

I JUST CAN'T UNDERSTAND
THAT DICK GEIS — I'M GOOD
ENOUGH TO BE ON EVERY
COVER FOR PLANET STORIES
AND HODGE-PODGE — AND
WHEN MR. BERGEY WAS ALIVE
I WAS ALMOST ALWAYS ON
TWS AND STARTLING. I DON'T
SEE WHY I CAN'T BE A COVER
GIRL FOR

PSYCHOTIC

14



The Leather Couch...WHERE

THE EDITOR, WITH REMARKABLE FORTITUDE, RAMBLES ON AND ON AND ON AND ON AND ON

Excuses this time. I think PSY is a few days late, but that is how the ball bounces sometimes. I took in a few movies this last month, and am gaffe for a week or two. The result is that today (Sunday) I'm up to HERE in work on PSY and two other projects. One of them is a long article about this fanzine for Carol McKinney's DEVIANT, and the other is the fanzine reviews for TNFF. Three pages of "A" list so far and a possible fourth page in the works. The total reviews may run five or six pages. "Review everything," Susan says, so review them I will.

A lot of you have complained about my taking The Observation Ward out of PSY. And, on the whole, I don't blame you...it's just that I thought it would be better if there wasn't so much of me in the zine. I'll confess that I thought the material I planned to run in its place would be more interesting and better written. The only trouble is that, as I said above, a lot of you have written that you liked them and all, and why don't I run duplicate reviews. Well...that isn't perhaps quite ethical in some way. It doesn't strike me as being a good practice in some way. "Geis is an honorable man..." BUT, I can see where there should be something in the way of fanzine reviews in PSY, so next issue I'm gonna devote a page or two to them...in an informal way. I'm inclined to discuss issues and trends and things rather than specific items in any one issue...unless they are exceptional.

Also...a lot of you complained when the two and three page editorials were sliced and serunched down to one page. My excuse was that I was farming them out as columns in other zines, which was true... Except that recently it occurred to me that one of the prime reasons for the success of PSY was the flavor, the personality of it, and that was being lost to the extent that I took out my personal pages of opinion. "This," I said to myself, "Could be fatal." So that the obvious solution was to simply add more space to my editorial sections...which I have done this issue, and will continue to do in the future. Of course, other good material gets squeeze out, but since you all like me so much, tough!

One reason (just about the only reason) why PSY has been appearing on dirty old choid quality paper is the financial aspects of publishing a monthly. Paper being the largest expense naturally was the obvious place to cut to the bone. BUT...good news. I have now paid off a few odd assorted debts, and can thusly pour (and that's the word!) more cash into mine hobby. Zoooo, next issue will feature 24# covers and fine-type paper on the inside. One drawback, tho...the 24# covers require me to cut to 24 pages in order to keep within the 2 oz. postal 2¢ limit.

PSYCHOTIC #14: Edited and Published by Richard E. Geis, 2631 N. Mississippi, Portland 12, Oregon. Apt. 106. 10¢, 3/25¢, 6/50¢, 12/\$1.00. Front and back covers by Plato Jones. Interiors by Kent Barber. Bob Kellogg, Richard Bergeron, and...uh....thass all.

Who hawed Courtney's quote?

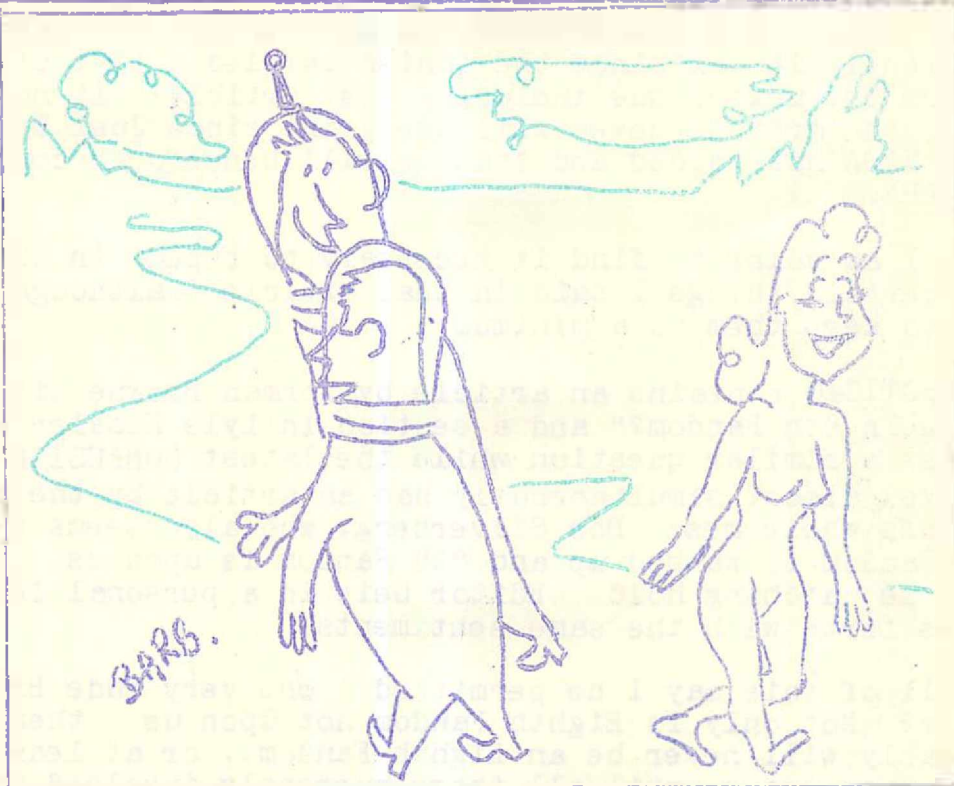
(Sigh....) After reading over that last page over there I can see where I have to write out my editorials in advance and then rewrite them. Typing out your sentiments extemporaneously is a risky business; you can make yourself look the fool very easily. Still...I like to live dangerously.

Who gnawed Courtney's throat?

In betwixt two of Bob Tucker's interlineations, is word of a newsy nature from He of 702: "Late news: Don Ford and company are seeking a new site for next year's meeting. They are looking for a lake site, similar to Indian Lake."

Who pawned Courtney's coat?

The cartoon on the right was done by a fan name of Kent Barber. If you can excuse my inept tracing, a rather nice style should be evident to you. He does a pretty good job. He lives at 1433 Mt. Diablo St., Concord, Calif. He buys, sells and trades E.C. mags. Send all PANS and MANICS to him.



