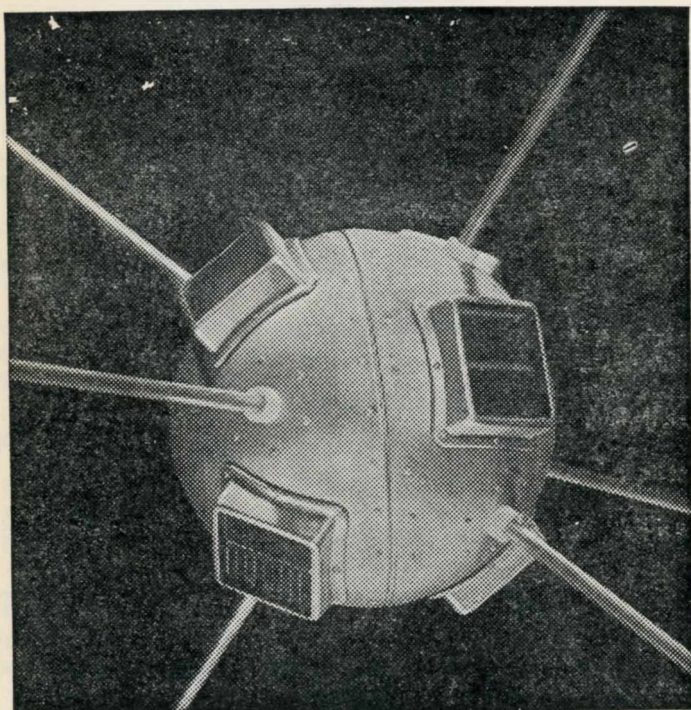


PSI

VOLUME 3

NUMBER 1



VANGUARD (WITH BELL PHOTO CELLS)

PSI

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EDITORIAL - - -

Quality, ego-building and personal satisfaction; are these not the things for which amature magazines are produced? I believe that they rest in every amature publishers' heart. Some editors show it more than others perhaps, but it is still there; even when a particular editor loudly denies it, possibly even more so then.

Perhaps some of you will remember back in '55 and '56 when I published the first PSI; it was what you would call a true crudzine. It was mimeoed badly, edited badly and used badly written material in general; but I received my personal satisfaction for producing it.

Now I am producing another PSI. I admit that I am doing it for my ego and my personal satisfaction; for this I see no reason to be ashamed. But more than that; PSI to me is now a way to meet, intellectually, people. I have chosen fandom to do this because I believe that there is a high percentage of intellect here. Yes there are the intellectual slobs, the rabble-rousers and the like, but generally you people have it over the mass.

PSI is going to use quality material, with a big 'Q.' This issue does not come up to quite the standards that I would like it to, simply because I have raided the old PSI for what I considered the best material available.

I desire mature, intelligent articles on topics of general interest (not necessarily S. F.); good (and sometimes experimental) poetry; and polished, well thought out short fiction. I expect to reprint material from fan magazines and other sources that falls into these classifications.

PSI is an immensely personal thing to me. You may see that it is printed; I am doing the typesetting, locking up, printing, binding and mailing myself, and paying the printer for the privilege of doing so. I do not want a large circulation, but it will mean more to me to have an interested and contributing group.

Perhaps the cost may seem high, but I believe that to those of you interested in the type of things that we will cover, will find it well worth the cost (at least I hope so.) I shall decide upon the continuing publication solely on the reaction to this, the first issue. There will be no others if the reaction is negative.

So go ahead; read it, meditate, and let me know what you think of the idea. If you would care to contribute, do so, but let me hear from you.

. . . la

Philosophy

The coati and the kinkajou,
Went bowling down the lane,
They drove right through the stoplight,
And singed the lion's mane.

"Oh kinkie dear," the coati said,
"When doth the H-bomb blow?
And four times four is seventeen,
And a hundred double oh?"

"And why does water freeze to ice,
And not to diamonds bright?
And why is lead so heavy,
And hydrogen so light?"

"The secret of the Universe,"
Quoth Kinkie very slow,
"Words are the source of all our power,
A curse can lay you low."

noah w. mcleod

IN THE COMMING ISSUES

Slated for the next issue: a story by Don Stuefloten, a reprint from "Heavenly Discourse" by Charles Erskine Scott Wood circa the 1920's. In the near future an article of a trip to the Tahitian Islands aboard a Tuna Boat.

MAKO

mark h. miller

**Every word I have written
belongs to you, and therefore
I am involved in you and
mingle with your atoms.**

A dialogue is a bit of nothing,
life, a poem, a stench, a grating
a few words, a quality, a part of
noise.

I have no particular stories to
tell:-

All things compose the world,
and the world is a long, thick book
with dog-eared pages, and each
little thing that happens in this
world is a sentence, a paragraph,
a phrase, a part of it.

