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stellar 21

combined with GAFIA #17 and DIMENSIONS



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21. 16. 1912

stellar 21

combined with GAFIA #17 and DIMENSIONS-----

is edited and published by Ted E. White, who is now residing at 2712 N. Charles St., Baltimore 18, Md. Most issues free with Magnus' RUMBLE. Thish: 15¢.

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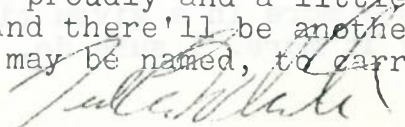


TODAY STELLAR IS A MAN: Five years have passed since I began publishing a fanzine. August 1953 was the month in which I put out the first issue of this zine, under another title, in a different size, and with a different policy. In that time I've changed, and STELLAR's changed. There've been at least four definite stages to the zine, and Ghod knows how many more to me. I began publishing while in high school, and in h.s. I was managing editor of the school magazine. Several years have passed since graduation, and they've seen a succession of jobs, attitudes, and viewpoints. They've seen two changes of address. In those years, I've attended two world cons (Cleveland and New York) and as many Midwestcons. I've attended a Phillyconference and helped organize and put on a Disclave.

In the years since 1953, I've learned an awful lot about fanzine editing and publishing, both the duplication end and the creative end. I've learned a little about writing, and a little more about painting. I've become absorbed in the twin worlds of jazz and classical music. And maybe I've learned something about living too. Whatever I've learned, echoes of it crop up in my fanzines.

When we were moving into this apartment, I was helping Magnus straighten out his fanzine file, and happened upon a folder filled with my own publications: the ZIPS, STELLARs, GAFIAs, and the one-shots--WHAMMY, DOUBLE WHAMMY and TRIPLE WHAMMY--the apazines like NULL-F, NOTED, THIRTEEN O'CLOCK and the little sidelights like the hoax issue of "Jacob Edwards'" MINI, and the hoax-feud between Jake and myself, the sole issue of POTRZEBIE produced by the Larry Stark, Bob M. Stewart and T. White triumvirate.

Then there were the zines I was closely associated with: BREVIZINE, which introduced me to fandom; UMBRA which I did covers for religiously; OUTRE, which I unwittingly inspired by giving a handful of old ZIPS to a young neo at a club meeting; HOOHAH and CONCEPT, whose publisher I introduced to stf fandom and which zines I helped support with reams--it seemed at the time--of material and layouts; VARIOSO which John Magnus occasionally put together in my basement. And others. There'll probably be more, which five years from now I can look back upon and say, proudly and a little wistfully, "I helped make that a good fanzine". And there'll be another five years of STELLAR, or whatever its successor may be named, to carry on my enjoyment of publishing a fanzine.



A WORD OR TWO ABOUT THE MATERIAL THIS ISSUE: Because this is a special issue, and because I still have some longer material kicking around, I've made this a practically full-sized fanzine instead of the 2-to-8-page thing it usually is. And I'll be trundling this along with me to South Gate to huckster for filthy cash--except to friends, and my ability to make enemies should coin me plenty of loot. The Ellison column is not recent; it was originally two columns, an editorial and a chatter-column for DIMENSIONS; I edited material from both to make up the column for the "old" STELLAR, and stencilled it for that. It is the last of such stencilled material.

The column by Moomaw I may very well continue if he continues to write such frequent, lengthy, and interesting letters. This column was "abstracted" from two recent letters. Of course, when S resumes its normal format, Kent may have to be content with seeing his letters printed with the others, depending on the space available.

The Wingate story, "The New Angel", is a rather unusual piece for a fanzine. Allan Wingate lives in Florida, and sent this piece to his brother, Richard, who coincidentally enough is residing in the same apartment with John Magnus and myself. If Ellison were printing the story, no doubt he'd ballyhoo it as "A TABOO BREAKER!!!" but me, I just sandwich it in between the other stuff because I liked it well enough to print it.

"The New Sounds" is hardly an original-type title, but it was the best I could do. It will be a continuing column of record reviews, usually based on a central theme. (Ah, you noticed that I like to do that with review columns, did you?) It will not be devoted exclusively to jazz, but since I am more up-to-date on jazz, it will probably be given over largely to that field of music. This time its primary concern is the new avant-gard forms of electronic music.

And of course, sandwiched in around these main items, filler-fashion, you'll find the usual STELLAR-fare: fanzine reviews--short ones, this time--and other little bits and pieces, all editor-written, if you hadn't guessed.

I SAID "NORMAL FORMAT" UP THERE, but actually I'm beginning to think that's an empty phrase as far as STELLAR is concerned. Since taking on its new look, S has run from four, to eight, and back to two pages an issue; has printed letters, gossip, a long story, has editorialized, and criticized--all in an extremely flexible format. I'm in love with this format. It allows me to write down whatever I think of whenever it occurs to me, and to piece these scraps of thought together into a fanzine which in its few pages is probably more loaded with personality than any fifty-pager I've ever produced.

THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THAT WEEKLY DEADLINE, too. Since GAFIA #3, I have not missed a week with a publication. That's pretty amazing. And in that time, I've averaged well over twenty-pages monthly. That's not bad either. Of course I would occasionally fudge a bit by skipping a week, and doing two the next week, like when I went to the Midwestcon, but after all... There's an impelling inertia about a weekly that keeps you rolling. You may not produce more in a given time, but you get it out faster, and probably enjoy it more. I sure do.



ABSTRACTIONS... *from the letters of*

KENT

MOOMAW

A couple of job possibilities have presented themselves during the past week, and I feel fairly certain that I'll have something soon. I'm really faunching for that first paycheck; besides giving me the wherewithal to get out ABERRATION, an income will at last enable me to beat the doldrums of boredom that have plagued me almost constantly since my return from Dallas. Man, this past month has really been a drag...

I applied months ago, before I even graduated high school and left for Dallas, with the State Unemployment Bureau, but each time I walked in to the downtown office they turned me away politely but firmly. Oh, I was once offered a job as an arc welder, before the interviewer asked me whether or not I'd ever had any experience along those lines, but wow, you know...

