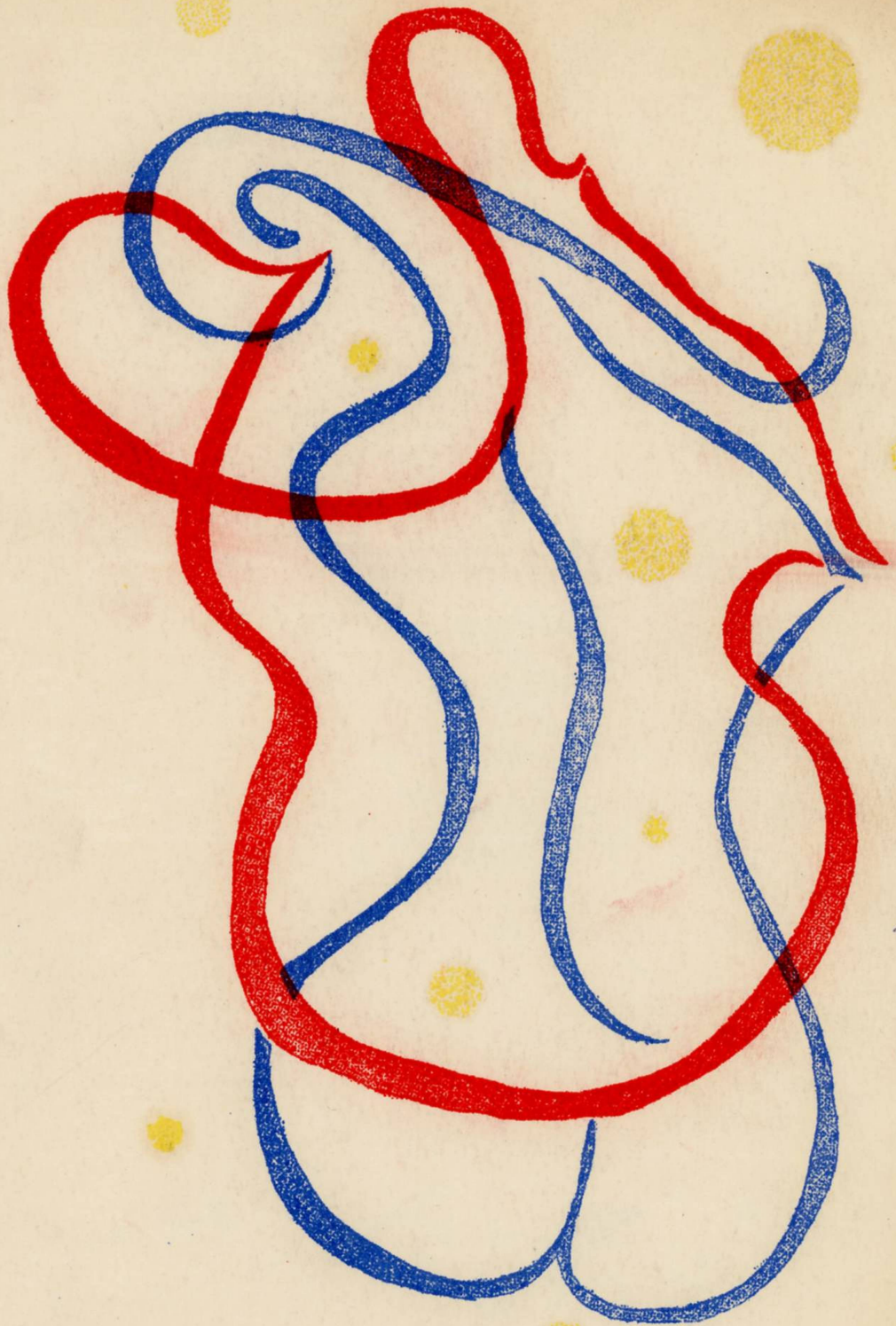
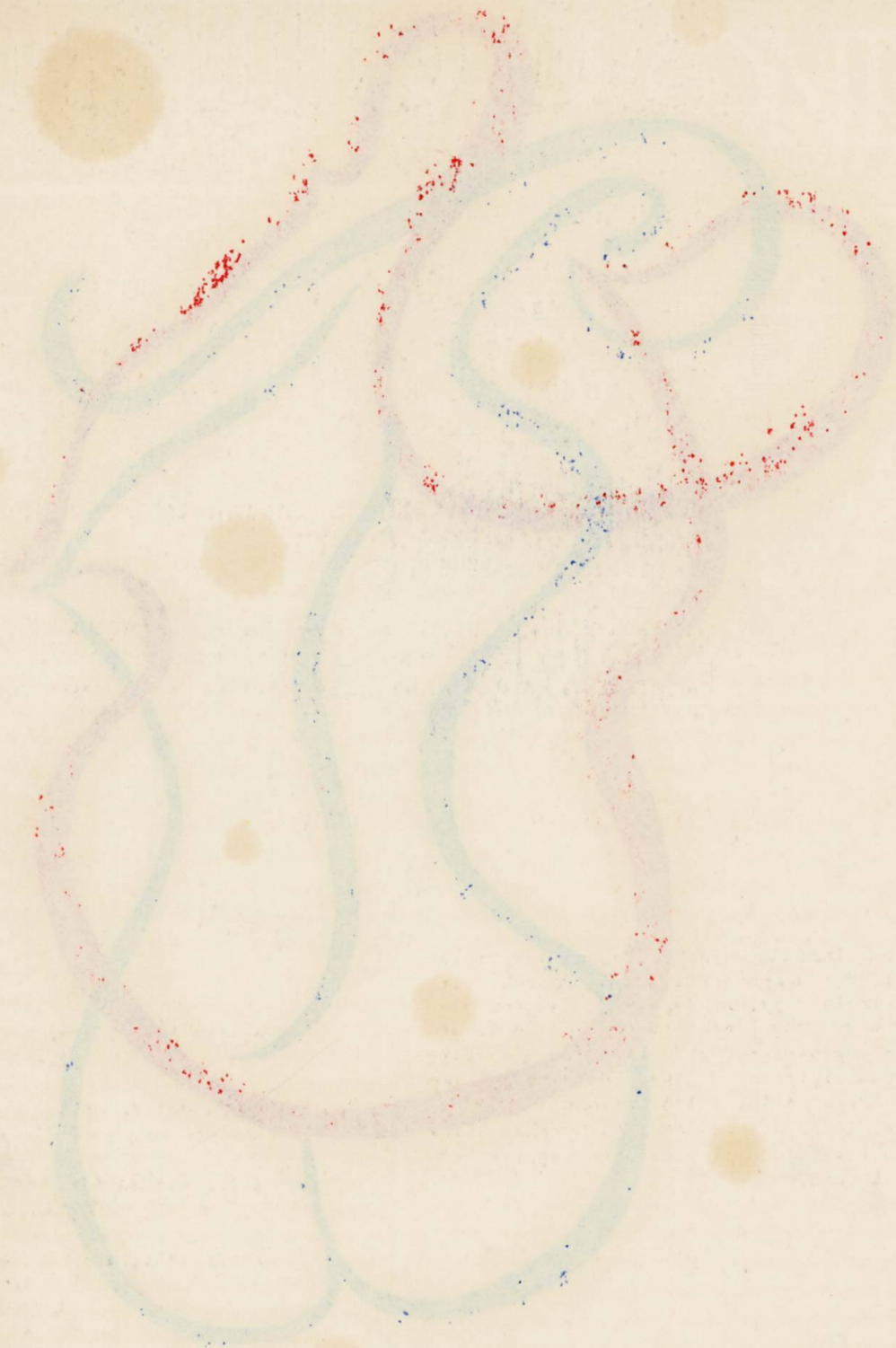


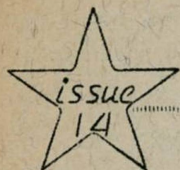
stellar





1891





# stellar

COMBINED WITH DIMENSIONS

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\*A different version of which appeared in Jack's fanzine satire  
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\*a positive inspiration for  
us tired fan-workers!



# a fake fan in LONDON

by ROBERT MADLE

These are my recollections of my first day in England. In reality, it was only one-half of a day, inasmuch as it was late afternoon when we arrived on the plane in London about three hours ahead of schedule on the afternoon of September 3. The fifty-five passengers, some of whom were science fiction fans, disembarked. Theoretically, all fifty-five were elleged to be fans, but, as Dave Kyle remarked, "It's a darned good thing some of the fans have friends." Admittedly, the makeup of the plane didn't enthuse Anglofandom one iota. However, for the plane trip to materialize, it was necessary.

Belaboring this point, the passenger-group consisted of a motley crew, none of whom were of vital interest to Angloactifandom. Of the entire group, about twenty-five or so were out-and-out non-fans and non-readers. The remaining thirty was composed of decrepit relics of antedeluvian fandom, general readers, and several professionals.

First contact! We were met at the airport by a rather heavy-set artist (Brian Lewis); a rather tall, slim, slightly-graying individual with a mustache (Ted Carnell); a somewhat shorter, but slimmer lad with a very close shave (Sandy Sanderson--sometimes known as Joan Carr); and a long beard, behind which was an even slimmer man (Ken Bulmer). It just so happened that they had brought along a bus which comfortably seated the entire delegation. And we were off for the King's Court Hotel.

