

*RONALD CLYNE*

THE LITTLE CORPUSCLE

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VOL. 1  
NO. 2

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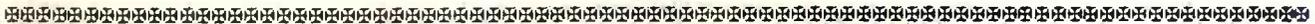
Cover by Ronald Clyne, Interior illustrations by Don Duke and Arden Gray

THE LITTLE CORPUSCLE IS PUBLISHED EVERY NOW AND THEN BY THE CONFEDERATE MAGAZINE PUBLISHING COMPANY 408 WEST BELL STREET STATESVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA.

THE LITTLE CORPUSCLE IS PUBLISHED FOR THE NAPOLEON FANTASY CLUB, HEADQUARTERS AT BOX 184 NAPOLEON, OHIO AND THE LITTLE MONSTERS OF AMERICA, HEADQUARTERS AT 408 WEST BELL STREET STATESVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA., NON-PROFIT SCIENCE FANTASY ORGANIZATIONS.

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### MORE TREASURES AWAITING!

YOUR FAVORITE FANTASY MAGAZINE is coming back to its old format in the December issue, on sale September 19th! The old large size, plenty of illustrations by our well-loved fantasy artists--everything the same except that we are keeping the streamlined masthead that was liked very well in the smaller experimental issue. The contents page also keeps the streamlined set-up to match the cover, of course.

This, the issue you will not want to miss, will feature, "The Gray Mahatma" by Talbot Mundy with illustrations by Virgil Finlay. There will be a beautiful cover by Lawrence, novelets and short stories representing the cream of the weird, fantastic, and science fiction fields.

Mary Gnaedinger, Editor.

F A M O U S 25c  
**fantastic**  
 M Y S T E R I E S

# The Mongrels

BY BERT GARWELL



## THE CENTURIES AFTER THE TWENTIETH

There is a funny thing about the human race. It has claimed continually to be working toward its own emancipation through the betterment of its individual members. But in spite of its lusty squalling and kicking, it always returns to the foetus from which it was formed instead of growing up.

At one time, certain nations decided that their way of individual betterment was to throw off the "yoke of tyranny"; which is to say, to get out from under whoever happened at the time to be titular

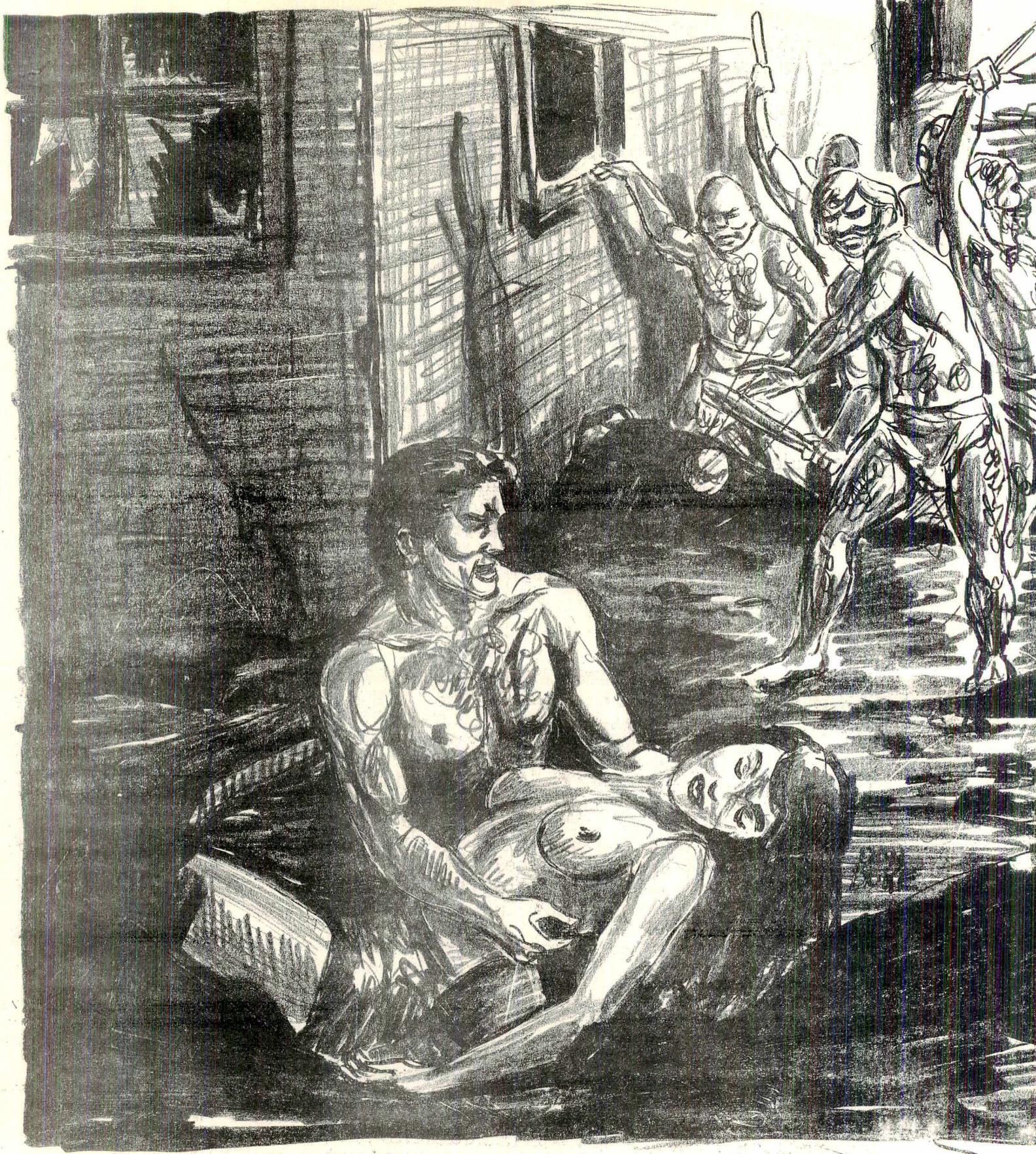
head of government, usually located in some distant place and ruling anyhow by proxy. One nation, for instance, simply withdrew and fought sea battles with its overlords until the sea battles were won and some kind of an independence was established. They then substituted another king of their own for the foreign king and considered themselves well off indeed, though facts might tend to show that their principal reward had been paid in death and destruction.

