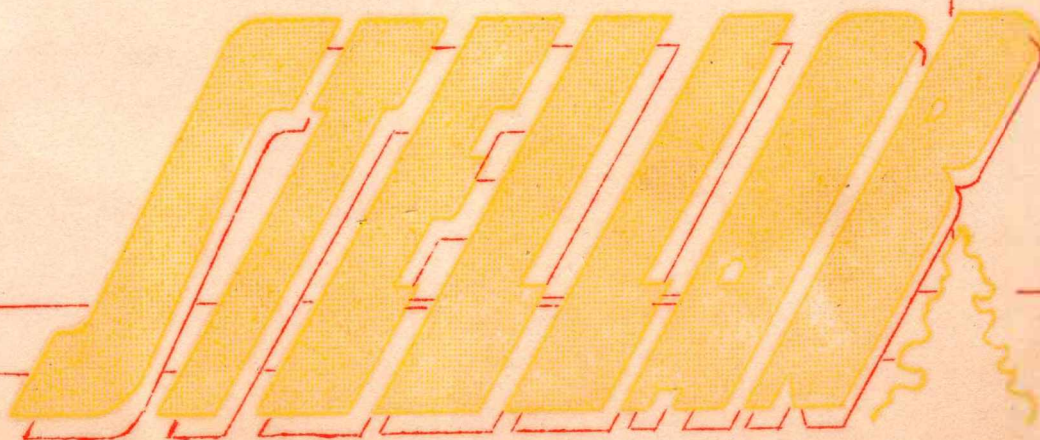
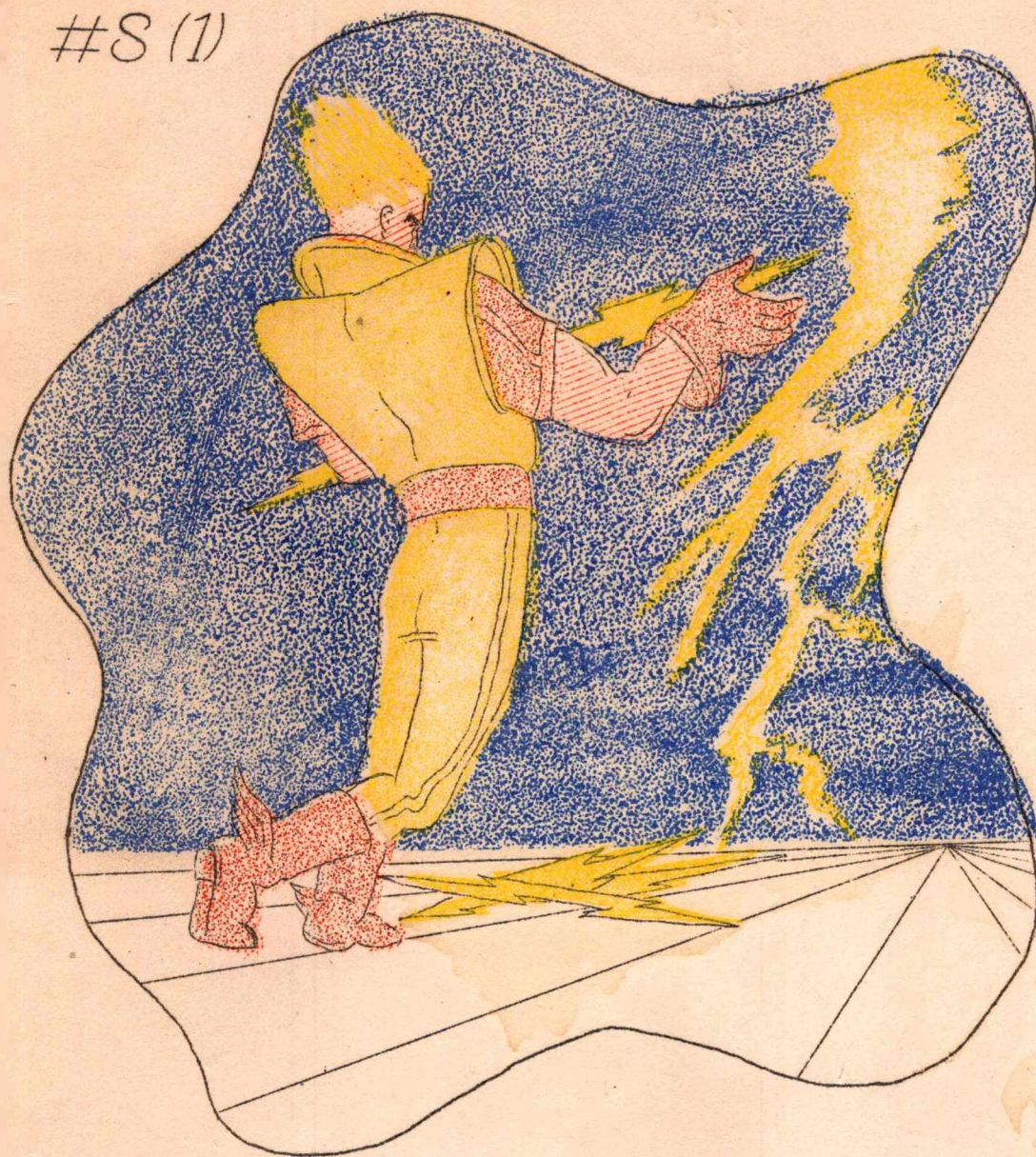


#8 (1)



Red & White



staff



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of issue no.8—new series no.1

PUBLISHER—

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FAN FICTION

EDITOR—

Larry Stark

STAFF ARTIST—

Jack Harness

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ROUND-ROBIN SERIAL

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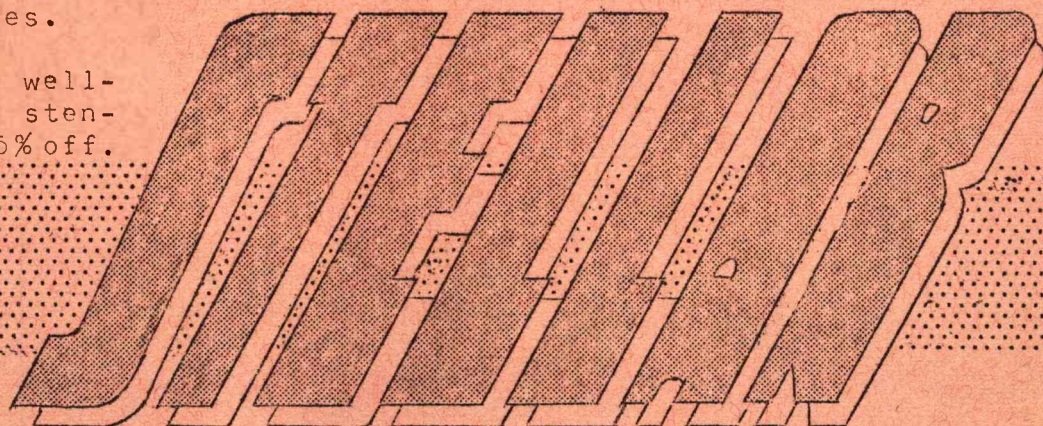
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FRONT COVER by Ted E. White

BACOVER by Jack Harness

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STARKLY SPEAKING...

It must have been three or four years ago that Bob Silverberg answered a "letter of reply" to SPACESHIP, and started me in fandom. Since then, a lot of you have read my by-lines, but this is my first try at editing a zine all my own. It's not so much of a personal venture as that might sound; STELLAR wouldn't be without the layout-work, headings, art, printing, and stencilling of illos that Ted White has done. Nor, since I seem to be enumerating all those co-conspirators responsible for what you're about to read, should the illustrations by Von Bernewitz or the encouragement of John the O'Hitchcock be ignored.

To the zine, however.... The major part of it is supposed to be fiction about fans and fandom; I hope eager young contributors will keep that in mind when submitting, and I hope will try to discuss fiction formerly printed when writing. If there are enough fans out there who agree with my ideas of "SerConFan-Fiction, that last requirement won't be too difficult to fill. Writers are hereby pleaded with to submit material to keep this zine in existence. Ted has suggested that, if I'm as distainful an editor as I am a critic, I may end up filling STELLAR myself, quarter after quarter. I might be able to fill one issue... by emptying the trunk and using anything. I'm hoping there are enough readers who like to try fiction so that STELLAR will never die in such a blaze of Stark defeatism.

Obviciusly, this isn't quite the usual first issue. I've been real sneaky in employing an experienced mimeographer; and, with perhaps minor changes, STELLAR looks now about the way I want it to look permanently. Even the review and letter-columns are present and full... though not as full as I'd like.

editorial

This "SerConFan-Fiction" may throw a few of you, because most people who've been exposed to it one way or another have had dim views on its future. What I mean by the phrase is a piece of fiction in which the author has used fandom and fans as background and source-material, and tried to build a more or less realistic story. There have been examples of it flitting briefly through fandom. FAFHRD #3 reprinted "The Craters of The Moon" by Boggs, from DREAM QUEST; Su Rosen's story in this issue was printed in SCIENCE FANTASY BULLETIN; SPACESHIP once printed a story by Boggs that extemporized semi-seriously on what H.P. Lovecraft may have been like in the First World War; Terry Carr and Carl Brandon have had examples of SerConFan-Fiction in the pages of the FANTASY ROTATOR which holds The Cult together (STELLAR may have reprint rights by next issue); and Marion Bradley did the fabulous "Fantasy Blues" in her DAY-STAR.

"Fantasy Blues" is the best piece of material I've ever seen in this style, and one of the best fannish stories of all time. I would hope that anyone thinking to write for STELLAR will first study the technique and total impression of this masterpiece carefully. The background of the con is accurate and realistic; almost all the action is believable, though one section looks a little implausible; the people involved at all times behave like PEOPLE; there are many clear allusions to fannish folklore or legends. It is a story that would be comprehensible, indeed could have been written, nowhere but in fandom.

I would be proud beyond words were STELLAR to print, even occasionally, anything approaching Mrs. Bradley's limit of perfection.

Perhaps that's enough of a soapbox-speech for SerConFan Fiction. In the interests of ballance, STELLAR will print fiction about fans of a humor vareity...but I must emphasize that this humor is to concern FANS AND FANDOM or else STELLAR can't use it. Perhaps fannish exaggeration and hyperbole in the John Berry tradition will be welcome; personally, I also have a liking for such things as "The Lingua .ans" from TIOT (the US reprint rights are being investigated) and Jim Harmon's VARIOSO-printed story about a completist-collector. Fun-fiction firmly anchored on a bedrock of fannishness will always have a place in STELLAR. (The already-mentioned John Berry and Carl Brandon may take this as public solicitation of manuscripts; I'd like it if they would.)

