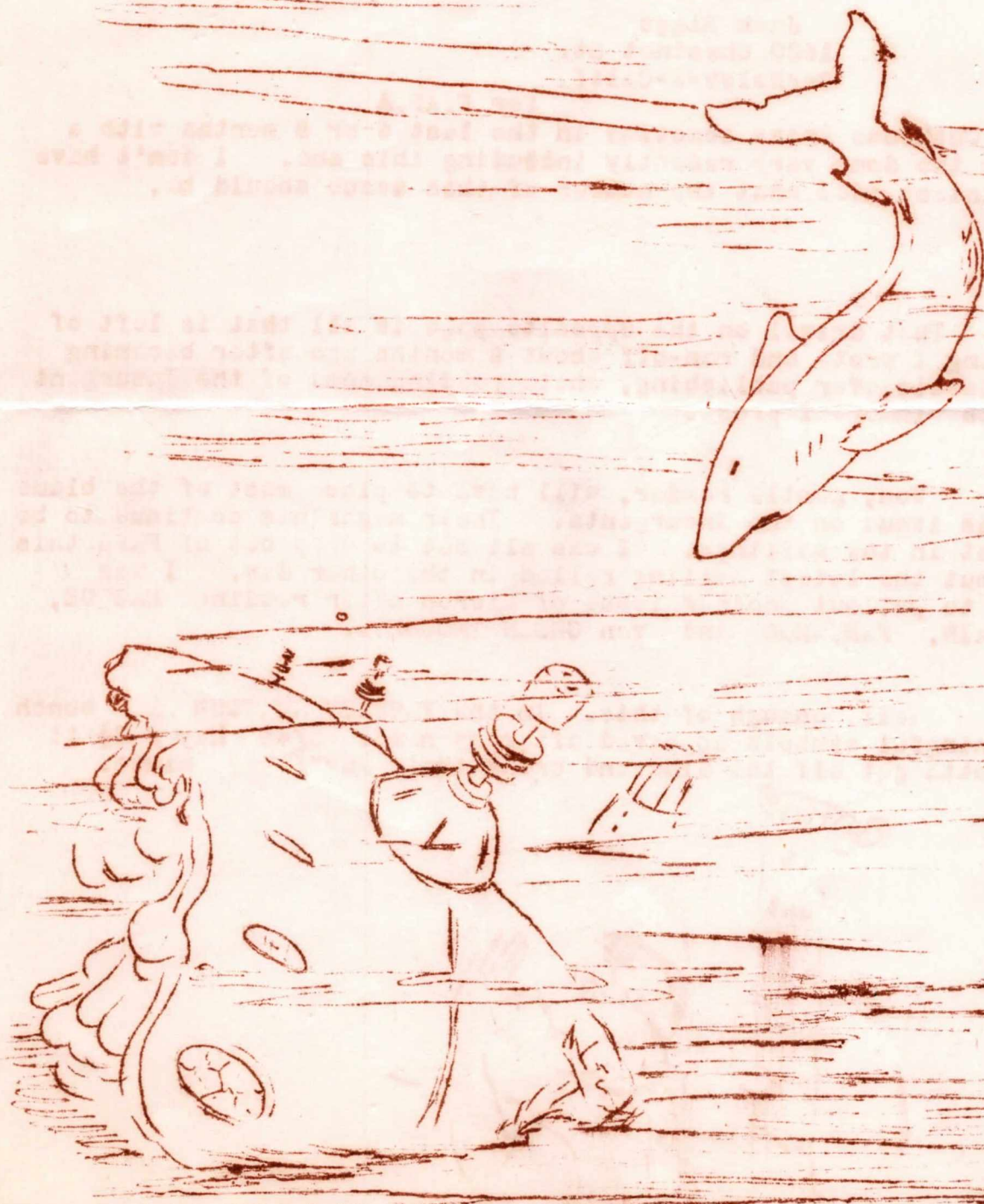


MICRON



Micron

"The millionth of a meter magazine"

-- and published by

Jack Riggs
1620 Chestnut St.
Berkeley-2-Calif.

for F.A.P.A

on the Outhouse Press sometime in the last 6 or 8 months with a page or two done very recently including this one. I don't have the faintest idea what the number of this issue should be.