And while I am thinking of E.C. comics, I am inclined to say a few words on the situation which has developed of late about the

effects of comics of a sadistic and gory type on the fresh young unblemished innocent minds of the nation's children. I received recently an EMERGENCY BULLETIN from The National E. C. Fan Addict Club. In this epistle the editors of E.C. complain of "do-gooders" and "do-gooder" groups who are militant and frighten newsstand dealers and even congressmen and who raise the hue and cry about horror and crime comics causing a mind warp or two and causing juvenile delinquency. We are urged to write our congressmen and demand that the comic probe be cut off without a chuckle.

Hmmm.... Trouble is, I'm not convinced horror and crime comics are the harmless "comics" the publishers claim them to be. "...but if it showed the severed head dripping blood from the neck, that's...unethical."

"The trip was useless, George. Earth just can't use the Martian dry deserts temperature and sandstorms."

H P A N D E D

Some months ago...last September to be exact...I wrote an article entitled "Little Seventh Fandom, What Now?" and sent it to a young editor named Joel Nydahl who was at that time producing just about the only fanzine seeing regular publication. I had never before appeared in the magazine and since Joel was currently working on his huge annish I didn't hear from him whether the article was accepted or not. Apparently it was since the annish carried a list of features for the next issue including that article. It now appears the article never will see print since Joel Nydahl says VEGA has folded and that he will henceforth concentrate on FAPA.

Thus I am going to find it necessary to repeat in this column certain things I said in that article...although I'll try to keep them to a minimum.

PSYCHOTIC10 contains an article by Norman Browne titled "And Where Is 8th Fandom?" and a section in Lyle Kessler's column voices a similar question while the latest CONFUSION which arrived almost simultaneously has an article by the author of this whole mess, Bob Silverberg, who also seems to feel 7th Fandom is washed up and 8th Fandom is upon us. The idea must be catching hold. Editor Geis in a personal letter gives forth with the same sentiments.

To all of this may I be permitted one very rude Bronx cheer? Not only is Eighth Fandom not upon us...there quite probably will never be an Eighth Fandom...or at least not for a good many years until all those currently involved in the numbers racket have faded out of fandom and sanity has once more returned.

Everyone knows how Silverberg started the whole thing. No use reviewing that here for the umpteenth time, nor how Wells and others started the bandwagon rolling.

The idea of Seventh Fandom had barely taken firm hold early last summer when the first precursor of the present idiocy arrived. It was a one-shot produced, apparently on a dull afternoon, by two normally intelligent and serious fans, Ian Macaulay and Joel Nydahl. There is something rather crushing about a person without a spontaneous sense of humor trying to force himself in that direction (I should know...I've fallen victim to it repeatedly myself) and this one-shot, which was a pretty silly thing, escaped with deservedly little notice.

In supposedly clever fashion it announced that Seventh Fandom was dead -- citing numerous fictional disasters which had overtaken all the other prominent 7th Fandom fans leaving only Nydahl and Macauley to carry on with one or two newcomers to form the nucleus of Eighth Fandom.

So now we have the same spectacle nine months later, only this time it is intended to be taken seriously. For the past four or five months everyone prominent in Seventh Fandom except Harlan Ellison has either been announcing publicly they are exiting the movement or else that they ~~were~~ were a member in the first place. And now comes the attempt to bury 7th Fandom (probably because it was beginning to smell up the landscape -- didn't it always?) and erect the pretty new unblemished facade of Eighth Fandom in its place.

The only trouble is it is flatly impossible to toss up and tear down fandoms at will. If it were something regulated annually like school classes it might be done...but as Bob Tucker pointed out, Fandoms (with a capital F) are groupings of people and events and, (this seems to be generally overlooked) they are historical divisions. Numbered fandoms are nothing but semantic method of dividing one historical period from another.

The one point I tried hardest to make in the unpublished VEGA article was that Seventh Fandom would never accomplish anything of any worth as long as it was wrapped up in the idea of being Seventh Fandom and thus different from, and the successor to, Sixth Fandom. In fact, I pointed out that they could do much worse than to model themselves upon Sixth Fandom since it is generally regarded as second only to Second Fandom as the most memorable of the first six eras and had the advantage of lacking the bitter feuding which was the chief activity of 2nd Fandom. Up until 7th Fandom each fandom had tended to be a bit more mature than the preceeding one...it was going through a normal growing process. But 7th Fandom pitch-forked us right back into the infancy of 1st Fandom and I felt the reason was the idea that "We are the future...We are Seventh Fandom... We inherited the stage and have buried our predecessors...All we have to do to be famous is surpass those around us...Who is interested in the past?" whereas the idea during Sixth Fandom and, I presume, in preceeding ones was to see if you could match and possibly surpass such zines as LE ZOMBIE and STARDUST and SPACEWAYS. We weren't trying to be better than each other...instead we treasured our heritage from early fandoms and what competition there was was in seeing who could best measure up to the challenge of the finest efforts of the past. For instance, Lee Hoffman wasn't satisfied with being voted #1 fan and having the most popular current fanzine. When Bob Tucker informed her there had been an earlier fanzine which featured fine color mimeography (PLUTO, I believe) she borrowed some copies of it and deliberately set out to produce a magazine which would surpass it. The result was the unforgettable SCIENCE FICTION FIVE-YEARLY and Tucker surrendered completely.

Seventh Fandom broke with that tradition. As long as their efforts weren't too bad in comparison with the others around they were satisfied. Why not? They were SEVENTH FANDOM!



well, it didn't take long for everyone to get nauseated, including the Seventh Fandomers themselves so now they're trying to produce Eighth Fandom.



But this makes about as much sense as the common practice of omitting the 13th floor from skyscrapers. I contend that no matter what you call it the floor above the 12th is still #13.

And the climate of events and peoples which succeeded Sixth Fandom is far from being dead. The atmosphere is the same...the same general group of people are active. Calling it Eighth Fandom will not make it so.

Actually, Bob Silverberg was playing in luck when he came so close to calling the turn on Sixth Fandom's death. He wasn't completely accurate but he was pretty much so. Naturally he had no idea what would follow and his guesses along that line were quickly disproved.

Normally, however, we lack the perspective to say when one fandom is ending and another beginning. Only with the advantage of intervening years can we say 'this trend ended here' and 'that one started there'. Seldom is there so sharp a break as at the end of Sixth Fandom and many feel that Sixth Fandom actually continued long after it was pronounced dead.

