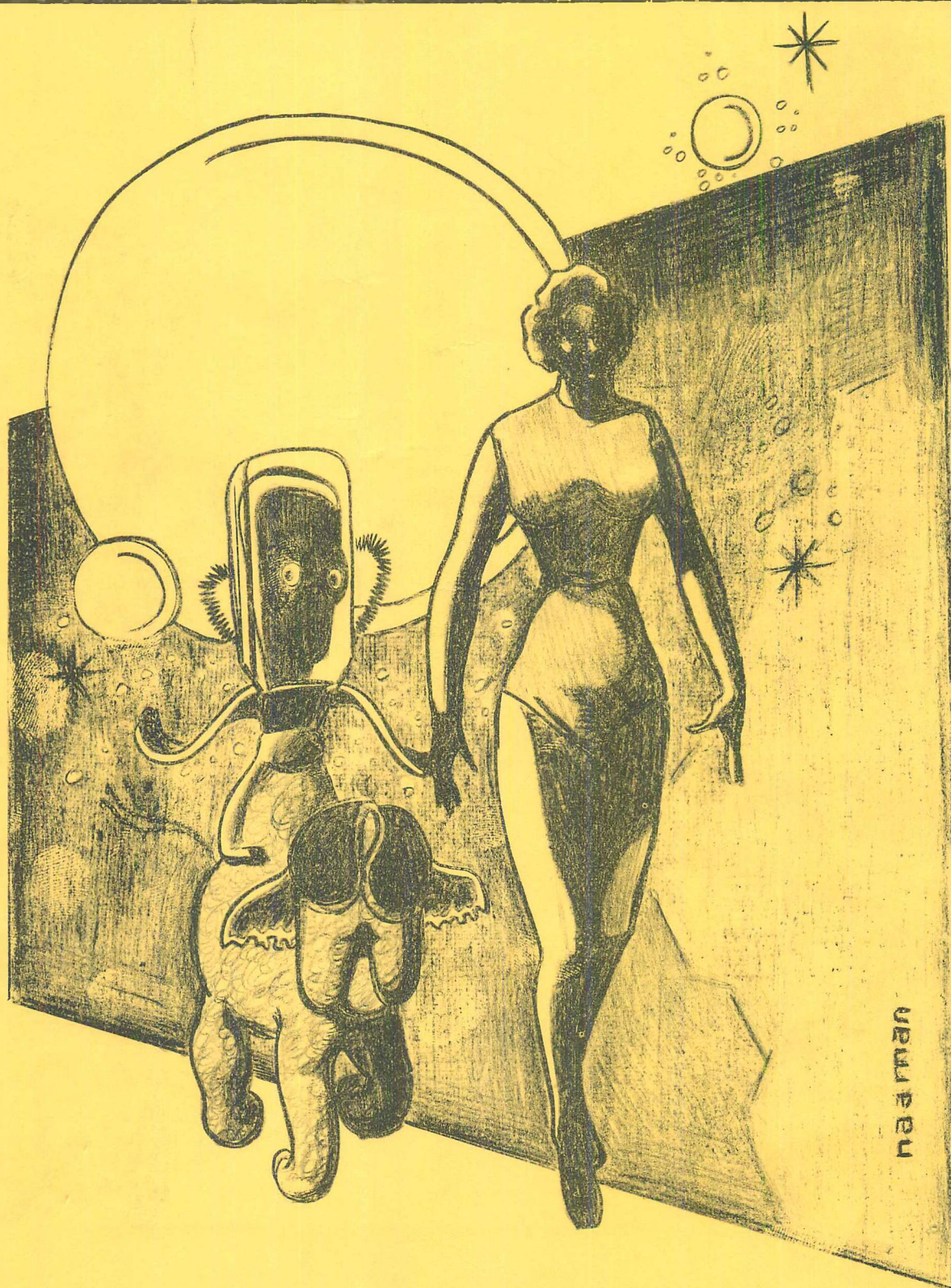


VANATIONS

VOZ
1952



VERMEEU

VANATIONS NUMBER THREE -

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In case you didn't know, I edit and publish this fanzine. My name and address is;

Norman G. Browne
13906 - 101A Ave.,
Edmonton, Alta., Canada.

Any resemblance between this; the third, bi-monthly issue of VANATIONS, and any Communist Party Propaganda Papers that may flutter into your mail box is purely coincidental.

For those of you so unorthodox as to actually want to pay for this magazine, I suggest you turn to page 27 and full particulars will be found there. Otherwise, that page is only good for comparing how my ability to type, spell, stencil and mimeo has improved since the last issue.

Not that it makes any difference, but this fanzine is a member of Fan Variety Enterprises.

Will all those who went out on a limb and mentioned the possibility of writing material for VANATIONS, please do so? That is unless you want future issues to be made up of blank pages. (We should dream?) Besides, look at all the benefits you're getting. You write something for me, and I guarantee to satisfy your vanity. (??)

Okay, so I'm crazy; but this and all future issues of Vn. will have a printing of 500 copies!

Nuts. I couldn't think of any heading to put at the top of this page, so I'm leaving it without one. I can do that can't I? After all, I am the editor of this mag.

If asked how it felt to hitchhike 1500 miles to Chicago, attend a world S-F Convention, and hitchhike back again; my answer would be in those immortal words of Fermi. Fermi, when asked what his reaction was after building and testing the world's first Atomic Pile, answered: "I felt tired."

Now is a good time to wish each and every one of you readers a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. I sincerely hope Santa Claus is good to you and that he brings you health, happiness, and tons of old Pogo Comics.....

OPEN LETTER

To Mr Jerome Bixby in regard to your review of Vn. #1 in the Nov. SS. What The Censor Missed produced two reactions unforeseen at the time of its compilation. First of all, it produced considerable comment from my readers, and second it produced considerable comment from you. I am thankful for both.

There seems to be two major types of fanzine policies. On the one hand, a number of fanzines cater to the pros, the editors have many pro contacts, and they feature considerable material in their zines by pros. On the other hand there is the zine that caters to the little-known fan writer. This type of zine is proud of the fact that it features a lot of first published work by people new to fandom and fan writing. There is of course one other type. That is the fanzine that features pretty well the same writers issue after issue and most of them are BNFs.

So far, Vn. has presented mostly new authors, a few big name fans, and no material by Pros. A few of the authors whose first work was published in Vn. are L.L. Layton, Tod Cavanaugh, Ronald van Veldt, Curt Lang and Norman G. Browne.

I plan to continue this middle-of-the-road policy and I hope in the near future to be able to present some pro material. We shall just have to wait and see.....

UNSUNG HERO DEPT.

Arthur Hayes, a Canadian correspondent passes the following on:

"You are perfectly right in pointing out that a year's copies of Astounding S-F would cost you \$4.20 if bought on the newstands, whereas a subscription would cost you \$4.50 (Canadian price) We are taking steps to bring our prices in line but it will take about six months before the machinery to handle this will be set up with our many agents in Canada and the United States. I hope you will bear with us until then,

Cordially yours
Robert L. Fenton
General Subscription Mgr"

I put a lot of time and a lot of money into this issue, and I can honestly say that I am quite proud of it. I think it's good, and I hope you do too...

Norman G. Browne

★ YOU ASKED ?

On the questionnaire in the last issue, I gave you readers a chance to ask me a relevant question concerning VANATIONS, its editor or authors.

The following then, are those questions picked both from the questionnaire and from other sources that I thought might be of interest to you. In future I want further questions to answer. Also, you may embody criticisms or suggestions in question and I will be glad to answer it. But remember; it must be in the form of a question.

WHAT EVENT DO YOU CONSIDER YOUR ENTRANCE INTO FANDOM?

- Redd Boggs

For five years I had read stf, but had no knowledge that fandom existed, and had never met anyone who even read stf. On August 31st at 3:00 PM, 1951, I walked into the lobby of the St. Charles hotel in New Orleans and met my first fan. I consider that date and time as my entrance into fandom.

HOW IS THE BEST WAY TO GET EGOBOO IN VANATIONS?

- Dick Clarkson

You seem to be doing pretty good. Why worry?

ARE YOU CUTE?

- Janie Lamb

That depends upon your definition of the word "cute". What do you care anyways?

HOW ABOUT A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THE EDITOR?

- Alastair Cameron

I will have a composite article done from the various points of view of people who are friends and with whom I have been in contact. At the same time I will ask the readership of VANATIONS if they want such an article printed. If their reaction is favorable, it will be printed; if not it will be sent to another magazine.

DOES ANY GOD OR GODDESS RULE VANATIONS, IF SO WHICH ONE, WHAT NAME?

- Gilbert Cochran

That depends upon your definition of the words God and Goddess. If you care to give me an all-inclusive, comprehensive outline of the physical and mental properties of these "Gods and Goddesses", then I will both publish your outline and answer your question.

If you mean does Vn. adhere to the teachings of Ghu, Foo-foo, Pogo, etc., then the answer is NO!

