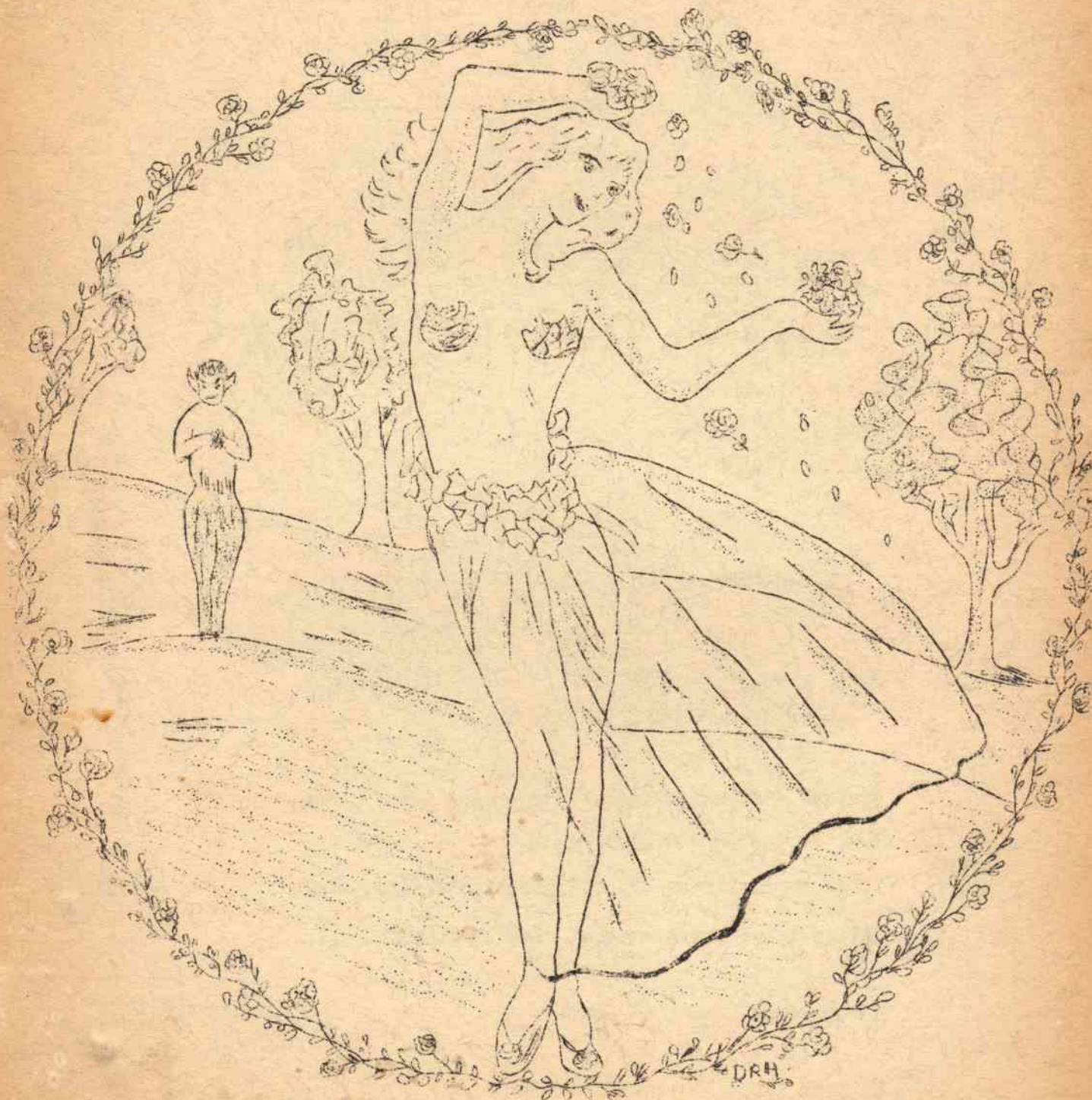


# DEVIANT

# 2

MAY 1954

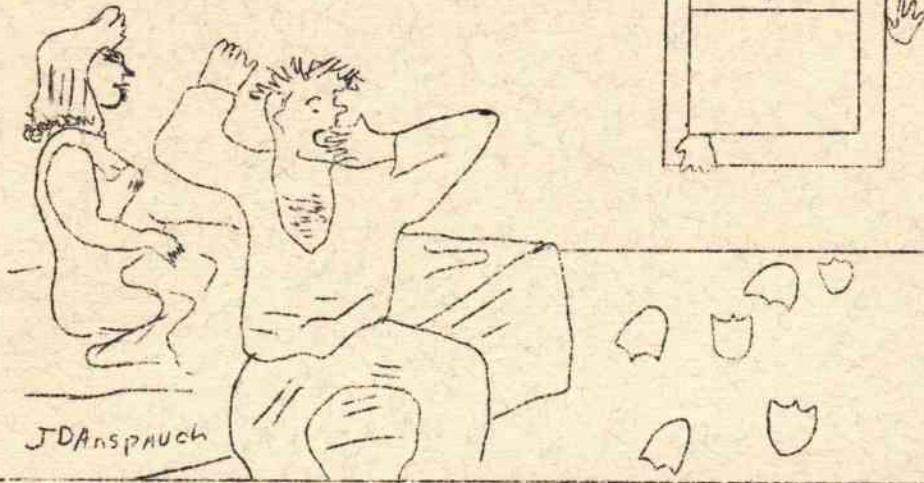
20¢



RUSTLES OF SPRING



"Had a crazy dream last night, about a Martian landing a flying saucer outside the window and coming into the bedroom!"



THIS ISH IS YOURS

BECAUSE

- You are a subber and have 4 more ishs coming.
- You are a contributor.
- Trade copy. (If we are not already trading, would you like to???)
- Review copy; say something nice about us?
- Sample copy,--want to sub?
- We just liked the sound of your name.
- May we be honored with a contribution?



ALIEN SPRING

Among the cold, bleak sand dunes  
So strangely marked by time,  
Apathetically, I watch the wind  
Shift the pinkish grime.

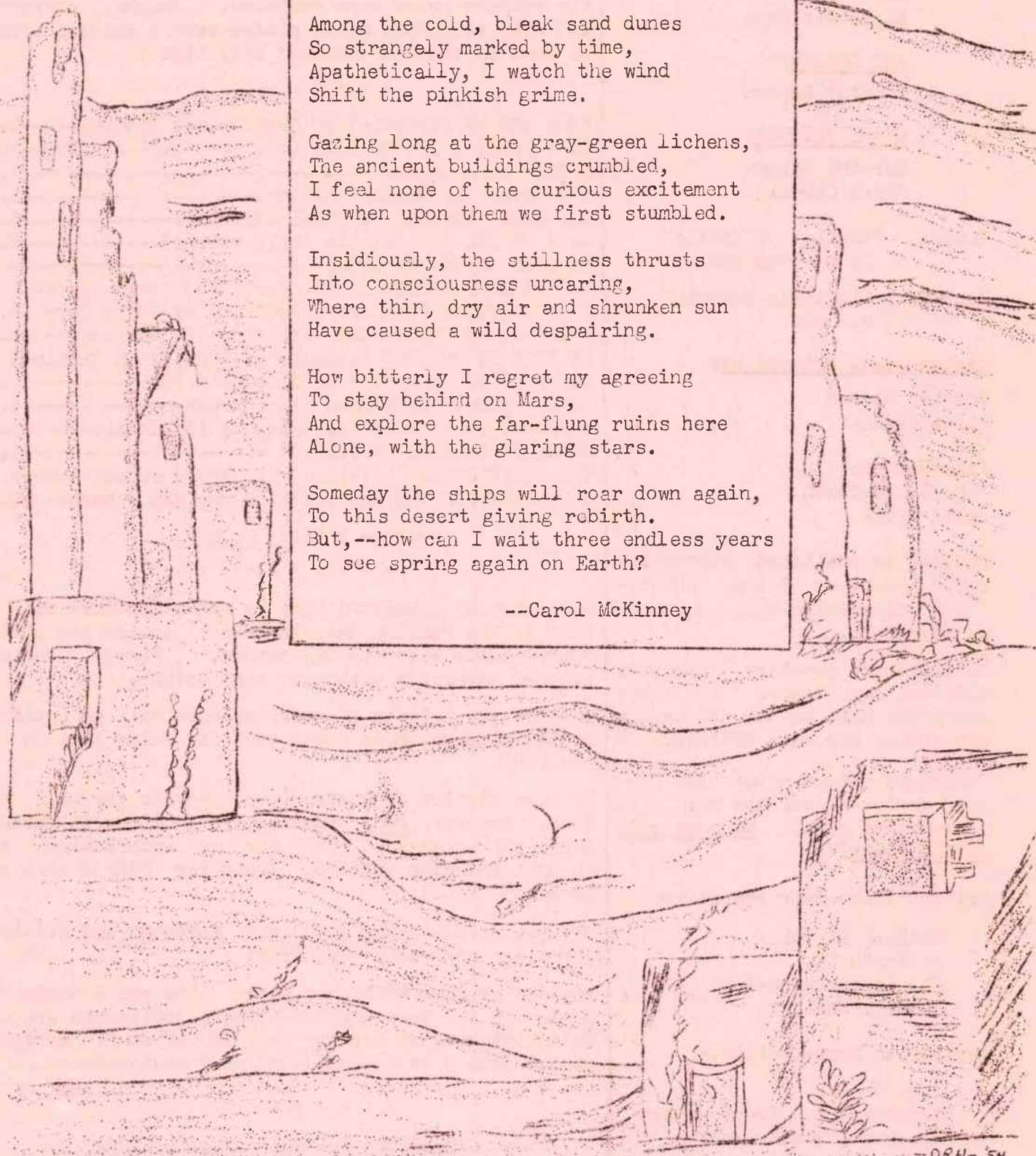
Gazing long at the gray-green lichens,  
The ancient buildings crumbled,  
I feel none of the curious excitement  
As when upon them we first stumbled.

Insidiously, the stillness thrusts  
Into consciousness uncaring,  
Where thin, dry air and shrunken sun  
Have caused a wild despairing.

How bitterly I regret my agreeing  
To stay behind on Mars,  
And explore the far-flung ruins here  
Alone, with the glaring stars.

Someday the ships will roar down again,  
To this desert giving rebirth.  
But,--how can I wait three endless years  
To see spring again on Earth?

