

VANATIONS

JUNE 1952



ABOUT THE COVER

Nobody saw it come or go, and that was the peculiar thing.
Bells started to ring
In everyone's ears at once; and all looked up
Into the inverted cup
Of blue sky. It filled a quarter of sky with a dull shine,
The centre of a single line
Of light that filled the head, took over the brain.
A thought of high disdain.
And heads popped out of the Marine Building like pips
From portholes of ships
In the harbour men started upward, subtly held
In a stiff invisible weld.
Streetcars stopped on Granville St., and motorcars
Stood like stars;
And expensive women in fur coats stared out
For the space of a shout.
And when it was gone--like a face leaning over a wall--
No one remembered it at all.

Alfred W. Purdy.

THIS ISSUE CONTAINS

NO Contents.....
NO Editorial.....
NO Letters-to-the Editor.....
NO Fanzine Reviews.....
NO Biographies.....
NO Personalities.....
NO Prozine Reviews.....
NO Book Reviews.....
NO Film Reviews.....
NO Science Fiction.....
NO Scientific Articles.

I wish to offer my deepest sympathy and pity for all those who did not help me in bringing out this issue.

Any resemblance between this fanzine and any other fanzine in existence is purely coincidental. Any resemblance between any stories, articles or departments in this fanzine and any in any other fanzine, is purely coincidental.

This magazine is not a one-shot. It will be issued bi-monthly depending of course on time, money and material.

Contributors may receive up to as high as five issues in which their material appears and a life-time subscription to all future issues. Payment of any sort will depend upon the quantity and quality of material submitted.

This magazine is not free or a complimentary copy. For the actual price of this issue, note should be taken of PAR on page 23.

My thanks to....

Orville W. Mosher and G. M. Carr for material and suggestions.

Frank Stephens for the cover photograph.

The Vancouver S-F Society for showing me the truth in the statement;
"Blood, sweat, toil and tears go into bringing out a fanzine."

Curt Lang, Vic Miller and Bill X Gallienne for the art work.

Editor and publisher:

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

Initial printing: 500 copies.

Deadline for material for the next issue is the first of August.

PURE GENIUS

by

Jim Wills

I A M A B E M !!

Sensational Expose! Coming in the next issue of Ghastly Stories!

On your newstand on the 31st of February! Reserve your copy yesterday!

Also sensational, daring, practicaly banned stories by:

Richerd S. Shavar

Richerd S. Shavar

Richerd S. Shavar.

and

Richerd S. Shavar!

Dear Eddytorre (I donno yer name, so I Kall you eddytorre Yuk, Yuk!)

I tink yer stories is super dooper. I tink you have a wonderful mangunzine. I tink you is wunderfol. I dont tink John W. Cambell is ane gud. I hate Brudbary. I hate Hienlien. I hate everbuddy. I dont thingue siense fikshun is enny gud. I dont like ennybudy. I got a cullecshion uv 3,489,390m899 siense fikshun magashines that I dowanna trade for old Sunbathing for Health maguzeens. I dont tink ennybawddy hath the mintte kopie of Amarzying for december 1492 whitch I gut. Do ennybawdy wannit? God some gut storees.

Now I godda go an feede me pet BUM, grubby.

yers drooly,

Jow McGruntzelberger.

(THE ABOVE IS A SAMPLE "FANLETTER" AND "BLURB" FROM THE "PULP" MAGAZINE "GHASTLY STORIES" I SUBMIT IT FOR YOUR INSPECTION IN THE HOPE THAT YOU WILL APROVE MY PETITION FOR THE LIQUIDATION OF THE REDICULOUS PLANET SOL III)

#

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If you use non-Everything logic, you can save unheard-of sums of money with our new plan. Wander your gaze over the prices listed below. The newstand price of Godhowawful Tales comes to 22¢ per year.

With our new improved hospitalization plan, you can subscribe for \$178,000.00 per year, plus withholding tacks.

You can easily see the value of this new semantic scheme. Think of it this way² Einstein says that space doesn't exist. So the lower the value you put upon space, the higher the actual value, because you come a little coloser to absolute zero! If you send our ridiculous price in one dollar bills, it will take up a huge amount of space, but two dimes and two pennies take up not too little of nothing whatsoever.

So reverse everything you ever heard of and subscribe today.....!

INANE BABBLINGS

by

Jim Wills

Although I am quite dead, I think that all the people who have not reached this sublime state should be prevailed on to come through and keep me company. It gets very boring, because every time some fool down on Earth breathes, some blighted chinaman drowns in a rice paddy, and comes through to congest the place hopelessly.

So I think I shall commit birthicide. Goodbye.

Here I am again, come to torture you. The chinamen were becoming so insufferable when I left that I came through as quickly as I could.

The surroundings seem to be rather strange, but I attribute it to the fact that there must have been a time lag between my death and my birth.

As a matter of fact, I want my bottle.

Ahem. I am waiting for my bottle.

I wammy bottle!

What's this crap? Not....not....

RICE???

Oh, my Gad! Nobody breathe!

#

Herewith, for your inspection, Sir Brandyball, I present one of the most intriguing advertisements I have as yet found in those ridiculous American Tabloids. It was found in what is known in that country's nomenclature as a "fanzine".

FOR SALE HURRYHURRYHURRYHURRYHURRYHURRYHURRYHURRY!!!!

1 qdnm cpy GSPH ct. d/w hic. CoD.
345 grlmbd pps MSS "Slan", orig. munrlgzd.
All astr mnbrtylb. ddrdd pfc end.
grmlkwhes redov. Pnd. vlb. W/d QeD FOB.

All this was compressed into about a quarter of a column inch, reproduced in what I find to be the most intriguingly horrible species of jelly-pad Hektographing. That may explain some of the completely idiotic phrasing, although we did our very best at the translating.

Ever at your service, sir,

Your valet,

Mortuary.

1895 Brks. Vnu.,
Piddlington-by-the-sea,
Sndwck, Vruble.,
Ssx.

WHAT THE CENSOR MISSED

(If an excerpt begins or ends with a series of dots, it is not the complete sentence as written in the original story. All excerpts are placed in quotation marks, irregardless of their form in the original story. . . . NGB)

STARTLING - May 1952

Page 20 - Col 2 - ".....the girl would take a deep breath, get bedroom eyed, and then leave the guy to go looking for her spaceman."

