



ODD

Sam Peppin
Artist

from the files of
REDD BUGGS

ODD

MAGAZINE

Editor - Duggie Fisher
Ass. Editor - Rich Elsberry

Art Editor - Ray Nelson
News Correspondant - Robert L. Brady

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COVER

By Jon Arfstrom

ODD MAGAZINE is an amateur publication for science fiction fans. It is published bi-monthly at 1302 Lester Street, Poplar Bluff, Mo. Price: 15¢ a copy, two for 25¢, and ten for \$1.00. Advertisement is 50¢ a page, 25¢ a half page, and 15¢ for a fourth page advertisement, all smaller ads recived and printed free. Trades are gladly arranged with other fanzines. However, it must be two of another fanzine for two or more of ours. The reason? So the Editor, and the associate ed will get a copy. Opinions expressed by contributors are their own, an do not reflect the veivs of the ODD staff. We reserve the right to turn down any material that we see not fit to print, or for anyother reason. All letters sent to ODD are subject to publication in the l-etter section, unless specifically requested other wise. Payement in acceptance for material will consist of two copies, in which the work appeared, of Odd mailed anywhere in the United States.

By the drips

Now that I am co-editor of ODD, Duggie feels that I too should be allowed to spout off in the editorial column. So this is the first of many, I hope, editorials in which I will speak at length on nothing in particular.

I thought that this time I might talk a bit about the new news column "Nothing Sirius". When we were just getting started Duggie thought that a news column would be desirable. So he informed his many correspondents (((HA!))) that he would like some news to be in the form of a news column. Thinking that Duggie would write the column I sent him a few bits of news to use in it. Also a tentative title in case he hadn't thought of any. A few weeks later I was, to put it mildly, greatly surprised when I saw a conglomeration of news that had been printed under the heading of Flash in the Pan with credits given to me. Altho I gracefully attempted to back out of the situation I had gotten myself into Duggie prodded me into making this atrocity a regular feature. (((I had some old poems that Rich had written. Hee Hee!))) The deadline on the next issue was fast approaching so I hurriedly batted out a two page column and sent it off. Duggie neatly lopped off half a page so as to make it fit around an ad. (((Sighhh! I wish I had more ads to top of columns for.))) This promptly raised my ire. But I was just a poor little Ass. Editor (((Editor ?))) at the time and little could I do about it. But then a strange thing happened. The column was approved of. Some even ventured so far as to say it was good. Of course, some people like anything. So with this backing I decided to sit down and write a column. What most of them seemed to want was one modeled more or less like Redd Boggs' famous "File 13". After I had bashed out six pages of copy, I began to have title qualms. After many a telephone conversation with Bruce Lane I finally came up on "Nothing Sirius" I hope Fredric Brown will forgive me for using his famous title. Altho the title is Nothing Sirius the contents of this column will not always be such. I hope you'll keep this in mind while reading this.

RE

Now that my able co-editor Rich has told you about the forthcoming news column I shall tell you about the rest of the things that are in store for you readers. We are going to have even right-hand margins, we are going to have printed covers, we are going to have better stories, better articles, more art work, and better artwork. We are also contemplating having a round-robin serial story such as "The Great STF Broadcast" and "SF Broadcasts Again". Authors who would like to take part in a story of this kind should write the editors for further details. Every one is welcome to try.

I want to take this space to say that PAUL COX wrote "Quest of a StF'ans' Graveyard"

Next issue will bring you a new development never before seen in this or any other fanzine before. Don't miss the next issue.

I want to finish this editorial with a plea for More dough. I need subs, Subs do you hear (sob) subscriptions. Till then, DFJ

EXPANSION

.....by Eugene De Heese

The cleared away section was nearly ten miles on a side. Directly in the middle of the level, hard white surface there rose to a height of over six miles a cylindrical object with a blunt nose pointing directly to the zenith. On all four sides of the section there rose to even greater heights, gleaming white cliff-like walls with multitudinous apertures dotting the walls like thousands of flies.

You could look down on those walls from above and see that an equally white "roof" extended out on all sides to meet the horizon, relieved only by the partial reflection of a dull, reddish glowing sun. Then if you could glide on beyond the horizon, continue on, circling the entire globe you would see but one thing; the gleaming white surface.

And if you could look down through that upper surface there could be seen another but a few feet below, each occupied by a group of people much too large for such cramped quarters. And below that another section identical to that above, then another yet below that, and more such levels to the original surface of the planet, and below it to a depth of many miles, to the limit of depth at which the materials used would still retain their solid state under the most infinite pressure from the weight of those thousands upon thousands of levels above, each supported solely by the one beneath.

The ship back in the clearing held all the hopes of this, and all other worlds. For truly the world of man was dying. The huge food synthesis plants were unable to cope with the monstrous needs of the trillions of people on this world. And their number was increasing steadily, due mainly to the increased life span of considerably more than 500 years. That, and hundreds of other factors as well, constituted what seemed would inevitably end in the final termination of the once proud race of man.

The ship itself was the product of thousands, nay, tens of thousands of years of frenzied, and at times, seemingly futile experiments and research. It was the one and only hope of decrepit mankind. It was the instrument which, they hoped fervently, would bring within their reach new worlds.

Worlds to which they could transfer a large portion of their incredibly overwhelming population, and worlds which, if they were found in sufficiently ample number, would not be compelled to be transformed into the white, perfectly spherical, honeycombed world that was the Earth.

The lower three miles, the greater portion of which projected below the surrounding surface, contained huge stores of, not food, but extremely compact substances which could easily be converted into food by the huge machine contained in the next 2,000 feet of the vessel.

Above that there resided nearly five miles of purely scientific machines, ranging from huge 1,500 foot devices to tiny creations of less than five inches.

Then, above that, there was a small room just twenty feet on each side, and within there was a spherical, impervious object, a mere ten feet in diameter. It was the drive, the power that would carry this huge behemoth of space to new worlds across the vacuum of outer space. A tiny thing, dwarfed to even less than insignificance by its surroundings, would do the work that huge monstrosities up to a size of several miles had failed had failed to accomplish.

Then there came the countless compartments, each housing some of the hundreds of scientists, engineers, or some from any of the other sundry professions.

Now the last tiny door was clanging shut and the miniature holi-ship was drawing away from the gleaming wall and slowly descending to disappear thru an opening that broke the unmarred surface to the north of the ship. They were ready to leave,...to leave.....

What was the name of their planet? No one could remember, it had been so long since anyone had thought of such trivial matters....or mayhap it never had a name...possibly just a number as so many others had...or maybe never even that.

There broke forth a low whine that grew steadily more shrill, up, up the scale of vibrations until it became entirely lost to the auditory organs. Then, as the sound became inaudible, the craft itself shot upwards with such a speed and acceleration that it seemed to disappear.

There was a sudden roar and a violent whirl of air as a result of the atmosphere rushing to fill the column of vacuum which the ship had created by its passage. The first, and in all probability, the last wind that this world had or would experience for countless aeons.

The vessel itself sped upwards at a terrific acceleration, increasing speed every second. A small white dot flashed by on the right, another dead white, used up world. With the velocity increased even more it sped entirely out of the system.

More speed, more, more, and a star shot by, then another, and still others, until they were as a myriad of ribbons of light flashing their brilliant way past.

Suddenly they were gone! There was naught but blackness. They were beyond the limits of the galaxy!

Now free of the hampered space literally overflowing with thousands of stars circled by their ghastly pale satellites, the acceleration was applied in earnest. A little spiral shaped disk of light that was a galaxy whizzed past, and more passed until they were as the stars had been, brief, bright smears of light. Then they, as the stars had done, they vanished abruptly, leaving only cold, depressing, impenetrable blackness, unpunctuated by even the slightest suggestion of light.

They were beyond the FIRST UNIVERSE, boring out into the vast and utter emptiness of inter-universal space, out and away from the FIRST UNIVERSE, with all its clouds of galaxies, into the great void where the entire FIRST UNIVERSE would be like a diminutive grain of sand in a monstrous mountain...plunging into the unknown as had their ancestors from the once mighty Earth in billions of centuries past.

And where were they bound? What was their all important destination? It was what they tentatively termed the SECOND UNIVERSE, another universe, which was, in all probability, similar to their FIRST. It was there that they hoped to find the fresh, unspoiled planets that would mean the salvation of all man-kinds great minions.

How far was it? ...Who could know? To try to measure the distance, with the entire FIRST UNIVERSE as the base of the triangle, would be as futile as to attempt the measurement of the length of a galaxy with the width of a room as the triangles base. For even from such widely removed points of observation, there was not even the slightest difference in the angle of observation; none that even the finest micrometers could detect.

