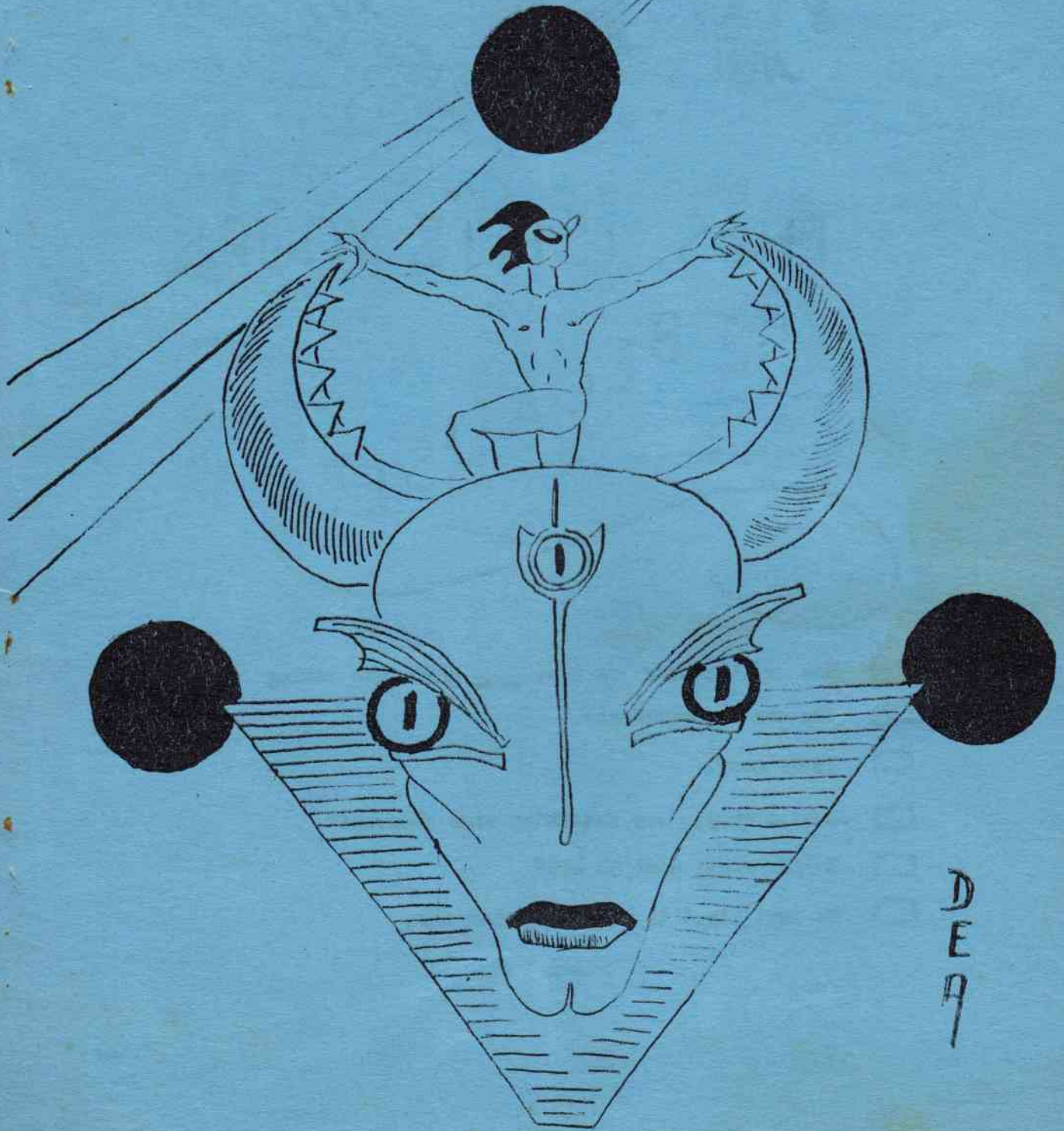
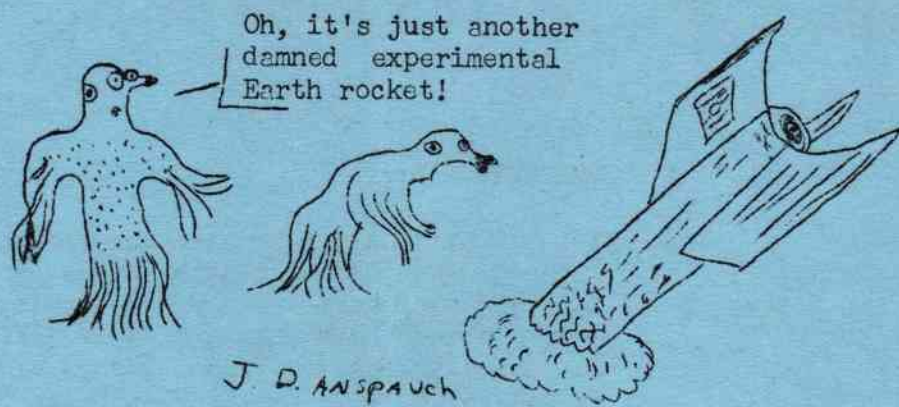


DEVIANT

#4 DECEMBER 1954 20¢





THIS ISH IS YOURS

BECAUSE

- You are a subber and have 2 more ishs coming.
- You are a contributor.
- Trade copy.
- Review copy; say something nice about us?
- Sample copy; want to sub?
- We just liked the sound of your name.

VIEWSPOINTS.

by H. Maxwell

THE SCIENTIST:

The Scientist seeks to discover the facts
Such as, what is the length of carpet tacks?
And, how many hairs on a Bluebottle's belly?
And, how much shimmy in a blob of jelly?
He solemnly strives, from the days of his youth
To add to the mountain of what he calls "truth,"
He's assuredly certain, by measuring bumps
And mixing stinks, and questioning frumps,
He can sooner or later raise the rest of mankind
To a level as high as the Scientist's behind.
He gravely announces, with each brand new finding
The mortgage on Nature has been made much more binding,
That it's only a matter of a decade or three
Until God steps down for a D. Sc.

THE CITIZEN:

The Citizen is sure, in his slap-happy way,
That the Scientist's job is to make work play,
And to perform such other remarkable tricks
As devising self-picking, self-cleaning toothpicks.
'Tis the Scientist's job, so the Citizen guesses,
To get the Citizen out of the Citizen's messes.
Take the common cold--poof! Away it goes--
(Soon as Science invents a replaceable nose).
Take the matter of lovin', and things biological--
Science will end such affairs hodge-podgical,
And we'll raise kids in bottles, so that Citizen mamas
Can better enjoy TV soap melodramas.
Take the matter of money, before Science is done
We'll all of us own at least half a ton.
We'll all live forever, of course, never fear,
Permanently pickled in isotope beer.
And we'll march, 'neath the banner of Science unfurled
To a bigger and better, more make-believe world
Where the ape that is Man need not fear to contact
Any real reality, just "scientific fact."

NATURE:

I've seen 'em come and I've seen 'em vanish,
Insects and reptiles and things that are mannish,
And my expert opinion of you Janes and Joes is--
Too durn much scientific neurosis.

EDITOR:

Carol McKinney
Sta. 1, Box 514
Provo, Utah

ASST. EDITOR:

Elizabeth Pope

Cover: "Demigod" by DEA

Bacover: "Pioneer" by
Ian T. Macauley

Artwork and cartoons by:

DEA
Jim Gibson
Dorothy Hansen
Celia Block
John D. Anspauch

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Australia

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A DEVIANT PUBLICATION

DEVIANTITIES

Below are the ratings on the articles, fiction, etc.,
which appeared in DV #3. This time, 82 persons re-
turned the questionnaires, perhaps because there was
a longer interval between issues or simply because the
mood happened to strike a few more this time. Thanks,
anyway...especially to those who filled in every blank
pertaining to the ratings.

Cover by DEA -----7.30
FACE CRITTURS (feature in Dozfac) Terry Carr-----6.95
Bacover by DEA -----6.78
ATTENTION: LES COLE (article) Robert Bloch-----6.75
DOZFAC as a whole -----6.60
DEVIANT DEFINITIONS (Dozfac feature) H. Maxwell---6.53
SALLY, STARLIGHT AND S.F. (fanistory) Don Donnell-6.23
Cartoons as a whole -----5.95
CROSSROADS (article) Paul Mittelbuscher-----5.85
STARMAN'S SONG (poem) William Whitham-----5.70
FASCINATING FACTS (Dozfac feature)-----5.50
PHILOSOPHY FOR FEN (article) by J.J.R.-----5.45
D'UN MANIERE FANTASTIQUE (column) Terry Carr-----5.15
RING DOWN THE CURTAIN (fiction) Harold Bunan-----5.13
THE VIVISECTIONIST (column) Desmond Emery-----4.75

average total---6.05

Winning illos:

- | | |
|--------------------------------|----------|
| 1. Richard Z. Ward's on page 3 | 46 votes |
| 2. DEA's on page 16 | 14 votes |
| 3. DEA's on page 14 | 12 votes |

Best Letter:

- | |
|-------------------|
| 1. Robert Bloch |
| 2. John Hitchcock |
| 3. H. Maxwell |

Do you want to see more
articles by J.J.R.?