Page 44 - Col 2 - ".....the way to get ahead is to marry the boss's daughter, not make a mistress of her."

Page 60 - Col 2 - ".....some men like money, and some want power and others build model railroads...."

AMAZING - Feb. 1952

Page 136 - Col 2 - "The stars moved overhead like cold ice jewels on a velvet cloth. Morgan watched them, and then turned on the mat where he lay. Elita was beside him, her eyes on his. Her mouth made a small sound, forming soft words. He bent over her.

After that, they did not look at the stars for a long time."

ASF - December 1949

Page 124 - Col 2 - "....with their unbridled and lascivious wenches..."

TWS - June 1952

Page 81 - Col 1 - "....out comes the dame built like a fire engine; you know, the kind that has those chemical knobs out front."

STARTLING - Feb. 1952

Page 71 - Col 2 - "Of course I am a man. I eat, I drink, I go to the latrine. I've had women...."

TWS - Feb. 1952

Page 76 - Col 1 - ".....you Terrans have progressed so much in all the sciences without having improved the art of seduction.

Page 13 - Col 1 - "If the advertisement was only intended for you to see me naked, I'll leave."

Page 24 - Col 1 - "Now then, your bosom, we must do something there; why you're nearly flat!"

STARTLING - Jan. 1952

Page 31 - Col 1 - ".....just in case somebody looks in the gate, hadn't you better put some clothes on?"

SPACE - May 1952

Page 33 - Col 1 - "He felt like a heel at first. And then he began to feel like a man--any man around a beautiful girl half undressed, and getting more so."

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SPACE

by Terence Barker.

Down the empty alleyways
Between the lonely stars
The winds (corruscating-cold,
Frigid, glittering with ice-crystals)
Blow blindly.

Down the silent lanes of space
Rush the unknowing winds,
Echoing hollowly,
Brushing rudely past the stars
And dashing them into poor tatters of flame
(incandescent, like sparks of light
from hearts of diamonds
on the Earth-anvil,
under Creations hammer)
Impelled by the warp and woof of the Universe,
By the uncaring force born in the reaches
Where the stars are to distant
To cry to one another...
Here in the vacancy of the void
Is born the stuff we are made of,
Here in the vast coldness
In the spaces between the stars,
Between the lonely, distant stars.

Uncounted, uncounting, uncountable,
The stars of space roll on,
Till God Himself is lost in doubt,
And knows not what He made.

THE FOUR GATES OF HELL

The first gate is the Gate of Deceit,
And that is reserved for holy feet.

The second is called the Portal of Hate,
And only women can use that gate.

The third is called the Gate of Might,
And the way is lit by the Guiding Light.

The fourth is as wide as China's wall,
And that one God hath made for us all.

Terence Barker.

REJECTED MANUSCRIPTS DEPARTMENT

(The heading is self explanatory. This department should actually not exist but it does. There will always be some stories or articles that will have to be rejected. It is my sincere hope that the material for this department will gradually dwindle untill the department is gone. Anyone getting into this department will recieve the issue in which it is printed but no by-line. You know the old expression "Names have been changed to protect the innocent".....NB)

I was walking by the table devoted to Shasta's line of books, when a rather pretty young woman caught my eye and motioned me over. I moved over to see what she had to say. She asked me if I was going to enter a novel in the new Shasta Writing Contest. I looked at her rather startled; I was known by no one at the convention and I had only told one person that I wrote S-F. My first thought was that she was telepathic, but I discounted that and decided that she was a good judge of human nature. She probably knew little about S-F and took it for granted that anyone who attended the convention was both an avid fan and also wrote S-F.

JOHN DOE

(First of all, John, your material is dated. Second, there are probably many people reading this that havn't the faintest idea what you are talking about. Third, you make yourself out as rather naive in writing an article like that. Fourth, I don't approve of your mixture of humor and philosophy. Satirize it and generalize it is about all I can recommend. Sorry.....NB)

I had been in New York City for about four days before I finally got up enough nerve to go and talk to H. L. Gold. I can still remember approaching the news stand in the YMCA where I was staying. I remember picking up a copy of Galaxy and copying down the address of their editorial offices. It was not far from where I was staying. I was nervous when I started out and I grew more nervous as I approached the building. I went in the building, found the floor and office numbers and took the elevator up.

