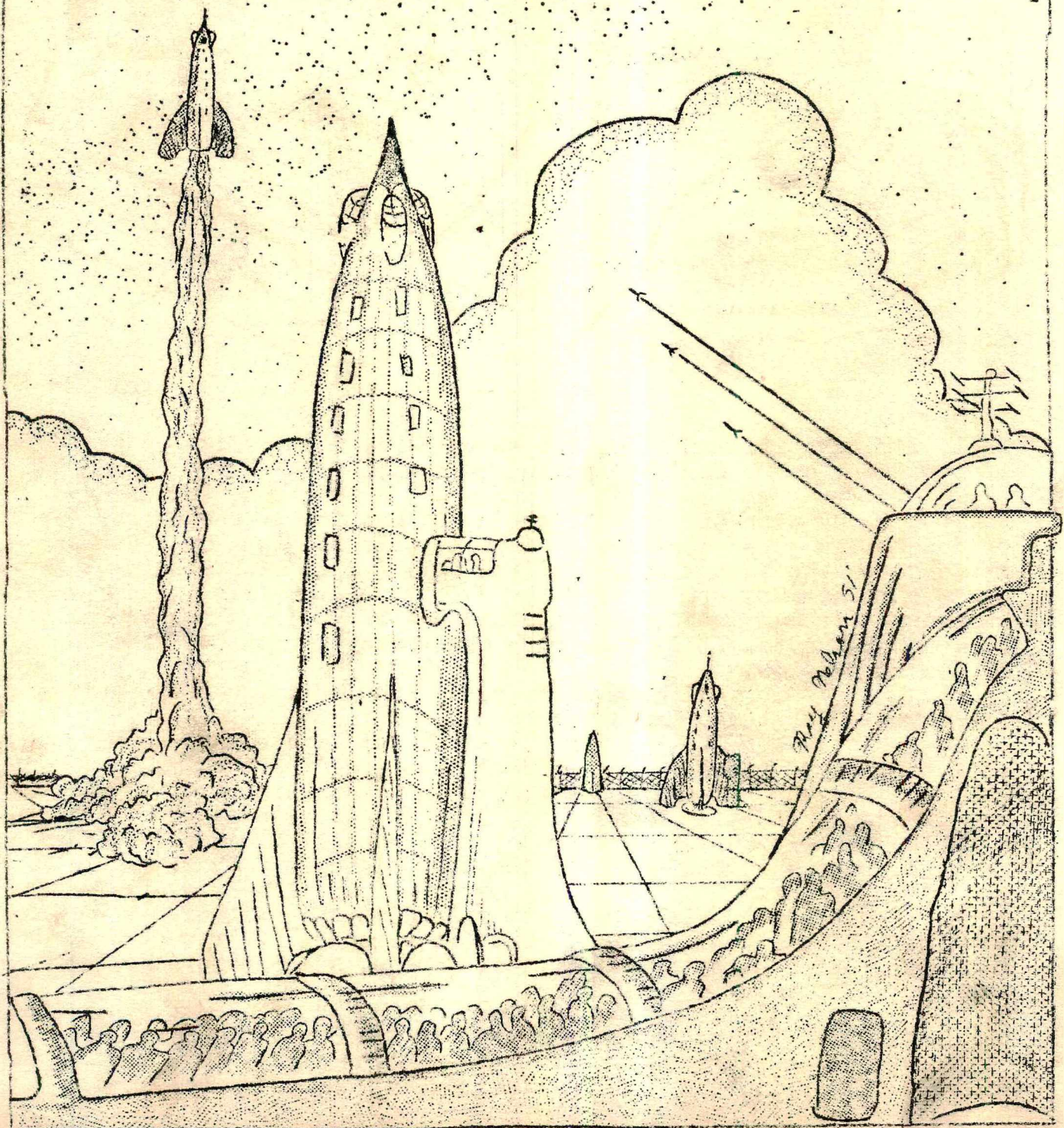
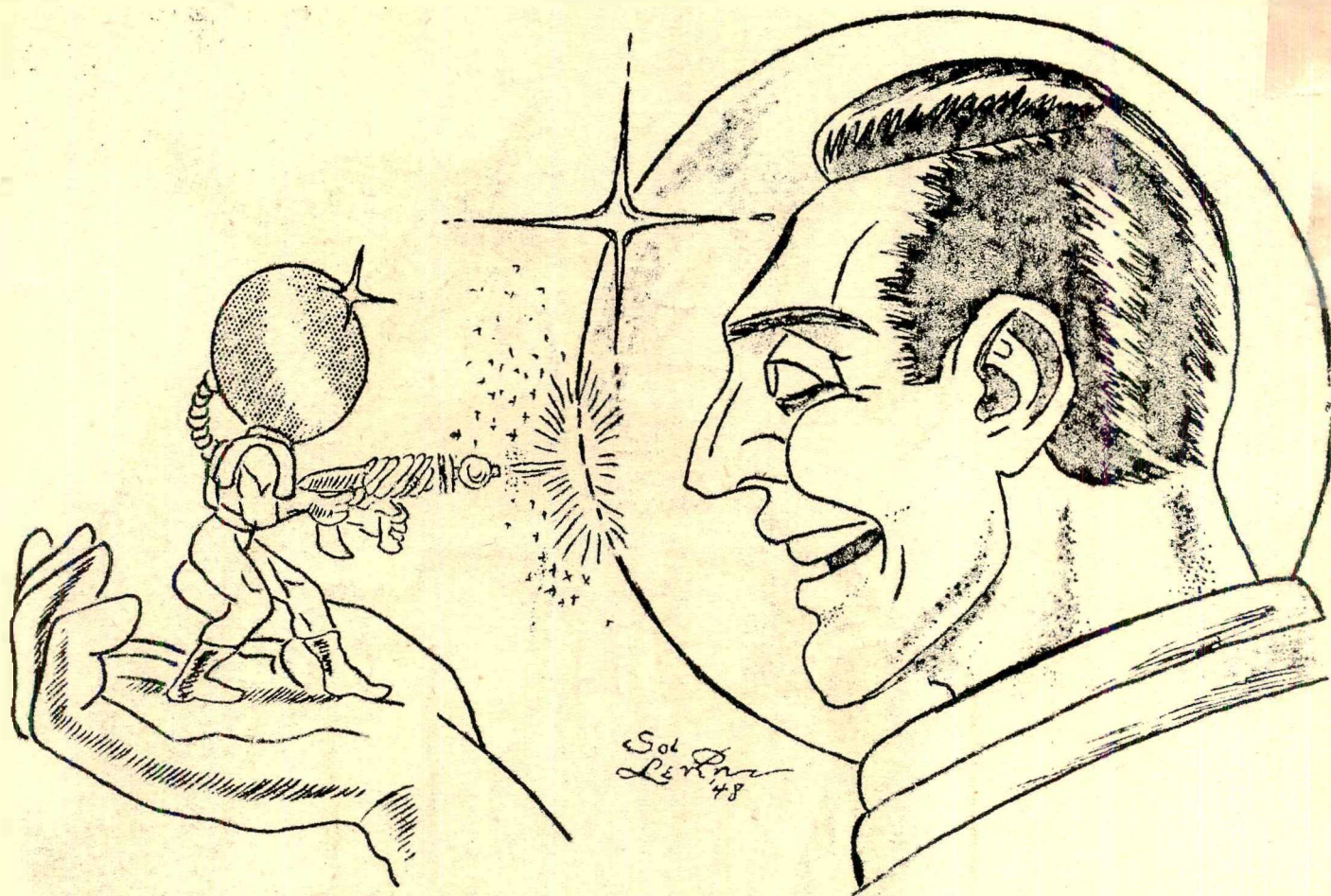


# ODD







Well, I'm just killing time, and space here, got to fill up the back of the front cover for some reason or other,

Oh, yes, the printed covers, along with the photo section did not appear because of lack of dough. You jerks don't appreciate anything anyway, at least from response to the last issue. I'm damn hell fed up with begging, anyone who hasn't written in from the last issue, or this issue will be dropped from my subscription list, and if you're a subscriber you're money refunded. It'll take more than money to get ODD from now on if you're a deadbeat.

I need short puns, and jokes, quotable quotes, are anything that you have.

I need someone to do a column on music, preferably 4 to 6 pages long, and on classical music only. If you want anything on hillbilly music, you can read Billboard. As an extra dividend, starting next issue, I'll inclose a handy cancellation, blank to make it easier to cancel you're subscription to ODD. I'm only going to send ODD to those who appreciate it anyhow.

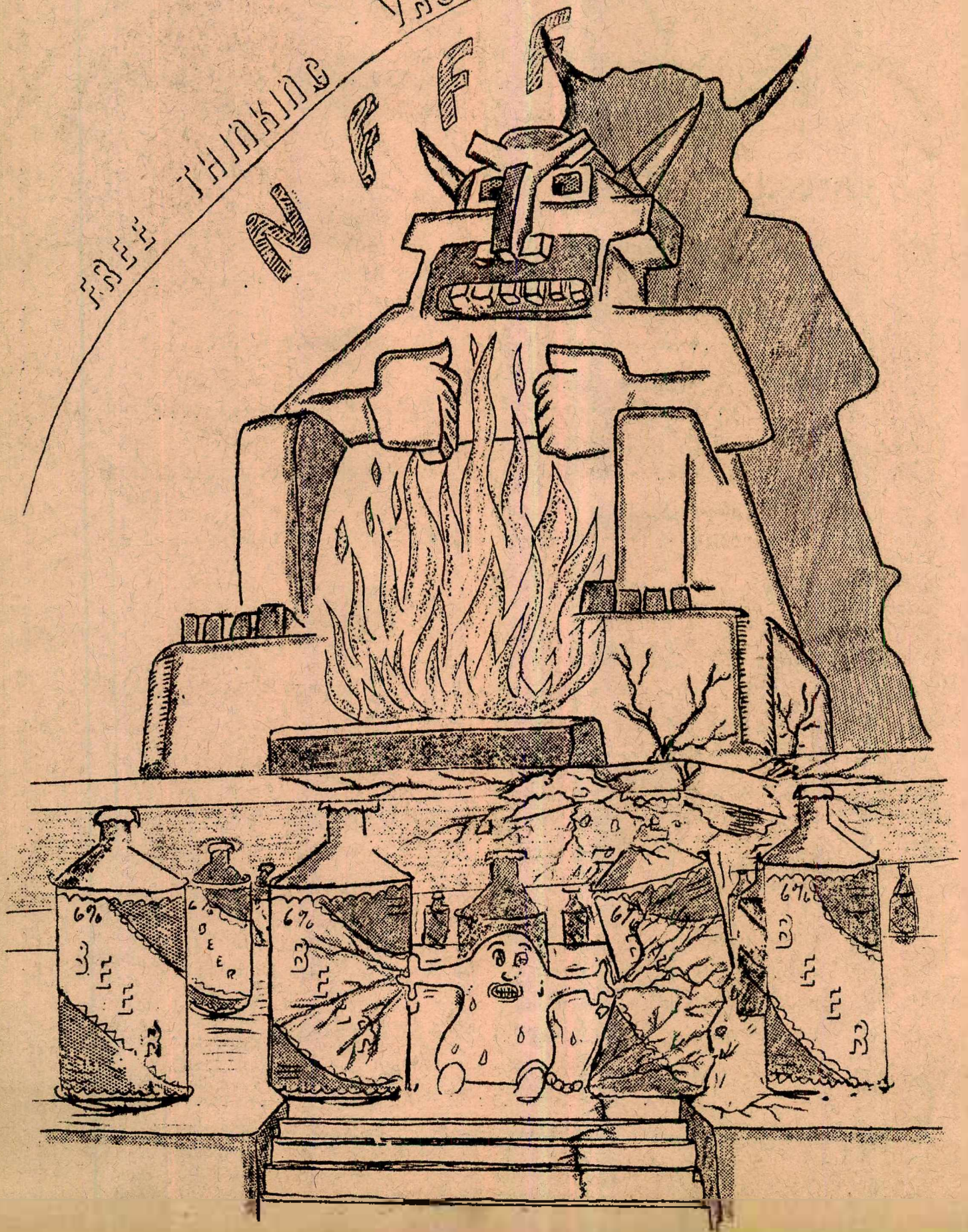
Any fanzine editor I correspond with, had better send me the name of his magazine together information to how often it is printed. The exceptions, are Quandary, Stf Newsletter, Fantopics, Cosmag, and Incenerations.

If any of you would like to get an issue of ODD dedicated to you, the price is \$2.50. If you want your name on the Moral builders list, it is \$1.00, or if you have any spare change you don't need, send it in. I'm not proud, and I'll need it to keep ODD going. Ta, ta!

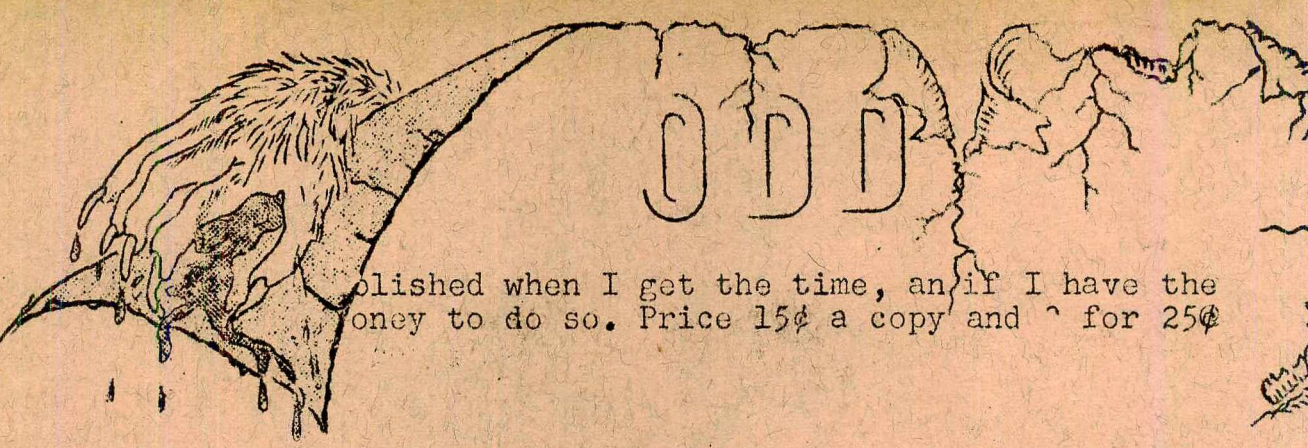


TITLE

FREE THINKING VBS







inished when I get the time, and if I have the  
oney to do so. Price 15¢ a copy and 2 for 25¢

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# MAGAZINE

you are reading the OCT. --- DEC. issue of Odd magazine, an amateur publication for stef fen. Published at 1302 Lester St. Poplar Bluff Missouri.

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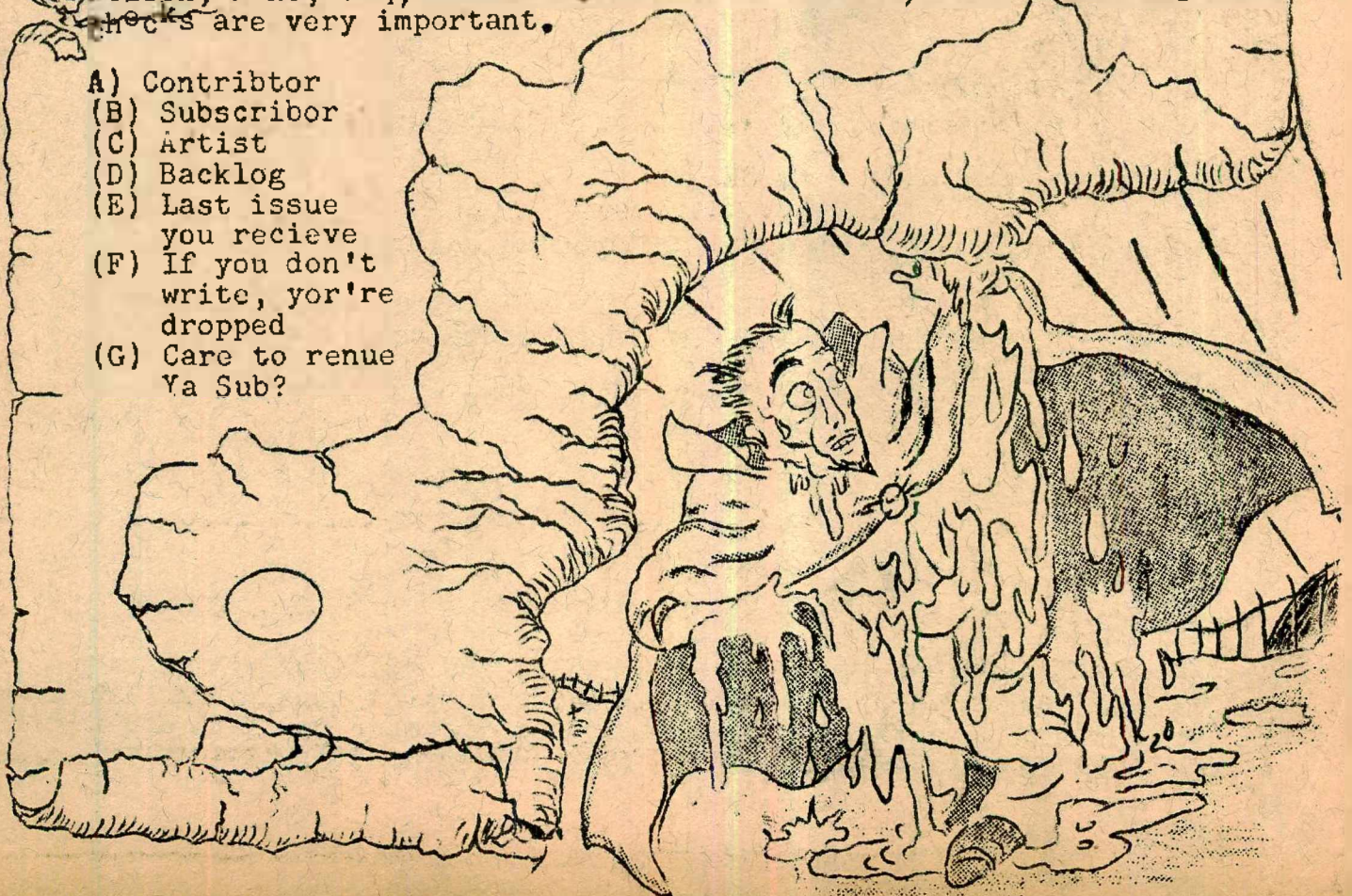
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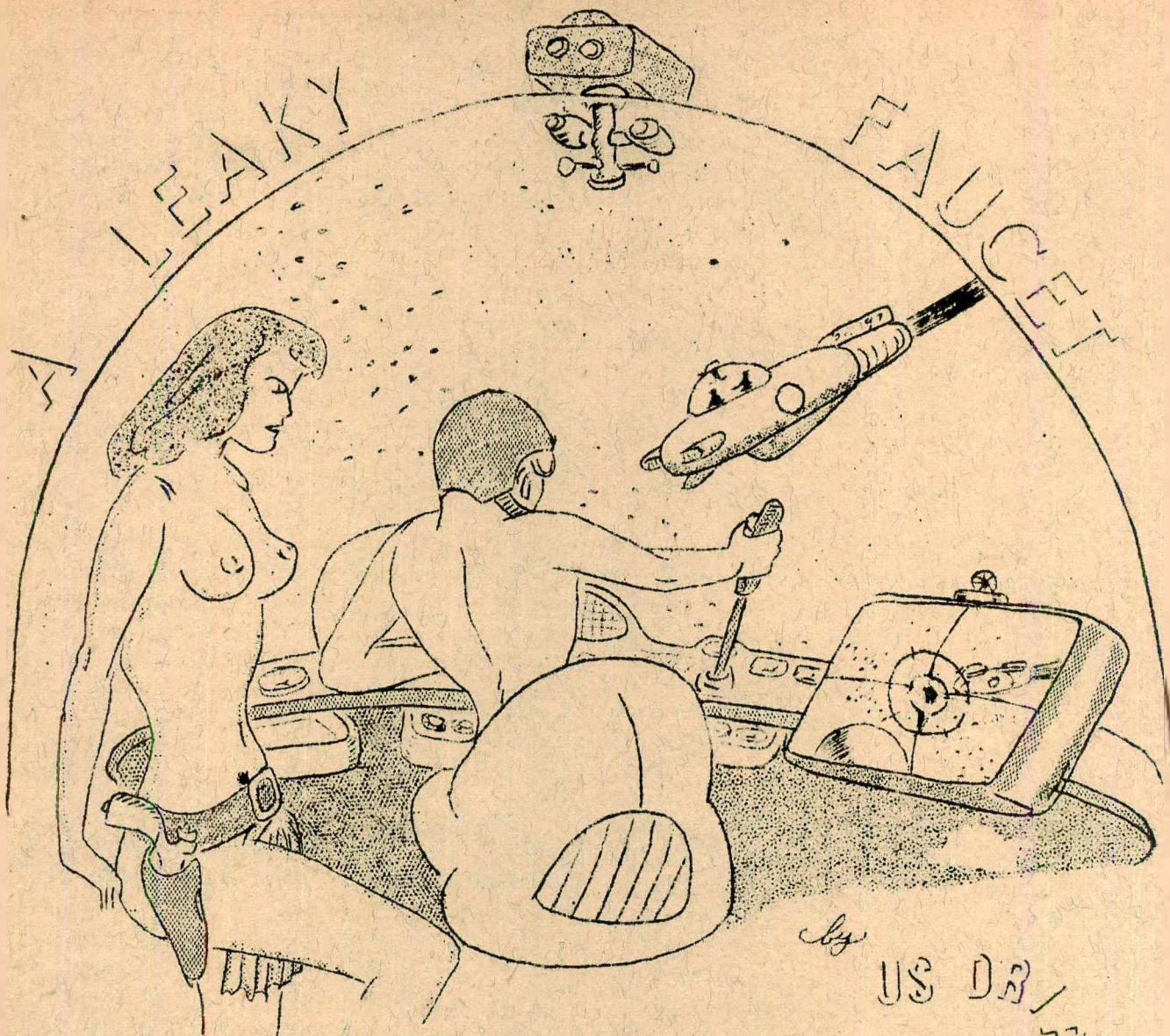
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Editor --- Duggie Fisher Junior Co-Editor --- Richard Elsberry  
Artists include: William Rotsler, Neil Graham; Chabot, Arfstrom  
Nelson, Lane, Jaq, Grossman. and a few others, The following li'l  
heck's are very important.

- A) Contribitor
- (B) Subscribor
- (C) Artist
- (D) Backlog
- (E) Last issue  
you recieve
- (F) If you don't  
write, yor're  
dropped
- (G) Care to renue  
Ya Sub?







by  
US DR /  
2  
3

Well, here tiz..... The issue of ODD you've all been wait<sup>1</sup>  
ng for. Tis  
the start of a new era for ODD, it represents a complete total policy  
change for this magazine.  
To begin with, from now on ODD —————→

will cease to be bi-monthly, and will be irregularly  
published. What's more, I'm thinking about dumping this silly damn  
fool right hand margin. It looks nice, but it takes me 40 minutes to  
type a stencil this way that I can type in ten minutes the old way.



If you think that the increased improvement in looks balances out the extra time spent say so, because unless you think it does, it's going by the way side.

several of you have sent in subscriptions to POSTWARP! I took over publishing Posie in good faith that I would receive mail enough to fill it. In six months I've received 2 letters, other than "Enclosed 10¢ for a copy of PostWarp." and I'm tired of waiting. ~~Until I receive a wounded howl of rage from some high mogul in the NFFF I shall send you folks a copy of ODD for every copy of PW you were to receive.~~ DEE DEE Lavender take notice. Unless I receive an answer to this ultimatum withen 6 seconds after you receive ODD, I shall be forced to forward this magazine to Mrs. Astor and tell her that response from you is negligible. So far, the only ones to respond were M. Wax Koldslaw, + Read Bugss! Take head you sinners!

I shall exchange with any fanzine that wishes to exchange all for all!

and now I shall quote a definition: quote--- "obscene", Foul 2 Lewd, ribald, etc!" so then "Foul" Entangled, as a ships' cables. or perhaps Lewd--- ", "wanton, then wanton means unruly, and last we will take up ribald, which means corse, and last of all this means : thick. So ODD must be Entangled, unruly, and thick to the U.S. Post-office, cause it's classed as Obscene, or nearly so. acouple of months ago, the ax fell upon F.C. Davis, that excellent little prevert, and upon Walker Maxwell Keasler, of the ill-famed FanVarity, and now above my head there is a very sharp sword, hanging precariously, dangling, dangling.

Some rumblin' rump stuffed bigot has not been satisfied with enjoying the only free press left in this world but is setting out to destroy it.

~~Censored~~ may be, and is a fine person, personally, but his out look in life is full of prunes! Censor ship!..... BAH! In any country, when a evil force takes over, they pick on free-thinkers, Look at Red China, for a week or more, they tried to bag newsmen at the Korean piece talks. Why, because they knew that a free press would spell their doom. The communistic governmental ideals can not prosper in the twisted minds of mentally sick people if the truth is known. Freedom of the press is a mighty weapon, and should not be missused, I agree, but where are fanzines mis-using it. If the government Post Offices will let the type of trash known to gutter level individuals as "eight paged literature" ( altho the literary value is questionable ) go thru the mails, and if you don't think it doesn't, pick up any 'girly' magazines, and read the ads, and let Russian Comunistic treasonable -- literature go thru, why not free-thinking fanzines. They tramp down on a defenseless fanzine editor for using swear words, then go home, curse the stop lights, traffic, and the neighbor's kids, read a sexy best-seller, tune in on a good blood-thirsty murder mystery, and pat them selves on the back. They mess with dirty politic's, try a little small time graft in padding expense accounts, guzzle their booze, go to the American Legion to see a good "Stag" Show, go to the local country club after letting the kids! off at church, and say to them selves, what a B\*I\*G Man I am. What a fine upright, honest Christian I am..... and they go off satisfied with them selves.