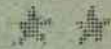
But certainly my meager experience with fandom hasn't put me in contact with all those writers I might like to solicit or elicit material from, nor can I be positive that, unknown to most, there beats within an unexpected breast the heart of a serious fannish fictioneer who's never found an outlet. For these the word is "Dis is de place!" I'll try to read and report on anything submitted to STELLAR, and I think the standards of acceptance can be explained much better when there is a story at hand to compare and contrast with the Ultimate. (Ask George Spencer for details about that.)

And that seems to be all for present. Until more people submit material, there will probably be reprints in STELLAR; they're not simply fillers, but examples of material I've considered excellent examples of what I'd like to be able to print in the future. I'd like to thank the people who sent me comments on my plans for STELLAR (They'll be found in the letter-column), and hope that all readers will have opinions about the contents every issue.

Cheers,

Larry Stark 3rd

An Explanation...



From the Publisher

In the latter half of 1953, I made my debut to the world of fan publishers with the first issue of ZIP. By the summer of 1954, and with the sixth issue, it seemed destined to slip into the top fifteen at least. That was two years ago. About one year ago, ZIP #7 appeared with its best issue yet. However, #7 was never distributed to fandom at large, nor to its subscribers, but appeared only in FAPA. A large number of you, therefore, never having seen it, were not aware of the Policy Change forecasted for the eighth issue: namely that the name was to be changed to STELLAR and only fiction by-&-about fans was to be used. I had originally planned to edit STELLAR myself, but I have detected within me a growing apathy covering almost all non-apa publishing, and this is fairly evident in the schedules I have been keeping. Therefore, it was obvious that I must find an editor—someone who doesn't mind working, and who has some talent for the job.

Last summer, I asked Larry Stark to take over the actual job of editing STELLAR, and he replied that he would be glad to. But various and sundry things interfered until now.

For purposes of continuity, we are numbering this #8, but for all practical purposes it is a first issue. As far as I know, a fanzine of this type has never been published before, and we'd welcome both your comments and submissions. If we don't get the latter, we shall be forced to continue reprinting, something which we may keep up anyway, if we can find enough good material stashed away in my files...

250 copies are being printed of this issue, and it will be distributed throughout FAPA, OMPA, and general fandom, going free to subscribers to the old ZIP. I don't know whether we shall keep it in either apas, but we want to hit as wide a range with it as possible, at least to acquaint you with it.

We have set for ourselves an irregular publishing schedule, and we hope for at least five issues a year. How well we keep this up will probably depend on the amount of usable submissions received.



The Biltmore Insurgents



Larry Stark 3rd

Looking back on the whole thing now, I guess we should have expected it; but Christ, nothing like that! Everything seemed to come together there at the end, and it probably takes a lot longer to tell about it than it took happening.

Stark must have been down on Jake from the start, though I don't know why. Jacob Edwards never was a real fan, but he did a lot of drawing for fanzines, and he was a regular fixture at the Insurgent Society meetings every other week through the summer. I don't know who invited him on the bus with us---Hitchcock, probably---but I guess he thought he had just as much right as any of us to attend the New York Convention.

Maybe Larry was mad about the car---maybe that's what really started it. He had a private car-pool made up for the trip from D.C. to New York, and at the last minute Bob Pavlat decided he and Dot Cole would drive up alone in his car---and Stark's mother put her foot down. If there wasn't an adult in the party, he'd have to take the bus. Larry was mighty sore about that---took it as

a personal insult against his driving. Maybe that's why he was in such a damned ugly mood when we started.

Like I said, Jake's not really a fan; he's bug on EC comics. I'll bet he's got almost all the comics those guys ever printed. Or if not, he's had other screwballs write and tell him what he's missing. And instead of jazz he digs Les Paul and Mary Ford. (I collect Ellington.) And he's bug on television, too; no kidding, for this Edwards character Dave Garroway and Steve Allen are the livin' end, and he practically falls down and

worships George Gobel. And, to top it off, he shows up with the bulkiest damn tape-recorder I ever saw, and about five miles of Les Paul and Mary Ford! For the bus-ride, yet. Christ!

It started right after we got on the Greyhound for New York, I guess. There was an awful lot of joking and seat-changing before we got moving, and Jake wound up sitting just ahead of Magnus and Stark, without a seat-partner. It wasn't anyone's fault, really, and I suppose it did make him look silly complaining about it. Finally Larry just told him to turn around and shut up, in so many words, or else he might have come all the way up from Washington kneeling on the seat trying to imitate Jackie Gleason. Maybe it was Magnus really started the knees-in-the-back treatment about then; his legs are too damn long anyway. But Stark was the one who kept Jake hopping and made an art out of it.

Jake's a queer kid. Just moved away from most of his friends, and I guess he feels kinda lost. He was always making endless, aimless phone calls to Larry or me, and giving the school's number to the toll-operator instead of his own. I got the idea he needed to be part of something, and fandom was all that was handy. He was always the fall-guy for jokes and such, and he always drank too much at the Insurgent Society parties. But, even though you could see how badly he wanted to fit in...he'd do anything, sometimes, just for a laugh; he never understood we were laughing at him, not with him...nobody liked him much because he never seemed like a real fan. He just never had any real friends.

The bus made a twenty-minute stop for lunch just before going over that hunch-backed bridge between Maryland and New Jersey, and then another brief one (We were calling them "Fit stops" by then.) after that. Jake must have got hung up at the newsstand looking for comics, because just when we were coming out of the john, we met him coming in. He asked us, "Is this stop as long as the last one?" and Magnus said, "Sure---take your time!"

Jake said, "Great, I'll have time for a hamburger," as he left, and we all got a big kick out of it. Hitchcock even wrote it down---he was seeing interlineations in every sentence then yet.

When everybody got back on the bus and the motor started up, Hitchcock shouted, "Hey, what about Jake?"

"Ah, let him stay," Larry said. "He can read his goddamn comics. There'll be another bus." But Magnus and Hitchcock told the driver, and went in for him. He didn't even know what was coming off.

The convention itself was a real wild affair. We managed to get two double rooms that connected, and unloaded the tapers, the baggage, and the accumulated booze. Then we went down to the lobby and played "Fantasy People" a while. We'd stand on opposite sides of the lobby, and I'd call out, "Why, Larry! Larry Stark!" real loud. Then we'd rush at one another and shake hands and slap backs, and Larry would yell, "Dave Ish! My God! It's been a year!"

Hitchcock, Edwards and I tried to attend most of the formal program. Larry kept telling me to take plenty of notes so I could report the formal doings in STELLAR, but his own con-report turned out three times as long as mine...and I hardly saw him in the auditorium. He and Magnus



were all over the Biltmore at all hours, looking for parties; sometimes I came along, but more often I got the feeling we didn't fit somehow. Hitchcock managed pretty much on his own, but he and Jake usually wound up in our rooms early. I don't know how Jake found all the booze, but he kept pretty well stewed all week-end. Larry wouldn't give him any of his supply, and Hitchcock doesn't drink, but even if he was under age Jake found some somewhere. The first night Larry found him sleeping in the wrong room and rolled him off onto the floor. For a minute I thought he hit his head or maybe broke something, but it was just the booze. He never knew the difference until morning.

Anyway, that last night everything seemed to come together. We were doing the rounds again--- Larry, Magnus, and myself; Magnus seemed to know everybody, and Larry wanted to know everybody. All the people worth knowing seemed to be in 770 having a quiet conversation, and we didn't see any harm in going in. Pavlat and Dot Cole were there; the Derry's were there. I tried to start up a conversation with Silverberg, but he and the Shaws were tied up with Ellison, Harlan doing most of the talking.

Maybe Larry was getting a little too loud---he was telling John Magnus and the Derry's all about some new color mimeo machine he wanted to buy---but Pavlat didn't have to be so damn rough. He said we were too noisy, and when Larry started to answer he just said, "Look, if all you neo's want to do is yell at one another, you can drink someone else's liquor."

I could see it hit Larry, hard---but he didn't say a thing. He kinda sucked in on his lower lip a little, and looked around. Half the people in the room hadn't paid any attention, and the Derry's never said a word to Pavlat about it. So Larry just marched himself over to the door and said to me over his shoulder, "You coming, Fred?" Then he went through before I could move.

I glanced at Magnus, and we both went after him. The bar was still open, and we had a few there, without saying much. Then Larry gets a brainstorm. "Hey, why don't we go up and guzzle our own liquor? I must still have the makings of some Nuclear Fizzes. Let's go, before that Edwards smells it out and breaks the lock."

There was quite a little party going on in our rooms when we got there. Hitchcock and Edwards were there, and so were Randy Brown and George Jennings from Texas, and we'd met Jack Harness in the hall and dragged him in, too. Larry opened his treasure chest and started making Fizzes for all hands...but Jake got a little insistent. He was half gone already, but he must have soaked up all his own. He practically pleaded with Larry...almost made a vaudeville act out of it...but each Fizz he mixed Larry handed to someone else. Finally Jake found a glass of his own, and got down on his knees.

"Goddamn it, rummy, crawl!" Larry said to him, and Jake was so shot he started bawling..

"For Christ's sake, will you give him some liquor?" Magnus said..

"But he's half drunk already," Larry said.

"Please, please, please, please, please..." Jake began again.

"All right, God damn it; but you've got to sober up first."

"But how?"

Larry squared his shoulders. I could see him becoming conscious of his audience. "Ever read 'A Logic Named Joe', Jake? Somebody find me a bottle of hair-tonic."

Jennings found one in the bathroom.

"Ted Sturgeon says a bottle of this can sober a guy up just like that. And now..." he poured half a tumbler-full into Jake's glass. "...you're going to prove it. Drink that and you can have all the liquor you want."

Jake hesitated. "How do I know it won't poison me?"

"That's the chance you take," Larry said, holding up the liquor bottle. "Take one swallow, and if you can still ask for more, I'll give you a Fizz."

"For Christ's sake, Larry," Magnus complained. "Why don't you cut it out and give him his drink?"

Jake suddenly decided. "Put some of that gin in it and I'll take a drink."

Larry poured some cointreau into the greasy-white glass.

"Don't be a fool, Jake," Magnus said.

Jake sniffed at the glass, and then held it up, grimacing, to examine it by the light.

"Drink it!" Larry said.

"Aw, for Christ's sake, Larry," I heard Magnus say. "Jake!"

I could hear his breath hissing and shuddering through his nostrils as Edwards put the tumbler up to his lips and tilted it. He got two strangled gulps down before he gagged. There was white liquid staining his mouth as the glass came down, but so help me he looked even paler all over his face and forehead.

