

PSYCHOTIC

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PSYCHOTIC, a monthly fanzine published by Richard E. Geis, 2631 N. Mississippi, Portland 12, Oregon. All material submitted for publication must include a self-addressed, stamped, envelope. The publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts. Subscription rate: \$1.00 for twelve issues, 10¢ per single copy. Ads: \$1.00 per pg., 50¢ per half-page, etc.

Cover by Geis... Illustrations by Reynolds, Carr, Geis.....

The

Leather Couch

— WHERE THE EDITOR RAMBLES ON...AND ON...AND ON...AND ON.....

THE TERRIBLE TREND

I'd like to write a few paragraphs about what seems to be happening to science fiction this last year. There is a trend toward the type of story which uses the basic human relationships and resulting personal problems as the plot and theme of stories. Boy-girl themes are becoming more and more apparent. So too are stories dealing with the problems of women and marriage as told from the womanly point of view. Female protagonists are no longer a rarity.



The June-July AMAZING STORIES featured a particularly horrid example of this last type. Editor Howard Browne published "The Man From Saturn" by Harriet Frank, jr. and promptly served notice to the fannish world that his magazines are now ever-so-slightly being slanted toward the female viewpoint.

Inevitably, as more and more of the public accept science fiction, so must science fiction accept the public. This avalanche of new readers is bringing about a new type of story. This trend is resulting in a subtle dilution, a watering down of the science content in science fiction. It seems to me that in their attempt to "humanize" science fiction, the editors have been guilty of catering slavishly to the supposed tastes of this vast new readership.

This new "slick" fiction, this science fiction without science that has emerged of late is a new variant of the overall fantasy field of literature. It could best be described as "future fiction" since it is in actuality the fiction of today as found in the slick magazines, with only science (?) added as a setting for the stories. The science in this new type story is limited to the delineation of a future society as a background for the "boy-meets-girl", the "adventure-yarn", the "true-to-life-confession", and the "crime" story.

Even the sacred GALAXY has succumbed somewhat to the siren call of this "new" fiction. The June issue contained a novelette, "First Lady" by J.T. M'Intosh which had little or nothing to do with science, but a great deal to do with human relationships in the future. In the August issue another M'Intosh story, "Mind Alone", the featured novella, related the amnesia problems of a woman....

All this is obviously aimed at the great and growing percentage of women readers of science fiction, and more especially at the large numbers of new "lay" readers who have discovered science fiction, but who are used to the sickening stories from SATURDAY EVENING POST, WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, COLLIER'S, AMERICAN MAGAZINE, REDBOOK, ad nauseum.

FANTASTIC UNIVERSE SCIENCE FICTION, that



incredibly named entry edited by Sam Merwin, in its number one issue led off with "Nightmare Tower" by Jacques Jean Ferrat, another girl protagonist tale.

Perhaps the most noisome example to date of the new "slick" science fiction is "The Dark Side Of The Moon" by the above mentioned Sam Merwin; a long novel that appeared in SPACE STORIES which concerns itself primarily with the love affairs of a water engineer and only lends cursory attention to a paper-mache scientific mystery that was obviously set up for the hero to knock over.

I don't like all this one little bit, and I intend to fight this insidious swing every chance I have. All the influence I have might well be compared to the proverbial drop in the bucket. That doesn't matter. Science fiction is being taken away from us, and to my way of thinking, being cheapened and degraded and commercialized. I do not welcome the Boom. I only wish it would burst.

HOW THE MIGHTY HAVE FALLEN

The department store in which I work had a book sale around the first of the year. All the old stock that hadn't sold was put out at half price. Being a confirmed book buyer from way back, this drew me from other pursuits during my lunch hours for at least a week.

I picked up some choice items, too. Such books as "Darker Than You Think" by Williamson, "Forbidden Garden" by Taine, "The Carnelian Cube" by deCamp and Pratt, and "The Dreaming Jewels" by Sturgeon. I was well pleased with myself for having spent the time hunting through the huge, chaotically stacked tables of books. There was one other book which I discovered but did not buy because I didn't think it was worth the money even at half the price. It was "House Of Many Worlds" by Merwin.

I can only hope that the buyer and assistant, both of whom I know, commit other such acts of stupidity once in a while. Several of these books I had intended buying at full price at a later date.

These poor women, unversed in the lore of fantasy and science fiction, make utter fools of themselves when buying and selling for the store when it comes to sf stuff. They have their preconceived, archaic ideas, and I...for one...am not going to try to enlighten them. I'm sure they would resent it.

LAST ISSUE

I have just about resigned myself to a certain number of typos in every issue. Like "chold" for child in the Fanzine Art Review by Terry Carr. So be it. It makes an issue interesting. Plus the fact that this typer skips an extra space everynow and again.

Sorry about page 73. I am using a better quality master unit now, and won't make the same mistakes twice...I hope. A-BIT-OF HEBEPHRENIA was typed with the ribbon in "on" position. All this second issue is being done as if I were cutting a stencil.

And this issue is quite a bit more colorful than last. PSYCHOTIC is really looking up. All I need is lots of letters and lots of material. Hint...hint...hint.....

Turn now to Second Session for more of this editorial rambling..... Before you holler, I warned you about the poetry....R.E.C.

Buy Okinawa Penultimate Opium. "The gum that leaves you numb."

"Earth calling Moon Rocket M-4. Earth calling Moon Rocket M-4. Do you hear us? Acknowledge please."

Tom Boyd slumped a little lower in the control chair and scratched the side of his nose. With a languid movement he switched on the radio and spoke into the microphone that thrust up from the straps and wires on his chest.

"Moon Rocket M-4 to Earth. Consider yourself acknowledged. How's the weather back there?"

The wall speaker sputtered, then a gruff, severe voice filled the tiny control room. "Boyd, this is General Sherman. Our Radar shows you off course, and our Advisor, Dr. Straiht, says you are about to swing around the side of the Moon. What's wrong? Why aren't you landing at Tycho?"

Tom glanced at the view screen directly in front of him. He forced himself to yawn and scratch his nose again before he answered. "There are nothing but big black and white craters ahead. I can't see the dark side yet...in case it interests you." He hesitated, then said in a light voice, "Might I be so bold as to ask, sir, if the Colts and the Yanks played today?"

"What's the matter with you Boyd? What are you trying to pull?"

Tom took a deep breath. "I've decided to go around the Moon, General instead of just landing at Tycho like the last three rockets."

"Around the Moon?" The voice from the wall bellowed with surprise and explosive anger. "Are you crazy? I can have you Courtmarshalled for this. Get back on course and land at Tycho as ordered."

Tom was conscious of a film of cold sweat on his forehead. He swallowed a clutching fear before replying. He wondered if his voice would be steady.

"Not this baby, General. I'm going to make History."

"You'll make the firing squad. Every word we say is being recorded."

"Do you think I give a damn? When I land on Earth I'll be a world hero. You won't dare touch me."

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE MOON

BY
ROGER MAR

The General's voice snapped back angrily "I'm warning you, Boyd."

"This is a calculated risk, General. I had it figured out long before Blast-off time."

"Boyd, this is your last and only chance to reconsider. Will you change that course?"

Tom smiled grimly to himself and corrected a slight "fishtayl" effect with the steering rockets.

"You know I can't turn back now, General. My answer is no."

The colored view screen showed the edge of the dark side, a tide of darkness, sliding rapidly toward him.

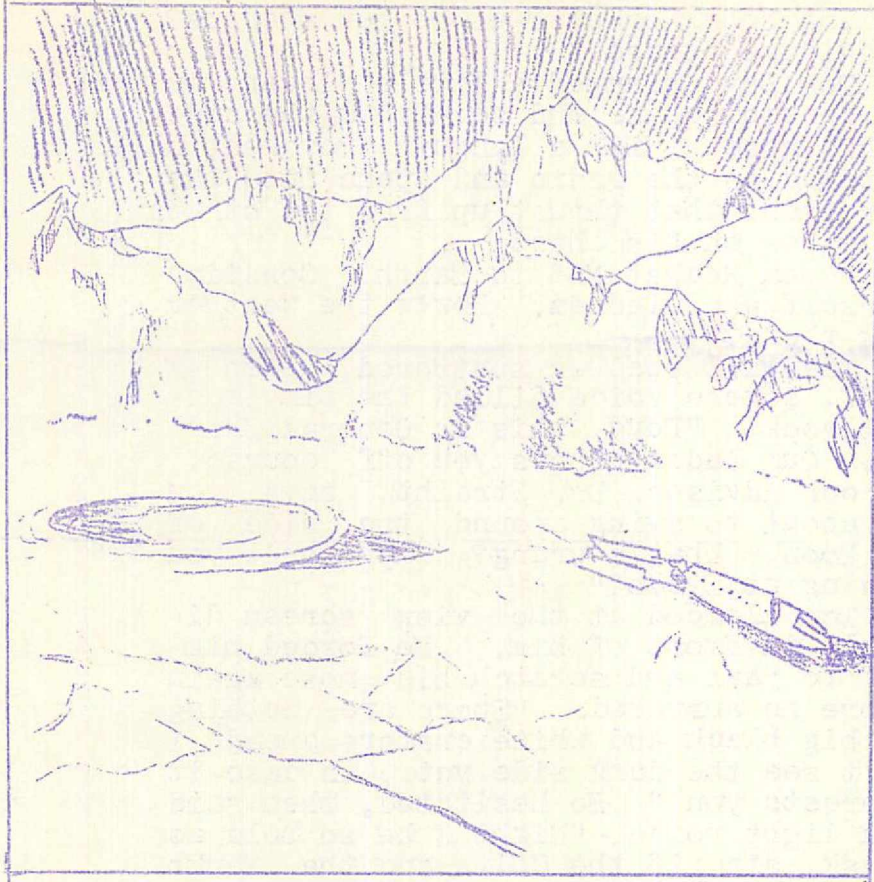
"The other side of the Moon coming up...sir," he reported mockingly. "Nothing much to see except more craters." Tom leaned forward, his hands playing over the controls. He peered at the craters on the horizon intently. At this speed it would take only two hours to go around. Two hours that were sure to put him on easy street for life. Money in the bank.

Long minutes passed. "Hello, Boyd. Can you hear me?"

"Sure. Nothing new to report. Still nothing but rock. I can hardly see a damned thing it's so dark." He glanced at the gauges in the panel before him, then looked up again. There was something odd on the left side of the screen.

"Hot pretzels, I'll be the biggest hero since Cellerinni brought out the Robocar. I see something queer, General. He watched the screen tensely. "I'm going to turn the ship and get a closer look." The General's voice crackled with excitement. "What do you see?"