That drivel on the opposite page is all that is left of something I wrote and ran-off about 6 months ago after becoming enthusiastic over publishing, while reading some of the Insurgent Elements immortal prose.

You, gentle reader, will have to place most of the blame for this issue on the Insurgents. Their magazines continue to be the best in the mailings. I was all set to drop out of FAPA this time, but the latest mailing rolled in the other day. I was doomed to put out another issue of Micron after reading MASQUE, WILD HAIR, FANDANGO and even GREEN THOUGHTS.

Well, enough of this. In the FANTASY AMATEUR a bunch of meaningful symbols appeared after my name. 4/45 May / 2 1/2 !! so I gotta get off the dime and crank that %%*70*%% mimeo.



Let me see now...what other phase of art and literature should I apply my sensitive fannish mind? Limericks? There was a young lady from Venus Who loved to play....,but no; this is a family fanzine. Another consideration are the absurd laws prevailing in this country about sending materials of various sorts through the mails. Poetry?

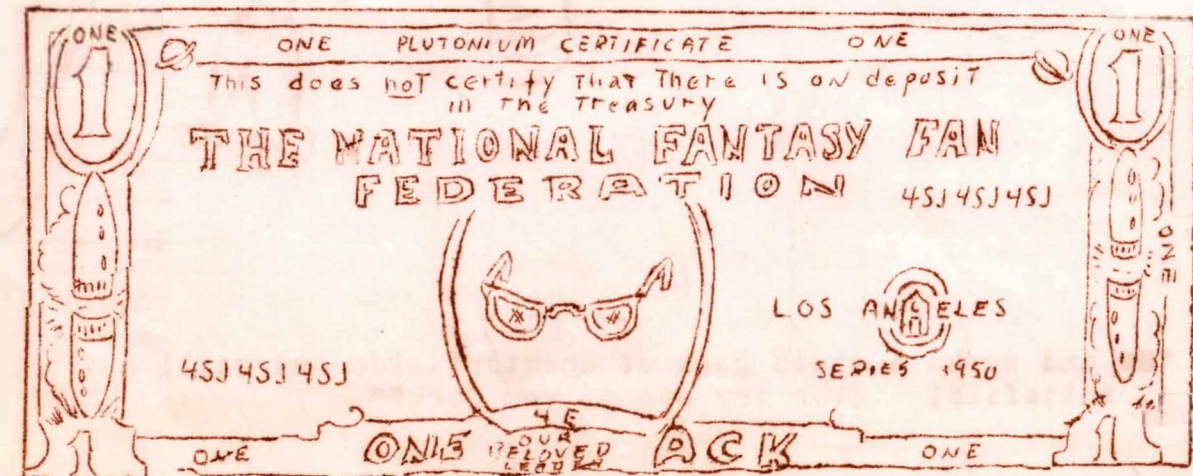
Hail to the average fan
 Who thinks he's slant
 Straight from AE van
 Yet can't tell flim from flam!

