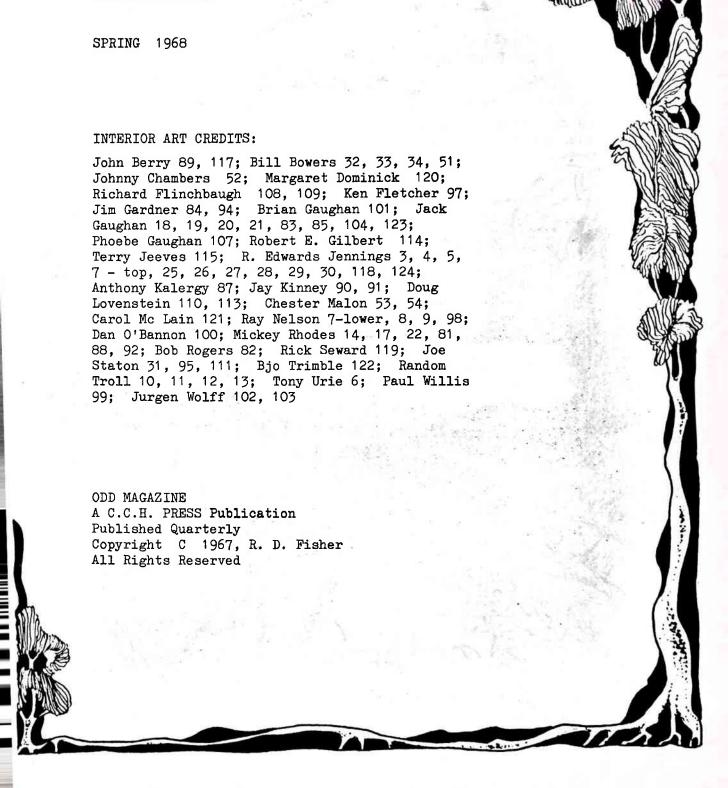
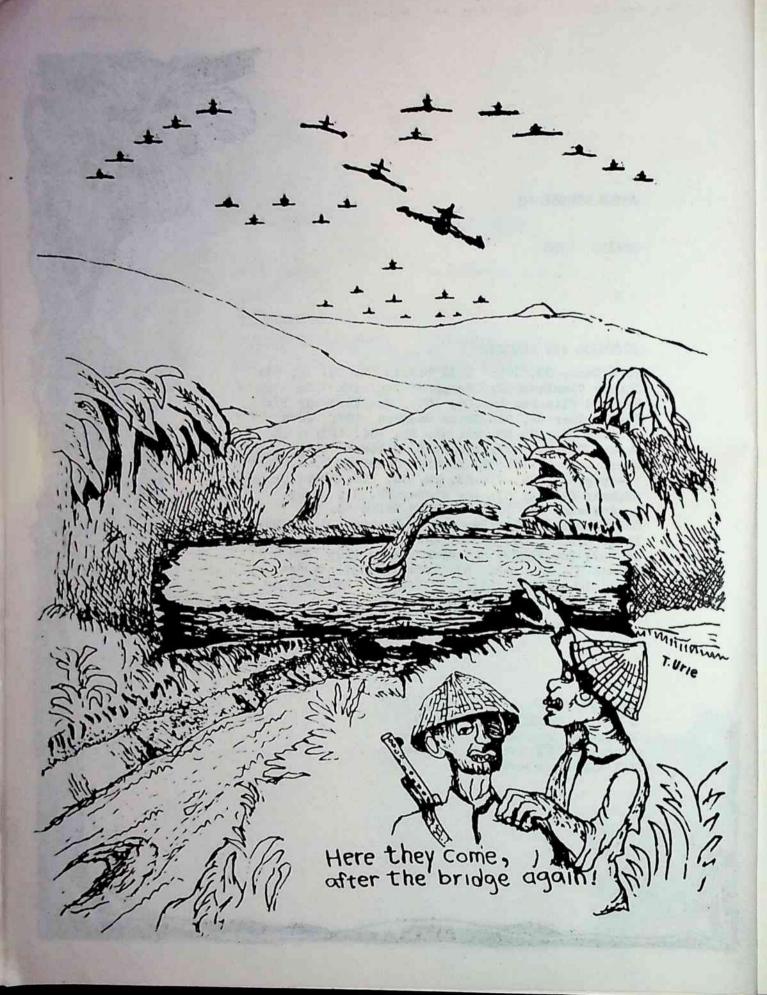
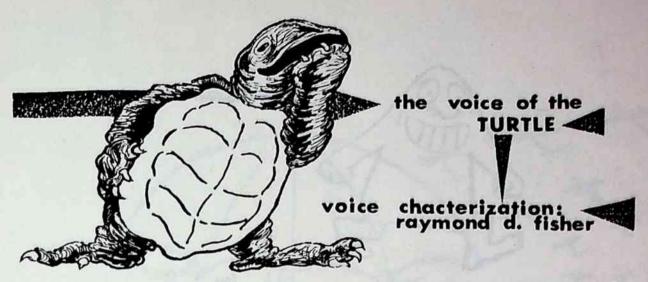


WHOLE NUMBER 18







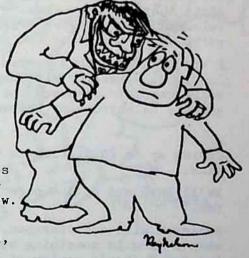
In the field of international politics I will agree that I have no special expertise. I will also agree that, for that reason, I am more likely to be fuzzy than particularly astute when discussing it. But I feel that things are getting to the state now, even to one as haphazardly informed as I, that it is becoming inescapably obvious that the majority of the political leaders of this world are madmen at best, and thoroughly, almost unbelievably, stupid, unimaginative incompetents. Or at worst, complete moral bankrupts, infinitely petty and putrescent, and thoroughly corrupt to the penultimate Nth degree. And their aids and advisors aren't too hot either.

An unwanted life and an early and miserable death is all that mankind could expect for most of its many-centuried existence. Even today, a miserable, meaningless life and a premature, painful death is the lot of most of the world's peoples. In the most technically advanced countries, the citizen is becoming increasingly alienated from his society, government, and fellows. And in the less technically advanced, when they are not killing each other for the hope of a better life, they are killed by the more technically advanced for daring to even hope. What an abomination man has

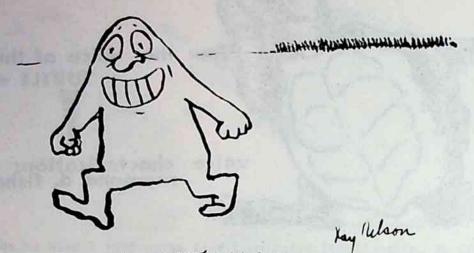
made of his potential when the best that they can even hope for is a reward in a far distant heaven (if they are a true-believing soul in the good-guys camp,) or a reward for their remote descendants in the far distant future (if they are a true-believer in the bad-guys camp.)

The supreme iorny is that even the leaders and social elite have sold their pottage for a mess of birthright. And a miserable one at that, compared to what they could have; what all the peoples of the earth CAN have! If man would only utilize his potential...or be permitted to, by his monkey-tribe leaders, he could have his heaven or his far distant future's reward right here and now.

For the first time in man's history, we have the physical power, and the technical ability to feed, clothe, and shelter -- and then some -- every man woman and child on this planet, in comfort.



Somebody has to rule the universe.
Why not us?



The people are 100% behind me.

With a little luck and hard work we will soon have fusion power...or at least some comparable substitute. Now if only a moderate percentage of what is presently being spent on war and military preparedness were spent on birth control, education, and research, man could insure that in a few short decades, he could enjoy several centuries of life on a scale of physical comfort and mental vigor that would be thought of today as utopian luxury and pipe dreaming. However, today it is possible! Though not, I fear, necessarily probable.

If man could only grasp what is now possible to him, he would indict his leaders, both communist and capitalist, for murder. Murder not only of the innocent, but of himself and his future.

Paul Willis, who was formerly ODD's Associate Editor, is no longer with us. His own magazines, INFO and ANUBIS, have, happily, grown to such a state that they now require his full efforts. Toward that end, he has relocated in Arlington, Virginia. We regret losing him, of course, but we're very pleased at the success he is experiencing. We wish him well.

A special treat this issue: We're happy to announce a Fannish First. You're all familiar with the fabulous art of Jack Gaughan; in this issue we're happy to announce the fannish debut of his charming wife, Phoebe, and his talented son, Brian.

Coming up in future issues will be many goodies that you won!t want to miss.

We'll have art by the page full from many many fine artists, fan and non-fan.

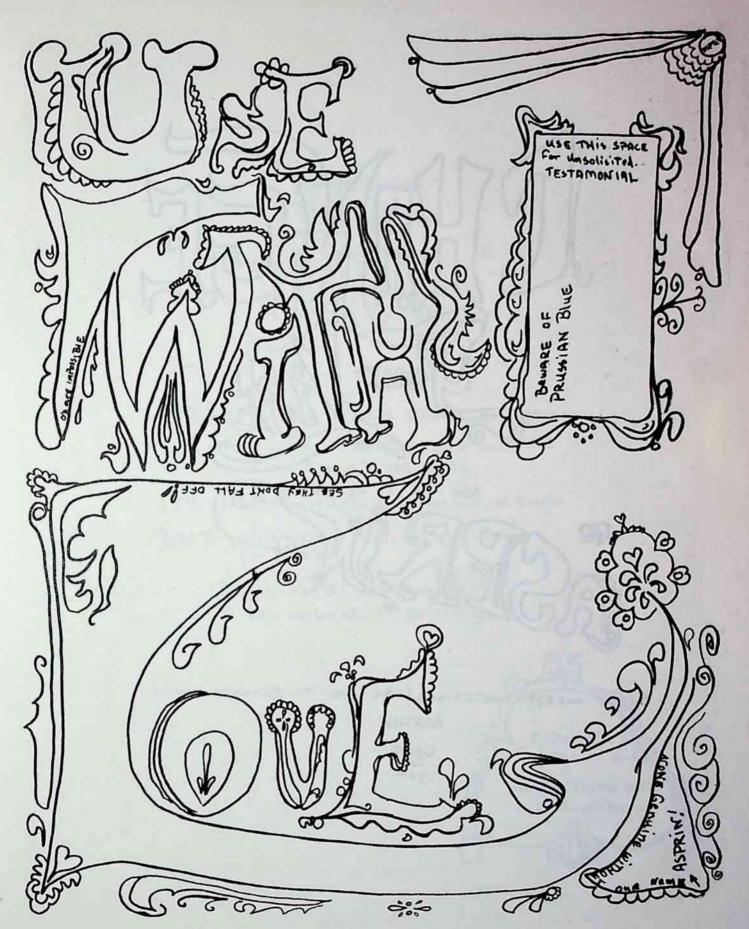
Articles with a difference, including one by Harry Warner Jr. concerning when a Ring is something more than a ring, or-the Lord was not a Nibelungen. And Bob Tucker's review of the plot to create a ringless Lord of a different sort. Then there's Roger Zelazny's story about...ah, but that would be telling.

Suffice it to say, you won't want to miss a single issue. Subscribe today!



TAKE COVER! TAKE COVER!

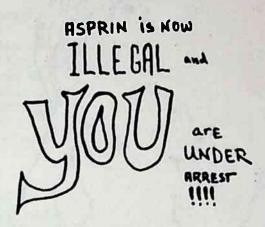






Do not accept imitations! Be sure its genuine apprin.

ASPRIN IS GOOD For you



99 12 % of all dope addicts started on asprin
627 of all crines of Violence were Committed
by Persons Known To use Asprin

9.25% of all Marriages Fail because of Asprin
9.25% of all college Kids will Try Asprin
For Kicks

Asprin causes stomach upset!

It was outlawed to protect you!





Ι

Garden Eve knew naught
Of right or wrong
And because she did not know
Played her coquettish games
In innocence of sin and virtue.
Garden Eve was sensual Abandoned and seductive
And without guilt.

### II

Adam was not wise
And Garden Eve knew this.
She knew - and perhaps he did not That God had lied to them.
She knew that they were only
Playthings to God Playthings that would be put away
When the amusement was past.
Wise Garden Eve knew
His threat was meaningless,
For she and Adam were already doomed to die.

#### III

And the serpent was her own awareness Of God's great lie And the death that they were facing.

## IV

When Garden Eve had gained that knowledge Her innocence of right and wrong Became no more.

Garden Eve - that free spirit Who had been the Essence of crime without punishment, Sin without judgement - Garden Eve was no more.

Mother Eve was cast from
The Garden where Lilith had played Cast out by the knowledge
That made the Garden seem unclean.
Mother Eve knew of sin And to her the Garden was licentious.

VI

And Adam's mate,
Mother Eve,
Learned of high-collared dresses
And down-cast eyes
And piousness
And virtue.

VII

She left the sin-filled Garden Proper, prayerful, Body swelling with the grossness Of the multitude of children She would mother. Eve's daughters Wear the mask of sanctity And their bodies are swollen In Eve-like motherhood, And they speak a lot of sin.

VIII

Men still dream in their dark nights
Of Garden-Eve Of the mate who did not find it necessary
To feel guilt.
When men wake from their dreams
They call her witch,
Cheif of succubi,
Lilith.

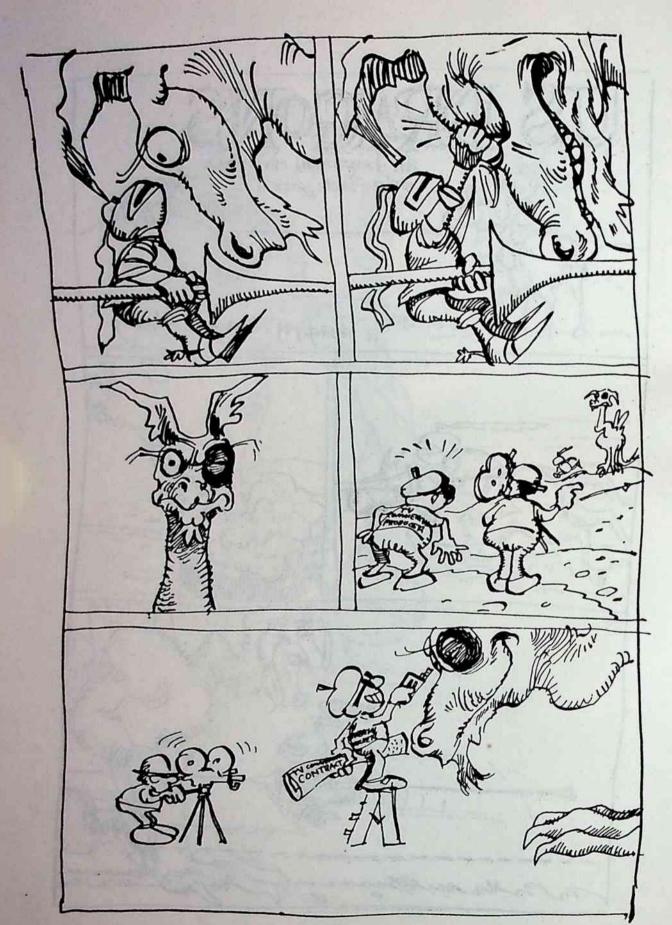
IX

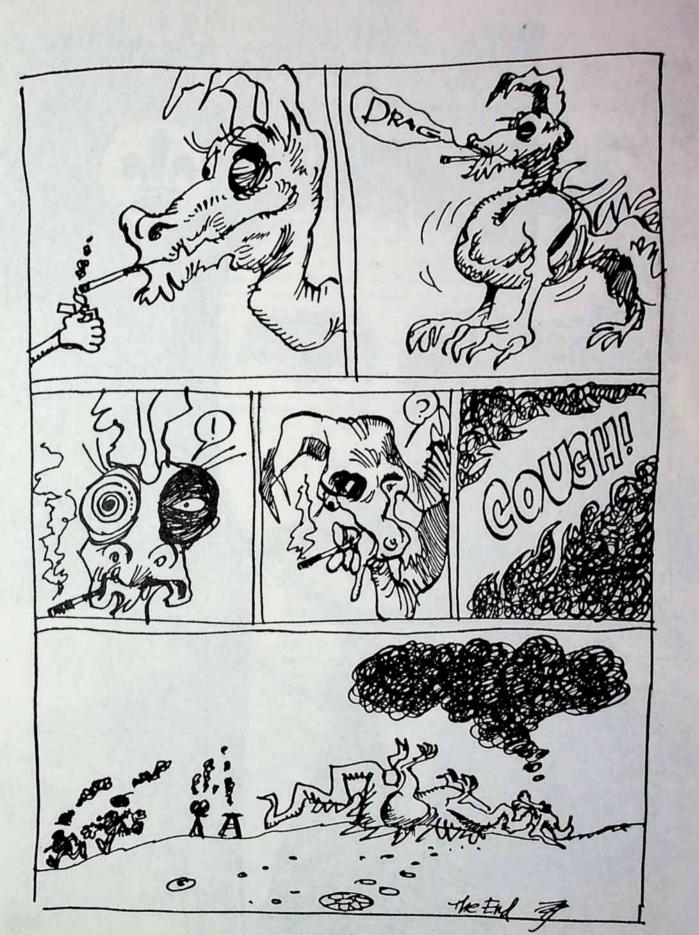
Lilith, Wind-Spirit, Still dwells in the Garden of Innocence And the children of Mother-Eve Have no patience with her guiltlessness.













- St. Louis Fandom is very pleased to invite the 27th World Science Fiction Convention to our city, and is anxious for the opportunity to show fans the meaning of hospitality.
- St. Louis is a true Midwestern City, with many fine attractions that will make a memorial vacation of your visit here.
- St. Louis is not an Eastern Industrial City; rather, it successfully combines the history in which its past is rooted, with the 21st Century in which its future lies. A great deal of the city's attraction stems from its history as host to the nation history existant since the Westward Movement reached the shores of the Mississippi. Even before the Louisiana Purchase, St. Louis was the leader of the Midwest; from its founding in 1764, the city has been the Gateway to the western half of the nation.

The city is proud of this tradition of being a gracious host to the visitor, and continues the tradition now. Because of the location, the city is the natural crossroads of the nation, and is easily accessable by any form of transportation you may choose to bring you to the con-site.

The St. LouisCon Bidding Committee is led by mature, experienced fans, with an understanding of how to get things done, and a reputation for making every effort necessary for perfection of the jobs that they perform.

St. Louis Fandom has experience in and respect for fan traditions, and has already hosted two conventions. OZARKON III will be held in July, 1968, and will add a third convention to the hosting experience of the St. LouisCon Committee.

We solicit your support for St. LouisCon - 1969.

Ray Fisher, Chairman St. Louis Bidding Committee

#### OZARKON III

The third annual regional convention sponsored by the Ozark Science Fiction Association (OSFA) will be held at the Ben Franklin Motor Hotel 825 Washington, in St. Louis, July 26, 27, and 28, 1968, with Harlan Ellison as Guest of Honor. \$2 registration should be sent to Norbert Couch, Route 2, Box 889, Arnold, Missouri 63010.

The hotel has offered rates, beginning at singles \$7, and twins \$9. Reservations should be made direct with the hotel.

odd's people.....

# R. EDWARDS JENNINGS

"....an autobiography?...."

"...but.....who would believe me?...."

Appeared on this planet (disguised as a human ....or at least humanoid) at the end of your World War I.

A rich and varied Midwestern childhood followed ....lived in a variety of places and environments until "adulthood" (whatever that means) and finally put down roots in New Jersey. Variety of occupations ....professional musician, public relations, cook (continental and American), sales, dispensing Optician ...you name it -- I've probably participated...all in an effort (conscious or otherwise) to "feel" the human scene.

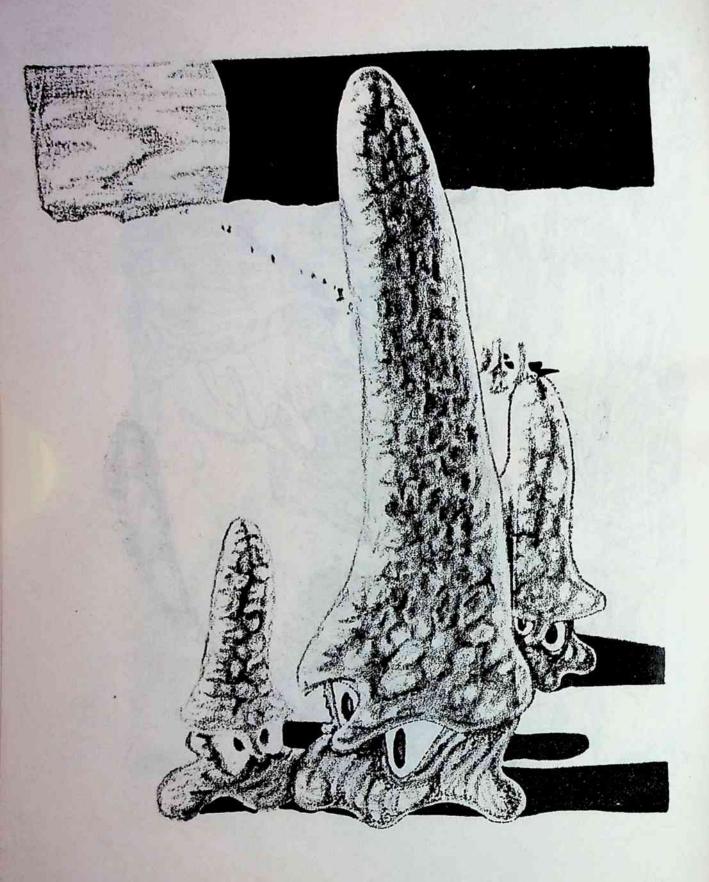
Have delved into (and sometimes partially digested) most of the philosophies...esoteric and exoteric. Omnivorious reader of weird, horror and science fiction for a generation, but only recently learned that there are others like me...new to science fiction fandom.

