

PSYCHOTIC

NUMBER 15



BERGERON

RESULTS

FOOD FOR...?

tomato soup."

It was beyond imagination.

late cake floating in a bowl of soup?" Why not, indeed?

slide-one-keep-two technique.

suit me.

anew as to the possible taste that awaited me.

hot tomato soup over the three pieces of chocolate cake.

not for long. You can only imagine my horror when, after fetching

that the cake was dissolving! My eyes popped and my breath came in so shallow gasps as I watched, too stunned to move, the ravaging chemical reaction in that devilish bowl.

Full two minutes later I untransfixed myself from the utter fascination of the scene and dared to continue with the experiment. Oh, I'm telling you, we Geises have guts!

I leaned over and breathed the fumes.

After picking myself up off the floor I sat on a chair and, being careful not to get my nose too close, spooned a bit of the viscose gunk and (Oh, I'm telling you we Geises have guts!) gingerly tasted of it.

INTERLINEATIONS ANYONE?

"Turn that thing around and put it in sideways!"---Lois Heath

You write in a slack-lipped vulgate.

"Sometimes some of the readers suffer..."

You think this is bad, wait til you grope your way out of the letter section next issue. Heh. You'll wish you'd never heard of interlineations.

IT WAS A HOAX!!

Says poor Boyd Raeburn, editor of A BAS, in response to a card of mine asking why he had printed it in the first place. It seems that someone typed up the stencils for the most recent issue as a favor and had included The Letter in the bunch. But I'll let Boyd tell it, I'm goofing it up too much.

"When I picked up the stencils I was rocked to find that he had included that dopy letter. I figured that he was trying to ba-
little me in the eyes of the fans in some way, but couldn't see how. Ron Kidder, Gerry Steward & myself ran off the mag, and none of us could see the point of the letter. After I had printed the thing I realized I could have, and should have, cut it out, but by then it was too late unless I wanted to reprint half the mag. Now I find to my horror that people are taking the thing seriously, and thinking that Harrison ((Editor of SCIENCE FICTION ADVENTURES --R.E.G.)) really asked me to do a column. Then it will leak out that Harrison didn't ask me to do a review column, and my name will be mud."

Tsk. Deplorable.

SEE _____ FROM _____

Ever notice the basic similarity in sci motion picture titles? There is a whole series that feature the above sequence of words: "The Man From Planet X", "The Thing...From Another World", "It came From Outer Space", "The Beast From Twenty-thousand Fathoms" and the latest item, which is playing in Portland right now and is lousy (I have this on good authority...didn't see it, myself.), is "The Monster From the Ocean Floor." They'll run out of synonyms pretty soon.

Hey!
You there!
Where. I've
got a few things
to say to you, and
though I know it's a
foolish twist of whim-
sey to hope this will be
the last said on the topic,
still here's what the score on
Seventh Fandom is, from the guy
who started it all.

7th Fandom

Speaks!

Maybe I didn't write the definitive work
on "Fandoms" as did my very dear friend Bob
Silverberg, but still, it wasn't Charles Wells
or Nydahl or any of them that rolled 7F into the
public eye. If it's stuck there like a cinder---
it's the public's own damned fault. But let me tell
you the way I'd planned.

HARLAN
ELLISON

They say I'm the daddy of 7F. That Seventh Fandom is an idea in the
synapses of Harlan Ellison. Well, maybe it is and maybe it isn't. It
started back like this:

Silverberg came out with his article, and shortly thereafter, when he
mentioned a few names (one of them---in fact the only one possibly ex-
tant today---was Wells), Lee Hoffman's chum Charlie got in touch with
me and said that we should make something out of it since Lee and Max
Keasler and Hank Burwell and (at the time) Calkins and (again, at the
time) Shelby Vick and all the rest with the exception of Ian Macauley
---who was gaffiating noisily in New York vicinity---were definitely
out for the count. I was game and told him, okay, Charles, let's make
up a self-evident self-recognizing Seventh Fandom of all the Brighter
Lights, and have us some fun.

So, shortly before the 1953 Midwestcon I called the HEcon at my home
in Cleveland. That was the first concrete evidence of Seventh Fandom.
Even before the Nydahl-Macauley one-shot called EXPOSE (which was dis-
tributed as a post-mailing to FAPA in Macauley's name). The people in
attendance were Dave Ish, Karl Olsen, Norman Browne, Jack Harness,
Bill Dignin, John L. Magnus, Sally Dunn, Ray Schaffer (for a short
while) and myself.*

At the Midwestcon, after numerous bull-sessions at my place, and a fine
time that I don't think has been excelled in a week-long wild-hair

* Schaffer was going to the Con with us, though he only arrived at the
HEcon the night before we left, but he remembered the Army Deferment
Physical he had to take and so leapt out. As memory serves, that was
the crowd, however there is a niggling thought at the back of my mind
that there was someone else of importance that I've forgotten. If
there was, I'm sorry, and one of you other HEconners fill his identity
in for me in a letter to PSYCHOTIC.

anywhere. Seventh Fandom showed a concerted front at Indian Lake and everyone there knew that THIS was Seventh Fandom. And in that group there was none of the shame and ridicule and immaturity that showed up later. And showed up not through 7Fers, but through the pack of mad dogs and infuriated left-outers that clung to our heels. But back to the yarn. That Con was remarkable for 7F in another way: it was Dean Grennell's first convention and he was there as an acknowledged member of Seventh Fandom. What developed later was not Dean's fault, nor mine, or any one person, but more the fault of those who worshipped Dean instead of respecting him as a person.

Let's delve into that facet for a split-second.

Dean came on the scene, as the jazzmen would say, "Like Joshua!" and blew his ramhorn with a sound that shook fandom to its heels. He was great, no denying it. He was great with the unadorned wonder of enjoying fandom and all it stood for in its finest sense. Not the Dean of today with the introverted writings too loudly reminiscent of Redd Boggs' withdrawness. In our own way the Seventh Fandomers and myself loved Dean with a pure, unadulterated admiration few people get in life. I still retain those first letters and book-size epistles labelled GRUE sent to me under the Art Wesley pseudonym. I still re-read with undisguised chuckles the marked-up copies of HE and PEOPLE TODAY that Dean was wont to send me. I was one of the first handful of fans that Dean contacted when he hit fandom, and the Grennell of today is nothing like that gay, light-hearted, pun-cracking kidder of a year ago. I've never seen one year wreak such a change in a person.

It was obviously the fault of too much correspondence, but after SCIENCE FANTASY BULLETIN #13 came out, I could tell a marked metamorphosis was overtaking the Dean Grennell personality.