I also had an application in with one of the local private agencies, but the interviewer there as much as told me that I'd probably be eligible for Social Security before anything came in, if conditions remained as they were. 'S nice to know.

Sooo...I sit around reading like mad, watching the want-ads day and night, waiting for something to break. The appearance of ABby hinges directly on all of this: it'll be out (rather, I'll have the stencils in your hands, like) certainly no more than two weeks after I get that first salary. And monthly thereafter. Yeah.

Dick Pike, a local dj specializing in jazz I have mentioned once or twice in my fanzines, mentioned on his show the other day that he had been unable to get over to Eden Park to dig the recent concert given by Les Brown because the only road leading there from his part of town was clogged from noon to six PM by idiotic types trying to make it over to another nearby park to see a free water-skiing exhibitions that one of the local TV stations had brought in. Imagine this attitude (not only that they preferred water-skiing to Les Brown, but that the fuggheads would stay out there jamming traffic until nearly an hour after the exhibition had terminated) projected on a civic and cultural plane, stir in a lousy climate, and remove all actifans, and you have my conception of Cincinnati, Ohio. You got it, you can keep it.

Joe Arbogast has the basement apartment under Birdland...

The enthusiasm that you and Stark have shown over ABby is gratifying. It's precisely the kind of reaction I'm hoping to get from a fairly large segment of fandom: interest and enthusiasm, a resurgence of interest in gen-

eral fandom. Of course my primary reason for putting out the monthly will be personal egoboo--I may as well admit that--but running a close second is a strong desire to see generalzine fandom stirred up some, awakened from the dormant state in which it has lain for the past couple of years. Personally, I am counting on Abby making at least a mild splash as it comes back. I even harbor wild hopes that a few people will Get My Message and become a little more active in generalzine publishing as a result; y'see, I know that general fandom could be a lot more fun than it is at present, and I'm just selfish enough to want to see it that way. Ergo, a monthly. If I achieve a bit of success, I'll be quite happy. If not, if nobody shows any undue interest and fans are generally apathetic, I may fold ABby again after a couple of issues. We'll see.

...and holds the world's record for taking Bufferin.

Benford spoke of stencilling a lot of material this summer so that he could run it off little by little during the winter, when schoolwork is a burden, and thus maintain a monthly (!) VCID. This is the sort of thing that encourages me, this and the kind of support you and Larry have given me. I'm as excited about all this as you say you are, I assure you.

Does Magnus plan to put out VARIOSCO with anything approaching frequency in the future? I personally regard the latest V as an A fanzine, and VARIOSCO in general as one of the very few potentially valuable mags around. I'd like to see Magnus bring it out at least bimonthly, with the format he used this time: Long editorial, two or three solid articles, and an inclusive lettercol. Give Magnus your enthusiastic support too, eh? Or maybe lace his grilled cheese sandwiches with Geritol or something. VARIOSCO on the East Coast, ABby and VOID in the midwest, and maybe INNUENDO on the West Coast: all frequent, all (I trust) faanishly good. It sounds great.

Be sure to include my name on any list you may get together of Washington in 60 supporters.

--Kent Moomaw



JOHN MAGNUS, HOME FRESH FROM HIS NEW JCB, said, "Ted, I'm going to have to restrict my fanac from now on. I'm going to have to restrict myself to one weekly chatter-type zine --RUMBLE--and one six-weekly VARIOSCO." I smiled at him, and he smiled at me. "I hope you can manage to contain yourself within those limitations, John," I said.

SERIOUSLY, John is working on VARIOSCO #17 even now. He has all the material on hand, and over six pages on stencil. We kid him about two VARIOSCO's in one year, but we shouldn't, really. I mean, #13 was the "First 1955 Issue", and since then John has gotten out a VARIOSCO every year; #14 in 1956, #15 in 1957, and #16 in 1958.

IT WAS, PERHAPS, UNKIND to put that editorial "(!)" up there after the reference to a monthly VCID. But I believe I heard somewhere that the Benfords intended to dig into school-work come September and leave the fanac to others. If somehow a fairly frequent VOID can still appear, I'll be the first to cheer.

the new Sounds:

NEW DEVELOPMENTS
in music have
been coming
since the advent

of popular electronics. At least three new forms of musical expression have been created through electronic methods, which in no way duplicate conventionally created music.

Two of these forms depend upon the tape recorder for their creation and performance; one is solely electronic in nature. The latter consists of sound created by electronic circuits, and it was this type of "music" which was used by the Barons for the soundtrack of "Forbidden Planet". The use of electronic circuitry in music, is, except for the work of the Barons, largely confined to Germany, and I have not yet found any recordings available in this country.

The two forms utilizing the tape recorder are known as Tapeschord (or Tape Recorder) Music, and Musique Concrete. The first is an American development, the latter French.

In both a sound source is changed, distorted, gimmicked, by a tape recorder--an inherently flexible device. Sounds can be played in reverse, have echoes added, or reverberations. Notes can be raised or lowered in pitch, sometimes lowered into subsonics with only their overtones audible. A note may be struck (as on a piano) and the sound of its striking edited and removed, with only the continuing reverberation remaining. The possibilities of multitaping are also legion, having already been applied to popular music (Les Paul & Mary Ford) and jazz (Tristano, Sims, the Dave Lambert Singers).

The American and French forms differ in that the American forms (largely in the hands of Luening & Ussachevsky) use only musical sound sources, while Musique Concrete makes use of the entire range of sound effects for its sound sources. The result--at least from the present users of each form--is that Tapeschord Music is largely a tonal or polytonal music, while Musique Concrete is almost always atonal, and often unmusical in nature. (One piece in a suite consisted of women giggling and laughing. The "music" in this was a result of the rhythms and distortions; there was no "melody" or "harmony" as we usually think of it.)

But what, our conservative listener asks, is the use of all this gimmickry and tomfoolery? Why bother souping up sounds when we haven't exhausted the tonal colors of the orchestral palette?

