

Starlanes



number twelve

WINE OF THE NIGHT

Whenever the night of the glorious night
Sends chills along my spine,
I swim through the stars in astro-cars
And drink dark heavenly wine.

.....Stan Woolston

REBIRTH OF A SOUL

Spirit-phantoms always linger
When the full moon shines above,
Giving to the young Renaissance
Drinking in the wines of love--
When their cup is overflowing,
Moon-ghosts weirdly take to flight
For the soul has found revival
In bewitching pale moonlight.

.....E.R. Kirk

VICTOR

Spirit of freemen, though you have languished
in Bastile on Bastile, martyred in chains
of authority forged by fossilized brains,
you are the victor even when vanquished.

.....Lloyd Frank Merrell

WHO SLEPT TOO SOON

Who knows in what far bleak necropolis
Lie ashes of a burned-out thing of clay,
Cooled all too soon, who might have set
The stumbling feet of all his earth-bound kind
Along a shining pathway to the stars?

.....Dean A. Grennell

SLOW BUT SURE

She led the monster on a golden leash
And made him dance the difficult schottische
For raucous crowds at every country fair,
As though he were an alien dancing bear.
His tentacles had ceased their angered lashing,-
His pale green eyes no longer gleamed their flashing.

Apparently, he had succumbed because
The magic leash commanded him to pause;
Why should he let the pinkish things see hate
When wisdom warned he only need to wait?
With each gyration, the leash was wearing thinner,
And then the mistress would make a tasty dinner.

.....Harlan King Yostman

THE WITCH ILLYLA

She dances nimbly in her scarlet shoes,
her feet as light as if they trod on air -
with pale green jade to bind her purpling hair,
and small white hands that make such potent brews;
but woe to him who breaks her strange taboos;
he makes his peace with death without a prayer;
so if you meet Illyla, best beware
of starlit nights and secret rendezvous.

The old Venusians tell us of a den,
a shady trysting place where witches play,
a spot where sorcerers and demons stray
to toy a while with skeletons of men
who brought Illyla with their souls as pay -
and met her gaily in the silent glen.

.....Emili A. Thompson



HARNESS

ARBORESCENT FANTASY

The oaks and maples etched in fall array,
Blaze mirthful colors on the countryside;
The scarlet sumac helps the scene portray
Enchanted vistas, flame personified!
The trees, like wizards, charm and emphasize
Poetic splendor's captivating reign,-
Their fantasy and flair shall symbolize
The fairy beauty seen on hill and plain.

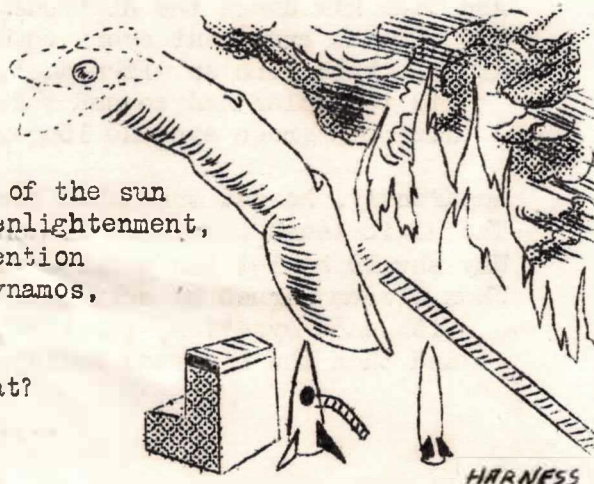
The tinted trees with brilliant artistry
Espouse all nature by their fay desire,
Their equinoxial spontaneity
Ensurcells with prismatic, binding fire;
This arborescent spectacle concludes
The liveliest of yearly interludes.

.....Byron E. Phelps

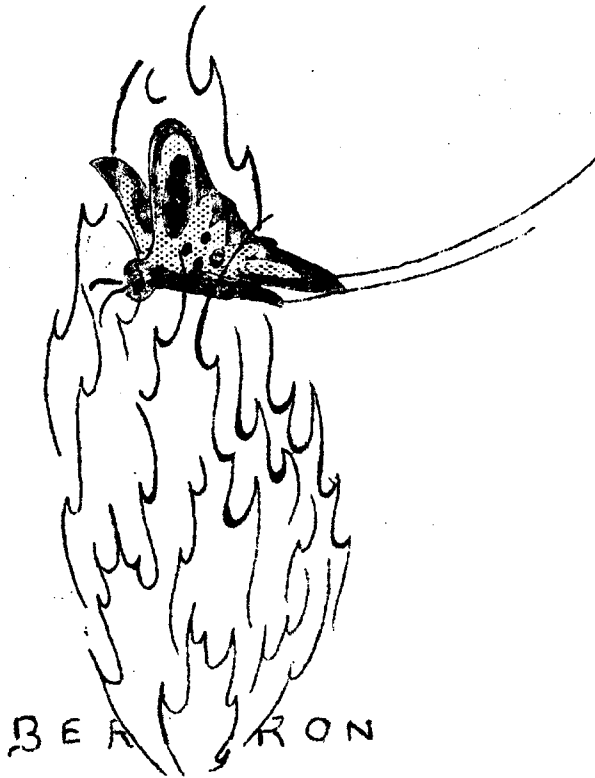
THEN WHAT?

Just enough fuel for a few more years
and then what?
Will it be one thing or another?
Shall we harness the flaming stallions of the sun
And drive them into the white dawn of enlightenment,
Or shall we cover in the caves of contention
Gnawing the marrowless bones of dead dynamos,
While the wolves of chaos howl outside
In narrowing circles?
Just a little more fuel....and then what?

.....Lilith Lorraine



HARNESS



WAR
(from John O'London's Weekly)

Out of deep soil,
Out of full life but frugal, the ploughman comes.
Eager - as though his dreams leap into real
and sudden things -
at the sounding bugle.

The barley rots,
And unthatched ricks sag steaming at his back.
Starved in a harvest of rock, the rib-ridged rats
from barns
hollow with dreaming,
ferry the lane,
in scrabbled dust, and bundle the cottage-crumbs
into their aching frames. But the weeping woman
weeps on
by a flickering candle.

The flame-drunk moth
Whose frizzled wings no longer lift his weight,
fumbles on crippled feet across the cloth
and dies,
not knowing anger.

.....James Angell

GALLEON OF DREAM

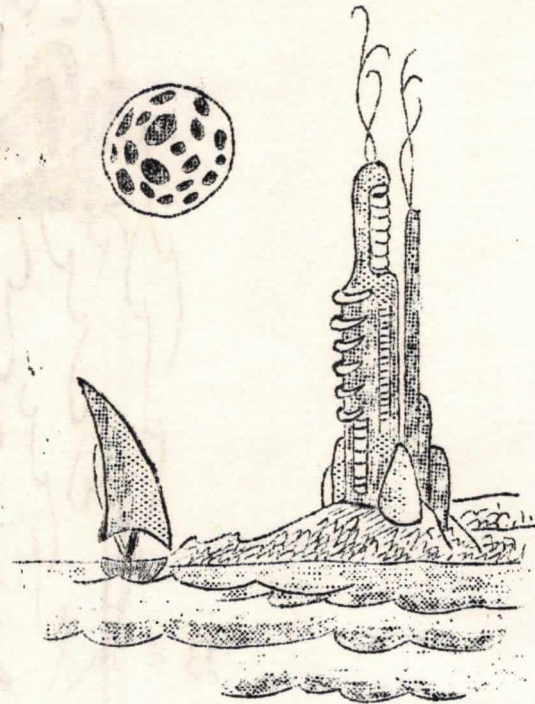
I sail my Galleon of Dream
To shores where golden cities gleam,
To Samarkand and Zanzibar
Where sandalwood and rubies are,
And fabled realms that lie beyond
Like Turkistan and Trebizond.

