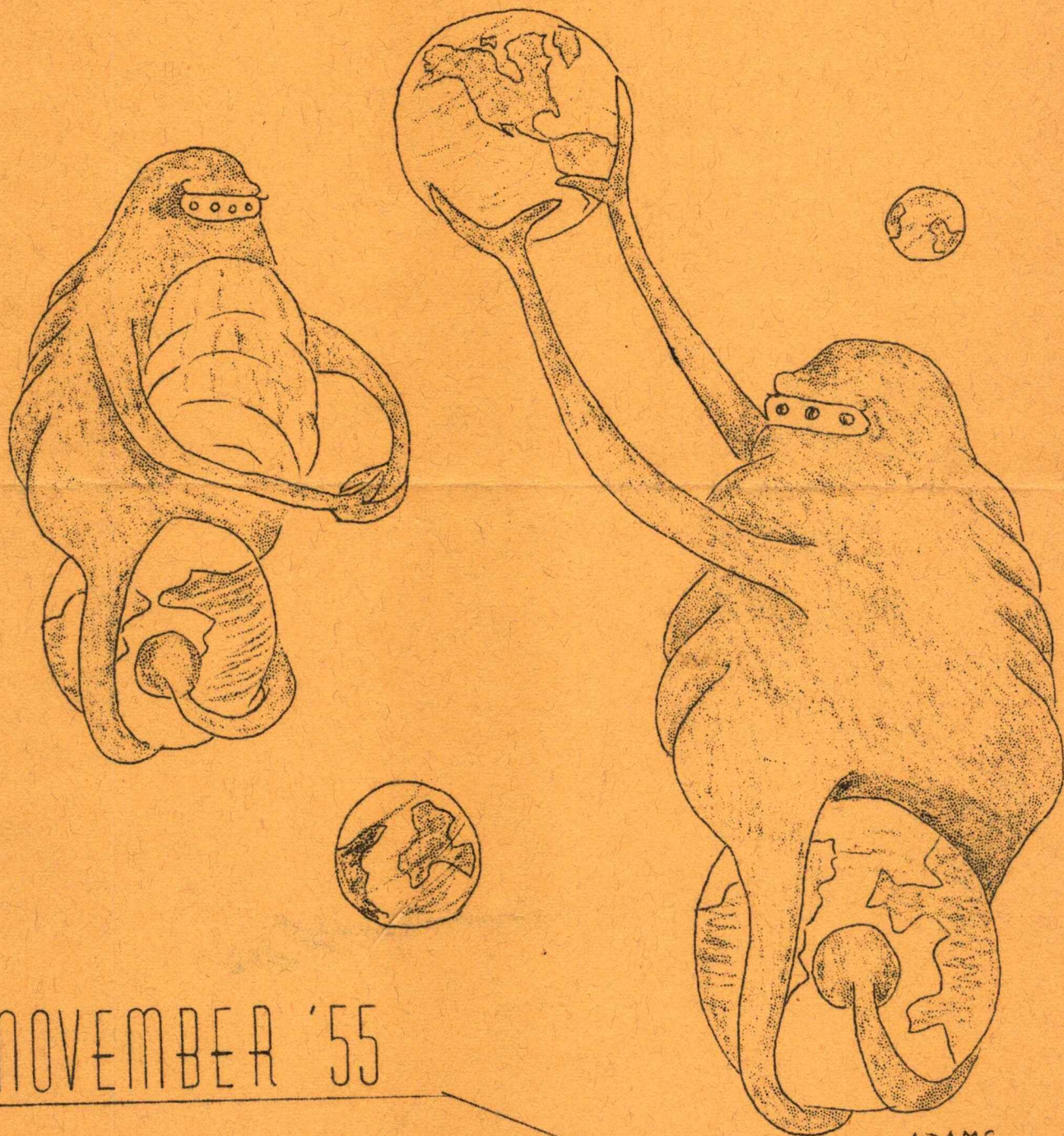


EISFA

vol. III

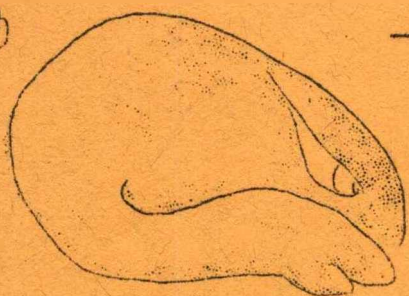
no. 11



NOVEMBER '55

ADAMS

②



— EISFA —

VOL III

NO. 11

november '55

34th monthly issue

fiction

Mutant
The Ghoul Digger

8
13

Dan Lesco
Don Stuefloten

columns & features

Strange Fruit (fanzine reviews)
Ramblings
Rumblings
King Dinosaur (movie review)
Stfinitions
Letter of the Month
Grumblings (litter column)

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RSC
JWC
RSC
Gene DeWeese
Eisfen
Hal Annas
Eisfen

artwork

COVER (honoring the opening of the Indiana high school basketball season) James Adams

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EISFA is an Indiana fanzine, published at 407½ E. 6th. St., North Manchester, Indiana, by Robert and Juanita Coulson. Price is 5¢ per copy, or 12 issues for 50¢. EISFA is published monthly, and, unlike some editors, when we say monthly, we mean monthly. Material is always welcome, particularly short (300 - 800 word) stories, serious or humorous articles, and filler illustrations. NO, WE DO NOT PAY FOR MATERIAL !!

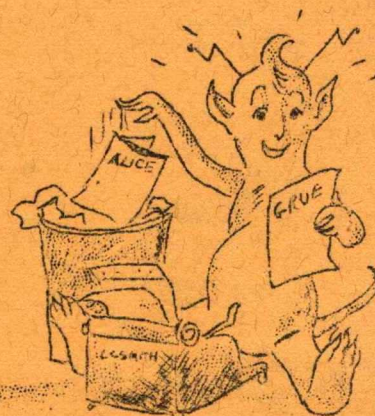
- "If you're so blasted passionate,
why do you look sleepy?" -





STRANGE FRUIT

R. S. C.



As we've been deluged with fanzines during and after the convention, we decided a fanzine review column was due. While this is mainly designed to give some egoboo to the various faneds mentioned, I hope it will also give a few clues to prospective subscribers. A word of caution to said subscribers, however; as anyone who knows me will agree, my opinions are quite positive, occasionally violent, and usually bull-headed. And they are not at all influenced by the opinions of the majority of fans.