We stopped once or twice to discharge several non-fans who were staying at other hotels and, during one stop, we almost lost Ken Bulmer. The bus

Before he knew he had won the TAFF, Bob Madle said to me, "If I should win, of course I'll write it all up." And he has, with a vengeance. The report on the formal convention was typed on Vinç Clarke's typer, and air-mailed to Loundes for publication in INSIDE S.F. This, a considerably less formal report on the less formal aspects of the convention, begins in this issue, and will continue in several future issues. A report on Bob's trips thru England after the Con will appear in Bob Pavlat's FAPazine, CONTOUR. This opening instalment of Madle's report will appear, with some changes in Lynn Hickman's OMPazine.

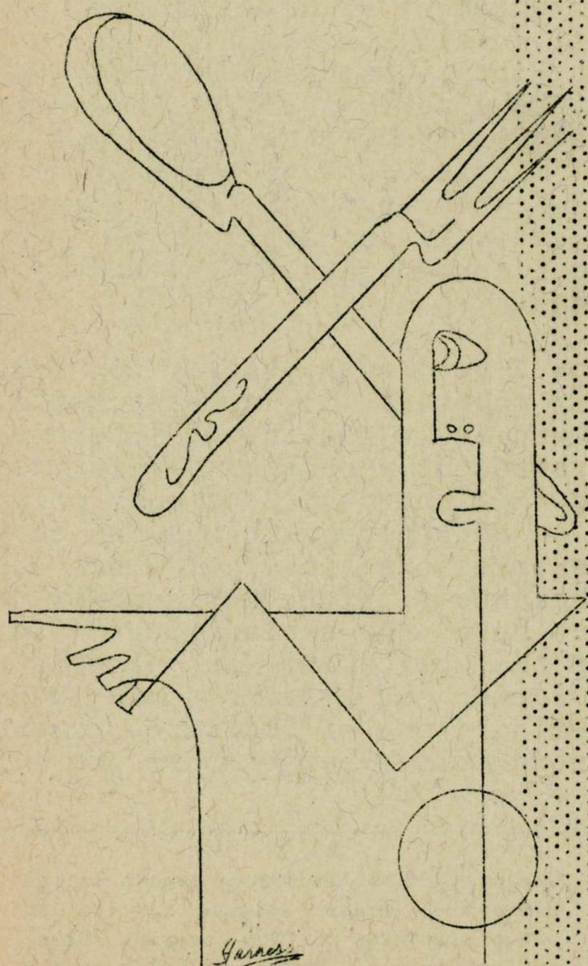
driver took off like a bat out of hell--with Ken sprinting along madly behind it. Someone finally suggested that it would be a kindly gesture to stop the bus and permit Ken to embark. Finally, the bus pulled off the main thoroughfare and down a side street, stopping in front of something that looked like anything but a convention hotel. But it was the convention hotel. How can I describe it? Come to think of it, I don't have to, since Betty Rosenblum did it so well in the last NEW FUTURIAN. For those Americans who have been attending conventions, I can say that only one hotel in recent years can be placed in the same catigory--the good old Hotel Ingalls in Bellefontaine, Ohio, which housed (Continued on p.20)



the fan who  
worked

# MIRACLES

by jack harness



"I still can't believe it!" stammered Redbeard.

Harness turned diffidently to the unshaven Richard Eney, and smiled, just so. It was the desired effect. A table of non-fans at Carrigan's Restaurant turned to stare at the noisy faaaaaans.

Sean Hitchcoq ventured a remark. "I've never seen anything like it at the seances I've attended." He turned to his fruit cup for fortification and silence thereafter.

White snarled that he should eat another pumpkin seed (which Castora quickly took down on his interlineation pad) and stroked his own beard lovingly. "It was withcraft, Holmes, witchcraft!" he said (which Eney fought, over Castora's protests, to take down--and Redbeard was the stronger of the two.).

Harness sipped his acqua chlora in mirthful vengeance, saying nothing.

"Now, look, Jack--tell us how you did it?"

"Yes--what was the spell?"

"I can make an interlineation out of it!" (Chorus of two.)

Jack replaced the waterglass on the tablecloth, deliberately slow. "I'm afraid I can't tell you the spell--you should know that. But... Now will you admit that I can work miracles?"

His gaze was answered by silent pleading and exasperation.

"Very well, then. You'll admit that it's useful."

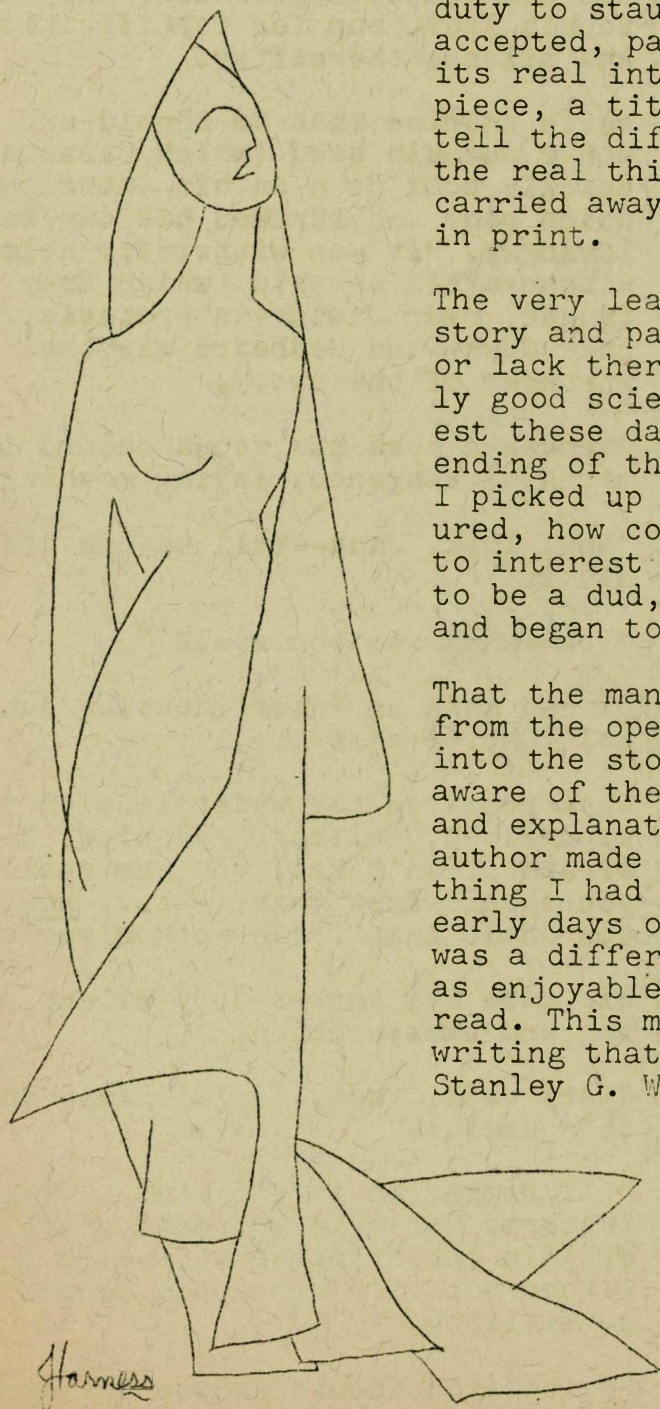
"All right, so it's useful," argued Castora. "So make yourself useful and explain it. Or maybe it really is witchcraft..." His voice denied the possibility.

"White (you should excuse the expression) magic, though," said Jack. "It's  
(Concluded at the bottom of page ten)



SAM MOSKOWITZ:

# THE LOVERS RE-EXAMINED



There was almost a note of joyous elation in Samuel Mines' blurb introducing the short novel "The Lovers" by Philip Jose Farmer which led off the August, 1952 issue of STARTLING STORIES. So enthusiastic was the blurb that before it ended we were asked to note that this story marked the emergence of a new era of science in science fiction, that it presaged the turning point in future trends.

Editorial blurbs often waxed enthusiastic those days. Editors seemed to feel that it was their duty to staunchly defend every story that they accepted, paid for, and printed, regardless of its real intrinsic value, as a veritable masterpiece, a titan among stories. But it is easy to tell the difference between a hot-rod blurb and the real thing. Sam Mines was sincere; he was so carried away by the story that he was screeching in print.

The very least we could do then was to read the story and pass judgement on his editorial ability or lack thereof. In all honesty, it takes a really good science fiction story to draw my interest these days, so I perfunctorily sampled the ending of the story first. It sounded real sexy. I picked up the middle. More of the same. I figured, how could I go wrong; there was something to interest me, even if the story proper proved to be a dud, so I turned back to the beginning and began to read.

That the man was a good story-teller was evident from the opening chapters. It was easy getting into the story and as it continued, I became aware of the tremendous amount of careful detail and explanation that substantiated each point the author made as he went along. It was the sort of thing I had seen precious little of since the early days of science fiction, but somehow there was a difference here, the explanations were fully as enjoyable as the action and just as easy to read. This man Farmer had a light touch in his writing that reminded one of the late, lamented Stanley G. Weinbaum. This became more pronounced

One of the most important events in the history of modern science fiction was the publication of "The Lovers". Here, in the first of several articles on the subject, Sam Moskowitz offers his opinions on the story.

