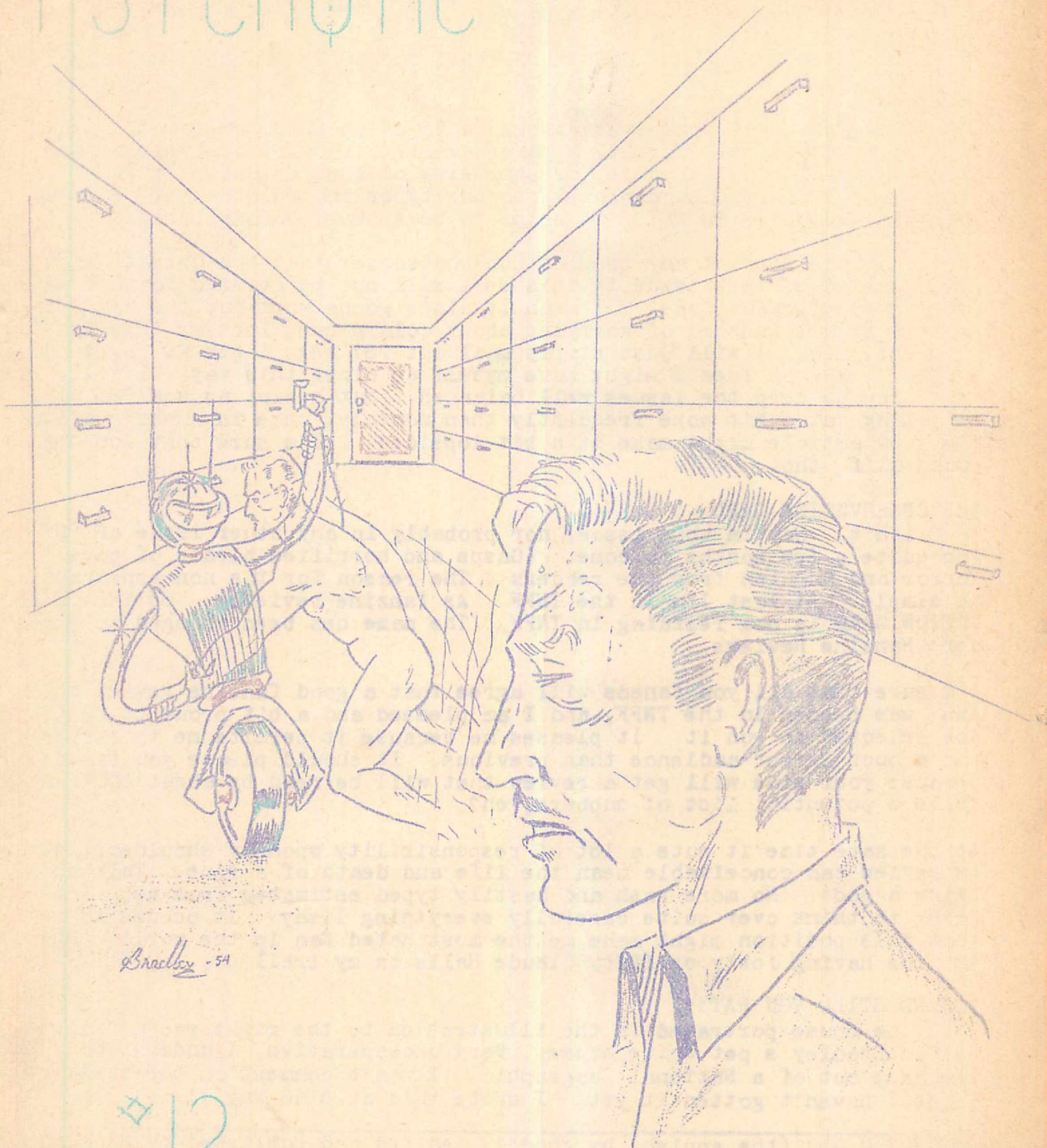


# PSYCHOTIC



Brady - 54

12

# The Leather Couch

WHERE THE EDITOR RAMBLES, APPREHENSIVELY, ON AND ON AND ON AND ON AND ON AND ON  
ONCE AGAIN.... (SIGH...)

It seems to me that every issue contains an announcement of change: I'm either changing a format, a paper quality, a color of type, a page total, a publishing schedule, or something of that nature. So (sigh...) once again I amble disconsolately to the typer and relate what new change is coming up or is in PSY. It seems to be a never ending thing.

So I announce without any trepidation whatsoever that the Operation Stagger I talked of last issue in this spot will not be carried forward with any degree of exactitude. I mean it ain't gonna work out the way I said, hey. I figure instead of worrying about column due, letters this ish but not next, etc., I will just simply mail out PSY when I get 26 pages completed. I've an idea I might save myself an ulcer this way. I will, however, try to keep the issues well balanced. But seeing as how PSY will be coming out a bit more frequently than monthly, once in a while a long story or article might make it a bit lopsided. I'm sure that won't make much diff, tho.

## THE OBSERVATION WARD...

isn't. Not in this issue, nor probably in any other issue of PSY for quite a few months to come. (Gasps and horrified bleats of pure horror and anguish from the readers.) The reason for its non-appearance is simple. At last I'm in the TNFF. As fanzine reviewer. So THE OBSERVATION WARD is now residing in TNFF. The name has been changed to SLANDER: Fanzine Reviews.

I'm sure that all you faneds will agree that a good fanzine review column was needed in the TNFF, and I am pleased and a bit proud to be the one selected to run it. It pleases me because it permits me to review for a much larger audience than previous. It should please you faneds because your zine will get a review that will be read by about 400 fans. Quite a potential list of subbers, eh?

At the same time it puts a lot of responsibility upon my shoulders, since my review can conceivably mean the life and death of a zine. Talk about being a god! No more rash and hastily typed estimates from me. I'm going to think over quite carefully everything I say. It occurs to me that this position might make me the most hated fan in the world. Ghod, imagine having forty or fifty Claude Halls on my trail....

## "STAND STILL YOU RAT!"

The mouse portrayed in the illustration to the right was modelled by Jim Bradley's pet white mouse. Very uncooperative, I understand. The ~~bee~~ came out of a National Geographic. I won't comment on the cover because I haven't gotten it yet. I write this at 8:46 May 11.

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PSYCHOTIC #12 (the annish, by ghod!!), edited and published by Richard E. Galt, 2631 N. Mississippi, Portland 12, Oregon. 10¢ for one, 25¢ for 3, and \$1.00 for 12. The cover should be by Jim Bradley, with interiors by David English, Terry Carr, Bergeron, Bob Stewart (texas), and possibly me



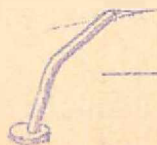
# Contact

a story by Noah W. McLeod

Benetta finished her mid-morning nectar and looked out of the plexite windows of the space flyer at the green crescent of Earth.

She left the lunchroom and flew down the four foot corridor to the briefing room. The commander of the expedition stood on the rostrum, a trim black and gold figure, "talking" with her wigwagging antennae. The crew, grouped around the rostrum, "listened", eyes intent on every movement.

