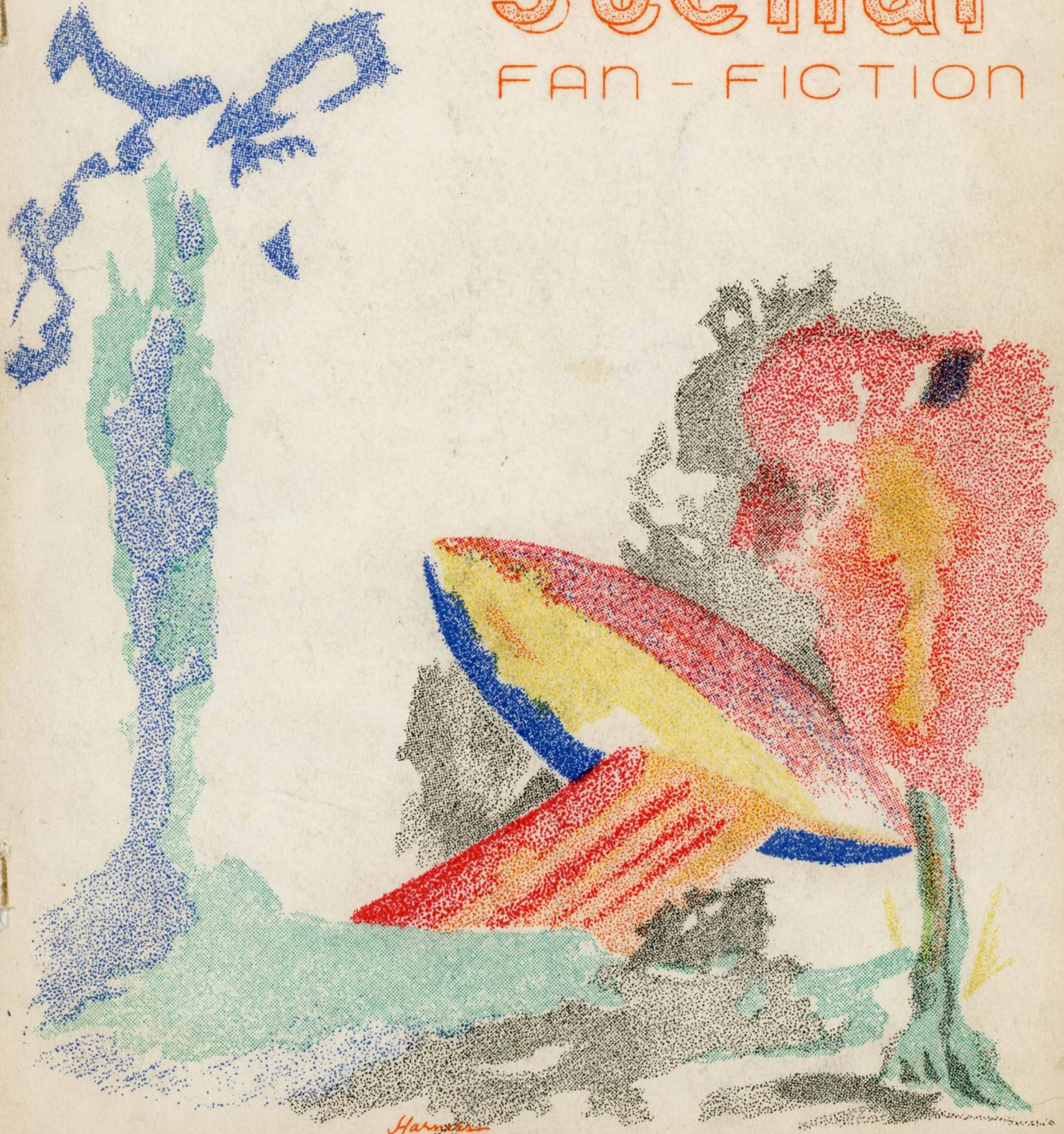


12

stellar

FAN - FICTION



Harman

Stellar

FAN - FICTION



Stellar



STELLAR is published five times yearly by QWERTYUIOP-
 ress, 1014 N. Tuckahoe St., Falls Church, Virginia,
 U.S.A. 15¢ the single copy, two for 25¢, five for 50¢.
 All larger subscriptions at the flat rate of 10¢ a copy.
 In Great Britain: 1/- per single copy, three for 2/-,
 five for 3/-. All larger subscriptions at the flat rate
 of two issues per shilling. All sterling subscriptions
 should be paid to: Archie Mercer, 434/4 Newark Road,
 N. Hykeham, Lincoln, England.

publisher & editor: ted e. white
assistant editor: richard h. eney
british representative: ARCHIE MERCER
asst publishers: JOHN HITCHCOCK & PHIL CASTORA
staff artists: LEE SHAW & REV. JOHN R. HARNESS

stellar



FAN-FICTION

pro-parody	}	WORLD OF NULL V by paul spencer	7
		TUCKAHOES, GO HOME! by ron parker	12
		BABY IS FIFTY by gregg calkins	19
		THE BRADBURY ALICE by dale r smith	23
		LAST STAGE REFLECTORS MAN by terry jeeves	25
		BORN INTO FANDOM by cliff gould	27
FOR FANS WHO JUST WANT TO LIE DOWN by john magnus		40	

ROUND-ROBIN SERIAL

THE DEATH OF SCIENCE FICTION (inst. V)	42
--	----

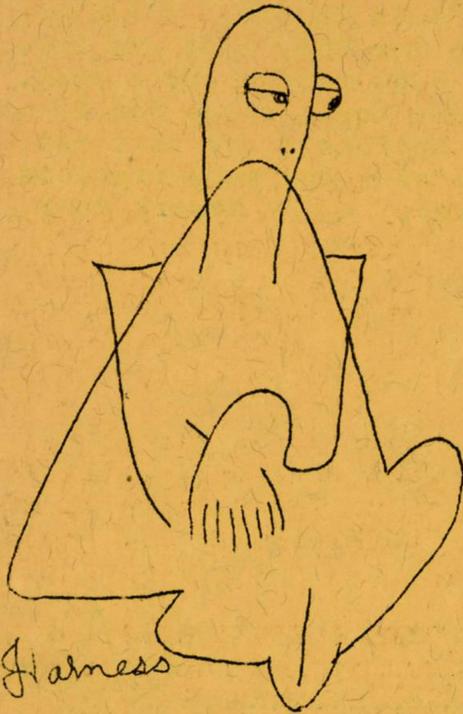
DEPARTMENTS

EDITORIAL by white & eney	4
FANZINE REVIEWS by franklin ford	36
READERS' REACTIONS (letters)	43
UFFISH AFTERTHOTS by ted e white	50

FRONT COVER adapted by ted white
 from the painting by jack harness

BACOVER by
 Lee Shaw

INTERIOR ILLUSTRATIONS— Jack Harness: 4,7,15,16,19,21,
 22,23,25,28,43,52; Franklin Ford: 9; White & Harness:
 11; Larry Ivie: 13; Harness & Hartley: 18; William
 Rotsler: 27; Al Hartley: 31,46,48; Ron Archer: 32,40,
 45; Ron FLESHMAN: 36; Sid Cheek: 42.



fanfiction—
STELLAR 8 - STELLAR 12

Yeah, like it says up there, fanfiction in STELLAR is dead.

This is the last issue to feature what we proudly thought was a Good Thing; Something Everyone Would Like. We shoulda known better. So this is it; we're thru trying to get thru to you. Nothing succeeds like a solid wall of apathy. No, that's not quite true; the wall wasn't solid, it just looked that way. A number of people have murmured sweet nothings in our ears, but all too often those sweet nothings were just that; nothing. Perhaps as many as 15% of those on STELLAR's mailing list have replied directly; others, up to 35%, indirectly. A few were

even Enthusiastic! Dick Ellington sent us a buck before we'd even decided to accept subs—he decided us... The Shaws have been of material help as well, for which we are eternally grateful. But they were in a minority, and that what the real trouble is.

We have, since the beginning of STELLAR, suffered from a lack of new material. We reprinted. We told ourselves that this was "just till the new material started rolling in." What dreamers! The percentage of reprints has climbed rapidly in the last several issues, until this is practically all reprints. A few kind fen have sent us stuff; Harry Warner gave us a new story, as did John Magnus and Terry Carr. Marion Zimmer Bradley very kindly rewrote a story we liked for us, and Dick Eney, George Spencer, and Dick Ellington have written for the serial. Jack Harness is rewriting some stuff for us, and is also working on a new story. Larry Stark, our first editor, alone wrote over 50% of the first two issues, and nearly as much of the third. And there you have a nearly complete contributor's list. Everthing else has been reprinted.

The sole saving grace of our reprinting is that we manage to dig for the stuff, and in most cases, unless you've a nearly complete collection of fanzines, you won't have seen the story before. Nevertheless, reprints are at best a poor substitute. We've tried to skim off the cream of past stories, but in most cases our new material compares more than favorably with it.

Next to the apathy of submissions comes the apathy of reader-response. We try to tell ourselves that you DO read the zine—at least we HOPE you're reading this, because if you're not, next issue is going to come as a surprise. But when a leading fan says "Dull...deadly dull" after admitting that he only skims, we begin to wonder what our chances of getting thru to you are.

So anyway, this is the last of the all-fanfiction issues. In fact, this isn't really even that, since the bulk of our material (90% reprint) is what we've termed pro-parody, and isn't even about fans. Still, it hits the fringes of fanfiction, since it stands under one of the definitions: 'material, which no matter how well written could not be published in a prozine.' Yeah, we know, pornography falls under that definition too...

But we are real enthusiastic about the next issue! Next ish will be out in around a month, if we can scrape up enough material for it in time. Successive issues will be out on a nearly monthly schedule; ten issues a year. The number of pages won't run much over twenty, and featured will be a story and an article (or two articles, for that matter), plus a column by Dick Eney and fmz reviews and letters (—if we get any). This 'policy' will be quite flexible, and we won't adhere to the letter of it.

The idea? To publish a good general fanzine on a fairly regular schedule. There was a time when you could turn around and find five or ten fairly frequent zines, tho not of high quality, necessarily. Today there is CONTACT, EXCELSIOR, and...and... Yeah, CONTACT and CELSY. Two zines, one of which publishes 'news' only.

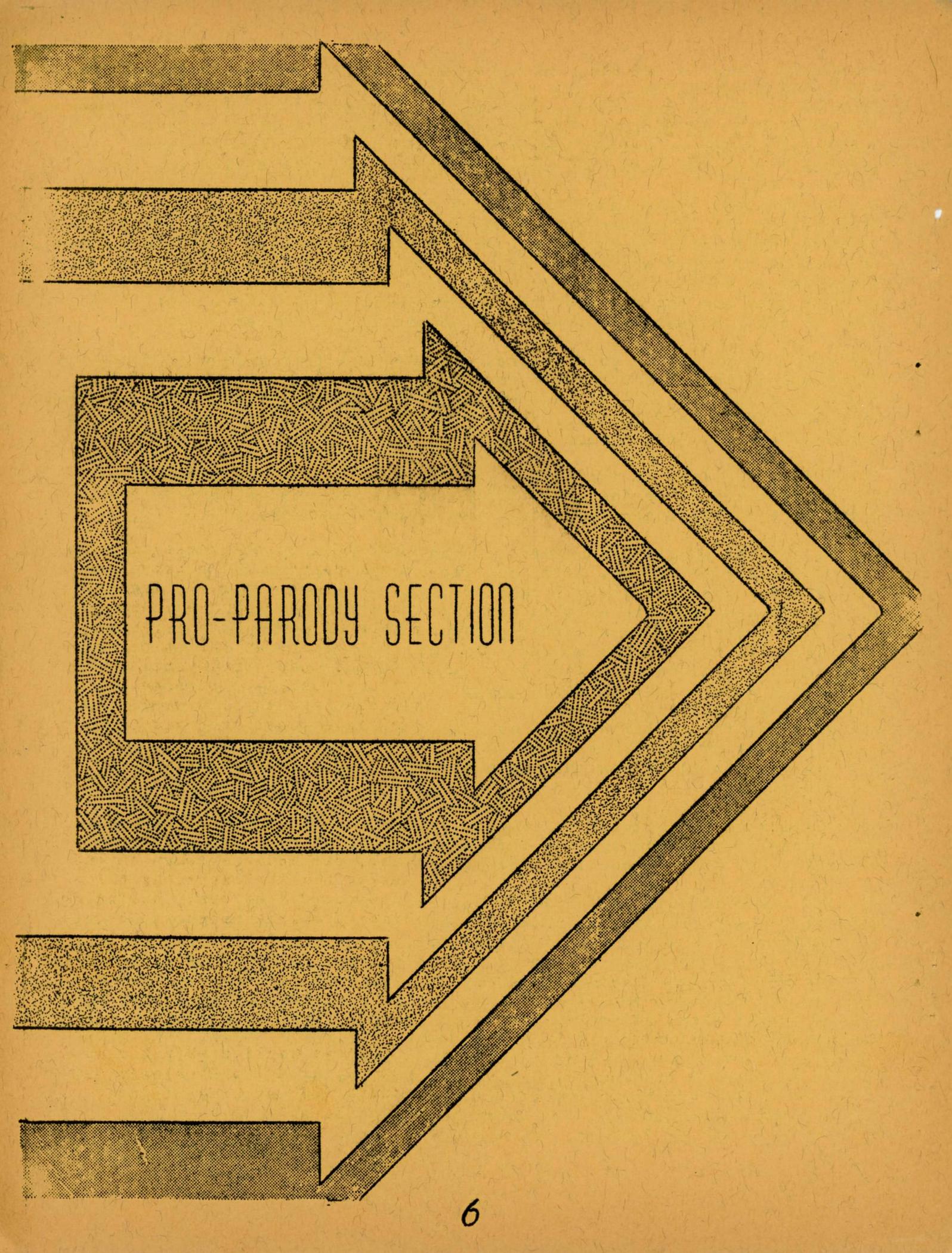
This is the last of the serial THE DEATH OF SCIENCE FICTION. It will not be continued into the new STELLAR. It has consumed as many as twenty pages in a single issue, and for a twenty-page fanzine, this is out.

You'll notice, should you bother to read this installment, that there is no conclusion; no ending. We're pulling a Gregg Calkins on you. If you want to read the last several chapters, you'll have to buy the entire thing in a new complete edition for 25¢. This edition will clean things up a bit: there will be no first-person chapters, additional background material will be smoothly worked into the story as a whole, and the several awkward and contradictory parts will be rewritten to fit the ending, making for a much more cohesive novel. There will be around 50-60 pages all newly stencilled, not reruns of old stencils. If you are a subscriber, you will get this edition free, as will the contributors and a select group of fans on our trade list. If you didn't get in on the beginning, and are curious as to how the whole situation came about, you'll want this edition.

We've splurged a bit this on layouts. Because with monthly publication and a more fannish atmosphere, the layouts will be more relaxed, more informal, and this is our last chance to create 'fancy' layouts.

The 'we' used in this editorial is for real. From now on, STELLAR will be more of a joint creation of Dick Eney and Ted White. While Eney has been the typist, White typed almost all of #11, and much of this—after claiming that he couldn't pub a zine if he had to type it all. Now such chores will be more or less evenly shared by White and Eney. Dick has been and will be contributing more to STELLAR, and as a matter of fact, last issue marked Dick's first column in a general fanzine. Thus we plan to acquaint non-apa-fandom (if such still exists!) with Richard H. Eney, Good Fan. (Remember to vote for Dick for TAFF!) Likewise, White is taking more interest in general fanning, spreading his work to such zines as GRUE and CELSY as well. Thru our joint effort, we believe we can keep STELLAR coming out fairly frequently, and consistantly good. It is our plan to build STELLAR into the #1 fanzine. We're going to try, anyway...!

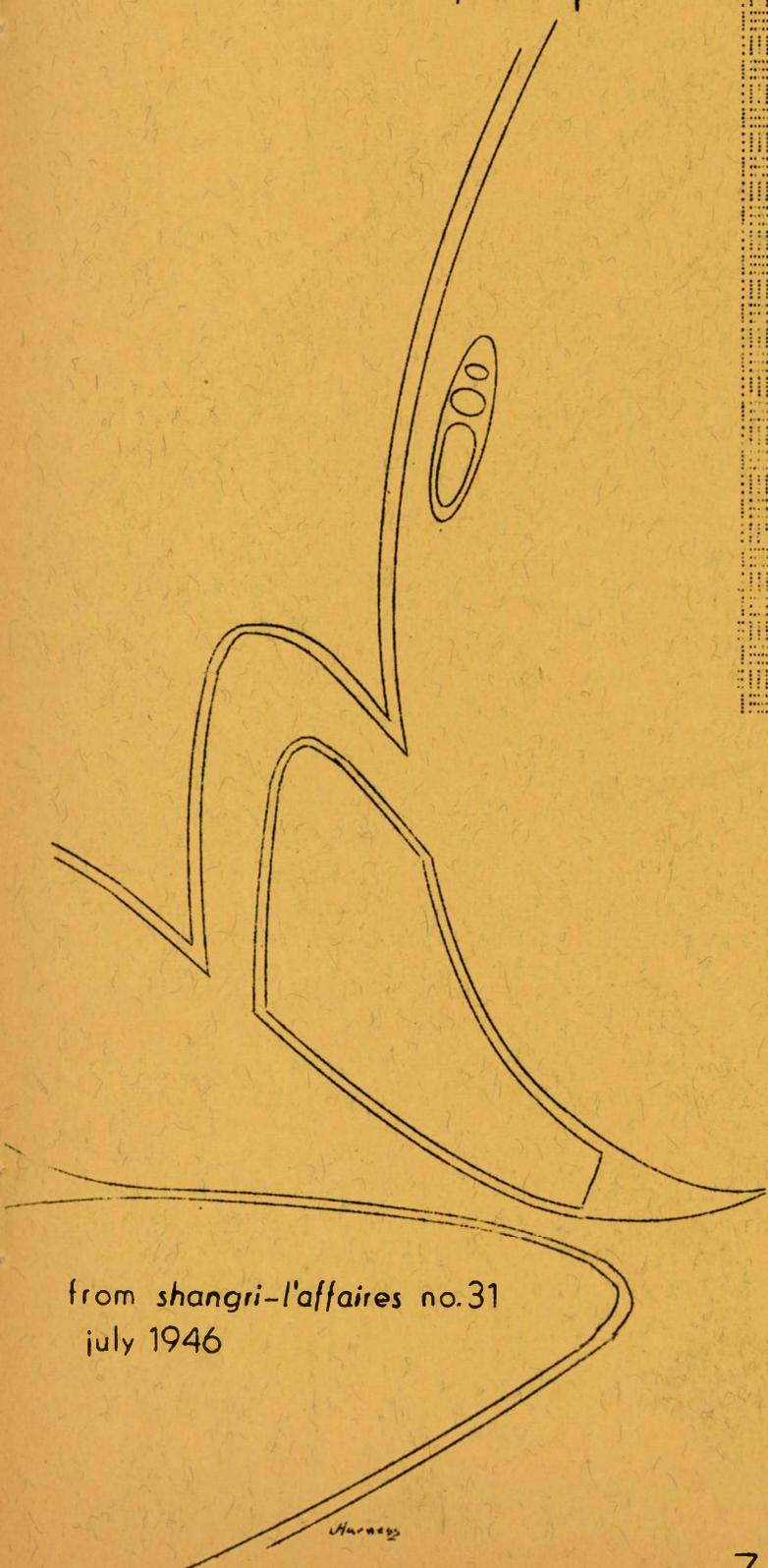
Richard H. Eney & Ted White —eds
5



PRO-PARODY SECTION

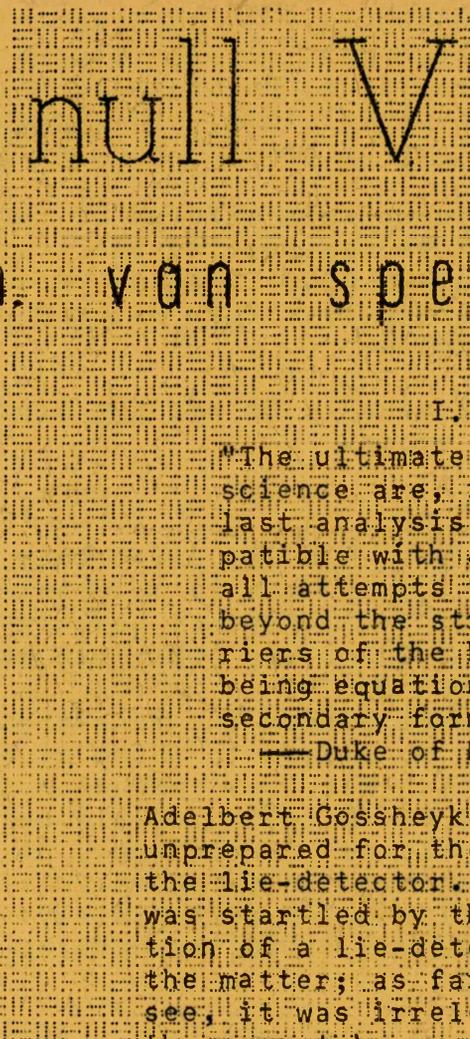
world of null V

by p. h. van spencer



from shangri-l'affaires no.31
july 1946

Hurness



I.
"The ultimate ends of science are, in the last analysis, incompatible with any and all attempts to pierce beyond the strict barriers of the being/non-being equation in its secondary formulation."
—Duke of Milan, 1606