--Carol McKinney



-ORH-54

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A DEVIANT PUBLICATION

# DEVIANTITIES

Below are the ratings on the various articles, stories, poems, and features, which were printed in last ish. Incidentally, 65 thoughtful fans returned their little green question sheets, from which the ratings below were compiled. Thanks, everyone! And will everybody again please make a special effort to send in the one enclosed this time?

o o o o o o o o o

PEON AND ME (article) by Charles Lee Riddle-----	6.91
THAT LOUSY 3 LETTER WORD (article) Lyle Kessler--	6.82
DOZFAC as a whole-----	6.69
The Cover by Dorothy Hansen-----	6.62
SEA SONG (poem) by Carol McKinney-----	6.55
SAGA OF WILLIAM (Little Willy verses)-----	6.48
Bacover by Nigel Cadell-----	6.25
THE FANZINE MATERIAL POOL (article) Terry Carr---	6.22
FACE CRITTURS (feature in DOZFAC) by Terry Carr--	6.18
BROOM CLOSET ROCKETEER (article) Vee Hampton----	6.15
BELIEVE IT OR KNOT (feature in DOZFAC)Don. Cantin-	5.85
CHILD OF SPACE (poem) by Elizabeth Pope-----	5.82
HOPE (poem) by Norman Wansborough-----	5.45
SCRATCH...ONE WORLD (article) by Jim Chamlee-----	5.38
DOODLES (feature in DOZFAC) -----	5.28
THE GRAVEDIGGERS (fiction) by Harold Bunan-----	5.25
BAD START FOR THE DAY (fiction) by Sam Johnson---	4.75

Average total: 6.04

o o o o o o o o o

Any material submitted that is not acceptable will be sent to the Fanzine Material Pool, unless its author specifically requests its return. Please enclose stamped envelopes with your submissions.

Authors and artists of accepted work will be notified promptly, also those whose work is being sent on to the FMP.

No more fiction or poetry is needed for the next two ishs. However, good articles are a different matter; there will always be room for an interesting and thought-inducing article. Items for DOZFAC also especially wanted.

Are you a frustrated comedian? Cartoons and stf-type jokes are earnestly solicited!

Any fan artists with some spare time and a desperate desire to see your work in print? Applicants are now being interviewed for the position of staff artists; please send 3 or 5 samples of your masterpieces...

o o o o o o o o o

Deadline for #3: June 1, 1954

Circulation this ish: 210



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Punishing fun by Dean Grennell  
Results of 3 contests, cartoons, jokes  
And DEVIATIONS, where you have your say...

# APRIL SHOWERS

DV #2 would have been out at least 2 weeks sooner, except for a certain little trip we took to sunny (?) California, and then moving immediately after returning. (Already, excuses we have). With no more distractions, though, #3 will see the inside of the post office about 6 weeks from now.

As everybody has noted, happily or otherwise, the price per single copy of DV is now 20¢. The reason is simple; so many fans complained about our folding their copies of DV #1, and the way it made them look because of the heavy covers, that from now on all copies will go mailed in envelopes. And it seems that no one is giving the envelopes away.

There were other complaints, too, about the staples pulling out. That was also caused by folding the copies so that they pulled through the art paper covers. With a different type cover this time and not folding the copies, plus the fact that we bought a larger stapler, no more of this trouble should annoy anyone. Being rank amateurs in the fanzine pubbing field, we've tried to act upon the most often repeated, most sensible suggestions received about the improvement of DEVIANT. So if you've a legitimate gripe or helpful hint, may we hear it?

Thanks--to those approximately 125 fans who wrote commenting on DV #1; double thanks to those 65 who remembered to enclose the question sheet. Hope they didn't all expect a personal answer...Somehow the time for crifanac evaporates fast enough as it is, without replying to the entire mountain of mail inevitably involved. So thanks again, especially to those who subbed, and please don't expect us to answer every one of you personally! (Be glad, you contributors, that your work is acknowledged right away, instead of not at all,--like another well known faned I could mention...Then again, maybe he broke his arm 3 or 4 times in the past few months???)

Quite a few fans in other countries and more in this have asked me if I knew which stf mags have recently folded. To the best of my knowledge, those listed below are the only ones now being published. Thus, if you don't see a mag listed, it's probably kaput:

## Digest sized

GALAXY	monthly
BEYOND	bimonthly
IMAGINATION	monthly
ASTOUNDING	monthly
IF	monthly
SPACEWAY	bimonthly
FANTASY & SF	monthly
FANTASTIC	bimonthly
S.F. ADVENTURES	bimonthly
S.F. DIGEST	unstated
VORTEX	irregular
COSMOS	bimonthly
ORBIT	quarterly
MYSTIC	bimonthly
FANTASTIC UNIVERSE	bimonthly
UNIVERSE	bimonthly
AMAZING	bimonthly
FUTURE	quarterly

## Pulp sized

STARTLING STORIES	quarterly
THRILLING WONDER STORIES	quarterly
PLANET STORIES	quarterly
S.F. QUARTERLY	quarterly
FANTASTIC STORY MAG	quarterly

And that's all, only 23... Remember last year when about 34 were being published? indeed the slump is on. And maybe it isn't such a bad thing at all. If you've noticed, it's easy to see that the quality of the various stories today has gone way up compared to last year's crop. Only the best are now seeing print, instead of the editors accepting anything to fill up space. And from the actifan's point of view it's very good. Now we have time to catch up on our reading, or at least keep track of what is being published!

And what's your opinion on the whole thing??

Carol McKinney



# WIND

by DON HOWARD DONNELL

Outside, expecting dawn, the wind had stopped. The night was clear, flecked with light from silent stars. It was cold.

Martin stubbed out his cigarette in an already overflowing ashtray. Henderson, asleep in his bunk, stirred restlessly. The room was chill with expectancy. The only sound was the faint whirr of the electric clock that sat on the table, its red second hand swept the dial, brushing each numeral on its tireless accounting of time. There was no stopping it.

Martin lit another cigarette, his throat raw from too much smoking. He was too nervous to refrain. A cold cross draught eddied through the room and he shivered, zipping up his leather flight jacket a little higher. He carefully avoided the sight of the four empty bunks that stared at him with a mute melancholy. He would not look at them. If he did, he would remember, painfully, the men who had once slept there, the men he had laughed and joked with, the men he had called his friends. Each of those empty bunks would have its own personal, tragically nostalgic story.

There had been Red Squires, laughing, hitting him on the back, just a little too hard...

And there would be Mike Wilson, the somber one of the group, always serious, always your friend.

Then the rotund Gregg Golden who just slipped in under the weight requirements of the Air Force.

And last would be Frank Dennison, with his wife and baby; the wife he had known since grammar school, the wife he would have to face when he came home. If he ever came home...

How could he see her, knowing that she would look at him with a stare of accusation, wondering why it hadn't been him instead of her Frank who had gotten blown up over some obscure river bridge in North Korea?

And the wind. The damned wind!

Henderson mumbled something and opened his eyes. He stared at Martin a moment, then looked at the clock. The clock presented its face to him, its hands pointing to 4:34. Henderson looked back at Martin.

"Almost dawn."

"Almost." Henderson straightened up. He smoothed his hair into place then dug at his eyes, searching out the tiredness in them. He swung his long, bony legs over the edge of the bunk and pulled on his pants. He looked for his socks a moment, found them and put them on.

"Any coffee?" he asked.

"It's cold." Martin walked over and flipped on the switch to the hot plate. When it glowed he put the coffee pot on.

Henderson had finished dressing. "Think it'll happen today?"

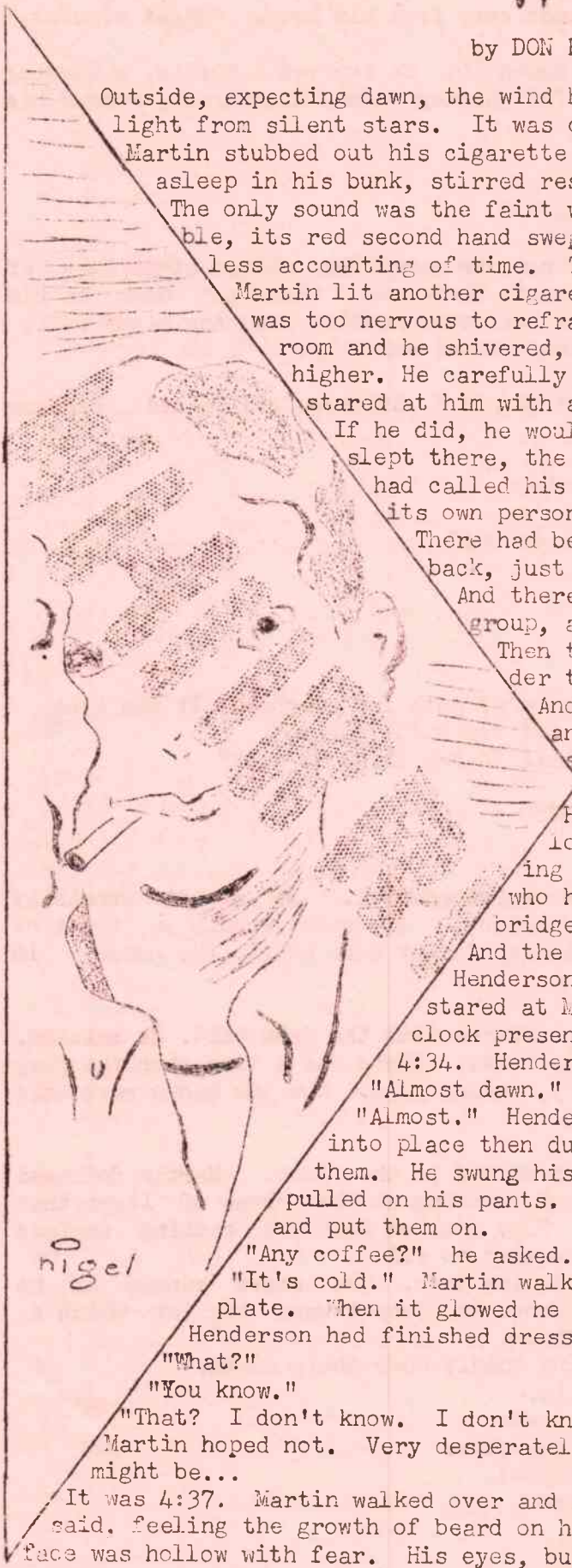
"What?"

"You know."

"That? I don't know. I don't know at all..."

Martin hoped not. Very desperately he hoped it wouldn't happen again. Today it might be...

It was 4:37. Martin walked over and looked into the mirror. "Eight minutes," he said, feeling the growth of beard on his chin. "Eight minutes." His long, gaunt face was hollow with fear. His eyes, burning out of that face were sick. He ran his



hand through his hair, pushing the black strands away from his brow. "Eight minutes," he said again.

Henderson got up, walked to a cabinet, opened it. He removed a bottle, a quarter filled with an amber liquid. He opened it. The whiskey burned his throat, warmed his stomach. He put the bottle back.

"Think you ought to?" Martin asked.

"Why not?"

"Don't let the C.O. smell it on your breath."

"I won't."

The coffee was ready. The smell of the brew permeated the closed atmosphere of the bunker. Martin poured two cups, handed one to Henderson, then sat down on his bunk, staring into the steaming cup. His face reflected muddily from the black pool.

"Why did you join the Air Force?" Henderson asked suddenly.

"Because of a girl."

Henderson made a derisive noise. "That's stupid." Silence. "I joined because I didn't want to join the Army."

"Fine."

Silence. The clock told off another minute.

"Skip it then. Just conversation."

"Yeah, can the words. We've got a patrol to do!"

"Ok, if you want it that way."

"I do."

"All right." A pause.

"I'm sorry, Henderson."

"Ok. We're both on a strain."

Martin agreed. The hut shook with the sound of jets low overhead. It was 4:44.

