"

"Don't take your psych course so seriously. I don't think a psychiatrist could figure that bird out!"

"Maybe all he needs is understanding."

"Maybe." A bell rang. "Well, puzzle over it, brain boy, I've got to go to Biology. I haven't been there this week yet, and I'd like to get credit in it." He walked off. Layton stood in the suddenly deserted hall for a moment, then he looked down the corridor and out the door at the far end that led to the campus. There was a solitary figure out there, heading toward the boy's dorm. Layton hesitated a moment, then went after him.

"Wait up, Mike!" he called. Mike stopped and turned. He waved, a slight smile on his face.

I could like that guy, thought Layton. He just needs help.

"Hello, Layton," Mike greeted him. "What's up?"

"Oh, nothing. I'd just thought I'd shoot the breeze with you a little. I haven't got a class right now," he lied.

"Well, I've got to go to the dorm and do a couple of pages of Chemistry. Want to come along?"

"Oh, to hell with Chemistry. You can do it later. Come on over to the Hop and have a coke on me!"

"All right."

Mike twisted the limp straw in his fingers, then poked it in the ice on the bottom of the glass.

"Why won't you come to the Junior Dance tomorrow night? If you haven't got a dinner jacket, I have one you can use. It'll fit you."

"No--no thanks, anyway. I'd rather not." His eyes clouded suddenly, and Layton could sense his soul writhing with a deep, secret hurt within him.

"What the hell, you can go stag if that's what you're worrying about. Besides, I'd like you to meet my sister. She's a real looker and---"

"Goddamit, I said no! Can't you understand? I don't want to go to the damn dance. I don't want to meet your sister! I'd just like to be left alone."

"Okay, Mike. If you want it that way."

"I'm sorry, Layton. I shouldn't have lost control that way. I didn't mean all that. I---I just want--I just don't want to go."

"All right, I'm not going to tie you up and drag you there."

"It's just---"



"What?"

"Oh, nothing." Mike sighed, his eyes sad. "Nothing at all..."

"What is it, Mike, there's something buried deep inside you. Let it out. Tell me. You can trust me. If it's personal, you know I won't tell anyone."

"You wouldn't understand it, Layton. It's silly."

"It's going to be my job to understand it, Mike. I'm going to be a psychologist, remember? And it can't be so silly. After all, look what it's done to you."

"Come on up to my room. We can talk there."

"Okay. We can talk it out."

Layton held her picture. He shook his head. "All these years," he murmured. "She really goofed you up, Mike. You really must have loved her."

"I still do love her, Layton. I'll always love her."

"That's silly. She isn't worth your love, after what she did. Forget her. It's in the past. Live here, in the present."

"Nice words, nice words. That's all they are. Words can't make you forget. They can't satisfy the longing, the wanting. They can't take the place of love."

"Either can a memory, Mike. That's all she is. A vague, phantom memory that you cling to with trembling hands. Don't you realize that all of this died back then when you were fifteen?"

"Yes, it died. So did part of me."

"There's still a lot left. Sure you won't go to that dance?"

"Maybe."

"Good. That's the first sense you've made since I've known you."

It seemed, to Mike, that he always ended up in a corner at a dance. He hadn't really wanted to go, and his grudging promise of maybe had been given to stall off further appeals from Layton. But Layton had been persistent, and had managed to transmute that "maybe" in a reluctant "yes," and then he had proceeded to force him through the ~~door~~ various stages of preparation and into the car, and virtually through the door. Layton was persistent. But he had not been able to prod him into dancing. And so, he sat in the corner. The last dance he had attended, when he was fifteen, he was cornered, so to speak, by necessity. This time it was by choice.

"So you're Michael Sommerfield," someone said, and suddenly Mike felt sick. Certain portions of his memory seemed suddenly recreated,



and a bitter, violent nausea swept through him.

"Aren't you going to speak?"

Mike cradled his head in his hands, his body shaking. His voice was high pitched, and uncertain. "Go away and leave me alone. Go away, please!" he croaked.

"Layton, come here! He's sick."

Then there was blackness for Michael. A warm, protective blackness that had engulfed him, saving him from a repetition of a certain scene enacted at another dance long ago. Something he did not want to happen again, ever.

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

"Where am I?" was the inevitable question.

"At my house," said a voice. It belonged to Layton. "You got sick at the dance and passed out. We brought you here."

"We?"

"Yes. My sister and I."

He opened his eyes again.

"Hello again, Mike. The last time I tried to meet you, you passed out. I'm not that bad, am I?"

He focused his eyes. Two deep, big, sonderful brown eyes were looking at him. He didn't want to see the rest of her face. He concentrated on the eyes.

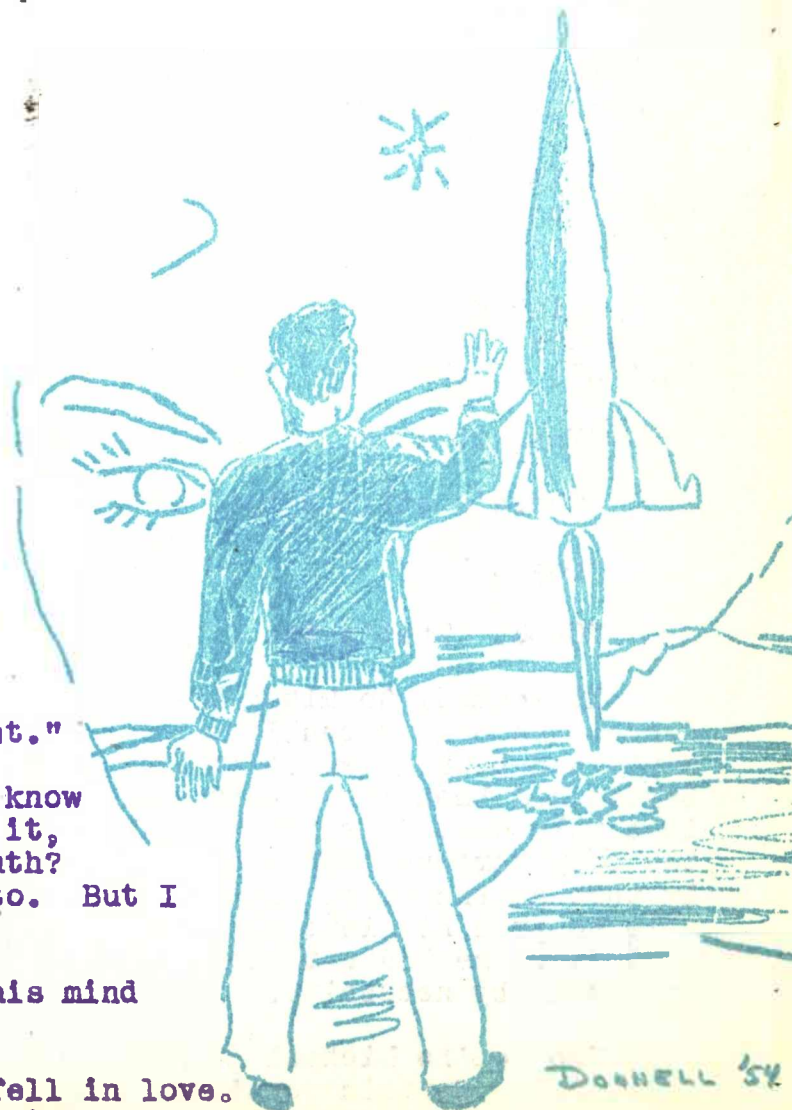
Don't look, Mike! his mind screamed. Don't look at the rest of her face, or you'll be lost!

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

"It wasn't," Layton said, I know what it was. Do you want to hear it, Mike? Do you want to hear the truth? I'll send Liz out if you want me to. But I want you to hear the truth."

"Let her stay," Mike said, his mind spinning.

"When you met Angelia, you fell in love. Or you thought you did. You were fifteen, and a whole host of new and strong emotions were



THREE LIES DAD MICHAEL + Don Randall  
churning in your body. A new multitude of feelings, of sensations, of thoughts were being born within you. You were growing up, Mike. You were fifteen and starting to become a man. You went to a dance. You met a girl. She was a beautiful girl and you thought she like you, wasn't that it?"

Angelia! his mind cried out. Her face was conjured from the black, bottomless depths of space, swirling out like a bright, fiery comet.

"You dance, and all this emotion is churning around inside of you. You were dancing and your bodies were in contact, and this generated all kinds of sensations and desires. You were young, Mike, fifteen, and she was pretty. But you weren't in love with her. You were in love with love itself, and she was just an object on which to fasten the fixation. And when you found she wasn't sincere, it wasn't your heart that was broken--your ego was crushed!"

"No! No! I loved her.....I loved her!"