The commander began the briefing, "The planet below is called Earth by its natives. But because these natives, the dominant vertebrate species, are so vicious and cruel that they prey on each other as well as members of the other vertebrates and



entire planet is Forbidden Area.

All previous expeditions to Earth have met with terrible fates at the hands of these vertebrates. One hundred millions of years ago our race first began to explore this part of the Galaxy. The Earth looked to be a planet suitable for colonization. Accordingly, an expedition of ten small space flyers was fitted out. An advance base was established on the satellite, and a picked crew took one of the flyers down to the surface. They radioed back that the planet had a warm moist climate, and was covered with plants of a fernlike character which were of great value. The dominant animals were incredibly large and stupid beasts who literally shook the earth when they walked. They were considered harmless because of their astonishingly slow movements and reflexes.

It was decided to explore further, to see whether the planet could be made to support our food plants. However, the damp atmosphere corroded the anti-grav drive of the space flyer, and it radioed back that it was lying helpless on an island in a swamp, and asked for repairs. Before the other flyer could be dispatched with the spare parts, a second message, one telling a tale of horror, was received. The flyer had been engulfed, crew and all, by one of the mountainous creatures who had been grazing nearby. The commander, judging rescue to be hopeless, had stood by and watched the crew go to death and was calmly awaiting the end.

"After the horrible fate of the first expedition, no further exploration of Earth was attempted for thirty million years. A skeleton crew was kept on the advance base on the moon in spite of pressure on the part of the economy bloc to abandon it. They reported changes in Earth's climate which made it even more desirable as a colony. A second expedition was sent. They found life on the planet completely changed; in fact, Earth had changed more in thirtymillion years than a well-behaved planet planet changes in a billion. The huge monsters of the past age were gone. In their place a much smaller, a much quicker, form of life called Tree Shrews had become dominant."

Bemetta stared raptly at the commander as she spoke. The body fluid pulsed through her more quickly. She sensed the ultimate purpose of the briefing.

"These creatures made up in malignancy for what they lacked in size," the commander continued. "And to add to the trouble, our second expedition was totally unprepared for any such creatures. The things could jump a dozen feet, reaching out with a paw to catch a flying bee. They were equally active by day or night, and their thick underfur formed an armor against stingers. When the members of the expedition scattered to gather data, the Tree Shrews stalked and killed them one at a time. Heroically the expedition stuck to its appointed task in spite of the diabolical cleverness of the things. Soon, however, there were only three members left; not enough to properly operate the flyer. These made a heroic attempt to bring the flyer back to the moon base, but were killed when the flyer crashed in landing."

One of the EngineBees leaned close to Bemetta. "What are you so eager for, girly? You want to be the first bee killed from this expedition?"

Bemetta crossed her antennae in disapproval and edged away from the other. The cynicism of the lower grade crewbees was quite appalling.



Earth was too attractive to be given up without another effort. The government, even after a million more years had passed, would have nothing more to do with it. Thus it was that a rabid colonization society called the Earth Exploration Society fitted out the third expedition. And the third expedition suffered a more horrible fate than the others: not death, but slavery.



"By that time some of the Tree Shrews had grown too large to live in the trees and were using fire and living in caves.

"The space flyer which bore the third expedition was struck by lightning, but managed to land in a forest to make repairs. During the night, a huge shaggy beast stepped on the flyer. The crew and colonists abandoned ship and fled into the forest. All except the radio operator, who stuck courageously to her post sending out distress signals. The messages were heard and a relief expedition was projected, but abandoned because of the war with the Kropty.

"Until recently, this third expedition was completely written off. But in the past few years the natives of Earth have advanced their knowledge to the point where they use crude short wave radios. Our station on their moon, monitoring and deciphering these broadcasts, discovered references to bees, who must in all probability be descendants of the lost expedition. The bees of Earth are plundered by large furry creatures called bears, and enslaved by the natives who force them to make wax and honey."

"You are well aware that the purpose of this expedition is to contact the enslaved descendants of the third expedition and arrange a rescue if that is possible. For this purpose it is unnecessary to risk a large party. A single bee can make contact. Who will volunteer to take an individual space flyer down to Earth?"

Bemetta, the youngest member of the expedition, stepped forward proudly.

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The flyer which Bemetta flew was saucer shaped, eight inches in diameter, an inch thick, powered by repulsors, and kept aloft by anti-grav rays. Bemetta, comfortable in the silk padded control room, watched the scenery below on the visiscreen. She had entered the Earth's atmosphere over the forests of Northern Minnesota, and was disappointed because trees and brush hid all life underneath. As she flew westwards at a thousand miles per hour, the forest thinned and she was soon over the green and golden fields of the Red River Valley. The country was dotted with buildings---

the children of man and their animal slaves.

Bemetta, anxious for a close look at the country, brought her flyer down to fifty feet and cut her speed to thirty miles per hour. She was idling along, looking for bee colonies, when there entered her life that fateful figure, a small boy with a gun.

Rejected by his drunken father and with his mother dead, Jimmy Hanson was free to do as he pleased. Having recently acquired a twenty-two rifle on credit from a too trusting hardware dealer, he was making himself as much of a menace as he dared by promiscuous target practice. The day before he had been chased by a farmer for slaughtering three prize winning hens and a cat.

Jimmy saw the tiny space flyer come within range of what he thought was his "dead shot" ability. Deciding to down the "flying saucer", he drew a bead and pulled the trigger. By mischance rather than skill, the bullet struck the power unit aboard the tiny craft. Bemetta felt the shock and saw the visiscreen go dead. She reached for the radio transmitter before full realization sank in. By this time the craft had begun to fall. Muscles tight with rage, Bemetta knew that a high-velocity missile had struck her ship. The flyer fell slowly at first, and then faster. It hit the ground with a jarring, rolling, flipping tail-over-teacup crash that buffeted Bemetta about the compartment and left her dazed but unhurt. Bemetta, buzzing with anger, opened the escape hatch and crawled out into the grass.

She rose above the grass and circled to get her bearings. Then she saw Jimmy standing close by, a malicious grin of triumph on his face, his clumsy chemical bullet thrower in his hand. Aware by intuition of his malicious intent and in a towering rage at the interference with her mission, Bemetta flew towards the boy. She would teach this two-legged lump of malice and selfishness a lesson he would not forget.

As she approached closer she saw two blue and white organs in the upper part of his face. These must be his eyes! She would punish him by blinding him! Grimly, she worked her stinger in and out of its sheath.

One flailing arm brushed by her as she approached his face. Before she could sink her stinger into Jimmy's eyehall, his lids blinked shut. Half-disgusted, Bemetta felt her stinger penetrate skin instead of eye tissue. Jimmy opened his mouth in a yell of pain, and his arms flailed faster. Bemetta barely escaped being crushed by a slapping hand. She dodged and buzzed to his open eye. The reflexes were quick for so huge a creature, and once again an eyelid got between her stinger and the eyeball.