HOW MUCH TIME AND HOW MANY PEOPLE ARE USED IN PUBLISHING VANATIONS?

- Arloa Beal

It takes me approx. two months to bring out an issue. When you consider that I bring out a 500 copy issue, and that there are six major steps in publishing an issue, and each step takes a minimum of a week, and that my time is limited; I just can't do it any faster. Besides publishing a fanzine, there is other crifanac and correspondence that takes up considerable of my time.

No one helps me bring out an issue. The nearest fans of any activity live around 1000 miles from here.

WHAT GOAL HAVE YOU IN MIND IN PUBLISHING A FANZINE?

- J. Arthur Hayes

Ha. That comes under the heading of WHAT S-F MEANS TO ME. You don't expect me to enter my own contest do you? Tell you what I'll do. Upon receipt of your entry into my contest, I'll write an article titled: THE GOAL I HAVE IN MIND WHEN I PUBLISH A FANZINE. And I'll tell you what fanzine I send it too so that you can be sure of getting a copy and in the long run your question will be answered.

WHERE DO MOST OF YOUR AUTHORS LIVE? HOW MANY LIVE IN EDMONTON?

- Dorothy Lunger

None of them live in Edmonton. Wills, Barker, Lang, Purdy and Layton live in British Columbia. Van Veldt lives in Toronto, Ontario. The rest live in the USA. Clarkson is presently living in Cambridge, Mass. Huseboe lives in Sioux Falls, S. D., and Wally Weber lives in Seattle Washington -- from one end of the country to the other.

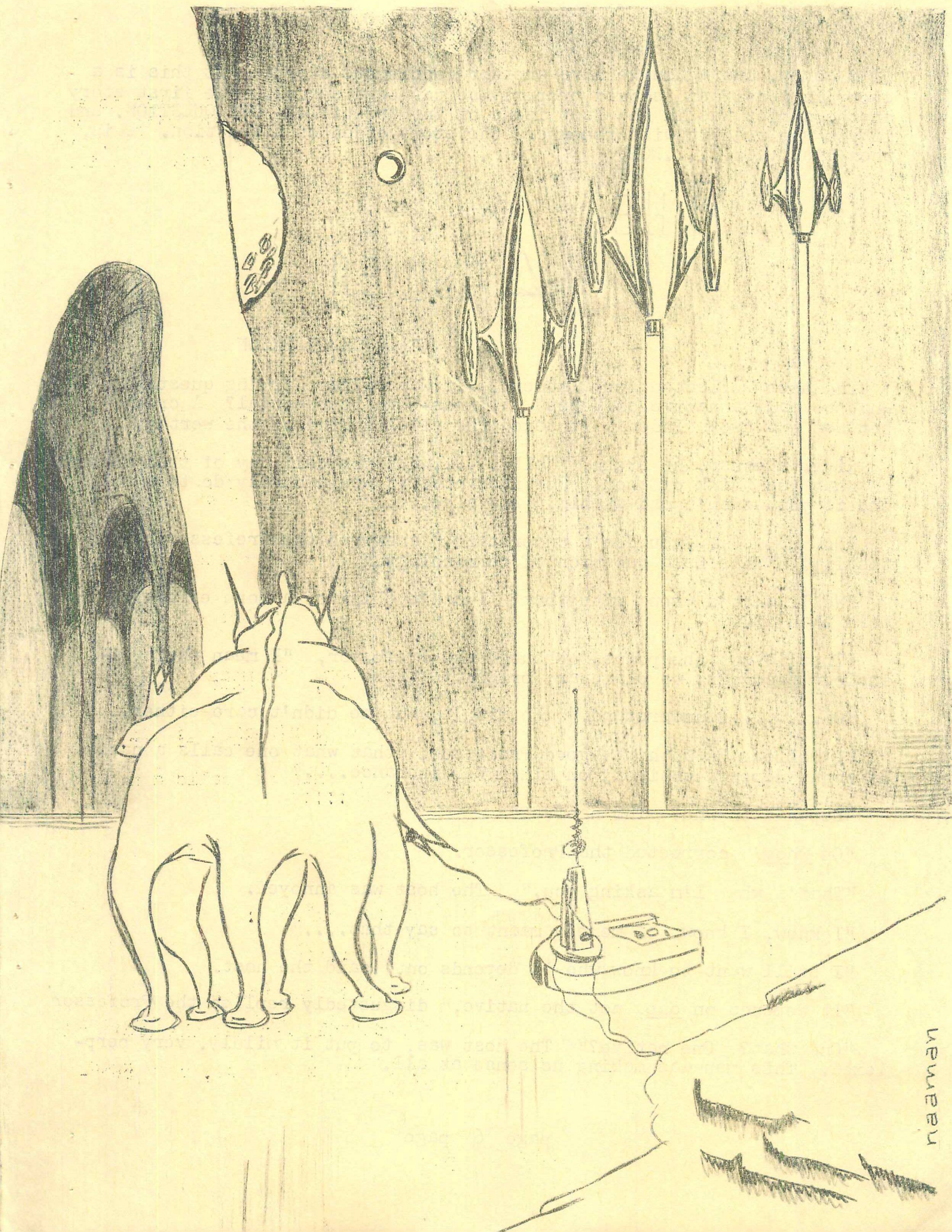
HOW DID THE PAR SYSTEM OF REIMBURSEMENT PAN OUT? DID IT PAY FOR PUBLISHING?

- G. M. Carr

Are you kidding? One advantage of the PAR system is that I don't have to keep books. So I have very little idea of how much money came in for Vn. #1 or #2. I do know that Vn. #1 had a 500 copy printing and that the response was 10%. Vn. #2 with only a 300 printing got a 23% response. This issue, with a 500 printing, I hope to see at least a 35% response. Taking 450 as cash distribution, I would need a 100% response averaging 15¢ per copy to pay for the publishing costs of this particular issue. The answer to your question then is NO!

And, as the baby bear said as he sat down on a cake of ice;
"My tale is told."

- Norman G. Browne



(I'm sorry, but again we have another continuous story. But this is a story in itself and should properly be termed a sequel. The first story in the series was in the last issue of Vn. and titled THE QUESTION. And if you who read it will remember, the story ended on a question. This, then, is.....NGB)

THE ANSWER

by DICK CLARKSON

The host reflected for a moment. It was quite a trying question. What to call a native of Venus? A Venus-born Terrestrial? A cross between the two? Indeed, it taxed the alleged mind of the worthy.

After a pause, he spoke, "Well,.....what you call any of them depends on what you think of them. For instance, it would hardly do to insult one if you weren't mad at him. And also....."

"No, no,.....you don't understand," answered the Professor rather testily. "This is a question of terminology."

"Well, what's wrong with that? I can't think of a more effective term than SOB."

"That is not the point," shouted the Professor, "I mean the terminology according to planetary origin."

"Oh.....I understand." He didn't, but he didn't care either.

"I believe," quoth the good Professor, "that what one calls a native of Venus depends entirely on him. For instance...."

"Depends on who? The native?"

"On whom!" corrected the Professor.

"That's what I'm asking you." The host was annoyed.

"I know, I know. I merely meant to say that...."

"I still want to know who it depends on," said the host.

"It depends on one, not the native," disgustedly replied the Professor

"One what? One native?" The host was, to put it mildly, very perplexed. This man was making no sense at all.

"I said what one called a native depended....."

"I know what you said. What I'm asking is one what?"

The Professor was defeated. "One person."

"Oh."

"Therefor, I personally would call a native of Venus a Venusian. But others would say a Venerian. While their wives seem to like to call them worms. Why, just the other night," the Professor was warming to his topic, "two of them were having a horrible row. She said, 'You worm', and he....."

"What...?" Mildly asked the host.

"'You worm', and....."

"Who's a worm?" the host wanted to know. "I'm a worm? Look, Prof, I like you but once more, and I'll....."

"I haven't even the faintest idea who is a worm," gasped the Prof.

"Then why all this babble about worms? Do you have worms?" asked the host sympathetically.

"No, no, I tell you. I haven't any worms! Not a single solitary little worm. Dammit, man, I was just referring to terminology, and..."

"Oh, I see," gravely interrupted the host, "you WANT some worms."

"I tell you, I don't want any worms! I've had enough of worms," groaned the Professor, "let's get rid of the worms!"

"Excuse me," babbled the host, "but I believe that I finally understand. You want to sell me some worms. Well, I don't think at the moment that I need...."

His face white, his eyes red and widely dilated, the Professor tore himself away and, screaming and babbling insanely, staggered away through the crowd. The host looked on, a vacant look in his eyes.

It had never been decided upon just what actually to call a Venerian. I mean Venusian. What? Oh, excuse me. I mean....oops!

Oh, hello, Mister. Gee, that white coat is pretty.

Dick Clarkson

A passenger on the first Rocket to Mars was half way there when the pilot began to laugh hysterically.

Passenger: "What's the joke?"

Pilot: "I'm thinking of what they'll say at the asylum when they find out I've escaped."