"Face it, Mike. Grow up. Don't live in that small world of the past Give it up. Let it die. Let it become dust, as it should be.

"Tonight at the dance, Liz walked up and said hello. It triggered memory and the old defense mechanism went to work. Somehow what happened that night left a deep wound on your ego, and all through your life the defense mechanism has been working to cover up the gaping hole she tore in it. You've been fooling yourself all this time. It wasn't love then. It was youth--- Tonight you passed out when part of the memory seemed recreated--- the ego didn't want a repetition of that night. The defense mechanism sought a way out. The way was to get sick and pass out so you could leave."

"You're crazy!"

"On the contrary. If anyone is crazy, it's you for living this fantasy for so long. Face up to it and you'll destroy it. Give yourself a chance to live. Give yourself a chance to really love! Layton's eyes were intense and burning bright with an inner fire. Perspiration was collected over his upper lip and his brow was wet, his hair falling over it limply. He stared at Mike.

Mike looked at Layton, his whole body weak. His head throbbed, and he felt as if part of his being had been taken from him. And then he realized that Layton was right. His mind began to admit the truth to his statements. Layton saw this in Mike's eyes. He relaxed visibly. He smiled a little. Then he noticed that Elizabeth was gone.

"Liz!" he called.

"Just a moment," answered a voice. Then she appeared, carrying a tray of sandwiches and a pot of coffee. "After all of this I thought you men might be a little hungry." She smiled, and the whole room was filled with a freshness and a coolness that both felt. Layton looked at Mike. He was staring at Liz.

And he was smiling.

There was a change in Michael Sommerfield. The shackles of the past had been broken, and the wound was healing. Not quickly, but slowly and surely. He began seeing quite a lot of Liz Crawford, and they were seen quite often together, and at dances and just walking, arm in arm. Wherever Liz was, Mike was, and vice-versa. It became a byword all over the school. Liz and Mike. The two names sounded natural together, and were seldom mentioned apart.

Mike received his Master's degree in Electronic's, and Liz was in the front row of the auditorium, her face a continual smile. And as the Dean handed him his degree and mumbled words of praise about the excellence of his work, Mike looked down at her and winked. She winked back and if there had ever been any doubt before, which there hadn't, there could be none now. Anyone could see that the two were very much in love.

And rumor had it they were to be married very soon.

Throughout out Michael's senior year at Columbia, he spent most of his spare time, save that he spent with Liz, deeply engrossed in highly technical Electronic experiments. For hours after classes were over in the University, one could see the dim light ushering from the third floor of the Physics building, the electronics lab, with Michael pouring over his work.

Always, with complete faithfulness, there was Liz, standing by the door when Mike came out, his brains tired, his body completely fatigued. Many times she asked him why he killed himself physically into all hours of the day and night.....and many times he told her. There were many, many things still as yet, undiscovered by modern man in the field of electronics, and he was working on just one part. This was one of the things that won him extra credits towards his Phd.

Then, as fate would have it, it happened.....

A man came to see Michael soon afterwards.

"What I am going to tell you, Mr. Sommerfield, must never be repeated no matter what circumstances. Your background has been thoroughly checked, and there is no doubt of your loyalty and character. But before I begin with the business that has brought me here, I must ask you to swear never to repeat it to anyone."

"I swear it, Mr. Collins."

"All right. I represent the United States Government. Here are my credentials." He removed a sheaf of papers and handed them to Mike who read them causually and handed them back. Taking his silence for acceptance of his authority, Collins continued. "I am assistant to the Director of a secret government project now under way. We have been watching young men all over the country for possible new brains for the project. You were one of the ones selected."

"Just waht is the project?"



"It's called Operation Barrier, a code name for a project designed to put an artificial satellite up within two years and have a rocket on the moon within three."

"What's this got to do with me?"

"We've watched your work. We think you'd be invaluable to the project."

"In what respect?"

"Well, we've heard through our sources of your experiments on control circuits and your theories in Electronics, and have found you to be quite exceptional in your line of work. Besides that, you might pilot the first rocket from Earth to the site of the space station, and from there, possibly to the Moon. Of course, you'll be competing against other top men for this job."

There was a stunned look on Mike's face. "The moon?" has asked. "This is quite a big thing to throw at a man."

"It's a tremendous thing."

"What will be required of me?"

"Oh, you'll have to come to the project site and live. Top pay, of course. You've got most of the qualifications. Brainy, young, in top physical shape, single..."

"Single?"

"Yes. We don't want men with wives. It requires extra quarters, and puts a drain on the men. It's highly dangerous work, and if men are worrying about their wives, they can't be as efficient. Besides, wives exert too much power over their husbands and would be a damned nuisance."

"I see. Will I have time to think this over?"

"Certainly. I can give you five days."

"How long will my services be contracted."

"Three years. After that you can quit or go on, on your option."

"Thanks. I'll be thinking about it seriously."

"Do that. And remember, tell no one. You could be sent to prison for a hell of a long time if you did."

"Don't worry. I won't tell any one!" The man left. Mike sat there, his eyes seeing deep into space. He



THREE LEVELS HAD REACHED \* Don Uonell  
had read a lot of science-fiction. Now he could be part of a plan to make the number one prophecy come true. Spaceflight!

There were stars in his eyes as he went to visit Liz that evening.

She met him at the door and they stood there a while holding each other close, knowing the love that held them close. The warmth of their bodies filled the world, and for those moments, they were the only objects in creation. It seemed that they were apart from everything, drifting in a sea of stars. Then Mike broke the embrace.

"Let's sit down. I've got something to talk about." They sat on the couch.

"What is it, Mike?" she asked.

"I've been offered a job. A big job with good pay."

"Wonderful! she smiled, and touched his hand. What is it?"

"I can't tell you, Liz. It's top secret."

"Secret?"

"Yes. And there's a catch to it. We'll have to postpone our wedding for three years."

Immediately, a look of hurt came into her eyes. "Three years," she asked in a soft voice, her tone one of disbelief.

"Yes. It's a chance of a lifetime. It's so vast and wonderful I can hardly imagine it."

"What about me? What am I going to do for three years, just sit and say you're off on some wonderful secret job that means more to you than me?"

"You know that isn't so, Liz. I love you more than anything in the world. But this is very important."

"A lot more important than me!"

"Mike stood up angrily. "You're talking nonsense. All I'm asking you to do is be patient and understand!"

"Be patient and understand! What's there to understand? This big wonderful job of yours that you can't even explain to me! You want me to sit and wait for you three years and you won't even tell me what it's all about? I want you, Mike, more than anything in the whole world. I want to marry you and have a home. Is that too much to want? I thought you loved me. I see your precious chance of a lifetime means more!"

"I'll talk to you later when you've calmed down. It's no use trying to talk sense to you when you're in an emotional state

like this. I'll see you tomorrow.

He walked out, slamming the door.

He paused outside, trembling. He lit a cigarette, then started walking down the street. He began to think. It really wasn't fair to ask her to wait that long for him. He should have tried to understand her point of view. Space belonged to those who had nothing on Earth, to those who loved it more than any mere creature. But he dearly loved her, and he wanted her more than anything and he wanted her more than anything and he wanted her above all else. He'd call Collins tomorrow and tell him to find someone else for the job. After all he could find some good paying job right here on Earth and settle down with her, and they could like a happy lifetime together. He turned and started back to her house.

Then he saw her car coming. It was speeding and he could see she didn't have much control over it. She had probably ran out of the house and decided to drive somewhere, but she was in no emotional condition to drive. Then a feeling of sick horror came over him.

"Elizabeth!" he shouted as the car roared by him, weaving from one side of the street to the other. It approached the corner at the far end and she attempted to make it at a high speed. There was the soul-rending sound of screeching tires as she lost control of the vehicle and the horrifying crump as it careened into a lamp-post. He was already running to the car as a flame leaped from the smashed hood and began to eat at the framework.

He worked with the warped door frantically, the flames scorching his face. A finger of the fire reached out and touched him on the arm and he screamed with the pain but continued trying to force the door open. Finally it gave and he flung himself inside and pulled at Liz's crumpled form. He pulled her from the car and dragged across the street and laid her on the soft grass of someone's lawn. There was a brief flame-up followed by a shuddering roar as the flames reached the gas tank. He looked down at her body. It was cut in several places, and a small trickle of blood oozed from the corner of her mouth. Her eyes opened, and the fading light in her eyes brightened just a moment. Her lips moved and he barely heard the word that formed. "Mike," she said. A convulsion of agony ripped through her body.

Her eyes cleared once again, and she smiled faintly. "I love you, I love you," she said. "You can take the job. I'll wait." The fire in her eyes burnt brightly again from a brief second, and in the next moment it was gone. The smile froze on her lips.

He was pushed roughly aside and a man with a black bag gripped tightly in one hand knelt beside her. Numbly, Mike turned away from

I ain't got no  
filler - - - -  
why don't some  
of you fen  
supply me with  
some.