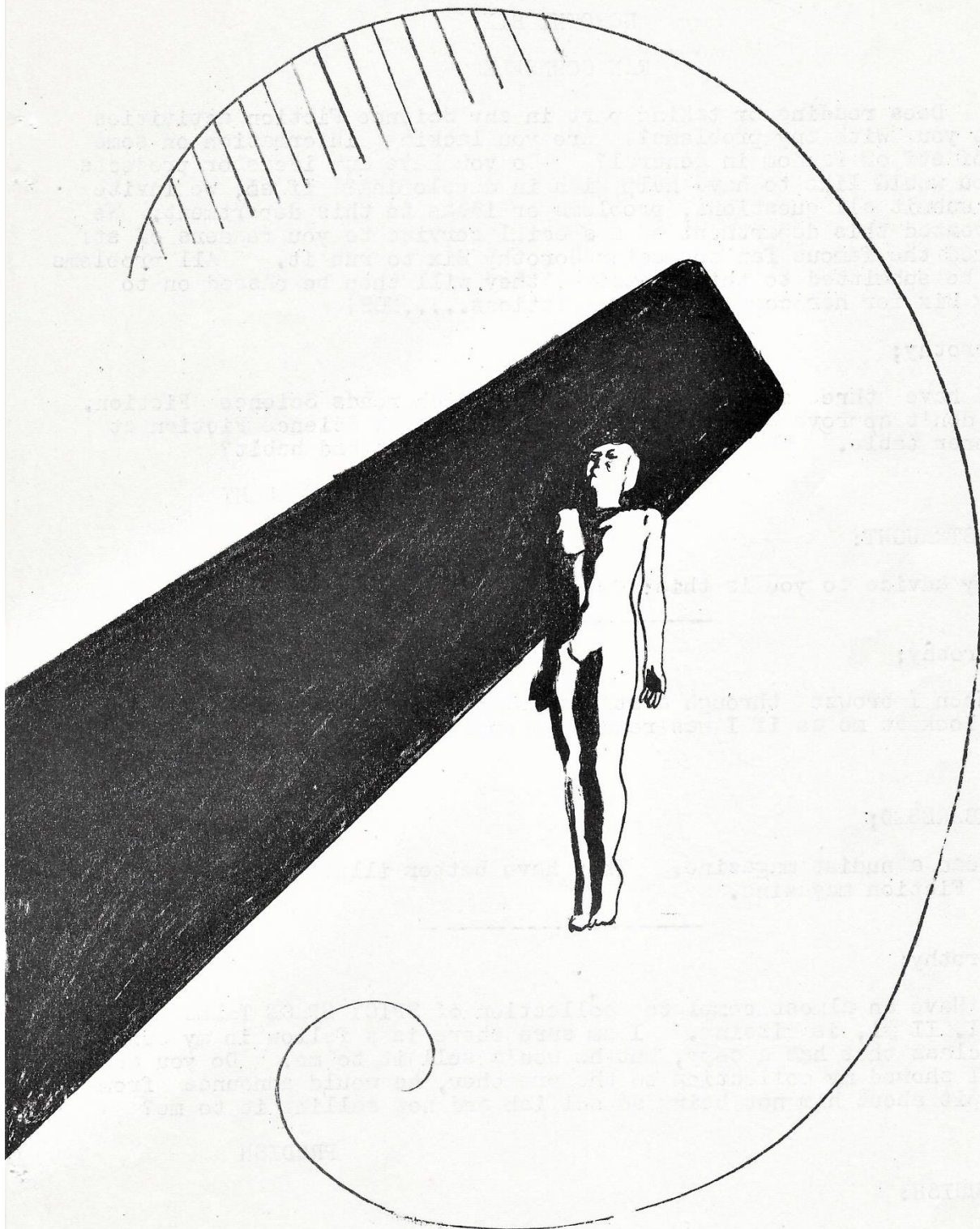
JOE DOAKS

(This magazine is not interested in ego-boo, which your manuscript obviously is. Also I am not interested in personalities. There may be some of our readers who have never heard of H. L. Gold or Galaxy. Remember, we are catering to a general market, not a specific one. Sorry.....NB)

The NOLACON was held in the St. Charles Hotel in New Orleans. Quite a number of fans took rooms in the hotel. These rooms were scattered all over the hotel from the second to the seventh floors. Many of the fans had nightly get-togethers in their rooms. The problem I found was in finding these rooms, and travelling back and forth from room to room and from floor to floor.

TOM SMITH

(My main reasons for rejecting this is because it is to personal and because it is dated. Sorry....NB)



BOROTHY BIX
FAN COUNSELER

(Fans! Does reading or taking part in any Science Fiction activities present you with any problems? Are you lacking information on some facet of stf or fandom in general? Do you have any ideas or projects that you would like to have help with in developing? If so, we invite you to submit all questions, problems or ideas to this department. We have created this department as a special service to you readers of stf and hired the famous fan counselor Borothy Bix to run it. All problems should be submitted to this magazine, they will then be passed on to Borothy Bix for her comment and suggestions.....NGB)

Dear Borothy;

I have three sons, the youngest of which reads Science Fiction. What I don't approve of is the fact that he reads Science Fiction at the dinner table. What should I do to break this bad habit?

DISTRAUGHT

Dear DISTRAUGHT:

My advice to you is this; don't eat dinner.

Dear Borothy;

When I browse through a stf magazine at the drugstore, all the people look at me as if I was reading a nudist magazine. What should I do?

EMBARESED

Dear EMBARESED;

Read a nudist magazine. They have better illustrations than any Science Fiction magazine.

Dear Borothy:

I Have an almost complete collection of SPICY SPACE TALES except that Vol. II #1, is missing. I am sure there is a fellow in my Sunday School class that has a copy, but he won't sell it to me. Do you suppose if I showed my collection to the preacher, he would announce from the pulpit about him not being so selfish and not selling it to me?

PRUDISH

Dear PRUDISH:

If your collection of SPICY SPACE TALES is the same as mine, I'm sure if you show it to your preacher he would announce something from the pulpit.

Dear Borothy;

I can't move without stumbling over somebody who reads Science Fiction. All the people I know or ever meet read Science Fiction. All I hear from anybody is Science Fiction, science fiction. I am a social outcast because I don't read Science Fiction.... What should I do?

LONELY

Dear LONELY:

I suggest you roll over on your back; you are dreaming.

Dear BOROTHY;

I note with indignation that a certain fan who shall remain nameless except to say that he edits a filthy rag of a fanzine which is nothing but a filthy rag, has mentioned my name in his filthy rag without asking my permission merely because I wrote a letter expressing my opinion of his filthy rag! I wish to resign from fandom in protest against such filthy rags being permitted to insult decent fans by mentioning them in their filthy rags. I would cancel my subscription to his filthy rag except that he sends it to me free because I contributed an article to his filthy rag before I read it and found out that it was a filthy rag. How can I resign from fandom in a manner that will express my indignation at such filthy rags?

OPEN MINDED

Dear OPEN MINDED;

It would be a terrible blow to fandom if you should resign, but under the circumstances I can only suggest that you try to do so in as a spectacular manner as possible. Why not buy up all the copies of this person's fanzine and make a bonfire of them, then commit Suttee with all the ceremonial rites according to the Hindu tradition? This will effectively remove you from fandom and insure that the insult does not occur again.

Dear Borothy;

When my father catches me reading stf, he spans me. Hut once I caught him reading stf. What should I do?

TENDER

Dear TENDER;

I suggest you spank him back.

(Although the following article is slanted towards Canadian Fans, I think it of sufficient interest to all fans--no matter where they live--to warrant its publication. After reading it, I think that you will agree with me too....NGB)

FANTASY CENSORSHIP IN CANADA

by

Alastair Cameron

Few Canadians realize the extent to which they are at the mercy of the Minister of National Revenue when they import fantasy books and magazines from the United States or any other foreign country (which means almost everything they read in this field). The minister is accountable to no one when he decides to ban a publication. His decision may be appealed to the Tariff Board, but no such appeal has ever been made. This probably because it is less expensive to smuggle a prohibited publication into Canada than it is to carry out an appeal.