(The author of the following says it's a bed-time story for young science fiction enthusiasts. But I wonder. Possibly it's meant as a parody on a stf story; any stf story. Possibly it's a subtle spoof at stf fans or neophans. And then again, it might show how hard up I am for material when I have to print stuff like this.....NGB)

MY ADVENTURES ON THE MOON

a bed-time story

by UNCLE RONALD

One lovely morning I invented a spaceship. So I got in and went to the Moon. But half-way up I found that girl stowed away. She was very beautiful, of course. She didn't have much on, but then they never do.

So I asked her what she was doing in my spaceship. She said she had to go to the Moon. She said it was a matter of life and death. So I let her stay on, mostly because I couldn't make her leave.

Then we landed on Moon. The Moon King came over, and he was very mad. He said whatche come here for? And we said just visiting. So they grabbed us and threw us into the deepest crater. That girl, her name was Asphyxia, she was very scared and she said she never wanted to see Moon again. So I kissed her passionately and went and killed the Moon King.

Then I made it to the spaceship and took off as fast as I could. The Moon people shot at me from their machine guns ta-ta-ta-ta-ta. But they never got me. Then half way down, I remembered I left Asphyxia on Moon. But she said that's what you think and came out of a jet where she was stowed away. I thought it was plugged, but then she plugged me and I couldn't think anymore.

When I woke up I asked where I was, she said on Mars.

But I will tell you all about this in my next story; My Adventures on Mars -- same place, same magazine, next issue.

Uncle Ronald

A Man: "Look at me! I am a self-made man!"
Robot: "That's the trouble with this cheap labor."

Author: "Well, sir, the upshot of it was that it took me ten years to discover that I had absolutely no talent for writing literature."

Fan Friend: "You gave it up?"

Author: "Oh, no; by that time I was too famous."

(The following are the Contest entries to date. In my own personal opinion, only the entry by Neil Blum should qualify for a prize. The rest do not meet the requirements of the Contest in that they be "searching and comprehensive". They are only superficial in their treatment of the theme and not what I was looking for when I sponsored this contest.

If future entries are like this, I think that the contest should be dropped and all other entries be considered as straight submissions to VANATIONS. A better idea for a contest has occurred to me and I think you readers will agree with me on this.

I would give a prize, similar to those I am now offering, to the author of the best material in each issue of Vn. The decision as to the best in any issue would be decided by a vote of the readers. By doing this, I would provide an incentive for material and provide an incentive for good material. Also, I would not be obligated to print everything sent into me. I would be able to exercise my editorial judgment and leave the further selection up to you the reader. Thus, for example, if Huseboe's poem in this issue was decided the best of the issue, I would send Art an early Gernsback Amazing. I'd appreciate the comments of you readers on this idea and in the meantime I will let things ride as they are; with the WHAT S-F MEANS TO ME contest expiring on the 10th of December....NGB)

GEORGE E. DOLD

The reason I read science fiction is that desire to read stories that make use of the imagination. That is in the fact that it takes more imagination to picture what things will be in the future. Not only the daily life of the people but the objects or material things that will be in use.

The average intelligent person can read the other stories on the stands and also science fiction. But it takes a higher and different type of intelligence to be able to understand science fiction. Having been always interested in nearly all types of science to varying degrees, I find these types in the variety of science fiction stories now and in the past science fiction magazines.

As for changing my way of life, I cannot say for certain. As I began reading science fiction at about the age of 12. Whether my life would have changed much if I hadn't read it is hard to say. One thing I believe it has done and that is to help create an interest in Electronics at which I am studying at present. I believe my reading of stf has helped create an interest in this type of work.

From Science Fiction I expect; pleasure of reading, easy understanding of the authors point of view and a possible scheme of what the future or what life in space and on other planets could be. I think S-F should

and could accomplish the creation of scientifically minded leaders who's purpose in life is the betterment of the social and physical life of the rest of the people of the world.

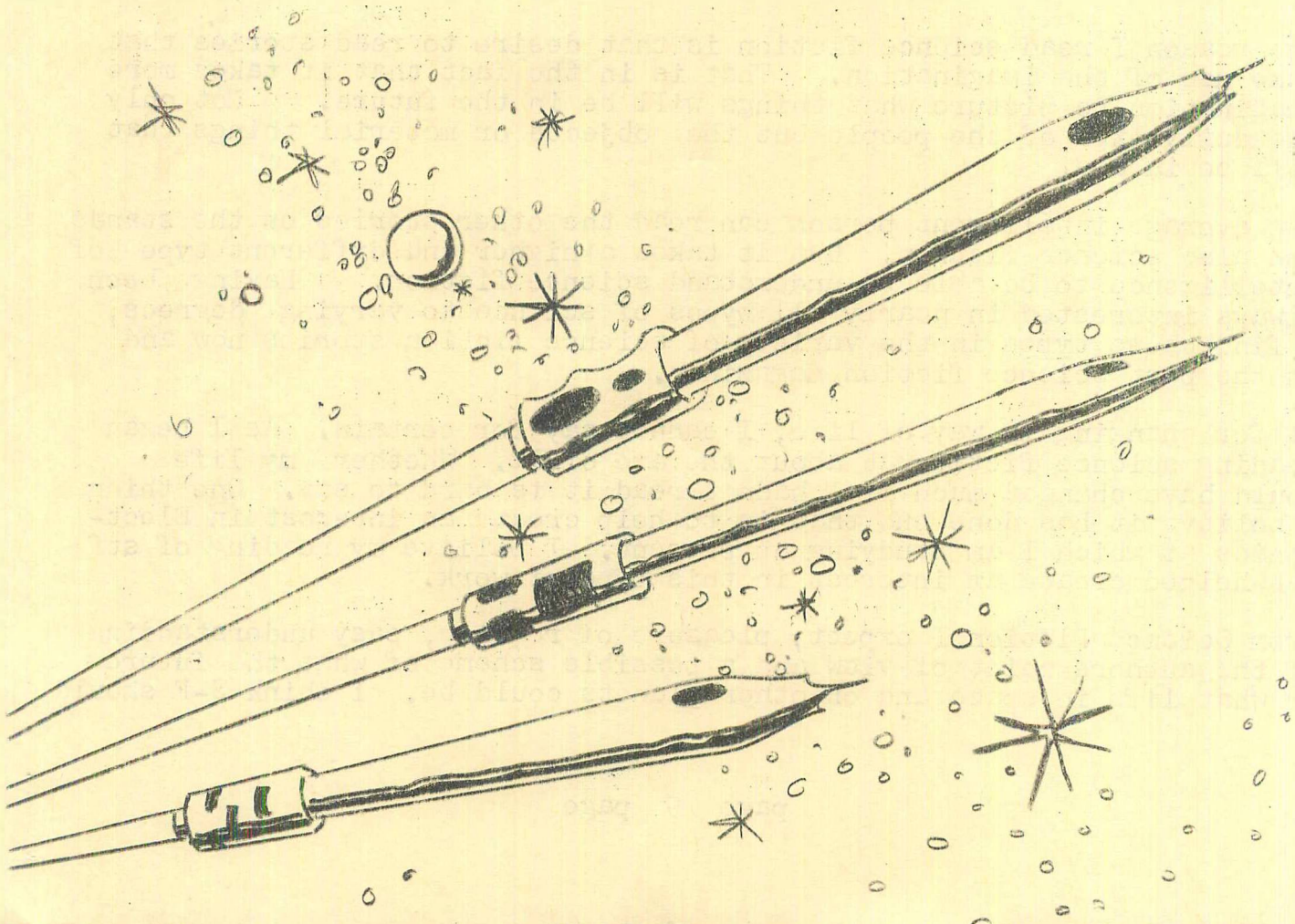
Not being an active fan because of a natural shyness, I do not participate in fandom actively. But from time to time I have done a little article and a little artwork. The reason I became a fan is more or less to follow the crowd but which is now changing to where I follow my own ideas and not of the majority if they don't coincide.

LARRY TOUZINKSKY

Sure, I read science fiction. Why, you ask? Well it's a long story but it can be summed up in one sentence. I enjoy reading it. Some people say that science fiction is escape literature. Well, what isn't, in one form or another? History isn't, but history is about the past and is usually dry and dull. And anyway I would rather read of the possible history of the future: Science Fiction.

Most of the people that read stf have a good imagination, and stf broadens it even more. How far advanced would civilization be if it lacked the thinkers and dreamers who had the imagination to look ahead and plan the future? The progress of this type of civilization would be very limited.

All that I expect from stf is a good interesting story. If stf can hold the readers attention with a good story, the other aims will



follow automatically.

I have been a fan for about eight months, and have not been as active as I would like to be, because of the lack of talent as a writer, artist or poet. I try, however, to subscribe to as many fanzines as I can afford, and also try to take an active part in the letter sections of these fanzines. I am a fan because I enjoy being a fan and because I think that fandom is worth-while. Fandom is my main hobby, from which I get many hours of enjoyment.

In my estimation fandom should encourage fan-writers, artists, and poets, in hopes that someday they may become pros. This should be the main purpose of fandom.

