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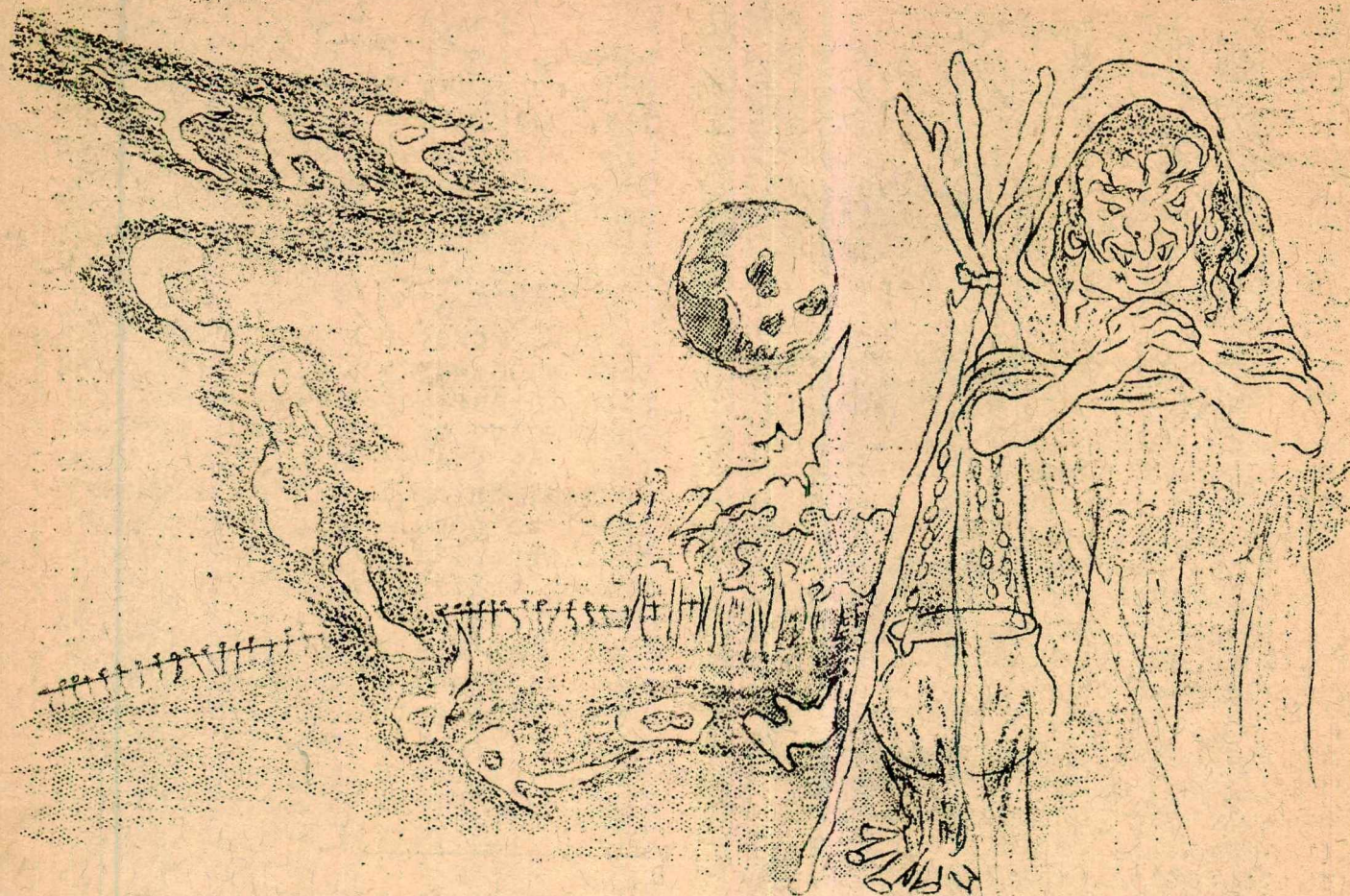
EDITOR IN CHIEF

ASSISTANT EDITOR

Duggie Fisher Junior

William A. Finch

- ODD MAGAZINE is an amateur publication for lovers of any good Stf -
: Fantasy, or thoughtprovoking article, or fictional production. I :
- inteend to publish the best, and if you don't like what I publish , -
: let me know, instead of the Post Office, and I'll be sure and drop :
- your subscription, so you will not suffer any longer. ODD is a -
: copy, or 2 for . If this seems high, thats tough! you can read a :
- newspaper for only a nickle. We welcome trade with any and all fan- -
: zines. ODD is published as close to a monthlv scedule as I can af- :
- ford to make it, but to avoid deadlines, We call it irregularly. -



TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN! this is the first editorial to be written under the new policy of this, the magazine you are now reading,

To begin with, this magazine'll be sent free to those who want it and who I feel will appreciate a few of the things that will continue to appear as time goes by. If you have an unpaid due, coming to you. Please write in and file your claim. Or if you feel charitable, give me the okay to use it as I see fit.

This magazine will be published monthly, so please get your replies to this issue in the mail as soon as is convenient.

All Anniversary issues of ODD have not been mailed out because of shortage of cash for stamps and envelopes. If you are a non subscriber, or do not have material in the issue itself, you will have to send in 25¢ for a copy. I am sorry, but finances force me to do this. I like it no better than you.

My co-editor Richard Elsberry's given up the ghost. Grades force him to give up co-editorship in order to keep out of the army, he says.

ODD shall be ODD on the cover and index page for one more issue. After that, the name of the mag, I will change. The only reason I have not changed the name with this ish is that I have a stock of excellent covers by William Finch, and I am loath to send them back. So we remain ODD, until I run out of cover with that name.

The new name will be a secret, until it hits your mailbox. Just in case any of you think you can guess it before hand, a prize of a buck ((\$1.00)) will be given to the lucky guesser.

ONE DOLLER will also be given to the first person mailing back a letter of comment on this issue, and one to the second one.

All material that I don't accept will be forwarded to other editors.

itors whom I feel can best use the material. I shall have a rigid policy, so I will except only manuscripts that are best fitted to it. My policy is that I'll accept any story, of any type that is well thought out. Any original of concept or, if not original concept, at least a new theme on it.

I want the STF BROADCAST to return! ANY ONE CAN WRITE A CHAPTER OF THIS ROUND ROBIN SERIAL! IT WILL BE WORTH MONEY ALSO. \$1.00 is what each author of a printed chapter will receive upon the publication of his epic. Any has a chance as a new chapter will have to be written each month. YOU all want a round robin serial. And you would like to see the STF BROADCAST. WELL here's your chance.

Deadline for each issue will be 2 weeks for material, and 3 weeks for letter. The best letter for the next threeish of ODD will receive an original illustration from "Fantastic Adventures".

Next issue we have a column on classical music by Marie-Louise Shere. Her sister Nancy, will have illustrations appearing from time and also poetry from both.

I Am trying to get columns on Art and Drama, and one on fine Literature, for next issue, or the one after that. If any of you'd be willing to accept this post, please let me know about it.

Coming up next issue will also be the return of Space GNAT, "GRUMP **TA**RUT" by Ben Singer, "LIGHTS OUT, OR LIGHTS ON!" by T.E. WATKINS, and assorted poetry.

Badly in need of more cartoons, and poetry..... S.O.S..

