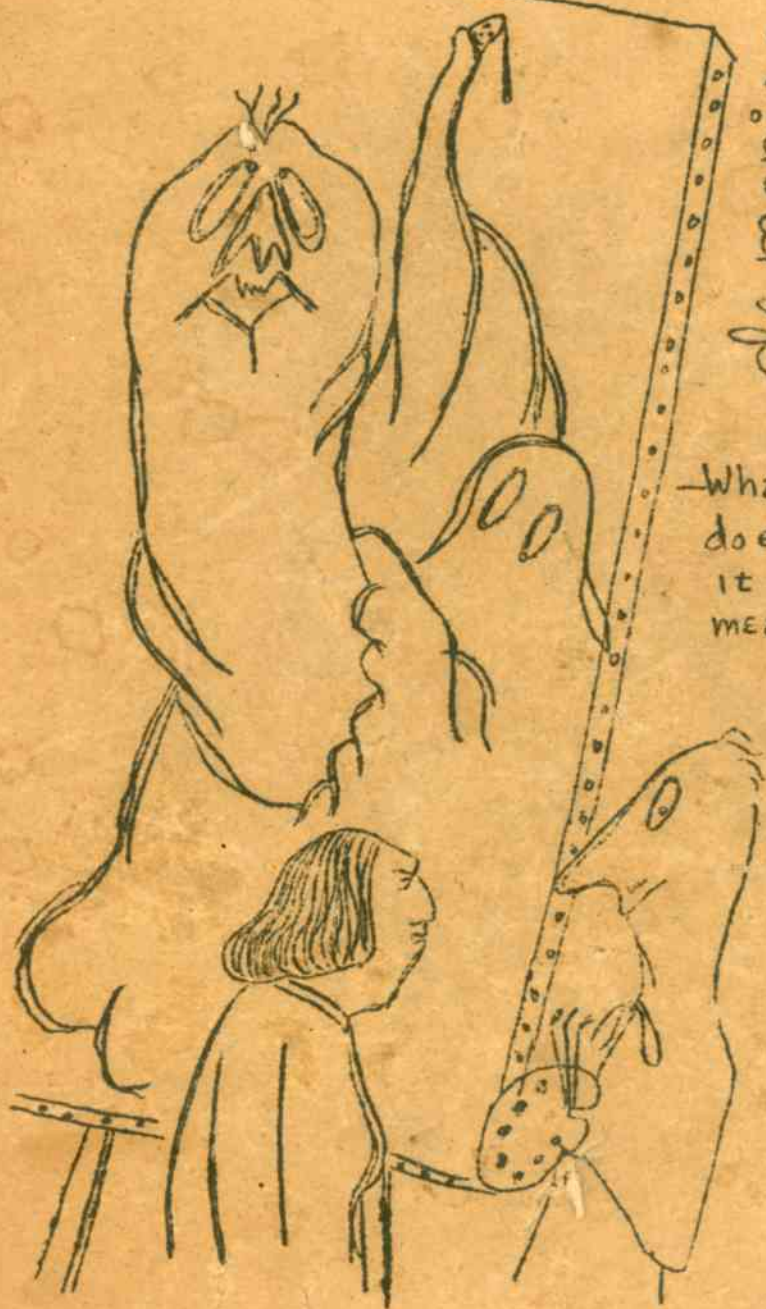


OutSAM

de moniac #1

What
does
it
mean?





editorial

One hardly knows what to say. That this is the first issue of demoniac? The fact is self-evident, unless you've somehow avoided seeing the cover. Anyway, you probably don't care a damn what this is. The object of this editorial, then, would seem to be to make you care. How to do this?

By explaining the contents of this little booklet, perhaps? No—but I might as well do that while I'm thinking of something better.

Well, first of all, as soon as I finish this abominable task, I'm going to see about piecing together a mess (I'm afraid I'm not expressing myself very well) of notes and comments. This will be aptly titled "Notes and Comments"—that is, unless on checking I find that that is the title the New Yorker already uses, in which case it will be somewhat less nicely titled "Miscellanea and/or Etc." This will be a regular feature of future issues of d, if such there be.

