





NOVA

VOLUME I.

NUMBER II.

SPECIAL "It's Later Than We Thought" ISSUE

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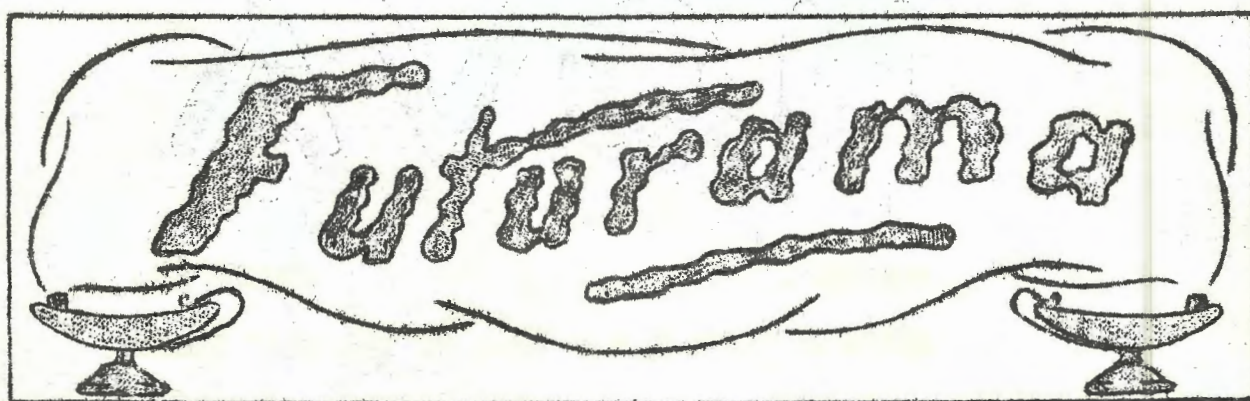
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EDITORIAL	Al Ashley	3
ARTICLES		
So Breaks The Dawn	Jane Tucker	8
Problem of Orientation	John W. Campbell, Jr.	9
What I Have Learned From S-F	Charles R. Tanner	13
Care and Coddling Of Ideas	Ross Rocklynne	19
I Remember When	Private Donn Brazier	24
FICTION		
Too Great A Wish	E. Everett Evans	29
FEATURES		
Contest	NOVA STAFF	14
Man Also Ran (Poem)	Al Ashley	18
Ping Pong's Spring Song	Jack Wiedenbeck	23
The Squirrels Gather (A Play)	A. S. Quirrel	27
Life On Sol III	Al Ashley	42
(Back Cover Explanation)		
DEPARTMENTS		
Futurama		2
La Nova Femme	Abby Lu Ashley	5
Fanzine Clinic	Harry Warner, Jr., F.D.	15
Fan Gab	U. Readers	35
Last Word Department	Al Ashley	43
FRONT AND BACK COVERS	Al Ashley	

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By the exercise of many dark and devious arts known only to the editors of NOVA, the veil of TIME has been pierced - the Future has been probed. The third issue of NOVA will present:

"INSULATION"

A brand new, hitherto unpublished story by one of S-F's top authors:
EDWARD E. SMITH, Ph.D.

"He discovers there is a War going on --- but not the one you think A war with 'fifth columnists' who bore from within"

FAN-COÖPERATION --- An article by ALDEN H. NORTON, Editor of SUPER SCIENCE and ASTONISHING STORIES.

FANZINES & PROZINES --- A brief article by MARY GNAEDINGER, Editor of FAMOUS FANTASTIC MYSTERIES.

WHAT PRICE FANMAGS --- By JULIUS UNGER, who presents **some strange** figures -- and makes them perform

OUT GOES THE NECK AGAIN --- By E. EVERETT EVANS -- and it does.

THE NFFF --- By L. R. CHAUVENET -- Explaining Fandom's National Organization to those who have been puzzled.

PLUS - many other fine articles, features, and departments, by HOY PING PONG, JACK WIEDENBECK, AL ASHLEY, and others.

WE know it! YOU know it! ALL FANDOM knows it! You simply can't afford to miss this gala issue of NOVA, the QUALITY FANZINE. The editors are ever in search of newer and greater treats with which to entertain you. Thought-provoking articles, interesting departments, amusing and intriguing features; all these may be found in NOVA, the fanzine that leads the field. WHY WAIT? SUBSCRIBE NOW!

LENS TO LENS

EDITORIAL

. ON CAUSE AND EFFECT

It was recently offered as a truism that "when science-fiction audiences increase, the sciences give way to adventure -- plain fantastic adventure". One is thereby led to assume that the continuation of science-fiction depends upon Fandom's ability to shun all forms of growth.

What liberties fans take with CAUSE and EFFECT!

Let us consider Fantasy Fiction as it appears today. It covers a wide field. It offers an abundant choice. A choice ranging from the most erudite, skillfully composed science-fiction, to the baldest of adventure tales, wherein any resemblance to fantasy is a mere gesture.

And the types of readers vary as greatly. There is he who would have the thought-provoking stimulus of new ideas and far-reaching concepts. And there is the one whose lack of scientific education or intellectual capacity constrains him to seek effortless entertainment in the simplest, fantasy-tinted adventure yarn.

Obviously, each degree of Fantasy has its own class of readers. While many do not confine themselves to one variation of this field it is equally obvious that each variation is justified to the extent of the number of readers it attracts.

We dyed-in-the-wool fans prefer the type of Fantasy that will cause us to THINK. We yearn for that which will stimulate our thought processes, stretch our imaginations, suggest the possible paths science of the future will travel. Perhaps, we aspire to become authors ourselves. Then it is the excellence of the writing we admire, the examples of literary craftsmanship we study, attempt to assimilate, strive to emulate.

But the ordinary reader is in search of entertainment. He wishes to avoid thinking.

Now let us consider the reactions of Fandom to this field of Fantasy Fiction. Perhaps these reactions have never been examined with the proper care. First, fans write vitriolic letters of protest whenever a story appears in any of the magazines and fails to fall into that variation which appeals to them. Second, there seems to be a widespread belief that no magazine, making any pretense of printing Fantasy, should even consider a story not fitting that par-



ticular variation. Third, by inference, one comes to the conclusion that Fandom believes all Fantasy should consist of one type, that appealing to them, and any preferring some other type may jolly well do without. Is this selfishness or thoughtlessness?

Suppose we get this matter straight. Let's say that we DESIRE all Fantasy to fit the variation appealing to us. Then, how may we achieve this desire?

Certain facts remain in spite of anything we may say. Undaunted by whatever arguments we bring to bear, or beliefs we see fit to cherish, they stand out.

1. We fans are but ONE PERCENT of the readers of Fantasy.
2. We fans DO NOT represent the other 99 percent.
3. We fans, considering what a small minority we are, receive a GREATER proportion of the type of Fantasy we desire than our numbers warrant.
4. We fans must INCREASE our numbers before the type of Fantasy we prefer can be increased.

A large proportion of the readers of Fantasy CAN be made into fans and taught to like the kind we do. Some methods of accomplishing this have already been brought out. Some remain to be discovered. Much thought is called for. But we LIKE TO THINK. So, Let's!

Much the same applies to those who have never read any sort of Fantasy. Those who vaguely feel that the whole thing smacks slightly of mental aberration. Let's make it our business to point out what they have been missing. We must be subtle about it. But we must be determined.

Of course, we can't pounce with a whoop of enthusiasm upon the first person we meet, and expect immediate results. Then at the first hint of resistance, crawl back into our shell muttering that it won't work. It is something that we must keep always in the back of our minds. We must be ever alert for the opportunity to make a new fan. And we must NOT be discouraged at the first failure, or even at a number of failures. When we fail there is a reason. Find the reason. Know what to avoid next time. When we succeed in working out some effective method, or some new approach, let's write it into an article for the rest of fandom. Any fanzine editor would be tickled to print it.

In the statement quoted at the beginning of this editorial, CAUSE and EFFECT were reversed. Let's keep such reversals from creeping into our thinking. We fans believe the type of Fantasy we desire is the highest type existing at the present time. We may be presumptuous, but that is our belief and there is a strong chance that we are right. But too much of the Fantasy printed today is not of this type. This is the EFFECT with which we are dealing. The CAUSE is the smallness of our group. We need to grow. We need NEW FANS.

LET'S GO GET THEM!

BRING'EM BACK ALIVE BRING'EM BACK ALIVE BRING'EM BACK ALIVE BRING'EM BACK ALIVE

♥ *la* NOVA *femme* ♥

Conducted by.....Abby Lu Ashley

FIRST --We wish to offer our thanks for the swell response to this department in NOVA #1. And to the fellows who wished us luck --thanks to you too.

SECOND -- The whole world is now in a turmoil. We femmes are told that we must prepare to shoulder an increasing share of the duties of those called into the service of their country. It goes without saying that this applies also to keeping Fandom alive and thriving. Now, as never before, we must determine to step out of the background and attempt to fill the growing number of gaps the war has caused in the ranks of Fandom. This is our opportunity and our duty.



LEIGH BRACKETT says, "It seems to me that if they ((the girls)) were a bit less aggressively feminine, they'd be better off. Seems that if anyone, male or female, has anything interesting to say, everybody will be willing to listen. At least that's been my experience. I've played beach volley-ball for several years now, at the public playgrounds, and almost exclusively with men. And I've noticed that the rare girl player who is willing to go out onto the court without favors or consideration; who will play as hard as the men under the same rules and not complain if she gets knocked down and trampled on during the game, is always welcome, where the girl who says, 'We girls are just as good as you men', and then refuses to receive serves, set a ball, or work up a sweat running, gets a cold and dirty look when she wants to play. In other words, I'd say forget sex and concentrate on the value of what's being said.

"NOVA looks like a honey of a book to me. I enjoyed it immensely, especially the editorial and Doc Smith's article. I'm nobody in particular, but my poor little brain brats have, on occasion, been thrust naked into the glaring light of print, and I've been the victim of some beautiful examples of criticism. One chap doesn't like a yarn because it has too many pirates and bad men in it. I would not mind that --- only there weren't any pirates and bad men in the story. The classic one was this, 'Somehow I don't like Brackett's yarn. Of course I haven't read it yet' That sort of yammering, ladies and gents, does not inspire an author to do his best. So more power to NOVA and Doc Smith.

"The high spot of the whole mag was 'Lensman on the Loose'. Somebody ought to sue you. Doc Smith ought to send you a bomb in the morning post. If he doesn't, I will. ((Bomb arrived and duly exploded. That's the REAL reason why this ish is late. --Ed.)) Here I sit, buying Astounding, saving each issue until I have the whole

(elevate tenderly)

Lensman saga, drooling over it occasionally in anticipation. Then what happens? Heaven knows whether I can ever again enjoy Kimball Tin--er Kinnison with a straight face. My ribs are still sprung from howling.