This is a nice town to live in. It has a million dollar Movie, a large Country club, Shoe Factory, and a Multi-million dollar V.A. Hospital. It also has the largest red light district of any town its size within miles. No one admits it, but I believe those blocks of houses

of ill fame are what enables us to have a million dollar theatre & Country club. But I'm just a child yet, and should leave business administration like that to my elders, who are busy at the moment hunting fans down for immoral magazines. LONG LIVE DECENCY IN CUSTOM if not in act.

NOW, more than ever before is a time when we need sound administration in our government. Yet look at what we've got. It seems to be popular, at the moment, to tee off on Truman, or against him. I guess I shall be popular too, for that's about what I'm going to do. Tee off for or against him.

TRUMAN'S ADMINISTRATION has managed to spend more money than any other administration, and had littler to show for it. Every day, a new graft scandal breaks into the news limelight. Taxes, TAXES, and STILL MORE TAXES! are our lot.

The Man may be doing his best, you'll probably hear, but his best is not quite good enough.

You may sneer and say "so what, he'll be out of office next election," BUT WILL HE. If a person collects graft from the government, if he receives aid, when he has no right to do so, or if he has a civil service job under Truman, He or she will think twice before they'll vote against him, and the other's will, in all probability, not vote any way.

I don't know how it is in other parts of the USA, but here, the very ones who kick the loudest were the ones who didn't vote last election. DON'T you be one of the 48% who will not vote in the coming election, and then kick about the results, because you have no room to kick. Any more than a person who voted for the party, rather than the man best suited for the job.

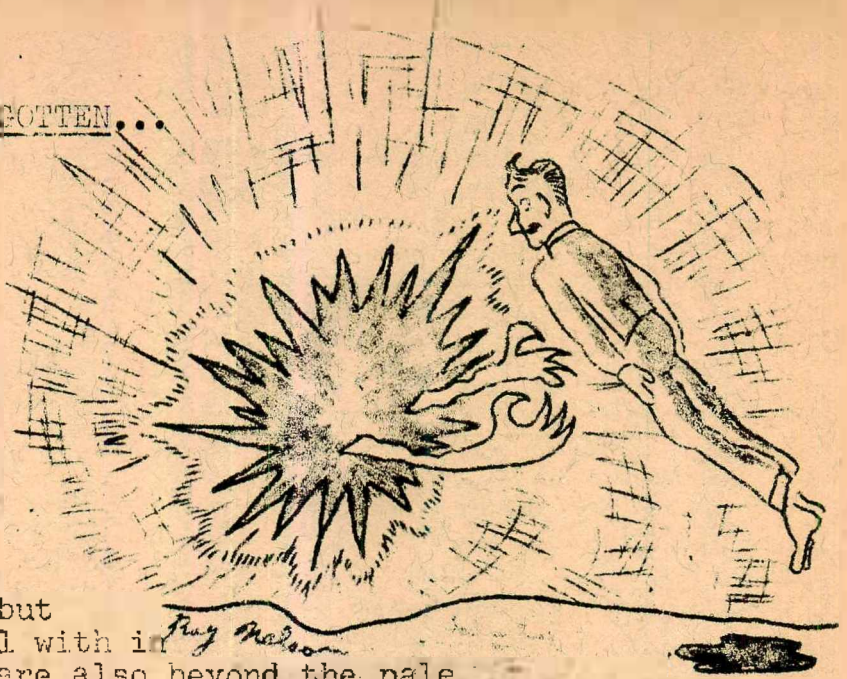
THAS
ALL
TILL
NEXT
TIME!

...PANDERS TO THE STAR-BOGOTTEN...

by

CHARLES BURBEE

((This is an excellent example of what ODD shall consist of in the future, so be ye well warned))



Fans are a weirdy folk, but some of the people they deal with in the pursuit of their hobby are also beyond the pale of the mundane.

I speak of second-hand book and magazine dealers.

These people are in business. They wrestle with the same thing that even the big companies do... overhead. That makes them speak the same language as the big corporations, so to speak. But it has no effect on their lack luster eyes, their shuffling walk, their eternal bemusement. True, they are in business, but most of their shops are set up in run-down districts where greasy spoons, old-clothes stores, small shoe-repair stores and dirty glassed radio repair shops are their neighbors.

Most of you have made the rounds of the second-hand book stores in your home towns. You can no doubt add a good deal to this article - from your experience. Why not write the editor an article on your experiences? Or write a letter about it. The editor loves letters.

These folks are bemused. Take for example the owners of the Holmes Book Store in Los Angeles. There are two book stores. Only in the past week they had to sell one of the stores to keep from going bankrupt. The way they operated the store they just sold was to sit near the entrance reading a book and catch all customers as they came in. You 'd be asked what book you were looking for; almost before you could answer they'd say, "Sorry, haven't got it." If you still insisted on browsing you were firmly discouraged. They didn't want people looking at their books! This store has been bought by an enterprising man who has cut all prices and welcomes customers. He even lets them upstairs, where the former owners wouldn't ever permit anyone to go and where they never went them selves, to judge by the quarter-inch layer of dust on everything. Upstairs is a treasure-house of books that seem to have been shipped in sometime in 1935. Browsers were told there was nothing upstairs.

This reluctance to show their wares seems rather common among the dealers. There was a place in Hollywood where the proprietor charged a 25¢ "browsing fee" This place is no longer in business.

One of my informants found a wonderful bound file of early Lovecraft in amateur papers of the 1920's. When he inquired of the owner, the man got highly incensed. Those were his personal books, and were not for sale. Of course you were supposed to read his mind; the books were

on the same shelves along with other items that were for sale.

I recall a book store on Alvarado where I went in search of early Albert and Pogo comics. (I once wrote a 9 page article, now lost, about my adventures seeking Albert & Pogo all over southern California. I still lack #4, #6, & #8 of the early A & P's. Anyone help me out?) I went into this store, breezing past the lady owner who was staring at me suspiciously. I went to a great heap of comics. "What do you want?" She asked me. "Animal Comics," I said. "We don't have any," she answered back. I pulled one out of the stack. "Like this," I said. "Well thats the only one in there," she said. I paid no attention to her, but went on skimming rapidly down the stack. She came over and stood beside me. "If thats all you want, we haven't any more." Well a person can only stand so much, even for Albert and Pogo. I paid her for the one I had found and left. Have I ever returned?

Another character in Venice supplied me with laughter for days. I found a book on his private shelf and he was annoyed about it. I started looking through his comic pile and he refused me permission. "Why?" I asked. "When I get through here they'll be piled up neater than before." "You don't want any of those comics, they're all old ones." "Old ones are just what I want." I told him. "Well I don't want you looking thru 'em anyhow," he said. "Why not?" I asked. "Is that your personal collection too?" He stated that it wasn't but he didn't want a bunch of people pawing through them. "But I'm not a grubby fingered child looking for free kicks," I said. "I'll buy ten or twenty or thirty mags out of there if they're what I'm looking for." He still refused. "You're in the second hand book and magazine business, aren't you?" I asked. He admitted he was. "And this is your place, and you're not just watching it for a friend?" He said it was his

place. And you don't collect old comic books yourself?" He said he didn't.

Finally he permitted me to look through the stack, but at his counter, a handfull at a time. A handfull which he brought over to me himself and whisked away soon as I had checked. I think I've spent 20¢ in the place, and I have not returned.

