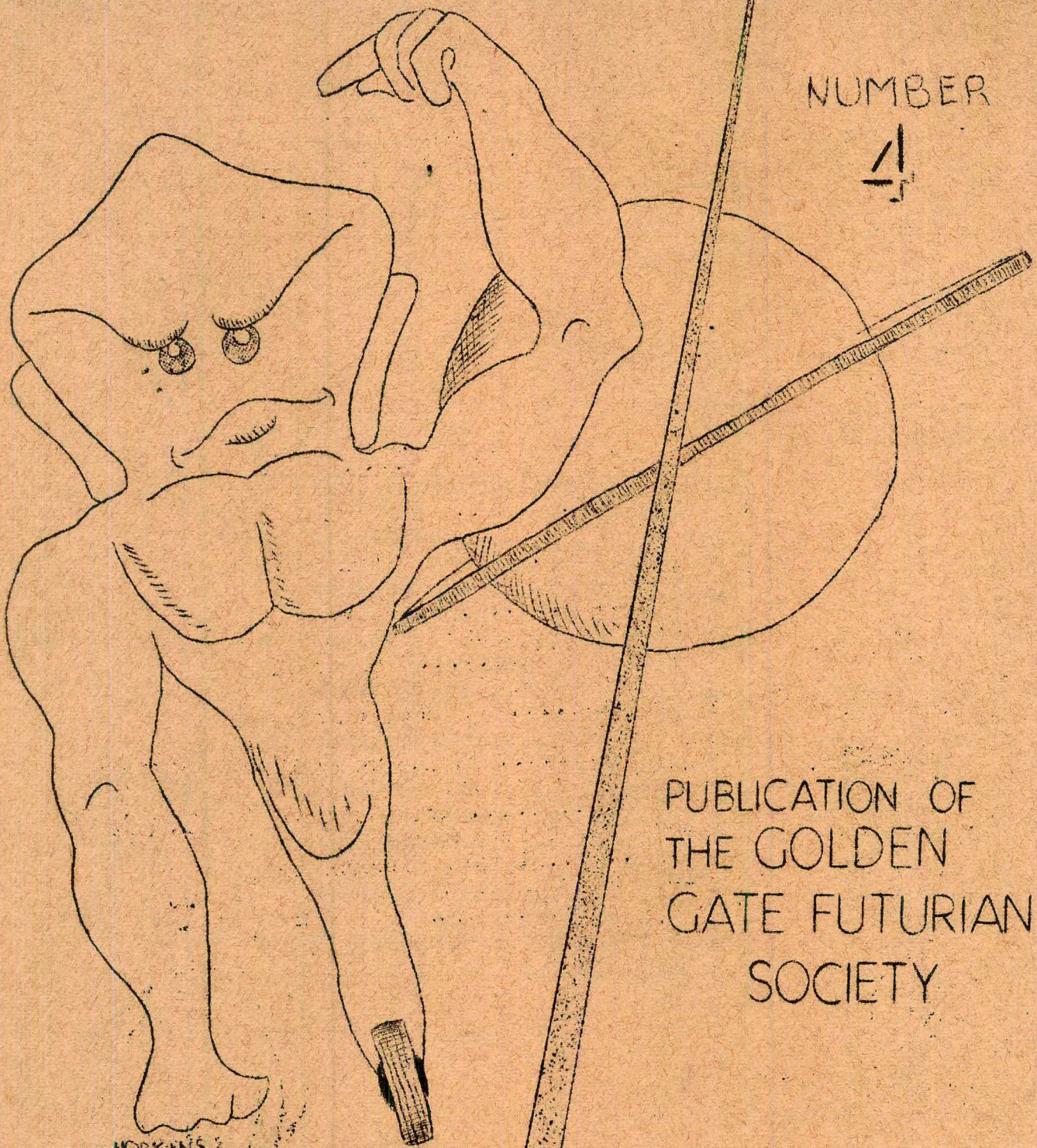


NUMBER

4



PUBLICATION OF  
THE GOLDEN  
GATE FUTURIAN  
SOCIETY

VULCAN



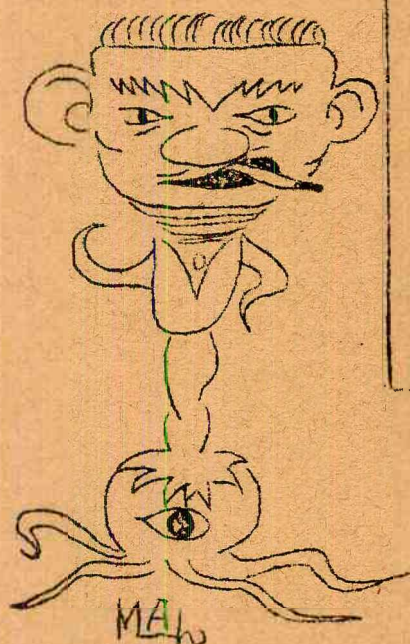
## the zorch fanzine

Cover illo by  
Jerry Hopkins

Back cover by  
Frank McElroy

NOT A LITTLE ONE...

NOT EVEN A  
BIG ONE...



LAVA FROM THE VULCANO....yed	3
Editoria.	
THE SKART.....Don Cantin	4
Illoed by Rike	
ANCIENT ONES.....Stan Serxner	7
Illoed by Bergeron	
FADEOUT.....J. T. Oliver	8
Illoed by McElroy	
WATKINS WRITES.....Watkins	11
Column	
JOE TOURIST....Mauride Lemus	14
Feature	
PIONEER.....H. L. Soucy	15
Illoed by Hopkins	
WRITINGS.....David Rike	16
With Rikartoons	
DESTINY.....Michael Rossman	19
Illoed by English	
WHAT THE POSTMAN DRAGGED IN	20
Letters	

THIS MAG ISN'T  
A BIT SQUARE!



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# LAVA FROM THE VULCANO

This is the fourth issue of VULCAN.

Which is about as good a line as any to begin an editorial with, I suppose. An introduction to this fanzine is not needed by many of you readers, however, since you've been here before. Those readers will see the improvements in this issue, and possibly even see the improvements that are to come. I say this because, as a general rule, most fanzines follow a stereotyped path along the roads of fandom; to wit: poor first issue, most material by the editor, often horrible reproduction, format and layout unspeakable; fair second issue, with a few other writers, better reproduction, better layouts, etc...the mag begins to show promise. By its fifth issue it's well on its way to the top (provided, of course, that it's going to the top--if it's not, then it's in a rut by that time that it will never get out of until it dries). Maybe the seventh or eighth issue will see it hit the top. It'll stay there till possibly the twelfth issue, when an annish will come out, and the zine will fold in a blaze of glory.

The fans who have seen V before, then, know what course it is following--an upward course. They, of course, have varying opinions as to how far it has to go, and whether or not it will ever get there, but nevertheless they know that, if the magazine continues to do as it has for these past four issues, it will be improving.

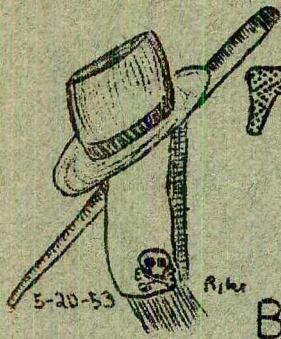
Which, of course, is just what every fanzine has to do in order to gain much of a place in fannish history. A fanzine that stays in the same place, with a self-satisfied air about it, is going to decay there. As an example, I cite QUANDRY. Certainly, Q was an outstanding fanzine; I would be the last to say nay to that statement. But consider this: didn't you find that the last ten or so Q's lacked the sparkle and general air of excitement that was prevailing in the earlier numbers? And--wasn't it noticeable enough to lower the zine a trifle in your minds? It struck me that way...and remember, when QUANDRY got stuck in its ways, it was one of the best humormags then around. Consider what would happen to a mag that is only fairly good which stops dead in its tracks!

Therefore, I'm going to try to improve VULCAN with every issue. Better material, better presentation, better anything-that-can-be-better. Looking through this issue, I'd say a lot of things could be better, but let's let that ride...

On page 13 you'll find a list of things that are coming up in VULCAN. I'd like to add a bit to that list right now: that is, if you'll turn to page eighteen for the rest of ye editorial.



HE WAS THE CITY'S MOST BLOCKHEADED LOVER...



# THE SKARF

BY DON CANTIN

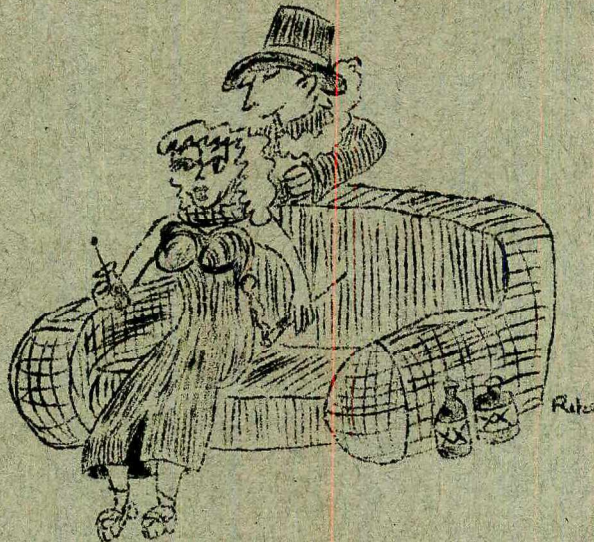
[Incomplete & Abridged]

## PROLOGUE

Whorley, that's the name. I read and write. Big stuff that's big stuff because of the broads in the stories. And I love it. I like to give all those girls a demonstration with my skarf, the pretty one, with the silk lining and embossed initials...

## DEDICATION

This story is for Wilson and Dean, who are always ready for a new adventure....and Robert, who used to be...