"Who thought up the over-leaf directions? Cute as a Martian sand flea's tail."

TRUDY KUSLAN took time out from her studies to write two swell letters, the second of which we haven't answered yet. Oh shame, shame. Anyway Trudy, we still love you. She says, "I'm delighted to hear about your activities and I wish you all the luck in the world. You will have a marvellous time as long as you don't let Science Fiction become your God (as some do). Moderation is the thing. ((Trudy, this fan business isn't our God --- it's a little devil that leads us around with a ring in our nose, and makes us love it. When we see a beautiful new hat in the window and gaze at it longingly, there he stands, shaking his finger and saying, "Ah, ah, ah, that money's got to buy paper and ink for NOVA". So we turn away sadly and make our feet walk right past and down to the Stationer's in the next block.))

"NOVA was wonderful. The covers, the illustrations were well done. And La NOVA Femme was excellent for a first appearance. Of course you will get the edges smoothed out in short order. Experience is all that's necessary. Who said it was 'High-Schoolish'? Has the person ever read any gossip columns in a college newspaper? More articles would be welcome. I'd cut out almost all of the fiction if I were you."

AND NOW, let's go from one of the very first of the girl fans to one who is very new --- THELMA MORGAN, of Sparta, Michigan. We've been exchanging letters for several months, and recently she and her son, Ross, came down for a meeting of the GALACTIC ROAMERS.

"Tell me all you think I ought to know about Fandom in general for I know practically nothing about it. ((She does now. Ed.)) Is Al going to write some more stories soon? I hope so, for I laughed 'til I cried over his Lensman.

"I read to get away from a life I don't like. I find some far planet much more interesting than my section of this one. The man who lives with us ((he has a half-interest in their farm)) doesn't like Science Fiction. I think his latest adjective for it was 'tripe'. He thinks anyone who does like it is a candidate for 'Nut Grove'. I keep right on inflicting SF on him, anyway, so perhaps after awhile he'll learn to like it." ((She then sends a list of her pet loves and hates.))

PET LOVES:

Science and Fantasy Fiction

Costume Jewelry.

Gay, gypsyish colors. "And I wear 'em, even if I am fat."

Poetry -- somekinds. Kipling, Service and H. H. Knibbs.

Cooking.

Being outdoors. "Not to hunt or fish, but just to watch my little wild brothers. ((The gal has Indian blood in her veins.))

Practically all animals. ((Even including the Old Foo -- SE.))

Loud nail polish.

Watching the river, and listening to it.

Kool cigarettes.

Chocolate peppermints.

(roll those eyes)

Books whose characters are alive. J.C.Lincoln, Jeffrey Farnol, L.J. Milne, and L.M.Montgomery.
Pine Trees.

PET HATES:

Housework -- except cooking.
Darning socks -- unless there's someone around to talk to while I do.
People who say, "Oh, I never read that sort of trash!"
Windstorms. "I'm afraid of them, slightly."
People who try to reform me.
((Has Thelma started something here? We wonder. What do you think?))

WE ASKED KAY BECKER, wife of the Chief Pilot of the Galactic Roamers, to dash off a short account of her life. It follows below. Incidentally, she is very attractive little brunette, is about five feet tall, and weighs about 98 or 100 pounds. Her every movement is graceful. Me, I fall over anything handy, even fireplugs. Ask my husband.

"My very early childhood began in Philadelphia, of two parents, one male and one female. The male parent is an Osteopathic Physician and Surgeon, and the female parent earns her livelihood as a housewife, Mother, and clubwoman. I was my parents first child, and this so discouraged them that they never had another.

"I began my schooling in a private school, but was removed to the more democratic influence of a public school in my fourth year. My teacher discovered I was too bossy. According to her and Mother, I was telling the other two members of my class when to study and when not to --- mostly the latter. It was decided a larger group would be harder to influence.

"In High School, I dabbled in dramatics and glee club, and took piano and dancing lessons. Spent the summer between Junior and Senior years studying dancing in New York. Attended the Rollins College Conservatory of Music, in Florida, for my Freshman year. Graduated from State Teachers College at Kirksville, Missouri, with a B.A. in public school music. It was while a student at Kirksville, that I met my husband to be, and marked him for my own. He was a student at Still College of Osteopathy.

"After college, I spent three and a half years studying and teaching dancing in a private studio in Louisville, Kentucky. In order to obtain a position as college dance instructor, an M. A. degree was necessary. A job as dance instructor in a summer camp followed my graduation from Peabody Teachers College.

"I was all set to hunt a job for the following winter when my love, in a light and idle moment, mentioned matrimony in one of his infrequent letters. I grabbed him -- and 'they lived happily ever after'. Well -- more or less happily."

((Kay failed to mention that Alan, her husband, is an Osteopathic Physician and Surgeon, in Jackson, Michigan, and that both his and her families have been Osteopaths almost ever since the profession originated. Also that she spent quite some time with the Dennishawn Dancers. The Beckers have a little black cat called Smokey. She is the unofficial mascot of the Galactic Roamers, attends meetings frequently, and is very well behaved.))

WE SAVED THIS FOR THE LAST. We now present our first article ---- by none other than Janie Tucker, wife of the famous Hoy Ping Pong. And that concludes La NOVA Femme for this issue. Don't forget to write. Your letters and contributions are so very welcome.

(Peek-a-boo, Janie)

SO BREAKS THE DAWN

By Jane Tucker

Back in the dim, dark ages when Bob and I were first married, I looked upon Fandom as something to be endured because one rarely disagrees with a newly acquired husband. As time went on, nothing happened and no one appeared to change my ideas on the subject. Then after several years of just plain ignoring the matter, fans began to stop in. The first fans to call were some of the New York bunch. So low was my estimation of the calibre of these fans, and all fans in general, that after concocting a few cakes I hied myself away to the country. When I was quite certain that all was well on the western front, I returned home feeling quite happy that I had succeeded in sparing myself the horrors of a meeting with three of the zanies.

After the New York Convention of 1939, Bob got in touch with Mark Reinsberg and invited him down to discuss plans for the Chicon and the Illini Fantasy Fictioneers. Instead of running off again, I stuck around and took most of it, but still nothing clicked in this mind of mine. We had several visits from Mark and Erle Korshak that summer -- but still nothing.

Then came the Philadelphia Conference. Bob and I drove, so Mark, Richard Meyer, and Walt Marconette went with us. The hysterical arguments that took place during that trip, both going and coming back, have never been equalled. Instead of taking an interest I narrow-mindedly (I know of nothing else I could call it) shut my ears and mind to all possibilities of even becoming interested. The other members of Fandom who have stopped at our house since, have done nothing to change my mind, mainly, I think, because I didn't especially want to change it. Until just recently, I never even bothered to read anything pertaining to fantasy to see whether or not I liked Fandom's literature. Then I read several fantastic stories and heard more on the air. My interest began to awaken; and then came the Michigan Conference.

"The Michigan Conference." Even now I sit and resee in my mind's eye everything that took place, so deeply did it impress me. If all the rest of the fans are like the Michifans, I hope to meet many more of them. Never have I found a more congenial bunch. They are tops.

It now dawns on me for the first time that this literature all of the fans are so sincere and earnest about really has something. I can read Fantastic stories, and those in Unknown, and really enjoy them, but due to my lack of knowledge of the scientific terms concerning space and space-ships, I cannot as yet understand science-fiction. The latter stories are about as interesting to me as one of my cook books would be to Bob. I really believe, though, if I could start back at the beginning with the simpler stories of this type, I could learn to understand them and thus to enjoy them. However, for the time being, I shall confine myself to the fantastic. Then, perhaps, when I become better acquainted with the fantastics, I will branch out and tackle the science fiction group.

So the dawn breaks, and another non-believer is in the throes of becoming a fan.

(End of La NOVA Femme)

too; the organized fans are spokesmen for the general readership.

No-- that's not altogether fair, either. An organized fan is a science-fiction reader whose particular mental and psychological make-up is such that he wants to be an organized fan, wants to discuss science-fiction with other readers. He's a science-fiction reader, certainly, but a particular kind of science-fiction reader. He must have certain differences of psychology and reactions, or every science-fiction reader would join a fan club, or become a corresponding fan, subscribe to fan magazines, etc. Or, even if he didn't know of the fan clubs---a supposition of extremely low probability now -- he'd invent a fan club for himself. You present fans did.

The net remaining statement then would be that organized fans represent a voluble segment of one type of reader. Organized fans' reactions. If I followed the desires of the organized fans with absolute fidelity, running the magazine exactly as they wanted it --- I'd sell to a somewhat wider audience than the present organized fan groups. That's not 35,000, or even 3,500. There wouldn't be any Astounding, in other words.

Fans are a special type of reader --- but they are readers, and they will, thank the Lord, talk out loud where I can hear them. The average reader is a sponge; he soaks up magazines and doesn't give off anything. No letters. No suggestions. Nothing. He's got a clam beat six ways from zero when it comes to silence. But he -- and his tens of thousands of blood-brothers---buys Astounding in the whole-sale fashion we must have. He is the man I most ardently desire to suit. And he won't talk, damn it. He won't even whisper what he likes and dislikes. He's as unsatisfactory as a vacuum; you pour things in and nothing comes out.

Authors complain because editors won't comment on every story sent in. Hell. The type of reader I've got to satisfy won't comment at all on any story put in.

So I love fans. They aren't an accurate representation of Mr. Clamsilent Buyer --- and thank the Lord for that. They talk. They even howl loudly. Their chief trouble is that they insist that they are always absolutely right; they aren't, for if they were there'd be at least 40,000 of them.

Here's what I want from a fan magazine. I like polls, of course But I have to discount them heavily. Any statistician will tell you that to determine the correct proportions among ten "objects" in a "universe" of 70,000, the sample surveyed must include at least 700. That gives an answer with an accuracy of about 5%. I haven't seen a fan poll yet that had a sampling of more than 50 units---50 voters. Such a poll is statistically practically a meaningless noise. The accuracy would run something like plus or minus 30%, if you had an unselected average sample. Since they were all fans, that doesn't mean anything in this case; the sample was selected to start with.

But fan articles on why that particular fan liked or --- even better ---- why he disliked a particular story, with reasons, is my

dish. If two fans, one who liked it and one who disliked it, independently give their reasons for that reaction, I study those reactions, and the reactions to those reactions, with interest.

In summary, from my point of view, the direct influence of the fans is, though I know it hurts to realize it, indetectably minute. Their indirect influence -- as spokesmen for readers in general --- is a distortion of the actual facts. They're all fans, which means they're all a selected, specialized type of reader, not general reader average at all.

