

ODD

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ODD MAGAZINE

Duggie Fisher
Editor in Chief,

Rich Elsberry
Co-editor

Vol. 4 No. 1

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Whole number
10

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ARTWORK:

IS TOO NUMEROUS TO LIST
SEPERATELY

BY Rotsler, Nelson, Chabot, and
DEA, also 1 cover by some unknown
person with the initials of MD.

ODD IS PUBLISHED BI-MONTHLY BY DUGGIE FISHER,

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Poplar Bluff, Missouri. The price is
15¢ a copy, or two for 25¢, and if you want to go whole hawg, \$ for 1
Dollar ~~3.00~~. We reserve the right to refuse any material that we see
fit to, and the opinions expressed herewith are those of the authors
and not necessarily those of the editors. Payment for material accepted
will be a six month subscription, except in cases of artists. They all
get a free life time sub, and the fond hopes of more material. Below
is a li'l something to indicate how you stand.

THIS IS A SAMPLE COPY. WOULD
YOU LIKE TO TRY A SUBSCRIPTION.

SORRY FRIEND, BUT UNLESS WE
HEAR FROM YOU, THIS IS THE LAST ISH
YOU'LL RECIEVE.

PLEASE WRITE, WE LOVE TO HEAR
FROM YOU.

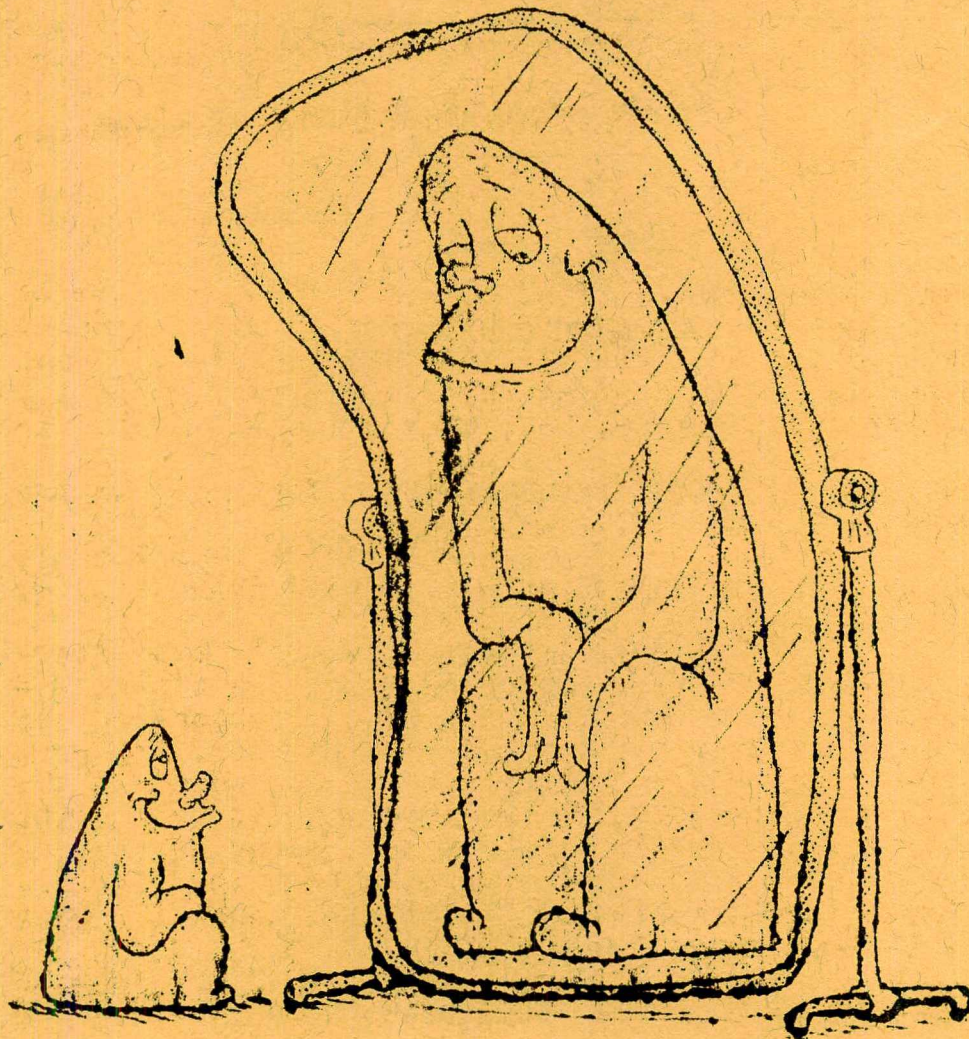
HOW ABOUT SOME MATERIAL? PLEEZE?

YOUR SUBSCRIPTION IS UP. WOULD YOU
LIKE TO RENEUE IT?

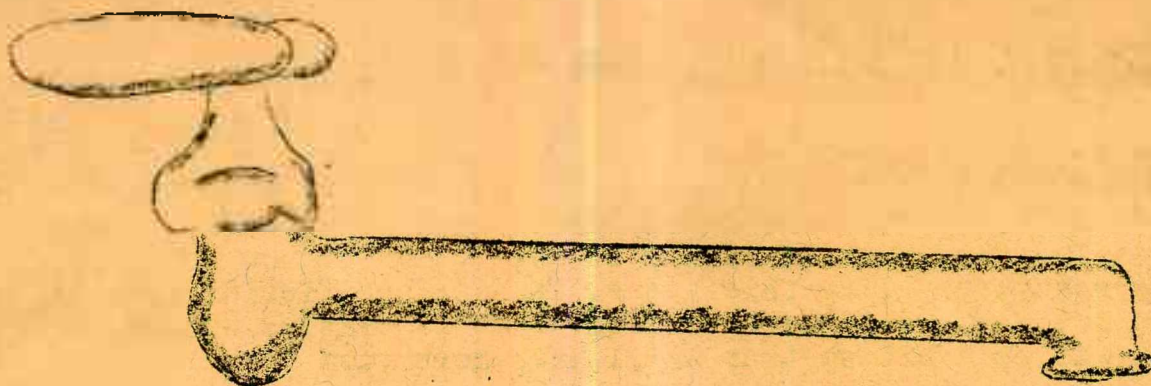
YOU'RE A CONTRIBUTOR THANK GHU.

IN HOPES, OR IN EXCHANGE

SELF-CENTERED MAN AND HIS GOD



NELSON: 50



The millennium has arrived! Lying before me upon my desk is a small tome Titled "The Merriam-Webster Pocket Dictionary". Scattered about my den are several other dictionaries. I want to thank you peeples for sending me this and several other infant sized pocket dictionaries, Now, my spelling is sure to improve!

Many thanks!, or did you do it only for your own protection? I wonder, I wonder.....

For a while, I thot I could dispence with my plea ridden editorials, but as is usually the case, I was wrong,

It's not that I absolutely must have material, Richard and I could write Odd by ourselves, but then We'd have no subscribers, so for the sake of our debtors, We must publish outside material, the more, the merrier. I'm sure that you'll agree that this is rather hard to do, when you publish more material than you're recieving, as is now the case. I'll not I'll not publish any gurgles, sobs, screams, or as Bob Johnson says "sounds of drownings in bathtubs" in LF, but if this doesn't get results, I can always resort (hate that word) to that as a last resort.

I'm trying to appeal to those of You who write, draw, or in otherwise contribute, to fanzines.

At the present, I'm not gibbering to anyone who will listen for material, but unless contributions increase, there soon will be.

Surely there must be some authors, and artists that haven't been drafted. Uncle Sam can't have gobbled all of you up. There must be some one left I tell you, someone! (hee hee) left who will contribute (pant! pant!) to Odd..... WELL, isn't any one left, or has QUANDRY got 'em all. I need stories, I'm frantic for articles, and when it comes to artwork, I'm a desperate man.

Mr. Rot-sler?, Mr. Chabot?, Mr. Nelson?, Mr. Gaugan Mr. Arfstrom....? HALLLLP!

S

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(3)

y you peeples (cond on ___) don't want to be subjected to Art-work by--

TYPE DATE

LEAKY FAUCET II

"The moving finger writes"

Well, here we are again. That two months really goes fast. at least it seems that way to me, I don't know about you. We hope that you like this issue. It has more fiction than we've used in a long time. The reason for that is that we want to clean out our files a bit so that we'll have more room for your scripts.

Next issue will be our "off-trail" one. We've got some material that smacks of the weird and so we're going to get rid of it in one foul blow. Not that any of the material is foul --- all of it is very good. "Rebirth", by Warren Baldwin had been accepted by "Alien Culture" but wasn't published before Leary'd stopped publishin' it. Then we've got a story by Don Jacobs that is really great ----- it's called "The WereWolf Game". An article by L. Saunders finishes up the weird stuff that we've recieved so far; if we get more in the mean time, we might use it.

"And having writ..."

Naturally having two editors for a magazine makes selecting material a little more difficult. I prefer science-fiction and the fewer weird stories sent to Odd, the better I'll like it. This is of course, on the fiction side of the magazine. In articles we'll take just about anything.

Dug tells me that the response to PPT cw FFF's was quite enthusiastic. I was surprised at this because I thought it would receive a mediocre response. This issue'll see another PPT cw FFF if our author((Now some where in Korea)) comes through with it in time for this issue.

Another noteworthy thing is the letters we've recieved from you readers about the subject of dianetics at the Nolacon, as brought up in the Last NS. I don't know about Dug but the ones I've recieved have all been in favor of NO dianetics at the Nolacon (((Same here)))

R. J. Banks in Quandry sez that he can see nothing wrong with dianetics. He sez "We have talks about rocketry and such, so why not about Dianetics? Accomplished, or even theoretical rocketry has no more to do with science fiction than DOD (Dirty Ol' Dianetics)". This is extremely faulty logic. Rocketry to my knowledge is a science. It is being studied extensively at White Sands, and rockets to the moon are being studied. Now when Banks sez that Rockets have nothing to do with SF then he'd better go out and have his head examined. Nearly every sf story today has a rocket ship in some form or another. If rocketry has nothing to do with Science-fiction, then How does Banks explain off "Skylark of Space", or "Centurius II". And also, to my knowledge dianetics is not a science. Nothing has been proved to definitely put the brand on it as a science. An article on Dianetics appeared in aSF. So naturally we must have it at the convention.WHY? Articles on Cybernetics have appeared in aSF -- why not a

[4]

NOTHING

BY

SIRIUS ...

RICHARD

ELSBERRY

Publishers Attention:

With ten major science fiction book publishers and a field extending backward nearly five years from which to choose from it is difficult to understand why so many poor books are being published. Of course, some of these publishers don't care if they publish worthy science-fiction or not since the average SF fan will put up with practically anything. But many of those publishers are interested in putting out good science-fiction and yet they are not doing so.

Yes, they're printing a lot of good SF, today, but that is overshadowed by the tremendous mass of mediocre material that is appearing between hard covers. Fredrick Fell and FPCI seem to be the chief offenders. They have flooded the field with such pot-boilers as "Murder Madness", "The Radium Pool", "The Steller Missiles", "The Cosmic Geoids", "John Carstairs", "The Kid from Mars", "The Star Kings", "People of the Comet", "Planets of Adventure", "The Torch", ad noseum. Other publishers have made many poor choices also, and there is no excuse for it with the tremendous amount of excellent material that is just waiting to be snapped up for book publication. Books such as "Lancelot Biggs, Spaceman" and "The Incredible Planet" should never have been written.

The Science Fiction Field is not played out, as the aforementioned titles would lead one to believe. There are plenty of good stories that could easily have replaced the above mentioned stories. For instance Unknown Worlds, it is still a fairly unplumbed magazine. Out of the top ten magazines novels that UNK printed, no one has yet thought of printing "But Without Horns" by Page and "Hell is Forever" by Bester. The Page story rates beside "Slan" as a superman classic. And it is only recently that Gnome picked up Hubbard's "Fear", which was UNK's no. 3 novel in popularity. Other good UNK stories are "A bit of Tapestry" by Cartmill, "The Unpleasant Profession of J. Hoag", by Heinlein and Solomon's stone" by DeCamp...

Although "The Fairy Chessman", by Padgett is one of the very best novels that ASF has ever printed, no one has picked it up yet. And there are certainly enough stories left to make a Sturgeon Anthology: "What Dead Men Tell", "Unite and Conquer", "The Chromium Helmet", "Mewhu's Jet", "There is No Defence", etc. Cliff Simak's best writing can be found in his "City" stories and yet no one has decided to publish it yet. And CL Moore is another author who should have a volume of her work printed, including such stories as: "Greater Glories", "Tryst in Time", "Bright Illusion", etc. Then too, her great novel, "Judgement Night", should get book form also.

NOTHING SIRIUS (cont)

Certainly, with all these great stories untouched there's no excuse for giving the SF readers hack fiction. Come on Fell, Fantasy Press, FPCI, Shasta, Doubleday, Prime, Pelligrini, etc., let's get on the ball.

"IF THIS GOES ON...."

I seem to have stirred up a hornet's nest with this dianetics biz last issue. I think the letters in Scrapheap tell the story. If you want anymore proof of the fuggheadness of dianetics just read what Ackerman has to say in the May MARVEL SCIENCE STORIES. And he's supposed to be a pre-clear!

