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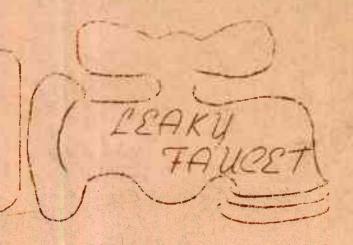
Editor: Duggie Fisher: Co-Editor: Richard Elsberry Artists: Neil Graham, Ray Nelson, DEA, JAQ, REES, SOSIN, Perdita Nelson, Grossman, etc!

you are reading the MAY JUNE issue of ODD MAGAZINE, an amateur publication for science fiction fans. It is published bimonthly by DUGGIE FISHER JUNIOR, at 1302 Lester Street, Poplar Bluff, Missouri; and sells for 15¢ a copy, 2 for 25¢, and 4 for 50¢. If you should be interested in larger subscriptions, you'l get 8 for a dollar, BUT 12 for \$1.25. Advertising is sold for \$1.25 a page, \$75 for one half a page, and \$.50 for one fourth and smaller size ads. If ads are already on stencil, subtract \$.25 for each stencil. Payment for all material except artwork, will consist of a 6 month, or 3 issue subscription; for artwork all contributions excepted entitle the artist to a free liftime subscription. The opinions expressed herein are those of the authors, and not of the staff.

THIS ISSUE IS DEDICATED TO TWO FRIENDS, NO LONGER WITH US IN POPLAR BLUFF:

MITZI WATT and WILMA HANN

(0)----(0)



Greatings Gates! I see Rog finally reviewed me. Hip-hiphooray. The next issue of Odd will be our anniversary ish with it, Odd will have compleated two years of fanzine pub lishing. During that time, we have cleared just barely enough to pay for the staples used, with maybe a 1¢ stamp or two thrown in to boot. But I'm not complaining.

few of the things coming up in Odd in the next few issues will be more, and better artwork, more articles, and more orous zine material. I've decided that The main points any material is quality. ODD will accept no stories from pros just for a name (much anyway) but so far all of material is top-notch. BUT! GHU DAMN IT! THIS IS NOT the A WEIRDY FANZINE: I will however accept "Unknown "rejects, or what I really want and need is more humorous material. Ι have gotten my fill of atom-doom, end-of-the-world, and at woefull tales. Hells' bells fellows, I'm an optimist heart. how about a few plesent stories for a change, or if you must bump the hero off, do it in an UNKNOWN

A few of you will recieve manuscripts that I've accepted for my backlog. This doesn't mean that story was no good, it merely means ODD is changing its policy and can no longer use your type of story. fact that we accepted your story in the first place in dicates I liked it so why not send in another one bas-

ed on our present policy. Huh?

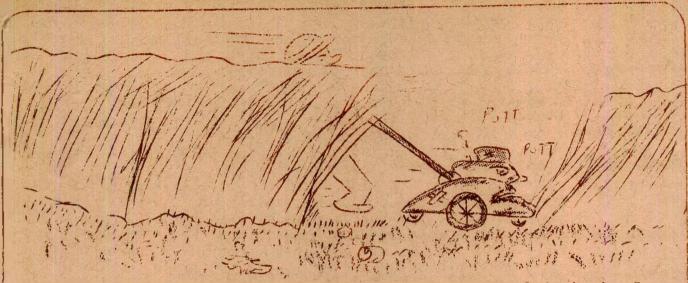
A sad and deplorable, but real fact nevertheless is that you're sending in less, and less letters. THIS HAS GOT TO STOP. I do not publish ODD for anyother reason, but to recieve letters , and correspond with a few friends. All joking aside, the money I recieve for subscriptions just about pay for the stamps and staples I use. don't give a damn about it as long as I keep getting letters, but I'm getting engrame from stareing at an empty mailbox. It's

getting

so bad I'm reading prozines again. One bright note happened the other day tho, the NELSONS

came to dinner.





.... I was happly mowing away at the forest prim evil in back of our tourist court (I kill the next S.O.B. that throws another beer can back here) when out of the wilderness steped a thin slinking thing.

Ahhh, slurp! Duggie do you know who I am. (a nother tourist I groaned to myself, wanting road infromation) I mumbled a reply, and then my eyes lit up.

"Could it be"? I wondered?"I- Is it R-Ray N-N-Nelson?" I asked?

"Yes," comes a reply, "yes it

"Wow, gosh, boy oh boy," I shout.
Are you that glad to see me nelson asks,
oh no , this means I get out of mowing"
I told him. we went.

I met Perdita, his wife, and off, we went to my den.

Since Ray has been travling quite a bit he was a little behind on fanish happings so I dragged out a pile of fanzines to inlight the boy.

Then I rushed down stairs to call Max, and the conversation went like this.

"Hey Max, (puff! puff!) Can you come over right away?" Thinking I wanted him to do some of the 200 odd drawings he had promised me at one time or another, but never getting around to doing he answered "No, I can't possibly be over to day I have to work." "But-but Ray Belson, err' Nelson's over here."

"Who do you think you're kidding"he answered with a sneer "But he's really over there max, Honest."

"Ok but this better not be a joke. In the back ground I suddenly heard a crash and a whizzing, and the sound of car gears being ground, and before I hung up the ear phone max was stampeeding thru the house.

With a load burst of fanfare

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After dinner we were riding around and somehow the suggestion came up that we go over to dexter, a little town of about 2,000 to see a show I have only been over to Dexter once before. (We were riding around, we consisting of Me, Max, and Dean Clark, another fan in town, and we just happened to suggest going over to Dexter. When we got there, we found Destination Moon showing.) Now we went over again. after search ing for thirty minutes we found a show, "Bah!! a Western we growl!But what about the other show Max asks maybe somethings showing over there?" Looking at the markee, we see listed in real small point the THING is showing at the Gem: "WHA-a-a-t, the THING? Swi-s-s-ssH : Parking the car in a "no parking, reserved for doctors" space, the only one avabile, we scoot up to the ticket window (The street is about 8 feet lower than the sidewalks) and find no ticket teller, we move in and look about, no body at the pop corn machine either. We look still furthur, No ushur, and so-o-o we slip in side and enjoy the picture.. The dialog went like this....." Doctor (CRUNCH of popcorn) I am sure (Waaaaaaaaaaa! from bawling brats) the Thing must (Sniffffff ! that from snotty nosed brats behind us) Or it will (Duuuuuu! lookata babe, Duuuuu!) ...and (Crask, crunch, slam, wham, "Watch where inapl place ya put yer feet.") and then there was a light shining thru a dirty screen most of the time, half bloTTing out the picture dis pite peering through a haze of cigarette smoke, it was a good show.

and sporties to solo?

We want to solo ?

We want to solo ?

And want to solo ?

Polymonth of the solo ?

Polymonth of th

After two hours, and 365 bugs later we gave up and bugged out, I tell you my friends, the Bugs are taking over.

This kept up with minor exceptions, for about 5 days, a couple of days passed, when who should show up but'cuddles' Jacobs and his palls from Jamestown. With him were a few of the following Dick Dixson, Andy Devine, and Buzz? Long. They all came down from Jamestown (350 miles) ate two barbecues apeice, visited with us a while, and left to drive 350 miles back up to Jamestown in time to finish their Final exams at 8:00 the next morning, and they left here at Midnight: What characters, What Characters. The Nelsons left three days later, and I still haven't gotten my den cleaned up.

This is Elsberry:

The next issue of ODD, as you may know, will be our anniversary issue. It's our twelth issue, and we think that we've made steady progress from issue to issue. We want to hit out peak with the next issue, and we hope there will not be to much of a decline after that. The anniversary issue will be out in August. It'll be a giant a ffair, here's hoping it doesn't get away from us.

We've been saving a lot of good material just for this issue: Harry Warner Jr., Roger Dard Kenneth Slater, Kenny Gray, Ted Cogswell, Walter Willis, etc: We also have hopes of something by Martin Greenburg (of Gnome Press), E. E. Evans, and Redd Boggs. Covers? Well, I've extracted half a promise of John Grossman doing us a cover. We also have a better than even chan ce of having a cover by Jon Arfstrom. What more do you want? Fandom's two top artists, both with printed covers. Only difficulty will be in trying to figure out which one should be on the front of the magazine

You've been seeing artwork by DEA, Margaret Domminick, the last couple of issues. I figured you'd probably like to know a little about her. She came to this country from Transylvania about 12 years a go. She still remembers some of the original tales she heard about ancient castles near her home town. The people are very superstious in this area and it was not strange for her to see bats nailed over a doorway while still alive. Margaret is married, and admits she still has a tough time with our language. However, this doesn't affect ther drawing talent and she's illustrated for such zines as Aleph Null, Odd Fanvarity, Centurian, STF Trader, and others. You'll be seeing more of her work in Odd, in the future.

I know there are a lot of you who'd be willing to write articles for ODD but you just don't have any idea's. Well, don't let that get you down. That's what editors are for --- to give ideas to the authors. I haven't seen an article on fantastic music in a long time. Odd could use one. I'd especially like to see an evaluation of Stravinsky's "Le Sacre du Printemps" (The Rite of Spring.) And if you're going to do an article on fantasy music don't for get Holst's "The Planet Suite"

Why not tell about your local fan group You'd be surprised how interesting this can be. It may not seem so to you, but you'll probably rember how well you liked reading about other fen. All you have to do is tell about their likes, quirks, queers, ideas, foolery, etc:

Need any more idea's, drop me a line.