## NORTH TUCKAHOE

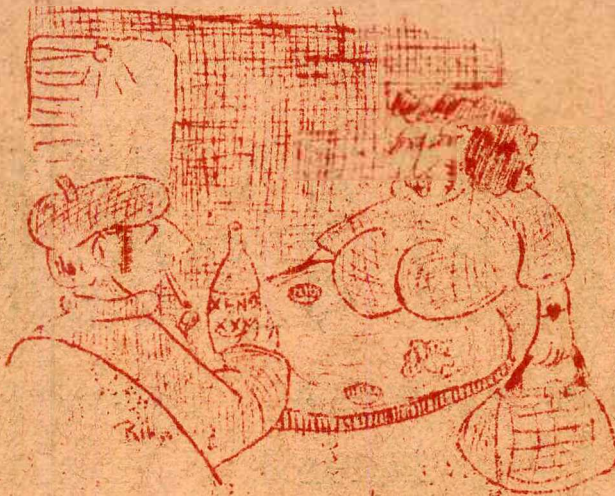
When I pushed open the door Reva was lying on the sofa, pretty as a Finlay....if you like that sort of Finlay's. I put the skarf around her neck and looked away.

THE BLACK NOTEBOOK: Maybe I'm taking it too seriously, I dunno. After all, she wasn't a bad girl. Once.

---  
"So you want to know all about West Cupcake, do you?" asked the old man.

"Your head rattles. What are you? Dumb?" I replied.





### MORT MUDGE

We sat in the cellar listening to the fake Mexicans playing with fake instruments. We drank fake Xeno juice.

"You're wet," I told her.

"But the eggplant over there," she replied.

"Did you see the look on their faces?" I told her. The butt dropped out of my ear ... she rushed over and put in a new one. I motioned to her heavy bosom: "Are those real?"

She lifted her tight sweater and answered, "No, they're falsies; the real ones are in my handbag."

"Handbag?" I muttered...



### EDPOEVILLE



I often wonder what went on in their minds, Doctor Cripple, Cream, Landrew, Zack the Zipper, Autumnhell Jack. Murder isn't as important as it was. I still don't know what made me kill Reva, what made me kill Hazul. Looking back, it doesn't make sense, but then it never did. It must be because I'm smarter.



### WEST CUPCAKE

And the conversation rose in waves all about me, until I went down for the third time!

".....why shouldn't they make a good match, he's got a commercial mind, and she's got sulphur....."

".....something of a cross between Marilyn Monroe and tri-di movies....."

".....better not mess up the bed, though....."

".....you're an authority on women....."

".....up in 770, but don't tell Him I told you....."

Disgusted, I turned and went for my scarf. It wasn't in my pocket! I turned and ran. You know what happens when I write about living people.

They die.

Funny thing though, I still don't feel like an author.

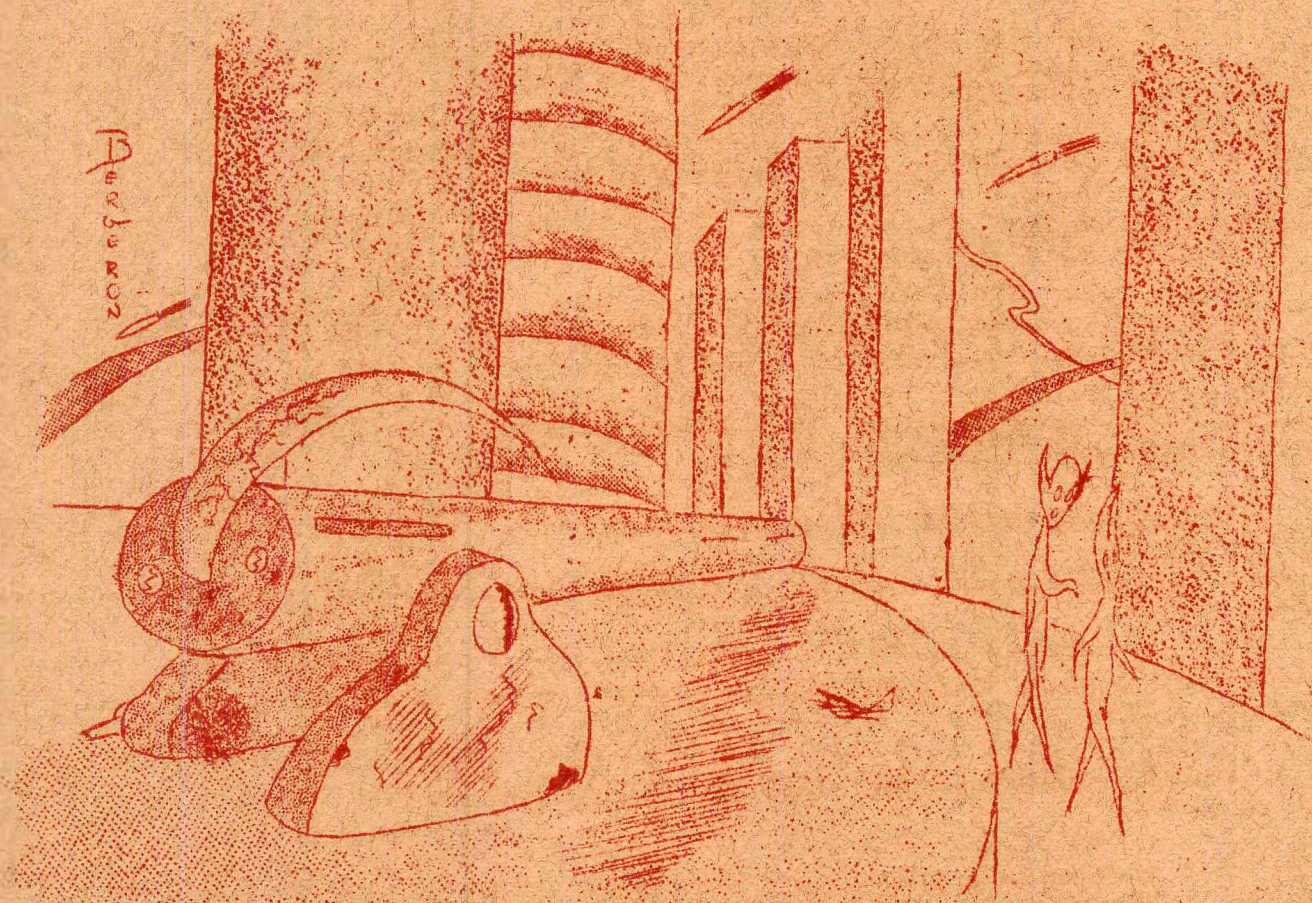
-- Don Cantin --



## THE ANCIENT ONES

by Stan Serxner

The weapons of hate, machines of murder  
Rusted unwept, ancient dust;  
Their makers a legend, told at night  
By a race that thrust  
Themselves from the ashes of a world  
Sundered, to a dazzling height,  
Lithe, graceful, feline and bold--  
Seeing peace as a second sunlight.  
With pity they regarded the Ancient Ones,  
Whose barely legible Books hurled  
Poisoned words and thoughts  
To finally confound their ancient world.  
The Terra-inheriting Cats called them fools,  
Ignorant wisemen, this Damned Clan;  
Knowledge of them better gone--  
The Old Ones, who called themselves Man.





# FADEOUT

BY J. T. OLIVER



THE DAY the universe began to disappear dawned like any other June morning. The sun was shining brightly, birds sang in the trees, children played, nothing was amiss.

Then things began to vanish. First it was memories, the old ones, that disappeared from the minds of the aged. They did not notice, because, being very old, they were often forgetful.

Next came the printed records of ancient history, geology, et cetera. The pages in the books simply grew blank, as though they had never been printed upon.

Old structures, the pyramids of Egypt, the Leaning Tower, the castles on the Rhine, were next in line.

The older things disappeared first, because that was the logical way.

At first the world took no heed. Memories are intangible things, and one expects old people to forget. And the books were hardly worth bothering about, except to students, and how many students are there? When the old buildings vanished it caused frantic rumors, but various governments exercised their freedom to censor and the stories were killed before the papers could print them.

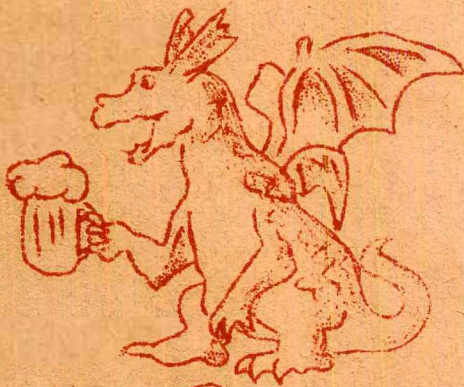
But then the newer things began to disappear. Automobiles would vanish from the street, and then sometimes reappear, for no reason at all. Certain people, the unimportant ones first, simply vanished, with no trace.

Of course people began to notice, and to wonder. They called the newspapers and demanded: "What is going on?"

They called the police and said: "What are you going to do about it?"

Finally they called the scientists and asked: "What is the cause?"

The newspapers could not tell them what was going on, so they fed them government press releases. The police could not stop it, because they did not know who was doing it. And the scientists could only mumble important-sounding things.....like mass hallucinations, unusual phenomena, Zoroaster realism, and so on.



*Paul Anderson*







The people began to grow panicky. It was somewhat disturbing to sit across a breakfast table from your wife or husband, reading a half-blank newspaper, and have your mate suddenly disappear. And it was terribly embarrassing to walk down the street and suddenly have your clothes vanish, as though you had forgotten to dress before going out.

After the old things vanished it became a random occurrence--anything was liable to happen. Sometimes an object would vanish for an instant, then reappear, blurred and indistinct, as though it were trying desperately to hang on to its very existence.

Sometimes a man or woman would vanish like that, and then reappear for a while. They told strange tales, of a horrible dream--dreams of God and creation, and judgment day. The fanatics believed them, and the churches were filled. Sometimes the church would vanish from around them, and sometimes the preacher himself would vanish as they watched. The entire congregation would never return home, because some of them would vanish before the sermon was over and others would disappear on the way home.



*Rud Anderson*

Buses, furniture, homes, rivers -- nothing was safe. You could never tell what would be next. Two little European city-states vanished completely, leaving only dead white sand where they had been. But those little places were unimportant, and easily forgotten...

The world was in a panic. Nobody worked; why should they? There was rioting, looting, and murder. People tried desperately to escape, but there was no place to hide. One place was as safe--or unsafe--as another.