But they represent one of the few ways I have of actually reaching any readers; they're highly important and informative, if I can just figure out how much of what they say is due to the distorted-general-reader-who-is-a-fan, and calculate from that what they might have refrained from saying if they had actually been Mr. Clamsilent Reader.

It's like Heisenberg's Uncertainty Principle. You can't measure the position and velocity of an electron, because the tool used to measure its position changes the velocity. You can't find out what that blasted clam reader is really thinking, because he won't talk, and if he does talk, he isn't that kind of a reader.

So---I support and try to help the fans and the fan magazines, try to render them services in return for the service they render me. But please don't get annoyed if I don't follow your pet suggestion; you're constitutionally unable to think the way the silent reader does, as much as I myself am unable to. If I could think like him --- why, naturally, I'd be one; would always have been one. I'd never have become a fan-author, an author, or an editor.

END

H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H

LOS ANGELES, April 23: Latest reports from the Pacificon Committee are to the effect that of the 68 ballots sent out, only 34 have been filled and returned. These show 28 votes for Postponement of the Pacificon until after this mess is finished; 4 for holding it at the planned time and place, and 2 for transferring it to some other site. The Committee urges all members who have not yet voted, please to do so at once. They promise a complete report to all F.W.S.F.C.S. members in the very near future. NOVA adds their request to all who have not yet voted on this important subject, to send their votes to Chairman Walt Daugherty, 846-1/3 W. 82nd St., Los Angeles, Cal., immediately, now, and right away.

BATTLE CREEK, May 18, 1942 -- (AA) On a platform of belief in the future of Fantasy and Science Fiction Fandom, and its place in the ultimate scheme of things; and his promise to devote his best efforts toward that end, E. EVERETT EVANS announces his candidacy for the Presidency of the NFFF. (This is a paid political adv.)

((O Yeah!))

(Starboard your helm!)

WHAT I HAVE LEARNED FROM SCIENCE-FICTION

By CHARLES R. TANNER

That the brain is a very weak organ, and any excessive use of it causes its breakdown. Hence most professors and doctors are very liable to go mad at any moment, if they aren't mad already.

That whenever a scientist advances a new theory, all his colleagues go into gales of scornful laughter, whereupon, he resigns from all association with them and becomes a hermit.

That whenever a discovery or invention is made which causes accidents or death, the government immediately passes laws prohibiting further investigation in these fields.

That any villainous character can, at any moment, organize a mob bent on slaying the hero, merely by telling the populace a few general lies.

That, in spite of continuing and constant advances in penology the world of the future will set aside whole planets as prisons, where brutal guards with whips and guns will constantly torment the convicts.

That "free fall" and "velocity of escape" are mere gibberish, and that it would be necessary to blast constantly in order to travel through space in a rocket.

That the solar system is in a state of very delicate balance, and that the least disturbance of that balance would cause all the planets to start smashing into one another, or falling into the sun.

That in order to get to Jupiter it is absolutely necessary to "thread your way" through thousands of clustered asteroids, and that rising above or diving below the asteroid belt is utterly impossible.

That there is a mysterious substance called "protoplasm", and that all life is made of this stuff. If we could make protoplasm, it would be a simple job to make men, or any other animal.

That all the Earth-men of the future will be white Americans and will talk in the colloquialisms of the Americans of today.

That the continuance of the present progress of our mechanical civilization, with its increase in leisure, will inevitably develop a race of childlike savages, and that if a man of today managed to reach that future and point out the error of their ways, they would with one accord, destroy their life of ease and start over again the hard way.

That space is inhabited by a variety of fearsome dragons who have just been waiting these millions of years for a space-ship full of humans to leave Earth and provide them with a square meal.

CONTEST! CONTEST! CONTEST!

\$\$\$ WIN \$\$\$ WIN \$\$\$ WIN \$\$\$ WIN \$\$\$ WIN \$\$\$ WIN \$\$\$
(Or, rather, the equivalent in issues of NOVA.)

GIGANTIC RATING CONTEST!

Feeling that there is need of a better method of rating both Fanzines and Prozines, the Editors of NOVA take pleasure in announcing the following contest:

For the best letter presenting an efficient, comprehensive method of **rating** both written contents and art work of any fan or pro magazine, we will make the awards listed below.

FIRST PRIZE: A One-Year subscription to NOVA.

SECOND PRIZE: A Half-Year subscription to NOVA.

THIRD TO SEVENTH PRIZES: One FREE copy of NOVA.

RULES

1. The rating method must be easy and fast to use, calling for a minimum of writing or figuring on the part of the one doing the rating, or effort on the part of the one who reads it.
2. The rating method must be comprehensive. It must go as far as possible toward explaining WHY it is rated as it is. It should distinguish between subject matter, handling, etc.
3. The rating method must be readily susceptible to the making of comparisons, preferably at a glance.
4. The entries winning first and second prizes will be published in a subsequent issue of NOVA.
5. In the event no entirely suitable method is submitted, but it proves possible to form one by the combination of two or more of those submitted, the editors of NOVA will do so, and introduce the rating method thus formed to Fandom. It will be thereafter known by the names or a combination of the names of those who contributed to it.
6. All entries must be typewritten or in legible longhand. They must be in the English language, as nearly all the members of NOVA's staff of interpreters and translators have been interned for the duration as dangerous aliens.
7. All entries must be postmarked not later than midnight, June 15th, 1942.
8. The Editors of NOVA will be the sole judges. Their decisions will be final, and you can like it or else, see!
9. Address all entries to NOVA, 86 Upton Avenue, Battle Creek, Michigan.

THE FANZINE CLINIC

EDITOR'S FOREWORD: We herewith present what we hope is the first of a series of Fanzine Clinics. This one is conducted by that able FD. (Fanzine Doctor), Harry Warner, Jr. wherein he diagnoses Fanzinedom, and offers some excellent remedies. If this receives the approval and support of the "public", and the cooperation of the other FD's, it will become a permanent feature. We urge your comments and make a plea for volunteers to conduct future clinics.

Harry Warner, Jr., FD.

I've intended to go into this subject for a long while. Up to now, I've felt a bit apologetic about the whole thing; last night I did some Lilliputian research, and now feel no qualms. Listen to me, and stand in awe at my findings.

Every so often, someone comes forth with a plea that something should be done about the tons of fanzines, and the way they multiply to the point where a body can't keep up with them. (Usually that "someone" is Widner - but that's beside the point.) I've never felt that way; I've always liked lots of fanzines. And recently, I've been wondering whether there actually is such a steady and alarming increase in their quantity.

So last night, I decided to do something which apparently no one has ever thought to do. I decided to find out how fast the fanzines are increasing in number.

For a little more than two years, I've kept a record of all mail related to fandom and Stf., that comes to me, and that I send out. Each item, postal, magazine, letter, or whathaveyous, is entered in a small double-entry ledger; by keeping the information noted in as small a space as possible, each page of the ledger is good for fifty-two entries, or an average of around ten days of my correspondence. That record was begun September 21, 1939. I determined to check the number of fanzines that arrived here in the two months following September 21, in 1939, 1940 and 1941. I divided them into two groups --- those selling for a dime or more, and those costing less than a dime or sent free. I didn't include catalogs of Stf. dealers, or back issues of fanzines I happen to have received in those periods, and I didn't include FAPA mailings. (As it happened, FAPA mailings twice arrived here during those two months. It would obviously gum up things to count the arrival of a package of fanzines that comes four times a year, and merely happened to land in that period twice. The FAPA mailings have gotten a little smaller in the past few years, on the whole, I think -- but here I'm primarily speaking of subscription fanzines.)

During those two months in 1939, 21 "little" (under 10¢) fanzines arrived; 15 "big" (a dime or more) ones were received. In the two months of 1940, 25 small ones came in, and 10 big ones. From September 21 to November 20, 1941, 25 small ones came, and 13 big

(Your attention please, Dr. Widner)

ones. Taken altogether, in 1939, 36 issues of fanzines arrived in those two months; in the same two months in 1940, 35 came in; during the two months span of 1941, 38 were received.

Now where is your gigantic increase in the number of fanzines?

I'll admit those figures may not be strictly accurate. I don't pretend to get every fanzine (although I'm sure I do better than 95% complete), and a fanatic "completist" might find a few more. Naturally, these figures include fanzines received -- not mailed -- during two months of each year, and the number would vary for the same periods for fans living in different parts of the country. And over a longer period of time -- six months, say -- a more strictly accurate figure could be obtained. But my records don't go back far enough to use a longer measuring stick at present. It would also be interesting to average up the number of different titles received during one period over the course of years; that would require more than two months to be of much value.

But the minor errors probably cancel one another out pretty well. If any other fan has kept a similar record, complete enough to be accurate, for years before 1939, it would be a good idea for him to do some checking. Probably, years before 1939 would show fewer fanzines, partly because Fandom wasn't so large, and partly because there were no weekly fanzines until sometime in 1938.

I contend that this isn't too many fanzines. In 1941, we had more than one hundred separate issues of the prozines. (Count them if you don't believe me, remembering there are three monthlies, half a dozen bi-monthlies, scads of quarterlies, Tales of Wonder, and the two little-known Canadian prozines.) According to those figures, the entire year of 1941 shouldn't show more than two hundred fanzines, excluding FAPA publications not sold as subscription fanzines, since fanzine production for the summer months drops off scandalously. When you remember that the average fanzine costs less than half the price of the average prozine, and requires only a small fraction of the reading time, you must remember to slander the prozines every time you complain about the quantity of fanzines--if you must knock the fanzines. Another small point to remember is that about one-third of 1941's fanzine production is in two and four-page news magazines -- Fantasy Fiction Field Weekly, mostly, with scattered issues of Fantasy News and Fantasy Times.

Therefore, since there aren't such vast oceans of fanzines, I think it's safe to write about the subject I mentioned at the start of this article. I think things should be done to encourage publication of fanzines, the subscription variety as well as FAPA and free ones. Yes, encourage: encourage publication of new ones, and continuation of shaky old ones. The fanzines have remained about the same in quantity during the past three years. I'm of the opinion that any really good thing should continue growth until it arrives at the saturation point; which is a doubtful figure of speech but what I consider a fine sentiment. I don't think fanzines are at that saturation point yet.

I propose a very loose and informal organization, primarily for fanzine editors and would-be fanzine editors. It would not in the

(Try an optic skid, kid.)