Across the wine-dark seas I quest
Past palmy isles where Gryphons nest,
And coral shores where Mermaids play
'Neath orchid skies, to bright Cathay
Where blooms the lotus-lilies pale
And sings the sacred nightingale.

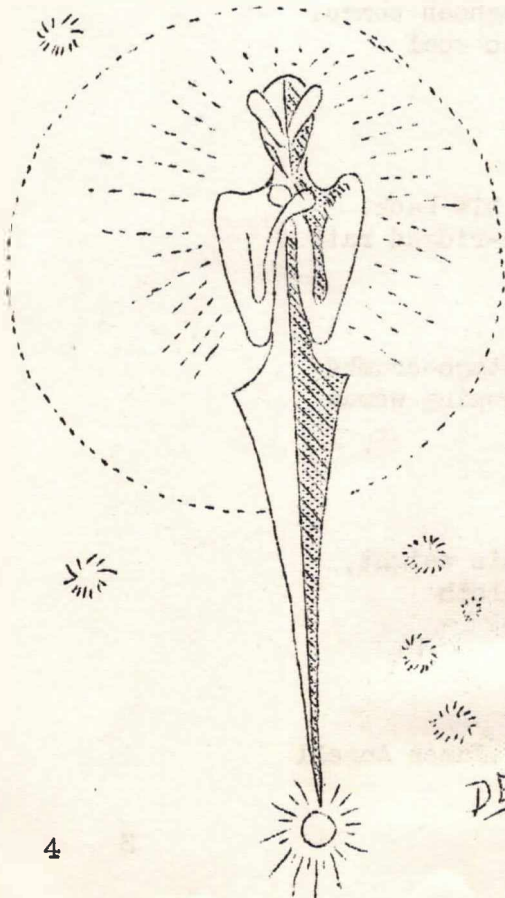
I voyage then to Araby
Where the sunset meets the sea.
And there I meet a caravan
Bearing silk from Samarkand,
Casks of wine and bowls of jade
And teakwood chests in Persia made.

But when morning gilds the sky
I moor my Galleon on high
And forsake the briny deep
And the golden realms of sleep,
I must wake to face the day
With only dreams of my Cathay.

.....Lin Carter



B E R G E R O N



ILLUSION

At the foot of the rainbow, you were standing
there

Clothed in scarlet flame,
A beautiful creature with golden hair,
Though I've forgotten your name.
I shall never forget your eyes and lips
Unless I'm no longer sane.
I shall seek a goddess with sylphlike hips
Even if I search in vain.
Perhaps you are just a phantom child
Seeking release in my brain....
But why insist on haunting me
Indifferent to sunshine or rain?
And why is the rainbow so hard to keep,
And why is a dream just meant for sleep?

.....Jess Nesbit

TWO VIEWS OF SPACEFLIGHT

The inquisitive butterfly
Bursting from his chrysalis
Breaking forth from the encirclements of gravity,
Clung weakly to the pale white blossom
While his wings stiffened and straightened,
Then launched himself
Fluttering into space
Toward the bright red flower
Nodding, beckoning,
Three yards away.

Man,
Like a delicate moth
Bursting from his cocoon;
Shedding the entanglements of gravity,
Clings briefly to the pale white blossom
While his wings broaden and strengthen,
Then he launches himself,
Experimentingly,
Into space
To the bright red Mars flower
Beckoning,
Over thirty-five million miles
Away.

.....Lawrence Stark 3rd



BLOOD-DRINKER

The black blood-drinker came again;
Wings softly brushed my window pane.
Her tapping beak and hungry eyes
Reflected floods of ancient lies
That mortal man returns to dust;
They were insatiate with lust.
"Lift up the window, love." Came low,
A lovely voice from long ago
Still haunting me..."Oh, come love, come..."
My senses swam, my WILL went numb,
I stumbled through the ghostly gloom;
A black bat flew into my room.
Her soft wings brushed my bare, white breast;
She nestled, drank, and took my best.
I searched -- with hungry eyes -- the night.
As two black bats arose, took flight.

.....Truda McCoy



GYPSY BARTER

I found a gypsy penny
deep in an autumn wood.
"I'll buy with it a bright new love
if it be proven good...."

I weighed the elfin metal,
It never did ring true,
but with a kiss you took it
there in the moonlit dew.

A strange ironic justice
that a penny, stained with mud,
Could buy for me a shining dream...
But yours was gypsy blood.

.....Theda L. Pobst

EMILY DICKINSON

The little poems come in
and out
Of you on a sunny day
And when it rains you
have enough
To throw away --

I like the way they fill
my heart
But never stuff it up
Like too much food upon
a plate
Or wine within a cup --

I like the atmosphere
of them
So tight, yet so elastic-free.
I wish that every poem of hers
was written
By the mind of me!

.....Marion Schoeberlein

TIME TRAVELER

There was a world beyond this earth before
For me, a planet with a sun of blue,
And saltless waters with a warm, red shore.
A life away there was a world I knew.

There was a spacious city where a race
Of people lived in peace, the peace that came
From never knowing Hatred's sullen face,
For there it had no meaning and no name.

