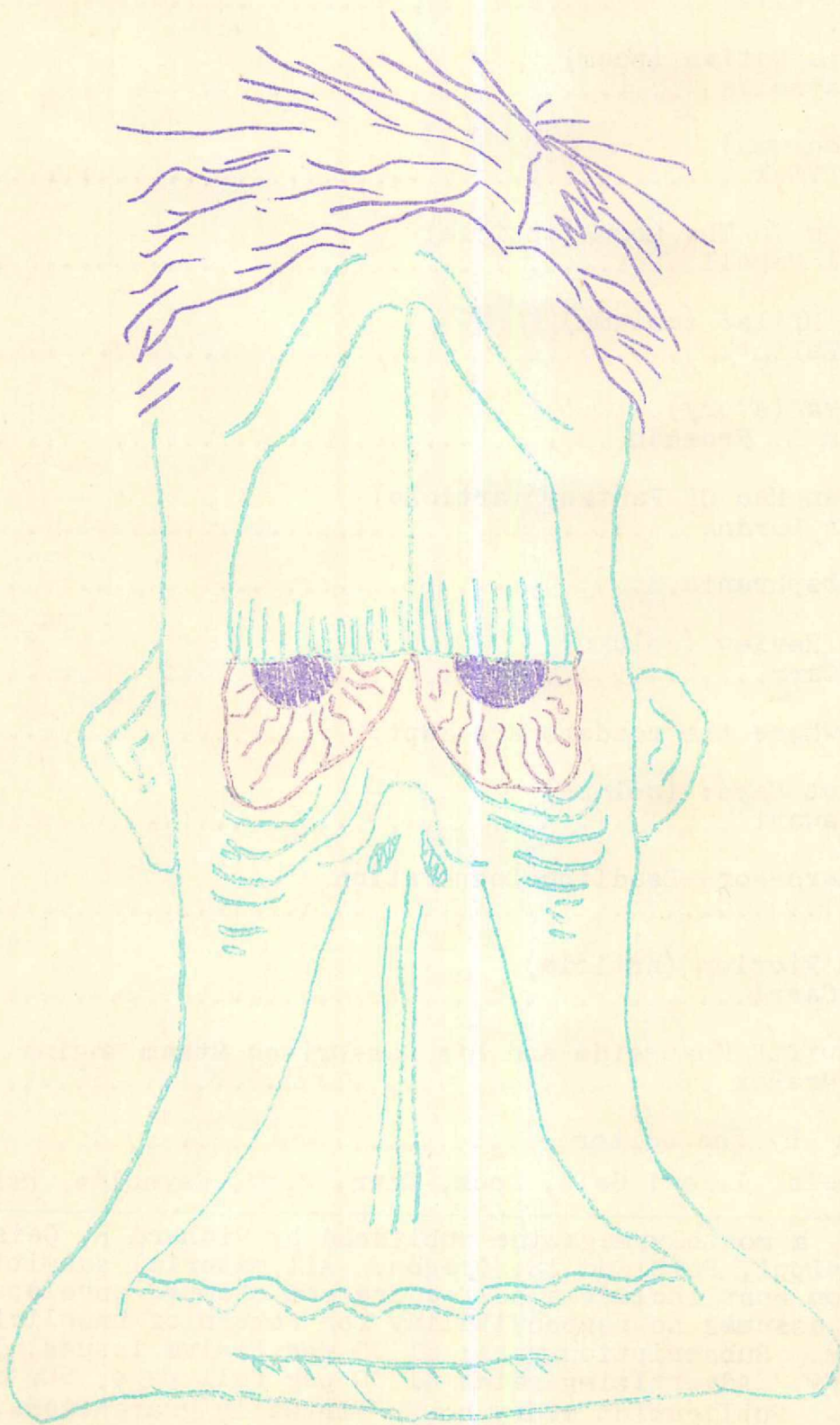


PSYCHOTIC



AFTER THE CON

NUMBER THREE

PSYCHOTIC

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PSYCHOTIC, a monthly magazine 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 material or artwork. Subscription rate: \$1.00 for twelve issues, 10¢ per single copy. Advertising rate: \$1.00 per full page, 50¢ per page, etc. Publication every month virtually guaranteed.....?

The

Leather Couch

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

PALMER TIMES THREE

So here I am writing an editorial about that man. I suppose I'm the one to blame...when you come right down to it. After all, I did write an airmail letter to him asking if it were true about OTHER WORLDS folding, and Bea Mahaffey did answer it. Course Bea isn't Palmer, but I don't suppose a mere two issue faned like me could expect an answer from the Great One Himself. Below is the text of the letter from Bea:

Dear Mr. Geis:

If you are a subscriber to OW, you've received the letter explaining its "folding" is only true in that OW as such is now gone. Actually, our new magazine, SCIENCE STORIES, will use the same type of stories and follow much the same lines as OW did.

SCIENCE STORIES will be published bi-monthly, and will alternate with UNIVERSE. OW subscribers will receive both mags during their present subscription, and can renew for either or both. If for example, a subscriber to OW had eight issues still due, he would receive four copies of SCIENCE STORIES and four of UNIVERSE--or, if he wished, a letter to our subscription department would bring him his entire remaining copies in just one of the mags.

So there it is: we now have two stf mags instead of one, and are bringing out a third mag (not stf) which will be out around the middle of September.

Yours very truly,

Bea Mahaffey,
Editor

Bea Mahaffey

I take distinct pride and pleasure in saying that I am NOT a subscriber to OW. "They cannot take away my one white plume...." Further; I am not now, nor have I ever been, a subscriber to OTHER WORLDS. So help me ASTOUNDING.

But what of the rest of this momentous letter? It states unequivocally that there are now TWO Palmer productions en-route to the news-stands, and with yet a third to follow. And this third is not stf. Hummm. I smell another FATE in the wings grooming itself for the plunge. And "smell" is the word. It's very easy to detect Palmer mags that way. Yoiks and Gadzooks. Drag out the thrownet, ban your mattle stations, run for the hills.... Can you imagine the reviews, columns, articles

...not to mention the tons of editorials that will be inspired. Palmer, bless his perverse little hide, had done it again. Soon he will be yakking about him and his new mags for a year to come. No included.

I wonder. I wonder what kind of tricks, hoaxes, schemes, and other devices Palmer will cook up, hatch, and otherwise create in order to help publicize these mags of his. New mags gotta have publicity, you know, and Palmer personally just thrives on the stuff. He has a very large "Egoboo Quotient". Or should I say egoboo appetite? A large egoboo capacity, anyway. He's just bound to pop up with something to keep in the limelight. Doesn't it make you shudder to envision the perpetrations yet to come? It do me.

But, stiff upper fanzine, chin up, chest out (especially you girls) and carry on the good fight for the honor of stf and fandom.

THE COVER

Yes, by all means, the cover. I owe Dan E. MacMurray a great big debt of future issues of PSYCHOTIC for letting me use the cover for this the third issue. It seems that about a year ago I did up this cover for his fanzine, SI FIC. But, as things are bound to do, things happened, and the fanzine went into a sort of hibernation. Second issue never did show its face. Meanwhile I had planned this PSYCHOTIC, and was gathering material to use in it. I withdrew a lot of material from Dan, and then went so far as to ask for a release of the cover. Poor Dan, his material melting away, nevertheless sent back the cover. It must have torn his heart to do so...but he did. I felt awfully guilty about it, and I still do; hence the public apology and tribute. Dan, you isa good kid! Just on general principles he gets a lifetime sub to this zine.

BEHOLD: A BNF!

If, like me, you've thumbed through this issue already, you were probably stopped dead by that two page spread of "Berserk", a column by the one and only Shelby Vick.

Yak. What I meant by that first line above was this: if, like me, you thumb through a zine before settling down to actually read it....

Back to Vick: as you all probably know, he publishes a thing called CONFUSION. Probably also, all of you enjoy it every time it comes out. Those who don't get it by hook or crook...well, a personal message from me to them: "Whassa matter you? Got more than usual number holes in head? Is crazy read and like PSYCHOTIC and not read and like/drool-over CONFUSION."

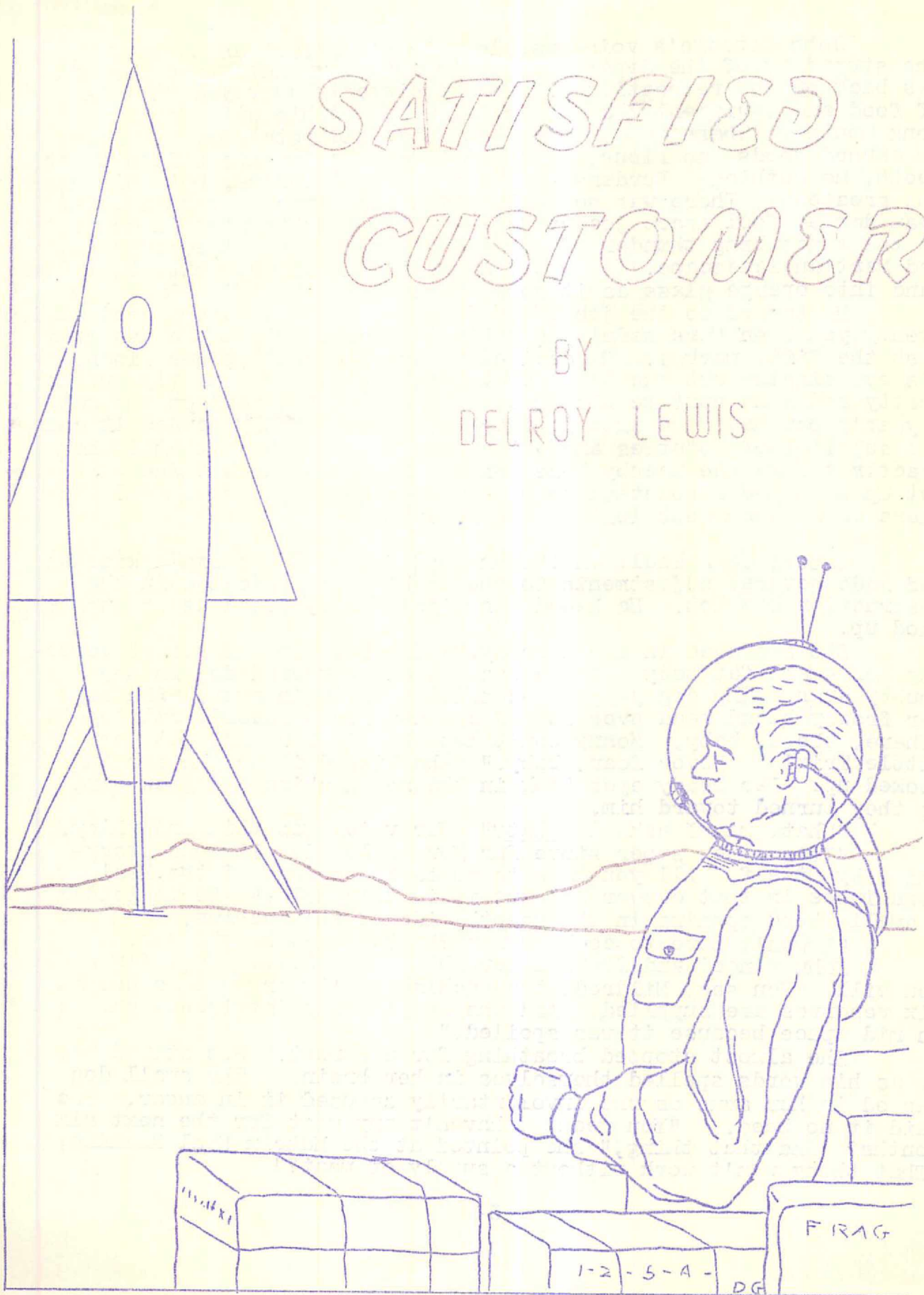
A KISMET BUILT FOR TWO, OR...