Another nation screamed to Almighty God against taxation without representation and fought a bloody war, and wound up with a different set of jokers collecting the taxes and representation consisting of its usual farcial aspects. Another nation chopped off the heads of its kings and installed other tax-collectors to do the same thing the kings had done, but in a more republican way. At a later time, when weapons of a different kind were the mode, a few individuals slaughtered by machine-gun their rulers and the adherents to them, and took over to make a proletarian government that held the welfare of the people strictly in mind. Within thirty years, the world at large screamed aloud that here was the greatest digarchy of them all, for it was proved that this government of the people held little connection with the proletariat except what there might be between the boot-heel and the head of him trodden upon.

After these, there were other concepts brought into being and each had its day. There was, for instance, a faction that supposed landlords lay at the root of all human woes, and after the landlords had been slaughtered, the slaughterers took over their land and rented it out for a fee to those who were left over.

The adherents of miscegenation had their day, too, and for a time there was a vulgar display of vari-colored marriages resulting in parti-colored offspring which did no more than prove that dog and horse breeders had been right in the beginning--the mixture of strains produces nothing but a worthless mongrel. But, as the saying goes, every dog has his day, and the mongrels had theirs to the serio-comic extent that those who did not show the full effect of mongrelism were shunned, locked up in ghettos, pogromed, and exterminated by scores and legions, regardless of color. Naturally, the result of this kind of treatment is greater racial vigor on the part of the oppressed, and throughout the centuries during which the mongrels held sway and slowly permitted culture to sink back to the medieval level, the persecuted ones of the earth quietly kept their hold, strengthened their numbers and sedulously avoided mongrelization.

Actually, it was a world within a world that came into being. The Thoroughbreds (as they were called, though they were not actually of pure stock, since there was a slight bit of mongrelization among them. There could not be otherwise when even the offspring of thoroughgoing mongrels that reverted to a certain purity of skin color, facial features, or skeletal structure were cast out of their own society and shunned along with those who had never miscegenated.) were characterized by their resemblance to their prototypes--which is to say, the white race was present and accounted for, the negro race, the brown, the red and the yellow. All were there, reduced in numbers, yet still racially pure to some extent, and each race congregated by itself in the various urban sections, and as their ancestors had done when settling a new part of the world. But their numbers were indeed small, and they struggled fitfully for a living. As a consequence, they were banded by a strong bond of sympathy which did not in any way extend to the Mongrels who, supposedly



of all races, were no race at all.

Far from being the race of athletic, well-moulded supermen of giant intellect enthusiastically if somewhat incorrectly foreseen by the earliest adherents of miscegenation, they were squat and brindled, mis-mated of eye, larger on one side than the other, and in every way a rather sorry outcome of what had once been believed to be the road to salvation of all mankind. Which just goes to show, that however balmy the weather at the start of a journey, it is bound to turn ugly if time enough be allowed.