(DUNNELL WAS TOO LAZY!)



her sprawled body and started to walk away. Nothing registered on his mind, and his eyes were dull and devoid of reason. Soon he was aware of being alone, walking down some side street that had no street lamps.

It wasn't really fair to ask her to wait that long, a thought from the past echoed through the hollow cavern of his brain. He should have tried to understand her point of view. Space belonged to those who had nothing on Earth, to those who loved it more than any other creature.

A phrase stuck in his mind and repeated itself over and over again. Space belonged to those who had nothing on Earth...

Tomorrow he'd have to call Collins and tell him to find somebody else for the job. No, wiat, that wasn't right!

How should it be... Space belongs to those who have nothing on Earth... It should be, tomorrow he'd call Collins and tell him he'd be glad to take the job. Yes, that was it.

Then the realization hit. The damned flood of emotion burst forth, and he knew the terrible, unimaginable truth. His throat constricted and his eyes were swimming in a sea of mist, and all of his insides churned and felt like they were going to be vomited up. He stood and stared up at the sky, up into the dotted black fabric that he was going to ren...

And all of it poured forth in one single, inhuman, sorrowful cry that echoed down the block and brought people to their porches and windows.

All of it was summed up and expressed in a mournful echo that chilled the hearts of all who heard it.

Mike stood there and screamed his throat out in one burst of pure emotion.

Elizabeth!

They found him collapsed over a curb, sobbing uncontrollably.

THIS CONCLUDES THE STORY  
OF MICHAEL'S SECOND LOVE.

T O B E C O N C L U D E D . . . . .



THROUGH RAIN, THROUGH SLEEP,

THROUGH SNOW, etc., etc.

comes the you-know-what....that ever-important stuff....the U. S. Mail!.....and this, if you haven't guessed by now, is the

LETTER COLUMN

MMMMMMBOY!, but we have piles of letters! Seven pages of them. The mailman strains under the brunt of his load, murmuring under his breath, Ellison's favorite slogan, "Down with 7th Fandom!"

DON WEGARS:

ABstract was read with much interest. I have seen many photo-offset jobs before, but hardly any of them seemed to be like yours. I'm glad you still recognize fandom, even though you use photo-offset. Too many go 'pro' when they get a better means of reproduction.

That story by Donnell is all the blurb said it to be. I can't remember where I've ever seen a story that was by a fan that came so close to pro-style without actually being published 'up there'.

"MISINTERPRETATION" by Duke didn't strike me as being especially good. But having Donnell's stories as competition is rough!

All in all, I think ABstract is quite good, and you'll find a dime along with this for number two. I'm tempted to go photo-offset myself.

2444 Valley St., Berkeley 2, Cal.

(( Donnell is, in my opinion, and as you can see a lot of others think so too, the best fan-author there is. I say this without any reservations. There just isn't another that comes near. One question, Don....Why the dime? Don't you prefer to trade? ))

RON SMITH:

Am writing this about ten minutes after I got your letter, before breakfast even, so maybe it'll get there in time for the newsheet (\*referring to the OO of NAPA), tho Ghod knows the lack of one no account fan's opinion wouldn't hurt much. Believe it or not, I can't afford air mail stamps.

Have been meaning to write you ever since I got ABstract. I figured Balint had killed you by running you thru his mimeograph. How else explain it all? (\*this is the way Ron wrote it--you decipher it.) Long letter, like hell. Why, even I can write a longer letter than you. Just wait and see.

Criticism forthwith: every neat appearing fanzine. Not bad. Donnell's story is simply wonderful. If the next two installments live up to this one it will be the best I've seen him do. Duke's (per name?) wasn't bad, wasn't good. Flaws in style and sentence structure. Cover layout was good, drawing o.k. All in all, it was good, but as I see it, you have a few things against you. You should have printed articles instead of fiction. (DIDN'T BALINT TELL YOU?) Articles have higher readership. I figure fan are going

to be more interested in them and once those are read, some of them will move on to the fiction. I doubt if many will finish reading Donnell's story. After all, it isn't science fiction, except for the prologue. I suppose the story as a whole was--but this part of it wasn't. Your idea is to appeal to fans--something I've been interested in doing for five issues now. I don't think the answer is in printing fan fiction. If you're going to print fiction, it's the story that counts, and because it's written by a professional, is no reason for rejecting it. Personally, I think fan are more interested in fiction by pros than fans, and I print both. Now articles are the important thing. Again, it doesn't matter who writes them as long as they have the right slant. If they are what fan are interested in, I suppose the zine will go over. But actually, above all, what makes a successful zine is personality. That is also what makes a BNF, and a BNF is what makes a successful zine, or vice versa. I've had it screamed from the roof tops that I must put personality in INSIDE. And it all boils down to the fact I guess, that fan don't want quality, they want egoboo and humor and PERSONALITY, and if a certain amount of quality should come along with it, fine. But anyway, the secret of a successful fanzine (a popular fanzine) is not photo-offset or anything besides the editor. If the editor has BNF stuff in him, he'll reign as king of the fanzines, for a short while. And so I don't think ABSTRACT will be a success to the extent I think you want it to be any more than INSIDE will be. Neither one of us are BNFs, or will we ever be, thank Ghod. Or perhaps I should just speak for myself--I am not a BNF, jus not made that way.

I don't know what I've said above, but I hope it sounds good. Incidentally, I want to see you about reprinting Donnell's story next year if it turns out to be as good as I think it is.

Would you mind sending me the Printer's address. His prices are pretty good, would like to contact him. Well, my mission is accomplished, I've written a longer letter. So, before the monster gets out of hand I'd better write my X and be off.

549 South Tenth, San Jose, Cal.

(( I agree with you emphatically, as a matter of fact, you'll note that a great deal of the changes you mentioned, have come about in this issue, the rest will come in the future issues. As you can see, you're not the only one who's been raving about Donnell, the column is full of raves. Duke is not a pen-name! see the article in this issue, that is, if you haven't seen it yet. I think You are a BNF, especially since a majority of fan think that INSIDE is the best mag in Fandom! As for myself (Ghad! That's myself???)...as for myself, well, I've only been in Fandom for a mere year (oh, no, Poetry!), so you never can tell.....))

W A L T B O W A R T :

I am not Kent Corey! (I accused the author of this letter of being said Kent Corey - Ed.)

Wow! ABSTRACT is a babe. One of the best jobs of photo reduction I've seen. I especially liked the scratch board cranium. Very neat.



THROUGH RAIN, THROUGH SLEET, THROUGH SNOW, etc., etc. (continued)

The cover was very good, but I'll expect better next time because of your superlative printing system.

My own personal view of the first story, whatever it was, is a very good one. I and other fan think that fiction, if it's good enough to be printed it ought to be printed in a prozine. Therefore, that one factor makes ABSTRACT a neofyte (this is correct spelling? -ed.) Now don't get me wrong, I think fiction in a fanzine is fine if it's funny, or of the type a prozine would not print.

I am very sorry for not writing you sooner but I have been snowed down with art work I bring home from the University. No, I'm not in college, but I take a commercial art course out there the same as any student with a high school diploma, except I get no credits and therefore I pay only half price....Phew!....complicated, but I thought I'd let you know how it was.

About a week ago, Kent and I got together and wrote a script for an all comic book type one shot which concerns us, THE SOUTH, marching against (excuse me, in his letter, Walt used 'agin', and I neglected to type it thus, allah, allah, - ed.) you ahl, the nowth, to the capital of San Francisco...When we finish it we'll send it to you for the NAPA mailing. Piper's an odd looking guy by that picture in ABSTRACT. Those other pics you sent me of him made him much prettier. (Giggle, giggle.)

Well, now that Monroe's hitched, I guess I'll have to go back to Alice.....

306 E. Hickory, Enid, Okla.

(( I am humbly sorry that I accused you of being Kent Corey. I just didn't think there would be two characters like you roaming the streets un-caged. Just a guess. I can't help it, if F & SF wouldn't accept THREE LOVES, why just give it up? It's a damn good story, so I pubbed it.....and in three issues! Since NAPA no longer has any subzine mailing (or any other, at present) you can just mail me 30 ishs for the boys in Southern Cal and vicinity...if you can spare them. WHO SAID WE'RE NOWTHENAHS! (that's Northerners to the damn yankees!) WHY, WE AWL BEEN LOYAL CONFEDERITS, SINCE THE DAYS OF BULL RUN. WHY, SHADES OF JEFFERSON DAVIS, BOY, THEM'S FIGHTING WORDS WHEN YOU CALL US'UNS "YANKEES!" Ah, yes, poor Marilyn....snif...snif...))