Somewhat of a protestor...(passive)...too lazy to physically fight....perhaps my pictures will do that for me!

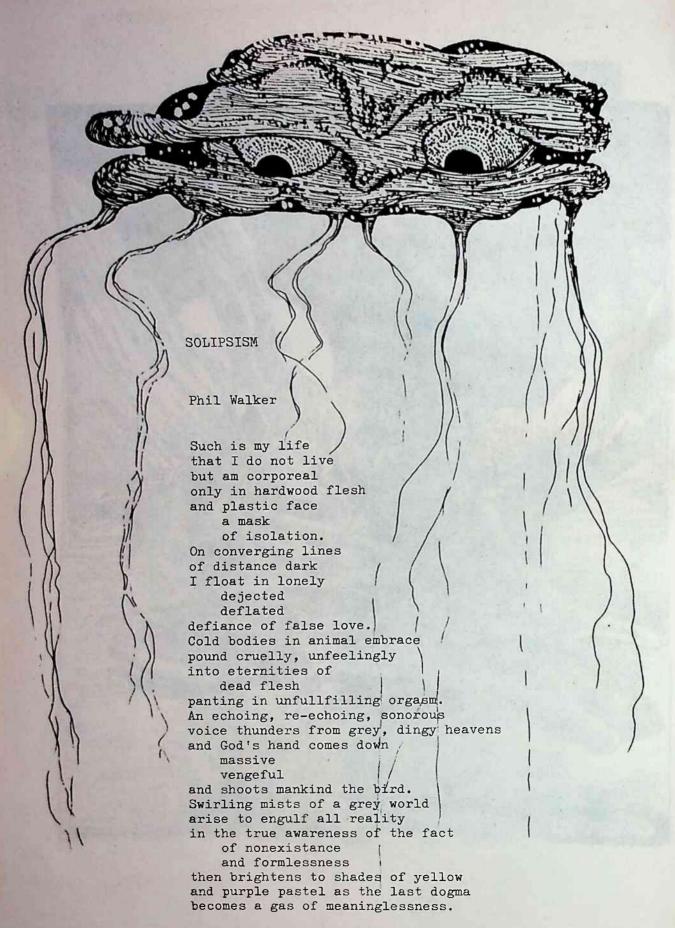










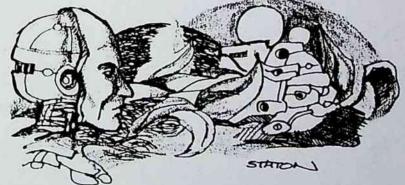


### TURNING WHEELS

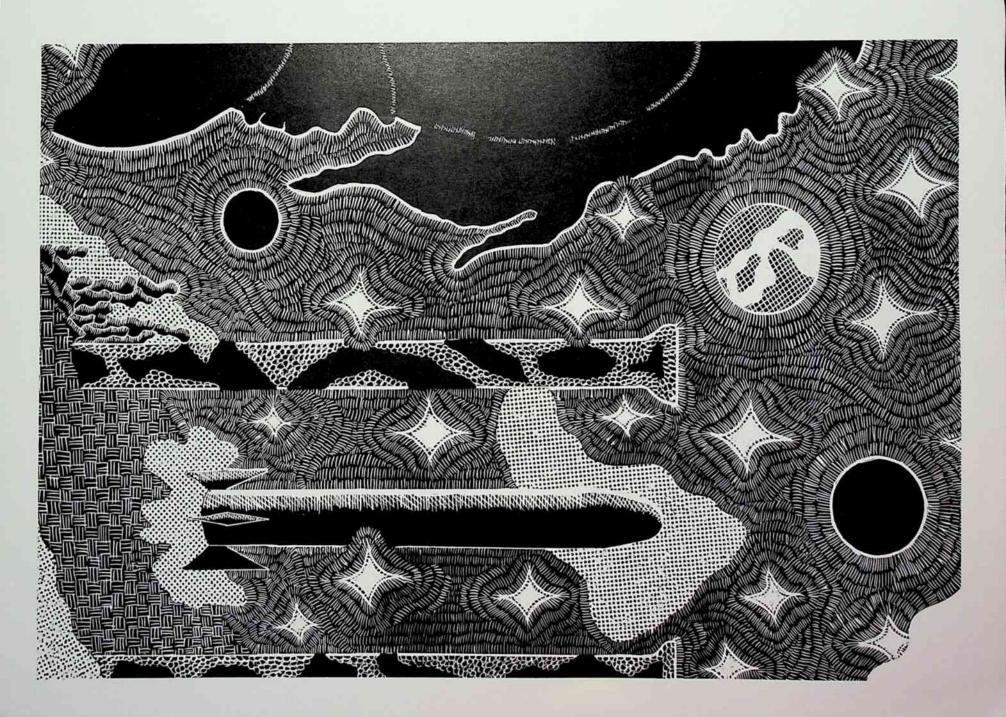
The rain falls mistily-down and one million about-to-be-crucified Christs trudge through the filth of the City's streets, carrying bravely their crosses of briefcases, toolkits, lunchboxes, textbooks, cameras, notebooks, shovels all carrying the tools of whatever-their-trade-may-be. And ten thousand girlish Magdalenes: secretaries and nurses, waitresses and students, huddle, bedraggled and muddy, under stylishly black umbrellas and try to save their curls, now drooping in spite of last nights set.

And they keep the Wheels turning and they stretch their bodies on the rack and they give their life to the Company, to Higher Learning, to the Business, to Public Betterment, to Some-Great-Establishment whose name we do not know; And they give their life to the rain and the rain flows through the gutter and is gone. When they die their lives go in the gutter and Some-Great-Nameless-Establishment continues without them, and they do not recognize the Judas-Kiss.

Joyce Fisher









YOU!....Yes, you with the 'does-he-mean-me?' expression. Please Listen:

If, on occasion, you too find yourself staring up at the night stars, wondering just what <u>is</u> Out There; if you refuse to accept the notion that the Here and Now are Everything that matters; if there is in you a funny yearning for a Quest not easily to be realized; if...well, no matter. Just walk beside me, and take a

"Look Dreamward, Beggar"

- by William L. Bowers...

# <u>i.</u>

I and a Dream struggled to grasp the sweet fruit of attainment; we tasted only the bitter bite of non-realization. Will you explain to me, Please Do, the Theory of Dreams? Or do you perhaps dream in a neat, well-ordered sequence? You are so lucky--mine is that of the episodic nature, tending to cause confusion ...and yet beautiful. I have been in my dreams many persons, uncounted objects d'facto. Save for, perhaps, myself....

## An Impression:

"...for I am the spawn of the ten million stars...the end product of ten thousand multi-aged cultures...the seed of a thousand homeless bastards... the..."

Otherwise, it would have been rather funny; but the tonal inflection of the voice was ever so remarkedly matter-of-fact. He was an uncouth youth of indeterminate age; daisy-yellow hair capped an obese body. At the moment, he was attempting to hold court in the dingy space terminal of a time-forgotten backwater planet--which floated eternally in that never-never land, which is part unto neither the Hub, the Rim...nor even the sprawling Outworlds.

Having been asked, he said that his name was John Doe. His many chins trembled in rotation; his belly shook as an agitated bowl of jelly just possibly might, under flexible conditions.

He was completely undismayed in that he had been apprehended attempting to stowaway on a transient out-bound Outworlds trader, the <u>Starling</u>. Not native to this place, his method of arrival remained undisclosed, unknown.

It was from the far rear of a swirl of semi-disinterested hangers-on littering the terminal floor, that the mocking voice originated:

"I'm afraid that I find that rather difficult to believe ...."

The scattering of laughter almost, but not quite, drowning out John Doe's reply.

"Laugh now, fools. What has been ... so will it be."

I am the dreaming beggar. It is my story.

It was not then that I cried, but a little later. It is said, by those who say such things, that it is not Proper for a man to cry. Crying is a privilege, a release...and it is granted only to the weak. The women.

But...damn it all!...there are times when the 'sayings' must be tossed by the side; there are those times when things happen--things strangely not considered by the Sayers.

"...you are much, much too old. Your heart is weak. I'm so very sorry, but the Company cannot take the risk."

The faceless clerk was a thin, greasy-haired individual of the ageless young/old variety. His voice was oh <u>so</u> smooth, tinged with perhaps a touch of sympathy--or is pity the name by which it is known? But I knew. By whatever name you endow it, it was merely the professionalism in evidence; he had doubtlessly rehearsed the scene countless times before.

He waited.

It may have been that he was awaiting a reaction; was he hoping for one of an explosive nature?

I can only hope that I didn't disappoint him too badly.

'Sayers' -- Listen to me:

I have yet to encounter that saying applicable, when the Dream of a lifetime has been smashed beyond any repair. In a mere moment. Totally.

What can you say?

I turned and left the all-glittering building. Quietly.

And slowly.

More slowly yet, was my descent of the gem-encrusted approach to that shimmering building. The words he spoke cycled endlessly through my hate-throbbing mind: "...too old...cannot take the risk...the Company...too old...

too old...too old..."

I wanted desperately to about face; to return to that bastard clerk and make certain that I had heard a'right.

Desperately. No, that isn't the word.

It seems that not even in a dream, can one be entirely alone.

Her name was Sylvia, and an infinitude of nebulae crowned her.

In the many stories of the ravishing Princess--well, originality is not their noted keynote. But--regardless of the stories--she was:

Tall and regal?

Short and fragile?

Neither.

Sylvia was of a medium height; and feminity incarnate. Also (it must not be disremembered), a vamp.

And her crown was not wholly nebulous. It seems that she was sole heiress to the Ruby Throne, seat of the powerful Outworlds.

Ah yes!; the Outworlds. Now, at times, there have been Empires; and then there have, at other times, been EMPIRES! The Hub is lovely, but decadant; the Rim, lonely and cold; the Foundations but a memory. It must be that the shapeless sphere of the Outworlds has boundaries; after all, everything else does. But who would presume to define those limits? The Outworlds...by any historian's definition, an EMPIRE!

Even here: On a planet that time has long since forgotten, nestled deep within a vast junkyard of cosmic debris; a backward, backwater, unimportant little item--even here, there is knowledge of the Outworlds. On not so great occasion as in eons past, a fly-by-night trader of ill-gotten goods, deigns to stop here.

And even the most stagnant of backwaters sometimes gains a fresh drop.

"...so will it be."

The little show over, the principal retired; the audience dispersed.

It was in the dim corner--just a little past the plasti-rack half-filled with the tattered remains of lurid travel folders:

GO OUTWORLDS, YOUNG MAN!;

SEE EMPYREAN BY YOUR JOCKSTRAP!;

DO YOU REMEMBER OLD MOTHER EARTH ... MANHOME TO A GALAXY?;

plus: a trio of ancient Galactic Tax Return forms...

-- it was there that John Doe, momentarily at loss, deposited himself.

Not being given to melancholy moods by nature, he found the otherwise perplexing problem of getting offplanet, not a matter for immediate concern. In the avowed course of seeing the Galaxy by his bootstraps—in other words, by any means legit or otherwise, at his easiest disposal—momentary strandings were not an unknown occurance. Perhaps, had the choice been entirely his, another stopover point would have been preferable. But....

Around the corner of the plasti-rack, he caught a fleeting glimpse of her. Naturally, as widely a travelled a personage as himself should not display overt curiousity. At least, that is what he was saying to himself as he scooted not-so-gracefully out along the splintered bench, striving for a better view....

She was just turning away from the In-Planet ticket booth. She paused, laughing, in mid-turn as a joking voice came from behind.

The Question is: How to describe?

Wide blue eyes (I sink into velvet pools...), snub-nosed (...free-flowing grace), turned-up cherry lips (drink of my blood, my love) -- waist-length hair of blackness without light, yet smooth and sleek. A simple, yet softly clinging smock of liquid sheerness draped her form: smooth-hipped and breasts not large, but of that type one invaribly years to caress.

Daughter to two of the local merchantesia—her father the purveyor of semi-literate, garishly-covered, quasi-books; her mother a professional matchmaker who had done well in every attempt...save her own — the girl knew little of the life offworld.

They called her Naomi.

She was a delight.

We of this planet, we are a simple people. Our pleasures are sweet; our grief is bitter. Out life...our own.

(... "of this planet?" you ask. Hasn't it a name? As such, no. It has a number--it needs not a word-label; that would be pretentious. However (if you must have tags), call it as we do: simply, Home.

Short and simple: These are our annuals.

Sometimes -- on not too rare of occasions -- we like to sit, and remember.

He was the Devil; his body, Hell. We came limping in from the death-cold depths of interstellar space, seeking only a brief resting place.

Most worlds are referred to in the feminine. He was most definitely of

the masculine persuasion; ragged not with the icily cold beauty of a Luna-rather more the stubbled chin of a human two weeks unshaven.

Young in age-span, newly merged were we; but even now we don't feel as old and finished as we did the moment we sighted him. Perhaps it is that we shouldn't have felt it so deeply. We had-as an individual unit-encountered many worlds, few of which could be called beautiful. But this was the ultimate in negative-beauty. Now, those hypocritically consoling souls tell us: "It couldn't possibly have been that bad; you only subconsciously wish that it had been."

B. S. means the same on any world.

After the longness and the coldness of the journey preceeding, almost anything should have looked, at the very least, comforting. Negative. He would have been the garbage heap of any conceivable system; but alone in attendance to his blood-red sun, he was in solitary gory glory.

We are consoled, once again.

You are lucky to have escaped him, they say. Why then the glimpse of longing in your multi-eyes?

We set down our craft. There was not an alternative; supplies vital to our continued functioning would not suffice to reach the next known way station. As we pierced the facade that was the perpetually blackish cloud cover, we discovered that beneath the outward Hell is where Paradise now hides. Peopled by those like unto the Saints...we were replenished and refreshed. Leave-taking was not desired by us; but they would not accept those driven by the war-thoughts.

Entrance into Paradise: Denied!

And now--on not too rare of occasions--we sit, and remember when.

An Explanation:

We...we who now only sit and remember...are one; yet we were two. There was a need.

We that were half (yet whole) was once a simple, typical small planet instructor. Female variety.

We<sup>2</sup> that were half (yet whole) was once a traveling giant...commuting between the worlds. Variety: male.

Chance...fate...or the gods; whichever, whatever--dictated that we/us be partially deactivated (in separate instances) simultaneously during a sporadic outburst of Fen-terrorist activity on We¹'s typical small planet. The local Govputer--referred to not so affectionately as the B.E.M., or the Bastardly Efficient Machine--acting with unusual dispatch and a small miracle, had us patched and made whole.

Together.

Once done, the deed was irreversible.

Now we sit--walking is awkward--and remember when we were young and separate. But our separate names are lost forever in the purple marshes of this planet Home. Now, they call us Neikas.

Which signifies nothing.

In the Beginning, the Stage is set. But even before this--the Players must have been chosen. An anthology has its Table of Contents; a play, its Cast; and we have our Dreams:

I, the Beggar whose is the Dream.

An obscenity that is called John Doe.

Sylvia, the Royal Bitch.

We that are Neikas.

Pureness in the form of the Maiden Naomi.

Plus, of course, a supporting miriad of minor dreams, numbering in the uncountables.

# ii.

It is My dream, but there are Others in it; as such, it is related as I see it: through the misty eyes of one who has passed beyond, and Looks Back... back...

The glittering building has gone; the shore is long and endless in the twilight. Above, almost oblivious to the crashing roar of breakers far below, the desolate scene about--I stand; I am the lonely figure of a man on the edge of a cliff.

My head is flung back...I stare upward, striving with every fiber of my being to pierce the overcast sky. It is, I know, with malicious intent that the clouds have hidden from me the sought-after flow of moons and stars behind their opaque, yet vaporous curtain. With every freezing breath of a gusting wind, they jeer at me--taking vengeful pride in their ability to hide me from that which I seek.

The vast sea is heaving...rolling waves growing higher and higher... splashing into dribbling foam against a rock-strewn shore....

Momentarily, I have the delusion that would I piss into it, the sea would calm.

It does.

Even yet, the hostile air of Octember bites at my thread-bare clothes. It strives to invate my body and soul. Breating into my veins; making my body shiver in tempo to the bitter music of frost--it plays in my soul a melancholy tune.

My body shakes leaf-like with fatigue and I unsuccessfully endeavor to fight the penetrating coldness by wildly waving my arms at my side.

A pretty picture, no doubt.

A little while longer, I search the sky.

No use; the veil is not to be rent tonight.

I sigh as I turn and begin the long walk home. It is not an unfamiliar path which I follow.

I have made the walk many mights past.

I was born poor and orphaned, and never saw fit to change the status quo.

Handsome, I was not. And if shyness be a dreaded ailment, I was duly cursed; be it a valued gift, I was overly blessed. I was born to die, but still I dreamed. Always.

The Dream is the whole. By simple comparison, everything else pales.

By forcibly refraining from the comforts and many of the necessities of existence, I became the typical miser--saving, always saving. Slowly, oh ever so slowly, I built up a hoard of pitifully small coins. But ever so often the breaking point would approach, and I would seek release. Cheap thrills. For kicks, I would walk down to the crumbling building which housed the small unused Public Library. It was there that I would lose myself for hours on end in fanciful tales of the Strange Places; they were far away in every respect. Still, Legends or Truth...who is to say?

It may well be asked: Why are <u>We</u> to be included in the Dreamer's story? We knew him as well as anybody ever did. But he knew us not.

In our present state of sitting and remembering, food and liquid are still required to maintain the bodily processes. Long ago, once our novelty value so abruptly wore off, we were forced to seek employment.

Have you glanced at the 'Help Wanted' fold-out of the <u>Outworlds Mail-Times</u>, recently? If not--take our word for it; there isn't exactly a burning demand for a: two-armed, four-legged, two-headed abnormality...in the current labor pool.

So, again by whichever/whatever--we became a librarian, of sorts, on the planet without a name (only a number).

His name?...He won't tell? Would be easier by far to ask his names; he had many, as many as those charactering his fanciful works, it seemed. We knew him as Daniel-Paul--perhaps you may have a different label for the Dreamer?

No matter; this, his label. He frequented our meager facility all his life. But he never saw us.

It was a literal antique, this library or ours-but the check-out system was automated. If you could call it such. As we sat, screened off from the readers--"It is best that way" said the Govcatering Agency which had hired us-we would at times glance at the small visi-screens, which furnished our viewport on the out world.

There he would be, more often than not, thumbing through the Fancy Free Section. And at other times—when we were busily engaged in filing the current Galactic Review, or were grinding out one of our endless stream of tapes (on an outmoded voca-writer) of our earlier lifes—his questioning, familiar voice would be heard over the Info-com:

What is this ... why that ... are you sure that ... why ... why ... why ... why ...

Always 'Why?'. His curiousity was as free as our body is not. We knew him well; he knew us not.

My life was simple; but not without its highlights. Once a year, on my Birthday, I would permit myself the luxury of attending a Cosmo-Theater production.

For one who has always wished to create beauty (rather than to invite horror)—this was the sole apex, the zenith, the fountainhead. Nevertheless, I only went once each year. Exception: For one production, I forgot my miserhood, and went twice. It was a local adaption of R. M. Dodge's Waterfall For A Blue Man; that hauntingly wonderful musical that sent shivers of delight down the spine....

From birth, you instinctively know that pseudo-weightlessness is machine-induced; you know that human fingers strum the strings; you know that the other players breath the same air as you--you know all this, and more. But when a master creates that supreme moment of the suspension of disbelief, you don't know any more; you only live it.

You do not 'play' the part; you Live (with a capital 'L')!

The liquidness streamed down; now it flew up; it assaulted the horizontals—if there be anything with set levels. It was not plain, dull, ordinary water; it was resplendent with every multi-color of the rainbow...then a few more thrown in simply for variety. It was the living Rainbow!

Naomi laughed as she danced; she cried as she swam. She made maidenly-modest gestures as the flood washed the garments from her form perfect...she paraded triumphantly as it created flaming new robes for her modesty.

Naomi fought to retain her own sense of the vertical. There was no such hope; finally, she capitulated. She floated back in the warmth; the coolness of the all-enveloping media lulled her senses. Suddenly, swiftly, painlessly...she climaxed as the coolness of the warmth entered her very soul.

Oh Happy Day! It is the Dying End!

Now Darkness shrouds her as the curtain falls into place; the ceaseless streams cease---she falls, slowly, more swiftly...Och!

Who was it that had said this was a glamorous way to make a living?

But man still does not suffice on once a year.

At times, my sweat-drained body would thirst for a cool beer. I would take out my chipped old jug, fill it with water from a rusty tap, and lean back in my creaking chair. I would empty it slowly; my fancy turned it into the finest of brews.

At other times, when a momentary acquaintance would ask of my tattered clothing, I would, irritatingly, cheerfully reply: "I'm saving to go Sunwards...it's warmed Out There."

Then they would turn away, thinking I did not understand the half-mocking look back.

Always, I had lived in a dingy hole in the wall. Once upon a time I had dreamed of living luxuriously in a huge mansion, resplendent with plush furnishings and servants to care for my every need. But that was all before...before I had by apparent accident overheard the conversation which was to change my life

completely, instantly blotting out all previous dreams to reach toward a new and bigger Quest.

Yes, the Dream...that is the only thing.

Picture this:

I entered the dusky, dirty tavern in nervous haste--a thin and pimpled youth. I was complete with a newly acquired Registration Ring, twenty-three, and in search of that first legal drink. On, not that I hadn't drank before; home-brew, acquired with stolen coins from a filthy little man down in the slums fringing the spaceport. That, I shouldn't have done; it made me very very sick.

But this was different.

The semi-bitter liquid trickled down my expectant throat...well, maybe it wasn't quite that different, after all.

Those who frequented the Enclave -- now, they were different!

If you've seen one small town, small planet bar, you've undoubtedly seen then thousand small town, small planet bars. But, if I may Point Out-with the pride of this small town local--the <a href="Enclave">Enclave</a> has had its share of History:

... for instance...

