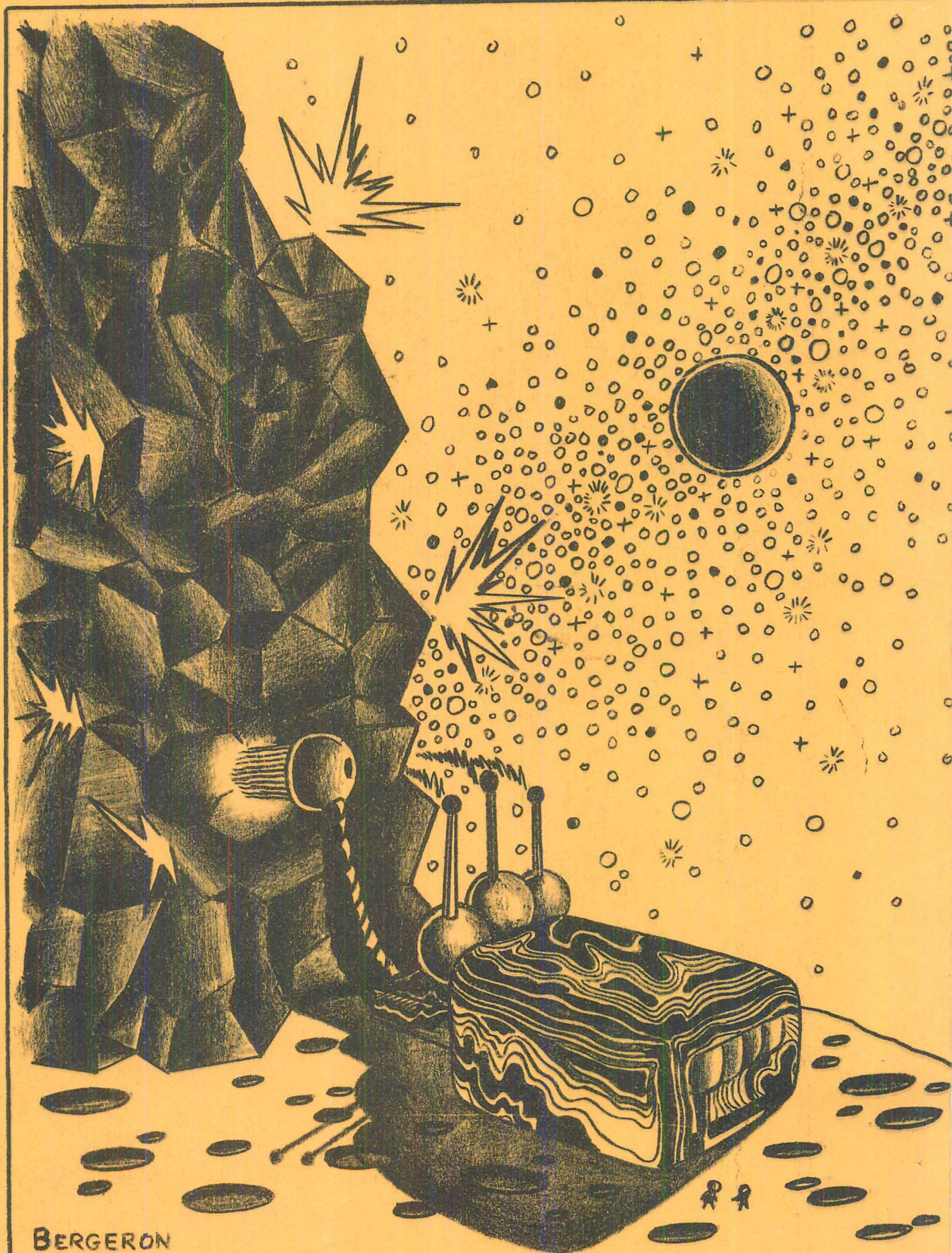


VANATIONS

FEB
1953





VANATIONS NUMBER FOUR -

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ARTWORK:

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Lettering Page 2	Jack Harness

It would be conceited of me to think that there is no one who doesn't know who edits and publishes this magazine. Thus, purely for the sake of such misguided souls, I will list my name and address;

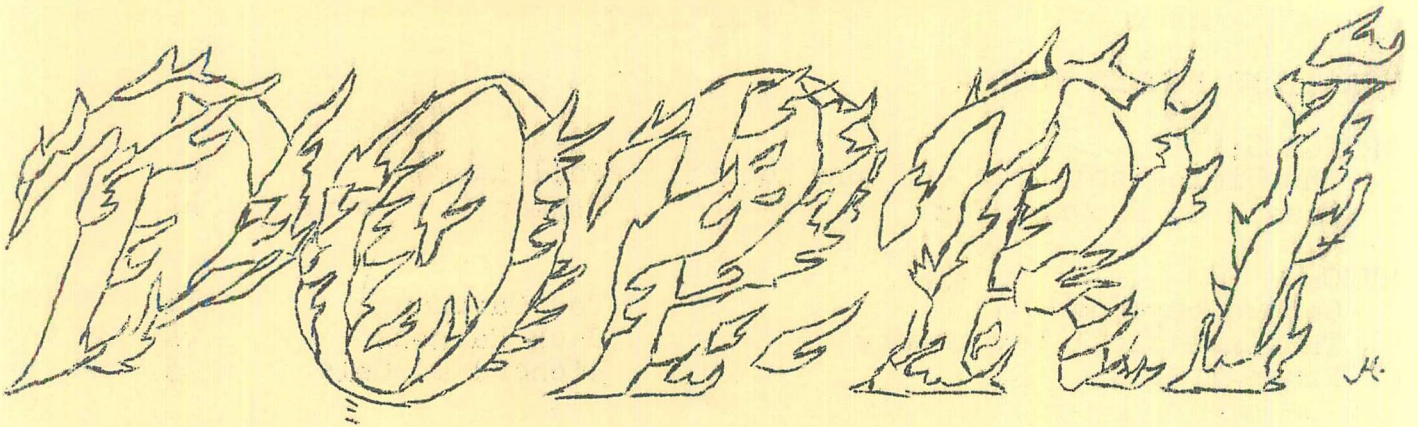
Norman G. Browne
13906 - 101A Ave.,
Edmonton, Alta., Canada.

The cost of this magazine is determined by you and you alone. After you have read this issue, I would appreciate you telling me what you think it is worth. In fact you might even go one better and send me what you think it is worth... (??)

Unless you have already signified that you are doing material for me, I must ask that no more material be submitted until further notice.

My sincere apologies to those individuals who expected their material to be published in this issue. Due to lack of space, I had to exclude many fine items - but they will appear in the next issue! That's a promise!

Vn. is supposidly bi-monthly. (That's a laugh.) Actualy it comes out every 8 to 10 weeks.



Seeing as how I have dropped the letter column from this issue, and rather than let Jack's good lettering go to waste, I thought I might as well use it here. It fits here - in fact it will fit darn near anywhere. DOPRI is initial language and there is only two other people in the whole of fandom who know what it means. But I will be glad to tell you - if you ask me.

The publication of VANATIONS is directly dependent upon my present way of life and environment. Thus, any change in my present way of life will have a corresponding change on VANATIONS. And such a change is about to come to pass.

If present plans go through - and I hope they do - I will be sent down to attend a technical school in the Chicago area. The period I will attend this school will be for one year. I will live in or near the school and will have no outside job or source of revenue. And that's about all I know about this deal - so far.

I will definitely have to suspend publication of Vn. prior to my entering this new career. I can't guarantee to publish Vn. when I have no idea of what factors will be involved in this new career. I can only postulate what my new way of life will be like and feel it best in such a situation to make a clean break. I will thus be able to meet what the future has in store for me; ready and eager to conquer all problems.

Between now and then, I am going to try and publish as many issues of Vn. as possible but I won't guarantee more than two more issues. I won't accept any more subscriptions to Vn. Any money coming in - no matter how small or large an amount - will be put in a general fund and go toward defraying expenses. So you can keep the money rolling in but please don't ask for a subscription. You needn't fear about missing out on any future issues of Vn. because if you are already on my mailing list, you will continue to receive copies.

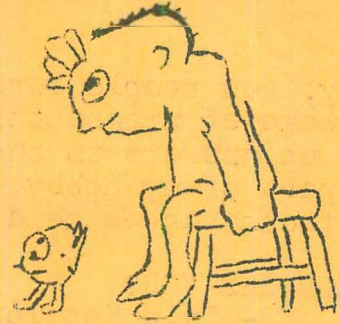
There is no letter-column in this issue. The letter column in the last issue was an experiment in reader-response and reader-reaction, and as such was a definite success. In other words; YOU'VE BEEN HAD.