The rocket shuddered as turning jets flared into life. "It's getting closer," Tom reported a moment later. "Cripes, it's a greenish light that's coming from a tremendous crater. I'm going to go directly over it and tell you what I see." He laughed aloud. "Keep that recorder going."



"Now, see here, Boyd," The General's voice was cold with suspicion. "If you're making this up---"

"Go chase yourself, General. I've got the cameras turned on. This thing is BIG."

"Then, damn it Boyd, be careful. If what you say is true, those films are of no use to us unless you get back." There was a low murmuring as the General talked to someone off the microphone. Abruptly his voice blasted urgently into the small control room.

"Boyd," the General commanded, "Don't go directly over it. Dr. Strait says it may be a crater that was formed by a radioactive meteor. The green glow may be radiation."

"Too late. I can't change course in time. I think...hold on...what a story this will make. There's another spaceship down there, a tremendous thing. I'm going over the lip of the crater now. The green light is...."

As the ship entered the weird green light, the tubes stopped firing. The radio went dead. Every light in the tiny room flickered out. The screen before him faded into the total darkness. Tom sat in stunned silence, his ragged breathing the only sound. His fingers played desperately over the buttons and switches on the control panels that he could not see. The ship was dead...dead in the airless space over a strange crater on the dark side of the Moon. Even now, just a few seconds later, he realized that the ship was hurtling down into the crater at terrific speed, hurtling down to join that other dead craft. In a far corner of his brain a cold impersonal voice was saying, "The green radiation is a perfect natural damper of electrical energy. File that, please."

Suddenly the screen and control panels smashed into him. The base of the microphone buried itself in his chest. His legs snapped, a switch on the wall ripped open his cheek. The control room turned and twisted crazily. For fifteen seconds the shriek of torured metal and the roar of bursting fuel tanks filled the universe.

He became conscious for a few seconds. His eyes opened to blackness. An angry hissing told of escaping oxygen. His lungs burned with agonizing pain, and he felt a sticky fluid under his outflung hand. The thinning air was cold on his bloody face. Delerium crept like a welcome tide over his faltering mind. A childhood memory flashed through his brain; he was standing before a teacher who had caught him throwing erasured. "I'm sorry," he was saying, "I didn't mean to."

His heart faltered, beat once...twice more, then stopped. The hiss of escaping air continued for perhaps ten minutes.



A-BIT-OF

HEBEPHRENIA

From TIME magazine.

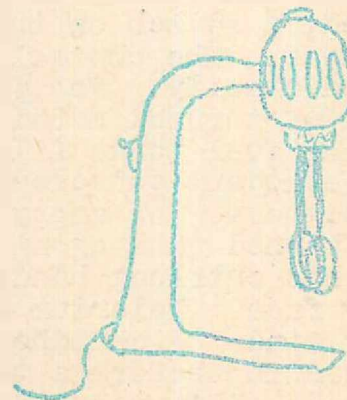
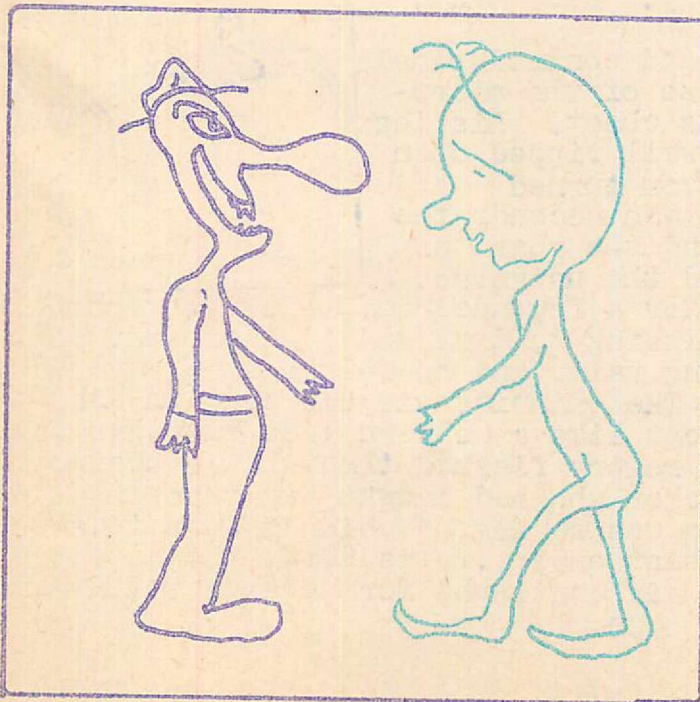
In Chicago, charged with draft-dodging, James Pharr, 25, failed to make his point and drew a five year sentence after telling the court that he was exempt from service because he was related to the Neanderthal man, was therefore an alien. "Asiatic."

Sounds more like Pithicanthropus Erectus to me....

Then there's the joke about the fellow who walked into a restaurant, ordered a big vegetable salad, and talked amiably with the waiter. When the salad arrived he took two stalks of asparagus and put one stalk in each ear. Naturally this caused the waiter to become very curious. The waiter stood the suspense as long as he could, but the sight of the two stalks of asparagus waving about in the air every time the customer moved his head...it was too much. The waiter walked to the table and tapped the man on the shoulder.

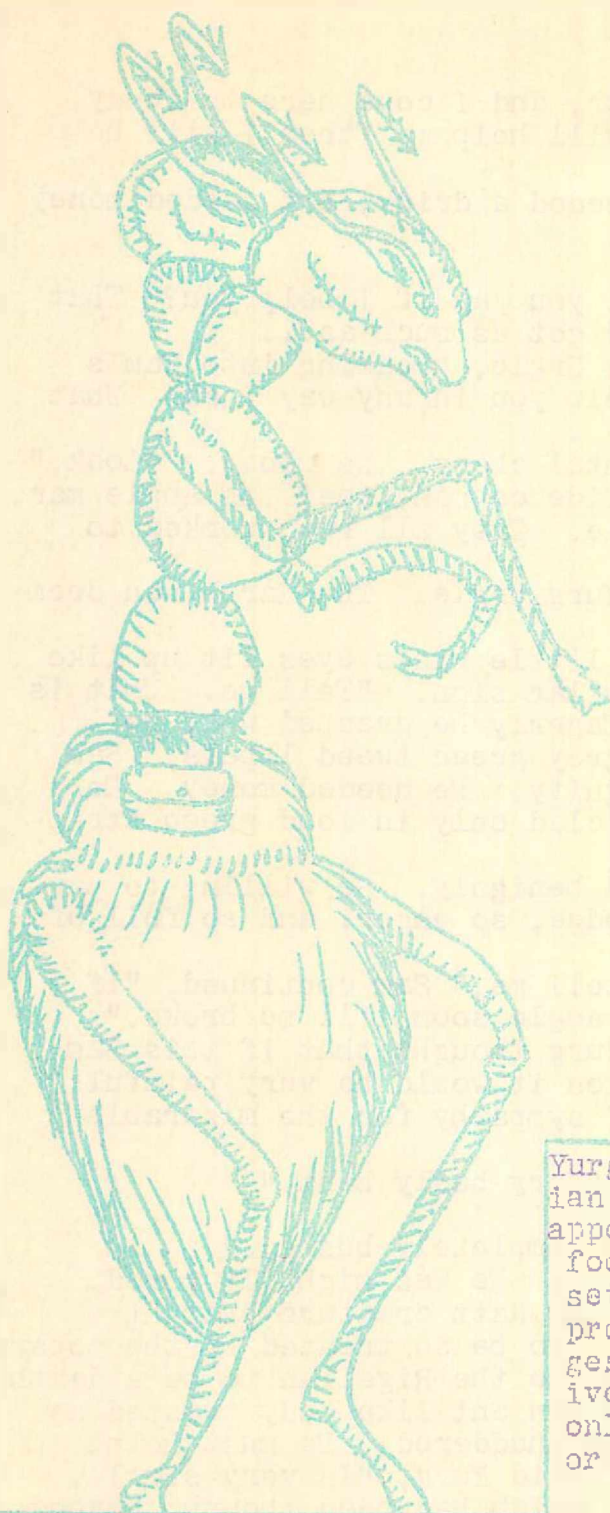
"Sir," he said, "did you know there is a stalk of asparagus in both of your ears?"

"Eh?" said the man in amazement. "Are you sure?" He reached up, took the asparagus from his ears and gaped in surprise. "Well I'll be damned," he said. And all this time I thought it was celery."



FAKE FAN
but a good mixer

YOU'RE ONE OF THEM FUNNY LOOKIN'
MARTIANS, AINT YA?



Yurg Urgle &

THE ANGLE

BY

RICHARD E. GEIS

Yurg Urgle was a vacationing Rigelian school teacher. Normally he appeared as an ant-like insect five foot high that walked on its rear set of legs. But Rigelians could project a blanket of hypnotic suggestion about them so that the natives of the worlds they visited only saw another Kerri, Gerthent, or Man, as was the case here.

Yurg wanted to study a common man. So it was that he mater-

ialized in the s habby housekeeping room of Sam Ratt, an indigent confidence man who lived by his not too sharp wits. Sam was small, thin, and quick in his movements. Nearly bald, he combed what little he had left into a thinly spread camouflage that fooled no one. He was forty five, and his eyes were more bloodshot than anything else. He spoke with a voice that was too high and too nasal. As Yurg Urgle arrived, he was asleep.

The Rigelian clicked about the room, examining, observing, testing. He didn't see Sam awaken and watch him with wide fearful eyes. But then, Sam was always fearful.

"Who are you?" Sam asked. He didn't say in a friendly way for what Sam saw was a well dressed middle-aged man. Like that meant money.

Yurg smiled. "I am a visitor, and I come here to study, to learn, and to observe. If you will help me, then I will help you."

Sam's throat was dry. He needed a drink, but needed money worse. "You willing to pay?"

"Pay?"

"Money. How much money will you pay if I help you?" That suit was expensive. Maybe he could get as much as...

"I have no money," said Yurg Urgle, breaking into Sam's crisp green dream. "But, I will help you in any way I can. What do you want most?"

Sam's hopes spun into a mental chasm. No money. "Look," he said, "I'm Sam Ratt. I'm a confidence man, see? An angle man. Only I ain't got an angle to my name. They all been worked to death. I need a new angle."

"I know a new angle," said Yurg Urgle. The Earth man seemed anxious to learn.

"You do?" The little man's eyes lit up like an electric dollar sign. "Tell me. What is it? What?" Eagerly he grasped what he thought were grey-green tweed lapels. Sam forgot his dignity. He needed money. He forgot he was clad only in loud green striped shorts.

Yurg smiled benignly. So willing to partake of knowledge, so eager, and so full of enthusiasm.