Adelbert Gossheyk was totally unprepared for the verdict of the lie-detector. In fact, he was startled by the introduction of a lie-detector into the matter; as far as he could see, it was irrelevant. Yet there must be a purpose, else those in authority would never have questioned his presence. Regarding the situation from the null-V viewpoint, Gossheyk decided that since the lie-detector detected only lies, he had nothing to fear from it. Gossheyk was careful never to lie, particularly when anyone asked him the questions which the guard (obviously suffering from dementia praecox, Gossheyk thought, noting the way the man's left eyelid fluttered) put to him: "Who are you? Where are you from? What is your purpose here?"

Gossheyk replied objectively and accurately: "Adelbert Gossheyk; Blowsy City; to play the races."

And the lie-detector exploded.

Gossheyk and the guard both stared at the smoldering remnants of the lie-detector. Gossheyk's cortex integrated itself rapidly, in accordance with his null-V training. He had told the truth, as he saw it; the lie-detector, which was infallible, had exploded instead of either labelling the statements true or denying them as false. Therefore—?

Only one solution was offered by the facts: Gossheyk had thought in all honesty that he was telling the truth—therefore he had not actually lied; yet he had made false statements; therefore the lie-detector, unable to answer correctly either way had put an end to its own functioning. And that meant—

He was not Gossheyk. He was not from Blowsy City. His purpose was not to play the races.

II.

"The difference between man and man is no greater than the difference between any one man and any other one man." —J. B. L.

Ejected summarily from the race-track, Gossheyk—as, for purposes of convenience, he continued to think of himself—wandered the city's streets in a daze which was less confusion than profound null-V cogitation. The lie-detector was infallible; his own reasoning was flawless. Therefore, in spite of his own convictions, he was not Gossheyk, had none of Gossheyk's background or purposes. His mind, somehow, was not his own. Was it someone else's, or a completely synthetic one? Gossheyk decided it probably was, but filed the problem for future reference. Meanwhile, what could he do?

This question, at least, was abruptly answered. A force-ray swooped from a low-hanging aircraft and shot him breathless into the air, from which vantage point a sky-hook grasped him and pulled him within the ship. Gossheyk found himself surrounded by grim-looking men—weaponless, but an instant of null-V orientation showed him that this did not necessarily indicate peaceful intentions. One of the men, who had no arms or legs and was mounted on a kind of dolly, peered intently at him and remarked with satisfaction, "That's he." The others rubbed their hands in unpleasant glee—a gesture, Gossheyk noted with awe, entirely contrary to the teachings of V.

The man on the dolly laughed in Gossheyk's face. "Now, it seems, you are no longer a threat to us! For one of your capabilities, you have handled yourself very poorly!"

Gossheyk considered that with sharp curiosity. No longer a threat to them—who were they, and how was he (whoever he was!) a threat to them? And what were his "capabilities"? Even V supplied no answers. Suddenly the ship reeled; the men clutched frantically for support. Gossheyk, propped on his elbows on the floor, slid suddenly and thudded against one wall. There was a sickening sensation of swift descent, of turning over and over, and an annihilating crash.

III.

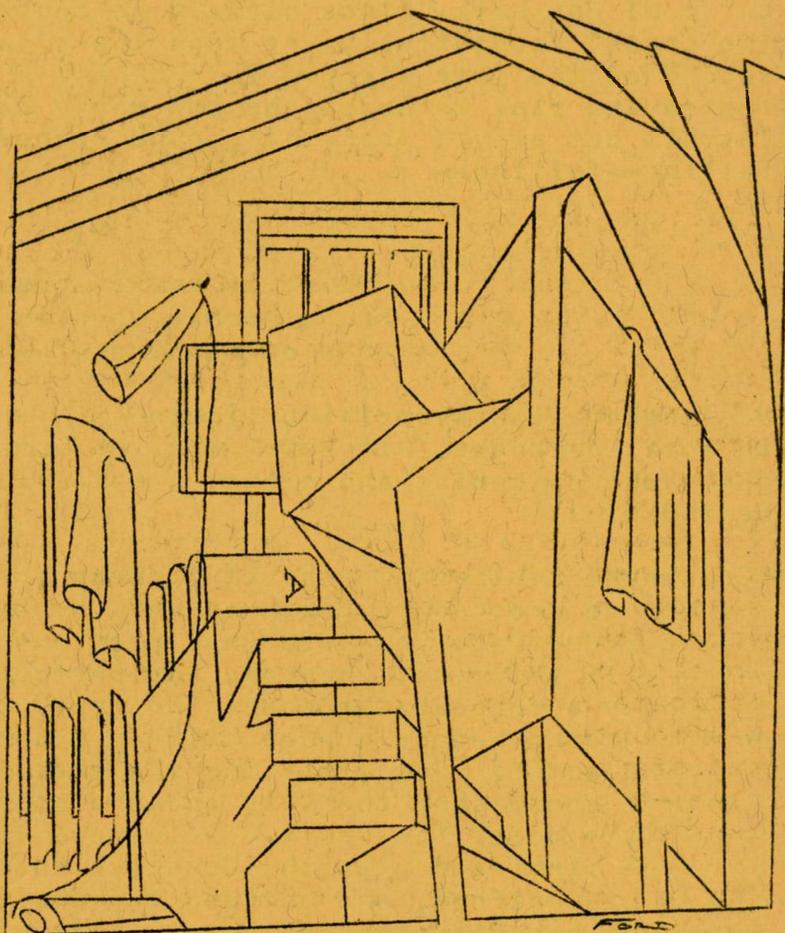
"The search after truth starts from untruth." —Cleopatra

From complete blackness, Gossheyk's mind swam gradually and painfully into the light of being. He took the null-V pause before opening his eyes. His body felt normal, unhurt. He rested on a hard, rather cold surface. Some sort of light, smooth material was over him. There was no sound, but a faint, sickish odor. He groped for memory. The lie-detector—the strange aircraft, the man on the dolly—the crash. He must be—he opened his eyes.

Gossheyk lay on a thick slab of marble, and under a soft light from tube-lamps he saw that his body was covered by a sheet. Around him were other slabs, bearing other bodies. These, he noted, did not breathe. Gossheyk did breathe; and he sat up and slid from the slab, flinging the sheet around him toga-wise. As his bare feet felt the cool floor, he saw coming toward him from the far end of the immense room two persons. Neither was familiar to him; both wore expressions of great astonishment, touched with fear.

One drew a blaster and aimed it. Gossheyk ducked, whirled, and dashed out the nearest door. The bolt from the blaster sizzled the air by his right ear. Barefooted, Gossheyk ran down the long corridor, out the double doors at the end, and out into fresh air.

Near him was a forest; he headed into it, ran with many turns and twists deep into the forest's heart. When he was satisfied that he had eluded any pursuit, he paused for breath and took stock of his situation. His ponderings revealed nothing constructive, but eliminated a great deal. His body was absolutely unhurt, therefore had obviously not suffered the crash he remembered. The sky above him was brilliant yellow, therefore he was not on Earth. One of the strange men had fired a blaster at him, therefore he was not among friends or even neutral people. Were these people associated with the dolly-man? There was no indication. Yet someone had shot down that aircraft. Gossheyk decided he needed some sleep and curled up in a tree.



IV.

"A loss reflects more of a logically constructive nature than does a gain. However, the common disregard of this introduces a variable factor." —G. W.

Gossheyk was awakened by a stone which struck the tree-trunk by his ear. Gazing down, blinking the sleep from his eyes, he saw below the man who had shot at him in the hall of the lifeless bodies.

"Gossheyk!" the man cried, urgency in his tone. "Come on down! We have little time!"

Gossheyk considered, noted the blaster in the man's hand, and slid down. The stranger sheathed his blaster and held out his hand. "I'm sorry I had to shoot at you; I could have hit you, you know, but I purposely aimed to the right. You see, the one with me was—one of them."

Gossheyk took the null-V pause. This man a friend? He seemed to assume that Gossheyk understood the whole situation. Did he mistake him for the real Gossheyk, if such there was? And—was he, "Gossheyk", perhaps now the real Gossheyk, since clearly he could not be the man who had been in the crash? Thoughtfully, he took the stranger's hand. As he did so, the second of the pair stepped from behind a tree, blaster raised. Gossheyk turned and ran. He heard the man whose hand he had shaken cry, "Don't let him get away!" Then the ground opened beneath his feet and he was falling—falling—

V.

"Where is there accuracy in its truest sense save in the workings of machines?"—Scheidhoven

He landed, with surprising lightness, on a mattress-like object. He was in total darkness. His skin felt, obscurely, a vastness around him, and great beings coming and going. A metallic voice boomed from somewhere behind him:

"Gossheyk! Adelbert Gossheyk! I speak for the man who knows your identity! You are to proceed to Earth at once by the first available transportation. At the race-track you left in a previous incarnation, you will find clues which will help you. Proceed, Adelbert Gossheyk!" And he was elevated as though by a force-beam; something gaped open before him, he was deposited on the ground before a huge silvery spaceship aimed up at the yellow sky. His mind automatically sifting the statements of the mysterious voice, Gossheyk approached the ship and the orderly standing by the steps leading to the door. The craft, he learned from the orderly, was to take off in three minutes for Earth. Gossheyk knocked the orderly unconscious, donned his uniform, and entered the craft. A moment later, just as Gossheyk got himself strapped into a seat, the rockets roared and the ship lifted from the ground, gathered speed, and flashed into space.

Gossheyk slid open the metal panel over a window. A quick glance at his position in space, and that of the world he was leaving showed that he had been on Mercury. During the rest of the trip, Gossheyk considered with null-V objectivity his latest adventures, and sent his mind over the whole dizzying course of events since he had learned of his mistakenness in supposing himself to be Adelbert Gossheyk. "Previous incarnation," that voice had said. "A previous incarnation." The significance of this was illuminating, but Gossheyk found in it no clue to his identity or purpose. Well, at the race-track he should find a clue.

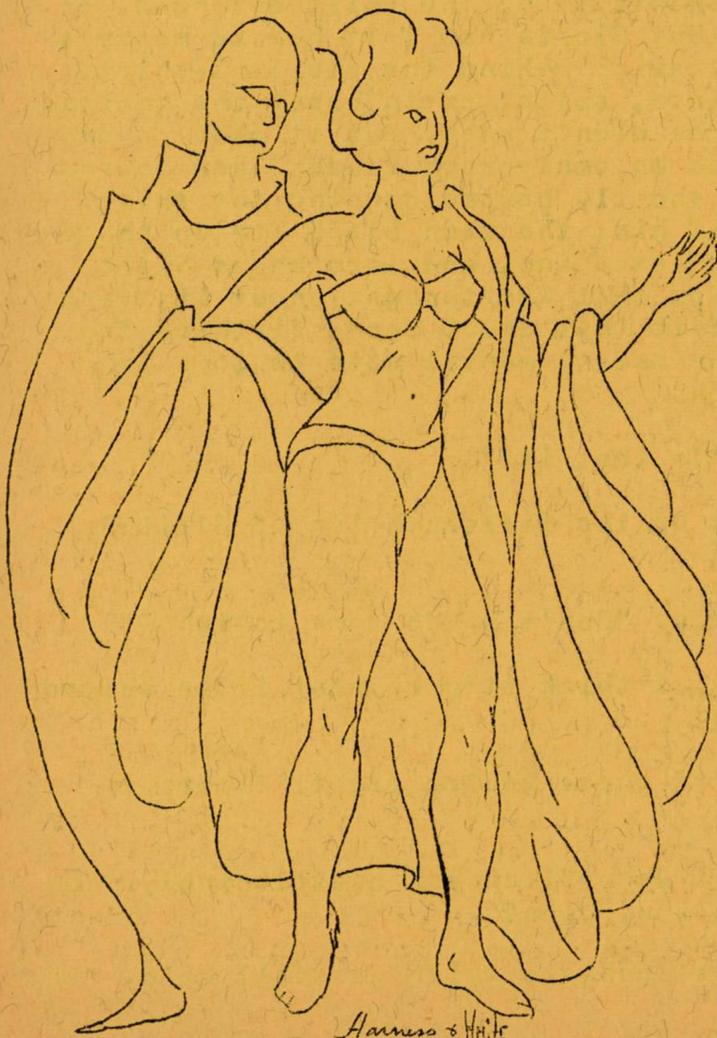
VI.

"The operations of chance can be reduced to logic by law. On the other hand, laws can by logic be reduced to the operation of chance."
— J. S.

At the race-track Gossheyk found no one but a lonely looking bookie. He approached this person, mentally forming a gambit. As the bookie looked him over with mild curiosity, he inquired, "Would you know Adelbert Gossheyk to see him? Would you say I'm him?"

The bookie considered this without visible enthusiasm. Finally he said, unemotionally, "Watch ya' grammer, bud." With which he turned away and seemed to consider the matter closed.

Gossheyk took to wandering the streets again, his mind whirling. The bookie had snubbed him so completely that there must be some significance in the fact. His conduct might be explicable if there had been danger of their being overheard by agents of the dolly-man; but Gossheyk and the bookie had been intirely alone. If the bookie was an agent himself, why his lack of action, his curious answer? And beneath all the puzzlement, the basic, maddening question: Who was he? Why was he feared, and by whom?



Null-V is occasionally slow-working. However, its functionings are flawless. Gossheyk's cortex came through with the answer to at least one major question, just as he was tottering on the verge of an untypical gloom. The bookie's phrase held the promised clue: "Watch ya' grammar!" Grammar! The Institute of Applied Grammar! Of course...

As Gossheyk fairly ran toward the najestic building housing the Grammar Institute, he marvelled that the answer had been so slow in coming. The minions of the dolly-man, as well as their chief (for so he clearly was) had exhibited characteristics entirely at variance with \bar{V} ; they were a gang not above violence, and acting in secrecy; it was only reasonable to assume that they were working against the very existance of \bar{V} itself. That being the case, and Gossheyk (or whoever he was) being somehow involved in the matter as a key personage, his source of help and information could logically be nowhere else than in the Institute of Applied Grammar.

(CONCLUDED ON PAGE 30)

TUCKAHOES, GO HOME!

BY RON PARKER

TIME: Pitifully late at night on May 14, 1958, a Wednesday.

PLACE: A dingy house in Falls Church, Virginia; within A-Bomb's distance of our Nation's Capital.

On stage at rise of curtain: Ted E. White (obviously an alias), accompanied by two other male companions, Larry Stark and John Hitchcock. Why do we start with them? Why the hell not!

Meet Ted White. Young enough to avoid the draft and old enough to vote. That's Ted over there, showing his two friends his new multilith. Dressed at the moment (11:26 p.m., Eastern Daylight Time) in a pair of dirty slacks, scuffed canvas shoes, and an ink-smearred T-shirt emblazoned in bright red letters S.P.C.A. Don't let the S.P.C.A. on the T-shirt fool you; Ted never joined up with that organization. The shirt belonged, or had belonged, to Gloria, his ex-dog. But Gloria had left him to marry a rich old Beagle from San Francisco, leaving behind the smelly T-shirt. Whether this was done so for remembrance, spite, or in hopes the various encrusted odors would suffocate Ted, he didn't know. But it made no difference, for Ted had once read (he was an omnivorous reader) how to end doggy odors and ate his Ken-L-Ration shortly before donning the shirt. In a way, he was happy Gloria had left him; the damn bitch ate up those dog biscuits like they were spiked or something, and Lord knows Stark ate enough dog biscuits by himself. Now that Ted thought about it, they just might be spiked. He had always felt that \$6.50 for a fifth of dog biscuits was a very familiar total. He made a mental note to look into the matter, and shut off the multilith.

Larry Stark was the first to speak. "Is that it?"

"Uh-huh," replied Ted. "That finishes up the fifteenth ish of STELLAR. Tomorrow we can start assembly."

"Tomorrow?" echoed Larry disappointedly. "Can't we do some tonight?"

"It'll be Midnight pretty soon, Larry. I think it'd be best if we waited till tomorrow."