After that, we have some rather fine items, all worth your attention primarily because I didn't write them. —This might be a good time to thank John Davis for his excellent "A Day in August". It was originally submitted to the late and lamentable—I mean lamented—Fantasias, but I'm sure John won't mind if I use it here, because he's a SAP. What I mean is, since he, too, belongs to this ster-(overpage)

demoniac is published four times a year by David English, for the Spectator Amateur Press Society. Address: 63 W 2nd St, Dunkirk N Y
—This is issue #1, for SAPS mailing #26.—

organization, he'll be only too glad to help out a newcomer. Thanks, John. Good old John. (And hell! I've started typing this page a whole space too far from the left margin; this is to waste! Excuse it if I slip over?) This central section will be devoted to such similar items—stories, articles, poems—in future issues. Some of them, maybe, will be written (does that annoy you?) by me (does that annoy you?); others will not be.

And last, and probably least, too, come the mailing comments. This section will be titled "Mailing Comments", or, if I'm feeling considerably more original than that now, "Mlg. Cmmts." It is through the kindness of CE Ballard that this can be begun with issue #1. He was kind enough to send me a copy of mailing #25. I paid him for it, of course, but it was still a kindly gesture. That is because Wrai Ballard is a kindly man. No, really.

Also in #1 will appear any number of the famed detoons—that is because this is a detoone. For the benefit of those who are not familiar with the detoon art form, I would like to reply thus to their future comments:

—I just like to draw snakes. What's wrong with that?


—The cartoon on page .. doesn't mean anything, you damn fool.

—Don't you know what the cartoon on page .. means, you damn fool?

—I love you, too.

—How would you like to have somebody go over your eyeballs with a razor?

fannishly,



Miscellaneous

and/or Etc.

Stf Movies

The only two recent stf films I can recall seeing are "The War of the Worlds" and "The Twonky". These two stand out in my mind, and for two different reasons. TWotW was big and blary and full of sound and fury. That was all that appealed to me in the picture: its noise and color. I loved that hellish glow the spaceship had after it had just landed, and the flashes of color from the futuristic weapons, and the noise and destruction.

—The Twonky, on the other hand, appears to have been made on a small budget. Thus it couldn't give us the destruction of whole cities, fantastically real spaceships, and bems that look like honesttgod bems. It had only a kind of walking TV set that shot a beam of electricity at you. —Which then was the better picture? To my mind, The Twonky was. That is, if you judge on the basis of plot and treatment, which I understand to be the usual criteria. They are, anyway, the ones I use—though I won't deny that there are others. —One especially interesting facet of The Twonky was the deliberately humorous treatment of the story, which was not at all incompatible with its serious and downright dramatic scenes. The way it allowed the audience to reconstruct

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the details of the future totalitarian state from the actions of its mechanical agent was rather flattering now that you think of it. Just imagine! The producers actually conceived of their audience as being capable of thought!

Fantasy Is the THING This Year

I recently had an opportunity to examine a couple of new textbooks to be used in high school literature courses. Both contained sections devoted to Fantasy. The first of these, called Heritage for some obscure reason, contained by far the largest and most diverse section. It contained both prose and verse. I'm afraid I show myself to be a very bad reporter by telling you I only noticed that this contained the incomparable "Belle Dame sans Merci" and its forerunner "True Thomas" (or "Thomas Rhymer"). Then, too, it probably contained de la Mare's "The Listeners". I'm not certain that it did, but can't see how it couldn't have. That isn't much to remember, but it shows you the editors' conception of fantasy—not really a bad one, but certainly not very wide.

The other book, "Adventures in Modern Literature". This contained three stories of fantasy in its special section. There was Benét's "The Devil and Daniel Webster", which was practically inevitable, Wells's "The Country of the Blind", and Ernst's "The Thing in the Pond," reprinted from a 1934 Astounding. This shows a considerably better and wider conception of fantasy, and I shouldn't be surprised if future revisions of this book see it broadened sufficiently to include Bradbury, Sturgeon, and Heinlein.

Add to: Stf Movies

It occurs to me that some might think I was trying to slight TWotW by finding only

its sound and fury worthy of note. Certainly nothing was farther from my intentions. After all, what's wrong with sound and fury. I like sound and fury. Every red-blooded American boy likes sound and fury. Contrast my wholesome views with those of Hal Shapiro, who appeared to be most pleased with seeing "the preacher blasted". He had feared that the Martians would spare him because of his turned collar. (Come now, Hal! Let us pray.)