-tew



as alien life forms were introduced and handled with extreme adroitness. Many authors, and good ones, have attempted to imitate Stanley G. Weinbaum. Eric Frank Russel became popular when several of his first stories proved to be, from his facile pen, clever imitations of Weinbaum. Arthur K. Barnes, Henry Kuttner, Helen Weinbaum and John Russell Fearn (under the non-de-plume of Thornton Ayre) all took a crack at it, with varying degrees of success. They were imitators of Weinbaum. Farmer is different. He is the first important new author to come along about whom it can be said that he appears to be influenced by Weinbaum. This is perfectly evident from the ease with which he handles his dialogue, the numbers of alien creatures that he introduces and the touch of lightness apparent in his style even while dutifully presenting a scientific explanation.

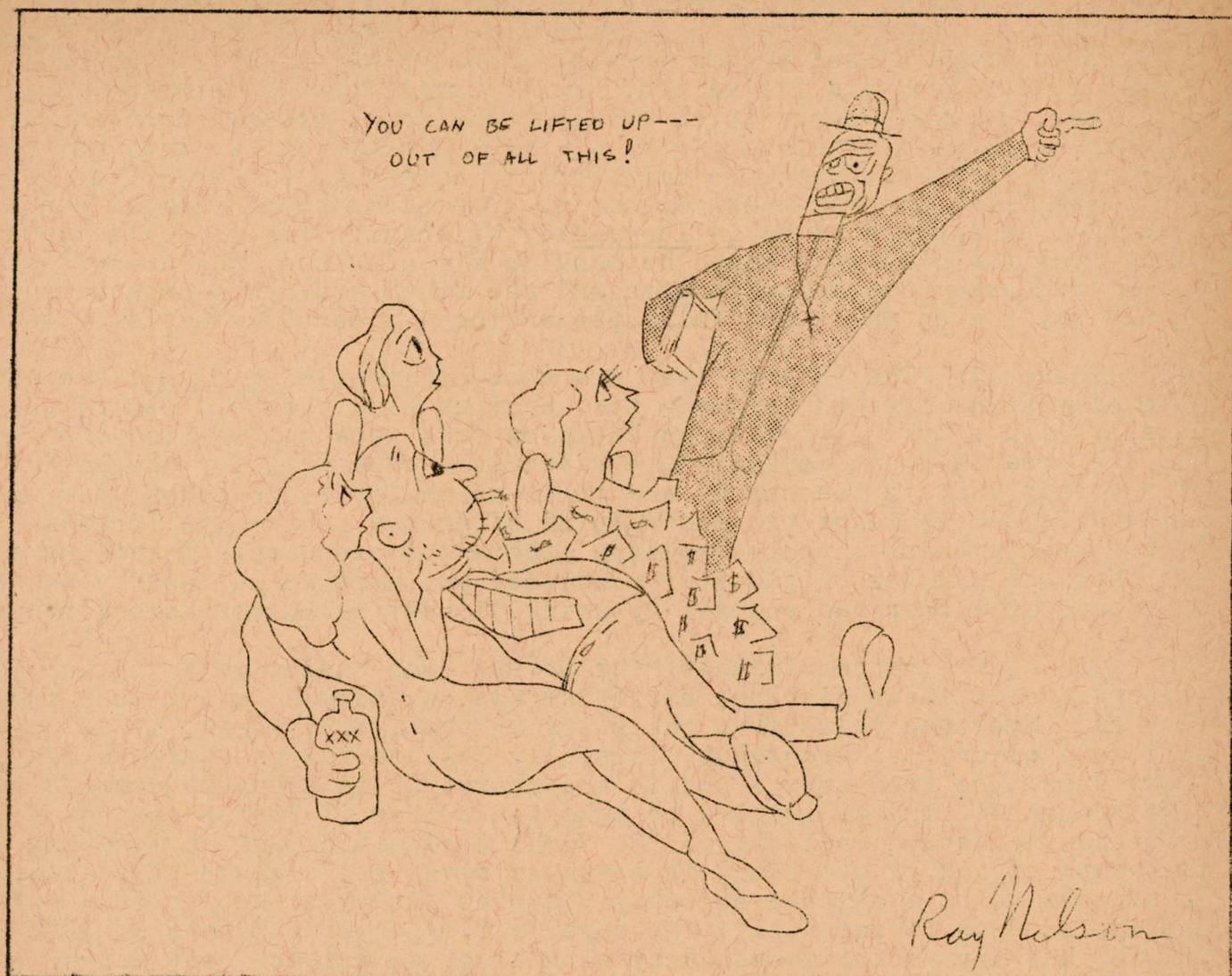
The elements in "The Lovers" that are most noticeable at first, are the unusually frank treatments given sex. Here we find the bold use of terms usually seen only in specialized books on sex. Here too we find the sexual act treated as a dispassionate scientific essential for the background of the story. It is the strong sex motif which first created a stir, primarily because it meant the destruction of an old taboo that forbade such forthrightness in pulp magazine fiction of the past. If this were all that the success of the story depended on, time would destroy whatever success Farmer had enjoyed by using the device in very short order.

The truth of the matter is that "The Lovers" was basically an old-style treatment of science fiction, employing two techniques dating back twenty-five and seventeen years from the story respectively. First, it is scientifically plausible throughout, carefully delineating the science behind every departure from norm found in the story. It is actually crammed with enough biological science to make you wonder if Farmer has not had a special education in biology. The final explanation, which makes up the smash climax of the story is actually seven solid pages of science. It happens to be a science strongly flavored with sex, but it is nevertheless science. Never, since the days of T.O'Conner Sloane's AMAZING STORIES has any author gotten away with a gob of science that large. Further, like the old stories, the primary sense of interest, the element of wonder centers about the science in the story. In "The Lovers" there is a deeply poignant love story, yet, despite the best efforts of the author, it takes second place to the idea. The conception of a race of parasitic creatures of insect origin, who manage to exist by breeding in the perfect likeness of a human woman and who can only reproduce by utilization of a human male sperm, is novel in science fiction and proves again that science fiction is the one literary medium in which what happens is often more important than to whom it happens.

The second technique is that Farmer employs Weinbaum's knack of writing easily, lightly and making alien creatures seem real.

It is perfectly true that added to these is a flavoring of modern presentation; i.e.: starting the story where it starts, overlooking typically pulpish cliches attempting for a little more naturalness in the dialogue. Despite this, there is no denying or getting away from the fact that Philip Jose Farmer is a throw-back to the so-called "dark ages" of science fiction. His story is scientifically plausible throughout and is bona-fide science fiction in the purist tradition. What has fooled Mines as it might have fooled other editors is that he, personally, is so blindly prejudiced against "old types" of science fiction that he won't





read them in perspective. When Sam Mines finally received a science fiction story in the old tradition, written in a bit less stilted vein than the old-timers, and spiced with sex, he thought he had found something new, something that implied a whole new trend in science fiction. Actually, it should be recognized that the old basic formula--that science fiction must be scientifically plausible--is the one element that cannot be separated from science fiction and still leave the finished product science fiction.

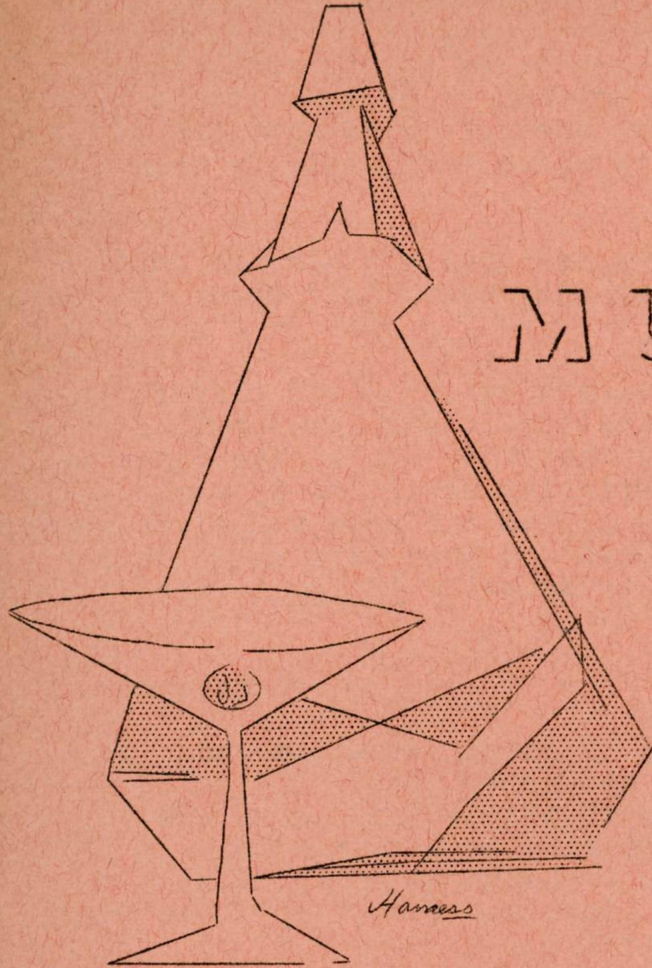
It is a risky thing to try to pronounce a final judgement on a writer who has yet had published so few stories, but with so auspicious a start and followthrough, and in view of the basic rightness of his methods, Philip Jose Farmer appears to be one of the most important new discoveries in science fiction in the past five years.

