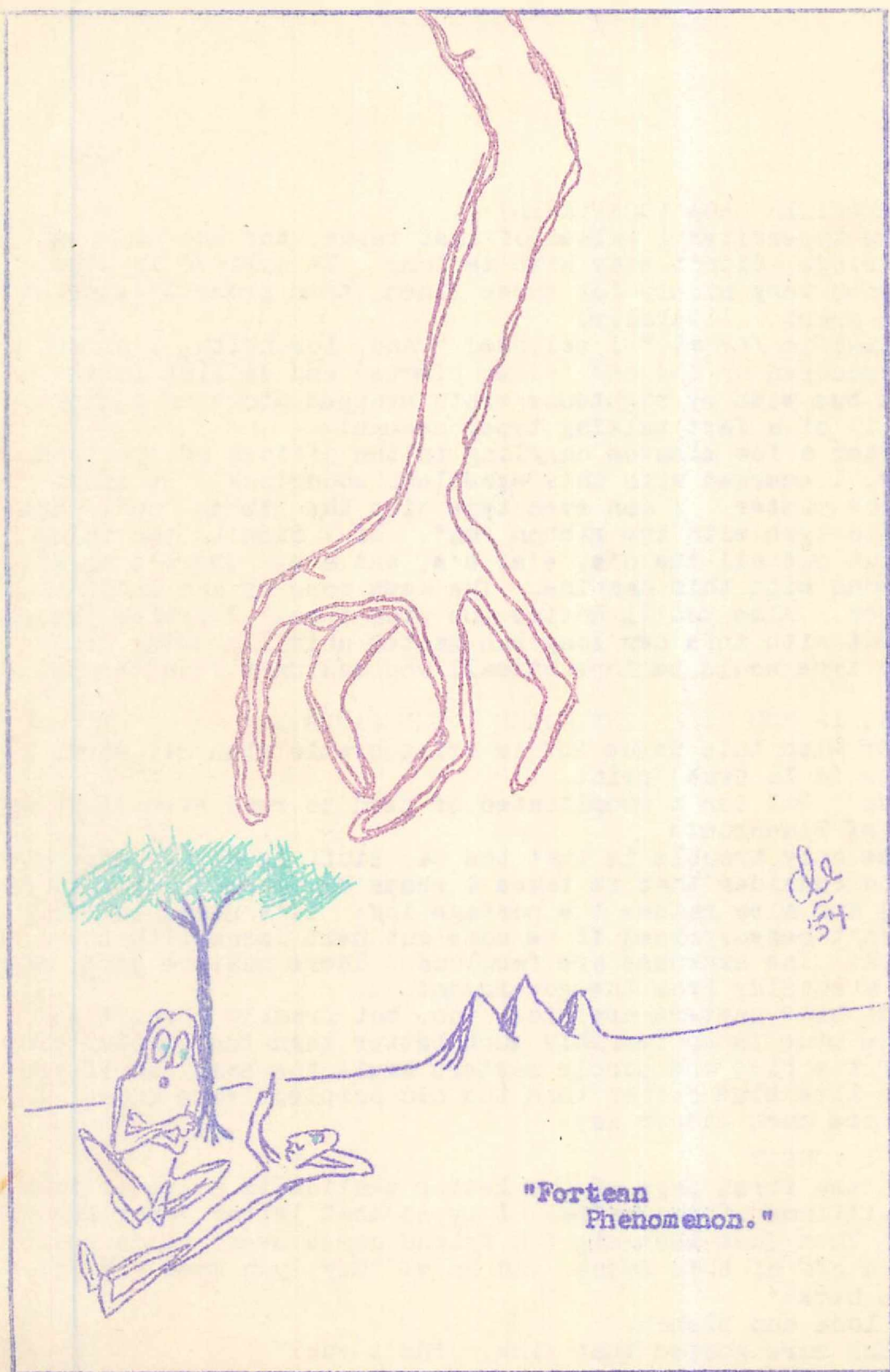


# PSYCHOTIC — 10



258107C 115 April 1958. is  
edited and published by Richard  
E. Gris, 2631 N. Mission St.,  
Portland 12, Oregon, U. S. A.

So when you read the word "sland" on that page, don't be puzzled, don't be mystified. It should be "slang."

Personally, I soon caught on to the expected technique of lavishly handing egoboo to others while they do the same for you. It's not good form to blow your own horn although the results come out the same. I didn't have to be told that it was the 'thing to do' to stay in as close proximity to Bea Mahaffey at conventions as possible: such things come natural. I insinuated myself into the even more rigid climate of FAPA without fatal injury and simultaneously eased out of NFFF. (Few things can more quickly ruin a fan's prestige than remaining in the N3F too long after he's established himself.) And I can adjust the pitch on a beanie propellor with the best of them.

There have been articles by no-less-deities than Bob Tucker (and if you quibble about the grammar in this sentence to hell with you) about the subject.

Upon looking back at my career in interlining I can only say if all my interlineations were laid end to end they'd make an awful mess.

DamnItIcan'tthinkofaninterlineationDamnItIcan'tthinkofanin

**dyktawodyktawodyktawodyktawodyktawodyktawodyktawodyktawo**



Thinking, wrongly I learned, that interlineations never took  
avence thought and didn't mean anything anyway I took to tossing in  
whatever first came to mind, like

A vote for Truman is a vote for laissez-faire!

Well, it didn't take me long to get over that. Then for about a  
year I tried including tag lines I was particularly fond of..the last  
line of some joke, either fannish or otherwise which I thought quite  
witty at the time, like

"Yes, you think there's a bottom in that bathtub."

or a saying common around the 146 East 12th  
Avenue fan menage in Eugene, Oregon when I was living there, such as

everybody, women and children first!"

(For the benefit of cloistered and innocent souls who may be reading  
this such as kind-hearted grandmothers, Seventh Fandomers under age  
9, and postal inspectors, the first word of the preceeding has been  
omitted.)

Recently I've been reduced to imitating the Pogo imitators with  
monstrosities such as

You has got your headbone screwed on backwards.

So you see, every encounter with that ole debbil interlineation  
left me flat on my back spewing out red-stained chunks of ivory on  
the carpet.

Occasionally I would think of something really clever but invar-  
iably it was too long to fit into the one line of an interlineation.

And then it occurred to me. "Eureka" I cried (it sounded vague-  
ly familiar but I was far too excited to check for possible copyright).  
Hastily drawing a bathtowel around me I padded wetly into the street  
shouting to the stunned passerbys, "Who said interlineations had to  
be confined to one line, anyway? Jack Speer? Bob Tucker? Claude  
Degler?"

Getting no answer I hastily ran back into the house and dived  
for the nearest typewriter. Since the dive was the result of my slipp-  
ing in a puddle of water I'd incautiously left in the path of my re-  
treat I managed to make rapid contact with the typewriter.

Two weeks later when the doctors, after having read some of my  
fanzine published articles, decided I was not suffering from concuss-  
ion after all and allowed me to return to my normal (well, that's what  
I call 'em!) pursuits I once more dived for my Remington (luckily the  
puddle had dried up in the meantime) and instantly composed the follow-  
ing:

This is the way the world ends,  
Not with a blast but a blister.

I sat back with a warm glow inside me as I gazed at the faded  
gray letters on the paper (my ribbon needed changing). Perhaps it  
would not win the Pulitzer prize but it was mine own. For the first  
time I had tackled interlineations and emerged triumphant; simply by  
tricking my adversary through changing the rules I had produced an  
interlineation I could look at without shuddering.

Quick as a flash, I double spaced down and typed below it

Men don't get jumpy  
O'er girls who are lumpy.

I'd proved I could repeat. I wasn't one of those one-time authors after all. From now on I need never have fear of interlineations again. I was their master. In fact I had mutated the breed into something higher, nobler. With no hesitation whatsoever and with the extraordinary modesty for which I am noted far and wide I immediately produced the perfect name for this new improved product. Henceforth they shall be known as McCainterlineations.

Don't think I'm being selfish about this. While it is doubtful if they could approach my own stratospheric standards, I hereby welcome all other fans to use McCainterlineations....hmmmm, let's really be modest and call them mccainterlineations....as frequently as they wish. No strings attached whatsoever, except of course that I must receive, as inventor, a ten cent royalty on each one used. This may seem a trifle high to the poverty stricken fan who wishes to fill a whole magazine with these exciting new entrants to the field of fandom, but may I point out that since mccainterlineations take up two lines apiece that is only 5¢ a line? Furthermore, think of the prestige that will accrue to you as one of the first to feature mccainterlineations. And for you editors who have trouble getting material for your fanzines....mccainterlineations fill up space twice as fast as ordinary old-fashioned interlineations.

Some may carp that these sound a trifle familiar and may not be 100% original. For these quibblers may I state mccainterlineations are not limited to such subtle psychological observations or clever witticisms as the above, but can also be used to comment on current fannish events in 100% original fashion as



I think of a sinking ship then, and some,  
While watching more fans desert Seventh Fandom.

The above may not be quite so polished in construction and metre as the others but it is still a bona fide mccainterlineation and should not be discriminated against in any sense.

So, my place in history secure, I am now ready to sit back and spend my remaining years composing further variations of my greatest creation, mccainterlineations.

I would like to leave you with the following thought.

The world is so full of a number of clucks  
I am sure we should all be as quack-y as ducks.

---V.L. McCain

# The Observation Ward

or "HMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM....." A Fanzine Review By The Editor

Fanzine #4, Samuel Johnson, 1517 Penny Dr., Elizabeth City, N.C. 10¢, 5/50¢, 10/\$1.00. Irregular.

A new one to me; I'd never seen it before. The cover seems a bit hackneyed in subject matter; that of a young man dreaming of adventures in space, but is pretty well executed.

An article, "Sex, Satan, and Science Fiction", by Wilkie Conner, seemed the best single item in the issue. The letter column was good. The blue inked pages are far nicer looking than the black. Johnson could improve his zine very much by using only blue ink in his mimeo.

ECLIPSE #8, Ray Thompson, 410 South 4th St., Norfolk, Nebraska. 10¢, 3/25¢, 6/50¢. Irregular.

In which the editorial slant is decidedly juvenile; consciously and defiantly so.

The cover has a very good cover logo although the drawing itself isn't much. The letter department, as usual, shone this issue. But then, letter columns are almost always interesting. It takes a very lousy editor to louse up a letter column to the extent that it isn't any good.

I note with a raised eyebrow that the contents lists a column by Nydahl, but the interior fails to support that claim. A goof.

FIE #1, Harry Calnek, Granville Ferry, Nova Scotia, Canada. 15¢, and 4/50¢. Quarterly.

The material in this zine is good, but not exceptional. The front cover is unusual as is the inside front cover, both being the work of Georgina Ellis. The inside front cover, showing many bodies in a multiple exposure type picture that all belong to one person as symbolized by a single unmoving profile of a beautiful woman, especially seemed effective. These were lithographed, I believe.

