

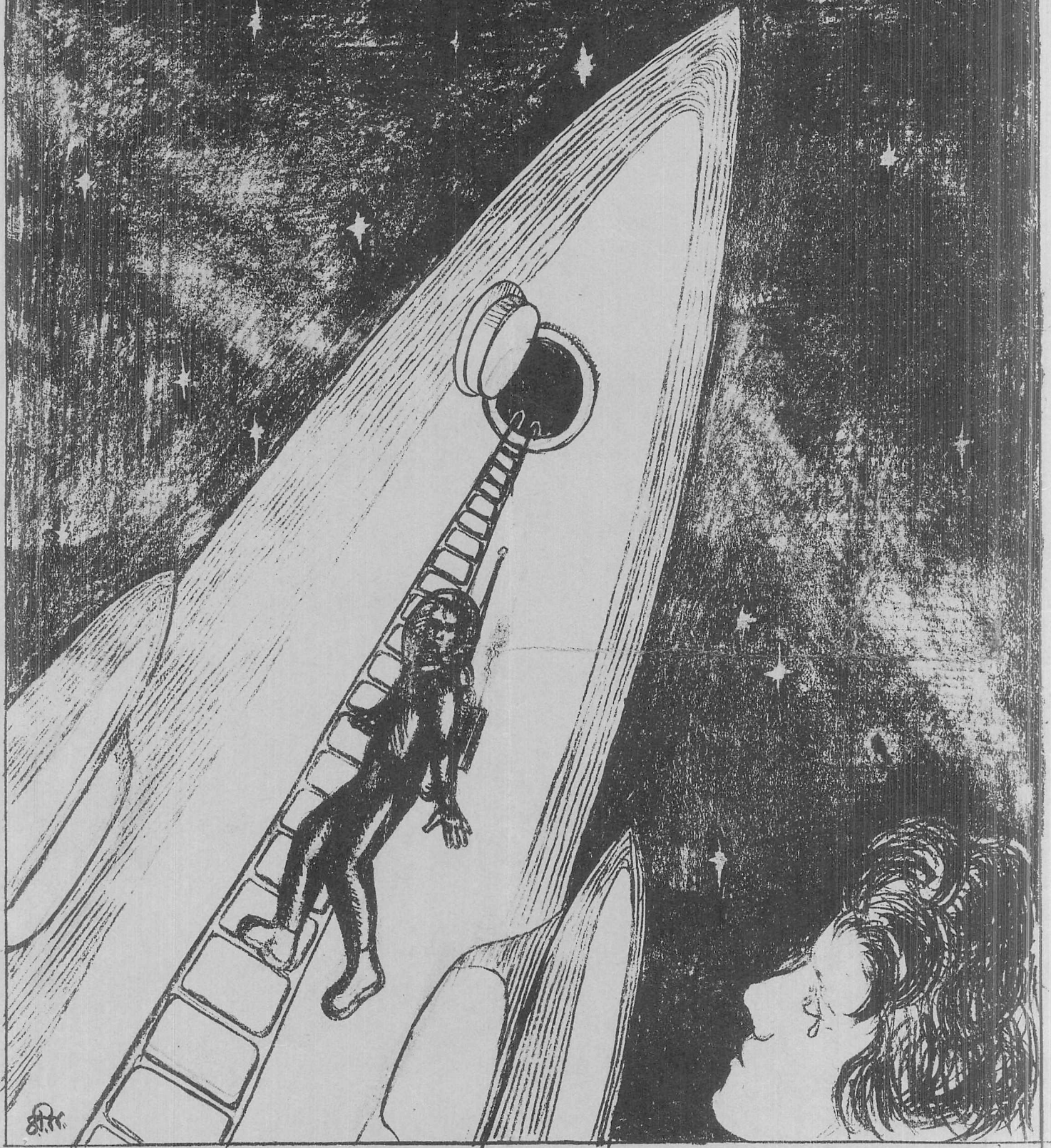
VANATIONS

APRIL 1953



HARTNESS

STARWARDS



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| Page 5 | Art Huseboe |
| Page 12 | Rich Bergeron |
| Page 19 | Naaman Peterson |
| Lettering Page 2 and 3 | Jack Harness |

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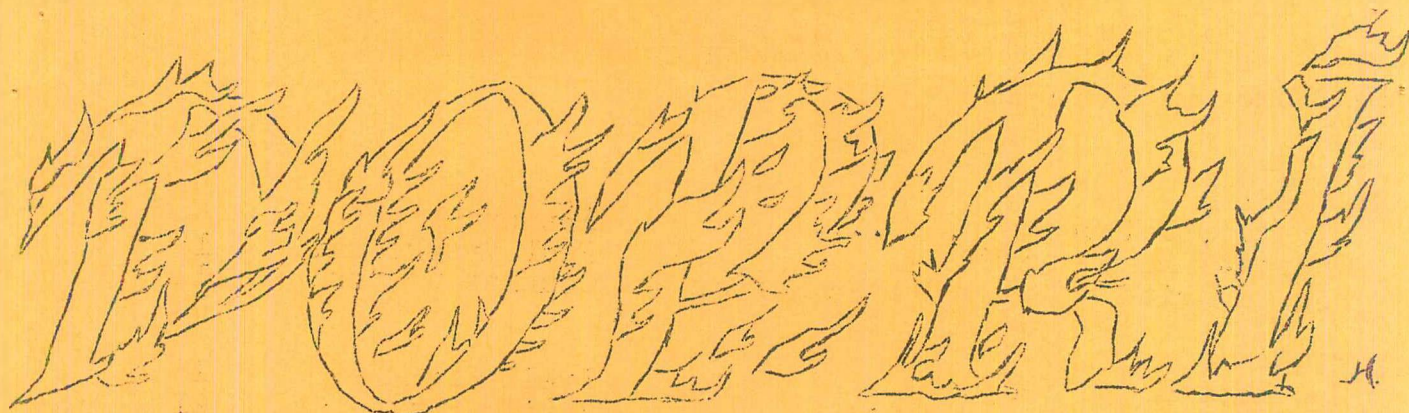
Norman G. Browne
13906 - 101A Ave.,
Edmonton, Alberta, Canada.

The price of this magazine is determined by the individual receiving it. If the person does not wish to pay for it, and knows he should, then he has only his conscience to account to.

I need material for the next and last issue of Vn. I do not want any poetry or fiction. I would prefer above all having humor. If you can't write humor and want to take a chance, I'll look over some articles to balance out the next issue. But articles or humor - nothing else. Remember: this is your last chance to appear in Vn.

The next issue will be out around the middle or end of July. The delay is due to the fact that I am going to GAFIA for a month and I will also have to put in work on CONCUPISCENT TALES for PAPA; DAMNI for FAPA; and FILLER for general circulation.

There is no questionnaire in this issue and all letters to me should be written with the possibility of publication in mind.



As I look at it, CriFanAc - Critical Fan Activity - is divided into three distinct but interrelated phases. Phase one is that of originating the idea; phase two is developing the idea to the point where it becomes a reality; and phase three consists of dropping the idea.

The process must be continuous, sustained, and titely scheduled. It will be continuous and sustained for new ideas will always be originated and conceived. The idea must be developed and then immediately dropped to allow for new ideas to come along. The turnover must be continuous and titely scheduled or else there will be an overlapping of ideas and too many ideas will be in the developing stage at the same time - resulting in less concentration on each idea and poor workmanship all around.

VANATIONS is essentially an idea that has been developed but has not been turned over. VANATIONS became a fully developed reality with its third issue and by this hypothesis should have been dropped then. If it had been dropped then, there would have been a resulting blank period of non-activity; a blank period that could have been filled in by many of the other ideas that were to come along and in need of development.

By continuing Vn. I threw my whole schedule out of kilter and tied up three weeks out of every four of my time. By publishing a fanzine such as Vn. I am not a free agent - and yet by my definition, CriFanAc requires that the individual be a free agent.

There is one possible solution. First of all, I must get out of the sub-zine buisness and become a free agent with time to work on any and all ideas that interest me. Since the individual has no control over the ideas that he or others will originate, the laws of chance dictate that there is bound to be blank periods when all ideas have been developed and no new ideas have been conceived. It is during such blank periods that work could be done on a fanzine.

Or, you could say that one could never run out of ideas that need developing for a fanzine is in essence an idea. But since all ideas will be worked on in order of importance, the fanzine will have little work done on it unless it becomes the most important project under development. One other advantage of having a fanzine for a secondary project is that it will act as an alternate interest and a relief from some of the more boresome details of other projects.