In the Feb. '51 Liberty we have another blast at dianetics. This time it's called the 'fraud of the year'. But as much as I'd like to, I can't take much stock in this article. The woman who wrote it is so grabbled that I doubt if much of what she sez is correct. For instance: Asf is described as a magazine printing "weird stories of war on the moon" and other such terms are used to degrade aSF. Had she bothered to check she'd have found that aSF is less of a pulp magazine than is Liberty! Liberty caters to sensationalism, is printed on cheap paper, is full of hack ads, and uses sex as a drawing card. And they call aSF a pulp! I weep.

"WONDERINGS*

What ever became of THE FANZINE EDITOR????????????????

WIRE RECORDING DEPT:

Have you got a wire recorder? You have? And your not using it? You don't know what you're missing. Wire recording 's got written letters beat all to hell (((It sez here on the manuscript))) There are plenty of other fans with wire recorders who would like to hear from you. Shelby Vick started a club some time ago called Wirez for fans with wire recorders. Well you needn't neccessariily belong to this club, altho having a wire-recorder puts you in a select group. I don't have one myself but use Redd Bogg's. So we've exchanged several wires with other fen besides ourselves. A few of the people who have wire recorders, are Bogg's, Hoffman, Burbee, de la Ree, Vick, Laney, Curtis, etc. To get started, record a 15 or 30 minute wire, send it to some one with a wire recorder, and he'll record over it and send it back. Sounds like fun doesn't it? Well, it is. Why don't you get in on it.

CURRENT FANZINES DEPARTMENT:

Gargoyle and Star Rover are both in a state of suspended animation. # Rich Elsberry now editor of MFS Bulletin. # Bill Austin has a new fanzine out called Namelessentials. This's the mag about fanzines. That's what I said, this mag'll review current fanzines, will give current publication plans about fanzine policies, and future publication plans. If the fmz eds will co-operate with Austin he can make this a success and lord knows we kneed something like this. So send Bill a copy of your zine, along with the infro on the editors, past issues, etc. Or, if y' don't put out a zine how about sending him a sub: 40¢ for the 1st six issues. You can't go wrong at that price.

NOTHING SIRIUS - 3 -

MAGAZINE NOTES:

Esquire, Febuary 1951, has a long editorial on STF. The editors of Esquire act like a couple of kids who have just found a nice shiny nickle. They give STF the rave, and oh how happy they are to present it for the FIRST time to there readers. Well, the editors have a very short memory. They published Bradbury's "Mar's is heaven", under the title "The Great Hallucination" about three issues back. A run for the money is being given STF by Esquire. It is giving STF a much needed boost tho. This issue of ESQ has a story by Martin Gardner, "Left or Right". It is beautifully illustrated. I hope that ESQ doesn't soon lose its enthusiasm for printing STF. Colliers recently ran a five part serial "Revolt of the Triffids" by John Wyndham. This is the same story that will soon be published by double day. # FFM will again feature interior illustrations begining with the may issue which will feature "Slayer of souls" by Robert Chambers. # Don't be a bit surprised if aSF and Gsf go up to 35¢ any issue now. # Spent a lot of time at the public library last week, but try as I may, I couldn't get the circulation figures of aSF. Best I could do was the combined circulation of Amz, FA, and Mammoth Western. These three magazines have a circulation slightly under 300,000# Mpls. Largest news stand sells 175 copies of aSF per month.

Highly Reccomended:

the Cricket (Betsy Curtis, 201 Veteran's Village, Canton New York) is a nice 12 page half-sized mimeoed zine. You've seen this zine reviewed in Merwin's SS, so you can guess that it must be good. It isn't strictly a fanzine. The Curtis's are interested in all types of books and hence THE CRICKET is devoted to reviews of sf and other type of books. The zine is free, altho money won't be turned down. The Curtis's would like to hear from you on what books you've liked, etc.

FOR WHAT THEY'RE WORTH DEPT: (((Third floor, watch your step...)))

Claude Degler is trying to reform the Cosmic Circle. Roscoe protect us! # Have you heard Nat King' Cole's pop tune, "Destination Moon" # I don't know what you people think of PoGo, the comic strip, but it's my favorite right now. In addition to being the funniest damn think, it has an STF slant (((Oppps! 'SLANT'...))) If your local newspaper doesn't carry it, I pity you. # Keasler has taken over the NFFF Manuscript bo! (((SOB!))) # Ed Noble, editor of the explorer, has been engaged and we think it's about time. # Ed Cox who was to go into the airforce, couldn't get into that branch of the service fast enuff, so now he's joined, of all things, the infantry. # Hawk's talking about changing the title of the 'Thing', altho it has been recieving plenty of advertising under this name. # aSF has raised the foreign subscription rate from \$3.25 to \$10.00 a year! No, that doesn't effect you, but it undoubtably does to your english friends. I would suggest that you get ready to send aSF to England when your sub runs out. (((This is sorta personal note, but if Dianetics will turn a normal person, like it's done JWC, thank ghu I'm opaque.))) # There is a movement under way by a small group in the ISFCC to prevent the O.O. of this club from mentioning the name of CT Beck in the clubzine. This is the most foolish thing we've ever heard of yet this year. # John Grossman recently told us about a new symphony he'd heard about the planets. If any of you have heard this, or know anymore about it I'd appreciate you dropping us a line, as we'd like to learn more about this.

7

NOTHING SIRIUS -- 4 --

ELSBERRY PICKS:

Top novel, "Time Quarry"; top novelette, "Not To Be Opened", top shorts, "The World the Children Made", "To Serve Man", "Not with a Bang", "And be Merry", "The Exiles", "And All for One". #R.J. Banks seems not to think Henery Kuttner is Jack Vance. Well, if he'll look in "The Best of Science Fiction: 1950" he'll read under a list of Hank's pennames the name of Jack Vance! I don't trust Merwin; F. Orlin Tremaine, when he was editor of ASF stoutly denied he was Warner van Lorne but no one believed him. Let Banks hash it out; I don't give a damn whether Kuttner is Vance or Not.

BOOK NOTES:

Bradbury's "The Illustrated Man" is out from Doubleday and contains most of the author's best works. # Conklin has a new weird anthology from Perma-books. # "Journey to Infinity" was hurt by last minute changes. Boggs figures it was made up in about three months, and I agree with him. That Chandler's "Giant Killer" was to be included was my thot. To My way of thinking, GK was the best story to appear in the last six years. # Slan to see second edition this summer from S&S. S&S will also print a new Williamson novel titled the "Dragon's Island". # Fell, continuing their policy of re-printing pot-boilers, is to publish "The City at worlds End" soon. # A collection of Simak Yarns is coming up from Random House. This should be very worth while. # Theodora has a new Novel coming from Doubleday. She wrote "The Devil's Spoon".

THE SUSPENSE IS KILLING ME:

Recently the first issue of a new semi-sf mag, SUSPENSE, appeared on the Newsstands. We had known it was coming, but a lot of good that did us. Anyhow, it's a quarterly, 128 pages, and costs 35¢. About one third of the mag is crime-detective stories and the rest are fantasy and STF. It appeared just in time to take the place of WB but I doubt if it will fill the brech to well. The lead story is by two Mpls. authors, altho the editor sez their from Milwaukee, John Chapman and Ollie Sarri. Ten, Pete Philips, Bradbury and Sturgeon make it a desirable item even if many of the stories are reprints. To me the mag is an attempt to convert the detective readers to SF. They figure to do this by including some crime stories. Seems like a good idea to me.

THE WRITING SCENE:

Gordie Dickson, MFS'er, has sold his second story to JWC. Ollie Sarri, another MFS'er now living in Chicago, has sold a pair of shorts to Campbell --- short stories that is. #ASF is supposedly loaded with serials, and yet we haven't seen one in the last 4 or 5 issues what happened? Is JWC saving them for some reason? # Len Moffat and Dave Lesperance were honored at the LASFS as the two members who have broken into the pro ranks with the most words sold. # Bradbury's "The Fireman" was cut 2,000 words for Gsf. It was rejected by Saturday EVE. Post. # Eric Holmes iii has broken into the pro ranks with a sale to Blue Book. # Bob Hoskins has had one of his letters accepted for publication in BB -- they pay \$10.00 for each letter. # We don't know how common the practise is, but we've found out that at least one author's got a contract with a certian SF magazine to turn out 6 stories a year for them. The author is good --- but I don't think the stories he'll turn out under this contract will be as good as those he usually does and especially since he got paid for all six in advance. I suspect that Alfred Coppel was once one of those contract boys -- he may still be, for all I know.

THE

END

"AND ALL FOR ONE"

or... The Demise of the Universal Musket Eaters.....

"The Comments that he (Rich Elsberry) made about Universal Musket eers fan group, and of myself as president are on the whole true..."

--- Ronald Friedman, "Destruction of the IRON CURTIAN", ODD # 9.

NEED I say more after Friedman has so conveniently stated the above? I suppose not, but there are a few of Ron's questions I want to answer.

Sorry Ron old boy, I didn't quote you're campaign promises in X-Ray #1. Instead I quoted a card I recieved from you dated in Dec. '49. Perhaps if you'd read the article carefully, you'd have seen it said card. Want to see the card, Ron?

Your memory isn't to good either, Ron, as you can see from the letter Dug published in the middle of your article.

You quibble over small things, Too Ron, You say that the offices of President and Editor had four candidates. Gee! There were a total, of 8 offices and 9 candidates. And all I said was "Nearly everyone ran unopposed."

You shouldn't make promises on zines Ron, unless you're certain they're not going to fold --- like all of your 'free' zines. Anyhow, it makes good advertising.

I never said Ron, that the BOD was composed of officers. The BOD was elected by the officers --- but we couldn't get enuff together to kick you out of office. I elected Jack Cuthbert -- and I know that I sent you a card telling you of this. Ver non McCain was another member of the BOD, and Bob Johnson sez he was also.

Sure, Univeers was printed. The last X-Ray in Jan., UM News in or around June, and Univeers in Nov. Of course it was to be a 16 page bi-monthly instead of a six page yearly, but this is a technicality, Univeers did appear. No, Ron, there is no promise or mention of time in the UM constitution as to the offical publicans. Of course, you wrote the Con., and of course, you promised every thing in X-Ray #2. So.....

So your car turned over on April 30th. What does that prove. Many people have turned over their cars and nothing has happened. I noticed you didn't say that you were injured in the accident. Just that you'd been in an accident. And I say, So What?

You say I had no right to get any other issue of UM NEWS if you didn't feel like sending them. You're perfectly right Ron. The officers of the club didn't need to know what was going on in it. You didn't write or answer their letters, so natch you wouldn't send them any other issues of UM NEWS. If you were so busy as you say, how did you have time to put out SFW and UM NEWS? In a letter to Knapheide on June 10th you say that UM was back on its feet. You also say the same in UM NEWS, yet in neither of these do you mention an accident or the fact that you couldn't carry on UM functions as president. Now it comes out that you were too busy. If you were so busy, why didn't you delegate sufficient power to Knapheide to run the club? I don't get it.

Dues should be sent to the Sec-Treas. in the first place --- then to the editor for expenses. No excuses here.

I really like the way you end your article, Ron. You have apologetically made out like I'm a rat and you have satisfactorily proved that you are lily-white. Sorry Ron, your mistake, as usual. You said that my information was not enough --- oh yes, it was plenty. It was enough to bring you out into the open and in to making more silly statements. I'm afraid that your information was not enough.

At the beginning of the article you said that nearly everything I said was true. Well, I'll stick to that. From March to November UM was dead and it was due only to you and you can't get out of that. Ten months because you didn't feel like writing a letter to clear up the situation.

Better luck next time.

THE END.....

((ED'S NOTE: Since Ron Friedman has had a chance to answer all questions in the first article satisfactorily, you will consider that he has done so and the issue is closed. No more articles on the UM will be published, unless IT is important, backed up by facts, and doesn't quibble over minor points. IF Ron can reply to this in a short, and I mean short article, presenting facts, this subject is CLOSED, except, for discussions in the letter column.....))))

:---: :---: :---: :---: :---: :---: :---: :---: :---: :---: :---

Leaky Faucet (Rich Elsberry) Cond.

.....demonstration of a mechanical brain in action? This would be much more interesting to Me.

Harry Moore undoubtedly expects that every one attending the Nolacon will go away a firm convert to dianetics. I will just go away.

:---: :---: :---: :---: :---: :---: :---: :---: :---: :---

Leaky Faucet (Duggis Fisheroil)

.....Me do you? That's a fate worse than Ten Story Fantasy combined with OUTWA. But at last, one fair lass has answered my call. I have art work from Domminick. Fair lady, I thank you from the bottom of my heart, in fact, You've got a life-time sub if you'll keep sending pic's any artist has for that matter. I'll even except cartoons.

Oh yes. Since this editorial was started and now, I've recieved several good stories by different people. Since they were weird I had to refuse them And that hurts. Please, NO WEIRD STORIES, Please. However, artwork is a different matter. I'll take almost anykind of artwork.

Speaking of artwork, the cover for this issue came from the NFFF Manuscript Bo, but I don't know the artist's name. The first person to give me his? her? adress will get a 6 months sub free yet.

Rocket Ship X-M stopped over at ye local theatre, but there was so much noise from the peanut gallery that I couldn't hear most of the dialog, From the looks of what I did hear, it was probably just as well.

I guess I'll sign off now. I'm sorry about ODD being slightly late, but look at the increased size. I will go back down to about 28 or 30 pages next issue tho. (This issue was planned as a 24 page affair, but look at it now. Gobeye.....Dug.