This is what Science Fiction means to me. It is modern literature, and is here to stay.

NEIL BLUM

When I was little, I would grab at every novelty that came my way. Change was the essence with me; it still is. Going to the movies; H. G. Wells and Dr. Jordon immediately captured me, and Walt Disney fantasies would fascinate me, and leave me breathless. When I could find an explanation, I said it was the novelty that got me. Novelty was no the right word. Now I know the right word, and it's probably the right word for a million other people. The right word is, of course, -- escape.

I've pinned it down, this is it. No other word fits so well, there is no other type of fiction that puts me in such a mood, no adventure as exciting as Science Fiction. This thing gets you, and you can't explain it. You live it, feel it, it's under your toes, and breezing in and out of your nostrils. It's the elusive strength of Creation in your mind, and you stand atop Mt. Everest and yell come and get me to the mysteries of the deep Universe, and by God, they come.

I receive nothing from Science Fiction that you could measure in dollars and cents. There is the faint nagging that it might broaden me, but that is too stuffy a thing to say. For the record, let's say that it brings me no profit but the profits of pleasure. And, of course, a man without pleasure is as good as dead.

Science Fiction has affected my life by virtue of the fact that I am writing this now. Who knows what I am doing in some other time-track where there is no Science Fiction? Science Fiction has not affected my philosophies. Science Fiction can no more be applied to life than can detective fiction. We need realisms, philosophies, and science for use in daily life. Fiction can supply nothing but the escape we need to forget our realisms, our philosophies, our science. Everyone needs to get away from it all once in awhile.

I am a firm advocate of the creed that does not want Science Fiction to accomplish anything at all. If Science Fiction invented a goal, I doubt if we'd enjoy it. The thing that puts the fire into S-F, is that it's off-the-beaten-track. Would you want it otherwise?

I started reading Science Fiction as the result of events that lasted well over a year. This chain of events is too long to tell here, but it culminated to where I met a friend of a fellow who I was corresponding with, a fellow I had never seen. The friend, during the conversation, mentions: "Why man, you mean you ain't hep to Science Fiction?" With that he gives me a Scientifiction pocketbook to read. I liked it so much that I bought my first S-F magazine, the March, 1950 issue of aSF.

I attended the Tenth Science Fiction Convention in Chicago this Labor Day weekend, and it was great. It was three times as big as the next biggest convention of 1950. I met so many good people. I've rarely met a fan I didn't like. While I didn't decide to go until the last minute, I decided on the spot that I'd attend the 1953 convention in Philadelphia. What I want to say is that there isn't a fan who isn't a nonconformist. We are nonconformists by trade, and I doubt if we can help it. Now here is the paradox: We are nonconformists, therefore we are a minority. Seeing as how the majority must be considered right in a democracy, does that mean that we are wrong in being nonconformists? Before you give me the answer and the reasons I know you'll give me, think it over a little longer.

In closing, let me say that fandom should raise no colors. Fandom should make it's sole purpose to enjoy itself and have a good time. I will sign no petition to Congress that is sponsored by a fan organization.

HARLAN ELLISON

What science fiction means to me. Hmmm. That's an interesting question, you know. I've often wondered myself just why I spend my money on hordes of pulps that shed on my floors and which I may never get to read. I've often wondered why I put every other cent I own into a fanzine that inevitably will milk me of every cent I possess or have hopes of possessing.

I guess, now that I put a little more thought to the problem, that S-F DOES mean a great deal to me else I wouldn't waste my time with it.

Since the requirements for this contest are that I be dead serious (serious, that is) and not goof off, I guess I'll have to discard the whole ginger-peachy idea I had for telling you that I was a constipated engram in human form and really analyze my plight.

Damn you, Browne!

At any rate, the whole thing seems to simmer down to this. I've always been a pretty frustrated little kid, seeing as how I was just about the only Jewish fellow in the town of my age and had to fight for my bligh-

ted life darn near every day because it seems the other kids in town realized Jews aren't as good as human beings. Add to that the fact that I was always peanut-sized and you could whiff me away with a good breeze from your GE, and you can see that I was piling up inhibitions and complexes by the carton-full. Thus, when I came upon science fiction (lying in a gutter clutching a Bergey TWS to its chest) I found a literature wherein the ideas I had long upheld, held sway.

It spoke in grandiose terms of the equality of man, of the casual intermingling of races, of the racing adventure of just living in a world where science prevailed. It opened unto me the portals of worlds I had long dreamed about. Though IVANHOE, LES MISERABLES, JANE EYRE and Walt Disney's Comics and Stories had been consumed in great quantities by myself through the years, this was the ultimate thrill for me. It embodied all I'd ever seeked after. It suited me to the proverbial T.

Then came fandom.

And I found a group of people whose only cohesive force was a general liking for S-F and a concerted liking for other people who were individual albeit off-their-rockers. And I felt a kinship immediately with these crazy, wonderful people who wrote in to magazines and burred at great length on topics which were obviously influenced by the fans thinking. I joined the Cleveland Science Fiction Society. I went to the Midwestcon. I started publishing a fanzine. I went to the Chicon. I suddenly found to my delight (and most of the time fright) that I had been heard of before.

What's that? I've gotten off the subject? I don't think so. Because you see, when you write an article of this sort, you speak from the heart. None of this mock humor of false modesty which curdle's you when you read it. I speak the truth for those who wish to listen.

That it makes dull reading...I suppose. That Norm will junk it...I suspect. That I don't give a damn....I'm sure.

But in any event, I'm glad to dickens I unburdened myself. This, I guess has been sticking in my craw and had to be said one way or t'other. Any way you look at it, (Quote) It is a proud and lonely thing to be a fan. (Unquote)

THE NEXT ISSUE

VANATIONS #4 will feature a long serious article by Phil Rasch, a humorous article by Tod Cavanaugh and another symbolic poem by Art Huseboe. Also lined up for that issue is a true, semi-supernatural story; and a contest entry by R. J. Banks and Guy Sellman. Editorialization and letters to the editor should balance out the rest of the issue - though I could use another humorous article or story to counteract the serious material if the issue. And, at a cost of \$3.50 each, there will be 5 more multilithed illos inside. I'd like to go back to photo-offset covers, too; but the cost of \$15.00 prohibits this - that is unless one of you readers would like to act as my art production agent and get the job done cheaper down in the states.....? NGB

THE QUESTIONNAIRE

As most of you know, a questionnaire is sent out with each issue of VANATIONS. The following is a review of the answers on the questionnaires that were returned.

The closest to the correct cost of Vn. #1 was guessed by Norbert Hirschorn. He guessed \$56.37 and the correct answer was \$54.77. Thus he was only \$1.60 out. The prize has been sent to him along with an accounting of how that figure was arrived at.

I received a great deal of amusement out of the answers to the next three questions on the questionnaire. Some readers accidentally interchanged their answers; some readers deliberately interchanged them; after that, I mentally interchanged all that I received. The results were hilarious to say the least.

The three important questions were: WHAT WOULD YOU SUGGEST AS THE TITLE OR THEME OF FUTURE WRITING CONTESTS? LIST A QUESTION THAT YOU WOULD LIKE TO SEE ASKED ON FUTURE QUESTIONNAIRES. LIST A QUESTION TO THE EDITOR THAT YOU WOULD LIKE TO HAVE ANSWERED OPENLY IN THE NEXT ISSUE.

Now the trick is to read the following list three times. In each case read it as the answers to a different one of the above questions. As an interesting sidelight, try and figure out which answer most fits which of the three questions.

Here's the list:

Does your family object to your fanning? Do Science Fiction fans differ from other people either psychologically or otherwise? If H. P. Lovecraft were to be brought back to life; what would he choose as the subject of his next book and explain why. Where is the red light district in Cleveland, Ohio? Do you(the fan) realize how much work goes into a fanzine? What is S-F's influence on the thinking world? What is the commonest error committed by S-F writers? What is the ideal prozine? What is the ideal fanzine? What specific service do you think fanzines can render stf fandom? What is your definition of Stf? What do you think should be done about educating neophans in fandom? Do you think a lonely child has more imagination than one with plenty of playmates? Is it true that stf is the work of Teros who seek to destroy the Deros - How is this proven to be true? Why am I a fan? How can stf be used to develop the imagination? Are re-prints ruining stf? Who the Hell! is Pogo? What writing contests mean to me. Why wasn't Bill Morse at the Chicon? How can we arrange for more pocket-books to be published containing stf? When will you print black enough so that it can be read? Do you like Pogo? Have you read; In One Head and Out the Other? Are stf fans frustrated?

And that's it. Any of you budding authors who lack ideas for material can sure find plenty above. Can you think of a better idea for a story than the question above asking; "Where is the red light district in Cleveland, Ohio?"

The next question on the sheet asked for your interest in stf and fandom expressed in percentage. It's quite simple really; you have an interest in a general hobby which we shall term "stf fandom". Now breaking that interest down, what is your interest in each of its component parts - stf and fandom?