GRUE #25 Dean A. Grennell, 402 Maple Ave., Fond du Lac, Wisconsin

Editor Grennell informs all and sundry in this issue that he is cutting down on his circulation, so the best way of obtaining the mag is by sending in a contribution. And the contribution better be good, since GRUE publishes some of the best material in fandom. (To avoid confusing anyone, I'd better note that Grennell didn't say anything about the quality of GRUE's material --- that's my opinion.) This issue contains one article --- a beautifully hilarious expose of THE SHADOW. The rest of the 26 pages are covered with rambling-type comments, cartoons, letters, a Forry Ackerman pun, interlineations, and more comment. All good, and all flawlessly reproduced via Gestetner. If you can buy, intimidate, or blackmail your way onto GRUE's mailing list, by all means do so.

ALICE Sept. '55 Kent Corey, Box 64, Enid, Oklahoma (20¢ per copy or \$1.00 per yearpublished 7 times a year, for some odd reason)

I bought this thing at the Clevention, and I have never had a more misspent 20¢. This issue contains 23 pages (counting both covers), all but 5 of which are devoted to editorials, fanzine reviews, letters, and, allegedly sexy illos. The 5 that are more or less worthwhile contain a biography of Don Ford and a "questionnaire" by Mr. Ford. Reproduction is excellent (multilith maybe?), which enables you to read lines like the following: "4 of the top 10 (fanzines) sell for 20¢, therefore the price for this issue is 20¢". And, in a fanzine review: "I was fortunately able to write three or four pages". Maybe he's kidding, but after listening to him at the Clevention, I don't think so. If you're young enough to think that an illustration is sexy and/or funny simply because it shows a poorly-drawn nude, you'll love

ALICE. If on the other hand, you demand funny cartoons, and nudes by someone with an idea of what a naked woman looks like, stay away from this thing. Your 20¢ will be better off paying for MUZZY (reviewed in the Aug. EISFA), which succeeds along the same lines where ALICE fails. Or better yet, put a little more cash with the 20¢, and get a copy of PLAYBOY. Why buy a cheap imitation if you can afford the real thing?

INSIDE #11 Ron Smith, 611 W. 114th. St, Apt. 3d-310, New York 25, New York (25¢ per copy or 5 for \$1.00)

This wins my vote for the best zine in fandom. The present issue contains 60 half-size photo-offset pages. Cover is by Freas, and there is material by Bloch, Lowndes, Shaw, Gold, Moscovitz, and others. A long book review section, with reviews by Lin Carter, Dave Mason, Bill Edgerton and Bob Silverberg, is of professional quality. "Brave New Writing", Dave Foley's satire of the "modern" writing school, is one of the funniest things I've ever read. Illustrations and cartoons are good. While I'm personally getting a trifle tired of Moscovitz' slightly pompous pronouncements on "what's wrong with stf" and the inevitable replies from editors, it will be interesting to anyone who hasn't seen and heard this several times before. I've also seen Bob Bloch's criticism of horror movies before, but this seems to wear better, possibly because I agree with it. An exceptional fanzine --- I wish I had the time, money and ability to edit one like it.

sCINTillation #5 Mark Schulzinger, 6791 Meadow Ridge Lane, Amberley Village, Ohio (This is a special issue costing 25¢ --- regular subscription rate is 10 issues for \$1.00)

This is the special Clevention issue, with 38 pages and a Sten-ofaxed cover. Reproduction is average or better --- several light spots, but everything is readable. Layout is good, but there is a crying need for more interior illos. Page after page of solid type gets a mite wearing. Best item in this or any sCINTI is Ray Shaffer's column, "The Fiend Speaks". One of the best columns in fandom. Aside from the usual and more or less average editorial and letter column, this issue consists of an extremely dull first half of an article on parapsychology, a poor story with a better-than-average ending, a reprinted attack on Christianity, an item on copyrighting fanzines, a very good story by Ed Franklin, a Midwestcon report by Don Ford, a couple of book reviews, and an unclassifiable bit of humor by one Thomas E. Prufrock. sCINTillation is probably the best of the more recent crop of fanzines.

OBLIQUE #4 Clifford I. Gould, 1559 Cable St., San Diego 7, Calif. 15¢

When I said sCINTillations was the best of the newer zines, I forgot OBLIQUE. Actually, I generally forget about OBLIQUE being a new zine --- everything, from the editorial to the letter column, reminds me of a well-established fanzine run by a veteran fan. This issue features a beautiful parody of Vorzimmer by "Peter J. Remizov", and an article on a "Morbsen" reader's reaction to COCKEYED, by Bill Courval. Both excellent. Letter column is above average, and editorial, fanzine reviews, report on the Westercon, and an article by Raymond E. Banks are all fair to good. OBLIQUE isn't quite in the same



class as GRUE, but it shows signs of getting there.

PEON #36 Charles Lee Riddle, 108 Dunham St., Norwich, Connecticut (irregular, 20¢ ea. or 6 for \$1.00)

This is not only the oldest general-interest fanzine still on a more or less regular schedule, it is also the neatest, and one of the best. With this issue, PEON changes from the previous odd-sized paper to standard size, and future issues will be mimeographed on a Rex-Rotary (Gestetner type) machine. Mimeeing in this issue is slightly poorer than that in GRUE, but better than any other fanzine reviewed. Regular columns are by Jim Hermon, T.E. Watkins and Terry Carr --- all good. In this issue, Robert Lowndes answers answers the charges of biased reviewing which Doc Smith made at the Clevention. Dave Mason does a Hemingway parody (this one is good, for a change), Lin Carter authors a middling long fantasy, Eric Bentcliffe discusses pornography in stf, Race Matthews takes a page to say that Americans are too self-satisfied, and Carter returns with some average fan poetry. Thirty pages, not counting covers, and every one worth reading.