Harry wants humor and satire. But unless it is top drawer stuff it can ruin a zine quicker than anything else. Nothing is so bad as corny humor and half-baked satire. The mimeography is excellent in this first issue. There are no reproduction problems here.

SKYHOOK #20, Redd Boggs, 2215 Benjamin St., N.E., Minneapolis 18, Minn. Quarterly. 15¢ per copy. A FAPazine of high general interest.

Everything about this zine is excellent. It becomes tiresome to merely repeat superlatives, but I have to in order to do this zine justice. To me the most interesting items in the issue were the column by William Atheling Jr., "The Issue At Hand", and "The Captured Cross-Section", a letter column which features comments from many pro authors and editors. Recommended.

STAR ROCKETS #8, Raleigh E. Multog, 7 Greenwood Road, Pikesville 8, Md. 20¢ per issue. Irregular. No improvement over the last issue. In fact, no improvement over the first issue, and that was awful. 18 pages of badly written material with the one exception of "Water, Water Everywhere..." by Gregg Calkins.



IRREGULAR #1, Jim Bradley, 545 N.E. San Rafael, Portland 12, Oregon. Irregular...but maybe monthly. 10¢, 6/50¢.

This first issue is decidedly spotty. The illustrations, by Jim Bradley, are excellent, the layout and cover are equally very, very fine. But the poetry itself is like a national hero with feet of clay; some few are good and some are bad. The poetry of J. Mehmet Shahnakhshiroglu and James S. Stalcker is the best.

This first issue has a few faults, but still has enough on the ball to receive a recommended from me.

SPIRAL #6, Denis Moreen, 214 Ninth St., Wilmette, Illinois. 10¢, 3/25¢. Bi-monthly.

The cover is a beautiful example of color mimeography that was wasted on an inferior drawing.

Inside, however, we find some very good material, foremost of which is an excellent story by Dennis Murphy titled "The Voice In The Shell." As usual, "Spiralities", the editorial by Moreen is about the best non-fiction item in the issue. A good letter column and a column by myself round out the issue. Ray Thompson is present with the third in a series of articles dealing with contributing correctly and incorrectly to fanzines and how to reject such contributions.

This zine is climbing fast into the ranks of The Best. Recommended.

GRUE #19, Dean A. Grennell, 402 Maple Avenue, Fond du Lac, Wis. 15¢. Quarterly. All through this issue are choice tidbits and whole acres of interesting reading. There is only one small quibbling complaint: I get the impression that Dean is trying too hard to be punny.

There is quite a large section devoted to Little Willy poems. That is as it should be. Recommended.

IT #1, James Chamlee, 208 N. 9th St, Gatesville, Texas. 20¢, 4/75¢. Quarterly.

Noted.

DEVIANT #1, Carol McKinney, 377 East 1st North, Provo, Utah. 15¢, 3 for 40¢. Bi-monthly.

"And for a first issue...." You've heard those words before. They sort of patronize the editor of the first issue under discussion. Well, here is a first issue that starts life on a high level of accomplishment. The mimeoing is very good, the material is all interesting, and the layout (especially on pages 4 and 5) is...again...very good. This issue represents a great deal of work and the results justify the expenditure.

The cover drawing irked me a bit: the mermaid pictured was wearing a bra made of sea shells. Hmmm. But despite that this zine is recommended.

FOG #2, Don Megars, 2444 Valley St., Berkeley 2, California. 5¢, 5 for 25¢. Irregular.

Cover by Carr is simple and striking. The contents page is remarkably well done. If only the rest of the issue's layout showed a like amount of imagination.

Fog has the usual features; columns, fanzine review, a letter section, etc., but as yet none of them seem too outstanding. We will see what happens in future issues.

The changeover from hecto to ditto is an improvement that should be more apparent as Don catches on to the proper use of the machine.

PREVIZINE Adventures, March, 1964., Warren Allen Freiberg, 5369 W  
89th St., Oak Lawn, Illinois. 3/25¢, 12/\$1.00. Bi-monthly.

I suppose some distinction should be made between the stories in this magazine and its objectionable professional affectation. But even so the stories themselves aren't too hot; not good enough to sustain interest. Inevitably they must be compared with legitimate pro efforts.

CONFAB #1, Robert Pestrowsky, Box C34, Norfolk, Nebraska. Irregular and by trade only.

This first issue consists entirely of editorial talk about the trend to small personal size zines like this (four pages), a discussion of the aims and hopes to Bob re the life of CONFAB, and an expression of a liking for PSY and editors of fanzines who are dry behind the ears. How true it is that birds of a feather tend to flock together.

CONFAB is the successor of MOTE.

The Jacksonian #1. No return address anywhere listed. The envelope was postmarked from New York. A half-sized puzzle that has the words "Please Review" written on the first page in pencil. Format is of an amateur newspaper of sorts...I guess. Headline says: "Van Buren Out: Review Of Twelve Years of Dem. Admin." A sub heading says: "The elections of 1828 by Martin Gideonse."

I didn't read this thing clear through, but it seems to be about the life and times of Andrew Jackson on all eight pages. Some sort of stupid joke, I assume.

HYPERION #6, Walt Willis, 170 Upper Newtownards Rd., Belfast, N. Ireland. 2/25¢. Bi-monthly, I think.

A fascinating zine, this. Willis (especially Willis), Shaw, Harris, Ving Clarke, a letter section of the very best vintage, all these make this zine one of the most interesting currently being published. This is one every young fan should not be without. Recommended.

COSMIC FRONTIER #6, Stuart K. Nock, R F D #3, Castleton, New York. 10¢, 3/25¢. Monthly.

All I can do, I suppose, is keep on saying that this zine's half size pages keep it from improving even more than it has since it first made its appearance. The material is too short. The fiction, because of the obvious space limitations, is farcical. Even so, the editor is getting his fanned legs under him and may well develop his zine into something well worth reading.

I still feel that material in the longer lengths would do wonders for this zine. Think about it, huh Stu?

SCIENCE FICTION NEWS SHEET #1, Lyle Kessler, 2450-76 Ave., Phila. 38, Penna. No price listed. I assume irregular.

News items of fannish and prof'h interest written in a dead-pan journalistic style that doesn't reveal the satire until one looks twice at the "facts" and "quotations" which are presented so professionally. A real smooth job. Much better than the Balint effort awhile ago.

GREY, #s 4 and 5, Charles Wells, 405 E 62 St., Savannah, Georgia. Pubbed frequently irregular. Unless traded, \$1.00 per year.

Charles dicusses just about anything in this one sheet snap-zine, but pays most attention to reviewing fanzines. I note that his reviews and mine seem to agree remarkably well on the relative worth of the zines. currently being cranked out by fandom.

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# WHERE IS 8th FANDOM

It wasn't such a long time ago that Bob Silverberg in an article in QUANDRY expressed the idea that fandom was cyclic in nature. He went on to show that the history of fandom consisted of eras or periods when certain fans and fanzines dominated fandom. He labeled these eras as separate "fandoms" and stated that the present fandom at the time the article was written was "sixth fandom."

The idea may have remained at that and been eventually lost and forgotten had not a few fans with nothing more intelligent to do started to play around with the idea. These self-styled Hari Seldons jokingly foresaw the eventual break-up and dissolution of 6th fandom and what they termed "7th fandom rising gloriously out of its ashes."

From there, it snow-balled. More and more fans became "in the know." More and more fans started talking about it and making allusions to "7th fandom." The term became a fandom-wide password and we had such things as 7th fandom fanzines, 7th fandom fans, 7th fandom terminology and innovations, and even 7th fandom suites at conventions.

Now the ultimate has been reached and we now have articles on 7th fandom appearing in all the fanzines. This I find rather ironic, for you see...7th fandom is dead!

But wait! Before we look at the decline and fall of 7th fandom, let's go back in history and look at the decline and fall of sixth fandom and the subsequent and simultaneous rise of 7th fandom. Maybe a parallel can be drawn from this.

Let's start at the Nolacon - the ninth annual World Science Fiction Convention - held on the Labor Day week-end of 1951. At that time 6th fandom, - but they didn't call it sixth fandom in those days - was at its height of glory and reigning supreme. The concept of 7th fandom had not been introduced at that time. 7th fandom BNFS-to-be were non-fans, fringe-fans, or at the most, rank neophans at the time of the Nolacon.

Then, a year later at Chicago, we had the Chicon. Sixth fandom still dominated the scene and to all appearances looked as if they would continue to dominate fandom for years to come. Little did they foresee that the Chicon was to be their last major fling.

And where was 7th fandom at this time? Seventh fandom was without name, form or shape at the time of the Chicon. But already it was beginning to coalesce and the Chicon gave 7th fandom a terrific push by bringing together and allowing contact to be made by its future leading lights.

I remember, for example, breaking into the conversation of a group in the lobby and in the process meeting a young fan attending his first world convention. His name? Harlan Ellison! Later, a strange fan asked to borrow a pencil from me. The purpose was to letter a sign indicating the price of the first issue of his new fanzine. His name? John

Still later at one of the sessions, I found myself beside a fan with a sharp wit and a pad and pencil. During the session he ignored the speakers on the platform and was intent only on doodling and drawing. His name? Jack Harness.

We found, too, that many new names were creeping into our conversation - names such as Chappell, Peatrowsky, Cantin and Wells - to name only a few. Meanwhile, out in Fond du Lac Wisconsin, a man was leafing through the fan columns in the prozines trying to decide what fanzines to send for in order to properly break into fandom. His name is Dean A. Grennell. And further up in a city on the shores of Lake Michigan, a young boy was making plans for the first issue of his new fanzine. His name, of course, was Joel Nydahl.

And so we see a pattern starting to take shape. The old giving way to the new. With each drop in power and popularity in 6th fandom, 7th fandom rose another notch. Leading fanzines and fans began to emerge out of obscurity. New ideas, thought forms and innovations rose to take the place of those belonging to dying 6th fandom.

By early May of 1953, 7th fandom was a force, a power, and reigned supreme. Its leading fans were at the peak of their activities; its leading fanzines were at the peak of their popularity; the birdbath was the symbol and MAD comics was the bible - and the end was not yet.

Came the third Midwestcon and 7th fandom dominated it like 6th fandom dominated the previous one. Two months later, in the middle of the Summer, 7th fandom was hitting its peak and reaching its climax. ((Dig that crazy orgasm! --REG)) From then on the decline imperceptibly set in. Finally, the Philcon was held. Seventh fandom was still strong, showed an united front, and dominated the convention. But little did they know that as the Chicon was the last major fling of 6th fandom, the Philcon was to be the last major fling of 7th fandom---for the 8th was soon to come.