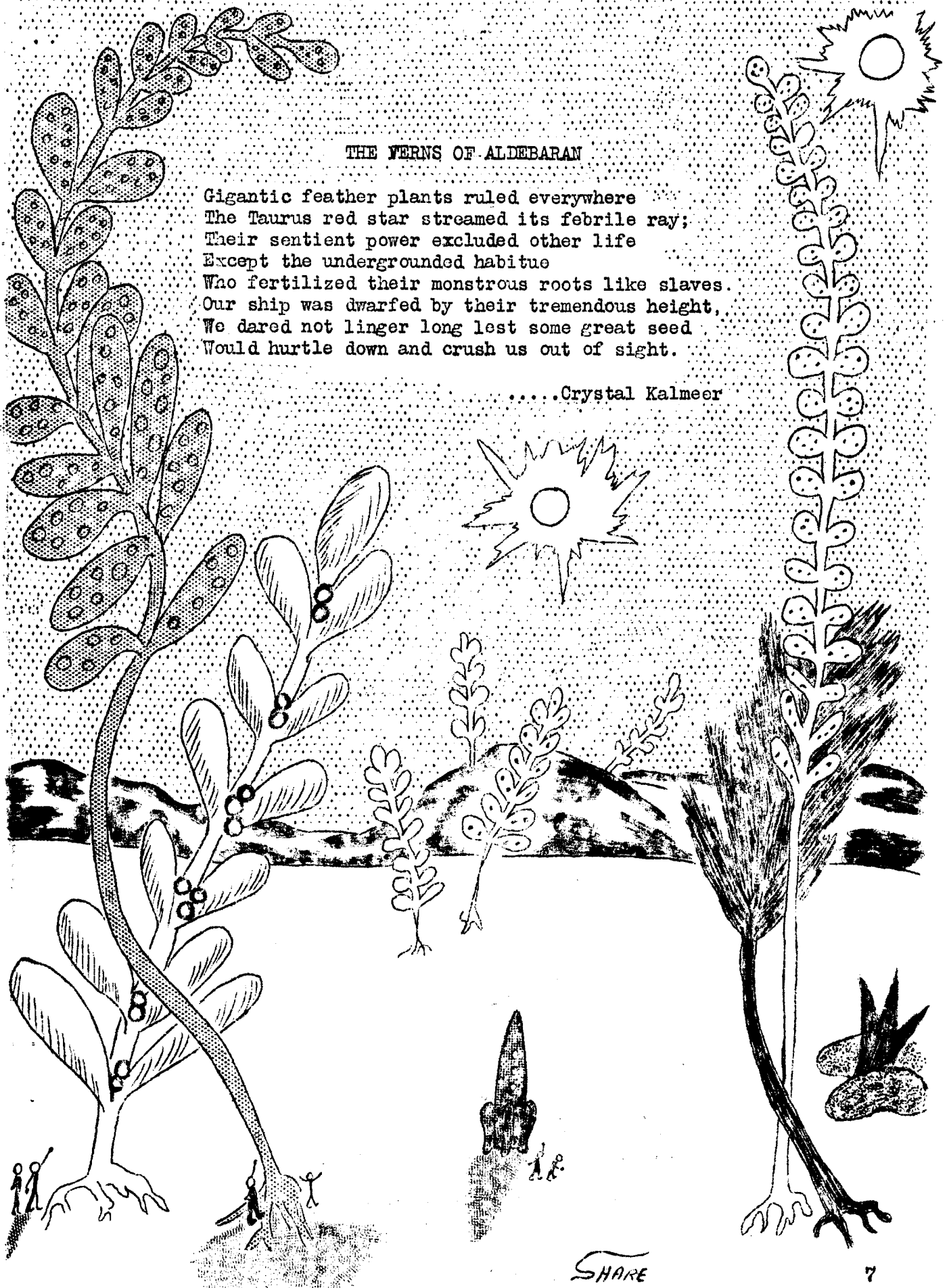
Another life, another world away...
A time dimension in eternity...
Would that this troubled earth might be today
Like that lost, lovely land of saltless sea!

.....Vera L. Eckert

THE FERNS OF ALDEBARAN

Gigantic feather plants ruled everywhere
The Taurus red star streamed its febrile ray;
Their sentient power excluded other life
Except the underground habitue
Who fertilized their monstrous roots like slaves.
Our ship was dwarfed by their tremendous height,
We dared not linger long lest some great seed
Would hurtle down and crush us out of sight.

.....Crystal Kalmeer

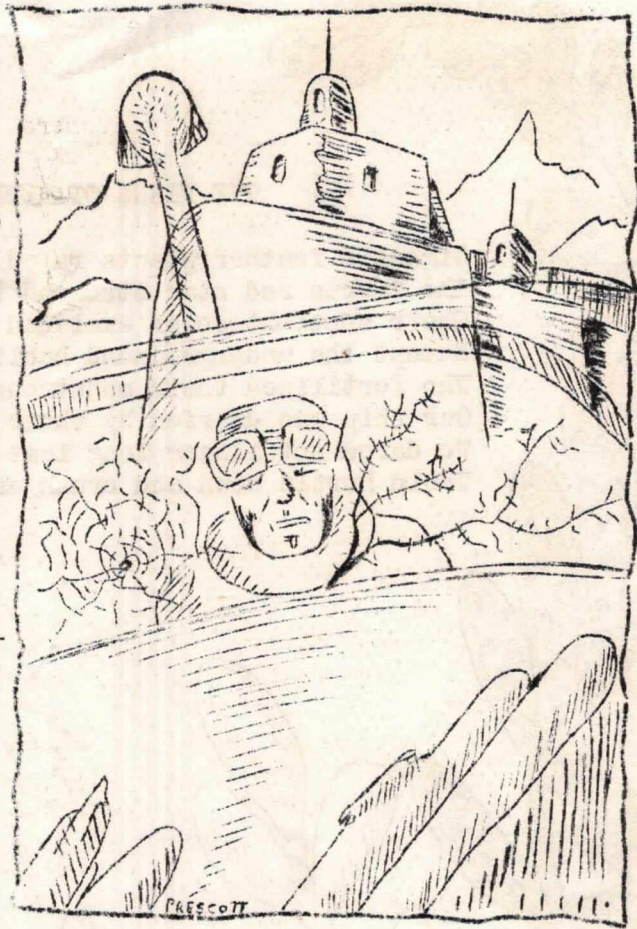


SHARE

REQUIEM

The moonlight softly sifted down
 upon the crumpled shell,
 And there a shard of plastic burned,
 a riven hullplate fell.
 The captain lay on his twisted couch,
 his grim face calm with death;
 The frigid air
 was fain to bear
 his last convulsive breath;
 And far away
 a ruin lay,
 majestic, tall, and still,-
 the cold wind roars
 down carven halls,
 and out a sandy rill.
 The shadows flitted about the land,
 the memories of yore.
 A dream is all that's left for them,-
 their spirits live no more.
 So Ares children sought the stars,
 forsook their native clime,-
 forever left their mother Mars
 to moulder on through time.

.....Page Brownton



NO COMPARISON

You said you collected things too,
 Well - have YOU a leprechaun's shoe?
 I have an old African doll
 Wearing a headdress parasol,
 With a feathered skirt for decor
 (Some nights he dances on my floor).
 A stoppered jar found on the beach,
 (And did you hear that genie screech?)
 You said you had an arrowhead
 From Hiawatha, long since dead.
 I have a shawl made from rainbows,
 A frozen dew-drop from a rose,
 An arrow from the Centaur's bow,
 Coral flowers from caves below,
 A tress of gold from the Moon-Maid,-
 From Phobus, amulets of jade.
 But I never saw the sapphire
 You said you stole from a vampire,
 Or feathers from a comet's tail
 You said you rode one winter's gale.
 But - have YOU star-gems for your hair
 With strands of pearl and robes of vair?

