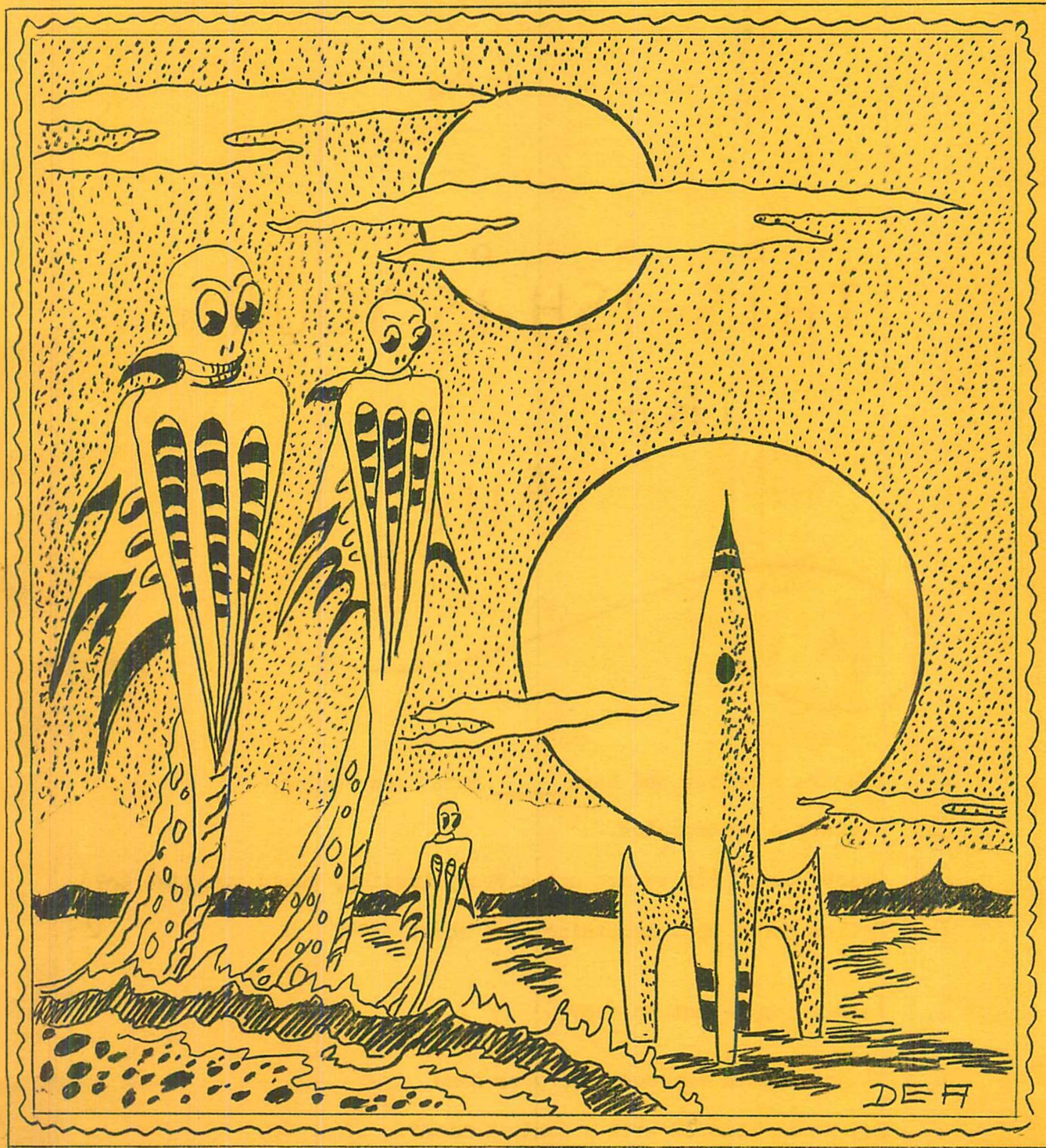


# DEVIANT

# 3

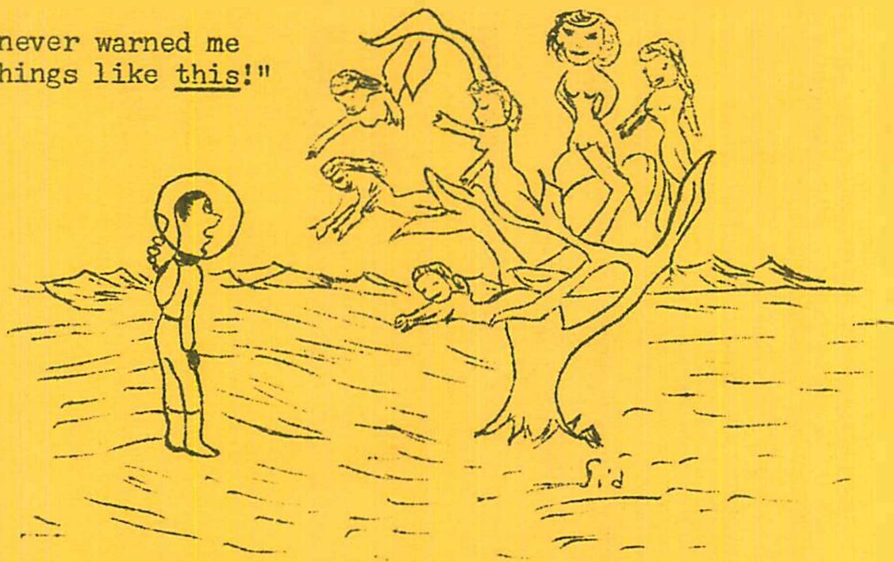
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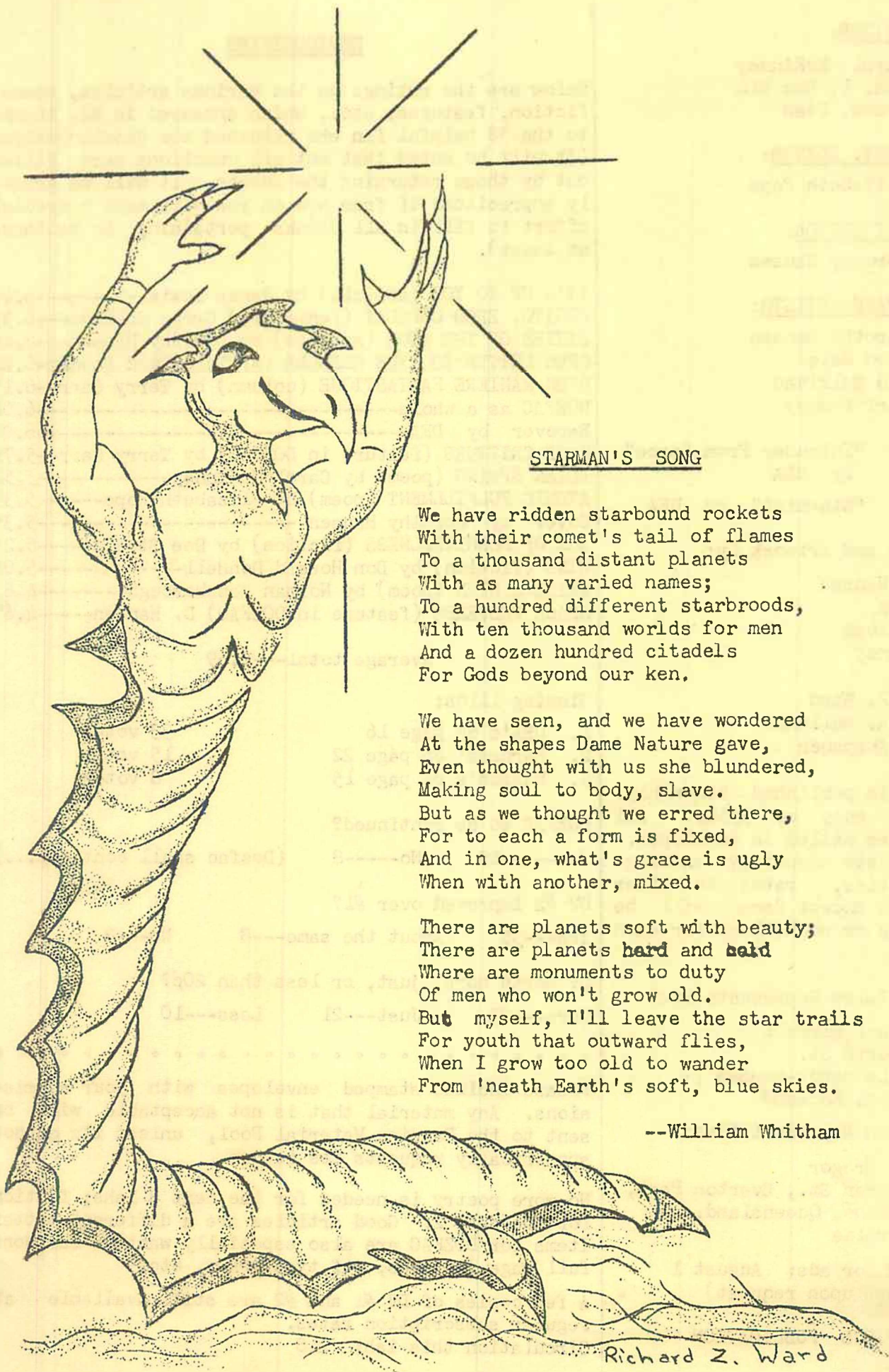


"Mother never warned me  
about things like this!"



THIS ISH IS YOURS  
BECAUSE

- ☐ You are a subber and have \_\_\_\_\_ more ishs coming.
- ☐ You are a contributor.
- ☒ Trade copy. (If we are not already trading, would you like to?)
- ☐ Review copy; say something nice about us???
- ☐ Sample copy--want to sub?
- ☐ We just liked the sound of your name
- ☐ May we be honored with a contribution?



### STARMAN'S SONG

We have ridden starbound rockets  
With their comet's tail of flames  
To a thousand distant planets  
With as many varied names;  
To a hundred different starbroods,  
With ten thousand worlds for men  
And a dozen hundred citadels  
For Gods beyond our ken.

We have seen, and we have wondered  
At the shapes Dame Nature gave,  
Even thought with us she blundered,  
Making soul to body, slave.  
But as we thought we erred there,  
For to each a form is fixed,  
And in one, what's grace is ugly  
When with another, mixed.

There are planets soft with beauty;  
There are planets **hard** and **cold**  
Where are monuments to duty  
Of men who won't grow old.  
But myself, I'll leave the star trails  
For youth that outward flies,  
When I grow too old to wander  
From 'neath Earth's soft, blue skies.

--William Whitham

Richard Z. Ward



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Deadline for ads: August 1  
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A DEVIOUS PUBLICATION

DEVIOSITIES

Below are the ratings on the various articles, poems,  
fiction, features, etc., which appeared in #2, thanks  
to the 58 helpful fen who returned the questionnaires.  
(It will be noted that not all questions were filled  
out by those returning the sheets. It will be great-  
ly appreciated if from now on you will make a special  
effort to fill in all blanks pertaining to ratings,  
at least).

IT'S UP TO YOU (article) by James Lewis-----6.46  
COGITO, ERGO OOPSLA! (fanistory) Gregg Calkins---6.33  
CITIES OF THE ATOM (article) by Dorothy Hansen---6.26  
OPEN LETTER TO LYLE KESSLER (article) Rick Sneary-6.22  
D'UN MANIERE FANTASTIQUE (column) by Terry Carr--6.15  
DOZFAC as a whole-----6.04  
Bacover by DEA-----6.02  
FACE CRITTURS (feature in DOZFAC) by Terry Carr--5.76  
ALIEN SPRING (poem) by Carol McKinney-----5.52  
ATOMIC FULFILLMENT (poem) by Elizabeth Pope-----5.39  
Cover by Dorothy Hansen-----5.37  
AGE OF FORGETFULNESS (fiction) by Dee Steele----5.24  
WIND (fiction) by Don Howard Donnell-----5.04  
EXILE'S HYMN (poem) by Norman Wansborough-----4.83  
SPACE PROVERBS (feature in DOZFAC) D. Hansen-----4.67

average total---5.69

Winning illos:

1. DEA's on page 16	33 votes
2. Harness' on page 22	15 votes
3. Hansen's on page 15	8 votes

DOZFAC to be continued?

Yes-----48 No-----8 (Dozfacs shall continue...)

DV #2 improved over #1?

Yes---35 About the same---8 No---3

DV worth more, just, or less than 20¢?

More---23 Just---21 Less---10

.....