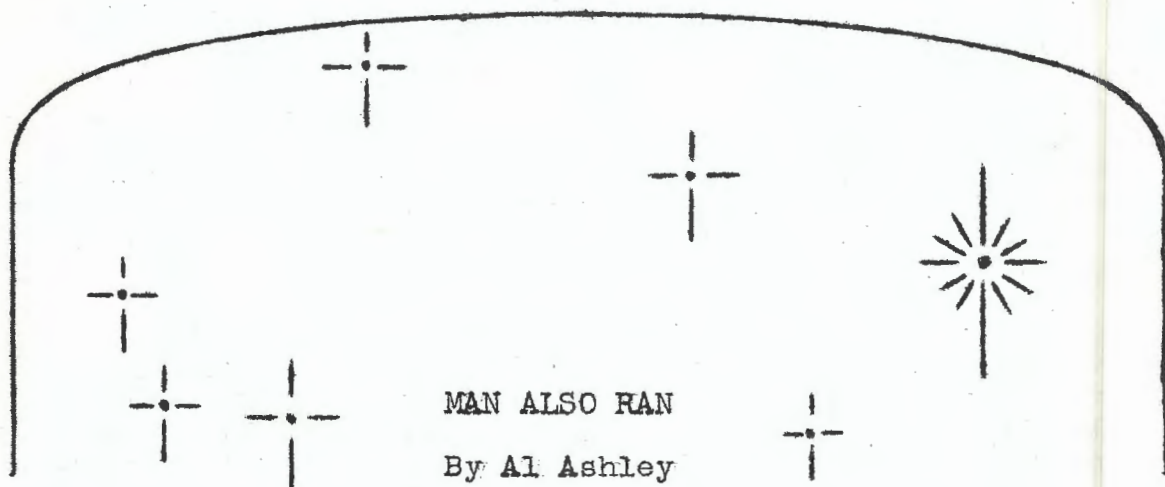
slightest way conflict with the NFFF, FAPA, or any existing organization. Possibly, the NFFF could help with it. If it worked out the way I think best, it would have not even a name, no membership cards no officers, no entrance requirements except publication of, or intention to publish a fanzine. One would be a member as long as he issued a fanzine, becoming a member when he decided to publish one. A fanzine publisher wouldn't be "required" to join it, even if compulsion were possible in fandom. It would simply be a concreting of certain unwritten laws and things that exist today.

The work of the organization would be done by volunteers. If no one volunteered for a certain activity, that activity wouldn't be undertaken until someone was willing to do the work. There would be no club bulletin, no drives for members, and I'm positive such an organization would have the finest possible chance for success: because with no glory to be won, and nothing to squabble over, possibility of internal dissension would be reduced to the minimum.

And what would be its activities? Without much trouble, I've been able to think of quite a few. You probably have had some pet ideas of your own for quite a while. For one thing, every member would be asked to mail to a certain volunteer for the job, a list of those receiving his fanzine, every so often -- perhaps once each six months. The volunteer would then make up a master list of all the names, hektograph it, and mail it out to all members of the organization. In that way, any fan wishing to send sample copies of his fanzine would have a large list of names of those actually getting fanzines at the present time; such fans would be more likely to buy other fanzines than those with letters in the prozine letter sections, for instance. The volunteer would have to be trusted to keep quiet about the size of the subscription lists of those who didn't want such information known. But if anyone didn't like the idea of having his subscription list become known, he wouldn't have to contribute to the master list, and nothing more would be said about it. Hektoing and mailing costs could be cared for by very low annual dues, or voluntary contributions.

There are other schemes. The entire fan world could participate in one: a manuscript bureau for fanzines needing material. That's a terrible bugaboo for new fanzines, and such a service could be expected to encourage new writers for the fanzines. Possibly some might get together, pool experiences, and turn out a long publication dealing with nothing but how to put out a fanzine. I'm writing one such article myself, but it's for fanzine publication and can't hope to cover all of what I alone have learned. Information could be spread about the fan world when one fanzine editor (or individual fan, for that matter) discovers where stencils or ink may be bought for very low prices; possibly fans could pool resources & get big quantities of stuff at a saving to all, if postage didn't prove prohibitive. And perhaps the best of all functions would be some sort of refund service for fans gyped on folded or non-appearing fanzines. I don't know how it could be worked out, but there is surely some way. If a sort of insurance policy could be had, that would permit a fan to subscribe to a fanzine and be certain that he will get either his money back or other fanzines in case the one he buys folds its tent and steals away--if that could be managed, fandom would be relieved of one of its blackest eyes.

If anyone wants to second this idea, will he please write me, or the editors of NOVA, saying so?



MAN ALSO RAN

By Al Ashley

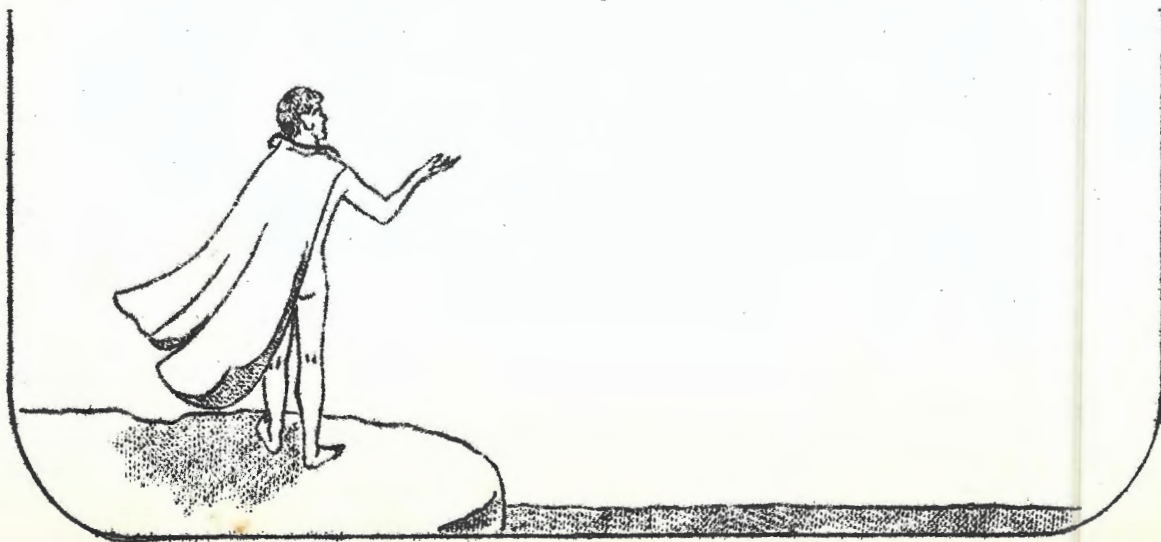
Why look toward the stars, Last Man; puzzlement in your eyes?
Why do you frown; with troubled gaze,
Strive to recall those yesterdays
When a youthful race, hearts ablaze, aspired to the skies?

Why stare, and vaguely raise your hand up to those points of light?
Why should their brilliant gleams conceal
The secret of the urge you feel?
What can those distant suns reveal to your befuddled sight?

Why seek above, to find, Last Man, what lies beneath your feet?
Commingle with that earth and stone,
Long mouldered flesh and crumbled bone,
Your forebears, all, have clearly shown your yearnings obsolete.

Why snatch at such a futile dream, when ages of your race
Charted the stars, and wrought with flame;
The very atom sought to tame;
Yet all their effort failed to claim a pathway into space?

Lower your groping hand, Last Man! Those thoughts you voidward tossed
Pursue a hopeless ancient quest.
Quell that feeling of dim unrest!
Stifle that stirring in your breast! Your Heritage is lost!



I think that story is a good example of how to care for and coddle 'em. If you have one idea which does not seem enough in itself, use it as a nucleus around which a pearl-like covering is built by constant irritation.

All stories must have individual inceptions which could bear retelling. The day Dale Tarr, attracted by a letter I had in *ASTOUNDING*, first showed up at my home, I was playing around with a story which later became *AT THE CENTER OF GRAVITY*. Dale agreed with me that in a hollow planet, all objects would hang at the center. Years later, he pointed out to me that Newton, using unimpeachable mathematics, had decided otherwise. I wrote another problem story which I called *AND THEN THERE WAS ONE*. It is a pity that there were so many scientific errors in that yarn, many of which I had originally meant to avoid. But I was in such an inspirational mood (so tickled to death with my material) that I wrote at white heat, with intense enjoyment, and finished the tale in two days.

THE MEN AND THE MIRROR was written with similar speed. It was the result of more than half a year during which I had, characteristically, not even touched the typewriter. One evening, being so long inactive, merely as a matter of curiosity as to whether I could plot anymore or not, I sat down with the bare idea of a Colbie-Devorel yarn. Of course, the plot was already there --- cop captures outlaw, outlaw uses his wits to escape. The idea I had was vague -- something on the other side of the moon. Why not a huge cavity of some kind? Make it a smooth cavity -- make it a giant mirror. Make it perfectly frictionless -- so my thoughts ran.

Previously, I had written stories about a giant lever and a giant siphon. For some time, I had wanted to write a story wherein a giant pendulum played the principal part, but nothing had come to mind. Now, miracle of miracles, this frictionless, spherical, giant mirror provided the material for a perfect pendulum sixteen hundred miles long, and eventually gave the extra fillip that was needed to make the story somewhat original. Using my author's license, I brought a new planet into the solar system (how convenient that is) and my characters found the mirror, and formed the bob of the pendulum-without-a-string. I wrote *THE MEN AND THE MIRROR* one night, 15,000 words of it, drinking quantities of coffee to keep me awake. John W. Campbell, Jr., had just been made editor of *ASTOUNDING*.

Charles R. Tanner was an author whom I had long admired. I had read his prize winning story in an early *WONDER*, and his *Tumithaks*, and knew he lived in Cincinnati. I never had the enterprise to look him up. I ran into him briefly in 1933 at some sort of writer's club, talked with him, read one of his stories, and was terribly awed because he was the first author I had ever met. A few years later, I started selling yarns, and I ran across a friend of his who lived on the floor below Tanner. Still, our ways did not meet. One day, I received a circular from Raymond A. Palmer, who had just been made editor of *AMAZING STORIES*, asking for yarns of a certain type. Eventually, I appeared in the first Ziff-Davis issue with *ESCAPE THROUGH SPACE*. Also on the contents page was *THE VANISHING DIAMONDS* by Charles R. himself. As I fully expected, that evening Tanner called, and an enduring friendship was started. It developed that

(Try a third-class lever)

each of us had wanted to contact the other, but none had taken the pains until Ziff-Davis put us on the same contents page.