Yes--32	No---38
Maybe---12	

Please include stamped envelopes with your submis-
sions of material. Any that is not acceptable will
be sent either to the Fanzine Material Pool or the
N3F Manuscript Bureau, unless its author specifically
requests its return.

With this issue a new policy has been adopted: no
more material will be illustrated by staff artists.
Therefore, artwork suitable for covers, bacovers and
inside illos is needed, preferably drawn in ink.

A few copies of DV #2 and #3 are still available at
regular sub rates. No more copies of #1 are left.

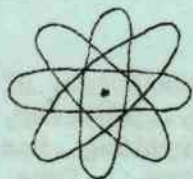
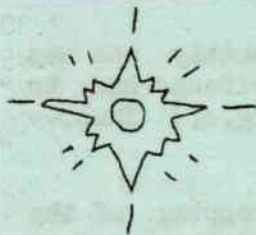
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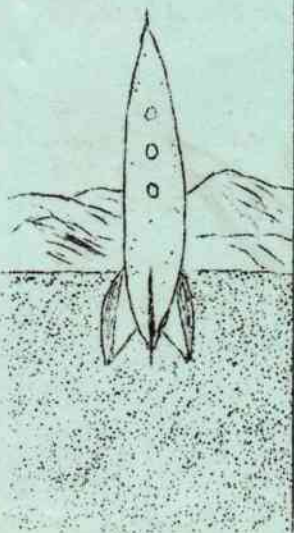
#4

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DEVIOUS DEVELOPMENTS

With this ish, DV undergoes a few changes. Some fan will say that they are a vast improvement; others will complain that these changes have made DV into a different zine entirely. A third and larger group won't care one way or another...

To answer all the various cards, etc., inquiring (politely and otherwise) just why DV is this late: we were in California from the first of July until after Labor Day. Since we were staying with relatives, that meant such items as typer, mimeo, spare time, etc., stayed behind in Provo. Need I elaborate further?

One major change is that of DV's schedule from now on. A bimonthly one was fine for awhile. Now, a great deal of the time previously spent on crifanac has to be diverted to something more important (and decidedly more interesting...) Thus,-- DV will appear spasmodically, but at least 4 times a year henceforth.

Another change, directly resulting from a time-lack, is the dropping of the theme idea of each ish. DOZFAC (Department of Zany Facts/Features, Artwork, Contests/Cartoons--to answer myriad questions) has also been eliminated as such from this, mainly because of a lack of material. If anyone is interested in seeing this feature revived--SEND IN SOME MATERIAL FOR IT.

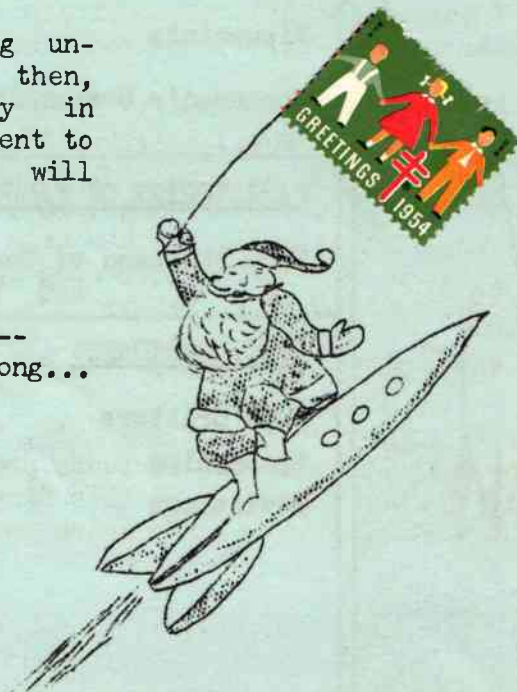
There will be no further articles by "J.J.R." on philosophy and such, because of a notable absence of enthusiasm. (Note the results in the poll). Besides that, J.J.R.'s college career takes up most of the time, spare and otherwise. I'm informed that J.J.R. still does not wish his/her/its identity known to fandom at large, but if anyone is interested in corresponding I'll forward your address to J.J.R., where the final decision shall rest.

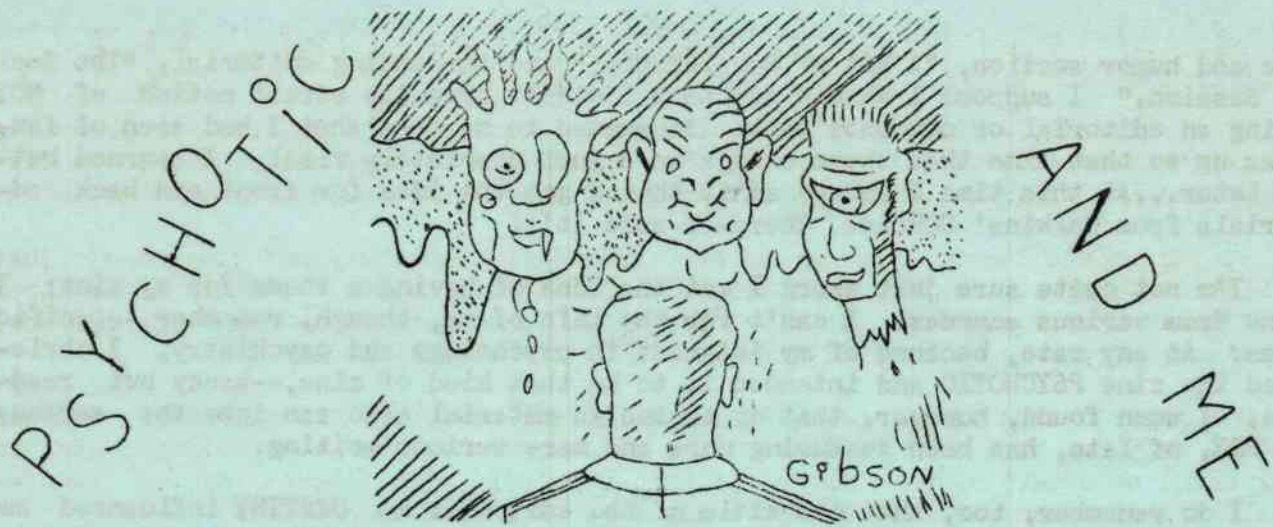
The rest of the page normally would be taken up with an account, eyewitness, of course, of the SFCon. (Rest of the page? Some faneds will devote pages...) However, after the intervening elapsed time, some 2½ months at this writing, everything has melted together into a pleasantly remembered haze of fans, authors, editors, fans, incidences, meetings, fans, etc. It would have been a trifle difficult, even after the passage of a few days, to sort everything out into a chronological sequence of events. A first convention will always be remembered in a special sort of way, even though a fan may attend a dozen afterward. For a trufan, it is more fun meeting other fan with whom ideas have been exchanged than the authors and editors whose works are well-known. I wish Cleveland wasn't so far away next year...

We'll be seeing you again in March, barring unforeseen difficulties. Watch for our Annish then, perhaps not extra large in pages, but definitely in quality. No more sample copies of DV will be sent to fandom at random; only those subbing or trading will get the Annish and later ishs.

SEASON'S GREETINGS TO ALL OUR READERS --
and to just anyone else who happens along...

Carol McKinney





by RICHARD GEIS

It seems to me that I've grown up quite a bit since I first mailed out PSY #1. I've grown up in fandom from a dewy-eyed inexperienced fan to a beery-eyed experienced fan. The story of how I managed to accomplish the change is a harrowing one, I assure you, and if you'll stand still long enough, I'll tell all. I'll disclose the how and the who...and maybe a little bit of the why.

So here I sit gazing with fond memory at the cover of my first issue. It showed a face staring out at the reader. It was a normal face, nothing caricatured about it. As a matter of fact, I traced that face from a pic of Ernest Hemmingway I'd cut from the Sunday paper. I felt compelled to trace a cover because, to tell the honest truth, I can't draw worth beans. I do a bit of cartooning, and have developed what an optimist might call an individual style, but brother, I know my limitations. When it comes to straight drawing I either let someone else do it for me, or I trace.

Beside the face on the cover of #1 is an inexpertly drawn spaceship trailing a tail of red and green. Separating the spaceship and the face is a vertical purple line that starts from the middle of the "O" in the title, PSYCHOTIC, and neatly slices to the bottom of the page. A little below the title logo a horizontal line crosses the page. And (sob)--that cover format is my shame. I don't remember whether it was purposeful now or not, but that format on #1 looks suspiciously like the format of GALAXY. You can see that I was quite neo in those days. As a fan I have matured so that I now know enough not to copy so obviously...