What If no home is safe from mad rapists, what if drunken debauchery and brawdy houses reign supreme, what if local corruption of city officials squander millions of dollors, the averedge Amercian man



## LEAKY FAUCET III ( Duggie)

looks at him self, thinks " Well, I pay my tithe at the church, I went to the last mass-protest meeting against licquer by the drink, I take my kids to see a baseball game or two, and make sure they don't mess with no jew's or nigger's I've done a good job.". It doesn't affect me now, so why worry, Tommorow'll take care of It's Self". HELL, I may be a lone small voice crying in the wilderness, and this may get ODD banned, but as long as It isn't, ODD and all other fanzines every where represent the last few vistages of what was once known as a free press. Now days, the political party's see that no news against their views are expressed, the communist party, and comunist front origanazitions sugar coat most of the news of their operations, when the FBI does catch up with them, it's too late, Russia's already got what it wants, and WHY?, well because that instead of aresting Hit an run -- drivers, we arrest parking violaters, instead of arresting big political bosses, we arrest little small fry who get out on bail, or if they are sentanced, get pardons in short, and finally instead of aresting Trators, spys, they watch, wait, look an listen and finally nab some high school kid who thot it'd be fun to use a few cuss-words in his fanzine, or tell slightly off-collored jokes.

If True prints a darn good cartoon, the responce is: "Whee Wow, gosh, shucks! If the joke books-- Nifty-Nick- Pack-O-Fun; and others print lewd jokes, "Tee Hee! How droll! If a fanzine editor, who can not afford to grease the right palms prints jokes not even half as bad, WHAMO! The little men, to appease a bothered moral feeling puts the squeeze, and one less fanzine in the world. If the so called Arty Magazines print full length views of Nudes, or if certian sun bathing magazines print-pics that show every thing, thats all right, just put 'em on a newstand, and they sell like hotcakes! Let a fanzine print a semi-nude, or a nude female, showing nothing, usually wisps of smoke, or tattered cloth obscure certian parts, again WHAMO, get th' li'l begger, he's liable to besmirch our children's lily white minds.

PUKE!

Censorship, inform the Post Office, boycott, all have been sugested, they may stop one fan magazine or a nother, but when they do stop them, what have they succeeded in doing anyway, NOTHING. If they don't like a certian-magazine, they don't have to buy it. No fanzine editor yet has discovered a method to force you to subscribe and read his magazine if you don't want to. So why do you want to see us trampled under? Could it be that we're getting all of the subscribers, the best contritutor and get the best reviews? Could it be that you merely hate us so because you are not able to do as good, or to have as good a magazine, as we have, Could it Be?????

If not, what is the reason, prey tell'., We do not go out of our way to bother you, all we want is to be left alone and we'll let you alone.

SPACEWARP WAS AND ALWAYS WILL BE BETTER THAN GEM\*TONES, DAWN, FAN\*FARE, MEZRAB, and yes ODD also, but all I hear about it now that the editor is gone and can't defend himself, is that it is a fowl rag, a horrible prevert's zine, a mumbled up, twisted slanted b rate zine. If it was, it is my ambition to be just like it.

I hereby take a public stand against littleness, petty narrow-minded stuffedshirtedness, and any person or originaztion who wants to set up a board of cersorship, merely because they don't like what we're doing, when what we are doing doesn't cause any harm.



Leaky Faucet IV ( Duggie )

You wouldn't want anyone to do all of your thinking for you, so why have some one to tell you what you shall, and shall not read. That is merely comunism all over.

I challenge any of you to argue this out with me. I've heard it said that It might scare some new fan out of fandom if he read a fanzine such as mine, or Max's, or F.C. Davis's , Tommy-Rot... With the exception of those anti-religious cartoons, of which I think were over done, Anything in these magazines would not even give a second thought to anyone who had the makings of a fan. I don't even comdem F.C. Davis for those cartoons, I think they were in extremely poor taste, but no one forces me to keep them so I thru 'em away.

I don't think that those cartoons hurt God very much, He'll be here long after the last reader of those cartoons are drifting motes of Dust, so why such an uproar, if you didn't like the cartoons , and I belive that was what caused such a 'stink', we all have a right to write in and tell him we didn't like them, or quit reading his mag or you could have done as I did, throw those cartoons away and keep the rest of the mag.

Or take FanVarity, to some it's terrible, and to others it's terribly funny, Max's never forced anyone to read his mag I know from looking thru his mailing list that some of the biggest o-bjectors to so called 'dirty' zines are among his subscribers, I my self have had slight experence with these hide-bound thin-skinne d rabid fanatical fundamentalists. When ODD first started out it was a mess of sloppy mimeographing, and sexy pin ups. Subscriptions poured in, along with protests against the sexy artwork. Like a damn fool I cut them out, and with the dropping of the girls, my subscription s dropped also, now I'm back with, and I say so called, sexy material, altho it's no more so than Mizzouri Show-Me, and subscriptions, while not booming, are composed of those who complained, and then dropped , out when I dropped sex, so there.

Have just read the Bank's war in stf Digest, and I wonder. Yes, I wonder if Bank's really ment all that he said, or was he, like I think he is, merely arguing to bring the whole matter before the world ( of fandom ) and let them see how foolish this Censorship squabble is. I hope so, because I'd hate to think that Banks was either so stupid, or so innocent that he actually thought that merely calling a fanzine SpaceWarp will make it the SPACEWARP of by-gone days, It takes more than names to make a fanzine, altho they help!

enough of this, and back to odd.

After this issue, my files will be depleated,,,,, The next issue of ODD will not be out until I get enough good material to warrent a nother issue, and as if in the case of Postwarp, I do not get any material, then Odd'll not appear, it's as simple as that.

There has been to long a time go past in witch I have not answered my letters, due to very ill-health in the family, floods, and swealtering weather ((( MY WORKSHOP IS IN A UN INSULATED ATTIC ))) I have been able to answer very few, I've now installed a window fan, and a form of air-cooler so Back to answering any letters I recieve, I can go.....So I leave you with a saying of that wise ol' sage, Hugo T'ell, In his Book Of PHANDOM.....

.....  
"Blesse d are the Censor's, for they shall inhibit the EARTH".



Elsberry 1

This is the Monster issue of ODD. If you get this issue your either a contributor, subscriber, or a Monster.

As I write this over 30 pages of ODD have been run off and more are being prepared. Dug's editorial is among that already run off and more are being run off right now. As soon as I finish this I'll be off for the NolaCon. Fisher is standing behind me with a club now imploring me to type faster as Max Keasler, who is also going to the Con stands around wondering weather we'll make the bus in time.

As you undoubtedly know I live in Minneapolis and Fisher lives in Poplar Bluff. This is usually the case. But this week I am in the Mule state, stopping off at Dug's before I continue on to the Con. That's probably the main reason why this issue will be out shortly after number 11. When I got here most of number eleven hadn't been ailed out. It either needed addressing and stamping or assembling. That was rectified shortly tho.

As is usually the case with ODD we won't have a lot of stuff that Dug said we would in number 11. Some of this has been pushed back and other things added. If it isn't in this issue you'll see it in #13. Our dummy looks something like this right now: Klein, Singer, Silverberg, Kennedy, Warner, Kline, Evans, Cogswell, Faulkner, DeVet, Boggs, Gray, and Elsberry. This last named fellow plans to write a con report -- if he can stay sober long enough to find out what's going on down there.

I always thot that Fisher's name was pronouced Dug-gee but when I got down here I find that everyone pronouces it Doo-gee. Aren't you glad to know this?

We also have some good news for ODD's subbers, and bad news for those who don't sub. Walter Willis will be starting a column in ODD!! If it arrives in time it'll be in this issue, if not then you'll see it next issue. This is bad news to you non-subbers because you'll be missing the greatest thing to hit fandom since Burbee published the first Wild Hair. This fellow Willis is great ( he mentioned my name in his Quandry column).

You've probably noted the superb covers on this issue. You'll also notice that they're not signed. It seems that back in early 1949 a fan artist friend of mine gave me some illustrations he had lying around that he didn't want. When I joined the ODD staff I thot they'd be nice covers. So I asked the fellow if it was alright with him if we used them. We got a flat no! Somehow I didn't exactly care for that answer. The guy had given me the pics and I feel that they're mine. So you see them on this issue. The artists name? Well, we'll let you figure that out. Since he didn't want them printed we won't give him any credit for them and everybody should be happy with that arrangement.

In case this editorial sounds rather incoherent at times it is because I am composing it on the stencil and I am having a rather hard time thinking up things to say when I have a deadline to meet.

You've probably noted the quotes scattered throughout the issue and signed by Will Cuppy. They're from his book "The Decline and Fall of Practically Everybody". You'll be seeing more them in future issues but I strongly recommend that you read the book yourself --- if you can get it. If it doesn't fracture you, I will. It is really too bad that Cuppy died in 1949 --- he had the makings of becoming one of the all-time American humorists.



Elsberry 2

Two of the stories this issue are by pro authors -- or haven't you noticed? Charles DeVet has had several stories published in the Ziff-Davis pulps. He lives in St. Paul, Minnesota, and altho he is within striking distance I've never time to meet him except by postcard. Anyhow, I'll be trying to get more stories from him for ODD.

The other pro is Kenny Gray, from Minneapolis. Kenny has one published story to his credit -- "Smaller Than You Think" in a 1948 ASF. Kenny also sold two other stories to Campbell but they've never been published. "Interlopers" is the longest piece of fiction ODD has ever run -- and the best. We hope you like it.

There are a lot of bugs up here in Fisher's attic and so Max Keasler picked up a fanzine to swat a few. It just happens the zine was Riddle's, Peon, which brought forth a comment from me that Max was Peon the bugs. However he did he did manage to kill quite a few.

Fisher wanted me to fill out this page but I certainly don't feel like it so I'll just finish it up with some of Will Cuppy's quotes. En garde!

-- Rich Elsberry

---

"Cortez had heard that Montezuma had a secret treasure chamber heaped with gold and jewels worth millions and millions of pesos, and he had come all the way from Cuba just to pay Montezuma a friendly visit and congratulate him upon being so rich and remind him that kind hearts are more than coronets. He hadn't the slightest idea of stealing the gold and jewels and beating it back to Havana. Now you tell one."

---

"Montezuma had simple tastes. He liked drinking chocolate and eating stewed dog and maize-on-the-cob. Montezuma always dined alone, behind a screen. Nobles would stand on the other side and listen."

---

"The fact is that building a pyramid is fairly easy, aside from the lifting. You just pile up stones in receding layers, placing one layer carefully upon another, and pretty soon you have a pyramid. You just can't help it. And once it is up, it stays there. Why wouldn't it? In other words, it is not the nature of a pyramid to fall down, and that explains why the Great Pyramid is still standing after all these years.<sup>20</sup>

20 It probably couldn't fall down if it tried."

---

"At the Battle of Issus, Alexander captured Darius's wife and two daughters and the royal harem of 360 concubines and 400 eunuchs. He snubbed the harem as did his inseparable friend and roommate Hephæstion, but the soldiers obtained many beautiful rugs."

---

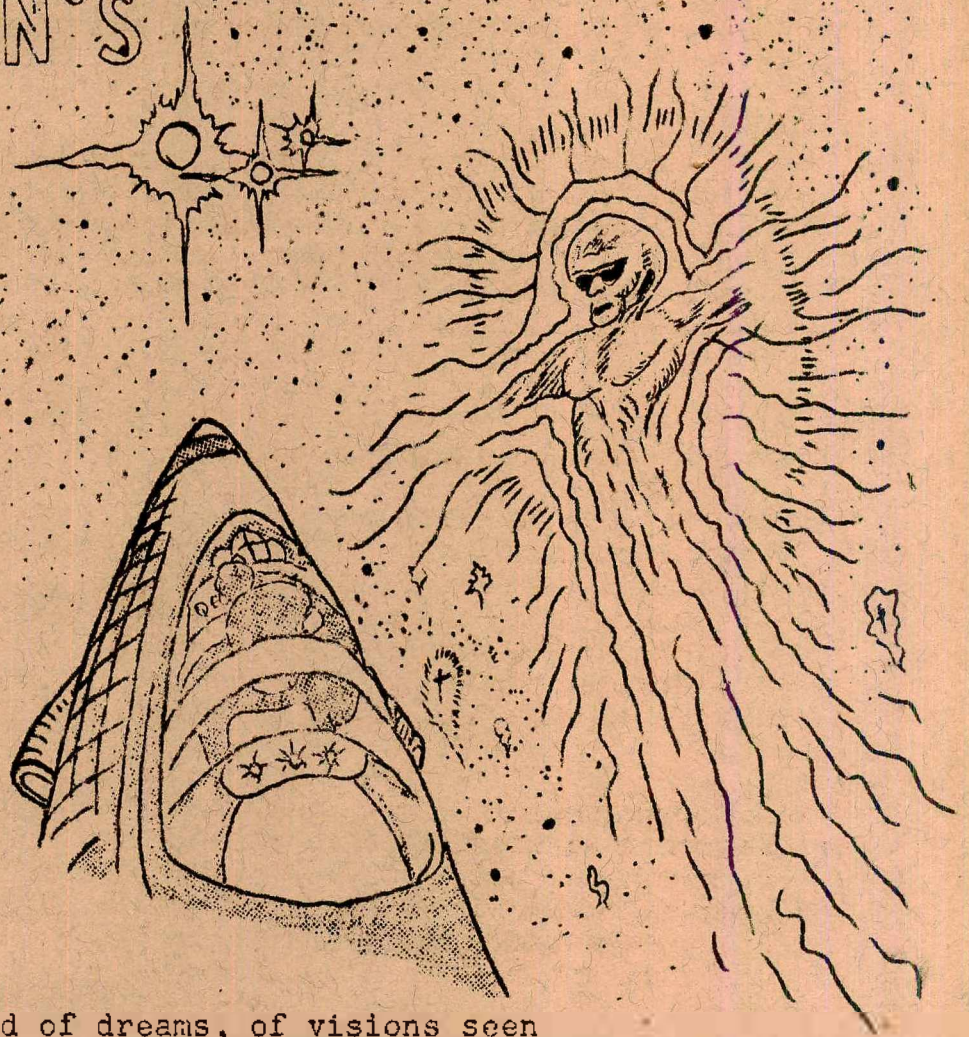
"We cannot be sure how many others Nero murdered, since some of the stories are probably mere gossip. You know how it is. Once you kill a few people, you get a bad name. You're blamed for every corpse that turns up for miles around and anything else that goes wrong."



# SPACEMAN'S TALE....!

BY

WALT  
KLEIN



He speaks:

It was a world of dreams, of visions seen  
And felt, but still unreal. Wild tumbled rocks,  
Vast planes of stone and steel, heaped one atop  
Another in a weird profusion of  
Sharp angled cliffs and chasms. Writhing mists  
Heaved sluggishly; they curled and coiled about  
the burned and calcined ash of ore-like ground  
like questing serpents. Fevered wanderings,  
Narcotic visions looped themselves about the  
Thrall held minds of those who landed there.

\* \* \* \* \*

This was no dream! This road beneath my wheels  
Was real, a straight tape measuring  
Eternity, a ribboned road that rose  
True, ever higher...higher endlessly,  
Up to a sky of burnished, burning bronze,  
Up into clouds the red of clotting blood  
Stained wounds. The very air was still and bare  
Of life, and cigarette smoke rose, a thin  
Grey line, to join the other-earthly, blood  
Dark clouds. Around the road the cushion mists  
Heaved glowing pink, while half seen, monstrous trees,  
Distorted, hideous in the mist, their gnarled  
Roots clutching with their twisted toes at rock  
Tossed wasteland, swayed backward, forward without



## SPACEMAN'S TALE

An end. Through silence so deep that my soul  
Made its soft fluttered whispering heard I drove,  
And thought; "This is no vision. This is real!"

❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖

Then, as I topped the rise, withen those rose  
Red, silent mists, I saw, as on a map,  
Beneath me spread a valley of deep peace;  
Wherein each gleaming, white washed town, each barn  
And landscaped farm, each ample uddered cow  
Cast long, black shadows on the fertile plain.

\* \* \* \* \*

HOW many seeming endless miles I'd come,  
Soul gripped by fear, mind closed to thinking - days  
Uncountable or moments? Unknowing  
What dark compulsion ruled my coming and  
my going. Here there was no pass for me,  
no future, only waiting, horror and dark fear. But company!  
A vast, unseen Array of watchers, Phantoms in  
The burning mists upon the barren rocks  
And clinging crags, they waited as did I.

\* \* \* \* \*

Suspense and horror, evil gods to hold  
The mind enthralled with unreal slavery -  
They hovered with their wide and motionless,  
Deep shadowed wings, in silence mocking all  
The unseen watchers. Out of many lips  
One sigh arose like incense to the sky

\* \* \* \* \*

When horror lies heaped on horror, there is  
A point where horror is no longer horror -  
Where fear becomes calm, a mind sees, accepts,  
But does not feel, and this was mine as I stared  
down upon those wide, green fields become  
A furnace, this valley become an abyss.

\* \* \* 卽 卽 卽 卽 \* \*

A thousand thunders thundered!  
A thousand mad gods shrieked great shrieks  
Out of brazen throats -----  
                        shrieking raw power!  
As the mists were torn asunder, and the crag where I clung  
Quivered above the abyss

卒 卒 卒 卒 卒 卒 卒 卒

POWER! POWER! POWER!  
Power as raw as the power that strips  
The electrons from out of their orbits, and sends the  
Tempestuous ions awhirl through the hell of a new sun -  
The deep valley itself was become a new sun. . . !



## SPACEMAN'S TALE

SCREAMING!

I stood and held onto my heaving crag.  
Screaming!

I ran between the burning lanes, among  
Black skeletons of massive machines, bent  
And broken, metal girders twisted like wax, rising starkly  
Outlined a moment against a writhing sky, then melting in  
Great tears to join a pulsing, rising flood.

\* \* \* \* \*

A sea of molten metal, flinging great,  
Fierce, grasping arms of flame against the sky -  
Whirlpools of fire - waves of flame in wild  
Tide, surging one against another in  
Great showera of refulgent sparks - lay in a lurid light beneath  
a smoke wreathed sun.

※ ※ ※ ※ ※ ※ ※ ※ ※ ※ ※

Upon the islands rising from the flood,  
Vast trees outlined their blackened, cindered limbs  
Against the glow of molten metal as  
The lapping waves engulfed the earth in flames,  
And black trunks flared into a nothingness.

\* \* \* \* \*

Leaping flowers of flame!  
Leaping with a rush of roaring power  
From the blackened joists and timbers of homes,  
From the melting beams and girders of cloud piercing  
buildings scorched the solid sky.

\* \* \* \* \*

Shrill screams of men crescendoed amid the shriek of  
Energy - bare, torn torsos golden with sweat  
Rose out of the metal flood, contorted,  
                muscles knotting and twisting,  
Pain stiffened faces rigid as marble, sightlessly staring  
Upward, sound welling out of twisted, columned throats,  
And the horror beyond horror  
When the molten sea clots their throats with silence.

京 京 京 京 京 京 京 京 京 京 京

The sun, dripping blood sank down at last,  
And still I walked the highways of a world  
Gone insane, a valley become an abyss.  
The high massed clouds reflected light down at last on a  
molten lake, a hideous parody  
Of sunset through the night. The brilliant sea  
Contorted in the agony of its  
Own energy, still birthing the great gouts of  
its streaming metal - flinging them high into the air,  
To fall in cpruscating streams  
Once more into their mother substance.



But after every horror, peace. And dawn  
Must follow every night. A virgin sun  
Shone once again upon a sea at rest,  
Congealing in the light to lap upon  
The mountain sides slower...

slower...

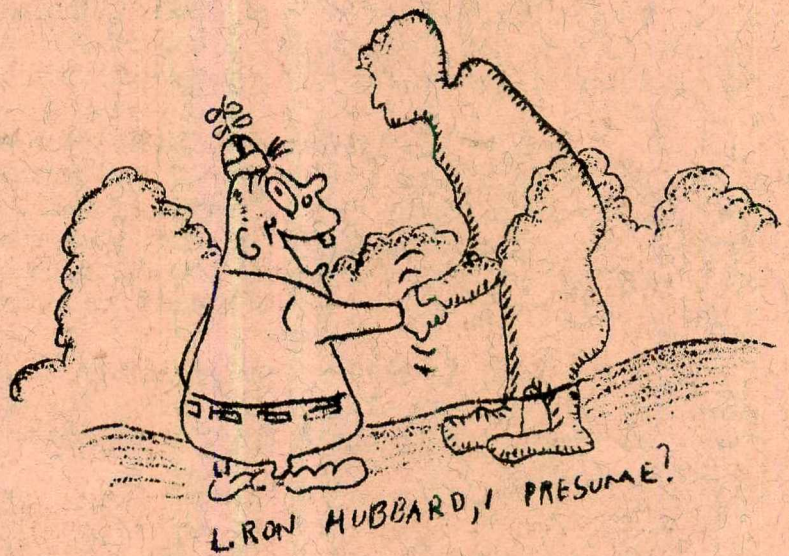
slower...