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IMPORTANT!

Duggie Fisher Jr.&

Richard Elsberry

OPHENG SEREUSOO

"SKYLARK" SMITH MAKING A COMEBACK?

Wallis: "Does anyone else suspect that James H. Schmitz, of the Vega stories in ASF, is really Old Doc Smith making a comeback?..." That is a very important statement. It bares some looking into. Smith's last story was "Children of the Lens" in '47-'48. It was the last of the lensmen saga and it was rumored at the time that Doc was working on a new series, which would not be for ASF. So far that series has not appeared, unless Schmitz isSmith. J. Schmitz first appeared in the July 1949, ASF. This is plenty of time for Smith to have written the story. Schmitz could very well be Smith, except for two things. Those two things are "The Witches of Karres" and "The Second Night of Summer". These novelettes just don't jive in with the rest of the Vega stories. They don't tead like Smith. If Smith is Schmitz, he certainly has changed his style, and he's to be congratulated for it. Somehow, though, I just cannot connect the two — but it very well could be. Willis is using his brain.

MERWIN REJECTS STARTLING:

Sam Merwin has resigned his post as editor of T./S. SS, FSM, and USA. The resignation will become effective on June15, 1951. Hervin plans to do free lance writing. Just they Merwin has resigned is a mystery. The mass had deing well under his editorship, and he had finally gained recognition on the contents page. Merwin took over the mags in 19th from Oscar J. Friend. For a time he carried on in the Sargent saturn style but this went over the dam in 19t7. The mag's increased size several times (and price) in 19th-19t9 and the latter part of 'the and early 'the was their best period. Merwin used to sell several stories yearly to his mags under the names of Natt Lee and his own. Who will be the new editor of the mags is not known. It may be be a Pargulies for a time and possibly damon knight. Lee has edited the mag before and lonight edited three issues of MB. I certainly hope that Merwin will make out as a writer, he must think so or he wouldn't have taken this step. Anyhow he was one of the better SF editors and gave us many enjoyable stories, and plenty of digs in the faz review column. We wish him all the luck in the world.

THE THING:

Get out your dry cells, kiddes, the THING is coming to town. It may not be as bad as that, but I doubt if you'll recognize the THING as being Don Stuart's "Who Goes There?" You'll have to street your imagination some if you want to find some connections. However I think you'll like the THING. I did. The suspense is excellent and the science is good. I caught only one error, but that—well, it was a minor one. And, as Boggs says, see the movie for Margaret Sheridan if nothing else.

FANZINES:

The Fanscient has finally sent out its last issue. For some time it was known that Don Day was entirely fed up with putting out the zine. According to him it had reached the stage were it was no longer any fun to put it out. But Day did manage to put out a final issue, and it is no hurriedly slopped out job—it is entirely worthy of the title Fanscient. The issue is number 13, and it will be a long time before someone else puts out a zine to rival the Fanscient for format and quality of material.

Now don't get me wrong. I like humor zines. Science Fiction can certain—ly stand a lot of ribbing and I occasionally like to join in. But you can go to far in trying to be funny. And in my estimation INCINERATIONS has done just that. Inclosed in the was a so-called Christmas card. That card is an insult to Christmas and everything it stands for! And I think its an insult to everyone who professes a belief in the Christman religion. The card is just not in good taste. It is definitely something I would not want to show to my friends. I don't even consider myself a very good Christman, but I realize that this sort of thing is bad. Davis may have liked it, and so may some of his atheistic subscribers, but I doubt if fandom in general would approve of it. If it was not for this one slippup I'd say that INCINERATIONS was a very good and a very funny magazine.

QUOTABLE QUOTES:

"I want something big, something clean."
"Why don't you go wash an elephant?"
--- Redd Boggs, Fanvariety #8

"MIOVIES ARE BETTER THAN EVER!" Dept.:

In the academy awards "Destination Moon" won the first award presented -the oscar for special effects. "DM" was also in the running for the best but "Samson and Delilah", the DeMille epic, won that honor. A pretty good showing for STF. # 20th Century Fox will probably use Michael Rennie in "The Day The Earth Stood Still." Previously Claude Raines had been selected for the part.. You probably don't recognize the title as "Farewell to the Master". It has --I've been told -- been slashed to peiges and the Bates story is not recognizable anymore. # George Pal, and his director Rudolph Nate, beloive that they really have some spine tingling effects in their forthecoming When Worlds Colide". The movie is based on the classic novel of the same name by Phillip --"Opus 21" -- Wylie and Edwin Balmer. The Earth has but nine months before two wandering planets come close enough to force the Earth out of its orbit. Scientists frantically build a spaceship in order to escape to the smaller of the two planets, Zyra. Photographed in technicolor and using Pal's knowledge of miniatures and special effects the movie is able to show the destruction of Earth's cities by earthquakes, fire, and tidal waves caused by the approching planets. This is only a buildup though for what is to come - the final scence, Earth's destruction by the planet Bellus! # Another technicolor classic you won't want to miss is Disney's "Alice in Wonderland". The famous Carroll classsic is to be released in August, or earlier. You'llhear Jerry Colona, Sterling Haydn, Ed Wynn, and others portraying the voices of The Mad Hatter, March Hare, and the other Carroll characters. You won't want to miss this pic if you have the slightest chance to see it.

(8)

NOTHING SIRIUS..... RICHARD ELSBERRY

WONDERINGS:

What ever happened to Walt Coslet's post-card zine, "STFcard"? I wonder what happened to Galaxy's "Flying Saucer" contest? The results should have been published long ago. And I also wonder how Campbell is coming on that anthology of ASF stories. Or has he forgotten so soon?

WRITING SCENE:

Arthur C. Clarke has sold a novel, "Flight", to Herpers. And also a novel previously unpublished will be printed in England this summer. # Incidently, Clarke is not Hal Clement as the N3F and other sources seem to be spreading the word. Hal Clement happens to be a gentlmen by the name of Harry Clement Stubbs, and is in no way related to A. C. Clarke. # H. L. Gold, has sold a short fantasy to Suspense. # Robert A. Heinlein is back in the swing of things with a novel, "The Puppet Masters", sold to Doubleday. The story will also be scrialized in Galaxy, starting in the Sopt. issue. # E. E. Evans recently completed a SF novel which is now making the rounds. # Bob Tucker, long time fan and detective story author has sold his first SF novel, "The City in the Sea". It will see book publication late this fall. # Jon Arfstrom, ODD cover illustrator has sold a cover to Weird Talos. # Eric Frank Russell recently completed a serial for ASF titled "It May Be Loaded".

QUOTABLE QUOTES:

"Central Engram Bank, for victims of Mr. Hubbard's insidious attempt at the removal of competition. We carry an enormous stock of ascorted engrams, gauranteed to restore impriration to the most hopelessly cleared author."

—— Walter Willis, Slant #5, Spring '51

FOR WHAT THEY RE CORTH DEPT .:

ASF has the second largest vocabulary of any publication in the U. S.; The New York Times has a vocabulary of 30,000 words, ASF has one of 20,000 words, & Newsweek is third with a vocabulary of 16,000 words. # van Vogt's "Away and Beyond" is to be published this Autumn says Arkham House. I can remember when it was scheduled for late 1949! # "Dimension X" was supposed to return to the air May 13 but they didn't. However it did come on June 2nd, with Paul Carturs "The Last Objective". "DX" is now connected with ASF and will probably print stories only from that mag. The time is Sunday afternoon at 4:00 in these part of the Great Northwest. # The April 23, '51, issue of Life has two pages on mythical monsters such as griffins, centaurs, etc. # Recently learned that George Orwell's "1984" was reveiwed in Russians Literary Gaz. tte. I can't figure out why they'd reveiw a book that no one in Russia will ever get to read!

GNOME PRESSES THE REST:

Martin Greenberg of Gnome Press has been plenty busy. Bringing Gnome Press up into the top three STF publishers was no easy trick. Now, Martin, is planning to put Gnome on top of the heap. At least, it should wind up there with the books it has coming up. To finish of this year Gnome has "Fear & Typewriter in the Sky" by Hubbard, "Seetce Shock" by Stewert, and "Renaissance" by Ray Jones. For '52 Gnome has the Baldy stories by Lew Padgett, "The Mixed Mon" by van Vogt, "Against the Fall of Night" by Clerke, "Foundation" by Asimov & possibly the City series by Clifford Simak. That's an impressive lineup. They

also plan to publish a fantasy calender in color for '52. '53 will see Harness's "Flight Into Yesterday", "The Stanmen of Llydris" by Brackett, more by Asimov and maybe a volume of shorts by CL Moore. Greenberg also informs us that they also have option on Page's "But Lithout Horns", but Page won't lengthen it and Gnome won't print it so short. With books like this coming up I can see how Gnome will continue to press the rest of the STF field.

"IF THIS GOES ON..."