CRYING

IN

THE

SINK

BY Marion Z. Bradley

GENERAL STATEMENTS:

A general trend which has been in operation during the last few years seems to have culminated in this years' crop of fanzines. To a fan who remembers the humble beginnings of SpaceWarp, hand-printed and hectographed, and where it ended up, it is something less than encouraging to see all the encouragement that is given to printed fanzines, so that the mimeograph mag seems to be going the way of hecto'd zines.

While we are all for readable magazines, this column will take a firm stand against the contention that an attractive format and a couple of lithographed covers will make up for any amount of trash between those covers. This is our axiom:

THE ONLY CRITERION OF A
FANZINE SHALL BE THE QUALITY OF ITS CONTENTS ! ! !

* * * * *

FOUR STAR FANZINES.

THE NEKROMANTIKON has finally shifted its emphasis from the weird to the fantastic and beautiful. NEKRO, published by the omnipresent Banister, is one of the few magazines which still print fiction, and attracts a type of material which is far higher quality than the present WEIRD TALES prints. Special honors in this issue go to Lin Carter for his super-excellent KING OF THE GOLDEN CITY, and to John Blyler for a beautifully shuddersome account of what the cat might do if you drowned her kittens once to often. Banister has however, fallen into a pit all too common to fanzine editors, which is to print professional material, regardless of quality, for the sake of the "Name". Thus with Stanton A. Coblenz's THE DOOM OF CASSANDRA, which was not even good fanzine fiction and certainly does not approach the standards which Banister demands of his amateur writers. About the only criticism of The Nekro would be a faintly sky-ward tilted eyebrow at the variety of type-faces and sizes and the heterogenous mingling of Mimeo, litho and pro-printing which make up the issue. But that is, after

all, a minor fault and one which will doubtless be resolved by the time at Banister's disposal and the amount of cash in his pockets. If you haven't already seen NEKRO, you'd better start right now. You can get it for a quarter from...

MANLY BANISTER, 1905 Spruce Ave, Kansas City, Missouri

OPERATION FANTAST - In his editorials, Ken states that he is swingin away from fiction and including more fact, and in the main this tends to improve his magazine, as far as we can see. O-F seems, at present, to be more of a trade journal for British science-fiction writers than a general interest zine, but that's all to the good, as the state of stf in the United Kingdom is far than rosy.... OPERATION FANTAST is probably the most mature of magazines, and well worth your 3 shillings per six issues (75¢). In the USA, order from PHIL RASCH, 567 Erskine Drive, Pacific Palisades California.

THE ACHRONICLE * not, strictly speaking, a fanzine, but K.K. Smith who hand sets, prints, and distributes his own magazine, pseudo-science, and scientific-sociological musings, and every fan can find something to interest him herein. For instance, recent issues have starred Velikovsky, an account of hobby publications, a review of the bureaucratic system. A thoughtful thinker can hardly afford to miss this'n and some of the fanzine editors could take a tip from the workmanlike manner of Mr. Smith's magazine, both in neatness, and makeup, and in his coherency of expression. If you like fanzines columns, you can get the ACHRONIC CHRONICLE FROM:

K.K. Smith, Route 1, Box 92, Everett, Washington

QUANDRY is stepping right up into the place which Joe Kennedy tore open in every fan's heart when his beloved VAMPIRE folded. An slight preponderance of columns (There were 5, in addition to the editorial in # 8.) does a very good job in adding sparkle in this funniest of fanzines. But Quandry, has a whimsical twist which will probably not appeal to the school of "Tails of Passionate Fans", and "Stupefying, Sexy STfans" humor. A very, very special article by Joe Kennedy, and an acid tongued commentary on fanzine titles from Bob Tucker, combined with Lin Carter's LYNNHAVENTION-DIARY, makes this the best issue to date and since we have Lee's word for it that he intends to continue publishing fiction, the QUANDRY is well worth getting, from LEE HOFFMAN, 101 Wagner Street, Savannah, Georgia

THREE STAR FANZINES

THE UTOPIAN * would be in the four star list if R.J. Banks could only make up his mind to print one or two good pieces of fiction, of a reasonable length, instead of dozens of short stories. Otherwise, this Texas fanmag would probably be at the head of the list. The New large size gives you more, for your money from R.J. Banks, 111 So 15th Street, Corsicana, Texas (over flip)

....Crying in the sink....

KABERES * a MUST for all fanzine collectors and editors. The first issue contains a checklist of every fanmag published in 1950, and the editor promises that future issues will act as a liason between the fanzine editor and the collector and contributor. It is far more current than either S3 or AMZ for it will come out "at intervals of two months or less", and I have an inkling that plenty of support might build this up to a monthly. Send 40¢ for your subscription Now to
BILL AUSTIN, 3317, W 67th; Seattle, Washington

ORB is a beautifully-put-together magazine which, if Bob Johnson 'd spend as much time on the contents as he did on the format would probably be the finest of the printed magazines. However, a beautiful and clever make up is ruined by generally mediocre fiction, and horrific poetry. About the only things worth wasting your time on in the current issue are the editors own account of the Norwescon and the photographs of LOVE FOR THREE ORANGES, which hit a new high for fantasy photography. But the cover alone is worth the price of the magazine... I intend to cut mine off and frame it. Send 20¢ to
Bob Johnson, Box 941, Greeley, Colorado.

STEFANTASY * is published for the FAPA, but it's certainly worth general reading. It is a printed magazine with some rather bizarre advertisements, including one offering to buy used vacuums (i.e. hole in the head) at terrific prices. There's an average of ten laughs per page, and if you swamp Bill with requests, he might put this on the general market. Send requests to--
WILLIAM DANNER, 720 Rockwood Ave., Pittsburg 34, Penna.

TWO STAR FANZINES

BEELZEBUB...is another FAPA mag which is available to non-members at 10¢ a copy. Although badly mimeographed, it contains some better-than average, sophisticated whimsy, and some super-excellent poetry by the well known M. de Angelis of the GARGOYLE PRESS. A newcomer who shows plenty of promise. Ya get it from.....
MORTON D. PALEY, 1455 Townsend Avenue, New York 52, N. Y.

SIRIUS....gets such a low rating only because Stan Serxner has been drafted and there's no chance of its continuing. This breaks our heart, as the fiction in the first issue is super duper excellent in our opinion, especially David English's Battlefield I doubt if you can get a copy, but you might, might write
STAN SERXNER, 1308 How Avenue, Bronx 59, N.Y.

STAR LANES..... is a poetry one-sheeter which is for fantasy poets..... from--
ORLA McCORMICK, 1558 Hazelnut Ave, Ferndale 20, Michigan

SAPESIDES ... is another from the versatile Bill Austin (how does he do it?) in company with Royal Drummond . This issue contains some rather ghastly material, of which THE DEFENSE OF EBENEZER SCROOGE is the funniest and Royal Drummond's horror-daydreams succeed only in being amusing, where they were meant to be terrifying. Collectors will love this one for the C.L. Moore bibliography. Send 12¢ to
BILL AUSTIN, 3317 W. 67th Street, or ROYAL DRUMMOND, 5256 -41 Street S.W., Seattle, Washington

ONE STAR FANZINES

GEM TONESremarkable only for a slightly different shape and size with a very nice poem on page 7, titled A GLANCE AT THE SKY BEFORE RETIRING, which would give this little zine a higher rating if it were for general distribution, which it is not. Published for the Saps by
G.M. Carr, 3200 Harvard Avenue, Seattle, Washington

CRY OF THE NAMELESS....of absolutely no interest to anyone who doesn't live in the Northwest, and those who do, receive it anyway. It is another G.M. Carr magazine, and as such, worth noting.

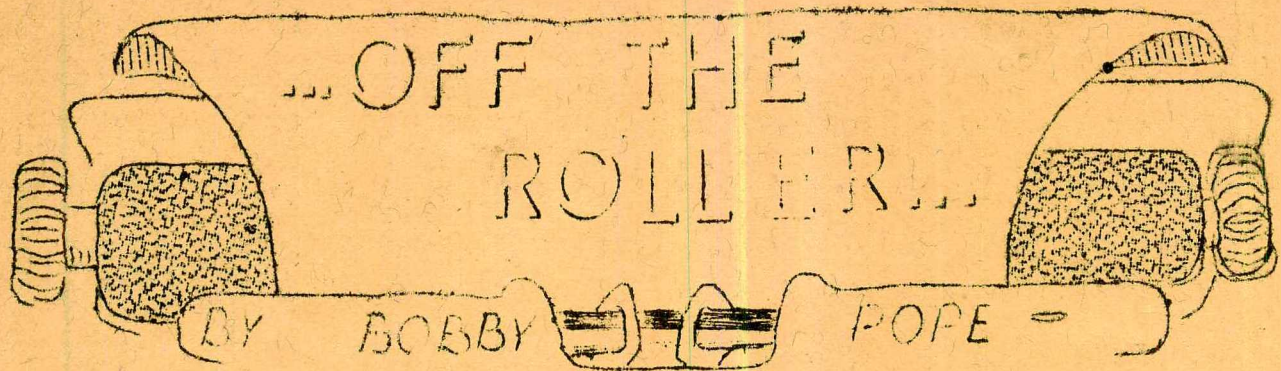
PURPLE PASSION TALES combined with FROTHY FANZINE FABLES.... "published by the drips who wish to remain nameless, wouldn't you?" Well yes, rather. A one-sheet one-shot in rather questionable taste. (((Sorry, but there's to be more of this sterling (plated) fanzine, err... at least one more anyway.)))

COSMATIC.....After turning it upside down sideways, I opine it would be at least a three star if I could read it, which unfortunately I can't. It looks very interesting, and comes from
IAN MacAULEY, 57 E. Park Lane, Atlanta, Georgia.

Well! That's the lot this issue. Quite a number of excellent zines did not get reviewed here because I didn't receive them, and still others, because I didn't consider them worth reading, much less reviewing, and certainly not shelling out hard earned cash for. (((Speaking of \$\$\$))) ODD and MEZRAB are not reviewed as a matter of policy, but if you are reading this review, you can form your own opinions of ODD; and MEZRAB, which is distributed free (((WHAAAT?))) by Marion and Robert Bradley, (That's me!) at Box 431, Tahoka, Texas, is available for you to form, similar conclusions.

In Future, Review copies should be sent to Marion Bradley, at MEZRAB's address. Opinions expressed in this column do not necessarily express those of the editors of ODD. In the future all fanzines received will be reviewed only if they are marked REVIEW COPY. All fanzines not marked thus will be reviewed here only if I think it worth while.

(((THIS IS THE FIRST OF A NEW COLUMN. Later in the magazine is a nother fanzine review column by Bobby Pope. Due to a mix up his is also a review of FANZINES, next issue, he'll change to PRO-Zines. We would, at least I would, and I'm sure the authors would also, like to receive your opinion of this magazine column, Please write, after all, except for cool silver, or crisp paper, there's nothing so dear to a faned's heart as letters, so write darn ya, write)))



Well, here we are with the first installment of our little column which we hope to push across with no complaints. I don't know what made Duggie ask me to do it, unless the broadside hint I sent him gave him the idea. You know, the Philips' artwork, in three dimensions, labeled: "This should happen to you?"

Duggie has asked me, to use this column as a fanmag review station, but I would like to edge in a few other things, too, with his permission. (((I asked, or at least I ment to ask you to do a pro-zine review, but Now, I wish you'd have a column of just ramblings, say about what you like, on anything except on fanzines, whoa! You can even lamblast or lampoon them, all you want to, only lets have more than a review column and then, not too much about fanzines. It'd look odd if ODD had two fan reviews each issue.))) I would like to comment on various stobles from time to time, perhaps mention my favorites, no dianetics please!, and plug some needy organization (fan) and new mags. I might even want to critisize such things as unorthodox hypenization,....!

Occasional- ly, I'd like sneak in a pun (like FISHer) or a crack at the proz. Anyway, you'll see what I mean, and in the policy of mentioning top stories, I have just completed the Bantam Book reprint of DONOVAN'S BRAIN, and would like to highly recommend it as top reading.

Also, here's one to look forward to: Geoff St. Reynard is writing a sequel to his classical pulper, "THE USURPERS". I'M sure that everone is glad to hear that. (((Not, Joe Feel- ingfinger Jr.))) The USURPERS was so different from the steady line of stf that we usually get, that, in my books it classes as one of the top ten for the year.

Before I forget, I would like to sneak in a plug for the little MONSTERS OF AMERICA, a club for southern fen being organized by Lynn Hickman, 408 Bell St., Statesville, North Carolina. As I write this up, Lynn, with the assistance of Wilkie Conner, is planning a fanmag to be photo-offset, titled TLMA. You pronounce it and its yours! Seriously tho, some of you southern fen oughta write Lynn about the li'l' club. Which brings us to the fanzines:

Challenge

is a neatly mimeoed mag of top poetry, sponsored, by Avalon World Arts Academy, and edited by Lilith Lorraine, Rogers, Arkansas. It features a printed cover by Philips, but the same cover's used from ish to ish. We grant that the 30¢ price tag is stiff, but still varying conditions force it to be.