...back in that corner: that's where Dick Dodge (this was before he became popular, and R. M....) first picked out <u>Waterfall For A Blue Man</u>. Now that it's a Hit, he doesn't come here any more...

...or that stool—the one that no one will sit on—that was where the old fella (now, what was his name?) sat. You know the one I mean...perpetually pickled, he persisted in toteing around a murkily-colored jar, which he insisted—with great vehemence—contained the still—living heart of an infant boy. At times, he was also known to display a crumbling skull; that of a 19th Century philanthropist, he claimed.

And they've saved the pallet behind the bar where two-bit Molly used to grant her favors, all for a simple tune on the Muse Box...

...but enough of that. Just drop out and see the place, sometime. You can, for a moderate fee, purchase an attractively colored brochure which points out the highlights, from the Mini-Mouse, at the door. Yes, Cheap!

The Enclave was also haven to the perennial, grizzled, old spacetramp. It was my first time in, and I encountered one that I'm since sure was the Great Grandaddy of them all. He was seated a few stools down from me, and was loudly engaged in decrying the newly-passed emigrant policy, of our all too soon to be overcrowded Home. He proclaimed that we should all know that Out There in the nearness of the Sun, there was a planet called...well, I have since forgotten the assigned number. (I've always considered it to be my Venus; fanciful wishing again, I guess.) It was, he said—having been there—a cloudy world—but it was covered with beautiful seas, and jungles of deepest mystery. It was a world that was always warm and peaceful.

Now, finally, it had been Opened... Every year, a fortunate few hundred colonists would go Out There to settle down and build their small colonies. It was for this purpose that the Company had been established, he went on, but I was lost to all else.

A miser is born. Instantly, and with the assurance of one who has at last discovered his life's purpose—I definitely decided that, one day, I would be one of those colonists. Now...all together...laugh! Some dream of becoming a leader of men; others, of running bare-foot through an acre of naked breasts...I dreamed of going Out, solely. Of getting away from it all, whatever the cost might be.

For there is always a cost, whether it entails being subject to those you lead or the development of callouses on your feet. My cost was monetary, and more. Those—the Company—operating the colonization under Govcontract, were not in the least to be confused with philanthropists. The actual cost of transportation was not in itself prohibitive. Add to that—while self—sufficiency is very fine, and all that—the unavoidable expenses of merely setting up and keeping body and soul together until the Crops Came In.

In itself...this would not have been easy, but attainable.

The morals of the Company were loose, but were not entirely nil. They were not adverse to accepting money from those who had it, but there were certain conditions to their Charter. C.f.: Within a period of forty-nine and one-half years, the colony must become stable, nearly self-sufficient, and (within limits) self-governing. Home's Govputer very thoughtfully realized that a mere piece of plasti-vel would not necessarily stand in the way of those in search of the proverbial quick-killing. Hence, the reward for faithfully and successfully completing the terms of the Charter was vast--by far vaster than the fastest of kills imaginable. ...unlimited duty-free trade privileges for ninety-nine years, plus a 50-50 split on taxes garnered during the last twenty-five years of colonial status. A major investment, yes--but the more careful that investment, the larger the payoff.

### FREELOADERS NOT WANTED!

Your money is very nice, but not enough. Skills and trades—that's what a world a'building needs! So you pay to get here, but your money's no good after you once arrive. We don't use it—not yet. You must, in yourself, be a useful and productive addition to our little paradise. So saith the Company.

I am poor, but I can scrimp and scrape, and eventually... But of what possible value to a colony is a young and agrily confused kid--a self-styled Man of the Arts, whose only passion other than his Dream, is a life-long work laughingly entitled: Lord, Love A Bitch!?

### ... and then I wrote:

Everyone has seen at least a clrpix of the Farasee Palace. Nestled in the heart of Hu City (on Kantri), it is surrounded by the luxurious and spacious gardens which are certainly unique to the known Galaxy.

Everyone has seen it -- but who has been there?

It is certainly true that all have seen the Crown Room, wherein the Ruby Throne--the seat of the Outworlds--resides. An enforced, mandatory attendance of Emperor Billing's biannual 'State of the Galaxy Address' assures that much.

So everyone has seen it -- but who has lived there?

Sylvia. Illegitimate daughter to an unwed Emperor...nevertheless, it was she who would replace him, if and when....

She saw her Father the Emperor once a year, on her birthday. Otherwise, it was definitely stipulated that the child should not be heard, should not be

seen. After all, He had an Empire to rule.

Her mother a half-forgotten memory-last time they'd heard anything, she was out playing Queen Mother on some two-bit world or another--Sylvia was being raised in the bounds of the Farasee Sanctuary. Nurses, governesses, instructors -- they came, they went. All had little noticable effect on her, all were extremely forgetable.

Save one.

The miscellaneous functionaries with which the girl-child was surrounded were hired by a Govcatering Agency, and until Sylvia was fourteen, they were all female. There was no preplanning involved...it had just worked out that way.

It was along about then (why not?) that the Instructor in Pseudo-Poetics was taken nine months ill. She had, it seems, become pregnant.

Hurriedly now, the Govcatering Agency sought a replacement instructor; the Royal Child's education must not go neglected. The Govputer was programmed, whizzed and buzzed, and finally spat out a small pink slip--on which was the selected name/number. That of the name was called upon. The Govputer did not select mistakes. John Doe was hired.

Instantly, Sylvia was fascinated by the obese youth. Other than her outof-reach father, and a few of his more elderly, trusted aides, she had never before been thrust into male company for an appreciable amount of time. She had no pre-set standards against which to judge his charms, or lack thereof.

Honestly now, John Doe didn't know a whole hell of a lot about pseudo-poetics; but he came fully equipped with an endless stream of stories about his galactic travels. They were certainly vivid, even if somewhat imaginary. The from-birth-sheltered girl could not hear enough.

She almost worshipped the man with the daisy-yellow hair, so like her own. John Doe himself didn't particularly believe in the worship of anything-but he did know what it was that he liked.

And, he knew how to get it. The girl, on the brink of approaching maturity, never did have a chance.

Yes.

As you can see, I didn't write those beefed-up, quasi-biographies--just the plain and historical facts. But a man does not go Out, by having writ alone. The Company--forever damn them!--did not consider it to be a valued trade.

A little of everything, literally, I tried. To no noticable avail. It seemed that what they considered as valid and valuable—I thought to be nonsense and idiotic. But it was they who had what <u>I</u> wanted; by holding the reverse position, they could not but be very uncaring. I think it was here, somewhere between my junk-collecting and pole-vaulting phases, that I first periodically began to note down my Thoughts on Life, as I saw it. Since infanthood, they had been telling me that everyone who's Anyone At All, must have expressed a Philosophy. Am I necessarily to blame, if mine happened to come out as serio-comical little bits of pieces?

If I knew what beauty was, would I wonder? If I knew love, would I cry? If love can be called an emotion—is beautifulness a fact? I think not. Beauty is solely in the eye of the beholder. And that which is 'beautiful'—it is just as emotional as love, hate, and pissing.

Still...although I pissed until drained, loved without discrimination, and hated with great vigor...still did I dream. To get an education I could not use, I sold all that I had. I stole and I begged, entered the Enclave -- and found only the bread line, when I staggered forth.

The years...what are they? I tolerated the ever increasing mockery of the townspeople, and let my optomistic fancy compensate for the lack of nourishment and rest that my Quest entailed. Momentarily, I would repent—who cares about a blasted dream, anyway? But then the cycle would begin anew—and once again, I was only living for another world...one that was much closer to the all—Mother Sun. I did what I could, grasped at the unattainable—and all without vocal complaint.

How well we remember (again) the first time that we saw her. (Strange, isn't it, how we insist on referring to something as large as a planet in the feminine?) She was immense, yet not bloated; on her the gender was girdle-fitting. She was beautiful, warm--and she was a haven.

We were young then, very. Young and perhaps a bit more than foolish. It was our first journey, together-merged. It was a long journey, bitter and never ending. (Why must all Captains be tyrannical?) That was in the infancy of interstellar travel, and comfort was not in the rule book. But we weary of half-supressed snickers, and the muttered invective: "Those old beings and their war stories!"

Perhaps it was the very harshness of the journey preceeding which made her so appealing, but we don't want to think so. She would have been beautiful next door in our own system; but across the light-years, she was ravishing.

Why, they then ask, if so irresistable, did you leave her? By what right did you return here?

We landed, torn and worn, and wished only for peace and rest. But we were met at the landing point, as in the stories. They were an old race, but not tolerant; intelligent, yet not wise. In the Old Book, there is a tale of those forcibly evicted from Paradise; we are one with they.

And now, someone else remembers....

Time is the all-shrouding blanket, and I yearn to snuggle beneath as it swiftly flows by on its endless, aimless course. Yet time I cannot waste--although I have on occasion, paused to watch its flow.

When the night is blackest and the stars are hidden behind their curtains—it is then that the formless ghost—like shapes of people hurry down the buckled sidewalk. Clustering like so many moths around rare goublets of light, it is almost as if the dull visibility they are there afforded of each other will protect them from whatever it is that they fear in the surrounding blackness.

I pause in the shallow recess of a doorway, and watch with secret amusement as one by one the scurrying forms halt beneath the comparitive security of the orange streetlight. There they stand, revealed perfectly to me, with cringing eyes darting from side to side, searching out those unknown things lurking in the all-emcompassing shadows. Poor pitiful creatures; poor frightened souls...if you could only but pause and think a brief moment, perchance you might realize that there you stand revealed in all of your ugly nakedness under that dim light—stripped of all the protective armors of a decaying civilization as you expose yourself to the very elements you seek to avoid.

So I watch them...and try to guess what it is that troubles their conscience

On nights like these, I and my Dream go hand in hand to the shore, and there stand on the cliff overhanging. No, suicide I never contemplated; it was to search the heavens for that little star-like flicker which would-someday-be mine to have.

But, almost always, the mocking of the clouds....

Not always was I old, and sorrowful, and bitter.

Call it what you will, I called it Love. It was foolish--now that I know--but what really is to be expected of a twenty-three year old virgin?

That summer was the first time that I had seen <u>Waterfall for a Blue Man</u>; I was young, eager, romantic--and in the blissful state of Unemployment. Which is probably why I waited, afterwards, outside the Stage Door. Until she came out, finally.

Strange, isn't it, how the unlikely-est of one's schoolmates becomes later the most desirable? Five years earlier, Naomi had been a stringy, gizzle-gum popping wiseacre. (And  $\underline{I}$  had been voted, that same year, Most Likely to Succeed.)

Now? The play-act was haunting and beautiful--but she was by far the lovlier.

The door opened; she emerged. Rather: she Entered the alleyway. And just what do you say to a girl you used to browbeat and snub? "...uuuh...Hi!--Naomi...remember me?"

I hung my head, and awaited the crushing blow of her irony. Unavoidably, my downcast eyes encountered my rags. Instantly my eyes flew up--and into hers.

"Certainly I remember you, Dan... How've you been?"

I was immersed in those pools of velveted deepest blue.

"...uuh, ok, I guess. I enjoyed the performance."

She laughed. At me, I wondered?

"Silly! You never were too quick on the uptake. You were <u>meant</u> to enjoy the show—and how many women did you see in the audience?" A twinkle. (Yes, just like Tony Curtis.) "None, I'll bet?"

She was, on reflection, right.

"Come on, let's go and get a drink!" It was she the invitor; not I.

So we had a drink, and later, a second. And that blissful night, I tasted of her turned-up cherry lips, and drank of her blood.

Once again, I feel the torturing bite of frost, and the sky turns within itself--into a black shell covered with the sharp pin-points of many colored lights. I shall weep bitter tears of frustration; for my Dream has been snatched far away from my reaching grasp.

You know (if we here may go conversational for a moment), even I have never fully understood the John Doe dream-segment. I mean...like he is an integral part of the young Sylvia's story--but that is yet still to come. And here he pops up in my time and place--grasping for My Love! Probably, I tell myself, it's just another person with an uncommon name--or maybe it is that I've been reading too many of those damn tales of Outer Space and Time Travel and All That, again. (You think not?)

I called to her as she was turning away from the In-Planet ticket booth. She paused, laughing. (She was <u>always</u> laughing; I never saw her cry off the stage.) She came toward me, grasped my hand, and led me out of the dingy space terminal. She was happiness and inspiration—and she shared my Dream.

Neither of us noticed he who rolled out after us.

Naomi and I entered the Enclave: respectable, it wasn't, but it was friendliness for those of limited means. We sat at a battered table in a booth-shadowed corner, sipping our drinks of Starberry Twist, and not saying a thing to each other. We didn't need words—we just gazed into each others eyes.

He entered not in haste. Instead, he gradually flowed through the doorway until he seemingly filled the entire barroom. He bumped into the bar, ordered, waited, and brought his drink over to our booth.

"Pardon me...but I'm a stranger here. May I sit down?"

As the "No!" was forming on my lips, Naomi said: "Certainly, we'd be glad to have you." She was forever being kind to stray dogs and fat men.

At least he had the grace to sit on my side of the booth--although it shuddered protestingly. I am not a shadow, myself.

"Thank you, madam. My name is John Doe, Galactic Traveller, at your service." I made slight gagging noises, but when he glanced at me, was busily engaged in clearing my throat.

She smiled. After all, I wasn't in the least courtly.

Presto! Instant jealousy...it certainly is a wonderful thing.

Perhaps we are again the most impartial to judge, even though we too have our favorites. We were more than happy at the blooming relationship of Naomi and Daniel-Paul. We were as happy as the proud parents he had never known. For we were those parents; he thought himself to be orphaned, but it was best that way. Who (even he) would wish to claim an abnormality as Father/Mother?

The advent of one John Doe on this happy scene was at first amusing--later, it was vastly irritating.

We would very much like to, but we can't really blame the girl. She of the small planet innocence could not help but be intrigued by the stellar sophisticate. And what is love, if not lasting intrigue? (We<sup>1</sup> also, unavoidably fell prey to the allure of the widely travelled; can we help but be sympathetic?)

John Doe wined her and dined her. Whether it was only a momentary infatuation on her part, or that other thing lasting--we'll never know. His intentions were, to say the least, obvious.

A month later, Naomi died, of causes undetermined. And John Doe? Naturally he was nowhere to be found. He had vanished as easily as he had first appeared.

He killed my Love, that obscenity that walked like a man, but my Dream would not so easily die. Whereas before it had been joyous and wonderful and supported by another—now it was that the Quest was bitter and alone, but not one iota less determined. My Love, My Love...My Dream shall be realized.

I settled down to a determined effort to become 'useful' to the colony. It was futility personified. It was not to be, or so it seemed.

The years and their autumns passed with ever-increasing velocity. At least once a year, old Odd-Job Dan would approach the gem-studded building, and apply

hopefully for a visa. And be laughed out the swaying doors.

But now ... Today! Yes, Today is the Day!

At last, I have discovered usefulness! It's very strange that no one has thought of it before. For a colony has needs which are not wholly mechanical, and are still not of the arts; it has a second generation, ready and eager to be legally matched. Religion of some sort, no matter how superficial, is always needed wherever men may be—even if it be mere pretext. And the Colony of Planet # \_\_\_\_\_\_, had as of yet no men of the cloth.

Shake hands with the Right Reverent Daniel-Paul, Esquire--yesterday ordained.

I am fifty and my thin blood races as I feel the rising excitment pulsing. With not only age-induced trembling, I pick up the ever so long hoarded tiki-box, heavy with by-my-sweat earned coins. I have the money, and more importantly, I have the usefulness!

Once more I run wildly through the gawking streets—but not to the spaceport this time; that will come later. No...one last time it is that I fly to the all-glittering building—with the huge diamond studs spelling out THE COMPANY, above the archway—and this time I enter confidently. I slam the tiki-box down in front of the now-familiar receptionist, his eyes hazy behind gold-rimmed spectacles:

"I've got the money; I have a trade. When do I leave?"

The voice was syrup-smooth. "That's very fine, sir. But first, would you mind stepping this way for a physical? It's just a formality, you understand... but we have our regulations."

Later, much...after the faceless men in white have finished poking and prodding, I wait sunk into the deep silkiness of the couch. Finally, after an age or two have passed, the ferret-faced young/old clerk calls my name....

"Your trade is worthwhile; your money sufficient. But, the Report...yes, here it is: You are much, much too old. Your heart is weak. I'm so very sorry, but the Company just cannot take the risk...it would cause a scandal."

I died a little more, with each passing word.

"Do you see that young man over there? He, also, is a Man of God. He will go Out." A smile. "You had a nice idea, sir--too bad you didn't think of it twenty years sooner. Sorry."

He waited.

I died, and left.

God, can you love a dreamless beggar?

## iii.

We saw Him die, and we bleed with Him. That was the winter more dreadful than any in living memory. The seemingly outraged elements—angered at the refusal given Him—took out their fury on a helpless land.

Came spring, they took His sweat-earned savings (that which was to have taken Him Out), and buried His wasted body in the swampy lower reaches of the cemetery. Along side, at our request, were the self-burned ashes of His epic.

We are a simple people, yet now even we have our Legend. It, also, is simple: When that which He called Venus rises on the now always clear nights

--she casts her gentlest light over one weed-covered patch of mud. For it is the grave of He, our Son, who was called simply Daniel-Paul--but who dreamed a Dream.

They call me Sylvia the Royal, Queen of the Outworlds. Admittedly, I knew Him not--yet almost I loved Him, still. And when the last of my dear departed father's aging ministers have finally been sacked--I shall decree that the selfish people of that planet Home, as it is called, shall raise a mighty monument to His memory. And the Queen of that place, my mother, shall supervise its building.

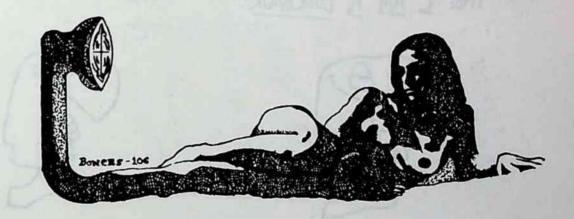
Now, obviously, John Doe doesn't normally display unplanned sentiment—but I would like to take this occasion to say that, while I didn't particularly 'like' Him...He was an artist to be admired. It is too bad that such a thing had to happen to Him. Still: what has been...so will it always be.

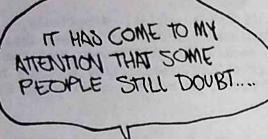
They called me Naomi, but  $\underline{\text{He}}$  called me 'delight'. I misused Him, left Him, and went away from Him when most needed. But still do I love Him, although He knows it not. For  $\underline{\text{I}}$  am the Dream He dreamed on, and now I shed my gentlest light on His grave.

But it is  $\underline{I}$  who was the Dreamer, and although my Dream has died--as well as that, my body, not so I. I linger on, here and there, playing the eternal watchdog. And, you know, in some ways it's rather a relief to be out from under that now-strange compulsion:

After all, it's ever so more peaceful Here...with the streets lined with gold...and that madman's furnace, just down the street.

So look me up, sometime; I now write epic-length pseudo-poetic Scriptures.







THAT I BY TRULY THE LITTLE GREEN DINOSAUR ....



IN THE EFFORT TO CLEAR UP ANY DOUBTS I NEED ONLY SAY THE I AM A DINOSAUR!



AND DINOSAURS, AS WE ALL KNOW ... NEVER LIE.



# NEWS ITEM

All sections, Sunday, December 24

SPLAT!

The young lady, who fell from the sky, splattered upon the pavement of the Piassa di San Pietro and stained the holiday clothes of bystanders with blood and gore, rousing the aged and venerable Cardinal Secretary of State from his pious reverie. He turned slowly to his right, smiling softly - almost to himself, and whispered into the ear of the Supreme Pontiff, donned princely splendour, on the royal throne of Peter, "Holy Father, sic transit Gloria Mundi." Both Prelates nodded, and returned forthwith to their devotions.

Miss Gloria Mundi, 24, 7781 Viale Tre Fontane, was one of the more colorful characters living beyond the Quirinal Palace. She will be sadly missed by her parents, brothers, sisters, common law husband, three children, and customers without number.

Requiescant in pace.



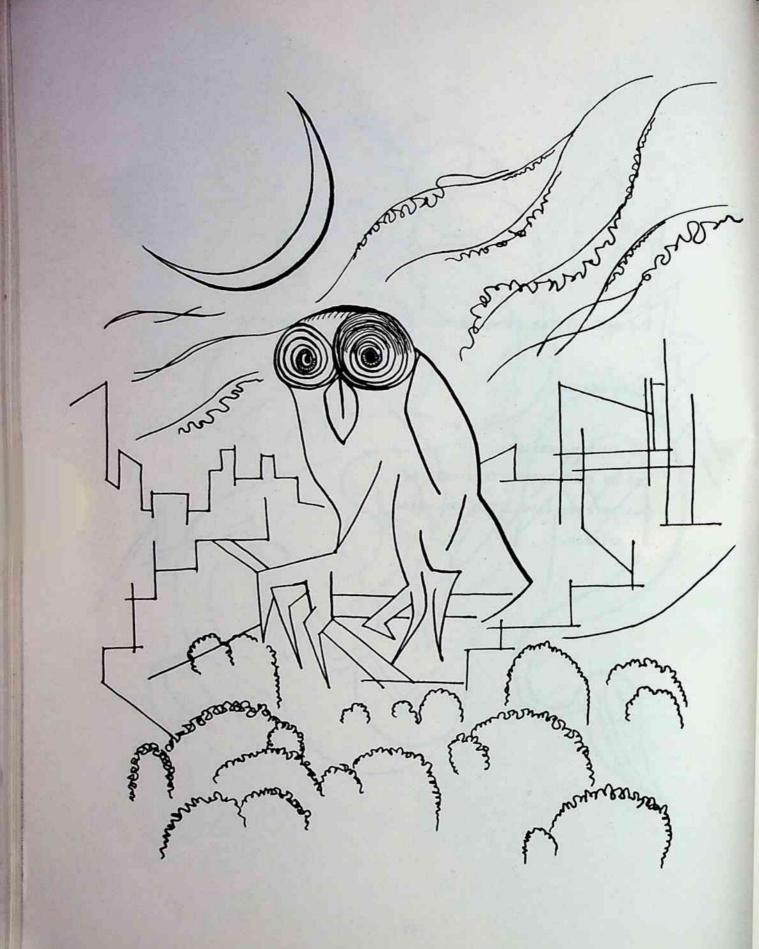
The wine merchants came

----seeped in as it were---
from that well-remembered vortex,

but they brought with them--
animals;

creatures of the earth and stars.

