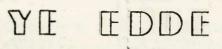


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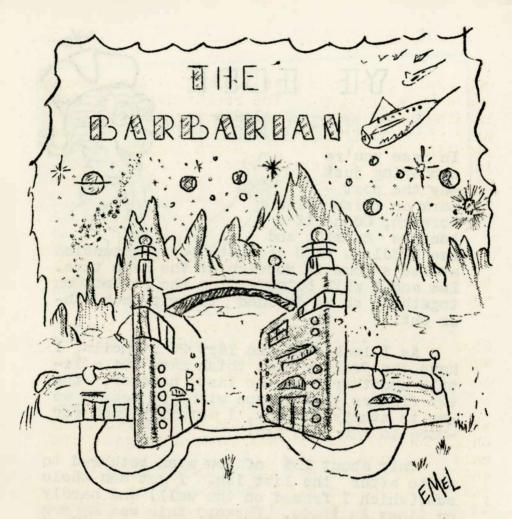
In case you're
wondering just
why the post mark on thish reads
Norwich, Conn., It's
because my zine and
Lee Riddle's PEON are both being a sembled
at Lee's home in Norwich at the same time.
Lee and I will be attending the Fanvet Con
together so we decided to help each other out.

As I look over the last 26 stencils, I have the feeling that thish came out a little smoother than the last, however, the two fingers that I type with are nearly wo-rn to stumps. Anyway, I actually look for-ward to the next ish!

Only about 10% of you even bothered to write after the last ish. I got one whole sub, (which I framed on the wall) and hardly no zines in trade. Perhaps this was my own fault! Acti #1 just wasn't worth the comments of those fans who have been around for such a long time that they feel slighted at even being asked to spend their valuable time answering struggling faneds, non-entities, and neo-fans. I do not feel that thish deserves the fate of the last and I'm counting on YOU to help prove me right!

In parting let me assure you that I do not intend to carry on feuds or crusades, but if something worthy needs support, I'll defend it to the hilt! See you in June.

3



The Confederated Star Knigdoms were housed in a gigantic artificial globe, specially constructed for this purpose and residing on the very center zone where the five greater kingdoms ended.

It drifted in a million mile wide neutral belt donated by the kingdoms for their ruling governments to assemble in.

-by David Bates

The great globe h a s an artificial atmosphere and a weak gravity. The rocket launches and landing platforms sprawled accross a thirty-mile wide curving field. In the North were the refuling drums and to the South a giant erection of plastic marble cubes forming a mile high, pink tinted castle that seemed too fragile for any use, reared its head.

A great discussion was in progress. A new barbaric race wished to have a delegate admitt -ed with at least the power of a Star-Lord.

Many favored the admittance of the new Star man as his race was highly intelligent and their blood was a wanderers blood, else they would never have reached the stars.

Julnar, seven hundred years old and monsterish to those who knew not of his race, was Chief-Councilman. For two hundred years he had

held that royal posistion and now he was to be the judge. His wisdom was to tell whether a new mem - ber should be admitted to their council or not. He alone must decide after wieghing all evidence, either for or against the Barbarian.

Julnar raised his right arm in the eternal symbol of friendship and signalled for silence by rising.

(Continued on the next page)

through the stilled hall the audiophone carried his ringing voice in crystal clearness.

"Councilmen, Council-Lords, and Brother Starmen: I speak to you on a matter of great importance! For seven D'jaks we have pondered on the advisability of admitting a barbarian to our very council as a minor star-lord. To day, I as judge recieved the final decision of the Rauncel jury. Untill late yesterday the verbal ballot was completly against admit -tance."

"The Barbarian possesed many of the qual -ities requested for a councilman, but he isn't civlized. His race lives on the Galaxy Barrens, they have intelligence but being barbarians no regard for life when they are angry."

A stir went through the great hall. The most valuable of all gifts, life, thought to be worthless? Fantastic!

We have found that they a r e only three hundred years from thier last war. only four hundred years out in the grey depths of space, and they still speak many languages. This race is worthless! Perhaps in a few eaons....but even though we accepted h is application for membership a n d gave it full consideration we later learned from careful investigation things which changed slightly out opinion of the Barbarian. Ah, I see that it is time for a recess, we will meet again in a few hours to give final judgement of these wanderers.