Last night in mail was thing called DESTINY. Is put out by two peoples. How can this be? Earl Kemp and Malcolm Willits are the two in question, and their zine is an object example to those who think an amateur publication, a fanzine, can be, optimumply speaking, anything but a one man job. One person has got to be the head man boss. Otherwise the zine is in danger of being as colorless and prosaic (?) as some of the professional journals.

Here is a zine that cost lots and lots of money to produce. It has the advantages of photo-offset reproduction in the fullest sense. Yet what is the result? A colorless mag which, while it has good material that is attractively presented, lacks that basic essential for all out success...a personality. I can't help thinking of it as "Excellent, but..." Seemingly when two persons edit a mag as equals, their personalities cancell each other out. Thus the result is product with no fire, no ice, no life of its own. Maybe I've missed the whole point. Could be that the editors are just trying to be real mature like.

SATISFIED CUSTOMER

BY
DELROY LEWIS



John Ostrowe's voice was loud in his helmet as he cursed the stupidity of the departing supply ship Commander. He turned his back on the retreating figure and bitterly surveyed the pile of food and equipment that was to last he and his wife for six long months. There was nothing but water and potatoes. No meat, no canned goods, no flour, no special goodies for his wife's sweet tooth, no nothing. Burdens he had shouldered before, but this was the greatest. There was no meat. "The most important thing, and that damned fool space jockey had---" His thoughts were interrupted as the shattering thunder of the departing rocket rolled over the red Martian landscape. A second later its brilliant white tail fused sand into orange glass as it rose slowly into the thin air.

He turned to the job of loading the stuff onto the sand sled. Twenty years on Mars hadn't aged him too much, but when a man gets past the fifty mark... He decided to use the small power winch. His eye singled out one large crate that rested importantly on the gritty red sand next to his tractor. All of his savings and half a year's pay had gone into that crate. He carefully loaded it and the supplies of potatoes and water onto the sled and started the tractor toward the nearby Dome Home. After the new machine was set up he hoped a solution to his problem would occur to him. Maybe there was enough meat left in the freezer.

Later, John knelt on the unswept floor of the small kitchen and made several adjustments to the machine as indicated in the instruction booklet. He heard his wife's heavy tread as he straightened up.

She appeared in the doorway, a faded yellow housecoat covering her small fat body. There was a small pampered dog in her chubby arms. The dog yapped and tried to wriggle away. She bent her frowsy blond head over it and crooned for a second, calking "There, there, baby, Mommy won't let the big bad mans get poor little Trixie. Never fear, baby." She kissed it on the ear and looked up. Her beady eyes took in the new machine and grew hard as they turned toward him.

"What, may I ask, is that?" Her voice was thin and whiny.

"It's a new super stove for you, Mildred. It does everything by itself. All you have to do is choose one of the Meal Menu Tubes in that drawer and put it in this hole." He indicated a small round opening in the smooth side of the machine.

"I won't have to cook anymore?" Her eyes brightened.

John winced and frowned terribly. "Well.... Yes, I'm afraid you will. You see, Mildred, the machine won't work unless the Matrix reserves are supplied. And the supply ship jettisoned our stock in mid space because it was spoiled."

She almost stopped breathing for a moment. She stared blankly as his words spelled themselves in her brain. The small dog yapped in her arms as she involuntarily squeezed it in anger. She paid it no heed. "You mean we haven't any meat for the next six months? And that thing," she pointed at the Matrix Meal Machine, "That thing won't work without a supply of meat?"

John nodded miserably. "I only bought the meat they jettisoned because it was cheap. I didn't know it was so close to spoiling. You can't trust anyone over the radio nowadays. It doesn't matter what kind of meat goes into the Matrix reserve, just so it's meat. That...that's why I only bought potatoes and water for the rest of our supplies."

"What?" His wife threw back several unkept strands of hair from her face and stared at him.

"Because the other two tanks only need a vegetable and a liquid. The machine reduces them to a sort of universal base and builds the meal with them...it...the component parts...the..."

"I actually believe you're telling me the truth," his wife gasped. "Of all the crazy, silly things to do---"

John drew himself up. "It's not silly or crazy. If only that idiot hadn't..."

His wife advanced on him threateningly, her body quivering with anger. "John Ostrowe, you get to the radio this instant and call Earth and order some decent food for us. The very idea of buying such a machine." Her eyes narrowed as she surveyed its five foot bulk. "How much did this thing cost?"

John cleared his throat and looked steadily at the fatty point of her chin. "That's why I can't order new supplies, Mildred. What I saved by buying only water and potatoes and spoiled meat, I had to pay to the Matrix Meal Machine Co. as a downpayment." If she only knew how far in debt he really was.

"Well, of all the stupid, impractical, foolish---" Her voice whined up the scale. "Every new gadget that comes out on the market, you have to buy it." She waved a jelly-fleshed arm at the Telcaper's screen in the corner. "I thought when you bought that dingus over there that you'd learned your lesson. Imagine draining the power till the lights dim, just so you can receive the news from Earth all the way across space to here on Mars. That thing cost us a thousand dollars to have it brought here and set up. And now you pull a stunt like this."

She drew the tiny dog up to her face and nuzzled it. "I don't know...I just don't know. I suppose Trixie and I shall starve on potatoes and water for six months." Her lips curled in loathing and contempt. "Baked potatoes, fried potatoes, boiled potatoes, even raw potatoes." Tears formed in her small beady eyes. "I don't suppose you ordered my supply of chocolates?"

John shook his head.

His wife's cupid-like mouth grew hard. Her tears stopped as abruptly as they started. "That blasts it. No food, no supplies... It is all too clear that you have no love for me anymore." She drew her short body together in a travesty of dignity. "Please call the supply ship back. I'm leaving you. I wouldn't have married you in the first place if I'd known I'd wind up in a red desert on Mars for ten solid horrible wasted years."

John clenched his teeth and took it.

"And with a no good second rate Archeologist for a husband."

For the first time in a long while John shook off his constant

preoccupation with ancient Martian lore. He really looked at his wife. His grey eyes flashed indignantly. He smoothed his thinning brown hair. "Are you sure there isn't any meat left in the freezer?"

"Is that all you have to say? Of course there isn't any meat left in the freezer. I ate the last of it for breakfast."

"There must be some way," he murmured aloud, his eyes fixing on the small dog in her arms. "All I need is some meat."

She saw where his eyes rested. "John," she gasped, "You wouldn't use Trixie?" Trixie yapped at him.

"No," he decided. "She wouldn't last a week."

"How disgusting," his wife snapped, and waddled her bulk out of the kitchen. "I'm going upstairs to pack my things. And you call that ship back. I'm through. you hear?"

John heard. There was no meat in the freezer, no meat in the desert or anywhere on Mars, and no other meat except.... He stared at the dirty floor and dirty sink. Dirty dishes lay waiting to be put into the Autowasher. He reviewed the last ten years of his life. He took a deep breath and tried to ignore the sinking sensation in the pit of his stomach. His fingers carressed the smooth gleaming sides of the Meal Matrix Machine.

Trixie yapped at him as he entered his wife's bedroom.

After washing his hands, John Ostrowe sat down to a piping hot medium-well sirloin steak with mashed potatoes and gravy, a liberal helping of peas, apple pie, and coffee. He turned on the Telepaper and tuned for the personals in the Earth papers. One message caught his eye.:

"Attractive young woman who can sew and is excellent housekeeper. would like to correspond with mature man with steady income and security. Object: matrimony."

"Hmmm," said John Ostrowe. He reached down absently and patted Trixie's head. Trixie yapped at him.

MISTAKE

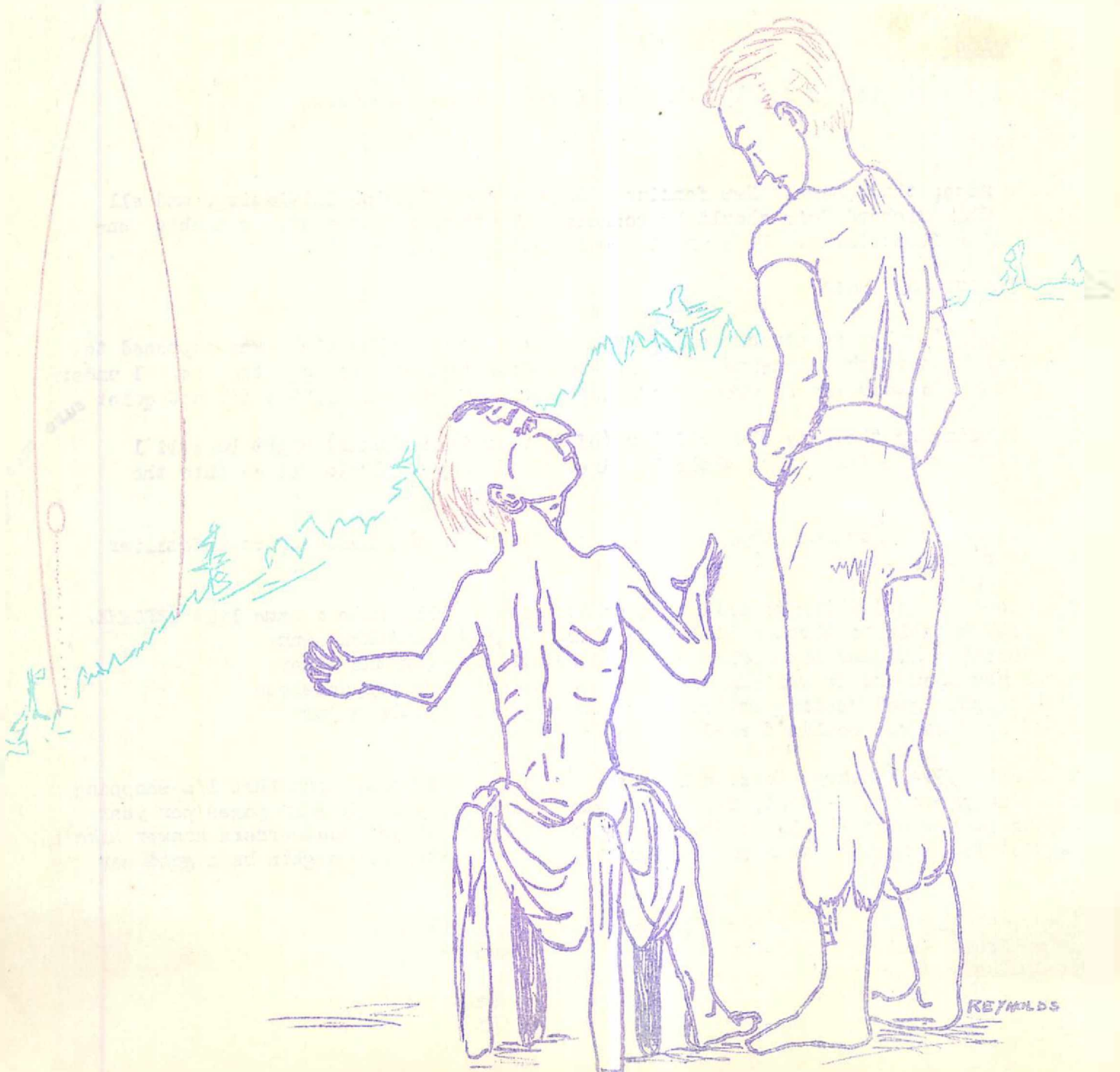
The doctors all fainted on that cold frost morn'
When horrible three armed Willy was born.
His mother woke up, and cringing with terror,
Said, "marrying a Martian was certainly an error!"

---from "DOGGERAL:How Not
To Write It" by R.E. Geis

RETURN OF THE NATIVE

By Bill Reynolds

You, my son, say we are primitive.
You...taken to the stars....
Full years we have enjoyed
While you journey to the stars.
You have stepped upon snow;
You say it is what we breath here.
You have seen cities curving with the horizon;
A forest encircles us....
You wander in the stars,
Yet you left your journey in the stars
To see your people...
Who have never seen the stars.



Beisort

See original

Comes a new fanzine in Box 493. A vinyl issue. Name of PSYCHOTIC.