Bemetta spiraled up. Jimmy was still clutching his precious bullet thrower and making hideous noises of pain as he staggered wildly away from the scene of the attack. He stumbled into a slough and went under. He came up, gasping and choking, without the bullet thrower. When she last saw him he was groping towards the road, following a fence.

As Bemetta flew at a height of fifty feet in a straight line due west, she thought over her problem. She needed help to repair the flyer. She must, more than ever before, contact the enslaved descendants of the third expedition. Even if they lacked the skills, they could be of invaluable help to her by scrounging small bits of metal, and making wax

to plug the bullet holes. She rose in an ever widening spiral and flew south.

She hadn't gone very far before she discovered that flying against the heavy earth gravity in an atmosphere containing only 19% instead of 45% oxygen was tiring. She lit on a fencepost to rest in the pleasant sunshine.

Suddenly she felt the beating of wings in the air. Looking up, she saw a swallow diving at her---and only a few feet away! She barely dodged an open beak as she rose into the air. Frantically she tried to gain height. The swallow swiftly closed the gap. Again the beak opened to engulf her. She folded her wings and dropped like a pebble to the surface of the road. The swallow followed but overshot the mark and barely saved itself from dashing against the ground. Then Bemetta spied a farm house a few hundred yards away. It looked to her to be an artificial structure. Perhaps it had a crack in which she could hide.

Again she gained height, this time more slowly, as she was very tired. Each successive wing stroke was torture. She was driven not so much by will to survive as by a determination to complete her mission. The swallow was gaining again, but the house loomed only a few yards ahead. The bird was above her and about to start a power dive when she reached a crevice beneath the eaves.

Bemetta crawled into the space between the walls of the house groggy from exhaustion, her wing muscles sheets of fiery pain. It was cool inside, and with a prayer of thankfulness to whatever gods the bees of outer space worship, Bemetta settled down to rest. She didn't rest for long.

She was jerked from a dazed half-oblivion of weakness when she felt a hot breath on her back. She saw a mouth, fringed with whiskers and lined with sharp teeth, open to swallow her. The mouth belonged to a four-legged furry creature a dozen times her size. Bemetta, literally scared into action, forgot her fatigue. In a gesture of blind rage and fear her stinger shot out and caught the mouse, more by luck than skill, on the snout.

She rose higher to hover underneath the roof. The mouse turned and ran, squeaking in pain and fright. In the dim light Bemetta saw another mouse creeping towards her. The place seemed infested with four-legged monsters. A thoroughly frightened Bemetta, forgetting her exhaustion in her fear, leaped out and flew away. She had already concluded that her commander hadn't told her the truth about the dangers of Earth.

A half hour later a ravenously hungry Bemetta scented the sweet spicy odor of Alfalfa blossoms. She looked warily about, saw nothing more than a June Bug, and dropped like a plummet. In an instant she buried her proboscis in a purple bloom.

She was nearly full of nectar when she became aware of another bee hovering a few feet away. The stranger was half her size and slimmer in build. It was with difficulty Bemetta made out the antenna wig-wags of the other. Finally, after three tries, she spelled out the worker's "Where is your colony?"

Bemetta was nearly bursting with excitement. This worker must be a descen-



lost third expedition. She had made contact sooner than expected. She wigwagged back, "Dubhe VIII."

The worker answered, "What flowers do you use for honey? Is the nectar good?"

Bemetta saw that the worker assumed she had come only a few miles. She patiently explained that Dubhe was one of the stars of the Great Dipper, and Dubhe was its eighth planet counting outwards.

"What kind of flowers grow there?" the worker asked again, completely indifferent to the distances involved and the implied wonders of the universe.

Bemetta reflected it was probable that the culture of the terrestrial bees had deteriorated greatly, and that their true origin had been forgotten during the long enslavement of the race. She said, "Take me to your queen!"

"We don't have any," the worker said. "A mouse got into our hive and killed her last week."

"Then take me to the Senior Worker."

The other eyed Bemetta slowly from proboscis to stinger, as if trying to make up his mind. Finally he said, "Follow me."

They approached a cluster of white painted box hives. It was hard for Bemetta to believe that bees lived in these miserable hovels. Her mind for a moment was filled with memories of the magnificent terraced hives on her home planet. She followed her guide into one of the horrible white structures. The workers of the hive clustered about, but Bemetta was so intent on her surroundings she did not notice the conversation wigwagging behind her.

Her guide led her into the comb lined center of the hive. It was indeed barbarously poor. A thousand bees crowded into a room appropriate to ten. No artificial heat or air conditioning. No larva tending robots. Truly men were miserly masters! She didn't notice her guide slink away and wigwag a signal to a group of waiting workers.

Suddenly a half dozen workers pounced on her. Bemetta, heavier and stronger than any two of them, struggled free and rose to fly out of the hive. To her horror, she saw that the exit was blocked by a solid wall of workers. Then her wings drooped, paralyzed by fear, as she saw them closing in on all sides.

By an effort of will, Bemetta forced her aching wings into motion and flew up towards the top of the hive. The workers followed.... One each grabbed a leg and hung on as dead weight. Straining, Bemetta continued to fly with this load. But more workers came, four of them each seized a wing, and Bemetta dropped to the floor.

She rolled over quickly in a desperate effort to get free of her captors. In a flash her stinger came out of its sheath. There was an instant of silence as the other bees froze at the sight of her powerful weapon, then they started once again to close in upon her.



Bemetta knew she could kill many of the bees surrounding her, but that eventually she herself would be stung to death. A measure of sanity returned and stilled her terrible fear. She was after all an ambassador. She had to try to make these savages understand. She sheathed her stinger and allowed herself to be captured. Half smothered under a dozen workers, she felt a sense of blank futility and utter weariness. She stopped struggling.

Then she felt a twinge as the jaws of a worker clipped through the horny membrane of a wing. Horror filled her entire being. They were crippling her; they were cutting off her wings! Her wings! She'd never be able to fly again! She made one last convulsive effort to free herself. Her stinger shot out again and again, she ripped with her own jaws at the closely packed bees that pressed upon her, but could do little. Sick with terror and pain she felt her second wing go.

The workers half dragged, half pushed her into a cramped compartment. Scores of bees guarded the entrance, but she was beyond thinking of escape. All of her mind was consumed with one thought. The true enormity of what had been done to her slowly became apparent. ~~She~~ could not fly! Her last chance to return to the flyer and repair it somehow was gone. She would never see her friends again. She would never return to Dubhe VIII. She was doomed to spend the rest of her life a miserable ground crawler. She wished then with all her heart that she hadn't been such a stupidly naive young thing when she had volunteered for this mission.

The workers guarding the entrance parted long enough to allow a young drone to enter. Bemetta, sunk in misery and hopelessness, ignored the slow wigwag of his antennae. She wished she were dead. Why didn't they kill her and be done with it? All she could think of was that her wings were gone. Her wings were gone. Her precious, beautiful wings... gone.