I imagine its been described before, but there is a place on Main Street in Los Angeles that has the books actually piled on the floor. It has mounds of books in the strict sence of the word. Naturally, you can see but a fraction of the titles in the mounds. Along the walls the books are stacked five, and six deep...when you get to the bottom, you are moving twenty book just to see one. After not too long a time, you realize you'd spend at least a full week of ceaseless dirty labor just to glance at each title contained in that ill-lighted place. Their was virtually no room to maneuver, wither. The aisles, when they exist, are barely wide enough for one person to pass uneasily. Uneasily, for the aisles are but channels through piles and piles of books.. I would estimate that at least 80% of the titles in that store are obscured. It would be a fine place for a bookworm to spend his vacation. He would have to bring a flashlight, spare batteries, and wear old clothes but he might unearth something unique.

However, if he did find something good, the owner would want a fabulous price for it. I remember mucking in that pile for two hours one day, finally coming up with a fair copy of a common enough book. The cleark wanted \$3.00 for it. I attempted to haggle with him, but he shook his head. "Three dollars, is the price," he said. "At least you'll know where this one is." I told him, as I left. Another time I was leaving the place when the owner asked me what book I wanted. I said I'd looked, and he hadn't

had it. "How do you know we haven't got it?" I looked back at the dim rooling vista of bound reading matter and said. "And how in the hell would you know it if you did?" I still drop in there occasionally. The place fascinates me because of the books I can't see.

I was browsing one day in the Goodwill Books store in Pasadena when a young man brought a book from the shelf to the clerk, and inquired of the price. The clerk turned the book over and over and leafed through it. "Twelve dollars" was the reply. The young man took it like he'd bitten a centipede in a sandwich. "Why," said the clerk, "this book is twenty years old and cost \$5.00 new. Look at that high gloss paper and thick binding. I looked at it myself. It was of some phrase of mid-20 architecture and looked as dull as something by Lovecraft. The young man attempted to bargain, finally going as high as \$3.00 for it, but the clerk, with an omniscient air that is attained only by public park bums, civil service employees, and fans held to the twelve dollar tag. I imagine he still has that book in his store, with its high gloss paper and all.

A place out on Florence Avenue is run by an old lady who won't let you smoke in her place. The neatly stacked shelves lit by naked bulbs hanging from frayed electric cords that are strung all over the place by strings and pieces of old rope. She is very nervous about your looking over her books, but she doesn't forbid you to look. I have the idea that she wishes she could tell you not to look at her books, but she never quite has the nerve. Most of her books are reasonable, but she has blistering prices on things she thinks are fantasy, especially Jack London books. I asked her why and she said that once, long ago, a pleasant-voiced fellow who wore zoot glasses had told her that those books were worth a whole lot. I am assured by those who know him that it is none other than the man who has always considered himself the #1 Fan who told her that.

Yes, the book dealers are a strange lot. I wonder what they think of the oddments of society that drop into their shops? I wonder what that nice old lady on South Broadway near Gage thought when a 16 or 18 year old kid came in and wanted to trade an AMZ for another magazine. She told him she couldn't trade even, but she'd take the amz and 5¢ for another Amazing. He peered at her through puzzled eyes hurt eyes. "Yes, yes it is," she said. "You see, I'm in business. I can't trade even. When I trade, I give one book for your two books. You see, I have to make a profit to stay in business." She was very cheerful about it. "But this is a big thick one....." he said. "Could n't I have two skinny ones for it?" The lady again explained her policy. "But...duh...you get the best people that way," he exclaimed. At last the genial lady's patience began to crinkle around the edges... She asked him if he wanted to buy something or not. He said he did n't. Then he said "How much is that magazine?" He pointed toward another Amazing. She told him 10¢ or 5¢ and the magazine he carried. "How much for two?" he asked. "Twenty cents," she said, "But why are you asking, you haven't any money." "No" he said, "but I know where I can borrow it," and he went out, jumped on a scooter and drove off. This same lady who asked me if I'd seen the comics behind the burlap on the lower shelf. When I said I had n't but didn't want to go peeking behind curtains because she might have books or magazines there she didn't want to put in stock she laughed merrily. "This place is full of books and magazines," she said, "Every one of them for sale."

I had never heard such an astonishing and wonderful statement in a second hand book store before.

I'm afraid I just stood there, looking rather silly.

"Charles Burbee"

"WHO TOOK THE ALKY OUT OF UNCLE EZRA'S CIDER?

or

How to not to go to a stfcon and stay sober....."

by GREGG CALKINS.....

Fanmags are going to the dogs!

That's what I said. And I'm right too. I was first introduced into the realm of fmz fandom thru a fmz I can't rember now. That is I can rember it, but I can't rember which 'it' it was.

Anyhow, it was a nice stable fanzine. It was typed by a pica typewriter and done on 8 1/2 x 11 paper, white. I disrember what it contained just now, but I do rember one thing, it was readable.

Nowdays you just can't read a fanzine. If you don't already know what's going on in fandom to be written about in a fanzine, you're out of luck.

Why? Well, for one thing, the CCF just won't allow you to read some fanzines - - - S-X, you know. After all, fans are pure, and if a fmz isn't gonna be pure we don't wanna read it, do we fellers?

Well, Do we?

Then there are fanzines printed on some shade of horribly colored paper. A tangle with one of these will make you feel like you just got hit with a runaway super-Nova. I had to be audited four times after I read the last CENSORED that was printed in 18 different colors.

I'm still not entirely "clear" on what happened. (I know it's a horrible pun, but I've got to get some humor in this somehow) (((Well, don't try to hard to be punny!)))

Then there are half-size fanzines. It's really surprising how many of these there are nowdays. SFNL is half-size. Then there's Fantasy Advertiser and Slant, along with others to numerous to mention. This is horrible. Not only do they (As an Average) have less space for more dough, but they're hard on the eyes.

But the worse is yet to come. There are still worse 'zines", you know. Yes, there are those known as "Microcosm". What a dastardly mess. Unfortunately, too, more and more zines are following in that line. My most recent disappointment was old C/SFD I didn't even read all the articles, let alone the fan fiction.

Whoops, but down that blaster! I didn't say that I didn't like fanfiction, but it's just that I can't stand it on extra small print. Print it a readable size and I'll read it. Twice, if you like. And point that thing somewhere else will you, you're making me nervous.

No, I'll go back to the good old days when fans were fen, and fanzines were, well.....fanzines. Give me a legal-size fanzine on good white paper with a nice large typer. But them daze are going fast. Explorer and Quandry still hold the field along with a few others, but I'm always on edge, wondering when they'll go digest size.

Unfortunately most prozines are having that trouble, too. (((WHAT!!!!!! YOU STILL READ PROZINES!?!))) One of the saddest facts connected there is that they feel a reduction in the size calls for an increase in price. But I'm not too worried about th' pro field yet(Not till I see a digest-size Planet Stories!)

IMPRESSIONISM

by G.S. Sayler

What is this high sounding word? What does it denote? Connotate? Is it music for moderns? for ancients? These and many other moot questions I will attempt to answer.

First of all, before we criticize Impressionism, we must know what it is and what it attempts to do. It is not, as some people choose to believe, Noise, but it is music that follows no authorized pattern but only the composers caprice. To illustrate I will say that in society, we have certain restraints, remove these inhibitions and the result is comparable to Impressionism. This does not necessarily denote extreme wantonness in music, but it is as though the chains of tradition had been cast away. Result: the immortal "Clair de Lune" by Claude Debussy, the father of Impressionism. Can this be anything but supreme beauty, the ultimate in musical expression?

The need for Impressionism arose in sub-conscious minds of those, who were in a state of ennui created by the flood of "Soupy Romanticism". The French were among the first to indulge in Impressionism, as were the Germans, particularly Schumann, leaders of Romanticism, and so it was not likely that those who began a style of music will soon abandon it. The most important French Impressionists were Claude Debussy and Maurice Ravel. Among Debussy's compositions is his already mentioned "Clair de Lune" and his equally-famous "Afternoon of a Faun". Maurice Ravel is known chiefly for his delightful "Mother Goose Suite", and the incomparable "Bolero".

