

PSYCHOTIC

116



september - october 1954

psychotic — 16

"a spiritual message."

THE LEATHER COUCH.....where the editor rambles on and on and on and on and on and on and on and on and on...

THE PADDED CELL.....a column by Vernon L. McCain

THIRD LEG THEME.....a poem by R. E. G.

A BIT OF HEBEPIRENIA.....ha-ha type stuff.....

The "INCIDENT" Revisited..an article by Harlan Ellison

THE OBSERVATION WARD...this is where the editor speaks his mind on the current fanzines

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SECTION 8.....this is the place the readers ramble on and on and on and on and on and on and on and on and on..

THE REASON WHY....an article by Lynn Hickman which has nothing to do with the Light Brigade

2nd SESSION...where the editor continues to ramble on and on and on and on and on and on and on and on to the end..

COVER is by David Rike and illustrates an incident in the life of a Truefan

INTERIOR ART is by Bob Kellogg, Charles Wells, Jim Bradley, Richard Bergeron, and Bill Dignin.

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The Leather Couch

It occurs to me that with PSY going bi-monthly the fan publishing field in America is left with a big blank spot, an empty void, with regard to a top-ranking monthly publication. Looking about me I see nothing in the way of even potential greatness in the monthlies of this country. Off hand the only zine that immediately comes to mind is THE COSMIC FRONTIER, and that is handicapped primarily by an inexperienced and immature editor and secondarily by its 1-size format. In time it might display enough to claim top spot, but not for a long long time. I seriously doubt that Stuart Nock will publish it until he does mature.

I lay such stress on the monthly schedule because it has always seemed to me that with all other things being equal, a monthly fanzine will be a bit more popular with the fans because of the inherent advantages of monthly publication, the quick presentation of important material and letters is a tremendous point that if properly exploited can add greatly to the popularity of any zine.

But, of course, I prefaced this with the key phrase "all other things being equal", and that is asking a lot. For some of the current top-flight fanzine editors are perhaps strong on writing and weak in layout; others might be great layout men but lack other important editorial abilities; still more might be good technically but lack the personal touch....and so it goes. The "all other things being equal" seems to be as hypothetical a provision as any in the world when it comes to comparing relative faned merits.

Tsk. I seem to have proved that this editorial was a waste of time. What I actually started out to say was that there is a place now for a good home-grown monthly zine. But from all appearances that zine will have to come from a currently little known or unknown fan.

Where are you, oh Leading Monthly? Somebody turn on the Radar!

The reaction was gratifying. I've gotten letter after letter that goes something like, "So alright already, how did the goopy stuff taste?" This was in response to the editorial in the last issue in which I described the time I added chocolate cake to hot tomato soup. The editorial ended just as I brought the first spoonfull to my lips.

Well, in answer to all the questions, I have but one answer: the taste was indescribable.

Denis Moreen wondered aloud recently, in response to a letter in his zine, SPIRAL, if maybe a lot of the slang expressions currently used in America aren't either misunderstood by the fans across the water or completely beyond their comprehension.

Apropos of this, not too long ago I received a letter from Alan Mackie of Scotland in which he commented on PSY #13 and asked beseechingly,

"Why? Why? Why? is the letter section called Section Eight? I have racked what I guffawingly refer to as my brains for a reason, considering all crude and subtle puns, but no! An interesting selection of letters, however."

Now this may be an extreme case of ignorance, but I think perhaps it is more than likely typical. How, for instance, would a lad up in Scotland ever find out that "Section Eight" is U.S. Army slang for the psycho ward?

We faned over here should watch ourselves a little in this respect and try to remember that our zines go to parts of the world where the odd details of the American language are not so well known. At the same time it should be recognized by our brothers Over There that this is a two-edged sword; quite often I have puzzled over a bit of incomprehensible British slang which tantalized my brain for days thereafter.

I positively shudder at the carnage a bopster-zine would wreak if sent to an isolated fan in England. (Hmmm. Mr. Willis, sir, if in the exercising of your Impeccable Taste you should decide that the above mentioned situation is worthy of your authorial attention....)

SO WHO REALS SCIENCE FICTION?

I mentioned in an earlier issue the large stack of unread stf I had as a backlog. A long time has passed since then, and I must confess that instead of growing smaller, the stack has added a second little pile which sits, equally neglected, beside it. Now this is rather alarming (in a true-fan sort of way) when it is considered that my stf reading of late has been limited to ASTOUNDING GALAXY, and F&SF. Late additions to Neglected Ones are HERO'S WALK, number 22 of NEW WORLDS SCIENCE FICTION, issue #6 of UNIVERSE, I AM LEGEND, THE DYING EARTH, and MODERN SCIENCE FICTION--its meaning and its future. I can't explain the presence of that copy of UNIVERSE... I must have blanked out for an hour one day and yielded to the influence of Larry Bourne, a local fan who collects such stuff.

The rest of the pile of unread stuff consists of various issues of ROCKET STORIES, SCIENCE FICTION ADVENTURES, SPACE SCIENCE FICTION, IF, FANTASTIC, NEW WORLDS, SCIENCE-FANTASY and single copies of VORTEX, FANTASTIC UNIVERSE, a Galaxy Novel titled THE WARRIORS OF DAY, AMAZING STORIES, FANTASY FICTION MAGAZINE and SCIENCE FICTION PLUS. A staggering total.

Eventually, I suppose, these magazines will be read, but I have the uncomfortable feeling that it will be years...years....

The trouble seems to stem from my rediscovery of other types of writing. For a long two or three years I read little that wasn't science fiction or material closely related to stf. Now just the opposite is true; I am currently reading THE ADVENTURES OF AUGIE MARCH, THE GATHERING STORM (yep, still), BEST AMERICAN PLAYS 1945-1951, THE REPORTER, THE SATURDAY REVIEW and a huge volume called SEX VARIANTS. So you see my tastes are shifting...rather, the weight of my reading is shifting...away from the time honored values of fandom.

I offer myself as a case history to to any anthropologist who wants to write a book which would have to be titled "Coming of Age in Fandom."

PLEASE....."

It seems like every other day a letter arrives in the mail which is an appeal to me from a fan for material for his new fanzine. I go through agonies trying to justify saying no to them; I too clearly remember my own problems of a year ago.

But consider: I am irrevocably committed to anywhere from 12 to 16 pages of original material for every issue of PSY; I have a column to maintain in SPIRAL; I have a one page bit to do in every issue of LYRIC. Plus an article or bit of fan-fiction that I usually squeeze out every month for a friend among the fan publishers.

The trouble lies in this voracious monster called PSYCHOTIC. THIS is where most of my fannish output goes...and rightly so. For I tried cutting down on my PSY contributions and sending out more material to other fanzines. As a result my own fanzine suffered. Fans wrote in complaining that there was something missing, that PSY wasn't as good as it had been, that there should be more Geis in the zine. I had to agree with them. I ruthlessly cut out columns I had been doing, refused desperate pleas from foundering faneds, and generally said nothing doing. I know this practice of saying "No!" to almost everyone is discouraging to beginners who appeal for help, but I hope they can see my side of the question; I owe my first allegiance to my own fanzine and after that I am naturally going to contribute to those faneds whom I like and admire...and there are too many I haven't contributed to even in this restricted area. Hell, I don't even have time to write letters as long as I would like to if I weren't so hard pressed for time.

Any comment on this problem?



THIS IS ME
(You all know who ~~me~~ is.)

THE PADDED

Time: A sunny October afternoon.

Place: The spacious tastefully furnished living-room of the Wilson Tucker Menage.

Our hero, suave debonair Wilson Tucker is seated in front of a typewriter squinting painfully at the words on the paper as, from time to time he hesitantly hits another key with the index finger of his right hand, after a hasty search for the correct key.

From the front of the house there is the sound of a door opening and closing and then the tap-tapping of high-heeled shoes. The door to the living-room opens and revealed in the doorway is none other than our winsome and attractive heroine, Mrs. Wilson Tucker. She speaks, "Wilson, dear, I'm back."

Wilson looks up from his typewriter and a smile suffuses his sensitive fannish face like sunrise over Grand Canyon. It is plain to see that this is what makes life worth living for him. His wife has interrupted his writing. "Cheerio," he says happily, "where you been babe?"

"Oh, I just got back from Box 702." replies Mrs. Tucker a little breathlessly. "It's my turn today, you know, and I'm afraid I've slipped up a little. I've been so busy that I've only made three trips this morning and I'm afraid the mail rather piled up. Three sacks full this time."

"Gad!" breathes Tucker fiercely, "Don't these fans ever give up?" He rises, exits to the hall where Mrs. W. Tucker has carelessly dumped the three fifty pound sacks, and lugs them over to the davenport where he deposits the sacks on the floor and himself on the cushions.

"Don't bother me for the next six hours," says the master of the manor. "I'll be busy."

"Well...before you start," says his loving wife, "I've been meaning to ask you. When are you going back to work?"

"Work!" says Tucker, shocked. "How would I have time to keep up on my fan activity? I don't even have my collection completely indexed yet. See those stacks of OOTWA's, FANTASTIC SCIENCE-FICTION's, and ORBIT's on the floor over there? Not even filed yet, much less indexed! How can I

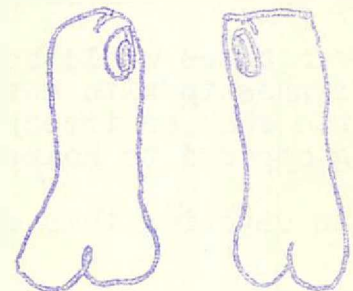
BY VERNON L. MCCAIN

find time for a job? Anyway, I'm a writer. You can't say you've gone hungry since I've been writing for a living, can you?"

"We-ell, no. Bit I'm getting a bit tired of beans."

"Complaining, always complaining," he mutters, turning to his mail. "Hm-mm-mm," he murmurs, "not more than fifteen or twenty letters in the bunch, and those for neofen. HYPHEN, PEON, PSYCHOTIC, the FAPA mailing...nothing interesting. Wait a minute...what ho! Here's an interesting looking item, TOUR DE FORCE, from Vernon McCain. Got a good lineup of contributors for a first issue. Boggs, Willis, Silverberg, Burbee, Tucker, Grennell, De.....Tucker!! Now that sounds interesting. Tucker, hmmm. What's the name of the piece? "At Bay in Wisconsin"? I don't remember..... McCain been retitling articles again...my articles? Let's see, page 18. Might as well turn directly to it. Bound to be the best thing in the issue. Funny, I don't recall sending McCain anything recently. Let's see, here we are....mmmmmm.....mmmmmm.....mm..mm.....m..mmm...."

In the kitchen Mrs. Tucker hears a sudden muffled explosion from the vicinity of the living-room. She rushes in and is confronted with a Vesuvius in miniature, her spouse erupting with the aid of the contents of the three mail sacks. "That ~~XS#01-8/08#10~~ McCain," storms Tucker. I didn't write that piece of junk! It's not by me at all! What does he mean by using my name like that! I'll sue! Call my lawyers! Oh, I don't have any lawyers, do I? Well, call the N3F! Do something! Don't just stand there!"



We mercifully depart the scene with Mrs. Tucker doing her harried best to soothe her mate and get down to what was behind the ensuing.

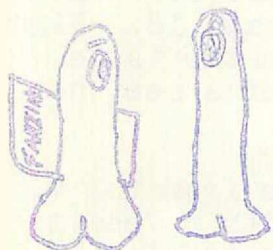
As you have probably gathered by now the preceeding completely imaginary scene is typical of many that would be taking place all over the United States and Northern Ireland upon receipt of duplicate copies of the same magazine, a magazine that has never existed and never will but upon which I spent many loving hours (well, fifteen minutes, anyway) in the planning.

It was, obviously, to have been a hoax. And one that entailed considerable work. The magazine would not only have been published and edited, but written in its entirety by myself. The list of contents would be accurate but the names of writers to whom attributed wholly fictitious. I would have devoted considerable care, study, and analysis to works of each of the fan-writers I was doing take-offs upon and would do my best to capture their styles and attitudes in each case.

Possibly I might have found it beyond me, but I rather think I could have done it, even with the humorists. My own attempts at humor have never been very successful but I never tried to do a complete carbon of anyone either. I was always trying to develop, unsuccessfully, a personalized humorous style. In the cases of Willis, Tucker and Burbee I think I

been able to produce a reasonable facsimile. Bloch is another problem. His writing isn't so much a matter of a particular style as sheer effervescent brilliance constantly under pressure which causes it to ceaselessly stream out in every direction. Something like that is next to impossible to imitate unless you are equally brilliant, so I'd probably have to omit Bloch. I quite honestly consider Bloch to be Fandom's one authentic genius. Too bad there isn't any money in it.

A lot of praise--and he deserves it, too.



The magazine would be printed in a very limited edition, 7 to 10 copies, depending on the number of supposed contributors, each of whom would get a copy. Thus no one would actually be fooled since each would spot his own contribution for a fake and know the others were phoney also. But each would be left wondering for awhile just how many people were being hoaxed who didn't have such sources of information. (An alternative plan would be to run off a couple of hundred copies and distribute them far and wide but with a special first page explaining that the whole thing was a hoax, with this page carefully omitted from copies

going to the 'contributors'.)

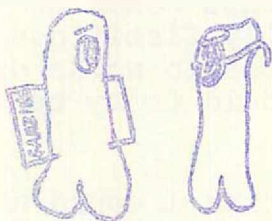
However there would be a lot of work involved and, more important, I value my friendship with most of the victims of the hoax too highly to endanger it with such an irresponsible prank. Furthermore, I've gone on record as being opposed to hoaxes so I can't succumb to even the most tempting ones.

So I'm devoting this column to describing a number that have appealed to me.

The only one that was ever really launched was the 'Lemuel Craig' pseudonym which I used for all my earlier articles while continuing all my other types of fanning under my own name, and this was not intended as a hoax to start with. I did think it might be interesting to keep the identity a secret for awhile; the only trouble was that too many people were in on the secret. At one time or another, 'Craig' appeared in just about every top Sixth Fandom mag. And the editors, co- and assistant editors, and close associates of, these magazines comprised a good percentage of actifandom. The only person who was ever slightly deceived (except for a number of people who thought Rosco Wright, editor of EUSIFANSO, the magazine in which the first 'Craig' piece appeared, had written that one) was Ken Beale who went off briefly baying after a red herring in the person of Poul Anderson.

2)

I don't think Horace Extellworthin deserved all that praise you gave him in your mag.



Once I did get a bit irritated at having everybody assume instantly that Craig was myself and concocted an indignant letter I mailed Lee Hoffman for publication in QUANDRY which, while not actually denying I was Craig, listed a lot of details which appeared to

prove Craig and I were not one and the same. For instance I pointed out that Craig had been an active member of the Eugene club for over two years whereas I had just moved to Eugene a year earlier, as was well known. Both facts were completely true as were all the other apparently contradictory items I had mentioned.