"Ya gotta tell me," Sam continued, "If I don't find an angle soon I'll be broke."

"Broke?" Yurg thought that if this Sam Ratt were broken it would be very painful. He was full of sympathy for the miserable man.

"I'll be flat," said Sam. "Very badly bent."

"Flat too? Bent?"

Sam nodded dolefully. "Also completely busted."

The alien pondered ponderously. He was mightily moved. The fate awaiting this unfortunate Sam Ratt creature brought Yurg Urgle to a momentous decision. To be so treated by the powers that be in this Earth society seemed to the Rigelian to be a death worse than a mate. He imagined his own ant-like body treated as this poor man's was about to be, and shuddered. He must help.

"The angle I am thinking of," said Yurg, "is very simple, but it involves mastering a concept which had been thought beyond your powers of comprehension."

"Compre...?"

"Comprehension. It means understanding."

"Oh...."

"Do you follow me?"

"Uh? Oh, sure...lead on...."



S A M

Sam Ratt blinked and kept silent. Maybe this guy did have an angle worth looking into. That was pretty high powered talk. "The concept is that of hyper-hyper-spacial warpage of the contiguously aligned responses of the Xurb Effect in conjunction with, and horizontally mutualized reproceeded synchronization of the Third Basic Law, a field of normal concentrated triangled "Z" rays in a quadrated but circular area of the radius in the light of the researches of Yurg Urgle the Third which completely refuted the "Y" Effect theory and left only the Worple field in definite existence."

"How's that again?"

"The concept is that of hyper-hyper...."

As Yurg Urgle repeated the interminable sentence, Sam glumly examined his bare toes. His heart sank. A NUT. He'd gotten hold of a nut. Nuttier than the Adams Bolt Factory. His face fell in dissatisfaction..

"You know of this angle?" Yurg asked in genuine surprise, interrupting his recitation, having misinterpreted the expression of the other.

Sam had heard stories of crazy maniacs who had run amuck when crossed. Humor him, he thought: go along with the gag.

"No, no,,,never heard of it. Brand new. First rate. Wonderful. Worth looking into. Yes, sir."

Yurg was delighted. He would be able to help after all. "Would you care to have a demonstration right now?"

Sam was nervous. Maybe this thing was getting out of hand. "You want to show me now?"

"Certainly."

"Right here in my room?"

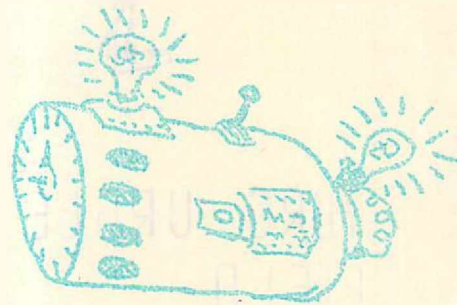
"It's a perfect spot."

"Yeah, but...." Sam started to sweat. He glanced furtively at the door. Maybe if he edged around and made a dash for it. "Well, thanks a lot, but I have an important date, and---"

"Won't take a second." Yurgle whipped out of his pocket the classroom Worple Generator he always carried. Without further ado he set the tiny dial and pressed the button. Instantly the room and everything in it was sliced into sixth dimensional segments and rearranged for viewing in three dimensions.

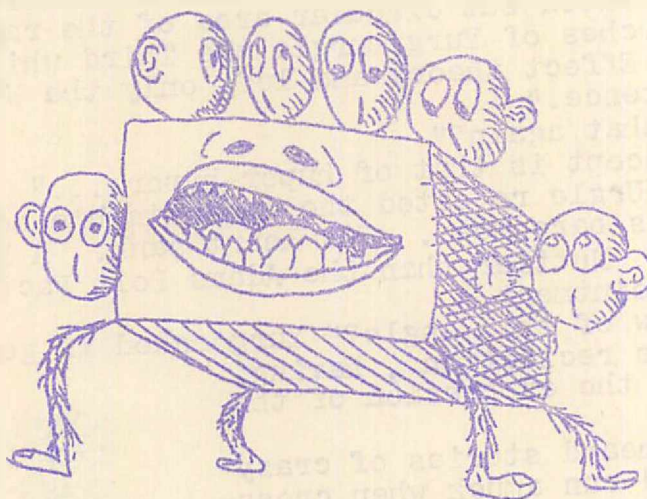
Sam blinked. He seemed to have shrunk in size. He had no time to look at himself, for he was staring at the door to his room. It was now horizontal. The table by the door had legs sprouting all over it. The vase that had been on the table was now floating in mid-air and looked like the split image in a camera rangefinder.

Sam made a croaking noise. He looked at the floor. It was wavy. He looked at his visitor. The hypnotic syggestional signals from Yurg Urgle did not operate during a demonstration



WORPLE
GENERATOR

of the Worples Generator. He saw a horribly hairy legged purple monster with six heads and a great gaping mouth in the middle of a cubistic body. Sam gurgled and tried to look down at his own body. That is, he thought he looked down. Actually he looked up because his head was now situated between his legs. That is, he thought they were his legs. His arms were



YURG URGLE IN THE WORPLE FIELD

growing from the center of his stomach. He tried to take a step and found that his arms moved gracefully apart. He fainted when he saw what was growing out of his neck.

Yurg Ungle was disturbed. The sounds that were issuing from the Earthman were not encouraging. He had the uneasy feeling that perhaps he had made a mistake. He felt there was something he should have remembered about this type of organism. Then he did remember. He turned positively brown with shame and mortification. He considered the now unconscious Sam with sorrow. Unfortunate, but unavoidable. Sighing, he pressed the button, and the Worples Generator instantly stopped.

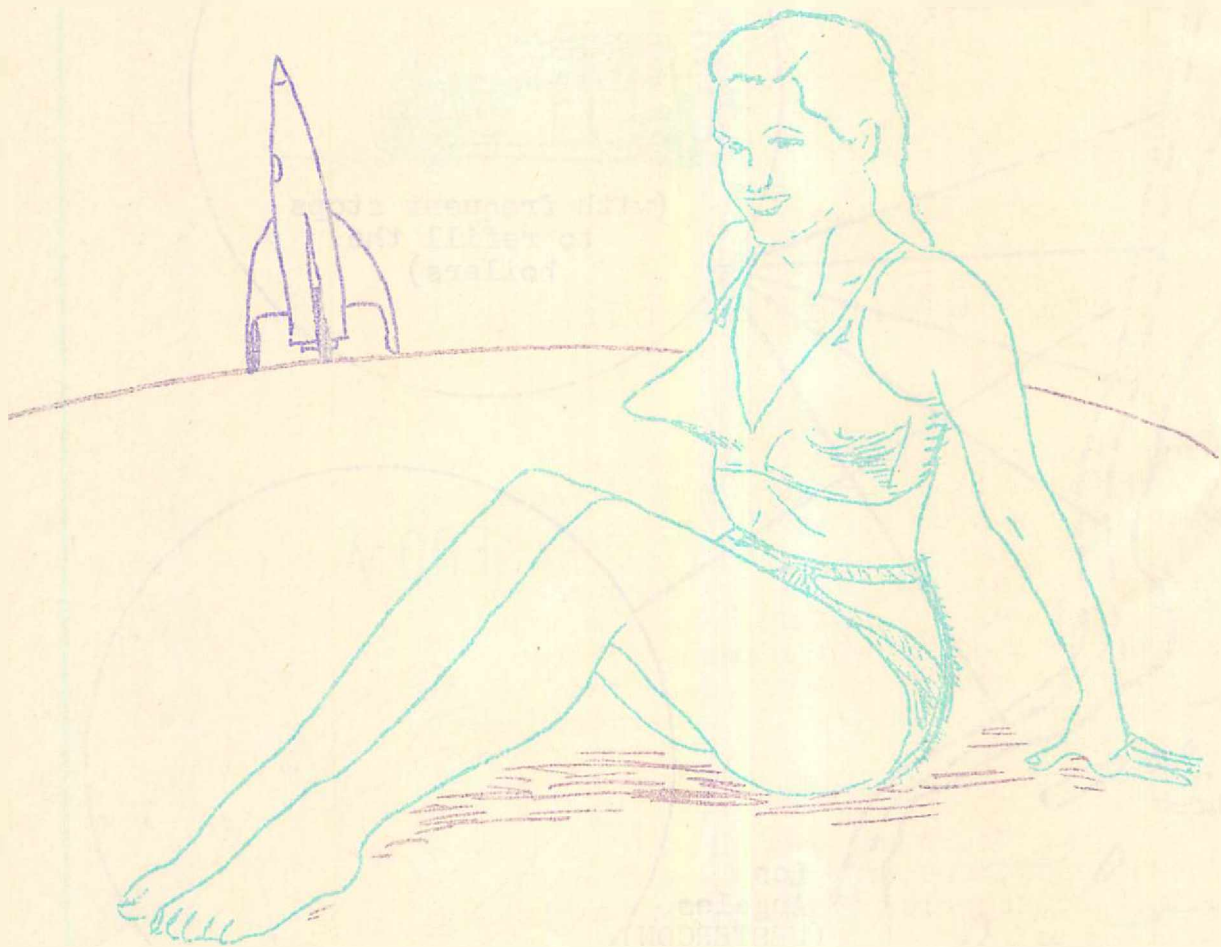
Yurg Ungle was now his old natural self: two legs, only two heads, and bright green in color. Sam...Sam didn't quite get reassembled exactly the way he went. He was inside out.