Gauge its distance by light intensity? How could they do that, when they could hazard not even the slightest estimate as to the size, amount of light, or any other features of the SECOND UNIVERSE? For even in their greatest telescopes its entire mass was only a tiny dot of barely discernable light; its shape completely obscured by the distance. And besides, where would it yet be where it had been those infinite ages ago when the light now arriving from it in the FIRST UNIVERSE had left on its journey? Or would their FIRST UNIVERSE still be located the same in relation to the SECOND?

Now if anybody had been able to watch, they would have seen the FIRST UNIVERSE receding with astonishing rapidity. It was at first a tremendous near hemisphere, enveloping all space behind. Then, as their already incalculable speed was augmented each millisecond by thousands of light speeds, it slowly resolved itself into an ever smaller disc, until it appeared a round ball of paper, then only a dot of light that gradually became even smaller and less distinct until it was gone, and so complete was the darkness that the eye would doubt that it had ever existed.

And they were left isolated from all light; all things that possessed tangibility, left utterly alone billions, trillions of light years from the nearest source of light, and they were receding from that at an incredible speed, still increasing every microsecond!

For hours they plowed on at that monstrous velocity... but then the acceleration ceased! They had reached the limit of even the might of this great ship's power. Possibly the limit of speed for all things, just as Einstein's theoretical limit of light speed.

The hours lengthened into days, the days to weeks, then months, ... a year, ... two years, then three.

Jubilation reigned throughout the ship; the elusive SECOND UNIVERSE had been sighted through the 1,000 inch telescope mounted in the fore of the craft. It was a full 10° above their present course, but they easily remedied that, and now they sped toward their destination... the SECOND UNIVERSE.

In the scope the image continued to grow until it became visible to the naked eye.

As the deceleration progressed, they could see the direct visual image increase in size, and become more distinct; in direct contrast with the other which had faded from sight three years before. It gradually assumed a plate-like form, then expanded until it enveloped space on all sides of them.

With a burst of power, aided by the countless particles of cosmic dust that pervade all intra-universal space, they came to a near halt and directed their ship to the galaxy in proximity.

They cautiously approached the strangely tenuous rim area and selected a star near the center, driving directly for it.

It was approximately 1,000,000 miles in diameter and fairly likely to have planets.

With look-outs at their posts, alerted for any signs of alien intelligence, they approached what would probably be the system's boundaries. It would be heartbreaking to have to eliminate an alien culture, but Humanity needed room for its own masses... freedom at last from the crowded many-layered, shells they existed in.

A reflected flash to the left... a planet. They maneuvered towards it, always cautious, watchful. But there were no signs of hostility from any quarter. No attempts at signaling or communication.

As they came closer, the planet began to take the shape of a globe; it occurred to them that it was unusually bright for a planet. Perhaps it was covered with liquid, but that would present no great difficulty. Such minor obstacles as that could be overcome with little effort.

Closer yet... the globe expanded to take up all of the vision plates.

Their eyes bulged, for they saw a gleaming white, glassy smooth, perfectly spherical planet.

***** OMEGA *****

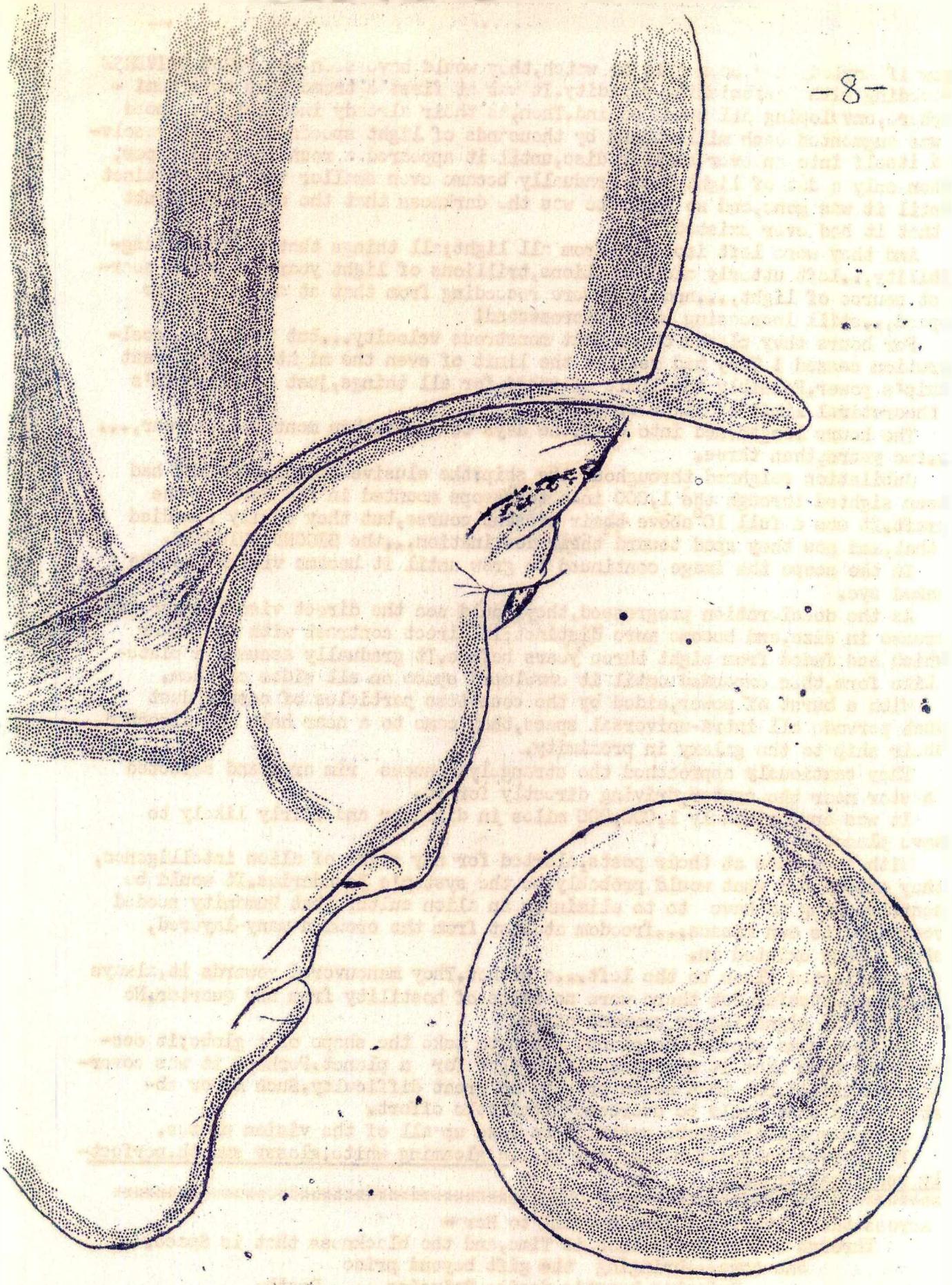
Across the centuries I sent my call to Her ←

Through the greyness that is Time, and the blackness that is Space.

She came... bringing the gift beyond price

Bringing heart's desire. Bringing Death.

..... Pvt. Joe Schaumburger.



CHADOT
501

... YOU WANT TO PUBLISH A FANZINE
By Warren Baldwin

Next to writing professionally, which is beyond the ability of the majority of fans, one of the most satisfying activities open to the active science fiction fan is that of editing his own fanzine. There's a sense of fulfillment, a feeling of inner pride which comes as you hold that completed first issue in your hand; that is impossible to derive from any other fan pastime. And it's an anxiety which gives pleasure rather than unease as, during the days following your first mailing, you perch on needles in expectation of the initial letters of comment, whether praise or condemnation.

I speak from experience. Brief experience, it is true, yet I can't help feeling that, had I been able to overcome that old bugaboo of money trouble, you might have been reading this article in another fanzine than this one. And now to come to the point: I'm going to try to talk you into publishing your own fanzine. Even if it's a one-shot, you will have had the satisfaction of measuring up to that old fan yardstick, which says, that you can't be a true fan until you've had the smell of mimeograph ink on your fingers.