HARK #5 Randy Brown, 1510 Nokomis Ave., Dallas, Texas (published 8 times a year --- subs 4 for 25¢, no single copies sold)

The mimeeing on this issue is good. However, the headings have a tendency to sag down into the top line of type, one page is printed upside down, and there are typos all over the place. (The latter is explained: "I broke my bottle of correction fluid". Only bottle in the state, most likely.) Contents consist of a column of pro news by Henry Roscowitz, one by Noah McLeod on the philosophies presented by pre-AMAZING science fiction (one of the few good items by McLeod that I've ever read), an article (?) by Jan Jansen, fanzine reviews by Ron Ellik, and the editorial and letter column. Only 12 pages plus covers, but a larger issue is promised next time. Frankly, I don't intend to be around for the next issue.

JD (formerly STF TRENDS) Lynn Hickman, 200 N. Huron, Albion, Michigan ("published approximately every other month", 20¢ each, \$1.00 a year)

JD also features scantily clad babes. These, however, are done by Nancy Share, who is always good, and the cartoons are by "Plato Jones", who is generally funny. Reproduction, via multilith, is excellent on each of the 27 pages. (This is issue #22, by the way.) The issue features a guest editorial by Basil Wells ("a new classic by Basil Wells") columns by Wilkie Connor and Dick Ellington, a good poem by Jan Lindel, a mediocre poem by Jim Anderson, fanzine reviews by Lynn, and an 11-page story by Hal Annas. (Fairly good, though slightly pornographic.) The best part of JD is the columns, though Lynn usually manages to get some pretty good fiction, too. (As agent for Hal Annas, he ought to. I wrote him to ask for Hal's Len Zitts series and was informed that he was using it himself. This is the sort of sneaky, underhanded trick you'd never expect from Lynn. Me, yes, but not Lynn.)

TACITUM #4 Benny Sodek, 1432 Cahoun St., New Orleans 18, Louisiana (I'm assuming this address to be correct, since it was stamped on the outside of the zine; there was a different one given inside. No publication schedule was given, and the price is 3 for 25¢.)

TACITUM contains 22 pages, a good front cover by Don Chappell, a beautiful bacover by DEA, superb mimeography and illustrations ranging from good to awful. The single item which by itself is worth the price of the mag is Claude Hall's plea for holding a Worldcon in Juarez, Mexico. "Even a fan who is just about broke can afford a quart of tequila for 50¢." Other material includes a column by Larry Anderson, a one-half-act play (mildly humorous) by Edmond Davidson, a fair fan poem (it's at least in meter, which is more than I can say for most fan poetry) by "Aga Yonder", an article on fandom as a way of life by Bob Farnham, a better-than-average letter column, and an editorial which is mostly taken up with a plea for a southern division in the con rotation. (You don't have to have a section all to yourselves in order to put in a bid, you know.) Overall quality is above average.

PSI #5 Lyle Amlin, 307 E. Florida, Hemet, California (10¢ per copy)

It's good to see PSI back, since in issue #4, Lyle announced he was ceasing publication due to family trouble. This is the biggest issue yet, 22 pages plus front and back cover. Front cover and contents page are dittoed. From the looks of the contents page, he should have stuck to ditto all the way, though the mimeoing is better than average. Contents include a good book review column by Peter Eberhard, average fanzine reviews by Bob Hoskins, good articles by Greg Benford and Dainis Bisienkis, fair articles by Felice Perew and H. Maxwell, and a lousy item by H. Maxwell. (No, I didn't make a mistake; he has two articles, neither of them worth going into ecstasies over.) There is also a poem by Bisienkis, two editorials, and a letter column. (Also several appeals for material. This might be a good way to get an issue, since he promises to print almost anything.) General impression is of a young fan trying his best to put out a good zine, and not quite making it. It should improve -- I didn't think the first few issues of PSY-CHOTIC were so hot, either.

CAMBER #5 Alan Dodd, 77 Stanstead Rd., Hoddesdon, Herts., England. (No publication schedule or price listed, but it's worth 20¢.)

A huge 67-page issue. Mimeoing is outstanding, and the artwork is excellent. A large part (49 pages) of the issue is taken up by fanzine reviews and a letter column. There are 43 fanzines reviewed in here! The zine starts off with a bang with a wonderful editorial and a hilarious article by Ron Bennett. Other items are a non-fact article by Vernon Ashworth, story by Terry Jeeves, column by Mark Schulzinger, and a book review by Jack Williams. Some wonderful interlineations --- "How could anybody be named Redd Boggs?" (I wonder, myself.) Worth getting --- if you can. An LISFA we sent in trade came back marked "unknown". Maybe it's put out by a pixie?

But what would you do with a head?

B



HODGE - PODGE Nancy and Marie-Louise Share, Box 31, Danville, Pa. (15¢ per copy, 7 issues for \$1.00 Published monthly)

H-P is back again after a year of hibernation. The mimeoing is even worse than usual, which, believe me, is quite a feat. There are supposed to be 21 pages, but page 14 was blank in our copy. The cover is splendid. (I have to say that; Juanita did it.) Contents include one good editorial per editor, an article-type letter by Al Toth on mescol experiments (I gathered that he didn't get quite the same results as Huxley), a story by Rex Ward that I think would have been good if I could have read it, a good poem by Walt Klein, and letters. (Forgot to mention that this is issue #14.) From past experience, I can assure you that once it gets going again, HODGE - PODGE will be one of the top fanzines. The present issue, however, isn't so hot.

ALPHA #11 Jan Jansen, 229 Berchemlei, Borgerhout, Antwerp, Belgium
U.S. representative -- Dick Ellington, 113 W. 84th. St. #512, New York 24, N.Y. (15¢ each, 6 issues for 90¢ Published -- I think -- bi-monthly.