So you people who are so sorry to see Vn. go needn't be to sad. I'll still be around and still be entertaining you in some form or another.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 25 -

Now Asked?

IS THERE A PLACE WHERE I CAN SEND STORY PLOT IDEAS WHERE THEY WILL BE CONSIDERED BY AUTHORS?
- Gwen Cunningham.

Put a classified ad in WRITER'S DIGEST and you can sell them for 25¢ each - or at least that's the current asking price for such items. If any readers write in and ask for your address, I'll give it to them and maybe you can get rid of a few that way.

WHAT DO THESE ABBREVIATIONS MEAN - BNF, NFFF, FAPA, DOPRI, STF, etc?
- Marvin Snyder.

Meanings as follows. DOPRI: Department Of Possibly Relevant Information. BNF: Big Name Fan. NFFF: NATIONAL Fantasy Fan Federation. FAPA: Fantasy Amateur Press Association. STF: SciEnTiFiction. GAFIA: Get Away From It All. MYOB: Mind Your Own Buisness. BYOL: Bring Your Own Liquor....

WHY DO SO MANY YOUNG FANS HOLD THE IDEA THAT THEY ARE ALSO YOUNG GEB-IUSES?
- Rory M. Faulkner

Possibly because they are. I know off hand of five that would fit that classification. Jim Wills, age 13, had a story returned by his agent on the grounds that "it was too mature for Galaxy". Joel Nydahl, age 14, recently sold a story to Imagination. Don Howard Donnell, age 15, is working on a semi-professional fanzine to compete with Fantastic Worlds and Different. David Ish, age 13, is doing a very capable job in publishing his fanzine SOL. Robert Bloch, (age in dispute), has had two novels recently published under the pen-name of Wilson Tucker. These are but a few examples; and, by the way, how old are you?

IS 101A AVE REALLY 139 BLOCKS LONG?
- Richard Graves.

There are two types of "progressive" street numbering to my knowledge. The first type, gives each block a separate number; thus the "10" block contains only houses numbered between 999 and 1100. If you live at 1533 Angus St., and want to go to 3047 Angus St; you know automatically that you have to go 15 blocks to get to your destination. The second system, used in Edmonton, is slightly different. The total

house number is derived from two sources; the first two or three numbers comes from the nearest cross street and the last group of numbers is the position of the house in the block. Thus 13906 is the 6th house in the block nearest 139th St. In theory, then, you can get to any house in Edmonton by either of two methods. To get to 11510 - 130th St. you can go along 115th Ave until you come to 130th street or you can go along 13th street until you come to 115 Ave. The house you are looking for is somewhere in that neighborhood.

In theory, 101A Ave could be 139 blocks long, for the city is a square 100 blocks long and 100 blocks wide. The numbering in the city starts at 50th street and ending at 150th street in one direction and 50th avenue and 150th avenue in the other direction. It's quite simple really - or that's what I keep telling myself everytime I get lost...

WHAT DOES VANATIONS MEAN?

- Arthur Hayes, Robert Coulson, Graham B. Stone, etc, etc.

In choosing a fanzine name, I set up the following requirements:

1. - It must be a completely coined word, unique and having no meaning. (Not like MOTE, SPACESHIP, QUANDRY, PEON, etc.)
2. - It must be a completely static word implying no meaning. (Not like OOPSLA!, FOO-VIEW, etc.)
3. - It must be easily spelled. (Not like GHUVNA, PHANTASMAGORIA, etc.)
4. - It must be easily pronounced.
5. - It must be one word of not more than three syllables. (Not like SCIENCE FICTION NEWSLETTER, BULLETIN OF THE CLEVELAND SCIENCE FANTASY SOCIETY, etc.)

The simplest way to go about this, then, is to take two or three words, break them down into syllables and keep juggling the syllables around until the requirements are met. I took the words; CANADA, VANCOUVER, FANZINE and PUBLICATION and from them derived about eight possible titles of which VANATIONS was my final choice.

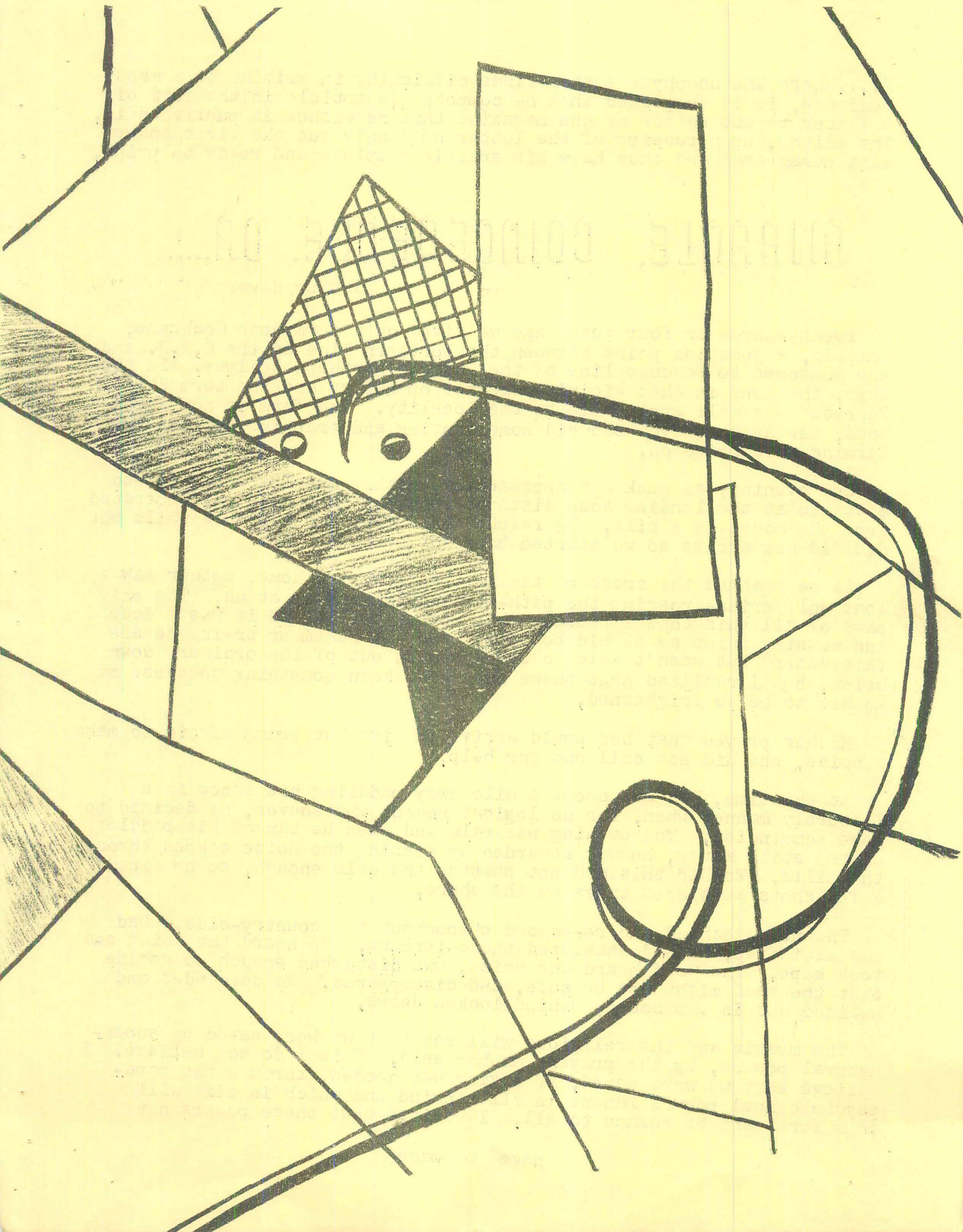
HOW MANY OF YOUR EDMONTON FRIENDS CAN BE COUNTED ON TO CONTINUE PUBLISHING VANATIONS DURING YOUR ABSCENCE? - Arthur Hayes. HOW DO CANADIAN FEN COMPARE TO AMERICAN ONES? - Robert Haun. WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO THE REST OF CANADIAN FANDOM? - Robert Bloch. WHY AREN'T THERE MORE FANZINES PUBLISHED IN CANADA? - Richard Billings.