"Now beg, rummy!" Larry said.

Jake extended his glass in a weak hand. "Please sir," he croaked, "can I have some more?" And then he gurgled and jumped for the bathroom with his hand flung over his mouth and Larry's hysterical laughter following

him.

Magnus stepped over in front of Larry, and he was practically quivering with sudden rage. "You dirty bastard," he said, quietly.

"What'ya mean? He's been asking for it, hasn't he?"

"You goddamn, dirty bastard!" Magnus said again, and then strode to the door and left.

"Let the sissy go," Larry called after him in the uncomfortable room, but I had already followed. I caught up with him in the hall.

"Did you see that?" he said, needlessly. I nodded. "Little Napoleon. Like a goddamned little Napoleon."

"What are you going to do?"

"I think I'm going downstairs to check out. I can't stay with...with a goddamned animal like that." He went for the elevator, but before I could follow Hitchcock came out into the hall.

"How is he?" I said.

"Okay. He threw up in the bathroom. I don't think he could have poisoned himself. Where's Magnus?"

"He said he was going to check out."

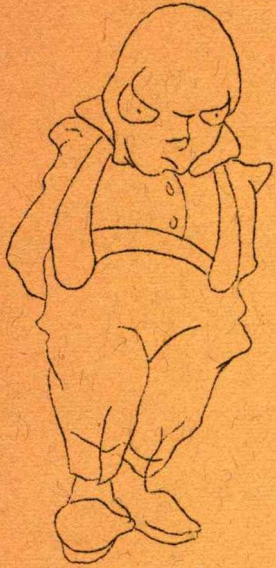
"Come on, we'll probably find him in the lobby or the bar. It's too late to check out, and the con's over anyhow. Besides, all his stuff's in that room. Let's go get something to eat."

And so that's what we did. The night air and the coffee did a lot of good, and when we got back Jake was giggling about it and falling asleep on the floor. Larry and the rest of them went out for coffee after a couple of minutes, and I was asleep before they got back. Then in the morning everyone seemed to forget about it in the rush to get home.

I sat with Jake on the bus back, but all he talked about was Les Paul and EC comics. He isn't around much any more; I guess his parents won't let him attend any Insurgent Society parties any more. Come to think of it, I haven't seen Larry much lately, either. Maybe that's because the other Insurgents didn't seem to like the way he sounded so proud about it all in his con-report. Meetings have been pretty dead lately, anyway.

John Hitchcock said once he thinks we're all suffering from a mass guilt-complex or something. I don't know. But that sure was one hell of a night!





Harmess

BUT I DON'T WANT LITERATURE!

by forrest j underslung

as told to Lee Hoffman Shaw
and police reporters

Well, the tenth of every month I go down to this newsstand for my copy of SPICY SHOOT'EM UP WESTERN, or maybe THE RANGERIDER'S HOME COMPANION if I'm feeling in the mood for that sort of thing. So this month I go down there but Old Smoky isn't behind the counter. Instead there is this young feller with big thick glasses and a propeller beanie. The minute I sees him I sense trouble. Like an Indian, I can smell trouble when something ain't right. But I pick up a Western which I am fond of and thumb through it. The novel, Death Trappers of Montana looks good so I read a passage: "Trigger Eshbach raised his weapon and aimed at the broad muscular back of Wild Horse Bloch. 'White Horse,' he said, 'Yore a-gonna die.' 'That's where yo e mistook!' Wild Horse snarled, swinging about and striking at Trigger. Eshbach crumpled into a heap under the powerful blow. 'Not so fast, Bloch,' came a voice from the doorway and Bloch turned to face Snake Evans, scourge of the Southwest, and Moose Korshak, a lumbering lumberman from the far North who was famed for his skill with his hammerlike fists..."

*reprinted
from*

FTA #2

A thrill chased down my spine. Here was the reading matter so dear to my heart. Here was the call of the West, the life of adventure. Echoes of a bugle calling Charge over the sounds of gunshots rang thru my mind and I pictured the blue clad Cavalry galloping over the hills and into the band of painted savages that had been attacking the innocent wagon train. With my mind's eye I could see the tall handsome fearless young cavalry captain

on his mighty steed, charging into the midst of the red men, riding them down, picking up the beautiful young schoolteacher from the East in his sinewy arms and setting her before him on the saddle, meanwhile doffing his hat and saying, "Howdy ma'm."

I caressed the volume with its brightly colored front cover and the back cover ad for an athlete's foot cure. And I knew that I must own this magazine for my very own. So I reached into my pocket and pulled out a coin which I handed to the fellow with the propeller beanie.

He started to smile when he saw the title of the magazine I held. He gasped like a fish ashore and said, "Surely you've made a mistake. You don't want that."

"I surely haven't made a mistake," I said, "I do want that."

"No! No! No!" he said.

"I clutched my magazine tightly and screamed, "Yes!"

"But that's -- that's trashy Escape Fiction," he muttered.

"I want Escape Fiction," I told him.

"Look," he picked up a volume with a red and purple cover and a shocking pink spine. I read the name: STAR-BEGOTTEN SCIENCE FICTION. "Now this is Real Literature, none of that hack crud. This is Real Literature." He emphasized the capital letters.

"But I don't want Real Literature," I pleaded, "I don't care about Lit Literary Writing. I want plain old-fashioned formula escape fiction."

He turned a fetching shade of ~~XXXXXX XXXXXX XXXXXX~~ purple and continued, "Listen to this." He flipped open a copy of the Western magazine I was trying to buy and read: "Hoofs drumming, Bat Durston came galloping down thru the narrow pass at Eagle Gulch, a tiny gold colony 400 miles north of Tombstone. He spurred hard for a low overhang of rimrock...and at that point a tall, lean wrangler stepped out from behind a high boulder, six-shooter in a suntanned hand. 'Rear back and dismount, Bat Durston,' the tall stranger lippered thinly. 'You don't know it, but this is your last saddle-jaupt thru these here parts.'" He waved his copy of STAR-BEGOTTEN SCIENCE FICTION and continued, "You'll never find that in this magazine!" He caressed the shocking spine.

I could feel my blood begin to boil and the vein in my temple throbbed as did Wolf Willis' whenever his wrath was aroused by injustice. I clenched my fists like Captain Strongheart Keasler in Drums of The Death Trappers when the halfbreed Pecos Shaw had threatened the fair school-marm, Lily White. I set my square jaw with the grim determination of the young Clarke Vincent in Arizona Death Traps when he was trapped in a cave with a collapsing roof by Blustering Bulmer, leader of the pack of renegade Indians that had murdered all of the San Antonio wagon train except four mule skinnners, Bloch Korshak, Eshbach, and Evans, who'd lived to tell about it.

I was growing angry. Violently I said, "Well, if that's the way you feel about it, I'll buy my Western magazines elsewhere." *(concluded on p.18)*

Larry Stork

It was late in the evening of a summer's night. Fans seem to think better after sundown...or at least

they think that they think better then. We had been driven by separate passions to the cellar of my host's house, where concrete walls and a slight breeze helped give some respite from the humidity. After dashing off a letter on his 'den typewriter', he joined me amid the stacks of his fabulous magazine collection, for the inevitable rambling discussion. I can only remember snatches now, but I doubt of I shall ever forget its ending.

"That Hitchcock's the one who gets me, though," said the collector. "Ancient Greek...modern French...and only fourteen!"

"Queer sense of humor, too." I was eyetracking everything within reach. "I guess he thinks he's too young to drink. He made quite a point of 'Just pure, cold water!'"

"Oh, that's not the reason!"

"Then what is? Religion?" My eye caught on three shelves full of DOC SAVAGE.

"Ghod, you mean you don't know about Sean's died? That was the only thing my mother noticed about him when he visited us last Spring."

I resolved a conflict of interests by making a neat stack of battered UNKNOWNs for future thumbing, and gave him my full attention. "Okay... tell me about Hitchcock's diet."

"Well, his father's a 'Natural-pathic Doctor', and I guess he deals only in herb-medicines. Sean is the Strictest vegetarian I've ever seen! Wouldn't even drink milk, because it was an animal product. And nothing cooked, either. Any wonder he didn't sample WiSFA's wine?"

"You say his father's a doctor? It sounds to me more like faith-healing." Despite interest in the conversation, I had to check to see if it was really a complete GALAXY file. Even the novels were there.

"Well, the letterhead has 'N.D. after the name, so I suppose he believes

THE FANATICS

in what he's doing. I can't see bringing up a child like that, though. Imagine...he just Won't Touch Meat! They must be crazy."

"Why? He looks pretty healthy to me. In fact, I'll bet he weighs more than you do right now. I can't see that it's done him any harm."

"Well, it has! People think he's nuts! What'll he do at the convention, when Tucker asks him what he'll have to drink? Say 'Just pure, cold Water? To TUCKER? If he sits down in a restaurant...or anywhere he goes.. and spends the whole meal eating nothing, or just salads, people think he's crazy!"

"Who thinks so?"

"My Mother, for one! After he left, she asked me, 'Are all fans like that?' She thinks he's cracked! Foolish idea about not eating meat. Ghod, it reminds me of those East Indians who won't kill flies, even though they're flying in baby's eyes. Half the country is blind, but they won't break their religion."

I shifted uncomfortably on the stack of comics that served as a seat. "It satisfies them, somehow, I guess." My attention had been taken by some monster-sized pulps with ASTOUNDING running down their spines.

"But that's not the point! They're ruining their kids by their fanaticism. They haven't any right to such stupid beliefs, if they can SEE the harm they cause."

"I thought you said most of them were blind." The SHADOW not only occupied my interest, but uneven piles of them covered the cellar landing of the stairs to a rather dangerous depth. I caught sight of some anonymous comics ringing the furnace beyond.

"You know damn well what I mean!" the collector said. "Sometimes people get so damn fanatical about things...stupid, little things...that they let the whole world go to pot just to keep them up. Like...well, like trying to practice the Christian ideals of humility and non-violence ALL the time. It can't be done."

"There are convenient arguments in the Scriptures for occasional lapses," I quibbled. "Besides, if everyone tried humility and non-violence at the same time, as Christ suggested, maybe it would work. Until they do, there will at least be the Quakers...trying. And they're not exactly failures at it, either, even by your standards."

"The Quakers don't go around teaching their kids that killing a fly, or a bee, will keep them out of heaven. Damn it, if a bee stings me, I'm gonna kill it! And I don't think it'll make any difference come Final Judgement."