.....Isabelle E. Dinwiddie

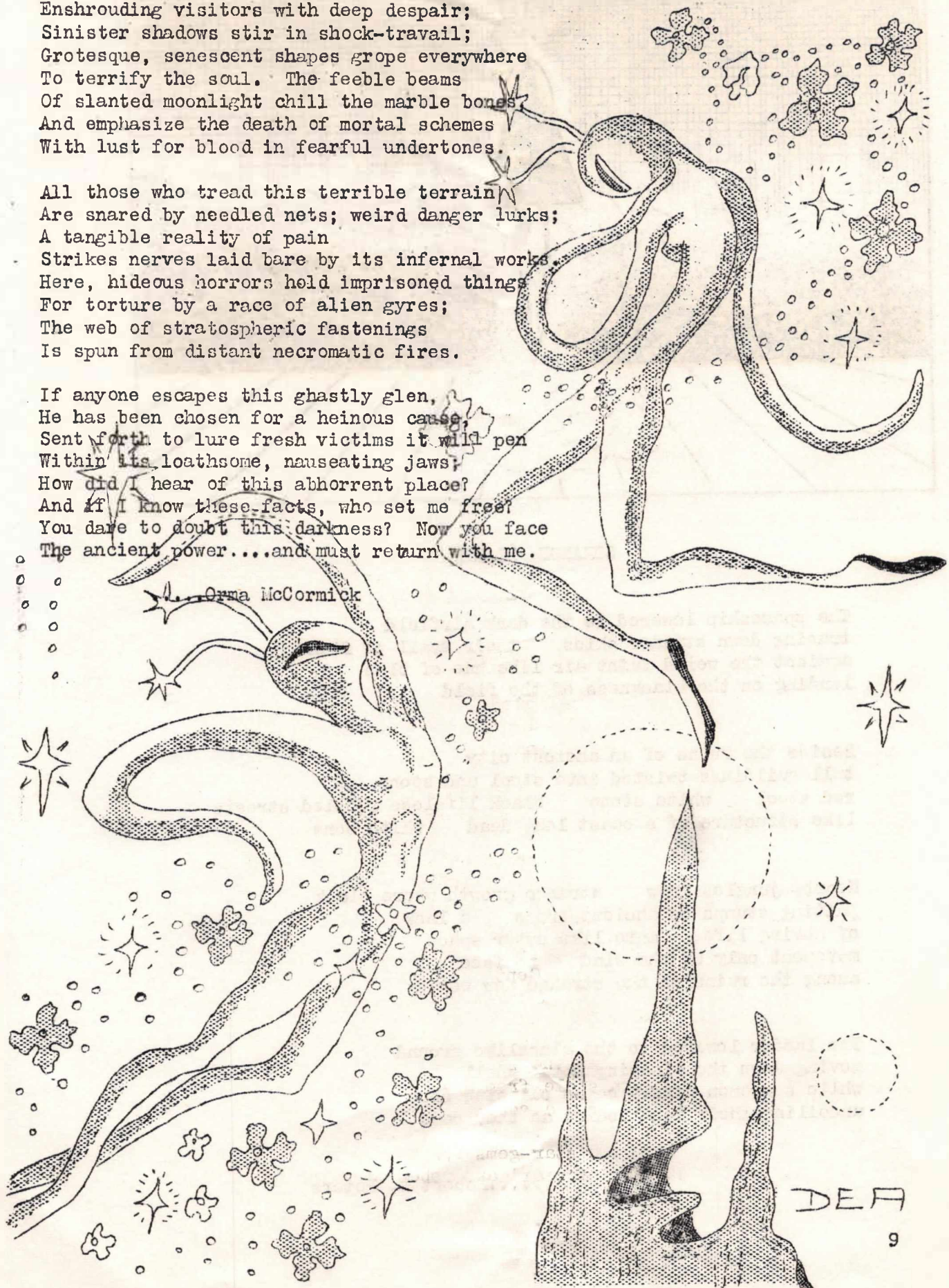
MALIGNANT VALLEY

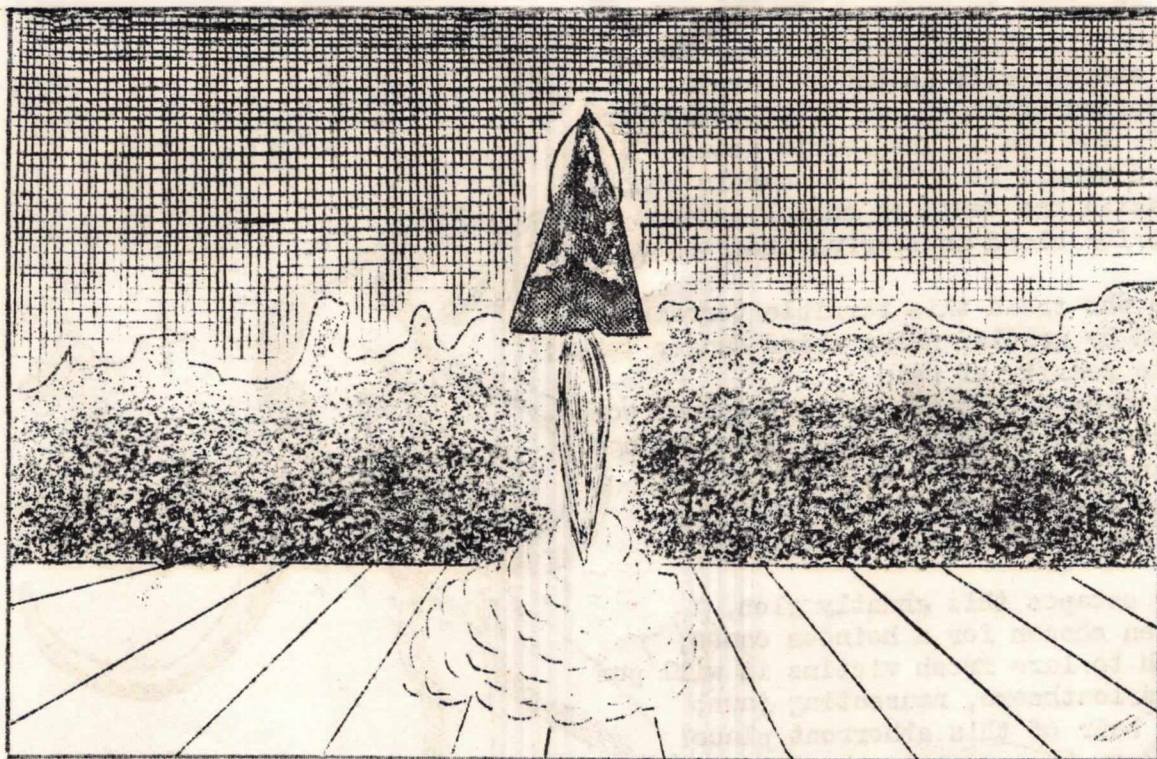
The vale at night is arabesquely pale
Enshrouding visitors with deep despair;
Sinister shadows stir in shock-travail;
Grotesque, senescent shapes grope everywhere
To terrify the soul. The feeble beams
Of slanted moonlight chill the marble bones,
And emphasize the death of mortal schemes
With lust for blood in fearful undertones.

All those who tread this terrible terrain
Are snared by needled nets; weird danger lurks;
A tangible reality of pain
Strikes nerves laid bare by its infernal works.
Here, hideous horrors hold imprisoned things
For torture by a race of alien gyres;
The web of stratospheric fastenings
Is spun from distant necromatic fires.

If anyone escapes this ghastly glen,
He has been chosen for a heinous cause,
Sent forth to lure fresh victims it will pen
Within its loathsome, nauseating jaws;
How did I hear of this abhorrent place?
And if I know these facts, who set me free?
You dare to doubt this darkness? Now you face
The ancient power....and must return with me.

.....Orma McCormick





STRANGE PLANET

The spaceship lowered to the dark airfield
tracing down strange skies their trail of flame
against the weird faint air like hue of blue
landing on the blackness of the field

Beside the ruins of an ancient city
tall buildings twisted into steel and stone
red steel white stone black lifeless rubble streets
like structure of a beast long dead white bone

Nearby jungles grew strange growth where black
jutting stumps of ancient trees a lack
of moving life mute like outer space
movement only of the wind no face
among the ruins on the strange new world

The ladder lowered to the glasslike ground
moving down the gleaming metal shell
while spacemen slowly began climbing down
uncoiling their long bodies as they came

.....Robert L. Peters

OH YOU WITH WHOM I SOARED...