The answers to these and many other questions of a like tone will be found in an article titled CANADA: WHY ISN'T IT A FORCE IN WORLD FANDOM? to be published in the April issue of SPACESHIP - Bob Silverberg, 760 Montgomery St., Brooklyn 13, N.Y. - 10¢.

HOW COULD YOU READ STF WITHOUT KNOWING ABOUT FANDOM?

- Dorothy Lunger.

It's quite simple really when you consider that fandom only constitutes 2% of those that read stf. This other 98% must either be not interested in fandom or totally unaware that it exists. While I read stf I was possibly mildly aware that "something" existed but I did not know about fandom until I became a fan.



"....Where the neophyte author finds difficulty in writing to a mass audience, it is suggested that he compose his article in the form of a letter to the editor of the magazine that he wishes it published in. The editor, upon receipt of the letter need only cut the first and/or last paragraphs and thus have his article complete and ready to print."

MIRACLE, COINCEDENCE, OR.....

Arthur Hayes

Twenty-three or four years ago we lived on a farm near Cochrane, Ontario, a junction point between the Northern line of the C.N.R. and the Moosonee to Toronto line of the Ontario Northern Railway. In those days, the land in that vicinity was not opened up and the term "Virgin Forrest" was well applicable to the locality. The farm is now abandoned, but at that time Dad did some hunting and trapping besides the farming we carried on.

One evening, as dusk was approaching, mother and I started out to meet dad at the landing some distance from the farmhouse and seperated from the house by a hill. We reached the river and waited a while but dad did not arrive so we started back for home.

As we reached the crest of the hill approaching home, mother saw a lone wolf criss-crossing the path-way and looking up at us. The only part of all this that I remember was mother telling me it was a deer and to stay quiet as we hid behind a tree. I remember trying to see this "deer" but wasn't able to see anything out of the ordinary down below, but I realized that there must have been something to cause my mother to be so frightened.

Mother prayed that Dad would arrive in time but being afraid to make a noise, she did not call out for help.

At the time, Dad was about a mile away paddling his canoe in a leisurely manner when, for no logical reason whatsoever, he decided to make some noise. The evening was calm and when he banged his paddle on the still water, he was rewarded by hearing the noise echoed through the hills. To Dad this did not shatter the calm enough, so he fired a few shots at blazed trees on the shore.

The noise echoed and re-echoed throughout the country-side. Dad was satisfied, he had shattered the quietness. We heard the noise and took kope. The wolf heard the noise, was disturbed enough to decide that the area might not be safe, and disappeared. We descended and awaited Dad in the house, behind locked doors.

The mystic and the religious will say that we were saved by supernatural powers, by the prayers mother said. This I do not believe. I believe that we were saved, if saving was needed, through the psychological powers latent in all mankind and which in time will come forth and be common to all. I believe that these powers have

to do with anything spiritual and that the so-called life-after-death, if there is such a thing, has no connection with this. A slight telepathic effect from a frantic and fearful mother caused a silent appeal to go out and Dad unconsciously received this call and wanted to make noise. In that way, he helped us in the only effective way he could. Nothing supernatural, nothing spiritual.... What do you think?

I think there will be some who will disagree....

Arthur Hayes



SONG FOR ROBOTS

Garth Bentley

We fetch and carry, build and shape complete;
Where once we were but tools, we now possess
The Earth's dependence on our skillfulness
And set high standards humans can not meet,
Mere flesh and blood no longer can compete
With our efficient, tireless thoroughness
And each succeeding year we will progress
Until your human race is obsolete.

Yours will not be the first - nor yet the last
To be destroyed by that which is designed,
To see its finest workmanship surpassed,
To have its servants leave it far behind.

Each year the empire of our sway expands
Each year more humans sit with idle hands.

- Garth Bentley

"....If the neophyte author wishes to create an impression with his first submission to a fanzine, it is suggested that he write his story in the form of a play. The pure novelty of getting material in that form may influence the fan-editor where he would have normally rejected it if it were in straight story form...."

'THE 'TRIE IE

fred chappell

It is a scorching day in July. There is a dust sidewalk in the centre of the stage. Dry, burning, grass streatches behind th e walk. There is a board fence at the back of the stage.

Two small boys are playing marbles in the dust. They squat to shoot, do not shout, or run about. It is very hot; too hot for activity. They seem to be slightly disinterested in the game.

JIM is on the left of the stage. He is dressed solely in blue denim overalls --- with no shirt. He moves about the ring slowly, and stares at the ground all the time.

BOBBIE, who is on the left, is a contrast to Jim, who is fair. He is dark; eyes and hair are jet black. He is wearing only a pair of swimming trunks which have been wet and are now muddy, due to having been rolled in the dust.

Jim: YOUR SHOT.

Bob: UMMM. (Moves to another position. Shoots.)

Jim: MISSED! HAH!

Bob: DAMMIT! (Quickly glances apprehensively around to see if anyone noticed)

Jim: WONDER WHY --- (Breaks off as he shoots.)

Bob: WHY WHAT?.....WONDER WHAT?

Jim: ABOUT THAT TREE THERE.... (Points back offstage with a short, backward nod of his head.)

Bob: WELL, WHAT ABOUT --- (Breaks off sharply) SO YOU KNOW, TOO.

Jim: (Still looking at ring.) DO YOU KNOW ABOUT IT? HOW'D YOU FIND OUT?

Bob: IT WAS LAST THURSDAY. SIMON ASHE'S DOG STOPPED THERE....SIMON NEVER DID FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENED TO SPARKEY. I KNEW, BUT I WOULDN'T TELL HIM. HE'D JUST LAUGH--OR TELL HIS MOTHER. I DON'T LIKE SIMON, DO YOU?

Jim: NO, NO, NO. (Drops marble and fumbles for it in dust.) I DON'T LIKE HIM -- I HATE HIM. HE TOLD THE TEACHER ON ME LAST YEAR. HE TOLD

HER THAT I WROTE THOSE THINGS ON THE BOARD.

Bob: I HATE HIM TOO. (Shoots; moves around; shoots again.) BUT HOW DID YOU FIND OUT ABOUT THE TREE?

Jim: IT WAS MRS ASHE'S CAT -- THE BIG YELLOW ONE. IT STARTED SCRATCHING ITS CLAWS ON THE TREE. I DON'T LIKE MRS ASHE, EITHER.

Bob: ME EITHER. SHE CALLED MOTHER BECAUSE WE WENT THROUGH HER YARD TO THE RIVER. SHE SAID WE STEPPED ON HER FLOWER BED AND RUINED HER FLOWERS.

Jim: IT'S A LIE! (Reaches in the dry grass for a delinquent marble.) WE NEVER CAME ANYWHERE NEAR THOSE FLOWERS. I WISH SHE'D DROP DEAD!

Bob: DAD GAVE ME A LICKING FOR THAT.

Jim: ME TOO.

(Footsteps offstage on right.)

Bob: HERE COMES SIMON NOW. LET'S GANG UP ON HIM.

Jim: NO. HE'LL TELL --- JUST ACT LIKE YOU DON'T SEE HIM.

(Simon comes on stage. He is slightly larger than the other two boys and has bright red hair. He wears glasses and a pre-occupied look.)

Simon: HELLO, BOBBIE. HEY, JIM. (Advances across stage.) I'M GOING DOWN TOWN -- WHY DON'T YOU COME ALONG? (They continue playing. Do not glance up.) WELL, AREN'T YOU GONNA SAY SOMETHING? (Silence.) ALL RIGHT THEN, SMARTIES. (Advances on. At edge of stage, he glances back. They continue playing, and do not glance up. He shrugs his shoulders and goes off stage.)

(They gather their marbles in their pockets. They stand gazing off stage in extreme, intense fascination.)

(From off stage there comes a scream and such sounds as would be made by a tree killing and eating a small boy.)

Curtain.

Fred Chappell

SUB TO MICRO - NOW! 10¢, 3/25. 50 $\frac{1}{2}$ sized pages; even right hand margins; cardboard covers; comes in an envelope; color mimeoing; bound in tape; pubbed every six weeks; next issue has material by; Robert Bloch, Bob Peatrowsky, G.M. Carr, Rich Elsberry, Battell Loomis and others. Sub now! Don Cantin, 214 Bremer St., Manchester, N.H., USA 12/\$1.00.

"First he cut out smoking, then he cut out drinking, then he cut out women, then he cut out paper dolls...."

"Anyone who would go and see a psychiatrist should have his head examined....."