The reason is simple. A composer is constantly searching to reproduce in his works the sounds which he hears in writing his composition. While some composers think in order of the instruments already decided upon, often the choice of instruments is dictated by the mood and nature of the music as heard by the composer. Electronic music, in any of its versions, is not

is not offered to replace the live orchestra, but rather to supplant it, to create additional new sounds and effects to more nearly capture the sound desired by the composer.

There is an additional advantage for the composer as well. Composing by tape recorder offers the values of both improvising (working directly with finished sound), and composing on paper (the opportunity to edit, improve, and polish.) The principle composers who have worked with tape recorders seem inordinantly enthusiastic about the medium.

And if it seems "unfair" and trickery to create artificial sounds by taperecorder, how much more "fair" are the current practices of recording engineers in editing out fluffs in a performance and splicing in better passages from other performances? This is true misrepresentation, yet it results in better recorded music, and is now fairly standard procedure.

The future of music in general dictates that new discoveries will be made, in the creation of new instruments (the electronic piano and electric bass are two recent developments; the much older saxophone is only now coming into classical use) and in new methods of composing and performing. The advent of the tape recorder has allowed the composer to produce his own interpretation of his work without the interfrance of an interpretative conductor or performer. Electronics as one of the signposts of our era, is a natural aid in the progress of today's music.

THE COMPOSERS RECORDING CRI-112, a 12" lp which features one side of Tapeschord Music by Luening and Ussachevsky, clearly points out that the future of tapeschord pieces lies in the use of both tape recorder and live orchestra. The main piece, "A Poem in Cycles and Bells" consists of two tapeschord pieces which were originally released separately, "Fantasy in Space" by Ctto Luening (available on the 10" Innovations GB-1), and "Sonic Contours" by Vladimir Ussachevsky (also available on the same lp), combined with a live orchestra to create one long piece. It is undoubtedly the most musically successful of the tapeschord pieces. The peace and serenity of "Fantasy" is nicely offset by the mystic power and savagery of "Contours". The orchestra provides an introduction, background, and bridge and does much to bring the piece into perspective as something more than just "weird music".

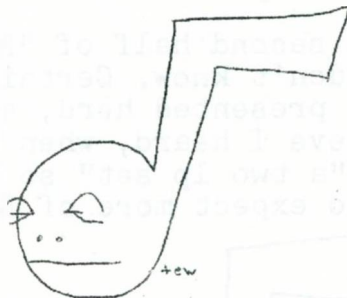
The same Composers Recording also provides two short pieces, "A Piece for Tape Recorder", and "Suite from King Lear" by the same composers. These are pure tapeschord, and considerably further out in nature. The latter piece is a suite made up from a sound track done for an experimental Orson Welles movie. Unfortunately, the second side of the lp is devoted to "The Fortunate Islands" by William Bergsma, which is a pedestrian piece of neo-classic composition in the manner familiar of many of today's young derivative composers.

Luening and Ussachevsky may also be heard on all of the above-mentioned 10" lp, Tape Recorder Music, which may or may not still be available. There are four other short pieces besides "Fantasy" and "Contours". "Fantasy", in abridged form, also appears in a Folkways sampler, The Sounds of New Music (Folkways FX 6160), as does a piece by Ussachevsky identified as "Sonic Contours" but actually a simpler, much earlier piece. (Also on the Folkways record are way-out pieces by John Cage, Henry Cowell--who is better represented in a Composers Recording--Edgard Varese, and others, plus an explanation of how tapeschord music is composed.)

FOR "MUSIQUE CONCRETE", we must turn to two imported lps, Ducretet-Thompson DTL 93090 and DTL 93121, The Panorama of Musique Concrete, volumes one and two. These two 12" lps consist mainly of the work of two young French composers, Schaeffer and Henry. They also adapted and arranged pieces by Arthuys and Philippot (one each). The music heard here may not seem musical at all upon first hearing, but repeated listening will bring to light the fact that from unmusical sound sources, they have created musical similes, pieces directly analogous to music in creation, form and effect, but essentially nonmusical. Snatches of surrealism or even Dadaism may be heard as scraps of music swirl through a pattern of voices speaking backwards, to create a piece of tremendous emotional impact. The Frenchmen are not above creating effects for effect's sake, unfortunately. One piece consists of a single one-note sound source: a human-being saying "Ah". This single sound is transformed into a short composition consisting of everything from screams to grunts. Its lack of success is marked in contrast with another "R.A.I. Bird", which uses the short call of a canary, and transmutes it into a beautiful web-like composition of golden sounds.

In addition to the shorter pieces, each lp is taken up with a suite in which the composers run the gamut from human voices and percussive effects to weird strains of superimposed carnival music and the already-mentioned giggling.

Music? Not perhaps in the conventional classical sense, but at the least a striving towards a new goal and a new medium of human expression, and certainly worth following with an open ear.



AFTER MUCH FANFARE, Columbia has at last released the new Duke Ellington lp of Black, Brown and Beige, featuring Mahalia Jackson (Columbia CL 1162). Unfortunately, the best thing about the album is the cover.

"Black, Brown and Beige" was originally written by the Duke in early 1943, and first performed at the Town Hall on January 23rd of that year. RCA Victor; which then had Ellington under contract, recorded a suite made up from the much longer total work, and released this suite on 78 rpm records. It was never released on lp in this country, but was coupled with the "Perfume Suite" for release on a 10" HMV lp in England. The original recordings, which covered only one 10" side, consisted of four tracks: "Work Song", "Come Sunday", "The Blues" (sung by Joya Sherrill), and "Three Dances" ("West Indian Dance", "Emancipation Celebration", and "Sugar Hill Penthouse"). From this assortment of material, Ellington has for some incomprehensible reason chosen only "Work Song" and "Come Sunday" for use in the new work, which covers both sides of a 12" lp.