Odly enough, the Mongrels quite thoroughly believed that they had reached the desideratum so ardently conceived in the minds and wombs of their forebears. They thought themselves very handsome indeed, and the ugliness of the Thorough-breds caused them great anguish of spirit and not a little use of their physical powers of subjugation, for they were robust and heavy-thewed if nothing else. Indeed, the sight of a straight, handsome Negro walking down the streets of one of their medieval cities was enough to make a true Mongrel wretch; and if the Negro were followed or accompanied by a Caucasian type, the disgust of the Mongrels knew no bounds, resulting at the very least in hurtling the offenders to the eye into the street where they could walk among the dung of horses, goats, sheep and chickens, a path better suited to them, so the Mongrels thought.

Oh, but say, what happened to the mighty civilization from which all this was sprung? We know that it was replete with great scientific knowledge, with electronic devices of every kind; in short, it was a world of gadgetry such as history had never before seen. And what happened to it? Well, the refrigerators and automobiles, the air-conditioning systems, the airplanes and all the rest had come into being because the people wanted them. That is to say, when a slight need was felt the problem had been worked upon, not only solved, but super-solved, to a point beyond which no betterment could possibly be conceived. And so, in a relatively short space of time, all the possible gadgets people needed had been invented and put to use. And then they were forgotten.

When all the refrigerators had been bought and the novelty of cold drinks and preservation of food had become taken for granted, the men who thought up refrigerators started thinking up something else. And pretty soon we had a world chock full of gadgets, but nobody remembered how they were made. And when they did not have to worry about gadgets anymore, people worried about other things, mainly about themselves, and they started killing each other off in wholesale lots. The result of this was that what knowledge there was became less. And the less became lesser, until finally all the gadgets wore out; and, well, they were old-fashioned funny things anyway, and right then we were interested in shooting landlords and breeding miscegenated stock. So you see how it worked out? Civilizations have been going through this kind of thing since time began, and always they have to go somewhere, then take the road back. And when they reach bottom, or pretty near to it, they start climbing again.

It was at this point, then, that we pick up the civilization of Miscegenated Mongrels, a civilization which exceeded that of the medieval era only in that it was more numerous and covered the whole surface of the Earth instead of being confined to a miserable sea-basin and adjacent territories.

Every livable bit of land was divided into some kind of kingdom or other with its king, lords, nobles, knights and strapping ladies, its townsmen and serfs... and its Thoroughbreds. The only people who got along at all were the latter. They were all, regardless of race, in the common boat, because of their convictions. The Negro was the same as the Caucasian, who was like the Asiatic, and so forth. They all had pride of conviction, which was something the Mongrels lost sight of early in their history.

Probably a dirtier, more unwashed group of noblemen never existed at any time or place than held the world in its grip at the latter end of the Mongrel rule. For there was a latter end to it, as you shall see before we progress much farther. They fought each other for the same things people have always fought each other for---economic reasons. When a feudal lord went broke owing to lavish living, he declared war on a neighbor, and if successful, stole everything that the neighbor had, in the name of virtuous warfare, and destroyed what he could not carry away.

The Thoroughbreds, of course, were outside all this. Being obviously inferior in their convictions, they were considered unworthy of the noble art of bearing arms. Besides, the Mongrels were afraid to arm them---or even wear clothing beneath which might be concealed arms. So the Thoroughbreds went their way in public dressed in loincloths only and thin shifts for their women, and were considered too debased to be even fit for slavery.

Then what was the lot of the Thoroughbreds? At this late date, it is humorous to consider it, but the fact remains into our own time, so it cannot be overlooked. Let us go back to their origins and see how the Thoroughbreds came to be what they were before we discuss the fact itself.

The human race, at the time when the misguided genetics experts came into their full flavor, was still largely composed of distinct races, and these were subdivided into classes and classes within classes owing to differences in abilities and ideologies. When the miscegenators took over, the practice they advocated became practically mandatory. Not compulsory, of course. Never try to compel a man to do something you desire him to. He will not do it. Make him think he wants to do it, and he does exactly what you want him to do, sincerely believing he is following the dictate of his own will and conscience. Miscegenation became odiously fashionable, like an early feudal leader named Hitler once made it fashionable to murder members of a minority group.

To be fashionable in this new generation, a man or a woman simply had to have a spouse of a contrasting color. The theory of harmonizing contrasts was brought out and laid on with a clam shell. The recalcitrants to the movement were those with enough individuality about them to ignore the dictates of fashion. Their children, of course, were allowed to make their

own choice, and many of these did follow the fashionable trend. There is nothing about the rules of genetics that states that a man of high individuality and personal integrity must in every case have children who mirror these qualities. But some are bound to occur, as it is probable that these are inheritable characteristics. At any rate, in the course of a few generations, the numbers of recalcitrants had dwindled, but they finally struck a level, and from that time on began to show an increase.