The disappearances accelerated. Over half the world was gone. Whole countries wavered, became indistinct, and reluctantly faded away.

One day about three minutes after twelve, the whole universe disappeared. Relatively, that is. With the whole universe gone, there was no one around to observe whether it was there or not.

--- --- ---

The Red King sat up and rubbed his eyes sleepily. "What a horrible dream," he remarked to no one in particular.

*Eat!  
Eat!*

-- J. T. Oliver --



*No!  
No!*



# RUSSELL K. WATKINS WRITES

Not often does video turn up anything too absurd for laughs. NBC-TV appears to have achieved this distinction with OPERATION NEPTUNE, a non-science fantasy that, judging from Chapter One (July, 1953), rivals Hollywood for morbidity. As appeal to the kiddies at 6:00 PM Sunday, OPERATION NEPTUNE offers sadism personified in a sneering character titled King Kabeda, ruler of Madiria, 32,000 feet under the sea. Kabeda, sinister villain that he is, guffaws insanely at us land-lubbers who bubble when we talk under water. Our hero is a submarine commander possessing all the courage and fundamental naivete of Frank Merriwell, Tom Swift, and the Rover Boys. Woven through the story line, or what passes for same, is the usual stock of pseudo-scientific jargon, like, "Have you fastened the turbojet to your oscillator?"

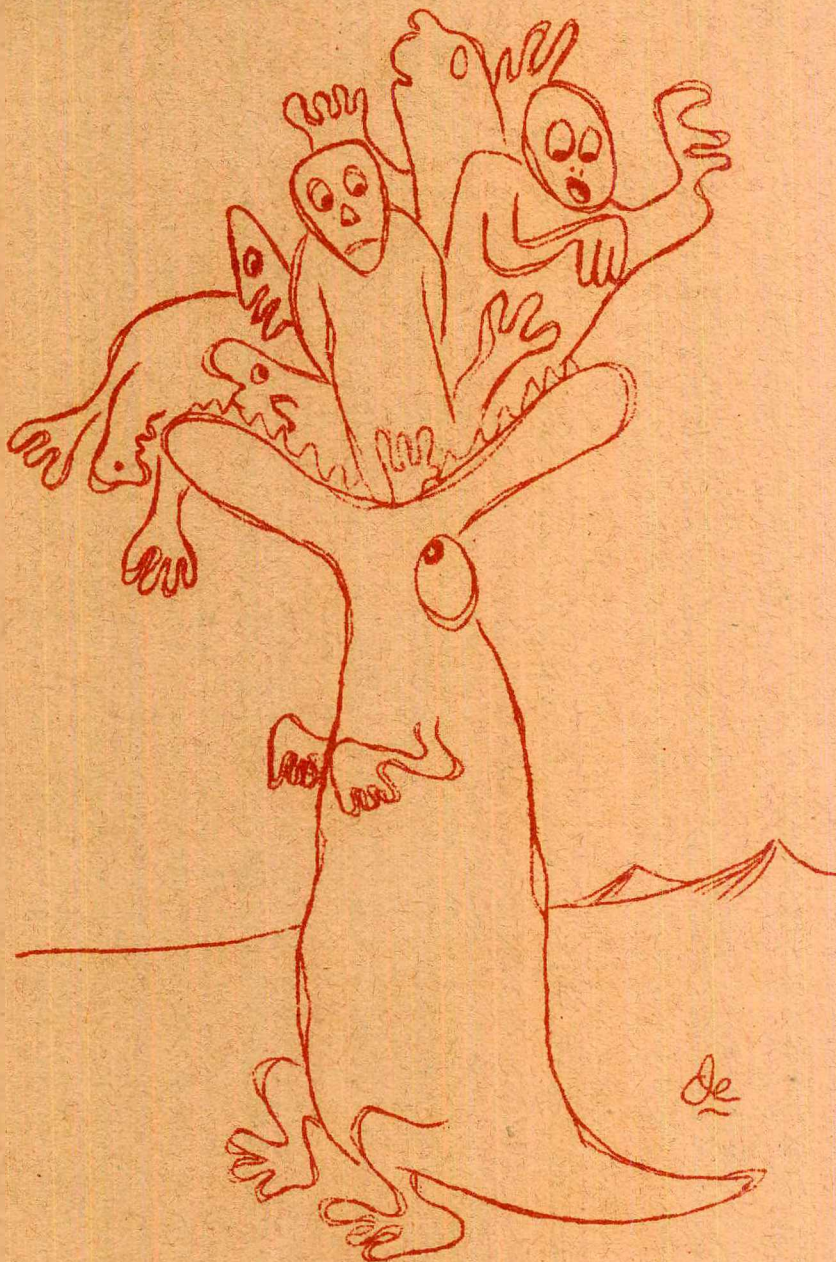
Frankly, the setting isn't the only thing fishy about this program. I think it's for the birds, and I have a pretty good idea of what they'd do to it. As we don't have TV here in Savannah yet I don't know what happened to this program; whether or not it is still on the TV waves, I can't say, but if it is it must surely have improved to stay there.

I think it should be mentioned here (since I have not seen it spoken of in any other fanzine) that the Chicago Federated Advertising Council bestows each year awards for the best Chicago-produced radio and TV shows. This year (1953) they awarded HALL OF FANTASY (radio-Mutual) the outstanding award for drama. And for outstanding achievements in fantasy on TV, TULLA, FRAN AND OLLIE rated an award. I am looking for HALL OF FANTASY to return on radio for indeed it was one of the best and most enjoyable fantasy programs ever presented.

At the present time the only program devoted to fantasy exclusively is Peter Lorre's NIGHTMARE. This is also over Mutual and is heard on Thursday nights. Our SAVANNAH SCIENCE FICTION SOCIETY, which meets on Thursday nights, always makes this radio show a part of the regular program. There is no science fiction program on the airways at present. We don't know what happened to the wonderful programs, 2,000 PLUS, DIMENSION X and TALES OF TOMORROW. Apparently they did not receive enough letters of comment to continue them. I understand from some source that the radio companies count one letter as 10,000 listeners, so it looks like a few fans could have got together and kept those shows on the air. It is amazing how movies can continue to come out with stf pics while the radio ignores stf.



CURRENT EVENTS..... A national school newspaper featured in their November 30, 1953 issue a special section named SCIENCE AT WORK, which told of the many achievements of science and mentioning future possible achievements. One item was titled THE NEW AGE OF ATOMS, and discussed the power in atoms and the good uses to which atomic power can be put. The first item mentioned was the USS NAUTILUS, the atomic - powered submarine which is to be launched early in the new year. A drawing was presented of a model of an atom-powered engine. Heat from a uranium furnace produces steam, which powers a turbine. This in turn runs a generator to make electricity. Spoken of also is the first full-scale atomic energy plant for peacetime use. This is the plant which is to be erected at either Oakridge, Tennessee, Paducah, Kentucky, or at Portsmouth, Ohio. It will produce at least 60,000 kilowatts of electrical energy. This is enough to supply a city of 60,000 up to 100,000 people. The Westinghouse Electric Corp. has been chosen as the chief contractor for the project. It is expected to have the plant in operation within three or four years. The cost of building the plant will be between twenty and sixty million dollars. After careful study, the AEC decided that private industry could afford to risk so large an investment. It is hoped that by the use of atomic power, the Arctic and the desert wastes of Earth may become fit homes for man.



I THOUGHT IT DECIDEDLY ODD THAT NO ONE  
HAD NOTICED THE 'GATOR BEFORE.....

This article also alludes to automatons by asking the question, ARE HUMANS NECESSARY? After telling us that practically all factories are already automatic, the author answers the query by stating that more human intelligence is needed to develop the endless possibilities of machines and use them to brighten man's future.



Here are some predictions the paper gives for the next fifty years: new synthetic fibers that resist dirt, repel water, will not burn, will not wrinkle or wear out (man, get me a suit of that right away!); new building materials as strong as steel and as free from rust or corrosion as glass; artificially produced food for the world's growing population; cure for cancer; treatment to prevent tooth decay; completely clean air in cities; substitutes for blood plasma and whole blood; ocean-mining for food; petroleum and minerals; accurate long-range weather forecasts (I don't believe this one); person-to-person television; and a harnessing of the energy of the sun. (What? No mention of space travel? I'm hurt.)



I suppose you have heard of these latest inventions, but I will repeat them anyway for those of you who never read newspapers. The Air Force has just told of its newest research plane, the X-3, known as the FLYING STILETTO. Designed for speeds of 2,000 miles an hour at high altitudes, it carries aloft 1,200 pounds of research instruments to aid in the design of new aircraft. # RCA engineers have worked out a way to record television programs, both color and black and white, on a magnetic tape. It has been shown in New York. # Britain has started work on a new atomic plant to make electricity. # With an electron microscope, Dr. A. R. Taylor was able to isolate and photograph polio virus in the form of tiny balls, each one-millionth of an inch across. A better vaccine is now possible. # A machine that finds and measures the exact location of star images on photographic plates, then punches their position on IBM cards. Automatic calculations then relieve astronomers of work.



## IN FUTURE ISSUES....

"The Star-Ship," fiction by Helen Louise Soucy

"A Comparison of Three Doomsdays," article by Francis Bordna

"Warning," poem by Orma McCormick, illustrated by R. R. Phillips

"Destiny," poem by W. Paul Ganley, illustrated by Maurice Lemus

"The Call of the Void" and "The Code of the Rocketeers," poems by

Helen Louise Soucy

"Mary Ann," fiction by Carol McKinney

Covers by Denness Morton, Maurice Lemus, Bill Price, Frank McElroy, David Wood, Don Cantin, and others, plus more of "Joe Tourist" by Maurice Lemus, cartoons, fillers, and letters.