Reaction?

'That's nice; that's nice. New fanzine. Good. Shows fannish initiative, and all that. This Richard Geis should be commended for turning out such a readable, entertaining first issue. It's pretty good, I think, and --

PSYCHOTIC? Oh, NO!

...and that's when it struck me. I, the one and only Shelby Vick, was supposed to have a column in that magazine! (Please to pardon typos. Typos, that is. I understand there's some way to erase mistakes on this ditto process, but I'm not quite sure just

That heading up there by Bob McMillan (of Langerfield, Texas) might be a li'l messed up by the fact that, altho Bob drew it, I comp -- COPIED it -- onto the master.

Well me, can you read this? I'm on unfamiliar ground, here--or on unfamiliar reproduction process, as the case may be.

Now, what's a good thing to fill up a column with? Ahhh, with a name like BEISORT, you oughta be able to throw ANYthing in. Including the kitchen sink. But does the kitchen sink make good reading matter? (On the other hand, you know who is writing this, so should you be so preposterous as to expect good reading matter? Awel; we proceed...tha's 'proceed; in case you couldn't read it.)

Mike McNeil, 5542 Tilbury, Houston 19 Texas, is organizing a new apa that I'm whopping up a few pages for -- CAPA, the Cosmic apa. Membership is \$1 & 12 pages per year. Making it easy, he limits it to 25. Suppose a batch of you Southerners answer Mike's request for members? We need to spark the South a bit; this oughta be a good way.

Now, what else do I talk about? Suppose I put in a bit of a plug (Brown rule, for instance...) for my own fanzine, name of Confusion (abbreviated as C. and DON' forget the 'C.') The fanzine. Comes out every now and then, calls at a

of it, I only gave that Box 493 part. Now, that would be interesting. Let's all send Shelby Vick a letter to Box 493... But, in case you are interested, the rest of the address is Lynn Haven in the beautiful state of Florida. Which presents a problem of location. Half the time, the Box 493 section of LH is also in the state of confusion -- and Confusion...)

...well, now: I guess that's ONE
lazy puffin over there -- ?
messed him up, trying to
bit of shading plate.
point where I had
I just tried out a
Turned if I know how
see, I'll see...

way to find out what's wot! See that
the one down below. Well, I
be fancy and slip in a
So things came to the
to try SOMETHING. So
pencil eraser on it.
it'll work out, but I'll

So will you, of course...

Suppose I let you readers decide what you want in this column. I mean, would you prefer nonsense -- like the young elephant who wanted to write a letter to TWS, but couldn't hold a pen with his big, flat foot (tha's 'foot') nor could he type with it, and was at a loss until an intelligent platypus suggested that he hold the pen in his trunk...or then again, maybe it was his valise; he was only a young elephant... But you get the idea...

Or do you prefer, instead, serious constructive type items like other new fanzines that are coming out? As a f'r inst, take S. MAG, a new monthly published and edited by Denis Moreen, 214 Ninth St, Wilmette, Ill. It sells at a dime, or three for two bits. Most outstanding thing about this new effort is that editor Moreen is changing the old tradition of giving the contributor a free copy; instead, he sells it to the contributor at half price...

Then too, you might like to know that Ian T Macauley is planning on reviving COSMAG which was one time, as many of x you know, the 'C' part of C/SED, the siamese twin fanzine. Or Fanzines. In any case, if you want a look at the new, photoffset COSMAG, drop a quarter to Ian T Macauley, c/o Jim A Schreiber, 4118 West 143rd St, Cleveland 11, Ohio. ...cops, pardon! That's not two bits, but 20¢ for Ian's mag.

Which do you prefer?

W E T S E I K

shelby vick

SPACE STATION

An Informative Article

TO THE MOON

By V. Paul Nowell

Nestling deep within the Hollywood Hills, bounded on all sides by Griffith Park, and accessible by two paved highways and one bridle trail, lies the Griffith Observatory and Planetarium. This beautiful structure, with its triplet domes and landscaped exterior, shining with flowers, is the only planetarium west of the Mississippi River, and the farthest west after Chicago.

Griffith Planetarium, as previously mentioned, possesses three domes. Looking from the North, the domes would read from left to right, the telescope, the planetarium dome, and the spectroscope and sun-screen.

The telescope is a 12" Zeiss refractor which can range in powers from 43x to 600x or better. It was built in 1935. This scope is open free to the public any clear night after dark until 10:00 P. M. closing time. The telescope is now more of an exhibit than a research instrument. Due to its small size it is for use by the public, college science students, and amateur astronomy groups. A group of this latter type, of which I am a member, The North Hollywood Astronomy Club, was allowed to use the scope one evening for its work.

The sun scope is really a solar-viewer and spectroscope combined. It shows a picture of the sun, reproduced by mirrors and such, on a ground glass screen in the far right end of the Hall Of Science, and also breaks the light into its spectrum, projected down at an angle with an eye-piece set so as to allow the spectator to view the spectrum. Lectures are given on both the scope and the sun's image to the visiting crowd.

Last is the planetarium itself. The machine is a German-made Zeiss Planetarium Projector. To the original projector, which handles the stars, Milky Way, planets, sun, moon, sunsets and sunrise colors, has been added the equipment for showing a trip to the moon, Jupiter, Mars, the Andromeda galaxy, the Aurora Borealis, rainbows, eclipses, a tropical isle, and two rocket ships plus the Space Station. There are Planetarium shows for each month from January to May, one show, always Trip to the Moon, from June 1st through Labor Day, then shows for each month from Labor Day to January. The show I'm going to describe is this year's Moon show, SPACE STATION TO THE MOON.

Our show begins with sunset, when the sun descends in a blaze of light and color. Little by little the stars come out until we see the sky as it can be viewed under the best of conditions. A lecturer tells us about certain stars and constellations, and about space travel, our space ship, and the space satellite which is crossing the sky twice during the night.

We then move to the Equator via trans-continental rocket plane and board our space ship there on a beautiful palm treed island.

The inside of our ship is shown to have airlocks, spacesuits, spare oxygen, instrument boards lining the walls, while directly overhead is the large window through which we can watch our destination. A voice counts off the seconds until take-off, and then a deep roaring fills the room. We're off! Our first stop is just a minute or two later at the space station. Here we change ships for the continuation of our trip to the Moon.

The station consists of four spheres connected by tubes to form a square, the spheres being at the corners, and tubes also run crossways from corner to corner. Where they meet in the center is a cylindrical which is the main entrance and also the power room, having a solar screen atop it. Packed to the outer, or rim tubes, is come cargo, and oxygen. Small telescopes, serving as periscopes are on each of the spheres. A large Schmidt telescope is connected to one of the rim tubes. On two of the spheres are jets facing opposite directions for turning the entire satellite.

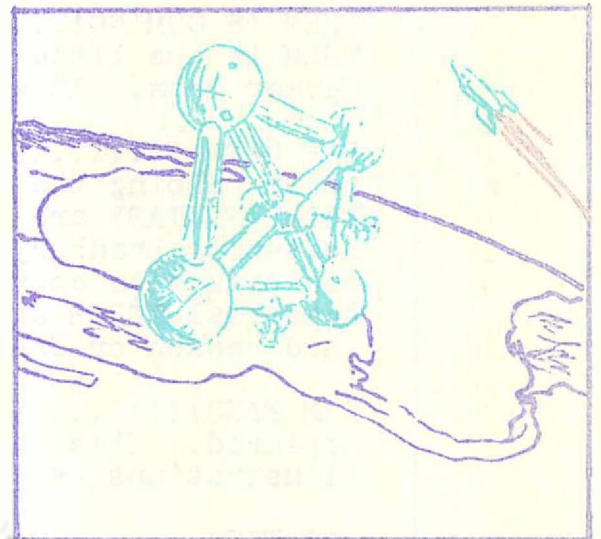
Our second ship is especially made for travel between the Moon and the space station, and isn't able to land in an atmosphere. It takes us to the Moon, where from 200 miles away, we see some of the interesting features of the surface. Then we land in Copernicus Crater and step outside onto the Moon. We see ourselves surrounded by mountainous brown walls, one side dazzlingly lit, the other side in deepest shadow. We stay for awhile and then go back inside our spaceship. We take off and then turn to watch the Moon diminish in size. Finally, we're back at the station, where again we change ships to return to Earth.

We shove off from the satellite, and then see a greenish-white and brown meteor about a mile in diameter pass only a scant four miles from our viewpoint. This chunk of rock is revolving, and is better than much 3-D in effect.

The landing is uneventful, and again the tropical isle is around us. Time is running short, so we fly back to the good old U.S.A. and land in Hollywood just about an hour before dawn. We watch the sky become grey in the East, the stars fade, and a pink tinge paint the hills. Finally we see old Sol top the hills, and the lecturer thanks us for our co-operation and wishes us all a "good morning."

This show really has to be seen to be appreciated. A pamphlet is available from the Griffith Observatory concerning this same show, and also telling about some other exhibits and a magazine published monthly by the Griffith Planetarium. The address for anyone interested is: GRIFFITH OBSERVATORY; Department of Recreation and Parks, City of Los Angeles, P.O. Box 27787, Los Feliz Station, Los Angeles, California. For anyone living in this area, or anyone visiting from the rest of the United States who has never seen this show or who is interested, the Observatory number is OLYMPIA 1191.

Since this show has been improving steadily since 1948 when it first began, who knows, maybe next year it will be in three dimensions.



Run For The Hills!

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OH JOY!.....Another fan column! And this one is really different! Here you'll find almost EVERYTHING that has to do with science fiction and/or fantasy (fandom and prodom). You'll find smiles and frowns here. Let's take a look,....

DIG IT NOW: PLANET LATER.....this is the title of a rather short article in the latest issue of DOWN BEAT, the music magazine. It tells of an album of science fiction rythums soon to be released.

PREDICTION!.....Richard S. Shaver will drown in the New York sewers while searching for deros.

ANOTHER POOL FUND???.....Bob Stewart (the one in SanFran) relays the news to me that Roger Dard, Aussie fan, is quitting fandom because he has been having trouble with customs and some detectives burned half of his Lovecraft collection. Stewart says he may attempt a campaign to bring Dard over to the States.

THEM IS COMING!.....No, I'm not using incorrect English. THEM is the title of a new 3-D stf movie being produced at Warner Bros. It will be released before the end of the year.

TIP OFF.....On comic magazines! EC PUBLICATIONS are still pubbing the best in stf comics. WEIRD SCIENCE and WEIRD FANTASY are rated as the tops. They're currently featuring Bradburyarns. And while you're at it, why don't you pick up a copy of that other EC mag - MAD. It contains some real ZORCH satire on anything and everything. (For some reason or other, they don't sell MAD in Califania.)

BEM FANS!!!!.....the latest book on Bug-Eyed-Monsters has appeared. It's called THE KNDCMT HAS A THOUSAND EYES with illustrations by that leading artist Virgil Finback.

HOT TIP!.....Walter A. Willis, well known Irish fan, just died of Pneumonia.

FROM YABBERINGS!.....Larry Anderson in the latest ish of his fanzine, SCINTILLA #9, asks why someone doesn't write the editors of some of the prozines, get the addresses of quite a few subbers, and make up a list of fanzin es in the hope of recruiting a few neofen. At the same time, he suggests, someone might include a pamphlet explaining fandom. It sounds like a worthwhile project from where I stand, as it seems that true fans are dropping away. We NEED new recruits.



DEPT. OF SUGGESTIONS.....

I propose that each year at the World Con, they hold a beauty contest to pick MISS FANDOM of that particular year. Maybe we'll get more publicity in national magazines if we have something like that to work with.

LOOK WHAT THE CAT DRAGGED IN.....

.....Yesireebob.....
The most different fanzine of the ages - ESCAPE (hope Geis doesn't notice this plug).....only 5¢ per issue....24 1/2 size pages. You've never seen another format like it before. (Get away with that red pencil, Geis)..... Yesireebob - material by Bob Stewart of SanFran, Don Cantin, Dave Estes, and (OK, Geis, OK).....and Richard Geis.