I don't know who was the first to go, but I think it was Don Cantin and his fanzine MICRO. Cantin was scheduled to come to the Philcon. He never showed up, and nothing has been heard from him since. Ellison produced an issue of SFB during that eventful Summer and he was active right up until the Philcon. Ironically enough, it took a member of 6th fandom to foresee Ellison's end; for at the Philcon Richard Elsberry predicted that Ellison couldn't start college in the Fall and fan at the same time. Something had to go. But it took Ellison until February of the following year to realize this fact. And as we can see, Ellison's creative fan output fell close to zero during that period.

Nydahl was cruising along quite well producing an issue of VEGA every month and keeping a sustained output of fan material - that is up until last Summer. Then, in preparation for his annish, he produced a rather minor issue of VEGA. That was early in the Summer. The annish was scheduled to appear early in September. It came out in November, VEGA went bi-monthly, and we haven't seen an issue since.

And still it spread. Grennell, having no outlet for his material and having a large demand on his time from other interests, went GAFIA. Except for a couple of one-shots, Grennell's output of fan material dropped close to zero. Magnus produced an issue of SF during the Summer of '53, but that as far as I know was his last issue, and during the interim his only activity has been to produce a number of issues of a one-sheet affair called SMUG.

Dave Ish brought out an issue of SOL a day before the Philcon. Since then I haven't seen or heard a word from him. Karl Olsen seemed building toward great things with his fanzine KOMET. What happened to him? Henry Ebel went GAFIA, forcing Bert Hirschorn to suspend TYRANN. I, myself, suspended VANATIONS during August of '53 and went

Inactive two weeks after the Philcon. And now, the last, the only survivor of the plague - Bob Peatrowsky - has announced that he is ~~leaving~~ ~~NOTE.~~

Except for the occassional snapzine and one-shot, the odd column, story or article, what have we? Nothing. Hell, let's face the facts. SEVENTH FANDOM IS DEAD!! Seventh fandom is deader even than 6th fan-dom!

And where is 8th fandom?

---Norman G. Browne

## A BIT OF HEBEPHRENIA

Letters-I-Never-Finished-Reading:

Dear Sir:

It is with real pleasure that I invite you to become a member of the

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\*\*\*\*\*

"Shall I boil the missionary?" asked the cannibal cook.

"Boil him?" cried the chief. "Are you crazy? That's a friar!"

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Then there's the one about the TV fan who got up one morning, turned on the radio and thought he'd gone blind.

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The fellow was complaining to his doctor: "I got real bad insomnia."

The doctor said: "Whaddya mean 'real bad'? Insomnia is insomnia. How bad could it be?"

The fellow said: "I got it real bad. I can't even sleep when it's time to get up!"

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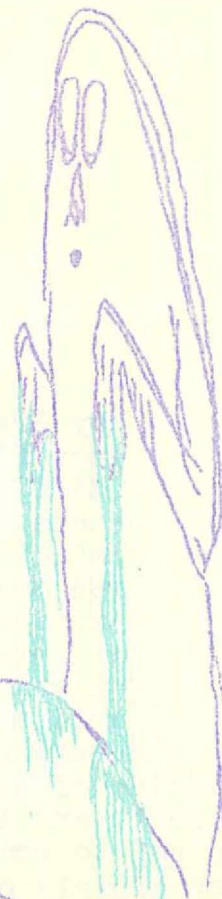
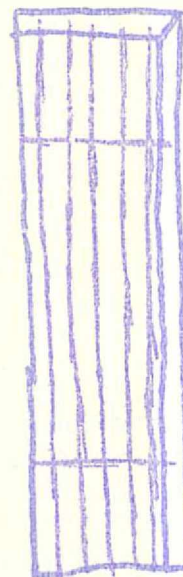
He's tall...and in the dark he's handsome.

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"Do you cheat on your wife?"

"Who else?"



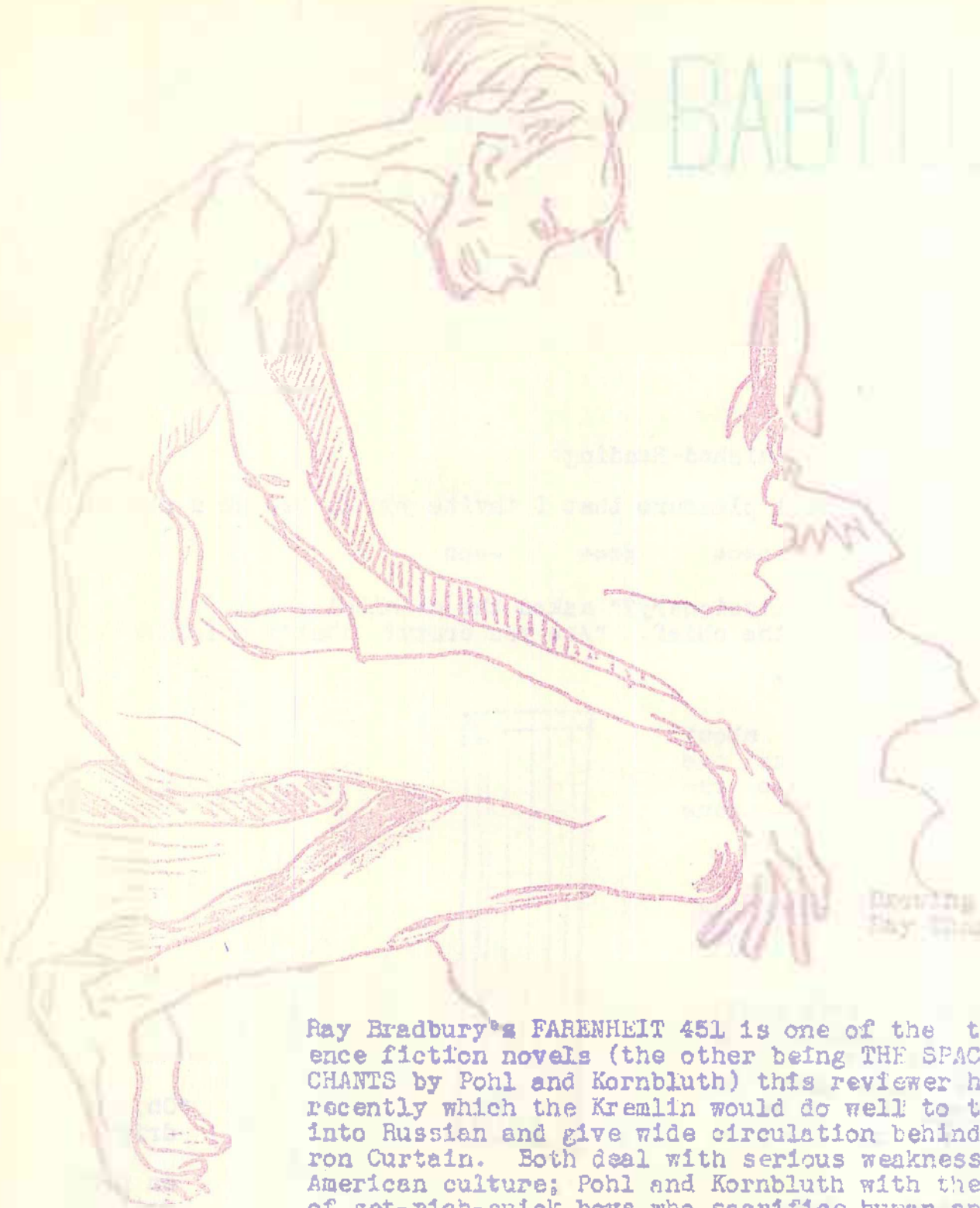
"Oh, go  
drip  
green  
on your  
mother!"



de  
13



# BABYLON



Drawing by  
Ray Bradbury

Ray Bradbury's *FARENHEIT 451* is one of the two science fiction novels (the other being *THE SPACE MERCHANTS* by Pohl and Kornbluth) this reviewer has read recently which the Kremlin would do well to translate into Russian and give wide circulation behind the Iron Curtain. Both deal with serious weaknesses in American culture; Pohl and Kornbluth with the antics of get-rich-quick boys who sacrifice human and cultural values to money; Bradbury with the escapism and anti-intellectualism of the city mob.

Montag, the hero of the yarn, was a fireman, a man whose occupation is the burning of serious literature. It seems houses had been rendered fireproof, and firemen, threatened with technological unemployment, had been put to work burning libraries. The reason; the powers-that-be, never clearly defined in the yarn, had decided it was easier to govern by playing along with the escapist and anti-intellectual tendencies of the mob. Result, any intellectual activity not directly connected with technology was banned.

Montag's wife, Millie, was so far gone in escapism she preferred soap opera to bedroom gymnastics and could not carry on an intelligent conversation. (A common state of affairs among middle class housewives even today.) It was her suicide attempt, and the tragic death of their neighbor, the high school Clarisse, that first led Montag to question the policies of which he was a defender.

He began reading books, joined the underground, was detected, killed his superior while resisting arrest, and escaped. A short time after he escaped, a bombing attack from an unspecified foreign power leveled the big American cities. At the close of the novel the underground intellectuals are planning to reconstruct America.

The interesting thing is that the America of FARENHEIT 451 has actually existed before. It is the Babylon of 539 B.C., where Belshazzar threw wild parties while Cyrus and his Persians undermined the walls. It is the Rome of 410 A.D. which watched the Gladiators in the arena while the Goths of Alaric were breaking into the city. It seems highly probable that an A-Bomb attack on a large American city would catch more people at escapist amusements than trying to organize a defense. In a very real sense, the America of FARENHEIT 451 is already here.

Except in one respect; the active indiscriminate persecution on intellectuals. And even that could happen; the build-up of Alger Hiss and Harry Dexter White as typical intellectuals by the right-wing gutter press; the libellous attacks on the biological and social sciences by the radio evangelists; the recent attempts to brand the scientific staff of the United States government as being controlled by the Communist party; all are symptoms which might prove forerunners of a systematic persecution.

But underlying these active attacks on intellectualism is its gradual abandonment by Western Culture beginning about a century ago. The process has gone farther in America than in Europe because there is more money to spend on escapist amusement here. Compare the original Puritanism of Calvin and Milton, intellectual through and through, with radio evangelism. Compare the Elizabethan Stage with Hollywood. Compare Sherlock Holmes with Mike Hammer. Compare Adam Smith's WEALTH OF NATIONS with a Hearst editorial. Compare Daniel Webster and John Quincy Adams with Joe McCarthy and Pat McCarran. Everywhere, except in science and technology, we find that intellectual content has weakened and emotionalism, often of the most morbid kind, predominates.

Today, the distrust of intellectualism has gone so far that to make a reasoned defense of Capitalism and American Institutions is to lay one's self open to charges of Communism.

There is only one possible flaw in FARENHEIT 451; Bradbury's banning of the Bible. Bradbury apparently despaired of making clear the distinction between the Bible as literature and the Bible as a fetish; the Bible may cease to be studied as great literature, but it will continue in circulation as the idol of a voodoo cult.

