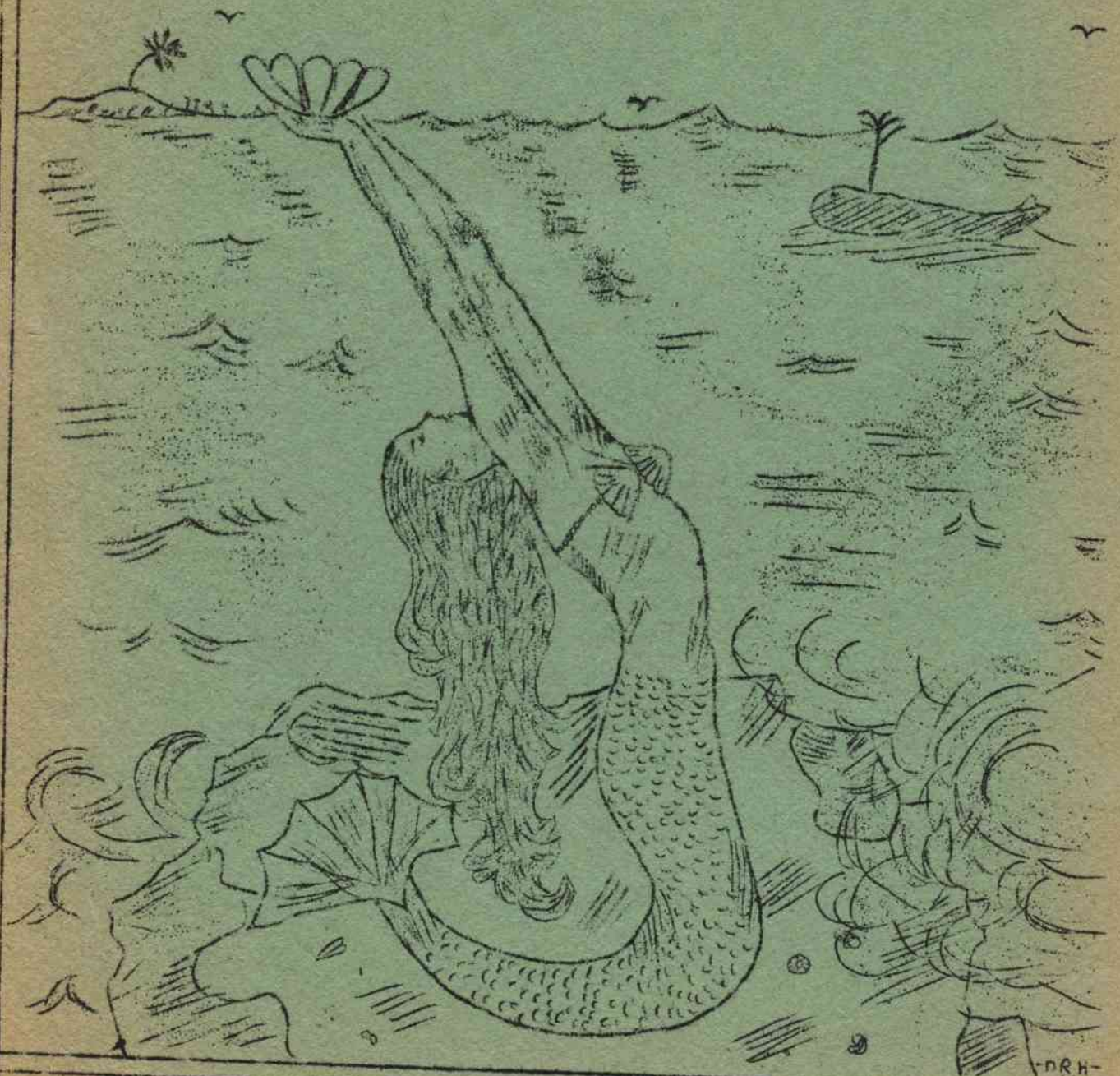


DEVIANT

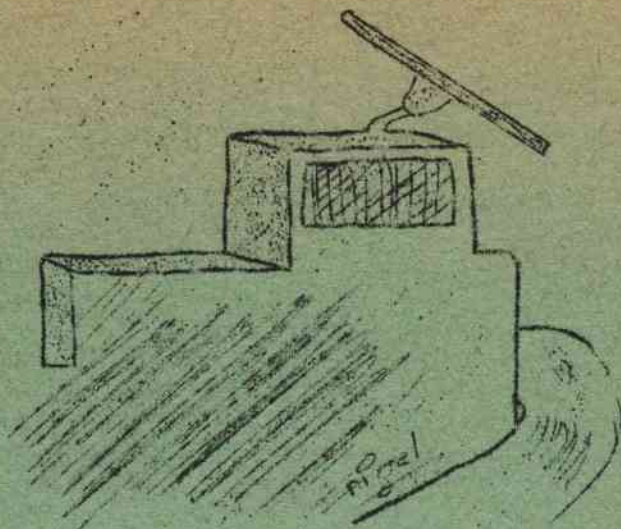
#1

MARCH 1954

15¢



SEA SONG



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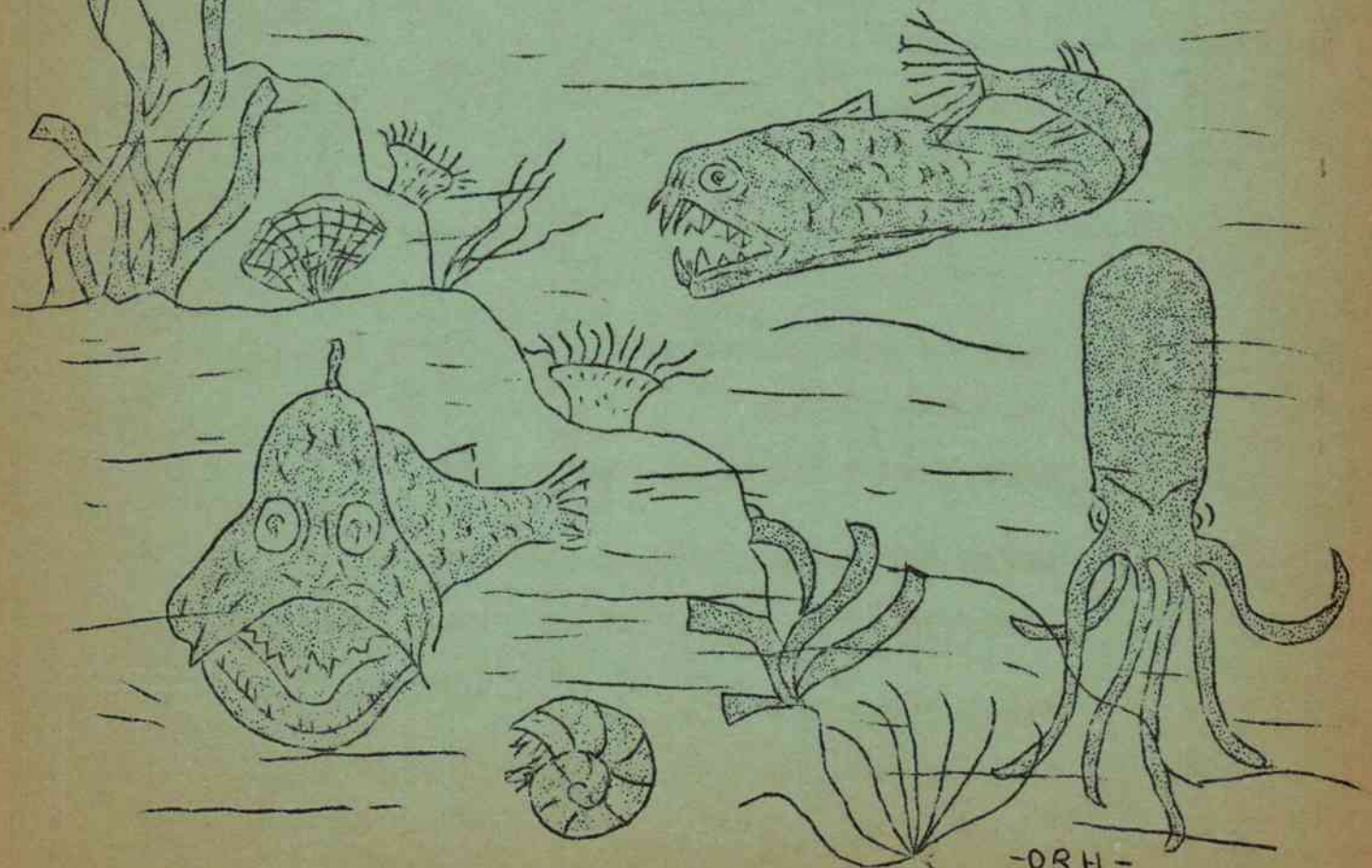
- SEA SONG -

Sing to me the song of the ocean,
Cooling, caressing the sanded shore,
Sing again of those emerald waters,
Remember the sound of the breakers' roar.

Sing of myriad lives unknowing,
Teeming beneath anonymous waves,
Plants more strange than on distant planets,
All, unknown to the land-bound slaves.

Sing to me this green sea ballad,
Painfully haunting the memory's eye,
Sing of sea spray's often magic,--
While on alien deserts we lie.

--Carol McKinney



-DRH-
'54

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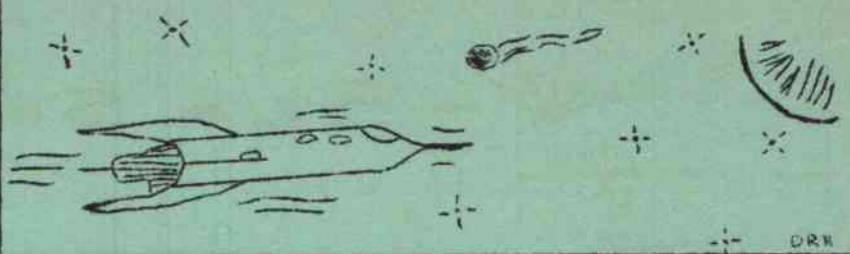
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1 page-----75¢

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A DEVIOUS PUBLICATION



A STATEMENT OF POLICY

There will be no set rule for the type
of material printed in forthcoming ishhs of
DEVIANT. An article, story, or other feature
will be considered for its own merits and not
how it may compare with others. If material is
rejected it will be either because it is poor-
ly written, uninteresting, or because we may
already have too much of this type of material
on hand.

An article or story will not be rejected
because of possible controversial subjects, un-
less it is also poorly written and/or uninter-
esting.

Any material submitted that is not ac-
ceptable will be sent to the Fanzine Material
Pool, (described later in an article by Terry
Carr), unless its author specifically requests
its return.

All artwork and manuscripts must be accom-
panied by stamped envelopes so that in case of
rejection the material may either be forwarded
to the Fanzine Material Pool or returned to its
owner, whichever he may prefer.

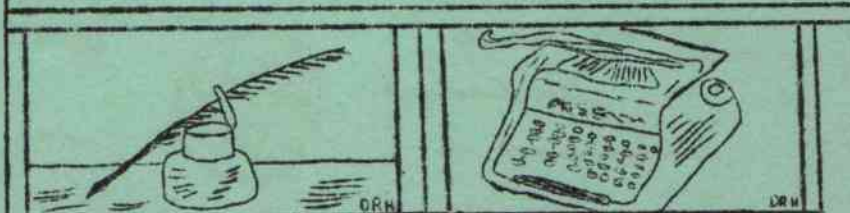
Authors and artists of accepted work will
be notified promptly, and also those whose
material is being sent on to the Fanzine Mater-
ial Pool.