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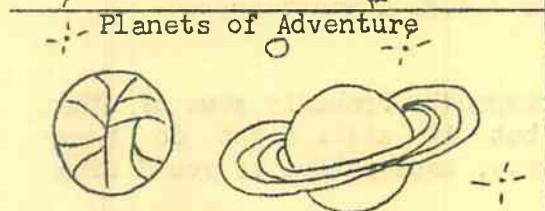
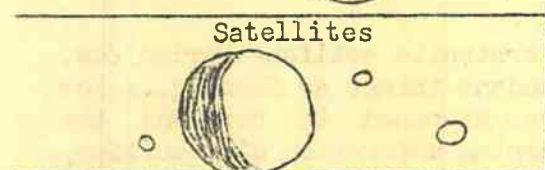
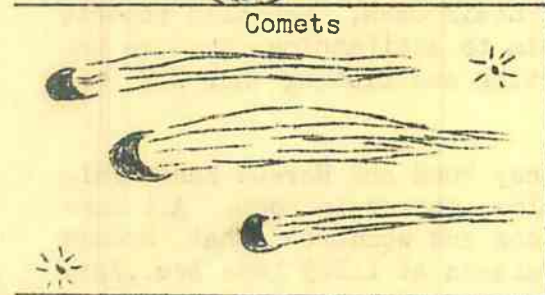
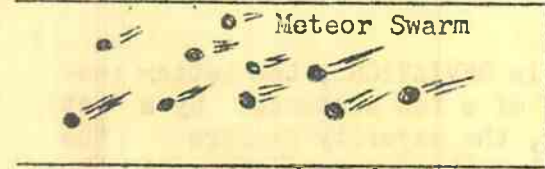

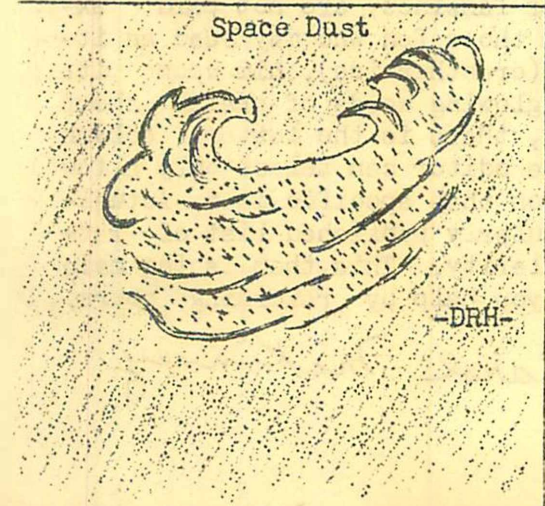
No more poetry is needed for the next 3 ishs; fiction  
for the next 2. Good articles are a different matter.  
Items for DOZFAC are also especially wanted--cartoons  
full page features, stf type jokes, etc.

A few copies of DV #1 and #2 are still available at  
regular subscription rates.

Circulation this ish: 210



## ATTENDANTS OF THE SUN °°° CONTENTS

 <p>Sun Spots</p>	<p>EDITORIAL ..... 6</p>
 <p>Planets of Adventure</p>	<p><u>COLUMNS:</u></p> <p>D'Un Maniere Fantastique by Terry Carr .....14</p> <p>The Vivisectionist by Desmond Emery .....22</p>
 <p>Satellites</p>	<p><u>FICTION:</u></p> <p>"Ring Down The Curtain" by Harold Bunan ..... 7</p>
 <p>Comets</p>	<p><u>ARTICLES:</u></p> <p>Attention: Les Cole by Robert Bloch .....16</p> <p>Crossroads by Paul Mittelbuscher ..19</p> <p>Philosophy For Fen by J. J. R. ....20</p>
 <p>Meteor Swarm</p>	<p><u>POETRY:</u></p> <p>Starman's Song by William Whitham ..... 3</p>
 <p>Asteroid Belt</p>	<p><u>FANISTORIES OF FAMOUS FEN:</u></p> <p>Sally, STARLIGHT, and S.F. by Don Howard Donnell ..24</p>
 <p>Space Dust</p> <p>-DRH-</p>	<p><u>DOZFAC</u> .....26</p> <p>Terry Carr's FACE CRITTURS</p> <p>FASCINATING FACTS by Carol McKinney &amp; Sid Sullivan..</p> <p>Latest Prozone Poll</p> <p>Results of the Pseudonym Contest</p> <p>DEVIOUS DEFINITIONS by H. Maxwell</p> <p>Cartoons</p> <p>DEVIATIONS...where <u>you</u> have your say...</p>



# SUN SPOTS

On the contents page this time you will notice an article, written by "J.J.R." When this item came in, it was accompanied by a short note, part of which follows:

"...I would like to ask you a favor concerning this article, though. I'm more or less well known to a certain group of southern fen. Perhaps I'm misreading their attitude--I don't know--but it seems to me that, if they knew who had written this article, they would refuse to take it seriously and this piece was written with the intention of having it taken seriously. I want to test fandom's reaction to it and perhaps the others in the series. Therefore, I'm writing under the initials J.J.R. I would appreciate it if you would keep my secret..."

So J.J.R. wants your reactions to it,--will you respond? Probably some of the younger fen won't appreciate an article of this type, but it still might do them some good if they'd stop and think about it. Let me know, especially, if you'd like to see more in this series of articles by J.J.R.

Received another very interesting letter from an erstwhile actifan--Marian Cox. It seems she's been rather too busy lately for such mundane things as fanning... For the interest of those who know her and wondered whatever happened to her and the club she sponsored, for femfans only, The Fanettes, barring unforeseen difficulties, by the time you read this Miss Marian Cox will be Mrs. Lewis Oaks. She also reports that he is a reader of stf, and she hopes to convert him to actifanning sometime before too long. They spent most of their courtship sorting and listing her stf mag collection...among other things...

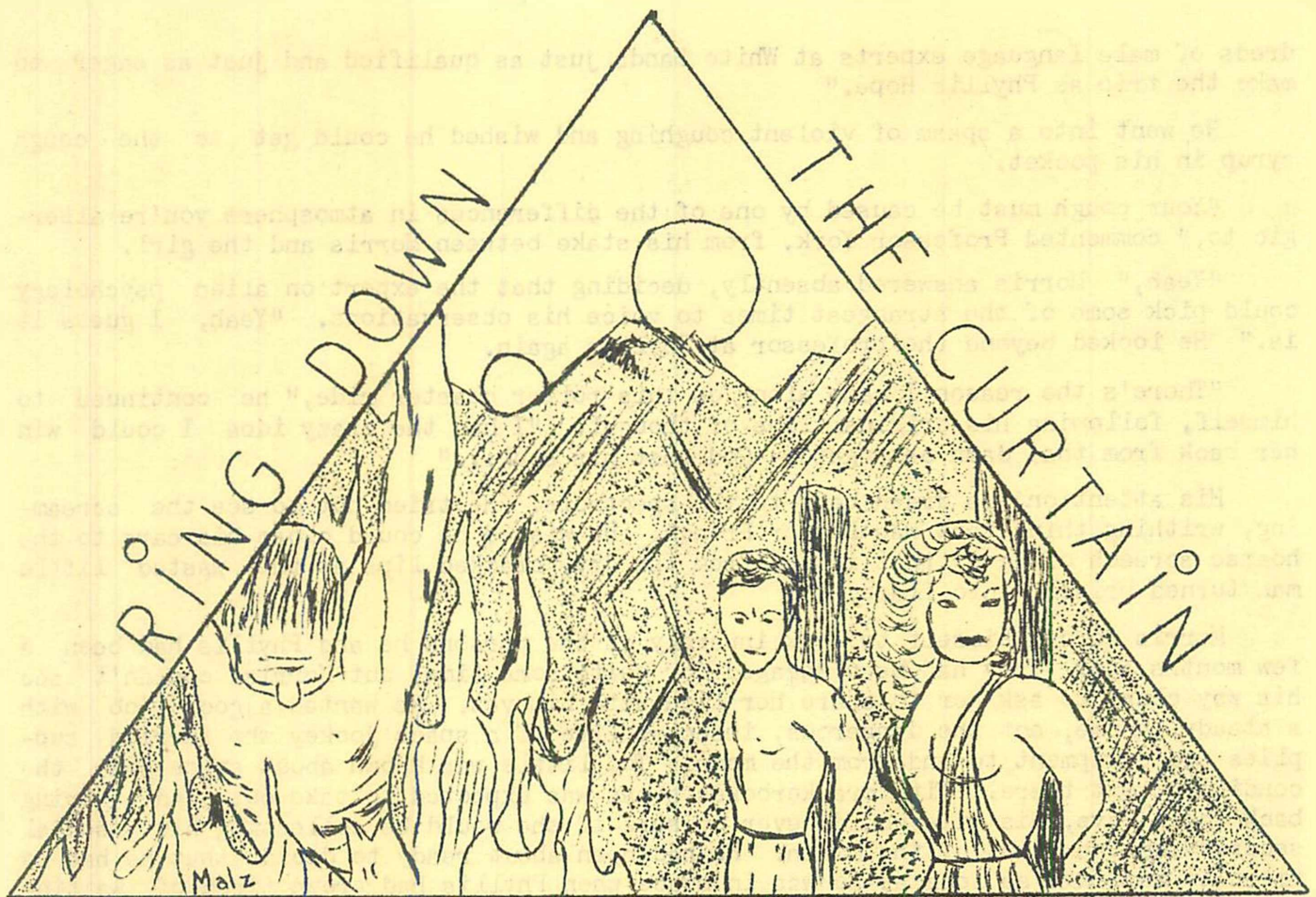
As for the Fanettes, it has been taken over by Honey Wood and Noreen Kane Falasca, who promise to have the official organ, The Femzine, out again soon. All femfans who are interested in joining, or who used to belong and wondered what became of the cash they sent to Marian Cox, write to Noreen Falasca at 11125 Lake Ave., Apt. 6, Cleveland 2, Ohio.

The next item on the agenda is the slight change in DEVIATIONS, the letter section. It was a toss-up last ish if it were to consist of a few sentences by a lot of fen, or a lot of sentences by a few fen. Evidently, the majority prefers the latter choice. It still makes it much easier if you'll write your comments on the question sheet, using the backside if you wish. Anyway, from now on longer letters will be featured and very few short excerpts.

Several fen have questioned the purpose of the questionnaire in the first place, so perhaps others have, too, and just not bothered to mention it. The main reason is that submitters of material to DV (and other fanzines) are not paid except in egoboo. One source of this is in letters from those fen who may read an item and write to its author commenting, congratulating (or otherwise), him upon it. Another more doubtful (if possible) source is reading glowing words of praise about it in a review of the zine in which it appeared. Then, there is the letter column of the zine in question, which is also doubtful, as the editor can select only a few of the many letters and they may or may not even mention that specific item. Actually that leaves only one sure egoboosting source--a regularly published list of ratings clearly showing how an item stood in general popularity. This then is the main purpose for the enclosed questionnaire in DV. Won't you help by returning yours, soon?

Carol McKinney





by HAROLD BUNAN

"There's only one thing wrong with extra-terrestrial expeditions," Roy Morris thought uncomfortably. "A guy gets into so damn much trouble! Why was I so anxious to come along with these butterfly-chasers, anyhow?"

He glanced over to his right where Phyllis Hope was tied to a post driven into the sand. Her dark, usually lustrous hair was in wild disarray. Her face was shafed from the cold desert winds she had had to battle for nearly fifty miles on the back of a six-legged ox-like animal that hadn't been endowed by nature with pads for its hooves. It was similar to the camel of Earth's Sahara Desert, and the ride had been just as rough aboard this animal as on a camel.

They had fought their rocket ship to a safe landing on a single jet, the only one still operating after a collision with a meteor two hundred miles above the surface of Mars, and had been immediately attacked by what appeared to be characters, from the Arabian Nights. A struggle in which three of the expedition had been killed and their side arms confiscated saw their capture. The expeditioners had been tied to these animals' backs and transported across the desert. The captives were ready to drop from exhaustion when this permanent camp had appeared like a mirage in the middle of the desert.

Regarding the coveralls that had once enhanced rather ~~than concealed~~ the girl's figure, Morris decided that she had had a harder time after their capture than the rest of the party.

"Why?" he raged silently, "Why did they have to allow a kid barely out of her teens to come all the way out to this good for nothing ball of dust, millions of miles from nowhere?" He cursed the stupidity and lack of foresight displayed by the expedition's planners. "She had no right to come to this hellhold. There were hun-



dreds of male language experts at White Sands just as qualified and just as eager to make the trip as Phyllis Hope."

He went into a spasm of violent coughing and wished he could get to the cough syrup in his pocket.

"Your cough must be caused by one of the differences in atmosphere you're allergic to," commented Professor York, from his stake between Morris and the girl.

"Yeah," Morris answered absently, deciding that the expert on alien psychology could pick some of the strangest times to voice his observations. "Yeah, I guess it is." He looked beyond the professor at Phyllis again.

"There's the reason I came along on this roller coaster ride," he continued to himself, following his original line of thought. "I had the crazy idea I could win her back from that damn astrogator--God rest his soul..."