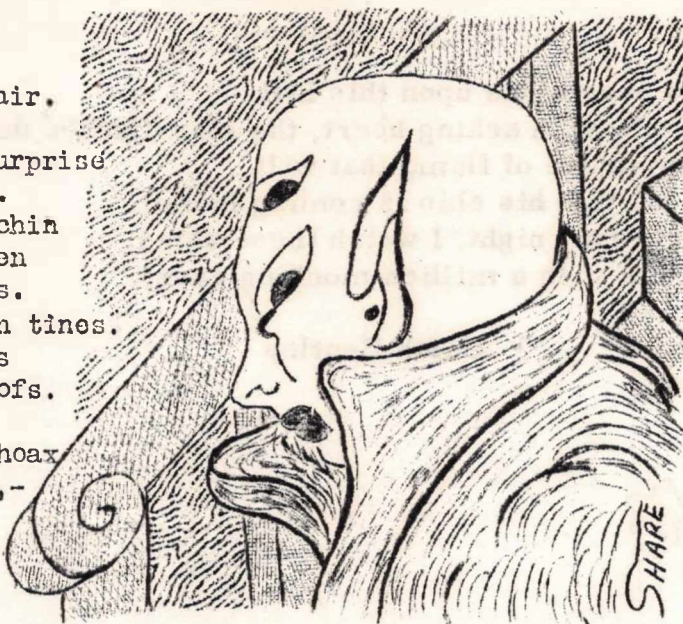
Oh you with whom I soared the welkin wide
And flew so high our wings were singed with sun,
Each silver bird will call you to my side;
Each throbbing engine hums a haunting tune.
The God of Justice pays my love this due
Because you showed the rising moon to me
And ever after rising moon was you.
Wherever beams come slanting in, you'll see
Me sliding down them, to your private room
Into the sanctuary of your arms
Where tender kisses slay impending doom,
And trust in you, my every fear disarms.
But if you dare forget - then do not wonder
When I come flashing in astride the thunder.
.....Hyacinthe Hill

HOT QUESTION

He brushed against me on the stair.
I noticed then his lack of hair
And caught my breath in sheer surprise
To see he had twin sets of eyes.
His ears were pointed, and his chin
Receded. Where his lips had been
Were two repellent scarlet lines.
The staff he had was topped with tines.
His nose emitted brimstone puffs
And sure as shooting, he had hoofs.

Of course it could have been a hoax
To dupe all simple-minded folks,-
But as for me, I much prefer
To fancy I saw Lucifer.

.....Dorothy B. Winn



THE BLACK BUZZARD (from Sunlit Clearing)

Without power, without a throne,
Hate journeys afar.
Without a kingdom of its own
It crawls into a cabin door left ajar
By misery.

Then like a gaunt black buzzard feeding on broken wings,
Hate wanders on,
Circling past the canyon where Hope sings,
Hunting starved thin dying things
To devour.
Then slinking through the darkest hour,
Hate hides before the dawn
Pours over the dark hills
A floodlight of tranquillity.