I am still sticking to the main subject, although it seems that I wander off occasionally. Tanner's help is evident in many of my stories, as is Tarr's. Both are better scientists than I. Upon selling *THE MOTH*, Tanner waxed enthusiastic, and worked out a complete set of machinery for bringing the reversed Fitzgerald Contraction about, with the names of inventors, their histories, the dates of discovery of each of the principles which led to the final HH (Holloway-Hammond) drive. You have already seen references to the Wittenberg atom disrupters, the Holloway vacuum feeders, the protonoclasts, the anatherm tubes. The HH drive itself has been used in only three stories, the one already named, *TIME WANTS A SKELETON*, and a novel soon to appear in *STARTLING STORIES*.

Sometimes story ideas refuse to be coddled. There might be a good situation, some obvious characters, some obvious development, but no end. In such cases I generally gamble, and hope that everything will turn out all right. I start the story, and pray. I have many started stories. But there have been more which have solved themselves, such as *THE TANTALUS DEATH*, *DAUGHTER OF DARKNESS*, *THE MAN WHO NEVER LIVED*, *EXILES OF THE DESERT STAR*, *MUTINY ON THE "TERRA"*, etc. I did not have much idea where they would wind up --- but they did, and sometimes the readers even liked them.

I have often wondered if there were a formula for ideas. I would like to have it, for Lord knows how I hate to write stories not centralized around some idea brainstorm. I do know, however, that most of those stories of mine which have been called problem stories do follow a formula, unconscious or not. One merely blows an everyday scientific principle to giant dimensions -- one plays with toys on a colossal scheme. Offhand, to show my tendency in that direction, I remember ideas such as a giant mirror, a giant lover, a giant siphon, a giant pendulum, a giant mountain, a giant lung, a giant water spout, a giant man.

Why such ideas appeal to me I do not know. I can, however, hazard guesses. Subconsciously, I probably feel myself to be small, insignificant, and thus must create giantisms. That's one guess. Another: A writer tries, in each of his stories, to lay the whole universe before his readers. He knows, however, that he will never accomplish that feat. All he can ever do is to slice off one thin segment, meanwhile reaching out vainly for the rest. Therein, I believe, lies most of the hard work in writing. The knowledge that you want to give everything, but can't. The process of trying and failing, of enforced selectivity instead of comprehensiveness, is galling. So, to avoid attempting an impossible task, why not select some nice, shiny, brand-new phenomenon which is isolated by its ideal perfection from the rest of the world, and center the emotions of some characters around that phenomenon instead of around everyday problems which are pulled at and distorted and affected by the mad whirl of a million beings until, lo! the poor author does not know what to put in from all the complex mass of material. Take your pick.

Now do you know how to feed and coddle 'em? Kindly write, care of NOVA, and let me know, too!

PING PONG: "SPRING SONG"⁹

OR
"LOVE COMES TO ANDY PONG" BY WIEDENBECK.



I REMEMBER WHEN -----

By Private Donn Brazier

The Air Corps has not had me long, really; but the great distance from home, the rapid changes, the shake-up of a formerly uneventful life, the new faces, novel situations --- all these things have carved notches in the coils of time. Science-fiction and fantasy seems very far away.

And now I look back

To see Don Wilcox, red-eyed and sleepy, just arisen from an old, black coat thrown on his office floor.

To see the first cover of Frontier pull up from the gelatin.

To see the members of the Milwaukee Fictioneers discussing their latest plots in Art Tofte's living room.

One Sunday in late Spring, George Tullis, former Chicago fan, and now somewhere at sea, Betty Deppiesse, and I boarded the North Shore for Chicago. Walking from the Loop to the lake~~shore~~, we picked up Yeoman Tullis' car, a bag of French-fried shrimp, and burned gasoline to the Wilcox residence.

Don's wife let us in their upstairs apartment. "No, Don isn't home. He's been working at his office since yesterday, and I don't expect him back until evening."

While we sat conversing and playing with Don's little red-haired girl, I began to doubt the wisdom of my ambition to be a writer. I wondered how a writer's wife felt to be alone.

"Can we call Don by phone?"

"No," she smiled, "it's Don's pet idea -- no phone to ring and disturb him. His office is his hideaway."

And we had the crust to invade his hideaway bodily!

We knocked on his office door. It opened suddenly, and there stood Don Wilcox, a chubby-faced, tousled haired, sleepyhead. I looked at his red-lidded eyes, and, again, doubts about the writing game crept into my thoughts.

Needlessly he explained, "I was napping, been working all night." He gestured to the old coat on the floor of his tiny office. I felt like a heel for waking him because he looked like he needed sleep more than anything else in the world.

While there I spied Don's filing cabinet -- a large card-board carton in the corner. This was heaped to overflowing with manuscript, most of it red-inked by Palmer. How I longed to be left alone with that for half a day! I said as much to Don and he graciously invited me to pay him a return visit. Induction into the Army came before that could happen.

(Try an inclined plane)

(Note to fan magazine publishers: While there Wilcox & Tullis discussed a rewrite Tullis made of one of Don's stories. The story's title I do not remember, though it was something about a stone doll. George rewrote it in the style of Lord Dunsany. Get hold of this, editors; it would make an interesting feature.)

We left Don, who continued working on the "juvenile" he was writing, to visit the zoo. After a very pleasant afternoon showing the animals to Caroline, we were all together again over a waffle supper.

At times Don got a word in sledge-wise, for Tullis was rendering several of Lord Dunsany's fantasies. This is an obsession with George which he exercises quite frequently.

Driving Don down to his office again later in the evening, we said goodbye. How late did he work that Sunday night before his tired body relaxed on that old black coat on the floor?

A dominant impression remains: writing as a profession isn't; it's a trade.

For quite some time I had had the desire to publish a fan mag, and the formation of the Frontier Society made the need for a magazine acute.

Phil Schumann and I began a series of partially successful experiments in compounding our own hectograph composition. I recall the first batch we poured -- into a saucer I placed in the refrigerator. How thrilled we were at the test! It worked like a dream, and for gelatin in the formula we had used Orange Jello!

Ambitiously, we boiled huge amounts of colorless gelatin and glycerin, pouring the goo into pans, plates, board molds, and refrigerator trays. I guess we nearly drove my mother nuts with the mess we made of her kitchen; and when one of the trays tipped and flooded the contents of the refrigerator with sticky-oily goo, things were brought to a focus. But not until the cover of the first Frontier was hectoed!

Some of you may have seen the first issue. It had a simple cover. I drew it in purple Ditto pencil, placed it face down on the homemade composition, removed it, and admired the reverse, purple image left behind. My heart was beating hard; so far so good, but would it really work? The stack of clean white paper. One by one the sheets went down and came up hectoed! Success was with me until the 45th copy, for then the gelatin stripped and stuck to the paper.

But Frontier's first edition was launched. I saw the second, third, and fourth come from my room; Schumann made the fifth; and now Klingbiel carries on with the sixth and future issues.

Boys, it's work.

The meeting at Art Tofte's home brought together the members of the Lilwaukee Fictioneers. Weinbaum was a star member before his death; and Palmer still runs up from Chicago now and then to keep his membership alive.

This particular meeting was brought sharply into my thoughts just the other day when I examined the December FANTASTIC ADVEN-

(Hist! Use a hydraulic hoist)

page 26.

TURES on page 67 and read Palmer's remarks on Farley's sequel to "City of Lost Souls". Perhaps, by the time you read this "Paradise Regained" will already have been published.

It was at this meeting that Farley read to us in clipped and measured cadence as much of the story as he had finished. A discussion flared up about the title. Farley thought it perfect, but every other member laughed and said, "You think Palmer would use that title?" It would seem Farley was right; he's the type to be right.

In case you are wondering about Al P. Nelson's contribution to the collaboration, it is this. When you read the fight scene in the cafe, you'll be reading Nelson's work. Farley admitted his inability to write good, fast action, and complimented Nelson on his ability to write it. So any terrific action scenes in "Paradise Regained" are the work of Nelson.

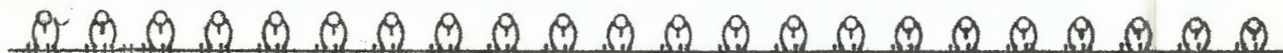
Prominent at the meeting was Robert "Bobbie" Bloch, tall, dark and weird. He related a particularly gruesome plot entitled "The Corpse That Would Not Stay Buried". Perhaps this has been printed already, for I have not seen a WEIRD TALES lately.

Of course, host Art Tofte was prominent in the circle. He advanced an idea for a story; in a future invasion of America a hero borrows weapons lifted from previous stories in Amazing. Has this been written yet? Perhaps not, because Art was gunning for bigger game, notably ESQUIRE.

Considering each of these three memories, I feel one way: stuff is work.

But ain't it fun?

END



TO THE CRITICS OF NOVA:

Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.

--- Alexander Pope.

THINGS THAT TICKLED OUR FANCY:

That magnificent bit about the necktie that was "a slight shade of nausea." --- From Allen Glass' "Metamorph".

IT BEARS REPEATING:

"This is something every fan should keep in mind. Whether one magazine is better than another depends chiefly on whether any particular reader thinks it is better. That is a matter for individual decision." - From Malcolm Jameson's article in SUN SPOTS, Feb. 1942.

THE SQUIRRELS GATHER

A One Act Play

By A. S. Quirrel

SCENE: The Ashley living room --- editorial office and publishing headquarters of NOVA.

CHARACTERS: E.E.Evans, seated carelessly in a wicker rocker, maneuvering a barely-lit stogie from one corner of his mouth to the other; Jack Wiedenbeck, leaning stiffly back in his chair due to back brace, his customary expression of ennui much in evidence; Al Ashley, sprawled in an easy chair as if carelessly flung there, tippling from time to time from a bottle of Coca-Cola.

Act I.

E.E.EVANS: (Removes cigar from mouth, spits residue on carpet.) Well, what is there yet to be written for this issue of NOVA?

AL ASHLEY: (Glances at carpet; shrugs. Looks pointedly at Jack.) The Artorial isn't done yet.

JACK WIEDENBECK: (Looks sheepish.) I don't know what to write it about.

AL: Why not take some particular phase of art work and consider it in the light of all the various artists?

JACK: (Nods head and tries to appear thoughtful.) That might be alright. I've kinda wanted to go into this business of Finlay and his imitators -- like Bok and Magarian.

AL & EEE: (In crudely synchronized chorus.) Whadaya mean? Since when was Bok a Finlay imitator?

JACK: (In a lecture-room tone.) Finlay, Bok, Cartier, Magarian, and others depend on "trick effects" for their style. Finlay was the one who started it. But that kind of style will wear out rapidly. What I wonder is whether they are capable of changing their styles before everybody tires of them. I believe Finlay is a great enough artist to be able to change completely when necessary. But I don't think the rest are.

AL & EEE: (With slightly improved timing.) Nuts! Bok is one of the best artists in Scientifiction.