But I'm saving all that for an article on Grennell that someday soon I'm going to write. But God spare the fan who tries to write it before I do. For though others may know him longer and closer, none knew him dearer. Maudlin it may sound, but true it remains. The framed pictures of Grennell and Kincannon still hang in my bedroom at home.

After that riotous Convention in which all of 7F slept in two beds pushed together, with me in the middle (and waking up next morning, with my leg slipped down between the two beds, thinking someone had amputated it), things started rolling real fine.

I began publishing the newsletter SEVENTH FANDOM which went for two issues, outlining what some of the members thought should be the practices of Seventh Fandom.

For at that time there was no throat-ripping hatred or revulsion toward the idea of 7F. Everyone---or nearly everyone---thought the Hoffman Sixth was defunct. The tiny fraction that clung to the belief they would be back,

... muted their titmouse cries in half-secrecy, only lately have stood on their hind feet to yell megaphonically that Sixth is still breathing. Well, you say! Sixth is worse off than Seventh, and Seventh is nearly strangled.

In that newsletter, sent to 25 persons, was a ballot, for members to be chosen. Ideas on an APA, policies, goals, the works. And in return came a flood of anxious answers, from everyone concerned. That was the first NEWSLETTER. By the time word had gone out that 7F was springing up full-blown from the dust of Sixth, like Athena from the forehead of Zeus, more letters plugged in from fans all over the country, asking, may, begging, to be let in.

LET IN WHAT????

They couldn't seem to realize that 7F wasn't a club, it was a loose-knit group of people who had achieved something. It was a select group of fans who were after the brighter things in fandom. None of those initial 25 published a crudzine, and those whose mags weren't really good corrected themselves appreciably from contact with the glowing air of 7F til their mags were really top-grade. Take Dave Ish and SOL. The issues previous to 7F were sloppy and badly printed, even though it was considered one of the finer mags in the field. Then look at that last issue of SOL, after he had been hanging around with the pubbers of 7F. It was---and still is---a treat to look upon, with material by Charles Dye, Su Rosen, Jack Harpness, myself, and others of stature. The mag was a fine piece of amateur publishing, well worth the time and money anyone would care to spend on it.

Still those fans, mostly West Coasters but a lot from all over the U.S., couldn't see that there wasn't any clique about being a Seventh Fandomer. It wasn't, as Peter Graham tried, a matter of sending me fifty cents and saying, "Make me a Seventh Fandomer." That was like a sinner walking up to the Archangel Peter, handing him a sawbuck and saying, "Make me righteous," or something.

Seventh Fandom was a state of mind. It always was, it always has been, it always will be.

Shortly after the first NEWSLETTER went its way, before the Phillycon, I went on several vacations, and while I was in Canada, in the wilds of Ontario, came a mimeographed bombshell from Norm Browne that went against everything 7F proposed, including abject worship of Grennell (a dangerous thing in itself) and "taking over FAPA" by infiltration.

Everyone talked Norm down, and from that came the first weak link in our chain. Norm, who had prepared the SEVENTH FANDOM ribbons we had worn in Chicago, became peevish and never contributed further to the movement. It was definitely a blow.

Then we started up the SEVENTH FANDOM AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION, commonly called 7APA, which we thought would provide a lot of fun for all concerned. It started out with a bang.

The whimper has been reverberating for five months now.

Good little mags like the first issue of Dignin's DEFINITELY (the magazine

it a doubt), Geis' SCHIZO, Ish's AFFINITY, Grennell's AW, Maguire's LAURENHEIT 1, and if I may be pardoned, ELLISON WONDERLAND, not to mention HOO and HAW by Pestrowsky and Thompson, though they matured in later issues, made a showing that while tentative and grasping at first, as we got our sea-legs, were still something concrete and wonderful to behold.

You can imagine my joy when that package came in with the words "FIRST 7FPA MAILING" on it. I was, if you'll pardon the pun, in Seventh Heaven.

Then all went wild.

Silverberg had no time to participate, Su Rosen could not be located, Wells failed to send in a mag, Browne peevd out, Olsen dropped out of fandom as did Nydahl, Grennell tired of so much activity, everyone became weary except---and due credit for her work must be herein paid---Sally Dunn, who stuck through and literally played the part of "the fighting editor."

Then hell, in the form of the fans who had been excluded, broke loose. 7F was supposedly a vital changing thing in which persons who made a name for themselves through honest-to-god hard work or through talent could be assimilated constantly, ever changing the ranks, swelling and modifying them, allowing for the fans who would eventually, for one reason or another, slip away into the limbo.

Those who were too small to see that leaped as one. The articles from the Nothingfens started appearing. They were sensational---if not well written---and they screamed that 7F was done, through, washed up before it started. They screamed that there never was a Seventh Fandom (though I had two mailings to prove them the liars they were), that we were an interregnum abortion, that Sixth would return, that the blood was drained out of us.

And they screamed so long and so loud that they convinced fandom. They convinced the kids who had worked. They convinced fellows like Thompson, who withdrew after three issues of what was a constantly improving magazine. They convinced Dean Grennell that it was bad for his reputation to be associated with one group of fans. They convinced Dick Geis, they convinced Jack Harness, they convinced everyone, and for a while they even convinced me.

I say this to your faces: McCain, you stink! Kessler, you're a blood-hungry second-rater! Calkins, you're a guy who can't stand to see new faces prevail! Browne, you're a no-good saboteur from inside who'd knife your grandmother if you thought you could sell her cooky jar!

I say this to all of you, and all of you are my friends. I say this to you and I'm going to see Norm Browne in two weeks as his house-guest. I say this and mean it strictly in the context of 7F discussions, ~~as if~~ if you want to beat my brains out do so as you would a kid in a fight that has seen his favorite toy broken by jealous rivals and who strikes out blindly in all directions.

cast stones at me as an individual making nasty cracks at you. I am a 7F'er who has seen something that could have been fine and good and lasting torn to shreds by a pack of mad dogs who wanted to tear down an edifice before it reached completion.

Look to yourselves!

Is what I say truth or am I a lying bastard?

Seventh Fandom is not dead! Alone amidst the dead bodies of fallen compatriots I say it: Seventh Fandom is not dead! It is not dead because the "feel" of 7F is still with us. You can't kill off American Patriotism (if there is such a thing and I'm certain there is) by killing off Americans. As long as there is a breath of untainted air flowing over the North American continent there will be America.

And so it is with 7F. As long as there are fans who knew there was something clean and fresh and new-direction-seeking in 7F, there will be a Seventh Fandom.

Thank God gone are the hangers-on who wanted the fame and glory they thought would come with the movement. Thank God is gone the misdirected devotion that led me to try blackmail on Dick Geis to get him back in the fold. Thank God there are fans today who knew what the score was.

For five months now I've held my peace now and said nothing while They have ranted and screamed and gibbered about 7F going down the drain.