I felt perhaps I had better change the subject, if possible. Not because I dislike arguing, but because one can't glom EMSH covers and argue at the same time. "Say, did you read a story in 'Madge not too long ago on something like this? The thing was pure crud, but he had a good idea. Seems every planet has been colonized by a separate sect, and one poor joker's saddled with trying to re-establish communications between them. Quakers...Catholics...Dhoukobors(Hambling's policy being what it is, he

had to include them!). Real 'Sense of Wonder' stuff...with most of the sense and the wonder removed. I'd like to see a GALAXY NOVEL done around that concept some day."

"I don't read much of this stuff, anymore," my host waved his hand at a cellar studded with sloppy piles of assorted pulps. "Too busy collecting. What issue was it in? Maybe I can find it upstairs."

I shuddered to think of pawing through his 'recents'. "I can't remember it that well. Couldn't have been too long ago, though. I remember I saved a Silverberg story from it, and he hadn't sold too many..."

"SAVED a story? Don't you keep the whole magazine?"

"I save the mags I've read, sure. But one day I realized I was addinc copies of 'Madge to my desk, and didn't really want to read any of them. So I clipped the stories I thought worth saving, and tossed all the rest out."

"You threw a magazine away??" My host appeared almost horrified.

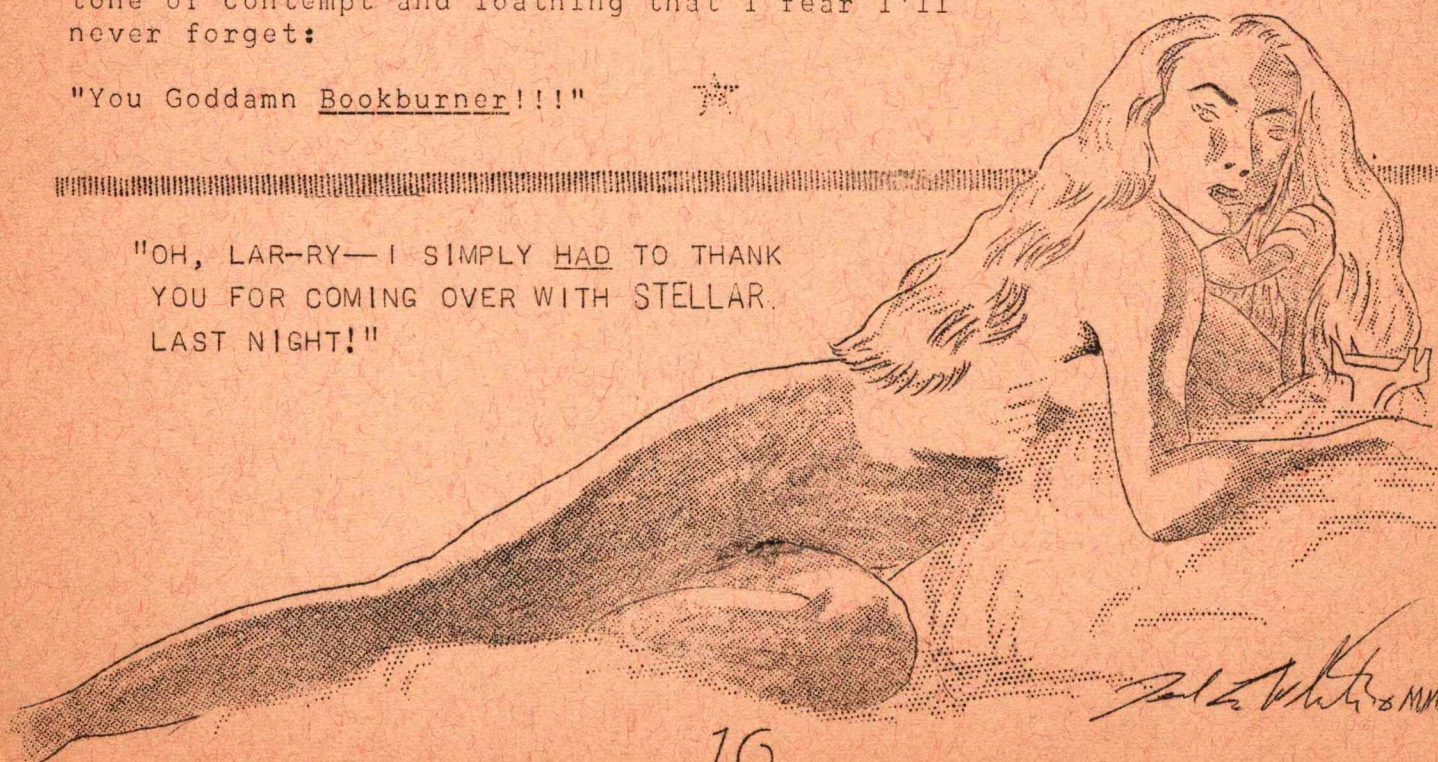
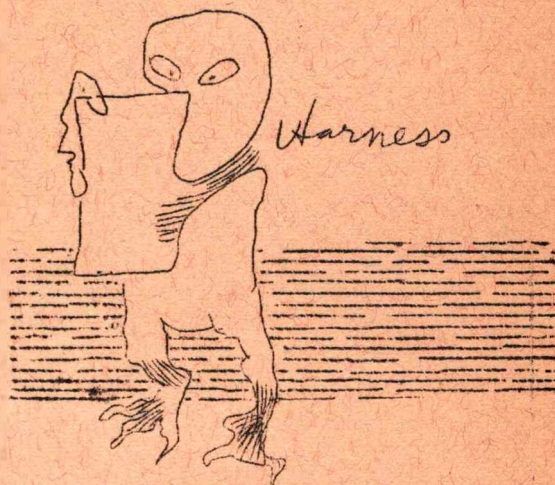
"No, I threw a whole bunch of copies of IMAGINATION in the incinerator, but who calls that a Magazine?"

The collector stood, hunched and tense, as though he were about to brain me with his chair. There was a look in his face and a glow in his eyes that I feel sure Pharoah must have felt when he refused Moses that last time. And when he spoke it was in a tone of contempt and loathing that I fear I'll never forget:

"You Goddamn Bookburner!!!"



"OH, LAR-RY—I SIMPLY HAD TO THANK YOU FOR COMING OVER WITH STELLAR. LAST NIGHT!"





su rosen

reprinted from SFB, march 1953, where
it appeared as RUSTIC TALE

I could see the postman coming so I ran out to the walk to save him the trip up to the house. He handed me the mail with the customary "'S a beautiful mornin', ain't it?" I voiced my affirmation and examined the mail. A few bills for dad and a fanzine for me. I noticed the mailman still standing there. For lack of anything more exciting to do, I smiled amiably.

"I been noticin' the kind of mail you get. Fanzines, ain't it?"

Again I announced my affirmity.

"I been reading that scientifiction for twenty years now."

A Gernsback man, I thought. This time I managed to get out an intelligent "Oh?"

"Yeah," he continued, "I don't exactly call myself a fan, but I like to read it, for sure. You must be a real fan, huh?"

"Oh, I like to consider myself one," I replied. "Have you read any Bradbury?" This is my line with all fen.

"Oh that guy! He writes too crazy... I can't follow him. He's always blabbin' about Mars. I like that Heinlein guy and that Anderson what writes for Planet."

"Oh, you read the prozines?" I asked.

"Yeah. But 'em all. I gotta hide 'em though because my wife she don't like me to spend so much money on that man from Mars stuff, she calls it. You must read Astounding, huh?"

"It's one of my favorites. Do you read it?"

"God no! It's too many big words and philosophy and junk for me to get. I ain't an intellectual. I hadda quit grammar school at the fourth grade because dad died. I was real smart, though. The teacher said I was."

"That's too bad. I suppose I ought to be grateful for my education."

"Hell, no. It's normal for kids not to like school."

"I'm happy to know I'm normal, then," I replied.

"I take a few of them fanzines like Quandry and Slant. That's how I get rid of those old magazines, on Slant. Quandry is about my favorite. It's funny like hell."

"Are you going to the Con this year?" I asked.

"Aw, no. I ain't got enough money to get there. Anyway, I don't think I'd fit very well. All those fans are intellectuals. Like I said, I'm not an intellectual. You must be, I notice you get all sorts of letters from a lot of those fans I heard of."

I tried my best to be modest. "Oh, I don't know. I think I'm a little too young for anyone to tell whether or not I am." He seemed silent and sad for a minute. He looked at the pavement carefully. I know what he was thinking. He could have been the intellectual he wanted to be. He was gently cursing the string of fate that kept him from it. He sighed in sharply and jerked his head up.

"Well, I gotta be on my route. Be out here sometimes when I go by and we can talk about S-F."

He swung the heavy leather bag over his shoulder and walked down the rest of the block. I found myself thinking about the mailman and his accute consciousness about intellectualism. I don't know why, but I cried a little. Why the hell should I cry?



BUT I DON'T WANT LITERATURE!—CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

"No you don't." He pulled out a strange-looking weapon that buzzed. Zap! A blue-green ray shot toward the Western magazine. Blat! It struck and the magazine disintegrated.

"Great horn-toads!" I exclaimed. Like greased lightning I whipped out my six-gun and fanned 18 slugs into his middle. He folded up like a tent and collapsed on the floor in a puddle of the green stuff that dripped from the 18 holes in him.

I blew the smoke from my revolver, stuck it back into its holster, picked up a copy of LONG-HORN LOVE STORIES COMBINED WITH THE BUFFALO-HUNTER'S GAZETTE, and left. Like I said, I didn't want Literature.

the

VERTICAL
PRONOUN

a
review
column
by

Larry
Stark

Now is the time, and this the place, for some real sercon-fannish profundities. But I doubt if many of the larger lights of our little puddle can do much plain or fancy philosophizing with a bent neck. The strain of typing sidesaddle through the last two and a half stories has put my discs in rather poor condition, and so I'll try to wrap up this issue without straining your patience too much.

I find I've laid lavish credit at the door of one Fred Von Bernewitz for all the fine fillio's he's given me...and then filled the whole magazine almost exclusively with Jack Harness art-work. My apologies to both for my embarrassment. The earlier column was done prior to Fred's arrival here for an afternoon of fanning and an evening of WiSFA-ing. I'd expected to chain him to a drawing-board and flick him occasionally with a whip made of Les Paul tapes, but he must have been eating Better Breakfasts since last we wrestled. He's small, but he's wirey!

Harneskat isn't entirely aware of his complicity yet; I filched a fillio from him when we made a pre-WiSFA call, and he knew STELLAR was an inevitability, but most of these priceless little sketches were left in Ted's hands for use "anywhere"...and that's where they happen to have been used.

This is to be a review-column presently, but it's late, and Ted hasn't recieved much non-apa material that I give a fig about. I'd hoped to have read his FANHISTORY copies by now, but he hasn't searched for them, and I'd rather savor Mrs. Shaw's prose at a more leisurely pace. Gulping down her last two FAPA-zines last night, though, I've got to say she is the fan-personality I most respect and most prefer to read.