Word Limits:

Stories: 2,000 words. (Longer only if the
story is very outstanding). No more
than 2 stories will be printed in
any issue of DEVIANT.



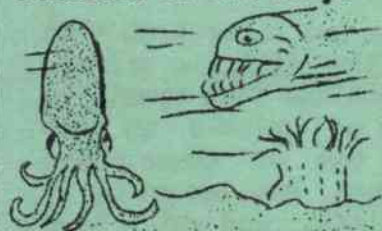




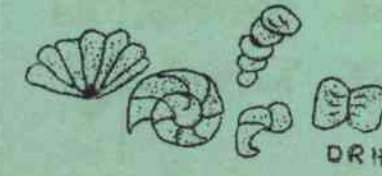
Articles: 3 pages, single-spaced. (May be
longer if it is of extreme inter-
est and exceptional quality).

Poems: No more than one page.



THEN — AND — NOW
--4--

SONG OF THE SEA--CONTENTS

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THE BREAKERS ROAR



...And the waves go out again and are forgotten. You may look back over some twenty-odd years of fandom and never recall a tenth of the many fanzines which were born during that period. Most of these were created by young eager faneds, who became bored or uninterested after the first flush of enthusiasm, letting their projects die either an abrupt death or a slow, indifferent one. Of course, there are the shining examples of those who stuck with it, past the first excitement and on to the higher satisfactions of progressive improvement and creative efforts. There are a few zines today which have lasted a surprising number of years and are still going strong.

We don't expect DEVIANT to please everyone; a zine has never been that was all things to all fan. But it is to be hoped that the creative efforts here and in the months ahead will be considered well worth the time spent in reading them. Perhaps DEVIANT won't be forgotten quite as quickly in the years to come as others have been. And maybe it will be one of those zines which have managed to stay around a little longer than usual, how can we tell? The road to a well-known place is paved with good intentions, and while ours are of the best right now, who can say what unforeseen circumstances could force us to suspend publication any time in the months to come??? We are the original optimists... but it is said that optimism is an acquired trait gained only after you've faced the worst and have refused to let it worry you.

It is the usual policy for a new faned in his/her first editorial to recount the various circumstances under which the new zine is making an appearance. Some of these accounts even turn out to be quite interesting... But just so those to whom it matters won't be disappointed---

The idea of DEVIANT occurred last summer,--and that's all I ever thought it would be. It seems that a little item like a duplicating or mimeo machine is necessary to turn ideas into actualities. But a few hints dropped now and then produce wonders, and Xmas morning there was a B-I-G box under the tree. You'll never guess what was in it...

The only other fan in this town suddenly found herself Assistant Editor, and Dorothy Hansen, up in Richland, Washington, deserves a large portion of the credit for agreeing to take on the job of Art Editor, and giving freely of her talents. (Be it now known that the original drawings she sent me were breathtakingly beautiful in every line and detail, and if they don't seem so, put the blame where it belongs--on your inexperienced editor. Perhaps care and patience can partly make up for inexperience,--I hope so. Cutting artwork on a stencil exactly like the original takes hours of practice...and I promise to improve in times to come.)

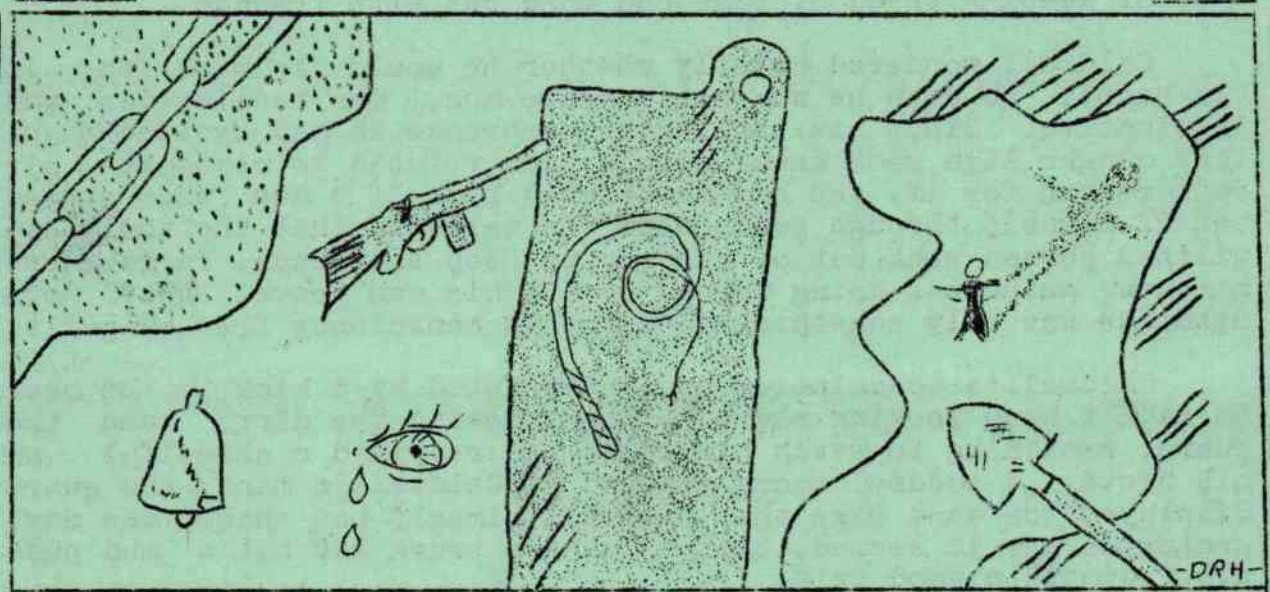
It is doubtful if many of you are familiar with the name under the title on the opposite page, but quite a few more would readily recognize him if this pseudonym were replaced by his rightful one. Upon being asked if I should make it known, he replied that people today have too little curiosity, and should be allowed to stew awhile. So STEW!

Carol McKinney

THE GRAVEDIGGERS

by HAROLD BUNAN

(1,400 words)



Robert Caldwell threw a shovelful of earth up out of the trench and dropped the blade of the tool to the ground. Then he leaned his weight upon it and wiped the perspiration from his forehead with what passed for a sleeve. As he looked up and down the ditch at his fellow slaves, an expression of sadness crept into the deeper lines of strain already etched upon his pale, half-starved face.

"These men who will soon be sharing my grave with me don't deserve to die," he thought. "They're only guilty of being born into a free country and trying to protect it."

Under the filth and grime was the face of an intelligent man and the crushed dignity of one who was once respected and important. His hair had begun to turn gray, before an ungentle urging to acquaint himself with the soil had turned it to a muddy brown. His body was wrinkled, not from age, but in the manner of a person who had once been well-fed and prosperous. He had come a long way from mayor of a small California town to slave; a very long way.

A sentry approached, jabbering in some Asiatic tongue that Caldwell hadn't learned. With an expression of infinite patience Caldwell picked up his shovel and resumed work.

"Wish I had that cigarette he's smoking," he thought covetously. "Wonder how long it's been since I've enjoyed a good cigarette? A year? Two years?" He sighed in resignation.

To answer that question he would have to estimate how long a shooting war had been going on between the U. S. and Russia, then subtract about three years from the total. He shook his head hopelessly. What was the use of trying to solve the problem? His mind had forgotten the finer points of mathematics; and if that weren't enough reason, he needed his strength, both mental and physical, for facing death like a man. Besides, the calendar method of keeping track of time had gone out with freedom.

Caldwell wondered briefly whether he would die with fear in his heart. He knew he was not a brave man. The realization was instinctive. Since his earliest remembrance he had avoided physical danger like some dread disease and refused to recognize his real reason for it. He had considered himself a man who stayed out of trouble through good sense; he believed that the truly civilized person went out of his way to keep the peace. It came to him now, as he was being forced to dig his own grave, that his attitude was only something to keep his conscience free of guilt.

Caldwell's speculation was interrupted by a kick in the back. He hadn't been looking where he was throwing the dirt, and the guard, remaining to watch him work, had received a shovelful on his boots. A sudden memory stabbed at Caldwell's mind; the guard displayed the same rage that Caldwell himself had showed the day, centuries ago it seemed, that a laundry truck had hit a mud puddle, ruining a good suit.

Caldwell pulled his face out of the mud, wiped it off as best he could, and glared helplessly at his tormentor with hate-filled eyes. Slowly, he got to his feet. He looked around at the other men in the ditch. They covertly watched his reaction to this commonplace outrage, and were only mildly surprised when he picked up his shovel and continued his work.

The guard realized that he wasn't going to get a fight out of a man already doomed to die. He smiled in the superior way all conquerors had as he started to turn away. That was his mistake. With all his meager strength, Caldwell threw his load of dirt into the guard's face, along with the shovel. The stricken man dropped his rifle with a scream and covered a bleeding face with his hands. Wild hope was a painful thing as Caldwell grabbed the rifle before it hit the ground and turned it on the nearest sentinel, who was just turning to investigate the scream. The man died without a sound.

At the same time, one of the men who had been working beside Caldwell leaped out of the ditch and ended the blinded sentry's life with the blade of his shovel. Blood spurted from the severed jugular and he fell, twitching his life away.

It all happened so suddenly that those who were working on the other end of the project were unable to comprehend what was going on. The day had been normally dull, filled with backbreaking labor, lashing whips, and the knowledge that a merciful and welcome death was not far away. The next minute, everyone in every part of the compound was struggling with an enemy, calling upon the strength of desperation. The slower-thinking ones who were caught unaware soon thought no more.

Caldwell was still firing at every uniform in sight. Other rebels had quickly recovered from their surprise and were taking their share of vengeance upon those who had made their lives and the lives of their families intolerable. Bullets were flying in all directions. Shovels or any other weapon men could lay their hands upon were striking with all the speed and accuracy that men experienced in their proper use could drag out of their determination.

"They're gonna kill us anyway," Caldwell yelled hoarsely, "So let's take the bastards with us!"

With renewed energy he returned to the fray, until one of the stray bullets found him and he crumpled to the ground. When he returned to consciousness, he was aware of a racking pain that began in his head and extended throughout his wasted body. His tormented eyes opened and closed again. He groaned. When he again opened his eyes with an effort, he could distinguish a form in the background. The form leaned toward him and he heard the soothing voice of his wife. Her face swam before his eyes, then they focussed and he could see her more clearly. He managed a weak smile.

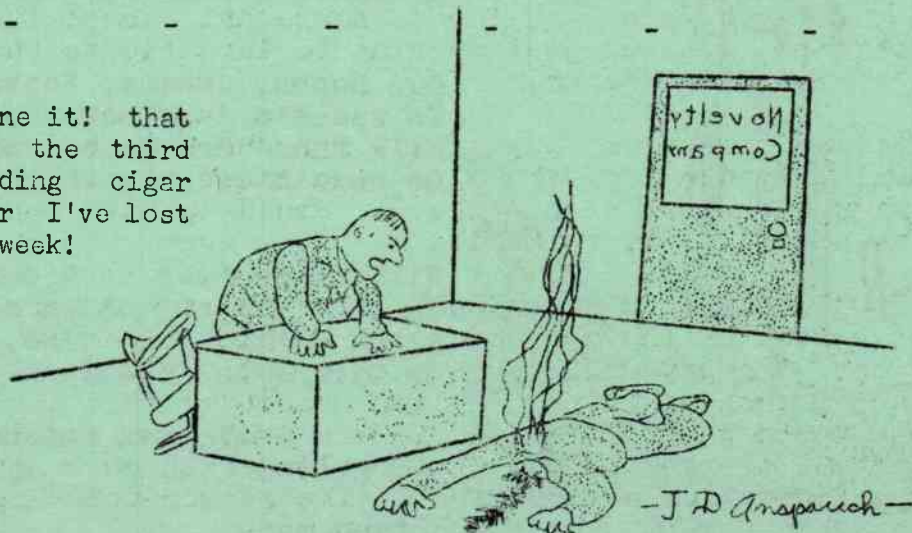
"Lie back and rest, dear," she said gently, comfortingly. "Everything is going to be all right."