Personally I'll go along with Bob Silverberg's view that this past year has been an interregnum period (which makes much better sense than his current view that we've now had Seventh Fandom) and that Seventh Fandom didn't actually begin to produce anything worth notice until sometime last fall...about the time of PSYCHOTIC's appearance, coincidentally.

The fact that Silverberg was once successful in producing a new fandom does not mean that he, or anyone else, can ever do it again. I doubt very seriously that they can. Eighth Fandom is now being announced. How long before some unhappy neofan gets disgusted with Eighth Fandom and declares Ninth Fandom has arrived with the appearance of his new line? And watch his best friend announce Tenth Fandom the next week. We'd soon have fandoms popping out of the woodwork with all the frequency and lack of forethought currently devoted to creation of brand new APA's for sole glory of the founder.

Norman Browne's article is an excellent example of the lack of perspective that goes with trying to write your own history as you go. He cites activity and lack of some of various fans whom he apparently considers to be pivotal Seventh Fandom figures....such as Don Cantin. Who the hell is Cantin? An unimportant fringe-fan who dabbled in fandom briefly...wrote a bit of crud for various fanzines...shouted "I am a member of Seventh Fandom!"...produced a few issues of a very poor fanzine...and vanished from fandom, finding like so many of those who just come and go that he actually wasn't a fannish type at all. The rest of the names on Browne's list aren't much more impressive. In the period from the CHICON to the PHILCON only two new names of any importance showed

the fore, Harlan Ellison and Joel Nydahl. And it's beginnig to look as if neither one of them will be more than minor figures in the history of Seventh Fandom when it's finally written ten or fifteen years from now by some future Speer. Browne seems to feel every little magazine which saw more than one issue was an important Seventh Fandom Influence, when in retrospect we can see that very few of the fanzines being published from 1950-1952 were important enough that Sixth Fandom could be said to have passed if they all died....QUANDRY, SLANT, FANVARIETY (later OPUS), and perhaps RHODOMAGNETIC DIGEST. The rest of the magazines people like me were publishing? They partook of the general flavor of Sixth Fandom but they weren't important enough to mean anything in the way of trends.



The past history of Fandoms shows that all the important members of a fandom do not arise simultaneously. To pick several prominent Sixth Fandom names, for instance, Willis and Silverberg were holdovers from Fifth Fandom, Lee Hoffman appeared precisely as Sixth Fandom started as did also Max Keasler, while Gregg Calkins didn't become at all well known until more than a year after Sixth Fandom was flourishing.

These 'up-and-coming' Eighth Fandomers are nothing of the sort. They're fresh blood for Seventh Fandom, weakened by a year of inbreeding and timewasting. They differ in no important aspects from their predecessors.

Let me hasten to add that I claim no psychic powers which allow me to say positively what the current situation is. I suffer from lack of perspective like everyone else, but I am trying to apply common sense to the situation and to me Seventh Fandom is just getting under way. I am pretty well convinced that PSYCHOTIC is becoming, or rather has already become, the 'important' (which does not necessarily mean the best) magazine in the movement. VEGA had a chance to become the central focus of Seventh Fandom but it failed perhaps partially because of Nydahl's youth, certainly greatly because the unsettled and sterile state of the fandom surrounding it. I'll admit my judgement in this case is greatly subjective. I'm relying on something you might call an instinct. When I received SPACEWARP I always had a 'comfortable-at home-this is fandom at its most enjoyable' feeling as soon as I opened it and sat down to read it. QUANDRY gave me the same feeling from the first issue. VEGA gave it to me in its early issues and now I get it from PSYCHOTIC. No two magazines ever produce it simultaneously and it always seems to be the important ones. More significant PSYCHOTIC is already becoming the clearing house where everyone unburdens themselves of anything they wish to say of fandom import, as were the earlier zines.

At any rate I think it would be wise to quit wasting time with ouija boards trying to deduce what fandom we exist in. As I pointed out in the VEGA article only once before in fandom's history has there ever been much fuss made over what number fandom we were in, or any ostentatious shaking off of past fandoms. And what group was that? Claude

Degler's COSMIC CIRCLE, no less, hardly the most auspicious model to copy

to show you to what ridiculous lengths the whole thing can
be carried, the most popular SAPSzine now carries a banner on each issue
calling itself as a "200th Fandom Publication".

Only yesterday the mail bore a SAPSzine entitled "ARCHIVES. a 207th
Fandom Publication."

Shall we waltz?

---V. L. McCain

JUST BETWEEN YOU AND ME...

this is an ad. Wait, don't go away screaming for help, this
isn't an ordinary ad. It's a warning, sort of. I've come to
the conclusion that there are a lot of innocent neofen in fandom
who are liable to hear of my fanzine, VULCAN, and think it's a
good enough mag to pay money for. Why, just think of it! ----
They're going to get gypped out of at least 15¢, because that's
the outrageous price I charge for a copy...why, they might even
rashly send in 50¢ for four issues. And what will they be get-
ting for their hard-earned moolah? Some cruddy old detooms, a
couple of half-hearted columns by Russ Watkins and Dave Rike,
some doodlings by guys like Denness Morton, Maurice Lemus, Ray
Capella, Richard Bergeron, and other crud artists. If they send
for the fifth issue (out in July) they won't even get the halfway
good material by Bloch, Beale, McKinney, Duane, Wetzell, and so on
that usually rounds out an issue. That's because that fifth issue
will carry an 8 or 10 page "satire" on It Came From Outer Space
starring the Face Critturs, which are pitiful scribbblings if ever
I've seen any. I tell you, this can't go on! You innocent neofen
out there (you ARE innocent, aren't you?)---take heed! Don't be
lured into sending for VULCAN. I warned you.

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

Jim Bradley spotted a drunk feeling his way around a lamppost. Round
and 'round he went, feeling the post. Finally he slumped to the curb
and sighed, "'Sno use, I'm walled in!"

Jim left his garbage can and crawled to the fellow. "Hey," he
whispered, "C'mon over with me. My cell's bigger!"

Little Mary put on her skates,
Upon the ice to frisk.
The other kids thought she was nuts,
Her little #.

---thanks to Donald A. Thompson.

"They Call It Professional."

A COLUMN BY HENRY MOSKOWITZ

GALAXY SCIENCE FICTION -- June 1954

The magazine steps out smartly with another good Emsh cover, but immediately falters with its interior illustrations. I wish the magazine's staff would realize how horrible some of these are. The Emsh's for the serial are poor, as are the Ashman illos for Down Among The Dead Men. A story of that latter type demands artwork that illustrates faithfully, not representively. Why don't they let Emsh do his much better line and tone work (see GSF Jan 54, Natural State)? It is a pleasure to behold.