You know, it has been almost fanatical the way they have decried it all. As though 7F was a symbol, a thing which held nothing but evil for Them. Why so much knocking and yelling you pack of Mad Dogs? Why the fear of letting the child grow up? You say it was for fear of a horrible mutant, but was it fear of a Homo Superior? I wonder.

Five months later I wonder good and loud.

Everyone else, including Charlie and his uncle have had a swing at the problem. If it is a problem. Here was my swing. Now here is my counter-attack:

7F will go on being. If only in the mind of one lone, lousy fan sitting and publishing his fanzine. Until the time when a true 8th Fandom emerges, not the cast-offs who say they are now, that has something new and of value to offer, one lousy fan will consider himself a Seventh Fandomer and his publication a Seventh Fandomailing. If need be I'll be that one lousy little fan.

Everyone has to have a cause to be glad to fight for. I wouldn't die for

it, because there is no cause in the Universe that is not worth living for. No cause is worth dying for.

7F is one of my babies. I helped create it out of whole cloth and I think that in its weave there is a pattern that can please many. I'll stick with it. I've faltered, but now it is clear---through the sheer din of screaming opposition to it by all the Mad Dogs---there is something there worth battling over.

If you don't want to consider all this sincere, then ridicule me and 7F by declaring, "Yea, brother, I've been saved, I done seen the light!" But if you consider what I've said, some of it in the heat of passion but most of it cold and methodical, then I call you who were and who want to be 7Fers to rally round the standard. The first round is over and it was a bloody debacle. But the second round bell has rung and out around that ragged banner we come.

7F could have been a thing of laughter and joy and forward-striding for everyone, like the mammoth composite 7F fanzine that was to be issued, but the Mad Dogs have kneed us in the groin, they've rubbed dirt in our eyes and rabbit-punched their way to a first round decision.

But we aren't to be downed quite that easily.

Mr. Silverberg, sir, take note: the era of Seventh Fandom is not over. Seventh Fandom still breathes, bloody and decimated though it ~~looks to~~. It will survive, if only in strong memory of having gone down with a battle cry on its lips.

I'm afraid the point of mere rebuttal has been reached and I sidestep into melodramatic rhetoric. If so, believe me when I say that it was done in the fire of battle.

I'm sick to the teeth of all the crud thrown around by people who came on the scene lately and who know nothing. I'm equally as sick of the backstabbers and the hangers-on and the chicken-hearts who now come to feed off the corpse.

Let them all beware, the corpse is still kicking, and even in its death throes it can land a solid blow or two.

I still publish ELLISON WONDERLAND as a 7APA magazine, in no way connected with DIMENSIONS, and anyone interested in reading a rather hilarious fan satire of Seventh Fandom by a composite figure of Seventh Fandom, Wally Balloo (not myself, I assure you), send me your name and address on a postcard with the words SEVENTH FANDOM on it, and I'll send you a copy of that issue and all subsequent issues.

There was a time when it all started out fresh and clean and in fun. But you aren't going to raise any clean new facade of Eighth Fandom with all the filth and sneakwork and nastiness of Seventh's fate still stenching up the landscape.

I repeat it to you. SEVENTH FANDOM IS STILL ALIVE, and damned if it won't speak loudly in the future.

---Harlan Ellison

OBSERVATION WARD

REDDOGS. Redd Boggs, 2215 Benjamin Street, N.E., Minneapolis 18, Minn.

This has been called "the only literate fanzine" and the twenty-first issue lives up to that description. The editorials show a great deal of the background and (if I may be pardoned for saying it) culture of the editor, Redd Boggs. But perhaps the main interest of many fans is the fireworks attendant to the column written by William Atheling Jr. In the letter section this issue Atheling is virtually blasted out of the water by Anthony Boucher, Sam Moskowitz, Isaac Asimov and Poul Anderson. All take issue with him in one way or another. Lots of fun! 15¢

ABSTRACT #5, Peter J. Vorzimer, 1311 N. Laurel Ave., W. Hollywood 46, Cal.

After the editorial fireworks in number four I have to admire the way Pete obviously holds himself tightly in check in his latest issue. I can just see him gritting his teeth and muttering, "I will not reply to this bastard the way I want to! I won't, I won't, I WON'T!" as he types out a letter on-master for the letter column. I particularly admire his self-control in respect to my own letter which he printed in this issue; I sat on him rather hard in that epistle, and he took it like a trooper. I have since learned that I was wrong in saying that Walt Willis wrote about him as a type-of-fan in various fanmags. I was also wrong in assuming that Willis didn't write him because he was such an insulting nec.

But I'm wondering now that ABSTRACT has been converted to a letter zine whether this new and less frantic Vorzimer editorial personality will succeed in drawing enough interesting letters. Admittedly most of his mail has been in response to his editorial whirling-dervish act in previous issues. 10¢

FOG #4, Don Wegars, 2444 Valley Street, Berkeley 2, California.

The latest issue crept in the other day and was notable for (I blushingly admit) my column and the letter section. The rest of the material was forgettable. In this the fourth issue Don uses yellow paper for the interior pages and I rather like the effect. 5¢

I have BIBBILTY #1 and DEVIANT #3 to review, but...alas...they will have to wait til next issue because I am crowded like hell this time because of the last minute decision to include the Ellison article. But be not of little faith for "The Observation Ward" will be longer next time.

INCIDENT

It was Friday, May 27th at Bellefontaine, Ohio. About 8 in the evening. I was walking down the street with Robert W. Madle, Jack Agnew, Paul Mittelbuscher, and John Magnus. Naturally I was trying to hide my face so nobody would recognize me with them...I didn't want to hurt their reputations. We had just come out of a bar. We staggered along until we came to the Ingalls Hotel. On the second floor above the entrance was a window. A head was sticking out of this window. The head belonged to Harlan Ellison. He had loaned it to a friend.

Magnus invited Harlan to have a drink on us. "No," Harlan declined. "I'll have a drink all over you." He threw a bucket of water out on us. I say "water".... We went up to see Harlan.

Magnus implored Harlan to open the door so he could knock his teeth down his throat. But Harlan only went to licensed dentists. "Come closer, John," Harlan suggested. "I have something you'll get a bang out of." John did and Harlan threw out a stick of dynamite.

Well, maybe it was just a giant firecracker. Anyhow, it burned John's leg and pants pretty bad. Everyone began beating on the door. I watched this gentle bedlam for awhile and asked politely (my very words now) "Do you really want to get in there?" Everyone agreed that they did.

So I hit the door about four times with my fist and it splintered and fell down. Harlan rushed at me. "Now you've done it, Harmon. (I guess I had.) I can't stand anyone who can't take a joke," he added as he lunged for my throat with both hands. Perhaps you've seen Harlan. For your information I am about six feet and 200 pounds. That is why I didn't slug him as many suggested I should have done. I did hold onto his hands until he cooled off and merely stormed out of there screaming for the POLICE!!! (As he put it.)