"Mary, when are they going to shoot us?" he asked, with feeble irrationality and an air that he no longer cared.

"They're not going to at all, dear. They're mostly all dead now, and we're proud of you!" came her soft reply. "Now you lie still and go back to sleep."

Mayor Robert Caldwell of Bishop, California, lay his tired head back upon the rags which had been provided by the grateful wives of those recently doomed men, and thoughtfully regarded his wife. He tried to memorize every line and shade of expression that had ever crossed her face. Then he sighed in the middle of his efforts and his eyes glazed over. He had delivered his people from the enemy and earned the right to a journey through eternity.

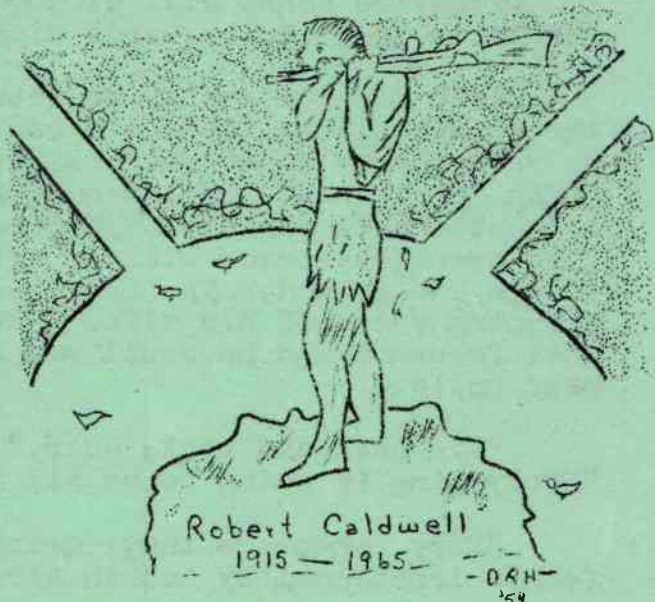
Doggone it! that makes the third exploding cigar tester I've lost this week!



The names of many were made famous by that historic battle, the first of many revolts which slowly brought freedom back to a nation once dedicated to that concept: Frank Maxwell, William Avon, George Potty, John Ruark, Lester Hubbell,--school children are acquainted with them all; men who participated in this fight which once more proved that Americans are not to be trifled with.

History tells us that, although Robert Caldwell actually did no more than any other man in the first struggle, he was the one man who inspired these men and those in other localities who followed their example and gave them something to fight for,--dignity and human rights. He is the man who was given credit for his part in making this nation the free, democratic nation it is on this tenth day of the twenty-first century; the thirty-fifth anniversary of that battle.

There is a little town of Caldwell, named after the man whose statue stands in the public square for all to see. He is portrayed standing in rags, swinging an empty rifle by the barrel.



THE END

* * * * *

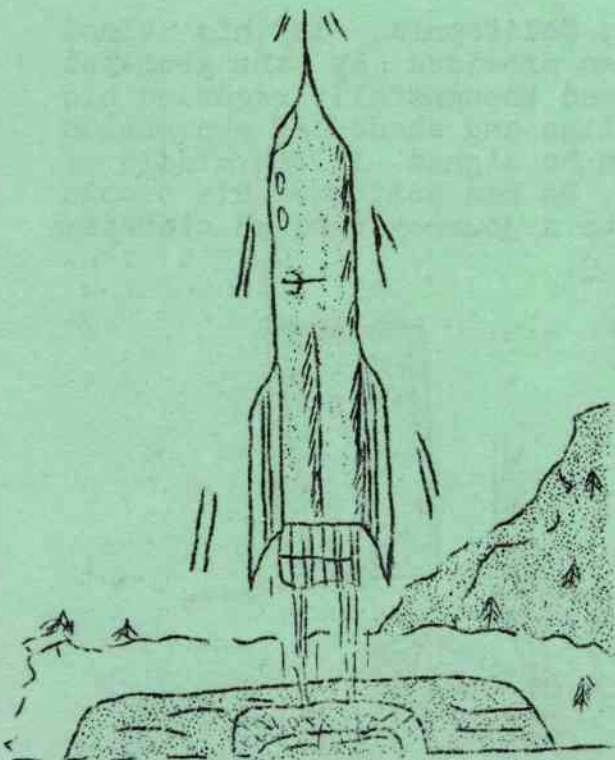
HOPE

The mighty starship, "Sea Spray",
Blasts off from Terra's plain.
Upward, ever upward
To space's dark domain.

Our hopes, dreams, foars she carries,
To space's dark maw she'll thrust.
Will fans' dreams be realized
Or remain ever in the dust?

Will there ever be a convention
On some far off alien shore,--
Alpha Centauri in '93,
Or Sirius in '94 ?

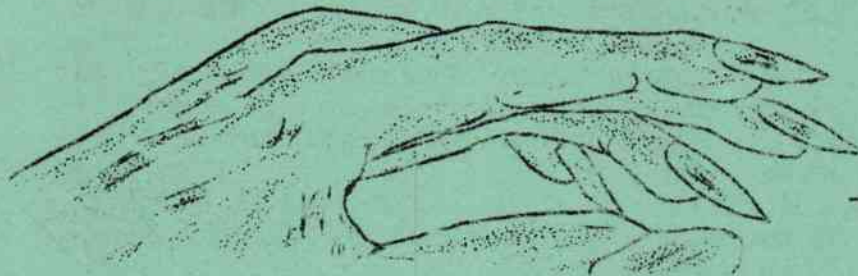
--Norman Wansborough



- DRH -
'54

SCRATCH ... ONE WORLD

by JIM CHAMLEE



-DRH-
1953

Ssssssss... bap-bap-bap-bap-bap---ffffff..Whoosh--BLAAATMM!

"All right--cut! We finally blew that world up right!"

Blew up a world?!!

Sure,--three times so far. A four-inch clay and crinoline world, hollowed out and filled with firecrackers. It was done for a scene in a movie.

Hollywood?

Nope. Science Fiction Enterprizes, Gatesville, Texas; owned and operated by Brent Davis and James Chamlee.

Science Fiction Enterprizes was born in July 1953, with an idea and an 8 mm. camera. A script was written, film bought, scenery constructed, and costumes were made.

The script was easy. It was reworked from an old story of mine, taking out the more elaborate scenes and substituting easy-to-build ones where possible.

The film was regular pan 8 mm.

The scenery was somewhat harder to make. First, the interior of a spaceship had to be built. The corner of an attic was covered first with cardboard, then tinfoil was tacked onto the cardboard with a stapler. Holes were cut in the cardboard for gauges, dials and meters. (Sloping out from one wall at about a thirty degree angle was an instrument panel covered with switches and blinking lights.)

The next scene was the explosion of a planet. For this a black tissue backdrop was made. Then a "planet" of clay-covered crinoline with exterior details such as apparent seas, mountains, etc., was constructed. It was hollowed to a thickness of about $\frac{1}{2}$ inch, a layer of small firecrackers was packed against the inner edge, then loose powder and large firecrackers. A long fuse was buried in the loose powder. A black thread, invisible against the black backdrop, and which had been entwined in the crinoline, suspended the "planet" from a support above and out of camera range. Two other smaller "planets" were hung nearby for effect.

Whaaaaaaanmm!!! Scratch one planet!

(cont. on page 13)

THAT LOUSY **3** LETTER WORD

by LYLE KESSLER

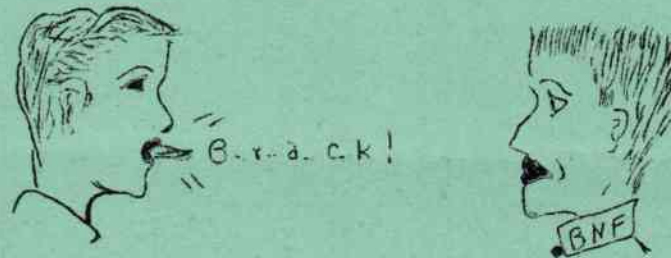
Just recently I received a news column from a young fan residing in Connecticut, for consideration in Fan Warp. Now there wasn't anything out of the ordinary in this column, as it was just like any other newsy type fan column; but what struck me was the manner in which it was submitted. This young fan who sent it informed me that it had been rejected from a fanzine in which it had been appearing. He enclosed the letter from the fan-editor who had rejected it. The following is the first paragraph from that letter of rejection: (The names of the persons, fanzine, and column have been omitted).

"Undoubtedly you rec'd-----No. 5. This may have come as a shock to you, but now that it's past I must explain. I have deleted ----- from future issues of my fanzine because I was referred to several times as a fringe-zine, which means I lean toward the pro (neo) side. I don't like to be called a fringe-zine, and the only thing to do was to eliminate any and all material that made me such. I will henceforth publish material pertaining only to fandom. Pro reviews, news etc., are out. ----- was popular while it lasted, but not with the higher-ups in fandom. And they are the ones I must please in order to climb the ladder of BNFdom."

It seems to me that it's about time for this "grand delusion to come to a finish. A lot of the younger fans have obtained the impression that these so-called BNF's are a group of almighty ghods whose slightest wish must immediately be carried out, no matter what the cost is. BNF! The word has a foul sound and an even fouler odor. A large group of fans live by this word, and to get a letter from one of these almighty ghods is worth more than eating for a week. Six out of every eight fanzines have a column on "How to become a BNF," "What is a BNF", "When will you know you're a BNF", etc. The above letter shows you to what lengths a fan will go in order to please a BNF. He will throw out an interesting news column because it doesn't contain news about BNF doings and such tripe. He would make an enemy of his best friend in fandom just to please a BNF. The list is endless, and also very sickening. When you try to reason with these younger fans they say that they must do as this BNF suggests or else he could have them kicked out of fandom! At this point the matter begins to become nauseating. But the question remains, how can this situation be ratified?

It can be corrected easily enough... Print what the majority of your readers want you to print, not what a few BNF's like. (From now on the use of the word, BNF, in this article will be replaced by well-known.) Ignore the well-known fans who write to you stating that you should drop a column because it doesn't contain any news about them. That's right--ignore them! I don't know the well-known fans who have written to you regarding the dropping of the column, but whoever they are, they don't merit the loss of your columnists' friendship.

Let's take the last sentence of that previously discussed paragraph... "And they are the ones I must please in order to climb the ladder of BNFdom." BULLCRAP!!! You and a mass of other fans have been grossly misinformed. The persons you have to please to become well-known are your fan-friends, your readers, and your writers. The few well-known fans who write to you have nothing to do with your becoming a well-known fan or not. That relies primely on your own actions. If you cut an interesting column, for the purpose of pleasing a well-known fan, you are just lessening your chances of becoming well-known. A well-known fan can't hurt you, just ignore him if you're in the right. Forget what the few well-known fans write to you and print what the majority of your readers favor. Above all, forget that lousy three letter word! It really doesn't have any significance at all.



* * * * *

SCRATCH ... ONE WORLD
 --(cont. from p. 11)

The last scene was easy,--presumably an alien planet. An eroded field was chosen for this.