TERRY CARR:

Boob isn't mad, he's just got a bad case of Gafia. Just got BOO! out a week or so ago, and hasn't done much since then. I don't imagine he'll last in Fandom much longer. He's already stopped reading it ("It makes me sick!") and BOO! is about folded. He's still interested in fandom, but Chu only knows when he'll get sick of it.

About ABSTRACT...the Donnell story is GREAT, do you hear me? GREAT! Best thing he's ever written--even better than the yarn in INSIDE //4. Haha, after seeing what he said in his letter to INSIDE about

my face wrinkles, I think maybe we'd better form a mutual-appraisal society. Incidentally, in case you're wondering how I know what he said, I'm illustrating the INSIDE lettercolumn with Face Critique, and Alan & I've sent me the whole lettersection this week.

Back to Abstract: The rest of the issue is completely overshadowed by Donnell's story, but I seem to recall that Donnell's cover was quite good, and the rest of the material wasn't bad either. Gave to get to work now, so I'd better sign off. Will wait to hear from you.

134 Cambridge St., San Fran.

(Ed. Note: This is one of the few letters in this column that I have cut. Most of the beginning of Terry's letter was bemoaning the fact that he had to cut down his autobio from 10,000 wds. to about 200 because of the limited space. Terry also talked a little about the coming X-Con, a fan convention to be held in Frisco on the 8th of April, at which most of NABA will attend.

It's too bad about Boob, but that's the way the big ball bounces, we've all got to go sometime. This letter was a forerunner to one written to me by Boob himself. I would like to say this, I met Boob in person, on one of my little motor jaunts up to Frisco, and found him to be one of the best damn guys I'd ever met. Boob is still writing to me fairly steadily, and if the lure of Fandom doesn't succeed in getting him back to the fold, I'll keep you posted on what the little mastermind is up to.)

R I C H A R D   G E I S :

ABstract arrived in good shape, and bids fair to be a damned good mine. I am particularly impressed by the cover drawing. It is certainly not the usual thing. Quite often these symbolic cover things on a fanzine are just plain silly; they usually lack the depth to really mean anything beyond the banal and trite. This cover on AB, tho, does the story justice. Convey to Mr. Donnell, that I would like that he submit to PSY. He is an excellent writer. A bit inclined to write purple prose once in a while, but in spots he is superb.

My constructive comments on the body of the mag, technically speaking, start with the cover layout. I was somewhat pained to see the all too familiar GALAXY derived format. I rather think some faneds are unconscious of their imitation in this respect. My point is that they should deliberately try to be different.

I cannot myself w--(egad! Finally, a tragic goof -ed.) I cannot see myself why you have that "10¢" on the cover. Does it sell on the newsstands? "The Magazine of Fantasy" seems a bit pretentious. I'd much rather see a larger cover drawing use up some of that wasted space. Again, unless the mag sells on the newsstand (and let's not kid around; newsstand sales of a fanzine are by their very nature bound to be negligible.) why bother slanting format and identifying phrases on the cover?

Also in line for a complaint is the title logo-type itself. I note that all through the issue there is used only this one type of script for all headings and leads. As well as the above noted cover logo. It seemed to me that the cover was a bit....well....weak. That script was not in keeping with what I feel is a proper logo. To me it should have been bigger and blockier; more solid and substantial. Candidly, it looked sisified (\*he actually spelled it 'sissified', but I think we both spelled it wrong; it should be 'sissified'. -ed.).

I thank you very much for the free ad. ( I think it's free; I've received no bills yet.) It's better than I would have thunk up if I had had to think one up. That make sense? It seems to me that you could cut down on the contents a little and put in more editorial/ Better, cut down on the free ads and put in more material. THREE LOVES by Donnell was, as I said, excellent in spots. The underlined parts in the beginning were a bit corny and overly written, but the dialogue and the general writing level were very good. And I don't say this with the mental qualification that it is "good for fan-fiction." I think it good by comparison with the best I've ever read. Anywhere.

I didn't like MISINTERPRETATION by Téd Duke. Firstly because it wasn't obvious to me what the misinterpretation was, and secondly because the writing was rather poor and amateurish. GET MOR OF THOSE SCRATCH BOARD DRAWINGS BY COBB. They could be very effective. Especially on the cover. FAN-FARE: eh? Since when is Piper a BNF? Why not get Calkins, Carr, or Ackerman, or even me....

All in all, a sporr--spotty, but pretty good start. Good Luck.

2631 N. Mississippi, Portland 12,

(( Dick, when it comes to you. I think you are truly the best and most constructive critic in Fandom. No woofin'. As you can see, nearly all your criticisms have been arranged. Not that I'm out to please you, especially, but that you really had something worthwhile to say. I'm sure there are lots of fen who think the way I do.

I don't see any connection, however, with my cover format and that of Galaxy. My sub to Cak ran out three years ago, and I haven't seen a copy since. (and Ghod! how that magazine is going down!) I agreed with you...those scratchboards make great covers. I had the same idea. There are many points that are solely up to the individual editor's taste...and, well, if the editor's tastes are what the fen like, that makes the zine successful. ))

C A R O L M o K I N N E Y :

You flatter me...you just gave my egoboo a big boost when I needed it most! Been knocking myself out the past couple of weeks trying to get DEVIANT don, thinking--will they like it? Will they tear it to pieces? Will I get a bomb in a few days? I'm still wondering...! But most of them are stapled and assembled and addressed, just waiting for Donnell to get on the ball and send those STARLIGHTS... I'll



mail you your copy out to you, though, either today or tomorrow.

You know, I really like ABstract! You did O.K. for a first ish, too. Donnell's story was the best, a fine, sensitive tale,--and I'll be waiting anxiously for the other 2 parts, though I can guess what the other 2 loves are... Don describes the hurt of a rejected first love so well that something like that must have happened to him. Of course, there are few people today who had clear sailing through the years of their teens when they were so uncertain of themselves and of how others thought of them. A thing that seemed almost the end of the world then could be thought about with amusement years later.....

"MISINTERPRETATION" was fair and Tad Duke shows promising ability, if he keeps up with his writing.

FAN-FARE is a good idea, --helps fen to know each other better. My three choices are: Terry Carr, Richard Geis, and Alice Bullock.

Your format is very satisfactory, even interesting! But how can I give suggestions for improvement when I don't know the first things about photo-offset, and just what can be done with it?? Let others who consider themselves experts stick their big feet in it...

You've got me intrigued more than ever about this NAPA now! Do I technically belong in 7th Fandom? How can you tell just where you do belong? And,--what difference does it make? Tell Donnell I'd be very grateful if he sent me the full info on NAPA when he has time! Oh, yes, have you heard of the National S.F. League?

Hope this reaches you in time... Write and let me know how you liked DEVIANT... (I'm going into hiding.)

377 East 1st North, Provo, Utah

(( As Ron Ellik puts it, "Always glad to see another girl in Fandom!" and then muttering under his breath, "Aha! Wait 'til ole Ellik gets to the Con, heh, heh." Thank for the many compliments. I want to take this space to say a few things on the behalf of my good friend and contributor, Don Howard Donnell. He asked me to state that the first part of THREE LOVES was written about 2 years ago, and that the purplish writing was not up to his usual par. It was only two weeks ago, that Don finished the 2nd part and I think you'll agree with me on the fact that his writing has improved even more over what it was before--and even that was excellent! You'll notice Mr. Carr, on of your choices in this ish's FAN-FARE, you may now jump with glee. Since I have already written to you in answer to this same letter, my answers to your questions would be superfluous. But, dear readers, you can see what a crazy, mixed-up, fan she is. Tell her, Balint, tell her this is SEVENTH FANDOM!))

R I C H A R D   G E I S :   (Again?)

I'm afraid, much as I would like to contribute to ABstract, that I can't. At least for the time being. I can practically guarantee something this summer, but not before then.

others are being taken away daily. I only wish I were bringing my  
journaling. I dunno what I'll do when I get into FAPA. TRY say have  
to go bi-monthly.

Brennell wants a picture, you want a picture, Morson wants a picture  
I guess I'll have to take one of me.

2631 N. Mississippi, Portland 12,

(( If Psychotic goes bi-moth--here we go again, measuring time in moths  
again--I mean, bi-monthly, I'll turn in my Dewey buttons. I'll quit.  
I'll resign. As it is now, I can hardly wait for the first of the  
moth--oh no! not again! --first of the month to roll around to receive  
PSY: BUT TWO MONTHS??? I'll never last that long. It's like desert-  
ing your public--especially when you got one of the top three mags  
in the country (in my opinion.) Why? Why? To blaze with FAPA!))

P.S. May I remind you, once more, that ABSTRACT will be monthly.