JACK: (Waggles finger for emphasis.) No, he isn't. He depends entirely on "trick stuff". Without that he would be no good at all. Just look at one of his pictures. Look at several of them. They are all the same. Before long the fans will tire of them. Then Bok will be done.

EEE: (Rummages frantically through a pile of prozines, scattering them all over the floor.)

AL: (Shakes head slowly) You're screwy, Jack. Bok originated his particular style, and he is slowly but continually changing it. What if it does depend on "trick effects"? He can and is developing new tricks all the time.

JACK: (Smiles patronizingly at Al.) There was an artist about ten or fifteen years ago --- remember that magazine? --- let's see -- what was the name of it?

EEE: (Emerges from pile of prozines on the floor. Holds up two mags, one with a Bok cover, the other open to a Bok interior.) There! Could any two pictures be more different than those?

AL: (Ignores EEE) I defy you to produce the work of any other artist that could have been the originator of Bok's style.

EEE: (Paws through some more prozines and comes up with another Bok interior.) Look! There are three Boks. And they are all different.

JACK: (Ignores EEE.) Well, anyway, what I started to say was that Finlay is the only one who is enough of a real artist to change his technique before it gets stale.

EEE: (Produces a fourth Bok.) Now just look at these four pics. If I didn't know different, I'd think they were done by four different artists. Of course I don't know anything about art, but..

JACK: (Interrupting.) But they are unmistakably Boks. The technique is the same.

AL: (Tries to confuse the issue with quibbling) Yes, the technique is the same, but the style is different.

JACK: (SNORTS) You just don't know much about art, AL.

EEE: (Business of fumbling with mags.) Now I don't claim to know anything about art. I just like it or I don't like it. But here are four different styles, or techniques, or whatever you want to call 'em. Yet they are all Boks.

AL: Suppose we say they are four phases of the same style.

JACK: Yeah! And soon he will run out of phases. Then he'll be done,

AL: Just what right have you to assume there is any limit?

EEE: (Nods sagely.) To me, these are four different pictures.

AL: (Raises hand in imperative gesture demanding attention.) Now here is the way it seems to me. There are, first, the "Photographic artists, like Wesso and Dold and Krupa and Fuqua.

JACK: (Derisively.) "Photographic"!

AL: I mean they try to draw the pic as it should look in reality. They approach photographic perfection as close as their particular ability permits -- which isn't very close sometimes.

JACK: (With mock attentiveness of bored parent listening to the ramblings of a child.) OK. So they are photographic artists.

EEE: (Plaintively) Now just look at these four pictures. Did you ever see four pics any different than these?

AL: (Ignores EEE.) Second, there are the "trick artists" as you term them, such as Finlay, Bok and Magarian.

JACK: and Cartier.

AL: You're crazy. Cartier is a caricaturist.

JACK: Well, what is that but "trick art"?

AL: (Insistently.) Cartier's in a class by himself. So is Paul, for that matter. Paul's a mechanical draughtsman and poster artist.

JACK: And he got in a rut and never got out. And so will Bok.

AL: (With feeling.) Nuts! Bok is a real artist. His pictures have something.

EEE: I'll say they have. Now you take these four Boks. Did you ever. . .

AL: (Interrupting EEE.) Bok's pics have emotional appeal. They create an atmosphere that makes you feel vividly the alienness or fantasticness of the scene they portray. That is real art, not mere illustration.

JACK: (Tries to inhale cigarette and hiccup at the same time with disastrous results.)

EEE: (Holds up prozines for comparison of pics.) Now take these..

JACK: (Ignores EEE.) OK, AL. Have it your way. But I still don't think Bok can change. I hope he does, but I don't expect it.

VOICE FROM KITCHEN: Would you gentlemen care for a little snack?
(Wild stampede for the kitchen, EEE is last because of difficulty in tearing himself away from prozines with Bok pictures.)



Forry The Ack - "NOVACIOUS!"
 Claud Degler - "GRAND!"
 Trudy Kuslan - "TREMENDOUS!"
 Dr. E. E. Smith - "ALL X!"
 Helen Bradleigh - "SCRUMPTIOUS!"
 Ross Morgan - "INTEREST AROUSED!"
 A.L. "Suddsy" Schwartz - "CHEE!"
 Leonard J. Moffatt - "A POSEY FOR NOVA!"
 JOE FANN - "IT STINKS!"
 Dr. and Mrs. Alan Becker - "STUPENDOUS!"
 Sam Basham, Jr. - "SUPER-GOOD!"
 Harry Jenks - "DOGGONE GOOD!"
 Harry Warner, Jr. - "MARVELLOUS!"
 Carl Motz - "ENCLOSED ONE BUCK!"
 Henry A. Ackermann - "ABSOLUTELY TOPS!"
 Louis Russell Chauvenet - "BRILLIANT INNOVATION!"
 Ray VanHouten - "MAGNIFICENT!"
 "Rusty" Barron - "STRIKING!"
 Fred W. Fischer - "ARTISTIC SMASH!"
 Joseph Gilbert - "TRADITION SMASHER!"
 D.B. Thompson - "SWELL PLUS!"
 Richard Baumler - "KEEP IT COMING!"
 Graph Waldeyer - "DISTINCTIVE!"
 Charles Hidley - "A SHOCK TO SEE A GOOD MAG!"
 Victor Mayper, Jr. - "BEST LOOKING!"
 Mark Reinsberg - "READ IT COMPLETELY!"
 Jerry de la Ree, Jr. - "NICE MAG!"
 Earl Barr Hanson - "GOOD LUCK!"
 Julie Unger - "SWELL - REITERATED!"
 Art Widner, Jr. - "I'M ENTHUSED!"
 Elmer Pordue - "ENCLOSED FIND . ."
 Walt Daugherty - "WHATTAMAG!"
 Joan Phanny - "PHEW!!"
 Morojo - "REFRESHING!"
 Dr. C. L. Barrett - "VERY NICE!"
 Leonard Marlow - "INFINITELY FINE!"
 Alden H. Norton - "INTERESTING!!"
 Edwin Counts - "WOW!"
 Joe Fortier - "STELLAR!"
 Bill Deutsch - "THANKS!"
 Bill Brudy - "GREAT!!"
 John Millard - "IT'S THE NUTS!"
 K. E. Dixon - "SUPERB!"
 Erle Korshak - "100% BY ME!"
 Bob Studley - "TERRIFIC!"
 Walt Liëbscher - "STILL AWED!"
 LeRoy Tackett - "SUPER-NOVA!"
 Martin Alger - "SNARGLE!"
 Yngvi - "***!"
 Charles Tanner - "COLLOSAL!!"
 Edward C. Connor - "SPECTACULAR!"
 John Lapin - "KEEP IT UP!"
 Ronald Clyne - "I LIKE IT!"
 Jack Donovan - "OUTSTANDING!"
 Donn Brazier - "WONDERFUL!"
 Leigh Brackett - "IT'S A HONEY!"
 POGO - "QUALITY!!"
 Bill Evans - "EXCELLENT!"
 George Ebey - "SUPERIOR!"
 Lynn Bridges - "SUPERLATIVE!"
 Leo O'Connell - "DWARFS OTHERS!"
 Bob Tucker - "RATES A 10!!"
 Bob Heinlein - "EXCEPTIONAL!"
 Thelma Morgan - "IMMENSE!"
 Milt Rothman - "A SYMPHONY!"

The instruments register the following for the first wave of radiation from NOVA: (1 - 10 system)

Front Cover - 9.2	Contents - 7.3	Editorial - 8.2
E. E. Smith - 8.6	Ackerman - 7.2	Planning Ahead - 7.5
Bill Brudy - 7.7	G.R. Meet - 6.0	Lensman On The Loose - 8.0
Bob Tucker - 8.0	It's Stfact - 7.2	La Nova Femme - 7.5
Artorial - 7.7	Last Word - 7.0	Heraldry Dept. - 6.0
Coat-of-Arms - 8.4	Back Cover - 9.4	"Turn Page" - 8.0
Art Work - 9.3	Material - 8.3	Format - 9.3

(Some rated the mag as a whole, thus making the total rating - 8.44)

((We now present excerpts from the many fine letters we've received, commenting on the first issue. We regret exceedingly our inability to print whole letters, or even parts of all the letters. But we do take this occasion to thank our readers for their response, and to urge those who have not written their comments to do so. Again our thanks.))

FICTIONEERS, Inc. -- ALDEN H. NORTON, Editor. "Congratulations on your first issue! Both the layouts and the contents in general seem exceptional in quality. I found it very interesting reading."

((Aw Gee Whiz! D'ya really mean it?))

MOROJO. "I thot Bill Brudy's tactics were so clever that I tryd them out on an Esperanto fan the other nite. He came to our "Futurian House" with nothing particular to do, so I askt him if he'd like to read a story. I lookt for 'Who Goes There?' but somebody seemd to have borrowd it, so I compromised with 'Who Was Dilmo Deni?'. When the Espfan left, he carryd with him a voluntarily sought list of Stf titles that he could find at the Public Library, such as 'The World Below', 'Last & First Men', 'Star-Begotten', & 'When The Sleeper Wakes'."

((Such forthrightness cannot be too highly commended, Morojo, you herewith are granted the NOVA SEAL OF APPROVAL with all rights and privileges appertaining thereto.))

4e ACKERMAN. "Flash! Flash! This is the Graham CrAckerman, brood-casting from Prim Base. A Short-Circuit Take-Off inspired by that saga without a sag, 'Lensman on the Loose', entitled 'Lent's Man on the Lu's' -- by All Gashly. A Tale of the Cralatic Petrol, fuelled by He-brew--O, don't Je-wish I religiously'd choke such jokes --? at their origin? But there Methodist in my madness, and, jest to show my tastes are Catholic -- Here is the question that overloaded the Overloads of Talcum & drove the Ike wild: Tim (The Gay Lensman).... he never brings her pretty flowers why does she go on carrying the bortsch for Tim? No wonder they call her 'Nerts' MacDoolittle!"

((Goody! Having read the above, the rest of Fandom will be all in a lather to join in our new hobby--cutting out paper dolls. Goo, goo!))

RAY VAN HOUTEN: "I would advise you, and any other fan editor at the moment, to shun as the well-known plague these so-called humorous fiction pieces such as your 'Lensman on the Loose'. This sort of thing has been done to a turn during the past five years, and these stories are no longer the screamingly funny things they were. The ten pages in NOVA which were occupied by this story were completely blank as far as I am concerned. ((Imagine our feelings!Ed)) E.E.Smith, good. He took the old, old cry and told it from a viewpoint which has never been used before, that of the author, who after all is the only one in a position to give the fans what they want. ... It is true that publishers, and hence editors, are interested in financial returns, and little else. However they are very much interested in our 'Childish antics' because these antics include buying the mags which we like. It is also a misstatement to claim that the active fans represent only one percent of the read-

(Postman always rings twice!)

ers of science fiction. We are but one percent, but we represent about 99% of them."