You raise the eyebrows? Come closer; there are revelations to come which will curl your hair. For, actually, I can see now that PSY was imitation from cover to cover. I copied one outstanding fanzine shamelessly...and yet no one seems to have caught it. I suppose I should shut up about this, but I don't particularly care if my wrongdoing is known at this late date. After all, I may have copied to begin with, but my own personality soon came to the fore, and that is all that matters, I suppose. At any rate, let me turn the page of that first issue.

Hmmmm...good paper....too bad I can't afford it now...

We come to the contents page. PSY had a contents page in the beginning.....A rather nicely layed-out contents page, too, I thought. It got some favorable comment from the readers. In this first issue there were 3 departments and features which I still have in PSY; there was the lead editorial, "The Leather Couch;" the

joke and humor section, "A Bit of Hebeephrenia;" and the ending editorial, "The Second Session." I suppose I should say that I didn't have the barest notion of NOT having an editorial or contents page. It seemed to me from what I had seen of fanzines up to that time that those things were just absolutely vital. I learned better later...At this time I should admit that I got the idea for front and back editorials from Calkins' OOPSLA! There--I said it!!!

I'm not quite sure just where I got the idea of having a theme for my zine; I think from various sources. I can't for the life of me, though, remember specific zines. At any rate, because of my interest in psychology and psychiatry, I christened the zine PSYCHOTIC and intended it to be that kind of zine,--wacky but readable. I soon found, however, that my tastes in material also ran into the serious and PSY, of late, has been featuring more and more serious writing.

I do remember, too, that the title of the editorial in DESTINY influenced me and my own editorials. DESTINY at the time was edited by Jim Bradley and Malcolm Willits, and their editorial was titled, "The Steam Room...where the editors blow their top." So it followed that my editorial should be similar. As you all know, it reads, "The Leather Couch...where the editor rambles on and on and on and on..."

The contents of that first PSY were almost totally by me. I know lots of fans think such a situation very bad for a first issue, but I was unwilling to wait till I'd accumulated enough material for a proper fanzine-of-many-names, so I plunged in and wrote most of it myself. And I still feel that I did the right thing. A zine has to exist and be a going concern before writers will contribute, and few will write for a projected zine that is to be edited by a neofaned whom they've never heard of before.

So I wrote a thing called "A Ghostly Gripe" and dreamed up a pen name. Roger Mar I was also known as in them days... The article-satire was a combination of my own style and the gimmick used by Don Marquis; I had a ghost pecking out the article on a typer I'd left uncovered during the night. A sort of a-la-archy thing. I didn't feel up to doing it in free verse, however.

"A Bit of Hebeephrenia" was my own creation, and continued the psycho theme of the zine. I'm particularly fond of one joke that I included that first issue which I reprinted from THE NEW YORKER magazine. I think it is even more timely and apt today. It goes like this:

There is a story circulating here about a squirrel who came upon a rabbit frantically digging a burrow in the ground. The squirrel asked the rabbit what all the frenzy was about. "My God, where have you been?" the rabbit asked. "Haven't you heard McCarthy is going to investigate all antelopes next month? If I were you brother, I'd be looking for the highest tree I could find." "Are you crazy?" the squirrel said, "I'm no antelope, and neither are you." "That's right," said the rabbit, "But I'm digging anyway. I don't know how I'd prove I'm not an antelope!"

An experiment was the "Fanzine Art Review" that I somehow or other talked Terry Carr into doing for me; it was a column devoted entirely to fanzine artwork. The trouble with such a column is that it sounds good in theory, but doesn't work in practice. I found that the column should have been written by a formal artist, who would really delve into the subject in a slightly technical manner. Also, there is some doubt in a lot of minds as to whether there actually is any art presented in fanzines at all. Certainly there are competent pencil-wielders in fandom... there probably always will be; but I doubt that there is likely to be any art with a capital A: Art-that-endures-through-the-years.

Perhaps the most commented-upon item in that first issue was my review of "It came from outer space," which I presented as "MICFOS--A review by the Editor." The pic was in 3-D, and curiously enough, was the only 3-D film I have ever seen up to now. I rather enjoyed doing that review, but as I learned when I did a second long movie review ("The Creature from the Black Lagoon" for SPIRAL), most stf movies are bad, worse and GAAAA! The only one I could possibly say was see-worthy was "The Day the Earth Stood Still." But in reviewing bad movies at length, it is quickly apparent to the reviewer that what he is saying has a too familiar ring to it; he remembers saying the same thing almost word for word about a previous stinker. This situation has soured me on doing long reviews of stf movies. Of course there is always a certain pleasure in blasting, slamming, panning, and otherwise giving a show the Works, but it doesn't compensate for the monotonous reiteration of condemning phrases.

PSYCHOTIC #1 showed promise of things to come, and PSY #2 was something indeed...

The cover on #2 was a traced face of a young man looking apprehensive and surprised. All through his mind ran phrases of fannish meaning: "You call that rag a fanzine?" deadline...deadline..."This issue is late because..." gotta have more articles... "A hobby is a horrible way to die..." where does the money go? "I am a fa-a-a-a-a-n," 1 A.M...gotta finish...2 A.M...type that...Ditto... ditto...try litho...try mimeo... "All work and no play..." promags...fanmags.. review..."Dear Joe, your material is late again..." "TURN THAT CRANK!".....Sam Mines...Gold...Campbell....

I thought it was a good cover and satirized the feelings of a young fanned just beginning to realize what he'd let himself in for. However, as is often the case with material that I think is extra special, only a few of the readers felt the same way. Nevertheless, in later issues I continued to use satirical covers, and still do. But these have never really been as popular with fans as what might be called a "straight" stf cover such as id done by Jim Bradley for PSY now and then. I've concluded that fans, like other people, don't like to have fun poked at themselves. I don't mean gentle satire, I mean stuff with a bite that hits home. Fans like to think of themselves as superior when actually the feeling of superiority is a dead giveaway of the inferiority feeling. This tends to confirm my theory about satire-and-the-fan.

For this second issue I wrote a stf satire called "Yurg Urgle and the Angle." This, too, I thought was at least well written and clever in spots, but no one thought much of it. I've nursed a bruised ego ever since. I've also given up writing satire of this type. Nobody appreciates my genius. They all like the editorials I bat out to fill up space. (That is, I batted them out with only a little forethought and no rewriting up until issue #15. In that one I took a bit of care with the soup saga).

The second issue, too, is memorable in my mind for the full page ad I gave to the Ubangiform Bra. It showed a girl sitting on red ground with a bra on that extended out...and out...and out. At the top of the page was the legend: "I dreamed I went to Mars in my Ubangiform Bra..." and on the bottom of the page was the information: Ubangiform is the only bra with optional built-in Helium-Help support. \$3.98 at all pseudo-shape shops.

I'm proud of that ad...one of these days I'll reprint it...

But perhaps the most memorable thing about #2 was a short article by Larry Balint which set a sort of pace for later issues of PSY and which proved a key

to the puzzle of how to make a mag interesting. "Down With Fan Fiction!" was the cry of Balint, and his bellow set off a controversy which still echoes with faint reverberations across the fannish land. From that time, to this, PSY has been the center of one or more controversies in which, seemingly, most of fandom has to have a say. Lots of fun!

The bacover for the first time featured my cartoon of a hypothetical faned after getting out an issue. I at no time intended the face to be mine, and the captions below the face were not necessarily my own sentiments, they were merely apt and appropriate things that I thought a faned in his condition might say. The face said, "I'm pooped," for the bacover of #2. In successive issues the face became more and more haggard and worn; his eyes were bloodshot, his hair long and uncombed, his face unshaven. The face said:

- #3---"Yep,...I'm still pooped."
- #4---"I feel fine...I think..." (cleaned up this time)
- #5---Face not on back this issue.
- #6---"What I go through..." (looking frowzy again)
- #7---"Didn't think I'd make it, did you?" (worse)
- #8---"Tired...so tired..." (much worse)
- #9---Face not on back this issue.
- #10--"As the fans looked upon his face they could see that the pace was beginning to tell." (even worse than last time)
- #11--Face not on back this issue.
- #12--"Aha! Had you worried, didn't I?" (crew cut and shave; eyes clear)
- #13--"Personally, I prefer cows." (hair a bit longer)
- #14, 15 and 16--Face not on back of these issues.

As I write this it seems that the face will be relegated to the unused-material file for awhile until current bacover material is used up. One fan wrote me that PSY has become known in his area as "The zine with the face on the back." Such are the ways of fame...

There has been a 40 minute delay here; I've just been rereading some of the earlier issues and I must say it is fascinating. Probably by the time I have published for 2 or 3 years these early issues will be even more intriguing. I frankly didn't think my editorials were quite that good. Most of them stink, but there are spots where I sort of shine... The fanzine reviews seem to shine a bit too. I seem to have a talent for humorously expressive writing. But I also notice that this talent is at its best when I am panning a zine. The praiseworthy ones are hard to review. Fortunately, there are only a few really top-grade zines in the world.