I learned early in my fan career that I had the ability to pick out statements and see in them inherent latent possibilities. To me they were "traps" - "traps" which might or might not catch something and

CONTINUED ON PAGE 27 -

(Some questions will not be answered in this column due to the following reasons: a) The answer would involve more space than is at my disposal. b) The question deals with a subject on which I am not an authority. c) The question itself is not clear enough in meaning and intent to be answerable. Please take these factors into consideration when asking questions for this column.....NGB)

YOU ASKED?



HAVE YOU EVER READ ANY EXPANSIONS ON THE THEORY OF EXISTENTIALISM? DO YOU KNOW WHAT IT IS?

- Guy David Sellman

Never heard of it. Have you read any expansions on the theory of Conceptionism and do you know what that is? Possibly it would be an idea if you and I were each to do an article on our subjects and have them printed in some fanzine. That way, we as well as fandom would benefit.

HOW ABOUT QUESTIONS ON FANDOM AND STF IN GENERAL?

- Neil Blum

I have left space on this issue's questionnaire for such questions and would appreciate you as well as all other readers listing all you can think up.

DID YOU HITCH-HIKE TO NEW ORLEANS?

- Janie Lamb

I guess you mean did I hitch-hike to the Nolacon. Harry B. Moore, chairman of the Nolacon, answers that question rather egobooishly as follows; "...It is an exceedingly rare thing to find a fan with guts, self-respect, tenacity, responsibility, dependability, or honor. Your feat of hitch-hiking here from Vancouver stands out astoundingly amidst such a morass of pseudo-persons..." Only I didn't start out from Vancouver. I started out from Missoula, Mont., and h-h to Vancouver via New York, Toronto and New Orleans.

TO DATE, HOW MANY PERSONS HAVE CONTRIBUTED TO VANATIONS? (NO PERSONAL PEN-NAMES)

- Art Huseboe

The statistics break down as follows:

ISSUE	PROSE (includes contest entries)	POETRY	ARTWORK	TOTAL	DIFF.
No. 1	4	3	3	9	
No. 2	6	2	2	9	
No. 3	8	1	4	12	
No. 4	10	1	4	14	
TOTALS	23	6	9	30	

The difference in the totals is because in some cases more than one type of material was contributed by the same person, or the same person

contributed to more than one issue. These figures do not take into account those who contributed filler, letters, questions, news, etc.

DO YOU THINK VANATIONS IS REALLY WORTH THE BOTHER AND WHY?

- Glenn Godwin

Boy, you people sure do come up with some dandy questions. You must lay awake at nights thinking them up. I know I lay awake trying to think up answers to them.... Your question contradicts itself. Vn. is a part of my hobby, and a hobby by its very definition can't under any circumstances be a "bother".

HOW OLD ARE YOU?

- Lyle Kesslet, Marion Z. Bradley, Jerry Hopkins, etc.

I was born on the 3rd of June, 1932. That, of course is my physical age. No one, unfortunately, has yet asked me what my mental age is...

WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH THOSE 500 COPIES OF VANATIONS?

- Walter A. Willis

I keep about 25 for later requests - such as yours - and distribute the rest in fandom. As a matter of fact, my distribution list looks like a directory of fandom. All BNFs get it, many pros get Vn., most members of NFFF, BSAW, and FAPA get Vn. Besides this, about 50 are distributed in Canada and another 100 are sent to miscellaneous fan in the States, England, and Australia.

WHAT MAKES YOU SO GENEROUS? ARE YOU SURE THERE ISN'T A SOCIAL BEARING?

- Larry Forsace

Generosity is when you put more into a thing than you get out of it. I get a lot out of fandom - possibly even more than I put into it. I don't think I am generous; I think I am lucky - lucky to belong to a hobby group that is one of the most inexpensive there is. I don't know anything about a "social bearing". Most people are of the opinion that the trouble is ball-bearings - they keep falling out of the holes in my head....

WHAT DOES THE "G" IN YOUR NAME STAND FOR?

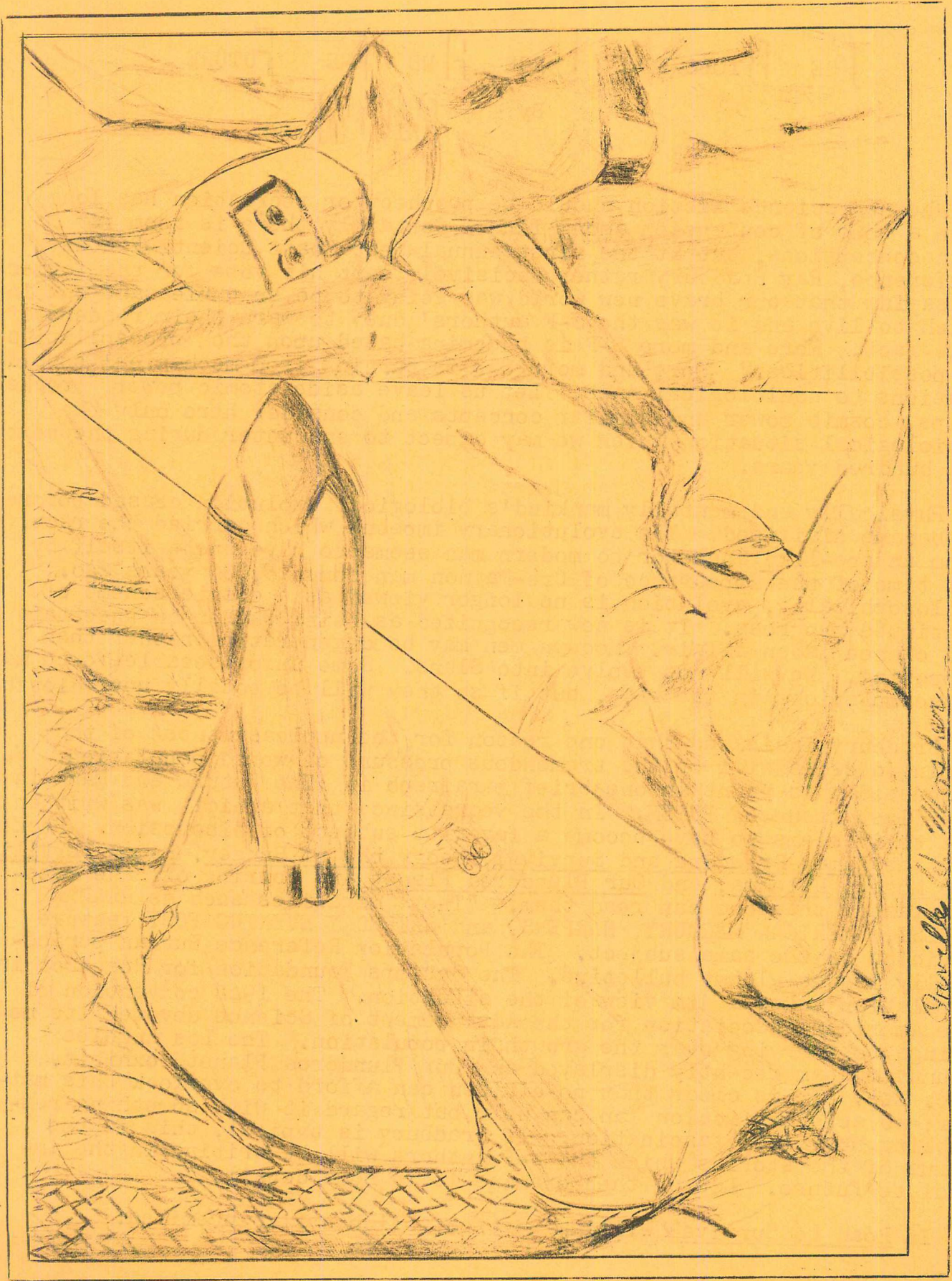
- Larry Balint

When I was born, my parents called me many names - but they needed one that would be acceptable in our modern society. After long hours of research, discussion and thought, they came up with the very original idea of calling me Norman - after my father. Then they showed more originality and forethought in picking my second name. You see I was born on the same day as George V of England....

WHY DON'T YOU DISCARD THE PAR SYSTEM AND CHARGE A REGULAR PRICE?

- Paul Mittelbuscher

Hah! And be the same as everyone else? Do you realize how much publicity I and Vn. get through the PAR system? It pays to be different. Besides, those that send in money send in more than I would normally get if I charged a regular price.



David H. M. M. M.

THE BIOLOGICAL URGE AND THE FUTURE

By PHIL RASCH

Whether science fiction should be prophecy or recreation has long been a bone of contention among fans. Certainly there is room for both conceptions, but at the first Annual West Coast Scienti-Fantasy Conference, Ray Bradbury rather decisively cast his vote for the former by saying that our brave new world was going to be an unpleasant one in which to live and it was the S-F authors' duty to warn their readers of this fact. More and more S-F is becoming based upon the "probabilities of possibilities." More and more S-F is turning from mechanical considerations to sociological ones. Let us leave aside atomic power, rocket ships, cosmic power and similar concepts and consider here only the sociological situation which we may expect to encounter during the next one hundred years.