-- sam moskowitz



richard e. geis:

## MUSINGS



### THE PSEUDO-INTELLECTUAL AND HOW TO SPOT HIM:

I have noticed something about a few of the people who visit me. They profess to like literature and music, but don't pay much attention to it. Let me illustrate:

A fellow visits me and with loud cries of admiration falls upon my record collection. He picks out something he would like to hear, perhaps Prokofiev or Stravinsky or even the Brahms double concerto. So I put the record on the turntable and adjust my three knobs (I'm not in the ten-knob class yet), and settle back to listen. Not my friend. He will, like as not, seize a book or magazine and page through it, apparently not listening to the music at all. This nettles me. "Don't you want to hear this?" I'll say. "Wha...? Oh, yeah, I'm listening. Leave it on." says my friend. But it's obvious he's listening with at best half an ear. And I wonder how on earth he can get any enjoyment out of it.

Or take another instance:

This fellow chooses something like Saint Joan or Waiting For Godot. I put it on the turntable, adjust my three, and settle down to listen. If I'm lucky he will listen for a few moments, then reach for a book or magazine, or go rooting through my pornography collection. He will then sit there ogling nudes while Joan is verbally fencing with the Bishop, or be reading sex novels while Lucky is unwinding.

Tcha.

These people aren't especially nervous; they'll sit still



for hours to watch a movie. It is just that they either feel they should pay lip service to culture, or they are embarassed to actually be seen (no matter by whom) actually paying full attention to something that has a cultural taint. It is as if they dare not enjoy it, really listen to it, for fear some of their friends might burst in on us and catch them in flagrante delicto with a classic. So they provide themselves with a buffer, an excuse, a facade, an "out" to appease their fear of what the slob might think if they KNEW they were there while that music or that classic was playing and could SEE them...

These people want to think of themselves as intellectuals and cultured, but they are not willing to act like it; they want their cake, but not to be seen eating it.

No doubt some of them merely pick out something for me to play for them so as not to betray their non-intellectualism. A pose. An unwillingness to admit to me (and perhaps themselves) that they don't like classical music or plays that say something. Inferiority unwilling to admit inferiority. No doubt they feel that having picked out some vaguely remembered composer or author, their duty is finished and they have shown themselves to be my equal, it not being necessary to actually listen to the drivel.

Hi ho, I think I'll take up bowling.

-- richard geis

(Editor's note: There is no guide to intellectualism, and ignorance of classical music does not define a 'slob'. All music does not say the same things to different people, and there are people (myself among them) who can concentrate on both reading and listening at the same time. I make no pretense to being Geis' kind of intellectual, but at the same time, the fact that I can enjoy two things at one time is not a pose.)

THE FAN WHO WORKED MIRACLES continued from page five

a very ancient piece of Knowingness, and traffic with the Underworld isn't as repugnant as you might think. But," he added, "of course, you haven't tried.it!"

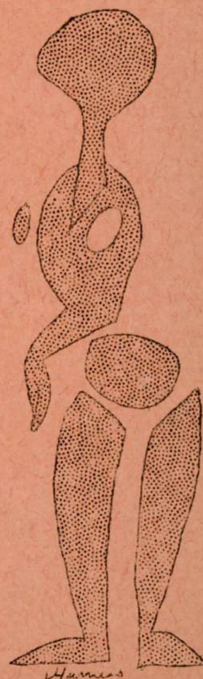
He was at last, he perceived, wearing out his welcome. Ah, well. Idiots, all of them. But at least he wouldn't have to levitate. No, he'd solved that delemma.

The thought struck him that perhaps he should steer the whole lot and kiboodle into the Rosicrucians, as a wild goose chase. Eventually, he was going to have to get rid of fandom anyway.

In the meantime, he had four fans to certify his miracle.

"Ted," he said, retrieving his blue chalk from the pentagram he had drawn on the restaurant floor, "You don't have to print this" (knowing Ted would have to) "but who but a Scientologist could summon a waitress that fast in a Washington restaurant?"

-- jack harness

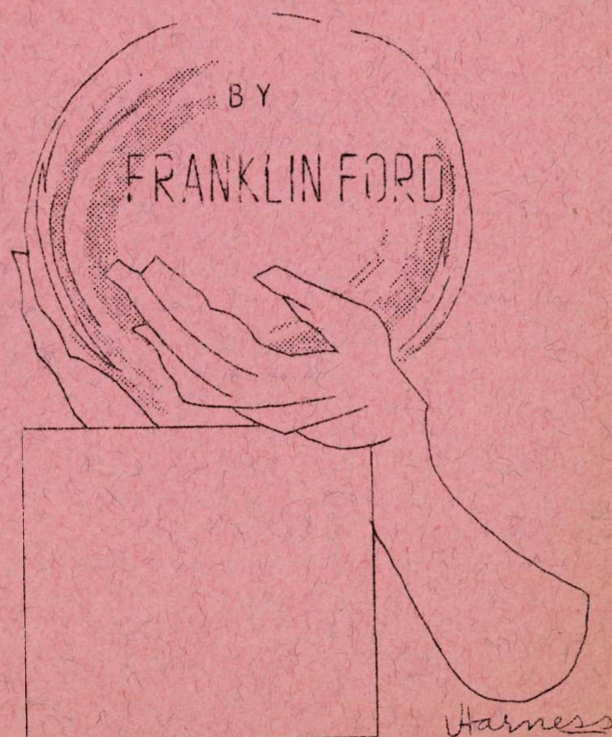




YANDRO #57: It seems that some fans have not taken kindly to my past treatment of YANDRO. Why, they scream, he hasn't even given it a real review! So, in order to dispense with the question for once and for all, and to make it clear why I feel as I do, is a Real Review. The issue at hand is a typical one. The mimeoing is quite good, and the stencilling is up to par. But--the material, the body of a fanzine, is of the type to be found in any neofan's first issue. And this is one of my main gripes: that in fifty-seven issues, the only thing which has improved (if it has; it may always have been this way) is the mimeoing. The layouts might at best be called uninspired, and the material is far worse. What, you ask, am I referring to? The following: Juanita Coulson's aptly named "Ramblings" in which ellipses replace periods and seem to have more intrinsic value than the words in-between; two con reports, of which Moorcock's London report was the better, but which concerned itself more with the efforts of amateur noise-makers, and Appeltofft's, which seems to have been printed only through either courtesy or a desire to carry an "exclusive" on the Stockholm Convention; A column by Dodd which concerns itself with the press reports on the London Convention, but which manages to do so in a thoroughly pointless manner; and "Video Program", the worst item in the magazine, a thoroughly bad story of the fanzine-imitation-of-a-prozine-story type by a Ricky Ertl. Of fairly decent quality were Bob Coulson's editorial "Rumblings" in which he at least says something, thus topping his wife; his fanzine review column, an average one; "The Initiative of Robot E-20" by Glenn King another imitation pro story which does manage to come off; and, best of all the material in the entire issue, "Grumblings", the letter column. \*\* Were I editing a fanzine again, and submitted the above material, I would reject almost all of it, and heavily edit what was left. And so would and should any editor experienced to have already published

THE  
CONTROVERSIAL  
COLUMN

# fanzine reviews



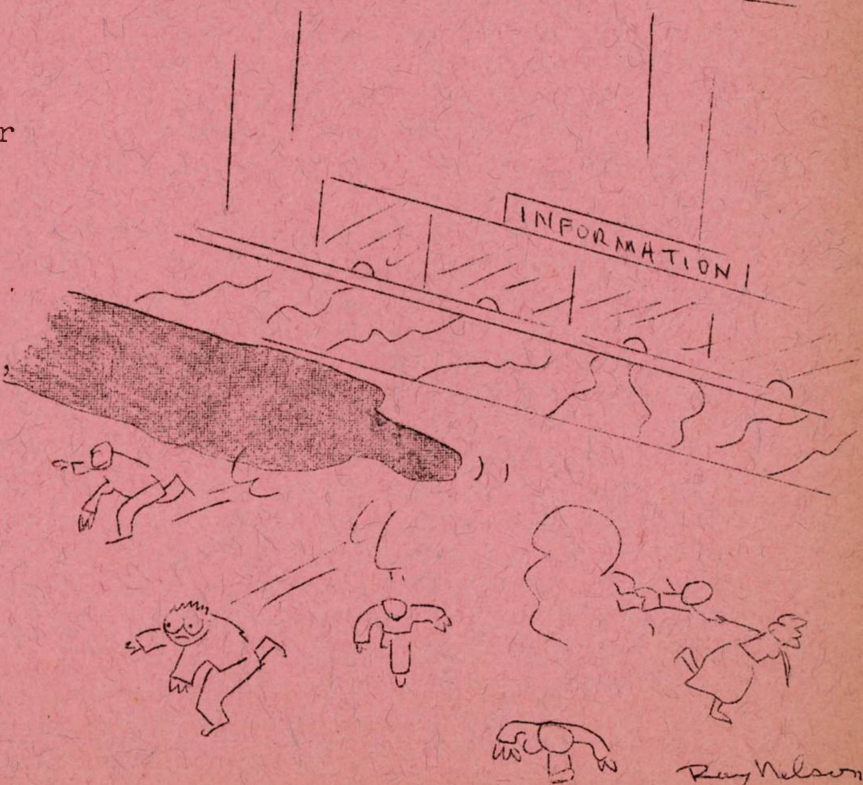


56 previous issues. But the fact that Coulson did not foreces me to draw several conclusions: First, and most obvious, Coulson is using this material because no one submitted better material to him. This in itself is strange; usually a good zine with a hefty number of issues under its belt will automatically attract a percentage of good, if not BNF, material. Second, Coulson tries to adhere to a monthly schedule, even though it does not allow him enough good material for each issue. Proazines are forced to meet a schedule, and thus must occasionally print poor material. A fanzine editor should never need do this. Of course it may be that Coulson feels that a longer wait between issues would not gain him much in the way of better material. And he might be right. From the first two points, I draw the third: YANDRO is a typical neozine. It hoes to neozine goals: regular publication and readable printing, with no thought of either creating an attractive appearance (through decent, and imaginative layout) or of publishing only when good material is available for publication. Most fanzines, when they start, proudly proclaim: "Monthly (or Bimonthly) Publication!" They rarely follow their schedules. If their editors progress in understanding and knowledge of the fan field, they soon slow down to a schedule they can accommodate, and begin to hold out for better material. But Coulson doesn't. Coulson continues his same old way, trading on the fact that YANDRO is a monthly, gosh-wow, and that most of his audience doesn't know enough to expect better. A perpetual neozine. Until he grows up as an editor, he will never publish a good fanzine, or attract really good material with any regularity.

