

My thanks to:

- 1) Clayton Hamlin, Southwest Harbor, Maine, who is my co-editor and chief cohort in deviltry.
- 2) Fred Haskell, 3450 Zarthan Ave., Mpls., Minn., 55416, who stenciled "Schizo" and edits COMM'L.
- 3) Enid Jacobs, 3914 Brookhill Rd., Baltimore 15, Md., our female, feminine, LUNAcOL writer.
- 4) Linda Kiorstead, 269 Chesley St., Saint John, N. B., Canada, the girl with the radioactive typer who does a lot of stencilling.
- 5) Gil Lamont, 1970 Masters, Christ-illa Hts., Beloit, Wis., 53511, Also known as the LUNAcOL writer with the nuclear powered stylus.

My special thanks to Carole Emerson, Box 666, Lake Wales Florida, 33853, who stenciled a few of these pages with that gorgeous electric typer of hers, despite the fact that she wasn't a member of PAINc.

Frank Stodolka, 13508 Smith Dr.,
Hopkins, Minn., 55343.

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

③



IDIOTORIAL
by
Frank Stodolka

Well after that stupendously great wonderful and terrific sixth edition of ours I'll bet that not many LUNA fans expected to see a really good LUNA #7-- did they?

But, by golly, here it is! One more deliriously grand, exciting, and titulating edition of the LUNatic Bi-nightly has arrived at your mailbox.

Steady readers of this mag will probably notice the absence of Dick Glasses great art work in

this edition. This is due to several things. Firstly, I must say that I promised both myself and several avid readers of this mag that it would be out within a week after school wa out LUNatic would hit the mails. As it is the delay caused by a certain stenciler when he she or it had to leave on a quick trip shall set the mailing date back another week. So, inspite of everything I am doing my best to get this mag out as soon as possible and I just don't have the time to pester Dick with any of my frantic pleas for artwork. Secondly, I hear that Dick is workin' like mad on a proposed serial or long short story called "Mike Mallet of Mars" which as far as I have seen promises to be very good. All this means that he will probably have little time for other things such as cartooning etc..

Rick Norwood has sent me some good doodles which will appear now and then in the zine with the initials "R. N." on them. Hamlin has, again, lived up to his reputation and supplied some good art.

By the way, if you yourself just happen to come up with an

(5)

amusing little caricature or an interesting, perhaps expressive, design which you think is good why not send it to me? Remember, it will fit into LUNA and if I can find a good spot for it you'll get a free edition for your troubles. Maybe if some of the teenagers in our readership went over some of their old school note books they could find some interesting art, huh? ~~After all, who does take notes when a teacher lectures!!!~~

Well, it looks as if this fan is going to have one heck of a busy summer. Hamlin and I are going to put out another auxilliary booklet for beginners with, I hope, the assistance of the rest of PAINc. This one is going to be on pubbing a fanzine and it promises to be pretty good.

I've got loads of correspondance to catch up on. I've got to write to the editors of STOPTHINK, STARLING, YONDER, BURI, ALEPH & OMEGA, EXCALIBER, and let's see now who have I forgotten? Arnie Katz, if I don't get a chance to write, will you please send me the ish of EXCALIBER with Hamlin's article in it?

I'...

FS*SF*SF*FS*SF*SF*FS*SF*SF*FS*

6

As usual things have been rolling in the Big John Building again. There have been a number of improvements in this zine not only as far as the quality of material IN it but the production of the mag itself. I can confidently say that since our first issue we of PAINc have not let one edition go by without making some kind of improvement on it. Some of the improvements were only experimental but a few of these experiments have been tremendous successes. The use of carpenter staples for binding LUNA #6 is a good example.

However, improving this magazine has meant also the use of improved skills and productive methods and for these reasons the task of putting out an edition has become increasingly complex. It involves employing every member of PAINc in some activity for which they are best suited.

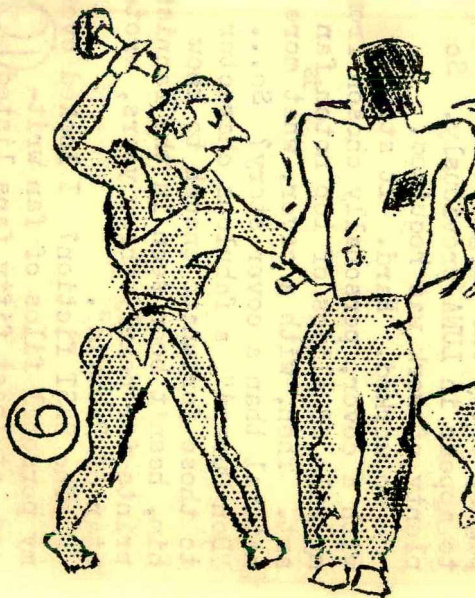
If LUNatic is to continue to improve its quality there must be an improvement in the quality of art work which lies in these pages. Little doodles such as the type which head d this column and other columns in the past are

very pleasing to a reader's tired eyeballs. But very few if any of those doodles will be satisfactory for beginning short stories and such. Thus it is necessary for me to renew my plea for an artist that is willing to become a member of PAINc and co-operate fully in ALL our publications.

Dick Glass has got to divide his time among several activities besides LUNatic so he can't help us too much. We especially need some ^{one} who can do art work on a stencil. Someone who can handle a stylus and shading plate or is willing to learn how to. It is hardly imaginable what difficulties and minor details I, as editor and publisher of this zine, must face already BESIDES having to stencil (or even DRAW) most of the art. Thank Ghu Hamlin has relieved me of at least some of this agony.

Of course, the question here is how much WILL I be relieved of if I become a director for the NFFF like Hamlin says I should. I wonder...

Well, so much for this editorial. Why not think this over. If you think you can handle a stylus well enough FOR GOSH SAKES LET ME KNOW! Now on with the show..FS





Let me take a
whack. We gotta
get this mimeo
going!"

THE ODD ONE
or
Looking Backward
by
Clay Hamlin

MEMO to D. Glass: "We told you so!"

Issue five was bad you say?
Quite so! Even way back then we
were planning on one big smash issue,
and clearing the decks for it.

The plans were like this. 100
pages, every one as good as ANYTHING
to appear in LUNA previously. So
plenty of work was required.

We worked. Hard. It started
with a cover, personally chosen from
my file of slides of top notch fan
art. Then, with a cover, what more
natural than a cover story? So...
"Don Durand", a fabulous character
to those fortunate enough to know
him, hasn't been seen in the fannish
prints for nearly three years, wrote
"Star of Pabuvia".

The BEST fiction? I looked over
my personal files of fan writ-
ers, at least fifty fans listed

in detail. I looked over the entries in the story contest. The answer came immediately, it could be no one less than Robert Margroff. He had two stories in the finals of that contest, more than anyone else. He was as near a professional writer as it is possible for a fan to get. And by luck, he had two other stories in that contest besides the finalists. "The Lasering of Deadly Man McPhew" was one, a reject from the story contest, (judge for yourself what chance your own stories had then), but better than LUNA ever had before. So that went right along to young Mr. Stodolka.

Frank took over himself. He started with his willing slaves. From Enid, a story equal to anything he had printed before. From Gil, "Seventeen Star Review", no fanned in his right mind would have turned this one down, but LUNA got him first. That dope Hamlin? Yep, even he donated a couple of pages that were good enough to make it an even hundred. It didn't have to be VERY good.

You can always count on the readers to contribute 35 pages



of comment for the letter column. They like to see their name in print and this gives them a chance to do so. What more do you want? Then, to make sure that it is recognized as LUNA, I got a letter from a pet demon of mine. I keep his two hearts in a bottle so it is easy. Don't want the readers to think they have picked up the Enchanted Duplicator by mistake, this is LUNA, so loony it has to be.

Dick Glass showed up by accident. LUNA has always been lucky this way. Surely no one is gonna complain about Dick and his cartoons. I would not go so far as to say that it was NOT the best item in the whole issue.

That is how it happened. A dream of doing something special, time enough to work at it, a staff of willing workers, as good as any fanzine can boast, and a bit of luck. That was LUNatic #6. The start, we hope, of a newer and better LUNA. Not just another fanzine, too many of those already, but one of the few that we like to think of as a fanzine. We hope to do even better.