The Czechoslovakian contribution to Impressionism: summed up by the composition "The Moldau" by Frederich Smetana; this is also an example of Nationalistic composition, of which we will talk in a future article. "The Moldau" is the story of the pastoral beginning of a river following its ever widening course to the sea, until we behold it in its majestic magnificence. Truly a work of art.

Igor Stravinsky began his compositions in the later part of the 19th century. He gained fame by his "Rites of Spring", "The Fire Bird Suite", and "Petrouchka". Even though his music may sound harsh, dissonant, and paganistic to the layman, it is what Stravinsky the composer expected his music to do.

One of the American Impressionists was Charles Griffes, with his "White Peacock". He used many ninth-chords to gain effect. This tends to give the music a shadowy impression of being cryptic and impenetrable.

A few other Impressionists and their leading works are: Erik Satie, "Cold Pieces"; Paul Dukas, "The Sorcerers Apprentice", Ottorino Respighi, "Pines of Rome", Manuel de Falla "Nights in the garden of Spain" and "Three Cornered Hat"; and John Alden Carpenter's "Adventures in a Perambulator"

Still other famous Impressionists remain. For instance Arnold Schoenberg, who is known especially for his "Verklärte Nacht" (Transfigured Night); Prokofiev, a contemporary of Stravinsky, is famous for his "Classical Symphony" and his ever delightful juvenile, "Peter and the Wolf"; Shostakovich is known for his symphonies and his ballet "The

(Continued on page)

Things that Come in the Mail

by
J.T. Oliver

In the few years that I have been a semi-active fan, many strange things have turned up in the mail-box---most of them as a result of being a fan. Some of them are downright funny, others are rather tragic. And a very few mad me mad at the sender. I keep very little of the mail I receive, so this article will have to be based on my foggy memory.

A year or two ago I sent a letter to TWS asking Merwin why he didn't cut out the letter section, since so very few people read it, and give us another short story instead. Immediately after the letter was printed I received a rather nasty letter from a young lady who evidently felt that the letter section, when used as a glorified pen-pal column was worth more than all the science fiction in NY. In rather strong terms, she advised me to lay off. And in conclusion she remarked that if TWS did drop the letters and start paying for the material they used, we'd probably have to start paying 35¢ for the mag, and it would all be my fault.

A couple of weeks later I got a letter from the girl's mother. She evidently wanted to sell me on letter columns, because she gave me a long spiel about the wonderful friends she had discovered through them. She was not fannish at all; it was just another pen-pals thing to her. Before signing off she gave me a sales talk on her daughter as it seems someone told her I was single.

Another result of my letter to TWS was a note from some guy that still has me wondering. He copied --- in longhand --- several articles from the TORONTO STAR WEEKLY and sent them along with the note. His handwriting, like my own, was so poor I couldn't decipher much of the personal message. But the gist of it was that he wanted me to correspond with him, tell him all about the USA, and "tell me if I, too, can write an article." After much consideration, I have decided the guy was nuts.

Way back in the dark pre-Galaxy days when I was a magazine dealer a brand new fan saw one of my ads and wrote that he wanted to buy several items I had listed. "But," he says, "I see in Dawn that most of you dealers are crooks and cheats. Therefore, I'm expecting you to send the magazines first, so you won't steal my money." I sent the magazines. Then I wrote the guy a note, mentioned several good references and asked him how he expected me to trust him if he could not trust me. He sent my money and wrote a nice apology, explaining that he was a new fan, and that Dawn was about the first fanzine he'd seen and "the dealers are crooks" arguments that were going on in that magazine at the time had made him a little bit hesitant. This fan is now a well known fanzine editor.

One young fan once wrote me: "I'm pretty tolerant, myself, and I hate anyone who isn't." I love that subtlety!

Right after Paul Cox suspended Other Worlds he got an ad and 50¢ from a guy in Chicago, Jack Irwin, Kaymar Carlson and I were then publishing STF TRADER, the successor to OW, so Paul turned the ad and the money over to me to send to Carlson. He wrote the guy a card explaining what he had done. Said fan immediately wrote Paul a nasty letter,

accusing him of thievery, and concluded: "This is the last time this damn yankee will be taken in by you dirty Rebels!" The sad part of the story is that the letter, ad, and 50¢ all got lost in the mail on its way to Carlson, and none of us had the fellow's address. Ever since then I have been expecting to see this fan come dashing buckety---buck down Tobacco Road in a General Sherman tank, all set to haul down my Confederate flag and set fire to my favorite magnolia tree.

A Chicago friend who does musical things around the University recently reported that education was getting so popular up there that one ambitious student requested that the faculty institute courses between courses. (I'll be happy to explain that to anyone who is old enough to know better.)

Perhaps the most cautious letter writer I have run across is a well known professional writer. I once requested to quote from some of his letters in a fanzine article. He wrote back: "Sorry to disappoint you but I write letters so hurriedly and sloppily that I'm ashamed for any one to read them."

The mail is always fun, because you never know what will turn up. Who knows----someday I might even get a check.

The End

|||||

IMPRESSIONISM (continued)

Limpid Stream" In closing, I will say don't judge Impressionism until you have heard it, and I believe that after you have heard it, you'll be able to fully appreciate it.....

.....the end

|||||

"May I fix you a Bromo-Seltzer Sir?"
"Heavens ,no! I couldn't stand the noise!"

He who laughs, lasts, he
who quaffs, lists.

Your singing voice with just one fault
is surely laudable,
Too bad that single fault is that
it's audible.

Said the Christmas tree to
the electric light
With words exact to wit,
"Tonight is new year's eve,
my friend
Lets both of us get lit."

Have you heard about the demon
who backed into the electric fan, then
went into a liquor store, cause he'd
heard that they retailed spirits?

Fan to Fem at convention:What
is your name babe?
Fem: "I'm Gladys Zell."
Fan: "I'm happy too, but
what's your name."

A temperance lecturer asked of his
audience: "Now supposing I had a
pail of water and a pail of beer on this platform and then I brought
on a donkey: which of the two would he take?"

"He'd take the water"came a voice from the far gallery.

"AND why would he take the water?" asked the lecturer.

"Because he's an ass," Came the reply.

(Thanks to Sho-me, Varsity, misc.



NOTHING

SIRIUS

37

RICH ELSBERRY

THE END IS IN SIGHT

This is the last "Nothing Sirius" column. Since the fifth issue of ODD I've been writing a column for Fisher and ODD. But this is the last one. The reasons are fairly obvious. I just can't keep up my college studies and try to write a column regularly. I don't want to be tied down with a deadline! I'll continue to write things, but not columns. I hope you have enjoyed reading these past seven columns. I know that I've enjoyed writing them.