In time, of course, the difference between the Mongrels and the Thoroughbreds began to make themselves manifest. It is recalled that horses bred for spirit are selected from pure strains. Dog fanciers will note this also. The quickest way to destroy the spirited qualities of an animal is by heterogeneous interbreeding--a serious point which the miscegenators failed to take into consideration in their rosy crusade. Of course, selected interbreeding may well result in some betterment, as in the case of certain qualities being brought out in different strains combined to make a superior breed possessing both qualities. But, as was the case with the mice who had decided to bell the cat to solve their problems and found no one who could put the bell on, so with human interbreeding. Who was there to do the selecting? This most vital aspect of the matter was left completely to chance. As a result, any better qualities that might have existed in any of the parties in question were kneaded down to a consistency of dull mediocrity.

On the other hand, those of fine spirit in the unmixed races continued; and their spirit, perhaps as much teaching as it was inheritance, lived on after them.

This was true of all races. It were sheer folly to insist that one race as a race, has qualities superior to another. Only individuals have superior qualities. And such individuals remained aloof from such stupid foibles as fashion or following on the heels of persuasion.

As a consequence, the numbers of the Thoroughbreds became fewer while those of their oppressors became greater, as stated before, until a static level was reached. This singular circumstance of minority, which all races now enjoyed equally, had a certain sincere and lasting effect. It drew the pure races together as brothers under the skin. All alike were scorned and ill-treated, regardless of his color. They naturally became interdependent, and hence the world within a world mentioned earlier.

None could own land. Mongrel landlords oppressed all with equal enthusiasm. None could operate a trade, own a business, serve the public, or in any way make a living such as would take employment from a mongrel. They were not even permitted to become money changers or otherwise to concern themselves with finances.

They took the only course left to them. They followed the arts. As in ancient times, when artists of all kinds, including those of the literary sort, were slaves, so these less-than-slaves became artists and story tellers, historians, librarians, and the like; for very few of the Mongrels, finally, even bothered about learning to read when they could for a piece of copper hire a Thoroughbred to read all day from the ancient books. When tired of reading, they needed merely to dismiss the Thoroughbred and forget about the whole thing.

Some of the Thoroughbreds wandered from court to court much like the minstrels of earlier times, singing, reciting, playing musical instruments. Others carried easels and paints, sketched town and country scenes, painted portraits of their oppressors, and in other ways made their presence felt as the only cultural element in the world. And the mongrels were willing to leave the situation as it was.

White, black, brown, and yellow forgot their various origins and combined in the region of the mind to produce the one truly homogeneous thing in the universe. Art. They were painters, sculptors, silversmiths, goldsmiths, wood-carvers; and the product of their art and skill graced every palace in the world.

No such situation could, of course, remain static. Hated as the Thoroughbreds were, the physical evidence of their superiority in the human sense was manifest and much sought after. You could not tell by a painting that a Negro or a Caucasian had painted it, but you knew at a glance that it was the work of a Thoroughbred. The little of art dabbling indulged in by the mongrels produced abortions as ugly and crude as their wits and bodies.

Finally, kingdoms of the world vied with each other in securing the finest of art treasures. The Thoroughbreds rose almost to become a class of respectable standing, for potentate after potentate bid highly for their services. They were even permitted, at last, to wear fine clothes and associate with Mongrels.

Of what use had the latter, really, for art? They may have thought themselves cleverly original, but actually they followed in the footsteps impressed in the soil by church and state thousands of years before their time. They made use of art to control the ignorant, illiterate populace.

The campaign of course, was not one left solely to the dictates of chance. There was every opportunity the need might pass away, or the people fall into a state of general disinterest. The Thoroughbreds of whatever color visualized this keenly. Therefore, in secret communication with one another, they boldly played their masters against the masters of their brothers, casting the world into a state of premeditated cultural chaos.

As history shows, this chaos resulted in long and bitter wars with no more base than the question of what was the proper way to paint a hand holding a wineglass, or which foot should be placed in advance of the other in depicting a king or noble in a heroic attitude.

Throughout the course of these wars, the Thoroughbreds slowly gained an ascendancy over their masters. They had had culture to begin with, and the mongrels had none. The Thoroughbreds now helped themselves to rights they had not had before and which the Mongrels had possessed in abundance. It was fair exchange.

In the long war between Mongrels and Thoroughbreds, no organized battle had ever been fought, but unlike the petty wars among the Mongrels themselves, this one was finally brought to a decisive conclusion.

Here, a king knighted a Thoroughbred. There, a king made another a baron. Then a king died, leaving no heirs, and in a bloodless, masterful move, the Thoroughbreds took over the kingdom. Their long struggle to obtain respect and equality at last was granted.

This marked the full turn of the tide, and from that time on, the Thoroughbreds marched on in even greater numbers, assuming more and more control as the weakened and debased Mongrels fell by the way.

