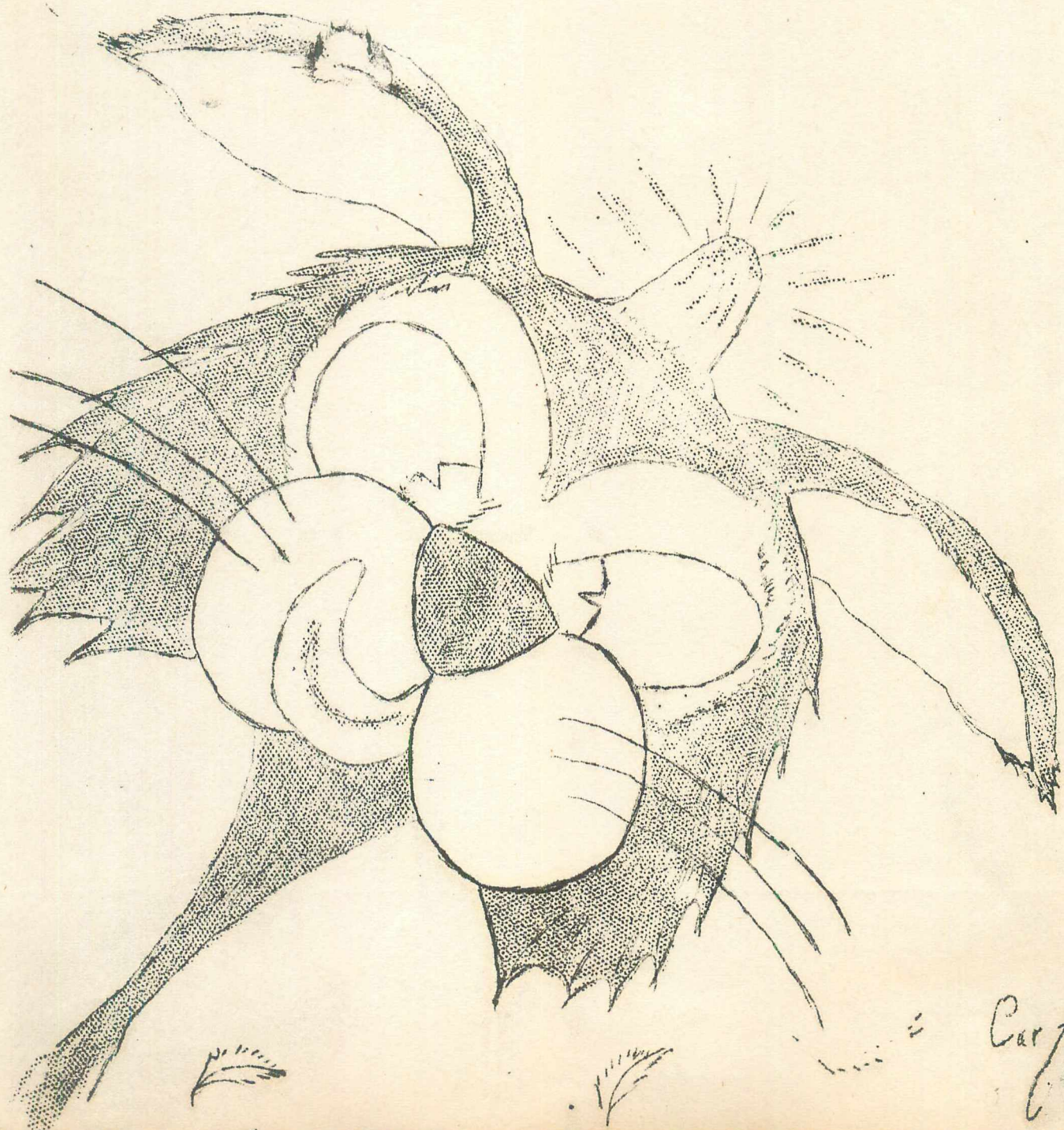
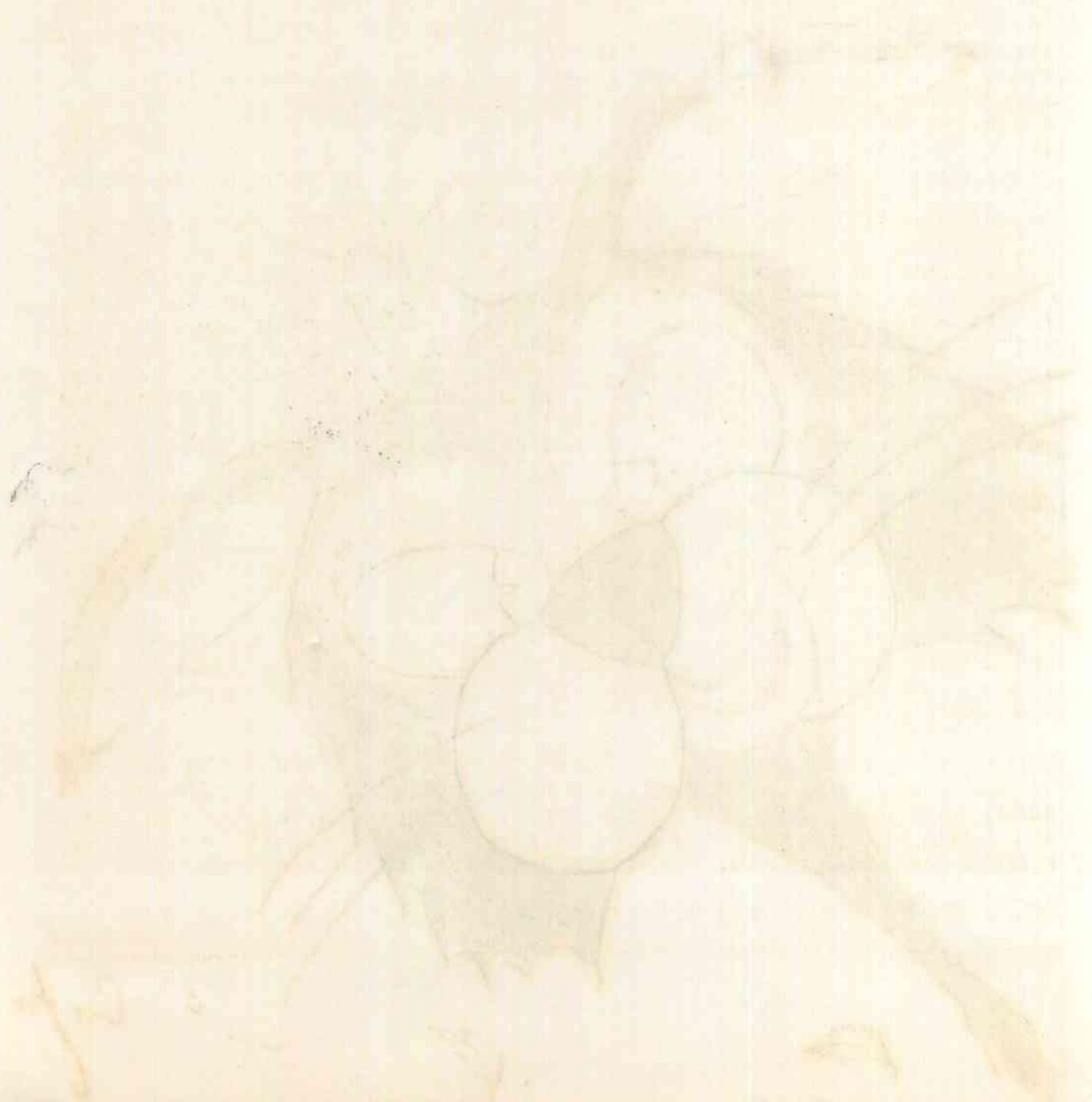
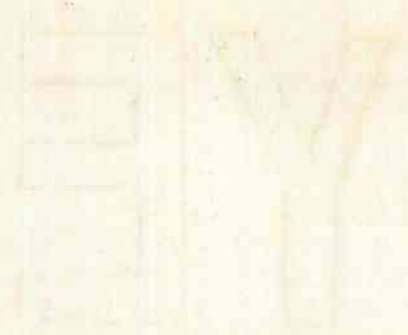
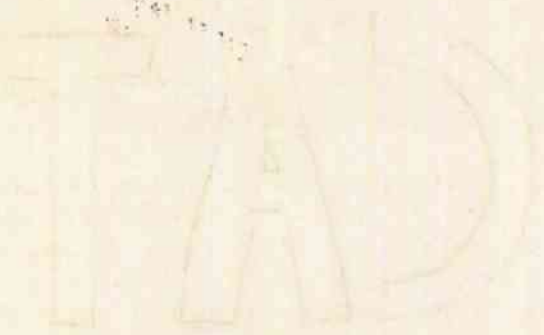