And they do not sleep; they do not sleep...



You do not hear the owlet's cry in cities at night, but there is a throbbing; a muffled shriek...

(The sheep do sleep, tra la)



The toad it is an ugly critter, but unlike men, he's neither mean nor bitter.



I asked the cat:

"Why are your passionings

so full of scorn, of frigid fire?"

The cat replied:

"The birds are stupid things

for all their grace and power.

I, long ago, without wings,

learned to fly

and course through virgin air,

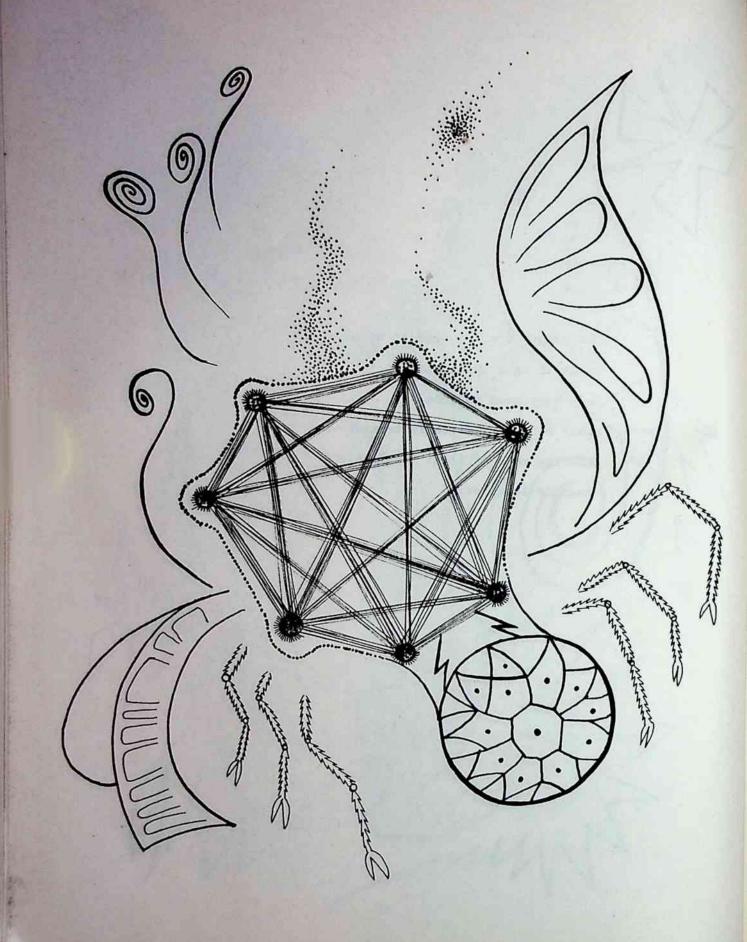
above the clouds,

beyond the sun..."



The dragon doesn't seem to mind being thought mythical.

He's very good natured about being symbolically treated----bursting rays of light in the night: dragon's laughter.



The gnat's eye is a palace of generating forces; of blinding vitality...

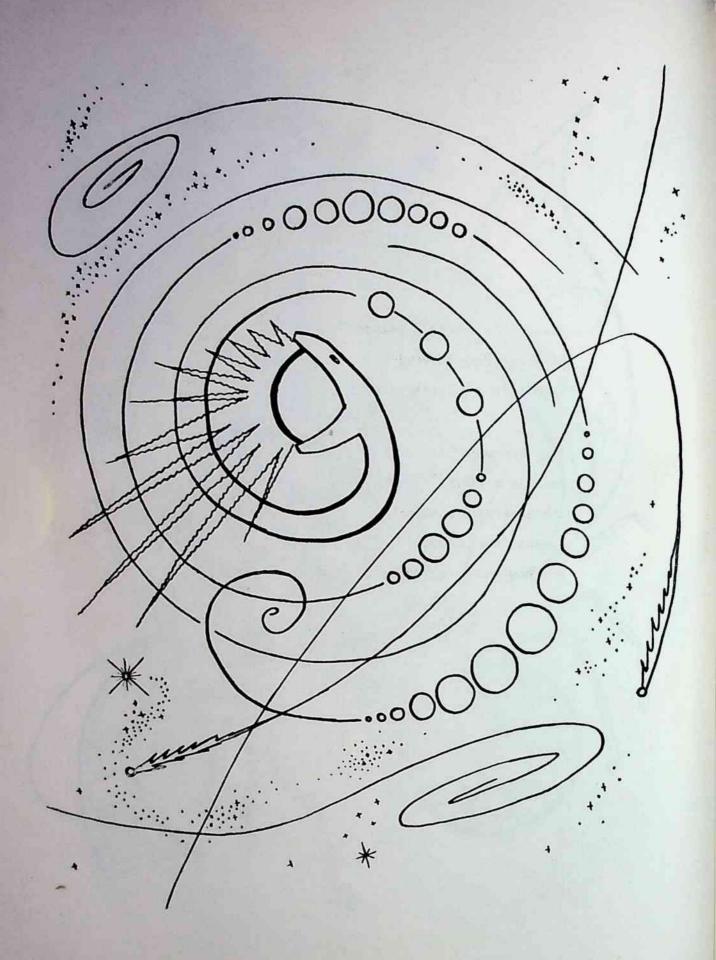
They swarmed,

dancing motes in

the afternoon sunlight.

Against the shade,

one saw whole universes of them.

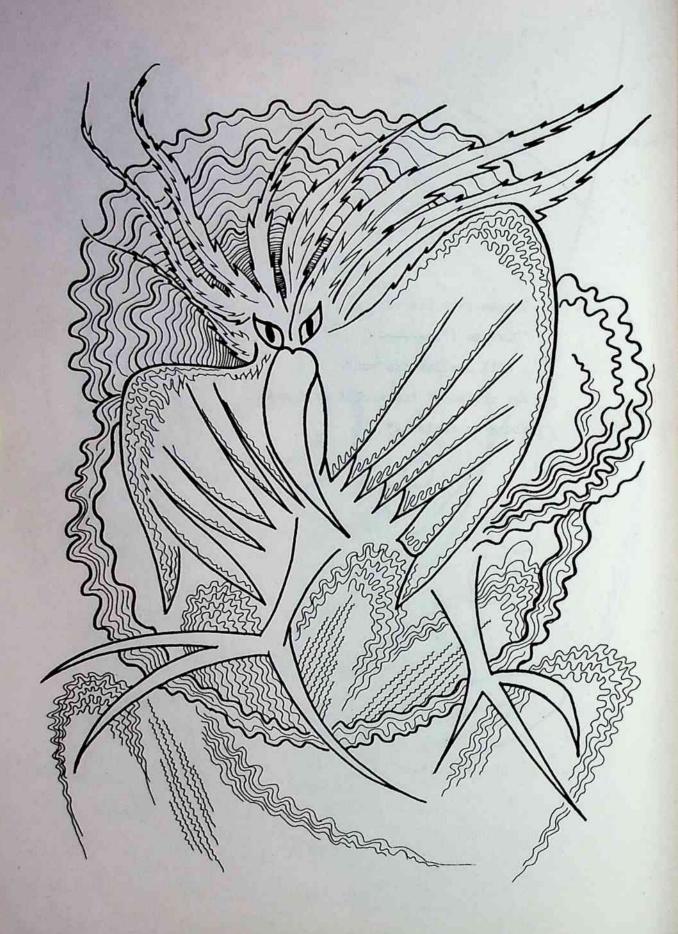


The serpent hissed:

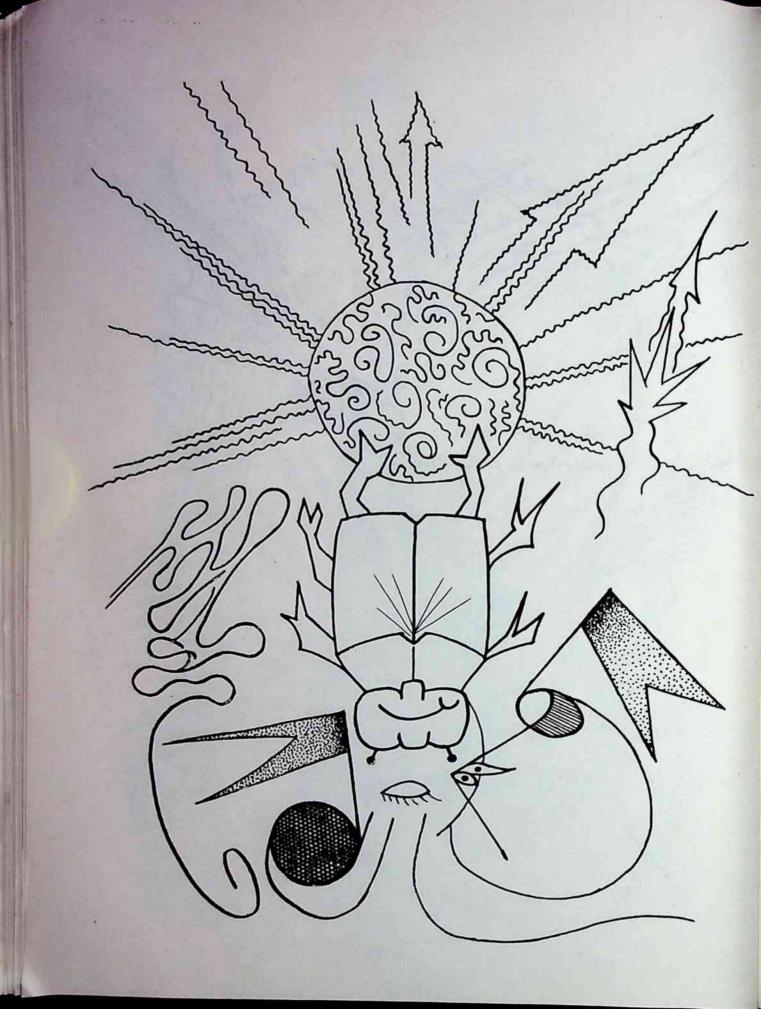
"Give me fire---
I will swallow the sun!

The orbits of the worlds will roll

along my coils..."



The firebird danced, bedight with the auroras...



Pushing the sun-that-is-reallya-ball-of-dung across the sky,
the scarab whistled a merry tune,
and winked.
He, at least, knows better than to
take himself seriously.



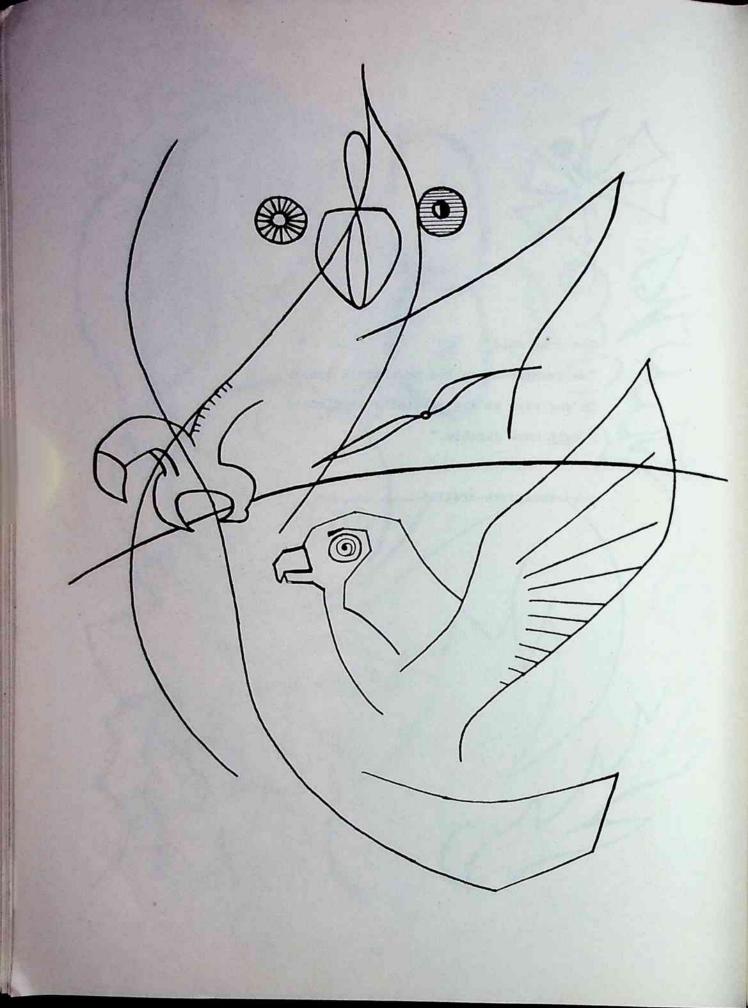
The crab said:

"We crustacea are not mere droll lumps.

In our way, we are exquisite as flowers

---and more durable."

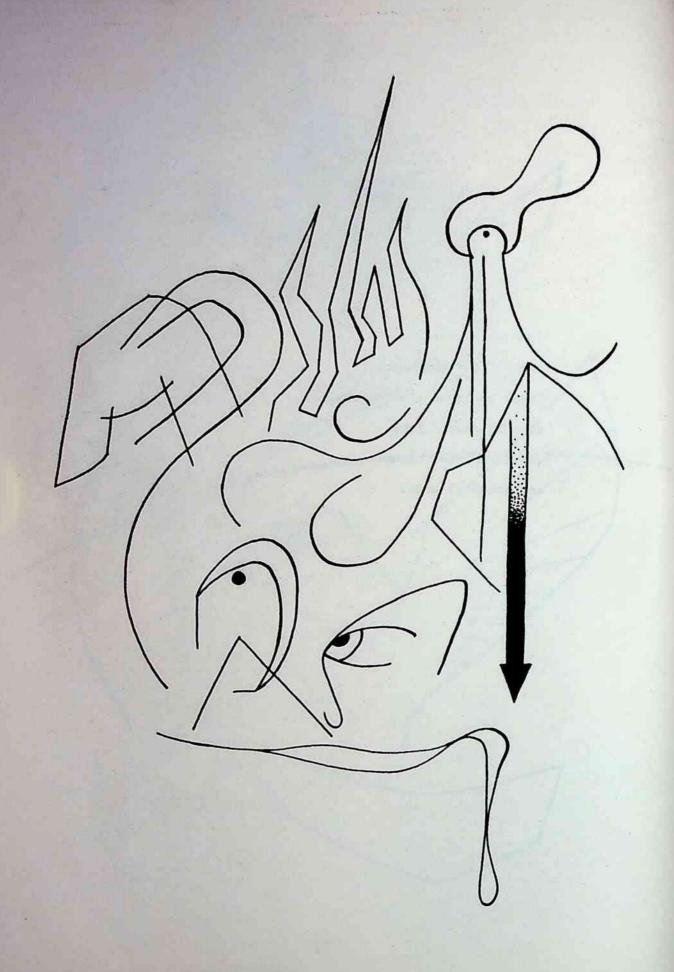
Give that crab credit!



Hawk...

eyes of sun and moon.

These horizons are too small to hold your flight, god-thing, who alone may speak of gods.



Last of all, there was an incredible biped.

But one hardly knew what to make of him...

But I did not turn away...

for this one was

all my animals,

and more.

Slavering, delicate,

fettered, free,

who laughed, and cried,

and lied, and died,

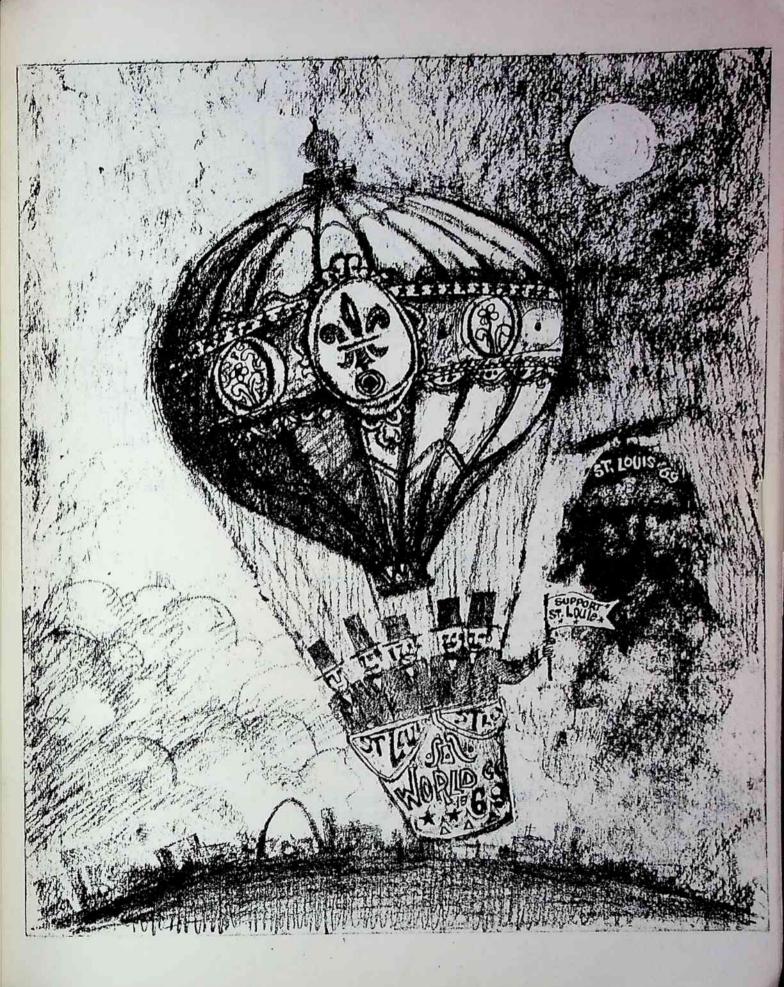
under the lightless hope

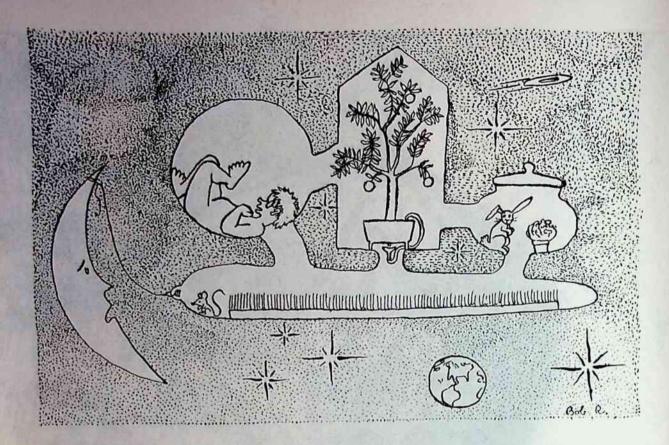
of some lost name...

And the merchants went their way,
but left behind
an unformed image in my head,
too vague to be idea.
This thing it will
not let me sleep;
I can no longer sleep...

But I must walk amidst this circus world, seeking of each known beast, of its light and dark.

And of newer beings,
brighter, darker,
creatures of the earth and stars...





IDES: (Institute for the Development of Ecological Systems)

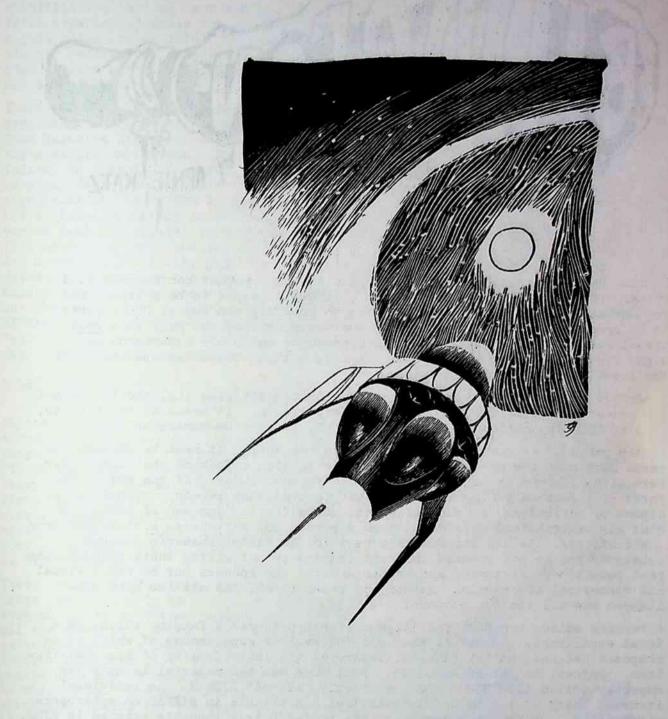
From mouse behind the plexiglass Comes CO<sub>2</sub> and from its ass Fertilizer for the grass That yields the grain and oxygen And nothing outside's needed in.

If measure habit be your goal Seal a rabbit in a bowl And count its hopping for each dole Of lettuce growing in a pot Inside where the rabbits got.

To generate your vitamin Grow an orange-tree all glassed in On water that through roots has been, Fertilizing with your dung. On this cycle life is hung.

By distillation water's pure
And for your thirst can reoccur.
By such a system you, dear sir,
Or anyone could nicely do
On homemade bread and rabbit stew.