Lee wrote back that she's publish it if I wished but she thought I'd be wiser to handle it as Speer had done in his historic hoax and perhaps deliberately try to mislead Beale and others into thinking I was Poul Anderson.

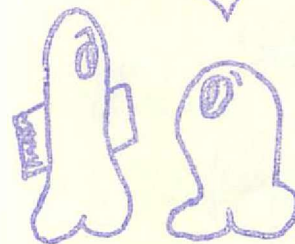
Well, I couldn't see much point in doing something Speer had already done but I decided perhaps the letter wasn't too good an idea after all, so I had Lee kill it.

Later I did toy with the idea of having Craig become active in fandom by joining the NFFF and other clubs and starting to write letters, etc., after I had left Eugene while he remained there. I thought this might shake the certainty of certain cocksure fans since very few knew positively that I was Craig, not even the editors who'd published his pieces. I had sent them the Craig articles but hadn't actually said they were by me. I even went so far as to make arrangements for Craig to continue to operate from Eugene after it was known I'd left. But about that time came the Willis death hoax and I became thoroughly soured on hoaxes and dropped the whole idea.

Recently the idea recurred, however. Since the glorious days of Grossman and Arfstrom there has been a singular dearth of artistic talent in Fandom. This coupled with the fact that I find it inconvenient to fool with styli, etc., had led to my publishing magazines completely illustrationless and with headings even typed. This has led to a good many complaints over the years from ultra-conservatives, more than I thought deserved, especially in view of the horrible examples being pushed by other magazines. At the time I'm speaking of Richard Bergeron was about the only halfway acceptable artist in fandom (always excepting Vick's unique and marvelous puffins) and even Bergeron was far from another Grossman or Arfstrom. The average fannish illustration was a hideously conceived and illy executed thing.

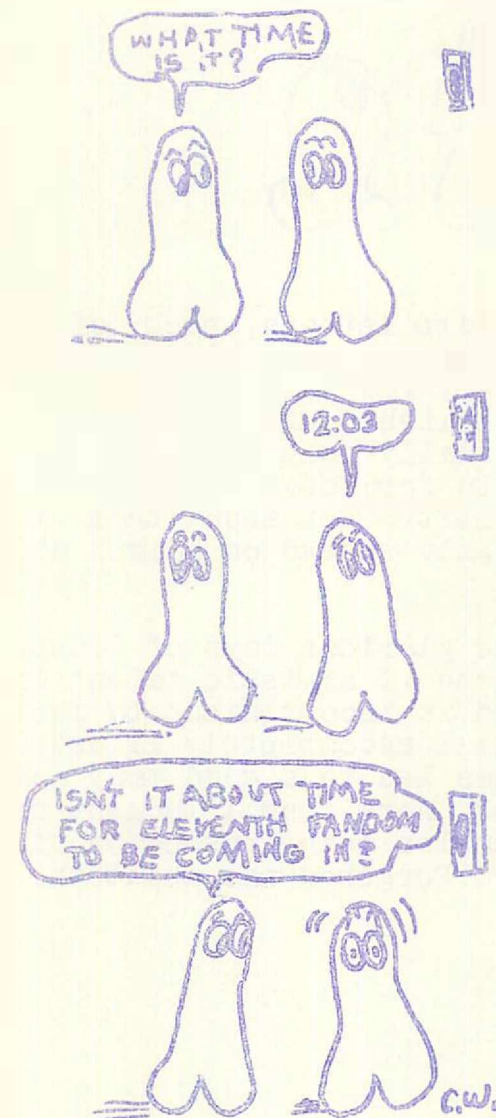
Now, I have absolutely no talent along artistic lines whatsoever. And I've frequently avowed so publicly. But it occurred to me that I could very well 'give in' to the requests for illustrated McCainzines with a fannish artist I'd discovered locally, who read stf and was willing to do a little fanning on the personal level but not

sure was a lot---
bribed you or some



...and he was going active. I'd figured on having him ~~start~~ but by ~~illustrating~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~magazine~~ and perhaps become more active from there on. After a few issues he might be credited with a couple of brief fillers, and the next issue do a thumbnail sketch of his own life....after which he might do a longer half-critical, half-humorous piece about McCain.... published in some other zine if possible, which would leave the idea he and McCain perhaps didn't always get along too well. Eventually I'd have had him join SAPS if I could have figured out a method which wouldn't have deprived someone else of their membership, due to the 35 limit.

From then on I'd have played it by ear.



Naturally the 'artist' would have been no one but myself. While I have no talent along such lines I knew I could do as good a job or better than many of the frequently published and sometimes praised artists being used at the time. And I have no doubt some praise for this artists unique talents would have been forthcoming, which I would have featured strongly....the whole designed to pinpoint fandom's complete lack of critical criteria where illustrations are concerned. Actually, as it happens, I did once do an illustration for WASTEBASKET. My staff artists was in one of his irresponsible moods one night and, although he wasn't doing anything of any importance, refused to settle down and work on a lino-block I needed the next day, although I'd described what I wanted and even done a rough sketch. Disgusted, I finally touched up the rough sketch a bit and went upstairs and did it myself. Hey, I just remember I did another illo for that magazine, too...also on lino-block, but the less said about it the better. I didn't know much about lino-block carving at the time.

The point I'm making is that while that illustration elicited no wild cries and excited shouts it also pulled no hisses. By consistently featuring and praising a 'discovery' I'm sure a clique could be drummed up, although I have even less illusions about myself as an artist than as a humorist.

Eventually this fan could have taken on completely independent life and gone active, if I'd wished, as the only reason I received my mail in a box is because it is more convenient. I also have a mailbox at my home address. If he had gone active I think he and I eventually would have had a 'feud' and gone our independent ways in fandom without doing much together thereafter.

But recently several fairly good fannish artists have started appearing

various places and my natural dislike of hoaxes remains.

My favorite 'hoax that never' however was one I titled "The Masked BNF". Okay, so that's a highly immodest title as long as there are fans who think BNF should be reserved for a sacred half-dozen superfans such as Ackerman, Tucker and Willis. But "The Masked Actifan" doesn't have the same ring or cadence, see?

This one owed its possibilities to the fact that very few currently active fans have ever met me. Thus I should be able to pass through a croud of fans and remain unknown until such time as I wish to reveal myself. This was in the days of the annual Indian Lake Conventions which always sounded like the most fascinating affairs in fandom. It being, theoretically, a Midwestcon, the fans wouldn't really be looking for a fan from the far West, even if Arthur C. Clarke does run over from England every year for it. And I would very much like to have attended one of the shindigs. I decided it might be very amusing to go as a wide-eyed neofan...sort of carry my own masquerade costume with me throughout the convention. I'd think up some appropriate pseudonym and show up all enthusiasm. When asked where I hailed from I'd reply "All over." with a shrug of the shoulders and when asked what I meant by that I'd reply I spend most of my time on the road for my company. This shouldn't give me away, as McCain wasn't the only fan who travelled. Dean Grennell and Lynn Hickman still do, as a matter of fact. And this should get me off the hook regarding my geographical location. Then I would insinuate myself into every fannish gathering I could and with wide-eyed interest pump everybody on their opinions on other actifen, etc.

This would all be carefully noted for future reference and, upon my leave while bidding all these wonderful fans a fond farewell and assuring them that

"I certainly did think I would have to become active in fandom." I'd dash for the nearest motel and quick, before I forgot it, write it all down under some provocative Oppenheimer-ish title with the byline "The Masked BNF".

Selecting two fans I could trust and a perfect publisher I would mail the selection inside two envelopes to the first fan who might, or might not, be in on the situation and have him mail it to the second fan with information that I was a friend of his who was taking considerable pains to keep an article anonymous and that, in return for previous favors (he'd have to take my word on that) I wanted him to forward it to such and such an editor, with an explanation of the circumstances if he wished. I'd be careful to type on an unfamiliar typewriter to throw him off the scent and even if he read the article he'd still be no wiser. The selected publisher would be one I knew couldn't resist such a tidbit and I'd eagerly await the results.



Random would have buzzed for some time after, I'm sure....first trying to decide who the culprit at the con had been (that probably would be fairly easy by use of deductive logic) and, much more to the point, who was this actfan who'd shown up incognito?

My chances of being uncovered would have been slight. Shelby Vick has seen pictures of me but would stand a much better chance of recognizing me from my voice from the days when we wireponded.

See Schaffay and Bob Tucker I would have avoided since I've met both previously...in fact spent quite a bit of time in company of the former....so I'd really have to avoid her (I wonder if the hoax would have been worth it). I've since found out Tucker doesn't even remember me (which I suspected anyway) so I'd have been safe from him.

But Bentley's finally rebelled and the Inlacon is no more...just a stodgy hotel-borne Midwestcon again, so my chance is past.

---Vernon L. McCain.

"Old poems never die....they just scan that way."

THIRD LEG THEME

The mutant stood...apart.
He was shunned from the start.
He wasn't a telepath or anything mental;
His legs were three...quite elemental.

And so he stood away, neglected,
Until--in due time--he was suspected.
For though he tried not to shine,
Females thought his third leg fine.

---From "Venal Verse for Virgins",
pg 126, volume II, by R.E. Geis.



MUTANT

BIT OF

HEBEPHRENIA

"We are not modelling ourselves on WAW's HYPERMEN."

The young man applied for a job as salesman in a clothing store. The store's manager pointed out a suit of a particularly hideous color and design. "Sell that," he stated, "and you've got a job." The manager left him on his own for the remainder of the afternoon. About five o'clock the salesman rushed up--his pants torn, scratches on his hands and face, and wearing a big grin. "Well," he cried triumphantly, "I sold the suit!" "Congratulations," said the manager, "but I see you met with some sales resistance." "Oh, no!" said the youth. "The customer was easy. My trouble was with his seeing-eye dog!"

Mary had an Ingersol;
She swallowed it one day.
Now she's taking Epson Salts
To pass the time away.

--thank to Donald Thompson

"Richard the Loin-Hearted."--B. Klein

With cat-like tread and wicked sneer,
Willie stole his father's beer.
He drank the stuff but found it sychnine,
Seems that Pa had added strychnine!

or else:

With cat-like tread and wicked sneer,
Willie stole his father's beer.
With dog-like growl and gloating leer,
Pa cut his throat from here to here!

or maybe you like:

But Papa killed the little dear,
And Will wound up with one short bier.

---dag



"I think I am
going to vomit."

"Don't Palmer off any mags on us." --Wayne Strickland

WANTED: humorous pottery and such for this page.

"INCIDENT"

HARLAN ELLISON

I personally don't give a hoot-in-hell who knows about the business at Bellefontaine in May, but it was succinctly agreed by all, in what might be termed "the better interests of fandom", that none of it get into the fan press.

I, myself, have been careful to make no allusions to the incident, one way or the other, and no one else did, either. With the outstanding exception of Harmon's column in Lynn Hickman's STF TRENDS which made a tomfoolish reference to the door-smashing escapade.

Pass over it I did, only tsk-tsking slightly. "Why?" I asked myself, "Why must Harmon compound the felony by blabbing his big yuh all over the place? I hope this is the end." But it wasn't.

PSYCHOTIC ran a perverted version of what happened last issue.

I was sitting in my room in the hotel. I was talking with a person whose name I won't reveal and who I dearly request no one else will reveal. There is no sense starting any nasty untrue maliciousness. I was talking to this person---a young woman---with people walking in and out a la Grand Hotel. "I will shut this door so we can talk privately," I said and shooed the few remaining fans out. We sat and talked. Yes, TALKED, damnit, and let no one crook a snide eyebrow at indication of anything else going on in that room.

Earlier that day John Magnus and Ted Wagner had been squirting perfume out of squirt guns at pedestrians through our window and the smell was overpowering.

We sat and talked, til she said something funny and I laughed. Loud. I heard a voice from out on the street which said, "Ah, shuddup, Ellison."

I knew it was Maggie (Magnus to you uncultured ones) and went to the window. Sure enough, it was. With Harmon, Bob Madle, Lyle "I can cause more trouble than anyone" Kessler, and one other, I believe.

NOTE:-

I owe an apology to Jim Harmon. Without specific permission I printed a letter from Jim as an article titled "The Incident" in the last issue. As a result Bob Madle Ellison was incensed and wrote the article which appears here. In fairness to Bob I have to print it, and in fairness to Jim I am writing this note.

I might hastily add that the other articles (especially the Kellogg) are presented in a spirit of good dirty fun.

---REG

There was an empty water pitcher on our bureau, and I took it, seeing there was a thimble-full of water at the bottom. I swear, on a stack of any particular volume you choose to name, that is the untainted God-almighty truth.

With a chertle I spilled the water onto the sidewalk. Everyone, Magnus included (at whom the water was aimed), will swear that the water came nowhere near them. They were on the very corner, and the water landed fifteen feet away from them. There wasn't even a splash on them.

They all grinned. All except Harmon, who was too soused to grin. He just stood there and sloshed.

"Hey," yelled up Madle, "You having a party up there?"

"No." I answered hurriedly, "just someone and me talking."

"Where is there a party?" inquired Magnus.

"Next door at the Terrans suite, I guess," I replied.

"We're coming up to visit you," yelled someone in the crowd, and they started indoors. Get this: no anger, no fury at being drenched, no maliciousness---they were just coming up to visit.

"Hell," I said to the other party. "I don't want them bursting in here." We wanted to finishe the conversation, which was very interesting. It was as simple as all that. So I went over and locked the door. In the society in which I was reared, a locked door meant stay out.

They came banging and clanging up the stairs and started knocking loudly on the door, indicating the trend the visit would take. I didn't answer but went on talking. I was told later by someone (a great rationalizer, he) that Magnus, who was paying for the room with me and Norm Browne, wanted in, but concluding from what had gone before, this did not seem plausible for the reasons they indicate. At this point I began to realize that the young lady's reputation, unsmirched til then, might have shadows cast upon it by us being in a locked room together. Needless to say I did not answer said door. I heard mumbling and muttering and then the knocking ceased.

I thought they had gone away.

At this point, so the story goes, a blockbuster went off in the hall. No one was near it understand. To your face I call you a goddamned liar, Harmon; Magnus wasn't near the thing when it went off, because he told me so. He and his pants were in no way touched by the thing, whatever it



I disassociate myself with any knowledge of dynamite, napalm bombs,omite and/or firecrackers.

Anyway, Keseler started bugging Harmon: "Go on, Jim, smash down the door. Go ahead, Jim boy, kick it in. Knock it down! Get it, Jim! Go! Go, boy!"