The cover on #3 showed a fan-face of truly fearsome visage: hair mussed, sleepy, eyes bloodshot, mouth bad tasting, downcast, ears lopsided, bags under the eyes, a real zombie. All this is explained by three little words on the right: After The Con.

This third issue contained a new column by Larry Balint titled, "Run For The Hills." In it Larry indulged his sense of humor. After two installments I could stand it no longer and killed the column. I requested a movie column instead. After two movie columns Balint seems to have retired to the glades of gafia for a long time.

In #3 was an article entitled, "The Forgotten Man of Fantasy," by Francis Bordna, who is also known by practically everybody to be Joe Semenovich. This article was a hoax pure and simple. It lauded the stories of a Hiram G. Brentwood

who was supposed to have written short stories for early WEIRD TALES. It told a bit of his life and gave samples of the many-faceted writing talents he displayed. There were even 4 faked footnotes which I inserted as a dead-pan addition in order to further establish the reality of this Brentwood.

Only one fan, Bob Madle, caught on that it was a hoax. Even Mari Wolf was caught with her guard down and even went so far as to comment on the article in her review of PSY in IMAGINATION. One fan from San Francisco wrote in and expressed the desire to look up the back issues of WEIRD TALES mentioned and read the stories "quoted" from. I had jazzed up the excerpts from these hypothetical stories and apparently succeeded in giving them a professional sound... If I hadn't broken the story in a later issue of PSY, there would be many fans today who believed that Hiram G. Brentwood was a very good writer of short stories who unfortunately died young.

PSY #4 saw the first use of 36# cover stock. The cover showed a girl in a futuristic costume with the words, "A girl on the cover, by Ghu. Wonder what PSYCHOTIC is coming to?"

The outstanding item in the issue was Charles Harris' con report, titled, "Philcon--2." In the letter column the reaction against Balint's anti fanfiction article set in and the controversy, pro and con, rages through three or four subsequent issues. Sometime in the future it will be forgotten that PSY had it all out and another controversy will start in another zine with a different set of fans. A few old timers will write in and say that it's all been said before but that will not discourage the new fans who will be discovering the same thing and thinking the same thoughts, feeling that no one has ever thought them before.

In PSY #5 I goofed all over the mag and I'm wondering to this day why Vernon McCain and a few others didn't throw up their hands in disgust and have nothing more to do with me. I must be exceptionally lucky...

Vernon had contributed an article which discussed the letter column situation in the prozines. He hadn't titled it and wrote that I should do the honors. I chose the first line of the article: "It started with Boucher." BUT--in putting the title on-master I somehow got Horace Gold mixed up in my brain with Tony Boucher so that after I'd finished the title and was about to type in the text, I found to my horror that I'd titled in, "It started with Gold." And here is a curious thing: instead of doing the lettering over as I should have, I never once even remotely thought of correcting the mistake. I can't to this day figure out why I didn't do it over; the amount of work was paltry. Instead, I sweated and fumed and swore and finally rewrote the opening few lines to agree with the new title. I did things the hard way. At this late date, it seems incredible McCain didn't get huffy and tell me a thing or two. He did, in a letter column in PSY, make the sarcastic remark that..."...naturally, fans can't afford to throw away masters, much less the time spent drawing them, so he rewrote the first few lines of the article instead." Of course I richly deserved the rebuke...

But in that same issue I goofed again and in the same way. Harlan Ellison had been kind enough to send me a column to use in PSY and I promptly flubbed the title of that when putting it on-master. No doubt influenced by the picture, I titled his column, "Thoughts from Outer Space," instead of "Thoughts from deep space" as I should have. It is a minor miracle I still have Harlan as a columnist. Both he and McCain are very nice peoples!

In that same issue I had a very long four page poem by Bill Reynolds, which was a satire of Gold and GALAXY. Little wheels in my brain began to turn. Into my

mind popped an IDEA. I had a long poem that was anti-GALAXY and I had an article titled "It started with Gold." Fresh in my memory was the issue of SFB which had been christened "The GALAXY Appreciation Issue." I would take advantage of my material and satirize GALAXY, Gold, and SFB! I fairly danced with glee so great was my pleasure at having thought of such an obviously brilliant thing. Quickly I drew a vicious caricature of Gold and used it for the front cover. Also quickly I drew a caricature of an indignant fan who was saying, "Dear Slob: Whaddya mean GALAXY's better than ASTOUNDING?" and used it for the back cover. Near the top of the cover I typed, "The GALAXY Depreciation Issue." My joy knew no bounds.

Acting on a suggestion from McCain that I send copies of his column to Boucher and Gold because in the past they had commented on some of his writing, I sent copies of PSY to every pro ed in the U.S. And I included stamped, self-addressed envelopes. The silence was deafening. None of them ever were used. In the copy of PSY that went to Mari Wolf I included one of the envelopes, and she was kind enough to use it and to comment on the zine.

The cover on PSY #6 was a follow-up on the cover of #4. On this issue I had a nude young woman in a transparent spacesuit. Printed at the bottom of the page was the supposed reader comment: "A nude on the cover, by Ghu! Now I know what PSY is coming to!" I rather like this humorous and satirical cover-type that I have used in the past, and whenever possible will use more of the same. There is, however, a vociferous and highly voluble few readers who very much DON'T like them. Well...of course, I can't please everyone, can I? I will run a fair share of a stiff type of cover (though I rather think such are quite often in principle of a too-too serious and often unthinkingly imitative in nature) provided it meets with my likes and avoids my dislikes concerning that subject.

There were two items of historical interest in PSY #7. The cover for the first time was by someone other than myself, and reviews of current sf books by Noah McLeod were started in this issue. Dave Rike did the cover, an impressionistic pic titled "Fan Leaving Newsstand." Since then Noah has had a review in almost every issue. I might as well confess that I had a few misgivings about that first review; it was of a too rabid and controversial nature, I thought, to go over well with the fans. I personally thought many of his statements to be highly questionable assertions of fact, and was dubious about accepting the review in the first place. However, I printed it, and since have learned through private reading, that a lot of what seemed to be biased and prejudiced is actually the case. I was wrong in thinking that the fans wouldn't like it. Noah's reviews have been well liked and praised by practically everyone.

In PSY #8 the goofs of #5 caught up with me as both McCain and Ellison mentioned them in their columns. I wrote an editorial in which I claimed to be the victim of ruthless typo bugs. Even in the editorial I made typos. I don't think anyone believed me...

In earlier issues of PSY, and in this one, too, I continued my use of a great many David English illos. Detoons, they are called. I have been severely criticized for this but at the time DE was about the only artist who was contributing to PSY whose work I really liked. About this time Rike and Jim Bradley contributed work, Bergeron sent a few illos, and I was able to dilute the DE a bit.

So that has been the story of the early issues of PSYCHOTIC from my point of view. Those issues covered the period when PSY and I were new to fandom and were

(cont. on page 14)

CITIES OF THE ATOM

PART 2
by DOROTHY HANSEN

From pine-clad hills to sagebrushed sand dunes; from one atomic city to another--Oak Ridge, Tennessee, to Richland, Washington. This time the trip was different; we knew where we were going and to what kind of job.

Richland as a city was as different from Oak Ridge as night from day. When we left Oak Ridge it was still a closed city; Richland was open.

The houses looked more like a regular city in Richland. They were alike, but had some individual touches, while those in Oak Ridge were identical. Our old friend, the pre-fab was here, too. In fact, we moved into one.

Surrounding the town was sand, sage, and miles of nothing. In town, sprinklers ran constantly and lawns were green. Anything can be grown in the soil here as long as there is plenty of water. Trees were scarce, and those here were carefully nursed along. General Electric set out hundreds of them later, until now there are too many. Fast growing trees were planted by tenants, and now several houses look as if they were set in jungles.

I was lucky enough to get a job with the same company for which my father worked. As in Oak Ridge, jobs here were hush-hush.

Our first dust storm was quite a shock. It happened while I was at work. The wind had been blowing for awhile and suddenly, as I looked out of the office window, a curtain of dust came between our building and the surrounding area. Soon, even outlines were obscured and nothing could be seen. We ate, breathed dust, and everything we touched was covered with a layer of dust. But after the first three or four dust storms we managed to adapt ourselves to the inconvenience.

Spring of 1948 saw the Columbia River go on a rampage. Richland was isolated except for a highway through the areas, which could be used in emergencies only. All other traffic was flow in and out. I worked at the Civil Air Patrol from 8 A.M. to midnight during this emergency. As soon as the flood receded, I went to work for General Electric. Good job, good pay, but still hush-hush.

Recreation was about the same here, in regards to theaters, bowling alleys, etc. However, horseback riding was a favorite. There were more "cowboys" here. It wasn't long until I bought myself a horse.

Meanwhile, Richland was growing. Summer rolled around again, air conditioners were put up. They were lifesavers in the 110 degree weather. The area here had been known for its large cherry orchards. These were being bulldozed out to make room for schools, houses and shopping districts. One season we picked cherries on the same spot where the next we sipped cokes at a soda fountain.