A group of NFS members recently went to the local diametics society neeting one Sunday night. I was really suprised to see a crowd of 39 people, including 8 MFS'ers. The group was to give a practical demenstration of dianet -ics; much like the New Orleans group is planning to do at the convention. After the session we talked with the president of the group. According to hisown answer, "dianetics is a duble-edged sword." Dianetics can help some people an it can also do plenty of harm. One thing he said was that the IQ of some people had been raised 26 points by diametics. Then he also mentioned several... ..not just scatterad cases...in which diametics had lowered a person's intelligence. I can perhaps see diametics raising the IQ or a moron 26 points, I doubt if a person with an IQ of 175 can be helped much by diametics. likely hindered. Another point brought out was that diametics in the hands of an incompetant auditor could reduce a person to insanity within less than week. Still want to be audited? # Hubbard's radio program has gone off the air in California and it is beleived the whole LA Foundation is ready to collapse. # Mrs. Hubbard is sueing Elron for divorce. She had Elron examined by competant medical advisors and they concluded he was "hopplessly insane" recommended that he be placed in a sanatarium for observation. Hubbard's ailment is known as paranoid schizophrenia. To the medical dictionaires, men! # Hubbard has left Cal. with his little daughter and is beleived hiding out in Cuba or New Jersey. It's been reported that Elron told his wife that he didn't want to be married and that if she loved him she would commit suicide because a divorce would hurt his reputation. Mrs. H is asking for a more half million damages. Elron can probably pay since the Foundation is supposed have done over a million dollar business last year.

HIGHLY RECOMMENDED:

"The Illustrated Man" by Ray Bradbury (Doubleday, \$2.75) is really a treat. This book has everything...for the Bradburyite and the non-Bradbury fan. In this tremeddous volumne you'll find "The Vedlt", "The Man", "The Concrete Mixer", etc. Undoubtably the best collection of the year. In this book you'll find 19 reasons why Ray Bradbury is the top SF author in this country to-day.

FAN NUZ DEPT:

Poul Anderson and his brother leave for the British Isles on June 6th. Poul hopes to visit with Belfast fan Walter Willis, and author Eric Frank Russell. # John Grossman, fan artist, recently made \$60 for 7 hours work. Contrast that with the \$25 he'd get for doing a full page drawing for OW, which would take a lot longer. John is making his talent pay off and plenty! # Bannister is giving up Nekro after the fifth issue — too much work. # In case your wonder ing who wrote that asine piece of drivel at the end of the last ODD, it was one John Davis. # Bob Johnson is trying to make Orb into a semi-pro magazine. He is thinking of paying money, the silly boy. who's going to pay 25g for less'n



Heading the list this month is THE THING, Howard Hawks' WINCH-ESTER production. As most of you don't know, I work for the local movie company, thereby seeing any movie shown at the theatre I happen to be working at the time, three times a day. Therefore, having seen THE THING Twenty-one Times, I feel qualified to give crirical estimates.

When working at the movie and seeing it a number of times, it is quite natural that you should be able to pick out various errors, in lighting, plot, optical effects, etc. The public does not often notice these errors, but there are occasional alert individual a that do. The THING has several such errors which I shall mention. See how many you noticed as the movie public.

(1) Height of the THING. When it was first discovered, it was mentioned that the thing stood eight feet tall. If he was, the rest

of the players must have been at least seven

- (2) Its hand. This was a quite noticable error in more ways than one, and a goodly percentage of the public noticed it. As soon as he emerged from the block of ice that held him captive, got in a fight '(ha) with twelve dogs. One of the things arms was torm off in the fight. When found by the earthmen, it had two (rember that) barbs protruding from the back of its hand. One from the second finger, and one from the third. Also it was soft and flex able (Like a sponge rubber arm). When they had the arm in the laboratory for examination, there were at least four barbs on the back of the hand, and they were a lot shorter. A little later they opened a door to find the thing facing them. He swung his arm backhand, in ordor to use the barbs as a weapon. The victems ducked and slamed the door, pinning the arm between the door and wall. EIGHT barbs were visible now, one from the first and second joint of each finger. Now here is a being whose arm dogs can tear off, yet he pulls it through door with enough force as to send chips of wood through the air. Towards the end, he knocks down a barrier of by fours' with his arms.....
- (3) Another thing in question, although I didn't know enough a bout electricity to deny it, is that this being of vegetable matter was a good enough conductor of electricity to take enough volts to neccesitate a five foot jump of electrical energy.....

All in all, I enjoyed the movie. It was the fast moving type that doesn't bore you to death when you work through it. The screen title was well done, and there was a certain amount of suspense involved all the way through the movie.

There was one purpose the movie failed to accomplish, and I was glad of it. They tried to make the scientist seem like an ass. They tried to make him look silly in that he wanted to save the thing to try to communicate with it, and learn. There were several instances where the audience was supposed to laugh at him, but not one sniker did I hear. Maybe the public has more sence than given credit for.

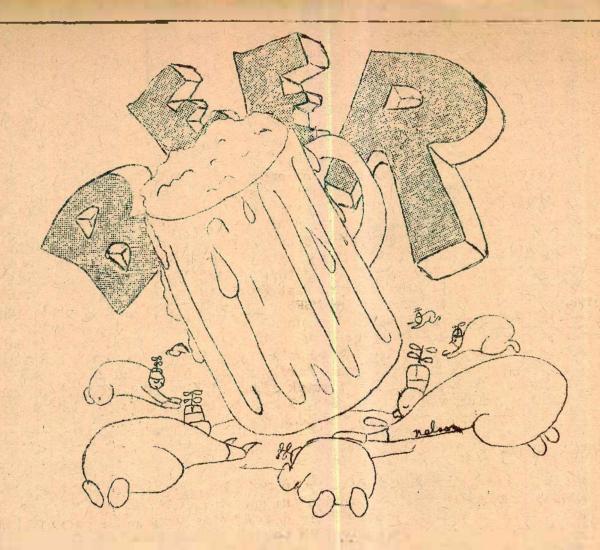
fifty pages of fan fiction, poorly lithoed? Certainly not me. Johnson probably won't pay more than i cent a word and in order to put out a 130 page printed mag monthly he'd have a circulation of around 12,000 or more. Bob could do 1/6 of that if he were trowendously lucky. Methinks Johnson has a demon circuit. # Lin Carter has issued a collection of his poems, thirty in all, under the title of Sandelwood and Jade. The booklet is professionally planographed and can be gotten for 50¢. # FJ Ackerman has two new collections of the artwork of M. Scott Dollens, for sale at \$3.75 each. They are titled "Approach to Infinity" & "Fantasy In Art". Each is spiral bound and contains 15 photographic prints, 8x-10. They are really beautiful, but the price is a little too steap for me to go and recommend they to the passive collector. # MARRIAGE DEPT: Ion Moffatt, of the Outlanders, married Anna Sinclare last Feb.; and Ray Nelson, ODD's roving artist, married Perdita Lilly of the MSFS. # The LASFS are revamping their 00, Shangri-La; Eph Koenigsberg will be the new editor. The mag will henceforth be quarterly instead of six-weekly. # The WSFA finally got around to distributing the February 1950, issue of Quanta. That's right, 1950. The club has gone GAFIA and it was only by dint of much hard work that this final issue was forced into the mails. To bad it couldn't stick around, I kind of liked it. 14 months isn't too long to wait for a good zine, I keep telling myself! # Redd Boggs, is working on a hush-hush, top secret project for the FAPA.

MAGAZINE NOTES:

Les DelRey has a top-notch SF story in the June Argosy, "The Monster", # JWC has been experimenting with ASF's price in four since Feb. If ASF sells at 35¢ in these states as well as it previously did 3&S will undoubtably raise the cost of ASF all over the country. Along with the price raise would come several improvements, once f which would probably be the return of the retogravue section.# FFM will return to pulp size with the next issue. # FN has definitely folded ... and SSS will skip their OCt. issue. The paper shortage is given as the cause. # New worlds, crack Bri prozine, has gone bi-monthly. # Jerry Bixby of Flanct & and Walter Gillings of Science-Fantasy has resigned as editors of their mags. WG was ill and Bix was to do free-lance writing. Carnell will take over S-F and he will expand the mag to MV size. Malcolm Reiss is the new editor of of PS & 2CsaB. # A short time ago I had the misfortune to pick up a copy of Science-Fiction Quarterly. This is a revival of the old mag that used to use reprints of R. Cummings and others. However, this new mag prints new stories, if that makes a difference. I found this mag completely lousy! There is certainly no valid excuse of reviving this mag when Lowndes is having a tough time getting good stories of Future. # Late report sez that Sam Mimes will replace Morwin as editor of ye olde SS and TWS.

BOOK NOTES:

G&D has reprinted "Gather Darkmess" by Leiber and "Beyond This Horizon" by R. A. Heinlein at \$1 each. # Elron Hubbard's "To The Stars" has been sold to FPCI. # Try DeCamp's "Lost Continents" if you've got # justlying around doing nothing. # Anthony Boucher and Ted Sturgeon have author collections coming from E. Korshak and Shasta in the dim future. # 2Day will print four more SF books this year. They are "Rogue Queen" by DeCamp, "The Puppet Masters" by Heinlein", "The House of Many Worlds" by Merwin, and "The Wanderer Returns" and "Project Excelsior" by Flecter Pratt. # Stories selected for the "Best of 1951" include, "The New Reality" by Harness, "Process" by vV, "Forget-Me-Not" by Temple, "Not To Be Opened" by Young, and "To Serve Man" by Knight. # The S&S edition of "The Humanoids" was remaindered by a large Mpls. department store at 49¢ a copy! Guess who bought a copy?



