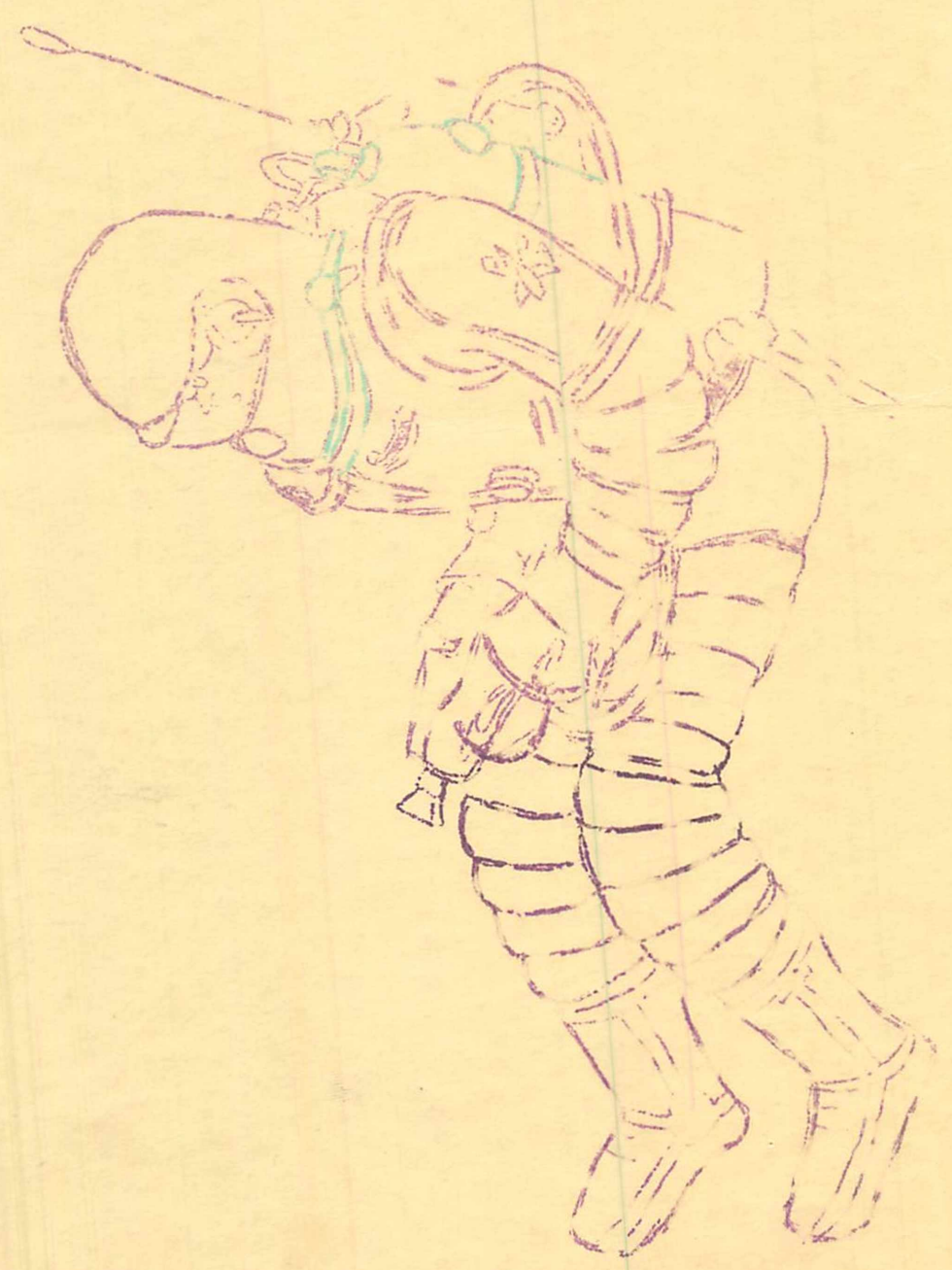


# ANTILLA

#8





# SCINTILLA

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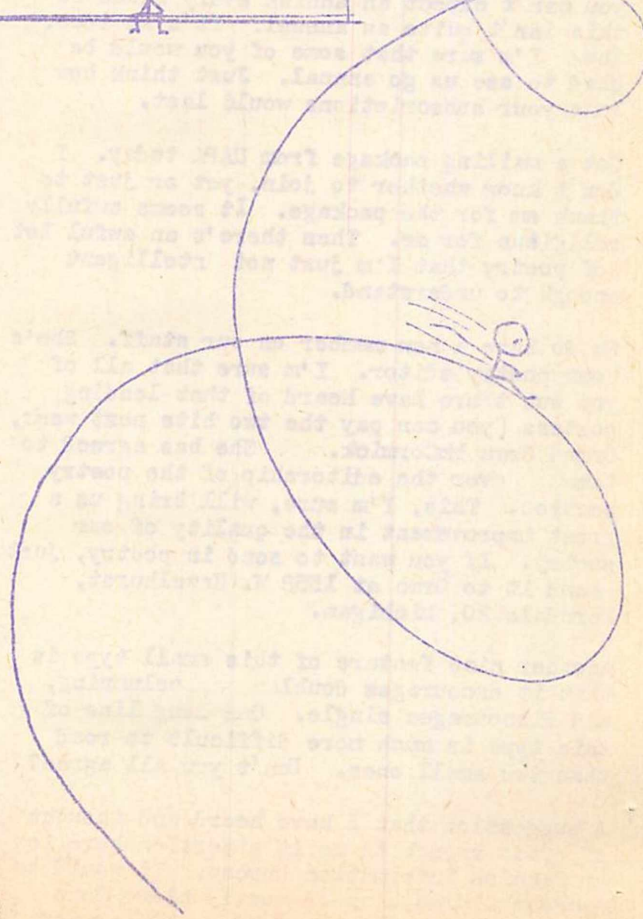
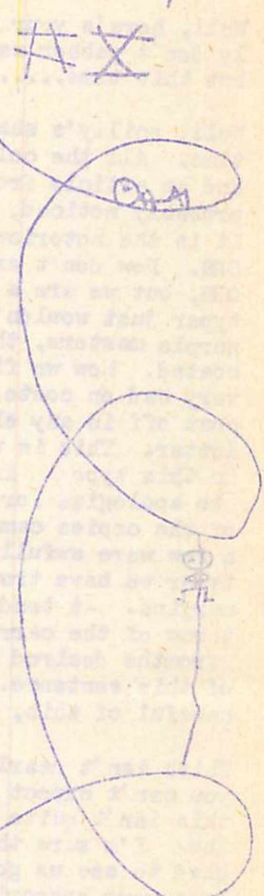
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Boxed-in items above are not included in the regular list, but are exclusively for the PAPA mailing.

I know you're all missing the multilith cover I promised for this, but it was a question of either section cover and bacover or multilith PAPA section. You all know now who won out.

I want to announce our new staff member, Orma McCormick. She is the editor of our poetry - section from now on. Please send all poetry to her at 1558 W. Hazelhurst St., Ferndale 20, Michigan.

This magazine, Scintilla, is published by ROBOT PRESS. Editor, Larry Anderson. Poetry Editor, Orma McCormick. Columnists, Charles Wells, V L. McCain, and Terry Carr. Robot Press—2716 Smoky Lane, Billings, Montana.



## YEDITORIAL YABBERINGS

Well, here's your yabbering editor. I usually don't yabber as much as I should in scilly, but this time.....

Well, scilly's shaping up pretty good this time. All the columns, a story from McCormick, and an article from Silverberg. As you've probably noticed, we have a new typewriter. It is the notorious 'mica' type, as used in ORB. Now don't expect us to be as good as ORB, but we are a little better. The old typer just wouldn't give the push on these purple masters, they're very old, and uncoated. Now we find out that this typer is very bad on coated masters. It takes the coat off in any shape except that of the letter. This is witnessed by several items in this type in black. I especially want to apologize for the quiquiz's form. Most of the copies came off splendidly, but then a few were awfully faded. Then with this typer we have trouble with our left-hand margins. It tends not to go back the full throw of the carriage, but to stop one space from the desired place such as at the start of this sentence. We'll try our best to be careful of this, tho.

This isn't nearly as big as last, but then you can't expect an annish every issue as this isn't quite an annual. It's an idea, tho. I'm sure that some of you would be glad to see us go annual. Just think how long your subscriptions would last.

Got a mailing package from UAPA today. I don't know whether to join, yet or just to thank em for the package. It seems awfully religious for me. Then there's an awful lot of poetry that I'm just not intelligent enough to understand.