The old pre-fabs were being dressed up, and Richland soon began to look settled. Sidwalks were laid, concrete instead of macadam. Houses had a look of permanence, with vines, flowers and trees. Even now, after 6 years, Richland is still growing. Surrounding towns are expanding to reach the outskirts and the whole area has prospered because of Richland.

But no matter how big the town gets, the clamp of security is still strong. Security and safety, the two bywords of the Atomic Cities, and of the nation. Having grown up with it, though, I for one, and all of the younger generation, take it for granted that security is everyone's job.

And so, as long as there is a job to be done here we will remain a part of the Atomic City and call it home. For the last ten years the Atomic Cities have been my home, and I feel I have been a part of history. I have seen firsthand what generations in the future will read about in history books. It makes me feel awfully small, but very proud.

THE END

PSYCHOTIC AND ME (cont. from page 12)

stumbling about in the darkness of fan-pubbing. At the end of that period, PSY had a policy, a stable of writers, and a bright future. Later issues confirmed that last point, for in the polls taken recently, the early returns show that PSY leads the field as the best zine. I don't know if the lead will hold up since HYPHEN (in both the Vorzimer and Wells polls) is breathing hotly down our necks. It doesn't matter, for in my estimation PSY has great things ahead for it as a bi-monthly of 50 pages. The material I have and expect is excellent. So, PSY is still growing, still improving, and still being thought of in my mind as a long-term hobby.

FINIS

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FROM THE LAND OF WEREWOLVES AND VAMPIRES

by
Margaret Dominick (DEA)

*Everyone in fandom is familiar with DEA's unmis- *
*takable style, and traces of other-worldliness *
*in her artwork. She is possibly the most widely *
*published amateur artist in fandom today. In a *
*few words now she tells her story; far too few *
*words to cover the interesting and varied events *
*of her life. *

I came from Transylvania more than twelve years ago. Transylvania belongs to Rumania now, but when I was born it was Hungarian territory. So I am a Hungarian by birth.

My first interest in science fiction started when I was about twelve years old. I promptly dropped all my favorite Jules Verne books, Kipling was forgotten and I started to hunt for the more adult scientific romances of H.G. Wells. I think I read all the old classics in Hungarian translation in Europe.

The German film industry started to produce such films as "Siegfried," "The Golem," a poetical fantasy on silent film, "Swengali," "The Student of Praga," "Faust," "The Metropolis," "The Girl in the Moon," to name a few.

"Dracula," and "Frankenstein" came later from the U.S. and were hit films. I was sold on the fantastic and macabre by that time and even sent a fan letter to Bela Lugosi for his excellent portrayal of Count Dracula. In reply I received a large autographed photo from Lugosi. That was 20 years ago, but I still have the picture.

When I finished high school I became a costume designer and had a good position (by European standards) with good income. Then I met my husband, who was a visiting American citizen, and got married. Several months later I came to this land

I started collecting FAMOUS FANTASTIC MYSTERIES before I could actually read this language because of the excellent illustrations. Of course, I then rediscovered fantasy all over again.

I am now forty years of age, and have since lost my husband. Having no family, now I find time for my hobby of painting and sketching. I have a job, too, which keeps me from going overboard in fan activities, though I do not count myself a fan,--just a reader of stf and fantasy and an admirer of fine artists.



Hmmm? What's this??
Looks like Space
Patrol...

Vortex Science Fiction?

SCIENCE fiction???

Probably the most
scientific thing
in it is a burned
out flashlight!

This paper is like
shredded wheat!

I've seen better drawings
than these on lavatory
walls!

Do people actually read
this junk, or do they
buy the thing to line
the birdcage with???

TERRY CARR'S

FACE CRITTURS

UNHAPPY ENDING

35 cents??!!

That's an awfully
high price for
kids to pay...

Oh well...I might as
well get it...

I'm probably just
in a bad mood
today!



Wow, geewhiz!!!
Looks like Space
Patrol!



Gee...that's a
funny name...



Gee, these drawings
are nice...

Even better than some
of those I've seen on
lavatory walls!



35 cents??! I



That's not bad...
I guess...



I don't think I'll
get it, though...



Vortex Science Fiction?



The paper is just like
my Space Patrol comic
book!



Gee...I'll bet a
lot of people read
this stuff...

TERRY CARR'S

FACE CRITTURS

HAPPY ENDING



Don't have any
money anyway...

VISTA

by
HARLAN ELLISON

The view from here is desolate.

Try staring out across the crazy-quilt that is my world. At the big blue and the small crystal white of the rock formations. At the lustreless water that burbles noncommittally through deserts of shifting green sands. At the huge pocks that show the idiocy of too much talent, not quite enough intelligence.

Oh God, whatever God watches this place, why did you let this happen? Why did you let my people learn the hate, and then to find the absolution of that hatred? My horns dip as I think of it, my tail beats the dull green sands to a mist, my cleft tongue whispers hoarsely.

No longer do my skies cry out with the agony of being ripped apart by a silver-winged horde of missiles. No longer does the air above the long, deep deserts whistle with the scream of explosive shells.

Now, for the longest time, all has been silence...

There is no one else here. The view is brittle-metal cold and as desolate as only a world lost can be. Tears, starting not from eyes, but from ducts in my cheeks, course down my scaled flesh. Where are the spirits of my lost brothers? Even these have fled from this home they once knew so well.

They scattered through the spaces between worlds, overrunning, challenging, winning. They were a new and vibrant factor in the weave of the plans of fate. But they carried the germ of dissension.

Never fear, you other, hidden, races of the skies. My people will never find your judiciously secreted homes far away. They are gone forever. The Universe will spawn and spawn once again, but never the bright, blue flame that they were.

The view from here is merciless.

(cont. on page 21)



TALKING OR DOING

by BILL VENABLE

Now and again there have been attempts made by various sorts of philosophers, "sociologists," etc., to divide people up into several basic types or kinds, characterized by their mode of thought, or living, or behaving.

Although this sort of division is often dangerous, and represents attempts at oversimplification, it is also often significant to apply it in various fields for the sake of simplification where undue complexity exists.

In fandom, it has long been recognized that there are roughly two basic types: the actifan and the passifan, to use traditional nomenclature. The division of fans into these two types, and the problem of reconciling the differences involved, have again and again confronted various clubs and organizations with real problems.

When you get right down to it, what is the basic difference between much-discussed "actifan" and "passifan"? As I see it, it's an operational difference that bothers us most; the difference between doing and talking. The actifans are the "doers" and the passifans, for the most part, "talkers." Here's where the problem begins.

The viewpoint of the "talking" faction was brought into the limelight at a meeting of the Pittsburgh S.F. Association. In the course of an informalized discussion into which the business meeting had degenerated, one of the newer visitors to the club and one of the older members present--his name is unimportant--remarked he felt the club would provide a place where collectors and science fictioneers could get together and talk about science fiction and collections. He didn't say so in that many words but his meaning was evident.

The suggestions about going to conventions, publishing magazines, attending and/or sponsoring conferences,--the usual run of crifanac--seemed to fall on quite a few deaf ears. For these people, it seemed to me, most prospects of activity in some way so as to produce, to create, to become known, had ended.

Now on the other hand, the actifan, the "doer" is very actively interested in creating things, in becoming known, in making. He does these things, he indulges in this activity, because he enjoys it and because this labor is to him exceedingly rewarding. It is quite truthfully a labor of love, as all fan activity must be. It can also be highly profitable in any number of ways, from the experience gained to the contacts you make. For the Doer this is the height of existence, as it quite properly should be. It is art for art's sake. The rewards are personal, and they



are also communal. A group project is quite as rewarding to every member as an individual project is to the individual. It is very important to note that for the most part personal glory does not figure into the picture. What fans call egoboo is not the same thing. Doers are to a great degree very generous and openhanded people; they are not suspicious of designs on the part of others and they do not expect to be met with suspicion. They are working for the work; if they lose all they still have themselves, and it is there that the potential for more and more creation lies. An artist has the potential pictures within himself, not on the canvas; a sculptor can always get more stone, but the design is a part of his mind. A Doer very seldom holds a grudge for long. He hasn't the time for it. He's not worried about other people cheating him; he's too busy. He's not working for the glory of his name; many fan writers use pen names to get away from that sort of thing. He'll work for himself until somebody comes along who has better ideas, and then he'll work for those ideas.

Any club that is to engage in activity effectively has to be so organized that it will run like a smoothly functioning machine. This means that the men in key posts must all be men who can be relied upon to do things. They must be actifen. There must be organization to get things done. There must be regimentation to a certain degree. Among actifen this regimentation falls into place naturally and nobody rebels against it. This is because everybody judges what he can, or will, do and takes his place accordingly. The leader is leader not for personal glory, but because he has the goods to lead. That's all. And everybody else knows it. When a better leader comes along the other one steps down automatically. The talkers get squeezed right out here, because they can't--or won't--do anything. They are not good club officers on any level, from president down to chief bottle washer.