Larry's face lit with understanding. "I guess you're right. Tomorrow will be a lot better."

Ted turned toward the unusually silent John Hitchcock questioningly. "are going to help us tomorrow, aren't you, John?"

John wearily dropped the last of the slipsheets which he still held. "Oh, sure..."



larry ivie

"Good..."

"If I won't be in the way..."

"Of course not," encouraged Ted.

"Huh!" muttered Larry.

"Did you say something, Larry?" inquired Ted.

"I was just going to say that's--uh--a handy machine there..."

"Oh, yeah. I really like the monster. Well, let's go upstairs and cap off the night. This basement is getting a bit chilly."

All agreed heartily, at least to capping off the night, and made their ways back up to the main part of the house, which stood out boldly as 1014 North Tuckahoe Street. Coincidentally enough, they all headed straight for the kitchen, and even more coincidentally, two of them fell simultaneously upon the liquor cabinet.

Hitchcock went into the pantry for a can of V-8.

Drinks in hand, they adjourned to the living room.

"Say, Ted," Larry opened the conversation, "I read the other day that they actually caught Tucker cheating at Poker!"

"Ghod!" exclaimed Ted in amazement.

"Ghod?" echoed Hitchcock questioningly.

"Excuse me, John. I have a habit of saying that a lot. It was either that or 'Good Lhord!'"

"Maybe it's a sign that you need some religion."

"That's doubtful, but maybe I should look up Harness."

"Not him. He sells things."

"What kind of things?"

"just...things."

"Ghod!"

The evening was quickly becoming morning and Ted was idly wondering what would happen if the N3F...

There was a knock at the door.

He stared at it incredulously for a moment, trying to determine who would be calling on him at this late hour by esping the door. It was useless. He set his newly filled glass (his third) on the table, rose from his chair, and walked to the front door.

The knock was repeated, louder.

Ted opened the door and peered outside into the darkness. There was no one there. Disregarding it as a prank by some neighborhood kid, he was just closing the door when his glance fell downward and he saw it.

"Good Lhord!" he exclaimed.

Standing before him, all of eighteen inches tall, was a Tuckahoe.

"Hi, Hack," it said. "Is this the FAPACon?"

Staring dumbfoundedly at the strange manner of creature confronting him, Ted managed a rather weak, "N-no. That was last--February."

"Damn!" exclaimed the little creature, "I miss these blasts every-time. I got lost in that NewYorCon hotel back in '56, and I didn't find my way out till this morning. Er, I don't suppose the London Con was delayed...?"

Regaining his composure somewhat, Ted replied, "No, that went off last year. Say, how'd you know it would be in London?"

"Telepathy, naturally. I just picked a likely fan-infested town and read a few fan minds, and I knew."

"Just like that?"

"Just like that. But I sure picked a screwed-up mind. Most confused brain I ever delved into. That guy wasn't at all well."

"What town did you chose?"

"Some filthy city in Maryland. Baltimore, I believe."

"Well, that could explain it. Say," asked Ted thoughtfully, "if you're telepathic, how come you didn't just read a few minds and find out that those Cons were over? Or better yet, read a few minds to find your way out? Hmmm? How come? Hah? Tell me that."

"I almost did that, Hack, but before I could I wandered into the laundry room. The laundry workers threw me in a washer with a pile of dirty towels. Do you have any idea what half an hour in washing machine can do to your telepathic apparatus?"

"No, I..."



"Couldn't get it fixed till I got out of that maze today."

"Well, that's too..."

"Hell. Don't just stand there like a neo. Invite me in."

"Oh, of course. I'm sorry. I didn't realize, that is, I mean, well..."

"Okay, okay. You can get off your knees now."

"Would--would you take a chair?" offered Ted apologetically.

"Don't mind if I do. That rocker looks real nice. Damned hospitable of you."

The chair vanished into thin air.

"HEY! Where'd that chair go?"

"I kwammed it. You said I could take it."

"But--but Hitchcock was in it!"

"Well, I'm sure we can find room somewhere for him."

"Room? Say, where'd you send that chair?"

"Venus."

"Oh." Ted groped backwards remembering his drink. He grasped the glass and brought it to his lips. It was empty. He looked suspiciously towards Stark, who lay unconscious on the couch. He turned back to the Tuckahoe.

"Say, just who are you?"

"I'm a Tuckahoe," it exclaimed proudly.

"A what?"

"A Tuckahoe. Sort of an Interplanetary Travelling Fan."

"You're a--a science fiction fan?"

"Are there other kinds?"

"Well, not...you're a science fiction fan from Venus?"

"You hit the nail square on the head, dad."

Ted wondered why he hadn't joined Stark in unconsciousness by this time. He supposed science fiction fans could take anything out of this world.

"Say, Hack; if this isn't the FAPACon, then what is it?"

"Well, right now it's the home of the QWERTYUIOPress." Ted responded proudly.

"The QUERTY-wha?"



It's a bird...
no, it's a plane...
no! It's a
Scientologist!

"The QWERTYUIOPress." Ted repeated patiently.

"Hack, I've been from here to Epsilon Aurigae and I'll be damned if I ever heard of the QWERTYUIOPress. It is some sort of convention?"

"No..."

"A fanzine?"

"No, but you're closer. It's my fan publishing-house."

"Never heard of it."

"I publish STELLAR, one of the World's Greatest FaNzines."*

"Damned if I ever heard of it."

"Just finished the latest stupendous issue containing 90 pages. It's down in my basement den. Care to see it?"

"Oh, you mean that huge pile of crap piled in the corner?"

"Yes," said Ted apprehensively. "I spent over \$75 and two months on that."

"Oh, I kwammed that to Venus. Paper shortage up there, y'know. Crud zine anyway. You didn't lose much."

"Mighod! Kwam it back, you--you..." Ted was furious.

"Can't." The Tuckahoe seemed totally undisturbed, as he sat on top of Larry Stark and ate one of Ted's bananas.

"Why the hell can't you?" screamed Ted.

"None of your damn business, Hack."

Ted had to do his best to restrain his fuming temper. He decided turn to friendliness as a weapon. "Okay. You sent my 'crud zine' to Venus and you can't, or perhaps just won't, return it. What'll happen to it, if I may ask?"

"You may."

"Well?" asked Ted, patiently.

"Well what, Hack."

"What happened to it?" asked Ted, impatiently.

"To what?"

"To my fanzine!" screamed Ted.

"None of your damn business, Hack."

"My name's Ted White," corrected Ted, trying to change the subject so as
*That's exactly as Parker wrote it! -tew



to keep control of his temper.

"A damn silly name. To me, all Earth fan are Hack."

"Why Hack?"

"There isn't an Earth fan who doesn't write that way."

Ted sighed, and started for the kitchen. Inside the kitchen, he opened the liquor cabinet, and there, sitting atop a half empty bottle of Vodka, was the Tuckahoe. Ted rubbed his eyes. It was still there. "How'd you get here so quick?"

"I kwammed."

"Oh. I should have known."

"Yeah, you should have. Pretty stupid, aren't you?"

Ted no longer restrained himself. He cocked his fist and hurled it with all his weight behind it at the Tuckahoe. It hit the wall with a resounding thud, and Ted cried out in pain. "Oh, my hand!"

"Serves you right for trying to hit me."

"My--my fist went right through you! But how?"

"Tricks of the trade, Hack. If you had read literature even a Venusian insurgent has read, you would know that I, being a typical alien, have numerous mystifying powers such as the inhabitation of a separate dimension, the ability to learn your pitifully crude languages, telepathy, kwamming, the ability to cloud men's minds, and other such astounding powers. It's in all the science fiction books. Don't you read science fiction, Hack?"

"Sure I..."

"Or are you a fake-fan?" The alien eyed Ted suspiciously.

"Oh no. I even have some treasured Clayton ASTOUNDINGS and some battered old WEIRD TALES."

"Oh, those supposedly rare Earth pulps, eh? Doesn't prove a thing."

"But--but it shows that I have more than a passive interest in science fiction."

"I can get complete files of both any time I care to," yawned the Tuckahoe. "I have seventeen complete collections on Venus right now awaiting

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 30)

BABY IS FIFTY

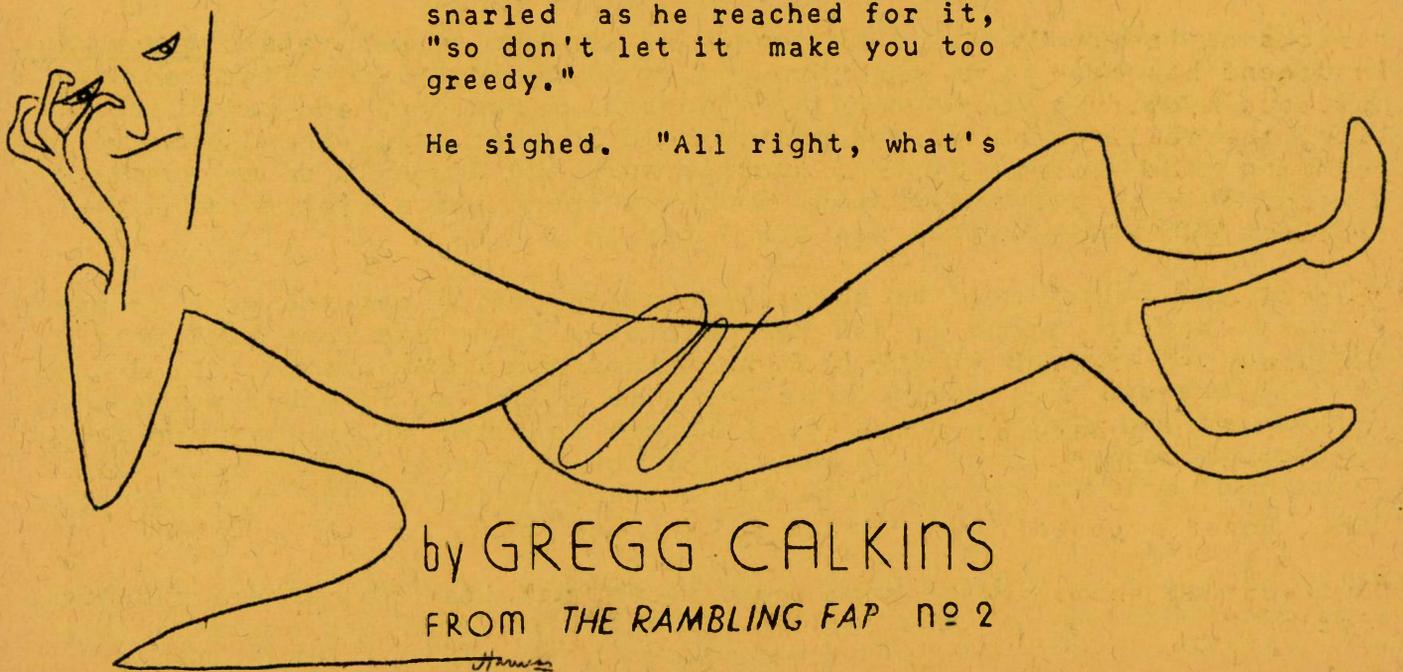
I walked into his office and stood there, waiting. "Sit down over there in that chair, skinny," he said absently.

I got mad. "Look," I said, "if a man who'd recently been scalped by an Indian walked in here, would you say 'sit down over there in that chair, red'?" He looked up at me, puzzled. "I can't help it if I'm 6'3" and weigh 105 pounds."

He nodded. "I understand. Lay down over there on that couch, skinny."

I threw the check for \$27,962 on his desk. "Look, I'm after a headshrinker....a good headshrinker. I heard you were one. Are you?" He nodded. "That check isn't endorsed yet," I snarled as he reached for it, "so don't let it make you too greedy."

He sighed. "All right, what's



by GREGG CALKINS

FROM THE RAMBLING FAP no 2

your trouble?"

I settled back and let him have it. "Doc, I wanta know what's wrong with me. I did something awful...you gotta help me out!"

He could see that this was a serious case. Pushing his guitar and the copy of "Thunder and Roses" back into the corner, he called to his secretary in the next room. "Cancel all appointments for this afternoon. Tell Gold I'll see him tomorrow." He leaned back and tweaked his beard. "Now," he said, "let's get down to business. What's your name?"

"It's Sam M--" I started. "Oh, no you're not--I'm not telling you my name. Just call me Sam. And let's not even go into how old I am."

"I can't help you if you won't help yourself," he said. "All a head-shr.. .er, a psychiatrist does is listen to your troubles, let you cure yourself, and collect a big fat fee for listening. This is your show. Go on with the story."

I relaxed and lay back on the soft padding of the rug. "What I can't figure out is why I did it, Doc. Everthing was fine...more than fine... and then I did it. I had to go and do it. But I had to, Doc--something bigger than all of us was driving me on."

"'All of us?' " he queried softly.

"Yes. There was Leo, who was behind the whole group, and Ed and two or three others...and baby. Baby was fifty." And then I screamed and screamed and screamed.

* * *

When I came to he was searching my wallet. "Hey!" I said.

"Just getting my fee in advance, skinny. One or two more trauma's like that and you may not come out of it again."

I couldn't resist. "Yes," I muttered, "I thought it was rather traumatic, myself." He glared at me for that one, so I decided I'd better continue with my story. "It all started at Standard. I was down and out, licked before I even started. It was pretty cold in that hall, and I was lying there on my face, half frozen. Luckily only the top half of me was frozen, otherwise I could have died. Suddenly there was a kick in my side, breaking three ribs...that was how I met Leo.

"'Get up and follow me,' he said, and walked off. I was too weak to make it myself and too proud to ask for help even if he had come back when I whimpered. At the end of the hall he turned and looked at me. 'If I came back and dragged you, would it be the same to you as if you'd walked?' I shuddered and somehow found the strength to climb to my feet and follow him. We walked for a long ways until we came to a narrow room with 'Startling' written on the door, and we went inside to see the rest of them.

"'This is Sam,' said Leo. 'He's come to be with us.' The others all looked at me. There was a mongoloid idiot behind one desk and a pretty girl at the other and for a minute I wondered if this wasn't Other Worlds.

The idiot was waving in the air with his arms while the girl at the typewriter watched him and typed. There were also two other people in the room who kept popping in and out all the time, but I ignored them. The man was speaking again. 'I'm Leo,' he continued. 'I don't know exactly what I do around here, but I keep the place together. That's important.'

"He turned away from me and left me to my own thoughts. One was uppermost in my mind. I looked around casually, trying to spot it. Not in here...perhaps down the hall. I went to the door and tried it. Locked.

"'What's the matter with you?' the girl behind the typewriter asked.

"I blushed. You don't explain those things to girls, even girls who blush with you. That was a funny thing about that office--we all blushed. But, anyhow, she seemed to understand. 'Oh. Well next time just ask me--I don't mind. It's down the hall...use the other door; this one is locked.'"

* * *

I sat up, making a soft splash. Doc was in my wallet again, but I didn't notice. "It's real, Doc!" I screamed. "I'm really living it!"

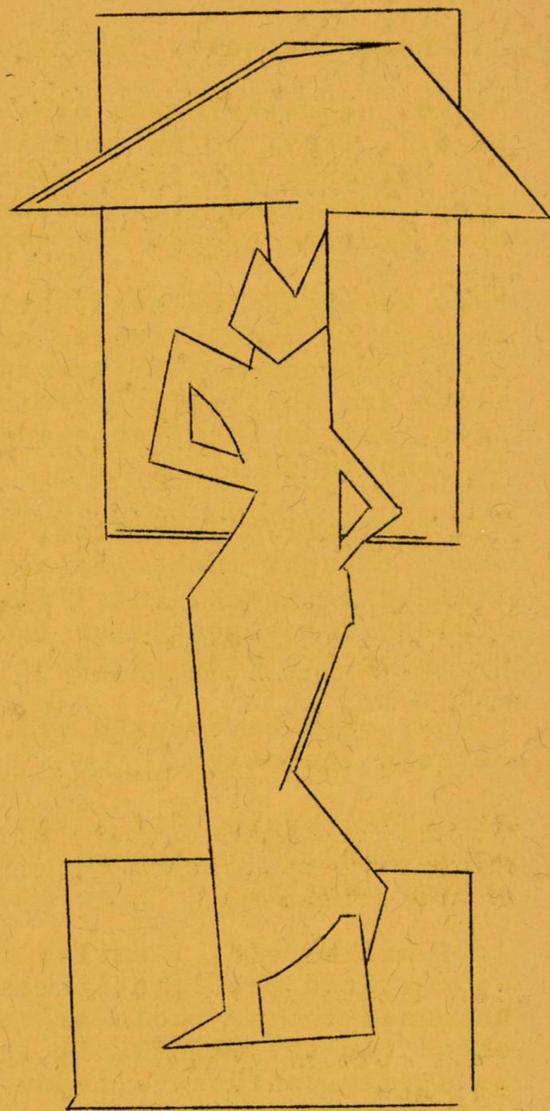
"Naturally. That's because of microsubcutaneous fusion."

I leaned back and started to think again. "I stayed with Leo for a while until one day I had to decide everything for myself. I needed more money, and besides, I couldn't stand it any longer. That idiot and his Captain Future was driving me crazy. And those other two things with their wart-ears and frog-eyes and their Xeno--it was too much. I cut out. The first time I went alone, but it wasn't any good. I couldn't do it all myself. I went back and took the group with me. I didn't know why, but it was important we stay together.

"We went to another place, a place Leo told us we could use if he ever died. Leo wanted to die, but we decided not to let him. It followed the plot all right, but we had to have his money. We stayed at this other place for a while, even though they thought we stank. To please them, we even cleaned up a bit. And then everything started to get out of hand. I realized what was happening to us...we were getting along too well! Something had to be done, and I had to do it!"

I came out screaming again, and Doc held me down on the rug. "We're going to get somewhere now," he said. And then he asked me quickly, before I could think: "What's your name?"

Like a fool, I answered him. "Merwin. But wait--you tricked me. I didn't



Harness

mean to say that. I didn't mean to let you know."

"I know," he said. "But you've got to come clean to help yourself."

"Look, head-shrinker, now that you know this much you might as well know it all. Okay, so my name is Merwin. I'm the guy who brought out FANTASTIC UNIVERSE for fifty cents. That's baby--baby is fifty. It was partly Leo's idea, really, because he wanted to get his money back. I wouldn't have done it alone. Not even with baby, and baby was fifty."

"Mr. Merwin," the head-shrinker was saying to me, "it's apparent your trouble is a deep-seated guilt complex brought on by being the first editor to produce a fifty-cent prozine in a field where all the other prozines are thirty-five cents, or even twenty-five. A terrible act, to be sure, but an inevitable one. You were unlucky, that's all. You had to be the one to do it."