Dear Duggie:

ODD # 10 just came, and looks mighty good. As I said in my letter, haven't much time to read, though I did read the features plus most of the letters. Rich is still doing one of the best columns in fandom, but this one showed it was late. Too much past history reffered to. Letters fine, but suggest you work out some tricky way of making the writer's name stand out. I have opinion on the Con and Dianetics but have decided to save it for my column in the Outlander.

Wally Shore of Montana dropped in the other day on his way home from Texas, and i couldn't rember if he was you, or Bob John-

son. Most Imbarassing.

962 Santa Ana Street South Gate, California

(((Most of the fault of the lat zine, and Rich's column was my fault. Do to ill health, ODD was nearly a month late and The news in Nothing Sirius was also late for that reason.)))



Dear Duggie & Rich:

Why should your 'baby' arive beat up when other zines do make it intact? I see by this ish that others do find them in the same condition. Is suggestion accepted as gracefully as proffered? Have you considered folding them lengthwise once, after stapling, an once again staple for mailing.

write a finis right now for Jerome Bartlett's satirical DEATH PREFERED. Like to many amatuers, he drags his middle and snaps his end off with out a punchline. (Referring to his tale, natch.) And there's no I in that either!, like this:

Thus was fandom returned to men by the last women actifen, but sweetness of victory was soon lost in chaos and lay trembling in the balance. The zines by men alone continued to multiply. As there numbers increased, in like ratio grew the insulting letters from readers everywhere. A steady flow from amatuer editor to disgrunted reader. With the same opening line to each letter. And all over the country amatuer editors followed the same hypnotic motions in same time lapse, dating always from the day that there zine hit the mail pouches. Then each would snatch his last masterpiece up to read it, --- and every editor would fall back agast!

"OH NO" they would moan ... "I never sent out such crap as this! Why not one sentence in the whole layout is my idea of a zine ...!" Then an insane fire would light up the face of each editor and they would curso "Damn it, I said it ... and I'm baking it up! Nobody going to say I'm nuts to retract my own words!"

Fueds? All fandom was a fued. The crisis was reached "ext labor day when the fans attempted to hold their annual convention at Chi.

Now they they point the place where the debacle occured with pride as they exhibited the site of the STF massacre to visiting friends. This was the hour that fandom went out in a stream of blood, where the green and vellow mix ed with the red and blue to form a current of rainbow hue.

..... "And the stupid little jerks never knew we made them do

they did, and when we released our spells, they were to stubborn to admit how they had made inexplicable errors to anyone; Had they ever got together and compared the mystery every one of them knew was evident then, girls, we'd have been licked, that's All.

And so it was that fandom ceased to be. It was ever thus Man could never learn the danger of underestimating the powers women ...

16 NORE MAY DE 15 WE

THEY LL GO AWAY

Of course I'm laughing, and I hope you are too, but down under is that old nagging question: Why do so many males resent femfans it just doesn't make sence? There's a goodly number of females who contribute fandom and there's a lot of males who's sole contributio to the cause is dissention and it would appear their first love is a good fight. Outside of the biological burp that man-male-master is synonmous, I'd like to have some male set forth his logic for this rebellion against femmes as fans when the word "FAN" is neuter in gender. We're here to stay, like it or not. I can't be bothered kowtowing to either sex on the whole. I'm to busy wondering what mak es people follow the stupid behavorism they do.

Olive Morgan Box 101 Gardiner, Oregon

(((If any of you answer her, keep it within bounds of reason, the local post office's high mukky muks are breathing down my necks. I don't think they like me)))



Greetings Fuggie:

The artwork was far below standard, the cover being the chief offender. Lithography, heretofore an honered profession, was horribly wasted. Vick reproduced well, if nothing else. But nelson.
..... URP!

Tho' he is probably well qualified to draw . cartoons on 'faeries in fandom', don't you think it is bad enough to subject your helpless readers to small Nelson cartoons? Now you snap your cookies, and print a full page of that nauseating garbage.

Fuggie says that some of you damn fans are saying that I am Ray Nelson. This I think is a carnal insult. Every dog that has been calling me ray nelson is a S.O.B.



that you have seen Rocketship XM. To bad. Next TO THE MAN FROM PLANET X the above was a masterpiece. Don't fail to miss it.

Nothing Sirius was once again the top feature of the "zine. It contained many items I had not been I nformed of. Jace Vance IS. Henery Kuttner, bit I don't give a damn either.

Crying in the sink satisfied me. Mamma Bradley did very well. (Will she please send me a copy of MUZRAB?)

Bobby Plop also wrote a not too bad aritcle. I disagree damn violently about Challenge. One of the worst out. Also Damn unhappy to hear a sequal to the URSURPERS is

in the offing. Material is not stuff, I take back anything good I've ever muttered about Bobby Plop.

Huzza! Steve Metchette seems to share my opinion of Nelson that makes me happy, happy, happy. I would prefer nothing in my library if Nelson was all else.

Why in Hell don't you print names at the bottom on letters. I'd like to know the name of the boob so taken up with Roll Call. (Phew)

Death Prefered is what I'd rather read again, and Doubt was also good; Oliver usually does all right.

PPTcwFFF PPPPPPPPPHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHEE SEEEEEEE WWW.WWW WW.WWUUUUUEE No mo' Plez! Save your self some paper.

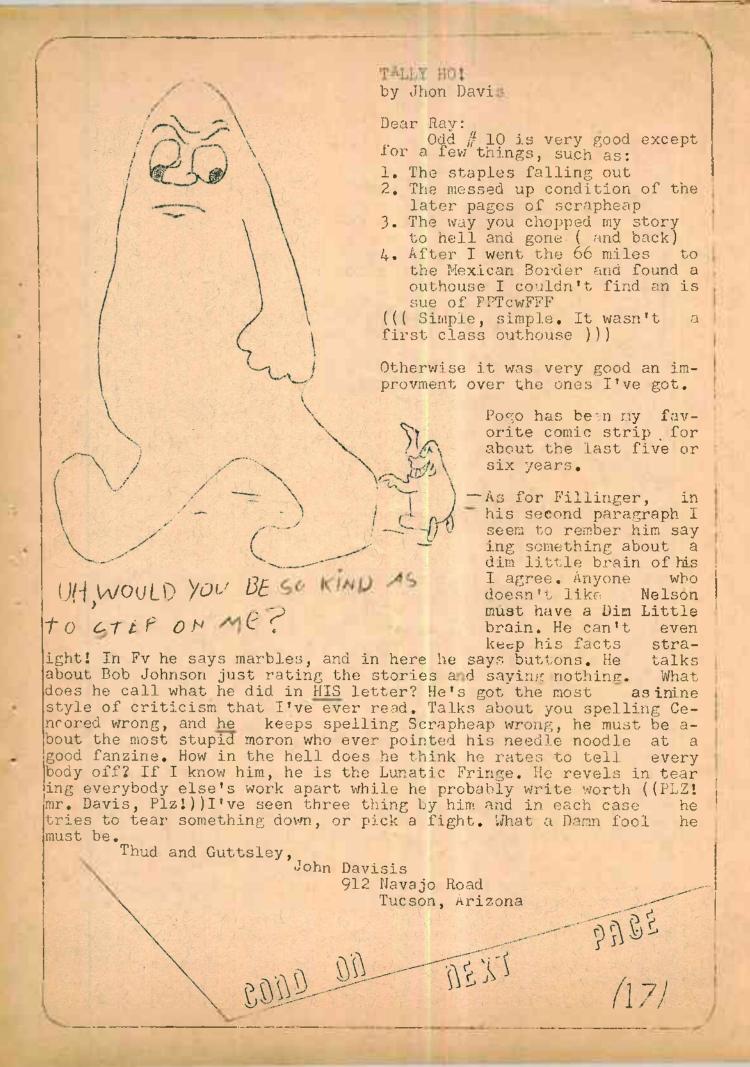
And now I see THE ULTIMATE BATTLE, by Jhon Davis. He is one of the few people as stupid as Ray Nelson. He is obscene, whisky besoted egotistical, illiterate, asinine, untalented, sophmoric, undernourished, witless and mental aberattion, he is also gnarled; dirty faced disingenous, fraudulent, callow, perfidious, treacherous, bigoted, harebrained, insipid, inept, bovine, vacant, obsessed, obnoxious, odurous smelly, galling, little reprobate. His story is a perfect example of his simple way of thinking. He has often been called the sorriest, and saddest speciman of fandom. Whisky is the only nourishment he inhibes. The main ambition in his life is to become a sex maniacalla nelson. A great service to humanity would be preformed by complete ousting of this fuggheaded dastardly parasite.

Goobeiyiyi, and rember to hell with nelson and Davis.

Joe Fillinger

(((I say Joe ol sock, if you're such an atheist, then you're also a hypocrite, because atheists donot belive in a hell! When you ask us to send someone there that means you belive in one. fie, fie upon ye base varlet, fie I say....)))