The drone came closer and wigwagged more urgently. Bemetta finally took notice of what he was saying. At first she was dumbfounded, then incredulous, then even more horrified and sickened than before. She understood then why the bees hadn't killed her outright, why they had clipped her wings, why she was alone in a tiny cell with a young drone. She would never leave the hive.

Patiently, the young drone wigwagged an invitation to mate.

—Noah W. McLeod

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# SECTION

8

THE GARY LETTER COLUMN

427 E. 8th Street, Mt. Carmel, Illinois.

Happy Mother's Day, Dick,

PSYCHOTIC was fascinating as usual. And outside of my two messages of import, the most fascinating thing was Joel Nydahl's expose.

Joel seems to be one of those fans who regard fandom as a means to an end. It isn't. It's an end in itself. I've been a fan a hell of a long time---eight years. I suppose if you asked anybody and he knew of me at all, he might think I was just another element of Sixth Fandom or maybe somebody who had been around a couple of years.

No one seems to think of me as an old-timer. Maybe that's good. It means that I age well and don't hold to the horse-and-buggy Hectograph days of Lost Fandom. But as a matter of fact there hasn't been a time in those eight years when I haven't been as active or well known as, say, Paul Mittelbuscher or Bobby Stewart are today. Very few fans have ever been as consistantly active as I have. What's my secret or my neurosis?

I've never regarded fandom as a means to an end. It seems fans come and go and they all expect to get something out of it. Some expect to gain the experience and reputation they need to become pro writers or editors. Some expect to publish the legendary profitable fanzine. Most just expect egoboo and a chance to become a ENF. There's nothing wrong with any of this --- except that the fan is going to last two years at the most. He will never become a horrible example of a Career-Fan like Ackerman or Tucker or on a lesser scale, Riddle or Harmon. He can probably be thankful for it, but without these consistant fans, fandom might cease to exist. They are Fandom's Memory. Without Boggs or Moskowitz, who would know Fandom has been going on for over twenty-five years. As a matter of fact, who would believe it?

Objectively, who could be expected to believe that a group of wild-eyed teen-agers who can't get out a fanzine within two months of when they announce it could last for two generations of human beings and at least a half-dozen generations of itself? There's probably nothing more fantastic in science fiction.

Fans like Nydahl are Fandom's Hands and Ambitions. Fans like Ackerman and Harmon are Fandom's Memory and Expirations. The old-timers anchor Fandom to reality and the main time stream. Without them, Fandom would be lost in a maze of its own hectic confusion.



When I first entered Fandom I tried subscribing to all the fanzines, writing to them all, writing all the fanzines and all the prozine letter columns, and publish my fanzine and try to break into the pros with my stories. I didn't succeed. Gradually I learned that modern Fandom is too diverse, too scattered for you to be a part in all of it. I suspect that there is a fanzine somewhere in its sixth issue written by a tight little group of regulars of whom we know nothing who have never heard of Tucker or Geis or Harmon.

Joel's complaint that he could never hope to be a big wheel in anything but a minority scattered over the country is valid ---but is it operative? No one can hope to be well-known in anything but a minority of the human race. There are some four billion people on this planet. Probably one-third of a billion have heard of Eisenhower and Shakespeare. Perhaps three-quarters of a billion have heard of Jesus Christ although only about a half-billion worship Him.

You have to choose the minority you wish to be known to and respected in. Everyone has their power-drives and need for recognition. Some chose a small town or a business or their family. I happen to like Fandom and want it to like me. I like it because we think alike in many ways. I enjoy its companionship and whatever recognition and respect it may give me.

That's probably why I have been a fan for 8 years and will be one for X-number years to come. I don't expect anything of it. I prefer to give to and share with it, instead of taking from it. That's the reason Ackerman, Tucker, Boggs and the rest have been able to be fans even longer.

I don't say there's anything wrong with fans expecting Fandom to give them something, but it is generally recognized that survival of the fittest is a misconception. Actually it is survival of the most co-operative with the environment.

There are bi-products, of course. I've wanted to be a professional science fiction writer since I was 13. I never expected Fandom to give me that chance. But it did.

I always separated my fan writing and my pro-aimed efforts but it didn't work out that way. Everything I wrote in Fandom helped develop whatever facility I now have. And Fandom taught me other things. The imagination and integrity of human beings and general appreciation for what my fellow men can be and tolerance for the times when they aren't all that they could be.

I've gained a lot from Fandom, but most of all I've learned just to try and enjoy it and not search for its hidden fruits. You can never find them that way, anyway.

By the way, I certainly don't mean Joel Nydahl has been selfish by this. This is just writing out loud about why so much of Fandom is so transient.

((And there is the thought, Jim, that it doesn't much matter how big is the minority you wish to be known and respected in, it is the relative quality of that minority.))

Box 634, Norfolk, Nebraska.

Dear Dick,

Ah yes, I knew there was more truth than fiction on that letter llo on PSYCHOTIC 10. And now the truth is coming to light: cutting pages, cheaper paper, cutting postage, no mailing envelopes, no contributing columnists. Yep, PSYCHOTIC on its last legs. Before that irregular schedule will dwindle to bi-monthly, then quarterly. ...poof....and we can all talk about the good old days of PSYCHOTIC and whatever happened to that fellow Geis or what was his name? Sad.

Seriously, I don't doubt a bit that the strain of putting out monthly 20 to 40 page mags is beginning to tell a bit, both in the work and in the pocketbook especially. I know from a bit of experience of the work and money involved in such a mag. But I like your mag a lot and just hope that your back and billfold will hold out for a good long time yet.

... brings up an interesting aspect of fandom and fan-pubbing in how not to treat contributors. I admit that it's a fault of many fans (in fact, I confess to being guilty of acknowledging material and promptly myself at times) but with the high death rate among fans and the frequent disenchantment of beginning faneds, it's a pretty difficult thing to get away from. So many faneds lose interest in their zines just about the time the zines are starting to draw a little recognition...and material...and everything is junked in disgust. Admittedly it's a bad deal for the fanzine contributors, but I doubt if the situation will ever improve much from its present status. So is it any wonder that the more established fan-writers hesitate to contribute to any but the more established zines.

Mydahl's story of the rise and fall of the VEGA empire is one that's being repeated all the time. Most of the foldings don't draw quite the notice that VEGA's did, as most of the mags haven't drawn VEGA's recognition during their lifetime. But the pattern is still there. I've gone through somewhat the same pattern with the pubbing of NOTE but I've come to a few different conclusions than Joel reached...about Annishes, anyway. I, for one, wouldn't again publish an oversize Annish. I think that the fannish enthusiasm expended on an annish would just as well be spread over a longer period of time pubbing regular-sized issues. That way it would bring just as much enjoyment without the terrific amount of work of an Annish. Granted that an Annish brings in a terrific amount of egoboo in one hunk, after slaving away over the thing for months, the faned gets disenchanted with the whole thing and dumps it. He's too pooped to even acknowledge the bushels of praise he's gotten from "The Thing." 'Tain't right. I think oversized Annishes kill more zines and disillusion more faneds than anything else, when, theoretically at least, they could be around fandom for a lot longer time. Down with monster Annishes, I say.