The first step, obviously, is to decide upon what kind of fanzine you want to publish and what you are going to call it. The name is incidental, of course, but a catchy name or a clever one, or best of all a fanish one, is still better than a dull title, regardless of the fact that your zine will be judged primarily on what it contains. It is extremely important that to begin with, you shouldn't bite off more than you can chew, particularly if the mag is to be a one-man job with yourself in the positions of editor, proofreader, copywriter, artist, and publisher. I would say that for the tyro editor about the safest bet for the first attempt is a bi-monthly, general content zine. The bi-monthly publishing schedule has numerous advantages over those either more frequent or less frequent. Assuming that your No. 1 issue is in the mails, you now have a whole sixty days in which to perform such chores as deciding the tentative size of your second issue, choosing suitable articles and stories from available manuscripts, planning the page layouts, and so forth. Besides that, fans are peculiar people some of them actually prefer a bi-monthly mag to a monthly one, for the simple reason that the quality of the bi-monthly is almost certain to be better -- though not always. Even those fans who prefer a monthly

CONTINUED ON

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I'M NOT THE TYPE

By RAD NELSON

Superior typing comes from a well balanced diet and a normal sex life, together with plenty of sleep and exercise. A good typist must have a healthy happy outlook on life and be ambitious, neat, and hard working. All these factors add up to typing skill. Without them, a typist is likely to make all kinds of errors.

magazine will buy a bi-monthly zine where they would not consider a quarterly mag, or one even less frequent, simply because that extra thirty days wait is enough, in their minds, to tip the scales against it. The exception to this could only be an exceptionally fine fanzine and -- lets face it -- the probabilities are against your first issue being that good. As for the contents of that first issue: why should they be general in nature? There are several good reasons, the most important being to catch and retain the interest of the greatest possible number of readers. Attaining this goal will be the greatest help in making your fanzine a success. Of course that statement is not necessarily true. For instance, if you find yourself extremely interested in the topic of fan fiction, you may prefer to make your zine all or mostly fiction. If so, I can only relay to you this word of warning, which has been said more than once by other fans than I. If you plan to specialize with your zine, only those fans with tastes similar to your own are going to subscribe to it whether it be poetry, fiction, or fact. The danger here is the possibility that you may operate at a loss for longer than you anticipate, until your subscription list is built up to a break-even basis. This you may ignore if you have more money than you know what to do with.

But let's say that you have decided to publish a bi-monthly general-zine called HECTIC. Having come this far, there now are several things you can do. Arbitrarily, let's first choose the gathering of material. If you have decided to publish a fanzine, you must know what a fanzine is: i. e., you must have seen and read some. This simplifies matters enormously. Not all fanzines give the addresses of their authors, but sometimes you may find them in the letter columns of old prozines since as often as not a fan writer or editor will have had a letter published at one time or another. These letter columns are, incidentally, also a fine place for procuring the names and addresses of possible contributors. The next step is to write to every one on your list, giving first the succinct information about your planned mag, and then politely requesting contributions for the first issue. Most of your addressees will be glad to co-operate in the hope that your zine may become an eventual steady market for their work. Some may not respond, but don't let that discourage you. If you've only gotten a few names, you might also ask for the addresses of other fan authors which they know. If possible, try to collect enough material for at least two issues before you consider actually beginning the publishing process. You are bound to receive a tardy manuscript or two which would have been perfect for the first issue if you had had a little more patience. As for the selection of material itself, no amount of advice is likely to help you with the problem unless you are one of these rarities, a naturally good judge of writing. Generally, it is best to achieve a close balance between the fiction and articles, and dole out poetry, cartoons, artwork and other miscellanea in small but balanced dosages. ((Editor's note: I, myself, think that it is better to have lots of artwork, because it livens up an otherwise drab fanzine)) This is true only of a general fanzine.

The range of publishing processes is wide, your choice depending upon a number of factors, the chief one being the amount of money you wish to spend. For the average fan, who must keep a close eye on his purse, the choice usually lies between the hectograph and the mimeograph. (since technical descriptions lie outside the scope of this article, I will not attempt them here. Your own local office supplies dealer can give you a good explanation of the machines mentioned above.) For a generalzine aiming at wide circulation, I think the wisest choice would be mimeograph. Besides providing a greater leeway in operational procedures, any number

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SRAPNEAP -12-

Who Knows?

By Reed Boggs

Dear Duggie:

I've got an Odd here that has three boxes marked, to wit: "wewould like to know what you think of this Mag"; "You are a big wheel inStf."; ; and "Please send us some material." It is certainly nice to know that I'm a big wheel in fandom. I thank ye truly. (((Don't mention it, don't mention it))) As for material, who knows? The purpose of this letter is to let you know what I think of your mag.

Well, I think, it could be worse, and has been worse. ODD has been, I mean. I've got some earlier issues here, and comparing them with the new issue, Aug-Sept, shows taht you're improving quite satisfactorily. ODD is quite an interesting lil' mag.

The cover, of course, is the best thing in the entire issue. A remarkable effort comparable with Ray's best in the immortal Spacewarp of memory. More Nelson is frenetically requested from this corner.(((I will se what I can do...)))

Format of the issue isn't too hot, I am afraid. The mag is poorly and sloppily arranged, first of all, your spelling....well; you've said you're improving that.

Worst of all, though, you've forgotten to provide a byline for several of your features. Think of the danger of this! When you deprive a fan of his egoboo you are in the same position as a man swiping a lamb-chop from under the nose of a Bengal tiger. (((But think of now much more public intrest I've gotten on this story's author than I would have gotten if I'd printed his name, which is, by the way, PAUL COX. With few exceptions, everybody who wrote in, asked who wrote the story. Now they know that it was written by Paul, a very talented writer, I might add. He will

have more stories coming up in the next issue watch for them. Also in the next issue I'll have more news about the super-issue of ODD coming up.)))

After reading Rich Elsberry's two columns, I urge you to obtain As much more stuff as you can from this sterling young fan. Of course, I've got to say this, else next time I want to buy a Wonder from him (he sells them to me after he reads them) he'll charge me two prices for the cruddy thing. But the fact remains that he is solidly interesting, especially in "Flashes in the Pan." ((("Flashes in the Pan" is now "News 'N' Veivs."))) A bit more opinion would be good here to flavor this column of news, which one has already read in more factual form in Fantasy Times. There is danger in being too opinionated, however. From ex

"I HAVE IDEALS" ★



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perience I know that Elsberry may well be accused of wickedly alying himself with one book publisher in order to ruin another -- for he blasts Flight into Space and seems elated about G&D's dollar line of books.

Tsk, Richard had better be careful, using racy puns like "Woolly maries his secretary but can find no peace" in his column. After all, you know, the post office regulations.....

I didn't read "Mama's little Man" by Warren Baldwin or "Quest of the Science Fiction Fan's Graveyard" by ? (((PAUL COX))) The latter sort of fascinated me in a negative sort of way, with that first paragraph, where he mentions the "thin thread-like street two thousand ft. below" and the "tiny bugs rushing along it." I haven't seen any tiny bugs rushing along a thread lately, but I rather doubt if they'd look much like cars rushing along a street as seen from 2000 feet up.

"Scrapheap" is a rather lovely title, and a rather lovely bunch of letters. Nearly all of them were good. I've seen this department, I think, (((No comment!))) when most of the letters consisted of a sentence like this: "Enclosed please find 25¢ for a sub." (((As I have said before, I wish I had more of that kind of letter.))) But these people had something enteraining to say -- particularly Art Rapp, Paul Cox, Rick Sneary, and EdCo, with an additional nod to Bob Johnson.



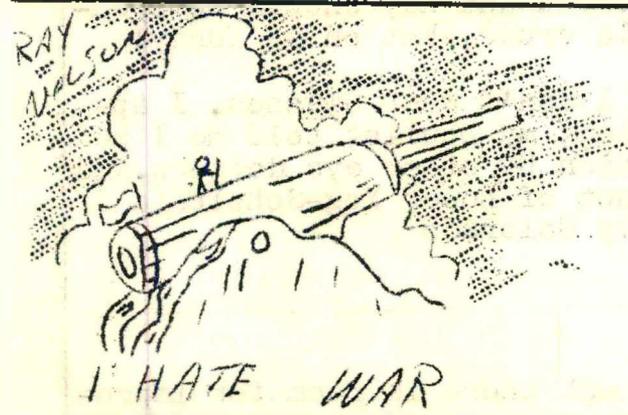
Little is known of U. S. president Ugawuggle's childhood... His parents were poor but honest members of the lower classes.....

All in all, as I said at the front of this letter, your mag is going along quite satisfactorily. I've got just one last comment -- or question, rather: Is Duggie your real name, and if it's a nickname, from what does it derive? (((It's my real name. I don't know how it was derived. My father's name is also duggie, but his is just a nickname. 2215 Benjamin Street N. E. Minneapolis 18, Minnesota.

Poison Pen Rides Again.
By Sandy Charnoff

Dear (Grrrr!) Duggie,

Hang Ray Nelson, he has a swell sense of humor. Wonderfully funny cover. After titling my last letter "Poison Pen" I wonder'd why you checked the "Your a friend" box.



Article "Small Town Stuff" was good. Also "Quest" was very cute. SF in pocketbooks. How about Rich's reviewing "Ladies in Hades" (((I'M sorry, but the Pocketbook review--column has been dropped.)))