OF MORE THAN PASSING INTEREST

Lyle Kessler and Norman G. Browne

Dear Norman;

Just received the Feb. issue of Vanations. You have a very nice zine, good artwork, good articles, etc. Try to have the columns a little more informative. One thing more; don't use a questionnaire.

The main reason in my writing is as follows - The first and foremost duty of a fan-ed is to plug the world convention in his or her fanzine. This is the duty of every fanzine editor bar none. Enclosed is a PHILCON slip with all the convention data that you would need. If there is anything else about the convention that you would like to know don't hesitate to get in touch with me. Try to have a nice plug for the convention in the next issue of Vanations.

Convention work is beginning to really pile up. I was over at William's house yesterday where we were putting the final touches on PROGRESS REPORT #2. It's amusing to notice the difference in the number of dollars coming into Box 2019, week by week. Two thousand membership cards are already printed and it may be necessary for another thousand to be made. Something new is convention stamps. Russ Swanson, local artist is doing the artwork on them. It's not definite how much they will sell for.

Lyle Kessler

Dear Lyle:

The basis of fandom is it's individualism, non-conformity and freedom. I do not recognize that any fan or fan-editor is under obligation to any other person in fandom. Nor do I recognize that any individual or group in fandom has the right to dictate or issue orders to any other individual or group in fandom.

It is common knowledge that World Conventions are big business. It is also common knowledge that they make a profit. It is also a well-known fact that the Chicago Convention grossed in the neighborhood of \$5,735.00. In effect, then, you are asking me to advertise free the fact that you are selling membership cards; the profit from which you will use to line your own pockets. As if this were not bad enough, your letter also carries a veiled threat that I either help the convention make a profit or else. I don't like veiled threats.

Advertising in VANATIONS is given free to contributors upon acceptance of material and it is also sold. I also use the pages of VANATIONS to advertise items that are of a direct concern to me. Therefore, in as much as you are a profit making concern and can be classed in with the professionals, I offer you the following ad rates: full page \$15.00; half page - \$8.00, quarter page - \$5.00 and a simple "plug" at \$2.00. It is rather ironic that these are the same rates you would charge me for a similiar ad in your booklet.

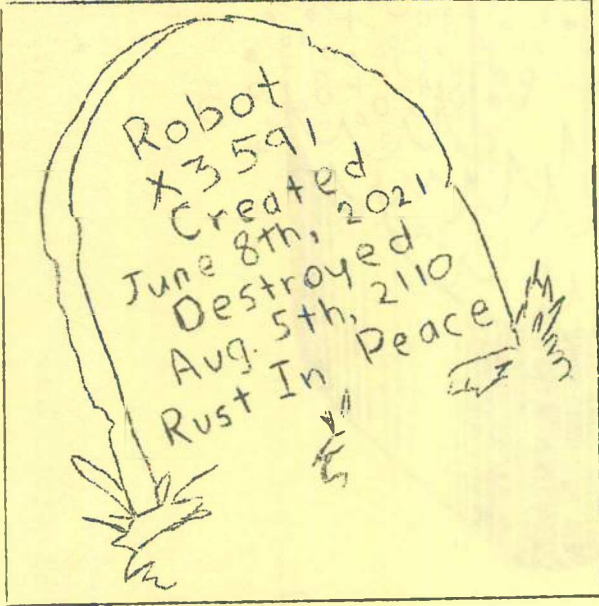
Norman G. Browne



HOW TO WRITE A FAN-LETTER TO AN EDITOR OF
A SCIENCE FICTION MAGAZINE
OR
YOU TOO CAN BECOME A POSTAL PEST IN THE
PRIVACY OF YOUR OWN HOME

By Douglas Graves

Many earnest young fans experience difficulty in writing significant letters to editors because they lack a basic knowledge of certain qualities which their letters must possess. To such as these, this article is affectionately dedicated.



You are a science fiction fan. You read the letters-to-the-editor section in your favorite magazine and pine for the day when you can see one of YOUR efforts there for all to marvel at. Of such golden stuff are dreams made.

So let's start at the very beginning and guide your footsteps down the proper path (No, not that one -- that's the primrose...) to the point where your letters become so good that you get fan-letters from editors. Greater luck hath no fan....

First, the pen, ink and paper; under no conditions should one be so gauche as to use black ink on white paper -- how trite, old boy! Strive to select a color combination that will express your individualism. Try violet ink on a dark vomit-green paper; this has to be seen to be appreciated. If you must use a typewriter, shift from red to black every other letter and put your composition on deep-pink paper.

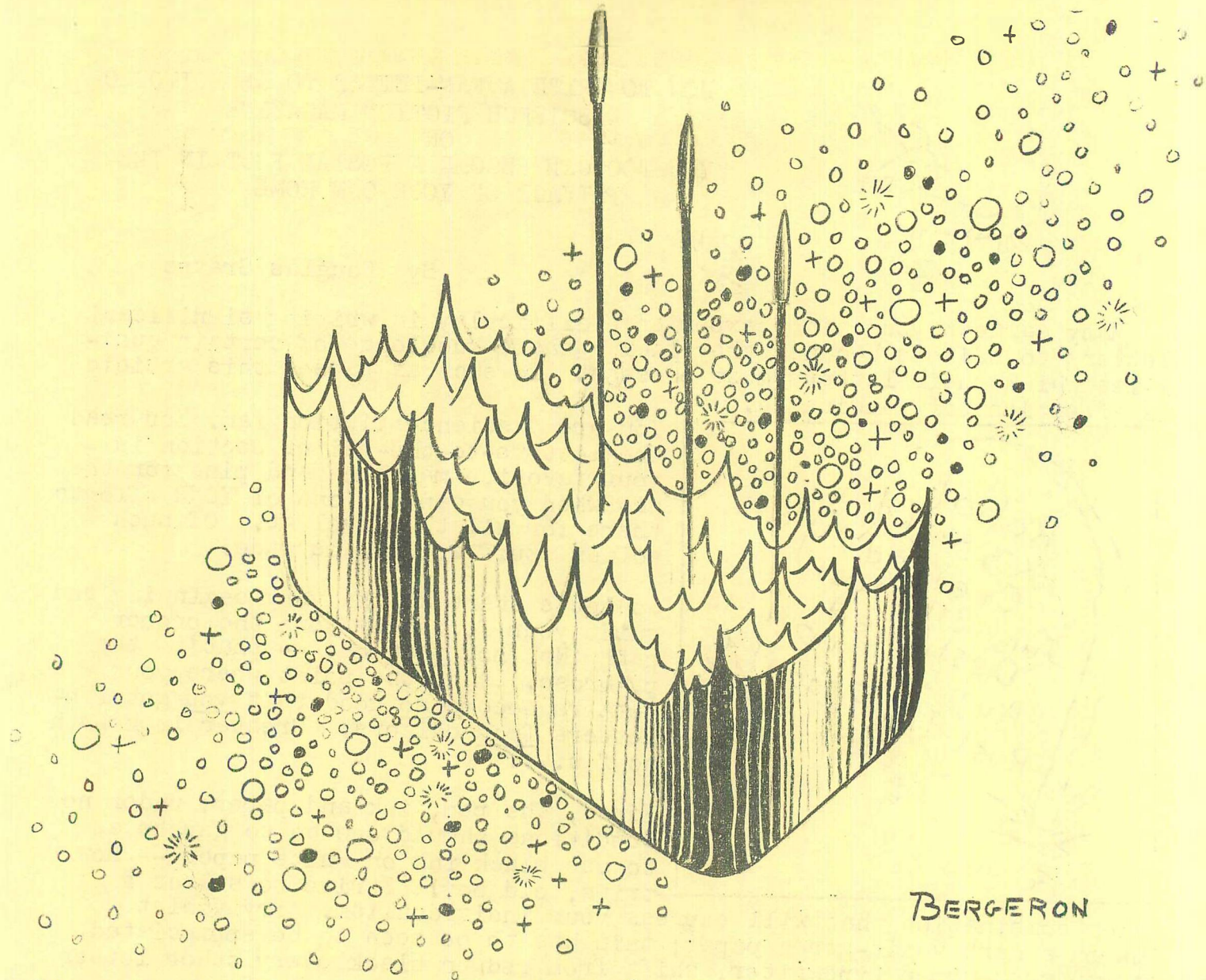
Choose a large size of paper and the smallest envelope you can find. The little ones that come with birth announcements seem to work out well. This will enable you to fold your letter many times and gives the editor a happy moment of anticipation as he tries to untangle it.