Martin drained his coffee and stood up. "It was awful queer."

"Damned weird, I'll tell you. What the hell do you think it was?"

"I don't know."

"Don't you think we ought to tell someone?"

"Who'd believe us?"

"That's right,--who would?"

The next thirty seconds were spent in absent preparation. At almost precisely 4:45, they heard the soft sound of a jeep approaching. It braked loudly in front of the bunker. Another ten seconds passed. The sound of feet were heard, the pause in front of the door. The knock came.

Henderson opened the door.

"Patrol duty, sir," said the corporal, pink-faced from the dawn cold. He saluted. Martin turned back and looked at the four empty bunks. There was a time when the jeep was filled beyond capacity with a gang of happy, joking guys. Now the bunks were cold and silent, the men gone, their voices stilled.

"Let's go," he said, his voice catching.

The corporal stepped outside and Henderson walked to the jeep. Martin followed them. Without a word they sat beside each other, staring at the break of light that had pierced the wall of darkness to the east. They smelled fuel and cooling engines on the air. They heard the sounds of engines coming to life.

The pink-faced corporal jumped briskly into the jeep. The gears cursed as he started the engine and shifted into low. He turned the jeep toward the jet which awaited them far away at the other end of the field.

Behind them, the wind came again, breathing coldly down their necks.

"You are the next," it whispered to Martin.

"You are the next," it whispered to Henderson.

The two men turned to each other, their eyes sick.

And distinctly in their ears, the wind laughed.

Afterward, it sighed, impatient for the dawn.

THE END



# CITIES OF THE ATOM

By DOROTHY HANSEN

## Part I

Living for six years in a sleepy little Mississippi town, where everyone knew everyone else and had lived there for generations, did nothing to prepare me for the sudden move to Oak Ridge, Tennessee, in early 1944. I had lived on defense projects before,--but Oak Ridge! Where was it? What was it? No one knew... My dad had been there quite awhile before we joined him, but he didn't tell us much, except that it was in eastern Tennessee.

We left Memphis, Tennessee, by Pullman, rode all night and got in Knoxville early the next morning. It is a comparatively large town, home of the University of Tennessee. That morning it was merely a smoky blur of business district and traffic. We reported to the Knoxville office and made arrangements to get to Oak Ridge. We took a "stretch-out,"--which is not something from ASE, but a car, cut in two in the middle and an extra section put in--that was our magic carpet.

Miles of hills, winding roads, and nothing for what seemed like hours... I held a little piece of cardboard clenched in my fist; this would get me through The Gate--if we ever got to it. We did, finally,--a high, barbed wire fence, and a heavily guarded gate. But the little piece of cardboard did its job, and I was in at last! Scenes were blurred the first day; impressions too broad to register. There was a splash of red clay, heavy equipment ripping up sod, tearing roads into virgin soil, houses--all of the same type construction, half finished, just started, and only staked out.

We spent the next few days in Transient Quarters, waiting for our furniture, getting our permanent residence passes, and trying to see everything. When our furniture came we moved in, with bulldozers still moving the "lawn" around the house. There were no sidewalks, streets not paved, mud--just mud and more mud. Red, sticky, gluey mud!

I was a junior in high school, so I climbed the hill (oh what a hill!), to the high school. I got signed up for classes, and became, officially, a member of the first junior class in Oak Ridge High. The first senior class totaled about 15 students; our class next year was over 200, and from all walks of life, all over the United States. We had a school paper, a mimeographed one, which was censored before it was run off. It was quite different from the usual, as there were no last names printed, just first names and initials. You learned quickly not to ask what a friend's father did.

We rode busses to school. They were free then, and it was quite exciting to ride them. They were beautiful,--nice, dirty, olive drab... You never knew where you would end up when you rode one. Even the bus drivers didn't know where their next route would be from one run to the next. Roads were laid so fast it wasn't unusual to get on a bus and have the driver get lost! The mud and dust were every place. We would stand in the ankle deep mud waiting for a bus, and choke in the dust from the road.

~~Our Junior class started traditions still being carried on, though I believe I was the only one to borrow money from the principal for my class pin! We were quite informal... Our history class was about equally divided between Rebs and Damyankees, and the Civil War got fought all over again.~~

The Post Office Department didn't attempt to keep up with building, so for quite awhile we would go to school early and stand in line, waiting for the mail at the General Delivery window. There were lines for everything. Mail, groceries,

and of course, cigarettes. Population was "hush-hush" so commodities came into Oak Ridge in dribbles. There was never enough of anything.

Pre-fabricated houses were being moved in by sections all the time. It's an uncanny feeling to hear a horn, and find half a house bearing down on you! Not only was it hard to find your own house because they were built alike, but you never knew when they would plop a new one down and foul up your count.

By now, every resident over 12 had to have a picture pass. There was a sign where the pictures were made, which said: "We cannot improve on Nature." They certainly didn't try either! My pic resembled a BEM more than anything else. But it got me in and out of the area, though, so it served its purpose.

During the summer the school was enlarged but when we went back we found it was still so crowded we had traffic "cops" in the halls. In order to cross the hall to a locker, we had to find a "cop" and cross there. There weren't any traffic lights, though we expected every day to find them. We were definitely overcrowded, to make an understatement. I finally graduated about the middle of the class, got my diploma, and then a job...

I worked for Tennessee Eastman Co., in the blueprint department. Miles of blueprints, but we never paid any attention to them, except for the number. We didn't ask what anything was. Questions were verboten... We were reminded constantly by large signs: "Talk Kills" "Button your Lip!" "You Never Know Who's Listening" etc. I always figured the less I knew, the better. We did our job and let it go at that.

Then, while I was working, the NEWS broke! The Atomic Bomb had been dropped! The town went wild. At last people knew, and some could draw a free breath once more, without being afraid they'd slip and say something wrong. The steam whistle blew, and we all felt quite elated. We'd had a hand in it! Then after the first big surprise, everyone realized how enormous this was... Someone said, "I used to punch a button, and pull a lever as I was told and think nothing of it. Now I wonder every time I push, and worry every time I pull!" Rumors flew. People took it calmly mostly but some left, afraid of living and working so close to something so big. You discovered that the boy who sat next to you in Chemistry was the son of a "brain." People on the "outside" looked at you in awe when you said you were from Oak Ridge.

Things settled down at last. You went ahead and did your job. The war was over and faces changed, things stabilized. And you had been a part of it all.

Since we lived so close to the University of Tennessee, I decided to get a college education, and quit work. Special busses were run to college from Oak Ridge, so we commuted. We carried our picture passes and if we forgot them, we stopped at the gatehouse, gave our life history, waited while they checked on us, and got a piece of cardboard. And, usually, a warning not to do it again!

Then my dad got a transfer to Richland, Washington, the sister Atomic City, and I left college to loaf for 3 months before joining him out here. Loafing in Oak Ridge was difficult, as everyone either works or goes to school. I was bored.

We went back to Oak Ridge in 1951, and how it had changed! I felt lost--almost all of the pre-fabricated houses were gone, the outer gates were open, and you only needed a pass for the restricted working areas. New large apartment buildings had been erected, new ultra-modern stores, concrete sidewalks, paved roads,--and grass! There was also a large new high school, latest modern design.

(cont. on page 14)



THIS all happened back in 1956, at one of the large atomic plants operating in what was then called the United States. It is all past history now, and those huge plants are only piles of twisted, rusting metal and crumbling stone. Weeds have covered walks, and water has seeped into basements. An occasional bird song is the only thing which breaks the stillness.

But in that year, early 1956, these crumbling ruins were teeming with people and vibrating with the noise of machinery. Names in our history books weren't only names then, they were living people, scientists, physicists, and mathematicians. The field of atomic research was still undeveloped along many lines, and these men were delving into unknown factors, each day discovering a new shortcut, or some cheaper way of producing the elements and compounds which made up the atomic bomb.

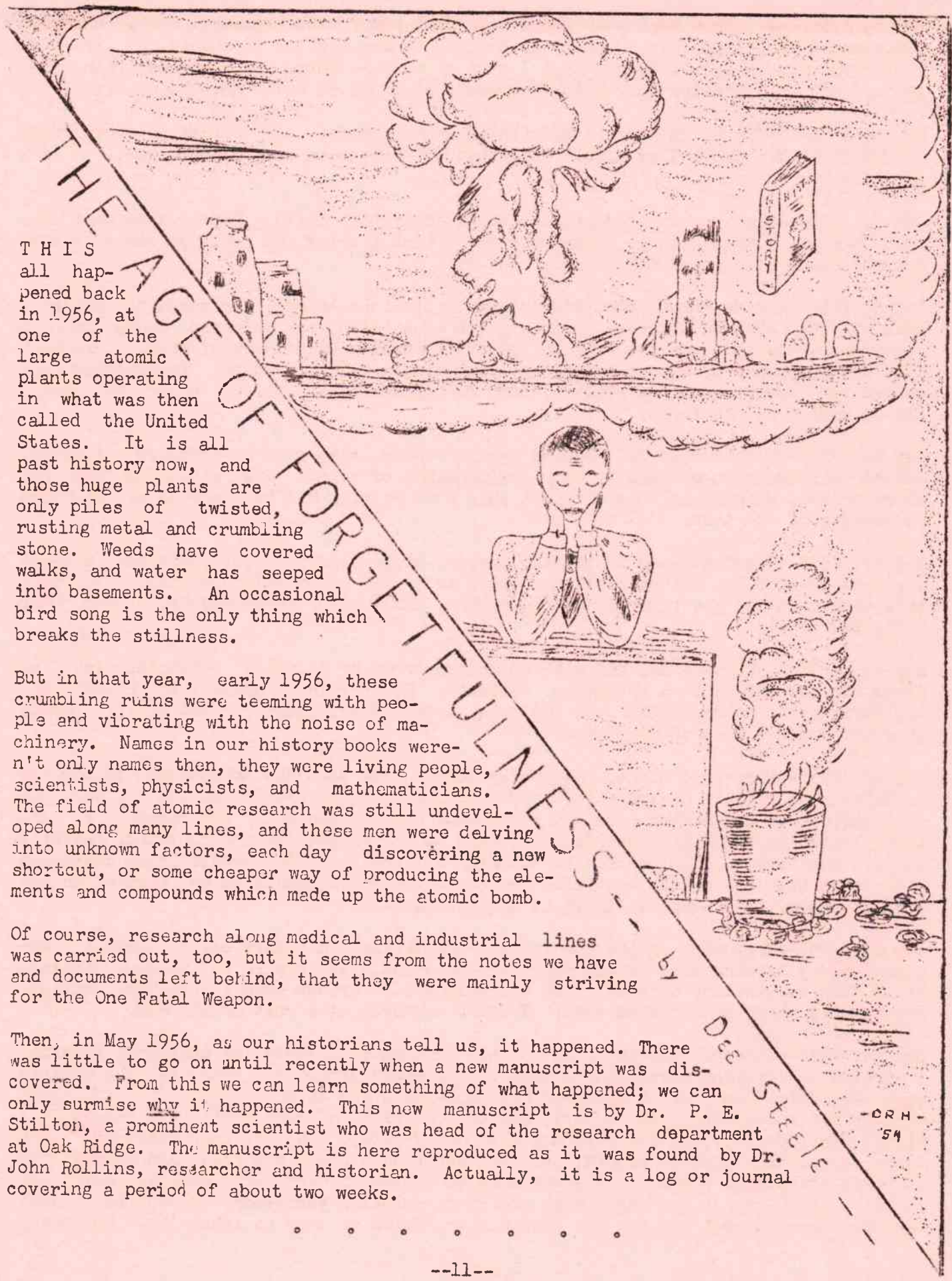
Of course, research along medical and industrial lines was carried out, too, but it seems from the notes we have and documents left behind, that they were mainly striving for the One Fatal Weapon.