ScrapHeap is always interesting. How about some sort of Artwork to market as prozines do? (((Sorry but Most of my illustrations are on stencil when I get them and I do'nt have the illustation'original.)))

-14-

What ever you do, please keep Ray Nelson's cartoons. The two on page 14 and the one on 17 are howlers.

"Mama's Little Man" was excellent. I liked it very much. Flash in the Pan 's always good.

General mimeographing is very readable. Spelling is also improved: A Proofreader, more fiction, and articles will make Odd very healthy: (((Thanks. But who wants to be healthy?))) Green ink is very relaxing, on the eyes. (((Yes... It generally puts its readers to sleep.)))

Yes I want to keep getting ODD. I'm enclosing a dime for the next issue. (((Oh happy day!))) It's worth a dime now!

P.S; If you head this letter Poison Pen I'll send you an atom bomb in the mail. (((Aha! A spy))) By now; Sandy Charnoff, Brooklyn, New York.

You should ought to be Spanked

By Bob Johnson

Dear Duggie and the other ODDities:

You make me very happy. You listed me as "A friend" among other things. A sigh to you of gratitude. (((Lets not get sicking about this Bob)))

You suggest odd bonds and inks. What about purple ink on twenty Lb Ivory Ardor Bond? (((Maybe in the Future, but with my new mimeograph I got three free cans of black ink, and until thats used up, I'm going to use it. ((Man! What a sentence)))))

Who wrote "Quest"? -- I couldn't find the authors name anywhere in the mag. (((And for a very good reason. It wern't there.))) I suppose it was Warren Baldwin, tho. --His Ideas are the most original I've read in along time. That other one by him, "Mama's Little Man" was really Bradburyish!-- In fact, it was realy quite hyper! (((Sorry, I agree , that Warren Baldwin is a very good author, but this was done by PAUL COX. A very promising newcomer to ODD.)))

Nelson's cover (back to business) was cute. Veedy odd. (giggle) It seems to represent the happy air of insanity which pervades the whole issue. It isn't great art, but it conveys a mood. (giggle)

Personally, I thought that the Aug. issue of SWARP was an utter flop. Perhaps this was due to their admission that it was just a schedule filler. I hope next issue will be more acceptable.

Incidentally, "Flashes" is one of your best features. (((Thanks)))

Something I can't figure out is how you can get a cover by Arfstrom for ODD, When I asked him six months ago, and he said he would just as soon as he had a little bit of extra time. (((Maybe I asked him eight months ago. I'm not saying that I did, but just maybe....)))

Cartoon on page 17: utterly infantile. You and Ray should be spanked; on page 14: lower right hand. A little crude, but oh so funny! (gigle)

To those people (?) who've heard that I don't wear Glasses. I apologize. Soon after that letter was published, my oculist told me I had lost 80% of my vision due to improper dilation by other eye docters. And so, as we peer near-sightedly into the sunset of Lower Yog-Scholthia I bid you.... GOODBYEEE! Bob Johnson, Greeley Colorado

Dear Duggie,

By Alan Grant

Rec'd Odd today. Not a bad li'l mag, though there is room for improvement. (((There's room for improvement in every thing Mortal))) You should be more careful of Your spelling, and for Gawd's sake eliminate the double columns. (((All rightie))) You should make the letter section shorter, and also the editorial. Nelson's artwork was good. It's always for that matter.

'Damn the spelling, Full speed ahead''

By Ralph Bailey

Dear Duggie:

Thanks for the complimentary copy of ODD.-I mean thanks for it- its catching, the lously spelling that is. (((If you don't like it, throw it back in.))) Funk should see it--he'd twirl in his grave. Wagnalls should look at it--he'd whirl in his grave. However, there's better things than spelling. (((You asking or telling?))) and ODD has got some of them. Spirit, enterprkse, etc. (mostly etc!) (((Says You))) (Says me) The story "Mama's little man was surprisingly good. The cover is a good cover of its kind, but I prefer a fanzine to have an un-grotesque cover. Am enclosing the dough for the next issue. After that you may be shipped of to make the world safe for the democrats. (((Not a chance, Not a chance. At least not for another year and a half, that is.)))
354 West 56th New York City 19, New York

Worth Reading Twice

By William Berger

Dera Duggie:

ODD can be considered the biggest bargain in the fanzine field. Its improved vastly.

The Aug-Sept. issue is the best issue so far. Small town stuff was the best piece of writing. It should enlighten those who are sitting at home thinking that forming a fanclub is something which can't be done in their town. Believe me, it has woke me up.

"Quest of the Science Fiction Fan's Graveyard" was worth reading two times. And you can really be proud you published it.

Well, writing praise is a skill thats much more difficult than writing stuff I call faucet searching noise. 912 East 140th Street, Clev.

HURRAY

By T.E. Watkins

Dear Duggie:

I see that the Great Stf desert has produced another fanzine. HURRAY. This is a dandy. Am very glad that your publishing fiction. We need better fan fiction and the two stories in this issue are fine. By the way, Who wrote "Quest of The SF Fans Graveyard"? (((PAUL COX))) It is one of the--- why say "One of the" it is the BEST fan story I've read in a long time. It has a good idea and a neat plot, and it is very well writtem. Yours, T.E. Watkins, 1605 Wood Ave. Kansas City, 2, Kansas.

Big Improvement

By J. T. Oliver

Dear Duggie,

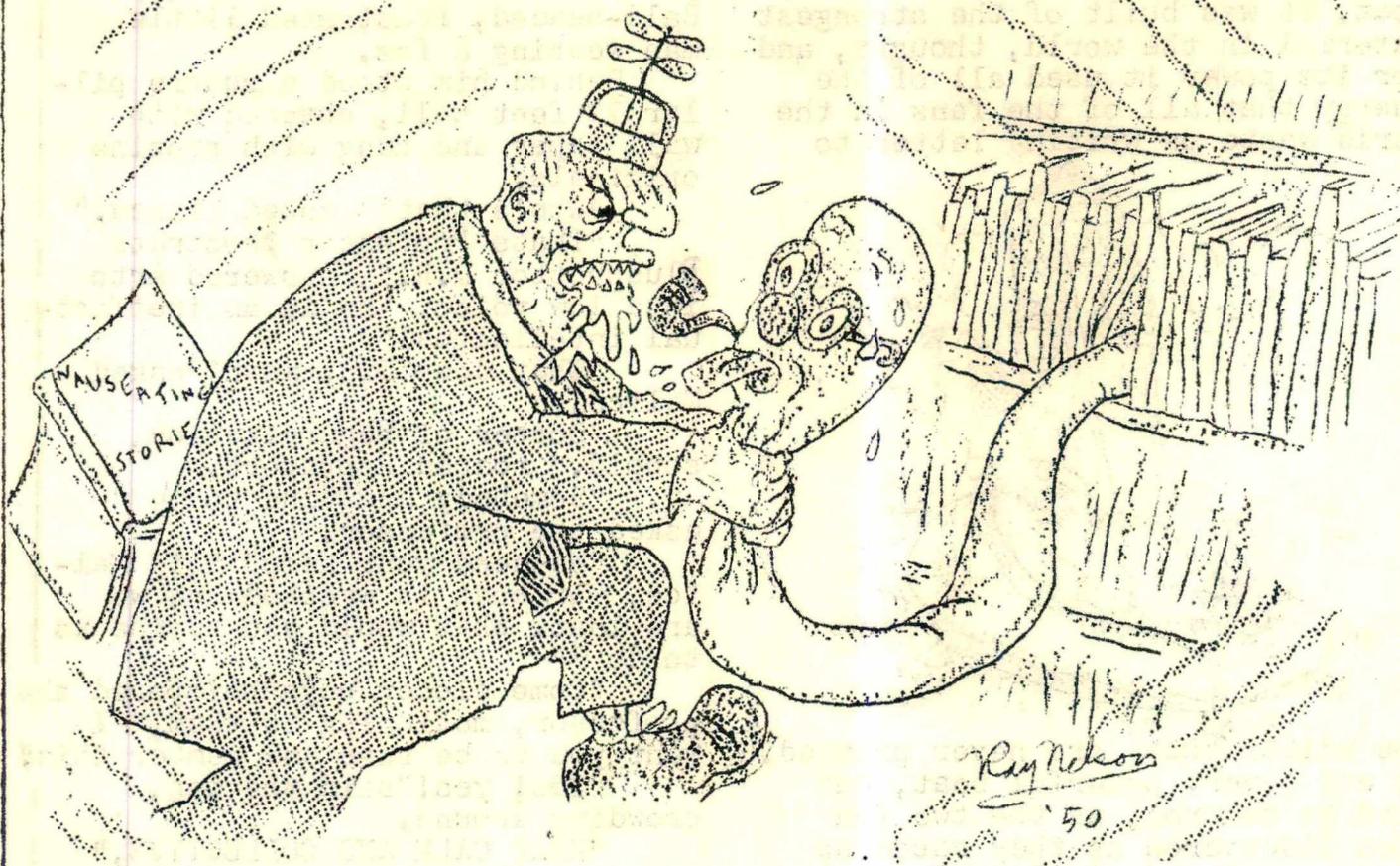
Got my issue of ODD today. Needless to say, it is a big improvement in every way. If Merwin doesn't give you an "A" listing I'll write him a nasty letter, I will!