Why not Blast The Crudzines? Why not, indeed? It's not fair to the usual-reader-type fan who relies on the reviews to pick his zines if the reviewer gives them all a good mention. It may draw a few more sample subs for the crudzines, but these samplers won't bite again. If a certain zine stinks, the reviewer should say so, though a bit of diplomacy might not be out of place in saying it.



((Agreed that the deplorable situation exists and is not likely to improve, I still feel that acknowledging sub-missions is at the very least a matter of common courtesy. Giving quick reports is, to me, application of the Golden Rule. After all, there are certain responsibilities inherent in publishing a fanzine, and.... Well, I've said all that before.))

And now not only a card - I wanted to acknowledge receipt of your 7th edition carrier - what is so far - nomination for the best cover of the year - truly a joy. And as usual, the contents (this time included) maintain a high standard. I've come to anticipate it by the day. I will always be glad to have your individual carrier - I might also have a word in your own experiment of having the cover of the 7th edition of your fanzine - I'm sure, despite some people, it is still the most beautiful again this year and the one of my 7th and 8th. I hope you are as far away from the 7th. I should like to stay here and then it would be centrally located.

((Very glad you liked the cover - I was wondering how it would be received.))

There is considerable doubt in my mind as to my own existence if L&C had stayed home. My parents' parents might not have been able to immigrate for lack of room, they probably wouldn't have met, and I probably wouldn't have been born. Or if I had somehow been born, I might likely be a dead German soldier. I would never have been a fan and PSY would never have come into being. Hahaha... Mr. Bloch, sir, are you sure you like me?))

LYLE KESSLER, 2450 76th Avenue, Philadelphia 38, Pa.

Dear Dick:

It's rather ironic (to use a favorite expression of Herman Browne's). In fact it's almost incredible that two fans could think of the same earth-shattering statements on the end of 7th Edition and the beginning of Eighth at the same time, write them up and send it to the same fanzine, and have them published in the same issue. As this was the first time that any statements on the end of 7th Edition at the present time have ever appeared, imagine the great odds that both appeared in the same issue of the same fanzine. Small world, huh?

I hope you hang onto McLeod as a regular, moving his own review of a popular book each issue. The fellow has what it takes! To tell you the truth I had a slight suspicion that you were in reality, Josh McLeod; but from your answer to Tom's query I see I'm wrong.

((I am not now, nor have I ever been, Josh McLeod. And believe it or not, I have arranged that there shall be a McLeod review every issue. This ish, however, I have

omitted it because of his long story. But a two-page treatment of THE SPACE MERCHANTS is already printed and ready for #13.))

NORMAN CALKINS, 2817 - 11th Street, Santa Monica, California.

Dear Dick,

I am mildly annoyed that you should have de covers and I should have none. I am mildly annoyed, because they are so good.

OOPS and OOPSLA have quite a bit in common--you've noticed?--and you also have a couple more things I've considered having now and then. For instance, we both disregard a contents page and start right out with the editorial. And we both have columns by VLMcCain. And we both run first and last editorials.

Only you have a letter column and a fanmag review, and I don't...and I wish I had. And you have color printing available cheaply, and I don't...and I wish I had. Darn you, Geis, anyway.

I think I shall retaliate in OOPS #13 (at least I'm three issues ahead). (Yeah, but that lead is going to be past-tense pretty soon)) by doing away with my final editorial, Dribblings, and adding a much expanded section entitled THERBLIGS (you don't know what a therblig is, do you? (if not, you should read your letter column a little more carefully... and my thanks to Art Rapp for the title.) ...anyhow, a larger section called THERBLIGS which shall contain 1) letters, 2) fanzine reviews, and 3) my final editorial....all lumped together in one vast blig.

In reading through the issue, I find myself mildly annoyed with Norman O. Browne, who obstinately refused to mention OOPSLA! But aside from that, I've another bone to pick. Not only is 7th Fandom dead, but things are far different from what Browne has forseen. You see, 7th Fandom came too soon. Supposedly it rose out of the ashes of 6th Fandom and superceded it, so with 7th Fandom's death, we should be ready for 8th Fandom. Yes, it's very logical except for one thing: 6th Fandom did not die! During a temporary lull in production, 7th Fandom cried out in a very loud voice that 6th Fandom had died and the new rules had come. Being very much amazed at this, 6th Fandom sat back to wait and see what would happen. And so 7th Fandom became a ~~par~~, and, rocketing meteorically through all its phases of life, died. But while everybody is sitting around waiting for 8th Fandom to put in an appearance, I suggest they turn their heads around and look the other way. The old 6th Fandom is perking up again. Willis is still publishing. So is McCain. Vick is back with CONFUSION; Calkins is back with OOPSLA! Bob Silverberg and Charles Lee Riddle, the oldtimers and perhaps a little older than 6th Fandom, even, are still very much in evidence. How about Russ Watkins?

The real scoop is this: there have been some additions, to be sure, but 6th Fandom has been laying low while 7th Fandom has come and gone. So, you see, we aren't quite running through Fandoms at the rate of one a year...hold those horses, because 6th Fandom II hasn't yet finished its cycle. And if you don't believe me, ask Silverberg...he started the whole thing.

((A good idea, that. How about it, Bob, what is the final word on this fandom business? Are we in 6th, 7th, or 8th?))



1344 Valley Street, Berkeley, California.

Dear Dick,

Well, PSY got here all right, but it sure surprised all hell outta me. I saw it in the mailbox coming home from the pink prison (Berkeley High School), but first thought it was just another zine folded in half.

But when I saw the return address on it, everything went black. (purple??) One thing that made me like PSY so much was the envelopes and the heavy covers. It's your mag, tho, and I guess you thought everything over pretty well before you made the switch, so I suppose you know what you're doing.... At least I hope so!

I think you might make fannish history if you could make it out with good old PSY every three weeks. Then, I believe, the change would be for the better. But as it looks now....

Oh, hell. I shouldn't get this way over a mere fanzine. "Never take fandom seriously," as Nydahl says. I suppose he's right, but seeing PSY go down would be too much. I might go ape and write an article on "Why I Like School" or somethin'. You realize, of course, that you hold the future of several million fans on your ditto.

-----  
"A point of chairman, Mr. Order!"  
-----

((Actually, Don, I don't dare quit now...I'd hafta refund all that subscription money, and I can't afford it.

Gad, here I'm going three weekly with PSY so I can bring out more material for your gimlet eyes, and from left undt right I hear wails and groans that this is a sign of the grave. I say to you: "Thooooooooooooo." Just wait! ))

MiGed...another one.....

PETER J. VORZIMER, 1311 N. Laurel Ave., W. Hollywood 46, California

Dick:

Your magazine was strangely received today. You see, it causes quite a furor. I brought a buddy of mine, Burt Satz, home with me this afternoon for a little chess match and we found your zine lying in front of the mailbox near the stairs leading up to my apartment. When I first bent over to pick it up (the bascover was facing up) I was almost positive it wasn't PSYCHOTIC. I said, "Since when does PSY come without an envelope?" But...sure enough...after I turned it over, there was Geis, looking in a mirror, screaming at himself.