His attention was drawn back to the spectacle. He tried not to see the screaming, writhing thing that was Doctor French. He wished he could close his ears to the hoarse screech of agony that issued from the dry, cracked lips as the wasted little man turned briefly into flame.

Morris forced himself to look inwardly at the persons he and Phyllis had been a few months ago. They had been engaged for quite some time, but Morris couldn't see his way clear to ask her to share her life with him yet. He wanted a good job with a steady income, not the dangerous, insecure life of a space jockey who ferried supplies and equipment to and from the moon. Too little was known about space and the conditions out there. With crackerboxes a man was expected to take out and bring back these days, his wife could never be sure if she would be collecting his social security on the first of the month. He had been about ready to decide that he had no right to marriage as long as he was in space when Phyllis had grown tired of waiting and had accepted a few dates from Joe Blount, the astrogator on this trip.

Morris had immediately forgotten his philosophy in his bitterness over her rejection of him; but when he learned that she would make the trip, he had jumped at the opportunity to pilot the expedition.

Now, instead of laying the linguistic groundwork for future expeditions and possible friendly relations between Mars and Earth, the girl was to star in the Martian equivalent of a floor show. Morris himself was destined to end the act.

A strangled cry from Doctor York, who had been selected next to exhibit his talents for enduring torture, forced Morris' attention back to the present. Cold sweat made its way down his back and soaked his shirt as he watched the little psychologist suspended by each of his fingers with vines tied to an archway. His tormentors were only beginning to enjoy themselves with their thorns. Just as they had begun with Blount and Professor French, so they worked over Doctor York, sticking the thorns of the cactus-like plant common to the planet into his scrawny frame. Later, when there was no more room to insert the thorns, someone would light a torch, and as the bur-noosed natives watched avidly, the spines would be ignited.

Morris looked at Phyllis again. She had fainted from terror and exhaustion. He thought sympathetically that she'd gone through enough to make anyone faint. "Just the strain of having to watch others she's known and--" he winced, "--and loved, dying in agony before her eyes is enough to drive her crazy, when she knows her turn is coming up." He cursed himself bitterly for allowing the girl to come. "I should've kept her behind somehow until the ship left," he mused. She doesn't deserve a death such as Mars has to offer. It should be quick and painless, with that scimitar-like weapon hanging from the waists of the natives, for instance. I could take it if I didn't have to watch her die."



He hesitated, then asked himself how true that last statement was. He knew he was not a brave man; the realization was instinctive. Since his earliest remembrance he had avoided physical danger like some dread disease, and had refused, to recognize his real reason for it. He had figured he was a man who stayed out of trouble as a result of good sense. Oh, he had a job that was exceedingly dangerous as a regular occupation; but that was a different sort of danger. A man working on the hull of a ship to Luna could slip and fall through space until he ran out of oxygen, but that would be sheer carelessness. In this new experience where intelligent beings were lusting after his blood, it came to him that his attitude was only a defense for his ego. His way of acting, thinking and feeling was a source of shame to him after the way Blount had accepted his death. But the question was, would Morris be able to take what he would get?

He didn't know. If he had become careless and found himself in space with a short supply of oxygen, he knew he would turn the intake valve off and make it a quick, clean death of oxygen starvation. But as far as torture was concerned, it remained to be seen how he would go.

His eyes were drawn by a movement at Phyllis' stake. He watched a native narrowly as he approached the girl with a bag made of animal skin. The savage poured the contents of the bag in the girl's face, making Morris wonder if water was really as scarce in these regions as was popularly believed on Earth. The shock of the water brought Phyllis to her feet with the terror of a startled doe. She turned beseeching eyes on Morris, filling him with impotent rage. He stifled a roar of fury and brought himself under control, but couldn't bring himself to meet her eyes. He glanced again at the scene of torture. He realized it would do no good to show helpless anger and would only bring more indignities to her. He wondered how a race that looked so human could be as bloodthirsty as this one. His mind shied from the obvious answer: nearly any era in Earth's history anyone cared to study offered as much savagery as here on Mars now.

These degenerates would howl with animal gratification if Morris broke under the hideous suffering Phyllis Hope would experience--even more than if he showed cowardice when it was his own turn. Perhaps that was the reason the girl had been placed ahead of him.

Even Blount, who had born his agonizing torment without a sound until the very last, when death finally claimed him, would have had an entirely different reaction if he had been forced to watch the girl go through hell.

It was with silent surprise that Morris felt the slack in the ropes that told him he was being cut loose. He tensed his muscles so he wouldn't fall to the ground and waited for them to drag him out to the center of attraction. But they hadn't touched the girl yet. They were just cutting her bonds. Were they going to make it a twosome?

Phyllis slumped between the two savages and allowed herself to be dragged away. But they weren't taking her out to the archway, they were going in the opposite direction, towards the long row of varicolored tents. "Dammit, I wish my feet would work," Morris muttered to himself.

They were shoved inside a foul-smelling tent and left alone. It had taken, since dawn, for the Martians to torture three men to death. They would probably stretch Phyllis' and his own ordeals out to last all of tomorrow.

"They're sure not going to take the chance of our getting away," he remarked absently wiping the blood from his cheek with a grimy sleeve. "They're sitting all around the tent, about three feet apart."



He noticed the look of hopelessness on Phyllis' face and silently went over to a far corner to think. The impossibility of escape seemed an established fact. Even if they managed to get away from the encampment, the lifting jets had been demolished, rendering the ship worse than useless. As if that weren't enough, he and Phyllis couldn't travel ten miles before they were recaptured by either this or another tribe,--unless a carnivore robbed them of their sport. They didn't have a chance any way you looked at it.

Morris dwelt on the dispute with the meteor. "Why the hell couldn't the rock have killed us all, instead of letting all eight of us live?" he wondered bitterly. "Three good men died fighting Martians, and at that they were the lucky ones. The rest of us survived, only to die entertaining these sadistic sons of..."he realized suddenly he was talking aloud.

A coughing spell seized him again, and he brought his cough medicine into use. "If I could only think of some way to save Phyllis from what she's seen today, I'd be willing to take twice her share."

"Roy," the girl's soft voice was soft in the dim interior of the tent. She repeated his name. Morris looked up, startled. The girl moved over and settled down beside him.

"What's the matter, kid, you cold?" He slipped an arm around her shoulders.

"No...I'm scared!"

"Don't be ashamed of it, honey. So am I." He tried to smile at her. "I'll think of something though. Don't worry about it." She wouldn't believe him, but they needed some optimism.

"You don't have to lie to me, Roy," Phyllis said softly. "We don't have a chance in the world, do we?"

The question didn't call for an answer, Morris decided. There was a moment of silence in which they were busy with private thoughts. Morris had been hoping the girl wouldn't think along those lines; she had enough to worry about as it was.

"Roy?"

"HMMMMM?"

"Do you want me?"

Morris was too startled to answer, and yet in a way it was expected. He had been her second choice. He had...

"If you want me it's all right."

He couldn't think of a suitable reply. He knew Phyllis realized that this was their last night together. She wanted to give him a part of her that he could take with him. In another situation the girl might not have considered it.

"It's kind of funny, Phyl," he said finally, "I'm not a moralist, that's for sure. And it isn't a sense of pride, either; I mean I'm not pouting about you and Joe Blount. I've always wanted you more than anything else in the world, but now there's a difference. There's the same love and devotion I've had for you since we met, but right now my physical need for you isn't so important. I only want to protect you. The frustrating part about it is that there's nothing I can do to keep you from being hurt. Do you understand what I mean, or does it sound crazy?"



"No, I don't think it's such a crazy idea," Phyllis answered thoughtfully. "When something that belongs to a person is in danger he'll go to great extremes to protect it. No, don't look at me that way," she almost smiled, "When I said something that belongs to a person, I meant just that. It was awfully big of you to be so generous to Joe; especially since he had nothing to do with us. I asked him to take me out to see if it would have any effect upon you. You had begun to get too noble towards me." She warmed up to her subject. "Did you really think I'd have hesitated a minute if you'd asked me to marry you? You couldn't prove something would happen to you, could you? And even if you'd never come back, we'd have been happy for that time we did have. You didn't--"

"Ordinarily I'd tell you to pour it on thick!" Morris interrupted. "God knows it's all true and I deserve it, but that talk isn't doing us any good. How about talking about something that'll get us out of this mess?"

"You're right, of course," she replied, squeezing his hand.

Morris continued his thoughts, "At least, trying to puzzle this out will keep her busy enough to forget tomorrow." He disengaged his hand from hers and put it around her shoulder. Phyllis laid her head on his chest and then began to consider the problem. In a few minutes she was asleep.

The savages began celebrating by firelight, and continued for hours. It wasn't until it became quiet, shortly before dawn, that Morris was able to slow his frenziedly whirling mind and begin to think coldly, impersonally, as a chess-player would contemplate his next move.

At dawn Morris managed to persuade the natives to take Phyllis and himself before the Chief. Morris had a hand in his pocket and an idea eager to be tried. This was going to be a cute trick, if it worked. He hadn't the slightest opportunity to test this tribe's probable superstitions but if they were anything like their earthly counterparts, Morris had an idea something could be done.

He made it known that he had something to talk over with the Chief, who nodded and gestured for him to proceed. With a combination of words and gestures he knew were only half understood, Morris indicated that he had a great secret that even their witchdoctor, or counterpart, didn't know.

When the Chief and his witchdoctor figured this out, the latter didn't care for the idea, and had something to say about it. With a mouthful of unintelligible syllables, he vehemently denied the ignorance of any secret. Snatching a knife from one of the less alert members of the tribe, he leaped at Morris, and drew back for a swing calculated to divorce his head from the rest of him. Morris hadn't understood the verbal exchange, but this was something had the same meaning in any language. He started to take a step back, but his guards were on the job. A sneer was all the defense he could muster. His bluff was ending before he could even present it.

The Chief must have mistaken Morris' sneer for defiance or courage, because at a wave of his arm, the owner of the knife disarmed the witchdoctor with little difficulty. Morris wondered if at one time the fellow had come up with a wrong answer or two, losing him much of his prestige.

There was another bored save of the Chief's hand and the man who had unwillingly loaned his knife to the witchdoctor abruptly lost all interest in the proceedings. Phyllis gasped in horror and averted her head as the point of another man's knife slid easily through the muscular back and protruded from his



chest. The man dropped his hands to his sides and looked blankly at the point of the blade, his sword grating gently as it stuck in the sand. Without a sound, his knees buckled and he dropped.

Morris gulped and tore his eyes from the still form. He looked at the Chief, whose eyes bored into his face as if to wonder, "As you were saying...?" If Morris had had a doubt before, it was dispelled. These Martians played for keeps. But there was one desired effect Morris hadn't counted on. When he had pointed at the witchdoctor and the latter had exploded, Morris permitted himself the luxury of a faint hope.

The Chief impatiently snapped an order at Morris, who reluctantly tore his eyes from the corpse, to which they had strayed again in horrified fascination. He took his bottle of cough medicine from his pocket and held it up in full view. It was only a quarter full now.

"This," he said with the appropriate gestures of the cure-all salesman on Earth over a century previously, "Is a magic potion from the stars. If these clowns you call soldiers take a swig of this before they go gunning for someone, you're sure your strongest enemies can't harm a hair on their little heads."

The Chief remained unimpressed.

"Don't you get it?" Morris raged, keeping a smile on his face and his voice on a conversational level with difficulty, "This junk'll make you live forever. It will make these jokers scare their victims to death just to look at them. Their job of slaughter will be cut in half!"

The face of the Chief didn't lose its blank look. He didn't understand. Another eruption from the witchdoctor claimed the attention of the Chief. He was bubbling over with information about Morris' claims. When he had finished his interpretations the Chief cut him off in mid-sentence with a save and looked speculatively at the Earthman, allowing an expression of vague interest to cross his otherwise blank features.

Morris continued, "If you'll let my mate and me go free, I'll give you proof that you'll have to believe!" He pointed at Phyllis. "I'll give her a slug of this stuff and even the biggest punch-drunk ape in this outfit won't be able to lay a hand on her!"

He turned to the girl, who smiled a little. "If this works, we're going to ring down the curtain with a bang, kid," he said with a kind of rough tenderness.

The Chief, mostly understanding Morris' gestures, consulted his advisors. The pale man and his woman must be very certain of their magic. This potion, if it did all he implied, would make their tribe invincible, he told them. His tribe would be master of all those in the North; they might even someday be able to conquer the strange people above the equator who seemed so similar to these two. With the potion, they would be able to tear down the cities with their strength alone. Who knew but what their Chief might one day reign over all of Mars? All they would have to do was force the man to teach them to make more, then carry out their original plans for him.

The Chief looked back at Morris with an expression he couldn't catalogue. A wave of the Chief's arm brought an execution block to a spot ten feet from the throne. As Phyllis was taken to the block Morris handed the bottle to her, avoiding her eyes.

