

ODD



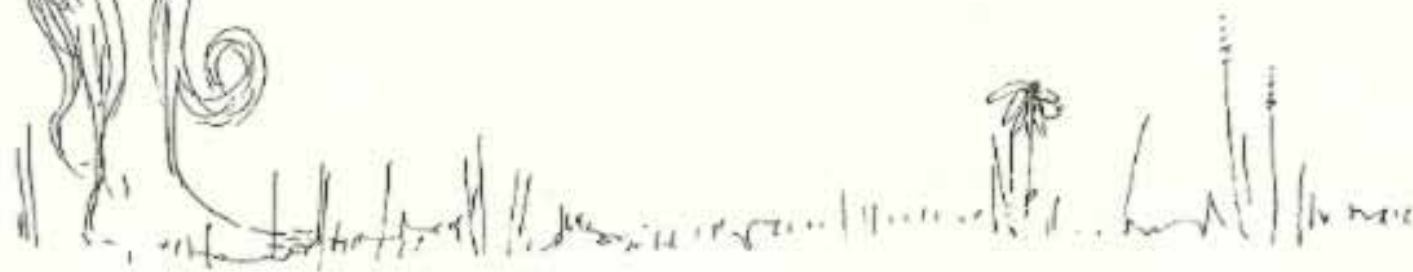


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Arthur
65

THE VOICE OF THE TURTLE

"A Love-lorn nightingale, straying into a garden, and beholding the roses smiling, and the cup filled with wine, flew to my ear and sang, 'Be advised, friend, there is no recalling the vanished life.'"

"To drink wine and to make merry, such is my scheme of life. To pay no heed to heretic or devotee, such is my creed. I asked the bride of all the human race, 'What is my marriage portion?' and she answered, smiling, 'My marriage portion lies in the joy of thy heart.'"

"I am a rebellious slave: where is Thy will? My heart is defiled with sins: where is Thy light? Where is Thy control? If Thou wilt only bestow paradise on those who obey Thy laws it is a debt which Thou payest, and where then is Thy mercy?"

"Believe not that I fear the world, or that the thought of death and the departure of my soul fills me with terror. Since death is a truth, what have I to fear from it? All that I fear is that my life has not been well spent."

"...We are not gold, that once having been buried in the earth, our friends would care to dig us up again."

Ahh! Omar! Some eight or nine hundred years ago those words were written by the immortal Tentmaker, and yet how universally true they have remained.

The poet, Byron, also entertained these thoughts:

"...But at my back I always hear
Time's winged chariot hurrying near;
And yonder all before us lie
Deserts of vast eternity."

not a hundred years or so ago.

I've even heard it intimated that so recent a group as the 'Intinists' have discovered similar, hitherto unrevealed truths along these lines, along with a hundred million or so people, over

the past three or four thousand years.

Why then, hasn't someone in our present government at least suspected it? Are we at some future date to discover that we as a nation are faced with an 'eternity' gap? Think of the repercussions when the man in the street discovers that he has to face eternity without his government having prepared him for it, or protected him from it, when only, maybe, a few hundred more billion dollars, wisely spent in time, would have saved him from it. It's enough to make one vote for free silver.



This is Gonna Be a Helleva Way
To Work Your Way Through College

Actually, I may be being too harsh on our leadership. From what I read in the papers, they are trying to bring eternity to us right now...and are doing so already for a goodly number of people. I tell you, it warms the cockles of my heart to hear about another ten or twelve billion dollars of our money being spent on condensed, disposable, crematory Napalm. Oh, well, telling them we're giving them democracy beats telling them we're only going to give them a shower. And I. G. Farben manufactures children's toys.

I'm heartened to know, though, that there are signs of a change. A quick referral to the November Tightbeam will disclose the concern of such enlightened members of society as Eric Blake's concern with the rampant immorality that is sweeping the country. And Albert C. Ellis, whose letter appears in the present issue's

letter column, is justifiably worried about the image of fandom in the eyes of people who do not know it for what it is. So perhaps some sanity is returning to the world after all. At least to the responsible 'elite' who recognize the great dangers facing those of us who are too uninformed to realize what such filth as the Nelson cartoon, ran on page 28 of the last issue, was doing to us. I sincerely thank God that He has seen fit to give us such guardians of the public trust in this, our hour of need. It is truly an undeniable disclosure of the moral superiority of Faith over Reason.

How I regret my lack of faith when faced by such assurance. But I must, somehow, go on in my blind ignorance, and leave them to their faith. Many are called, only a few are chosen. Or something.

Speaking of something, etc., I'd like to take a few lines to thank those of you who've continued to help make ODD possible. Jack Gaughan, Mickey Rhodes, Ray Nelson, Bill Bowers, Tony Urie, Chester Malon, Paul J. Willis, Jack Peters, Dave Hall, Lyle Gaulding, Richard Gordon, Jurgen Wolff, J. T. Jeeves, Ron Whittington, Marshall Clarke, Jim Hall, Norman G. Markham, N. Dominick (DEA), Dave Buck, and many, many others. I'd also like to take a few lines to talk about the future ODD. AND THAT, DEAR READERS, IS WHERE THE CHEEZE BECOMES OF A DIFFERENT BINDING.

For some of you this is the first issue of ODD that you've received. For most it will be the second. And for a very few it will be the third, fourth, etc. ODD will keep coming out on roughly a bi-monthly schedule. What it will contain, and whether you receive it will depend on what your response to it is. If you are not a writer, artist, etc., you can receive it by writing a letter of comment that we publish, or by subscribing. Subscription charges are designed to cover only the cost of the paper, ink, postage, and so forth. The magazine is strictly a hobby, and is not designed to make a profit. If you are a writer, or artist, or if you have aspirations along this line, ODD would greatly appreciate a chance at publishing your work. All contributors will receive a free copy of the issue their work appears in, and will also receive ODD free from the time their contribution is accepted until it is run in the magazine.

Raymond D. Fisher





ATLANTEAS

by
Joyce Fisher

Atlanteas has fallen
And her corpse is buried in the deep.
Atlantea's children are
Sealed in their glass-topped boats -
Vaults floating beneath the
Surface of the sea -
Drifting, always drifting.

Atlantea's bodies are
Resting upon mattresses of scripture:
Their last earthly act
To secure some secrets
The protection of their own souls.

Haunted spots these.
Few remain intact,
(There were few enough to start,)
For, ages and
The forceful Atlantic waves
Have claimed the most of them.
But floating in our seas,
Drifting with the tide and current,
Are boxes of preserved horror
And joy
And beauty
And truth.

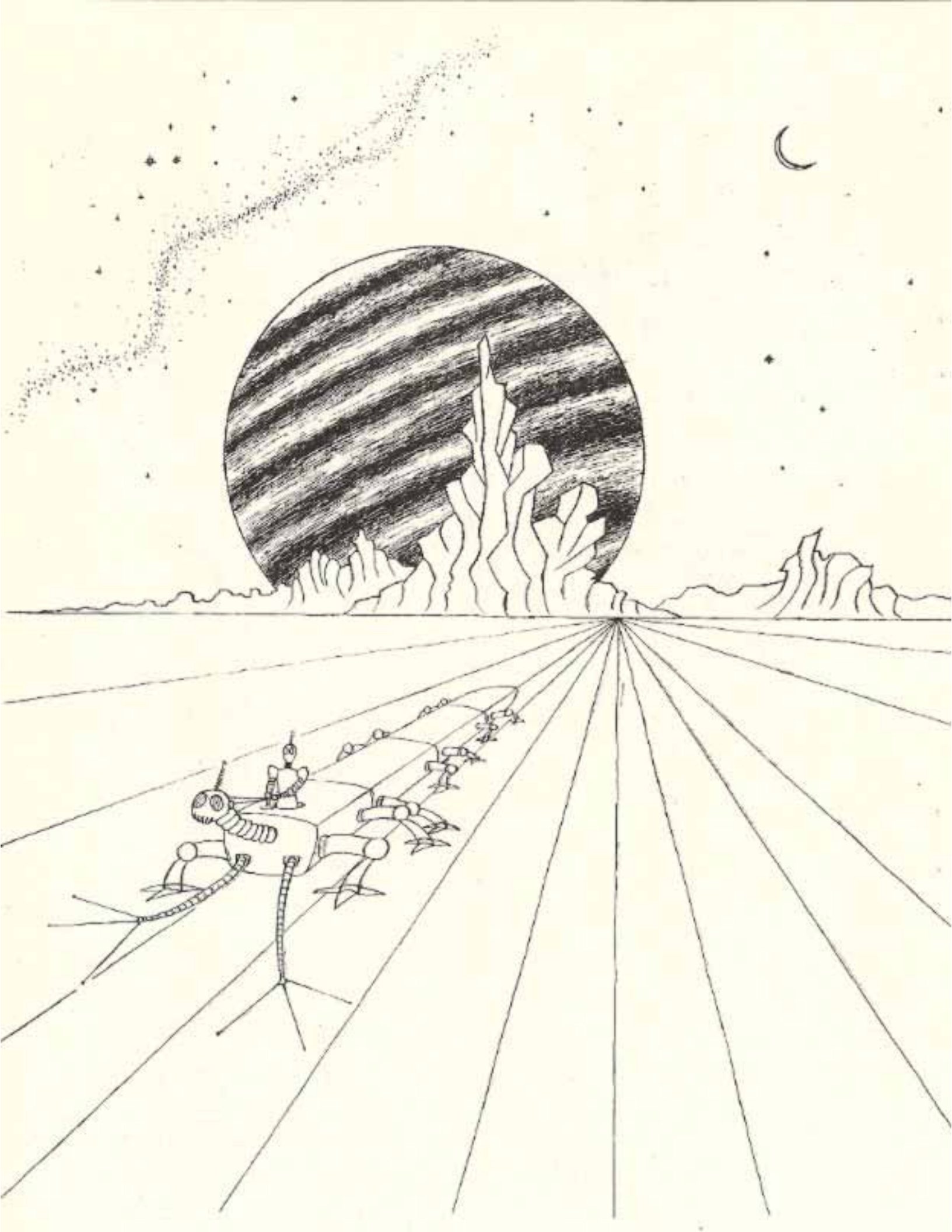
They said the waters were coming
And he ran to seal the temple gates.
They made me stay inside -
I could not go to the door to see,
So his mind showed me the picture
Of what transpired around the temple.
Night, and torches, and people running, and screams.
Then, the reason I did not ever know,
The mind-cord broke - and I screamed.
I knew my brother and my lord had died.

The Old Ones shook me in my mindlessness
To stop the screams.

My mind returned to see him lying dead
Upon a dias in the sacred room.
The Old Ones were sealing themselves into
Boxes with clear glass tops,
Laying their bodies down
Upon the most sacred papers.
We knew to die was not to fear
And they said the herald of our corpses
Would draw some mind
To read the paper
And rebuild our faith.
I could not really understand.

I asked them,
When they started to
Put me in my coffin,
To lay us together -
My brother and I.
And they said yes
But I really did not know
What they meant to do
When I began my sleep,
For he still lay
Upon the table all alone,
And even though I knew our vows
And knew how often we would meet again,
I cried as they lowered the lid
Above my still-living flesh
And his body was not
There with mine.





ЯВАН 124441^(*)



* IVAN 124041

A review of an important Russian Science Fiction novel ANDROMEDA by Ivan Yefremov, Foreign Languages Publishing House, Moscow. No date.

by LYLE GAULDING

In his introduction to the Collier paperback, SOVIET SCIENCE FICTION, Isaac Asimov remarks that none of the stories included in that collection depict future society in detail. Perhaps, he says, since the Russians believe that they already have a "perfect" society, it is considered disloyal to depict other societies of the future. Doctor Asimov is apparently unfamiliar with Ivan Yefremov's future stories; obviously the Soviet State would have no objection to the depiction of a future society if that society were Communism Triumphant with its goals achieved.

Ivan Yefremov's ANDROMEDA is just that, a novel of the future as a communist "true believer" sees it. It is a big novel of about 440 pages. Yefremov follows the old Russian tradition of having a huge cast of characters, and a meandering, hard-to-follow plot line. Actually, the plot line is of secondary importance. Rather like Hugo Gernsback's RALPH 124041, ANDROMEDA is less a novel than a cross section of the society of the period Yefremov is imagining. However, it is much better written than RALPH, with more emphasis on the human rather than the mechanical side of the society.

ANDROMEDA begins aboard the space ship "Tantra" some light years out from Earth on a below-the-speed-of-light expedition to contact a civilization known to exist on the planet Zirda. Zirda has been in communication with Earth by radio via the "Great Circle", an interstellar television network maintained by the most advanced civilization of the galaxy. "Tantra" finds that Zirda has destroyed itself by uncontrolled atomic experimentation, and then fails to make rendezvous with its fuel ship. Attempting to return to the solar system on short fuel supply, Tantra makes a forced landing on the hot, stormy planet of an invisible "iron star".

The story now goes to Earth, where we are shown a transmission to the Great Circle. An attractive young lady named Veda Kong gives a new member planet (which won't receive the message for some centuries) a brief run-down on the history of then-current civilization of Earth, with special emphasis on the downfall of the nasty capitalist warmongers and the setting up of the perfect communist state.



Then a picture is given of the Earth in the time of the novel: the production of unlimited food from the sea, the alteration of the Earth's climate, the complete relocation of habitation in the subtropical belt, and the principle form of transportation of the period, the Spiral Way - a magnetic railroad completely enwrapping the world. The Spiral Way is characteristic; the world Yefremov describes has an economy of shortage, at least as far as mechanical power is concerned. Jet and rocket aircraft are rarely used, radio is restricted, fast boats and the above mentioned railway are used where planes and helicopters are used now. On the other hand, Earth has adequate power and resources for space ships and interstellar broadcasts, but apparently must tax itself rather severely to afford them.

After the Earth transmission is completed, Earth's nearest neighbors, on the planet of 61 Cigni, relay a broadcast from a planet which has only recently come into the Great Circle. The planet revolves around the southern star, Epsilon Tucanae, and proves to be inhabited by red-skinned humanoids who appear extraordinarily graceful and beautiful to the Earth viewers. Even Mass, the African scientist who is about to become Director of the Outer Stations, (meaning the observatories, the numerous space stations, and the interstellar communication station,) become irrationally infatuated with the dancer who appears in the Tucanae broadcast (which originated three hundred years before.) Mass conceives a passion to somehow reach the planet of the beautiful red people, though no Earth space ship has been more than about 20 light years out, and the trip to Epsilon Tucanae would take more than a human lifetime.

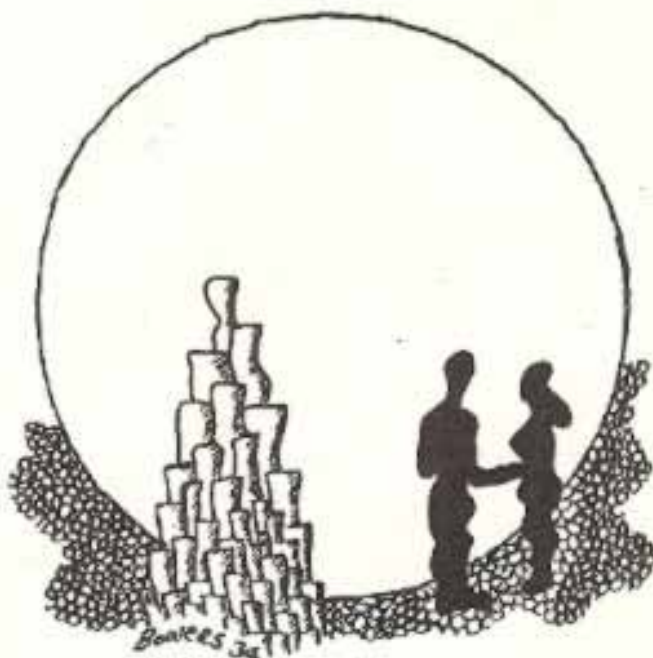
The story returns to the Tantra, which has landed on the planet of the black star, near another Earth ship which apparently landed some years before. Near them is yet another ship, a gigantic spiral disk, which the explorers resolve to investigate later. The other Earth ship proves to be the "Parus", lost on an expedition to Vega. Parus still has enough fuel aboard to allow Tantra to return to Earth, but the crew has vanished leaving a tape recording speaking of something dark and deadly on the planet.