"Is that all?" I grunted, amazed. "In that case I needn't worry any longer. I thought there was more to it;..you know, legal angles and all." He started to speak, but I fixed him with a double whammy that left him motionless for a second or two, wiping out all his memories of the afternoon. He shook his head as if he were just waking up.

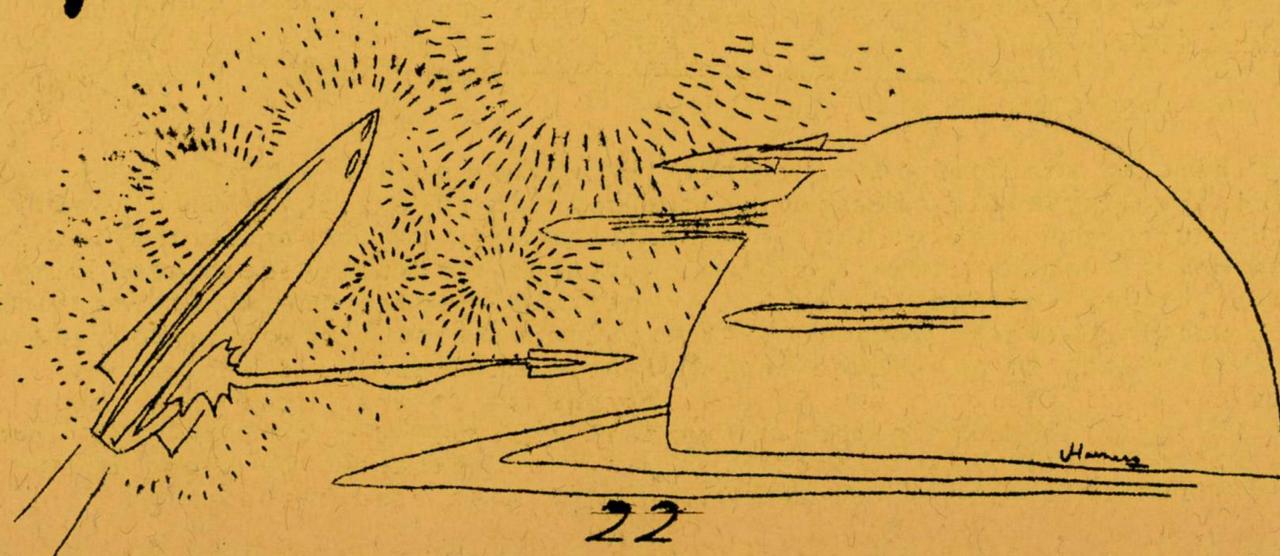
"Umph, must have dozed off. Sit down over there in that chair, skinny," he said absently,

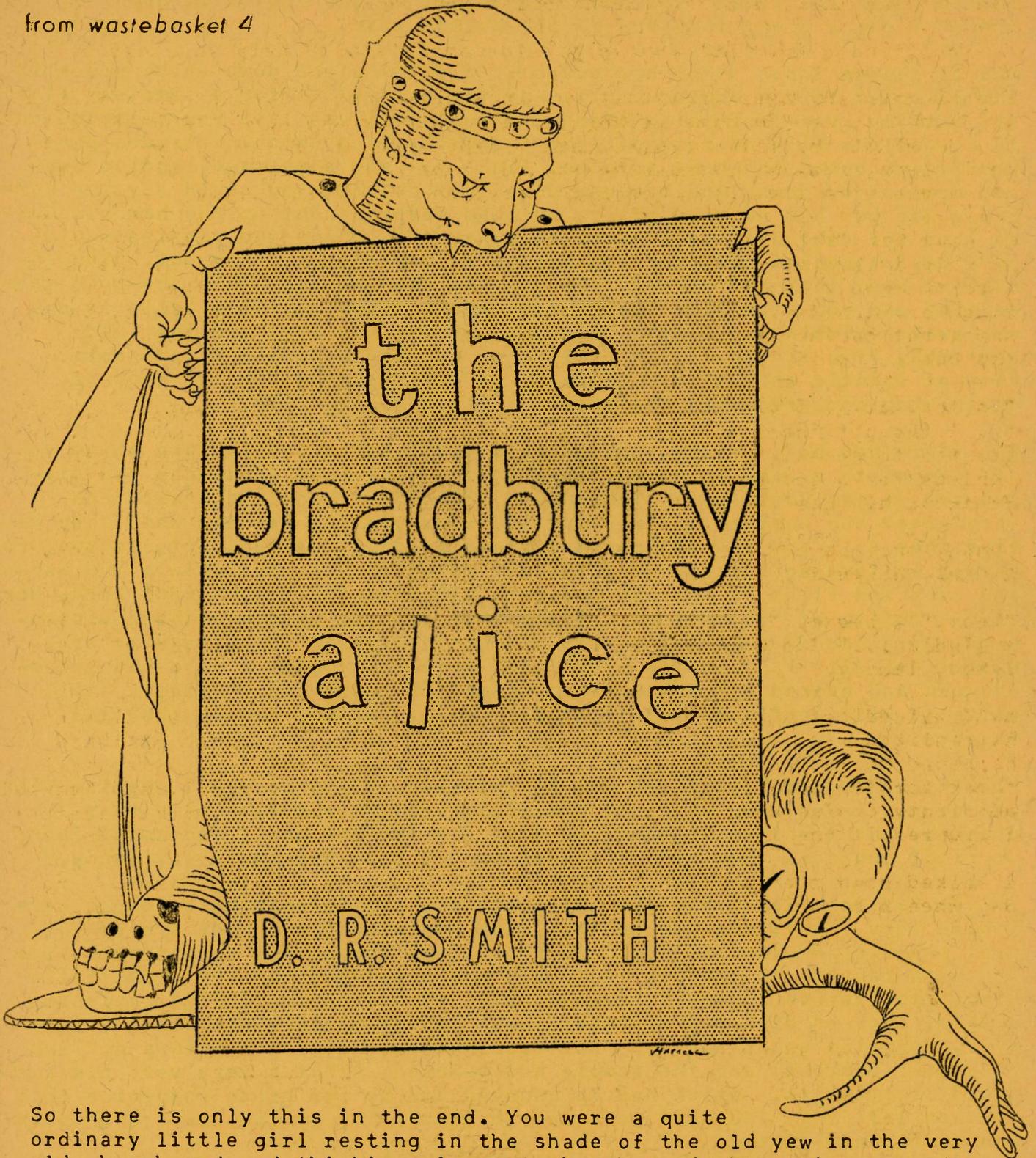
"Look," I began, "if a man who'd recently been scalped been scalped by an Indian..." I stopped. What was the use. "Sorry, wrong office," I finished, lamely.

As I walked off, I smiled to myself. I wondered what he'd feel like when he realized who late it was and found he couldn't understand what had happened to the whole afternoon. There wasn't much use in leaving the check for \$27,962.53. It would only confuse him all the more, and he would be plenty confused already. Taking the check would lessen his confusion; I figured it was the very least I could do.

I walked down the street, whistling happily to myself, dreaming of the day when baby would be seventy-five.

—Gregg Calkins





So there is only this in the end. You were a quite ordinary little girl resting in the shade of the old yew in the very old churchyard and thinking pleasant thoughts of the ancient mouldering bones below and the not-at-all-ancient but quite fresh and juicy flesh of the suicide buried but yesterday on which the worms were even now wetting vermin fangs when this rat came past. It was not at all an ordinary rat, but was huge and ancient with a huge and ancient evil in its beady little eyes and in the leprous snout which twitched as it sniffed at the dripping human heart it had pulled out of the back pocket of its blue jeans as it scuttered past, and because you heard it mutter, "Too fresh. Too fresh for the Duchess; I must find her one that has lain

in the earth for weeks" you just had to get up and follow it down the steps of the ancient tomb by the pre-Norman apse.

And of course those steps had ended in a slimy slope down which you slid and plunged into a nauseous pit. And you had fallen for a timeless eternity into an ever-increasing charnel stench until at last you splashed onto a squelchy pile of rot-softened fragments from which protruded phosphorescent bones in whose spectral light you saw a passage leading away and down, ever down. And because down that passage you could see the hurrying Rat you had hurried after, but had never caught up and had blundered into the vast hall of a nameless mausoleum, where the sheeted mouldered dead squeaked and gibbered around as you sought a way out. "You are big, so big" they had moaned, and you had been so huge that the room seemed tiny and you struggled desperately against the stifling walls as one who awakes within his coffin. And just before you went mad they had shrieked, "You are small, so small" and you had become a microscopic mote of frantic animation on a floor as limitless as are the eons of death when compared with the flickering seconds of life.

But there had been escape, escape into the fungoid forest, and there you had spoken to a worm as it reclined on the evil-hued death-cap and discoursed on the usefulness of humanity. "Food" it had said, "all food. They breed and nurture their young and grow big and fat and when they are ripe they fall and rot delicious for our feeding. We toil not, we keep no herds, we tend no flocks, we only have to wait. All that crawls and walks and runs and flies is ours in the end, all food for the patient worm, Nor are we guilty of the evil of killing what we eat; we are without wickedness, we alone do no evil, and so the world is made for us and we are masters of all." And as the worm leant pridefully back a bird had swooped down and beaked him and carried him aloft to be fed in pieces still writhing with ineffective life to its young, and you had laughed and laughed.

"Laughter is good," said the cat in the tree. "That is why I despise mice, who do not laugh even at their own ridiculous antics as I bite them to death by the teeniest degrees. Go left and see the ghoul and zombie feed, or right and join the Queen's garden-party, they are both very funny."

So you had gone left, and the ghoul and the zombie sharing a corpse were indeed very funny, and you had to laugh when the ghoul made a very natural mistake and ate the zombie's right leg, though you knew that it was not good manners to laugh at such bad manners. "What a very rude little girl," the zombie had said. "Let us talk of delightful things beginning with d, such as dirt and disease, death and damnation, disgust and despair, delirium and tremens." "But tremens does not begin with a d," had been your comment, and the zombie had sneered, "What a very very old-fashioned little girl," which had so annoyed you by its gross injustice that you had left them and made your way to the grisly grotto where the Queen was giving her party.

And there the first person you had met was the Duchess, all mouth and sagging paunch, screaming furiously at the chattering Rat as she held aloft a lovely tender suckling pig roasted delicate brown. "A pig! A pig!" had squalled the harridan. "I asked for a baby and you bring me a pig, a cook-ed pig!" Then the Rat had introduced you to the Duchess who at once became smeared all over with the most repulsive charm and took your arm fondly saying, "Now this is a nice surprise indeed; a little girl, a nice tender young girl. I am really very fond of little girls my dear, they are quite

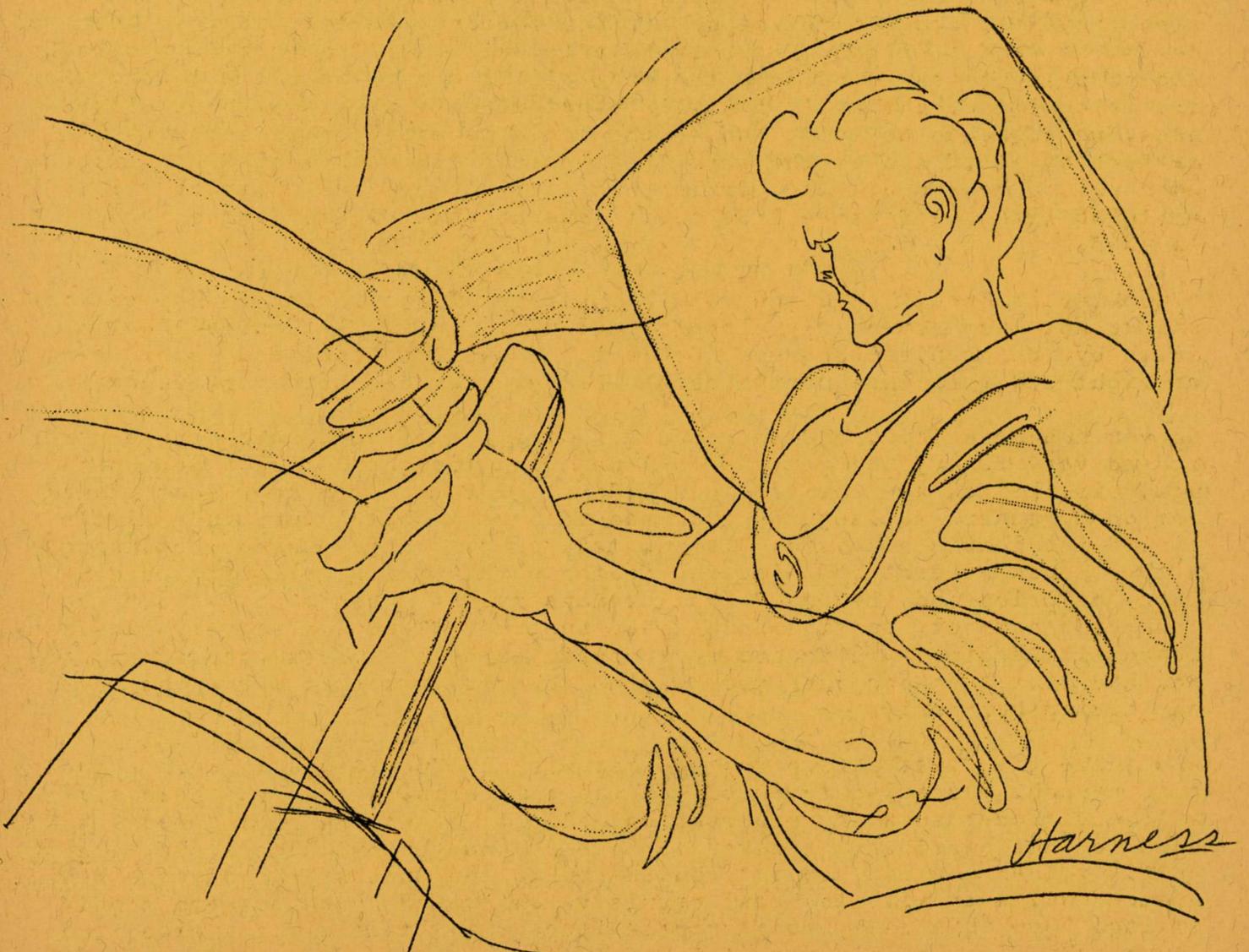
(CONCLUDED ON PAGE 26)

LAST STAGE REFLECTORSMAN

BY TERRY JEEVES

A hard-driven pentagononic screen completely protected the Planet Drencho III; that screen, powered as it was by the power of disintegrating xeno atoms and calculated by no lesser brains than those of the Pueruns, had heretofore stopped every beam, bar, or hexagon of energy that the Macromic fleet had been able to bring to bear upon it. But now Reflectorsman Nikkinson was hurtling toward it, away from Puer, at the nigh to inconceivable planetary velocity of his non-cuprous speedster.

He had to penetrate that screen and get back to Terra if the Macromic fleet was to prevail against the terrible weapon even then being forged by the Pueruns. Even now, when scant lightsecs separated him from its deadly energies, he was busily computing his striking angle and cancelbeam energies in order to break through that hellish veil. Seconds later he flipped over a shitch, and from the nose of his speedster there flashed a beam no less powerful than those of the Puerun fort itself. There was a



blinding flash as the two forces met, the very fabric of space was torn for an infinitesimal microsecond, then he was through. Even as he went loose and his ship accelerated to interstellar-eating speeds, the screen behind him vanished as the Puerun Fleet rose after him.

The Pueruns gained, in spite of everything he could do. In the omniplate their stubby hulls grew larger and larger, until at last out flashed a tugger beam and his tiny vessel made the instantaneous stop peculiar to loose vessels. Within seconds he was englobed and they were beaming him with their primes. Nor was Reflectorsman Nikkinson idle; well was it for the Puerun Captains that day, that their screens were xenon driven, for Nikkinson fought....fought while his outer screens glowed pink....fought while they passed from visible light down into infra-red....fought while they dropped even lower....still he fought when they dropped right down to D.C.! And even while he fought he was frantically reflecting a thought to Port Pilot Aynes, but no thought could get through that madly driven thoughtference generated by the Pueruns and which filled space for day-secs around. Now his outer screens were gone, and they were working on his inners; they too fell and his wall shield was the only protection between him and the ravening forces of their beams.

Nikkinson laughed; that wall shield was driven, not by xeno, but by the newly discovered power of krypton atoms, and nothing then computable could disrupt it. Hexagons, Rhomboids, Parallelopipeds, and even triangles of force were tried by the Pueruns, but all in vain. Then the Puerun Commander tried his last weapon, the Decacone of Force. He knew it could not be deflected, knew it was invincible. With a cold thought he ordered his gun-layers to prepare the Decacone. Then it was fired. The Puerun Commander thought that nothing could withstand that awful blast.

He was right...

(Last of the Last Stage Reflectorsman)



—Terry Jeeves

THE BRADBURY ALICE CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24.....

delicious I find." But just as you were fainting from the rotting-flesh stench of her breath a royal voice from behind had said, "Really Duchess," and the Duchess had fainted. It was the Queen of course, such a charming little old lavender-scented lady who had taken you by the arm and led you off so sweetly that you hardly noticed the little nod she gave towards the Duchess and the two things which had leapt to obey. But you were quite a long way off before the Queen's gentle tones were audible above the agony-noises of the Duchess.

"Meet my gardener" said the Queen. He was very tall and very cadaverous and he was swinging his scythe steadily as he mowed down the tall grass at a great rate, and the grass was not green but white and yellow and brown and black, and the sap of it which stained the blade and spun off in bright drops at the end of each stroke was the true scarlet of human gore. "He is old, so very old," whispered the Queen, "but I have a young assistant for him, young and strong and quick with a fine new atomic scythe. Soon they will all be as dead as you, child." "But I am not dead," you had said, being a truthful child. "That can be arranged" said the Queen tenderly, but you pulled free from her and began to run. And you are still running and running though you know however fast and however far you run someday you will have to stop, and the Queen will meet you and smile so graciously, and nod to two of the things.

—D.R.Smith

clifford gould:

X This night when it had dark mother called me a retch. I was carresing my Hektograph pad and she came up to me and said—you retch. This day it had water falling from upstairs. It fell all around. And the falling water did fall through the roof and did land on my typewriter, making it red with rust, making the keys not strike when I hit them. I did not like.

Mother is pretty, I know. In my bed place with cold walls all around, I have gaudy paper things that was behind the furnace. I can tell from what I read in fanzines that these things are called pro-mags. I see in the pictures faces like mother and father. Father says that they are pretty. Once he said it, and also mother he said, but then he say look at you, you with Hektograph under your fingernails, you with hands smeared up to the elbows with mimeo ink, you reeking of Ditto fluid, you unbearable thing you—f-a-a-a-n (and then he put up to his mouth his hand and looked ashamed at the wicked word he just said.) I touched his arm and said it is alright father,

but he shook and pulled away where I couldn't hear him. Today mother let me off the chain so I could go to the store to go get some paper and things for my new fanzine. That is how I saw the water falling from the upstairs. As I know, when I looked at the brightness that

it had upstairs my eyes they hurt me. And after I look away from it the cellar it is the color of Mr. Boggs' name.