ENID JACOBS



CATHARSIS

⑬

CATHARSIS

By Enid Jacobs

"Science or Fiction?"

A couple of us, merrily riding home after a SF clubmeeting, were holding a debate on the place of science in science fiction. Just an enlightening, intelligent discussion, typical of us fans, who, after all, have reached a degree of sophistication and subtlety in argument that few people can hope to imitate---you know: kicking, scratching, biting, nose-twisting, arm-crunching, and similar persuasive tactics. All quite stimulating--until they started threatening each other with bottles of oblitherine (stinging tactics!). At this point I decided to withdraw and confine my arguments to the mimeo'd word. Bafer thataway!

So. Our main question was "What does the sf reader consider more important--science of fiction?" That is, does he

read sf mainly to increase his knowledge of and indulge his interest in science--or is his major purpose escape, an exercise of his imagination, his sense of wonder? Of course, sf readers, taken as individuals, run the gamut from earnest scientists who dislike anything, in or out of literature, that cannot be proven empirically, to dreamy-eyed escapists who have not opened a science book since 9th grade, and then only to avoid failure. Most readers fall in the middle of these extremes--and for good reason. For the sort of person who drifts into sf readerhood is, to an extent, a hybrid--a critter who has SOME orientation to some branch of science, as well as the imagination that applies the science in a speculative manner. Were he interested only in science from an empirical standpoint, he most likely would shy away from the fantastical quality of much sf; if he were only out for

escape, any escape, there would be no reason to concentrate on sf, much of which would, in this case, bore him. Yet I doubt if anyone, or if many readers (leave us not over-generalize), read(s) sf primarily for the scientific content, as some have claimed. For one thing, many sf stories do not contain any particularly noteworthy scientific information. True, some sf stories are gems of scientific accuracy. Others slide over the mechanics of the phenomena, invention or whatever, and stress the pshchological implications of it. Still others, though printed in sf magazines, are almost pure fantasy, with no scientific explanation attempted. Perhaps one reason for this variety of approaches is the "fact" that some writers, obviously know more about science than others. But, the point is, sf readers devour all kinds, regardless of degree of scientific explanation.

But one thing IS insisted on: not scientific explanations, but accuracy of any explanations that appear. A fairly minor booboo, if caught, is leaped upon by scores of eager fans, who correct the error for months and months afterward, in the lettercol of the mag, while the author looks for a hole to hide in. Some have suggested that this joy (slightly sadistic) in pouncing on errors is proof that the readers are primarily interested in science. I disagree. I think they like to ferret out goofups in professional stories for the same reason that fanzine readers (heck, they often ARE the fanzine readers) like to point out insignificant mistakes in previous LOC's: "Joe Blow: you must mean King Henry XIII's god-mother, not his grandmother--."

Why do they do it? For a shot (mild, but satisfying) of that euphoria-producing drug egoboo. It gives one a good feeling to be able to find a mistake

in a printed work, and to be able to correct it. Yet few are so addicted that they read sf mags- or fan mags- for the sole purpose of finding errors.

So there you have your sf reader (providing you want him--): scientific, speculative, imaginative, and a wee bit off! And that is just your READER. We won't go into the personality of the Tru-fan, not now. My typer just isn't up to it!

Goodbye now.

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A CRASS COMMERCIAL MESSAGE FROM YOUR SPONSOR

Readers, how could you do this to me, your poor besotted by work & neglected by public editor. Here I am with a number of the best fanzines available and you've bought so very few of them. I've got more than a dozen copies of ONCE BEYOND THE TIME available and I'm rarin' to sell them. @ 25¢

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF FLASH HOTPANTS,
CAPTAIN OF THE INTERGALACTIC SUPER-
DUPER SPACE PATROL & SPY ORGANIZATION

by
Fred Haskall

Flash Hotpants was sitting at his desk in the IS-DSPASO building, filing his fingernails, when a messenger ran in, shouting, "Captain Hotpants, sir! Captain Hotpants, Sir! There is an omorgancy of Mars!"

"What's wrong?" calmly asked Hotpants.

"The Rocman have holed up in their Martian Stronghold, and they say that they will blow up the planet if anybody tries to attack them!"

"It sounds like a milk-run to me. Send one of the Junior Cadets to take care of it. It will be good experience for him. Besides, my fingernails need filing."

"Yes sir, Captain Hotpants, Sir." said the messenger as he dashed out.

"Why do they always bother me with their petty problems?" Flash thought to himself.

After a short time, Dr. Zorch ran in, shouting, "Flash! Flash! The Birdmen have holed up in their stronghold, and they say that they will blow up the universe if they are attacked. What should we do?"

"Do? What else is there to do but send a Senior Cadet? I just sent the last Junior one to Mars."

"But Flash," said Dr. Zorch, "This is terribly important. Can't you go?"

"Nonsenso! Nothing can be that important. And besides, my fingernails need filing. Now quit bothering me."

After another short time, a janitor walked in. He said, "Almighty First Captain Hotpants of the Inter-galactic Super-Duper Space Patrol & Spy Organization, Sir, Most Honored, did yuh hear the latest?"

"No, what is it?"

"Some young girl is lost in Outor Mongolia."

"A young girl is in distress? Boy, this is an emergency!!!! Tell Dr. Zorch to get my rocket ready to blast off in ten minutes. I had better hurry, she might hurt herself!!!!"

Thus, within fifteen minutes C.F. Hotpants had found the poor damsel in distress. So ends another thrilling day in the life of Captain Flash Hotpants, with the sun sinking slowly into wherever it is sinking, and the Honorable Captain almost done filing his nails. And it wasn't a bad day after all. We only lost one Junior Cadet, oh, yes, and some planet called Mars....

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HERE ARE SOME SWIFTIES YET!!...

"Look out! They're dropping an atomic bomb!" Tom exploded.

"Let's talk about a test ban treaty," Tom said disarmingly.

"What is twelve dozen of somethin?" asked Tom grossly.

The first two of the above are mine. The last Swiftie came from Richard Mann who receives thish free!

SCROLL FOUND IN
A SHELTER CAVITY
By Gil Lamont

And it came to pass that there arose among Men a Barry, of the Golden Water, saying: "Let us withdraw and huddle in our shelters. For verily I give unto thee these commandments, which the Lord Bomb sayeth through me.

(And the days of the American Way were long in the Land.)

The first commandment said unto all Bomb-fearing Men: "Thou shalt not featherbed."

And the second commandment said unto all Bomb-fearing Men: "Thou shalt not be a Commie."

And the third commandment said unto all Bomb-fearing Men: "Thou shalt not steal, except on thy Income Tax."

For verily thus was the Bomb's hatred for Income Tax, who was himself but a Fallen Bomb.

The fourth commandment said unto all Bomb-fearing Men:

"Thou shalt not desecrate the Holy Name of the Bomb nor attempt to desecrate it.

And the days of the American Way lay long in the Land.

And Barry, of the Golden Water, swiftly sank back among Men.

Lo, for the Men had not listened, except for the third commandment, nor did they listen to His disciples, John the Birch, and Dee of the A. R.

And the sinful days of the American Way lay low in the Land.

Whereupon the Lord Bomb, who was otherwise called Hi-Drow-Jenn and also New-Cleer, saw the shame of His people.

And the Lord Bomb likened the dwellings of Men to Sodom, and likewise to Gomorrah,

And the Lord Bomb was not pleased.

Therefore He unleashed His fury and destroyed New Sodom, and likewise New Gomorrah, for the Lord Bomb giveth and the Lord Bomb taketh away, and

the Lord Bomb is always right,
for He is the Lord.

And the Lord Bomb sat back and
sucked His thumb.

For the days of the American
Way lay still in the Land.



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The alternative to peaceful co-
existence: Peaceful non-existence.

Marginal Moron Courtesy of Stan
Woolston.

SORRY! Gil's regular column
has been delayed so it will not
appear in this issue. But, fear
not! The next issue shall see him
again worse than ever. F.S.

AuH₂O in '64 (1864 that is)

Bilgewater in '68

Underwater in '72

Broad and Water in '76

DID YOU HEAR THAT GOLDWATER
IS OFFICIALLY IN THE RUNNING NOW?
I hope he stays that way--still
running.....