There is more, much more. Are you sure you want to hear it?

Naturally, I didn't wait around for Harlan to come storming back with the riot squad. I made my getaway. Hiding behind the first woman I saw I asked Carol Hickman where she could suggest I go. Fortunately Carol is a nice girl and didn't tell me to go where you're thinking. She told me to go into Riva's room. I did, locked the door and considered whether the bed was the right size for me---that is, whether I could get under it.

Before I tried that, Lynn Hickman knocked and identified himself. The joint, he informed me, was crawling with cops. He could hardly believe that I could do such a thing -- I was so gentle. He suggested that he could get me out of town if we could get to his car. So I said make a break for it and he could gouge the eyes while I kicked the groin of any cop that tried to stop us. I said it gently. But we reconsidered. Now, now, was I to get out of this? Science fiction writers couldn't go to jail -- it just isn't done. Oh, if only L. Ron were there to "clear" me.

Joe Gibson was giving the police an accurate description of me (he told me later) and getting worried about me. I wish he had gotten worried before he gave out the description, and informed them that I was a short, skinny, bald man of 56. He searched all the bars in that end of town -- Joe and I had gotten to know each other fairly well -- and then began on the hotel. He got to the top floor just in time to see me and Lynn -- Lynn and I, if you prefer -- going out the back window onto the fire escape.

Way down the steep, insubstantial steps a spotlight suddenly outlined two of us! Down below a squad car had spotted us in their searchlights. I thought I heard a cry of "Halt in the name of the law!" I turned to Lynn: "Shoot out them lousy coppers' candle. They ain't going to take us alive, even if the Lady in Red has betrayed me!" "Come on, we'll switch your fingerprints!" (This is a trifle exaggerated, of course.)

Back inside and locked in Riva's room (Riva who? Don't ask me...I never met her) we decided there was simply no way I could chicken out of it. I sent Lynn down to try to get the manager to accept pay for the door and call off the cops. Lynn came back with the manager and two cops. Yes, he would take payment for the door -- a mere \$35 for the ancient building. Fine, said the cops, get the money and send this punk to jail -- sixty days. However, I murmured that they were mistaken about me paying if I was going to jail anyway, so they said within the hour or else. Ahem, I didn't have \$35. So Lynn, Hal and Nancy Shapiro, and even Harlan went out soliciting. Well, I don't mean Nancy went soliciting, but anyway, they got the money -- mostly from Bob Bloch, Ike Asimov and a bunch of filthy hucksters down the hall.

Lyle Kessler recorded the events for history in a series of pictures -- photos.

Quite a few people were disgusted with my horrible example, but others seem to regard me with awe. No wonder. Some of the versions that started around had me breaking down the door to save a girl who was hollering "Rape!" from Harlan (the Canadian group). Just who I was saving her for, I don't know. Myself, I guess. However, I won't flatly deny this story.

A few days later, Harlan and I had dinner together. Things were quite friendly, but they sure served the lousiest coffee there I've ever drunk. Just the smell turned me against it. Bitter almonds. Harlan wouldn't drink his, either.

The moral to the story: If you ever want to break anything of Harlan's, wait until he opens the door.

"Harmon is Ghod and the Shattered Door is His Cross"

Idle query

When your mighty fist upon the door did land,
Tell me Ghod, oh tell me true, didn't it hurt your hand?

---REG

Larry Stark. Route #9. New Brunswick, New Jersey.

Dear Dick,

...although PSYCHOTIC is a very well-reproduced, competently edited, widely enjoyed, going, expanding, explosive fanzine full of great material, every issue seems devoted to the utmost in fan-pessimism, doom propheteering, and generally depressive printing. Your dismal droning editorial in #9 was just such a depressant. Issue #10 now checks in with 1) Browne examining 7th Fandom with the eye of a Marxist expert on dialectics, 2) the pitiful, actually tearful farewell of VEGA, 3) "Why Not BLAST The Crudzines" (with which I agree, but it's part of a colorful pattern), 4) McCain's column on why not to submit to fanzines, known and loved or otherwise.

What's with this kick of depressive dronings? Is it an accurate mirror of your own ideas and emotions on the subject, or of fandom's ideas, or those of your writers? Certainly nobody with only ONE year of pubbing ought to be so disgusted about either the future of fandom nor the benefits for neofen. PSYCHOTIC has made something of a rocket-trail in the fan-publishing field already, and with that year of experience should go on to be as impressive as SKYHOOK, as explosive as SLANT, as revered as Lee Hoffman's material. So why the length of visage, Richard?

On Pogo: when will you critics get it through your beady little brains that just because a guy does something in a medium devoted in the majority to 'mere entertainment' a la Hamling, and has done things in the past which have (in the main) amused, that all he can do or wants to do is merely entertain? Don't you think Kelly has an idea cartooning can be a serious art-form? Don't you think he has a liberal mind and reads the headlines? Why deny him the right to do a biting satire merely because you'd prefer inconsequential Pogofenokee happenings? Kelly has just as much right to an aware mind and an opinionated pen as Daumier, Charles Dodgson, or Jonathan Swift. So maybe good satire DOES make you think more than does Churchy's love-affair with Miz'Mam'zelle Hepzibah, does that make it any less great, or does it make you more obtuse? (You as a Class, Dick; I am NOT getting personal! PUT DOWN THAT INK WELL!!)

I thought "Dog-Gone" and "The Town On The Edge of the End" some of the greatest Kellyana ever printed, and think they deserve the more impressive printing of book-binding. I thought "The Trial" a magnificent piece of political satire...especially since it was drawn BEFORE the big side-show really put up its tent. And, if maybe you missed it, "The Hun"

...cartoon of Ike (the crusading chick), as perhaps the
descriptive portrait of today's Republican Party put on paper. Be-
cause, the Old Kelly of "The Jumping Cow" is (although sidesplitting
a bit superficial. When a strip presents places-for-laughter on the
level, on the literary level, on the political level, and on the histo-
rical level, as "The Trial" does, I'd say it's a fair assumption that it's
funnier, then at least funny to More People....and isn't that what
art successful, a universality of appeal and understanding?
What brought that on? I'm usually not so explosive, 'cept when
I think I see a philistine in the bullrushes...or when a certain doctor
enforces a censorship law against comic-books. Then I'm FRENZIED!!!
POISERBIE #2 and read how frenetic I can get. Man, when I throw a
boom....

By the way, did I see a letter flit by rebutting D. Geis for thinking
nothing worth reading in Californian fandom??? Without having any
deep-seated hatred of George Pal and a couple of issues of
his lit'ry mag of CalTech, I've sneered at California myself, and now I'd
like to do some unprejudiced research to maybe prove myself wrong. Can
you help me?