.....Karen Niemann

SPACEMAN'S WIFE

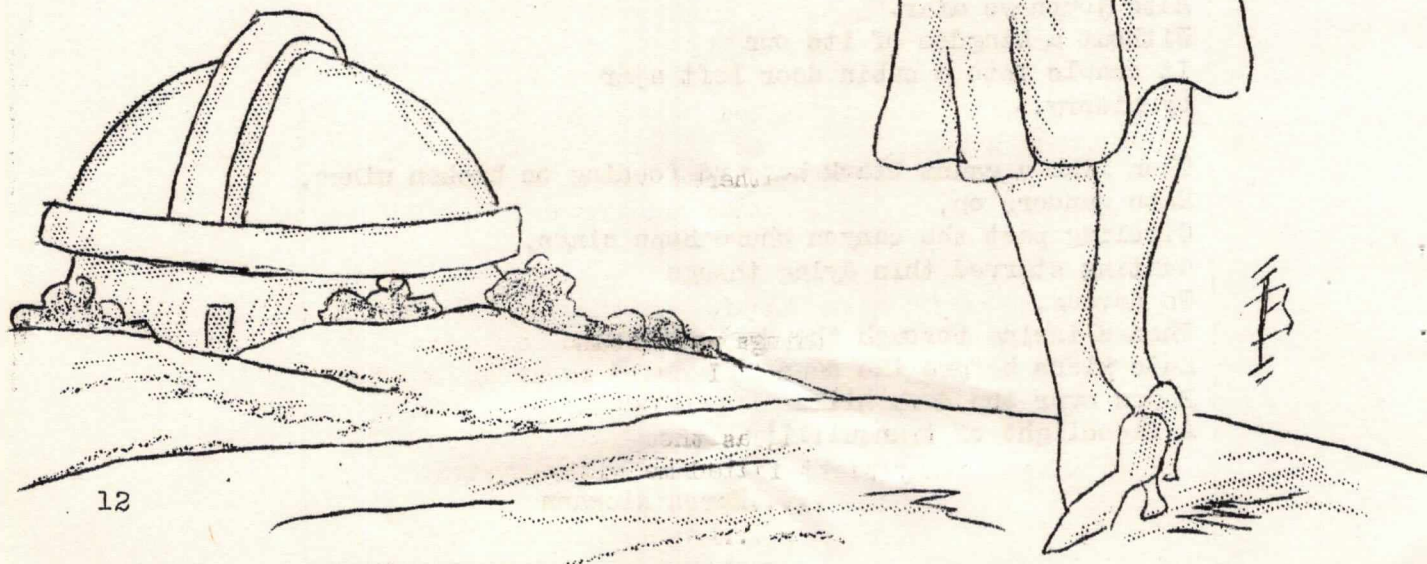
Across the sable canopy of night

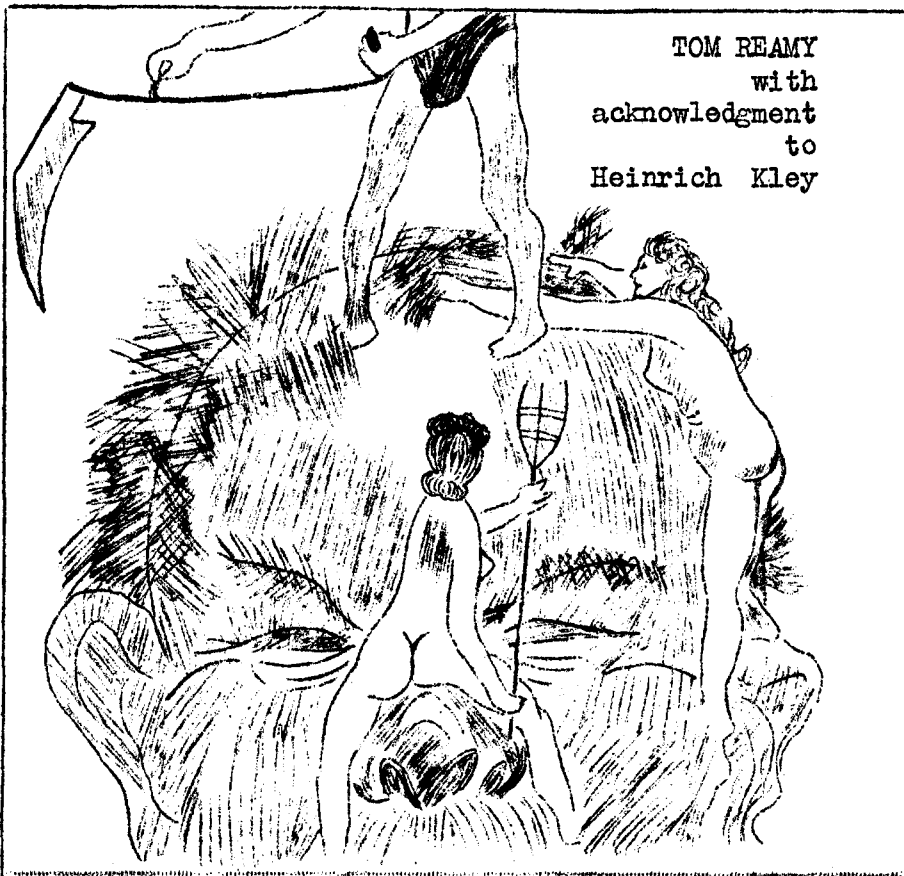
The silver suns are spread in bright array
As if some godling, in olympic play,
Had scattered diamonds, shouting with delight
To see the patterns fashioned of their light;
And in the darkened hall across the way
The men of science measure this display
And on dull charts their observations write.

But I stand here alone upon this hill

And search, with aching heart, the star-flecked dome
For any tiny trace of flame that will
Assure me that his ship is coming home.
Night after weary night, I watch these skies
That taunt me with a million mocking eyes...

- Garth Bentley





TOM REAMY
with
acknowledgment
to
Heinrich Kley

SEEIN' THINGS

(With acknowledgment to Kley's Cartoon)

On a bench in the park in the sun
Sat a wrinkled old man with smiling face;
He winked at me as I passed, with fun
In his eyes. But ye gods of Space!

Was I seeing aright? On the bridge of his nose,
I swear I saw the nude form of a girl!
A trident she held in one hand o'er his brow,
And seemed to be combing his hair in a swirl.

A youth with a scythe stood on top of his head,
Cutting his gray locks as though cutting grass,
While one at the back gathered hairs in a sheaf,
And upon his left ear stood another nude lass.

I rubbed my eyes madly at what I beheld
And stopped in my tracks for another long look.
It was true! Those things were scarce an inch high,
They WERE there, by gum! I could swear by the Book.

The old man was grinning as though with delight,
But that uncanny sight filled me with affright!

.....Agatha Grey Southern

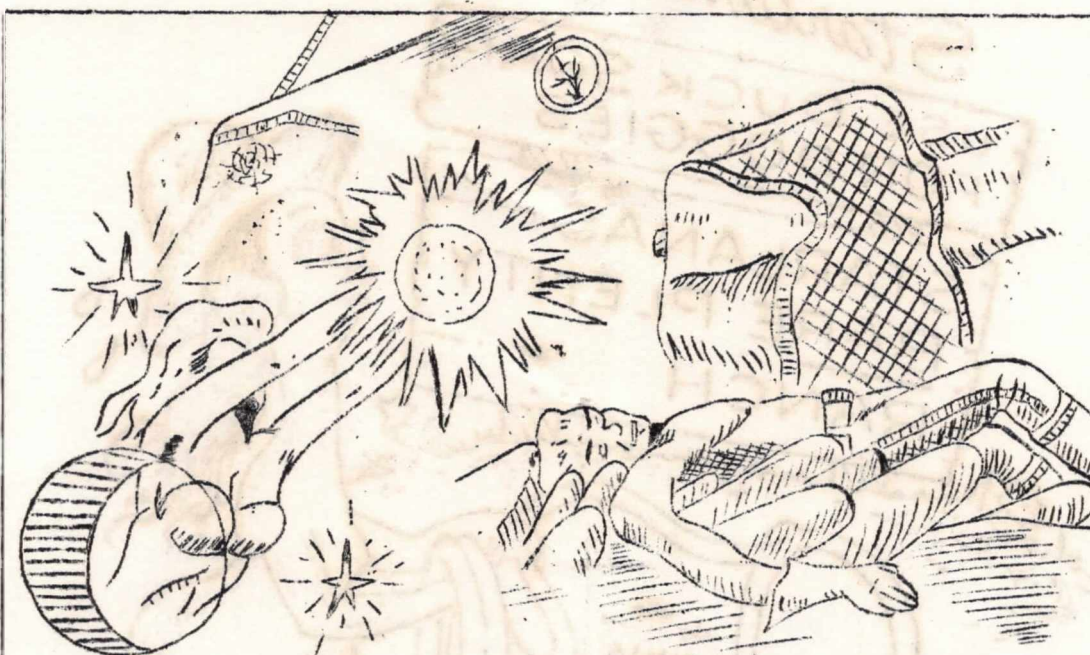


UNCLAD AVENGER

Who is the unclad maid with flowing hair
That seeks a tryst with ghouls on moonless nights?
Why does she dance with apparitions bare
And rendezvous with foulsome troglodytes?

She is an undead spirit who exists
To feed upon all mystifying crimes;
Unpunished sinners follow her through mists
To serve her evil lords in warner climes.