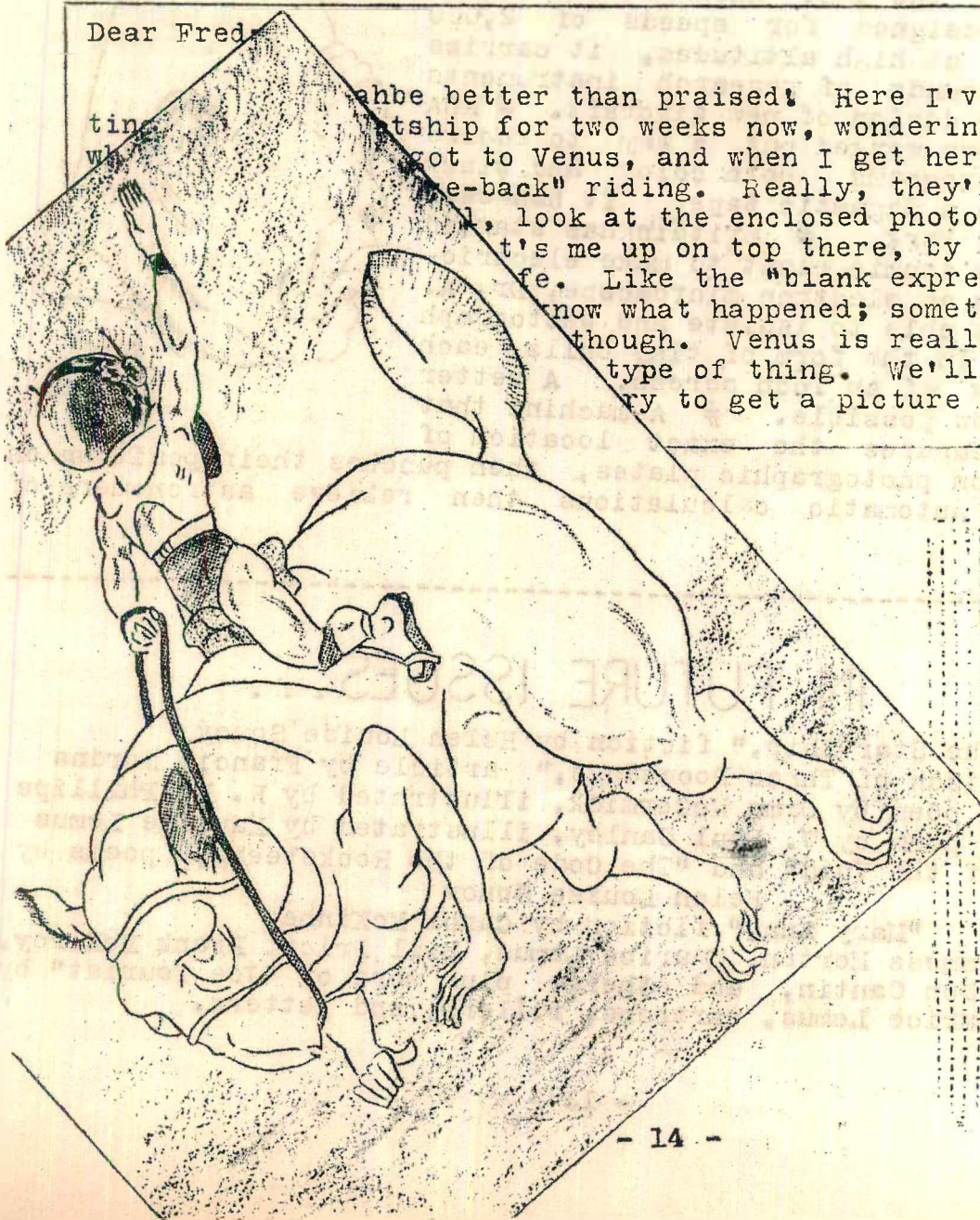


# JOE TOURIST SEES THE UNIVERSE

With this issue we begin our first contest. Below is a drawing by Maurice Lemus and an imaginary letter from Joe Tourist to his friend, Fred. Now, Joe is actually supposed to be a certain well-known fan, and his identity will slowly be made obvious as this series goes along. What you are supposed to do is tell me who the fan is. If you're the first to get the right answer, you'll get a free four issues of VULCAN, plus the original artwork for the series.

Dear Fred,

Maybe better than praised! Here I've been sitting in a spaceship for two weeks now, wondering what I've got to Venus, and when I get here I find they're "back" riding. Really, they're not kidding, look at the enclosed photo and you'll see it's me up on top there, by the way. I have a "blank expression" on my face. Like the "blank expression" on my face. I know what happened; something in the air, though. Venus is really a swell type of thing. We'll be on our way to get a picture taken there





# YOU WERE EXPECTING—?

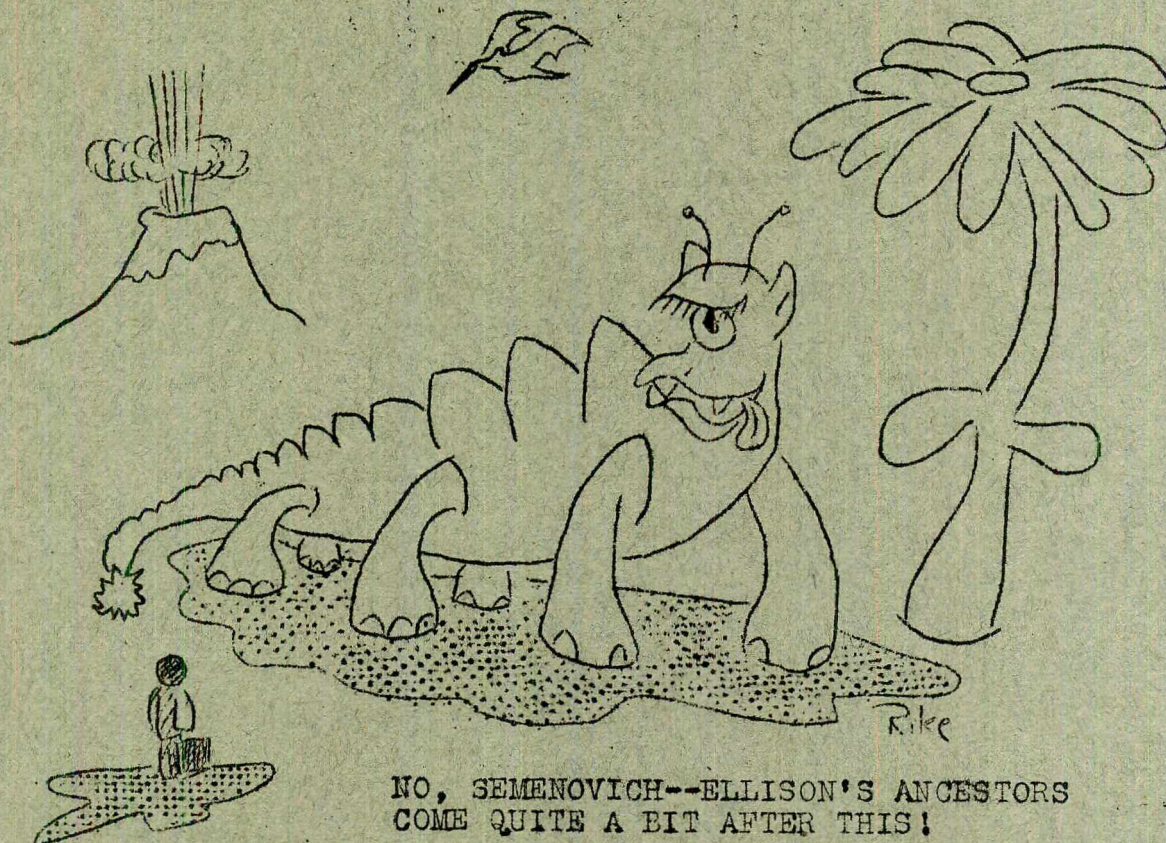
I'll bet you thought you'd find Mike's column here. Believe me, I expected to put it here, but due to circumstances beyond my control (i. e. the fact that Mike hasn't sent the column in for this issue) you find instead a few Mikeartoons and some Mikestuff from a couple of his recent letters to me. Next issue I hope to have him back at the ol' grind, turning out his writings as per usual. Right now he's just getting started in junior college, which may account for the absence of the column.

---

The SFCon is going to be held (so sez Es Cole) in the hotel Sir Francis Drake. Not the Whitcomb. Huhmmmmmm; I wonder if they have outdoor firescapes that we can hold my proposed all-night session on (you know...a bunch of fen out on the fire escape, popping corn, guzzling Country Club, running off a fanzine.....sure-fire plot to make fannishhistory). Someday we'll have to run off something and call it the Immoral Typhoon or something, all about the (printable) goings-on of the GGFS, Glan-shack Players, etc., thus giving us ooddddlleeeesss of EGOBOO (the gift of the GHODS).... Thus to carve for ourselves a deep niche in the racial memory of fen for times to come (imagine: they might even name a brewery after us! or better yet change Milwaukee to our name). We must do some truly fannish THINGS at the con. Those, added to our already infamous deeds (what ones we can't print up we can always tell to fen, GeoSmith, etc., over a bottle of booze, saying it was done by visiting LASFSers, which would be believed), should Set Our Names Apart from the fannish peasants. Oh, we can really do some fannish deeds at the con. I was thinking about really making up a couple of DeLameters....imagine cruising the halls of the hotel in the early morn, with a couple of portables.....coming out of an elevator with one ablaze, feuding with 7th Fandom, etc. Too bad we couldn't actually do it...

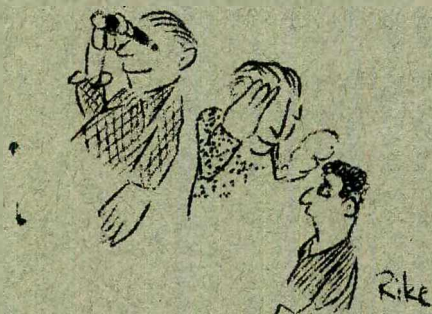
.....Waitaminnit, maybe we CAN. Get some wheels, a carriage, and fix up a CO<sub>2</sub> fireextinguisher on the carriage so that it'd look like a gun, etc. Have spare charges (or better yet, fix the Thing up so that all U have to do us to drop dry ice into the thing) and booze lining the racks (ammo, you know, not for the gun, but for the gunners). Man, we could really gas out a bunch of fans with it. The mechanics of the thing aren't too terribly hard to overcome. Before shooting out the CO<sub>2</sub>, you mix in a bit of water with it (vapourized), so that it'll form a fine fog.