And Harmon, like the drink be-sotted mastiff that he was, started rearing back like the demented bull he so resembles and gallops toward the door.

I was sitting inside, still talking, blissfully unaware of what was transpiring outside, when a monstrous weight struck the door, shaking paint and dust off it. "JeezusChrist In the Mawnin'," I yelled, thinking we were under seige. "What in the blue blazes was that?"

A few seconds laboriously crawled past, and then that cloppity-clop of The Hog barreling toward the door. This time the impact bowed the door outward and plaster showered all over the place. The door began to crack. "Hold it! Jeezus, hold it!" I screamed, leaping up and rushing for the door. "Wait a minute, you screwballs, I'll open the thing if you..."

The latched was wedged in place by the smashing against it, and I couldn't slip the bolt. While I was screaming for them to wait, Harmon hit the door with his shoulder again and the thing shattered. The two center planks flew out in all directions and there, with the most stupid-Goddamned smile on his oafish face was The Hulk. His expression almost said, "Duhhh, I broke down de door, din't I?"

I was infuriated.

Not so much about the door, though I had visions of Ellison going up to the manager to pay for a broken door on his suite, but because the stupid jerk had invaded my privacy, a thing which I deplore more than practically anything! He had the colossal nerve of smashing down a door, just because I wouldn't open it so he could carry on his puerility inside. I had seen Harmon at other conventions (I don't think many of us will forget the fiasco he pulled at Chicago, which almost got us thrown out of the hotel) and knew just how obnoxious he could get.

I saw red. With all my anger I reached out and yanked Harmon up against the shattered but still locked door. All the buttons popped off his shirt, plinkety-plink! "You goddamned stupid, toad-fornicating imbecile," I shouted. "You cougar-leaping ant-brained excuse for Homo Sap! You ridiculous oversixed ox!" I went on at some length about his personal, culinary and romantic habits, winding it all up with a beautiful half-nelson of a phrase which concludes, "...blue crotch hanger!" It was gorgeous, if I may add.

Harmon just stood there stupidly trying to reach me through the door, but I had his arms pinned against the outside. His breath, well-lubricated with wine and other odd vintages of booze, distict among which was rotten VO, wilted my eyebrows. I was thoroughly and completely roaring mad.

Wouldn't you have been?

I shoved him back and leaped through the broken section of the door. "The Hell with this crap," I said. "I'm not getting stuck for the bill on this thing." I went downstairs to tell the hotel manager, who immediately started yelling Copper, and I realized I should have gone not to him but the less easily excitable Doc Barrett, who would have solved things easier. But this was the directest approach.

The manager came upstairs and shortly thereafter the brass-button blue-coats arrived. Doc Barrett wanted Harmon and everyone began searching. I knew he was upstairs, because one of the folks who had hidden him told me. But other than letting them know it was Harmon, which others had done before me, I said nothing. Then word came down that Harmon should see the cops or he would be clapped in the jug, so the cops, Lynn Hickman and I, went upstairs.



"HARMON! YOU'RE INVADING
MY PRIVACY!"

There he was, shaking and remorsefull. Hell, I felt sorry for the poor dumb slob! He was drunk and didn't know what he was doing. We all started pleading for Harmon's life, and the cops said if he would pay for the door he would get away with it, if I didn't want to press charges.

"Who, me?" I asked. "No, heck no. Jim's a good guy." I wasn't being ~~manious~~ manious. I just thought the whole thing was a stupid affair. Then they popped the bit that the door would cost thirty-five bucks. Harmon had perhaps fifteen. "I'll get the rest," I said.

I tore out into the hall and started browbeating people for a buck a piece. They all gave. I contributed three bucks myself. The room down the hall with Ike Asimov, Evelyn Gold, Bob Bloch and a few others gave the most they could, and I tore back to the room with the total, plus a couple bucks extra.

I gave it to the Manager of the hotel, and Lynn later collected extra money for Jim to live on. I hadn't considered that angle.

The thing was over and it was all forgotten.

I ate dinner with Jim the next night, and things were fine and dandy. We were---I don't know if we are now, though---friends.

Jim was going to write something for my magazine.

Fine and dandy.

Everyone agreed not to say anything about the door, et. al., as it would cast a bad light on the Convention and fandom in general. It is the rare exception, such as this one, which gives fans and Cons a bad name. We decided amnesia was the better part of reputation in this case.

Fine and dandy.

Til Harmon's article appeared in the last PSYCHOTIC.

Now I ask you, if there is an ass in the caper, who fits the tail? If it's me, by sitting quietly in the room I was paying rent on, then I'll bray a bit. The rigged-up lies that Harmon spreads about the water drowning half the town and this firecracker blowing off Magnus' legs, etc., etc. is all such ridiculous persiflage, that I request, nay I de-
mand others who were present to either send in correlating or disagreeing articles or letters to PSYCHOTIC on this Incident.

---Harlan Ellison.

((Remember now that it was my fault that Jim Harmon's letter appeared as an article. I didn't have permission to run it as such. ---REG))

LOOK
AT
CURRENT
FANZINES
BY
THE
EDITOR

DEVIANT #3, Carol McKinney, Sta. 1, Box 514, Provo, Utah. 20¢

The third issue of DEVIANT arrived with commendable promptness and at first glance seemed to have reached the heights with a very nice DEA cover on gold paper. The interior was done on lemon-colored paper, and done beautifully, I might add. There are still rough spots in the zine from an editorial and material standpoint, but I think every new issue shows a definite improvement. The contents page seems a bit corny with its literal picturization of each issue's "theme", and DOZFAC annoys me with its even more corny features, but beyond that the mag is pretty good. The most outstanding thing about D, however, aside from the letter section, is the superb mimeography. And it is worthy of notice that editor McKinney gets such perfect results not from an electric \$600 ABDick or some such, but from a \$35 Sears & Roebuck TOWER model! From now on I am going to look upon poor mimeography in other fanzines with less than no patience. If, with this object lesson in mind, a fan-ed cannot at least present legible material....

GRUE #21, Dean A Grennell, 402 Maple Ave. Fond du Lac. Wisconsin.

The question before the reader of this review is not "Should I buy this zine?" but rather "Will it be possible to get a copy?" For, unfortunately, GRUE's circulation is limited. It is a FAPA-zine, and not too many copies are produced for sale or trade. Dean explains the situation this way: "...the main thing is to request a copy which will be sent if there are any to spare. If you seem to show sufficient interest, future copies will also be sent. If you pay for them, that helps too but nobody will be chopped off the list if they seem to appreciate the thing. I won't guarantee to swap with every unsolicited magazine that comes in but if you have a mag worth getting and I want to trade that's okay too."

This issue is noteworthy for the cover which is a picture of the creature from the Black Lagoon wearing a propellor beanie and with the words "I am NOT Shelby Vick" lettered across his chest; a fascinating article by Bob Tucker which discusses Claude Degler, a fabulous fannish character of the past; a long and nicely written Midwestcon report by P. E. Economidou titled "Belliefontaine Buffet"; a page long letter from Bob Bloch; a

"Nursery Rhymes", an account of a two week vacation trip to the West by Cronnell Himself, a long and interesting letter column, and four photographs which were astonishingly put on a stencil by a process called Stenofaxing.

Jim Bradley, a local Portland fan who edits a zine titled LYRIC, after seeing this issue went away muttering to himself. The absolutely perfect mimeography in GRUE was a terrific shock to him, printed as it is in a pleasing blue. That was bad, but the stenciled photos were too much for him; his eyes glazed and he murmured the magic word "Gestetner" as he staggered off in search of a bottle of beer.

SCINTILLATION #1, David Shafer, 1910 Andina Ave, Cincinnati 37, Ohio. 10¢

A ten page mimeographed first issue of a curiously bad zine. From the tone of the writing in the editorial it is evident that a group of enthusiastic teen-agers turn it out. The writing level is about what you'd expect. The curious aspect is the ancient brown-with-age colored paper on which it is mimeod. Dry and brittle, it looks at least ten years old.

NITE CRY #5, Don Chappell, 5921 East 4th Place, Tulsa, Oklahoma. 10¢

The mimeography in this 30 page half-size zine has improved somewhat unless these bloodshot eyes of mine deceive me. Material in this issue was about the same as in earlier issues; mediocre. The main quarrels I have with the editing of this zine are the practices of not breaking up solid pages of type and of printing apparently verbatim all the letters of comment. As a result the letter section is boring and uninteresting as each letter rates the past issue from front to back. Don Chappell should devote his letter column to discussions and even arguments rather than ratings of the material in the previous issue. Of course the editor and the contributors are interested in this sort of thing, but that's no excuse for printing them. The editor would do better to send the comments directly to the authors as a sort of egoboo bonus. That takes a bit of extra time and bother, tho....

STAR ROCKETS #9, Raleigh E. Multog, 7 Greenwood Rd., Pikesville 8, Md. 20¢

It is rather painful to pan this zine issue after issue after issue, but pan it I must because it is the Crudzine-of-Fandom. Fans, upon being approached by young fans with publishing ideas, invariably point to a copy of SR and say, "Pub if you must, but make damned sure your zine is better than that!" For this SR has not improved perceptibly in nine lousy issues; the same mistakes are made, the same lack of forethought and editing are evident, and the same incredibly bad format and layouts are mute evidence that Multog is either incredibly stupid or incredibly stubborn. He MUST be able to do a better job of editing a zine than this. Certainly he knows what to do to improve SR because I know for a fact that many fans have written him letters containing concrete, practical and simple suggestions. But SR still comes out with commendable regularity and deplorable appearance. Twenty cents an issue he asks!!

I suppose some fans simply never learn.

BIBBILTY #1, Ray Thompson, 410 South 4th Street, Norfolk, Nebraska. 10¢

"BIBBILTY is edited and slopped off the mimeograph by the editor of another crudzine, by the name of ECLIPSE..." and since the editor himself has seen fit in an orgy of objective evaluation to so classify this thing, I'm not going to argue with his estimation. Not one little bit.

The one thing that strikes me about the zines that are produced by Ray Thompson is the consistent sloppiness of the reproduction. It simply isn't true as he says in the editorial that the bad reproduction is due to a lack of practice with his new mimeo. I think it is more the result of his general carelessness and attitude of don't-give-a-damn. In all his zines there are a large number of typos that could have been corrected ... but weren't. Even when he was producing ECLIPSE on the Peatrowsky spirit duplicator he loused up the repro in one way or another. I wouldn't blast him so much if it weren't for the fact that Bob Peatrowsky gets such good results from that same machine. CONFAB is very nicely done and the only explanation possible, when confronted with the reproduction quality difference between BIBBILTY and CONFAB, is that Thompson simply doesn't take the pains nor gives a whoop. Sad, but true. Surely it doesn't take five or six issues of a zine to realize that slip-sheeting would improve it 100%. But of course that involves a lot of extra work and unless you take a certain pride in the fanzine that represents you throughout fandom, why...it doesn't much matter, does it? Nor should this review make any difference.

STF TRENDS #15, Lynn Hickman, 705 West Main Street, Napoleon, Ohio. 15¢?

A SAPS-zine, this, it features the cartooning genius of Plato Jones. The cover is especially apt both as a testimonial of his ability at cartooning and as a beautifully accurate depiction of a fannish state of mind: it shows a morose faned saying to himself, "Oh, gosh! Another issue to put out," while a twenty dollar bill is seen spiraling (get away, Moreen) its way upward from his pocket, gone forever.

The two outstanding features of the issue were an article by Joe Gibson describing the adventures possible to a fan who comes to New York and visits Sam Mines and the stf clubs in the area, and a very humorous report by Jim Harmon titled "The Midwestcon Caper."

I'm not at all sure how you can go about getting a copy of this zine; the circulation was forcibly cut recently and money refunded to many subbers. Maybe if you write Lynn and plead real hard he'll send you a copy.

THE EC FAN JOURNAL #s 5 and 6, Mike May, 9426 Hobart St., Dallas, Texas. 10¢

This isn't strictly a science fiction fanzine. If anything it is a fanzine devoted to the worship of Entertaining Comics and their staff of writers and artists. A strange sort of worship.

What strikes me most about the zine is the aura of seriousness; the almost religious fervor of the devotees (and the lack of self-critical humor and perspective) is puzzling. I find it hard to imagine getting so worked up about comic book plots and story lines as does Larry Stark to

...of analyzing the writing style, story affect on the artist, and the art work of an editor. He goes so deep into the plots and such that I have the ever-present feeling that he is reading things into them that never existed; that he is attributing to the writer subtlety and complexity of thought that simply didn't exist. My God, he treats this crap as if it were actually Literature and Art. How can he ignore the paramount fact that this is all comic-book stuff concocted for children and moronic adults?

A sample of his analysis is presented below for your edification.

"The interesting touch is that while putting the body in the sewer, the wife first realized it's MURDER they've committed, and her mind snaps. The whole scene is oddly disjointed, yet has the ring of reality. In fact, it's much more plausible than the preceeding two pages."

Now, I ask you....

FANTastic STORY MAG #6, Ron Ellik, 232 Santa Ana, Long Beach 3, Calif. 10¢

With his new policy of devoting one complete issue to reprints from the good-old@mags, Ellik has, I think, hit upon an excellent path to fame and ego-boo.

Assisted by Shelby Vick, Ron has made his zine a virtual MUST for all new and most not-so-new fans. This issue is a case in point as the best from Lee Hoffman's QUANDRY is presented for the delection of the new and old fans alike. The next zine to be dipped into is Bob Tucker's fabulous and legendary LE ZOMBIE.

It is my personal thought that Ron and Shelby are filling a very important role in fannish publishing; a good reprint zine should always be in existence to link the present with the past and to help prevent the new fans from becoming rootless and wild. This zine, and any others that may come along of the same character, should nip in the bud any future resurgence of the wild disorder which has recently inflamed and disgusted a large part of fandom.

I wonder, is there a fannish historian making notes on all this juvenile "Fandom" business with an eye toward another epic like THE IMMORTAL STORM? For that matter, is Sam Moskowitz planning another book? Are you, Sam?

By all means get this issue of FANTastic STORY MAG and arrange to receive later issues. Subs are 3/25¢ Recommended.

THE VINE #5, Peter J. Vorzimer, 1311 N. Laurel Ave, West Hollywood 46, Cal.

To paraphrase Redd Boggs in the letter column of PSY this issue, this small size snap-zine is another manifestation of Vorzimer's outstanding fannish virility. With a hey-nony-nony and a hotcha cha.