.....Emerald Etone Smith



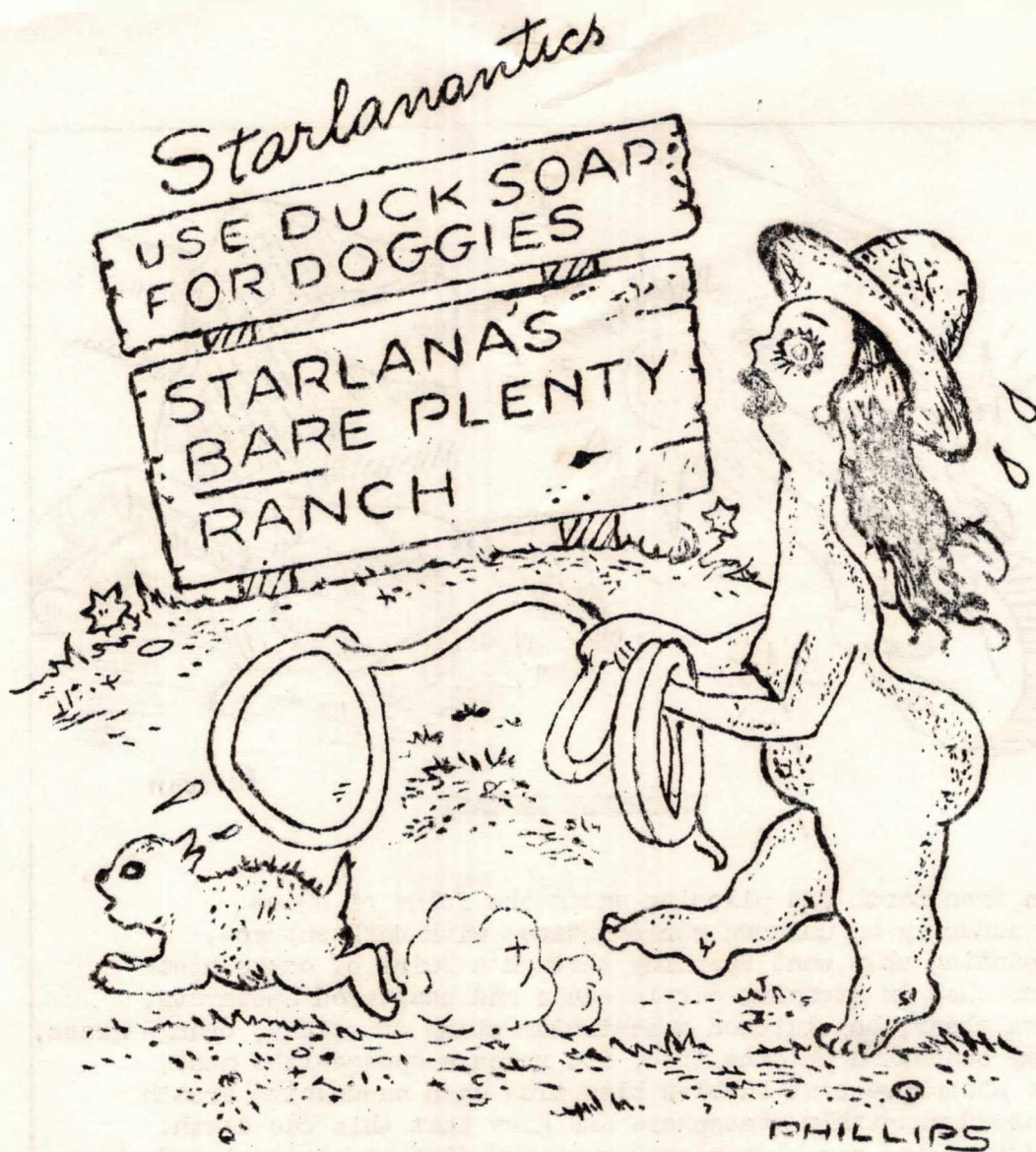
UNEARTHLY FANTASY

PRESCOTT

A man from Earth was piloting among the folds of space
 When suddenly an unknown world enticed with dark embrace,
 His panting ship went spinning through a swirl of ochre mists
 And crashed in steaming purple sands and scattered amethysts.
 Thrown clear, he clutched a squirming clump of sticky, orange grass,
 He lay beneath a pulsing tree, its shape a sponge-like mass,
 While phosphorescent bubbles blew with each successive breath
 He gasped unearthly atmosphere and knew that this was death.
 His dying mind saw blue-rimmed suns and distant green-glazed sky,
 But no familiar ant was there to hear his final sigh.

A great white form forsook its hole to touch the too-cold hand,
 Its feelers moved across the face and tried to understand.
 Then motionless, it pondered with a long developed brain
 And wished this ugly, pinkish thing were able to explain--
 It seemed unfitted to survive the sweet, suspended bliss,
 And why should any God devise a creature such as this.

.....Margaret G. Hinde



SL # 11

STICK TO STF

SL # 11 contains a quality line-up
That is fine up
To the very last,
Starlanes is moving fast
To a high position
Among fanzines.

The cover, my God,
How odd.....
It appears to be colored
By hand!

Reading this, far and wide,
Poetry lovers sighed
And writhed in soul-tearing
Agony.

.....David English
63 West Second Street, Dunkirk, N.Y.

Enclosed, my list of votes,
And you may plainly see
That if it is not stf
It rates no votes from me.

The reason Starlanes is
Worth five cents more than "Post"
It's OFF-trail verse, unique,
Is what keeps me engrossed.

....Crystal Kalmeer

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER

Dear Orma:

Comment, on an issue long deferred,
Is not a thing by editors preferred.

But comes at long last to its destination
This tardy victim of procrastination.

For forsooth, in truth I am impressed,
By Ess-Ell-One-One in its cover gaily dressed.

And as I sit and ponder rhyme for it
I'm puzzled over where you found the time for it.

Top plaudits now are given free-
ly To Garth Bentley's Masqueraders on page 3.

& the second climac-
tic point is the Zymac

And tertiary honors to....
To whom? To whom but you!

NB: I find no less than dreamy
These well-done illos signed by Reamy.

And find, as always, there are fillups
Of enjoyment in these pix by Phillips.

And it's perfectly plain
That Lilith Lorraine
Is a poetess lacking a peer,

For her stuff's never trite
And her name is just Wright*
And she pleases my optical ear.

And now to ease the strain upon my brain,
I'll ease into an Ogden Nashish vein
and say that

If the reader is a Lover of Philip Jose Farmer
I'm sure that BEAUTY IN THIS IRON AGE would strike him as a
thoroughgoing, out-and-out charmer.

I note with quiet, soft opprobrium the short, blithe carol
Called BREATH OF LIFE that's signed by Lloyd Frank Merrell.

And now a voice is calling from outside the yard
And I must close this letter, saying:

yours in fond regard,

*According to the Evans-Peterson
Index, the real name of Lilith
Lorraine is Mary M. Wright -- dag

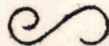
Dean A. Grennell,
402 Maple Avenue,
Fond Du Lac, Wis.

A RESUME

(Taken from the first lines of 18 poems in # 11)

You say you love, but you know me not,
Let us look once more upon you
I'm lonely when I cross the void.
I lived among the natives here
About the shoulders of the world,-
A wild, sweet calling on the midnight air.
Outward and upward swings the bolder drama,
I know there is, somewhere, an earthly sacrament.
Upon this hidden little star
Out from behind the Corona,
Souls too magnanimous to die,
They stand before the gate, waiting.
Give me a rocketship jettied and primed,
Blast off! The relays chatter.
Mars broods....Hear the engines growl and pound,
In space there rose uncharted spheres,
Star beams of glory flush the pathless skies.

Isabelle E. Dinwiddie 425 Ghormley Avenue Oakland 3 California



CRITICISM AND PLEA

I read my first STARLANES today, and though
I admire the verse and artistic depiction,
Don't you think, as a zine, it would be improved
If you published only the best science fiction?

I counted so many borderline poems,
And though I enjoyed them, they could have been better
If only the poets would stay in the star lanes
Instead of on earth.....so I write you this letter.

FOR MUSIC should have been on some other world,
THE SEARCHERS could have met where stars interlace,
THE MUTE CITY might have been on alien soil,
And BEAUTY IN THIS IRON AGE has depth, but not space;

These four are the finest in poetry
But not out-of-this-world enough between stars,-
THE BREATH OF LIFE would have been finer to me
If, like RETURN, it had started on Mars.

I mean no offense, the verses I mentioned
Are excellent as any I've ever seen,
But please.....withhold my address
And keep STARLANES a ZINE!

In unscanned haste,

H. K. Y.

STARLANES Number Eleven came today -
 Read with pleasure and tumultuous applause,
 With a top vote for Isabelle's Shroudless Wanderer;
 Next, SONG for STAY-AT-HOMES, and that's because
 It is so cute with an ending to ponder-er.
 MASQUERADERS, very good, and so "sez me,"
 A lot of truth in it too I see.
 A WARNING to lovers in far-off spaces
 Shows what AFTERMATH may possibly do
 To TERRA, on the GORY ROAD OF DOOM and places.