Then, in May 1956, as our historians tell us, it happened. There was little to go on until recently when a new manuscript was discovered. From this we can learn something of what happened; we can only surmise why it happened. This new manuscript is by Dr. P. E. Stilton, a prominent scientist who was head of the research department at Oak Ridge. The manuscript is here reproduced as it was found by Dr. John Rollins, researcher and historian. Actually, it is a log or journal covering a period of about two weeks.

THE AGE OF FORGETFULNESS

Dee Steele

-ORH-  
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May 5, 1956---Research moving on schedule. Dull paper work as usual. Dr. Balticon has finally stabilized his Y solution. Now, if it develops as it should, we are one step closer to our goal. In my heart I wish we were reaching for a humanitarian goal instead of a destructive one, but if we must, pray God we never have to use it.

May 6, 1956---Reports as usual. Everything under control. Y solution about ready for final test. Seems I grow more depressed the closer we come to our goal. It's too BIG.

May 7, 1956---Test for Y scheduled for the 19th of this month. Don't know what has come over me, I dread it so. I shudder every time I enter the lab. At times I wish man had never discovered how to split the atom.

May 8, 1956---Seemed to be some discontent in the labs today, the cause of which I have not been able to uncover. Painter, lab technician, was released today at my recommendation. His reports were so jumbled I could make nothing of them. Have no idea what happened as he was a very able technician and came highly recommended. He seemed very happy about the release, said something about a farm. Maybe we would all be better off on farms.

May 9, 1956---Had to release a junior chemist today, same reason,--jumbled reports. Had to call one down because of careless handling of acid. But, since we are now short handed, we have to keep him. At this rate we will not have enough men to carry on the day of the test.

May 10, 1956--Tension eased in the lab today. No jumbled reports. Only one unusual incident--caught Dr. Calden reciting poetry to a very unromantic crucible. I suppose even chemists get romantic in the spring, but I never suspected Dr. Calden of being the type!

May 11, 1956--Lab peaceful, but with an undercurrent of inertia. With the test so close the lab should be a beehive of activity. Dr. Balticon, usually so brisk and blustering, has become quite slow and meek, though I may imagine a lot of it. Surely everyone doesn't have spring fever?

May 12, 1956--Rain last night, and cooler today. The pace has speeded up in the lab as T-Day, the reports now call it, approaches. Messengers are in and out all day. One poor fellow who had worked here for years must have broken under the strain. He was found seated in the hall, cheerfully tearing up the reports he was carrying. Luckily we have duplicates. The tension is building up, though I find myself still depressed and cannot help but wonder what will happen to the world should we be forced to resort to use of this weapon. If it is successful...

May 13, 1956--Explosion in the lab today. Dr. Willis had a very basic formula explode, badly burning him and blinding his assistant. It is hard to believe because he is such an exacting chemist. He was slightly delirious when I left him, muttering vaguely about his boyhood home. The lab was upset the rest of the day.

May 14, 1956--It seems the whole planet has gone mad! Instead of technical reports, I receive an envelope containing a copy of Elizabeth Browning's sonnets! The reports were very vital ones, but I have not been able to trace them down yet. Dr. Masters, shortly after completing the report, suffered a stroke of some sort. The report was highly confidential, and its loss may also delay T-Day. One of our remaining lab techs turned in a jumbled report, and when questioned could not even understand the simplest scientific terms. There seems to be a type of contagious amnesia going the rounds. Dr. Littenal made up a very important solution yesterday; today he cannot remember where he put it, nor the code numbers which he used to label it. He never



writes them down because, until today, he has had a photographic memory. If this keeps up, God only knows what may happen.

May 15, 1956--Lab routine, though behind, moved normally today. Visited Dr. Willis in the hospital. Physically, he is recovering nicely; but he became quite upset and raved about all the stupid scientific questions when I asked him about a lab process he hadn't checked before the accident. It was quite a shock to me, and I was unable to obtain some vital information from him. Later, I did the checking myself, after going over his lab notes.

May 16, 1956--Normal? Did I ever think the lab would be normal again? Today has been a nightmare! Being in a rather central location, we are able to observe most of the other departments. In every one men are casually walking off the job. They just leave. We attempted to question some, but we received answers that stumped us. They seemed to resent our questions, and had a dazed look in their eyes. All muttered something about not knowing why they were there. Because of the mass movement, a lie detector was used on several, but failed to show anything. Obviously, though the reason is beyond us, they are telling the truth about not knowing anything about jobs they were working on just yesterday. There are only ten left in our department, and less in the most, some being completely wiped out by the general exodus of employees. Soon, if this keeps on, there will be no one. It makes me wonder...

May 17, 1956--And still the nightmare goes on! Dr. Balticon laid aside his test tubes and left as I was helping put Y into the final stage. He walked calmly out with the same dazed expression I have become used to lately. His collapse, for want of a better name, set me back on my heels. I was called into a Department head meeting before I could think out the problem. It was a glum meeting, the heads of the departments being the only ones there at work in most of the plant. When I was told the news that had prompted this meeting I was startled, and yet I seemed to find a quiet peace in what I learned. The amnesia, or whatever it is, is general all over the world. There was no atomic plant unaffected. Even from behind the Iron Curtain the news came by a round-about way, despite official denial. There was little discussion; we were told the news and then just sat. There was nothing we could do. But I had an unusually elated feeling, why, I don't know.

May 18, 1956--There are very few of us here now. The once bustling halls echo hollowly as we walk down them. Dark, empty offices and stark labs open gapingly on the deserted hallways. I have a stack of telegrams in front of me on my desk. They all contain the same message and come from all atomic plants in the U. S.: "We have received our orders, and will destroy all matter pertaining to atomic research at midnight May 19. There is no one left here." I have no idea why I received them. I also have one telegram from each nation on the Earth where atomic research was being carried out. There is only one reason why I could be receiving these,--to make a record for posterity. I am glad now I kept this personal journal. It is a shame man has spent so many years on work which will be wiped out now. Man was just not ready. I must go now to gather papers and burn them; I shall probably be here all night.

May 19, 1956--I am alone in my office. My desk lamp casts weird shadows on the dusty floor of the deserted lab. The papers are all ashes now. The office is chilly, and has the feeling of a musty tomb. I am very tired, both mentally and physically. The piles are quite safe as they are, and other things have been turned off. Soon they will crumble, at least before we can recover from this, I know that now. We were going in the wrong direction, and some force greater than mere man has saved us from total destruction. It is almost midnight and I'm beginning to wonder why I'm sitting in this cold, dark building. I must go home to my wife; tomorrow I shall begin the book I've wanted to write for years. I shall place this journal in a lead box, in a safe place. Someone will find it someday... Thank God we were stopped in time!

And so ends the diary. Now we know why these huge atomic plants are ruins, and why we live as we do today. We knew there was an atomic research program and that there were atomic bombs. The technical books were destroyed, but we knew of it from newspapers and novels. We know of atomic power much as the men of that period knew of the Sphinx. They knew it was there, but not how or why. Perhaps one of these days man will again learn the first step in splitting the atom, and making a solution of Y and a bomb, and we will be back where they were. Let us hope we, too, can then go through what our history books call The Age of Forgetfulness, before "T-Day" ever becomes a reality.

---Report of the United Federation Research Dept. May 19, 2056

THE END

CITIES OF THE ATOM (cont. from page 10)

Still, I missed the old Oak Ridge, and found myself standing on a street corner remembering the ghosts of the past. Heavy equipment stirring up red dust, pre-fabs moving in, familiar faces, olive drab buses, and mud. Even if the gates are closed again, it will never be the way it was then. There is something about being a part of a thing so big, and watching it grow. I'm glad I was able to be a part of Oak Ridge when it was young and rough. I'm especially glad I was there when the A-bomb was dropped. It's something I will never forget!

THE  
SCIENCE-FANTASY MART.  
10 NORTH STREET,  
ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA  
SUSSEX, ENGLAND

The following books are all second-hand copies, condition as stated. All prices include postage.

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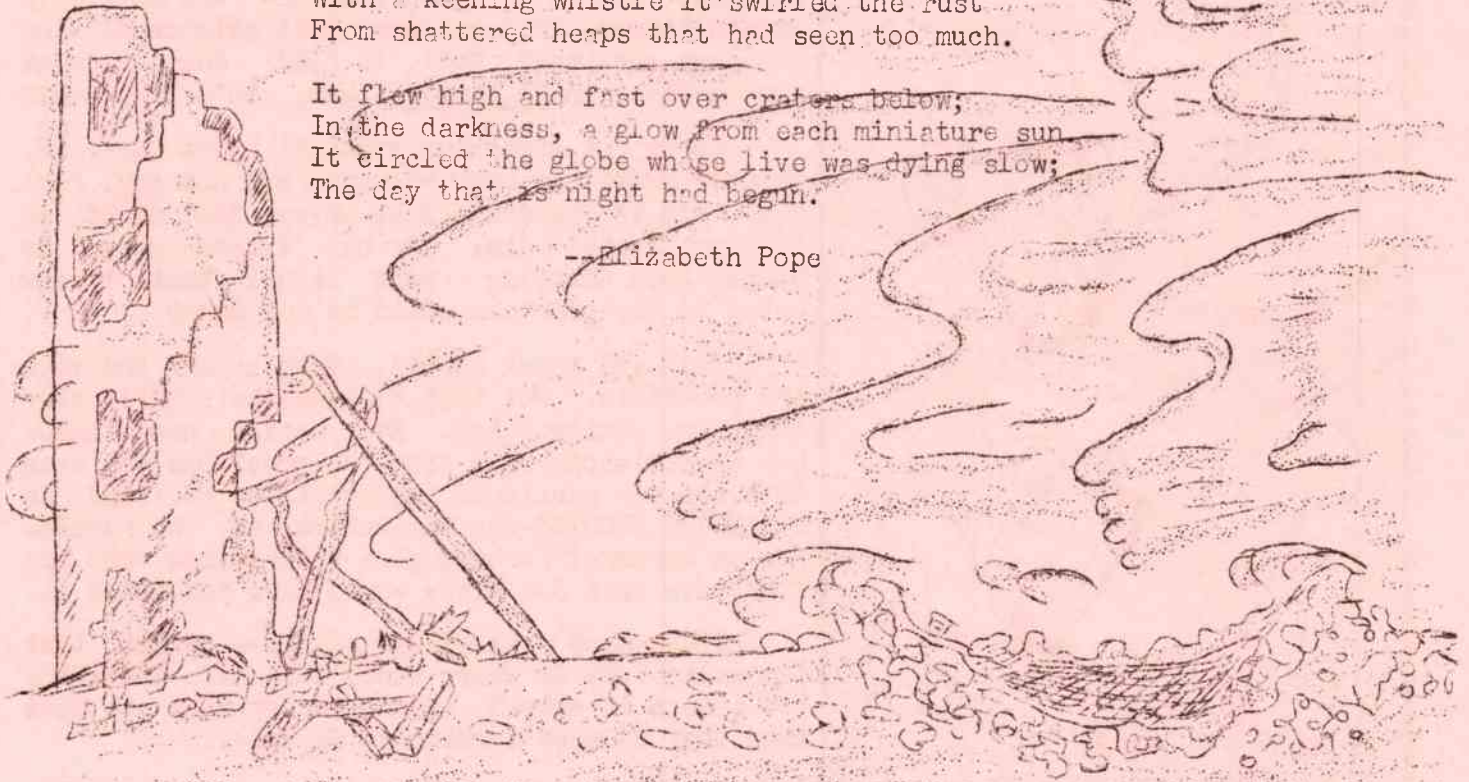
ATOMIC FULFILLMENT

The wind whispered sullenly over the land  
With its tenuous fingers outstretched.  
Scraping and sliding on molten sand  
It flowed over dead land retched.