Bob Rogers



of head place with the case with an excitation of the contraction of the contract of the contr



I found Ray's editorial in the last issue of ODD somewhat confusing and, I think, wrong in one respect. He said that ODD is meant to be a visual and conceptual experience. He then went on to proclaim the sum of ODD's parts to be greater than its whole. If we are assuming that the goal is a good visual and conceptual experience (as opposed to any other experience one might find under one's duper at Christmas), I think these two statements of Ray's are mutually exclusive.

I agree with Ray that a fanzine, to be aesthetically pleasing, should present the reader with a visual and conceptual experience. It seems to me, however, that if this experience is to be meaningful, it must be coherent.

If the parts of a fanzine are greater than the whole, it must be because the parts have been inexpertly fitted together in such a fashion that they interfere with, if they do not actually undercut, each other. If the sum of the parts of a fanzine are greater than that fanzine, the person responsible is, almost by definition, a "publisher" not an "editor". Instead of adding to what his contributors have done, such a person is, obviously, subtracting from their efforts. He has not done his part in the editor/reader/contributor relationship; he has cheated the contributors by not giving their material the best possible presentation and he has cheated the readers out of their visual and conceptual experience. Fandom, it seems to me, has all too many publishers and all too few editors.

A fanzine editor who has by dilligent effort produced a fanzine which, as a total experience, is greater than all the smaller experiences of which it is composed has not, as Ray alleged, destroyed the individuality of his contributors. Rather, he has enhanced it. Phil Dick has had material in both the superbly edited LIGHTHOUSE and the ineptly "edited" NIEKAS. As individual items, I think it can be safely said that his article in NIEKAS on schizophrenia and the I Ching was superior to his post-LSD trip thoughts printed in LTHS, but I think it can be said with equal safety that his work was shown to best advantage in LTHS. Intrinsic merits aside, the article drew additional strength from its companion articles in that issue and the general atmosphere of urbane sophistication LTHS gives the reader. In NIEKAS, Phil had his article printed cheek by jowl with inferior (and in some instances fuggheaded) articles which tended to undercut its effectiveness.

Neither does a fanzine whose whole is greater than the sum of its parts have to be edited down to a common denominator, to a standard of averageness, as Ray

suggested. Some material in LIGHTHOUSE, Gina Clarke's articles on Tolkein and the WASP yearning for ethnic culture for examples, has been positively scintillating (and no less memorable for having been part of a coherent total experience) while the previously mentioned Phil Dick article was "merely" a good solid fan article. In practice, it is invariably the fanzines whose editors really work at editing their zines into a coherent experience that have high quality material as opposed to the rag-tag assortment usually found in non-edited fanzines.

There are, you see, two ways of achieving the coherent visual and conceptual experience which I have stressed as a goal of fan publishing. There is the Time Magazine Approach -- edit everything into a uniform prose style expressing a single world-view. This is obviously what Ray was talking about. It is indicative that I had to call it "The Time Magazine Approach"; there are simply no examples in Fandom! The other method of achieving the total, coherent experience is the HYPHEN Approach or, if I may be permitted, the HYPHEN Slant, and is found operating in every single good fanzine written by more than one person (and it operates in modified form in such one-man shows as HORIZONS). This method involves the skillful blending of good material (material written and drawn distinctively, not to a common -- and therefore invariably lower -standard) to realize the total effect desired by the editor. I don't think anyone could confuse the writings of Walt Willis, John Berry, and Bill Temple, but they each added a highly individual contribution to the totality that was HYPHEN. And I think we would have a much better crop of fanzines if some "editors" stopped merely stringing articles together and started editing their fanzines with some overall visual and conceptual plan in mind.

LIGHTHOUSE #15, Terry Carr, 35 Pierrepont St., Brooklyn, New York 11201 Trade, LoC, contrib, or 50¢. mimeo. 96 pp.

Anyone can publish a 96 page fanzine, assuming he has the requisite amounts of endurance, time, and duplicating supplies. Publishing a 96 page fanzine that hangs together as a finished unit requires something in addition, something a little bit rarer. It requires the tight, professional-quality editing of a Terry Carr. After writing the preceding articlette on editing, I regard it as almost providential that LTHS should have arrived for review. If there were ever a fanzine calculated to show up the un-

talented, clumbsy, and just plain lazy editors of the majority of current fanzines, it is LIGHTHOUSE # 15.

There can be little doubt that editing a large fanzine poorly is a shorter and easier road to the sort of mass popularity that all too often wins Hugos than painstakingly putting together a beautifully integrated fanzine like LTHS #15. Fanzine fandom's yokels have always been extremely impressed by sheer size. The more chaotic and unplanned a fanzine is, the more unencompassable will be the totality of that fanzine, and by contrast, the more the easily discernable quality of Bigness will leap out at the reader. While the reader is obviously aware that LTHS is large, the quality of size per se is muted by adroit editorial control.



To begin with, all the material is of high quality. There is little or no chaff to leave one with the feeling that the zine has been padded to reach a specific page count figure. I enjoyed Dick Lupoff's tour through antique scientifiction more than the transcript of Damon Knight's Boskone speech, but this is due to my greater interest in Lupoff's donner, not a failure in Damon's development of his topic.

But the articles are more than "merely" good, they are related to each other. The central theme of the latest LTHS is science fiction. In his editorial, Terry discusses the current resurgence of "fake" sf -- stories billed as science fiction which are actually nothing more than transpositions from other genres. Dick Lupoff provides some laughs with cullings from pre-Gernsback sf in which Marvels of the Future are described. These exerpts are accompanied by delightfully straightfaced commentary; the introduction is a masterpiece. Joanna Russ does amusing embroidery on "The Invaders". Fritz Leiber has a scholarly article on Jung's anima archetype in science fantasy. Knight tells how to increase the distribution of sf by encouraging the distributors to send more copies to their retail outlets, and Harlan Ellison has an amusing fiction bit taking a swipe at one of sf's most obnoxious cliches, the Garden of Eden story. These items form the skeleton to which the issue's remaining pieces are related. Lupoff's article describing the 20 dime novels she recently bought at auction relates to her husband's piece in that the dime novels date from the same period as the antique sf novels with which he deals. Gahan Wilson's article, depicting the crushingly banal world which exists in old LIFE, SEP, etc. cartoons, is connected by attitude more than by subject matter to the rest of the contents, connected to Carol Carr's "Black Trivia", Ellison's fiction, and, most particularly, to Dick Lupoff's article. What Lupoff has done with hoary old stf yarns -- create a fantasy world based on abberrent artistic perceptions -- Wilson has done with hoary old cartoons, though with a slightly different purpose in mind. Lupoff is affectionately mocking: Wilson is contemptuous of the cartoons from which he pulls Mr. and Mrs. Badlydrawn.

The illustrations are also in excellent taste. Pat Lupoff's article is enhanced by a reproduction of a dime novel cover, formal and polished Gaughan illos grace Leiber's serious study of the anima, and whimsical Stiles drawings accompany Dick Lupoff's piece. In every case, the style of illustration fits the tone of the item which it accompanies, and this appropriateness of presentation only adds additional lustre to perhaps the finest single fanzine to appear so far this year.

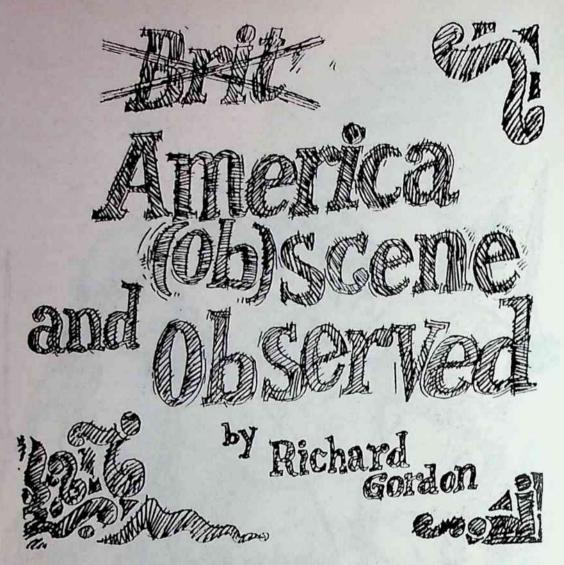
Material: 8.5

Appearance: 8.5 (blue print on chocolate paper is perhaps not the ideal combination...)

Comment: This is the sort of fanzine that makes fanzine reviewing -- and reading -- worthwhile.

. . . ARNIE KATZ . . .





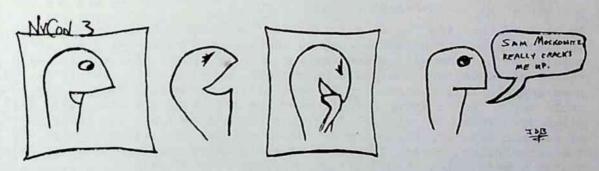
ANYONE who wandered accidently into the Statler-Hilton Hotel during the World SF Convention held over Labor Day weekend might have been forgiven for thinking he had accidently strayed into some obscure corner of Haight-Ashbury or the East Village. for the number of conventioneers who were wandering the corridors high on something other than a diet of sf was quite considerable. Since much of sf fandom seems to be coming more and more into tune with the world, and with the hippie world in particular, it wasn't too surprising. STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND seems to have taken over the underground no. 1 slot from LORD OF THE RINGS. with the I CHING, popularized by none other than P.K. Dick, and sung about by such hippie bards as Country Joe, chasing it as a close second. SF has caught on, and it is a two way process. SF is just as fundamentally distrustful of the straight world as is the archetypal hippie, and both have apparently latched on to each other, to the horror and affright of those who would go forty years back into the literary wilderness to find a nice safe cosy security where they can forget the world. The 1926 Amazing might have been fine in 1926, but it reads a bit ludicrously in 1967.

The Hugo's were a bit anachronistic also. Heinlein over Zelazny, Delany, Keyes, etc? Fans voted it, that's fine, but why are so many science fiction fans, apparent devotees of the arts and sciences of the future, so addicted to the past when it comes to the literature that they read? Science fiction postulates a changing world; that changing world includes changing literature and even dare it be suggested - changing sf as well.

But other aspects of the con were just fine. Twiggy would have been most out of place at the fashion review, and some of those fashions might just be the way that Dior, Sassoon, and Mary Quant are heading. Dare we hope? And if fans tend to remain as clannish and anachronistic as ever, the conventions appear to be getting more hip. I see the San Francisco con next year promises a rock group. How about Britain's own psychedelic geniuses (?) the Pink Floyd, and their new track, INTERSTELLAR OVERDRIVE? Or even better, Jimi Hendrix, an avowed Asimov fan, and his THIRD STONE FROM THE SUN. That should turn on even the most diehard Heinlein-Smith-Williamson fan. Then, for the Ballard fans, there's The Doors and their Jungian acid-rock epic THE END. There must be something for everyone there.

As for those who disapprove of all the people who were wandering round the convention stoned out of their tiny minds on various chemicals, well, there's plenty of science fictional precedent for that as well. There's Leonard Daventry's recent MAN OF DOUBLE DEED, where everyone's on pot and nicotine is banned as a dangerous drug. For the cons, there's Pohl's WHAT TO DO TILL THE ANALYST COMES. For those who are for the whole bag, there's Hunt Collin's TOMORROW AND TOMORROW - a fine book. And Aldous Huxley, one of sf's proudest captures, wasn't averse to a little mind-expansion, as his two books, DOORS OF PERCEPTION and HEAVEN AND HELL both show. More recently there has been Philip Dick's THREE STIGMATA OF PALMER ELDRITCH, describing hallucinogens that make STP look like child's play. In Farmer's THE LOVERS, alcohol receives its most way-out use yet as a contraceptive. Evil, evil! Ban beer! A Newcastle man who died suddenly was cut up to find out how and why, and his guts were found to consist more or less of Brown Ale. He'd been drinking 16 pints a day for umpty-tump days. The evils of terminel alcohol addiction...so it all goes to show. Sf forsaw the hallucinogenic revolution, .. or whatever you want to call it. And what better place to celebrate this literary victory than at a world science fiction convention?

So the convention was pretty entertaining in its own crude fashion, with the management fighting a losing battle all the way - the way a good con should be. But the city it was held in is considerably different. Like most big cities, New York is no place to be stuck without friends and money, especially the former. Burrowing out their living at the bottom of 500 foot canyons, the people manage to be more unpleasant en masse than in any other western city anywhere. Middle-aged matrons successfully prod you accidently-on-purpose in the belly with their specially sharpened mark 4 umbrellas as they make it to the only taxi in the vicinity five feet ahead of you. Sleek Madison Avenue types, busy wondering how to give toothpaste even more sex appeal, don't even notice as they knock you off the curb into the way of on-coming traffic that will willingly run you down if given half a chance. The man behind the counter in the restaurant won't miss the opportunity to snarl and curse when you ask for a hamburger, and the sight of a Broadway cafe owner irritably hauling his entire stock of frozen hamburgers out





of the freezer and focing a dissatisfied (and equally irritable) customer to agree that they are clean, fresh, pure, high-grade meat makes you want to puke.

New York streets are the best antidotes for happiness anywhere in the western worlds. If you are stoned out of your mind, or in any way high, all you have to do is go outside into the streets, walk around the block, be jostled half a dozen times and insulted everytime you ask for directions or something to eat, and you'll be stone cold sober by the time you get back. The whole place is expensive on one's nerves. I'm dead sure that the average life expectation of the average New Yorker must be a good ten years less than anyone anywhere else.

Still, there's always the Lower East Side and the Village for humanity and the genuine things of life. But there's been so much publicity for the Village ever since the folk boom began that now half the inhabitants of the place are tourists (like me) and most of the other half are the original ethnic inhabitants trying desperately to pretend that they don't belont to the place. The small remainder are those who are trying to learn electric guitar, have hastily forgotten their fund of Leadbelly and Bob Dylan, and have grown their hair down to their waists in an effort to cash in on the rock scene. And then there's one's first gen-u-ine Village party. Up shabby stairs in an equally (and suitably) shabby tenement building. "The real thing" you mutter in admiration, pausing to admire the ethnic rats darting up and down the worn treads. Into

small and badly ventilated flat with Stones and Grateful Dead playing simultaneously on concealed phonographs hidden somewhere in the re-lightbulb gloom that pervades the place. Dozens of evil odors wafting all over the place assault your smogfilled nostrils. Quart bottles of beer lying all over the floor. Indistinct group of people squatting on floor around octopus armed hookah, dragging great lungfuls of grass. "Jesus" you think with admiration, "when's the producer going to yell 'cut'?" Trouble is, the entire place suffers from such sever over-exposure that the entire area looks like a particularly lifelike Hollywood set. However 'real' the 'real' thing is, it seems it's just got to be phony. Too stereotyped to be true. Still, nothing wrong with that. At least some of what the papers print must be true.

Bad impressions of human degradation apart, there's a good time to be had. Once you're inside that movie scene party, you can get sufficiently stoned to stop worrying when the producer's going to appear. You can even forget about all those drunks and bums huddled up in such true documentary fashion in the doorways and stairwells of the tenements...

To someone entering the city by car for the first time, the whole mess resembles a multi-tentacled octopus designed to swallow up unwary humans and feed the surplus population to some well-oiled machine running contentedly about a mile beneath the center of Manhattan. There are hardly any signs anywhere, and those that are there seem deliberately designed to be seen after you've gone exactly one hundred irrevocable yards in the wrong direction in the middle of the rush hour, Next turn, ten miles up. Great. You can get lost in a place like that. The whole place is a kind of endemic breeding house for neurotics. If you're a claustrophobe don't go near the Rockefeller Center. If you're an agarophobe, don't go into Central Park. If you're a zenophobe, then don't go near the city at all.

But like any big city anywhere, there are so many advantages to the place, and you can have such a good time with friends that it's almost worth being robbed, smogged, insulted, jostled, moved on, searched, busted, buried in canyons, stranded on

steeples, stuck for a couple of days in a traffic jam, sent ten miles the wrong way in the Subway, and generally shat upon by the impenetrable smog. And despite all these advantages of modern civilisation, I have to admit to having had a fantastic time. Thank you New York, for having assisted me in getting rid of \$130 with such expeditiousness. Shows how efficient the capitalistic system must be if I can be parted from my money so fast that I didn't know I had it in the first place...

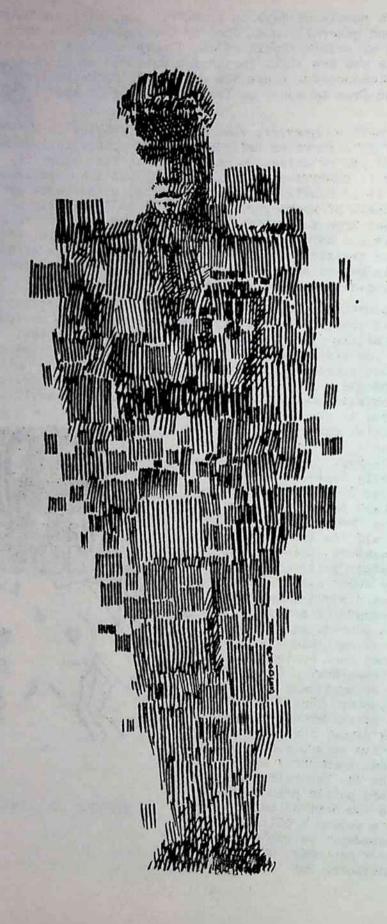
The first thing you notice, however, when you come into New York from Britain by plane, especially if it's three am British time (they invariably manage to work it so that it is) and you're asleep on your feet, is the Authority. With the Capital A. Authority is omnipresent, and has nasty but inescapable overtones of Treblinka and NKVD. It is usually fortyish, paunchy, with sparse grey crew cut covering skull fashioned of spent shell casing. It is invariably obnoxious, whether cop or customs type authority. British customs are just as obnoxious, but they are smoother and more urbane about it. They have style, whereas New York air port Authority is obnoxious, period. They especially get a kick out of opening obviously tightly packed cases and then watching you trying to cram five cubic feet of material back in a case designed for four. Big deal.

But Authority is especially characterised by the bunches of uptight cops who hang around on street corners like guilty teenagers out late, nervously swinging their sticks, and starting in fright everytime a hippie walks past. Believe it or not, even cops have conscience, and they don't really dig the idea of beating in people's faces without provocation. They haven't apparently, the slightest objection to beating people's faces in, but they prefer a bit of provocation to appease their aching consciences. Unfortunately, this wild and woolly generalisation

doesn't seem as untrue as one might wish it to be. While the British public still tolerates and even respects the British police force to a certain degree, here the cop appears to be generally regarded as public enemy number one, even by the most respectable citizen. And there is little doubt that in large measure they have only themselves to blame for all the distrust they have brought on themselves. There are so many examples of blatant police brutality that they are hardly worth quoting. There's the Detroit cop up on a murder rap. There are the constant accounts of brutality reported in the hippie papers, which I feel inclined to believe. I met this guy in Woodstock, NY, who had been busted in Brownsville on the Texas-Mexico border for having a sprinkling of marijuana in the lining of his coat pocket. They'd searched him as a suspicious character because he had a beard. (So did Jesus, for that matter.) They stripped him naked, shoved a spoon up his backside, then shone a torch up his ass in case he was incubating grass ... apparently standard police procedure. Well, great. This is the sort of thing that really endears a nation's police force to its people. I suppose it is possible to fine some sympathy for the cops, who work under difficult conditions. But then, it is



SUPPORT ST. LOUIS IN '69



also possible to sympathise with Torquemada, who thought that burning people saved their souls...

Of course, Authority over here has a much tougher drug situation to deal with, even if the British papers have been making a lot of noise about the whole thing. Britain has scarcely 1000 registered heroin addicts, a relatively tiny number. (Although how it equates with the presumably much larger number of unregistered addicts I wouldn't know.) But of course the main arguments are about acid and pot. I know nothing about the history of marijuana legislation in Britain, except that it is still very much illegal, if very much present. But it is not so present, nor are the penalties so incredible, as in this country. There must have been a lot of hysterics, or paranoids (or both) around when the Anslinger bill got passed in 1937 for some of the penalties for possession of such a mild drug are simply unbelievable. In at least one state, for example, there is a nominal death sentence for any adult caught turning a minor on to pot. The whole thing is so ludicrous as to perhaps make people ignore the (unenforceable) law even more than if the penalties were in any way more moderate.

Back in Britain, the whole storm about the Rolling Stones case blew over quite suddenly when some judge decided that the evidence was insufficient — or maybe that public protest was too great, who knows — and gave Mick Jagger and Keith Richard suspended sentences. Jagger had been given three months for the possession of several amphetamine tablets which his Harley Street doctor knew about and had approved, while Richard had been given a year for allowing his West Wittering home to be used for smoking pot when he wasn't there. The ridiculousness of these projected sentences was matched only by some of the American drug laws that appertain to marijuana.

The whole thing is getting kind of farcical. So we read about world-famous ballet dancers Fonteyn and Nureyev, pillars of the establishment, being busted at a Haight Ashbury party on the rooftops. Nureyev, when asked by a female admirer how he acheives those fantastic pas-de-deux, reportedly replied 'drugs, madam, drugs.' Next we'll learn that Johnson has been in some kind of drug-induced fantasy for the past three years; the drug being a new super-derivative of STP which gives a permanent trip, delusions of grandeur, paranoid persecution mania, invincibility, plus Christ-identification-cum-Messiah-complex. After all, we have his own word for it that he has 'kept his cool' and hasn't 'bugged out' (whatever he means by that); perhaps the poor guy is merely on an extremely bad trip. Perhaps all of the world's politicians are. It's about the only possible explanation for their actions.

Although Britain isn't in anywhere the same social turmoil as this country, a great deal of genuinely important social legislation has gone thru Parliament. Homosexuality is no longer a criminal offence; an abortion law has been passed, and the scheme of a couple of Birmingham councillors to make money out of the oldest profession by putting the city's brothels under government supervision and taxing business has attracted wide attention and a surprising amount of approval. Although some western countries, notably West Germany and pre-Gaullist France, have been hip to this notion for years, it is quite a moralistic departure for Dear Old Britain, the originator of the Double Standard that still operates in most western countries.