I have crushed the green leaf,
crumbling it in my hand, turning
it over, moving it about; it has
left its imprint in me and I have
impressed it; therefore it is a
part of me, and I a part of it.

This is a part of the world, a
little part, a nothing.

I have seen a rock, and kicking
it away it rolled into a drain and
I have felt it a great loss because
of this for it had become a friend,
a part of me.

This is a part of the world, a
little part, a nothing.

I have chased a baby squid (the
squid is pink and red and speck-
led with brown) over a rock ledge,
down into the depths, where the
light passes in thick columns and
its flight is irregular. I have felt
the creature's caress, disturbed
its rest so that it displays the
black sepia and disappears.

This is a part of the world, a
little part, a nothing.

I have tasted the fruit of the
earth and remembered it; I have
embraced Death's ugly skull and
kissed her vacant lips.

This is a part of the world, a
little part, a nothing.

I have thought of her lately—a
second ago.

A man in our town had comm-
itted suicide. I did not know him
and I thought that he must have
been very sad.

Mako is a writer, a poet, he is
fiction, I do not know him. He
is everything that I would be, and
therefore, I can be anything.

Me.

I detest you, Walt Whitman, for
your words.

I detest you also Ezra Pound
for your words.

I delight in you, Ernest Hem-
ingway, for you are part of this
world, and I also, therefore, I am
part of you and you part of me.

We are one, and yet do not
share in our triumphs and our
deaths.

Lately I have read two books:-

Milton's "Paradise Lost," and
Kelly's "Pogo."

Nothing is perfect in this world,
except the touch of thy hand
and the look in thy eyes.

I have given no name to these
things that I have written, it
would be far better to let
you pick your own title, for
you could do a much better
job than I.

Enough of this nonsense.

"Mako"

Departure of a Visiting Witch

orma mccormick

I ride the blackest broom in all of space!
I am the Witch of Witches jet-propelled

I terrorize behind the walls of time,
Unlimited horizens have I helled.

As Queen of Demons, I have sent my hord
To vanquish lesser imps, and have compelled

All gods of gloom to bow before my throne.
While even saints have changed when
evil-spelled.

Yet Earthlings stay a fractious stubborn folk.
I've tortured them with war, disease and
pain.

I slew the best I knew that they had produced:
I've marred their lands—tornado, hurricane,

Sent floods and famine, pestilance, and fear.
With some peculiar faith I can't explain,
These stupid beings rise above it all.

I leave before these Things drive ME insane!

Reprinted from WWHIMSEY.

Sacramento Bee Editorial

R. S. Polkinghorn of the Sacramento State College economics department has invited Harry Bridges, controversial west coast longshoremen's leader, to deliver an address at the college on the economics of the federal Landrum-Griffin labor law.

It is a poor choice.

Bridges hardly meets the qualifications for the assignment. He most certainly is not an expert in economics.

And surely Dr. Polkinghorn would not have to search very far in labor circles to have found one far better qualified and more desirable on several counts.

In fact Dr. Polkinghorn's invitation, which Bridges has accepted, is an affront to other labor leaders who might have been asked to discuss the subject and also to the students of the college's economics department.

One can wonder what the economics are in Bridges' statement of a few months ago that in event of a war between Nationalist China and Red China he would do everything in his power to cut off the shipment of aid to Nationalist China. In other words, would he

call a strike in the shipping industry to aid the cause of Communist China?

What are the economics also of Bridges' recent refusal to comply with the request of Labor Secretary James P. Mitchell for a report, as required by the very labor act he is to discuss, on Communists and exconvicts in his longshoremen's union?

And one can tie little honest economics to the testimony of Attorney Bartley C. Crum before the United Senate rackets committee that Bridges proposed to use \$105,000 of union funds to gain control of the court appointed monitors policing the teamsters union headed by another controversial labor leader, James Hoffa.

The Sacramento State College campus would be much a healthier place if Bridges had not been invited to speak.

Dr. Guy West, president of the college, said the appearance of the labor leader was a departmental affair arranged by Dr. Polkinghorn and "I don't delve into such matters."

Maybe it is time he did for the dignity of the college.

Reprinted from the Sacramento
Bee October 25, 1959.

ENEMY ANDROID

Behind the grin
Lay plastic skin.
Behind the eyes
A million lies.

And his movements were
Offtimes irregular.

His hair did seem
Sans metillic sheen.
But then I knew
It's roots were blue.

And I slowly lifted
My neutron blaster.

He seemed so shocked
His words were locked
(His lips inhuman,
Aluminum.)

I watched the blood
Gush; my mistake.

ron voigt

LETTERHEADS

●

Tired of using
foolscrap,
mimeoed
or dittoed
letterheads
and
envelopes?
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