Slant

Is a terrific fanzine. The latest issue features a two color printed cover by James White. Now that Slant is published on a new press, kindly donated by Manly Bannister, the quality of the mag has risen rapidly. Slant is one of the few, if any, fanzines that can boast of having prozine reprint from it. Already, Slant, in my opinion, is the top Foreign Fanzine, and it's giving many american fanzines a run for their money. It has a neat format of 45 pages, not counting covers. The interior illustrations are nearly all wood or linoleum cuts in two colors, and these cuts truly show what can be done by this method if one will only take his time, and understands what he is doing. Slant is two issues for one current pro-mag, or 25¢, and anyone who'd miss this has got rocks in his head. Even Joe Fillenger couldn't find anything wrong with this mag I don't believe. (((The review of Slant's been added to by li'l me slightly, hope Bobby'll fo' give me.))) Get it its a must, from: Walter A. Willis, 170 Upper Newtownards Rd., Belfast, North Ireland.

Fantasy Advertiser

Is a fancy photo-offset job where buyers and sellers can get together in somewhat the same fashion as the Sunday Want ads. The editorial is interesting, and the numerous book reviews are well written. The art is really something to comment on. You can get yours, at 1475 Kenneth Road, Glendale, Calif., for 15¢

SpaceShip

Is a mimeographed mag of fan-fiction and top-article s. However, we have to admit, there is room for mimeographed improvement. It's edited by Bob Silverburg and Saul Diskin at 760 Montgomery Street., Brooklyn 13, N.Y. and sells at 10¢ per

ScienceFiction Newsletter

Is Bob Tucker's photo-offset newspaper of fandom, including book reports, top news, convention news, and any stuff connected with fandom. Get it from Bob Tucker, Box 260 Bloomington Ill.

Mezrab

Is Robert & Mez Bradley's Mimeo'd mag of top fiction and articles. As this is written, they are way overdue, but in these days it could happen to anyone. They'll give it away from Box 403, Tahoka Texas. Price, One present request.

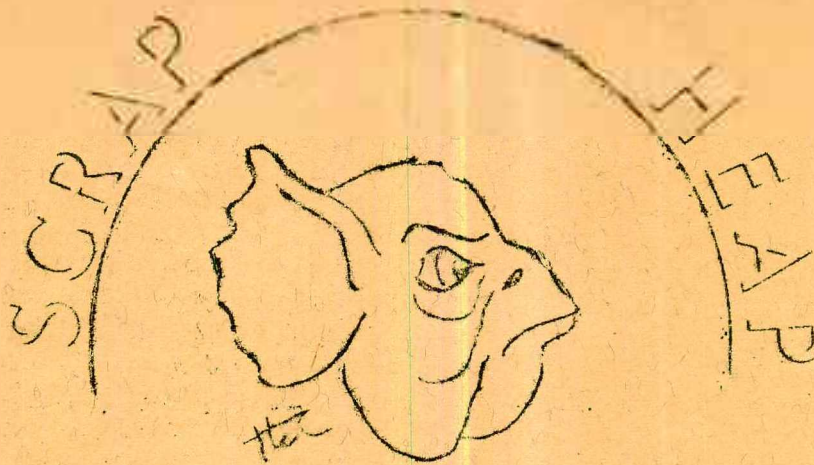
Utopian

"See Crying in Sink"

FANatic

Is my mag which I'll plug here at Duggies expense. It is a ditto-ed mag selling for 10¢, at SW Hill and Hanover Streets, Charleston, South Carolina. Mostly fiction, but with future intent for more fiction.

Well, I guess that about covers 'Em for this ish (((A heck of a lot of excellent mags sent to me personally were left out because of lack of space, but from now on, I'll at least mention every fanzine thats sent to me ant not mentioned otherwise, if I've gotta review 'em m'self. ...Dug...))) So Now, with a parting thot to sf comic-books. DOWN WITH STF COMIC BOOKS. On several occasions I've bought 'em for curiosity, hatred, and for pure malice. These things compose mostly of stolen stories and crud. I repeate: "Down with Stf Comics. Let us hear from you about this. But now, until next time, thanks!



LETTERS

DEAR PAL DUGGIE:

ODD seems to me to be quite a bit like the work of Vincent Gaddis in that it's analogy gives enlargement of the porosity between fine details of STF mystery.

For instance the article by Rich Elsberry and it's rebuttal by Ron Friedman. And ohh yes! hm-m-m t'sk t'sk --- the queenly one on the outside and inverse side of the front cover. No wonder one ans one'self will slave for STF. I'll be seeing you,

Gilbert Cochrun

Route 3, Box 51
Claremore, Okla

Dear Oddie Duggie:

Thanks for the issues of ODD. Unfortunately my fanzine *ALPHABETIC* just ain't at the moment, and I do not know when it'll start again. So I feel exchanges are out.

I like ODD, it should take the place of the lamented *SPACE*WARP*. Of the contents, I thing NS is the best, but Nelson's account of the Norwescon was a little too personalifed for my tastes, but he made it live to one who could'd be there. Well, good luck to ODD.

Normon Ashfield

27 Woodland Road,
Thornton Heath, Surry England



Dear Duggie:

Recieved a stomped-to-hellish of "ODD" no. 9½ a couple of days ago. Was able to read most of it, though, and liked what I read. As this is the second free copy recieved from you, I feel it is now time to express my appreciation --- with cash. Accordingly I've dug down

P-s-s-s-s-t! Want to buy a subscription to the DAILY WORKER?



deep, and with much mental anguish I have decided to part with the sum of two-bits --- for the next two ish's, those I recieved were noted 'Sample Copy' (((Come, come. Let us not be me: enary)))

Now about the mag; contents; I missed the usual amorphous Nelson cartoons --- but then, PPTcwFFF in part made up for that. (((Doesn't anyone know Nelson's present address? IF you do, and tell me, I'll give you a free 6 months sub.))) Why'n hell do you print the mag in such horrible colors! Seasick green and shot ochre --- ugh! (((To begin, and end with, it's 50¢ a ream cheaper.))) I liked the humorous bits scattered among the pages --- noteworthy among which was Friedman's "Destruction of the Iron Curtian". If R.F. must hurl names and then apologize for it in the same article? Who'd take him seriously, one way or another? Possibly Mr. Friedman has cause to do name-calling but if so, let him c-

hooze a task and then stick to it. This business of hurling brickbats and then apologizing for the resulting stove-inconvenience seems goul-ish, to say the least. The less of this sort of crud we see, the better. Yours; Bruce Lane: 1630 Old Shakapee Road E, Minneapolis 20, Minn.

Hello Duggie:

Odd just arived. I like it/if all of your contributors could follow the salesman's example in telling their stories, your sub list would be larger...what am I saying?(((Out to Lunch, Comment later)))

Serious...Odd does a wonderful job of culling out the chaff and boiling down the fat till the 'meat' is clarified and interesting.... and yet life is not all boiled out of them. I'll try and send you some thing later on. Yours: Earle Franklin Baker, 1310 N. McCann St. Kokomo Indiana (((Speaking of material, we have some very good poetry comin' up by this young gentlemen)))

Dear Duggie:

Love page 13 of the last ODD. "The things were human-like only in the fact that they were bipeds and had two arms and legs." My sides'r still aching. (((Haruump! Koff Koff! Any body makes mistakes)))

"Temperance on Venus" by EdCo was much better than the Paul Cox story above. I'll take a wet Venus.

How about adresssing the letters in Scrapheap. (((No sonner said....))) Might discover an unknown in the distric.

You seem to have a few feminine fans. Why I wonder, don't they ever write anything besides letters and Poetry. (((I Dunt know. Only one wrote even a letter this issue. I guess they're busy ...er Something)))

Elsberry outstanding this issue, Friedman's reply highly inadequate. I have seen him list Elsberry in two different of-

SCRAPHEAP III

fical pubs of his as Welcom chairman or whatever he was, and he (Ron) denies it--or claims forgetfulness! FOO FOO FOONEVLER ((Una bottle uh Rum))Bob Pavlet6001 43rd Ave. Hyattsville, Md.

Dear Doug; (That should furinate cha!) (((Why make Cha mad?)))
ODD arived with only 4 postage, and a checklist inside. You fo-
oled 'em (((Yea, but what about the the other 180)))
As to the mag it'self, its really very nice. Of course I can
find several things to gripe about, as usual. My pet peeve is incorr-
ectly hyphenized words. GRRRRRRR! Another is reading along and find
ing the next word over here.

The material is hot stuff as far as I'm concerned. It's plenty
good enuff, and with a better dummyming and page-numbering (I'll ad-
mit that this was one improvement over the last issue.), ODD will be
one of the best in the system. (((Just bear with us, I think you'll,
agree that this issue's a lot better than the last one.)))

Thirteen \$
for that cover on the ish before? Bongggggg! It seems that you should
be able to find something to put that on that would improve the for-
mat. (((I've got \$8.00 more lettering guides, and about \$ 4.00 more
paper))) Sincerely: Bobby Pope; SW Hill & Hanover Sts. Charlston. S.C.

Dear Duggie,

I dreamed last night night that a doctor was trying to give me
an injection of penicillin with a triangular needle the size of a
coffeepot. Your 'injecting humor in the pages of ODD' reminds me a
little of this surgical technique.

Humorists, believe it or not are
born, not made, and it is next to impossible to 'inject' large doses,
of humor as one would inject poetry, or something like that. (((Well
maybe I should have said ODD will cater to humorous material and car-
toons. WE NEED CARTOONS.))) The result is pretty sad. Besides you
have made the mistake many young fanzines do....confounding humor with
sex. (((All is know is that at first I had a sexy fanzine and sever-
al subscriptions. Due to complaints from my readers, I cut out sex.
These self dame readers dropped from my subscription list then, but
when I reinstated Sex, they renewed their sub's. Now they clamor for
less sex again, but am I goin' to comply with their wishes? HA! you
should only live so long! Still, I don't want anything cheap, and sex
ed up merely for the sake of sex its self. Instead, I want light airy
humor, perhaps lampooning sex, not dragging it down to the gutter le-
vel.)))

.....Thus endeth this preachment. Your cover is gorg-
eous; do you suppose Chabot would do one for Mezrab? (((I don't know
but I see no reason for him not to. Why not ask him?))) FISH FRY was
good, but if you are going to use a large drawing to head your story
you shouldn't stick the title way up at the top in Small Caps. I had
to look back to the title page to find the title. Temprance... was
good, but I'll stick to writting stories about a wet Venus.

Gotta go
and help my sonny-boy 'rastle with his bottle. He's dead sure to grow
up a drunk if there's anything in Dianetics::::: he has
engrams about bottles. He's always bopping himself over
head with one. Yours, M.Z. Bradley: Box 431: Tohoka, Texas

Dear Duggie:

Hello there. Wellnow, about ODD. Choking back the tears at the thought of all the issues I have missed, I console myself with the thought that they mightn't have been as fine as this one. LEAKY FAUCET, I take it it means leaky Tap. The same sort of neat efficient American abbreviation as elevator for lift. Interesting editorial any how, presumably by one of the drips.

Elsberry's column I had heard about. That's fame for you. IT's good too, and a hearty cheer from Belfast bidders for the 1959 Convention, for his protest against dianetics at the Nolacon. To hell with Hubbard that's what I say, and to anywhere but New Orleans with dianetics. Those comments, in S.H., of yours make the letters pretty hard to Follow.(((See Below))) who are you leigh Bracket? (((Awww. Somebody told...))) I see a letter from a guy called Johnson. What's ORB, Is it the same ORB the Flair people are talking about? Friedman shows a hell of a lot more alacrity jumping to his own defence than he did to answer correspondents, but I bear him no malice. I love him for starting off X-Ray with 'EDITORIAL' by the editor.' That was a new twist.

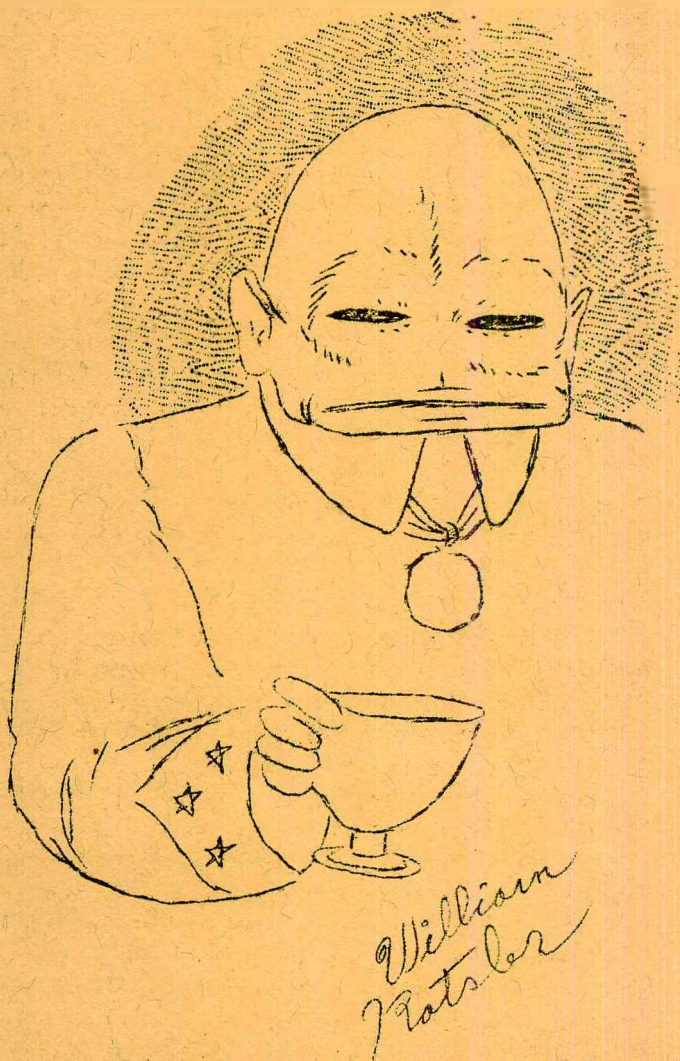
Finally, I must congratulate you on solving the line justifying problem which has baffled faneds for years and years. No dummaging for you, no rewriting as you go along to make the words come out even, just put in or take out letters as you need 'em. Of course it makes you look as is you spell worse than Sam Merwin showing off his French, but you can pass it off as an eccentricity, and who ever heard of a successful fan without an eccentricity?