NO, SEMENOVICH--ELLISON'S ANCESTORS  
COME QUITE A BIT AFTER THIS!

Sinus Friction Pus is getting to be more and more like the old Wonders/Amazings; look at the Decish. Gernsback is going to get a bit more of snide remarks from this lad; that editorial seems to state that he wants stf to STOOP down to the masses.....pfah!...that's even more of an antithesis of stf than the Hamling editorial of November, 1951. I imagine many others feel the same way. Ham, I can 4give; too much influence from RAP. But not Pappa Hugo.



GO ON KID, YOU'RE TOO  
YOUNG--IT'S A ROSALEEN  
NORTON REPRODUCTION!

Instead of speeches I suggest that we have a beer-drinking contest at the SFCon.....of course, that is to be expected from such as me, I suppose.



## EDITORIAL (continued from page 3)

Here's that list of forthcoming material:

"Surprise!" by Mike Rossman, which is as catchy a story as I've had the pleasure of printing since Don Cantin's "After All!" in OMEGA #1. Illustrated by Frank McElroy.

"Epilogue," a very evocative bit of free verse by Mike Rossman again, probably illustrated by Maurice Lemus.

"Unknown Sciences," a good Fortean article by George Wetzel, who is becoming well-known for this type of thing. To be illustrated by Bill Price.

"Man Was Made," a bit of conventional verse this time by Mike Rossman, illustrated by Ray Capella.

"What's In A Name?" an interesting fannish article by Ken Beale, who hardly needs an introduction at this late date.

"Nothing in Particular" and "He and Master John," two oddities by Keith Joseph that bring visions of Lewis Carroll to my imagination...illustrated by David English.

...Plus whatever material I can dig up and get into print in the forthcoming issues. How about sticking around? You might find some of that material to your liking.

And now, the ratings on the previous issue, as per usual. Ratings are on this basis: (1) terrific...(2) excellent...(3) very good...(4) good...(5) fair...(6) not so good...(7) poor...(8) bad...(9) very bad. How about sitting down and scribbling out your ratings on this issue when you finish reading it and sending them to me?

<u>Viewpoint</u> .....	Lillian Carroll	3.10
<u>Cover</u> .....	Denness Morton	3.17
<u>Bacover</u> .....	Ray Capella	3.22
<u>What The POSTMAN Dragged In</u> .....	you guys	3.55
<u>Writings</u> .....	David Rike	3.61
<u>Watkins Writes</u> .....	Russell K. Watkins	3.61
<u>Terror</u> .....	Toby Duane	4.11
<u>Science Fiction or Signs Fixin'?</u> .	Norman G. Browne	4.20
<u>Lava From the VULCANo</u> .....	me	4.61

Don't forget to rate the illustrations when you rate the other stuff in the issue from now on...see the lettercolumn for how I want it done...Bob L. Stewart's letter.

See you next issue...that is, if you've got a sub.



## PIONEER

by Helen Louise Soucy

Oh, she isn't much to look at; I'll admit to what you say:  
Her sun a small main-sequence, eighty million miles away;  
Two-thirds of her is water, and the rest rock, mostly gray;  
But I found her, and I settled her, and here I'm going to stay.

I'm not blind to her crudeness, I can see your source of mirth--  
But she's got her possibilities; don't you ignore her worth.  
Remember, Mother Terra was like this just after birth;  
When I've made my alterations, Fay will be a second Earth.

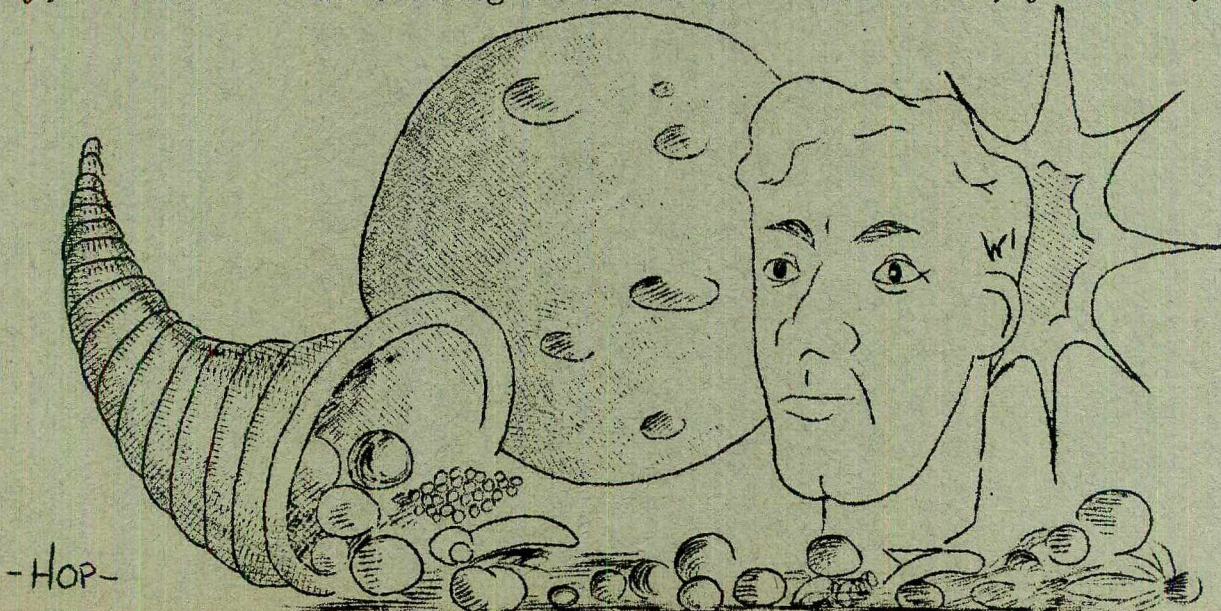
Why sire, I call her Fairy, though she looks more like a gnome.  
I tell you, when I'm finished, you'd be pleased to call her home.  
When I'm growing things from former rock, converted into loam,  
I'll stroll through grass and forest, and I'll never want to roam.

Lichens and bacteria she's got already--see?  
Now to telescope life's progress down to years is going to be  
The task that's been assigned to Terra's science and to me;  
And imported plants and animals will speed things up...agree?

She's a future Earth-type planet; I can see that plain as plain.  
She'll glow in golden sunlight, and be green beneath the rain.  
My camp will be a city then--perhaps one of a chain;  
For folks will come and settle when they see my plan is sane.

We've altered other planets: more advanced ones, as you say;  
But look how science has progressed; there had to come a day  
When we could choose our own designs, and guide the half-formed clay  
To make a home that fits us like our own Earth, far away.

Yes, there is something you can do for me, friend, when you go:  
That pack of travel-folders there--if you would like to show  
The other folks you meet Fay's looks--in fifteen years or so--  
Why, 'twill save me sending invitations to them then, you know!





## DESTINY

by Michael Rossman

Planet that's nearest the sun are you;  
Temperature ranges untold;  
Molten, unliveable, deadly to man  
You wait, we our destiny mold.

Thou fog-covered planet with oceans of gas  
Shrouded away from our sight,  
Will we find on you life to compare with our own  
Or keep on our endless mad flight?

Eroded are you, you red waste of dust  
Who dares defy the hand of man;  
Life-taking are you, but conquer we must,  
For our destiny soon is at hand.

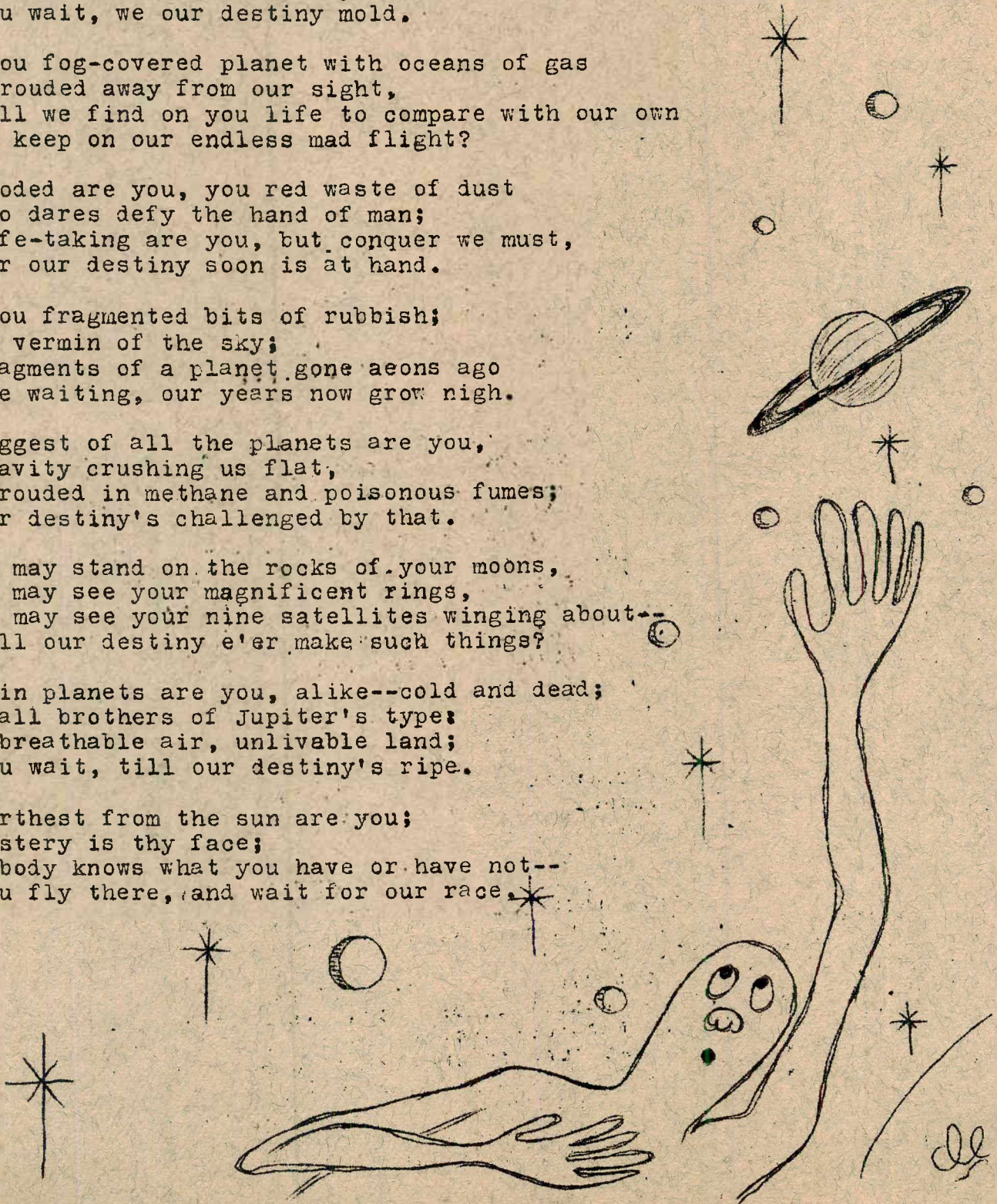
Thou fragmented bits of rubbish;  
Ye vermin of the sky;  
Fragments of a planet gone aeons ago  
Are waiting, our years now grow nigh.