By the way—while I'm back on the subject—and for the benefit of those who like to collect the recognition orthodox critics give to stuff—Clyde Gillmore, who reviews movies for the CBC's Critically Speaking broadcasts, was much pleased with "The War of the Worlds". Said it was with considerable relief that he found the city still standing when he emerged from the theatre. —The same program recently featured a review of Bertrand Russell's "Satan in the Suburbs" and another fantasy book, dealing, if I remember correctly, with intelligent apes, or something similar. (I've got to buy a notebook. Too many fascinating, fascinating items are slipping quietly and irretrievably into the dark pool of my subconscious!)

Illogic for SAPS

The excellent Mr. Toth, in his excellent (no, really) Book of Toth, proposed to test the logic of SAPS members by setting forth a number of problems. It is my purpose now to test their acumen in non-logical fields. Here then, are three problems which do not admit of logical solutions. Check the course of action you would take and then see the analysis at the end.

1. Somebody asks you, "Have you stopped beating your wife."

—a) I would answer yes.

—b) I would answer no.

c) I would slug the b——d.

2. You have enemies. You are tied to railroad tracks. Your beloved is also tied to railroad tracks. Your fiendish enemies have arranged it so that you can switch the train (there's a train coming, I forgot to mention) to the left or to the right. If to the right, your beloved will be mangled; if to the left, you will be mangled. (To avoid a logical solution: it is not possible to push the switch halfway and derail the train.

a) I would switch to the right.

—b) I would switch to the left.

—c) I would burst my bonds and slug the b——ds!

3. You and Marilyn Monroe are, uh, quite friendly. One day she says, "You must give up either your stf collection or me! Which will it be?"


a) I would give up Marilyn.

—b) I would give up stf.

—c) I would slug the b——h!

Analysis: There is no safe answer to No. 1. If someone asks you this, I would not take it too seriously; they are probably only kidding. As for No. 2, this is a difficult question, and you shouldn't answer it rashly. I know I wouldn't. No. 3—don't be silly! If you have consistently chosen Course of Action c., it is obvious that you have fully mastered the science of non-logic, and have no more need of my services. So what I'll do, I'll just draw a picture at the bottom of this page and we'll forget the whole matter.

—o—
"I'm just a snake!"



For those of you who like **interlineations**,
we present....

Interlude Interlineal

—I hate to see that evening sun go down.

—The evening wolves will be much abroad
when we are near the evening of the world...

—My goldfish is sick and I'm so distressed!

—Mother!

—All we want is love and money. In a
pinch, just the money'd do. What do you want?
an egg in your beer?

—As a whole, I like her.

—I want a beer, just like the beer, that
pickled dear old dad, a good old fashioned
beer, with lots of foam—

—Mother, come home, we found your cache of
absinthe!

—How far is ye Olde Logge Inn?

—Did you ever see a beaver board?

—Mother!

—Quick, kill it before it multiplies!

—It walks it talks it crawls on its belly
like a human reptile what is it nobody
knows

—Mother, get off the stove, you're too bow-
legged to ride the range!

—It belongs to the guy behind me.

—Few what see, many what strange.

—I think that I shall never see a tree

as lovely as a poem...

—Did you ever see a goldfish bowl?

—Mother!

—Who is Sylvia?

—Well, what about Rabindranath Tagore?

—I don't give a damn, I don't give a damn at all: you sure as hell don't look like a prince upon whom a spell has been cast!

—I told you I love you: now get out!

—The one on the left has the hereditary characteristics.

—Oh! this is much more fun than riding unicorns!

—Mother!