All right, now you're ready to write. Wait a sec! Don't just put your correct address and the date at the top! Choose some exotic local such as;

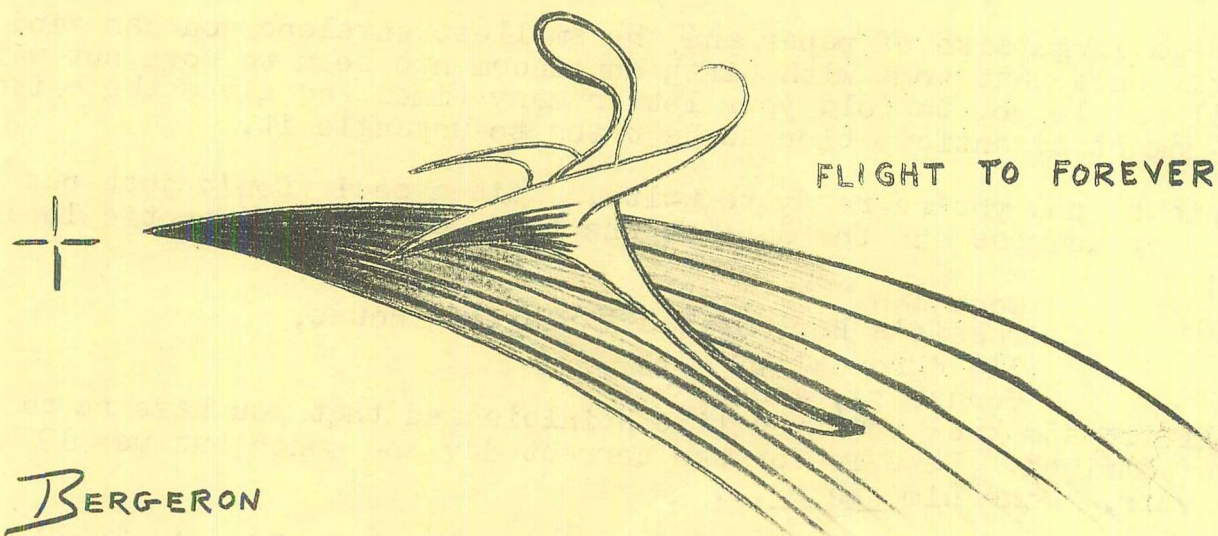
Room 14B
Tessie's Bar, Grille & Sporting House,
316 Egron Alley
Venusberg, Venus.

This will let him know that you like Heinlein and that you have read "Logic of Empire". Date it for the correct day and month but use 1977 for the year. Make him wonder...

On to the salutation. An air of breezy informality here is bound to impress him favorably. Let's say, for instance, that you are writing to John W. Campbell, Jr. Don't say "Dear John:", or "Dear Mr. Campbell" By all means, try to concoct something a bit more out-of-the-ordinary.



BERGERON



FLIGHT TO FOREVER

BERGERON

Try "Dear Ole Hohnnie--" (this will remind him of the Ole Doc Methuselah series). Or better yet, "Hi-Yah, Junior!"....

If your letter is to Galaxy, try to give its editor the impression that you are a prominent egyptiologist, writing incognito. Start your letter "Dear Horus"--or work in some sort of puny bit of buisness like "Dear Horse" (Hoarse, Hearse, Horrors, etc.). If you know Mr. Gold's middle name, then use it by all means, something like "Dear Llewellyn---OH, HAW-HAW-HAW!!!" (His middle name is "Leo"...Ed.) A salutation such as this will indicate at the outset that you are a hail-fellow-well-met type, possessed of infinite bonhomie and joie de vivre.

Dear Boochie; Dear Brownie; (!...Ed.) Dear Sammy-well; Mines Dear Sam; see how easy?

Don't try to be too clever or interesting at the start. Make him dig for it. Commence slowly and work for the climax.

If you must use a typewriter then single-space your copy, by all means. Editors hate to go from page to page, reading a letter that is all spread out. Be wordy, but go easy on the paper.

Remember to make a few mistakes in typing, spelling and punctuation as you go along. This shows the proof-readers that you are thinking of them and that you are helping them to keep their job. Cross words out. Use strikeovers. Typists can obliterate words with the dollar sign, thus: \$\$\$\$\$\$. This lends a cute, capitalistic touch to your literary style.

If you have never written to him before, tell him so by all means so that he may realize the significance of the occasion and be duly impressed. There is nothing so warming to pulmonary cockles as that familiar phrase, "and this is the first letter I ever write to a mag." Use it in all your letters, even after it ceases to be strictly true. It lends that certain touch.

Tell him your age; the average age of his readers is a subject of interest to him. Tell him when your birthday falls, he may send you a card!

If your education is still in progress, don't forget to tell him what grade you are in. Include the name of your school and that of your teachers plus any other folksy little details which seem relevant. Chances are he'd adore hearing how your basketball team is doing this season.

This is the point where you should butter him up to an extravagant degree. The words, "keen", "peachy" and "dandy" are useful here. They have an aura of youthful enthusiasm. Tell him you think he is wonderful (it makes no never-mind if you really think so.) Lay it on with trowel and shovel. Build him up for what comes next. Get his guard down. And THEN....

Rip into him! Say that the covers of his magazines are an effluvium in your nostrils; that you have seen better drawings on the walls of public comfort stations than the freckless scratchings of his interior illustrations. Hurl bolts of contumely about the grade of paper he uses. The tone of his editorials should come under fire, impugn the worth of

his type-face, his choice of stories, the lay-out of the table of contents page, his logotype, etc, etc.

File it one. Don't hold back anything--editors thrive on good unprejudiced, objective criticism. STINK is a good word--you can't use it too often!

Enter a good, healthy beef about the advertisements on his back cover (of the magazine, that is). Make your letter long. Ten pages isn't a bit too much. Give him something to while away the dragging hours.....

A further word on spelling -- be original, even if you have to think until it hurts. The more outre and bizarre your spelling, the better the chance your letter has of seeing print (cf. p. 164-5-6, Jan '53 ASF). If you are writing in longhand (good for you!), scribble a little, he'll have a ball, pretending he is Champollion deciphering the Rosetta Stone.

Throw in plenty of fascinating trivia...tell him about your dog; the cute things your kid says; how you hope to be able to trade cars next year; how your basement was flooded; how your Aunt Deliria took third place at the Gisolfas County Fair with her quince preserves; your grades at school; your IQ, if any; your hopes; your dreams; your plans; your troubles;....editors eat this sort of stuff up--- --they just can't get enough!

Make a few requests to keep him on his toes. Ask for--nay, DEMAND! --that he issue an all-Heinlein issue or an all-Bradbury issue. Ask him to feature more work by newer authors such as Poe and Lovecraft. Command him to engage Norman Rockwell for all future covers. Order him to use Giusti or Dali or Dean Cornwell on the interiors (cost ~~is~~ absolutely no object.) Tell him to cut his price back to a dime and hit the stands every two weeks - without a corresponding reduction in the level of story quality. He will do his best to oblige.

And now you have, perhaps, fifteen pages of the finest fan-mail an editor could ever hope for in his wildest dreams. Check carefully to see if you have missed any cliches; add any that you can think of. Tell him you hope he gets more subscriptions than Cartier's got liver pills. (He'll love that pun.)

Use plenty of expletives to spice up your sentences, such as doggone, golly, heck, darn, gosh and shucks. Permit yourself, at some point, to be so overcome with emotion to use gosh-darn. Four letter anglo-saxon words may get you trouble from the Postal Department. Besides, the editor wouldn't know what they meant.

Try to use enough paper to run the weight to two or three ounces. Put a single three-cent stamp on the envelope with no return address. This will enable him to shell out for postage due and thus feel that he has made a contribution to the affair. Little details like this are important!

Start to add the finishing details. Spill a glass of beer across the paper so that he won't have to use a paper-weight (don't overdo it or the odor may intoxicate him.) Burn a few cigarette holes in important passages; if you don't smoke, borrow a cigarette from the editor. The editor will have fun guessing what you meant.

When you can't think of another single thing, and only then, can the letter off with some farewell sentiment. It should be a single word, adverbial and apropos. Try to get something original here, as far as I know, nobody has ever used "mawkishly".....

When you sign your name, do it in the grand manner with copious flourishes and curlicues. The more illegible it is, the better. Under no circumstances, should your name be typed underneath!!

If you follow these directions carefully, we positively guarantee that editors will not soon forget your letters. This system embodies the same tried and tested principles used every day in radio commercials.