The present issue of ALPHA contains 27 well-mimeoed pages, but for the life of me I can't see why everyone is raving about the material contained therein. A couple of editorials, article by Eric Bentcliffe on pornography in stf (not the same one that was in PEOH, but no better), an article with an apt title ("Signifying Nothing") by Marie-Louise Share, an article by Vernon L. McCain on the purpose of fanzine reviews, a story by John Kippax, book reviews, an article by Ron Bennett on a con-artist and his WEIRD TALES collection (best thing in the issue), "My First Funny Story" by Greg Benford --- which isn't, and a letter column. All readable, but Bennett's article is the only one that I'd call really good. If you want to get acquainted with European fans, I suppose this is as good a place to start as any --- otherwise, don't bother with it.

"I think he'd look interesting with curled ears, don't you?" J. Bogert

THE NEW FUTURIAN #5 John M. Rosenblum, 7 Grosvenor Park, Chapel-Allerton, Leeds 7, England (15¢ per copy.....published quarterly?)

When a British fanzine gets serious, it can get awfully serious. FL starts off with a history of SCOOPS, Britain's first stfmag. Quite well done, too. This is followed by a column on modern music by Harry Warner, Jr. This time he discusses Stravinsky, and I suppose it's interesting if you happen to give a damn for Stravinsky. Thyril Ladd discusses "The Most Fantastic Plots", Ron Bennett reviews stf stories in the British ARGOZY, E.R. James says stf stories have a moral, R.R. Johnson reports on the future of road transport, K.H. Brunner analyses the literary value of stf, and there is a book review. (Of a book by Stapledon, naturally.) All veddy, veddy serious and British (except for a letter from Robert Bloch --- better known, perhaps, as James Joyce). And, while it is probably a little too serious for the average fan, the material is all quite well written, and if you're a SerGen type fan, you'll probably like it.

"The other half of Thomas Stratton's wife confused them no end." G.D.W.

Ramblings



NOW SHOWING



Son of the Creature

Science Fiction!

-also-
the Thing Returns!

No, we haven't, as yet, seen anything quite like the above, but with the recent spate of worsethan could possibly be imagined stfema - who knows? THE SON OF KLAATU GOES TO RED PLANET MARS.....The I.R.E. convention report we bound a few weeks back contained a paper by G. Vincent Amico on 'Synthetic Training for Space Flight', describing simulated disasters in outer-type space: Temperature control failure, Meteor puncture, Failure of automatic power, failure of electrical system, of navigation system, of communications system....every kind of calculated risk is mentioned - except pilot failure.....oh well.. Getting rather sour on the Street and Smith 'X MINUS ONE' stf radio show....the endings are taking a fierce beating....I believe it was Jim Harmon who said these are just re-run tapes from the old DIMENSION X....I disagree....I was one of the fortunate ones who heard nearly all the old DIMENSION X series, including the times they rebroadcast their own shows.....and the plan seems to be to use the script, a bit changed, with different actors. I became sure of this info a few weeks ago when X MINUS ONE sent out a rebroadcast type story of the far distant future, all humans living underground, having to be genetically perfect, etc....that particular story was not changed especial-

ly from the original, but the cast was, because in the original, Donald Buka played the imperfect specimen.....one slight difficulty in being a fun , the babies of your friends like to play with 'all the pretty magazines'....such nice bright red backs all the li'l WEIRD TALES have....such fun to poke them back into the shelf....of course the parents have a time, too..they buy the kid a nice present and she wants to play with the wrapping paper.....PREPARE FOR THE SECOND DELUGE!!! - or at least, so goes the ad in MYSTIC (MYSTIC - the humor mag of stf).....the newest institute plan is to obtain an appropriation from Congress to build boats, to be 'moored at every street corner in preparation'...the difficulty is , Congress won't publicize the case for fear of 'creating a panic'... (yeah?).....We'd like to thank Miss Hoke for bringing the slides to the ISFA-EISFA-SLI meeting at mom 's in Anderson....wonder how people got along with Ricky Ertl's mate....I brewed some up for the bunch....the color is enough to scare off the timid....sort of a muddy green....it becomes even more fascinating on addition of cream.....still trying to get things straightened out with our mail-order record supply company.. (jazz records, that is)..not only was it the wrong record this mo., but it had a nice little chunk bit outen it.....the Ford's really giving out...takes a football type block with one's shoulder to get the right-hand door open...I expect to exit someday and have the thing come off completely.... I can see the trade-in guy now as I belt out my side ("Does she al ways get out that way?!")....we hastily climb in the new car and drive away before he changes his mind....see you in the maw!...JWC

MUTANT

dan iesco

The Teacher was just finishing the lesson for the children in the main hall. Gol and a few other hunters were idly watching.

"...then, children, a great war followed the landing of the Space-Men. We won, of course, though there is some question about this, as all records of the time were destroyed. The proof is that there are no more Space-Men around. However, somehow during this time the Mutants were born. They are --- what is it, Frađe?"

Gol turned to see Frađe the hunter swaying in the doorway. He had been terribly mauled. Gol reached for his weapons, as Frađe told of his encounter with a Mutant near the village.

.....

Gol walked steadily forward. At the Great Council, he had been given the task of hunting down the Mutant. It was his job to destroy it, even though he died in the attempt. He had said goodbye to his family the morning after the decision, and had spent the last two days tracking the beast.