YE CATS



Carfer



E G A D S !

Yes, it's a new 'zine. The title, by the way, has nothing to do with swing music or certain women. It arose from an expression used by an old friend of mine. And, it seemed like an appropriate title since the editor of this effort is one of a family of six -- five of the members being cats. The names of said cats -- Jupiter, Venus, Tuffy, Sambo & Smoky. So much for the inspiration of the title.

And now to the aims and coming attractions of this modest effort: RELIGION has always interested the editor, therefore, there will appear frequently articles concerning different views of religion. Many fans object to religion and politics being discussed in fan circles, but we object to this objection. Fans discuss atomic power space travel, life on other planets, but not religion. Yet, isn't religion as related to fantasy and science-fiction as are these other subjects. A discussion as to whether religion is myth or reality should be quite interesting. And shall we all hope that agnostics shall soon be converted? We fear that we have little respect for one who just shrugs his shoulders to the question of the existence of Deity. There is or there is not a God. Christianity is or is not the only right religion. The Bible is or is not God-inspired. Let's be intelligent and go to one side or the other.

CENSORSHIP--It's becoming evident that individualism is becoming a lost cause. In the United States, it is difficult to be an individual apart from everyone else. Our nation has laws that everyone conform to. And these laws are necessary for the good of the whole. In other words, individuals lose a slight amount of freedom for the well-being of the whole. And fandom is an unit which must conform to certain standards. In an organization like the FAPA, one member could cause bad publicity for the club and fandom. Therefore, we believe FAPA should have internal censorship. But certainly not censorship by an outsider! And how strict should the censorship be? I don't particularly care for swearing, but mild swearing shouldn't be so objectionable. Good taste should prevent the more obscene swearing. Yet, the censorship should only keep such things in control. To sum it up, We believe any censorship should only censor those 'zines who go a little bit overboard on the sexy side or are a little bit too strong in the language. It wouldn't be practical to try to stop the editors from saying "damn", or from using certain four letter words two or three times in one issue. We almost wish it was practical, yet exercising censorship in the extreme would be getting out of hand soon. Censorship is necessary, but let's keep it down to a minimum.

MUSIC--YE CATS is not devoted to swing, although the title may make it sound so. We, sad to say, are not thrilled by the latest innovations of Stan Kenton, the music of Jack Teagarden, or blaring horns and deafening drums. The more refined musical operettas and classics appeal more to us. This was just to set you straight.

So, we've been sounding off enough. We'll see you next mailing.

YE CATS!--3

I'LL NEVER FORGET YOU WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE

Groping my way through the dark, I found myself an unoccupied seat. Sitting down, regretting the absence of a girl beside me, I focussed my attention on the screen. The title of the picture, I'LL NEVER FORGET YOU, was thrown on the screen. Suddenly I found myself absorbed in the story. The story, of course, was that of BERKELEY SQUARE. Tyrone Power was the lead, with Michael Rennie (Klaatu of THE DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL) as his assistant. After a slightly boring experiment, Power announces to Rennie that he will be suddenly thrown into the past. He has a diary which proves that an ancestor of his went crazy for a short period of time, claiming that he was from the future.