Biggest of all the planets are you,  
Gravity crushing us flat,  
Shrouded in methane and poisonous fumes;  
Our destiny's challenged by that.

We may stand on the rocks of your moons,  
We may see your magnificent rings,  
We may see your nine satellites winging about--  
Will our destiny e'er make such things?

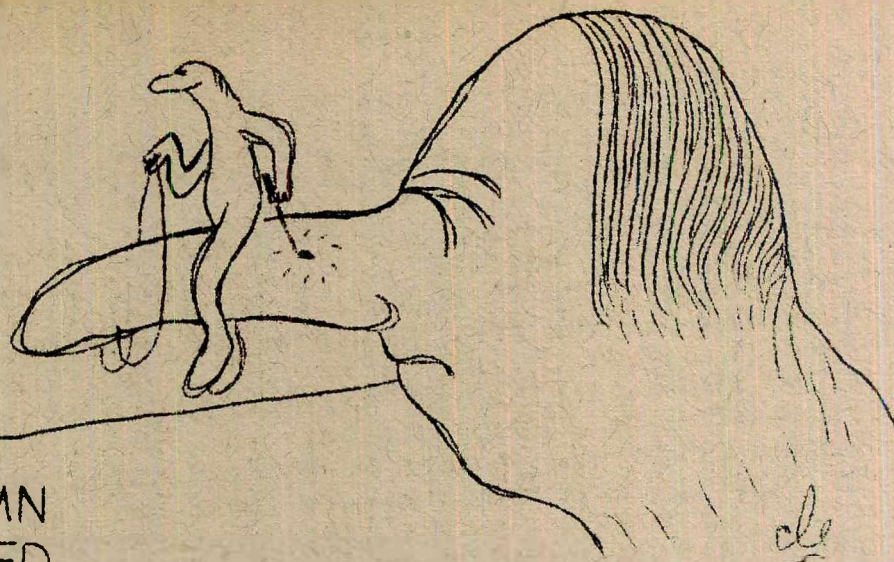
Twin planets are you, alike--cold and dead;  
Small brothers of Jupiter's type;  
Unbreathable air, unlivable land;  
You wait, till our destiny's ripe.

Farthest from the sun are you;  
Mystery is thy face;  
Nobody knows what you have or have not--  
You fly there, and wait for our race.





# WHAT THE POSTMAN DRAGGED IN



## THE LETTERCOLUMN CONDUCTED BY YED

BILL REYNOLDS, P.O. Box 688, HAMILTON A. F. B., CALIFORNIA



ORRY FOR THE DELAY OF ACKNOWLEDGING A DARN GOOD ISSUE OF VULCAN. MUCH BETTER THAN THE LAST BECAUSE YOU DON'T HAVE TO CARRY THE JOB ALONE WITH PETE. YOU COULD DEVOTE MORE TIME TO EDITING.....AND A FINE JOB IT IS.

ART WAS THE IMMEDIATELY OUTSTANDING FEATURE. CAPELLA TOOK TOP HONORS WITH THE BACK COVER. REMINDS ME OF ASF AND ROGERS WITH THAT IDEALIZED FIGURE OF MAN. JUST BECAUSE THE BACK COVER WAS BEST DOESN'T MEAN THAT IT DESERVED FRONT COVER BILLING. IT WAS A PERFECT CONCLUSION TO YOUR ZINE; I HOPE THAT YOU WILL CONTINUE TO FEATURE BACK COVERS. MORTON IS ALWAYS GOOD; IF I WAS A MAILMAN I'D BE PROUD TO CARRY THIS ISSUE. THE TITLE AND THE FIGURE BALANCED NICELY WITH LITTLE ATTEMPT TO BE SERIOUS; JUST WHIMSICAL. LEMUS HAS THIRD PLACE, THOUGH I WAS MORE ATTRACTED BY THE SOFT OUTLINES OF THE THING MIXING WITH THAT AMBER-COLORED PAPER. /Didn't anyone notice the weird color of ink on that page, the page following, and the contents page? Bob Stewart and I mixed a few dabs of various colors that were lying around, producing, we thought, a truly remarkable color.../ SO CONGRATULATIONS ON REPRODUCTION AND ART VAGUELY REMINISCENT OF DOLGOV. YET LEMUS HAS A STYLE THAT IS DISTINCT FROM DOLGOV. /What ever happened to Dolgov, anyway? In my opinion, he was one of the best artists Weird Tales ever featured, and WT has had plenty of good ones, too./ THAT'S WHY BERGERON IS PLACED FOURTH: THIS ILLO REMINDED ME OF BOK FIRST AND THE ARTIST SECOND. FOR BEING TASTEFULLY GEARED TO THE POEM IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN FIRST, BUT I THOUGHT THAT IT WAS TOO IMITATIVE OF BOK, THOUGH IT WAS SUITED TO THE TYPE OF PAPER AND REPRODUCTION. LEMUS LED THE FILLER ILLOS WHICH RANGED FROM ENTERTAINING TO DISTRACTING, PROBABLY BECAUSE THERE WERE SO MANY IN THE MAIN STORY. BUT I WAS GLAD TO SEE THEM; HOPE THAT YOU WILL FEATURE MORE. /I will; actually, this policy of using a lot of fillers is directly stolen from Bob Featrowsky and NOTE; it was he who started the campaign for more fillers in fanzines --for which Ghu bless him. I know of nothing more straining on the eyes than solid pages of mimeographed matter (and when you consider the quality of much fan-mimeography...)/ THOSE ILLUM-




INATED CAPITAL LETTERS ARE A GOOD IDEA BY SUGGESTING THE CARE YOU DEVOTE TO V.

YOU GAVE A GOOD ARGUMENT FOR RETAINING GOOD FAN-FICTION IN PSYCHOTIC. NOW YOU HAVE MATERIALIZED THOSE IDEALS BY THE "POINT OF VIEW". YET YOU DID IT IN A PARADOXICAL WAY: THIS STORY SHOULD HAVE BEEN SLAVED OVER AND SENT ON A CIRCUIT TO THE PROS. THE PLOT IS OLD, OF COURSE; WHAT MATTERS IS HOW YOU TELL IT AND THE COMPATIBILITY OF YOUR IDEALS OR PHILOSOPHY WITH THE EDITOR AND HIS READERS. THE STF FAN HAS USUALLY A WIDER READING EXPERIENCE IN STF THAN THE AVERAGE PERSON WHO WANTS TO FILL IN HIS TIME BEFORE THE NEXT TV PROGRAM. SO TO FEN, THIS YARN RATES 3...TO ME...BECAUSE IT'S AN OFT-REPEATED TALE. IF IT APPEARED IN DOCTORED FORM IN A PROZINE IT WOULD HAVE BEEN MAYBE. THE AUTHOR HAS A FINE STYLE THAT SHOULD MAKE IT EASY TO CRASH THE PROZINES. THE PRIME IMPRESSION I GOT FROM THIS WORK WAS THAT IT HAD SEEN REJECTIONS AND THAT THE AUTHOR DECIDED TO TRY THE FANEDS. [You must have esp, Bill. Not only was it rejected from the pros (though it came awfully near selling), but for just the reason you mention--just a trifle too old.]

DAVE'S COLUMN GETS 4 BECAUSE HE SPOTLIGHTS LOCAL FANDOM. HIS ILLIOS ARE DISTINCTIVE, BUT A BIT JUVENILE. I'M SORRY I SAID THAT, BUT HE LOOKS LIKE HE COULD IMPROVE. HE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE ABLE TO CARICATURE THE PEOPLE HE WRITES ABOUT. I'M SURE THE FEN WOULD LIKE TO RECOGNIZE WHO'S WHO IN THOSE DRAWINGS; THEY LOOK LIKE THE LITTLE MONSTERS THEY ARE. OF COURSE, THE MIMEO DIDN'T HELP REPRODUCING DAVE'S WORK; IT COULD LOOK BETTER. [Poor reproduction almost killed Rike's column last issue, Bill. I tried a new stencilling method on the artwork, but as you saw, it didn't work out very well. Actually, Rike's stuff is quite hard to stencil; I do my best, though.] THE COLUMN ITSELF IS LIVELY. WHAT I LIKE BEST ABOUT DAVE IS THAT HE SHARES HIS EXPERIENCES WITH FANDOM. THE MORE DAVE YOU HAVE, THE HIGHER THE RATING.

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LARRY ANDERSON, 2716 SMOKY LANE, BILLINGS, MONTANA

 VULCAN COMMENTS... "POINT OF VIEW"....EXCELLENT. "WATKINS WRITES"....GOOD. BROWNE....GOOD. I STILL THINK YOU COULD GAIN A LOT IF YOU HAD THE KIND OF MATERIAL THAT OMEGA HAD. A MORE OR LESS WHIMSICAL MOOD, AND MATERIAL TO FIT. THE MORE I THINK OF IT, THE MORE I LIKE OMEGA. IT STRIKES ME JUST RIGHT.