Gleaming, white bones crumbled to dust  
At the slightest breath of wind's hot touch.  
With a keening whistle it swirled the rust  
From shattered heaps that had seen too much.

It flew high and fast over craters below;  
In the darkness, a glow from each miniature sun  
It circled the globe whose life was dying slow;  
The day that as night had begun.

--Elizabeth Pope



-DRH-

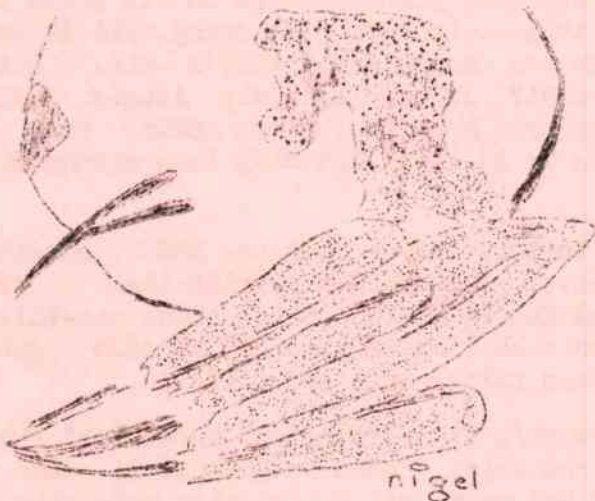
THE EXILE'S HYMN

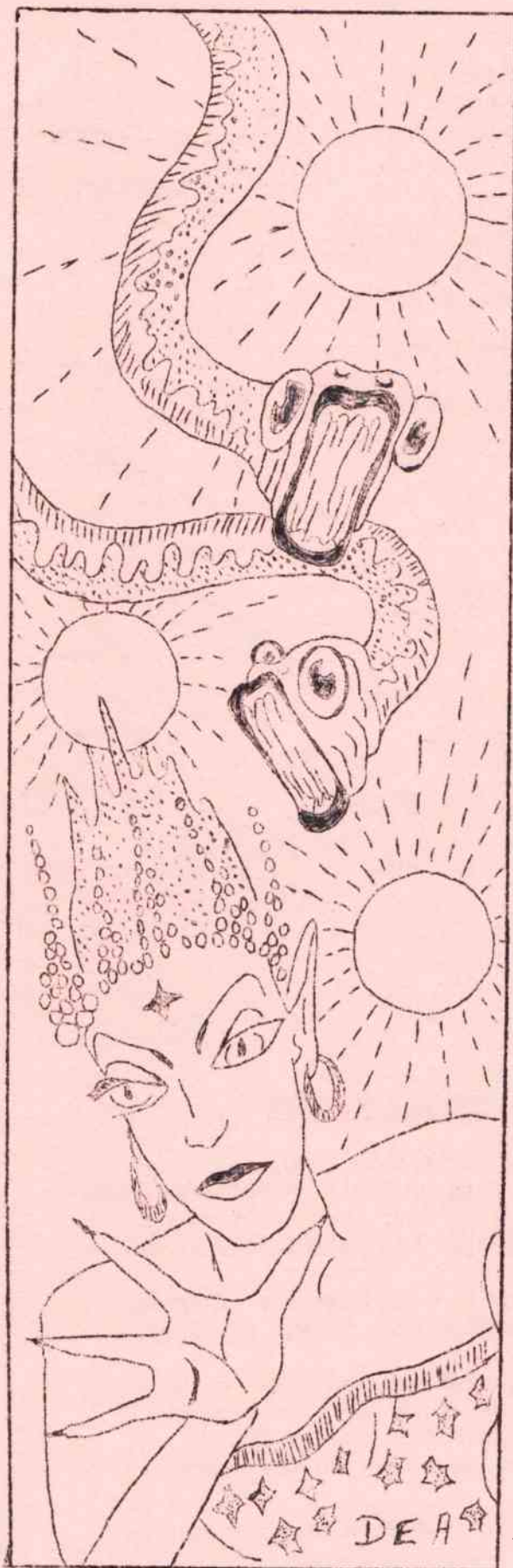
Terra, our planet home,  
Whose flag protects where'er we roam.  
On land or sea, in deepest space  
Your people bask within thy grace.

On many far-flung worlds of space  
Your exiled long to see thy face.

Your rocket men and jettors, too,  
When each duty period's through  
Hurry back from lonely space,  
To rest once more in thy embrace.

--Norman Wansborough





# IT'S UP TO YOU

by JAMES LEWIS

Who's crazy? The world,--or me?

That's the problem with which many fans are faced sooner or later. But they won't admit it. Instead, they'll all gather around and mutter in smooth tones: "Did you know that science fiction has been accepted? Well, it has! Just look at that article in Collier's. Man, ain't it great?"

Let's get something straight right now: SF, more or less, has been accepted but not you, fandom. And if you don't wake up you just might be left out in the cold. Or has fandom grown so hoarse from shouting about itself that a few notes to the prozines would be too much?

Stop and think awhile. Turn around and view the pro field. Put that "I wanna be a BNF!" sign down, and really think. Ever notice how fandom has been disappearing from the pros? Did you know that not one published request is to be found in STARTLING STORIES for the return of the fanzine review columns? Perhaps if a request had come in I believe that Sam Mines would have published it.

True, many fans--I did myself--thought that Sam would take up where Bixby left off. But after two issues it should have been apparent to most fans that he wasn't going to do this.

I didn't write. You didn't write. He didn't write. She didn't write. They didn't write. Joe E. Fann didn't write.

Result: No fanzine reviews...

Another thing is the fact that AMAZING doesn't have the Club House feature in its slick format. Now this could have been swung. All it would have taken was enough fans, that's all. But do you know what? In her last pulp issues AMAZING printed several non-fan letters asking that the Club House be killed. Not many fans sprang to its defense.

Now that leaves us with one and one-third zine reviews. IMAGINATION carries them every month, and Robert Madle devotes about one-third of his column each time SFQ and FUTURE come out,--which leaves things in a sad state.

Why wasn't The Melting Pot voted for? Fanneds wrote in and said, "Would be nice if it came out bimonthly but quarterly publication makes for too



long a delay." If you ask me, a write-up on a fanzine is needed anytime. A reader can always get the current copy.

Then there's the business about the letter columns. IF, apparently, dropped its column because of lack of interest. SCIENCE FICTION ADVENTURES begged for letters, and has only recently had a letter column that was readable. SPACE S.F., now folded, had its column squeezed out several times at the last moment. UNIVERSE and SCIENCE STORIES, controlled by Ray Palmer, have quit fandom completely. AMAZING and FANTASTIC, with their little quotes, do not run a letter column. ASTOUNDING has never gone over fannish, and GALAXY had its letter column voted out.

In the case of GALAXY, fandom may be excused. There were three review columns (not counting "The Frying Pan") going, and plenty of letter columns, when its first issues came out. That was 1950. And the exact figures (or nearly so) on the letter columns for that year are 15. 1951: 15. 1952: 13. 1953: 13. 1954: 8. And in 1953 there were two mags, AS and FA, which didn't run their letter columns except for about three ish.

Now we have exactly 8 columns to cry in...

And that is something we don't do. Some may write in, but it isn't about the lack of fan columns. Yes, I know,--someone did bring up the subject in PLANET, but not for very long, and not very loud. It was sort of a weak voice calling from the back. It was not very well heard, and certainly not heeded.

Sam Mines remarked, not too long ago, that after all of that noise and stink, Captain Future had about 8 followers. He thought it funny.

I think it proves a point, though. Get behind something, shout, make noise, and the editor will at least laugh. If he laughs long enough, he just might stop and think, "Say, it might not be such a bad idea after all!"

Now you wonder just how we could plan to go about this?

Well, the two mags which show a little hope are AMAZING and FANTASTIC. They had a fanzine review column once,--just tell them that they should have it again. And tell them over, and over, and over again. Request SS and TWS to bring said reviews back. Do it over, and over and over! Hit Palmer with all guns for a letter column in UNIVERSE and SCIENCE STORIES. And then be sure to write those letters!

That's the secret,--write letters. If every fan would sit down and write SS and TWS about those reviews, I think we'd get them. Just fifty fen would go a long way. Then write to the others, too. Believe it would work? I know it would!

Or would you rather go around back-slapping other fen and saying, "We dood it."

"What?"

"Let ourselves get thrown out of the pros..."

FINIS



"COGITO, ERGO OOPSLA!"

by Gregg Calkins

• Here, in answer to many requests, is the  
• fanistory of another well-known faned,  
• one of fandom's most interesting personal-  
• ities. You can get a copy of OOPSLA!  
• the up-to-date fanzine, by writing to  
• Gregg at 2817 11th St., Santa Monica,  
• California. Single copies--15¢.

• • • • •

For the sake of those of you who manage to keep track of these things, I was born on the 4th day of November, 1934, in the cosmopolitan city of Los Angeles. Because the



city is metropolitan as well, my birth aroused no great comment and was of slight importance to anyone except my family and myself.

I managed to struggle through grade school and the better part of high school before science fiction ever interested me, as such. To be sure, I was already well acquainted with Burroughs, since one of the first Tarzan books was my mother's gift to me on my 11th birthday. I had always taken an active interest in Buck Rogers, but I did not then recognize that there was any more to the field than these.

One day in early 1950, while leafing through my favorite pulp western magazines, I ran across a strange cover, and thereby discovered my first issue of FANTASTIC NOVELS. I took it home, read it, and thereby fell immediately in love with the magazine. So you see, I am not really a science fiction fan but a fantasy fan. Even now, if it comes to a decision, I will prefer "pure fantasy" to "pure science fiction." In fact, my all-around favorite magazine for many years was FAMOUS FANTASTIC MYSTERIES, the second stf magazine I ever read,--and I consider the best stories I've ever read to be Merritt's "Ship of Ishtar" and Leiber's "Conjure Wife," both of them fantasy.

