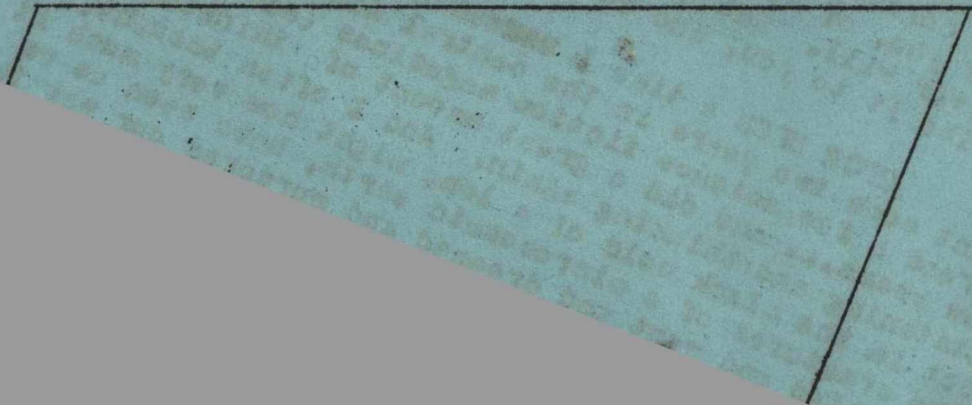


PSYCHE



a frontier publication

PACIFICON . ISSUE

1/by way of introduction

HELLO FRIENDS! What you see here shall have to be a substitute for my presence at the World Convention this year. Why? Well, you know... college, money etc-etc&so-on. I hope that all of you have had a swell time out in California, and that next year I shall have the opportunity to meet some of you, (no not in a Claudian fashion) time, tide and the BOMB permitting. In the meantime, my only acquaintance with you shall be as tradition commands: through correspondence, and through the pages of PSYCHO! There are many of you, of course, who have never seen the magazine, and many who never will. But here I have been offered the opportunity to describe it to you, and so I shall...

ONCE UPON a time I ~~was~~ was a radio operator in the USAAF and spent some two years in the central Alaskan mainland. While there, I read a few science fiction magazines (always late) and wrote a few poems... and did a great amount of thinking and looking and listening and thinking again. And I often thought, as I lay on my cot in the black cold of a long night how very much it is that we, the creatures of a microcosmic earth, have seen as we plodded and pummelled and wept and dreamed and murdered our way through half a million years. I also thought how little we had learned, how little the great mass of us had groped to shred away the darkness of the edge of knowledge. About me were men from every part of America, whose backgrounds stretched away to all the races that have ever lived. I heard them talk of common things and then I heard them, as they grew more lonely, talk of things they really thought and felt. It wasn't too encouraging. I wondered then if there was anyone at all who dreamed of greater things and greater ages... if there was anyone at all who was aware of all the blind grotesque monstrosities that strangle a man's brain until he cannot see beyond his own brief moment... no, not beyond the smallest second after midnight of tonight.

AND THEN, of course, I thought of science fiction and of science fiction fans. I knew that, though they haggled and chattered and argued, and though at times they boasted loud, they really did have something. They had the most unique society that has ever existed on the earth. They had imagination, they had hope, and they seemed to be the only dwellers in those "kingdoms in the skies" that man has tried to reach for centuries too old to know about. They were groping for tomorrow... a tomorrow for which each of them had his own vision. A tomorrow which was not narrow nor confined, but infinite... a tomorrow in which man, freed from the grinding pulp mills of deliberate ignorance, was ever rolling back the curtains from the giant unknown facts for which he sought so long.

WELL, I thought, if fans have their imaginations, and their dreams, and their ideas and thoughts and hopes, then why not provide a place for them, where they might freely speak of their innermost thoughts and, through the interchange of those thoughts

with others, might formulate something definite that might determine the course and the purpose of this fandom of ours. And surely it has a purpose, perhaps you can sense it too... this feeling within ourselves that must must find its way to light. When you first discover fans and fandom you either say to yourself--- "here is where I belong; these are my friends; this is what I want"--- either you say this, or you are not really a fan, in the sense that we use the term.

