

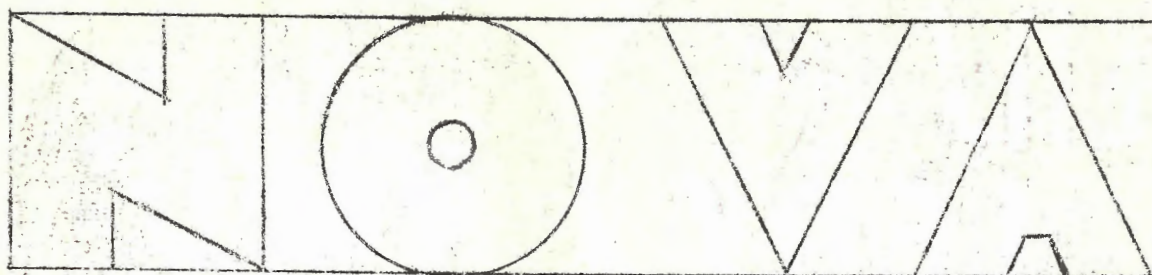
NOVA





INTRODUCING US

Alfred Ashley, Jack Wiedenbeck, Abby Lu Ashley, and E. Everett Evans, the editors, artists and publishers of this latest fanzine, are not all as yet generally known to Fandom, although they have been readers of Science and Fantasy Fiction "from the beginning". They were charter members of the "Galactic Roamers" and of the "Michifans", and are now determined to become active fans, rather than the passive type they have been heretofore. Therefore, they wish to take this means of introducing themselves to Fandom. We hope you like us, and our efforts to interest and amuse you. Please write, and let us become better acquainted. We want to know all of you.



VOLUME I

NUMBER I

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SPECIAL NATAL ISSUE

EDITOR -- Al Ashley

ART EDITOR -- Jack Wiedenbeck

ASSOCIATE EDITOR --- E.E.Evans

FEMMEDITOR --- Abby Lu Ashley

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NOVA is published bi-monthly at 86 Upton Ave., Battle Creek, Michigan. The price is 10¢ per copy, 60¢ per year, or will exchange with other fanzines. Advertising rates by arrangement. Unsolicited contributions welcomed, but those found unsuitable, and not accompanied by return postage, will be treated in the customary fashion. Opinions herein expressed are generally, though not necessarily, approved by the editor.



EDITORIAL

. SPEAKING OF DUCKS

I am a Fantasy Fan. So are you ... and you ... and you.
We are unique. Nowhere does there exist another group so actively and vociferously enthusiastic over one type of contemporary literature.

We organize clubs and hold conventions. We argue endlessly about authors and stories and editorial policies. And that is as it should be. We write letters to the editors of the prozines.

"It's swell!" "It's lousy!" "It stinks!"

Lovely phrases. Pungent words. Brief and to the point. And they mean nothing! They are expressions of unsupported opinion worth nothing.

We are a flock of DUCKS' QUACKING!

Printing a prozine is a business. The publishers are interested in financial returns, not in our juvenile antics. A prozine needs 25,000 readers to exist. It needs 50,000 to be successful and to provide the quality of stories and art that we demand. Just pause for a moment and consider what a circulation of 75,000, or even a hundred thousand could mean. And yet there are magazines on the market whose circulations run into the millions.

Let us strain our mentalities with a little simple arithmetic. The active fans number perhaps 200. In all, there are about 500 fans at the present time. It is easily seen that we represent only ONE PERCENT of the total number of readers. Yet, we have the brazen temerity to attempt to DICTATE to the prozine editors. We are but a noisy minority.

We are DUCKS' QUACKING.

We are like children screaming for the moon. The moon is not

(lift page)

LA NOVA femme.



Conducted by Abby Lu Ashley

Wherein the

MUTANT MAIDENS HOLD FORTH

DID YOU KNOW ---- Clarissa MacDougal "Honey" Smith was married on June 14 ? She decided there wasn't any use waiting for a Gray Lensman, so she settled for his modern counterpart ---- a G-man. And a very nice fellow he appears to be, too. We are sorry to lose her from our local fan group, but send our best wishes for her future happiness.

POGO EXPLAINS ---- "When I thought of STIFETTE, I just wrote all the girl fans that I knew and asked them for material. Since the second and last issue, I've had another brilliant idea and so, now, have formally abandoned it in favor of a bigger and better mag."
((Thanks for the help, Pogo. We acted on your suggestion and got a remarkably fine response. Anxiously awaiting the new mag. Lots of good luck to you.))

KAY BECKER -- of Jackson, Michigan, a Galactic Roamer Mutant Maiden, gets credit for the name of this department. Thanks, Kay, and for all the help you have given in getting this out.

ROSS ROCKLYNNE ---- has been yessed by THE girl. Oh, broken-hearted fem fans. Her name was Frances Alicia Rosenthal, of Cincinnati. The big event took place September 16, and they are planning a honeymoon in California in October. Ross didn't say whether she is a fan or not. Lots of happiness, nice people.

VERNA SMITH TRESTRAIL -- (she calls Doc Smith, Papa) is waiting the arrival of a "little lensman" shortly after NOVA goes to press. She is an ardent fan of both Science and Fantasy fiction, and has been ever since she was old enough to read. Next issue, there will be a bit by her concerning some help she gave Doc on his new story, Second Stage Lensman. Can't give the story away this time.

TRUDY KUSLAN ---- sends congrats on the birth of LA NOVA FEMME. She has promised (if college work permits) to write a short history of girls in fandom. Sounds like you've got something there, Trudy. We will be looking for it.

(no loitering)

WINIFRED MARX --- of New Troy, Michigan, is a gal fan who has never been active but would like to be. We find the country full of them. Maybe we can answer a long-felt need and desire with LA NOVA FEMME. We hope so.

MRS. E.E. SMITH WRITES ----- "You give me the privilege of writing a letter for NOVA. I feel very much as Edward E. Smith once felt when he sat before his typewriter to record in print, all the nonsensical poems and bits of verse he could think of. Ordinarily, he spouts them verbatim, but when he came to write them, he could think of but one or two minor ones. I can't even do that. I am not a fan, but I do hold a great admiration for all fans and authors of scientific fiction.

"I always knew that I was in a "class by myself". I thought it was due to my own wonderful personality, but I see it all now -- it is because I live and have my being in the reflected glory of Edward E. Smith, PhD. All kidding aside, it is something extra-special in thrills to be the wife of such a fine person. After knowing him nigh onto twenty-seven years, I can still say so, truthfully and enthusiastically. And though I don't care for science fiction, purely because it is beyond my mental powers to comprehend, I really enjoy doing my feeble bit to help, such as typing and one thing and another." ((We asked Jeannie for a letter. As usual, with her sweet disposition, she replied at once. She really is a grand person.))

VIRGINIA ALLEN ---- belle of the South Carolina gang, says, "One of the first things I would ask for is a feminine report on the Denver Convention. What did the gals wear to the masked ball? There is something no male could report in coherent fashion. To say nothing of a host of other trifles (?) he wouldn't notice. Have the active girls in the different fan clubs report some of the club's activities. The men almost invariably leave them out except for bare mention of names which is supposed to suffice for mere females. A review of women authors and artists would be welcomed heartily, I'm sure. The best letters from fem fans could be put in this section too. I have long felt the female fan had not her just deserts, and now through your efforts it seems they will come into their own. I am the only girl in our local crew, and I may be prejudiced in some of my views -- but more power to you. I shall be delighted at anything I can do to contribute to the success of your magazine, and your column in particular. Best wishes." ((Thanks just loads, Virginia. Hope we can live up to your expectations. We certainly intend to try. And please, some of you gals who were lucky enough to attend the Denvention, send us an article on the costumes and dresses, written from a girls standpoint.))

YE EDITORESS -- has just returned from a sojourn in the body-garage for extensive excavations and complete overhaul. The Gang threatened to turn her in on a new model. But by dint of many persuasive smiles, and much good salesmanship, this move was circumvented.

PLEASE --- Mutant Maidens, send in anything you would like to have printed in LA NOVA FEMME. Articles, poems, bits of gossip, or just letters. We welcome all of you. We feel there is a much greater niche in Fandom for the girl fan, than has been given her up to this time. Help us see that she gets it.

CONSTRUCTIVE CRITICISM

by

Edward E. Smith, Ph.D.

"It is so." "It ain't so." "'Tis!" "'Tain't!" "You're a Liar!" "You're another!" This is an example of what may be described as the juvenile, or kindergarten, school of argument. It seems to me, however, that the above statements of personal opinion advanced as definite and incontrovertible facts are matched all too frequently in the fan-letters to science-fiction magazines. For in all too many cases they are patterned thus:-

"Doc Smith stinks. Jack Williamson is stupendous. Heinlein is marvelous. Gray Lensman is a classic. Gray Lensman is E. E. Smith being verbose at one cent a word. Gray Lensman stinks. The Legion of Xprgy stinks---or is terrific---or something."

In "The Observatory", in the October, 1941 issue of AMAZING, on page 107, R. A. Palmer writes a couple of paragraphs which every fan should read, re-read, and thoroughly digest. I would like to call attention in particular to the following:-

"Some months ago, the fans moved that the 'professional' magazines had no place in their organization, and that therefore, they were disassociating themselves, and becoming an organization that was by, for, and of the fans." Is this true? I hope not---or, at least, I hope that if it was so moved, nothing came of it. For it would seem self-evident that any group so doing would in very short order find itself "all dressed up and no place to go"---that is, if it carried the idea out to its logical conclusion.

Palmer pleads for rational, commonsense, constructive criticism. This, for him and for all other conscientious editors, is a matter of dollars and cents, as well as for the personal satisfaction of doing a job well. The more fans who write in with thoughtfully-prepared criticisms, the better. At present perhaps only one per cent of the readers of any S-F magazine write to the editor at all. Hence the editors must feel their way, judging results by the circulation figures, being always months behind where they wish to be and where they could be, if they were able to get an accurate and prompt cross-section of their whole body of readers.