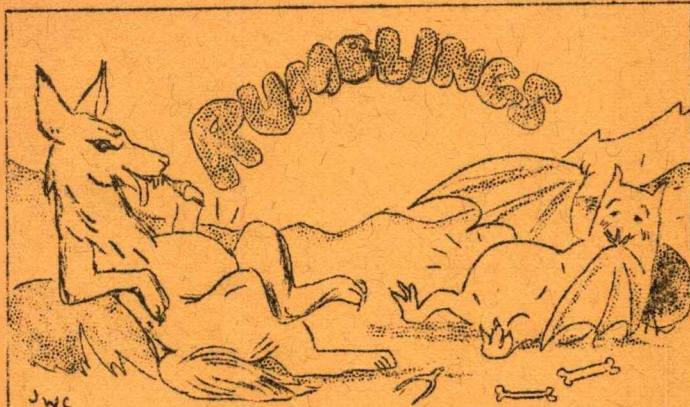
He wondered about the Mutants. It was all very well for the Teacher to say they were a consequence of the Great War, but Gol could see no connection between fighting and the appearance of Mutants. Teacher had explained it by saying that the weapons of the war had changed men into Mutants, but that was silly. Weapons killed or injured; they didn't change a man into something else. Even the Teacher had sounded a little doubtful about it.

His reverie was broken short by a noise. Moving forward carefully, he suddenly saw the Mutant appear from behind some bushes. Gol raised his spear as the thing approached, its antennae quivering, a smear of dried blood at one side of the suction-cup mouth. The oddly-shaped arms, that looked capable of tearing a man in half, were reaching for him. Gol sank his spear into the Mutant's chest. The thing came on without a pause, breaking the spear in half and hurling away the shaft as it came. Gol backed up hastily, drawing the long copper knife which was his most precious possession. This must kill the Mutant --- surely nothing could stand against it.

The Mutant came forward, and quite suddenly vanished. Gol stood looking at the spot where his late adversary had stood, and wondering if it would be honest to report that he had killed the thing.

.....

Gatl took his ship higher, grinning triumphantly. First shot this time --- and you had to be pretty careful when using a disintegrator. Even when set for flesh only, there was always a chance that you'd catch a Human in the edge of the beam, with quite messy results. Well, pretty soon he could go back to Mars, and this tiresome business of keeping Humans and Mutants on their respective reservations would be over with.



HUMOR MAGAZINES

To the flood of these magazines already on the market have been added two more recently. LUNATICKLE is put out by the publisher of CUCKOO and COCKEYED, and is not, shall we say, of the highest quality. On the other hand, WHO GOOFED is a magazine of a different color. It is closer in idea and quality to the now defunct BALLYHOO than it is to the rest of the current mags. It, together with MAD and SNAFU, is a humor magazine worth buying. (One item may annoy the science fiction fan ---- in one article, Pluto is referred to as "the smallest of the nine planets". So when did they enlarge Mercury, hah?)

ABOUT EISFA

Apologies for the length of the fanzine reviews. You may console yourselves with the fact that they don't appear very often. I don't particularly care about reviewing fanzines, but boy oh boy do the editors care about it! And I'd rather pay them with a review than with cash.

EISFA's third Annish will be coming up in a couple of months. So far, we have material by Betsy Curtis, Hal Annas, Thomas Stratton, and a few others. We'll be glad to get material from any of our readers ---- if it gets crowded out of the Annish, we'll have plenty of other issues to use it in.

Very few readers have made any

comments at all about EISFA's proposed change of name. Of course, very few of our readers ever comment on anything about the magazine, so the lack of response wasn't unexpected.

A PROPOSAL

I've been hearing a lot lately, both pro and con, on "The American Way Of Life". Seems as though almost everyone has something to say on the subject, so I feel that it is time for me to put in my two bit's worth. Now, I enjoy the American Way Of Life, and I'm glad to see it honored. But, we've been forgetting something. In all the talk of The American Way Of Life, there has been no mention of those individuals who created this venerable institution. My proposal is to erect a monument to a selected group of individuals who have contributed most to The American Way Of Life. Of course, it would be quite a task to select the honored individuals; a task probably requiring the services of a Committee. However, I have a little list here of persons who unquestionably deserve to be named on that monument. Among the greatest contributors to The American Way Of Life have been: Samuel Colt, Eli Whitney, Richard Gatling, John Moses Browning, E. I. duPont, and James Bowie. There are, of course, others --- Carbine Williams, the men of the Manhattan Project, Simon Lake, the unknown inventor of the "Kentucky" rifle, and many more. This list, however, will do as a starter. Everyone who agrees with me about this should Write A Letter To His Congressman.

THIS AND THAT

Why is F&SF buying Little Willie poems from Randy Garrett?

Recommended to folk music enthusiasts: "Sin Songs, Pro and Con" by Ed McCurdy. (Elektra Records)



— gene deweese

This little epic (all of 60 minutes long) begins, as seems to have become traditional in the past few years, with a shot of a disgustingly star-filled sky; along with this is the voice of some itinerant newscaster saying, after the usual preliminaries, that recently a new planet had entered the Solar System and had established an orbit near Earth. This, he said, would now make space travel possible, since it was nearer than any other planet. (This includes the moon, too, possibly?)

In any event, then come the volunteers to go to this new planet (which by the way, was named, quite brilliantly I thought, Nova). These four volunteers make up the entire cast of the movie, with the exception of a few bears, vultures, snakes, spiders and salamanders. /Ed. note: You were expecting maybe Cecil B. DeMille?/ You are familiar, no doubt, with the usual movie-type scientific expedition; a few men and one brilliant woman scientist? Not here. No such clichés! They have the much more sensible arrangement of two men and two women. (One of the latter looking like a retired carnival dancer.)

As usual, the V-2 is wheeled up and thunders into the sky, then thunders back down on Nova. (Several months later, despite the fact that they had the jets going all the way; most inefficient thing I've seen in a long time.) /Ed. note: If they had the jets going all the time, they probably had to stop now and then to refuel./

At this point they dub in one lonely spaceship fin from behind which the "actors" descend in two spacesuits. Apparently this was a very low budget picture, since the two in spacesuits test the air and then tell the others to come out, without theirs. This is safe because their analysis had shown "a mere 40% of the microscopic life" to be unknown on Earth.

From the looks of the scenery, the main danger was that they might be shot down by a villain from the western being filmed just over the hill.

Typical scene of scientists at work:

Girl-scientist, picking up pieces of rock from the ground; "You know, this planet is rather young."

Onlooker-type-scientist; "Just how old would you say it was?"