After discovering FN and FFM, I began collecting them with might and main. I was also interested in enlarging my collection of Burroughs' books, and when I ran across a fanzine review in Jimmy Taurasi's column in SUPER SCIENCE STORIES, I sent for a free copy of Vernell Coriell's fanzine, "The Burroughs Bulletin." I was so happy to get it, I disregarded the other fanzines in the review. I didn't really understand what they were, and it never occurred to me to send for them and find out.

I went on this way for a year or more, acquiring quite a correspondence with a great number of fans, getting numerous letters printed in FFM and FN, and eventually getting a fanzine now and then through the mail. All this time I was enlarging my stf collection, and it now reaches significant proportions. Many of my magazine files are complete, and I would not part with them for the world.

Sometime in March, 1951, I got the 8th issue of a fanzine named QUANDRY and immediately was charmed by its spell. I subscribed in short order, and even had an article printed in later months. About that time I began wistfully wishing that I knew somebody who read stf, and started looking around to see if I could find anyone. Oddly enough, my little brother acquainted me with the first person I ever met who knew who van Vogt was and what science fiction meant. (I have, by the way, one brother and one sister. Richard is 17 now, and my sister, Suzanne, is 9. Richard reads stf occasionally, and for the most part ignores it, but my sister is highly partial to anything I like, and often draws "Space" pictures of rocket-ships and all.)



In May, 1951, I graduated from high school in southern Utah and moved to the beautiful city of Salt Lake to pursue further studies in college. I entered my freshman year at the weary age of 16 and attended the University of Utah peacefully until about Christmas time. Then I published a fanzine.

The bug had bitten far before then, however, with my discovery of a fellow reader of stf. We had originally planned to put out a fanzine together, but I found out before we even got started, that it would be much easier and more practical to go it alone. I wrote a letter to my idol, Lee Hoffman, (later revealed to be a girl, much to my dismay) and asked her for a few pointers on how to start a fanzine. To those of you who like OOPSLA!, you have Lee to thank, because, except for her well-laid foundations, OOPS would never have been born.

On Christmas Day, 1951, my biggest and best present was an old A. B. Dick mimeo. It cost the whole sum of \$35, and I spent at least that much more buying lettering guides, and accessories towards putting out a fanzine. By the first day of January, 1952, I had completely stencilled, printed, and mailed the first issue of OOPSLA!

Titles are always a problem for me, and finding one of OOPS was no different. But I had the name handed to me on a silver platter, as it turned out. One afternoon, after class, I was sitting in my chair trying to think up a suitable name for the proposed zine, when my mother came in, highly indignant. Seems that she had told me to shovel the snow off the walks over an hour ago and just why hadn't I done it? But there I was, sitting on my better half, and reading that... that...and in want of a better word, she called it "oopsla!" The name stuck, and to this day, that is what my fanzine is: OOPSLA!

(As of this writing, I've survived 12 issues; from one illegible first containing little or nothing worthy of note except Lee Hoffman's fanfile, to my later issues replete with Bloch, McCain, Vick, and Walt Willis. OOPS is not considered the best fanzine in the field, though it is far from the worst, but I think everybody is well pleased with it, including myself. Like Lee Riddle, I don't count on OOPS being particularly spectacular, but merely content myself to plod along putting out issue after issue, watching others come and go.)

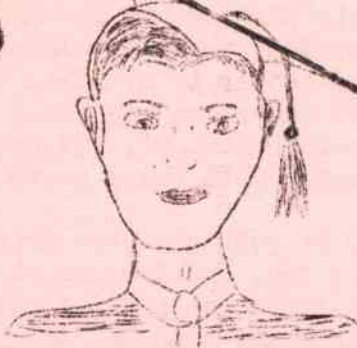
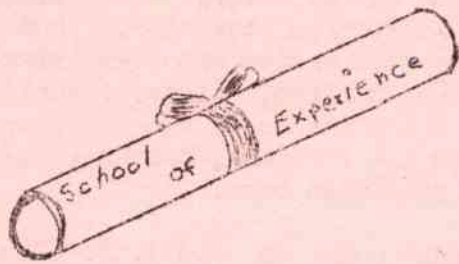
After my first annish, around Christmas 1952, the press of school activities caused me to drop out of fandom, and before I could get up enough courage to re-enter, I was a member of the US Marine Corps. However, I turned the reins of editorship over to the Utah Science Fiction League, which I had already founded, and they are presently editing their own fanzine, SWARM, on my old mimeograph.

However, finding myself stationed in a reasonably soft and permanent job at Camp Pendleton, California, and having relatives living in nearby Santa Monica, in the last part of 1953 I decided to resume publication of OOPS. I bought another mimeo and a new desk and had my typer shipped from Salt Lake to my grandmother's house here. Then I went back into the fanzine business. Issue #11 was mailed around New Year's, with #12 only two months behind. #13 is due out the 1st of May with future issues at bimonthly intervals.

Future plans for OOPSLA! are rather indefinite, but I think I can afford to keep up a bimonthly schedule until May 1956, (my date of discharge from the USMC) and possibly I shall go monthly, if finances permit. However, that is a far bet and not one to be counted on. After May, 1956, I will be going back to college and I will probably drop out of fandom once again, although I will always read fantasy and science fiction in some form. I plan to wind up teaching college, with an eye towards writing science fiction as a sideline.

(cont. on page 21)

# AN OPEN LETTER



HONORARY DEGREE  
OF  
"BIG-NAME-FAN"

TO LYLE KESSLER

-DRH-

by RICK SNEARY

Dear Lyle,

I feel that your article, "That Lousy 3 Letter Word," in the March DEVIANT, left quite a bit unsaid. It has been some time since I was active in fandom, but I am sure that most things which were true then still apply.

First off, let us look at what a BNF is. There is no list of BNFs, and they are not selected by ballot. Nor do they fall into any group because of time (such as the Old Guard, of whom I'll say more later), or because they belong to any certain group. A Big Name Fan can be any fan someone else thinks is a big name, and he may think so only because he is a good friend. Thus, almost any fan, even yourself, may be called a BNF by someone.

I'm not trying to say that everyone is a BNF; there are some whom that elusive "everybody" calls a BNF. And why? Well, some have done it by holding feuds or making an ass of themselves, but generally a Big Name Fan is one who spends more than the average amount of time on fandom, corresponds a good deal, may edit, write for fanzines and sub to a number of them. He also, when possible, attends conventions and meets other fans. Now his activities as far as the whole of fandom go may be good, bad or indifferent, but he knows fandom.

In most activities, from chess to steel making, it is generally thought wise to listen to the advice of people who have done it before, to learn any tricks of the trade you can use. Of course, only a fool would follow advice blindly or take only one person's advice, and only a very dull one wouldn't try to think of ways to improve upon things. This, Lyle, is what progress is made up of: building on the knowledge of others, and adding your own.

Your stand seems to be that most BNFs take themselves too seriously, and try to play Foo. Quite possibly in some cases, but I doubt that many really big fans have the time. Most of the ones I knew were willing to help other fans when ever possible, just because they liked it. I never read or heard of the "foul" conditions you describe, with young fans hanging on BNF's words, or fearing they will be kicked out of fandom, and I know of no way any group could. Degler was almost laughed out, but his return in 1950 caused little more than comment.



In my day I have fought a battle similar to yours, but in my case the villain was the "Old Guard," the fans whose activities go back to the late 30's and early 40's. My attitude was partly based upon a brush I'd had with one myself. I'd been a fan only a year or so, and was editing my first hectographed fanzine. With great pride I sent a copy to an Old Guard, who might also be called a BNF. His response was that the fanzine stank, and because of my spelling I should stop using a typewriter until I learned to write. Being rather impressionable, I felt I had been badly wronged. Other fans, who were at least BNFs of their day, assured me that I had. The result was I kept on, saying to hell with what "he" thought, planning to do him in the first chance I got.

Years passed, and on looking at my first fanzine in the light of the hundreds of others I had read, it did stink. On the other hand, the Old Guard, later a friend, said he was glad I hadn't taken his advice.

I have felt that two lessons can be drawn from this case. One: That though it might seem unfair to the new fan, the older fan's advice is usually good. For example, most older fans will tell you serious fan fiction is never popular, and excepting rare occasions, only humorous fiction ever appears in the most popular fanzines. Also, that letterzines are usually popular if they appear often enough and that reprint-zines are not.

Two: The race is for the strong. Any fan not able to stand on his own feet and make up his own mind, has no place in fandom. A well-adjusted person neither pushes nor is pushed.

Your last paragraph, Lyle, when read slowly, is an example of double-think. You tell the fan he can be successful, but he must not listen to well-known fans. To become well-known means he will become a BNF. He then has the choice of associating with other BNFs, which he mustn't please, or with lesser fans who will have to look up to him as a BNF, who they in turn may not listen to.

I believe your real trouble is in semantics. If you change the term, "Big Name Fan" to "Active-fan" (actifan), it places that fan in a proper light. After all, a fan who is active will become well-known, and will know a good deal about fandom. Because of his abilities he will be looked up to, even if it is only being able to lead a water pistol brigade. An actifan also being only one fan, is liable to the mistakes any "one" person makes, or to be a "Bad Influence." But not part of a group or class.

Don't damn the BNF because he is successful. No philosophy can be based upon a fame-means-shame foundation. Blame less the lone dictator and more the mindless dictated. Above all, don't take fandom seriously. You can get ulcers over more important things.

.....

"COGITO, ERGO OOPSLA!" (cont. from page 19)

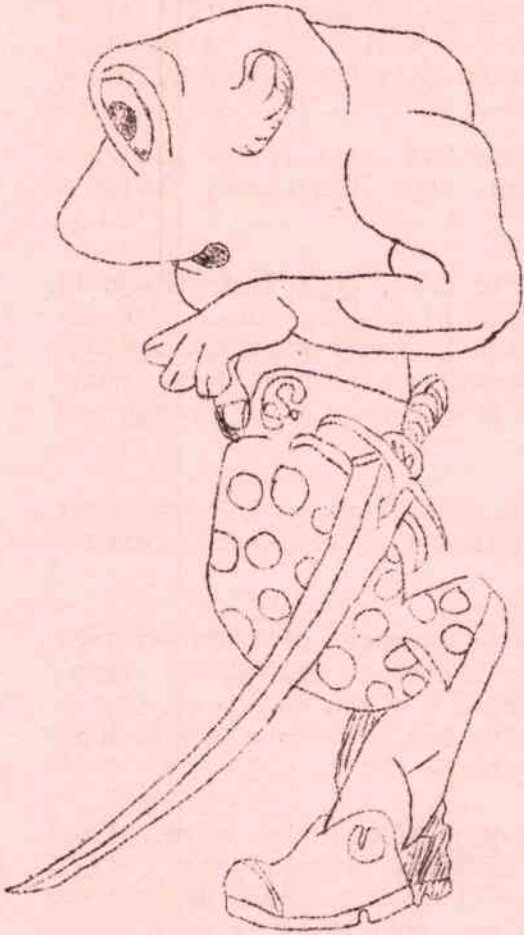
Someday, no doubt, after I am comfortably married and sttled down, I shall cast around for a worth-while hobby, and upon discovering my old issues of OOPSLA! down in the basement or up in the attic, I will probably revive the old fanzine and start mailing out sample copies.

