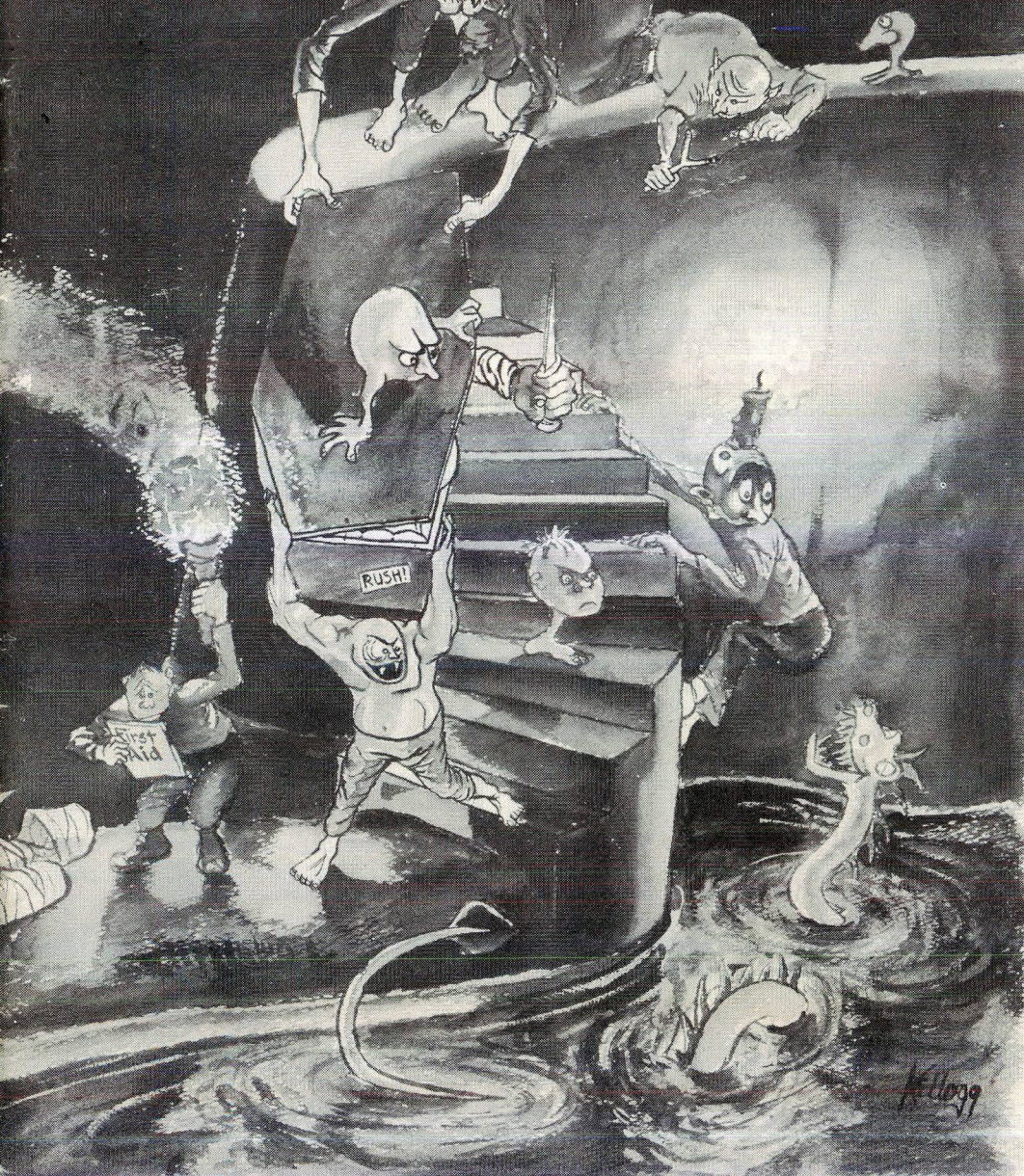


PSYCHOTIC

NO. 17

First Litho. Issue!



"Poor Richard's Almanac."

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COVER BY BOB KELLOGG
(for the first time)

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

THE PADDED CELL.....a column by the
one and only Vernon McCain, hey.

DIRTY PRO.....a story which is a
curious blending of straight fiction
and fan content. You figure it out.
By the way, Larry Stark wrote it.

THE PSYCHO-ANALYST.....is by Noah
McLeod and all about books, editors,
and other Things.

THE OBSERVATION WARD.....is by Me.
I tear to bloody shreds a few ran-
zines, then change my mind. Also
here is Times Have Changed? by RAL

SECTION 8.....eleven pages of oddly
assorted yelps, observations, ex-
planations, groans, historical and
hysterical data, and general fun.
This is where the readers are
kept.

2ND SESSION.....where the editor
reclines once again and babbles
and babbles...and babbles.....

BACOVER BY BOB KELLOGG
(wot, him again?)

INTERIOR ART BY....

Dave Rike, Bill Dignin,
Plato Jones, Jim Bradley, and if
you can consider it art, I did
the layouts. Pretty, ain't
they?