There is, unfortunately, one field in which America is more advanced than Britain - the music field. As far as this country is concerned, I only have one gripe - the way the record industry is currently forcing you to buy stereo whether you want to or not, simply by refusing to produce any more mono discs.

Just recently (the middle of September) I went along to the local branch of E.J. Korvettes to pick up copies of two records I'd just heard - Forest Flower, by Charles Lloyd; and the Procol Harum album - a remarkable effort by a group



hardly three months old. I found them, but only in stereo. On asking at the counter, I learned that no mono copies of either record had been received. This seems to be happening everywhere, and I read in Billboard that the record industry hopes to have completely ousted mono discs from the large stores by Christmas. Fine. Great. True Big Brother Is Watching You stuff. If you want to buy the records, and you only have a mono player, now you've got to get a stereo record player, or install a stereo cartridge in your player at extra expense. Even if you can find any mono copies, you're going to have to pay \$5.79 from now on, because the record companies don't approve of you buying mono. True democracy. I needed a new player anyway.

But record company dictatorship apart, the music scene at the moment is better than it has ever been. There are rock groups like the Doors, Country Joe & the Fish, and the Beatles, reaching mass audiences with intelligent and well conceived compositions, whose background extends way beyond Bill Haley and Moon-June. Procol Harum's Repent Walpurgis, however Bach influenced the organ may be, is beautiful on any level, and the composition has attained a sophistication that is incredible in such a new group. The thing is that they, along with other new groups everywhere, have absorbed the influence of the original rock groups, of whom only the Beatles are still wholly with us, and are producing second-generation, baroque music; the same way that the Mannerists absorbed the lessons of the High Renaissance. Their art lacked the simplicity and purity of the original, perhaps, but it was intensely more exciting and dramatic. The same with the new pop music.

One of the best examples of this is the eleven and a-half minute track on the Doors' first Electra album, The End. This is a track into which one can legitimately read any number of meanings; a musical kaleidoscope into which Jim Morrison, the singer, weaves his own personal advice of how to cope with reality. 'This is the end' he sings...'the end of all elaborate plans, The end of everything that stands, ... the end of laughter and soft lies, The end of nights we tried to die.' Referring apparently (according to Paul Rothchild, the Doors' producer) to the end of alien influences and external reality, the end being brought on by an acid trip. The whole song is musically valid despite what anyone might think of the premises involved. Getting into the trip, away from the mundane world of other people's reality, he sings 'Can you picture what will be. So limitless and free, Desperately in need of some stranger's hand In a desperate land...' and then...'Lost in a Roman wilderness of pain Where all the children are insane Waiting for the summer rain' which suggests existance in a decadent world where everyone is waiting to be cleansed - cleansed by Morrison's own concept of reality. The song goes on, after sections of apparently meaningless imagery, (?) to its central portion, a modern re-enactment of the Oedipus myth - 'the killer woke before dawn' - resulting in the death of his father and rape of his mother; again easily interpreted as symbolic rejection of external realities and alien concepts - as represented by parental training and teaching. And so on. This kind of song could never have been recorded two years ago - not necessarily because of recording taboos, but because no one would have seen anything commercial in it. Yet the Doors album is highly commercial. Currently it is selling the third highest in America. And that, by any criterion, spells success.

The Doors, after their success with <u>Light My Fire</u>, became the second West Coast hippie group to make it big, after the rather more light-weight <u>Jefferson Air-plane</u>. On stage, Morrison has overbearing presence, tall, with a face reminiscent of medieval portraits of the crucified Christ; grunting and screaming as he builds up into a song; Ray Manzarek carrying two separate tunes on either hand on upper and lower registers of his Hammond organ, employing a swift, penetrating style that few other organists can match. These two are the figureheads and precisely one half, in numbers and importance, of one of the best groups ever to emerge in the rock music field.

There are others almost as good. Surprisingly, the Mothers, whose records do nothing to support the theory that they have any musical talent whatsoever, consisting as they do of elaborate piss-takes of other groups and of society in general, are musically one of the best bands in the country. On stage they insult the audience, belch into the microphone, insult politicians, other groups, and their acquaintances indiscriminately, and then suddenly break into a twenty-five or forty minute instrumental, of which perhaps half consists of the second or third best guitar solo you ever heard from Frank Zappa (he can sound more like Hendrix than Hendrix himself!), and the rest, comprising trumpets, sax, etc., an original Zappa composed and Zappa conducted-in-person performance that owes more to Edgar Varese - whom Zappa acknowledges often - than any other rock group or blues singer.

The Mothers originated in Los Angeles. Most of the other groups seem to come from San Francisco, the same way that most of the groups three years ago seemed to come from Liverpool. Country Joe & the Fish, the doyen of the hippie groups, have a beautiful album out on Vanguard which is rapidly becoming commercially successful. As with the Doors, there is much drug influenced material here as well, including one song which the BBC could legitimately ban, at long last, as a real, live, honest-to-god drug song!...Bass Strings: -'Hey Partner, won't you pass that reefer round'...'just one more trip now and I know I'll stay high all the time.' A beautiful song, musically; as is Sad and Lonely Times, Porpoise Mouth, and the last cut on a beautiful album, Grace. This is seven minutes of mindless lyrics and non sequitur music which you don't like when you try to find meaning in it. Consisting of random noises and phrases it evokes pictures and images completely removed from any form of reality, and once accepted this way, suddenly becomes the most beautiful track on the al-

becomes the most beautiful track on the album.

And there appears to be an endless stream of musically exciting new groups producing their first albums, all of which are worth listening to... Moby Grape;

Big Brother and the Holding Co.; The Paupers. And, of course, Procol Harum. Even allowing for the fact that Matthew Fisher had two years training in classical music, it doesn't begin to explain how a new group can produce such satisfying and exciting stuff as A Christmas Camel; Salad Days, and Repent, Walpurgis. These musicians blend to produce music which no British group could have produced last year - not even the Beatles. Pop's own Baroque revolution has crossed the

Atlantic! - A revolution of pop music in which it is spreading beyond commonly accepted popular music boundaries. Ravi Shankar is old hat now. Charles Lloyd, John Handy, and Chico Hamilton are all jazz musicians who are gaining wide pop popularity - as the former's successful appearances at Monterey and the Fillmore Auditorium show. Chico Hamilton currently employs brilliant new guitarist Larry Coryell, who doubles equally happily between jazz and rock music. As with many other musicians, music fans, and with popular music itself, the boundaries and barriers have been split wide apart. The music itself is no longer just the thing, it is what the artists are trying to express. And at last, maybe, there is an audience capable of understanding and appreciating what musicians, whether Jim Morrison, Ravi Shankar, Manitas de Plata, Charles Lloyd, or whomever, are trying to do - find their own reality, to put it pretentiously. And it's great that they should be commercially successful, for suddenly, the level and variety of pop music has improved immeasurably. Let's hope it can continue to do so. Maybe more hip radio operators will appear, who will cease banning songs because of questionable lyrics or because of the artist's reputation. A vain hope perhaps. Here, let us have a moment of silence for the British pirate radio stations. As of this writing, only Caroline is still afloat. The good old BBC has succeeded in establishing its own - ugh - pop stations. This is why my hope of radio integrity is vain. Still, it was a nice dream while it lasted. Back we go to Engelbert Humperdinck and Lawrence Welk .....

Another way in which America is quite considerably more advanced is in its household gadgetry. This has proved to be my downfall on several occasions. Gaily slinging my dirty clothes down the laundry chute in the bathroom, I began to wonder after several days why I'd got none of my laundry back clean. I asked, and we spent an hour fighting thru dozens of piles of washing, but discovered nothing of mine. 'Funny', I said, 'they must have crawled away on their own. I distinctly remember throwing several things down the bathroom chute several days ago.'

'Bathroom chute? - We don't have any bathroom chute...'

'Yes you do - that thing by the door with the grille and the metal flap.'

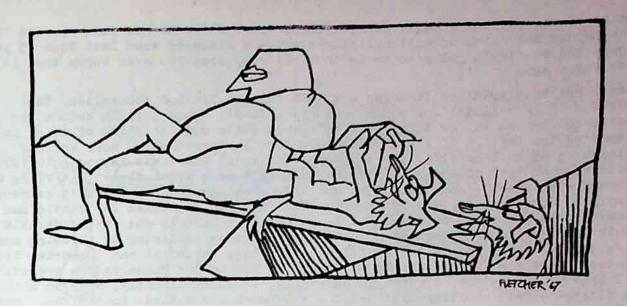
Comprehension dawns. 'You've been throwing your clothes down the air-conditioning vent.'

Inspection reveals that this is indeed so.

After all, you must remember that we're still pretty retarded in some areas of the world and just don't have these things...

But the most evil custom in this country is the drinking of ice-cold tea. Now everyone should know that tea is a drink that has been appropriated by the British thru centuries of usage, and as such it should be consumed with due decorum and deference; hot, with plenty of sugar and milk. The only other race I will admit as being essentially dignified enough to consume tea were the Mandarin Chinese, and they appear to have been somewhat permanently displaced by 700 million paper tigers. The Mongols' consumption of this beverage with rancid butter floating in it is a fitting tribute to their standard of civilisation, and to drink it hot with lemon is something that one could only expect of the Russians. But...ice-cold... tea...with lumps of ice swilling about in it...is little short of sacrilege...

Another thing one notices fresh over from Britain is the new super-king-size cigarrettes, the 100 millimeter things. Advertisements everywhere bragging how they last all of seven minutes. Normally a straight cigarette is something of a disaster if it fails to last that long. A British cigarette, three times as expensive, often will last twice as long. It seems kind of miraculous that they can manufacture a type twice as long which burns thru twice as fast. The trend is obviously to build brands which are so long that they need pool rests to support



the ends, which are also capable of burning thru in two to three minutes. Advertising and the subconscious being what they are, the fantastically phallic nature of such cigarettes will give them a clean sweep of the market in a few weeks. As it is, the super kings seem to rely entirely on the dirty subconscious in certain cases - 'It's not how long you make it; it's how you make it long'; 'You're in longhorn country when you smoke a ....' (censored) Isn't Madison Avenue a wonderful place?

Perhaps suprisingly, there is less difference in the relative costs of living between the two countries than one might be led to suppose by the disparity in wages earned. Food is about 15% more expensive, perhaps; whereas many items such as gas (half the price); records (two-thirds); cigarettes (one-third); spirits (liquor) (two-thirds to full) are considerably cheaper. In Scotland, the home of Scotch whisky, a bottle costs about 48/- for the cheapest brands to over 60/- for the more expensive ones; or about \$7 to \$9 or \$10. There ain't no justice.

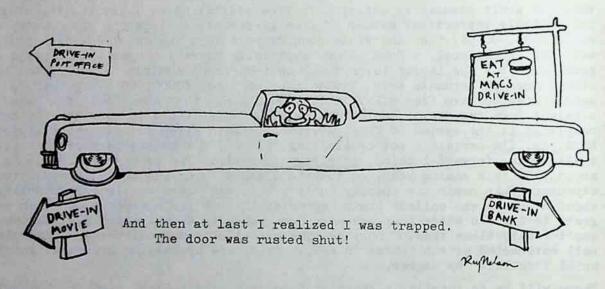
Of course, Britain's semi-socialistic, middle-of-the-road mess that answers to the name of a government insures that the British are the most taxed nation on earth, with income tax of something well over 40% at the moment, for a start. When the whole country is entitled to free medical care, including the utopian but entirely impractical matter of free prescriptions (costing the country an extra \$150,000 pa) then the whole country pays thru the nose. But free (!) medicine is obviously a Good Thing, especially where the aged and crippled are concerned. But the Labour 'everything-must-be-free' syndrom is manifested in other, more unfortunate ways. The country pays out \$3000,000 every year for school kids to have free milk. It is a good guess that about half that goes straight down the drain. Another thing about which there is considerably more complaint is the system of free government grants given to university students. Mind you, I'm certainly not complaining, since I'm a beneficiary of this fine, egalitarian, forward-looking, intelligent, system. The government is giving me about \$750 this coming year, no questions asked, over and above my educational expenses. This costs the country quite a bit, and there's a lot of grumbling about students who collect their degree at the country's expense and then emigrate to America where they can make some money in a Capitalist system. One can't really blame them, I suppose. The socialistic mentality seems sufficiently well entrenched at the moment to retain this fine upstanding system at least until I collect my degree.

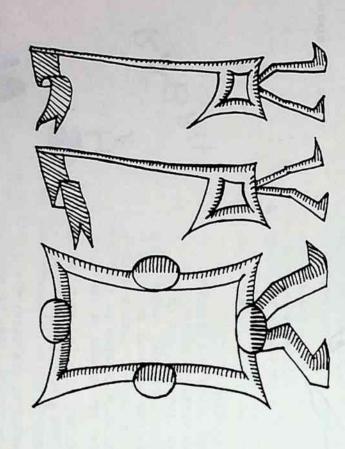
There will be an inevitable reaction because Harold Wilson, right in the political mire at the moment, is trying to do a de Gaulle by taking over the economic

reins of the country as well as everything else. Since he has just carried thru the Labour obsession of nationalising steel - a disaster when last done 15 years ago - the economy's going to be in the shit very shortly, even worse than it was two years ago.

Let's end this tract as it began - with a science fiction convention. The OZARKON II, a regional con which took place in St. Louis a month before the world convention in New York. I didn't know quite what to think of this. Having departed the British sf scene completely for the (presumably) more worldly pleasures of college life, the last con I attended there was Yarmouth in 1966 Easter, when lots of Mods and Rockers were in town - about their last fling as separate entities - and the police and the hotel management were both extremely uptight. Consequently, the hotel under-manager, the perennial fat little man who imagines he has a lot of power and is prepared to use his not inconsiderable bulk in asserting it. persisted in making things entertaining by throwing out everyone who belonged to the overflow hotel whose sartorial and tonsorial inclinations were specifically designed to excite his tender conservative prejudices. 'I know your type' he screamed incoherently, frothing slightly, at Bram Stokes, a flying-booted, shoulder-hair-length, pointed-fingernailed, London fan, 'and the things you thugs do. And I'm not going to stand for it. We've got a reputation to maintain in this establishment. Out, d'you hear me? Out.' So saying, half the convention was ejected into the swinging fuzz-infested streets of Great Yarmouth. Great. As we discovered, you can really freak out on a deserted beach at midnight in sub-zero temperatures, with dive-bombing seagulls for the only company. The other hotel had been locked up for the night. Ha Ha. After two nights of this, we got sf writers Brian Aldiss and Harry Harrison to tell the fat under-manager exactly what he could do with himself. He went and did it, and looked extremely miserable as a result. Thank you, Brian and Harry. T'was much appreciated.

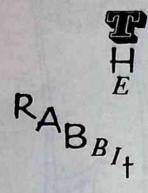
None of this at Ozarkon. Everyone seemed the best of friends, no assault, and only slight drunkeness, a hotel management that actually didn't bother anyone, and in general the maximum of good time and conversation, and the minimum of riot and disturbance. What is one to do in the face of such civilization? So there it is. It is possible to have a peaceful convention. Which is a good note upon which to end dissection of America...



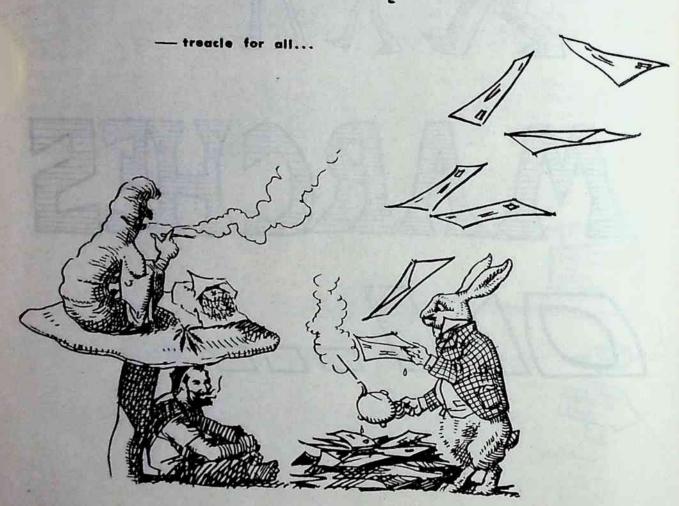


# 

# Down



HOLL



### JEAN-PIERRE TURMEL

My first impression...very fine job, well printed and perfectly illustrated...marvellous drawings of Gaughan. He is of course one of my favorite artists with Emsh, Wood and Morrow, but now I think he is the first of them. His principal qualities are the strength of his drawing and a remarkable composition.

After reading ODD my impression was more complete: ODD is different from French Fanzines, and very similar to the fanzine I shall put out (I hope) in a few years. (A short prayer please)

In France, and Europe of the French language, the most important part of a fanzine is compounded of short stories and novelettes (Science-Fiction and Weird), the rest consists of critiques and comments about books, films(SF and horror), magazines, TV, fanzines, comics...etc — we never have such editorials as "Voice of the Turtle" for instance (Just sometimes something about an author). Why? ... I think it is because S-F has really begun, in FRANCE, since 1953, and we are very young in that kingdom.

There is also the fact that no one is "Hippie" in France. I am one (unless LSD and long hair is an absolute requirement to qualify) but feel lonely and drowned in the mass of "not so nice people" (very paranoiac expression) [There are beatnics but they are not so in the way of Ginsberg, they are idiots].

In France (again!) Science-Fiction is a sort of "Ghetto" where fans are quite narrow minded persons — only one thing is important to them: to promote S-F and Weird literature. This is good but not enough; there are many things to change in the world and many other arts to love. I am very pleased to find in ODD and other fanzines that some people in the U.S.A. are for peace and love.

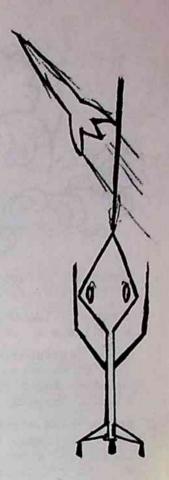
[[Actually, Jean, the great majority of Americans are for peace and love. But there seems to be rather strong differences of opinion on how to best achieve them.]]

I was also very interested to read something about what we call in France: "Pop Music" (rock-primative and new, R and B, Blues, Folk, Psychedelic). Actually, except for people who are conversant in English, the true psychedelic movement is not, as yet, very well known over here. I have never heard "The Mothers", I have heard only one record of the Fugs-"Kill for Peace"- I have recorded one marvellous tune of "The Jefferson Airplane", and I have seen and heard 40 seconds on TV of the delirious Psychedelic Party in London (In January '67) with the "Pink Floyd". It is not enough!

Of course Jimmy Hendrix is fabulous (and famous in France) and I like the Rollin' Stones, The Cream, Otis Redding, Bob Dylan,...and the last LP of the Beatles.

Was the World Science-Fiction Convention in New York interesting? [[Yes, very much so. It was a great convention. And some very great and wonderful people were there. Joyce and I were only sorry there weren't more hours in the day so we could have met more of them; and visited longer with those we did meet. We had a ball — a really wonderful time!]]

But was it really a "World Convention"? I think not...but of course it is our own fault. When the 23rd convention was in London in '65 (The first completely international SF Convention because even Communist Countries were represented)





only 3 French fans were in the Mount Royal Hotel. This was a great disappointment for French fans. We are not completely bad in S.F.! Why our authors have not wanted or decided to go to this convention I don't know. Some of these authors can compete with the best of the American authors.

Nathalie Ch. Henneberg - Michel Demuth - Francis Carsac, who is a friend of Poul Anderson. He has suggested to him the first

ideas of "Marque and Reprisal" (and two other parts of the trilogy.) In that text a river is called "Carsac". (What do you think of Poul Anderson?)

There is also Stephan Wull. Alain Doremieux (reductor of "Fiction" and "Galaxie") and a new one, Juy Scovel. His real name is Jean Pierre Fontana.

Since September, 1966. I was informed of the "Convention of Heidelburg" for '70, by Mercury. Gert Zech (D.6900 Heidelburg, Monshhofstr. 12 - 13, West Germany) began to organize and research persons interested in that convention. I shall probably write to him soon.

But we have already in Europe Le Festival de St. Sebastian (Spain) for comics and films, and Le Festival de Trieste for films of S.F. that begins (since last year) a sort of European convention. The first times, this 'festival' was bad but since '66 it has been better. Harry Harrison and A. C. Clarke were present. I shall speak of the '67 Festival perhaps in my next letter.

This year we have had also, in Berne (Switzerland), a Science Fiction Expo, which was good, organised in part by Pierre Versin.

All my encouragement for St. Louis in '69. I hope you will be successful.

38 Rue Annie de Pene, 76 Rouen, France

### TERRY JEEVES

Once again, many thanks for the current issue of ODD. This must without doubt, be one of the most immaculately produced zines around today. Merely picking it up gives a satisfying feel of really handling a labour of love rather than the oh-too-frequent half dozen sheets of crud loosely stapled together which pass for fanzines today.

However. I'm sad to say that on the material side, I thought ODD slipped up rather badly this time. Normally, it comes out well on the PLUS side in my book, but this time I'm afraid not. Now I realise and want to emphasise that this is just MY opinion, and has no other validity. What you publish is entirely your pidgeon, but to be of value, a LoC should be honest, so here for what it is worth is my commentary on the current issue, together with what I didn't like, and why I didn't like it.

I liked Jennings work on pages 3, 4, & 5, but then he went and ruined it with that tripe on page 22. The other art was pleasing, but for those terrible (psychedelic?) heading titles. Some of them I just COULD NOT READ, and had to turn back to the contents page to find what they were supposed to say.