The large hall cleared very quickly, the Bar -barian, left alone, was told to accompany Parn Chief Juryman and principal objector to h i s race's acceptance to the great Federation.

"Come Barbarian! You can enjoy!"
the pleasures of our world for the short period you shall reside on it. Let's watch the great starships of our kingdom bringing the Star-Rovers to our Council."

The elf-man disliked the alein into and ridiculed him at every chance. Many times he had unconciously braged of his race's glory and compared it unflatteringly to that of the aleins.

Once the Barbarian's rage had burst its bonds and he had struck the elf-man a terrible back-handed blow The elf-man had been born of a too proud race and he had resented the Alein since. They walked slowley down the huge ramp across the verowalk to the guide rail by the launches. The ships came in o ver the great launch and sank on a pillar of flame into the oval concussion pit. The Barbarians footsteps slowed, as did Parn's.

"Why do you wish to incur m y wrath little Parn?" Asked the tall one. "Can we not be friends?"

"Friends, you say?" Hah! I must be able to trust my friends and I will never trust a mere savage. My people were plying trade on the Far Galaxies when yours crawled u p from the slime of the swamps primevil! Friends. Can I ever trust you? Every move you make may be hostile for your race is plagued by murderers, criminals of all kinds, and ones such as YOU! How can a savage ever expect.....

7 (Continued on the next page)

One of the many atmospherepumps had been damaged by the concussion of a landing ship. Without warning it burst! The fragments scattered across the walk. One raked Parn driving him backwards, over the very edge and down into the abyss of the rocket-pit. His body rolled to a stop and Parn lay limp, stunned by the unexpected blow while a great shadow fell across him as the great ship that had brought him to this council meeting made ready to land and await his return. The ship sank on screeming rockets hovering high above the pit wherein lay the helpless Parn.

The Barbarian hesitated only a moment! He raced the length of the danger zone, leaped in to the pit using his legs as springs to absorb the shock of the fantastic leap as he hit the floor. The Barbarian rolled, came to his feet and ran stiff leggedly to the Elf-mans side.

Sweat ran down his forehead. His arm encircled Parn, and muscels bulging, slung him across his wide shoulders. The Barbarian tried to stand, his left leg, numb from the hip down refused to support his weight.

On hands and knees he rolled frantically over. His enormouse cape was torn from his shoulders, his flying fingers knotted it about Parns body and the barbarian started to crawl. Parn, wrapped in the protective folds of the cape was dragged under the barbarian's believe to sweat rolled down his body, his eyes were blinded by the terrific heat, as he scurried—the three hundred feet to the pits edge.

(Continued on the next page)

Above him the descending rockets flames burned in a terrible force of destruction at the barbarians back. He was at the pits edge as the great rocket's final burst of flames seared the pit to blackened ruin. The savages broad back burned, the skin split, and blood ran in rivulets from many wounds. The savage, with one titanic effort plunged over the edge into the four-by-nine concussion absorbing ch-annal just as the rocket crashed onto the fin-al ramp.

The Barbarain did not feel the Royal Launch Guards, lift him, nor did he see the great medical center/ they took him to, or Parn, now partially recovered, cry bitter tears of regret over the Barbarians bur-/ ned and broken body.

At the science center, medical masterpieces were performed, they adjusted broken bones, mended the torn flesh, healed burned back, legs, and arms. He survived the ordeal. Three days later the judge-ment was again in consideration.

Julnars eyes appraised the audience, h i s arm rose and he bowed at the center platform where the Elf-man Parn had just fi nished his speach. Parn bowed acknowledgement and retired to his seat. Julnar's voice rose echoingly, his words eptc, his speech immortal, for, he was the greatest of the Lords, his judge ment the wisest of all.

(Continued next page)

"That, Star-Men is the strange paradox of the Barbarian's race. Inspite of all their wars, THEY HAVE A HIGH REGARD FOR LIFE!""They consider life of so high a value that they'll lay down their own even for that of a "hated" enemy!"This is what changed our opinion of the Barbarian, for such an atribute cannot be boasted of by many of us."