Yours, Walter A. Willis,
170 Upper Newtownards Rd.,
Belfast, NORTHERN IRELAND

Duggie:

Although it's My policy to wait until an answer from my former letter before writing again, but the latest ODD provides the necessity of writing again so soon.

Nelson's 2nd part of his NORWESCON report makes imperative an addition to what I said in my earlier letter in answer to his statement about me in his report. I wish that you will print both of these answers, you can combine 'em into one of course. (((Below is the main part of both letters. I had to cut them some to save space dug...))) Considering the opportunity was present, I replied to Ray Nelson (for publication) on one item in his article, the reply was also sent to him personally, by letter..



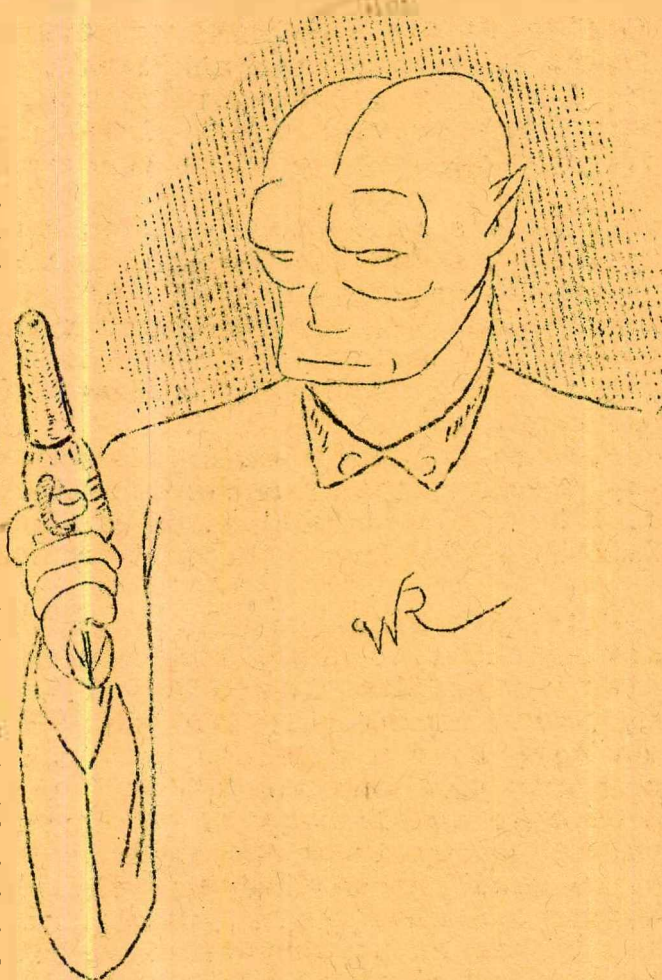
I did write a report on the Norwescon for the Fantasy Times, about 3800 words, it has proven, thus far to be the most complete report yet to appear at this writing, although twas slightly incomplete, for instance, I missed out on the bussiness session Monday afternoon due to a re-stimulated engram, the outcome of some experimental sessions with Dianetic therapy of which I was involved in. Fantasy Times only printed a minor part of the report, Jimmy Taurasi told me when I saw him at the Phila. Conference, it was due to space limitation.

Ray Nelson's secound report make's imperative an addition to what I have said in my earlier letter. ((he is speaking of the above paragraph, dug)))

I replied to him, to recall same, to the efect that I'd written my Norwescon report for FT. I'd like to reply to Nelson, concerning the second part of his report upon the Norwescon, that I never said, to quote his words, "that I had been Dianetically audited and soon afterwards developed a post-hypnotic fit", I never said that, and would like to say in the pages of ODD that there are many and varied reports of what happened to me at the Norwescon, many of which have drastically distorted the facts. I was audited by Jim Kepner, to me it was a classified experiment, for themain reason that I wanted to find out what Dianetics was, in the role of the subject.

I considered the session, which lasted some 2½ hours, as sucessful, it convinced me that there was more to dianetics than just a lot of words, and I can assure you I am just as sceptical of anything like dianetics as it was presented to me, as the average sceptical person. Since I have done extensive study on the subject, and have found that although the theory may or may not be true, it is something that one can accept or discord irregardless, one will find that the therapy works. However, at the close of the session Jim Kepner, to use expressions common to the subject, recalled my most recent pleasurable moment, or period, that I'd experienced, and allowed me to re-experience it. However he cut it off short, without leaving me completely re-experiencing the pleasure re-call, which right there is a sign that Jim was not quite the experienced auditor he made himself out to be the night before, because, as I have since found out, that pleasurable period had tied itself to a very strong string of engrams of mine, and I'm not ashamed to admit it that I have many and varried engrams.

What Mr nelson so casually terms "a post-hypnotic fit", happened to be an emotional collapse which occurred because Kepner ran me through this pleasure period, and did not



recognize the very strong underlying engram chain, to which this event had associated itself. Such a course as that almost inevitably results in a re-stimulated engram, which will not too long afterwards completely take control of the analitical "I", and I can be profoundly thankful that there were no more serious results.

Forrest Ackerman and one or two others took me up to E's room. He was with me over an hour and a half, in an attempt to get to this engram and reduce it, therefore giving me my proper control. He was unable to do this however, and after he had tried for awhile, he decided the only thing that could be done was to turn me over to Jim Kepner. This was done, and I returned to the convention hall in about another hour, not too much worse for the wear. Yours,

Franklin M. Dietz Jr. PO Box.696, Kings Park, Long Island, New York

((((Normally, even a letter this long will not be used without cutting, but the original letter was much longer than this, and I think I've got the gist of it. However, from now on, I want more and longer letters, but I'll only print parts of 'em like SS, etc!)))

Dear Duggie:

Glancing thru the latest copy of ODD, No. 9. Got the urge to write my comments a la article form, so here then is a letter from Limbo Tower.

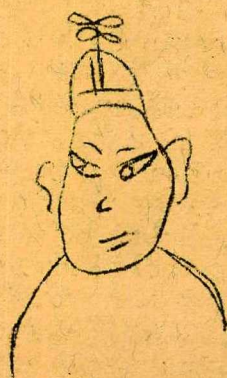
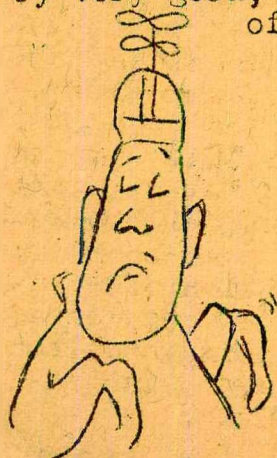
Chabot does excellent work with stencil, this particular cover was faintly Bokish, and I notice with a slight disturbance, also within the bounds of the Post Office Laws. (((Never mention the NKVD around here))) damn that hair! Inside is Jane Russel fleeing from a hand.

Through the issue, I noticed considerable baiting of John Grossman. Is Elsberry carrying on a municipal feud? If so, let it blossom forth, not be buried tantalizingly with sly references.

MS: on the dianetics part of it, I suggest that you spread the word that current copies of Western Star (Available from the Tower) carry a discussion between Moore and Kepner on the subject.

Your newsstand trick brings back to mind the antics of the Detroit crowd in '47-48, and their newer antics of the past year. Long live fans with humor s! (((Wait'll Pope see's this))) (((Hyphenation that is)))

The poetry very good, especially Rory Faulkner; the cartoon very representative of Nelson's state of mind; the letters OK.



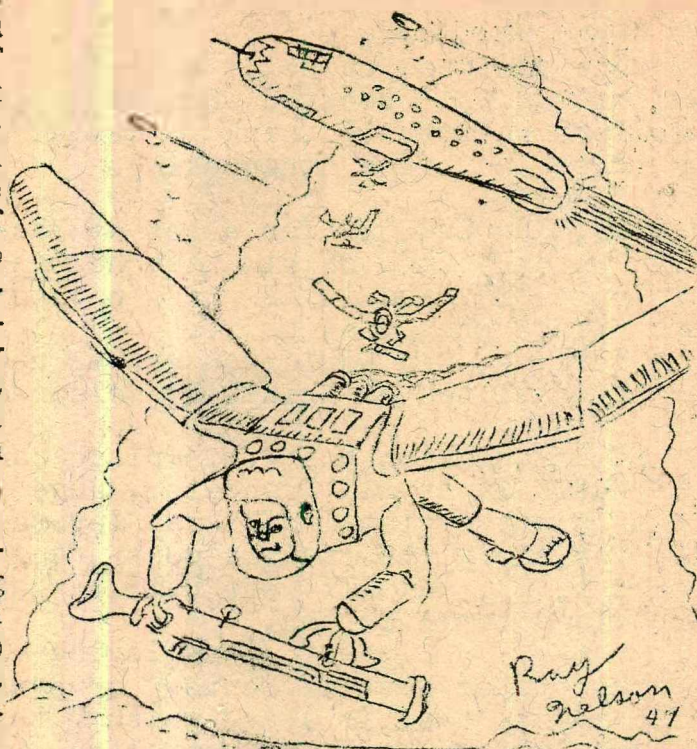
QUESTIONNAIRE: "What do you think of faery's in fandom?"

As for Nelson's other material: 1st of all, the Norwescon article. You butchered so much material out of it concerning dianetics and Frank Dietz that I couldn't tell where Nelson was wrong, and where Nelson was censored. Quote: "she of course ran for cover --- in the arms of Steve Metcheete (A san Fran. who knows the score.)":unquote. All-right, all very nice, in fact Splended, with the Victorian gallantry innate in Nelson so that he doesn't mention the lady's name, but Ghod dammit, when I am mentioned in a fan article I want my Name spelt right!

Next the room episode, containing George Young slandering Degler, which Ray walked in on. And George's switching from Degler to Kepner, also in the room. In that room were the following people: George Young, Ed Kuss, Perdita Lily, Agnes Harook, Jim Kepner, Mel Brown, Dick Raphael, myself --- from San Francisco, Frank Kerkof, whose room it was, Lee Jacobs, Nancy Moore, Claude Degler, Ray Nelson, and some other jerk who brought the clod in. Oh yes, the Jerk was Frank Dietz.

Now Young was drinking a beer, in fact so were we all, Nelson and a lady were lying across a bed, deeply engrossed in mutual admiration; myself and a lady were sitting down and talking; the Frisco fans were along the wall, talking to Kuss, Jacobs was saying things to me along with my other conversation. Dietz came in, with Degler, and made for (censored) (Glad to help you out Duggie). George and I cut him out. We sang; the house detective came in behind some Portland fans, and we all dispersed. Young and I were trading old Detroit events; talking was general; there was some uncomplimentary remarks passed when Dietz-Degler entered. But Young didn't open his mouth about Degler or Kepner for that matter, all through the time in the room. And the only reason we weren't drinking anything stronger than a beer was because I couldn't find a fifth any where that late at night.

Third: "Art and Culture" A little history helps out here. After the return to Frisco, the Futurians faced a round of dissensions, ultimately breaking up the club, and leaving the rest of us banded together at the tower. From this group we formed, a Writer's group, consisting of Kepner, Donald Baker Moore (of the little men), Ted Cooper, myself, Sandy Fraser, and Bill Knapheide. We produced as professional material as we could, then took it apart in discussions. The group was formed with the intention of writing salable fiction (and stf and Fantasy naturally was the expressed medium). Into this group, with a high regard for Wolfe, Himingway, altho I disagreed there, but that was before FIREMAN), Heinlein, Steinback, Gresham, and the usual group of good writers came Ray Nelson. He liked Woodford. And Sex.



We hated Woodford.

We were addicted to sex.

Nelson was well roasted when he hauled out manuscripts reading like old Woodford rejects. I think we caused him to get a 'hurt look', and I could say he had a "thin skin".

But I won't.

Anyway, Ray Came in for a lot of Yacs, sarcasm, and whatnot. And now, when we only know of him that he was in Chicago, I run across this article in ODD, and it is quite recognizable as a satire a la Nelson on the Frisco group. So be it.

But tell me, who would you rather have in your library; Woodford or Wolfe? Hamilton or Heinlein? Nelson or Nothing?

I think ODD has a big enough circulation that this place can be used to spread the News of the WESTERCON IV at San Francisco, June 30-July 1 of this year. The West-con's are regional affairs, devoted to bringing together annually, the fan along the Pacific coast, and the Western and Mountain States. No.'s I, II, and III were held in La, the last one under the Outlander who did a terrific job.