"Roy, is this the only way?" she asked, her eyes pleading.



"Yes, Phyl, it is," Morris answered, looking at the chopping block, with the dried blood staining the top and sides. "It won't hurt, honey. I promise that."

"I know," she replied, "But I want one more thing before it's--all over. I wish you could--"

The Chief impatiently interrupted her with an order.

"We'd better get this over with or they might stop to wonder what would happen if we're throwing them a line," Morris said hastily. "I'm afraid they'll take the bottle from us and we'll wind up like York and the others. After today we'll have all eternity for that..."

"All right, Roy," she smiled bravely. She knelt and placed her head upon the block, closing her eyes. She murmured something that might have been a short prayer, while Morris chewed his lower lip.

As her cleanly severed head rolled in the red dust of Mars, a racking sob made its way through Morris' lips.

With a concerted effort, he jerked free of the lax grip his captors had on his arms. He had been counting on their being surprised that his "magic" didn't work, and it had paid off. Tugging the knife from the chopping block, Morris quickly dispatched the girl's executioner, and then turned to the nearest native.

The strain he had been under combined with his grief caused him to laugh insanely as he waded through the crowd of spectators, instinctively hewing a path toward the Chief who still sat on his throne of furs, thoughtfully watching the proceedings with a bored smile on his lips. His eye caught Morris' and the same inscrutable expression crossed his face.

The sudden realization came to Morris that he had put nothing over on the Chief, but that he had known what Morris had been working towards all the time, and had still allowed him to play his game. Morris dropped his guard for an instant but it was enough. He continued to gaze at the Chief in dazed wondering, as the knife entered his chest almost without pain.

His last conscious thought was, "Why?"

THE END

.....

J A T O

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I don't remember the exact date, and am too lazy to check it. It doesn't matter too much anyway; call it early April and let it go at that.

It was the NAPA-con, held in Hollywood at Peter Vorzimer's home, and despite its auspicious title, it was nothing more than a glorified NAPA meeting. NAPA is a many-faced crittur that has been various things. Right now it is an amateur press association; a few months ago it was both that and a local club in Hollywood. Fans like Larry Balint, Tom Piper, Ron

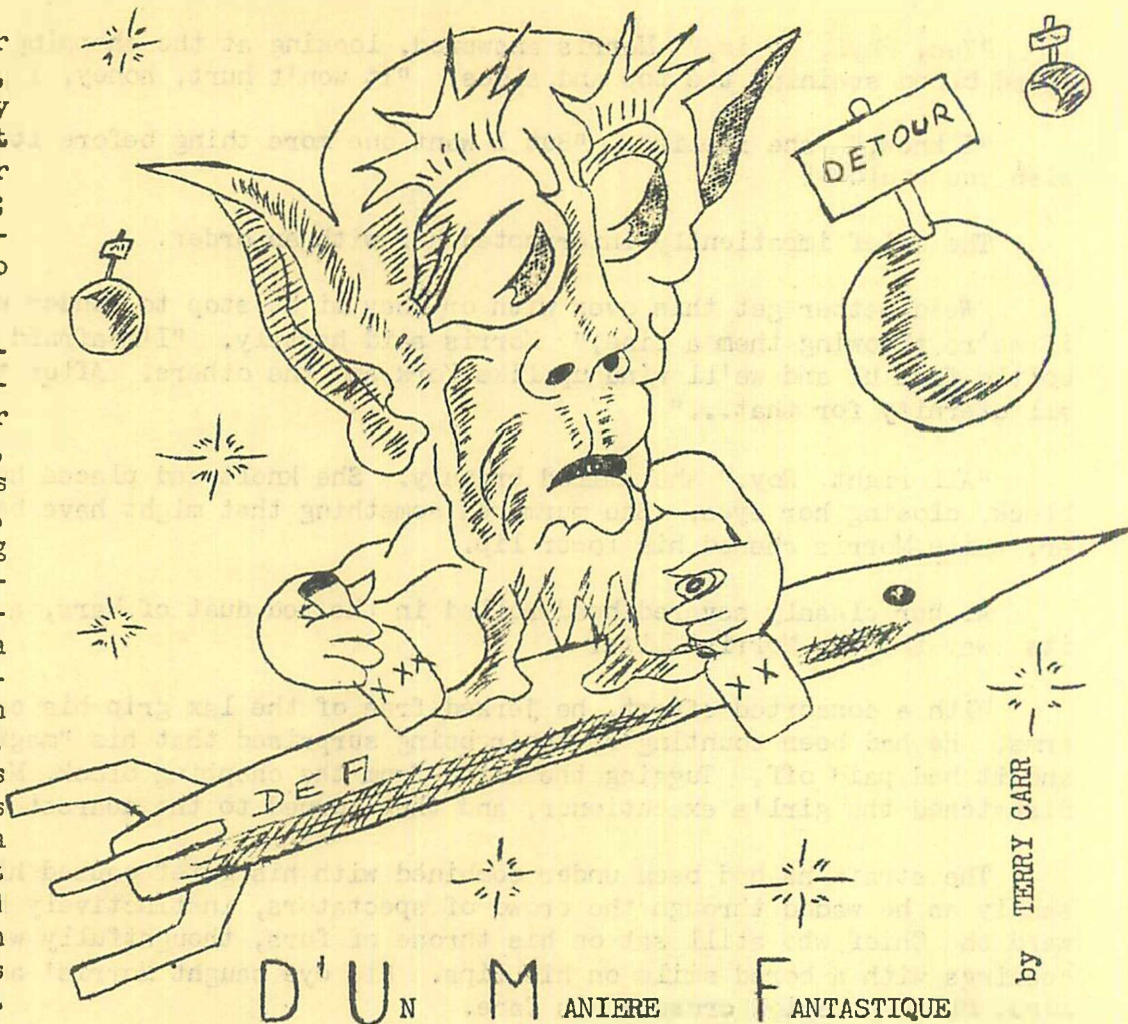
Ellik, Don Howard Donnell, Peter Vorzimer, and so on belong to the local club, while the APA includes Rich Geis, Boob Stewart, Peter Graham, Ron Smith, Kent Corey, and 40 to 50 others, along with the members of the local NAPA. I'm one of them.

At any rate, this NAPAcon was just a glorified NAPA meeting...and not very glorified at that. The only thing which glorified it was the presence of Peter Graham, Keith Joseph, and yours truly. Not very much glory there...

Now this isn't supposed to be a NAPAcon report. If you want to read about it, I suggest you get the 3rd ish of ABstract, which contains a fairly lengthy report by Vorzimer, with Face Critturs drawn on-the-spot by me to illustrate it. (Vorzimer will soak you 10¢ for it if you write to him at 1311 N. Laurel Ave., W. Hollywood 46, Cal. If you write to him at any other address he won't charge you anything, because he won't get your letter.)

What I would like to cover here is the personalities involved. They struck me as being interesting characters, those southern Califen.

Take Balint and Ellik, for instance. (That's Buh-lint, "With the accent on the lint, and the lint on the head," and EEelik, like "'E licks that lollypop with admirable fortitude.") If I have ever seen two exact opposites, then Balint and Ellik are they. Balint is the quiet reserved type who sits around at a meeting smiling and speaks when spoken to. Ellik is the boisterous individual who is continually cracking jokes and laughing at them--even if they're not his own. He's full of energy and life-of-the-partyism. He also reprints fan-fiction, which Balint detests. He even printed a story by Balint once.





And Vorzimer? He's a character. He can relate his experiences for two hours on end and never bore you. When you're laughing you don't have time to be bored. If you think I'm stretching the truth, ask Boob Stewart what happened when Vorzimer was in San Francisco for two hours.

Donnell? To tell the truth, he's not the fannish type. He's just too normal. Instead of sitting quietly and smiling or cracking jokes or relating experiences he just sits there and acts normal. He's a terrific writer, though, so maybe we can forgive his eccentricities on that account.

I'd also like to tell you about Tom Piper. Unfortunately, I can't because he wasn't at the NAPACON. The other chaps that attended the con were interesting too, but these people are the better known fen and therefore merit the attention given them here.

---

#### NEWS NOTES FROM ALL OVER

Scoop! Stewart returns to fandom! In a recent dispatch from Boob Stewart who was reported last issue as having quit fandom, it is now known that Stewart is recovering from a particularly bad case of gafia, and will probably re-enter fandom. He has sent a column to ABSTRACT already, along with a fan-file. He has big plans of reading a stf story sometime soon. Watch this column for further exciting info.

Extra! Piper gafiates!! Hard on the heels of Boob Stewart, Thomas Zorchfield Piper has not announced that he has gafia. In fact, he has not announced much of anything, except for some unkind remarks about ABSTRACT ((and DEVIANT)). Reliable authorities have it, however, that Piper is suffering from the dreaded fannish malady, gafia. All suggested remedies should be sent to 6111 Vista de la Mesa, La Jolla, California.

PSYCHOTIC changes schedule. In the 11th ish of PSYCHOTIC Magazine, editor Richard Erwin Geis announced that henceforth said periodical will be on an irregular but at least monthly, schedule. Every time he gets together 28 pages of material he will slap them together and dump them into a mailbox, he says.

EXTRA! EXTRA!! Macauley gafiates--COSMAG stillborn! In a recent dispatch from 57 East Park Lane in Atlanta, Georgia, Ian Macauley proclaimed that "Prolonged Gafia has taken its toll" of him, and that he "will not be publishing a fanmag of any sort for a good while." His plans for reviving COSMAG died on the planning board and the majority of his backlog went to the Fanzine Material Pool. Says Macauley: "You see, fan publishing and college, as far as I'm concerned, just don't mix. I haven't the time to devote to both of them, and I'm afraid that fan publishing is the one that has to go. I will, however, continue my column in PEON and occasionally turn out something for the fan press. I will also keep up my correspondence as much as I can, as well as work with the Atlanta fan group."

PEON to continue: Rumors that the publication of Charles Lee Riddle, PEON, will fold not long after Riddle completes his shore duty and ships out with the Navy have been denied. Says Riddle: "...don't worry about PEON folding up. I've just ordered some new letterheads and new business cards (to pass out down at the FanVet Convention) and I certainly don't want them to go to waste. Seriously though I don't plan to give up PEON until at least the 100th copy,--about 15 more years at the present rate, I figure!"

SPIRAL to have annish! This amateur magazine of Denis Moreen will have its annish around July 1, Moreen announced recently. Learning a lesson from VEGA, he says: "I plan to strive for only about 35 pages, but make it an all-quality issue."



ATTENTION, LES COLE!

by  
Robert Bloch

The other day, while going over my files (with a bulldozer), I unearthed a very pretty something called the TORCON REPORT.

This, for the benefit of neofans, is a handsome compendium put out by Ned McKeown and his committee following the 1948 Convention, in Toronto. Although written in Canadian, it is well worth translating, and I spent some time going through it once again...though the brochure kept falling open at the picture following page 26.

Be that as it may (and it certainly is!) I was much impressed on finding that the report contained a written transcript of a speech by old-time fan, Wilson "Bob" Tucker.

Now I don't expect that very many of you readers have ever heard of this Tucker, but way back in 1948 he had some few acquaintances in the field. Never what you might call a BNF, this man Tucker made a few modest little contributions to fandom. At one time I believe he put out a crude magazine of his own, and also dabbled in pro fiction. Virtually forgotten today, and no doubt long since retired to pasture, Tucker nevertheless deserves a footnote in fan history because of one interesting project.

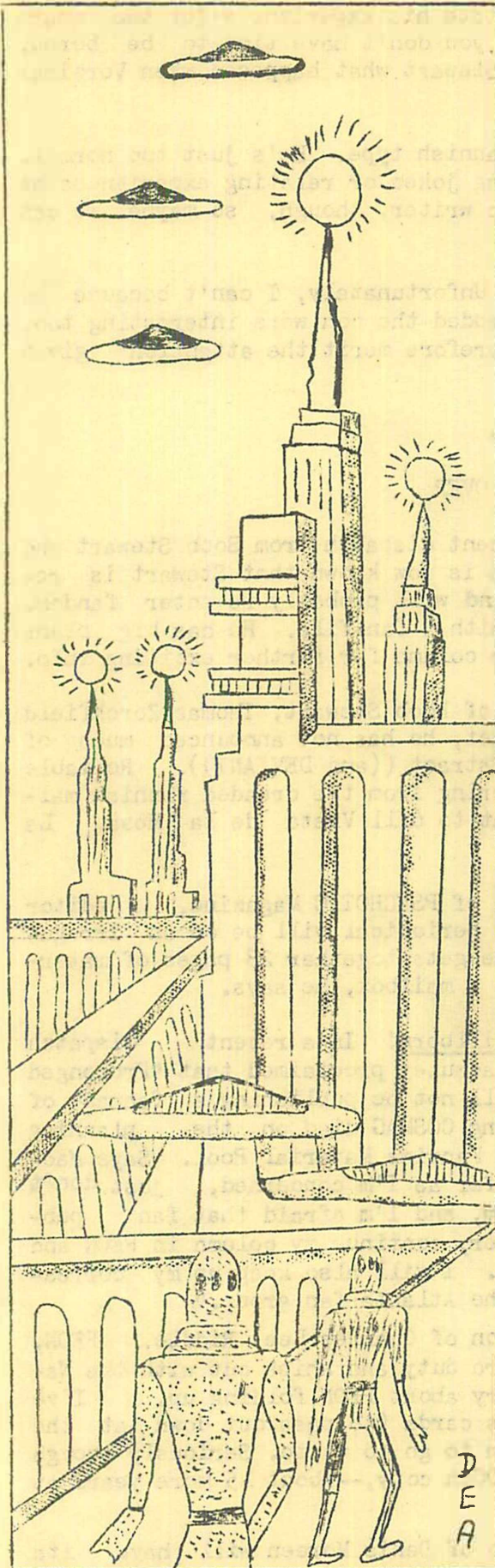
This project--discussed in his speech in this TORCON REPORT--consisted of a Fan Survey.