- 16 -

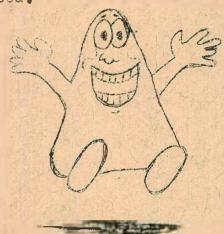


Dear Duggie

Recieved Odd a couple (?) of days agao. But why two copies????? or has some one been spreading the rumor around that I'm a two-head-ed bem? (Nothin's sacred no Me' sob! (((My Ghod, a Canadian with a southern accent.)))

ODD magazine, Volumn four, Number one whole number ten, was on the whole (((Hole?))) rather enjoyable. (With reservations) (((UGH:)))(I'm the cautious type) (((Get your hand off of my wallet....)))

The cover ---- Wonderful --- I don't know who's MD either --- but I'll say one thing --- that boy-girl-it is good! Very Good .



In Fact all of the artwork is very good specially page 29 & 31

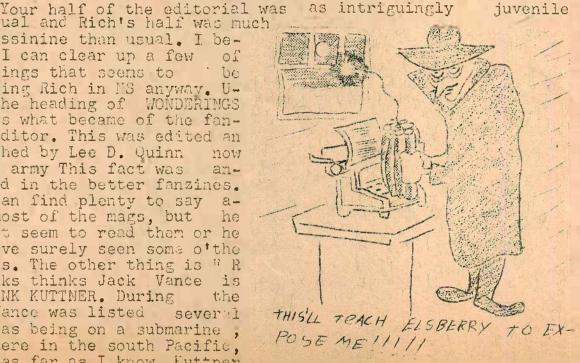
While neither of the stories is super terriffic, your articles, or should I say departments More than made up for them. However, let me put in a plea for more and better fan fiction. After all, the fanzines hav been the proving grounds for more than one pro author.

Neil Graham

Dear Duggie

l certianly agree with you that your tenth issue was best yet. It was definitely slightly super. The printed cover was beautiful, but I somehow wish it had been Nelson's cartoon on P.2 instead. This is absolutely the best thing Ray had done yet, bar

as usual and Rich's half was much less assinine than usual. I believe I can clear up a few of the things that seems to bothering Rich in MS anyway. U-nder the heading of WONDERINGS he asks what became of the fanzine editor. This was edited an published by Lee D. Quinn in the army This fact was nounced in the better fanzines. Rich can find plenty to say about most of the mags, but doesn't seem to read them or he would've surely seen some o'the notices. The other thing is " R J. Banks thinks Jack Vance is NOT HANK KUTTNER. During war, Vance was listed several times as being on a submarine, somewhere in the south Pacific, while as far as I know. Kut-ner



sweated out the war right behind his typer in good old New York. Get around this'n Rich.

The fiction was definitely better than any previously offered (at least for the six issues that I have), with lett slightly overshadowing Jay Oliver's neat little Yarn.

R.J. Banks, Jr.

Dear Duggie:

I don't like ODD because it is an excellent magazine: but I've

parted with my last bit o' green stuff for a subscription:

It wasn't because Odd is illerate;

It wasn't because of Odd's covers;

It wasn't those.

tho?

It was because of Nelson's car-

toon on page 2,

It was because of the little check and it was mainly because I have nO better Sense.

To be Or Not To BEE was good: The departments were okay, artwork excellent.

Pay attention to spelling, an why have even right hand margin when it causes such mistakes as your English teacher would skin you alive for?

Yours, Neil Woods

Dear Duggie, ole cabbage-top, Fustly an mostly ODD has arived and being my usually lazy self, I am commenting.

Anon. Ray Nelson always hitts below the belt as far as I am concerned, with those pic's of his especially that'un on page two I am not conceited. The fact that I carry a pocket mirror and pause to glance into it every hour or so doesn't mean I am conceited. It only means I appreciate the finer things in

life.
My blessings to Mez, both for listing Q as a four star fanzine only and for declaring that she will not count physical appearance

when passing judgement.

Bobby Popes got off to a good start. Bobby's own zine is good in its self.

(((SOMETHING must have happened to ma ster Pope with this issue. He's not answered my letter nor has he even sent in his column. Here's hoping he'll be back with next issue.

Chet Whissen may not always be stfish, but as far as I know all his work is funny.

Shel Vick's puffins are teriff, aren't they always

Here is a poem for you to reject:

SPACEMAN SIMBOLI McCARR SAILED FOR A VERY DISTANT STAR

ALAS AN ALACK HE NEVER CAME BACK

' Guess HE JUST WENT TO DAMN FAR

LEE HOFFMAN

president of (Not the U.S. Stupid) but of the firm of Hoffman Nothing Inc.

Dear Duggie:

I heard a strange stomping and scuffling on the front porch. I opened the door, and there was the mailman. He was busy jumping up and down with hob nailed boots on and then wiping his muddy feet on a soiled ragged wad of crumpled and shreeded paper pulp!

He looked up saw me, and said "Just a minute please, I'll have this ready for you

in just a minute."

"I can wait" I said, and I did. Finally he finished, gathered up a few scattered shreds, and handed a mess to me saying "Sorry about the delay; we usually'l have this done before they get to you, but for some stupid reason they were still in good condition. Silly thing, eh? Ha ha!"
"Yes, Ha ha!"

I took them in and read them, and now for my report on ODD:

"ODD" This time im pressed me as being rather slopply put together. For instance the letter section. Leave space between the paragraphs. Do the names in the size that you did Bobby Pope's name at the top of his column.

Another complaint about the
letter section: If
you must comment
on letters, put'em
in brackets, the
triple parentheses, somehow
look like hell!

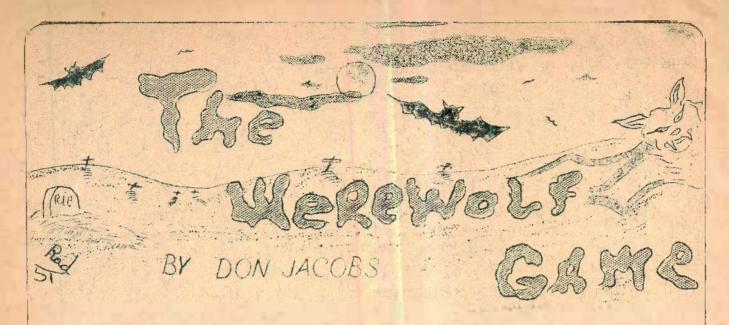
The Nelson pictures in this issue, though there were few. I hope to see more next issue.

Fannishly



Davin English

///Looks like this is all for this issue. see you in august. also, I 'd appreciate it if more of you slobs would write. What's the matter, the cat got your typewriter? Dugg...///



Parks Cambell stood grinning at himself in the mirror, planning. He'd play the game right, going out once a month, on the night of the full moon like a real werewolf. Of course that was practical, he couldn't carry a light, and the moon would help him locate his victims. It would even bring them out to him. The girl's college golf course ran along the edge of the woods, and since this wood streched north with scarcely a break to the real wilderness, it was the logical place for a wolf to strike. There were always plenty of couples on the golf course and in the woods on moonlit nights.

When the first full moon came, Thursday, Campbell walked to the end of Willow street, and into the woods. It was a beautiful night. As he left the street lights and the pavements, he found that he could see very well by the light of the moon.

Leaving his clothes at the foot of a tall tree, Parks started on through the woods. The thrill of the game welled up in him until he howled. He hadn't practiced, but the imitation was very convincing, it sounded like a wolf, to his own ears at least. This was good. He had to keep alive the rumor that a real wolf was around. Howling and even growling for the fun of it, he sped through the thicket on his toes.

When he was a small child he had walked on his hands and feet in stead of crawling. Trying it, Parks found he could still move along in that queer position, and realizing it would make the wolf-story more convincing, he ran on through the forest, surprized at his speed and agility, on all fours in the moonlight.

He could hardly keep from laughing as he heard a girl's voice, "I tell you, it was a wolf. Dogs don't howl like that...a wolf must have strayed down from the northwoods."

"Nonsense," a male voice scoffed. "There haven't been any wolves around here in fifty years. Lie down and forget it."

It was to good to be true. The fellow pulling the girl down beside him was 'glasses', --- the smartaleck who'd called Campbell dogface. This was going to be more fun than he'd ever expected.

"THE WEREWOLF GAME"

A low growl broke from Park's throat, and he sprang at the rising boy. Ripping with his teeth, he tore at the throat of the bleating wrench, who actually smelled of fear. The flesh came away without a sound, leaving a large gash where the kid's throat had been. Now for desert, Parks thought, and looked around for the girl.

A horrible thought drove in on him when he saw that she was gone. She was a witness. She had seen what had happened, and had ran toward the golf course to tell the other students. Well, they probably wouldn't come into the dark woods after him, but just in case they might, Parks ran to where his clothes were hidden. Realizing he was still running on all fours, he stood up.

There was a ditch along the side of the road; and Campbell wash ed the blood away from his face before he dressed, then alternated between running in fright, and walking, to avoid suspicion on the way back to his room.

Undressing, he wondered how he'd be able to sleep, not knowing if the girl had recognized him or not. The game had gotten out of hand, too. He hadn't ment to kill anybody, Not even Glasses. But as soon as he got in bed exhaustion overcame him. He awoke in the morning determined to brazen it out. Maybe she hadn't recognized him. It could be that his hatred for the kid wasn't as well known as he had thought.