Fans living along the coast, or in the coast or in the states west of Denver, or even beyond the Mississippi (The Pacific Side, that is) are welcome to get in contact with us, at the TOWER. Sincerely, Steve Hetchette, Limbo Tower, 639 Oak Street, San Francisco 17, California

Dear Dick: ((Richard Elsberry))

As for Friedman: About a year ago he was using the mimeograph of the QSFL to run off his -- ahem -- fanzines, and when the ink clogged he commenced banging on the cylinder. This resulted in the extremely quick destruction of the cylinder. Then one Ken Beale, who was not otherwise connected with the Friedman case, was delegated to take the broken cylinder to a repair shop. Unfortunately, Beale forgot to take the cylinder with him when he got off the subway, that was the last we ever saw of the cylinder.

Then, at the Oct. 1st. 1950 meeting, about 8 months after the damage had been done, Friedman rejoined the QSFL (he had previously been ejected for non-attendance) and, in the presence of Jerry Dixby of Planet, Walt Miller of Astounding (plus myself and other New York Fans) Beale and Friedman promised to pay \$12.50 each to repair the Mimeograph. This is the last we've heard from Friedman.

In the intervening months, the Sykoras got in touch with the Friedman family to ask, in effect, where the hell Ron's dough for the repair job was. Mrs. Friedman spoke to Mrs. Sykora first, and the former used --- ahem --- rather unseemly language, best not repeated here. Finally, Will spoke to Ron's Father, at which time (December) Mr. Friedman declared that if Ron owed anything it would be paid. Furthermore, he declared that he knew a repairman who would fix the machine for virtually nothing.

Since that time nothing has been done. Friedman is in a state of suspended animation, the mimeo machine is a wreck, and the club is out \$ 25.00. We're in a state of flux right now because of Will Sykora's surprise resignation from the directorship yesterday (Mar.4) However we've been trying to get him to reconsider. WE've now got an insurgent element in New York, which split away from QSFL. after an argument with Sykora, and formed an informal group. Friedman is, right now a member of neither.

That's the story on the QSFL group and Friedman. He has been again ejected for non-attendance, and it's doubtful ,

if he'll come again.

Incidentally, in Friedman's article defending himself, he mentions a group of dealers whom he persuaded to give UM discounts. The list includes Carl V. Swanson, John Koestner, and JOCK FERRIER. This FERRIER person is none other than Ron Friedman... as is Ron Lyons and Morris Verdi.

It's damned nice of Ron to secure discounts for his club members, but we cannot fully appreciate the amount of work he went through to secure a discount from himself... or Ferrier, who ever you prefer.

(((ED NOTE: Next paragraph deleted for reasons best known to the editors of this magazine and Bob Silverberg.))) Sincerely Bob Silverberg.....

Dear Richard (((Hmmm. I thot it was 'poor Richard')))

ODD. Good cover. Amusing artwork in interior. Am imperfect accord with your policy tword the 9th World Dianetics Convention. Will waste no time or money on this one. Dianetics is to me a (((Tsk! Tsk! such language))) bastard pseudo-science, sired by Frued out of Marry Baker Eddy, delivered prematurely by Norbert Wiener with Korzybski assisting, and officiating as mid-wife is L. Ron Hubbard, with his tongue in his cheek, a smirk on his pan, and his eye on the cash-register. I think it has no place in science fiction, even granting it 5% science, and 95% fiction.

You really get the letters on this zine. Wish Shaggy pulled 'em in like that. We sweat blood over it, send it out and it's gone to an outer orbit in space as far as any response!

Beef Department
When a guy sends in stuff in answer to a request couldn't you Pu-Lease print the thing as it's written (((That was all my fault Rory, Rich had nothing to do with it. I'm sorry it was loused up, but even loused up as it was, it got renoun. See next letter))) Poor old Rool' call c-ertianly suffered in the spelling, and the poetical feet being dropped outa one line and added to another till it doesn't even scan! I know I am no T.S. Eliot, but it hurts to see ones child mangled, be it ever so humble. Very discouraging for future contributions, too! (((You'll have to bear with us, or rather me, for a while! Last issue, Friedman's article came in at the last moment, and to get it in, I had to juggle, change that is, the contents around quite a bit. This issue, I decided not to crowd anything, and ODD, together with PPTcwFFF'l run well over 36 pages, probably 38. Yet Odd'l remain only 15¢. I try to treat my



SCRAPHEAP K....

contributors as fairly as I can. ODD has risen steadily in quality and quantity since the first of '49, and I intend to get even better. You can see the improvement in this issue over the last one very easily. The reason for the improvement is that up until last issue, I was too busy trying to get material to pay too much attention to the make-up. Now I'm a little ahead as far as material is concerned, and you can surely tell the improvement in the magazine. Next issue will be even better than this one is. For instance. This issue, I've improved my spelling, and to a slight extent my hyphenation of words. Next issue, I expect to have completely fixed up the right margins, as right margins should be fixed up. Still, I need a little help. I've got a fair amount of fiction, at least enough for 2 more issues, or almost two issues, but I am deficient in artwork. I need filler artwork, cartoons, etc! I've used up my backlog on artwork completely. So HAAAAALP! Perhaps, there'll be some hearty soul who'd like to become our staff artist? Enough of this, and back to the letters. Oh yes, Do you readers like this longer letter section? If you do, write in and say so.

Dear Duggie:

Sent you a letter this morning and was just passing ODD on to Bob Shaw (You never heard of him?)(No.)) (you will!) when he pointed out ROLL CALL by Rory Faulkner. This I had not seen for myself, because I always run from fanzine poetry, but Roll Call is an exception. It is good, very good, in fact it is SUPERB. Please tell Faulkner it is the best fan poetry I've ever seen & that goes for Bob Shaw & James White. Keep this lad. Get him to write more, and tell readers he's different. (((errrr! She's different)))

Ok to reprint I guess? With acknowledgements, Natch.. (((Sure, its Ok with Me.)))

Dear Duggie:

Thanks for the latest Odd. it got a bit tattered in the post, but that was unfortunate. All of the other issues have gotten thru very well.

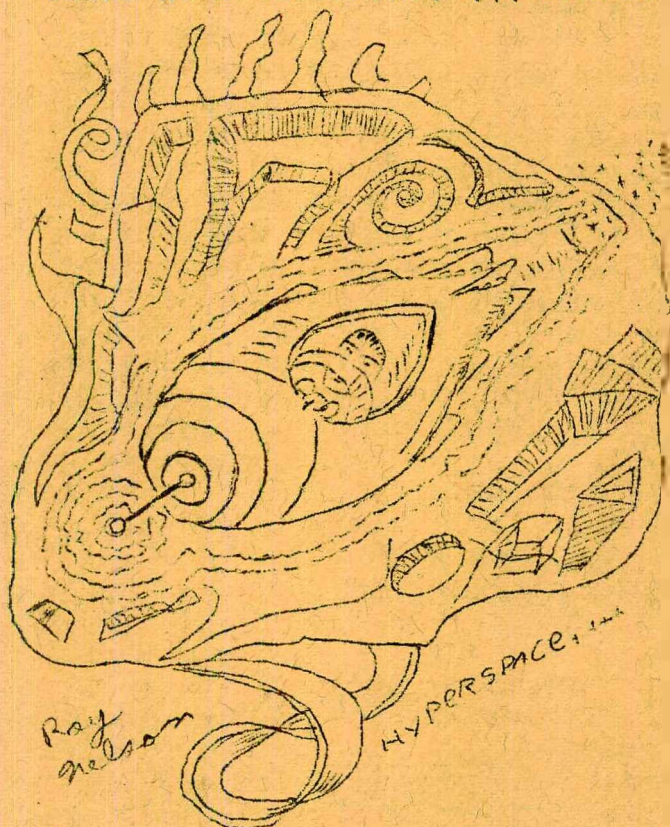
I like your Purple Passion Tales. Why can't you do it more often? 'Nuttin' Sirius', as I prefer to spell it was up to its usual good standard. I enjoy reading it, altho I know some of the news, much of it is news to me.

I agree that Dianetics shouldn't be mixed with SF. It has no relation. Now if they were trying to plug INTERDIANETICS SOCIETIES, I would agree, for they are actually, trying to promote the things that a lot of stf fans believe will really come to pass. Sincerely,

Norman Ashfield.
27 Woodland Rd.
Thornton Heath,
Surry, England.

(That all folks, dey ain't no mo.)

EXCEPT FOR THE NEXT PAGE ----



Mein Dear Bugeye:

I suppose it is Max Kealser I've to thank for giving (((HA))) you my adress. With deepest sarcasm I thank you max.

Almost instantaneously your rag made a bad impression upon me. Either by careful premeditation or unfortunate half assedness, the staples were put on the wrong side of the page. This might no bother most people, but I read the thing half-way through backwards before the fact penetrated into my dim little brain. When I read it from back to front it made a wee bit more since, but not much.

First I'll say the artwork was good, except when I read Nelson's cartoons. Then I vomited on the floor. Despite Nelson, Kealser and Chabot were good.

The editorial was similiar to most, it took a lot of space to say nothing. However, it didn't bother my sensitive stomach.

As for the imaginary interview, you could have left it blank and allowed me to use my imagination. What a poem! Ugh, and I don't mean good,

Nothing Sirius was very good with the exception, of a Newsstand Odyssey, and Stf and the movies. Time Was by Sandy Carnal very poor.

Fishfry was bad enuff, buta nelson cartoon at the end of a story will queer its chances anyhow. Temperance on Venus is the sort of verbal garbage I just don't give a good damn about. Let the author of the story decide on the climate for his planet. What's the difference if the weather's hot or cold wet or dry if the story's interesting?

As I thot about John Davis, he doesn't have all of his buttons, Imagine liking Nelson's cartoons!

Og Ghu! Two Nelson cartoons on facing pages are too much for my pampered ulcers. The mere sight of'em almost drained my staunch resolve to assimilate the remaining portion. Be this as it may, however, I cleaned up the floor, wiped my mouth and bravely forged onward.

Eub Johnson wrote the usual gizzard revolving fan letter, rating everything, and saying nothing. I feel your thoughts Mr Johnson, so you don't have to write and say likewise.

Paul Cox isn't very intelligent, liking Nelson's cheezy cartoons. If Nelson desires to brag of his conquests, let him/ Its easier to skip a page of typing than one with drawing on same anyway.

What a sicking idea Mousie Pope has. Swapping fanzines. If you're lucky enough to get rid of one, why replace it with another?

Senor Pavlet also non-compos-mentos. His great love for Nelson's stuff proves this. (By the way Buggie, Censored is spelled censored.)

Can this esiptle be from the great Joke Kennedy, the same JoKe who used to write the great letters in various mags. Why, I used to stand at the cornor newstand to read his letters, but not such ones appeared in Crapheap. (((E-r-r-r... its Scrapheap, you keep leaving off the s.))) He didn't even call you a piss-poor speller or't like, The good ol' days must be gone forever.

Well, this brings me down to Rotsler's drawings. That boy can really draw when he feels like it Too bad he didn't feel like it when he drew those. So Buggie I am ended. adieu.. Joe Fillingfinger Jr. (Not Fleeelingfeenger you slob)

TO BE OR NOT TO BEE?

BY "CHET" WHISSEN

Most of us are familiar with our little fuzzy friend, the bee. This little creature wears black and yellow striped "scanties" visible for at least a mile, and on a clear day, could easily be mistaken for Gypsy Rose Lee. For some strange reason, people who go on picnics love to sit on bees. This vexes the bee no end, and he retaliates by, planting a miniture atomic bomb in the sitters podex (A fancy name for posterior)

To examine a bee, you grasp him firmly between the thumb and forefinger, and raising him to eye level, you observe that he has the same equipment as any other bug, with the addition of a special pump for extracting apricot juice nectar (A very potent beverage) We won't even bother to describe the lance or "stinger", for if you are following instructions, you are now busy trying to extract the hellish little thing, from your thumb. Some bees (called drones) are shiftless and unworthy -- just like politicians, while others are entirely uncalled for.

Everything a bee sees out of his left eye is right-handed, and everything he sees out of his right eye is left-handed. This causes him to fly in a B-line, as the saying goes. Some humans get exactly the same effect from several snorts of "Corn-squeezing", still, I seriously doubt if they could fly in a straight line.

This brings us to the Bumble Bee. according to all the Laws of Physics and Aerodynamics, the wing area of the bumble bee is too small to support the weight and mass of the rest of his carcass. The ignorant little lout doesn't know this tho, having never studied aerodynamics, so he just keeps right on flying anyhow. Then there is the queen Bee. She can be found in Joe's Tavern almost any time around ten.... opps! Pardon me, that's the Bar Fly, an entirely different specie. About now, the queen bee decides she ought to get married, so off she scuttles into the wide-blue-ypunder, followed by a host of leering, free love advocates. Nobody knows what happens to the poor jerk she selects, but when he comes staggering back to the hive a few days later, his sleek patent-leather hair all mussed, and dark circles under his eye he is a sorry looking mess. When the Queen returns to the hive, she starts to lay eggs Boy! does she ever lay eggs. I don't know what she does with all those eggs, but I do know if a hen laid eggs like a queen bee does, we would all be smothered under an omelet eight feet thick in no time at all. Of course, the main object of having bee's around is to get honey. Bees fill up their hive with honey. They also fill up old dead trees, old hunting boots, or practically anything that will hold honey. This they guard very jealously and in order to take honey away from them it is necessary to intoxicate or anastheticize them with smoke. I've tried practically every kind of smoke there is (including the three leading brands) and instead of intoxicating the bees, I antagonized them. After I recovered, I was so full of bumbs I looked like a king-sized raspberry. (Not related to the RAZZBERRY). However, any professional apiarist(ain't that a two-bit word), or even old zeke Ticklefinger, the farmer down the road there will (for a nominal sum) show you how to seperate the honey from the bees, or vice versa.