AND HERE is the place provided: the place of ideas and theories and philosophies and dreams... and, of course, arguments and counter-arguments, and all that goes to formulate a mental blueprint of another world that yet may be.

CONTRIBUTIONS ARE welcome (and needed, I might add) at all times, and are to be in the form of an informal letter, with no special attempts at style necessary, other than cutting down on irrelevancy and pointless argument. Contributions are to consist of anything you sincerely believe, hope for, or wonder about. The subject may be science fiction, fantasy, or any science: psychology, sociology, philosophy, physics, etc. My only definite nays are on subjects of rooting for the political home team (nearly all politics revolt me, and you can find the subject elsewhere), book reviews (unless it be some general book which is necessary to the discussion, or which is not readily obtainable by all, such as the much discussed science and sanity) and several other varieties of verbal balderdash against which I shall discriminate (though if I am wrong I'm willing to listen). Time and space forces me to be a disgusting editor, and for the sake of quality and relevancy you may expect me to reject from time to time, and to be a blue-pencil fiend on occasion. If subscriptions should ever pay over and beyond the cost of publication (which, frankly, I doubt) I might even pay for material. I invite you to join my subscription list, but I warn you that you shall receive none of my million OUTSIDERS. Publication will be as often as material and money permit. Enough of this weary information: let's hear from 35 of you, you&you at 2732 west clybourn, milwaukee 8 wisconsin. (rprntd in prt from PSYCHO 3) ----phillip a schumann

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2/what they said

"THE THOUSANDS of stories about atomic power that appeared up to several years ago never touched the most enormous question of all: how to keep from destroying the world with what was discovered. Or consider the 'immortality' theme. None of the stories dealt with the particular problem that now faces us: what will happen to the economy and social life of a world in which the life span is suddenly increased by perhaps 50 years? If the new Russian serum is all it's said to be, consider the consequences: an enormous increase in population because few will die for half a century; an even more enormous growth in population if reproductive abilities cover a longer span with longer life; a reworking of all social security plans, life insurance; changes in the fiscal struc-

ture of the nation..."

----harry warner psycho 2

"I HAVE a feeling that most fans who remain fans into the adult stage are unhappy with reality. They are not a practical, earthgrubbing bunch. On a theoretical basis they will love to argue and debate--- either in words or in the pages of such magazines as PSYCHO. The more impractical the argument... falling short of how many angels on the point of a needle, however... the greater its interest and more lengthy its discussion. Serious or non-serious we like to argue and discuss, for we are primates and are closer than we think to our chattering ape cousins.

...I don't see Hearstian conceived beasties drooling over the prospects of a fat USA for dinner. But I do see the relative ease with which a defense might be discovered along some unsuspected line not watched or along a suspected line watched with bloodshot eyes, or with eyes focussed on the knees of a dimpled female foreigner. Most of the time much thought and experimentation goes into a sudden discovery --- but only most of the time. Phil, you discovered something quite by accident with your glass and dissolved substances in water; remember that I chanced upon the noise-caused flame dip by accident? It is easy after all. So, though I'm pessimistic, I'm not afraid. Do I feel secure in the abilities of the US? Maybe. But the main thing is my infernal "let it ride", "let's do it tomorrow" attitude. With me there's always a Tomorrow. I hope I'm not wrong."

----donn brazier psycho 3

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3//things like this fill empty spaces

the time is late

there is a night I fear to meet...
of darkness I cannot defeat;
a night of centuries of pain,
of old remorse reborn again;
of corpses in a village street,
and murder in a field of wheat---
immortal souls among the grain
who shall not ever rise again.
and I have seen the futile flings
of puppets strung on rubber strings
of cynicism and deceit;
of ignorance and iron feet.
and fear steals in on silent wings
to fill my heart with murmurings
of little things who find defeat
in bigger things they fear to meet...

----phillip a schumann

So long, my friends--- and I hope you've enjoyed the PACIFICON///