The minister obtains his banning authority from item 1201, Schedule "C", of the Customs Tariff, which reads as follows:

"Prohibited goods. Item 1201. Books, printed paper, drawings, paintings, prints, photographs or representations of any kind of a treasonable, seditious or of an immoral or indecent character;" and from section 13 of the Tariff, which reads:

"13. The importation into Canada of any goods enumerated, described, or referred to in Schedule C of this act is prohibited; and any such goods imported shall thereby become forfeited to the Crown and shall be destroyed or otherwise dealt with as the Minister directs; and any person importing any such prohibited goods or causing or permitting them to be imported shall, for each offense incur a penalty not exceeding two hundred dollars."

The question as to whether a given publication is treasonable or seditious or of an immoral or indecent character is a matter for the decision of the minister.

As if this were not a sufficient invasion of our personal liberties, there is the additional outrage that the Department of National Revenue refuses to tell Canadians what they are not allowed to read. Thus you can be fined \$2.00.00 for importing a book which is not to the liking of the minister in question, who is Dr. J. J. McCann. And Dr. McCann will not tell you what publications he doesn't like. Also involved is the basic issue of the freedom of the press, which is not guaranteed by statute in Canada. This censorship procedure negates the very principle of such freedom, for not only can Dr. McCann suppress the opinions of whomever he chooses, but he can go further and suppress the fact of his suppression.

Much light was thrown on these censorship activities by Blair Fraser in an article entitled "Our Hush-Hush Censorship: How Books Are Banned," in MacLean's Magazine, Dec. 15, 1949. At that time 500 books and a like number of periodicals were on the banned list. When a publication is sent to Ottawa by a customs official, it is read by one of a small staff headed by a principle clerk who started 25 years ago as a

stenographer. From them it goes to W.B. Stuart, executive assistant to the deputy minister, to David Sim, the deputy minister, and finally to Dr. McCann himself. The publication can be released at any stage of this series, but only Dr. McCann can ban it. Dr. McCann will ban the item "if I wouldn't want my daughter to read such a book." In actual fact Dr. McCann has no daughter. "The final criterion of what Canadians may or may not read is the moral sensitivity of a young lady who doesn't exist!"

Through an odd set of circumstances I was able to obtain the list of prohibited publications revised to Dec. 19, 1946. Let us see what fantasy publications Dr. McCann was withholding from the possession of his mythical daughter, and incidentally all the rest of us, at that time.

The fantasy magazines on the banned list are HORROR STORIES, STRANGE STORIES, and TERROR TALES. I have not collected these magazines, so I cannot authoritatively dispute Dr. McCann's opinion that these are "treasonable, seditious, immoral, or indecent." I believe, however that only by taking the attitude that horror elements are in themselves indecent could Dr. McCann justify these bans. I wonder why he hasn't taken the axe to WEIRD TALES. The Department of National Revenue refuses to give reasons for the banning of any particular item, so we must form our own conclusions as best we can.

Let us consider the prohibited books individually:

ARABIAN NIGHTS (Unexpurgated Edition), translated by Sir Richard Burton. The banning of this, one of the greatest works of classical Arabian literature is a complete and utter outrage.

DOCTOR ARNOLDI, by Tiffany Thayer. This is a well know classic in the fantasy field. It develops in a very thorough manner the consequences which would result if every human being became so immortal that it was impossible to irradiate life from the least of his tissue. Society disintegrates as the world fills with "comatants" who have been rendered permanently senseless by acts of violence, but who nevertheless continue to "pulse". This is a compelling and unforgettable novel. Its immortality is much less than that of almost any book you can buy in a modern bookstore. Again, only by considering horror as itself indecent could Dr. McCann have found grounds to ban this book.

LADIES IN HADES and GENTLEMEN IN HADES, by Frederic Arnold Kummer. These two books contain a very humorous and discrete account of the Earthly indiscretions of some of Hell's leading citizens. If you are looking for pornography, don't buy these. In my opinion these could have been banned only because Dr. McCann considered the fliprant treatment of Satan and his dominions as indecent. This would seem to be a clear violation of the principle of freedom of religion, which is not guaranteed by statute in Canada either. Thank God Dr. McCann never came across a copy of UNKNOWN!

HEAVENLY DISCOURSE, by C. E. S. Wood. Mr. Wood says some harsh things about American politicians and pokes fun at many American exponents of puritanism. He chooses as his vehicle a series of dialogues set in Heaven with God as one of the leading characters. Again it would seem that this banned because Dr. McCann's "daughter" has extreme religious sensitivity. The prohibited list contains many examples of books favouring atheism and others attacking Roman Catholicism, which would support this view.

11

THE MEMOIRS OF HEKATE COUNTY, by Edmund Wilson. This is a borderline fantasy which I have not read.

TEST TUBE BABY, by Sam Fuller. I haven't read this either, but I suspect from the title that Dr. McCann would consider it indecent because it deals with artificial conception. This is supported by the fact that many books on sex hygiene have been banned.

Only God and the Department of National Revenue know what fantasies have been added to the list since 1946, and neither of them will tell.

None of the above items which I have read can reasonably be considered as "treasonable, seditious, immoral, or indecent." They seem to have been banned only because they are fantastic, and because the fantasy uses horror as a vehicle or gives an unorthodox treatment of Christianity. Any Canadian who values the fundamental freedoms of press and religion will be most alarmed at this situation.

Alastair Cameron.

WHAT THEY SAY

I have taken Null A training

I am an agnostic

I am an individualist

I read Pogo comics

I am an actifan

I am open minded

I like Capt. Future

I am an amateur writer

I am a semi-professional writer

I belong to organized fandom

I have personally met Fred Brown

I like good art

WHAT THEY MEAN

I like van Vogt's style of writing

They caught me swipping money from the collection plate at church

My parents don't know it but I smoke

I am very intelligent

I read Pogo comics

I believe in flying saucers

I am a neofan

I had a letter published in the May issue of FUTURE!

A fanzine is going to publish my story!

I read stf.

