

# ABSTRACT

May

'54

donnell  
geis  
carr  
vorzimer  
and others...



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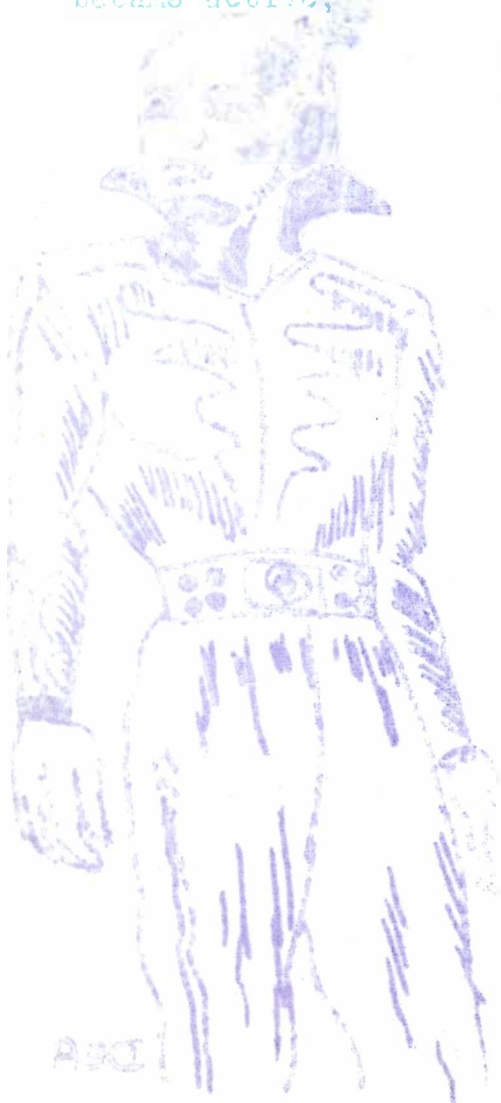
THIS MAGAZINE IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO:

don howard donnell: for being my greatest  
aid, for contributing, and for the name of  
the magazine itself, once published by Don.

tom piper: the boy through whom I discover<sup>d</sup>  
ed Fandom... and without whom, I wouldn't  
be publishing today.

richard gais: the man who was my first con-  
tact in Fandom and through whom I first  
became active.

PETER J. VORZIMER  
April 24th, 1954.



ABstract - the magazine of fantasy...

Whole Number Three

May, 1954

From Where I Sit

(Editorial).....BY THE EDITOR

Three Loves Had Michael

(Part Three of a 3-Part Serial

Part 3 - 6500 wds. - TOTAL 13,500 words).....DON HOWARD DONNELL

He Who Hoaxes Last...

(NAPAcon Report).....TERRY CARR and PETER J. VORZINER

Fan-Fare # 4

(Fan Autobiographies).....with RICHARD E. GEIS

Through Rain,

Through Sleet,

Through Snow,

Etc., etc.

BOB BLOCH

BOB TUCHER

WALT BOWART

RICHARD GEIS

BILL REYNOLDS

JOHN G. FLETCHER

DON VLGARS

DEAN GREENWELL

RAY THOMSON

STUART HOCK

BURT BEERMAN

(Letter Column).....

Rest In Peace

PSYCHOTIC

SPACESHIP

SPIRAL

STF TRENDS

BRLVIZINE

COSMIC FRONTIER

PROTON

SEETEE

VULCAN

UMBRA

RENAISSANCE

HERMAN I

SCIENCE FICTION ADVERTISER

SCIENTIFICHION STORIES

FOG

(Fanzine Reviews).....SPACEMAYS

Looking Back

(Editorial).....BY THE EDITOR

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FROM  
WHERE

STJ...



TYPICAL  
ABSTRACT  
READER

Don't

Boy! This monthly schedule sure is work! No, don't get worried, I'll guarantee monthly circulation until at least the October issue. You see, I have only one more issue to pub when I'm still in school. I graduate High School on the 17th of June. Therefore, it won't be as difficult for me to publish my July, August, and September issues.

Now the CONish, my 100-page October issue, which will sell for 25¢ to trading faneds (35¢ otherwise), will come out around the 18th of September, and will be received about a week before schedule. Then, after the CONish will come College. I hope to stay monthly, but it appears as though I'll be forced to go bi-monthly after that. Bi-monthly isn't too bad...and I'll be able to promise a minimum of FIFTY pages!

Looking back on these last two issues, I've kind of set a record. Friday, March 26th, I got the Rexo. I labored on ABSTRACT #2 from then 'til the following Thursday, the 1st. Then I spent some time folding, stapling, and mailing out. Around the 3rd, I took a week to breathe. We had the NAPACON at my house on the 10th and I started to work on ABSTRACT #3 on the 12th. I started early and took my time about it because school work and exams would keep me busy for the following week. Today, I'm finishing ABSTRACT #3 and it's only the 24th...about four or five days early. Altogether, I've put out two issues (82 pages) of ABSTRACT in 28 days. Phenomenal, eh?

Now, down to the serious business. Material...art and fiction. I suppose you've all had enough fiction for awhile...at least I have. In three issues...I've pubbed 15,000 words of fan-fiction. That's enough for anybody. Balint's dying after looking at just the second issue. So, you won't find any fiction, other than maybe a short, short, short in any of the following three issues. I'm going to concentrate more on Fan-Fare and other things. You'll notice the absence of Mr. Willis in this issue. That is because I had to start and finish early, because of lack of room, because of slowness of the sea-mail between Ireland and the U.S. You can be assured, however, that it will be here for the next issue. After him, I'm going to try and nab DEA (Mrs. Margaret Dominick), Lee Riddle, Tucker, McKinney, Freiberg, and Boggs. Don't forget to write in your own choices.

One of the other things I'm going to concentrate on are ARTICLES. First off the bat, I'd very much like a little treatise on EIGHTH FANDOM by one who knows. A companion article, which I would also like to receive would be the cause of SEVENTH FANDOM's downfall, also by one who knows, maybe Dick Geis or Joel Nydahl. Other than those two specific ideas, I'd like any articles on movies, books, etc., but nothing on the prozines. If there's anything more I loathe, it's reviews on the prozines. Movies yes, prozines no. Anyone seriously interested in doing



a permanent column in this here rag, please submit a sample and I'll see what I can do.

The mag, from this point on, will consist of the following regularly scheduled items: 1) Cover, Backover and Table of Contents; 2) From Where I Sit, 1st Editorial; 3) Fan-Fare; 4) Letter Column; 5) Fan-Fare; 6) Fanzine Reviews; and 7) Looking Back. Add articles, art work, columns, and fiction and there you have ABstract for quite a few issues to come.

My total pages will range anywhere from not less than 32 to not more than 60, a good average being 40 pages. Everything, other than fiction, that I accept that comes in before publishing time, will appear in the very next issue....provided the backlog is not too big. This is what determines the number of pages. Simple, eh what?

In order of importance, I request the following things:

- ONE: Articles...and lots of 'em. Preferably the two I have previously mentioned. Anything of general interest to the fan public.
- TWO: Filler art work...good filler art work. Favorites being DEA, Bradley, (I say, Bradley, are you listening?), Naaman, Walt Bowart, Terry Carr and others.
- THREE: A steady columnist for the magazine, talking on Stf movies, books, gossip, etc.
- FOUR: A good cartoonist with some original cartoons.
- FIVE: Your mags for review.
- SIX: Your letters for the Letter Column.
- SEVEN: Your choices for Fan\*Fare; and if I've asked you, your autobiography.
- EIGHT: Some paying subscribers...er more trades. You who have received ABstract are supposed to either pay or trade. Please, one or the other...

Sorry, no lithed cover this month. Too much expense. Next month will have one to knock your eyes out. Watch for it. June 1st. Thanx for listening to all my boring demands. Please skip on to Donnell's story and enjoy it as I have.

Thank you,

peter j vorzimer

# THREE LOVES

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Again I find myself faced with doing another synopsis to THREE LOVES HAD MICHAEL. Now, both Don and I are glad to see the end of this monster.

Michael Sommerfield, as a boy of fifteen falls in love with a girl who cares not the least bit for him and brushes him off very coldly. Michael's feelings were deeply hurt, leaving a scar which he carried for many years, until college. In college, Mike met Layton Crawford, a psychology student, and after much persuading on Layton's part, Mike goes to a dance with Liz, Layton's sister. It isn't long before Michael is head-over-heels in love with Liz. His graduation comes soon and he plans to get a job, and settle down and marry Liz. His plans are meanwhile upset by the visit of a man from the Government offering Mike a job on a secret rockets project, with no wives allowed. Mike asks how long the project would take and is informed that it would mean three years, possibly more. It's a hard choice. Mike decides to accept, telling Liz of the postponement of their marriage. In an emotional outburst Liz gets in the family car and loses control crashing into a lamppost which proves fatal.

Again Mike snaps. A complete nervous breakdown follows, but Mike decides to go on the project. Luckily, for him, Layton now with his degree in psychology, has now been assigned also.

\*at some time during the coming year, THREE LOVES HAD MICHAEL, in its entirety, although completely re-written, will appear in a leading Science-Fiction publication. The date will be announced in a future issue of ABby.

# HAD MICHAEL

## CHAPTER 3

of a three-part serial

by don howard donnell

Michael Sommerfield leaned back in his seat and stared out the window of the bus at the changing shape of the night. A pale full moon cast a weak, silvery light that barely outlined the trees and occasional house that slipped by in the darkness. The moon cast a strange, humped shadow of the bus that crawled up the highway as if it were some savag beast that prowled the night. Michael saw all of this, but it meant nothing. It was as if he were alone in some silent world with a manner of shapes and forms drifting in some silver mist with only the memory of her and nothing else. Once in a while some voice would speak and a hand would move from the mist to touch him; his lips would move in response, his ears not hearing the words and the hand would withdraw, leaving him alone again.

He looked up at the moon. Wispy dark fingers of some nocturnal cloud played with it, touched it, tried to pull it from the sky. The moon shone on through, and remained while the fingers tried again and again. Then suddenly he saw her face in the moon, smiling at him, whispering something that was too faint for his ears. Then the face in the moon paled and the eyes went dim and a small trickle of blood appeared in the corner of the mouth.

Michael stiffened, then turned his head from the window and stared down into the blackness of the floor. Slowly he became aware of the movement of the bus and the gentle vibration of the motor. He leaned back again and closed his eyes.

"What is it, Mike?" Layton asked. His voice was soft.

"Oh, you still awake?"

"I can't sleep on buses, you know that."

"We should've taken a train I guess."

"They gave us bus tickets, didn't they?"

"Yeah. I guess they know what they're doing, even if we don't." Michael looked at Layton and tried to smile but his lips froze midway in the completion of the motion, a grotesque grimace forming on his face.



Layton started to say something, then stopped, drawing in his breath sharply. He relaxed his body and made an unconscious motion to his pocket, withdrawing a cigarette. He put it in his mouth, then took it out and dropped it on the floor.

"We should've taken a train. I need a smoke." There was no reaction from Michael. The half-grin, half-grimace had faded from his lips and he was staring at the back of the seat, his body moving slightly, back and forth.

"I can't understand it, Layton," he said. "I just can't."

"Understand what?"

"The why. Why? Why this, why that? The eternal question. What makes the wheels turn, what makes things happen the way they do? In thousands of years of asking all we've been able to achieve is the How. We haven't even touched the why yet."

"Psychology is a science of the 'why' as you call it, Mike."

Michael turned his eyes to Layton. "Really? What do you actually know about the why part of the mind? You say a certain set of happenings may create a paranoia in a person and you think you have the why answered right there. You're wrong, though. You've only hit the how. Tell me, Layton, just why does the mind react in a certain way to a certain set of happenings, and why does it become paranoid?"

"There's a lot we don't know yet," admitted Layton.

"Yes, yes, you're right. There's plenty you don't know. Plenty we all don't know." He smiled, but not with amusement.

"When I was a kid," he said, his voice suddenly bitter and filled with an aching regret, "I went to a dance. I met a girl there and fell in love. At least I thought I did. She gave me the big line and the next day I got the brush. I was all wrecked inside until you came along and helped me straighten myself out. Why did I fall in love that night?"

"I don't know."