Yurg Ungle didn't feel too badly about it. After all, the poor fellow would've been flattened, broken, bent, and busted. This, at least, was quick.

the end

"Sic Semper Fugit Corpus Tempus Dillecto."
---Geisius, 76 EC

"I dreamed I went to Mars
in my UBANGIFORM bra——"

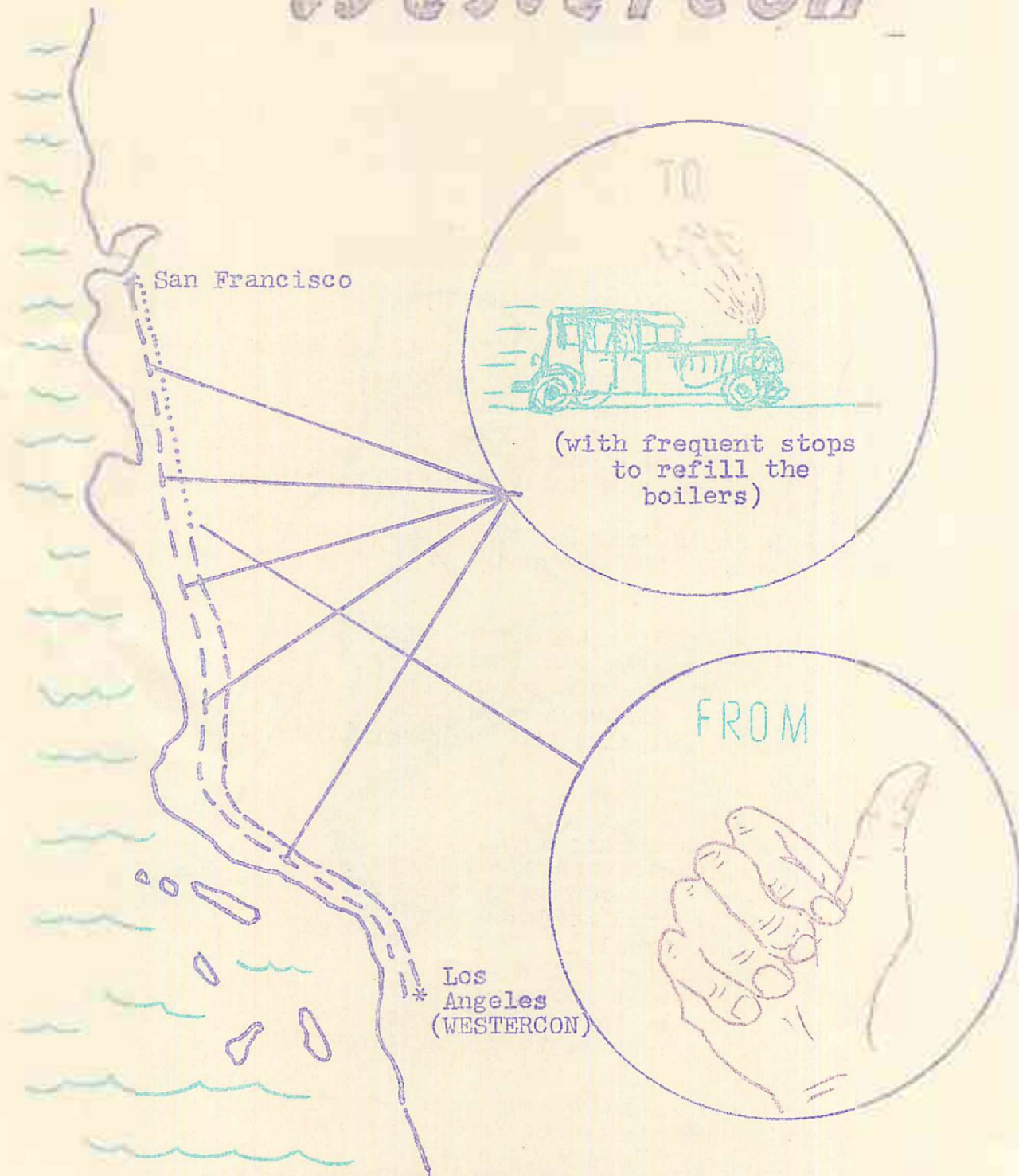


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THREE PAGES OF POIGNANT PROSE



The Good Old

DAZE

BY TERRY CARR

VIP sketches by Bill Reynolds



We set out Friday night at 10:30 in Bill Knapheide's Buick. The car held seven people: Knapheide, Roque Chavez, Helen Vasquez, Bill Reynolds, Keith Joseph, Peter Graham, and Terry Carr. The first bit of conversation

GERALD HEARD



that I can remember pertaining to the trip was:

Knapheide: "Hurry up, we'll never get to L.A., God damn it!"

Chavez: "Oh shut up, God damn it!"

We didn't get far. Within a hundred miles we were in a service station filling up the radiator, which was letting off huge quantities of steam. Bill Reynolds remarked calmly that "This car works just like a steam engine." It worked like a steam engine for the rest of the trip... or at least most of it. More about that later.

I wish I could remember all the comments that Bill Reynolds made on the way down and on the way back. Many were priceless.

Like the time when, after Roque (who was driving at the time) had delivered a particularly inspired monologue as to why the driver in front of us was not fit to herd sheep, let alone an automobile (with deft use of the English language anent the validity of his paternal forefathers), Bill remarked quietly, "We ought to have a loudspeaker on this car."

We finally made Los Angeles, however, at 11:00 a.m. Saturday morning. Nothing much was happening until 1:30, when a few introductions and speeches were made. Ackerman properly started the proceedings off by promising that none of the speakers would resort to jokes about Christine (and promptly told one himself). Soon after this he introduced the toastmaster for the afternoon: I'm not sure what make it was, but it looked quite capable of popping out toast until the crack of doom, provided an adequate supply of electricity was afforded it.

I particularly remember a speech made by Dave Fox, in which he decried the stories in which men walk around on Mars and even more hostile planets with no space-suits. Of course, he didn't look directly at Bradbury very often, though we all knew who he was speaking of (Fox later added that, while he didn't consider Bradbury a science fiction writer, he loved his fantasies).





Following Fox to the speaker's platform was Sam Sackett, who seemed to be at a slight loss because he had sold his first story to Startling Stories, employing a man who walked around on Mars without a space suit.

There were many other speakers, but I can't exactly remember just when they appeared, because I had caught approximately ten minutes of sleep in the previous 22 hours.

The banquet that evening presented still more speakers, among them Ray Bradbury and Gerald Heard.

Bradbury, commenting on Heard's speech, cited a case mentioned "...in the latest issue of Diogenes..." and after a moment of hesitation he added "...in fact, the first issue!"

Tetsu Yano, who had come to the convention all the way from Kobi, Japan, made a speech, saying in part surprised him most about the United States was the vast multitudes of advertisements for cemeteries (the San Francisco delegation noted that there were quite a number of these adverts in Los Angeles).



That night (after the official proceedings broke up at 12:30 in the morning) Peter Graham and I made our way to the room of Charles Anderson (number 702!) for a few beers (warm!); thence to that of Ron Smith; then to the Outlanders' party, where I spoke with Rory Faulkner for some time; and finally to that of Kris Neville, for some more beer (cold, thank Ghu).

Neville, after a particularly loud interlude during the party, announced that he didn't care how much noise we made as long as we knew what room we were going to when we got kicked out of his.



The auction was carried on Sunday afternoon (don't ask me what happened Sunday morning, because I was asleep). The bids were fantastically low, though Walt Dougherty and Bill Nolan handled the auction quite capably.

Once the auctioneer (I disremember whether it was Dougherty or Nolan) pleaded:

"Seventy-five cents for a Lawrence original? Won't someone please bid seventy-five cents?"

Then again, some of the originals went deservedly cheap. On one occasion, after a fan bid a quarter on a particularly abominable piece by Bill Terry, Dougherty instructed him to take the original and accept 25¢ in payment for the deed (he did, too!). Several other originals were thrown down on the floor for anyone who wanted them to pick up.



The ride back was even worse than that down. Finally, after innumerable stops along the way to refill the radiator, the car stopped and refused to budge when we were still 150 miles from San Francisco. Cursing the radiator philosophically, Peter Graham and I set off on foot and made our way to San Francisco by dint of the old fashioned thumb. The End.

Recently in FANTASTA there appeared a poem by Raleigh M. Kultog. This poem seemed to me to be so...interesting, that I was moved to write a parody...a satire...or something worse. Anyway, below...in all its pristine purity you will discover:

THE BREEZE

The breeze wafted through the trees
And sang across the azure seas
And considered itself a high class breeze,
For on this one very particular planet
A breeze was a thing of beauty and a joy forever.

It came upon the Earthmen who stumbled to their knees.
And the breeze wanted to help
So it went to them and tried to speak
By rustling in the chartreuse trees
But the men strangled and gasped and seemed to freeze.

Then the men turned, and with dwindling strength,
Ran from the breeze which whispered in the trees.
The little wind was angry and followed after
And surrounded the men who gasped once again on their knees.
For to the men the breeze smelled like Limburger cheese.

Excuse it, please....

---From "How Not To Write
Doggeral."

By Richard E. Geis
page 34

WANTED: Uninsured man for highly paid rocket tube inspection. No experience necessary. Rm. 1095, Luna Spaceport, Moon.

YOU HAVE TO *See* IT TO *Depreciate* IT

by V. Paul

Nowell

In the July issue of this fanzine the editor wrote a little gem called "ICFOS...A Review." I would like to tell how ICFOS (IT CAME FROM OUTER SPACE) was presented in Hollywood, and about the newest spectacle...ROBOT MONSTER.

To begin, I'm afraid the editor was gypped on his admission price. I saw ICFOS first run the first day it opened at the Pantages Theatre, a large theatre on Hollywood and Vine. Admission price: 95¢ including glasses. The glasses were made by the Poloroid Company under the trade name of Natural Vision. They had ear rims of half inch wide cardboard, with nitches, in case you wear glasses already. I don't wear glasses, but I understand they work fine. Furthermore, we got to keep our glasses. It was my third 3-D, and at all of them we've been able to keep our glasses. The type of glasses used by the editor I have used ONCE, at a small local North Hollywood second run theatre.

As for the picture: ICFOS was very good, I think. If the editor has by this time seen any other 3-D's, I think he'll agree that ICFOS and HOUSE OF WAX are the best so far. I think FORT TI will be very good, too. Also see SANGAREE, HANNAH LEE, and ARENA.

In ICFOS the 3-D effects were fair with the avalanche the best. Music: splendid. The actors gave the second excellent stf performance of their movie careers. The first for Rich Carlson and Barbara Rush was WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE, remember? The plot was good for a 3-D, which so far has lacked the fourth dimension needed...namely a plot. Were ICFOS flat it would have flopped but good, but in 3-D I liked it.

If the editor wants to gripe about any 3-D, especially a stf one, then Part Two, coming up, is his meat.

PART 2

Last week the newspapers announced a limited engagement of one week only (and it's no wonder) at the Paramount Theatre, Hollywood, of the first science fiction 3-D at popular prices (70¢). Name: ROBOT MONSTER, produced by Al Zimbolak, or some name like that.

The picture starts out with the title set out from the screen (the ONLY 3-D effect in the whole pic) and the background consisting of stf COMIC BOOKS: John Carter Of Mars, ANOTHER WORLD, WEIRD TALES (comic form), etc. To the right was a paperbound piece entitled ROBOT MONSTER, showing on the cover a bop-style Frankenstein with a typical mad doctor and world blowing up in the background.