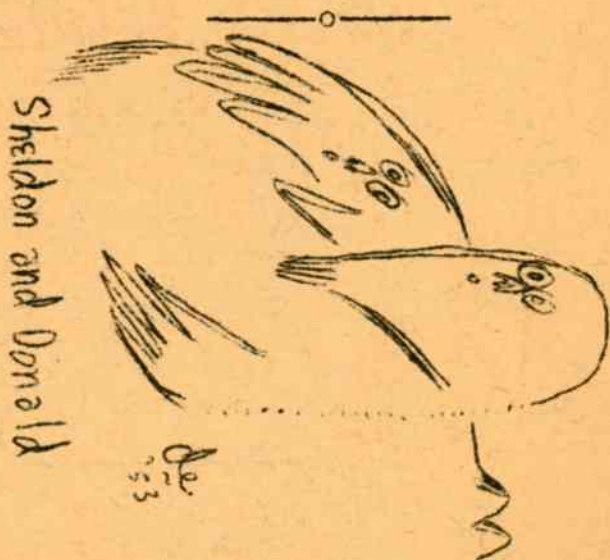
—ἀρχὴ ἐμίου ταυτὸν

—ἡ τῆς χαυνότητος.

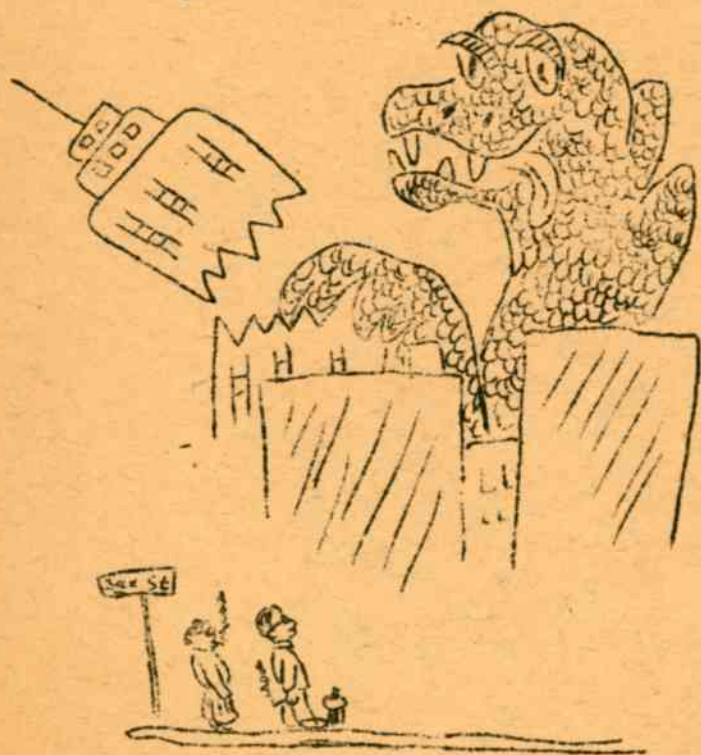
—κοινὰ τὰ τῶν φίλων

—Interlineations are Greek to me, but...

—Mother!

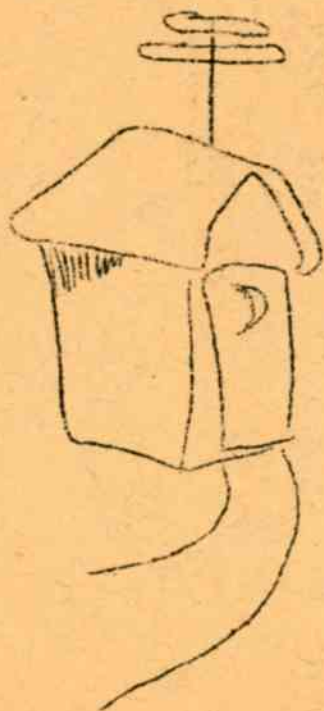


a
David Rike
portfolio



"Some Times I Think These
Publicity Stunts Go Too
Far..."

"That Axe
Becomes You,
Mrs. Beaugardis."



"Can't, Ma.
I Have To Finish
This Amazing."

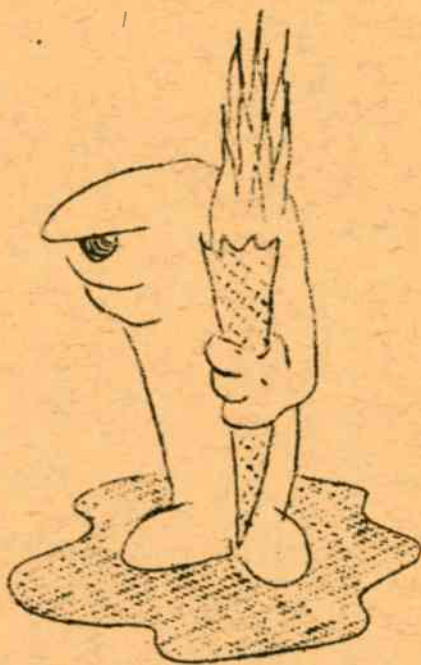
"Well, it isn't easy."