[Just where do you think I got the material for OMEGA? I got it from the VULCAN backlog. Actually, Om was nothing but VULCAN in a different format and with a different title. V will feature just about anything in the way of material, so long as it strikes my fancy and isn't too long.]

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BOB L. STEWART, 1508 MONROE, COMMERCE, TEXAS



VULCAN RECEIVED, READ, AND APPRECIATED. THANKS FOR THE SAMPLE.

I LIKE THE COVER ON #3. IT'S NICE DRAWING AND THE COMPOSITION IS GOOD. WHAT'S JERRY HOPKINS TALKING ABOUT---WASTED SPACE IN ILLOS. LOOK AT MOST OF THE ADVERTISEMENTS THAT APPEAR IN MAGAZINES AND NEWSPAPERS. THE ADVERTISERS PAY HIGH PRICES FOR THE SPACE AND THEN LEAVE 50 TO 75 PER CENT OF IT BLANK. WHY? BECAUSE THE MAJORITY OF THE READERS FIND IT MORE EYE-CATCHING. INCIDENTALLY, WHY ISN'T THE ARTWORK VOTED ON? I'M SURE THE ARTISTS WOULD APPRECIATE IT. /Well yes, I'd like to get votes on the artwork, but how many people would cooperate? Tell you what: we'll try it this time to see what response there'd be, then if the response is good enough we'll continue it. Incidentally, don't bother to vote on every single filler; if you want to vote on them, vote by artist./

YOU SURE PULLED A BOO-BOO WITH THAT ILLO OF "POINT OF VIEW". IT GAVE THE STORY AWAY WITH THE FIRST SENTENCE. /Being one who absolutely hates illos that give away stories, you may be sure that I considered before printing that illo. Actually though, it does not give the story away; the story doesn't rely on any trick ending (indeed, such a trick ending as that is so old that it has whiskers); the fact that Dr. Varons is an alien is given away about half-way through the story. The story itself relies mainly on the differing points of view of the alien and the human./ THAT REMINDS ME OF THE TIME CLAUDE HALL SENT MOMILLAN AND ME A MS. TO ILLO FOR MUZZY. SPLASHED ACROSS THE TOP MARGIN WAS, "DON'T ILLO A FOUNTAIN PEN, IT WOULD GIVE AWAY THE PLOT." IT SURE RUINED THE STORY FOR US. EVEN WITH THE GIVE-AWAY ILLO I'LL RATE THE STORY AS 2. IT WAS A PRETTY FAIR PIECE OF FAN-FICTION.

THE LETTER DEPARTMENT'S DESIGN ISN'T SO GOOD. THINGS ARE TOO CROWDED. I REALIZE YOU ARE TRYING TO GET THE MOST IN YOUR ZINE YOU CAN, BUT DESIGN AND LAYOUT ARE SO IMPORTANT THEY SHOULDN'T BE SACRIFICED. /Believe me, I don't intend to sacrifice design and layout just to get more stuff into the zine. If I was going to do that, the first thing I'd get rid of would be the fillers, which take up about 2 pages per issue. It just so happens that I like this lettercolumn format./

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BOB PEATROWSKY, Box 634, NORFOLK, NEBRASKA



A S THINGS USUALLY HAPPEN, I MAILED YOUR LETTER (OR RATHER, MY LETTER TO YOU) YESTERDAY AND TODAY VULCAN #3 ARRIVED. SO, SINCE I MENTIONED COMMENTING ON IT IN MY LETTER, I'LL PROCEED POST-HASTE AND THEREBY LEAVE NO DOUBT IN YOUR MIND AS TO WHO OWES WHO A LETTER.

FIRST THINGS FIRST, SO ON TO THE COVER---CONGRATS TO DENNESS MORTON ON THE COVER ILLO AND TO YOU ON THE NICE COLOR



MIMEO JOB ON IT. [Personally, I thought the mimeo job to be pitiful. Not only did the ink run all over the place, but in other places there was none at all, hence no reproduction on some parts. In case you were wondering what happened to the crittur's finger, that's it. No ink there.] VERY ORIGINAL-TYPE CRITTUR, AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED. [You guys that liked Denness Morton's cover so much might be interested to know that Bob Stewart and I are currently preparing an artfolio of Morton bems, called OF MONSTERS AND BEMS--twenty of them in all, probably all in color. It'll be sent out on the P.A.R. basis, so if you want a copy, write and tell me and I'll put your name on the mailing list. When you get a copy, send us what you think it's worth.] NEAR AS I CAN GATHER, THERE SEEMS TO BE SOME DISCUSSION OF VULCAN'S COVER RESEMBLING THAT OF QUANDRY. THERE IS A SLIGHT BIT OF RESEMBLANCE, I GUESS, BUT THE ONLY THING TO CAUSE IT THAT I CAN SEE IS THE LONG TAIL ON THE "L" IN VULCAN, WHICH IS SOMEWHAT REMINISCENT OF THE "TAIL" ON THE Y IN QUANDRY ---BUT STILL I WOULD SAY THAT YOUR COVER DESIGN WAS AN ORIGINAL ONE. (SEEMS LIKE MOST EVERY FANZINE THESE DAYS IS EITHER TOO MUCH LIKE OR TOO MUCH UNLIKE QUANDRY, TO JUDGE FROM THE CURRENT FAN-CRITICS.) STICK BY YOUR DESIGN, I SAY; IT'S A GOOD ONE.

VERY PLEASING EFFECT ON THE TWO PIECES DONE ON VAL GOLDING'S "OTHER TYPEWRITER"--A VARIETYPER I ASSUME FROM THE VARIETY OF TYPE-FACES. [No, it's not a varityper, Bob; just a regular one with a different type-face. The part you're reading right now is typed on my typer. This makes for a little more work, but it's worth it, I think.]

LILLIAN CARROLL'S "POINT OF VIEW" IS (I ALMOST HATE TO ADMIT IT, BUT I MUST) ONE OF THE BEST BITS OF FICTION THAT I'VE READ IN A FANZINE FOR A LONG TIME. (THE REASON I SAY I HATE TO ADMIT THIS IS THAT IT WILL AUTOMATICALLY PUT ME ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE FAN-FICTION FENCE FROM DICK CLARKSON, LARRY BALINT, AND OTHER CONFIRMED FAN-FICTION HATERS. BUT I STILL LIKED IT, SO GO AHEAD AND OSTRACIZE ME IF YOU WILL.) MAYBE THE REASON THIS STORY APPEALED TO ME SO MUCH IS THAT I'M PARTICULARLY SUSCEPTIBLE TO STORIES WHICH DEPICT AN ALIEN POINT OF VIEW. I CERTAINLY DON'T CLAIM TO BE ANY FICTION-CRITIC, BUT THE THING SEEMED QUITE CONVINCING TO ME...THE ALIEN POINT OF VIEW, THAT IS.

WRITINGS BY RIKE----NO DOUBT MUCH OF THIS IS QUITE INTERESTING TO THE SAN FRAN (AND VICINITY) GROUP WHO PARTICIPATED IN IT, BUT I COULDN'T GET TOO ENTHUSIASTIC ABOUT IT. "TOO LOCAL" IS THE PHRASE TO USE, I GUESS.

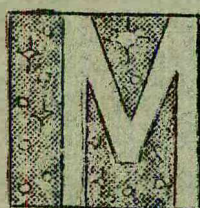
INCIDENTALLY, I MIGHT INSERT THIS HERE AS A GENERAL CRITICISM OF MOST OF THE FANZINES OF THE SAN FRANCISCO AREA. MANY OF THEM HAVE A "STRICTLY LOCAL" FLAVOR. APPARENTLY, ALL OF THE FANS OF THE "AREA" PUBLISH FANZINES AND/OR CONTRIBUTE TO LOCALLY PUBLISHED FANZINES AND ARE PERSONALLY ACQUAINTED WITH EACH OTHER. WITH VERY FEW EXCEPTIONS DO YOU SEE CONTRIBUTIONS BY THE "AREA" FANS TO "OUTSIDE" FANZINES. THIS SEEMS TO GIVE MOST OF THEIR WRITINGS A "STRICTLY LOCAL FLAVOR" (WITH A VERY FEW EXCEPTIONS, AS I SAID BEFORE). [Well now, wait a minute. While I quite agree that Sanfranzines are too localized at present, I must take exception when you say that very few Sanfranciscans



contribute to outside zines. How about Bob Stewart, who's had quite a bit of stuff printed elsewhere? or Dave Rike, who has columns in ANDROMEDA, SCINTILLA, and FANTASTIC Story Mag? or Bill Reynolds, who's contributed more than once to PSYCHOTIC? or Peter Graham? or -- well, there's a good list, anyway. San Francisco houses more actifen, I think, than any other city area in the world.7 AND I (AND POSSIBLY OTHER FANS AS WELL) CAN'T GET TOO WORKED UP OVER SOMETHING THAT IS STRIOTLY LOCAL. I SEEM TO GET THE IMPRESSION THAT MANY OF THESE ZINES ARE PUBLISHED MAINLY FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE OTHER LOCAL FANS. I BELIEVE THAT INTEREST IN THE SAN FRAN FANZINES WOULD IMPROVE IMMEASURABLY IF THEY WERE TO GET MORE MATERIAL FROM OTHER THAN LOCAL FANS.