What man had attempted in deliberation came to full fruition only when man deliberated in other fashion. For the bond welded among the Thoroughbreds of varying skin-color and racial characteristics has lasted into our own time, and there is no reason to suppose it will not go on so forever. Our common culture, based upon and expressed in the arts, has made a homegeneous people out of the different races, which have at last come to realize that equality of mind and spirit is the desideratum to be sought, and not the equality of physical form. We have no laws against miscegenation today, since none are needed. Who, indeed, with the example set by history before him, would desire to visit upon his children the insufferable yoke of mongrelism?

-FINIS-

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ANDRE VON BELL 2221 PARKWAY DRIVE  
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IT IS PUBLISHED BY A LITTLE MONSTER.

We now take you to the year 2000!!!!

What will life be like in the future age? What great scientific achievements will we see? Your editor, being a farm equipment salesman, feels it is time that a report was rendered on how far certain aspects of the agricultural industry have advanced.

Therefore, through the talented pen of BATTELL LOOMIS, we now take you to a modern hennery:

Inside the door of the henhouse, all is quiet--no cackling, no crowing. The first object to be seen is the feeding tank. This is a pink-tinted aquarium through whose glass wall can be seen a mammoth replica of a chicken's crop, its lined and leathery sides incessantly squeezing and expanding as the stones and oyster shells within crush the grain that slowly falls into it from above, issuing as sludge by a large vein at the bottom. Near the crop may be seen the lung and the heart that pumps the new blood through it, purifying it before it passes into the feeding artery that exits to the hen-racks.

Going through a doorway into a passage that faces the hens we scarcely recognize as poultry what we see, for the long rows of bodies look like dressed poultry, being featherless, headless and wingless, the wings having been replaced by a second pair of dark meated legs.

The bulging abdomens contain no guts but, instead, thigh tissues have been cultivated to thrive in them. These meat-balls are exercised by means of their being mounted on vibratory machines. Into the left side, enters the feeding artery and from the right side exits the excretory vein, whose dark blood is piped back to the communal heart-pump that restores it again to the cleansing lungs, whose respiration is piped to a thriving greenhouse where lettuces grow to be chopped into the crop-feeder.

At the far end of the hen-gallery is the processing plant, where the fatted fowls are deep-frozen immediately on their removal from the hen-house, with no nuisance of plucking and cleaning necessary. They are ready for the table when they come off the rack--at least, for the oven or broiler, in case you don't like to raven at raw flesh.

Except for wild species, this is the last of the hen. If, hereafter, you wish to be up by cock's crow, you'll have to buy a clock with an alarm record attached. Without that, the New Testament would have to be edited because soon no one will or would know what it meant when it said Peter heard the cock crow thrice. Such is life. Never satisfied with what it has. Always reaching for the luckier New.

*finis*

The #3 issue of TLMA will be out soon. you had better tell your friends to subscribe, as it will be chock full of interesting fiction articles and features.

There will be an article by Manly Banister, stories by Basil Wells and Battell Loomis, features by Bill Venable, Wilkie Conner, Basil Wells etc. Art work by Ronald Clyne, Don Duke, Ralph Rayburn Phillips and Lynn Hickman. Next issue will feature 2 covers and be mailed to you in an envelope.

# ATOMIC ENERGY FOR PLANES AND SHIPS

Things are apparently beginning to hum in the development of atomic energy as a source of power. Several weeks ago, the Navy announced that it had let a contract for a submarine to be propelled by atomic energy. Now the Air Force announces a contract for the development of an airplane to be propelled by a nuclear reactor.

The general expectation is that craft propelled by atomic energy will have unlimited range and high speed. This means that, if the projects are successful, our aircraft and submarines will be able to take to the air or the sea for what might amount to practically unlimited destinations.

The largest airplane now flying is the B-36 bomber and its cargo version, the C-99. The bomber, according to press reports, can take off with a maximum of about 350,000 pounds. Its pay load is a matter of speculation but the airplane can carry a maximum load of 80,000 pounds in bombs, although it was designed to transport 10,000 pounds in bombs for a distance of 5,000 miles and the return journey from the target.

The United States is expending large sums in the effort to develop atomic energy to its fullest extent. While its application to the arts of warfare is necessary and highly important, no one should overlook the implications as to its function in the ordinary work of mankind.

The present high standard of living and manner of living in this country depend almost entirely upon the use of mechanical power. If, through the development of atomic energy, there comes a super-abundance of power, there is practically no limit to be placed upon the future development of the comforts, conveniences and luxuries of life.

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Propaganda is the art of making other people think as you think, regardless of the reason....

\*\*\*\*\*

Says Joe H. Brown:

"I've been on the stage since I was ten years old. I've told all kinds of jokes to all kinds of people. I've been in flea-bitten vaudeville houses and first class big houses. I've made 65 motion pictures in my life. And there's one thing I'm proud about. In all that time I've never had to stoop to a shady story to get a laugh."