(YANDRO, Robert Coulson, 105 Stitt St., Wabash, Indiana; The Coulsons; Mike Morrocock, Appeltofft, Glenn King, Alan Dodd, Ricky Ertl, readers. 10¢. Not Recommended.)

"PAGING FRANKLIN FORD! REPORT TO THE  
INFORMATION DESK! PAGING..."

OUTRE #4: It's a pleasure to see this zine again; the last issue appeared about a year ago. I wonder if editor George Spencer is trying to hold a contest with John Magnus. Out of the twenty-odd pages of material, the best single feature is an excellent letter column which features Rich Kirs, Redd Boggs, Larry Stark, H.L. Gold, Dick Ellington, Walt Willis, Boyd Raeburn, and Jack Harness. It looks like there'll be some hot battles in future OUTRE letter columns. The rest of the material includes another Berry story--without which no fanzine is complete--an interchange of letters between Ken Beale and Larry Stark which shows them both up as something more than radicu-





lous, and an article on Walt Disney's FANTASIA by Rich Elsberry originally destined for Harlan Ellison's DIMENSIONS. Actually, that line-up doesn't look like much, and it really isn't. but Spencer has that something which Coulson lacks, an editorial personality which can infuse an issue with Quality. It's a case of the whole being greater than the sum of its parts. I hope future issues will not be as delayed as this one; fandom needs more OUTRE's.

(OUTRE, George Spencer, 8302 Donnybrook Lane, Chevy Chase 15, Maryland. Spencer, John Berry, Larry Stark & Ken Beale, Rich Elsberry, and readers; 15¢ this issue, future issues must be earned by comment, trade, or contribution. Recommended.)

MEADE #2: is what might be called a typical second issue; an improvement, but still needing work. Hectographed, it has a long way to go toward legibility, but editor David McCarroll is advertising for a ditto, which, if he gets it, will be a help. He "shows promise", that is to say, he exhibits latent talent in his editorial, which is concerned with something more than the usual blatherings. My only criticism at this stage would be to lay off the poetry, which fills space, but to little use. It is difficult to say more of this zine until a few issues have passed, and shown McCarroll's direction in producing a fanzine.

(MEADE, David M. McCarroll, 644 Avenue C, Boulder City, Nevada. McCarroll, Stony Barnes, Rich Brown, Marion Z. Bradley, Marvin Bryer, K. Martin Carlson, Donald Simpson, Robert Scott, R.D.Olivaw. 25¢(!), trade, contribution or letter. Wait this one out.)

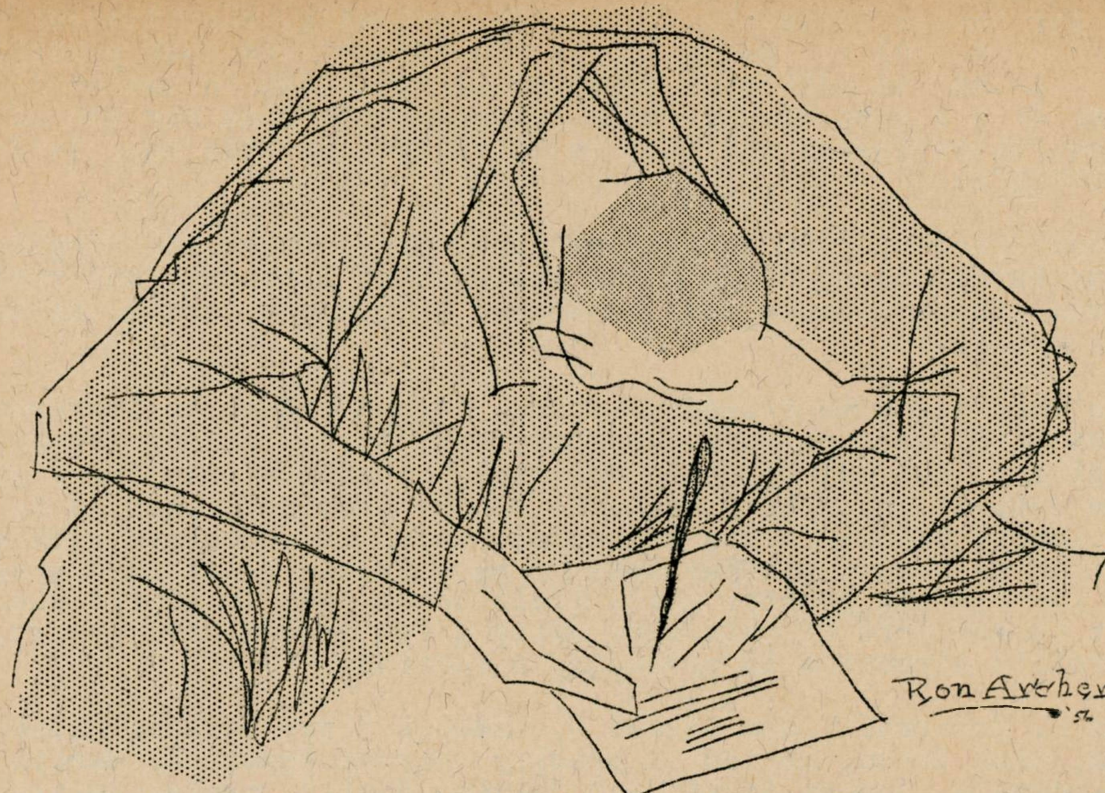
THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF OCULENTERATOLOGY #1: is an extremely unusual fanzine on two counts: its format, and its overall excellence. The editor, Bob Leman, is known to me only as the author of an article in INSIDE, but it is clearly obvious that he is no rank neo. In fact, his fanzine debut reminds me of that of Curt Janke, tho I think he has the edge over Janke. In appearance, the JOURNAL is six mimeod pages in bulletin form, stapled at one corner. The mimeoing looks, and may be, professional. The material is solely by the editor, and is all of extremely high quality. It includes a facetious explanation of the word "oculenteratology", a humorous satire on the Horatio Alger "virtue triumphant" stories, and a likewise humorous advertisement of future issues ("SUBSCRIBE TODAY! Why gamble on finding a copy at the news stand? The cost is unreasonable, but heck, you can't take it with you.") Let me emphasize that the humor is neither juvenile nor slapstick, but, in a word, damn good. The remaining two and a quarter pages are occupied with serious editorials more in the vein of the previously mentioned article. Leman remarks, sensibly, on fanzine publishing, TIME and its treatment of stf, and Sturgeon's book review column in VENTURE. My only possible complaint would be that the zine is too short. Clearly Leman is a fan of considerable talent and growing importance. I think we'll be seeing a good bit of him.

(THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF OCULENTERATOLOGY, Bob Leman, 2701 S. Vine St., Denver 10, Colorado; all material by the editor, apparently free for comments. My Highest Recommendation!)

- franklin ford

If there had not been a Franklin Ford, it would have been necessary to  
invent him





# AND HAVING WRIT...

Last issue, I tried double columns. This, in order to not appear sloppy, meant justified right margins. The two pages that composed the letter column took more time to prepare and stencil than any other thing in STELLAR #13. Now I've got a bunch of letters I'd like to print, but I'm not going to spend as much time as I did last time--it would mean leaving everything else out. So, comes experiment #2. I think I've hit on a novel, and fairly readable presentation. Except for this paragraph, all wide lined material will be letters. The thin column running alongside will be my editorial comments. This way I can comment on specific sections of a letter without interrupting the letter itself.-tw

First some letters on #12 and the TAFF, which seems to have stirred up some discussion after all...

G. M. CARR

Impossible to comment on that cover without employing "Gosh-wowohboyohboy" terms, but the increasingly professional-mimeographer effect of this impeccable repro is beginning to create a feeling of unreality--STELLAR stands out among other fanzines like a full-dress movie actress at a country dance... After you get too good, people just can't believe it! (Misspelling is the only flaw I saw.)

The effect may be related to the fact that for some time I made my living as a professional mimeographer...