The hard part is trying to figure out your percentage of interest. We could say that "interest" is directly proportional to the amount of time spent. Therefore, if you don't read stf, you won't have much interest in it. If you only read four stf mags -- as I do -- your interest in the subject won't be very high. One reason why you don't read much stf could be because you haven't the time. And if the reason you don't have time to read stf is because you are spending all your spare time on fanning.....

Another question I forgot to list on the previous page was this:

DO YOU READ STF OR ARE YOU A FAN?

Some clarification is needed regarding the statement; "It is a proud and lonely thing to be a fan". Whether or not it is proud to be a fan was not disputed. What was questioned was whether it was a lonely thing to be a fan. I believe it is; and I base that belief on a few cold hard facts. Here are the figures, you figure it out for yourself:

In every 1,150 people, one person reads science fiction. In every 500 readers of science fiction, one person is a fan. If anyone still disputes these figures, I suggest they go out on the highway and hitch-hike five or ten thousand miles. To each driver that picks you up, explain that you are a science fiction fan and that you are going to a science fiction convention. If in the course of your travels, you come across one person who knows what you are talking about; I will give you a free life-time subscription to this magazine.

YES: It is a proud and lonely thing to be a fan - 50%
NO: It is not a proud and lonely thing to be a fan - 30%
Little if any opinion - 20%

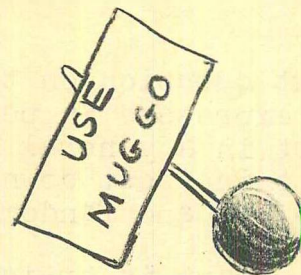
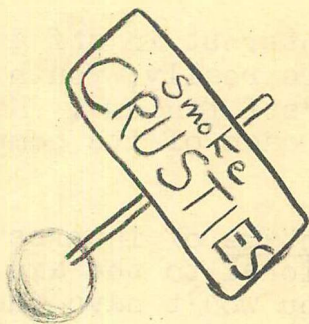
From Joe Gibson - "YES: It takes a thing to be a fan."

The question asking for a sequel to a story published in aSF during the last six months brought a varied reaction. 45% didn't answer the question; because a) "I don't read aSF" b) "aSF stinks" c) "I hate sequels".

Those that answered picked: The Specter General(5 votes), Dune Roller (3 votes), That Share of Glory(2 votes), Ice World(2 votes), The hunting Season(2 votes) and others varied from Gunner Cade to the Sun Smoths.

Eleven items in the last issue were voted as best of the issue. Top contender was Communications with 24% of the vote. Tied for second place were Borothy Bix and The Question (20%). Tied for third place were the Cover, Decline of Fantopia, and R. Bloch's letter (18%). Voted worst in the issue with 43% of the vote was To Crud or Not to Crud. Tied for second place as worst in the issue with 16% of the vote each were Borothy Bix and What the Censor Missed.

- Norman G. Browne



THE
COMING

Art Huseboe



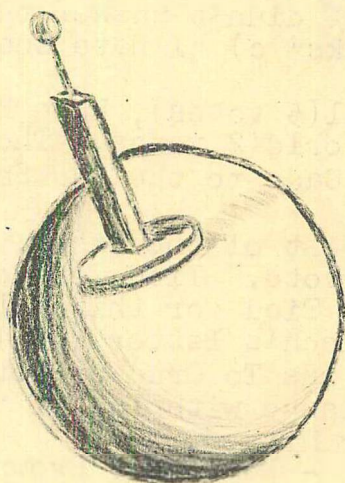
Bone-tired the Race
That raised this stone,
Bone-tired, ill and old.
(The stone stood for centuries.)
The foundations were laid
Upon the dreams of the billions
Who had gone before,
The walls were formed
From the tall towers
And the wide walks
Of clean cities
Broken carefully
By a broken race
To form this last tribute
Styled to last for eternity,
Styled to remind the stars
And the races that might rise
That life must end,
That only one dream
Can remain:
THAT THE LIFE THAT WAS
BE REMEMBERED
BY THE LIFE THAT IS.

And then a creeping,
Putrid thing called Man
Laid its foul hand
Upon the cleanliness of ages,
Swallowed greedily
The substance of the stars
And spewing forth
Tinware trinkets.

The last, the only monument
To a long-dead people
Fell before the cheap
Tin tools of the primitives
Of the savages from Sol.

A half-dozen Warlords
A handful of tinkerers
And ten-billion mindless idiots
Inherited the universe.

Art Huseboe



(Is there any law stating that a fanzine must publish material pertaining to fandom or S-F? If there is; we are now breaking it. By-the-way: the author of the following wants me to make it clear that all opinions and philosophies are the authors and do not necessarily reflect those of anyone else....NGB)

WAR STINKS

by
NORBERT HIRSCHORN

Your first day out. You sit on a hard wooden bench in the briefing room. You listen with a half-cocked ear as the beribboned general drones on. You look slowly about you, only out of sheer nervousness. You see a large room with bare white-washed walls staring back at you. A large map of enemy territory sits smugly on the plush desk, which is so out of place. The map glares balefully at you. Everything does. Everything seems to laugh at you, mock you, hate you; you a green soldier just out of soft training. Sure it's soft, anything that isn't war is soft. "You've never seen war, sonny." chuckled a hearty general in his sixties. When you asked a sargeant why the briefing room was so plain (you're first mistake -- never ask a sargeant anything), he sneared at you and answered with obvious disgust, "This is war, soldier, no more Park Ave. swank for you. This is war, and it stinks!"

The tough, hard-boiled vetrans of combat duty have instilled in you an undilutable fear. Not a fear of enemy bullets; not a fear of shells screaming by carrying a message of death; but a stomach cramping fear of the unknown. It's what you don't know that scares you, but good!

You walk out of the room in a daze and climb up into the army convoy that will take you to the legendary front. Now you're coming to what you've been trained for all these months. You look around at the guys who'll be your buddies in life and in the gut-tearing, blood-spewing death that romps around the battlefield. The truck is on its way and the others begin to tell jokes, dirty ones. You grin painfully, unconvincingly. Once and a while you feel a sudden bump, a jolt and you're on the floor. You pick your self up, only to be thrown down again, on the hard, splintery floor. "We'll be there soon, fellows," shouts the driver, almost maliciously, you think. Now everyone has stopped talking. You're not alone. They're all scared. Scared to a blue funk. A million thoughts race through your head. "...what's it like....what chance is there for me coming out of this in one piece... maybe no chance...is the enemy as suicidal as they say..." You shudder as you imagine swarms of the grinning devils gallop over the rise of the hill.

Your thoughts are broken as the truck jolts to a halt. "Awright you guys," bellows a beefy sargeant, "C'mon out you bastards. Yer in the army! Let's hustle, c'mon..." You jump out, and then pull out your

pack. You look around uncertainly and then get in line with the others.

With the distant guns booming a steady tattoo of death as his background, a young lieutenant looks at you and speaks. "How many guys didn't hear what the general said in the briefing room?" You feel sheepish and then relieved somewhat as others also raise their hands. "That's o.k. fellas, you're not the only ones," the lieutenant comes out kindly, "That's why I'm here."

He goes on to explain that your platoon is assigned to Coconut Hill (Hill H-456-92-sect. 45, in official terms). You groan as he further explains that it is the most strategic hill on the Western front...and you had to get that one, you think. With a few last minute instructions you get up off the ground, with some effort, the pack is heavy; and start on the long march to the hottest part of the war.

You know all that is to be done. That is you know the technical aspects of warfare. But the instructors had failed to train you in the social, the psychological aspects of war. They didn't tell you what to do when the enemy is charging down on you, with a snarl on his lips, a maniacal gleam in his eyes, and a torrent of death laden lead ready to puncture your tender skin. Do you run or stay and fight? A coward runs, and a hero fights, you think. But then that age old paradox pops into your head. What would one rather be; a dead hero or a living coward? You're not quite sure about being a hero.

The sun is overhead, a blazing angry sun. Your shadow darts impatiently ahead of you, only to dash back again as if hearing the distant guns. You feel like dashing back also. It is mid-afternoon. You reach the hill. The fear in you bubbles over, it streams out with the sweat that runs down your back, in a myriad of rivulets. You see the men you are to relieve. You feel nauseous, the food in you begins to do a tantalizing dance -- never ceasing, yet never erupting. The men you are to relieve don't say a word. They just look at you pityingly. The sight of them nauseates you more. Bloody, weary, dead men all move to the back. The trail of blood is all over. War stinks.

You hastily dig a foxhole. The enemy artillery is booming. You can expect an attack at any moment. You feel it isn't fair for you to fight on your first day out. Your thoughts become more logical as you feel the tremors of the groaning earth as shell after shell slams into the hill. Any time now...any time...the guns have stopped! Your mind becomes foggy; your hands are clammy. Then the fight is on.