"Junior! How Many Times Must I Tell You To
Take The Coat And Shirt Sleeves Off Of An
Arm Before You Start Eating It?"



(that EC
influence, if
you know what
I mean)



"I Come To Brighten You Up..."
(David Rike:Self Portrait)

John Davis a day in August

Oh boy, what a beautiful day! I'll take a walk downtown in the nice warm sunshine. The birds are singing and the sky is blue.

I guess I'll cross the stree...wwwWWWh oom! Sunday driver! As I was saying, I guess I'll cross this ROAR! WHOOOSH! Crazy Hot-Rod kids! Maybe I won't cross that street. I'll just duck down this convenient alley and thus miss all the traf...Honk! Whiz! Toot! Roar! Screech! Honk!

As I said before, I guess I'll go home and get my car and go for a nice drive on this oh so peachy august day, wherein the birds are tweetling and the sky is bluing.

Now I am in my car. Good, lovable, wonderful, reliable, old Betsy! I shall step on your starter...Wheeze chugachug. Lovable, wonderful reliable old Betsy! Again. Grunt grunt wheeze grind. Wonderful, reliable old Betsy! Once more. Chatter chatter groan grunt grind cough cough. Reliable old Betsy! Chug gronk whicker

glomph ahuckahuckahuck. Old Betsy! Whirrrr
hack sputttsputttsputt grumpitygrumpitygrump.
~~\$/%*od~~ Betsy! RoarroarrrrROARRRRRRRRrrrrrr.
That's better, Betsy.

Now whereshall I go? Shall I go North
of town, where there are peaceful green pas-
tures, lots of cows, and the stench of their
residue floats longingly on the tepid air?
Or shall I go South of town, where the boggy
swamps resound with the croaks of bullfrogs,
whose residue leaves a stench floating on the
warm air? Or East, where the water buffalo
leaves its stench floating longingly on the
cool air? No, I shall go West! West, where the
human being leaves his etc.

I am driving down a superhighway. What
a beautiful superhighway this is! Betsy ol'
gal! Can we truly believe our collective eyes?
Yes Betsy, it really is! It's... (Ssssshhh,
anyone listening?) It's a pedestrian. Quiet
Betsy, keep your oars muffled. We'll sneak up
on him. Gently now. Okay, Betsy, SPRING! Aw,
damn it, we missed him. Bets old girl, I think
we're growing old. But it's pleasant having a
companion in my reclining years of life. Yeh.

It doesn't look like the huntings so
good out here. Let's go into town, where there's
lots of game fresh and ready for the kill.
Swing around and off we go.

Hooray, there's one on the suburbs. Maybe
we can get it. Say, it's an old lady in wheel-
chair. Don't they give you fifteen extra
Brownie points for getting old ladies in
wheelchairs? Or is that young ladies on crut-
ches. I've forgotten—my mind has been taken
up with less enjoyable games as of late. But
come Betsy, we're approaching her rapidly, and
she's too far from shelter to duck. On Betsy,
on Betsy, on Dancer and Prancer! More speed,
faster, come on, old toff, we've not a moment
to lose! Almost—wha-WHOOOOM! Hey, you cheating

old lady, that's entirely uncalled for and unfair under the rules set down by the Marquis. Did you see that, Betsy? She had JATO units concealed under her seat.

rrrrrrRRRRroooooo00000WWWWRRRRrrrrrr.

I never saw the like of this generation. First they teach their parents to put JATO units under their wheelchairs, and then they put sirens on their hopped-up jalopies. I remember when I put a siren on my old— Oh, he wants to race does he? Come on, girl, you've got enough pep to beat any kid!

Me, officer? Are you sure you don't mean that car right ahead of us, the one going over the hill very fast. It sure looks like it was him, doesn't it? No? Say, I've got a friend who's a friend of a friend of the mayor's mother-in-law! Oh—you're her husband, eh? I'm sure we could settle this financially, couldn't we? What's that? You're a millionaire just working on the force to get kicks and a thrill out of making someone else pay? Oh. But any fool can see that this car won't do over thirty-five. WHIAAT? Seventy-five in a twenty mile zone? I was NOT!