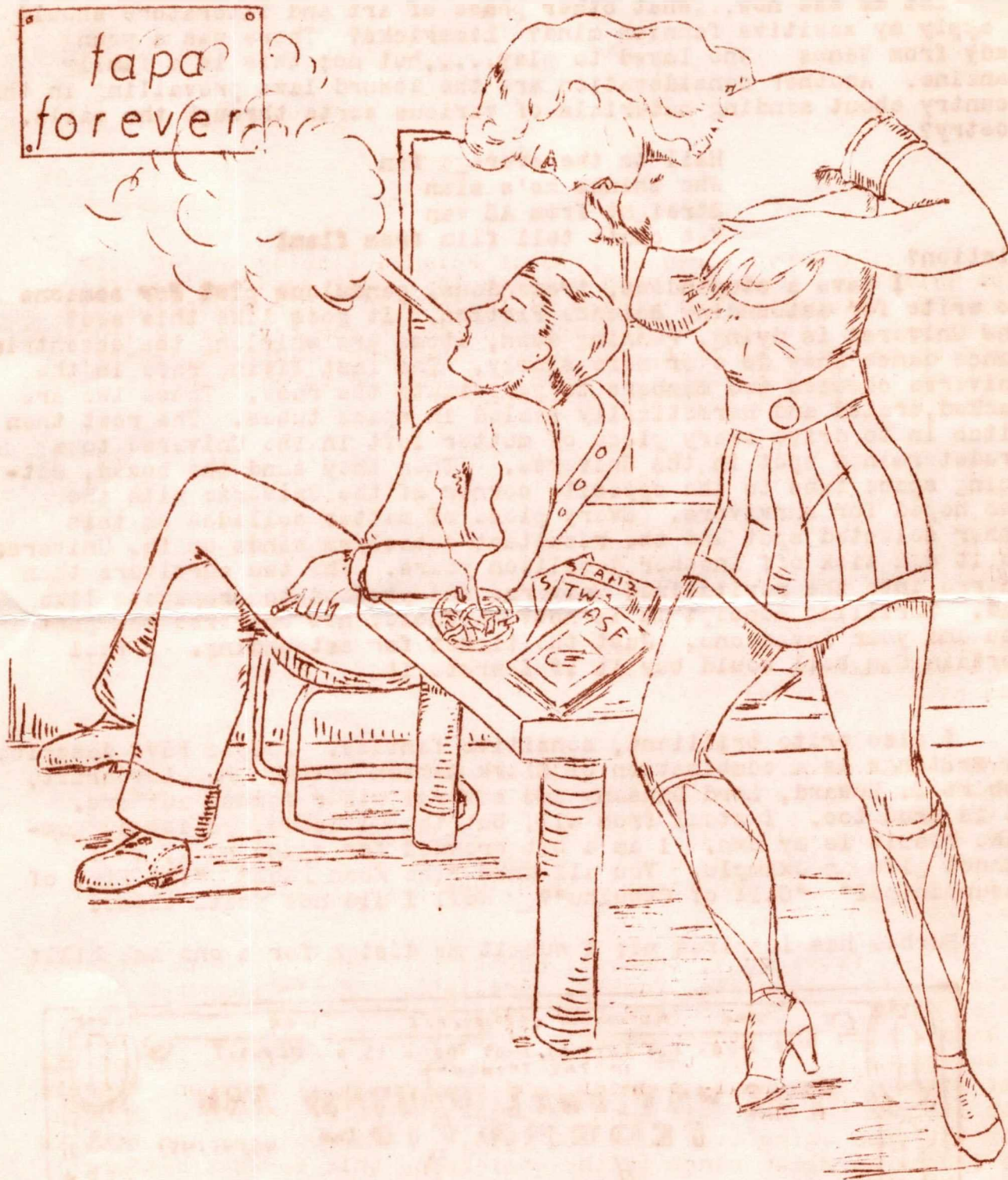
Fiction?

I have a stupendous, tremendous, pendulous plot for someone to write for astounding Science Fiction. It goes like this see? The Universe is dying, running down, atoms are whirling the eccentric dance dance they do ever more slowly. The last living race in the Universe chooses two members to perpetuate the race. These two are packed, crated and hermetically sealed in space tubes. The rest then pitch in to drive every piece of matter left in the Universe to a predetermined spot in the Universe. Then they send the boxed, matching space tubs to the opposite corner of the Universe with the two hoped for survivors. Every piece of matter collides on this other selected spot and the resultant cataclysm winds up the Universe so it can tick off another decillion years. The two survivors then emerge into the revitalized Universe and proceed to propagate like mad. Thrilling concept is it not? A whole, new Universe for just you and your loved one. Just the ticket for astounding. I feel certain Campbell would buy it if I wrote it.

I also write brilliant, sensitive fantasy. People have described my writings as a combination of Clark Ashton Smith, H.P. Lovecraft, Robert E. Howard, Lord Dunsany and several other famous authors. It is true too. I steal from all, but the finished, polished, gem-like result is my own. I am a bit crowded for space here, so I cannot give an example. You all know "The Moon Pool" "The Fire of Assurbanipal" "Call of Cthulhu"? Well I did not write those.