"The judgement is here! Barbarian arise!"

The Elf-man Parn, walked slowly guiding-the bronze-skinned giant to the raised dias in the platforms center. There, the Barbarian strode alone, unaided. His hair was short now his face gaunt, eyes red-rimmed. He was naked to the waist, his chest rose and fell with each breath. Thin plastic-like bandages covered most of his body.

The Barbarian stood erect, tall, and proud. Pride was visible in every line of his body, the same pride that had driven his race out into the very Cosmo, out into the Star-Lands.

Man, and acting judge of the Jury of Rauncel, hereby dec-wallare the final judgement on the Barbarians admission to the Universal Council of Confederaed Star-Kingdoms as influenced by the ballots of the Jurymen and the testimony of Parn, Chief Jury-man. "The Barbarian is hereby admitted, to the Hall of Star-Kings as a Councilman with full authority to represent his race as a fit egual of all neighboring Star-Kingdoms."

Amid the crescendo of cheers. Parn faced the Barbarian and murmered softly, "Man of Earth, I welcome you."

——IHE BEMIS——

#1 THE CAVES OF STEEL By Isaac Asimov. This is a mystery of the Perry Mason-Ellary Queen variety. I would be tempted to call it a space opera, but all the action takes place in N.Y.C. and under ground to boot! As for the fiction part of the novel, it is; to put it mildly, slightly terrific! The plot is ex -cellent, well constructed, and well written. I think the science could stand a little going over. The concept of the whole human race li -ving underground and liking it seems just a bit far-fetched, unless there was a dangerof A or H bomb attack. As far as intelligent rob -ots go...who knows? Some day we may have th -em . . . Whatever defects the novel has they can be easily overlooked. WORTH READING RATING: EXCELLENT.

#2 WHAT MAD UNIVERSE By Fredric Brown.
Amusing....but confusing! That's about thebest description I can give this book. It has
a rather entertaining plot, but, nothing to
rave about. It's all about a fellow who has
gotten himself trapped in another dimension
a war with Arcturus-in which General Eisenho
-wer is the commander of the Earth forces, a
bunch of purple monsters, and it boasts, amo
-ng other things, of a few scary moments on
dark main streets, a few scary moments on we
-ll lit main streets! It ends in yet another
dimension. This novel is actually science-fi
-ction with a very strong science-fantasy te
-ndencies.

Reading it is not an absolute necessity, but would not be a bad idea. RATING: Good.



ASPHODEL AND WORMWOOD

By Bob McCubbin

Having been acting as a reviewer on-"ETHERLINE'S" team for over twelve months it has been suggested that I should review my reviews, and reasons for reviewing over that period.

First, the answer to a common question "Why write reviews?". As a matter of fact, there are three reasons, to let publishers and authors know whether they are meeting public approval (as if their sales--chart couldn't tell them), to give fans, particularly those who live in the country, some idea of what is worth buying and where it may be got, and lastly, and perhaps most important, to let the reviewer inflate his ego by letting his ideas have a public airing.

My reason ---- you guess!

Reviewing can be divided into four sections:- novels, pocket books, professional magazines and fan magazines.

Currently, the first and last sections are expanding and the other two are dwindling.



In hardcover books, anthologies a re now predominating, so much so in fact, that this poor wight, in spite of possesing a normal plus vocabulary, in printable words, is running out of new ways to say the same old things.

My friend, Don Tuck published an exaustive, and

exausting, list of anthologies in "Ether-line" (commencing with No.37). My only comment here is that the editors are doing a good job though tending to repeat themselves, particularly with stories of recent vintage.

I have purchased a n umbrella in case, "There Come Soft Rains" again!

In the novel field we are getting extensions and elaborations of many magazine stories, some of them are extremely high standard. The juvinile field is being well supplied, many of the books are up to adult standard-----and beyond!