Girl-scientist; "Well, offhand I would say Prehistoric."

Onlooker-type: "You don't mean.....!"

(By prehistoric, she apparently meant about a day before the first Egyptian started hieroglyphing. All sorts of everyday earth animals were wandering around --- bears, vultures, alligators; sort of an interplanetary Tarzan.)

Then came the classic scene of the picture. They are all leaving the ship to explore. Someone wants to know what time it is.

"Well, back on Earth it'd be about 3:30."

"But how do you know the days are the same length here?"

"Well, we don't, but let's say it's 3:30 anyway; this will give us four hours before sunset."

Needless to say, they get lost and have to camp out overnight. About as sensible as a bunch of day old chimpanzees.

In any event, they camp out. The second lookout to be posted gets romantic when the one girl-scientist shows up, and they go for a walk. You know how easy it is to fall over a log in the dark? This character falls over an alligator. The beast is disposed of after a frantic battle by the simple expedient of jabbing a knife in the ground about three feet from the alligator.

"But what gripes me is that other people are laughing at it too, and they aren't science fiction fans."..... Ed. McNulty

This could go on and on and on. So I shall skip to the final encounter with the "prehistoric monsters". These seem to consist mainly of a salamander held up by a string so it would stand on its hind legs. One scientist remarked of this creature that it looked like our own Tyrannosaurus Rex. Sort of like looking at a gopher and shouting "My God! A sabre-tooth tiger!"

The ending, too, is something --- just what, I'm not sure. They use their one and only atomic bomb to blow up the island on which these creatures live. Why? Who the hell knows.....

The scientist who thought the salamander looked like a tyrannosaur spoke one line worthy of the picture: "They'll never believe this!"

Best acting awards go to the Cheeta of the picture, a small bear with a tail that made him look like a small kangaroo. Frankly, I think he wrote the thing, too.

— s t f i n i t i o n s —

Anthropomorphism.....our Annie just can't eat any of that stuff.....
.....gimme either the poetry or an alka seltzer.....
.....poor Morph is an anthropologist.....
.....and put some more morph on it!.....
Take your pick; they're all by.....Eugene DeWeese

Pen name.....Esterbrook.....JUG

Cutting flux....harvesting plant from which linen is made.....RSC

Vacuum cleaner.....interstellar con man.....Eugene DeWeese



THE GHOUL DIGGER

-13-

— don stuefloten

The wizened old man dug his spade into the ground, grunted, and threw a shovel full of dirt to the side. It landed with a dull plop, adding height to the already tall pile.

"Ah," he sighed to the night air every few minutes, pausing to mop his brow. "Ah, such work!"

But each time he would diligently start to work again, throw a few more shovelfuls of dirt, pause, sigh, brush his forearm against his sweating forehead--and start working still again. And the pile of fresh earth grew, little clods of dirt ran down its sloping sides, rolled and fell into the deepening hole, and the dried-looking old man threw them out once more.

The hole itself was rectangular, being about six feet long and three feet wide. It was now slightly less than two feet deep and progressing slowly; the tombstone that had been at its head was lying over to the side where the old man had thrown it.

Every so often--to be more exact, everytime the old man paused--he glanced over at it, then guiltily glanced away, reminding himself to-night was the night he took potluck among all the graves in the old deserted cemetery. But still his eyes kept shifting to the chiseled letters, just barely distinguishable in the darkness.

It was at one of these times that the old man caught sight of the white robed figure approaching him through the trees.

"Eh?" he grunted, for who would be visiting the cemetery at this time of the night?

He stopped digging and leaned on the shovel. The figure never faltered, its features becoming more discernible as the distance dwindled. Twenty feet away, and the ancient old man could make out the straight, firm nose, perched between clear and piercing eyes; half that distance and the white teeth gleamed, the golden hair shone under the hooded cap; half the remaining distance, and the young man stopped, looking neither startled nor afraid--almost as if grave digging were usual, quite ordinary, and to be expected.

"Hello," the young man nodded.

"Why--why hello yourself," the older man answered. His gaze ran quickly over the peaceful face, met the eyes, and dropped to stare at the ground.

"My name is John," the other went on, nonplussed.

"John? John. Hello John." The old man's tongue darted out to lick dry lips.

"What is your name, old man?"

"Ah--my name? My name, you say?" he cackled. "My name~is Joshui. Joshui, Joshui, Joshui."

"Hello, Joshui." John paused. "May I ask what you are digging for?" He smiled; white teeth flashed.

"Digging? Ah, to be sure--digging." Joshui scratched his nose with a long fingernail. He nodded wisely. "Yes, indeed--digging."

"Yes," John said, not showing the slightest sign of impatience. "But for what? What are you digging for?"

"Eh? Have to be digging for somethin', eh? Smart young whippersnapper." Joshui frowned. "What am I diggin' for? Well-- what do you usually dig for in graveyards, eh?"

John shrugged robed shoulders. "Bodies, I suppose?"

"Ah! You are smart, aren't you, you young whippersnapper. Bodies -- bodies--bodies. Dead bodies!" He peered at John. "Are you dead?" he whispered.

John smiled.

"No," the old man went on, not waiting for an answer. "I don't suppose you could be. I never seen a dead body dressed in white yet. All those go to Heaven, or someplace." He shook his head. "No, if you was dead, you'd be wearing black or something."

Joshui sighed, wiped sweat off his forehead and picked up the shovel. "Guess I'd best be getting back to work," he said, "Dawn's a-com-
ing."

John watched the old man dig for a moment. Then he asked: "Why do you want bodies? They do you no good when dead."

"Ah!" the old man exclaimed gleefully. There is where you are wrong! Completely wrong, wrong, wrong. Bodies are no good alive! They have to be dead first. Besides," he added, "whoever heard of a live body?" He wagged a forefinger at John. "Now tell me, young whippersnapper, would you like to be a live body?"

"I see your point," John agreed. "You have to be dead before you can become a body. Before that you're a person."

"Ah, right. Aren't you a smart young whippersnapper though?"