We do have a new member on our staff. She's our poetry editor. I'm sure that all of you out there have heard of that leading poetess (you can pay the two bits next week, Orna) Orna McCormick. She has agreed to take over the editorship of the poetry section. This, I'm sure, will bring us a great improvement in the quality of our poetry. If you want to send in poetry, just send it to Orna at 1558 W. Hazelhurst, Ferndale 20, Michigan.

Another nice feature of this small type is that it encourages double-columning, and discourages single. One long line of this type is much more difficult to read than two small ones. Don't you all agree?

A suggestion that I have heard and thought of often enough to merit attention here is an fannish information bureau. It would be necessarily made up of mostly older fans with a good history of fandom on hand and a great personal knowledge of the subject. They should live in a large city, preferably near a large library. In this way we

could circumnavigate some of these letters to fanzines and prozines alike reading something like this:

Dear Editor,

I greatly enjoyed this, and I think your magazine is wonderful. "Loonatik Talks" was very good. "Rocket Monkey" was quite interesting. But I want to bring to your attention a fact in the story "Planetoid of Olco" a fact that was either misunderstood or through ignorance left uncorrected. It is that the planetoid, Ceres has a pull of one ounce per hundred pounds rather than one and a quarter ounces per one hundred and twenty five pounds. Will you please notify the author of his mistake and ask him to be more accurate in the future?

Fantastioerazily yours,

N. E. Ophan

Editors, upon receiving such a letter can either forget about it or print it. If you forget about it, you will probably be corrected again by the same fan, him hoping that you will print the correction, this time so that everyone can know that the pull of some ghod-begotten asteroid is misquoted according to his encyclopedia. If you print it, it shows that you either don't read your stories before printing them or you just don't give a damn and leave it up to the author.

This bureau would deal in fannish facts, and just plain facts. I know there have been a good many times when I would have liked to know certain bits of scientific data. There's only one drawback....if this bureau ever made a mistake....ghod what a horrible fate.

SEVENTH FANDOM ARISE!!! and a F just for variety. Hoffman is down, lets kick her. Willis is quiet, lets cork him. OOPBA! is folded, lets congratulate Gregg.

It's gone, all right. It's been dead for a few months now. We expect Hoffman to come out of her cocoon a seventh fannite. I repeat. Seventh Fandom Arise. The sixth fandom is decaying. Nearly all of the old mags are falling apart. Confusion irregular. Opus we hope to heck is dead. All except a few seventh fandom mags are rolling along in grand style. But then, FooView and Alien are dead. I, personally, won't miss either too much. I do admire Alien who went out in a burst of glory in it's tremendous annish.

Comet, MICRO-, Flendetta, Scintilla, SF, and many more are bursting forth in glory. Most of these are new and upcoming, but a few are already set in their ways, and showing signs of fossilization.

0 n

# INDEFENSIBLE POSITION!

SOME of you may have noticed the recent announcements that a new dictionary is appearing which carries certain stfctional terms. There is a good reason for this. Said dictionary was compiled and written by Donald A. Wollheim, onetime Michelist, sometime editor, Avonian, Ghu-ist Extraordinary, and a science fiction fan of sorts.

THOSE who have followed Wollheim's editorial career can be forgiven for having slightly less than blind faith in what he puts down on paper. Yet have we any reason to believe that there is any great difference between Wollheim and the other learned gentleman who compile dictionaries? I think the only difference is that we know Wollheim, while the others are merely impressive names on a front-piece. There is no reason to believe they are any more infallible or less subject to human error than the editor of OUT-OF-THIS-WORLD ADVENTURES.

AS some fan recently noted, dictionaries vary phenomenally from volume to volume in their definitions of the very same words.

AND for years it has infuriated me when someone interrupts a good argument to consult a dictionary for the definition of a term in question. I've always had a deep-rooted distrust of dictionaries although I never before took it out and examined my reasons for this distrust.

I was aware that words are subtle tools and the only way to really learn their meanings, in the vast majority of cases, is to come in contact with them in their normal environment, human usage. Dictionaries are full of synonyms. Yet true synonyms are surprisingly rare. There are varying shades of meaning. To express these shades new words have come into usage which mean almost the same as the original word but not quite. There is seldom any way to define the difference without using the words themselves. Actually this is a sign of the efficiency of our language. What real reason is there for a word if another earlier word expresses precisely the same meaning? But the harried dictionary compiler cannot really be blamed for refusing to devote 50 word paragraphs to defining each term and instead grabbing similar words and tugging them all synonyms.

ALSO dictionaries tend to be outdated. Look at the dictionary nearest you as you read this. Odds are at least 5 to 1 it is a pre-1950 model (and yet our language is constantly changing and expanding) and I imagine at least one out of ten dates back before 1925. Even a new dictionary tends to be behind the times, though

The compiling and printing process takes time and the men who compile dictionaries are usually ultra-conservatives with a tendency to live in the past.

WHAT price 'bikini' (in either of its current terms), McCarthyism, ESP, or that most abused of all words, 'liberal'?

I'D always felt this was why I distrusted dictionaries. They are outdated and cannot handle subtelties.

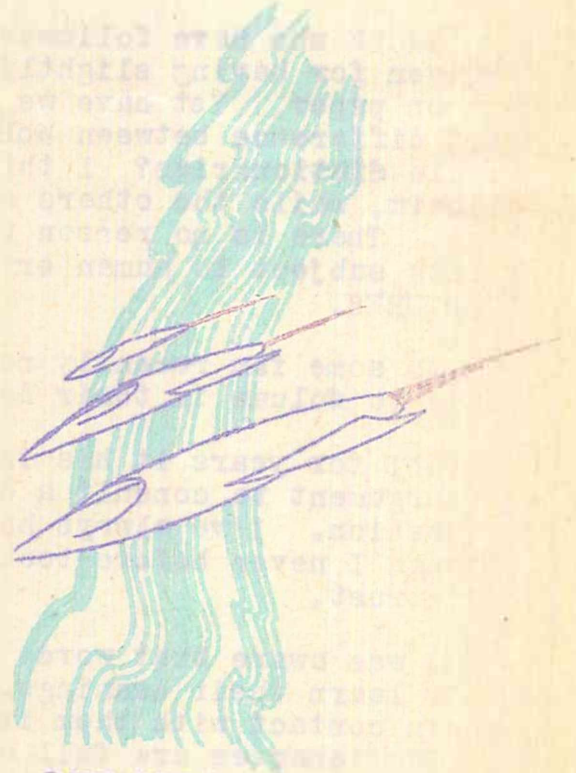
BUT I had not realized until a few weeks ago that there is no real reason why a dictionary should be regarded as an authority, which it almost universally is. The men who compile them are far from being free from error (who isn't). Most of them aren't even particularly successful in their own fields.

A few weeks ago I decided to write an article titled "Paranoia" being up to my thesis I felt it might be used to describe and define paranoia. The word is frequently bandied about but is not clear as to its meaning. There may even be a few younger fans who have no idea as to what it is.

THE mind has always fascinated me so I've read a great deal about the mind, both normal and abnormal. (Mostly non-technical popularizations, of course.) I've read a great deal about paranoia in particular including more than one book devoted exclusively to the subject. All of these went into considerable detail as to what it was. And I've observed it personally a number of times. In one case I was in close and frequent contact with a rather obvious and just-slightly-less-than-confined paranoid who was really a full-blown example right out of the textbooks (an SF fan, in case anyone is interested). In short, I felt fully competent to define and describe paranoia.

BUT it occurred to me that I am not a psychiatrist, nor an M D; since I hold no subjects; since I bear none of the badges by which we label those who know (or supposed to know) what they are talking about and since the average person, being unable to detect the truth otherwise, tends to be skeptical of those who declaim without these badges of authority, then I might simply be antagonizing people by intimating that I had sufficient knowledge to define an unfamiliar term for them.

SO I turned to the universally (except for me) recognized authority, the dictionary. Not only would this make me appear more modest but there is a decidedly literary and snob-appeal effect to preceding an article with a dictionary definition, complete with root words



BERGERON

and parts of speech, as well as definitions.

I acquired a dictionary and prepared to copy down a succinct description of this common and extremely unique type of insanity. Remember, paranoia is very explicitly defined and catalogued by doctors. It is merely one form in which that form of aberration we call insanity appears. It varies greatly from all other kinds.