However, the device which sends Power into the past is merely a bolt of lightening. From then on, Power, now in the past and Technicolor, has a series of adventures, one of which involves meeting Ann Blythe. (I should have adventures like that.)

Nothing outstanding showed itself in the way of photography. And the English dialog is a trifle hard to understand til one gets used to it.

Now to get to the acting. Personally, I would have cast Michael Rennie as the time traveller. However, this would have resulted in a slight change of plot. Power, arriving in the past, at first pretends to have arrived from America. And Rennie, unfortunately, would have a hard time passing as an American. And anyone, almost, could have taken Power's part with the same quality of performance. I hold to the theory that an actor should lend something to the part that no one else could have. Rennie could have done this to some extent. But Clark Gable, Montgomery Clift, Robert Cummings, or Gary Cooper would have been as good as Power. However, Ann Blythe was very well cast. Or maybe I just naturally like Ann Blythe--

The plot was fair enough, but might not excite any fans to any great degree. The ending was a little bit on the corny side, but you know Hollywood and it's happy endings. Personally, I would have enjoyed seeing a picture about what happens when the eighteenth century man occupied the atomic scientists' body.

To sum up my opinion, the picture was good enough to entertain me, and will probably entertain the average fan, although he'll notice many imperfections. The ultra-sophisticated fan will dislike the picture, and the Rhodomagnetic Digest will probably tear it into tiny pieces, and burn these pieces.

Happily, the picture was teamed with WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE. This picture has already been reviewed many times, and I wouldn't add anything worthwhile if I reviewed it, so I'll just recommend it to all fans.

THE WITCHES

by
Tom Covington

On top of the mountain there's a hole
A hole to the deep dark sea
And around it the witches gather
And love and laugh and be free
For their hearts are young and unbounded
Though their souls are black with sin
For their lives have all been founded
On something that's only been.

Their eyes play games in the moonlight
And twinkle with the distant stars
And from their faces shines happiness
Born of time's great wrinkles and scars
Their hands weave a frozen motion
Their necks an unbroken mace
And out of their mouths flow a steady sound
Of beauty and untold grace.

When from the sky comes the thunder
A blackening angry pyre
And from the heavens shoots lightning,
A flickering, sizzling fire.
And around the top of the mountain
Grows a swirling, undulant mist
And out of the mouths of the witches
Comes a wail for the life they've missed.

COLONISTS OF MARS

Jupiter stretched his mouth wide to yawn. The warm sun rays felt good on his body. The cat, unofficial ruler of the local felines, stretched his body, then sat down. Any outsider would think that the cat was just sitting and relaxing. But nothing could be further from the truth. Jupiter was sending out thought waves to the other cats. Soon Tuffy came up. The ruler glared at this huge and forceful looking cat. Tuffy was just a member of the commoners. He better deserved to be roaming the alleys, raiding garbage pails, than to be a member of this family. Yet his strength occasionally came in handy. Especially with his two front feet. For each of these front feet contained six toes.

Jupiter suddenly felt a slight tremor. Striding up was Black Sambo, another huge bulky figure. Sam was planning to become king some day, when Jupiter passed on. But already the black hulk commanded as much respect as did that of the ruler. Yes, Jupiter was fearful of a revolution.

The two women now came. Venus--ah, this was a girl Jupiter could admire. She had dignity. But Smoky----!! This cat was flirty, and always playful. Never did she think of anything but food, playing, or being petted by one of the tyrannical humans.

The five were all there, so they began making their silent plans.

Roger looked around every place. In the house, on the front porch, in the yard. Not a cat on the place! What horrible tragedy could have befallen them? Sorrowfully, Rogers kept up the search, feeling that he wouldn't find the cats.

Cautiously, a head popped out of a hole. Nothing in sight. So the mouse tiptoed across the room. Still no cats. So he wandered over to the cupboard.

"The mice are overrunning our entire community," the mayor yelled at the climax of his speech. "What are we to do about it?" The mayor paused. "The whole world is becoming ever-run with rats. The city council, the state council, the congress, the U.N. are all working on this problem, but no solution has yet been reached. Therefore, I will now offer the sum of \$500 to anyone who can discover a practical solution."