"Who
says
fem
fans
aint
pretty?"



I LIKE RIKE!!!.....Dave Rike tells me of a strip show in San Francisco which bears the title, SINNERAMA!

THE WOODCHUCK THAT MADE BLOOMINGTON FAMOUS!.....Bob Tucker reports in the latest SCIENCE FICTION NEWSLETTER that Joe Fann has switched to OLD WOODCHUCK.

HOAXES INC.....Shaver and Palmer shot each other in a duel.
.....Sol has been banned from the mails.
.....Richard Geis sleeps in the bathtub.
((what bath-tub?..REG))

DEPT. OF ACCUSATIONS.....It's my opinion that the National Fantasy Fan Federation is one of the lousiest clubs in fandom at present. I've been in the thing for a year now and all I've gotten out of it is four issues of the blub-zine and a Welcome Pamphlet. The O-O contains nothing but pleas from the officers for the members to do something. The club is near the end of its line now. It's become too heavy with lazy slobes and nothing seems to be progressing. Probably within the next year we'll see it fold.

DISPUTE!.....It seems that the San Francisco group don't believe that Joe Fann has switched to cold Woodchuck as reported in SF NEWSLETTER. They are currently trying to peddle a drink called GHOULADE.

All interested in an organization I am putting together called THE ANTI FAN-FICTION SOCIETY please contact me at this address: 3255 Golden Ave., Long Beach 6, California....Also the address for ordering copies of (get away, Geis) ESCAPE.

That's all for this installment of RFTH! Hope I see your ink smudged faces around next time.....

-----the end.

CALLING ALL GIRL FANS...Now a science fiction magazine for YOU. Subscribe now to COMET CONFESSIONS!! 49¢..On sale at all newstands.

BY WILLIAM L. FREEMAN

The Wanderers

The sea tossed white foam upon the sand.

The sun was in the sky...white, hot. Its burning breath touched delicately on their bare sun-tanned skin.

They were walking slowly along the expanse of pure white beach that spread before them, and behind, for hundreds of miles along the continent. The hot whiteness ran before them, and the blue sea tasted it, cooled it.

The two, a male and a female, were wanderers. Wanderers of the oceans and the mountains and the valleys and all the beautiful virgin expanse of the planet. The planet which they called Tandar.

They weren't going anywhere. They had come from nowhere. Walking. They liked to walk. And run and play and live in the cool green land under the hot white sun.

The sun, they saw, was moving. Soon darkness would overtake them. Then they would sleep, together, in each others arms. They would sleep and then the sun would show its pale face again and they would rise and go for a walk. Or maybe they wouldn't walk that day. Maybe they would rest. Lie in the coolness, on the grass, beside the burning sand, cleansed by the blue-cold sea.

But they would probably walk, because, although they had been born and lived their lives on this planet, there was some of it they hadn't seen.

So they would walk and see it.

Slowly. Enjoying what they saw, looking at it so they could remember.

They stopped and looked about them a moment. The sun moved down the sky, and the cool seas spread over the white sands, and the mountains towered in majesty, and the valleys snuggled in pleasant security.

They stood for a moment and watched the scene in their minds.

Then, again clasping hands, the two Venusians walked blindly down the white sands. They had no eyes.

the end.

The Forgotten Man

Of Fantasy

BY FRANCIS BORDNA

Editor's Note: Bordna sent this article to me with an attached note that said in effect that he was almost positive I'd not like it, and to tear it up if I could dn't use it. Well, I did like it, and hereby publicly urge him to send more such interesting and informative pieces.

Coming at a time when Lovecraft, Machen, Dunsany, Whitehead, Blackwood, Bierce, and a host of others were synonymous with "classic" fantasy, Miram G. Brentwood is seldom heard of. Even the most noted of authorities anent weird prose have disregarded his material. Perhaps this is due to being blinded by the names already mentioned. The field is crowded, and it is very easy to avoid the research and plain hard work required by obscure authors. This may explain the obscurity of Brentwood, and this is indeed a shame, for Brentwood, by far, over-shadowed all contemporaries. For, as Lovecraft and the rest were writers of a certain pattern, Brentwood was prolific: he could write in any style, any mode, or any theme. So varied were his styles, in fact, that one cannot compare his stories to note similarity. Every one of his eighteen stories, which appeared in WEIRD TALES (1927-30), were different; each well written, and each possessing a different theme. Truly none of the greats in fantasy can match this accomplishment!

Perhaps one of the main causes of the above mentioned unfamiliarity of Brentwood's name is that he never wrote a novel or novelette. His stories all ranged in length from two to seven thousand words. His total wordage amassed little over ninety thousand words, which is comparable to one modern novel, or to a two hundred page pocketbook. One has to admit that even the most lowliest of fanzine writers matches this amount.

But, although small was his output, his quality was supreme. He was a careful writer, as one could easily note after studying several of his tales, and probably rewrite each story many times before achieving the perfection he desired. He was a hater of improper grammar, and all of his material was punctuated perfectly, and every word used was the best word available to express what he wanted to say. There was

¹ John A. Inchers, "Fantasy--Another World", Harpers, 1935, is the only expert who even mentions Brentwood in passing. He dismissed Brentwood with: "...a miserable hack whose work, while occasionally brilliant, frequently demonstrated his innate lack of imagination." Page 186.

noted a break in rhythm not a jump in style.

Let me quote passages from three of his tales, thus enabling you to note different styles and moods which were his outstanding features.

"There was a time when everyone in Dorchester quailed at the thought of entering the Hartley home. A whispered story, like a rapidly spreading stain, told of five people that had been killed within the its red brick walls. None of the townspeople wished to be added to that number. Indeed, so great was their fear, that for days at a time no one would walk to within a block of it." 1

In the only humorous story he ever wrote, Brentwood revealed a dry humor that has seldom been equaled. Below is a short excerpt from it:

"Coming home from the party at the Fromthing Home, although he weaved suspiciously when he walked he could have told you the exact time, Peckerwood saw the ghost sitting on the stoop before his lodgings. He frowned slightly and leaned, it must be admitted rather heavily, against the wrought iron fence beside the walk. Joseph, the ghost, was becoming most irksome and annoying. Something drastic would have to be done about the matter." 2

An example of the hauntingly beautiful writing in yet a third style is as follows:

"Come with me, my darling," the specter whispered to Ophelia as she walked mindlessly, yet unwillingly into the cold, tomblike vault. "Come with me, and we shall know a love such as no-one has ever known. Your soul shall become my very life. Come..." 3

Wonderful? Yes, it is!

Brentwood was young when he died from an incurable affliction, probably cancer. He had saved little money and was far from his birthplace of Moscow, Idaho where his parents lived. He was given a paupers funeral and laid away in a small cemetery in New York. He was barely 33 years old when he died. 4 As is common with many authors today, Brentwood held many jobs before becoming a writer. His occupations ranged from lumberjack to part-time teacher in an Alabama school.

Undoubtedly, had he written at longer lengths, or had he been blessed with a longer life, Brentwood would have finally gained the prominence that he should rightfully have. Here's a toast to Hiram G. Brentwood, a name which is lost to the modern world probably forever. But, maybe not forever. Someone may find his worth. It would be wonderful to see a collection of his stories published between hard-covers.

1 "Death At Hartley House", WEIRD TALES, October, 1929.

2 "The Ghost And Jonathan Peckerwood", WEIRD TALES, February, 1927.

3 "From Beyond The Grave", WEIRD TALES, February, 1930.

4 "American Fantasy" by R.T. Dunn, (privately published, with free copies sent to all libraries in all the major cities) Page 46.

Mr. Dunn mentions that little beyond what I have mentioned above is known about the life of Brentwood. He was not married, nor is there any record of interest in women.

A-BIT-OF-HEBEPHRENIA

FROM MAD COMICS

After being warned that/anything he says may be held against him, Shermlock Sholmes, a mad take-off on Holmes, gibbers: "Marilyn Monroe, Lana Turner, Hedy Lamarr..."

A bopstar who sees the Statue of Liberty for the first time says: "Dig that CRAZY Ronson!"

Social Error

I sneezed a sneeze into the air.
It fell to earth I know not where.
But hard and froze
Were the thoughts of those
In whose vicinity I snoze.

.....unsung genius

FROM "THE NEW YORKER" MAGAZINE

"The Ladiss' Society's unshine committee is packing a box of neckties to be taken by a missionary to South Africa for distribution among the natives." Berkshire Evening Eagle.

Bongo, bongo, bongo...I don't want to leave the Congo....

FROM "TIME" MAGAZINE

"In Indianapolis, Truck Driver George D. Lewis was arrested after Mrs. Ellouise Lewis and Mrs. Mildred Laverne Lewis announced that he not only married them both, but insisted that they live together after they found out about it."

Some women are so unreasonable.

FROM "THE WORD OF GHU"

"For what profit it a man
if he gain all of King Aroo
yet lose his Pogo."

The Book of Ptocey
1:12

This is the las t word.....



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FANZINE ART

BY TERRY CARR

REVIEW

A few changes this time. From now on I'm going to review these fanzines only briefly, except for the top and bottom 2 elections, which I'll go into a bit more. First off, this issue's top art fanzine:

DESTINY, Spring, 1953. 25¢; 4/\$1.00 from Malcolm Willits, 11848 S.E. Powell Blvd., Portland 66, Oregon. Photo-offset.

This issue's cover is by Malcolm Willits and Jim Bradley. It's a half-tone job that I'd rate very good. Actually though, from what I've seen of Bradley's work, this is way below par for him. Inside artwork is by Nancy Share (fair), Richard Bergeron (very good), and Ralph Rayburn Phillips (excellent). Phillips' back cover illustration, in particular, is good. An added item of interest this issue is a biography of Ralph Rayburn Phillips.

Next, this issue's bottom art fanzine:

There's a tie. Two fanzines recently presented such absolutely putrid items of fan-art that I am forced to list them together....

WHISPERING SPACE #1. Free from Val Walker, 6438 E. 4th Pl., Tulsa, Oklahoma. Ditto'ed; FAN NEWS #2. 3/10¢ from Gilbert E. Menicucci, 675 Delancey Avenue, San Francisco 12, California. Kecto'ed.

It has always been my contention that hecto has a great many advantages over the mimeograph as far as art reproduction is concerned, but that, unfortunately, it also has a good many disadvantages. Ditto, fortunately, seems to embody both the advantages of the hecto and the ease of reproduction of the mimeo. To look at these two mags, however, you'd never know it. WHISPERING SPACE's cover is by Val Walker, I believe, and is absolutely--well... putrid. The artist can't even draw a straight line, he has no idea, his proportion is all wrong--well, you get the idea. Fortunately, that's the only piece of artwork in the issue.

The item in FAN-NEWS is a half-page drawing by Fred Malz, who is previewed by Menicucci as a great discovery. If this is typical of his work, then I disagree most profoundly. It shows a girl in a bathing suit and fishbowl helmet somehow entangled with a weird creature with three heads (or is it two other creatures standing in the background?). I've seen better drawings than these on lavatory walls.

Fanzines in brief:

BOO! #8. 5¢, 12/50¢ from Bob Stewart, 274 Arlington Street, San Francisco, California. Mimeographed. Cover by K.T. McIntyre, inside illos by Staff Wright, Bill Reynolds, Jack Wilson, and David Rike. Good stuff,

particularly the ones by McIntyre and Wilson (the latter, incidentally, had a illo in NEBULA #3).

FANTASIAS #7. 15¢ a copy from David English, 63 W. 2nd St., Dunkirk, New York. Mimeographed. Multilithed cover by DEA is the best item of the issue (art-wise), though some of the interior illos by English himself are priceless.

PERHAPS #1. 3/60¢ Payable to Charles Anderson, 311 East Polk St., Phoenix, Arizona. Mimeographed, with photo-offset cover. The editor is Leo J. Harding of 510 Drummond St., Carlton, N3, VIC, Australia, though U.S. subs go to Charles Anderson. Harding Promises to go photo-offset entirely in #2. Cover is fair, by Dick Jenssen. Interiors are by Jenssen, Kruss, Harding, and Rose. Poor stuff; mostly, I suppose, because of poor stencilling.