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SCHIZOPHRENIA (a lettercol)

Well, here's the part you've all been waiting for. Here is where you get to see one of the greatest verbal battles I've seen in print. I had a real dilly of a time trying to select these few from the more than a dozen that I recieved for rather obvious reasons. But by concentrating the form, doing a lot of editing and such, I think I've retained most of the major ideas expressed and done so in such a way that the reader can see the great differences of opinion that exist.

If your letter is included in the following pages it may be for one or more of the following reasons:

1) The writer has expressed some very interesting ideas

(25)

and expressed them well.

2) The writer is nuts and I'm more than willing to let him prove it.

3) I just thought the rest of you might be interested...

4) I'm a soft hearted (or soft shelled?) nut who just decided to let you get your name in print.

Diane M. Peterson

738 7th Ave. So.

Hopkins, Minnesota

Dear Idiotor, Really Frank - your little zine is great! Now I know why there are a mounting number of world crises - LUNAtic has spread!!!

LUNAtic #6 was 'out of this world'. LUNA's cover picture was excellent! The stories were good and the whole thing is CRAZY!! (26)
I'm lookin' forward to LUNAtic

#7. I enjoyed Forgotten Man. The cartoons in LUNA are something else. [FS* Since Diane didn't mention what else we shudder to think of it. *FS_] This zine is like money [FS* bh bkk *FS_] - can't get enough of it!

Well, keep up the good work and
thanks for LUNA #6!!

Rick Norwood
Stewart Hall
Southwestern
Memphis, Tenn.

Dear Frank, Well, here it is, better late than later, and a little longer than short. What more can you ask? Plenty, you say. Could be. Certainly, LUNA 6 is a far cry from that first issue. In fact, looking thru all six LUNA's, all in the same? 7, format, marching from that first

poorly mimeographed doodle to a real, honest to ghu foto cover is an inspirin' sight. Even your art has improved a little. (A carefully left handed complement, that.)

Now if you could only do away with them pesky hyphens...

With a little polishing The Lasering of Deadly McPhaw could become a traditional fan ballad. /FS*At this point Rick renders a technical discussion of the poem which shall be forwarded to RCF later. *FS]In anycase, I think the poem is worth reprinting in a more polished version.

Enid is just a good writer, there's no way around it. Here, she could probably be writing for Yandro, and she's writing for

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There, there, Norwood,
get ahead of yourself.

LUNA instead. Kinda makes you
wonder doesn't it? O well, as it
must come to all fens, LUNACY strikes.
Lunacy strikes? LUNACY, Lunacy
Strikes mean fungus time. Yes,
Lunacy Strikes, the only cigaret
te with LSD. SEE the whole
world enveloped by a giant alime
mold. SEE your feet get up and
walk down stairs. SEE John W.
Campbell. (CONTRIBUTE cancer of
the navel. Brand X (made in
Salem by Witches) only gives you
mild delusions and time-space
disorientation. Lunacy guarantee
a full blown psychosis, regular
on Napoleon size. Aaghhhhh...

Fans only show their isolation from and ignorance of mundane circles when they allocate to fandom all creativity. The main point to make is, I think, that fandom will never boost its own level by blatantly crying its own superiority to the rest of the world. It would do better trying for continual improvement than to imagine itself in competition with some artificial mundane standard.

Unless you are publishing a letterzine, or have a discussion column like Warhoon, a lettercol one third of the zine is way away too long. I suspect you of padding to get a hundred pages for the anniversary, because this doesn't

finish up near as good as it

started out.

Sir. I know you make a specialty of insanity, but you have indulged yourself in an error in natural zoology which cannot be permitted. In LUNA 6, on page 73, you actually implied, nay asserted, that shmooos are indiginous to Lower Slobovia. Nothing could be further from the truth. Shmooos are found occasionally in the Valley of the Shmoon, in the Ozark mountains. They are never found anywhere else at all. Perhaps you were thinking of the Bald Iggle? [FS*]No, actually I was thinking of a shtunk, and who doesn't know what that is?

Just to nitpick a few of the errors in Gil Lamonts rather bad collection of unsupported

collection of unsupported opinions:
Lord of the Flies is neither main-
stream nor fantasy [FS* Actually
it's insect opera, isn't it?*FS];
Star S-F did not run only one issue,
but simply changed over to pb format
for Ballentine Books; and the guy
not named Stonehedge was not a bum,
nor was he practically a stupid
genius, he was a thief and a full
pledged stupid genius.

On the other hand, Seventeen
Star Review was pretty good,
proving that Gil really can do
better if he takes the time.

Stan Woolston
12332 Weatlake St.
Garden Grove, Calif.

Dear LHMatics; Sixth edition of this
here zine (#38) is not fully

(32)

read but I have an urge to comment on some of the letters, and editorial matters too. Norman Masters writes a masterful letter, and by commenting on his message and one or two others I can say what I want about the whole zine, in general -- and maybe have space to comment on other items in the zine later.

His suggested Serial policy has merit: make parts as large as possible, or at least finish a scene and yet leave it where dramatic effect or story value will let the mind roam and be "interested" untill it's taken up again next issue.

I've noticed quite often new fans 'discover' fandom in their early or mid-teens, and have theorized it was due to a

willingness to exercise their imagination -- probably because at 15 (when so many seem to discover NFFF, at least) it appears organized sports and similar activities seem to be less common or non-existent. I've worked with directors of the 5-man 'board' of NFFF, and quite often their enthusiasm and original thinking have helped bring in ideas that might not have occurred to us without their suggestions. Older members, I'm sure, had more maturity -- well, as a rule -- but younger members have a fresh approach and zest. When they contribute to a fanzine -- or edit one -- they have a chance to develop skill by applying their creative abilities.

I'm for this -- one reason LUNATIC and other fanzines are read by me when I get a copy with zest. I might as well say "creativity" has two phases -- one is to build -- and the other is to tear down first so something better can be made.

Criticism is probably the link between the two; with mental examination a gripe develops until it is criticism, and through thought can come fanzine material -- articles, columns, fiction and so forth. Thought, of course, precedes all creativity -- and at times seeing a "flaw" in a story inspires an attempt to improve on an idea.

When someone believes in psi it is probably due to some 'experience' concerning some

phase of mental powers. When some-
one doesn't believe in it, it can
be due to worshipping of Science --
of the authority of what has been
written or rather printed. Faith →
or lack of doubt -- is another way
of describing a mental state that
includes self-control -- and why a
mag called UNAtic should discuss
THAT is beyond me... but it was fun!
[FS* Like you yourself just said,
"Thought preceeds all creativity".
By including thought provoking
material I not only satisfy the
readers' desires for serious discus-
sion but I also stimulate creativity
and ideas. *FS 7

Suspension of disbelief and
doubt: both seem to be
necessary in any "approach"

to life. Science requires a healthy doubt, and doubt is part of reasoning -- and yet it cannot be a full doubt, but a doubt explored. SF is a "suspension of disbelief" attitude points up a contradiction as complete as that in combining "science" and "fiction" in one term. -- but the contradiction is only apparent and I think most of us who enjoy reading aren't bothered by any conflicting thought.

C.M. Thiel's letter speaks of putting together a pattern out of chaos -- a nicely-turned phrase which represents a sort of cross section of what human beings have succeeded in doing (in the mind of a few hundred people over a few thousand years), as far.

as getting a grasp of the "laws of the Universe go. Maybe there'll even be a way to find out how people get along with each other -- and then there might be a real breakthrough...

I'll now comment briefly on other things about the zine; dodge it or suffer the consequences:

Cover is nice; yes, the guy is a good artist.

Fiction by Durand "Morgoff" were both brief, but I'm tempted to suggest the poetry shoulda been a bit briefer. Some of the rhythm was a bit forced. Still, for a short bit of fiction a poem or whatever that form is called can be effective and make quite a condensed tale.

Enid Jacobs' story I think was a bit better developed -- on it might be I like those teleportation stories, even with a reindeer. (EP, no doubt.)

This bit of requiring contributors to tell you, so they can get the special contributor's zine, is a mad, mad, mad, mad idea. You know, mad, like the world -- on LUNATIC. I would imagine you had a back list of contributors and could thereby send out those zines. If there is too much work for you and Clay, maybe you could draft someone as Corresponding Editor, or something -- not to take the place of They Who Do The Schizo-column, but to hand'le miscellaneous (39) correspondence of that

nature. /FS* Poon kid. You asked
for it. You VOLUNTEERED. Now don't
be surprised when I take advantage
of this. *FS_7

The Serial, Square Orbit, is
brief again this time -- but invol-
ves action and ends with what
sounds like a crackling crisis of
some sort.