The sundred mists crept softly back, again  
To hide the chaos which had once been peace.  
I reath sighed once more within my breast. I  
moved, And left the crag, which tumbled with one  
Last tremor down into the sea below.

~~~~~

The visions vanished, a shattered world  
Lay once again about me - in its death,  
But peopled now with phantoms, ghosts.

I fled,  
and left behind the unseen watchers brooding on the  
grave of there self shattered world in endless silence





# ESSENCE OF FANDOM

BEN SINGER

What lies ahead for fandom?

The thing that I have been turning over in my mind for the past year suddenly becomes of paramount importance. What is the essence of fandom? Were I able to successfully answer that question, perhaps I would no longer be interested in fandom. And fandom is such an unusual organization that nobody yet has answered the question, "What is fandom's purpose?" Now more important, "Where is fandom going?"

Nothing in fandom is stable. The fans are, even moreso than ordinary people, always looking forward to the great, nothing is ever settled for sure, and the whole thing is an organized mess. Are fans in fandom because they are inherently journalists, stfen, or frustrated individuals seeking others of their kind. Personally, I think the second idea is merely a means to the ends, that these people are journalists and also frustrated, seeking others of their kind. Like a lonely hearts club.

Now, what was so fine about being a fan before? The sheer activity involved? No, I think it was in being different that fans got their greatest pleasure. Even certain old-timers of fandom, beasts with no more fannish ambition than my mother, get a great thrill out of attending the conventions, merely for the pleasure of impressing their same difference upon other fans.

I lost most of MY fannish ambitions after attending two conventions. Some of the lowest specimens of humanity I have ever seen were there. A moronic old man from Michigan....the queer from California, grey-haired and smoking a fat cigar as if he was practising...a swarthy character from New York who clung to every new contact like a starving leech...nymphomaniacs, satyrs, paranoids, schizophreniacs, your pick of utter nausea....fandom is loaded with FILTH!

Nevertheless, I still retain an interest, however now slight, in fandom. There are many nice people, but of these, the majority are either sexually frustrated or frustrated in their great ambitions. So, back to the question, where is fandom going?

To Hell!

The popularity of s-f is increasing, fandom seems to be growing. The more the merrier....till, the old-time, died-in-the-wool-true-blue-fan is no longer in existence. The essential element to be considered here is: THE INCREASING LACK OF DIFFERENCE.

Someday somebody is going to take another poll. This poll will be just to



( More "Essense" )

determine the average fan life. I think three years is a liberal estimate. When the frustration ends, so does fandom's purpose.

So the final conclusion is that the fandom WE knew will soon be no more.

What's the difference?

-- Ben Singer

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# THE TRUTH ABOUT YNGVI

by Bob Silverberg

The postman came groaning up the four flights to my apartment and collapsed at the doorstep, filling the hall with packages. I went outside and picked them up.

I took a while to carry them inside. "Hrm," I snorted, staring at the twelve bulky parcels. "Average day's load." This was after I became a fan, you understand. I piled them neatly and started from the top, as I usually do. I took the top package.

Getting off the ladder, I noted it was the SAPS mailing. I hurled the thing into a pile reaching near the ceiling. "Unread fanzines", the pile was labeled. I worked my way down quickly. A box of candy from my aunt...four old Astoundings and an Amz picked up at a local dealer....a load of British pocketbooks...four used copies of "Zotz!"...the room began to reel under the day's income of mags. I opened the eleventh package.

It was full of fanzines. I hurled it after the SAPS mailing. This I regret to this day, since the package disappeared halfway and clicked out of sight with a dull glow. A later letter informed me that the package was full of back issues of "Cosmic Circle Commentator", which probably explains the disappearance. Then -- I picked up the twelfth and last package. It was about eight inches high, and a foot in other various dimensions. It was of tough cardboard, folded. Pasted on it was the usual address label:

CONTENTS: MERCHANDISE  
FOURTH CLASS MAIL  
RETURN POSTAGE GUARANTEED  
POSTMASTER MAY OPEN FOR POSTAL INSPECTION IF HE DARES

I started at the last, looked at it glumly for a moment, and then cut the string. The raw end squirted from my hand, fell to the floor, and slithered away under the couch. The cardboard fell away, revealing wrapping paper. I removed the wrapping paper and took out a small wooden box. I heard an ominous ticking inside. Fans are Starbotten, though, so I didn't worry. I opened the lock and reached inside. The card simply said: "Dear Bob, This is Yngvi. Take good care of him. Lyon."

I reached in again and hauled out Yngvi. Now it can be told! A bedraggled ugly little insect came out, asleep. The truth: YNGVI IS A LOUSE!



# THE PASSING OF ARTHUR BY JOE KENNEDY

I have always had a fondness for King Arthur. Especially since the night when he prevented me from being a penguin all my life.

It all started when the wizard Merlin came home around eleven p.m. from the annual Witches' and Warlocks' ball. Merlin was stewed to the gills. He wagged a finger drunkenly at me and exclaimed, "Be a penguin!"

And I became a penguin. I looked at myself in a mirror. I was not a bad looking penguin, at that. I preened my feathers. Then I went out and sat in the refrigerator, resolving to remain there until such time as Merlin had slipt off his bun.

Around one in the morning there came a thundrous knocking at the door. Merlin snored on. The knocking became louder. After awhile there was a big crash and a splintering sound, and the door lurched open.

There stood King Arthur, dressed in his tin suit, waving a sword, and bellowing something or other. Merlin opening one bloodshot eye.

"Hell of a time of night to come visiting," said the wizard with a faint burp.

"Merlin, black wizard of nameless necromancies," commenced the King, waving the sword purposefully, "Long have you plagued this fair kingdom with your evil sorceries. At last I have discovered your foul lair. Merlin, your moments are numbered."

"That's the trouble with you confounded nobles," drawled the wizard. "Can't do a damn thing without making a bloody speech about it. Why don't you kill me and spare us the oratory."

"I have heard worse suggestions," observed King Arthur, slicing his sword through the air with a great WHOOOOSH. Merlin's head plunked to the floor, altho the wizard's body continued to sprawl on the bed.

This was a happy turn of events for me. As soon as Merlin was dead, I reassumed my natural form.

As I said before, I have a fondness for King Arthur. His collar-bone made an excellent toothpick.

THE END



HARRY WARNER JUNIOR'S

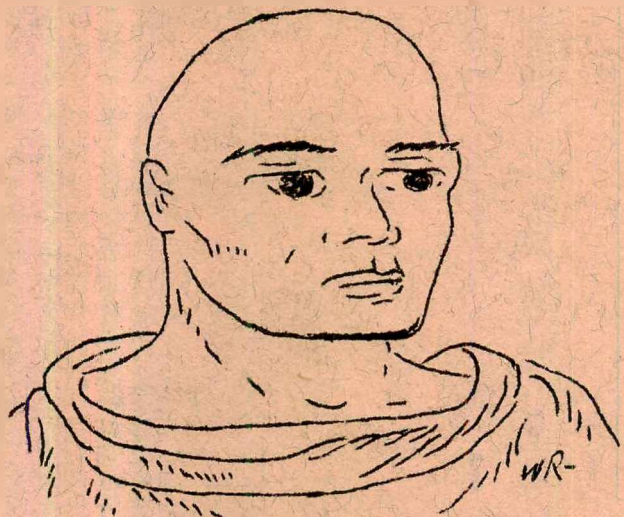
# PREHISTORIC SUPERMAN

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H. G. Wells is given full credit for writing the first modern stories about such things as time travel, war between the worlds, and an invisible human. Actually, he didn't, because each of the themes had been worked over in some manner by earlier writers. But Wells popularized such themes, and showed the possibilities that lie in them.

So it's odd that not much has been said about Well's treatment of the superman theme. The pre-Glan supermen are usually divided into two categories -- supermen who don't get that way for scientific reasons, like those of Rabelais and Voltaire; and supermen who were thought up by Beresford, Stapledon, and Stan Weinbaum. The Hampdenshire Wonder, Odd John, and The New Adam are usually considered in a class to themselves, as the only important supermen of the 50 years before the big exploitation of the theme that began in the 1940's.

Yet Wells' *The Food of the Gods* is not an obscure novel. It has been in print several times since it was written in 1904; first as a book itself, later as a part of the "Seven Famous Novels" omnibus that was available for many years before World War Two, then came back into print a few months ago at a doubled price. *The Food of the Gods* is interesting for several reasons. It combines the idiocy of the Jerry Schuster Superman with the philosophical implications of the Beresford superman. It also is one of the few Wells novels that reveals signs of uncertainty on the part of the author. Wells shows evidence of having grasped the full possibilities of his theme at a point about two-thirds of the way through the novel. From this point on, he makes a desperate but futile effort to twist his story away from the beaten path of fantastic adventure into the seldom-used road of the significant novel.



Most of Wells' early fantasies follow a very simple and clear pattern. The first chapters are devoted to explaining to the reader how the fantastic element appears and what it means. There is never a plunge straight into the story in the opening paragraphs; the reader is prepared at some length for what is to follow. The middle section of the fantasy then brings to light the possibilities opened up by the hypothesis on which Wells is speculating. Somewhere about two-thirds of the way through, there is a big fight, usually combined with a desperate chase; and the story ends with the disappearance of the fantastic element, because the inventor has died, gotten stranded somewhere, or has otherwise been prevented from communicating his secret to humanity.



The Food of the Gods is an abrupt change from this formula, which will fit with a few alterations most of the early novels and the longer short stories by Wells. However, if Book One, The Dawn of the Food, is read as a separate entity, it follows the formula pretty well. A fight with the giants, the extremely slow unfolding of the true properties of Herkleophorbia, the apparent solution of the whole problem at the end of Book One, all fit into Wells' methods.

It isn't until Book Two, entitled The Food in the Village, that we really learn the superman motive that is to come. I suspect that Wells didn't really intend to do much about the possibility of giant men when he began to write the novel. The opening of the second Book hints as much: "Our theme, which began so compactly in Mr. Bensington's study, has already spread and branched until it points this way and that...." As the children grow, so do Wells' ideas. At first they are simple deductions about what exceptional growth in a human would mean-- the quantity of nourishment that would be required, the danger of severe damage to anything in the vicinity of the giants, for instance. But slowly, Wells begins to put increased pressure on the question that cannot be answered by simple mathematics: how would normal people react to the supermen? (The only way to write a good book about supermen is by answering that question, because none of us are going to be able to understand how the supermen react to normal people.)

In Book Three, The Harvest of the Food, Wells has turned his fantasy into an allegory with satirical overtones. His giants contrast with the little people, there's another big fight, but the novel defies the Wellsian pattern by failing to settle everything in the end. We are never told whether the giants or the little folk win out in the giants' effort to survive.

But Wells still can't overcome the handicap of that routine opening to the story. He had begun with the premise of a food which caused any animal or vegetable life to grow to many times its original proportions. But the growth is purely physical with animals and vegetables. When the giant children begin to grow up, they are rather dull-witted, compared with their normal brothers and sisters, because of their failure to receive normal educations. Toward the very end of his novel, Wells makes a desperate effort to retrieve this fundamental boner by hinting, predicting, and otherwise alleging that the giants are something finer and better than normal humanity. Their greatness of size threatens any instant to turn into greatness of spirit or mind. The giants know that if their race dies off, the normal people would "go on -- safe forever, living their little pigmy lives, doing pigmy kindnesses and pigmy cruelties each to the other; they might even perhaps attain a sort of pigmy millennium, make an end to war, make an end to over-population, sit down in a world-wide city to practise pigmy arts, worshipping one another till the world begins to freeze...."

However, Wells doesn't take the plunge into precise announcement of the way in which the giants are better than the pigmies. In his final page or two, his failure is plainest. The book ends with a resounding flight of oratory by one of the giants, the effect of which is that the giants intend "to serve the spirit of the purpose that has been breathed into our lives.... To grow according to the will of God! To grow out of these cracks and crannies, out of these shadows and darkness, into greatness and the light!" It sounds fine, but Wells can't think of any symbol more potent than a gesture of a giant toward the heavens. He means, presumably, that the giants could help humanity to reach the stars, but Wells shouldn't have sidestepped the issue of how the giants could prove themselves better than the pigmies.

To the end of this article-review on a note as irrelevant as the end of the novel, I might point out that The Food of the Gods seems to contain the first use



of the term, "iron curtain." One of the scientists is locked up near the end of the novel, and we are told: "It became evident that Redwood had still imperfectly apprehended the fact that an iron curtain had dropped between him and the outer world." It is queer, how the metaphor of curtain occurs again and again in what immediately follows. Speaking of Redwood again a page further on, Wells tells us that "The back of his mind was a black curtain, and on that curtain there came and went a word -- a word written in letters of fire." Two pages later "...his realization of impotent confinement fell about him like a curtain!" A few hundred words farther along, the most famous species of curtain recurs: "Then abruptly the iron curtain rose again..." It would be interesting to know what stimulus from the outer world, as Wells was writing the yarn, caused that over-use of the metaphor in slightly varied forms.

-- Harry Warner, Jr.

--ooOoo--

#### imaginary interview

"How's the Double Shadow business coming, Bruce?"

"Great!"

"How many suckers did you take this week?"

"What do you mean? I don't take anyone on my deals for the Double Shadow."

"How much do you pay for them?"

"Well...aah...a guy's entitled to a fair profit, isn't he?"

"Yes, I suppose so. Why don't you sell them for that?"

"Now listen here, Rich...."

"I remember when Smith was selling those things back in 1935 for 15¢. Now your both making a profit."

"But some things improve with age. The Double Shadow is a rarity."

"Too bad it didn't improve with age. How many pages did you say it had -- twenty-six?"

"It has thirty-two pages. And the print is small, too."

"And all for...."

"I ain't saying."

"Well, suppose I wanted to buy one."

"You don't. You dislike weirds. Besides, you haven't got that much money."

"What do you see in Clark Ashton Smith, Lane, besides a source of continuous income?"

"The Double Shadow is not a source of continuous income. Smith is nearly out of them and I only have a couple of gross lying around the house. Those'll be gone in no time to the suck... I mean collectors of rare old booklets and admirers of C. A. Smith."

"What's Smith address? I'd like to make a small fortune myself."

"I can't tell you."

"Why? Isn't the business big enough for both of us. There's plenty of suckers....."

"Don't use that word! Say customers. And I am afraid that you can't get in. You see I'm Smith's seventh cousin!"

--ooOoo--

"Egypt has been called the Gift of the Nile. Once every year the river overflows its banks, depositing a layer of rich alluvial soil on the parched ground. Then it recedes and soon the whole countryside, as far as they eye can reach, is covered with Egyptologists."

-- Will Cuppy

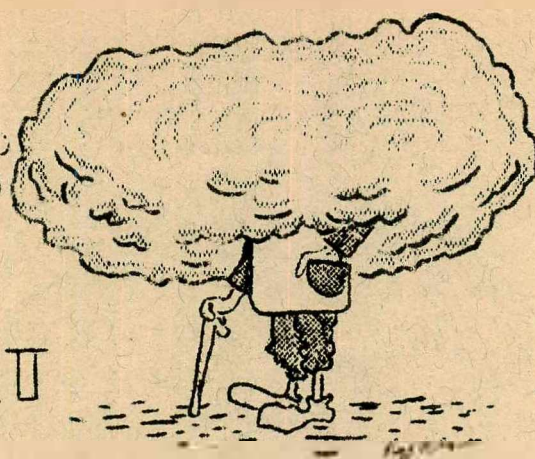


# FINCAL'S

# CAVE

by WALT

KLINE



DR. LUCIUS B.  
FINCAL

Lucius B. Fincal let his eyes gaze over the gleaming agglomeration of metal, to which he had just fastened the last bolt. It covered an entire wall of his mammoth, comprehensive laboratory. Tubes and bars melted into one another and, seemingly, into space itself with bewildering convolutions; the big blank eyes of motionless dials met his gaze. A flywheel at the top of the machine hiccuped, began to spin violently, gulped, and became still again.

Unable to contain his vast admiration in his small form, Lucius bounded back and forth before his latest scientific triumph. Quieting at last, he stood before it, and said to me in a bemusing type of voice, "I wonder what it does?"

There are those feeble minds to whom the above statement might have given cause for doubting the undoubted genius of Lucius B. Fincal, but it takes a great mind to understand a genius, and therefore I knew what he ment perfectly...

By the year 3000, science, following the vogue of such early pioneers as Kant, Freud, Einstein, and the deeply admired, thoroughly incomprehensible Hubbard, had become

so esoteric, so advanced, its concepts and theories so vast and all inclusivly indecisive that its adherents moved in a continual fog of bewilderment. Lucius B. Fincal as the most advanced, the most respected scientist of them all, naturally moved about in the great est fog. It was seldom, in fact, that he had even the vaguest idea of his researches.

As for me, it was a constant source of amazement to me that he had chosen me as his confidante and biographer. I can't think of any reason unless it's that I made the best Tom Collin's in New York.

Lucius' primary clame to fame was that he had once solved the riddle of the universe. Unfortunately upon sobering up he had been so involved with a hangover he had completely forgotten the solution. placing his dilemma at the feet of the International Academy of Sciences,

he had been assured of their deepest symphay, enrolled as a charter member, non dues paying, and given a grant of five million credits to continue his researches.

The admiration of his fellow scientists





was tempered with slightly awed pity. They knew only too well what his experiments entailed, and few envied him his hangovers. Lucius, however, indifferent to bodily comfort, continued his experiments.

The experiments had up to now been total failures, although recorders eagerly took down every syllable of his maanderings untill the syllables became too slurred to be of any possible use.

However, Lucius retained a slight amount of hope. There was a rumor afloat that an obscure Russian with an unpronounceable name, hearing of his problem had invented a new cocktail expressly for dealing with the problem. He had named it Molotov after some ancient, little known leader of an obscure religious sect.

During his more lucid moments Lucius had worked on various problems, not the least of which was squaring the circle and finding the exact value of pi, which he would undoubtedly have done except for his untimely death.

It was with greatest eagerness, therefore, that I rushed over in the middle of the night, upon a telephone call from Lucius that he was ready to unveil another scientific triumph.

"I wonder what it Does?" he asked, examining the two giant electrodes, between of which was placed a chair wired to various parts of the gleaming machine.

"Perhaps it's a time machine?" I suggested, knowing it was fully within the range of Lucius' genius.

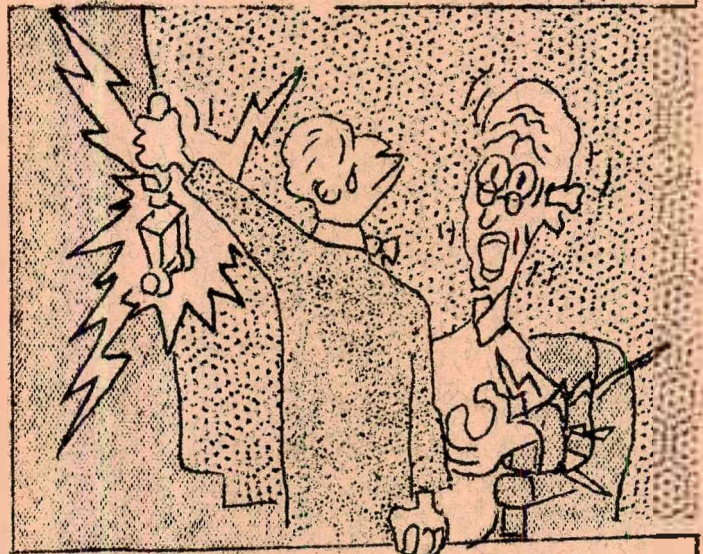
I doubt it. But this un-

paralleled scientific triumph should certainly stop the mouth of those obnoxious para-einsteins, who say that science is dead, and no longer does anything practical. This'll be practical, I'll wager!"

I could do nothing but agree piously with those sentiments.

"And you, my lieber Freund shall have the honor of first trying it out."

"No, no," I insisted, backing away. "The honor must be yours, the inventor of this glorious machine. I could not, and



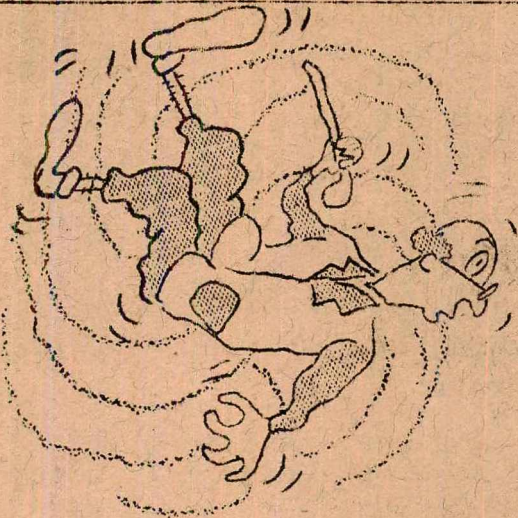
would not, conceivably deprive you of what is rightfully yours sir!"

I looked at the straps on the chair, and wondered idly why they were there.

Lucius approached me, the flame of scientific inquiry in his eyes. "I said you are to have the honor of trying it first!" he thundered.

We wrestled vigorously, he trying desperately to pin me to the chair. But he was much smaller than I. Somehow, during the friendly scuffle, Lucius was pinned into the chair himself,





I looked around for the switch that would set the machine in motion. Lucius, meanwhile, nobly shrieking, "No, No not Meeee....."

I found the switch at last, and pulled it. Lucius was still shrieking, Oh that noble man! he wanted me to have the honor, but I could not possibly have taken it from him, but his insistence touched me. Damon and Pythias and all that. He was a dear little man.

At the touch of the switch Lucius jerked like a stabbed flounder, stiffened violently, and for a moment I was afraid that the straps would not hold and then went limp in the high chair. Since there was nothing more I could do I went in search of a highball and a sandwich.

Eventually a buzzer sounded on the machine. I Paused expectantly, midway in the act of biting into my liverwurst sandwich.

Lucius' eyes flickered open. I sat down to shock and temporary delirium his saying "You bastard!" to me as I finished opening the straps, but as to his biting me, I'll not say a thing. It is not the duty of a biographer to record such minor details, and anyway I retaliated by kicking him in the shins.

"What happened?" I asked, getting back to my sand

with.

"Well" he said, "after you threw the switch, you ungreatfull misbegotten sob. ( it touched me to hear him quote Truemann, an obscure musician ) I blacked out. After an eternity, I came to, and found myself floating in a void.

I cried aloud "Where am I?" and out of the void came a voice that said 'NOWHERE'

"Who are you I asked?"

"'NO ONE!'"

"What is here?"

NOTHING

"What time is this?"

'NEVER'

"Shortly after I awoke and saw you leering down at me."

I sat stunned for a few minutes and inquired about where Lucius' had been.

Lucius jumped to his feet and began investigating the meters, recorders etc.etc! He made a complex series of calculations, fed them into an electric brain recieved his answer and sat back, obviously shocked.

Well "I asked." what did you say

"Impossible!"

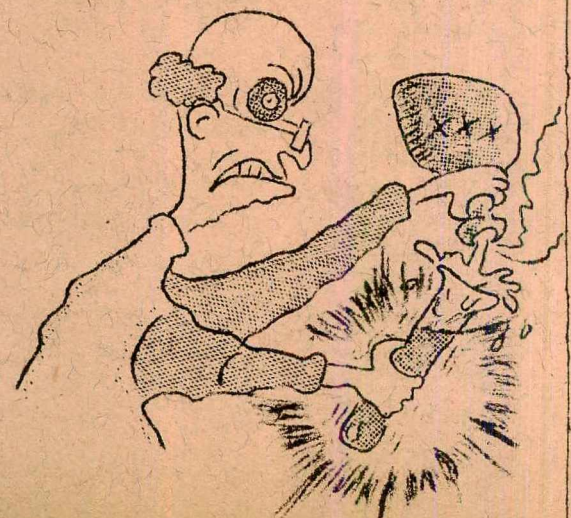
"Where is it?" I demanded

"Impossible!"

"What was it" I screamed, shaking him violently.

"Impossible, I refuse to believe it."

"Where did you go?" I cried, turning him upside down and banging his head on the floor.





"According to the machine, I went into my own head."

This was patent ly absurd. Lucius B. Fincal had made a slight error, or rather, since Lucius B. Fincal could make no errors, the electronic brain was to blame.

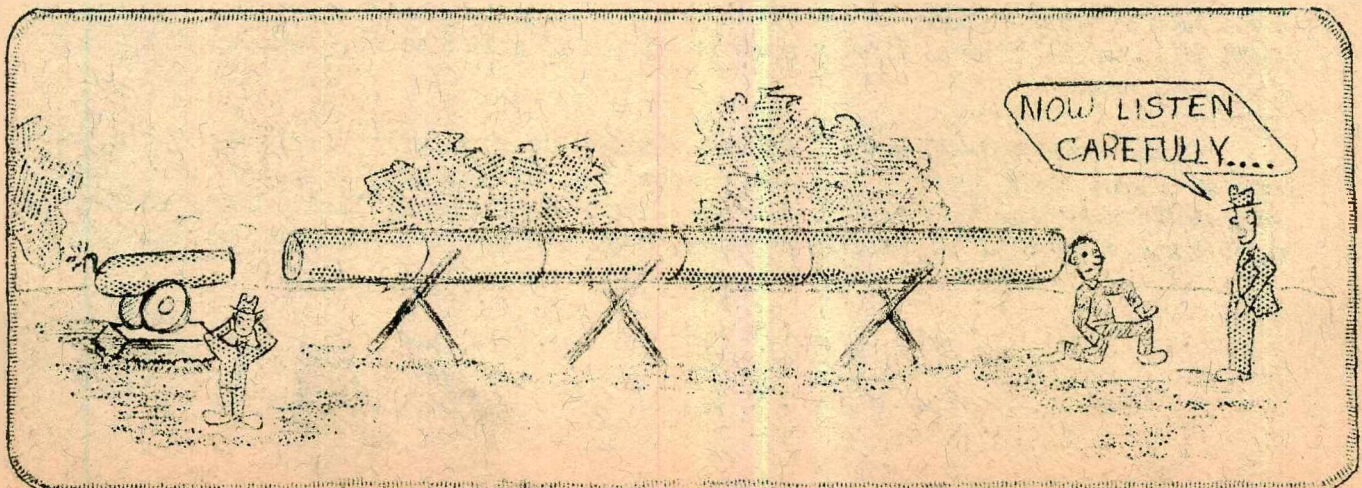