There is every need for editors and fans to work together. It is upon this premise that the "Galactic Roamers" was founded. Upon it has been based practically all of the official work of that organization to date. Upon it is based the organization of the as yet inchoate, State-wide "Michifans". It is to argue, as cogently as I possibly can, for such cooperation, that I am writing this article for this new fan-mag---fanzine?---NOVA.

The FACTS are these:- 1) Not enough readers write letters to the editors. 2) Of the letters which are written too many are distinctly of the kindergarten school, containing nothing of value for the guidance of either editor or author.

The AIMS are these:- 1) To induce more and ever more readers to write letters to S-F editors. 2) To persuade those who write to editors to make their communications solid, constructive criticisms

instead of meaningless praise and equally meaningless condemnation.

No criticism is or can be wholly constructive; something must be torn down if the existing structure is to be improved. So it is in this article---I have had to do some tearing down. In doing so, however, I have tried to use only factual wrecking tools.

Now to rebuild. To do so, I must point out a fact which, although it is obvious, has been given altogether too little attention: the place of the author in all this melange of flattery and villification. It has already been said that fans should cooperate with editors. Now it should be said that both must cooperate with authors if the best results are to be obtained. Editors already do so to the best of their ability. So do some fans---I have benefited tremendously because of letters from and personal conferences with fans who have been interested enough to take the time and energy necessary for a really searching analysis of my stuff.

To say that I stink is not helpful, either to me, to the editor who publishes my story, or to fellow-fans. What I want to know is how, where, and in what way I stink, so that I can perfume up my forthcoming yarns. To say that I am terrific is no better---except for the fact that it inflates my ego. I want to know the how and the where of that terrificity, so that I can concentrate upon whatever characteristic it is that makes it so.

I have been asked to give here my idea of what a really constructive criticism should be. That, friends, is a dangerous and neck-sticking-out job, for scarcely any two authorities agree even as to the line of demarcation between "plot" and "situation". For what it may be worth, however, and remembering that this is the opinion of only one man, here it is -- remembering also that authors and authorities differ as to the boundaries involved in and the exact definitions of plot, conflict, situation, incident, suspense, treatment, motivation, verisimilitude, and even logic.

PLOT and CONFLICT may be discussed with few words--every plot, whether there were three or nine originally, was old centuries ago. Basic conflict the same. Right vs wrong, man vs Nature, man vs man, just about exhausts the list except for the variation man vs woman, the application of which in S-F is very sharply limited.

SITUATION and INCIDENT are not much better. Basically, almost every possible situation has been worked and reworked. Some, of course, have been worked harder than others. The mad scientist, the threatened destruction of the world, etc., have been worked to death, and protests are in order. We can make incidents look new, by various mechanisms; and we should do exactly that.

SUSPENSE and INTEREST go together. While it is inevitable that the reader will know in general the outcome of any S-F story, due to the nature of the fundamental conflict involved, enough incidental material should be present to keep the reader interested in the outcome. If not, the reader is justified in squawking.

TREATMENT, being a matter of individual taste, cannot be said to be bad or good. Personal opinion rules here, and the more votes which can be cast the better. Action, back-ground material and at-

mosphere to give authenticity and verisimilitude to the story, or character-drawing to make the characters live. Which? To get any one of the three is to sacrifice some of the other two. In this connection, the accusation of wordiness hurled at an author is usually unjust. A competent author does not write words merely to fill up space. He uses them just as knowingly as a mechanic uses tools, or as an artist uses colors and brush, and with exactly as definite an end in view. The casual reader may not know, or care, what that end is, but in almost every case the author has not only known exactly what he was doing, but has placed each word with care. He may be using those words for atmosphere, for character-drawing, for the deeply-buried philosophy underlying his story, for a subtle imagery which is only perceptible to the reader who has the ability to read between the lines, or for any one of a dozen other things. Personally, I like atmosphere, philosophy and character-drawing, as well as action, in a story -- but I am only one reader and everyone else is entitled to his own preferences. Thus, the action fan begrudges every word which does not hurl a story along -- and the action fan does not like Lovecraft: saying that he is "wordy". To the fan who likes and appreciates atmosphere, however, Lovecraft was the master craftsman. So be it. Remember that this is a matter of personal preference, and emphasize it as such.

LOGIC and MOTIVATION also go together. Both of these are essentially pretty factual in nature. That is, almost any two readers will agree fairly well as to whether any given story or situation is logical and soundly motivated. This, it seems to me, is one of the worst aspects of S-F and the phase in which concerted activity by the fans could be most productive of results.

Results, however, will not be rapid, and will be obtained only by determined and unremitting effort --- for as an author of sorts I can tell you that motivating a story is, in every case, the hardest part of it. For to have a story we must have three things---action, conflict, and suspense. We must get the hero into a jam, preferably into one in which he faces overwhelming odds. Now it is (or, rather it should be) apparent that if our hero has a brain, he is not going to land his space-ship and gallop away from it, purposely to be captured by ferocious natives. Yet how often has that very same episode occurred, and for no other reason? Similarly, if anybody connected with the take-off of a rocket-ship---particularly an experimental rocket-ship---had any part of a brain, there would be just about as much chance of a stowaway, male or female, getting aboard as in the case of a 500-mile racer at Indianapolis. However, that incident has also been used, and often, merely to introduce in as effortless a way as possible an intruder to gum up our hero's cards or to drag in by the heels a love interest which does not belong.

Now sound motivation is not easy. It takes work, a lot of it, to arrange things so that even a really smart man will be forced by circumstances to get into dangerous predicaments. It takes thought, and oftentimes it takes extra words and back-ground material whose purpose is not immediately evident. But it CAN be done. More of it will be done if the readers insist upon that kind of workmanship.

In conclusion, PERSONAL OPINION IS NOT CRITICISM. Personal opinions should be expressed, because of their value to Ye Editor in determining what he shall publish. To authors, however, they are of no use. Say whatever you please about our stuff; but please, please point up---reenforce---your opinions with FACTS.

The End

MICHIGAN FANS TO HOLD "GET-ACQUAINTED" CONFERENCE.

LARGEST MEETING OF GALACTIC ROAMERS ENTERTAINS NINE VISITORS, AND
DECIDES SEVERAL IMPORTANT PROJECTS

Jackson, Mich., Sept. 5, 1941 --- (EEE) --- The decision to hold the first of a series of State-wide conferences of all Michigan Science Fiction and Fantasy readers and fans, was the main topic of consideration at the September meeting of the Galactic Roamers. This was the next important step in the founding of a Federation, Probably to be known as the "Michifans", which the club has been sponsoring for the past year.

This regular meeting was the largest to date in the club history, with a total attendance of eighteen, including nine visitors. There were three members of the Detroit Science Fictioneers -- Lynn Bridges, Richard Kuhn and Rudy Sayn; Claude Deglor of the Indiana fanzine "INFINITE"; Dr. Franc Landee of Sanford, a former member of the LASFS; George Smith of Midland, Miss Doris Merchant, the daughter of member Fred Merchant of Battle Creek, and Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Tomkins of Jackson. Dr. Landee and Mr. Smith became "Stowaway" members Nos. 2 and 3 by election.

During the business session, the meeting was resolved into a joint meeting of the Detroit Science Fictioneers and the Galactic Roamers, and the subject of holding a state-wide conference was introduced and discussed for some time, culminating in a decision to hold such a conference in Jackson on Sunday, November 16th, of this year. Committees were appointed to get the matter rolling, and all were highly enthusiastic of the project.

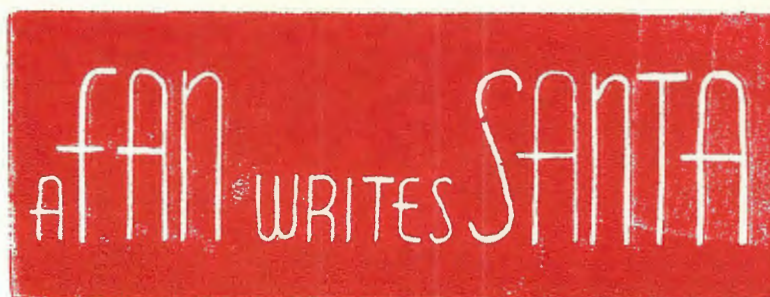
It was determined that, while this was to be primarily designed to help Michigan fans "Get Acquainted" with each other, that visitors from other nearby states would be invited and urged to attend, and that fanzine editors be asked to advertise the conference, and letters be sent to famous fans nearby asking them to try to attend.

Although complete details of the day's program have not as yet been worked out, of course, there will undoubtedly be some time devoted to a few short talks by various officers and members of the two fan clubs; a showing of original illustrations and old magazines owned by various collectors; a showing of moving and still pictures taken at the Denver convention; and perhaps of some Fantastic moving picture. Most of the time, naturally, will be spent in the always enjoyable pastime of "fan-gabbing", and the ubiquitous autograph hunting that all fans everywhere seem to consider one of the greatest thrills of their fanship.

Since there are already over sixty names on the list of known readers and fans in Michigan, and since letters will be sent them several times in the interim, it is hoped and expected that there will be quite a gathering at this first Michigan conference. The clubs hope that you will be present, as the meeting will, definitely not be a success unless you are present.

* * * * *

After the "MICHICONFERENCE", don't forget to plan for the PACIFICON



-- the fan being HOY PING PONG

Dear Santa:

I am a science fiction fan. (Technically and scientifically you know, you don't exist. I merely humor the illusion here that you do, in order to bolster sales of a magazine called Unknown Worlds, whose subject matter deals with implausibilities as the likes of you.)