BUT how did the dictionary define it? The main definition was the old standby, a synonym. Which synonym did they use? The word 'insanity'. Their second definition? 'Schizophrenia'...., a quite different form of insanity which occurs sometimes, but not always, in conjunction with paranoia. Their third and final definition (and supposedly the least important) was 'a persecution complex'. This comes close since this is one of the symptoms of paranoia, and one of the more important ones. However, it is only one piece in the patchwork quilt of maladjustment known as paranoia.

DISGUSTED, I closed the dictionary, and sidetracked, decided to postpone my article, perhaps permanently.

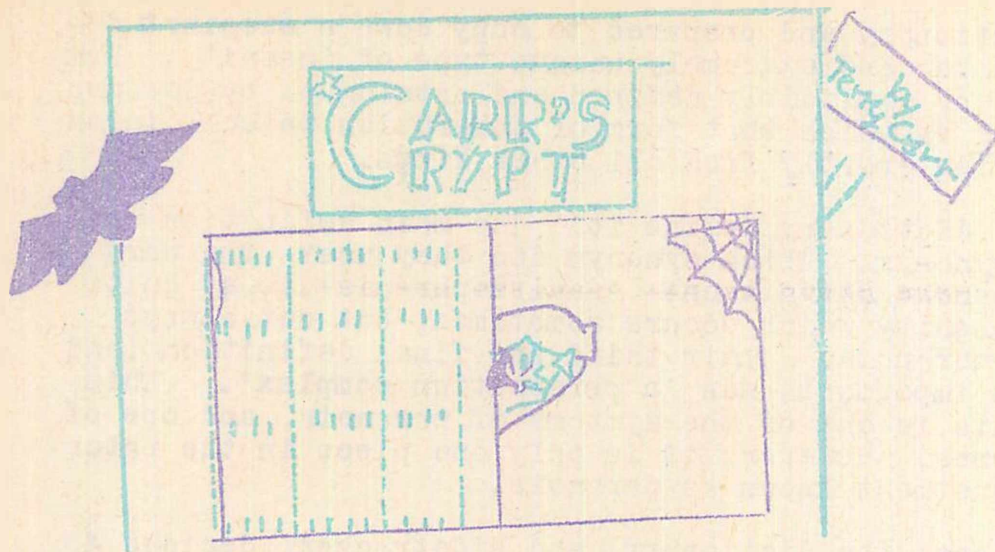
BUT now I know why I have always mistrusted dictionaries. Words mean only what people intend them to mean. It is doubtful if there is one word in any language on which all the people who use it would agree as to what it meant. And all you will find in the dictionary is merely someone's opinion as to what that word means. True, it may be the composite opinion of a group of ten or a dozen highly educated men. And they doubtless know far more of the word's origination and meaning 50, 100, or 1000 years ago, than you do. But, nevertheless, all they can offer is an opinion as to what the word currently means. And since language is actually the property of the great mass of half-educated or uneducated people just as much or more as it is of the college professors, then their guess is no better than yours. In fact, it may be poorer since such men tend to live in ivory towers secluded from the realities of life.

NEVER again will I accept a dictionary as an authority as to the meaning of words. If I run into a word of which I am completely ignorant, it can serve as a guide. But how many times have I seen a word which I have heard universally used in one sense defined in a completely different sense in a dictionary?

THE dictionary holds its reputation as an authority in one respect. In the vast majority of cases you can rely on the spelling in a dictionary as correct, altho even there you will occasionally find examples where some archaic spelling is still listed as proper in the dictionary, though abandoned 50 years since by all educated and most uneducated people.

AND what fan is so audacious as to back Webster's spelling of 'quandary' against the obviously proper usage as established by Hoffman?

To show that she is correct let me cite the fact that three times since I started receiving that magazine I have found the word spelled a la Hoffman in magazines and newspapers. Such is the influence of fashion. Or *cherez la femme*.....and junior, if you don't know what that last means, don't look it up in the dictionary. Read a half dozen or so good mystery stories instead. You'll find out soon.



Just the other day I was informed that I had been appointed the new feature editor on our high school paper, The Buccaneer. This will put me in charge of a page that is devoted entirely to features...in this case, such as the Doghouse, Meet 'Em, School Scenes, et al. A lot of fans maybe wondering now if I will stick any science fictional features in. I've been wondering that myself.

I took journalism 1 in the spring of 1952, along with quite a few other cub reporters. There were three science fiction fans among us; aside from myself, there were Emil Portale (who has a story in the second ish of my fanzine, ~~WALLA~~) ((NO ADVERTISING)) and Marion McCoy. We used to get into long involved discussions of a sciencefictional nature between assignments...no, not the rain on Venus angle, but others a bit less standard. We had a lot of fun that semester. We even got three stf-nal features in six issues of the paper. Emil Portale wrote a book review of "Earth Abices" which made the paper (and subsequently led me to read the book), I wrote a review of "The Martian Chronicles" (headline; "Martian Chronicles Tells Story of Mars and Men"), and also a feature story about the school in 2002 A D. This was the idea of Marion McCoy, but I politely stole it from her (after asking her, natch). I had to rewrite it twice, because the first two drafts were too dry...I was actually trying to predict what the x school would be like 50 years hence. Finally, however, I toned it down and it got in.

The next term (fall, 1952) I had to drop out because I had a conflict on my schedule. But I got back in this term. I found that Portale was now sports editor and Merion McCoy was a busy reporter. All of a sudden I was busy...writing feature stories. Then, just a day or so ago, I was told that I was now feature editor.

Will the three stfans on the staff be turning out any more stf-stuff? Well, naturally. Marion McCoy has already written a review of "Player Piano" which is in the first edition of the paper. There will quite possibly be others later on.

The school I go to, by the way, is Balboa High School, which has the highest number of actifen of any high school in San Francisco right now. Washington High has two; Maurice Lemus (a very fine artist who does



his work for VULCAN ((you heard me)) almost exclusively) and Ralph Whouts (treasurer of the Golden Gate Futurian Society)((pluggs, pluggs, pluggs)). Balboa, however, has four; Mike Walker, president of the Experimental Rocket Research Society and member of the GGPS; Zeith Joseph publisher of OMEGA ((I guess I'll just have to resign myself)) and co-editor-publisher of NONSENSE ((now resigned)); Steven Brady, ex new fan who will probably be seen in quite a few fanzines with drawings...has already had quite a few in BCO!((well, Boo to you, too)); Bob Stewart's mag; and, naturally, me. You know who I am. ((Yeh, we know... Peter))

Balboa, by the way, is the high school that can claim the allegiance of Perry Ackerman, who attended school here quite a few years ago. He was on the Eucaneer staff, too, even got his photo in the paper twice or three. As far as I could see he did not turn any stfnal pieces, tho... but then, he wouldn't have had much chance of getting them printed in those days.

A couple of weeks ago I recieved an anonymous letter that was addressed to me on a green-ribboned typewriter. The postmark was Chicago, January 30, 10 AM 1953. No return address. Inside was a single sheet, either hektod or dittoed, with the following.

#### ENIGMA

On they slogged through the impenetrable jungle, these intrepid three, Briggs, Latoni and Federspiel. No fear the; knew, fearless, staunch, indomitable.

The thrill of being the first to probe the depths of a new paaenet, to classify the flora and fauna, this was what brought them a quintillion angstrom units from their native Terra.

Then...it happened! They were plodding along, single-file, when a long, prehensile arm reached impossibly out through the thick mass of undergrowth and snaked the center man, Luigi Latoni, the botenish, squirming and writhing off out of sight.

They held a hasty council of war, Briggs and Federspiel, and set off at a plunging run with proton blasters at the ready.

Breaking through the clinging vegetation, they saw--the natives. They were grouped lumpishly in the center of the clearing.

Some eighteen of the creatures, with squiddish tentacles, great rubbery feet, wrty, olive-greenish hides and more eyes than a Idaho Potato.

"He's gone!" Cried Briggs in a harsh, choked sob. "They ate him!"

"I'll get the unprintable bugger wot did it!" grated Federspiel. "I'LL blow his rotten heathen guts out with this here blaster!"

"Wait!" shrieked Briggs.

"Whatsamatter? Whaffoe I can't blast the blighter? Why can't I get him?"

"Gee, we don't know! We just don't know, I tell you!"

"Don't know what?"

"Which BEB was Latoni?"