"Then I met your sister, Layton. You fixed it up so it could happen at the right time. And you know what? I did it again. I fell in love." His throat was tight and the next words were choppy with unrestrainable emotion. "Very much in love." He swallowed and closed his eyes. He continued, his voice lower, his tones measured and slow. "Things went fine this time, didn't they? She loved me." There was a pause and a slight tremor passed through his body. "She loved me," he repeated, almost reverently. "Everything is peachy now, just fine. I got my degree in electronics and my project is successful and we were going to get married. Then some guy comes along and says, 'Mr. Sommerfield, we want you to help us build a rocketship. We may even let you fly it to the moon. Then I get stars in my eyes.'" he looked out the window at the sky. "Stars." Layton watched him a long minute. Then he turned finally, staring out at the aisle and the tiny safety lights that glowed at intervals like stars themselves. "Why did she drive that car into a lamp post, Layton. Can you tell me why?" His face was suddenly transformed into something of hate, and his eyes were burning with insanity. The tendons in his neck were taut. His

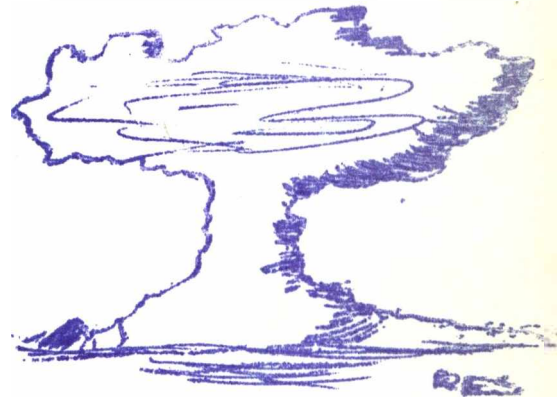


hands trembled. "Why, Layton, why? Goddammit, can you tell me why? Can you tell me why?"

Calmly, Layton reached out and touched Michael's arm, then held it with reassurance, hoping to steady him. "No Mike, I really can't tell you why. I can give you some reasons though, but we've been through them before. They don't make it any easier. Remember she was my sister. It was a great loss to me, too."

"I'm sorry, Layton, I shouldn't act like this I guess. It's just that when I start thinking about anything my thoughts wander to her and I get all messed up inside. I dream about her too. I dream that she's still alive, and that we were married and had a kid. I dream about what was going to be, about what we planned together before it happened. Then I start talking crazy I guess. Well, maybe I do get crazy. It's because I loverher. I love her, and she's dead. Dead! Dead..."

"It's no shame to cry, Mike, if you have to. Go ahead, let it out." The words were not necessary. Tears were already welling out his eyes, dropping down his cheeks. He had no sound or motion. He sat there staring at nothing, perfectly erect, the tears coming faster. He was a grown man, crying because it hurt more than all the physical pain in the whole world.



The bus stopped, the air brakes sighing tiredly. There was a final hiss of air and the door opened. The driver stood up and faced the passengers. "This is Bradyville. We'll have fifteen minutes here." Then he got off the bus and stood outside, smoking a cigarette. Layton nudged Michael who had been sleeping for an hour.

"This is the place, Mike," he said when he opened his eyes. "Bradyville." The two men got up, their cramped muscles stretching painfully. Layton got the two small travelling bags from the rack overhead and handed one to Michael. "Let's get out." They stepped off the bus into the chill night air, their feet crunching into the gravel of the bus yard. There was the smell of metal and fuel with other subtle scents that went into the fragrant mixture that was the distinguishable odor of a bus depot. They stood there, inhaling the fresh cut of the desert air, shivering a little because their coats were not very heavy. The driver walked over to them.

"You get off here, don't you?" he asked.

"Yes, Bradyville," replied Layton.

"Well, I got to get your tickets then." Michael and Layton dug into their pockets and withdrew three small pink slips of paper and handed them to him. The driver punched them and tore off the stubs, handing them back to them. "You get to keep these," he said. He replaced his ticket punch in the little leather holster on his belt. Layton pulled out his pack of cigarettes. "Have one?" he said to Mike and the driver. They took the offered cylinders. They stood smoking for a minute, the cigarettes glowing like minor suns in the semi-darkness of the yard. Michael shivered.

"It's cold now," said the driver, "but you should come through this way about noon. Hot as hell then. Gets up to a hundred degrees."

and over arend theses parts. But that's the desert for you. A land of extremes."

"Life is nothing but a long path of extremes," commented Michael. The driver eyed him shaply, exhaling a cloud of smoke.

"Guess you're right there, mister." He looked at his watch. Well gotta get back to work. So Long. Hope you had a nice trip." He boarded the bus and the two men watched him move slowly down the aisle for his check of the passengers. Then he was in the driver's seat and the bus came alive, a huge metal monster that roared deep in it's throat and vibrated, streams of exhaust coming from it's pipes. It was gone, the faint smell of exhaust the only thing that remained. It was silent then, with only the faint and far chirp of a cricket and the mute progression of stars overhead. Michael looked up at them for a long time, as if he could outstare their million eyes.

"I wonder where our reception party is?" said Layton, shattering the silence and the magic of the still night. He rubbed his hands. "I could use a drink and a hot bath." Michael kicked at the gravel with his toe.

"So could I," he agreed. "Especially the drink."

Headlights moved down the road, attached to a jeep that braked to a loud stop in front of them. Another jeep followed close behind, with a machine gun mounted in back. A soldier with buck sergeant's stripes on his fatigues got out of the first jeep. "Layton Crawford and Michael Sommerfield?" he asked. They had over-emphasized their identity. "May I see your credentials, please?" They handed over their wallets and the sergeant pulled a flashlight from a deep pocket and shined it on the cards he had withdrawn from the wallets. Then he shined it on their faces.

"They look like the one's," he said to someone in the jeep.

"Okay, we'll double check them when we get back to the base."

"All right, would you please get into the jeep, gentlemen," the sergeant addressed Layton and Michael. They looked at each other, thier eyes holding the questions their lips couldn't form. They got into the back of the jeep.

"Harkness, Forbes, it's okay now," the voice from the front seat called into the shadows. Two soldiers step out of the darkness, each armed with a Thompson.

"Anything suspicious?" the voice asked.

"No sir," one of the soldiers said. "Clean so far."

"Okay. Take the other jeep."

The man in the front seat turned to them. "I'm Captain Jensen. I know all of this seems pretty odd and melodramatic, but Security is pretty strict on this project. You'll be subjected to various questions and examinations when we reach the base, and you won't be allowed full freedom until you're cleared. I'm sure you understand. We must be very careful. I have no doubt that you are both who you claim to be,

but if you're not you'll find the penalty very sever. Welcom to Project Barrier." He turned to the driver. "All right, back to the base. Double time!" The driver nodded and the jeep leaped ahead, throwing Michael and Layton back in their seats. The driver executed a neat half-circle in an unbelievably short space and accelerated rapidly down the highway. Layton glanced back and saw the other jeep following close behind. He could just make out the machine gun, swaying slightly as the jeep bounced over rough spots in the road.

"What do you thin, Mike?" he asked in his ear.

"What's there to think. They're just being careful."

"Right. The Captain seems a pleasant sort."

"Yeah," said Michael. There wasn't any enthusiasm in his voice. All through the rough, bumpy ride back to the base, Michael said nothing. The only interest he displayed was when the jeep had gone far enough away from Bradyville to escape the glow of man-made light and let the entire Milky Way shine down through the clear desert air. Michael stared at this awesome display of stars with his imagination wheeling through the unthinkable velocitys and light years to them, and once he almost reached his hand out to touch them but stopped himself in time.

When they reached the base, they were assigned quarters in a small, lonely bunker removed from the rest of the quarters. The Captain walked with them.

"This is what we call the Quarantine Hut, gentlemen. We lodge all new arrivals here until their final clearance comes through Security. It's pretty lonely, but I'm sure you'll find it comfortable. There's uniforms waiting for you, and an orderly will be by shortly in case you want food or cigarettes. I'd like to stay and talk with you at more length, but I still have work to do before I can get to bed so I must beg your leave. I will see you tomorrow. Good night." The Captain shook their hands and left, walking toward a group of buildings in the center of the area whose windows still glowed with light.

"They must work around the clock here," Michael said.

"It looks that way," Layton watched a guard walk slowly by in front of the bunker. "They aren't taking any chances with us, are they?"

"No, I guess not."

"Well, I'm going to go in and see what facilities they have for bathing. If that orderly comes around, have him bring some whiskey, if you can wrangle it out of him, okay?"

"Sure," Layton disappeared inside the bunker. Michael stood just outside, leaning against the door jamb. He fumbled in his pockets





for a cigarette, found a battered pack with one frayed cylinder, stuck it in his mouth. He lit a match and touched it to the end of the cigarette, then blew a thin stream of smoke from his nostrils and watched it disappear into the night. Then he looked up at the sky. The light from the base has dimmed the glory of the galaxy above, but it still lived in all its majestic splendor in Michael's mind, and he was there an hour staring up into space, his mind loose and rushing at tremendous speeds far away in the emptiness between stars. In his eyes was the hurt and emptiness that was Elizabeth, but something new had entered. It was bright and strong and eager. It was a soft light, but greater than the sun. It was the glow of galaxy's---the radiance of untold billions of stars yet to be discovered. And the light was that of an explorer, a man who sought to be where no one else had been, a man seeking new barriers to tear down, a man seeking to forget a past and make a future. And make a future! A future for the generations yet to come.

There was love in Michael's eyes. Not the love for Angelia or for Elizabeth. That love was a smoldering fire that would burn until his heart stopped working; it was a new love, a strange love that few men had known. It was a love that raged with leaping flames that would burn the last barriers to space and carry man forward to a destiny that could not be denied.

It was the last, the final emotion, the third love.

He was still standing there when the Captain came to say good morning.

Security had cleared Dr. Michael Sommerfield and he was assigned to his new job of helping design and build the electronic heart of the rocketship. Security had also cleared Dr. Layton Crawford and he had been assigned his job. He had to watch over the minds of the men on the project. Their terrible strain of secrecy and hard work could easily crack a mind. Layton was not alone in his department. He came in at the bottom, with four psychologists above him on the staff, but in a matter of months he had complete control of his department---and a commission. It was Major Layton Crawford, now, and it appealed to the little spark of vanity that was apparent in his eyes as he wore his new rank.

And Michael was not long in becoming Lt. Colonel Michael Sommerfield, head of the electronic's division of Operation Barrier and number one candidate to take the first ship up. There were hard days. Hard nights. They had moved from the Quarantine Hut to larger, more comfortable quarters soon after their clearance arrived, but these new bunkers became just a place to sleep or a place to take a shower in the morning before starting another grueling day of work.

But occasionally there was a brief interlude, a snatch of peace in the turmoil of the Base that allowed the men to slow down for a moment and breathe easier and have a smoke. Or talk, like Layton and Michael liked to do. It was actually their only recreation.

"You look persecuted, Mike. Pick up a complex today?" Layton asked as Michael sat beside him at the Commissary.

"Oderus. I was in love with my mother. Terribly jealous. Father



married her and I never got over it." He poured his beer and took a long swallow. "Diagnose me," he said.

"Looks bad. I think we'll try a pre-frontal lobotomy."

"It would be a relief," Michael sighed, his eyes suddenly tired.

"Working you hard in electronics?" Layton asked, a faint thread of worry in his voice.

"Don't sound so anxious. Were all pushed pretty hard here. It's just that I'm stumped on a wiring circuit and I can't find a solution."

"Too technical to explain to me?"

"I'm afraid so, Layton. We'll get it eventually. I'll have to."

"One thing I've learned in working with people. If one approach fails, try something new. If that fails, make up one of your own."

"You may have something there. I'll try it."

"It won't hurt." Layton finished his beer. "Hear anything about who's going to take the first rocket up?"

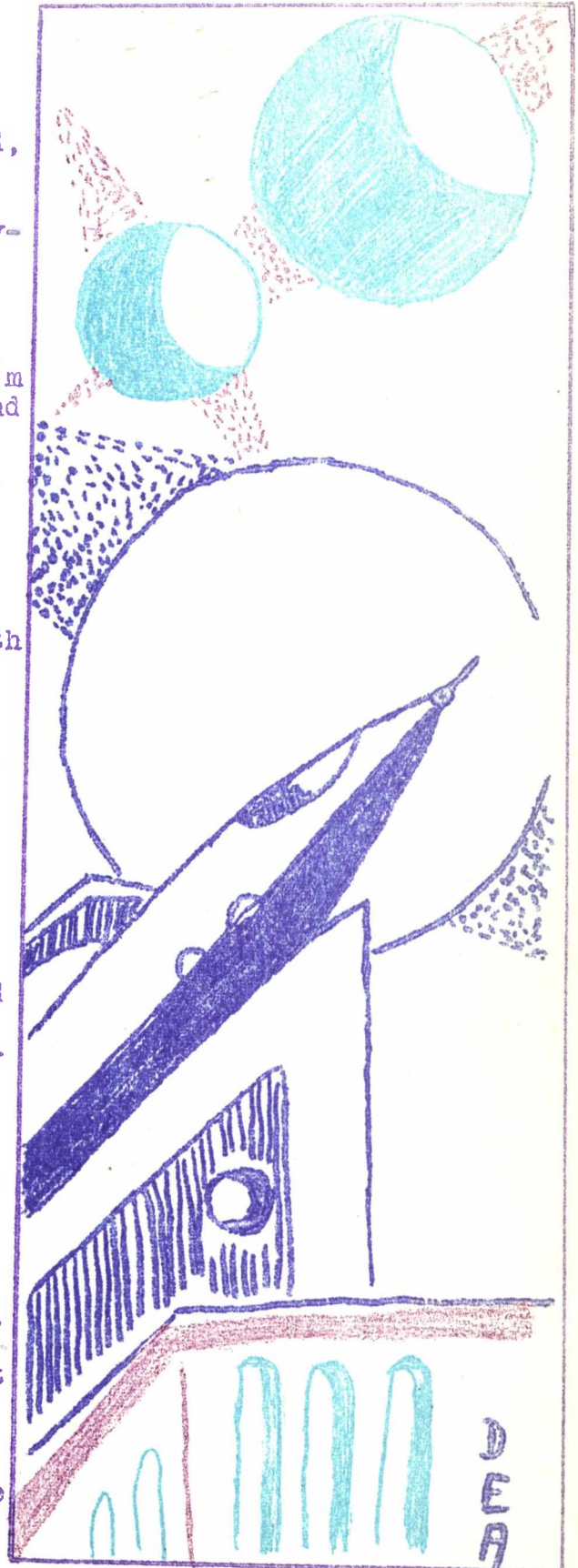
"No, nothing." There was a pause, and the still, hot air of the desert seemed to draw at the moisture in their bodies, pulling it to the surface to suck at it greedily, trying to satisfy an unquenchable thirst. "You know, Layton, if you hadn't wangled an appointment to this project, I might've cracked by now. If you weren't here I don't know what I'd do. You're the best friend I've had, too."

