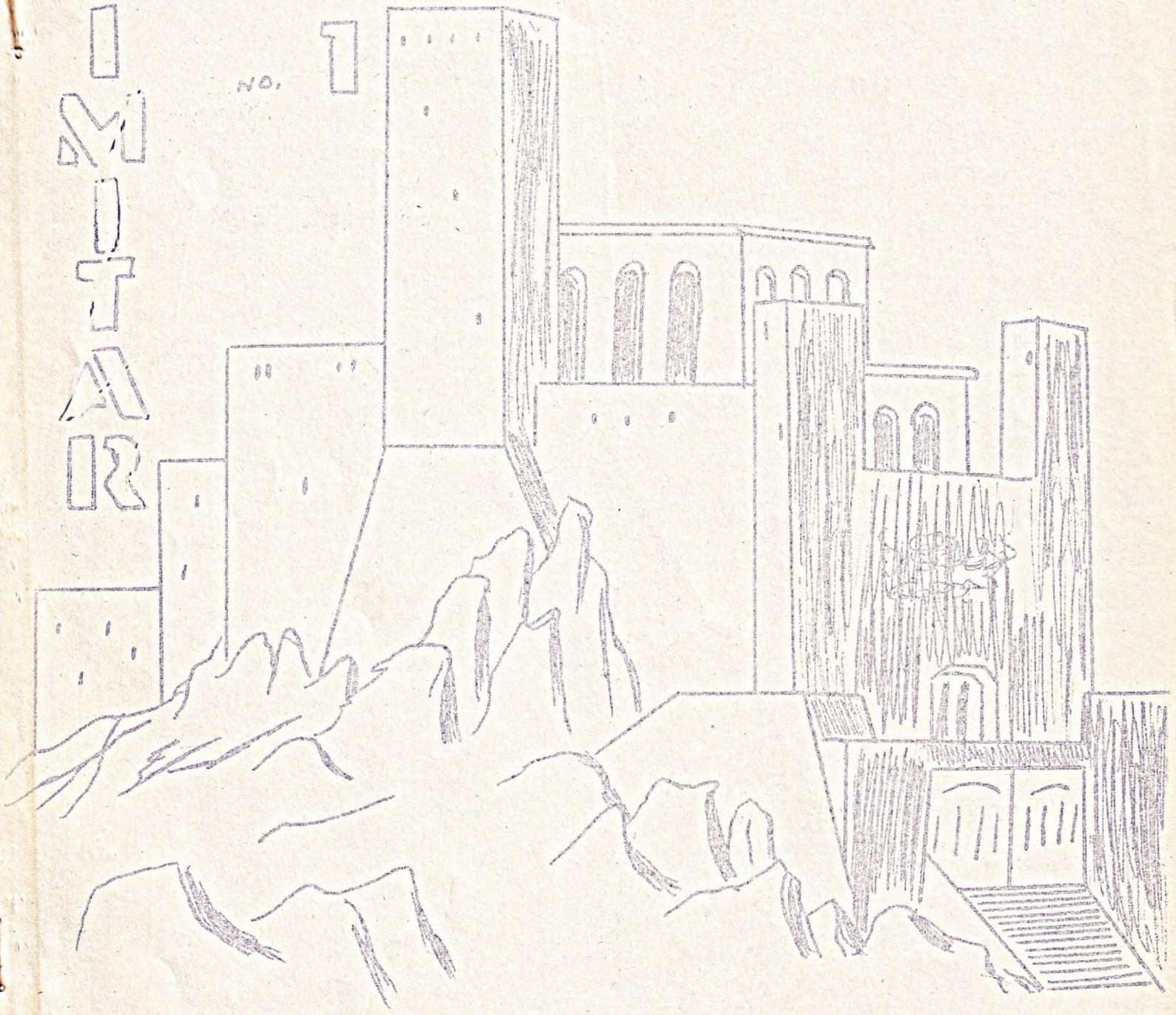


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NO. 1



PROCTOR
25

EDITORIAL

As far as I know this is the only ditte 'zine in SFFA. I hope that the material contained in this issue will make up for the crappy repro job.

This is my first apazine (I have one for the first time in N'APA in its Dec. mailing) so bear with me as I go over some of the rough spots. I hope every one likes plenty of mattering, because that is just about all this issue contains. If I can ramble through this editorial I think I can get the rest of SCIMITAR off all right.