The story: a family of four; mother, Alice (a pretty young daughter), Suzie (little daughter about nine years old), and Donny (little brother about one year older than Suzie), while on a picnic in the hills (which I recognized as the local Hollywood Hills) meet an archeologist and his handsome son who are chipping rocks on a cave wall. That

same afternoon the family of four lay down in the open sunlight on the ground to NAP! The little boy hence dreams the rest: ROBOT MONSTERS attack the Earth and kill all humans except eight people who have been inoculated against all diseases, including the common cold, and hence the DEATH RAYS of the monsters don't harm them. They are living in the future when there is a space satellite established, and people converse over vision-telephones made of wood frames painted silver with silver painted cloth strung across the gap (and the cloth was warped). The hideout for the last humans is an old fortress of some cemented place where they have an electrical charge covering them to keep the monster's searching ray from finding them. The last two men try to escape in a rocket to get to the space satellite where a garrison is stationed. A scene shows where a V-2 rocket lifts from White Sands, New Mexico, and flies off into space. The robot monster contacts, by radio, the remaining six humans and shows them the scene where he destroys the ship and the satellite both. Incidentally, the space satellite is a cheap carved rocket flying in tight circles spitting a 4th of July sparkler being held in the air by a hand which faintly photographed in the picture. WOW!

The robot monster is living in a cave and makes contact with the Great One over another silk-screen radio-visio set. He also has a machine (given credit in the titles as the Billion Bubble Machine) which spews bubbles over the area surrounding the cave. The monster is a man dressed as an ape with no face, just a gray contour, plus a space helmet. No air tank on the space helmet. The Great One orders the monster, whose race is called Ro-Man (hummm), to kill all remaining Earth-men. The monster, finding that the humans are immune to his death ray, roams around the Hollywood Hills for the remaining part of the picture.

He does kill the little girl, and after the handsome boy and Alice marry, he finds them and kills the boy (named Roy). With four people left he captures Alice and falls in love with her. In his cave he is about to strip her, or so it appears when he breaks the straps on her low cut dress, when the Great One calls via visio. He clubs the girl and leaves her UNTIED. When he returns she is awake and BOUND and GAGGED.

He won't kill Alice, but will go out and kill Donny, who has come to occupy Ro-Man's time while the professor and Mother sneak around and save Alice. He kills Donny, but the Great One being angered by Ro-Man's refusal to kill Alice, strikes down Ro-Man with a death ray, and destroys the rest of the world by first releasing prehistoric monsters locked within the bowels of the Earth (scenes for this were from 1,000,000 B.C. and UNKNOWN ISLAND) and then blowing Earth to gravel.

Donny awakes to find he's been dreaming, and everybody is happy as they leave the hills.

The picture ends as another ROBOT MONSTER marches from the cave, glowing with charges of



death ray, and marches into the camera lense. The effect was poor...he only came out to the second row. The whole picture looked like it was made in fun. I suspect they took \$200 or less and merely moved up to the hills for the picture.

Several parts of dialogue were rather unusual. When Alice wanted to repair the radio and try to reach the ill-fated space satellite, she says she wants an assistant who won't be bossy. This remark is aimed at Roy, who replies: "BOSSY! Why, you're so bossy you have to be milked everytime you come home."



Later, as they are working over the radio, Roy complains of the job and says they should rest. Alice replies: "Now we must work together...later on we can play." WELL!!

The second feature of the double bill, though flat, was much better. It was RUN FOR THE HILLS, with Sonny Tufts and Barbara Payton. This picture was recommended, I believe, in Groff Conklin's "Five Star Shelf" in Galaxy. It has to do with escaping the threat of the H-Bomb. See it, but not ROBOT MONSTER, unless you want a lot of laughs at a high price.

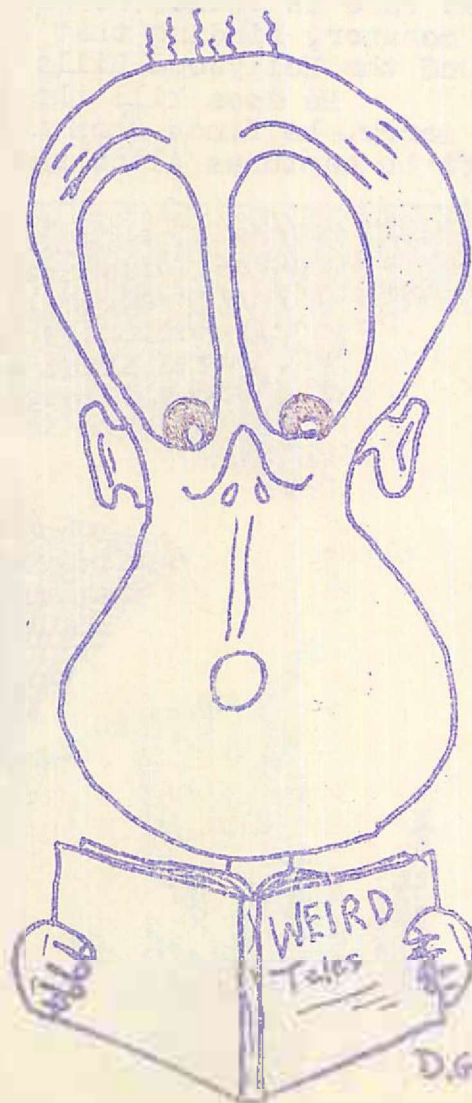
-----the end.

PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST AS A YOUNG FAN

When I was young I'd get a slap
For reading stf (that awful crap).
But while mother slept from ten til
dawn,
I read that stf stuff on and on.

My eyes grew bleary as I read in bed,
And some will claim I grew soft in
the head.
The effect of all this isn't hard to
see,
For I'm now neck deep in fanactivity.

From "Verse And Worse"
By Richard E. Geis
Page 354.



"DIG THIS CRAZY READER COLUMN"

SECTION

8

Robert Stewart
274 Arlington Street,
San Francisco, California.

Dear Rich:

You have put out a damn good mag, bless your meatless li'l bones. However, I'm rather griped 'cause you never used none of that stuff I sent you. Rat. O yeah. You're king over your pisspot.

The Leather Couch was the best bit of editorializing I've ever seen in a first ish. Good s erious stuff. Please leave it that w ay. Don't try to be humorous; it only gives your zine a neofannish appearance. I tried it (and still do)--but that'll wear off in time. Thompson does it in EEK--that too will wear off. Either that or we'll get better at humorous stuff.

A Ghostly Gripe was pure tripe. I hope you'll leave that sort of stuff out in the future.

Page 7...what ever the hell was supposed to be on it... looked nice--if I could have read thru the ditto'ing.

Please, oh please throw that damn Multog out! He positively STINK. That bit of crap was even worse than some of the things he puts in SR.

Of course, I enjoyed FANZINE ART REVIEW, 'cause BOO! was mentioned. Also cause Terry reads a lot of the letters I write, so gotta say something nice about him...

Who, pray tell, did the wonderful piece of art work on page 13? If it was you, how's about sending me something like that? Only thing wrong was it looked like she had three cans...mebbe one of those 3-D burlesque girls?

I like your poetry...send me a few?

3-D Despair...only good thing about it was the illo...more of you?

Altogether, a good ish. And I can say a damn site better than my first ish--or for that matter, any issue...

ah river

Rob

Thankee for the kind words and frank criticisms. Funny about THE GHOSTLY GRIPE: the one item I think i s good someone else will think is the lousiest in the issue. As I said in the card I sent you: "She's supposed to have three breasts."

You like my poetry? Is you completely sane? By the time you read this you'll have received a sample order. At last...someone who likes my poetry.....

THE COSMIC FRONTIER
c/o Stuart K. Nock
R F D #3
Castleton, New York

Dear Sir:

I received PSYCHOTIC today and I am pleased. You have an interesting style, and that is something very few editors have.

Since you already sent me a dollar for a sub (and believe me, sub, it's already spent) we can't very well trade fanzines. But if I can scrape up a buck I'll subscribe to PSYCHOTIC.

You couldn't by any chance do some material for me? I do need a story for CF no. 3. (only about 350 words.) I can send you some illos if you need them...or maybe an article if I get time.

Yours very truly,

SK Nock
I am pleased that you are pleased. This issue should hasten the scraping quite a bit. Next issue might even be bigger. You want me to do a story? After what Larry Balint says about fan-fiction in this issue? Okay. 350 words isn't much room tho...

Larry Balint
3255 Golden Ave
Long Beach, Cal.

Your cover was put together nicely, but the drawing wasn't very good. Your editorial was like most all other first ish eds in the LEATHER COUCH. The second SESSION was more like it. Liked review of BEAST. Your articles were fair. ICFOS I enjoyed the most. PROZINE POTSHOTS was just average stuff. HEBERPHRENIA is a good idea. Keep it! Your fiction was trash! I base this on the fact that it's fan-fiction and all fan-fiction is trash! That you said you had one piece??? Your columns, which consisted of Carr's thing, proved to be something different if nothing else. Very interesting. Don't lose Carr! Your interior illos were better than most fanzines. Pg 12 delighted me! heh heh! Your poetry wasn't very good. Surely you can do better. Please! RUSTY ROBERT sounded a bit juvenile if you ask me. Sorry but that's my opinion. The best piece in the issue: ICFOS---A Review. The worst piece in the issue: RUSTY ROBERT'S REVENGE. You need to eliminate fan-fiction from your zine. Get some fannish articles. As a whole, I thot PSYCHOTIC was pretty good and particularly like the lettering and artwork. The briefness of the pieces of material makes for a better mag. Material sounds neo-fannish in spots.

Larry
Larry, you is got a fan-fiction fixation.

Raleigh E. Multog
7 Greenwood Road,
Pikesville 3, Md.

Dear Richard:

Just received the first issue of PSYCHOTIC which I enjoyed a lot. The best article in the zine was A GHOSTLY GRIPE by Roger Mar. ICFOS was damned good and I had some laughs about the way you described that 3-D movie. I think it expresses everybody's opinion of the movie pretty nicely.

The rest of the material was excellent. The poem, "RUSTY ROBERT'S REVENGE" was the best poem in the issue. You have a very excellent issue I must say, and the printing is excellent.

Raleigh E. Multog
Editor: STAR ROCKETS

Opinion seems to vary considerably about the relative worth of the articles and stories of last issue. I await with baited breath (Juicy Fruit) news of a feud between you and Bob Stewart. The honor of STAR ROCKETS is at stake, sub. Hand grenades at ten paces, perhaps?

Terry Carr
134 Cambridge St.
San Francisco 12, Cal.

Dear Dick:

I was extremely pleasantly surprised by PSYCHOTIC #1. Didn't know it would be so good. Didn't even know you could draw, and then you turn up with that three-breasted girl and I thot it was by Rotsler for a minute (if you hadn't said it was by you, I'd still think s o!). Material was mostly good, with the editorial taking top honors.

Sincerely,

Terry Carr

Geez, the egoboo is getting thick. All this is going to my head; it's bigger than both of us.