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1954



The Leather Couch — WHERE THE

EDITOR RAMBLES ON AND ON AND ON AND ON AND ON AND ON AND ON AND ON AND ON AND ON

THE ANCIENT ONE PONTIFICATES

This business of reviewing fanzines is a killer, believe me! I've been reviewing them for a year and some odd months, by various methods and with varying success, and can speak with some measure of authority on the matter. And as a result of a recent soul-searching I have arrived at several conclusions regarding policy which will govern my reviews of fanzines in PSY.

#1. There are a terrible lot of fanzines being published. I couldn't even begin to attend to all of them.

#2. The purpose of a fanzine review is to assess the value of those reviewed and help guide potential fanzine buyers.

#3. As a result of the above I have decided to limit the reviews to subscription fan magazines. By limiting the scope of The Observation Ward I should be able to better fulfill its purpose as mentioned in conclusion two.

#4. I much prefer doing informal straight-from-the-shoulder reviews than mechanical item by item comment. I dislike intensely reviewing a zine that absolutely inspires me to utter indifference... as many have. Hereafter such zines will get short shrift indeed. I no longer intend to waste long moments staring blankly at one while my mind races in neutral trying to dredge up a comment.

This revised policy should at least make the job somewhat of a joy for me instead of the dreary task it has been oft-times in the past. It will also probably insure my continuance of the Ward for a long while to come. Frankly, I couldn't see myself toiling away for hours on end at a job I hated.

I think, too, that I shall shamelessly copy Mari Wolf and use a rating scale of from 1, to 10.

...AT GREATER LENGTH

And now, providentially, I have a letter I had been hoping someone would write; Ray Thompson obliged and now I can present, nearly completely, my views concerning fanzines, the reviewer, and the faneditor.

He types: "This fight over crudzines has gained feudal proportions, no? I'm afraid I disagree with a point or two of yours, Dick. In the first place, you give the impression that you will blast a magazine whether it actually deserves it or not. Why? Say some neofan sends you a fanzine which is just barely readable because of one thing or another. Maybe it's the first time he's ever turned the crank of a duplicator in his life. Certainly, he maybe could have spent a little time experimenting with the thing before hand, but you overlook the factor of his nature that wants to get the thing in the mail immediately, if not sooner, the better to dazzle the readers. Should we condemn him for this? After all, you can't expect a tightrope walker to make it clear across the gorge on the first try, can you? It takes experience to do anything like that with any amount of skill.

"My views on the subject are these: The very least one can do, if he gets a eye-achingly-mimeood/dittoed fanzine from a neofan, is acknowledge it, and try to give a few helping suggestions. Whether the neo takes advantage or not is his affair. Speaking from my own experiences sending first issues to BNFs, a neo actually appreciates it if his fanzines is at least acknowledged, and it gives a bad impression of the BNF if he starts right off blasting.

"Yes...give him time--let us see what he is going to do. If,

after a reasonable length of time, he still hasn't improved, and is still the same mess as ever, then get in your digs, because he probably then deserves them."

Ray's comments about the crudzine are pretty much typical of the school of thought that suggests toleration and helpful suggestions as the way to deal with the things.

I am of the hardboiled school, I fear. Let me take his points one by one and explain my position.

1. I'm afraid I don't understand the part that says I give the impression I will blast a magazine whether it deserves it or not. I only blast away when I feel it is deserved. Others may feel a magazine doesn't deserve it. Opinions differ.

2. Sure, I'm aware that a beginning faned is oft-times very eager to get his baby into the mails so as to reap the wild egoboo, but in reviewing a fanzine I simply cannot make allowances for bad this, bad that, bad something else because of good intentions. Hell, ALL faneds have good intentions when getting out their mag. I have, Calkins has, Riddle has, etc. I fail to see the logic of getting a badly mimeoed zine into the mails so that it will "...dazzle the readers." Strikes me it would rather disgust them. I don't think a fan should be condemned for getting a zine out quickly or for being eager and goshwowoboyboyish, but only for inferior or sloppy work. I cannot see that the former is any excuse for the latter. I think perhaps too much power is attributed to reviewers...I know of no faned who has been "blasted" out of fandom by reviews. Er..none, that is, who would admit it.

3. The tightrope walker metaphor isn't valid, I'm afraid. I do expect a tightrope walker to make it the first try across a gorge... otherwise there ain't gone be no second try!

4. I have given helpful suggestions to many and will continue to do so in letters. I don't see that a review is any place for them as a matter of policy.

5. My two major points are these: A review column is in existence for the primary purpose of giving to the reader an estimation of the relative worth and nature of the magazines in question. It is not a place where a reviewer should conduct a fanzine clinic, nor is it supposed to act as a free advertising department.

There is a professional aspect to publishing a subscription fan magazine that is largely ignored by neo-faneds: they often forget the implications of charging money. I won't say "boo" about a zine that is badly done if it is just for kicks and distributed free, but when a faned starts out by charging money for his zine and accepting subscriptions, his zine should be judged as is by reviewers. It is in competition with other subzines then and the editor should expect an honest review. That is the crux, you see: going subscription. The reviewer owes an allegiance to the reader that must be paramount.