In late 1947 or early 1948 Tucker sent out approximately 500 questionnaires to known science-fiction and fantasy fans in the U.S., Canada, England, Australia and Japan, contacting almost exclusively those people who were admittedly active in fandom at that time.

He received a goodly percentage of answers, including the usual number of garbled reports from persons who seized upon this serious questionnaire as a vehicle for what they fondly believed to be "humorous replies." Tucker wisely excluded the deliberately garbled answers and based his statistical survey on the 173 normal returns.

He then reported his findings in his speech, accompanying it with a series of graphs and charts which give a more or less accurate (to say nothing of nervous) breakdown.

It is fascinating to review his findings today, after a lapse of six years. Skimming, I come across the following bits of basic information:





Of the group replying and representing active fandom in 1948, the greatest percentage, agewise, were 19, 21, 24 and 26 years old...although the representation extended from 15 to 70,--with, as to be expected--the majority between 17 and 30.

66.5% drank alcoholic beverages of some sort, 58% smoked, 73% indicated some form of sexual activity, 85.5% owned radios, 63.5% record players.

But only 32% had cars, and only 1% owned TV sets! The changes 6 years bring...

34% were married, 6% divorced, 5.4% divorced and remarried. 67.2% intended to marry. (Wonder if they ever did???)

89.2% of the answers received were from males; the proportion in fandom according to this sampling, seemed to be roughly 9 out of 10, although independent researcher Francis T. Laney may have disputed these figures.

There is also a scholastic breakdown of some thoroughness: the most interesting statistic here is that some 17.8 of the fans answering claimed to possess college degrees.

Sections on religious observance, ownership of printing equipment, reading habits, hobbies, occupations, etc., are also illuminating.

70% picked ASTOUNDING as their favorite prozine, followed by FANTASTIC NOVELS (huh?) WEIRD TALES, FAMOUS FANTASTIC MYSTERIES. These four magazines accounted for 98.5% of the "first choices" of all answers!

That figure certainly must have changed a lot, with all the new contenders, and the elimination of some of the old regulars from the lineup.

GORGON was the favorite fanzine, followed by FANTASY COMMENTATOR; trailing were FANTASY ADVERTISER and BRITISH FANTASY REVIEW. Again, contemplate what six years, has done to these estimates!

Tucker also asked for personal opinions on flying saucers, on magazines and writers most disliked, on estimates of the number of people in active fandom, on opinions as to the "purpose" of fandom, ideas regarding the future. At that time 90% of the replies affirmed belief that there would be a moon rocket soon. Tucker's own private guess was that the Army would get a robot rocket there within a couple of years. The consensus of opinion ranged from 1 to 10 years on this possibility.

All told, he listed 140 questions in his survey. Some of the answers were most interesting from a sociological viewpoint and some of them were unintentionally side-splitting. But the result was a pretty accurate cross-index of the manners, mores and mentality of fandom 1948.

Now it occurs to me that fandom 1954 probably offers an equally fertile field for investigation. There have been so many changes in the last six years...so much has happened to science-fiction and the small portion of the world which (they tell me) exists outside of stf. A new questionnaire would undoubtedly elicit a totally different set of replies.

It seems to me that there's a much easier way of arriving at the same results. And this is where Les Cole comes in--Les and the San Francisco Convention Committee. It might be possible to mimeo up a set of similar questions to be distributed to attendees at the Convention in September, answered on the spot, and deposited there for future references and research.



With a possible attendance of 800 or 1000, it seems likely that a very interesting cross-section of fandom's present makeup would be available. Of course, due allowances would have to be made for the preponderance of West Coasters, and it is suggested that no questions be asked about hot-rods or bop-music; still, it seems like a worthy project.

Perhaps Les could find some way of tracing the whereabouts of oldtime Fan Tucker, and secure a copy of his original questionnaire from him. The FBI could be contacted for this information.

But I've got a hunch it would be an intriguing venture...a survey of fandom 1954--besides, think of what a bang you'd get out of reading it in 1960!

FINIS

.....  
RUN FOR FANS----BY A FAN!

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What looms ahead for science fiction in the future? A debatable question and one that deserves a clear, forthright answer. Unfortunately, I don't have that answer; I can only present evidence of what trend indications would show that stf is taking.

When science fiction first appeared, it was designed primarily for a small audience. Thus, little thought was given to the basic fundamentals of good writing such as characterization and the ever intangible "human interest" which dominates modern science fiction. As Stanton Coblenz, noted author of that early period stated in SCIENCE FICTION ADVERTISER sometime ago, "The editors, and Hugo Gernsback in particular, strove not for great literature but for scientifically accurate stories. (In other words, stories that emphasized Science). No attempt was made to delve into the inner depths of man's mind "to see what made him tick," Today's stf concerns itself vastly with the effect of various stresses, living conditions, wars, poverty, morals and even the sexual mode of mankind.

On first appraisal, this would seem to be all to the good, for certainly mankind needs its baser threats brought to light. But in the frenzied all-out attempt to change man from the gibbering idiot that he too often is today, we have lost some of the magic touch and marvelous play of imagination that characterized early stf.

Let's make this point clear--I do not want a return to the primitive, oft-time

plotless and ponderous type of science fiction. I'll grant you that few "Classics" of yesteryear can outshine their modern counterparts of today (due to the stilted language employed then, and the lack of knowledge of human behavior).

Neither do I want a return of the childish fiction generally recognizable thru the appearance of a dauntless spacerover an attractive female and grotesque monstrosity known as a BEM. We are well rid of such cardboard characters that formed

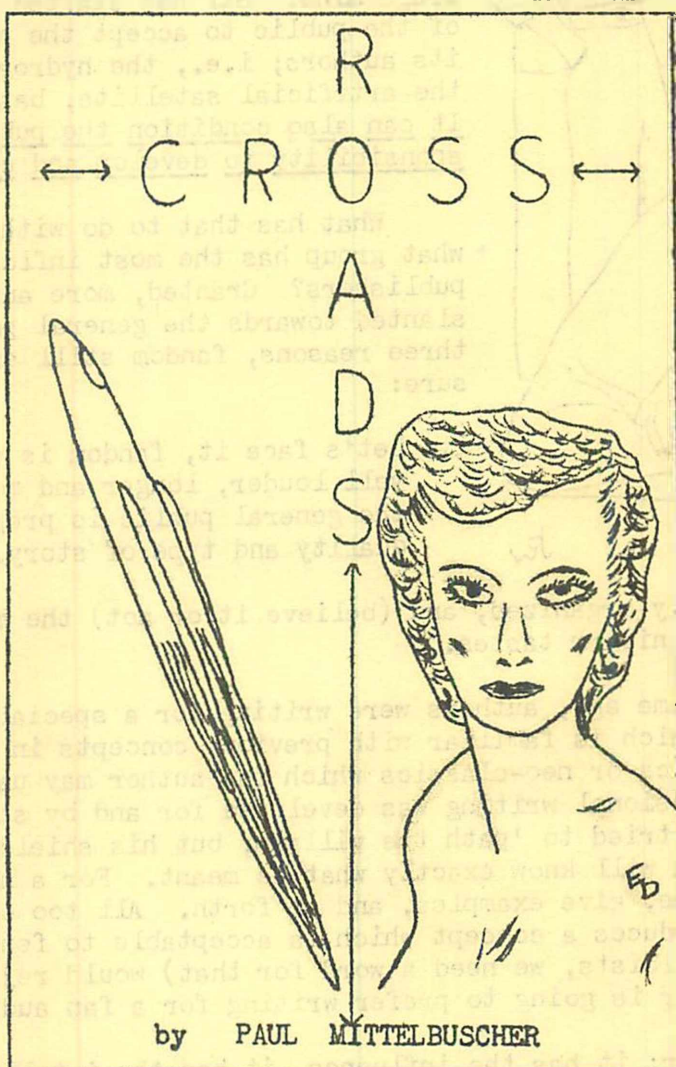
the nucleus of early science fiction. (Let us qualify that statement slightly-- the very early stf was not so over-run with these characters, it was during the 1933---1940 period that they really began to take over)

I recognize the need for raising the literary standards of stf; however, such fond hopes can never be realized unless the present trend of too little science in stf is checked. If raising the literary standards means dumping the science overboard, as one prominent stf author suggested, then let us disdain any attempts at making stf acceptable to the general public.

Led by Bradbury, who first began the crusade to diminish the amount of science in

stories, and strengthened by the success of Richard Matheson, this movement has begun to make its weight felt in editorial circles.

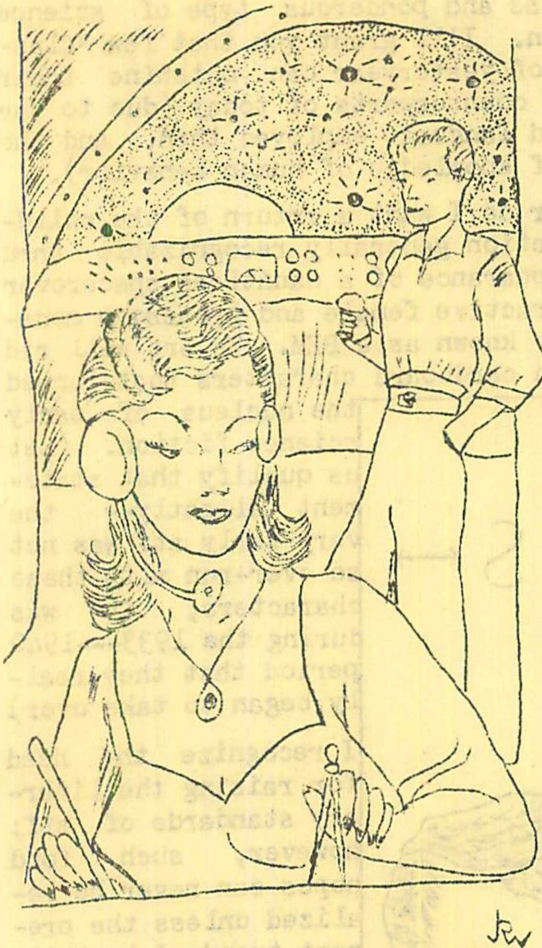
The de-emphasizing of science has reached the point where we may yet be forced to scratch out the science part of stf, leaving only Fiction. As one fan to another I ask, "Is this desirable?" We are at the crossroads. Now, which path???





## PHILOSOPHY FOR FEN

by J.J.R.



Fandom, at least from the viewpoint of this highly inactive fan, seems to have reached the point where it needs to formulate a philosophy. I say this for many reasons, but the most important one is this: science fiction is making quite a splash in the popular market. And, as does any popular fiction it will make its mark on the average mind. Stf has started conditioning the mind of the public to accept the concepts presented by its authors; i.e., the hydrogen and cobalt bombs, the artificial satellite, bases on the moon, etc. It can also condition the public to accept its responsibility to develop and control these ideas.

What has that to do with fandom? Simply this: what group has the most influence on editors and publishers? Granted, more and more stf is being slanted towards the general public; however, for three reasons, fandom still exerts the most pressure:

1. Let's face it, fandom is vociferous. It can yell louder, longer and more agonizedly than the general public is prepared to do, about quality and type of story.
2. Fandom is relatively organized, and (believe it or not) the most articulate part of it has closely uniform tastes.
3. Up until a short time ago, authors were writing for a specialized segment of the population,--one which is familiar with previous concepts in the field, references to stf classics or neo-classics which the author may use, etc. The terminology of stf professional writing was developed for and by stf fen; one has only to say, "Our hero tried to 'path the villain, but his shield was too tight;" and the majority of fen will know exactly what is meant. For a non-fan reader, one must explain, define, give examples, and so forth. All too often, the author unintentionally introduces a concept which is acceptable to fen, but which a nonfan (by the way, semanticists, we need a word for that) would reject as preposterous. Therefore, an author is going to prefer writing for a fan audience.