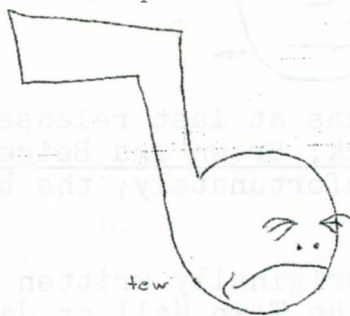
The first side opens with some magnificently hi-fi sounds: bass, drums, sharp brass; and moves into an overlong "Work Song" which is played to death for close to a third of the side. Adequate solos are turned in

Harry Carney (baritone), Shorty Baker (trumpet), and Quenton Jackson (plunger-muted trombone), but sadly missing from both this track and the entire record are Ray Nance and Clark Terry's trumpets, and Johnny Hodges' immaculate alto. Nance is on hand for some pizzicato violin in the second part (of six) of the suite, which introduces "Come Sunday". That track is also notable for the Duke's piano, on which he uses a concert-hall touch, rather than his more usual comping style. The third part (and the final track on side one) consists of a hash served up from parts of both "Come Sunday" and "Work Song".

The second side is Mahalia's side, and she probably comes closer to the mark than anyone else on the set. Duke has slowed "Come Sunday", this time with lyrics, to a funeral pace, but the natural beauty of the melody allows Miss Jackson a foothold from which to project her powerful emotion. Still, the piece lacks the strived-for overall spirit of joyousness, and it is only through Miss Jackson's efforts that it does not become a total drag. A short reprise occurs as part five, wherein Ray Nance, violin in hand, once more restates the now-familiar theme of "Come Sunday".

Actually, "BB&B" stops here, but a finale, a part six, has been added. This consists of an inspired singing of the Twenty-third Psalm, in which Mahalia is superbly backed by the Ellington orchestra, and for which Duke has written some truly exalted music. This piece alone, of the entire record, fully makes the grade, and I fear it was less because of Duke's own efforts than because he had some great material and an inspired singer to work with.

What happened to the entire second half of "Black, Brown & Beige" as it was originally recorded? I don't know. Certainly it contained better thematic material than that presented here, and it seems a shame not to give it equal space. I believe I heard, when the Columbia recording was first rumored, talk of "a two lp set" so it may be that it is on its way. I hope so. I've come to expect more of Ellington than he's given us here.



--Ted E. White

IN HER LATEST GEMZINE, G.M.Carr says in reference to the mixed up pages in the lettercolumn of the previous GZ, of John Hitchcock, "Apparently John didn't read the GZ I sent him..." because he had not written a letter grotching about the way his letter had appeared. I showed GM's comment to John--who had read the copy of GZ she'd sent him--and asked Bafanlandom's linguist if he had any comment to make on the subject. "КОНЕЧНО," he said.

MCVIES TO MISS: Unless you're simply morbidly curious, as I was, miss by all means the film "Garden of Eden", which purports to be a nudist film. It was indeed filmed in a Florida nudist colony, amongst some sorry specimans of humanity, and it boasts not a single "actor" of any ability whatsoever. Throughout, it is completely amateur, and obviously designed, through advertising, to cash in on the nudism.

by Harlan Ellison

Few things raise my ire as much as the homespun Socrates who pops out with one of the standard variations on the "You should have had it as tough as I did when I was a boy!" routine.

You've heard it: "I grew up the hard way..." or "You kids nowadays got it easier than when I was a tad," or "I was supporting my mother, father, thirteen brothers and sisters, not to mention the dog and the aquarium-full of piranha fish, when I was seven years old, by driving dynamite trucks over the Alkan Highway."

Lord!

Aside from the obvious obviousness that such people are monumental bores, their logic is specious to a sieve-like consistency.

Why, if I may be impertinent, should I have to suf-

THE VOICE FROM STYX



the matinee idol

fer as did our Old Greypate? Just because he had the aggravation of a childhood somewhat more trying than mine, must I be censured for it? Because modern conveniences have eliminated whole sections of toil thought necessary in his day, must the generation preceding sneer at my "laziness?" And, to make the whole thing even more ludicrous (at least from where I lay on my backside while the elders scream, "Shiftless!") the situation is comparable to that of the Suez Canal ditch-digger and the operator of a 1957 power-shovel.

Our old Suezer, creaking back and forth in his front-porch rocker, snorts in contempt at his grandson, the power-shovel man, home from work. He sees no blisters, no sun-bleached hair from working bare-headed in the ditch, no sore back. He sees the same muscles now gone from his own arms, he sees the youth that has flown from him, but he sees a man who squints from estimating distance with the power-levers, not with a shovel. And he has the audacity to sneer!

He sneers at the advancements of science and a humanity that have freed millions for other jobs. He sneers at the fact that toil is no longer a prostrating proposition. He is, in short, being pointless, small-

minded, and senile. He is a longer after the Good Old Days, which, if he'd glance at the blistered old hands in his lap, he'd realize were not so Good after all. He should understand that individuals are individuals and that times change. Never judge one millenium by the standards of another.

If we were to apply this to science fiction, the idea might be that those who decry the "new" science-fiction as a wishy-washy shadow of its former glory might realize that they are trying to deal spades onto hearts. Science fiction was a gadgety offshoot of the Grimm Fairy Tale. Now it's a legal baby in the nursery of Literature. Let's not try to judge s-f today by the achievements of s-f yesterday.

* * *

I've been getting slapped in the face with galactic civilizations, not the E.E.Smith kind that were big and knew it and liked to dazzle you with it for kicks, but big ones that take it all too, too nonchalantly and for granted. I pray for some of the old down-to-this-earth-type stuff (like the original Heinlein stories) in place of the blase galaxy-treaders we now have. Space is big, man, and ain't nobody gonna become that big that he can stalk through it and forget what it's all about.

* * *

We were in a car, driving through Detroit, and the car radio was on, when suddenly, out of a clear blue of polite music, an unctuous voice said: "A Bird Watcher Is Only As Good As The Bird He Watches," and that's all. Music began again in a moment. Nothing further was said, it wasn't an item of news, I don't think, nor was it a gag. The voice was serious. Can anyone offer an explanation? It's driving me. ...