SF #7. 3/\$1.00 from John L. Magnus, jr., 9312 Second Ave., Silver Spring, Maryland. Mimeographed, with silk-screened cover. Cover of this issue is by Ron Fleshman; a pretty good job. Interior art, mostly cartoon-type stuff, by Alden Faulkner, Ron Fleshman, Walt Kraemer, Vevie Cole, and David English. Plenty good stuff.

STAR-LANES #11. 20¢, 6/\$1.00 from Orma McCormick, 1558 W. Hazelhurst St., Ferndale 20, Michigan. Mimeographed. The outstanding feature of this issue is the cover by Nancy Share, which is mimeographed and hand colored in six colors. A tremendous undertaking, and painstakingly handled. Interior art is all of high caliber, by Ralph Rayburn Phillips, Glover Prescott, and Tom Reamy.

-30-

"Stuff by any other name would be as corny."

HEY LOOK!! I have here lots of space for fillers. Read at your own risk.

National Sport

As Willy's loving mother went
To darn a sock, her neck was bent.
Her neck was bent even more than that
When Willy struck with his baseball bat.

Obliging

A monster was listening at the window
When his mother complained it was chilly.
So the monster set her clothes afire;
The monster's name was Willy.

Isn't this silly?

GHOSTS...

If you are a ghost, you will want a new 100% combed percale linen sheet available in a new line of beautiful pastel shades as well as the traditional white. Are you tired of finding you haven't a decently clean sheet to your name when that special ruzh haunting job comes up? Visit SPECTRAL SAM...THE LINEN SHEET MAN.

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"THE CRAZY READERS COLUMN"

SECTION

8

Larry Oden
1111 Million St., S.E.
Atlanta, Georgia

Dear Richard,

Larry Oden has a number of highly ridiculous generalizations. Probably the worst is this: "It is sheer waste of time and talent for a fan to write it." If a fan sincerely wants to write, there is no more experience than fan fiction; not merely the writing of it, but the chance to get his early efforts before a public, however small, and to see their reaction. It is true that many fans are not seriously interested in writing, and that many who are have no knowledge of technique or style and so produce watered down versions of pulp fiction; but it is equally true that much of it is good and well worth the reading. My condemn all fan-fiction, Larry, is simply because most of it is bad? It's the editors who print the crud who need the blasting.

I'm getting just a wee bit sick of reading attacks on Ray Palmer. Larry Oden has found something new. "Anti-American propaganda"? I must be an extremely dull boy; I must confess that I've read every editorial Palmer has written in AS, Fate, and OW, more than 150 RAP editorials, including some in FA and other Ziff-Davis mags, and not once has my lack-lustered intellect detected any "anti-American propaganda". But I presume one who accepts Herr McCarthy as savior would naturally have a more sensitive mind. RAP, it is true, has been guilty of having some original ideas, and has written plenty of anti-authority editorials. So this makes him un-American? Even Henry's savior goes through the formality of a hearing before deciding the guilt of his victims.

Marion Zimmer Bradley
Box 246
Rochester, Texas.

Dear Richard,

I'm out of fandom pretty well, but I ought to comment on PSYCHOTIC, since I haven't seen this before, and I LIKE IT.

I enjoyed THE LEATHER COUCH. I do not agree with you in your many slams at Sam Merwin; he is a fine editor, and he was the first to realize that science fiction is just grown-up fantasy, and to make capital of that tremendous discovery. But I do agree with you that too much modern s-f is slanted at women. Being a woman myself, I suppose that sounds funny as a complaint; but darnit, if I liked women's fiction, I would read THE WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION (ugh!). In s-f I like the masculine approach....and so do most of the original femme fans, which is how they happened to get into fandom in the first place....because they DIDN'T like "female" stories.

But I suppose I shouldn't complain, since I have sold two stories to VORTEX on the heels of this tradition....one of them even rejoices (?) in the name of FOR WOMEN ONLY.

Bill Reynolds
P.O. Box 688
Hamilton A.F.B., Cal.

Dear Richard,

"The Leather Couch" brought a painful situation to the fore. The prozines are taking themselves too seriously. As you know, the most grievous fault for any man is to take himself seriously; we're not world shakers. I know that there isn't a Homer or Dante in the whole bunch of professional writers. Yet the editors insist on becoming "Arty", with the standards on a high plane of dullness. The words of Pope are becoming more clear with each new issue of the prozines: "While pensive poets painful vigil keep... Sleepless hours to make their readers sleep." Everybody can write stf stories now, because the standard is an exotic setting by all means, "But with real people with real feelings with real problems like you or me." Put the women in the kitchen, or in the night-club, or on the Moon for that matter, the reader must share the experience. As you said, there are many new readers and they must be satisfied. So down come the standards to satisfy their slight imaginations.

The fan has helped in the decline of stf. Who advocated banning excessive "badgetry" and the double talk of abstruse equations? But the responsibility rests lightly on the fan's shoulders, for where is the fan today in the prozine? Every means of expressing opinions has disappeared from most of the prozines. On the fingers of one hand you can count the number of letter and fan columns.

Speaking of "Arty"? Have you scanned the latest FANTASTIC? Drawings of rampant horses to stimulate the imagination, I believe the editor said. Like the shade of UNKNOWN WORLDS that Gold has recently brought into the world, these line drawings strongly resemble the work of Dali in Baroque magnificence. But, as I mentioned to Roger Canales, if the various editors must imitate surrealism in their art, why don't their artists follow less known but more outstanding artists like Max Ernst, Chirico, Klee, Tanguay, and many others. Imitation seems the battle cry of contemporary stf publishers. Gold imitated ASF so much that the other prozines can emulate Gold without the slightest fear of looking original. They're all in the same boat, and it's steaming on a banner of faded glory away from the fan.

"The Good Old Daze" by Terry Carr brought back delightful memories mixed with that journey into the night. Terry didn't mention that we turned into that fertile desert called the San Joaquin Valley. And there was more steam in that valley than in old Bill Knapheide's older Buick. Locomotives all over the place, and only two diesel engines seen in the switching yards. There is nothing more beautiful made by man than those huge Cab-in-Front articulated engines. Once we even saw a big 2-10-2 pulling a hundred cars across those flatlands.

Terry's description was pretty sketchy, like the sketches that accompanied his story. Saw the famous Ackerman, who seems sold on the monetary value of stf. The convention was dominated by his organization, which sells to the prozines. Artist Hunter has the draftsmanship of Bonestell in a special exhibit. It is refreshing to see another artist entering the field, even though his paintings had that same academic perfection required by scientific paintings. So, it's difficult to distinguish between either artist. Originality has been sacrificed for exactness. One practical aspect of Hunter's work is to explain astronomical data unobservable by photograph. A series of slides accompanying a lecture demonstrated this fact. What does a binary really look like? A fine view, also, of a galaxy showing its form unimpeded by star fields found on conventional photographs. I believe it took over 3000 hours of research to produce the latter masterpiece, which was based on a photograph.

Kleith Joseph's OMEGA made quite a hit when he showed people copies to the fan. Sold quite a few, I think. Unfortunately, Terry neglected to bring other fruits of San Francisco fandom. I know that BOO! would have made a hit. I gave my own copy to Charles Anderson of Arizona who promised his fanzine in return. He thought it was a good job. Bill Knapheide brought samples of his research magazine, XENOPH, but its A4+ miniature size didn't attract as much attention. Those boys at the convention go for quantity and immediate eye appeal.

An example of eye appeal and little else, was Charles Nuetzel's SPACEWARPER. I bought four issues of his mag and attempted to discuss fandom while he admired an electric typewriter the Little Men from the Bay Area (East) use to publish that rag RHODOMAGNETIC DIGEST. Our talk brought one fact into prominence. Like the Little Men, he had a passive interest in fandom. He was more interested in the professional aspects rather than the "juvenile" activities of fan. Like the proxines, imitation was his ideal; the R-DIGEST was the universal concept of perfection.

I didn't care for Dr. Heard's after-dinner speech. He confused intelligence with instinct when he discussed the future of the race of man. So insects outnumber and outweigh us, but has the bee changed his habits, has the beaver built his dam differently from time immemorial? It goes against my philosophical grain. van Vogt challenged the statement in an informal discussion that included Chad Oliver who teaches in Texas, I think. That's where Bradbury brought in the sensory judgment of bees in defense of Dr. Heard. Where did he get the information? From DIOGENES magazine as Terry so aptly describes. The Doc-Smithophile, E. Everet Evans, and his old stogey was there. Later, Evans received a handwritten manuscript of one of Doc Smith's yarns.

DONOVAN'S BRAIN was held up in New York. So after the discussion and voting for the site of next year's Westcon, which the Little Men got, we had a series of short films. The best was Dollen's APPROACH TO INFINITY which contained sustained stills of inspiring scenes of man's aspiration to the stars. The background music was Anton Rubinstein's KAMENOI OSTROW, an old war horse that performed well as an auxiliary to Dollen. Excellently executed, and at times humorous, were some short animation sequences for the WAR OF WORLDS, and a group of dinosaurs. One, like Disney's FANTASIA, was a battle between a Stegosaurus and a Tyrannosaurus Rex, another showed an enraged critter eating a man. All the twitching! When the film ended, one of the fan suggested that it be run in reverse, so we could enjoy the spectacle of a man disgorged by the beastee. An octopus creeping out of an evidently hot space ship roused a murmur of humor; he wiped his poor wrinkled brow with a leathery tentacle. Such a human act! These films were by George Pal.

Then to the informal parties at the hotel. Roque and I sampled Vodka, which I still insist tastes like rubbing alcohol. Later saw Rick Sneary who looked a bit worn as did all the fans Sunday Morning. That's when the auction was held and the lecture on Hunter's paintings was in progress.

We left that evening. Took along an extra fan, Neal Reynolds of San Jose State. A very interesting person who added much humor to that 24 hour trip home. Up highway 99 the car steamed ominously. Pretty soon I began to feel very proud of the way the Buick gulped more water in a gurgling roar of steam than the various trucks that outweighed us by tons. The car gave up on #152 and the party broke up, the car was left at a garage with the promise that it would be repaired as good as new for a price estimated in the hundreds of dollars. The car had to be repaired, that's all Bill could do. We made sure that Helen took the bus with Bill and Keith. In a few hours we were home. The best way to summarize the feelings of the whole party is to repeat the words of Keith: "I wish we could take this trip all over again; same car, same problems."

Henry Eden
3317 Myrtle St.,
Alexandria, La.

Dear Dick,

"Section 8" was the thing that could start an up-roar. Perhaps you and Stewart were both unaware of the fact, but his letter is the type on which the Post Office frowns. It might cause a lot of trouble for fandom if your zine was banned. It's not too good for review columns. If you got much rougher, I wouldn't be surprised if I'd refused to review it.

I admit McCarthy could be a bit more subtle, and perhaps he has hurt a few people, but his good overcomes that. If you ask me, the main trouble between the people and McCarthy is that when one is brought before his committee, the public considers it tantamount to conviction. You would probably hate ~~him~~ filling his job. I would too. But, at the same time, I must admire his courage and ingenuity in finding out the Reds.

Sincerely,

Paul Mittelbuscher,
c/o George Werneke,
Sweet Springs, Mo.