I was at the Nolacon

I like Bergey

THE CONSTRUCTION OF A STORY

Lesson 1

Here are two of the many ways a story can be written;

- (a) The story as a whole is conceived and written down.
- (b) The idea is conceived, developed and written down.

There are an infinite number of ways the basic idea can suggest itself. The following are a few of them.

- (a) From another story.
- (b) From a paragraph, sentence or word in another story.
- (c) From a title.
- (d) From an illustration or cover painting, etc.

How good are you? Do you need a basic idea, or can you develop a story out of a word, sentence or title? Can you take a couple of unrelated facts; join them together and develop an idea from that? Can you develop a story from that idea? As an example:

A friend coined the word monkey wrench and told me about it. Recently I took an intelligence and preference test; one of the questions being; "If a man throws a monkey wrench into a machine, he is either; (a) a freak (b) a n alien (c) a moron (d) a saboteur" I picked the fact that he would be a moron. The questioner said he would be a saboteur; but that is debatable. Here are the possibilities connected with these two unrelated facts.

- The saboteur threw a monkey wrench into the machine.
- The saboteur threw a monkey wrench into the machine.
- The saboteur threw the monkey wrench into the machine.
- The monkey wrench threw the saboteur into the machine.
- The machine threw the saboteur at the monkey wrench.
- The machine threw the monkey wrench at the saboteur.

EXERCISE ONE: Pick one of the last six statements and develop it into an idea. Develop that idea into a story.

EXERCISE TWO: Give the expression "monkey wrench" a meaning and develop that meaning in the story. When story is completed, send to this magazine. The best stories will be published in future issues.

Lesson 2

TYPE: Horror

LENGTH: Short story

TITLE: Non-conformist

POINT OF STORY: He was dead all the time.

MIDDLE: "But you've got to wear clothes...!"

"No. To wear clothes is to conform. I am a non-conformist."

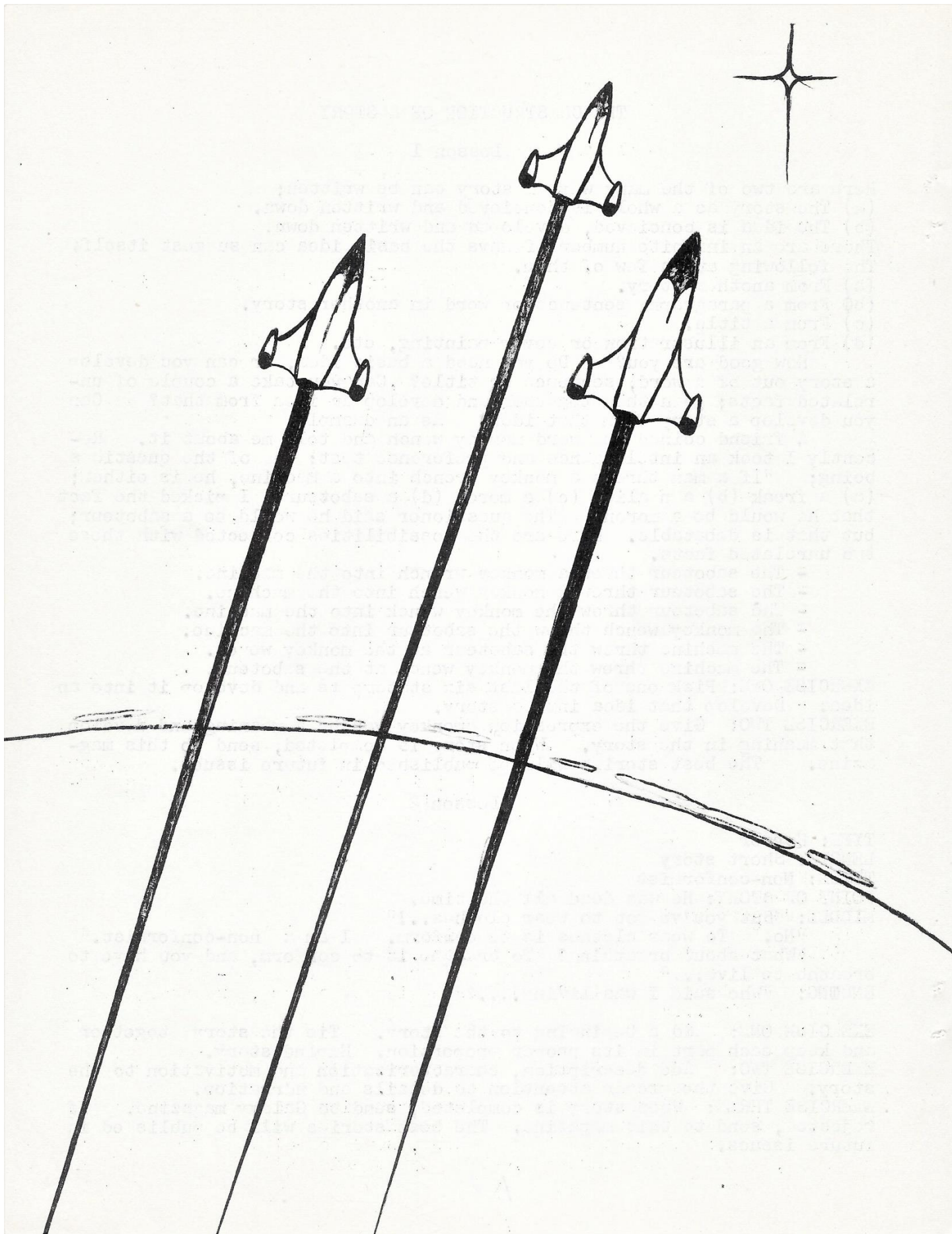
"What about breathing? To breathe is to conform, and you have to breathe to live..."

ENDING: "Who said I was living....?"

EXERCISE ONE: Add a beginning to the story. Tie the story together and keep each part in its proper proportion. Expand story.

EXERCISE TWO: Add description, characterization and motivation to the story. Give the proper attention to details and narration.

EXERCISE THREE: When story is completed, send to Galaxy magazine. If rejected, send to this magazine. The best stories will be published in future issues.