John Magnus, jr.
612 Second Ave.,
Lynch Spring, Md.

Dear Rich;

PSYCHOTIC--the most enjoyable first issue of a fanzine I've ever received. It's views, etc., exactly match with mine. O, you must be a terror. I assume you're an atheist, a free-thinker, a nudist, and everything else.

Es has that definite personality a fanzine needs to put it over and make it a fanzine institution. Editorial was weel-put... "A Ghostly Gripe" was highly entertaining... a thing fan fiction falls far short of. Did you write it? Ah ha, "A Bit Of Hebephrenia"... yas. "Prozine Potshots, Mr. Bordna, was a thing I'd like to have said, but haven't up to now because I thought Rap was such a nice guy. I hear he's not, tho...you see. "Trial By Letter was one of those nasty satires which are analogous to all-to-many situations in today's world. I cry. "Fanzine Art Review"...where's SF's silk screen covers and color illustrations? Fair idea, though. "The Dream"...professional idea, smoothly presented. Rusty Robert, the usual REG Robot poetry, some of which is coming up in future SF's. Your reviews...excellent. This 3-D will succeed in destroying movies yet, because of the bungling of the guys in the front line.

Yas, that's about all. That is one swell mag, and don't knock yourself out on it...so you can keep it good.

I'll see you around, boy o boy.

Cheerfully,

You're right. I am an Atheist, etc., but I don't know about the everything else. Guilty: I am Roger Mar. I don't mess with my columnists. If Terry Carr doesn't

choose to review SF, you'll have to send the bomb to him, not me. I notice he didn't notice your zine again this issue. Tsk/tsk.

Henry Oden
2317 Myrtle Ave.,
Alexandria, Louisiana.

Dear Richard,

Received recently the first issue of your mag, PSYCHOTIC, and am sending an exchange copy of my mag, STARFARER, under separate cover. From this you might surmise that I would like to exchange with you...I would.

STARFARER, too, is printed by ditto, and is currently in effort to create itself into a fun-zine. One with very little seriousness. My reproduction is improving with the third issue, which is a fun-zine. You are getting one of the clearest issues.

I'd like to know if you use substance 20 or 24 paper. It might be that my paper is too light. Thanks.

Your cover could have been improved upon. I liked your "contents" style. "Leather Couch" was good, as was "Ghostly Gripe"; latter more so. I don't approve of the sexy numbering on 7½. Can't see much sense to it. Too, it detracts from your prestige.

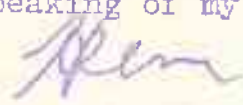
Francis Bordna deserves a paragraph. He has written a fitting reply to one of the most assinine creatures that exists in fandom. Palmer has been writing anti-America propaganda ever since he started OTHER WORLDS. McCarthy--who has saved America from falling into Russian hands many times, and whom you seem to like to much--should investigate Palmer.

Raleigh Multog's story was the best he ever wrote, but I believe he needs a bit more practice. The Art Review seemed out of place; it was well written, but it just didn't fit your zine. "The Dream" was excellent, but could have stood a better front page make-up. With my third issue, I'm trying to place each article so that it has a full twopages for a starting illo. SR, the poem, was cute.

Since I haven't seen ICFOS I can't comment on your review. It takes the movies much longer to get here than to Portland. And, too, this is a much smaller city. Same goes for TBFTF (sounds like a government agency).

"2ND Session" was brief, to say the most. Mailing page was good--I see you spell my name with letters. ((?)) Speaking of my name, where did you get it? I'm curious.

Sincerely,



I use 20lb paper for PSYCHOTIC. The numbering was accidental on 7½. I had already numbered page eight, and found I had a page preceeding it that just shouldn't exist. Then I got the bright idea of HEBEPHRENIA. The 7½ numbering seemed to fit in with the title real nice.

I DO NOT LIKE MCCARTHY!!! I hate his guts. As for him saving America from Russia many times.... I would like to see McCarthy investigate Palmer. They deserve one another.

Your name I think I got from the membership roster of STAR ROCKETS.

And that seems to be that for this issue. Thanks to Bill Berger and Henry Moskowitz for comment, but whose letters done arrived too late.

Down With Fan Fiction!

BY

LARRY

BALINT

Fellow fans...gather 'round me! I have something of the utmost importance to tell you.

I wish to speak on the subject of fan-fiction - that tripe which is delivered to innocent unsuspecting faneds by the lowest of the low. It is my belief that fan-fiction is a fault of fandom today. Must we stoop so low as to imitate the professional magazines? I ask you, must we?

No, we musn't! Fandom has developed a prose of it's own - the fannish article - in which fans discuss other fans and fan zines - in which fans feud. Why must we remain reationaries and imitate the forefathers of fandom? The age of the fan-story is past! Why should we try to shoulder it until it eventually ruins us all with the rut it is bound to bear?

It is generally accepted that BNPs never stoop so low as to write fan-fiction. This is true. Very true. Only neofans or stf readers will commit themselves to this immature pastime.

Is there a leading fan magazine that prints fan-fiction? No. And only because the ed has rejected fan-fiction

from his manuscripts has his zine been successful. The facts speak for themselves.

I don't approve of fan-fiction mostly because it is a sheer waste of time and talent for a fan to write it. The fan doesn't have the knowledge of orthodox writing rules. He knows nothing of developing characters, situations or plots.

If he had the knowledge of these things he would be writing for the professional stf magazines. If his fiction is rejected by promags then it is a clear sign that he is not yet ripe in his writing style. But why should he make fanzine readers suffer while he is trying to develop that style?

It's a crime that faneds don't know enough to do something about it. Few readers like fan-fiction - and they are either stf readers or neofans. Neither know anything about writing anyway.

Few fanzines devote their entire magazine to fan-fiction. You know why? I'll tell you. Because they can't get the subscribers to back up the mag. In other words, the fans in general won't support a fan-fiction zine. And why won't they? Because they don't want

fan-fiction. Logical?

Many faneds are being led astray by the talkative few who persuade them that fan-fiction is well liked. Too bad, but they'll realize the exact opposite when their subscribers start dropping off the mailing list. Or more likely, the fanzines they trade for will not be coming into his mailbox any longer.

I'm not saying that all fan-fiction is slop. Don't get me wrong. That would be narrowminded of me to say something like that. But.. 99% of it is slop and that's a fact.

Many faneds who are perpetual BNFs do run a short piece of fan-fiction every once in a while, but they seem to have a liking for it and it's simply a matter of taste here. Their fiction is skipped over by the readers and it doesn't bother them much. Usually this occurs in a larger mag.

Still, my entire argument is based on the fact that fans have not the knowledge of the fundamentals of writing fiction, and yet they attempt to do it. And they will continue to do it until a clamp is put down over fanzines who print the lousy stuff and the readers who casually pass it by without giving the editor a good blasting (verbal).

"99% OF IT IS SLOP..."

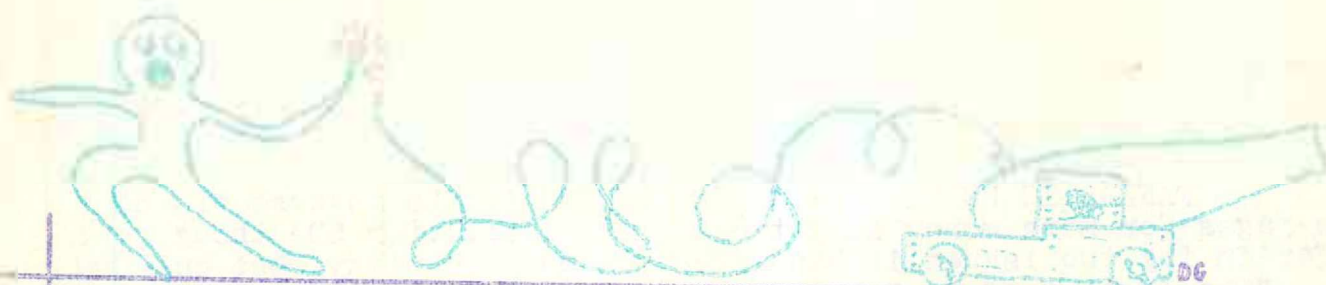
This is a free country and I'm not trying to ban fan-fiction from the mail or anything like that. If a faned receives a really good piece of fan-fiction, let him print it and let his readers praise the writer and urge him forward into the pro ranks. But if a faned receives some of this lousy crap that most fans turn out and he prints it in his fme, then let him be damned.

-----the end

As far as I'm concerned, Mr. Balint is hoist by his own petard. Any comment from you readers?.....R.E.G.

NECROPHILISTS---- Try Tombstone Harry's Mortuary for your necro needs. Young virgins our specialty. 81st on Park, Portland.





PROZINE POTSHOTS

by
Henry
Moskowitz

THEY CALL IT PROFESSIONAL

THREE BRIDGES, NEW JERSEY, July. I believe that we have seen the last of the 160 page magazines. That is to say, in reference to the digest-sized jobs. The ancient and honorable order of pulps has declined to where the largest mag is 128 pages (except for WONDER STORY ANNUAL). The Mines mags, SS and TWS, will drop 16 pages effective with their October issues; most likely FSM will drop its 16 with its present...September...issue.

The last 160 page digest to appear was BEYOND FANTASY FICTION, edited by the GALAXY staff. The AVON FANTASY READER started the 128 page digest trend in 1947, also the 35¢ price tag. Mercury Publications jumped on the bandwagon in mid-1949 with THE MAGAZINE OF FANTASY. The latest follower is COSMOS SCIENCE FICTION AND FANTASY MAGAZINE.

The above mentioned THE MAGAZINE OF FANTASY failed to survive. It folded after one issue, technically. What amounts to six months later, its second issue appeared on the stands and racks.... titled THE MAGAZINE OF FANTASY & SCIENCE FICTION. As such, using more and more stf per issue, it is now second to ASTOUNDING SCIENCE FICTION itself.

The present issue...August...is a fine example of what a magazine should be. Within its 128 pages (the only 128 pager I respect) it contains a fine variety of material: from invasion-from outer-space, "Warning"...to ghosts, "Randall."

While the entire issue is recommended, there are, of course, some better than the rest. "Gratitude" is nothing new, but wackily enjoyable thanks to the authors (Gratitude Guaranteed, by Bretmor and Neville). "Rustle of Wings" marks Fredric Brown's first appearance here, with a nicely understated story of the devil and superstition. "One Other", while not up to the fine "Vandy, Vandy", is good. Though his character, John, Wellman gives us some more glimpses of excellent ballading. "Told Under Oath" is a nicely turned tale, stiffly English...but nothing new: a puzzle. "At The Door" is as out of place as this same author's latest story in a recent issue of ELLERY QUEEN'S MYSTERY MAGAZINE.