That raises an unreasoning spite in the usual run of talkers. By their own acts they have disqualified themselves and yet they still want some say in the club affairs. If the meetings are run efficiently, they claim there's too much red tape. If the projects go ahead without them, they claim they're being trampled on. When somebody takes the initiative on a project--after the talkers all refuse it--they jump on him and cry dictator. This is, of course, an extreme case but I happen to have witnessed it and so am reporting it.

My stand here is halfway between. The fact that I'm griping about this proves I have some talker in me, and excepts my hypothetical division. On the other hand, I don't like the present situation a bit. That, I guess, is the Doer.

Anybody care to present the Talker's viewpoint?

Of course, this is the "doer" described in an ideal case. In actuality, the situation is that way in many fields. For example, literature in general. Some are writers, some, editors of "little magazines;" others, readers. Any one person might be any number of these. But these last two groups, what if you have them all together in a club? "Here comes trouble," you say. And chances are, it will.

The trouble is that the purpose of such a club is twofold: to talk and to do. But who, which? The talkers, ideally, would like to sit and talk, period. They realize dues, etc., have to be dealt with, but aren't happy about it. The doer, with his natural tendencies, will take over this phase as a rule. Afterward, the trouble. New ideas for the club, membership dues, naturally result. The talker sees his time chewed up by business. Why? Because the doers are arguing it out and the talkers are helping them. If the doers go on with their schemes, the talking element yowls, "Hey, what goes?" However, after everyone plays question and answer, nothing goes. Nobody is happy. The talker sees his pleasure and leisure slipping away. The doer sees a stone wall.

Here is an incomplete attempt at a solution. Start grouping necessary activities into categories for the doers and talkers so that each can get his "share." Certain things will be necessary business at the club. The talkers here can deal with, "Should it be?", not "how?" The doers take care of the method. Maybe...

Divide each faction into committees, each of which will take care of a certain phase of the project.

But here is the crux of the problem. This method of action will create a number of in-groups, each of which will consider the other committees as out-groups. Certain members will be both doers and talkers in varying degrees. These should belong to both in-groups. But how to make a merger between both groups so as to say you have a club, yet divide them up to reduce friction and yet not cut anybody out? Any suggestions???

FINIS

VISTA (cont. from page 18)

The sun has gone old and diseased. It burns down like a man in fever at a world as sick as he. Mountain tops sheared off as though a circular saw had eaten their heads away. Nothing moves. Nothing sighs. Nothing, even, in the immortal and unchanging pattern of everything, whimpers after its parent. Even the children are so long nothing that they seem a fantasy.

Oh God, whatever God is cruel enough to allow this, is not there some peoples four hundred sextillion miles off across the nebulae, behind some fathomless pit in the charcoal of space, who were a fraction of a decimal point more deserving of extinction? Why my people?

My skin shifts from focus to focus as I remember them; with the smiling faces the powdery hands giving and receiving some good, too.

The power of the Atom is manifold.

I once walked on two legs, made love with two arms; saw, smelled, talked with a symetrically arranged face. I was once a man.

The power of the Atom is incalculable.

I am distorted. I will never die; I am immortal. I am alone on this hell-pit that was once a green and brown and white and blue world.

You know this world.

THE END

SPACEMAN'S HOMECOMING

by EARLE FRANKLIN BAKER

I hated every star I landed on,
Enslaved by fear and jealousy.
Behold this friendly world's phenomenon!
Lips meet, and now there's ecstasy!

THE



Celia Block

with dissections by
DESMOND EMERY

(address all missives directly
to above named party, also all
fanzines--93 Hemlock St., St.
Thomas, Ont., Canada).

HYPHEN---Walter Willis, 170 Upper N'Ards Rd.
Belfast, No. Ireland.

Poor repro, in my copy at least, with some parts
nearly illegible. But the quality of the mater-
ial made up for the poor presentation. You'd
never know SLANT and HYPHEN come from the mind
of the same idiot--er, fan, that is. Rather zan-
ny and erotic, but very readable. Illegible, but
readable...

ETHERLINE---4 Myrtle Grove, Preston, Victoria,
Australia; 6d per copy; in U.S. \$1
per 13; Mimeoed.

This is the first Aussie fanzine I've seen, but
if the rest are like this, they're really going
places there. Although it contains much of
specific interest only to an Aussie fan, there
is still enough generally interesting material
to make a sub worthwhile. What little artwork
there is, is excellent. It's a genuine big-
little zine.

SPACE-TIMES---5 Hans Pl., London SW 1, England;
Canada and U.S.: c/o Dale Smith,
3001 Kyle Ave., Minn. 22, Minn.

This is the mag for specific audience, rather,
than a general one. But it, too, has a number
of general interest features, the most important
of which I would say is a department for fan-
writers trying to become pros. (Pro writers in
here criticize fan-material for free). So far,
in the iddues I've had, the fiction submitted to
this department has been poor, and I now know
why most fen don't like fan-writings.

FANTASTIC STORY MAG---Ron Elik, 232 Santa Ana,
Long Beach 3, Calif.; 10¢
or 3/25¢.

This is a reprint mag and gets a review by war-
rant of the material reprinted. Mainly sundry
works from QUANDRY. Despite the fact that the
quality of the work has nothing to do with Elik, the workmanship of the mag has in-
creased tremendously since I received one of his first ishs last year. But, can these
fen find no other paper than that which appears to have been cut from a Technicolored
Epic of the Old West? Vile green, plus a livid orangish-red that turns your eyeballs
backwards in their sockets...Wotinelli's the matter with white paper??? Or grey or tan??

UNDERTAKINGS---Sam Johnson, 1517 Penny Dr., Edgewood, Elizabeth City, N.C.; 15¢ a copy

A first issue, tricolor cover, technically good, as are most of the illos. Repro is
fairly good, and thank Ghu the pages are pastel shades, although they're varied. This
portends to be a mag that takes itself seriously, and on that note, I'll forego fur-
ther comment until next ish--if I get one (?).

SPIRAL---Denis Moreen, 214 Ninth St., Wilmette, Ill.; 10¢ copy, 3/25¢; #8; mimeoed.

Now here's a mag with a sensible color scheme--grey. Nuf sed... There's very little artwork, but what there is, is fair. From the looks of letters and articles, ye ed seems to want a fighting zine. Last few ish he gets Claude Hall to scorch Mari Wolf. Thish gets Mari to kick Hall in the teeth, in a genteel, lady-like sort of way of course. He sets Dick Geis and Ed Cox against one another. Also has Geis do a complete operation on "The Creature from the Black Lagoon," which is calculated to get a rise from those fen who feel that any movie labelled STF just has to be good, even if it isn't.

MDMI---Georgina Ellis, 1428 15th St. East, Calgary, Alberta, Canada; #2, 15¢; mimeoed

I fooled myself in the last review, said I would like to see more of the ed's work. Turns out she did most of it, under a pseudonym. Thicker paper, or thinner ink, make thish look better than the first. There's lots of eye-easy space between and around paragraphs. All in all, an excellent effort.

FIE---Harry Calnek, Granville Ferry, Nova Scotia, Canada; #3; quarterly; 15¢ or 4/50¢

Thish is slightly below the standard set by the previous two, but with a good reason. Anyway, the quality of the material is still high, only the repro and absence of ye ed's illos being regretted. After reading the report on the Midwestcon, my resolve to attend one of these orgies was strengthened. Ellis devotes a column to disprove Elsberry's contention that fen are stupid. They're not really, you know, just sub-normal. The Poison Pen letter column isn't very... Cover's superb, by Dutch Ellis.

ALSO-RANS COLUMN

If your mag appears in this column, there's hope for it. Mags received, which I don't consider high enough quality to warrant a full review yet which are not so poor as to remain unread, will appear here.

ZERO---(formerly IT)---James Chamlee, 208 N. 9th St., Gatesville, Texas

SEX IN STF

Now stfans can be said to be outside the walls as far as ordinairiness goes; most of them being mildly insulted if they are considered normal by non-fen. Some of the viewpoints expressed in letters to the prozines often shock other fen so you can see just how shocking they actually are. All of which is just preamble to saying that the stfan's outlook on sex is slightly different from normal humanity's. So he gets stories that are "slightly" different. We've had stories that have ranged from perversion and adultery to the offtrail (even for stf) sex of Mother and The Lovers. There has even been humorous sex, the Mickey Spillane-Mike Hammer satire in F & SF. Of course, once the taboo was cracked hordes of writers and fen rushed in to widen the breach. Now that the wall's completely razed, I suppose some of them will now look for other walls to beat down. As an almost unrelated comment, I wonder just how much of the recent boom was due to the sex motif stf stories? Now that the ordinary people find that sexy stf is not quite the stimulant they expected, they're dropping it. It's a logical theory anyway... Maybe the industry needs to bring back the bare-babes-in-the-arms-of-bems...

FINIS

DEVIATIONS

WHERE THE VULTURES SOMETIMES POUNCE -- AT EACH OTHER...