The transfer of fuel from Parus to Tantra is begun, but the work is interrupted by an attack of black amoeboid creatures, which the explorers are able to keep at bay by lights and electrified fences. The crew of Tantra feel themselves safe for a time, but then they discover that the "Black Jellyfish" are not the most formidable menace on the planet; they are attacked by a more highly organized and powerful creature in the shape of a black cross, capable of hurling paralyzing bolts of energy. This monster is also beaten off, but Nisa Creet, the young woman who is the ship's navigator, and the beloved of Erg Nor, the captain, is left in a state of catalepsy which the medical facilities of Tantra cannot cure.

Eventually the fuel transfer is completed, and, after an attempt to enter the alien ship fails disastrously, Tantra takes off for its four-year journey back to Earth.

The story returns to Earth again. We are shown various characters traveling about and giving us glimpses of the "Great World" society. Veda Kong and Darr Veter, the retiring Director of the Outer Stations, set out to visit an archeological site in Siberia and are stranded overnight on the steppe. Though several things happen during the night, nothing romantic or sexual happens. This is another point about ANDROMEDA; in spite of the "liberation" and the freedom from religious taboos, of the people of the Great World, all the love affairs in the novel are slow starting, circumspect, and practically Victorian. Possibly, this dates from the high-flown moral principle of the early Russian revolutionary days.

Other characters include Miyiko Eigorō, who is remarkable in that she uses a traditional family name instead of an arbitrary combination of sounds, as is the normal practice; Cart Sann, a painter who works solely in realistic-idealistic themes, and denounces abstract art in approved party language; and Renn Bose, a physicist who is working on a theory of "anti-space", which may allow men to reach distant stars instantaneously.



After some more glimpses of the future society, including the schools, and the nature preserves, the story approaches its climax. Mven Mass, still obsessed by the beautiful red people of Tucanae, persuades Renn Bose to carry out a large-scale test of his theory without the consent of the ruling Scientific Council. Arrangements for the necessary enormous amounts of energy and for the use of several major facilities, including a space station, are made quietly, and the great experiment is performed. The beam is established, and Mven Mass glimpses the landscape of the Tucanae planet, but the energy overload proves too much for the Earth equipment and the space warp collapses disastrously. Mass, at the "eye" of the implosion, receives only minor injuries, but Renn Bose is terribly injured, and the advanced medical technics of the period are barely able to save him. Even worse, it is soon learned that the space station participating in the experiment has been destroyed.

A hearing is held by the scientific council, and Mven Mass is exonerated of criminal intent, but, stricken with remorse, Mass voluntarily exiles himself to "The Islands of Oblivion", where dwell, under remote supervision, those who are too selfish to live in the co-operative "Great World".

After a number of interesting adventures, Mven Mass reaches a guard station seeking aid for another exile. He is met by Chara Nandi, who persuades him that she loves him and that Earth is more important than Epsilon Tucanae. He decides to return to the Great World.

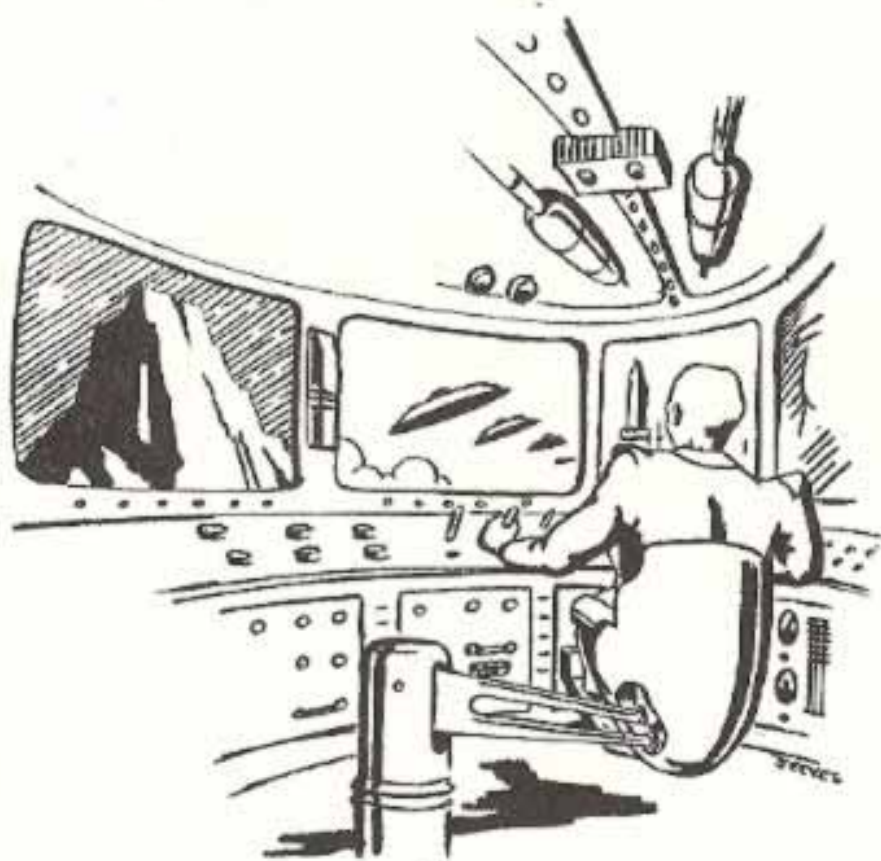
In the last chapters, other loose threads are tied up, including the treatment of Wisa Creet, who is still suffering from the attack of the Black Cross.

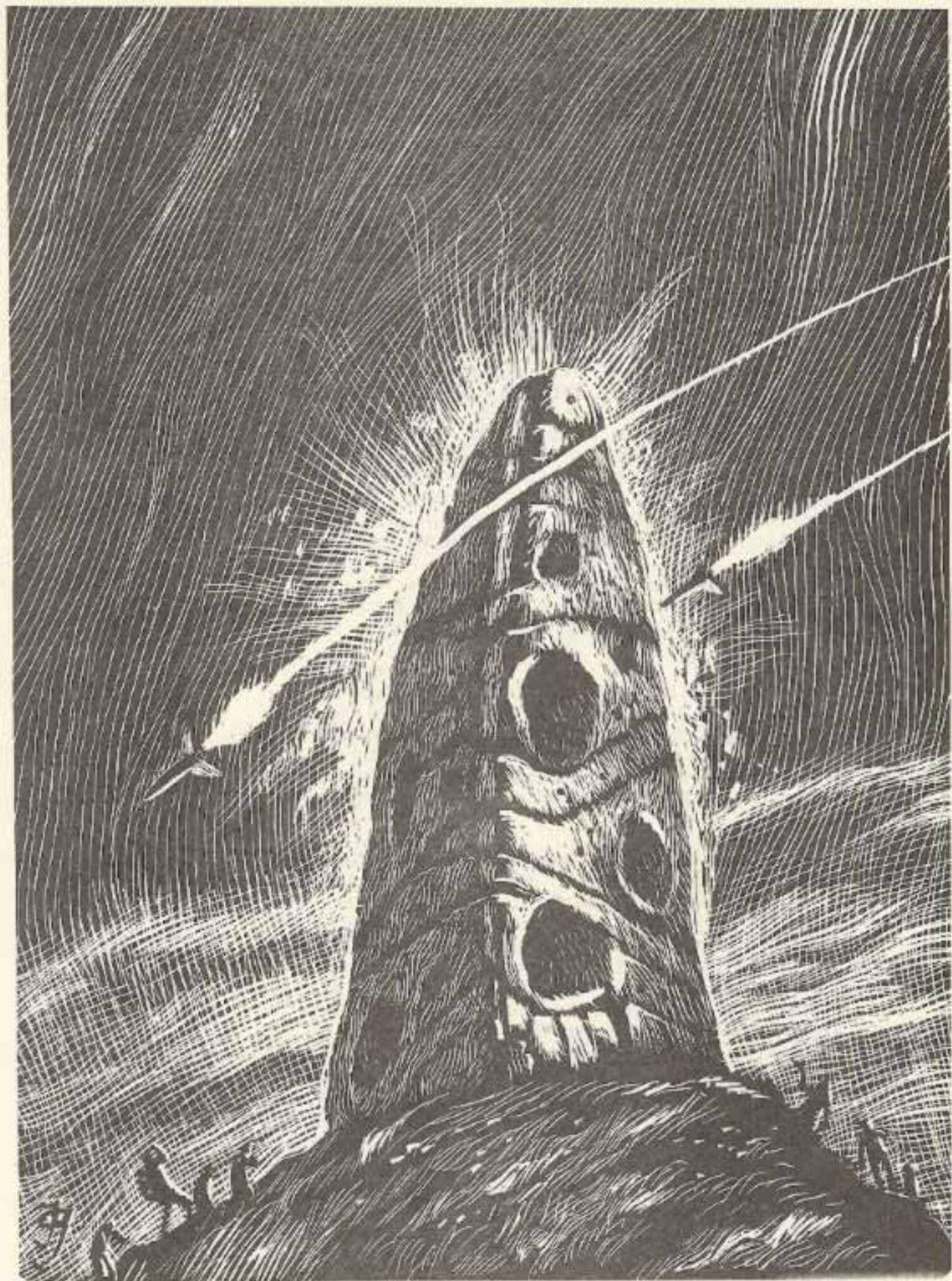
A rather pointless digression in the last chapters is the opening of a "time vault" left from the "fission age". It is the occasion for a rather tiresome attack on the wicked capitalists.

In the closing chapter, the crew of Tantra takes off on a new exploration. At the last moment, an old dream of Captain Erg Nor is fulfilled when Earth finally receives a transmission from the Andromeda Nebula, which proves to be the home of the mysterious disk ship found on the dark planet.

In sum, ANDROMEDA, though it has several interesting story lines, has no unity of narrative, nor a strong plot line. It is mainly interesting as a picture of the communist view of the future. It's impossible to say, of course, whether other citizens of communist countries think about the future in a similar way, insofar as people anywhere think of the future being at all different from the present.

Yefremov's picture of the future "good life" is unquestionably appealing. Though it has a few over-conformist elements that may not appeal to American fans, it might be appropriate to borrow a phrase from the 1960 presidential campaign, "Our aims are similar; we disagree mainly on method."





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The Right Reverend Monsignor Bonaventura Biondi-Bordello, secretary to the Vatican's Sacred Congregation of Holy Perfidity and consultant to the Holy Office of the Sacred Fornix, will address the Women's Faithful Society of the Oldtime Freewill Hardshell Baptist Church, 1967 Lacklustre Ravine Dr., Castlewood, Jan. 13th at 10:45 a.m.

The prelate, who was created Domestic Chamberlain to the Pontifical Latrines in 1931 and Magnificent Rector of the Cloaca Maxima in 1939, is credited by experts with the discovery of a subterranean passage leading from a confessional in the Pauline Chapel of the Basilica of Santa Maria Maggiore to the men's lavatory of the Stazione Termini, some five blocks away.

For this and similar achievements, he was created titular bishop of Insula-Ignis in partibus infidelium by the late Pope Pius XII in 1943.

Monsignor Biondi-Bordello has written several works, his most recent being Casta Homophilica Romae Antiquae, an exhaustive study on the comfort stations, queer bars, and Protestant Episcopal churches within the area originally bounded by the ancient walls of Rome.

The title of the address will be "Temple Prostitution and the New Dispensation." Monsignor Biondi Bordello will illustrate his talk with medical charts, colored, 35mm slides, and motion picture film, all of which he carried into this country within a life-sized reproduction of the Pieta presented to Cardinal Spellman by the Streetwalkers Guild of Monte Coelio.

After a question and answer period, a festal meal of boiled cabbage and hog snouts will be served. Dinner music will be provided by the Valley Park Spring Quartet.

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SIGNIFY:

A COMIC STRIP
FOR
LIFE
AS WE KNOW IT..



THE SEX-CRAZED DESPOT LUNGES FOR THE BUTTON..





Ray Nelson

Little Isadora

BY RAY NELSON

My stepfather loved me, anyway.

That's why I had to leave home. I was a very well-developed girl at fifteen, but I did not yet have the emotional stability to enter wholeheartedly into an incestuous relationship, particularly with a cop. My father was a jailer, see, and I guess he was a pretty good jailer too, beloved by all his peer group and also by the inmates. Every Christmas he would throw a big turkey dinner for all the prisoners out of his own pocket and he took an interest of a personal nature in the lives of the inmates, particularly the drunks and repeaters, unless they were queer or politically Left-of-Center, in which case he regarded them as somewhat lower than animals.

My mother was also a big-hearted person like a sort of Ishtar, The Great Earth Mother, for all the near-north side in Chicago. She was a waitress and she complained all the time how she hated being a waitress but just the same she was always passing out food, even on her own time. Whenever I came home with some friends she would break out the provisions. It was embarrassing. "George," she would say to my boyfriend, George. "George," she would say. "Why don't you have another cookie? Don't you LIKE my cookies? I baked them myself." That was my mother for you. I never knew my biological father because my mother wasn't married to him, and 'twould be difficult indeed to determine his identity, even for my mother, since, in her younger days, my mother led a rather footloose and fancy-free life and might even have been termed sexually promiscuous, but my stepfather put a stop to that. They were very happily married and did not commit adultery so far as I know, but he was inclined to now and then dally with Old John Barleycorn or, in other words, to get drunk, at which time he showed an inclination to beat up my mother and myself.

However, when I began to show signs of frontal development he ceased to bombard me with blows and instead bombarded me with gifts and compliments. He always wanted me to sit on his knee while he read me stories like "Black Beauty", "The Five Little Peppers", and "Doctor Doolittle" which I found quaint and pataphysical in spite of the fact that I was then reading for myself Henry Miller and "Torture Garden" and "The Black Book" and all like that. Though I was still a pure virgin, I had a vast theoretical knowledge and had done a good deal of heavy petting, but I did not feel ready for marriage or even shacking up since I was, as I say, only fifteen at the time.

It was just as well that I had this theoretical knowledge, particularly the knowledge derived from the works of S. Freud, or otherwise I might not have understood what my pater familias was up to when, during a reading of "Little Women" by Louisa May Alcott, he began to feel me up. He had been drinking some and had locked my mother in the bedroom as was his wont at such times, and thus I had some difficulty understanding him as he read and I might add that his enunciation was none too good even when sober. It became increasingly difficult to understand him as time went on, what with all the heavy breathing and drooling and all. I was just not getting the true meaning of Miss (or Mrs.) Alcott's message and had a hard time concentrating on what I could understand because of struggling to push away those hot, sweaty hands all the time. Finally he started getting rough and I lost my patience with him in spite of the fact that he was my legal guardian and was wearing his police uniform in which he really looked very handsome and impressive in an ape-like sort of way, and I bit him on the hand as hard as I could. He let out a frightful yell and I ran for it and darted up the fire escape and escaped over the rooftops like Batman and Robin, The Boy Wonder, except that Batman and Robin were always swinging from ropes and they didn't wear nylon tricot nighties with pink ribbons as I did, particularly not while they were fighting crime. I doubt if they ever did wear nylon tricot nighties, although in the light of the findings of Mr. S. Freud, one has no choice but to look with suspicion on the relationship between those two.

That night I stayed at a girl friend's house and the next morning she lent me some clothes to go to school and let me have breakfast with her. In American Literature class I decided that it would be unwise for me to return to the old homestead and thus I determined that the time had come for me to venture out into the great, wide world and seek my fortune. At recess I borrowed from 25 to 50 cents from everyone I knew which was not so hard as it might sound since my credit was good. I wrote a short letter to my mother telling her I was going to run away from home but otherwise everything was normal and not to worry as I was a very smart girl. (My grades in school proved this, since I was always in the upper one-fourth of my class.) I mailed the letter after school and went to the Salvation Army Store where I bought some clothes that made me look much older and then set out walking toward the Loop. I went to the Art Institute to see the Picasso prints (since it was free) and afterward went to the Public Library and read modern poetry until closing time.

It was a warm night...really an awfully warm night...and muggy. You know how it is in Chicago during the summer. I wasn't the only one who slept in the park that night. Lots of people who had homes to go to slept in the park instead, because the light breeze that now and then blew in off of Lake Michigan made it almost possible to breath. Toward morning it rained a little, but I ran into a public rest room and so did not get very wet. It was the men's room and I saw for the first time that the ordinary American male harbors a suppressed desire for literary and artistic creation, though he inclines a bit too far in the direction of Erotic Realism for my sheltered tastes, in spite of the fact that I have read Jean Genet's "Our Lady of the Flowers".