"QUIET PLEASE"

"Quiet please....quiet please," the voice was soft and low. The organ hummed softly in the background. The music was Frank's D minor symphony. The voice was that of Ernest Chappel. The program "Quiet Please" All these things have stuck with me even though the program has been off the air for nearly three years now. I consider it easily better than "Dimension X" "Quiet Please," never stuck exactly to science-fiction, it went roaming through all the fields of fantasy, accompanied by Willis Cooper's deft scripts and Ernest Chappel's wonderful voice. Cooper could easily have written for the S-F pulps. Why he isn't doing it now is a mystery to me. He had all the requirements it takes to be a great writer. "Quiet Please," rarely employed more than five people on one show, usually only Chappel and two others. Here are some examples of Cooper's versitilite scripts: A martian and his girl friend wondering if they have wars on earth too; the Archer's of Mons coming to help a beleaguered infantry regiment; a man who was trapped in a cave in and came upon the eternal fires of the earth; the basement that has no way out and was slowly collapsing into an ex-

panding hole in the center of it; the two people who built a teleport and found beings from the Aurora Borealis were trying to freeze the earth over (During the winter of the big snow storms in LA.) and the beautiful Christmas story of the GI's in Berlin who had an unexpected and not very talkative visitor for dinner. "Quiet Please" was the kind of program that couldn't get sponsored; it was too good.

LEACOCK, SHULMAN, CUPPY, & KELLY

Bill Venable, and several other's have been running off at the mouth about a fellow named Stephen Leacock "Great Humorist," they rave. "Many fans collect him," they say. Taking these fellows at their word I went down to the public library. Looking up Leacock I found about 39 or 40 books under his name. I picked out six likly ones and had them brought up from the stacks. From these I picked out four at took those home. The first Leacock book you read is quite funny, after that the next one begins to get a little boring, the third I didn't finish, and I really hesitated before I opened the fourth Oh, I know, they'll say I didn't read the right ones, or something. Well I suppose some people may find Leacock's satire extremely funny. I find too much of sickening. For myself I'll stick to the droll humor, of Will Cuppy, the slap-stick of Max Shulman, and the expressions and word twisting of Walt, Kelly, creator of POGO.

MATURITY

A magazine that is really mature, like ASF, wouldn't go around calling your attention to the fact that it is mature, and doesn't. However, this is not the case with Galaxy. In describing the "Alein" we get these deathless adjectives; "Muscle tightening, sweat-producing, mind-prodding

adventure..." I found that the only thing that happened to me while reading the "Alein" was that my bowels moved twice. "Alein" was not described as being 'bowel moving', though, so I guess there must be something wrong with me. Then take Heinlein's "Puppet Masters": "Mind dazzling, scream-stimulating, heart stopping, why go on" Does this sound like a mature mind, or some drivel that Ray Palmer or Don Wollheim would write? A 35¢ magazine should be above the gosh-wow-boy-o-boy-are--we ever-good stage.

FROM THE FANS & FANZINES

I wonder if even Shelby Vick believes in his Willis big pond fund? It'll cost a lot of money to bring Willis over; experience proves that fans are not generous souls. Ackerman, or someone learned that when they took a financial beating on the big-pond fund to bring Ted Carnell in 1949. I don't see why it should be any different with Willis? In fact, I wonder if Willis even knows about this.

In the 57th FAPA mailing there is a cute little thing by Willis that I'd heard previously from Chuch Harris. Recently, Burbee and Laney put out Wild Hair #7. On the cover were various fuggheaded quotes, including Ashley's infamous "We are ducks quacking." Willis changed this a bit and suggested that for the closing of the dianetics foundation, Burbee might remark, "We are quacks, ducking."

Here's a letter-head I liked almost as much as Paul Cox:

The American League for the Propagation of Neo-Futilitarianism:

"Every Man His Own Football"

And theres the Bradbury quote via Faulkner, "...the decline of psychology, or is Kraft Ebbing?"

THE DECLINE OF FANTASY TIMES

Unhappily I watched the change and slow decline of Fantasy Times. The cycle is just about complete, I

don't think it can get any worse. They have changed the Litho'd format --- one letter sized sheet, on both sides printed. I can remember, when it was eight and ten mimeo'd sheets, and with some real news in those pages. Naturally they can't get half of the news that they use to into their present format., and it looks like that format is here to stay. Happily, however, we do have a counter-acting force in existence; Larry Campbell's Science - Fiction Newsscope. Campbell has been nursing his news-zine along, and now, after 14 issues, I think it is ready to enter into serious competition with F-T. Campbell's mimeography is still slightly lacking, but the six or more mimeographed pages per issue show all sort of improvement. The Newsscope is now monthly, but if Campbell can get a little more support, it'll go bi-weekly. The staff looks competent consisting of Silverburg, Oliver, Beale, Pesetsky, Harris, High, and myself. Larry has also instituted an admirable Contributors's Newsletter. I think it would be a fine idea for all fanzines to include a hetkoed sheet like this to help the contributors -- giving 'em ideas for articles, etc. and deadlines for the next issue. Campbell has lots of enthusiasm. Science-Fiction Newsscope probably won't be another Tympani, but it should be able to surpass Fantasy-Times. At least, I've let my subscription to F-T go to seed. I hope I'm not wrong; I don't think so.

BOOKS:

John W. Campbell announced an anthology of stories from ASF some time ago. It looks like we are finally going to get it. Simon and Shuster has it scheduled for early '52. It couldn't possibly be any good! The anthology field is just about played out. Five by Conklin, three by Greenburg, five by Derleth, three by Ditky and Blierer, 2 by Healy, two by Crossen, and one each by Pratt, Leinster, Wollheim, Heinlein, Brown & Reynolds, Boucher, and Roscoe knows who else is

doing one. Conceivably, all the good stuff is gone. The only way I can see JWC coming up with a good anthology is to print stories already published or scheduled to be published. In this manner he could get "Giant Killer", and some of Padgett's "Gallegher" stories, and just about anything else he wanted. Perhaps he'll do just that.

You probably noticed the 'Two by Healy' above. The second one is coming anyday, now and titled "New Tales of Time and Space". The Unique thing about this anthology is the fact that all ten stories will be new. Yeah, that's what I said TEN. But the price is only \$ 3.95. Just 39¢ per story. You can buy five or six new and unpublished stories in one issue of Astounding or Galaxy, and you save money too. I just wonder, though, how long ago the stories were written, and why the authors couldn't sell them anyplace before this. The introduction is written by Boucher, who doesn't have enough to do with editing F&SF, it would seem.

WHATS THIS?

It has come to my attention that Fantastic Adventure has done, and is doing the unheard of thing of printing one good story per issue. Palmer must be turning in his ermine lined chair at OTHER WORLDS, at hearing this. Such a recrudescence as this could conceivably drive me to buy a copy of this erswhile rag. But don't bet on it... And for those of you who don't buy this slush pile, Ted Sturgeon had a story in the July issue which began: "Jets blasting, Bat Durston." You know the rest. Nobody said we, would not see this in F.A.

POT BOILERS, INC.

Nominations are now in order for the top stirker of the year. I nominate without flinching, Fletcher Pratt's "deathless epic" "The Seed from Space.." This is the absolute in insipid melordama, and

I consider it the low ebb of Merwin's editing at Standard. Any other nominations? Stories from AMZ FA, FUTURE, OW, AFR, SUSPENSE, FANTASY BOOK, and ASFR are exempt for obvious reasons. Nothing better is expected from them.

A VISIT WITH GOLD:

When Ted Cogswell was in New York he naturally visited H.L. Gold in addition to Campbell. Gold passed on the joyous news that Poul Anderson's name wasn't worth half what it was a year ago. So, who cares, says I. And that is probably what Poul will say when he gets back from Europe. Poul writes the junk for SSS, Planet, Future, etc. Not only for the money, but also because he likes to write that style of story. There is no doubt that Poul could make twice the money, with just half the work, but Poul likes to write. Oh, he'll wake up one of these days, but in the meantime, he has a contract of Planet's to fulfill. And that calls for one story but then you read Planet and you know what their contract calls for.