The whole effect of the book is something like that if Dostoyevsky, the Russian mystic, and not George Orwell had written 1984. If one likes social criticism, buy FARENHEIT 451; it is not for space-opera addicts.

FARENHEIT 451, by Ray Bradbury; Ballantine Books, Inc., 404 Fifth Avenue, New York 18, New York; paper, 35¢; cloth, \$2.50.

# THOUGHTS

from

## DEEP SPACE

HARLAN ELLISON

a column by

Gentle reader, hello. The abstinence of Ellison from your reading eyes is temporarily at an end. Whether for good or evil, here are the most recent writings of this particular self-styled critic. Critic in that through a search-and-find system entailing several years worth of reading in the field of science fiction, and the publishing of my own periodical devoted to that field, I have noticed certain things and feel I am qualified to comment on others.

Such as this business of AMAZING STORIES. Here is a magazine of tremendous potentialities, and one which, I fear, many of the avant-garde of s-f have relegated to a lower rung on the ladder than ever before. In the face of what I suppose will be insurmountable opposition, I must decry this practice. AMAZING STORIES is a wonderful magazine.

Since the second pocket-sized issue, in which the general level of reading matter was pitifully thin and childish---exemplified by Harriet Frank's The Man From Saturn and Encounter In The Dawn which appeared to be the release of an inky clogging of Arthur C. Clarke's pen---the contents have steadily increased in readability and import, while the emphasis on the mechanics of the magazine has gone down the editorial drain. No longer relying on "Big Names" such as Lait and Mortimer\* or Harriet Frank, Jr., upon color illustrations, upon elaborate layout and even more elaborate sales techniques, the editors have realized AMAZING's potential and brought up slick, new vivid stories!

Utilizing Paul Fairman under numerous writing disguises such as "Ivar Jorgensen", the editors have assured themselves of a story to go with every cover. If the reader who is following this discussion will notice, every cover story in the last five has been written by a name unseen anywhere previously, with the exception of Bill McGivern, who is an acknowledged Ziff-Davis staff writer when he isn't penning wonderful detective stories such as The Big Heat. Each of these names---Ivar Jorgensen, John Pollard, Paul Lohrman, etc.---may be assumed to be either that of Fairman or one of the other staff men of AMAZING STORIES.

\* I don't believe there is anyone now reading s-f who has not been exposed to the expose broken in SCIENCE FANTASY BULLETIN that the article under the Lait-Mortimer byline was, in truth, written by Howard Browne.

-----he



But let us not cast a malevolent glance at these stories, for with one exception (the McGivern opus) each has been, if not soul-shattering, at least eminently readable. One, in fact, was a small gem, even tho it was obviously written to order, to explain a cover. I refer to The Big Tomorrow by "Paul Lohrman", a story approaching greatness in that it underlined the relativity of man to the immensity of the universe--and the future before him.

More and more, in the recent issues of AMAZING STORIES, these off-beat "humanity" stories have been showing their glowing hides, to the thorough satisfaction of at least one critic: myself.

Into the category of "humanity" stories goes Walt Miller's epic Death Of A Spaceman which, despite the pun of its title, comes closer to touching the quick of the literary value science fiction might have than any other story of recent months. One of the highlights of the sixth pocket-sized AMAZING, I feel that Walt Miller may safely step into the same cubicle with Heinlein and Ward Moore as a careful painter of character. Miller's Old Donegal stands forth as a person, not a lifeless hulk around which madly revolves a story. Whether Miller intended it as such---whether he felt it or not---or whether it was merely a good wat to sell a yarn, is of no consequence. The story ranks; the story is good. As Toulouse-Lautrec ventured, "One should not view the artist's work in relation to the artist. His work is always so much better than himself."

This increasing story value (i.e. value in receipt for the reader venturing his reading time and his money, a concept I might dwell on in another column someday) is evident in other yarns in AMAZING, also.

Take as a point of reference Henry Kuttner's Or Else and Algis Budrys's Dream Of Victory in the third pocket-sized issue. Both of merit for diametrically opposed reasons: the Kuttner for its exquisite simplicity and deep human insight and Budrys' for its magnificent intricateness and structural involvement. Each in its own way a brick in the ever-growing maturity of the field. To be passed over with complete disregard and light pooh-poohs are such stories as Crossen's The Closed Door and Walt Miller's insignificant The Yokel in the same issue. That third issue was a classical example of the true worth and the poles of merit expressed by science fiction. Crossen, I would venture, will never be anything more than a dawdler, men like Budrys and Kuttner will be standard-bearers. Praise unto them!

To add to this enviable state of affairs is the fact that the editors have not neglected the simple chore of providing stories that do not tax the intellect; stories for just sheer pleasure. Stories such as The Commuter by Phillip K. Dick or The Enormous Room by Bob Krepps and the full-of-surprises Mr. Gold. In stories such as these the twists are new and the execution slippery, but they do not require that the reader be a technician on a Mark XII or a Post Grad. student in symbolic logic and advanced Sociology. Hell, there is as much to be said along one line for such yarns as along another for the thought-provokers.

Then there are such excursions into the off-trail as The Mathematicians by Arthur Feldman and The Sloths Of Krivny by Vern Fearing which, it must be faced, came off rather badly, but were nonetheless, noble experiments into the NEW YORKER style of story. It must be noted,



"Hanna boy a  
realer, alister"

though their selections were weak, that they were stories chosen by an editor with enough presence of mind and advancement in his bloodstream to attempt something of the sort. For that, Mr. Howard Browne and company, you may disregard any nasty innuendoes I've cast at you in the past. You have admirably redeemed yourself and your publication.

We can safely ignore for the most part one of the two portfolios of contemporary art presented in this least probable of receptacles for art folios. That one is the Ernest Schroeder folio, a thing of much pretension and little value. But the Ralph Castenir two pager portraying the genius of Da Vinci in war and peace is a pencilled bit of genius. Castenir's anatomical studies are superb and his characterization in ink is near-flawless. It might be wise for the editors to relegate a few illustrating chores to Monsieur Castenir and a few less to the doodler Schroeder, whose blotchiness besmirches several otherwise good issues.

The Dan Moore story The Double Spy and the Jerry Bixby opus labelled simply The Draw are two more pointed examples of the truly high level trying to be presented by AMAZING STORIES. Subtly blending the western story and the most recent telekinetic brands of science fiction, the lecherous Mr. Bixby has evolved probably the only true s-f western in the entire history of the genre. And for that we god bless him to the fullest! Mr. Moore, if there is a Mr. Moore, cleverly pokes a bit of fun at the mores of the Great American Male and Female Animals and in so doing produces one of the sharpest pieces of satirical s-f in a good long while.

All these, and other more indefinable somethings in the general make-up of this Ziff-Davis baby, leads your reviewer to completely revise what he said several months ago about the trend being set by the new AMAZING STORIES.

At that time I ventured that AMAZING was going to be a degrading and worthless member of the fold. But, thanks to one of those unpredictable twists that human nature and the publishing game take, we have with us a fourth GIANT, one to assume a stature only slightly less than that of ASTOUNDING, GALAXY, and FANTASY & SCIENCE FICTION.

By the very markets to which they are catering, we may safely assume that AMAZING will never surpass the above mentioned three in literary content, but it is a sure bet that it won't be very far behind.

In the next few months, during the more formative periods of AMAZING STORIES (if it does not return to its pulp-sized puerility as the rumor is circulating), let us try to see the strong points of the magazine. Let us not leap at the editorial throat of Browne and his batch, who are doing one deuce of a good job, but aid and abet them all we are able.

I think that given the materials with which to work, we will see in the next year or so a magazine that will forge far afield and present us with a baby that we can be proud of. In fact, Hugo will most likely have to rub his eyes to believe it all.

AMAZING has come a long, long way under the editorial reins of Howard Browne since the cheap publicity days of Ray Palmer and the hoary science days of T. O'Connor Sloane and Hugo Gernsback. It has come down a road lined with land mines and near insurmountable obstructions. I'd venture to say it's putting up one helluva decent battle.

Give it a hand.

...and that, gentle reader, is the view from Deep Space for this issue. I'll be back with you shortly, and til then, try to keep your reviewer in your thoughts now and then.

DEEP SPACE THOUGHT OF THE MONTH: watch the work of Kelly Freas and the pages of ASTOUNDING in the next few months for some startling innovations the likes of which have never been witnessed in our turbulent little realm.

---Harlan Ellison.

Norma V. Williams, C/-Shire Council, Cloncurry. Queensland, Australia.

Dear Richard,

Blake named Berger has lately been sending me a few samples of U.S. fanzines; hope was almost dead when yours arrived yesterday. Hope, that is, that at least one of the fanzines would (a) be physically readable (yours slightly fuzzy in spots but on the whole good); (b) be mentally readable (more anon on this); (c) be reasonably gramatical (I don't mind sland - so long as the writer shows that he doesn't use it just because he knows no better); (d) have a decent layout (yours is pretty good - also illos better than usual infantile scribbles); (e) have correct spelling.

This last point; aren't there any dictionaries published in America? What's wrong with your school system? What the Hell anyway? Stif fans are on the whole of average intelligence or above (so they tell us); any child in this country of 100 IQ or higher and aged 14 or over who couldn't make a better fist of spelling than the editor and/or contributors of the average US fanzine would be a disgrace to his teachers. Sure, engineers can't spell - I don't know just why, but they can't - but even they could better the fan spelling. American orthodox spelling is peculiar enough - but even it does not sanction "athiest" for "atheist" - and that one, and others just as excruciating, appeared in your editorial. Also, why don't you get that space-jump fixed in your typewriter?

I'm sorry I don't have any Australian fanmags on hand to send - or maybe I have - let's look. Yes, you're in luck; thought I'd sent them to Berger.

While I like some of the effects one can get with hectograph, on the whole I think good duplicating is to be preferred, such as in Futurian Society News and the circular to A.S.F.S. members enclosed. The S-F Review also enclosed is a poor sample, not at all up to Meyer's usual standard. Hectograph is hard on the eyes. It is possible to get good reproduction of drawings with duplicating, by using fine sandpaper underneath the stencil (or ground glass), and a piece of thin celophane over the top, using a ball-point pen on the celophane and pressing fairly hard.

Another method used here for a time (until found too expensive for a magazine issued free to members) was a photo-offset process; we even had repros of magazine and pocket book covers on it. Process was also used for "Forerunner" No. 2, a fan-fiction-zine edited by Doug Nicholson. Standard of stories published in this was a good deal above fanzine fiction I've seen in US magazines; Doug himself recently had a story in Galaxy.