In the morning I went to a cafeteria and waited until someone got up, then I sat down and finished off his left-overs. People are always leaving behind potatoes and coffee and sometimes even bacon and eggs or something like that and I always used to eat leftovers at the cafe where my mother worked, even though my mother would say, "How do you know they didn't have a Social Disease?" The only thing that bothered me was cigarette ashes. I think it is very inconsiderate of people to put cigarette ashes in their food, particularly when the management has thoughtfully provided ashtrays. It is really a filthy habit and makes work for the dishwasher who otherwise would only have to dip the dishes and cups in lukewarm water and set them out to dry.

After a hearty breakfast I went back to the art museum and went in with a crowd of art students and wandered around looking at all the paintings and things. Some other art students were sitting in front of a Van Gogh painting and making charcoal studies of it, which looked like fun so I borrowed some charcoal and paper and started doing the same thing. After a while one of the male art students nudged me and said, "Let's cut out, chick. This is a drag."

I went along with him to the student cafeteria in the back of the building where everyone had to show their student cards to get in but since they didn't check very closely I got in on my out-of-date membership card in the Brownie Scouts.

"Can I get you anything?" asked the boy. He was about 21 and a little overweight and pimply, but very intense and dedicated.

I let him buy me lunch and he invited me to go to a party with him after school and I said yes. He told me his name was Bob and I told him my name was Isodora, after Isodora Duncan, which wasn't true. I won't tell you my real name because it might endanger my stepfather's position on the police force. I never told anyone my real name for that reason, which just goes to show you that I have a warm, forgiving nature and also that I am not a fink.

After school he took me on the elevated out to the South Side near the University of Chicago. We got off at 63rd Street. I had never been to 63rd Street before. In fact, I had never been out of my own neighborhood before except to go downtown to the Loop, or, at Christmas, to the prisoner's party in the jail. They had all kinds of interesting stores on 63rd Street, such as grocery stores with watermelons with signs on them that said "They've got my brother



on ice inside" and fortune-telling parlors and fundamentalist storefront churches and bookstores selling books on how the black race is better than the white and "The Use of Candles in the Search For Truth". In the laundromats, Rhythm and Blues records played real loud in juke-boxes that were chained down to keep someone from picking them up and running off with them.

We went down a side street toward the University and soon arrived at the apartment building where the party was to be held. In fact, it was already under way when we got there. Bob told me it had been under way for four days already, and had only just begun.

When we entered Bob told everybody my name was Isodora and that I was an art student at the Art Institute and of course I didn't contradict him. A nice looking negro boy with a beard, burmuda shorts and a Hawaiian flowered shirt handed me some anarchist propaganda and another negro who was wearing sun glasses even though it was not very bright in the room gave me a marijuana cigarette and said "Turn on, Baby." In one room they were playing cool jazz on the hi-fi and in the other a group of rather grubby looking students were playing guitars and banjos and singing work songs and union songs. I thought these students must come from a working class background, but Bob told me they all had wealthy parents and would probably graduate from college directly into the management level of the power elite. This seemed particularly strange since they all were wearing pins proclaiming them to be members of the IWW, or Industrial Workers of the World. Some were drunk and some were high and here and there I noticed someone sleeping on the floor in blessed oblivion. A thin haggard man pushed past us into the toilet, rolling up his sleeve as he went. He locked the door behind him and sometime later came out looking much better and rolling his sleeve down again and at the time I was pretty innocent and thought to myself, "It certainly makes a person feel good to wash his hands. My mother always said that cleanliness is next to Godliness."

In the cool jazz room only one couple was dancing, or anyway dancing standing up. The others were drinking booze or smoking marijuana. Bob told me that I could either drink booze or smoke marijuana, but not both, as this was supposed to be, to use the argot, "uncool". They were drinking a special drink called the Cesspool Special which was made with orange juice mixed with alcohol which some medical student had drained out of the jars in which the Biology department was wont to preserve specimens such as crayfish and eyeballs and the brains of prominent members of the faculty who had passed away. I felt that while the orange juice was undoubtedly healthy and very good for you, the pickled crayfish, eyeballs and faculty brains might not contain the same nutritive value, even though some of these brains may have at one time been very prominent indeed in their respective fields. I preferred to smoke marijuana, otherwise known as "pot" or "cannabis sativa", even though I am ordinarily a non-smoker out of fear of lung cancer. It is pretty generally agreed that pipe smokers and marijuana smokers are not so prone to this dread disease as are the individuals who smoke cigarettes made from tobacco. At school it was regarded as a sign of maturity to smoke and the kids who did not smoke were looked down upon as sissies, mainly because smoking was a gesture of defiance against parents and

teachers and authority in general. If you didn't smoke, it was taken to mean that you were still tied to Mama's apron strings. I feel that America owes a great debt of gratitude to those unsung heroes of the playground, the marijuana pushers, who risk their freedom and their standing in the community to bring to the young people a means of revolting against their parents, teachers, etc. without giving aid and comfort to the forces of Lung Cancer and without stunting anybody's growth.

Bob kept laughing to himself and I asked him why and he told me that he had pulled off a grand prank. At the Art Institute they had a certain place at the head of the stairs where they always hung what they called the "Painting of the Month". The reason Bob was laughing was that he had taken down the Rembrandt painting which had been hanging there and had put up a painting of his own called "Here's Mud in Your Eye". Bob had the Rembrandt painting safely tucked away in his locker and was going to give it back to the museum when the switch was discovered, as Bob was not an art thief but only a lover of good, clean college fun. Bob's painting had been hanging in the place of honor for almost a week already without anyone suspecting a thing, in spite of the fact that Rembrandt and Bob did not paint in the same style at all. Bob's way of painting was to attach a huge canvas to the ceiling of his room and lie naked on the floor under it painting with a brush attached to the end of an old civil war saber. Bob used a very free technique with broad slashing strokes which often got more paint on Bob's bare bodkin and on the room in general than on the painting per se, whereas Rembrandt was prone to put in an under-painting first and then gradually and carefully work the painting up with a series of light glazes.

Bob was not like the boys in school. The boys in school were always trying to get in a free feel, and if you let them have what they wanted they would call you a whore and a pig and go pestering some other girl who put up a little more resistance. Bob never even touched me. Not once. I thought perhaps his true romantic interests were limited to members of his own sex for awhile, but he didn't seem to show any interest in any of the good looking boys present at the party, but talked only to me. Imagine a boy talking to a girl and not even trying to hold hands! I was completely confused! He didn't even TALK about "making out", only about "Relationships"...about my Relationship to him and his Relationship to me ...and about our Relationship to



This new kindergarden teacher, Mr. Humbert-Humbert ...has he had any experience handling children?

our parents and to Society and his Relationship to his painting. It did seem to me that he was overusing that term a little when he started to refer to his "Relationship" to his instructors at art school and even his Relationship to his toothbrush and his pimples. In spite of this seeming obsession with Relationships, I thought he was a very nice boy and very smart.

In fact, the more pot I smoked the better I liked him. I didn't even mind that he was a little overweight and pimply. After awhile I didn't mind anything about him, or anything or anybody. The world seemed to be a real keen place in spite of the threat of Total Nuclear Destruction and Communism and race prejudice and water flouridation.

After awhile a couple came in who were friends of Bob's and he gave them the big hello and they sat down on the floor with us.

"This is Isodora, a painter," said Bob. "Isodora, this is Carl Neal and the Gretchen-Monster."

Carl Neal had a scraggly red beard and was about 30 years old, while the girl they called The Gretchen-Monster was thin in a high-fashion way, very beautiful, a little on the vampirish side, and not more than 19 years old.

"Pregnant yet?" asked Bob of the Gretchen-Monster.

"Oh yes," she said delightedly, "soon I'll have a little bug all my own."

Carl smiled modestly and took out his false teeth, gazed at them fondly for a moment, then licked them and put them back in.

"Planning on getting married?" asked Bob.

"Maybe," said the Gretchen-Monster. "It would make my parents happy anyway, to say nothing of the Department of Aid-to-Dependant-Children. Carl and my folks are having a hard time deciding on what sort of ceremony to have, and if we can't settle that, we'll just have to skip it. My parents want a church wedding with my uncle, who is a Lutheran minister, doing the honors. Carl, on the other hand, wants something a little more informal, like an orgy or a gang bang or something."

"It is pretty frustrating for the friends of the groom to only get to KISS the bride," said Carl, slipping his arm tenderly around the shoulders of his "intended".

"Carl has always shared everything with his friends," said the Gretchen-Monster. "And he's willing to meet my uncle halfway. My uncle can do the honors if the ceremony is kept pretty much as Carl wants it. So far my uncle has been awfully rigid and dogmatic about Carl's ideas but you never know."

"How could I selfishly keep to myself the happiest moment of my life?" said Carl.

"How indeed?" I said, to show that I wasn't a prude but rather a tolerant sophisticated woman-of-the-world in spite of being a virgin.

After awhile Bob and Carl and Gretchen drifted off and left me floating in a pink cloud of pot. Everything was just beautiful except for a rather disquieting impression that the top of my head was deformed, and I guess I did show a marked tendency to giggle. I thought it was perfectly normal when a thin little man with horn rim glasses (very thick) came up to me and said "How are you, my dear?" craned his neck, pulled at my blouse front so that he could peer down inside, then said, "Fine, thank you. Just fine," and wandered off.

"Don't mind him," said someone lying on the floor and looking up my dress with an expression of casual approval. "That's Sylvester. He's like that." The fellow on the floor stroked my ankle in what was peobably meant to be a reassuring fashion, but I stumbled away after Sylvester.

Sylvester was changing the record and putting on Menotti's "The Medium" instead of the cool jazz, in spite of a scattering of feeble protests. When he leaned over the turntable all I could see was the top of his head on which was a very thin crew cut, but as he straightened up the light from the little lamp in the hi-fi lit his face from below, making him look very frightening and shadowy, particularly when he grinned a toothy grin and let the cigarette smoke slowly curl out through his teeth like smoke rising from the Gates of Hell.

"Just listen to THIS, my dear," he said, grasping my hand in a vice-like grip. It may have been the pot, or Sylvester may have been playing the record at a slower than normal speed, but I had never heard anything quite so weird.

"Form a ring," moaned Sylvester in an insane voice. "Everybody form a ring."

I and several others formed a ring, sitting cross-legged on the floor. We all sat holding hands while Sylvester stared and sweated and listened to the music, which sounded wilder by the minute. As the music reached a climax Sylvester seemed to suddenly turn grey as a corpse, as if he had epilepsy or something, then fell over screaming and kicking and drooling and rolling around on the floor, but never letting go of my hand. As quickly as it had started, the spell was over and Sylvester lay perfectly



And now for the honeymoon. Won't it be wonderful? First I whip you then you whip me, then I whip you again.....

still, all rolled up into a ball but still holding my hand. After awhile he moved. Very slowly he rose to his feet and I followed since I couldn't get my hand loose. His eyes were rolled up so that you couldn't see anything but the whites and he said, very softly, "Follow." In a solemn parade led by Sylvester we marched several times around the apartment and then headed for the open window. When Sylvester climbed up on the window sill I felt that the time had come to play some other party game and so I let go of the hand on my left but I couldn't let go of the hand on my right because that was Sylvester's and he held me in a grip of iron. Before I knew really what was happening I was standing on the window ledge looking down at the bright headlights of cars five stories below in the street.

There was a narrow ledge which ran across the face of the building and disappeared around the corner. "Follow," whispered Sylvester, and he and I began to slowly edge our way along this ledge. I did not struggle because if I had it might have thrown us off balance and caused us to fall, and I didn't yell either because I wished to retain some semblance of worldly sophistication even under such trying circumstances. As we passed by the window of the next door apartment I saw a fat old woman dressed only in her slip raise her eyes briefly from the wrestling on TV, gaze at us without any special show of interest, then go back to watching the fights. She I felt, was somehow typical of the average American housewife, a prisoner in her own home, having no contact with the outside world except the TV, which gradually comes to be the whole of Reality.

It was touch and go for a minute there when we rounded the corner of the building but we made it all right. The next apartment we passed contained a student trying to study in spite of the noise of our party. He did not even look up until we were almost past, then he looked tiredly away from his books and our eyes met for what might be called "One Burning Moment". As we neared the rear of the building he thrust his head out the window and shouted at us, but Sylvester only repeated once again, "Follow!" and we navigated the corner of the building and climbed across the fire escape in back. "Follow!" he said again as I struggled to get free, and we climbed out on to the ledge on the other side of the fire escape, rounded another corner of the building and started toward the front again. Another building faced ours only about three or four feet away and an old negro woman looked out of one of the windows and smiled at me and said, "Hey, what you doin' out there, chile?"

"Follow!" said Sylvester.

The negro woman shook her head sadly and muttered something like "White folks are somethin' else!" then drew in her head and banged shut the window.

Finally we rounded the last of the corners and re-entered the apartment by the same window from which we had departed. Here Sylvester finally let go of my hand, grinner at me, and said, "It was good to get a breath of fresh air, n'est-ce pas?" then passed out. Nobody seemed to have taken any particular notice of the little walk around the block Sylvester and I had taken except Bob, and I guess that was only because he was jealous.

"You want to say away from that Sylvester," said Bob. "He's a kook!"

This may well have been true, but nevertheless I felt that Sylvester possessed a certain old-world charm and gentlemanly protectiveness which manifested itself in the way he held my hand in times of trouble and guided me safely through the trials and tribulations of Life. Here, I felt, was a man one could depend on.

Suddenly a girl came running out of the bedroom with nothing on but a look of terror and screamed, "The cops! The fuzz! It's a raid!"

I looked out the window and, sure enough, police cars were pulling up in the street below, and I could hear the sirens of others coming. There was no doubt, from the way they looked up at us looking down at them, that we were the ones they were after. I never saw such a frantic housecleaning. In nothing flat the apartment was restored to perfect order except for Sylvester spread-eagled in the middle of the floor, but then, even the best of housekeepers always slips up on some little detail or other.

The anarchist boy shouted, "Use non-violent resistance! Just go limp! Meet the threat of force with civil disobedience and the principles of Ghandi and Thoreau!" He sat down on the floor in the fetal position, as he was in the habit of doing in sit-ins and peach demonstrations.

"My clothes! Where are my clothes?" screamed the naked girl, running wildly around the room in a hysterical, ineffectual search. "Here they are, Dahling," said her drunken boy friend, staggering out of the bedroom and doing a rather unconvincing imitation of a homosexual. He was wearing them, but they didn't look very becoming on him. He didn't even have his seams straight and his slip was showing.

Heavy footsteps sounded on the stairs.

"Hold them off till we flush down the dope!" came a shout from the bathroom. The toilet was flushing continuously.

"To the barracades!" cried one of the members of the Industrial Workers of the World. "Liberty! Fraternity!" He led a charge out the door to the head of the stairs. The



What a stroke of genius!
Wearing a live crocodile!

policemen, who were just rounding the landing of the last flight, were bombarded with a salvo of books, bongos, records and furniture. Another beatnik battalion swept out of the kitchen and added eggs, garbage, flour, and several cream pies to the barrage. Someone slit a pillow and a rain of feathers fluttered down on the astonished and soiled minions of the law.

"They're retreating!" cried Bob. "They're chicken!" and indeed the officers did look rather like chickens or some kind of bird, with all those feathers stuck to them.

"Hold 'um off just a little longer," came a cry from the bathroom. "The toilet is plugged and overflowing, but we'll get it going in a second!"

Carl Neal and the Gretchen-Monster were running back and forth between the kitchen and the front window, delightedly dropping bags of water on the cops in the street. One big girl athlete got carried away and threw an overstuffed chair out the window. It landed on the front hood of one of the police cars, smashing the windshield and causing grave concern to the policeman in the front seat.

The police on the stairs charged again and were again repulsed, this time by a veritable torrent of empty beer cans and booze bottles. "More ammunition!" shouted Bob, and I ran into the bedroom and came out with an armload of perfume bottles. There was a cop standing under the stairwell, and I managed to pour almost a whole bottle of "Channel No. 5" on him before he jumped out of the way, cursing shamelessly.