XX In this times they do leave me to my aloneness at more often now, for I have fooled them to thinking I have gafiated. It is a secret but I have pulled the chain out from the wall. And I cansneak away and go to get typer ribbons and masters and stencils and paper and other fannish impliments at more often times, and I think soon I will go monthly. In this day when it came time for the mail to come I went to get it and I looked through my new fanzines and was happy to find that in a short time there was to be a Con. And it is to be a good Con. And like any fan aspiring to be a BNF I did want to go. I took the chain thing off my foot and went to the stair boards that go up out of the cellar, and they did creak when I walked on them. I went up and opened the door. I was in a very big place and there were many-many non-fen so many of them that I never thought there could be so much of them. And the femme ones wearing jeweled things that at once did make me think of the lights in the sky that are stars. I walked to the center of the place.

FROM OBLIQUE N°1

When I was first seed by the first of these non-fen, it let with a scream that to the rafters shook the house and said l-o-o-o-o-k a f-f-a-a-a-n (and then she put up to her mouth her hand at the nasty thing she said.) One of the other non-fen said to my father my ghod why didn't you tell us. In a quick time all the non-fen except mother and father were gone from the house. Father came up to me and say what's the idea of scaring all the people. I look on him and say me I want to know if I can go to a most wonderful Con that is to be held very soon. He looked down on me and I saw there was the anger in his eyes and he hit me and I dripped some bheer on the floor and father told me to go to the cellar and I had to go. The light it hurt some in my eyes now. It was not so like that in the cellar. Father tied my legs and arms up and he put me in bed and while he was going up the stairs I did hear him say oh ghod and only eight.

XXX This is the day that father hit in the chain again, he came and did it before it was light. I have to try to pull it out again. He said that I was very bad for wanting to go to a Con. He say that if I ever say anything about Con again he will hit me hard. That hurts, I hurt. I have slept all day and rested my head against the wall. And dreamed of many wondrous Cons.

XXXX I got again the chain out from the wall this day and very soon now I begin to publish my fanzine again.

XXXXX This day I saw a happy group of fen on their way to a Con. I called out through the window to them and asked them if I could go along with them. And mother heard me talking with them while she was coming down the stairs and she said with anger stay away from that window. You have pulled out the chain again. She took the stick and she hit me with it again and again but I didn't cry. I just thought noble and fannish thoughts to bear the hurt. She hit me so hard that I spilled and dripped bheer all over the floor and it made an ugly yellow and she saw it and twisted away from it and said oh ghod why have you done this to me (me a western reader). I watched the stick go bounce on the floor. She ran upstairs. I slept all day.

* * *

X This is another times. I have entirely done away with the chain. I am old enough now not to have to listen to what mother and father say what I should have to do. And now I can go to get paper and other fannish impliments whenever I want to and once more I shall publish my fanzine. And I shall too go to every Con there is ever. And if they ever beat me more I will go daily. I will! I will!

—Cliff Gould



SPAWNED IN THE MYSTIC EAST—
NURTURED IN THE MATERIALISTIC
WEST—

(rejected by both)

comes
BELIEVISM !!
THE SCIENCE OF THE EGO!

Developed by advanced students of Avidism,
Believism covers the entire scope of Religion,
Science, and Philosophy!

While Avidism is negativistic apathy, Believism is Agressive Negativism!

Believism gives the Ego negative power, and makes it more Able!

A Believest Clear can exercise complete control over his environment, can dominate his fellow men, by Not Believing. When an object, individual or action becomes objectionable to a Believest Clear, he can easily curtail its existance by Not Believing in it. Through the Agressive Negativism of Believism, a Believest Clear has unlimited Negative Power!

Would you like to be Not Believed in? Join the ranks of the Believests quickly, before it happens to you! As a Believest Clear, you can Not Believe in him first!

Join today! Enrollment for a one-year course: \$20,000.00.

Write to: The Founding Church of Believism, 1014 North Tuckahoe Street, Falls Church, Virginia.

Do it — TODAY!

Arriving there, Gossheyk found the place strangely empty of life. He wandered through the halls and the vast rooms with sinking heart. Then—in one room he found a man; a man who looked at Gossheyk steadily from behind an enigmatic mask, and whispered, "You arrived just in time. I have not long to live."

VII.

"When we come to examine the structure of the riddle-form, we find that...the answer is always implicit in the statement."

—Mother Goose

Reverently, Gossheyk sat before the masked man and awaited the explanation. "Now that you are here," the grammarian whispered, "my work is done. I have therefore taken poison. It works more rapidly than I had expected. Listen carefully. The man on the dolly was a creation of mine, existing only to serve my purposes." Gossheyk took the null-V pause to digest this. The eyes behind the mask regarded him sharply; the whispering voice resumed, with a suggestion of haste in its manner: "I have planned this for many years. You are my agent as truly as the man on the dolly. I created V itself, and when a variable factor introduced itself I saw that V must face opposition. Therefore you. You are my long arm. You can accomplish what I cannot. Having overcome the obstacles I created for your testing, you face the enemy with the odds in your favor." Abruptly, he bent double. "Gossheyk!" he cried aloud. "Remember—none of the race-horses lose!" As Gossheyk's V-trained mind grasped the staggering significance of this, the man in the mask toppled. When Gossheyk reached his side, he was dead. Mind dizzy with the magnitude of the facts he had learned, Gossheyk reached down and removed the grammarian's mask. The face he saw answered his last question.

It was the face of A. E. van Vogt.

—Paul Spencer



grinding up to be made into mimeograph paper."

"But how..."

"I kwam, remember?"

"Oh." Ted snatched the bottle of vodka from under the alien, who kept on floating in mid-air. Ted wasn't surprised. He poured a stiff drink, added ice, and carried it back into the living room. The Tuckahoe was waiting there, dancing on top of Larry Stark's sleeping form.

Ted began thinking about his stf collection, and then he remembered a book by Fredric Brown, Martians, Go Home. It struck him almost as he thought of it that it was something more than coincidental that his current plight resembled those in the book. But then he began to wonder if perhaps the creature existed in his mind, a memory of the book brought on by alcohol. But...no, he hadn't had that much...the creature must be real.

"Of course I'm real, damn you."

"How did you...?"

"Telepathy, remember?"

"Oh."

"Hey, does this Stark character always dream about moldy figs and modern art?"

"What?"

"Never mind."

Ted thought more about the book. Let the damn imp read his mind.

"I will."

"Hell." Ted continued to think anyway. Better than asking questions out loud, anyway. Ghod! What if there're a billion of these guys, like in the book?

"I am not a 'guy'," the Tuckahoe responded indignantly. "We are sexless, though for the purposes of simplification you may refer to me as a member of the male species. Furthermore, there are only a few thousand of us, and we are all limited to stf fen. The rest of the world is on a different plane that we cannot reach, or care to reach, for that matter."

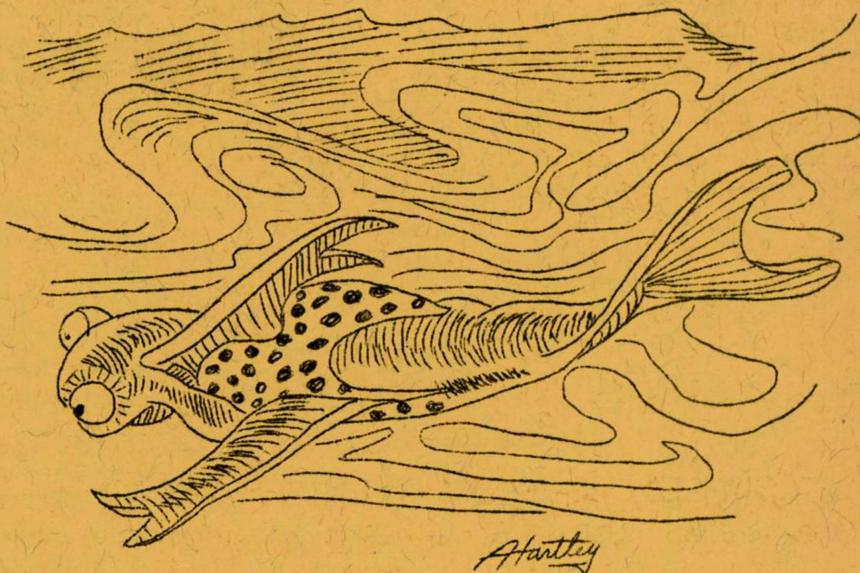
"You mean stf fen are in a separate dimension from the rest of humanity?"

"Not actually. They have merely matured in such a fashion as to allow a deviation in intellectual status from the rest of the world. To us, it represents an unattainable plane. To you, it means little."

"You mean we're smarter than the rest of the world?"

"I didn't say that. The rest of the world is just different. Fen simply have enough comprehension to understand and see us, though Ghu only knows why we should give a damn."

Ted grabbed his drink and downed it; and suddenly wished he hadn't. His stomach felt dangerously unstable, but thinking it was going to stay down, he leaned back in a comfortable armchair. He felt like he was going to pass out.



"Disgusting habit, that drinking," commented the Tuckahoe.

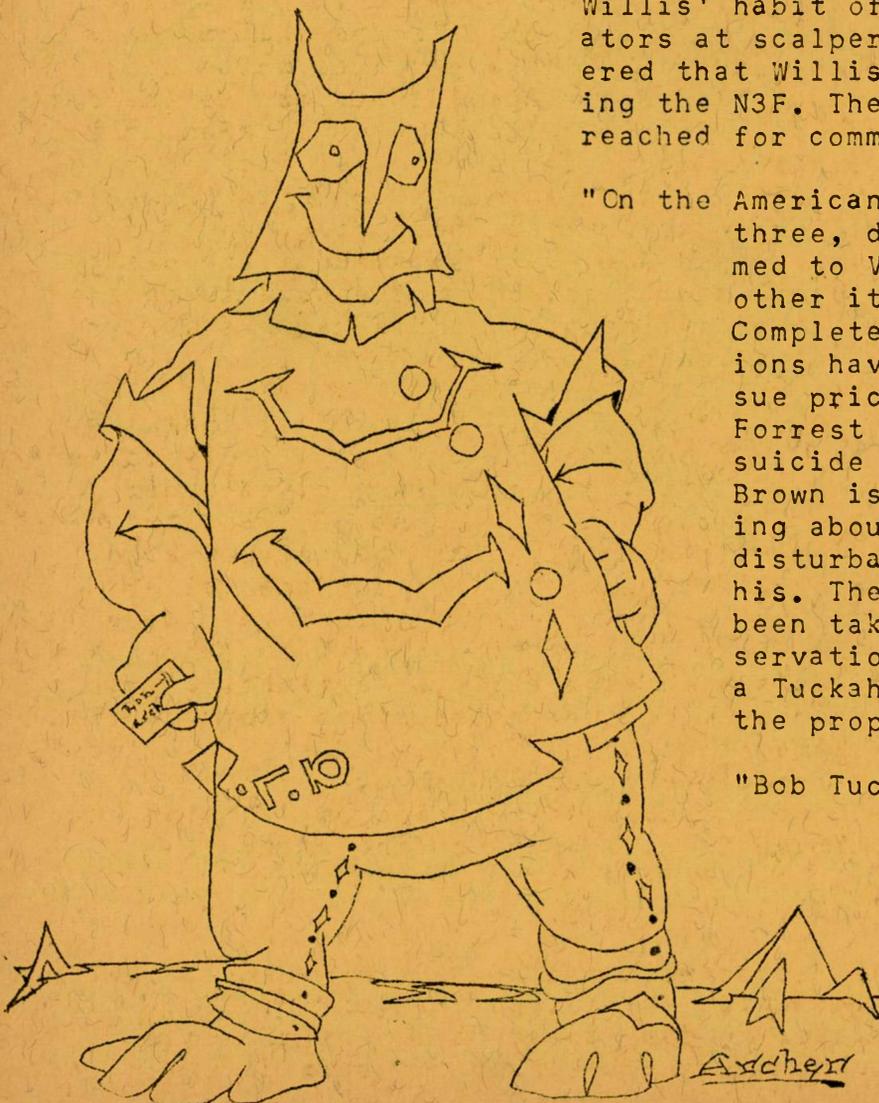
And then Ted passed out.

In the morning hours, Ted, complete with hangover, turned on his short-wave radio and tuned it to WBNF, the recently established fan radio station. Listening to WBNF had become all but a sacred ritual with Ted. As the radio warmed up, he noticed that the Tuckahoe was gone. Maybe it was all a dream. No wonder. He'd read that Martians, Go Home five or six times, and last night he'd had several drinks. An imagination like his...well... The radio was warmed up.

"...Tuckahoes, definitely Tuckahoes," it was saying. "But please, fen, do not panic. You can't hurt them, but likewise they can't harm you outside of kwamming you to Venus. However, they can do extensive damage, and they love to tattle. It is suspected that they cannot tell lies, and this is causing dozens of uncomfortable experiences. My desk is piled high with reports from fen all over the world and a Tuckahoe is sitting harmlessly on top of these reports as he shoots at me with a pea shooter. I--just a minute! Here is a bulletin from Ireland. Walt Willis is reported to have jumped off the White Cliffs at Dover when a Tuckahoe kept tattling to visiting fen about Willis' habit of selling old promags to visitors at scalper prices. It was also discovered that Willis had been contemplating joining the N3F. The N3F officials could not be reached for comment at this time.

"On the American scene, FAPA mailing eighty-three, due out today, has been kwammed to Venus along with thousands of other items of fannish importance. Complete and valuable promag collections have been taken, while back-issue prices soar due to the shortages. Forrest J Ackerman was found dead of suicide in his empty garage. Fredric Brown is here in our studio complaining about the similarities of this disturbance to a well-known book of his. The incomparable Bob Bloch has been taken to BNF Sanitarium for observation, after he went berserk when a Tuckahoe stole the silver tips off the propellers on his beanie cap.

"Bob Tucker was seriously injured today by a group of fanatic fans, who mistook the pronunciation of his name. At the time, they had not seen a Tuckahoe and they were too young to recognize Tucker. As they began a conversation with him at a special fan meeting, Tucker said 'I'm Tucker. Oh..'



Misunderstanding what he had said the group immediately leaped upon him with an unmatched lust and zeal, brandishing switch blades and zip guns they had copied from Harlan Ellison's article in LOWERDOWN. Tucker is now under observation at a local hospital.

"All over the world the situation in fandom is intense, and it is believed--"

Ted turned off the radio.

He looked towards the couch and noticed the still form of Larry Stark sleeping peacefully in an oddly curled ball. "Must have a drink. Pepsi for a change, maybe," muttered Ted. "Well, I might as well let him sleep. Wousch," he said, changing his direction of thought. "Wonder how Hitchcock's making out...?" Ted headed for the kitchen, and reached for the refrigerator door. It was empty inside. He opened the liquor cabinet. It too was empty.

In the living room he heard Stark awakening. "Well, I'd better tell him what's happened, I guess..." he mumbled.

2.

In three weeks organized fandom was in an unorganized turmoil. In three months it was in a disrupted state past comparison. And in six months, fandom had all but disbanded entirely. Only those few that had managed to retain their sanity had any hopes of the Tuckahoes ever going back from whence they came. The promags had long since folded, due to the fact that as each new copy came off the presses, a Tuckahoe would kwam it to Venus. The same was true for fanzines and organization mailings, and sometimes even correspondence was disrupted. The outside world seemed undisturbed, as if they knew nothing about what was happening. And most likely they didn't. There may have been some curiosity about the disappearance of all the science fiction magazines, but not enough to cause special concern. Magazines were a shaky industry, and some were always folding. Besides, non-fen couldn't even see the Tuckahoes.

Every fan had a different theory for the Tuckahoes. Some felt that they actually came from Venus, as claimed, and that fandom was a truly universal group. Others blamed it on Ted White, claiming they lived under Tuckahoe Street, and had come to destroy fandom because of the slanderous Tuckahoe Hoax that Ted, along with Jacob Edwards, had perpetrated. Still others conjectured other explanations, ranging from the belief that the Tuckahoes were N3F members to the possibility that they were Dean A. Grennell's children. When Dean denied this accusation, the blaim was shifted to Sam Martinez, Dean's chief competitor. Martinez, as was typical of his nature, threw the blaim on the unsuspecting and unmarried William Clyde, who, in turn, blamed Kent Corey and Mike May. These two seemed poor choices, for they promptly blamed everybody for the turn of events. Despite all the slandering and feuding going on, nothing new was uncovered, and fandom continued to fall apart at the staples.

3.

In November of the year 1958 a femfan with the mildly improbable name of Leeh Shaw invented a contraption which she called the Terrible Tuckahoe Terrifier. This was done by stripping down three different mimeographs, an old Webcor tape recorder, a short-wave set, and the refrigerator.

The different parts were indiscriminately mixed, and then assembled while she was blindfolded. (Leeh later explained that hers was an intuitive genius). When she had finished, she sat back on an old sofa stuffed with back issues of INFINITY and waited for a Tuckahoe.

There was a Tuckahoe sitting right atop the TTT itself.

Lee put down her copy of THE VILLAGE VOICE, reached over, and flicked a switch. Somewhere in the bowels of the machine there was a click, a whirr, the smooth operation of a counter, and the mild vibration of the entire machine.

Nothing happened to the Tuckahoe.

"Take it a few minutes to warm up," she explained to herself rather than to the obviously bored Tuckahoe.

She regained a relaxed position on the battered sofa, picked up her VOICE, sipped at a conveniently located glass of ginger ale, and prepared herself to wait.

It was approximately ten minutes after eleven o'clock, Eastern Standard Time, on the evening of November 23, 1958.

4.

At nearly that same time in Falls Church, Virginia, within A-Bomb's distance of Our Nation's Capital, Ted E. White sat down to destroy the Tuckahoes. Convinced that he had invented them in his own mind, and that he could therefore destroy them, Ted concentrated on destroying Tuckahoes. At five minutes till eleven his train of thought was broken when he opened a Pepsi. He resumed the process of concentration, interrupting once more at five after eleven for another Pepsi. It was nearly ten minutes after eleven when he felt he was sufficiently prepared to destroy the Tuckahoes, and send them back from whence they came: not Venus, not underneath Tuckahoe Street, and not Fond du Lac, but back into the deepest recesses of his very own mind.

5.

Eight hours earlier, a fan-ed by the name of Ellik of the LASFS tribe in Southern California, was called before the chief of his tribe. The chief's name was Sneary, a new chief since the old one had killed himself.