There is a generalzine here, though:

OUTRE, George W. Spencer, 8302 Donnybrook Lane,
Chevy Chase 15, Md. Irregular, 15¢, #2

OUTRE #1 was a total sellout, and now that I've read Ted's copy I can see why. The editorial personality is about the freshest and most spontaneous I've seen since PSYCHOTIC, and perhaps even a little more diluted with sense-of-humor.

Even without having read #1 before I arrived here, I felt the second issue was something less-perfect, and

comparison now proves the impression correct. What George gained in the technical production-end of OUTRE (And layout, format, repro DO look a lot better, even to old 'Hate-all-Publishers-Stark's' weary eyes.) he has gained at the expense of the spontaneity that sparkled in the air around issue #1. I'm tempted to say that his own material in here seems to be too much of a good thing...too much in that his trying to pour so much of it out has diluted this second dosage.

However, I've got to add that most of what's good about OUTRE is George Spencer, and that he hasn't had a great deal of contact or help from fandom in general. #2 contains a fan-story by Ted White...a fellow-member of the local Insurgent Society...and two very brief and very empty articles by Wm. D. Grant and Wm. Deek. This is the second column/article by Deek I've seen recently, and putting both of them together it's hard to find a new, valid, interesting, correct point he's made so far. Grant is at least informative, but not interestingly so. And in the fiction department neither White nor Jan Winston have much that I could call original or well-written.

The remainder of the zine is letters...and the editor. And that's where the magic is spread too thin to hold the magazine together. But think what a contribution to fandom this "anemic-looking little squirt" (his quasi-quote, not mine; and he is that, in a pleasant, youngish sort of a way) were he able to fill his magazine with material of a caliber to match his editorship!

The only other zine I remember getting before leaving for Falls Church was FOR B.E.M.'s ONLY ... but I don't have publication data, and it's just as well. The third issue, I think, had that other Deek column, and that was the one that was COMPLETELY out of left-field. The rest of the magazine looked like a poor first-issue...but I hope the editors won't give up too soon. They seem to be the only general-publishers left!

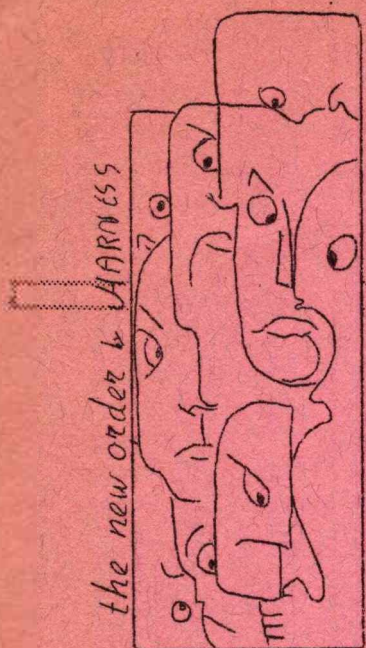
Oh, no! (Par'me, as Ted says) !

UMBRA, John Hitchcock, 300 University Pkwy., Baltimore, Md. This issue mimeographed by Jan Jansen in Belgium.

I amy be the only fan on the North American continent who can review this issue of UMBRA. Ted's expected copy (he did the cover) hasn't come yet, and at last report Sean himself hadn't recieved a copy.

The first thing that struck me about the magazine was a "This can't be UMBRA!!!" feeling; the offset cover and the mimeography gave me an entirely different feeling about the whole magazine...until I'd read far enough into it to realize that repro isn't all that an editorial personality is fashioned out of. Since Jan seemed very weighed down and late, I suppose his column will be omitted from all copies, as it was from mine; that is unfortunate, because a few pages from him would have made this an expected-sized UMBRA, and ballanced the magazine enough to have it resemble the dittoed Baltimore jobs Hitchcock prints. The letter and review columns were a healthy step in that direction, at least.

The other material in the magazine was a SerConFan story by me, which you can judge for yourselves, and a "story" by George Wetzel. (John explains it was accepted before a Final Break between UMBRA and G.W.) I can't see why such expository and obvious doses of hate are masked under the pseudo-classification of Fiction. ((Gotta go. New change in plans; dig the just-arranged Round-Robin-Stories this issue)) Cheers,



The DEATH of Science Fiction

★ A NEW ROUND-ROBIN SERIAL ★

PROLOGUE

With this issue we are featuring something which, while not exactly new, is different. I fondly remember (from looking through borrowed copies) THE GREAT STF BROADCAST in SPACEWARP. THE DEATH OF SCIENCE FICTION is not another story like this. But it utilizes the same idea--seldom found in fanzines of late--of writing a story by round-robin. Vernon McCain mentioned this type to Larry; I had given it passing thought, but after this suggestion, I began to consider it seriously. This story, unlike a majority of its predecessors, is serious. Whacky-takeoff-on-prozine-stories is not wanted here; rather, a logical development on the theme presented. As you can see, we have, in the first three parts, logically demolished fandom to its very foundations. To be sure, the situations are exaggerated, but not greatly. It is up to those of you who continue the story whether Fandom ever makes a comeback, or whether, with great finality, it is, with science fiction, completely stamped out. I have some good ideas on both endings, but I'll hold them for now. The series is based on George Spencer's chapter, which was written first. As it stood, Larry rejected it. He liked the writing, but found the unexplained hunting-down of fans both unoriginal and unmotivated. Because I felt the story too good to reject, I wrote the first chapter as a lead-up, a foundation for the second. In the discussion of my story, Larry came up with some ideas which he felt should be included, but which I thought were out of place in my chapter. "So write Chapter Three," I said. He did. All three are being presented here. In the future, we may run only one chapter an issue, or one of us may feel like adding an additional one. If you feel like writing a chapter and continuing the story (which develops continuity only with Larry's chapter), write us, and we'll assign a chapter to you, as we don't want more than one person working on each instalment. This COULD be a real hit with fandom, but it won't if someone other than the three of us won't volunteer to do a chapter. Boggs? McCain? LeeSH? Walt? Bulmers? Dean? Tucker? Jacob Edwards? How about it?

Paul W. White

CHAPTER 1

FAN ARTICLE

BY TED E WHITE

I'm scared. You know it, and more important, you know why, for you are-- or should be--scared too. Just yesterday, I saw Bob Mayor. How he found me I don't know, but that bothers me too, because if he can, the others can too. He had the latest issue of his fanzine with him, and he had found me to give it to me. It sort of surprises me that anyone can still publish in this area, but thinking it over, I'm glad someone does. But it puts Bob in a bad spot. I hope he doesn't get caught. But the purpose of this is not to reiterate the obvious--I know we all wonder just how much longer we can stick it out--but to explain, if possible, what lead up to this mess. You see, I know a good deal more than the rest of you, and I suppose I led you into it. I can remember how this all started, and the conditions that let it happen.

I date the beginning at July 4, 1956, when the Russians first "attacked" us. It was something of a dud attack---rumors leaking here in Washington had it that we knew it was coming, and we'd managed a little sabotage of our own. The only functioning ICBM was the one that knocked out Alaska; the ones that fell short of our Eastern coast were victims of our spy-system.

No one was told about the attack in the first twenty-four hours, but the papers found a leak. (I still fail to see how the administration could expect to keep two atomic explosions in sight of our coast a 'secret'.) Along with Official Word that the Russians had struck, announcements were made that we had too--and there weren't many parts of Russia still worth living in. I know how it hit me at the time: first relief that it was all over, and then surprise that we'd been so drastic. I had a pretty uneasy feeling when they announced the number of hydrogen bombs delivered that Fourth of July afternoon....and the rest of the world must have felt the same way. Fans had the advantage of overseas correspondants on that, and we could have predicted their reactions. America seemed to them the atomic aggressor, and the final reaction was a victory for Communism(which has never died). The Labor Party has pretty well taken over in Great Britain, and France has had a Communist government ever since the month the war ended.

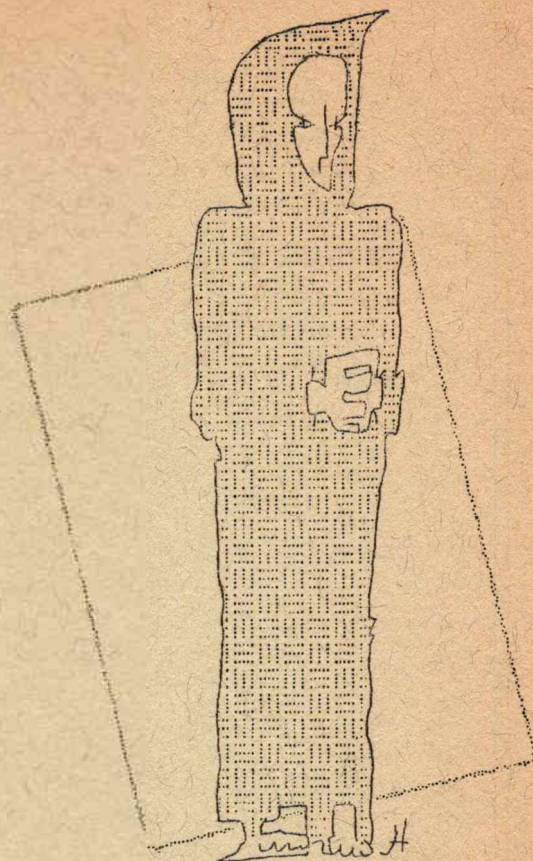
Of course reaction here to the renewed Red activity was the new crackdown on the commies, and here of course is where fandom got it in the neck.

It was in the middle of my term as FAPA president--Spring 1957--that I was visited by two quiet, cleanshaven individuals who identified themselves as agents of the Federal Bureau of Investigation. They were investigating FAPA. I wasn't too happy about it, because it is a fact that FAPA was founded by several commies, and with the current scare on, this didn't look too good. After two hours of questions, the men from the FBI left, taking with them my FAPA mailings.

Of course it is common knowledge that we were given a clean bill of health, but I doubt if anyone knows that the person who made the complaint against us was a certain well-known paranoid from Baltimore. He had been shouting

against us to the American Legion, the State Department, the Post Office, and in fact, any authority within mailing distance, after he had been voted out of membership. I know he was the cause of a number of fans having their mail opened and read by the P.O.