The campus was crowed with gossipping cliques. "What's all the excitement?" he asked Harry Drewer.

"Paul Dimity, you know, the little guy with glasses -- sure you know him, you smashed in his face a couple of weeks ago. Well, he was killed last night."

Brazen it out, Parks told himself. "Yeah. How?"

"His girl says a wolf did it. They were in the woods over by the golf course --- I didn't know the little guy had it in him -- an this wolf jumps over a log and tears his throat out. That's what the girl says at least: She ran all the way back to the dorm, and they've got her in the infirmary now. Shock and the exertion. It's a good mile over there, and she ran it like the hundred yard dash, I guess. I know I would."

"I'll bet the girl did it hereelf,"

"That's what the police said, too, till they got a look at the body. They're leaving her strictly alone, now. If the girl says she saw a wolf, wolf it was. Listen, I saw the body, No human could have made a mess of the kid like that. Well, I've got a nine o'clock. See you."

"Parks sat on the exchange steps an laughed. He tried to hold it down, but the laughter wouldn't stop. He roared and he guffawed, and finally had to hold a book in front of his face to make it look as if he was laughing at a joke. "Oh, this is good. The girl says

"THE WEREWOLF GAME"



....she saw a wolf. I really put that over." But still he thought, "I'll never play that game again.

It was cool the night of October's first full moon, and Parks was afraid he'd be uncomfortable with his clothes off. At first he was, but then as he dropped to run on his hands and feet he forgot the discomfort. His hairy body

and the exertion, he supposed, kept him warm enough.

He ranged through the edge of the woods until he found a couple embracing in the long grass. This time, he was careful to see that the girl did not escape while he finished off the boy. Spitting out the flesh of his throat, Farks turned to the girl. He hadn't been interested before, but now he noticed that she had been screaming all the while. She stopped screaming tho, when he away her vocal chords, an she stared at him in horror until her eyes glazed over.

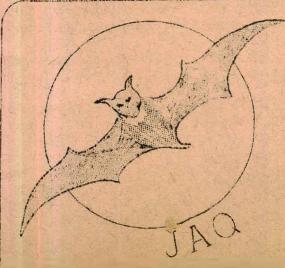
He ran off then, through the woods, to the ditch where he wash ed. Then he stood up, streched naked and content in the moonlight, and suddenly shivering, put on his clothes and trotted down the path.

It didn't speak well for the courage of the young men in the college that Parks Campbell was the most enthusiastic wolf hunter among them. After all, he was the only one of them who knew there was no wolf. Even so, he was half way sincere in his hunting, he didn't want that wolf to kill again. He hadn't ment to kill glasses or the other couple, but when he played the 'game' the th ill of the hunt was too strong. He promised him self that next time there would be no deaths.

That month the dean started a campaign against petting on the golf course, and with the cold weather and the wolf scare helping the same cause, Parks figured the wolf would have poor hunting if he did return. He and the dean reckoned without the strength of passion, however, for the dean was making nightly forays, and every night catching a few guilty forage.

night catching a few guilty faced couples, right up to the time of the next full moon.

There were patches of snow on the ground, from a fall a week old that had melted everywhere but in the woods. Parks didn't notice the cold in the exulation of getting into the game of playing werewolf again. He howled a couple of times to spite the campus vigilantes who had said they would set out in pursuit of the wolf whenever they heard it.



"THE WEREWOLF GAME"

He could fancy their coming into this dark woods believeing wolf was loose.

Then he sped as fast as he could run through the fallen leaves, afraid his howling might have scared away his quarry. But he found a couple just rising to get away at the girl's insistence, and he lost no time in dispatching the boy. He turned to the girl, and found her lying in a heap where she had fainted at the first sight of him.

Sudden realization came to him. This was the same girl who had been with glasses that night. "Boy, she gets around," he laughed, but Parks had been paying a lot of attention to her himself lately. He was figuring to ask her to the Thanksgiving dance.

The game lost much of its relish as he realized that he twice came close to killing the only girl he'd ever seen with wanting to hurt. "I'm going to quit this game after tonight," he promised," looking at her quiet form.

Down along the woodsedge a light falshed, and a voice commanded "You kids had better get in, I heard the wolf howl." Parks howled in pure glee, for the voice was that of the dean's. Making him pay for Dimity's glasses had been but one of a series of persecutions of Campbell by the dean. Their fued was longstanding, and threatened to end any day with his expu; sion. But here was a way to end it other wise.

The old man had taken off across the Links as soon as he heard the bloodchilling sounds so near, but in a few bounds Parks caught up, and leaped against his back till he knocked him down, bit in to the back of his neck, and shook until the head hung limply out of his mouth.

Suddenly there were lights and shouts near by. Parks realized he would have to run fast to beat the mob back to the woods. He ran on all fours, knowing that if he stood up he'd lose the shelter of the wolf idea.

He could hear them crashing into the woods as he reached the ditch and washed away the tell-tale blood. He stood up and saw them milling about the bodies at the woods'edge. The delay gave him just enough time to dress, thrusting his underwear into his pockets.

They were almost on him, and he knew he'd have to explain his presence, for it was too late to run.

With long claws he ripped his own throat. Just enough to make it look good he thought. He barely had time to dip his fingernails into the water and fall back until the first of the group came into view.

"Here's another victem," someone shouted. They gathered around, and recognized him. "It's that guy who wasn't scared of the wolf last month. Geez, he must've been out this way and tackled it single handed. Look at his throat."

"Is he alive?"

Bill Potoka, a pre-med, was looking at Campbell's torn throat..
"I'm afraid we can't do much for him," he said. "You can't tourniquet a man's nuck. The carotid artery's torn, and the jugular, too, I think. Anyway, ho's bleeding to death."

Over the ringing in his ears Parks dimly heard this. He was glad, for he knew that it was the only way he could ever quit playin the werewolf game. There was snow at the edge of the ditch where he had stooped to rinse the blood off his fingernails, and as he had seen the trail of dripping blood that led to the waters edge, he saw the tracks he had made, three-toed tracks, wolf-spoor.

THE END

Now we shall have a listing of the anniversary issue of ODD. It'll have about 5 pages, and will have two printed covers, front and back, It'll have artwork by Chabot, Nelson, Rotsler, Dea, Keaster an Grahem, and maybe by Arfstrom, Grossman, and Perdita Nelson It will have the following peaces of fiction:

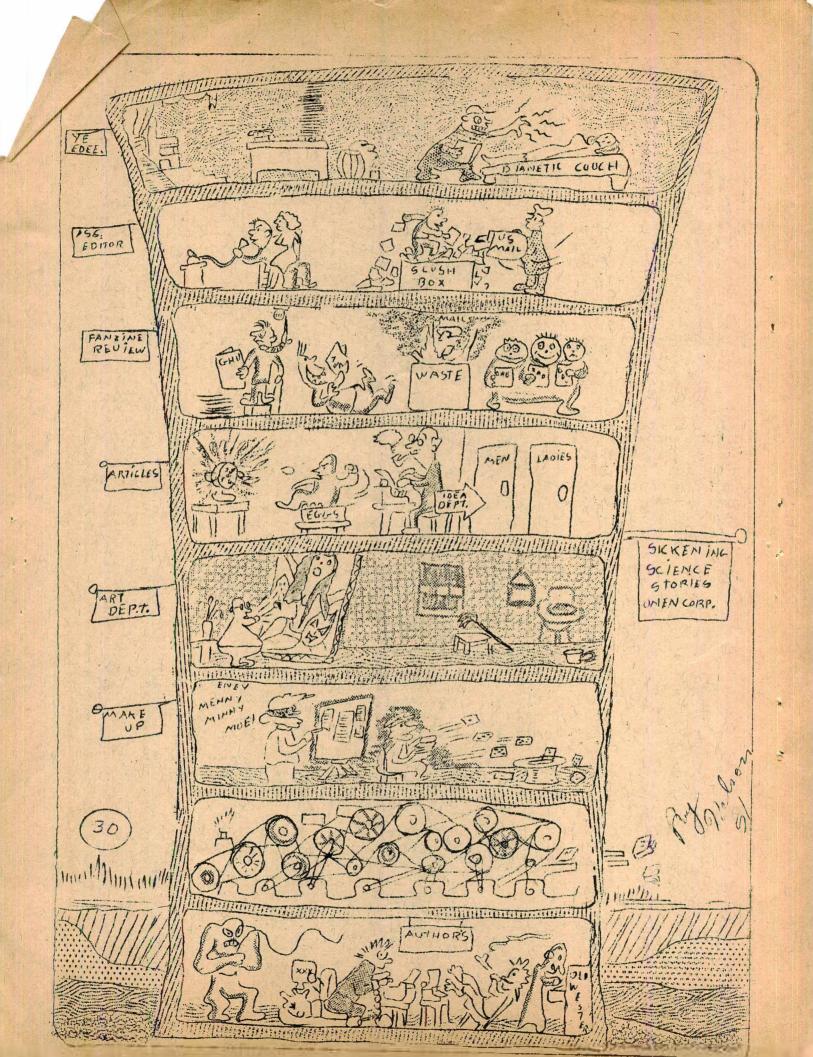
The Passing of ARTHUR by Joe Kennedy Life Cycle by Radell Nelson Interlopers by Kenneth Gray Cocoon by Eugene Deweese The Cowards by Larry Saunders No Tomorrow by Charles De Vet

Just to mention a few, and then we will have articles such as:

Netson tells all (or The Sex life of the abnormal Americian Fan)
The Essence of Fandom by Ben Singer
A review of Archy and Mehitable by Art YoungDahl
Fantasy in Films by Roger Dard
Perhistoric Supermen by Harry Warner Junior

and many more articles now being written will also be used. These extra issues of ODD will sell for 25¢ a copy to non subscribers, and to those whose work is not included in either my backlog, or in the issue its! self. We shall have many poems by many noted fan poets. In fact the poetry is to numerous to mention.

will still send a copy of the Anniversary issue to any fan abroad who will write in and ask for it, and will write a letter of comment when he or she excepts it.