CHI*CON II

Are you coming to the Room 770 Conference? Come on, everyone's welcome. This great fan conference, will be held in Chicago, over the Labor Day week end. By a strange co-incidence it will be held in the same hotel as the WORLD SCIENCE*FICTION CONVENTION, so is you want to attend these lesser gatherings, you can do that too. Proprietors for Room 770 are Rich Elsberry, Roger Sims, Max Keasler, and Franklin Deitz. Also, anyone else with money! booze, or intelligent conversation. I hope fans won't feel that this last point will exclude you from Room 770 --- either of the first two can get ya in. Will we be seeing you?

SIX UNRELATED PARAGRAPHS

For a good slanderous article on diagnostics try "Boiled Engrams,

an Elegy on Dianetics," in the August American Mercury. Some jerks named Beecher and Willingham give the axe to Hubbard, but in the process take some good healthy licks at science-fiction. These people are wrong thinkers, and should be eliminated.

Ackerman reports in F-T that a project is underway to produce a literary SF fortnightly with an initial circulation of 50 million! "50 million....." says Ackerman, and life only has a circulation of 5, 200,000! Ack also says that there are twenty soviet science-fiction magazines. Somehow, though, I seem to remember the Russians saying that SF writers were the lackys of wall street....ah well.

We've heard from various sources that S&J has clamped the lid on JWC in regards dianetics. No mention of it in ASF. I guess those articles by L.Ron will just have to be scrapped. For those nosy/ please Mr. Elsberry?/, JWC is again married. Don't ask me how I know this.

You might consider this a unpaid advt. I need Ropo's #1-3. I will pay fantastic prices for these issues....almost. You can easily see that the world is going to hell. Pogo #6 suffered a reduction in pages I weep. Anytime a magazine gets good you can expect it to reduce the number of pages or raise the price. Therefore I never expect Other Worlds to change from its present format or editorial rut.

NOTES THAT MISSED BOGGS WASTE*BASKET AND HIT MINE INSTEAD

Heinlein's serial in Blue Book seems to be the same one that is coming out in hard covers from Scribners -- "Between Worlds". # Capitol recently issued a "Cyrano de Beragac" album with a voice by Jose Ferrer. If you enjoyed the movie as much as I did you'll want to get this. # Somebody mentioned that Bonestell was working on the sets for WAR OF THE WORLDS. After seeing the "When Worlds Collide", I don't know if I care very much. # Anybody miss the fact that Incinerations got banned from the mails? I thought not. Lee Bishop had a plan at NO to get

Cindy #5 out. I hope he's successful. If you receive something in a plain sealed envelope, shortly, it probably isn't from the Rosecrucians. # The Don Nabours, who wrote "Red Moonlight" for Fv, is Redd Boggs... #Incidentally, this Bannister is quite a fellow. I received all five issues of Nekro and never paid a cent. Manly has my undying thanks. #I was one of those fellows who got a review copy of "Space Medicine". So far I haven't reviewed it. In fact, I haven't even read it! I'm expecting a representative of Illinois Press to call on me any day, now. Anybody need a review?#

LITTLE CORPORAL, RUSS WATKINS

There's been a lot of talk lately about Russ Watkins' Crusade to Clean Up Fandom. I don't think it needs it. If a fan does not like a fanzine, or fanzines, he doesn't have to subscribe to it, but I don't like the idea of one man telling people what they should subscribe to, and just what they shouldn't subscribe to. Watkins' Crusade hadn't bothered me until yesterday when I received a copy of , a nice little zine, except that it had been censored by Watkins. On page four of , I found a paragraph blacked out, and penciled in alongside, "Censored by Watkins (Tee Hee Hee)" I found

it tragic. There was once a little corporal in Germany who began to get ideas about the way people should do things..... I don't intend to sub to, or write for any magazines that are censored by Watkins, or who are in sympathy with him. Are you with me?