((I trust that the proud faneds of California will send you
sample copies of their zines so that you may get a true and
accurate picture of what goes on down there.

Sure, Larry, I think cartooning is a "serious art-form",
and I liked the contents of THE POGO STEPMOTHER GOOSE.
I think Kelly has every right in the world to read headlines
and have a liberal mind and not like McCarthy and enter the
field of political cartooning if he wishes, BUT...I object to
his selling the book to people who expect Pogo and actually
get something almost entirely different. Maybe, like me,
most will like it and howl only on principle, but the error
is no less wrong for all of that. My position is simply that
a large portion of THE POGO STEPMOTHER GOOSE was not Pogo
nor even Mother Goose! It was Lewis Carroll! Or rather Lewis
Carroll with Kelly's-Significant-Current-Issues added. (And
purely as an aside, Larry, I wonder if Lewis Carroll is im-
proved by injecting present-day politics and personalities.
It is, in a sense, a rather presumptuous and sacrilegious
act.) To finish off, I wish hereafter when Kelly does up
some Serious Constructive Cartooning that he label it as such
and not palm it off under a Pogo cover. I much prefer the
rapier to the broadsword when it comes to satire, anyway.))

Frank R. Pietro Jr., R.D. #1, Kirk Ave, Warners, New York.

Dear Dick:

I am writing this letter in reference to the column written
by Lyle Kessler on the 4th Annual FanVet Convention. I am writing in my
capacity as the secretary of the FanVet Assn. and one who attended the
convention also.

The convention was delayed slightly because of the change-over to
daylight saving time and a lot of people were delayed as a mixup in the
time. The first speaker was Robert Frazier who spoke of the course on

...of which he is co-instructor for the City College of New York. Next came Thomas S. Gardner who gave a humorous short talk on the course as he received in doing review works including the annual reviews he does for FANTASY TIMES. Then the Guest of Honor, Willy Ley, gave a talk on a book which is now out about the development of the U-2 under the Nazi government. (U-2, the inside story of the "mysterious weapon" that almost changed the course of history, by General Walter Dornberger, which I believe was issued by Viking Press at \$5.00.) Mr. Ley told the story in his usual humorous style. This story was tagged by Mr. Ley as unsalable "fiction" because it violates every rule for a successful story. Mr. Ley also spoke of his latest book "Engineers' Dreams" which is non-fiction from Viking Press at \$3.50. Harry Harrison told of the revival of SPACE SCIENCE FICTION, Cal Beck spoke of his latest attempt at forming a S-F club to be called The American Science Fantasy Society. Then George Raybin spoke of a convention being planned jointly by the S-F clubs of New York and New Jersey, to be held this coming October. A cake honoring the 25th Anniversary of THRILLING WONDER STORIES was presented. Sam Mines was not able to attend due to urgent business, so Mr. Taurasi had the cake cut by Trina Perlson. But because of a few ill-mannered attendees who quickly rushed up and grabbed large pieces of cake before it was divided up fairly very few people received any.

The auction was started very shortly after a fifteen minute intermission. A Paul cover from the old WONDER STORIES went for \$7, while what was reported to be one of the last Bergey covers from SPACE STORIES went for \$10.50 and a THRILLING WONDER STORIES cover went for \$6.50. The highest price paid for an original interior was \$5, while the lowest was 25¢. Group illustrations along with original manuscripts from GALAXY went for about \$4 for each set. Of the magazines auctioned off vol.2 No.1 of Ted Carnell's NEW WORLDS went for \$1.75. The auction brought in \$100 profit for F.V.A. and over 100 people attended. Among those guests present were Mrs. E.L. Gold of GALAXY, Miss Mary Gnaedinger of FAMOUS FANTASTIC MYSTERIES, Mrs. Leo Mergulies of FANTASTIC UNIVERSE S-F, Marty Greenberg of Gnome Press, Sam Moskowitz of SCIENCE FICTION PLUS, authors John Victor Peterson and Edward S. Staub, David A. Kyle and Ed Emshwiller.

The next convention will be held at the same place, Werdermann's Hall, 3rd. Ave., East 16th Street, N.Y.C. on April 17, 1955. We hope to make it even better than this year's.

For Mr. Kessler's information F.V.A. is not as big as P.S.F.S. and thus did not have the number of helpers which were available when the World Convention was put on in Philadelphia, which in my estimation was a big fraud. But of the 6 people who helped put on the F.V.A. convention, all did a good job considering the many difficulties. And we did not gouge anyone into paying for a high-price orator. As for the auction being incompetently handled: I would say that if the auctions at the Philcon were as good as ours they would have done much better instead of letting every Tom, Dick, and Harry auction off items as they did.

If Mr. Kessler had paid more attention to the people speaking on the stage and had cut out talking while the other persons were speaking he would have heard what was going on. There were several who were talking at the same time and thus the speakers had trouble making themselves heard in the room. Finally, if Mr. Kessler does not care to come to the next F.V.A. convention it will be all right with us as we do not have to beg anyone to come to our conventions. Most of the people who came seemed to have had a good time and made no complaints to us. Even Mr. Kessler had a good time as he told Mr. Taurasi and several witnesses after the convention

Also, the money which was taken in is used to send s-f books and magazines to members of the U.S. Armed Forces overseas and did not end up in someones pocket.

This letter is written to help clear up the inaccurate and mistaken statements made by Lyle Kessler on the 4th Annual Fan Vet Convention.

((I wonder if it isn't true that if you gathered a hundred fans together and left them alone they would have a perfectly good time together....even without ANY official program or direction. Lyle, perhaps, DID have a good time talking to fans and such (his report in the last issue would seem to indicate just that) while at the same time he could have felt that the official program was inferior to others he had seen. Thanks for your letter.))

Boyd Raeburn, 14 Lynd Ave., Toronto 3, CANADA.

Dear Richard,

In McCain's article on the perils of submitting material to fanzines, I was very interested in his story of the material sent to Roger Dard. Same thing happened to me. In one letter to Roger (it was 2-3 yrs ago I think) I made some very derogatory comments regarding the fanzines of the thirties. We had been battling on the subject for some time. He in his reply asked me to expand the comments into an article for his forthcoming fanzine which was to have a professional cover and other trimmings. I think it was intended to be a one-shot. Being rather lazy I put off writing the article, but finally was so inundated with pleas for it in a BIG BIG hurry, with deadlines looming close, I took some reference material with me on vacation, borrowed more from another fan en route and one night while staying with a friend in the deep south spent the midnight hours bashing out the article on my friend's ancient typewriter which featured SEVEN rows of keys, and shot it off to the anxiously awaiting Dard, only to be advised by him later that due to various reasons which would make fascinating reading but which I won't go into, he had decided not to put out the zine after all. (McCain was wrong; it didn't fold after one issue, it just never appeared at all. Seeing the trouble Roger had with the Australian Gestapo over being Ausie Rep. for Operation Fantast, maybe it is just as well he never put out a fanzine) Roger told me, as he told McCain, that he had shipped all the material to Slater. As far as I know the article was never used. Not really surprised, as I think most fans agree with me that the old mags were crud. Roger wanted it, though, so he could write a thundering reply, raving over early AMAZINGS and saying how he thinks any copy of ASF after 1939 is not worth looking at.