* * *

For the record: The article in LOWDOWN magazine several years ago supposedly written by me was a fake. I sold, for \$25, a serious article on juvenile delinquency to that foul publication, and they took my picture to accompany said article. When it appeared, I discovered that they had totally corrupted the article, put the name "Phil 'Cheech' Beldone" on my pic, and pretended I'd written a piece of garbage like that.

* * *

Back when I was publishing DIMENSIONS, A.J.Budrys explained in a letter why my request to Pohl and Kornbluth for an article outlining what they really thought the world of 200 years from now would be was turned down: "...there's something you don't seem to have taken into account: neither of these guys is in the prediction business. They have no more idea of what the world will be like than you do. When they postulate a future society of some kind, it's strictly for the purpose of spotlighting some facet of our own, or else it's just for kicks. No prediction is involved or intended—extrapolation and prediction are two entirely different things."

Which is about as clear-cut a delineation of the area in which the legitimate science fiction writer should work, as I've ever heard.

- harlan ellison



ALLAN WINGATE:

THE *NEW* ANGEL

The sign outside said Air Cooled.

Hesitating in the doorway, he selected a course through the mounds of offerings to the god Dupont while standing on a wad of Scot-snot, once pink. It stuck to his heel, married to a piece of ripe Feenimint spit out at maturity, in an unwilling union that caused him to walk just lop-sided enough that he could notice.

He thought about it while his eyes island-hopped the ground-out butts and tissue harbors of this year's virus. If he scraped it off his heel, he'd have to think about something else; perhaps less pleasant. He was sure there were other things that were irritating him but as long as the glob stayed on his heel, his annoyance remained focused on the perimeter of his heel, establishing, too, a zone of isolation between his being and the civilized crust.

He decided to leave it there, leaving his future equilibrium to gravity and his newly acquired hundred and sixty pound envelope, and navigated to the alter where the products of a saviour lay for the penance-plus-tax. Absolution for heads, pimples, and blue suede shoes, sprays for hair nets, hair pits and hair coats closeted during the equinox, whirling syringes for all the openings, contraceptives and social insurance tablets with the wonder of Chlorostuff and then he was looking down into a brass orphanage filled with a porridge of phlegm and nictotine soup and a roach that had been knocked from the counter and was facing eternity upside down in a foot level limbo. It kicked once while he watched it. Togetherness.

The night clerk's finger disappeared up his nose and his face strained as he tried to remove half his brain through one nostral. He got something under his finger nail and saved it for later as the man stopped in front of the register. He closed the Horoscope, wishing it were Sagittarius again, and placed a fresh card on the counter with his other hand, anticipating the coming struggle. The pen was a Scripto ball point, the color of a specimen bottle left standing and was attached to a chain of little linked B-B's that were always breaking. Each separation shortened the chain by one B-B, making registration a game of skill that became progressively more exacting; a seventy-nine cent crusader against capital letters. The guest looped off an impossible L and handed over the right amount for a single, probably from seeing the sign outside. The clerk closed the cash drawer and rummaged a key out of the box.

Eight one two, sir.

And they both thought about what was on his finger.

The guest turned toward the elevator.

The night clerk looked down at his pants. He liked to stick the front end of his shirt tail out through his fly, especially when it was starched, and walk around the lobby when nobody was around. Tonight it was limp, and still being early, he wiped his hands of the dendritic streams that were eating into his palm, and wished they would make his life line longer. The sweat creased moist smudges into his shirt and it flopped back, not at all the way he liked it. Then he looked down at his finger and closed his eyes for communion.

The elevator boy was sixty-seven, just two short of Halleluiaah, and adolescent only in his preference for fresh mother's milk. He liked to suck on things; it was his greatest pleasure. He had been thinking of something to suck on when the check-in arrived, and he resented the immediate intrusion of light on his varicose eyeballs. He remembered the big problem when he was pimply faced. Are you a virgin? No, but I've got a doctor's excuse. Well, he was offering a good cancer-free scarf and was just feeling the dark coming up warm over his back as he worked down into the blanket when he heard the approaching footsteps and, opening his eyes, he wormed his fingers into the amalgam of copper polish and worn cotton, said the ritual chant, clattered shut the shaky protective screen and raised his eyes to the restless red god that ordered his universe. They joined in reverence.

Eight, please.

The elevator boy didn't feel like saying his joke this time; he was still half asleep. Besides, a Mal Marshal jacket this time of the morning is always an eight to five loser. This one could have been working the stem that afternoon but looked shaky enough to go for maybe a cod piece and the pint of stumps he had in his locker. He had been filling it with the dregs of empties he scrounged out of the trash, and it was almost full.

.Ya travel much?

Sometimes.

Gets lonesome, don't it. I mean, sometimes ya feel like crawlin' fronna' TV set wif' a little hooch, maybe sumfin like 'at Gine Lolabroogyahgie d'ere-- (Making the motions) Know whatta' mean?

He knew.

Here y'ar, sir. Eigf.

The loser became a winner by losing a dime on a day old paper, and walked in the direction spelled out by the finger that pointed out of a Rag-gidy Ann glove.

Using the handicap system and give or take a few points, it looked like a pretty close finish to see which one would accomplish the last resurrection, the elevator or its jockey. His were less frequent, sure, but they still carried a vapor of throbbing dignity that helped mellow his dreams. The elevator descended to its empty-mouthed stare and the oldest boy in the world crawled back into the darkness between his ears.

Laying back against the WMCA smell of musty starch, he tried to pick a good name to use while he was here, and his heels dangled over the edge, pulled into place by gravity. They seemed heavy. Gravity. You could barricade your droopy breasts with a gyroscope brassiere and diet down so thin that your O-daddy wouldn't even know you're there and gravity would find you. But he'd like to be somebody, like the man in the slack black Daks, a have alike look alike, an empty everything with chinch bugs in his Sunday lawn, dandruff on his rug and a snaggly toothed pabulum factory at the anal stage, a new color scheme after every meal, and all the while encased in a comfort zoned, polka dotted crotch bucket.

There was a ta-tap at the door. It opened, revealing a varnished mattress with Pollock hips and her father's nose.

Well, hello, Lonesome, aren't you going to invite me in?