"Make GhuGhu against Tuckahoes," Sneary ordered Ellik.

Ellik bowed. "Make big GhuGhu," he said.

It had damned well better be a big GhuGhu, Ellik knew. The position of a fan-ed among the LASFS was a precarious one. Tribal constitution decreed that those failing in making a GhuGhu had to contribute to the meat larder. And the LASFS were cannibals.

There had been six fan-eds among the LASFS when the Tuckahoes came; now only Ellik was left. One moon apart (for LASFS constitution forbade the chief to order the making of a GhuGhu less than a full moon or twenty-eight days after the making of the last GhuGhu) the other five had tried and failed.

Now it was Ellik's turn, and from the hungry way that Sneary and the rest of the LASFS stared at him, his fanzine collection, and his liquor hoard, it appeared they'd be a helluva lot happier if he failed.

With the inherited knowledge of the five fan-eds before him, his Marine boot camp training, and a box of Rotsler nudes, Ellik sat before the stripped down ABDick 100 and began his big GhuGhu, which was to be the biggest GhuGhu ever.

Throughout the night no LASFS member slept. They all sat around a stripped down ABDick 100 watching Ellik dedicate old issues of PSYCHOTIC, GRUE, OOPSLA!, QUANDRY and HYPHEN to a voraciously consumptive mimeograph motor as he ran barefoot across Rotsler drawings, throwing in an occasional mambo step for entertainment. He lost weight, they noted sadly. He was also getting ink stains all over his feet.

Just before dawn (due to Tuckahoe Savings Time, it was nearly eleven at night in the Eastern United States) Ellik collapsed before Sneary, his chief.

"GhuGhu done," he said weakly, leaning upwards on one arm.

"Tuckahoes still here," said Sneary grimly, staring down at Ellik's near prostrate form. They were very much still there; they had been active all night, watching the preparations and even putting out a one-shot on the stripped down ABDick 100.

Ellik raised himself for a moment out of the dirt. With his other arm, he pointed to the nearest large tree.

"GhuGhu must hang clear of ground," he said.

While he preferred to hang Ellik clear of the ground, Sneary gave an order, and the greatest GhuGhu ever was hung clear of the ground.

"When ink drip from cylinder," Ellik gasped solemnly, "Tuckahoes go."

In a few minutes, the ink would drip completely out of the cylinder.

By coincidence or otherwise, it was the exact moment Leeh Shaw waited for her Terrible Tuckahoe Terrifier to warm up, and Ted E. White put down his empty Pepsi bottle to think the Tuckahoes into oblivion.

6.

Two minutes later; six months, eight days, twenty-three hours and thirteen minutes after they had appeared, the Tuckahoes disappeared. Simultaneously, from everywhere on the face of the Earth.

And to this day, Tucker has never been caught cheating at Poker again.

To this day...

—Ron Parker

by Franklin Ford



Fanzine

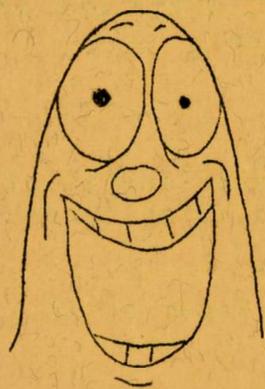
Reviews

Several people have been speculating in their letters to Ted White on my identity. They've been wondering just how I acquire the fanzines to review. The answer is deceptively simple: from Ted White. There is no sense in sending me separate copies for review. I don't save fanzines, and the copy might better be sent to someone else who

does. Just send your zines in trade to White, and he'll hand them to me for review about 24 hours before the deadline for this column. Naturally I can't review all the zines I'm handed each time, and especially not at the length I prefer. So I've tried to take a cross section, and to hit the high spots. But my methods of review are subject to change, and I'm open—through Ted—to any criticism of the column: the format, my methods, etc. In answer to one such letter, I do not draw the heads which adorn each review. These were drawn many years ago by Ray Nelson, and they're Ted's idea—he swiped them from Harlan Ellison, who, I believe, got them from Max Keasler. They've led a full life, at any rate.

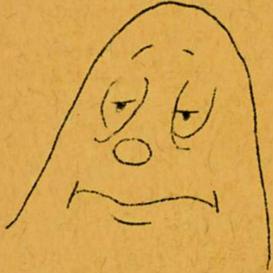
EXCELSIOR #3: What might have blossomed into as great a legend as Q will soon be with us no more. This third issue bears out CELSY's promise only too well. The material—a fannish article by Ted White, Harlan Ellison as seen by Harlan Ellison, Archie Mercer's report on the Kettering Con, and the superlative Critic At Large—is all first rate; material any fan-ed might welcome into his zine. The atmosphere is an easy, informal one, from the cover (a cheerfully meaningless cartoon by Ted White) thru the last page of letters. ** Yet, this is the next-to-last issue of CELSY. Leeh is disappointed in the reaction to CELSY (The legend of Q has grown to such proportions that nothing could live up to it, and thus

fans are disappointed in CELSY. If they had ever read Q, they might find it a let-down as well...) and at the moment she is more interested in Village life and folksingers—and who can blame her?—too much so to continue publishing a fanzine 'no one likes'. So grab this one (and the next, out in a few months) while you can. It's worth it.



(EXCELSIOR, Lee Shaw, 780 Greenwich St., New York 14, N.Y.; The Shaws, Ted White, Harlan Ellison, Archie Mercer, CAL, readers. 15¢, 7/\$1. Well Recommended.)

FRANK KELLY FREAS/A PORTFOLIO: Advent, happy with the sales of IN SEARCH OF WONDER, has cast about for a new money-maker. The Folio is not it. For \$1.50, one obtains 16 black and white prints, and an unbotched, in-register copy of the two-color wash which appeared in IMAGINATIVE TALES. The binding is supposed to be a special one which allows one to detach any prints for framing. Actually, the binding consists of three staples; the same primitive method used to 'bind' STELLAR. If you wish, you may also detach this column for framing. ** Freas is an excellent science fiction artist, and this is evident in his folio. Some of his better IF drawings are presented, including the ones for Hunter's MALICE IN WONDERLAND, plus a few ASF fillers. But the actual production of the portfolio itself is sloppy, and certainly not worth the money charged. The back cover is mounted upsidedown (and obviously printed to be mounted this way), and is better designed than the front cover, which suggests that Advent could not, until the last minute, decide on which to use where. The printing (or lithoing) itself is none too good; my copy still has the registration marks showing on the covers. In addition to these technical defects, the folio is far too thin to be in any way really representative of Frank's best work.



(FRANK KELLY FREAS/A PORTFOLIO, Advent: Publishers, 3508 N. Sheffield, Chicago 13, Illinois; \$1.50. Not recommended at that price.)

STF-IN-GEN & BOLIDE #3: Such as extremely cumbersome title as this can't help but weight down what is otherwise an up-and-comer. Inside, editor Jerry DeMuth refers to it as Sigbo, which in length, at least, is an improvement. ** The material is well rounded, but all-too familiar, and with one exception not too well handled. The exception is an excellent review of THE LOMOKOME PAPERS by Bob Bloch, in a style which is a cross between his usual banter and the deadly seriousness with which he treated James Joyce in HYPHEN. While out of date, the article is still an important one, and one in which Bloch makes some excellent points. Editor DeMuth attempts in two articles to draw a parallel between jazz and stf/fandom; a parallel which does not, in this case, exist. Other material is typical of early issues of fanzines. The duplication is excellent; one of the best jobs of black dittoing I have yet seen.



(STF-IN-GEN & BOLIDE, Jerry DeMuth, 3223 Ernst St., Franklin Park, Illinois; DeMuth, Bill Zimmerman, Jim Foster, Robert Bloch, Alan C. Elms, Kent Moomaw, Jack Simmons, readers. 15¢, 2/25¢. A promising newcomer.)

HYPHEN #18: Another issue of the all-too-seldom-seen HYPHEN has at last appeared. And unfortunately, this issue is not among "-"'s best, tho well above the average zine. Perhaps it is the absence of Willis as editor this, and the domination of Harris, or perhaps only coincidence that grouped the particular items under this cover, but a number of elements in #18 irritate me. The first is a poorer-than-usual Berryarn, BLISS KREIG. What I've long feared has happened: Berry has written himself out. I'm only surprised it hasn't happened long ago. This story is the product of a tired, groping, Berry. At best only a filler subject of questionable taste, the story has been blown up to three pages of ill-

considered crud. Bill Schiller's MORE THAN BUDGIES is an expanded gag similar to those of Jenrette's, minus any stf trappings. While I am certainly neither shocked nor offended by the third-to-last word on p.24 (I've used it in speech many a time), I am surprised that it would be used in HYPHEN after the not inconsiderable uproar over the famous First Word On Page 28 not too many issues ago. And, worse, this word is unmailable, while the fwo28 wasn't. A malicious fan could easily make trouble for Willis and Harris with the Post Office over this. It seems unwise to lay oneself open to this, since there are such fans in fandom today. Finally, in the letter section, Harris' comments to the Rev. C.M. Moorhead are needlessly overdone, and uncalled for. Still, in spite of these lapses in editorial judgement and taste, the rest of the 40-page issue is excellent, with top material by some of fandom's top writers.

(HYPHEN, Walt Willis, 170 Upper Newtownards Road, Belfast, N. Ireland; Harris, Bill Temple, Bob Shaw, Ermengarde Fiske, James White, Bob Bloch, Ron Buckmaster, Berry, Schiller, readers, and Walt Himself. 1/- or 15¢. Well Recommended.)

INNUENDO #4: There seems to be a considerable lag between publication and distribution of this zine (not unlike STELLAR, eh, Ted?) ((No longer!)), as well as something of a mixup over the mailing of each issue. I've seen #5, but Ted never received it. This characterizes the current conflict in fan publishing. The colorless, nearly worthless fanzines, such as YANDRO, published by colorless drudges whose lack of personality and talent automatically robs their fanzines of worth and substance, are published on fairly frequent schedules—YANDRO has actually managed a monthly schedule. But zines published by editors of wit and worth never manage to appear frequently, nor do these fans want to be sadd-

led with a rigid schedule, the burden of monthly publishing. They are all too content to leave the drudgery to those who like it and will never rise above it. ** INNUENDO is put out by two fannishly brilliant and unfortunately erratic fans: Dave Rike and Terry Carr. Through their FAPA contacts, as well as personal ones, they have obtained a high order of material by some of the top 'names' in fandom. In addition to the excellent new material, there is an abundance of superior filler reprints drawn from the editors' bulging files of fandom past. East issue has sustained improvement, and all have been well above average. Rather than comment on a particular issue, I will let it go at that.

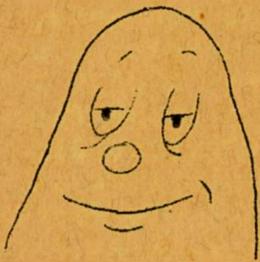
(INNUENDO, Dave Rike, Box 203, Rodeo, Calif., & Terry Carr, 134 Cambridge St., San Francisco 24, Calif. No subs, but ads and contributions are accepted. Recommended.)

SKYHOOK #24: If HYPHEN is seldom seen, SKHK is never seen, which is practically true. The material for this issue was for the most part gathered and stencilled in 1955, and the previous issue had at that time been out for some time. However, now that he is back in active publishing, Boggs promises some changes for the better, the best of which is a regular quarterly schedule. Other changes include a switch to Gestetner—SKHK is now the ultimate in impeccability—and the absorption of Bob Silverberg's late SPACESHIP. The material, for all its age, is excellent. Now, more than ever, SKHK is a science fiction fanzine, and indeed acts as a sounding board for the professional world, with articles and letters by some of the top 'names' in the field. Yet, Redd is not indulging in name-dropping; all these people have something to say, or they would not get published in SKHK. Certainly, SKYHOOK is a must for every fan who hasn't completely forgotten the existence of science fiction.



(SKYHOOK, Redd Boggs, 2209 Highland Place N.E., Minneapolis 21, Minnesota; Boggs, James Gunn, Sam Sackett, Joe Gibson, Damon Knight, Jim Harmon, Marion Z. Bradley, Virginia Blish, William Atheling Jr., readers. 20¢, 6/\$1. Highly Recommended.)

CRY OF THE NAMELESS #106: Dated August, this is a post-Midwestcon issue, as evidenced in the cover: a series of photos, most of which were taken at the con. Included in the lineup is Your Friend & Mine, Ted White, sporting what was at the time a three-week beard, and sun glasses. How Hollywood of him! The interior contents rank from fair to quite good, and include a rather different kind of Midwestcon report by GMCarr (in which she analyzes the people shown on the cover with varying degrees of success); reviews of the prozines (probably the best feature of the issue) by 'Renfrew Pemberton'; a fanzine review column (which I shall return to in a moment) by 'Amelia Pemberton'; a review of the AMAZ-

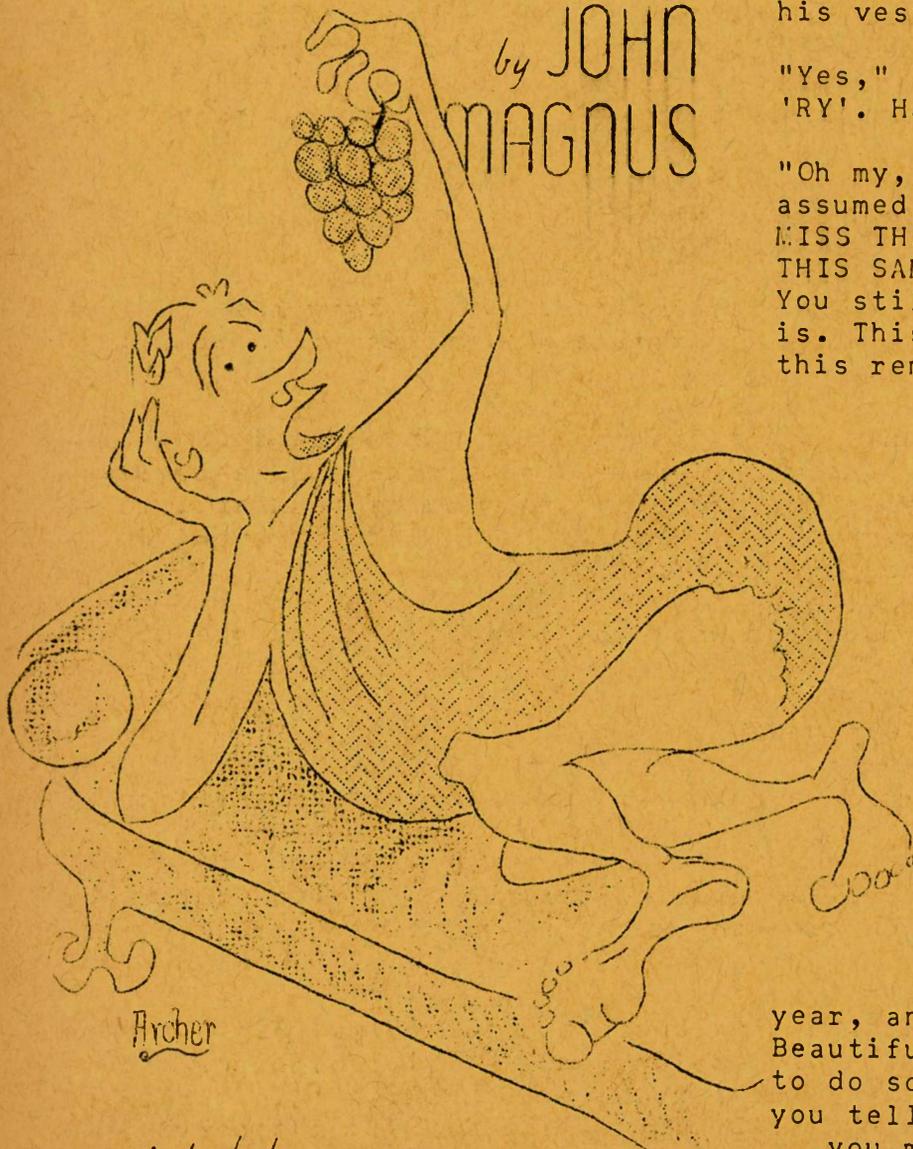


ING of the early Forties (these things seem to run in cycles--there were a rash of '1926 till now' articles and columns five or six years ago); a rather poor story by Bill Meyers, minutes of the Nameless meetings ala the old SHAGGY's Just A Minute; and letters. The makeup is sloppy, with layouts on par with those of a neo's First Issue, and the quality of the repro varies alarmingly--the red and green mimeoing of text was definitely a mistake. ** To return to the fmz reviews for a moment, 'Amelia', in a review of the last STELLAR questions both my powers as a reviewer (she wants Ted back) ((Good!)), and my identity. She forces me to point out that the reviews last time were done under the pressure of an extremely close deadline—I was forced to skim the zines which I had not myself received (under my own name), and to remember older impressions of the others, without detailed rereading, and I asked Ted to change the writing style. The results made neither Ted nor myself too happy; I feel he injected an overdose of goshwowism, and I admit a certain degree of sloppiness. I certainly hope this column is better, but I'm still open to change. As to my
(CONCLUDED ON PAGE 49)

bonus story:

for fans who just want to LIE DOWN...

by JOHN
MAGNUS



Archer

reprinted from
Fantasy Rotator No 11

"What is this?" asked the non-fan from upstairs. Shame on me for reading my back issue of QUANDRY in public.

"Ha ha," I answered, determined not to divulge the secret.

"Is it that Channing Club thing? Ah, that's what it is. I might have known. Oh, no it isn't. 'QUANDRY'...my, we are in one, aren't we?"

"Yeah. 'QUANDRY' spelt with no 'A'. Ha ha," I said.

"Is it supposed to be spelt with an 'A'?" he asked, drawing out his waf-er-like vest-pocket dictionary from his vest-pocket.

"Yes," I declared. "Right before the 'RY'. Haha."

"Oh my, so you're right." (I hadn't assumed I was otherwise.) "'DON'T MISS THE NEXT EXCITING CHAPTER AT THIS SAME THEATRE IN ABOUT A MONTH!' You still haven't told me what this is. This sounds silly. You know, this reminds me of something I used to get from a club I belonged to. The Packard Dare-Devils. Did you ever like to look at pictures of old Packards? I like to look at pictures of old Packards. My father has some gorgeous ones. There have been Packards in the family since 1900...or 1903, whenever it was that Packards became a going concern. Since then, we've had a—"

"Ha ha."

"—new Packard every year, and a picture of every one. Beautiful things, my grandmother used to do some of them in oils. Why don't you tell me what this thing is? '15¢'...you mean you have to pay for it?"

"Not if you trade. I publish one like it myself. Ha ha."