Maybe I'll explain how I ever became interested in SFFA. Well, it all began with a letter from Kent McDaniel (OUPRE) requesting some illos for a 'zine. Of course our letters got around to a discussion on our fanzines (I have a gazzine called FANTASMA which can be had for a five cent stamp, send to the address at bottem of the page). Kent told me of the wonders of SFFA. Then I told Kent that I might be interested. After that each letter I recieved from him contained half a page or more on the apa. Finally I got the idea he wanted me join, so I did. Put the blame on McDaniel boys.

I might as well mention that Dennis Lien of Moorhead State Collage, Moorhead, Minn suggested this title.

Question: What is the difference between a grape and an elephant?

Answer: A grape is purple.Lien

Yes, the above was one of those sic, sic elephant jokes that have been going around lately. There is a certain boy in our Jr. class that goes around telling these monsters of a joke. These so called jokes are so corny that they're funny.

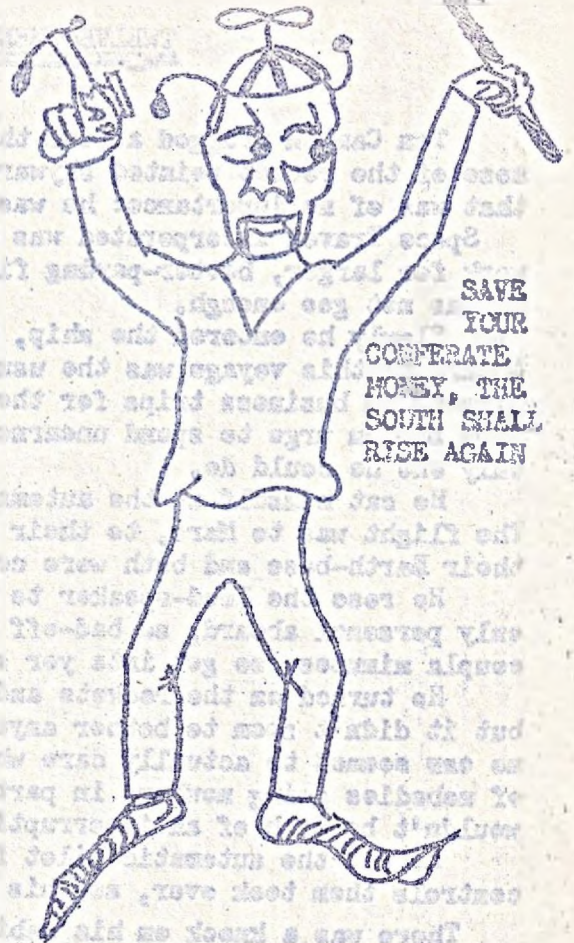
Question: What did Tarzan say when he saw the elephants coming at him?

Answers Here come the grapes. He was colored blind.Lien

Well, I guess this is all the sheer torture for this issue.

GEO. PROCTOR

SCIMITAR published by George Proctor, Rt#1, Gilmer, Texas, pubbed for the 10th SFFA mailing ROTCORP PUBLICATION #5



Tom Canton trudged across the dark field to the rocket. On the ped the beautiful nose of the rocket pointed skyward majestically. Tom was tired and exhausted, but that was of no importance: he was a pilot and his job was to fly the passenger liners.

Space Travel Incorporated was very short on pilots. They had all quit and gone to work for larger, better-paying firms. But Tom knew that he could never get any further; he was not goo enough.

Slowly he entered the ship, thinking only of how well a rest would help him. Aboard on this voyage was the usual assortment of low-class passengers: uncontent, smelly persons on business trips for their low-paying firms, cheap thrill-seekers with no jobs and an urge to spend unearned money. Canton hated the business, but it was the only one he could do.

He sat himself at the automatic controls and glanced through the flight trip. The flight was to Mars, to their only base there. It was even worse-looking than their Earth-base and both were condemned.

He rose the loud-speaker to his mouth and drawled out his orders. He was the only personnel aboard, so bad-off was the company. "Now here this; we take off in a couple minutes, so get into yer straps."

He turned on the rockets and began warming them up. The ship shook and rattled, but it didn't seem to bother anyone. It was old enough to fall apart in space, but no one seemed to actually care whether or not they died. They were a low-class bunch of nebedies going nowhere in particular and having no plans anyway, so death really wouldn't be much of an interruption to their normal routines.