About this time, the Junior Senator from Wisconsin made his flaming comeback with his new witch trials, in which he ruined hundreds of people without giving them much of a hearing or a fair chance. And then the Sedition Act was passed. That no one opposed either development had considerable significance, had we only realized it. I believe Harry P. Kane put it this way: "I still disapprove of his methods, but this is no time for partial measures." I guess maybe most of us felt that way, though personally I don't like anything Joe's been doing. Neither did FAPA, for that matter, and unfortunately the mailing most strongly opposing the Senator's actions was the one the P.O. got hold of on complaint of obscenity. The P.O. found no obscenity, but they licked up the anti-McCarthy stuff.



It was two years after the "War" when I was again visited, but this time by the Sedition Control Authority. It's hard to realize that only a short year has passed since then--so much has happened to me, and to all of us. These SCA men were completely unlike the former agents. They were hard, cruel, efficient. They were symptoms of The New Order. This time I was thoroughly interrogated, and I suppose it was really a third degree. I wasn't surprised to hear only a few days later from the new prexy that FAPA had been ordered to disband.

But I hadn't expected to be followed everywhere I went. I discovered my Shadow the hard way: I turned suddenly in a store and bumped into a man. Two days later, I bumped into him again. I never saw him after that; he must have been a poor agent.

Only a day after my second visit, I recieved a phone call from John Magnus (at that time president of the Washington Science Fiction Association), who had it straight from Larry Shaw that the Government was going to censor all newsstand magazines "for un-American literature and ideas", and that stf was having a rough time. In a month, there wasn't a stf mag to be seen on the newsstands, and precious little else...But I was having my own troubles again. I had unwittingly led the Shadow Boys to a couple of WSFA meetings, before I knew I was being followed. Soon every WSFA fan was getting the same treatment. We found that the P.O. was not delivering fanzines, then not even letters; we were cut off from the rest of fandom. Whether we got more serious attention because of our proximity to the nation's capitol or not, I don't know. I do know that, as past head of FAPA and WSFA, and a too-active fan, I recieved the best care of all: they burned my house down. I imagine that was an idea of one of the bottom-rung boys, but with my collections and alcohol-diluted mimeo-inks,

it went up like tinder. I moved in with Phil Bridges after that, and that was a mistake. Because Phil Bridges had a fatal "accident". That was two days ago. I've been hiding in the streets and alleys of Washington ever since. Mostly I hang around the Second Precinct, where the slums are. It's harder to trace me that way. In the daytime, I mill around with the crowds. Downtown D.C. with its big department stores is only a few blocks away, and I feel safer in a crowd. But still the nights scare me. I haven't tried to make the secret WSFA meetings, though Mayor has tried to get me to come. I don't dare. Bob's a nice guy, and he cheered me up a lot, but like I say, I'm scared. I just hope I get out of this alive.

---Ted E. White

CHAPTER 2

INCIDENT

BY GEORGE SPENCER

The dark figure stood enveloped in inky shadows at the entrance of an alley. He crouched there, yet stood erect. He struck a match and lit his cold pipe, illuminating the cold, unsmiling face. The match went out and the face receded into the well of darkness. He waited patiently...

Across the street, apartments squatted in frozen rows. A downstairs apartment had a party going--a noisy one. Weird jazz and strange jungle music seeped out through the drawn shades, and moving figures cast phantom shadows on them. The shadows moved back and forth, back and forth... In the apartment above, all was quiet. A dim light inside went out every so often when someone lifted the shade to take a quick look up and down the street. The dark figure stepped back so he would not be seen. It was not yet time.

A block away, another night-prowler approached cautiously. He skirted street-lights and stayed in the protective blanket of darkness, working his way down the street. He turned a corner and inched his way into the street where the dark figure lurked at the alley entrance. The street was without streetlights and in almost total darkness. He fingered the fan magazines under his arm nervously. He mustn't be caught with them on him. Death was the penalty. The fan peered into the ink around him, straining to sift out the sound of footsteps from the drone of a sleeping city. Straining to hear the quiet footsteps...

Everything was silent.

He tried to keep from breathing loudly, lest it betray his presence. Strange, half-formed, liquid shapes darted to and fro and swam about him. He clutched his fanzines in a clammy grasp and moved slowly on. He didn't even feel the trickle of perspiration that ran down his cheek and throat and made a wet blob on his shirt.

Ahead, the waiting one heard the soft footsteps. His hand went down to his pocket and stroked the cold metal of a deadly weapon...

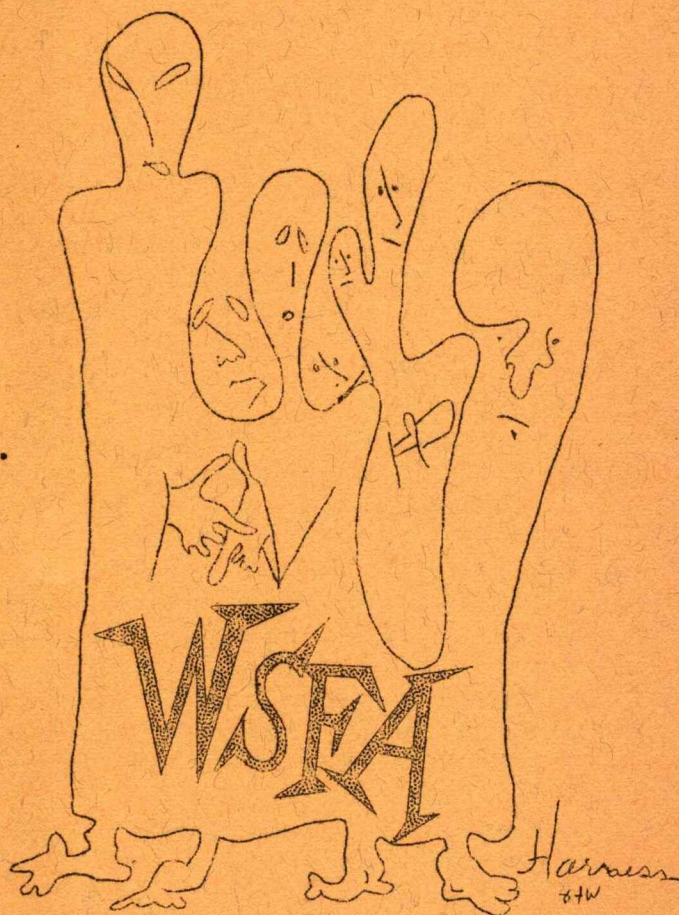
The fan approached the apartment from whence the jazz came. He had to duck

beneath the window to keep from being silhouetted against the light from inside. He tried to pierce the darkness once again. The night was alive with agents of the New Order, searching out fannish meeting places. They were out there somewhere, but how close was anybody's guess. Creeping about the streets was dangerous business, and certain death death to the fan who was not careful. He reached the recess and mounted the wooden stairs, gritting his teeth at every creak of a loose board. He reached the door and tapped. There was a brief exchange of words and he was let in. The door shut again and locked out the night.

"Mayor?"

Bob Mayor nodded. He came in and took a seat among the silent WSFA members. By the light of a bare but dim lamp bulb, he handed out the fanzines, one to a member. They had been mimeoed behind locked doors where no one suspected him of anarchistic tendencies.

He got nothing but a few murmured replies of thanks. He knew that the mags were appreciated just the same. The few fanzines that were still published in secret sustained them, bound them together. Bob glanced around. He stopped to look at Harness. The light from the bulb reflected off Jack's glasses so that Bob couldn't see his eyes. But he knew what the other was thinking...what they were all thinking. They were thinking about the events of the last few weeks, how similar they were to the LASFS purge of a year ago. They were thinking about how other fen would talk about the WSFA purge long after it was over. The WSFA members were fewer now, and shrinking all the time. Agents were tracking members down one by one. They were eliminating even the less active members. Mayor shuddered to think what would happen if the meeting place was discovered...



The first hint of the crackdown had been when an unidentified person pushed Phil Bridges in front of a bus. There had been an inquiry, of course, but the New Order police/gestapo had conveniently misfiled the facts where they would never be found again... Letters and fanzines from other parts of the country became fewer, and then stopped abruptly. Some were smuggled into D.C. by devious means, but in general Washington was being neatly isolated from fandom in general. Then it was learned that the same thing was happening all over the country. Someone got through a letter from Ellison describing the mass closing of magazine offices, and the trials. Campbell and Gold had been executed. Boucher disappeared. The Shaws were imprisoned. The real crackdown had begun...

News from Baltimore was nil. WSFA had to start switching meeting-places in order to maintain secrecy. Around a week after the Ellison letter, Ted White "fell" out of a department store window and was killed. The newspapers printed a small item about it, calling it suicide, and ignoring the fact that there was a bullet in his head. After another week and two more "accidents", Bob Mayor became president, since no one else would take the job. At the same meeting, they all learned that Von Bernewitz had been shot to death in a theatre. A new member asked whether the Les Paul tapes had been saved, but no one laughed. Everyone was scared stiff.

But it wasn't over yet. A bomb was tossed at Pavlat from a moving car, but it failed to harm him. He began to look a bit pale after that; and a few weeks later he failed to appear at the meeting. The only information about him received after that was when he advertised a mimeograph for sale. During the interim, Spencer took sick in a restaurant and was taken away to the New Order Infirmary. He wasn't expected back.

While the meeting proceeded in hushed whispers, outside a car pulled up at the curb and followed the man with the pipe to the stairs. In the downstairs apartment, the wild party was still going strong. The men filed up the stairs and apused at the door just long enough to bring artillery to bear on the door lock.

The shot thundered inside the apartment, causing everyone to jump to their feet and scramble wildly. One person lashed out with his foot and kicked over the lamp, which promptly went out. Mayor groped for the back door. He came to the open window and went out the dire escape instead. Inside the apartment he heard shots, cries, and sounds of struggle. He dropped to the ground and found himself in an alley next to the apartment, a continuation of the one across the street. Halfway down the alley, he heard the tread of trigger-men in pursuit. He careened against a garbage can and almost lost his balance, but managed to keep going. He turned left where there seemed to be an intersection (he couldn't tell in the dark), but realizes that the agents were following by the sound of his footsteps. It was too late to stop now. He'd just have to outrun them. He came to another street where there was a streetlight, and turned left to avoid it. He ran the length of some apartments, looking for somewhere to hide. That was another error. A shot whistled past him and in desperation he ran for an unlighted street to his left. He had run a short distance before he realized his error. He heard the jazz party ahead of him. He had run all the way around the block and was running full tilt toward the meeting-place and its visitors.

He whirled, and then stopped. He heard running feet coming down the street. Dazed and frustrated, he ran toward the meeting-place. The police-car turned on its lights and Mayor was bathed in a merciless spotlight.

"There he is!"

The car's motor hummed into life. Bullets began to spatter the wood around him. He ran, desperately trying to find some means of escape. They were closing in. He ran down the street knocking on windows, but each house was silent. He came to the phantom figures dancing on the shades. The car came toward him at the curb.