Burbee has inspired me; I submit my design for a one Ack bill:





"Go and smoke a whole pack of Chesterfields and still not satisfied! Ever try women; you jerk?"

BING!

BANG!

ZAP!

RIGOR MORTIS

Are you tired of prosaic science-fiction and/or weird type tales? I mean the ones between the gaudy covers of Startling TWS Astounding and others of their ilk? For something new (possibly) in the line of fantasy, why don't you try cowboy stories? There is no scene as real, exciting, thrilling, fighting, lusty, etcetera as the Old West. I know you must be bored with the heroes of science-fiction; they are so stereotyped.

Now the cowboy hero is made of the stuff of life itself. He is real, red-blooded, two-fisted, even as you and I. Here is how it generally goes. He is tall, and I think there is a descriptive term in use, raw-boned; lean, weather-hardened, planes and angles to his face. Almost always has two guns for he is highly ambidexterous. Dexterous too.

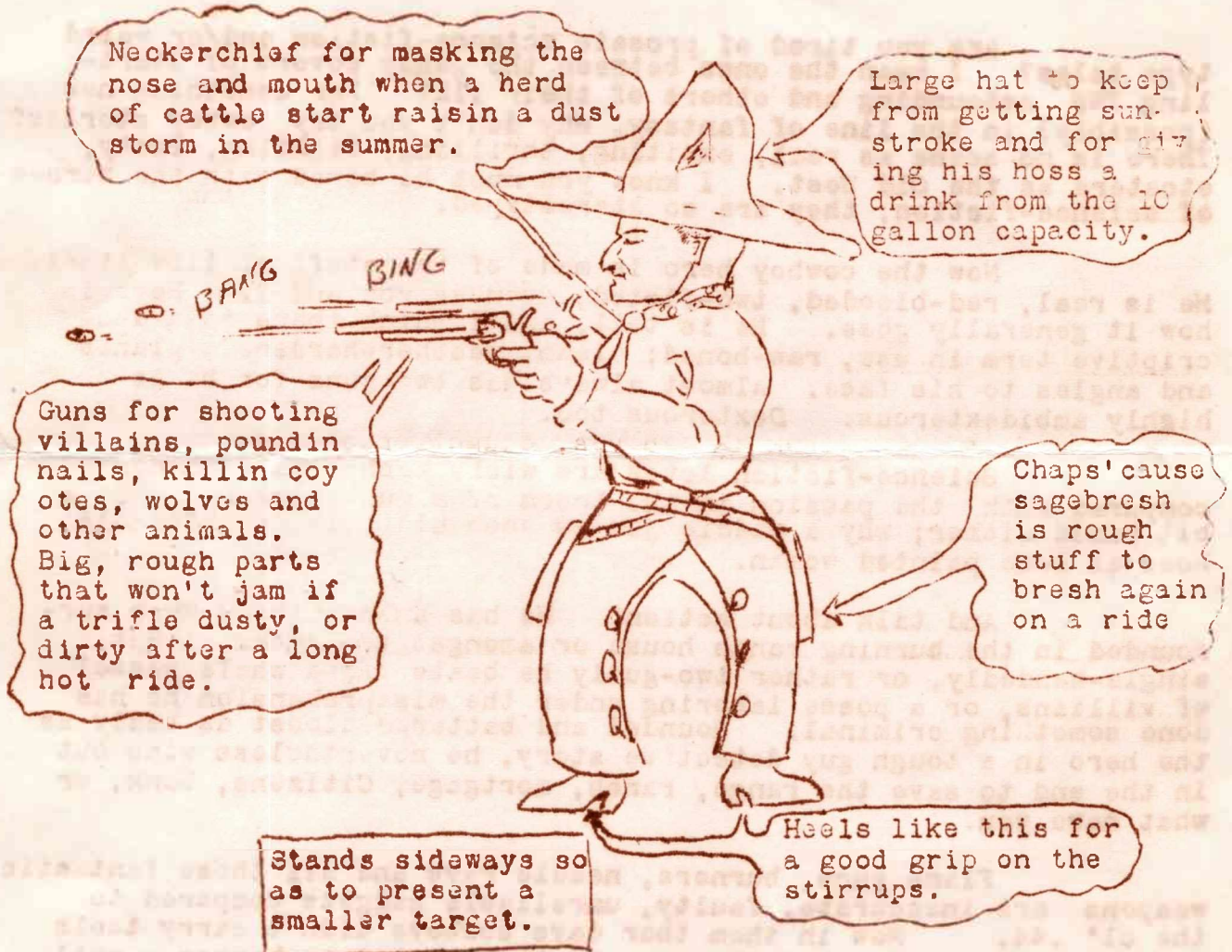
Science-fiction loves are wishy-washy, pale things compared with the passion in the bosom of a gun-slinger. Not a bit timid either; why a waddie jes as soon kiss his faithful old hoss as some painted woman.