Consequently, the next day Lucius B. Fincal informed the president of the International Academy of Science that he had discovered a new dimension. The good old man heard this with tears of gratitude in his eyes, and immediately authorized a grant of two million credits for his magnificent research. Upon hearing that Lucius had accidentally dropped an anvil on the most vital part of the machine, ruining it beyond any hope of redemption, he expressed the Sympathy which the entire scientific world must have felt, and increased the grant to five million.

That evening, lucius and I went forth, and performed,un successfully, another experiment twords once more solving the riddle of the universe. I am writing this with a severe hangover. Oh how we suffer in our zeal for science.

## POWER OF THE PRESS

Oh, now honey, don't fret. I can fix it up. So you murdered a woman, seduced her husband, and broke his six starving kids into the opium habit. So you stole a grand from the bank, making your gitaway in the car of the chief of Police, running down a priest and three nuns. So you bombed the old ladies' home for the insurance and gave three truckloads of atom secrets to the Russians, and engineered a strike that's crippling the nation. So you run a liquor and handbook shop for minors, so you let loose all the lions and tigers during the childrens visiting hours So you've spread the germs of a ghastly plague thats killing thousands. So What? I'll fix everything, I'm a personal friend of a newspaper editor....

Right or wrong, I Write.....





# MEMORIES OF "SLAN SHACK NUMBER ONE"

One of the reasons I am sometimes sorry the old gang came to California is because it busted up Slan Shack in Battle Creek, Michigan. Man, what grand times we had there! The fan greets who gathered there! The discussions; the knock-down-and-drag-out arguments about every conceivable idea one could mention! The poker games!

The first Slan Shack revolved about Al and Abby Lu Ashley, who owed the house on Poplar Street, Jack Weidenbeck, Walt Liebscher, Thelma Morgan (and her son) and myself. But even before that the Ashley apartment on Upton was almost as bad.

It was at that apartment that the idea for Slan Shack was first thought of, considered and decided upon. It was there that Nova was born; there that much of the preliminary work on NFFT plans of the time were formulated, talked over and decided upon. For even though Weidenbeck and myself did not live there, we were up there almost every evening. And when Liebscher came to Battle Creek to live, it was there he first dwelt.

Slan Shack itself (the Poplar Street one) was a fairly large house with the Ashley bedroom and the small studio room I slept in downstairs, besides the living room, dining room, kitchen and bath. Upstairs was Weidenbeck's room, Liebscher's room, and a large attic that gradually became a library, work room, collection depository (shelves built up all along the walls) and sleeping room for from one to a dozen people.

When it came to the week-and gatherings, or the Michicons, there were often more than twenty people staying at the house. My not-too-large room became the girl's dormitory -- blankets and quilts made up all over the floor and maybe half a dozen of the gals sleeping there. The attic would, as I have said, accomodate half to a dozen more; the various beds two to four each. Of course, the all-night poker session made it possible for the gang to sleep in relays. Someone would play until tired, find a spot to flop for a few hours, wake up and get back into the game.

Of the many out-of-town fans who visited up regularly, probably Ollie Sarri, then of Flint, and Frankie "Fvankie" Robinson, of Chicago, were the most regular. Charlie Tanner came up from Cincinnati a couple of times; Elsie Janda of Chicago was a fairly regular visitor, and many, many others, too numerous to mention.

E EVERETT EVANS



Doc Smith was a frequent visitor, too, especially while he still lived in Jackson. When he was working on a story, he would often come over, flop in the middle of the floor, with us all around him in a circle, and bring out his graphs and charts of the story and we would go round and round about various points with him. Doc loves to argue -- but, Brother! you'd better know your stuff or he'll wither you with a penetrant "So what?" of his when you think you've scored an unanswerable point, or when, in the heat of discussion you say "There's dozens of reasons for thus and so," he'll look at you and very drily suggest "Name one!" Ouch!

The term of tenancy of Slan Shack occurring during WW 2 as it did, we had fans from all over the country, who were in camp Custer, or nearby camps in Detroit or Chicago. And Eastern fans, going to Chicago, would stop off to see us for a day or so -- the Wollheim's, for instance, and many others. The great Jack Speer was with us. Johnny Millard, once of Jackson, Mich., but during the war and since from Canada, was there as often as possible, he having been one of the original Galactic Roamers.

And then there was Tucker! Ah, yes, the one and only Hoy Ping Pong! And the delectable Mari Beth Wheeler. And Ty, the little MAC who won everyone's heart to such an extent we all bawled like babies when she was transferred from Custer to a more southern camp.

Perhaps, from the depths of my experience, I should warn those newcomers to fandom about this man (!?) Tucker. On the surface a friendly, happy-go-lucky, fun-loving guy. But deep down....well, let one incident explain him better than I could otherwise.

At the time I was president of the NFFF, and Tucker was the VP. He came to Battle Creek, and I cornered him because he had not yet paid his dues for that current year, yet he was holding office. "Oh, I'll get to it," says he. Came dusk; came dinner; came the poker game. The wily Chinese won handsomely. I broached the subject once more, and from his store of ill-gotten gains he grudgingly peeled off the dollar dues he owed. I went off happily to enter it in the books...then realized how I'd been outwitted once more by that unscrupulous Oriental fake-fan. I HAD LOST IN THAT GAME! It was MY money that was paying HIS dues! See what I mean?

One could go on for hours telling of the wonderful times we all had at Slan Shack. But it is now only memory -- worse luck. I can only hope that if any other groups of fans in some other city attempt a group home, that they enjoy themselves as much as we did.

-- E. E. Evans

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"During his fifteen years in Italy, Hannibal never had enough elephants to suit him. Most of the original group succumbed to the climate, and he was always begging Carthage for more, but the people at home were stingy. They would ask if he thought they were made of elephants, and what had he done with the elephants they had sent before. Sometimes, when he hadn't an elephant to his name, he would manage to wangle a few from somewhere, a feat which strikes me as his greatest claim to our attention."

-- Will Cuppy



# A WEE BIT O

## TECHNOLGICAL UNEMPLOYMENT by Theodore R. Cogswell

"Martin Necro-smythe,  
mortician by vocation,  
Now gainfully ~~un~~employed;  
by Graves Registration,

Gave the piled up corpses  
Disapproving glances,  
for not having passed on  
In different circumstances;

Thought of vanished profits  
as he began to bury  
Three months normal output  
For Fairlawn Mortuary;

~~Saw~~ them neatly spaced by ~~days~~  
Ushered out by nurses,  
Beautifully embalmed and  
tucked in tidy hearses;

sensed the obsolescence  
of his occupation  
Before atomic blasting  
And mass inceneration."

## Mars Challenge by ye E. F. Baker Esq.

LET me enjoy Earth's tranquil days  
Beneath a warm sun's glinting rays,

But least I think too much of ease  
Challenge my soul with cosmic seas

Let me behold the moons of Mars  
and break the spell of ancient bars;

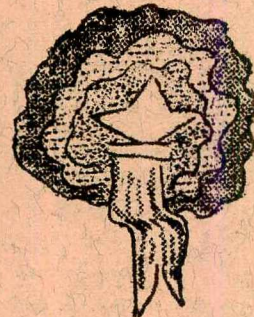
I need to watch strange oceans toss...  
Give me a ship and space to cross!

Let me enjoy some idle hours  
with wine and song in pleasure tours

Yet well I know that isle hands  
cannot achieve to fairer lands;

Let me then, strive for worthy gain,  
Let me deserve what I attain,

I pray that God will direct my feet...  
Give me some star-spun tasks to meet!





# YEE PROSEES TO: M ORROW OR TOMORROW

"Why is the sun so much brighter this year.  
why is the air so much clearer,  
The Outlines of the mountains so knife-sharp  
The birds sing more sweetly than ever before,  
And at the scent of the blossoms, I grow faint!

The gental laughter of the children  
Rings like fairy bells on the fragrant air;  
We love more deeply, live more swiftly,  
Our sences keenly tuned to the quickened pulse of

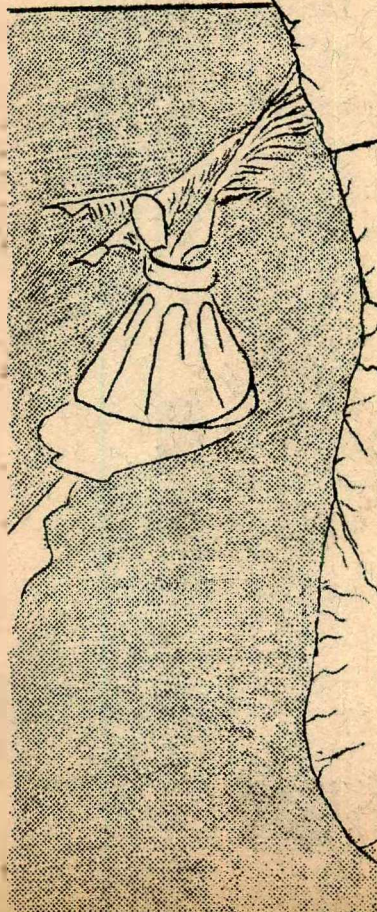
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IS it because we are living under the wing of  
Doom?

We lift our eyes to the blue valt of the sky  
and know, without sensing how we know,  
that one day - perhaps tomorrow - or tomorropw  
there will come a flash to bright for us to bear  
To bright for even the sun itself to bear!

And over our heads will open a vast mask of death  
Spreading, boiling, churning in a turmoil -  
and the very "arth will melt away beneath our feet  
And we shall vanish in a monstrous agony,  
Together with the world we murdered!

finis:





# NO TOMMORROW

## CHARLES DEVET

I tossed the cab driver a five-dollar bill and headed unerringly for the open door of the West Madison Street dive.

"Look, Chum. Just this once, why don't you head for home and leave me alone?"

I glanced down, and there sat my most unforgettable character. Readers Digest never had anything to top him.

Did you ever run across anyone with an idea that was obviously ridiculous and yet when you tried to show him how silly it was he topped any argument you gave him?

Well, this old fellow insisted that he lived the same day in his life over and over again. For him there was no tomorrow.

Absurd, isn't it? Anybody could show him how wrong he was, you say? Then listen to what luck I had when I tried.

He looked at me with the expression of a man seeing something that made his stomach feel bad. Not disgust exactly, but familiarity ad nauseam.

"Get wise to yourself," the little character snarled. "Scram."

I studied him with the careful, dead-panned seriousness of the very drunk. I don't know how whiskey affects you. Maybe you're the kind who wants to fight. Maybe you just get sleepy. You don't belong in the crying drunk class, I hope?

Anyway, I got happy. I feel really good. In fact, I feel so wonderful that I insist everybody drink with me. Pretty soon I don't remember anymore.

I don't pass out, understand? In fact my friends tell me that I seem to get more sober. But I insist on solving other people's problems. Sort of a reverse on the individual who wants to tell you all his troubles.

Right away I recognized a fellow human with a problem. Lots of them.

"I insist that you let me buy you a drink," I said, sitting down with the little guy. "Tell me all about it."

"Don't you ever get tired?" He didn't look as though he were happy to see me. Didn't even thank me for the drink. But he drank it.

"Why are you so disgruntled, Filbert?" I asked. Filbert has always been a very funny name to me. I didn't laugh though, because the way he was looking at me, I knew I'd better not.



"Wise guy," he grumbled. "All right, buy me that other drink."

That drink meant a lot to him. I could tell. He had the rheumy eyes and a nose sprinkled with ruptured capillaries that signified the heavy drinker of long standing. He had to have that drink. And, if I had him spotted right, he didn't have a dime in his pockets.

As I talked my eye wandered over to the crummy bar. A lad with big ears was arguing with a truck driver type. Probably over the fat gal standing between them. "Be careful, Big Ears," my subconscious murmured.

My table partner's face wrinkled into a grimace of sour distaste as he drank the bourbon with one swallow. Why is it that a booze hound always sports that expression of gasping agony while he downs the stuff he craves so much?

"Why don't you leave the poison alone?" I asked.

"Why don't you?" he answered. The second drink made him feel a little better. The rancor was gone from his voice, though he spoke in a tone of vast disinterest.

"But I'm just a convivial drinker," I replied. "I can take it or leave it along."

"Oh, sure." He still showed no interest. Until he said, "How about another? On you."

There was no point in my trying to reform him, all at once. But my liquor-fogged mind was certain that if I could find out what was bothering him -- the seat of the trouble, so to speak -- I could put him on the straight path again.

I played it cagey this time. "I'll buy you another, if you tell me what's eating you."

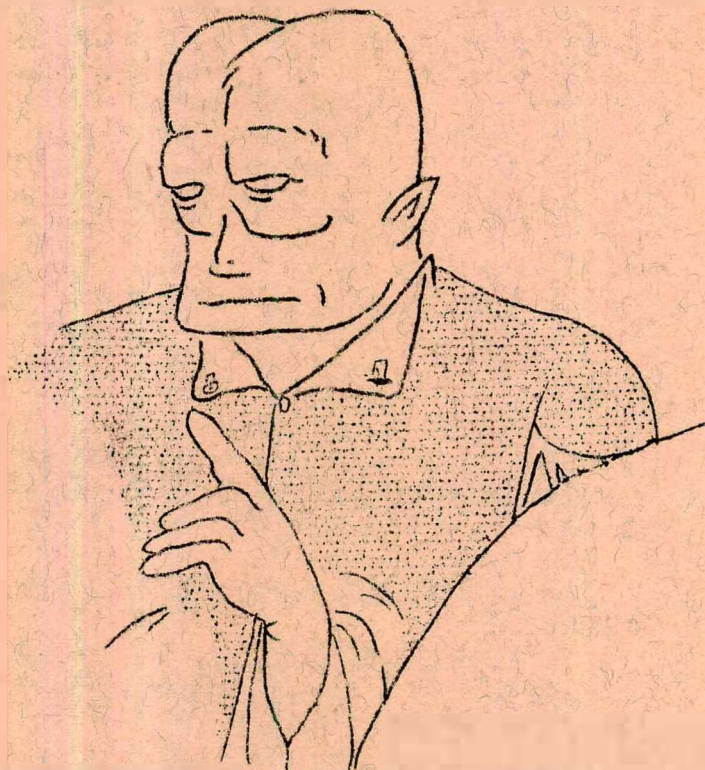
"Again?" he asked.

"Again?" My mind worked slowly, but I'm certain it was never more logical. "But I just got here. And I never saw you before. So you couldn't have told me."

"You've been here hundreds of times," he said. "Are you sure you don't remember?"

"You must have mistaken me for someone else," I replied, with quiet dignity. I didn't like to be mistaken for any friend or even acquaintance of his.

"Oh, brother, here we go again." The tone of disgust had come back. "Do I get that drink, or don't I?"





"On one condition. That you tell me what made you what you are today." I know I sounded like an oldtime melodrama ham, but at the time, it seemed very well put.

"O. K. You asked for it. If you can take it, I can." He started off like a small boy reciting his prayers. As if he had told it so many times, that the words came out by themselves.

"Like I said," he began. "You've been here dozens of times before. Every time you insist on me telling my story, and every time I do. I can't help myself, I suppose. Like I can't help coming here. I've tried not to. I get up in the morning with my mind made up that today's going to be different. I'm not going to take a drink. I'm not even going near Mike's sloppy joint. But every night I end up here. Just one night, you hear?" A wild, half delirious look came into his eyes as he hooked his grubby, spade-shaped fingers into my coat lapel.

"Take it easy, my friend," I said, gently disengaging his fingers from my coat. "Have another drink." It was all I could think of. My mind's eye still watched the trio at the bar. I wondered why. Truck driver was about ready to lay one on.

I didn't have to pump him now. He went on. "You and I are caught in the web of time. Like rats in a trap. The only difference is, I know it. You don't. But some day, something is going to click, and then you're going to see it, too. God help you when that day comes."

"You're quite a philosopher," I muttered weakly.

"Philosopher nothing." He was calmer now. "I don't even know the meaning of the word. But I know how ~~we~~ we're stuck in time. I read a book about it once."

"Go ahead. Explain it to me," I said. This would do the fellow good. Let him get it off his chest and feel better.

"According to this book," he went on, as if I hadn't said a word, "time is not only divided into streams, like rivers, but each chunk of time is separate. The chunks don't have to be days, just certain lengths of time. None of 'em ever go away. They're always there. We just move away from them; not them going away from us, like it seems."

At the bar the fat babe was holding a crumpled handkerchief to Big Ears' nose sopping up the blood. I hadn't seen what happened in between. Truck Driver wasn't around anymore.

I thought it best to humor him, until I found a place where I could show him how wrong he was. "Then, if a person had a way to go from one to the other, the chunks of time would still be present?"

"Sure." He was really warmed up now. "If you knew the secret, you wouldn't have to use a machine to go into tomorrow or back to yesterday, like you read in them science magazines. You could wander around all you like."

"I suppose," I thought it still best to go along with him, "if you cared to, you could stay right here, in today, as long as you wanted to?"

I must have said something wrong, because he certainly got excited. He grabbed my coat again. My shirt, too. He even jerked loose a handful of hair on my



chest. "So you finally caught on, " he said, "I know you would, sooner or later."

This was going too far. I was getting out of there. But he wouldn't let go. "You and I are caught in a time trap. We're always living today. That's why you always come here. That's why you always find me here. We're like a cracked phonograph record that plays the same line over and over. Over and over." He let go my coat and started to cry. I don't like to see a man cry. "Only I know it," he said. "You don't. At least you didn't, not until today."

I started to leave. "You'll be back again tomorrow," was the last thing I heard him say, with big sobs in his voice.

The next morning I woke up with the world's biggest hangover.

I went to the office. But I couldn't work. Half the time I was afraid that the top of my head would come off. The other half I was afraid it wouldn't. And the little guy's crazy story batting around my brain didn't help any.

By eleven-thirty I couldn't stand it any longer. I dropped down to the tavern on the corner for a short hair. I felt quite a bit better after the third drink. But not good enough to go back to the office.

I wasn't hungry, so I had a couple more to drink. I passed quickly through the happy stage, and on into the blank part.

I came out of it to find myself standing by a taxi cab.

"A dollar-twenty," said the two-armed bandit inside.

I tossed him a five-dollar bill and floated over to the dive on otheroal legs.

Inside the door I heard a familiar voice.

"Look, Chum. Just this one, why don't you head for home and -----"

--- Charles V. DeVet

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## SOLILOQUY

Now I lay me down to snooze  
Lulled by barbituates and booze  
If you should awake before I do,  
Pull out the cork --- help yourself to a few  
Oh! we're ultra-moderns --- yes! we are  
We spend all our days in a fast motor car  
We guzzle our gin --- we gamble and curse  
And mingle with hoodlums, gangsters and worse  
Our nights --- (overlook it, if someone I vex)  
Are filled with loose women, barrel-house and sex  
A shining example we set for our boys  
But, were ultra-modern --- to toll with that noise!  
--- Gert Whissen



# "LEFT HANDED POETRY BY

BY  
DEAN BOGGS

# FANTASITES

Many famous fantasy writers are also poets. To H.P. Lovecraft, Clark Ashton Smith, Donald Wandrei, Stanton A. Coblenz, Frank Belknap Long and others, writing poetry was or is a pastime that gives them egoboo on into the half-world of belles-lettres, if nothing so satisfying as a check from Weird Tales. The poetry of Lovecraft, C.A. Smith and others has been discussed in the fan press at great length but I have seen little about the poetry of a couple of other fantasute-poets.

August Derleth, the Sauk City wonder, is one of these poets neglected by fan writers. As science fiction anthologist, Derleth is a good weird tales collector, and as a weird tales writer, he is a good regional novelist. But as a poet, Derleth seems to me to be a pretty good practitioner, and not just a mere versifier. His slight collection, Habitant of Dusk (Boston; Walden Press, 1946), illustrates, perhaps, his good and not so good qualities as a poet.

An individualist, Derleth conforms to no clear-cut school of poets. His poems are almost as helter-skelter in form as those of the immortal Ogden Nash. Their very formlessness, the free and easy manner in which he rimes along, without a strict pattern of rime or rhyme, is at times very refreshing. Unfortunately, when he abandons a method like this for even a modicum of form, as in "Summer Sprite," a poem in couplet, he immediately overreaches himself with such unlikely expressions as "someone but a mite/mortal" --- just to provide a rime for "White."

Moreover, Derleth's range of emotion is stiflingly narrow. Nearly all of the poems in his book are variations of the "you've gone away" theme, set against a strain of pathetic fallacy. This takes a rather passionless, nostalgic form, except that he seems fascinated by a woman's hair -- often "windy hair" and breasts / Windy breasts, Hmmm. dfj/ which are mentioned in at least four poems in this small "garland." Biology aside, however, there is no depth of feeling in these poems, and surely there is no message of universality in them. These are the love poems of a country swain for his girl.

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As you all know, Dean Boggs is capable of terrific scope in his excellent articles. Unfortunately this is not one of them. It is a fair article tho, and in order to cash in on his name on the contents page I have decided to run it. Who knows, he might even send me the first installment of a round robin serial that he's promised me since 1949.

Sorry to pull this over on you but we might get a good article some day, I hope.



The faucon that makes Derleth an appealing, though in no sense a great, poet is the genuine artlessness about his poems in both form and content. His rambling, unsophisticated effusions contrast neatly with the brittle, studied efforts of too many modern poets. Furthermore, his poems are winsome expressions of emotions and moods which all of us were taught in school to cherish as the very essence of great poetry. Here we have the romantic description of "the screech owl grieving in the park," "the smell of bonfire smoke in quiet air," and the moor as "young, yellow, and new, curled like a leaf on the dark elm's limb." Derleth is certainly a pastoral poet of the vanishing school and, if devoid of quotable or Memorable passages, his poems nevertheless evoke a nostalgic mood.

The poem "Mist World" effectively illustrates the pervading quality of the poems in Habit of Mist:

"Seeing one night the morn, the river  
divided by mists  
into a country strange of shrouded islands and  
the land whereon I stood, mists  
of that time, early autumn, and the hour late ---  
out of the dark head of the familiar hill  
the sweet crying case of the whippoorwill,  
and out of that strange mist-born world, your face  
gazed tranquilly, your fingers curled, your  
beckoned. At the bars  
the herons fished, but overhead were moon, far stars,  
and mists divided the known world from that new  
intangibly, as years beyond recall divided me from you."

More famous than August Derleth, but considerably less talented, with his penning left-hand, was Thorne Smith, one of whose books consisted entirely of poetry; Moments and By-paths (New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co., 1919). By-lined "J. Thorne Smith, Jr.," this little book is somewhat rare but hardly worth looking for. The material in it is poetry by courtesy only.

The book was divided into five sections, the first of which is "Songs of the seaboard," containing verses written by Smith when he was in the navy during World War one. Here we find a number of unoriginal descriptions of the sea ---

"The ponderous, long, green, endless waves,  
the waves that writhe and twist  
like great green snakes across the sea  
into dim infinity  
Of surging, spray-torn mist"

--- as well as a collection of jingles about sailors, navy hospitals; and navy camps. Some of these are in colloquial, heavy-tongued humor, ("I've washed ne neck,/An' I've cashed ne check"), others are thick, with maudlin sentiment. Most are naively patriotic, uttering "Democracy" as if it were a sacred name

There follows a long, pretentious poem, "The Storm", which forms part two of the book. This is a description of a gale at sea, and is marred by unimaginative descriptions and silly sentiment. Part three is called "Broken Days." These are all verses about world war one, all of them about as poetic as stuff by Edgar A. Guest. Here is an example:



"Lying on the frozen ground,  
Soldiers, soldiers never found,  
Staring at the snowy skies,  
God stoop down and touch their eyes....."

There is very little here but an insipid Americanism and an unexpected reverence for such capitalized words as God, La France, and the people. Smith gazed wet eyed at "murdered" churches, tilting crosses, and "tarnished grass," but invokes God to aid the allies, and acts a little smugly patriotic. He makes it clear he hates the dastardly Boches, the Junkers, the Kaiser, and he is convinced that the Poilu doesn't mind dying for la belle France. In the poem "By the ol' Chateau" he shows how the dead cheer the brave charge of the "boys" through the burning woods as the Germans flee;

"We who no longer can share the fight  
wait where the gas wreaths dance,  
Never to lift our wings in flight  
Till the Boches are clear of France!"

Poems about the battles and times of two and a half wars ago can not be expected to make one jump up, grab Ol' Glory, and shout "Make the world safe for democracy!" --- but these poems were never very exciting or stirring.

Some tinges of war remain in the forth section, "Haunts and By Paths," but it is used here for the background effect. The mood is that of a soldier, thinking of home and of the good old days before the war. The depictions are superficial and the nature poems that are included, are strictly routine; "I love green lawns where blossoms blow, and the shadows come and shadows go...." He remembers the sound of "fairy feet" in the woods, and a little bookshop that displayed --- interesting to note! -- books by "Beresford, Wells...."

And at last the man who wrote The Glorious Pool and other spicy novels mentions women. He reminisces about the "cool-armed maids with starry eyes and voices sweet" and in a poem called "To a Modern Woman" he describes the girl who

"...smoked her cigarettes with reckless pride  
and talked artistically her Freudish gush,  
Yet there were flowers beneath the slush,  
Still fragrant, though perhaps a trifle dried."

One is less surprised to find dry flowers under slush than to find Thorne Smith evincing such a reverent attitude toward women. His almost Victorian attitude toward sex is almost as painful as his pedestrian accolades to nature --- the "flaming west" and "dawn hiding among the hills."

"Idlers," part five of the book, finds Smith in civilian attire again, and expressing the mood prevailing through the section in the first poem, which begins:

"I must live today;  
the sun is in the sky,  
The world is good, and I  
must hasten on my way."



There is more nature poetry here, with "purple hills," "clouds, flaring over the setting sun," "splendor of the stars," "glimmering light," "gold leaves and red," "drowsy fragrance," and "three little, gay trees in full array." There is a wince-producing verse to a dog ( "Art thou a pirate dog, a Bolshevik?") and a "homey" little rime of the People, in which he tries to convince us that

"Oh, I love the voice of trucksters  
And the violent things they say!....."

More significant, perhaps, in the light of Thorne Smith's later writings, is the presence of "The Rhyme of the Lost Romance," which is a semi-fantasy, evoking fairy queens and mythical maids to people the woods and the sea. It has a true Thorne Smithish beginning:

"In Avalon they say the witches are,  
Odysseus had a witch to bed with him."

The book ends with the poem "The Quest," in which Smith looked toward the future and vows:

"I'M going out to touch beauty,  
see beauty,  
have beauty,  
I'm going out to look for beauty and  
dream of it no more."

Whether Smith lived up to that vow I will leave to your own interpretation of his later life and career, but it is certain that, whatever he did, he improved himself as a writer. None of the slick writing of Turnabout or the craftsmanship of Topper is found, even in embryo, in this early and very crude book.

Dean ( Redd ) Boggs Esq....

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"FISHER WRITES AGAIN"

Tally ho! I wasn't able to finish in my editorial, and besides I've recieved more information since then. Did you know the dirty review of Fanvarity in the next issue or two of Amazing stens from A certain editor ( who shall remain nameless because of reasons best known to me and the guy I got this info from ) who had dropped in on Rog P. and thumbed thru a copy of Fv. His moral conscience, became so aroused that he ORDERED ROG to tear it apart with "a few cutting remarks, rather than a long drawn out..." review. This means that Rog can no longer review a mag fairly, but his column, and our review magazines are at the whim of any Ziff-Davis High brass who feels in a mean mood.

What do you think of that?

Nice huh! Oh yes, I've just resigned from the NFFF Do any of you want to join me? I will not be a member of a boot licking Hate club, where one official doesn't know what the other is doing, and where two or three members can do something drastic, without consulting the membership by vote as should have been done.

I'm tired of their dictatorship type practises, I refuse to bow down any longer. By the time it gets to where just one or two committenmembers can tell the president and the rest of the club what to do, I quit.





Interlopers  
by Kenneth L. Gray

Sotlaknetab was much at peace with his world when the news came to him.

Filled with good meat which had been killed and cooked by others, he stretched on his lofty private rock in the late spring sunshine.

(Continued on next page.)



There was none of the usual howling and shrieking when his tribe men bore the startling news up to the height which usually was sacred to him alone. When he was surrounded by the hunters and their women, every one tried to talk at once.

He endured a few minutes of this gabble with tolerant amusement. Then he pointed out one of the older hunters. The others lapsed into silence.

"Earth spirits" the man wheezed. "Terrible! Terrible! They will kill and eat us all! The last day has come!"

"There are always bad spirits," said Sotiaknetab, without showing a flicker of interest or alarm. "Have I not always saved from 'em? What are these doing now?"

There was a pandemonium of general moaning, and then the hunter continued.

"But we have seen these two! In the glade beyond the river's second bend. There they appeared to us suddenly, before our very eyes, springing up out of the ground!"

"Springing up out of the ground! Out of the ground!" chanted the tragic chorus.

"Yes, they appeared from out of the ground!, before our very eyes! Not two spear casts from us, there was nothing at all, then we suddenly saw a little hut, made of some stuff like the stuff-of- the moon. Now it glittered! Now it pained our eyes!"

Sotiaknetab was secretly disturbed. He had often to deal with purely imaginary terrors, but now his people, who never consciously lied, had seen something. He spoke: "You babbled at first of Earth spirits. Now you tell me of a hut."

"Oh we saw much more! Although we ran a little ways, we suddenly fell on the ground, so great was the spell that those demons cast upon us. Then out of the hut came two little demons, short creatures like half-grown children, covered all over with shining skins like the stuff of their hut. We saw them clearly, but could not move."

"Ah! What other harm did they do to you?"

"None more, oh maker of medicine. They did not even deign to look at us, but went instead to the banks of the river, where they stood for a long time, perhaps speaking to the spirits of the waters. Soon the spell left us, so that we all hastened to tell you."

Sotiaknetab stood up, his head in a whirl. Many times before he had been called upon to exorcise "demons"—usually some re-appearing specimens of nearly extinct animals. These, once seen, were elevated to supernatural status by the Cro-Magnon genius for excitability. They always yielded to common place remedies like pit-traps after a due amount of his mumery. But this terrifying advent hardly sounded like another of these routine interruptions.



Two things alone were apparent to this keen minded tribal shaman; "The magic" that had held his hunters chained to the earth was only their own extreme fear, and the strange interlopers had not seen his fellow-clansmen, night, indeed, be ignorant of their very existence. NOT that Sotiaknetab intended to let any of them in on this comforting surmise.



" SOTIAKNETAB "

Finally he told off six hunters out of the party who had seen this alarming visitation, and commanded them to escort him to the scene. "My medicine will protect you from harm," he told them, "so long as you take care that none of us are seen by the demons." Then he issued orders that all fires should be put out, and that the tribe must remain in its camp.

The distance to the glade from which the two demons had selected, for their terrifying appearance was not great, but it took four times as long as ordinary to reach it, so great was the terror that gripped Sotiaknetab's guides. It was past noon when the shaman and his guides, torn all over by thorns, bruised and scratched by constant wriggling and crawling, emerged from a gully into a clump of bushes and saw the earth-spirits.

At first all that was visible was their hut. It was the same size and shape, almost, as an ordinary Cro-Magnon wickiup or summer brush-cabin. It was of the very same shining substance that the hunters had described to their tribal wizard --- for once, to his consternation, his people had not exaggerated, quite the contrary!

He was struck dumb when presently the demons themselves made an appearance. Both of them, ( At least he hoped that there were not more to cope with), emerged from a doorway that miraculously appeared in one end of their hut, and strolled towards the river.

One of them, the shorter, had hair that reached to its shoulders and the taller of the two had no hair at all so far as the eye could see, his head being clothed with the same shiny material with which they were also clothed, and he carried some sort of large vessel. Arriving at the river's brim, he filled the bucket with water and they returned to the hut. Behind Sotiaknetab the hunters whispered: "they have captured a water-spirit!" "No, it goes willingly with them to their dwelling!"

"The spy party remained all day and well into the night, but saw no more of the demons in person. It was after sun-down that they received their greatest surprise. Great round shining eyes, glowing like coals, suddenly appeared in the sides of the hut! They threw long streamers of light on the ground outside. Yet there was no sight or smell of smoke, had they imprisoned a piece of the sun?

When the moon had finally risen, the shaman gave the order to return home. He stopped often to gaze long and earnestly at the moon, as he had theorized that perhaps it had fallen to earth in the glade, or that a piece of it had broken off. But the light of the night was quite whole.



So cowed was Sotiaknetab that it took him several days to decide on his next moves. The genuinely magical, the truly inexplicable, was for him new to his experience. Of course he betrayed no trace of fear or hesitation. So far as the people of his tribe knew, he remained aloft on his rock day, and night, fasting and wrestling with the spirit world. The tribesmen huddled about their fireless hearths and chewed on the spoiling uncooked meat. Every night was a time of utter terror. No one dared stir away to hunt while these terrible visitors were abroad.

Of course it never occurred to any of them to pack up their belongings and move away. These hunting grounds had always been theirs, the boundaries fixed by custom from time out of mind. To abandon them and invade the lands of another clan was utterly unthinkable. The only remedy, was that, unless the wizard produced quick results; they ought to give themselves up to the demons of their own free will; permit them to take and eat whom they chose to, and let the ~~demons~~ go in peace.

Meanwhile a relay of the bolder hunters followed the shamans' instructions. Sulking and hiding, they followed and reported the movements of the demon people. From time to time swift runners would bring back tidings of their incomprehensible doings. Sotiaknetab, of course, complained that he was always being interrupted just on the verge of an important missive from the spirit world, it was the reason he could do nothing.

The first news was the most monstrous. The beings were hunting; But not like the manner of mortals. They approached their prey from afar, not troubling to conceal themselves. The taller demon would raise a sort of club to his shoulder, point it at an animal, and it would at once fall dead! In view of this no-one was surprised that the magic was always accompanied by a sound like peeling thunder.

But, strange to relate, the demons did not kill to eat! Instead, they went through some strange ritual of measuring the kill with a cord after which they would skin it and take the pelt back to their hut, taking also the horns of such beasts as had them. Never, the spies maintained, did the visitors take so much as a shred of meat. The tribe moaned in an ecstasy of terror. It was plain that these spirits desired the flesh of men!

Hearing sounds of despair in the encampment, Sotiaknetab came down from his rock. First of all, he announced, cave medicine must be made. All agreed that such powerful magic was indeed necessary, what to do for a cave? The regular medicine cave of the clan was at their winter hunting grounds, many days journey down the river. But, Sotiaknetab pointed out, there was a grotto in the rocks near their encampment that could be used for the purpose.

So the shaman and his two apprentices fumigated the cave and purified it, purged themselves with bitter herbs and began to paint the grotto walls with dozens of beautiful pictures which none of their fellow tribesmen would ever see. The process was long, involved, and overly ceremonious. The wizard was reflecting to himself that he must stay for time. After many days' stay the demons still took no notice of the humans, seemed not to guess that hundreds of people were in hiding near their abode. While Sotiaknetab had not the faintest idea of what the creatures really were, it was plain to him that they had come after something, doubtless animal skins, and that when they were satisfied, they would depart as suddenly as they had appeared. In the mean-



he must get to work and be able to claim credit for their disappearance when ever it took place.

He was taking a short rest, having prepared the cave for the ceremonies proper, when amid shouts of joy, the panting spys brought fresh news to him.

The demons no longer left there hut to hunt! "Mighty Sotiaknetab, maker of powerful spells, already your medicine begins to prevail over these strong spirits! Some fear keeps them bound to their place in the hut."

It is well that the holy gloom of the medicine-cave concealed the shaman's expression at the moment. "They hunt no more? he finally managed to say.

"For two days now they have not stirred from their glade. For two nights the magic fire they kept in their cabin has not shone through the great eyes. Instead they spend all of their time taking their hut to pieces."

Sotiaknetab was genuinely alarmed. Dismantling the hut might mean that the demons were settling down for good. "They pick there hut to pieces?"

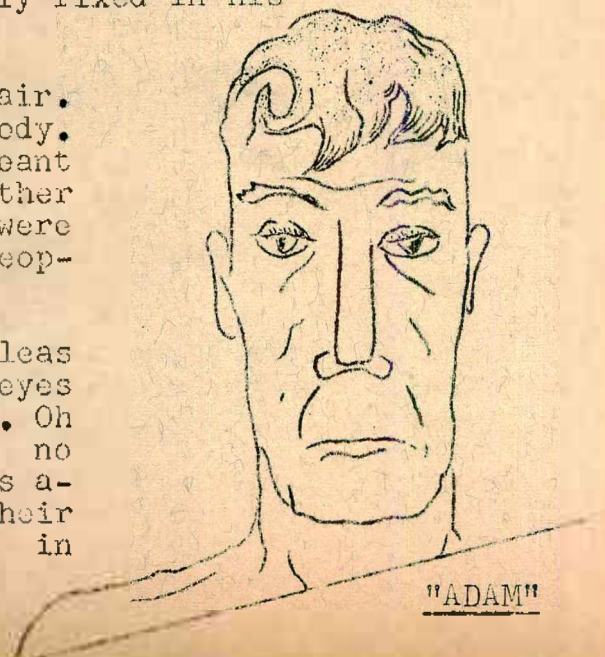
"Yes, they take it apart and put it together again. First the taller of the two demons unfastens and takes away a large part of the wall then they both peer at it for a long time and murmur many words we cannot understand. Then, with much more murmuring, they replace it in the same strange manner. They shake their heads exactly like humans greatly disturbed."

While the shaman was by now quite convinced that the intruders were humans all right, merely of some tribe yet unknown to him, he said nothing; but told the hunters to be of good cheer! They would see more wonderful things soon, but a message to the other-world was in order. No mere cutting off of a finger joint would do this time.

Instead a boy, the most handsome and strongest in the tribe was selected. He was given the message, an appeal for help, and made to repeat it over and over, until it was firmly fixed in his memory.

Then the youth was thrown into the air. As he fell, a dozen spears pierced his body. It was good that he died instantly. It meant that the messenger was pleasing to the other world, and that some spirits, at least, were kindly disposed to Sotiaknetab and his people.

Next, a rock was tied to the most pleasing girl of the clan, and many anxious eyes watched as she was tossed into the river. Oh what joy! She sank at once, appearing no more. It was plain that the water-spirits accepted her, that they would give up their unholy alliance with the two demons from inside the earth.



"ADAM"



Almost at once the medicine displayed it's powers!

For the gaunt half-famished spies came with new words. The two interlopers were hunting a bit not in the same awful manner as before. Sotiaknetab had canceled out the powers of the strange thunder-producing weapons, these the demons had flung away from them. Instead they did hunt smaller animals with snares and traps, with less skill even than ordinary mortals. Despite the ban placed on the water spirits they daily drew up fish out of the river on cords, by some magic power left in them. Now, too, they took the flesh of their kills and flung the pelts away.

Sotiaknetab, though dazed by the extraordinary success of his art, gave more orders. At their winter hunting grounds the tribe had often seen their strange neighbors, the Azilians, catching small animals and birds with woven grass. Despite their lack of skill, the people were bidden to make one of these.

Then Sotiaknetab and his two acolytes vanished within the medicine cave. For many days and nights, screams, yells, and the loud roar of the bull rattle issued from it's mouth. The cave men shuddered at the evidence of ceremonies far more exhausting and more awful than those by which their shaman each winter caused the rebirth of the sun.

Within, wrapped in the smoke and stench of the stone lamp, the wizard leaped and whirled and danced. He ate more bitter herbs. Often, he fell into a stupor, whereupon his helpers continued the rites. He revived, repurged and repainted himself, and gyrated with renewed zeal. At the very height of a frenzy of screaming and rattle-whirling he cut off one of his own fingers.

When they had done their utmost, reduced almost to skeletons, the three emerged from the cavern. The respectful throng awaiting him without told him what little there was to know. The two demons grew more timid. They had found an old campfire, and now went no further from the hut than hunting made necessary. They bore themselves fearfully and seemed to have lost their last magical powers.

Sotiaknetab ordered the fires to be relit, and that all should dine on warm food. Strength and hope returned to all. He looked at the net, in all truth a miserable thing, and approved of it with a grunt.

Silently a band of picked hunters stole from clump to clump of trees, from gully to gully, from rock to rock. The shaman himself led them. By now wholly convinced of his ability to overpower the strange pair, he and his party had left all weapons behind, being armed only with a net.

Soon they espied the two demons, the taller one carrying the carcass of some small animal. With bated breath the group waited in a copse, while the demons walked nearer and nearer.

NOW!

It lasted hardly a second. The net, weighted with small stones, was flung over them. Before they had time to move a limb, they were bound and helpless.

For a moment, the hunters were stunned by the ease of their capture, since they carried not so much even as a knife, no-one knew what



to do next. Sotiaknetab overcame such fears as remained and managed the logical step ; the net with its burlap was hoisted on a pole and shouldered by the band. In less than an hour the whole camp had turned out to see them.

Flushing up courage from their numbers, they undid the net and set the shivering strangers on their feet. At once everything they had was snatched from them. There were knives of a glittering hard substance and other trinkets less obvious of purpose. There was scuffling and blows as the possessions were grabbed from hand to hand by the frenzied hunters.

The more curious found out how to undo the fastenings of the strangers clothing and they were soon stripped to the bare skin. Sotiaknetab was not surprised to find that the shorter "demon" was a woman. Except for their lack of height, the two were not unlike his own people.

Well it was for the pair that they happened upon a people practically without government. Indeed they might have escaped during their first night in camp. A very few thought of killing them, but no-one was bold enough to put it into execution. War and murder alike were unknown to them. Ceremonial killings had been practiced, of course, but the captives were alien to the blood of the clan, and so not eligible for so great an honor. Since war was still unheard of, captives and slaves were equally unknown. When the next day dawned, save that such excitement was in the air, the two found that they were expected to live as ordinary members of the tribe.

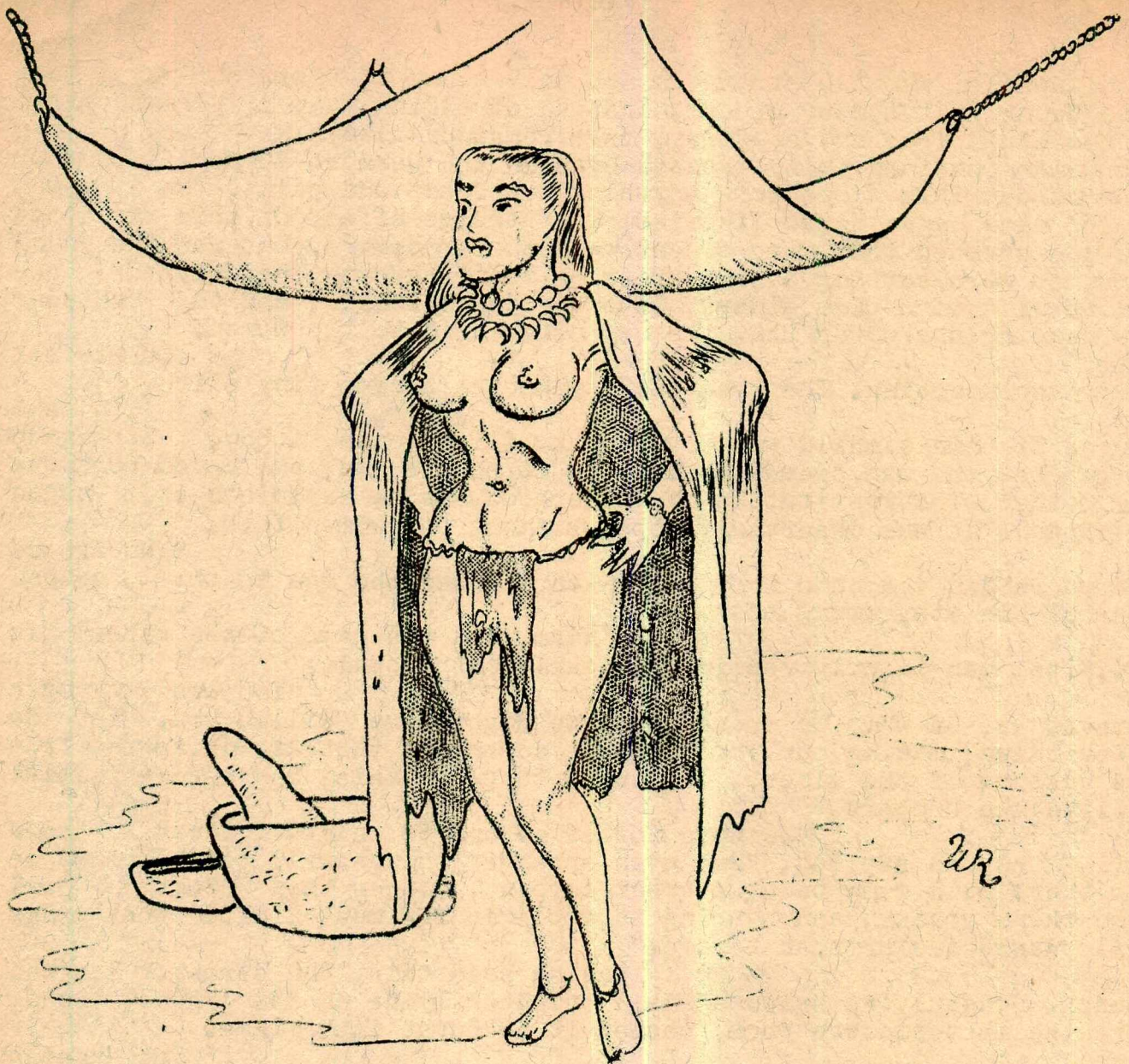
There was nothing unusual in this arrangement, either. The tribe contained many people whose faces and figures betraed an ancestry that was not Cro-Magnon, though tradition was very vague as to just how they came to be there. Men knew only that those who appeared to retain too much of, say, the Neanderthal appearance, were not allowed to take part in the most sacred rites, nor could they join the secret fraternities.

Sotiaknetab had wanted the strangers spared because he had hoped to learn many magic secrets from them. But he was baffled by their incomprehensible lack of human speech. It was not that they could not speak at all --- they used some tone between themselves. This was a great mystery to the whole tribe, who had no idea of any such thing as distinct languages, since they almost never met the outlandish Azilians face to face. It was even more mystifying when they spoke the tongue of their hosts in due time. The couple, now looked on as quite mortal beings, did speak more and more every day, while the man hunted and the women worked in the manner of the others, though they were quite clumsy and inept in everything that they did.

The tribe removed to the lower winter hunting grounds and with the return of the sun they returned to the uplands. The hut still stood untouched. Many times the shaman came and looked at it by himself, but to touch it or enter it, he could not bring himself. It was enough, he thought, that he commanded the captive couple to stay away from it.

Sotiaknetab was discovering, as his professional descendants of later times might have told him, that the time to collect the fees was at the bedside. The end result of his success over the demons seemed to be that he was steadily losing prestige.





The reason for this, he found, was that the male alien was recovering his magic powers.

Even before he could speak plainly, he had given ample displays. But now his magic was that of harmless or pleasing tricks that tickled the other clansmen and quite offset the shaman's warnings. One of the best of these was his trick of drawing fire out of the ends of his fingers or from little splinters of wood that he found lying about.