"You know how I feel about that, Mike. You're the best friend I've ever had. And don't worry, you're not going to crack, not now or ever."

"Maybe not, but I feel close to it at times. Well, I'll see you tomorrow. I've got to get back to work on that circuit."

"Good luck."

"I'll need it." Mike left. Layton sat at the table, toying with the empty bottle. The outside of the bottle was moist, and he traced patterns



on it with his finger. Then he lit a cigarette and stared out the door into the glare of midday. "Hot as hell," he thought. "Hot as hell."

Michael opened the door to the bunker at four thirty the next morning. He stood in the doorway a moment.

"You still up?" he asked. Layton looked up from his typewriter.

"That could go both ways you know," he said, then typed a few words. Michael walked over to his bed and sat down, taking off his shoes. Then he laid back on it, covering his eyes.

"What're you doing?" he asked Layton.

"Hi, just typing up some reports. How's the circuit coming?"

"It's finished. It came out better than I'd hoped it would." Layton began to clatter on the typewriter, then, as he pulled a page from the roller, he turned and started to say something. He stopped. Michael was asleep, his face relaxed, betraying complete exhaustion. Layton smiled thinly, shaking his head. Then he looked down at the title page of his manuscript.

M I C H A E L   S O M M E R F I E L D :  
a   b i o g r a p h y   o f   g r e a t n e s s .

b y

Layton      Crawford

"I'll have to retitl that," he said aloud. "It just doesn't sound right."

The rocket was ready. It stood slim and tall, pointed to eternity, every sleek line betraying an impatience to begin Man's greatest adventure.

Michael Sommerfield stood with Layton Crawford and stared up at it with a strange light in his eyes.

"I can't believe it," he said. "It's finally done. It's ready to go."

"And you played a large part in it, Mike. Remember that. Now you're going to take her up."

"I can't believe that, either."

"Well, maybe when you're staring down at us from the station orbit up there, you'll believe it."

"I won't be staring down, Layton," Michael said. His voice caught just perceptibly. "I'll be staring up."

Layton didn't say it, but the words were on his lips. "Of course, Mike. That's the only way to look."

Five years pass, with Man on the moon, building his cities under

huge, graceful domes and still looking outward.

"Dr. Sommerfield will see you now, Dr. Crawford." The man was dressed in white linen with blue strips on his cuff and a blazing gold stap patch on his arm. An officer in the newly-formed Space Navy of the United States. Layton glanced down self-consciously at the grey, drab uniform of the Technician Corps he wore.

He was shown into the inner office.

"Hello Layton!" Michael greeted him enthusiastically. "It's been a long time?"

Layton shook his hand. "A year is a long time, especially when the world is moving so fast and you are so slow." Michael motioned to a chair.

"Sit down. I've been looking forward to this for a long time."

"So have I." Layton motioned to Michael's uniform. "That's quite an outfit, there. What rank do you hold?"

"Oh, they call me something silly like Space Admiral or some such junk. I won't let anyone call me 'sir'. It's either Mike or Dr. Sommerfield."

"Space Admiral, eh? I'm still a major, and in a two-bit outfit, too."

"TC, eh? I wouldn't call them 'two-bit'. With out them, the ships wouldn't move. How did you get in? I didn't know they were accepting psychiatrists."

"I'm a bureaucrat now. Give orders, take them from the big boys, write reports and check up on the men under me each month. It's boring, but the pay's good."

"Do you have any idea why I contacted you? I've been searching for you for six months now."

"I thought this was just a little get-together for old time's sake."

"In a way it is, but there is something else that is a lot more important."

"What?" Michael swung around in his chair and pressed a button set into the wall. A panel slid open, revealing a tele-screen and a row of new buttons. Michael pressed several of them and a picture formed. A huge, bulky ship stood in the middle of a tremendous workshed, and tiny ants that were workmen swarmed over it. Pieces of machinery swung from spider-web cables across the shed to the object, and beetle-like machines inched across

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the floor. Michael turned back to Layton, a smile on his face.

"What is that?" asked Layton, his voice soft from wonderment.

"That is the WDP-1. It's a new ship. It's driven on a new principle. THE PATTERSON WARP DRIVE. Patterson is a physicist working here in Moon City. He discovered with the help of Dr. Levine, a mathematician, a new theory of temporal transportation through space. I won't go into the technical explanation of it, but the easiest way to say it is the drive works in hyperspace, enabling the ship powered by it to bypass normal space by tremendous distances, thus solving the problem of interstellar flight and Dr. Einstein's speed of light barrier."

"And that ship..."

"That ship is going to make the first interstellar voyage. It's going to Alpha Centauri. We could go further if we wanted to, of course, but we decided we'd try a short test hop."

"What's this got to do with me?"

"I want you to come along. We need a psycho-officer---it's required on each crew now. I thought you'd be the best. Will you consider it?"

Layton smiled. His eyes were a little moist, and he couldn't talk because he was very happy. He just smiled, and Michael could read in his eyes the answer. Michael was smiling too.

Entry in the log of the ship Elizabeth, class WDP-1, four days in hyperspace out from Mars.

Four days in hyperspace. No trouble of any kind discovered. Crew is well and in good spirits. I can detect a slight tension, but then that's normal, for I feel excited myself. Tomorrow we enter normal space again, 1000 million miles from Alpha Centauri. I can't wait! Michael Sommerfield, CAPTAIN



They had been deaccelerating for five hours. Michael stood before the forward vision screen watching the planet swell slowly into a large ball of orange and green. Layton stood to one side, more interested in the expression on Michael's face than the approaching planet.

"He is a lonely man, seeking to forget," thought Layton sadly. "It is fortunate for the world, however, A century or even a millenia would be fortunate to have produced a man half so great. Earth would never have pushed so far or so fast if it were not for him and his burning quest to forget..."

"What will we call her, Layton?" he asked. "This new world we are



about to see. She should have a name, you know. Nothing should be without a name."

"You name her, Mike, you found her."

"I lost her," he breathed, but recovered himself immediately. "I'll call this planet Elizabeth, after the ship."

"What was the ship named after, Mike?" Michael smiled and shrugged. He leaned over to a microphone and pressed a stud.

"Prepare for planet-fall, prepare for planet-fall. Man landing stations. Operate counter-blast tubes. Check armament stations. On the double!"

"Here we come," muttered Layton.

"And we're not stopping with you, little lady!" He glanced at the other screen which showed a whole universe of winking stars. Layton glanced at him sharply, then turned away so Michael could not see him write something in a small book.

-----  
"The atmosphere is definitely poisonous," the Tech said. "One whiff of that stuff is enough to put you away for good."

"Well, we'll go out in 'suits, then. Come on, Layton, it takes a half an hour to get into one of those babies." He stopped by the inter-ship communicator. "Landing party will please equip themselves with space-gear. Our planet here is un hospitable. Double-check your seams and seal offs. The stuff outside is poison!"

The sky was green. It was green as far as they could see, stretching across the wide plains from horizon to horizon. There were mountains to the South, but they were blunt and dull, seemingly aged and tired.

"Bleak, barren place," mumbled Layton, standing several hundred yards from the ship. He turned to Michael who was examining the ground. "Sure nothing here worthwhile!"

"Everything on a new planet is worthwhile, Layton. It marks another stepping-stone outward. Now take this place, for instance. It'd make a good way-station if it weren't for the atmosphere. Maybe we'll be able to do something about it. I'll make a note to the research boys to start in on the possibility of changing the atmospheres."

"That's a big assignment---" He was cut off by a sharp yell over the inter-suit radio followed by a strangling gasp and a series of violent coughs. He turned and saw one of the men on the ground, writhing with an unimaginable agony.

"Quick!" shouted Michael, starting toward the man. "It must be his suit. Get a seal-patch ready." There was another yell and another man crumpled.

"You'd better get the men back inside the ship!! Shouted Layton, running as fast as his suit would allow him toward the other man. "There's something here that's getting through the suits!"

"Head back for the ship!" screamed Michael. "Get back inside!"

Something is puncturing our suits?" As if for emphasis, another man gurgled in agony and laid on the ground, twitching spasmodically.

Monitors inside the ship had heard the conversations and the outer airlock began to swing open slowly. Layton was dragging one man across the plain, and he saw Michael struggling with the other. Suddenly, Michael dropped the man, his arms making jerking movements toward his face, then crumpled slowly.

"Take care of this man! Layton shouted frantically, and ran toward Michael's prone figure. He lifted his head and looked through the glass of the helmet at his face. It was contorted, and Michael's wide, staring eyes held indescribable pain as they look pleadingly at Layton. He began to drag Michael's bulky form back toward the ship.

"Tiny, fast flying insects," Tech McLanders said dryly. He held a tiny black object in a pair of tweezers. I found this imbedded in one of the men's arm. Obviously these are a life form of the planet, and they must fly at tremendous speeds, so fast you couldn't see them. It's a wonder more of you weren't hit."

"How is the Captain?" McLanders shook his head.

"The last the Med-Officer had to say was that he wasn't doing well. The other men are dying."

"I know," Layton said. He looked up as the Med\*Officer came through the door.

"He wants to see you, Dr. Crawford," he said.

"How is he?" asked Layton anxiously.

The med-officer shook his head slowly. "It's a wonder he's lasted as long as this. The rest of the men have died, you know."

"Take me to him."

"Hi," Michael grinned weakly.

"Hi, Mike," Layton started to make a half-hearted joke, but stopped, unable to carry it through.

"Oh, don't try to conceal it," Michael whispered, looking at Crawford's face, "I know I'm going to die. I knew it when the helmet was shattered. Don't look so concerned. It isn't half as hard as living."

"But you've just started---"

"No, I've done what I was meant to. I found what I was looking for."

"You found it?"

"It wasn't too hard. I was looking for the why---a reason for living. I've found it by dying. I've a purpose now because I started something, and now I'm one of the first to die for it. I know it all sounds confused, but you can't really understand it until you feel deep inside. Out there, on the soil of this alien world, I found myself. I stood there thinking, Liz would like this. She would like to know I did something.

Then it was all clear, the reason for things. You know, Layton, that if Liz was alive, I wouldn't be here. I'm beginning to suspect there's a pattern that we can't even comprehend because it's too vast and far-reaching for our limited perspective. I can just see a part of that pattern, and just guess at my part in it. But it makes everything much more simpler and easier. I can die knowing why...."

"I think I see."

"You will, some day." Michael's eyes were becoming dull, and the sweat stood out on his face, cold and sickly. His breathing became softer and his hands tightened on the sheets.

"I don't want to go back to earth," he said. "There is nothing there for me. Leave me here, with Elizabeth."

"What do you mean?"

"Bury me here. Promise me that you'll bury me here! Promise!"

"I promise."

"And you know what to put on the cross, don't you?"

"I think so."

"Good...good." He smiled, relaxing visibly, as if he were inviting death to take him. "Angelina," he said suddenly. He coughed. "Elizabeth." Then he said something else that Layton couldn't hear, but he knew what it was anyway. All he had to do was look into his eyes and see it plainly. Michael was still smiling.

"Hello, Elizabeth," he said. "It's nice to see you. I love you very much, you know."

"Goodbye, Mike," Layton murmured softly. "She'll take care of you now." He left the room, walking slowly, wondering at a lot of things.

It was a simple ceremony. There were only Layton and two volunteers to dig the grave. The rest watched from the safety of the ship. They laid him in the deep hole, dressed in his white linen uniform, then threw the dirt in, packing it tight with the shovels. Then the two volunteers went back to the ship and left Layton alone to set up the monument. He sat near the grave carving the inscription into the rough wood of the cross. Then he stuck it into the ground firmly and stood looking at it a moment. Then he smiled and walked back to the ship.