None of the fiction seemed
perfect to me -- dialog or something
grated, perhaps, but then I'm a
habitual griper at times. Still,
Scar Tissue seemed the best all-rou-
round piece, to me. Reviews I like,
generally, so write more please.
(Of course if you want to send some
to ME to publish that will be fine
too -- but make 'em a few paragraphs
long at least, fo SF PARADE. 14 C)

[FS* The following is one of the
shortest if not the most abbreviated
LOC's I've ever read. *FS 7

Bick Glass

23908 Califa St.

Woodland Hills, Calif.

LUNA #6 a smash. Lov'd cover,
w'nt more same. Whole ish 100%
improv'm't over #5. Stories still
too obvious. Poem a blast(er),
great! Star Of Pub -- so? Forgot-
ten Man -- ho, ho, ho. Articles
are good and pleas, desperate. Do
all Iditorials aim to pleas? Hope
you pub some good -- or mediocre --
stuff next ish. Story Contest near
misses?? You've gone a long way,
let's see you go further.

Seth A. Johnson
339 Stiles St.
Vaux Hall

New Jersey 07038

Hail Sir Frank, Just got LUNATIC 6
and must say you have learned a lot
since you started. Clay's bit sort
of bugged me though for the whole
damn thing consisted of an apology
for being late which would be
appropriate in personal letter to y
you, but hardly very interesting to
the reader.

The photographic cover was
attractive though. Wonder if you
couldn't get Tim Dumont to do some
artwork for you direct on stencil
though. I'm not even sure he is
able to cut stencils for its

years since I corresponded with the
lad.

The parody of Dangerous Dan
McGraw wasn't bad at all. Especial-
ly to those of my generation who
knew the original. I wonder though
how it impressed those new generation
fans not familiar with that old bar
room poem.

And just by the way, congratul-
ations on those massive staples,
They really bind the mag up like a
professional zine.

But the best thing for your fan-
zine was Enid Jacobs Santa Clause
story. Imagine old Santa getting
pulled in for molesting children.

The lettercol wasn't bad at all.

Well Frank that about covers
everything. Suggest you start (43)

considering going full size with
LilNatic now. /FS* Quick, Clay, habed
me the straight jacket! We've got a
wild one! *FS] Must be an awfull lot
of work butting all those pages in
for to staple that way. You could
still keep up the present page
count though even with full size
pages. /FS* Gaahh! *FS 7

Robert E. Margroff
Elgin, Iowa

Dear Frank, There are a couple of
things you should know about Mc Pheu.
I'm no poet, as you can see -- don't
know the first thing about meter
and rhyme and seem to have a mental
block when it comes to learning it.
McPew was intended as a humorously
written paraphrase of

The Shooting Of Dan McGraw by
Robert P. Service -- as I'm sure
you recognized. After I rottened
the thing, Alma (Boston Witch) Hill
took it, replaced the clumsy
"Verusian" with "Verian", and made
several changes to make the poem
technically correct; then, to my
horror, she up and shipped the
corrected version to Avram Davidson.
A few weeks went by and back came
McPhaw, reforwarded from Boston. I
open up the poem and saw for the
first time the changes Alma had
made; I saw something else which
darned near floored me. Davidson,
that busy editor, had not only read
the damned thing, he had actually
made a correction or two in his own
hand and written "Not good (45)"

enough -- but makes a fine try!"
At the moment I can't find the
copy on which Davidson made the
changes, but if you ever wish to
point to something in LUNATIC which
was written by FANTASY & SCIENCE
FICTION's editor, grab the issue
with McPhew in it, flip to page 17
and point out "smell-hellish" -- a
phrase which I know to be pure
Davidson.

I see by something Clay wrote
that you and I probably met at the
Discon. Frankly, I don't remember
you at all, but don't let that
bother you -- I hardly ever remember
who's who or what they happen to
look like. Of course there are
exceptions; I remember Enid Jacobs
quite well, for instance.

[FS* Who doesn't remember Enid?FS-7]

LUNATIC is neither the most impressive fanzine nor ~~the~~ least impressive I have ever seen; it seems to be an honest fanzine rather than a disguised political sounding board or something of that type. the format is generally good, but I question ~~the~~ wisdom of those one and two liners which the editor tacks to the bottom of pages. (Bet Enid was peeved to see the crass commercial message which interrupted her story. Really, Frank, I don't see why fan editors do these things. [FS* Because we're cruel, peendish, and we enjoy crass commercial messages. *FS 7] The contents? Well, the contents seem to me to be just medium good quality

fan type. "Bi-Nightly" doesn't mean the fanzine comes out twice a night -- obviously! -- so that leaves me wondering if it comes out frequently enough to make serials practical. The letter column is about as interesting as most fanzine letter columns and should, by all logic, be suitably headed "Dear LUNATIC." [FS* Any comments from the readers? *FS] The stories in this issue seem to me to be not so bad, with the exception of the McPhaw thing; I'd be inclined to give Enid a pat for her story, but maybe I'm still remembering how she looked in her masquerade costume in Washington... [FS* Even easier if you've got pictures of her like I do. *FS]

/FS* We also recieved letters from:
(1) Carole L. Emerson, Box 666, Lake
Dales, Fla. (I'm keeping my fingers
crossed Carole and, you know, it is
hard to type that way)

(2) John Merkel, 26 Buffalo St.,
Clarkston, Mich. (Who was a bit
critical but we'll forgive him for
it)

(3) Tim Eklund, P.O. Box 316, Harlem
Ga. 30814 (Where's Starling?)

(4) John Kusske, 522 9th Ave W.,
Alexandria, Minn. (So now you've got
what you wanted...more \$ by FS...
now you can die horribly)

(5) Irvin Koch, 335 Chattanooga Brk
Bldg., Chattanooga, Tenn, 37402 (Who
has just a wee bit trouble meeting
deadlines.)

(6) Dick Hirman (credulous

collector catches clammy columnist
Lamont with breeches down? Wait
till LUNA #8 & see)

(7) David Kirk Patrick, (Who, judging
from his letter, is either impressed
or depressed by LUNatic. At any
rate, the last I heard, he was
indecisive as to whether he should
buy a harp or a pitchfork on final
exam day.)

(8) Richard Mann, 131 Belt Road,
APO 845, New York, N.Y. 00604 (So
here's another LUNA to brighten your
world -- all you have to do is
burn it)

(9) Earl Schulz, 2527 Lakemiev, St.
Joseph, Mich. 49085. (A Mad Marginal
Moron Manufactured in Michigan by
Marvelous Me)

Well all and all that is

50

*a total of 15 letters on a good 20%
of our readership and long or short,
sharp or silver tongued I enjoyed
every one of them. Let's keep them
coming, huh? *FS_7*

OOPS! Just found a couple of cards
here from Vince Mansfield, 40-32
191 st., Flushing, N.Y. 11358 (Who
warned us that he plans to flood
LUNA with all sorts of stories! Well,
we've got the ark loaded now where
is the down pour?)

* * * * * * * * *
* * *

SF by F.S.

Here they are, just as promised
in LUNA #6, some of the best SF that
I could find in my collection. AND,
mind you, believe it or not some of
this stuff I even had a hand in pro-
ducing! Reader, beware, you have
crossed the "Thin Red Line" and you
shall be undermined by some of the
weirdest science fiction available
to this mag.

For the lack of any fancy art work, which this story most certainly deserves, or any penetrating comments on its theme-- mainly because I don't fully understand it myself-- I think I'll just leave the reader to sit in stupification as you face the...

BARRIER

by

Ron Wilson

Jaegar looked at the tall one with unshaking, unexpressive eyes.

"Well, I rarely can say," the tall one muttered, licking the tips of his dark eyebrows. A few of the others had left the cooking pot and were standing aimlessly by. The old man near the fire hadn't moved.

"I must know," Jaegar said simply.

The tall one smoothed the fur on his left ear and jerked his head to the right. "See what you see?"

The tall one frowned. "I rarely can help us then if we can't see." He moved towards the fire and Jaegar flicked a quick glance to the others.

"Do you know where I come (52) from?" Jaegar asked with icy clarity.