There are several clues as to who sent this, but I can't figure out who they point to. First, the Chicago postmark. Only person I can think of in Chicago right off is Warren A. K. Frieburg, of Cicero, who mails his stuff in Chicago. But it's definitely not Frieburg's typing...besides, he hasn't a green ribbon. The only fans I can remember as having green ribbons are Lee Fiddle (of Norwich, Conn.) and Orville W. Mosher (of Emporia, Kansas). The "Bobbie" in the third line and the "Whuffoe" in the fourth-from-last paragraph). He also writes bem with capitals (this is written in various ways by various fan; BFM, bem, bem, BFM, B.E.M., etc.), and he signs off with -ZO-. You folks have any idea who it could be?

I got a letter from Orville W. Mosher yesterday (Feb. 18) which, along with Project Fan Club stuff, carried a rather distressing bit of news. Tow wit:

P.S.

Next day (Sunday). You are the first fan to know; the blasted furnace blew up in my face. My right hand is covered with goo as well as my face after going to the hospital. happened this morning---less than an hour ago. Burnt most of my hair off.

Apparently Orville typed that P.S. with his left hand. Twice he failed (once on Sunday, which he went back over, and once on Monday, which he left). This may well knock Project Fan Club on the rocks temporarily. I'm positive, however, that it won't knock it completely...Orville is not the type who drops such an important project just because an old furnace blows up in his face and covers him with goo and burns almost all of his hair off. I imagine that PFC will be delayed a bit, though.

That's all this time, I guess. Hope you've been enjoying this column as much as I've enjoyed writing it. I have quite a few columns, and every one of them serves a special purpose.

"Fantastuff" in PFCN is the oddity type of column (points out oddities, not is one), "Report From San Francisco" in FAN TO SEE tells about the findings around San Francisco, "Fanzines" in BOC! is a fanzine-review column. This, of course, is the most lex of all the columns I do; in here you are liable to find anything discussed. Be forewarned....

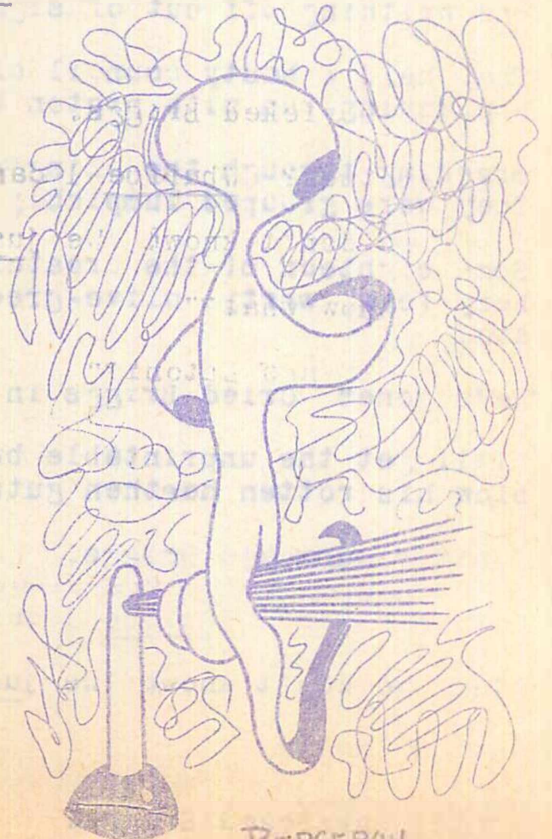
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STARLANES

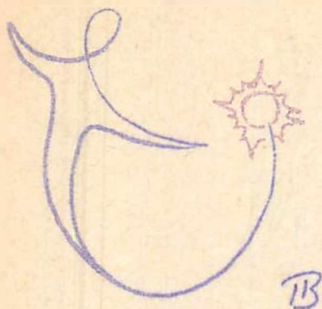
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great for poets---leading poetryzine---just  
great

1558 W. Hazelhurst St.--Ferndale 20, Michigan



BERGERON



# The Eternal Feminine

by  
Orma McCormick

"Rictar, dear," purred his wife softly. "When you go into Mainport today, I want you to try to match this piece of cerulean fabric for me. I've used the ordergraph and the chemophone, but something always happens,-- either I get a different color tone, the weave is different, or the pattern is changed, always something wrong, so it doesn't match...."

"Now Vi, my pet, you know how busy I am...." Rictar began. "Here is the sample Sweet. Men are always so much more effective, you know."

"But I just said...."

"See this new cerulean blue lounging robe Darling? Well, I only wanted material to make, to finish the lounge. This year the decor is Everything, Rictar, just simply everything, you know it, and...."

"All right then, but you women should take care of these things yourselves." Rictar, reluctantly took the sample of cerulean fabric from her dainty bejeweled hand. He lingered a while over the lovely blonde wife in the cerulean robe. If he intended to do a favor, why not receive a few favors first?

As a result of his lingering, he was forced into the crowded mainport monorail. The first monorail was never like this, but his day was ruined for his own work anyway. He dialed his place of business, telling them he would not be there.

His first stop in Mainport was at the Perfique. Nothing but the best for Violet today!

Rictar produced the sample of material for the Perfect Service Clerk to copy. "This will only take a moment sir," he was immediately reassured. "Ah here you are, the pattern exactly, the weave a perfect duplicate. How much did you wish to order Sir?"

"That's not cerulean blue! It's lighter, or something. If it doesn't match, I don't want any!" Rictar was emphatic.

"Cerulean requires a different cobalt in the mixture Sir. And anyway, this is celestial blue, the very newest thing these days Sir, it...."

But Rictar had stamped out of the Perfique.

"Whew!" he ejaculated, as he began to cruise the rollwalk. The classiest shoppe in town should have been able to supply him. What were modern stores coming to anyway?

He entered the Starlyte a bit less sure of success, but the salesman took his sample, glanced at it, set his machinery in motion.

"How much did you wish to order Sir?"

This bothered Richter. He couldn't remember how much to get, but he answered, "I'll see if it matches first."

It didn't. The pattern was wider, the weave looser, though the color was a perfect cerulean.

After five hours, sixteen rollwalks, twelve gravlifts, seven more shops, and two swollen feet later, Richter was convinced that the civilization of 3006 was decadent, inefficient, and utterly hopeless.

As he entered the Efferite, the last store on his list, he was ready to snap at the first clerk he met. When he beheld the lovely lady who was in charge, he hesitantly handed her the now badly frayed sample.

Her eyes rolled upward to meet his. Were they cerulean blue or celestial blue? He couldn't be sure any more about colors, but her eyes were a beautiful blue. He cleared his throat, "Ah-hem.." and was almost overwhelmed by her flashing smile.

"We have just what you want, if you'll please wait.." her voice was dulcet and satiny.

Richter felt that this time he would ~~be~~ get the order filled right. Women had the more delicate touch, more artistic, he wished he had come here first. As he watched her work, she reminded him of Violet.

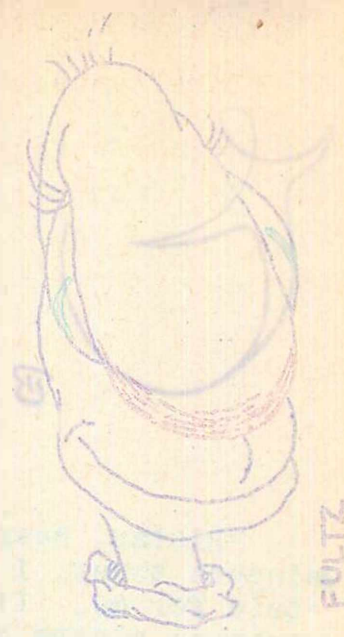
"How many bolts did you wish to order?" the delicious tones inquired.

"Bolts? Why, er..I'm not sure, you see, I...well, that is..". He gazed at the expanse of magnificent material, it looked like there were suddenly acres of it, but all of it was CELESTIAL blue.

He stammered, "But that isn't cerulean blue!"

Of course not. Cerulean went out of style last week. Everything is celestial now. You'll want only the very latest, won't you?"

Richter hesitated. Vi had been explicit.



"This pattern is a bit different, and this weave is a lesser count..."

The sweet tones melted in his tired ear, "What was it for? Perhaps I can help..."

"Cover to match a robe..."

"Oh, yes, and a few extra yards for trim, drapes, the decor you know, maybe a hassock? Here you are Sir, that will be sixty seven dollars."

With the huge package somehow paid for and in the tube on its way to Violet, Richter wondered how long he should wait before venturing to return home. His feet needed a relief treatment badly. He finally caught the monorail twelve, fearing the worst.