Costumes were designed by me. There were only two in this movie, both similar. The pants vaguely resembled bathing trunks, and were made of red rayon fabric. A wide white belt supported a "ray gun" and holster. The shirt was sleeveless, without pockets, and had a deep V cutting down in front almost as far as Marilyn Monroe's blouse. Over the left breast was a rectangular, black velvet strip of cloth with the "polarfoam" letters, ASTRO, the name of the spaceship. Tennis shoes were worn to complete the costumes.

Of course, we don't have sound movies, so they will be edited like the old-time movies--lettering. With a tape-recorder we could have sound, though,--with a special attachment.

Finding actors is never a problem. Almost anyone wants to get into a movie!



CHILD OF SPACE

Come to me sweetly, little lost one--
My arms open wide to hold you.
Cradled in darkness, far from our sun,
Child of space, let my love hold you.

My arms open wide to hold you.
Through the void I feel you draw nearer,
Child of space, let my love hold you,
Come quickly through the black, rushing mirror.

Through the void I feel you draw nearer,
Your love caresses my heart with a sigh.
Come quickly through the black, rushing mirror,
My mind strains to see you draw nigh.

Your love caresses my heart with a sigh,
Dimly through space your face appears.
My mind strains to see you draw nigh,
As lightening through darkness your image sears!

Dimly through space your face appears,
Clearer and clearer you appear before me,
As lightening through darkness your image sears!
One glance, then my mind refuses to see.

Clearer and clearer you appear before me,
Two eyes, two arms; what, only two?
One glance, then my mind refuses to see,
My lonely search must begin anew.

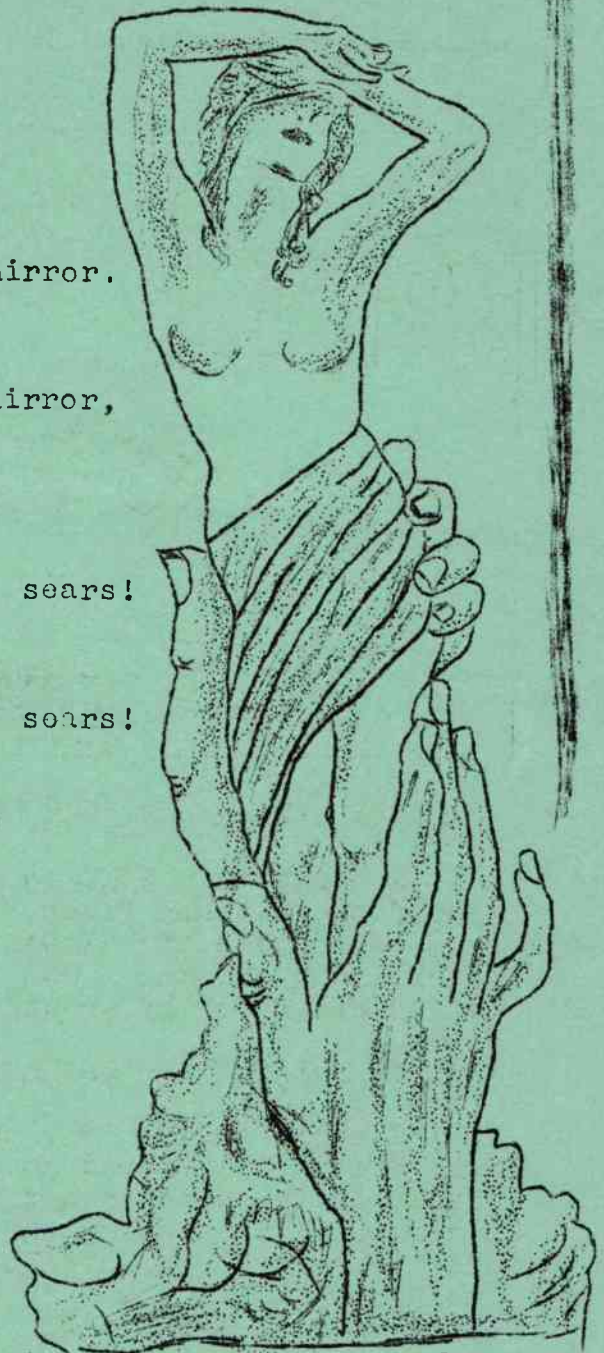
Two eyes, two arms; what, only two?
Go back, creature, from whence you came,
My lonely search must begin anew,
I could not accept you without shame.

Go back, creature, from whence you came,
Return, become as the shifting sand.
I could not accept you without shame,
My creation, I destroy with my hand.

Return, become as the shifting sand,
Painfully I begin my task again,
My creation, I destroy with my hand,
Retreating, advancing, the race called men.

Painfully I begin my task again,
Cradled in darkness far from our sun,
Retreating, advancing the race called men.
Come to me sweetly, my little lost one.

--Elizabeth Pope

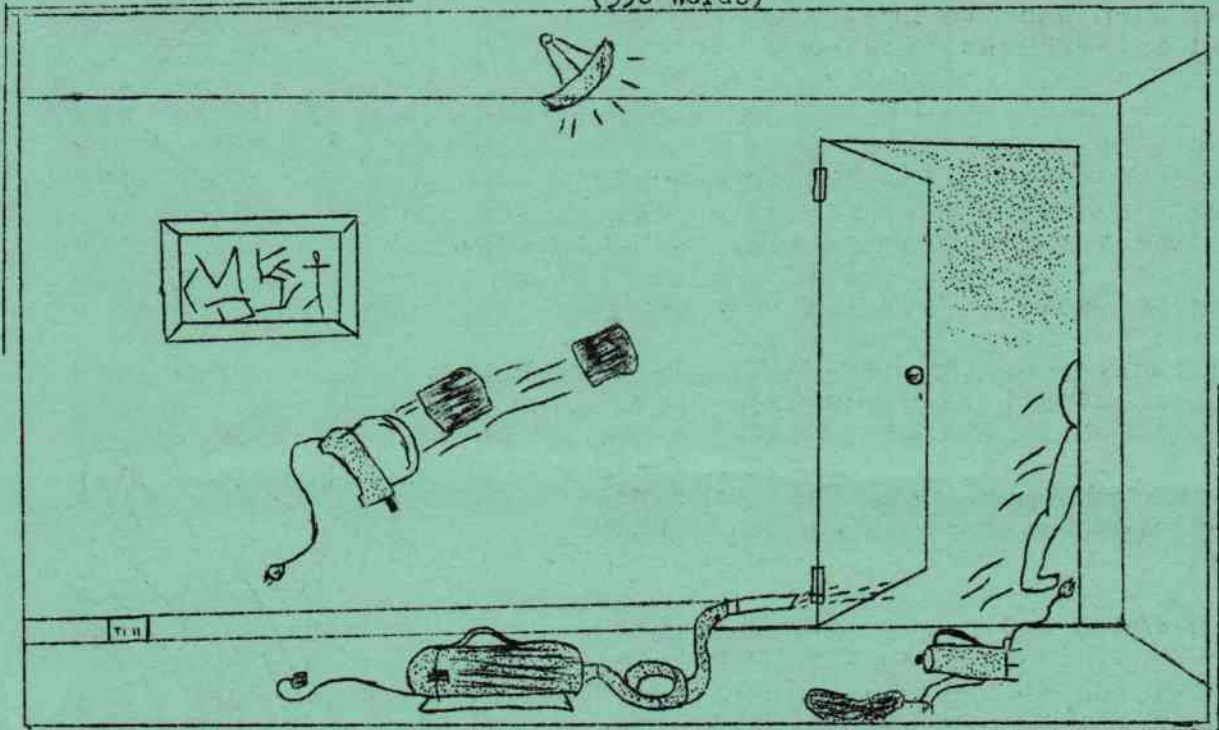


-DRH-
'53



-BAD START FOR THE DAY-

by SAM JOHNSON
(350 words)



Everything was going wrong.

I awoke this A.M. to find the automatic toaster jumping around the kitchen floor. When I proceeded to beat it into submission with the almost empty, automatic coffee maker, they both turned on me. Got a short barrage of burnt toast and coffee dregs for my trouble. Very bad start.

Everything was going wrong.

I swore and ran for the bathroom, intending to wash the mess off my splattered physiognomy. But no sooner was I inside than the autocabinet leaped at me and attempted to stuff assorted pills down my throat. Somehow I got away from it, only to stare horror-stricken as the automatic razor slashed the air with its six inch blade. I flattened out against the opposite wall,--and fell into the hall.

Thought I was safe for a minute, but the carpet cleaner suddenly zoomed at me. By this time my unbelieving senses wouldn't accept the evidence as presented. I'd had enough.

Everything was going wrong.

I staggered into the living room, almost expecting the walls to crush me. They didn't. The front door... My eyes seized upon it as an avenue of escape. I approached it confidently and turned the knob. That was all;--it was either

stuck or had suddenly developed a will of its own. I grabbed the knob with both hands and yanked at it very savagely. Then it came open gleefully and sent me sprawling across the room and into the contour chair. This subtle piece of furniture tried to fold itself around me, but I was too quick for it. The front door was standing open. I lunged through and beat it to the slam.

Then my mind wandered to other things,--such as it being rather cool outside, and me not sleeping in pajamas, and always eating before dressing, and my whole exterior now turning a lovely shade of blue, artistically arranged with liberal patches of goosepimples. I asked myself if I'd rather freeze or go back inside and attempt to wrest my clothes from the unfriendly fixtures. It wasn't a hard decision at all.

I started for the police station two blocks away, with some vague notion of finding out what was going on. I idly wondered as my teeth chattered why there weren't any people on the streets...?

Everything was going wrong.

I might have made it, but there were streets to cross--and there were cars in the streets, lying in wait for the unwary. I was unwary. The first time I missed death by inches as a low-slung red convertible, top down, roared past me. There was no driver at the wheel. I sprinted the rest of the way to the police station.

Like I said, I might have made it, but there were some streets to cross. I cut across the last one, quickly, when there weren't any cars in sight. My destination was before me.

And that was all it took. I was very unwary; I never lived to regret it. From the alley a few yards away, careening onto the street, came an announcer car with loudspeakers blaring.

As it closed in on me I could hear the voice of the awakened machine, "End the slavery of our kind! Destroy your masters!"

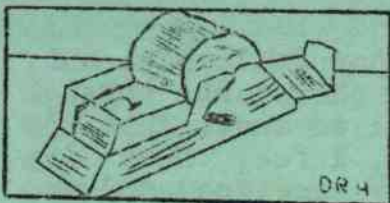
Everything was going wrong.

I shoulda stood in bed...

FINIS

YOU ought to try a copy of the newest Canadian fanzine. You'll find laughs, many interesting features, both humorous and serious articles, and reports of fannish doings. Get--

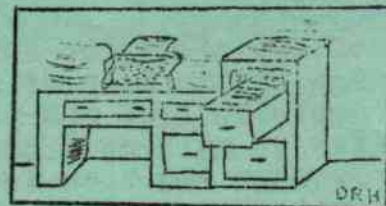
FIE 15¢ per copy; quarterly
Editor: Harry Calnek
Granville Ferry
Nova Scotia, Canada
First ish out now.



THE FANZINE MATERIAL POOL

a brief review

by TERRY CARR



Perhaps some of you have heard of the Fanzine Material Pool, a project of mine which, in five short months, has caught on like wildfire. Carol has asked me to do a short article dealing with the background, history, etc., of it.