I am not very hard to please Santa; I want to ask you for a few things for Christmas. I realize this is rather early for that sort of thing, but then there is wisdom in getting one's order in early while the stockroom is still well supplied.

First, I want a new professional magazine. Oh, I know we have several such existing now, but Santa old chap ----- if you only knew the situation down here! We have scientifi-fiction magazines for schoolboys, for high school lads, for college students, for weird enthusiasts, for retired scientists, for futurians, for ... oh, any number of scientifically inclined people.

But Santa -- there are none catering to me!

So please bring me a new science fiction magazine for Christmas. I want a large sized publication like Unknown Worlds, with of course the wordage of that magazine, having semi-slick paper and nice even edges like Astounding, (with, of course, no advertising on the picture like that publication), covers like the beautiful Boks on Future and Finlays on Famous Fantastic, varied material, like Stirring Science & Fantasy, printing classics regularly like Famous Fantastic, with back covers like Amazing, and of course, selling for a dime like Astonishing.

I want the editor to be an attractive person like Gnaedinger, having a literary background like Campbell, the editorial outlook of a fan like Lowndes, the business acumen of a circulation-grabber like Palmer, and the fan-favoring editorship of Wollheim.

This isn't asking for too much is it?

(gives more next page)



Second, after you have fulfilled that wish, I want a rocket ship for Christmas. Your gnomes can easily make this for me. (Technically, scientifically, and according to the pro-scientists your gnomes don't exist you know; but as I mentioned in my opening paragraph, I will also further this illusion, inasmuch as gnomes are frequently a vital part of Unknown Worlds).

It need not be a hard job to supply me this ship, for all I want is a small, one-man speedster of limited cruising range. I shall not want to go farther than Mars or Venus.

If you can find no suitable plans for spaceships in your workshop, I suggest you consult our Mr. Paul of New York City, who no doubt will be glad to draw up a small ship for you (at current space rates of course). His ships are quite pretty as to line and color, and very speedy. But, I beg of you, do not allow him to foster off on you a suit of clothing to be worn by the pilot.

You see, he has quaint notions of what people who pilot spaceships are supposed to wear, and Santa ---- I don't like pantaloons.

And so Santa, I close my letter with these humble wishes for good cheer, not only for you and your gnomes, but also your reindeer. May they speed over the rooftops on Christmas Eve, bringing me a new magazine and a rocket ship. (You understand of course, that reindeer speeding over rooftops is technically and scientifically unsound, probably impossible, but I am willing to further the illusion here in order to)

h.p. pong

\$ we love 'em \$

SYRTICITY, Sept. 30, 2320 -- (EEE) -- A new fan club has just been organized on Syrtis Major V, with seven paid up members at the first meeting. Chul Gan has been chosen as Director, and Dingus Her as the Secretary. They plan meetings at each moon-glow (when the seven moons are all in the sky at once, which occurs at intervals of about nineteen Terrean days). They are already planning to send a registered delegate to the next Interstellar Convention, and hope by that time to have at least fifty accredited members.

LAKETOWN, May 7, 1999 -- (EEE) -- The race for the title "Number One Fan of the Universe" is rapidly assuming titanic proportions, as the accumulation of letters giving the qualifications of the contestants continues to pour in to Tellurian headquarters. The committee reports that at latest count they had over seven hundred thousand entries, which makes their task no enviable one. It is the personal opinion of the headquarters spokesman that Hoyus Pon Pingus of Lezom B will win by a narrow margin.

Are you afflicted with "space-sickness"? Do your internal organs acquire angular momentum and fall into orbits about your spine? Is your center of gravity unruly? Increase your mass! Try Bee Bee's Plumbum Pellets. Then Happy Days are here again! --- Adv.

METAMORPHOSIS

by Bill Brudy

"I can't understand you fans," said Joe. Joe is a guy I'm always meeting in places like elevators and hot dog stands and revolving doors. This time it's the corner mag-stand. I have just bought a Weird and Joe eyes it with the sort of a look you'd use on an unexploded bomb.

"I can't understand you," he repeats. "You buy all those mags, and the most you do after you get 'em is howl about how rotten they are." He shakes a mouthful of peanuts out of a sack and starts pulverizing them. "I allow it's because they're all so rotten you can't do anything else."

Now Joe is a nice guy, understand. A little narrow-minded, but nice. He lives a neat, well-ordered existence where there aren't very many uncertainties. If he meets any he misses the biggest thrill in life by ignoring them. Stodgy, Joe is, but all right.

But this attitude he is taking bothers me. I start in on him. "Oh, I don't know about that," I say, alluding to his remark about the science fics.

Joe envelops the last of the peanuts and throws the sack away airily. "I don't know what you don't know," he says smug-like. "I just know what I know."

At last I see Joe for what he really is. A materialist. And materialists are just potential science fiction fans who haven't seen the light. What am I waiting for?

"You don't believe much of anything you can't see, feel, or hear, do you, Joe?" I says.

"What else is there?" he asks.

"Plenty." I take his arm and we get into my hack and drive off. I am thinking of the stacks of mags at home ---- stacks of 'em, and all designed for refuting the cramped ideas of people who read 'em.

"Today is Sunday," I tell Joe. "I happen to know your wife's out of town. How about some ham on rye and beer?" Joe's mouth begins watering, which in Joe's language means "Lead me to it."

I am not obvious about it, but I have an ulterior motive of course. Ulterior as hell.

I tromp the accelerator.

Joe is like a cat in a strange attic, coming into what Martin Alger calls the Alien Room. He fidgets and sits on the edge of the studio couch like a yokel on his first date.

I put him at his ease. That is to say I open a can of beer. For a while we talk of this and that. When I want to, I can exhaust a

(wet your thumb)

topic pretty quick, so before long we've got the political situation down, Uncle Adolf in his proper place (give you three guesses), and the World Series participants all picked. Thus, running short of tongue fodder I slyly veer things toward the you know what.

"Ever read any of this?" I ask with a wave of the hand toward a stack of Astoundings.

"Uh-unh," he said, gulping beer and slicing more ham simultaneously. "What are they?"

"Magazines," I answer. "Science Fiction Magazines, Astounding, Unknown, Weird, Wonder, Startling, and about a dozen others."

Joe gets his beer down. "Quite a collection," he concedes. "How many you got there?"

Maybe, I tell myself, I'm getting someplace. "About three or four hundred. Mostly Astounding. It's the best of the lot ---- has the most accurate material and advanced style. Up to now it's led the field in the trend away from the old blood and thunder, gore for gore's sake style of science fiction."

Joe gives me one of those looks. "Now wait a minute," he says, "don't tell me this comic strip, rocket ship nonsense contains any 'accurate material' or 'advanced style'. What kind of bull is this?"

"No bull," I say. "It's the McCoy."

Joe shakes his head and takes another slug of slug. "I still don't like 'em," he says.

I play my last card. "You're a betting man, Joe," I say. "Let's make a small wager. I pick a science fiction story. You read it and if you can honestly say that you don't like it, it gives a dozen cans of beer. What do you say?"

Joe likes the sound of this. "Sure," he says, "but it'll be you that buys, not me. I like good solid drama and characterization in my stories, not your mock heroics and pulp drivel. Bring on your space-ship fairy tale." And with this he settles back to liquidate another ham on rye.

Boy, I say to myself, he's really begging for it.

"You like solid drama and characterization huh. Well, you'll get it. You'll get it."

I start thumbing down the file of Astounding. I come to August 1938 -- and haul it out. I flip it open to a page saying "Who Goes There?" I hand it to Joe. Grinning, he takes it -- settles back in his chair. He grins for all of thirty seconds. Then he looks up. "South Pole, huh," he says. "I know a guy who worked Byrd's expedition direct -- short wave." Not grinning any more he goes back to reading. During the next hour Joe is very quiet. There is no longer even the slosh of beer, or the swish of the meat knife. Just the rustle of turned pages. I pick up a Weird and re-read Lovecraft's flawless little gem, "Celephais. A suitable little item, I reflect to introduce Joe to the Weird story, when the time comes.

(eyes right!)

After a time Joe drifts back to the present from Campbell's "Who Goes There?" spell. He seems to have been a little shaken. There is the familiar, distant, speculative look in his eyes that tells me -- heh, heh, -- at last he is one of us.

"Like it?" I ask.

Joe gets up. He walks to the telephone, and jiggles the hook. "Hartzbaum's," he says hollowly, and when Big Karl answers he says, "Send Teddy around to Bill's place with a dozen cans of Buckpuss beer. Ice cold."

Then he turns back to me. "I surrender," he says. "It was plenty good. Why, dammit man, you might be one of those -- those THINGS for all I know." He reaches for the meat knife, but I dive and grab it first.

"Take it easy, fella," I yell. "It was only a story."

Joe looked surprised. "I know it," he says. "What the hell -- can't a guy have another ham on rye if he wants it? And how about some more of this science fiction? I like it."

I take a deep breath and relax. "Sure," I say, and start digging.

Well, to make a short story into a vignette, Joe was converted. Later that day he absorbed Williamson's "Crucible of Power" and "It" -- Sturgeon's Unk gem. With him when he went home went "The Black Flame", "The Legion of Space", "Slan", and "Grey Lensman". If those don't convince him, I'm damned if I know what will.

Oh, yes, the beer that Teddy brought up lasted until around ten thirty, and by that time -- just as final proof of Joe's transformation -- he was mulling over plans for a fanzine to be called "Nebula" or somesuch, but I advised against it, mainly because of the difficulty in procuring suitable material. He told me in effect to go jump in some lake -- any lake -- but preferably Baikal. Once I got a good look at the first ish of Nebula I probably will. Joe's asked me to contribute to it.