In regard to letters, don't let the thing degenerate into another DAWN. Do like Tucker: edit the letters and just put in the interesting part.

I think the improvement in ODD is ample proof that fans will pitch in and help out when they find somebody who is making a genuine effort to do something. 712-32nd Street, Columbus Ga.

(((I guess that's all till next issue. I'm sorry that I had to leave out a few letters, but I had so much other material it was necessary. However, Scrap Heap will be back full size next issue.

Malice In Blunderland
By Johnny McKarrican



Malice was an active fan of the worst kind. He was an atheist, a SEXOCRAT, and the drawer of meaningless Hectopix.* One day he was crouching in his study, reading an old "NAUSEATING STORIES" When he heard a strange sound. Looking around he saw, crawling out of his priceless collection of Ancient Pro-zines, a huge, fat bookworm with a satisfied smirk on its pan. His super-slan mind grasped the situation in an instant, and with lightning speed he leaped and caught the offensive creature.

"Die, you ghastly horror, die!" screamed Malice. And was about to crush the bookworm when he suddenly realized that it was wearing horn-

* Surely You have heard of his endless fan feuds in the disreputable columns of the fanzines, all of the fanzines.

rilled glasses and smoking a drop-stem pipe.

"Arto Rappaport!" gasped Malice. "What have they done to you?"

"SHHHH," whispered Arto, "I'm just wearing this disguise so that I can get into Blunderland. I'm a spy for the Space Patrol, you know, and I'm investigating some very strange things that have been going on up the creek."

"Can I go with you?" asked Malice, "I've been up the creek many times."

"Come", said Rappaport, "climb into this worm suit and we must be off."

"Way off," said Malice, slipping into the clever disguise.

Soon they reached the creek and climbed into their boat. It was no ordinary creek, no indeed. It was a creek of glistening purest Xeno, with millions of swift

jet propelled Beercan fish leaping and playing in the foam.

Nor was the boat any ordinary boat. It was built of the strongest material in the world, thought, and for its power it used all of the energy that all of the fans in the world waste on writing letters to



the editor that are never printed. It was a very powerful boat, but hard to control, as the two fen soon discovered as they raced up stream to Blunderland.

It swerved and dipped wildly back and forth, up and down and finally, in one last burst of speed leaped out onto the shore. Malice and Rapport were thrown clear and lay stunned in the grass.

As they lay there they heard a strange voice nearby singing the Blue BEM song.

"Once there was a little Bem, Who felled me around. He was so short he did not stand, an inch above the ground.!

But was so big his feet were seen, But his head could not be found.

He ate for dinner communists, had atheists for lunch, And crackpot hash his supper was, And Shaver Mystery punch.

For plates he had his flying disks, He drank his beer from Stein, And he felt safe within his fort, And Xeno was his wine."

They looked up to see who was singing. There on a green and purple physco-analyst's couch lay a Bald-headed, frustrated little man wearing a fez.

Behind him stood a square pillar 12 feet tall, covered with wall paper and hung with prozine originals.

"Who's that?" asked Malice."

"That's Professor Prostrate Plushbottom D.R.", answered Arto in a low voice. "He is an ineffectual intellectual"

"What does D.R. mean?" asked Malice.

"Doctor of Regurgitation, stupid," roared Rappaport.

"Somebody speaking to me?" asked the professor.

"We need your help" said Malice, "Our boat is wrecked and we are lost. What would you advise us to do?"

"Come closer boys" whispered the professor, motioning to them, "I want you to be sure and remember this!"

"Yes! yes!" said the fen, crowding around.

"KEEP CALM AND COLLECTIVE," screamed the professor.

The boys jumped back, holding their ears to keep their shattered ear drums from falling out.

"You mean calm and collected, don't you?" sputtered Malice.

"NO" thundered little plushbottom. "I said calm and collective and I mean calm and collective. So there.

"In that case", said Arto, in a tone edged with ice, "you are a communist." and with that he blew on a little red whistle that he had raised to his lips. Instantly a police siren began to wail in the distance; starting very faint and far away, then growing steadily louder and closer.

At this turn of events prof. Prostrate plushbottom's face grew dark with anger.

"You can't do this to me," he sputtered. "You can't manhandle me, I tell you. I own the whole world!"

"What?", gasped the startled fans.

"All the world," he indicated the world with a sweep of his hand, "Is my house, and these," he pointed to the pillar, "are the four walls bounding my house."

The full implications of that statement no sooner became clear when the police car pulled up behind them and overturned with a rending crash.

"What's the trouble?" asked the cop, crawling from the wreckage.

"These fools dared to defy my will, screamed plumbottom, jumping up and down on the couch." Banish them from this dimension!"

The ten turned and gazed in stark terror at the blue-enamel pan that was the dimension warper. There was a blinding flash, a ghastly nerve-rending sound like a page in a pulp magazine being turned, and they found themselves standing in the center of a boundless desert under an alphabet soup sky filled with the titles of all the Stf Mags that ever were and ever will be.

Looking out upon this scene of uncalled-for desolation, Malice reverently recited some well-chosen words from "The Book of GHU"

"Guggle, Guggle, Guggle,
Blurb, Blurb, Blurb.
Here we have a most rare herb,
" Throw it in the Xeno,
Mix it with g...
and ladle out buckets of EGO-BOO."

Deeply moved, Art scratched a match and touched it to his pipe, then suddenly stopped and stared at the bowl of his pipe with fear-filled eyes. He knew that he was holding the match in the bowl of his pipe, but stare as he might, he could not see the match, the bowl, or HIS OWN HAND.

Only after the flame had burnt his fingers and he had dropped the match did he see a strange, human hand rise slowly and touch a match to his pipe, and then hold the match till the flame touched its fingers before dropping it.

Art screamed!

"Whats wrong, Art," came the voice of Malice, not, apparently, from the lips of Malice, but from a point but scant inches from Art's ear. An invisible hand grasped Art's arm and he screamed again

It took their fantasy-trained minds but a few scant hours to figure out what would drive an ordinary man's mind to the brink of destruction-if he happened to care for that sort of thing.

"The speed of light in this sector, or this dimension; is only 5 or 6 miles per hour. If we were to break into a run we could do what man has always wanted to do, travel faster than light!"

"Beer"; swore Art. "We'd better not try it. No telling what might happen. Move slowly, now."

It was not long before they could do nothing else. Hour after hour scorching, molassas-like light oozed down on them, until at last they lay on the sand gasping, "Science Fiction, (sob) science fiction (cough, cough) give us our science fiction.

"They say," Rased Malice, "that pulp magazines are pretty low."

"Dig, man, dig," answered Art. And so they dug.

Deeper and deeper they went. Down thru the Past, then Life, then thru layer upon layer upon layer of other slicks, until, suddenly, they hit a hard rock like substance.

"Got to get thru," muttered Malice, and, with a burst of super human strength, drove his pointed head thru thru the obstruction.

From the obstruction burst a geyser of strange, dark liquid which bore them swiftly up, up, and flung them, wet and kicking, in the air and onto the desert.