After a while he began to perceive the purpose of the medicine man's out-patient services and started to perform cures of his own. Even the stoutest and healthiest man of the tribe might find that some horrible thing had dwelt within him for an unknown time. From the ears of stout Eenabyadusan he pulled many beetles and disgusting long worms. From the eyes and nose of a woman came sharp stones and other small objects. After this the couple wanted not for meat, although the man did not demand like Sotiaknetab, but gladly took whatever was offered to him. Many people who had ailments of long standing he was able to cure. The tribe murmured that indeed his medicine was better than that of the old shaman.



Meanwhile, the two strangers not only clung to their own ways, they were being imitated by others. Instead of taking many different mates in the usual free and easy way, they remained always with each other. The woman remained fully dressed even in the warmest summer weather when no sensible women wore anything but beads and paint. The women of the clan began to do likewise. The strange effect of this was that the men pursued them more ardently than ever before. But now the younger women were setting a high price on their favors. They wished the men to live with them always, like the demon couple; and to whisper the meaningless words that the man often said to the women.

It was all very disconcerting. The eyes of Sotiaknetab became tiny slits.

In the course of time a child was born to the alien woman, a boy. Strange to relate, the man seemed to look on it as his own, and cared for it as the mother. The institution of fatherhood, as he explained it, began to spread. It was deservedly popular among the women folk.

"Who are you and where did you come from" The wizard asked the man in the second year of his stay among them.

"I am Adam, and the name of the other is Eve," the man lightly replied, laughing as he spoke.

"You are a stranger amongst us, on whom we spared when we might have killed you. You do a bad thing, making our young people do things that are different from the customs of the elders. You ought to cease this, and become initiated like the hunters."

"We have forced no one to things against their will," the man replied. "But even stranger things will yet happen. Some day there will come to us a great serpent, longer than that dead tree there yonder, and bearing an apple in his mouth. After that things will change faster than before."

Having said this, the stranger laughed loader. Suddenly he spied a small splinter lying on the ground, and, striking it against a rock, caused it to burst into flame.

Sotiaknetab fled aloft to his dream rock. Here he sought magic to overbear the strangers' power, but in vain.

.....At length the once-powerful shaman was reduced to stealing up to the man's fire to find out what was the source of the influence he had over the young and many of the old. All, it seemed, that the hateful creature seemed to do was talk. But he told tales that were not about himself, but about people whom no one knew of. Sotiaknetab and his people had never heard of fiction, their amusement, aside from feasting and dancing, was derived from monotonously familiar stories of personal adventures in the hunt. But the stranger; had an inexhaustible variety of exciting anecdotes. They were things, that is was not good for the young to hear. Someplace in the world, the listener would discover, men and animals outwitted other men an animal by tricks and the saying of untrue things. Often, too, the man talked of tribes fighting and killing other tribes for their ancestral hunting grounds. The people could never get enough of it.

Now the shaman discovered that the man was openly flouting his position in the tribe.

Sotiaknetab considered his position. Cro-Magnon custom had never known of two necromancers in one clan before, and in truth Sotiaknetab was still the official magician. No one had openly questioned his right



to restore the sun in mid-winter, or to conduct the initiation ceremonies of the young. But he had heard mutterings, and observed that the people gave him not a bit more of their kills than was absolutely necessary.

Lurdur hardly occurred to the shaman. Lurdur was not a part of his culture, though he might have committed it had it been suggested to him. Magic was unavailing. Repeatedly he had toiled at it and failed. What he needed was a forceful reassertion of his old authority, some way to display his customary power over the man. At once a scheme occurred to him.

Going into the camp, he soon spied the woman. What was better, the man was not far off. The woman was bathing her child, a senseless mode that everyone was copying. The shaman walked up to her and roughly ordered her to accompany him into the medicine cave. This was an old and unquestioned privilege that he possessed, though unexercised since he had grown so old.

But the woman refused, pretending that she did not understand the words. Angered Sotiaknetab grasped her arm and tried to force her to his side. She was stronger than he thought, however, and from a corner of his eye, he saw the man coming.

Baffled and almost foaming with rage, the wizard looked for a way out of his defeat. Nearly the entire tribe had seen this lowering of his prestige. Suddenly his eye fell on the child.

Releasing the mother, he snatched up the little boy and ran towards the cave. As he had expected, the women followed him but he had not supposed that the man would also follow them, with a club in his hands! Why, the shaman thought wildly, should any man care about a child?

The man and women were almost upon him. He had no choice, but to drop the child and double back to the camp.

He almost made it. Everyone was goggle-eyed at the sight of the chase, so the woman and the child were unnoticed.

At length the man Adan had brought the shaman to bay, and was beating him with the club. Bloody welts appeared on the older man's head and shoulders. Mutely the hunters watched. How could they dare take sides? In desperation Sotiaknetab ran this way and that among the fire-places. He groped among a bundle of tools, and pulling out one of the small darts that more skillful hunters used to kill birds with. Swiftly, ere the man knew that he even had it, the shaman thrust it into his enemy's shoulder.

Screaming, perhaps imagining that someone had come to Sotiaknetab's aid, the man withdrew into the woods.

For a time the old wizard lay panting on the ground. He finally stood up and surveyed his fellow-tribesmen. Fear was written on their faces, but little of love for him. He chose to say nothing. By himself, he washed and treated his wounds.

One desperate remedy was left to him. He might regain his prestige and fortify his magic -- if he could dare to enter the shining hut from which the demon pair had first appeared! It lay in a direction opposite that in which the couple had fled. If he started at once, he could reach it before they could.

It seemed to have changed not a bit, though his keen eyes picked up signs that the man had indeed been here but lately. The door was partly open. Sotiaknetab could not afford to hesitate. He pushed and the strange object yielded to him, permitting entry. He went gingerly within.



He frowned when his eyes lit on a white fragment of something, all covered with the dread cabalistic signs that the man was wont to make. He could make nothing of it either, nor would it have made sense had he been able to decipher the meaning;

A-day plus four: Observations last night give me date of approximately 35,000 B.C., but am taking back photographs for observatory checking. Today bagged good specimen of Boa Primigenius, magnificent horns. So far no cave bear and no sign or sight of people.

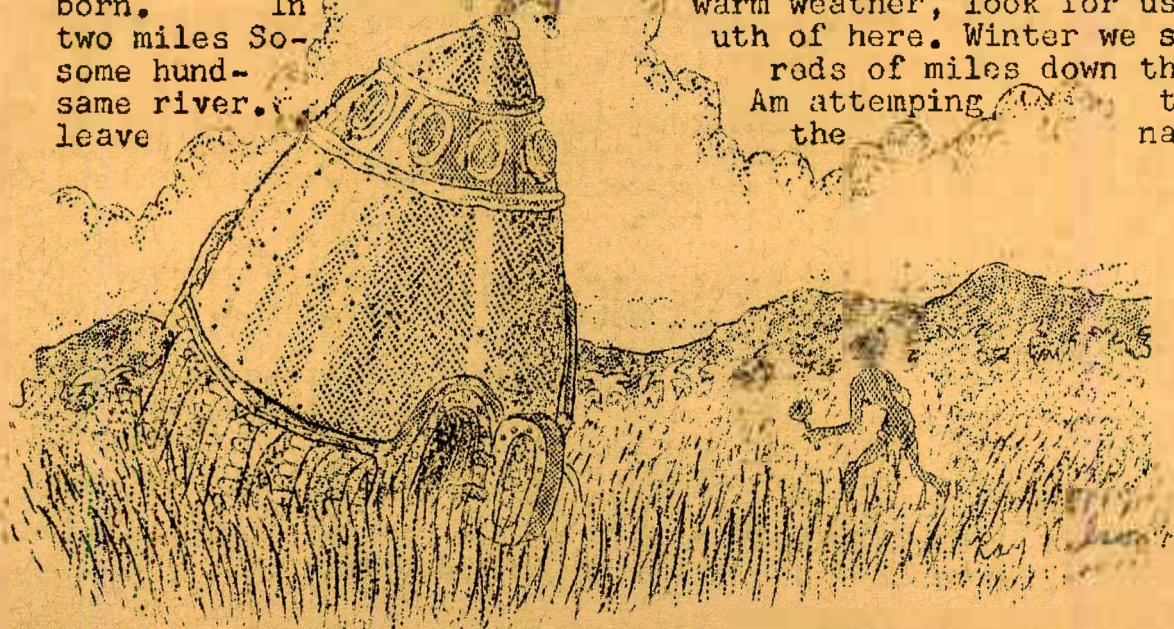
A-day plus five: Returned from hunt today to find main tensor fields inert. Cannot imagine what the trouble is. Late into the night trying to locate the failure.

A-day plus six : All day taking fields apart, No luck. How might we be marooned here? Must go slow on rations. Phyllis taking it remarkably well. Only hope Dubinsky can locate us in time.  
"In time" indeed!

A-day plus seven: Failure just can't be found, but seems to affect our broadcast unit as well, since our energy guns will just not work. Now we are without weapons.

A-day plus thirteen: Too distracted to keep log properly. Poor morale, I know, but we can't help it. Are reduced to hunting with such tools as can improvise. If rescue party does not find us here, please try to track us with bloodhounds. We found something yesterday that looks like a fireplace.

A-day plus two years (?): We have found people, or rather they found us. Were captured by posse of citizens, Cro-Magnons by the looks of them. Well treated but only know that we are some sort of suspicious aliens. Just lately am daring to return to the machine. A son has been born to us here, we call him Manely. If Dubinsky ever finds us, he can hope to die 38,000 years after he was born. In warm weather, look for us just two miles South of here. Winter we spend some hundred miles down this same river. Am attempting to leave the natives





as unaffected as possible, but in my efforts to get along, I seem to be becoming the local witch doctor.

Have lost track of dates. I think I've located the trouble. Must have overlooked it in first panic.

My torch was stolen and lost, so am attempting to solder breaks with charcoal, an exasperating job.....

Sotiaknetab tore the offensive paper to bits and threw it on the floor. Then he noticed what his keen mind identified as a seat.

He made bold to sit down in it. Nothing untoward occurred. He stole a peek, the tribesmen could see him through the open door. Growing braver, he grasped at various small objects fastened near him, Some were immovable, some pushed, one pulled.

There was a sudden clap of thunder. Before the startled eyes of the entire tribe, the hut, Sotiaknetab and all, vanished into complete Nothingness.

In a flurry of shrieks the people retreated to the bushes. But here they stayed rooted to the spot for many, many hours. Had their shaman mastered the strange magic, and would he return in time, boasting of his exploits? Or had the strangers magic conquered him?

Only two days sunset did the clan return to camp.

Said Sachasayuttenab to Eenabyadusan: "With the first sunrise, let us follow the trail of the wizard Adam. It is easy to see, since he drips blood from his wounds. With kind words we must draw him back to our fireplaces."

"Wise you are, boldest of hunters," Eenabyadusan replied. "People are always getting sick, and this winter the sun must be remade. The apprentices taught by the old wizard will never be able to do these things as well as he. Always Adam will have the choicest part of my kills. And do you not think he will be glad to hear that his magic hut has taken Sotiaknetab away forever?"

KENNETH GRAY

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"As Catherine learned that same night, Russia makes strange bed-fellows. Peter got into bed with his boots on, played with his dolls an hour or two, and told the Grand Duchess about his new mistresses.<sup>2</sup> Then he rolled over and snored<sup>3</sup>. This routine went on for nine years, until Peter took to his own bed. He hadn't thought of it before, I guess. Some years later when he was found dead with symptoms of murder, Catherine was thought to be partly responsible. Why the very idea!

2: He had none, they were all in his head, but it amounts to the same.

3: He wasn't technically an idiot, but he had the makings...





# WHEN FANS COLLIDE

BY FILLER'UP WILLIE



Twenty-five hours on the bus and I arrived in Poplar Bluff, Mo. on my way to the NolaCon. I'd left a week early so that I could stay with Duggie and Max for a while and work on ODD before going to the re waiting for me. In fact they had six hours. I got off of the bus and Fisher trampling on my feet and practically starved and so we pushed off to eat something --- and then I was dragged off to an out door movie to see "Show Boat." It was here that Fisher plyed me with hot-dogs, cokes, and other gastric disturbers until I was fit to be moved. Then Fisher joyfully annouced that we all could go over to his house and eat a nice big meal! I groaned. I wept. I cried for a vomitorium! Finally, though, I managed to stagger to Dug's house to eat fried chicken. I was in misery LOH HA! After that ODD's backlog was givin a through scanning, as did the stencil's cut for the Anniversary issue. Max was there too, looking at the old fanzines I brought along. We sent barbed remarks back and forth and listened to Fisher's wonderful collection of classical records. Finally about two o'clock Max went home and we hit the sack ourselves. After nearly 48 hour without sleep it certianly felt good to climb into a nice clean bed.

Fisher, being a generous dog let me have all of seven hours sleep before he came around knocking on my cabin door, at the ungodly hour of 9:00 o'clock. I awoke groggy, with the prospect of another grulling day. Fisher, naturally, was raring to go. I poured myself into my clothes and managed, somehow, to get into the buick.

Then off on a wild ride to Williamsville, population 411. In this hole lived Bill Holmes, somewhat of a stef fan. Holmes is the tall athletic type --- who gladly drinks your beer, almost as fast as you can. Then we managed tp get a free meal at Holmes' and then Bill went back to Poplar Bluff to fiddle away the afternoon listening to some more records.

When the news came through that Don Jacobs was in town Fisher practically went wild, as he jumped all over the house hunting for the car keys. We carrened madly out to the country club, where Jacobs was supposed to be, but we'd missed him. We shot back into town and over to his-parents house. and finally caught up with him. Jacobs. He is a wonderful fellow. He resembles a smiling buddha and is a minister. But don't let this mislead you, he is broad minded. When I showed Jake a quote from his story in ODD: "....the bleating wrench...", he only grimaced.

We picked up some Gin and with Bill Stone and Bill Holmes we shortly polished that off, Jake and his brother abstaining, merly drinking pineapple juice. After that we cleaned out the Fisher icebox. With the table full of iced beer bottles and a gin bottle Dug went out to the



door when he heard a noise in the driveway. Fisher was afraid that it was his father, and as he doesn't exactly approve of Duggie drinking, Dug ran to the door --- and saw no one. He started back into the kitchen. Just then Bill Stone came charging through the door; Fisher thought it was his father and fell flat on his face!!! The house rocked.

We then went upstairs to Dug's attic den. What a chaotic place. Nothing was where it belongs. Stacks of pro-mags every where, on shelves, in cubboards, and in wooden boxes... stacks of fanzines, manuscripts and records take up a gigantic cubbord. Then there's the three speed phonograph plus the mimeograph and just about everything else you can think of.

I had a special crush on Tchaikovsky's "1812 Overture" and "Capriccio Italiano", and we seemed to be playing them over and over most of the time.

"Am I drunk?" That was the question of the night as Fisher staggered around with a load of gin in him --- all of an ounce or two! Dug wanted so badly to be drunk but he hadn't enough gin to even give with a warm glow. Jacobs got tired of smelling his breath and telling him he wasn't drunk. Later Dug got wound up and threw a copy of science Fiction Digest out of the window just to show his utter disregard for fanzines. I think he later retrieved it.

We talked a lot about putting out a one-shot zine. Jacobs thought "Rosecrucian Indigestion" would be a great title. I held out for the "Yiddish Yearbook" --- I had some wonderful plans for that one.

About 11:00 things broke up as Fisher's parents were dog tired and wanted to get a little sleep. I felt the same way but was up till 1:30 reading.

I beat everybody up on Tuesday and snuck upstairs to go through ODD's backlog and cull out the material we couldn't use. The Fisher's finally came out of their trance and we had breakfast. About six hours were spent somehow -- I don't remember because it was too hot -- probably we were over at Don Jacobs. Finally convinced Dug we should go home and do a little something on ODD as it was already Tuesday afternoon and we were leaving Wednesday night. At his house we assembled the last of the ODD's, addressed them and dumped the mess off at the postoffice.

After some serious constructive talk About Odd ( I don't remember what it was now but I am sure it was just that. ), We went over to the Hickory house where we each finished off four barbecues. Nothing to do so we went over to Jacob's house. Jacobs and Holmes were hungry so back to the car and over to the hickory house. Another barbecue. Jake only had two -- the piker.

Home again. Fisher began to cut stencils and I wrote some much needed letters until dinner time. Mrs. Fisher had a wonderful steak dinner for us and it is indeed a wonder that we were able to do anything at all after that. As it was, this seemed to put us in the mood for an all night session and so we immediately got started. Soon Bill Stone, a tall lanky chap, drifted in and later Don Jacobs, His brother Bill Jacobs, followed by Bill Holmes arrived.

We were playing Rachmaninoff's Piano Concerto # 2 in C when Fisher said: "Haven't they stolen a lot of songs from that piece? I remember one -- ah, let's see --- I think it was called "How high the Sierras." I took the beer bottle away from him.

Bill Holmes was sitting there quietly in his chair drinking beer and reading. Bill had earlier proclaimed that he had once drunk twenty beers at one setting without effect. After only three though, he had one of the silliest



grins I've ever seen spread from ear to ear. He hid the beer from him.

Jake continued his readings, making appropriate remarks. While everyone else was drinking and reading, I was just drinking and cutting a stencil.. Jake decided that I had a mental head because I insisted on working instead of reading.

People finally filled out but Fisher and I kept working. We finally decided to call it quits about 5:30 A.M. after we'd cut plenty of stencils and ran off four pages.

Up at ten and to work. I cut thirteen stencils and Dug ran off nineteen pages on the mimeo. When we finally broke off at 11: ) that night we had over 33 pages stenciled and nearly that run off. Final stencil to be cut was my editorial. Fisher had left two pages for it and I had a hell of a time finishing it, what with the rush to leave for NEW ORLEANS.

I packed up my stuff and had to leave a lot behind, --- including a large stack of fanzines. At 11:00 I was ready and we drove over to pick up Max. Dug couldn't go because of an astonishing lack of money. However Keasler had some and I talked him into going.

Things didn't run smoothly. A flat tire around Midnight put us in a fine fix --- especially with the bus leaving at 12:50. Naturally we were without a flashlight and a tire wrench. Luckily we were able to wave someone down who knew Dug. He had the necessities and we got the tire fixed and got down to the bus station in time.

We got on the bus and I prepared myself for another long seige without sleep. Max and I fangabed until around four in the morning. We talked about different fans, but mostly about fanzines. Again we tried to think of some good titles. There aren't too many. Max seemed to like OPUS and was seriously considering changing the title of FV to that. Trenchmouth was another likely title. We thot of using it as a oneshot. About four Max dozed off and I tried to catch forty winks. Sometime after six we got into Memphis. We had a two and a half hour lay over here and spent our time walking around the city and seeing the river.

Nothing happened then until we got to Clarkstown, Mississippi. There Max noted a gal buying a copy of Science Fiction Quarterly. He thought she looked like a picture he'd seen in a SAPS zine so he went up and asked her if she was going to the con. Yes! She was. The first fan we'd met.

Agnes Harook was her name and we then proceeded to find out that she was with Roger Sims, he's a SAP who publishes a zine called "Hay is for Horses." Most of the way to Jackson Max kept trooping up the ailes to show them this or that that he had along. In Jackson Sims and I ate lunch together. They told us about Ben Singer.

Ben Singer as you know, is the notorious Michifan. According to Sims his latest escapade was to send a threatening unsigned letter to Norman Kossuth of the MSFS. Kossuth, who is a Shaverite and a helicopter expert, promptly took the letter to the FBI. About three months later Singer went up and told Norm that it was he that had sent the letter. Kossuth replied: "You'll be having visitors soon!" He then went and told the feds. When they questioned Singer he told the feds he belonged to the MSFS and that many of the members were Communists. This caused Bennett Sims, President of the MSFS to get investigated. Sims was so disgusted he resigned his position. Detroit still was planning to bid for the con though.



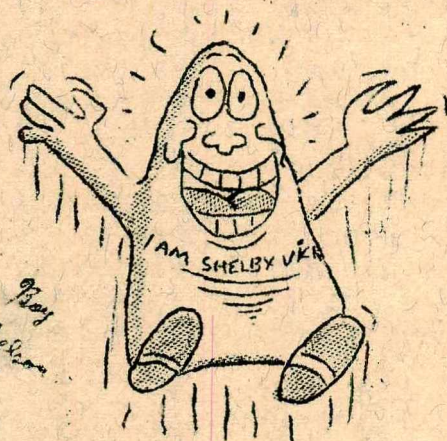
Got into the New Orleans bus station around 7:30 P.M. It had been tremendously hot all the way from Jackson but New Orleans was heavy with humidity. We nearly suffocated with the bus air-conditioning off. After we got in we decided to walk to the hotel, which a man assured us was only four blocks away. We walked two blocks and asked how much further the hotel was. Only four more blocks the fellow assured us. Three blocks further on we asked a lady who said it was only three blocks. Another two blocks and we got someone who pointed it out, only two blocks away. We finally staggered over to it.

Roger said that ED Kass was coming down from Detroit so we decided to get a four man room --- the only one the hotel had. It was number 770. Aggie went to the YWCA.

We got settled in our refrigerating unit ( The air-condition was something to see ) and got cleaned up. Sometime after nine o'clock Max and I decided to go down and see who we could find. I'd tried to call Harry Moore and Fred Hatfield, but neither of them had a telephone. We knew Lee Hoffman was there. He said he'd be there monday and we confirmed this at the desk. However, HE wasn't in his room.

We walked into the Lobby --- looking nowhere in particular when a tall thin fellow comes up with a couple of other people. I'm Shelby Vick, said the tall thin guy. You're Elsberry and Keasler?" We agreed and shel started to introduce people. I rember none but the last one. She was a girl. Vick Said: " I

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want you to meet Lee Hoffman."

I nearlyly passed out!

To say that Max and I were amazed would be a gross understatement. We were practically struck dumb. Thoughts of a practical joke ran through our minds. Finally we were convinced. Then we thought: "What on earth have I been writing to this boy! yee Ghods!"

We then migrated to Bill Morse's room, still shaking our heards. Here a bull session of sorts was under way. We picked up a bottle of beer and got into the fray. Harry Moore popped in and we talked quite a bit about the pictures for the con. They'd definitely arranged "The Day the Earth stood still" and were working on "When Worlds Colide". Paramount didn't want to give us a theatre though and Moore was trying to shame them into it by telling them all that 20th Century Fox was doing. Harry B. was quite sure that life or look would cover the con and he was just hoping that no-one with helicopter beanies and zap guns would show up.