((I wonder what Roger Dard thought of SCIENCE FICTION PLUS?))

"Do you suffer from GELStric acidity?"--Wayne Strickland.

Just about enough space for a titilating tidbit.

With cat-like tread and a wicked sneer,
Willy stole his father's beer.

Go ahead, somebody....finish it.

HUGH'S VISIT



Interested in some pro-looking art? Would you like to brag that you painted it? Well, you can with a "Craft Master Oil Painting Set." Though the name may be unfamiliar, you've doubtlessly heard about this outfit since it's been advertised and publicized in most of the major magazines. Craft Master does everything but dip your brush in the oils that are included in the set. Besides that, you have a palette that defies you to mix or spill the colors. And why should you? The colors range in twenty-seven varieties. The canvass is ready to pin on the wall. You need not fear assaulting the virgin white of unblemished cloth; it is outlined and neatly numbered for each dab of paint. What you eventually create, using your own stroke to give character, are three paintings of "Journey thru Space" (CM-25). The 12 x 16 inch job looks worthy of the wall of your den once you get frames to confine the Alex Raymonish ship threading its way through a congested system of planets that suspiciously resembles our solar system. It has the ideal of adventure and imagination that many prozines lack today. The two small paintings, each 4½ x 5½ inches, are rather gaudy views of modernistic cities that can be found in most comics.

While I've never attempted these ready-to-paint sets, I've seen some excellent successes by people with the patience to follow instructions. And any picture will be enhanced with a frame and varnish.

"You'll have to rid yourself of useless levers...."

A local, rather obnoxious newspaper columnist came up with a bit of news recently, though Herb Caen didn't realize its profound interest to fandom. The Sir Francis Drake is removing the famous ice-cream fountain which used to serve remarkable delicacies. Yes, liquor over

...will be available at the Con. Since Herb isn't specific in anything he writes, and because I seldom read the lad, he could mean that locations were changed or that renovations were more extensive than usual. I don't know why the management of the hotel didn't wait til after the Con when damage will be as extensive as the liquor bill.

the way, how many have not sent their dollar registration to Cole? I didn't and shall not until one policy is changed...fine chance for that happen now! Of course, I endorse the SFCon entirely, but the latest editions neglect to include the addresses of the registrants. New names and the vitality of fandom, and since the demise of most letter columns, where is there a good source?

"...don't pub yourself to death."

Bill Knapheide has moved his XENERN INDEXES down the peninsula to 220-A, Fierre Point Road, Erisbane, California, overlooking some splendid railroad trackage.

On May 18th, Bill was honored by a three day visit from me at his old rat-infested apartment on Oak Street. I had hoped to devote time to fannish activity of working on X, adding more nudes to our Bergey Memorial Gallery and learning the progress of the Con. Need I say that I did much moving about during my stay which had a lot of ups and downs?

First about the Con and the Golden Gate Futurian Society: The GGFS had delegated one member to a committee with the Little Men planning what will be the greatest Con. But this responsible fellow, with another GGFS member have been lost to...television. Maybe TV has an hypnotic influence upon the neophyte, but is Jackie Gleason better than GGFS meetings and important Con-committee work? I should talk; while vainly attempting to alleviate that "grave teacher shortage in California" I have to give up the GGFS for dishwashing. A few inactive or passive members doesn't mean that the

GGFS has died; like all fan clubs it has the active, faithful nucleus that attend every meeting. The GGFS will help make your stay at the Con pleasant and memorable.

Undoubtedly, Bill Knapheide would be at home in the Andes or Himalayas. If I ever try to scale such savage peaks as Kanchenjunga or K-2 or Nanga Parbat, I'll have Bill leading us to successful conquest. He has a genius for climbing high and living higher.

Try to move your collection down three flights of dark, narrow stairs to the famous Black Maria that hauled us to the Westercon last year. Travel seven miles through devious traffic to the base of a mighty hill where some adventurous pioneer has constructed a temporary ladder. A building inspector graciously labeled this rickety structure as a stairway. You would share some of my dismay as I hefted a loaded orange crate upon my stomach. We labored up these ivy-girdled steps to a small plateau show-



sign of crude cultivation. A sprawling shack convinced us civilized natives had recently abandoned their nomadic life of hunting. Bill gestured bravely and up we go a dried creek bed that turns out to be a rock walk with steps spaced for midgets and giants. Through a jungle of thorns that faintly resemble rose bushes in viciously mutated forms we stumble upon a hogan built around the chimney of the shack. A low. A sideward step throws us into a hall that Bill assures me is the living-room. Here the collection will be installed with all due reverence after innumerable portages. Another step step to the side for Bill to drag me from the refrigerator. Warning that an inadvertant step might send me through the back door is sufficient. Especially since there isn't any such exit! More mincing steps bring us to the stove a backward step of admiration has me in the bathroom. The bedroom is the roundhouse; here guests may turn to admire tarpaper roofs and magnificent steam engines thundering across the mud-barrens of the Bay. The guest room is thoroughly ventilated, the motif being brick and leaves with a ceiling of stars. Here we hope to entertain during the Con, the refrigerator is roomy enough to rattle merrily with bottles this September.



"She said no more fanzines."

Tom Piper's FASCINATION isn't being pubbed for an obvious reason; Tom needs good material. He doesn't believe that a vlni should be synonymous with crudzine. I've sent some art that I think is pretty good. If you have the same opinion about your art or writing, why not rush it to 6111 Vista de la Mesa, La Jolla, California?

---Bill Reynolds.

Here I live in Wilmette, minding my own business. I read the thing "He spends all his allowance on booze," and immediately spring into action. It seems that I know a girl at school named Sally Booz (who of course has to withstand a certain amount of kidding of her name) whose grandfather or something used to manufacture whiskey back in 1370 or so. I learned from a document at her house once that the whiskey was named, appropriately, Booz Whiskey, and it was so popular that slowly the custom developed of simply ordering Booz and the proper person would know what it meant. Hence the derivation of today's word "booze".

---Denis Moreen.