Fandom has the power; it has the influence, it has the intelligence, the imagination, the energy, perhaps the ambition. The primary question: what will we do with it?

A philosophy, by definition, is a way of acting which has been reasoned from available data, and which fits the problems and requirements of the individual or group developing it. There are two basic classes of philosophies; those developed by an individual or group to provide an adequate (optimum being impossible) way to meet a problem (e.g., William James, Christianity), and those developed by an individual to rationalize malformation of personality, personal misfortunes and resulting bitterness, or otherwise unsatisfiable desires (e.g., Schopenhauer, the Bohemians--who, though not a recognized philosophy, had a decided effect on American thinking).



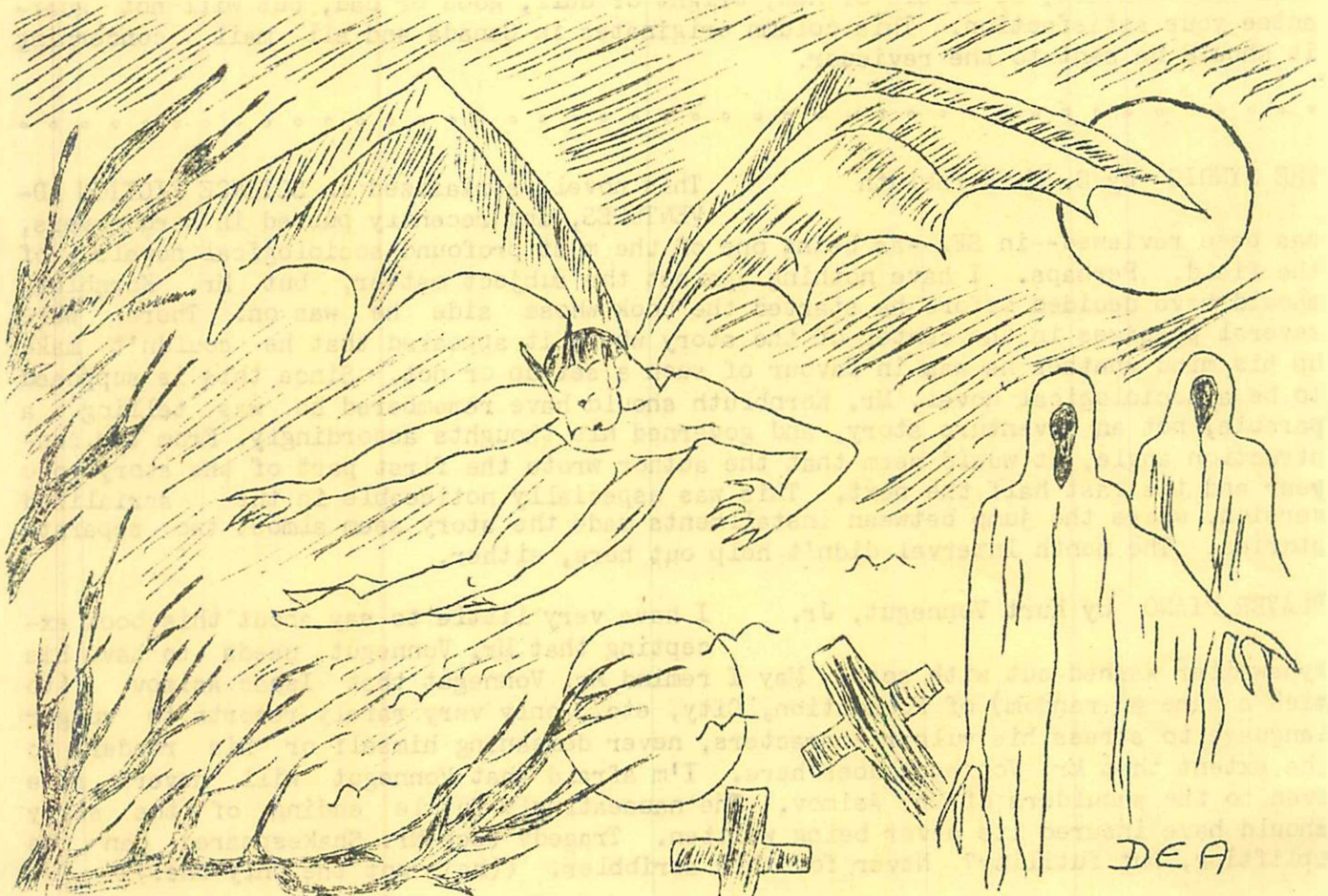
Almost every fan has developed a personal philosophy, which may be of either class. As a general rule, this is an extension, clarification and/or rationalization of someone else's philosophy which he has accepted more or less intact. As examples: at one extreme we have the zealous Catholic fan, while at the other, the pessimism and predeterminism of Schopenhauer and the absolute unbelief of the atheistic philosophies.

However, as concerns those beliefs I have heard expressed (either by letter or in fanzines), I have found little original thought. In fact, I have found few fen who could think rationally about their personality problems. (I do not pretend to be among the few). By original, I don't mean ideas which have never been thought of before, I mean ideas which have been found by research, which have been weighed, evaluated, experimented with, reformed, tested, and combined with and changed by the individual's own thoughts on the matter.

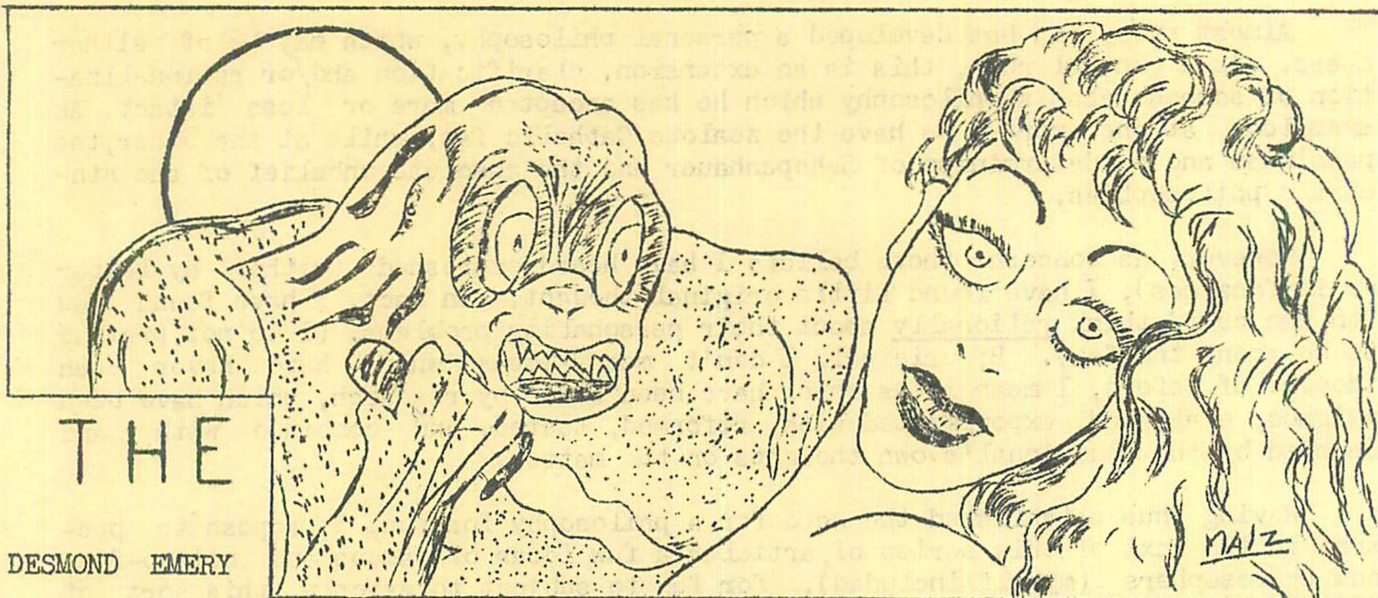
Having thus established the need for a philosophy for fen, I propose to present in the next of this series of articles a few ideas of famous and not-so-famous philosophers (myself included), for fen to subject to exactly this sort of examination; a rational, thoughtful examination of the concepts and principles involved.

#### THE END

((Would you like to see more in this series of articles by J.J.R.? The decision rests with the majority of readers,--those who bother to vote, that is... You'll find a place on the question sheet.))







## VIVISECTIONIST

This is a science-fantasy review column in which the views expressed by the columnist are entirely biased and definitely prejudiced. The reviewer makes no pretense of originality, neatness, nor aptness of thought, and will not keep you up-to-date on the latest stf trends. He will review the science-fantasy with which he has recently come into contact, be it old or new, bright or dull, good or bad, but will not guarantee your satisfaction. This column originates in Canada and all mail concerning it should be sent to the reviewer.

THE SYNDIC by C. M. Kornbluth

This novel, serialized in SCIENCE FICTION ADVENTURES, and recently pubbed in hard covers, has been reviewed--in SFA--as being one of the most profound sociological novels of the field. Perhaps. I have nothing against the subject matter, but Mr. Kornbluth should have decided before he started the book whose side he was on. There were several passages in the center of the story where it appeared that he couldn't make up his mind whether he was in favour of such a set-up or not. Since this is supposed to be a sociological novel, Mr. Kornbluth should have remembered he was telling a parable, not an adventure story, and governed his thoughts accordingly. From the construction angle, it would seem that the author wrote the first part of the story one year and the last half the next. This was especially noticeable in the serialized version, where the jump between installments made the story seem almost two separate stories. The month interval didn't help out here, either.

PLAYER PIANO by Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.

I have very little to say about this book excepting that Mr. Vonnegut needs to have his typewriter washed out with soap. May I remind Mr. Vonnegut that Isaac Asimov (to pick a name at random) of Foundation, City, etc., only very rarely resorts to vulgar language to stress his vulgar characters, never demeaning himself or his reader to the extent that Mr. Vonnegut does here. I'm afraid that Vonnegut will never rise even to the shoulders of Mr. Asimov. The nauseatingly futile ending of the story should have insured its never being written. Tragedy (see Mr. Shakespeare) can be uplifting, but futility? Never for this scribbler. ((he's not the only one!))



THE CANADIAN SCIENCE FICTION/FANTASY FAN ASSOCIATION

It seems this new club had a few interested leaders, but not enough active followers. Can't blame the founders of the rumour of its folding is true, if they got no satisfactory response from the general fan population. I know a few of the interested parties and they (and I) are pretty disgusted with fandom in general right now. From what I have heard of its aims, CSF/FFA could have been developed into a good thing.

THE STF SITUATION

I have heard it said recently that the spate of stf promags which we have just experienced was good for the fan. Not for my money, it wasn't. Filling such a large maw as had appeared last year is no easy feat for the writers. They may have burned out their typers, turning out such large doses of crud. Now that we're back to a sensible, less than two dozen mags, we'll be getting first-rate stf again.

.....

Each appearance of this column will feature reviews of some of the best fanzines sent to the columnist. So all you faneds, get your copies marked "review" to me right away.

FIE-----Harry Calnek  
Granville Ferry  
N. S., Canada

quarterly; 15¢; mimeoed; 1st ish, February 1954

This has the best cover of the three zines I'm reviewing this trip. Inside illos are generally first rate, with only a few blurred in this ish. Interesting articles and good fiction, for a fan. It remains to be seen whether the change to be expected in the second ish will be for the better or worse. Even if worse, it will still be worth the money. The zine is mainly humorous.

DEVIANT---Carol McKinney  
Sta. 1, Box 514  
Provo, Utah

bimonthly; 20¢; mimeoed; 1st ish, March 1954

Pretty good work here, too, (except for the vile green paper). The fiction was not as good as in FIE but the articles were more interesting and there were more of them. Hope to see an improvement in illoing and fiction, but will be content if there is not. The theme in this ish was Song of the Sea.

MIMI----- (short for Mimeomania)  
Georgina Ellis  
1428 15th St. East  
Calgary, Alberta, Can.

quarterly; 15¢; mimeoed; 1st ish, Spring 1954.

A third first ish, and second by a femfan. This mag has the best illoing of the three, but I would have liked to see more by the editor, who is, I understand, one of the best in fandom. The format is good, too, though the paper is too thin and the printing comes through. I like the idea, so new to fandom, apparently, of no particular theme, just plain good fanwork.

(Columnist's note: Being a first effort, I have toned down my comments, and even, in the case of the fanmags, made them pleasant. Later columns will be more biased and I will try to live up to the heading. I'm getting my scalpels honed up right now...)