Physically and mentally mankind's biological evolution ceased before he became civilized. The evolutionary impetus which carried the race from an ape-like ancestor to modern man seems to have spent itself by the time of the appearance of Cro-Magnon man some 25,000 years ago. Philosophically, evolution is no longer viewed as a cosmic scheme of continued progress. It is now recognized as being rather an uncertain and chance laden affair. Modern men may be degenerating rather than improving. We will not evolve into Slans. Some unforeseeable force may cause mutations in the race, but if so they will be totally unpredictable.

Bradbury indicated that one reason for the unpleasantness of the coming decades will be the tremendous pressure of world population. We discussed this point in one brief paragraph in "The Future and Man" in the first issue of PRISM. In the years since that article was written the topic seems to have become a favorite subject of discussion. Books such as Human Breeding and Survival, Geography of Hunger, Human Fertility, The Modern Dilemma, and Our Plundered Planet are pouring off the presses faster than one can read them. "Hot" magazines such as READERS DIGEST, AMERICAN MERCURY, HARPERS, and SATURDAY EVENING POST feature articles on the same subject. The Population Reference Bureau periodically issues gloomy bulletins. The Scripps Foundation for Research in Population takes a dim view of the situation. The 1948 convention of the American Association for the Advancement of Science devoted its meetings to worrying over the growth in population. The Los Angeles County museum recently displayed an "Our Plundered Planet" exhibit. Etc. Etc. It is clear that no citizen can afford to overlook this matter; no science fiction fan can help but regard it with something resembling horrified fascination. If Bradbury is typical, this is the nexus of the stories which the S-F authors will be writing in the immediate future. Let us then examine it in some detail.

In Road to Survival William Vogt establishes five premises:

1. People live on the products of the earth.
2. There is an inevitable relationship between the number of people and the supply of food.
3. If the food producing surface is reduced by erosion or other causes, less food can be produced.
4. If human beings continue to reproduce at the present rate, more food will be required than is now produced.
5. It is criminal to waste land while increasing the population.

The crux of the matter is that the population is increasing faster than is our ability to support it. Malthus, of course, made this same point long ago.

In 1925 Dr. Raymond Pearl, of John Hopkins, published a most remarkable book - The Biology of Population Growth. Dr. Pearl showed that growth of yeast cells, pumpkins and nations alike all proceeded according to a curve that could be plotted in the form of a distorted S. Wars, fertility, climatic conditions, etc. had little effect on this curve. By it, future population growth of a nation could be plotted with considerable accuracy. If this sounds fantastic, we need only add that the predictions he made in 1921 of the population of the country in 1950 appears to be more accurate than those made by such organizations as the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company in 1931 and the Scripps Foundation for Research in Population Problems in 1938. In Our Plundered Planet Fairfield Osborn, president of the New York Zoological Society, estimates that there were about 400,000,000 people on this earth in 1630. By 1830 this figure had doubled. By 1900 it had doubled again. Now the total is about 2,330,000,000 and the annual increase is in the neighborhood of 20,000,000. The present population of the USA is about 151,000,000 and Pearl estimates it will reach a maximum of 196,681,000 about 2100. By comparison Russia now has a population of 180,000,000 and is expected to have 240,000,000 by 1970. There are more (540,000,000) people alive in Europe alone today than there were in the entire world in 1630. Twenty-five years from now there may be an additional 500,000,000 people. Fifty years from now the world's population may be in excess of 3,000,000,000.

It requires 2.54 acres of land per person to feed the population properly. It is estimated by geographers that there are only 4,000,000,000 acres of arable land in the world, or 1.77 acres per person on a population of 2,310,000,000. Thru hydroponics, more scientific farming, etc. science can increase the food supply, but at the same time advances in medicine, hygiene etc. tend to increase the population even faster. In such books as Burch and Pendell's Human Breeding and Survival and Vogt's Road to Survival we are warned that one third of our top soil has disappeared. About 100,000,000 acres of crop land has already disappeared and the equivalent of 200 forty acre farms is disappearing every day thru erosion. The Pan American Union's 1946 Report on Activities of the Conservation Section states "It is also no exaggeration to say that Mexico, central America, and South America together form a vanishing continent." One half of our timber is already gone, the great Mesabi iron range is said to be nearly finished, economists are worried about our petroleum supply and the Annual Report of the Secretary of the Interior for 1945 says that "Our known usable reserves of 22 essential minerals have dwindled to a 35-year supply or less..." This same process is going on all over the world. Natural resources are being steadily used up while growing populations ever cry for more.

(The next time some S-F writer depicts a battle between great fleets of space ships, it would be pertinent to enquire where Earth found the material with which to build such fleets.)

On March 15, 1948, the U. S. Census Bureau issued a statement that a down trend in population would be desirable because "it will postpone the exhaustion of our national resources, contribute to economic stability, and lessen the likelihood of deterioration of the quality of the population." The last point may require a little elucidation. Educational achievement seems to be closely related to IQ. The lowest IQ third of our population is breeding about twice as many children as the upper third. Women with less than a grade school education average 3.31 children per woman; those with high school diploma average 1.75; and those with college degree only 1.23. As a result intelligence is being slowly bred out of our population. Dr. Pitrim A. Sorokin, Chairman of the Department of Sociology at Harvard University, has noted (Crisis of Our Age) that our creative ability seems to be declining. Since the end of the Nineteenth Century the rate of increase of discoveries and inventions has slowed down and the absolute number of discoveries and inventions has declined. The climax (number and importance of discoveries and inventions) was reached in the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries. In a recent speech Dr. Karl T. Compton, President of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, referred to this problem in the following words:

Increasing concern is being expressed over the fact that a major portion of the fundamental scientific discoveries and theories have been coming from Europe, in spite of the far greater number of students and generally superior laboratory facilities in this country.

Why has the U. S. not been relatively prominent in the production of fundamentally new ideas?

(Will our descendants have the intelligence necessary to construct and operate space ships?) Further, the age level of our population is constantly increasing. There are now 10,000,000 persons 65 years or over in the U.S. It is estimated by the National Industrial Conference Board that by 1960 this figure will have increased to 18,000,000, or one for every five productive workers. (Will our descendants have the aggressiveness necessary to set out upon a space voyage or will the conservatism characteristic of old age paralyze such actions?)

Such are the facts and figures as they are seen by many students of the subject. Their importance may perhaps be better realized from the fact that the Book of the Month Club, the Nonfiction Book Club and the Semantics Book Club have all chosen Vogt's Road To Survival as one of their monthly selections. Joseph Henry Jackson, one of America's foremost book reviewers, has termed it "in many respects the year's most important book." Harold Ickes, former Secretary of the Interior, says "Everyone who can read, and who is capable of two consecutive thoughts, ought to read this book." There are, of course, those who dispute these findings. The Catholic Church, for instance, is fanatically opposed to any attempts toward a logical solution of the problem by restricting the birth rate. TIME devotes several pages in its November 8, 1948, issue to exposing the errors of the Neo-Malthusians. It argues

that scientific farming and industrialization can greatly increase the number of people a given area can support. "The conclusion is that world starvation is not around the corner - - - The land is there, the hands to work it are there, the brains are there. If he uses his head (man) can eat heartily - indefinitely." Paul H. Hallett also contends that science and cooperative effort can increase the food supply to an almost unlimited quantity and that larger populations can better extract natural resources. In the Encyclopedia of Social Sciences K. K. Kucynski estimates the earth can support 10,000,000,000 people. W. F. Wilcox, an agronomic expert, sets the figure at 36,000,000,000. Franz Oppenheimer, a German economist, places it at 200,000,000,000!

There seems to be little reason to doubt that if - and it is a big if - man uses his knowledge to the best advantage the world can support far more people than it does at present. But is it desirable that it do so? It is significant that those who assure us of the world's ability to support immense numbers of people do not discuss the sociological consequences of such a population increase. Ignoring national and international dislocations, how would you like to live in a world all of which was as crowded as India or China or Puerto Rico today? And even so, we are bit deferring the problem. What is to stop the rate of human increase when it reaches the figures set by the most enthusiastic of Malthus' opponents? Will we not simply have to face the problem again when the situation is even more acute than ever before? (Will this press of population force our descendants to seek other worlds because conditions on this one will have become intolerable?)

In The Human Mind Dr. Karl Menninger remarks that "civilization and culture owe their existence to the thwarting of primitive tendencies.... in this sense civilization itself is a neurotic product." Imagine, if you can, a civilization of 200,000,000,000 population. Here indeed would be a Dreadful Sanctuary rather than the earthly paradise so often predicted in tales of the future. Here indeed would be Ortega y Gasset's "mass man". Hallett and others like him look to science and cooperative effort to save us. Let us enquire as to what is the outlook for science and cooperative effort in a neurotic civilization composed of mass man. There will be scant comfort in the answer. The quotation that follows is taken from an article by Manchester Boddy, editor of the Los Angeles Daily News, who has given a great deal of thought to this very question:

If science is to save mankind from starvation on an earth already overcrowded, our first concern must be centered on the stability of science itself.