Before Harry B. left, Max got his camera and took a picture of all of us present. Lee Bishop of California began to tell us about Incinerations #5. This one hadn't been mailed because of the postoffice. Lee said that it was already to go and sitting around in boxes. He'd looked at a copy and especially noted some Rorsach ink blots that Davis had put in. Can't give thier meaning here unfortunately.

The discussions shifted around to Roger Price and then back to the happenings at the Norwescon. Some especially interesting anecdotes were told about Ruth Newbury and Ralph Rayburn Philips. Lee Hoffman popped into the apartment about this time and wanted to know if anyone wanted to to go down to a radio station and get in a plug for the Con.



Did we? Seven of us got started on our way to WWL. About a block from the hotel someone came up behind me and said: Say, your not LEE HOFFMAN, are you?" The person was Paul Cox from Georgia. I told him who I was and introduced him to lee. His mouth dropped open a foot! We laughed so hard that I think Cox got embarrassed. He still didn't believe it two hours later.

When we got to the building, Walthers and Bishop tried to get through the revolving doors at the same time, by pushing in opposite directions. After a while they got wise and we got in.

They let our little group in, we were Hoffman, Cox, Keasler, Bishop, Walthers, Vick, Morse, and myself. Vick did most of the talking, though Max and I managed to get a word in edgewise. It only lasted about three minutes and we did get a chance to defend ourselves against Buck Rogerism.

We headed for WDSU in the French quarter, but it was closed by the time we got there. We walked around talking, and finally stopped in at the Bourbon house for some coffee.

Here Lee advanced the theory of "avoidism" as taken from Roger Price's book "In one Head and Out The Other". In "avoidism" you avoid as much as you can. Of course you want to be practical so you don't avoid things like eating and breathing. The 'avoidist' position is face downward on the floor with arms outstretched. Of course, you can't avoid everything and there are times when you have to "cope" with it. Everybody avoided the check for the coffee, and Bill Morse had to cope with it.

Afterwards we walked back to the hotel in the streets, avoiding the sidewalks. When cars came along, we had to cope with them. We saw one sign in the quarter that we wanted to tear down and take with us It read "BEWARE BAG DOG." However the sign was nailed down, with spikes so we decided to leave it. Also saw "Women Exchange" on one door. However, it was closed for the night, and we didn't have any women we wanted to exchange.

Up at ten the next morning. I went out to eat breakfast at a nearby cafeteria with Max. Then we went up to the Caliborne room and got our program booklets from Harry B. He told us how 20th Century Films was planing a lot of publicity for the picture they were showing Sunday night. He also mentioned that Samuel Mines add got left out, the one for SS, TWS, and FSQ, and after Mines had sent them a bunch of illo's too. Harry B. was pretty sure that E.E. Smith, Boucher, Reynolds, Ray Palmer, Rog Philips and wife would not show up. They said they would, but none of them were there. G. O. Smith was also expected but didn't come.

We went out with our con book to get them autographed by the people whowere around. Leiber, Bloch, and Brown were the only pro-authors there at the time. Shel Vick had his name and a large puffin on his tee shirt. Ken Beale also tried to talk me into some material for Beware but I was my usual non-committal self.





When I got back I met Harry B. Moore and Bob Johnson in the hall and we went up to see the dianetic auditor who was going to give a talk on saturday night. His name was James Pinkham and he'd come all the way from New Jersey on a motorcycle --- his nose was red. Moore was excellantly sarcastic --- "I know all that."

We went to Fred Hatfields. I think Fred house was smaller than our room at the hotel.

I talked with Frank Kerkoff from Washington who was just about the drunkest person there. He convinced me that Briggs, Pavlet, Evens, Loan, and the rest couldn't write worth a damn and that he was the only one holding the club together. The funny thing about it was that when I told this to Briggs later, he said that it was absolutely true!

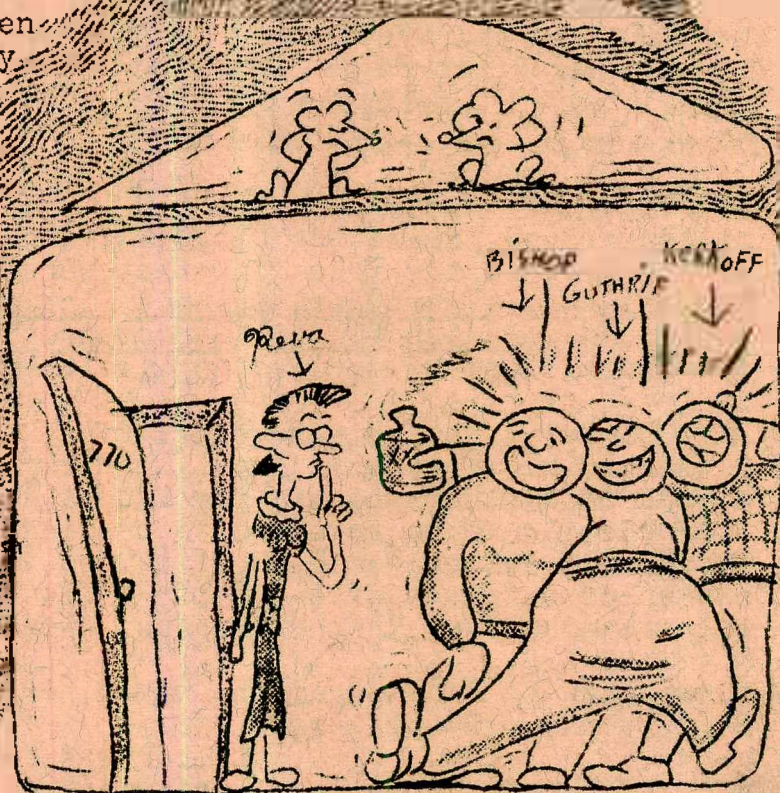
Lynn Hickman cornered me and we talked about his Zine TLMA pubbed for The Little Monsters of America. The crowded conditions and the lateness of the night caused people to drift off. I was, naturally one of the last dogs out. After five bottles of Regal I was in just the shape to get started. Regal is a terrible beer. ~~Terrible~~ like Swamp water, and probably is.

When we got to my room we found everybody there! MacCauley, Hickman, Keasler, Vick, Hoffman. We added Briggs, Beale, Gwosdorf, and someone else. We drank Lynn's whisky and finally everyone got tired and went to bed so that they could be up early Saturday for the start of the con. Lee and Shel left early, talking about hitting a radio station or two, but I don't think they got enough together.

About nine-thirty I staggered out of bed and wandered down to the lobby. Briggs came walking in and I asked him if he'd had breakfast. Since he hadn't we went out and ate. Went up to the Caliborne room when we got back and several of the publishers were there setting up their exhibits.

Shasta had their's set up and Eshbach was setting his up for Fantasy Press. Bob Tucker came in before eleven toting boxes of books and fanzines. He also had a large supply of propaganda for Chicago in '52. Up until now, I thought Detroit had the best chance. Tucker also had a copy of the time --- Picayune with a writeup of the Con. It had pictures of Hoffman, Leiber, and someone else. The writeup was fairly intelligent and contained none of the Buck Rogers-Flash Gordon tripe that you usually expect.

After seeing this I went out and got a copy myself, and also picked up the States. They also had an intelligent writeup with a picture of Bloch and Leiber. The opening line was ----- "The average parents of the future will select the sex of their children... these were a few of the predictions of things to come made here today by Fritz Leiber, associate editor of Science Digest magazine." Altho I looked at several other papers throughout the con. I noticed no other writeups.





Tucker was busy setting up a table advertising his latest mystery book "Red Herring", and also his forth coming "The City In the Sea". Bob finally started emptying the fanzines on the table. He had two big stacks. One was the recent ones that went 2/5¢ and the others were old timers that brought 10¢ each.

#### Tucker Needed Poker Money.

Tucker busily opened another box and began to drag out books. He'd gotten these for review and was now disposing of them at 100% profit. I picked up "Renaissance" and "Castle of Iron" from Tuck at \$3.25 while I'd been dickering with Pong', Ned McKneow of Canada has set up an enormous table of mags and books. I picked up "Sixth Column" from him for \$1.50.

Martin Greenburg of Gnome Press had shown up and laid his table out. Fans were drifting in from registering, which had started at 11:00. From my observations in the lobby, etc. I did not there were too many fen there. Of course, a lot of them were sleeping late so we weren't very worried about having a dissappointing crowd.

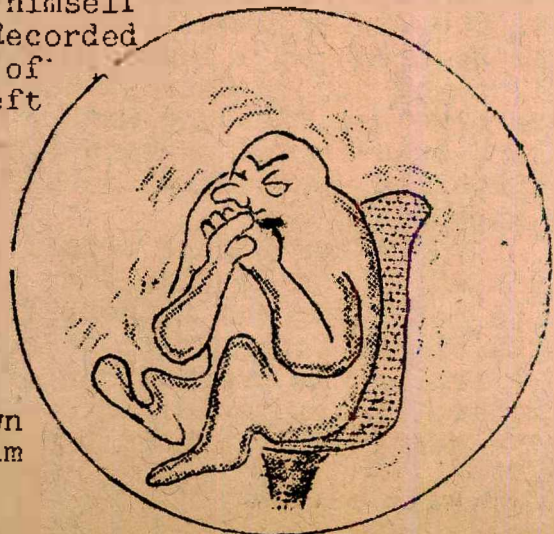
Around twelve Hoffman, Keasler, Briggs, Guthrie, MacCauley, Cox, Bob Johnson, and Myself went over to a nearby greasy spoon and had ham burgers and Birch Beers. When Guthrie saw it, he said: "Well a nickel beer. I haven't seen one of those in years." He was disapointed when he found out it was only root beer.

By 1:00 the first session only 120 people had signed the register so they let them go on for awhile. People milled around inside the air-conditioned Caliborne room, picking up free copies of the free zine that were being given away: Utopian, Cos-Mag, Fantasy Advertiser, Science Fiction Newsletter, Rhodomagnetic Digest, and Canadian Fandom. Rhodomagnetic tried to sell theirs at first but gave it up and decided to give them away, It was easier.

Finally at 1:40 Harry B. got things going. First were the introductions. First person to be introduced was Lynn Hickman. When Tucker got introduced he put in an informal bid for Niagra Falls in '52 --- The Barrelcan. After a while Moore resorted to reading the roster. He came to Merrill Gwasdorf a junior Sam Moskowitz when it comes to talking. He naturally had to come to the mike and say a few thousand words ---- nearly knocking the mike over in the process. Gwasdorf is as neo as they come.

When Moore came to Jean Bogart he asked her: "Are you a hoary old fan like E.E. Evens. I collapsed.

Leiber was finally permitted to talk. His talk, "The Jet Propelled Apocalypse" was about the man of the future. Lieber read his hand-written talk with quite a bit of vigor at times. At the end he had a dialogue between himself and the man of the future rigged up. Recorded on wire, were the comments of the man of the future with appropriate spaces left for Lieber to reply. However, the recorder began to overheat and our man of the future had an alternately high and low voice. Most of the time it sounded as if he were talking out of the bottom of a well. Despite these difficulties, Gwasdorf, running the recorder, the Guest of honor did a better than creditable job. If Someone had tied Gwasdorf down at the start of the talk to keep him





from running up and adjusting the mike every few seconds, it could 've been much better.

Moore wisely called an intermission after Lieber's talk and we went out to eat. We stayed a little longer than we should have, cause when we got back the Fan Resolutions session was already in progress.

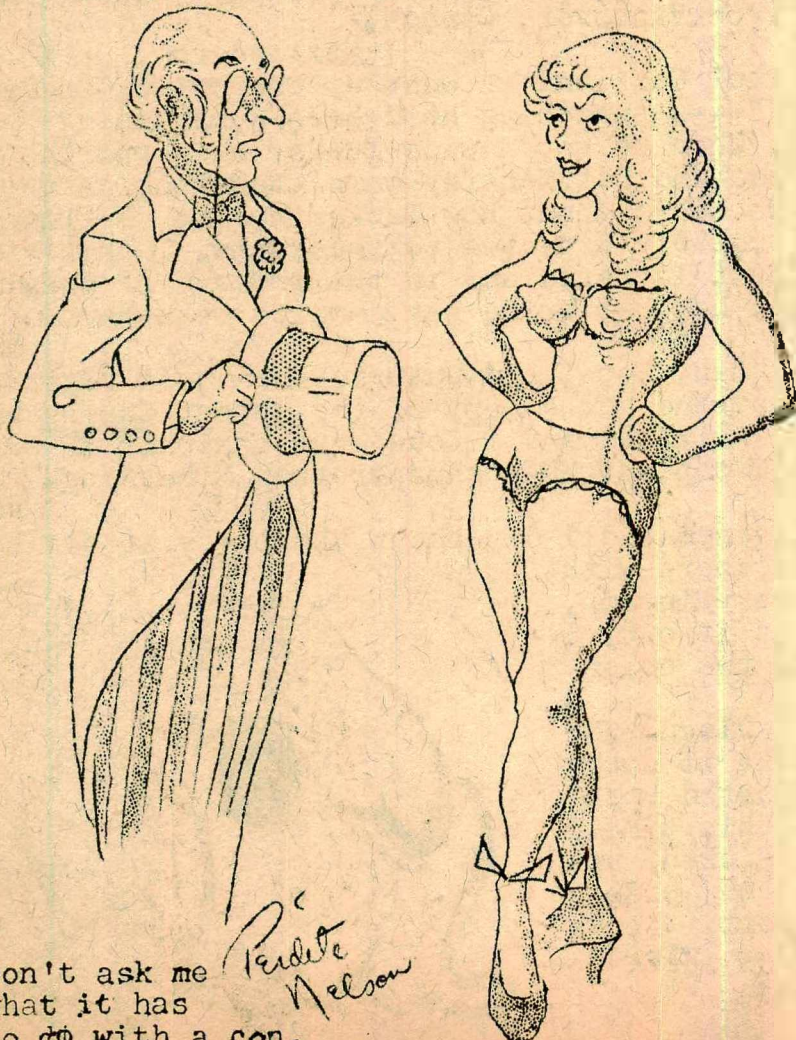
The argument going on was whether or not we should include dianetics on the program --- it was sceduled for the evening session. Harry B. was drawing the session out and mis-quoting everyone who had anything at all to say against the session, Shel Vick got up and sensibly stated that we should have the session, and that those who didn't want to hear it didn't have to go to it. Naturally this was ignored. Moore asked for a vote, Sixteen people voted against the session, and the margin for it wasn't too wide.....Les cole then stood up, and trying to be funny, safd that we should bar communists from Fandom. It was laughed and shouted down. Things were getting silly.

Bob Tucker, possessing a little bit of intelligence, made a brilliant resolution that we adjorn for dinner. The motion passed easily and the silly bickering was over --- and dianetics was still on the program. It was Tucker's quick thinking that saved us all from being there yet.

The evening session opened late, as usual. First thing was editor's and publishers pushed back from the afternoon session. The turnout of editors, publishers, and pro's was dismal at this Convention. Only Mag editor was Bea Mahafy and the book editor was Santerson of Unicorn. Book publishers were Ditky and Korshak of Shasta, Eshbach of Fantasy press, and Green-

burg and Kyle of GNOME Press. Pro authors were Leiber, Bloch, Brown, and Judy Merrill who came in a little late. You might also ads Satri, Tucker, Evan Chad Oliver, etc. But these fellows are more fans than pros.

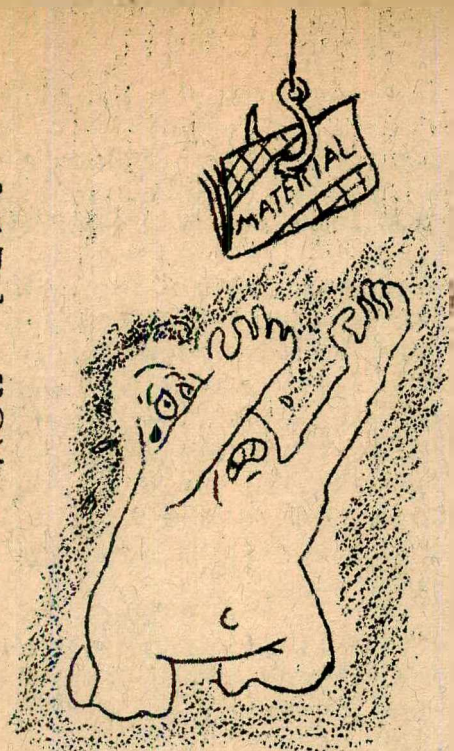
.....Mel Korshack came next. He built Shasta's forthcoming "Beyond these Walls" by Rena Vale. Mel also told about Shasta's new contest. Every year they plan to pay \$1000.00 for a new original unpubbed Sf Novel. It must be between 60,000 and 100,000 words and the contest runs from July 1st of this year till June 30th next year. I can't see to much in this as you can usually sell a serial to a magazine for \$1,500 to \$2,500 and later sell the book rights for somemore. Mel also said that the title of Heinleins "If this Goes On.." Might be change to "Revolt in Paradise" for the third Future History.



Don't ask me  
what it has  
to do with a con.



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Went up to the Caliborne Room and helped out Harry B. and Paul Cox in putting up the Morrie Dollens back drop. Forrest J. Ackerman had been bringing them from Cal. But he got news that his father had died while he was in Texas and he turned around and went back, mailing the pictures on. This was the first con that Ackerman has missed, leaving Erle Korshack the only person to attend all nine conventions. Incidentally, the twenty Dollens pics in the back drop had been commissioned only around two or three weeks before the con. That's really fast work.

We were constantly wandering around the lobby, talking, talking! Picked up a copy of Time Stream from Paul Cox for nothing.

I became disgusted with meeting people and just talking so I went up to 770 for a while. Ed Kuss had come in and was there. We gabbed about artwork for awhile, and Robert Briggs came in. I showed him the review of his Zap that I'd written for FaPa, and then never got around to publishing. Back down to the Caliborne room.

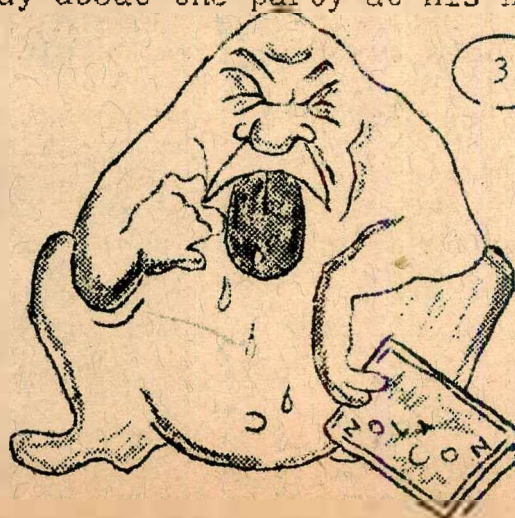
Met Virginia, and Ollie Sarri in the lobby --- they were checking in. Ditzky and Julian May were there too. Met Ye Hans Rusch and bought about two hundred fanzines for 2¢ apiece, plus postage. Got introduced to a fellow named Browne who had hitchhiked from Vancouver, Canada.

Max had gone up to Tucker's room so I picked up Paul Cox and we went up there too. Tucker's password was "OLD WOODCHUCK" --- something he'd been sustaining himself with on the trip down. When we got inside Tucker answered the phone with: "City Morgue." Both Bea and Pat Mahafey were there too as they didn't have rooms as yet. We heard about how Tucker had met Hoffman. Lee had been writing Tuck and probably expected to shock him. Tucker came to the door with his face half lathered and in the process of shaving. Tucker didn't believe it and had her write her name to make sure.

Back to the lobby. MacCauly, Hickman, Pope, and Guthrie were just registering. We went up to Mac's room and got a copy of the latest Cosmag with my article in it. It was now lithoed and I found out that his 32 page mag only cost \$32.00 for 350 copies! MUCH cheaper than Mimeo'ing.

Fred Hatfield had been telling everyone all day about the party at his house that night. Bob Johnson was there with a big stack of ORB'S. It was printed, and cost Johnson \$265 to put it out. I bought it for the wonderful two color John Grossman pic in it.

Disgusted<sup>3</sup> I went up to the room to take it easy for a half hour. I was exhausted both mentally and physically by this time. I wished the con was over. Picked up Briggs and Kuss somewhere and added Lee Bishop and we went out to dinner. Beer and fried shrimp.





McNeil



When Korshack was done, a neo-neo from Texas, named McNeil asked him why they didn't reprint the old Gernsback stories. A loud groan went up from the audience. Mel tried patiently to explain to the boy that that wasn't what the public wanted.

On came Marty Greenburg. He boosted Gnome's forth coming "Travelers in space" With the 16 color plates by Edd Cartier & the Science Fiction Dictionary. Greenberg mentioned that books on his forthcoming list included the "Foundation", "City", "Baldy", "Gallegher", and the "Mixed Men" series. He is also planning an anthology of Novels. Novels that are too short to be published as a book, and too long to be published in a regular anthology. He plans to have five or six in it, including "Crucible of Power" by Williamson, "But Without Horns" by Page, and "The Chronicleer" by Van Vogt.

We then passed on to what should have been the beginning of the evening session, Science Fiction Fandom through the years. by Moskowitz and Evans.

Sam came on, and why he used the mike I'll never know. Sam has a deep powerful voice that he flings at you over the top of the rostrum. He started out by telling about his flying trip to New Orleans, and how he had unknowingly talked to Huey Long's son. Then he shifted over to this year's Disclave and how he'd been sent to the wrong hotel and wound up meeting Senator Kefauver.

Sam finally got around to talking about the size of fandom, and what constitutes a fan. That was a little more in keeping with the title of his talk, "What is a fan."

In 1938, Sam said, the SF editors considered that there was only fifty to two hundred S-F fans. Now, in a speech this year by Samuel Mines, Mines estimated the total number of fans as only around 20,000! Sam considers anyone who reads one or two promags regularly as a fan. And if he writes letters to the pros or does anything like subbing to a fanzine, then he's an active fan.

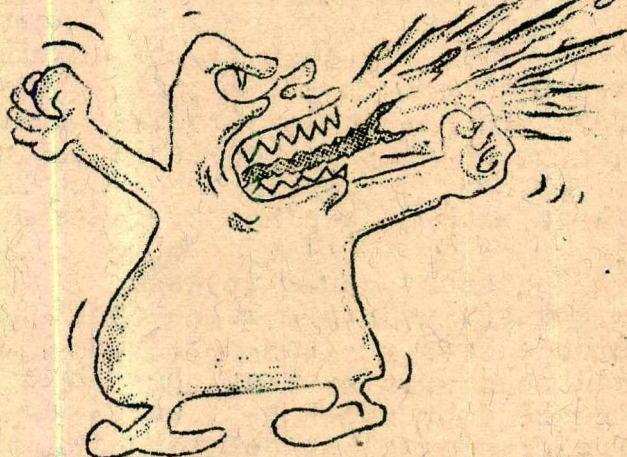
H.G.

Wells must have been an active fan, deduces Moskowitz, for he once praised a story which appeared in Wonder Stories. In his files, Moskowitz found early fan letters by Lovecraft praising the works of England and Burroughs. Lovecraft thought that Burroughs was one of the great Fantasy writers, at that time (1915). Lovecraft was later quoted as being a great critic on fantasy fiction by Derleth.

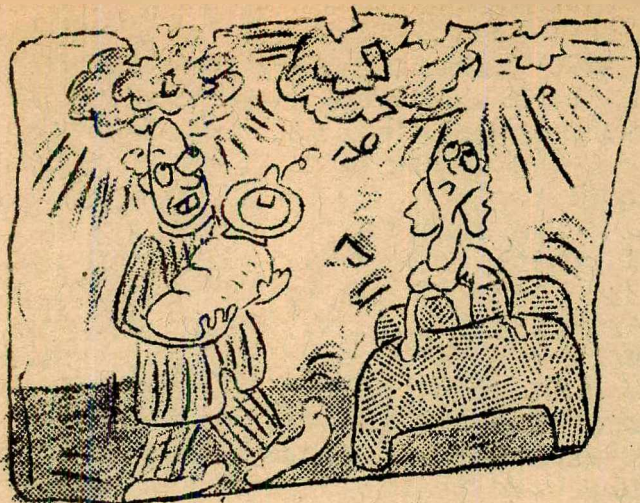
Sam feels that fandom is expanding rapidly and that the editors are beginning to realize this fact. Perhaps in the future they will follow our suggestions more closely.

E.E. Evans started to talk next, but I didn't get much of a chance to listen to him because Bob Tucker sent David Kyle over to see me. Dave wanted a typer to write up a news story for Trans-Radio Press

SAM MOSKOWITZ







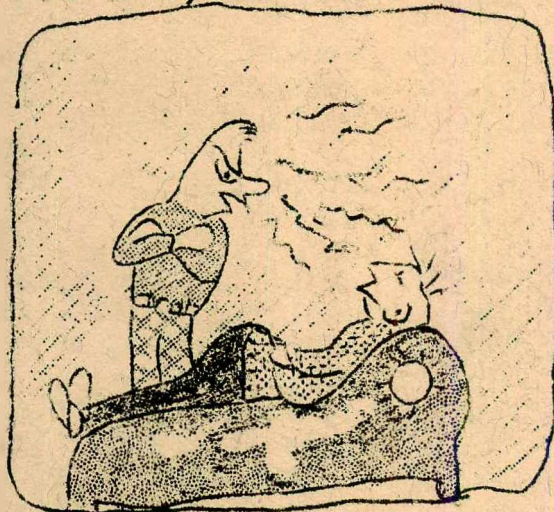
and it seemed that I was the only one around with one. I took Dave up to my room, and left him to stare at the typer. Later, when I came back, he was still staring at the paper. Ed Kuss popped in and we talked the story over with Kyle.

Dave wanted something, that a news-paper commentators would be able to use. That would be no easy task. As first he thought he could write up something on the flying saucers but tho I wracked my brain, I could think of no one at, or even near the Con who had seen one. Briggs, Max, and some others came swarming in to the room but I finally managed to get them out, and left Dave in peace

again.

Dropped down the hall. The dianetics session was in progress. I asked someone about E.E. Evens talk. Oh, it was very good, everyone said, but they couldn't remember what it was all about. Not having anything to do --- I didn't want to see the dianetics session( there were only about 45 people listening to Pinkham, a very intense speaker I went back to see how Kyle was doing.

The story wound up as a Day brightner. It was a peice about how science fiction fans believed in controlled weather and how their arrival in New Orleans had broken the back of a two week heat wave. We helped Dave trim it a bit and then allowed him to finish retyping it.....



.....I an Ed Kuss were just sitting on the beds reading the papers and talking about fanzines when the telephone rang. It was Lee Jacobs! "Is it all right if I come up an talk about Kenton," says Lee. "Fine, I'll come right on up!" Then I asked him if he'd met Lee Hoffman. No he replied, He'd just came in on the plane.

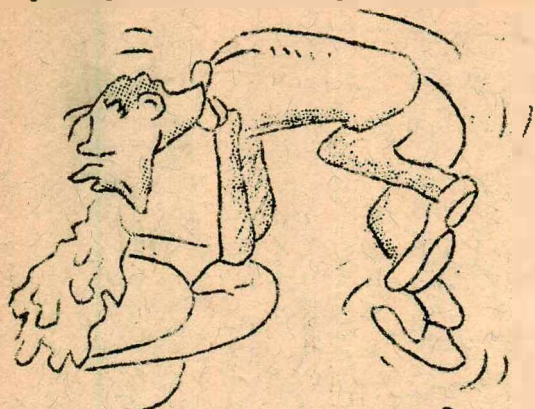
Pretty soon Jacobs, the Coles, Tom Quinn, and Carl Murray walked into the room. Jacobs had a pitcher of Seagrams in one hand. He pumped me some more about Hoffman, and then just shook his head. Then we talked about Stan --- "The Man" --- Kenton. A gal from Detroit comes barging into the room. She walks around abit and then out the door.

About Five minutes later the roof fell in. ( See pic at top o' page ) Nearly twenty people all carrying whisky, gin, or mix bottles came marching into the room to set up shop. Our room, 770, is the largest one available outside of the hall, so they thought that this 'd make a perfect place to throw a party. At one time or another, there were as many as thirty-nine people in that room, and most of them with a drink in there hands. About sixty people or more passed in and out of that room, that night and morning.

The Din was terrible! People lay on the beds, floors, furniture, and everything else we had around. Ice and mix

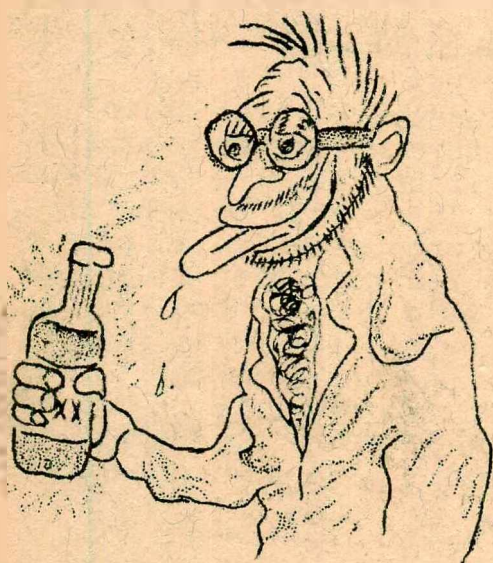


flowed into the room in a nearly continuous stream. You could hear th' party all the way down to the end of the hall, and it was a wonder that the house detective wasn't up there to stop the thing. When Max and Hickman came into the hotel about two, Max asked for the key to 770. The desk clerk told him that there was a wild party going on up there.



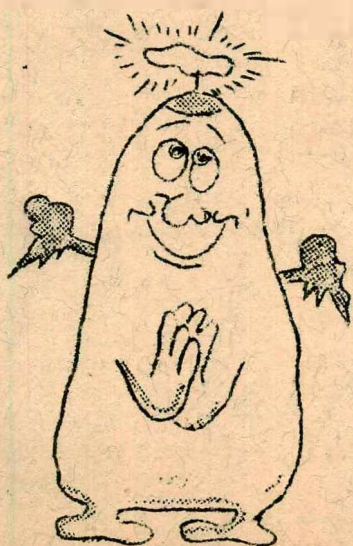
ED WALTHERS

I rember Jack Speer trying to push his wife into a closet -- at least I think it was his wife. Then I rember going into the bathroom and finding the sink covered with Grec Goo. Ed Walthers was the boy 'od so honored us..... more time passed... ..When we came back to the room the noise was deafening. A near roit was going on. Kerkhof and bishop were laying on my bed and laughing their heads off at nothing. By this time, Kerkhoff was being called 'sandwich' and Ed Walthers was 'Squeezebox'. It seems he got this name from an Abbot an Costello movie in which Costello was called "Squeezbox" and they kept wanting him to move over. Well, people kept climbing in bed with Walthers until he was squeezed right off the bed and under it! Walthers just lay there. When we tried to get him out, he tripped the whole bed over and we had to try to set it upright again.



BOB JOHNSON

Bob Johnson was drunk and refused to go to his room. He didn't believe he could make it. We brought him back some tomato juice from the hamburger shop and after he'd drank that, he felt a little better. It was also about this time that Lee Hoffman left. The lights kept going out, and we had gotten down to just two lights when someone popped up: "Who's going to ~~when all the lights go out?~~"



GUTHRIE BEFORE CON

Dale Hart ~~somehow~~ **CENSORED** aged to start swinging a chair around the room. It happened to clip Bob Johnson, but in his condition it didn't bother him too much. This seemed to sober Hart up, and he left the room for awhile. Went into the bathroom, and the sink was full again.

As I came out of the bathroom Lee Bishop was tipping the bed over on top of Ed Walthers. Soon 'Squeezebox' was covered with two mattresses and a frame. Both Bishop and "Sandwich" were laughing fit to kill. Kuss walked all over the mattresses without knowing that there was anyone under it. I finally got Sims and Dietz to help me and we got the bed together.

Guthrie of Atlanta was dead drunk. Before the con,



he'd never had a drink in his natural born life and his folks made him promise that he wouldn't drink. Haa! He finally fell off the bed and lay on the floor groaning. Frank Deitz, holding a precariously full glass of gin spilled about half of it on Guthrie. And when Frank began to kick him, no one seemed to mind except Guthrie.

We finally got Guthrie out of 770 and into his own room.....T.P..... Then back to 770 !! It was nearing four o'clock when Lee Jacobs got a call from someone to go down and play poker ---- probably Tucker. Walthers was walking around with his T shirt up over his head. I said he looked like a "pre nant". midget. Bishop collapsed on the bed in delirious laughter.

Hart wasn't down in his room but we heard he was down a couple of flights in some woman's room. We thought of calling the house Dick, but Hart got back before we got around to it. Hart then took off his pants to keep cool. Reva from Detroit was there but she didn't seem to mind. Dietz came up with another 5th but that went too.