Now you feel no fear. You're too busy. The enemy swarms over the hill. You can actually see their faces. It is just as you had imagined it to be. They drive down the hill in an unbroken line. They scream, curse and shoot. You break out of the morbid fascination which has paralysed your fingers and began shooting; again, and again. You're on your stomach now. You keep shooting, blindly, not caring if you've hit. You have no time to think, you couldn't even if you had. You hear others shooting, only vaguely though, and also an occasional groan. You hear a command to counter-attack. Soon afterwards there is an abrupt halt to all noise; producing an ear-splitting silence. It seems to last for an eternity before guns go off again,

your guns. Finally, the enemy has been beaten off. You look at your hands. They shake uncontrollably. The cold, chilling sweat trickles steadily down your back, legs and face... It is now that you realize how close you were to death; how you almost fondled its hypnotic robe of oblivion, that you shiver some more. You're scared. War stinks.

You lie on the cool damp earth and stare at the twinkling skies above, a lovely blanket of soft velvet, pierced with tiny jewels. You reminisce over the nights you had spent back home under your father's maple tree. The silent, beautiful nights where you had spoken in soft whispers of the days you had treasured. This night was also silent, but silent with the ever mocking shadow of death hanging over the night air. Silence with the grim realization that the enemy might attack at any moment he so pleases. You grip your rifle tighter. You wonder why this had to happen. Why men wanted power and riches so much that they spent the countless lives of their fellow men, freely and unashamedly. Why must man himself keep fighting? Man against man. Brother against brother. You remember the wise words of your economics professor. He said it behooved man to fight. Slowly the memory of his words comes back to you.

"It behooves man to fight. It is a natural part of his entire mode of living. It is as natural as death and taxes. It is a part of that mystical phrase, 'human nature'. Just what is that human nature that so many throw about glibly in pretty speeches? It is an integral part of man. In fact it is man. It is what distinguishes man from a common animal. It governs his very motive and action. Does human nature change? Before I answer that let us look at some facts. Consider the fact that known intelligent civilization dates back about ten thousand years. Also consider the fact that the present race of man, Homo Sapiens, traces back about five thousand years more. Now consider the fact that the age of the earth has been approximated to be from two to three billion years old. How can we compare the age of man to the age of the earth? Only in the statement that man is a veritable child. A clumsy, blundering child that is merely learning the secrets of life about him. The child is robust, it is brimful with energy from the sweet nourishing milk of the bosom of Mother Earth. As a child it must expend its energy, and as a child it does it in an unorganized manner of destruction. As a child it casually builds and then just as casually destroys. Man is in a transitional stage. He is experiencing growing pains and is reacting to them. In a millenium man may have matured and will have realized his childish folly. War will cease to exist. Man will conquer all his adversaries by sheer intelligence and kindness. But now, as a mere child, he cannot be held responsible for what he does. He does what any immature, primitive animal would do."

How well you remember those words. But, you cry out, is this the way we must grow up, in bloodshed? Why can't we have sense enough to see that we can stop this sort of thing? It is an awful way of growing up, for no matter how young we are, war stinks.

The next morning is a gray misty one. It goes by uneventfully. So

does the rest of the day. The next day the same way. And the next and the next. Your side and the enemy are afraid to put out the first feelers. You are unsure of yourselves. Yet one side must start first, the tension is getting unbearable. Men are irritable. Petty fights break out over even pettier things. Then the leaders have a conference. They soon decide. Hill 589, in enemy territory must be taken at any cost. It is extremely strategic as it overlooks the enemy ground position. Time of Operation Must; 2230, Sunday.

You sweat the next four days out. The tension is a biting frost of silence. Every rifle is checked and rechecked. Every piece of ammunition is placed in strategic areas around the body; the grenades, the bullets, the bibles. At 2220 the order is given to advance to the top of the hill. Enemy bullets begin whizzing overhead. Then the order to move forward is given. Coming down the hill is not the hard part, you realize. The part where the most men will die is the flat valley in between. You crawl, run, slide down the hill. The sound of your artillery is comforting. The hot slugs kick up spurts of dust all around you. An occasional shell comes your way. You hit the dirt face first and then peek out at the great geyser of mud that is thrown by the force of the shell. You're half-way down the hill now. You haven't been hit, yet.

You decide to stop and catch your breath awhile. You slide in behind a bush and enjoy a pleasant moment of very temporary rest. You're soon up, and down the hill again. This is rather easy you think. A few more feet....and you're at the bottom.

Now you start the agonizing crawl, run, drop, duck, crawl again process. You dash behind a sparse bush. You vacate it soon, only to see it riddled with machine gun bullets. Mere luck.

Now the enemy is hitting with all it has as you dash across the valley. You hear a scream as another shell begins its deadly drop. You hit the dirt again, face first. Your mind is strangely senile. You begin to think irrationally, what if a worm crawled into my mouth? Another scream brings you back to reality. You slowly realize that it is not a scream of a shell, but rather a scream of stark agony. Soon afterwards, a dismembered leg lands near you with a dull, sickening thud. You retch and vomit, and you continue to retch as you run across the plain, even though you have nothing left. War stinks.

You slide into the dirt as a rain of bullets raze the land about you. You feel a hot sting as lead grazes your cheek. You wipe the blood off, and make a last dash for the lee cover of the hill. You make it. Again, luck.

You stop and rest a while. Then you start your slow, torturous, climb up the rugged hill. Now, as the bullets whiz all about you, panic creeps into your heart. You begin a battle. You take careful aim and fire, take careful aim and fire.

Now it is no longer a fight for your country. It is a survival of the fittest, fight. There enters into the scene none of that sentimental hogwash about fighting and dying for your country. There is no such thing. You are fighting for yourself, for your very existence. It is you, against those who are fighting for the same reason. Thoughts of the principles behind the war are non-existent. Merely the principles of self-preservation are in play.

Realizing this, you are desperate. Your own life is in other's hands, to do with what they want, and you must prevent this.

The next twenty minutes are ones of crawling and ducking. You are nearing the top. Your moment of action has come. You rip out a grenade. Your teeth sink into the pin. You quietly count ten as your fast beating heart keeps rythmn with you, and then you hurl.

There is a shattering explosion. A headless body hurtles past you. Strangely enough you do not retch. You know you have won the victory of man against man, the battle you hadn't really wanted in the first place. You run up to the top of the hill, waving to your comrades who are close behind.

Then you see a dark evil form. Your stomach turns about and you feel a sinking sensation as you realize the stupid blunder you have made. The enemy didn't consist of one machine-gun nest. As the hot bullets sting their way into your body you realize this glaring fact.

You begin to feel faint. You feel the ground coming up to meet you. Your last worry is whether you would be considered a dead hero, or a dead fool. You feel your life blood slowly ebbing away from you. You feel clean and good as an eternal sleep descends on your soul..you feel faint....and you die....

War stinks.

Norbert Hirschorn

"It is a proud and lonely thing to be a BEM."

"Some men like money, and some want power, and others read Pogo Comics."

"He who lies down with dogs rises with fleas."

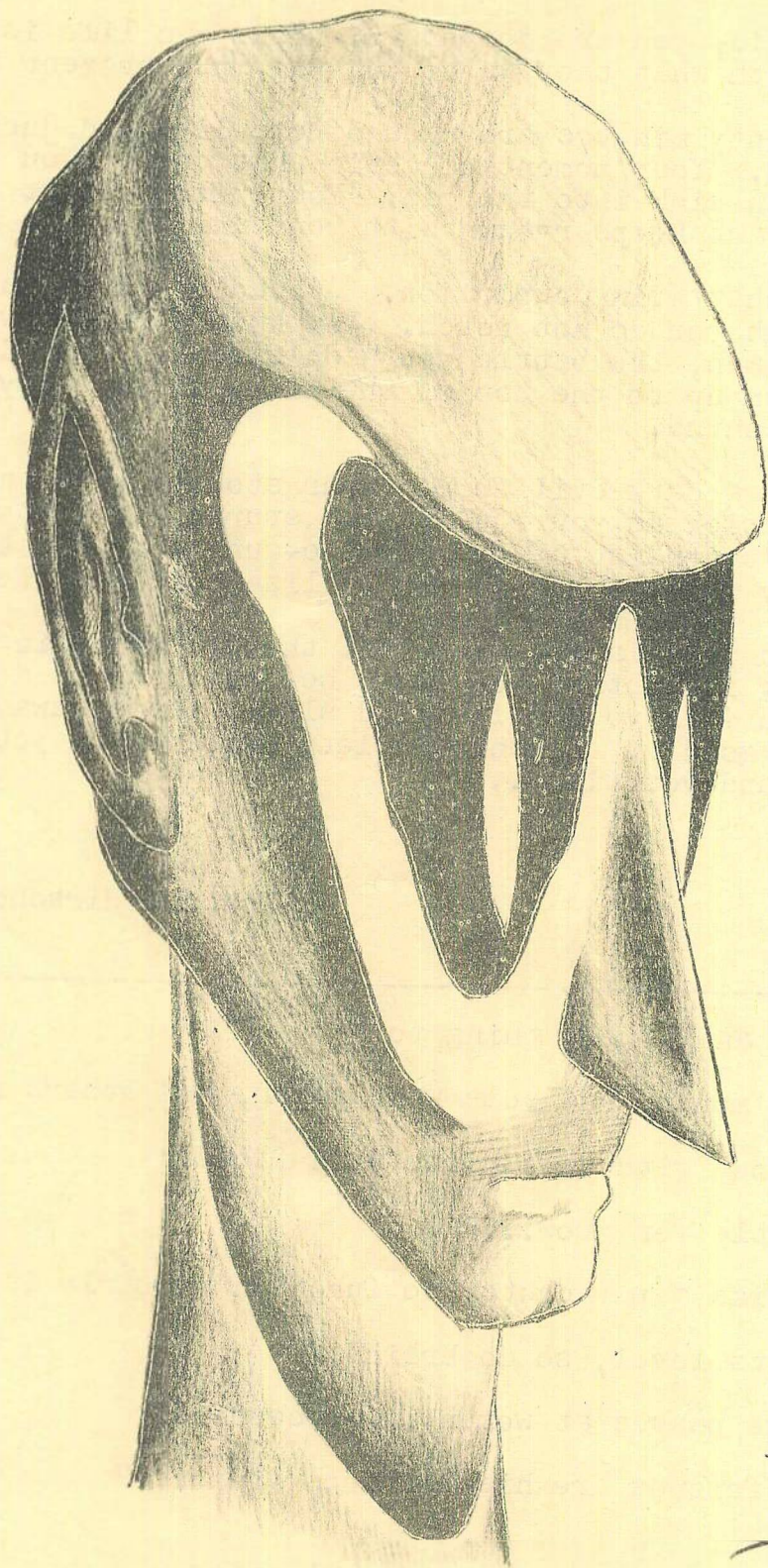
"BNFs from little fen grow..."