The Business At Bellyfontaine

— BOB TUCKER

I think it both fitting and proper to open this account on a note of pride and accomplishment, a note of joy and unbounded amazement. Eureka---I've done it! This year, at Bellyfontaine, I have at last succeeded in solving a life-long problem....well, if not life-long, at least a 32 year old problem. The problem has been with me ever since the day in 1932 on which I received my first fanzine, and I am sure the same problem exists with every other fan who has accumulated at least half a dozen of them.

What to do with the pesky things?

I was not the first to write learned articles on fanzine disposal plans, and unless the bomb falls tomorrow I will not be the last. There have been many, many suggestions made on disposing of the things, suggestions both uncouth and impossible. The comedian would have you tack them over ratholes and the cynic would have you place them behind you, while seated in the smallest room in the house. The huckster would have you sell

them at an outrageous price and the poverty-stricken collector would have you give them to him. Over the years many fans have met this problem in many ways, and either won or lost. At Bellyfontaine this year I won. Eureka!

All year long I had been accumulating a large box of the critters, big, small, readable, illegible, fine, good, poor, bad, indifferent, and those horrible effusions published by misguided youths. One and all they went into the hellbox while I pondered their fate. Some months ago there appeared on the horizon a good fairy in the person of Howard Lyons, of Toronto, who advertised far and wide that he was buying up old fanzines for CASH. I debated his offer. Obviously,



"WHAT TO DO WITH THE PESKY THINGS?"

I could not stoop to such hucksterism and still remain True To Fandom; I could not jeopardize my Fannish Standing or betray my Sacred Fannish Trust by disposing of THE WORDS (all five million of them, including these unreadable ones) for sordid money. There must be an honorable way out! And there was. I found it in Bellyfontaine. Eureka, I tell you. I sold a box of old fanzines to Howard Lyons for a fifth of sour-mash whiskey!

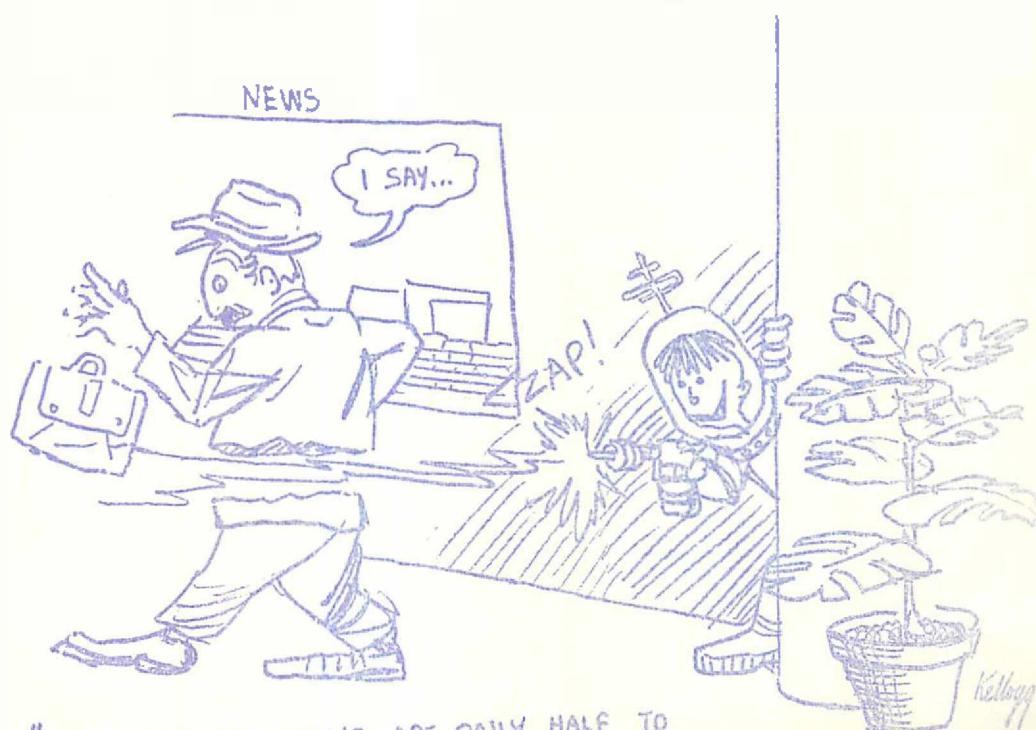
I would appreciate all future fanzine publishers putting me on their circulation lists.

* * * * *

There are some stories of the mad, giddy doings at Bellyfontaine which will never be told---by request. There are others which will slowly filter in to the outside world over a period of time. Many of the stories, the common things shared by everyone from one day to another, will be repeated countless times in countless fanzines.

For instance, at least a hundred jaundiced fans will rush into print with lyrical poetry over the merits of Ingalls Hotel, a roach-trap if there ever was one. The Ingalls is a fine breaking-in exercise for those fans who expect some day to wind up on skid row. Happily, I did not stay there. A half dozen or more cynical ladies and gentlemen came down from Canada and stayed at the Fountain Lodge Motel, a sucker trap if there ever was one. Happily, I didn't stay there either. Along with a large segment of native Ohio fandom, I put up at a motel a couple of miles out of town and enjoyed a splendid stay. The landlady near broke a leg totting buckets of ice, extra chairs, card tables, irons and ironing boards, and in addition to all this swore the next morning she never heard a sound out of us. Needless to say, several of us already have our reservations in there for next year.

The large, rambling lakeside hotel at Indian Lake, about twelve miles distant, was lost to the Midwest-con this year for two general reasons. First, the accumulated rowdyism of 3 consecutive years was more than the good woman could stand; and second, the late meeting date this year would have cut in on her lucrative vacation trade. There had been a great deal of blame placed on what might be called 7th Fandom rowdiness for the loss of the lake hotel, although misbehavior was rampant long before 7th Fan-



"TEEN-AGE HOOLIGANS ARE ONLY HALF TO BLAME ..."

born. Actually, the teen-age hoodligans are only half to blame for getting booted out--- perhaps half a dozen quite-adult hoodligans contributed their share to Mrs. Beastley's breakdown.

An elderly couple, not related in any way, each made a nuisance of themselves year after year. A young couple, again not related, created a particularly unpleasant scene last year. Individual adults who persisted in exhibiting their personalities contributed to the expulsion. All these, plus the young fans who just couldn't resist raising hell, caused Beastley'scon-the-Bayou to become only a memory. Almost everyone, saint and sinner, paid dearly for it this year by merely dwelling overnight in the above mentioned couch and sucker traps. And frankly there is no bright future to be seen. The town simply has no other accomodations so future Midwestcons must continue to be held in skid row, or abandoned altogether.