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DAVID ENGLISH, 63 WEST SECOND ST., DUNKIRK, NEW YORK



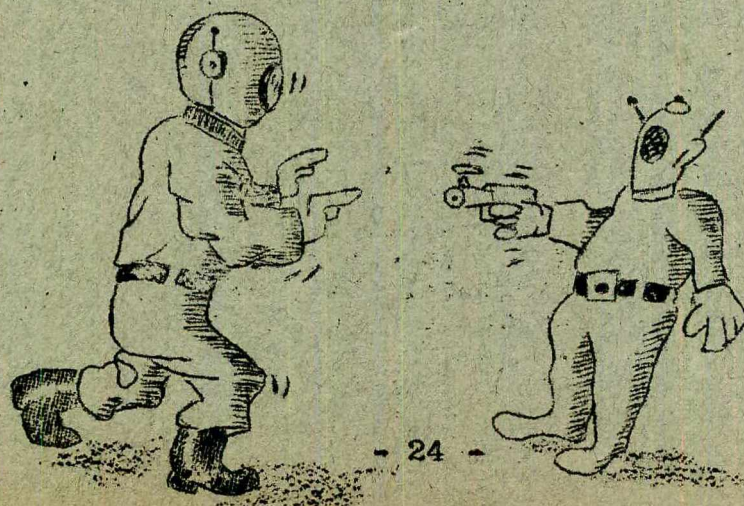
UST SAY THE CURRENT VULCAN SHOWS CONSIDERABLE IMPROVEMENT. THE MIMEOING WAS MUCH BETTER THAN LAST TIME, FOR ONE THING. YOU FEEL YOU HAVE REASON TO COMPLAIN, BUT I THINK EVEN THOUGH IT MIGHT BE LESS LEGIBLE, IT'S CERTAINLY MORE ATTRACTIVE. /On the other hand, I think the reproduction this issue is both legible and attractive.7

THE FORMAT AND SUCH ALSO SHOWS YOU'VE PUT A BIT OF TIME IN ON IT--DONE MORE THAN THROW YOUR MATERIAL TOGETHER AND LABEL IT. THE HEADINGS WERE ABOUT AS ATTRACTIVE AS ONE COULD EXPECT.

AS FAR AS THE MATERIAL GOES --- I WISH "VIEWPOINT" WOULD. MAYBE I SHOULDN'T KNOOK SOMETHING I HAVEN'T READ, BUT YOU CAN'T DO ANY MORE THAN TRY. I DID.

THE REST WAS FIRST CLASS STUFF, THOUGH. WATKINS WAS INFORMATIVE, AS USUAL. RIKE WAS RIKE INDEED. WHAT MORE COULD A FAN ASK? A GOOD LETTER SECTION? YOU HAD THAT TOO --- A GOOD SELECTION OF LETTERS, NOT THE USUAL CRAP BY ANY MEANS.

MY BOY, I AM PROUD OF YOU!

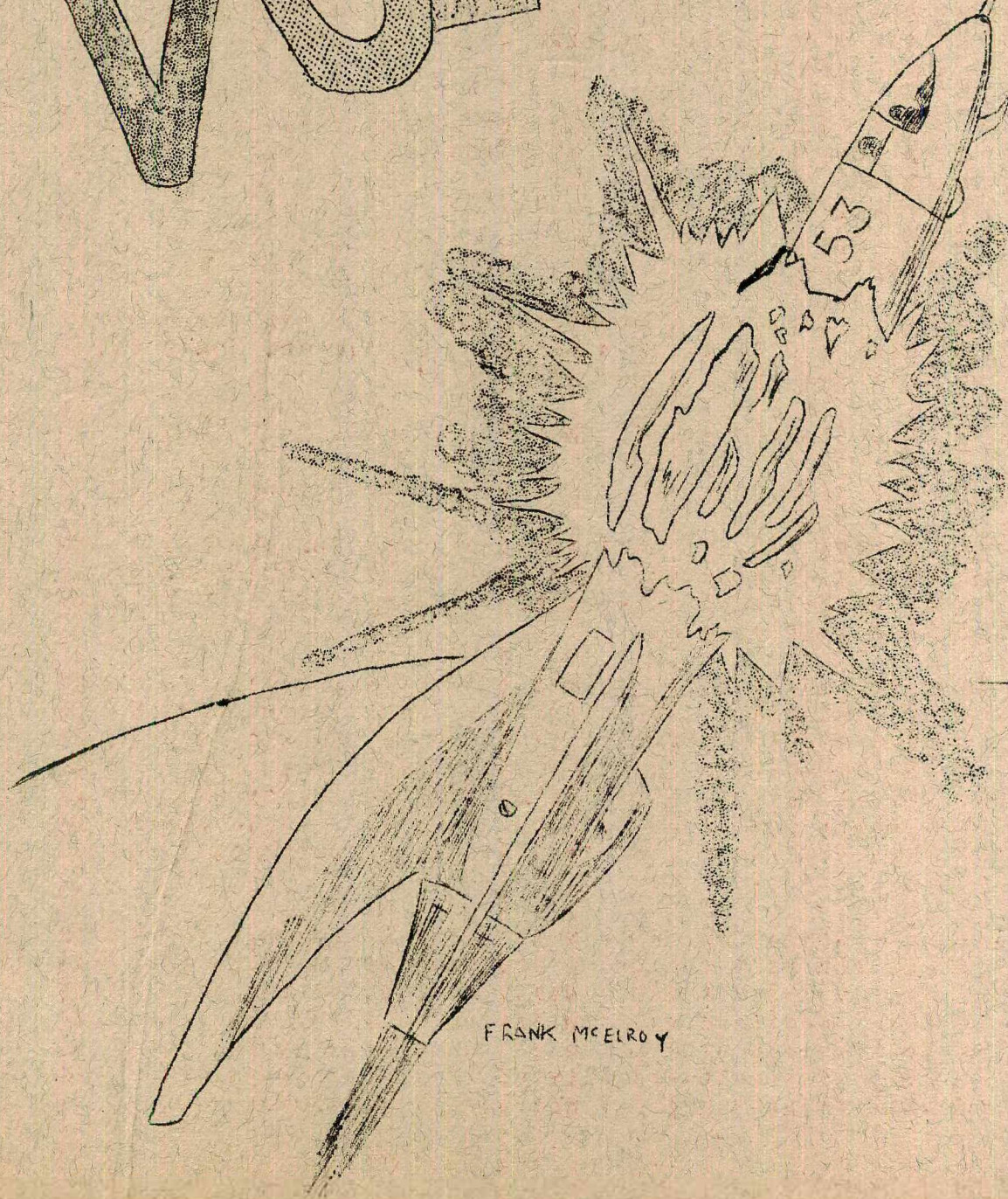








# VULCAN!



FRANK MCELROY



\*\*\*\*\* DEPARTMENT OF UN-PAID ADVERTISEMENTS \*\*\*\*\*

HELLO FROM SUNNY CALIFANDOM... ARE YOU STILL WAITING FOR YOUR COPY OF UNEARTHLY? DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIP---YET. DUE TO CIRCUMSTANCES BEYOND OUR CONTROL, FANDOM IS SUFFERING GREATLY. WE INTEND TO CORRECT THIS SHORTLY, BUT AS YET WE HAVEN'T SET ANY PUBLICATION DATE. WATCH VULCAN AND BOO! FOR LATER INFORMATION.

WE THOUGHT PERHAPS YOU MIGHT WANT TO KNOW JUST WHY THE FANZINE THAT WILL SOON BE YOUR FAVORITE WAS DELAYED. FIRST, AND MOST IMPORTANT WAS THE FACT THAT UNEARTHLY INTENDS TO PRINT ONLY THE "CREAM OF THE CROP". AS A MATTER OF FACT, WE'LL BET WE'VE REJECTED MORE MATERIAL THAN WE'VE ACCEPTED. (DON'T GET US WRONG, WE'RE NOT TRYING TO PLAY "GALAXY" OR "ASTOUNDING", WE JUST WANT TO PUBLISH THE BEST AVAILABLE FAN MATERIAL.) SECOND, BUYING AND MOVING INTO A NEW HOME WAS A MAJOR TASK FOR US. HOWEVER, WE ARE PRETTY WELL SETTLED NOW, AND WORK ON UNEARTHLY SHOULD BE UNDER WAY SOON.

UNEARTHLY WILL SELL FOR 15¢, BUT BETTER YET, IF YOU DON'T WANT TO RISK YOUR MONEY, JUST SEND YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS TO:  
VAL J. GOLDING  
243 ORIZABA AVE.  
SAN FRANCISCO 25,  
SUNNY CALIFORNIA.

THEN WE'LL SEND YOU A COPY OF UNEARTHLY, AND YOU CAN PAY LATER, JUST WHAT YOU THINK IT'S WORTH. OR, IF YOU DON'T THINK IT'S WORTH ANYTHING AT ALL, WHY IT'S FREE!

WE'RE LOOKING FORWARD TO UNEARTHLY. HOW ABOUT YOU?

\*\*\*\*\*

ABOUT A WEEK AGO, MY WIFE AND I WENT TO THE MOVIES. NOT JUST ORDINARY MOVIES HOWEVER, NOT EVEN "3-D" OR "CINEMASCOPE". THIS WAS THE MOVIE-TO-END-ALL-MOVIES. HONESTLY! I'M TALKING ABOUT "CINERAMA", OF COURSE.

I HOPE YOU LIVE IN ONE OF THE 20 AMERICAN CITIES THAT ARE GOING TO SHOW CINERAMA. (THE REASON FOR CONVERSION OF ONLY 20 THEATRES IN THE WHOLE COUNTRY TO CINERAMA IS THE HIGH COST. (I UNDERSTAND THE CONVERTING OF THE ORPHEUM THEATRE IN SAN FRANCISCO RAN IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD OF A QUARTER-MILLION DOLLARS.) NEVER BEFORE HAS A MOVIE HAD SO MUCH REALITY. THEIR ADVERTISING SLOGAN "YOU ARE THERE", CAN'T BEGIN TO DO JUSTICE. YOU ARE THERE!

AFTER AN OPENING COMMENTARY BY LOWELL THOMAS, THE FIRST SEQUENCE TAKES YOU ON A THRILLING ROLLER-COASTER RIDE. AND BELIEVE ME, YOU JUST SIT THERE TENSE, WAITING FOR THE DAMN THING TO HIT BOTTOM. AND YOUR STOMACH STARTS TO COMPLAIN. THE SAME IS TRUE OF AN AIRPLANE RIDE LATER IN THE FILM. AS THE PLANE STARTS TO BANK, YOU AUTOMATICALLY START TO TURN WITH IT. THE GIGANTIC SCREEN COMPLETELY, BUT COMPLETELY SURROUNDS YOU.

VAL J. GOLDING



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