On the third charge the police broke through to the top of the stairs and disappeared in a writhing mass of beards and long hair. Another wave followed them up, then another and another. For a moment all was screaming, crashing chaos, then it was over. Our gallant little band went down in ignominious defeat. Only the anarchist boy refused to recognize that defeat. He even refused to walk down to the waiting paddy wagons, and had to be dragged. There was something indescribably touching about the sound of his head bumping down the stairs...clunk...clunk...clunk.

My stepfather was on duty when they brought us in. Boy, was he ever surprised to see me! It was clear from the look on his face that he was not the sort of enlightened modern parent who allows the child to choose her own friends.

He managed to get me released in his custody, and I must say that ever since then he has treated me with a good deal more respect, almost like he treats the drunks and repeaters down at the ol' jailhouse except that, so far as I know, he doesn't kiss their hands or scrub their backs or give them home permanents.

RAY NELSON

NEWS ITEM

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Mr. & Mrs. Homer P. Loveapple, 1585 South Complex, celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary Wednesday, December 21, with a reception and brunch at the Club Soixante-Neuf.

Celebrating with the couple were their 17 children, 53 grandchildren, 177 great grandchildren, and 11 great-great-grandchildren. They were also joined by some 700 friends.

Mr. Loveapple, 71, is a retired gambler. Mrs. Loveapple, 70, formerly administered a disorderly house at 1601 McTwain St. until its demise at the hands of the vice squad in 1945.

After having been toasted by family and friends, the couple disrobed on the dance floor and gave a demonstration of sexual gymnastics to the accompaniment of a zither and two sets of bongo drums. Guests were invited to sing along. Even hardened reporters were shocked.

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STAY OUT OF SALOONS

...Bob Tucker

I met a time-traveler in a saloon. I know he was a time-traveler because he said he was, and he also told me he was so completely broken up by his recent harrowing experience that as soon as he downed one last farewell shot he would give up drink forever. I was touched and asked him for his story. He first told me his name was not Toga, or Zerxa, or Bluthgu, or any of those fantastic sounds because Ralph Milne Farley was not writing his story. He said his name was simply Chauncey. I was touched, and asked him for his story. He said he would tell me and give up drink forever.

His touching story:

In the summer of 1893 while attending a picnic on Long Island sponsored by the Old Blue Boy Brewery of Brooklyn for brewery employees and their families, John Gooch, a blacksmith by trade who had crashed the picnic with the conniving aid of a friend who was a pretzel salesman and drove a delivery wagon named Samuel Crosshatch met and fell madly in love with a fragile bit of old Ireland named Moll O'Goldfarb.

In the early fall of 1893 John and Molly were married and immediately afterwards attended a wedding supper given for them by the Old Blue Boy Brewery in token of the many years of faithful service rendered the brewery horses by blacksmith Gooch. John and Moll O'Goldfarb Gooch were so overcome by this grand gesture that he promised to give up drink. Samuel Crosshatch, the pretzel salesman who had crashed the wedding party with conniving aid of a friend who was a wholesale dealer in horseshoe nails named Timothy Higgins, was seen leering at the bride.

And a year later in the autumn of 1894 a fine strapping son was born to Molly and John who was so overcome by this blessing from heaven that he promised to give up drink. They named the boy Chauncey in honor of Molly's grandfather now dead these many years in old Ireland, and it was obvious from the beginning that he was exceptional. Quick as a cricket, smart as a whiplash, young Chauncey soon outdistanced all the other children his age although a snide few said behind their backs that this would not be so if the youngster would run upright on his two legs. Samuel Crosshatch was seen leering at the young mother.

Tragedy overcame the Gooch household for during the fateful summer of 1900 while playing on the seashore young Chauncey discovered a strange copper cylinder which had been washed up by the wave and investigated. Climbing into the device he began fiddling with controls of some nature surmounting a dashboard. His little playmates

later reported that he and the cylinder vanished with an effect which set in motion a series of happenings which were to upset history in the world in times to come. Samuel Crosshatch was seen leering at the grief-stricken wife.

John Gooch was so overcome by the loss of his firstborn son that he gave up drink and died the following winter of snakebite leaving his wife with a child. Rather than take in washing to support the coming baby, the widow Gooch promptly married Samuel Crosshatch who just as promptly sold his pretzel route to Timothy Higgins because the horseshoe nail business was falling off, and retired to live on the meager income his new wife made by taking in washing.

Another child, named Bendaye Crosshatch, was born in 1901 and lived until 1918 at which time he ran away to war and was killed by a bottle of cognac which proved to be a boobytrap when it blew up. His distraught mother was so overcome when she received the news that she promised to give up drink. Samuel Crosshatch was seen leering at a maidservant. Meanwhile still another child was born into the family, a girl, in 1915, who was named Stripple Crosshatch. In due time this girl grew up to be a fine figure of a woman and was eventually wooed and won by a young gallant appearing from nowhere who called himself Chauncey Smith.

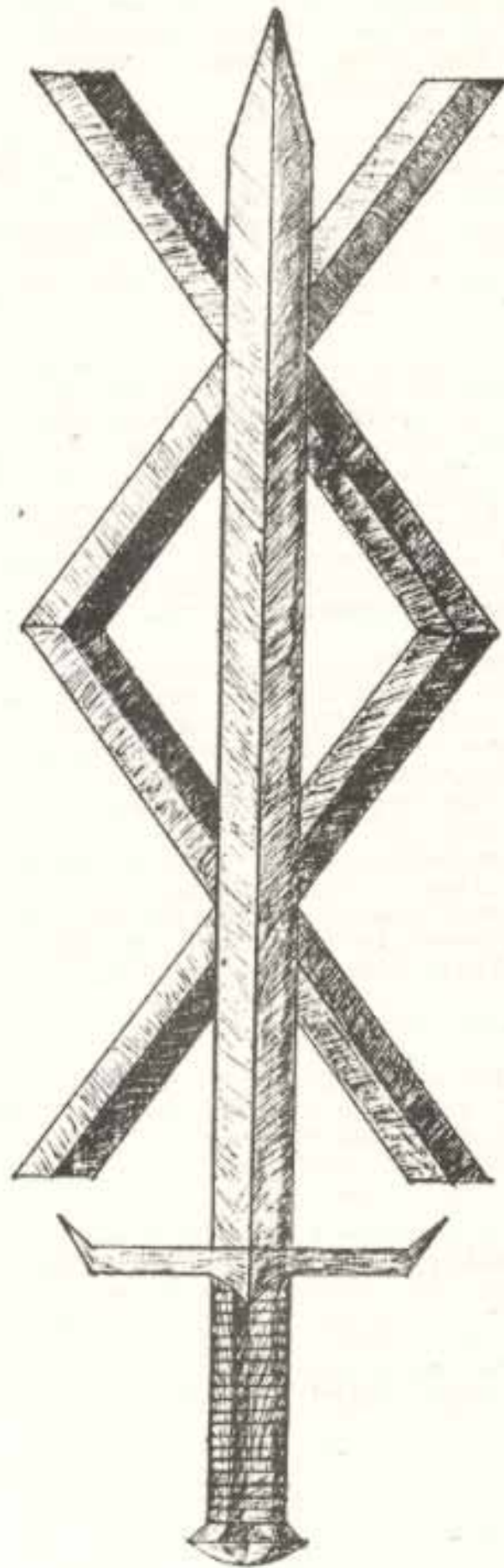
From that fateful moment history marched forward without pause until one day early in 1951, a strange copper cylinder alighted from the shimmering air and out of it toddled a hungry frightened child who could only remember that his name was Chauncey and that he could easily out distance other children his age. A kindly old couple named Smith took him into their home to raise as their own and he stayed with them for twenty years until the day, quite by accident, he was rummaging around in the attic and chanced across a strange copper cylinder. Climbing in and curiously twisting the dials he found mounted above a dashboard the cylinder vanished in shimmering air. Unnerved by his sudden disappearance, the Smith's gave up drink and killed themselves in a suicide pact.

And there you have his story.

I did not ask for the ending for to do so would be to display my ignorance; I already knew the ending; he had already told me. It ended back in the middle when he married Stipple Crosshatch, my mother. I was so touched I promised to give up drink. The bartender was seen leering at me.

= = = = =
= D.T.R.E.(cond. frm. pg. 64)... ALSO HEARD FROM'S: Al Andrews; Lon=
= Atkins; Ned Brooks; Rick Brooks; Lee Carson; Marshall Clarke; DEA=
= ; Jack Gaughan; Lyle Gaulding; Diana Johnston; Chester Malson; =
= Mike Montgomery; Jack Peters; Harold Palmer Piser; Leland =
= Sapiro; William Sternman; Dianne Thacker; Tony and Edna Urie; =
= Jack Williamson; Jurgen Wolff; Jaes Wright; Douglas W. Young; =
=

= AND, naturally, Harlan Ellison and THE COMMITTEE!!! =



ISM

We abhor violence¹, thus every member is eligible as a conscientious objector if he so chooses.

We support a moral code consisting of complete individual freedom, except that to harm a sapient² being is a sin.

We, the Church, may sell indulgences to those who have sinned.

We will offer membership only to those who can truly believe.³
(Various Holy Examinations may be given in order to determine a potential member's ability to believe.)

The purpose of our religion is the gaining of infallibility⁴. In accordance with our policy of personal freedom, we allow our members to seek their own preferred state of infallibility. Whichever of the three states a member chooses to acquire, he will have all the time necessary to attain that state and, also, the well wishes of the Church.

There are three states of infallibility.

- A. The Leadership is infallible;
- B. The Discipleship is slightly less, but just the same, infallible; and,
- C. The Dead are somewhat infallible.

The Leadership is infallible when speaking ex cathedra on any subject which falls under the heading "Church Business", i.e., anything it chooses to call Church business. The Discipleship possesses the same infallibility except that it is subject to revision by the Leadership. The Dead are infallible because anything they say is obviously true.

The Leadership consists of two supreme offices: The Hallship and The Whittingtonship. The Hallship controls the secular arm of the Church. The Whittingtonship is supreme in all things moral, spiritual, and religious.

It is the right of the Leadership alone to formulate Church doctrine and policy.

Any unilateral action by Hallship or Whittingtonship is forbidden.

- 1) Except when necessary, as decided by the Leadership.
- 2) The Leadership reserves the right to define sapient.
- 3) The Leadership will, from time to time, issue proclamations for the membership to believe.
- 4) Possession of an exemption from liability to error.



"I THANK YOU FOR THIS
OPPORTUNITY TO ADDRESS THIS
FINE ORGANIZATION AND
TO SPECIFICALLY ADVISE YOU &
ASSIST YOU IN DEALING WITH THE
DISSIDENT FACTION IN YOUR
CHRISTIAN GROUP."

Schism

Every time I go up to Ray Fisher's apartment in St. Louis, he asks me, "And when are you going to write something for Odd, Whittington?" [[WHICH SHOULD SERVE TO TEACH ME SOMETHING. EH, RON?]] When I don't happen to have a twenty-five page manuscript ready for him, he gets peeved and kicks me in the shins. In retaliation for my lack of written material, he then places a record on his stereo, turns the volume all the way up (about twice as much as a human ear can stand) [[WHICH MAKES IT ABOUT FOUR TIMES AS MUCH AS A WHITTINGTON BAR CAN STAND]], and stares quizzically at me while my mind [[?]] is being not-too-slowly destroyed by the music. Not that I mind that, you understand, it's just that, twice now, I have been severely beaten by Ray's neighbors (In their crazed state of sonic shock, they mistook me for Ray; boy, were they crazed!).

While I am on the subject of Ray's stereo, did I mention that he was asked to stop playing religious music because all the atheists in the neighborhood were converting to the faith, convinced that the end was near? Not to mention that half the believers around there shot themselves. One of the local bishops was even called in by a neighborhood improvement association to exorcise the Fishers' apartment before Ray discovered that the music was the real reason for all the religious activity in the area.

Speaking of religions, Brother Dave Hall and I started one out at Jefferson College. The Holy Order of Ism, as it was called, was founded for the sole purpose of declaring a pathetic little chess-playing 'True-Believer' a heretic. As this little character was a bit fuzzy on doctrine, it was necessary to declare the whole field of organized religion a heresy, but, what the hell (And, anyway, Ray assures me that, technically, present day religion would be considered a heresy by the original founder of it.)

That week (ISM lasted only one week, which is further proof of its superiority.) Hell was Santa Monica; Dave Hall's suggestion, as ISM doesn't recognize the existence of any other "hell" (Except, maybe Miami Beach!); The 'True-Believer' screamed that ISM was a parody of his own religious/heresy (We explained that ISM was much more catholic than that-we parody all organized religion impartially) and the Baptists laughed (but they didn't demean themselves to explain the significance of their laughter). The little Neo Nazi group at the college warned us not to interfere with their plan for taking over the college (and then the world?!?), and the ISM damned athletes told us to go to Santa Monica (or, maybe Miami Beach)!

In righteous wrath at their blasphemy, Dave and I symbolically burnt ISM at the stake by lighting some matches, generously supplied to us by the 'True Believer', under the amused eyes of a group of Baptist bystanders standing beside a chessboard. (The burning of ISM, rather than the bystanders, is we felt, another way in that ISM is superior to Organized religion.)

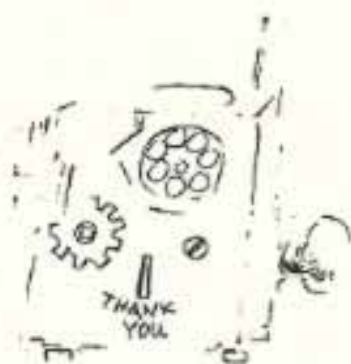
THREE

BY MARSHALL CLARKE

The boy built a bench.
It was strong, sturdy, enduring, he said.
Solid oak, he confided.
It will stand for centuries.
Maybe more.
He approached his work proudly,
Pointing out every perfection to me.
But he must have missed something
Because he turned his back
And listened to it crumble.

A boy approached me,
Holding something tightly clutched.
Hey, mister! he said.
Tell me what this is.
Tenderly I took the object,
Examined it, turned to tell,
And the boy disappeared.

A man next to me was reading.
His book was upside down.
I pointed it out
And he went on reading.
How can you? I said.
Why not read it right?
You mean, he asked, your way?
Yes, that's it. The right way. My way.
Here then, he said, you read.
I took the book, prepared to read.
Queer, the pages should be blank.



EDWARDS

THE INCOMPLEAT ESSAYIST

COMETS, QUIBBLES, AND THE FLY THAT ISN'T THERE.....



by Paul J. Willis
Sec'y., INFO

Words are slippery things.

Or to turn an obvious fact into a peculiar question:

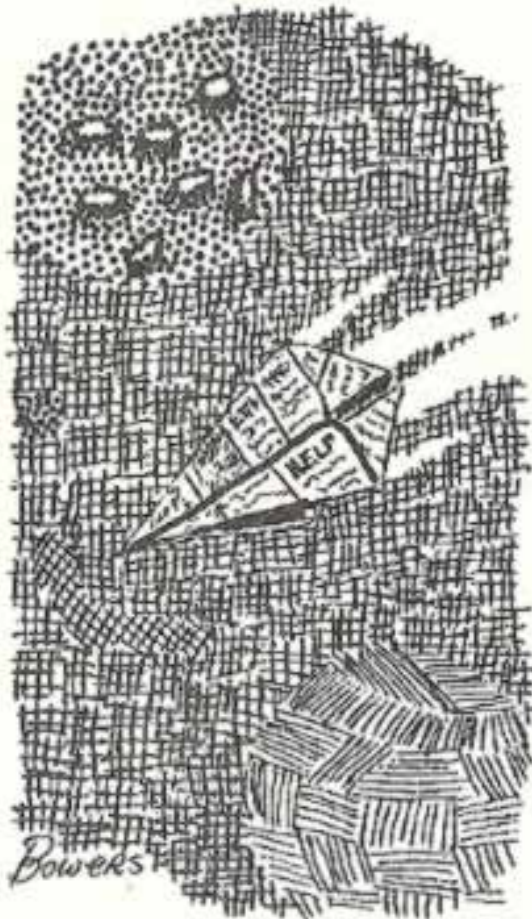
When is a Great Comet not a Great Comet?