The mayor's statement recieved a tremendous applause, as everyone thought sure he had the solution that would profit him this sum.

Silently, the great scientist was cursing the model resting on his desk. It should be working, but-- Suddenly, a mouse went scampering across his desk, lightly brushing against the model. With a loud swoosh, the model zoomed up to the roof where it crashed. The scientist started laughing. A mouse had solved the problem which would free the world from them!

"Fellow citizens," came the voice of the President, "This is truly a momentous occasion. The emergency of the mice, caused by the mysterious disappearance of all cats, has spurred our scientists to greater heights, so that we, today, can witness the first trip to Mars. Several rockets a day will be leaving, until the population of the world is on Mars. And the take-off time for the first ship is now less than one minute off!"

Then, another voice came. "Zero minus forty seconds. Zero minus thirty seconds. Zero minus twenty seconds. Zero minus fifteen seconds. Zero minus ten seconds. Zero minus five, minus four minus three, minus two, minus one, ZERO!"

Bravely, the heroic commander of the ship announced, "This is it, men!" With a deafening roar, the rocket descended.

Finally, it was safely rested on Martian soil. The commander bravely stepped out.

"Hello, humans." Where did the voice come from? Where? Instantly, the commander realized that the voice was coming from his own mind. At his feet was a cat!

Then, another cat, with a crown on his head, appeared. "Hello, nice humans. How'd the nice humans like some milk." Four cats were coming toward the ship's crew, carrying a saucer of milk. The commander started to object, but he suddenly realized that the cats had the upper hand. So, one by one, each member of the group descended from the ship, got down on all fours, and started lapping the milk, greedily.

MADAME GANYMEDEUS SAPIENS

by Gimmemo' Bikini

Your opera critic staggered into the Mercurian opera house last night to hear this great work by the Earthan composer, Gimmemo' Bikini. The Mercurian opera house, as you all know, is situated on the dividing line between the sun side and the earth side. So, if one sitting on the Earth side is getting cold, he can run over to the sun side.

There is a brief orchestral introduction of 120 minutes which suggests the Ganymedian setting of the opera. When the curtains part we see the Sapien Gloxemas in the garden outside of Stinkerpun stolen hut, in which he is staying while gypping the local suckers. The lovely So-So-Pan, known in Earthan as Madame Ganymedeus Sapiens, is approaching our hero, Stinkerpun. So-So-Pan is obviously in love with Stinkerpun, but the latter, a heel, thinks little of the former nor does he consider the feelings of the former for the latter, even though the former is trying to show the latter how much she likes him. When the wedding feast comes, So-So-Pan's uncle comes to denounce her for renouncing the Ganymedian God, Ghu. At this announcement, the guests, as is the peculiar custom on Ganymede, proceed to throw bricks at the prospective bride.

At the start of the second act, three centuries have gone by since the marriage. However, So-So-Pan is still living in the hut he stole for her. With her is her faithless servant So-Sulky, and her small child of two centuries. Every day she looks out the window, looking for Stinkerpun. Finally, she hears that he is returning.

When the curtain rises on the third act, Stinkerpun arrives with the Earthan Consul, Mindless. So-So-Pan's Faithless servant, So-Sulky, is at first overjoyed, until she sees the Earthan woman with Stinkerpun. Horrors! This woman is Stinkerpun's new wife! Madame Ganymedeus Sapiens walks in on the scene. This stinker (pun) asks her to give up her son. So-So-Pan agrees, and asks only that Stinkerpun drop dead. She is left alone, alone, all alone. So she takes out the dagger from its sheath, which she has been carrying for some time for this express purpose, and reads the inscription, "Drop Dead Twice". However, she discovers this difficult--she can manage to drop dead only once. Stinkerpun comes rushing in, and finds So-So-Pan dead. Overcome with joy, he orders the servants to prepare for a large picnic. The curtain slowly falls, as the cast drinks a toast over Madame Ganymedeus Sapiens' dead body. At the end of this performance, the audience clapped loudly. However, a rumor is going around that they were clapping because the opera at last was over.



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