He sat in his quarters that night, looking at the pile of manuscripts he had written over the years. He glanced through them, then tossed them into the wall incinerator.

"I'll have to do much better than that when writing about him," he said to the walls. He opened his typewriter and put a piece of paper in the roller.

He sat there staring at it for a moment, then typed the title.

T H R E E   L O V E S   H A D   M I C H A E L



He began the first paragraph.

Somewhere, on a wind-blown plain on a forgotten planet, there is a grave. Silent, unwinking stars stare at the plain mound of alien earth, and at the simple cross and the brief inscription on it.....

### THREE LOVES HAD MICHAEL SOMMERFIELD

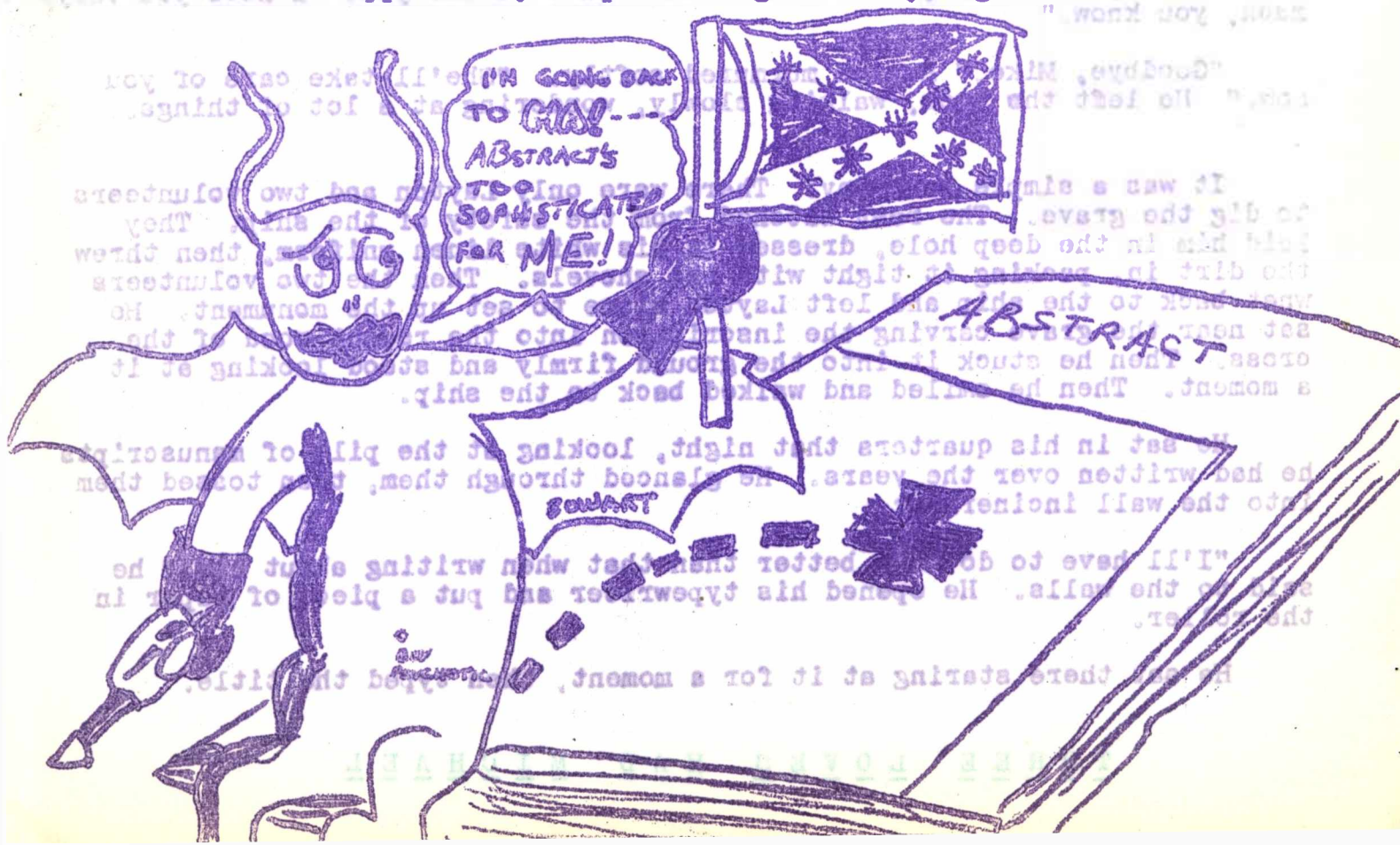
A bit purple, he thought, but there were no words strong or beautiful enough to express the final realization of his life, nor the complacent acceptance of the inevitable climax. Few could understand the strange philosophy that had ruled Michael's life, and few would accept it. He shrugged. It was complex, and needed much study. He began writing again. And as he wrote, he began to understand.

The cold wind would blow and disturb a little of the dust and sweep it in little whirlwinds across the plain under the still silent, still unwinking stars.....

T H E   E N D

#### Editor's Note:

Congratulations, Don, on a truly wonderful story, as yet unparalleled by any author, fan or pro. I am glad that I had the opportunity of publishing it in my magazine.





# WE WHO

# WAVES LAST

NO ONE KNOWS  
WHO'S WHO  
AROUND HERE  
ANY MORE!

THE **NAPAcon** REPORT by the EDITOR

with **FACE CRITTURE** by **TERRY CARR**

I was awakened at 6:30 in the morning by the tender, pearly voice of Peter Graham over the phone, explaining he was with Dave Rike and Terry Carr, and demanding my presence at the Greyhound bus depot within twenty minutes--or else.

I pulled my weary constitution out of bed, wiped the sleep from my eyes, grabbed my clothes and infamous shades (sun-glasses to the peasants) and headed toward the depot. When I arrived I saw three sad-looking individuals and an old man. I didn't have the vaguest idea who they were. I yelled out the window and stopped. These three greasy-looking guys came over and identified themselves. I remembered Terry Carr from the last time I saw him in Frisco. I was then introduced to Dave Rike and Peter Graham.

The boys informed me that the old man with them was some guy who tried to make Graham on the trip down. Brilliantly enough, the boys told me that they had had their baggage checked for L.A. and couldn't get it off at the Hollywood station. We then motored about 25 miles to Downtown L.A. to pick up their fannish baggage, in which Pete had many pictures (pornographic and otherwise) taken by him at the '53 Westercon.

Finally, after we all got back to my house, we had a little breakfast and started talking and yakking about all the latest hoaxes in the fan world. The NAPAcon was scheduled for 1:00 so we had all sorts of time. Boob Stewart, the Gafia boy himself, and his letter accusing all fan of being queer was the main topic of conversation. We talked until noon.

I quizzed Rike about doing a cover for me and asked him some assorted questions. We talked about the Fan Material pool, Vulcan, and the G.G.F.S. We talked about the Hoax we intended to pull on the boys, whereby Dave Rike would be Keith Joseph, since none of the NAPAFen had ever seen either Rike or Joseph.

As usual, one by one, the NAPafen straggled in. Stapenhorst was first, then Donnell and Wilgus, Wilhoyte, and then that sterling and beloved member of our organization, Burton S. Satz! Now we were waiting anxiously for Balint and Ellik's scheduled arrival at 3:00, before we started the actual meeting. Forry Ackerman was also supposed to arrive at that time.

MY ENEMY SATZ IS  
COMING!

Up to this point, the Rike/Joseph hoax was working perfectly. I had connived so cleverly that it couldn't help but work out. Everybody was positive that this Dave Rike was Keith Joseph.

I suggested the presentation of the Keith Joseph Award for 1954. Each year the fen vote for the most obnoxious fan of the year. Keith Joseph won the award, hands down, for 1953, and was going to be presented with the award. I purposely made many cracks derogating Mr. Joseph, as I knew the guy sitting next to me was really Dave Rike.

JOSEPH, YOU'RE  
ABOMINABLE!

The award was presented, and we were preparing the ballots for the winner of the KJA for '54. Nominees were: Keith Joseph, Warren A. Freiberg, Burton Satz and Jimmy Clem-  
ons.

ARE YOU UNDER  
THE IMPRESSION,  
VORZIMER,  
THAT YOU ARE  
BEING WITTY?

In the meantime, Keith was busy defending himself and his infamous reputation of being a notorious fanzine stealer, and fan of ill rep-

ute. During the time we waited for Balint and Ellik we re-hashed the fannish days of the Westeroon. Everybody was telling everybody else what they looked like when they were dead drunk or out cold. We, that is, Donnell and I were relating how the bed broke down with Neville and Mari Wolf on it, and other sordid things that happened.

WHERE'D YOU BOYS  
GET THE IDEA THAT  
I'M A KLEPTOMANIAC?

Peter Graham was busy tape-recording the whole thing for purposes of blackmail when he got back to Frisco, so we all had to watch our step, especially with some of our fannish ejaculations.

WE CAN'T SAY IT;  
WE'RE BEING RECORDED...

Next, our conversation turned towards the fen that weren't at the meeting. Piper's absence was felt. No more of his weird jokes. Remarks were made about his Gafia attack and that of Boob Stewart. Keith, or Joseph as everybody told him he was, got out read Stewarts' letter in which he called all fen 'queer'. He swiped it from my letter-file. He was also very busy trying to find out Piper's middle name, by also rifling through the file. I screamed at him to get out of my room, but he refused to leave. Finally, I had to go to drastic measures before he found my hidden E. C. cache which I have successfully hidden from most of the fen. I kicked him out.

HE'S A FAN IN HIS  
ACTIONS - HE TELLS  
GOOD FANNISH JOSES!

MY ROOM IS MY  
CASTLE, I  
WILL YOU!



Another question which was asked of Don Howard Donnell was whether or not the name Laddie London, that of one of the editors of STARLIGHT, was real or fictitious. Don loudly proclaimed that it was real and not a pseudonym. Burton quickly blurted out his real, full name, that of Laddie Raymond Fifield London plus another one thrown in somewhere between them that I have forgotten. (I REMEMBER.... IT'S "ROCKWELL!")

OH, STICK YOUR HEAD  
OUT THE WINDOW,  
FEET FIRST!

During all this mess, Keith or Dave whatever we called him, was constantly making snide remarks and calling everybody something or other. He proved to be a constant source of irritation to everyone.

Finally, the inevitable happened, the final chop. Somebody had to do it and Wilgus, that great fan-humorist, one-time editor of HA!, was the one for it! Keith was constantly chopping down everybody. Someone said, "Joseph, why don't you drop dead?" and at last.... someone said, "Joseph, I wish you'd die a long, horrible death." To which Wilgus said.....(above).....

I HAVE A  
PERSIAN PRAYER-RUG.

WHAT'S YOUR  
AMBITION IN LIFE,  
BESIDES BREATHING?

It seemed apparent to Balint and Ellick, who just came in, that this character portrayed as Keith Joseph was not really him, but someone else. Again I got together with Carr, Graham, and Rike for another hoax--a double hoax! We decided to have Rike, then Joseph, confess he was really Emil Portale!

The NAPA meeting started and when Donnell made the rounds of all members present, he came to Rike?Portale, and just called him "you." Everybody was beginning to get a little disgusted with the whole hoax idea, and demanded clarification. Everything was confused. Satz stood up, and blurted out.....

(ALLRIGHT, YOU  
IN THE BLUE  
SHIRT, GET UP  
AND TELL WHO  
YOU ARE!

THE LEPRACON?  
YOU MEAN EVERYBODY  
THAT ATTENDS  
GETS LEPROSY?

At last Torry arrived, distributed a few magazines not yet on the stands, and gave some interesting movie reviews and some interesting information on programs and various pros.

He was talking about Walter Huston in Europe and some guy named Ray filming Moby Dick, when I came up with the brilliant remark.....

HAY WHS?

NAPACON!!

In a round of fisticuffs, in which Satz pushed yourstraly into my record-player

THE WAY HE  
POUNDS ON SATZ-  
IT WANTS TO MAKE  
YOU JOIN THE  
S.P.C.A.

The meeting was getting pretty stiff and nothing was getting accomplished, so Donnell called a free-discussion period and everybody immediately started pounding his neighbor and cracking fannish jokes. Ellik started choking me the minute I got back into the living room. The noise in the room and the fighting reached an insufferable pitch until Don finally had to call the meeting back to order. This is one of the reasons nothing is ever accomplished.

IF YOU'RE WARREN  
FREIBERG, THEN  
I'M STAN!

Somebody asked for some clarification regarding some of the past mailings of the National Amateru Press, so we launched into the great history of our organization, starting from the first mailing, up 'til now, which was the Ninth Official NAPA meeting.

WAIT A MINUTE  
BEFORE YOU STAB  
ME!

see, water leaves a nasty stain on the living room carpet.

The meeting then broke up into a mad joke session, followed by a raid on the refrigerator. The jokes went on and on and on. Each guy telling his own few. This soon proved boring and since everybody was hungry, ended in a stampede for the kitchen.