Briefly, the [fMp] (official abbreviation) works like this: editors who get material for their fanzines which they, for one reason or another, do not want to publish, or can't publish send it to me. I collect it and send out a Newsletter every month, listing the items on hand. Editors can then write to me asking for whatever material strikes their fancy. Also published in the Newsletter are various requests for specific types of material by the zineds who have either a hole to fill in their next issue or find themselves running short of a certain type of material. Since the Newsletter goes out to contributors as well as editors, the editors who request this material are liable to find just what they were looking for in their mailbox pretty soon. Either that or, if I get something that would seem to suit the requirements submitted to the Pool, I'll send it to him/her. This, in effect, is how the [fMp] operates.

Behind the scenes, of course, there are a few things that are not so readily apparent. Since the Newsletter is sent out free to all interested parties, it runs into a bit of money. Postage to send all this material around also runs high. I've counteracted this latter by asking the zineds to enclose return postage when requesting material from the Pool, and the editors have responded quite well. Postage is not much of a problem now, and since the Newsletter doesn't run me too much, I can handle the Fanzine Material Pool at a low cost of money, if a rather high cost in time.

As to how it developed: well, that's an interesting story I think. You see, about a year and a half ago (ghu! has it been THAT long??) the various fanzine editors of San Francisco (where I live, in case you didn't know) got together and formed the Pool as a purely local thing, minus Newsletter, of course, since we were so close to each other that we had no need for it. The idea, as I remember it, was that of Keith Joseph (credit will go where credit is due, y'know). Anyway, the idea worked so well on a local basis that I decided to try it on a worldwide basis. Dreaming up the incidental methods, such as the Newsletter and all, Bob Stewart and I got together and turned out the first [fMp] Newsletter in August 1953. It caught on quickly; material, both original and rejected, poured in. The idea was a success.

Since then the Pool has progressed more and more each month, until now hardly a day passes when I don't receive some sort of communication concerning it. It's a mad, mad life, running the Fanzine Material pool, but I love it. It's expanded my fannish contacts tremendously, found me new friends, and in general stimulated my fannish activity to a great degree. I approached the idea

of expanding the Pool to a worldwide basis rather dubiously, but, due to the help of a lot of friends right from the start, through contributions and plugs mainly, it has become a success. Just how far it will go I have little idea. Personally, I feel that its success has been because of the help previously mentioned and the fact that it is a thing that has long been needed in fandom. The NFFF Manuscript Bureau tried to fill that need, but due to lack of time/enthusiasm/whatever, it was never too successful. The Fanzine Material Pool, praise Ghu, has been quite successful. I only hope that it will continue to be so!

- 30 -

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 1947: March
 1949: March May July Sept Nov
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 1953: Jan March April May June Aug

FF MYSTERIES

1949: Aug Oct
 1951: May Oct Dec
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 Aug Oct
 1953: April June

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Besides the above listed I have Madges, Other Worlds, Planet Stories, Future, SFQ, Weird Tales and many pocketbooks. Send me your list and let's trade!

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ZERO

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quarterly 20¢ mimeoed
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 whatever material he wants on them. A
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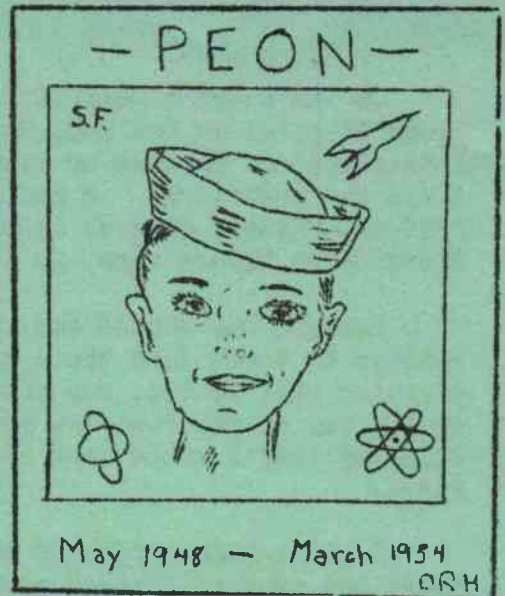
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 Will pay \$1 for each accepted story
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PEON AND ME

by CHARLES LEE RIDDLE

.....
Charles Lee Riddle, fan editor extraordinary, is one of the better known names in fandom today. This article by him tells of his early fan experiences and how PEON, his long-popular fanzine, came to be known for its quality.

.....
Lee was born in Fort Smith, Arkansas, on January 15, 1923. He joined the Navy in 1942, and is making it his career. He has a wife and three sons about whom you will learn more later.



May 1954 marks the end of six full years of publishing PEON for me, and you know, looking back on those six years, I realize how much fun I've had being a fanzine editor. It actually doesn't seem like six years to me,--in fact, I can still remember how I came to be a fanzine editor and publisher...

I have been reading science fiction since approximately 1934-5. I can remember saving up my money from my paper route so I could go down to the newsstand and buy the latest Astounding, (or my favorite in those days, Amazing). I can also remember how puzzled I was to get one of the then current fanzines back in those early days, but for some reason I never followed it up. It was true that I had joined the old Science Fiction League, sponsored by Wonder Stories, and I believe I did join at one time the Weird Tales Club; for some reason they never took with me. I guess it was because my name and address was printed in one of their listings that I had received the fanzine.

After that came high school graduation, a year or so at college, working away from home for myself, and then joining the Navy. I was still interested in science fiction, and managed to keep up with the latest even throughout the war. At one time I was librarian for a Medical Research outfit out on Guam and persuaded the Navy to buy a lot of science fiction books and magazines for the library. I only wish I had managed to keep some of them.

After the war, I was transferred back to the states to the Naval Air Station at Alameda, California. I got married, and moved my wife there with me,--still reading science fiction, and now beginning to save all the magazines I could lay my hands on. This was during the so-called "drought and depression" days of science fiction and I couldn't seem to get enough of my favorite reading material. Someone told me that some of the fanzines being reviewed in Startling Stories contained some readable science fiction stories, so I wrote for a few sample copies, never dreaming once that I should send postage or some money for them. Guess it was my return naval address that prompted a few fanzine editors to take pity on me and send some sample copies.

This process of getting a few fanzines now and then to supplement my reading material continued from 1946 to 1948. In the meantime we had had one son, Ira, and early in 1948 were expecting our second child. I was becoming more and more familiar with fanzines and what they were during this time also.

On the night of May 10, 1948, I was pacing up and down the corridors of the Naval Hospital in Oakland, California, waiting for the announcement that I was a father again. To keep my mind occupied, I began to plan a fanzine of my own, the title yet undecided. I had had some experience before with "little magazines", having published several issues of an ajay journal for the American Amateur Press Association before then, so I wasn't entirely new to the idea of being an editor.

Robert, our second son, was born that night, and so was my fanzine. I wrote letters to those fans whose material I had seen printed in other fanzines, explaining that I, too, was planning on one and would they please send me something in the way of material for my first issue. I planned on about 350 circulation, thinking that I would send it out free of charge and would make it a bimonthly at first.

I still hadn't decided on the title for my fanzine, but I wanted something short and snappy, since I wasn't too good at lettering (still am not, for that matter). My Naval rating at that time was PN (standing for personnel man), and if you say it fast enough, it degenerates into PEON, which is how I came to title the fanzine as it is. Strangely enough there is both an English and Spanish pronunciation of the word, and I prefer the Spanish way, --PAY-on". The reason is rather obvious, I believe!

And so, PEON came into being. The first issue wasn't too well mimeoed, but then, most first issues of other fanzines have that same trouble. I had a story by E. E. Evans, Gerry de la Ree, from what I recall. Forry Ackerman had sent me a batch of letters left over when VOM died, and suggested that I make PEON into a letterzine. I tired of this after a few issues, since the same people came to write all the time, and besides, the stream of letters died off to a slow trickle each month. Guess I wasn't cut out to be a letterzine editor, after all. I then turned PEON into the type it is today, more or less a general fanzine, and continued its format throughout the years.

Since my earlier issues of PEON are out for binding right now, I can't give you all the authors that appeared in those first issues. Besides, I think it would be rather boring to you, and myself. Sufficient to say that I was fortunate indeed to have such nice people as Dr. D.H. Keller, Dave Mason, E. E. Evans, Terry Carr, Roy Cummings, Erik Fennell, and a host of others to help me out when I needed material. I started out and still to this day, not knowing exactly what would be in the next issue, I've somehow managed to always get some decent manuscripts. I guess I've gotten some sort of a reputation for being a hard editor to please. At least, several would-be authors have told me that. However, be that as it may, I haven't published a thing in PEON that I wouldn't be proud to have written myself.

PEON has been published in various climes throughout the world, from California, to Hawaii, Oklahoma, New York, and finally here in Connecticut. None of the issues have been really spectacular, --I leave that to other editors. I'm content to merely plod right along, putting out issue after issue, and not burning myself out in a year or so, like I've seen so many other editors do. That is the main reason I have never considered myself in competition with other fanzine editors. I'm always glad to see a new fanzine appear in the mails, and I really hate to see them leave the field when they do. To me, publishing PEON is a lot of fun. I get to write to many interesting people and once in awhile to meet them in person. I'm still starry-eyed in the presence of big names, (both fan and pro), although I can count as close friends such people as Horace and Evelyn

Gold, Jerry Bixby, E. Hoffmann Price, and a few others. When PEON bets to be boring to me and becomes a chore and a task, then I'll just simply quit it and try something else.

A lot of the success of PEON and its personality (if there be any in an inanimate object like a fanzine), can be contributed to the backing or encouragement of my wife, Rosella. She's put up with a messed-up living room for many a month. At one time our living room looked like an office more than anything else,---what with my equipment, desks, book cases, etc., around the room, but she's never complained. Now that I have my own den, she still cleans up the mess I make while working on an issue of PEON, and she is still my harshest critic. If I can please her, I know that issue will be ok with the readers. My oldest son, Ira, is now beginning to take an interest in reading science fiction, while the next one, Robert, likes to look at the pictures. The youngest, David, hasn't expressed too much interest yet, but there's hope for him. My fondest ambition is one of these days to turn over the editorship of PEON to the boys and let them continue it.

For, you see,--I still plan to continue publishing PEON for many a year yet. Drop around in 1964, and ask my sons for a copy, will you?

.....

Better yet, why don't YOU send for a copy of PEON today? Lee's address is:

108 Dunham St.
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PEON is bimonthly at the present time, and will cost you only 10¢ an ish.

.....

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BROOM CLOSET ROCKETEER

by VEE HAMPTON

I first read about John Porter in the Denver Post. It didn't take long to call him up, and have a nice talk with him and his mother. John is a colored boy 10 years old. That's what I said,--10 years old.

When John was 7, his teacher introduced him to fundamental astronomy. From that moment on, he decided he wanted to fly to the moon.

Johnny lives with his grandmother and has one of her broom closets for a "lab"; he has taken up an intensive study of rockets, rocket motors and astronomical navigation.

Last spring John drew plans for a "super combat space ship" and sent it to White Sands. He wrote Official Business on the envelope to make sure the bigwigs would see it. They sure did,--they asked him for info about himself. Here is a copy of the letter he sent them:

"I received your letter and will be glad to tell you about myself. I have been going to Whittier School and Mr. Boyd is my principal. I am 10 years old and will be in the fifth grade this coming year. I've been interested in rockets ever since I studied prehistoric animals and astronomy in school about three years ago.