Re your editorial page 30 remarks (Psychotic No. 2) on "A Case of



"Conscience"; I found this story interesting because I have never yet managed to get a full exposition of the Catholic anti-evolution etc. beliefs, but it wasn't science fiction, nor, as you say, did any other viewpoint get a fair go. Of course the Jesuit's arguments against evolution are unanswerable, as are all arguments which use as their basis the idealist philosophies of religion, which are untenable, in fact almost unthinkable, to unwarping minds in touch with day to day reality. That is, once one starts to think about religion. Thousands of people don't like to think, and never do in any but a superficial sense, because it might upset the framework of prejudices built into their minds by early environment. In fact, we are often warned against thinking by the religious, who tell us that if one abandons faith in an idealist philosophy, a religion, one also throws overboard a code of morals and ethics. Rot! I would sooner trust the ethical standards of any agnostic or atheist I know, in business or in private affairs, than those of the most devout Christian. Materialists live their morality and ethics; Christians mouth them piously and slip behind the smokescreen thus engendered the better to back-stab.

Re remark on the girl who liked "The Beast From Twenty-thousand fathoms" - that she probably didn't read: it is amazing how many semi-illiterates there are in the world, or that part of it supposedly educated. I'm trying to resuscitate a library here (not stf - general), and finding it uphill work. "I have no time to read." is a standard response. What the hell do they do - play cat's cradle? We're about 400 miles from the nearest excuse for a city, in a broiling hot tropical climate, one movie house, bad radio reception, rare horse-racing, weekly bowls, tennis, etc., no swimming pool closer than 4 miles. I'd like to have a periscope to see what people do in leisure time (no, it isn't cards, few even play bridge or solo). Maybe they contemplate their navels.

Personally, in spite of movies (usually awful), visiting, daily work, writing (both letters and stories), keeping house, and drinking beer, I find time to read newspapers, two weekly and one monthly magazine, plus all the stf magazines I can get (usually in large parcels every so often), plus light fiction of other kinds, plus science, psychology, history and philosophy.

Have you read LIMBO '90? Banned here now by the wowser element, but I was lent a copy. Personally, I think it stinks. The author has some kind of psychosis, which in the absence of reference I cannot pin down, which is characterized by constant punning - some of them very clever, but nevertheless punning is a symptom of mental illness; other symptoms are liberally sprinkled throughout the book, too.

I'm no great admirer of fanzines, but good luck to PAXHOTIC, which is at least a little more adult than the rest of the muck I have seen from over there.

((The reason for the low average quality in American fanzines, I think, lies in the motivation of the editor; he usually is out to have fun, be a BNF, and in general inflate his ego and vanity. He has no thought for a serious discussion of science fiction, a bit of deep thought or critical writing; he probably knows subconsciously that such are way beyond him. He realizes that and steers clear, hence the ghod-awful things of little interest that swamp the mailmen in this Usa.

The difference between #2 and #10 should amaze you. I frequently dig out the early issues and wonder how I could have ever written and drawn such things.))

((Afterthought: "...punning is a symptom of mental illness"? God, you must be joking. If true this means that Willis, Bloch, Tucker, all the demi-gods of fandom are fugitives from the booby hatch. Hmmm. On the other hand it sort of figures.....))

PFC Claude R. Hall US541005LL, 517th Medical Co. (Clr) (Sep), APC46,  
c/o Postmaster, New York, New York

Dear \_\_\_\_\_:

They say I'm a blood sucker -- but I wouldn't know and wouldn't tell you if I did. Nothing like keeping such a secret a secret. More victims to entice. Because I'd hate to chase scared, frightened people up and down the streets just to get their life-blood. For all I know some son-of-a-funny-Mittelbuscher might have the measles. Wouldn't I look silly with a spotted coat, walking--or even running--for that matter, huh? People would look at me and say: "Look at that spotted vampire!" And I'd be embarrassed no end. And who ever heard of "walking or running" measles anyway? Besides, I only drain blood from fans. Quite a different taste from the usual sort of thing; saves me the trouble of buying my own alcoholic beverages.

And that leads me on to something I've wanted to discuss: this German beer. Man! It's for the birds... "higher than a kite." It's supposed to be four or five times as strong as American beer. Thus I deem this land The Stf-Fan Paradise. Oh, what fun Bloch would have holding a convention over here. And look at all the handy Gast Haus's with all their super-handy bar rails to support fans. Do you realize that a fan hasn't been supported until he has been up-held by a Gast Haus bar rail? I find it's quite the thing--especially after a few beers.

And these Gast Haus's are very well equipped, too. They all have at least one (1) one armed bandit and two (2) two bar-maids. The one-armed bandits will be very diverting to such fans as Bob Tucker, Wilson Tucker, Arthur Tucker, and Hoy Pong Long. The fabulous Poker "Tucker" Table will have to be left on American shores. Over here the stf-fan will have to content himself with such trivial occupations as trying to make the waitresses, one-armed bandits, trying to make the waitresses, drinking beer, trying to make the waitresses, and discussing stf. Interesting developments can occur from discussing science-fiction and waitresses, you know.

I might as well submit a personal affront here. It's the cold tale of, "Why does everybody pick on me?" But I'm bringing the subject up because somebody needs to shed a little light on this thing-a-ma-bob named Richard Geis. I am reminded of an old poem thing I just made up....

This thing was a little name faned  
Who shoved and pushed til he got the big-head  
But his zine--it soon stopped  
The whole thing--it flopped  
It's ed was nough but a pin-head.

"Why for the tree Mister Geis  
Now I ask you, "Is that nice?"  
Such a faned as you  
living in a zoo  
A-pickin' & eating his own lice."

At first I thought this Richard Geis fellow was just a neophan on

loose. Now, I don't think it--I know he is. Is he just maladjusted like Willison? No. Geis has something deeper holding him forth. Confidentially, I think he's a BNF worshipper. How low can you get?

To him, all fen whom he considers as BNFs are like jewels to be treasured but not touched, only admired. Yet, he takes great pride in trying to crush all would-be BNFs. I suppose that Mr. Geis thinks the only way to obtain the cloak of BNFdom is to convince everyone that he's of the same clammy caliber. But where in hell did Mr. Geis pick up the opinion that all BNFs scorn all younger fen. Ha! Some of the best advice I've had has been offered by fen such as Boggs, Rapp, and some fen that have even disappeared from the active scene of fandom.x Bea Mahaffey helped me out a great deal when I started over the wall from merely reading stf into active fandom.

Mr. Geis--you will never be but nought. As I said, you aren't the caliber. But I'll bet where De's concerned your knee pants sure get dirty.

I laugh right in McCain's face concerning his column in PSY #7. He comments that Mal Reiss has put PLANET right vack in the old stereotype. I know for a fact that Jack O'Sullivan has the say-so where PLANET is concerned. I found out via a letter from O'Sullivan. And as for PLANET being in a rut--I suppose that it's in the same rut as it was during the Bradbury period. Hell, McCain--you're the one whose in a rut! You've been told that Bradbury is good and your intelligence lets you know for sure that he's tops. But when you state that only half of the stories in PLANET during his pulp period were worth reading--han! I laugh in your face. A goodly percentage of his stories in those days were written under a couple of pen-names. You probably missed some good stories of his. And are you forgetting the stories in PLANET by him now? If you'll look, you'll notice that he's still appearing in PLANET now and then--probably out of sentiment because PLANET was almost the only mag that would buy his stories in the old days. Minea and his Thrilling group did buy a few of his stories but it was upon PLANET that he depended.

And concerning Bill Reynolds' column in PSY #7--pretty nice little kindergarden comment. I only recommend that he beg a copy of MUZZY--preferably the fourth or fifth issue--and read it. Mr. Reynolds, Sir! I don't need anyone to tell me I'm a genius. I know it. As for MUZZY being my farewell to American fandom--how naive can you get--without filling up your own boots with your leavings?

Yours--for more sex in fanzines,

Claudius

((Tch, tch. Such a raw display of personal pique. Such a naked exposure of personality you reveal. (For the benefit of the unsuspecting reader, this..uh.. prose printed above is appearing in the letter column even tho Hall submitted it in the form of a column. I present it for its educational value and as an object lesson to hypersensitive fans))

Claude, instead of criticizing PSY which you have every right to do if you don't like it, you indulge in some pretty narsty personalities. You should know better than that. Your letter doesn't do me any harm as you intend, but only reflects upon you as a person. That is if you're not kidding. I still feel you can't be serious. Anyhow, write again. Whatever they are, your letters are interesting.

How about a report on science fiction in Germany?))



Win Marks, Box 332, Ashland, Oregon.

Dear Richard:

Re McCain's Padded Cell in #9 Psychotic, also other references to it elsewhere...

What's FAPA?

It has a familiar look about it, but I can't place the initials.

No, V.L., Athanas is not my alter-ego, but if you go in for coincidences, and you obviously do, figure the odds on this one: Athanas is my landlord.

In spite of the fat prosperous look of Psy this month, and in spite of the multi-color artwork, impeccable format and carefully alligned staples, the pall of pessimism for the sf field throughout and notably in Tucker's Section 8 Supplement, was rather depressing. So much so that I dug out a letter from one of the big three, whose editor assured me thusly:

Yes there is a shakedown in the field right now, but not because there are fewer readers. There are more total readers today than ever before, and the number is still growing steadily. Total copies of all issues are selling more today than last year. Where's the rub then? Too many titles for those readers to support.

This letter came last month, and since then I have sold yarns to six different markets---which should indicate that things are brighter than they looked awhile back. Sure, there is a belt-tightening, but the spaceship is far from scuttled yet.

McLeod's review of Clarke's CHILDHOOD'S END barely does the book justice, but the report is interesting and extremely well done.

((FAPA is the Fantasy Amateur Press Association. Four times a year the members send their "zines" to the Official Editor who makes up identical bundles and sends them to the members in good standing. There is a minimum of 8 pages of amateur published material required of each member every year. The material can be anything from comment on the items in the previous mailing to fiction to verse (both free and shackled) to political discussions to etc. There is actually very little of what might be called "fannish" material.

The fans may appear to be pessimistic, but actually are not looking on the dark side of things; they feel that the "stf recession" is a good thing. In a sense fans are optimists. But I can see where our attitude would seem pessimistic from the pro point of view. The obvious relish with which the fans report the beheading of zine after zine is a manifestation of pure selfishness on their/our part.))

SFC Arthur H. Rapp, RA36886935, 508th MP Detachment, Fort Sam Houston, Texas.

Dear Richard:

What I wanna know is how you do your lettering with ABDick guides on ditto masters? Those damn ABD guides are so thick that only the very sharpest of pencil points will reach the paper underneath....you use a mimeo stylus and carbon, or somethin? (My main

objection to ABD guides---which are excellent for their intended use on mimeo stencils---is that they are breakable. Miraculously one of mine has survived being toted around in a barracks bag. For the hazards of GI life, however, I prefer the thinner, flexible, and more inexpensive guides of other manufacturers, even tho ABDick has the choicest choice of styles.)