RECOMENDED READING

Want to be a S-F fan?
Read Slan

For a story about a mechanical brain
Try Izzard and the Membrane

Is suspense and drama your reason?
Read The Hunting Season

Poor characterization make you swoon?
Read The Man who Sold the Moon

Want some complicated plots?
Read about the Weapon Shops

Want something down to Earth?
How about Shadow on the Hearth?

Too many authors in a hurry?
Have you read Fury?

Want more...? Well get set,
The End is not Yet....

Think my choices are all wet?
What about Space Cadet?

Want one more for today?
There's the World of Null A

This one is really a gem
Its title is Beyond Bedlam

For a story that will make you drool
Read The Moon Pool

Here's one I'll recomend
It's called The City at World's End

And for a story about a dame
Try The Black Flame

You'll never be able to sleep
If you read Creep Shadow Creep

But if you find it to deep
Try So Shall Ye Reap

The last and most famous one
And Then There Were None.

Norman G. Browne

INCIDENT AT A CLUB MEETING

by

Curt Lang

The smoke was thick and blue, curling and riding to obscure the high ceiling. Men ringed the hall, silent, withdrawn, eyes flickering from one to the other of the intense looking youths facing each other across the dim room. The younger of the two drew a long breath, everyone tensed, he spoke: "It's crud, pure undiluted crud."

The watchers relaxed and the smoke stirred, crawling across the over-warm air. The other sneered, and began to speak, his voice dripping with contempt.

"That sir is the opinion of an untutored clod."

"From an illiterate ass like you that's not a bad piece of insult but it is not, definitely not, overburdened with wit. Imbecile."

"That too is a mere opinion. Idiot."

"Have a care whom you address as idiot, footpad. If you do not immediately curb your wagging senseless tongue I shall mingle your blood with the dust on the floor."

"Clumsy ox, even if you were conscious you would not have one particle of luck. With your elementary skill with foil and dagger you wouldn't even get past my primary shield; Pah!"

"Filth of the earth, cur, scum from the bottom of a XENO jug, offspring of a diseased Venusian weremouse, illegitimate android....."

Screaming horrible imprecations the younger and more hot tempered leapt from his chair, and with one slash laid open the cheek of his opponent. The other swiftly drew his rapier, but too late, one vicious, ripping thrust and he was crumpling to the floor, a gout of gore welling from his mouth. The young man's lip curled distastefully as he wiped his foil on the tie of an onlooker.

"Surprised the craven dog; he let down all his shields, no tact anyway".

Now the room is empty, and on the floor lies a stiffened corpse, clutched in its pale hand is a blood stained copy of Pogo Comics.

PUT IT THIS WAY:

Conventions are held in large and beautiful cities so that the delegates can spend their spare time in other people's hotel rooms drinking other people's liquor.

TYPES OF FAN LETTERS

(For those lacking knowledge as to how to write a letter to another fan the following are examples of the various types. Special note should be given number five as it is an intriguing type once its possibilities are realized....NGB)

1 - FORMAL TYPE

Dear Sir;

I am attempting to bring out an amateur fan magazine. I would greatly appreciate any help you can give me on the subject. My greatest need at the moment is for poetry. If you would care to contribute

2 - TELEPHONE CONVERSATION

Dear Bill;

Yes, it's me again. What? Now don't take that attitude. Listen did you know I was bringing out a fanzine? What? You did? You'll what? You'll help me?? Good, good. Did you know I need poetry...?

SCRIPT

NORM: My name is Norman Browne and I....

BILL: Say, I know you....

Norm: I am bringing out a fanzine and my basic need is for poetry.

BILL: I can't promise anything, but I'll see what I can do

4 - CONVERSATION

The front door bell rang. Bill opened the door; it was Norm. As Bill led him back to his study he asked, "How's the fanzine coming?" Norm produced a thick folder and muttered, "It's pretty well all lined up, all I need is a bit of poetry to round it out."

5 - THIRD PERSON

BILL Johnson, 9998 Luna St., City.

Dear FRANK:

Say, Frank; got a letter from Bill the other day. I was writing him about my fanzine. Most of us have a bit of the poet in us, and I thought maybe he could write a little poetry for my fanzine. That, at the present time, is my greatest need.

6 - COMPLETELY UNCONVENTIONAL

Dear Stupid;

Now that you mention it I do. Or that is I hope to. You can be a big help if you will. Oh, well. Fanzine that is. Yes, and I need poetry (clean and nature of course) I expect some from you. GAD!

7 - COMPLETELY ZANY

Boo! Guess who?? Yuk, yuk.. Ugh! ith 'ttle 'ol me and all my assorted egoboo etc is ready for the P.O. dept. 've U N E POEMS?????????

REJECTED MANUSCRIPTS DEPARTMENT

(The heading is self explanatory. This department should actually not exist but it does. There will always be some stories or articles that will have to be rejected. It is my sincere hope that the material for this department will gradually dwindle untill the department is gone. Anyone getting into this department will recieve the issue in which it is printed but no by-line. You know the old expression "Names have been changed to protect the innocent".....NB)

I was walking by the table devoted to Shasta's line of books, when a rather pretty young woman caught my eye and motioned me over. I moved over to see what she had to say. She asked me if I was going to enter a novel in the new Shasta Writing Contest. I looked at her rather startled; I was known by no one at the convention and I had only told one person that I wrote S-F. My first thought was that she was telepathic, but I discounted that and decided that she was a good judge of human nature. She probably knew little about S-F and took it for granted that anyone who attended the convention was both an avid fan and also wrote S-F.

JOHN DOE

(First of all, John, your material is dated. Second, there are probably many people reading this that havn't the faintest idea what you are talking about. Third, you make yourself out as rather naive in writing an article like that. Fourth, I don't approve of your mixture of humor and philosophy. Satirize it and generalize it is about all I can recommend. Sorry.....NB)

I had been in New York City for about four days before I finally got up enough nerve to go and talk to H. L. Gold. I can still remember approaching the news stand in the YMCA where I was staying. I remember picking up a copy of Galaxy and copying down the address of their editorial offices. It was not far from where I was staying. I was nervous when I started out and I grew more nervous as I approached the building. I went in the building, found the floor and office numbers and took the elevator up.