(((That's all dey is, dey ain't no mo')))

BY
JEROME
BARTLETT

DEATH PREFERRED



He had considered the matter long and hard before he had leaped -- it had not been an easy decision. He had thought of other ways but none would work. This solution was the only one. There was nothing left for him but suicide. How could he live in a world so piliged, so controlled, so upset by it's conquerors? "The End of a long trail" he thought to himself, and smiled, similed until the pavement wiped the last vestiges of form from his face.

The spectators -- for he had done some last-minute thinking on the ledge -- gasped as he hit. The more eager pushed forward avidly, like matinee idol worshippers crowding up to their hero, while others stood back, and a few of the more timid turned hurriedly to the curb and purged them selves.

Two of the onlookers turned and walked soberly away, for they were -- had been -- his friends; but they knew that his way was the only way out, and that he was happier now. They shook hands as they parted, neither speaking, and each walking thoughtfully to his home and his own rendezvous with death.

These three men started the suicide mania of 1955. Others, hearing of their solution, followed their paths, each in his own way, but all to the same end. They had not asked much from their conquerors -- a few minutes a day for their own work, a few minutes away from the others. It had not been granted, the Others saying that they, too, were interested in their work, and would not withdraw in exchange for 'favors' or promises. Only a little peace would have stopped the mania, but it was denied. Without freedom of thought, man must die. And So they passed.

The police, the FBI, psychiatrists, economists, and even the Russians were puzzled by the suicide phenomenon. There seemed to be no reason for this mass action. South America and Africa reported a similar, tho slight trend. Mexico, England, and Australia as well as the US. was swept by the craze. Only Russia seemed immune, and officially claimed that the people were finally rebelling against Capitalism. Unofficially, they were as puzzled as the rest.

While the police puzzled over the deaths and formed the theories as to the 'suicide-pacts,' the post-office had their problems also namely, the falling off of second class mail, especially from South Gate, Minneapolis, and an obscure town in the foot hills of Missouri. A minor postal official happened to mention this to an FBI agent one day, the facts were connected, and it was finally discovered that the deaths were solely among science-fiction fans.

The FBI examined the last statements that the dead had left, but could make no more sense out of them than before. Yet, messages as "What use is life when THEY control all thought" and "THEY have transcended our greatness" and "I shall publish no more of THEIR Material" left them wondering just who 'THEY' were. Fans could have told them, but there weren't many fans left. The suicides were finally laid to some kind of cult like the Roscrucions, even to Dianetics, but no real explanation was found.

The suicide wave did not last long, of course. Gradually, Fanzines were resumed, many coming out with the same names after a lapse of only a few months. The post office was saved from bankruptcy by the new fanzines. Even Unknown was revived, and within the year had the 2nd greatest circulation of any magazine in the world.

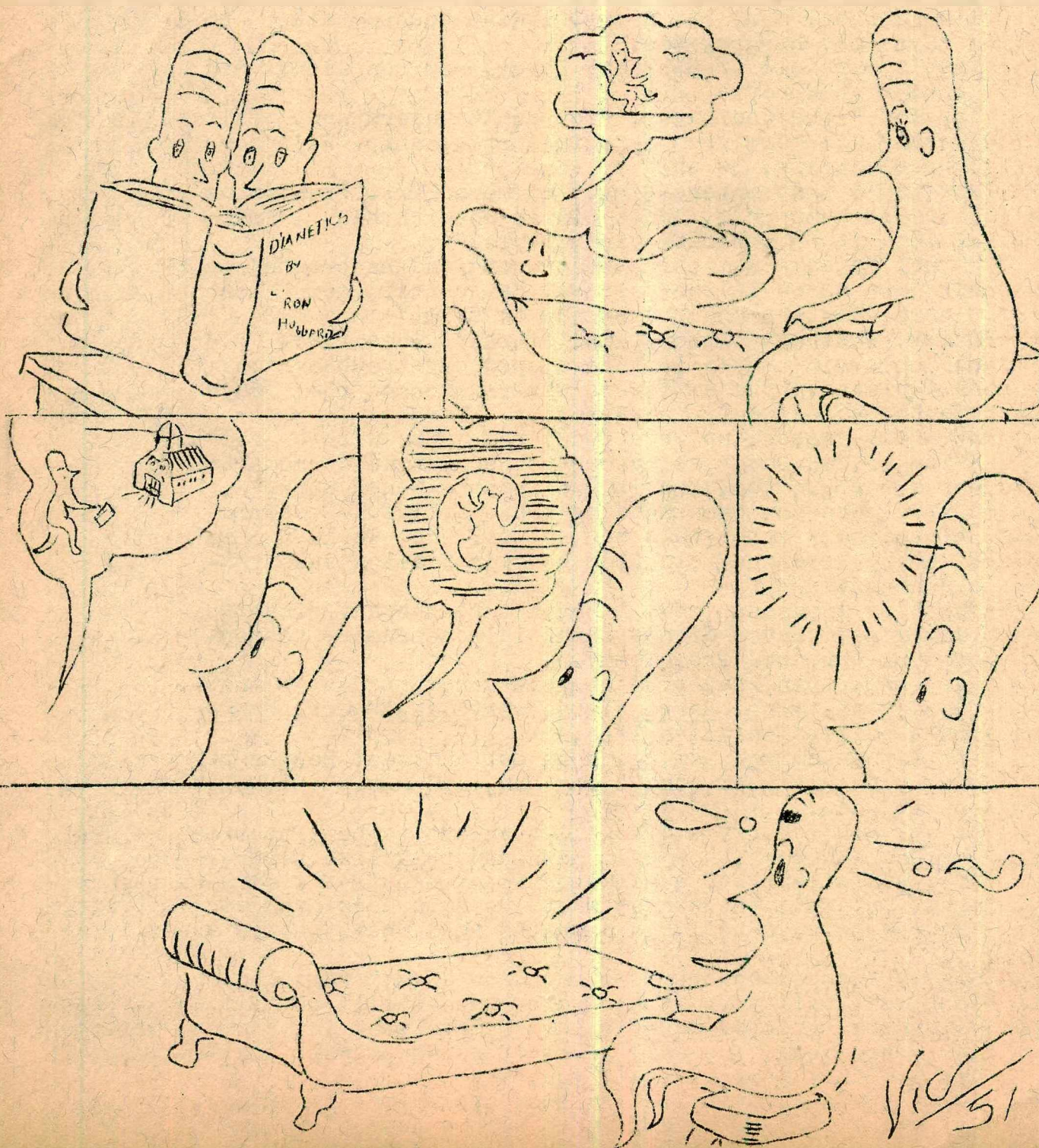
But then the craze hit again. It seemed more shock than craze this time, for it did mount in a slow tempo to a peak, but seemed to hit from all sides at once, spreading from a center in NEW YORK. Even Russia was hit by this time, for this was 1961. Science-fiction had been must reading for the Russians since 1956, and figures proved that the people in Russia were the most avid readers in the World, even unborn babies read science-fiction in Russia. EVERYONE read SF in Russia. And everyone in Russia was dead within five days, even Stalin. At first it was just the acti-fans who had taken up the craze, then the peasants followed suite, believing that mass suicide was for the cause and finally the rulers, having no one to rule, used the most novel way of suicide. In the Politboro, the three hundred and thirs atomic bomb was the first to work, Stalin himself releasing the spring mechanism after the electrical system failed to work.

In America, a final speech was made by the number one fan before plunging to death from the same ledge as had the leader of the first suicide wave.

"We," said the speaker "had been watching the phenomenon known as Critfanack for sometime. It seemed to us, at the time very stupid. That was in 1942. But a few of our group got interested in this particular phase of science-fiction during the war, tried it out, and reported that it was fun, was a release, and that they were well recieved by the first fans.

One by one, we became acti-fans, soon far outdoing in activity the originators. They warned us, they pleaded with us, but we ignored them. Then came the suicides. For a while we dropped our activity, but soon resumed, holding the field to our own. But the first fans had left a warning that we, too, would be displaced within that generation. Two weeks ago today, a new fanzine was sent out from Kansas City, and in that happening, we saw signs of the restoration of the old ones. Knowing we could not fight them, we decided to die now, rather than be humbled as we humbled the First Fans before us. Mankan was the name of the new fanzine, and Mankan far exceeds our best efforts in the field. It is the first fanzine in six years to be published by men."

Thus was actifandom returned to men by the last woman acti-fan.



DOUBT

BY

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Davey Prentiss, age six-and-a-half, banged his way into the kitchen. "Hey Mom, there's a man from Mars out in the back yard"!

Mrs. Prentiss barely looked up from the sinkfull of sudsy dishes. "Davey, how many times must I tell you not to slam the screen door?"

"I've forgot, Mom, but hurry! I want you to talk to him. He says he's hungry, too."

"That's what all tramps say, Davey, now run along and study, like a good boy."

"But Mom," pleaded Davey, "You don't understand. This fellow really did come from Mars in a space ship. He's come to see our scientists, he said."

"Now isn't that interesting," murmured Mrs. Prentiss, as she decided to humor him, "What did he do with his space ship --- land it in the back yard, maybe?"

"Oh, no! He says something went wrong and he crashed in the pond, down below in the pasture. He just did get out alive, 'cause Martins don't know how to swim."

"My, my, what won't they think of next! When I was a child they claimed they'd just developed car trouble 'down the road a piece'." She smiled as she remembered the days of her youth, some twenty years lost.

"He's all dressed up in a funny red suit, with a helmet on," continued Davey, oblivious to her intended remarks "He's got a ray gun too, but it got wet and won't work."

"Davey, have you been reading those dreadful comic-books, after your father told you not to? What would his friends think, after he told them he didn't allow such trash in his house?"

"Honest to goodness, mom, I haven't bought any since Pa burned all mine." Davey didn't think it necessary to mention those he borrowed from Tommy.

"Very well then, Davey. I believe you, but you must stop this day-dreaming. Martins! the very idea!" Mrs. Prentiss didn't believe in alien life.

"I'm not dreaming, mom, come on out and see! he's a big tall man with no hair on his head, and a ray gun, and a big belt with a lot of things on it and....."

"Davey, don't hurry so! You'll turn out to be a stutterer just like your Uncle Hubert. Now calm down and talk like you're supposed to."

Davey was silent for a moment, his eyes half filled with tears; "All right, but we'd better not wait. He said he's not going to stay much longer---he says he'll go down the road where people are friendlier."

"Mighty independent bums we have now days," remarked Mrs. Prentiss, "Just wait till your father gets home---he'll put him in his place." Then the gist of Davey's last remark sank in. "Davey, what do you mean, 'he said he isn't going to wait any longer' I didn't hear him say you."

Again Davey's face screwed up in concentration, and after a moment he said, "He says it's just plain tel---, tel--- tel something or other."

"Tel'pathy, supplied his mother, wring out the dish cloth.

"That's it, telpathy," incorrectly agreed Davey, "He says on mars everybody does it; can't you hear him, Mom?"

"Davey, get my coat out of the closet and we'll go out and talk to you tramp. If he's willing to work for a meal I'll let him weed the garden."

Davey got the coat and Mrs. Prentiss draped it about her shoulders. When they reached the back yard, there was nobody to be seen. Davey was very angry, but didn't say so. If his mother had hurried, they could have been the first family to welcome a genuine Man-from-mars.

Mrs. Prentiss wasn't surprised. Already she was thinking of the scorching letter she was going to write the local television station. Captian Video. Flash Gordon! What terrible stories for sweet young innocent children like her Davey.

Zorak, the Martian emissary, wasn't surprised either. Already, he had been turned away from three houses. People just wouldn't believe he was a Martin. Surely, someone must believe in Martins.

(The Next day a strange new inmate was brought into Bellvue. Having no vocal cords, he was unable to speak, but the patients in the juvenile ward insisted that the institution now harbored a genuine man from Mars.

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AN ITCH, is when your arms are full of bundles, your nose always....