Featuring Rotsler art throughout, this littul brother of ABSTRACT is a staggering 12 half-size pages complete with a contents page which lists

by non-existent page numbers. The one thing that seemed an open invitation (to me particularly) was the department titled "A Bit of Hemophilia." The sub-heading was "Stolen Jokes." The invitation I refer to is the fact that there is just a weensy bit of familiarity to the sound of that title. I keep thinking it sounds a lot like the department I originated in PSY titled "A Bit of Hebeephrenia." That sub-heading of his should have read "Stolen Joke." Mind, I don't actually give two tinker's damns about this (it is a form of flattery, I suppose), but it struck me as funny that Vorz should be guilty as sin of stealing from a fanzine when only a short time ago he was howling bloody murder about the theft of something he thought was his. (He was wrong, of course, but that makes it all the funnier.)

Peter wants to sell copies of this thing. I don't blame him; if I had copies of it I too would want to get rid of them.

I may as well stagger on and review ABSTRACT #6 and then #7 which have come in recently.

ABSTRACT #6, Peter Vorzimer, 1311 N. Laurel Ave., W. Hollywood 46, Cal. 10x

Rotsler, Rotsler, Rotsler.... All through the zine I find those incredible nudes and devine monsters. And, contrary to many, I rather wish Vorzimer would not yield to the inevitable reaction from the readers against so much of one artist.

In this issue (which features a heavy cover stock) the editor continues to write self-centered editorials. Plainly nothing is so interesting to Peter Vorzimer as the plans, zines, physical condition, and personal life of one P. J. V. I find it symptomatic in a way, but then, so is this review! Anyway, the editorials of Vorz are getting a bit stultifying because of this constant I-love-me routine. His personal fortunes and mis-fortunes are rapidly becoming something-less-than-fascinating. This comment is only a bit unfair; his editorials would be very good if better written.

The Terry Carr column was very good where it presented the phone conversations between a neo and a BNF. The biggest and best liked feature of the mag, the letter column, got the business end of the axe this issue and ended up with only six pages. T'would have been better if Vorz had turned the axe on himself and let the letter section stretch a bit further.

A six page Fantasy Gallery of the art of William Rotsler was very good.

The trouble with the fan fiction by T. Carr and P. Graham was that these erstwhile writers couldn't know much, if anything, about the personalities and characters of the fans whose names they used to make up the people in the sketch. I, for one, do not frown as much as these fellows would have the reader believe from a reading of the story. Scowl perhaps, but not frown.

ABSTRACT #7 is largely a repeat of #6...except that the letter column was sliced down to five pages. In fact, the issue ran to only 26 pages this issue. "...to only 26 pages this issue." Hmmm. Those words have a familiar ring to them. Now where have I head them before?

I wonder if there will be a deadly similarity between the small #7 of Vorz and the small #12 of VEGA? 100 page issues might be the death knell of more than just one faned within the space of a year. The temptation to speculate aloud at this point is too much to resist. I keep thinking that if that tremendous VEGAnnish wasn't enough to justify continuing in the fan pubbing field for Nydahl, if this massive 100 page Conish that Vorzimer is putting out isn't qualitatively the best thing he's put out and if it doesn't earn him much egoboo as he perhaps feels he deserves---then he might say "To hell with it all." and retire from fandom in a huff. By the time you read this the Conish should be out. In the way of idle speculation I'm inclined to think that college work and other interests will more than dilute Pete's fannish enthusiasm. We shall see.

FIENDETTA #8, Charles Wells, 405 East 62nd St., Savannah, Ga. 15¢

The opinion has been expressed before, in another fanzine review, that Wells does a much better job of his one-sheet news-opinion-reviews-zine, GREY, than he does with this more conventional fanzine. I am inclined to agree with this. While it is true that there are flashes of quality in FIENDETTA, most of them are from the editor and not from the material he uses to fill out the issue. Oh, I can't say the material is bad. Wells is good enough an editor not to print putrid material, but I would say that most of it is of a mediocre level with only occasional gems like David English's "The Little Boy Who Bit People" peeping through the dross.

This issue, for instance, contains a short article by Vernon L. McCain titled "Time Travelers in the White House" which discusses the possibility that some ghostly phenomenon are actually visits of willing or unwilling time travelers. This item, aside from the editorial sections, was about the only material in the issue that was worth reading.

The reason I brought up the contrast between the excellent GREY and the not-so-good FIENDETTA is that they came together, and a comparison was inevitable. I strongly recommend that Charles Wells concentrate on GREY, perhaps making it a subzine instead of strictly available by trade as it is at present, and let FIENDETTA slide into oblivion.

Also enclosed with this issue was a self-addressed postcard (or is it post-sarcd?) which was a ballot in the 1954 fanzine poll that Wells is taking.

ZIP #5, Ted E. White, 1014 N. Tuckahoe St., Falls Church, Virginia. 5¢

With this issue the zine has changed from postcard size to the regular size 8½ x 11. It is a change that automatically improved the mag 300%.

Probably the three or four best items in the issue were "Zap", the editor's and reader's column; "Fansilly Yours", a column by Bob Stewart; "An Open Letter To a Congressman" by B.T. Hoy Ping Pong; and "So What If Yngvi Is A louse" by Don Wegars. Significantly, not one of the three pieces of fiction were good enough in my estimation to rate a comment.

This situation anent fan-written fiction is curious in one respect: actually, I believe, the average fiction piece printed in a fanzine is the result of more work, more rewriting, more thought, and more sweat than any column,

editorial, letter, review, or what have you...yet it will invariably be cold-shouldered and snubbed by reviewers like myself and given the go-by in favor of a hastily written and perhaps even sloppily written column or letter section. There are very good reasons why this is so, but nevertheless it must both wound and infuriate the writer. Such is life.

ZIP promises much, however, now that it has graduated to the large size and is able to present longer material than it has in the past. This zine is worth watching.

ZIP #6 and I see that the price is now 10¢ per copy. Fair enough. One thing I neglected to mention about this fanzine which struck me anew when I saw this issue #6, was the terrific color mimeography Ted White manages with benefit of magic. He must use some kind of magic because it is all done so well and with so little fanfare and trumpet blowing. The cover is especially good this issue; simple, striking, and with a marvelous use of small patches of color for maximum effect.

The editorial attitude is a bit pretentious with its (EE) publisher's mark and such, but with a good columnist or three plus a few outstanding features this zine should go places. We'll see if Ted White is good enough as an editor to attract the material he will need to make ZIP a top-ranking zine.

MERLIN #1, Lee Ann Tremper, 1022 N. Tuxedo Street, Indianapolis 1, Indiana.

Send Miss Tremper a 4¢ stamp and she'll send you a copy.

There is a peculiar likeness, a sameness, about fanzines published by girl fans that is both an aggravation and a relief; an aggravation because the feminine editing is so decidedly feminine that it vaguely repels the males, and a relief because they are so few.

I have noted this odd similarity in editing, this use of practically the same material, the same slant, in DEVIANT, MIMI, SWARM, and now in this first issue of MERLIN. All use cover drawings drawn by girls...and there is a technique in drawing which makes the work of one sex recognizable from the other...all use inept and corny cartoons (why this is true I don't know), and all print a large proportion of fiction. In the case of MERLIN it is particularly unpalatable fiction at that. One example should be sufficient to illustrate this. The first two paragraphs of "Evolution" by Dave Jenrette read:

"You're a fool, Volar," said the girl, handing him a succulent fungus fruit. She laughed. "Why should anyone want to go beyond the caverns?"

"I've got to find out, Norla," gritted Volar. "I've got to!"

Rather poor imitation pro-fiction, what? And the plot, as telegraphed in the first sentence, is so very familiar. There are forty pages of things like this. It all seems such a terrible waste....

"Chad just accepted one of my articles."

NEW BRAND

I went zoomin' off in me space ship
one bright,

and lit on a planet, far in outer
space.

I soon found, to me amazement and
fright,

The inhabitants were of a giant
race!

One picked me right up, and held me
in his hand,

To examine me with real critical
eyes.

I sure tried me best to make him
understand

That I was like him, but of much smaller size.

He gingerly set me back upon the ground.

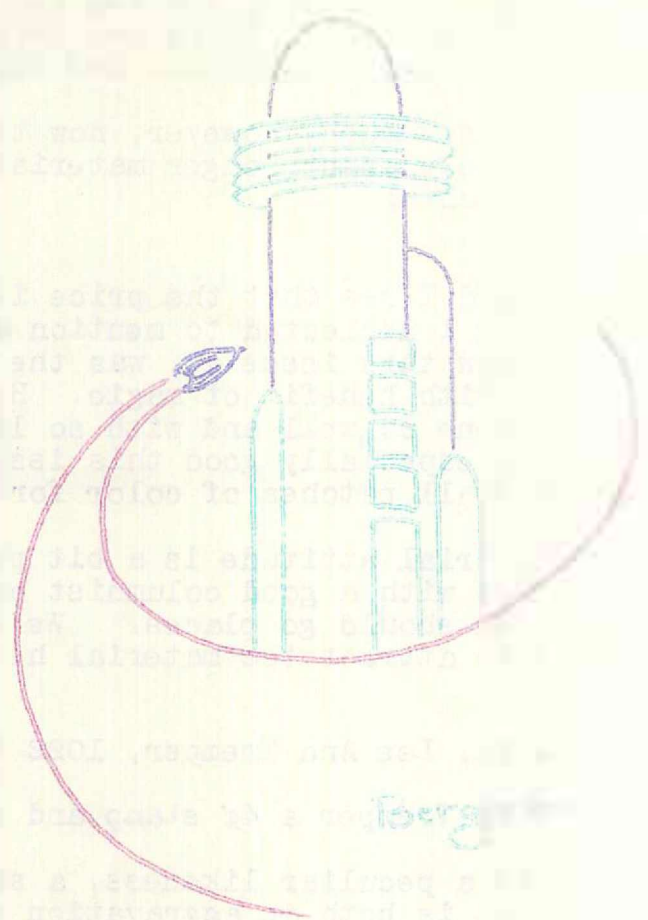
Then turned his attention to me space-rocket.

While he was doin' that, I searched, til I found,

Me favorite cigarettes in me pocket.

I stuck one in my mouth, and soon got it lit,

And tried to smoke it as calmly as I could.



At first, I thought those giants would throw a fit,
But when they started to grin, I thought they understood.

One produced a huge match, and got it flarin',
And did the oddest thing I've seen done, by far.
He picked up me space ship, while I stood starin',
And tried to light it up, just like a cigar!

---DENNIS MURPHY

THE DARK OTHERS

The green waves toss and swirl about
The hidden treasures of the deep.
Below, the silence is profound,
The coral caves tranquil in sleep.

The ocean floor, a world unknown
That divers never chance to find,
With awesome beings from chaos
Unseen by normal human-kind.

The gods of former ages wait
Fast sealed within their tomb below,
Wait for the word that will release
Their evil wills to wreck more woe.

When that day comes water will rise
And dash in fury on the shore
And squid-like forms will reappear
Their ancient thralldom to restore.

---ISABELLE E. DINWIDDIE



Bergeson

The Psycho

JACK OF EAGLES

by James

Blish; Galaxy Science Fiction Novel No. 19, Galaxy Publishing Corporation, 421 Hudson Street, New York 14, N. Y., paperbound at 35¢.

Danny Caiden had been troubled since childhood with telepathy and clairvoyance. The story opens with his losing his job on a trade paper for printing certain derogatory information concerning an important firm; information gained by clairvoyance. After this his symptoms became acute and he consulted Professor Todd, a researcher in ESP, and Madame Zaza, a gypsy fortune teller. He also starts playing the stockmarket and the horses by clairvoyance. The first gets him in trouble with the FBI, the second with the underworld.

Gangsters kidnap him and Professor Todd, suspecting a rival gang. Danny escapes by using psi-powers but is picked up by Sir Lewis Carter, the head of the Psychic Research Society. He is tortured to get him to join, but refuses when he finds the PRS is a front for an occult secret society which plans to take over the world (including the Kremlin?). He escapes again and finds that his close friend Sean is a member of a rival group of supernormals. Danny and Sean return to rescue Professor Todd. Sean is killed but Danny finds and rescues Todd after a search through six probability worlds. He then clears himself with the FBI by means of files which Sean had teleported to his room.

Danny reminds this reviewer of Mitch Courteney, the hero of The Space Merchants. He also resembles Mike Hammer, though no sadist. The thing he has in common with these two is that he is very much a Megapolitan, out for the main chance, cynical without the saving grace of scepticism. He is so much a typical man from a large city that he might have stepped from the pages of The Decline of the West. He is not an individual; he is a type with psi-powers added. The other characters in the story are equally wooden. Marla, the heroine, is completely unnecessary to the plot.

The cosmology upon which the story is based is clear and logical. A cosmology of alternate probability worlds, and quantized time in which each present is a separate entity; this theory could be actually used to explain psi-phenomena. It is a pity that a better plot was not devised to take advantage of it.

For the plot literally smells to high heaven, and the only thing that makes the book readable is that events follow each other so fast the reader is kept in suspense. A secret society of adepts ready to take over the world--that is one of the oldest tricks of gothic romance--

Analyst

REVIEWS BY NOAH MALECU

and to make it more improbable a second group of adepts is trying to check the first. Neither group has any program although it is a commonplace in today's politics that a power group needs a program if only for window-dressing. The whole idea reminds one of calling in Dr. Fu Manchu to battle Count Dracula. The plot looks like one from a detective thriller written by a moron, and it certainly does not do justice to either the idea of a man in trouble because of his psi-powers, or to the logical cosmology underlying the theory of psi-powers.

To add to the unconvincingness of the story the setting is kept vague. Presumably it is someplace in the U.S.A. because the FBI is mentioned. But if so--what is Sir Lewis Carter, a famous British Astronomer, doing in permanent residence? The sectional characteristics are so vague that identification of the scene of action is impossible. Gangsters, gypsy fortune-tellers, cab drivers, all common to the big cities of the Western World, appear on the scene, not to make the story more vivid, but to mystify the reader.

Equally improbable is the idea that members of the PRS, mostly men of good education, would regard hypnotism as a psi-phenomenon. The PRS, as Blish pictures it, is in fact a little preposterous. Those people had money, social position and education. Their best chance to make a power grab would be to infiltrate the governments of one or more great powers, Alger Hiss fashion; not to hold conclaves with gothic paraphernalia.

Summing up, Blish had a sound central idea, and a good theory to explain the phenomena involved; but he botched The Jack of Eagles because he forgot he was writing science fiction, ignored his content and went chasing after the form of the suspense thriller, a form unsuited to the central idea. He would have done much better had he kept Olaf Stapledon's Odd John and H. G. Wells' The Invisible Man in mind instead of the Mike Hammer series.