He faltered on the threshold, but Violet gushed, "Oh Wicky, it's marvelous! You Darling!" She kissed him enthusiastically. "This shade is so much nicer, there's so much of it, I won't need to use the other at all, and this shade matches my eyes much more delicately. It's all so heavenly, simply heavenly, you generous dear..."

But Richter had collapsed while his hand was within inches of the relief lever.

THE END

VENGEANCE

Isabelle E. Simwiddie

Two there were who fought one night  
Upon the slippery deck,  
Saul wrenched free from the fallen one  
Who started on death's long trek.  
Rounding seas poured over the rail  
And cleansed the knife from its stain,  
But they failed to arouse the one  
Who had been so foully slain.  
The slayer now picked up the corpse  
And tossed it into the sea,  
Forgetting, if buried at night  
It never more would be free.  
The sea calmed down before the dawn  
And Saul looked over the side,  
The corpse grinned up into his face  
As its eyes were opened wide.  
And like the dolobirds gamboling there  
He followed the ship all day,  
While Saul cursed morning, noon and night  
Ordering the corpse away.  
But when the morning broke again  
The sea was empty and bare,  
As for Saul, he never was found,  
Was slain by a dead man's stare.

# Silly Wandering

Last issue I talked about duplicating devices. So I guess the optimum thing to talk about this time is typewriters. But I don't know anything about typewriters. But then I didn't know anything about duplicating machines either. ((I'll say)) I'm in a rut. let's change the subject.

I got a magazine today, entitled SCIENCE FICTION PLUS. It's edited by Sam Moskowitz yet. And Hugo Gernsback publishes it. I have never yet seen a promag which looked and read—especially read—so much like a fanzine. The fiction is about the quality of most fanzine fiction, and it has—get this—a "Science Quiz" section?—Among other relics of the 1920's and 30's, as for instance a travelog to Mars, and a pseudo-article of an amazing astounding wonderful startling perfect new "cosmatomic" flyer, which is sort of a harness which is strapped to one's back, and has two jets on it. The cover painting, by Schomburg, depicts a silly grinning man wearing this. Bob Tucker says about this: "The man will get his elbows singed before reaching five thousand feet." There is also a thing in this mag by one Grano Cashback. Well!

Next issue we are promised stories by Simak, Gallup, Toker, Long, and none other than Hugo Gernsback. Coo.

Also got the new format Amazing. There is absolutely nothing in it except stories. ((and whadja expect on a "budget" like that?)) No editorials, no fan review columns, no nothing. Foo. It went this size just before Bizby got around to reviewing ita. Sometimes I hate Browne. Other times I just dislike him.

You know what fandom needs? Political parties. ((GHU & DOUBLE GHU)) They could nominate candidates for the various offices in the various fanclubs around, and have a platform, and everything. If, say, the CCF had nominated candidates for, for instance the FAPA presidency, it would have been just the thing. An opposition party probably would have arisen, and by now fandom would have been just roaring with politics. ((go rear to yourself))

To follow up these theories, I am organizing a political party to back me when I run for the FAPA presidency this next election. To belong to it, all you would have to do is declare yourself for it, and support the party in whatever mags, etc. you write. You will have a full vote in the party nominations if you do this.

((CHARLES FUROR BREVIS EST))

It will be based on moderate principles, pro-science-fandom. Frchal's name: Seventh Fandom Party. Contact me if interested.

((CROLLY, DON'T WE HAVE ENOUGH POLITICS IN NSF?))

Since writing the above comments on Aug, I have seen the review of ita in the Science Fiction Quarterly. Well, needless to say, I was pleased, but also a little puzzled. I never sent Berk a copy of ita. I wonder from whom he got it. Very confusing.

Talking about reviews of ita, if I may, is the review that was in the last SFQ by Bradley favorably on a discussion of Gian-Carlo fantasy opera THE MEDIUM. Well! I never heard of Gian-Carlo Menotti, much less the MEDIUM. Somebody must be sneaking these things into ita behind my back.

Have any of you heard anything about the proposal to ban anti religious literature from the mails? I remember reading about that and a similar proposal to ban obscene literature from the mails several weeks ago. A number of fans commented on the anti-obscenity proposal (which I think is an extension of the present laws), and I approve of it. But nothing seems to have come from the anti atheistic proposal, which I violently disapprove of. ((didn't know you were an atheist)) Lots all write our congressmen and order them not to pass it.

((IF I'M NOT GREATLY MISTAKEN, THIS WOULD BE UNCONSTITUTIONAL. THAT IS, BANNING ANTI-RELIGIOUS MATERIAL FROM THE MAILS.))

Working in with the pro-religious proposal, the American Association for the Advancement of Atheism, Inc., has been trying to get the FCC to allow them to broadcast radio programs advancing atheism. In the past five years, according to Hal Shapiro, they have only broadcast two programs. This is closely akin to violating the freedom of religion amendment to the constitution. More power to the AAAA.

Several fanzines have folded all at the same time here recently. Among the list of newly dead are FOOVIEW, ETSON, and ALIEN. The latter folded in a burst of glory with a great big annish. I am always sad to see going fanzines like that and ETSON folding. But it must always be. The only reason a fanzine is ever started is so it can fold, I guess.

I suppose you all know that 6th fandom is dead. It has been dead for no little while now. What with LINDRY going to a slow appearing irregular schedule, OOPSLA going into hiatus, and nothing for some time now from Ireland, I can safely say that 6th fandom is dead and is history. Lee Hoffman remarked just last week that it had climaxed in the big

Willish of Q.

Which reminds me: 405 E. 52 St., Savannah is Q's new address. I am associate editor in charge of correspondence, and all mail should be addressed to me. I even have a regular editorial in Q, startin nextish, which will be out no one knows when.

(-/-)

Russ Watkins, who now lives in Sav'h (115 W. 34 St.) has had a baby. Or rather his wife did. They named her Particiak Dawn. Let's all give Russ a big hand—he is a real fan—naming his daughter after his fan're. Not every fan would do that. How many fans have named their babies "Opsla! Calkins," or "Spaceship Silverberg" or "Science Fiction Newsletter Tucker"? Not many. I am glad, however, that he didn't name her The Imaginative Collector Watkins—or worse—Dawn/TIC Watkins. The latter sounds more like a name one would give a wristwatch or something.

(-/-)

Savannah fandom is at last organizing. If present plans go thru, soon the first meeting of The Savannah Science Fiction Society will be held. Then watch out everybody .... We might even try for the convention

On that note (cracked) we leave you....

charles wellies

THE OLD FOOL

—H. Glenn Carson

He walked before the caves; they called him old fool, Talking as he did: That men like birds once could fly Across the arid deserts vast, in the great sky Perhaps a hundred feet or more; that by some tool Harder than the hardest stone, men could even try To out the mountains through, then rush from sea to sea In eerie monster things of softly purring strength; That cities rose for miles, all full of men their length, As many as perhaps three tribes. By the bent tree Near the cliff he often stood, that old fool, and gazed Upon the water sink, the only hole for miles; His futile words brought either kicks or scoffing smiles, But he remembered well that full-fed herds once grazed, Long ago, on plains that now were rocky piles.

Start in next column-----

Of the two, for a pleasant evening at home, I would require a little of both. The procedure is to read a fairly long brain contorter, followed by a medium long or short brain relaxer. This is gauranteed to have your brain paralyzed in less than three hours.

Well, all good things must come to an end, and please don't ask what that has to do with this article.

scaya, all-----yabbeditor

M I C R O  
DON GANTIN  
214 Broad  
Manchester  
N. H.

HEY, hear this. A new wine coming out. Costs 10¢, comes in an envelope, has 50 (pasted) pages, cardboard covers, colorimising, even right hand margins, pubbed every six weeks, bound in tape. Material on hand from Robert Eloch, Richard Elsberry, G. M. Carr, Battell Loomis, Hal Shapiro, regular column by Ellison. 3/25¢. next ish'3 MICRO. Sub Now!

The new  
AND  
promising  
FANTASY  
FIBRETTA

edited and pubbed by Charles Wells, 405 E. 52 St. Savannah, Georgia

(he lives in the same town as the witch of Wagner Street. Everyone knows he is a very brave fan.)