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If you aren't a member of THE LITTLE MONSTERS OF AMERICA, you'd better join now. it will only cost you one dollar. Subscriptions to this magazine and its big sister TLMA are included in your membership fee.

TLMA Headquarters  
408 W. Bell St.  
Statesville, North Carolina

## SCIENCE-FICTION IS WONDER-FULL

by Alan Hunter

Earlier this year I visited that untidy, sprawling metropolis and capital city of England, humourously called London. I say 'humourously' because 'LONDINIUM' was the roman name when it consisted of only a few rude huts. Despite the vast alterations which have taken place - there are now at least a thousand more rude huts and a complicated but efficient underground railway system which I feel sure the Romans never had - it still retains that name practically unaltered.

The reason I went there at all, was to be at the International Science Fiction Convention, which was widely advertised up and down the country in at least 3 fanzines - although they all gave the wrong address. At the same time there was a thing called the South Bank Exhibition also somewhere in London. This had been casually mentioned on the front page of every newspaper and in every periodical for several months. As you can see, it even took precedence over the International Convention.

Now I do not intend to say anything about this convention, for I know you have read plenty about it already. If you haven't then you should subscribe to a few more fanzines. Instead, I am going to mention a revelation that came to me as a result of a visit to the South Bank Exhibition.

You have probably heard of the DOME and the SKYLON - the chief features of this exhibition. I am told they have been mentioned in every newspaper and periodical in America (again taking precedence over the International convention) so you should have heard about them.

What I saw was a fairly long cigar shape, constructed of an open metal framework, held in a vertical position by three stout cables, and an all-metal dome-shaped building supported on the outside by a number of huge buttresses which sprawled liberally around it - just so the designers could boast that it had no interior supports. Because of my long familiarity with such trifling conceptions as two-mile high buildings and five-mile long spaceships, I was highly unimpressed.

The fans I met at the convention, who had also seen the Exhibition, agreed with me on this. They seemed to find Forrest J. Ackerman a much more remarkable sight than anything at the exhibition.

Imagine my surprise, therefore, on returning to my home in Bournemouth, to find that everyone was raving about the remarkable engineering skill and ingenuity displayed in the dome and skylon. These people, by the way, are obviously not S-F fans - as a matter of fact I have only found two others with the same deplorably advanced tastes in literature as myself, resident in Bournemouth.

Could it be, I thought, that a glut of imaginative literature destroyed one's true appreciation of life? In other words, was S-F a purely escapist literature that robbed one, not only of friends, but also of a normal and healthy understanding of contemporary achievement?

This worried me for weeks, like a dog worries a bone, until one morning, as I was on my way to work, it started to rain. As the water chuckled gleefully down the back of my neck, I suddenly remembered a recent book publication in England called 'The Sands of Mars'. It is written by a tall, thin, bespectacled and talkative individual I had met at the convention, who rejoices under the name of Arthur C. Clarke. I thought of those dry, red deserts, waterless - and lifeless! And I smiled. For immediately I could enjoy the rain, thankful for its presence, which meant life to Earth.

When I arrived at work I was thoroughly wet, and the half-drowned people around me were grumbling and looking decidedly unhappy. I thereupon began to deliver a lecture on the composition of the atmosphere on Jupiter, mentioning especially the ammonia clouds that are to be found there and how thankful they should feel ~~that~~ had not been falling on them. My only reward was a number of vicious scowls and a few murmurs of 'Poor fellow' in a pitying tone. They seemed to be undecided whether to lynch me or comfort me. Reluctantly I crept away before they thought to put it to a vote.

But inwardly, I was jubilant - for here at last was my answer. Far from blunting ones appreciations, S-F increases them. It renews the ability to wonder at simple things, an ability that most people lose when they also lose their youth. At the same time it fosters the realisation that, however far man may progress, he is still bound by the simplest laws of nature.

As a matter of fact, I now think that these other people are really escapist. They become immersed in the fumbling achievements of man until they marvel at a metal cigar or a cumbersome dome, forgetting there are far more impressive things in nature which man can never equal.

On the other hand, the supremacy and diversity of natural law is the cornerstone of science-fiction. When a spaceship exceeds the speed of light, some theory must be manufactured to make it possible - if time-travel is used, the apparent contradictions to natural law must be explained away as convincingly as possible.

In all the best S-F stories accent is placed on mans struggle to discover and harmonise with the laws of nature. In this way the reader is made to see things anew and to ponder over much that is so frequently taken for granted.