"The mind is like a parachute, to function properly it must be open."

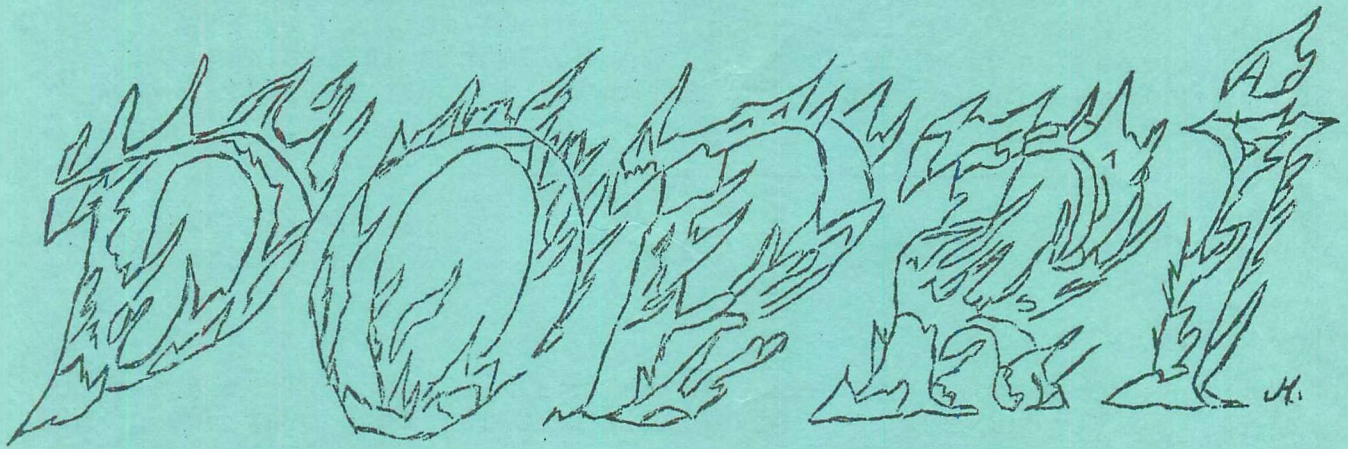
"Water seeks its level, so do brains."

"Men don't make passes at women in spacesuits."

"A BEM's best friends are his thirteen fingers."



BERGERON



The policy of this letter column is this: Only letters of a humorous, controversial, argumentative, or discussional nature will be printed. Such letters of the type; "I liked.....I didn't like.....Why don't you." Will not under any circumstances be printed.

All letters received by me will be judged for publication unless the author specifies to the contrary.

"Nothing livens up a fanzine more than a good letter column; and nothing livens up a letter column more than a good controversy."

Dear Mr. Browne:

Mr. Wyszkowski says that books attacking religion are an abuse of the freedom of belief; actually, ridicule of such books is the abuse, and not the books themselves. Man should be just as free to disbelieve as to believe; and should not be persecuted (nor burned, my dear Catholic friends) for not believing statements so baldly fallacious as to be funny. He further states that the only reason he can see for writing such books is that the writer is actually scared that the religion may have "something". Here again I disagree. I have written a critical book on the bible and leading interpretations on the parts which are so confused and self-contradictory as to be admitted by the Christians of not being literal truths; am currently researching for a companion volume on the Koran. The reason I have written and will continue to write these books is that religious books come out by the hundreds every year, and religious magazines and newspapers by thousands every month, with little or no coherent rebuttals of their incessant blather. This steady propagandizement constantly influences people who are intelligent enough and even independent enough to be atheists, or at least agnostics to join up with a church. If atheism could be half so well advertised, the churches in this country would over half be closed within ten years.

Guy David Sellman

/I would no doubt be very interested in reading your book criticising the Bible; but as Alastair Cameron pointed out in Vn. #1, it is very probably banned up here in Canada. Guy Sellman's letter was sent to Paul Wyszowski for comment. The following is that comment....NGB_7

129 Lawton Blvd.,
Toronto, Ont., Canada.

Dear Norman;

You who are so open and broad-minded will be certainly pleased to learn how really superior you are. The fact is, that over 90% of the stupid, ignorant, human population still believe in what they call "God". Not only that, over 1/3 of them are members of that totalitarian, corrupt and fossilized Roman Catholic Church. Now can you beat such utter, bottomless stupidity!! We who are so much superior know that there is no such thing as God. The universe, as any fool can plainly see is a matter of pure chance. We all are perfectly purposless and free to blow each others brains out, to grab all we can of what can be grabbed, to enjoy our life to the full at cost of those ignorant fools who don't know any better than to be "meek and of quiet heart".

Yes, we trample over them as they deserve, but that weed somehow grows stronger as it is trampled on. Thank goodness we have a strong ally in Communism, or we'd get choked by that weed completely.

Now we with our superior minds have looked into religion and what have we found? An ancient book called "Bible" so full of contradictions that Roman Catholic scholars spent 2,000 years trying to explain them away, and before them the Jewish priest tried to do the same for another couple of milleniums. However, we can plainly see, at first reading, these most obviously and baldly fallacious statements.

Then we found a few hundred disagreeing and quarreling religions, amongst them one Roman Catholic Church, consisting of a mere third of the total membership. How they all scramble after more and more converts! They say, that once they get them, they censor their reading connections with people of other beliefs, and practice a strict thought control. Once you join any one of these things you're a goner. You'll never get out.

Thank God we're atheists!

Paul Wyszowski

/Nope. Sorry to disappoint you, Paul, but I'm not an atheist. Just to complicate matters more, I'll state here and now that I am an agnostic. I became an agnostic upon reading science fiction; for isn't religion and the Bible just another science fiction story? Most S-F stories can said to be possible, probable or both. Can't that be said about the Bible also? Few people believe S-F stories, and few people take them on blind faith. Why then should we do the same for religion?

.....Norman G. Browne_7

(The following is a continuation of a story started in the last issue of VANATIONS. The idea of course is to keep the story going, so if anybody gets an idea from this portion, send it in and I'll publish it..)

THE VISITOR

WALLY WEBER

"Writings?" he asked, staring strangely at his drink.

"I usually don't let others look at my work for fear they might think me conceited, but I feel I can trust you," I explained as I removed the pages of my latest manuscript from its floodlighted pedestal in the center of the room and handed it to him. He stopped looking strangely at his drink and began looking strangely at what I had handed him.

"Oh! Pardon me!" I flushed with confusion as I took back the floodlighted pedestal and handed him the manuscript. The exchange had just been completed when I heard my mother call out from the kitchen.

"Son, are you in the bathroom?"

"No, mother. I'm just in the livingroom flushing with confusion."

"Well tell Confusion to go flush in his own living room! It makes such a mess."

"You misunderstand, mother," I hastened to explain. "The noise you hear is only Mr. Kuttner having a sip of whiskey."

Mr. Kuttner turned pale, dropping his empty glass and my manuscript to the floor. He made a move to rise, but too late. Already my mother was in the living room. "Henry!" she thundered, wielding a broom with feminine ruthlessness. "You're drinking again!"

"Don't dear," he pleaded futilely. "Not the broom, please!"