No one spoke. Some knelt on their spindly legs, others stood. A short one had locked both elbows behind his head and was hooting furiously.

Jaegar walked to where the old man sat with both eyes fixed solemnly on his navel. The lid of his head was naked and bleached. A band of greyish hair circled his neck, then flowed down his back.

"I've been gone nine hundred years," Jaegar said. The old man did not move. Jaegar looked at the tall one standing over the pot, hands full of amber twigs, "nine hundred years," he repeated.

The tall one dropped the twigs and grabbed the stump of hand that clutched the saltshaker. "No wonder you're still confused," he said, shaking the shaker's wrist. "I understand. You try to act in straight ways, and come out eating your own dogs."

Jaegar set his helmet on a stump and looked the tall one full in the face. "You weren't here before." Impatience came in his eyes.

"Where did you-- all of this-- come from?" He asked sharply.

The tall one shifted his weight uneasily and dropped the shaker.

"Tell me!" Jaegar shouted beetling with rage.

The tall one pointed a spidery finger at a one-legged old woman with matted fur. Jaegar snorted in disgust. The tall one shrugged.

A few of the group walked by jaegar and stood near the tall one. "Now," he announced, liiking into the pot. The short one with both elbows still fixed, prattled wildly.

"I would ask you first," the tall one said, looking at Jaegar. One of the others was helping the old woman, the rest waited.

Jaegar shook his head. The tall one shrugged and thrust his hand into the pot. The others followed, the old woman gurgling relief.

"Nine hundred years is the lag between here and the Pleiades," Jaegar said, brooding, "We have completed the initial drive." He slipped the chrome blaster from his belt and directed its aim at the tall one's chest. "And I want some answers," he said.

"The others," the tall one said to himself, momentarily

stiffening. "And where do you feel you have to see?" Jaegar's eyes narrowed in the weak sunshine. The tall one leaned unsteadily on the edge of the pot and pointed at the old man. "There," he said.

Jaegar glanced at the old man and then at one of the short ones who had climbed inside the pot and was growling at the others.

"No," Jaegar said and incautiously lowered the blaster.

At length the tall one grinned and pointed at a large hairless dog, lying off to the right with all four feet in the air.

"Just the same thing, actually, but not for here," the tall one said, nodding at the pot. The short one inside had disappeared.

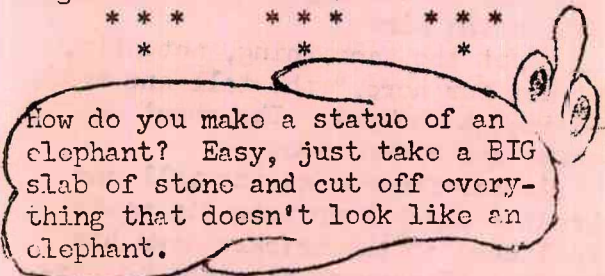
Jaegar frowned as the tall one thrust a black lump into his mouth and licked at the trickle down his throat. "I suppose it might be possible, that is, if you were quiet about it," he mused to himself, and then flexed both ears at the same time just to prove it. The hair laid down obediently.

Jaegar picked up his helmet and turned to the others. "I wish I had the answers," he said. The tall one shrugged and returned his attention to the pot. The old woman belched violently and the twigs she was chewing shot from her face.

Jaegar looked at the old man, still sitting by the fire. His lips were moving but his eyes were fixed.

As he walked up the trail, "Why did they cut it?" fluted on the wind but Jaegar didn't look back. He no longer cared to know.

* * * * * * * * *
* *



How do you make a statue of an elephant? Easy, just take a BIG slab of stone and cut off everything that doesn't look like an elephant.

FOR SALE: COMIC BOOKS! I have one thousand four hundred comi^s for sale. List available in two weeks. Frank S. Marginal moron by Richard Mann (5 6) who also gets this FREE!!!

TOMORROW
by
Carole Emerson

Spinning hazily in nothingness,
A world so small and green,
Secure in her contempt for good,
Secure in the strengths of
forbidden things.

Slowly the sun warms the withered
limbs, old even before their time.
Slowly she gathers her will and her
longing, and
Advances her steps toward a future
unseen.

Her eyes slowly lifting, she sees day
beyond her. Tomorrow is coming.
With science and magic and art and
their teachings,
She kills the old virtues, her
children's endeavors.

For years in the darkness they fought
to be perfect-- to spread God's
Reflection to all who could see.

(next page)

They did all alone, with no help from
their mother.

They strode out before her with light
in their hands.

Alone in the darkness she watches
their passage.

Alone as before she walks on in
silence, recalling the days of
her beauty,

The days of her glory when goodness
embraced her.

Tomorrow, advancing, comes steadily
nearer.

She cries in her longing for all she
has lost-- for all that her
pride has denied her.

* * * * * * * * *
* * *

You like that one? Well don't
be too surprised if you see more of
Carole's poetry in coming issues.

Now fen, here is a real rarity.
Here we have some SF by FS or rather
a re-write of Linda Kierstead's prose
in such a way that there is hardly
any resemblance to the original.

I think you'll like this one.

53

A JURY OF ONE
Frank Stodolka
Linda Kierstead

"I did it." The first man said, "I did it! But why me?"

"I don't see why you're mad." There was nothing else that could be done."

The man from Earth replied.

"Besides, you know very well it's the only way--"

"But why me?" The first retorted.

"You don't understand. If they had been analyzed and dissected by the . . . the . . . can you imagine what they could do with the knowledge?"

". . .and we tried every possible way to get them to safety, but there was no alternative. Their only escape was destruction. For two years I have been trying to convince myself we did the right thing." He gazed up through the plastic dome and as the blue glow of Earth light illuminated his already bleak features they suddenly became distorted with shadows. (59)

"The poor old couple. . . It must be a terrible burden--" The Earth man almost sounded sympathetic as his voice tried to fill the silence of the chamber.

The other hadn't even heard the comment. Instead he looked up at the stars saying, "We were all hiding in the caves waiting for the pick-up ship. It was our third, our final, try to retrieve the old couple. Then we discovered that we had been surrounded. They had a radar net over us that a fly couldn't penetrate and a mother ship was up there with at least a dozen patrol craft. The place was bristling with ray cannon batteries and electronic fences in seconds. Just a few days ago there was only the minimum possible coverage and patrol that a planet under seige could afford but with this. . . we didn't stand a chance... they took us prisoner. . .didn't even give us the privilege of riding to prison in style. . .just marched us. . .and the others as old as they were!" He stopped to let that

sink into the mildly interested Earth man, then continued, "I speak Xarnian very well so we staged a little play for them, 'Out Hunting' as Karel put it."

With that, the one mentioned suddenly appeared at the bedroom door. He glared coldly appraising the Earth man. "Jerem. . ."

"Please, please, Karel stay in the other room. Let me handle this."

She slowly retreated, nervously cycling the man from Earthside, while her partner in the thwarted rescue resumed his reverie. Then, after gathering his wits in a second or two he continued, "As you know Xarn is a planet exactly like earth. The people have the same general appearance but speak a different language. The war between Earth and Xarn had been going on for some time and Earth was eventually victorious. But when I was in their system we had only captured what we called "Asylum I"; the first step toward taking over their system. It was to be a

jumping off place for the final assault that wasn't to come for six months yet.

The old couple was one of hundreds of teams that has been spying on their planet for years. We had been sent to pick them up but something went wrong. . .terribly wrong. . .

We hadn't been there for several days since our last attempt so we did not know that they had fortified the region overnight with hidden ray emplacements. The rest happened as I said. They were so old and feeble they couldn't escape with us so we had to make sure that the Xarnians couldn't examine them when we reached a concentration camp or whatever they keep their prisoners in. It meant losing the valuable information they had but we couldn't let the Xarnians keep them. We had to get away! We had to do it! They. . .made. . . us do it. . .

"The old couple knew it was going to happen---When we stopped to rest by one of the numerous mud lakes on Xarn the old woman (62)

spoke to me. All she said was, "Now?" I didn't answer her. I got up and walked away. I looked down at dry mountain clay. "They know what was going to happen," I mumbled, "They understood."

"Well, yes, of course. . . it had to be done. ." The other man echoed from a distance. He was watching the twisting shadows that crept around the craters outside. Apparently he had lost interest in the scientific curiosity before him. "They understood! Do you hear me? They understood!" He screamed suddenly.