Fiction in this magazine is a bit of a wonder. I was talking to Tom Ballner (ESFA member and the fellow who does the annual review of promags for FANTASY TIMES) at Stephen's Book Service, and he said that in his opinion AMAZING STORIES was a much better mag now at 128 pages than it was at 160 (speaking of digest size, that is). But he was disappointed, he said, that FANTASTIC hadn't developed so far as he thought it would.

"Most mags do improve with age, you know," I hazarded.

"Except for GALAXY," he drawled.

"True," I agreed. "It is an exception. But, then, it has been slowly going downhill ever since its inception."

He nodded at that. "Yes," he said slowly. He enlarged upon that by saying the magazine had even dropped so far as to run "several downright silly stories," mentioning one by William Morrison.

I think this June issue strongly illustrates the point that the magazine still hasn't pulled out of its power-dive, whereas ASF has.

Down Among The Dead Men starts off with the usual Tenn power. It continues so until the "IW" Commander meets his crew. After that the story suddenly becomes old stuff. Tenn ties up all loose ends and the story is over. Sturgeon did that with the original version of Maturity, and then proceeded to write a minor masterpiece. Tenn has a neat idea with a war between the solar system and e-t's, the latter being bee-like in reproduction. To win, homo sapien must reproduce faster and turns to androids. Nothing is wasted. If a gun crew is blown up, their remains are not given military burial...they are scraped off the wall and sent to the Junkyard. That's where they're used to make "new" men.

Tenn, it may be suggested, ought to try a series. What happens, say, af-



of science. Do you kill off the Zombies, as some call them? Say you don't. But then what happens if science can give them the power of reproduction? A hellish situation perfectly suited to the mentality of one William Tenn.

As it stands, Down Among The Dead Men is one of Tenn's flubs.

Then we have Forget Me Nearly, another novel-let by F. L. Wallace, with as catching a blurb-line as any I've read in quite a while: "What sort of world was it, he puzzled, that wouldn't help victims find out whether they had been murdered or had committed suicide?" As with the above story, this one also starts out with promise. Wallace is more than just a competent writer...there is latent greatness there.

A retro gun: a weapon able to retrogress the mind to where it exists again in a state earlier than the person's actual years...an adult body with a child's mind--or no mind at all!

A neat way to commit suicide; you're gone, but you're still alive! A neat way to murder;

your enemy is gone but there is no body...because no one is dead! But what happens when one of the retroed people begins to regain the memories he lost? And what can he do when the police refuse to help him?

Then we get into old stuff again. Our hero, the above mentioned retroed person, finds the villain, who has developed a machine that duplicates the retro gun's action in two ways, forward and reverse...a machine so delicately tuned that it can selectively destroy one day's memory only. Then there are some fisticuffs, and the last scene where the hero denounces the villain and has mentally resigned himself to losing the girl.

But, of course, he doesn't.

Fredrik Pohl and C.M. Kornbluth have herein collaborated on their third novel. The first one has already been called a classic. Their second has been called good, but weak in spots. This one? Well....

Gladiator At Law is in an odd position. It makes its appearance exactly 100 years after Pohl and Kornbluth's first. It also happens to appear while a Heinlein is running elsewhere. It invites comparison with what has been called a classic and with the master, Heinlein.

But first let me say this on the subject of writing long stories: there are at least two ways of doing it.

First by starting off with laying your story basis; that is, outlining the story's background and coloring the elements in which the

Harry's characters will function. Of necessity, this means that the start is apt to be somewhat slow, building up speed as it progresses. The second involves starting fast, hitting hard in the opening paragraphs, with just a bare outline for the story to follow. And then follow that up with the various shadings needed.

Gladiator follows the first formula. Heinlein's Star Interior follows the second. Therefore, it would really be unfair to compare the two.

But if the second installment is as halting as the first, I'll have thumbs down on it.

Then there's editor Gold's chattering again. He talks about architecture. At first I didn't get the connection, since he had been talking about Gladiator. A second reading brought this to light: "In this serial we have an exploration of a theme that, as far as I know, has never been treated in science fiction--the effects of a dramatic advance in architecture."

If he's talking about the Bubble houses (see page 14, middle left-hand column), he's way off. He's talking about architecture, but the G-M-I bubble house ain't. It's an invention (since it classifies by doing everything in the house...no more drudgery for the little woman).

And any damn fool knows that's been treated in sf. Derleth in ORBIT #3, and William Tenn in the classic The House Dutiful.

(Speaking of him again, I heard tell as where he's goin' to have his first collection pubbed by Ballantine Books, in paperback edition only.)

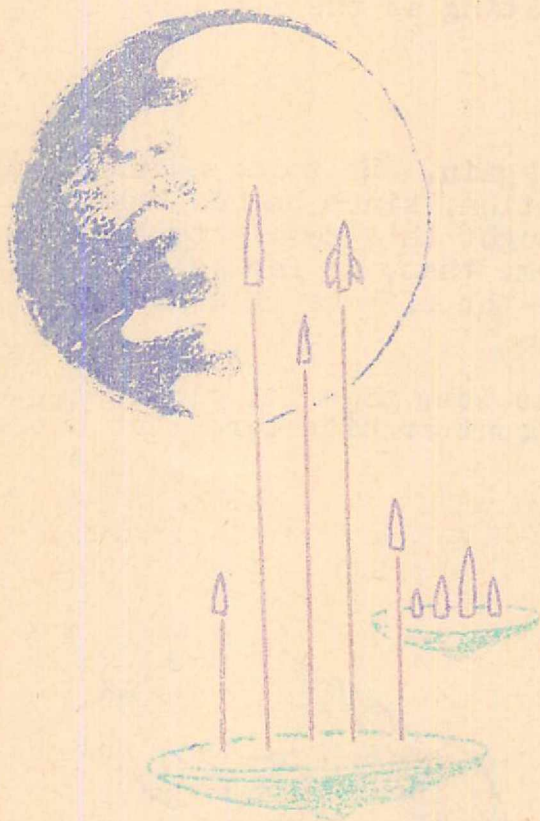
---Henry Moskowitz

MESSY BOU COUP

Hearing the gabble of a silly neighbor,
Willy ran for his father's saber.
For he'd vowed to kill when next he
jabbered;
But in his haste he used the scabbard.