"Oh, I never published one like it. I had to pay dues for a year to this Packard Dare-Devils club. Three dollars a year, I think it was. How long is it? Oh, my goodness, twenty—twenty-six pages. Well, ours wasn't anything like this. About half this big—you don't mind if I fold it like this?—and not as thick. And we got a folder of Pontiac prints. Their 50th anniversary or something...no—it must have been their twenty-fifth. I don't know. Anyway, Pontiacs aren't so gorgeous, but these were lovely plates. Full color and everything, and a picture of every model since they started. It made quite a display. I took it to school, and it was quite a hit. 'J. T. Oliver'. I wonder if it's my roommate's father. I'll have to ask him."

"No, this J. T. Oliver is too young."

"Ha ha. 'A Rebel Yeast Production...the South shall rise.' You know, I like that. Ha ha. 'BRITISH DISTRIBUTOR: Walter A. Willis'...oh, come now."

"Ha ha. He comes from North Ireland. He isn't really British, I guess."

"I wonder if he's the same Willis that my uncle used to play bridge with. No...no, couldn't be. Ireland and all. What is this for, anyway?"

"It's a hobby. Just like stamp collecting, you see, only it's much more interesting."

"Well, what do you do it for? This looks like such a nothing. What is it supposed to say?"

"Well, you see, it's mostly for correspondence. See, I know most all of the people there, and...well, you see, that's what makes it interesting...see, it's facetious and all."

"Yes, yes, I can see that. What do you take me for? Oh, yes, I can see what it's like and all. Like I say, I used to be a Packard Dare-Devil, and collected pictures and all." He proceeded to read half an article by Rich Elsberry entitled "Proxyboo Ltd." "My my. Well, I don't know. But like I say, I can see what you see in it."

I could see that he did. He asked me who published it. I said she didn't any more.

"SHE? Oh my. What on earth happened?"

"I don't know. She went to write a novel or punch cows in Oklahoma or something."

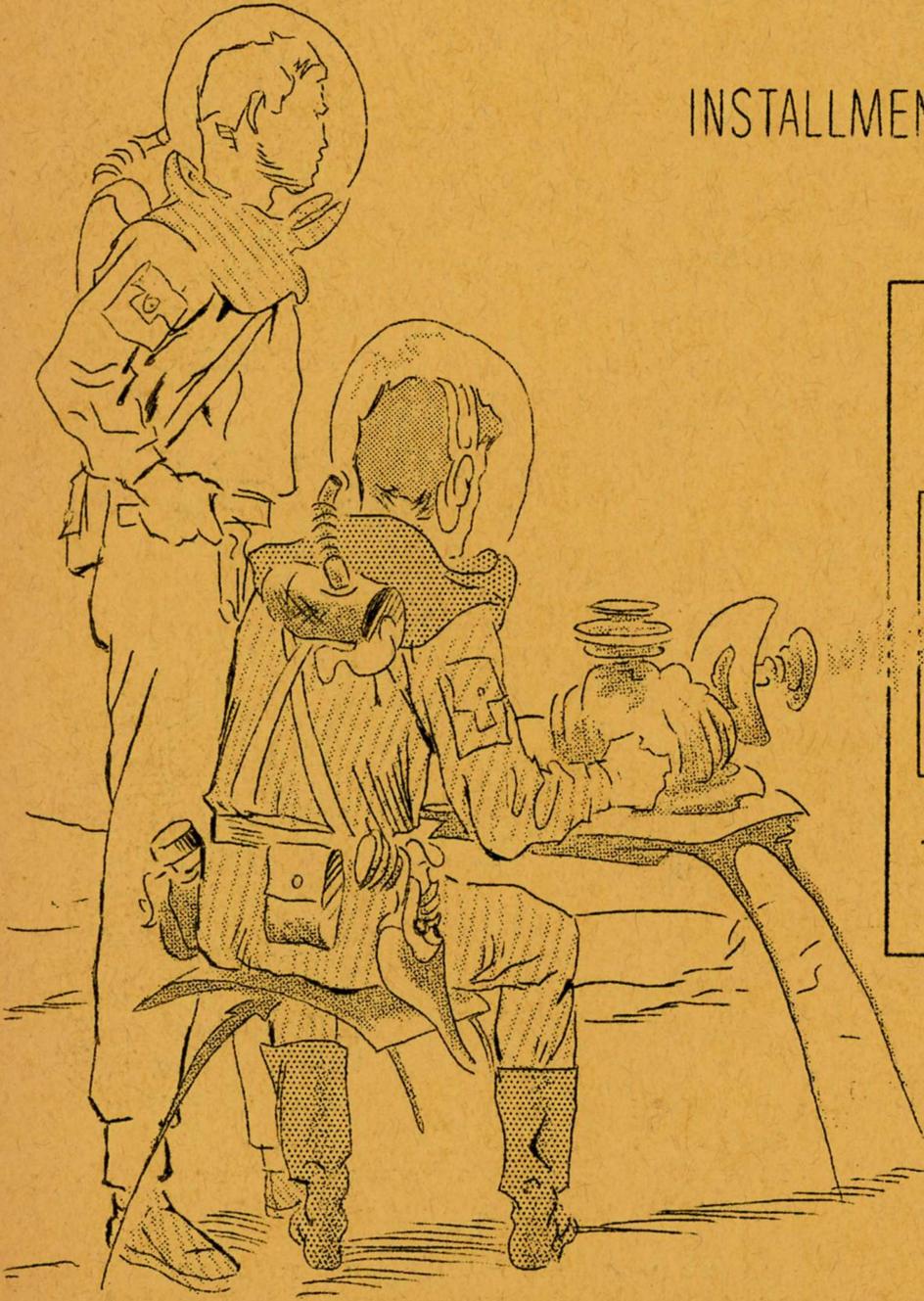
He took his book, entitled "Social Teachings of the Christian Church, by Ernest Troeltsch", sat down on a hardback chair, turned to a marked place, and began to read.

I stretched out a little longer on the couch and turned to "From Der Voodvork Out—Quandry's Oldest Surviving Column, no?—" I remembered a comment in that issue's CHAOS anent the purpose of QUANDRY. It in turn was quoted from Roger Price's IN ONE HEAD AND OUT THE OTHER. It described this publication as intended "for people who just want to lie down."

Well, I was.

THE DEATH OF SCIENCE FICTION

INSTALLMENT 5

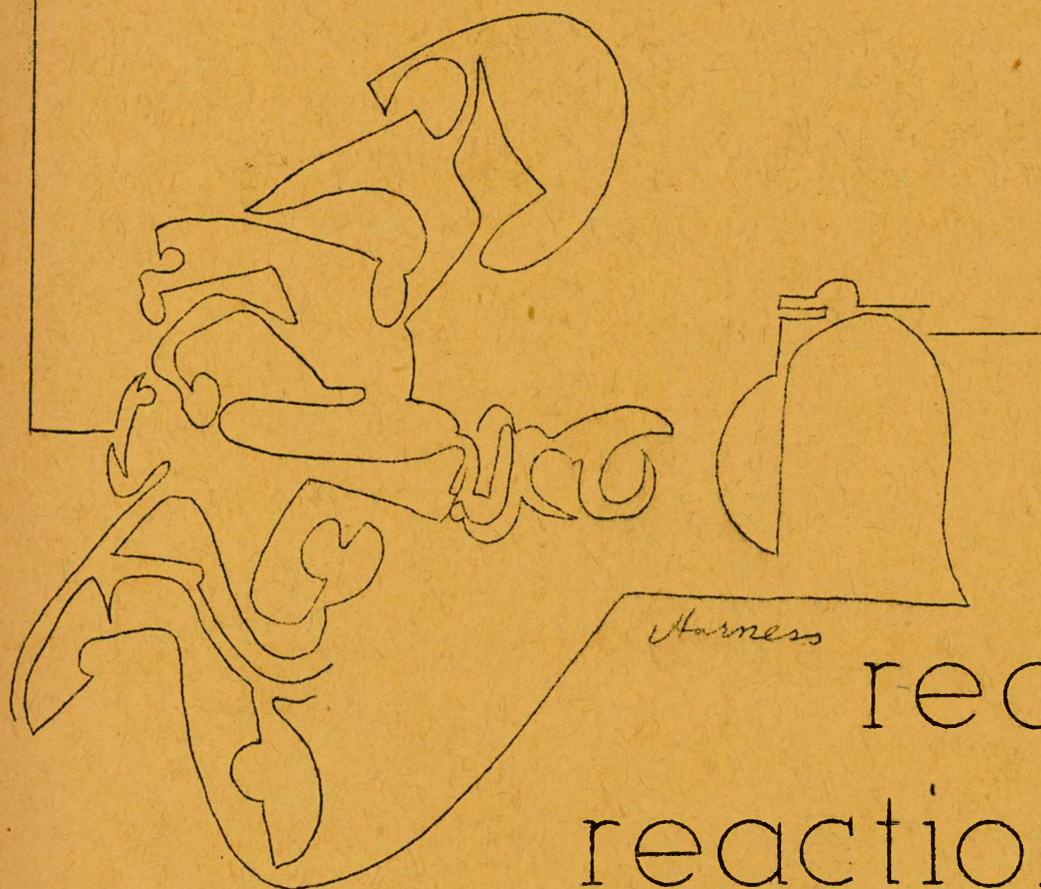


IS

(See UFFISH AFTER-
THOTS for the post-
mortum)

- GID CHECK -

letters:



readers' reactions...

WALT BOWART: The spare time of an ambitious young television tycoon is practically nill; leaving little or no time for s.f. fanatical activities. However, I have been stirred, and the swaggle stick hasn't been cleaned from a previous concoction of scotch and soda, stirred to a rebuttal.

Friends, I am here today to rebut the poignant passage of Marion Zimmer Bradley's in the choice bit of fanfiction entitled FANTASY BLUES.

Bradley states: "I gathered that his family didn't especially approve of fandom, and, you know, down there in the Bible Belt--maybe his mother had read something about drinking at conventions." This is the biggest heresy I've ever read.

Oklahomans are a different breed of people, kind and generous, most times stupid, but always kind and generous. Oklahoma is a "dry" state; that is --the laws provide that it is illegal to sell liquor within the state. This says nothing about selling it in man's private domain, his home.

Oklahomans are kind hearted and generous; we feel a honest obligation to the high type bootleggers that so willingly keep us (the purchasers) and

the government (the %\$#&*%\$%\$#) in supply of liquor at \$8.00 a fifth and kickbacks at \$4.00 a fifth respectively.

I covered a meeting of the legislature this year where the issue in debate was 'prohibition', and where the legislators were making money for the bootleggers as well as themselves. It was a drunken blast. At that moment I made up my mind to run for office, preferably the legislature.

Other than that, I enjoyed the issue; the type of fanzine there should be more of. (306 E. Hickory, Enid, Oklahoma)

It is just such facts as these that help to enrich fandom's store of knowledge, and strengthen its traditions.

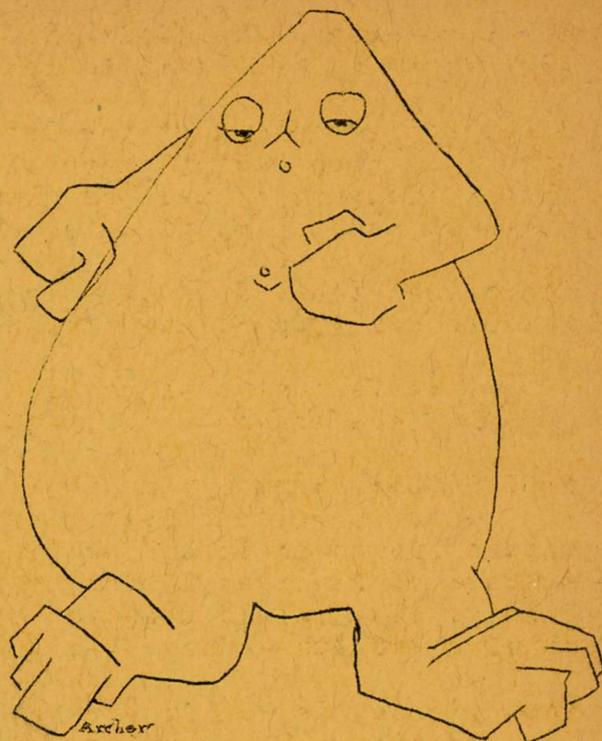
REDD BOGGS: Seems to me that I promised either you or myself that I'd write a letter of comment on STELLAR #10, and I might have gotten around to it at long last this very weekend—since I'm clearing my desk of fanzines I want to report on—if STELLAR #11 hadn't shown up Friday. ((That would mean you received it the 19th of July—and it was mailed the 4th—a day over two weeks earlier!))

Who, please, is Ron Archer, and what's his address? I note that he signs some of his work "Archy", so for all I know ^{might be} Archie Mercer. ((Hardly)) I admire his work--the drawing, though inappropriate, for "All Night Party," ((in STELLAR #10)) and especially his work in the new issue, done with Jack (or rather John R.) Harness. I'd like to contact Ron Archer as a possible artist for SKYHOOK. ((By the time this sees print he will be in touch with you.))

All the artwork in #11 was above average, and of course it was flawlessly stencilled. The one error, or if not error at least ill-considered step, was to mimeo Archer's cover drawing in four colors. This was sheer ostentation, a technical achievement to display, but hardly worthwhile in artistic result. The rather simple drawing is made gaudy by overuse of color; it would be more effective as artwork if it were mimeod completely in black ink. ((Ron disagrees. He 'saw' the illo in color. When an artist does a cover for me, I try as closely as possible to give him the colors he wants, within my technical means. You are visualizing different results than Ron.)) Inside the format was nigh perfect. There are a few small blunders--the slightly off-line titles of articles, etc., on the contents page, the over-sized titling on pp 24-25--that indicate that you aren't quite perfect, just as the merest flicker of the jets in Bond's "Lightship Hó!" indicated that the ship hadn't quite hit light-speed.

Somebody, Ron Ellik, I b'leev, once complained that "White uses too many lettering guides." I'm surprised that anybody would think that (I'm even more surprised that anybody'd be willing to hunch over a mimeoscope for hours and hours doing all that work, but I'm glad you do.). Your lettering guide headings are among the best I've seen. Incidentally, though I still thing the lettering for "Big Name Fan" was much too damn big, you about the only fan editor who's managed to use lettering guides larger than one-half inch on inside pages without allowing the result to look outside, awkward, and ugly, like a tall man in a dinky sports car. Me, I always think three times before I use even 3/8" Broadway on an inside page, though I do it once in a while, One feature of your headings and decorations I haven't seen remarked on is your daring use of two or more shading plates hard by each other or even overlapping. The envelopes containing Gestetner plates state--rather solemnly, it always seemed to

me--that "Additional effects may be obtained by surfacing one pattern over another," but I haven't summoned the nerve to try it, and offhand I can't remember seeing it done except in your publications. For my taste, there's another mere flicker of the jets in your shading job on the illo for "Fantasy Blues": Far too much shading here. ((This I realized when I tried to run it off. A Gestetner would have helped. The illo was adapted from a professional sample I had done on Craftint with benday overlay.)) But for the most part I think your adroit and artistic use of shading has been, perhaps, the real hallmark of qwertyuiopublications and the special characteristic that puts your magazine right up there with NOVA, diablerie, and a few others as the most attractive fanzine. ((Let's not leave out SKYHOOK, one of the most impeccably neat and attractive, tho conservative, fanzines I've ever laid eyes on...))



Did you ever see copies of bleerie, by the way? Wee Willie achieved quite a different effect than you; I'd say his magazine gave the effect of a small, privately published, handset journal, while yours gives the effect of an expensive slick magazine of restricted clientele. ((Undoubtedly due to the fact that I have drawn heavily from the 'artier' slicks and from the small-label record company jackets for my ideas and layouts.))

Speaking of artistry, I'd already read (a number of times) both MZB's "Fantasy Blues" and Burb's "Big Name Fan," but I discovered this time that they were real works of art having an intrinsic worth that kept them interesting even without reference to the events that inspired them. "Fantasy Blues" is certainly a fictional reflection of the Leeh "Hoax" though written long afterward ((Marion said she was wondering what about other 'male' names that girls have used; was maybe Terry Carr a girl, or...etc.)) while "Big Name Fan" is brimming with fannish commentary. I should think it would be amusing to fans who are unaware of the significance in "Big Name Fan" of such matters as the fan survival kit, microfilming one's collection, one fan communicating with another by writing him a letter in his very presence, and so on. Who remembers, if I may sound Vorzimerish for a moment, the significance of "he was a great big man 5'2" tall," or "the fandom that I have known and rather enjoyed the past 24 years," or "It must mean something; it came out of somebody's head"?

In connection with "Fantasy Blues," it occurs to me as I read it again that this story partakes of the same sort of double-inverted humor that in Elizabethan times made certain of Shakespeare's comedies so amusing--those comedies where a young boy actor was cast as a girl who was masquerading as a boy. In Marion's case, she is a female writer narrating a story as a boy about a girl who is masquerading as a boy.

Harry Warner's "A Way of Life" (written, I think, before the appearance of Bloch's FU story of the same title) ((Yes, after Bloch's story came out, Harry wanted me to change the title, but I couldn't think of a better one.)) was lovely. The notion of somebody prominent having been a fan or becoming one has always fascinated me. I remember reading once that some movie



actress or other was a reader of science fiction, and Don Wilson and I speculated through several exchanges of letters what might happen if she became a fan and edited her own fan magazine. ((Nearest thing to a celebrity from the fan field that I know of is Willis Conover, a big name in jazz circles as the jazz-jockey on Voice of America, and contributor to Metronome and Down Beat.))

Fine stuff, the fanzine reviews. Has anyone investigated the theory that UFA BULLETIN was a hoax, a burlesque of all neofannish fanzines? I strongly suspect that it is; I can't believe anybody would print such a thing in dead earnest. It made the COSMIC CIRCLE COMMENTATOR look like STELLAR in comparison. This fanzine review column, and others I've seen recently, indicates, what was only vaguely apparent from glancing over fanzines as they come in, that a promising new crop of fans and fanzines is springing up. Such recent arrivals as John Mussells, John Champion, Kent Moomaw, Guy Terwilleger, and a dozen others, seem to me the most encouraging wave of newcomers to arrive since the arrival on the scene of the self-styled seventh fandom--which actually did, as we see in retrospect, include quite a few very talented people.