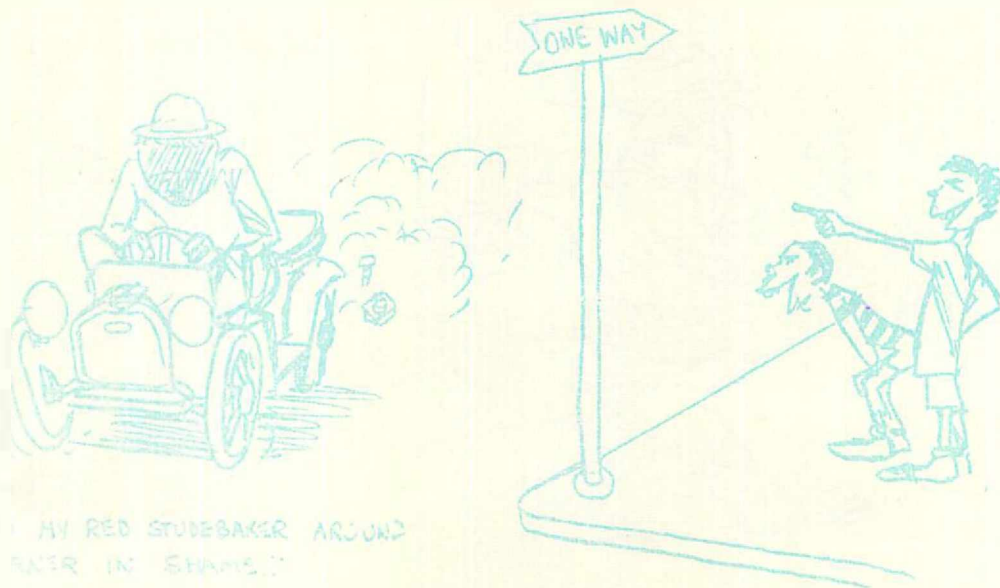
Actual abandonment has been contemplated, because of the above and other reasons. Bellyfontaine (and Indian Lake) has refuted the old cry that a good convention cannot be held in a small town; there must have been 175 people present this year. They came from all points between New York and Chicago, between Canada and Georgia. But a small town like that does not take kindly to the pseudo-sophistication displayed by a visiting convention--eager to be noticed---particularly when the visitor happens to be a hot-rock female walking down the street with cocktail in hand and a bevy of fannish men fawning over her. Competing, no doubt, to see who would get the bed first. Gee whiz, I wouldn't pull that one in New York.

Sometime next spring we'll learn whether or not Ohio fandom wishes to face the ordeal once more.

But perish that vagrant thought that I'm a prig, despite this priggish lecture. The poker game went on this year as before (and in the next room they had a hot session of Scrabble); the bottle of sour-mash boubon was duly killed; the all-night gabfest continued all night; and doubtless clandestine lovers held a rendezvous under my bed while I slept, but none of these activities will reflect back on Doc Barrett because they were conducted out of sight of the stiffly conservative townspeople.

* * * * *

Two old faithfuls, Arthur C. Clarke and Bea Mahaffey did not put in appearance this year. Clarke was said to be working in Hollywood, while Bea was working in her sister's restaurant in Cincinnati. 3, and possibly more newspaper men were there, batting the breeze with all comers and supposedly taking notes for future news or feature stories. One was an AP man, the other two were from a nearby city ---Columbus, if I'm





not mistaken. This is not a good thing. Washington senators sometimes read the papers, and one in particular will be alarmed to learn that we know all about atom bombs and space platforms.

I can just picture some of our prize characters in the witness chair.

At the banquet a special award was presented to Doc Barrett, a plastic ornament shaped like an upside-down bedpan, on which was lettered the word: TAXI. As a matter of fact, the Ohio admirers of the good doctor obtained it from a taxi company. Reason for the award was Doc's new car, a blazing red-and-yellow Chrysler Imperial sagging under the weight of chrome.

The car has electrically-operated windows, a complete air-conditioning unit in the trunk, a front seat that stretches out and connects with the back seat to form a bed, and probably other wondrous things I didn't have time to play with. I parked my red Studebaker around the corner in shame.

People: Phil Economou flew up from Florida, putting to an abrupt end any lingering doubts that she might be a he. Objectively and honestly, she was one of the most beautiful women there. Martin Alger came to town with the latest scoop on Michigan fandom: it seems that the cops got interested in the club again and picked up George Young. A Detroit man committed suicide, but we're happy to report George had nothing to do with it. Everything happens to Michigan fandom. Hal and Nancy Shapiro were in attendance; I exchanged several gay and bantering words with Nancy, but Hal kept his back turned. Phil and Betty Farmer made what might prove to be their farewell appearance: they hope to join Mack Reynolds in Mexico this fall.

Ted and Judy Dikty offered the film highlight of the evening, a stirring drama of the dessert entitled "Crudland Sand." It starred the Diktys, Frank Robinson, Ollie and Ginnie Saari. Other films covering past Midwestcons, and past national conventions, were shown by Old Woodchuck. My own contribution were three dozen ancient theatre slides, salvaged from an old-time Nickelodean.

But I'll never forget selling that box of old fanzines to the good fairy from Toronto.

---Bob Tucker

the editor rambles, thoroughly fed up,

I IS REQUESTED

And I have seen the light. Plainly things have come to a pretty pass when the editor is literally forced out of the inner pages of his own zine and must reside disconsolately on the mailing page. It is my just deserts, I suppose, for thinking I could publish a 24 page magazine every month, seeing now that it cannot be done without being a flint hearted editor of which I am not. The main trouble this issue is that I decided to include the Ellison article as a follow-up to the numbered fandom controversy. Good editing demanded that it appear in this issue...not the next. As a result I had to cut short the reviews, had to cut out a short story by Terry Carr which I'd promised for this issue, had to cut out a review by Noah McLeod, and had to sweat like a fiend to just barely get in all of the Tucker report. This is a good issue, of course, but it is a very frustrating business to be chronically putting off til next issue what should be in this issue.

Therefore, I have Made A Decision.

Brace yourselves.

In order to assure myself some elbow room and to insure that the things I promise for an issue GO INTO that issue, PSYCHOTIC is going to a bi-monthly schedule----

No! Wait! Don't curse and rant yet. Let me finish for gosh sakes! I about to say that the bi-monthly PSY will not cheat you of any pages.

When next you see PSY it will thud into your mailbox and take a lot of energy to lift. The next PSYCHOTIC will be 50 pages long! Rejoice, for it means long fanzine reviews, long stories, long columns, and many hours of reading enjoyment.

Present subbers will get a bonus, because they will get each issue for 10¢. Sub rates in the future will be: single copies 20¢, 5 for \$1.00. After all, when I double the number of pages per issue it is only right and fair that I double the price. I see I've got to go now.... Look for the next PSY during the first week of October. Toodle.....

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