DAMMIT SATZ, THAT'S  
YOUR SEVENTH DONUT!

thereby breaking in the front and caving in the speaker, Satz was quickly pounded on, and Peter J. Vorzimer was beaten into submission by his mother and sent to his room for maltreating animals.

WE'LL HAVE A FREE  
DISCUSSION, BUT  
NOT A FREE-FOR-  
ALL!

When it looked like we were at last getting to the bottom of this hoax bit, and finding out who Rike/Joseph was, DaveRike/Emil Portale/Keith Joseph got up, looked down at all the subservient peasants and blatantly declared that he was Warren A. Freiberg!

WE HAD A 347  
PAGE MAILING, BUT  
IT NEVER  
CAME OUT!!

Keith kept constantly cutting Peter Graham, even to the point where he was nominating him for the Joseph award, when in a moment of bad sportsmanship, Peter jumped up, drew out his push-button knife, and threatened to draw water. Keith pleaded for mercy, until Don intervened. You

HE ONLY KNOWS  
THREE JOKES, AND  
I'VE HEARD THEM  
ALL!

Initial member in this strong-arm raid on the kitchen was Satz, of course. My mom valiantly stood with her back to the refrigerator, fighting off the hungry horde, but had to give in as the boys pressed in.



Burton was the first to bemoan the fact that there was no beer. Don brought out the fact that Burton was extremely sober at the West-con and had only drank Squirt throughout the entire convention, yet managed to wind up drunk! How he did it, still remains a mystery to all of us.

Y'KNOW, YOU LOOK  
JUST LIKE I  
PICTURED JOSEPH

When the meeting was officially ended, and we all adjourned to my room, the boy in the blue shirt pulled out his wallet and proudly displayed a few identification cards branding him as Keith Joseph. My face turned a dark shade of purple and I started to attack the dear boy. Here he was pretending to be Keith Joseph when he really was him!

PARDON ME, YOU  
DIDN'T SAY "UMPH,"  
YOU SAID "GURGLE!"

We had to wake up at around 6:30 so Terry could catch the 7:20 bus for Frisco. We had a quick breakfast, and then I accumulated some material for Terry. He wanted to see the latest copy of SPACEWAYS, Ralph Stapenhorst's magazine, so I brought out a copy. True to tradition it was thoroughly unreadable.

WELL, WE HAVE TO  
SHOW THEM A COPY  
OF QUIS CUSTODIET  
—THEY CAN'T GO  
AWAY UNSCARED!

BURT GOT DRUNK  
ON A BOTTLE OF  
SQUIRT AND A HALF  
CAN OF  
BEER!

At last the supreme moment of the Con had come. This guy in the blue shirt was going to tell us who he was. I was positive that it was Dave Rike. When he got off the bus he told me so. At the NAPAcon he played both Keith Joseph and Emil Portale. Even I was beginning to have my doubts.

THIS PLAYING JOSEPH  
IS TOO MUCH FOR  
ME...

We had dinner, and a great bull-session afterwards. We sat around the dinner table trading fannish jokes, while Pete Graham came around and stuck a microphone in the face of every one who was talking. We talked into the wee hours of the morning and then everybody left. Pete Graham, Terry Carr, Keith Joseph, and Don Donnell stayed over for the nite.

IT HAS WHAT IS  
KNOWN IN ARTISTIC  
CIRCLES AS THE  
CLEMONS TOUCH!

Finally, before we left to catch the bus, I had to run in and get the latest copy of Jimmy Clemon's QUIS CUSTODIET. Don pleaded with me not to show it--to spare Terry of a horrible ordeal, but I brought it anyway. We then carried Terry to the bus and the fabulous NAPAcon of 1954 was over. Our next Con will be the WorldCon.

THE END

# FAN = FARE # 4

the fannish autobiography of

Richard

**ERWIN**

Geis

otherwise entitled:

I've Got no Beef; I'm in the prime of my Life!

I was born on a windy beach on the Oregon coast. I was nine years old at the time and seeking refuge from the flying sand under a thin blanket in the lee of a log. This is much better than the log of a lee. A friend had just deserted me in favor of the warm and sheltered comfort of the cabin our parents had rented during the summer vacation. So there I was alone. Alone with nothing to do but huddle and regard the view or huddle and regard my navel. I chose the former; I'd seen the latter many times while taking much hated baths. And in my calm and dispassionate regard of the view, I noticed a half-buried magazine a few feet away. One of the adults must have dropped it or even (horrible thot) left it to the mercy of the elements. I saved it from the incoming tide.

I don't recall the cover now, nor the stories, but I do know that I read it from cover to cover. I read it that afternoon, that night by the flare of the Coleman lamps, and the next morning. I was a slow reader at the time. But I finished it, and promptly started on another that was in the cabin. I interested my friend in the first one, and he started reading. He now has three kids and a pretty wife. I now have eleven issues of a fanzine and debts. But then, he doesn't read stf anymore. The fool. If he only knew what he was missing.

The next vivid memory I have of a stfish nature is of myself in the corner drugstore pawing over the magazine racks for more science fictionmags. One time I didn't have a dime and stole a copy of ASTONISHING STORIES. But it under my belt as I remember and buttoned my jacket over it. Man, was my heart pounding! And I remember one particluar story from that issue: it was about a pair of earth men who land on a planet and find a city that is populated, apparently, by multitudes of air-borne ctystals. They also find many many different kinds of spaceships of alien designs. But every spaceship is deserted. The go from the landing field to the nearest building and discover that it is of an educational character. They learn from it and proceed to the next building. A

It is another step in their education. They go from building to building until they are so advanced that they have no use for their bodies. They then enter the final building. A tower, as I recall. When they come out they are greeted by myriads of flashing, many colored crystals and welcomed to their ultimate society. For now they are jewels, too. I remember that story to this day. It made a tremendous impression on me.

I can remember buying, reading, collecting, and (sob) selling Asf's and Unk's during my late grammar school days and early high school years. Had I but known....I was a fan, but had not heard of fandom. Oh wasted youth. I can remember writing indignant letters to Sergeant Saturn complaining about the corn and juvenility of the letters in TWS and SS.

I can next remember reading with relish and awe the letters of Joe Kennedy and later of Oliver and later still of Les and Es Cole. I even remember Sneary. Pardon while I stroke my beard and mutter, "Ah...those were the good old days." I was passive then. My few letters had not been printed. I never forgave Freind and Merwin. It is my secret shame.

I first came upon a fanzine in the Portland Book store. I was in there hunting for a certain back issue of Astounding, when I saw on the counter next to the cash register, a pile of small half-sized booklets. They were copies of THE FANSCIENT, and luckily for me, they were volume one, number one. I bought one and enjoyed it very much. Every once in a while I returned to the bookshop to look for stuff and to buy the latest issue of THE FANSCIENT. I now have a complete collection of that most revered zine, and not once did I ever go to a meeting of the PSFS or attend the NORWESCON. I wish now I had, but I was VERY shy and bashful then. For that matter, I still am. However, I did manage to call up Jim Bradley one day and arranged to come to the organizational meeting of the ATOMBIES. That was the club which rose from the ashes of the PSFS after the NORWESCON. Unfortunately, because of a lack of interest and older members, The Atombies soon died a death of indifference.

BUT...I had had a further taste of fanzines. At the meeting I was surrounded by shouting fans who flourished fanzines in my face and urged me to buy one....buy one....buy one.... I bought one. I bought a copy of DESTINY and almost bought a copy of FUNGUS. And also I was introduced to the club newsletter.

A few months later I was feverishly writing fanstuff, sending for fanzines, and busily planning and dummyming my first fanzine. This was in 1952. THAT at least is one date I'm sure of. I haven't been giving dates during the previous parts of this story because I wasn't sure of them; my memory is a real mixed-up mess.

So I was launched. Only one thing kept me from entering fandom with my zine at that time; reproduction. I COULD NOT MAKE A HECTO\* GRAPH WORK. I still can't. That was about two years ago, but today it seems like ancient history to me. Incidentally, the zine's name was not then PSYCHOTIC. Nope, it was ABERRANT. I still like the name. I even suggested it to Tom Piper for his new zine when REASON folded, but he only used it for awhile. Now he uses FASCINATION.

Then, in April of 1953, I saw in the window of a typer company



a flat-bed ditto. I KNEW that would solve my problem. I walked in and mortgaged my soul. Two months later, in June, 1953, PSYCHOTIC #1 hit the mail. And to this day I don't know why you like PSY instead of ABERRANT. Out of my mind one day in May popped PSYCHOTIC, and the whole zine just fell into place in my mind. The departmental names were naturals, and I was happy as a lark. I untied my straight jacket and ran off in search of egoboo. I'm still running.

The vital statistics are as follows: Height 6'; Weight 160; Eyes, Brown; Hair, Dark Blond (when not gooped up with hair oil); hobbies, stf and nonsense, girls, and eating. I've had other hobbies in the past: stamp collecting, photography, and collecting pornography. The trouble with the latter is that once one has reached the point where Woodford books no longer produce the desired effect there is no legal next step. Thus far I haven't met a purveyor of really lewd-and-lascivious-literature who really had what I wanted. Ahh, Well....

Ping-Pong anyone?

-30-

-----I'm not joining any organization until I'm ready to quit Fandom!

the TEN TOP FANZINES in the U. S.!

as it stands now, I'm going to wait two months more before I make the final tallies on the TEN TOP FANZINES...I want at least 100 votes! So, if you haven't sent in your choices now, do so.

The leaders of the first three spots, that is 1st, 2nd, and 3rd are:

1st PLACE - SKYHOOK      2nd PLACE - PSYCHOTIC      3rd PLACE - INSIDE

rest of the top ten contenders are: OOPSLA! - PEON - SPACESHIP -  
HYPHEN - DESTINY - SCIENCE FICTION ADVERTISER - FANTASTIC WORLDS -  
SPIRAL - STF TRENDS - DAWN - A LA SPACE - ABSTRACT - CANADIAN FANDOM -

If you don't agree with this, don't just sit on your posterior and gripe--do something about it! Write in and let me know your choices for fandom's TEN TOP FANZINES!

by the editor (hmm?)  
editor!



SPACE HELMET  
FOR PEEPING TOMS



THROUGH RAIN,



THROUGH SLEET,



Letter  
Column

THROUGH SNOW,



ETC., ETC.

Most of you out there said you liked lots of letters..so I'm obliging!  
You'll find plenty here.....

R I C H A R D E . G E I S :

I DO wish you would steer clear of one-shots of the CRUD and SATURDAY review of TRASH type, because the type of humor you indulge in is too thick and gooey; too corny. Worse, it isn't funny.

ABSTRACT, however, is a mag of a different quality. Yeah man. Here is something to concentrate on. That cover by Cobb was plenty nice, and I have an idea that sometime late this Summer PSY might sport a lithe'd cover, too. They certainly make a fanzine. Query: how much does an 8 1/2 x 11 job like that cost?

The cover layout still dissatisfies me, because I think it would look better if you kept the top logo area separated from the picture area by that white line and did away with the vertical white line altogether. If you MUST keep that boastfully spacious "The Magazine of Fantasy" motto type thing on the cover, put it in smaller type up in the corner where a blank space now is. THEN use all the space below the horizontal white line as pic area. AND it would be a good idea to maybe keep the top logo area in black. You might even toy with the idea of using only scratch-board or low key drawings for covers. Your zine would then be "trademarked".

I drool at your repro. I simply drool.... I think Donnell is good, but Donnell, the best fan author? Tsk, tsk. I think I could write a better story than he does.... But, he is good.

You've spent so much money on the zine now, Pete, you might as well spend a bit more and get the lower-case letter guide to match the big one you used all through the issue. It would improve your layout and headings 100%.

One other thing: GAD, PETE, PLEASE DON'T DROOL OVER ME SO! I admit I'm perhaps the finest fanad this side of Boggs, but I feel rather silly when reading those accolades you give me. I mean, gee....

Ten pages for letters in #11? Ha. More like fifteen from where I'm sitting now.

As it is now, I'm only using part of your article (the one on '8th Fan@dom) in Section Eight. Browne is not leaving fandom. He may revive VANATIONS. Enclosed is my autobiography. Hope you got Willis too.

2631 N. Mississippi, Portland 12,

(( Won't argue that humour point with you. If enough people like it, I'll continue to publish it; if not, well, then I won't. I'm waiting. In answer to your query: AMERICAN OFFSET PRINTERS, 1240 S. Main St., L.A. will print up a cover similar to mine for \$6.00 ))

What the cover: The description of the changes you advised, would require a complete revision of my cover format. And this I will not do. The base of the whole thing is the blocked effect that the two crossing lines give. Too many magazines have the top set off from the bottom as you advised. As for the changes that I intend making...one will be to abolish 'the magazine of fantasy', the other will be to abolish photo-offset covers on the mag for every issue. As you can see, it is an expense! ))

B I L L R E Y N O L D S :

Thank you for the latest ABstract. No doubt you sent it as an invitation to the "X-Con". But as you now know, it arrived too late to make the arrangements to take leave from my job. I hope that it was a success. No one from the CGFS bothers to notify me of such important events; if I had learned of it a week early...