Remember, send your zines for review to--

Desmond Emery  
93 Hemlock St.  
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Canada



## SALLY, STARLIGHT AND SCIENCE FICTION

by  
Don Howard Donnell

.....  
Next in this series of short glimpses  
into the lives of fandom's well-known  
personalities is Don Donnell, a rising  
young writer. The understanding with  
which he portrays the characters in  
his stories right now has us confidently  
predicting that his writings  
will enhance the pages of the prozines  
in the not too distant future.  
.....

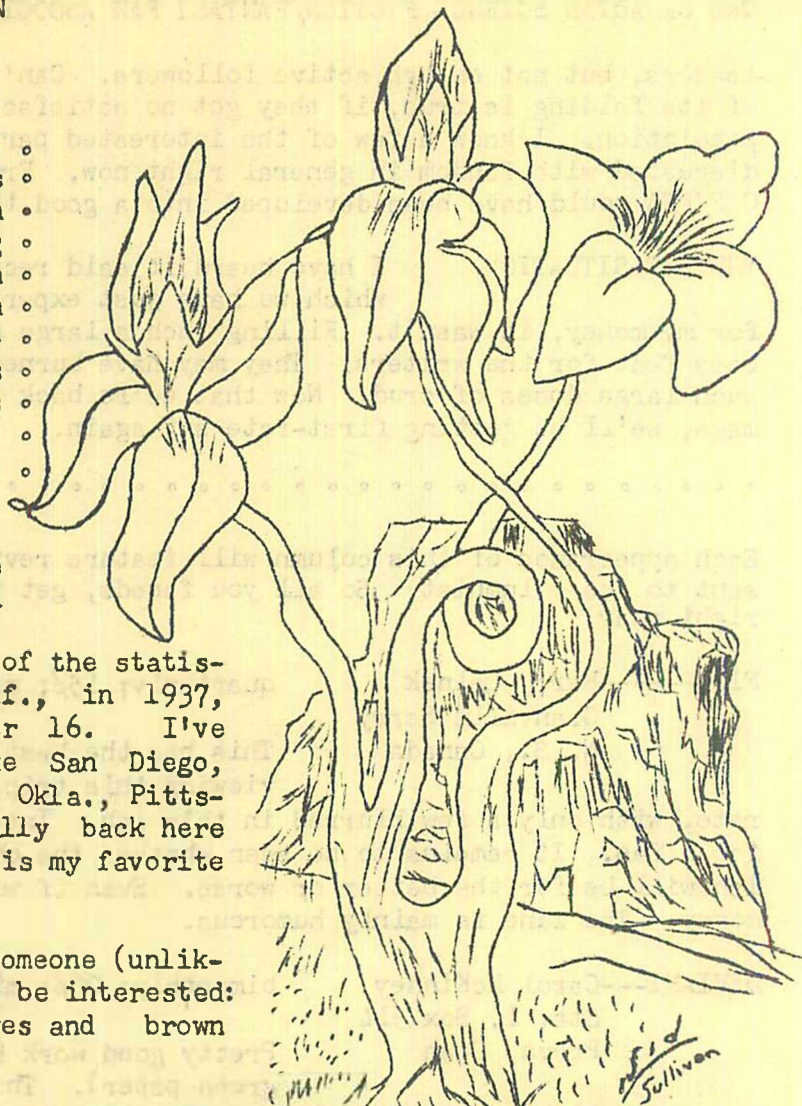
The above title might well be the three S's in my life, but there are a few other things that are also important to me. But first, let us dispose of the statistics: I was born in Los Angeles, Calif., in 1937, which places my age to date at a tender 16. I've lived since then in various places like San Diego, Calif., El Paso, Texas, Oklahoma City, Okla., Pittsburgh, Penn., Buffalo, N. Y., and finally back here in L. A. for the past 3½ years. L.A. is my favorite city, smog and all.

These are mighty dry facts, but someone (unlikely, but remotely possible) just might be interested: I'm 5'9" tall, 160 lbs., with blue eyes and brown hair.

Now, for the first "S". Perhaps the less said of her the better. She appears in my stories frequently, although "Alpha and Omega," published in INSIDE #3 is the only one to date to see print. She is coming up in DIFFUSE #1, called "Career" if the zine is ever published. She is very pretty. And that's all I'll say...

The second "S" is STARLIGHT. It started some time in August of 1953, a wild idea of mine. I had become discontented after discontinuing ABSTRACT (later taken up by Pete Vorzimer), and wanted to put out another zine, photo-offset to boot. I got together with Dave Leigh (art editor) and Laddie London (co-editor) and we made plans for the first issue. After considerable planning, dispute, and fund raising (not to mention work), the first ish went out. It wasn't as well received as we would have wished, but due to inexperience in the type of reproduction we were using, and the small, uneven type of this typewriter, the format wasn't as neat nor as original as we'd have liked. Also, the cover was drawn in haste--(the art ed just returned from a 3 week vacation in Kentucky to find a deadline staring him in the face), and it was not too well-liked. We gritted out teeth and resolved to do better.

STARLIGHT #2, is an improvement, judging from the reports on the copies just distributed. But a technical mistake tripped us up on the cover. It should have been bled (there should have been no white margin around the cover) and it was a sad disappointment to us. But then, #3 will be an improvement over #2, we hope!





We have a new feature coming up in #3, called TRIO. One author writes three short-shorts that are linked together by a certain theme, thus producing an unusual effect, we believe. The first TRIO will be done by Paul Powlesland, and he has 3 powerful and unusual stories that are delicately written, poetic, and certainly memorable. Also, we have a very good story by the editor of this zine, "THE LONG DREAM." So, if you want to get #3 (and 4, 5 and 6 for that matter) send 30¢ to me, at 5425 Santa Monica Blvd., Apt. 205, Los Angeles 29, Calif., and you'll receive #1 and 2 free, to boot (as long as they last).

Now, the third "S". I started reading science fiction when I was 12, which means I've had the habit for four years. Like dope, it's hard to break. There's nothing unusual about my entrance into the field. I started with AMAZING and FANTASTIC, like most fen do. I read TWS and STARTLING, and my earliest recollections will bring back a story called "Five Gold Rings" or something like that by Jack Vance. Another of my favorites then was Captain Future. I remember reading an ASTOUNDING also, and didn't like it. About a year later I was an avid GALAXY fan, then switched my main allegiance to ASF where it has been ever since. Now I think ASF is best.

Science fiction is a legitimate literature, with a wider range of speculation and less restrictions on subject matter or writing style than any other type of writing. I do not, however, think it the only literature. I read many books that have nothing to do with stf and enjoy them also. I feel that a person who reads nothing but stf is strangling himself in a small coffin. I know that reading material is a matter of taste, but I feel that people should be broad in their literary horizons, and as unprejudiced as they should be with their fellow man. To eat, drink, breathe and live only science fiction shows a stunted personality, and reflects a very narrow point of view. A person should have many interests, and be able to talk intelligently about other things than the phenomenon of fandom and who is going to be a BNF in 8th fandom. Of course, the neofan may be so engrossed in this wonderful thing that he probably would go overboard at first, and this is to be expected. It is when he doesn't come up that the signs of danger appear. (I'm not trying to sound like a psychologist, though I want to get a degree in it when I attend college).

I'm interested in politics, good music--both modern and classical, dancing, (I intend to be a professional dancer and writer--I'm going to take psychology out of pure curiosity), and various other things. Also the opposite sex. And, against all the typical fannish traditions, I abhor beer.

I write science fiction because I like to. I have room to express any idea I wish, without worrying about it being congruent to today's achievements or accepted mores. If I don't like something that is happening today, I can tee off on it by showing what it could lead to tomorrow. Also, I can put my characters into strange, intriguing situations and try to make them react as real people faced with the unknown, either succeeding or failing according to their merits. Where else can I send my people to distant stars, or push them ahead in time to some distant age, where the first faint trickles of today are raging rivers tomorrow?

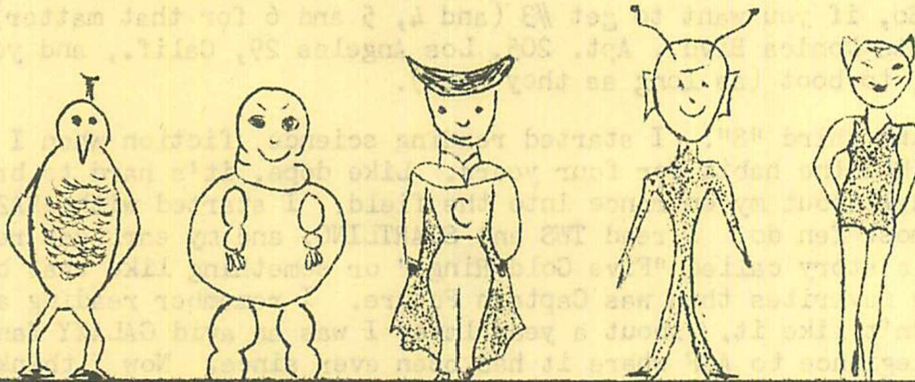
Looking back on what I've written, I'm afraid it's dreadfully dry, and I wouldn't blame you if you stopped after the second paragraph. For those who struggled on let me thank you for wading through my ramblings. You are braver than most.

Perhaps tomorrow, or the day after, the newspapers will say in large, black print that Man has finally conquered space. Have you ever thought that is is only the stf fan who can go with them out there, through his literature; and best of all, it is only us who can smile smugly at the people who laughed and scorned us only the day before and say, "We told you so!"

FINIS



# d w z f a c



## DEVIOUS DEFINITIONS

by H. Maxwell

A science fiction fan is an instrument for circulating hot air.

A scientist is a guy who patiently repeats an experiment 149 times, and then announces that he was right the first time after all.

A well-known equation, whose validity has never been seriously challenged, reads as follows:

$$N \neq M -- R$$

(Where R--the human race; M--Me; and N--a large number of ignorant damn fools).

Progress is when thousands of intelligent people spend billions of dollars in figuring out how to make a weapon with which one idiot can incinerate thousands of intelligent people.

A prozine is one that is put together by alleged experts; a fanzine is allegedly put together.

A prozine editor must conform to policy; a fanzine editor must police his conformity.

Too many fanzine editorials consist of space which the faned misuses by apologizing for misusing the rest of the space in the zine.

A science fiction/fantasy collector is a guy who scientifically collects a fantastic number of items.

A flying saucer is a device for testing the imagination. On the other hand, the imagination is a device for testing flying saucers.



GORDON G. DEWEY      ° Received the second copy of DV, and enjoyed every bit of it.  
 (address deleted      ° I've seen a lot of fanmags, and never yet to my knowledge, have  
 by request)      ° I seen first issues which looked as profesh as the job you gals  
 ° ° ° ° ° ° ° ° ° ° are turning out. If you continue to maintain the quality in  
 appearance and content that you've started out with, you should be pulling some pret-  
 ty good stuff from contributors round and about. I certainly hope so--I know it's  
 only a labor of love, for the most part, but it's fun, and it looks as though, from  
 the reactions, other readers are in agreement with me. Very, very nice going, and I  
 hope DV is around for a long time to come.

ROBERT BLOCH      ° ...I'm perfectly willing to satisfy your curiosity regarding my  
 P. O. Box 362      ° interest in fandom--reason's simple: I've met a lot of nice  
 Weyauwega, Wisconsin° people through fandom. Thru the years, a lot of them have  
 ° ° ° ° ° ° ° ° ° ° turned pro but at the time I made their initial acquaintance via  
 correspondence or thru actual meeting, they were fans. Among them: Kuttner, Leiber,  
 Bradbury, Tucker, E.E. Evans, Forry Ackerman, Dean Grennell. And there are literally  
 dozens who have no desire to turn pro but who are equally nice to know. Many of them  
 have been kind to me; I've enjoyed their company and their hospitality. Many more  
 have afforded me interesting and entertaining moments thru their writing and their  
 publications. I'd be most churlish and ungrateful not to acknowledge the fact. I  
 know that when I came to take an interest in fantasy as a fan of 15, I was welcomed  
 and assisted and encouraged to write by such pros of that era as Lovecraft, Derleth,  
 Clark Ashton Smith, and (in my then hometown of Milwaukee) such local figures like  
 Weinbaum, Palmer, and Farley. It meant a great deal to me to know these people, and  
 they certainly were thoughtful and generous with their friendship. Somewhere along  
 the line, a person likes to try and pay back at least a part of such a debt to other  
 newcomers by maintaining a similar interest in the fans who are just beginning the  
 route. Of course, I don't like all fans or all fanzines, and I've not the time to do  
 as much as I'd like...but I try not to forget my indebtedness. There are some ac-  
 tions and attitudes I deplore, but these things are more than overbalanced by the  
 likeable aspects of fandom as a whole. I don't care for the feuds, the sniping, the  
 gossip-mongering, and the, at times, juvenile and intemperate griping which passes  
 for criticism, but thru the years I've managed to avoid embroiling myself in such tea  
 pot tempests and consider that I've been well rewarded.###I'm far from considering fan  
 dom as "A way of life," and have many other absorbing personal interests; but I do  
 think that my experiences with stf fandom have been a great source of pleasure.##When  
 I made my first personal contacts with fan groups, I sometimes wondered at the occas-  
 ional presence of what--to me, from the perspective of my late teens--would only be  
 called a wrinkled oldster,--some venerable person well up in the thirties. I couldn't  
 understand what such an individual would be doing around young people. With the pass-  
 ing of the years this apparent incongruity has, to a certain marked extent, vanished.  
 A whole pro generation has emerged and grown up together from and with fandom. Scores  
 of the people I know in the field have passed the 30 mark; conventions are no longer  
 the exclusive stamping ground of adolescents; many of the leading fanzines are being  
 put out by mature adults. Up until 1950 this wasn't quite so noticeable, but now the  
 transition is marked, so much so that there has been a reaction on the part of the  
 younger group--this "7th Fandom" and "8th Fandom" movement of the past months really  
 represents a sort of rebellion on the part of the teenagers against what they think  
 to be a domination of their elders. This needn't be. Actually, whenever a bright  
 young personality or talent comes along, I've noticed that innumerable members of  
 the older group are willing to lend a hand, offer praise and encouragement, and at  
 times even material assistance.###But socially, there seems to be a resentment on the  
 part of the few. These few are so aggressively vocal about it that one can easily  
 mistake their protests as representing the sentiments of fandom as a whole.##It so  
 happens that for some reason or other I've often been chosen to mess around with en-  
 tertainment at various stf fatherings. In that capacity I've laid myself open to one  
 of the more bitter gripes of the younger fans--"Those dirty old pros hog the show!"