The weakest element of CHILDHOOD'S END was its deus ex machina ending. McLeod's remark that the book "...is diffuse in plotting..." is the understatement of the year; the disappointing thing is that it is only in the last couple of chapters that the reader realizes Clarke does not intend to tidy up all the loose ends he has left dangling in the course of his book. Perhaps this fact (so wildly untypical of Clarke's previous work) is intentional, though (to me at least) baffling. It leads to the supposition that he intends some allegorical meaning beyond his literal story, but about the only apparent one is "people are pretty damn insignificant, although they have potentialities," which is a mighty generalized statement to base an entire novel upon. Well, intelligible or not, CHILDHOOD'S END was indisputably memorable, and McLeod's astute analysis of it likewise.

PSYCHOTIC's many columnists seem uniformly pessimistic over the fate of sfdom in the immediate future. It might be well to remember that a modicum of competition might well do the field a great deal of good by pruning off the more revolting evidence, now adorning the newsstands, that publishers will label anything "sf" if it will earn them a fast buck. The number of prozines might even shrink back to the point where fan become completists again! (The third half of my schizophrenic personality has been wailing in sanctimonious horror because the second half just yawns at the news of folding prozines. This is mostly because I don't even try to get every issue of any particular prozine these days. I wander down to the PX or to the newsstand once a week or so, look over the titles, wince at the covers, and select my stfish reading on an individual issue basis rather than on a "Cooh, here's a new issue of \_\_\_\_\_ that I get every month!" basis.

In the course of writing this letter I just chanced upon an undiscovered treasure trove -- the "New Worlds" section of Webster's dictionary. Fanzine titles and fannish words abound. Look:

"artogenic" Suitable as a subject for a work of art: said of any protoplasmic entity.

(Shelpme, that's the definition word for word.)

"astacene" The pigment responsible for the color of boiled lobsters.

"cellar club" Any of many informal social clubs, having members usually 18-25 years old, with clubrooms in cellars, garages, lofts, etc.

(Gadzooks, Webster has been spying on us!)

"choroid plexus" Feathery tissue in the ventricles of the brain.

(No doubt the causative agent of acute crifanac.)

"mimsey" Prim; prudish. (Now we know what Carroll meant!)

"therbligs" Bodily motions or mental divisions of too short duration to be observed with a stop watch. (Like sensible ideas in fandom, no doubt.)

To sum up this missive, which was to be commentary on PSYCHOTIC #9 but got sidetracked:

I like PSYCHOTIC. I like it. I LIKE it!

But it's so hard to turn the pages with my teeth, and the keeper won't take this straightjacket off me while I read it.

He's crazy, I think.

((That's right, Art, everybody's crazy except you and me. And sometimes....

Yep, I use a mimeo stylus with the ABDick guides on ditto masters. There is a tendency to rip up the surface of the paper, but by being carefull and not applying too much pressure, I get pretty good results.))

Vernon L. McCain, Box 876, Kellogg, Idaho.

Dear Dick--

Well, will be time for Psy #9 before long and I haven't commented on #8 yet.

About the Susan NFFF article.....I really haven't much to say except things I've previously said about the NFFF. Except that I hardly think Mr. Susan is the person to go around complaining about other people writing 'confused' letters. Not after reading this article, anyway. What I'd like to know is why the hell these NFFF officials don't relax, enjoy themselves, and let the poor old white elephant die a justly deserved death.

Only comment I really feel impelled to make about the letter column is in response to that horrible insult by Don Wegars. WHAT have I ever written to cause me to be compared to Edgar Guest. Oh, the vile ignominy of it all!

(( Well, I suppose there is one useful thing about the NFFF. It takes in many neo fans and acquaints them with fandom, fanzines, etc. But the effect of "getting to know fandom" is only a by-product. If the club re-aligned itself with that purpose in mind; the breaking-in of young and inexperienced fans, then there might be an excuse for keeping it alive. Present indications are that the casket is not too far away.

The Guest comparison is bad, but Wegars might have said Elbert Hubbard. How you would have felt after that I can't even imagine.))

Don Wegars, 2444 Valley Street, Berkeley 2, California.

Dear Dick,

Your editorial, as always, was highly interesting. It brought tears to my eyes when I remembered my early thought of a fanzine. I may be different, but I had my zine (not FOG, but one titled LUNATIC which is on the shelf at this moment) all layed out and planned before I'd even seen a fanzine besides FANTASY ADVERTISER. If that isn't a fine fettle of kish I don't know what is. Found out all about fandom from THE CLUB HOUSE (may it be revived in the near future) and FANDORA'S BOX (may it go to hell).

Tell me, old man (from where I sit, 26 is old), what is wrong with NAPA? Ellik was going to do me a column on the subject, but got disgusted and threw it away. He's fed up with it. Balint's out. I hear that the boys down south (I live in NORTHERN California) are rather totalitarian in their practices. Balint calls NAPA "....a social monster."

Oh yes, are you, have you ever, thought of being Noah W. McLeod? It seems to me that I haven't heard of him outside of PSY. He writes a bit like you, also.

((Tsk, tsk. I like FANDORA'S BOX.

NAPA, from what Vorzimer writes me, is either dead



or nearly so. And I am not Noah W. McLeod. You can write to Box 56, Christine, N. Dakota and find out for yourself.))

Peter J. Vorzimer, 1311 N. Laurel Ave., W. Hollywood 46, California.

Mmmmmboy! Geis--take cover.

This is being written in the length of time it took me to drop the issue of PSY, cover the distance from my den to my room, dash to the typewriter and insert a piece of paper.

When I first picked up PSY it was the third issue, at Tom Piper's novel, I immediately took a great liking to it. Damn fine zine, I said, and a damn good editor.

Then I took to writing you. We traded zines and I subbed to P. I sent you some articles, on of the first of which was "Why Blast The Crudzines?" which appeared in the last ish. The ones you didn't accept were returned with an excellent constructive criticism. I came to look upon you as an excellent critic and much respected all of your criticism --good and bad.

Now to get to the point. Re your criticisms of HA! and CRUD: I agree with them, partly. I will say very frankly that I didn't think CRUD was any good---just, maybe, for those in NAPA. Even then it was a great display of poor taste and bad editorship. There is just one thing I will say about HA!: it did not start as a fan publication. I wasn't aware fandom even existed when the first issue of HA! came out. My policy was to put humor (if you can call it that) in a magazine to sell at school or to my friends, not to be distributed in fandom.

Some of your words and sentences were a little severe even for a bad magazine, a trifle disheartening. I don't think you've made an enemy of me in any way, I was just a little peeved at the wording. One more thing about HA! If it is not your type of humor that is no reason to condemn it. I received quite a number of letters from real fans who enjoyed it very much.

I just reread that last paragraph in 2nd Session, just before you sign off. I think if you think a moment, you'll discover many, many good zines from southern Cal. For example: Starlight, ABSTRACT, Fantastic Story Mag, Fascination, Spaceways, Diffuse, and Fantaste, not to mention a few I have forgotten for the moment and whose editors will kill me for not mentioning. So you see...it isn't that bad! Or is it?

I only wish you could see the next issue of ABSTRACT. It looks very promising. I think you might even stamp it "RECOMMENDED." And you're a tough man to please.

((Tsk. You mean CRUD was maybe good enough for the members of NAPA, but not for general fandom? There is that tendency to feel that anyold thing will do for an APA because there isn't much of an audience; best to save the real good efforts for the 100-200-500 circulation zines.

HAf's humor was crude, period. And I enjoy all types of humor, but only when well done. By sending HA! out to general fandom, however, you invited reviews and comparison with regular fanzines. It was your decision and seeking after egoboo to blame for the bad reviews.

"otthehall, let's forget about the gruesome past (sorry, Dean). ABSTRACT makes up for your past mistakes and then some. (magnanimous, aren't I?) ))

And that is that for this issue. Maybe next issue will see TEN pages of Section 8. As it is now there is a carry-over of un-printed letters.

## STOP PRESS EMERGENCY

E-E-E-E-EEEEEEFEGAD.

I nearly forgot to print this  
little Willy poem by P. H. Economou.

And after I'd  
promised Grennell I would. I wouldna been able to  
face anybody. A fannish outcast. And if there is  
an outcast who is more outcast than a fannish out-  
cast, I'd like to see such an outcast. This way,  
by doing a last minute miracle, I avoid that most  
horrible fate-worse-than-death and stay in the  
good graces of fannish opprobrium (did I spell it  
right?). I stay a socially approved 100% incast.

The poem:

Little Willy, playing cute,  
Knifed ole Grampa in the back.  
Pa fetched Will a hefty smack  
Cause Grampa's blood got on his suit.

Now, Kessler, NOW ask your question!

I hope, Redd, that this helps get her in.

Funny thing about making up a poem. At least in my case.  
I always have an easy time of it for the first two lines,  
but, brother, the last two are usually the death of me.

Like:

Little Willy, the crazy kid,  
Hid in a box and closed the lid.

Simple, eh? But now for a two line combo to go with them.

Hell, five minutes have passed and here I still sit.

Unendurable.

EEEEEEUUREEEKA!:

The air got bad and he started coughin'.  
But, alas, too late; they'd sealed the coffin.

Pretty bad, huh?

Ah, well.....





34000

Robert A. Madle, of INSIDE SCIENCE FICTION fame, has taken Charlotte, North Carolina by storm. Moving ---this past year--- with his wife and son (E, of course, collection) from Philly he has set up residence in Charlotte and in an incredibly short time formed and began an stf club there (even though consisting of about 25 members). In a letter from Madle there was enclosed a copy of THE CHARLOTTE NEWS and a half page photo of Madle reading a copy of SFQ. The accompanying article relates the so-called history of stf from father Gernsback (who is referred to as a scientist) to John W. Campbell, whom the report states received a degree in nuclear physics. Maybe so, maybe so; but we hear he flunked out of M.I.T. and then decided to go into the writing profession as a full time occupation. The article itself is well-written but they continually spell Madle, M-a-d-e-l.

A Column By

LYLE KESSLER

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William Nolan has brought out a supplement to the original Bradbury index, bringing all of his output up to date. This is a necessity for Bradbury fanatics and is chock full of interesting items about Bradbury. For instance, Bradbury's best seller, MARS IS HEAVEN, has had 25 sales to its credit since it appeared in a '48 issue of Planet Stories.

\*\*\*\*\*

On September eighth, the day after the 11th World SF Con was officially over, Milt Rothman, Bob Madle, and I walked to the bank near the Bellevue Stratford and opened the precious metal box wherein reposed the Philcon's money. After an hour-and-a-half of counting the money, checks, etc., we came to the conclusion that the con was close to two hundred dollars in the RED. This was due mainly to the tremendous loss we suffered on the Banquet tickets. The only thing that could save us was the ads for the Program Booklet. The payment of the ads has been gradually seeping in until at present we are fifty bucks to the good. In fact, if every ad is paid, we will eventually send Frisco more money than we received from Chicago. Chicago sent us \$150 and their con was a great success, financially, that is. Unlike Chicago, we will send Frisco every cent profit we make! Remember all the frantic raves about underhand dealing before the con? Well, none of those same loud mouths have anything to say now. They'll soon be finding fault with some phase of the coming Frisco and let out their pent-up emotions on the Twelfth World Committee. Fans will be fans....