Poetry is also well-received. Editors love to read the lousy stuff for their own amusement and they aren't a bit fussy. Oh, go ahead --- sure you can!

Well, you've got your assignment. Good luck!

Douglas Graves

"It's amusing to notice the difference in the number of dollars coming into Box 2019, week by week..." -- Lyle Kessler. (I imagine it's also fascinating to count the number of dollars that come in and wonder what your cut of the profits will be...NGB)

HOW RUTTED CAN YOU GET ?

Lyell Crane

Jim Dale didn't exactly hate his job, but neither for that matter did he like it. While driving a public transport vehicle wasn't the heights of his ideal, at least one could eat regularly on it.

Sometimes Jim had daydreams; of being captain of a dazzling liner, tearing madly through space, faster than the speed of light. Merely at the press of a button one unleashed unheard of forces of atomic power, roaring infernos of raw energy, harnessed by the unpredictable and indominatable will of man...! Then there were those fantastic golden plastic uniforms, which caused females for blocks to swoon clean away.

Mind you, Jim Dale was no wolf; far from it. Swooning women were OK for effect, but his only real inclination in that direction was towards his darling wife Julie, the mother of his two sweet children and their little cottage amongst the ferns.

"Yes Madam, we leave promptly in 4 minutes", replied Jim.

"No Madam, we do not take dogs!"

"Yes sir, you may smoke, but only at the back."

"But I don't have any change" pouted the brassy blonde, "Couldn't you fix it for little me?"

"No madam! You'll have to get your change at window 14, and we leave in three minutes."

It had been a tiring day. Backwards and forwards, traffic most of the way, the sun in his eyes, irregular hours because of extended vacation schedules, holiday makers who don't know the routine and who have lost their timetables.....!

"Oh for the life of a deep spacer", he sighed to himself. No children with chewing gum, animals, impudent news boys..! - "No madam, your daughter can't go half fare." - Oh for the feeling of self confidence one must get from doing a job worth while, a man's job; contending with the unknown, alien systems, curious entities, satisfaction?

Instead, as with millions of others, repetition. The element of chance conquered. Regular schedules; speed cops; short hauls; the same old route, day in, day out; backwards and forwards, just like a piston in some massive engine.

"Yes sir, you can play cards - No cigars please, only cigarettes - Move toward the rear of the car - Your ticket please sonny - Yes, the next one goes in 41 minutes - Hurry on sir, there's the starting bell - Mind the door - That's all we can take now Madam!"

"Heavens, what a day", muttered Jim, wiping his hand across his eyes; "It's enough to drive a man to drink - thanks, I don't mind if I do." Responding to a skillful punch on the starter button, the 10:15 shuttle from Luna Base to New York Terminal on near by Rarth, zoomed into space.

- Lyell Crane

"Something new is convention stamps. It's not definite how much they will sell for." - Lyle Kessler. (By all means sell them; and charge plenty for them. We can all appreciate how badly you need the money.)

FIRST YEAR COLLEGE STUDENT would like to correspond with Roman Catholic girl around 15 to 18 years of age. No triflers please. Paul Wyszowski, 129 Lawton Blvd., Toronto, Ont., Canada.

WANTED - All issues of MAD, WEIRD SCIENCE and WEIRD FANTASY comics. Will pay top prices or trade stf. Norman G. Browne, 13906 - 101A Ave., Edmonton, Alta., Canada.

"I know a place where women don't wear anything -- except maybe a string of beads once in a while."

"Holy gee, where?"

"Around their necks, stupid!"

THE QUESTIONNAIRE: A REVIEW



Not much of a turnout on this issue but the data so compiled is quite interesting. In the "Best of the issue" question, the results turned out like this - with B standing for Best and W standing for Worst: Lead article by Phil Rasch 25B and 8W. The AnLav by Harness 9B and 5W. Brass Tracks by Geis 2B and 1W. Poem by Huseboe 10W. So-called humor by Tod Cavanaugh 3B and 15W. NGB: Fan 5B and 1W. Contest entries 9B and 6W. You Asked? 5B. Dopri 3B. Fillers 3B.

In the artwork section, Jack Harness got the highest vote for his inside cover. Bergeron was a close second with his cover and again Bergeron got a large number of votes for his interior on page 21.

The contest entries were voted on as follows; Marion Zimmer Bradley (28). Neil Wood (8). Banks and Sellman (8). Charles Gregory (3). Glenn Godwin (6).

Now then, on that all important religious question, I have altered the figures into percentages - it looks more effective that way.... Right now, I am wondering how to accent these figures; could they represent a cross-section of the readership of Vn.? Could they constitute a cross-section of fandom? Or are they just what they are - the religious feelings of those who answered the questionnaire? You can take it any way you want....

Atheist - 12.7%. Theist - 34.6%. Agnostic - 18.1%. Other - 4.5%
And a grand total of 33.33% haven't made up their minds. We let the figures speak for themselves.....

I have discounted completely all the answers regarding status in fandom. Far too many people did not know what the terms I used meant or else did not want to commit themselves on a statement. But then I've gone about it the wrong way. The proper way to do it is to give a series of tests to determine the individuals experience, knowledge, interest, and activity in fandom. Thus, from those answers, the compiler could determine exactly how that individual stands in fandom. It's an interesting idea.....

36% read Pogo comics. 32% don't read Pogo, and 12% failed to answer the question. But, 62% like Pogo; 18% don't like Pogo; and 20% didn't comment on the question.

The top Prozine is ASF - 37%. GSF - 31%. F&SF - 12%. FANT and TWS got 8%. SS, Madge, and SF each got 2%. Interesting.....

The average fan reads 8.03 fanzines and 6.7 prozines per month.

A total of 27 different fanzines were mentioned as being "favorite". Of these 27, five were mentioned twice; one was mentioned 3 times; one was mentioned 4 times and one was mentioned 7 times. Yes.....?

(I never really read this article until I started dummyping it for publication. As a result, the more I read of it and the more I wrote of it, the more obsessed I became with temptation. Finally I could fight it no longer and tore the page out of the typer and rewrote it as follows. The only difference is in what is between the brackets. (??) I'm sorry Paul....NGB)

WHAT STF MEANS TO ME

Paul Wyszowski



Let us first examine our terms.

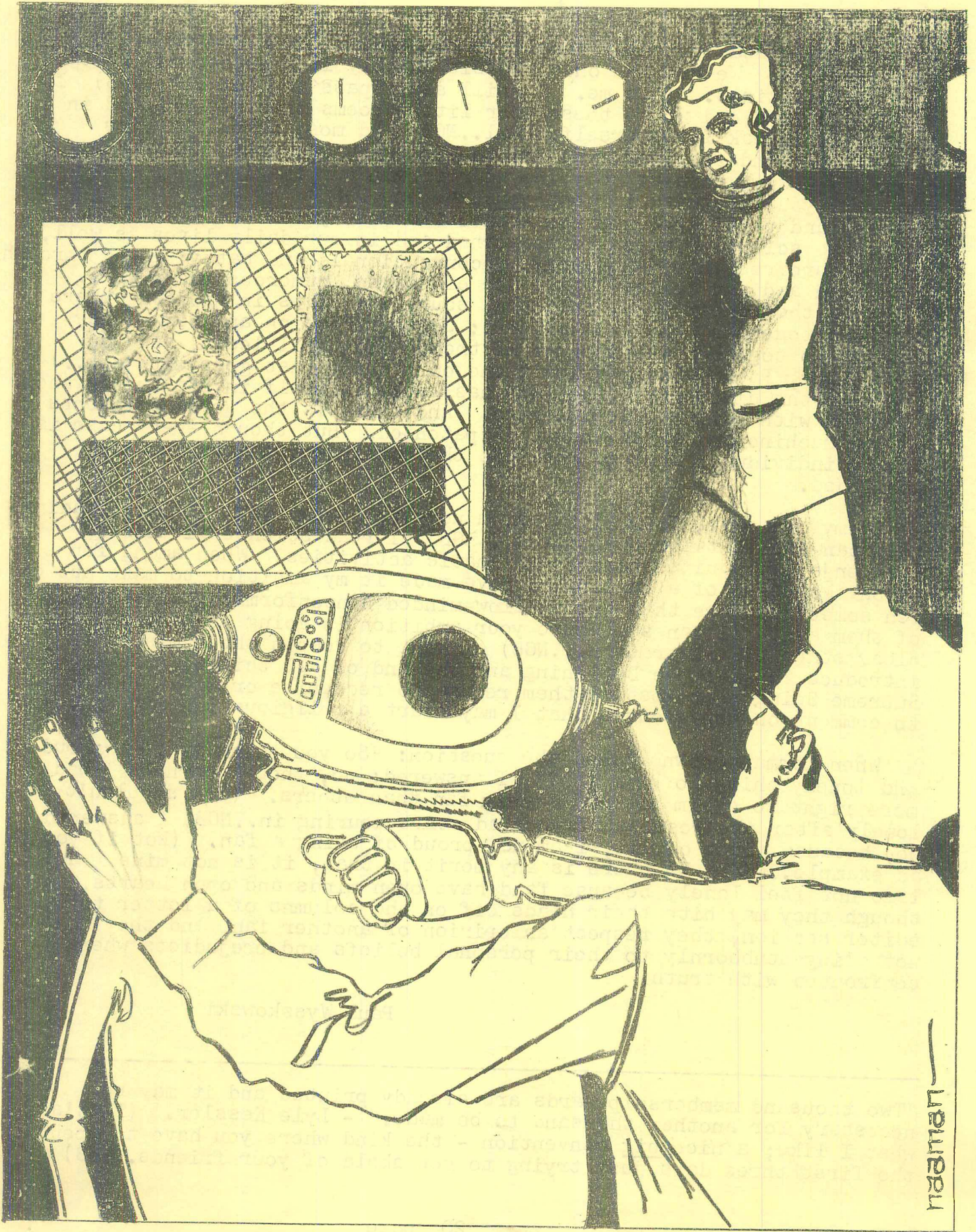
By Science Fiction, as it is evident from the topics this essay is concerned with, we mean in this case the whole sphere of activities of a minority of individuals, who call themselves Science Fiction fen. (And you should hear what others call them!..NGB)