He set the automatic pilot for Mars base and turned on the blastoff. The automatic controls then took over, and his job was over for the trip.

There was a knock on his cabin door. "C'mon in," he mumbled, not even thinking about it.

A tall, smartly-dressed man entered the room. He was about six feet, with muscular features. His skin was a dark red, and his hair was jet black. The ears came almost to a point, and his eyes were slitted and sinister. A thin, black mustache curled around his lips. He spoke. "Mister Canton?"

"Yeah," replied Canton, swinging around in his chair and eyeing the man closely. In his left hand was a briefcase with the letter "S" etched over a red pitchfork.

"You may call me Mister S," continued the stranger. "I believe I have a proposition that may interest you. I am correct in assuming that you dislike this job, am I not?"

"Sure are," mumbled Canton, studying the man's appearance and trying to link his resemblance with something familiar in the back of his head.

Mister S brought a piece of paper from his briefcase. On it was writing. "I believe," he stated, "that you may well like the offer this contract makes. Look it over."

"Why?" mumbled Canton.

"It offers you a much better paying job," replied Mister S. Handing it to Canton, he suggested, "Please read."

Canton read: "I, the party of the first part, hereby agree to absolve any previous bonding with any previous employment and to begin employment with the Party of the second part."

"Forgot it," mumbled Canton. "I ain't in the mood for legal crud-heading. Just forget it. Okay?"

At that moment a message arrived over the space radio. "Tom, that you? Listen, we've got it made from now on. The Intergalactic Justice Council just agreed to grant federal aid to all Interplanetary Spaceship Services. Now we can get the money we been needin'."

Canton turned to Mister S and spoke, "You see, S, there ain't no need for yer help now. My income oughtta get beested a long way."

'On the contrary,' said Mister S, 'I have a premonition that you may be in for a sudden shock.' He handed Canton a blood-red card with writing in black on it. 'You may need this address.'

'Twelve-twenty-two Hades Avenue?' read Canton. 'Where on Earth is that?'

Mister S chuckled a bit, as if Canton had just made a joke. Then he replied, 'I'm afraid you will have to take a Satanic Ferry, working on Earth, to Hades Avenue.'

He turned and left, leaving Canton to his musings. As he left, another call came over the controls. 'Tom? I got bad news for you. Since we got money, we can afford good pilots, and, well, you know what I mean?'

Canton leaped from his seat and ran into the passenger section. 'Mister S!' he called. 'Where are you? I'd like to talk to you?'

A man in soiled overalls and a torn undershirt, sitting sprawled in one of the chairs, spoke, 'There ain't no Mister S aboard, bud? You sure you feel alright?'

Dazed, Canton returned to his cabin. His mind whirled with bitterness. Sure, the company had a lot of money risked on him, but was that the any reason for them to let him go just like that? He thought not.

But it had happened, and it had happened at an odd time for him. He tried to think it over: hardly had a mysterious Mister S, who seemed to disappear in deep space, offered him a job for another line, than he had been fired from the only job he had ever known. He decided to take up that job immediately.

Filled with a feeling of bitter vengeance, he decided that since he was not working for the company, then the ship he was piloting did not necessarily have to follow its original course. He snatched off the automatic controls and turned the ship, heading back to Earth.

He knew that this would get him in trouble, but it didn't bother him. As soon as he landed on Earth he would take out for the Satanic Ferry Line, whatever in heck (or elsewhere) that was. He'd take one to Hades Avenue, to the address given him.

As the ship cut through the black void of space, Tom Canton read the card given him. 'Twelve-twenty-two Hades Avenue, Hell, Michigan. Take a Satanic Ferry to our place and receive a devil of a good service.'

Canton was suddenly interrupted by a call over the radio. 'Canton, you fool! Get back on course for Mars! If you land again on Earth we'll have police waiting for you as you step out! Remember, you still have control of our ship!'

'Ah,' replied Canton, 'and I also remember that I'm no longer employed in your little company. Actually that makes me a pirate, doesn't it?'

He switched off the radio and leaned back in his seat. He was bitter at the company, but he also was anticipating his new job at whatever company was located at twelve-twenty-two Hades Avenue.

As he entered Earth's atmosphere, he knew that if he landed at the regular landing pad, the fuzz would grab him in an instant. So rather than take the chance, he decided to set a course for Hell, Michigan and take his chances there.