To my great relief the flood of pocket books has dried off to a trickle w i th a less significant fraction of literary horrors. Reviewing pocket books, particularly British ones, is like groping in a midden for pearls. One British author, who operates under a galaxy of pen-names, was using a mutated machine gun to fire printed garbage. Of the British pocket books, Rolf Garner's trilogy was outstanding. (Resurgent Dust, The Immortals, and The Indestructable.)

Garner is Bryen Berry, and under that name wrote several readable yarns. The cheapest line, "Tit-Bits "novels, have so far had reasonabley readable material.

In the American field I c a n reccomend Ballentine Books and Ace Doubles in the S-F field, with Coronet and Perma in the race. Unfortunately, before I can review, I must BUY and believe me I have a Scottish complex, I cannot bear to throw away anything that has cost me money!

Magazinės can be dėvided into pulps and slicks, and then subdevided into American, British, and Australian, a n d then sub-sub devided into originals and reprints. The Australian output is negligable, though the Malian Press are putting out a line of miniature mags containing good American reprints a t lo¢. The American field is headed by, in alphabetical order, Astounding, Galaxy, and the magazine of Fantasy & Science Fiction. The British originals, Authentic, Nebula, and New Worlds, are the best in their field. Of all the reprint magazines, all I can say is that copywrite dufficulties play strange tricks. On my shelves, I have representatives of sixty-four different magazines, many, alas! defunct, others, which, alas! should be!

Now fot the section w e all know well, and, which is most difficult to review. I refer to the amatuer efforts. Most of these are pure egoboo-if egoboo can be pure! Some are intended to assist fandom-----the lead -ers being "Operation Fantast" (Slater, England) "Fantasy Times" (Taurasi, U.S.A.) "Kaymar Trader" (U.S.A.) and "Etherline" (Crozier, Australia). Pardon me, but is my ego showing? (Next Page)

The National Fantasy Fan is a serious job, but slanted towards the members of N3F only. However, the later issues have been calling lachrymosely, for aid. Through several channals I recieve a variety of fanmags, a l l of which bear evidences of considerable editorial effort and ambition, but often failing to reach a consistantly readable standard. I know that typing, duplicating, and layout can be improved with practice only, and something must be done with the practice efforts. When I criticise, I'm n o t capping for my own sadistic pleasure, (though you may have that idea), but pointing out matters that c a n be rectified in later issues.

I am old--- rising fifty--- and like my humor adult, so perhaps I may be a little severe on adolescent jokes and cartoons. If so, my sincere apologies to a ny corns on which I may have trodden.

TO LACK OF ADULT - TYPE A tip here--- if a page has failed to register, th- / row it away. Don't put badly smudged or illegible pages into your mag. Subscribers like reading material, they usually prefer to get their toilet necessisities in roll form, without staples. The above is a world-wide failing, most publishers trans gress occasionally. Speaking of staples, my greatest gripe is the habit of stapling the mag around the four edges and mailing it flat. The postal officials probably do their very best, but too often mags arrive without covers and/or back pages, or other-wise mutilated. Pro-mags should be mailed flat, I know, but the average fanzine is neither stiff enough, nor thick enough to It is possible to duplicate binders with your return address and the Post Off-ice does not mind a little glue along the edges.

I am always amazed a t t h e amount of good original material that can be found in fanmags, much of it from well known authors and the indefat-fan columnists. Keep it up chaps, many of our current authors once had no greater ambitionthan t o fill up a couple of pages of a fanmag.

Penultimately, I wish to explain the reviewing set-up in "Etherline".

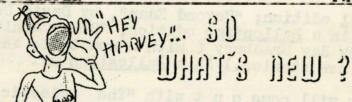
Each reviewer has his or her own group of publications to handle. This ensures continuity, and enables comparisons between issues to be made redily.

Finally, I wish to re-iterate that the average reviewer is intent on giving readers and writers a helping hand---and is not devoting his time to planting knives between the shoulderblades of the unsuspecting.

If you, the reader wish to comment on this article, by all means do so either through your own columns or direct. All bombs should be addressed after carefully packing to 90 Lillydale Grove, Hawthorne East, Victoria, Australia.