The thing they are fen of, is quite undefinable. For some it is a form of escape literature dealing with spaceships, monstors and beautiful girls, which is called also Science Fiction or Science Fantasy. (Most people just call it PLANET STORES, and let it go at that...NGB) For others it is the expectation of imminent great scientific achievements, and the human problems they will bring. (Like the story Belly Laugh in the April-May AMAZING...? NGB) And for others still, it is the very task of participating in the activities of the Science Fiction fen.

All three types of fen fall into two sections: the escapists and the realists. And here is where the basic difference in the role of Science Fiction in the life of an average fan begins. (What fan is "average"...? NGB)

The realist fan finds Science Fiction a profitable hobby, a thing to occupy his mind in his spare time. He hardly ever reads the stories for the enjoyment's sake. (What other reason is there?...NGB) The realist fan is interested in the technical details, practical values, and the possibilities of profit. (Hah!) He makes Science Fiction his profession. He is very much like a Radio Ham. (I don't know about radio but there's lots of Ham in fandom..NGB) He likes to get together with other realists and chew the technical fat with them. (The fan conversation I like consists of only one sentence: "Pass the bottle") Or publish a magazine that has nothing but slaptogether crud in it, but is of excellent appearance and technically perfect. (Keep VANATIONS out of this!..NGB) The realist fan is a great collector and trader. He plunges into Science Fiction with a fistfull of money, and has fun making it into two fistfulls at the cost of the fellow escapist, who doesn't care because he is satisfied with what he gets for his money. (Gad! Now it's really getting thick - where's my shovel..NGB)

We have come now to this part of fandom whose members call themselves escapists. (That isn't all they call each other, either..NGB) Here



— LAUREN

is where my essay actually should start, since I am a member of the caste of fen. We are the ones who sit quietly in a corner during the fan club meetings. (Not me. I still say; "pass the bottle"..NGB) It is we who read and write those poor little poems that get printed in fanzines, (Speak for yourself, Paul..NGB) and most of the stories in both pro and fanzines. We are the dreamers who would like to be almighty gods, who have no veins to restrain our imagination. (So far, all you've proved is that you have one..NGB) We read Science Fiction and participate in fan activities solely for the fun of it. As far as science fiction is concerned and in our daily lives as well, we are carefree, happy-go-lucky, unconventional, and batty; going through life with a dizzy smile. There are of course, numerous exceptions. There is the somber type, taciturn, sour, who lives in his own sphere of not altogether reputable affairs; Science Fiction and Sex - they usually go together - being one of them. (You will learn, as you grow older, Paul, that S-F isn't the only thing that goes with sex..) There is the discouraged type who has locked himself in his turtle shell littered with Science Fiction mags. And there is the guy who invents a time machine and tries to get it patented. But though every case is highly individual, most of them are the carefree dreamers I have mentioned.

In my own case, I am, I think, a novelty among fen. (Anyone reading this can see that for themselves...NGB) I read science fiction for pure enjoyment quite apart from fanatic activities. When among fen or on the pages of a fanzine, I have made it my ambition to make out of fen something more than the shallow-minded nonconformists that most of them are. (I can see where your ambition is going to lead you to a clear state of frustration...NGB) I want to deepen their minds, to introduce them to the Beginning and the End of all things, to the Supreme Being that most of them refuse to recognize or know. (I refuse to comment on the grounds that I may start a religious controversy..NGB)

When Norman Browne asked the question: "So you think it is a proud and lonely thing to be a fan?", I answered: no, though perhaps I had more right to claim to be a lonely fan than others. (You shouldn't be lonely after the results of your ad start pouring in..NGB) I answered no, because first of all, I am not proud of being a fan. (Not if you're an example..NGB) If there is any merit in that, it is not mine. And I do not feel lonely because fans have open minds and open hearts, and though they may bite their heads off on the columns of a letter to the editor section, they respect an opinion of another fan, and they do not cling stubbornly to their personal beliefs and prejudices when confronted with truth.

Paul Wyszkowski

"Two thousand membership cards are already printed and it may be necessary for another thousand to be made." - Lyle Kessler. (That's what I like; a nice big convention - the kind where you have to spend the first three days just trying to get ahold of your friends..NGB)

KISS ME SWEET, KISS ME SIMPLE

MARIA N COX



There were six of us aboard the Venus Lady--four members of the crew and two passengers, both women. It wasn't until after we left Venus that we discovered--via a wire from Earth--that the crew was supposed to consist of only three men. Unfortunately, we didn't know which of the men was the extra one, never having seen each other before this flight. Neither did we know how to find out which of the men was illegally aboard the ship. Since Earth and Venus were now at war, and the extra person was undoubtedly a Venusian spy, the situation was slightly embarrassing. Our landing on Earth would be complicated by miles of red tape and days of official deliberation.

The captain of the Venus Lady, Bert Larson, had called us together to brief us on the situation. After asking for any comments or questions, he sat back glumly and waited for someone to speak. Someone, in the person of Mack Richards, did.

"You mean we'll have to stay in the ship until the officials find out which one of us is the Venusian?"

The captain nodded. "That's about it. Unless we manage to find out who he is before we reach Earth."

"How?"

"Don't ask me," snapped Captain Larson. "How would I know? How would anyone know? They look just like Earthmen. As far as I know, there's no way for us to determine who he is."

"Put your brains to work and think of a way." This came from one of the two passengers, a sprightly old lady who called herself Aunt Alice. A woman of few words, Aunt Alice. I followed her into the cabin we shared.

"Child, why do they keep referring to the Venusian as a man? Couldn't it just as well be one of us?"

"Not very well," I told her. "The Venus social system is something like that of Earth's ants. The only females are the queens, who are far too valuable to waste on something like this. If Venus sends spies to Earth, you can be certain they're males."

"Oh, I see. Well, maybe we can figure out some way to tell him from the others. There must be a way."

"They have a slightly different internal arrangement, I believe, but

we can't very well determine anything that way."

That evening we gathered in the recreation room, but there wasn't much recreation. We talked of nothing but the Venusian and different methods of catching him. Since all the methods that were suggested would have to depend on secrecy we did not have, they weren't of much value. I said as much.

"Well, have you something better to offer?" snapped Captain Larson. Then, "I'm sorry, Jeanne. Didn't mean to bark at you. I guess we're all rather edgy tonight."

"We'll be lucky," predicted Aunt Alice darkly, "if you men don't slit each other's throats before we get to Earth."

There was a round of uneasy laughter, and we said goodnight at an early hour.