"Thank you," John said very politely. "But tell me, what do you do with these bodies, when you do dig them up?"

"Eh? Eh? What's this? What do I do with the bodies? Why, nothing, of course. What can you do with a dead body?"

"That is what I asked you."

"Oh." The old man thought for a moment. "You could eat them, I suppose, if'n they was in good enough shape. Now I seen one that hadn't even begun to rot, once. The flesh all pinky and all. I never did eat it, thought," he mused, as if sorry he missed a good meal.

"Well, then," John continued, "If you don't use the bodies, why do you dig them up?"

"Why? Why! For the ghost, o' course!" He frowned at John. "I thought you wuz a smart young whippersnapper," he accused.

"Oh, I see," the man in the white robes said. "You want the ghosts that the bodies hold, is that right?"

"Yes, that's right, completely right, right, right. Well, got lots more work to do--best stand back so's I won't get your clothes dirty."

"Certainly," The white figure stepped back a pace or two and watched the old man dig. After a time, when the hole was deeper, John said: "Tell me, Joshui, do you do this very often?"

"Eh?" Joshui peered up at him. "Oh--you're still here, eh? Ah yes--do I do this very often. Do I?" he frowned, lost in thought. "Yup," he continued, "I reckon I do. Haven't missed a night in the last thirty--years. Course, not all the bodies I dig up have ghosts--some have al-

gone to Heaven-or some such place. The good ones, that is. The bad ones have got to stay, till some-one with the Power digs 'em up."

"With the power," John repeated.

"Right," Joshui agreed. "Well-back to work, dawn's a-coming."

"Wait, said John. "Do you have the Power, old man?"

"Well, I guess! The Devil, he didn't just fool around. Thirty years ago he gave me the Power! The old man chuckled. "Yes sir, he give me the power, so now I don't die - an' I can go on diggin' up bodies and relievin' 'em of the ghost."

"Well!" John murmured. "We'll just have to do something about this."

The old man kept talking. "Every Wednesday I get potluck among the graves, hopin' to find a real evil person so he'll make a real evil ghost. The women!" Joshui exclaimed. "Now they make the evilest and devilish-est, and cattish-est, and ghoulish-est ghouls you ever did see!"

"Really," John said absently, his mind on something else.

"Now I 'member one who durnnear clawed out my eyes afore I could tell her who I was. Yes sir! Them women make the best!"

"We'll just have to do something about this," John said. "We just will."

"Eh?" Joshui said. "What's all this? What's this you say?"

But John didn't answer him, for he disappeared, and in the same instant a thunderbolt crashed down and hit Joshui. He rolled over and fell into the grave he had been digging, and somehow the dirt pile caved in on him, and the tombstone came back to its original place - but with this lettering:

JOSHUI HABERKAN - born 1855
died 1955

May he rest - but not in peace

and somewhere, someone was cursing.



Letter of the Month — hal annas

Suffolk, if you listen to the town council, is a trifle larger than New York, London, and Chicago combined. The population adds up to 12, 019½, counting infants as whole numbers and the town idiot as one-half, though there is still some controversy about this. The mayor and the postmaster have to be counted twice, as they're rather plump.

One of our finest citizens, whose paunch enabled him to be counted six times, starved to death recently. The area round about just didn't produce enough food to satisfy his appetite. It was a terrific loss, and there was some thought of calling it an epidemic.

I've been approached a time or two with the suggestion that I mention Suffolk in some of my stories. It was pointed out by the council that vast benefits would derive. I couldn't see it, so it was explained to me that if the magazine had 100,000 circulation they could include that in the population and levy taxes.

Since they weren't honest enough to promise me my share of the graft, I declined. But the town did get mentioned in one story and I may yet have to sue them for advertising fee. The story is about a local citizen who won the war single-handed with nothing but 150 million Americans and their allies to help him.

I sent the same publisher another story of another man who'd also won the war single-handed. The editor returned it with the suggestion that I hold it until we have another war.

While out for a stroll, to let my legs know they hadn't been fired, I paused on a corner and a car drew up and the driver asked me if I would hop in a moment. I got in and he confided what was on his mind.

He'd read all the science fiction he could get his hands on until he'd finished one particularly imaginative story. Then he began having nightmares. They were corkers, the ones he related; in fact, some of the stuff was absolutely fascinating.

I nagged, I tried to bribe him, and I threatened him in an effort to get him to recall the name of the mag and the author of that fateful story. The idea, I could see, was gigantic. I didn't tell my friend, but I figured that if I could learn the name of the author I'd get his name on an ironclad contract making me his agent forever. I'd get rich overnight. All I'd have to do would be work out some way to collect for those nightmares.

But as usual, I was disappointed. The guy couldn't recall the name of either the mag or the author. His nightmares had become so fascinating that he couldn't think of anything else.

/ Well, at least you have an unending source of plot material. If your friend gets tired of Suffolk, ship him up here. In case anyone else from Suffolk reads this, I'd like to state that any resemblance of this letter to anything human is purely coincidental. (Don't want anyone to get mad at Hal like they did at Ben Gordon.)/



Robert Bloch, Weyauwega, Wisconsin

This issue of EISFA pleased me very much, for two reasons in particular: (1) the humor of Thomas Stratton, who gave me no less than 6 yucks in a row, and (2) Bob Briney's lucid and coherent con report: one of the few I've read by somebody who attended the major part of the program and described same. Year after year, con-reporters (myself included) have generally put out sagas which told about everything but the convention proceedings. This is a notable and noteworthy exception. A few inaccuracies here and there, but who has total recall? That Chicago gang is sharp --- and a very nice group, too, methinks.

/I think most con reporters shy away from the official program because it makes them look less important. Briney doesn't feel the need to become a BNF. (Of course, I can't accuse Bloch of trying to add to his own importance, since he is a BNF, BNP, etc. But most reports seem to dwell overlong on the witty sayings of the reporter.)