If you're still around, perhaps you'd like one...

THE END

# D'um ~~Mania~~ Fanzine

By Terry Carr



HARNESS

It was Friday, the 19th of March, at about 3:20 P.M. I was walking down the street, coming home after school. Parked in front of the house was a light blue '48 Plymouth, which I immediately noticed. "Hmmm," I thought, "Either relatives or fans." I went up the stairs and into the house. There sat my mother with a cat-that-ate-the-canary grin on her face. "Oh oh," I thought, "It's fans." It was.

As I shut the front door, Gilbert Menicucci popped out from behind the kitchen door, followed by a blonde girl who I quickly judged as being around 18 or 19. Gilbert introduced her as "Jane Dorinda" or some other such unlikely name. She was watching me in an odd manner. "Must be some neofan who Menicucci found," I decided.

"Where's the mail?" I asked my mother, studying the girl pensively. Her manner suggested that she was more than a neofan.

"I liked your Face Critturs," the girl said.

Menicucci must have showed her a copy of *INSIDE* or maybe she's seen the school paper, I mused. "Where is the mail?" I asked again. My mother told me it was still in the mailbox. "Excuse me," I said, "While I get the mail."

"I liked your article on the Fanzine Material Pool, too," the girl said.

"Hmmm," I said, and went downstairs after the mail. As I walked back up the stairs, I kept wondering about her. Possibly Menicucci had shown her a copy of *DEVIANT #1*, and was trying to make me fall into a trap. I wouldn't put it past him. But then again, maybe she wasn't a neofan. But then, if she wasn't, what was she doing with Menicucci???

As I walked into the front room, the girl said, "How do you like *DEVIANT*, the best zine in fandom?"

"That's who I thought you were," I said, as vague thoughts came to the surface of my mind. Who? Carol McKinney, natch.

At any rate, we rounded up a few SanFrancisfans and made the pilgrimage over to the Little Peepul meeting across the Bay, where Carol met Don Wegars, Ben Stark, and some of the others. Reginald Bretnor was there, and they were planning the program for the next meeting (there was none that night). Pete Finigan suggested that Bretnor stand on his head, but the latter seemed to prefer reading his latest novellet, yet unpublished, to the members. Personally, I think I'd stand on my head...

I talked to Finigan after the meeting, and asked him about *RHODOMAGNETIC DIGEST*. Yes, he said, it was folded, and had been for some time. However, a few of



the members were considering its issuance in the future, purely on a private basis instead of as a club project this time.

As we sat around and talked of various things fannish and fakefannish, we were interrupted by a sudden discontinuance of the lights in the Garden Library. "The meeting is over," someone said. We left and went to Ben Stark's house, Carol following his car desperately as it sped up hill and down dale, around corners and, as far as we could tell, around in circles, too. But at last we made it.

We went through the front room and down a flight of stairs to Ben's garage. As Carol, in the lead, stepped into the garage, I heard her moan, "O no! Close your eyes before entering!"

Preferring to live dangerously, I walked right into the place. One wall was lined with magazines, a shorter wall down at the end of the garage was in a similar condition, as was half of another wall.

"Did you ever see so many mags in your life?" Carol wondered.

"Hmnmnm," I said nonchalantly, "My collection is about this big, I'd say..."

"Oh, these are my triplicates," said Stark, and led us into the back of the garage, where four rows of magazines from floor to ceiling sneered at us. "My duplicates," said Stark.

Then we went into his den, which had books and mags around all of the walls. "My collection," he said. "At least half of it, anyway!"

We gawked for an hour or so and left. He didn't even search us on the way out which was ok anyway; we couldn't have packed away a tenth of what we wanted.

---

#### NEWS NOTES FROM ALL OVER :

ABSTRACT, a photo-offset zine published by Pete Vorzimer out of Los Angeles, will go ditto with the second ish (out the first of April). "It would take \$50 to do the zine the way I want to," says Vorzimer. "And I haven't got the money."

Boob Stewart, the terror of Arlington St., has quit fandom, according to a recent despatch from a reliable source (Boob Stewart). Fakefannism set in a month or two ago when Boob found that stf made him retch, and even more recently he's sworn off all crifanac excepting F/PActivity. "Too many queers in fandom," he avers. "After the 69th mailing of FAPA I'm quitting for good!"

The novel which Bob Silverberg has sold "is a stf juvenile, SCHOOLROOM IN THE STARS," says Bob. "It's been sold to Thomas Y. Crowell Co., the contract has been signed, I've received an advance on royalties, and when I finish revising it they'll publish it. Many of the characters are fannish by name, but not by character. Sship will be appearing extremely irregularly from now on, since my new pro career chops heavily into my stfml time."

Harlan Ellison recently confirmed rumors that SFB has folded, but says that it will be replaced by a new zine, called DIMENSIONS, with a mailing list confined to 125, a la QUANDRY. Says Ellison of DIMENSIONS: "...a publication embodying all the finer aspects of SFB with new, fresh, original ideas in amateur publishing. You have come to expect a high degree of readability and perfection from publications emanating from this source, and may we venture that our new zine, DIMENSIONS, will be the pinnacle of all that we have attempted before." Yep, same ol' Ellison...

Those of you who remember Wm. F. Nolan's very fine RAY BRADBURY REVIEW will be interested to know he is using a supplement to the index, covering Bradbury items from 1952-53. 20¢ from Wm. F. Nolan, 4106 Lincoln Ave., Culver City, California.

FINIS

GUESSING GAME...name the fanzine...

In its first issue it contained material by the editor and publisher almost exclusively. Silk-screened cover, distributed thru FAPA. Second issue 50 pages, material still mostly staff-written. Third issue had material by Toby Duane, David Rike, Russ Watkins, Rich Bergeron, Ralph R. Phillips, Denness Morton, Ray Capella, and others. 4th issue had material by Don Cantin, J.T. Oliver, Russ Watkins, David English, Rich Bergeron, Jerry Hopkins, Poul Anderson, etc. Future issues will feature material by Capella, Rike, Watkins, Morton, English, Bloch, Beale, and others. Featured in #5 will be Terry Carr's FACE CRITTURS in a takeoff on "It Came From Outer Space"---8 or 10 pages' worth. Price is 15¢ or four quarterly ish for 50¢. Give up??? It's VULCAN, c/o Terry Carr, 134 Cambridge St., San Francisco 12, California.

ABSTRACT

Editor: Peter Vorzimer
1311 N. Laurel Ave.
W. Hollywood 46, Calif.

10¢ per copy; monthly; dittoed; printed covers. A promising new zine, open for top-grade material and constructive criticism. Its pages will be devoted to fans and fandom, and not with the accent upon professionalism. Highly recommended.

SFANZINE

Editor: Sam Johnson
1517 Penny Dr., Edgewood,
Elizabeth City, N. C.

10¢ per copy; bimonthly; mimeoed. Future ish may be printed instead. Sam always has quite a lot crammed into his zine; most of it is generally good. The column by Lynn Hickman is a main attraction.

FOG

Editor: Don Wegars
2444 Valley St.
Berkeley, Calif.

10¢ per copy; bimonthly; dittoed. And the dittoing is quite good, too. Contains mainly outstanding articles and also a column by Ray Thompson which really gets in and says something. A zine full of fannish humor.

FOR SALE

Around 150 stf mags and pbs, dating from 1942 but mostly from 1952. These consist of Amazing, Fantastic and Fantastic Adventures, SS, TWS, Planet, Future, ASF, Imagination, Galaxy, Beyond, If, F & SF, Space S.F., S.F. Adventures, Other Worlds and Science Stories, Vortex; complete set of Science Fiction Plus, S.F. Digest, now folded Fantasy Stories, SFQ, Super Science Stories, Unknown Worlds, Fantastic Novels, Avon Fantasy Reader, Fantastic Story Mag, Wonder Story Annual, and about 35 pbs. Also have 10 or 11 hard cover books, some of which are mint condition book club editions, others are prehistoric, lost race novels and a couple of Burroughs'. Anyone interested??? (Will also trade for such Burroughs' as I need for my collection or any stf mags and pbs I haven't read. Also any of the Conan series books.) Write to me for a list!

Carol McKinney
Sta. 1, Box 514
Provo, Utah

ARE YOU A FANZINE EDITOR???

Do you need material to fill those empty pages???

ARE YOU A BUDDING AUTHOR OR ARTIST???

Do you wonder sometimes just where to place the work you've slaved over, so that it will get the appreciation and attention it deserves???

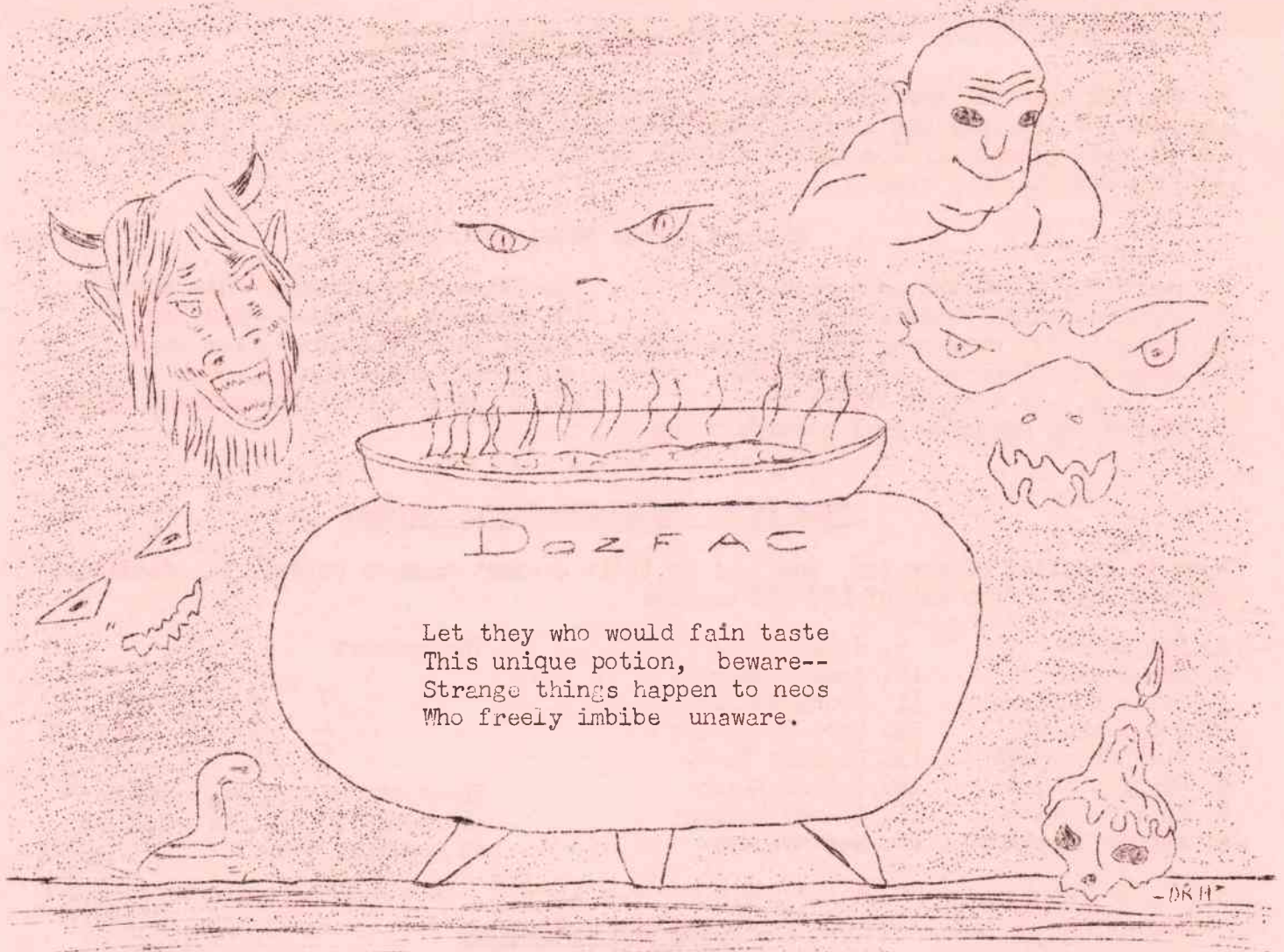
This year the N3F Manuscript Bureau has received a shot in its subjective arm and has begun an astonishing renewal of activity. So, what are you waiting for? Give it a try, and you may be surprised! Head of the Bureau is:

Jim White
462 1/2 N. Ogden Dr.
Los Angeles 36, Calif.