Science (its men, its laboratories and its knowledge) has been "taken over" by mass man. Mass man does not know whence came science, what it does, or how it functions.

Science made mass man possible. Today it is the victim of its own work. In the United States, which has only 6 per cent of the crowded earth's population, science seems secure. But madmen armed with atomic weapons may change that. Elsewhere in the world science is being submerged.

Even if science struggling for existence in a world of hatred, civil war and insecurity, creates a workable prescription for producing food for the rising flood of humanity, can mass man apply it?

The facts, as they exist today, would seem to exclude this possibility.

Everywhere we see civil unrest, strikes, civil wars, revolutions, destruction and preparations for destruction. This is mass man caught in a vicious circle; insecurity and near-starvation driving him into chaos, which, in turn, destroys science and production which alone can save him from the very fate that his increasing numbers portend.

(What are the odds that The Twenty Fifth Hour, Unthinkable and The People of the Ruins are not more logical answers than The Legion of Space, Venus Equilateral or World of A?)

- Phil Rasch

THE QUESTIONNAIRE: A review

The response to the last issue of Vn., as near as I can figure it, was 87! This is large, the largest yet and somewhat of a record. Unfortunately, it is not the highest on record; Harlan Ellison of SCIENCE FANTASY BULLETIN claims a response of over 90 to one of his issues. Oh, well. Better luck next time.

The following are the number of votes for "best-in-the-issue" and "worst-in-the-issue" respectively. B will stand for Best and the number following it will be the number of votes it got as best. W will stand for Worst, etc.

War Stinks by Bert Hirschorn 24B and 10W. The Visitor by Wally Weber 9B and 7W. The Answer by Clarkson; 3B and 9W. My Adventures on the Moon by Uncle Ronald; 1B and 17W. Contest entries (includes votes for individual entries as being best or worst) 3B and 6W. The Coming by Art Huseboe; 3B. Artwork (includes votes for individual drawings) 10B. DOPRI (includes votes for individual letters) 2B and 4W. You Asked 1B.

Comments: As can be seen, War Stinks was judged as best of the issue and My Adventures on the Moon as worst of the issue. It was a pretty well three-way tie as to the best artist represented, with the cover, the work by Bergeron, and the work by Naaman Peterson all receiving high praise. Two people thought the Editorial was best of the issue and two people thought the filler-jokes were best. One person thought the questionnaire was the best. (??)

In the Contest Entries Vote, Neil Blum got 34 votes; Harlan Ellison 19; George E. Dold 4; Larry Touzinsky 1; and Wally Weber 1 (??). The vote was 42 in favor of giving prizes and 19 against. 53 were in favor of "something about Norman G. Browne" tho not all were in favor of a series of sketches and not all wanted them to be biographical. Only 14 objected to the idea.

Numerous suggestions were received as to ideas for stories or articles but I will not print the list at this time as I intend to do some of them myself and they would be more of a surprise that way. Nothing definite came of the questions regarding Ted Sturgeon and his work

(Herewith is the fourth and last of a series of articles dealing with words. Two previous articles dealt with origin, uses, and variations on the word Crud. A third examined the numerous possibilities inherent in the word Venus and variations on same....NGB)

GOSH BOYO WOW BOY

by

TOD CAVANAUGH

"Gosh" is derived from the ancient Greek idiom Goshius and freely translated means, Gee Whiz! "Wow" comes from an early Egyptian version of the Morse Code and is similiar in many respects to the English term S.O.S. As most scholars are aware, S.O.S. means Save Our Souls and is expressed in code by a series of dots and dashes. W.O.W. stands for Worchesius Olius Walos and the ancient Egyptians expressed it in a long series of undecipherable hieroglyphics.

"Boy" is thought to have been originated by the Prussians and originally spelled Bowiea. Moreover, a group of etymologists claim they have traced the origin of the word back to an east Prussian metal-smith living in the 18th century. They further claim that the metal-smith went on a drunk one night and during a lighter moment decided to forge a spoon. They state that what resulted was not a spoon but what is now known as a Bowie knife.....

Another version has it that there is a direct connection between the metal-smith Bowiea, his invention, and the expression of a small child around Christmas time of; "Boy, a knife!"

All this of course is mostly theory. What facts are known is that the French, in their translation of the word, somehow or other doubled it so it became Boyboy. The English either did not notice the error or were to apathetic to bother correcting it.

But, when it was passed on to the Irish, they changed it to its present form as it is today. At the time of the word's arrival in Ireland, the Irish were going through a period of individualism unmatched by our present civilization. At that time, surnames were just coming into popular usage; and the Irish, to set themselves off from the rest of the masses, were placing the letter "O" in front of their last names. Thus, when BoyBoy reached Ireland, the Irish in their state of extreme individualism, broke the word apart and inserted the then currently popular letter "O" in the centre.

In that form, the publicity department of the Mayflower expedition brought it to America. Unfortunately, although the publicity department did a wonderful job of publicizing the actual event, they failed miserably when it came to passing on many of the gems of wit and wisdom

that rested in their files. Thus, although its component parts were passed on to the language, the complete expression itself lay dormant for many years.

It was two unrelated factors that had much to do with bringing the expression back into popularity. One of them was a game that children play and the other was a popularity of a form of literature.

When a state of war exists any place in the world, its effect upon children is to cause them to play a game of mock war. The commonly used expression during such periods is; "Bang, bang. You're dead." It is to be understood that this is not the only game played by children; rather it is a game directly dependent upon world political conditions, and these conditions are not always war-like.

During the various interim periods, the game played was usually dependent upon the type of literature then currently popular with the reading public. Thus, when Western stories were the vogue, the children's game became Cowboys and Indians, and the expression used most was; "Bang, bang. You're dead."

A factor that altered the situation considerably was the Detective type story. The children gradually became aware of this plot and their games of play changed accordingly. This new form of emotional outlet was called Cops and Robbers by those who played it; and the most commonly used expression in the vocabulary of the game was "Bang, bang. You're dead!"

The sudden rise in popularity of the Science Fiction type story of course again changed all this. Science Fiction became an accepted form of literature; it became a reading habit of millions of people; and it drastically changed the way of youth.

Children found that science fiction opened up such a wealth of ideas, and that such an infinite number of forms of expression existed that the phrase "Bang, bang. You're dead." seemed inadequate. It was here that the expression that had remained dormant in the language for so long came back into popular usage. It was here that the expression that fitted so many situations became an integral part of the national vocabulary. It was here, in a country where half the words spoken were issued in exclamation that "Goshwowboyoboy" reigned supreme.

So in future, remember this words long and complicated history, and use it wisely.

Tod Cavanaugh

Art Huseboe informs me that he is regional organizer for the Greater South Dakota S-F Society. Art wants all information and data possible on stf fans living in South Dakota or neighboring states. How about helping him out - aye gang? Contact Art Huseboe, 704 S. Spring St., Sioux Falls, South Dakota.

The question facing mankind in 1953 is; "Pogo or suicide?"

THE HALF-WELCOME GUEST

ART HUSEBOE

I

The fat child sat in the dust,
Its mouth hanging open slackly,
The lips rimmed and caked
With dried jam and milk.
The fat child was killing ants.
The greasy hand rose and fell in the dust
Methodically pounding the thin stream
Into more dust while the sun
Dried mud into more dust and the wind
Blew the dust in little eddying whirlwinds
Across the dusty land.

The fat child's brother sat also in the dust,
His wide eyes narrowed, his thin lips set
As his fingers moved.
The ants crawled over his legs and arms.
The slender fingers wrapped a paper match
In tinfoil and touched a lighted match
Beneath the tinfoil.
The missile streaked off---and fell.
The wide eyes watched the fall
And the slender hand reached again
For match and foil.

II

The fat child sat in the dust
Pounding ants with a stone
While his brother strode
Like a giant through the land
His wide eyes filled with starlight.....

III

Sing I for a brave and gallant ship
And a stiff and rattling breeze,
A bully crew and a captain true
To carry me.....

Once more the word alone of the Iron Chancellor,
But the blood ran in the steel, and
The steel ran in the blood, and
The blood froze and the steel melted,
And the sound of fire screamed at the stars,
And a tiny cousin echoed the scream.

IV

The fat child stopped pounding the ants.
The vacant eyes and slack lips
Inclined upward.

The ants surged in new waves
Over the gross legs and belly.
Thud, thud, thud, thud, thud, thud,
The fat child pounded ants once more,
While a tiny cousin echoed a thud
That was not a rock yet was a rock,
Filled with dust and blood, blood and dust
And gray, gray flesh.