ONE MORE NOTE: (This is a letter from an adult friend of mine, who  
never knew Fandom existed until I sent her my zine. here is her reaction

MRS. ALICE MULLIN

What a grand surprise to open my mail and find a copy of "ABSTRACT".  
You have reason to be proud of your new venture. It is something  
I read it from cover to cover, with pride.

I had no idea that youngsters were doing and putting out work like  
yours. I'm sure that your "ma" had her guiding hand held out for all  
of you.

I could offer no criticism, either constructive or otherwise. To me  
it is a finished product, and if its new issues improve, 'tis because  
you are especially inspired. Keep up the wonderful job.

(( Although a goodly percentage of fen (approx. 75% of those very  
active) are teen-agers, that is from around 14 to 24, there are  
still some older folk who are very active. DEA, Lee Riddle,  
Ackerman, just to name a few.....a very few. ))

That looks like it for the letter column. I'd appreciate it if you'd  
write and let me know whether or not you'd like one just about this  
size, which is very lengthy, as I see, or small size, with just cuts  
and excerpts from various letters.

I was, at one time, thinking of starting a hairy ole' feud among some  
friends of mine, but then they wouldn't be friends anymore, would they?

HAVE YOU HEAR DAVE RIKE LEAD THE G.G.F.S. SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA?

To answer this question you'll have had to have heard some of the tapes  
marching back and forth from G.G.F.S. c/o Peter Graham to N.A.P.A. c/o  
myself. Say, doesn't anybody make any correction fluid for ditbos?

FREE AD DEPARTMENT (useful filler): THE COSMIC FRONTIER c/o Stuart K.  
Nook - RFD #3 - Castleton, New York - Vorzimer's in it! (don't buy it.)

# THE CONQUERORS

By Carol McKinney



Tanno, tall and lithe, stepped into the hushed stillness of the clearing. "They are coming," he announced bleakly.

The murmur of muted, despairing voices beat at him helplessly. "What can we do now? Where can we go? Why don't they leave us alone? Why--?"

The leaves of the forrest around them rustled reassuringly. "We must go further into the wild area. We'll leave now," Tanno told them with a confidence he could not feel.

Elanna, young and impetuous, objected. "Why do we run from them. Why do we not

fight?"

Tanno regarded her objectively. "you are neither a strong-limbed male nor a wise Elder. Be silent."

Elanna tossed her head and stalked away from the others.

"We must go. Now." Tanno strode to the opposite side of the clearing and disappeared among the manto trees. The others, nearly three dozen in number, followed without hesitation.

Toward evening they came to a fairly large hill, bare of trees or bushes. Tanno led the way to its crest, only partly noting the tall bluish grass and rainbow-hued flowers he trod upon.

Elanna sat apart from the others until Tanno joined her. "Do not sulk," he said in a low voice. "We had to go."

"Why?" she burst out passionately, dark eyes flashing. "We have lived in our valley for more seasons than I have been born! It was our home, our hunting lands! I loved every tree and grass-banked stream in it." A choked sob escaped forlornly.

"Many, many seasons ago, before even my father walked our wooded valley, they came," Tanno reviewed for her.

"At first they were far away, even beyond the Three Mountains. They cleared the ground and planted the seeds they had brought with them.



Many of their young were born and others of their kind arrived. They grew to many and moved on to new lands. And spread and spread again."

Tanno's face was grim in the gathering darkness. Elanna hunched closer, listening raptly.

"But some of our race fought them at first, when they were forced from their lands," she reminded him thoughtfully.

Tanno's brow furrowed angrily. "Yes, they fought. And died! They and their families were all killed, with no mercy even for the smallest baby." He stared up at the clean sweep of the sky where stars were gradually appearing.

"They brought terrible weapons with them that killed from a distance. Our people never had a chance so they moved on. I remember some of them fleeing through our valley when I was small. They were the survivors on their way further into the wild area. Now it's our turn."

"But it seems so--hopeless to just run away," Elanna brooded.

"We could fight them, don't you see?" Tanno pleaded almost anxiously. "But what good would it do? They would come with their noisy metal birds and drop the small rocks that explode and kill us. More of their race are coming all the time, too. No--it is better to go away and live some place they will not find us."

But couldn't we make friends with them? Perhaps they'd leave us alone then?"

Tanno grinned mirthlessly. "Some tried that, too, --once. They seemed afraid of us. They killed all those who tried to approach in friendship without giving them a chance."

"I understand," Ellanna said softly. "You are the leader. You will help us find a place where we can live again without running."

"Elenna," Tanno began uncertainly, half-aggressively. "I tried to ask before but you always ignore me--will you be my companion?" He grasped all of her hands with his.

She smiled and shook back her dark blue hair. "I have been waiting," she answered.

Early the next morning the group moved onward. During the weeks that followed they crossed wide streams and marshy grass-lands, slipped single-file through slender mantle trees crowded together in the circular forests, and finally halted before the grandeur of another mountain range many miles from



where they'd started. Their progress had been leisurely for their lives were unhurried. But now where had they seen signs of others of their own race.

"Shall we stay here?" Ralto, a grown male, demanded of Tanno, respectfully. "The hunting is good and there are fish in the streams and fruit in the bushes."

The others gathered around and watched Tanno expectantly. But he only sighed tiredly. He had thought they would not have to go further.

"Your eyes are blind," he told them shortly. "Look back the way we came!"

Several women cried out. The rest of the group only scowled while smaller children ran to their mothers.

Elanna stepped up beside Tanno. "There are metal birds coming! Oh, what shall we do?"

"I thought they would not come this far," Tanno said in a discouraged voice. "Go up among the rocks and hide before they see us. Maybe they already have anyway."

It was almost sunset when he called them together again. The sun went down earlier than usual on the eastern side of the great mountain range.

#### CONTENDERS FOR THE TEN TOP FANCINES IN THE U.S. ....

(why not drop me a card as to which you think should be the top ten and number them one through ten.)

Vega  
Starlight  
Destiny  
Psychotic  
Brevizine  
Dawn  
Oops!a!  
Fantasta  
Spiral  
S-F Advertiser  
ABstract  
Vulcan  
Fantastic Worlds  
A La Space  
Fantastic Story Mag  
Eclipse  
STF Trends

TAKE YOUR CHOICE OR WRITE  
IN ANOTHER FME (not yours!)

"They are afraid of the darkness. They always leave before the sun," Tanno scowled contemptuously.

"They did not see us!" a youth exulted.

Tanno, glanced at him. "They saw us. They always see us no matter where we hide. But they were not angry today."

He stared over the sweep of plain and forest and lifted his head a little higher. "Tomorrow we must start across the mountains. Perhaps the metal birds cannot fly that high. On the other side we will find new lands and more of our own people.

Garth Williams set the small helicopter down gently and grinned at his companion,

"Well, now you've seen part of Aluza, Sheila!"

Her red lips curled up slightly in a smile. "The colonists have really accomplished a lot in the last hundred years. There isn't much space left on this small continent now."

"Wait 'til you see Lambether City tomorrow. That's about a hundred miles farther east--you'll really see something then!"

They walked slowly, hand in hand, toward the small town a short distance away.

The starship, Wanderer, was behind them half a mile. Garth was an officer and Sheila Anderson, one of the stewardesses. They had recently become engaged.

The Wanderer, and a dozen or more like her, linked thinly together the several planets, settled by Earth's hardy colonists. The ships brought machinery, supplied a few luxuries, and carried mostly more colonists from over crowded Earth. They took in exchange some of the less perishable surplus crops of the various planets, metals, strangely beautiful skins of newly discovered animals, anything in fact, that would find a ready market some place else.

In this year of A.D. 2362, mankind had firmly settled upon less than twenty planets in nearly as many star-systems. Restless explorers pushed into the unknown regularly. Some came back. A few native races were found, none human. Thoughtlessly and without mercy, they were exterminated if they resisted the seizure of their lands. Some times it was merely the fact that humans felt repulsive horror toward them that sealed their fate.

There was much fine talk at first of making friends with these natives, trading with them, teaching them. Just talk. The noble intentions fled when the short hairs upon the necks of the humans erected sharply at the sight of the aliens. There were too many new frontiers at once, too many people, to co-ordinate or dictate their actions as they left Earth in droves soon after the discovery of the hyper-drive. It was easier to exterminate the alien races, than take the trouble to understand them.

Two more helicopters landed beside the Wanderer and their occupants ran after Garth Williams and Sheila, shouting for them to wait.

"You shouldn't have turned back so soon," a tall redhead named Bill Turner told them. "We saw a bunch of Aluzans!"

"I suppose you used them for target practice?" Sheila's cool grey eyes measured the four newcomers.

They grinned and shook their heads.

"Still championing the savages, Sheila?" Bruce Monson asked.

"I don't think they should be shot down like everybody's doing on all the new planets!" she retorted hotly.