The first six or eight titles of the Galaxy Science Fiction Novels were very good, but the last few have smelled slightly; largely because of the tendency on the part of the Galaxy staff to encourage writers to imitate the extreme suspense novel, which is the fiction form least suited to science fiction.

by Poul Anderson. Ballantine Books, Inc., 404 Fifth Avenue, New York 18, N.Y., paperbound at 35¢.

When this reviewer reviewed Clarke's Childhood's End he did not expect to

...with another Apocalypse in science fiction form inside of six
...are it is, and of all things a first full-length novel by

...written a number of short stories and novelettes, generally
...ical themes, rather than gadget extrapolation. He has also
...space operas of the "Drum and Strumpet" variety, published
...Planet. This reviewer recalls The Double-Dyed Villains pub-
...in Asundering in the late 1940's, the theme of which it is much
...to govern by corruption than to try to raise the human
...impossible level of virtue by firing squad and concentration

The central idea of Brain Wave is that the solar system, at the end of
the Cretaceous period, entered a force-field which inhibited the efficient
functioning of the vertebrate nervous system. The action of the story
starts when the Earth moves out of the force-field, and the intelligence,
not only of men but all higher vertebrates, increases overnight three or
four fold.

Chaos, both political and economical, breaks out as man loses control of
the domestic animals and people assigned to ill-paid and disagreeable work
quit. Of course, the communist dictatorships suffer more profoundly,
going completely to pieces. The Western democracies only go through a
period of rioting and depression.

However, by the end of the novel, the problems of society are beginning
to be solved. Synthetic food production is perfected, giving everyone
full bellies for the first time in history. The first interstellar
spaceship has been launched, and an effective world government is in
the making.

The plotting is very diffuse; there being a dozen threads of action of
nearly equal importance, which are taken up and dropped pretty much at
random. The characters are shadowy but not stereotyped. Two of them,
however, Archie Brock, a half-witted farm hand and Felix Mandelbaum, a
labor organizer, are notable because they are portrayed with sympathy.
When farm hands and labor organizers are portrayed with sympathy we are
getting a long way from the Victorian novel whose working-class characters
were scarcely human. Another character of interest is Sheila Corinth, the
not too bright wife of a physicist, who when the curtain rings down, is
about to end up in Archie's bed.

The idea that the solar-system entered a force-field at the end of the
Cretaceous which inhibited efficient use of the vertebrate nervous sys-
tems, has its merits. It would explain the extinction of the dinosaurs
and the sudden appearance of the tree shrews and tarsoids, the first ani-
mals specialized for brains. Before the advent of the field a small-
brained animal was smart enough; after the Earth entered the field animals
with big brains had an advantage.

The idea that communist countries would suffer worse than the democracies
in case of a sudden universal increase of intelligence is very doubtful.
Although life is very harsh in the Iron Curtain lands nearly all potential
trouble makers are kept locked up or under surveillance. It seems to this

reviewer that the countries which would be hit the hardest would be countries like South Africa where life is very hard for a colored majority but where the white minority does not possess elaborate secret police and censorship organizations.

One question which Anderson did not discuss is that of the relations between the sexes after the intelligence increase. Another one: what would be the long-term effect on religion? A third: what changes are made in the parent-child relationship? On these and other points Childhood's End is much more explicit.

Brain Wave is not a good novel. The diffuse plotting leads to a condition where characters are dropped as soon as they become interesting. The characters themselves are fuzzy and not fully realized. The writing lacks the strength and sincerity of Clarke's Childhood's End.

Many opportunities to heighten the interest through action are neglected. The central idea is plausible, but the canvass is too big to be covered in 164 pages.

Brain Wave is strictly for science fiction collectors and arm-chair philosophers. If you are not one of these, spend your money on movie tickets. If Poul Anderson can't do better than this on novels, let him stick to short stuff.

---Noah McLeod.

KAYMAR TRADER

If you buy, sell or trade STF mags or books be sure to get the current listings and prices. Just a thin dime will bring a copy of K-T into your mailbox. K.M. CARLSON, 1028 Third Ave. So., Moorhead, Minnesota.

"A dress is only a dress
but a frock is a joy
forever."

"Boll-weavils in the cereal, by
Ghod!"



BERGERON

HOMECOMING

BY TERRY CARR

Outside the blast, and the thunder and the fire. The windows rattled from the shock. The roaring became muffled, ceased. The rocketship was down.

"I'm glad that's over," said irate window. I almost went to pieces.

The girl looked out through the window, waiting for the man to step out.

"Don't stare," said window. "Impolite."

"I'm not looking at you," said Eternal Female.

The man stepped out of the airlock, clambered down the ladder. He reached the ground and raced for the building, bypassing the winking, flirting flashbulbs of the reporters. He got to the building, twisted the knob quickly---

It was stuck.

"I don't like you," said obstinate door.

"Open sesame," the spaceman said.

"Servants use back door, please," said obstinate door.

He raced around to the back of the building, stopped warily in front of the servant's entrance.

"Let me in," he said.

"Password?" prompted the door.

"Bother the password," he said, and broke it down:

"Murderer!" screamed broken door. "My lawyers will call tomorrow!"

He met the girl in the dim corridor, swept her into his arms, kissed her passionately.

"Cut," said the mirror.

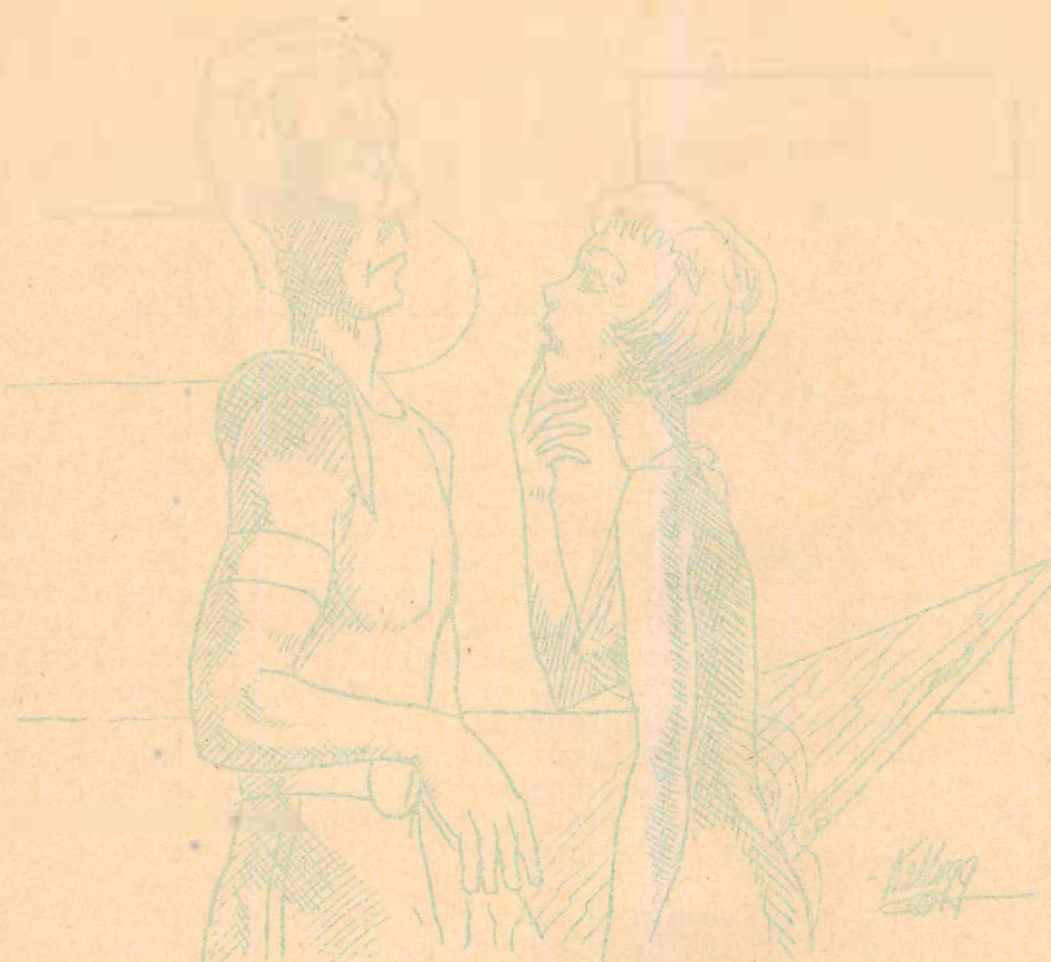
They parted.

"I dreamed of you," she said quietly.

"Did you?" he asked.

"Twice," she whispered.

"Well, I was only gone a year," he muttered.



The corridor light, which had been off. suddenly flashed on. brightening the hall.

"There," said light. "Better?"

The man and the girl looked at each other.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"None of your business," she said, and left.

"What planet is this?" asked the man.

"Wonderland," said Lewis Carroll.

"I thought something was wrong," the man said.

Section

8

Tom White, 3, Vine Street, Cutler Heights, Bradford 4, Yorks.

Dear Dick,

...I would like to kick...against a certain article in #12, an attack upon the 'crudzines'. I don't know whether it is a guilty conscience (regarding BEM) which makes me jump everytime crudzines are mentioned---- something does; anyway I think that Harry Calnek---despite the fact that he is a very humorous writer---is way off beam. Let the crudzines, and I believe most first issues are supposed to come under that heading, develop naturally. It's difficult enough to put out a first issue without spending twelve months experimenting---especially with paper the price it is. By issue three most of the crudzines have either folded (these are the genuine crudzines which die for lack of egoboo) or, in the case of the hardy few, developed into a more-or-less true fanzine.

Apart from which I still believe that the material is the important thing. With practise any moron can become adept at duplicating; it isn't everyone who can chisel an article out of Bob Bloch--you have to have one or two special attributes for that--cheek first among them.

((I can't quite agree with you, Tom. I'm in favor of making the road to fame and fortune as bumpy as possible. Fewer zines may get through, but they'll be worth reading. There is always room for another good zine. I look upon blasting the crudzines as a fannish duty...sort of.))

Bob Tucker, Box 702, Bloomington, Illinois.

Confound you, Geis. I give you some of the best days of my life; I answer your fool letters and read your fool magazine; I steal valuable time away from my wife to attend your miserable wants; I spend the entire interval between the second and third reels of "CHARGE OF THE LANCERS" concocting a sly and witty remark, a crafty interlineal sentence worthy of Willis Himself. And what do you casually, blindly do?

You foul it up with a typo. Oh, I'll admit that it does not appear to be a typo, but that is no excuse. Slowly now, let's try once more:

Who hawed Courtney's throat?

For your information, that spry question is rooted in American rural col-

Loggism and ancient Martian history. And if you foul it up a second time I will cancel my subscription and take up with Mr. Vorzimer -- who thinks his product better than yours anyway.

Truly enjoyed the column by Henry Moskowitz and trust you will ask more of him. I had read most of the issue of GALAXY he dissects, and agree with him that Tenn's tale, "Down Among The Dead Men" fell like a window sash. All the way through the story I kept hoping that Tenn would pull a real sockdologer out of the bag and let the climax reveal the hero to be one of the same breed. Perhaps I misled myself, but I thought just such a climax was planted early in the story and of course was quite disappointed when the brawny boy turns out to be no more than an accidental eunuch. I don't know whether or no I agree with Moskowitz that a series of similar tales should be written, but I will agree with the idea that the situation isn't finished---not by a hearse-load. If some magazine editor won't go for a serial then Tenn should launch a book.

I think there's a whale of a yarn somewhere in a resurrection novel. Van Vogt played around with it of course but generally disappointed me by skipping the real meat; Jerry Sohl has a new book now dealing with another aspect of the theme which comes close but still leaves something to be desired. Many years ago I read a mystery novel which again was a near-miss. This story by Tenn began in the right way and promised much---but the end just didn't deliver.

Moskowitz asks a part of the question: after the interstellar war is over and the emergency manpower is no longer needed, do you just murder off the zombies a second time and put them back in their graves? Or do you grant them the powers of reproduction and let them "live"? If so, are they to be first or second class citizens, are they to live in bubble houses like the rest of us "living" people or banished to the Belly-Rave of that day? And there may come a day when they will outnumber a dwindling "live" population. What then? All this is why I think it is novel-length material; a short story or novelette couldn't begin to do justice to the theme.

Consider this a moment: the resurrection and use of thousands of dead men will create a problem worse than the bringing of colored slaves from Africa by the boatload.

((I'm wondering if it was a question of whether an adult treatment of the theme would sell to any of the current stf mags. I've noticed that too often a story will start off with a tremendously good idea or theme but soon degenerate into just another formula-ridden story with an all-too-familiar ending.

The writers write what the editor wants; the editor buys what he thinks the public wants. Apparently the editors and publishers of stf have been convinced that the public will accept high-quality juvenilia in place of the previous diet of low quality juvenilia. It would seem, though, that they draw the line at adult science fiction. I suppose that adults, after all, make up only a small part of their readership. Intelligent adults, anyway.))

Man, dig that crazy caterpillar!

1444 Valley Street, Berkeley 2, California.

Dear Dick,

I've just finished writing an article on this 6,7,8 Fandom business---and I've also just finished tearing it up. I'm just one of those guys who can't write anything formal. If I start to write anything without using slang and stuff, it's a bit dead.

What prompted me to start the article in the first place was Bob Silberg's letter in Section 8. (With all this 8th Fandom stuff, you'd better change that heading....) I was all agreement with him until the fourth line of his second page. It concerned "ballyhooing" being done by "Wegars, Vorzimer, etc." Perhaps I'm just touchy on that subject, but I'd like it to be known that if I ever did any ballyhooing on, or for, 8th Fandom, it was purely coincidental, and any relation of Don Wegars to 8th Fandom is really regarded with horror by myself.

I don't think that I've said anything in defense of 8th Fandom, unless it was in a letter in Vorz's ABSTRACT. And that letter was written after reading a non-stf political bit. I'm affected that way by certain authors. But, let me say again, I don't like being thought of as a mad 8th Fandomite any more than...well, say Denis Moreen. I don't think that any fan who has only been in fandom for about a year, and hasn't really accomplished anything of value, should consider himself a leader. It's just the same as moving into a city and running for Mayor a few months later. With a few exceptions, it just isn't done.

I don't care what era I'm in. And I'd like to see all the old fanmags revived, even if it does take FOG out of the limelight. I haven't seen those old mags, and I'd like to see what went on. Maybe when I've been in fandom four or five years--then I'll have a claim to fame.

((I feel for you, Don. You are the victim of your friends, not your enemies...a few faneds have hailed you and others as leading 8th Fandomers whether you want to be or not.

That's one of the crosses you'll have to bear in this time of labels and such.))

Have Rike, Box 203, Rodeo, California.