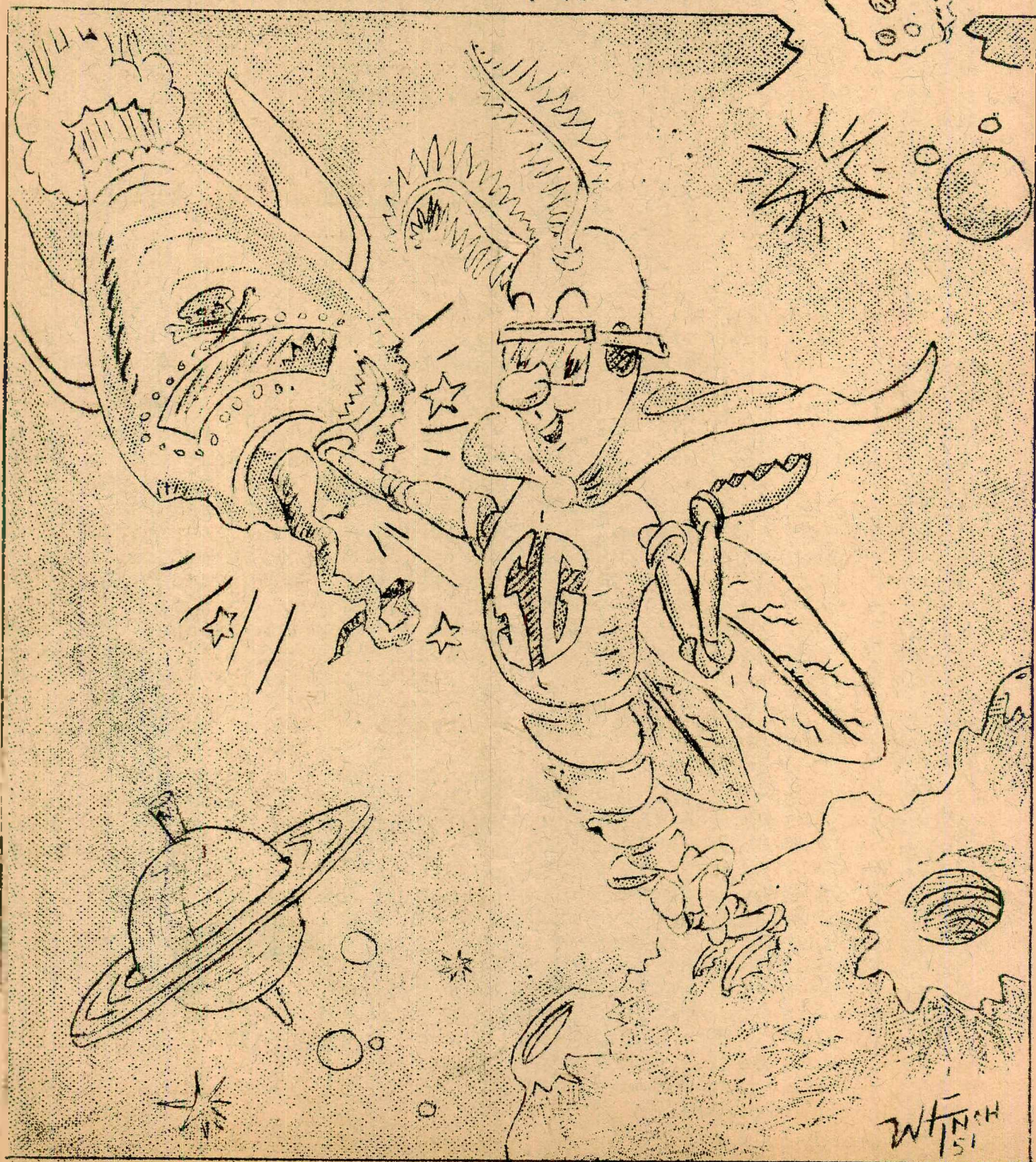


PRESENTING

PIE GNAT

BY WHINCH

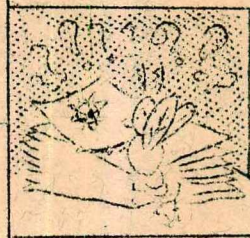
DEFENDER OF THE UNIVERSE



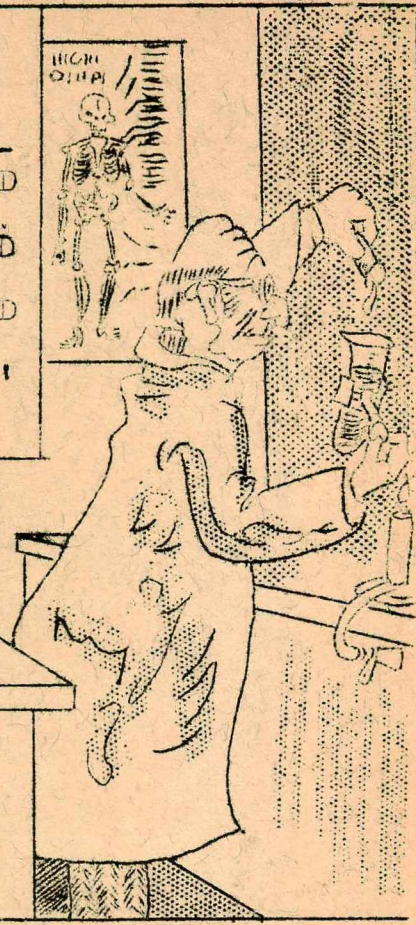
ONCE UPON A LIGHT-YEAR
 THERE WAS A PLANET, EARTH BY
 NAME, WHICH WAS INHABITED
 BY A NUMBER OF RACES.
 TO NAME A COUPLE--
MAN & GNATS



MAN DEVELOPED
 AND GREW
 SO DID GNATS--
 MAN DISCOVERED
 D. D. T.
 GNATS THRIVED
 ON IT.
 MAN HARNESSSED
 THE ATOM
 GNATS HAD 'EM!
 FOR DESSERT



WATCH THIS BOY



MAN **BLEW**
 HIMSELF UP



CREATING THAT SUPER-DUPER,
 GENEROUS, GOODLOOKING, MODEST
 DEFENDER OF THE UNIVERSE...



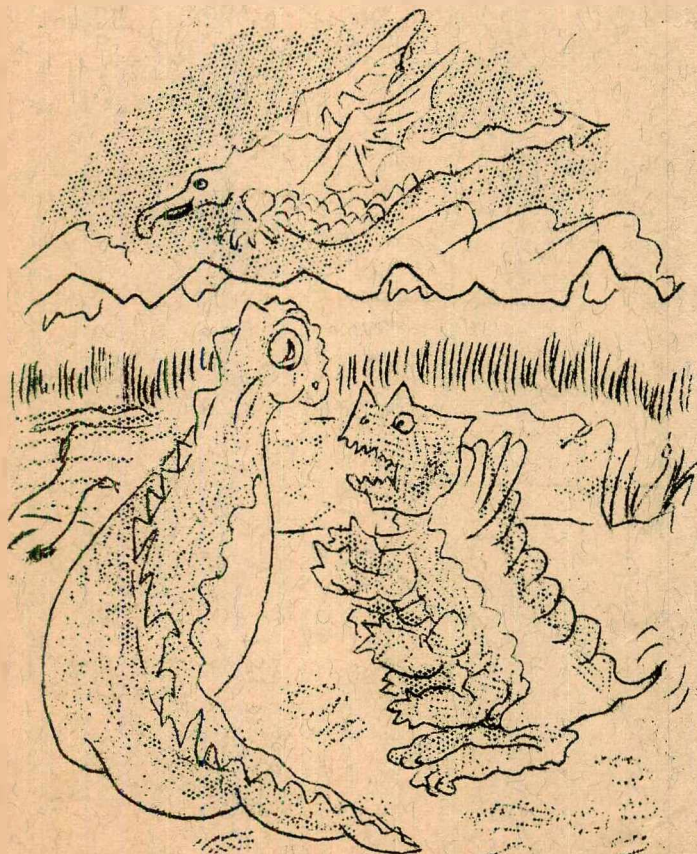
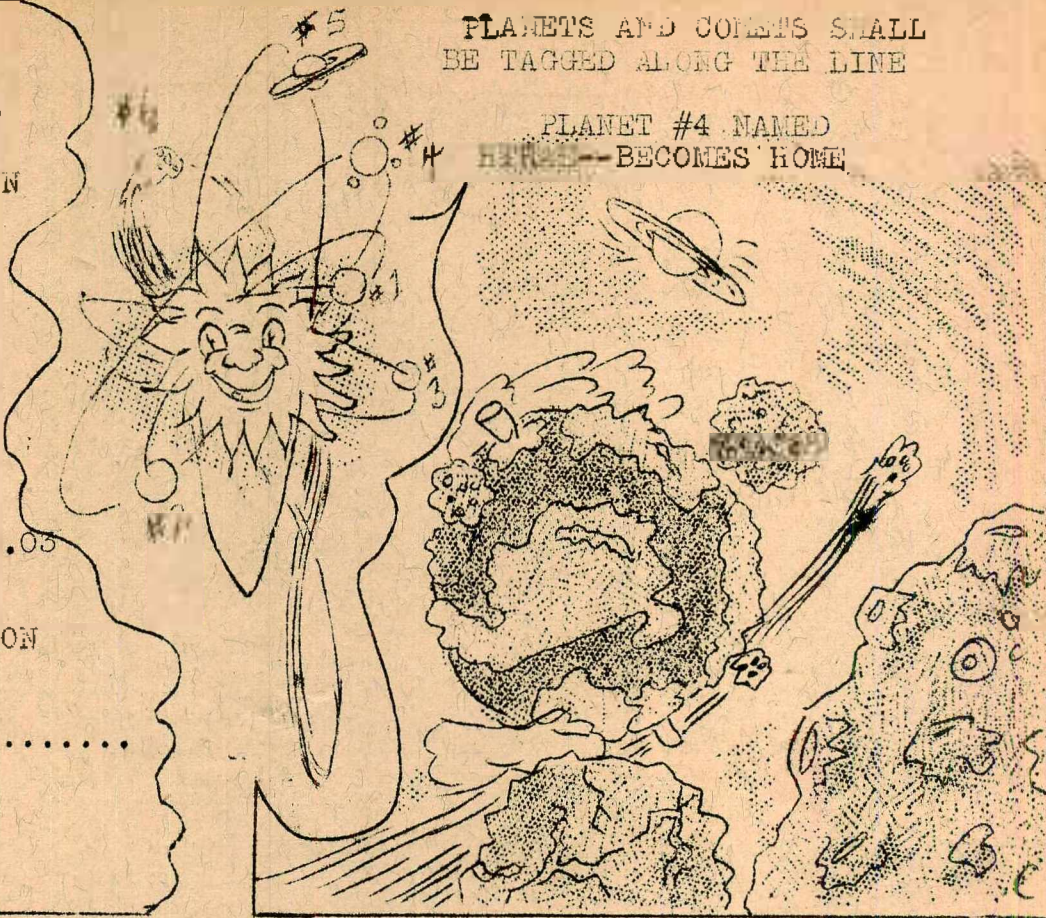
AT FIRST SPACE
GRAT DRIFTED ABOUT
FROM UNIVERSE
TO GALAXY, FROM SUN
TO NOVA, IN HIS
CONSTANT SEARCH
FOR A NEW SOLAR
SYSTEM. ONE WITH
A WORLD LIKE THE
LATE EARTH, WITH
ATMOSPHERE,
ANIMAL LIFE AND
PLANT LIFE.