////////////////////////////////////

PRISMACITY, Sol 28, 2441 -- (EEE) -- The Fan Publishing world, has just been startled by the first copy of a new fanzine put out by the fans of Capitanus III. As nearly as translation is possible, it is called, ZRYCRSWQ. The format is very pleasing to the eye, being done in nineteen colors, some of them entirely new hues, and far more beautiful than anything in the Solar spectrum. There are a number of fine pictures, although, to this correspondent's eye they are entirely meaningless. Perhaps it calls for one who has attained the Cosmic Viewpoint to comprehend this most recent addition to the Fanzine family.

JUPITANUS, Mid-year Day, 2222 -- (AA) -- The powerful fans of this planet have commenced a membership drive among the numerous moons of the Jovian system. Proceeding in their characteristically forthright and masterful fashion, they report "smashing" success.



First Annual MICHIGAN "GET ACQUAINTED" CONFERENCE

All Michigan Readers of Science and Fantasy Fiction are urged to attend this Conference, to be held at the

OTSEGO HOTEL, JACKSON, MICHIGAN
SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 16th, 1941

(Many will be present Saturday evening for a pre-view gabfest. So plan to join the gang then, if possible)

This Conference will be sponsored by the

DETROIT SCIENCE FICTIONEERS
AND THE
JACKSON-BATTLE CREEK GALACTIC ROAMERS

so that all Michifans may become better acquainted,
and, if desired, form an official State-wide Federation.

PLAN TO ATTEND --- WE KNOW YOU WILL ENJOY YOURSELF
IT WILL NOT BE A SUCCESS UNLESS YOU ARE THERE



NOVA supports the 1942
PACIFICON

Its editors are planning and hoping to attend. We look forward to meeting all of you there. The California boys and gals are already working out plans to make it the best convention ever held.

All Battle Creek members of the GALACTIC ROAMERS belong to the "Fourth World Science Fiction Convention Society" - the first city to be 100% represented.

HAVE YOU JOINED YET ??

REPUTATION!

by 4. E. van Ackerman

Recently Art Joquel of Astra Pubs, Morrojo & I were driving back from a party at Pogo's (en passant, also attended by Paul Freehafer, Jack Williamson & Edmund Hamilton) & Art askt me if I'd do a Table of Contents à la Vom for his first Spectra, since it was similar to Voice in content, consisting of letters from a number of (selected) fans. I said, "Yeah, sure; alrite" & then I made a remark, Joquel's reply to which "inspired" this article. I said, "Boy, did I ever rite that last "Table of Contents in Vom in a hurry! I dont noe whether it's any good or not." And Art ansrd, "Forry, it doesn't have to be good; people will just assume it is anyway. You've got a reputation."

I mused. A reputation. "Well, U've got to be good to begin with, don't U?" askt Morrojo. "Oh, yes, to begin with," agreed Art.

I certainly have seen this principle work out during my "career" to date. The first fan letter I ever had publisht in a pro was in '29, Fall, Science Wonder Quarterly. Relying on memory, I shoud say I had an unbroken run of letters in that pub for about the first 5 issues. (I still remember how disappointed I was the firsttime the record was broken & they didnt use one; however, I consoled myself with the fact the Boy's Scientifiction Club -- Forrest J. Ackerman, President-Librarian--was represented with a letter from one of its mens, Day Gee.) I brancht out, then, into the Monthly, Air Wonder, Amazing, Scientific Detective, Astounding--&, according to a letter from Rose Bolton, was skeded to apear in the 3d Miracle Science & Fantasy. During the reign of the Big 3, I spose there rarely was a month went by U couldnt rely on a letter from me (once or twice signd Forrest C., I bliev; otherwise J-with-a-period.....& did I let the "James" slip once?) in one of 'em, if not all, sometimes 2 to an ish, & once 3-in-1! In later yrs it is not often a letter by me apear in a pro yet due to the many mentions made of me in re conventions, Esperanto, scientifilm activitys, fmz &c, I meet people who "remember" letters from me in Amazing way back in '28--& people who think they still see letters by me all the time.

I've seen THINGS TO COME about 16 times -- I frankly have lost track; saw "Lost World" 8 times originly & 3 times afterward at revivals; & "Kong", "Frankenstein", "Invisible Man" & a number of the botter ones I've gone to say an average of 3. So they get the idea I see every fantasy film at least 3 times. I assure U, there are many I've been agonized to sit thru once!

Naturally, nobody'd bliev I get less'n a dozn letters daily. Yet there've been days--0, few it's true--when nothing has arrived in either morning or afternoon deliveries.

There's one place where this Reputation business discomfits me. For as long as I remember I have stood for "credit to whom credit's due" & it embarrasses me to be given the credit for the accomplishment of others. Most of them have the brains to realize I'm a victim of circumstances & hold no grudge against me, altho I still am not "happy about the whole thing". Others -- or, I will amend that; there is only one I noe of -- bitterly resent the attention payd me. This latter case, of which I speak really does not enter the picture, as the person to whom I allude is a self-

(Thumbing over)

frustrating individual with a pitiable complex which causes him to believe he is abused & neglected by fandom & so he saves face (or so he thinks) by pretending not to care greatly about fandom, the while he dearly would love to be considered an important figure in the field, I am convinced. It is all in his imagination. My analysis of this unhappy fan is: He has persuaded himself he could do great things if glory-grabber Ackerman only weren't around to thwart him. Now Art Joquel & Walt Daugherty have popped up out of obscurity & are doing a bit badly, despite my malign influence, Art one of the most popular publishers, Walt Director of the Pacificon; but I see, The Other only sulks & regards me as the root of his misfortune when he has only the shortcomings of his own character to blame.

I beg your pardon if this begins to assume the aspects of an undercover feud. I recall perfectly clearly your associate editor's Denvention declaration that feuds in fandom must be abolished. I am in full accord that "feuds is futile". That's why I mention no name, give no clues to whom I refer. How do you see, anyway? maybe the whole thing's hypothetical, only inserted to wake up the fans elsewhere where a parallel situation may exist or develop. You just have to take into account that this guy 4sJ is a very mysterious fellow (quote, Gilbert's Handwriting Analysis) & who can say what his motive may be??

There is one fello in fandom who'd have a good case against me if he ever cared to press it & I am going to name him because he has had the sense, shall we say, not to. I refer to Walt Daugherty. I should say Walt was solely responsible for the popularization of the fonograf record in fandom. Guess he established himself in that niche alright at the Denvention. But prior to Denver I was getting 9/10th's the credit, despite anything I could do. Walt made many records of LASES meetings & of fans around town & of course the Shangri-LA Record -- all with his own equipment, at his own expense-but because I knew most the addresses & generally took care of routing the discs & mailing 'em out, & the Voice acted as the organ for fandom's expressions re the rex...well, it was like I said. Warner & Swisher & Haggard & various ones would send letters of praise as tho the Shangri-LA Record had been all my idea & commentation & recording by Daugherty incidental.

Then another thing: When it looked like LeZ was on her last legs, it entirely was Walt's idea to help Tuck out & publish -- yes, I named it, but it still was Dau's gesture -- the Shangri-LA Zombie. He & LN-or would stencil it & stand costs of mimeo materials if Morojo'd operate the machine & I pay postage. The issue came out on that basis. The "Tucker surely must be grateful to Ackerman, and the rest of the L.A. crowd"; "The Foreign Fan Issue of LeZ, which we understand he published for Bob, with the aid of Walt Dau-----!" Boy, I can appreciate how a guy'd burn! But Walt never has indicated to me by word or deed that he holds me responsible. I ain't yellin' "Martyr! martyr!" in this article, trying to sell you a sob story of how tuff it is to be famous. If it ain't always easy-goin', there are compensations. No, I'm just kinda tryin' to square up accounts here & give some fans food for thought & let everybody see, if they don't already, I really try to be fair.

That's it. Gives me just the opportunity I need, too, for a wunnerful pun for the closing punch. I don't want a Collossal Reputation; I just want a FAIR Reputation!

P L A N N I N G

A H E A D

F O R

F A N D O M

by

E. Everett Evans

(3E)



Those who attended the Denvention were quick to notice the new sense of adulthood into which Fandom has now grown, and to hail it with delight. Those who were so unfortunate as to miss that splendid meeting are also beginning to sense that awakening, as fanzines and gabfests throughout the country are talking it over. For Fandom is really waking up to the fact that they have definitely become adult, and are taking a more thorough look into what makes them tick and what they can do to make themselves more influential in those things in which they are so deeply interested.

One of the finest single items of that awakening is the newly-formed Long-Range Planning committee of the National Fantasy Fan Federation, which your humble correspondent has the honor of chair-maning. Composed of nine prominent fans from various parts of the country, this committee will, during the coming months, thoroughly canvas the situation of WHAT fans want; WHAT needs to be done; and HOW best these goals can be achieved. These various ideas will then be correlated into a Long-Range Plan, on which the 1942 Pacificon attendants will vote, and then the various fanclubs, fanzines and federations will join hands in working out the various facets of the plan in the best manner they are capable of bringing into play.

Realizing, of course, how independent in his thinking the average fan is, the Committee does not expect every fan to agree with all the ideas which will be incorporated into the Plan. Neither does it expect every fan or group of fans to go all-out for every detail of the Plan. But it is hoped, and with very good reason, we believe, that they will find therein a number of items on which they can whole-heartedly cooperate, and that there will be enough backing each individual idea so that the Plan, as a whole, will have a very good chance of being put across.

Indeed, the fact that Fandom senses the need, at this time, of such a Plan for co-operative effort, is one of the best signs that

it will succeed; IF your committee is able to work out such a Plan, as it now envisions, and which it hopes to be able to get into shape to present. For a United Fandom can, and will, succeed in obtaining a majority of the things it sets out to get. There is a splendid spirit animating Fandom today, that must not be allowed to stagnate. And in having a Plan worth working for, and in knowing that other fans, clubs and fanzines are all working toward the same end, will greatly strengthen and enlarge that spirit.