Dick---

At the moment I'm quite concerned with just what comments to make on PSYCHOTIC. Now, one would ordinarily more or less go along with such recognized critics as Magnus and Ellison. I'm sure you're aware of the statement made by our glorious leader of 7th Fandom? In the hallowed pages of S F B yeta recommendation from "HE", (of "Birdbath" local no. 2222, the American Birdbath Institute, Society for the Preservation of Birdbaths, Veterans of Foreign Birdbaths, etc., etc.,) is not to be taken lightly. Nay.... His words sparkle with the golden grains of wisdom, his ability to determine the worth of a zine is beyond question....YET....it is with displeasure that I, unworthy, unqualified critic that I may be, do take up the banner of doubt and place myself in the hazardous position of attempting to win a debate from the aforementioned persons. Lo...it becomes my task to, of necessity, disagree with Jawn "Spirit of 76" Magnus-----painfull and distasteful indeed is my allotted duty...even Sahib Geis I must offend....best get the most unpleasant part over quickly...thusly---QUOTE "I don't think P is so hot." UNQUOTE. By the bones of Karama, I have dared to speak the vile words. Fannish historians will doubtless record this outburst, henceforth I shall be ignored by all, for I have cast reflection on PSYCHOTIC....woe unto me.....

"The Condor"

Yeah and verily forsooth. Go, varlet, and contemplate your sins...until next month.

Thus ends this issues letter section. Does you like this new style? Not long enough? Well, maybe next month it'll be upped to six pages, IF interesting letters arrive. Menicucci may have a word or two..... I'll be lookin' for that tell-tale white in the mail box.

UNCA STEWART SAYS:

a fanzine column by bob stewart

A few weeks back Geis sent me a postcard saying that he was peeved 'cause I asked him for material and never sent him anything. So I'm going to write something now...but beware, faneds: this will be an Ellison ~~type~~ column. I'm going to review a few fanzines that I think are the worst of the crop, unprejudiced(except for a few minor grudges...). In fact, just to prove what a sport I am, I'm going to give my own fanzine a going-over. But first, TERRA...the TERRable fanzine:

TERRA, 15¢ per copy, quarterly, Gilbert E. Menicucci, 675 Delano Ave., San Francisco, California.

This is the first issue of TERRA--and looks it. It's hekto'd (and, I might add, unreadably) with contributors: Cox, Graham, Carr, Cappella, and editor. The cover is by Terry Carr, and if you'll pardon the expression, looks it. Tho Carr does draw fairly well at times, this one is positively the worst of his crap I've seen yet. Some sort of take-off on racial prejudice, with a bem in the foreground and signs saying, "No Vacancy", "No Rooms", etc. The second page shows Menicucci's poor presentation of himself: an ad for the International Flying Saucer Bureau, telling how to send money to join to Mr. Gilbert E. Menicucci. I find thruout the issue he's labeled, "Mister", tho he's scarcely 14.

The contents page might be excused were it not for the fact that it is a direct copy of SF-PLUS' contents page. Staff is listed on the side: Editor, Gilbert E. Menicucci; Managing Editor, Ronald F. Jackson; (this may be a pen-name for the editor, tho I think it's one of his little pals that hang around Menicucci Mansion); Ass't Editor, Keith Joseph (publisher of falded (?) OMEGA); Science Editor, David Ben (another of his friends).

Let's pass on into the contents: "The Editor's Notebook" is the title of his editorial...I thot that Menicucci had read enough FANTASTIC ADVENTURES to know that he was stealing. Spelling is even worse than mine and David Ish's: nonsense, "noncence"; aching, "acking"; exist, "exist"; etc. Next page shows surprisingly good reproduction--but it sould, because Menicucci didn't have anything to do with the making of the master. Story is fairly good, but then, it should be, 'cause Menicucci didn't write it. A long story by Terry Carr follows (illo'd by same), w hich I didn't read. Terry usually writes well, but did you ever try reading something with a typo every other word and reproduction so terrible that it scarcely showed against the w hite paper? A horribly lettered article by the editor that supposedly deals with "What's Wrong With All-Girl Fan-Clubs?" follows, and the reader soon finds that it's just a lead-up to Marion Cox's Article. Cappella writes, I grudgingly admit, a damn good column on the next four pages, illo'd by himself.

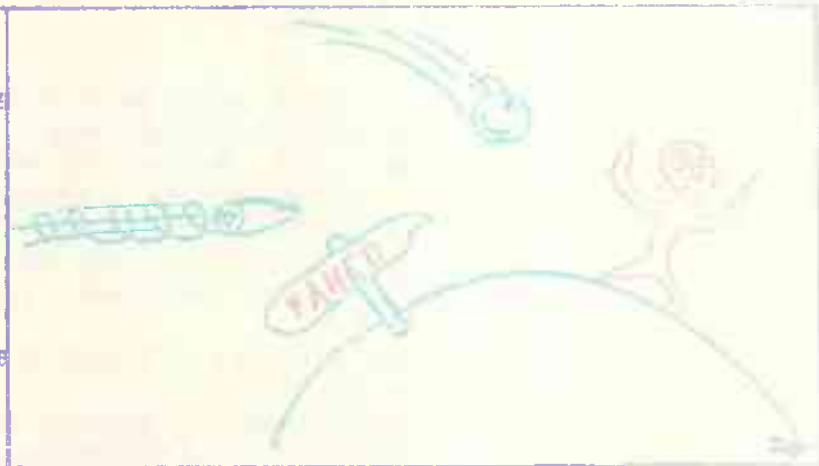
Editor Menicucci does a poor job of copying the illos, and an even worse job of reproducing them. Marion Cox, too, writes a good article but the editor cuts in about every other line to put in his own remarks. More ads and an open letter to stfans help fill up the 32 pages in this issue.

My advice to you, Gil: lower your price. Hell, you can buy a package of typing paper for the price of your mag and get twice as many sides off it.

.....the end.

And at this point, because a part of Bob's material has been withdrawn, and because I don't want the illo below to be totally cut off from its subject, I...the editor will fill in with a red hot, never-to-be-forgotten panning of still another fanzine. The Victim will be a thing called: SLAN-TASY.

Yes, and of all the cornball names, SLAN-TASY is one of the cornballist. This issue is a vlnl. It is mimeo'd. I know that for sure because the ink-blots are unmistakeable. Trouble is, who can read ink-blots aside from a Psychiatrist? There is a cover with a barely discernable face on it. The ink this boy used must have been thinned down to a light gray. The face on the cover is supposed to be hideous.



Well...it is hideous, but in an editorial and artistic sense.

Hmmm, I seem to have forgotten to list the editors address. I'm sure by now that he'd rather I didn't, but I wanta BREAK this young guy. I'm gonna leave him in shreds of red bloody meat. Core Calore. It lives at 1036 N. Killingsworth, New York City 15, N.Y., and it answers to the name of Marvin Carter.

There is an editorial in this zine. It starts out: "Gee, I'm a real fan editor now. Wait'll I tell all the kids at school...." For two pages goop like that pervades the issue. The issue, I might add, is a staggering total of eight pages. Took me five minutes to read the whole thing. Huge half to full page excuses for illustrations are the reason I was so quick to finish. Obvious space wasters. How low can a fanzine get? Also included is a poor plot for a story which the editor features as a "very good short story."

I can't go on. I'll use up the rest of the space on this page by putting in a filler.

VAMPIRES.....VAMPIRES.....VAMPIRES

Do you have trouble finding the Main Vein? Are your instincts extinct? Don't trust to luck. Don't trust to old unreliable Mother Nature to pull you through.

Come to me, Dr. Ghoul, and I will gladly instruct you in the secrets of human anatomy. The full six months course includes beautiful models to practice on. REMEMBER...Don't be a fool, try Dr. Ghoul.

All girls guaranteed fresh and full of type O blood. Write D-G, 4456 Front St., Beaverton, Oregon. Enclose \$45.00 for a bribe.

Poetic Fillers

OR

Deadline Desperation

By Reg.

When The Pot Is Hot

In the Congo a cannibal chieftain
Always hums with one tune in mind.
And the song he'll sing
Has a familiar ring:
"A good man now-a-days is hard to find.

Food For Thought

The mind-Eaters thought Willy was funny.
The Mind-Eaters thought Billy a treat.
And they thought he was really delicious
When at last it came time to eat.

9-21-56

When good REMs get together
And recall the times gone by,
Do you suppose they remember
That certain September
They resolved all Earthmen should die?

ZAP GUNS AT TWENTY PACES

Willy was playing five card draw with an alien sort of thing.
Twas a purple Yurgle who was out on a three day fling.
The Yurgle dealt the initial hand, and won with laughter hollow.
And every hand the Yurgle dealt, a win was sure to follow.

Willy noted the nine-fingered hands that shuffled with obvious ~~ease~~,
And knew the deck it used was cold as a Martian deep-freeze.
He threw down four little kings when the Yurgle showed five aces.
And he snarled out this dreadful phrase: "Zap guns at twenty paces."

The Yurgle boomed a terrible laugh, and at poor Willy he went.
It swore a swear in Yurglish, but little Willy knew what it meant.
Poor Willy was bashed and smashed, and left for dead on the floor.
For he had been rent and badly bent, and even his tailbone was sore.

The attendants from an ambulance came and tenderly took him away.
While Willy gurgled and peered about with something vital to say.
But the purple Yurgle had long since gone to look for gullible faces.
Thus it didn't get Willy's dying threat: "Zap guns at twenty paces."

THE JET ROOM CURSE

Cursed be the Captains of Space
Who order the rockets from place to place.
Curse them in Hell, and curse them in Heaven.
They ALWAYS want "power" as I roll my first seven.

Past Tense Promise

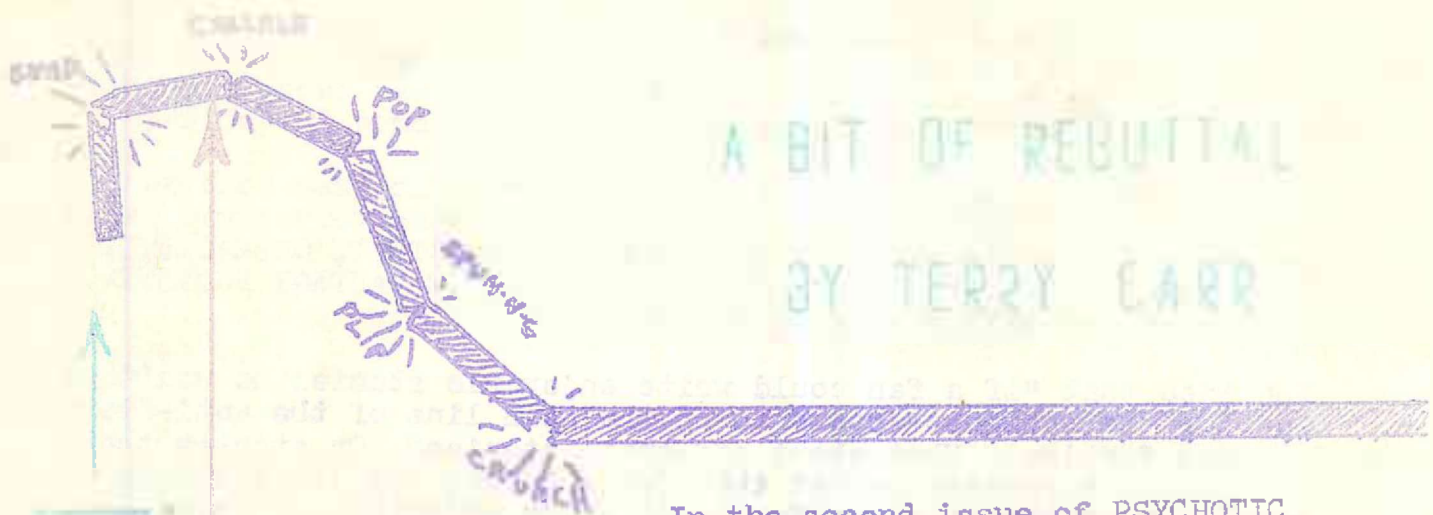
The Spacer Navy I was going to ditch.
I was going to leave it, and leave it rich.
There was a last drunk with Bos'n Kitch
During which I signed on for another hitch.
Damn that fast talking son-of-a-bitch!

DO YOU PLAN TO DIE SOON?

YOU DO?

GOOD!!

You will want a copy of Richard E. Geis's new book,
"Hearse Verse" Don't be bored on your way
to your funeral. On sale at all fine
Mortuaries. \$3.75 plus tax.