Delray Green, Muncie, Indiana

Haven't you heard of FROM HERE TO INSANITY as a comic like MAD was? / As a comic, yes. Like MAD was, no./

1976 which was mentioned in the con report wasn't half bad. Dave Garroway was moderator. No patriotic stuff at all. If all the stuff mentioned comes true in the next 50 years, I'll be surprised. All communications wires underground; 3 or 4 cars per family for different purposes; self-sufficient apartment houses in which there is everything; your walls are portable, allowing you to move the walls instead of the furniture; /Hah?/ walls contain own light; world-wide t-v in co-

lor. Had a reasonably funny skit by Sid Caesar and his new partner. Didn't see the last half hour (1½ hours complete) because Omnibus came on. Saw "Project Moonbase" on t-v late show last night. And you know what? It looks great on t-v!

/Maybe t-v is becoming worthwhile at last? You should have heard Del's comments on the movie version of "Project Moonbase"./

Judy Curtis, Saegertown, Pa.

On page ? of "Conventionalities" you (Briney) said ".....three old time fans by Evan Appleman, Sheldon Deretchin, and another fellow whose name I never got..." In my autographs, I can place him either as Ron Goodman or Ben Chorost. I do think that whoever it was should take credit for a good job. / When he wasn't laughing, yes./ Also on page ? you quote "A Princess Of Mars". Could you tell me what fanzine Garrett said it would come out in?

/ Anybody have any intimate knowledge of "A Princess Of Mars"? I didn't know it was coming out in a fanzine --- my only guess would be DINEN-SIONS, in which case you're in for a long wait. Harlan has stuff from Chicago that he hasn't used yet./

Here's an anonymous one:

Dear Editor, gents; Congratulations, you have a very clean fanzine.

/ Wish I knew whether this guy is a postal inspector or a public health agent. Buy EISFA, the sanitary fanzine./

Bob Briney, Massachusetts Institute of Technology

Re the conreport: I told you I waited too long to write it! That's what happens to my memory when I don't record things immediately. Those slips wouldn't have been in the report, tho, if I'd waited one more day to send it off. The day after I mailed it, I received a copy of Earl Kemp's con report; he has a much better memory than I do.

So, to set the record straight: Friday night's get-together and gab-fest was in Tom Karras' room, immediately following the encounter with deCamp; I think this one was also broken up by "Buck and his asthma cigarettes". / You're giving people the impression that I do nothing at conventions but break up parties. Those cigarettes don't smell so bad, honest --- sort of like a burning brushpile./ The next night was the gathering in the convention suite --- it lasted so long that in my mind I unconsciously divided it into two separate gatherings. And I would still almost insist that the Garrett quotation about John Carter is part of the play.

And one tiny cavil: all of Juanita's drawings of Evelyn Gold show her without her dark glasses. I was almost tempted to go through my copy of EISFA correcting this oversight.

H. L. Gold outsell Wheaties? The only thing he could outsell would be Northern Tissue, and he'd have a hell of a time doing that!

/But Evelyn always removes her glasses when a picture is being taken.

(Just realized that Juanita asked me to leave space on the previous page for an illustration. Address any objections to the lack of artwork in this issue to me. RSC)

Richard E. Geis, Portland, Oregon

It seems, Bob, that I am putting out SFR again. Permanently. No more vacillating for me.

/ The latest issue of SFR arrived too late for the review column --- it's a good, serious-type fanzine, and no McLeod book reviews in this issue, thank God! /

Larry Bourne, Portland, Oregon

New name for EISFA!?!? Ghodd Ghrief! What will phans think of next? First it's Dick changing from SFR to PSY and back and forth from each title until I almost went mad. I like Slurnsh. Try Slurnsh (in all colors) at your nearest pornographers.

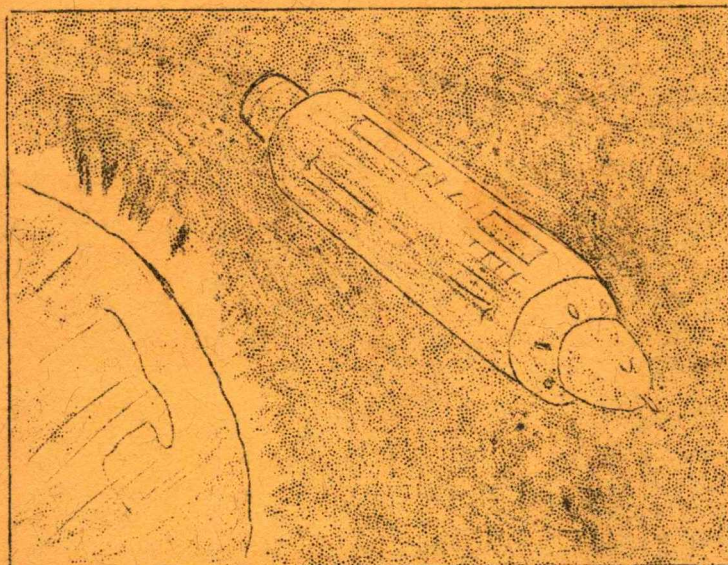
/ Almost mad? Oh, well..... /

Bennett Gordon, Worcester, Mass.

You tried to use things that wouldn't get me in trouble in making an article out of a letter? You did a lousy job. Eve Firestone got mad at me, and I had to send a letter of apology, saying (truthfully) that my comments were just in jest.

You can't afford 50¢ to join ISFCC? May I remind you that the N3F, which you are thinking of joining, costs more? If you're not interested in joining ISFCC, maybe you could promote it by mentioning that fifty cents sent to Eve Firestone, Box 515, Upton, Wyoming is all that's needed for membership.

She was only a farmer's daughter, but all the horse manure.



/ Sorry about the unfortunate results from your column. I'm used to fans being mad at me, but I really don't intend to embroil them with third parties. (Although I will say that this third party came to an embroil very easily.) Come to think of it, maybe I better explain to Eve that the second and third paragraphs of the above letter were actually from two different letters, and bear no relationship to each other. /

"I have nothing special against Ray Palmer, either."

Dean Grennell

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