Re comments on sending our "best fan" to represent us at TAFF: Seems there is some foggy thinking here. To begin with, since the possibility of winning the TAFF election depends on the number of people who vote for the winner, it is obvious that whoever wins does so because he is sufficiently well known. It is not because he is the most brilliant, or witty, or "best fan"--it is merely that he draws enough fannish weight to garner the most votes! I was not surprised that Stu Hoffman came in second. I cast a six-point vote for him, myself. Why? Certainly not because I consider him particularly witty or brilliant, but solely be-

Have you considered why a fan becomes well known? Wetzel is well known. Would you vote for him? Your logic is almost totally lacking here. It is sometimes easier for a fringe fan to garner votes. Does this mean he deserves them?



With all this talk of the relative merits of the N3F, a basically worthless organization, and of unknown English voters, the original problem is neatly obscured. I could tear the statements you make here into individual shreds, but this would accomplish your purpose of throwing up a smoke-screen of tangent arguments which in no way bear on the matter at hand.

In other words, this concluding paragraph is actually simply a cruder restatement of exactly what I proposed in my original editorial!

Don't forget--it was Willis' best friends, Shelby Vick and Lee Hoffman, who started the WAW WITH THE CREW IN '52 campaign, not a puzzled group of outsiders.

It is rare in my history as a faned that I receive a letter so totally fuggheaded, antagonistic, and uncommunicative as the following, which is presented strictly sic to the last typo.

If so, why not try it yourself? I trust you don't consider this paragraph valid criticism...?

Et tu, Howard! As Ted White, I speak solely for Ted White, and as Ted White, and never otherwise!

It must be that you can't read. I can think of no other reason for the consistently idiotic interpretations you have formed. Don Ford never said Stu was a better fan or "as good as" anyone else, at least to me. I never said a fugghead shouldn't attempt to win

cause I know how much hard work and consistently faithful effort Stu has expended for that large and inarticulate segment of fandom that obviously must have done the voting. [I trust you do not consider yourself in this class...?] It will probably be quite a surprise to the two-dozen or so fans who make up the fanzine editing circles of the UK, to discover that Stu Hoffman has been in touch, via NFFF, with probably about 100 UK fans during the past five years. Unless my memory fails me completely, there were about 60 NFFF fans in the British Isles alone during 1951-52 when I was Secretary of N3F. In spite of the jeers at this venerable organization, it was (and is) a very lively correspondence group whose interest lies in personal letters [and vicious petty politics] rather than in the impersonal field of ampubbing. The fact is that the English ampubbing group appears to be unaware of these fans, does not in any way invalidate their claim to consideration as TAFF voters. Why should it.

As to the problem of sending the fan the host country wishes to meet--that, I think, is a basic flaw in the way the TAFF rules were originally set up by the Britifens who started it. Instead of trying to make an intellectual beauty contest out of it, (as the UK faneds obviously tried to do on the assumption that they should nominate their own wittiest and most brilliant editors from among themselves) it seems more sensible to let the host country be the one to nominate whom it wishes to see, and then all vote as to which of these we wish to send. After all, as I recall, that was the idea which got Walt Willis over here in the first place... Nobody elected him as their wittiest and best [but at that time he was acknowledged so universally], it was some US fans who got curious about him and wanted to meet him. In other words, that first request came as an invitation from the host country--not vice versa as it is now.

G.M.Carr

HOWARD DEVORE

Received STELLAR a few days ago, and I'm quite satisfied with it, must say that I think the dropping of fan fiction will vastly improve the zine. Good fan fiction is awfully scarce.

Don't care much for your fanzine reviewer - As a reviewer he's piss-poor, and as a critic he's not much better. It's possible to say that a zine is good or bad without condemning it!

Since Stu Hoffman refuses to defend himself (much as Eney has refused to stir up any great fuss over his losing the election) I'm tempted to pick up the cudgel for him.

As a friend of Eney's it shows deplorable taste for you to try, condemn, and attempt to execute Stu Hoffman. Fandom might think Eney was behind the whole thing, and I'm sure Eney would never attack anyone as cruelly [cruelly? crudely?] as you have tried to do!

Is there any good reason why Stu Hoffman ("an N3F type Fugghead") (and just what type Fugghead are you?) should not attempt to win the nomination? [ELECTION, ELECTION! Not "nomination," ghoidemit! Are you as completely dullwitted as that?] I not only agree with Ford that "he's as good a fan as you", but I'd even go so far as to say that Hoffman is a BETTER fan than you. Stu Hoffman is a gentleman, something you can only spire too, and I'm convinced three score and ten is insufficient time in which to accomplish this.

Perhaps you've heard of Hoffman's Unknown Index? An accomplishment that



far overshadows a mere fanzine. Hoffman is interested in SCIENCE FICTION, FANS, and FANDOM. He has not confined himself to a small group of people interested in any particular subject - such as publishing small leaflets. When you've spent thirty years studying a subject then you may feel qualified to consider yourself an authority! [Easily the most fuggheaded single sentence in this letter. Why don't you run for TAFF next year, DeVore? See further comments at right.]

Obviously Hoffmann worked hard to get the large number of votes that he acquired. It's much harder to get 50¢ and support from a neo-fan than from someone with the same interests as yourself. [Even if you put up the 50¢ yourself...?]

I have on occasion contributed to the TAFF, but never under the impression that I was paying the fare for a fan so that I might fawn over him. I am willing to contribute if a fan wishes to come over and gaze upon my face, and be fascinated by my sparkling wit - I would even make a small donation for Norman G. Wansborough if I thought he'd come over and enjoy himself - I don't give a damn who comes! [Our basic difference.]

Now, Eney is an excellent choice. I'm sure the English would have enjoyed his presence as much as that of Madle, or Hoffman, perhaps more, but I'm not in the mood to bribe anyone so that he can stand on a stage and be admired. I prefer a fan who drinks to excess, and tells dirty stories (Hoffman is disqualified on both counts) AND ENJOYS HIMSELF.

Acting upon suggestions that I hear you have made I have worked out the only logical solution. I believe all fanzine publishers, writers, and artists should combine. They can force through a new rule, whereby only fanzine publishers, writers, and artists are eligible for the nomination, then rather than sully themselves with money from fake fen they can also force through a rule whereby only publishers, writers, and artists can vote and contribute.

It may take ten or fifteen years to gather enough money for the fare, but you certainly won't mind that if you can just keep fandom in line.

Fake fen, summer soldiers, & readers of rocketship stories, can set up their own fund and conduct their own elections. [They'd never do it; they rely on active fandom for their organization.] You wheels that really run fandom can well do without us mere mortals. Personally, I'll stick with the summer soldiers!

Sincerely,  
Howard DeVore

DON FORD (referring to the editorial in question in S#12, in a personal letter:) It's refreshing to see someone bring up a TAFF discussion without getting all worked up about it and waving their arms & screaming like a banshee.

Sincerely yours,  
Don

FRANKLIN FORD

I was very interested to read Howard DeVore's letter, and I thank you for the chance. On the whole, I think you let him off remarkably easily. But while the thing is still fresh in my mind, I'd like to make a few comments of mine own, which you can print or not as you see fit.

Probably the most important thing you said in your replies was that DeVore

the TAFF. What I said was that something is wrong with a system that allows a fugghead the chance to win. I used Hoffman only as an example. I could have used McNulty or George Nimms Raybin equally well; all three are fuggheads in my book, and social bores as well.

I consider an issue of SKY-HOOK vastly superior to any index yet devised, and Willis' HARP STATESIDE and ENCHANTED DUPLICATOR both have incredibly more intrinsic worth than Hoffman's miserable book!

Just where did you hear of any suggestions I might have made?

Are you aware that your suggestion is exactly how Willis was brought over in '52?

This letter must have unleashed years of repressions to create such unthinking voracity and such a sheer lack of any comprehension of what I said.

I pity you.

Bob Madle, in a personal discussion said he felt the editorial was a sensible one with which he agreed on the whole.

"Franklin Ford" was over while I was stencilling the above, and after reading it, he sat down at the nearby Underwood to peck out the following.



can't read. I've noticed this in many people; they skim over something--an article, a story--without being aware of what they are reading. They will see certain words and combinations of words (sometimes without seeing the modifiers, or qualifications) and will jump to a completely erroneous conclusion. Then, without bothering to check up on what they had read, they will pour out at great length their misinformed opinions on the subject. At best they are bores. And at worst, much worse.

DeVore is an excellent example. After reading his letter, I went back and researched the material in question. (It was easy, with all the piles of unmailed STELLAR's lying about.) He obviously had only the haziest notion of what you were talking about.

I left the obscenity in only to indict him, and because he I doubt the Post Office will bother scanning this type. But not only that. I object strenuously to his second paragraph. In it, he implies that whether I call a zine good or bad, I condemn it. This I don't dig. (I think his choice of words was poor as well. You never win an argument by swearing at the other guy.) To my mind, calling a zine "bad" is "condemning it." And I can hardly see how I might "condemn" a zine by praising it! However, let's dig back to STELLAR's 11 & 12, the two he had read with my reviews in them. I reviewed a total of eighteen fanzines, at least one of which was a repeat. I also alluded to another in the body of a review. Of the 18 reviewed, I condemned only three. I also said unpleasant things of the nineteenth. I also raved over four, and said very nice things about several more. The rest fell into the average class. OK, so I haven't been condemning zines quite as much as Howard would have us believe. But I think I did step on his toes with the dig at YANDRO. I can't see any other reasons. Surely he's not a fan of the UFA BULLETIN?!