There seems to be a trend, or something similar, going on in Not, God forbid, the individzine of the apa's, but the same outlook that makes aSF and TWS so widley different in style --- a difference due less to contributions than to the difference in temperement between JWC and Sam Merwin. For instance, you couldn't compare our leading zines; QUANDRY, FAN-FARE, and SLANT (((Please bear in mind that ODD is not considered in this for ovious reasons....Dugg...))) but THERE isn't that much difference in the material they print. The difference lies in the fact that Ganley, Willis and Hoffman are different people.

To get down to definite facts....here are the

FOUR STAR FANZINES:

SLANT

QUANDRY

Fan Fare is one of the top americian fanzines, and without doubt outstrips some of the promags. For instance, the lead novel Alice Bullock's DORMITORY OF THE DEAD, far out does anything Tales or MoF&SF has printed for several issues. The rest of the material is strictly fan stuff, but super excellent fan stuff. Paul is one of the youngest editors to edit a really mature fanzine.....he is just out of high school --- and already shows promise, of becoming a nother Redd Boggs.

Send 15¢ to W. Paul Ganley, 119 Ward Road, North Tonawanda, N.Y.

> can't be praised as I'd like, because every time I see a copy I get sick at the knowledge that America, take a back seat, and indeed it must to this Irish Lad Walter has done what any Americian fan could do. don't mean printing, but we can take the same pain careful editing, meticulous makeup, and selective of really good material. Lets give this Belfast some real. competition: Until then, Slant tinues to be the only fanzine that is a realy top, dult, without being boorish, fanzine....and for copy of a Prozine yet! I'd trade 6 copies of OOTWA for one Slant any Day. Sent that Prozine to

Walter A. Willis, 170 Upper Newtownards road, Belfast, North Ireland

*Happily, LEE has dropped some of the columns that made the last few issues a little top heavy; among those re tained however, are Walter Willis's THE HARP THAT ONCE OR TWICE, and Bogg's much missed FILE THIRTEEN. Worthy of special notice are Shel Vick's cartoons. Despite th' boy's present SpaceWarp complex --- Tucker and Laney in and out all over the place, Quandry continues to be tops in the whimsical field. This zine, we imagine, has n't quite 'jelled' into its final form....The editor's vacillating between imitating Kennedy and Taney ... But tis good clean fun and well worth 100¢ from ...

Lee HOFFMAN, lol Wagner Street, Savannah, Georgia

MATION FANTAST* Remarks about Slant apply here also. This contains a strange fiction piece, a cover by Dirce Ar-cher, and a continuation of Kens' famous series on how to write Science Fiction. As remarked before O-F almost as completly as professional as Slant but includes many helpful hint for the would be writer, an a certian amount of intrest to the serious fan. But no to the screwball foofooists. One shilling, or 25¢ th eir Americian representative, and congrats to Joyce and Ken on their coming child: Americian Adress .: . Phil Rasch, 567 Erskine Drive, Pacific Palisades, Cal.

GEM TONES -



Has risen from the ranks with two rainbow - toned ishs G*T is not for the screwball contingent: Mrs Carr's poetry and fiction are staid, intelligent, serious, and even imtellectual; but the serious reader will find a lot of worth in these little pamphlets. She is definioly dignified in her stand AGAINST, those who murder the english Language, and those who find it amusing to publish the anecdotes better confined to a back of the privy bull sessions. Exchange or write to. Carr, 3200 Harvard N. Seattle 2. Washington

TLMA* is the official organ of THE LITTLE MONSTERS OF AMERICIA, but , cheers, they have not filled it up with club news! Poetry and artwork could stand improvement, and the mimeography is rather globby at present, but it shows a good deal of promise. Features by Nancy Moore and Basil Wals

and fiction by Elaine Fruchay, bring this one up into the four star class with best wishes and better hopes. Lynn Hickman, 408 W. Bell Street, Statesville, N.C.

THREE STAR FANZINES***

DUCKSPEAK-

UNCH



The first issue of what looks like a nice zine. Drummond has departed from his horror daydreams bring us what is probably the most hilarious parody on that much parodied dianetics. In fact its the only real funny one we've read yet. It is titled, with all seriousness "Report of an investigation into the causes and cures of engrams in felines". From there it goes on, to a logical and perfectly whacky series, complete auditing reports on the nine lives, and case histories. of each. Get it from

ummond, and if you don't know his adress, you should.

RhODOMAGNETIC DIGEST* I am reluctantly forced to the conclusion that all this magazine needs is a new editor. They seem to have access to good material, interesting and provoking, but a superiority complex combined with complete lack of a sence of humor makes this a baffling

frustrating magazine. For the present, if you want and I don't recommend it, you can get it at

1024 Keith Street, Berkly 8, California

SPACESHIP *

This one would rate higher if it were not for the amount of space devoted to the diametics controversy, that in our opinion is deader than the Shaver theory. Whats more, non of the would-be evaluators know what they are talking Some better than averedge fiction rounds out an otherwise undistinguished issue. 10¢ from

Bob Silverberg, 760 Montgomery Street, Brooklyn 13, New York.

WASTEBASKET * A nice, but impractical spaceship adorns the cover, and the interior contents are printed; but mainly worthy of note are Norman Hartman's "How To Build A Spaceship At Home", and a nother superior piece by Lee Hoffman, on "How to tell your friends from a Planaria." Stan Serxner also has a very funny story about a talented toaster. This one will rate 4 star before long, it almost will now. Get it from that omnipresent guy....

Vernon. I. McCain, 146 E 12 avenue, Eugene Ore.

Round Robin*

This is definitely not for general consumption. It rates very high on ESP, Fortean, New Thought scales, but the general run of fandom will not care for it. If you like heavy weight magazines, can keep an open mind and have forty cents to spare, send it tipes.

have forty cents to spare, send it ti..... MEADE LAYNE, 3524 Adams Avenue, San Diego 16, California.

2 STAR FANZINES **

EXPLORER* This one is for the kiddes. If you are a nec-fan, and enjoy the doings of fans and fandom, you'll like this. Format is amateurish, Mimeographing could be better, but we are rating this out of the unspeakable class because of good intentions.

SFCC, Box 49, Girard, Pennasylvania

Star LANES* A one sheet for fantasy poets, starting a contest. for infromation, write...

ORMA McCORMICK, 1558 Hazelhurst Ave. Ferndale 20, Michigan.

BLOOMINGTON NEWS PAPER* This one is as dull as dishwater unless you're a demon book byer, and can stand Tuck in large doses. I am, and can. Get it from the great.....

Bob Tucker, Box 260, Bloomington, Illinois.

BEWARE ***

This will be higher when Ken BeAle spruces up his editerial policy to exclude such horror's as "The great Fan Plot", and "The Recline and Fall of the Women's Empire!" Right now, its hardly worth two stars, except for a translation from a Old French grimoire... Ken states in the mag that "If you think this issue doesn't show that I shun badly written fiction, you should see the stuff I rejected; A plea to fandom --- get busy and give Ken some Good material! But read a copy first from

some Good material! But read a copy first from KEN BEALE, 115 East Moshulu Parkway, Bronx 67, N.Y.

CosMag is slowly but steadily climbing from the depths,; like cheeze we hope it improves with age. Nice fan fiction, but on ly fan fiction. We're all for it.

[lan Eccauley, 57 E. Park Lane, Atlanta, Georgia

And now 'way down in the depths we have the horrors, the abominations he un speakable one star fanzines

IMAGINATIVE COLLECTIR -- would rate higher somehow, and should rate a



little higher. Russel K. Watkins has secured an icle from the pro author Arthur J Burks, with advice to would be writers, But great GHU, the company he's in! There's Russ's interminable round-robin letter on purpose of fanzines, and a slam bang crusade to "Clean up fandom". All this in slopply mimeegraphing. But maybe it's worth having. Get busy and send this boy a little material, and subs! (((Editor's note: why don't some of you help out these peeple. I know from experence that you usually don't get material till you have an excellent mag, and you can't be an excellent mag un less you get material.

FANVARIETY* I was disappointed in this: I had heard a great deal bout it. But as far as I'm concerned, at least it's grossly over rated. Unfunny cartoons, borderline risque drawings, terrible poetry, and hodgepode ramblings did not interest me, As I remarked on finishing my copy, It isn't a fanzine, it's a mess.