The blaring music within had drowned the noise of the drama outside on the

street. He reached up to the window ledge and hauled himself up level with the window. Those happy, carefree people inside had to protect him--- save him. He grasped the ledge with one hand and beat on the window with the other. The window shattered, showering him with glass. He lashed at the shade in a convulsive effort and it ripped from the wall, revealing him to the party-goers within. They were too drunk to notice him. A woman looked at him mistily and offered him a beer. Mayor sobbed. The tears rolled down his face where sweat had gone before. There was a brief burst of machinegun fire. He loosened his grasp and fell senseless to the concrete walk. His blood flowed and mingled with the broken glass and scattering mimeographed pages. Through the broken window above, a cool trumpet blared out to the unfeeling night, and the cold, cold stars.

---George Spencer

CHAPTER 3

THE BEGINNING

BY LARRY STARK

"You shouldn't have come here," Bob Pavlat said, locking the door. "They may still watch this place."

"Don't you think I'd check before doing something like this? We've all learned a lot about safety and security lately," said Jake Edwards. The two sat down, conscious of their awkward tension.

"Why are you here? What can you want with me?" Bob said.

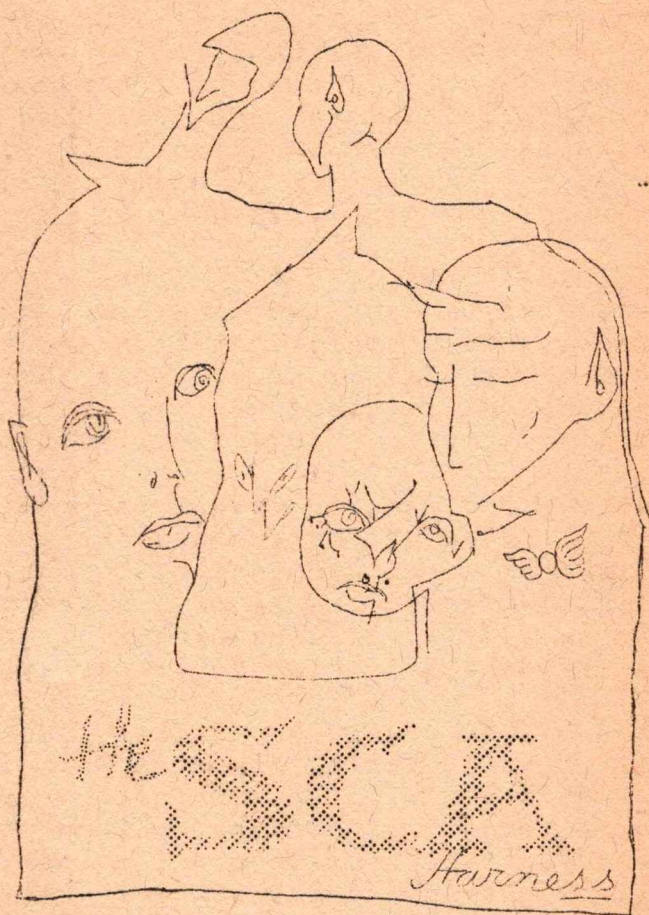
"I'd hoped you might help me, Bob. You heard about WSFA?"

"Yes, it was in the papers. All of them?"

Jake nodded. "All but me; I must have left just a few minutes before they closed in. I saw them chase Bob Mayor down and murder him in the streets like some animal. Maybe I'm alive now because they had to run him down first. Bob...something's got to be done."

"What? And to what purpose? Fandom is being persecuted...unjustly, I admit. but I think it'd be unwise to try anything. And I don't see what a fan can do these days...except turn yourself over to the SCA."

"You think I just want to stop persecution? Bob, what's happening to Fandom



is nothing more than a symptom. It's part of the insane fright that makes intelligence or non-conformity synonymous with Communism. Something is wrong with this country, Bob, something horribly wrong. And I need help to try to do something about it."

"And just what do you think you can do?" There was a hint of mockery in Pavlat's voice, but Jake didn't seem to notice.

"First of all, we must re-establish contact...find out who of older fans are still surviving and still outraged enough to help. Then... I'm not sure. But we must take some kind of action. Perhaps... Perhaps we'll find friends in other groups. Fandom isn't the only organization of friends or intellectuals that's been persecuted...unjustly persecuted. There used to be a writing-forum that produced a magazine called VENTURE; they'd know more about political action than we do...if any of them are left. But... I've got to have help to get to New York...or at least, out of the capitol. I thought you might..."

"You must be mad!" Pavlat jumped to his feet abruptly, cutting short Jake's plea. Have you any idea what you're proposing? Fandom is being exterminated for being Communist, just because it has members who voice a dislike of the methods of this present government. The innocent are being punished with the guilty...but none of the SCA liquidations have any real claim to even the remotest legal justification.

"But now you want to give them exactly the reason they're searching for! To fight back against unjust charges of Communist activities, you want to collaborate with underground Communists! Despite the smokescreen of official news releases, they haven't a shred of honest evidence that would bear less hysterical examination. And do you really want to give them that evidence? I think you're crazy even to suggest it."

"And what do you suggest? That I burrow into the slums and wait for a bullet in the brain, like Ted White? That I give myself up, and try to get the truth written into an SCA trial? The New Order hands out pretty severe treason sentences, Bob, and the assumption is that guilt exists if there isn't conclusive proof to the contrary. Have I taht proof, Bob? Have I proof they'd accept? Isn't it better to die fighting a disease I believe is deadly, than to wait for it to attack me, too?"

"And you really think you can get away safely?"

"If you'll help, I'm sure I can. You've recanted, so far as the authorities know. You can travel freely. If you bought passage to New York, no one would check on it. If I were disguised somehow...grew a beard...."

Pavlat laughed. "Jake, have you any idea what you're trying to beat? You'd never get out of Union Station alive. Believe me, Jake, there's no way to escape, and fighting back is a youthful fantasy. I know. A hand-grenade exploded near me right on the streets of Washington...and no one would have minded if it had been a few feet closer. In the eyes of most people, Jake, those who die for spies are automatically convicted.

"Jake, this isn't some game they're playing, and the SCA isn't something you can hide from behind a new beard. They're thorough, vicious, and arbitrary in their methods, and directed by short-sighted fanatics. But, Jake, nobody seems to notice! The government is too busy worrying about

bombs going off under Air Force officers in Paris, Tokio, or London, to notice a few accused subversives shot down on the streets of the capitol. And the people are so tensed up that they're glad when some dirty Commie spy gets mangled resisting arrest. Whether he's guilty or not doesn't bother them. The SCA is brutal and arbitrary, but it has the sanction of the government and the will of the people behind it. And it's too efficient an agency for extermination for you to escape it."

"Then you mean I should give up? I can't do that. Someone must be made to realize...."

"Oh, for God's sake, Jake! Do you think fans are the only ones who are aware of what's going on in this country? You really believe no one else has the sense to realize the insane injustice that this purge-campaign is spawning? We're not so bankrupt as a nation yet. There are still people with a highly developed sense of justice in this country...a lot of them in important position. But a lot of them are more worried about the shaky situation of the American Empire, and others are undecided; they realize there is a powerful subversive movement, and any attempt to secure total justice for the innocent could lead to hamstringing authorities in real cases of espionage. There will be a time for justice, and there will be a time for Fandom to re-emerge and continue in peace. Until that time... we'll have to endure injustice and indignity, while always voicing our innocence, and...maybe most of all...we'll have to Stay Alive. Someone will hear...eventually."

"Then you won't help me?"

"Jake, the only help I can give you is to call the SCA and say you would like to surrender. You'll at least save your life that way. And no corpse can explain his innocence."

Jake was silent for a moment, his shoulders drooping. "It's only that I feel it's so futile not to try to do anything," he said finally. He removed a few sheets of mimeographed material from beneath his shirt. "Bob Mayor printed this just before he died. Ted White's last words are in it. And a note about Ellison. The ESFA has been organized again, in secret. Harlan is planning direct political action. He's the one who mentioned the VENTURE crowd. It seemed like the answer to our prayers."

"Harlan was always a hothead and a fool. He'll be caught soon. And so will you, if you don't surrender before the SCA tracks you down."

Jake sighed, reluctantly. "Perhaps you're right after all."

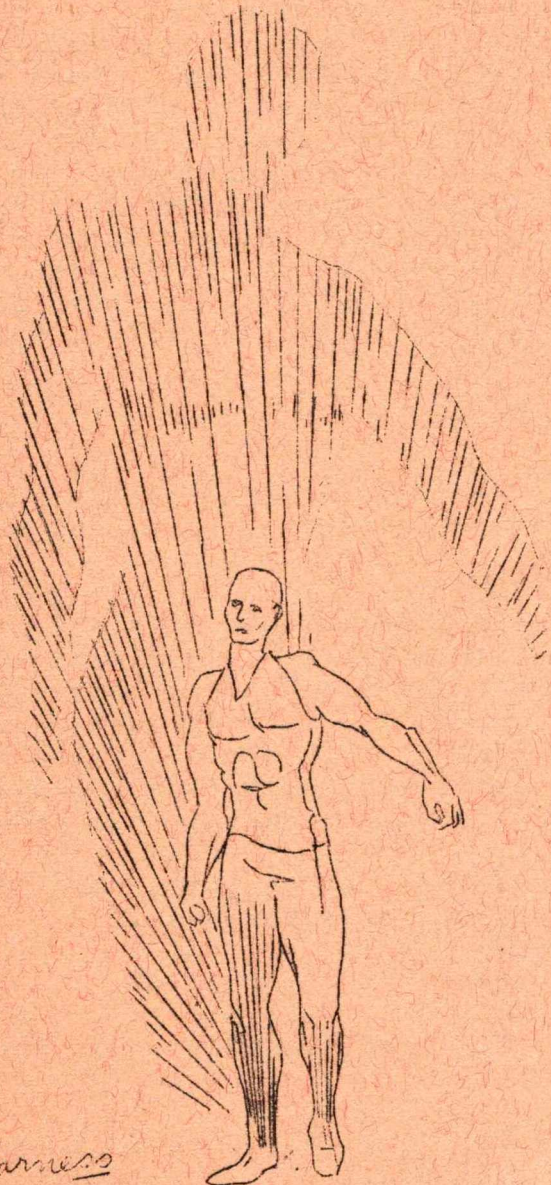
"Fine!" Pavlat moved toward the phone. "I'll call, and you can surrender here. It'll be better this way... "

A sharp pounding on the apartment door interrupted them before Pavlat could lift the receiver. "Open up, Pavlat! SCA!"