The Harvard astronomer, Fred Whipple, last year described Comet Ikeya-Seki (1965f) as "a scientists' comet." Sky and Telescope for December, 1965, reported that "Favorably placed observers on October 20-21 viewed a comet so brilliant that it could be seen with the naked eye in broad daylight, if the sun was hidden behind the side of a house or even an outstretched hand." Among these "Favorably placed observers" was Brian G. Marsden, of the Smithsonian Astrophysical Observatory, who was scrutinizing the comet with Dr. Whipple through one of the telescopes of the Harvard Observatory when the immortal utterance was made. Marsden states

in an article entitled "The Great Comet of 1965," in S. & T., that "reports had been coming in to us all day [Oct. 20th] of fruitless predawn vigils by people looking for the comet's tail ... a great disappointment to most of the general public..."

What somebody seemed to have forgotten is that it is precisely that appearance which is seen by the despised general public which hangs the epithet "great" on one of these luminous apparitions. I was among the comet-seekers (including "predawn vigils",) and I can only report that viewed from this part of the American Mid-West, Comet Ikeya-Seki was the most unobtrusive Great Comet of all time.

1965f was discovered by two Japanese amateurs on Sept. 18, 1965. (Way, incidently, do most comets nowadays seem to be found by either Czechs or Japanese? Or worse, both together! It creates some devilish hyphenated tongue twisters.)



The co-discoverer of 1965f, Kaoru Ikeya, discovered another comet this year - his fourth. The latest prize was shared with an American physics teacher, giving us Ikeya-Everhart. Mr. Ikeya, according to the New York Times, 10/9/66, is an employee of a piano factory, and polishes keys. Comet hunting is one of the relatively few areas where scientific progress has been unable to oust the amateur from a position of primacy. Research costs money; takes time; "star-gazing" is hopelessly passé.

But to return to the original quibble: why "Great"? A Great Comet was in the wind. Public relations were being hampered by a lack of spectacular effects. The feeling was that it was high-time for another prominent celestial ghost. After all, our century has been rather deficient in startling comets. Predictions were made for 1965f to be a Great Comet, and it will be a Great Comet, co-operate with us or no. Never mind so few outside the observatories seeing it, it can be just a nice "scientists' comet".

1965f behaved very similarly to the Great Comet of 1882 (1882 II) in its close perihelion, breaking up of nucleus, etc. These similarities in themselves are poor validity for magnificent titles. Judging from the record, 1882II was a much more conspicuous object. If it was no brighter than 1965f, then it would seem that neither would 1882II deserve Greatness. Now I may be mistaken in my emphasis, and it may be that astronomers have been very loose in their application of the term in modern times, but there does not seem to me to be any fair basis for such descriptive exaggeration in the case of 1965f.

My impression is that Ikeya-Seki was interesting and that valuable observations were made. But I submit that no matter how interesting

may be a comet's spectrum, physical characteristics, or orbital elements, unless the man in the street can casually glance up and see what to his more (?) superstitious ancestors was a visible portent, the object can have no demonstrable claim to the title "Great".

Let us fall to earth again, musing, as we drop, on "mundus vult decipi" - "the world wishes to be deceived", as the Latin saying hath it.

Illustrating the pleasures of observing someone else's gullibility, is a tale from British Columbia, told this May 21 by Associated Press. Seems that in Vancouver, two years before that time, a dog pound officer imagined that at the home of Mr. Dale Proud, he heard in addition to Mr. Proud's two dogs, a third dog barking. The third dog existed only in the official's mind, but he insisted on its reality. Mr. Proud, in a spirit of commendable civic responsibility, bought three licenses - the coverage including "one chimera, male".

This year Mr. Proud renewed the licenses for his two dogs. This time he overlooked the chimera although he had renewed its license in 1965. Mr. Proud later received a letter from City Hall informing him that he is violating the law by possessing an animal without a license, and that he is owing \$3.50 for license renewal, as well as \$1.75 as a late registration fee.

In Tiverton, in Devonshire, an enterprising tobacconist by the name of Brain Miller placed a bowl of clear water in his shop window. (AP, 9/17/66) Beneath the bowl he placed a sign: "Transparent Chinese-dragon fighting fish". In no time at all a crowd gathered. One man is reported to have exclaimed, "Look, they're fighting. Can't you see the ripples on the water?" Mr. Miller at first replied to purchase inquiries by alleging that the fish were not for sale, and at length was moved to declare the fish non-existent as well as non-visible. There was irritated reaction - especially from those who had seen the fish. The piscatorial phenomena were on display for only one day, but "never again", Mr. Miller, a chastened man, promises.

Sometimes there are things there, but we can't see them because they just left.

Witness: Cephenomyia pratti.

The following is reprinted from the book, Nature's Ways, by Roy Chapman Andrews, Crown, New York, 1951, pp. 24-25: "An insect, the deer bot fly, Cephenomyia pratti, is the speed champion of the world. A rate of four hundred yards per second, or eight hundred and eighteen miles an hour, has been chalked up for him - him, because, for obvious reasons, the female does not fly so fast. That speed has been estimated by the best scientific observations. Still, I would feel more comfortable about Cephenomyia's reputation if it were possible to subject it to tests in a wind tunnel. That being out of the question, we must accept the word of Dr. Charles H. T. Townsend, a scientist who has devoted many years to the study of insects, and this one in particular.

"In an article in the Journal of the New York Entomological Society, (Vol. XXXV) Dr. Townsend writes: 'Regarding the speed of Cephenomyia, the idea of a fly overtaking a bullet is a painful mental pill to swallow, as a friend has quaintly written me, yet these flies can probably do that to an old-fashioned musket ball. They could probably have kept up with the shells that the German Big Bertha shot into Paris during the World War. The males are faster than the females, since they must overtake the latter for coition. Then the males habitually fly at higher altitudes than the gravid females, and thus encounter less friction which enables them to attain greater speeds. On the other hand, on 12,000-foot summits in New Mexico, I have seen pass me at incredible velocity what were quite certainly the males of Cephenomyia. I could barely distinguish that something had passed - only a brownish blur in the air of about the right size for these flies and without sense of form.'

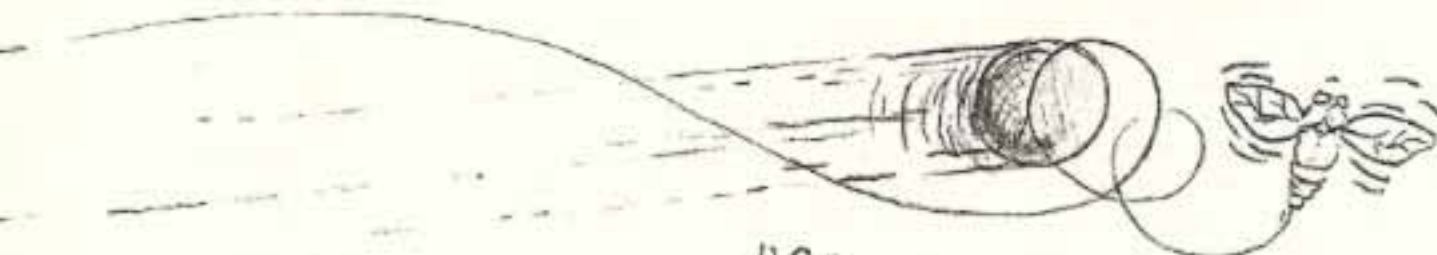
"Dr. Townsend says in a letter: 'The time was checked repeatedly with the shutter of a camera. The data are practically accurate and as close as will ever be possible to measure.' If one could drive an airplane at the speed of Cephenomyia for seventeen hours continuously, one could go around the world in a daylight day.

"Although Cephenomyia flies at high altitudes where air resistance is reduced, in the lowlands of New Jersey there lives a considerable larger fly which can take off from a twig with such velocity that it is utterly impossible to see where it has gone."

I must confess that if called upon to identify a brownish blur passing me at 818 mph, or any appreciable fraction thereof, I would be rather at a loss. Apparently, Cephenomyia pratti is what can be called "a scientists' fly", even though it makes Dr. Andrews and Dr. Townsend's quaint friend feel uncomfortable. But then, I suppose that anything racing about faster than a musket ball would get on anyone's nerves sooner or later. It is with a measure of pique that one notes how lacking in the precision of their calculations are the naturalists. An astronomer would surely give more exact figures, say 817.98 mph.

I wonder if Cephenomyia pratti has what could be described as a "whirlwind courtship"?

"Officer, stop that fly!"



THE INN OF THE SIGN OF THE DRAGON

by
David N. Hall

Under the Northern Fire,
When the fimbulwinter came creeping,
Crawling with a stinging chill,
Slayer of hope, and death to laughter,
A frost-eyed giant storming,
Northward, Doomward.
All the world prepared
For the Death's Day battle;
Heroes cowered, and kings came breaved,
'Twas not to the liking of warriors;
Hell with spurs was gathering,
Death with laughter rocking.

From the south a traveler,
Alone, with his crimson cloak
Wrapped tight about him,
Rode along the Greenway.
Northward alone rode Nicholas Drake,
Child of the proudling Mratner Hall,
Who sought to make his name now,
Now in this time of darkness.
Sought to fight with Lexie
In the Battle of Hell's Door.
But hunger had weakened the duckling,
And the wind stung upon his soft face,
Till at an inn he stopped for resting,
For ale and the sound of laughter,
At the inn of the Sign of the Dragon.

Silent was the inn;
Dread silence now had fallen
From Loren south to Ayra,
And all across the man-lands;
The hall was dimly lighted,
No noise now came to Drake's ear;
No men here were laughing,
His footsteps echoed silent
Upon the wooden floor.
The inn was void of all life,
Save that in a corner
A morbid man was sitting,
And he drank from a winged cup.
"Hail, young warrior", He called;
His skin was dried and scaly.
"What sort of fear can drive you
Into so damned a night?"



"Men say it is the hour that
The fimbulwinter cometh,
And I go to join Lexis,
Whose forces meet a Hell's Door."

"Hell's Door! Ay! Aptly named!"
The glazed-eyed stranger cried.
"I've seen men fallen dead there,
Their number I can't surmise.
Hell's Door. How useless
To be a hero, and a dead one.
Sit instead a moment, and drink,
With me some ale. Twill reignite
The fire which has gone out from your eye."

Nicholas Drake came slowly,
For he feared this hoary stranger,
And he sat about the table,
And lifted, slow, the ale glass;
Northward men were gathering,
Northward, heroes swarming.

"But minutes can I stay,
And then again be riding.
For I must reach to Hell's Door
Before the morning breaketh."

Into the stranger's eye a glint came,
Like flint rubbed against a stone.
"Heroes die. Ignobly. Stay instead
The night out. I so seldom have
Company now that the North has grown cold."
And he smiled, a hellish smile
That awakened fear in the warrior.

Young Drake had a talisman,
Given by a warlock,
And it told when danger neared him;
The talisman told now.
Nicholas Drake sprang forth,
And drew his sword in a twinkling.

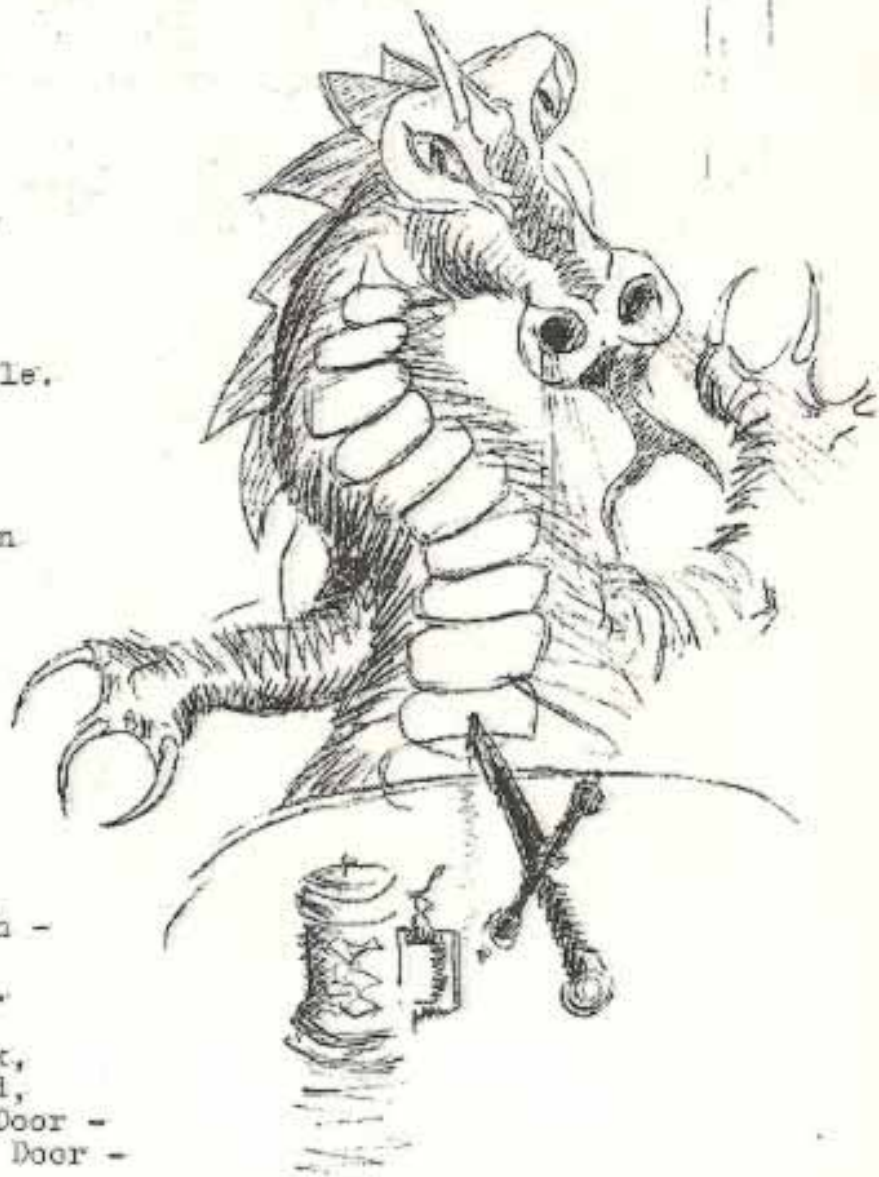
At that moment, the stranger rose,
And flame issued from his mouth;
His hood fell back, and at the stiches,
His clothing snapped, and fell away.
And he grew, his skin grew wrinkled,
Until - not flesh, but scales -
Upon his skin was standing.

But Drake had courage pulsing
With the blood of his body;
And he leapt forward, ignoring
The spurting blue-white flame.
A mortal blow he struck,
And the dragon twisted his tail,
And falling forward, gasping,
Began to die at the table.
His lips moved.

His voice issued forward, horrible.
"Listen to me, Nick of Drake.
For this power is given to me.
Go thou not to Hell's Door.
Be content thou with this deed,
For by your courage you have been
Braver than the best.
None but Dwapple, eons gone,
Could have stood against me.
I am Nordndok whom you've slain,
With a single heroic slash -
If you go to Hell's Door,
I see you go, but not return.

And then he passed, Nordndok,
The evil one of ages long,
Who many a life had stolen
From travelers who passed through -
Travelers luckless enough
To stop at the Inn of the Dragon.

And Nicholas Drake his horse took,
And Nicholas Drake rode northward,
To fight in the seige of Hell's Door -
To be one of a million at Hell's Door -
And died unknown at Hell's Door,
When Lexis fought with Guaran.



ENGLAND

(OB) SCENE & OBSERVED

BY RICHARD GORDON

Sad news for America - I'll be coming back next year. I discovered this student organization called BUNAC - British Universities North America Club, and this sponsors relatively cheap sixty pound return ticket flights - that includes a Broadway hotel and airport to airport transport, so all in all it's pretty good value - I sent off a twenty-five pound deposit cheque today, I discovered that amount in an old savings account I'd forgotten about - luckily as it turned out. To raise the rest of the cash I'm working this and next vacations - this one I'm in a local hotel bar - can't keep me away from the places! All I've got to do now is pass my exams in the summer so that I don't have to resit them in September and thus ruin any plans I make for the summer.