I was shocked beyond my fannish vocabulary when I noted the size. By now at least a dozen people have written saying the same thing. ((only two)) 26 pages!

Within the last two months I have seen in at least two (probably more) columns, mention/rumors/predictions that PSY would fold after #12. Now, I am going to stick my big foot in it and say this:

"After receiving the eleventh issue of Richard Geis' PSYCHOTIC,





# AFTER HOURS VISIT

A Column By BILL REYNOLDS



I haven't seen the movie, and probably never will unless it appears on tv, but something bothered me about Bradbury. Not that I ever achieve a state of nirvana after a Bradbury yarn.

It was Uncle Scrooge McDuck and John Scott Douglas (The Story of the Oceans) and Rachael Carlson (The Sea Around Us) who brought the title THE BEAST FROM TWENTY THOUSAND FATHOMS to my scholarly attention. Not that much of a scholar is needed.

I'm not denying that some interesting critters might be loafing around at profound depths. Beebe, in his frequent descents in his bathysphere, felt that something great lurked just outside the range of his searchlight. Gavin Maxwell (Harpoon Venture) took time out from the woes of hunting shark livers to speculate upon the existence of primevil giants still haunting the Hebrides.

No, what bothered me was that 20,000 fathom business. Ole Scrooge McDuck berated Donald, in a recent comic, for not realizing that fathoms were six feet, not mere inches. Ray has his beast emerge from 120,000 feet of water. Now that kind of a deep should have made any sonar operator crawl babbling to the nearest oceanographer. The greatest known deep today is the Challenger Deep of 35,640 feet, with the Mindanao Deep a close second. I doubt geophysics could tolerate such an incredible

... If such a deep occurred, maybe biologists might admit that the "heart" could endure the lesser atmosphere of sea level. Whales can sound over a mile, it is believed.

But why haul the poor monster out of such a stupendous depth? Of course Billy had likes to draw parallels; the title might be a take-off on the 20,000 Leagues in Verne's famous novel. You would think Bradbury might have some say in the deal. A science fiction author would want as much of his yarn as possible to be factual, since that is the springboard for speculation and fantasy.

-----

Many will recall the "Correspondence Corner" that was discontinued soon after Pearl Harbor in RAP's AMAZING STORIES and FANTASTIC ADVENTURES. Here appeared offers of correspondence and trading and selling old zines that many took advantage of. That wasn't bad; it was the vice of "chiseling" that many fell into quite innocently.

Unger was in his prime then; FANTASY FICTION FIELD was under full steam. Somehow, either through the "Corner" or a note in FFM, I learned that "The Moon Pool" that was serialized in the old AS could be purchased from this fellow in Brooklyn by the name of Unger. Any thing Merrit made me forget the financial side of fandom; off my letter went to hold the "Pool" and to get ready for later orders for some of Doc Smith's Skylark stories. A few weeks later I couldn't believe my eyes or my pocketbook. Three dollars for three magazines! What a way to meet fandom. Maybe conditions are different now, but then a seventh or eighth grader who didn't even have a dollar. A dozen laws and a few days later the money was ready with a note saying that I had reconsidered the purchase of the Smith yarns.

The old AMAZINGS were filed away (I still haven't read the "Pool") with the resolution never to buy through the mails again. Well, with these expensive mags came a thick wad of mimeographed sheets. "More blurbs", I muttered. Such a title, FANTASY FICTION FIELD, was bound to attract a casual glance. A few hours of reading made me aware of fandom.

Fan fan would have subbed and contributed, but I hated to part with a nickel for each issue. And who would accept material from a grade-schooler? I had visions of a publishing house, of Unger shouting "Reject it!" Unger never heard from me again.

But I heard from Unger. Every few months the mails brought another was of FFF's with many bargains. That was nice, getting stuff free; it made up for parting from three bucks. That was the beginning of my "chiseling" career.

My name circulated among faneds. The early issues of FANTASY ADVERTISER fell into my unresponsive hands. The editors insisted that each was the last "sample" copy, but they graciously sent me more. Publishing houses sent me folders, but why buy such books as THE OUTSIDER when you can get these nice fanzines free?

---Bill Reynolds.





You are busy, you are hard pressed for time, those incoming fanzines are piling up, your faithful correspondents are clamoring for answers. But you just can't seem to get around to them all. Don't try. Rip these pages from the magazine, fill in the blank spaces and check those statements which apply, and mail today. There, your letter is written for you! Extra copies of this form may be had from the publisher for a small fee. Ask for form W-2.

Dear    ☐ Fan editor  
         ☐ Old pen pal  
         ☐ Subscriber  
         ☐ Jerk

I have just received \_\_\_\_\_

and frankly, I am    ☐ astounded  
                         ☐ astonished  
                         ☐ sorry to hear it  
                         ☐ ready to help you  
                         ☐ tired of you and your yapping

After giving the problem considerable thought, I would suggest that you:

- ☐ pay the debt and admit you were wrong
- ☐ very firmly tell the man you don't want any more
- ☐ join the army but FAST and pretend you never heard of the girl
- ☐ stop publishing and try again with a new title
- ☐ slit your dirty throat
- ☐ send the magazines back to him

I haven't been writing many letters lately because:

- ☐ I've discovered girls
- ☐ The folks have found a job for me-- again.
- ☐ Mother has interested me in a new hobby
- ☐ I'm disenchanted
- ☐ I bought a complete set of Captain Future.
- ☐ At long last I've discovered how utterly stupid you are.

Only yesterday I received the latest copy of \_\_\_\_\_  
and it was:

- ☐ horrible        ☐ incredible        ☐ stinking
- ☐ God, John, how can you do it!
- ☐ nice, but the truss ads annoyed me
- ☐ the same old crap
- ☐ different for a change

My old friend, the rumors are true that I am suspending publication of my fanzine. Sad to say, no more copies of \_\_\_\_\_ will be coming your way. You have some some subscription money coming, \_\_\_\_\_ & to be exact, but:

- ☐ It will be several months before I can pay it off
- ☐ Mother took the money to pay for a tablecloth I ruined
- ☐ I'm applying it to another fanzine I am starting
- ☐ I'm damned if I'm going to give it back to you
- ☐ Sucker!