For a moment Pavlat cringed like a frightened cat. "They must have followed you!" Then he moved, quietly and swiftly, as if he had rehearsed what he should do after such an alarm. "Hurry Jake; they'll kill us both if they find you here. The dumb-waiter; pull yourself up to the roof, and stay there till they leave."

JACOB

EDWARDS



The tiny elevator was cramped, but Jake did as he was told. From the apartment below, muffled shouts occasionally reached him. Once he heard an uneducated accent scream, "Warrants are for Loyal Americans Pinko!"

He understood from snatches that Pavlat was defending his innocence. He heard him say once that Jake had been to the apartment, but had been talked into surrender. The authorities obviously didn't believe the truth. But despite the sounds of a scuffle, Pavlat stoutly refused to reveal Jake's hiding place. Then, as abrupt punctuation, there were three quick pistol shots. Another subversive for the front pages.

Jake heard the sounds of searching, outraged tenants quickly silenced. Stiff and cramped, he remained hiding until nightfall, and finally emerged on the roof. He took out the fanzine again, and by the light of a rising moon he read it carefully once more: the accounts of terror, unfinished because no man writes his own obituary; the brief note of murders and prison-sentences in California; the report about ESFA's decision to take positive action.

After midnight Jake crept from his perch and moved quietly through the silent town in the direction of the freight-yards. If he were careful, he might smuggle himself to Baltimore. He doubted if his description would be sent out nationally yet. Washington Fandom was now dead, but there might still be a chance elsewhere. New York, for instance

As he worked his way toward the station, for a moment he gazed back at the square spire of the Washington Monument. "Someday," he vowed, "I'm going to help hang a flag of Freedom from that flagpole!" ---Larry Stark



3rd Law Themes

"For all actions there are
equal and opposite
reactions."

—Newton

letters

This column will, I hope, be the Balm of Ego-boo for the authors here represented, and the battleground on which the ideas or reservations brought to light by their stories are discussed, if not settled. The material, its artistic merits, and the implications of its subject-matter are of most interest to me and to the writers involved. Commentary on such matters will get most of my attention when making up the column.

If you have any quibbles about the quality of printing, or of paper, the stencilling of artwork, the layout of this magazine, Ted White's address is on the contents-page, and he, not I, is the one to talk to. As editor, I only work here.

The magazine, or the idea of it and its projected contents, has already generated some correspondant interest. For instance:

Shaw
RoyPub
47 E 44, NY 17
Dear Larry,

I've read this through, and I think you make the point well, ((A story I find too unfinished to publish.LS3)) But I don't think the use of actual names in fictitious pieces is too wise. Fictitious names that make it clear who the character represents are less likely to cause hard feelings... It isn't likely that any fans would sue you, but it isn't impossible. Law suits over stuff in fanzines aren't unheard of, you know. Why don't you re-work it as straight fiction, instead of this semi-fictitious business, and make the characters obviously the people they represent, without

naming them...sort of the old dramatic irony business.

In items like the fan-satire "I Am Legend" in PIT a while back, real names are fine, but in a piece so close to possible as yours, a person could easily feel as if his privacy has been invaded, words put into his mouth and all that... And it would be easy for a fan to mistake it for straight reporting rather than fictionalization.

Use your own judgement in the matter, but remember the confines of good taste.

Best,

Lee

This is a particularly pointed problem for me, since I often draw upon friends for a "cast of characters". The story "The Biltmore Insurgents" for instance uses practically all of Maryland-Washington-Virginia fandom. The first draft made no concessions to the feelings of the real people concerned. When making the typescript, however, I inserted my own name and that of Ted's mythical neofan Jacob Edwards where the characters of friends were obviously distorted for dramatic reasons. I did so not "to avoid a punch in the mouth", because I think both the people in question would have no real objections, but to protect them. Fans who don't know them too well might easily believe I were engaged in slander, or even worse might believe my characterization to resemble the people involved.

I've used friends nearby as basic characters first because I know them well enough to visualize them in story-situations, and second because I can get to them to ask whether they approve of my taking their names in vain. I think the real persons involved shine through the false names, to anyone who knows them, but no one has objected yet.

V L McCain
Padre Hotel
Bakersfield, Cal.

As to your plan to establish a magazine full of such stories((This brief excerpt came after a half-page discussion of "Dirty Fro", from PSYCHOTIC)), fine if you can do it, but I don't think you can. There are comparatively few situations which would lend themselves to such exposition, most fans wouldn't be capable of writing them well, and I imagine comparatively few would be interested in even trying. It involves a certain baring of the psyche from which most people shy away violently. Also, there is the possibility of offending the objects of the stories if they tend to dig as deeply into human motivation and personality as your story did. I suspect your story made many fans feel uncomfortable. ...

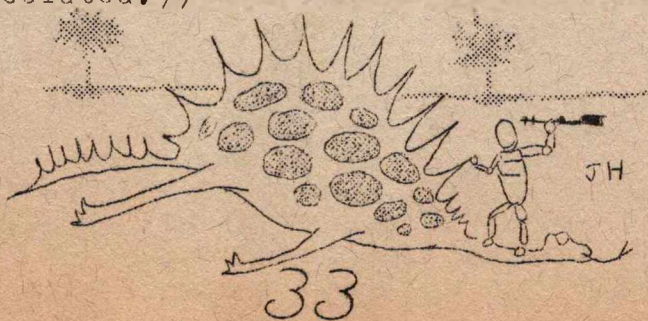
Let me clarify my views regarding fiction in fanzines. I'm not 100% opposed to anything smacking of fiction appearing in fanzines. My complaint, over the years, has been that there is no excuse for printing anything in a fanzine which could(if sufficiently well plotted and written)sell to a prozine. Fanzines should not be the place for the prozine reject or imitation. There are various types of fiction which do not fit into this category. When I speak of fan fiction, however, I use the term(as it is most commonly used)to denote prozine imitations. I differ with the purists who insist on citing the Speer definition of it as fiction about fans; I believe that usage is the

proper determination of meaning(I feel that gafia actually means getting away from fandom than getting away into it, as it was originally coined)so that the fact that most people use the term to denote prozine imitations is good enough for me. The sort of fiction which uses fans as characters I prefer to refer to as fan satire. I have no objection to this appearing in print except that most of it is miserably written and not worthy of acceptance. Occasionally there is an inspired classic in the genre...of which "The Enchanted Duplicator" is the perfect example. For the most part these leave me cold, though. "Dirty Pro" while coming no place close to this level of perfection was an excellent story, but of course it is not a satire. However, in line with comments above, I doubt if it will ever attain sufficient currency to make it worthwhile to invent a title. The original example while a sturdy specimen, in itself, is, I suspect, a non-viable sport which will fail to pass its characteristics along to a sufficient number of offspring to enable survival of the species.

If you can obtain other good stories of this type, I'm in favor of it. (Come to think of it, the Marion Bradley story in the current FAPA mailing is very similar in atmosphere though lacking the intensely personal factor of concerning live fans. ("Fantasy Blues; see the editorial.)) As such, I guess it must stay in the category of mundane fiction, even though about fans.) ...

I'm afraid the three examples of fiction you mention in DOUBLE WHAMMY ((Three stories with the title "Every Issue Better", by Ted White, John Hitchcock, and myself; the result of a one-shot session running on vegetable juices instead of Golden Juices.)) only illustrate my point. They suffer from all having the same subject, of course. But I'm afraid I was unable to work up much enthusiasm, anyway. Yours being first, I read it as a normal piece of fiction...read it all the way through, waiting for a development which never took place. I kept having the feeling that this was supposed to be hilariously funny but that the joke never quite reached its point. And unless it was supposed to be funny, I couldn't see the point in writing it. Then I got into the others and saw the point, and decided it was an idea which sounded wonderful in the planning stage but which fails to jell in actual practice. The other two stories I only skimmed through once I found the link since there was such great similarity in plot as to lead to impatience trying to read the whole thing.

((DOUBLE WHAMMY was a second in what may turn out to be a lo-ong series of one-shot sessions held at The House O'Hitchcock; it was put into FAPA by Ted White and John Magnus. "Fantasy Blues" by Mrs. Bradley was printed in her FAPAzine DAY-STAR, and there were barely enough copies to go around. Both White and Hitchcock have promised STELLAR revised versions of their WHAMMY stories; and if non-FAPAns would like to see the other stories reprinted here, I'll see if that can be arranged. Some statement of opinion would be appreciated.))



WITH BACKWARD GLANCE

This ought to bear a banner proclaiming it a production of "One Shot Press"; though it's not a TRIPPLE WHAMMY, it's more of an inspired-on-stencil production than I'd expected. The Round-Robin idea occurred to Ted just before we wrapped up the issue, and I was glad enough that it did that I joined him in enthusiasm. The expected Von Bernewitz art ain't, but there is a great deal of Jack Harness art here, and I thank him mightily for it. ((This will teach me to save editorializing till last.)) Harneskat fits my tastes excellently, and I hope he fits yours. Final word from me on this issue ought to be some attempt to catalog the work Ted White has put in on this, "my" debut in fanediting. He's probably proudest of the layout and format...all of it his work, and better than I've ever seen him do before. The only cutting I've done this issue was with this typer((one of the White Stable's best)), and all but a few fillios that Harness cut himself are here because Ted cut them. Ted has already printed most of the issue, and is faunching petulantly for this last segment now. And, without his mailing-list, and his FAPA-OMPA membership, I'd probably have no circulation. I'm hoping there is mail, submissions, and offers of Round-Robin chapters in the box from you soon...and I'll do my best to act like an editor about them. You do your best to act like readers.

Larry Charles Foster Kane, A.B.
1014 North Tuckahoe, sort of a SerCch SianShack

Dept. of Esoteric Significance- or- You Dig This, Tuck?

r o s e b u d

I played the best "Lear" this nation ever saw---
And did it with an ankle broken,
In a wheelchair and on crutches.
When my company needed actors,
I made actors.
I showed Hollywood what celluloid could really do.
When storm-clouds swept over Europe,
It was I put "Julius Caesar" on the boards
With Fascist costumes.
I was the last of the race of actor
Who knew the meaning of the words
"Classic Tradition".
In a sea of Sociology and Smut,
I alone gave men the real Tragic Hero:
More real than life itself---
A giant,
Crumbling from the vacuum in his soul.
They call Olivier a genius, for his "Henry V".
Maurice Evans' puerile T-V farces,
Defaming the name of the Bard,
They call tasteful pioneering.
(Do they forget my "Lear" the year before?)
And even Guinness has his immortality.
But what does history say of me?
"Remember the night that Mercury Theatre fool
Scared all of Jersey silly with his shocking
'War of The Worlds' Broadcast?"

---Charles Foster Kane



Stellar 8