WHAT IS RIGHT WITH SCIENCE FICTION

- \* - Most articles start off "What Is Wrong With Science Fiction." I can see very little wrong with good, mostly decent, escape literature. Some say they read SF just for the enjoyment they get out of it. The enjoyment is pleasure that you are no longer around your everyday surroundings, and on some strange planet with either ideal or disastrous conditions. If not there, chances are, you are in some far future age where conditions are ideal and beautiful open to your beck and call.
- \* - If you are in neither one of these conditions, the literature might be fairly good. If, however, you are in one of these overdone locations, you are probably reading space opera. I hold nothing against space opera, that is, besides that you can always tell how it'll end. It is good old fashioned melodrama half of the time, and the other half is mediocre love stories. However, I find it good reading for relaxation, when you don't want something to stretch your brain in peculiar contortions figuring out the plot, obscure scientific facts, and why the heroin doesn't care for the hero.

cont'd on paragraph to the left

QUIZZ

by James R. Adams

AUTHORS IN DISGUISE

All you gotta do to beat this quiz is rip off the authors' disguises and write their names in big, bold letters in the little blank spaces (which come to you through the courtesy of Brigg's Blank Space Co., Ltd.). In case you don't get the idea, an author disguised as holes sunk into the ground to reach water would be WILLIS, either H C or Basil, whichever you prefer. Get it now? For answers and scoring chart, look on the bottom of the page.

1. An author disguised as a bamboo-like grass. \_\_\_\_\_
2. An author disguised as a shackle or manacle. \_\_\_\_\_
3. An author disguised as wasted by want, suffering, etc. \_\_\_\_\_
4. An author disguised as peevish, ill-humored. \_\_\_\_\_
5. An author disguised as a worker in metals. \_\_\_\_\_
6. An author disguised as England's capital city. \_\_\_\_\_
7. An author disguised in a dnsky color. \_\_\_\_\_
8. An author disguised as the cutting part of an instrument. \_\_\_\_\_
9. An author disguised as a relatively great duration. \_\_\_\_\_
10. An author disguised as a builder in stone. \_\_\_\_\_

Allow yourself 1 point for each correct answer, then look at the chart below to find out how you rate.

- 10 — Fanatic Fan
- 8 — 9 Porwant Fan
- 6 — 7 Forgetful Fan
- 4 — 5 Fresh Fan
- 1 — 3 Not even a Martian skullium could score this low.

((wanna bet? Just call me skilly from now on.))

REVIEW OF "THE ROLLING STONES" BY ROBERT HEINLEIN PUBLISHED BY SCRIBNERS— 2.50

The stone family consists of, first, the twins. Caster and Puller stone are two heady red-headed, roozing geniuses. They are constantly in trouble with everyone from Luna to the asteroids. Second comes Hazel, or Grandma. She's the elderly genius of the family and the only one that can properly keep the twins controlled. She was an atomic physicist and one of the founding 'fathers' of Luna free state. Besides this, she's a basket of fun and can keep ahead of the twins in their wildest times. Then there comes Meade, elder sister of the twins. She is a boy-hunting, typical high school graduate. After Meade there is Buster the young genius of the family. He thrills to the bloody space tales written by his father for the public fideo shows. After a while, we come to Mr. Stone. He's the only one in the family that genius skipped, excepting, maybe Meade. He is a slightly shrewd engineer-turned-back. He has a tough time keeping up with the twins and keeping them out of trouble. And last, (to coin a phrase) but not least is Dr. Stone, the mother of the family. She has a M. D. and practices under any conditions from space ships to hopping asteroids. She is the one that generally clinches an idea or refuses it, the final authority.

I'm sure that you'll all enjoy this tale. It masquerades under the title of "juvenile", but as we all know, some of Mr. Heinlein's best fiction masquerades under the same disguise. Here's hoping you read and enjoy it.

- 10. Elmer Brown Johnson
- 9. Frank B. Long
- 8. Alexander Blade
- 7. Frederick Brown
- 6. Jack London
- 5. G. O. E. C. A. Smith
- 4. Polton Cross
- 3. H. Rider Haggard
- 2. Nelson S. Bond
- 1. David A. Reed



## AS I SEE IT :

### FANZINES

—Benjamin F. Loudon

Reprinted from Science and Culture Magazine

Do you know a fanzine that makes a profit? Or breaks even? Neither do I. The reason is obvious. Any business profits when income exceeds expense and breaks even when income equals expense.

In a magazine, fan or pro, expenses are for materials, services, labor and overhead. These are real expenses in a prozine but in a fanzine the owner, distributor, publisher, editor and writers are often the same person and the real expenses are materials and postage, other expenses being donated by the owner-publisher-etc.

Again, in the fan or pro magazine, income is derived from subscriptions and advertisements.

Subscriptions are 40% to 10% of prozine income but 100% to 95% of fanzine income; advertising paying the rest. Thus, practically, the cost of a fanzine must be spread over the number of copies per issue or the number of subscriptions.

This means that without advertising a dozen or two copies of a prozine would ask \$5.00 to \$1,000.00 per copy depending on quality and quantity of materials and contents, but 100 to 100,000 copies could be priced at 50¢ to \$5.00 per copy. When income from advertising is received, the price reduces to 3¢ to 25¢ per copy. Without advertising, to reduce price per copy a fanzine can only reduce quantity of material or increase sold copies per issue or subscriptions.

This brings up the second simple fact. For any magazine "sold copies" and "subscriptions" really represent "sold readers" and "subscribers", in other words, people who read. To make a reader of a prospect the magazine must first be in a form that attracts the attention and holds the interest of the prospect and second contain material the person likes to see and think about. If done well enough the reader becomes a "sold" reader or a subscriber.

It is the writer's job to express his material correctly, interestingly and concisely. It is the editor's job to arrange such material neatly, attractively and effectively. It is the publisher's job to reproduce the entire magazine accurately, rapidly and cheaply. It is the distributor's job to deliver the magazine quickly, safely and efficiently. It is the owner's job to see that all the others do their jobs properly and that the purchaser is satisfied.

The key to the situation then is in the material presented. In our complex civilization people have very diverse interests. Hence prozines are classed as "adventure", "romance", "western", "detective", "sports", "science fiction", etc. THE general type magazine is usually light and superficial—being most useful in informing the average citizens about things which affect them as individuals but which they can control only as a group.

To express himself individually the reader may write a letter to the magazine. Because reading science fiction calls for unusually active imagination plus generous general education and/or experience plus a fairly stable personality, such reader is more apt to burst out in writing. It is from these outbursts that fanzines are born, hence most fanzines are the science fiction or science fantasy type. Fanzines of other types are practically nonexistent.

In this country less than 50,000 people read science fiction or science fantasy. These few readers are thus the support of the fanzines as well as the prozines. How then can a fanzine expand? By doing the same things a prozine does.

First it might have a continuous supply of material of interest to a specific type of readers. Writer's normally want something in return for their work. Pro writers should get money, fan writers are often satisfied merely to get into print. If the magazine already has some circulation the amateur or beginner will write for it to gain experience.

Second it must be priced right. In most cases this can be determined only by trial and error. Materials expense must be kept at a minimum. This requires experience, patience, experience, intelligence, experience, ability and experience.

Third it must be made available. Free copies sent indiscriminately is inefficient but sent to friends of subscribers may pay off. Merely asking the reader to get new readers is wasted effort unless some reward or incentive is offered. Advertising is good but costs money in prozines and reaches a limited market in other fanzines. Exchanging lists of subscribers may add some names but much of the lists is duplication.

Is the case for fanzines hopeless? No. Several things can still be done.

First is format. Cover design should be neat, attractive, consistent and easily recognized. Table of contents should also be neat, concise and consistent and usually include the statement of policy, price, editor, owner, etc. at the bottom. Each story or article of length should begin at the top of a right hand page. Illustrations should be accurate reproductions of the original—or the artist won't repeat. Editorial comment should be less than  $\frac{1}{4}$  of the total contents (in prozines it is often less than 10%).

Second is price. Price obviously has to be greater than postage. But unless quality of paper, print, illustrations and contents can compare to prozines, the price has to be less than prozine price (even without benefits of advertisements).

Psychologically the best price is a multiple of 25 per copy and \$1.00 per year.

Third is availability. Direct advertising costs money but many of the science fictionazines revise fanzines. However this free advertising must be carried by the fanzine itself.

Distribution also cost money. If a fanzine is good enough, maybe—just maybe—a regular grocer will include one in each of its subscription mailings. Ask them. If the owner-publisher etc. of a fanzine can afford the experiment he could contact a regular professional magazine distributing agency and have them include half a dozen copies of an issue or two on a free trial basis.