UNPEOPLED STARS was a pleasure to read,
 And OVERTURE TO SPACE very clever indeed:
 Acrostics are mighty hard to do
 As I have found out in bitter rue.
 COSMIC ROMANCE I liked very much,
 And COSMIC SECRET had a professional touch.

STARLANES # 11

by

Agatha Grey Southern

600 Stanyan, Apt. 8

San Francisco 17

California

DEAR PHILLIPS

Dear Phillips, in Starlanes eleven, on page number sixteen,
 Your washervoman drawing is the cutest ever seen.
 Where did you find the lady? Though she hasn't many clothes,
 She hasn't been a-starving for she's plump, and goodness knows
 You've got to eat a lot of fat to have a full behind;
 She must be new to planet earth, because our womankind
 Buy fancy clothes to cover up their fleshless, skin-clad bones;
 They eat rye-crisp and stuff their ears against their stomach-groans.
 But I'll just bet your model - after she's been here awhile,
 Will change her ways and buy some clothes and slim herself to style.

OR

If clothes' prices soar much higher, the lady gives us hope:
 We can wash our ragged panties out in water and DUCK SCAP.

.....Minnie Pearl Perkins

SUM TOTAL

by

OH, LITTLE STAR of UNPEOPLED STARS,
 DESTINY, OUT OF THE SILENT PLANET,
 SHARED GLORY, THE BREATH OF LIFE, THE COSMIC SECRET and
 BEAUTY IN THIS IRON AGE to
 THE SEARCHERS (A LADY IN DOUBT).

Truda McCoy

Route 1

Box 339 West

Pikeville

Kentucky

MASQUERADERS walked THE GORY ROAD TO DOOM;
 NO SHROUD FOR THE WANDERERS, NO HORIZONS.....

A WARNING: RETURN TO MARS, ATAVISM NATATOES;
 THE MUTE CITY; TERRA, ETERNAL EARTH
 Is an AFTERMATH, A WISH, THE ZYMAC, THE BIRTH OF A GHOST.

WHAT? WHENCE?

It is an ENTREATY, A SONG FOR STAY-AT-HOMES;
 A COSMIC ROMANCE for SAN SOUCI ON THE MAGIC ISLE,
 And an OVERTURE TO SPACE
 FOR MUSIC.

STARVUE ANNOUNCEMENTS

Voting points received on Starlanes # 11 are as follows:

POETRY

FIRST:	<u>Unpeopled Stars</u> by Emili A Thompson	141 votes
SECOND:	<u>Beauty In This Iron Age</u> by Philip Jose Farmer	73 votes
THIRD:	<u>A Warning</u> by Truda McCoy	67 votes
FOURTH:	<u>Return To Mars</u> by Lilith Lorraine	57 votes
FIFTH:	<u>For Music</u> by Marion Schoeberlein	50 votes

OTHERS: Isabelle E. Dinwiddie 41; Garth Bentley 40; James Angell 38; Nangee and Theda L. Pobst tied at 36; Arthur Hillman 31; Hyacinthe Hill 26; Lloyd Frank Merrell 23; Dean A. Grennell 21; K. Houston Brunner and Dorothy B. Winn tied at 20; Byron E. Phelps 16; Andrew Duane and Olive Morgan tied at 15; Emerald Etone Smith 11; Norman Wansborough 10; Vera L. Eckert 8; Marie Hand 5; Agatha Grey Southern 3; Page Brownton, Alice Douglas, and Elmer R. Kirk tied at 1 each.

LETTERS: Robert Stewart 91; Elmer R. Kirk 55; Theda L. Pobst 47; Dean A. Grennell 41; Agatha Grey Southern 35; Emili A. Thompson 30; Vera L. Eckert 12; Isabelle Dinwiddie 10.

ART: Individual pics:

Cover by Share 114; Page 13 by Reamy 95; Page 3 by Prescott 67; Page 9 by Phillips 56; Page 5 by Reamy 43; Page 7 by Prescott 26; Page 11 by Reamy 15; Page 16 by Phillips 12.

Totals: Reamy 153; Share 114; Prescott 93; Phillips 68.

Starlanes' readers may be interested in the following booklet by Truda McCoy entitled "TILL THE FROST", obtainable from Mrs. Truda McCoy, Route one, Box 757, Pikeville, Kentucky - 50¢ per.

MAGAZINES: NEO, a quarterly of prose and poetry. A magazine devoted to all forms of literary art including that of fantasy. 50¢ per copy; \$2 per year; 454 Bolivar Street, Canton, Massachusetts.

DIFFERENT, a quarterly of quality verse and science fiction; 50¢ per copy; \$2 per year; 79-14 266 Street, Glen Oaks, Floral Park Long Island, New York.

GALLEY, a quarterly of up-to-date information on little magazines 75¢ per copy; \$2.50 per year; Box 190, North Hollywood; Calif.

- Starlanes is -

- A FAN VARIETY ENTERPRISES MEMBER -

From January, 1910, the business has
been in a steady decline.

The following table shows the cost of
the various items in 1910.

Cost of raw materials

Cost of labor

Cost of a single unit

Cost of a single unit

Cost of a single unit

Cost of a single unit

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Summary

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ANNOUNCEMENT

STARLANES, The International Quarterly of science fiction poetry, is edited by Orma McCormick and Nan Gerding. This is the last 20¢ issue in poemzine format. STARLANES goes into print with the January issue. 1954 prices will be 40¢ a copy, \$1.50 a year, or for any four copies. Present subscriptions will be honored at the old price.

For those who feel that this new price is too high, the poemzine ARION is being published for 20¢ a copy by Ray C. Higgs, 813 Eastern Ave., Connersville, Indiana.

STARLANES' editorial policy remains unchanged. A complimentary copy will be sent to each contributor when his material is used. As yet, there is no other payment. Please enclose a stamped return envelope when submitting new poetry.

The January booklet has already been sent to the printers, so no voting can be listed in that issue. To make room for more regular poetry, the artwork and letters have been dropped.

Whether the voting will be continued or not will depend on reader's comments, so please let us hear from you before the April booklet goes to press.

Address changes, poetry, and subscription money, should be sent to Orma McCormick, 1558 W. Hazelhurst St., Ferndale 20, Mich. We will need many new subscribers and contributors to keep STARLANES in print during 1954. Friends of present subscribers may receive a free copy upon request, if they have not already seen a copy of STARLANES.

If readers decide they wish to maintain the voting on poetry, the results of this issue will appear in April.

We want the most unusual verses, weird, futuristic humor, fantastic, and science fiction. The January issue will be 24 pages, 8½ x 5½, and contain 42 poems. Britons may still subscribe by sending equal value in British premiums or poetry magazines.

After January, 1954, our exchange list must be revised according to value.

You received this issue for one or more of the following reasons as checked.

Please review _____

Exchange _____

You are a valued subscriber _____

Your sub expires _____

This is a complimentary copy because
you are a contributor _____

Sample _____, hoping you will subscribe,
and your comments will be appreciated.

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you will not receive the next issue
unless we hear from you. ???????

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