But, Howard says that "as a reviewer, he's ... poor, and as a critic he's not much better." I hope it's not my stung pride, but I can't see that what Howard says is, objectively, true at all. I make no great claims for myself as a critic, but at least I have tried to apply some critical methods, while still giving a decent review. One thing I do not do: I do not make bald, unsubstantiated criticisms such as that just quoted. I think it boils down to this. Each of us, in our own way, stepped on DeVore's pet corns, and in his pain, he's slashing around wildly and recklessly. As I pointed out at the beginning. It is not necessary that we actually attack his prejudices; just that he--through faulty reading--considers them attacked.

I think I better write a book entitled WHY HOWARD CAN'T READ. Ought to sell out in Detroit!

Best,  
"Frank"...

BOB COULSON

Well, you complained about a lack of response to STELLAR--this is what you get.

See number 13...

Consider how Terry Carr and Dave Rike must feel...

You think you're kidding, but I have over 13 single-spaced pages of reviews on hand!

True, but I was explaining some of the reasons for this year's results. And the Mid-westcon vote was not binding. On the TAFF business, as long as you were going into it so thoroughly, you might have mentioned that the voting system, as far as this country is concerned, has been overhauled. The voting method of this year was tossed out at the Midwestcon--you were there--but you still manage to get



in a couple of licks at the dead horse. On the nomination business, I agree thoroughly that nominations should be made by the host country. (Was there any particular reason why you omitted mention of the fact that this was Gem Carr's idea?)

As for calling Stu Hoffman a fugghead...I suppose you have a right to your own opinion, but it seems a bit strange that two of the people who helped nominate this "fugghead" were Bob Bloch and Bob Tucker. Of course, I realize that Bloch and Tucker don't have your keen judgement of character...but they are still pretty well regarded.

Personally, I'll be glad to see STELLAR oftener, and smaller. Big fanzines, no matter how good they may be, always give me the feeling that the time it takes to read them could be more profitably spent doing something else. A 20-page zine can be read through in less than 10 minutes, and doesn't leave me feeling guilty for having wasted my time.

Yours,  
Bob Coulson

RON BENNETT

STELLAR 12 rolled in here just today, and I see from the covering letter that I am expected to let you know that I would indeed like to continue to receive STELLAR.

Now I'm not going to grouse about the fact that you have never written me or acknowledged PLOY. [I did subscribe, tho...] Obviously, STELLAR must take up enough of your time. However, I think the best solution to the situation is for us to consider a regular STELLAR - PLOY trade. OK? I'm mailing No. 10 out with this--you'll probably get it around Xmas!

Ted, you'll be getting a bad reputation. You have a good fmz there, with layout probably superior to any other in the field, but I deplore the attitude which seems to prevail in STELLAR, that of superiority. You seem to be looking down on everyone else. Do forgive this criticism. It's the only fault I can find, and it is meant to be constructive, I assure you.

And not sour grapes either. The reason I say this is your piece on NuFu. You have good cause for comploty [sic, and isn't this plug-for-PLOY gambit about worked out?] here but ployse try to check your facts before slandering fen like Michael. Now, I've had trouble with this reprint lark too. I found out too late that Bob Bloch's BIRTH OF A NOTION was seen in all sorts of zines before mine. Gould once ran a Mike Wallace piece from my OMPazine without naming its source. Also, BORN INTO FANDOM was, did you know? [No]--reprinted in PLOY too. (Hell, I've no grounds for grumbling that you didn't mention this. I'm not grumbling--just mentioning it--you named the source quite right.)

But THE BRADBURY ALICE was different. I can assure you that neither Michael nor I knew of the item's existance prior to submission (yes, it was sent to NuFu) here. I myself cut it on stencil, but it was only when McCain sent Michael WASTEBASKET 4, the last I believe, with this very point in mind, that we had any idea that the D.R.Smith piece was not a newly written item.

There's quite a bit I'd like to say on TAFF too, but I haven't the strength. I voted for Eney, and was disappointed when he didn't win, but Madle made an exceptionally good representative.

Last, and certainly least--I'm running for TAFF myself this coming year. Vote for Berry!

Best,  
Ron & Cecil

I first heard the idea proposed at the Midwestcon by Gerald Steward in a conversation.

Citing "authorities" in such a manner proves nothing. Bob's Block & Tucker nominated Stu because he asked them, and at the time no one else was running (this was before the NyCon, I believe).

Ten minutes! You must really scan hurriedly!

That letter was mailed with all copies, but actually, I expected to keep sending you STELLAR. Still, I'm glad it brought a letter from you.

Fine.

I think you have a point; one which escaped me. I do not consider myself superior to a large number of fans, but there is a great deal in fandom which irks me. I know, from conversation and letters, that my opinions are held by others, but I fear I am the first to express them. (Certainly I am no snob. <sup>in print.</sup>)

The version of BORN INTO FANDOM which was printed in S is unlike any others...

I stand corrected, and I apologize for what I said of the situation in STELLAR #12.

(The letter was handwritten.) He'll be glad to hear it; he was worried about the reaction to Eney's losing.



MICHAEL ROSENBLUME (in a postscript)

May I emphasize Ron's point that you check your facts. THE BRADBURY ALICE was written by Don R. Smith, not Dale R. Smith. It was sent to me as a normal submission from a very old friend; and I shall not be surprised to learn that the [Indecipherable] D.R.S. has no knowledge that it was actually printed by a US fanzine. Perhaps there was a mixup over names then and D.R.S. never got a copy. Apologies please, next issue. NuFu will always acknowledge any reprint we are aware of.

G. Michael Rosenblume

BOB PAVLAT

I agree!

So naturally, he told me all about this letter before I received it....!

If I lived someplace miles and miles and miles from Washington, I'd probably (at least I hope I would have) have written you many comments on previous issues of STELLAR. A letter of comment is, after all, little enough return for the work you put into each issue. It's easy enough to say to myself "I'll tell him when I see him"--it isn't half as easy, for me, to remember to do it. So this time at least, even though I'll be seeing you in a couple of days (if I shake this dad-blasted cold), I'm sitting down to write.

Tonite I finished STELLARS 12 and 13. It would be hard for me to say which I liked the best. Twelve had a very interesting letter column, some nine voices out of the past, and Ron Parker. Thirteen had Garrett, Geis, and to a lesser extent Ellison and Van Dall (I had the idea it was Van Dahl, but this was probably only because of the spelling). [?] I guess I vote (not that you asked me to!) for the new policy.

"The Veiled Woman", supposedly by Spillane, appeared in FANTASTIC. "Mars Confidential" appeared in the first digest sized AMAZING.

As to the issue itself, Ellison's column was just that; a nice rambling column which imparted thoughts. Van Dall confused me to some extent on first reading, but I think I finally made sense out of his article. My trouble was that I didn't know, and am still not positive, where "Mars Confidential" and "The Veiled Woman" appeared. FANTASTIC, wasn't it? Or what? I wish Van Dall had said. I also wish that he'd used quotes around story titles and saved underlining for magazine or novel (i.e., single publication) titles. [I've yet to formulate a style-book on this, but I generally put the latter in caps (as here)]

Writers do hit slumps, tho, and do write some bad stories.

Garrett pleased me the most. I didn't read the story under discussion--"The Biological Revolt"--but I still take pleasure in seeing the fault placed where it squarely belongs. Items like this serve our fandom "cult"--as Van Dall would have it--we now have one more behind-the-scenes item to add to our repertoire of stories to tell the awed neofan. Not that editorial hack-work is so novel, but a pin-point analysis such as this does help restore my faith in some authors by whom I've seen a real stinker after a run of good stories.

There doesn't seem to be much competition...

Ford's fanzine review columns we've discussed in adequate detail, so there would be little point in going into them here. Ford is the best fanzine reviewer I'm familiar with at the present time.

It's nice to get a few letters like this occasionally.

Best, Bob

BOYD RAE BURN

A hasty word of acknowledgement and comment on STELLAR #12. (By the way, don't bother to send a copy to Kidder...it is just a waste to send copies to both of us.) I faithfully read all of the zine, and enjoyed a large portion of it. To run down quickly over the contents... liked "World of null V", liked "Tuckahoes Go Home," "Baby is 50" was fair, dug not at all "The Bradbury Alice" (maybe I'm just squeamish), regret to report that I found "Last Stage Reflectorsman" on the whole rather boring...I know it was meant to be funny satire, but it read a bit too much like the real thing. Gould's "Born Into Fandom" is still a great thing, but I rather wish you had reprinted his parody on Sturgeon's Widget, Wodget, Boff thing (too much trouble to do the funny brackets) as it was quite illegible in most places in its initial appearance, and, although it was printed in a Cult zine, I believe, who sees Cult zines?

As far as I know, that item never was reprinted in a Cult zine.



Liked Magnus' item. Enjoyed immensely the fanzine reviews, although disagree madly over the complaint regarding the third-to-last word on page 24 of HYPHEN. If this word is unavailable, it is an offense for The Shorter Oxford English Dictionary to go through the mails. Otherwise, I dug the reviews the most (not that I necessarily agree with everything "Franklin Ford" said). I was rather startled by his outspokenness in one place, but I have no complaints. After all the walking-on-eggs and trying-not-to-offend that has been going on in fandom lately, it's a change to see a writer speaking his mind.