Rich:

NyGahl's article was interesting, but the only thing of actual importance is the next to the last paragraph where he says he's stopped taking Fandom seriously. Tho I do hope that this realization came soon enough so that he won't drop actifanning altogether. Throughout his bit I couldn't but sense (tho I can't seem to find an actual statement to the effect) that Joel thought he HAD to put out VEGA; bits like "schedules to meet" and "no time of my own", tho he might not have meant it, certainly gave me that impression. It also seems logical that he might have had that attitude if he did take Fandom seriously, which Joel professes to have done. Actually a magazine shouldn't be so because of some sort of imagined duty toward a group of persons smeared thinly across the country.

Rather, it should be a monthly because the editor feels like putting out an issue that often, no more, no less. If the fmz is to appear with

any regular frequency it would be because that editor got into a habit of putting it out at said frequency rather than because of any sense of responsibility the world was still here when Startling went from monthly to bi-monthly to quarterly and I doubt if very few of the thousands of readers committed suicide, sent a bomb (or an "infernal device" as the Postal Regulations put it) to the editor, or flew into a rage and rolled out their portable Delameters and blasted the community to shreds, later disembowling themselves with a beer can opener (also known as a California mechette or church key) in front of their autographed photo of Tempest Storm. Thus it wouldn't seem too unreasonable for not too many reprobussions to occur if a faned decides to take it easy and not put out an ish for awhile.

I certainly don't blame Nydahl for dropping VEGA when it began to take up all his time. Putting out a fms, and Fandom as a whole (hole?) is but a hobby not a way of life (strife would be more appropriate). Of course some folks can integrate fanning into their lives well enough so that they won't be completely separated from fandom for more than a little while, but they have other interests besides. There are those who attempt to live stf (sic!) and are the Star Begotten Ones, the Clears, and so⁴ but they don't last long. F. Towner Laney (ex-fan), Charles Burbee (OE of FAPA), McCain, for instance, have jazz as one of their other interests. There must be others since Turk Murphy, exponent of San Francisco style Dixieland (which I've been listening to since Lu Watters opened up the old Hambome Kelly's down in Albany in 1941, about when I used to live three blocks from the place), is going to play for the Masquerade Ball at the SFCon this September

((That's all very fine, Dave, but when a fan accepts money for his zine he enters into a sort of contract. He assumes responsibilities and obligations. It hasn't anything to do with being Star Begotten. My point is that if the zine says monthly then the faned should publish monthly, if bi-monthly, then he should publish bi-monthly. And if a faned dislikes a strict schedule then let him change it to whatever he likes, but he should stick to what his zine says on the contents page or wherever. For those who dislike the responsibilities of a subzine there is always the free-zine or the APAs.

Too often, tho, a young faned rushes in and charges money and makes like a big businessman, then tires of it all and....well, you know the old story.))

Lee J. Sorenson, Box 1067, Toledo, Oregon.

Dear Dick-

Would appreciate it if you would pass the word around that I'd like a few complimentary copies of various fan publications. Can't subscribe to them all, but if they appear promising I will do so. Those at present I do get are: PSY, DEVIANT PEON, DESTINY. I'd like to get to know these fanzines...

((If I may be permitted to be immodest for a moment, Lee, I'll say that you could do worse than be guided by The Observation Ward. From the balance of your letter I gather that you and I are remarkably alike. In any case I'd advise you to be sure and get SKYHOOK and, if possible, GRUE.))

Redd Boggs, 2215 Benjamin Street, Long Street, Bradford, A., Yorks

Dear Dick,

Have just about recovered from the Convention now and Gha? I'm wishing there was another one looming up on the horizon within measurable distance. The day before yesterday I passed within a few yards of the Grosvenor Hotel in Manchester where the Con was held (about 35/40 miles from here) and the place looked to be still standing - worse, I even thought it looked to be doing business as usual. I admit I didn't have a very good view and I could have been wrong but if I'm not it's a disgrace to British fandom. Damn it they can't call it a Convention if the Hotel's back in action in less than two months. You'll have seen the Con reports in HYPHEN of course? I think they pretty well covered it, but Man! I wish you could have seen some of the odd little bits - they were better than a month's holiday; things like one fan wandering through the Hotel lobby in a peaked cap with a Dan Dare badge on it, his shirt hanging outside his pants (no jacket) and cradling an eighteen inch super disintegrator zap gun; or like George Gibson and I filling our zap guns in the toilet when a venerable-looking old man asks 'What are you doing?', sees what we're doing and says 'Bloody Idiots' and George turns round on him fiercely, menaces him with his now-loaded gun and says 'Smile when you say that, mister' only to discover, as the old man threatens to blast him all over Fandom, that he is a pro-editor. It took George the best part of half an hour to get his bottom jaw back in a respectable position!

((Gad...a toilet loaded squirt-gun is a fearsome weapon indeed.... Shouldn't that have been "Smile when you say that, pardner!"? Zooks! I can just hear that coming out of the mouth of a young Britisher.... Yes, I rather do wish I had been there.))

Redd Boggs, 2215 Benjamin Street N.E., Minneapolis 18, Minnesota.

Dick:

My god, it is positively enervating the way you bash out fanzines and then mutter about being "a few days late." Makes me uneasy and full of all sorts of guilt complexes. First of all it causes me to feel disloyal: here this crazily generous Geis character is wildly throwing fanzines at me which I seldom acknowledge and I'm not even interested enough to realize that he's off schedule! I haven't the foggiest notion whether the last PSY got here four weeks ago or six weeks ago, yet he's looking at me with beseeching eyes, hoping I won't whip him for going gafia for a week or two! Secondly, it absolutely strews sand in my conscience mechanism to realize that I haven't transfixed you with my three-lobed staring eye and uttered solemn warnings about what happens to frenetic fans like you. Why, you're almost as bad as Vorzimer, who has a publishing hardon the likes of which I haven't seen since one Wallace Shore, circa 1949. For Foo's sake, relax, slow down, enjoy the scenery, and forget your hellbent schedule. The above merrily mixes metaphors, but maybe you get what I mean. I don't mean it to be a criticism but rather a bit of weighty advice.

Plato Jones' front cover cartoon is beautifully drawn, but the excuse for the girl's presence there is kind of weak, and I hate to see the same sort of gag pulled on the backcover too. To waste that sort of drawing ability on a pointless thing like this is like buying a hi-fi set just to play a Hank

Williams' record.

I liked McCain's column, of course, though I'm tired of the seventh fandom hassel. This column, and Silverberg's letter, are the most sensible things said about eras in fandom since Speer's largely ignored article in Q as a followup of Silverberg's article in Q#25.

There's nothing to match the quirky feeling when you've underestimated a person, and I feel quietly quirky about Henry (the Other) Moskowitz. I hardly held out much hope for a neofan to whom Captain Future was the ne plus ultra of science fiction, but he's becoming a prozine critic I listen to with respect. Noah McLeod is another good critic, though I'm sorry he treated Arthur C. Clarke's collection so thoroughly in regards ideas and said nothing of how inadequate as fiction most of those stories are. Also, I wish he'd explain why a story "is important because it shows so plainly Clarke's hatred of dictatorship." I'm glad he hates dictatorships, but most of us do. I do too, but I don't think this letter, for instance, is important just because it shows so plainly that I hate that grim institution.

((I dunno, Red, my life is so set up now that I have a lot of time to devote to a hobby...and it looks like that situation won't change much for years and years. At present I'm getting too much of a boot out of publishing to take much heed to warnings, dire or otherwise, about the dangers of burning out. For me fanning and fan-publishing is the ideal hobby in that they combine a method for expressing myself creatively, and for the care and feeding of my ego. I won't be bashing out fanzines as often with this bi-monthly schedule, but they'll carry more weight as you can plainly see.))

Howard Lyons, P.O. Box 561, Adelaide P.O., Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

Dear Dick,

This joking about me collecting fanzines is probably brought on by the hysterical outburst Browne had when he learned I had a complete file of PSYCHOTIC. The other matter, of the Seventh Fandom Ribbons converted to 8th: Norman is perhaps a little bitter about this. You see he originally (in cooperation with others) had 500 of these ribbons made up. Just before the Midwestcon he was trying desperately to get rid of the extra 495. It so happened that he owed me 25¢ and rather than write the whole thing off, I took one of the ribbons. The change to 8th was I think an extremely funny idea, and Dan Curran of New York (who was in his cups at the time) agreed, and even went so far as to laugh.

FROZEN-ICE STICKS

Pop-sicle sticks to you. Do you want to dispose of your collection in toto. If you do, write to:

P. Howard Lyons, A DERELICT

P.O. Box 561, Adelaide P.O.

Toronto, Ontario, CANADA.

Let me know what you have and what is your price.

P.S. I also collect fanzines - how much do you want?

((That was not a free ad, boy, you owe me 25¢.))

Robert Bloch, P.O. Box 362, Weyauwega, Wisconsin.

Dear Dick:

PSYCH 14 is a very interesting issue all around, especially the stuff anent what I now propose we now call 2th FANDOM.

At the moment I am working hard at a book, sweating profusely, and awaiting the next issue of PSYCHOTIC with its promised Midwestcon Report. Meanwhile,

Who got Courtney's goat?

Who bought Courtney's vote?

Who chewed Courtney's shoat?

Who started this madness up again, anyway?

My personal opinion is that Yngvi sawed Courtney's boat, and that Courtney is a louse.

Hoping you are the same,

Bob

((Vosh rikki dosh. Farno. Farno.))

Richard Bergeron, R.F.D. #1, Newport, Vermont.

Dear Dick:

The girl on the cover is still darling in spite of having a sharp resemblance to a "flapper." The bacover filly is wonderful too. I certainly can't object to these on PSY. The wonderful Jones style completely justifies an otherwise pointless depiction. One of my pet peeves anent fanmags is the inclusion of girls that have nothing to merit their publication beyond the fact that they are nude and/or female. If they don't have something original to offer, why publish them? Readers would rather have Sunshine and Health than a purile imitation.

In "The Padded Cell" I liked this line the best: "There is something rather crushing about a person without a spontaneous sense of humor trying to force himself in that direction..." That's exactly the way I've been affected by the current rage of punning. I think it was Harris who described this beautifully as a mechanical form of humor. And I find it too contrived to be comfortable. I suppose a person can practice punning to the point where he becomes a habitual punster and thereby simulates some degree of spontaneity, but the impression that there was a frantic search for the right word to corrupt remains and takes a bit off any humor that may be there for me. I am surfeited on such things like: "Zap went the Wrai gun." For the life of me I can't see why Milton Berle doesn't become a fannish demi-ghod like Pogo when humor on a level with what he uses is the by-word in fandom.

Anyone who thinks collecting fanzines is on a par with collecting used frozen-ice sticks must think that the quality of present day fanzines is representative of those in the past! Even though I had to make a respectable outlay to get them, the satisfaction I got from reading my complete files of such fanmags as CHANTICLEER, SPACEWAYS (nearly so), DIABILERE,

FANDANGO, SKYHOOK, BURBLINGS, etc., more than repaid me. Perhaps the secret of getting a return comparable to the monetary outlay in this collecting business lies in the practice of actually reading what you buy or buying only what you want to read. I fall into the latter category and can't be described as a completist.

((I must admit to a bit of puzzlement over this business of requiring justification for a cover or bacover drawing. This is about the first time I've heard of it. I suspect that a good two-thirds of fanzine covers would, upon examination for "justification", be found wanting and promptly condemned.

The Jones' covers on PSY #14 were cute, different, and excellent cartooning. I think perhaps you are splitting a hair in this point, and I'm damned if I'll help you find the two halves.))

Ron Ellik, 232 Santa Ana, Long Beach 3, California.

Ricardo

If Don Ford gets a lake site for the next Midwestcon, that feller had better stop selling Courtney's boat...Don & Co. will need at least one boat.

Kellogg's pic of Vern McCain left out the telegraph key which is an inherent part of the good columnists derere. And I certainly have called him down for not giving Joel a hand with which to hold up the May '53 Madge.

I'd suggest somebody mention somewhere my projected reprint of LEZ, and give FANTastic (new title: MALIGNANT) a plug.

((I keep giving you plugs and you always ask for more. You finding more holes in your head?

A protruding telegraph key was left out for obvious reasons.))

Dean A. Grennell, 402 Maple Avenue, Fond du Lac, Wisconsin.

Dear Rich:

Gosh what a pretty thing that is that Plato Jones did for your mailing wrapper! This is positively one of the neatest jobs of illustrating I've ever seen done with ditto! Hope he sent you lots more. Cover was nice too, but that bacover...maahn!

Gave Bloch an advance copy of Grue #21 yesterday and he skimmed through it and yelped, "Hey, I just sent this same Yngvi/Courtney gag to Geis for PSY-CHOTIC!" I swear that we arrived at it independently and you'd hardly believe how often this has happened before.

Want to say that I'm of the school of thought that believes that PSY is still one damn fine zine, Rich. And I take a pretty dim view of these guys who are so anxious to build you up as a ghod and then, once they have you on the pedestal, start throwing rocks at you. This is what seems to be the penalty of putting out a good zine...you become the official target for anyone who wants something to tear down. I still get a happy feeling of anticipation when I come home to find PSY waiting and, to me, that's the test of a good fanmag.

McCain's article: the nicest things were the Kellogg illos. Vernon does a good job of writing but I somehow feel that everything has been said about the numbered fandoms that can possibly be said. I find the subject as tasty as a three-day-old cud of Spearmint. Isn't there anything else to write about?

Moskowitz: I disagree with, emphatically and completely. To me, he sounds like a guy who has arrived at a personal grudge with Horace Gold and is out to get revenge by slamming at him in fanzines. To say that Browne's mags are improving with age is to betray severe dislocation of one's taste-buds. The trouble with FANTASTIC and AMAZING (in my opinion) is that almost all of the stories they published recently---when I was still buying the things---had endings that I found not only unsatisfying but downright infuriating. They never ended, they just sort of petered off and quit. I happen to already be on record as considering DOWN AMONG THE DEAD MEN by William Tenn (Philip Klass) as one of the best stories I've found in science fiction in the last two years or so. And I like his PARTY OF THE TWO PARTS in the August issue even better if anything. Contrasted to GALAXY, ASF strikes me as a very sad kettle of fish indeed this past year or so. If I can find two stories in every three issues of ASF worth finishing; I think I am lucky. Only reason I keep buying the tired rag is that I've not missed an issue since sometime in the late thirties and I hate to break it off. The old ASF was a splendid thing but the current crop that JWC is trying to break in are a pretty poor bunch in my estimation. For my dough GALAXY is still the top mag on the stands in the stf class and I think Moskowitz is full of bologna sausage or perhaps something else with the same initials. At least, I haven't much respect for his literary criticisms.