The next few days were pretty hard on everybody. Each of the men suspected each of the others. Aunt Alice and I, of course, were free from any such suspicion, but we didn't have a very pleasant time of it either. It took a great deal of fast talking on my part to avert several near fights. Only by repeatedly assuring the men that if they fought among themselves they'd never get the Venusian, were Aunt Alice and I able to keep peace aboard the Venus Lady.

Tension and tempers mounted as we neared Earth. The men were anxious to see families and friends again, and the thought that they might be confined for several weeks didn't make them very happy. Aunt Alice and I were discussing it one evening in our small cabin.

"The men are certainly touchy, aren't they?"

"Yes, Aunt Alice, but you can't really blame them. They've been away from Earth for a long time, and they don't want to wait for the officials to determine which one is the Venusian. You and I don't have to worry about it, but they do."

Aunt Alice grinned suddenly. "You know, if it weren't for this Venusian, we'd be having a pretty pleasant trip. What an opportunity for you. None of these men are married. You might be able to get yourself a very nice husband."

"Yes, I suppose so, but I might pick the wrong one and get stuck with the Venusian." I laughed softly. "I don't think--oooooh!" I sucked in a deep breath and held it a moment. "Aunt Alice," I said a moment later, "I think I know how to tell which of them is the Venusian."

"Tell me," she commanded, leaning closer.

"I whispered rapidly, and when I had finished, she laughed in delight. "Wonderful. Absolutely wonderful. And what fun you'll have finding out."

"Aunt Alice!" I said in pretended shock. But I also gave her a

wicked grin which sent her into gales of laughter.

I let it be known that evening that I had a method for finding the Venusian, but saying that my method depended on absolute secrecy, I refused to say more. I let them wonder about it and work up their curiosity for another day and a half before I put the plan into operation.

Bert Larson, the captain, was the first to take part in my plan. I met him in the corridor just outside my cabin, and with a wink at Aunt Alice, asked him to walk down to the recreation room with me.

"I want to talk to you for a moment, Bert."

"Sure thing. Is it about your plan to find the Venusian?"

"In a way. It's a sort of experiment I have in mind. But you'll have to promise not to ask any questions until I've finished demonstrating it."

"Well, if you insist."

"I do. The experiment is very simple. I merely want you to kiss me."

"Huh?"

"No questions," I reminded. He obeyed my command with, I thought, more than just curiosity. Then, as he released me a short time later, a great light dawned in his eyes and he burst into laughter.

"So that's what you meant. Now why didn't I think of that?"

"Obviously," I replied, "you're just not equipped for it."

He laughed again until his eyes grew moist and he had to rest one hand on the wall for support. "Let's try someone else," he finally managed to say. "Unless, of course, you'd like to recheck me, just to make sure"

Grinning delightedly at each other, we went in search of one of the other men. We found Mack Richards just outside the door. Bert winked at me and walked around a bend in the corridor.

"Mack, how would you like to know my plan for catching the Venusian?"

"Boy, would I! What is it?"

"I'll tell you on one condition. You'll have to kiss me first."

"With pleasure!" Somehow, I got the idea that it really was a pleasure. When I got my breath back I turned to Bert, who had just popped back around the corner.

"He's not the Venusian either."

"Say, just what the heck is this, anyway?"

We told him. His laughter was no less a delight than Bert's had been. The three of us went to look for the other two men. Bill Henderson we found in the control room.

He passed the test with flying colors, and when told of the plot, gave me a delighted grin and a look of respect. "Now that's what I call a brilliant idea. I take it that these other two have been tested in the same way.

I nodded. "That leaves just Jim Walker. Do you know where he is?"

"He spends a lot of time in the ship's library. You might look there."

Jim was there all right. He looked up from the book he was reading and greeted me cheerfully.

I went in alone and stood beside him for a minute.

"Can I do anything for you?"

"Jim, I think I know who the Venusian is."

The man was a superb actor. He registered just the proper amount of surprise and incredulity as he asked: "Who?"

Without answering, I slid my arms around his neck and kissed him. The reaction was just what I had expected---nothing. "You're the Venusian," I told him softly. His expression was well worth seeing.

After the others had him securely locked up, he asked me why I had suspected him. "I acted just like the rest, and I look exactly like an Earthman," he said in bewilderment.

"Yes, Jim, your acting was perfect, but knowing the type of social system you Venusians have, I was sure your government hadn't prepared you for one thing, and I was right. You didn't foresee an encounter with a member of the opposite sex or you'd have learned how to kiss!"

- Marian Cox

"Do you want to meet your favorite fan correspondents from the forty-eight States? They will be at the 11th World in Philadelphia." -- Philcon Publicity release. (Are you going to bar the doors to fans from Canada, Mexico and England? Or maybe you don't know that fandom exists outside of "the forty-eight States"? It can't be much of a convention if that's all the fan knowledge you know; and it can't be a "World" convention if you are going to discriminate against fan living outside the borders of the USA....NGB)

"If you are looking for publicity, try the dictionary."
-- Old Proverb.

CONGRATULATIONS ARE IN ORDER TO:

Joel Nydahl on his first professional sale. Joel is editor of that fast rising general-zine VEGA and is only 14 years old. Joel has one thing in common with me in that we both use the dining-room table assembly method. This is where we take over the dining-room table and place out on it the unassembled pages of our magazines. From then on we gather pages into the assembled issue and meanwhile, our families are forced to eat meals in the middle of the living-room floor; picnic fashion.

Don Howard Donnell and Charles Wilgus, Jr. for pioneering another semi-professional fanzine. This one will be somewhat different from others in the field in that it will pay $\frac{1}{4}$ cent a word upon publication for material. Title is ETERNITY SCI-FANTASY.

Dean A. Grennell for having the guts to try and crash the prozines. Dean writes considerable fan material under various pen-names but you may soon be seeing him in OTHER WORLDS and/or MofF&SF.

FACTS WORTH KNOWING

Take an issue of Vn. with a 500 copy printing and 28 pages in length. The pile of unassembled pages measures to the height of three feet nine inches. The pile of assembled magazines reaches the height of 4 feet, 2 inches. And, using the dining-room table assembling method, one individual will walk a total of 4.5 miles in assembling a complete issue - that is providing he doesn't use roller skates or skis....

I never did get around to finishing the rest of those autobiographical sketches I promised you. But then one person wrote in and gave me a new slant on the whole idea. He mentioned the old proverb of familiarity breeding contempt. He felt it would be better if there remained the element of mystery about me. Then too, I feel that I take up too much space in Vn. as it is and it is a touchy subject talking about one's self. No matter what you do, some person will either say that you are building yourself up too much or tearing yourself down too much. No matter what you do, you can't win....

Art Wesley, who is co-editing FILLER with me (see back page) sent the following along to me along with 50 or more other items. I nearly split a gut when I read it and I hope Art won't mind if I let you people in on one item ahead of time. It will give you a rough idea of what FILLER will be like. Imagine page after page after page of nothing but stuff like this: Gad!

"An old newspaper account tells of a man being struck on the head and killed by a hurled volume of Canterbury Tales. Thus passed history's first recorded victim of a flying chaucer."

- E. Kimball Worthington: FIASCO #3:

Yes....?

Last but not least, I want to welcome to fandom one Bill Stavdal who is presently residing in Edmonton and helping me in my various fan projects; VARIATIONS and FILLER being two of them.

And that tears it for this issue, gang....

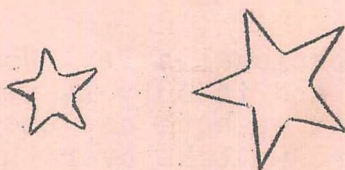
FILLER

IS WANTED FOR

FILLER

THE FANZINE THAT WILL CONTAIN NOTHING BUT

FILLER



ITEMS must be less than six lines in length. Allowances will be made in the case of exceptional items that exceed the line limit.

ITEMS must be accompanied by the author's name and the source. All items published will contain, wherever possible, the authors name and source.

CONTRIBUTORS sending twelve items or more will receive a free copy of the magazine when it is issued. No other payment, except lots of ego-boo, will be made.

Suggested ideas for items are as follows: Quotable quotes, Deft definitions, Put it this way, Jokes, Puns, Cartoon quips, Old proverbs, Cute comments, Philosophical sayings, Pogoisms, Humorous want ads, etc, etc.

SEND all material to Norman G. Browne, 13906 - 101A Ave., Edmonton, Alta.

FULL details of Filler will be found in the next issue of this magazine.

NORMAN G. BROWNE
13906 - 101A Ave.,
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