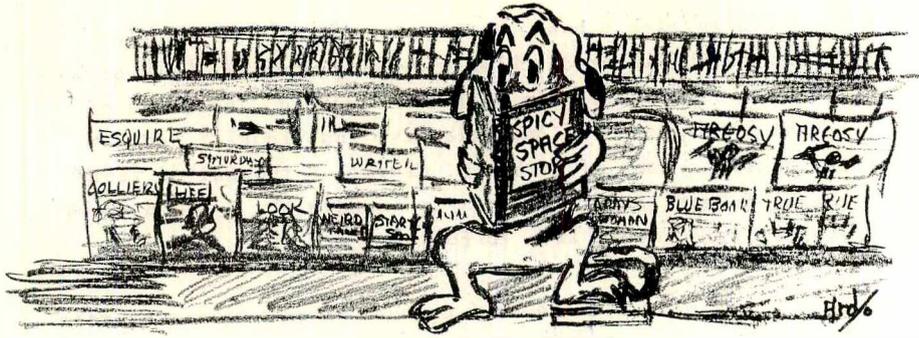
That is a sobering thought for any critic of this so-called 'escapist' literature.

\*\*\*\*\*

There was a young fan named Goid  
who suffered from mild paranoia  
His brain was so muddled  
that he became befuddled  
about whether he was a girl or a boia

There was a young fan from Worcester  
Who thought he was the reincarnation of his  
pet rorcester  
So each morning at four  
He'd rush out the door  
and crow like his rorcester uster.

Paul D. Cox



## NOTES BY A NEWSSTAND HOUND

By Wilkie Conner

I am one of those people who just can't resist stepping into a newsstand, no matter where I happen to be or where I happen to see one. If I can spare just a minute or two, I walk in and browse about, always hoping, always expecting to see something that I haven't seen before. Naturally, I always look for science or fantasy fiction first.

Nothing gripes me more than to walk in a well-stocked newsstand and find very little science fiction, and that little bit poorly displayed. I like to see the magazines with their covers prominent, whether a bem-bit by Bergey, or a fem-bit by Finlay. The life of science and fantasy fiction depends upon the prozines being picked up by the casual reader, having an hour and a two-bit piece to spend and who picks the magazine up out of curiosity. If the magazines are poorly displayed, chances are a reader not looking for them will miss them entirely. Every time a reader is thus lost, stf may have lost another fan!

Fans can do a great deal toward seeing to it that the stf mags on the newsstands in their hometowns receive the display they deserve. From time to time, drop into your favorite stand, or one that isn't your favorite, and if opportunity presents itself, rearrange the magazines so the stf mags can be seen.

If the newsdealer is known to you—and if you buy lots of magazines from him, chances are he will recognize your face, if not your name—speak to him about giving prominent display to stf magazines. Point out to him that the profit to him from a 25¢ or higher stf mag is greater than the profit on a 15¢ joke or girlie book. Also, ask him, where possible, to place all similar zines together on one rack. If, like some newsdealers, he is ignorant of the contents of most of his wares, you might have to tell him just what magazines belong together. This is particularly true in large stands that have girls or careless youths as clerks. These people are entrusted with the job of arranging displays and often they don't know Astounding Science Fiction from Work Basket. They just slap them on the shelves in the little bits of time, half-way arrange them so as not to take up too much space and then forget them.

Recently, I stepped into a magazine stand and asked the girl behind the counter if she had a copy of Galaxy Science Fiction. She looked perplexed and said, "I beg your pardon?" "Galaxy Science Fiction," I repeated. "Never heard of it," she said. "Look around and see if you can find it." I did and I found it....in a pile of old magazines under the shelf awaiting the distributor, who would take them back because of no sale. I got it out and showed it to her, pointed out that it was a current issue and certainly not due for return. "Oh, that thing," she said. "Nobody ever reads those things, so I always toss them under there." I looked "under there" and found several copies of the various other stf magazines—all tossed away because a newsstand employee

didn't like the looks of them and figured they wouldn't be worth the space they occupied. I knew the manager slightly—she was a blonde with all the suitable appendages in all the correct places—so, without endangering the girl's job—she too, had a full quota of suitable attachments—I subtly suggested she watch the display of her magazines more closely and thereby create more sales. Then I mentioned the several current issues I'd just noticed in the scrap heap.

I don't know whether the manager paid any attention to me or not, but the next time I passed the place, I noticed several stf zines prominently displayed.

I suggest that all fans make a habit of studying the displays of newsstands and if stf magazines are slighted, then do something about it. I'm sure that all members of TLMA—The Little Monsters of America—will do that...and so should all fen. With every fan doing his bit, sooner or later every magazine, great or small, will receive its due space on the newsstands of America and stf will continue in its place in the sun.

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VENUS

Oh sister world, what lies beneath those clouds  
That shroud you ever in such mystery?  
Are there vast deserts strewn with ancient sands?  
Or cities great beside a sparkling sea?

Are strange formed beasts the only living things  
That crawl within a dank and sunless swamp?  
Or does a mighty race of folk rule o'er  
The land, with pride of pagentry and pomp?