This jarred the Earth man but minutes later the color in the other's face was back to normal. Jorem continued his story and the Earth man paid a little more attention, "When we had camped on the second night of the march I knocked out the two guards in front of our tent, gave Karel one of the uniforms and after we were through changing I removed the destruction plates from the sewn-in pouch under my scalp with one of the guards' knives. I taped one to the

back of each of the old ones' heads. I set them for time destruct in five minutes and told the two to go to the main tent where the officers were. He stopped.

"God, you don't know how hard that was. . ."

"Yes, yes, I soo. . ." The other said, ". . but you understand. It was the only way--" he added.

"I know! I know! Well, Karel said goodbye to my mother, but father and I just couldn't look into each other's eyes. I just couldn't think. . ."

"Anyway, the next thing I remembered was looking from the mountains with a stolen distance viewer and God! Mother hadn't made it inside! She just started glowing all over. . .right in front of the sentries that guarded the tent and. . and she just dissolved right there then---BOOM! Nothing. Father made it through!" He yelled hysterically, "Father blew the tent sky high! Yeah it just burst into a thousand flames that went billowing, up, up into the sky!" (64)

The pitch of his voice rose to a scream, "Hoh, we got them off the planet alright! We blew them off! Every one of their miserable molecules. . . a thousand little flames!"

Suddenly, Karel was beside the other, soothing him, trying to calm him down, "Then, as you know, we reached the secondary landing zone," She continued with the story, "and they brought us here. They said we were ill, that they didn't know what to do with us. We've been here so long now and we pleaded for them to let us free so I guess they sent you to hear our case. Why do they make us stay here? What is it that makes them say we are un-natural?"

"Because you are!" The Earthman said.

She looked him hard in the eye.

"I don't know what went wrong with the other two to cause them to fail, but I've decided that we are going to have to keep both of you up here under observation. We're going to have to find out what caused it. You understand

that don't you?"

They stared blankly at him.

"I mean, how else could the human race take over the galaxy? There certainly aren't enough of us to conquer every star system, so we send you and others like you to fight for us. There was no other choico. . . no other way."

With that he slammed the door to the air lock, cycled it, and was gone to someplace where a spaceship waited to take him away from the desolation of the moon.

Behind him Karel was still trying to be of some comfort to Jorem. They waited there, together, in the cold glow of Earthlight that bathed their plasti-flesh and washed their synthetic hair in iridescence. The verdict had been given.

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COMM'L, THE MAGAZINE OF MUNDANE HUMOR IS AVAILABLE TO ALL FANS FOR 20¢. THERE ARE STILL A FEW COPIES OF #3 LEFT. WHY NOT BUY ONE QUICK LIKE, HUH?

66

And here we have an addition to this edition which I am sure will be most welcome. Dave Kirk Patrick is back with another of his great stories. As was said in LUNA #6 I was going to print "Rich Man", another of his stories, however, when Dave sent me this shortly after I decided to hold on to "Rich Man" for a while.

So button up your wooden overcoats children and hang on to your broomsticks 'cause Dave is going to tell you all about the....

DARK DEVIL

by

D. Kirk Patrick

The shrieks of the tit bird ripped through the vibrant air of the Exetor. Crammer walked from cage to cage, dishes of feed in his hands.

He stood by the tit bird's cage and pressed the stud on the side of his pistol. A fine mist came out and the bird settled into a comatose silence. Too much would make it a raging terror so he was careful. The gas mask he wore protected

him from the drifting gases.

Before the effects of the gas wore off he placed the dish of feed inside the cage and shut the door tight.

Around the perimeter of the large animal hold, Cranmer walked, sprayed, and fed.

At the end he entered the control chamber. Alongside the racks of masks and gas guns were rows of strange and exotic weapons. Each was deseigned for a particular animal, where possible. The electric goads took care of the others.

"Stop right there!"

Cranmer started. He turned. Facing him was a man holding a stubby needle gun.

"Wha... what are you doing here?"

"I don't want to hurt you. Just hand me a bulb of that Anathene." Suddenly he added vehemently, "AND FAST!"

Cranmer began to realize what was happening. The intruder's eyes shifted nervously, excitedly. His skin was sallow. Sweat spread a shiny film across his forehead. Despite his size, well over six

and two hundred pounds, he was withdrawn, cold, out of touch.

Cranmer stammered, "Sure, sure, just take it easy with that thing."

Nervously he sidled over to the gas bulb locker.

In one movement he had picked up a bulb and thrown it. It burst against the bulkhead as the intruder belatedly released a needle. It shattered against the steel storage locker. Cranmer grabbed a mask.

The gas had swept over the intruder and left him swaying. With a groan the man fell to the deck. Cranmer bent over him to make sure he was unconscious. Then he turned on the air purifiers.

He reached over and turned on the televiewer.

"What's the matter, Cranmer? Trouble with the Glyph?" Captain Jounson looked over his crewman's shoulder and saw the body on the deck. "What happened there?"

"A stowaway, sir. An Anathane addict by his actions.

"How did he get on board?"

"I don't know, sir. He

came from behind the gun racks."

"Keep him quiet until I get there." The screen blanked out.

Within minutes the room was swarming with officers and crewmen. The doctor was examining the unconscious man. He had been tied.

The security officers were looking for signs of entry. From the animal quarters came a shout. "Here, sir!"

Ignoring the screams of the animals, the captain followed the warrant officer. One of the security men was pointing behind a series of food crates. Well hidden in a corner was a crude acceleration couch made of straw from some of the cages. "Get rid of that mess. I'm going to see about the prisoner."

One of the men had him taked to the brig. He made a pitiful sight behind the bars. Jounson had a chair set in front of the cell and he sat down.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"What business is it of yours?"

The man half turned away.

"None, but if you don't

answer you won't get this." Jounson opened his hand. A small bulb of Anathene glowed dully. The prisoner saw it and his eyes dilated in rapt attention. He licked his lips. "Now will you tell?"

"Do I get the Anathene?" Jounson put it back in his pocket. "Wait!"

"Well?"

"Uh.. the name's Carlson, Joseph Carlson."

"Carlson? Carlson..." Jounson cocked his head. "Haven't I heard that name before?"

"I wouldn't be surprised."

"Where?"

"Hah, you've got the answer in your pocket."

"My pocket..." He placed his hand against the bulge of the Anathene bulbs. He stood up. "Carlson! Joseph Carlson! A Joseph Carlson discovered Anathene twelve years ago!"

"That's me. The natives gave it to me on Quillen."

"And now you're..."

"That's right. I became the first addict. Funny isn't it?" A crooked smile spread his mouth.



"Why this ship?"

"The only place in port I could get it. I know you'll give it to me here because you don't want me to die and you don't have the facilities to cure me. It's as simple as that." All this time he hadn't taken his eyes away from the bulge in the Captain's pocket and with a mixture of hunger and hatred clouding his vision he held out his hand repeating, "Remember, if you don't give it to me here I'll...."

Jounson knew what would happen but he didn't know what to do. He had seen people who didn't get Anathene. A horrible death. He had also seen people almost crucified for feeding the habit of another.

He dug into his pocket and pulled out the bulb. Quickly Carlson reached between the bars and grabbed it. Like an animal protecting his mate, he ran into the far corner of the cell and broke it.

In fascination Jounson watched Carlson drop into a stupor.

--*

Jounson sat in his cabin. His head hung down as he tried

to think out a course of action. The next port would take three weeks to reach. He could keep Carlson in supply without seriously depleting his own supply. Cutting it off would surely kill Carlson. Feeding him would get him into worse trouble with the police. What should he do?

He couldn't sit there all day. He went up to the cabin and a scene of activity.

The officers made sure that the ship was running smoothly. He walked up to the first mate, Leonard.

"Any problems?"

Leonard started at the voice and turned. "No, sir. There's a meteor swarm approaching at a parasec. We have decelerated a trifle but still it will reach us in a few minutes. I've suggested to the navigator a course between the two lobes of the swarm."

"No. We run the outside. I've been hired to make sure this ship gets through. I'm taking no chances."

"Yes sir." Leonard turned. He muttered to himself. "Two extra days. What about Louise at Jarvis? She won't

like it if I'm late. He smiled.
"Ahh, the captain will never know."
He walked over to the navigator and made sure he had the course between the two ends of the swarm.