\*\*\*\*\*

Now we come to a subject which is very touchy and will have to be treated with kid gloves. It is the practice of one individual in fandom to make out-of-town phone calls to various fans in the middle of the night. THIS PRACTICE HAS GOT TO GO!! He called at 3 A.M. in the morning and scared the daylights out of my parents. My sister was on a honeymoon in Florida and they thought something had happened to her. Both he and

the operator received a proper tongue lashing from my infuriated ~~folks~~. The person who I am referring to resides in Cleveland, Ohio, and I would like to state here and now that if Mr. Ellison can not call at a decent respectable time like any normal human being he had damn better not phone this particular party.....

\*\*\*\*\*

Bill Hamling, of IMAGINATION is going all out in a drive to solicit subscriptions for Madge (showing the unstable condition Madge is in, along with all the other mags in the field). Recently Hamling sent out a large number of printed post-cards which stated:

This is a test. Return this card with \$2 and you will receive the next 12 issues of IMAGINATION. This is an unprecedented low price (you actually will save over 50% during the test). While enjoying this tremendous saving you will enjoy even more the thrilling Science-Fiction stories

presented in Imagination every month. Make sure your name and address on the reverse side are correct. BILL HAMLING, EDITOR  
IMAGINATION, P.O. Box 230, Evanston, Illinois.

Hamling is quite correct in stating that the above is an unprecedented low price and a great saving; but I have one question to ask --- will there be 12 more issues of Madge?????

\*\*\*\*\*

Well it's time the truth came out --- for months now fans have had a sneaky suspicion that something of great importance was unfolding right under their very eyes; but none had an inkling of what it might be, and if they did they refused to consider it a possibility. Now Dawns The Light: EIGHTH FANDOM IS HERE!

Don't bother to read back, you read right the first time --- seventh fandomers spoke of the rapid end of sixth fandom as all the leading zines and fans dropped out. You ain't seen nothin' yet, folks.... Seventh Fandom will be known as the shortest era in fannish history; in fact it will be spoken of having ended before it really began. The top zines of seventh fandom which were circulating so freely this past summer have slowly ceased publication --- this includes VANATIONS (Norman G. Browne is completely inactive at present), VEGA (no word comes from the Nydahl residence after the 100 page anniversary), SF (Magnus no longer publishes SF), PENDULUM (Venable is out of fandom), SFB (Ellison threatens to put out a zine called DIMENSIONS, but Chod knows when that'll appear; maybe when 9th fandom is in bloom), MOTE (Peatrowsky now puts out a letterzine but that may not hold his interest for long), etcetera.

FAN VARIETY ENTERPRISES which was a thriving concern during the advent of seventh fandom has completely dissolved since none of the zines are being published any more.

Even PSYCHOTIC, which is the best fannish fanzine out at present, is the stamping ground for many of the up and coming eighth fandomers. The adherents of this coming fandom are, to name but a few, John Fletcher, Don Wegars, Stuart Nock, Peter Vorzimer, John Hitchcock, Denis Moreen, and many many more. As soon as these boys realize that they are indeed the vanguard of eighth fandom the fireworks will truly begin. The transformation will gradually become apparent as the summer months pass by

and it comes time for the 12th World Con. After the con the transformation will be completed and eighth fandom will be in its glory --- of course there will still be a group of seventh fandomers around but they won't amount to anything compared to the screaming mass which will proclaim itself eighth fandom. And the cycle will begin all over again.....

\*\*\*\*\*

The greatest boost to science fiction literature, in my opinion, occurs every Thursday evening at the High School of Commerce in New York City. Sam Moskowitz and Robert Frasier are instructors of a twelve week course in stf writing which includes all phases of stf and fantasy writing, plotting, ideas, selling, et cetera. L. Sprague de Camp's SCIENCE FICTION HANDBOOK is used by the students as a text. The price of the course is \$21 for the complete term. Robert Frasier, who has authored numerous science articles for top-flight magazines, had originally planned on having a course on writing science articles. The school didn't accept this as they thought there wouldn't be too big a turn-out for a course of this nature and Sam Moskowitz was contacted concerning an stf course. The students hear top writers and editors in the field present various talks on stf topics of interest. Among the many who have spoken and are scheduled to speak are Campbell, Asimov, de Camp, Del Rey, Mines, Pohl, etc. Oh but to live in New York.....

\*\*\*\*\*

One of the most interesting of the coming flock of anthologies which are soon to hit the book-stands is THE EDITOR'S CHOICE IN SCIENCE FICTION, edited by Sam Moskowitz (this boy gets around). Each editor selects a story from their magazine which they think is of superior quality and which has never been anthologized before. Oddly enough, GALAXY and the Magazine of F&SF are not included as Sam didn't go along with their selections. With such careful thought to story quality this book can't possibly be anything but excellent. It will sell for \$3.50 at all stores but if you send a post-card to Sam stating you'd like a copy, the book will be sent you at the cost of \$2.80 (of course you'll be expected to send your remittance in as soon after you receive the book as possible; and be sure to say you read it in PSY). The address is:

Sam Moskowitz  
127 Shepard Avenue  
Newark, New Jersey.

\*\*\*\*\*

As to the latest on the depression of the stf magazines, the following is as concise a list of magazines dropping publication as possible. At present some of the magazines listed below may have one, two, or even at the very most three more issues, but the editors of said magazines are definitely contemplating no more than that. SPACEWAYS---ORBIT---COSMOS---VORTEX---(all of the new magazines out lately will fold before the summer). All of Palmer's magazines --- (I remember when Palmer asked everybody to send in \$5 for a lifetime sub to his mags; it looks like quite a few people are going to lose out on that nice proposition). Magazine of F&SF is in very bad condition--- (for some reason this isn't selling well at all and the editors are trying everything from interior





artwork --which they never used before-- to a big build-up campaign on a mediocre Heinlein story that starts in the May issue titled STAR LUMINOX.).

IMAGINATION is dropping to 128 pages.

Where will it all end --- back to 1934 perhaps. Somehow it reminds me of the cycles of fandom.....

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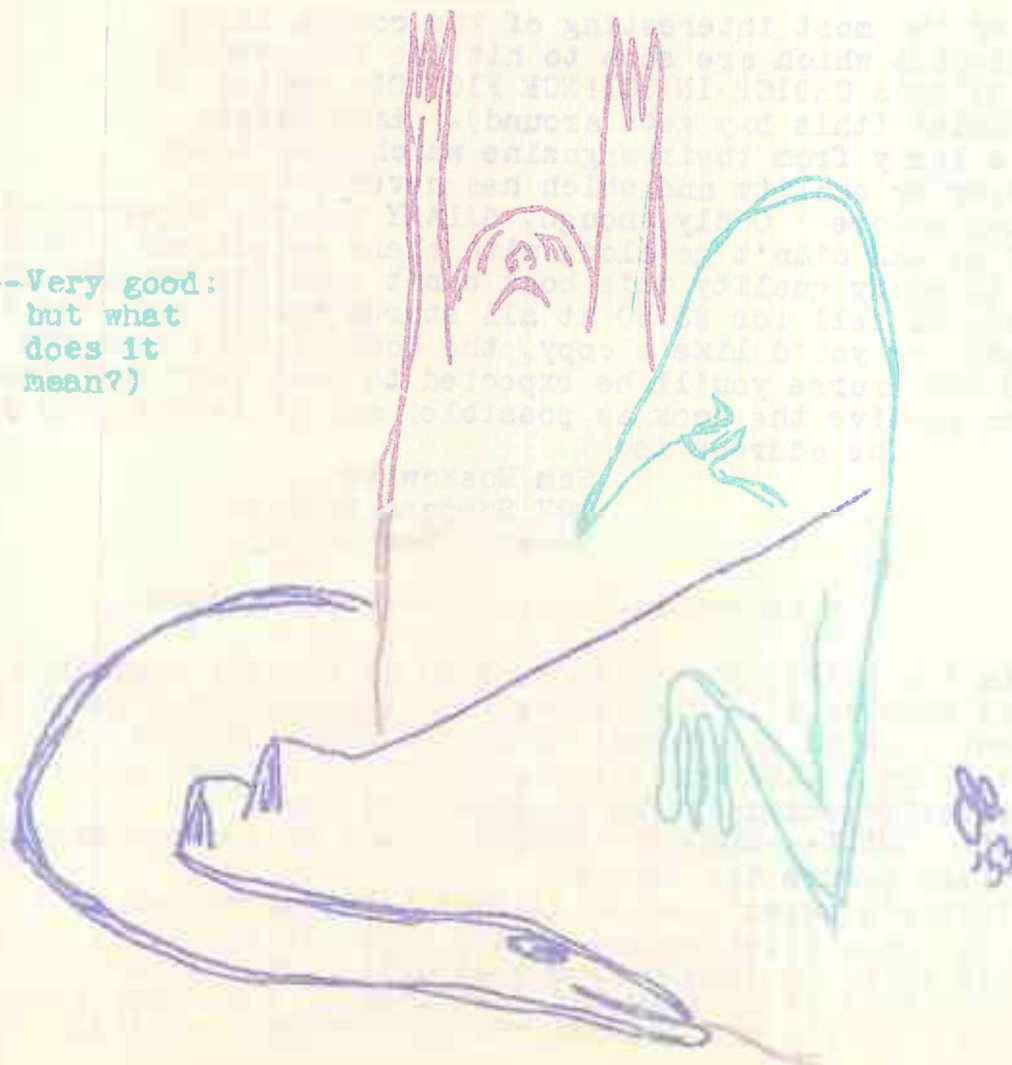
To close up shop for this issue I'd like to relate a brief story on how I came to title this column "HOW ARE YOU FIXED FOR BLOOD?" After one of the Philadelphia SF Society meetings a group of us ---de Camp, Rothman, Lynch, Fletcher, and about fifteen others--- wandered over to a restaurant for a bite to eat. During mastigation the topic of conversation came to the question of what would be the nicest way to get a dirty look from a waitress. I ventured the opinion that we should ask her "How are you fixed for blades?", and so decided upon we did so; but the waitress looked carefully at us and burst out laughing, stating that she would have to tell that one to the gang at home.

This in itself was insignificant but Harold Lynch later suggested that we should ask her "How are you fixed for BLOOD?", and from then on the saying HAYFFB spread like wildfire. It is quite possible that someday it may become as popular as the notorious B-E-M.

Til next issue then.....