Ahh, yes. Uhh, who are you, I mean--

Daddy Sugar sent me up; dint'cha say you wanted a little company?

Ohh, well--

Call me Zha Zha, honey and-- (Moving up closer until he could see the Sen-Sen stains on her tongue) Uhh, I'm not gonna' bite you, baby,---yet. How 'bout a little drink?

The drink seemed a better deal than that sen-sen so he called room service. Since the elevator boy was room service, he took the order and went for the bottle of stumps in his locker.

Wiggling back on the bed, Zha Zha looked over the new trick while he crossed his legs wrong and wrinkled his pants.

You're quiet tonight. What'cha thinkin' about?

That's an interesting dress. The zipper go all the way down the side like that?

Work clothes, honey. Whaddya say to some music?

Fine.

What line you in?

Ah, a little of everything. Right now I'm a guardian angel.

Yeah, and I'm Jesus Christ.

Who'se he?

Come on, honey, don't bug me. You kiddin'?

No, I'm serious.

I mean, didn't God send you if you're a guardian angel?

Which one?

God! How many of 'um are there, anyway?

Who knows? 'Em Hindus got something like thirty thousand of them and nobody's seen one yet.

You mean God's not up in heaven...?

Frankly, Zha Zha, you can't even call it Heaven without somebody arguing with you about it. You see, most of them figure there's a god rootin' around up there somewhere, so they go wheelin' an' dealin' around with the most elaborate schemes you ever saw to rack up a few points just in case. They got guys that can prove there's a god. One of 'em had me convinced that I didn't exist, but man, I know, there ain't no gods up there. If they haven't found one by now, they never will. You don't know what it's like with all that hollerin' and stuff. It's worse than down here.

Then how did you get to be a guardian angel if there's no God?

I volunteered. It's something to do. Like last year I counted grasshoppers for 'em Hindus'. You kill three million ants the same as running over one third of a small dog, something like that, so when I heard about this guardian angel job, I volunteered.

But who sent you?

I don't know. They get a majority vote they can do anything they want. Most people don't want to come back here; they're afraid something'll happen while they're gone. I think somebody started a committee or something. It's mostly confusion though, like the Army. They tried to get me to wear 'em wings, too, but, man, can't you see me walking around with 'em things flaggelin' off my back.

But, if you're a guardian angel, you've got to guard somebody.

I know, but what am I gonna' guard 'um from?

Guard 'um from evil.

Suppose I start with you, then, Zha Zha? What do you do that's evil?

Gee, everything. But you do that and I'll starve.

What business are you in?

I'm a lady of the streets, you know; a call girl. I sell sex.

Yeah, I can see that's not so good, but how can you sell sex? Everybody has sex; you're supposed to give it away. Who would buy it? That's like selling air, isn't it?

No, it's not the same. Business ain't bad.

Hmmm. That's strange. Well, say, in your business, you have some code of ethics, don't you? Do you ever break the code?

Well, sometimes I turn a little ten dollar trick into a twenty-five dol-

lar round the world without telling Daddy.

That sounds good. How do you do that?

Would you like me to show you, honey? After all, you're my guardian angel now. We'll pretend it's Hallowe'en.

Ok, Zha Zha, but what'll it be, trick or treat?

--Allan Wingate



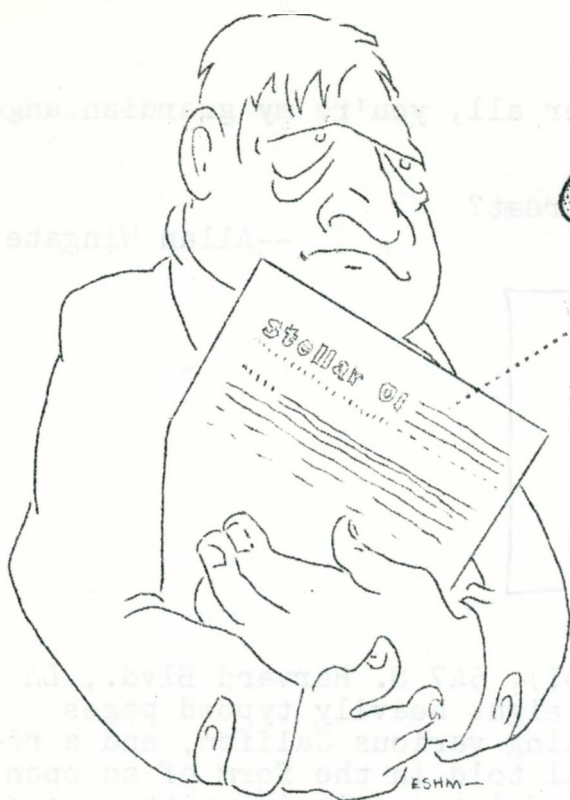
THETA from Jack Harness (and air-mail, too!), 547 S. Harvard Blvd., LA 5, Calif., is composed this time of eight heavily typoed pages which consist of Jack's adventures in meeting various Califen, and a resume of the "Flash Gorden" comic strip, all told in the form of an open letter to me. The entire zine was witty, and interestingly written, and if only Jack will dispense with the double columns, he'll have a #1 zine.

FLAFAN from Sylvia Dees, Box 6738, Rawlings Hall, Univ. of Fla., Gainesville, Florida, is on an almost annual schedule. The second issue justifies the wait, however. Sylvia has more technique with the ditto process and a better sense of layout than any other five fen in as many years past. Throughout FLAFAN is a delight to look at and read. The material and letters flatter the layouts, and vice-versa. By George, this is one of the best zines I've received in a hell of a long time!

FANTASY ASPECTS from Alan J. Lewis, Box 37, East Aurora, New York, reminds me of the zines floating around fandom circa 1952. FA is an all-reprint zine, and for his first issue, Lewis has picked some very good material. Unlike Ellik's old FANTASTIC STORY MAG, FA uses only non-fiction, at least in this issue. Next issue, Editor Lewis promises yet another reprint of the oft-reprinted "Birth of a Notion" by Bloch. Lewis would be wise to stick to older, less familiar, material. The mimeoing is good, and the layouts show promise. And if you must know, I rather liked this issue. Very good for a first issue.