Cobb's cover is the best to appear on a fanzine. Though you went to great expense for the reproduction, that shouldn't justify any complaints on those grounds; you turned out a good fanzine too. Evidently, there can be a marriage between the pro and fan methods of publication. Didn't care for that over-hanging cliff in the foreground; it reminds me of Romantic painting and Japanese prints, it's too contrived for the subject. It juts like a cloud, but I guess Cobb was pushing perspective. Interiors were fair; the symbolism of Donnell is all too common in the prozines...it goes a long way.

"Fan-Fare", because it is a good idea has first honors. Terry easily surpassed Nydahl. Nydahl is really resting on her (?) laurels, let's not hope it's a bed of thorns to disturb her (?) quick ascent into obscurity. All my knowledge of VEGA is hearsay; I hope that mere size was not the determining factor in the annish's success. Terry gave a more detailed and interesting account of his rise in fandom, he took the trouble to find some valid factors leading him to fandom. Your next two subjects look wonderful, I've always felt proud to have had a small part in encouraging Dick Geis...at least I hope that my letters with hundreds of other fans'...to his top position with PSY. I would like to see Knapheide and Boob and Pete Graham covered in later Fan-Fares.

McKinney's "The Conquerors" is next in honors. Interesting parallels can be drawn from this yarn. The author seemed to be wishing for a surprise ending when I read the phrase "He grasped all of her hands with his", so I wearily settled back for the inevitable. But it did not turn out that way; it was a well-written little story.

"Three Loves Had Michael" by Donnell is next. Looks like a romantic Slan story. Suppose that there's some relation to space, his third love or something. Let's hope that the surprise ending won't be too bad. I like serials, though, and this is good; so keep 'em coming.

Super-Fen is an interesting highlight on Southern Calif. fen. You certainly have a lot of members in that NAPA meeting mentioned in "Looking Back". You knock off a good editorial. Didn't they have some form of awards several years ago, or even recently? If possible,



THROUGH SNOW, ETC., ETC. (continued)

I would like to see that one-shot and the first issue of AB, so enclosed is 30¢. Probably one of the best ideas yet, not accepting subs; it forces the reader to send letters. Would have enjoyed seeing LA, maybe I'll get a chance to visit...well, I'll see you and the other fen at the Worldcon. By the way, put me down for a sub on that Con report and that Annish too. As you say, that's a long way off, but please! Don't make your annish, your swan song. I'd rather enjoy a steady flame than a funeral pyre.

Letter column was well titled, but watch sequence of letters. Couldn't tell where Bowart's letter ended and Geis began. "Rest in Peace" is nicely thought out in two tones, though that black page is only good for doodling...not a bad idea. Being a letter hack by avocation does not overcome this spring-gever; and my column to Geis is nearing the deadline.

That photo section sounds good, and expensive; don't let that small matter detract you from executing a good fanzine first. Oh, yes, put a deadline on material and letters to be received, especially if you are going monthly.

A beautiful job of editing, ABstract should go far.

P.O. Box 688, Hamilton A.F.B., Cal.

(( Thank for those many compliments, Bill, I only hope I can maintain that quality for many an issue to come. One point of clarification...JOEL NYDAHL IS A 'HE!' Vega's Annish was very good, not just from mere bulk. Seems as though we've heard the last from Mr. Nydahl. Alas! Where is 7th Fandom going for There were a few unexplainable goofs in the issue you received, no doubt from the way you talked. The letter column was in good order, so you might have gotten a page stapled out of place. As for the empty sheet for doodling...you must have lucked the 3rd page of reviews. My only real explanation is that dear Martin Verno stapled about 20 issues and did a royal job of sabotage. I had to go back and re-do at least 10, therefore 10 got away. Due to lack of funds, lack of pictures, and lack of enthusiasm. No picture section will be evident in this issue nor for that matter, in quite a few issues to come. Maybe in September the Confish. That's not too far away. Only 3ishs! welcome to all

S T U A R T K. N O C K :

I received ABstract #2 and was quite surprised. It was wonderful! It was a beautiful lithographed cover; excellent reproduction! All this improvement in just two issues! Then I read it. First I perused my review...all faneds turn to the review section first...and was mildly pleased. Then the letter section...all those superlatives about Donnell's story. I figured it must be good (I hadn't read it in #1.) So I read it immediately. I liked it so well, that I went back and dragged out ABstract #1 and perused the first chapter. I can't wait for #3! Mr. Donnell is certainly an excellent author.

You ought to get another lettering guide besides the one you now use. It would lend a bit of variety to the mag. Your layout could be improved if you had more filler illos; yes I know, people aren't sending you any. I have some you might be able to use. Send me a master or

two and I'll draw something or other. That is, if you want me to.

The real top ten: PSYCHOTIC, OOPSLA!, INSIDE, VEGA, SKYHOOK, PEON, SPACESHIP, HYPHEN, DESTINY, SCIENCE FICTION ADVERTISER. ABSTRACT is in the top twenty, not the top ten. Wait a minute. Since VEGA is not being published, remove it and move up everybody a notch and place STF TRENDS in the #10 spot.

Fan Fare is a good idea, and so is that about a photo-offset section where fan's pictures can be placed. The Editorials were both good; you have an interesting style.

Keep up the quality of ABSTRACT and get some more top-flight writers, and you'll hit the top of the pile in no time.

R F D # 3, Castleton, N. Y.

Aha! Another convert to Donnellism. Man, I struck a vein of pure luck when I got a hold of THREE LOVES. I was a little afraid when the first ish was mailed but, but my fears were not justified! Everybody loves it! Don is writing these as I publish them, the third part is just now being written, as I write the letter section very early. Each time, I bite my nails anxiously awaiting the next installment, hoping that each will be as good or better. But Donnell hasn't let me down. Sorry no picture section, but hold on tight when time comes for the Conish!

B O B T U C K E R :

I appreciate your sending me issues one and two of ABSTRACT; they arrived on the 9th of the month incidentally, but then the pony mails across Kansas are a very slow thing these days and it must be expected.

I liked both issues, the second better than the first, and if that is a damaging statement you may drum me out of the N3F. The first issue was neat and beautiful, a slick-looking job really, but the second was much more personal and alive; it reflected more of your personality and carried a pleasing warmth all its own. I would also like to mention I found it colorful, but I doubt that such comment would be welcome.

Enclosed in this envelope you will find several reams of art-work, of various sizes and shapes and quality. This material was submitted to News Letter in its heyday, but will never be published there now. Perhaps you can use some of it. May I suggest that what you can't use, you pass along to other editors?

I'm hardly in a position to state my choices for the top ten fmz, from among those you have listed. Most of them are strangers to me, or vice versa. It has been some years since I've seen a fmz from Southern California, other than Science Fiction Advertiser. The LASFS used to send me a copy of their bulletin once in a while, and Rick Sneary and his cutthroat crew used to send theirs, but those days are gone forever--and perhaps the magazines as well. I receive a few, one or two I think, from Portland but that is about all from the coast.

THROUGH RAIN, THROUGH SLANT, THROUGH SNOW, ETC., ETC. (continued)

YUGA is defunct so perhaps it should be now eliminated. I think SKY-HOOK is tops, followed by (2) Science Fiction Advertiser, (3) Fantastic Worlds, (4) Hyphen, (5) Spaceship, (6) Psychotic, (7) Peon, (8) Canadian Fandom, (9) Review, (10) Oopsla!

I note a reference to a fanzine called Sapc--damn, Spaceways. Is this a new one, another one? Who's publishing it?

And finally, I'm not publishing a magazine of my own now, other than my FAPA magazine. May I send you these in exchange for ABSTRACT? Under separate cover I'm mailing a few recent issues; if you care for them I'd be glad to continue sending them inexchange for yours.

P.O. Box 702, Bloomington, Ill.

(( Originally, I stated in that little side filler where I announced that I was trying to rate the ten top zines, that they were to be U.S. fms. Since then, however, zines SLANT, HYPHEN, and CANADIAN FANDOM have been mentioned. Therefore, I am allowing some outside zines in. Regarding SPACEWAYS: its editor is Ralph Stapenhorst, living at 409 W. Lexington Dr., Glendale 3, Calif. These last three issues are pretty bad, but the next will be dittoed on my machine, which should enhance its repro. See Review Column ))

DEAN A. GRENNELL:

Was pleased and pleasantly surprised to receive ABSTRACT #2. A very interesting, attractive magazine and I liked it muchly. If you wish, we can swap and I'll put you down for the next issue of my little effort, name of GRUE. That should be out about May first but if you haven't a copy by May 15th, holler...sometimes I lose track of addresses, you see. I am really impressed at the results you get with the Rex-O-Graph. Grue was whelped on a Rexo up till last issue (#19) but #20 is off of a Gestetner, similar to mimeo, in blue ink, entire, except for the heading of the letter department, which I rezo'd. Be to get your comments on Grue and hope to comment further on ABSTRACT when I've met the FAPA deadline with Grue and can take time for a deep breath again.

402 Maple Ave., Fond-Du-Lac

(( I've heard quite a bit about the beautiful repro you got off that Gestetner, from some of my friends. They really said it was terrific. I'd appreciate it if you sent me a copy of #20 if you can spare one. ))

WALT BOWART:

Vorzimer, are you there? I got the little envelope containing Abbie.

You son-of-a-saxon churl, why did you print my letter I wrote it to you and not to every fan on your mailing list!

I am sure that you will get many letters from other fen saying how they were deceived this issue. I looked at the cover and thought the whole zine was lithoed. However, I want to tell you that ditto in my



opinion is the very next to lith and in some instances is better.

So you used some of my illos. Very poor interior art.

I think you'll get a kick out of this. Kent's English teacher proof read this coming issue of A LA SPACE before we printed it.

Be sure and look for Alice soon; the artwork's a little neater this issue, with artists such as Arden Cray, Don Duke, Bob Stewart, Shaffer, and a punk name Balt Wowart or something.

Please let me know if you're interested in a cover by me. It is in oil and I don't think you will have any trouble photographing it. It's a painting of a rocket going past the moon with a meteor crashing through its side.

I am over-loaded with covers in scratch board, ink, and opaque. I will draw "specials" if you request.

So you're a BNF, huh??? and you mean to tell me you rate ABSTRACT ahead of A LA SPACE??? Well, I don't like your altitude. (What??? -ed.)

I DIDN'T LIKE THAT CRACK ABOUT KENT AND I SHOULD BE IN A CAGE. KENT YES. ME...NO!!

306 E. Hickory, Enid, Okla.

(( Hereafter, yong man, any letters you send to 1311, are eligible for this column....if you really care not to have them printed, say so! Sorry, no offset, so can't use the cover. Probably looks darn good, though. Who said I was a BNF? I never did. I detest the damn things! Who rated ABSTRACT ahead of ALICE? That list that appeared was just a list of names,,,nothing more. Altitude? Still don't know about that cage bit.... ))

## RAY THOMPSON

Received the second ABSTRACT yesterday... though I hate to see a photo-offset zine go to ditto, I do, on the other hand, like the dittoed version better because there's more to it. But the offset cover is very nice, and proves my contention that there are good artists in fandom.

The best thing in this issue, as last issue, and probably the next, is Don Donnell's THREE LOVES HAD MICHAEL. It would seem to me that some of you enterprising people out there could, in a month or so, print the complete story in booklet form, and circulate copies through Fandom for a certain amount of remuneration. I don't suppose you'd get much of a return on the thing, because of the lack of liking for fan-fiction.

Mostly needed, of course, is artwork, and sometime when I've a large amount of spare time, I'll do a few filler illos and send the things to you. (Which is ~~left~~not to say that I'll be sending you the artwork particularly...) A few hand lettered headings wouldn't hurt matters either. I would dress up the page a bit, and you could give that single lettering guide of yours a bit of rest. But art of some kind would certainly dress up AB no end.

Glad to use all the other... Intend to use blue masters for my own mast-  
head. Can't get ABBs here in Norfolk, and I wasn't too sure whether  
any of the other kinds of blue master were any good--howsoever, the  
Pen has tried them on CONFAB. (Sovereign Blue is what they are) and  
they seem to work out all right... and blue looks a helluva lot better  
than purple.

Will you please circulate a petition requesting all writers to spell  
"BATED BREATH" with out the "I?????&!!" It gives me the impression  
of someone standing around with a piece of cheese on his tongue.

Ah, so indeed... I must go now... will continue this later.

Later... reason for delay was the fact that this was started this noon,  
after I ate dinner: having a bit of spare time, I sat down and started  
this. Then c'course, after a length of time, I had to get back to  
work.

My selection for the top ten fmz? Ah... PSYCH TIC, oh... oh hell. I  
don't think there are ten fanzine good enough... The big three, though  
would be the aforementioned PSYCHOTIC, and PEON, and SKYHOOK, in that  
order.