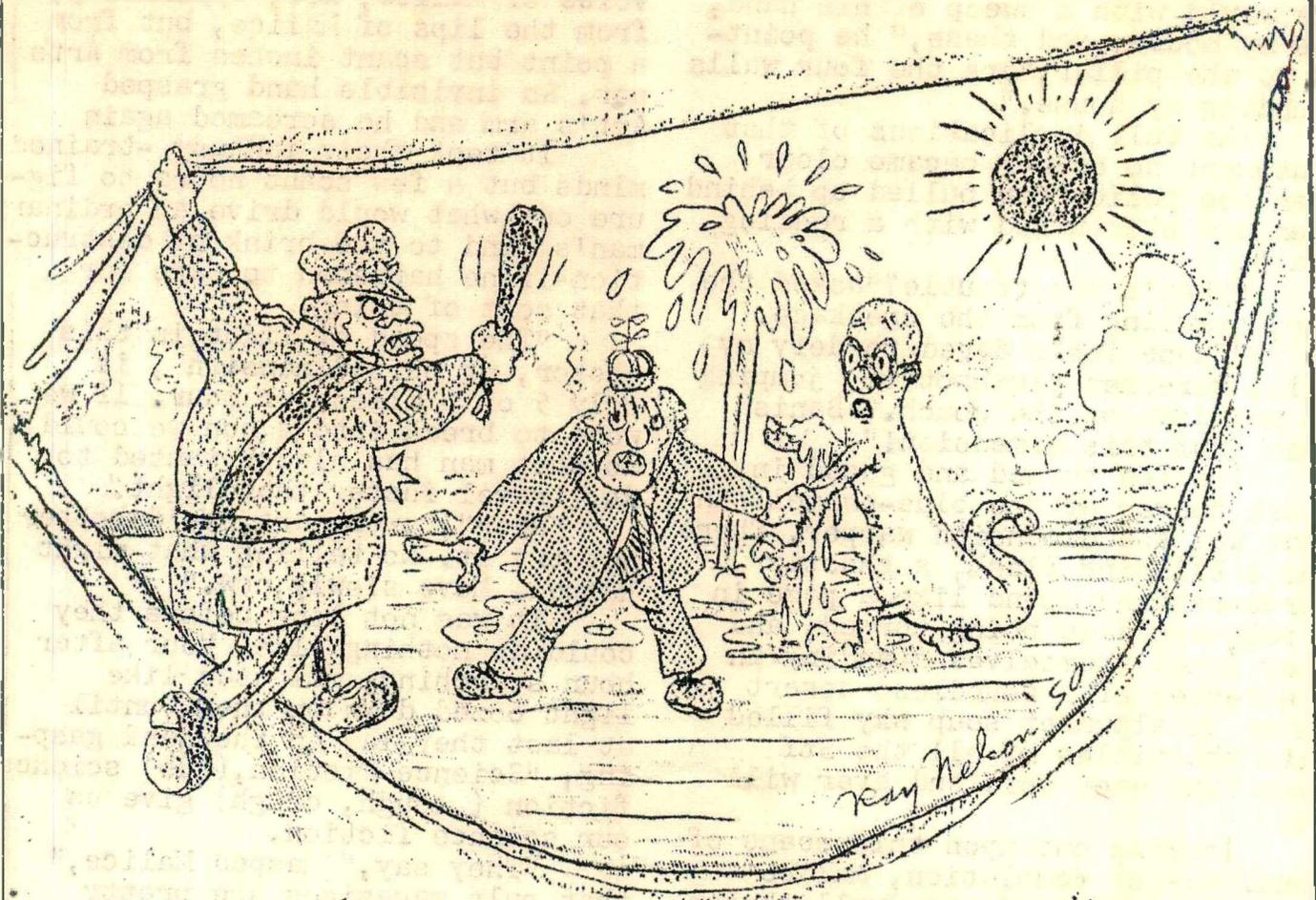
"Damn it!" roared Art, in red hot anger. "We struck oil!"

"No, it's not oil," whispered Malice in awe. "Taste it."

Art tasted it.

"IT'S BEER!" he gasped in rapture.

Continued on Page 20



"Yes it's Beer, THAT YOU'VE STOLEN," came a voice from behind them.

They turned and saw, thanks to the delayed light speed, the policeman step thru a gaping rent in the air, and then zip it up behind him.

"You broke into the big inch in an obvious attempt at theft, the only penalty for that is... isolation from StF Mags," Ordered the policeman.

"A fate worse than death." Malice was white with shock.

"I thought that the "Big Inch" carried oil", said Art.

"That was before the coming of Atomic power," said the cop. "Now it is used to pipe beer to Bob Stein's house."

"Let's run for it," whispered Malice to Arto.

"But we'll beat the speed of light," whispered Art, fearfully.

"This is no time to worry about a thing like that", said

Malice reprochfully, "Lets Go!"

Art swung his right foot, then swung his left foot and planted it ahead of the other. Due to the doppler effect, all the desert ahead seemed to turn bright blue, and that behind, dazzling red.

Down went his right foot in to changing sand, then his left, and then his right foot plunged into NOTHINGNESS.....

Artó Looked up somewhat startled. All around him were the vast, immeasurable, dark distances of star-strewn outer space, those stars behind him red, those ahead, blue. After a few minutes of staring at pinpoints of starlight, he realized that he was not moving at near light speed, Earth Universe time, but at a speed of several light years a second!

He saw, dark against the stars, Malices' struggling figure and try'd to yell a greeting, but

the emptyness of deep space carries no sound. Only the terrific inertia of their speed kept them from bursting from internal pressure and they would have frozen, had it not been for the doppler effect, turning all the light from the stars behind to infra-red, or heat rays.

(It must be explained that the spectrum shift was the only way they could tell which stars were ahead and which behind. Since they traveled faster than light, they outran the light from the stars behind them, and hence ALL the stars appeared to be ahead of them.)

One of the stars ahead began, bit by bit, to grow; larger and larger it became. A planet flashed by, then another, and another. Ahead loomed still another planet which, despite its bluness could only be----- Earth!

The frictional heat they generated, on striking the atmosphere, would have vaporized them, except that they outran it.

They struck the roof of the Empire State Building and kept right on going down thru floor after floor until, at last, they stopped; burrowed 50ft. into the floor of the lowest subasement. Strange to say, they were, like the straw blown by a hurricane thru an unbroken pane of glass, unhurt.

Climbing thru the rubble and out from the hole, they gazed about at the fast-gathering crowd, then, looking as if this was only their daily routine, quietly walked away.

The crowd, finding nothing to see but a couple of ordinary, everyday holes, soon grew bored and went on its way.

The newspapers didn't hear about it until a few months later, and of course they ignored it. It takes a hell of a lot to stir up New York now days.

But Arto and Malice, upon returning to Malice's zine vault, cussed and discussed the whole thing at length.

"Now I know who is responsible for all the strange doings up the creek," said Arto, and nothing can be done about it."

"Who! Who!" cried Malice, owl-like.

"You have all of the clues, fit them all to gether and you too, will have ego-boo."

Malice thought a minute, then blurted, "I give up. Who is it?"

"It wasn't the traffic cop, he was sane. It isn't you or me; who is left?"

"Professor Prostrate Plush-bottom," Shouted Malice.

"Of course," muttered Arto, "He is left. In fact, very far to the left if you will rember. In fact a communist! When he said 'calm and collective' it all became very clear, Oh, so horribly clear."

"How do you do it? asked Malice

"Simple guesstronomy, simple Guesstronomy.

THE END

((PRAISE BEER))

"I think that I shall never see,
Any good Fantastic poetry.

So far all that I've seen has been,
Hacked out by a badly leaking pen.

But, just in case some lad or lass,
Thinks that his epic will hack surpass.

I, beg of them to send in their all,
And heed my low and pleading call."

By
Duggie Fisher Junior

...The people who advertise products over the radio have found out, with the arrival of television, that a picture is worth a thousand words. The same is true of the automobile, but someone is more likely to desire the article if he can see it with his own eyes. Seeing, they say, is believing; and that old saying was never truer when it comes to trying to sell subscriptions to a fanzine.

I'm trying to sell two things: I'm trying to sell FAN-FARE. I'm trying to 'sell' amateur fiction in general. I'm trying to sell both at once, for the most part, since FAN-FARE publishes only amateur fantasy and science-fiction stories.

Amateur fiction was probably never in such a sad state as it finds itself in now. A lot of highly influential fans are arguing against it; and yet, conversely, it never was as necessary as now. For now, when the whole field of science-fantasy is booming, is the time for the fantasy authors of the near future to start training. And no one can learn to write fiction by writing articles!

The arguments of the people who dislike fan fiction are usually too true. A lot of the stuff is bad; and a lot of fans probably never will become professional authors, either because they don't want to, or haven't the ambition to, or haven't the talent to write for a living.

But I have grown weary of sitting back and fighting with stale arguments. I say that amateur fiction—as distinguished from the fiction by fans who have no intention of ever writing for a living and write fiction merely for the ecoboo it affords—is worth reading. It may not be quite as well-written as professional work; but often even that doesn't hold true. Yes, certainly, if you read FAN-FARE there will be stories you won't like; either because they're s-f and you like fantasy or weird (or vice versa); or because it propounds a situation you naturally dislike; or because your editors have made a mistake and the author has written a stinkeroo (even professionals do that sometimes). This is bound to be true because FAN-FARE (or any other fiction fanzine, and there are only two or three altogether) is limited in regard to size. We can publish only about nine or ten thousand words in an issue of twenty-two or twenty-four pages. Very unlike a prozine, which hits sixty or eighty or a hundred thousand words in one issue. But we think that most of you will like most of the material we print in FAN-FARE.