"It's better to kill them off before they try the same thing." Garth



said seriously. "Remember the stories they tell of this planet's history, for example. The natives came down in a large group with their knives and spears and killed off nearly a whole settlement before they were exterminated. Now, they're just naturally killed on sight before they get another chance!"

"I also remember something else!" Sheila told them darkly. "These people are in the same boat as the Indians back in North America between, I think, 1600 and 1900. They fought to keep their lands too, and killed white people. But they didn't have a chance to win. They either ended up on reservations, sitting in the sun, or they died fighting. And I wonder which was actually more acceptable to them?"

She paused and gazed toward the distant mountains a moment. "These natives here on Alpha Centauri IV, even if they do have blue hair and four arms, must have feelings. Perhaps they even care for each other like we do," she smiled at Garth.

"They're just savages--not even human!" Bill Turner snorted.

"But they have feelings," she persisted. "And you must admit they're in the same predicament the Indians were. If they fight for their lands they're killed without mercy. So they run and after awhile we follow, spreading our civilization and the cycle begins all over. When will it stop? Doesn't anybody care how many of them are killed?"

"Don't get upset so, honey!" Garth put his arm around her shoulders. "There's nothing you can do about it anyway."

Gary Phillips put in, "They're just too different to make friends with. At least the Indians were human! Some of these babies give you the willies just to think about them!"

"But some day people will have to stop killing off native races," Sheila interrupted. "A few white people insisted the Indians weren't human, too, but others made friends with them. It can be done here with this race if they'd only try hard enough. If we keep on killing everything whose shape or color we don't happen to like, someday somebody's going to have to answer for it! Perhaps we'll run up against a wiser, more powerful race than ours. If they learn of our ruthless extermination they just might do the same to us,--out of a sense of justice, or something!"

"Darling, you have a wonderful imagination," Garth told her fondly. "Shall we go into town now and see what excitement we can stir up?"

The little group from the Wanderer ambled lazily toward the sprawling town. The lights were beginning to flicker on in eager invitation.

"You know," Burce Monson remembered, "That bunch of Aluzans were up in the foothills of the Greater Landrian Range. Looked like they planned to cross it, too."

Big, soft-spoken John Martin grinned wryly. "They'll be in for a big disappointment if they expect to find refuge on the other side. They'll only see the Canteran Ocean and a fifty mile wide strip of the finest cultivated land on Azula. We've beaten them to it!"

Sheila's eyes shadowed with pain. "How awful for them! There'll be no other place for them to go except north into the ice fields. They can't cross to another continent--and they'll die!"

The next morning Tanno led his stoic, disheartened people on their last heartbreaking trek. Elanna marched silently beside him, their unborn child stirring beneath her ribs.

T H E E N D

---

here's where the editor endeavors to make you laugh.....  
after school today, I ventured over to the big newsstand on the corner and grabbed at a magazine that had a picture of a beautiful girl on the cover, thinking it might prove interesting....it did... but not the way I thought it would. The magazine turned out to be "HELL" previously titled (on its last ish) "KELP". It is the fun magazine of UCLA, USC, Occidental, Loyola, LACC, and Whittier Universities. Excerpts are as follows:

FROM BELIEVE IT OR NOT by Bipley:

Greta Lonliddledogy--fed her husband a dish of baked beans every day for 27 years&& (he was last seen floating over the Himalayas.)

The Hindu Word --- "oxclstorilsaxkenfhfyedslire" -- translated into English doesn't mean a damn thing!

ADS LIKE: No other drink satisfys like Lead Culvert. It is a lead pipe cinch that your mouth will water over Lead Culvert. No other drink is as clear! As refreshing! As wet!

for men of Extinction... LEAD CULVERT

Blended by Sparkletts, 66 2/3 Hydrogen, 33 1/3 Oxygen, Hoover Dam.



# FAN = FARE

where we endeavor to bring you the autobiogs of some of the BNF's.

This column received great acclaim in your letters, and therefore I am now supplying (because of large amounts of so-called BNF's) two autobiographies with each issue! One thing, however, this is one of the reasons I hated to go ditto, since I can no longer print pictures. I will have a photo-offset picture section in the next issue where both Terry's and Joel's pictures might be found. PJV

FAN - FARE # 10

Joel Nydahl

When a person is asked to do an autobiography, he immediately begins to wonder, "What do I talk about." The most logical thing to talk about in an autobiography is yourself, but there is so much about yourself that you can talk about, that you hardly know where to begin. Most people would begin at the beginning, but not wanting to fall into a rut, I'll begin at the end.

I am now what people refer to in baited tones as a BNF. I also used to put out a magazine name of VEGA, which fans tabbed as the number one fanzine in the country. However, VEGA got too big for me to handle, and so is now in fanzine heaven where there are no reviewers. It wasn't an easy climb--becoming a BNF that is. It took two years of solid work, especially the last year and a half when I had but a few moments to myself.

I was first introduced to science-fiction in December of 1951 when I picked up a copy of WORLDS BEYOND on the corner newsstand. I'll admit that I couldn't quite grasp some of the stories, but nevertheless the literature intrigued me. I wanted more. And I got more. I bought every sf magazine I could find, and wrote letters to them all. I was thrilled to the bottom of my fannish heart when one was printed in FANTASTIC ADVENTURES. In Amazing Stories I was first introduced to Fandom through Rog Phillips' column, "The Club House," which I miss even today. I sent for about fifteen fanzines one day (and received about half of them), and I was hooked.

I've now retired to FAPA, where I plan to spend the rest of my fannish days in peace.

--Joel Nydahl--

Since I have plenty of room, I'll take time out to tell you, dear reader of a typical Vorzimer goof to be found throughout this mag.

When I am finished this mag will have 38 pages instead of the 36 I intended....on top of all that--I've had to cut out 1 page. In other words, the mag was supposed to have run 36, but wound up 39. How can I explain this phenomenon? I have only a small inkling as to how the three extra pages came in. First the donnell story ran one page more than it should; second, I forgot all about the photo-offset covers and neglected to count them as two additional pages. Well, I'm the only one who should complain: you get more for a dime!



# SUPER-FEEN

(this is an article on how I met three of the most interesting feen I've ever known....Ronnie Cobb, Tad Duke, and Paul Shoemaker.....)

I opened the door. There was sheer silence within. I muttered "ye Gods!" under my breath.

At first glance around the room, I saw cleavers, knives, hatchets, axes, and all sorts of cutlery imbedded in the walls. My eyes fell upon a lump in the wall paper in one corner of the room. The shape of a man's body!

In one corner of the room was a bloody bucket marked, "Hands, Heads, Eyes, Intestines, etc.," with all sorts of crimsoned odds and ends hanging from its rim.

In still another corner, I saw what appeared to be some kind of brick fireplace--only this was no fireplace! Instead, it was brick from ceiling to floor with two bloody hands protruding!

As I walked around the room, I noticed to my left, a bloody bathtub with a girl's leg--or should I say stump?--with a hatchet imbedded in the bloody figure's skull.

Finally, I spied the boys, Duke, Cobb, and Shoemaker, all sitting at a table, cackling gleefully, and looking at a piece of string suspended from the wall. I yelled 'hello,' but they seemed not to have heard me. They were very busy doing something or other. Then Tad saw me and told me to come over and watch the execution. When I got to the table, I saw a fly on the end of the string, kicking and squirming for its life. The boys were hanging a fly!

I burst into laughter, but was immediately shushed by the boys. Apparently they wanted quiet while they did their fiendish work. At last, when the boys had finished with the fly, who was now firmly crushed on the floor, I had a chance to speak to them. First thing, I told them how neat the clubhouse was, then I immediately started a barrage of questions on how they made all their stuff.

Naturally, all the stuff wasn't real (or was it?) but it came as close to being real as I've ever seen. They begged borrowed and stole old store dummies, bought vast quantities of blood-red paint, got lots of old knife and cleaver handles, and plenty of brushes. Then they set about to really ghouling up Tad's unused garage. Bricks were bought and laid, then wallpaper. The blood spattering was easy. When the boys were through, they had a crypt that would put even the boys at E.C. to shame. It is great!

Not only are these boys geniuses at this sort of work, but they are three of the most magnificent artists I have ever seen. And I say this also without reservation. They are three jr. Mel Hunter/Ches Bonestell's. The name of their club is THE CHESLEY DONOVAN CLUB. And believe me this crypt is for real! If you'd like to know something about them and their club, write to: TAD DUKE, 1106 W. Burbank Blvd., Burbank, California, and tell them Vorzimer sent you!

THE END

# FAN-FARE

FAN - FARE #3

Terry Carr

It was in 1948 that I first came into contact with magazine science fiction. The occasion was the spotting of a copy of the Summer, '48 issue of Planet Stories on the newsstands. Being out of money at the time, I let it pass unpurchased, but picked up the Fall issue when it appeared. I read the issue avidly, starting with a story by Ray Bradbury, who was loudly acclaimed in the first lettercolumn. I've been a Bradbury fan ever since I read that first story, "Mars is Heaven."