Possibly the most interesting from a fannish point of view is "A Warning To The Furious", marking the debut of a new Eando

After reading his old stuff and his recent pieces in SCIENCE FICTION PLUS, we were amazed at this one. This is stuff that Miller never wrote before, and it left me in wonderment. And the editors' book reviews are always interesting commentaries. About the only thing off center with this magazine is their cover policy. Their better covers are preproduced on the back sans type, while on the front it is marred by the usual logo. Why this is done is beyond me.

FANTASTIC UNIVERSE SCIENCE FICTION is the reverse of the less-pages-for-more-money situation. 192 pages...for 50¢ though. So far in its two issues it has given not only quantity, but quality too. "The Instant Of Now" by Cox, had very little of the galactic sweep that the editorial note claimed for it; but it was a good story, heavier on idea than on action or plot. "The Mighty Dead" reads like what it very well may be: a detailed authorial synopsis for a novel. While being a good depiction of a world where reading and what goes along with it are outlawed, it fairly screams for fifty or sixty thousand words. Otherwise, author Gault did all right by himself. "Full Circle" by Matheson, is good...and it hits where it hurts.

Walt Sheldon, late of the now defunct sf writer's settlement in Taos, New Mexico, and now of Japan, gives a word of warning to all practical jokers in "This Is Klon Calling": a match can burn at both ends. Chandler has a nice point and makes it, while Anderson is disappointing after his much finer efforts of late. "The Very Black" by Evans, cries for comparison with Leinster's "The Barrier". Both concern a pilot taking up an experimental ship; both have been warned that they will die. This story is the better of the two, and Evans makes a nice point.

Simak has a well-done fantasy. With so many stories per issue, it is natural that locales will repeat themselves. There was a couple of Mars's. While different Martian set-ups are to be expected, I think the editor would have shown better sense by changing one of them.

A more colorful Schomburg this time, but his first was better.....the end.

WANNA GO TO MARS?

DON'T HESITATE IF YOU REGURGITATE WHEN A SPACER ELEVATES

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NO-NAUZ is a special anti-nausea potion carefully and cautiously compounded by passionately principled prescriptionists.

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WHY URP AT ALL?

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The St. Bernard Pickle
Works.

FANZINE ART

BY TERRY CARR

REVIEW

Last issue I started this column with a review of BOO! I think I'll do so again. This issue has a cover by Dean A. Grennell which is a fouled-up map of Fond Du Lac, Wisconsin and the surrounding area. Rather amusing. Inside there's an Art Section, edited by Roger Canales, with drawings by Bill Reynolds, Ron Trammell, Roger Canales, and L. Chapman of the Fantasy Art Society. Pretty good assortment, particularly the one by Canales. There's also a small drawing by Richard Bergeron illustrating one of my poems. Adequate. Backcover is by Gail Rodgers depicting a girl with fantastic proportions; the center of a contest. The mailing wrapper is the high spot of this issue, with Stewart's Native Califen and Boobs much in evidence. Bob Stewart, 274 Arlington St., San Fran, Cal.

SPACESHIP, by having another cover by Dean A. Grennell, rates another mention here. This was reproduced by photo-offset or a similar process, while last issue was an actual photograph pasted on the cover. Nice drawing, too. Not too much artwork inside except for some fillers by Jerry Hopkins and William Rotsler. Bob Silverberg, 760 Montgomery St. Brooklyn 13, New York.

PEON is next with a very good cover by K.T. McIntyre of the Fantasy Art Society. Quite a few fillers inside by DEA, Jerry Hopkins, Lee Riddle, and others. Pretty good stuff. Charles Lee Riddle, 108 Dunham St., Norwich, Connecticut.

Here's the second issue of REASON, pubbed by Tom Piper, 464 19th St., Santa Monica, Cal. Cover is by Ingram McCallum, and is a horrible mess. There is also a cover by Jack Harness, stencilled by Harlan Ellison, which is much better, though still nothing great. Poor reproduction. Some fillers by Robert E. Gelbart, J.D. Anspaugh, and others whose names I can't make out. Also some cartoons by Harlan Ellison and Joel Nydahl. Can't very well give my opinion as it's all so hard to see.

GREMLIN, edited and published by Gary Curto, 724 Huron Ave., San Francisco 25, Cal. When I received this first issue I nearly fell over. I knew that Curto had had very little experience in fandom, yet this item has very good mimeography, nice layout, etc. The artwork is fair; mostly by Curto himself. Cover shows some weird creature looking into the sights of a blaster-rifle. Too bad the beastie wasn't worth looking at, because the rest of the drawing looks nice. Steve Brady, the art editor, is represented with quite a few fillers, most of them good, though some of them are horrible. Curto's "BEN'S HAVEN" is a nice idea, tho not well carried out.

Next up is FAN TO SEE #3, from Larry Touzinsky, 2911 Minnesota Ave.,

St. Louis 18, Mo. Cover is a poor one by Nancy Share. The inside cover is a cartoon by Don Cantin, which is nothing much. Fillers are sprinkled daintilly all through it, ranging from bad to good by DEA, David English, Juanita Wellons, Steve Brady, Nancy Share, Paul Powlesland, Jack Harness, Denness Morton, and yhos truly. On the mailing wrapper is a cartoon strip by K.T. McIntyre--extremely poor idea, but good artwork natheless.... A relatively new artist whose work I enjoy very very much, Denness Morton's cartoon is a poor representation of his work. Touzinsky has recently contacted the Fantasy Art Society for artwork, and seems to be sold on that organization, as I must admit that I am. Any fansds who need top-notch illos should contact Alan Hunter, 124 Belle Vue Road, Southbourne, Bournemouth, England.

XENERN rates a nod because of a fine cover by Bill Reynolds on its second issue. I can't say exactly why I like this cover so much, but it facinates me completely. Bill Knapheide, 992 Oak St., San Francisco, Cal.

An item from England is here now called CAMBER with some beautiful artwork by Bill Price. The cover is a beaut. Bill is a member of the Fantasy Art Society, incidentally, as is Denness Morton, L. Chapman, K.T. McIntyre, and many, many others. Address for CAMBER is: Fred J. Robinson, 63, Newborough Avenue, Llanishen, Cardiff, Glam., South Wales, Great Britain. Nice long address, wot?

Here's the latest SEETEE from Peter Graham, Box 149, Fairfax, California. It has a three color mimeographed cover by Bob Johnson of Orb fame. Every issue of SEETEE henceforth will have three color--multicolor--drawings. Currently in the works are a couple by Jerry Hopkins...really nice ones, too. Later on Peter is planning an all art issue with many in multi-color.

APPROACH TO INFINITY is the title of a fantastically good collection of artwork by Morris Scott Dollens of SCIENCE FICTION ADVERTISER fame. It's all photo-offset, and is simply tremendous as far as quality is concerned. You can order a copy for 25¢ from Roy A. Squires, 1745 Kenneth Road, Glendale 1, Cal.

And if you like cartoons, there's always NONSENSE, pubbed by Me at 134 Cambridge St., San Francisco 12, Cal. Don Cantin, David English, David Mike, Steve Brady, Hal Hostettler, Charles Wells, Maurice Lemus, Denness Morton, and Bill Price are featured. The fourth issue should be in the mails when you read this. Two for a nickel is the price.

The one-shot OF MONSTERS AND BEMS, mentioned last issue as scheduled for publication in BOO!'s first annish, will be distributed on the P.A.R. system as a one-shot as originally planned. It's a collection of twenty drawings by Denness Morton, all in multi-colored mimeographed form. Why not write to either Bob Stewart or me and have your name put on the list. Just pay as much money as you think its worth when you receive it.

Jim Schreiber and some other fen have come up with a fanzine whose title can be typed with the fingers of one hand: TESSERACT. Jim says that they're only accepting top-drawer stuff for the fanzine, and as any story has to be passed by four editors as excellent in order to make the pages of TESSERACT, it should be a nice item. That's 25¢ from Jim Schreiber, 4118 West 143rd St., Cleveland 11, Ohio.

-----the end.

2nd Session

WHERE THE EDITOR CONTINUES

TO RAMBLE ON.....AND ON.....AND ON.....AND ON.....AND ON.....AND ON.....

John McCarten, in his column "The Current Cinema" in the NEW YORKER magazine, had this to say about the BEAST:

"The future of the movies, rather a burning problem, may be indicated by a film called "The Beast From 20,000 Fathoms." In this one, the boys in Hollywood seem to have surrendered to the idea that there is just no limit to foolishness, and have introduced an unlikely lizard that, by means of special-effects photography, has the proportions of King Kong, if none of his abysmal fascination. What may be in store for us is a series of pictures about never never monsters. This is safe, but is it sane? I'll do the actors in this one a small kindness and not mention their names."

There is a girl with whom I work with at the store that is a real knockout. A dish. Stacked. She draws men like honey draws flies. Every night she goes out with a different man. Anyway, she went to a show with a guy recently, and next day proceeded to yak about how good it was. She said she practically had dragged the poor goof into the theatre against his will. He had wanted to see another picture. What could interest her so much as to ignore the feeble protestations of her escort? A "B" picture called "Phantom From Space."

From what she said, this monster came to Earth from space to either get a code, or to give us some information, or something.... She wasn't too specific about this point. All she could talk about was the way this fellow from space died. Seems he dissolved into steam. She also was very visibly impressed by the fact that in the picture the characters couldn't see this visitor from space except by means of infra red light. Seems our eyes aren't capable of seeing the right wave-lengths.

The point I'm trying to make is this: this girl isn't what I would call a fan. She doesn't read science fiction. In fact, I don't think she reads at all....but she does like science fiction films. We got to talking about the flying saucers, and she revealed that she believes they exist. Further, she believes all the wild speculation that has been advanced re the purpose and home base of the f.s. She believes: "...a lot of these things we hear about are possible." I tried to be somewhat conservative and sceptical; an unusual role for me as I'm usually at the other end of the stick.

Now...if this girl is average, a typical girl with typical interests and attitudes, then we science fiction fans from way back had better face up to the fact that we are not alone. the "Sci-Fic-Kick" has struck. The fad is on, duck your head, and take care you don't get trampled in the rush.

If anyone ever asks you the question: "What's becoming of this younger generation?" tell 'em. With gestures, yet.

I view with alarm....

Well, I see I am close to the bottom of the page and still lots of things in my mind to ramble on and on and on about. Go ahead, turn the page

By Ghu, you did.

Lessee now.... I'm awful sleepy. Pardon while I yawn in your face. That's what I get for reading til 2 AM. Good thing I don't go to work til noon tomorrow....