Other problem is that of work: namely, I was wondering if you could suggest or if you know of any sort of work that would be available to students like me in the summer - something for a couple of months, July and August or something or the sort - preferably mental rather than physical, but anything attempted in a good cause beyond a tectotal job in the nearest Budweiser factory or coal mining! Could you give me any help about this? This is I'd like to work for say a couple of months, and spend most of the money - if there were to be any left, which would be doubtful, on seeing the west of the country. I've relations in Vancouver, and so forth .. can you think of anything, or do you know of anyone where I could get some kind of job - no real idea of what myself; advertising offices? or anything ambitious like that available for temporary work in summer???

Doubtless you have been weeping with the entire British nation over the latest iniquities of Ubiquitous Harold, our beloved premier. Not only does he try to sell Britain out of Rhodesia, he fails at that, and then tries to drag the UN in; and the latest thing he's done is - or rather his government - propose a ban on all smoking in public of any sort - this is what one might call paternalistic dictatorship - 'now, now, sonny, you mustn't smoke, it's bad for you, and Uncle Harold will punish you by sending you to bed early if you're naughty. Be a good boy and go and play with your teddy bear Heath instead ...' I see that Bwother George Bwown has been ingratiating himself first with the Russians, who really dug his homely folksiness ... 'We're all bwothers, bwothers', and now the UN ... 'Hawold's vevy uneasy about the situation' ... Actually I don't dislike Brown as much as the others, he's what one might call an honest fool, which is really more dangerous than anything else, I suppose.

Also see that Robert Kennedy made the quote of the year when he flew into Florence not so long ago, surveyed all the ruined art treasures, the flooded streets, the miserable and starving in-

habitants in the wreckage of their possessions and homes, posed for a few photos in customary smiling pose, and sagely announced in a voice sufficiently loud for all the mikes and pressmen to pick up, 'this is a human problem...' ..now that's what I call a really brilliant statement...reminds me of the PHIL OCHS IN CONCERT album I bought some time ago, with the following blurb about a new film to the song he sings called RINGING OF REVOLUTION...Somebody-or-other (I forgot who) 'plays Ho Chi Minh; Frank Sinatra plays Fidel Castro, Ronald Reagan plays George Murphy (big cheer from hip crowd); John Wayne plays Lyndon Johnson (bigger cheer from politically aware crowd), and Lyndon plays God.' (Cheer that makes the disc jump a couple of grooves, this time expressing satirical awareness of the crowd.) 'I play Bobbie Dylan...the young Bobbie Dylan.' General amusement from the more purist elements of the crowd...good humourist Phil Ochs is... He seems to have an enormous political chip on his shoulder tho - you know his stuff, don't you - I think I remember seeing a Phil Ochs album among your massive collection - ALL THE NEWS THAT'S FIT TO SING, I think? Amusing tho - gets at Dylan again: '..the other night a voice came to me...turned out it was God...said, This is God, Ochs, over... I said, you're putting me on, of course, Dylan...' even bigger cheer before this one - prefaces an anti-Christian hymn - lot of valid criticism of Christianity, I thought here. Other good songs on that album - that changes one, and so forth.

Have been wading thru five or six of Henry Miller's books recently. They're brilliant, tho I thought TROPIC OF CANCER wasn't as good as the others I've read - perhaps because it was the first he wrote and his style wasn't completely mature, but even that is a very absorbing book. Outdates John Osborne as an angry young man and Kerouac as a beat by at least twenty or thirty years. Another great book I've just read is I CLAUDIUS, the historical novel that details with complete and accurate historical authenticity the first forty years AD of Imperial Rome - I particularly liked the descriptions of Caligula, who was nuts. At one point he drew the entire Roman army up against the sea and ordered them to attack it - he genuinely believed that he was declaring war on Neptune, whom he didn't like, as a rival God. The only casualties were a couple of soldiers who got stung by a jellyfish and bitten by a lobster. On returning to Rome, he ordered a triumph to be accorded him as tho he had won some major victory. He murdered his father, tho this is slightly doubtful, when he was eight, and got rid of his mother, not to mention his sisters - tho later on. Used to go into fits of uncontrollable laughter at the notion that he could execute anyone he liked, and he proceeded to have it done just for kicks. One occasion, he deliberately opened the Games with lousy animals and even worse hunters, and when sections of the crowd booed, he had the Guard arrest them and throw them in unarmed against the animals for entertainment instead of the hunters. He'd have done well as a kind of modern Lenny Bruce I reckon - refreshing sickness about him...ugh! His best act was to fulfill a prophecy which said he would sooner ride his horse across the bay of somewhere-or-other than become emperor - so on becoming emperor, having helped Tiberius on his way, he anchored the entire fleet, and built 2000 ships for the purpose, across this bay, in a double line. He sawed off the prows, laid planks and earth, and rode across at the head of his army, later returning with a crowd of over 100,000 and starting a party. When every one was drunk he gathered his friends and went around pushing people in. The narrator says in a bored tone only 2 or 3 hundred drowned.

Then, tiring of that, he got into his flagship and rammed the fragile causeway, forcing the crowds into a smaller and smaller area in the middle of the bay by cutting it in two places, and gradually bringing the area in the middle down. Finally all the terrified and by now sober citizens were on a tiny area in the middle, hanging on for dear life, when Caligula, smiling happily, rammed the lot with his ship and drowned them all. It's a wonder to me that he lasted a whole four years without assassination - at that period six in a row were murdered. Perverted lot!

I'm afraid that happenings at Newcastle University can't quite match up to such inspired evil as Caligula and his lot got up to, but we do our best - (modest smile, blushes, and fumbles around with fingers) - to satisfy. Some of the drunken orgies that are carried out in the Bun Room in the union are almost at Nero's standard, I would guess. I may have mentioned the somewhat sordid fact that two and a half thousand beer glasses got broken there last year. The Bun Room hasn't been the same place ever since the Gilbert and Sullivan society took the place over on Monday nights by committing sacrilege in singing hymns and - gasp, shutter - clean songs! They had it their own way for several weeks before being finally defeated, the usual denizens in the place were too astonished at such evil to make effective opposition and the heights of iniquity were reached a few weeks ago when some of the regular band were so perverted by these legions of - ulp - decency and respectability that they gave up trying to sing Dinah Dinah in opposition and began singing carols instead. However, order was restored and the Bun Room regained its usual obscene harmony when one Howard Close, who has been mentioned in previous missives, stood up and silenced the entire Gilbert and Sullivan Society by giving forth in a gloriously passable imitation of Caruso 'When you're feeling glum Stick a finger up your bum, When you're feeling glotty stick a finger up your blotty, and the world's a hap-hap-happier place.' This inspired recital routed the legions of evil and everyone was happy and went back to their usual business of getting drunk, smashing things, and blacking Paul Brooks' balls - he is the Union President, universally unpopular; and the incident I refer to took place a year ago when several hefty characters who disliked him enough took him into the John, and covered him from the waist down in black boot polish. He was left in sobbing ignominy, and there was nobody to console the poor fellow - he got his own back thru ordering everyone about even more obnoxiously, bullying the Union officials, and generally asking for another blacking, which hasn't yet come his way - the characters who perpetrated the last disaster on his scrotum were fined five pounds each! Might just about have been worth it!

I did last term what I've seen others do but never up till now did myself - picked a girl up at a party but was so drunk that I couldn't remember having done it afterwards. In fact I was so happy at that party I don't remember anything for four hours of it, tho I was apparently live and kicking all the time. I was seriously embarrassed for a whole week afterwards by being told what I'd been doing and saying - especially the latter - while in this disgusting situation. It's a wonder I have any friends left after that outburst - this girl had me really worried wondering what I'd told her - she kept telling me all my closest secrets, which I did not like at all. In vino veritas, and I won't do that again. Luckily, I don't make a habit of that sort

Down The Rabbit Hole...

Knock Thrice —

Treacle

for

ALL ...



w

BILLET-DOUX.....

Dear Ray...

Well, I read ODD # 14 with some misgivings. Seems to me that after 14 years it should have stayed buried. [[AWWW, SHUCKS!]] Or maybe I'm just too old for this sort of stuff -- would rather fish, hunt, play golf or do just about anything else other than reading fanzines. Just finished up "Bent's Fort" by David Lavender the other night, and somehow Odd just doesn't compare; of course, I'm comparing apples and oranges, but I'd still rather read a polished pro.

...Hall's critique on Vonnegut, Smith, Farmer was as poor and repetitious as he claimed the material he was reviewing was. Phrases such as "It's all SEP stuff, stuff with no content and almost no point" really cannot be considered good criticism. Now if Hall had told us why he thinks Vonnegut writes as he does....ah, now that would be interesting. But it would require some research, which almost no amateur writer wants to bother with. Vonnegut's an interesting guy. He used to work for the same organization that now employs me. "Player Piano," a novel, was his first, written while he still worked for G-E, and the Illium works described therein is actually the G-E plant at Schenectady, NY. Although the book didn't net him much, it did bring him offers to write for magazines. So he quit, and to support himself cranked out those short-stories for the Post, Collier's, etc. Whether you or I or Dave Hall liked them, the editors of those magazine's did -- which was really who Vonnegut was writing for -- and at \$1,000 to \$1,500 for 2,000 words or so I'll write anything anyone wants. In fact I helped out a friend recently by writing three chapters of a book on data processing for \$50. Considering the wordage, that pay is lousy. However, considering I

only spent two evenings on it, \$25 for each three hours work comes about \$8 an hour, which is more than I make watching television. [[I QUITE AGREE! I'D HAVE TO GET PAID TO WATCH IT, TOO.]] But back to Vonnegut. You'll find a big gap in his writing career. He went dry on ideas. That marks the end of the short story period and the return to novels.



Attached are some pieces of artwork found in my files which you may find usable. Also enclosed is a just received letter from "The Committee". You might get your bombastic Mr. Hall to editorialize on it in the next issue. After looking at the persons who make up the Committee, look at the one line which I have underlined. [{"...it is frequently written by authentic science fiction writers,..."}] Seems to me these gentlemen want my help, and yours, in protecting their sources of income. To which I say nuts! No one helps protect my sources of income.

Frankly, I think you should give up Odd and take up fishing, but with the investment you have in the equipment I'm sure you won't. So hope the material comes in handy.

Dick Elsberry, 590 Lisle, Illinois

[[AS A FORMER CO-EDITOR, AND FRIEND OF MANY YEARS, DICK ELSBERRY KNOWS RIGHT WELL WHEREOF HE SPEAKS. SO YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED!]]

FOUR CENT PARLAY ON WHAT USED TO BE A PENNY POSTCARD
Dear Ray,

Thanks for ODD #14. The best things about it are the cover, Burbee's article about second-hand booksellers, and the two articles by Dave Hall. Regarding his Tolkien article, Pauline Diana Baynes did the artwork for Farmer Giles of Ham, not Tolkien. Also I think it untrue to say J.R.R. is a "fascist." I agree, however, that The Lord of the Rings & The Hobbit are the only outstanding things that Tolkien has done.

The worst things about ODD are some of the poetry, Kennedy's "The Passing of Arthur," Happy Bilbo Baggin's Birthday to You, Stud", by Hall (Tolkien never did anything that bad), and the editorial. [[IN WORDS OF GENTLE, CONSTRUCTIVE CRITICISM, "BITE MY ASS!"]]

I hope you send me the next issue (free that is - it's not worth fifty cents yet, although it may be at a later date) I'll comment on any issues you send.

[[YOU'LL GET YOUR NEXT ISSUE FREE (ALL WRITERS OF PUBLISHED LETTERS OF COMMENT WILL), ALTHOUGH YOUR POSTCARD OF COMMENT ISN'T WORTH IT, EITHER.....IT MAY BE AT A LATER DATE. I'LL READ ANY LETTERS OF COMMENT YOU CARE TO MAKE.]]

---Reg Smith, 1509 N. Mar-Les, Santa Ana, California 92706-----

A SOMEWHAT SHADOWED LETTER

Dear Raymond:

You've got quite a 'zine, this ODD Magazine. When asked by a fellow Denver fan to write a LOC on it I sat down to really tear it apart and was going to only dwell on it's faults. [[SORT OF OBJECTIVE COMMENTARY, I TAKE IT...]] After I got into it I was too fascinated to do any objective thinking. It is one of the more professional looking 'zines I've ever seen.

I guess I'll start with the only flaw I could find. I am referring to the cartoon on page 28 by Ray Nelson. I don't mean to preach [[THANK YOU.]], but [[I KNEW IT...I JUST KNEW IT!]] in my opinion that cartoon has no place in a fanzine. [[YOU'RE RIGHT, BUT WE WERE LUCKY.]] If Ray wants to sell that kind of stuff [[YOU MEAN GOOD?]] I'm sure he'll find a market in Playboy or other such magazines. It is this kind of art work and literature in fanzines that tends to give Science Fiction and Fantasy a somewhat shadowed name in the eyes of those who do not know this great field for what it truly is. [[OH, COME ON...YOU'VE GOT TO BE KIDDING!]] After having read the editorial, articles, poems, and other artwork up to this point, I was really disappointed to see that cartoon. [[SO DON'T LOOK,]] Well, enough on that. [[YOU SAY THAT NOW, BUT DO YOU MEAN IT?]]

Both the front and back covers were very good and I am looking forward to seeing that Gaughan cover on your next issue. [[COVERS, BOTH FRONT AND BACK...AND INTERIORS, TOO!]] I just don't see why you didn't save the Rogue Dragon back cover and work it in as a front cover in a later issue. [[FOR TWO REASONS. 1) WE INTEND TO BRING YOU THE MOST AND THE BEST ART THAT IT IS POSSIBLE FOR US TO OBTAIN. AND, MORE IMPORTANT, 2) MR. GAUGHAN IS IN ADDITION TO BEING A SUPERB ARTIST, A GENTLEMAN OF GREAT GENEROSITY. ENOUGH SO THAT WE HAVE SEVERAL GAUGHAN'S IN THE BLACKLOG AND A HINT THAT THERE MIGHT, FROM TIME TO TIME, BE ONE OR TWO MORE(AT SOME FUTURE DATE).]] Most of the interior artwork is very professional looking, and I must admit that I enjoyed all Nelson's work except for the one mentioned earlier. [[YOU DIDN'T MEAN IT.....]] First place in the poetry department seemed to be a toss-up between BOOKSELLER by F. Anton Reed and GUARD by Marshall Clarke, although all the poetry was a stone's throw above the usual fanzine material. PANDERS TO THE STAR-BEGOTTEN by Charles Burbee was the best article. Just about every word in that piece can be verified by the majority of fans. THE INCOMPLEAT



" YOU KNOW SOME TIMES, BISHOP?
SATAN TEMPS ME TO SUSPECT THAT
GOD MAY BE NOTHING BUT A DIRTY OLD MAN."

ESSAYIST by Paul J. Willis ran a close second. Art-wise: The turtles illustrating the Editorial was the best.

I say again, You have a very good 'zine. With a little more weeding out of below-par material it will easily become an excellent 'zine.

Although I'm sure you won't need it, I wish you luck in the re-birth of ODD Magazine.

Albert C. Ellis, 1775 South Zuni St., Denver,
Colo.
80223

[[THANKS FOR THE GOOD WORDS. FLATTERY WILL GET YOU EVERYWHERE. AT LEAST IT GOT YOU THIS ISSUE. LUCKY YOU! ONE LITTLE THING, THOUGH. YOU MENTIONED THAT YOU DIDN'T THINK THE NELSON CARTOON ON PAGE 28 OF THE LAST ISSUE WAS QUITE SUITABLE FOR A FAMILY PANZINE, BUT YOU DIDN'T SAY WHY. WHY?]]



FUNNY YOU SHOULD MENTION IT!

Dear Mr. Fisher:

Thank you for your kindness in sending me the copy of your magazine, ODD #14, with the Jack Gaughan illustration for ROGUE DRAGON on it. I also enjoyed Ray Nelson's funny cartoons and the illustration for ROGUE DRAGON by Jack Gaughan. Burbee's thing on bookshops and the two book reviews by Dave Hall were also very good, and so was the illustration by Jack Gaughan of ROGUE DRAGON. So thank you both very much Ray and Mrs Fisher for your kind thoughts and may you get a good dragon on your very first hunt.

Avram Davidson, 764 Ashbury St., San Francisco, California 94117

[[OH, YOU ROGUE, DRAGGIN' JACK GAUGHAN'S NAME IN LIKE THAT. TSK!]]