As I understand it, all obscenity is unavailable in this country, though the courts have said it must be related to context. The average fan cannot go to court over his fanzine. Witness Bourne's troubles...

How goes the record collection now? Do you have that new Milt LP on Atlantic, "Plenty, Plenty Soul"? [Yes] Sometime I'll try to make up a list for you of what we have on record here, and maybe we can get started on exchanging tapes.

Latest tally shows around 500 jazz lps, plus a scattering of others.

Hooboy, just noticed your "Aftershots" section, which I missed commenting on. I can't speak up myself on the subject of TAFF, for, being a defeated candidate, anything I might say might be construed as sour grapes, but hearty cheers for you in your outspokenness. Looking forward to seeing the next ish of STELLAR.

Regards, Boyd

And that ties up the letter section this time. There were more; a lot more. There are still letters trickling in on STELLAR #12, and they're starting on #13. This is a good sign; I'm pleased that it was possible to evoke such a reaction, even if drastic measures were used. I think you'll find it easier to comment on the new STELLAR, too, since there are more expressions of opinion for you to take issue with. Just because there are other letters coming in, though, don't feel it isn't necessary for you to write. I crave comments on this, my creation, and I like to feel my audience isn't totally asleep. And I like to know just what you do think of STELLAR, issue by issue. With the expanded letter section, there's a good chance your letter will see print, as well.

#### —A FAKE FAN IN LONDON (CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4)—

a Midwestcon, and will go down in fannish history as the hotel in which Jim Harmon broke through the door of success.

However, in all seriousness, at \$2.85 a night (including breakfast), I don't see how anyone can complain too much. Unfortunately, several Americans (of the non-fannish type—and too accustomed to the American Way of Life) packed up and left. Among those who left for greener pastures was Villiers Gerson, the "Roger de Soto" of fanzine reviews, who even denied being a fan, no surprise to anyone who has read his reviews.

Getting back to the hotel: we were met at the door by Ken's charming wife, Pamela, and Mrs. Newman's charming son, David. Pamela had a broom in her hand, and Dave a glass of beer. Thinking this over, I can't devise a good reason for Pam to be helping to clean up the hotel--although strange things occur in English hotels. Nor can I think of a good reason for Newman to have a glass of beer in his hand--God-fearing prohibitionist that he is. Newman, incidentally, made quite a hit with the American delegation in that he assumed the job of public relations and entertained the group from Tuesday until the opening of the convention on Friday evening.

One interesting bit of confusion developed upon our arrival at the King's Court Hotel. Old-time-fan Oswald Train, owner of one of the most extensive science fiction collections extant, was returning to his native



England after an absence of about thirty years. His uncle was to meet him and, unfortunately, they misconstrued each other's directions. At any rate, the old gentleman wound up at the hotel immediately after Ossie took off for the airport office. To say the old boy was quite shaken up would be putting it mildly. Someone handed him a bottle of beer and said that Ossie would certainly turn up in a short while. Three hours later, the old boy could be seen finishing off his fifth bottle of beer. I suppose they eventually managed to meet each other.

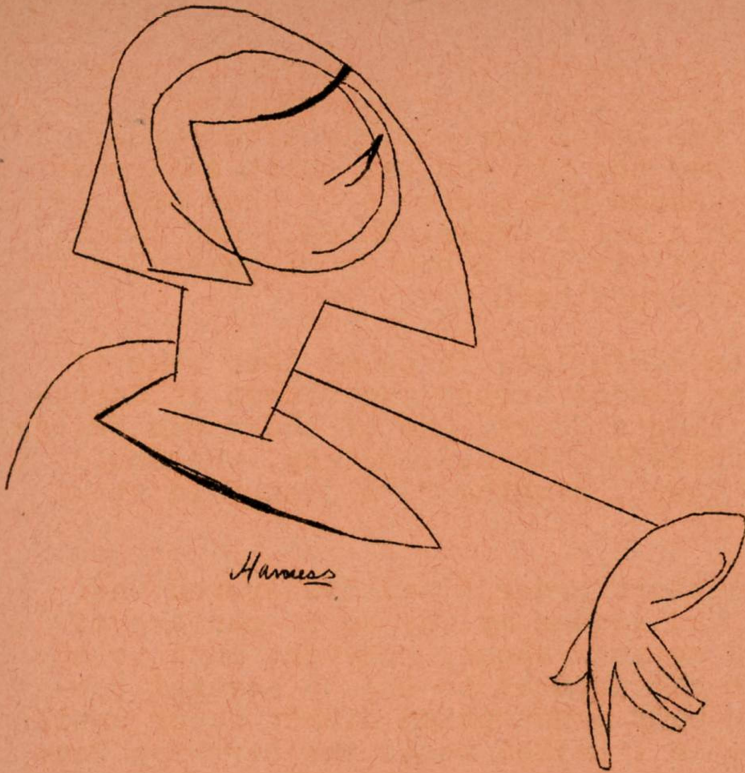
There was also some hotel reservation confusion. It seems that some of those who had reserved rooms had been placed across the street in another hotel, one even less lavish than King's Court. One of these was fringe-fan Will Jenkins, President of the Philadelphia S.F. Society, who could be heard, walking out of the King's Court, singing "I'm just Wild about Bobbie"...

Meanwhile, back at the bar...Yes, in short order I had discovered that the bar was on the second floor and had wended my way up to partake of a glass of the warm beer I had heard so much about. However, much to my surprise--and elation--the bartender had thought to ice up several bottles, and my first venture into warm beer consumption didn't occur until some time later. The first three people I talked to at the bar were Pete Taylor, John Brunner, and Reiner Eisfeld. Pete, a curly-haired fellow of about 21, told me he had been away from fandom for some time, but was really coming back now. Fake fan that I am, I recognized John Brunner as the professional writer of the same name. John is a most impeccable individual, and is the personification of the precise, Oxford-educated Englishman. John, it might be mentioned, is only 23 now, although he made his first sales to ASTOUNDING six years ago. Reiner Eisfeld is a German fan, who speaks the most precise English, and who gave an excellent speech at the banquet.

Eventually Ken Bulmer came over and informed me that we were going to dinner. The party consisted of Ken, Pamela, Ted Carnell, Sandy Sanderson, Belle & Frank Dietz, Forry Ackerman, and several others. Ken, gracious host that he is, insisted on carrying my suitcase, which must have weighed more than fifty pounds. (At this point it might be mentioned that Ken had written me soon after I was announced TAFF winner, requesting me to be his guest while in London. This more than kind offer was gratefully accepted, and, as it turned out, was quite convenient. Ken, being a professional writer, has no regular hours for work, and was able to spend the next few days showing me about.)

Following the dinner, which included some scintillating conversation, the group split up with Ken, Pam, Sandy and I taking the underground in the general direction of 204 Wellmeadow Rd., Catford. This, my first adventure with the London subway system, is somewhat of a blur. It seemed that we were constantly running up and down stairways, going down in elevators, and just missing the trains we were running after. As I recall, we took several subways, and then a plain old railway train. Then, a nice healthy walk to the Bulmer residence--with Ken and I taking turns on my heavily-laden suitcase. That evening I noticed that Ken was quite a fast walker--and a real runner when he heard the sound of an approaching subway train. Little did I realize then the amount of fast walking and running I was going to have to indulge in during the next few days keeping up with this fast-stepping man.





What started out as a merry and innocent joke is no longer such. I'm referring to STELLAR's controversial fanzine reviewer, "Franklin Ford."

In the beginning, he was Richard H. Eney, the former assistant ed. Eney wrote all but one of the reviews in STELLAR #11. I did the review of UFA BULLETIN. We cooked up a nice cover for "FF", and had a small ball.

Unfortunately, we had a disagreement, Eney and I, over the fact that certain fanzines which I claimed I loaned to Eney for review were not in the bundle he returned. This included the last issue of PEON. First Eney stated that I had never given the zine

## UFFISH THOTS ON FRANKLIN FORD

to him at all, and then said he he had returned it all along. At the same time he pleaded off from his chores on STELLAR, claiming a large amount of non-fan work. Since the next batch of fanzines to be reviewed contained a number of zines I didn't want to lose, I decided to seek out another "Ford." I didn't change the pseudonym since it made little difference what name was to be used, if it was obviously phoney.

The reviews in STELLAR #12 were not by Eney. They included the first blast of what has now become a full-scale war between Bob Coulson and "Ford". I didn't object to this at the time because I felt a little controversy wouldn't hurt STELLAR any. Well, since then, I've managed to become embroiled in a good deal of controversy on several fronts.

"FF" has come in for considerable criticism, But not from everyone. A number of fans are rather happy to see the return of plain-speaking, and the disposal of backslapping. See this issue's letter-column for several reactions on both sides of the question.

Meanwhile, back at Fort Hunt Rd., Dick Eney seems to have become displeased at being eased out of STELLAR, though he himself did the easing-out. At any rate, he is now nosing it about that I stole "Franklin Ford" from him, and that I am the current "Franklin Ford". In both SAPS and FAPA he has made unnecessary wisecracks to the effect that I am a thief, one with no principles, and I understand he has said the same in private correspondence. I think that such action is rather small of Eney, and betrays the reactions of a hurt child whose toy has been taken. I am disappointed in Dick, both for the way he let me down on STELLAR, and also for these childish attacks he has been making.

It is all unfortunate because Dick is not the typical crud-producing,