Confidentially, as your best friend I think I ought to tell you That I had a letter from \_\_\_\_\_ and he said you were:

- ☐ an imbecile
- ☐ a naive fool
- ☐ a jerk

However, I immediately replied and said you were not:

- ☐ an imbecile
- ☐ a naive fool
- ☐ a jerk

My correspondence with him has been falling off lately, for several reasons I had best not name, but I suspect that he:

- ☐ has turned to collecting street car transfers
- ☐ is running around with women
- ☐ is trying to sell a story to the dirty promags
- ☐ is getting fed up with me
- ☐ spends all his allowance on booze

Have you heard the scandal about \_\_\_\_\_? Everybody is talking about it around here. And she was such a nice looking girl, too. Remember how nice she was to everyone at the last convention? Gee, I'll never forget:

- ☐ the night she threw a drink in my face when I asked for a date
- ☐ the second night she threw a second drink in my face when I asked for a second date
- ☐ the third night ditto

Well old friend, this is getting long and the night is growing late. I'm off to bed. This letter was written to you by:

- ☐ Claude Degler
- ☐ Richard Geis
- ☐ Dave Ish
- ☐ Lee Hoffman
- ☐ Bea Mahaffey
- ☐ Robert Bloch

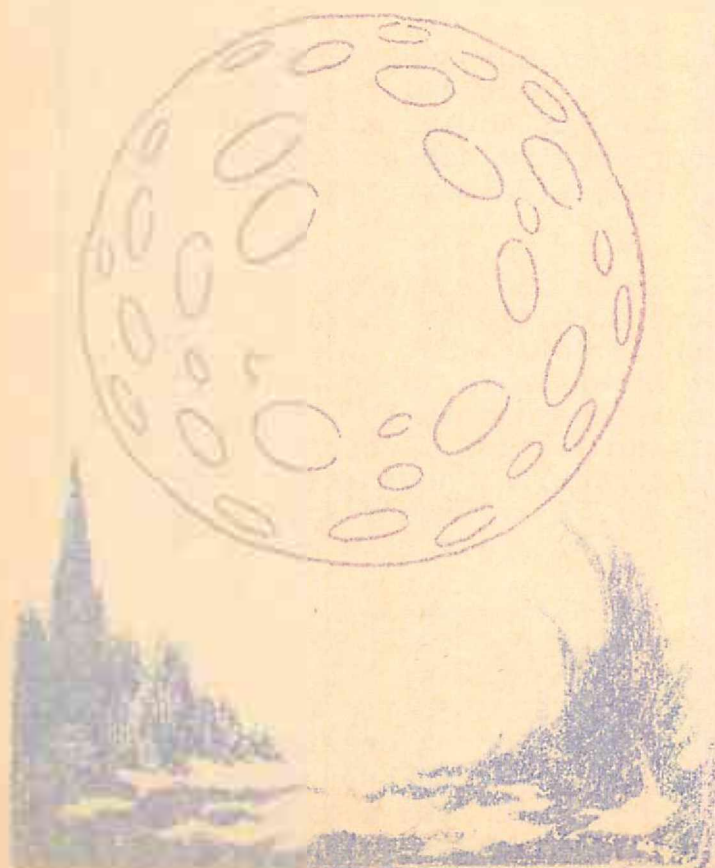
(x) Bob Tucker

"Did you saw Courtney's boat?"  
"No. I didn't see a damned thing!"



# Outer Space

BY EARL KEMP



Bergstrom

Figaro had been available for  
granulated by Samuel. The  
Cover by Alex Schomburg.  
Eight sides \$3.09 on LP.

It was real cool, perhaps  
the coolest. You should  
have seen the crazy, mad  
rush around Times Square,  
pinning one disc joint af-  
ter another. I thought I'd  
flip if I didn't find it  
soon. So I took Sam Min-  
es' advice and called up  
the Brunswick distributor.

"I'm trying to dig you,  
man!" I said. "I'm a cat  
from Chitown and getting  
no kick fast from this  
chase. Where can I latch  
a pressing of this real  
gone jamming?"\*

At last I located a copy  
and after all the advance  
buildup in the Pines Maga-  
zines I expected something  
extra special. The cover  
is very impressive, done in  
red, purple, orange and  
black. The picture is a  
reprint of the May, 1952  
STARTLING STORIES cover  
(and incidentally half of  
the dust-wrapper painting  
of William Sloane's anthol-  
ogy SPACE, SPACE, SPACE)  
done by Alex Schomburg. Be-  
lieve me, there is nothing  
at all special about this  
album. With one possible  
exception: I wouldn't have

\* Eoptalk courtesy of Mel-  
vin Severin, MAD#9, Febru-  
ary-March, 1954.

...and these progress notes by Sam Mines for love sex money. After reading the notes, I stood and roared in the record shop--couldn't hardly keep from rolling on the floor. THEY ARE THE ONLY COLLECTORS ITEMS IN THIS SHOP.

If you are one who appreciates progressive jazz, you'll retch when you hear these bastard discords and lesser off-breed intonations by Charlie Mingus's little brother Larry. They run from the soft tickings of a metronome (used as an alarm clock sound effect) to the squeakings of Larry's incompetently handled sax.

It would appear that some lesser executive at DECCA records was misinformed as to the popularity of Science Fiction and at someone's suggestions (possibly Sam Mines at Standard Publications) has hitched their wagon to the tail of a dying comet. But DECCA layed an egg. At least the BRUNSWICK divisions of CORAL records division of DECCA records did the actual cackling.

The album lists Samuel Mines as follows: "---editor and author of THE BOOK OF STARTLING STORIES---". On the basis of this quotation it is advisable to reflect that the majority of the contents of THE BEST OF STARTLING STORIES (Henry Holt & Co., N.Y. \$3.50, 301pp, 1953) comes, not from STARTLING, but from THRILLING WONDER STORIES, and that the only authoring Sam Mines did in the whole book was to write a page and a quarter of introduction.

In the introduction to IMPRESSIONS OF OUTER SPACE, Samuel Mines says, "...this is the music to go with (a trip to Mars)..." From where I sit I can see the startled expressions on the faces of Von Braun, Haber, Whipple, and the other space columbuses.

There is no music of the future. The closest approach to date could possibly be found in some of the motif music composed for movie backgrounds. Perhaps Maxman, Grofe, Tiomkin, Alex North, or Michael Rosza. Another close approach could be in Harry Revel's themes for the Theatre, played by Dr. Samuel J. Hoffman with Leslie Baxter's Orchestra in CAPITAL'S "MUSIC OUT OF THE MOON."

The album, IMPRESSIONS OF OUTER SPACE, is on the whole composed of original themes. One outright infringement of title is Charles Albertine's ASTEROID BALLET (side #3). Since the ASTEROID BALLET (Not Albertine's music, however,) was composed and presented by the University of Chicago Science Fiction Club at the 10th World Science Fiction Convention in Chicago, in September, 1952, it would seem that prior rights on the title have been established.



In listening to these sides one gets the impression that some of Lennie Tristano's more astral sides (ON A PLANET, CELESTIA, SUPERSONIC) have been transcribed for the saxophone. The overall impression on hearing the album is to wonder why it had ever been considered in the first place, much less actually recorded and released. The themes are so irrational that Pete Rugolo would have discarded, rather than arranged them. The five saxaphones rep-



presented on these sides, at times seems to be projecting the old ~~idea~~ (later Billy Jay) Singing Saxaphones of the early 1930's onto an alien planet, with little or no success. As far as the alto sax playing is concerned, any of the better Kenton sidemen could have done a more competent job. Boots Mussulli, George Weidner or Art Pepper to mention a few of the more capable progressive jazz saxmen, associated at the time with Kenton.