A BIT OF REBUTTAL

BY TERRY LARR

In the second issue of PSYCHOTIC, Larry Balint wrote an article decrying the worth of fan-fiction that I think needs a lot of rebuttal. So, forthwith, a bit of rebuttal....

Let's make a list of his arguments and answer them:

1. Using fan-fiction is imitating the prozines.
2. BNFs never stoop so low as to write fan-fiction.
3. Only neofans or stf readers will commit themselves to reading or writing fan-fiction.
4. No leading fan magazine prints fan-fiction.
5. If a fan could write enjoyable stories he would be writing for the prozines.
6. The fans in general won't support a fan-fiction zine.
7. 99% of the fan-fiction that is printed is slop.

All right, there are his seven most important points. Let's answer them:

1. The mere fact that fan-fiction is used in a fanzine is no indication that the editor is trying to imitate the prozines. I have found that, to make a lasting impression, a fanzine must have a good backbone--an item of some length to be remembered. Articles are good for this, but so is fan-fiction, provided it is good. Let me clarify that point right now: I'm not sticking up for fan-fiction per se; I'm sticking up for good fan-fiction.

2. BNF's do stoop so low as to write fan-fiction. Take a look at Bill Venable, W. Paul Ganley, and a host of others. Many of them have made their names primarily by writing fan-fiction.

3. I fail to see where he gets the impression that only neofans and stf readers read fan-fiction. Maybe I'm naive, but I thought this was science fiction fandom, and as such was composed of science fiction fans. It would seem, to judge by Larry's article, that I am wrong. And... only neofans read fan-fiction? This, in large part, is true. The fans who have been around fandom for some time have grown wary of fan-fiction. However, did Larry ever

Think of this: if we stop printing fiction, then where are we going to get our new fans? Can you imagine entering fandom for the first time only to find fanzines completely filled with items pertaining to fandom, and nothing else? You'd be lost. You wouldn't be interested. This would be the case with any new fan. Therefore, if we stop printing fan-fiction, we're not going to get many new fans, and where would fandom be without a little new blood every once-in-awhile?

4. No leading fan magazine prints fan-fiction? Who ever told you that, Larry? How about PEON? Lee Riddle has printed some very commendable bits of fiction in his time. Then there was FANSCIENT, COSMAG, SCIENCE FICTION DIGEST, DESTINY, SLANT, SPACESHIP, SCIENCE FANTASY BULLETIN... Regad, what do you call a leading fan magazine?

5. The idea that "if a fan could write enjoyable stories he would be writing for the prozines" seems to be the main line of the anti-fiction-in-fanzines faction. What about off-trail stories? Or stories that are slanted at a certain market that folds before the story can be sold? Put it this way then: "If a fan could write enjoyable articles, he would be writing articles for the press." Do you believe that? Of course not. I don't believe the bit about fiction, either, and for the same reason: prozines print only certain types of fiction and articles, and fanzines don't have half so many taboos.

6. So the fans in general won't support a fan-fiction zine? What about FAN-FARE? What about SLANT? No, I'm not going to cite BREVI-ZINE, because I don't know that the "fans in general" support it. Anyway, the two above-named magazines, and others, prove my point fairly well.

7. 99% of the fan-fiction that is printed is slop, eh? Well, now, I wouldn't say that.... I'll agree that a good deal of it is horrible, but not 99% of it. Many stories have been reprinted professionally, as with "Counter Charm", from SLANT, in the "Omnibus of SCIENCE FICTION". Personally, I enjoy muchly about 10% of the fan-fiction I read, like about 25% of it, and wish the other 65% hadn't been printed. That's a long way from 99%.

In closing, I'd like to say that I'm not entirely in favor of fan-fiction myself. As I outlined above, I don't like most of it. However, Larry's arguments were just a bit too strong for me to let go by unchallenged. the end.

CAPTIVE AUDIENCE

selections
from
"Vers e
And
Nors e"
by
R
E
G

Mary was a little Slan
Whose mind could never rest.
'Cause all day long she got TV,
Was urged to try the "30 day test."

NATIONAL SPORT

As Willy's loving mother went
To darn a sock her neck was bent.
Her neck was bent even more than that
When Willy hit her with a baseball bat.

BILL "TOM SWIFT" KNAPHEIDE AND HIS

GAS-DRIVEN STEAM ENGINE

BY PETER GRAHAM

The trip began actually at about 6:30 PM at Helen Vasquez's home, where most of the trópees congregated. We waited until the relief driver, Roque Chavez, got there and then proceeded to pile into the car. Bill Knapheide, Terry Carr, and Roque (pronounced Rocky) crammed themselves into the front seat, and Helen Vasquez, Keith Joseph, and I got into the back. We then drove over to USF to pick up Bill Reynolds, during which the interchange of friendly remarks Terry quoted last issue occurred. We picked up Bill, put Roque in the back, and put him in front.

But first, a brief resume of the cast: BILL KNAPHEIDE, the owner of Black Maria, and the man we each paid \$4 to. TERRY CARR, well...you all know him. ROQUE CHAVEZ, a 23-year-old truck-driver with no cumpunctions about using cuss words and a very handy knowledge indeed of the right highways to use. BILL REYNOLDS, an ex-college student (he finished his exams the night we picked him up) who has what ammounts to a mania for steam engines and what ammounts to a phobia against diesels ("The damned things just sneak up on you when you're not looking--they're putting the steam engines out of business. "). HELEN VASQUEZ, the one female of the expedition, cousin of Roque. KEITH JOSEPH, a rather unliked (to say the least) boy of about 16.

Now, on with the story. We drove down highway 101 for quite a ways, non-stop at about 60, until we hit a railroad crossing with a night freighter of about a hundred cars (by actual count). We got there at the tenth car or so, and BillR had a field day, chuckling with glee at the multitude of cars passing before him. ("Isn't that 2-6-4 Hudson a beaut, tho? And lookit that hop er car! Oooop, they put that one together wrong--it's not according to prototype...see that kingpin?") However, BillK's car having a bad radiator in the first place, the idling of the motor with no cooling air did it no good. As soon as we started again it was discovered that we would have to stop to let it cool off, and to get some fresh water. This we did, and a couple of us dropped in at a nearby beanery for a coke. The place happened to have a pinball machine, and since I'm wild about pinball machines I began to pour in the nickels. It was onw of those games where it takes on nickel to win in some ways, and successive nickels for successive ways of winning...Terfy stuck one nickel in and promptly set

2-70-2

up the combination for 200 games--until he realized he had to have five nickels in for that combination. Sadness.

We drove on with rapidly increasing stops until we came to Sall-roy where we turned off onto hiway 152, which cuts over into the Sacramento valley--which no driver in his right mind would drive in the night--the heat is forbidding. However, it was much more practical and actually much more speedy, since there was less traffic except for trucks (easily bypassed) and plenty of filling stations. However, complications ariz. Roque had been sure it was only about 20 miles, and not too many hills. It turned out to be about 70 miles, and some of the biggest hills this side of the Sierra Nevada's. On looking backward it seems funny... Every few minutes Roque would say, "It's only about another ten miles, I'm positive." After an hour of this (going at an average of about 40-50 mph meanwhile) we could see the lights of Fresno about ten miles off. Roque hit it up to about seventy, and about that time we hit some foothills. Roque, being a fun-loving sort, let out a whoop and we did a pretty fair imitation of a roller coaster--complete with vocal accompaniment. We whizzed through Fresno at a pretty fair pace, and for our pains got followed by a police car for several blocks--apparently, tho, he wasn't interested in us and turned off. We still don't know just what happened.... Bill Reynolds had one idea: "Maybe he heard from Higher Up that we're famous."

We hauled down to LA, Terry trying futilely to get some sleep or resting on my shoulder. Trouble was, I would see something of interest every few miles and sit up to look. Poor Terry...he had something like 10 minutes of sleep from 8:30 Friday morning until Saturday afternoon about 5:00 when he napped for about $\frac{1}{2}$ an hour in our room--and then was up until 1:30 the following morning. Tch. (I was about the same except I got up at ten Friday and didn't sleep for the $\frac{1}{2}$ hour.) Roque spelled with ~~him~~ a couple of times, dragged a couple of cars and small trucks until dawn. We stopped for coffee then, and everybody sat up, yawned, and went into the all-nighter. Immediately after we left there our real troubles began. The temperature rose quickly to boiling in the radiator, and we had to stop and wait for it to cool down. Roque, Terry, and I...feeling the call of nature...walked back a few yards to a convenient bridge while some of the more adventurous of the rest wandered across the hiway (99). We proceeded then, hindered by the heat of the valley in the daytime.

By schedule, we were supposed to be in LA at 10:30. At that actual time we were cooling our heels (among other things) about 100 miles from there. Finally, we got up into the mountains where it cooled off, and we had less trouble. We entered LA about 11:30, and about 1:00 arrived at the hotel.... Didja know LA is BIG?

Everybody registered, and we all trooped into the ConHall just in time for the beginnig ceremonies. There were speeches about science fiction and fandom by various individuals, including Arthur Jean Cox, and a panel with Dave Fox, Sam Sackett, and Chad Oliver. After that the group broke up and each wandered around according to his wishes. Terry and I bumped into various important pros and fen, and then met Bill Collins, another San Franciscan who had flown down (his father is filthy rich). We all wandered around for a while until Terry decided to get some sleep. I tried too, but finally giving up, wandered downstairs again and looked at the art exhibit. The evening session with banquet was interesting, starting at 7:00 PM and ending at around 12:30. Tatsu Yano from Japan was

introduced and made a short speech. 4e then made an announcement that some books were to be raffled off to help finance Tetsu Yano to the Philly Con, at \$1.00 for four chances (minimum). \$50.00 was collected, and the drawing was held. Well Hunter won but graciously declined, saying he was ineligible since he had collected the tickets anyhow, and the drawing was held again. C.L. Clitcher won and announced that he was giving the books to a hospital for polio victims.

The Producer of "Donovan's Brain" spoke, explaining why the scheduled preview showing was off; a buyer out East had wanted to see the print, so. Some rather interesting animation shots of pre-historic beasts were shown, done by the animator of "King Kong". Shown in Technicolor, they were very well done. One scene showed a man being eaten by a Tyrannosaurus Rex. A rather ghoulish young man in the audience wanted it run backwards to see the monster disgorge him, but he was ignored. The gatherings broke up and everybody left for the midnight parties, Terry going to bed after a while.

I met Bill Collins and we wandered around together. . . . into Charles Anderson's room,

and other people's
Outlander's Society.
there with Rory
to go up to Neville
Mari Wolf in there
her, and generally

Impressions:
vorse from Rog
beer cans out the
hit the top of a car
(about 13) opening
side instead of the
stored in his bath
Neville bringing in
once in a while,
to an unidentified
stinking drunk ---
ing and he looked
night), pouring
unfortunate passers
or cursing roundly as



WHO'S SLEEPY?

Kriss Neville's room,
rooms, including the
We talked for a while
Faulkner, and then left
's room again. We found
with a crowd of men around
watched the confusion.
Mari announcing her di-
Phillips, we throwing
window and hearing them
14 stories below, a fan
his beer can from the
top, Anderson's beer
tub under the cold water,
a fresh case of beer every
Mari Wolf giving a kiss
"Henry" (about 15 and
we saw him the next morn-
like he'd had a rough
beer out the window on
by, the elevator operat-
as we traversed back and

forth every five minutes between the 4th and 12th floors--after 2 AM he refused to take anyone up any more and walked out. . . . Dr. de Castro being presented at the next day's session, aged 94, as the oldest living fan. . . . Bill Collins lending me \$4.00 to get an imagination cover (which I fell on and ppt a dandy crease in about a mile from home). . . . van Vogt being stumped on a question from the floor during a panel. . . . presentation to Tetsu Yano of a fine original by Ackerman (4e had noticed that TY had had his eye on it for some time--but didn't have the money to bid, so 4e bought it for him). . . . Dougherty presenting originals and various things to people who had worked on the CONCOM. . . notably an EESmith orig. mss. to EEE, a noted EES fan (Evans had brought it to the Con-auction, practically tearing his heart out because he didn't have to--it had been given to him by someone else for the Con. . . .).