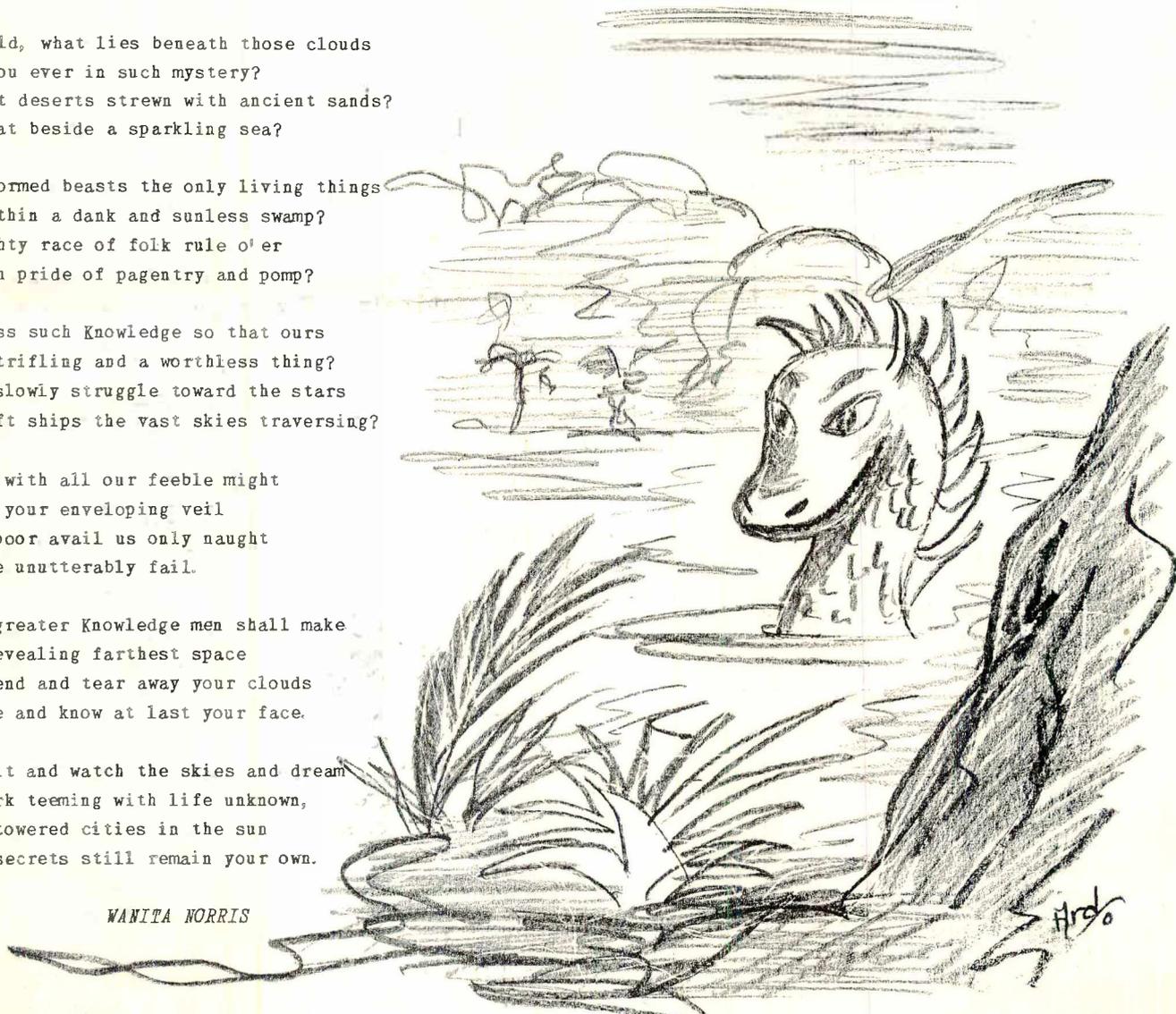
Do they possess such Knowledge so that ours  
Would seem a trifling and a worthless thing?  
While we but slowly struggle toward the stars  
Are their swift ships the vast skies traversing?

Venus, we try with all our feeble might  
To rend aside your enveloping veil  
Our efforts poor avail us only naught  
We try, and we unutterably fail.

Someday with greater Knowledge men shall make  
A telescope revealing farthest space  
And with it rend and tear away your clouds  
So men may see and know at last your face.

Til then, I sit and watch the skies and dream  
Of jungles dark teeming with life unknown,  
Or strangley towered cities in the sun  
For yet your secrets still remain your own.

WANITA NORRIS



THIS IS THE SECOND ISSUE  
OF THE LITTLE CORPUSCLE.

PRINTED MATTER ONLY

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RETURN POSTAGE GUARANTEED

THE LITTLE CORPUSCLE  
TLMA  
408 WEST BELL STREET  
STATESVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA



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*Savannah, Ga.*