Jounson was making a circuit of the control room. Suddenly he stopped and looked into the hyper-radar screen. His stomach made a lurch as he saw that they weren't going to skirt the edges. They were heading for the very center.

"Mr. Leonard! Why aren't we following my orders?!"

Leonard got up, his mind whirling. Why hadn't the captain left? "Uh, I'm sure we can make it."

"I'm captain of this ship and I said we take no chances! Too late now but if there is one micrometer hole when we come through, I'll personally attend to your trial!"

He turned back to the screen, his mind seething. "STEER RIGHT!" Too late. The flicker was no more than a couple of miles directly in front of the ship. He held on.

A dull boom reverberated throughout the ship as the meteor intercepted their

course. The lights flickered once, twice, and then burned on.

"We've been hit!"

"The sealer will repair it."

A spot of red appeared on the ship's automatic diagram right over the animal hold.

Jounson turned. "The animals!" He ran out and down the hall.

The doors surrounding the hit area had sealed outomatically. Several men lay on the deck.

Jounson pressed his sleeve over his nose and ran into the fog of gas. He came back out with a handful of gas masks. He handed them around. Masked, he went back in to look at the damage. The meteor had shot right through the hold and directly through the gas locker. It had passed into the animal hold.

Jounson ran for the door leading into it. "If those animals got enough of the gas..." A crash came from the hold.

One of the crewmen had some in behind the captain and went over to the doorway. He never had a chance.

A large claw snapped out

and clipped around the neck of the unlucky crew member.

The rest of the men and Jounson bolted for the door. They all knew that the claw could belong to only one animal in the entire monagerie. The Glyph had escaped. The most bestial of all beasts, they had consented to ship one to the planet Minerva.

Jounson turned to the gun rack and plucked off a goad. He turned the switch and a brilliant spark sped out and burned the Glyph. He took advantage of its momentary discomfort to follow the rest of the men outside the first door and lock it behind.

He ran up to the control room. His mask and goad started whispers. He made an announcement over the all-ship system. "Attention. Attention. This is your captain. The meteor has released some Anathene gas. Every man is warned to stay away from the animal hold." He cut it off. No sense in causing a panic.

He called to the warrant officer and drew him into a corner. "What will kill the Glyph?"

"Is that what's loose?" His voice betrayed his face.

"NEVER MIND! How's it killed?"

"An explosive would wreck the ship... I would say, exposing it to hard space."

Jounson's mind ran over the possibilities. To expose it to hard space would mean destroying the rest of the cargo, five thousand dollars of commodities. No, there must be some other way. And fast because they didn't have time to maneuver it.

A crewman ran in.

"The Glyph, sir! It's breaking through the portal!"

"Impossible! That door's made to withstand pressures of..." Then he remembered the Anathene. With the Glyph's strength tripled nothing could withstand it.

"What will we do?!"

"Got the ventilators going! Try to hold him with the goads!"

The man left only to be replaced by another. "Sir, the prisoner wants to speak to you."

His emotions wanted to tell the man to go to Hell but he knew he would have to speak to

Carlson. He felt his pocket and the remaining bulbs of Anathene.

He soon found himself in front of the cell, parrying with Carlson.

"Yes! Yes! I know what you want!"

"Then give it to me." Carlson's voice was cold, calculating. The first bulb had been small, not enough to last.

He knew that Carlson still had the upper hand. He couldn't afford the time to argue. He reached into his pocket and held out the bulbs.

Instead of grabbing them as before, Carlson waited until Jounson held them closer. Suddenly he reached out between the bars and dragged Jounson closer by the wrist. He flung an elbow around Jounson's neck and started to choke him.

"I'm sorry, Jounson, but don't you think it fitting that I use my own discovery to escape?"

Jounson no longer heard. Unconscious he slumped as Carlson removed the remaining bulbs from his pocket. He let Jounson drop as he broke the entire batch.

His head spun as he inhaled. Then it cleared with icy determination. He held the bars and easily bent them aside.

He walked down corridor after corridor. The running men saw him and made way for him.

By the cell Jounson slowly struggled to his feet. His head cleared in jerks. His eyes focused on the empty bulbs in the cell. He lurched towards the control room.

The officers looked in askance at him as he cried, "The stowaway is loose! He's insane with Anathone. Announce it." He turned and went out, leaving orders to kill... on sight.

Carlson kept going. A loud roar came from down the hall as a couple of men ran past. He saw a scene of horror.

Two men lay dead on the deck, their necks snapped. A third was fitfully, tearfully, trying to keep his goad in position. Suddenly a claw grabbed him. He joined the rest of his fellows at the feet of the Glyph.

Carlson knew that this was the enemy. This was all he knew.

The Glyph roared and leapt at Carlson. His claw whipped out. Although it was closed around the puny thing in front of it, it roared in pain as the claw was twisted and broken.

In a frenzy of rage it tried its other claw. This met the same fate. The puny ^{thing} facing it was more than a match. The Glyph tried to turn in the narrow corridor but the Carlson-animal leapt on the neck of the creature.

The Glyph tried to run its attacker off against the bulkhead but the animal refused to be removed. Slowly, patiently, savagely, the Glyph's head was bent back. With a final crack... the Glyph slumped and its dead air sighed out of its body.

Carlson got up. The animal receded. It drained out of him like a cold flood leaving fear, terror in its wake.

The effects were almost gone. The walls and floor started to close in. He writhed and

whimpered. He looked around as the corridor tried to trap him. He turned to the only exit. He cried and started to run.

A crewman saw him coming. He knew who the man was. He knew about the Anathone. He fired and Carlson dropped... at last.

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MORE NEWS!! HEAR YE FANS, CLAYTON
HAMLIN SPEAKS!

Be it known, that all good LUNATICS, who will submit one dollar for either a new or a renewal subscription, will receive, absolutely free of charge, one photograph, size 8" by 10", suitable for framing, of the cover of this issue, Dear Devil, by Dave Prosser.

New fans let us not confuse "Dear Devil" and "Dark Devil" shall we? After all, there is no logical connection between the two is there?

F.S.* SF *F.S.* SF *F.S.* SF

SQUARE ORBIT
(Chapter Four)

by

Rick Norwood

Synopsis: The "Big Wheel" or space station had met with a catastrophe while in orbit.

Split seconds before the station had fallen apart Commander Arkenhower had fired retro rockets to slow the spin of the station. At the very moment of disintegration Arkenhower released an escape bubble which formed itself around Senator Forman and him.

The senator was a space sick "earthie" who couldn't withstand weightlessness for long periods of time. Never-the-less, Forman had the duty of determining whether this station and its crew was fit to orbit and this catastrophe wasn't going to help very much.

Just after the station's disruption one of the weird electro-static phenomena characteristic of bodies isolated in space had shocked both Arkenhower and Forman into unconsciousness within the bubble. Here we rejoin the two...

The forms of two men hung inside the transparent globe. Slowly, they revolved. Now and again, one would brush against the shock absorbant walls and almost imperceptible slow its drifting. Commander Arkenhower's back was unnaturally arched, and his arms were outstretched so that he seemed to be floating on an invisible pool. Senator Forman had drawn himself into a tight ball, and tumbled head over heels around the enclosed space. Outside, repair operations were already under way. Men in white plastic suits strung high resistance wire from section to section, to equalize the various electric charges that each possessed. Soon the station resembled nothing more than a poorly wrapped package, fuzzy with glittering, gossamer festoons. The most dangerous sections, including the one which had been the commander's office, were marked with red. All free floating objects which were not quickly secured were lost. Now, reassembly operations would best wait on the Commander's recovery, and a helpless, hopeless calm descended on the

survivors. The men gathered around their unconscious captain to wait.

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While no one had witnessed the actual cause of the wreck, every man aboard the station had participated in it to a greater or a lesser degree. Just a few hours before, Michael Anson McHenry had been listening to his commander and the visiting earthie with a wry expression on his face, which was, luckily, unseen in the darkness. He sat before the radiation control console, and it was not his official station. He manned it at the request of a skylarking friend, who by this time would be well on his way to station Three-hi in a borrowed hopper. If Commander Arkenhower had guessed who sat barely two feet away, Mike McHenry would have been in the hottest water this side of the reactor pile. Fortunately for Mike, neither the Commander or his companion were aware of any of the buzzy individuals around them. The dish-shaped panorama of ships and stars, colored in clean solid, geometric areas of brightness held

(84)

their full attention. Darkness made a good wall.