The trip back started with Keith getting soaked in the stomach by Rogue. . . and the Black Maria stopping approximately 3 times in the city limits to take on water. . . realizing that the radiator had sprung a leak. . . not making more than 20 miles per hour since we had to stop every half hour for another half hour to cool off the radiator. . . filling up the several

jars and jugs we had with water (totaling maybe 5 gallons) Bill Reynolds and I getting out every five miles to put in water. "I'm afraid I'm gonna die in this car," said Bill Reynolds after Terry Carr said: "I feel like I live in this car." Fortunately for Bill's peace of mind the road along the way paralleled a railroad track--we passed about five trains on the way up--beg pardon, they passed us....Bill Reynolds standing at the door of the car looking at a slow moving locomotive going by--BillK trying to get him to climb in so we could get moving..Big Decision. At 5'oclock we all looked for a bright flash on the Eastern horizon--that was one of the A-bomb test days--we never saw a thing....Keith pouring water on my neck while I was filling a water jug, and I was so tired I couldn't get up the gumption to hit him one--Keith wasn't very well-liked by anyone in the whole crew, but got the most sleep--no-one let him talk. The car stopped a little after dawn at a coffee shop about 250 miles from San Francisco--we went in and got something to eat (all bumming off Knagheide and Reynolds--who had money?)...getting a push by a truck for a while--Bill Reynolds: "Now, if we can just keep him pushing for the rest of the way..." He turned off at a junction, tho, and we were left high and dry--but dry! A car coming along--Bill Reynolds: "Look helpless..."we got a push...slowing up as we came to a gas station--Bill Reynolds: "If he shakes hands with his palms up, get some money ready." ...it wasn't necessary. Terry Carr commenting on the radiator: "When we get home we can sell it as a seive..."TC again, on being asked if we were leaving a trail of water: "No, but there's a long trail of steam back of us..."BillR jumping nimbly into the car after filling the radiator: "Get away from this station, there's another one up there we can fill up at again"....The expressions on Bill Reynolds face were priceless as he filled the radiator--of course it was a bit hard to see him through the steam...BillK had to keep the windshield wipers going most of the time...BillR: "All joking aside, I'm afraid of this thing." Hearing the garage attendant at Los Banos announce the cracked block...The Decision--hitch to SF in pairs...Roque and BillR, Terry and I hitched home together, BillK and Helen took the bus, Keith rode the bus part way (only because nobody wanted to hitch with him) and, we learned later, got a ride on a motorcycle for 70 miles to SF....TC and I passing BillR and Roque in a pickup...waiting an hour and a half before we got a ride 140 miles to San Francisco--how lucky can you get? Realizing we're the first ones home...getting calls from everybody else that they're home, stragglers getting in at about 6:00 at the latest... Terry cautioning everyone not to let his parents know he hitched--it's taboo for him...

Sleeping for 18 hours straight when I got home....bliss.....the end.



GAF/A



"San Fran
In
'54"

2nd Session

WHERE THE EDITOR CONTINUES

TO RAMBLE, PROBABLY UNENDURABLY, ON AND ON...AND ON AND ON...AND ON....

PSYCHOTIC IS GOING MAD!!!

After much grief and travail, where do I find my first copy of MAD? After searching all over town, haunting newstands, muttering dire threats to harried vendors and being on the receiving end of glances and looks that doubted my high intelligence, where do I find my first copy? Yeh...you guessed it: the corner grocery store. Two blocks away. ~~Geez~~

"Humor in a jugular vein." it says on the cover, and how right it is. This is terrific. This MAD is priceless. And, in the number 7 issue is a most beautiful little coupon. For 75¢ sent to Entertaining Comics Group, 225 Lafayette Street, Room 706, New York 12, New York... you will receive 6 issues of MAD mailed in strong manila envelopes. You got sawdust in your head you don't snap this up. Or even snap it down, but send in the dough.

AND...if you send in 25¢ more to the "FAN-ADDICT CLUB" at the same address, you will receive membership cards, certificates, shoulder patches, and a membership pin. There is also a plan afoot to issue a FAN-ADDICT CLUB BULLETIN. Gezz, there's a whole slough of things these people plan to do. All they require is members....

Oh, the satire, and the laughs, and the....giggle, giggle.....

A whole month I been looking for the mag, and I find it two blocks away.....I STILL can't get over it!

A WORD OR TWO ABOUT EDITORIALS

How does an editorial get writ? Ever ask yourself that question? I did too until I started writing the damned things. Now...I know. For instance, take the editorial above about MAD. (you won't? You better, by Ghu, or I'll run it again next issue) That editorial was a natural. All I had to do was write the story of MAD and my contacts with it. Simple. Ah, but what to do with the rest of the page? This is the question that haunts editorial writers all over the world. You just can't leave it blank...much as you'd like to. So, out comes the thinking cap...thought prevails for a few moments, and you write an editorial on writing editorials. There's just one trouble: there's STILL room at the bottom of the page.....

MAD Saturday is what I should title this next editorial, but I think I'll be different.

THE CASE OF THE HYSTERICA L STOCK GIRL

Or, "The MAD comic caper".

I must have a bit of the missionary in me somewhere, for I raved all day Friday at work about MAD comics. I interested a stock girl in the next department. She requested that I bring it in the next day and show it to her. I did. She took it and went away. Fifteen minutes later she staggered into the Receiving Room with tears in her eyes. She was laughing so hard she couldn't talk. She would point to a panel and laugh, point to another panel (of comics: the satire of Sherlock Holmes in MAD#7) and laugh even louder, then point to the next panel and helplessly collapse into a choking, gasping, gurgling, giggling bundle of CONVERTED female. What a feeling of POWER it gives you.

to Stewart K. Nock for the illness on

In a letter recently, Terry Carr raised a point which might be of some interest to your unsatisfied curiosity: he asked me how I pronounce my name. Promptly it occurred to me that maybe others were wondering the same thing. I am currently having visions of being thought of as "Geese", "Geesee", "Gize", "Giss", and so forth. Be it hereby known and understood that my name, GEIS, is pronounced as if the "ei" were "ie". Thus: GIES. It rhymes with vice.

And now for a placid and leisurely discussion of the letter column which probably has attracted your eye by now. Like other editors, I have learned my lesson. I'm very glad that I was able to learn it so soon in the life of my zine. I am very grateful to you people who have written me, commenting on PSYCHOTIC, and discussing various fannish matters, because the very volume of the letters, and their length, has forced me to reconsider my earlier resolve to print in toto all letters. I see now that I was definitely optimistic in the extreme. I didn't realize.... Anyway, From Now On...those letters which have something interesting to say (or even PARTS of letters which have something interesting to say) will be published in SECTION 8. I intend, as I have below, to make up a report of what you readers thought of the previous issue. I still want, most definitely, those ratings of material.

GOOD NEWS. Charles Harris, publisher of INFINITY, 85 Fairview Ave., Great Neck, New York, has just volunteered to write a Philcon Report for me. If everything goes right, it should be the lead item in the October issue which will be out at the end of September.

The ratings for #2 are as follows:
"The Leather Couch" and "Second Session" came in first with 12 points.
"You Have To SEE It To DEPRECIATE It" by V. Paul Newell, second with 7.
"Down With Fan Fiction" by Larry Balint caused a storm of comment and was liked, as an article, 6 times. Most writers disagreed with him, however. "Prozine Potshots" by Henry Moskowitz...4 points; some adverse comment. the "Fanzine Art Review" tied with the two poems with...3. "Section 8" was liked and disliked.
"The Good Old Daze" by Terry Carr...2; poor report, poor writing. "A Bit Of Hebephrenia" was generally liked when mentioned. The fiction comes last (sob). The third poem, "Portrait Of The Artist As A Young Fan" was mentioned once and moderately liked.
Cover...2, illos...3; the artwork is generally acceptable.

GET the latest issue of BALLYHOO. All about space. Got some of the zaniest ads I've ever seen. This is a "must".

Another new mag out (yawn) called SCIENCE FICTION stories. No editor listed, no volume number, no number number, no nuthin'.

With this issue the WESTERCON is dead for this zine. I consider it hereby fully reported and covered.

This is the last page. This is the day of production. This is Wednesday, August 26, 8:28 A.M.

Got some notes somewhere around here.... Now, where the.... They was hiding behind the typer.

Firstta word about "Berserk" the Shelby Vick item we have with us. They obviously didn't survive mailing too well...the masters, that is. Apologies and lamentations. We hope it won't happen again.

Pardon, the kettle is boiling...the water in the kettle is boiling. Just gotta have that mug of morning tea....

8:43...slurp, gurgle...ahhhh.

Back to the notes.

To the sharp eyed among you it will be evident that there are three (count 'em) three different types of paper being used in this issue. About a week ago when running off most of this ish I ran out of my usual 20lb paper. Unwilling to stop, I decided to try using some 16lb stuff I had bought in a weak moment. The first two pages of SECTION 8 are printed on that; I shoulda not decided. AND, today, I am using a different texture 20lb that is a bit less expensive. There is one piece of good news: I bought 4 reams of 36lb ledger stock yesterday for use as covers front and back. Next issue will sport this new stuff.

Next issue, too, will see inclusion of a fanzine review by me. This new feature will be located in the middle...thus you will not be safe from me anywhere. These reviews will try to be as objective as possible, and will...again...try to do more than say: "This was good... that is bad...yonder thing was putrid...." Will, in fact, try to tell WHY a particularly good or bad item is that way. I answer only to myself with regard to these reviews, by the way; I isn't gone pull no punches. "Constructive criticism, that's the ticket."

Isabelle Dinwiddie shoulda had a poem in this issue, but Maurice Lemus didn't get the poem and illo back here in time. Shame....

Henry Moskowitz also is long overdue with his column. I dunno yet what I'm gonna put in pages 28-29. Maybe something will show up in today's mail.

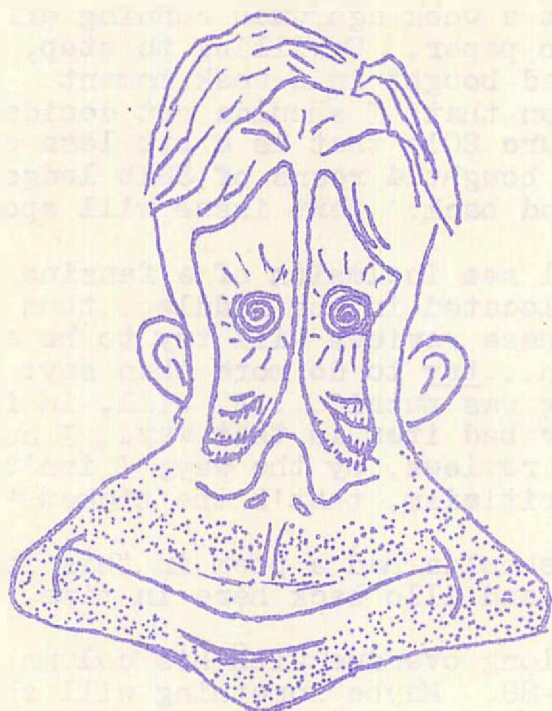
I have been asked to plug "San Fran In '54". Well, I have...in a left handed sort of way on page 35. No one ever tells me WHY I should plug it, tho.... Course, it would be nice if I could get down there next year...assuming San Fran gets the nod.

Nothing came in the mail today. Damn....

All this issue except the cover and the story was run off on my new used machine. It's a REX-O-GRAPH. Not bad at all except I'm having trouble making the margins come out parallel (paralell?) with the edge of the paper. With experience will come the "know-how" I suppose.

Just finished re-reading parts of the editorials I have written this past month. All I see is mis takes. Yeah, like that one. Plus the atrocious misspellings. I hereby pledge myself to be more careful. Damn this typer anyway.

Toodle, everybody.....,REG.



"YEP... I'M STILL POOPED."