Actually, "Mars is Heaven" was not my first sf story; while looking through the grammar school library one day for a book on astronomy I accidentally grabbed Balmer and Wylie's "When Worlds Collide," which did a good job of converting me.

My first contact with fandom was through George Ebey, a local fan who was at the time just quitting fandom after quite a few years activity. I wrote him a letter, asking about any fans around the Bay Area (San Francisco) and he replied, giving me names and particulars on quite a few fringe fans who I never contacted.

After a few months' correspondence with a few local fans, I sent two stories to Lee Riddle's PEON, which I had seen reviewed in Startling. There was no answer, so I sent him another one. This evinced a response, to the effect that I had neglected to include my return address on the first letter, and that he was accepting two of the three stories. It wasn't too much later that LEER #1, Riddle's FAFazine, appeared with my first fanzine-published material.

The two most influential fans in my fannish "career" have been Lee Riddle and Peter Graham. The former, of course, introduced me to fandom, published my first material, and played a large part in getting me into FAPA (an ad in QUANDRY did the rest) and published my first--and to this day my favorite column, "Fantastuff." Pete Graham's influence is perhaps not so obvious, but even more far-reaching, probably. VULCAN was his idea; shortly after my entry into FAPA he suggested that we get together and publish a fanzine, which I could use to fill out my FAPA requirements. VULCAN #1 was the result of it. Later on, of course, he dropped out of VULCAN and turned over the publication of it to the GOLDEN GATE FUTURIAN SOCIETY, with me staying on as editor. Pete was also the one who introduced me to Boob Stewart and Keith Joseph. Keith and I were soon mad at work turning out OMEGA and NONSENSE, and I helped Boob with BOO! as Art Editor for awhile.

Any claim to fannish fame that I might have lies not in my editing, however, at least from all indication. Two comparatively recent things--my Face Critturs and the FANZINE MATERIAL POOL-- seem to have overshadowed whatever I've done in the past five years. As the Frenchman would probably never say, "C'est fandom..."

--Terry Carr

(Next issue I am going to try and nab Walt Willis and Richard Geis! that should prove very interesting...I only hope they'll do it.)

# REST IN PEACE

WHERE ALL GOOD FANZINES COME TO DIE

OOPSLA!: Gregg Calkins - 2817 11th St., Santa Monica, Cal. Number 11.

Considering the mimeography is on colored paper, it is about the best I've seen around in a long time. Calkins boasts of his third year of publication (and who wouldn't?) and includes his present schedule extended all the way into 1956. Bob Bloch's DEMOLISHED FAN is quite good. Ish also includes MARK OF MCCAIN, DEAR ALICE by Shel Vick, PRELUDE FOR THE HARP with Willis and DRIBBLINGS by Calkins, himself. In his editorial, Calkins loudly proclaims that he, alone, is keeping the torch of 6th Fandom burning, by dilligently pubbing Oops. Altogether a darn good fmz. Exceptional. B/

DEVIANT: Carol McKinney - 377 East First North, Provo, Utah. Number 1.

An all-green, typically female fanzine, but nevertheless shows up pretty well. Letters for the word 'deviant' are pretty good but cover drawing is pretty poor. Art work was tragic this issue, a complete change of artists is what's needed. THE GRAVEDIGGERS by Harold Bunan was fair. Really, the best things in the ish were FEON and ME by Lee Riddle, Don Cantin's BELIEVE IT OR KNOT, and Terry Carr's FACE CRITTERS. DOXEC, a section devoted to more or less juvenile puzzles, riddles, and the like had nothing to do with STF or anything for that matter. It really had no place in the mag as far as I could see. It is more than likely that this mag will continue to improve with future issues. Just fair now. C

STARLIGHT: Don Howard Donnell and staff - 5425 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood 28, California - Apt. 205 Issue #2. Irregular (highly).

My ghod, how five people can misuse the advantages allowed by the photo-offset medium of reproduction, is beyond me. For twelve pages there is only one inside illo and one picture. Nothing as far as material goes either. THE SIAMESE SOUL by E.R. Kirk just mediocre. OSAN, MY BELOVED, by Atlantis Hallam was run for the second time, completely violating all types of pubbing ethics. Also, there was Hank Moscowitz's column SPACIAL RELATIONS, the first part of which I saw in Brevizine some month or so before. Pretty sad, but it isn't Donnell's fault...it's basically the fault of his very poor staff. Donnell, himself, has lots of talent. He's just stuck with an incapable staff. What next? C-

NITE CRY: Don Chappell - 5921 East 4th Pl., Tulsa, Okla. Number 3. The zine is odd size, something like 7½ x 8½, that should be larger.

This is one of the up and coming zines these days. If they boys would go large size and thereby give the reader more material, it would be one fo the top. Since I can't particularly stomach E.R. Kirk, I didn't read the story, so cannot pass judgement on it. Anyway it comprise the better part of the issue. It's called "Little Miss Judas", and was rejected a few times previous. Dan McPhail's article "OKLAHOMA'S EARLY DAYS OF FANDOM", was fairly interesting. PASSING IN REVIEW, by Riddle was also good. B



THE COSMIC FRONTIER: Stuart K. Nock - R F D # 3, Castleton, N.Y. #7.

In this seventh issue, there is really a pretty good story. It's "The Bomb" by Bobbie Gene Warner. Darn good yarn. ONE LITTLE, TWO LITTLE, THREE LITTLE INDIANS by Don Wegars is sort of a meaningless little column. WHIRLPOOL, again another Wegars column is not very interesting, except for the fact that Don admits that his predictions are pretty poor. Without checking the facts (...and considering the source) he said that NAPA was 'a bad egg and that several fen dropped out, one with a formal letter and all', which was nto accurate in its entirety. TANZINI, the fmz review column has some interesting things about it. They rate the zines with the same system that I use. More material some by Christoph, Phillips and Nock. The dittoing is very good, but it lacks color work. Altogether it is a real fan mag with wome worthwhile material. B

ECLIPSE: Ray Thompson - 410 E. 4th St., Norfolk, Nebraska. Number 7.

Except for the minor fact that "Inertia" by Joel Nydahl, listed on the contents page, which was no where in the issue, the mag arrived in pretty good shape and looks to be fair. ...although considering it's in its eighth ish, it hasn't benefited from its errors. The absence of good color work is very evident. Stewart's and Beermen's columns are the things that hold up the zine, otherwise it's pretty thin and doesn't look too good up against the other dittoed fms. I must say this, however, if you like fannish babblings, this is the mag for you. Story by Fletcher and that's about it. It's really a lot better than I've led you to believe. B-

QUIS CUSTODIET: Jimmy Clemons, 1829 Tamarind Ave., Hollywood 28, #8

This is the final issue of the mag, and it very well should be. If I'm not too mistaken this should be the eighth issue. The first thing that hits me was the price tag. 50¢!! Way, way out of its price range for a fmz, but for one thing. It has more than 50¢ worth of Donnell stories, so if you're a Donnell fan, get it. It has tragic reproduction. The second poorest reproed mag I've ever seen, you see Spaceways just arrived and that's the worst. As far as Quis Custodiet goes, every issue has proved itself to be abominable in the way of repro and the illos. I must say this, however, that as bad as the magazine looked, it ran some pretty good pieces of fiction. If it were not for the fact that Don Donnell is a good friend of the editor and supplied him with stories under at least five or six different names, the mag wouldn't be worth using in the cat's box. Material by Boob Stewart, E.R.Kirk, Clemons, Don Donnell, Don Donnell, Toby Duane, Don Donnell, Sam Sackett, Don Donnell and Peter Vorzimer. Sad C

A LA SPACE: Kent Corey - Box 64, Enid, Oklahoma. Annish (Number 12.)

I'd pop a gut if I were Corey's English teacher. My ghod! The spelling mistakes that guy makes are just positively unbelievable! I'd buy the mag just to laugh over the typos. Truly, though this has many faults, it really is the fan's mag. Full of nonsense and typical fannish tripe, it is still clever and humorous. The presentation gives it the appearance of being thrown together in a hurry with not much care. Should trim off the rough edges. B4

LYRIC: Kim Bradley - 545 N. E. San Rafael, Portland 12, Ore. Number 1.

This is truly the best looking dittoed magazine to come out of Fandom. So Simple. So Beautiful. It's JIM'S illos that make it what it is. If you like poetry, in a fantasy line, which I don't particularly care for, this is right up your alley. Darn good stuff. The presentation is wonderful. Bradley really gives the poetry justice with his illos. Maybe he'll do some for 'lil o' me, one of these days. Geis sent me the issue, and judging from the address, they must had done quite a bit of collaboration. Two good faneds. This is really worth purchasing, if for just the beautiful illos. A/

DAWN: Russell E. Watkins - 110 Brady St., Savannah, Ga. Number 21!