---Richard E. Geis





Bergeron

A SAMPLER

BY NOAH W. McLEOD

Any book by Arthur C. Clarke is an event; and for Ballantine to put out a representative selection of his short stories is a red-letter event. Clarke is the opposite of Bradbury. Bradbury writes mostly mood pieces or parables in the form of science fiction, Clarke writes hardheaded extrapolation, completely without Hugo Gernsback's heavy-handedness.

The eleven short stories which compose EXPEDITION TO EARTH open with a novelet SECOND DAWN, dealing with a race of creatures of more than human mental powers completely without hands and so without technology. The story tells how technological backwardness led to war over food resources. The problem is solved by entering into symbiosis with a handed race of lower intelligence. The handless race provides the ideas while the one with hands does the mechanical work. We are nowhere

told whether the handed race resembled men, capuchin monkeys, or racoons.

The idea of the story is sounder scientifically than appears on first sight. Among mammals, except for man, handedness and intelligence are not well correlated. The handless dog is as bright as the handed racoon; a cat compares well with a lemur or tarsier, which have good hands; stranger still, the dolphin, an animal completely adapted to swimming, is as bright as most monkeys. The idea of a culture intellectually advanced but technologically backward can be illustrated again and again from human history. Three outstanding examples are the cultures of the Golden Age of Ancient Greece, Medieval Jewry, and Modern Hinduism. Where Clarke is most original, and where he deserves the most credit, is in building the story around the idea that for the spiritual achievement of culture to outstrip its technology is as bad as the opposite situation. SECOND DAWN alone is well worth the price of the book.

OF ARTHUR C. CLARKE

Other outstanding stories are SUPERIORITY, HISTORY LESSON, and EXILE OF THE EONS. Don't get the impression that the other stories are bad, they are very good...but these three stories are either very original or they tell us something about Clarke.

SUPERIORITY is a story about a great power defeated by its superior science. In a space war, the narrator's side, egged on by the brilliant Professor Norden, brought out radically new weapons, instead of sticking to the mass production of conventional space ships. The result was they were always ten ships too few and a couple of weeks too late. This has a parallel in what actually happened to the German Navy in World War I and to the French Army in the Franco-German War. It would probably happen to the American Army in World War III.

HISTORY LESSON is a wry little satire reminding the reader of the limitations of Cultural Anthropology. The human race perished when Earth froze over. A race of intelligent reptiles from Venus make an expedition to Earth, and the chief object they discover is a Walt Disney film. The Venusian Anthropologists go to town on this and build an elaborate superstructure of theory on it. The reader is kept in the dark that it is a Disney comedy until the last paragraph, which heightens the satire.

THE EXILE OF THE EONS is important because it shows so plainly Clarke's hatred of dictatorship, a hatred which plays an important part in CHILD HOOD'S END. A dictator, defeated in a World War which he started, goes into Hibernation. The apparatus which is to awaken him at the end of a century is destroyed by a chance hit of an arial torpedo. So the tyrant sleeps on for billions of years. He finally awakes, and meets a facifist philosopher of the future. This philosopher, a telepath, reads the dictator's mind and is so angered by the hatreds and sadisms that he detects that he abandons his principle of non-violence and kills the dictator.

The title story of the book, EXPEDITION TO EARTH, concerns an encounter of aliens with the stone-age hunter, Yean, whose descendants founded Babylon.

The reader with a taste for Space Opera may prefer those grim little masterpieces of that genre, BREAKING STRAIN and HIDE AND SEEK, or the more thought-provoking THE SENTINEL.

The fan should have EXPEDITION TO EARTH, even if he has to counterfeit a dollar bill with a hectograph.

EXPEDITION TO EARTH by Arthur C. Clarke, Ballantine Books, 404 Fifth Avenue, New York 18, N.Y.; pb, 35¢; hard cover, \$2.00.

SECTION

8

BOB SILVERBERG, 760 Montgomery Street, Brooklyn 13, New York.

PSY was, as usual, very welcome around here, and I wish I had time to comment on it in detail. However, since I'm simultaneously in the throes of a new Sship and another novel, I'll limit my focus to just one point.

You appeal to me to give the "final word" on "this fandom business" which, of course, I'm no more qualified to do than anyone else. However, these are my thoughts: I don't believe fandom's cycles are stepping up their frequency and that we're already in Eighth Fandom, with Seventh just a fading memory. There were plenty of shifts of focal point in the earlier fandoms, but that didn't change the character of the fandom as an entity. And I think we can only determine a fannish era on several years' perspective--certainly not while the era is going on.

Future Silverberg-type historians, I feel, are going to classify the entire period from the folding of SPACEWARP right through 1954 as Sixth Fandom. The distinguishing characteristics will be the accents on humor and fannishness and the move away from such Fifth Fandom trends as book reviews. Naturally, Sixth Fandom incorporated many features and many members of previous fandoms.

I agree with Gregg Calkins that Sixth Fandom did not pass out of being the day QUANDRY folded. After a short interlude (during which the Seventh Fandom chaps proclaimed themselves) many of my compatriots returned to activity. There's definitely been a decline in the activity of the group which dominated in 1951-52, and certainly there's been a whole slew of new fans, enough for people to think we had moved right on into 8th Fandom, and presumably would hit 9th Fandom in September, 10th Fandom next April, and so on. It doesn't work that way.

The new crops--Seventh Fandom, so called, already inactive, and Eighth Fandom, self-termed also, suddenly becoming prominent--belong to a transitional period. My opinion as of May 1954 is that we're still at the closing days of Sixth Fandom. The new groups differ only in relative maturity and membership from Sixth Fandom; there is no fundamental difference which a few years of experience won't obliterate. I suggest, then, that we are in a transitional era between Sixth Fandom and the still-unborn Seventh. What

referred to as Seventh Fandom was a fluke, an interesting anomaly which arose directly from my article in QUANDRY #25 and, since it had to come on to be alive, died quickly. Eighth Fandom, as currently being ballyhooed by the post-Philcon entrants such as Wegars, Vorzimer, etc. (and with you as the willing-or-otherwise focal point) simply has no valid existence.