If you feel like sending flowers, send them to your nearest Hospitol, with my regards.

END



(Recent developments i n s-f pocketbooks, bound editions, and magazines. The latest news in the publishing field.)

By Harvey Segal

NEW IN POCKETBOOKS:

Two books were released last month that wern't formally listed as s-f, but are it. They are: "The Deluge", a Lion book by Leonardo De Vinci, and "Escape to Nowhere", or originally titled "ONE", a Lion Library book by David Karp. Both books were reviewed in Galaxy and "ONE" got a very good review.

Issued at the end of March were: "Scienc -e Fiction Terror Tales", an anthology by Groff Conklin in a Pocket 25¢, and a Gnome \$3.00 edition, and "More Adventures In Space And Time" in a Bantam edition, containing more stories from Healy's 1946 anthology. Ballentine has just released "Of All Possible Worlds", a collection of stories by William Tenn. This book was originalle scheduled for July 1954, but publication was held up until new due to some difficulty in reacheing an agreement.

Scheduled for April are: "The Syndic", by C.M. Kornbluth in a Bantam edition; Who Goes There and others", by J.W.Campbell in

a Dell edition; "Beyond Edan", by David Dun-can in a Ballentine edition, "Dark Carnival" by Ray Bradbury (with a new title andsome new stories.) In a Ballentine ed.

Ace will come o u t with "The Galactic - Breed" (The Starmen), by Liegh Brackett, together with "Conquest Of The Space Sea" by R.M. Williams. Signet will issue Heinlein's "Revolt In 2100", thus having issued all 4 of the Future History Series.

Lion reports that due to their success with the 1954 an -thology "Human", Ju -dith Merril will e -dit a new anthology for them. It is rumored that "E Plu -ribus Unicorn". Stu -rgeon's collection will see pb form.



Special News To Actifan!: Pocket Books Inc. has announced their pocket- science - fiction schedule for the rest of '55. Their next book will appear in July entitled "Operation Future" and will be edited by Groff Conklin. In Sept. they will come out with- "Invaders Of Earth" also by Conklin. These two. together with Conklin's s - f Terror Tales", make up their complete '55 issue. It seems that they have gone "Conklin Happy" down at pb-Inc!

NEW IN BOUND BOOKS

Issued in March: "All About The Future" a Gnome Press anthology by Martin Greenberg "Timeliner", a Rinehart novel by Chas. Eric Maine (originally broadcast over BBS); and

"Earthman Come Home", a <u>Putnam</u> novel by Jam -es Blish, assembled from his ASF " OKIE " stories.

COMING SOON

"A Way Home", a collection of 12 Sturgeo -r's edited by Groff Conklin; "The Old Die Rich", a collection of H.L. Gold's best sto -ries; and "The Edge Of The Running Water", a fantasy novel by William Sloane.

FIRST QUARTER 1955

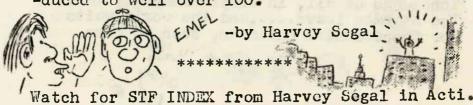
To date there have been 17 pocketbooksand 9 bound books issued, making a total of 22 different books, (four issued a s bound and pocket simultaneously).

IN THE MAGAZINES

Columbia Publications is considering putting out a large size STF magazine to be the size of SF PLUS or ASF of 1942. Univers -e has changed its name back to Other World -s. Beyond on the stands again. SF Adventur -es will not be revived. New 15¢ STF mag ex -pected out, to be the size of Quick magazi -nc.

THE OVERSTOCK MARKET

A new group of books have been reduced, from \$2.75 & \$4.00 to \$1.00 in March. They are "Tales From Gavagans Bar", "The Patrific -d Planet", "Time To Come", "Final Blackout" and others. This makes the total of thus re-duced to well over 100.