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The pleasant, slightly British voice of the Commander moved away, to be cut off by the purr of an air lock door sliding to. Mike slipped quietly from his seat, listened to the pattern of beeps which gave him the time, and walked barefoot to the ladder leading upwards. To the others in the room he was just a nameless shadow moving across the resplendent backdrop. If he hurried, he would go out only minutes before his relief came in, so that the post would be left unwatched as briefly as possible. He had no premonition whatsoever of the disaster which began before his foot touched the first rung of the ladder. And yet by the time he had pulled himself into the lighted corridor on the inner level of the two story wheel, a solar flare, minor as such things went, had upset the delicate electromagnetic balances in the vacuum that lay on the other side of the wall above his head. In the moments it took him to

don his space suit, an empty ship began to drift at the end of its safety column, moving on a magnetic wind. Mike climbed through the airlock and stood on the inner surface of the great wheel. Below his feet, it was a toy, a tire swing hung from a branch by a rope, but it rose above his head, higher and grander than the arch of any bridge. In the very center of the space, the central ball hung, a balloon, its string the slanting strut that sprouted by Mike's side and shrunk from a tower to a pencil to a thread as it reached upwards. Then Mike jumped up, killing his motion with his jets, and breaking the spell. The illusion of up and down was destroyed and the gigantic space station was left lying flat, turning in the void. The over renewed sense of wonder which came with new ways of looking at things filled his whole consciousness for a moment, until he put such thoughts into the back of his mind and went about his duties. (86)

Already the blind forces destined to destroy so much of the space station had been put into inexorable motion.-*-*-*-

It was not until almost two hours after the disaster, during which time the remains of the station had faithfully followed their orbit around the earth, that Commander Arkenhower first regained consciousness. He opened his eyes, and, instantly aware, moved only with the greatest of caution, examining first his own body, and then the shell which sustained his life, before turning his attention to the Senator. He could not hear the cheer which arose spontaneously among the men who watched from space his fishbowl recovery. Forman's limbs he carefully pulled from their stiff, contracted position, massaging the knotted, lumped, muscled of the Senator's thin, pale arms as best he could. The Senator came to, moaning with pain, as free circulation was restored. "What happened?" he asked, causing the Commander to muffle a laugh.

"You fool...." began Arkenhower, "never grab ANYTHING at times like this. In space the kinetic energies of motion are almost always accompanied ^{the} by varying potential energies which cause them."

Then, sorry for his angry words, he explained more calmly, "One of us picked up a static charge from a wall. Nothing happened until you grounded us by touching me. Now, the whole bubble has a charge that will have to be bled off before we can get out."

"Like when you walk on a rug in rubber soled shoes, only more so, right?" said the senator, recovering quickly and choosing to ignore the Commander's thoughtless outburst.

"I wouldn't know about that. We do without rugs up here."

Senator Forman could see that the Commander was in a more emotional state than he would have cared to admit. The concern of a captain for a ship gone aground, affection misplaced, wasted on an inanimate object. Privately, the Senator was not in the least surprised at any disaster which might happen on a station such as this. It simply confirmed his opinion, formed almost as soon as he had stepped aboard, that the station and its crew were a flying accident, waiting for a place and time to happen. (33)

"How soon can we start evacuation, Commander?" Forman asked calmly.

"Evacuation?" The Commander was too completely surprised by the idea to be angry. "Evacuation, don't be ridiculous. Nobody evacuates a multi billion dollar project just because one thing went wrong with it. Why, I'll have it back together in no time, as soon as I can get out of this blasted egg and get to work."

The senator was silent for a long time. "I'm afraid that would be a waste of energy," he said finally.

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"It means that the government is discontinuing service in this orbit. I was sent up here to decide whether or not the personal of this station were fit to remain in space. I think what has happened leaves only one possible descision on my part."

"Because of a freak accident, a chance in a million, surely nobody is to blame, and if anyone is found responsible, I'll have him grounded so fast..."

"Yes, yes, you're right there. Those responsible will (89)

be grounded, they certainly will. You'll be grounded, Commander, along with every man who served under you. And it will be doing you a favor. You'll live longer. Because you're responsible for what has happened, all of you." The senator allowed his impatience to grow into rage, knowing that the Commander could not retaliate here, under the eyes of his men. "You call yourself "flexible", "open to suggestions", and then take off on some hairbrained scheme like encouraging your men to go barefoot, swinging along the rat lines like a bunch of hairy apes. Keep them happy, cheerful, playful. Sloppy, negligent, and irresponsible would be more like it. In the short while I've been aboard this station, I have seen more casual insubordination and disrespect than would be tolerated in the most lenient civilian firm back on the ground. And you call yourselves soldiers? You know what you are, you're a professional father image, the permissive parent, a pal to his kids... and that's what you've turned your crew into, kids. You're

letting boys run loose where only a man can be trusted, and now look. Don't say anything, just look, use your eyes. How many of them are dead out there? How many space suits in that eager, admiring circle don't have any life inside them?"

The voice, so accustomed to the echo from the walls of the Senate Chambers, was swallowed up by the plastic walls, and the silence lasted until a suited figure put his helmet against the wall and signalled that the bubble's charge was now at a safe level.

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Mike was short, still boyish at twenty-eight, with a ruddy face, curly hair, and, at the moment, a broken arm, for which he had no one but himself to blame. Caught completely unawares by the wreck, his first hint of the disaster had been when the airlock in which he stood, returning from a routine tour of duty among the docking and embarking ships, closed about him like a gloved hand, while tardy safety relays slammed the askew door down on his fore-arm. Now, he lay

in a light webbing of pressure straps, under the bright white lights of the emergency hospital. Mentally he sliced the minutes down into seconds as he fixedly turned his mind from the pain inside to the clock on the wall. The clock consisted of a gas gilled ring, half colorless, half transparent blue, around which three bright beads of red and green and yellow moved. The red dot was a tortoise, the yellow dot a hair. He had yet to catch the green dot moving at all, but sooner or later a cunning glance would capture it off guard and... when in heavenly hell was someone going to come and do something about his arm?!

At last, one of the doctors left a hopeless, dying man for a quick check of the minor injuries. He hung upside down in Mike's field of vision while long, dark fingers quickly set the arm and moulded around it a time setting plastic which also contained an anesthetic. "Let it set a while and it'll be OK. Try not to make too much disturbance as you go out," (92) the doctor recited. He

moved on, leaving Mike both annoyed by his brusqueness and glad to be free again.

By the time Mike had counted off five minutes on the wall clock, the pain had faded away. Getting into a space suit with only one free hand was a problem, and the standard safety checks were out of the question. However, before long Mike was listening with relief to the familiar sound of out-rushing air. The outer lock door slid open.

The scene which met Mike's eyes could not have been more unexpected. Hanging like tinsel, blowing like confetti, spreading from every metal surface like finger^s of blue smoke, an emanation completely strange, an effect previously confined to the unvisitable interiors of dead stars, spread over the wrecked station. Like the wave in a spring multiplied in ferocity countless times, entire mountains of metal snapped together like bits of iron in a magnet, drawn by the unimaginable forces of atomic nuclei and then sprung apart. The center of the force moved slowly, like the

eye of a hurricane, across the wreckage. Compared to this, the previous calamity was nothing, but to Mike's strained eye one danger stood out above the rest. The protective bubble which held Commander Arkenhow-
er was on the verge of being mashed like a fly on a wall.

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TO BE CONCLUDED IN LUNA #8 !!!!!!!

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The deadline for LUNA #8 will be on August 15, 1964. Now, don't any of you fen say I didn't tell you so!! Since thish will be out on or around the 15th of June there will be no excuses accepted. Either hack out these LoC's or I'll send Clyde the Creeper out to get you. OOPS! I wasn't supposed to tell you 'bout Clyde until the nextish came out! Me & my big fat editorial mouth.... Remember, LUNA is available thru the usual methods, LoC (printed), trade, wooden nickels, or even solid \$CASH\$ if you can spare \$1.00 for 6 ish and don't forget Hamlin's offer! B-C-N-U-Next ish.!!! Frank S.

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