Since I've no particular comment on the rest of the issue, except to say I'm glad to see Eney writing a lot for STELLAR and writing very nicely too, this will conclude my letter of comment about STELLAR #11. (2209 Highland Place, N.E., Minneapolis 21, Minnesota)

MARTY FLEISCHMAN: Of all the pieces in STELLAR #11, I found MZBradley's "Fantasy Blues" to be the most interesting and also the story that would stand up best upon rereading. Further, the yarn contains a number of very funny sentences such as "I think Redd Boggs was there for a while--it was somebody with red hair anyhow--". Still, while the plot itself seems probable, the bit about introducing a faaan to the audience certainly isn't! ((I wouldn't say that--they introduced Allen Glasser, one of the newer up-and-coming faaans, at the Nycon...))

As I expected, Eney has written one of the finest chapters of the serial to date. Oh, while on the serial: I think it's gotten just a little too serious. Tho I enjoy some of these, er, 'speeches' that various characters have made throughout all nine chapters, I feel that they are overdone. ((I'm inclined to agree. You'll notice that my chapters have more action, less talking. But remember, faaans are a talking lot; they rarely act. We aim to be true-to-life...))

Interior illos are among the best in fandom. ((Our artists are among the best in fandom...)) Especially liked "Stellar Goes to a Party" (say, didya really put out a one-shot or what???) ((Yes, A FANZINE FOR ANDY YOUNG #1. At the May FAPACon we put out #2. These are strictly FAPazines.)) and the Dignin cartoons. That the bhoy gafiated a long time ago..... ((He did... from actifanning; he still attends the Cons.))

Harry Warner's story is quite cleverly written as is Burbee's. A clever idea behind Warner's too. Both are fan-stories any faned would be proud to print.

Your comments on Eric Needham's letter I agree with 100%. You answer Eric in just the way I'd like to have answered him had I received the letter and in much clearer, more hard-hitting terms. ((Perhaps too hard-hitting.)) For this---an award! Trufan of The Year...or something. Sure some of these old esotericisms are rather hard to comprehend at first, but to do away with 'em would be to destroy my--and countless others'--basic reason for being in fandom, namely To Have Fun. (1247 Grant Avenue, Bronx 56, N.Y.)

I wish you, and a number of others, would include your address (and, in your case, your full name) on your letter. I had to scrounge thru an old CELSY to find the correct spelling of your last name, and your address. You enclosed money for the ART FOLIO and DOUBLE WHAMMY. You expected me to mail it to "Marty"? Naturally, I can't be bothered with saving all the envelopes my mail comes in, tho when I do notice that the letter carries no address, I save the envelope and staple it to the letter. In this case, I had returned from a two week vacation, and a lot of mail was piled up so I tore thru it faster than usual. It is only common courtesy to include your address. I'd suggest, if you are a faned, or have access to a hecto, mimeo, ditto, or whathaveyou, that you print yourself a letterhead. It can save a lot of tedious typing, if you correspond a good deal. I've used one for years, myself (in fact, I have stacks of old ones...).

HARRY WARNER JR.: Don't dare to complain that you didn't get any letters about the 11th issue of STELLAR. Lookee. Actually, I'm closer to being on time with letters, fanzine acknowledgements, and such things now than at any time for a year or more. There can't be more than five pounds of unanswered mail on hand now. Only one thing is more than two years old in that drawer with the unanswered mail, too, which is even more remarkable. ((No, I can't say I didn't get any letters--as I type this, yours is the seventh on STELLAR...I trust more will be coming. The mail service hasn't helped a bit.))

I suspect that you can foresee what I'm going to say about this STELLAR --that I liked it better than usual, if only for the simple reason that "The Death of Science Fiction" occupied such a small proportion of the total contents. And this installment had a bit more coherence than many of those that have gone before, although I still don't see how all these little climaxes arriving in three-month or four-month intervals are ever going to be wound up into a giant concluding climax. ((You'll see how well we succeeded when you read the collected version. Heavy editing will help.))

Eric Needham has some justice behind his remarks, but it would seem more logical for him to concentrate his attention on talking fans into discontinuing the magazines and the type of writing which makes fandom seem so incomprehensible to the outsider. The FANCYCLOPEDIA isn't solely intended to clear up the mysteries involved in these veiled references to things that the outsider couldn't possibly understand; it's also supposed to provide much information on the structure and history of science fiction and its fans, matters which have nothing to do with private jokes and catchlines. Anything remotely resembling fandom needs a dictionary of some sort, for the benefit of people who came in late, and the first edition of the FANCYCLOPEDIA certainly didn't have any inbreeding effect on fan-

dom; in fact, fandom began expanding rapidly not long after the Speer volume appeared.

If I may interrupt a minute... It seems to me that a large number of these 'recruits' who are puzzled by fandom's esoterics are, from the beginning non-stf readers. To be sure, there are a number of 'fake-fans' prominent at most points in fannish history, but they are heavily outnumbered by the readers and exreaders of stf. This mere fact of being fanatical at one point in one's history about science fiction, establishes a common meeting point. Too, the letter columns of the prozines help initiate the neo into the fannish lingo of fanzine, gafiante, neo, BNF, and others. I doubt if either Eric, or his unfannish friends are now interested in stf more than slightly. It is one thing to grow away from it; another to never know it. Fans can put up with a lot, if they are interested in the basic subject, which still is, surprisingly, science fiction.

((Warner continues:)) Most of the other fan fiction in this issue--all of it, come to think of it--isn't new to me. I like "Fantasy Blues" almost as much as the first time I read it ((in Marion's FAPAZine)), and re-reading is a pretty critical test for this sort of writing. ((The fact that Marion rewrote and polished it, and I did a little editing may be part of the reason it stood up well.)) On the other hand, "Big Name Fan" appeared long enough ago for me to have forgotten most of its excellencies. We still need very badly a 64-page anthology of Burbeeana, somewhat on the lines of the Sneary collection, containing the fine stuff that he was writing for fanzines in the 1940's. It's nearly impossible to locate today in the original fanzines, and most of it has never been reprinted. ((Not a bad idea for a future rainy day, if I could get the necessary fmz together. I have a number of them, but, I'm sure, not nearly all.))



A. Hartley

It seems hard to believe that Ted E. White could ever turn up anywhere except in Falls Church. I hope that your projected departure doesn't cause any sort of stampede out of the District of Columbia by fans in that area.

If your mimeography and format were peccable, I could say something about them in detail, but they're impeccable, so I'll simply finish up by saying that it was a very fine issue, and it came at a time when I needed something as fine to cheer me up a bit. (303 Bryan Place, Hagerstown, Maryland)

Harry also requests of fans coming to the east coast before jumping over to Lon-

don that they not plan on extended stopovers in Hagers-
town, as there is an illness in the family which will
drastically cut down on the amount of entertaining and
time Harry will have.

JOE SANDERS: STELLAR is especially good when read at conventions. I
wasn't able to do that, but I did read it on the way back
((from the Midwestcon)) to Indianapolis while I still had some of the con-
vention spirit. (I also got violently sick on the way back, but there's
no connection. That was the fault of Howard Johnson's where they think
"sunny-side up" means "raw on top".) STELLAR is extremely beautiful. The
five color cover ((count again: four colors)) and the beautiful reproduct-
ion gave the material an added boost that it didn't really need. The
material was good. Burbee takes first place. I like merciless satire when
well done and this was very well done and also about as merciless as you
can get.

I especially appreciated "Fantasy Blues" after the convention. This reads
like it could easily be true. After this, I'll think better of Bradley.
"A Way of Life" is good. I wonder--could this be leading up to a sequel
ending like Kornbluth's "The Marching Morons"? ((I dunno. Harry?))

Nice Fanzine reviews. You spelled my name wrong.

I liked Harness' artwork, though it hardly seems the thing one expects
from a superman. Of course I know no supermen and am probably just rav-
ing like a mad dog. ((#Would you know a superman if you saw one?#))

You'll find 25¢ enclosed for the next two issues. After getting a batch
of styli to do artwork on stencil, pen points to do artwork on paper, and
a large stack of paperbacks to use as a doorstop, I'm running just a mite
short of money.

That's nothing unusual. (Roachdale, Ind., R.R.#1)

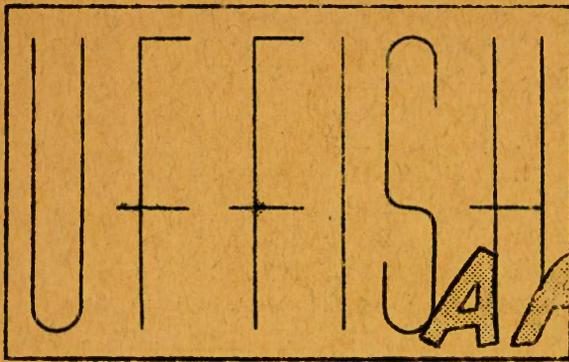
* * *

Recently I've received several letters asking why I wasn't sending the
fan in question STELLAR. It seems that he'd been sending his zine regu-
larly to Larry Stark, and... Please, fellows; Larry's still a close
friend, and will probably do material for S in the future, but he hasn't
edited since #9. Sending money, trades, etc. to Larry won't get you STEL-
LAR by return mail. Or any mail. You want STELLAR, you send your dough
or zine to me, Ted White, at 1014 N. Tuckahoe St. Unless you live over-
seas, in which case it's Archie Mercer at the address on the contents
page.

FANZINE REVIEWS CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39
identity, 'Amelia', I'm glad that I'm someone you like very much—let's
keep it that way—but if you tell on me, I'll tell on you, and then where
would we be?

(CRY OF THE NAMELESS, Wally Weber (it says here, but I thought otherwise),
Box 92, 920 Third Ave., Seattle 4, Washington. G.M.Carr, Renfrew Pember-
ton, Amelia Pemberton, Burnett Toskey, Bill Meyers, Wally Weber, readers;
10¢, 12/\$1. Material far superior to presentation; Recommended.)

Crowded out of reviews: SIGBO #4, FAN-ATTIC #6, ABERRATION #2, ZODIAC.-ff



AFTERTHOTS

If you've passed page 42, you've already noticed that our old serial, THE DEATH OF SCIENCE FICTION is no longer with us, contrary to what was said in the opening editorial (which was put on stencil several months ago...). It was a matter of that or the letter-column, so I said to hell with it, I think everyone will enjoy the seven pages of letters more than a Ted-White-written chapter of TDOSF...

I had mentioned running THE BRADBURY ALICE this to Ron Parker, who pointed out that it had appeared in a recent NEW FUTURIAN. I checked with Bob Pavlat, who has a file (I don't receive the zine), and sure enough, there it was. But, also, I noticed that no mention had been made of the fact that the story was a reprint--that it first appeared in 1951 or 52 in Vernon McCain's WASTEBASKET, which appeared, that issue, only in FAPA. I can hardly hold it against anyone for reprinting material in his fanzine, but I do think it is a basic violation of fan ethics not to credit a reprint, or to admit that it is one. To reprint a story which some other fan worked to get, and then blatantly pass it off as one which you have solicited and received, or, perhaps, simply had submitted to you, is nothing more or less than lying and cheating. It is pretending another's accomplishments for oneself. I will admit being not a little p-o'd at NuFu for beating me to the story--tho I had stencilled and run it off before I knew this--but I would concede the point were it not for the fact that NuFu claims it as its own. There are undoubtedly fans who, but for reading this, would think that I was reprinting the story not from WASTEBASKET, but from NuFu, and was palming it off on an older zine to justify the reprint. Actually, I think the story is worthy of considerable reprinting, but as a rule I do not reprint from any source only or less than two years old. This is not the first time a British fanzine has swiped material from US zines--usually FAPA or SAPS zines--with either no credit or a miniscule one. It's about time someone learned a few facts of honesty over there...and here as well.

Since we will no longer be on an all-fan-fiction policy beginning with next issue, we're wide open for good material. We'd prefer articles with a fannish or proish slant--either revolving about fandom or prodrom. Naturally, anything we like will get printed, but we'd prefer material along these lines...

Tho we didn't splash it across the cover, this is STELLAR's Fourth Anniversary Issue--Fourth Annish, to you, bub! S's predecessor, ZIP first appeared about this time in 1953. (For those who may be confused over the fact that I don't date my issues, this is late August, 1957.)

Not too long ago, the TAFF election (and why do people insist on calling the election a 'nomination'?) results were announced. The winner was Bob Madle, with Stu Hoffman second, and Our Boy, Dick Eney, third. There have been, since the results were announced, rumblings in various directions over the results. Personally, I am sorry that Dick didn't make it—I was backing him—but I have no misgivings over the fact that Madle won. What does disturb me is the fact that Stu Hoffman—an N3F type fugghead—could place second, and pull in over 100 more votes than Eney. Not only did Hoffman pack the box with uninformed club-member votes, but he gulled well-meaning fans into backing him, because he 'seems like a nice guy...' The trouble is in this feeling; that any 'nice guy' or fan deserves the right to go to England on the TAFF. What these people are overlooking is that winning the TAFF is a privilage and an honor, and should be reserved for fans who really deserve it. In a word, the BNF's. The motives of the TAFF are selfish on the part of the voters in the host country; they want to meet a sparkingly clever and witty person whom they could not otherwise meet; someone they respect and admire. Now let's face the facts: ignoring Stu Hoffman's fannishness or lack of it, do the English fans want to meet him? Would we want to meet his English counterpart? Don't be absurd! We want to meet a Willis, a Bulmer, a BNF. We've paid our money and we want the best.

It seems to me that people like Don Ford, in their impassioned "but he's just as good a fan as you are" are overlooking the real real point. We are not interested in TAFF winners who are "just as good as"; we want them to be better: the best. Let's think a moment. How many of the TAFF nominees had the British (who are, after all, meeting the winner—not us) heard of? Boyd Raeburn, Dick Ellington and Dick Eney, and, among older fans, Bob Madle. Who, they ask, is this George Nimms Raybin? And Stu Hoffman? I can't blaim them. I hadn't heard of these "fans" myself until I attended a convention. And I can say that judging from what I've seen of him at three cons, Raybin is the last person I'd want anyone to meet as our 'best' fan!

The voting and nomination methods which allowed Stu Hoffman to come as close to winning as he did require serious examination and overhaul. For one thing, the ballots were by and far loaded. The concientious fans voted for three people. The uninformed, at their canditate's request, 'plumped' for him. Also, the 'actifan' vote was split three ways. But still, there is something wrong with a system that allowed Hoffman into the running. As I see it, since the TAFF is being run for the benefit of the people who will meet the winner, only they should be allowed to select him. However, if only the British were to vote on an American, or vice-versa, the number of voters and thus the amount of money received would be too small. However, a practical solution has been offered: that the host country do the nominating, and everyone vote.

I'd like to see some discussion on this in next issue's letter column, because the TAFF is probably the most important problem fandom—organized fandom—is currently faced with.

As to this year's winner, Bob Madle, I am not unsatisfied with his choice. Tho he is not as widely known overseas, he is still active, editing a fanzine which Bob Loundes publishes. He has been a fan for many years, has helped put on a regional conference, has attended numerous conventions and conferences, and is currently an active member of the Washington Science Fiction Association, the strongest fan club in the country. Because

we are both members of WSFA, I know him fairly well, and he carries the White Seal of Approval. People wonder how he—a sleeper—won. Bob was as surprised as anyone, but it was logical. He is the best known to many of the older fans—he has been a fan for over twenty years—he is well regarded by convention goers, and by the professional world as well, and his name is not unknown to the active American fan either...

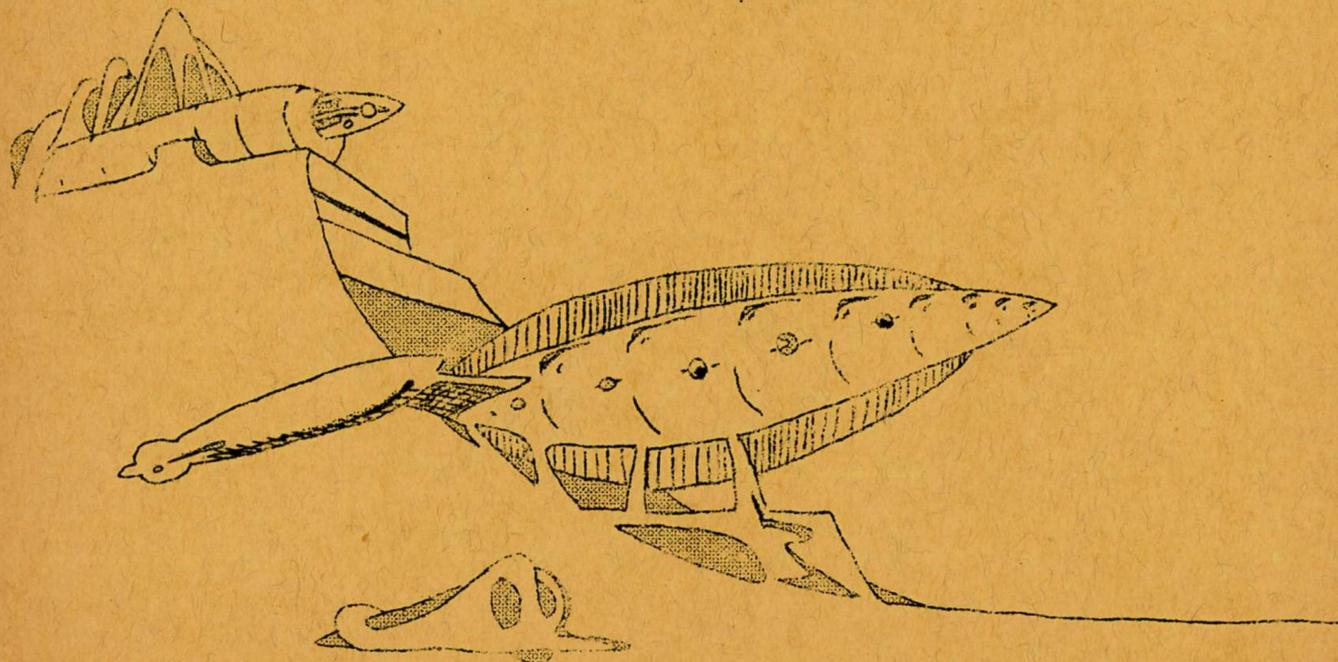
* * *

The VERTICAL PRONOUN is missing this because Eney has been busy with National Guard maneuvers, FAPAcons, and mundane work. It'll be back next issue as a regular column.

The staff listing on the contents page has again been swelled. This is not a sercon or fugghead action. The 'Assistant Publishers', Hitchcock and Castora, are largely responsible for the prompt assembly and mailing of the last issue. I have inaugurated a new policy of throwing a STELLARCON after each issue has been run off to get rid of the damned thing. Sole reward to the helpers and con attendees is the egoboo of seeing their names on the contents page of the next issue. It's a small thing in return for their service. Also helping, but already on the staff, is Dick Eney, Yoeman Stapler, First Class. If all goes well, next ish will see two or three more names added.

Me, I relax and sip Pepsies...

—Ted E. White



Hanna

Ted White