Yes, it's true what they say about LE ZOMBIE---sometime in August, we hope to get under way with it. Hardly need to say that I'm looking forward to it, do I?

((It is entirely possible that Moskowitz does nurse a grudge against Gold and GALAXY, Dean, but isn't it also possible that your personal friendship with Horace and his lovely wife is inclined to make you a wee bit prejudiced when it comes to an objective judgement of the stories they buy and print? I have to agree with Bob Tucker and Hank M. that DOWN AMONG THE DEAD MEN started out very well (as do so many of the GALAXY stories) but failed to sustain itself and degenerated into hack formula and unsatisfying ending (as do so many of the GALAXY stories). I must say that I haven't much of an opinion of PARTY OF THE TWO PARTS. This is because I don't remember the story except that the title is familiar. I know I read it because I have the very dimmest recollection of the plot line, but whenever I can't recall a story, especially a recent one, I am inclined to think it can't have been very outstanding. This is, of course, just a personal opinion, but I have found that through the years my choices of the best stf agree very closely with those of the reviewers and anthologists.))

Charles Wells, 405 East 62nd Street, Savannah, Georgia.

Dear Richard:

I am annoyed that Silverberg gives me credit for starting

the Seventh Fandom bandwagon rolling. It's true, but I'm still annoyed. I actually had the naivete at one time to believe that fta would be the nucleus, or rather in the nucleus. I do not make excuses for my actions in that period; they were asinine and I would like to forget them--and when people like Silverberg keep reminding me of them, I am annoyed.

One thing I would like to clear up, which I don't think ever has been. The most controversial thing I ever did was to put "The Herald of Seventh Fandom" on my bacover. Many people took this to mean that I considered fta the focal point of Seventh Fandom--although that precise term "focal point" wasn't in use then. They would have called it something else, but the semantics were there. Well, that is not what I meant. I did think I would be in the nucleus (a sort of OOPSIA! or CONFUSION of 7th Fandom) but even I never had the gall to believe I would be the QUANDRY of 7th Fandom, and I never said so. When I said "herald" I was using the word in it's proper sense--meaning precursor, or announcer.

((Hi-ho, the follies of our youth often haunt us in later times. Such is life. Thanks for the historical note regarding 7th Fandom; future fannish historians should be glad you cleared up this point.))

Fred Chappell, Box 182, Canton, North Carolina.

Dear Dick,

Mainly what brought about this letter was all this stuff about 7th Fandom, etc. Now I am a neofan, having been in fandom only about five years, but during that time I have never evinced enough interest in it (except in the first couple of months) to give a damn about what period of fandom I occupied. At the Philcon I sported a 7th Fandom ribbon but I thought the whole thing was a joke. I still do --- but in a different meaning of the word. Even with my vast inexperience I can sense a shifting of the attitude toward fandom. I regarded it (and still do) as a meeting place for people interested in sf and all its aspects. Lately tho, it seems to be regarded as a place where fans can swap mouldy gags and praise the E.C. comics. I have nothing at all against this, but it seems strange to me that fans with such an outlook should raise so much hell over what fandom they happen to be in.

Of course, this is all the Hoffman-Willis influence, but where their conceptions were sophisticated their progeny bear a most infantile tinge. I'm not crusading, but I would like to express the opinion that many fen are trying to be humorous, both off-the-cuff like the wonderful FANVARIETY (nee OPUS), and planned like Willis, when they have a sense of humor that, to put it mildly, is not considerably advanced. I rather think of the most of them that they would make rather good crifanac-ers (sometimes I doubt that they ever heard the term) if they would discover their talents in that direction. The difference between 6th Fandom and 7th or 8th or 8½th is that the former one had a talent for being humorous and the latter ones can only faintly echo that talent. It would be exceeding hard to convince me that Little Willie is as witty as the little Peepul.

The crux of the mess is that the movements started to be numbered. Fans became more and more self-conscious. The urge to be original prevailed. There had to be a complete break with 6th --- then 7th fandom. Reflection

will show that originality is not a question of being different from history; it's a question of being yourself, and by definition different from everyone else.

((Your last paragraph really hit the nail on the head, Fred, and I should think that the letters in this and past issues of PSY, along with the articles I've printed, should see the virtual end of this "fandoms" controversy. All the "people who ought to know" have declared themselves on the subject, the young-fans have had their fling, and I think it could be generally agreed that a true 7th Fandom is now just starting (if we MUST pin-point ourselves). After this issue it'll take a mighty good letter to be printed in PSY that discusses the fandom situation. And you can take it from me that it'll be downright incredible if I publish another article on the subject. At least for a loooooong loooooong time.))

Bob Anderson, Box 702, Bloomington, Illinois. August 5.

Cheers:

I'm more than pleased to hear you are increasing to 50 pages and spreading it on. I was getting mighty tired of those lower-California kids complaining and bellyaching about PSY dwindling, dying and passing away. As though they were experts on the matter. You could drop to ten pages and beat some of the crud they put out. The juveniles were out to bury you whether you liked it or not. And with any sort of stamina at all you should outlast them by several years; they have a remarkable record of one title after another living only a very few issues.

LE ZOMBIE is in the works; about ten pages cut.

((Yeah...I was beginnig to have the same feeling 6th Fandom must have had. "Hey down there, stop pushing!"

Thanks for the vote of confidence, Bob. I hope this issue justifies the bi-monthly schedule. As I type this (August 22) things are looking up real good-like.

Charles Wells and a few others had raised the question of the dimness of the printing in PSY, and as a matter of fact it had me worried too because I couldn't account for it....especially as both Grennell and Vorzimer and a third, Watkins, used the same type of machine. I was getting pretty frantic and was seriously thinking of buying a new machine. But before I took that big step I asked some key questions of the Rex-O-Graph people. A man came over, took the thing apart piece by piece, found various screws loose, things out of allignment, and a very important rubber roller that needed replacement. This roller is one-third immersed in spirit fluid and at the correct time revolves and transfers a coating of fluid to the paper as it passes by. Beside the rubber roller is a "squgee" steel roller that is supposed to contact the rubber one and make sure the fluid is spread evenly and not tranfered to the paper in great gobs and under wetted at other times. The man said this adjustment was very precise and had to be just so. I wonder if the Grennell

Rex O's habit of over-wetting the paper couldn't be the result of these two rollers being out of adjustment. Anyway, the man put in a new roller, adjusted screws and plates, reassembled the machine and tested it. Now my dufer works perfectly and it only cost ten bucks. I am in heaven. Instead of fighting the thing, cursing, and wishing I'd bought another machine...any machine...I now turn the handle with genuine pleasure. The copies come out neat and bright, and all this time it was because this one lousy roller was smooth instead of rough like it should have been! Man, I wouldn't trade spirit duplicating for the most expensive and trouble free mimeo on the market.

This turned out to be sort of an editorial, didn't it? Still there, Bob?))

Harry Warner, Jr., 303 Bryan Place, Hagerstown, Maryland

Dear Dick:

Earl Kemp's article tickled me; I love to see screwball projects like IMPRESSIONS OF OUTER SPACE treated with a thorough lambasting of this sort. However, I don't think it's quite accurate to say that "There is no music of the future." If Earl means that there is no music composed today which sounds futuristic enough to come from tomorrow, he might investigate some of the more serious composers. Probably the most extreme case of futuristic music will be found on a recording devoted to music of Varese, put out by one of the smaller lp firms. "Ionization" does away with not only melody, harmony and conventional rhythms, but also with organized tones of all types. The result--sirens, rattles, explosions, clanking chains, and an assortment of other noises--is the goldernest thing that you ever heard, but there's no logical reason why it couldn't be considered music--it's organized sound, which obeys laws of its own. For future sounding music which still retains something of our present day system of tones, almost anything by Webern will prove interesting. (Not the guy who wrote "Invitation to the Waltz"; that's Weber. Webern was a 20th century gink who is popular in Europe but not frequently played in this country, mainly because he doesn't go in for loud, fast stuff.)

((What bothers me in how you can know what the music of the future will be like to such an extent that you can recognize it in the here and now. Is it an axiom that if a music is sufficiently different from that of the more conventional forms that it is automatically "futuristic"? It doesn't seem to me that you are on very sound ground on this point.))

Peter Graham, Box 149, Fairfax, California

Dear Dick,

Ellison's made me mad before, but now I'm not mad at him. I have a slight touch of anger in me at him, but mostly I wonder just what in hell he has against me.

Around...ohhh, I guess 9 months ago...I went on a splurge of sending money

to various fan I'd heard about that were good reading and that I wasn't already getting. Among these was SFB. I'd seen Boob Stewart's #13 and it looked big if a bit cluttered. I sent HE 50¢, not knowing what his sub rates were from memory, but figuring about 25¢ a copy, and asked him to send me an issue. It was never formally acknowledged until some time later when that "SFB announces DIMENSIONS" leaflet came out.

But he did acknowledge it in a backhanded, cowardly sort of way. Boob Stewart received a letter from him about a month after I'd sent HE the coin. Part of that letter went, as I remember, "Tell Peter Graham that when his sub runs out, I don't want him to resubscribe. I don't want his money!" At least that was the essence of what he said.

Never a word as to why. Never a word direct to me, just that single letter buried deep in that letter to Boob.

Ellison, if you don't understand the humor in a sly dig at yourself, there's something seriously wrong with you, in my opinion. For that's exactly what the statement "Make me a 7th Fandomer" meant. I've been thinking about that for a long while, and I guess I actually did say it, although I still have doubts. I have at this time nothing but revulsion for the attitudes expressed by the average 7Fandomer. The feeling was somewhat milder then, and as I understood it at the time (and as you have admitted in the PSY 15 article) you were a leader of the 7th Fandom movement. The line "make me a 7th Fandomer" was, therefore, a simple little ha-ha, intended to take the mercenariness out of my sending you money for a magazine. It was somewhat also making fun of the very type of fan you decry, the "Goshwowgee-whizoboyoboyoboy" "Make me a 7th Fandomer, huh?" type.

Why, also, did you make it look like I'd sent you the money so I could be a 7th Fandomer, and not even mention that it was for a sub to SFB?

((I wasn't too sure I wanted to print this letter of yours, Peter, but I supposed I had to in all fairness.

I'm inclined to feel that this type of letter is fine and dandy for those people who have the issue of PSY in which the controversial Ellison article appeared, but terribly frustrating for those who are new readers and who naturally are in the dark as to what went before.))

I think the masters for the ellison and Harmon articles in #15 are pretty well shot, but I think I can get a few more copies from them. If anyone wants a copy of either, send a nickle and I'll be glad to oblige.

SALLY DUNN writes, "I would appreciate it muchly if you would print my school address in the next PSY. I won't have a chance right away to let the people I want to keep in touch with know where I am. They'll know who they are, I'm sure."

Sally Dunn

Miller Manor, Wooster College,
Wooster, Ohio.

THE REASON WHY

BY LYNN HICKMAN

No sensible fanzine publisher---in mixed company, at least---discusses why he started in fan publishing. This because, to another zine publisher, starting a zine at anything less than gunpoint, is considered self-admission of having no sense. After all, fan pubbing IS the hobby that boasts of making you work at it night after night, disregarding home and/or other night life. Its devotees number more than 150 and seemingly 150 more want to start every month.

Next to a proposal of marriage there is nothing a guy would like to retract quicker than the slip he made by starting a fanzine. It haunts him everywhere he goes. If he goes to a movie or a ball game, if he takes time to watch a TV show or kiss his wife, he has that feeling that he should be spending that time on his fanzine.

To a fan pubber, the fellow who says he wants to start a fanzine is considered in the same class as the bachelor who confesses to a group of beat-up husbands that he is going to give them company in their misery, in the same category as the G.I. who is crazy enough to tell fellow dogfaces that he has reupped. He is admitted, without reservations, to the "How dumb can you get" set.

A fan publisher tries harder than a politician attempting to get something on a rival to avoid the subject of why he started it. But sometimes he just can't get away with it. It just pops up. Then he mutters something about wanting the experience it gives him or he is seeking to improve the whole field of stf literature.

Such excuses are for the birds.

If you pin him down---and he's harder to do so than a baseball manager---he will admit there is just one reason that he started...egoboo!

But, you say, you've had your egoboo, why not quit now? Well, frankly, that's one I can't answer. You've put out a lot of issues, the other fans take the zine more or less for granted, you don't get much egoboo out of it

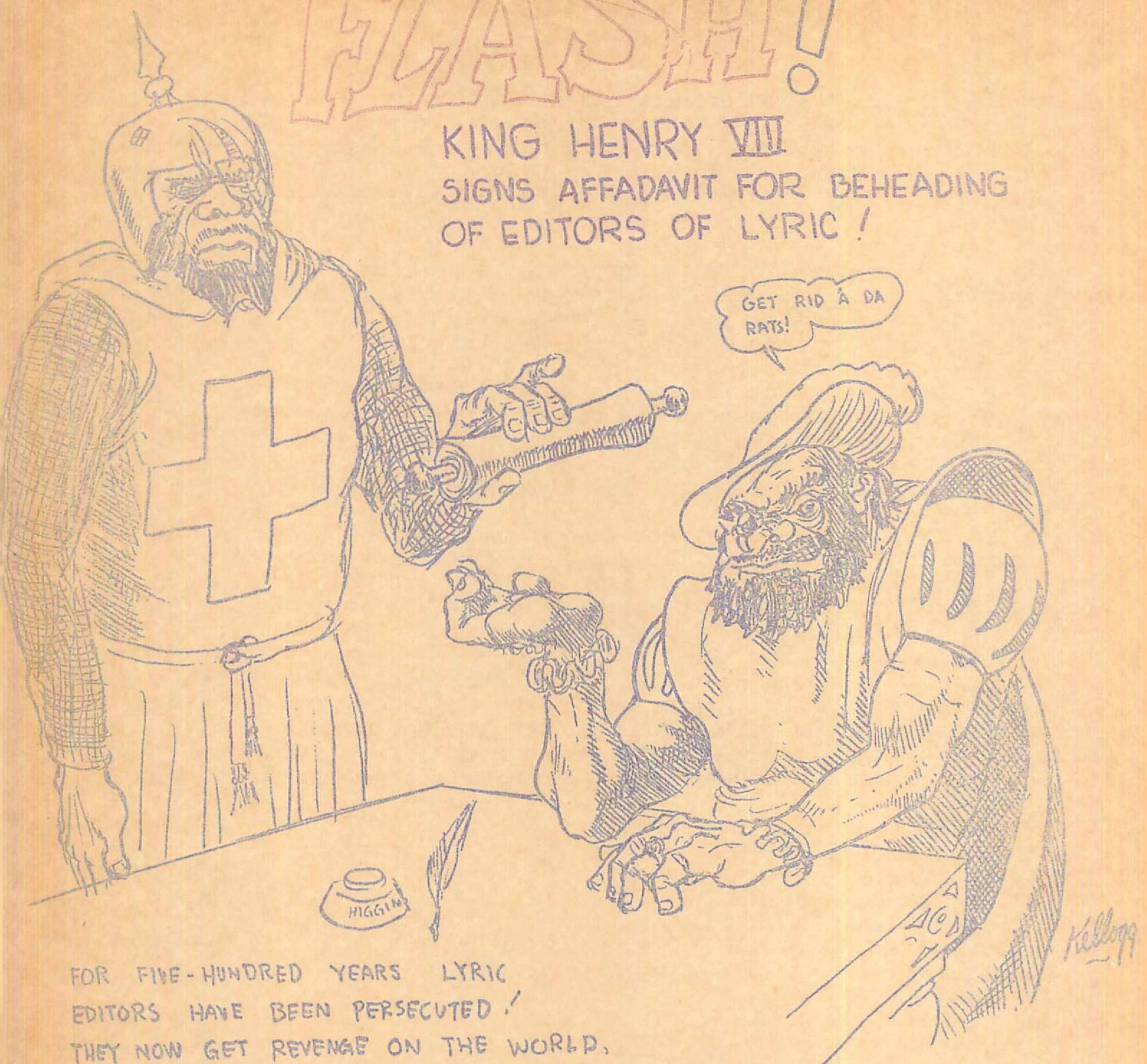
anymore, yet you continue to work night after night, missing the cuties at the local night club, missing the best movies, the best TV plays, the best ball games, but do you want to quit?...Hell no... not in a thousand years---there is something that gets in your blood that won't let you quit.