SHORT, BUT SWEET!?!

Greetings--

Evans is dead.

14 years between issues? Gad. Comments such as they are, on #14. Good cover. Rhodes' work is good throughout the issue....Liked "The Bookseller". Very good....Poems by Joyce also good...."Guard" by Clarke is pretty nothing. So are cartoons (?) by Ray Nelson. Also Gordon's item....Walter Parkin sounds like Stephen L. Pickering (shudder)....Dave Hall is perceptive....I'd say something about Paul Willis but I'm too lazy. Welcome back.

Roy Tackett, 915 Green Valley Road NW, Albuquerque, New Mexico 87107

[[SO AM I. THANK YOU.]]

[[MOREMOREMOREMOREMOREMOREMOREMOREMOREMOREMOREMOREMOREMOREMORE]]

A REAL, LIVE, HONEST-TO-GOD-SUBSCRIBER!!!

To the Editors:

Thank you for sending me copy #14 of the "revived" ODD. I have enclosed two dollars for six issues. [[WORDS FAIL ME. BUT I HOPE YOU'VE SET A TREND.]]

For me, Joyce Fisher's poetry proved to be the most enjoyable portion of #14, even though she, David Hall and Becker Staus seem obsessed by blue whales. [[IT ONLY SEEMS THAT WAY. ACTUALLY WE'RE ALL HUNG UP ON PENGUINS.]]



ODD will succeed if the editors insist upon clear, simple, readable writing.

...ODD'S readers deserve the clearest most communicative writing possible. Lets give it to them and leave the Latin and mumbo-jumbo to the theologians, lawyers and other growers of vegetables.

P.S. Will the pages of ODD #15 be numbered? [[IN CLEAR, COMMUNICATIVE WRITING - YES!]]

Wm. S. Chichester, 7002 Edgewood Place, Tucson, Arizona 85704

BURBEE IS ACTUALLY MUCH OLDER THAN KLEE.

Dear Ray Fisher:

Excuse the handwriting and the brevity - both are attributable to the fact that I recently underwent minor eye surgery and won't get back to typing duties for another few weeks, after being fitted with a contact lens.

Meanwhile, however, I can read - and thus was able to enjoy ODD, thanks to you and to Chester Malon.

First of all, welcome back to fan publishing --- and thanks for offering material by Charles Burbee and his contemporary, Heinrich Kley. (Burbee is actually much older than Kley, but I'm trying to be flattering to him -- no sense flattering Kley; he's long dead).

I was particularly pleased with THE INCOMPLEAT ESSAYIST, a fine and forthright statement indeed, and one deserving of serious consideration

Your list of fan names for which you desire addresses really brings back memories. Sorry to tell you that E.B. Evans died in 1957, but happy to tell you that Lee Hoffman is now a Dirty Pro and can be reached c/o Ace Books, I'm sure. Heaven knows where the others are.

But it's good to know where you are - back in fanzine, and with a very fine specimen. I'm most pleased you remembered me and gave me a look at it --- and all the best to you and your particularly-gifted spouse.

Robert Bloch, 2111 Sunset Crest Drive, Los Angeles 46, California

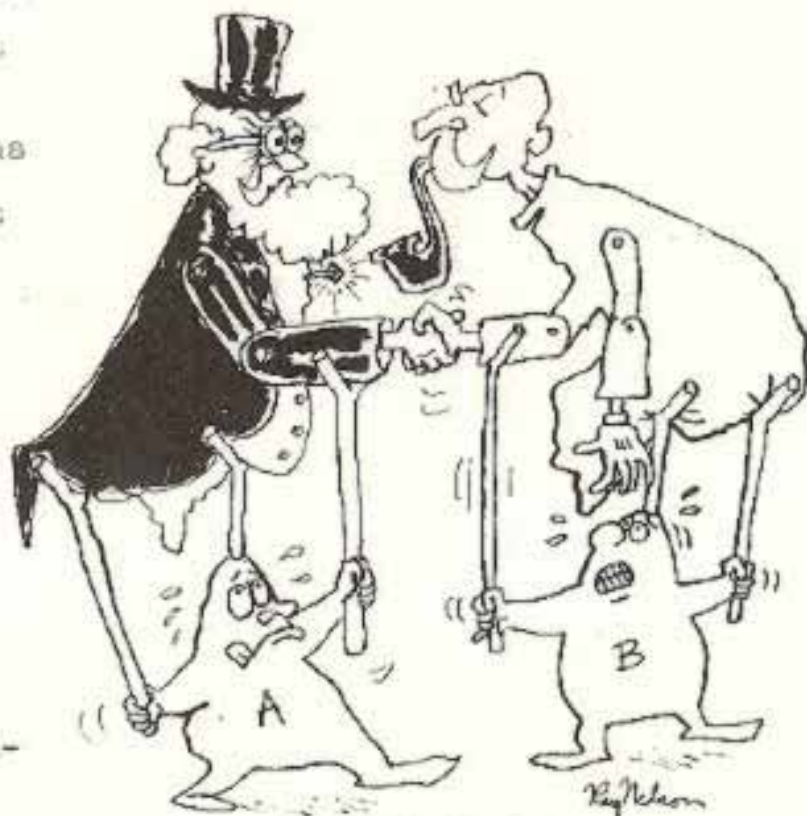
WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO HONEY BUNNY DUCKY DOWNY SWEETIE CHICKEN PIE
LI'L' EVERLOVIN' JELLYBEAN?

Dear People (I presume...) [[YOU DO!]]

I object violently to Dave Hall's casual assertion, "Vonnegut is praised out of all reasonable proportion by YANDRO..." Vonnegut may or may not have been praised out of proportion in YANDRO, but certainly not by YANDRO. YANDRO, in as much as an inanimate object can have opinions, is anti-Vonnegut. (Also mildly anti-Cordwainer Smith and definitely anti-Ballard, if anyone cares.)

I do think Dave is a little hard on Farmer. Just because the poor guy came up with strikingly brilliant ideas in his first few short stories, he's expected to do it all the time, and when he falls short of the ideal he is promptly attacked (sort of like an old cart-horse being beaten over the head to induce him to haul an overloaded vehicle.) After all, The Maker Of Universes was not Farmer's first bad book (has Dave read The Green Odyssey?) and it won't be his last one. It's bad certainly. But it's not bad because it's an Ace book (Green Odyssey was Ballantine) and it hardly means that Farmer's writing has degenerated. So it's a pot-boiler--what else was Tongues Of The Moon (a Pyramid release)? In between brilliant insights, Farmer writes pot-boilers. So do most other writers. (Most stf writers do little else, in fact.)

I agree with Dave fully on the Tolkien material, except for Farmer Giles Of Ham. There I think he's off a bit. Certainly, Giles is no book for the average adult, but then it was never intended as a book for adults. It was written as a book for children, and young children at that. (Not being a child authority, I wouldn't venture a guess at the age level, except that it is low; Juanita would probably know.)



Great Mr. A, meet the famous Mr. B.

As to whether The Tolkien Reader will be accepted by Tolkien fans, I dunno. After all, the Howard fans accepted Almaric; fans of a particular author are the least discriminating type of fan there is.

While Parkin's use of the term "morals" is technically correct, the term is all too often associated exclusively with religiously based systems of morals--I wish he'd used "ethics" instead. (I also wish the article had had some relation to the title, but we can't have everything.) Was this reprinted from READER'S DIGEST? The language sounded familiar, but you didn't give credit so I guess it's original. [[NO, IT'S NOT YET A REPRINT, UNLESS YOU WISH TO RUN IT IN YANDRO...]]

Robert Joulson, Route 3, Hartford City, Indiana 47348

THE INTIMIST TOUCH VERS CORN POISONING.....

Dear [[Folks]]

It certainly is amazing to find a fanzine in which the poetry is the saving grace. Usually it is the death of a fanzine, and there are a few pretty deadly items in "ODD" also, to be perfectly honest...such as "Guard". I almost died of corn poisoning when I read it. My God, it even has a soldier named "Joe." "Regular guy, Joe." He's gotta be kidding.

By contrast, Joyce's little line drawings in words are really amazing. They are amazing without the contrast. Even the least of the lot, "Last Toast" has a freshness and straightforward simplicity that is quite unusual, though if you had individualised more you could have avoided the impression that here was one more "end of the world" thing. That's what made the difference, for me, between writing that strikes home and writing which doesn't. It is what I call the "Intimist Touch". The Intimist Touch is the exact opposite of the "Everyman Effect". In an intimist poem or story or letter, it is not just any soldier who dies or not just any last guest who sits alone at a table at the end of the world. It is a certain individual guest or soldier, with his own unique outlook and life history. The poets I most admire, the Japanese masters Basho and Issa, are able to get this individual effect even when limited, in the Haiku form, to only a few syllables. When Issa writes

Be brave,
Skinny frog.
Here I am
To back you up.

we see the whole outlook of the man in a flash. Even if nobody had told me, I would have guessed that this poem is by Issa.

When Basho writes

The sea darkens,
The cries of the seagulls
Are faintly white.

we know we are dealing with Basho, and that Basho really sees things. When an American tries to write Haiku, the result is usually a disaster. Take Amy Lowell's "To a Husband", for instance.

Brighter than the fireflies upon the Uji River
Are your words in the dark, Beloved.

I hope you can see the banality of the Lowell poem, that you can see that words do not glow in the dark, that the Uji River is actually nothing to Miss Lowell but a little "local color", and that her husband is really nothing more to her than an "ideal man", interchangeable with all other "ideal men" and equally faceless.

The Intimist quality that I seek but seldom find in poetry is plainly present in Joyce's "Sanctuary". I like the way she uses the



the imagery of Christianity in the way no believing Christian could, bringing out the darker meanings behind the Sunday school platitudes of "veils" and "grails."

God never makes an appearance in Greenland. Because in Greenland the air is very cold and clear. It is hot climates that cloud men's minds, make them see miracles where there are no miracles and miss, because of the dust in their eyes, the real miracles that happen every day.

It is in cold, clear climates that the Great Blue Whale rises and falls, lifting us up and letting us fall, and that is a true miracle. I was talking on the phone last night to a friend of mine who told me he wished to find immortality by freezing himself, a fantasy of frigidity now made real by the surrealism of modern science. I told him to forget about survival. Nobody survives. The thing to learn is the right way to burn up, the right way to ride the whale and dive with it. He was horrified...

...When I took LSD I learned that there is only one sin, and that is to stick, to be rigid, to refuse to bend and flow, to rise and fall with the whale. The Christians, clutching a life they never really lived, die with panic, but when I die it will be with a ghastly hacking laugh.

"Dance faster, love...
The Winter is approaching."

We dance, and die. We ride the whale, then fall. We sit alone in a great hall, waiting for the end. That is the only secret there is, right?...

"The Science of Morals", Indeed! On closer examination we find no science at all, but only the classic symptoms of paranoia. The poor, misunderstood genius squelched by slander. How sad. And the old lie of Plato repeated... build idols for the masses but let the elite (us) go on seeking the "real truth." A science of morals that ends with building an idol for the poor misguided ones is no moral science at all. A philosophy that concerns itself with "helping" people in this sense is nothing but a guilt game. Do not be in a big hurry to formulate a "science of morals" or to cut your self off from fools. Because part of the truth is that we are all fools. There is no paranoid elite, really. Every one of us is totally at the mercy of the rise and fall of the whale, and all that we know or think we know is, as Paul J. Willis puts it, "measured by the degree to which baboon-like pomposity is associated with it". Willis singles out the laugh as a yardstick of philosophical merit, but I say, why one bodily convulsion and not another? All the convulsions have their truth, not only laughter, but whole-body weeping, childbirth, vomiting, orgasm,





dancing in a trance. Life is a convulsion. Death is a nothing, a silence after that convulsion. [[PAUL WILLIS ALLOWS AS HOW HE AGREES. HE SAYS, FURTHERMORE, THAT HE IS PREPARED TO CONSIDER THE MATTER IN MORE SPECIFIC TERMS. TO WIT: "THAT MOST 'PHILOSOPHICAL REACTIONS' ARE BASICALLY A SERIES OF INTESTINAL ERUCTATIONS, OF VARYING DEGREES OF 'INTENSITY'."]]

And, though Dave Hall doesn't know it yet, the world is already over-run by the goddamn blue whale. [[SO THAT'S WHAT MAKES MY FRONT ROOM DOOR SO HARD TO OPEN IN THE MORNINGS!]]

I am you,

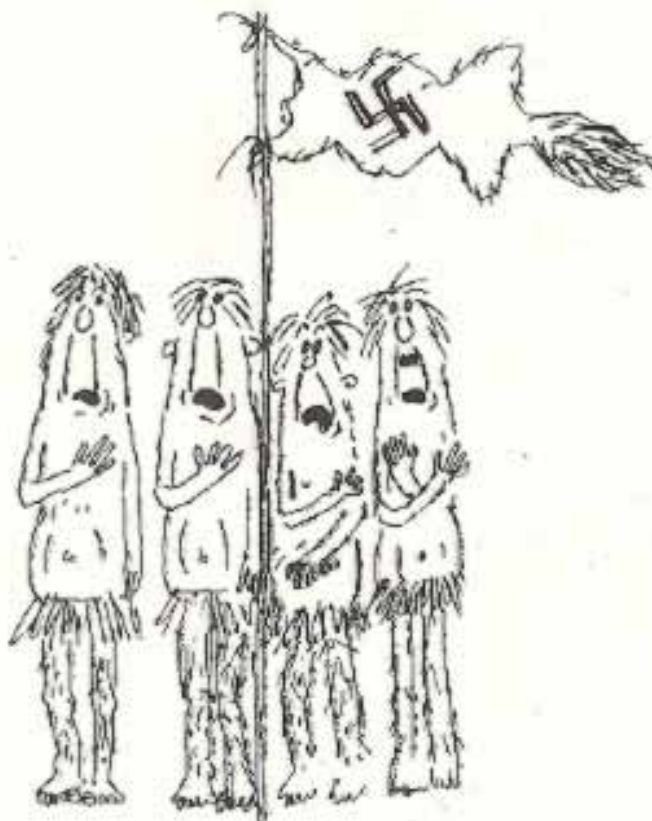
Ray Nelson, 333 Ramona Ave., El Cerrito, California

ODD'S KIND OF PEOPLE

...Systems of morals vary with the peoples who have them. For a cannibal it's quite immoral not to eat at least some part of the gink or woman or child he has killed. Just the blinkin' reverse with us! But I think if our present incumbent in the White House had to eat a chunk of every GI, of every Gook who is dying in his War for the Great Society, his appetite for murder by proxy would so badly be spoiled that it would - or might? - come to a screeching halt.

The Upper Class has one set of morals, their stooges have another set forced upon them. I steal my neighbor's house and I go to jail. Mister Big!!! steals a newspaper and: "Hail to the Chief".

There was a woman here who killed a young American Nazi in what appeared to be self defense. While she was on trial in a nearby part of the state, I wrote hiszonner the judge of that trial and



asked him if the woman would be free if she had killed a communist. As it was, they found her not guilty by reason of insanity and sent her to the bughouse at Pueblo. I draw no "moral" from that, and I do not suggest one. [[NO COMMENT NECESSARY.]]

NORMAN G. MARKHAM, 1544 Race St.
Denver, Colorado 80206

[[_____]]

...The repro is unbelievable; lots of blank space could be utilized with more goodies. Blank spaces do make one think of little unborn ghosts...

Janie Lamb, Route 1, Box 364,
Heiskell, Tenn. 37754

LINES FROM LONDON (OR THEREABOUT)

...Gordon on Britain was a trifle over the marker, but in general, what he says is true. Mini skirts (unless properly filled) are hideous. Even good legs look gawky while the wearer is standing. White stockings...gad, our birth rate will go down and down...who can get worked up over white knitted bumps???

[[THAT MIGHT BE A REAL SELLING POINT IN THEIR FAVOR, CONSIDERING THE POPULATION PROBLEM.]] Wilson is a nit, and we're over regimented. ...all the Rhodes illos were excellent, with the exception of that hashup of a woman (?) used at the end of the two poems. Ray Nelson's stuff was not outstanding I'm afraid... [[CERTAINLY, YOUR OPINION IS SOMETHING WE ARE GLAD TO HAVE; HOWEVER, WE LIKED 'EM. ...THANKS FOR LETTING US HEAR FROM YOU, THO, AND ALSO FOR THE LOVERLY ILLOS.]]