V

The stars woke slowly and whispered
And the whispers grew and became shouts
As the message rattled to the ends of nothing.

VI

A billion round, mud balls
Wait like women with barren wombs.....

Art Huseboe

(I felt it would be better if the contest entries in each issue be judged separately and not together. The entry voted best in the last issue was by Neil Blum and I have sent Neil a grand prize. Those others who had sufficient faith in me and Vn. to enter the contest have been sent consolation prizes. The same system will be worked for this issue. The entry judged best by you will be sent a grand prize and all others will be sent consolation prizes. I think this is the fairest thing to do possible under the circumstances and I want to personally thank all those who both sent in entries and voted on them....NGB)

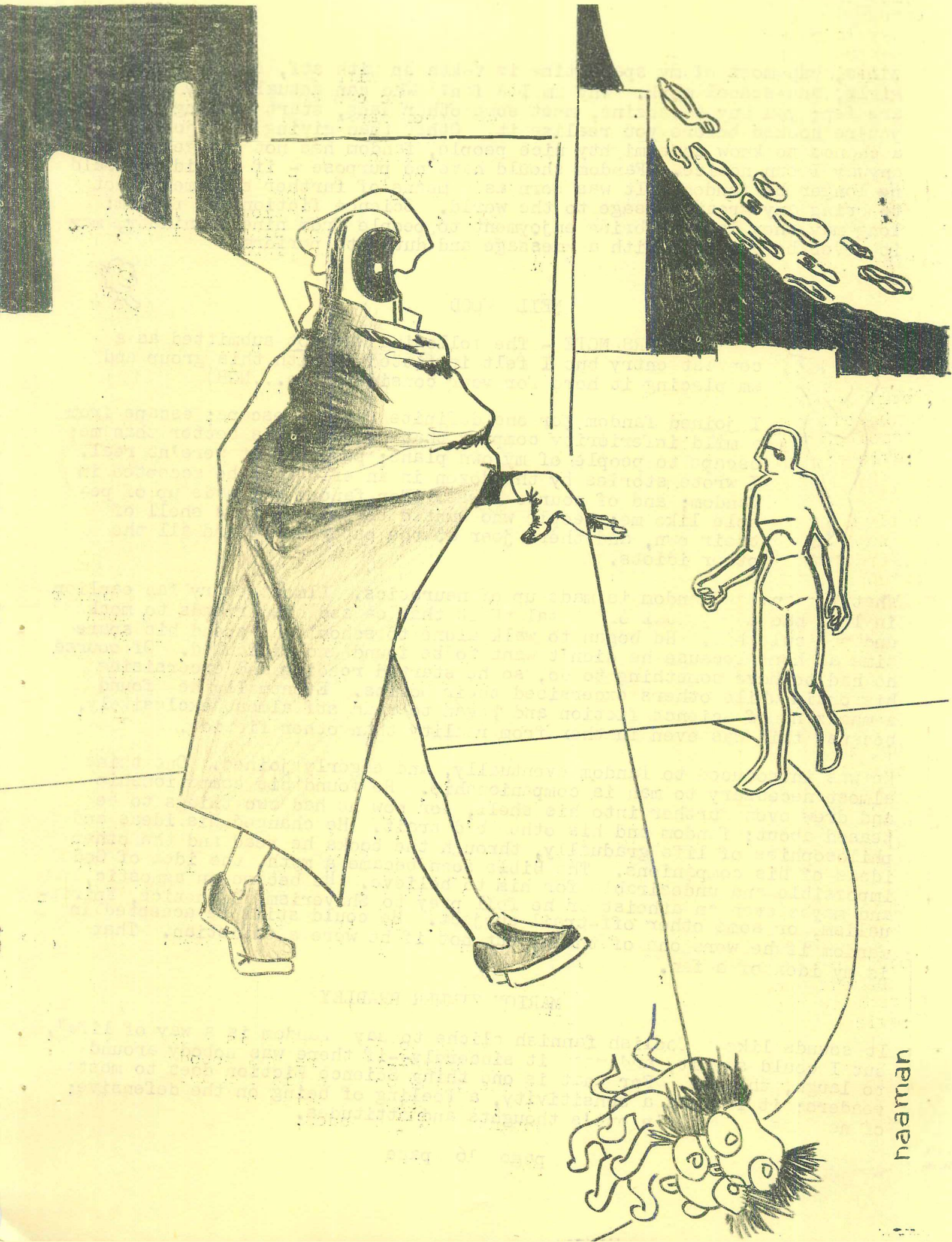


WHAT STF MEANS TO ME

CHARLES GREGORY

No other type of fiction can give the reader the wide type of variety offered by science fiction. It offers you escape from the daily grind and gives you various extrapolations of the future that are especially fascinating to me. The only thing I gain from my volumes of reading is sheer enjoyment, but I lose untold amounts of money for present and back issues. Since I have begun reading science fiction I have hardly any time to read other types of literature that I also enjoy. I expect excitement, thought provoking ideas, and a smattering of educating material, depending upon which magazine I am reading. Science Fiction should accomplish only things for the enjoyment of its readers. What else should you expect a type of fiction to do?

I consider myself a science fiction reader first and then a fan, which I think shows how active I am. I have written a few articles for fan-



naaman

zines, but most of my spare time is taken up with stf, girls, basketball, girls, and school work. Why am I a fan? Who can actually say why they are fan; you buy a fanzine, meet some other fans, start writing and then you're hooked before you realize it. Other than giving me enjoyment and a chance to know some mighty nice people, fandom has not changed me in anyway I can notice. Fandom should have no purpose - if it did it would no longer be fandom. It was born as a means of further enjoyment, not to bring any great message to the world. Science fiction and fandom: long may they last to bring enjoyment to people from nine to ninety, may it never be burdened with a "message and duty" to perform.



NEIL WOOD



(EDITORS NOTE - The following was not submitted as a contest entry but I felt it fitted in with this group and am placing it here for your consideration...NGB)

I joined fandom for one definite thing - escape; escape from a mild inferiority complex that everyone was better than me; escape to people of my own plane; people that weren't real. I wrote stories by the dozen in an effort to be accepted in fandom; and of course I was. For fandom was made up of people like me; people who wanted to pull up in a shell of their own, and there jeer at the outer world and all the other idiots.

What I mean is fandom is made up of neurotics. Almost every fan earlier in life had a bad trait or mental trait that caused his friends to mock and ridicule him. He began to walk alone to school and spend his spare time at home because he didn't want to be found and ridiculed. Of course he had to have something to do, so he started reading and excersising his brain while others excersised their bodies. Eventually he found a magazine of science fiction and began to read stf almost exclusively, because this was even further from reality than other fiction.

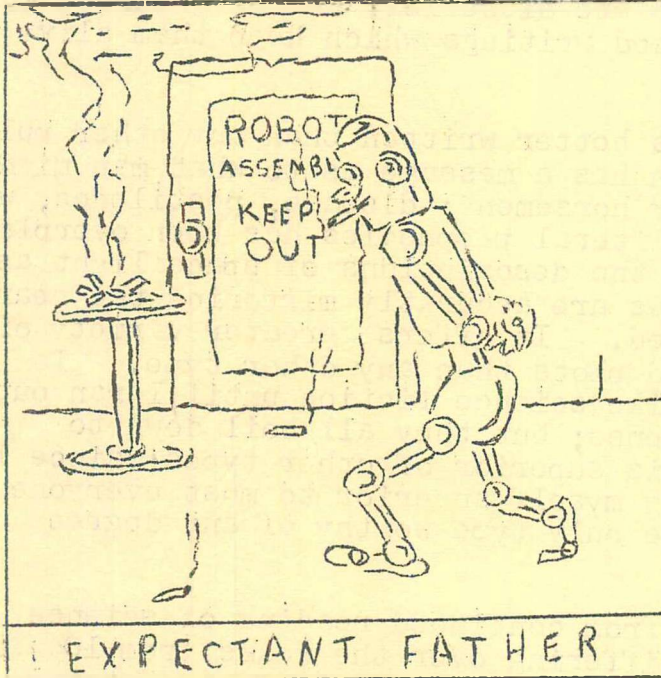
He was introduced to fandom eventually, and eagerly joined. One thing almost necessary to man is companionship. He found his companionship and drew even further into his shell, for now he had two things to be teased about; fandom and his other bad trait. He changed his ideas and philosophies of life gradually, through the books he read and the other ideas of his companions. The Bible soon became a myth, the idea of God impossible and undesirable for him to believe. He became an agnostic, and maybe even an atheist or he fell prey to Shayerism, Dianetics, Spiritualism, or some other off-trail subject. He could still be accepted in fandom if he were one of these, but not if he were a Christian. That is my idea of a fan.