At any rate, you've got a pretty good fanzine here, and I hope you can  
manage to keep the thing going.

410 South 4th St. Norfolk, Neb

(( Yep, I need artwork, alright. But I got it this time! I only  
hope I can cut it into the master alright! The guys have been  
pretty nice to me as far as art-work goes. You name the artist,  
and I've got work by him. Tucker sent me a batch! When he said  
a ream, he meant a ream. Since RONNIE COBB is not a fan of any  
repute, I've been asked to give out some of his most excellent  
scratch-boards to poor deserving faneds who have litho'd mags.  
If anybody's interested, please contact me. ALRIGHT! ALRIGHT!  
I'LL GIVE MY BOOK LETTERING GUIDE A REST! Everybody's been  
hounding me on that point. I kept tearing into the master with  
my smaller ones, using that damn mimeo stylus...so I kept with  
the big one...I promise. No more. The final tallies for the  
ten top zines won't be pubbed until my July issue (2 more ishs),  
so I can get a good over-all picture. I won't even print them  
then unless I get at least one hundred. Otherwise it wouldn't  
be fair. I'd appreciate some other faneds picking up the ball  
and running a little add for this in their own zines. thanx. ))

BURTON K. BEERMAN:

I first saw a copy of your zine while I was vacationing in the mid-  
west. Then I took time to read it. The occasion was at either Mary  
Southworth's house or Orma McCormick's domicile. When I got back to  
school, I found my own copy and read it.

NAPA: No comment on the quality of the writing, but about the group  
I have something to say. Just this--the whole thing will burst like  
an over-expanded balloon. Already, there have been resignation. AFA,

Multog's group, will also die a quick death, if that is any consolation.

STORY BY TAD DUKE: The plot was hackneyed, but the writing showed a great deal of talent. I'll be watching for more stuff by this kid.

PROFILE ON TOM PIPER: Though Tom Piper was my first contact with fandom, by reason of REASON; I hardly knew a thing about him and had never seen his picture. Keep this column and focus it on the newer actifen and stay away from "cliches" like 4e, LeeH, and Ellison. I'd like to see a feature on each of the following: Ellick, Donnell, Ron Smith, Balint, Duke, and yourself.

SERIAL BY DON DONNELL: So far there is no indication that this story has anything to do with stf, fandom, or Kinsey. Nonetheless, this is some of the best fan writing I have seen, from the point of view of dialogue, description, mood.

ARTWORK: I was pleased with all of it, noting the cover as the best individual piece.

ADVERTISING: I was all set to become fandom's first "adman" until I saw this magazine. I was going to write copy for fanzine editors wanting to advertize. No fee. Just a copy of the zine. I want to go into advertising and felt that would have been a good experience. All the ads in this zine, mostly the ad for Don's zine, are tremendous!

I really like this magazine and am on a spot now. I am saving for the FanVetCon and can't afford to buy fanzines. Also, I would like to remind you that 6x15 is 90 and not 100. Can't get customers that way. Eventually, I'll start getting this magazine regularly.

One more thing: Six months to read Don's story? NO! Bi-monthly serial installments are an indignity to the fan-public.

Good luck with further issues of ABSTRACT.

Grove School, Madison, Wisc.

(( You're a little late, commenting on AB#1, but you brought up some interesting points...that being the reason why I've printed it. First: How anyone can comment on something he knows nothing about is beyond me. People talk, and it's all hearsay. A good example is that of Bill Reynold's goof in the first letter. Through hearsay he was led to believe that Nydahl was a 'she'. See what I mean? Now, back to NAPA. Just because there are now two or three good APAS in fandom now, doesn't mean there isn't a place for a fourth. NAPA admittedly, had its ups-and-downs, but we came through. I think that shows we're not ready to burst. All members who quit, are now back with us...all the misunderstandings have been ironed out. We are back again...and as of June 1st, in full strength. I think the org will go a long way. Second, just sit tight and bear with me through the Donnell story and you'll see some S&F yet.

As for your being fandom's first "ad-man", you'd have to go along way to beat Roy Squires. I have no idea as to your age, but you'd be pretty old if you were pubbing in 1944 or so. Thassall. ))



THROUGH BAIN, THROUGH ALBANY, THROUGH BROWN, ETC., ETC. (cont'd)

JOHN G. FLETCHER:

The cover on ABstract was beautiful. Very good. Excellent. Scratchboard, I presume.

That Cobb is an expert with scratchboard. How come he isn't doing more work for other mags?

I'm sorry and happy to see the dittoing. Can't make up my mind which yet.

Donnell is an excellent writer and I'm proud to say, a friend of mine. (But Warner is still as good as him; ((Warner's a friend of mine, too, but he won't be if he doesn't hurry up with that story that we're writing together)).

Enclosed find a story that you might be able to use in ABstract.

348 Oak Road, Glenside, Penn.

(( If you read "Super-Fen" in the last issue, you'll remember that Cobb, Shoemaker, and Duke, the "Three Boys from Burbank," have quite a place of their own. Lately they've been doing some background art for CBS...and have sent in some covers to some of the leading SF mags. They're not what we'd (referring to fandom as a whole) call "real fans". They read SF and enjoy it, but have no great liking for publishing fanzines or submitting other than to just a few. Somehow, the boys are even too busy to mail out their submissions to me. You'll see more of them as soon as I can get around to twisting their arms. ))

BOB BLOCH:

I am most grateful for a look at ABstract...and as in the case of Carol McKinney and her DEVIANT, the only reason I'm not able to offer a more lengthy comment is the press of personal affairs at the moment; my wife is still in the hospital and I've no time in which to do proper justice to the content of the 'zine. The Rex work turns out nicely, and the cover is outstanding; you'll probably attract more interior artists as AB continues to appear. Interiors seem to be the only weak spot now...material otherwise very nice indeed. The west coast renaissance seems to be in full swing! Hoping you are the same...

Box 362, Weyauwega, Wisc.

(( You're right, that Rex is a god-send. I've made at least half a dozen converts. Donnell is using my Rex for STARLIGHT #4. Ralph Stapenhorst is using it for SPACEWAYS #4. V. Paul Nowell will be using it for DIFFUSE #2. And now, Peter Graham is firmly convinced that ditto is the method for him! The operation is simple, clean, and extremely accurate. I think the interiors will continue to improve with future issues. The West Coast is indeed the most active part of Fandom in the U.S. Sorry to hear about your wife. Hope she gets well as soon as possible. Glad you liked the mag. ))

THAT'S ABOUT IT FOR THE LETTER SECTION....WRITE IN...LETTER GETS YOU A FREE COPY....DEADLINE FOR JUNE ISSUE IS MAY 18 or so. PJV



where all good

fanzines come

to rest.....

REST IN  
PEACE

UMBRA: John Hitchcock - 15 Arbutus Ave., Baltimore 28, Maryland. No.?

My ghod!, that cover! It looks like a wishy-washy Picasso-type Nowell cover. Still, in all, it makes a good effect. One outstanding flaw in the issue is that it lacks inside illos. You'd be surprised at how much your readers notice this sort of thing. The mimeoing is only fair--the dittoed part is little better but more readable and easy on the eyes. A good idea would be to abolish the mimeo altogether and stick with the ditto. Article "Hartfor Speaks" is totally unreadable. All told it has some interesting points, what they are I don't know. Df

VULCAN: Terry Carr - 134 Cambridge St., San Francisco 12, Cal. No. 4

As a whole, one of the neatest, best laid-out mags around today. Very good cover by Hopkins on orange paper. Lots of good material inside on colored paper--and the surprising part is that it's very, very readable. Excellent mimeography--about as good or better than that of Calkins on Coopers! (which by itself is excellent!) Column by Watkins is pretty good. Some mediocre fanzish poetry. An interesting contest--a sort of "guess-the-fan" affair. The Scarf by Don Cantin was so-so, with gruesome Rike illos to accompany it. This promises to be one of the best mags in future fandom. With some minor improvements--maybe just a wee bit more material like some articles, it will be on the 'top ten' Q? A!

STE TRENDS: Lynn Hickman - Box 184, / 534 High St., Napoleon, Ohio. No. 14

The multi-licking on this mag, gives it slightly a professional appearance. The cover is very good--loaded with females, drawn by Don Duke. As I flipped to the inside, I was kind of disappointed. I can't quite put my finger on it. Too much written material...print too small. I'm not quite sure. Big, blocky letters for headings, and interesting column. Lynn isn't the typical fanned, being much older, and you can see it in his mag. Lynn has an article, a very short one, on Ilete Jones. I guess most of us know that PJ is really IN...so why bother? Same with Arden Gray. It's pretty widely known. I was quite impressed with the size and some of the inside illos. Quite good. Needs improvement. C

RENAISSANCE: Joe Semenovich - 155-07 71st Ave., Flushing 67, N.Y. No. 4

This zine really does come out irregularly! From the contents page, which doubles as the cover, it seems to have some pretty good stuff on the inside. Material by Bloch, Ganley, Elsberry, Wetzel, Kirk, and BGWarner. Joe wrote me that this will undoubtedly be his last issue for quite awhile as he expects to be drafted by the end of April or the beginning of May. This is by no means a finis..Joe says he's thinking of continuing it at a later date. Haven't got around to the fiction yet...I'm with Balint. I'll wind up reading it before the weeks' over though. Altogether good, lacks any illos whatsoever, which is a sore spot...detracts from the issue. Otherwise good. C



FOG: Don Wegars - 2444 Valley St., Berkeley 4, California. No. 3

Aha! Aha! Here is the mag I've been waiting for. This is it! Definitely a successor to PSYCHOTIC. With the exception of the cover, poorly done by either artist or stenciler, by Ted White, the mag is really great! This isn't much to say, but the Contents page is very striking--really well done for a seemingly unimportant page. The dittoing is excellent. Great material by Fletcher, Carr, Ellis, Thompson, Geis, Nock, Beerman, and Verzimer. I wish to give a tip of my editorial hat to Mr. Wegars for his most excellent magazine. One minor thing: if he could give more pages, he'd be up on the top ten or twenty. A superb fanz for its third issue. The reason I call him a SUCCESSOR to PSYCHOTIC is, of late I've found PSY to have fallen into some sort of a hole...to dead-pan serious...no umph! Don has all of this. Great repro--great everything. Watch this. A/

SCIENCE-FICTION ADVERTISING: Roy Squires - 1745 Kenneth Rd., Glendale, Cal

This is definitely a fine magazine. I'm still contemplating whether or not it is worth the 20¢ or not...after all, it is primarily an ad-zine and the fiction is payment for reading the ads...thereby declaring the price a wee bit too high. However, if you like all that it's got...it's worth it. Excellent offset...advantage has been taken in the use of this most excellent form of reproduction. Again, the voice of experience. Writing and reviews are good. Other than that, it has lots of ads...some interesting...some not so. One thing, the ads are kept down to a happy medium with the prose. Makes it more readable. Beautifully illoed and beautifully laid out. B/

SPIRAL: Denis Moreen - 214 Ninth St., Wilmette, Illinois. Number 7.

I've heard a lot about this zine and how it will be the forerunner of Eighth Fandom and all that sort of rot, but had never seen an ish before. My main comment: From what I've heard, it is overrated. Oh, that doesn't mean it's not good, in any sense...it's just that I didn't get what I'd expected. First thing that hit me was the color paper. I don't mind colored paper in the least...a wonderful example being VULCAN, but to pick one single nauseating color and keep it throughout the entire issue, well... Material was quite good, however, and enjoyable. It seems to me, now, after I've seen an ish, that personality, the editor's is what sells it to the fan. Letter section long and interesting. Mimeography excellent...shows experience. Would like to have seen previous issues to find out if it has improved over previous issues. Looks very promising...tho should get a lot better. B-

SEE TEE: Peter Graham - Box 149, Fairfax, Calif. Number 8. (very late)

The three color mimeography on the cover and the contents page, the white ink on the black paper inside, the red on white, and the colored paper, give indication that for a post-card mimeo job, this is the best! But comparing it, material-wise and format-wise, in bulk, against Fandom's other zines, it doesn't come out so good. However we must remember price, and Mr. Graham has no false idea about what his zine is worth. The price? 3¢ And well worth reading. Pretty good altogether. It should get better and better with future issues. Send just 3¢ B/



THURBAN I: Warren Dennis - 511 Plaisance Ave., Rockford, Illinois. #2

Ordinarily, I would not review this mag, except for the fact that it was marked for review. This mag is the neo-fan's delight. Another Picasso type drawing, this time by Dennis. The cover is a night-mare! Completely scribbled, marks the mag for Neos of distinction. It is date-marked July, 1953, but he wants it reviewed...so I'll review it. Terrible. The first issue, with the two Bob Stewarts was a little better...but not by much. This second ish contains material by Bunan, Dennis, Dale R. Smith, Jim Leary and Jerry Hopkins. Not much. Really an all-Dennis issue. Material by other fen would help. The paper-stock, nicely colored, goes to no use because of the lousy illos, etc., the repro itself is not too bad. Still has to go a long way. Look for this one in about 6 months. Not now. D-

SCIENTIFICTION STORIES: John Walston - Vashon, Washington. Number Two.