These transitional points are nothing new. There was a very considerable transition between First and Second Fandoms, though I didn't mention the fact in my original article, and smaller ones between the others. These transitions allow for the maturing of the fans who are to be the focal points of the next fandom. Only rarely does a fandom arise almost full-blown, as did Sixth Fandom suddenly burst up in full vigor at the end of 1950...and even then there was a transition of several months that fall. So we're now in another transitional period, not quite Sixth nor Seventh Fandom, and I think it's time to cease worrying about Eighth Fandom. We won't be able to tell for quite a while where one period began and the other left off. Certainly no group of fans can proclaim itself a Fandom only time will show the truth. The Fandoms are not galloping past us at the rate of one every few months. We're still in Sixth Fandom, moving toward Seventh, and probably around 1956 or so we'll be able to look back and determine the exact point at which Seventh Fandom starts (or has started), just as now we can look back and call the first issue of QUANDRY the opener of Sixth Fandom. This is my opinion as of May 1954, and as far as I'm concerned it finishes the matter. Probably some of the young vanguards of Eighth Fandom (are they up to ninth yet?) will refuse to believe that they have been demoted and actually belong to the transition period, but I'll stick to my guns.

Which is worthy advice for you, too. Don't play around too much with your schedules, and keep PSY coming reasonably monthly. It's a bright purple spot on a generally drab background.

((You paint a sad picture for the scads of new fans, Bob. I can picture them now, wandering through the months ahead, aimless, frustrated, unhappy, without a Fandom to join in.

Thanks muchly for the letter. I hope this tends to settle the storm a little.

My projected establishment of Ninth Fandom will have to be given up, I suppose. To date the only recruit has been John Hitchcock, and I had to reject him because an investigation led to the disclosure that he once talked to a fan who was over 15 years old. Obviously I cannot have security risks in the nursery.))

JOE YOUNGPHANNE, 410 South 4th Street, Norfolk, Nebraska

Dear Fan editor,

I have just received PSYCHOTIC and frankly, I am sorry to hear it. After giving the problem considerable thought, I would suggest that you: join the army but FAST and pretend you never heard of the girl. I haven't been writing many letters lately because; I've discovered girls and mother has interested me in a new hobby.

Yours scientifi-ly

(You know, Joe, your address seems awfully familiar to me, but I can't quite figure out why. You ought to look up Bob Peatrowsky and...and...the other well known fan who lives in your town and get acquainted.

I tried to join the army but they wouldn't have me. I AM pretending not to know the girl, but if those blood tests ever point my way....

You say you've discovered girls---well, take my advice and invent something that will allow you to un-discover them. Or is that new hobby your mother has interested you in...girls?

Write again, even if you have to write scientifically.

In response to a query about what and who started the "Who sawed Courtney's boat" interlineations and was it true that LeZOMBIE would be revived, Bob Tucker replied:

BOB TUCKER, P.O. Box 702, Bloomington, Illinois.

Cheers:

Courtney and his damned boat started in ESQUIRE a couple of years ago. I would say. They ran a sports article on some famous, long-ago boat race in which a contestant named Courtney was the victim of foul play. Some villain sawed his boat in half, thus eliminating him from the race. The pay line of the article was "Who sawed Courtney's boat?" Half man picked that up and used it as an interlineation in Q. Later, I did an article on interlineations for Joel Nydahl and used the same line as an example. But meanwhile, other fans had been kicking it around, after seeing it in Q. They, plus my article, cumulated in the mass hysteria you have today. No one seems to know who sawed Courtney's boat. Who hawed Courtney's throat?

About LE ZOMBIE. Yes.

And no.

And maybe.

There is a long and involved history of false pregnancies and stillbirths involved here. It goes something like this:

Quite honestly, LeZ had been on my mind ever since I dropped it in 1946. I dropped it then because of my waning interest and because I was suffering from one of the mild attacks of gafia which overtake me now and then. In 1948, Ned McKeown applied the pressure and talked me into publishing one more issue for his Toronto convention of that year. That was the 62nd issue, but by error it was numbered 63. (But to further confuse you, let me say it was actually the 65th or 66th issue, because way back in its early history there were some "half-issues". Number 27, and so forth.)

People kept suggesting that I revive the magazine, that I drop NEWS LETTER and go back to something worthwhile. Several years ago the inspira-

then boiled up again and I began to work on one more issue. Not a reprint but one issue. It was conceived as a reprint number-- twenty or thirty pages of the best reprints to be found in the sixty-odd issues. Amazingly, I dummied about twenty pages of this material and was going great guns when I discovered my work was useless-- it was my intention to have the issue lithographed, but I found I had dummied to the wrong scale and so the lithographer couldn't handle it without reducing the page size down to eye-strain proportions. The project was abandoned and the dummy was stowed away in a desk drawer.

And then, less than two years ago, something or someone started me all over again. Not wanting to repeat all that tedious dummied to the proper scale, I began compiling a brand new issue consisting of current material. I collected a Philadelphia convention article (phoney, of course) from Bloch, a book review parody from Hoffman, a front cover photograph from Grennell, and wrote three articles and satires on my own. One was a travelog recounting the adventures of Bloch and myself in Canada, another was a satire on the naked men and women appearing in the pages of GALAXY, and the third was a take-off on "The People Who Make OTHER WORLDS." This last was illustrated with a photograph showing Bea Mahaffey dancing with a genuine BFM. Again, it was to be lithographed, and I kept postponing publication date until I could set aside the money to have it printed. I'm still waiting. And so that dummy was put away in the desk drawer, next to the reprint dummy.

Material of one kind or another appeared and was filed away. Grennell sent a photograph of the grizzly humorous type befitting LeZ. Dave [redacted] contributed a satirical comic strip about a man, a maid and a Ben. Finally, a few weeks ago while visiting Bloch and Grennell in Wisconsin, the topic of LeZ again entered the conversation and I told the sad story I've written above. Then Grennell made a weird suggestion. Why, he asked me, did I want to be foolish and waste all that money on lithography? For a half, or possibly a third of the sum, he could print the magazine on his trusty Gestetner. And so we were off again.

As of now we expect to go to press no earlier than August, and if LeZ is to appear at all this year, I'd like to have it out no later than New Year's Eve. I'm making no promises and no commitments, I'm accepting no money. My idea of the perfect fanzine is that one published if and when the mood is right, if and when the editor is darned good and ready. I have no plans for following issues, and no plans for not having following issues. I'm far too wise to attempt another subscription periodical with regular deadlines; perhaps an annual is the ideal set-up.

I don't know what material will be included and which will be eliminated as outdated; I don't know if it will be a mixture of new and reprint stuff, or whether there will be twenty-four pages of comic strips and recipes. In short, I don't know nothing. Grennell lit the fires again, and if they don't burn out something may come of it before Christmas.