REDD BOGGS * DEA's cover strikes me a bit more favorably than the average
2215 Benjamin St. NE * DEA artwork. ## Liked the editorial, and found the idea of spend-
Minn. 18, Minn. * ing a courtship "sorting and listing stf mags" one of the most
***** fabulous fannish thoughts since the fan who was going to micro-
film his collection for his survival kit. Marian is made a Mrs., but this could make
a myth! ## Bloch's article makes me feel outworn. I was one of those who participated
in Tucker's "Little Kinsey" survey in 1948. I wonder how many others who read DV #3
can say the same, honestly? I wonder how many dare to admit it...? ## Mittelbuscher's
article is acceptable, but like most fan articles of this sort, fails to interest as
much as it might. It lacks example and anecdote. Instead of talking vaguely about
the period of 1933-40, Paul should have mentioned some of the stories which instance
the use of "cardboard characters," and perhaps quoted some stilted dialogue or wooden
handling of the characters. Somewhat the same comments apply to "Philosophy for Fan!"
He's talking in vague generalities--so vague that it's hard to come to grips with
whatever ideas are floating around in the article. Strikes me that the article is an
attempt to justify his intention of bending our ear with some talk about famous phil-
osophies. ## Emery's "Vivisectionist" doesn't sound qualified to perform the operation.
Since I know that Asimov has profound admiration for Cliff Simak, he should be flat-
tered to learn that he's credited with the authorship of "city." ## "Deviations" was
much better this time, and of course Bloch's letter was the most interesting one of
the bunch. In answer to Emery's query, "What do the general ranks of fandom have a-
gainst another fan who tries to express himself thru fiction rather than articles,
etc.?" I would answer, "The fiction they write." ## DV's general layout and mimeo-
graphy continue to be first-rate. I didn't think the show-through on the pages was
too serious; in fact I think it's about normal for 20 lb. paper of a lighter hue. All
in all, it's one of the most attractive fanzines of recent years. Maybe it's to be
expected that a zine edited by a woman should be neater and more attractively typed
than one edited by a man, but I've seen a number of fanzines stencilled by women who
are employed as typists and they often aren't as carefully done as those by men who
typed with two fingers. I fear that most women have the typing skill but not the
spirit of the Trufan. It seems that you are almost unique in possessing both!

HOWARD LYONS * Why don't the kiddies in Calif. give up this NAPA business? Not
P.O. Box 561 * that I'm complaining about having another apa, but after all, I
Adelaid P.O. * think by this time it is pretty clear that they have no reason-
Toronto, Ont. Canada * able right to use the NAPA name. I wonder what this is, about
***** good old Forrie being hired by them to see if that name had
been used before,--did he say it hadn't? If so, he is a little stupid since NAPA had
at one time (while good old Forrie was a member of LASFS) approached the LASFS with
respect to sharing accomodation. ## SCOOP! Who cares if Boob Stewart returns to fan-
dom??? What is there about going gafia on the West Coast that makes someone into a
big something just for that reason? I think this same Stewart sat around in FAPA for
a year and never contributed a thing. What a louse... ## SPIRAL. Annish to be all-qual-
ity issue. Well, hooray for him! Imagine, a fanzine in which everything is worth
reading. That is indeed something to strive for. ## I note that Donnell's earliest rec-
ollection of stf is "Five Gold Rings" by Vance. That's about how far behind I am in
my reading--that's about the latest I've read. How about a survey to find how many
fans have been reading stf since before 1954? ## Liked the letter column. Especially I
enjoyed Bloch's serious type letter. These are not so infrequent as one might expect
but they seldom get published. Yep, I enjoyed the issue, and the repro is as good
as ever.

***** Re: J.J.R.'s article--these subjects, although perhaps not
LEE SORENSON * quite understood by many, are interesting in that they can
Box 1067 * lead to a better understanding of concepts as a whole. You
Toledo, Oregon * should limit one to an issue, however.##As most fen (liter-
***** ate and articulate) strive somehow towards writing of stf,
any viewpoint offered which might perhaps increase creative imaginative abilities
should be encouraged.##Philosophic understanding in relationship to the world we
live in, is important in that the individual, through understanding, gradually
thinks inductively instead of deductively.

SAM JOHNSON * I am still plauding Mittelbuscher's effort. Bunan did a good
1517 Penny Dr. * job, too, but the whole thing was too much like a south sea
Edgewood * drama. Now take GALAXY (I don't want it!--you find that
Elizabeth City, N.C.* the emphasis on non-science is unbearable. Sociological sex
***** alien minds--studies of these things are all well and good,
but WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO SCIENCE FICTION???. I wouldn't want to drag out the past,
but I'll say one thing, the approach of pure science was never boring. I read all
the slicks, and most of what's left of the pulps, have for some five years, now.
I find that reprints of old stories are usually a damned sight better than most of
the crud I have to read. Bradbury is a fine writer, one of my top favorites, but
if all writers start picking away the science skeleton, and just use the meat or
characterizations we'll have the following: the public may start reading stf by
the barralls, but fans will drop prozines like hot rocks. It may be fine for eds
and publishers, but it'll be pure hell for the people who like to read science
fiction. Would you like to own paintings turned out by a machine at the rate of
12 per hour? I would say not...the little bit of the perpetrator is gone, and all
that is left is a misformed thing. Shall this become of stf?##The other day I re-
ceived a note from a fan, and he asked me what has happened to the humor in stf.
He meant the satires, etc., which once formed the fare of most fanzines. I ex-
plained hazily something about writers gone pro, or dropped, etc. Lately, I have
given a lot of thought to the purpose of fandom, the why, whence, and wherefore.
Although nothing too concrete, aside from an article now floating around somewhere
what I've found out is rather discouraging. Part of this is in the realm of phil-
osophies of fans. We have those who are pro-fandom regardless, the ones in the
middle who're trying to work out an answer, and the fen who prefer to think of it
as not serious at all. Personally, many things about fandom make me sick, but
many things are good about it, too. I'm not all-fandom, nor do I think fandom is
not serious. People tend to judge others on a basis of themselves, and fans are
leaders in the field by far. I've got something to work on now, but as soon as I
give it more thought, you're liable to get an article about it. Until then, let's
hear more from J.J.R.

WILLIAM KNAPHEIDE * I think Mittelbuscher's "Crossroads" was an exceptionally
220 A Sierra Pt. Rd.* good article. I've noticed the same trend in stf for some
Brisbane, Calif. * time and have been planning, putting off would be more ac-
***** curate, writing an article along the same lines. One of the
factors contributing to the degeneration of science fiction has been the inability
to formulate a definition upon which those most active in the field can agree upon.
However, there is another approach to the question: if we cannot define it we can
ask: how much science can be left out of a stf story before it ceases to be stf?
In other words, when does a story cease to be science fiction and become fantasy?
Some prozine editors (Boucher, Browne) hold that there is no difference between
stf and fantasy. But when I pick up a mag labeled "Science Fiction" I expect to
get stf and not fantasy. Stanley Weinbaum's stories are living proof that you can
have good stf from the literary standpoint without throwing out the science. Just
remember the next time you go to the mag stand that, according to the school of
Boucher and Browne, WEIRD TALES is science fiction.

* * * * *

G. M. CARR * The J.J.R. article deserved being run even though you don't
8325 31st St., NW * get any replies, because a serious approach to intellectual
Seattle 7, Wash. * consideration of fandom is really needed.##Editing of letters
* * * * * is really necessary because some material in all letters is
personal and/or not of general interest. When you quote every letter verbatim, it
tends to verbosity and dullness. On the other hand, quoting mere sentences tends
to give a choppy effect and produce nothing but a series of testimonials, sans in-
terest and sans discussion. I highly recommend those letter columns wherein each
letter reads like a miniature article, and also those which feature running discus-
sions of some topic of general interest. Even when they border close on feuding--
if you are lucky enough to attract correspondence which is interesting per se,--you
are set.##I agree with J.J.R. that stf is paving the way for future civilizations,
and that moral and ethical problems which are threshed out now will have an effect
on the way they are handled in the future--if for no other reason than that they
have been tentatively covered. That's not to say that stfans will necessarily be
the ones to decide those questions--but there is a probability that some who are
now stfans will be aware of these discussions and be influenced thereby. If even
one such fan should turn out to be a policy-maker of the future--well, you see what
I mean. I do agree that stf writers are molding the shape of the future already, by
creating an acceptance of certain concepts. I have viewed with alarm some of the
tendencies toward accepting as inevitable a highly socialistic future state, and I
have felt it was a good thing every time I read a story which pointed out in such
devastating detail as they do, how true it is that, "The war after next will be
fought with bow and arrow," and how easily it could happen. Perhaps if a genera-
tion ago these stories had been current our present generation of policy-makers be
less eager to toss atom bombs like hand grenades.##Perhaps even more important is
the attitude humans will carry with them if and/or when they reach the other plan-
ets. Will we, as some writers assume, carry race prejudice, religious intolerance,
and specifically Earth problems to be applied to alien cultures? I can't think of
anything more futile than to attempt to transplant Christianity--which is specific-
ally based on the idea that God became human in order to enable humans to live for
God--to an alien planet; likewise, I can't but wonder if mankind's incredible naive-
te will cause them to attempt actual conquest of other planets for the purpose of
the "ownership" of same. Will humans still attempt to colonize in the manner that
the British, say, "colonized" South Africa? (That hasn't been successfully worked
out yet on this planet--what about the problems Mars would present, for instance?)##
To be sure, fandom hasn't been too successful in influencing pros regarding some of
the past fan-pro conflicts. There have been some points on which we could claim in-
fluence: remember the controversies against Bem-Babe covers? They're almost all
gone, now. Spaceships and alien planetscapes took over--but whether as a result of
fan-clamor or just as part of the advertising world's general switch from the sex-
hook angle, I couldn't say. Fandom has complained against undue exploitation of
erotica in stf,--but Browne still features it and so do many others. Still, the
fact that we do attempt such influence, if nothing else, affects our own tastes, in-
telligence, and attitudes.##Since fandom is made up in large of young people, of
those with more than average curiosity and intelligence, and of people with a defi-
nite slant toward matters sociological, scientific, and exploratory--it is entirely
possible that some of this group may turn out to be the big brains of the next gen-
eration. If so, I'd say, "Let's talk about these things now--God knows we won't be
around to talk about them then, at least where we'd have a chance of being heard!"
##I particularly liked the R. Z. Ward illo, because I've missed them since he with-
drew from actifanning. Enjoyed Bloch's article and DEA's illos always delight me,
especially when presented as nicely as you do them.