MARION ZIMMER BRADLEY

It sounds like a foolish fannish cliché to say "fandom is a way of life", but I could say it, and mean it sincerely--if there was nobody around to laugh, that is. For that is one thing Science Fiction does to most readers; it fosters a sensitivity, a feeling of being on the defensive; of not wanting to let one's thoughts and attitudes.

What change has science fiction made in my way of life? I could say honestly that it taught me to think. Why? Because it was different.

I grew up in a milieu dominated by reactionary Republicanism, respect for the Almighty Dollar, superstitious belief in a God who was just a bigger and less admirable Grandpa, prudishness and belief in innocence as the best Gift of God. It was a smug little world, and the carefully chosen books entering into that world were delicately censored to prevent anything ever shaking that rigid and bitterly held conviction that the status quo was Life in the Real.



Perhaps I read into those science fiction magazines something that wasn't there, for I made them a symbol of rebellion against the entire rigid mechanism of my constrained society. They acted as a scapegoat, too, for my family--unwilling to believe that any daughter could so betray her upbringing---blamed "those terrible magazines" for giving me such heretic ideas. Namely; that there could be more than one honestly-held political viewpoint, and that all non-Republicans were not Reds and Bolsheviks, but simply people who chanced to disagree honestly. That there was a standard of life which had nothing to say to a man's occupation

or his college degree, or his income bracket, but merely with his native intelligence. That the concept of God could be something wider than a Stern Parent. That "innocence" was a transitory superstition left over from Victorian days, having no relevant relationship to decency.

Science fiction taught me one thing; to examine all sides of a problem before making my opinion known. How did it do this? By introducing me to a scope not limited or terrestrial, but universal and all-embracing.

Science fiction also did me a personal service; it saved my faith in God as the supreme power. I had become so rebellious, chafing at the confining limits of "Churchianity", that I was on the point of turning atheist, so silly did the Church idea of God appear to me. Various science fictional readings gave me the idea that there might be more than one correct religious viewpoint without heresy---and encouraged me to seek for one with which my reason and intellect could acquiesce with my faith. I found it: not in stf, but because my stf reading had opened my mind to new things.

The reading of science fiction did this, merely by being different; by going in scope beyond the littlenesses of everyday society as put forth in neurotic modern fiction; by showing a wider horizon, a broader theme of life. Where every story showed a new Earth and a new Universe, my mind grew more flexible, to imagine all this; and the widened imagination showed itself in a widened intellect, and at last into an intelligent questioning, where previously had been only a dumb acceptance.

(EDITORS NOTE - The following two essays by Guy Sellman and R. J. Banks were submitted as one entry and should be judged as such. Any vote for one will be considered a vote for both but only one prize will be awarded should they win the contest.....NGB)

GUY SELLMAN

I read Science Fiction because I like it. That is the only reason why anyone would read anything---except for religious books like the Bible, the Koran, and others which are either read because of fear of one of the various gods, or because of complete disbelief, and an interest in discrediting the stupid and disjointed writings which keep them alive in the imagination of men.

I like science fiction because it is better written than any other pulp variety of modern fiction. It often has a message as to what man might become were he relieved of the "four horsemen": disease, pestilence, war, and religion. The fact of its few literal prophecies has been overplayed but the fact that I believe many of the descriptions of spaceflight as set forth in science fiction stories are accurately mirroring the near future, cannot be entirely overlooked. It offers greater variety of backgrounds, characters, themes, and plots than any other type. I could go on listing reasons why I like science fiction until I ran out of paper and the editor out of patience; but they all boil down to one fact. I think science fiction is superior of other types; since I have one or two reasons for thinking myself superior to most everyone else, I think science fiction is the only type worthy of any degree of attention from me.

The main value that I have derived from continued reading of science fiction is escape. At an expense differing over the years from 10¢ to 35¢, I can buy three hours in a world free of disease; free or being freed of pestilence and death; if at war, at least at war with a clearer mind, and better sense of just what one is at war against; free from the nagging evangelism so characteristic of today's religions, if not free from religion itself. For more of my reasons, you might see the self-praise ads in recent numbers of Galaxy.

Reading science fiction has helped me to a better understanding of life; and, indeed, of myself. It has widened my horizons; led me to read many non-fiction books (OUTLINE OF HISTORY - Wells, THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE - Gibbon, LOST CONTINENTS - de Camp, etc.) which have further broadened my horizons immensely and made my life more enjoyable. I can now greet religious doctrines with a laugh (a malicious snicker, I freely admit), rather than the curses which I once answered them and which were tainted with the very religion I was maligning.

The only real purpose of any fiction is to provide escape; the fact that science fiction (as do several other types) excites an interest in the gathering of knowledge, and is, to a very limited extent educational in itself, is another purpose which science fiction does accomplish. I cannot think of anything which science fiction does not do that I believe it should, though I'll bet you get at least one

article from some sweetly pious christian (Norman! Don't you dare capitalize that "c") suggesting that science fiction become evangelical.

R. J. BANKS, Jr.

Fandom offers me a means of escape at least on a par with the reading of science fiction. Writing science fiction, even for publication in one's own fanzine is darned hard work---if the finished story is to have any worth whatsoever. Penning articles, features, and departments, is not quite so difficult; but it does demand the authors full attention. Proper stencilling, and even manipulating a hand-cranked mimeograph is hard work; but I find them mentally relaxing, as opposed to the mental stimulation of writing something original.

Some of my best friends were drawn from the ranks of fandom: for instance, Leif Alen, Alan Grant, and I could name dozens of others. And all of the pros whom I call my friends were met through fandom. While I was just a reader, I could admire the magnificent craftsmanship of Rog Phillips; Sprague de Camp; Dr. David H. Keller (who prefers to be addressed by his old army title: Colonel); Chad Oliver; and Walter M. Miller, but since having corresponded with them and others, I can admire them as persons. Truthfully, I can say that I have never gotten to know any pro sf writer that I didn't like.

The exclusiveness of science fiction fandom, while not nearly what it was, can still be counted as one of its virtues. Stamp collectors and model railroad fans are so common that there can be no real mystery or camaraderie between them. Of course, we don't have the complete aloofness of Freemasonry, but it is fairly easy for two or more fans to carry on a coherent conversation in a room crowded with non-fans: without the non-fans having any idea what they are talking about.

A lot has been said about fandom being a sort of glorified apprenticeship to prodom; with Bradbury, Ackerman, Evans, Mullen, Palmer, Lowndes, Erisman, Eshbach, Hamling, Oliver and dozens of others pointed out as examples. Certainly, I admit that those writers who came up through fandom owe a lot to the experience they gained as fans, but I maintain that they HAD a certain spark that would have made them pros anyway. At least one reasonably prominent fan has suggested that fandom, with its reasonably good lines of communication, its equally proficiently talented writers, and its at least above average I.Q.s could do wonderful work as an evangelical mission "winning souls to God."

Attempts have also been made to make fandom merely a Communist Front. I won't comment on either suggestion.

I have dabbled in many hobbies (too many to list) over the last twelve or so years and have found as much pleasure and "egoboo" in fandom as in all others combined. I still play chess, checkers, monopoly, Canasta, and several other parlor games with more than average skill; but Guy Sellman (my usual opponent) usually beats the Sox off me; he also manages to write much better fiction than I, and his articles are usually more entertaining, but I have one consolation---he can't operate my simple old mimeograph!

GLENN GODWIN

The most important thing that S-F does for me is to open up new realms of the imagination. Some people collect S-F books and magazines. Not me; I collect ideas. If a story fails to explore a new facet of the imagination, if it doesn't reveal a new concept of life or a new philosophy, if it doesn't at the very least introduce a few new, ingeniously coined, pseudo-scientific words, I consider it trite.

I think most science fiction should be labeled "psuedo-science-fantasy", since the science in it is often contrived and the fiction is of the fantasy classification. Reading should furnish either information or entertainment. In S-F I look for entertainment, rather than accurate information. If I want facts, I can look in the encyclopedia.

The aim of science fiction should be to entertain and to provide an escape from the everyday humdrum existence. But more than this, its ultimate purpose should be to free us from dogmatism, and encourage mankind to plan for the future, and I mean planning not in the terms of material goods and material goals, but in the terms of spiritual goals and in the cessation of man's inhumanity to man.

It has been said that the most important revolution in human history has been revolution in thought. It is my hope that S-F will help us to break loose from the shackles of traditional anthropomorphic thinking. If S-F can help us to see our stupid selves as other creatures might see us, if it can help us to raise ourselves above the ego-centric level of greed, lust, and cruelty, it may accomplish something very valuable.

OF MORE THAN PASSING INTEREST

Dear Mr. Browne;

The thing that disgusted me most about your fanzine, September issue, was the questionnaire. You imply that there are two distinct types of people; those that like science fiction and those that like the people who like science fiction, (that is some kind of mutual admiration cult, no doubt.)