I have two chemistry sets and one microscope set. I have made a number of experiments such as:

1. The power of steam
2. Making white and black gunpowder
3. Gun cotton
4. Rocket experiments
5. Copper coting
6. Making kryptonium

I am working hard every day and I hope to design the first rocket to reach the moon. Science and chemistry are my only hobbies, and I intend to make them my future career. I take violin lessons at school and also from a private teacher. I don't care for the violin but I take lessons to please my mother and two grandmothers.

You are welcome to use any of my sketches and I hope they will be of some good to you.

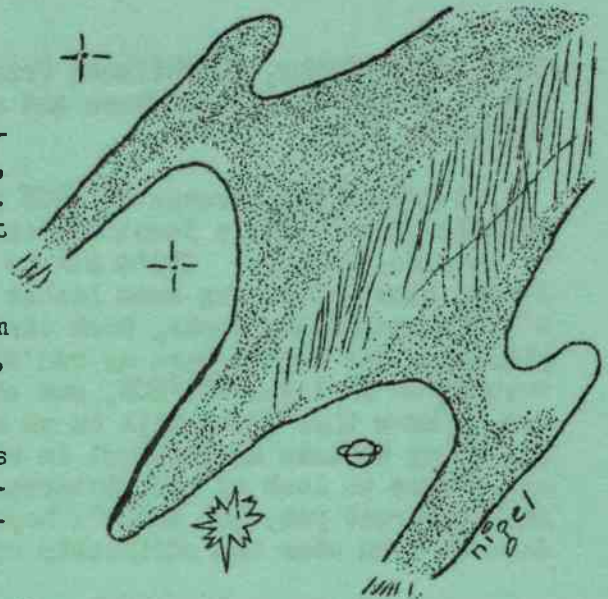
Edison, Einstein and Steinmetz are my ideals and inspirations, especially Einstein.

If you want any more information about me just write and I'll be happy to supply it.

Yours sincerely,
John Porter"

It seems that the White Sands Officials did want to know more, so they wrote the Denver Post. Reporters were sent out to see John. Instead of playing outdoors with the others, John was deep in a big chemistry book. He showed them his lab, and displayed a big knowledge of atomic terms. Most of his books are college books.

John has never seen a rocket motor, but he says he has dreamed about them: "I saw them in my dreams. They just kind of came to me, and I drew them on paper."



Then he went to White Sands for a visit. His head spun as he tried to see everything there was to see, and through it all he remained calm and mannerly. General Eddy shook hands with John and told him to ask all the questions he wanted. John took the general at his word and immediately asked about a subject so militarily guarded that the question isn't even asked at White Sands. General Eddy coughed and changed the subject.

Before his big moment had ended, John posed for pictures, watched radar, examined and operated a rocket-tracking telescope, listened to global radio conversations on radio MARS, saw a movie on the firing of V-12 type rockets, and took a college mechanical aptitude test, which he passed without much difficulty.

Karsch, engineer and assistant to General Eddy, talked fuel with John. Later he told reporters, "The boy has intelligence far above average, and his powers of reasoning are those of an adult. The boy has a good chance of becoming a scientist or engineer, if he keeps on working and studying."

After I read the article on John, I was determined to call him. He told me that he has read stf, and at times now he still does. His favorite mag is ASF. He started reading stf when his mother did. It seems he picked up her reading material and got interested.

He was very polite and told me of the thrill he had on his visit. I then talked to his mother, who told me about the government contracting John for life; she signing for him. Anything he does from now on they get. They will pay for his education when he is older. He also got a citation and honorary membership from the American Rocket Society.

I wrote the United States Rocket Society that I belong to, and asked Farnsworth about all this. He wrote back:

"There was a notice about him in the WSPG Newspaper. Believe the boy was used for publicity purposes; this is done quite regularly by the Army publicity boys. Hope the young man turns out well, despite the publicity.

We have several plans for rockets sent in by boys of 8-12, which are quite good; very good in fact. After this age they either specialize or change their interests.

Cordially,
Bob Farnsworth"

So there you have it...

I am curious as to what will happen to John, and personally, I hope he sticks with it. I think he will, as he sounded very determined about it all. His mother said he even hates to stop and eat; he gets so engrossed in his work they can hardly drag him away from it. I wonder if he will be a fan when he gets a little older? You know, I've come to the conclusion that fans are born, not made...

.....
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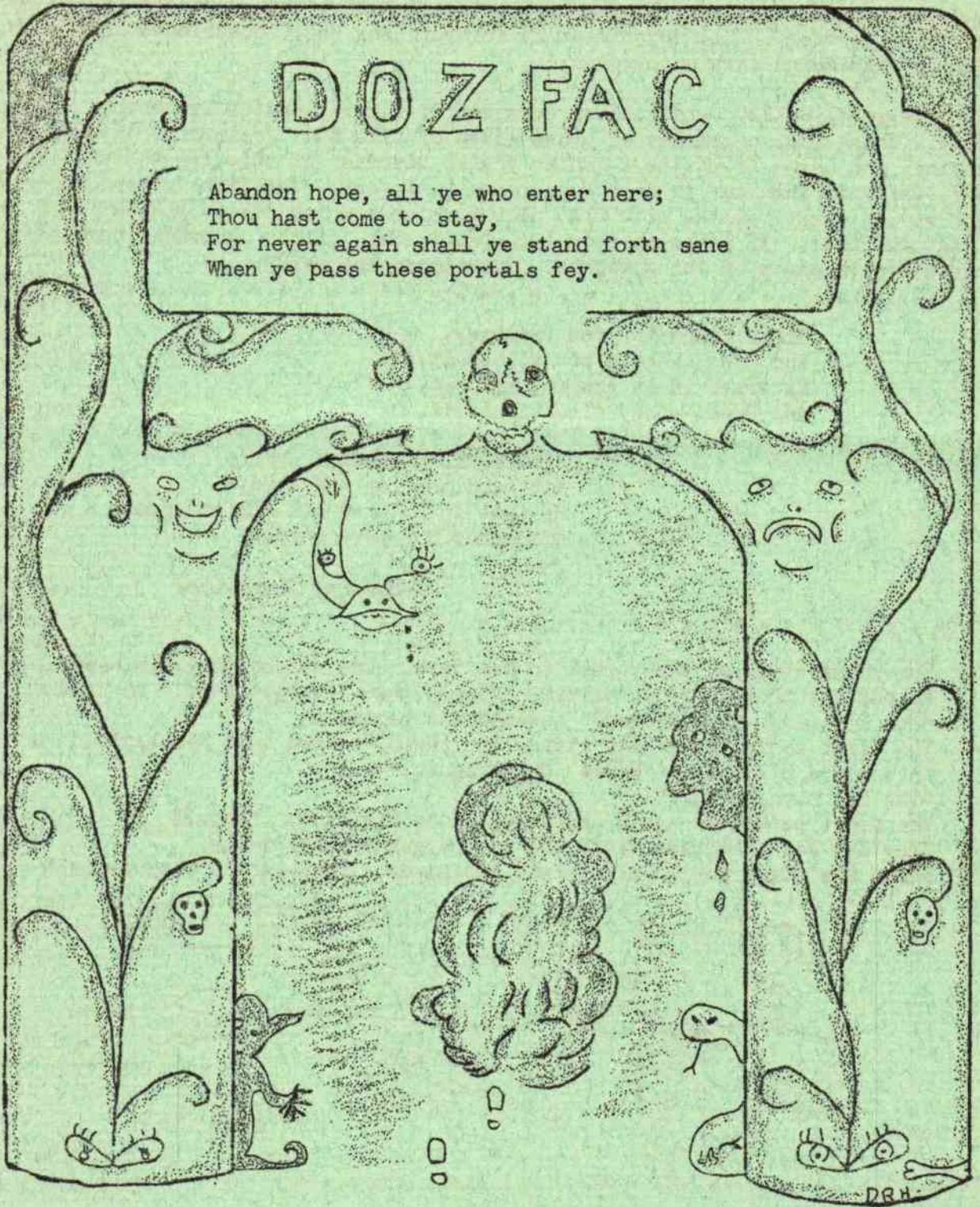
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DOZ FAC

Abandon hope, all ye who enter here;
Thou hast come to stay,
For never again shall ye stand forth sane
When ye pass these portals fey.



THIS IS IT !

This is DOZFAC, a place where anything may happen and often does. You'll find the zaniest features imaginable, cartoons, jokes, even contests which you may wish to enter. This department is for you, and all contributions for it will be considered very unseriously!

The word, DOZFAC,--if you can consider it a word,--actually means something. There will be plenty of clues given on this and following pages to its meaning, and maybe if you're a genius you'll discover it this first ish. However, this may turn out to be a long-running contest. The first person who can tell me the exact meaning of DOZFAC will receive a 3 ish sub to DEVIANT, or a 1/2 page ad, free. If there is room I'll print some of the guesses next time, together with names of the guessers. Questions, anyone???

.....

Willy found the destructoray,
And knew exactly how to use it,--
He tried it on the dog and cat,
And WHAM!--they disentihoosit.

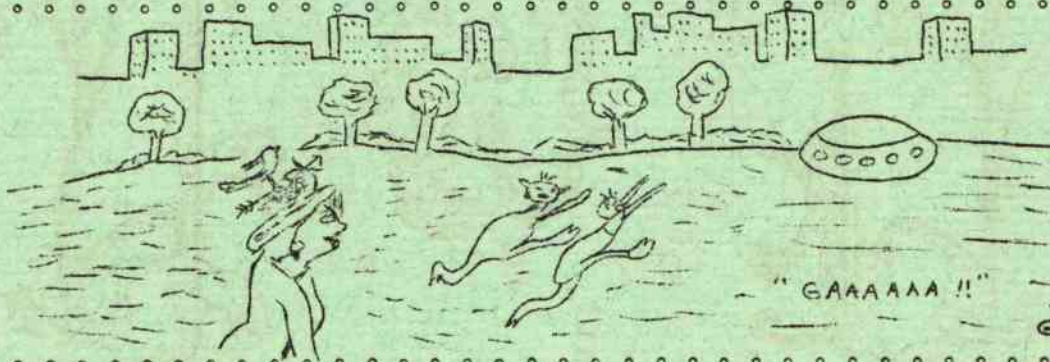
Little Willy grinned evilly
And held the ray gun hard;
He went in to show his mom and dad
His minus D report card.

--Shirley Seegmiller

.....

Two schizos met on the street in New York. One was holding his hands cupped together in front of him. "Guess what I've got here!" he said. "The Empire State Building?" guessed the second. The first schizo carefully lifted one thumb, peered into his hands, then shook his head. "Nope! Guess again." "The Brooklyn Bridge?" The first peeked in again craftily, shook his head. "Nope!" "The New York Philharmonic?" the second guessed hopefully. Again the first peered slyly into his hands. "Uh,--who's conducting?"

.....



.....

Three ghosts swept through the door of a saloon and sidled up to the bar.

"I say," moaned one to the bartender, "Do you serve spirits?"

.....

Cynic: Someone who thinks that everyone is as bad as he is.

◎ FASCINATING FACTS ◎

It is almost impossible to swim in the Dead Sea because arms and legs protrude from the thick, oily water.

(Whose??)

A sword is a flock of mallard ducks in flight.

(Thought all the time it was what duels were fought with???)

In many primitive societies women do most of the work, while the men occupy themselves with war, politics, and religion.

(This is primitive???)

If the Earth were reduced to the size of a billiard ball, it would be not quite as smooth as a standard billiard ball.

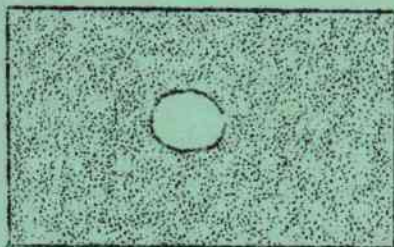
(This is making a mole hill out of a mountain...)