((Thanks, very much, Bob, for giving me and us the true picture with regard to LE ZOMBIE. This is much better than puzzling over rumors and perhaps indulging in unwarranted and unrealistic wishful thinking. Besides, it makes for interesting reading. I imagine many a fan, like myself, will be saying to himself, "Ghod, if he'd

only summed to the right scale that first time.

ALICE 33 Lyonsgate Dr., Wilson Hts., Toronto, Ont., Canada

Dear Dick:

I was rather hurt to see the way my name was band-aid around by certain of your readers. Their cutting remarks have bitten deeply and I feel that I should come to my own defense.

First of all in regard to Lyle Kessler and this business of "Fannish coincidences." He seems to think that two people writing an article on the same topic and having it published in the same issue of a magazine is a coincidence worth flipping over.

Now

I can top that, Lyle. A week prior to the Philcon I visited New York City. It was a gaffia trip. No one knew I was in town. I contacted no one when I arrived. My intentions were to have a "holiday" away from Fandom and fannish influences. The first day in town I headed for the theatrical district and a movie house at Broadway at 47th Street that was playing WAR OF THE WORLDS. I saw the show, walked out of the theater and down Broadway to 42nd Street where I decided to cross over.

On an island formed by two streets converging is a restaurant called the CROSSROADS CAFE. It is an open air affair where diners can sit and eat under an overhang and separated by a small steel fence, they can watch the multitudes crossing the busy intersection. I walked by the place, made a passing glance at the people eating, and stopped dead. I thought I recognized someone I knew. I looked closer and flipped. Seated at a table were Harlan Ellison of Cleveland, Ohio, Sally Dunn of West Cleveland, and Dave Ish of Ridgewood, New Jersey. I crossed over to their table, leaned over it and in a quiet voice said; "Small world, isn't it?"

Okay, Lyle, you figure the odds on that.....

The next thing on the agenda is this gripe by Gregg Calkins about me not mentioning his fanzine, OOPSLA! in my article dealing with 6th and 7th Fandom. Upon re-reading my article I can't see how I could have worked the name in without it being out of context. If I had given a fuller history of 6th Fandom in my article I could probably have made mention of it as: "The popularity of QUANDRY gave rise to numerous imitations -- of which OOPSLA! was one of the more minor examples.

The last point I'd like to bring up is in regard to Master Howard Lyons. I use the term "master" loosely because only an idiot or a young, very young boy would actually collect fanzines. Such an enterprise is comparable to collecting used frozen-ice sticks. Ugh!

If this Lyons character wants to spread dirt about me in your letter columns, the least I can do is the same about him. I happen to know for a fact that at the Midwestcon he was wearing a white ribbon with blue printing on it. This same ribbon was worn by many at the Philcon and bore the legend "7th FANDOM". However, his ribbon was slightly different.

Using red Gestetner correcting fluid, someone had written the figure "8" over the 7 on the ribbon. It looked to be a rather rough and hurried job though and only done to cash in on the possible popularity of 8th Fandom at the convention.

He was in for a disappointment, however, as 7th Fandom did a rather smashing job of dominating the convention.

((Yas, and there is PROOF that Lyons collects fanzines in this issue of PSY. Read Tucker's report of the Midwestcon. It follows the letter section...I hope.))

DONALD SUSAN, 706 Grant Street, McKeesport, Pa.

Dear Dick,

Alas...McCain has hit at a tender spot again. Bill Venable and I were furiously at work on the PENDULUM just before Philcon. We dummied it completely...: justified, art on-stencil, typed onto stencil completely.... but never run off. Then Bill decided to quit fandom; he wanted to enveigle a certain position after graduation...so he was off to win friends, influence professors, jack up grades, etc. I loathe his mimeo and frankly only he knows how to use it. So PENDULUM #5 containing McCain's article, plus a story by Gibson, plus a highly controversial article by Ellison (I think he jumped off track when he wrote it) plus THREE hundred litho covers by Alan Hunter, British pro author....resides in Venable's cool but not damp cellar. Bill wants to sell it because he feels that since he almost made money on it except for those exchanges he made with so many fmz. Anyone interested?

((I surely hope someone is interested, Don. The trouble is that there are so many many fan editors and only a very few fan publishers. Now, if I only had a mimeo.... what am I saying?))

JIM SCHREIBER, 4118 West 143rd Street, Cleveland 11, Ohio.

Dear Dick,

Since I didn't read Silverberg's original article on the cyclic nature of fandom, I'm at a disadvantage in discussing the subject, but to me all this noise about 6th, 7th, and 8th Fandoms sounds like highly polished nonsense.

The one hole in discussions about the idea is about the same as one in the intellectual jibbering that goes on about why fanzines fold. That fandom has its ups and downs is obvious, but that the "cycles" of the prominent fan personalities overlap to a very great extent should be equally obvious. ---- Fans in a rowboat amid a typhoon, predicting the appearance of waves by using a wristwatch.

The "analysts" are trying to put into a nutshell a complex situation in which the variables are almost infinite in number.

Enough of this curbstone philosophy.

Thank Earl Kemp for the warning about the "IMPRESSIONS" album. Despite my passion for Progressive, I'll take his word for its value and studiously avoid it. The illustration ((by Bob Stewart of Texas)) to it (the singing line) makes me laugh every time I see it. I can just see the first man to reach Mercury coming upon this hulk, 73½ feet high, as it strolls home from a game of billiards tum-tee-tumming a passage from a Chet Baker waltz.

((I wouldn't say your philosophy was of the curbstone type, Jim. I should say it approached the lower lamppost more closely than curbstone. In any case you are in good company what with McCain and Silverberg saying the same thing. Only thing is they couldn't stop there, they went on and made like the Delphic. I don't have to worry too much, tho: I went to a phrenologist and had the bumps on my head read....PSY, I was assured, is assured of a long life. Now if only someone doesn't blunk me on my crenium and change the future....))

"We are, obviously, modelling ourselves on WAW's HYPHEN"

DENIS MOREEN, 214 Ninth St., Wilmette, Illinois.