B. T. Jeeves, 30 Thompson Rd., Sheffield11, England

UNTITLED POEM

Quaint - it ain't
Nor is it "Mod"
Without restraint
B'Gawd - it's ODD.

Carol Mc Lain, 93 Douglas Street, Manchester, New Hampshire 03102

UNTITLED ONE

...Being a reader and admirer of Charles Fort, I was glad to see Paul Willis' article. I have always been of the opinion that there are many things which science simply does not see because it refuses to. Science seems to be tied in a knot of its own making, for once having established a certain set of rules by which to understand nature, it is largely unwilling to change or adapt those rules....

Paul Gilster, 42 Godwin Lane, St. Louis, Missouri 63124

-KUDOS

Dear Ray:

The reappearance of ODD is indeed a startling phenomenon of major proportions, and one that is particularly significant to me. Every so often I get the urge to revive SPACEWAYS, which vanished long before you thought of putting out the first issue of ODD. However, you've probably wrecked that particular urge permanently, because there's no hope that I could get together something as impressive as you did. But still, it would be so nice to write an editorial for the first issue of SPACEWAYS since the fall of 1942, saying something like: "Our announcement that publication of SPACEWAYS was discontinued was erroneous. We hope that this premature statement has not inconvenienced any of our readers."



There might be some doubt whether the expense and labors involved in this fancy type of reproduction is justified as far as the text goes. However, even if you could get equally clear repro. of the typing with a Gestetner, and even if the smaller size of that machine gave you enough room to shiver in your apartment on chilly mornings, you couldn't do in any other way such a magnificent job with the illustrations. It's a shame that Kley can't see the loc that will undoubtedly compare his work with that of Ray Nelson, who is equally talented in a somewhat different way. I'm particularly impressed by The Glots, which might make a fortune if a few hundred figures (more) were added to the melee, then the whole thing were reproduced in mural size and offered for sale to rich people to put up on the bedroom wall and serve a masochistic function with their neuroses.

I don't remember the Burbee article, so unless it's a reprint from some obscure source, you are undoubtedly the only person in the world to publish a new Burbee article in the past decade or longer. Even if it was written during ODD'S first incarnation, its subject matter is timeless. [[YES, IT WAS A REPRINT, FROM AN EARLIER ODD.]] I ran into one of those second-hand dealers in a slightly different occupation in New York City not long ago. There was this tiny hole in the way which opened into quite a large storeroom, lined with shelves containing thousands and thousands of lp records, almost all of them out-of-print and highly desirable because of the quality of the performance or because the music on them isn't available elsewhere. And the old man who sat at the only door to the room refused to sell anything I asked about. The only possible explanation that occurs to me for this particular kind of businessman is that we shouldn't blame some freak of the human psyche. Instead, it's quite possible that these proprietors have independently stumbled on the only sure way to indulge one's collecting impulses despite a wife and limited space at home. Pretend to be a dealer, store your collection in the storeroom you've rented, and earn your living by

bookmaking or some other vocation that doesn't interfere too much with the collector's principal delight, that of just sitting within reach of all his prized items.

Maybe I could be happy in INFO if I were sure that its members all possessed just the ideal type of inquiring and speculative mind that Paul Willis describes as typical of the Forteans. However, inevitably any organization gets the lunatic fringe and the people who rebel against authority to satisfy some grave mental flaw, and then life in the group is no longer advisable. Besides, I can't get rid of the nagging suspicion that it's dangerous to encourage too much public sniping at science. I have the feeling that this nation and perhaps the entire world is awfully close to complete revolt against science, a rebellion that could be touched off by just one experimental culture killing everyone in a city block, or an orbital vehicle crashing into a Miami Beach hotel. I want men to reach the moon and nearer planets before I die; I don't care to live in a world that frowns on the production of wonder drugs, and there are many other reasons why I wouldn't care to encourage too much nose-thumbing among the poor white trash at science. I think it's fine for the Fortean attitude to be displayed by scientists and professional people among themselves, in an effort to keep from bogging down into blind acceptance of the authority or past experience or the printed word.

I kept expecting David Hall to relate his criticisms to the frequent lament for the decline of the prozine. His complaints about the deficiencies in some of these books might be a reason to feel that the disappearance of the prozine as an art form would not be a complete tragedy. It's quite probable that a lot of inferior books would have been better books, if there hadn't been magazines in which short stories and novelettes were printed and then tortured and twisted out of shape in an effort to pretend that they're satisfactory as component parts of a novel.

Long ago, I was forced to stop subscribing to fanzines and to limit myself to those that arrive in return for letters of comment, to avoid spending my entire time reading fanzines. So the lack of a subscription in this letter is a reflection on my imprisonment by the confines of time, rather than any disappointment with the quality of ODD. I hope you never let fourteen weeks elapse between two issues in the future, much less fourteen years. [[SUBSCRIBERS, CONTRIBUTORS, PRINTED LETTERS OF COMMENT, AND OLD FRIENDS, RECEIVE FREE COPIES, WHILE YOU DIDN'T SUBSCRIBE, YOU QUALIFY ON THE OTHER THREE, SO...]]

Harry Warner, Jr., 423 Summit Ave., Hagerstown, Maryland 21740

I CAN'T BELIEVE THAT....

...the only part of the postmark that I can make out appears to read 1931. I cannot help feeling that 35 years is an inordinately long time for mail to travel from St. Louis to London....

Keith Otter, 149 High Road, Willesden Green, London, N. W. 10, England.

SIGH...YOU REMEMBERED!

Dear Duggie--er--I see it's Ray now:

ODD came this morning. Jack Gaughan had warned me (only last Friday) that you were back and that I was among the ones you were seeking. Gees, I too wonder whatever became of some of the people you're in-



quiring about. Like Paul Cox (who left fandom with a declaration of loss-of-interest long before I left the first time,) and J.T.Oliver, who I think did likewise, and whatever did become of Bobby Pope (the first fan I met after I entered fandom,) and Warren Baldwin, whose fansine was the first one I subscribed to (only he sent the money back because he'd just folded it,) and on and on and on.

Frankly, this seems to be the year somebody turned over a wet rock. Old long-lost and forgotten fans are re-appearing like an epidemic of Halley's Comets. (Me--well, I reappeared locally a couple of years ago, but out-

side of New York I keep pretty quiet about it.) I forget who--all I ran into at the Tricon. People like Paul Ganley and Lionel Inman and Dick Wilson..and...jeez.

Well, so far I've read about half of ODD #14. I got fascinated by Hall's book criticisms. (He seems to have chicken-fat on the mind.) They're pretty good, though not quite explicit enough in spots. Today I am in a mean and vicious mood, so it is a pleasure to see inadequate writing getting blasted. Tomorrow I will be sympathetic and kindly and I will maintain that people who don't work at the professional writing bit don't understand about it and the difficulties involved. There really is a hell of a big difference between being able to see the faults in somebody else's work and to criticize it acutely and all that, and being able to put your knowledge to work in your own writing. I am kind of interested in someday seeing what some of the fan critics have to say about my books. I understand there've been criticisms of them in a couple of fansines, but as yet only one publisher has been kind enough to forward a copy to me. Well, it's probably just as well. I anger easily.

I can't say whether I agree with Hall because I've only read a few of the works he discusses and for the life of me can't remember any of them well enough to apply what he says. But he talks a good line and since a lot of his points are valid as general criticisms, in my opinion, I enjoyed reading them.

The Burbee broke me up. Living where I do (around the corner from what remains of New York's once-famous Fourth Avenue Used Bookstore Strip) I have had some similar though not so colorful experiences. I concentrate my used book shopping in a selection of stores where the service is either coldly impersonal or



friendly. I shun the shops where it is definitely hostile, or where "helpful" personnel put me down with their airs of vastly superior knowledge. Browsing is a popular sport on Fourth Avenue, and most of the stores let you do it unmolested. They neither discourage you nor intrude with attempts to sell, SELL, SELL.

I was particularly interested in Paul Willis's item. I got a piece of literature from INFO quite a while back and was somewhat interested, though I couldn't be sure from the puff whether it was for real or something else in the Ray Palmer line. (I still get an occasional bit of flak from him, forwarded from an address more or less obsolete for over ten years - wonder where he gets his mlg lists...) Anyway, the INFO ad disappeared into the vast accumulations of stuff around here. Now Willis brings it to mind again, writing from a point of view which impresses me as quite sane. Can you fellows supply me with more info about the org?

Parkin started out his article like he might be going Somewhere, even if it was into already-explored terrain, but he got lost in a thicket of rhetoric and oversimplification that pretty well shot the whole bolt. The problem he attempts to discuss is, of course, one that students have hashed over for ages and will undoubtedly continue to thrash out long into the future. I don't feel like he managed to say anything except that he, too, has discovered this problem and is attempting to figure out a solution. Frankly, I don't think there is one. At least not for mankind as it is presently constituted. But that's no reason for anyone to stop looking...

The radio just informed me that some actress was killed when she accidentally backed her car into the Seine while making a spy movie. Just a short time ago actor Eric Fleming was drowned somewhere in Central or South America when his canoe overturned in a river while making a movie. I mention this solely because it strikes me interesting. A New Trend?

[[GOOD TO HEAR FROM AN OLD FRIEND...BY THE WAY, LEE, I HEARD FROM MAX KEASLER RECENTLY TOO...COMPLETELY GAFIATED, BUT STILL MAX]]

Lee Hoffman, Basement, 54 E. 7th Street, New York, N. Y. 10003
- - - - -

LETTER OF COMPLAINT

AVENGER ANDROID CORP.
202 Taylor Avenue
Crystal City, Missouri

Dear Mr. Fisher:

The drawing by Ray Nelson in the latest issue of ODD has caused a great deal of concern and consternation in our organization.

Although the android (please use this term instead of the misleading word "robot") shown in the drawing was not identified as a product of our company, there was no doubt among us that this unit was clearly our model 14-Q, which is one of the most popular models in our line. Inasmuch as we have never before received any complaint about this model, we felt that Mr. Nelson's drawing should be treated as a customer complaint; therefore, an immediate investigation was ordered.

The Quality Control Manager, after consulting with the Chief Inspector, pointed out that, in order to properly inspect this particular area, a special inspection tool, e.g. a Go-No Go gage, would be required. Since no such tool has been provided by Tool Engineering, he feels that

Quality Control can not be blamed for the failure of the unit to meet functional requirements.

The Tooling Manager called a meeting of all his subordinates to try to pinpoint the responsibility for the lack of this required inspection tool. After a careful study of the Product Engineering drawings for this unit, they discovered that tooling was not required, since the opening in question was not shown or called out on the drawings.

Needless to say, the Production Manager was very relieved to learn this, since his department was immediately cleared of responsibility. In fact, as he pointed out, the shop had in all respects conformed with the applicable fabrication specification, MIL-TPD-41.

Therefore, the fault appeared to lie with the Engineering Department. However, when the Engineering Manager ordered a study of the problem, it became apparent that the designer on this project could not be held responsible. The original product specifications definitely stated that this unit was not to be bored.



Finally it was agreed that the entire fault lay with the Customer Service Department. The truth is, the instruction manual furnished with this particular unit was not the revised manual. The only difference in the two editions of this manual is the inclusion in the revised edition of the following paragraph:

"Since there is a great deal of variation in the dimensions of the equipment that may be used with this unit, and since the requirement for snugness of fit varies with different users, this unit is furnished blank, so that it may be bored in the field to suit the requirements of the ultimate consumer."

Obviously, this was just what the consumer was preparing to do in Mr. Nelson's drawing.

We would appreciate it if you could call this to the attention of your readers and assure them that Avenger Android stands behind its guarantee in every way. If any copies of the unrevised edition of this manual are still extant, we shall make every effort to replace them with the up-to-date manual.

We appreciate your cooperation in this matter, and thank you for calling it to our attention.

Very truly yours,
J. N. Hall, President
Avenger Android Corp.

WELCOME BACK TO THE RAT RACE.

Dear ~~Duggie~~ Ray,

I want to thank you for the 1st revived issue of ODD and welcome you back to the rat-race! I suppose it is too late to try to talk you out of it, so I might as well encourage you in your madness! There've

been a lot of old and older fans who have come back into activity in the last few years, most of them to stay. I wonder what it is about this "fandom" biz that is so hard to kick... [[PERHAPS IT'S ONE OF THE FEW WAYS THAT MORE OR LESS AVERAGE PEOPLE CAN COMMUNICATE ABOUT SOMETHING A LITTLE MORE SPECULATIVE THAN WHAT THE KIDS DID IN SCHOOL TODAY; OR, WHAT "X" FOOTBALL, BASKETBALL, BASEBALL-TEAM DID-IS DOING-OR WILL DO IN SOME PAST-PRESENT-FUTURE YEAR.]]

I must say that this new issue is certainly a lot different from the first ones I received from you years and years ago! Something tells me that you are glad there is such a difference! The reason that I recall so clearly is that only last summer (1965) I drove back to Maine and brought out my entire collection of books, prozines and fanzines... and I looked at a lot of the fanzines! But the old ODD was fun which is, I think, one of the reasons so many people stay with fandom. It is fun. Or it is as long as they don't take it all too seriously and get wound up in it fighting with those few who also do.

However, some comments on this new issue of ODD are probably in order. You sure have a find in Mickey Rhodes. He does good work. Especially the two pages he did for "Come With Me" and "...And Flirt With Whales". If there is nothing else, and of course there is, in this issue to excite interest, Rhodes' illustrations does! And there I think is the crux of the matter...his is not merely the work of another good illustrator, that there is Artwork!

Ed Cox, 14524 Filmore Street, Arleta, California 91331

TO THIS END

Dear Ray,

Thanks very much for the copy of ODD #14; it is a beautiful job, and I hope to see more issues. To this end, I'm sending you some of my 'art' type stuff which I hope you may be able to use, and, on a separate sheet, some of the addresses you requested. [[MANY THANKS FOR THE ADDRESSES AND GOOD WORDS - AND MANY, MANY THANKS FOR THE CONTRIBUTIONS. WE'VE BEEN USING UP MATERIAL AT A RAPID RATE AND THE BACKLOG, WHILE IT ALSO HAS SOME EXCELLENT THINGS IN IT, IS GETTING LOWER THAN I LIKE TO SEE.... WE ARE IN NEED OF ART, ARTICLES, CARTOONS, SHORT FICTION, FILLERS, CARTOONS, ART, AND CARTOONS, ART, CARTOONS AND ART, ETC. THE SOLE REQUIREMENT IS THAT THEY BE GOOD (THOUGH WE WOULD ESPECIALLY ENJOY IT IF THEY HAD A JUST 'EVER-SO-SLIGHTLY' DIFFERENT SLANT). IN RETURN WE WILL ENDEAVOR TO GIVE THEM THE COMPANY THEY DESERVE, AND THE BEST REPRODUCTION WE ARE CAPABLE OF. AND A LARGE EXPOSURE BY WAY OF CIRCULATION. (THE FIRST ISSUE WAS MAILED OUT TO ABOUT 300 PEOPLE. THIS ISSUE WILL BE SEND OUT TO ABOUT 375 TO 400 - DEPENDING ON HOW MANY MAILING ADDRESSES WE CAN COME UP WITH.) TO KEEP THIS UP ENOUGH, WE NEED CONTRIBUTORS AND SUBSCRIBERS. HOW ABOUT IT, PEOPLE?]] Naturally, other than the envied reproduction, the artwork takes top honors, particularly that of Rhodes -- which is nothing less than spectacular. The only complaint I have layoutwise is the pronounced lack of page numbers, which makes reference rather difficult. [[THAT'S BEEN CORRECTED! AND WE'LL USE IN THE FUTURE, ALSO.]] Ray Nelson's cartoon on page 28 is simple...and beautiful.

Bill Bowers, CMR Box 1106, Richards-Gebaur AFB, Missouri 64030

[[WEOOPS! WE'VE RUN OUT SPACE. FOR A LIST OF ALSO HEARD FROMS, PLEASE REFER TO THE BOTTOM OF PAGE 35. SEE YOU NEXT ISSUE.....]]



Merlin

4. 1. 18