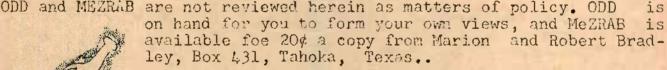
You can get I I you'll

want it from Walker Max Keasler, 420 South 11St. Poplar Bluff, Missouri

NCINERATIONS*



Is the lowest of the low. This is probably the example of deliberate-minded bottensess outside of Laney's FAMDANGO, and certianly doesn't reflet anything good of fandom. Like queen Victoria, we were not amused.

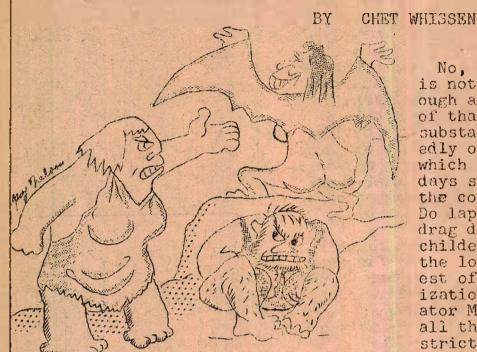


Opinions in this column are my own, and not those Dug ar Richard. Fanzines for review should be marked so if you want them reviewed. Fanmags not so marked will be reviewed at my discretion. SIC SEMPER TYRANNIS!

///I hope Mez'll fo' giv' me, but I couldn't resist adding those 'll pic's please fo'give me Marion, it won't happen again.



A 2AD DAY FOR THE RACES



No, kiddies, this story is not about horses, although at times it may smack of that rare and effuiralsubstance which is undoubt edly of 'horsy' origin, but which is seldom seen days since the dismis of the common livery stable . Do lap up your booze, drag deeply on your reefer childern, while we give ya the lowdown on the greatest of all farces, "civilization. (((attention Sen ator McCarthy, anything at all that this boy sez strictly his own opinion, and in no way reflects my

own. So plese be so kind as to put down that bucket of mud. Thanks, and now to continue...)))

A long time ago, as a matter of fact, several thousands of years ago; a couple o'characters thought up a racket called "civilization" One which we have been stuck with since. At first it wasn't too bad, being "civilized" consisted only of throwing an animal skin or a bunch of leaves (fig leaves prefered) between your legs whenever company was present. (And also cuseing yourself when you bashed in the wrong guy's noggin.)But then the women (God bless 'em) loused-up the works, and things to get really complicated. The ladies were not satisfied with any old kind of skin, but had to have one of those rare pterodactyls like mrs. Jones, the next cave neighbor: This led to all sorts troubles, and many a Cave-Lochinvar "got the bird" while trying get the bird. With the advent of clothing, scant as it might be, new rackets sprang up such as, "Tailor-made-to-order clothing" and loan shark" rackets, not to mention cleaning and pressing business . Many a mug was taken for all his cocanuts while trying to meet payments on his sweetie-pie's new saber-tooth tiger-skin gown. The new fangled idea of clothing however, made a big hit "the boys in the back room", and it wasn't long until all rivil mobs began to snatch off all the attractively clothed dames in sight! Retaliation let to large scale gang wars, and the development of better weapons, tops of which was the bow and arrow.

This went on until one day some joker invented gun powder and of course, simplified wholesale killing —— and brought on an era od advanced think — ing or culture as it is called, and according to which, it was necessary to formally apologize to the "Big - Wheels" of the

various races after knocking ten of fif teen thousand OI. their loyal innocent) subjects off. Naturally there were many innocent victims, but the basic idea pattern was the same then, as it is today - "To hell with the little punk, on with the War!"

along about this time man discovered he was - not the only top -

notch big shot that he thought he was. He found that there were natural forces at work that he could neither hear or do-o-o, he dreamed up a set of: gods or dieties to explain any of the things he could not plain any other way. This idea was gladly gobbled up by a wiseacres who saw a chance to prey on man's gullibility to turn a few fast (If not honest bucks) bucks."

after the invention of the wheel came the model-T-Ford - a unique contraption still in use today, consisting of four wheels a roofing tin body and a noise making device called an "engine"

of course there are a few other gad gets attached, but I have never seen a Model-T that couldn't dispense with these to no disadvantage futhurmore, this contrivance could go anywhere that any living creature could go, including the I bex or mountian goat and naturally this led the opening of vast new fields of ploration --- such as the little known



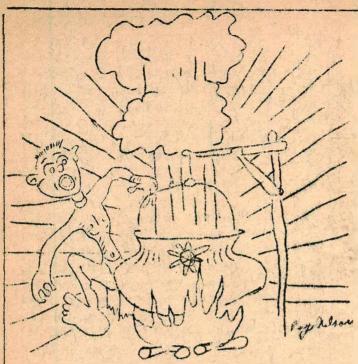
countries of Vermont and Kentucky. The natives there were subdued and their strange customs, and beverages soon became a part of civilization, along'with Hill-Billy Music. Leading the beverage list was "Moon Shine"liquer, and White Mule", ((common l y known as "White Lightenin'" around here in Missouri. Whisky, both of which became world famous and firmly established so that hard-

Ty a man (or woman) alive today doesn't consider these two items a staple part of their diet. In fact, if all of the booze in the world should suddenly disappear, mandkind would soon disappear also (In search of it, no doubt)

The need for greater speed (I have never been able to determin just exactly why we needed great er speed, unless it was to enable a rise in the standard of living of unemployed morticians) has transformed the old Model T into a sleek new streamlined (equiped with radio heater) ironwomb into which this paranoid called "Man" could crawl into at the slightest provocation and

shut himself away from all the cares of the era as he lolled lazily in the arms of John's o ther Wife; then too, gave him that smug feel ing of security and an awesome absolute power that surges through one when he is behind wheel of one of those two-hundred-horse-power jobs. Alas, man has become so dependent his Iron-Womb to take'm every place, that, according to the evolutionists, in a few centuries, legs will atrophy completely from lack





of use --- and will eventually disappear entirely from the Human Race....just as brains have.

While all these great new developments have been going on, such as auto's, railroads, airplanes, Spike Jones Records and Arthur Godfrey programs, man's desire to kill, maim and annihilate as many of his fellow man as is possible, has also been increasing, so that now, we have super dooper atomic weapons, bigger, better, and bugger bugs for bacteriological warfare, and more, and doadlier tanks, guns, planes, bombs; and gadgets of all kind shape, and sizes. This is of

course highly commendable and we should do all in our power to promote such civilized ideas, and carry these ideas along to poor, back ward uncivilized races who haven't sence enough to fight with each other. Tsk! TsK! poor, ignorant savages.

And now, lets contribute a little money to set up atomic research laboratory facilities for the aborigines of Timbuctoo.

The end

Paid advertisment.

Men!! This is your last chance to get the little Jim Dandy Atomic bomb shelter. The little Jim Dandy has many features no other shelter can offer. for instance.

(1.) Extra large beer storage cabinets,

1. Built in Blondes

(2.) Nifty-slick used razor blade disposal unit

(4.) I year supply of mimeo stencils

(5.) Last, but not least, a beer can opener with a built in gieger counter. Where else could you get these extra premiums? No need to fumble in the dark for a can opener either. all openers are painted with Luminous paint.

So sent to day for your little Jim Dandy Up-an-atom shelter to

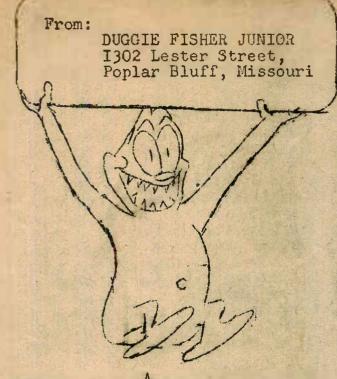
Jose Stallin;

Moscow,

Idaho.
Act fast. owner moving south for his health! Send to day. at once!



"....and now the Irainian Broadcasting Company presents that new quiz--- "You Bet Your Ass".....



UH! Boy..... If you don't get the lead outa your seat, and start moving. yo' all is gonna miss the super-dooper anna ish so don't be bashful, subscribe

-B-

You are recieving a simple copy of ODD.

If you want to blow yo'
Dough!, I'll be happy to except
your subscription, really I will

Is you mad, do you want to pic a fight?

Fo' goodness sakes, ain't you EVER Going ta write!

-D#

I know I've no answered your letter, and I'm afully sorry, gee!....

But That Ol' GAFIA, done went and gotta hold of Me!.....

華田華

AW! Pleeze give me a good review boys, plz! You are the salt of the Earth, In fact you're my bread an..... Butter.....

An praise the lord, you're also a real live con-tributor.....

G

Ahhh! me: Pal, I regrets to inform you, but You're subscription ain't. Wouldn't you like to make me feel glad to be sad, an renue that subscription, for if any body tells you that a fam doesn't care if his fanzine puts him in the hole, he's lyin!

* H *

Don't laugh, I may be somebodys Father!

* I *

Look on the table of contents, and compare notes, then you will see alphabetic anicdotes.....

J

Duuuuu! Wouldn't you like to have you name in a first-class fanzine? Sure you would,