The landing there was uneventful, and he made his way rapidly through the crowds of this city, which, during the earlier days of space travel, had been only a small town good for a few jokes as to its

the City Information Booth. "Where can I get a ride on a Satanic Ferry?"

The man at the desk stared at him. "Look, bud," he answered, "I know that this city's got a lot of jokes and humor about its name, but there ain't no such animal."

"But I have a card," he argued, and he pulled out the blood-red rectangle of cardboard.

The man read through it and handed it back. "Bud," he began, "somebody's got a darn good sense of humor, and they're trying it on you."

"But is there a Hades Avenue?" pleaded Canton.

"Used to be," replied the man. "But nobody wanted to live there because of the double coincidence. They figured that the town's name plus the street name was too much to take, and didn't want to tempt too much. It was changed since then to John Street, you know, to 'fight the curse of the name.'"

Canton took off for John Street, hoping that the card was simply out of date. He took a taxi to the right place, but as he found the address, he saw no more than an empty lot.

Desperately he knocked on the nearest house door, and soon a little old lady answered the desperate plea. "Yes, young man? What do you want?"

"How long has that lot been deserted?" he asked, sweat breaking from his face.

The old woman stroked her chin, as if thinking. Then finally she replied, "Well, it seems to me that it was deserted back in the big flood last year. Or was that when they decided to leave Michigan?"

"Who?" cried Canton desperately.

"Now let me see," she said, stroking her weather-beaten chin. "Who were in that old building? I can't really remember, but I do know that no matter how hot it was in the summer time they would come out wrapped up in thick coats, and with ear muffs, and in the winter no one ever seemed to live there."

"Uh, thanks for your help," interrupted Canton suddenly, "but I think I've changed my mind and that I won't be needing to talk to them." As he turned to leave, the old woman called to him:

"Whenever any of them come around, I'll tell them that you were looking for them."

"Oh no!" exclaimed Canton. "Never mind that! Just forget it!"

He began to run from twelve-twenty-two, but he accidentally bumped into someone walking up the street. "Pardon me," he mumbled, trying to get past the figure. Then he looked up into the face of Mister S.

His blood ran cold as the man spoke. "Ah, Mister Canton. I was hoping you'd come along. You see I accidentally gave you an old card. We've changed offices since those were printed. Please come with me."

"Er, no thank you," began Canton, turning away, "but I came to inform you that I've changed my mind--" A strong hand gripped his shoulder.

Canton looked up into the burning eyes of Mister S. His voice was deep and echoing. "We were depending upon you, Mister Canton. Certainly you won't disappoint us all."

"Us?" asked Canton, trying to pull loose from the strong grasp.

"My--ah--associates and I," answered Mister S calmly.

"Let me go!" pleaded Canton, struggling to escape.

A sinister smile crossed Mister S's face. "Oh, but you already have become involved, Mister Canton," he said. "Surely you know by now that you cannot escape."

Canton's struggles ceased, and his head drooped. "Yes," he muttered. "I guess my time has really come. All right. Where do I go?"

"Ah, I thought you would finally see reason," stated Mister S.

"Just follow me." The two began walking through the streets as night began to fall.

The light of the setting sun shone upon Mister S's face in such a way as he even more appeared to be the satanic form of evil that he apparently was. Canton shuddered. He was trying to figure out why they had chosen him. Certainly he was in such a spot as to enlist the aid of the devil, but yet he knew that he wouldn't of his own free will.

Suddenly he was wrenched from his thoughts as they entered a dark red building. Mister S led him up a flight of steps and they stepped into a dark room. Mister S reached for a switch on the left side of the wall, saying:

"Let's get some light in here."

There was a click and Canton was forced to shut his eyes. They had to become accustomed to the light slowly. Canton noticed that there was silence, and wondered what was in the room. It seemed that Mister S was waiting for his eyes to open, and he was afraid to.

Finally he steeled himself and decided that he was in for the worst anyway.

He opened his eyes.

There was a man sitting at a desk on the far end of the brightly-colored yellow room. Canton recognized him as the man who had had on only dirty overalls and the undershirt during that last fateful trip. He smiled.

"Are you ready to sign this contract?" he asked, holding out a piece of paper.

"I've got no choice, I guess."

The man looked at Mister S. "Have you been playing that game with him again?"

"Aw, boss," the man said. "I couldn't help it. I have fun."

"You'll have to pardon him," he said. "He likes to play a little game. You know, he's slightly mentally ill also. Now, then, Tom, why did you run away?"