---Lyle Kessler.

(--Very good:  
but what  
does it  
mean?)



# Second Coming



THIS SAME JESUS, WHICH IS TAKEN UP FROM YOU INTO HEAVEN, SHALL COME IN LIKE MANNER AS YE HAVE SEEN HIM GO INTO HEAVEN. Acts 1 : 11.

A lithe silver bullet shot from the sky near Polaris. The ship bore the marks (which were wholly redundant, as there were no other insignia within the entire, infinite bubble of the Universe) of Heaven, the third planet of the star Hell.

A gentleman dressed, apparently uncomfortably, in Archaic robes was combing his beard to a meticulous perfection in front of a metal mirror in the living compartment.

An unbearded companion lay sprawled on a couch behind him. "'Spect you could make more money doing a quick change act at the GAYETY, JayCee?"

"We ain't got much money, but we sure got lotsa fun," retorted the robed one, wetting down an eyebrow with a damp finger.

"Well, I gotta hand it to ya," proclaimed his reclining companion, "you like your work; you sure get a kick out of educating these farmer."

The tall one turned around, showing a magnificent figure in flowing robes. "They say it stems from an inherent need to be looked up to, connected with an accentuated Oedipus complex."

"I know being the son of God isn't the easiest thing to live down, but suppose your old man lost this election...and you your job."

"I'd run for parliament...and make it."

"All right for the blowing...but you'd better snap to it, John just turned the lights on."

"I'm ready now. So long, Cabe."

FOR THE LORD HIMSELF SHALL DESCEND FROM HEAVEN WITH A SHOUT, WITH THE VOICE OF AN ARCHANGEL, AND WITH THE TRUMP OF GOD.

--- 1 Thessalonians, 4 : 16

A gleaming ball of light shrieked through the upper atmosphere. It descended rapidly, groaning with stresses as the metal cooled a thousand degrees a minute, through the atmosphere over Philadelphia.

Militia was mobilized within fifteen minutes, and traffic snarled hopelessly as people evacuated from the light of two suns. Two young men caught in the exodus from a 3-D theatre, looked up at the apparition through their polaroids. "It's going to land on the roof!" one shouted. Quickly they went back into the theatre and climbed through a skylight in the manager's office.

THEN WE WHICH ARE ALIVE AND REMAIN SHALL BE CAUGHT UP TOGETHER WITH THEM IN THE CLOUDS, TO MEET WITH THE LORD IN THE AIR: AND SO SHALL WE EVER BE WITH THE LORD.

--- 1 Thessalonians, 4 : 17.

It suddenly seemed cool to the two young men. They heard a shriek, whirled, and saw an armored car melting. At least a thousand crisped corpses were lying in the street below them. The ship dropped to within a few feet of the roof and let down a ladder. The two looked at each other. They were science fiction fans...and had not the least bit of fear...but then, the corpses surrounding them did arouse a certain number of questions in their minds.

THERE SHALL BE UPON THE EARTH DISTRESS OF NATIONS, WITH PERPLEXITY, MAN'S HEARTS FAILING THEM WITH FEAR, AND FOR LOOKING AFTER THOSE THINGS WHICH ARE COMING ON THE EARTH: AND THEN SHALL THEY SEE THE SON OF MAN COMING IN A CLOUD WITH POWER AND GREAT GLORY.

--- Luke, 21 : 25-27.

With impulses directed by thousands of hours of reading of such openings, and conditioning thereof, the two scrambled up the ladder and into the ship. The tall figure stood before them.

In unison: "Jesus Christ!"

A nod of the head: "At your service."

EVEN TO THE TIME OF THE END: MANY SHALL RUN TO AND FRO, AND KNOWLEDGE SHALL BE INCREASED.

---Daniel, 12 : 14.

JayCee spoke. "Next week you on Earth would have blown yourselves up with a powerful bomb. Your technology is too far advanced for the savage people which you are. Your life here is miserable and you shall be relieved of it soon. A selected few who understand the problems concerned are to come to Heaven with us, and join the kingdom of God...he's my old man, you know. We have quite a set-up...a dreamland for people who think like you. These wretches below have a little more to go yet



....but they'll get there in another thousand years or so. In the meantime we have some other groups to pick up. One rather large one in a place called Berkeley."

"But why us?"

"Well," repeated the bearded figure for the ten-thousandth time, "Isn't it all in the old tradition? You had enough nerve, didn't you? Ye people, it's part of the game. Don't you remember what I told you people two thousand years ago? You were intelligent enough to get beneath the ship, and out of the way of the radiation excess. Surely you remember the Old Saw...."

COME UNDER THE LIGHT AND YOU SHALL BE SAVED.

Literally, THE END

---Jon Higgins---



"It's a wonderful idea,  
darling, but where shall  
we go on our honeymoon?"

3 x 3 glossy prints of clear flash-bulb photos  
taken at the Eleventh World Science Fiction  
Convention. Send to Charles Harris, 85 Fair-  
view Avenue, Great Neck, New York, for a list  
of pictures and prices.

See Asimov, de Camp, Bloch, Ley, Bixby,  
Campbell, Tucker, Mahaffey, Pratt, del Rey,  
Mines, Farmer, Phillips, Sturgeon, Budrys.  
See Ellison, Ish, Venable, Ackerman, Medley,  
Elsberry, Silverberg, Kessler, Ian Macaulay,  
Charles Harris (who?), and many others.

See the three foot high model of the  
Collier's Moon Rocket. Send a card soon.

# The 2nd Session

WHERE THE EDITOR CONTINUES, HEEDLESSLY, TO RAMBLE ON AND ON AND ON AND ON.

Odd how a fellow can have so much to say in mind, then forget every blessed thing. Lessee now....

A belated thanks to R. W. Nichols for the items included in A BIT OF HEBEPHRENIA. I wish more of youse subscribers and traders would send in jokes and such. I'm scraping the bottom, and it was a small barrel to begin with. Of course I can always resort to dirty jokes, but I'd rather publish without every succeeding issue having to be cleared by the Post Office Inspector in Washington D. C. And they might not allow me to take the old Rex-O-Graph into jail with me.

This SECOND SESSION is a combination of a letter, a review, and various things that may or may not occur to me. I present below a letter from Bill Dignin which should cast a cold clear light upon the Ellison story that was supposed to have sold to the Magazine of F&SF. Another scoop for PSY.

Bill Dignin, 14612 Strathmore, East Cleveland 12, Ohio.

Dear Dick,

I think that before any blood is spilled or any heads roll, I'd better clarify the Ellison vs F&SF bit. I hear from Sally Dunn that Lyle Kessler is talking about it in his mag also. Here goes....

A few months before the Phillycon, I was sitting placidly on a buss on my way up to Harlan's. As I sat there reading the latest issue of a non-stif periodical, a story idea came to me. Upon arriving, I immediately told Harlan my idea. He thought it terrific, or at least passable, and we spent the rest of the afternoon writing it. We called up a well known female writer of sf, who resides in Cleve, and read it to her. She thought it was very good, and, after having us eliminate some of the swear words, said she thought it was saleable. We, of course, were conjuring large fannish visions of pseudonyms, fame, money, egoboo, money, prodom, money, admiring friends, and money. The story was mailed poste haste.

We sat around our various abodes, snickering at the private jokes we had inserted in the story, and dreaming of the day when the unsuspecting butts of these jokes realized that we had the last laugh on them. Needless to say we also waited for a check to come; rejection slips just didn't exist. Tempus fidgeted and no word pro or con came about our story. About then Harlan retired to pay a visit to Sally, who was staying at her cabin in Canada. After being up there a few weeks, he went down to stay at Karl Olsen's house in New Jersey prior to the con. After the con he came back to Cleveland.

During this time his mail was being forwarded from Cleve to Canada to Jersey to Cleve. To this day neither I nor Harlan --as far as I know-- have the most miniscule idea of what happened to the story. We know not whether it reached Boucher, and was rejected and the slip got lost in the forwarding, or if it even reached the proper hands. It most certainly hasn't sold. After all, it's been a year now.

As for Harlan being on the panel with the fans-turned-pro at the con: he and I both believed that the story had sold. I know that Harlan felt



good about it.... If you only knew how many times that boy has tried to break into the pros you might know how he felt about such a little thing as official proof on a story which he, his pro-author friend, and I all felt was such a sure thing.

((I'm finding it awfully hard to comment on this letter. About all that can be said is that Harlan and you indulged in an orgy of wishful thinking. And, worse, you and he boasted in public about this "sale" when actually you had no proof at all that it was so. I admire self-confidence, but....))

And that ends the letter section in the 2nd Session. Now, on to the review. And this will probably be the first review of THE ENCHANTED DUPLICATOR by Walt Willis and Bob Shaw to appear in print. That is, Walt Willis and Bob Shaw aren't doing the review, they wrote the story. I am doing the review, not they. 1----

How do I get involved like that?

Brace yourselves, peoples, for I am going to disgorge a huge pile of carefully hoarded superlatives. My stock of praises will be low after I get through with this superb effort, but mere mortal fanzines will hereafter be weak and pale to my sight after having had the pleasure of reading this Willis-Shaw epic of fannish allegory. Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh. I swoon with rapture.

THE ENCHANTED DUBLICATOR is the story of Jophan's quest for the tower in Trufandom upon which rests the enchanted duplicator. Once he has attained the tower and used the duplicator, then he will be able to publish the Perfect Fanzine. The story is comprised of his adventures as he makes his way from his home in Prosaic, capital city of Mundane, across the mountains of Inertia, across the torrent of black ink, through the jungle of inexperience (carefully avoiding the strange beasts called Typos), over the terrible Desert of Indifference, between the walls of the dreaded Canyon of Criticism, over the last mountains into Trufandom and the Tower.

I dare not chronicle all his many obstacles or even mention any of the people and fans he meets in his journeying. I can only hold my sides and laugh like hell when I think of them. Delightful. I wouldn't ruin any of it for you by my inept description.

On the back of the book is a note to the effect that 200 copies were produced. My copy is #33. I don't know...there couldn't be too many of these left. And after the word gets around...there won't be ANY left.

The price is 1/ or 15g. Send to Walt Willis, 170 Upper Newtownards Road, Belfast, North Ireland.

By all means GET THIS. It is by far the best thing I've ever read in fandom. This is a MUST. In fact, it is the MUSTEST MUST there ever was.

Next issue will be printed on 20lb. low grade white stuff from AEDick. I like 24lb. paper better, sure, but, GHU, the cost is too much. A bi-monthly, okay, but with a monthly like PSY.... I think this time I've settled on the paper and color masters and so on. Thanks for having much patience while I experimented. With cheaper paper more pages may be forthcoming. Thirty-four this issue. Goombye....

*Dick*



AS THE FANS LOOKED UPON HIS FACE THEY  
COULD SEE THAT THE PACE WAS BEGINNING  
TO TELL.