"If you were half the man Mr. Padgett across the street is I wouldn't have to beat you with a broom," she cried, increasing her activity. "He bought his wife a vacuum cleaner."

It was not until then that I realized my unforgivable error. Mr. Kuttner was my own father! Horrified, I ran from the masacre in the living room.

The cool outside air helped soothe my grief. It was so terrible. My father and Mr. Padgett looked so much alike. I had forgotten again whether I was Lewis Padgett Jr. or Henry Kuttner Jr.

Not watching where I was going, I was startled from my thoughts by running into the side of a truck parked across the sidewalk. Some one was moving into the house next to ours. My cares were temporarily forgotten as I watched the movers expertly bruising the furniture as they carried it into the house. I noticed a lady standing nearby and I could tell from her helpless expression that it was her furniture being moved.

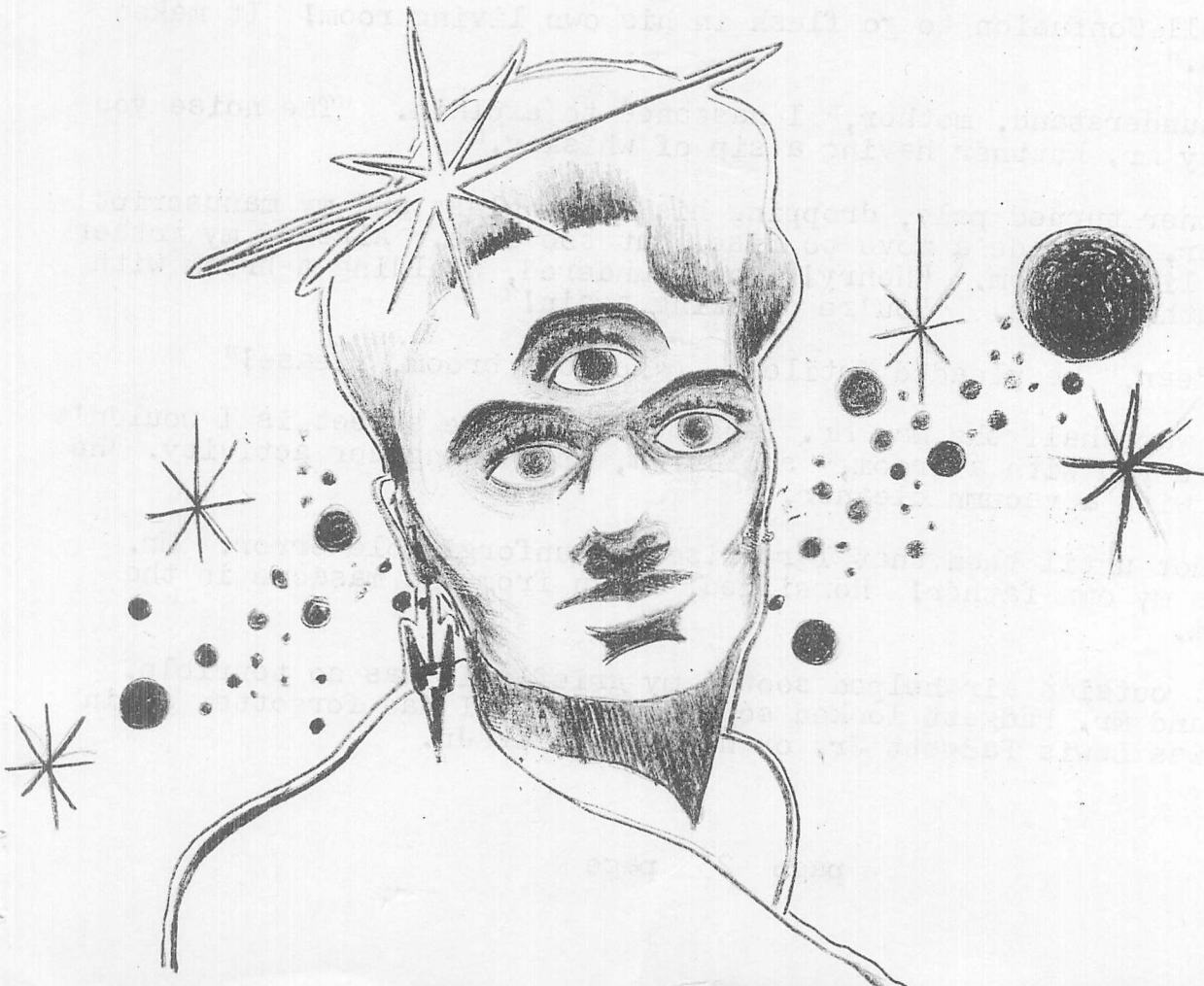
"Hello," I said to her. "I live just next door. Are you going to be our new neighbors?"

"Why yes," she admitted. "My husband and I....but here's my husband. Kelvin, dear, what happened to you?"

"Fell down the back steps, dear," her husband replied as he came around the corner of the house. I stared wide-eyed and struck dumb as the tall, elderly man, looking rather frail and nervous, came into sight. His wounds looked like broom marks. Unable to move, I watched him approach, take my hand and shake it, and say; "Since we're going to be neighbors we might as well get to know each other. I'm Kelvin Kent. What's your name?"

I numbly withdrew my billfold from my pocket and began searching for identification.....

Wally Weber



newman

PAY AFTER READING

Many of you readers may be new to VANATIONS, and therefor quite honestly curious as to the meaning of the term "PAR System". The following, then, is reprinted from the first issue as a service to you readers who are curious or who have forgotten what PAR stands for.

First of all, most of you are familiar with those ads that ask you to buy a book ~~XXXXXX~~ and read it in the comfort of your own home. Then if you are not satisfied with it you can return it within ten days for a full refund. File that idea for now, it will fit in later.

Second; most ~~XXXX~~ of you have gone through this experience or can appreciate it. You buy a fanzine, or better still you take out a subscription to one. Lets suppose the cost is 15¢ a copy.

The first issue you recieve is good; well worth the 15¢ it cost you. In fact you think it is worth 20¢. The second issue is even, it is just worth the 15¢ you paid for it. The third issue is fairly poor; only worth 10¢. The fourth issue is really bad; only worth 5¢. The fifth issue is pure crud; only worth about 2¢.

Add that up, and you find that the cost of your five issues is 75¢ while the pleasure you recieved from reading them was only 52 cents. A loss of 23¢!

After reading VANATIONS from cover to cover, stop and think. How much reading pleasure did you get out of it? Can you convert that reading pleasure into dollars and cents? Was it 25¢ worth? Was it 15¢ worth? Was it only 5¢ worht?

Another thing to be taken into consideration is the blood, sweat, toils and tears that were put into this issue by the various people behind the scenes. Don't they deserve some consideration for their work regardless of how good or bad it was?

The third and final point to be taken into consideration is that of future issues. Doesn't it hold true that the more money that comes in from one issue; the more money that will go into making the next issue a bigger and better publication?

Take these three things into consideration; reading pleasure, appreciation of the editorial work involved, and future issues. Figure out a reasonable sum and send it to:

Norman G. Browne, 13906 - 101st Ave., Edmonton, Alberta, Canada.

Amounts of money 50¢ and over will credit a reader with a subscription to VANATIONS. Along with each amount, subscribers should state how many ~~XXXXXX~~ issues they would like to recieve for their money. If no such statement is enclosed, I will use my own discretion as to when your sub should expire.

ALL READERS BUYING THIS FANZINE ON A PAR BASIS ARE GUARANTEED A MONEY BACK REFUND IF NOT SATISFIED!!

All readers of VANATIONS, no matter how they are recieving this issue, are asked to return the enclosed questionnaire. Your co-operation is essential in this matter.

ANNOUNCING THE FIRST VANATIONS SERIOUS ARTICLE CONTEST

Why do you read Science Fiction?
What do you gain by reading Science Fiction?
How has reading Science Fiction changed your way of life?
What do you expect from Science Fiction?
What purpose do you think Science Fiction should accomplish?
How active a fan are you?
Why are you a fan?
How has being a fan changed your way of life?
What purpose do you think fandom should meet?

All articles must have the title; WHAT SCIENCE FICTION MEANS TO ME.
All articles must be accompanied by the authors true name.
All articles must be serious in nature.
All articles must deal with both Science Fiction and fandom in proportion to the amount of interest the author has in them.
All articles must be comprehensive and searching; and answer the problem voiced in the title of the article.
First prize is either Vol. 1, No. 1 of Air Wonder Stories or Vol. 1, No. 1 of Science Wonder Stories; with first prize winner having the choice. Second prize winner will receive either Vol. 1, No 1 of Air Wonder or Science Wonder Stories but have no choice.
Early Gernsback Amazings will be given to the next five best articles submitted.

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Edmonton, Alberta., Canada.

Unless otherwise checked, this
issue is being sent on a P&R
basis.

☐ - Contributor

☐ - Trade

☐ - Subscriber

☐ - Review

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16880 Fairfield
Detroit 21, Mich.,
USA