Monday at two-fifteen? Thank you, officer.

Hah!! I guess I showed him, didn't I, Betsy. Though that \$5 would have come in awful handy.

Shall we go home now? We've had a tiring day. Let's get something to eat. There's a restaurant.

Hey waitress! What have you got and why don't you hurry up? You say you've got flat-feet, lumbago, arthritis, dysentery, and myopia? Well, give me a double order of lumbago, with one each of myopia and arthritis. Say, just a minute, are you sure your myopias are fresh today? Whaddaya mean, am I crazy?

(I sure am. Crazy about that new, 1953 model Hoffman TV set. It comes with a 17, 21,

or 28 inch screen, with vibratone sound control and one-knob tuning. You'd be crazy about it, too. So why don't you call American TV, 4-2641, and ask for the free ten-day trial on a new, 1953 Hoffman TV set? Brrrrsssktvxz. KTKT in Tucson, 1490 on your dial. Music and song, all day long. Your music station for Tucson.)

Okay, but don't ever expect me to come back here anymore! You shall rue the day you refused me service! I wonder how I can get out of the gutter and get to the car without revealing my ripped pants.

Pant, pant. Well, Betsy, you've been waiting till the moon went down, and it's 4:32, but here I am.

Let's go home. Whirrrrrrchugaghugachugaugg uggugug. Wheeeze thunk thud.

This is the end

Contrast:

"...many, including myself, like to like to think of this as an explanation of the flying saucers...and even those not believing fully in flying saucers, myself included again, like to think that an alien race will appear...and solve out sociological problems.

—John Magnus; in Stf Trends

"I don't want that /saucers to be "guardians" of earth/ to happen to me, even if it is true...because it would mean that everything my life is based on would go kerflop. 'T would be just like somebody proving to you that life is but someone's dream...someone who may wake any minute."

—Magnus; writing to Fantasias

why i read fanzines

by ron fleshman

i intend to subscribe to as many good fanzines as i can in order to loin a bit more about the world of fandon...i read stf sparsely but i do not wish to subscribe for this reason...;it is for a reason of self-furthering...

I BELIEVE THAT SCIENCE FRICTION IS THE LITERATURE OF TOMORROW...meant not in the predictions and eventualities that it offers but the fact that the reading public is being more and more influenced toward the type of literary efforts that are pre-dominate in stf...i.e.,the short story

.....basically,in my estimation,(that of a pure layman) there are two types or two patterns of stf story...the one that places the hero against impossible odds and great social wrongs...throws in about a half-dozen heavy breasted females and closes the story with the indomitable hero rising out of the mire of despair and leading the world into a brighter tomorrow with the nasty villains being devoured by some ben they kept around to devour the peasants...(only on rainy days ov cuss).....and the other kind of stf story is the one that always ends bad...or on a note of question???????? all stories in

fantastic, weird, galaxy, amazing, f&sf, and all others (i don't read ow magde fantasy or ifanyhoo these stories are predominanly leaning to the downbeat ending, i.e, the destruction of the race, the betrayal of somebody, the graft in a seemingly great gov the last hours of the first explorer on the planet (or the first...i think heinlein's "enchanted village" was grate) the end of th world. civilization. anything and everythin.what all this proves i donno. it see to say the public likes to read downbeat endings...like the social criticisms in the twenties...grapes of wrath and junk like th.....also people are now reading more stf than ever...there are 1 or 2 mags come out here every month or so and are apparently able to stay in business...whether it is for the downbeat lit they print or sumpin else.. the public is still reading a lot more of the stuff. with the influx of a great many more fans there will be a lot more mags go on the market...i kin see the day when a hom would subscribe to fantastic and galaxy just like they get life and the post now...there will be a lot more stf type stuff around the house...the occurrence of the arrival of a man on the moon will bring a boom in the relic mags of the '50s.....now--i am somewhat of a cartoonist and would like nuttin more than to write a s-story for one of these zines.....i am told the eds read the fanmags and i figgered that if i cud get myself recognized in fandom...hoonchs?....emsh???? anyhoo,,,what person printing a fanzine can deny that this is his only motive outside of money or an ego-booster.....i hope you do not laff at me for all this blah...but if you do....examine your own motives.....