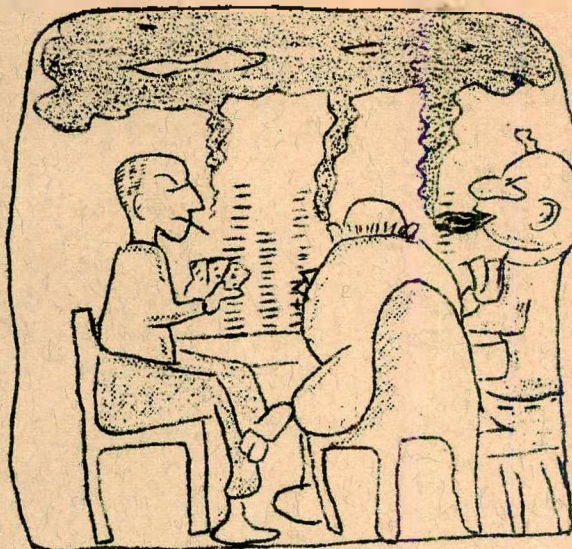
About the only highlights that I missed, where when the fans marched around the room --- over the beds and furniture. While this was going on, someone spilled a little Vermouth all over Sim's bed. Johnson and Deitz slept in it that night. Lee Bishop also got a list of names that wanted Incinerations #5. He planned to sent it first class.

This wild party was supposed to be for the Detention but the boys said that they planned their real party Sunday night ---- I realed. Kirkhof advocated "Timbuctoo in '52. He was tolerated.

When I got up in the morning all the towels were sopping wet --- we'd used them to mop up the floors. Deitz and Johnson were sleeping in Sim's bed --- Bob in his shirt, and Frank in his sky blue shorts. When I waved a drink under his nose he said quote; P.U. .... NO!!!!!!!!!!

Dale Hart didn't want to get up out of bed. He didn't have a stitch on and he thought he'd wait until the maid showed up. We managed to talk him out of that.

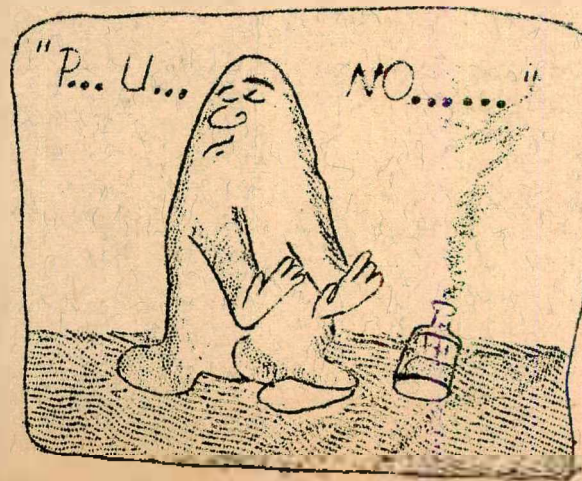
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Incidentally, Hart slept in our room for two nights, with two typewriter ribbons, and a copy of Ichor # 3. He also profusely apologized to Ed Kuss in whose bed he'd been sleeping. When he'd gone to bed Sunday morning he told us to rout him out when Kuss came in. Kuss arrived and tossed Hart out of bed but Hart climbed right on in again. Kuss went somewhere else.

Hart might have come the longest distance to the con. He came from Mexico City and about the only longer distance I could think of would be Browne's, the fellow who hitchhiked from Canada.

We staggered out of bed around 10:30. Got to eat lunch at noon. Between then and the start of the auction I loafed around





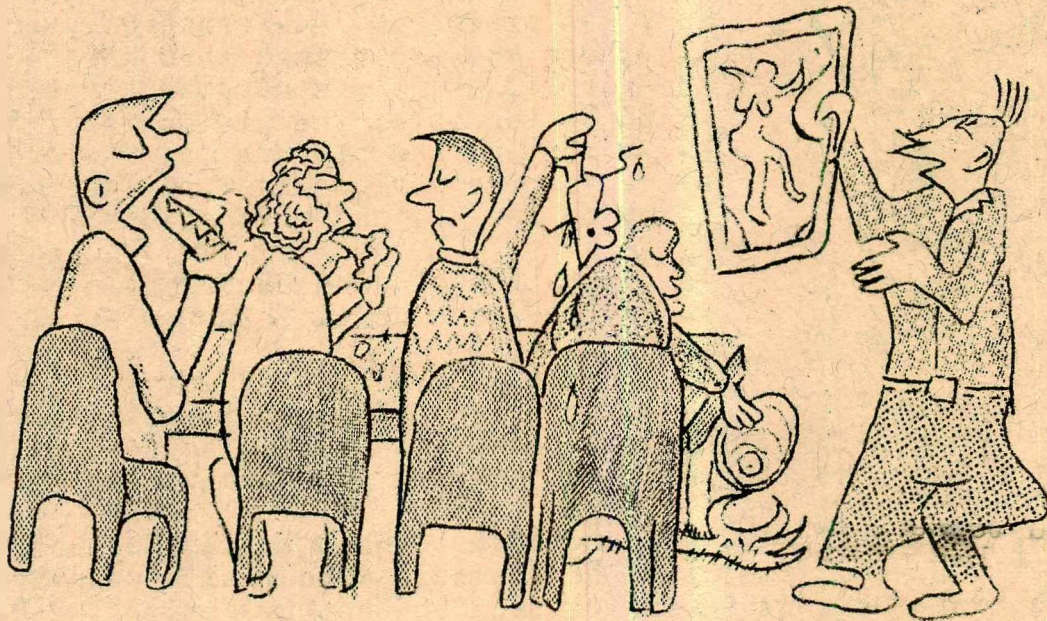
the hotel room, and fingered magazines.

With Moskowitz doing the honors we got underway shortly after 1:00. The first item was Anthony Boucher's speech telling why he couldn't be there. It sold for \$2.35. There was very sparse attendance, but this increased as more fans woke up. Still the crowd never did get very big, and you would have expected the bidding to be quite low. This was not a fact however.

Harry Moore paid \$12.50 for a 1919 Thrill Book. The four AsF's with Slan in them sold for \$5.00. Finlay pics averaged around \$ 5.00 for interiors. Other illustrators, except Bok and Cartier went for as low as 50¢ with the high being \$4.85 for a Lawrence interior. Cartier averaged \$6.00 for three drawings and brought \$21.00 for the two page spread from "Darker than You Think". This was the highest price paid for an interior.

Jean Bogart bought two Bok's. An interior for \$12.00 and the Convention Booklet cover for \$56.00! That's right, \$56.00. Lynn Hickman was the fellow bidding her up, but she finally got it.

Second highest price was for a Paul back-cover that went to Hickman for \$41.00. Other back covers went for \$31, \$16, and \$15. The MacCauley Oilpainting cover for Other Worlds #12 went for only \$15.00



Some goof paid \$10.00 for the galley proofs for "The Man who Sold the Moon". Other items starting at a \$10.00 minimum such as "Out of Space and Time" failed to get that initial bid.

Sam finally got around to that Dollen's backdrop. There were twenty individual pictures averaging about \$5.50, each. Highest price was \$14.00 to Eshbach.

Finally people began to walk out. Even more did when Sam stopped talking and turned the mike over to Gwosdorf. Merrill has a loud voice also, but nowhere near the talent of Sam. Things began to go cheep and one finally went for a buck. I picked up a bunch of cheap pics for Fisher.

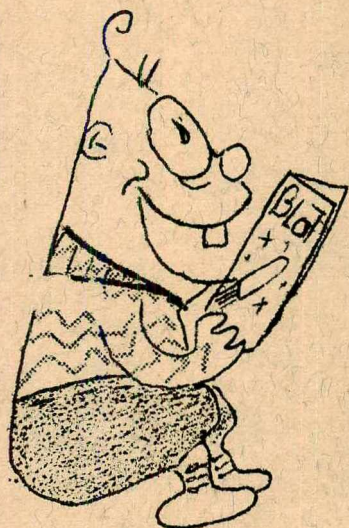
It was getting near six o'clock and so I picked up Bob Briggs and we went across the street to a cafeteria to eat. We met Harry Moore there with Jim Pinkham. We ate and talked about the evening session.



Went up to 770 before the evening session was to start. Sims, Kuss and Aggie were making and putting up decorations for the party to follow the premiere of "The day the Earth Stood still" that night. Everything moveable and breakable was put in the closet. A sign was pasted on the floor. "If you're lying on the ceiling to read this, you're drunk!" There was another one in the bathroom over the toilet; "Oklahoma Delegation Attention --- this is not a Drinking Fountain." I got out of there.

The panel discussion "More --- science in Science-fiction -- Less, etc." was moderated by E.E. Evens and had Moskowitz and Les Cole on the side of More science, and Bob Tucker and Fred Browne were on the side of less fiction.

The discussion lasted around an hour and wasn't to successful as as far as I could see, both parties seemed to agree on the same points. Tucker's telling of a juvenile S-F'er he'd read once was the most hilarious thing of the evening.



The movies did come next. "Castle of Doom" the old silent horror picture was shown first. It was a very arty picture with hands sliding along banister and shadows flitting along the walls. Photography was excellent --- especially in one scene where you see things through the eyes of the corpse, as he was carried through the town to be terrible. The dialouge was terrible----- most of the picture was narrated. However, vampire movies aren't my meat and I was happy to see the end of that one.

Ted Sturegon's adaptation of John D. McDonald's "A Child is crying" came next. This was for a TV program called "TALES OF TOMMOROW"

Nelson S. Bond's TV movie "Conqueror's Isle" was the last on the evening program. "The Lost World was held over until Monday night. This one was very well handled and the pyschiatrist in the story is the same one who played the scientist in "The THING."

After Bond, Harry B. announced that "When Worlds Collide would be shown at 11:00 Monday morning. We then all adjourned to the Saenger theatre to see the World premiere of 20th Century Fox's "The Day the Earth Stood Still"/

The movie was shown in the plushest movie house in town. Before the showing through, the FOX representative had us pose for pictures. These required us to show excitement, horror, etc. Most people yawned. I read a paper. With the formalities over, they let us see the movie. We had to do this before the show cause they couldn't take them while the show was on.

The picture starts out with a shining blob in the sky. Its flight is rather crummy. This ship has every one on earth worried --- commentators are reporting daily on it. The use of such commentators as Drew Pearson, Elmer Davis, H.V. Kaltenborn, and Gabriel Heater give the film an air of documentary.

The flying saucer ( Said to cost \$100,000. It's 350 feet in diameter ) land in a large empty field or park in the middle of Washington D.C.. Tanks and field guns are called in, but the ship just sits there.

After sufficient time has passed to worry everyone sick, an opening appears in the side of the ship and a man in spacesuit steps out.



Guns are leveled at him. He advances. The man then reaches inside his suit, and pulls out an object, then snaps it open. A jittery soldier fires and hits him in the shoulder. From out of the ship comes a giant robot. The crowd fades away. The robot marches forward and a shield over his eyes opens up. Out shoots a beam and guns, tanks, artillery are melted down to scrap. The man in the spacesuit did finally tell him to stop and the robot closes his shield and remains motionless.

Soldiers pick up the man and take him to the Walter Reed Hospital where he is put under heavy guard. His wound is completely healed the next day as he puts some sort of a salve on it. He asks the President's aide to arrange a meeting of all major powers. All decline for one reason or another. The man then sneaks out of the hospital, baffling the guards.

He rents a room in a house in the city and has a little boy show him the city. He is impressed by Lincoln. He has the boy take him to the smartest man he's heard of. This professor isn't home but Klastu finishes up a problem he's got, and leaves his address.

In the meantime the radios have been blaring out that they mean to catch the monster, etc. Down at the field engineers are trying to bore through the metal without success.

The professor sends for Klastu and Klastu tells him who he is. They arrange for a meeting of all the great scientific minds at the site of the flying saucer. The professor wants some sign that will make the people come. Klastu promises a miracle.

That night he goes to his ship. He doesn't know that he is followed by the boy. The robot, Gort, takes care of the guards and he goes in and makes arrangements. The boy runs home and tells his mother and her boyfriend, (Pat Neal and Hugh Marlowe) The boyfriend decides to do some checking when the boy shows him a diamond that Klastu gave him.

The next day the boy and his mother are caught in an elevator together as all the electricity in the world comes off from 12:00 to 12:40 except in hospitals and airplanes. Then Klastu tells her who he is.

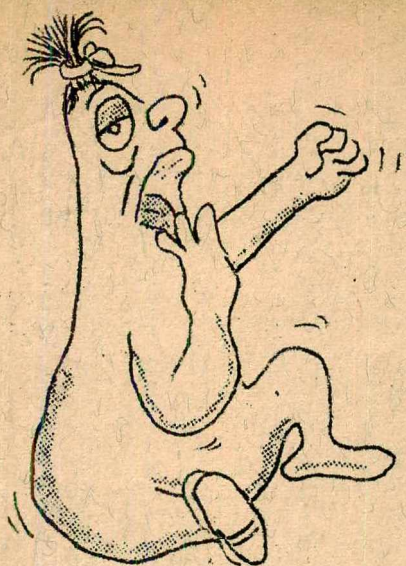
However, the boyfriend begins to believe the boys' story and sends the army out to pick up Klastu. They surround the area and Klastu, and the boy's mother are trapped in a cab. Klastu tries to make a break for it but is shot --- as he dies, he tells the girl what to say to Gort and she gets away.

Meanwhile, Gort had been placed in a block of lucite plastic. However, when Klastu died, he came to life and melted the block. He then kills the guards as the girl arrives. He advances on her but she manages to gasp out the words and is saved. The robot locks her in the ship and gets the body of Klastu. Insides of ship excellently done, for once. Controls by wave of hand.

Back in the ship, the robot puts Klastu on a bunk and brings him back to life. Outside, while all this has been going on, the delegates have been assembled for the meeting. The army comes out and tells them that they must leave because of the robot. Then the ship opens and out comes the robot, the girl, and Klastu. The girl leaves the ship and Klastu begins to make a speech. He says that all men must work together or they will destroy their planet. On his planet the robot is a device to stop war --- if a country starts a war, the robot goes and stops the attackers. Earth must make up its mind to do the same thing or they will utterly be destroyed. Then he goes back into the ship with the robot and they sail off into a bright and starry sky.

We dashed out of the theatre as fast as possible & back to 770. Immediately we got started on Tom Collins. (( Pore Tom ))





Let me state right now that this party was nowhere as good as the one the preceeding night because of all the pro's there. People refused to let their hair down. There were also a lot of women present. Anyway, the pro's and the women seemed to put a damper on the ribaldism that evening.

I acted as bartender until about 4:30 when I couldn't take it anymore. Keasler, being smart went down to sleep in Macaulay's room again. We'd had just about everything in 770. Picked up ten bottles of mix that afternoon, but that didn't last very long. People kept wandering in with Scotch, Bourbon, Whisky, Gin, and what have you. Some of the greedy ones, tho, kept it to themselves. ((( Fie! ))) The money we expended on the bellboy for glasses and ice, alone would have almost paid for a couple more bottles.

They tell me the party was over at 6:30. I wouldn't know as I hit the sack before that. The switchboard'd rang us at 9:00 and that was the end of our rest.

I ate hamburgers and coffee and rushed over to the Caliborne room to see "When Worlds Collide. We'd had a lot of trouble getting it. Paramount was so niggardly that we couldn't see it in a theatre and had to see the picture in five different reels instead of one whole.

Before the show started 20th Century was still interested in more publicity and they got Lee Bishop dolled up in the \$ 365 spacesuit and took newsreels of Harry Moore presenting him with a scroll. With that over we let Paramount show us a good movie.

The picture sticks quite closely to the novel of that title by Balmer and Wylie. The movie opens in a south African observatory. David Randell is given the mission of taking some photographic plates to New York. Randell, who suprisingly looks like Danny Kaye, learns what the others know -- that two planets are approaching Earth from outer space. The larger of the 2 will destroy Earth in just 8 months. Hendron takes this information before the United Nations, but he is laughed down by other astronomers and plitians. But two business men come through though to help him in his project to to build a rocket to go the the second planet Zyra. The major part of the work is financed by an old crippled millionaire who is afraid that what Hendron says might be true. He finances the rocket, in return for his life.

The scientists take over a mountain top and with nearly six hundred personal ( mostly college kids. ) they began to build the ship. There is some by-play between Randell and Hendron's daughter. They're in love, but Randell thinks he's going on the rocket, just because of that ( And he's so right ) but Tony Drake talks him out of it and makes him think they're needed.

When Bellus first passes volcanoes break out and tidal waves rush inland. The filming is magnificent here as a tidal wave rushes into Times Square. They have just eight-~~een~~ days to complete the ship before final blackout!

Only 45 people can go and so lots are drawn. They get on board as the ship is nearly ready to leave. Naturally those left don't like that and so they grab guns intending to stop the rocket, but they're too late. Hendron sends the rocket off while he and the crippled millionaire are still on the ground.



From the ship in space you see the distruction of the Earth. The shots here are short and very disapointing.

The landing on Zyra is right out of Buck Rogers. A belly flopper with them skidding along a valley luckily just missing all the big boulders in sight. They open the airlock, without testing the air, not that it would of mattered, since if it had been bad, they would have all died, anyway not havinh enough fuel to go elsewhere. One other thing that wasn't mentioned was weither Zyra would continue to circle the sun, or if it would continue out into outer space.

Despite the flaws, it is still a very excellent picture and a lot better than the other one we saw by a long shot.

The movie was over at 1:30 and they decided to adjourn until 3:00.

Had some hamburgers and went to 770 to rest up a bit. Some rest I got with the room full of Sim Young, Beam, Browne, Housebel, and some people I didn't even know. Talk ed and drank beer until three o'clock.

First thing on program nomination sites for '52 convention, was Julian May for Chicago. Julian May is a women, and this came as a surprise to some people. Tom Quinn and George Finigan devided up the work between them as they placed a bid for San Francisco --- the LepraChon. Ned McKneow came forward and asked fo Niagra Falls Canada be the next site of the next CON. "Over the falls, in '52" and "The Barrelcon" were slogans. Ken BeAle gave a short talk for new york, but you could see he was all alone, Lynn Hickman bid for Atlanta and Roger Sims finished it up by placing Detroit's bid. Rog started off his talk with: "I realize that my points are not as big as those of the first speaker....."

Chad Oliver and Walter Miller had gotten out cards for dripping springs, Texas in '52. "The DripCon it was to be called, but they never put in a bid for it.

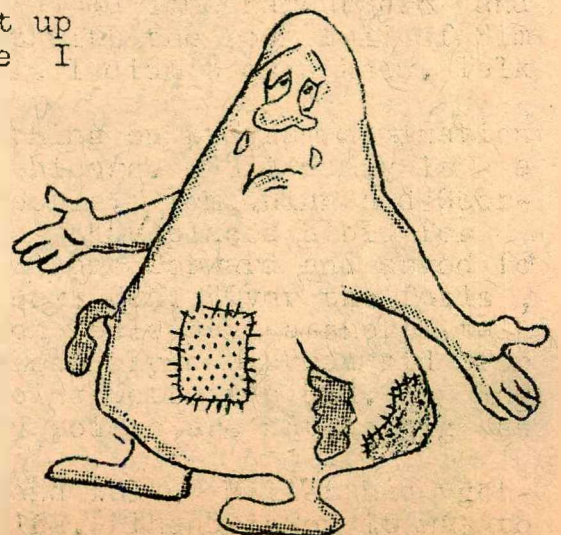
Eshbach said Detroit fans were to young to put on a good con. Tucker said that the Chicon was put on by teen age fen. Santerson said San Francisco was too costly. Judy Merril said San Francisco had sand fleas.

In the second ballot, Chicago won by a very clear margin.

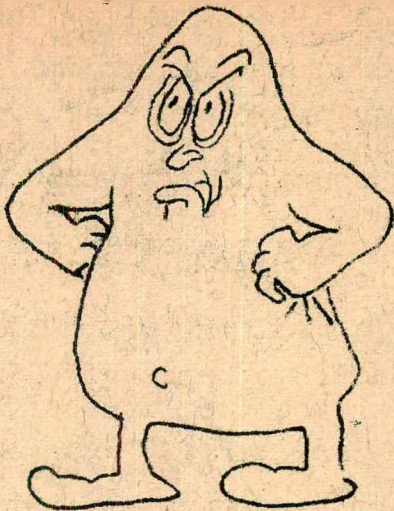
|         |       |     |         |       |     |         |       |   |
|---------|-------|-----|---------|-------|-----|---------|-------|---|
| Chicago | ----- | 59, | Atlanta | ----- | 36, | No godd | ----- | 4 |
|         |       |     |         | total | 99  |         |       |   |

After this Lee Bishop and a bunch of us went up to 770. We drank Highballs and talked while I packed away my fanzines and books. None of us were going to the banquet as we were all broke. I had to pay Keasler's hotel bill as he was flat, and that busted me too.

"The Immortal Storm", never got published to get on sale at the Con. Hank Burwell's wife got sick when he had 90% of it Mimeo'd and so he was uncertian weather he'd get there. There were rumors going around that the San Francisco boys planned to buy up all the copies an issue it in a litho'd format. You should be hearing about it soon.

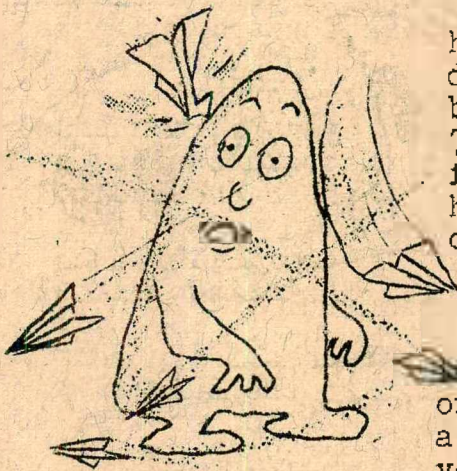






During the choosing of the con site, Santerson of the Unicorn Mystery Club got up and gave a heated speech on why we should thank 20th Century Fox for showing us "The Day the Earth stood still". According to Santerson we were all ungrateful louts for not voting to award them. Why 20th Century-Fox could have showed the premiere somewhere else and gotten a much better crowd. Fox did this just for us --- they didn't need the publicity, the two or three pages in Life --- and all the Publicity was for the convention. And just because they took picture of us before the picture was shown, an again on monday morning with Lee Bishop wearing a space suit, and getting a award from Harry Moore ---- why that was just for our benefit! Santerson finally got tired cussing us out and sat down. No

one noticed.

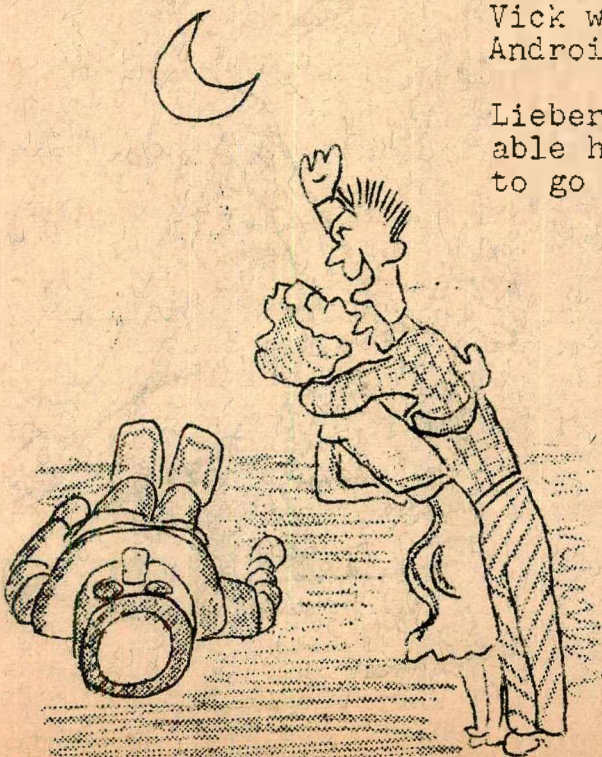


After the session we went up to Bishop's room and then we and Kerkhof went out to a dinner. Afterwards we came to the hall but the banquet was still going on and we went up to 770 for some beer. Lee decided that it would be fun to drop bags of water out the window. He had a large supply of them, and he'd gotten a couple of giant ones from a hotel closet. Bishop tossed several out the window --- scaring hell-out of the people passing below --- and we hurridly left the room. Seeing a bed in the hall we pushed it in front of an elevator and opened it up. Again we hurridly left by a different elevator. The Banquet was nearly over and soon paper airplanes were flying through out the room. The Sky was full of ships.

The skit got under way at 8:30. The title was called "the Robot, the girl, the android and the poet". Shel Vick was the Robot, the girl was Judy Merrill, the Android was Joe Christoff, and the poet was

Fritz Lieber himself. There was excellent, if unprintable humor throughout. The robot wanted the girl to go with him to his own little home factory... They'd have their own little punch press. The Android wanted her to go back to his home vat with him ----- Vat 69. They'd build little Androids there and the girl could have her own test tubes. The Robot and the Android quarrelled and Judy made them stop and reflect for a moment.

While these two were in a trance, the Poet comes upon the scene. The girl asks him if he is a man or an Android. He answers: "I'm no man, I'm a poet!" Naturally the poet invites her to go with him and write poetry by the moonlight. they'll have their own little typewriter he informs her. She is disgusted by the





poet and wakes up the Android. When she goes to wake up the Robot, the Android stops her: "No, let sleeping cogs lie." However, she wakes up the robot and there is a grand final with everybody chasing Leiber out of the Hall.

After the movie ---- "Lost World" ----/ Harry gave an informal report of the financial condition of the con. \$150. was given to Chicago and \$50.00 to the Fan-Vets, the way I heard it. Harry B. did a marvelous job on the con as I think everyone will agree. Harry had little support from the rest of the New Orleans Fantasy Society and did almost all the work himself. When we came on Thursday he looked as if he need four days solid sleep and he was keeping himself awake only by using "No Doze" or some other pills.

FUGGHEADS OF THE CONS: THE Gwosdorf's, and Mcneil

BEST LOOKING FEM FAMS AT CON: Bea Mahafety, Pat Mahafety, Lee Hoffman Ginnie Sarri, and Gloria Hatfield.

Finally took a cab to the deport and caught the eight o'clock buss out. There were 9 other fans on it beside myself and Max, but the parting of the ways came at Memphis.

Sitting in the Memphis bus station I looked back over the con, the people I'd met the parties in 770, etc. I began to realize that I was a little disillusioned about the whole thing. I think a first Con is dissolutioning for any fan. But you resolve to go to the next one, better equipped to stand the rigors of the parties and the assinities of most fans.

See you in Chicago.

(( ( Me Too! )))

Oh you lucky people..... Next issue you get a double treat. Not only will you get an article by the famed Burbbe..... on of the first in a long long time, but You get SPACE GNAT too.

Don't miss either of these thrilling etc! epics.

You'll do it if I don't get

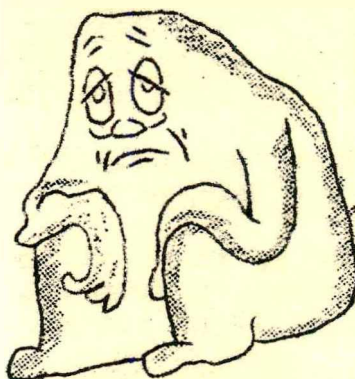
MONEY..... spelt

backwards, thats YENOM. Also, starting next issue, Odd will be the only fanzine with the Pyles. Don't miss A s.o.b.'s Phables, starting next ish by Tedrick Mac Pyle & Co.

OH YES!

BE it known to those of you we could n't get to grin,

They always yank the good ones out, and put clean ones in.



Defination: Post Office Censor; Man whosees three meanings to a joke that only h as two meanings.





LOOK! YES, take a good look at this page. This is the last of the old, and the start of the new. with this issue, ODD has put 12 issues behind it. All Hail Macbeth and Banquo.

In this period ODD has come from a poorly mimeographed rag of 7 pages and 18 readers to a poorly mimeographed rag of 80 odd pages and 18 subscribers. I'm coming up in the world. As you can, some of you, see, I try to carry as much artwork as possible.

Next issue, I intend to use as much more as possible.

But again I plea! Material damit, material.

Well, this issue's over with. All in all it cost me around \$64.00 when it is all added up.

Is it worth it you ask. HELL NO! IT IS NOT. nine-tenths of you don't give a damn about this mag, and I'm beginning to think that with one or two exceptions, the other 10th only wants to see their name in print.

It's simple as heck. I'm mailing 200 copies out. If I don't get at least 75 letters, this is it. Why spent my money sweat, and time on a bunch of ingrates. Bah! Well it's up to you. I no longer give a damn. I came into fandom thinking there were a lot of nice people. All I've got is belly aching, whinning, condemnation, curses, please remits, and debts.

But it's had its compensations. There've been a lot of you that've been so nice, I can't ever repay you, but you're outnumbered.

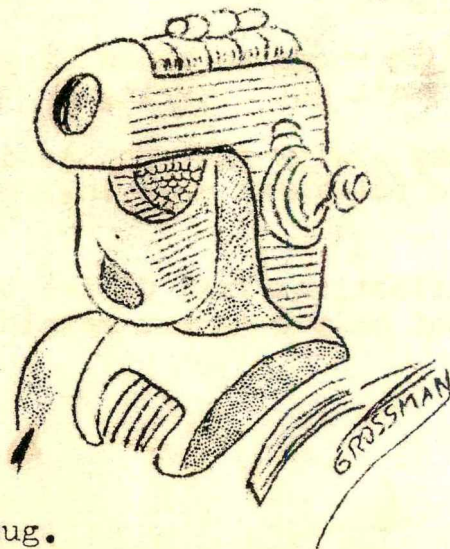
Oh Yes, those of you who don't write in at least 1 letter every two issues, or have material in my backlog are just out of luck. ( See editorials.

All artwork down on When Fans Collide was done by Raydell Nelson 8 months before the con ever took place, and yet it fit it exactly almost.

Oh yes, the best letter in the next issue will win a free illustration from FA. This will keep up till I run out of illustration.

I need Illustrations badly. Also puns, cartoon, or if you can't draw, send in your idea and have it drawn up for you. every one who does this gets the illustration of his cartoon, plus the copy of ODD it appears in free of charge. Can you think of more than 50 other fanzines that offer you all this? You can if you try, it's easy.

Next ish the regular columns will be back. so until then, I bid you all a fond farewell.



Dug.