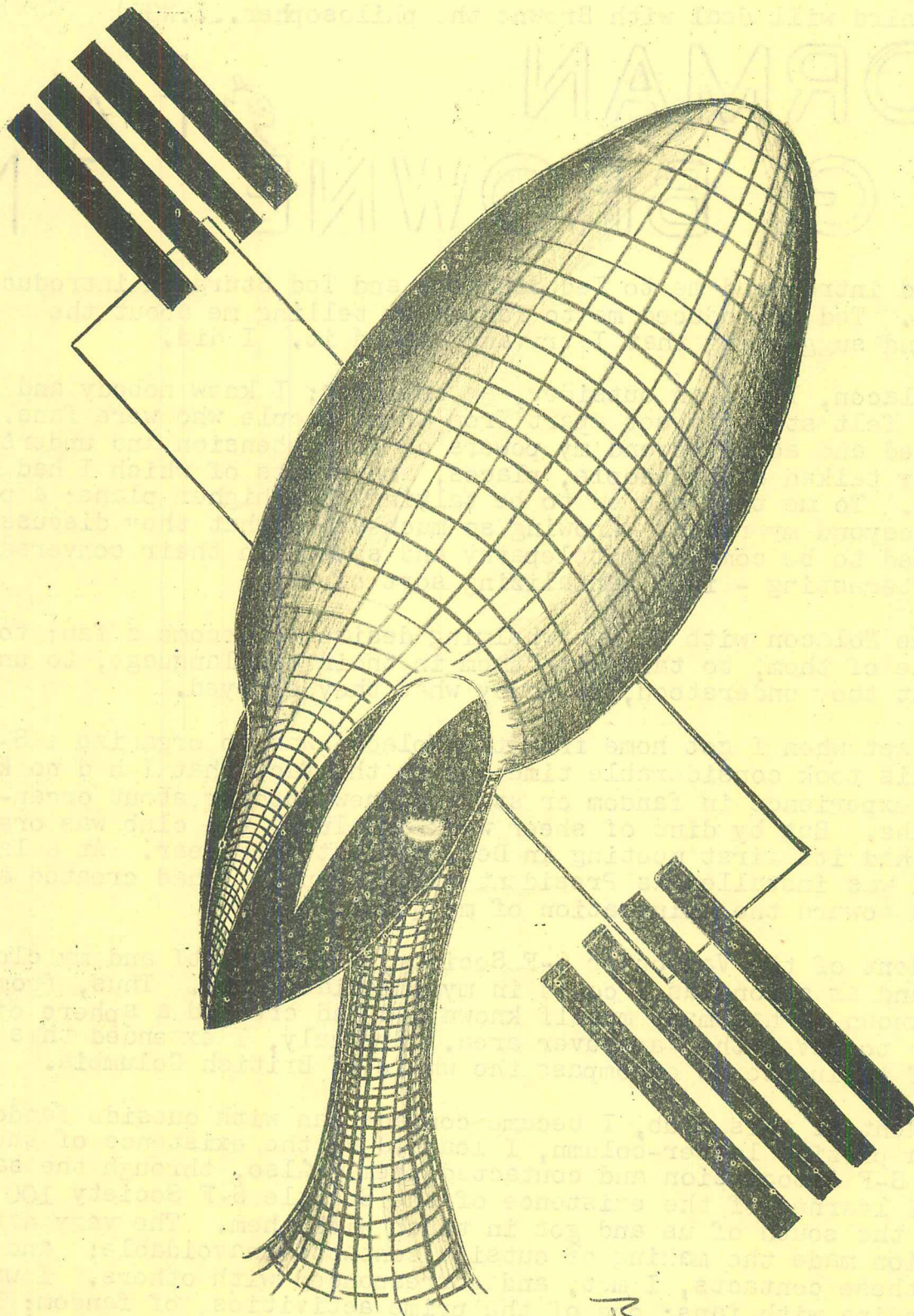
You say your interest in stf is 10%, and your interest in fandom is 90%. Translation: Interest in stf and fandom 10%, interest in egoboo 90%.

Yours truly,
(NAME WITHHELD)

TO TRY TO DISTINGUISH LIBERTY FROM LICENCE IS TO LIMIT LIBERTY TO WHATEVER ONE APPROVES OF, AND SO TO RENDER IT MEANINGLESS.

"She went around with an X-ray machine operator because he was the only person who saw anything in her."

We wonder if magazines on Mars have articles about the possibility of Earth being inhabited by strange creatures with only one head.



BERGERON

(Norman decided that one article could not sufficiently cover the infinite facets of personality and thought that combine to make up the entity known as Norman G. Browne. Therefor he is doing three articles. Each article will show a different view; each article will be written in a different style; each article will be written by and about - Norman G. Browne. The next in the series will deal with Browne the individual and the third will deal with Browne the philosopher....NGB)

NORMAN G. BROWNE FAN

H. L. Gold introduced me to Ted Sturgeon and Ted Sturgeon introduced me to fandom. Ted introduced me to fandom by telling me about the Nolacon and suggesting that I try and attend it. I did.

At the Nolacon, I was an outsider, an onlooker; I knew nobody and nothing. I felt strangely set apart from these people who were fans. They talked and acted beyond my powers of comprehension and understanding. They talked about people, places, and events of which I had no knowledge. To me they seemed to be talking on a higher plane; a plane far, far beyond my reach. Knowing so much about what they discussed, they seemed to be combining telepathy and speech in their conversation. It was interesting - in a tantalizing sort of way.

I left the Nolacon with an overwhelming desire to become a fan; to become one of them, to talk with them in their own language, to understand what they understood, to enjoy what they enjoyed.

My first act when I got home from the Nolacon was to organize a S-F club. This took considerable time due to the fact that I had no knowledge or experience in fandom or stf and knew nothing about organizing clubs. But by dint of sheer work and luck, the club was organized and had its first meeting in Dec. of that same year. At a later meeting I was installed as President of the club. I had created a stepping-stone toward the culmination of my quest.

As President of the Vancouver S-F Society, I pushed stf and my club as hard and as strong as I could in my immediate area. Thus, from an utter unknown, I had made myself known and had created a sphere of influence to cover the Vancouver area. Gradually, I extended this sphere of influence to encompass the whole of British Columbia.

As President of this club, I became contact man with outside fandom. Through a prozine letter-column, I learned of the existence of the Canadian S-F Association and contacted them. Also, through the same medium, I learned of the existence of the Seattle S-F Society 100 miles to the south of us and got in touch with them. The very nature of my position made the making of outside contacts unavoidable; and through these contacts, I met, and corresponded with others. I was corresponding with fans; one of the prime activities of fandom; I had pushed myself up one step farther toward my quest; and I was making my existence known to more and more of fandom.

You can't become a stamp collector overnight; you can't become a magician overnight; you can't become a Mason overnight. I realized that you have to study and learn about a group if you wish to become a member of them. I studied and learned about fandom. I learned through my correspondence; I learned through my position as President of a stf club; I learned by buying and reading fanzines. I studied, and I learned; I am still studying and learning.

Meanwhile, I continued to force the fact of my existence to the attention of more and more fans. I picked up more correspondents. I joined and became an active member in stf clubs and projects. And I continued to study - and learn.

One of my earliest ambitions was to produce a fanzine. But lack of knowledge of fandom and fan-editing forced me to suppress this ambition until such time as I felt qualified. In the meantime, all I could do was think and plan.

I started writing pure stf almost immediately after I came back from the Nolacon. I picked one of my poorest novel ideas (I had ten of them) and wrote it as an apprenticeship to actual writing. After that I wrote a number of short stories, none of which were of any value whatsoever except the last one. Gradually though, fan writing became my dominant interest and pro writing waned. (Now I haven't time to write either.)

Finally I felt I was qualified to produce VANATIONS. I had spent nine months studying and learning about fandom. I had learned about fan publishing and editing by studying fanzines and by editing a club newsletter. I had learned considerable about writing and had perfected a passable style of writing.

With the issuance of VANATIONS, I pushed myself considerably higher up the ladder of fandom and at the same time forced the fact of my existence before a considerable number of fans. I had arrived.

My original ambition was to become a fan - a relatively simple goal. But, although that ambition has been realized, my final ambition has not. For as I progressed into fandom, as I studied and learned, as I matured, my final goal raised accordingly.

In my first year I progressed from a non-fan, to a fringe-fan, to a neophan, and finally to a master-fan. Who knows how far I will go in my second year? Would anyone deny me the ambition of becoming a BNF or a super-fan?

Norman G. Browne

KNOCK by Neil Blum

Five hundred and sixty-eight Martians sat alone in a room.....and there was a knock on the door.

And now you have said, this is all well and good, but how can five hundred and sixty-eight Martians be alone in a room?

A simple answer.

It is a large room.