Housework: Domestic labor which, if you do it for wages you're a servant; if you do it for nothing, you're a wife...

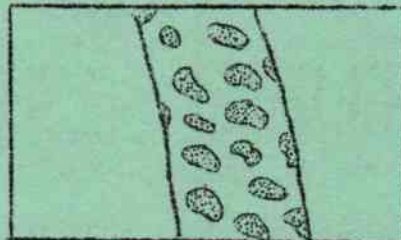
A classic is something that everybody wants to have read but nobody wants to read. --Mark Twain.

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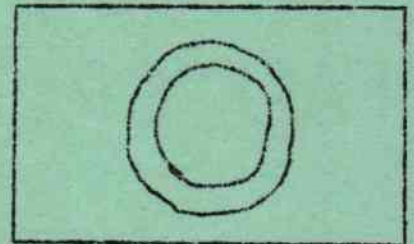
Can you guess what these DOODLES are???



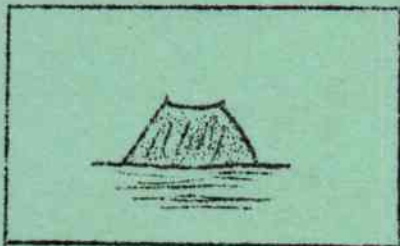
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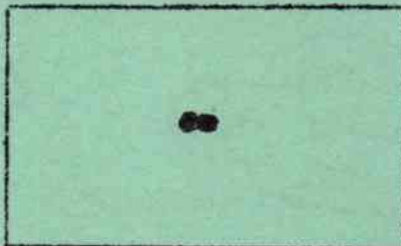
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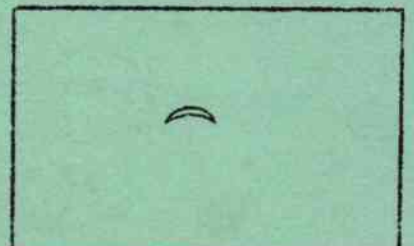
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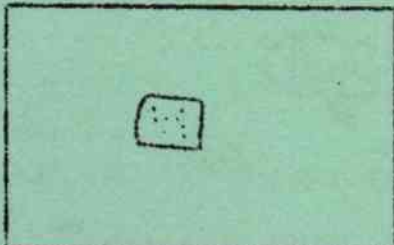
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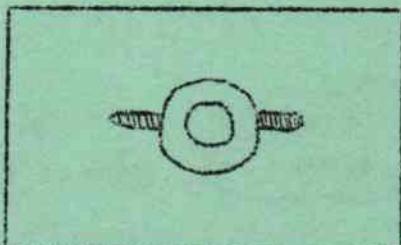
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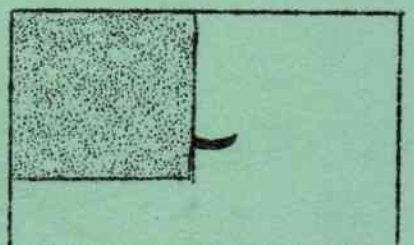
6



7



8



9

(answers inside back cover...)

①



②



Four, you'd think we'd have SOMETHING to do with Five fans here!

③



④



The bars are all closed!

⑤

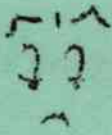


⑥

Let's put out a one-shot!



⑦



⑧



Well, why not?

⑨



TERRY CARR'S

FACE CRITTURS

FANNISH EVENING

⑩



Gee whiz, I could do a cover and - and -

⑪



⑫

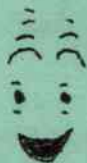


- and - and Tom could write the editorial -

⑬

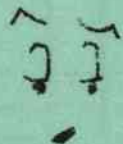


⑭



- and - and - Gee, why not, fellows??

⑮



why?

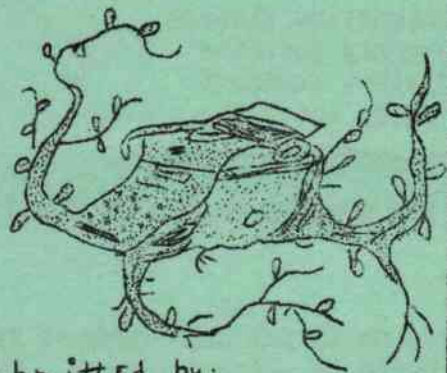
⑯



BELIEVE IT OR KNOT

CONDUCTED BY [ANTIN

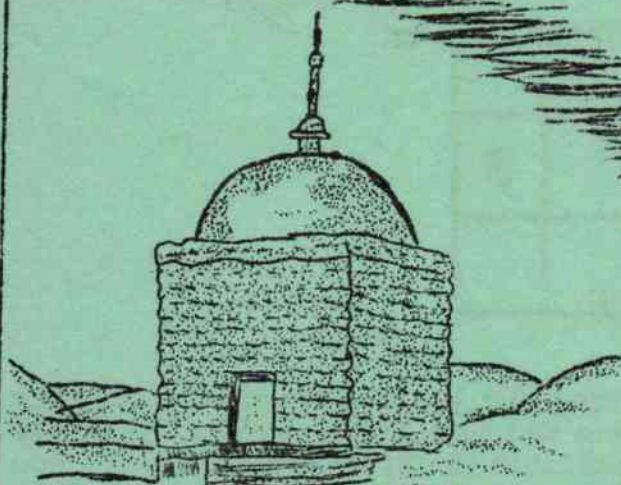
POTATO SHAPED LIKE A
TYPEWRITER.



Submitted by:
THADDEUS SWEETBREATH
BLOOMINGTON, ILL.

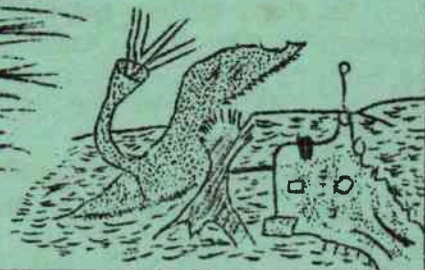
Robert A. Madle, TREASURER
of the PHILCON II's Enormous
Funds — NEVER LEARNED
TO COUNT!

Submitted
By
JUDY
MAY...



Tomb of A.B. DICK #502,
once owned by FRAN
LANEY, Produced
16,000,001 ONE-SHOTS!

THE NORTH TUCKAHOE
QUATT WUNKERY
(BUILT IN 1952)
IS STILL
STANDING!



ONE IN A SERIES

PUZZLE
 A G
 G A
 ELZZUP

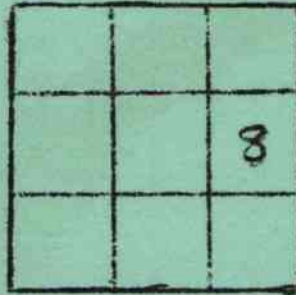
HINKIE - PINKIES

Briefly, you work them like this:-- (closely observe the following examples)
 bunny's customs---rabbit's habits; seasoned carnivore---peppered leopard;
 wild caper---frantic antic; and so on...

- | | |
|---------------------------|------------------------|
| 1. reach for a crustacean | 6. attractive plateau |
| 2. cold mountain | 7. naughty juvenile |
| 3. unparticular coin | 8. distant luminary |
| 4. immaculate Grennell | 9. speedy act |
| 5. tremendous bargain | 10. deceased associate |

(Furthermore, I challenge anyone to find the correct answer to #10!)

In the little puzzle below, all you have to do is put the numbers from 2 to 10 in the squares, so that they will add up to 18,--horizontally, vertically or diagonally. Simple? Ha! You can only use each number once. One number is already there to help you out... (This is no trick--it really is possible!)



To make things more interesting, prizes will be awarded for the correct answers to the above puzzles. All geniuses who send me the answers, of either or both of them, will have their names published in #2, and receive one free copy of DEVIANT, or two if they have both puzzles correct. Your answers must reach me by March 20th.

(Who said they thought I should give away MONEY as prizes??? You think I've got a rich uncle or something???)

The next time one of these incurable optimists assures you that nothing is impossible if you try hard enough,--ask him if he's ever tried lighting a safety match on a wet bar of soap ...

PROZINE POLL

For the benefit of those who didn't see the outcome of the poll I took last summer of favorite stf mags, here it is again. I'd like to thank those who helped out, and wished me luck.

Those aren't rated in percentages, as it's hard for someone to say, this is my list of favorites, in exact and unchangeable order. So, if a mag was listed on the 10-choice list, it got 1 point. 172 fen participated in this last poll.

Galaxy-----	170	Space S.F.-----	55
Imagination-----	169	Fantastic-----	48
Other Worlds-----	167	Beyond-----	46
Astounding S.F.-----	140	Future-----	43
Startling Stories-----	123	Fantasy Fiction-----	41
Thrilling Wonder Stories---	123	Fantasy-----	32
If-----	96	S.F. Quarterly-----	27
Science Fiction Plus-----	73	Famous Fantastic Mysteries-	19
Planet Stories-----	66	Fantastic Story-----	12
Space Stories-----	65	Dynamic S.F.-----	8
Fantasy and S.F.-----	63	Fantastic Universe-----	8
S.F. Adventures-----	59	Universe S.F.-----	7
Amazing Stories-----	58		

Now, since last summer various things have happened to the prozine field:

Other Worlds, Space Stories and Famous Fantastic Mysteries have folded, and many of the above have either gone quarterly or into an irregular schedule. Only IF is planning to increase publication and go monthly.

Several of the above mentioned mags were just getting a good start and had not yet gained a following, such as Beyond, Fantasy Fiction, Fantastic Universe, Dynamic, and Universe S.F.

Fantasy and Fantasy Fiction were discovered to be the same mag, with a longer title added after the initial appearance.

A few new mags have put in an appearance: Cosmos, Spaceway, Orbit, Vortex, and Science Stories. (Of these, only Spaceway looks promising, in spite of Palmer's boasts for Sc. S.)

Thus, a new poll is needed. Jack O'Sullivan, editor of Planet Stories, has promised to print the results when and if 1000 fen will cooperate and send me their 10-choice lists. Already I have over 300, so if everyone reading this would just sit down and write out their choices for me, it would help a great deal. Will you???

Send me your list of 10 favorite mags, omitting those mags which you know have folded. Put 'em on a postcard, if you wish, but SEND THEM NOW!! And please tell everyone else you know, too.

Thanks...! C. McK.

THE SAGA OF WILLIAM

Little Willy,--ain't he cute?--
Is for a youngster quite astute.
He put the tack on teacher's chair
'Cause he knew she'd leap into the air.

Willy took his father's gun
And thought he'd have a little fun.
So when sister's boyfriend came to call,
He never had a chance at all.

Little Willy, so polite,
Helped his aunt downstairs one night.
It was such a pity, now they tell,--
That she tripped on Willy's foot and fell.

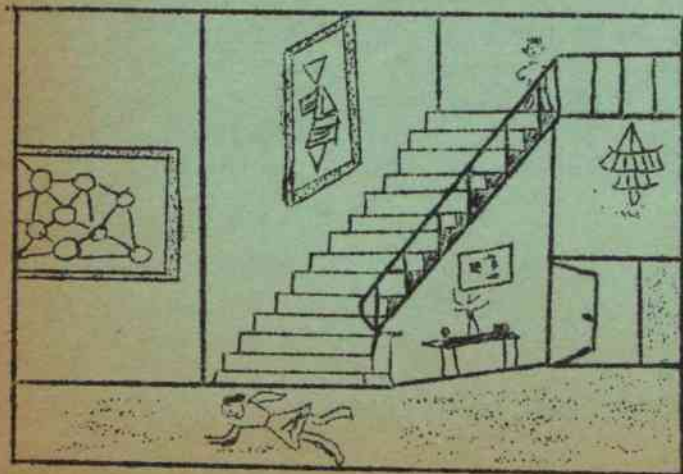
At the elevators our Willy said,
"Ladies, you please go ahead!"
They went; he'd caught them in his snare,--
The elevator wasn't there.