Canton stuck his thumb between his mouth. "Cee," he said, kneeling, "I still like that other dimension. I even got a job there. Why'd you drag me back?"

"We knew you were going to be fired, Tom," replied the man. "That would probably have made you incurably mentally ill, rather than what you are."

Mister S offered his hand. "Welcome back, Tom," he said.

The man behind the desk chuckled. "Did Sam really have you thinking that you'd made a deal with the devil?"



M.C.S.

STRANGER THAN FACT #1: The repr on this issue was great. Too bad the cover couldn't match the off-set. A simple pen and ink would have beaten this. Your cd. was something more, it actually had something. I hope that you keep this policy in the future. "The Breaking Point" had a nice ending, but content was a little too long for such an ending. "Beyond the Mortal" was good and I liked it very much. What else is there to say? The lettercol article could have been left out. "First Contact" was very good in fact it was perhaps the best of the issue. The interior artwork was nothing to hot. The color was the only thing that saved it. You did not suffer many of the mistakes made by many mags. All in all mere issues would be nice.

STRANGER THAN FACT #2: The repr was a come down from the first issue, still nice. Again I liked your ed. "Epilogue to Armageddon" was very, very nice. It left me with a strange feeling. Your next story did not rate your mag. It had no point and was a waste of time. The rest of the issue was to my satisfaction. Keep up the good work.

OUTRE #1: Katz's filk was nice. "War Makers" was good, but it was too oblivious as to what the ending was. "The Valley of the werewolves" was lousy, too long, trite and almost boring. "Next?" was short and sweet. OUTRE shows promise in stories, the artwork (the one tem.) wasn't too good. Such a drawing was meant for interior work not cover, mainly it had no point. You could of had more small drawings and use them in your mag.

SPORADIC #8: I enjoyed your MidSeon (your trip) article. May be I haven't got the idea of wasting all that space talking about rats. This, to me, should be kept in personal corr, and not in a fanzine.

CLIFF-HANGERS #4: Is there any way I can acquire chapter 1 of UNDER ONE MOON. It seems to be interesting, but I seem left out not seeing first chapter.

WORMFARM #1: Bill Gibsen please send me some of neat robot illos. My genzine is in need of covers (off-set) for future issues. This 'zine must have hit me in a funny mood because I laughed at everyone of your cartoons and jokes. Please leave this humor in your mag. It is nice and very enjoyable.

SOUTHERNER #9: How about a cover?

SPECTRE #1: Your cover didn't seem organized to me. The rocket was nice tho. The interior seem to be a lot of wasted space. I got a few cuckles out of the Hall cartoon. The poems would have been OK if they had an illo to go with them. Personally I think Larry Montgomery's short story should have been written as a short novelette. The idea was good, it was not developed enough. Those two spook illos could have been left out and replaced by something. A little more (lot) is needed on your part Larry, may be the nextish will be better.

DOL-DRUM #1: This gets my vote for second best 'zine in the mailing. Very pleasant natterings. By the way I experiment with different drinks. I come up with some real kickapoo juice, boy. Perhaps someday we can get together and then create a beverage worthy for the name BLOG. Your horroscope very good hope you will do it again sometime. Your good illos made up for the awful ones. The only complaint I have is that your mag wasn't long enuf. Hope your back this mailing.