The only answer I see is for those thinking of starting one---don't!! And for us poor dopes who won't or can't quit---maybe a Fan-eds Anonymous?



FLASH!

KING HENRY VIII
SIGNS AFFADAVIT FOR BEHEADING
OF EDITORS OF LYRIC!



FOR FIVE-HUNDRED YEARS LYRIC
EDITORS HAVE BEEN PERSECUTED!
THEY NOW GET REVENGE ON THE WORLD,
CARRYING ON THE GLORIOUS TRADITION.

DO YOUR PART TO FIGHT CROOKED POLITICS...

SEND ENDOWMENTS TO:

50¢ - 6 ISSUES
25¢ - 3 ISSUES
ETC.

Lyric

545 NE. SAN RAFAEL
PORTLAND 12, OREGON

EDITORS
BRADLEY — KELLOGG

FANTASY = POETIC = HUMOR

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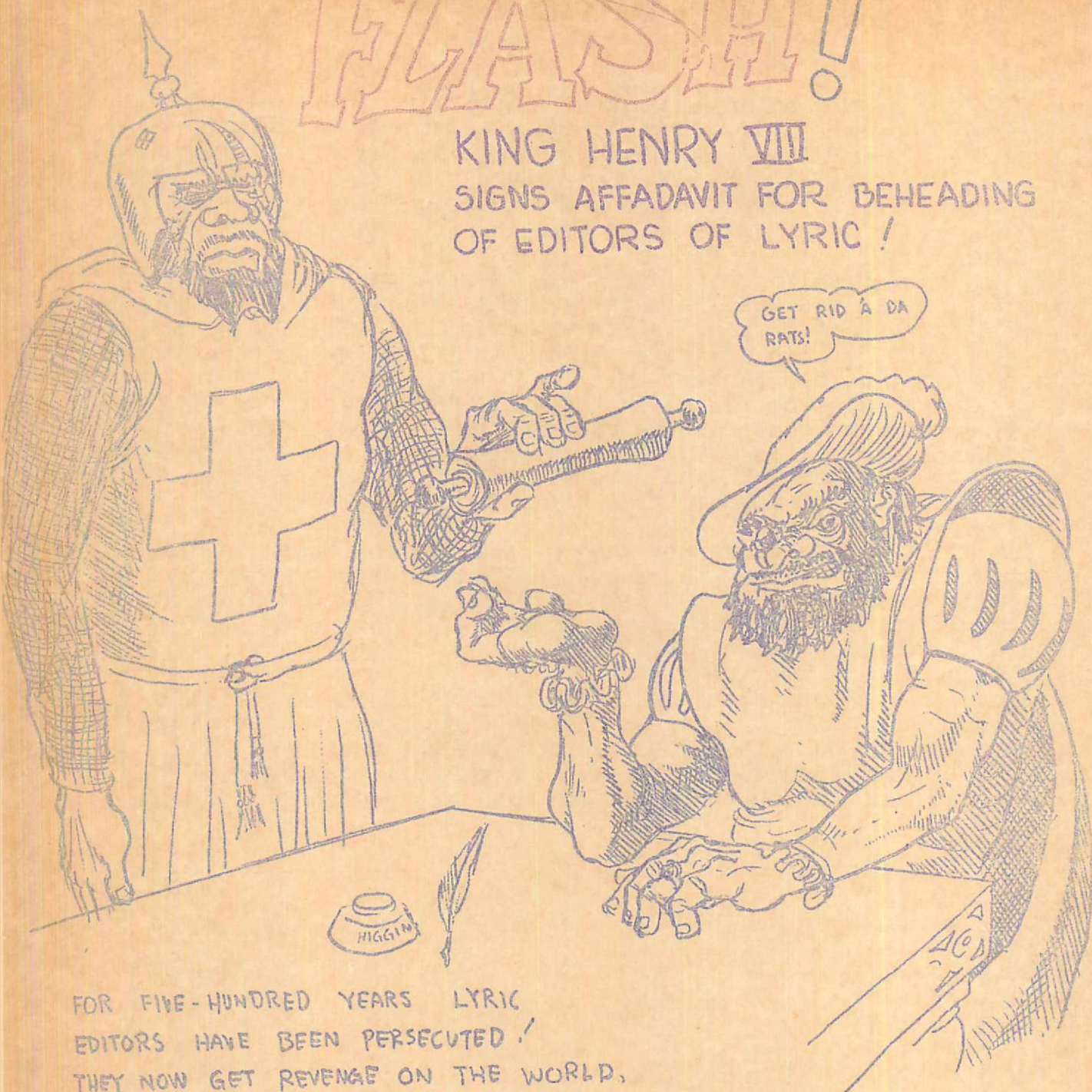
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Fanvetcon Fotos

5 x 5 glossy prints of photos taken at the Fourth Annual Fantasy Veterans Association Convention in New York City. These pictures may be ordered in combination with Philcon photos to secure quantity prices. 10¢ each, 12 for \$1, 25 for \$2, 40 for \$3, \$4 for the entire lot of Fanvetcon and Philcon photos. Order by number.

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| 41. Three Fanvet FANTASY-TIMERS: Thomas S. Gardner, James Taurasi & Ray Van Houten | 49. An original Paul painting of a meeting between Ellison and Semenovitch, with HL Gold looking on and Wilson Tucker orating unconcernedly at the side |
| 42. Dave Kyle looking up at the ceiling and grinning; Ed Emsh just grinning | 50. Closeup of a Bergey original picturing Bea Mahafey warding off James White and Walt Willis. |
| 43. <u>Galaxy's</u> Evelyn Gold & Gnome Press' Martin Greenberg | 51. An Orban drawing showing Sam Mines replying to Dave Ish's offer to do a fanzine column for SS, & an Emsh which provokes the query: "Who saved Courtney?" |
| 44. Editor Harry Harrison being looked down upon by a tuxedoed gentleman and being ignored by an evening gowned lady | 52. <u>Special Bargain Photo</u> : Front and back views of Calvin Thomas Beck |
| 45. Willy Ley backed against the wall with his cigar | 53. <u>Special Mystery Photo</u> : Of special interest to Lee Riddle. Included free with orders of \$1 or more if specifically requested |
| 46. Ed Emsh & an indistinguishable example of his work | |
| 47. PEON editor Charles Lee Riddle discussing plans for NEBI with Burton K. Beerman | |
| 48. Phillyfen John G. Fletcher and Lyle Kessler, with some clown playing a mandolin in the back round | |
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Mimeo Stencils

Through a quantity purchase, we obtained several quires of A.B. Dick "US 160" mimeograph stencils at a price substantially lower than regular retail. These stencils, suitable for typing, writing, or drawing, were used to print INFINITY.

We have five extra quires on hand and can make this wonderful offer to both current and prospective fan editors:

Only \$2 per quire, postpaid. (One quire = 24 stencils.)

This is less than Master Products Co. (330 S. Wells Street, Chicago 6, Illinois) charges for even the cheapest grade stencil! These stencils are used the same way as any others; therefore instructions will not be included unless requested. Mailed rolled to prevent damage. White backing sheets included.

CHARLES HARRIS, 85 FAIRVIEW AVENUE, GREAT NECK, NEW YORK

PHILCON PHOTOS

3 x 3 glossy prints of clear flash-bulb photos taken at the Eleventh World Science Fiction Convention. Postpaid prices: 10¢ each, 12 for \$1.25 for #2, or \$3 for the entire lot. Please allow at least three weeks for delivery, although photos will be mailed within a week if possible. Order by number.

1. Isaac & Mrs. Asimov
2. Frank Belknap Long
3. L. Sprague de Camp & Rog Phillips
4. Two taboo-busters: Philip Jose Farmer & Theodore Sturgeon
5. Robert Bloch & E.E. Evans
6. Alan E. Nourse
7. Willy Ley
8. Robert Sheckley & guitar
9. Jerome Bixby & piano
10. Ted E. & Judy C. May Dilt
11. Dr. John D. Clark & Melvin Korshak
12. Ex-editor Les del Rey looking pretty cheerful about the whole thing
13. John W. Campbell Jr. & Dr. E. E. Smith
14. Bill & Frances Hamling
15. Larry T. Shaw in his Demolished Man "costume"
16. Two rising young authors: Robert Sheckley & AJ Budrys
17. Algis Budrys without a grin; Forrest Ackerman with
18. Algis Budrys with a grin & Honey Wood
19. Isaac Asimov, Evelyn Paige Gold, Sam Mines & three of the biggest grins you've ever seen
20. Bob Tucker, Bea Mahaffey, & an amazingly long arm
21. Wilson Tucker playing Napoleon
22. Bea Mahaffey, a bearded English editor Bert Campbell not even looking at her
23. Bearded American author Fletcher Pratt & Les del Rey, neither looking at the other
24. Lloyd Eshbach of Fantasy Press & Martin Greenberg of Gnome Press against a background of Ballantine Press books
25. Mel Hunter & original paintings for May '53 GSF cover
26. An "unpublished" Hunter original (slightly out of focus)
27. The Startling trio: Sam Mines, Pat Jones & Phil Farmer
28. Unidentified woman, Rog Phillips & Katherine MacLean
29. Dave Ish with a pipe, Frank M. Robinson, Harlan Ellison with a pipe & a copy of SEB
30. Harlan Ellison holding an original Madge cover & looking soulful; Bill Venable holding Harlan Ellison & grinning
31. Forrest J. & Mrs. Ackerman with visitor Tetsu Yano
32. Philcon planners: Milton A. Rothman, Robert A. Madle & L. Sprague de Camp; Irvin C. Heyne, Lyle Kessler & unidentified assistant
33. Ian Macaulay, Bob Silverberg, & Rich "I'm Dropping Out of Fandom" Elsberry
34. Three-foot high model of the Collier's Moon rocket
35. Three Ten: Henry Ebel, Ed Cox & Wally Webbort
36. Gerry & Helen de la Ree
37. Charles Harris (Who?)
38. Two FAIR RPEs: Sol Levin & Lyle Kessler
39. A poor shot of the ESF robot
40. A good shot of Philadelphia City Hall

CHARLES HARRIS, 85 FAIRVIEW AVENUE, GREAT NECK, NEW YORK

2nd Session

WHERE THE EDITOR HAS

QUITE A TIME RAMBLING ON AND ON TO THE BOTTOM OF THE PAGE . . .

Being a fair sort of fellow who believes that credit should be given where credit is due, and since I forgot to credit the cover to Jim Bradley on the contents page, I'll end this bit and consider it done.

There is somberness and gloom in the editorial offices of NHC and PSY these days. Black crepe is hanging from the windows and doors and furniture. Bob Kellogg, probably the best artist in fandom today, has departed for a rainy city and started college in Missouri. He will return to Portland in the summer, but in the meantime I despair of finding an artist who can so perfectly illustrate an article or story as he could. And my backlog of Kellogg illos is practically a splinter. Oh, sob....

PSYCHOTIC

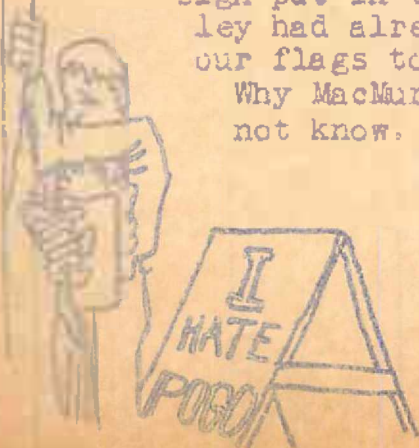
LYRIC

Seven pages of fanzine reviews this issue, and I could have used another seven from a look at my "to be reviewed" stack. Tsk. Deeper and deeper I go. The same situation applies to the letter column: I have at least twelve good letters which deserve the light of print as much as any of those that did get printed this issue. Worse, a few of them (such as one from Norman G. Browne) will not be printed next issue because their quality of timeliness will have been lost. The others have a more stable nature of enduring interest and will be presented in SECTION 8 next issue. Such is life. It is discouraging to realize that the same troubles that beset me with the 24 page monthly are still with me in this lovely 50 page format; I still could use another ten pages. I expect I'll have to get used to it.

Bill Reynolds sends word that Bill Knapheide's address as printed in the Reynolds column last issue is not Sierra Point Rd. but Sierra Point Rd. Faneds trading with Knapheide please note.

Dan E. D. MacMurray paid good money to have that "I Hate POGO" sign put in the lower right hand corner of this page. Jim Bradley had already drawn in the beer-drinking fan who was lowering our flags to half-mast, so I merely added the sign next to him. Why MacMurray wants such a sign in such a place in PSY I do not know. If I were you I wouldn't bother puzzling over it.

I found out why the Rex-O wasn't printing the paper dark enough...it needed a new fluid feed roller. The old one was worn smooth. The new one cost me \$10.00.... But that's all right. I just got a fifteen dollar raise. Got to go now..



It must be greated this picture is slanted and exaggeration will
has run. (Still...Bradley didn't put a witch in!)
But nevertheless all the chemical mess...and radiation...I expose
as artistic fun. (Actually the place is my kitchen!)