VOID from Greg Benford, 10521 Allegheny Dr., Dallas 29, Texas, is very good for a thirteenth issue, too. Thish features an extremely topical article on law suits and libel by Harry Warner, some "Ford"ish fmz reviews, an excellent dissection of the SWCon by Kent Moomaw, and a satire on "Clayfeet Country" which I can only call fabulous. The letter column, as is the habit with VOID, is an extremely fannish and interesting one, and in fact if there was one word I'd use to describe VOID, it would be "faaanish". Definitely.





*and having
writ...*

BOYD RAE BURN I've just been swamped under a mass of fanzines. Apparently a lot of fans have rushed out their zines just before the postal rate increase came into effect. Included in the torrent was a smaller torrent all from you--plus RUMBLE. Periods between RUMBLEs have been so long lately that I keep thinking I've been cut off. Of course I haven't received a VARIOSO, but John has a tradition of not sending me VARIOSO until I get hold of him at a convention and howl about it, whereupon I am sent several copies at intervals. [John thinks maybe somebody in your PO in a fan and holds and reads VARI, as he claims he sends two or three copies of each issue to you before you receive one.] Gaa, did everybody get all this mess of STELLARs and GAFIAs in one chunk, or did you forget all about me, and send them all in one contrite lump? [What happened was that I produced a STELLAR/GAFIA each week, but as you pointed out RUMBLE is produced less frequently. So the S/Gs piled up waiting for a RUMBLE to go out with. I sent out S #s 14, 17 & 18 third class since they all pertained to the old S, and they were mailed just before the postal increase. John procrastinated too long on RUMBLE, so the rest went out at the new rates, damnit.]

I get the impression that one or more of you people have plans to attend the Solacon. Is so? [Hope so] In which case I shall be able to grab you by the neck and find out why you are maintaining this long loud silence instead of exchanging tapes all full of cool sounds. [Gee, just like at the Clevention, huh? Actually, I have a briefcase full of tapes for you which I took to the Midwestcon in hopes of giving you there. But you didn't show. Right now it looks like it'll be only Bob Pavlat and myself from this area at the Solacon. Magnus' job will prevent his going.]

In STELLAR #15 (I think) you say that #14 isn't being distributed because it's hopelessly out of date, and yet I get it. [The 14th issue of STELLAR has never been mailed, and is hopelessly out of date. ... I shall mail it to all on the RUMBLE/GAFIA list shortly.] -STELLAR #15] Your letter column in #17 is also a bit out of date, as is often the case when letters are printed commenting on long past issues. [That lettercol was stencilled in late December 1957, as was all the "STELLAR #15" material, the last of which is the Ellison column this. I printed it because it still seemed worth reading.] (Although the comment that you owe me a letter still holds.) Since that letter was written, the Coulsons and I have been exchanging chummy letters, and I recently sent them a tape. So go the changing currents in fandom. Who knows, the time may come when you and Pete Graham are exchanging chummy notes. Which brings to mind "Clayfeet Country Revisited" in the latest VOID just received. A fine little bit, and I hope Greg's effort makes you happier. [Gone!]

Most interested to read reports by both Magnus and yourself on the Midwestcon. Would like to have been there, but a visit to Wisconsin was even more attractive, and much better suited to the time av-

ailable.

Hope to see you at the Solacon. (9 Glenvalley Drive, Toronto 9, CANADA)

BUCK COULSON I suppose, since I've been getting STELLAR/GAFIA so regularly, that I ought to comment on it. Must say I was surprised by your comments that a weekly zine brings in more letters, since personally I'm much more apt to comment on a large infrequently published zine than I am on small frequent ones. (As neutral examples, I regard FANAC as one of fandom's most entertaining zines, and so far I think I've written one letter of comment on it--and none at all to Rike, who would be justified in not sending me any more RURs, for all the response he gets. While I regard SIGBO as being a fairly average product, and I think I've commented on every issue.)

Mostly, I enjoy reading about fan happenings, but I seldom have any comments to make. [I think it is as much the livelier nature of the small S that inspires more comments as it is the frequency. But Magnus claims several issues of 100% response on RUMBLE, and that I regard as fantastic. Can any other zine claim such a response?]

I'm a bit confused about your ideas for TAFF. A TAFF voting booth at cons, and circulating ballots through fanzines? Does this mean that you're in favor of letting anyone vote who can lay his hands on a ballot? [More or less. Those who are interested would find the ballots readily accessible. Those who weren't could easily ignore them. What fairer way than to let those who want to vote vote, and those who don't care let alone? Instead of today's pressure on uninterested people to vote for Candidate X because he belongs to their club.] You don't specify any definite restrictions...I assume you must be intending to have some sort of checkup on who votes and who doesn't, because if you don't, the "stuffing" you mention will simply be that much easier. But, if you do mean to have the general-type restrictions that have been talked about rather vaguely, then I can't see that separating the money from the votes will gain you anything...the people who are rejected will still bitch about it, and all you've done is decreased the funds. [Foggy thinking here. First, I should imagine the ballots would still have to be signed, and this would eliminate duplicates. As to restrictions, I think that without someone pushing for "all the voters we can get" (for their money) the uninterested would stop voting of their own accord. What you fail to realize is that NO ONE has bitched about being rejected. NO ONE. However, there have been people--loud people--like GMCarr who bitch at a sign that some poor fringe fan might not have the right to vote. I think the fringe-fan, if asked, would say, "Huh?" Those who have been vocal in their opposition to "restrictions" (Which I do not necessarily favor myself, but for different reasons) are those who are quite active and would never need fear restriction. Their concern is for a mythical underdog who doesn't know he's an underdog, and doesn't give a damn, because TAFF doesn't interest him. The biggest bitchers have been Miz Carr and Don Ford. And I think GMCarr would bitch over just about anything you propose.]