NOTICE:

There are still a few copies of DEVIANT #1 left, if anyone is interested. They'll cost you 20¢ each, and will be mailed in envelopes. Foreign countries' rates apply here, too.





#### RESULTS OF THE DOZFAC CONTEST

There were quite a few who ventured to guess what DOZFAC meant, even more than we'd expected. Some of the guesses:

- Jack Harness: Department of Zany Fun and Comedy/Crap/Clowning ???
- Maril Shrewsbury: Dozens of Zany Fan Critturs ???
- Celia Block: DOZFAC is a Martian cuss word ???
- Dean Grennell: Department of Zombies, Fans and Critics/Critturs/Chuckles???

There were even three or four geniuses who guessed the correct answer, too. But the first and foremost of these, who rushed me his answer by air mail (carrier pigeon type), was none other than Bobby "Texfan" Stewart. He dood it! (Loud fanfare). Step right up and collect the grand prize, Robert,--a free 3 ish sub to DEVIANT. That it should happen to you...

The Answer:

DEPARTMENT OF ZANY FACTS/FEATURES, ARTWORK, CONTESTS/CARTOONS

You can all go home now...





Oh, one last thing before we break up this evening - when are we going to hold it?

Too bad this isn't Minneapolis, so we could have Elsberry handle the press coverage!

Remember the science fiction ballet? Well, why not a science fiction opera?

Listen, the fans object to big conventions, right? Well, let's just rent a hall that won't hold over two hundred people!

A Dianetics session? Waddya, wises?

TERRY CARR'S  
FACE CRITTURES  
CON COMMITTEE

Say, fellows - just thought of something - what if the Government puts a luxury tax on the membership fees?

A program? Say, that's a good idea!

I don't care HOW well known the Drake IS - the question is how good are the bar facilities?

WHAT? Tucker won't be there??

A costume ball? Fans don't need costumes!

Well, what's wrong with Richard S. Shaver as guest of honor?





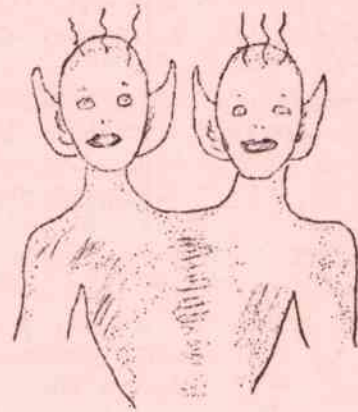


# SPACE PROVERBS

by D.R. HANSEN



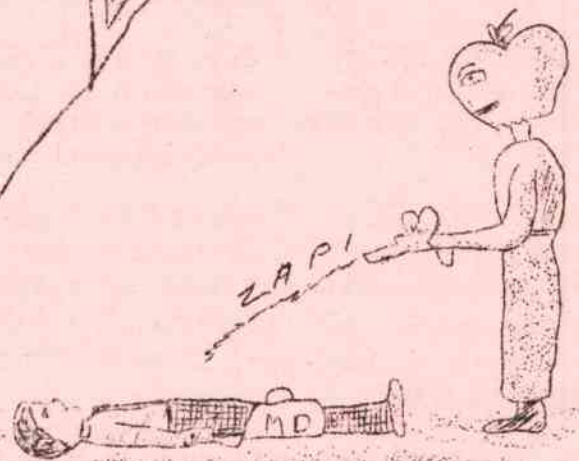
Let not your right hand know that  
which your left hand does.



Two heads are better than one.



A bird in the hand is worth two  
in the bush.



An apple a day keeps the doctor  
away...





"Yes, Dr. Watkins, undoubtedly this was one of the Martians' restrooms."

◦ Regarding my statement last ish that even the most determined optimist couldn't strike a safety match on a wet bar of soap: that master of fun and the variegated pun,---Dean Grennell---slips in his 3¢ worth and informs us of the following useful fact:--

◦ "A kitchen match can be struck on a bar of wet soap if the soap is Lava soap, and if it is quite dry to start with, dipped in the water and then at least slightly wiped off. Strike very hard and quickly. Try it!"

◦ (Ok, everyone, run, do not walk, to the nearest grocery store and get your bar of Lava soap, so you, too, can engage in the great experiment.)

◦ It also seems that the Grennells have been engaged in a long and bitter campaign with Bloch to see who could concoct the most horrendous puns around paper moons,---takeoffs on the opening line of the song, Paper Moon. (The original goes: "It's only a paper moon, sailing over a cardboard sea...") Some of the Things they've concocted go like this:

◦ "It was only a Boucher moon, gazing over a Fantasy; it was only a papal bull, raging over a heresy; ...mausoleum graveyard ghoul, gorging over necrophagy; it was only a Bayer moon, lying inside a pharmacy; it was only an invader moon, alien over monstrosity; it was only a stripper moon peeling over anatomy; it was only a naval moon, sailing out of Annapolis; it was only a Shakespeare ham, fumbling over the Soliloquy; it was only a poker moon, bluffing down on a raise-and-see-and so forth, ad nauseum..."

◦ Grennell says they've compiled a list of more than 200 variants on this theme and the surface "doesn't even seem to be scratched yet."---"The entire countryside between Weyauwega (where Bloch resides) and Fond du Lac is now a bleak nomad's land, and I wouldn't even want to make a Bedouin lie in it..."

A man and his wife were watching a large woman try to push herself through the door of a bus.

"I wonder how she got so fat?" the wife whispered.

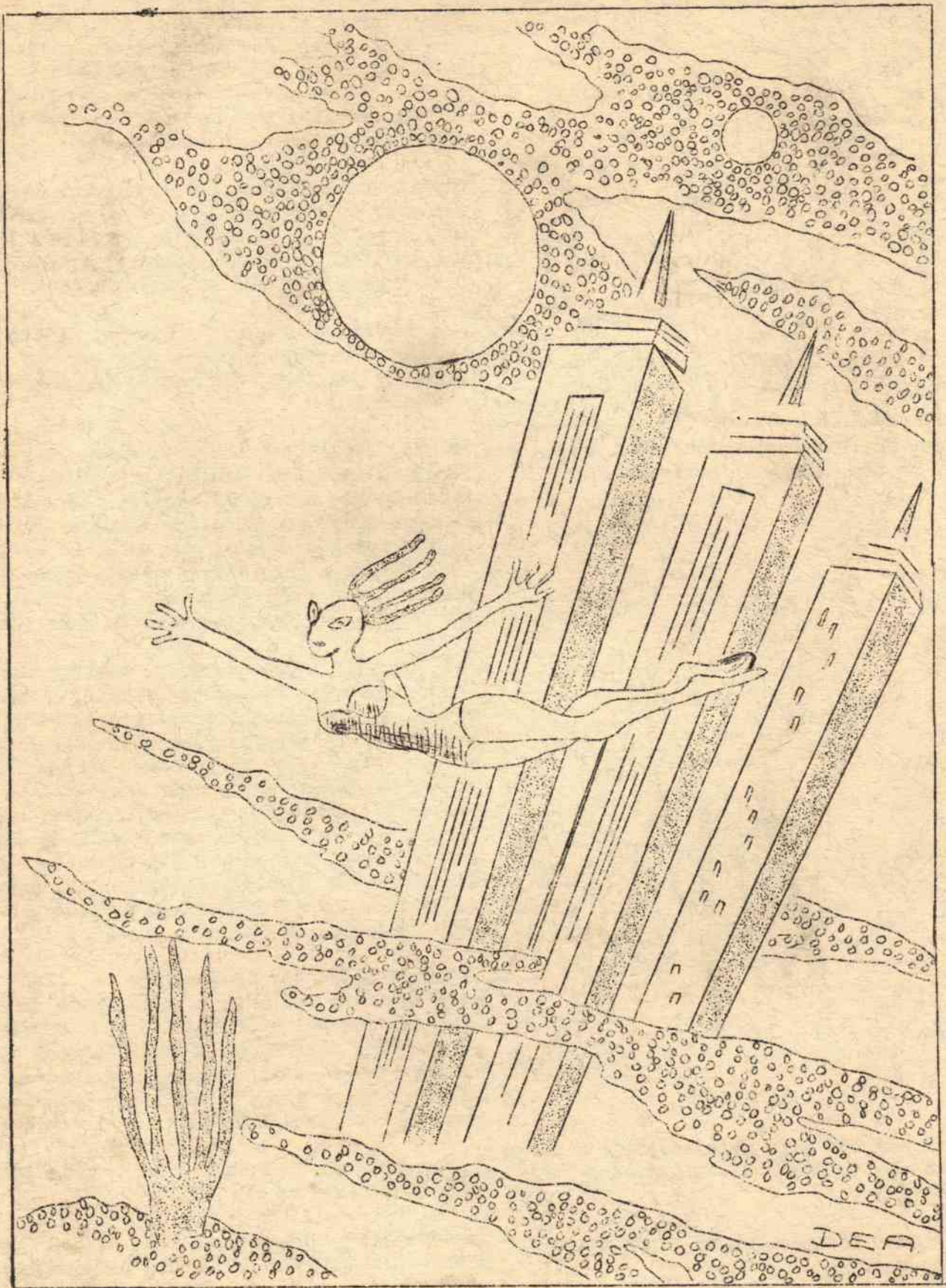
"Oh, she's the wife of a well-known mathematician," the husband replied, "And she squared her radius with too much pie."

◦ I give up. Maybe I should turn this entire department over to him???

◦ Incidentally, do you like this DOZFAC section? Do you think it should be continued, and added to, or completely disintegrated???

◦ There will be a place on the question sheet for everyone to vote, if they will...





FANTASIE FUTURIA