Criticism in a nutshell: Too much fan-fiction. Poor or fairly poor inside illos. Cover---fair. No color work, which is bad, considering the mag is dittoed. Not enough pages. No contents page. Compliments in a nutshell: The single color, purple, shows up well. Some of the illos are fair...almost good. Like David H. Keller and Don Wegars in this issue. The waste of space is a shame...and still only 28 pages! A mag of this type (quite similar to my own) should have at least a 32 page minimum...and not waste it. John seems to have the same trouble as I did with my last issue...only one lettering guide...and if I'm not mistaken, I think it's a stenso and not a lettering guide after all! Buy one...or two, rather, upper and lower case and you're all set. Other than that, pretty good. J-

SPACESHIP: Bob Silverberg - 760 Montgomery St., Brooklyn 13, N.Y. #24.

Here is another mag which I am seeing for the first time (SPIRAL was the other) and again I must say that I'm a little disappointed. I feel that it is highly overrated. Just because it is #24, means nothing as far as improvement goes...although I haven't seen any previous issues. The mimeography is excellent, and on good paper...but only 26 pages! Can't a fanzine have at least 32 pages? I put out a mag with 100 trades, nothing more, nothing less. My mag has numerous pages (more than 40) and I expect to receive the equivalent of 32 pages from the 8 1/2 x 11 mags, otherwise I feel myself cheated. When evaluating the price of a single issue of mine...I'm paying much more than a dime for each trade I get, but rarely if ever, get my dime's worth. This is one such zine. BNF's or no BNF's they definitely don't make up for the lack of material. What is in the zine however, is excellent. Silverberg, Dard, Boggs, Carr, & Hirschorn. Good B-

THE COSMIC FRONTIER: Stuart K. Nock - R. F. D. # 3, Castleton, N.Y. #8.

Here is an up-and-coming mag. I'll take three of these ahead of some of the aforementioned mags. This zine has a future! Except with a complaint regarding format size, I have no great criticisms against the mag. Oh yes, one bone to pick. Color. Color carbons cost no more than the plain purple carbons...so why not purchase a few and give some life to your zine? Material by Nock, Wegars, Christoph, and Vorzimer. Wegars' column a very interesting highlight of the zine. I like the reviews. Stu uses the same system I do. Altogether thin and small...but very, very good. B/

SPACEWAYS: Ralph Stepenhorst - 409 W. Lexington Dr., Glendale, Cal. #3

Fellows, if you're on the market for an atrocious zine...by all means get this one. Ha! So you thought REASON was bad! Well, you sint seen nothin' until you take a gander at this one. I'm surprised they haven't run into law-suit. They did a little filler picture of Chesley Bonestell that wouldn't do justice to the Creature from the Black Lagoon. 'Ole Chas would have cat fits, ef he ever saw this one. He'd flip. Mimeography is so bad...bad to the point that I have found the entire issue unreadable...at least with Piper's, if you set your mind to it, you could read it. With this it is physically impossible. And in his editorial, Mr. Stepenhorst says that the reason he only printed on one side is so that it would be more readable. HA! Nevertheless, I know Ralph, and he's a great ed! Next ish will be run on my ditto. F

PROTON: P. L. Shaeffer - 2322 N. Beachwood Dr., Hollywood, Cal. No. 1

Here is really a terrific new zine! Park, a newcomer to fan-pubbing, has really done better than some faneds who've been publishing a year or more. Geis' fan-column is something unusual and very good. I believe most of his predictions will come true at some time or another. That art portfolio by Carr is something! Those three dittoed pages really make the art stand out. He's lucky to get such great material. Nydahl's bit was so-so...good if you're a BNF. Other material by Ellison, Tucker, Donnell and yours truly. All told, with three kinds of repro and the top-notch material this is about the newest and best mag in Fandom. Watch this one. Try it. Only 15¢. A

BREVIZINE: Warren A. Freiberg - 5369 West 89th St., Oak Lawn, Ill.

Aha! Here is fandom's favorite! Although thoroughly despised by most of fandom, Mr. Freiberg puts out a good fan-fiction zine. Oh, he blurbs and blurbs...but not in this issue! It seems like he turned over a new leaf. As far as I'm concerned, Brevizine, to me, was always a pretty good mag. Granted, all the fiction was not good...but what can be expected of a fanzine that prints solely fiction. After all, that's the editorial policy. I've read it since the 1st issue..and I like it. Their use of E.R.Kirk shows poor taste. Ray Bradbury Jr., that is, Bobbie Gene Warner (how old is he, anyway?), is pretty good..nothing outstanding. Also very noticeable through recent issues are the E.C.-type yarns. Color mimeography would help C

PSYCHOTIC: Richard E. Geis - 2631 N. Mississippi, Portland 12, Oregon #10

The more I think about this zine, the more I think it fell down a little bit with this last issue. No, it's not the blue pap...I think it's fairly good...purple, in my opinion, still stands out better, unless you have the blue mixed with other colors. That 24lb. paper is great, but who can afford it? Physically, it is as good as any other issue, but material-wise it fell down. Cover was poor...and not just because I didn't understand...just poor. POOR COVER ON PSYCHOTIC!?! Back to Rike....lay off 'de' --for just a little while, huh? Browne article was trash. Kessler's column was the only good thing in this. B-



# LOOKING BACK

Now, we come to my favorite part of this magazine. The part where I am free to ramble away to my heart's content. I particularly like having a second editorial in the very back of the mag, so I can go over and apologize for some of my goods and typos before the threatening letters come pouring in.

Naturally, I was a little disappointed at the cover, but since \$6 is \$6 and nothing to be laughed at, I decided to hold off the offset cover for this month. Next month, I'll have one, you may be assured of that. The cover is simple and just serves its purpose, nothing more. Next issue will also see a better contents page. Next issue will contain some more face critturs...this time copied a little better. The letter column and the reviews are up to you. Enough, ABSTRACT is 44 pages this time and I think the biggest mag being published to day.

I've been asked quite a few question regarding the ditto process, and surprisingly enough most of them have come from boys I know, who are using ditto themselves. First off, this entire issue (110 copies.. 100 for circulation...10 for the files) was done with only six reams of paper which I secure for \$1.35 per ream or a grand total of \$8.10. Next is the fluid...which takes the place of ink in other processes. That costs \$3.50 per can and I get two issues off one can, amounting to \$1.75 for fluid for this. Lastly, the carbons. When buying 50 carbons (purple master units), I get them for 6½¢ apiece. The other colored ones cost the same and separate masters cost 1¢ apiece. I used up 12 green carbons, 8 blue, and 3 red amounting to \$1.32, plus 40 master units amounting to \$2.60. The grand total comes to \$13.77 for ABSTRACT #3.

All this goes to prove that it can be very inexpensive. Yet it works out to more than 13¢ for the single copy. That's why I gripe when I get zines marked for a dime in trade with mine, that have only 24, 26, or at the most 28 pages, without color, good art-work and that you can hardly read. Do you blame me? This 13¢ I counted on does not count my mailing them in a brown manila envelope (1¢) and 4¢ postage, bringing the total up to 18¢ per single issue. Anyone for GAFIA?

Now, regarding the physcial job of reproduction (of a fanzine, I mean). To get more than a single color on a page, I slip out the one colored carbon from in back of the master and slip a different colored carbon behind. Simple? In doing my fanzine reviews, I make a total of five changes. One for the different colored heading and one for each of the four mags that go on one page. In art work, you have even more trouble, for if you move while changing carbons, while copying someone's art work, you can easily ruin the whole thing.

Just came back from watching "March of Scotland Yard" on T.V. March is portrayed by Boris Karloff, who makes a handsome, debonaire, sleuthful private eye-type bobbie in G-#3 the departmen of QUEER COMPLAINTS. Yep, you saw it right, the department of QUEER complaints. Oh, its not what you think it is...boy this guy gets all the problems. It makes an interesting half hour of T.V. Me, I'm waiting for the BRADBURY SERIES. But it looks like I'll be waiting a heck of a long time...they haven't even started shooting them. Maybe in the fall...



Look! More space! Another whole page of it! Shucks, I can fill it up and even more! I think I'll widen my margins....that ought to do it, just like Geis does...get more for your stencil money this way. Why be a space-waster? Get your money's worth. Now, let's see, where was I? Oh, I think I'd better tuck in just a little bit...can't trust these Rexos, they might snip bff a little bit...and we wouldn't want to lose one precious word. Would we? Don't answer that one! T.V. was pretty good tonight that's one of the reasons I didn't go to the show tonight. Also a good reason was the fact that I wanted to get AB finished. And it is...in more ways than one! No, I didn't mean it.

Fandom should come out of its little slump this summer when all the kids are free from the shackles of school and go chuckling away to their machines to run off eight or nine fanzines at a time. I wonder what will become of 7APA? The foundation is falling apart. I guess this isn't news. NAPA activities are at present, a little subdued. We are still in the formation stage and will begin 'en masse' on June 1st. Hmmm. Same day as you receive AB#4. ~~MMMMMMMM~~BOY! I'm thinking of that Conish right now. I can just see myself hanging by my ankles at the con, from a chandelier, snapping pictures of everybody. All for the sake of ABSTRACT. You who will be at the CON in Sepp. will be able to recognize me as the one who is always snapping the pictures. 48 pics in the CONish...Face Critturs... Con Reports by Carr, Graham, Joseph, myself. Also reports on the other cons going around in the U.S. at the same time.

NOTE TO KENT COREY; WALT BOWART; DON CHAPPELL; VAL WALKER; AND ALL OKLAHMOA (gee! is that 'oklahoma? "...looks like one of the Hawaiian Islands( At any rate, why are you'ahl gunna hav a Cunvenshun down thair wen aul you'uns hav to do is thumb a ride to San Fran. Yul have a much better time. Awr you'uns afraid thet sum of the NOWTHENERS might whip yowah tail if'n you'ahl cum up? Huh? \*S that it? Yellow-livered Rebs!\*

You should see my room. Twenty-two piles of ABSTRACT sheets all over the floor in assembly-line style. What a mess! My mom sighs that it's hopeless and locks me in my room. One thing...she's always decent to me at feeding time...when the little trap opens and the tray of food comes sliding in, she doesn't slam it on my fingers any more like she used to. I haven't shaved in all of my seventeen years and man! OH! I ALMOST FORGOT! MY GHOD!HOW COULD I? I must tell all. MAY 7th is MY birthday. THREE CHEERS FOR ME! (Please mail all presents to the same address.) Yowsah. I'm gettin' to be an old man. One of the ancients in Fandom.

Next thing I want is an Electric Typewriter. One of you wealthier fans out there....wouldn't that make a lovely birthday present. It would? For you? Ohhhhhh.

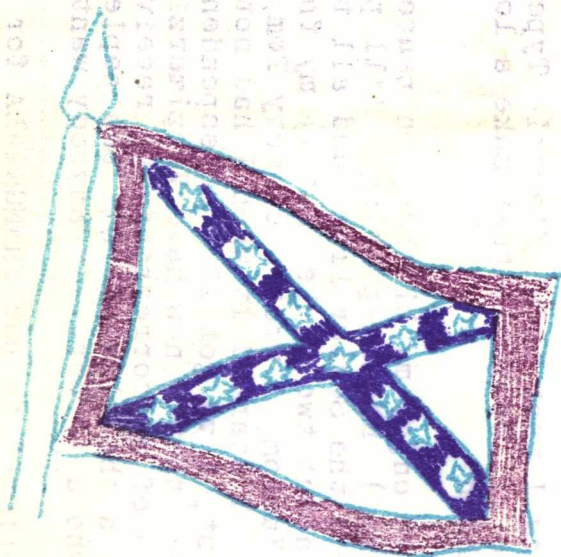
Well, I'll enjoy my birthday in peace. (Yeah, one piece here and one piece there.) No fan-pubbing. I'll probably start around the 15th because there's the Senior Prom, and all that sort of hog-wash coming up. So, I'll get about two weeks rest...my fan-mail never lets me rest. When I started in Fandom, I wrote to every Tom, Dick and Harry. Now I write to everybody. I started it when I had nothing better to do, and now when I'm the busiest, I've got 107 correspondents. You don't believe it? HA! It got so bad...that I now have Vorzimerzine, a dittoed letter-type news-sheet which 49 of my correspondents receive...that alleviates some of the work. I have a checklist of all the people that I've dittoed to keep tabs on who owes who a letter. If anybody wants a copy I'll send it. Very dull.

I was supposed to pub SHANGRI-LA for the L.A.S.F.S. but at the present time I'm too bushed. I've pubbed 14 magazines in the last 9 months and I'm headed right for GAFIA.....no, that's not true, but I am bushed Whew&!!!

FROM:

VORZIMER

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ANGELES, CALIF. (215)



79:

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