THE

VIRGIN

STAR

by Fey O Keron

The stars and their silent everlasting sirens call

Honey voiced, irresistible lovers call

Luring strong willed men to their mysterious charms

Reveling themselves through gossamer cloud gowns

Swaying enchantingly before the Spaceman's hungry eyes

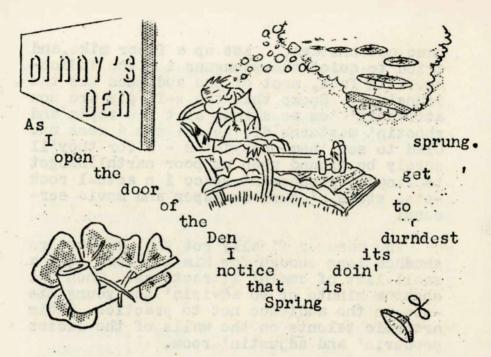
Drawing lonely men from the gray emptiness, To the green grass beds theath the blanket sky

A luringness, sweeter yet for its shyness.

When the conquest is over, an innecence remains

Innocence of all, in completeness of love. The Starmen leave....and the world waits for the colonist children, soon to come.

Mari of Vinois



The crocuses are showin' their leaves above ground, and there's some promisin' bumps on the forsythia bushes. The peep frogs have already started tunin' up. But the mornin' after St. Paddy's day it snowed real good and proper, tossin' a cold blanket over everything!

I don't go to the pix very often, but "Target Earth" came to the Palace so I sn-uck out of the Den and attended. It shared billen' with "Jupiter's Darling." Despite the planetary title, J.D. is not s-f. It's a satire on Hannible, the ancient elephantman. In it, Esther Williams spent a lot of time in and under water, modelin' them old Roman bathin' suits. Felt like takin' a big dive into the screen and joinin' her, I'm that fond of water!

Before the curtain went up, the manager

came out onstage, sot up a floor mike, and tried to quiet the younguns in the audience...in fact, most of the audience was the young'uns! Seems that the s-f pix are now attractin' 'em as strong as the ropin'and shootin' westerns did when I wuz a weee un. Glad to see them enjoyin's - f for they'll surely be around when us poor earthling get to finally pioneerin' space in actual rock -ets, stead o' just on paper and movie screens!

The manager finally got the youngsters shuched long enough for him to read off a small list of comin' attractions. Then he spent a minute or so advisin' the young mis -ses in the audience not to practice their artistic talents on the walls of the ladies powderin' and adjustin' room.

"Target Earth "turned out to be nowhere as thrillin' and spectacular as I had anticipated. By the time you're readin' the Den column, "Target Earth" will likely have played most of the theatres so I wont go in to a lengthy re-hashing of the plot. But it does concern robots sent to earth and control ed by Venusians. The U.S. Army finds a way to shatter the robots control's and, as usual, all ends well.

I heard there's a another pic in the offering somewheres, concernin ' a trip to Mars. Can't recall the title offhand, but there's one s - f pic I'm gonna see, come L and Eye-water!.

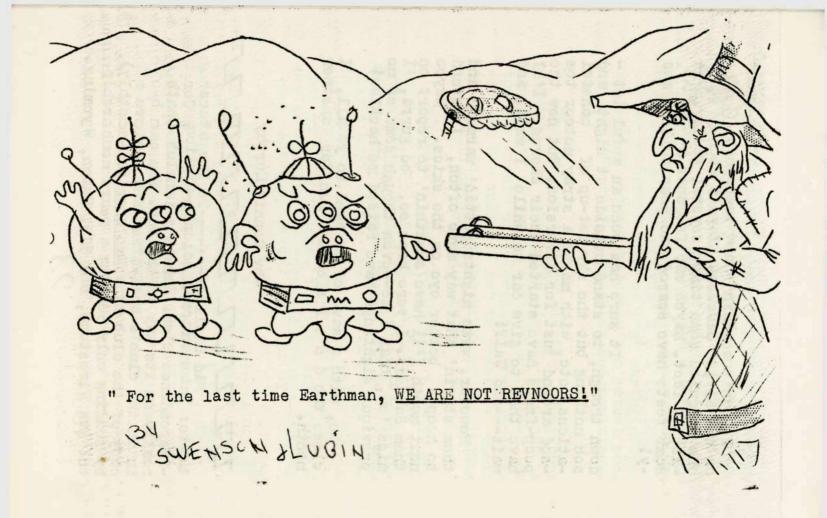
It sure has been an awful let -down though, to stand outside at night and see nothing but the sky set-up of constel -ations, etc, with maybe a stray meteor tos -sed around just for diversion. But now the peep-frogs have started their chorus, I'll have that to give ear to while I wait, and wait---and WAIT!