((We refer you to the article by John W. Campbell, Jr., beginning on page 9 of this issue of NOVA. While we still fail to agree with many of the points brought out in your letter, we are delighted with its frankness. We hope to receive another, as ably written, commenting on this issue.))

LEROY TACKETT: "Was I surprised when I discovered your fanzine in my mailbox. And flattered too. To receive a complimentary copy of a fmz. was beyond my wildest dreams (and some of my dreams are plenty wild.) It made me happy. So happy that I dig down into the pockets of my best friend and extract sixty cents for a year's subscription. ((The gentleman has the right idea! -- Ed.)) I trembled as I took NOVA from the envelope. I drank in the cover. Turning the mag over, I drank in the back cover. (I'm gonna swear off drinking.) I turn to the contents page: Smith, Ackerman, Evans. 'This can't be true,' I mutter. 'I'm asleep.' To prove it I jab myself with a pin. I discover that I am not asleep. I've been a fan for less than two years. I've heard about the NFFF and I know that it is an organization to unite fandom. But that is all I know about it. Why don't you run an article on the Federation? You could tell its history, what it has done, and what it plans to do in the future. Such an article would help fans like myself no end."

((We are negotiating for such an article, and hope to present it in our next issue. Sorry you weren't asleep. We sat on a tack one time.))

D.B.THOMPSON: "The reaction to NOVA as a whole is: "SWELL PLUS! That, of course, is just an expression of personal opinion, and means quote 'exactly nothing' unquote. Still, I imagine you like to hear about it. ((What a realistic imagination you have.--Ed.)) No.1 NOVA is the best first issue I've seen since FNATASIA appeared. I won't say whether it is better or worse, in my opinion. Both are good enough, without any odious comparisons. (Here he gives the ratings)I hope those numbers mean something to you; they don't to me. I've been trying for three years to work out a system for rating the prozines, and have just abandoned one which I've been using for 15 months, because it doesn't seem to do the job."

((Our answer to this problem is the contest announced on page 14. Here's hoping it brings forth some worthwhile ideas.))

FRED W. FISCHER: "Dear Duck: Thanks for the NOVA and for a particularly fine first issue in fanzines. The material was uniformly well-written but I found it generally dull because it was neither informative nor thought-provoking. I cannot praise enough, however, the exceptionally artistic format and the perfection of technical treatment."

((So NOVA is a 'keen' magazine in a 'dull' sort of way!))

GRAPH WALDEYER: "I liked particularly the instructive article by E.E.Smith. The take-off on Smith's Lensman series in the same issue is clever, but having no plot or motivation, too long! The same effect could have been ---- and was ---- achieved in the first three

pages. The author of 'Lensman on the Loose' can handle the language o.k., but he ought to read very carefully what E.E. Smith says about plot and motivation: That's what makes 5000 words tough to do - not the mere dialogue or action itself. Having the burlesque Lensman go through 5000 words of humorous action is easy. ((Oh Yeah?)) Having plot and motivation worked into the yarn---that's murderous tough."

((We showed this letter to Doc. He wants to know what more you want than the plot and motivation he worked into the couple hundred thousand words that the story burlesqued. Of course by its very nature the story was not intended to stand on its own feet, and a certain amount of familiarity with Doc's Lensman series was assumed. Plot and motivation worked into a story of this type and length would be not only redundant, but well nigh impossible.))

BOB TUCKER: "Now that I have had ample time to browse through NOVA #1, I'd like to shout a couple of hoorays and a huzza for Bill Brudy and his article on converting a plain Joe into Joe Fann. I believe almost anyone can be converted to Stf. by the application of just a spoonful of horse-sense upon the part of the converter. You've undoubtedly read a number of stories by people who have attempted to convert others to Stf. The 'all the guys in my school waggled their fingers at their heads, in a whirling motion' sort of thing. And no wonder. In some probability, the converter jumped upon the chest of the convertee, thrust a jaded copy of the first Stf. mag he could get his hands on into the guys face, and snarled, 'Now read it, darn ye, and become a fan.' What a horrible mistake, as the gent undoubtedly discovered. Do it the scientific way, chum. Find out what kind of fiction the chap does like! And then, if you (as the converter) possess any kind of a collection at all, you can pick a good half-dozen yarns exactly to his taste. If he reads love stories (and some do), why not be subtle about it? Give him a copy of the December 1938 Astounding, and casually point out Lester del Ray's superb short, 'Helen O'Loy'. Then brother, sit back and gloat. You've hooked him! I challenge anyone to produce a more beautiful science-fiction love story. If it's detective yarns he goes for --- gadi! Give him Stuart's 'Who Goes There?' or any one of a dozen other good detective stories. Every type of story except pure pornography is represented in Stf. Win him over the subtle way. Don't be a dunce and hit him on the head with the first Stf. mag you come to, and then wonder why he whirls his finger at you. I would whirl a finger myself."

((We consider this letter a valuable amplification of Bill Brudy's article, and feel that every fan should devote a great deal of thought to the subject. Here too, is a letter which fairly shouts aloud its demand to appear in a Reader's Section of a fanzine. Would that more of this calibre were forthcoming for printing in future issues.))

BILL EVANS: "One suggestion for a project for Fandom. How about a complete list of Stf. appearing in other than regular Stf. Mags? I know that Fantasy ran such a list, but it wasn't complete, and how many fans active now can secure access to files of Fantasy? It seems to me that the NFFF should see that such a list was compiled. It is not a job for one man but would require the services of most of Fandom. Dealers like Unger and 4e would be a great help, and collectors like LBF, who have secured odd items, would play an impor-

tant role. In fact, anyone with an odd piece of Stf. should report it. One person would probably have to undertake sifting the reports into one complete list. This could then be published either serially in a fanzine, or as an independent mag by the NFFF itself. If the NFFF desired, I'd be glad to undertake the task of organizing the material, but would be unable to publish it as I have no mimeograph."

((We call this to the attention of the NFFF Planning Committee and for that matter, to the rest of Fandom. Is this a desirable project?))

LYNN BRIDGES: "The editorial and the 'Doc' Smith article were very welcome as an indication of the course NOVA is to follow. One fanzine, at least, it seems is going to be a science-fiction fanzine, and print material of interest to those who read the prozines, but have little knowledge of that strange group known as fans. Too many these days are catering exclusively to that small, select group who comprise the so-called 'inner circle' whose proudest boast is the fact that they never buy nor read the horrible professional publications. These latter are giving the editors and non-fans a wrong picture of fandom as a whole."

((You sezzer keed! We maintain that regardless of what other goals and aspirations fans may have, they are and should be, primarily SCIENCE FICTION FANS.))

GEORGE EBEL: "Much as I enjoyed your fanzine, however, there were a couple of things that irked me. That gooey aura of femininity for instance. An atmosphere of sweetness and light that percolates thru the editorial, departments, et al, which might be summed up this way: 'Now fans, let's be good little boys. No more of those nasty old letters to the editors. After all, we can't act like that and still be gentlemen, can we? Goodness, no! Now let's be tidy about what we say and write, and look! we'll give you some gumdrops, & jellybeans too! Won't that be lovely!' See what I mean?"

((We see! But, while we do not pretend to be a flock of little pollyannas, we are mighty sick of the reiterated bellyachings and gripings in which fandom has indulged in the past. When the world fails to suit one, all the yowling one can achieve does little to change it. Some sort of definite, constructive effort is required. That is what Science-Fiction is---the future projection of man's present efforts to change the world to his taste. You can have your atmosphere of griping. We have discovered that it never has and never will get us anything.))

BOB HEINLEIN: "Received NOVA #1, read it, and enjoyed it muchly. I was particularly impressed by the beautiful art work and the technical skill shown in reproduction. As to the material presented it was of exceptional quality I thought; was particularly pleased to find articles by Doc Smith and Triple-E Evans. The parody of the Lensmen stories tickled me, especially, '---so they got out and pushed, light-year after weary light-year'. It seemed possible that Doc wrote it himself, under a phony. ((We asked Doc. He said no. And besides, we are no phony. -- Ed.)) I am not enclosing a subscription as 4sJ Ackerman handles that for me --- one of his many Sordid Services." ((How about that, 4e? -- Ed.))

((We now present, sans comment, excerpts from three letters, all of them concerned with Doc Smith. We turned the letters over to Doc with a request that he write a rebuttal. He did. It follows the three letters.))

HARRY JENKINS, JR: "'Constructive Criticism' was interesting and filled a niche that has been lacking oh those many moons. After reading that, I took more pride in the letter from Norton which said: quote, 'Such well-founded constructive criticism is always welcome', unquote. Ahh, so I am one of those who do not yell 'E. E. Smith Stinks' without reason! By the by, my main objection to Eeking Epics Smith is the fact that he is too diffuse, his characters are too I'm-a-superman-and-I-can-escape-from-any-kind-of-situation-and-my-character-is-flawless-also. As for his argument that an author uses every word to advantage, why I really think that poor ol' J. F. Cooper was meaning to use every word to an advantage, but they turned out to be a disadvantage. The same applies to Smith."

LOUIS RUSSELL CHAUVENET: The trouble with E.E.Smith's article is that he makes a couple of damning admissions in the course of it, which go rather far towards destroying the effect the article is designed to create. '...it is inevitable that the reader will know in general the outcome of any S-F story'. OUCH. If this is what Dr. Smith has come to take as an accepted fact, I can now see quite easily why those last two Patrol tales of his have seemed so unsatisfactory to me. I like to read, and science fiction forms only a small portion of my reading. In general I am opposed to reading ANY kind of fiction which can be described the way Dr. Smith describes science fiction."

JOE FORTIER: "'Constructive Criticism' is a very old theme, but the points he stressed about writing interested me more than the actual criticism. Offhand, without looking the article up (o, my grammer) (as one grandson to another), I would say that he slipped on the section dealing with conflict or the villain force. There are those of man vs man, mentioned, and man vs. nature, also mentioned. It seems he forgot man vs. economic conditions, man vs. society, man vs. himself, and man vs. death. It seems that the second and third of the latter constitute the great quantity of Street & Smith stfiction yarns these days. And I have yet to hear of a basic conflict called man vs. woman. It's either a variation of man vs. man or a very rare one. Also, thumbing through his article now, I find another one.

"'Personal opinion is not criticism' according to Smith. I don't know if he meant the same thing or not, but perhaps he did. That is, mean what I'm thinking (which is all very incomprehensible) All criticism is personal opinion insofar as two competent critics will give two entirely different viewpoints as a general rule. If personal opinion is not criticism, then what is it? Je ne sais pas. And, Skylark, don't spring it on me that I'm twisting your statements: that's the old yardstick rule."