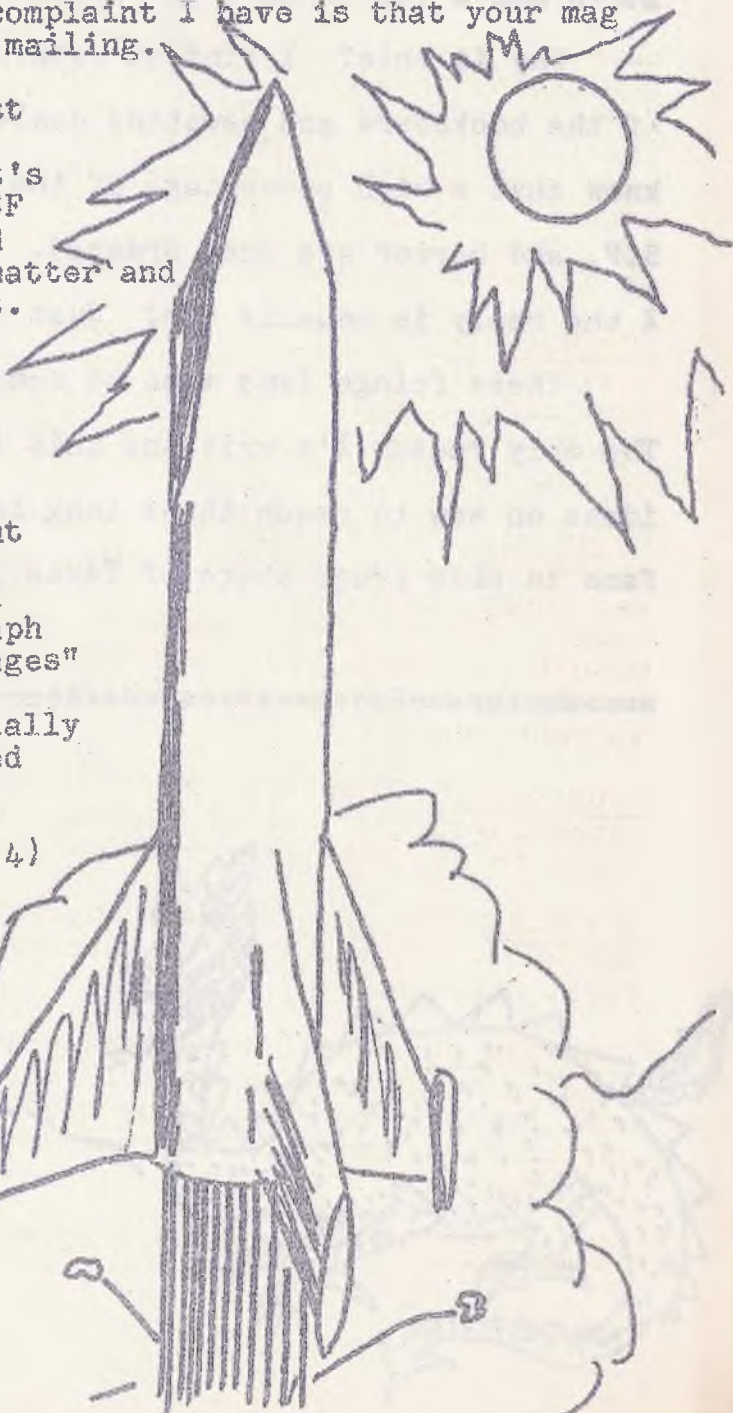
ISCARIOT #9?: No doubt this is the best fanzine in the whole mailing. Cover was not the best I'd ever seen, hope it's better next issue. REFLECTIONS ON AN SF COLLECTION was very good. Williams had a winning combination of good subject matter and wit. Does anyone know why they collect. I don't all I know is I get a kick out of it and will continue collecting for that same reason. Bob also summed up my feelings when I let a non-collector look through all my mags. and comics.

C,T, & MW, I thought I was in for another run of the mill book review, but what is this? Please keep your column in this style. I'm a ERB fan and found this article to my liking. The paragraph ending with "All of that in only six pages" was Burroughs in a nutshell.

The rest of the mag. was OK especially the short comments (jokes) interjected (inserted) between the lines.

BEST MAGS IN THE 9TH MAILING (top 4)

1. ISCARIOT
2. DOL-DRUM
3. SPORADIC
4. WORMFARM



For about two years I have been corresponding with fans, except for a group of about 15 ERB fans, as far as I know no such animal exist.

Like I said before I've been corresponding with fans for about two years. In this time I have been in search for a fan (fans) anyplace within about 150 mile radius of Gilmer (in fact any place in Texas). In this hunt of mine I have not found one stf fan except those mentioned above and a few friends in Gilmer.

Why is this? I find it rather odd, being on friendly terms with most of the bookstore and newstand dealers in a 30 mile radius of Gilmer. I know that a high percentage of the S.F. books that come in are sold. Some S.F. and horror are even ordered. When I ask the name of Mr. (or Mrs.) X the reply is usually 'Oh! Just some kind that comes in once and while.'

These fringe fans must be someplace! How do I get in touch with them? The only reason I'm writting this is in hope that some one will give me ideas on how to reach these long lost fans. Also if anyone knows of stf fans in this great state of Texas please get in touch with me.

May the Grey Elders protect you
Geo. Proctor



BEST MADE IN THE 9TH MAILING (top 4)

1. ISCARION
2. DOL-DRUM
3. SPORADIC
4. WORMHOLE