Mlg.
Comments?

I loved that word "pottopukein". It is
Pottopukein Ad:
magnificent. Could it be Greek?

You surprise me, John. I hear you were
Ghu Supplement:
recently involved in a serious accident.
So what happens? You practically drag your-
self from a hospital bed to produce the best
Ghu Supplement I've yet seen. (And you'll
remember that after about two years of pit-
eous begging, you graciously permitted me to
see a whole mess of them.) No, nor was the
quality of the thing due entirely to Nan's
kindly assistance with mimeo matters. The
material therein is what I'm referring to.
It's the kind of stuff you were capable of
doing for other people's fanzines, but never
got around to putting into your own mag. "~~The~~
Dxtzqurzactyl" isn't my favorite kind of hu-
mour, but it had its moments; and if I had to
read this kind of humour, I'd certainly pre-
"~~The~~ Dxtxqurzactyl" to any other thing of its
type that I've seen. Your "Factual Article
with Deep Psychological Significance" was
the best thing in the issue, and, to my mind, in
the mailing! —By the way, I'm glad to hear
you're well on the way to recovery. I'll
probably write you personally before this
mag reaches you, but if I don't, that's been

said anyway. I would have written sooner had anyone told me. But nobody did. Nobody tells me anything.

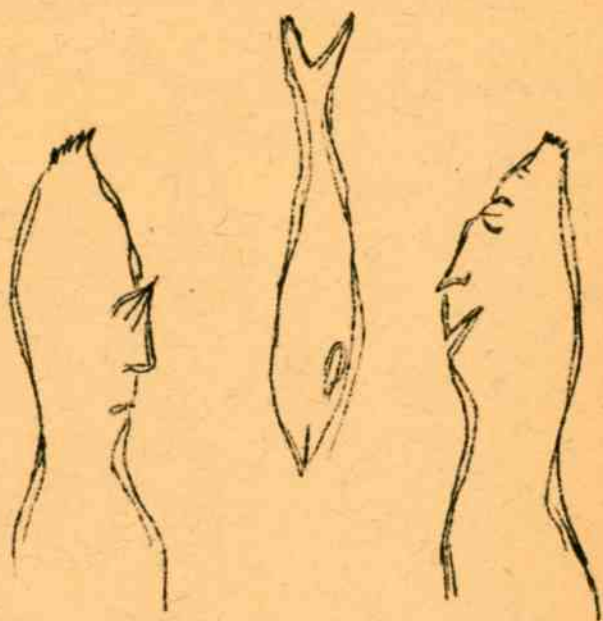
I was going to say something about your The Book of Ptoth:

puzzles, maybe give you the answers to them. For I am essentially a kindly person. But the truth is, I don't know the answers to them. Which is why, for all my kindliness, I do not relieve your puzzlement. I know where I can find the answer to the Beer-drinking puzzle, but it is in a book, and the book is far, far away, about six feet, unless I take a shortcut across the bed, and the floor is littered with stencils which it would be inadvisable to walk upon and too much work to pick up, and so, for all my kindliness, and I am essentially a kindly person—you understand.... —And now I want to ask you a question. You have read Math. & the Imagination. Remember the chapter on Topology, wherein you are instructed to secure a partner, and, both of you fastening wrists together with string, link arms—then release yourselves. Remember? Okay—do you, or does anybody, for god sake, know how you do it????? I have worried about this for years now.—Your satire on "The Wages of Synergy" was magnifique, being the second best thing in the mailing. I like that kind of thing. Oddly enough, I also liked the original story, thought it a wonderful story and truly a classic-type thing. How then can I enjoy this outrageous parody? I don't know, but I do; it's more fun that way.

—And the other mags in the mailing contained much of worth also. I don't think I'll bother to comment though. For one thing, I can't think of anything profound to say about them. (—Does he think that he has been saying profound things?) For another, there aren't very many detoons in this issues so far. So lest anyone be disappointed....

The Thinker
and the
Man of Action





—The evening wolves...
—...will be much abroad...
—...when we are near...
—...the evening of the
world...