EDWARD E. SMITH, PhD.: "Since I'm working on a war job now that takes everything I can put on the ball, my rebuttals will have to be short and snappy.

"As to Harry Jenkins---his statement that J. F. Cooper did not use words to good advantage is, I think, a perfect example of what

I was writing about; for in that statement he seems to be locking horns, not with me, but with the consensus of what constitutes good writing.

"Chauvenet's criticism is not with my article, but with my writing. That he doesn't like my stuff is not surprising, nor is he alone in that. As long as I can please 51% of the readers, far be it from me to quarrel with the opinions of the other 49. It is simply a fact, not a claim of mine, that the outcome IN BROAD of any pulp story can be told in advance. Otherwise it wouldn't be in the pulps, but in some of the high-brow mags written for the intelligentsia. Furthermore, I would suggest that anyone who reads solely for the pleasure of being mystified should stick to the whodunits, which are written expressly for that type of reader.

"Fortier's statement, I would say, is somewhat quibbly. Economic conditions and society, according to my classification, being the works of man, would be included in 'Man vs Man', and death, being the natural end of man, would be in 'Man vs Nature'. As stated, however, these bounds are artificial and more than a little controversial. He is right in saying that all criticism is personal opinion. I stated my proposition too loosely there, perhaps. What I meant to condemn was the stating, as a Jovian pronouncement, of a personal opinion as a definite and incontrovertible matter of fact."

((And that, dear friends, is indubitably that.))

ROSS ROCKLYNNE: "I am squirming with embarrassment. I am overcome with shame. I prostrate myself in an agony of repentance. But you see--ah--it's this way. I was married. Now do you understand?"

"Okay.

"So here's an article, which I hope will receive the honor of appearing in some subsequent issue of NOVA. I hope you do not consider me a heel for sending it in so late. ((We don't, Ross, for we were married once ourself.)) I hope it is good. I hope that, if you want to, you will cut anything you don't like, even those words between THE CARE AND CODDLING OF IDEAS and the hieroglyphic but welcome '---30---' which appears at the end, the first of which was supplied by you, the latter by the newspaper fraternity -- which would leave me out, but would anybody care (plaintively)? ((Now there is the sort of author an editor can love. -Ed.))

"The first NOVA. How brightly it flames, releasing its stupendous stores of energy in one unimaginable, all-consuming holocaust of galaxy-spanning flame. Ahem. Anyway, format excellent, material doubly so."

((Ross, it is with most humble mein that we attempt the well-nigh impossible task of conveying our feeling of gratitude that you should descend from your unbelievably high pinnacle of pro-authordom to compose such an incomparable article for our insignificant fanzine. Ahem, yourself!))

MARY GNAEDINGER: "NOVA is a good-looking, always interesting, in places sparkling, book.

"Note your editress was fixed over. Just came back from appendectomy myself, in time to read proofs on the April issue which was being set while I was being re-set. The short time in which it was settled seemed amazing. Modern surgery is apparently sumpin and editresses apparently can 'take' anything."

((Thanks for them kind words about NOVA. Glad you're better.))

LIFE ON SOL III

Explanation of Back Cover Picture

(With apologies to artist Paul and Henry Gade)

By Al Ashley

Sol III is a world with a wide range of temperature. There is the very hot equatorial belt. There are two intermediary temperate zones. And there are the two extremely cold polar regions.

It is upon the great land mass of the South Polar Region that one will find the only intelligent life of the planet --- the Bird-Men. Superficial deductions might lead one to suspect a civilized form of life in the tropical and temperate portions of the planet. But closer examination of the facts precludes this possibility. These regions teem with all manner of ferocious, carnivorous beasts who are in a continuous state of war with one another and often with other members of their own species. It is obvious that such conditions make the development of intelligence unlikely, if not altogether impossible.

The comparatively large land area and isolation of the South Pole makes this region ideal for the development of a high form of life. While the ever-present coating of ice prevents the growth of plant life, the adjacent sea provides a great sufficiency of aquatic food. It seems quite probable that Nature would select the bird-form as best fitted to this environment. But we may expect that their wings, as such, would have become vestigial, tending instead towards another pair of limbs.

It seems logical to suppose that the peace and quiet of the South Pole would lead to the Bird-Men becoming a dignified and stately race. Their every action would be deliberate and imbued with an atmosphere of formality. The colorful and impressive Aurora Australis would doubtless be of great religious significance, and solemn rituals would be built around the worship of this flaming phenomenon of the heavens.

The civilization of the Bird-Men would show little of the mechanical, veering instead toward the philosophical and the mental. It would appear quite improbable that they would ever have developed any marked combative instincts or desire for conquest. However a certain group of alarmists would have us believe otherwise. They see in the peculiar civilization of the Bird-Men, the possibility of growth of mental power to an unheard-of degree. They look forward to a time when the Bird-Men will conquer some likely species from the warmer portions of their world, by sheer mental control. Unknown to the species selected, they might develop in it a crude mechanical civilization. In fact, of late, these alarmists have become even more alarmed. Due to certain unexplained observations and esoteric deductions, they now consider this possibility an actual fact. They fear the imminent danger of this savage species devising means to traverse space and bring about the conquest of the solar system for their masters, the Bird-Men.

LAST WORD DEPARTMENT

EXPLANATION: This issue of NOVA is late. There is also a noticeable lack of art work. You are entitled to know the reason. Our Art Editor decided to descend via elevator to the basement. He did ----- sans elevator. The results of this oversight came as a rude shock. It might be added that the concrete bottom of the elevator-pit played no small part. Anyhow, the outcome of it all was that he succeeded in fracturing several assorted vertebrae as well as his wrist. As a result NOVA has suffered from a lack of art and of help in other details of its manufacture. However, we expect the next issue to contain the usual proportion of illustrations. We also are planning to get NOVA back on its correct time schedule during the course of the coming year. To partially make up for the delay in mailing out this issue, and for the lack of illustrations, we are including a few extra pages this time.

FAN EDITORS: Copies of the first issue of NOVA were mailed to fans personally. None were marked "trade". We assumed that other editors receiving them would understand that "trade" was implied. But a number of you have made no acknowledgement, either by a copy of your publication or by letter. We are again sending you copies of NOVA and would appreciate some sign as to your intentions.

CALLING ALL FANS: We are badly in need of material for our "It's Stfact" page. Would you like this feature continued? Pitch in and help by sending anything you think might be usable. It may concern fans or fandom, fanzines or prozines, authors or stories. Material should not be widely known at the present time, and adaptable to as simple illustration as possible. Help us, will you?

NOVA COVERS: For the benefit of those who are still wondering, the front cover of the first issue of NOVA and the front and back covers of this issue, are done with an airbrush. A sort of stencil or mask of cardboard is first cut. The airbrush fluid is then sprayed through this mask onto the cover stock, one sheet at a time. It is a tedious process, but we feel that the results are almost worth the labor involved. The back cover of this issue was done with six separate masks and six different colors of airbrush fluid. Don't fail to let us know how you like it.

SIGNATURE PICTURES: The four pictures that were grouped on the inside front cover of the first NOVA, and repeated separately elsewhere in the magazine, are the editor's signature pictures. We have used some of them this issue. We shall continue to use them in this same manner unless, or until, the majority of our readers proclaim the fact that they are weary of seeing them. We feel it is a good idea, and hope you agree.

WANTED, MATERIAL: NOVA still needs material. Articles are in particular demand. Humorous features such as Pong's letter to Santa and Charles Tanner's page in this issue, are more than welcome. Any suggestions as to regular departments, or offers to do them, will receive prompt consideration. Good poetry and art work are also needed. Trot out your best brain-children, fans. NOVA wants to meet them. NOVA may like them very much. Read over the first two issues of NOVA. This should give you a good idea of the type and quality of material we desire.

FANS IN THE ARMED FORCES: As a gesture toward doing our bit, and all that, the editors of NOVA have decided to supply NOVA free of charge to those fans who have been drafted, or have enlisted in the armed forces of this country. Inasmuch as the price of NOVA is only sufficient to cover mailing costs, and as most fans are aware that letters of comment are the only real pay both the editors and the contributors receive, the only charge we shall make will be a complete letter of comment on each issue of NOVA that you receive. We shall endeavor to continue this policy for the duration, or until Congress raises the pay of those in the armed forces to the point where they earn more than we do. It will, of course, be the responsibility of the individual fan to keep us informed of his correct address. Those who have unexpired subscriptions may also qualify, and their subscriptions will be enveloped in a stasis for the duration.

BACK ISSUES: We still have some copies of the first issue of NOVA on hand. These may be had at ten cents each as long as they last. There are also a few imperfect copies wherein one page was printed upside down. These may be had for five cents each to help defray mailing costs.

SPECIAL ISSUE: As we explained at the beginning of this department, Misfortune sneaked up behind our Art Editor, Jack Wiedenbeck, and enthusiastically slapped him on the back. It therefore seemed only fitting that we should designate this "OUR SPECIAL, WE AIN'T GOT NO 'JACK' ISSUE". This provides a natural opening for us to urge all you fans who have not subscribed to NOVA to do so at once. We assure you, in asking this, that our motives are purely altruistic. It is painful to contemplate the possibility of your missing the wonderful treats NOVA has in store. **SUBSCRIBE NOW!!!!**

OUR THANKS: We wish to convey our most sincere thanks to the fans who were responsible for NOVA placing #10 in Widner's Annual Poll. Considering the fact that only one issue had appeared at the time the poll was taken, we feel exceedingly proud of the position NOVA achieved. We shall do our best to fulfill the expectations of those who voted for us.

C'EST LA GUERRE: In spite of our crossed fingers, and all sorts of wishful thinking, the fact of the War is increasingly brought to our attention and thrust upon our consciousness. Rumors of imminent shortages of this and that fly thick and fast. Perhaps there is even some truth in them. We do not know as yet. But we have taken certain mild precautions. We have now on hand sufficient air-brush fluid to do this type of cover indefinitely. We have a year's supply of mailing envelopes. We have nearly enough stencils and paper on hand for a year's supply. There is a small reserve of ink and lino-blocks, etc. By the time the next issue is due, we expect to have enough of everything to publish NOVA for one year from the possible time when one or all of the necessary materials are unobtainable. We shall endeavor to maintain this reserve as long as we are able, and while it should go a long way toward cushioning the shock of whatever publishing difficulties the future may hold, we do not feel that it is large enough to warrant any accusations of hoarding. Beginning with the third issue, NOVA will be stabilized at twenty-four to thirty pages. But it will always **present QUALITY!**