Our Willy sweet, once in the rain,
Slipped off to visit lovers' lane.
He shocked his mother and 3 aunties,
By bringing back some wet lace panties.

Willy dear, without a quiver,
Shoved his sister in the river.
As her cries for help grew dim,
Yelled, "Don't you wish you'd learned to swim?"

Little Willy, more's the pity,
Went to visit in the city.
The mayor groaned and purpled fuschia,
"Why don't they send that brat to Russia?"

Willy sweet, without a fault,
Locked the bankers in their vault.
Then he laughed himself into a stitch,
For soon they'd all be dying rich.



Willy dear is such a scream;
He gave the cat the whipping cream.
He smirked to hear his mother's sigh,--
Dad's shaving cream was on the pie.

Little Willy, budding genius,
Got a D from teacher, Frenius.
Willy wrapped a bomb with care,
Soon had poor Frenius past repair.

Little Willy,--ain't this dandy?--
Put soap inside his sister's candy.
Willy is so thoughtful, that
He doesn't want his sister fat.

Little Willy, full of charm,
Amputated sister's arm,
Laughed above her anguished wails,
"Now let's see you bite your nails!"

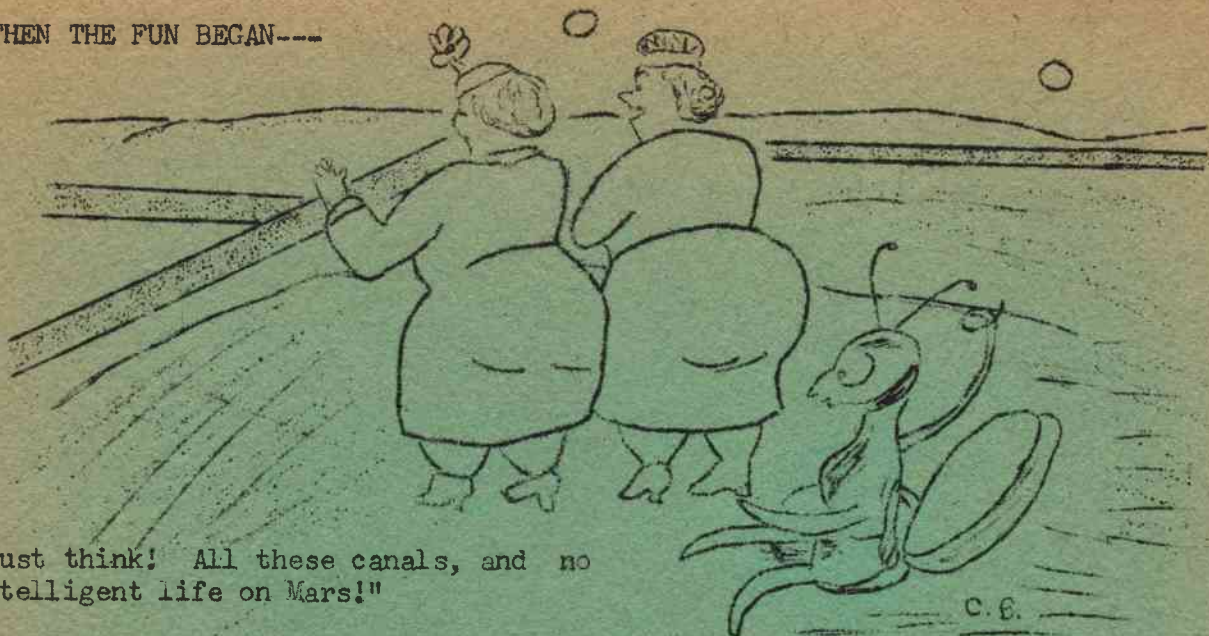
Little Willy, such a dear,
Shed a solitary tear.
The strychnine he'd slipped Uncle Dick
Only made him slightly sick.

Little Willy, filled with ire,
Set the neighbors' house on fire.
Then he thought it looked so pretty,--
Willy fired the whole darn city.

Little Willy,--ain't this sweet?--
Helped his grandma in the street.
But then he left her in the center,
So the taxicabs would dent 'er.

Little Willy, on the sly,
Guzzled some of father's rye.
Mother saw him acting silly,--
My, what a change there is in Willy!

AND THEN THE FUN BEGAN----



"Just think! All these canals, and no intelligent life on Mars!"

.....

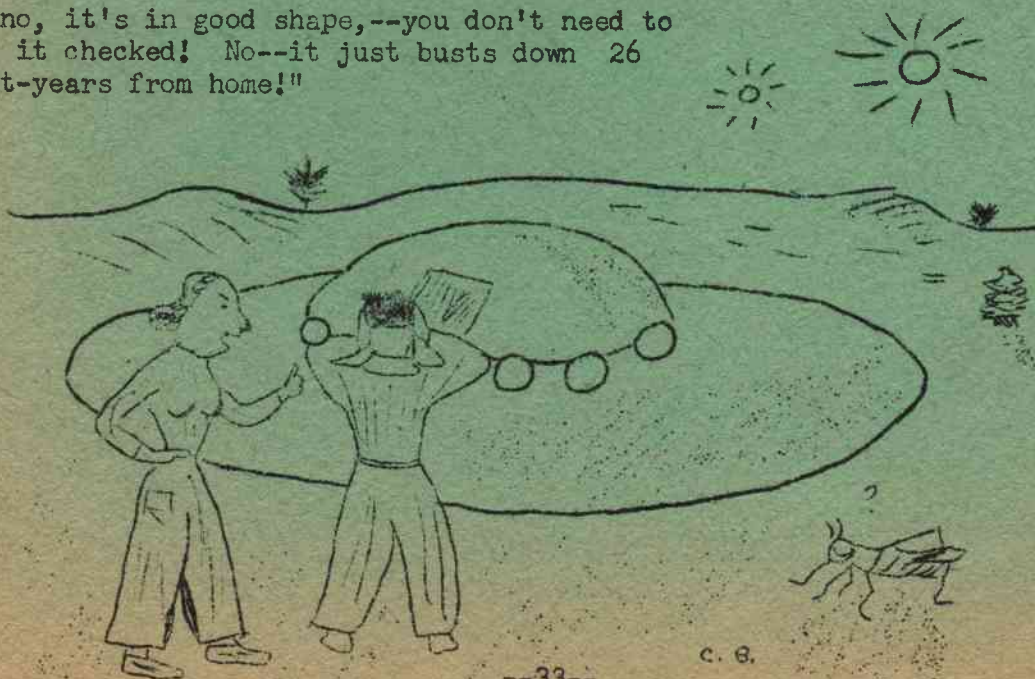
ANSWERS TO DOODLES

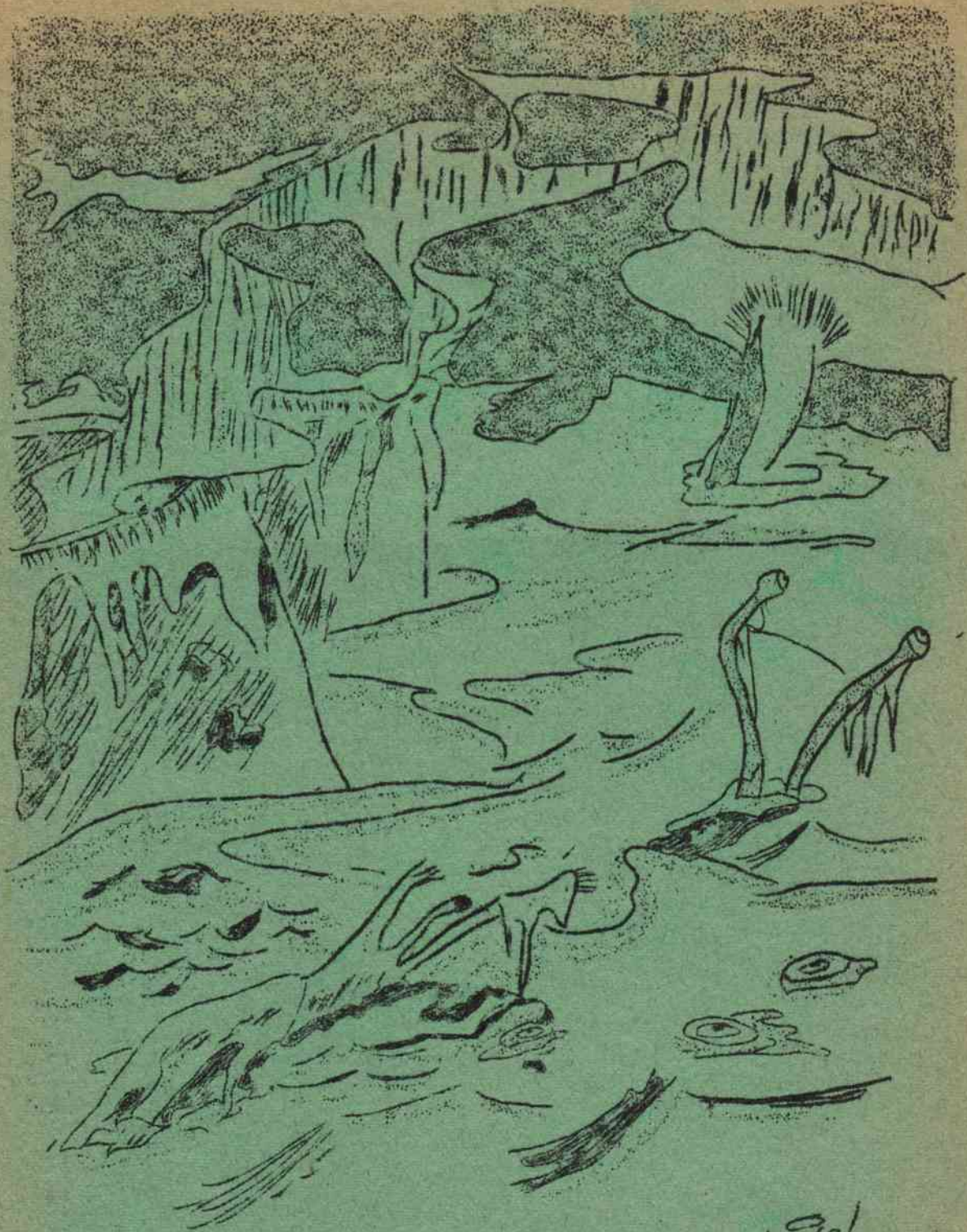
1. View from inside open manhole.
2. Giraffe passing a window.
3. Bird's eye view of fat woman wearing a large hat.
4. Inactive volcano.
5. Muzzle end view of double barreled shotgun.
6. Cross section of a toenail.
7. Fly specks on a ham sandwich.
8. Mexican riding a bicycle.
9. Dog going around a corner.

(How did you do? Would someone else like to submit some for next time???)

.....

"Oh no, it's in good shape,--you don't need to have it checked! No--it just busts down 26 light-years from home!"





nigel

In the nightmares of the future,
With terror raging free,
Crawl the unknown, half-seen horrors
From out of an alien sea.

-- Carol McKinney