As to just what the Plan will embody, your correspondent does not as yet fully know, nor feels that he has a right to divulge until the NFFF Board releases it. The committee work is only in the first stages, of course, and having to be conducted by mail, as it does takes time. Each member is thinking out ideas for incorporation in the Plan; is talking it over with his fellow fanclub members and correspondents; and these ideas are being sent to the chairman for correlation into a lengthy Plan-letter, which in turn is sent back to each committee member for further consideration and vote as to the feasibility of incorporating that particular idea into the finished Plan. And the first set of ideas have come in and been correlated, and I can say, that they are even better than I had hoped. After this procedure has been carried out several times, it is the hope of the committee, and of the NFFF, that there will come into being a really worth-while document.

To that end your Chairman asks that all of you who may chance to read this, and who have not been otherwise contacted, send in your ideas and suggestions for the items you think should be included, together with a fairly lengthy list of the reasons therefore. We assure you that they will be given full, and careful consideration, and our sincere thanks.

Your committee realizes that this is a work that requires far far more IDEAS than it does work. True, there will be considerable letter-writing involved (and are we beginning to find THAT out) but far more important is the collection and correlation of the ideas of fans from everywhere. Therefore, please, all of you, "get your thinking-caps on", and let us hear from you on what you think should be incorporated in this Plan. And to just that extent that Fandom does send us ideas, to that extent shall your committee's work be a success. We shall be watching and waiting for your letters of comment. May we hear from you soon?? Send your ideas to any of the committee members, and it will reach us all.

The committee personnel is:
E. EVERETT EVANS (Chm.), 191 Capital Ave., S.W., Battle Creek, Mich.
JULIUS UNGER, 1702 Dahill Road, Brooklyn, New York;
DONN BRAZIER, 344th School Squadron, Elgin Field, Florida;
D. B. THOMPSON, 213 Lakeview Street, Pineville, Louisiana;
POGO, 3967 1/2 Brunswick Avenue, Los Angeles, California;
JOE FORTIER, 1836 39th Avenue, Oakland, California;
DALE TARR, 529 Elm Street, Cincinnati, Ohio;
ART WIDNER, JR., P.O. Box 122, Bryantville, Massachusetts;
HARRY JENKINS, 2409 Santee Avenue, Columbia, South Carolina.

* * * * *

WE SUPPORT THE PACIFCON IN 1942; THE NFFF THIS YEAR AND EVERY YEAR

IT'S STFACT

by
AL ASHLEY

SIX HUNDRED DOLLARS (\$600.00) was asked by a book dealer, for a copy of THE MOON POOL by Abraham Merritt. This amazing Stfact was brought out at an LASFS meeting by Mary Finn (no relative of the well known Micky Finn). This is a striking example of the reason all fans should start and maintain Str. collections; and of why so many who have, at one time or another, disposed of many or all of their back issues, have lived to regret it.



A CERTAIN WELL KNOWN FAN DECIDED to attend the Philadelphia Conference in 1939. Enroute, he stopped in Chicago to pick up a couple fellow fans and take them along. They were to be gone one week. The mother of one, fearful for the safety of her darling, handed a list of do's and don'ts to the WKfan and strove to impress him with his responsibility. Turning again to her son she cautioned him to remember to bathe regularly. She ended by exacting the WKfan's promise to see that he did.
.....HE DID!

A STF. READER, driving through the New Jersey countryside, spotted a number of huge, silver tanks standing in the middle of a field. He rushed a letter off to Hornig, demanding to know if they were space ships. Hornig proceeded to set him right. They were Standard Oil Storage tanks!

Lo. Even as of old they still appear, with unvarying regularity -- ONE EVERY MINUTE.



LAST WORD DEPARTMENT

FRIEND READER: We are all aquiver, awaiting your decision. Do you like it? Does this first issue of NOVA meet the approval of Fandom as represented by YOU? Grab your typewriter, your pen, your pencil, RIGHT NOW, and grant us the benefit of your criticism, your comments --- your guidance. We simply MUST hear from each and every one of you. UNCHAIN your pocketbook. Pry loose a small portion of your accumulated hoard --- and SUBSCRIBE to NOVA. Why deprive yourself of the delights in store for you? Don't hesitate. WRITE NOW !

ABOUT NOVA: It was conceived as a monthly magazine. But the time involved in putting it out does not permit this for the present. Later -- we hope. NOVA's financial condition is sound. Wouldbe subscribers need feel no reluctance. Should the unforeseen occur, arrangements have been made so that subscribers shall be reimbursed WITHOUT DELAY.

The second issue will contain a very tasty Reader's Section. La Nova Femme will be enlarged. We shall endeavor to maintain an assortment of Pro and Fan Authors. New departments will doubtless be added as they occur to us or are suggested by the readers. While we hold a secret suspicion that our art work is not to be sneezed at, we shall attempt to improve even that. So join the eager throng. Let's do right by our NOVA. (Make all ratings by the Warner System)

FAN CLUBS: Beginning in the second issue we plan a Fanews department. For this we need your co-operation. Please send a paragraph or two about any fan or club event of general interest that takes place in your locality. Information about special meetings, unusual activities, special guests, is particularly desired. Be sure to specify names, addresses, dates. Rumors are also welcome, and may be used if verification proves at all possible. Let's keep this always in mind and make this department a success.

FAN EDITORS: It is our belief that ALL fan publishers should exchange with all others as a matter of course. This strikes us as a necessary part of any attempt to be "hep" to what goes on in Fandom. In keeping with this belief, we herewith announce NOVA's desire to EXCHANGE with ALL FANZINES. Those who publish more than one magazine would greatly oblige by getting in touch with us in regard to terms for obtaining their other publications. Incidentally, we particularly wish comments on NOVA from our fellow editors.

FAN WRITERS & ARTISTS: We solicit material. But we give fair warning. We are very likely to be choosy as anything, so MAKE IT GOOD. We especially want articles of general interest. Fiction is not wanted at the present time unless it is EXCEPTIONAL and/or decidedly humorous. We also want nothing concerned with fan feuds or isms of any sort. We really are not as tough as we might sound. We are just attempting to set a high standard of quality and avoid the sloppy material sometimes used in magazines of this type.

As for art -- at this time we are partial to lino-block illustrating. Therefore, all contributions should be adaptable to this medium. While we have considered lithography, we are not very keen on mimeo-art at present.

So --- let's have your contributions, fans. Articles, art, and even a little poetry of the right type.

THE EDITOR

ARTORIAL



THE GRAND OLD MAN

by

Jack Wiedenbeck

Sixteen years ago, my friend, now editor of NOVA, handed me a handful of magazines. In them I found a story called "Tarrano The Conqueror". That was my introduction to Science Fiction and to Ol' Massa Paul. They made an equally terrific impact on my impressionable young mind.

But that was sixteen years ago. I have grown as familiar with the picture he draws as I have with the picture of Charles Atlas. I have watched Paul grow, develop and improve his technique --- not one bit! That is perhaps the worst criticism one can make against an artist.

Let us consider this picture. Upon analysis, it is found to consist of four elements, used either singly or in various combinations. Two of these pertain to figure and two to background.

There is the scientist and his daughter. He is usually a full-browed, white-haired man with rimless eye-glasses. She is a trim but non-individualistic girl. He has used her to portray everyone from Dorothy Seaton and Wilma Rogers to the thinly-clad frontis-femme on the latest issue of Planet Stories.

Naturally, every artist can draw one face and figure more easily than any other. There are a number of things and circumstances that go to make this true. Suffice it to say that a certain type becomes habitual and may be identified with each artist when he is careless and follows the path of least resistance in portraying a character.

But, after all, think of the number of personable females Papa Paul has been required to draw in his long career.

Then, in the second group there are his unforgettable Bulge-brains and Bug-folk that furnish the conflict in so many stories.

As for the two background elements --- In the first must be

With the exception of his machines, each of the component parts of Paul's pictures follow a long-established formula. He shows a strong disinclination to depart from this pattern. However, due to his apparent love of machinery, he has resisted this usual trend, and here exhibits the freshness one could wish for in the rest of his work.

Undoubtedly, Paul's strongest medium is pen and ink. But here again he shows the complete crystallization of his technique. He clings to the old-fashioned spatter method which has been superseded by newer line-shade techniques of today.

Many others, like myself, have noted with regret Paul's stagnation. And although he is an undoubted master of science-fiction art, it is not surprising that every new reader considers him superb while the old reader has sought newer favorites.

[illegible]

HOLLYWOOD, April 1, 2366 -- (EET) --Heart-rending news has just been received by Forrest J. Ackerman, XVII. Word has arrived that three issues of a fanzine were published on Alpha Centauri II, which are not included in the Ackerman Foundation files. The magazine is now defunct and copies unobtainable. All fans are urged to be on the alert for these rare items, the only gap in this otherwise complete collection of fan memorabilia, dating "from the beginning".

LENSMAN ON THE LOOSE

By Al Ashley

Timball Tinnyson, newly returned from Arisia, stalked into the office of Port Admiral Paynes and took the proffered seat. He clutched tightly the Diploma proclaiming him a Bachelor of Mental Arts. Absently, he ran his fingers through the writhing tentacles of the purring Catlat, sprawled at his feet, and waited for his Chief to speak.

"Timball Tinnyson of the Galactic Patrol," Paynes beamed, "I am proud of you."

Then his voice became serious. He rose to his feet. He came around the desk and placed his hand on Tinnyson's shoulder.

"Tim, it is now my duty and pleasure to grant your Release. I hereby declare you a Bi-focal Lensman. Henceforth, you are accountable to none but yourself. Let no man sabotage that which I have so painstakingly assembled. I have spoken."

So saying, the Port Admiral grasped the wide-eyed Lensman's hand in a crushing grip and pumped vigorously. Taking advantage of his stunned amazement, Paynes enthusiastically planted a resounding smack upon first one cheek, then the other.