* * * * *

GERALD A. STEWARD * Let me start off by saying that I hate Bob Bloch. A rather
166 McRoberts Ave. * alarming remark for any fan to make in public; making such
Toronto, Ont., Canada * statements as this can lead to assassination. But let me ex-
* * * * * plain! I believe I have good and ample grounds for hating
Bob Bloch. You see when I took over publication of CANADIAN FANDOM, I also inher-
ited reprint right to the memorial Torcon Report. Consequently, I have been mull-
ing over the idea of doing something with the Tucker Fan Survey so as to make it
printable today. As a matter of fact, just a few weeks ago while on the way to a
local club meeting, Bill Grant (my right hand man in CANFAN) and I were talking ov-
er the possibility and trying to figure out some way in which we could revise the
Tucker report and print it. We had decided to do something very similar to that
which Bloch did in the last DEVIANT. It is now obvious that Bloch had an operative
following us and recording our ideas which he passed on to Bob, who stole our idea
and beat us to the punch.##The mysterious J.J.R. seems to have the potentiality of
being a fair writer. His article was fairly interesting but very much incompletd.
It seemed to me that he did not do the subject justice, merely passed over it when
he could have dwelled longer and made it much more interesting. If he plans to do
any more writing on the subject, I suggest that he try to develop it a little more.
((Note: The Second Tucker Fan Survey, with introduction and instructions by Gerald
was distributed by several zines early this fall and also at the SFCon. It will be
very interesting to learn its results... If those who did not get a copy in some
way write to Gerald, perhaps he will still have a few extras. Carol McK.))

* * * * *

RON ELLIK * The J.J.R. and Mittelbuscher articles are both examples of
232 Santa Ana * what I consider a rather poor, long-drawn-out, boring and
Long Beach, Calif. * nauseating attempt by almost all fans to query all other fans
* * * * * "WHITHER FANDOM?" or whither stf, or any other subject. Fans
today are seemingly not content to allow fandom to roll on by itself; they all want
to get in there and either ask where it is going to tell it where to go--seldom do
they succeed in predicting the latter, too. I've even done it myself at times. But
as a reader rather than an author of these articles, I think they should either be
stopped or change themselves so that they accomplish something. I have seen a few
such, however, which told me something. Dean Grennell and Dick Geis are 2 authors
of this type that almost always tell me something interesting, besides that the
author is internally mixed-up and can't decide for himself where fandom is headed.
I'm not sure, J.J.R. might be able to say something if you print more of his artic-
les. A first in a series is never anything to judge the following parts by. Same
way with a new fanzine--except in your case, where DEVIANT #1 was really good, and
we found that #2 and 3 were even better. But, as for these Whither Fandom articles
frankly, being a fan who likes to let fandom do what it wants with itself, I can
either take J.J.R. or leave him.

* * * * *

RONALD VOIGT * The format of DV is excellent. I think that more than two
3859 Sullivan * stories should be printed per issue--if good enough. I agree
St. Louis, Mo. * that Sneary made a slight mistake in dismissing fan fiction
* * * * * with a wave of the tentacle.## Bloch stated that he met many
pros in stf who encouraged his writing, as well as many who turned pro. Without en-
couragement for writing stf as well as reading it, fandom would lose many writers
for prozines who couldn't make the grade at once and after letting mss pile up in
closets, under beds, etc., gives up because of no secondary outlets for such mater-
ial. Without writers, fandom isn't. Science fiction is generally read by those
with imagination, which is not only flexible but creative, and fanmags would make a
grievous mistake if they were only chuckfull of newsy bits, criticisms of promags,
etc. I think Don Donnell is a pretty good writer!

SPACE SHIPS

by CELIA BLOCK

We talk so glibly of space travel, yet we are not even sure of what kind of a contraption we'll travel in. Naturally, we've got to travel in something...

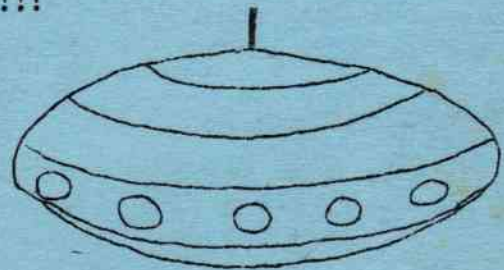
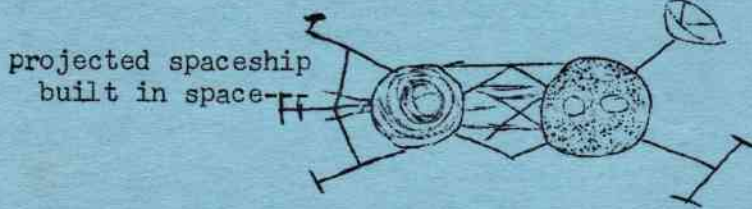
Anybody who reads the funnies is familiar with Flash Gordon's fancy streamlined jobs. Pick up any science fiction mag, and you see the beautifully streamlined, bullet-shaped crittur that obviously is a spaceship.

Yet,--these bear only a nodding acquaintance with the three stage rocket, and certainly none at all to the projected monstrosities to be built in space. Like the Model-T's, I fear our first spaceships will not be things of beauty, streamlining and chrome plate.

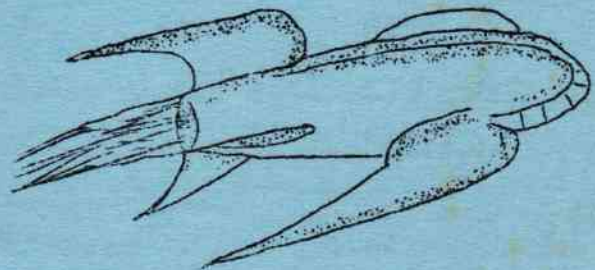
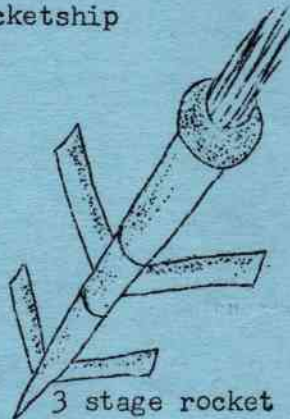
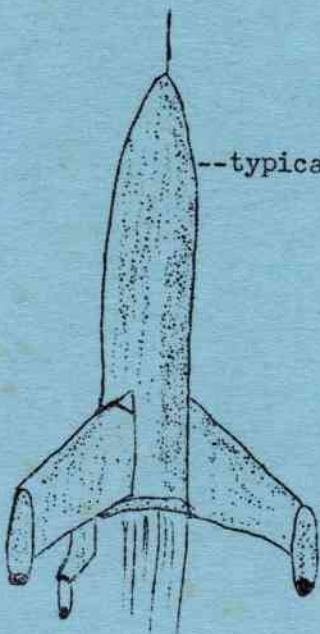
Lastly, we must not forget the over-worked, trite, much maligned flying saucer. If it hadn't been for such pioneers as Scully, we'd never have thought of planes minus wings and tails...

SCIENCE FICTION ARTISTS AWAKE!!!

Don't use last year's spaceship!
The chrome-plated needle-nose must go!
Either the three stage rocket must be used, or the
spaceship with its plumbing on the outside...
And--please!--NO FLYIN' PLATTERS!!!



since 1947---the Saucer



Flash Gordon and/or
Captain Video type

I.M.C.