JOE DOAKS

(This magazine is not interested in ego-boo, which your manuscript obviously is. Also I am not interested in personalities. There may be some of our readers who have never heard of H. L. Gold or Galaxy. Remember, we are catering to a general market, not a specific one. Sorry.....NB)

The NOLACON was held in the St. Charles Hotel in New Orleans. Quite a number of fans took rooms in the hotel. These rooms were scattered all over the hotel from the second to the seventh floors. Many of the fans had nightly get-togethers in their rooms. The problem I found was in finding these rooms, and travelling back and forth from room to room and from floor to floor.

TOM SMITH

(My main reasons for rejecting this is because it is to personal and because it is dated. Sorry....NB)

C R U D

by

Graham Stone

This word is rather new to fan language, and the purpose of this article is to acquaint those interested with its semantic meaning, uses and derivation. Unfortunately, I have been unable to find the origin of the word, but some facts are known.

The word crud only contains one syllable. The word crud is composed of four different letters; D:C:R:U; - not necessarily in that order. The word crud belongs to the English language. The word crud is a root word.

Three schools of thought exist as to the comparative and superlative degrees of the word. One school maintains that it is:

Crude

Cruder

Crud

While the other schools of thought state that it is:

Crud

Crudy

Crudder

Crudier

Cruddest

Crudiest

(Note the doubling of the letters in the second group to distinguish them from the first group.)

The following is a partial list of words derived by adding a prefix or suffix or both. Meanings and notes are given where needed to make clear the explanation.

crudable;(able to crud) incrudable;(not able to crud) excrudable; incrudable; transcrudable;(able to move through space) cronocrudable;(able to move through time) intercrudable;(between cruds as "interplanetary") crudworthy;(worth its cruds) crudist;(religious belief in crud as "theist") acrudist;(religious disbelief in crud as atheist) pyrocrudable;(burnable crud) telecrudable;(instantaneous transmission of cruds) cruds; crudy; crudly; crudistically; cruding; crudingly; crudge; cruderly; crudment; crudsome; crudish; crudishment; crudishly; crudore; crudilly; cruder; crudunist;(political belief in crud) anticrudunist;(political disbelief in crud) crudard; crudardly; crudiage; crudinate; crudinued; crudate; noncrudformist;(person not conforming to crud) crudformist;(person conforming to crud) crudraphobia;(fear of crud) crudramania;(insane desire for crud).

The following are a few simple examples to illustrate the use of the word.

- Little miss Muffet sat on a tuffet eating her cruds and whey -
- Every loaf of bread has two cruds -
- A type of food much in demand is sourcrud -
- He believed in going to a good crud once a week -
- Clean your crud twice a day; see your dentist twice a year -

To those still in doubt as to the meaning of the word, I suggest they write to Willy Ley C/o Galaxy S-F magazine.

Graham Stone.

IF THE MAILMAN BRINGS YOU

Fans are forever coming up with new ideas, new cults, new mysteries, new clubs, new projects. Somehow or other, they always seem to pick on me to ask for help and co-operation. I realize now, that being a genius has its drawbacks.

I have found that the best way to deal with these rather precocious characters is to prepare a file on the possible subjects that they might write about. I have also found that an open mind and an objective viewpoint is essential.

Then; if the mailman brings you.....

1. - ".....sir, I am forming an anti-dianetics party and I would....."

In cases like this it is sometimes wise to send two squelches. Understand that it is possible to misinterpret these letters and thus get yourself in deeper than is conceivable. Tell him that you are in favour of Dianetics and are thus very much biased. Also tell him that you are against politics of any sort and that you are an anarchist and a follower of Ghandi. Where the semantic meaning is not clear it is wise to take no chances. Explain to him that you are an introvert and an isolationist and that you are radically against going to social functions of any kind.

2. - ".....am compiling a checklist of all comic books issued up to..."

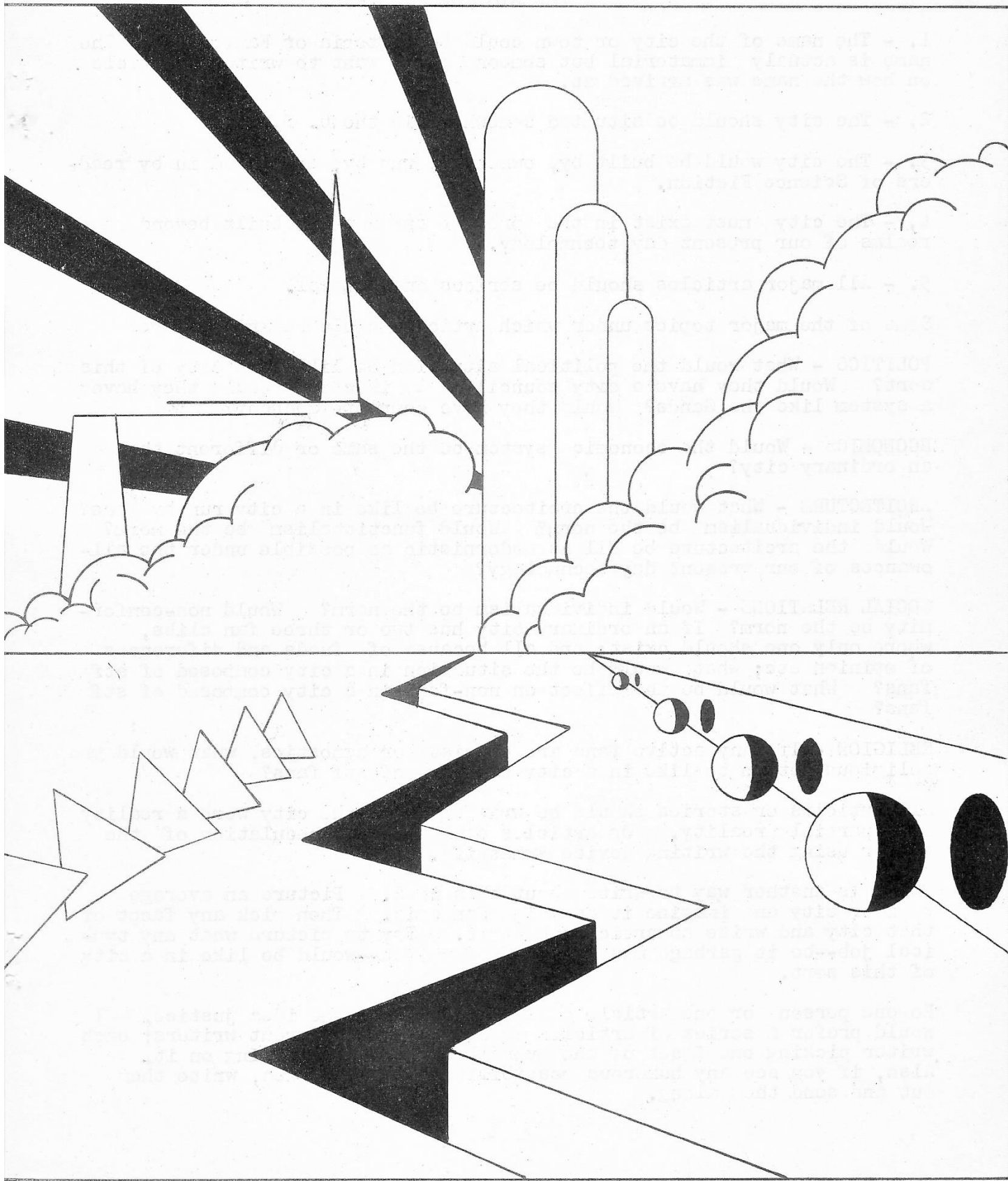
This type should be handled with kid gloves. If you so much as hint that you are in favor of comic books; before you know it you will be loaded down with the complete responsibility of the whole thing. Ask him quite simply; what's a comic book? Or tell him that you have a bad case of bibliophobia and can not and have not read any books of any kind.