Tinnyson's brain struggled to grasp the ramifications of this new status. His mind reeled. The suddenness of it all dazed him. His Release! A Bi-focal Lensman! Unbelievable! Why, most Patrolmen his age were still flying a beat.

Unattached!

"But not for long," the Lensman abruptly decided, grinning as he remembered a certain red-headed nurse.

He pulled himself together again with an effort.

"What are my orders, Chief?"

"I no longer can give you orders, only suggestions," Paynes reminded. "But I will say, the Pirates are over-running the whole Galaxy. Commerce is practically at a standstill. The Patrol seems increasingly unable to cope with the problem. It is a situation that must be abated."

"QX, Chief," said Tinnyson, leaping to his feet. "I check you to a whole row of decimals - clear to the first repeat. I've gotta



"Oh Boy!" he said.

(flipit)

flit now and try my hand at Pirate-baiting."

The Bi-focal Lensman hurried across the spaceport to the newly manned Dentless. Buskirk greeted him as he entered. Hastening toward the control-room, he approached Hinderson, the pilot, seated at the console.

"Let's flit."

"Oh Goody!" exclaimed Hinderson. "I always wanted a lot of buttons like this to punch."

An ecstatic expression spread over his face, as his fingers stabbed at row after gleaming row of buttons, levers and knobs.

The good ship Dentless went up. It went inertialess. It went wild. It went careening through the far-flung reaches of the Galaxy leaving light in the lurch, dazed, and looking decidedly sheepish.

On they bored through that maze of glittering suns, detectors out, screens up, alert for the first sign of attack. Parsec after parsec tumbled behind them in roiled confusion.

Then it came! Detectors flared their warnings. Upon the visaplate appeared an enemy ship. Then another. A third!

"We're outnumbered," shouted Tinnyson, "I gotta flit."

It was too late. Tractors rumbled out. Pressors sponged and pressed. Primaries, secondaries, and tertiaries got busy. Tractor shears snipped, but with scant effect. Energy intolerable poured from the offensive armaments of the several ships. Ravening beams that bored, slashed and tore at the defensive screens, that sent them flaring to inconceivable heights of eye-searing brilliance.

The Lensman and his fellows wrought mightily. Rays of incredible destructive power concentrated on one of the Pirate ships. Screens blazed to even greater peaks of energy-release. The very ether writhed and twisted. It was warped. It was scrambled. It was curdled. In all directions from the scene of conflict, great, soft curds floated away upon the sub-ether.

Backed by all the furious power in massed banks of accumulators, those awful Primaries of the Dentless drilled in. Outer screens held briefly, and went down. Through Inner screens they drove. Through Wall-screens and Window-screens. Through the unre-sisting metal of the ship itself, leaving but an expanding cloud of luminous vapor to indicate where the enemy vessel had been.

The Bi-focal Lensman immediately turned his attention to the next opponent. But Buskirk stopped him.

"Wait, Chief! We can't do that again."

"Why not?" Tinnyson wanted to know.

"Our power won't hold out. We've barely enough left to hold our own screens. We threw an awful lot of stuff at that last guy. Use your head, Chief!"

Tinnyson's right fist slammed into the palm of his left hand.

"Where is my head?" he exclaimed.

Buskirk pointed, mutely, but the Lensman ignored him.

Not for nothing did Tinnyson hold a B.M.A. from Arisia. His mind reached out to that of the Commander of one of the remaining battleships. Slowly, carefully, he entered the other's mind.

Entered, but hastily backed out. Almost, the Lensman had been caught. The Commander had been watching. The guy was an introvert.

Tinnyson quickly turned his attention to the other Pirate vessel. Here he was more fortunate and soon had control of the Skipper's mind.

Suddenly, the ship under the Lensman's indirect control turned upon its companion and a real battle ensued. A veritable inferno of unleashed energy lit up that whole sector of space, with the Dentless lashing out indiscriminately at either side.

Such profligate waste of energy could not long endure. Soon only the Patrol ship was left, battered but intact.

"QX, boys, that's that," announced Tinnyson, brushing his hands one against the other. "Let's flit."

Hinderson had been studying the array of instruments surrounding the control-board. Presently he spoke.

"With what, Chief? We haven't got enough power left to operate the drivers half a light-year."

A Lensman is nothing if not resourceful. Especially a Bi-focal Lensman. Scarcely hesitating, he grasped the situation, and took command.

"Hin!" he directed, "Set a course for the nearest sun with some decent planets, and lock the controls."

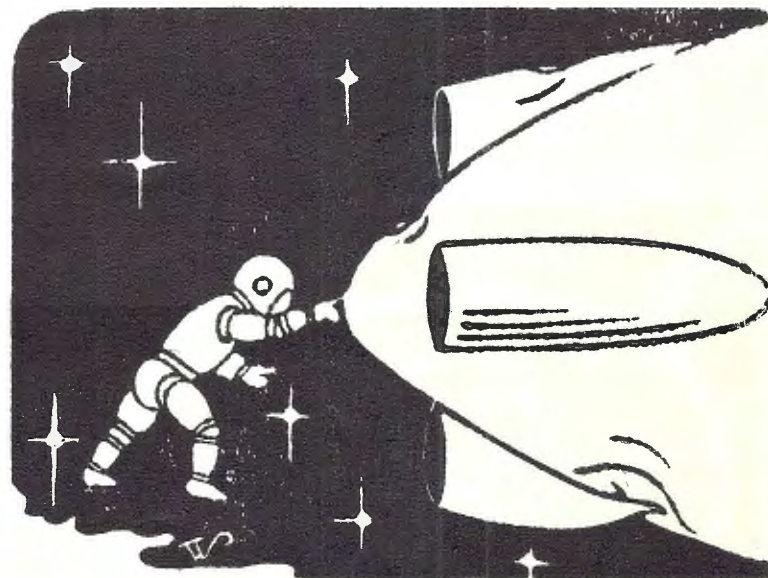
"All of you --- into your space-suits," he snapped, setting an example and heading for the nearest air-lock.

Buskirk, the Dutch-Valerian, fast for all his giant build, was right at the Lensman's heels.

"Whut are we gonna do? Abandon ship?"

"No you dope," snorted Tinnyson, "we're gonna get out and push!" And push they did.* Light-year after weary light-year, they heaved and pushed. And in time they reached their destination.

* EDITOR'S NOTE: The Author of this story holds that E.E.Smith is so bound in the toils of his rigid logic that his characters are painfully restricted. Allowed sufficient freedom of action, there is scarcely a limit to what characters in a story are able to accomplish.



"Nothing else to do, but ---"

The good ship Dentless landed upon a planet which the Bi-focal Lensman later learned was called Velantia. It wasn't a bad planet as planets go. Merrily, it circled its sun in conventional fashion.

The inhabitants were snakes. But they were nice reptiles. Friendly. Smart, too.

One snake slithered up to the men of the Patrol and introduced himself. His name was Worsel. He and Tinnyson became great pals.

The snakes of Velantia wriggled all through the Dentless, helping to repair and repower it. When, at last, the job was finished and the ship as good as new, Tinnyson spoke to Worsel.

"The Galactic Patrol always pays its debts. What may we do in return for your invaluable assistance?"

"You owe us nothing," protested Worsel. "We are only too happy to do what we can for the Patrol."

But Tinnyson persisted. After a decent interval, Worsel reluctantly relented.

"We have some rather unfriendly neighbors on Delgon, the next planet out from our sun," he informed. "Nasty bunch, and all that. Really, you wouldn't like them at all. Vile habits."

"Well," he went on, "a ship-load of our folks went over there some time ago and we've had no word from them since. Frankly, we're a trifle worried."

"QX, old Viper, everything's on the beam," said Tinnyson, moving toward the Dentless. "I'm gonna flit."

"Wait for me!" hissed Worsel, looping energetically along in the Lensman's wake. "I wanna flit too."

They were off in a flash. Presently the planet of the Delgonian Overlords hove into view. Landing was a matter of minutes, and soon they were out scouting the mountainous terrain.

After a time they came to a cave. There at the cave-mouth, a Velantian sprawled helpless. Crouched over him was a reptilian monstrosity, an Overlord, gnawing lustily upon the life-forces of his captive victim.

Worsel shrank back in horror. Buskirk brought up his space-axe ready for anything. Tinnyson, mindful of the prestige of the Patrol restrained an impulse to flit.

They advanced upon the Overlord, Worsel chewing nervously on his tail, and fighting back an inborn fear of the Delgonian.

Through his lens, Tinnyson addressed the Overlord.

"What are you doing there, my good fellow?" he asked, pleasantly enough.

"G8way!" said the Overlord, greedily continuing his gruesome repast. "Can't you see I'm eating?"

"I can hardly bear to look," said the Lensman, averting his eyes, having stood about all he could of the repulsive scene. "And such manners," he added with a shudder.

"How would you like someone to interrupt your dinner?" asked

(move on buddy)

the Overlord pointedly.

The Lensman pondered for a moment, then decided the question was irrelevant and immaterial.

"But that's no decent thing to make a meal of," Tinnyson protested, swallowing rapidly.

"What would you suggest then?" asked the Overlord, casting a speculative glance at the Bi-focal Lensman.

Tinnyson paled slightly and stepped back a pace. This wasn't proceeding at all as he had intended. Summoning his courage, he again advanced upon the busily occupied Delgonian.

"Surely there must be more appetizing forms of nourishment to be found on such a lovely planet," he suggested in his most placating manner.

The Overlord snorted in lieu of a reply. Warming to his subject, the Lensman continued.

"Just look at that luscious foliage over yonder. Must be simply bulging with vitamins."

The Delgonian exhaled harshly with a noise sounding very much like "Fooooee!"

"But, I say -----," Tinnyson began.

"Come, come," interrupted the Overlord testily, "let's not argue the matter. Might even let you join me if you promise to behave yourself."