Finally lists of prospective subscribers can be bought from several sources—other magazines, professional mailing houses, etc. Lists of prospective magazine dealers can be obtained thru telephone directories and letters to chambers of commerce or inquiries to subscribers. Limited lists of prospective readers can be obtained from letters by readers in proxines or membership lists in fan clubs.

The sad finish of all this work is: that after the fanzine has become established, is making a profit, and begins to accept advertisements, it is a full fledged proxine. Now we gotta start all over again! C-o-o-h!

THE PUSSECAT AND THE OWL

a satire

by Terry Carr

The owl and the pussycat went to sea  
In a beautiful pea-green boat;  
But things did not work out the way they had  
planned,  
For the pea-green boat did not float.

So they built another—color of blue—  
And inside of a month did sail;  
But the poor souls had trouble again, you see,  
And were swallowed whole by a whale.

The owl looked up to the ribs above  
And said in a rumbling voice;  
"Oh, lovely pussy, oh pussy my love,  
It seems that we have no choice—

No choice, no choice—  
It seems we have no choice—

For we're trapped in the stomach of this whale  
And are doomed to stay till we die."  
"Oh, don't be discouraged," said the puss to hi,  
"You're much more downhearted than I."

They made a plan,  
Got ahold of a fan,  
And a heap of feathers, you see,  
"We'll turn on the fan,  
Then quick as we can,"  
Said the owl to the pussy, did he—

Did he, did he—  
Said the owl to the pussy, did he—

"—We'll make our escape through the mouth."

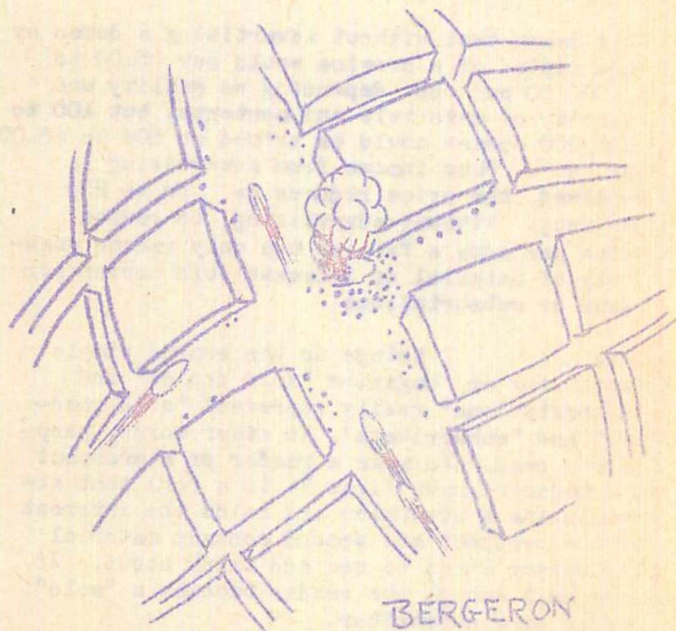
And do that they did—  
Of the whale they were rid,  
For the feathers got in the whale's nose.  
This made the whale sneeze—  
Out his mouth & they did squeeze,  
And so put an end to their woes—

Their woes, their woes—  
And so put an end to their woes—

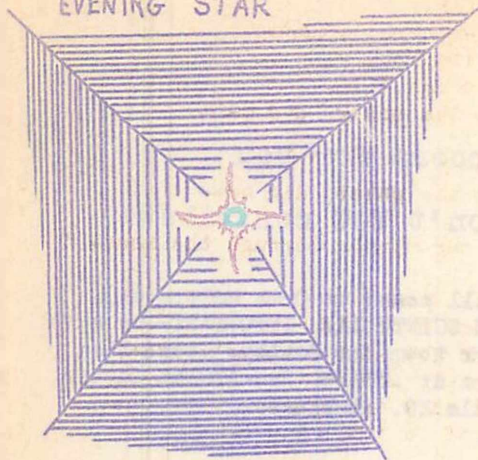
Then forthwith they headed due south

They came to a preacher, asked him please  
Would he marry them right on the spot?  
And he did & do that,  
Wed the owl and the cat,  
And he sold them a home in the wood,  
Which for three measly dollars was bought.

— Terry



EVENING STAR



bergeron

REPRISAL

Isabelle E. Dinwiddie

Wraith, why are you haunting me,  
Why do you come to the door?  
It will not swing wide for you,  
Your summons I shall ignore.

I hear your fingers seeking,  
Slowly seeking for the knob,  
But I will not let you in  
Even though you moan and sob.

He loved me, before you came  
Bewitching his heart and soul  
Just a week more till we wed,  
Then my betrothed you stole.

I meted out the sentence  
A fit one for such a crime,  
That you both must be pilgrims  
To the outer wastes of time.

Wraith, will you cease to haunt me?  
I see the opening door,  
Feel your fingers at my throat;  
I am falling to the floor!

-/-

I SING NEW SONGS

Orma McCormick

I sing new songs of vastitude and space,  
I vision worlds beyond the end of time,  
I yearn for realms above the commonplace,  
And chant new anthems with my halting rhyme.

When earthly news is filled with war and crime,  
Cathedrals in the sky I would embrace  
And strain my ears to catch one muted chime;

I sing new songs of vastitude and space.

I stigmatize the might of powered mace,  
And ever upward is my votive climb  
To symphonies where star-trails interlace;  
I vision worlds beyond the end of time.

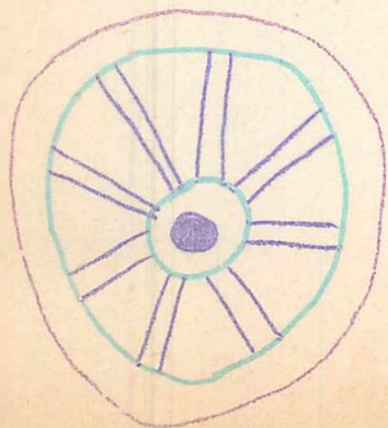
Ignoring repetitious pantomime,  
That mocks the sould with tantalized disgrace,  
I leave dull sham to seek domains sublime,  
I yearn for realms above the commonplace.

At intervals, I slow my frenzied pace,  
Abandoning rare loves, considered prime,  
To meet a flame-souled people face to face,  
And chant new anthems with my halting rhyme.

Because I sing new songs whenever grime  
Besmirches or belittles any race,  
I rise above the agonizing slime  
To roam the heights where nothing can debase;  
I sing new songs!

//

CURIOUS FLY,  
VINIGAR JUG,  
SLIPPERY EDGE,  
PICKLED BUG.



MINI VIEWS

OUR  
POETRY SECTION

edited by ORMA MCCORMICK

TO A VAMPIRE  
or  
DARK DESIRE.....

— emili.

Soft, as on a velvet-shod feet,  
through ebon shadows you creep;  
gently your lethal caress  
lulls your victim to sleep.

Two things only you fear,  
you may not trespass on those:  
The reek of a pungent herb,  
the scent of a briar rose.

In what unhallowed tomb,  
in what noisome crypt do you rest,  
stalking the lonely night  
with hunger gnawing your breast?

What foul and horrible greed,  
what craving, bred in your race,  
wummons you out from the pit,  
with death on your ravaged face?

To haunt the abodes of men  
until, on the dawning air,  
the Matin-bell drives you back  
into your loathsome lair.

As you welcome the piercing stake—  
with the crimsoning rush of fire,  
the odor of cool, sweet earth  
to purge you of dark desire.

o——o

THE OTHER SIDE

All ye prisoners follow me  
Through the hour-glass tree  
To a clairvoyant sea  
Of broad dimension.

Leave the land of myth and maya  
For an altitude much higher.  
Let the weaker wits expire  
We'll stake the extension.

Punch right through the thin veneers  
Join the thought pioneers  
Push back the frontiers  
And dare the distention.

Outside the false girth, you'll lie.  
New sight will, old laws, defy,  
Viewing leaves rooted in sky  
And trunks floating free.

Beyond caves of wish and hope  
Where sightless fishes grope  
To planes of overscope  
Wander with me.