And talk about action! He has a tough time when surrounded in the burning ranch house or amongst the rocks. But, single-handedly, or rather two-gunly he beats off a whole passel of villians, or a posse laboring under the misapprehension he has done something criminal. Wounded and battered almost as badly as the hero in a tough guy detective story, he nevertheless wins out in the end to save the range, ranch, mortgage, Citizens, bank, or what have you.

Flame guns, burners, needle rays and all those fantastic weapons are inaccurate, faulty, unreliable gadgets compared to the ol' .44. Now in them thar days cowboys didn't carry tools to mend fences and other things. If they wanted to hammer a nail or something they used the butt of the old .44. It was one of the most sturdy, anti-foul-up proof guns ever built. Only one trouble with it. No one has ever been able to hit the broadside of a barn with the damn thing over 40 or 50 feet. 'Course most gun battles are fought at close range in the stories so this doesn't matter. It is when the hero and the villian are galloping like crazy over the landscape banging away at each other. Presumably on the million to one chance of hitting the other guy. The hero has brains tho'. He just waits 'til all the shells are gone from the villians gun then catches up with him. This is easy, because the hero always

has the fastest hoss, whether he buys, begs, borrows or steals it. I don't understand this myself, but apparently it always happened in those dayss

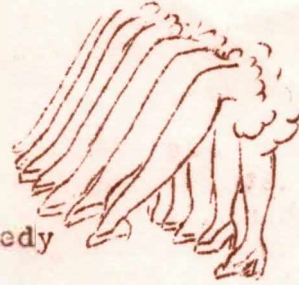
Jes thought I'd write a few comments 'cause someone in the last mailing mentioned something about cowboy stories being better than science-fiction 'cause the heroes weren't so stiff, stilted and stereotyped, and the stories more real. Or something like that. I agree with them, or him.



WORKING SKETCH OF THE COMPLEAT? OR REAL COWBOY, (RED-BLOODED TYPE)



Reviews



GREEN THOUGHTS good old Kennedy

HORIZONS was okay

ASTRA'S TOWER Yeah I looked at it

SPACESHIP had a fair cover

CONTOUR

good motto there "When you see the symbol of the Hodgepodge Press, Duck!"

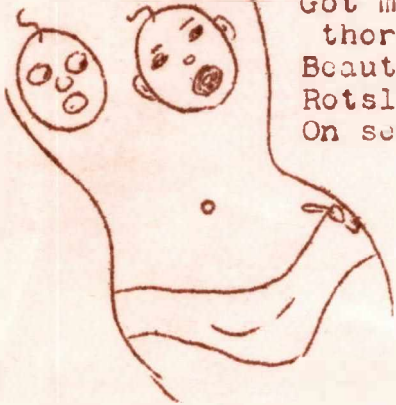
FANDANGO average issue for FANDANGO

PEACE AND OLF ST. PLEDON peace be with you brother

WILDH.IR ah yes, caught cross-wise again

M.S.QUE

both of them 5 and 6 very good. Liked five better. Got more for my money. Man seems to have a mild thoroughly understandable obsession about tits. Beautiful mammaries on those maidens. Wonder if Rotsler would draw same type on a woman of 60? On second thought I'd like to see him draw it.



That's all for this issue

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