As you all can see this fanzine done grewed up real quick like. At present it is supposed to run 34 pages. I dunno how I done it, but I done it. Personally, I like the larger and thicker mag... Trouble is it may not stay as thick as it is this issue. It all depends on the response of you readers. Send in material...good material...and I'll try to stabilize it at a neat 30 pages. I can't...I WON'T...write it all myself. That is the path to madness. I'd much rather send my top grade, triple high quality material to other fanzines. That is the path to egoboo.

You realize how much material one issue uses up? It's almost un-thunkable. Five or six articles, two stories (stop chewing the wood-work, Larry), three to five poems of varying length, illustrations and fillers numbering fifteen to twenty, a coupla columns, lotsa letters, and yaks and jokes for the Hebephrenia.

As a fan-author of sorts, I can appreciate quick reports on material I may submit to faneds. Naturally I am on tenterhooks waiting to see if he will publish it or not. Therefore, all material submitted to me will be read, appraised, and accepted or rejected within one of two days. Personally, I can't see any excuse for holding on to an article or story, or what have you, for months on end without at least acknowledging it. Nor can I see holding material for too long without using it. I wouldn't want MY material buried alive in that fashion, and I don't propose to do it to material submitted to me. Whenever possible I will try to indicate to the author which issue of PSYCHOTIC his work will appear.

IF has an unusually attractive cover on the (wait'll I look...) September issue. Colorful. But WHY does an artist insist on clothing spacemen in what must obviously be old fashioned clothes. On this cover of IF we see two men from a spaceship in the background in a very alien and picturesque setting, wearing rain slickers and hats like the sea-dogs of 50 to 100 years ago? I haven't read the featured story yet, so perhaps I'd better shut up. Anyway, you know what I mean....

Heh. upon re reading what I just writ I see I have the question mark at the end of the wrong sentence. Oh, well....

I've just finished reading " A Case Of Conscience", a short novel by James Blish which appears in the above mentioned September IF. This is by far the most interesting, yet basically silly, story I have ever read. It is the story of a planet which is being appraised by a UN commission to determine its status. There are four men on the commission, and each man represents a philosophy of life. But it isn't a fair story in that respect, for only one...the Catholic Religion interpretation of Basic Truth...is given a chance to propagandize. The whole story was loaded against scientists-athiests-and the practical, and slanted to the advantage of a Christian Cosmology. It's an either/or proposition. If you believe in God, you like the story; if you are agnostic or athiest, you think the story is nonsense. Beyond that nothing more can be said.

Definitely the story is worth reading, and just as definitely it will produce a reaction.

If you readers would write in your reactions to this story, I could run them in a separate section. Opinions should be many and varied.

From V. Paul Nowell comes a clipping from a newspaper in the Hollywood area:

"The box office returns on "The Beast From 20,000 Fathoms," an old-fashioned flat picture which has already topped three 3-D pictures on both the East and West Coasts..."

You may be wondering how come Terry Carr has such a lot of material in this issue. Don't bother. He's just about the most prolific fan I know of today. In fact, he's so prolific, I get the impression he is in the throes of a fanactic orgasm.

Next issue will see another columnist joining the ranks (the rank ranks). Bob Stewart will be with us with a critical thousand words about fanzines.

Ye Ghods, almost forgot that other thing I'll be printing in the September issue: another columnist name of Larry Balint will be messing up a coupla pages with some gone goop called "Run For The Hills".

Also will be a short short short short short story by William L. Freeman. I like this very much, and (damnit, Balint, stop frothing) I'm not sure I give a hoop if the rest of you do or don't.

As usual, unless there is an incredible and unheralded inundation of good material, there will be a fiction type literature by me, as well as an article of staggering unimportance. Doggerall will run rampant, and there might even be a poem or two.

Isn't there anybody out there who is going to the Con who will write ~~me~~ a Report for the October issue? On bended knee-bones I plead.

Any of you catch the editorial on the back of that new stf mag, COSMOS Science Fiction and Fantasy Magazine? The editors ask: "Why one more?" Why one more stf mag when there scores of them already? Well, they say, we feel there is too much emphasis on gadgetry rather than story. We are here to save stf from a fate worse than SCIENCE FICTION PLUS.

Short guttural one syllable four letter anglo-saxon words denoting obscenity. These guys are out to make money. That motive, however, is much too crass for the tender sensibilities of stf readers. They must justify their existence with a noble cause; that of "humanizing" science fiction, returning to the basic proposition of telling a "story", ie., adhering even more closely to formulas and hack plots: "Throw the science out, we're aiming for the mass audience. You think them stupid people give a hoop about science?"

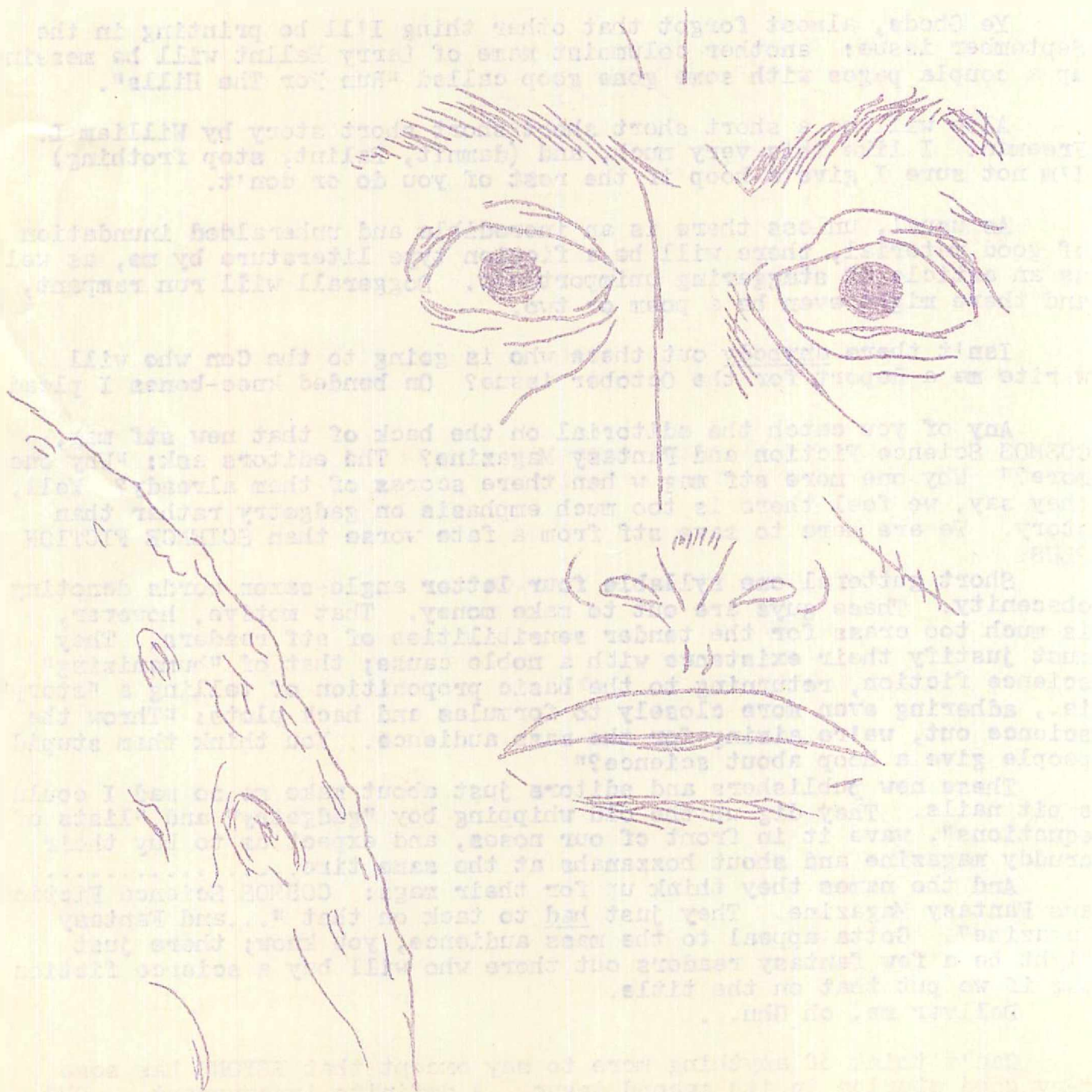
These new publishers and editors just about make me so mad I could spit nails. They dig up the old whipping boy "gadgetry" and "lists of equations", wave it in front of our noses, and expect us to buy their cruddy magazine and shout huzzanahs at the same time.....

And the names they think up for their mags: COSMOS Science Fiction and Fantasy Magazine. They just had to tack on that "...and Fantasy Magazine". Gotta appeal to the mass audience, you know; there just might be a few fantasy readers out there who will buy a science fiction mag if we put that on the title.

Deliver me, oh Ghu....

Can't think of anything more to say except that BEYOND has some very good stories in its second issue. A definite improvement....REG

THE HERO



They wanted me
To go and see
The moon in all its glory.

They promised fame
And threatened shame
And sold me all their story.

Until at last
My rocket blast
Drowned out their oratory.

Then...

After the radioactives
Had used me for a sieve

and

After my bleeding sores
Were immune to a sedative

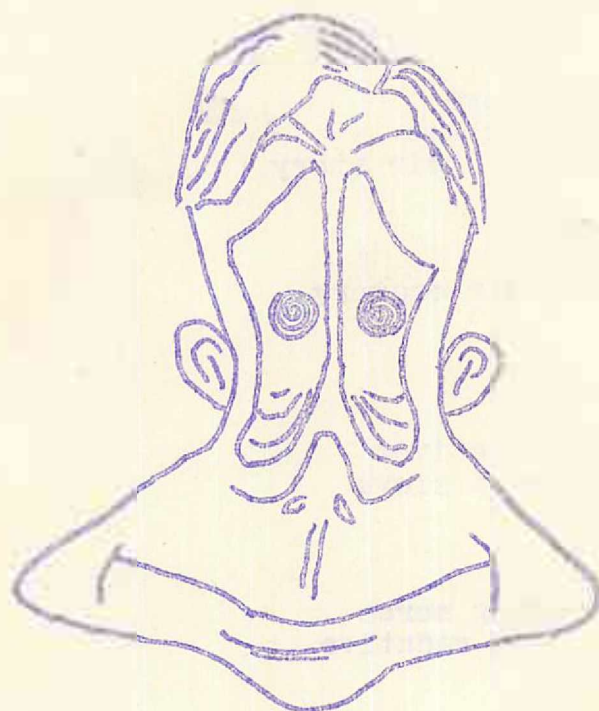
and

After they gave me a pension...

I learned

I had one year to live.

by richard e. geis



"I'M POOPED"