However, with nights gettin' warmer and them stayin' that way more often, I intend to keep a better eye on the skies. Maybe next month I'll have somethin' to report on them Saucers. I sure hope so. be gorra, I miss 'em, that I do--even though some of me previous sightings have raised me hackles!

So, with a wave of me hand to ye all. I close the doors of the Den for another month.

-by Dennis Murphy

"Ad Stellas-----To The Stars"
Motto: International science-fiction Correspondence Club. Here's a fanclub that's
really on its way to the top. You can be
in on the club's activities and recieve a
copy of the club zine Explorer (bi-monthly)
by sending only 50¢ for a years membership
to: Eva Firestone, Box 515, Upton, Wyoming.



LETTERS

(Otherwise titled: "Echo's from an empty -ailbox!")

DAVE NORMAN

E. GREENWICH, R.I. must say it's quit

e an improvement

over Tentacle. Wouldn't it have been e -asier to make it full size instead of trying to imitate the printed ones? Al -so, if you could scronge a typer with smaller type you would be able to get more on one page and give the reader a better impression.

It seemed poorly planned to me and with not much thought given to layout, even the you had justified margins. The John Jeffrey bit was much enjoyed by yours truly. The editorial where the ed rambles on and on was well enjoyed a s well as was Dinny's Den... I can just picture (or hear would be better) that Polish dj reading that poem. Yes, I thought the Actifan was well worth that dime.

To tell you the truth Dave, I agree with you on most points however I don't thing a mimeo'd zine should go smaller than pica, it's too damn hard on th'eyes, and a nice wide margin never hurt anybody either.

Chas Lee Riddle I think you did't do Norwich, Conn. too bad a job on your first issue Maury.Now with some improvement on the spelling and format your mag can soon be right

CON GUERS ARE GOOD SWIMMERS

25.

up there among the best of them. Keep it up.

/#I too think that with a little work and diligence I can get somewhere's with Acti, so I certainly will "keep it up".

David Bates
Hartford, Conn.

Hartford, Conn.

ed; but I find that althou
egh I wrote sometime ago,
I plain forgot to all the letter!

I liked R.A. Ertl's column much, hope to see more of him. I liked Dennis Murphy's items also. Quite a few persons object ed to the label. "nut's "because of sighting Saucers. Dennis seems to be one of the brave persons who has sighted them and will stick to his guns. More people like him and perhaps the mystery could be solved.

Glad that you're in our ranks Dennis!
Hope people will like next ish's Barbarian.
-daye

Thanks also to Clayton Hamlin, Steve Kallis, Russ Watkins, and the FEW other fen who took the time to write to me.

I'm sending out almost twice as many copies this time and I damn well expect to get more than a few answers!

If you don't like the mag, then send it back! I'll be glad to get the extra ish -'s, if you do like it then for crying out loud at least get a card out to me and let me know. This zine was sent out to 15 diff erent faned's and not one of them sent me thier zine in return. Note reason you are getting ACTIFAN on outside wrapper please.

26 (ED)

Going to the Olympic Games? Then stop over for Melbourne's

OLYMPICON

You can't come? Then at least make it a point to recieve the Con literature and report by sending \$1.00 to:

R.J. McCubbin 90 Lillydale Grove. Hawthorne East E3 Victoria, Australia

The 13th World SFCon (the greatest ever to be held) will be in Cleveland Chio this year. Membership fee: \$2.00 to

13th World S-F Con Box 508 Edgewater Branch Cleveland 7, Ohio

The FIRST NEW ENGLAND SFCon will be held only when the hundreds of sf fans in N.E. decide that they really do want to hold one. When they organize into solid sf groups or one big N.E. wide fanclub and are able to plan such a Con and wholeheartedly support it.

Until then the First N.E. SFCon is postponed, indefinitely.