Lessee...I'll have to take my good suit...

Hmmmm--no...I'd get beer all over it!

Well, I've GOT to take my beanie and watergun!

After all, we BNF's have to show that we know the proper thing to do...

...and I'll have to take my I GO POGO button--and my E.C. Fan-addict one--and my Star Rockets Membership card--

GHU NO! I'll leave that home!

TERRY CARR'S

# FACE CRITTURS

PREPARING FOR A CON

--and 50 copies of my fanzine to sell--

In fact, I think I'll take 100 copies...

Fans will buy ANYTHING at a convention!

I'll take about a ream of paper to take notes for my convention report...

That just about fills the suitcase...lessee--did I forget anything???

Oh yes--almost forgot my toothbrush!



### PROZINE POLL

Here, for the last time in quite awhile, are the results of your voting on your favorite prozines. It isn't what I'd hoped for--1000 fen--but even so I've been told it was lucky this many were interested enough to vote. It could have run on longer, but then it wouldn't have accomplished much, as several of those mags voted for at the beginning have now folded. Their names have been deleted from those below, leaving us with a grand total of 23 mags now being published (unless some of them have folded since this was typed...) (S.F. Digest, which just came out, received no votes).

Anyway, thanks to those 450 fen who took time out to vote on their favorites. For the benefit of those who still don't know what it's all about--if a mag was mentioned on a fan's 10-choice favorite list, it got one vote. Maybe all this didn't prove anything very world-shaking, but it was a lot of fun. Can't tell, these results might turn out to be interesting to someone who's making a study of such things... On with the ratrace:

GALAXY-----	427	S.F. ADVENTURES-----	144
ASTOUNDING S.F.-----	412	FANTASTIC STORY MAG-----	137
STARTLING STORIES-----	384	FANTASTIC-----	126
THRILLING WONDER STORIES-----	381	UNIVERSE S.F.-----	118
IMAGINATION-----	357	FANTASTIC UNIVERSE-----	84
IF-----	335	S.F. QUARTERLY-----	81
PLANET STORIES-----	283	SPACEWAY-----	65
BEYOND-----	278	WEIRD TALES-----	38
FANTASY & S.F.-----	244	COSMOS S.F.-----	32
FUTURE S.F.-----	238	GALAXY NOVELS-----	25
AMAZING STORIES-----	182	ORBIT S.F.-----	14

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### RESULTS OF THE PSEUDONYM CONTEST IN #2

#### Answers:

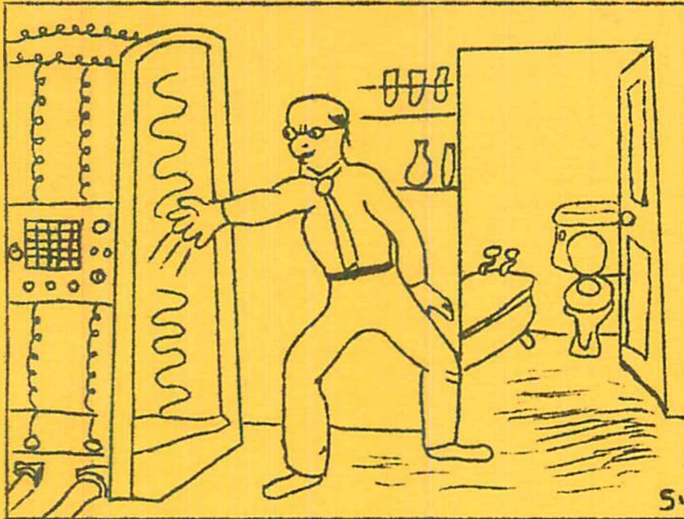
- |                       |  |
|-----------------------|--|
| 1. Stewart J. Byrne   | John Bloodstone  |
| 2. Raymond A. Palmer  | G. H. Irwin  |
| 3. John Russell Fearn | Vargo Statton  |
| 4. Alfred Coppel      | Derfla Leppoc, Sol Galaxan                               |
| 5. Will Jenkins       | Murray Leinster  |
| 6. Margaret St. Clair | Idris Seabright  |
| 7. L. Ron Hubbard     | Rene Lafayette   |
| 8. Henry Kuttner      | Lewis Padgett, Lawrence O'Donnell                        |
| 9. Robert Heinlein    | Anson MacDonald  |
| 10. Lester del Rey    | Erik van Lhin  |
| 11. Richard Shaver    | Alexander Blade, Peter Dexter, Paul Lohrman, Wes Amherst |
| 12. R. S. Richardson  | Philip Latham  |

Sources of reference: Donald Day's "Index to the SF Magazines".  
Editorial in OTHER WORLDS #3

Up to this date of deadline (June 1) no one has gotten them entirely correct. And I don't mean that they merely had the Shaver/Palmer which were sometimes used interchangeably, together with the house names of Ziff-Davis and Palmer Publishing Co. mixed up, but also missed some of the others, too. And I thought this was going to be an easy contest... Of those voting on this pseudonym contest, most seemed to like it anyway, as the score came out 5.78, the opinion being, apparently that they'd like this outcome--and answers--to the contest but mainly didn't know enough about it to actually enter. Sorry... No contest this time, and perhaps not ever again. Depends. If there is one next time it will be rather different, I can promise you that...

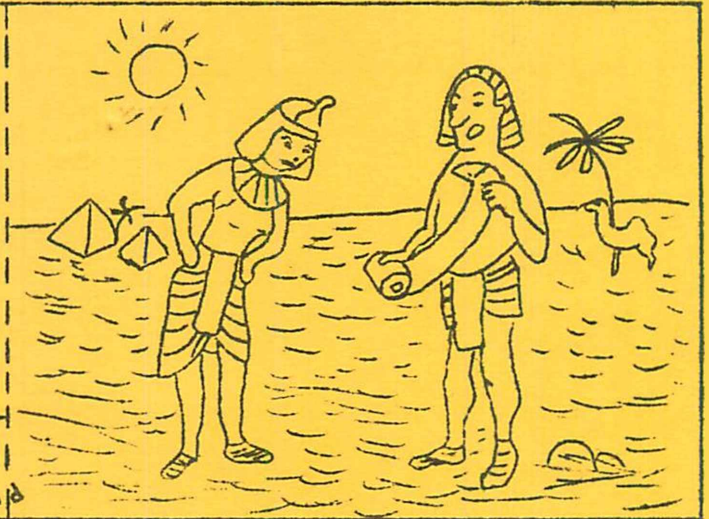


1. 1957 A.D.



"Drat--dropped it into the time field!"

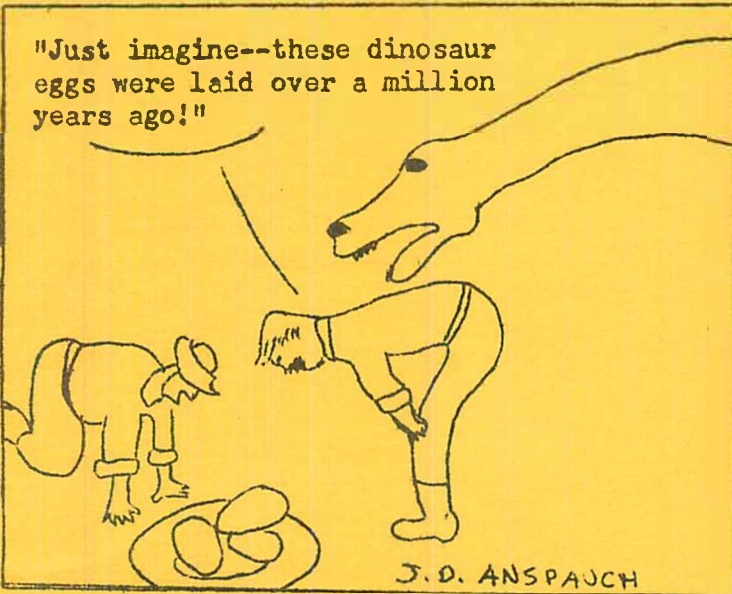
2. 800 B.C.



"Could it be some kind of book?"

.....

WILLY -- 2100 A.D.

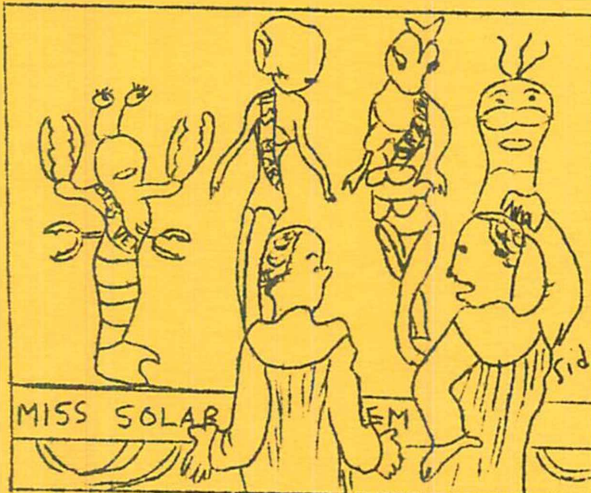


Willy, spacesuited in the void,  
Was mining on an asteroid.  
A meteor made a glancing hit--  
Now they're calculating Willy's orbit.

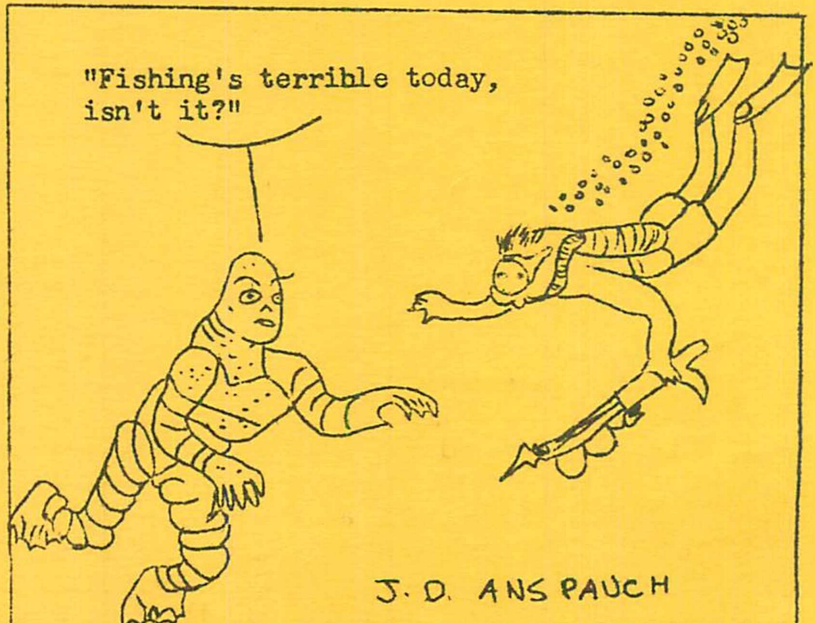
Little Willy,--ain't he cute?--  
Threw sister down the disposal chute.  
How fast the light years seem to flee  
With Willy relieving monotony.

Little Willy, for a lark,  
Sneaked under a rocket after dark.  
He never saw the sky dawn-tinged,  
The blastoff left him slightly singed.

.....



"I understand this was quite the event before space travel!"



"Fishing's terrible today,  
isn't it?"