FINALLY, AFTER
28,439,217,453,436.03
BILLION MILES, HE
ARRIVED AT SYSTEM
UIONOIZOSMMOLF-UPION
FOR SHORT.

SO WE PROCEED.....

PLANETS AND COMETS SHALL
BE TAGGED ALONG THE LINE

PLANET #4 NAMED
HERA--BECOMES HOME



SOME OF THE NEW WORLD'S LIFE
IS COMPLETELY ALIEN

AND OTHER LIFE IS QUITE
FAMILIAR.....



IT IS IDEAL!

THE NATIVES TOOK A
ROUSING INTEREST IN HIM

A cartoon illustration depicting a man in a suit standing on a globe. He is surrounded by several animals: a dinosaur on the left, a pig-like creature in the center, and a rabbit on the right. All three animals are looking towards the man with expressions of intense interest or aggression. Above the animals, the word "GRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR" is written in a large, stylized font, suggesting a roar or a sound effect.


AND ADVANCED TO
WELCOME OUR HERO

A cartoon illustration of a prehistoric scene. In the foreground, a large, roaring dinosaur with sharp teeth and a small eye is depicted. In the background, a small boat with a person inside is on a body of water. The text "Menu - ALA-SPACE GNAT" is written in a stylized font. There are also sound effects like "RRR" and "RRRR" scattered around the scene.

HE TOOK THE
SITUATION IN HAND

AND SPOKE A FEW
CHOSEN WORDS

AND ESTABLISHED
HIMSELF AS A FRIEND OF
PEACE.....



W.H. INALL
CONTINUED

CONTINUED



THE SCIENCE OF MORALS

by

Walter Parkin

If asked for the greatest contributor to the good of civilization our answers would probably be of one accord. All must agree that a system or morals is the pilot of humanity. We must follow our ideals. However, the need is the limit to our common accord. We would not agree on history, effect; or purpose. From habit we drift into one field of thought; by reason we plow into another. From behind the theologians mask of immunity we have no problem. It has been erased, dissolved, but not explained. Is that a method of pursuit? Do we conquer an obstacle by ignoring it? To catch the instinctual genesis of moral, lets retrogress to the formation of the animal kingdom. The first instinct after the discovery of life is to gain nourishment. With this we are not concerned at the present. The second instinct is, however, the cause of which moral is an effect. Strength is the devourer, weakness the devoured. It was learned early by the weak that union was essential to protection against the strong. Herds of the small were formed as the result and out of this, formation came morals. When the problem of protection of race was solved, a new one was born, protection against race. These gregarious animals were forced to live together and it was readily seen that nature did not prepare for such a consequence. Fight for pos-

session replaced fight for survival, greed replaced hunger, and war became sport. The tribe which begat genius became triumph over brutalism and mankind was born. The survival of the fittest was the theme of the day, and only those of the fittest who possessed insight against self-destruction. It is to these few that we owe the credit or discredit of our survival and progression.

Now, after we have chosen a system of morals, what have we? To often the intended effect is lost in translation and our good little idea assumes mediocrity. Self appointed chieftians formulate laws to govern the masses for personal comfort and wealth. Self-appointed god set up a book of rules to force obedience from the people. We take these laws as truth because of an origin in our superior. Neither a truth or a falsity can be good if it hinders a search for a betterment of mankind. Can a moral be helpfull if it hinders and actually hinders free thought? Such has been the duty of religion and government using our wandering and prodigal moral system as a tool, as a lion turned upon itself. The psychology is to oppress the meek by virtue of false dangers and intangible rewards, the crux of which the oppressed does not understand. The genius arises in protest and is immediately squelched by slander. He is called a reformer, a revolutionist, a hypocrit and a crackpot. His truths are labeled as fiction and he is forced into obscurity, where he writes book after book, all to no avail. He is recognized only by

contemporary genius and by students of the millenium.

Oh, what problems have never been solved! What challenges have never been met! Where are we heading in our semi-conscious ignominy? To the promised land where all laws are abolished and life is ever beautiful? Hardly. Even those of us who have hope of entering this Utopia of the Saints can not fill the first requisite for the admittance, or make sacrifice as it is written. Simple as it may be, our nature; endowed upon us by our creator if you must, does not allow us to live our life of sublimity in ease. It creates an illusion of perfection to be striven toward. Perfection by what perspective? Can the weak attain this perfection, can the tired and the weary go further and further onward in search of a never-materializing ghost? Can the poor and the hungry stay by the law with a bear head and an empty stomach?? But sir, morals are for the mass, the people, a crutch for the cripple. Where is his helper, his promised assistance, if he not create it in his own mind? There is your connection, poor befuddled mind, rise out of your chaos, your futile hope. Throw off those chains of iniquity and establish a god in yourself. Today you live, tomorrow you are but dust. Cleanse your mind of pagan fears and go into the field of knowledge and reap the harvest of your mortal intelligence. Play upon your good fortune of possessing life. Seek ye first the joy of your own heart, then render aid unto your neighbor who is as you once were. Free him of his obsession and gather his assistance in designing the slab on which one day the truth will be written. Take away the cannibal's with their tenets and totems. Build them an idol and write them a book, for they are weak and have need for such things, but let men of free mind continue. Let them continue their progressive search for the real truth. Our way is clear and our method is certain. Live in your flight, take leave of your brevity and give us time to convince these fools. Nations, hear this

plea, teach your young, for there is your future. Your old are lost back to the dust from whence they come. Take your morals from the politician and the theologian and implant them in your people instead. Strike the fear from their hearts and let their accomplishments be recorded in your history. Drive the false prophet and soothsayer from your table and cushion your chair well. Admit the wise men to your circle, and you will be there long. Establish your moral by the hand of your people and it will be truly good.

Walter Parkin

/While I may not agree on all of his points, I think Walter has something worth reading, other wise I wouldn't have printed it. To those of you whom this may offend, I can only say "Too Bad!" I would prefer more articles on the social sciences of any subject that forces one to think, and not rely on stock answers, learned by repeated drilling into younger unadult minds. Man has reached a point where He will either reason for himself or else fail to survive. What is truth? Is it inherent in the corporal flesh of our bodys, or is it merely a visitor in this mortal husk? after the customary three score and ten what then?

I am indeed sorry that this issue is so undersized. Next issue, tho, will only be 4 pages larger, at the most. But it will be out on the twenty-first of January. I hope to have the first installment of a round-robin serial, preferably patterend after the great SF*Broadcast. If I can't make it by next issue, then it'll be in by the issue after that. Space Gnat will be back also. So will I after one more issue, ODD will be changed in name also. I was not able to get Willis' column for this issue, as due to a mix up in the mails He did not receive my answer to his letter in time, and so the Immortal Teacup appears elsewhere. Still it's a great column, and its home is a swell zine!

FROM: Duggie Fisher Jr.
1302 Lester St.
Poplar Bluff, Mo.
Return Post. Guar.



1952

LEE HOFFMANN

101 WAGNER ST

SAVANNAH, GA

EST. IN PEACE

NEIL GRAHAM