"What a revolting thought!" Tinnyson couldn't help blurting. Then, observing that the dreadful creature was unconcernedly continuing his unholy feast, he strode forward, determination in every line of his powerful figure.

The Overlord sensed what was coming and almost before the Lensman was aware, launched a furious attack.

But Tinnyson had been trained by the Galactic Patrol. His hands were a blur as they went for his DeLameters and left the Delgonian a smoking heap at his feet.

"It appears," announced Tinnyson, "that we must rid the planet of this obnoxious form of life."

This, they promptly set about doing with precision and dispatch. They scoured the world of Delgon. They buffed it. They polished it until it shone. Finally, even Worsel admitted that it seemed impossible a single member of that despicable race could have eluded them. Only then, did they take their leave.

Back upon Velantia the friendly snakes gathered about them in a jubilant, writhing horde; but they tarried briefly. Setting a course for Tellus and Prime Base, amid an enthusiastic, hissing farewell that reminded the Lensman of a leaky boiler noisily in its cups, they blasted off.

Perhaps it was some sort of mechanical homing instinct that sped the Dentless on its way. Space skidded by above them, beside them, below them. Depending largely on their automatic pilot, the weary men took a well-earned rest.

One day when about half of their trip lay behind them, they saw it. Hinderson, in a fit of ennui, had taken over manual con-

(your flit)

trol. Tinnyson reclined at ease on a pneumatic divan. At Hinderson's sudden yelp, he jerked to his feet and stared at the visa-plate.

Before them, filling a full half of their field of vision, was a huge, dully glimmering disc. Hinderson's dextrous fingers were already active at the control-board. Shrieking in protest, the ship came to a shivering halt.

"A bit close, that one," Hinderson declared mildly, at the same time mopping a sudden dew of perspiration from his brow. "What is the dang thing anyhow?"

"Looks like a man-hole cover," volunteered Buskirk, who had magically appeared upon the scene.

Out of the recesses of his tumultuously churning think-tank, Tinnyson supplied the answer.

"It's the lid on the end of a Hyper-spacial Tube!"

"Dare we peek inside?" Buskirk queried doubtfully.

"Mebbe," answered Tinnyson, "if we can get the top off."

Presently, tan-colored fulcrum rays slid out and pried at the cover of the Hyper-space Tube. Bus-bars grew hot as torrents of energy poured through them to the task at hand. Grudgingly, reluctantly, the monster disc tipped upward. With a jerk it came free and spun away like an enormous tiddledy-wink.

The men of the Patrol stared appalled, as a great, white, viscous mass welled forth to spill into surrounding space.

"Wha--- what is it?" asked Tinnyson of nobody in particular.

"It ain't!" Buskirk asserted positively.

"Couldn't be!" agreed Hinderson.

Whereupon, they fell into furious activity. A sample was obtained in record time. Under Tinnyson's direction, spectroscopic and chemical analyses were run. His fingers fumbled rapidly, checking, correlating, interpreting the results.

At last, he rose to his feet and faced his expectantly waiting companions. A queer, amazed look gleamed from his eyes. He had always wondered where it came from. So this was its primal source! What an eternity of time this secret had remained hidden from man. Well, he knew now! He stiffened in anticipation of the expressions of incredulity his announcement would bring. In slow, even tones he answered their unspoken question.

"It's toothpaste!"

After a few moments, Tinnyson roused them from their stunned inactivity with, "Get that thing covered up again, and-- let's flit."

Rays leaped out. Soon the gigantic lid had been replaced. But not until it had been securely welded in position, did they again set their course for home.

Prime Base! Mighty citadel of the Galactic Patrol! Tinnyson leaped to the ground and rapidly made his way to the Headquarters Building that loomed on the far side of the field.

A broken down old Patrolman met him at the entrance, a sheaf of "Lensman's Seals" clutched in his hand.

"Buy a seal, mister," he begged. "Help support the Old Patrol-

men's Home."

Tinnyson tossed him a couple of credits and taking a perforated sheet of the Lensman's seals, stuffed them in his jacket pocket as he hurried toward the Port Admiral's office.

"Hi, Chief," he greeted, slamming the door behind him. "I got an idea!"

Paynes eyebrows crept stealthily toward his glistening pate, and his face mirrored a discernable doubt, but he said nothing.

"It's about the Pirates," the Lensman continued. "I think there is more to them than meets the eye."

Paynes grunted.

"I'm gonna make a little solo flit in my speedster," Tinnyson explained. "But before I leave, could some kind of invisibility device be developed for my ship?"

"We haven't anything like that at present," Paynes answered, "but I'll put a couple of scientists right to work on it. We'll have you fixed up in a jiffy."

"How long will it take?"

Paynes consulted his chronometer and did things with his fingers.

"Two minutes and thirty-six seconds --- Eastern Standard."

"QX," Tinnyson saluted. "Away I flit."



"The Lensman flitted"

Exactly two minutes and thirty-seven seconds later, Tinnyson entered his speedster, just as the scientists and mechanics were picking up the last of their tools and blue-prints.

"All set!" they chorused.

"QX," snapped the Lensman, and he was off.

Sun after sun, parsec after parsec, rushed past and collected to the rear of the speeding craft. During his return from Velantia, Tinnyson had had much time to think. His great Arisian trained mind had deduced with unerring exactness. Far across the lens-shaped system of suns, he sped. Finally, he approached a small star-cluster, orphaned from the Galaxy proper. Stealing carefully in his invisible ship, he neared a barren, lifeless planet, attendant on one of the minor suns.

(don't stop now)

He landed. Upon the distant horizon gleamed the well nigh invincible fortress that was Grand Base of the Pirates. Tinnyson had been certain that his deductions could not be wrong. Nor were they.

The Lensman hurled his sense of perception at the distant stronghold. It was high and outside. He tried an inside curve but it fell short. The third time he was successful and his mind roamed at will through the Pirate's secret headquarters.

A thousand beings of nearly half as many worlds, were busy as anything, operating the mechanisms and devices crowding that intricate maze. In the center of it all, a blue-skinned, man-like native of Kalonia presided. A phone at his elbow set up its characteristic jangle and he reached to answer it.

"Frankenmuth, hic, speaking for, hic, Boskone."

An angry rattle came from the ear-piece. Frankenmuth straightened up in his chair and even as he spoke again, Tinnyson invaded his mind.

"I bin tryin' to getcha, Boss. Something happened to three of our best ships. Maybe the Cops is clampin' down on us."

A thin far-away voice answered.

"Your report is neither complete nor conclusive. Besides, collections are falling off in your district. Take care of this at once."

Frankenmuth's face flushed violet as he hung up.

Tinnyson withdrew, and sat in his ship, cogitating violently. He was stunned at the things he had discovered in Frankenmuth's mind. He had traced the call, too. It came from Lundmark's Nebula. Orders coming from the second Galaxy to the Grand Base of the Pirate Syndicate in the Tellurian Galaxy. This thing, the Lensman decided, definately had angles.

Just as he was about to flit, his keen senses detected the approach of some being outside. Tinnyson rushed to the view-port to see a bulky, space-suited figure heading in a direct line for his ship. The ship was visible. The invisibility device operated in such a manner that, when in contact with a planet, it endeavored to affect the whole world. This being manifestly impossible, it was driven into Schizo-phrenia, balking utterly.

Tinnyson rushed to the entrance-port to meet this new menace. The man in the space-suit grabbed for his weapon, but the Lensman was faster. The man staggered back, a neat, round hole drilled in his suit. Ether, attempting to enter, met the air coming out of the small orifice, and a burbling confusion followed. In the end, they both won, while the man hopped and reeled in the throes of an ether jag. Soon, however, he got too much and slumped to the ground. Tinnyson flitted.

Afar, in the Second Galaxy, upon the dark world Johnnyvon, the Council of Boskone was in session. Presiding at the council-table was Ach Ptooe, First of the Eich.

"Fellow Eich," he began, "these Lensmen over in the First Ward are beginning to get in our hair."

Ach Ptooe paused and ran his fingers through the wriggling

(no left turns)

something that covered his head. Something that only a charitable nature and vivid imagination could mis-term hair.

He was an ugly brute; indescribably repulsive, as were all the Eich. Modern psychologists hold to the theory that this very fact had much to do with their strange philosophy and impelling urge to force their repellant culture upon all other races. Undoubtedly, they were at least subconsciously aware of their revolting appearance. This led to an inferiority complex such as no world has seen before or since. The resulting overcompensation set them on the course that in the end brought about their downfall.

"The Lens," Ach Ptooe went on, "is beyond question the secret of their power. This, Frankenmuth informs us, is a product of the planet Arisia. Therefore, a trip of investigation upon my part is indicated. Session adjourned."

True to his word, the First of the Eich set out for Arisia. The eyes of the whole planet followed him.

Arriving at the outer defenses of that fabulous world, his ship was halted. From the air of the control-room spoke a voice.

"Ach Ptooe," it spat, "you are an evil creature. You no longer fit in my conception of the Cosmic All. Let this be a lesson to yourself and your people. Your time is come."

Before the startled eyes of the First of Boskone appeared an apparition. It was the ultimate of terror and of horror.

"Boo!" it said.

Now the Eich are not cowards for all that's been said against them. But this was too much. Ach Ptooe fell to the floor, squirmed momentarily, and surrendered the ghost.

Back upon Terra, and at the various bases of the Galactic Patrol throughout the First Galaxy, a mighty armada was being constructed. Billions of men labored, and billions of credits were expended in that gigantic effort. Cruisers, battleships, dreadnaughts. Even mobile planets were prepared.

At last it was finished. Tinnyson and Paynes, arm in arm, entered the doughty Dentless which had been rebuilt as the flagship. Buskirk, Hinderson the pilot, and a lot of other guys were close behind. Even Worsel came. Clad in his space-suit, he looked like an uncoiled length of garden-hose, ready for mailing.