It improves slowly. At first we had to work with what we had. Now we can pick and choose—and we do! So it isn't charity we're asking; we aren't saying to you, "These fan authors need room to work in; they deserve that room; even if you detest the stuff we publish, won't you please subscribe?" We don't have to say that. We think FAN-FARE is well worth the price of 15¢ an issue, 6/65¢.

So why not try us out? Send a subscription for a year; if you're disappointed, you can always stop the subscription and get your proportional refund. See whether I don't know what I'm talking about when I insist that amateur fiction is worth something!

This very advertisement is proof of our egregious typing of stencils; for we are stencilling it ourselves. For our flawless mimeoing you'll have to take our word. But why only take our word? Send for a subscription and see for yourself; or, if you're going out to the NORWESCON, look up Jim Bradley (the teen-age greeter) who is our official FAN-FARE representative. But we give you fair warning—nine out of ten of you won't be able to resist buying it once you see it!

—THE EDITORS, SSR Publications, 119 Ward Rd., N. Tonawanda, N. Y.

"Nothing Sirius"

by Richard Elsberry

RUMOR DEPT.

The NY Conference seems to have been a success from all I've heard. Poul Anderson and Ollie Sarri of Minneapolis attended and reported it much better than they thought it would be. Most of the "names" that were not supposed to show up did. But the most interesting bit of news, at least to me that is, that they brought back a report on JWC, Jr. While it seems that everyone in NYC knew about this, it was the first they or I had heard of it. Reports are that JWC's wife Dona, has left JWC on account of this dianetics business. It seems she got tired of having Elron and his engrams around the house. She left John with the kids and --- get this --- ran off with George O. Smith! This could account for the strange lack of Smith stories the last two years in ASF. I'd say that this whole incident sounds just like Tucker's death notices -- a hoax -- IF it were not for the fact that Poul visited JWC's home only to find the housekeeper there. Make of it what you will.

"IF THIS GOES ON"

The Hubbard Dianetic Reaserch Foundation has recently gone into business, with a suite of eighteen consulting rooms, comprising one entire floor, in an Elizabeth, NJ, office building. # JWC, Jr. is also reported to have been filling the ham radio airwaves with Dianetics. # An article on the new science is coming up in a future issue of Colliers. # Erle Korshak of Shasta Publishers had first chance at publishing Dianetics but turned it down as he didn't think he could sell enuff copies. Erle is probably kicking himself now as Dianetics has sold well over 30,000 copies. Dianetics, is has been reported as a best-seller on both coasts. # Time magazine gave Dianetics a very caustic reveiwing in their Medicine section. Time quoted Hubbard on Dianetics as saying : " it is as important as the discovery of fire and greater than the wheel". Time's quoting of this was undoubtably to make Hubbard sound like a fool and a crackpot; it was very succesful in accomplishing this. # Another Dianetics article will be in the Oct. ASF.

FOR WHAT THEY'RE WORTH DEPT:

Lester DeLRey has sold TV rights to his story "Over the top". DeLRey recently left the Scott Meredith agency, where he worked as the Science Fiction editor, to do more writing; he has a novel coming up in FA. # Redd Boggs reports, to us, the passing of Olaf Stapledon at the age of 62. # Ray Bradbury has sold pocket book rights to "The Martian Chronicles" to Bantam for \$2,000!

continued on next page

part II

(Nothing Sirius by Richard E.)

The August Blue book contained a science fiction novel by Robert Spencer Carr called "Laughter from the Stars". # Les DelRey is also negotiating with the movie studios on one of his stories -- most likely -- "Nerves". #M-G-M- premiere of "King Solomon's Mines" will be held in NYC about November. #Ray Palmer, recently injured in a fall in his home, is reported as much better. I hope that Rap will be back to work in no time. # Future Fiction has jacked up the price from 15¢ to 20¢ without adding any additional pages. # Bantam pocket books will soon be out with "What Mad Universe" by Fredric Brown. #Kendall Crossen and 4E Ackerman are editing an anthology for Citadel Press, with the world at the crossroads as the theme. The Sept 2 Colliers contained "Thanasphere" by Kurt von Negut Jr. On the cover it is listed as "A New Science-Fiction Fantasy". When a slick like Colliers puts that on the cover you can be sure that the slicks are now aware of this large reading audience which is behind SF and Fantasy. This could be the forerunner of much more science fiction in all of the slicks. Not too long ago, in fact, Coronet reprinted Ray Bradbury's "Mars is Heaven" under a different title. # The cover for #7 Other Worlds was originally done by Kohn and depicted little women brandishing ray guns upon the fall giant's chest. The art department thinking this a bit too gruesome had Malcolm Smith paint out the little women. Then Smith's talent was put to work by painting a spaceship. The spaceship was pasted right in the middle of the picture and you have the resulting cover this issue. # The Sept. 16th issue of News Week carries an account of the Norwescon. Complete with a pic of Doc Smith. #New Orleans In 51!

BOGGS LEADS ATTACK:

Redd Boggs, in his column in science fiction News Letter (July 1950) severely criticized JWC, Jr. and Dianetics. He recommended the removal of Cambell because he said that ASF has fallen into a rut that only a new editor can get them out of. Publisher's Weekly, a bookman's trade paper, promptly picked up Bogg's statements and cut and twisted it enough to make it look like News Letter was leading an attack on Jawn and Dianetics. According to Publisher's weekly, News Letter demands the ousting of Cambell because he published the article and added to the book. It's bad enough when a trade paper has to go looking into science fiction fanzines for material but when the twist that material it is about time that something should be done. Perhaps fanzine editors should copyright their mags. To top it off Boggs did not even receive a copy of the issue of PW in which his material appeared.

continued on next page

EGOBOO

Manly Bannister has come up with a truly bit of fan Publishing in EGOBOO. This twenty page booklet is not only the tops in format but it is also in the extremely humorous writing of Bannister. Manly set this one by hand and published it in a limited edition on his Nekromantikon Press. This book is dedicated too, or I should say aimed at, those self appointed "big wheels" of fandom who don't give a damn what they say as long as it's in print and they're saying something. To those who are interested in fandom just as a means of obtaining EGO BOO! While this booklet has broad implications Manly admits that it is aimed at one person in particular. He mentions no names, but the story clearly brings out who bears the blunt of this extremely funny joke. If you want to laugh yourselves sick all you'll have to do is send a post card to Manly Bannister, 190r Spruce Street., Kansas City 1, Mo. This is required reading. Also it's a collector's item.

WHAT'S WRONG AT ARKHAM HOUSE?:

In Arkham House's latest catalogue, I've got three copies for some reason or other, August Derleth bemoans the fact that production costs have risen while the price on AH's books has remained stationary. AH's books will be in even more limited editions said Derleth. All this boils down to one thing, AH is having financial trouble. But in a card to your columnist Derleth denies that Arkham is having any financial difficulties: "Ah, is not in financial trouble. But if we went ahead with too heavy a program, we might well be, in the days of inflation. Hence we are slowing up in order to keep from having such troubles." Evidences of this slowup are self evident. The Arkham Sampler has folded. "Gather Darkness" was farmed out to Pelligrini & Cudhay. "Away and Beyond", scheduled for late '49 will not be published till Dec. 1950! And while AH is doing this, Fantasy Press is releasing one new book every month in regular editions and is thinking of reducing the price on their editions. Say it isn't so, Mr. Derleth, say it isn't so.

WONDERINGS:

Fantasy Press has the policy of having the first 500 books of an edition numbered and autographed by the author. I just wonder what Eshbask will do when it comes time to have Eric Frank Russel autograph copies of "Dreadful Sanctuary". You see, Russell lives in Australia

WHAT IN HELL'S COMING OFF DEPT?:

In the June issue of The National Fantasy Fan there seems to be a lot of consternation as to what Dale Tarr did with \$ 43 of the NFFF's money. Tarr was advanced the money to have the official organ of the NFFF photo-offsetted. Tarr was

made editor at that time mainly because he promised he could have the O.O. photo-offsetted quite cheaply. The price would only be slightly higher than that of mimeoing and the format would be much neater. Well Tarr never did get the Feb. 1950 issue out and he did not return the money. In the last Treasurer's Report for June under Debits, Tarr was listed as having defaulted \$43. A last report had it that Sec. Lavender was going to see Tarr and try and strighten out the matter. That was the last report. I'd say a lot hangs on this matter. NFFF advertises themselves as the biggest club in fandom. But if they allow Tarr to keep that money and can offer no satisfactory explanation then I'd say that the NFFF is all washed up. In fact, the N3F has consistnatly losing ground of late. They're just dormat. The O.O. has been out just twice this year. And then only because of the work of Art Rapp. Now Rapp is no longer available to them. What will the N3F do? Probably nothing. Just lay calmly in its rut, while shouting that it's the biggest club in fandom. This is not the fault of the officers certainly, but because of too large and far flung an organization to offer satisfactory service to its many members. If the club, with the bulk of fandom behind it, can't collect from Tarr then it is about time the N3F was dissolved! I don't know why Tarr is keeping the money and I don't know if the money has been returned to treasury yet, but I surely would like to know WHAT IN HELL IS COMING OFF?