(It is interesting to contemplate what John W. Campbell's reaction would be to this article were he to have read it. I suggest anyone who is that curious write and ask him - for you see....he has....NGB)

THE ANALITICAL LABORATORY



by JACK HARNESS



The Anlav reviews scheduled for the last two issues were, unfortunately, squeezed out due to space limitations. I don't intend, however to make the Anlav a quarterly feature; hence, in this issue, In Times to Come was nudged out instead. Here are the scores for the August issue

1. HOLE IN THE SOCK	...Aldous Humpfingle	1.12
2. ROAST BEEF, MASHED POTATOES..	...Alice McNuffy	1.35
3. WE HOLD THESE TRUTHS	...Tolliver Q. J. Mates	3.24
4. THE POOL	...Isick Asimov	4.49
5. DITTO	...H. G. Pyfe	5.87
6. ARRIVAL	...Robert A. Finehind	5.89

Which goes to show that new stories, such as the first three above, frequently have high ratings, and that new authors, such as Humpfingle, Mates, and McNuffy, often compare favorably with the masters. Roast Beef, Mashed Potatoes..., by the way, received several first place votes; but on the whole you preferred the cool logic in Hole in The sock to the emotional appeal of Roast Beef, Mashed Potatoes, where-in McNuffy gave a graphic portrayal of a mouse building its nest in a complex cybernetic machine, and showed in detail what would then happen if the current were turned on -- especially to the mouse. She stacked up with the masters in that story!

#

The rating of the September issue was as follows:

1. "GALLOP"	...Maxwell Francis Gunn	1.42
2. HOMECOMING	...R. N. Jenkins-Smythe	2.06
3. THE COOL BREEZE	...el Craig de Stomp	3.87
4. NONFUTURITY (part 1)	...Clifford Smack	3.88

Craig, incidentally, had requested an advance look at the September scores, in order to see if you preferred non-Viagens stories. When he saw the rating of Cool Breeze, he decided to work on two more long "Krishna" novels he'd mentioned a while back... Watch for them.

I'm not certain why so many of you readers thought Willie Ley's article, Meteors, was more "Thiotimeolining". All that data was carefully checked and found to be accurate. I assure you meteors do exist. But there may be another article on cork legs for swimmers, since that accompanying article was so well liked....

#

The November ratings broke down thus:

1. FIREBREAK	...Patrick Spens, Jr.	1.00
2. THE LAND, THE PRIDE	...D. Cordova	2.00
3. ADVENT	...John Lucian Schwarz	3.00
4. NONFUTURITY (part 2)	...Clifford Smack	4.00
5. "WITH HOT GRAVY.."	...Alice McNuffy	5.00

The above results may not be too accurate; a Street & Smith copyboy (who, I assure you, knew the math to compute the Anlav) misunderstood the nature of his assignment and turned the wrong switch -- all that mail down the drain! I was literally flushed... But the above is from a letter that arrived later and so could be included. Personally, I thought McNuffy had a very "tasty" story. Smack's serial maintains the level part one reached in the last issue.

Coming up is another McNuffy story -- very probably she's created one of the most interesting series we've had in a long time. This yarn, "....and a Cold Bottle of Beer", elaborates on the three ways a calculating machine, built to remember and to formulate generalized abstracts of experience, can repulse a second attack from mice -- all of which fail; then follows an intriguing breakdown account of the machines shame when a cat puts in a surprise appearance. She has a story to tell!

About the balance of the series; she hinted recently that now she intends to use real rats. Incidentally, she isn't a cybernetics engineer as so many guessed - considering the wealth of machinery detail. She's helped out there by her mother; who's a stenographer for IBM.

- The Editor

BRASS TRACKS

BY RICHARD E. GEIS

Dear John:

In Ratcherson's article Tomorrow It's Turbulence, the following sentence appears: "The average granule itself turned out to be around one thousand miles in diameter...to fix the idea in mind you can think of a granule as the size of the British Isles..."

Now Ratcherson must be letting the loose rocks in his head rattle around too much, for the British Isles from the river Blunk to the Kindle-Candly Isles off Lands End, is but six hundred miles.

Of course, if Ratcherson was thinking about circumference, then its area becomes eighty thousand, which is a little under the combined land area of England, Wales, and Scotland.

I trust Mr. Ratcherson will make no more blunders of this nature.
----Roger Courtnle, West Upandowningham, England.

Since no one can comprehend an area that size anyway, let's just say they're BIG granules!

#

Dear Mr. Cambell;

While running through my old copies of United States Scientist, I found an article by G. E. Halpgingm, of Yale University, in the issue for October 1853. In it he reviews a paper--Willie Lay, "Generalized Sausage Stuffing". Brit. J. Psych., Monogr. Suppl. 24: 1-95, "52"---- which he retitles "It's a Sin Without a Skin" which will, no doubt, be of interest to you and perhaps to the other three readers of Brass Tracks. Mr. Lay attempts to treat the relationship of potentially belligerent sausages in terms of deductive mathematical theory. The simplest expression for this common attitude is the following pair of differential equations:

dz/ddt_{ty} , and dy/td_{dyz}

This situation is obviously unstable, with the rate of consumption of each sausage depending on the others thickness and rate of particle emmision. In addition, psychological stimuli, or grievances, are also postulated and considered to be constants, represented by G and h. The final equations are then:

$dz/dtg_{dxh}/ohd_{aX} \neq Gh_u$, and

$dy/djbksrztobemsacrt_{equal-lx} / h_{ell}$

which is unstable unless y is kept equal to zero by outside control. The point representing equilibrium corespondes to the historic concept of a balance of power.

This is indeed a grim thing to face in this advanced day and age. A grim reconing, sir! ----James A. Barley, La Jolla, Calif.

The conclusion is not correct. There is another unstable state: when n equals 0, a permanent condition of implosion results. This can be achieved by adequate application of NaCl - common salt.

#

Dear Cover-Format Stealer;-

I believe I am the best science fiction editor in the world today. I also believe I edit the best science fiction magazine in the world.
----H. L. Gold, Galaxy Science Fiction, New York, N.Y.

Ray Palmer holds those same beliefs - and for that matter - so do I!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2

the nature of that "catch" was again unknown. They represented a random stimuli depending wholly on the laws of chance for the type and amount of response they would elicit. In themselves, they were not unknown, but your reaction to them was unknown - and the unknown fascinates me.

As I said, the last letter-column was the best of such experiments into the unknown. The letter-column in the second issue only contained one letter that I thought stood out as an obvious "stimuli". It was by Paul Wyskowski and I was curious as to whether it would elicit any reaction from you. It is past history now that only two people saw anything worthy of comment in it. Alastair Cameron - who Paul directed his remarks to in the letter - began an immediate correspondence with Paul. Guy Sellman saw something in it and wrote me a letter - the one I published last issue.

Again; Sellman's letter, Wyskowski's reply, and my comment, were all "stimuli" and boy! did I get a reaction. It was fun - and still is - and I hope you'll forgive me.

Out of all fairness, I should continue the religious discussion that I started in the last issue. But to be fair, I would have to print all material relating to the subject and such material would take up almost the whole magazine. Besides, I have no interest in discussing religion and feel that such discussion has no place in a fanzine. By the way, Paul Wyskowski's letter in the last issue was meant to be read as meaning the exact opposite of what he said.

Regarding all discussions on religion the following question arises; "If there is no God, how will it benefit man to have it proved?"

Oh, yes. There's a few statements made by various people scattered about this issue which to me stand out as possible "stimuli". One such is this editorial. I'm sure many of you will write and comment on it. Another is Neil Wood's last statement on his idea of a fan on page 17. Read it and see if you aren't tempted to write me and comment on it....

Inasmuch as many of you commented on the humorous jokes and filler in the last issue, I feel that egoboo should be given to those who contributed them. My thanks, then, to; Rita Adams, Claude Plum and Janie Lamb.

My thanks also to those of you who sent me Christmas cards. Last year at Christmas time I had all of five fan friends and sent each of them a card. This year, I have 500 fan friends and thus sent none of them a card....

My name is presently on the waiting list for FAPA - Fantasy Amatuer Press Association and it would please me no end if those in charge of PAPA - Pornographic Amatuer Press Association - would also place my name on their waiting list....

"If there is no such thing as Pogo, how will it benifit mankind to have it proved?"

The delay of this issue could be blamed on the weather - 150 miles north of here the temperature went down to 56 degrees below zero. But we in Edmonton were lucky as it only went down to 35 below here....

NGB

TASFC IN RETROSPECT

A thorough, personalized, unique report of the Tenth Anniversary Science Fiction Convention---more than 70 pages of convention coverage by Joe Gibson, Franklin M. Dietz, Ian Macauley, Walt Willis, Norman G. Browne, Dick Clarkson, Harlan Ellison, Bill Venable, and many, many more. Besides all this, there will be a special photogravure section as well as some reminiscent cartooning.

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