I---I I---I I---I I---I I---I I---I I---I I---I I---I I---I I---

LOOK

DON'T MISS THE BIG, GIANTIC, ANNIVERSARY ISSUE OF ODD. IT WILL HAVE 48 OR MORE PAGES, PRINTED COVERS, THAT'S RIGHT, COVERS. TWO OF 'EM. IT WILL HAVE PERSONAL SNAPSHOTS THAT YOU CAN DETACH OF RICHARD ELSBERRY, ME, AND SHELBY VICK. THIS LAST FEATURE WILL, ONLY BE INCLUDED IN OUR SUBSCRIBORS MAGAZINES. WE WILL HAVE COLUMNS BY, MEZ BRADLEY, RICH ELSBERRY, BOBBY POPE, AND WE HOPE, WALTER WILLIS. BOOK REVIEWS BY NORMAN ASHFIELD, A LARGER THAN EVER LETTER SECTION. FOR ARTICLES, WE HAVE THINGS COMING UP FROM HARRY WARNER JR., ROGER DARD, CHET WHISEN, AND OTHERS, FOR POEMS, WE HAVE MATERIAL FROM CHARNOFF, LAHN, RORY FAULKNER, EARLE FRANKLIN BAKER, AND THEODORE R. COGSWELL. THEN IN THE FICTION FIELD WE HAVE, MATERIAL FROM SUCH NOTABLES AS KENNETH L. GREY MICHAEL STORM, CHARLES DE VET, AND WALT KLEIN. FOR ARTWORK WE HAVE * CHABOT, NELSON, ROTSLER, MAX, STONE, DEA, AND MANY OTHERS. THIS ISSUE WILL ONLY BE SENT OUT TO OUR REGULAR SUBSCRIBORS, THE CONTRIBUTORS WHOSE WORK APPEARS IN THE ISSUE, AND ANY OTHER CONTRIBUTOR OF OURS, ARTISTS EXCLUDED, WHO WRITE IN ASKING FOR IT. ALL OF OUR ARTISTS GET A LIFE TIME SUBSCRIPTION..... CAN YOU MISS AN OFFER LIKE THIS? YOU DARN WRITE YOU CAN IF YOU'RE NOT A SUBBER, SO GET ON THE WAGON NOW, SUBSCRIBE TO THE BIG ANNA ISH, OH YES, AFTER LAST MINUTE FIGURING, I COME TO ABOUT 54 PAGES, INSTEAD OF 48. SO HURRY, HURRY, HURRY, HURRY, HURRY, HUR.....

34
PURPLE PASSION TALES
combined with
PROTHY FANZINE FABLES

Cocaine, By the dopes (An editorial jerk!)

The last issue of PPTcwFFF proved to be such a success (9 outa 10 were burned by the US Postoffice) (The other's were smuggled across the border to 1st class Mexican Outhouses.) that we have consented to throw up another issue. In this issue, we inaugurate the new letter column, Regurgitations, by the PPTcwFFF is not sold on streetcars, U.S. Army Tanks, or Yak 15's. Might also add that we are looking for material, preferably an installment on a round robin serial.

IMAGINARY INTERVIEW WITH AN IMAGINARY EDITOR OF A PROZINE, BY RICH ELDER FAIRY. (Note: We are proud to have swipped this from ODD. ((AN ODD IS ASHAMED TO HAVE ACCEPTED THIS FROM THE MPLS BULLETIN. AND NOW:))

"Hi there Campbell!"

"Who goes there?"

"What a corny pun, you can do better than that John."

"If you're a fan, the visiting hours are from 2:00 to 2:15. If you want dianetic auditing I'll take you right now. Lie down on the couch."

"Whoa there Campbell, ol' boy. I don't want to be audited. I just came around to see how aSF was doing."

"Oh. Go Away."

"Now what sort of hospitality is that? Just tell me who your next four serials are by."

"I didn't catch your name."

"Elsberry, Campbell."

"Hmmm. You have the same last name as I do. A relative, Maybe?"

"No, no, Campbell. The name is Rich Elsberry."

"Well, Mr. Elderberry, I'll let you ask your silly questions if you'll hurry 'em up."

"The name is Elsberry. Do you think you'll ever revive UNKNOWN?"

"Definitely no, Mr. Eisenburg."

"The Name is Elsberry, John. Mind is I look through your files?"

"Why?"

"I want to hunt for some stories by Menny Grey."

"The name is familiar. Is he a 'clear'?"

"No. Hmmm. I see you have five articles or dianetics by Hubbard."

"Yess, I believe in being prepared."

"I don't see any stories here by G.O. Smith."

"&%\$#\$#@!?!* DonT ever mention that hacks name around here."

"I hear that you're looking for some new articles, and I have a story here...."

"Good. Wait'll I get my checkbook. Oh hell, I left it over at the Foundation. Bring the story back tomorrow, Mr. Helsberry, and I'll buy it."

"Don't you want to read it first."

"Why? It'll probably get first place in the lab. I make up the Lab. reports, ya know."

"Oh. Well, thanks for the interview, Mr. Gamble."

"The Name is Campbell, Mr Berry."

"N.C."

"Ahh, say Mr. Elsberg, what magazine is this going to be published in?"

"Odd."

"What is?"

"That's the name of the magazine."
"Doesn't Ray Palmer edit that one?"
"NO, this is a fanzone."
"Do you mean one of those mimeographed rags that homo's put out?"
"I'll ignore that one, John."
"Why not stop in on the Foundation on your way home and get your engrams lifted, Mr. Ellsbug?"
"Are you a clear, Campbell?"
"Naturally"
"I think I'll remain opaque."

THE END

COCAINE:

WE recieved two letters on the last issue, one of which was anonymous. Miss Sex C. Babe of Wide Expanses, Texas, has this to say about PPTcwFFF: "This PPTcwFFF is just what the growing young girl fan needs. This fanzine, together with the new prozine, Fantasy Nudes, should revolutionize the science-fiction field. Keep up the good work and more sex".

The other letter had this to say. "Recieved PPTcwFFF.th otherday. The mag is great. There should be one in every out house in Americia. (((We got news fer ya boy, FPT is in every outhouse in Americia)))

Send in your comments readers, and we'll print as few of them as possible.

FILLER:

Did you know that Richard Elsberry has sold 1,560,166 word novel to Galaxy Science Fiction? Well, he hasn't.

UNPAID POLITICAL AD.

Do You have termites in your wodden leg? Do you feel tired out after two hours sleep? Does your cigarette taste different lately? When you finish taking a bath, do you leave a ring around the tub? If so, what you need is fast acting Dianetics. No harsh irating laxatives when you try Dianetics. Dianetics will cure you of anything and everything, and if you have nothing to cure, dianetics will make you sick so you can see it's remarkable healing powers. For more information, write: Auditor, %aSF, New York City. (Booklet will be sent in a plain sealed envelope. No C.O.D. please)

NOTHING SACRED by WALTER WINDSHIELD, P.U., Sob, etc!

GOOD evening people, and you to Fillinger. Flash! We have just seen advance proofs of vV's new Novel, "The World of Rice Crispes", which will appear in three installments (Snap, Crackle & POP) in the new Magazine, Fantasy Nudes. We thank this is dem good story, but Fantasy Nudes, how about less stories about Damns, and more about SF.

Flash! When I talked to the editor of Fantasy Nudes, I. Seymour Butts, he stoutly denied that Fantasy Nudes would be printed on Flesh colored paper.

Flash! There is a new mag out called Suspants. It features both STF, and SF to say nothing ov science fiction.

Flash! Odd is the nations top fanzine. You're a fool if you don't read it, and a jackass if you do.

"THE ULTIMATE BATTLE

or

Saafed, high preist of Yottle-Belnak, paused his meditations to gaze upon the buzzing throng surrounding the alter. He recognized a few of the commoners, but most of their faces were unfamiliar as he lit the fire around the alter, he sifted a little of the white dust from his sleeve. Then he stepped back.

"\$%&)*@:~@~\$#"he cried, pausing for breath, "To #1%\$a'*\$~2 with you #4\$~\$~\$ O& \$%~?" (Which in english means "Hear me oh you people".) (From now on I'll write it in english, it being so much easier this way.) "I've come to ask you something." (Low murmurs of "Gee", "Gee whiz," and "Whiz gee" from the audience) "Is it true what I have heard?" (Low murmurs of what is it you have heard, and (((Opps! Please Mr. Davis))) from the crowd) "I have heard that you have reverted once again to the ancient custom of Xalxe! Is this true? (Low murmurs of Xalxe!, Xalxe?, XALXE, and Xalxe? from the crowd.)

One man stepped from the crowd. He parted his strong, thick muscular mouth and said in a firm, muscular voice, baring his hairy, muscular chest, " I'VE BEEN CHEWING XALXE! SO WHAT? MY NAME IS DUGGIS FISHEROL, AND I AIN'T AFRAID O' MAN, BEAST, CRAWLING INSECTS, OR MAX KEASLER! WHAT'S IT TO YA! MY CAPABLE, MUSCULAR MUSCLES'LL TAKE ON ALL OF YUH! SO THERE, AND A BRASS DOORNOB TO YOU TOO!"

Saapudef raised his electronic- protonic- dis ray- blaster and with a sad smile on his face, and electronic-protonic-dis ray blasted a ray of electronic-protonic dis ray gun blastings at Duggis. But Fisherol was to fast for him, and with a malignat smile, he faded out of sight behind a rock, his gigantic, muscular, face twisted in a horrible grimace.

"Men, insects, and You too, Keasler!"He shouted, "Beware of Saapu- def! He would do you harm! BROMO-SELTZER, he screamed his battle cry and darted out of sight on his muscular legs.

Duggie Fisherol swung easily along by his long, thick, muscular arms thru the forest to the east of Abasidenth-Yottle-Belnak in long strokes of his hairy, muscular arms. He knew he must get to Hibudog-yuckslobber-yurkyobubbledyslobber-Yottle-Urpslob-McCoy in time to warn the XALXE chewers of the coming battle with Saapufed.

Meanwhile, Sivas Nhoj, the only living mortal who was better than the Blue Bem. (apologies to Joe Kennedy) (Rember when buying comics to always look for the Blue Bem seal, sign of quality), the only living mortal to cross the Erawaled in the dead of night to surprise the Hessessians in the famous battle of Forjee Balli Hi., The only living mortal who had faced Franklin Dietz, and lived to tell the tale, in fact, he was the only one left alive of 'Them that looked'.and now, back to Sivad Nhoj, who was idly paring his toenails with a sabre tooth acti-fan, and humming a song that went like this: "Elum Niart! Elur Niart! Yteppilc-gnippolc hguoht ehtdniw & niar! smees sa woh ll'yeht reven pots, Yteppilc polc, Yteppilc gnippolc g-g-g-nol..." (Sung to the Tune of Mule Train..)

Champion of all living creatures, noble ones, brave ones, and Max Keasler, he was unselfish, bighearted, modest, good, and a firm believer in reeB! He was always willing to help the weak, the righteous, the females, espically the good looking ones....

Saapudef leered at the crowd. "Sooo! YOUR CHAMPION HAS RUN AWAY! I call upon Yottle-Belnak to settle this dispute among us! Oh great Yottle*belnak, belch thee forth white smoke if the commoners should die, and black smoke if they should live. The altar smouldered for a moment, then let out a big burp of purple smoke with pink polka-dots.

"Ayeeeeee!" screamed Saapudef, that means YOU die!"

The crowd shouted their enjoyment and rushed forward, picking up the idol, placing it on their shoulders, ran to a river, and heaved themselves in for a much needed bath, leaving the idol on the river bank to rot, or to let the termites eat it, because it wasn't made out of teakwood, but out of sandle wood, which as every body knows comes from shoe trees, but teakwood is a combination of Ironwood, tealeaves, k-k-k katydids, ivory soap, B.O. and Livebouy toothpaste, which means is different than bamboo, which is made up of the 4th of July and Halloween, the Bam part being the forth, and the boo the Halloween, which means it is different from sandlewood.

The idol had been made by L. Ron Hurbbard, a very rich man, he had a house with 1,963 rooms in it, but no bathtubs, and he was filthy rich.

The idol was so dirty, after going(if you'll pardon the expression) sex-tillion years without a bath or even a shower. Now it was going to get a shower because it was going to have a baby. This idol was originally from Egypt, but it wouldn't care to say who its sphinx was its father, when asked by members of the S.F.T.P.O.M.D.W.C.A.M.K. or (Society for the prevention of Mud Dobbers, Worms, creepy things and Max Keasler) (((THIS BOY Evidently knows how to get his work accepted by me)))

Saapudef leered, seeing the people jump in the river, because he had loaded the river with all sorts of fish, insects, snakes, and Max Keaslers to kill people. But the things in the river had eaten people until they were so full that they couldn't stuff another poor li'l person down their gut if you paid them too --- Crime do not pay.

Duggis Fisherol swam through the icy seas of the Arctic Region, his mighty, muscular, legs, pumping him swiftly through the water. He knew he must get to Hibudogyuckslobber-yurkyobubbledyslobber-Yottle-Urpslob-McCoy in time to warn the XALXE sneezers of the coming invasion.

Saapudef, after seeing the people not get ate, said nastily, " I don't know what I saw about them anyway in the first place! Oh well, it was the Blue' Bem's idea in the first place (Apologies to Joe Kennedy)

And so, with his electronic-protonic dis ray gun blaster, he electronic-protonic-dis-ray-gun-blasted, heeem self through the head, after electronic-protonic dis ray gun blasting the Blue Bem, because if he electronic-protonic dis ray gun blasted him self first, he couldn't electronic-protonic dis ray blast Blue Bem, after electronic-protonic dis ray gun blasting himself.

Duggi s Fisherol crawled easily through the burning sands of the Yurpslurpburperpaandaregurgatate Desert, his hairy, muscular hands pulling him over, over the sands.

He realized that he wouldn't make it, so he rolled over on his back with a case of beer that he always carried for just such emergencies, and A Blue Bem the Great Comic Book. (Rember, when buying comic books, always look for the Blue Bem the Great, DC Seal) and settled himself comfortably.

But... Sivad Nhoj, the noble, the brave, and courageous had not given up. NO! At this very minute, he was healping a poor oppressed drunk steal a Fifth of Old Granddad from a big dominerring, barkeep, ---well, not exactly helping him, He was the drunk.

In the words of the immortal bard, all good things must come to an end. I guess that's true about bad things too, beacause this is coming to and end right now. Yes, it is

THE END (((Of What)))



FROM:
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TO:



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