Pretty mixed up cover, might even frighten you away. But, if you go on into the mag further... I'm sure you'll like it. Material by Henry Weatherby (I hope I'm not displaying my ignorance... but who in blazes is Henry Weatherby? A pen name?) and Ray Thompson... and... well, what do you know, here is a fanzine, it's got FACE CRITTURS! I'm one of those screwballs that just goes ape over those CRITTURS! I'd buy every fanmag just to see those things. These are on feuds. On just this alone I'd rate the ish a 'b' at least. Stuff by Denis (rhymes with 'tennis') Moreen (sounds like the Southern pronunciation of 'Maureen'), Art Kunwiss. Ah yes, then we have FANZINIC. I must say that this has proved itself good for me in two ways. One, now I can say, in one of my bigger blurbs; "In a list compiling fandom's 90 top zines... ABSTRACT was listed FIRST... ahead of all the others." Of course, don't tell anyone, but the list was Alphabetical! Two... the list made a very handy reference guide, both for the zines and the names and addresses of a lot of editors. Good. B/

FANTASTIC STORY MAG: Ron Ellick - 232 Santa Ana, Long Beach 3, Cal. #3

This zine has really improved. Ron has really put alot of work into it. Justified margins on all pages....and a policy of breaking up the monotony of solid pages of print with illos on every other page, really makes it a good quality mag. Even the mimeo work is better than some of the best! All this, yet Ron still insists on REPRINTING. Stuff that's old....stuff that's dated. On top of all that, he makes it all or mostly FAN-FICTION! Cuss him out, Balint, it's your mimeo. Now, unlike some people I know, I do not condemn magazines just because I don't care for the type of material...I'll just say that if you like a good reprint mag....FSM is the best. It has it all. A

and now the review I've been waiting for, ybnah, serve also has been PSYCHOTIC: Richard E. Cole - 2631 4th, Mississauga, Ontario #9

This is Dick's ninth issue, and I really like it. I'm not a big fan of too many "day" cartoons. One careful selection would help. Letter section is what I like to read. Lots of others do to, that's the reason it runs nine pages. About 2/3 of the mag is by one severe criticism, of the mag looks too what on the inside, what it needs is a good shot of color. I'll be not putting on this "the fake one" attitude, but if each letter or so was printed in a different color, or if Dick's replies were in a different color, it would help. Else where on the mag also. Other than that, it's Fandom's best. A/



LOOKING BACK

Here's that part of the mag that I hate, and yet again, I like. After what I've been through, pubbing 38 lousy (no don't take me literally!) pages, I feel like I know dittos like a master. When I first started working I goofed up valuable carbons left and right....such stupid things as leaving in the protection sheet, and such. But enough of that, here's where I get my real chance to talk.

First: I have to acknowledge all my typos, errors, omissions, etc. Let's see.....Well, there weren't any page numbers, as I already said. Then half the artwork, the artist didn't get credit for. My artists have been DEA, Ron Cobb, Don Donnell, Walt Bowart and Tony Allen.

Second: I marked Nydahl's Fan-Fare as #10. My ghod! It's only number two. Most of the art was pretty poor. But the only way it can improve is by getting better artists, eh what? The Donnell story is a little long, but if you read it through, I'm sure you'll like it.

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Let's get off that tangent, and start some interesting talk. I received UMBRA today, with a Picasso-type V. Paul Nowell cover on it. I always thought Paul wasn't much of an artist, now I know so!

Also got GREY which is now two pages! Fanfare, please, maestro. GREY isn't much to speak about, but it's very nice to recieve, interesting reviews, chat, and news. Very handy. Ghad! this is beginning to sound like a review.

Got a red hot tip for all you faneds out there. There's a mad Canadian somewhere up in Canada's badlands, whose so anxious to buy old and new fanzines, he's actually offering money for them! (Ghod! I just thought of something,....maybe it's Canadian money!) Well, anyway, if you haven't received his circular, he's...ohh... my desk is so full of slop I'll never find his name. It's P. something Lyons, Box 561, Toronto, Ontario, Canada. I'm positive about the address, so you can just address it P. Lyons. He asks you to name your own price. (Sucker!)

I just came back from my darkroom, where I let Martin Varno, run rampant in it. He just got through pouring the developer into the hypo and vice-versa. Handy boy. Anyone interested in a darkroom assistant? Varno has one less arm, but he's still pretty handy.

Well, my soul is lost now, I just lost about \$1.25 worth of good chemicals. Oh well, such is life. My fan-pubbing costs me a lot more than that. ~~MEELIMBOY!~~ but that Varno has got to go.

Back to Fandom: My ditto machine is gurgling a last sigh of relief (but little does it suspect that this sheet has yet to be run off!) It's pooped and so am I! I'm not sure if I can keep this up on a monthly basis.

I can if I can get some FACE CRITTURS from Carr....some stuff from Rike, some more crap from Graham. Maybe something from Nydahl, if



he condescends. But that lies ahead. At the same time, I've published this, we had a NAPA meeting saturday, with fairly poor attendance. Ron Ellik blew in from Long Beach, but couldn't bring Balint with him. Piper wrote me a puddy letter, telling me that he couldn't come. Donnell blew in with Wilhoite, London, and Satz. Varno was there. So was Montoya. I was there. V. Paul Nowell couldn't come. Chuck Wilgus was here. Ralph Stapenhorst and Mark Pinney came. The boys from Burbank weren't here. Probably in the crypt hanging flies.

Believe me, that article on their crypt was factual. You ought to see their place. Fabulous.

The next issue of this zine, providing it does come out around (that's supposed to be 'around') around the first of the month, will have a five or ten page article.....and mit der pictures!...on the fan con (the X-Con) that'll be held in Frisco on the 12th of April.

Peter Graham, Emil Portale, Terry Carr, and Boob Stewart will come back down with me for a short but eventful stay here in Southern Cal, to see how the other half lives.

The covers to this rag should arrive tomorrow or Thursday, and then I can staple and mail. At any rate, this should have arrived to you around the 4th. How 'bout it? Did I guess pretty accurately?

Well, it's now about 12 o'clock and I'm very weary. I came home from school at about 1 and have been working these 11 hours almost straight through. I got this ditto on Friday, and here it is Tuesday with ABSTRACT completed. Not bad work for a novice, eh what?

I kind of set Psychotic up as an example of something to shoot for when I printed this ish. And I think I came pretty close to the mark. I realize that Psy is just about the best, so why not try and be like the upper strata of the fmz? I think I've got PSY's repro beat. Although, this is a near-new Rexo. All I need now, is some 'detoons,' and I'm all set.

Also pubbed between Friday and Today (tuesday) was the SATURDAY REVIEW OF TRASH, a one-shot pubbed by Don Donnell and myself on Saturday. If you haven't seen a copy, write for one...you might enjoy it.

Somebody ought to sponsor an Academy Award for fanzines. I might do it, myself, with the right backers. Rexo and Ditto and A.B. Dick and Speed-O-Print and Tower, etc., should sponsor the Oscars, or Emmies. We'd have awards for 'the best dittoed zine', 'the best mimeod zine', 'the best offset zine', 'the best hectoed zine', 'the best fanned', 'the best fan-author', 'the best fan-humcrust', 'the best fan-artist', 'and the best fan-poet', you know, somebody might just arrange such a thing at the SFCon.

Well, this all goes to say, that I'm itching to get in and watch the T.V. and relax for a little while and then hit the sack. Boy, I'm bushed. Just think, I'd have finished this zine an hour or so ago, if I hadn't have discovered three additional pages. This certainly is a dime's worth, this. Believe me, if I get the material I'd run 50 for the next. Just send the stuff, and I'll print it. (Within reason, of course.....nothing pornographic!)

.....and so....I leave you!

VORZIMER'S

REPORT

ON

THE

FABULOUS

X-CON

TO BE HELD AT THE WITCOMB HOTEL

SAN

FRANCISCO

through joint co-operation of all of California's Fan Clubs, Liquor Stores, and Hotel Detective's Union. It promises to be the biggest and the best Fan convention ever held.

no pros will be allowed in the joint. Even if Bradbury comes strolling in (long stroll from Europe!) he'll still be thrown out. This is definitely for the fan.

See famous fan, all sorts of Bnf's. Even I'll be there! Starts at 11 o'clock Saturday morning, and lasts indefinitely.

There'll be a big report on all the goings on, with 20 pictures in the next issue of ABstract. Next ish will either have less pages, or the same amount for 20¢.

Put your order in for a copy now, as I only print 100 issues of this rag.

ON APRIL 10