The elephant piece wasn't my cup of tea, though I don't want to criticise it. It struck me as a college project piece which the author submitted to you rather than to the WPB.

Richard Gordon's piece was interesting, even if he does seem to live in an England on an alternate time-track to mine. This is probably because I live a humdrum fuddy duddy sort of life, whereas he seems to be more in the swing of things.

I did LIKE, the fanzine reviews, but would like to have seen more zines covered. I liked the Incomplete Essayist, and fully agree that the best time to live is now. Ted White's piece on paranoia in sf was also a goodly cup of tea, and I enjoyed the lettercol very much too. Bill Bowers, however, rang no bells with me. I don't like this fancy writing style which is becoming so prevalent these days.

Which about runs me out, sorry to be so gloom ridden, but I do try to write an honest letter of comment. No hard feelings I hope. [[No. It helps me keep a proper sense of proportion.]] I include a few illos as a peace offering.

30 Thompson Road, Sheffield 11, England

### AL SNIDER

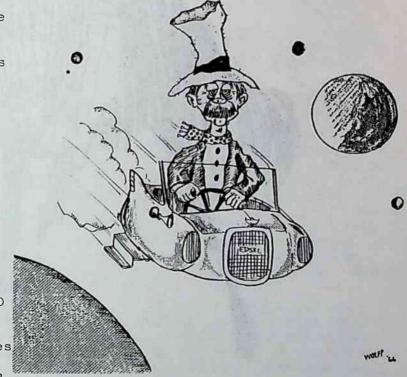
It was, to say the least, somewhat of a pleasure to receive the last issue of ODD. I enjoyed the content, the format, and the appearence, but it was all not without fault. [[Yes, one or two people have pointed this out to me.]]

ODD is done in a beautiful manner. That is to say—you use the right equipment. It costs money to publish a magazine like ODD, and I sympathize with your financial difficulties. However, I salute the spirit which enables you to continue your efforts in the area of publishing the type of magazine you do-professional looking.

However, fault exists, which is the one maxim that proves physical existence. The fault is in lay-out. Don't get me wrong, your lay-out is fine, but it doesn't match up to the quality which one would expect from a magazine containing the quality of material and the excellent printing job that ODD has. In other words, you don't <u>design</u> a page professionally.

I am not claiming that <u>I</u> could design a set-up, nor am I making fun of you for <u>not</u> being professional, but I believe that with a little more work, you could make it as good as the rest of ODD.

First, get a different type style. The best thing you could do for ODD would be to buy a Selectric type-writer. With the amount of type styles you can get on usual machines of this nature is fantastic. I don't know what type of machine you





are using to print ODD on, but I have a suspicion that it is not using paper masters, which is good. If you are using photo-offset, then Selectric is for you. But, second, what do you do because you are not professionals? Ghod only knows, but I guess that comes with experience, and I should get that in about 20 or 30 years.

[[Oddly enough, we <u>do</u> use paper masters. The illustrations are fused directly on paper masters with a Xerox model-four process camera and a model "D" processing unit(it won't handle solid black so we pencil all solid black areas in with a direct reproducing pencil), then the text is typed directly on master with a Hermes Carbon ribbon typer. The printing is done on an ancient 1227 multilith (the 1227 model hasn't been in production since 1938-and ours was not one of the last ones made, even back then). The early ODD's, 1 thru 13, were mimeographed. From 14 on they have been offset. Considering the amount of hand retouching-of the paper masters-that must be done on each issue, and the antiquity of our press, the printing is considerably more difficult than the mimeographing was. But we feel it gives a correspondingly better result, so it's worth it.]]

Now that I've got that off my chest, let's go to the content of ODD 17, which was superb. The Voice of the Turtle was somewhat average and boring, but oftentimes necessary if one wishes to run a tight ship.

The story by Bill Bowers was interesting, if somewhat lacking in depth. The idea of mental contact over vast spaces was somewhat interesting, and the way in which the eternal cruelty of war was handled was delightful. The piece was enjoyable, though it could have been stretched out a little more to give us more of a taste of the feeling of the story.

Novitiate by Joyce Fisher was quite good, as far as poetry or free verse goes, but what I found most satisfying was the page opposite the poem. I envisioned that bit of artwork as the cover to my next issue of GEOPOLITICUS, but despaired after a while with the realization that reprinting something for a cover is just not done, at least not by me.

Ted White had an interesting look at the obvious in his Paranoia article. Indeed, this is the case with <u>most</u> fiction, and those works which deal with this same point in an extremely good fashion, or differentiate from it most skillfully are those books and essays which are <u>best</u>.

I found Dominick's artwork to be fairly good—at least some of it. The best of the whole lot was on page 25, which outdid the front and back covers in quality. The idea was well conceived and ingeniously wrought with pen and ink.

Nelson and his LSD bunk makes me sick. It reminds me of something I heard on the radio the other day about religion. It is said that God is everywhere, and to be closer to God is become more aware and appreciative of things everywhere, no drugs needed. What Nelson is experiencing is a hallucination, the same kind which the Africans interpret as acts of God. He is making a religion out of LSD, God isn't, and I think that any God who can be reached just by popping a little capsule in your mouth is not only off his rocker but not worth seeing anyway. Like the TV blurb says, if you don't see God in people's faces, in a blade of grass, in a silken cloud, then you can't see it in any hallucinatory haze. End of sermon.

[[While I do not speak from experience, only from surmise, I somehow get the feeling that the only 'God' the LSD helps one discover is the 'God' that is within one's self; that is, one's self-and that self's oneness with all of man and the Universe. This may be "bunk" as you say. But the record of the actions of the flower people twords their fellow men, when contrasted with that of the "true-believers" of other religions, does not speak well of "other" religions.]]

For Rich Gordan's edification, may it please him to know that I am a member of the Welsh and Scottish Nationalist Parties. While studying in the UK a couple of years ago I joined them just for kicks, and even went to a couple of local meetings. For the SNP it was over by Lochcarron, just where I forget now, but it was interesting. I used to go over there to watch the tourists drive through in large coaches, with their fat noses pressed against the windows and all. I enjoyed the UK, what with all of its little sayings and bits of humor. It was a helluva lot of fun! Besides, if one wants to learn about Shakespeare, one goes to the UK.

It's all peachy to lose for a WorldCon to a bunch of what Donaho calls "beer-and-circus fans", but when you lose to a bunch of stagnant-water-and-flu fans like the Ohio bunch, then that is bad! I mean, we can all go up to Berkeley and have a ball, but what can they offer me in Ohio for the "\$\phi\$-Con"? Grotch! You had better win for St. Louis. Several letters still leave me unconvinced that the "\$\phi\$-Con will be a \*ball\*.

### 1021 Donna Beth, West Covina, California 91790

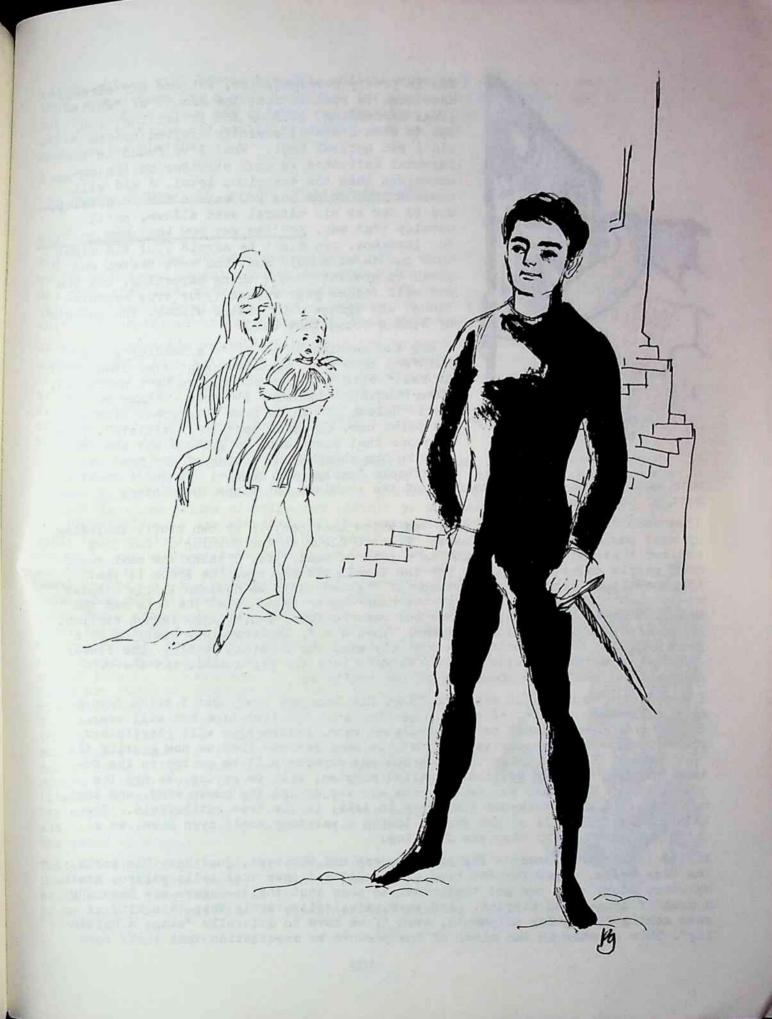
[Since the days of OPUS, FANVARIETY, FAN-TO-SEE, and the first incarnation of ODD in the fifties; since the fantabulous room 770 party at the '51 NOLACON, Missouri has had a long history of hospitality, fun, good-times and fannish traditions. On the last weekend of July, 1966 and 1967, we have hosted two highly successful regionals, OZARKON I & II. And, by the time of the 1968 BAYCON. we will have held another, OZARKON III. We take a back seat to no one when it comes to the enjoyment of good natured camaraderie among fans. Yet we are also willing to do the hard work and careful planning that is necessary to a successful and enjoyable convention. We are not 'Johnny-come-latelys' to fandom. Nor are we so pushy as to ignore the niceties of fannish tradition in order to get one more drop of attention given to our convention bid...or to ourselves. We desire the privilege of giving fandom the 1969 World Con, not to become better known ourselves, nor to achieve instant BNF status; but so that we may all get to know each other better .. and have a DAMN GOOD TIME in the process!!! Your support for St. Louis for the 1969 WorldCon is appreciated, and we intend to give a convention worthy of it.

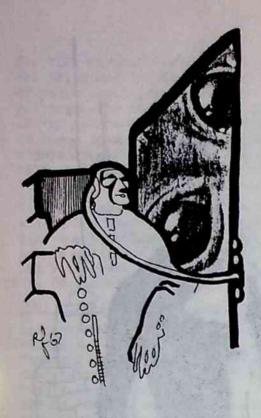
### RAY NELSON:

Why do I like Joyce's Blue Whales and not Phillip Canning's "Encounter"? I think it's because whales sink. Scythian archers get shot, too, but Phil doesn't mention that. The glimpse of fatality has got to be there, in a poem about "The Cosmic All" or it isn't, in the deepest sense, realistic. It's too easy to say "God is...." and then fill in the blank with any old thing that happens to come into your head. (For instance, "God is a blue enameled bedpan under a bed.") Joyce already pointed this out in her zen poem, a few issues back.

Joyce, in this issue, is, as is often the case, head and shoulders above everything else. "Novitiate" is particularly sharp. She has learned the secret of how never to be really corny. As Thoreau put it, "I, on my side, require of every writer, first or last, a simple and sincere account of his own life, and not merely what he has heard of other men's lives; some such account as he would send to his kindred from a distant land, for if he has lived sincerely it must have been in a distant land to me."

Henry Miller leads off the "Tropic of Capricorn" with a quote from Peter Abelard to the same effect. All the writers I really worship write like Joyce does... from where she really is at.





Eos is pretty straight, too, but she may already have come to realize that the amount of "whittling, harnessing, guiding and irrigating" you can do with a kid is strictly limited by the kid's own natural bent. What I've found is that parental influence is much stronger on the unconscious than the conscious level. A kid will somehow pick up on how you expect him to develop, and so far as his natural bent allows, he'll develop that way, not the way you want him to. For instance, you might be afraid your kid might turn out to be a holy man, and move heaven and earth to prevent such a thing happening, but the kid will follow your frears (your true expectations) and ignore your stated wishes. The parents of Buddha found that out.

I dig the sentiments in "It's a Soldier's Job" but feel that it's no improvement over other "War is hell" bits that you and others have published. Even President Johnson, I'm sure, thinks war is hell. Unless you go on from this great discovery to point out, as Joyce does in "Novitiate", that factors that contribute to produce war are inherant in the thought and action of our most respectable "religious" people, you don't contri-

bute much toward an understanding of the problem, let alone the finding of some sert of solutions to it.

I've used the same paranoia plot Ted White mentions, in my own stuff, including my most successful short to date, "Eight O'Clock in the Morning". But I've noticed that this paranoia plot is a part of real life. I think the main reason most people cheered so loudly for the Israli victory over the Arabs is that they saw it in terms of the triumph of the underdog. We devious little hippies are not above using this myth of the underdog to "mind-fuck" the cops and the Establishment in general. We have our reasons for dressing like famous victims, like Jesus and the American Indians. When a big, uniformed cop beats up on a poor pacifist flower child, the cop only wins the physical battle. The flower child wins the psychedelic battle. He gets into the cop's mind, and the public's mind, and that's where the action really is.

I agree with Paul Willis that the "Good Old Days are now". But I think future ages will agree. This, after all, is the first and last time man will ever change from a one-planet to a many-planet race. Future ages will glorify our present times in the same way and for the same reasons that we now glorify the "Old West". I don't agree that the systems experts will be on top in the future, though. I think we, the so-called hippies, will be on top. We are the only ones in the field who really know our way around the human mind, and that, not some hunk of bombed-out geography in Asia, is the true battlefield. The Establishment is well on the way to losing a war they don't even know, on a conscious level, that they are fighting.

We see in Richard Gordon's England, Obscene and Observed, just how this works. The Mass Media, eager for the kind of sensational news that sells papers, grabs up every story they can get that seems to show that the teenagers are becoming a mess of drug-doped hippies. And we hippies deliberately keep this kind of news coming in regular shipments, even if we have to literally "stage a happening". This creates in the minds of the parents an expectation that their sons

and daughters will become hippies, and the kids pick up on this, and do. Thus, every time one hippie is busted for drugs, the newspapers and TV see to it that three new hippies are recruited in his place. This mass media is just one big amplified guitar, and we, baby, are the ones who know how to play it.

I am You.

333 Ramona Avenue, El Cerrito, California 94532

# HARRY WARNER, JR.

I don't follow Ted White's reasoning at all. He fails to show me the link that he finds between mental illness and one of the basic ideas that science fiction has inherited from myth, fairy tales, and 19th century three-volume novels. I believe that Cinderella somewhat antedates van Vogt and invalidates Ted's claim that Slan is the prototype fantasy of this particular theme.

Margaret Dominick's autobiography is a trifle hard to follow, but it provides some insights into what must be a fascinating person. (I can't figure out if she hated or loved her husband, or how she distinguishes between good modern art and the junk.) [That's part of the mystery, Harry.] The series of drawings is impressive, and leaves me to wonder why she hasn't made a mark illustrating children's fiction. Toned down a trifle in view of its audience, her style would be ideal for fairy tales.

I envy Ray Nelson's courage in putting himself down on parer for public consumption so frankly. I hope it does some good if he intended it as a possible aid to his efforts to resolve some of his problems. My recent reading has included the thick volume of collected letters of another man whose sex like was not compatible with the standards of the bourgeois prude, Oscar Wilde. I hon-

estly believe that Oscar and Ray have about the same amount of genius as writers, and while Oscar had more success in the great world of letters, Ray has fewer nasty traits like the snobbishness and posturing that made Oscar such a laughing stock. The contrast between Ray's article in Odd and the enormous letter by Oscar later published in part as De Profundis makes me thankful all over again that I'm living in an age and country which gives the genius a chance of staying out of prison. I don't mean to imply that Ray's problems are those of Oscar or that Ray has done the stupid things that eventually landed Oscar in prison; I do mean that it's progress of sorts when a Ray Nelson in 1967 can write frankly of his honest effort to make some changes in his way of living, while 70 years ago an Oscar Wilde found himself writing a rambling series of half-truths that turned out to be his last literary creation of any consequence. I hope that Ray adjusts sufficiently to reach a little happiness and then hits the literary jackpot time after time in the years to come.

That all ties in quite nicely to Paul Willis' three cheers for the good today. I'm also certain that I would rather live today than in any past era, 'though in my case I'm afraid that my preference is based on





a much simpler factor than political or ethical considerations. I don't like pain or a needlessly premature death, and it's been just in the past few decades that a sick or injured person can undergo an operation without remaining conscious through the agaony and can hope for a long life after he's run a rusty nail into his foot. On the other hand, I'm not sure that I prefer to think of a future in which the systems experts will have the power that the politicians now possess. The politicians are frightful enough but they have the slight advantage that they rise in some cases from the ranks of the little people and remain loyal to their native crowd. The bureaucrat doesn't need to remember the little guy for the sake of votes at election

time; all he needs is to feed his power lust by piling up more subordinates, acquiring new titles, and expanding whatever subempire he has created in the governmental or industrial complex.

Richard Gordon would be surprised if he visited some areas of the United States that have been soccer-conscious for many years. In the western part of this country, soccer has been a more popular cold weather sport than football for many years, and it has also been very strong in Baltimore in past years, although professional football has hurt it in Baltimore. I feel that the formation of a professional soccer league in the United States involved one basic mistake, the hot weather season. It's too violent a sport for best results when the temperature is high. Moreover, it must compete in the big cities with 162-game baseball seasons and the lure of the beaches. Run the season from October through December, and there would be little else to compete against on Sunday afternoons except the 14 games that the professional football season represents in each city.

My eyes popped when I ran across the John Christopher letter in the loc section. I can't remember him responding to any fanzine for many, many years. You keep this up, and you'll have Ray Bradbury publishing a fanzine again.

[Anhh, how 1 wish it were possible, Harry. The fanzine field is one of the last bastions of a free press-where something can be printed because the editor and the author wants it to be. A fanzine loses money. Everybody knows it. So it doesn't have to attempt to be comercially successful. It can print what ever it wants. (Or at least it can attempt to—getting material is a bit of a problem, good material anyway.) Too bad so many of the old timers have left the field, and so much of the good material being printed today is encysted away in a very limited circulation apa zine. Not that there isn't good material being published in some very good genzines today. There is. But I wish there were more material in-and for-more genzines.]

Incidently, when this issue of Odd arrived, I looked at its plus 80 page-count, groaned, and warned myself that it would be weeks or months before I could possibly find time to read anything of such size. Tonight I plunged in and found myself all the way through it before I realized what was happening. That's one of the best tributes I can think of for a fanzine. Even if your lavish use of illustrations speeds up the reading process a little, I imagine you have enough wordage for fifty unilluminated pages, and I can't rember the last time I went through so many words so rapidly.

[[Them's kind words, Mr. Warner, kind words. Hope you like this 120+ page issue, and that it reads as easily, also.]]

# 423 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown, Maryland, 21740

# JOE STATON

ODD # 17 is really one fine looking magazine.

I'm embarrassed, though, by the particular example of my work that graces its pages.

Here are a few examples of what I hope are better work, and if I catch you running anything not expressly designed for ODD again, I shall personally and with great pleasure cut off both your ears.

Luck, Joe ...

## 469 Ennis Street, Milan, Tennessee

[[Yes, sir...yes, sir! As I am quite attached to my ears, both of them—we've been close for years—I will be most happy to do as you say. And if you'd care to postpone the threat of such a savage severance even furthur into the future by the timely submission of an odd illo or so when the mood strikes you, pray be our guest...]]



## RICHARD ELLSBERRY

It was such a long time between issues that I thought you'd taken my advice and tossed in the sponge. The current issue, however, is undoubtedly the best you've ever done, in terms of design and reproduction. I've seen better material, but I think you have the battle won; I think you'll find potential authors willing to contribute to a "slick" magazine.

Ron Willis' article was very good; next time you're in touch with him ask him for me where in Grant County, Wisc., the Elephant Mound is. I've fished up there on the Platte, and probably will again in that river and the Grant. The mound sounds like a worthwhile side-trip, if still in existance. Incidently, if you ever get up in that neck of the woods, be sure to try Potosi beer. Although probably brewed with pure Mississippi muck, it's the best I've had in a long time.

Another thing about the article tickled me—the 1872 Bucks County stone drawing. All of the "reasons" why it couldn't be authentic were the same ones applied to the Kensington Runestone from Minnesota. My long range plans call for one day writing an article about this stone and proving its authenticity. [[Any chance of getting you do do something along that line for ODD? We'd love a shot at it...any length you care to do, anyway you care to do it.]]

The Nelson article was quite readable — think you could get him to write a piece commenting on/refuting JWC's editorial in the current issue of Analog? [Since Rich's letter was written some time ago, it's only fair to state he was refering to JWC's essay on drugs and the mind and creativity, et al. I don't know whether Ray would be interested or no, but I'll ask him. Ray...?]]

## 590 Smith Road, Lisle, Illinois 60532

[[Incidently, it was a fair length of time between issue #16 and issue #17. And it's been even longer from #17 to this issue, #18. Too long! Unless the reader reaction is overwhelmingly in favor of large issues two or three times a year I'm going to try to cut the page count down to 60 pages or so, and get back on a semi bi-monthly schedule. How about it people...which do you prefer?]]

#### NORMAN MARKHAM

Here's a conundrum. What's the deviding line?

The following quotes nobody.

"If I acquire one skull, I shall be called a murderer. But If I acquire a mountain of skulls, I shall be called great."

MURDERERS

The Mafia

GREAT MEN

Landru Herman Mudgett Gilles de Rais George Jeffreys Al Capone Mao Tse-Tung Jingis Khan Tamerlane Napoleon Hitler

The Present Triumvirate

-- and the list could be extended.