If you are a Science Fiction fan, buying this record from pre-release publicity, you will be highly disappointed. (Except for the above mentioned "priceless" program notes.) On the other hand, if you are a fan of progressive jazz, you will find here much meaty material for study ostracism. I wish to register vote #1 for a divorce of this unconsummated marriage of Science Fiction with Progressive Jazz. From the first note it is obvious that Samuel Zines knows just about as much about Progressive Jazz as Morace Gold thinks he knows about the avant garde. As for you, Larry Elgart, a blight of BEFs be upon you for intruding where angels fear to tread.

-----Earl Kemp



# 2nd Session

WHERE THE EDITOR

CONTINUES TO RAMBLE, THE VERY SAME NIGHT, ON AND ON AND ON AND ON AND ON AND ON AND ON

## MORE ON THAT STORY

Not long after Lyle Kessler's last column was published, I received from Lyle a letter of comment on the previous issue, and a letter that Harlan Ellison had sent to Lyle. Lyle sent the letter to me with the comment: "Concerning the Ellison-F&SF episode, let's clear it up once and for all." I agree. Printed below in its entirety is the letter Harlan sent to Lyle.

"Dear Lyle,

"Here is the entire story (as much as I know of it) concerning the story-deal with F&SF. I received your Newsletter, and at first thinking it serious, tried to call you, madder than hell at all fandom. But here is the story. Please publish it in its entirety:

"Cleveland fan Bill Dignin and myself wrote a fine short story called Monkey Business which was much applauded by Andre Norton, who has sold to F&SF and who lives in Cleveland. On her recommendation, we sent it in sometime last June. No word was heard, though we mentioned the story often in letters to various persons. Finally, in August, a note came from somewhere in California (I don't know where, the envelope has long since been destroyed) on FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION stationery!! It was signed (or so it seemed) by Boucher and said simply that he and Mick McComas were pleased with the yarn, it was accepted, and a check would soon be forthcoming. This was sufficient evidence, we thought, to screech that we had sold a story to F&SF, and waited happily for our hundred bucks. Nothing. Not a word. In September at Philly, at the banquet, I sat next to the gentleman who mails out the checks for Mercury Publications from New York. At dinner, further proof was offered that the story had been accepted when the fellow told me that he thought he had seen our check in the batch of ones scheduled to go out that next week. Thus, when I was sitting with Bob Tucker in the balcony, and it came time for his panel and he needed another fan who had sold, he turned to me and said, "You sold a short to F&SF didn't you?" I answered that I had, and he said come along. Shortly thereafter I started college here in Columbus and did not get time to write to Boucher as to what had happened to the story. Now I realize it was a hoax, perpetrated on me by I don't know who. I have seen mock letters drawn up on authentic F&SF stationery by one fan, so I don't doubt that someone else could have (the fan I have seen it done by would never have pulled such a rotten stunt). At any rate, there it is, and I hope this settles the mess. I'm going to Frisco over Labor Day, and intend to see Boucher, so perhaps more will be known then.

\*Please publish this in toto, so this "stigma" that a few clods

have stuck on me will be simmered off.

"Thanks.

"Yours very truly,

Harlan"

Lyle's comment on Harlan's letter is as follows:

"From what I see of Dignin's letter and Harlan's letter it doesn't look like the two lads agree with each other --- Dignin says that they received no answer whatever from F&SF and Harlan took it for granted that they had sold it; Ellison states they received an acceptance letter from Boucher and therefore thought they had sold. If the two authors can't agree on this I smell foul play somewhere. But, nevertheless, let this be the last of the argument on the F&SF bit...."

ON POGO

I just finished reading and appreciating THE POGO STEPMOTHER GOOSE, the latest of the \$1.00 POGObooks so far. I was quite a bit disappointed. Instead of delightful Pogo and Albert adventures I find nonsense poetry and not-so-funny satire on McCarthy and his ism. It seems to me that Walt Kelly is taking this crusade of his out of the land of entertainment and into the area of Vital Issues.

I don't in the least like this heavy handed satirical cartooning that is fraught with Deep Symbolism and overloaded with Significance. I buy Pogo to be entertained by the delightful doings of his crittars and the rapier-like satire and ridicule that underlies some of the stories. I do not buy Pogo to be bludgeoned to death by a cartoonist who has forgotten his duty to the public. I feel like yelling: I AGREE, I AGREE. SO SHUT UP ALREADY!!"

Cripes. Most of the adults who read Pogo and can appreciate the satire in it will agree wholeheartedly with Kelly anyway, so why is he shouting like he is?

VITAL INFO--

Just thought I'd maybe save someone some postage by saying that there are no back issues....er...no copies of back issues of PSY to be had from this end of the mails. I have about ten copies of #11, but that is all. Had I only known Psy was going to be this popular....

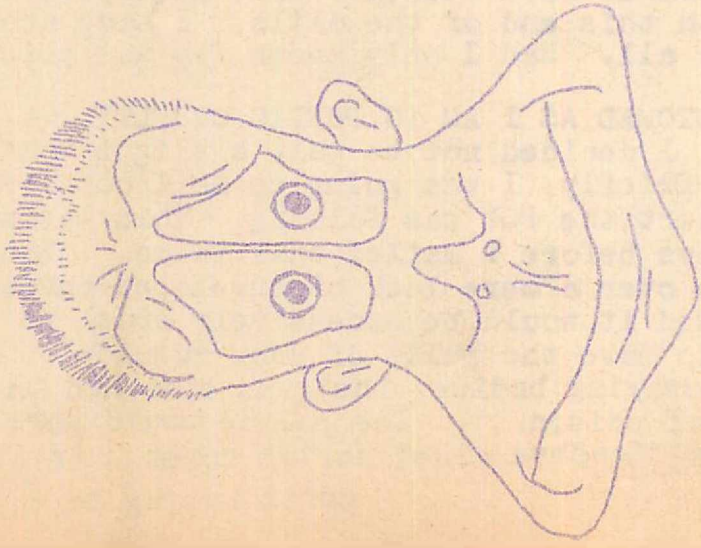
UNACCUSTOMED AS I AM TO PUBLIC CRUELTY....

I decided not to pull a slight hoax on you poor long-suffering fans. Briefly, I was going to mail out a single page announcement to the effect the PSY was folding. This was supposed to go into the mail five days before I mailed this issue. But since there has been such a to-do over a mere lack of envelopes and a four page slash in content, I decided it would be excessively cruel to some of you. I could not stand to have the guilt of your suicide on my head. I can visualize the slowly swaying bodies, the guns clutched in lifeless hands, the mute empty bottle of poison.... The police would surely come for me after reading the many "Goodbye cruel world" notes. As it is now I'm not sure I'm not contributing to the delinquency of minors



PSYCHOTIC  
c/o Richard E. Geis  
2631 N. Mississippi  
Portland 12, Oregon  
Apt., 106

PRINTED MATTER ONLY  
RETURN POSTAGE  
GUARANTEED



"Aha. Had you worried, didn't I

Subscription copy. You have left.

Review copy

Exchange copy

Complimentary

TO -

Charles Wells  
405 E. 62nd St  
Savannah, Georgia



EG. 4