Dear Dick:

SECTION 8 is particularly engrossing this time. Especially, naturally, Jim Harmon's letter. It seems almost pre-written, the way Jim jostles around words and phrases. ... I think all of us expect something out of fandom other than just an excuse for a hobby, tho. We first of all naturally expect the egoboo associated with it. And I myself, although not at first expecting it, have found at least one virtue out of fandom which I do not ever remember being mentioned before. (At this point we present those classic "before" and "after" charts.) Really, tho, it has been through fandom-aniac association that I've acquired (or at least think so) a knack at writing interesting letters to people. I remember the many times I would sit at home trying to think ((should be a period here, shouldn't there?)) of something to talk about and even more thinking about how to say it in a letter. This does not strictly apply to thank-you letters to half-known aunts who live in Timbucktu and delight in sending me a shirt 4 sizes too small for Christmas, for I still shy away from that perennial chore. But I mean ordinary, chummy-type letters to friends who may have moved away or who live somewhere else--it has been purely through coming in contact with fandom that I have been able to change from a dreading nature to an expectant and eager one in this regard. For in fandom one really not only has to know how to say things semi-formally, on stencil and in manuscripts, but also to be able to communicate spirit and personality even more informally through letter, be they correspondence or fanzine comments. This is a talent which is not acquired overnight and which does not come out of publishing a fanzine; it is something independant of other things in fandom. At least that is one reason I have come to appreciate fandom--but it certainly was not expectation that forced me to start writing fan letters, it was curiosity....even curiosity.

Both Peatrowsky and Vorzimer bring up the old question as to whether over-activity is good or bad. Bob certainly isn't the first to say that big

are bad, but he is probably one of the most convincing. The matter have more influence with me than some other. At least I asked myself after reading it whether I should go to any extra trouble at all on SPY's anniversary. Admittedly, I was considering expanding to about 35 pages and some interior color printing, just to show off my years publishing; this I didn't consider as dangerous, inasmuch as the normal SPY's are about 25 pages long, sometimes with color covers, and the extra work on the anniversary would be done while on summer vacation from school, with no outside work to interfere.

But Bob has made me think--is the extra stuff really necessary, and, actually, what difference would it make? I'd still present the same material eventually, probably bringing in the same type of comments, and I'd spread the expense over a longer period of time. Granted, I'm far from down to the last penny, but money is still not the easiest thing to get and SPY spends enough throughout the year without adding anniversary costs to it.

Really examining myself, I feel that I've reached a certain point in fandom life--one where I don't see much reason to try to become any more popular or well-known; I just feel like coasting along, trying to keep up good work without going into too many new fandom outlets. Yes, this is the first sign of an old fan, who eventually ends up in nothing but FAPA, but I don't feel that way about it. I just don't feel like getting overly enthusiastic about anything in fandom, because in the past when I have I've been unable to get back down to normal fandom life for some time. It isn't a sign of gaffa, either, for I feel just as eager to sit down and write a few fan letters now as at any time in the past.

I think I must then belong to a group of fans who must be termed "irregular regulars" more than anything else. We keep on plugging away in our own right, now and then producing something in the way of a good fanzine. Then there is the other group--the hard workers--the Geis's, Vorzimer's, and former Calkins's, Nydahl's and Hoffman's, the ones who literally code and go, producing much in a short period of time, while the others, who produce much in a spread out period of time, watch on, with memories. It is the spread-out group of Watkins's, Moreen's and Peatrowsky's who act as the stabilizers, and the others who act as the boosters, the pushers.

By the way, purely off the subject, in looking over the letter section of QUANDRY #29, a year ago, I notice a Bloch letter in which he denies quite a bit, including the statement: "I did NOT saw Courtney's boat. Didn't even see it, let alone saw." Which only goes to show that the person who is quoted at the bottom of Tucker's thing either (a) did read Q where he remembered the pun, or (b) didn't read Q and didn't remember it therefore. This proves something conclusively, although I hesitate to try and figure out just what.

((I dunno if I like being called a pusher who is always coming and going. Just call me Geis, the fastest man in all....

Y'know...I thunk up that interlineation at the base of Tucker's thing (Oooooo, I just realized what you and I have writ....but then, I always did have a filthy mind). And I must confess that I had read Q #29, but I didn't consciously plagiarize the pun. No telling WHAT my subconscious will do, tho.))

one of these attractive, colorful covers. We have many customer inquiries for this item. Please direct customers to the Accessory Department, Upper Level.

So there it is....slip covers yet! Nothing can surprise me now.

Hoo-hawed Courtney's moat?

By the way, I might as well acknowledge an error right now...It seems that in my remarks at the end of Norman Browne's letter I mentioned something about Tucker's Midwestcon report following the letter section. Well....er...you see....it was this way.... I send the report to Bob Kellogg for illustration and haven't gotten it back yet; he is a busy boy. That damn Jim Bradley is always monopolizing him. I'm lucky if he has time to do anything at all for PSY.... Now, if Lyle Kessler comes through with the report he promised, and if I get permission to print a certain letter, and if I get some Kellogg illos for the Tucker....THEN the next issue should be a sort of Midwestcon Report Issue. Ah well, I can dream....

...before I could lave the grime of toil from my typing finger...

Just got BEM #2 from dear old England and thought it very very very good. Tom White and Mai Ashworth may take a two hour bask in the hot rays of ego-bo.

Unless you publish a zine and trade with these characters, you have to send them one good-condition prozine to Tom White, 3 Vine Street, Cutler Heights, Bradford 4, Yorks. Naturally, ENGLAND. These guys actually write funny editorials. Real funny. It isn't often I hoot and holler with laughter like with this BEM. GET IT! And make that prozine a good one, huh? Don't palm off Palmer on them.

'Walt Willis, affectionately known as Ghod.....' --BEM #2

I might as well go along with the herd and list the books I'm reading. Every week I succeed in reading a chapter or two from Churchill's The Gathering Storm which is actually fascinating reading. Trouble is I don't have much spare time to read him. Currently I'm reading only ASTOUNDING, GALAXY and MoF&SF. At work each lunch hour and some relief periods I am reading a very good exercise in style titled Brideshead Revisited by Evelyn Waugh. I know that if anyone else were to take the story and scenes from this book and write them up in a novel, that the result would be all but unreadable. Yet this Waugh, with this subtly compelling style of his, can keep me reading on and on. I frequently say to myself, "This fellow can write!"

Finished Annapurna by Maurice Herzog recently, and recommend it to anyone who wants to read a story of adventure and guts. I still can't get over the idea of that damned doctor not taking along any anesthetics. And when I think of what those fellows went through when he started to amputate....

Goooooye

FOR NOT LIKING
THIS SORT OF
STUFF, GEIS IS
SURE LOADED
DOWN THIS ISSUE!



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

PRINTED MATTER ONLY
RETURN POSTAGE GTD.

Charles Wells
405 E. 62nd St
Savannah, Georgia

57) PORTLAND OREG. (57) PORTLAND
OHEC. 57) PORTLAND OREG. (57) PORTLAND