"Let's go get 'em!" he hissed from between clenched fangs.

At a signal from Port Admiral Paynes they were off. Across the limitless reaches of the Galaxy they swept, twisting and squirming their way amid the clustered suns and planets. When they had arrived at the Pirate's Grand Base, Tinnyson promptly established communication with Frankenmuth.

"Do you give up?" he asked brightly.

Frankenmuth's answer was a snarling sneer.

At this evidence of the enemy's defiance, the Lensman did that which had to be done. His powerful mind reached out to that of the Speaker for Boskone --- and squeezed.

No brain is built to stand that sort of treatment and Frankenth's was no exception. He slumped to the floor a dithering idiot. Deprived of his directorial genius, the enemy fortress degenerated into confusion.

Then the Patrol struck. Beams of destruction incarnate lashed out at the stricken Pirate Base. The enemy citadel drooped into a molten mass. The whole surface of that barren world bubbled and seethed.

Came the next blow. During its sweep through the Galaxy, the Patrol fleet had gathered all the useless planets it could find and brought them along. One of these was hurled at the object of their attack. The two worlds crashed. They broke into fragments. The pieces merged. Terrific heat was generated. A tiny new sun was born. More planets were flung in rapid succession. The sun grew hot. Became ever brighter. It expanded. It puffed up. It got quite proud of itself in fact.

Only then, did the Patrol Armada move on, leaving those worlds which hadn't been used, to keep the new sun company.

Out they sped, into the cosmic waste that existed between the two galaxies. On to Lundmark's Nebula, and the murky dwelling-place of the Eich.

Midway in their long flight, Tinnyson was startled when he came upon Buskirk, heading for the air-lock. He was walking slowly, almost stiffly, and upon his face was a set, rapt expression. Tinnyson grabbed him by the shoulder.

"Bus," he yelled, "where are you going?"

"Out there," he replied, gesturing vaguely.

"But why?" demanded Tinnyson, his voice assuming a worried tone. "What's out there?"

"It's the Place," Buskirk announced cryptically.

A smile came to his lips and an ecstatic glow shone from his eyes.

"At last I have found it," he stated, then added, "A place to throw my old razor blades!"

The word spread around the Dentless like wildfire. Soon every man aboard was rummaging through duffle-bag and locker.

As they reached the Second Galaxy, Tinnyson took up his duty of directing the formation of the fleet. In the center of the ship was the "tank", showing the positions of the millions of vessels making up that Grand Armada. Tin-



"Buskirk had to go -----"

(just one more)

HERALDRY DEPARTMENT

TO ALL OF FANDOM: On the next page, the inside back cover you will observe a Coat-of-Arms recently made official at a meeting of the Galactic Roamers of Jackson & Battle Creek, Mich. This beautiful example of the Heraldric Art will also be used by NOVA, it being the semi-official organ of the Galactic Roamers.

This reproduction lacks the colorfulness of the original, and due to the limitations of lino-block printing, it was even impossible to use the etching code for single-tone portrayal of the metals and colors. However, it should give some idea of what can be done with this fascinating Art.

It was designed by NOVA's Heraldry Expert in collaboration with NOVA's art department. As those of you who have some knowledge of Heraldry already know, each charge (symbol), each metal, each tincture (color), has its own significance.

At the recent Denvention, a plea for emblems and flags for every fan group was made. This is NOVA's answer. Let each Fan Club, yes, even each Fanzine have its own individual Coat-of-Arms, depicting its own particular characteristics.

The EMBLAZONMENT of the Galactic Roamers Coat-of-Arms follows:

"Argent, a bend azure; a mullet, eight points, gules shaded murrey, in sinister chief; a binary comet, gules and murrey, pointed dexter base, tail the same, issuant nombril point; a spaceship rampant on bend, or, with pilot-port and rockets argent."

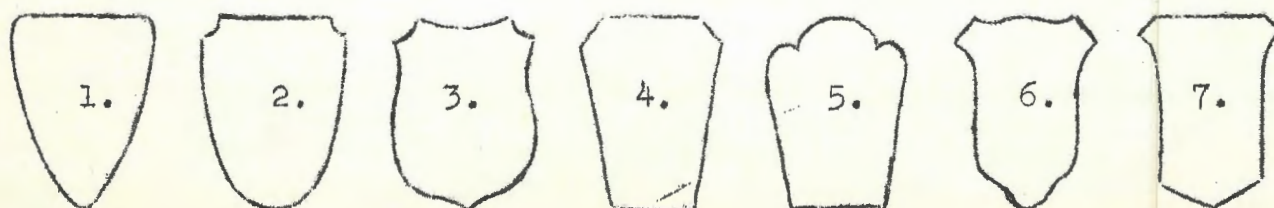
Realizing the eager response with which Fandom will greet this idea, NOVA has made arrangements to offer assistance. Our Heraldry Department stands ready to serve you. For a nominal charge, barely covering costs and not including the time involved, we will design a gorgeous Coat-of-Arms for your own Club or Fanzine.

For the small sum of fifty cents (50¢) you will receive an intensely interesting pamphlet explaining all about Heraldry, and a lovely pen and ink drawing of YOUR Coat-of-Arms. For twenty-five cents (25¢) additional we will substitute for the ink drawing, a vivid hand painting in tempera color on 11"x 14", 12-ply poster-board, suitable for framing and hanging in your club-room or editorial office.

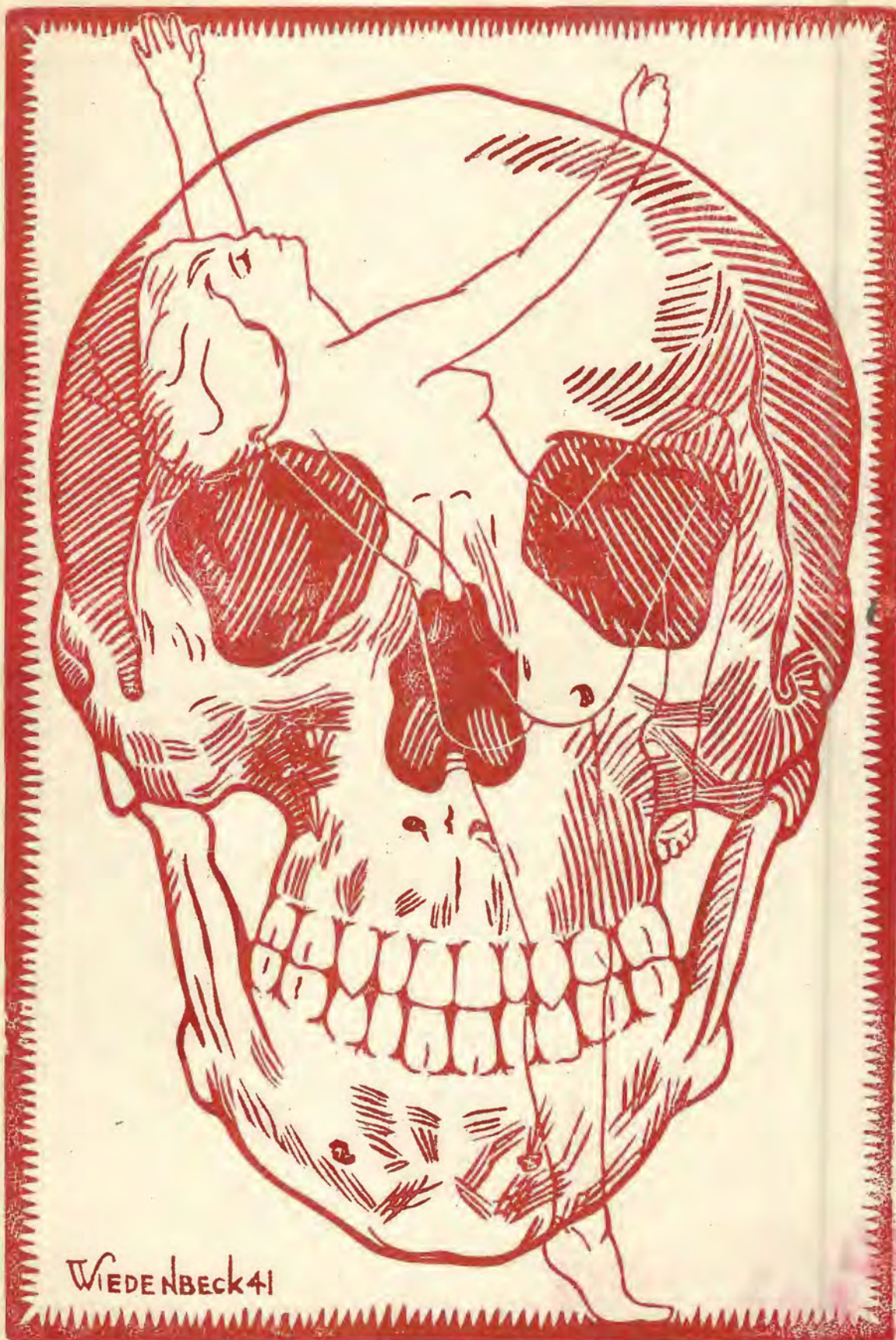
Send us a letter right away, telling briefly of your club's history, its aims, its hobbies, and anything else you might like to have symbolized on your Coat-of-Arms. Select a shield from those shown below, or any other shape derived from the basic Norman shield illustrated in No. 1. If you have any color preferences, make them known. A list of the metals and tinctures follows:

Or, (gold) argent, (silver) gules, (red) azure, (blue) vert, (green) purpure, (purple) sable, (black) tenne, (orange) murrey, (maroon).

So, HURRY, HURRY, HURRY! First come ---- first served. AVOID HAVING TO WAIT. SEND YOUR ORDER NOW. DON'T BE LEFT OUT OF FANDOM'S NEWEST THRILL. HURRY, HURRY, HURRY.







WIEDENBECK 41