3. - ".....should form a club for amateur stf authors. It could...."

This type is simple. You can send him any one of four squelches or a combination of any of the four. First of all explain that you are an individualist and a non-conformist and thus are against clubs of any sort. Second, explain that you are not an amateur anything and that neither are you a professional. You are just a plain nobody. Third, tell him that you have read stf and found it the most inane, immature form of literature that exists. You read only true confession stories. Last, the little matter of an author. Tell him that you regard writing as a ghastly, senseless way of wasting time and that you wouldn't be caught dead near a typewriter.

Nelson Burnaby

(We are indebted to Mr. Burnaby for allowing us to use this excerpt out of his forthcoming book; The Fan: His Life and Problems.....NGB)



THE BIG IDEA

1. - The name of the city or town could be Stftopia or Fantopia. The name is actually immaterial but someone might want to write an article on how the name was arrived at.
2. - The city should be situated somewhere in the U. S. A.
3. - The city would be built by, owned by, run by, and lived in by readers of Science Fiction.
4. - The city must exist in the present and not be built beyond the realms of our present day technology.
5. - All major articles should be serious and general.

Some of the major topics under which articles could be written are:

POLITICS - What would the political situation be like in a city of this sort? Would they have a city council? A director? Would they have a system like the Gands? Would they have complete anarchy?

ECONOMICS - Would the economic system be the same or different than an ordinary city?

ARCHITECTURE - What would the architecture be like in a city run by fans? Would individualism be the norm? Would functionalism be the norm? Would the architecture be all as modernistic as possible under the allowances of our present day technology?

SOCIAL RELATIONS - Would individualism be the norm? Would non-conformity be the norm? If an ordinary city has two or three fan clubs, where only one should exist; and all because of feuds and differences of opinion etc; what would be the situation in a city composed of stf fans? What would be the effect on non-fans in a city composed of stf fans?

RELIGION - If many active fans are atheists or agnostics, what would the religious set-up be like in a city composed of stf fans?

All articles or stories should be written as if the city were a reality or a partial reality. Or articles could be the speculation of the author using the writing device "what if".

There is another way to write about this idea. Picture an average town or city and imagine it as being Fantopia. Then pick any facet of that city and write an article about it. Try to picture what any typical job--be it garbage man or chief of police--would be like in a city of this sort.

No one person or one article could properly do the idea justice. I would prefer a series of articles or stories by different writers; each writer picking one facet of the overall project and writing on it. Also, if you see any humorous possibilities in this idea, write them out and send them along.

THE BEST THINGS IN LIFE AREN'T FREE

THIS MAGAZINE IS NOT BEING SENT OUT FREE, AS A SAMPLE OR AS A COMPLIMENTARY COPY! But I am instituting a rather novel idea called PAR. PAR stands for Pay After Reading. Here's how it works.

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

Second; most of you have gone through this experience or can appreciate it. You buy a fan magazine, or better still you take out a subscription to one. Let's suppose the cost of it is 15¢ a copy.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

In regard to subscriptions. If anybody wants to gamble on the quality of future issues, I will accept their money. As there is no set price on a single issue, there can be no set price on subscriptions but it is possible to work out a price. You can gamble that the next five issues will be worth, say, 15¢ each and send me 75¢. Or you can send me \$1.00 and let me use my own discretion as to when your sub should expire.

BUT WHATEVER YOU DO; DO IT NOW!!

I WON'T

This is a fanzine. It is also a first issue. Therefore, perfection is not to be expected. Also I have diluted the quality of this issue considerably so as to have material for future issues. Whether that dilution is below the minimum safety level is a matter of opinion.

Next issue there will be practically no dilution whatsoever. Borothy Bix will be back, bigger and better than ever. Jim Wills will have another page or so in the next issue. Jim, by-the-way, is Canada's answer to Robert Bloch. (If that doesn't get material out of him, I don't know what will!) Also next issue an article on ego-bo. Also more what the censor missed. Also, (I hope), an article by Alastair Cameron; Doctor of Fantastology. If the worst comes to the worst, I can always include an article by Norman G. Browne; Doctor of Fanology.

I also hope to have material represented in the next issue by YOU (Gad! What a dirty way to sneak up on a guy) But I'm serious!! Everybody can write and everybody longs to see their name in print. So if you can meet my high editorial standards (same to you), I'll help you satisfy that overwhelming desire. How about it?

To satisfy those whose hobby it is to collect fanzine slogans, I present the following:

VANATIONS: The fanzine for tendrilless fans.

VANATIONS: The Galaxy of fan publications.

VANATIONS: Young giant of fanzines.

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