Don't fear a perverse eye  
Prism-rare colors glow  
Fresh heady odors breeze,  
The brave and the free.

some more poems for you

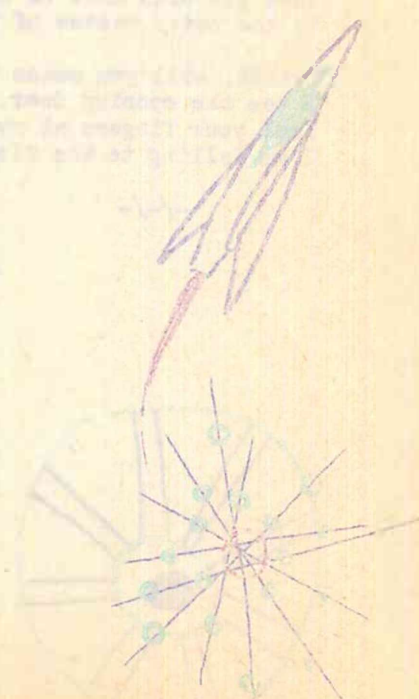
why don't YOU contribute?

Send all poems to Orna McCormick,  
marked SCINTILLA. IMPORTANT—be sure  
to mark them for Scilly. Send them  
to Orna at 1568 W. Hazelhurst Street,  
Ferndale 20, Michigan.

Into the treasure zones  
Of dogma's buried bones,  
Through seas of overtones,  
Follow apace.

There is a world as real  
As wind made visible  
Where fourth dimensions thrill  
Under the surface.

— Hyacinthe Hill



BERGERON

# The Great Reaction

Bob Silverberg

Pulp science fiction before the advent of John Campbell was a pretty sad affair, as anyone who's read any pre-1939 prozines can tell you. (If there's anyone in the audience who hasn't had a chance to look at one of the prehistoric Wonders or Amazings, the same effect can be attained by reading the first issue of Science Fiction Plus, which serves approximately the same function in our field as does the restored town of Williamsburg, Virginia to colonial historians; a carefully-restored museum piece.)

But it's no secret that Campbell, beginning slowly in 1938 and then coming with an awful rush in 1939 and 1940, waged a one-man crusade on the juvenile writing and juvenile thinking in science fiction. Anybody in doubt about the type of stuff he was printing might reflect that in one four-month span in 1939 he introduced the first published stories of Isaac Asimov, Theodore Sturgeon, A E Van Vogt, and Robert Heinlein, in successive issues! Campbell, though, was a lonely voice in the wilderness until 1950, when a significant newcomer appeared.

H L Gold's first editorial, in Galaxy for October 1950, was entitled "For Adults Only," and was a trumpeting echo of the things JWC had been trying to bring about for ten years. Gold (an erstwhile Campbell protege, incidentally,) had this to say:

"Science fiction, everybody agrees, or seems to, has finally come of age... Galaxy SF proposes to carry the maturity of this type of literature into the s-f magazine field, where it is now, unfortunately, somewhat hard to find. It establishes a compound break with both the lurid and the stodgy traditions of s-f magazine publishing."

That was the opening, in 1950, and before long other worthy hands—Sam Merwin, Anthony Roucher, many others—said, at great length and volume, that Science Fiction Had Become Mature. And, sure enough, it had, in the sense that there were now three or four magazines printing fiction on the same intellectual level with John Campbell, who'd been doing it since 1939.

But now, what have we here? The field, we all agree, has Become Mature, has Come Of Age. But there are threatening whispers, muttering maledictions. William Hamling

1951 issue of his Imagination:

"We hear the cry from various circles that science fiction must grow up. That what we need are thought-provoking ideas in the stories that may project man's current problems into the future and solve them... We maintain that this is a fundamental error in editorial thinking. There is only one purpose for science fiction, just as there has always been—and that is to entertain... The so-called adult story is nothing more than an attempt to show the reader how dumb he is and how smart the editor is... the time has come to drop this snobbish attitude in science fiction... fortunately other editors realize this too. Howard Browne ('s)... magazines, like IMAGINATION, will continue to cater to the reader of science fiction and not the critics who remain loftily esconced in their ivory towers... We (Imagination) don't intend to force intellectual nonsense on you, or readers."

Enough of Mr. Hamling; his point is sufficiently clear. None of this "adult" business for him; "The Demolished Man" is hard to read, anyway, since it uses odd typography. Let's stick to the good, old-fashioned classics, and such fine writers as Dwight V. Swain.

This was the first open reaction to the growing maturity of science fiction. Every movement is invariably followed by a reaction of some sort, and this business of improving and "maturing" science fiction is not expected. Other chaps, too, felt that too much adult fiction was bad for the reading public. Sam Mines, one of the greatest villains in this plot to foist adult stories upon us, also has another face. He has this to say in the October 1952 issues of TWS and Space Stories:

"In Space Stories the emphasis will be frankly on action. The cerebral type of story which is welcome in both SS and TWS is not likely to see the light of publication there. The slant is for those who crave good hot space opera... the red-blooded verile kind. \*The coldly mental story, the complex parable, the tale of social significance, is not for us... Space Stories will be edited for you who want action and thrills."

Nothing like a little schizophrenia in the house. With one head, Sam publishes such unequivocally adult things as "The Lovers," and with the other he looks with suspicious horror on stories of social significance and cerebration.

He's not alone, either. Lester del Rey followed with a magazine also slanted for people who rebelled at adult science fiction. In the editorial of #1 Rocket Stories (the title is the tipoff) he said:

"...an adventure magazine of the days to come...we aren't calling it science fiction...is you're sophisticated, you'll have to pardon us, and pass on quietly."

Now, there's nothing basically wrong with the space-opera. It can be done sublimely well—Eric Frank Russel's stories, particularly the Jay Score stories, are outstanding examples. It can also be done badly, and no examples need be given. But one of the most curious facets of the drive toward mature craftsmanship in science fiction, begun in 1939 by John Campbell (forever a step ahead of the rest, if not always in the right direction) and belatedly accepted by a lot of others in 1949-50, has been this counter-move on the part of a few men who claim that we don't really need to be mature. (Of course, there's now a second counter-movement afoot, so far—and fortunately—with just one adherent—which wants to do away with the advances in narrative technique over the past two decades, and wishes to print the same sort of story which was universal from 1926 until the coming of Campbell.

This retrogression is not altogether deplorable; all-adult fiction can get pretty dull at times, and Space Stories and Rocket do offer some diverting stuff fairly often. But this reaction against "adult" science fiction has, I hope, reached its peak. We can't wear diapers forever.

—Bob Silverberg

"...but Bob, if we keep wetting our pants!"

DREAMS OF GLORY

by YABEITTOR

When sitting in a comfortable chair after going thru a copy of Galaxy, these are oft-repeated dreams.

Well, first of all, we have money...this is essential in any venture. For a conservative start, maybe thirty or forty million. After the magic lamp has been rubbed for this modest sum, we start out our business ventures.

Prime essential, corner the science fiction market. We buy out Galaxy, Astounding, Fantasy and SF, Avon Reader of F & SF, Fantastic, the new Amazing, If, and Fantastic. This will give us a good start. Of course, we keep all of the editors of these various and sundry mags and make a board of advisors out of them. Maybe we should make Tucker editor-in-chief. Well, anyway, we hire exclusively Heinlein, Asimov, vVogt, Tucker, Leiber, Kornbluth, Burroughs, (a simple time machine) and a few other hacks. We start this vast machine running at once. After finding a suitable publisher, and buying them out, we get down to work. The mag will be weekly. It will have to be to keep up the schedules of all of the bought-out mags. It might be called something like Nebula SF or something equally corny. Each issue would sell for 50¢ and have the content of two regular mags. Colliers-size mags, that is. It would have three or even four-color interiors, brilliant multi-color exterior covers

STARLANES STARLANES STARLANES STARLANES STARLANES

STARLANES STARLANES STARLANES STARLANES STARLANES

STARLANES

STARLANES

yep, Starlanes. It's the poetry mag.

STARLANES

STARLANES

STARLANES

STARLANES

Now, I'm not sayin it's the best. I'm just sayin

I think it's the best. I know quite a few others who

do, too. Why don't you just try a copy. I gaurantee it

isn't mailed inside a net atom bomb. It isn't inclosed

with a ready-to-light stick of dynamite. You find all

of the dynamite inside.

write to;

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plus many features. Prime, of course, would be the fanzine review column. This would be lorded over by Hoffman (assistant editor) with strict instructions to review all.

This combine would also publish books. Of course, it'd take only the elite of the field and leave the rest to some poor company like Double-day. While we were at it, we might buy out Gnome Press, Shasta, Fantasy Press, Crown, and a few uther struggling enterprises. These books would be widely circulated, costing only 75¢, so the poorer fan won't get left out. We'll publish or republish many classics Lovecraft's THE OUTSIDERS AND OTHERS, the RV's SLAN, (oops, been beat to the draw) Then, of course, also, we'd have to control the pocket book market. It's essential. Maybe we should