The Chinese K'ung Tze remarked that under evil rulers the people are evil; under good rulers the people are good.

Is murder a matter of degree?

Is greatness a matter of utter callousness to the sufferings of others?

I sometimes think that the payoff on us is, that we'd rather read about rogues in stories than about good people.

Murder mysteries enjoy great sales.

How many, concern themselves about Yoga, or interest themselves in the <u>I</u> Ching? We'll leave out the Bible -- it's <u>de</u> trop.

And we might as well forget Jesus Christ -- who ever paid any attention to his teachings, anyway?

I am thinking about Chairman Mao's little red book. And about the Red Guards who like to wave that book in people's faces.

And I am thinking about Ho Chi Mihn, who'd rather die than switch.

And about the present incumbent in the seat of the Mighty, who talks peace while intensifying the war.

And about the various armed societies in the US, who'd rather shoot than argue.

And about the various rabble rousers, who whip up others to haul their hot chestnuts out of the fires for them.

Where ends murder; where begins greatness?

Figure that out, and I think you have an answer to the reason why UFOs are swarming about on this planet -- if the writers on the subject are not being deluded.

## 1544 Race Street, Denver, Colorado 80206

[[I don't know about the writers on the subject of UFOs. But I keep thinking what a welcome novelty it would be if just one political leader of either the Allied, Neutral, or Communist Camps got up and said this is all "Bullshit!", and that what this world needs is a few leaders and a few people that are willing to LIVE for their countries, not be so all fired ready to die for them—or call on others to do so....OR CAUSE OTHERS TO DO SO!

Of course, calling on someone to die for a cause is by far safer than to call on them to live for it. The dead will never know that they died in vain. Nor will they ever be in a position to do anything about it.

Better a hundred million dead men who have been misled to their graves, than a simple majority of one living man who realizes he has been misled has always been the politician's prayer. The living may turn an incompetent out of office. The dead provide occasions for fine flowery speeches about God, and Country, and Duty. The dead are safer.



#### RUTH BERMAN

Thanks for sending me Odd 17. I suppose you sent it so Jean and I could see Arnie Katz's review of Nous? I don't think Arnie understands Nous very well, but that can't be helped.

The artwork by Margaret Dominick is impressive. The back cover, especially, seems to demand that you wonder about it: how the man (or whatever he is) got there, who the watchers are, and so on. The watchers seem to be the same race as the ones in the drawings of Mr. Spock (and, as a fan of <a href="Star Trek">Star Trek</a>, I was pleased to find Spock in the portfolio.)

The article by Ray Nelson makes me think that very likely a psychoanalyst will not and should not try to know "where it's at." His business is to help you find where you're at, and how to get out of it if you want. But people have such different "its" that finding where you want to go may be even harder than finding out where you are. It's like that bit in Alice in Wonderland:

"Even Stigand, the patriotic archbishop of Canterbury, found it advisable-"

"Found what?" said the Duck.

"Found it," the Mouse replied rather crossly; "of course you know what 'it' means."

"I know what 'it' means well enough when  $\underline{I}$  find a thing," said the Duck; "it's generally a frog or a worm. The question is, What did the

5620 Edgewater Boulevard, Minneapolis, Minnesota 55417

#### CRIS ABBOTT

archbishop find?"

I had not seen ODD until a friend loaned me his copies, and I must say that I enjoy it, to say the least.

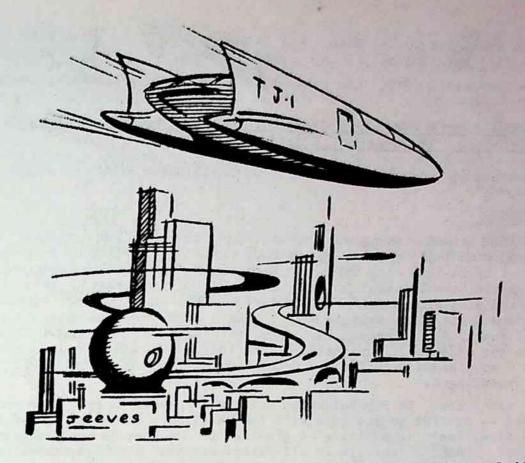
Looking at your issues 14-17, I find the most improved aspect of ODD is the layout. Coming from the sloppily done #14 to the beautiful #17 is quite a jump, and the quality improved in the same way. My favorite piece of all is Ronald Willis' "Man and Mammoth in the Americas". If only fanzines had more of this high quality material. Well written serious articles of that type just aren't the normal fare.



If your entire magazine was this way, I would probably end this letter right here and now. But there is one thing that mars the otherwise beautiful and well-written magazine. That one thing is the appearance of Ray Nelson in your pages. Mr. Nelson writes well, but his subjects are entirely out of place.

I only wish I had seen ODD before now, as I am sure that Mr. Ellis dares not show his head for fear of getting it cut off by you and your readers. I'm also sorry to see that everyone conforms to the now prevalent idea of non-conformism to old ideas. No wonder Mr. Ellis doesn't write to you! Not one of your readers has the courage to write what he <u>really</u> believes—that Mr. Nelson's sad attempts at humor are objectionable and stories like Little Isodora belong in some other magazine. There are enough people with loose morals and illicit drug traffic without Mr. Nelson's prodding.

I at first thought Little Isodora to be the produce of someone with only emotional problems, but I see from Mr. Nelson's own admission in ODD #17 ("I take LSD...") that it is the result of a severely deranged mind...



I would also advise you, Mr. Fisher, to exercise a little more editorial discretion. I would hardly consider the "And now for the honeymoon. Won't it be wonderful? First I whip you then you whip me, then I whip you again..." cartoon a fit subject for any fanzine that just anyone could receive in the mail. I certainly wouldn't want children to read that sort of thing. If I wanted that kind of filth, I could go to the "name your perversion" section of my local smut dealer. I hope you show better taste in the future.

### 1902 Richmond N. E., Albuquergue, New Mexico 87106

[[The subscription is welcome, for which, thanks. But as to the advisability of Ray Nelson's subjects, and Albert C. Ellis! courage, perhaps I could best let Mr. Ellis! letter speak for me on both matters. To wit:]]

#### ALBERT C. ELLIS

This is it! The long awaited reply from the "One-Man American Anti-Pornographic Science Fiction League" (OMAAPSFL), that reputable A.C.E.

All jest aside, although this letter is way overdue, I figured I would write now and explain to all and sundry that my original letter was nothing more that an interesting hoax to see what would be said of the Midwest-Morality, Defender-of-the-Genre (Science Fiction in this case) type of person. I certainly didn't expect my letter, although it was pretty controversial, to stir up comments that would last for 3 issues. Neither Mike Montgomery nor Dan Chapman knew it for a hoax when they met you at the Ozarkon 2 this summer, although they both did some pretty shrewd guessing afterward.

I guess I let it get out of hand. I hadn't meant for it to go on for so long, but I joined the Navy just after writing the letter and in adjusting to this new way of life, I inadvertantly gafiated. I hadn't re-entered fandom until just recently.

115

I wish to apologise to Ray Nelson and to anyone else I may have unintentionally hurt. Really, Ray (Nelson), I enjoy your cartoons, as well as your other work.

Thanks a lot for ODD #17. I enjoyed it tremendously, particularly Joyce's "1040-A".

S.A. B620187, Box S RDA School Class 6728, U.S. Naval Schools Command, Treasure Island, San Francisco, California 94130

[[Oh, you sneaky... Now what will I do with all these Albert C. Ellis jokes.]]

#### MAE STRELKOV

...Been baking and cooking and producing lots more "spit and vinegar" as a result, and much less Christian agape than ever. In fact I went on strike and suggested my in-laws cook delicious things henceforth for themselves in their own seperate establishment (another little house here apart). No more cakes, scones and pies from unselfish me. Just bread. Oh, nobody can buy and eat more store bread after tasting what I bake! I use magic to make the yeast grow, I really do. I caress the dough, not fight it (all twenty-kilos of the damn batter at once.) Nonetheless, I am loving less and less as I battle! And so I am pleased with Don, he noted the spit and vinegar at last. It used to be camouflaged.

Now to criticize. Is Ray Nelson as nutty as he seems to be? Mind you, he's talented — stuffed to the guts with the charisma. But — if he really is thirty-five, isn't he adulting — growing up? Or does he keep molting all the time? Shedding feathers in all directions when a nubile damsel appears?

Mind you, rotating mateship has its points. The Kainganges of Brazil (very Paleolithic), had it worked out neatly, to our Reverend Colonial Fathers' envious disgust. They were a blue-eyed, blondish, tallish race, very cheerful, and their language (what bits I've gleaned from old books), is basic indeed, fitting perfectly into my Paleolithic Dictionary of pre-Chinese/Aryan/Semite/Polynesian/South American old terms.

But usually, rotating mateship is for the monkeys, not even "for the birds". The birds count to three. That's as far as the monkey's do, also ... I haven't read African Genesis myself ... our fourth son, age twenty, is devouring it. He keeps coming into the living-room where I'm deep in my newest (Semite) file, grinning avidly, to get my viewpoint on it all. What's the ratio? I'll ask. "Well, some three females to seven males!" (Now I query that. He more likely said 3 males to 7 females optimistically.) I consider that judiciously, and think, "Not a bad idea," but I also know firmly and irrevocably: WITH US HUMANS IT WON'T WORK OUT. A lot of hangovers, regrets and disappointments will result, inevitably, because we do count past three and we're a very possessive race. Believe it or not, I've had no personal experience in experimenting past one. Hubby is all. And he has not shown much initiative in increasing his harem. I'm all he can handle? Would that be it?

But heavens, I'm fifty if I'm a day! And a grandmother besides. You must expect me to firmly veto rotating mateship, in consequence. And I do...

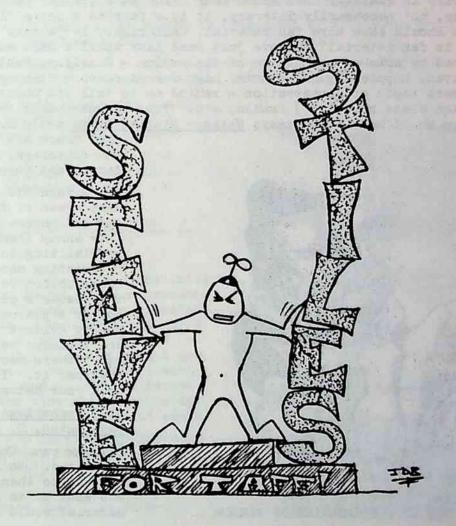
Let me highly praise you for the scholarly study and photos and sketches on elephants out here. Shall I send you even wilder studies? On the horse and cow here in pre-Columbian times, secretly worshipped as a very powerful fertility symbols by the Indians? [[Yes, yes! Please do!]] Well ... one-day ... not yet...

Meanwhile, I glee over a TIME article (TIME is such crap, like Reader's Digest), re a silk bit of grave stuff, with the most ancient Chinese characters yet, and around the edges are twelve gods, etc., like their South American counterparts. "So," they say cautiously, "it seems 3,000 years back South America's high cultures and civilizations developed similarly to that of the Chinese".

Bah, I could tell the learned scholars the meaning of the characters, and their names, judging by Semite and Andean (pictographic) counterparts, plus what I recall from my childhood in China. And I could tell them which ports the moonboats (junks, often reed-type barges, judging by philological allusions) stopped at, because I've noted that the word in Chinese and Quechua for "transportation" is alike, and so are two ports — same term — one in China and one in Peru. Even the Aztec name for hell is identical to the name of the temple of the god of hell in Sumeria. And not an exception but I can match figure for figure and belief for belief, in the old world and new. But who cares? The Scholars know better. The Reverends too...

## Las Barrancas, Ascochinga, Cordoba, Argentina

[[Mae, how about an article on the Chinese visitations to the new world way back when...maybe with an illustration or two of the pictographs, etc? We'd love to have something along that line if you'd care to do it.]]



## DOLL GILLILAND

Did I tell you that I like ODD? I never write because I have my say in "Doll's House" in The WSFA Journal, but I do consider your fanzine among the better ones. My only nit would regard spelling errors, but that seems to be idiosyncratic of most of the Missouri zines. Very curious. And inconsistent. Words are spelled several different ways in the same issue, but actually that's a very generous gesture, allowing the reader to pick out his own preference. The quality of the writing and especially the art work in ODD is remarkably good. And the layout & reproduction are really fine. Where do you find the artists? I notice that a number also appear in Anubis. Are they local? Or friends? Acquaintances? Chance contributors? [[Actually, a little of all. Some are pro's, some are fans — or fans and pro's — some are non-fan friends and acquaintances and some are friends of friends. One or two are even people I've never heard of, in or out of fandom, but who have sent in some of their art without a cover letter, and who have never answered any of my letters trying to find out a little about them. However we get it though, I'm grateful. And I only wish we got more.]

The letter in your last ODD adjuring you to use more SF material almost got me up on a soapbox. Fanzines are little magazines; it is quality that lifts them into the "little magazine" category, not subject matter. I suppose one could argue that a "little magazine" is a literary publication by nature, not necessarily in quality. And since your 'zine is a quality fan publication by nature, not necessarily literary, it is a fanzine & not a "little magazine", hence should have more fan material. All right, let's take it from there. What is fan material? I have just read last April's SAPS mailing, and was charmed by some of the topics of discussion - Sibelius, Mahler, Gilbert & Sullivan, hippies, guns, plants, high school science classes (now there is a superb topic of conversation - remind me to tell you about our frog dissection class sometime,) fandom, etc. Your correspondent feels it's sci-fi; Mirage would make it fantasy; Science Fiction Times would dub it news; and



ODD, THE LITTLE MAGAZINE OF FANDOM ...

then there are the Burroughs fans, the comicfans, the movie fans, & let us not forget Mr. Spock.

Let's face it. There are too many areas of fandom to satisfy, and you choose to please them all [[Or annoy them all]] by not specializing in any, but rather by printing material that merits reproduction for its own sake, the reader's pleasure, or the editor's prerogative. It's pretty evident that some things are included because of what they say, others because of the way they say it. I applaud you. Fie upon your detractors.

# 2126 Pennsylvania Ave., N.W. Washington, D. C. 20037

[[Thank you. The kind words are appreciated. We'll continue to try to life up to them. Now if only those who want us to run some different material would send us some of it!]]

## DOUG LOVENSTEIN

Dear Fishers—Catch any fish lately? [[aaaaAAAAAAARRRGGH!]] No, seriously; ODD #17 was quite interesting, and lacked neither quanity or quality. ODD is definitely one of the 10-12 best fanzines currently being pubbed. Yes. [[Out of a field of twelve?]]

Dea's artwork...it shows imagination, — definitely — but [some of] it doesn't "please" me. I liked her bacover, tho. And I like Jennings' stuff a lot. Cool stuff.

"Voice of the Turtle" was interesting, but I have seen no past issues, so can't really comment. This ish didn't bother me, tho. (and by the wry; with a little salt & seasoning, ODD tastes rather good.)

"Sugar Joe" was bad. Not in art ...

From now on it's: "I hate all fan-poetry — except Joyce Fisher's." The fan poetry that tries to say something in archaic, overly beautiful prose (purple) almost always fails. (Not to mention the stink that <u>rhymes</u>!) Yours was quite straight; cool.

Now, the "Man and the Mammoth" article was one which could have been completely totched by bad writing — but the writing was good, & the article quite interesting. (Tho it's actual value & authenticity are quite dubious.)

If Nelson's thing wasn't fiction, it was by far the best article ever printed in a fanzine. History has been made.

Roger Z's letter was a real gem. I had the great pleasure of meeting and talking to him at Ozarkon II — truely a great, brilliant man.

I suppose Ted White's article was the most controversial thing in the issue, but I'm still trying to figure out what it's about.

Rhodes' work was, of course, great. Such feeling. The piece on page sixteen illustrates the Viet Nam situation. Yes. And beautifully.

425 Coolville Ridge, Athens, Ohio 45701

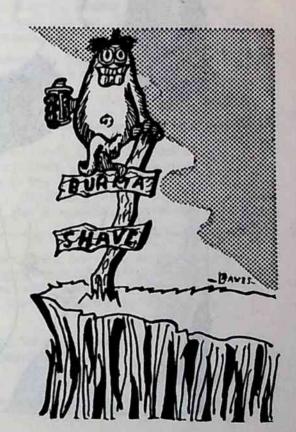
#### GAIL THOMPSON

I was very impressed by ODD—it's a beautiful magazine, and I think people who can produce a zine as good as that, and who are as active as you people are, would be a good bet for a Worldcon. It's been a long time since I visited St. Louis, but I did like what I saw of it years ago. When I was a child I went there with my family, and we saw the Forest Park Zoo, which at the time seemed to be an unusually nice zoo; I'd like to see it again.

For the time being, I'm helping Chuck Crayne with his plans for FUTURE UNBOUNDED - SHOW AND CONVENTION (Fun-Con), so I may be writing to you again.

Just wanted you to know that I am 100% for St. Louis in '69.

128 S. Mariposa Ave. #2, Los Angeles, California 90004



#### MARGARET DOMINICK

ODD 17 just arrived and is very elegant...still improving, as I see. This one is bound as a book — smooth and thick — 86 pages without the front or back cover. It was worth waiting for. I'd like to thank you for the way you treated the fan-art I sent you. The hard, slick paper and the very black ink you are using gives more body to the drawings.

I liked best where the editor rambled about what material ODD could use.. almost anything under the sun, so long as it's lively and life-oriented. But, then, the name of the game is ODD - not a faanish fanzine and definitely not a regular science-fiction fanzine. ODD is odd..that's all. I liked most definitely.

Half way through the editorial, I liked the slyly put cartoon saying 'Insanity Tastes Good'. Hmmm. ODD is a very confusing fanzine, sometimes. And, I liked the little creature who broke all those TVs and went away whistling...by Rhodes. Of course, his best piece of art was on page 16 - a frozen horror illustrating the similarly written unpoetic prose Novitiate.

A Soldier's Job by Bill Bowers covers all the horrors of war and of a sol-



dier's life. I wish it were only a piece of writing but, it's only a small grain in a very deadly game we call war.

A more serious article from Ted White: Paranoia in Science Fiction...something worthwhile to read from a gifted writer. Lately he writes only critical pieces about TV serials, in other fanzines. A witch to him for that — not to like my favorite film on TV: Star Trek.

What have we here? Encounter - a fine poem with an excellent full-page illo. And... a big surprise to see the art portfolio.

I nave read the magazine this far, plus the letter section. The educational pages just have to wait. I also read Ray Nelson's written material. I don't believe half of what he says, but it's smooth and better than some of his straight art. Tho his cartoons always have some thing to say, too.

As a fan artist, I am looking forward to seeing more of this wierd style of drawing from Jennings. His creatures

are very interesting. Looks like you have a good selection of different artists: Urie, a good political cartoonist; Rhodes, good with anything, but best with realistic art pieces; Gaughan, a pro; Jennings, fantastic.

I wonder when the next ish will be out? I hope a lot of people will write, and those who don't turn green with envy!

55 Plum Street, New Brunswick, New Jersey 08901

## JAY KINNEY

Congrats on the wrap-around DEA cover! I wonder how many people will realize that you individually colored each cover? Probably not many. (And you did, didn't you? Sure looks like colored pencil to me!)



I like your policy of 'life-oriented' material. It is a good philosophy that should be followed more often in zines.

Nelson's stories and articles give one the sneaking impression that Ray is the hippie Frank Harris of fandom. He must be a terror at cons.

It's a Soldier's Job was good, bitter, and true. If everyone who kills from "Duty" were to stop, it would be magnificient.

"The Letter" by the Box Tops is a great new single out. Hope you hear and dig it. Tell Richard Gordon that some people have heard of B. B. King or Otis Rush. I've been building up my music collection in that direction. The Cream & The Blues Project got me into blues. And Muddy Waters, James Cotton, John Lee Hooker, J. B. Hutto, Junion Wells, B. B. King, and Little Walter are helping me along as I go into it more and more. It is tremendous.

Your wife has a talent for sharp poetry. But, honestly, how many ministers do you know that sermonize on card-playing or lipstick? [[Too many, unfortunately!]]

This shall be all for now. Keep Malon Going strong.

606 Wellner Road, Naperville, Illinois 60540

A Word to STAR-TREK Fans: I have just received word that STAR TREK is once again in danger. If any of ODD's readers are interested in learning about or in receiving information about an effort to keep the program on the air, please write to: Bjo Trimble, 243 Santa Rosa Ave., Oakland, Calif. 94610, and please enclose a couple of stamps. Bjo will send you a one-shot with all details.

Lovers of the art of the late, great artist, Hannes Bok, have an extra special treat in store for them. Not one, not two, but three magnificent art portfolios are now available of Bok's marvelous creations, as well as several other goodies. Interested parties (anyone who likes the best of the fantastic arts) should contact:

BOKANALIA MEMORIAL FOUNDATION Emil Petaja, Chairman. Box 14126 San Francisco, California 94114

for details!



Once again we find ourselves in an awkward spot for words as another issue of ODD draws to a...a... (would you believe an inside straight?) We hope you've enjoyed at least a part of it.

We also hope you'll want to see future issues. Which is why, if you'll excuse us, we must get crassly commercial for a moment. This issue of ODD will see a very large press run. Because of St. Louis' bid for the 1969 World Science Fiction Convention, our time is at a much-rushed premium. Soooo, we are forced by necessity, to cut the next two or three ODD's back to a lower number of copies. This means, if you wish to receive the next issue, and if you aren't sure why you are receiving this one, better take Steps, as we have to greatly reduce the press run after this issue. A printed letter of comment, a contribution of laterial, a trade (pre-established), or a subscription will guarantee that you'll receive ODD # 19. (Four issues for \$2.00. Cheap.)

Hoping your New Year is.

Ray & Joyce Fisher

ST. LOUIS FOR '69 ST. LOUIS FOR '69 ST. LOUIS FOR '69