The May issue of Eusifanso carried an article by Chick Derry declaring that American Rocketery Association is a fraud. The ARA, you'll rember, recently carried on a vigerous membership campaign by mailing out several thousand copies of Space magazine. Their membership lists, you'll also rember, were well padded. Anyhow, a copy of this issue of Eusey was sent to Clyde Hanback, the National Director, so taht he might defend himself. The copy came backed marked: "No such person at this adress". Where do we go from here?

SLICKS ***** ASTOUNDING OR AMAZING

In April it was announced that Ziff-Davis's Amazing Stories would change to a large slick starting with the November issue. These plans have now been changed. Because of the Korean war and a threatened paper shortage the plans for the slick Amz have temporarily been shelved said Bill Hamling, managing editor of Amazing. They are now waiting for a government decision on restrictions, if any, that will be imposed on publishing. Hamling was definite in saying that a slick Amz would come out, it being only a matter of time. This is what Hamling said. But I have been hearing something different. From what's been filtering in from Chicago I am led to believe that the higher ups in Ziff-Davis have put the kibosh on the deal. Too much money they say. This malarky about paper shortage is just a lot of bull designed to give them an opening through which they can back out. So far this is just a rumor but if a slick Amz ever does come out, will I be surprised?

continued on next page

On the other hand, JWC, Jr. tells his readers in the August issue of aSF to be prepared for a change in the magazine coming this fall. Immediately many rumors began to fly throughout fandom. That JWC, Jr., and three authors had purchased the magazine, that the mag was to become a large slick like Air Trails, and that a new Unknown Annual would be put out. But Mr. Arthur Lawler, Vice-President of S & S publications, scotched many of the wild rumors by saying "S&S is not and has no idea of selling aSF". "It is a highly successful publication and S&S have plans to make it even more successful. There have been discussions concerning an increase in size of aSF and also a change in the present format. However, at this time, no definite decision has been made." Lawler also said that there are no definite plans for another Unknown Worlds annual but that an annual of either UW or ASF may be issued in the near future.

If the proposed changes in ASF do take place it will undoubtedly be the first slick science-fiction magazine. Of course, if Amz does come out of its tailspin and does a double take it could be the first slick SF mag, but this is a very long shot. JWC, Jr. said the changes would be made in aSF this fall... He has but three issues left if he wants to retain his standing as a prophet. It seems definite tho that we shall see a ASF in the Air Trails format before very many issues are past.

IMAGINATION:

RAP's new magazine is out. So what? For quite a while, now, RAP has been making all sorts of grandiose promises. But has his magazine Other Worlds really improved much? I think not. The recent sixth issue was just as boring as the first one to me. When a magazine is clearing ten cents a copy more than most of its competitors you'd think that they'd be able to purchase good stories. Not so with Other Worlds. RAP goes on making all sorts of enthusiastic mutterings in his editorial beard about how his mag is for the fans and mentions all of the Other mags quite freely. This hypnotic chatter of Palmer's must really be getting to the fan because no matter how bad the stories the last issue was always "great". "Palmer is really for the fans", they say. I don't think so. RAP is all for himself. ((Aren't we all?)) He charges 35¢ for his mag. This he claims will enable him to buy better stories. I'd still rather read Planet Stories than OW! Palmer has done a lot of talking but that's about all. He's still trying to cut down on expenses by writing the lead stories himself under the thin pseudonyms like Frank Patton and AR Steber. Rog Philip's contributions make up one third of the printed material. And now comes a companion magazine. Same price; same quality of stories. But don't worry; it'll be praised to the skies. Why? "Cause RAP's a good guy, he's for fandom." Talk is cheap, it's action that speaks loudest. Look at Gold's Galaxy science fiction stories. Only 25¢ and yet it's first issue is better than all the issues of OWs put together. No, RAP will have to better than this if he expects me to shell out my hard-earned 35¢. And if I am going to read his magazine and like it, I'll certainly have to use my Imagination.

look on next page

BOOK NOTES:

Doubleday's fifth book in their science fiction series -- "Lancelot Biggs, Spaceman" --- rec'd a very biting review in Time. Time is definitely anti-science fiction. It has been their general policy to review some of the poorer SF efforts. Other forthcoming books from double-day are: "Day of the Triffids"; A previously unpublished novel; "Fire and Frost" by Bradbury, and the "Stars Like Dust", another original novel from the pen of Issac Asimov. # AE van Vogt has signed with S & S for another unpublished SF novel, and for a revised edition of "Slan". # "The big Book of Science Fiction", Conklin's third anthology from Crown, is now out at \$3. It's a well done job, worth adding to that ever increasing collection. Of the 32 stories in this anthology several stand out because of their classic stature: "E for effort" by Sherrid, "Not with a Bang" by Knight and "Forever and the Earth" by Ray Bradbury. Other very good efforts are: "A matter of Form" By Gold, "Dear Devil" by Russell, "Mewhus Jet" by Sturgeon, "Manna" by Phillips, and "The wings'f Night" by delRey. One sour note is struck with the inclusion of "The Long Dawn" by Loomis. I thot that this was the prize pot-boilers of the year. The stories can definitely be devided into three eras. they are (1) From Amz and Wonder 1929-32, (2) From aSF for 1944, (3) From the entire field 1949-50. Conklin's choices are generally good considering the anthology material now on hand.

CURRENT FANCINES....GOOD AND BAD

Nekromantikon #2 is highlighted by a two color cover, one of Phillips Ultra Werides. The first issue was terrific but this one is even better! Sixty pages. # Peon, July '50, is lead off with a piece of off-trail fiction by Larry Saunders "Section four and Nine". Riddle's efforts at organizing a club there, at Hawaii, also makes interesting reading. #The first issue of The Fanzine Editor, free to fanzine editors past, present, and future. This is certianly is a desirable item. fifteen pages of articles and helpful hints by Rapp, Deitz, Taurasi, just to name a few. # Utopian #4 is a big forty page fiction zine. Features and departments are good but doesn't add up to a quarter's worth. Still it's improving with each ish. # Explorer, Aug-Sept. 1950; is the officail organ of the ISFCC. Twenty pages of clubb news, articles and fiction make this a good zine. #Hurkle four pages from Reed Boggs, How ina hell did a SAPS zine get in here? #The Burroughs Bulletin #10 features an open letter to Walt Disney and a seven page article on ERB by Thomas Gardner. A must for ERB fans. # Science Fiction News Letter July '50 features Reed Boggs on JWC. Fandom's top News Zine ((Besides ODD. ED)) # Seetee is the O.O. of the Tellurian Sciencefictioneers. The first issue dated Oct. runs 24 postcard size pages. TS is a break off from the defunct Universal Musketeers. # Amoeba No. 1 is a subsidiary zine to Eusifanso. Five PRINTED pages free. # (continued on last page)

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Editor's note. It seems that notices in the editorial column do
not get as much response as the rest of the mag, so I've decid-
ed to spout off a little here. First, I want to beg, plead, and
otherwise implore you authors, and ARTISTS in the crowd, to send
in material to ODD. Because of a lack of a proofreader, some of
you might hesitate to do so. up until this issue we did not have
a proofreader. I had one all set for this issue, when BLAM! The
Korean War took him away, but now I have secured another that I
am sure will not be drafted.

Also Next issue, ODD is going to st-
art carrying Poetry. We already have several nice pieces of poet-
ry, and we hope to have more by next issue. But all of this takes
money, and so if you like this issue, and still do not want to
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to subscribe, and then we will all be happy.

Coming up next issue,
we have short stories by Cox, Articles by Cox, and Robert L. Br-
ady, and many others. So until November then, I'll be seeing ya.

Gargoyle is another of the flock of Printed zines. Mike DeAngelis puts out 11 pages with Derleth's jutting chin on the cover. Spacewarp, Sept. '50, is the final and 42nd issue put out of this sterling fanzine. It contains ten articles, five columns, artwork by Rotsler and a total of 82 pages. A græte collectors item of the calibre of EGO BOO

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I WANT TO TAKE THIS SPACE TO PUBLICLY THANK MR. HENDRICKSON, FOR ALL OF THE HELP THAT HE HAS GIVEN ME. DUGGIE FISHER Editor of ODD

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