[In comment on S#14:] A "full-scale war"? Me? You really ought to tell me these things ahead of time, but since I've finally been notified that I'm fighting, I'll try to live up to the description. [Where did I say that about a "war"? I can't find it.]

As for the review, I can find nothing to quarrel with. He [Franklin Hudson Ford] thinks I'm a fugg-head, and I think he's one, and so what? Somehow I can't summon up the energy to REALLY CARE. Of course, maybe I am a bit stupid, since I do all my reviewing out in the open, under my own name. "Ford" has much better sense. [Actually, I don't think Ford thinks quite so harshly of you anymore. He's moved his reviews to Moomaw's ABby, since I can no longer use them, and it may be that the move will change some of his opinions. Again I shall reiterate, though: I am not Franklin Hudson Ford. Currently he is residing further north than either DC or Baltimore.]

Can't say I'm altogether in favor of your offer to open the pages of STELLAR to anyone who wants to write a critical review and hasn't the guts to do it under his own name, but that's your business, and anyway I assume it's been dropped with the new format. [Right, and nothing came of it anyway.] (105 Stitt St., Wabash, Ind.)

RICHARD GEIS I was wondering why you sent me the STELLAR and the STELLAR c/w DIM, and the STELLAR c/w GAFIA and DIM., until I looked on the contents page and was stunned to see me as a contributor!

Not that I mind. I don't. I'm kinda pleased you liked it enough to print it. Though maybe you printed it just so you could argue with me. What bothers me is that I don't recall writing it for Ellison. I have the insistent memory that I wrote it for Gould. [Nope. You wrote it for you. It was with the stuff you'd mastered for PSY which you sent Eney when you folded PSY. Eney passed it along to me.]

What I am interested in seeing in print one of these years, is my Fake Hero editorial which I recreated for Ellison and which was presumably in his material file when DIMENSIONS folded. Since then I've heard that various fans have dipped into that fabulous hoard and published all kinds of stuff. But not my lovely Fake Hero editorial. What happened to it, I wonder? Dunno. It wasn't in the file when Ellison passed it on to me. It may be that Ron Smith or Charles Riddle--the previous diggers into the goldmine--abstracted it and then lost it. Could you recreate it again? I've heard so many tantalizing hints about it that I'd love to see it in print myself.]

At the moment my father in Portland is supposed to be sending down my duplicator. When it arrives I'll probably do some sporadic pubbing of PSY on a GAFIA, RUMBLE format. I have an idea for a major quarterly which would be controversial as hell and lots of fun, but it would require a mimeo and money. That kind of capital I ain't got. Not \$50-60 anyway. Maybe when I get into FAPA again I'll consider it.

I have a record of saying I'll revive PSY, then not doing it. Then not too long ago I said in a letter that was printed that my enthusiasm always runs high for a few hours or days after getting a good fanzine, then wanes. But I can't read ALL the time, and a small 6-8 page issue is probably about my speed at the moment. [I hope it comes about.]

You were talking about all the prospective fanac coming up soon. But the thing fandom really needs is a regular letterzine that goes to all the fans and which has room enough each issue to cover a discussion or two thoroughly. Such a magazine would bind fandom together and give it a focal point. You'd see a great deal more fanac too. [I'm inclined to agree. What ever happened to Featrosky and CONFAB?]

Wish I had a micro-elite typer. But how would ditto work with it? Poorly, I expect. The only fan who ever used one successfully with ditto was Larry Anderson. I think you'd have to use pretty thin carbon sheets--uncoated ones--to stand half a chance.] (Apt. 8, 19 Wave Crest Ave., Venice, Calif.)

JOE PYLKA I'd like to make a short comment concerning Dick Geis's statements in STELLAR #14. This business of only half-listening to music seems to me to be pretty commonplace. The question is, is the person really a pseudo-intellectual, or does he really appreciate the music. I've seen the same trick pulled by friends of mine, and I often do it myself, even when I am alone. The reason is simple. I've played the music often enough so that it is more or less engraved in my mind. I do only half listen to the music, but this is only because I am so inured to it that I do not have to devote my fullest attention to it. But at the same time I would feel mighty unhappy not to have it playing in the background of my mind. [I'd say that this pretty well sums up my own feelings on the subject.]

There are a couple of things I look for when trying to differentiate between an intellectual and a "pseudo". One factor is that of range. Quite often the intellectual can talk about, or understand well, a great variety of subjects. He can generalize, whereas the "pseudo" usually cannot. Another factor is conservatism. It seems to me that the "pseudo" tries awfully hard to show that he is an intellectual, and tries hard to demonstrate his knowledge. Most people whom I know that I would class as intellectuals don't do this. Rather, they keep their background to themselves, using it only when they feel that its use would be of benefit at that particular time. [We can say then, that the true intellectual does not as a rule "show off".] Those are only two factors; there are many, many more involved. About the only conclusion I can come to is that there is no clear cut way to differentiate between one and the other. It's sort of a personal thing. Then again, is it really important to tell the difference? There are many other interpersonal factors involved in friendships, social contact, and the like. [Important only to the degree that you personally dislike a phoney.]

Many thanks for the copies of GAFIA, STELLAR, et al. Very enjoyable and interesting. (Box 3763 University Station, Gainesville, Florida)

F.M.BUSBY writes [I'm sorry to have to condense this] that the Midwestcon read like a foreign car rally, Jag, Metro, Opel, Taunus, etc. The yellow on the cover of #14 made him think he'd spilled mustard by mistake (a not uncommon reaction). He liked everything in #14 except Geis; "I see his point, but he didn't make it. Instead, the overall impression is that he has chosen a minor annoying characteristic of people, to prove that Geis is Surrounded by Clods. Well, maybe he is, at that, but this piece doesn't convince me." He hates to see the passing of the big pretty STELLARs, but he was glad to see that #18 was a small pretty S. He says they'll back EC in '60 and will reserve the privilege of requesting backing for Seattle in '61 until they can figure out whether the idea is a good one or not. He agrees about the "high school level" "science" lectures at conventions, and guesses that it's the Sykora tradition that does it. He also liked Willis in #18 very much. And I wish I had room for the rest.