I utterly fail to see why beginning fan editors should be coddled, handfed, and protected from harsh criticisms. The better editors, I'm sure, will survive initially bad reviews.

It occurs to me that a beginning fan editor should publish a few free issues and avail himself of the advise and counsel of more experienced faneds and an idea of the general comparative worth of his zine. Then, if he wishes, plunge into the subscription field.

CHANGES, NOTHING BUT CHANGES.....

It has come to my attention in the past few weeks that a few of fandom's best have folded their tents and moved to other sites.

Harlan Ellison now publishes DIMENSIONS from 55 East 13th Ave., Columbus 1, Ohio.

P.H. Economou no longer lives in Miami, Florida. Her copy of PSY 16 came back marked "gone" so I expect she is.

Joel Nydahl apparently has quit fandom for a long while. His mail is being returned from his former home in Michigan. He is in Florida, but no one seems to know exactly where.

THE

P A D D E D

Collaboration has always fascinated me. Perhaps because I learned long ago that I am naturally a ham and can do almost anything better with an audience to show off to. In fact, my ideal of the perfect collaboration has always been for two mutually stimulating people to get together, work out a plot and then pound out the story line by line in a manner which pleases them both.

Professionals who have tried this method brand it as hopelessly unworkable and they are quite probably right. Most collaborators who have publicized their methods seem to wind up with one person doing a complete draft and the other reworking it.

Having never been able to coax any suitable partner into trying this method I can't speak from personal experience...and quite probably never will be able to. But it does fascinate me. In fact, practically all kinds of collaboration fascinate me...as my column about round robin stories a few months ago probably indicated.

And apparently I'm not the only one. Collaboration is far more widely practiced than generally realized. Apparently practically everyone tries it sooner or later. In the science fiction field practically every top name...correct that, every top name, has at least one such to his credit. Ray Bradbury's first published story was a collaboration with Henry Hasse. Two more fantasy collaborations with the same writer followed, plus several to non-fantasy markets and later he did a novelet for PLANET STORIES with Leigh Brackett.

Robert Heinlein would appear to be about as independent and self-sufficient a writer as exists, yet one of his more obscure stories published in ASTONISHING in 1941 under his pen name of Lyle Monroe was a collaboration with someone named Emma Wentz.

Ted Sturgeon worked with a little known writer named James H. Beard on a couple of UNKNOWN stories. They are typically Sturgeon though.

Isaac Asimov had two obscure stories published, one in FANTASY BOOK and one in WEIRD TALES, both with Frederik Pohl.

Poul Anderson has turned out yarns with a variety of Minneapolis writers, most noticeably Gordon Dickson.

Damon Knight has done several stories with James Blish. Cleve Cartmill produced a fantasy for MoF with a beginning writer in 1952.

The late Stanley Weinbaum did a couple of stories (far inferior to his normal work) with Ralph Milne Farley.

Raymond Z. Gallun did a short with John Michel for WONDER in 1932 and twenty years later repeated the experiment with another short, this time with Jerome Bixby, which sold to ASTOUNDING.

Cyril Kornbluth seems to delight in collaboration. Best known, of course, are his Cyril Judd stories with Judith Merril. However, he also works with her one-time husband, Fred Pohl and as the center of the frenetic Futurian group in the late thirties and early forties (when Kornbluth was barely old enough to shave) has also collaborated in various combinations and under various names with Bob Lowndes, Richard Wilson, Dirk Wylie, and Donald A. Wollheim. One story, "The Psychological Regulator" is undoubtedly the most unique col-



BY
Vernon McCain

laboration in stf history. Written by Kornbluth, Lowndes, Michell, Wollheim and E. Balter, it appeared in COMET under the pseudonym of Arthur Cooke, doubtless chosen because too many Cookes do you know what. They did.

Eric Frank Russell did one story with Leslie T. Johnson in '37.

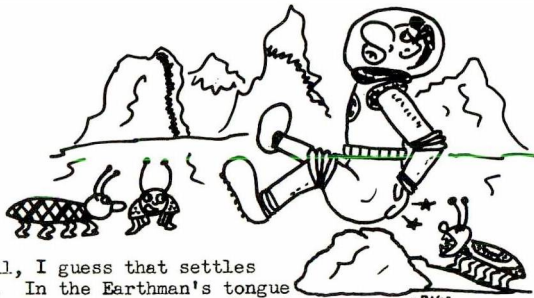
Clifford Simak wrote one interesting, if primitive, story in collaboration with Carl Jacobi in 1941.

E.E. Smith's first novel, "Skylark of Space", was reportedly written with some woman although I'm unable to dig up her name.

At first glance A. E. van Vogt would appear to be science fiction's most famous author to produce all his stories on his own with no help (apparently the title goes to Murray Leinster on whom I can unearth no tie-ups) but this is only officially. His wife is E. Mayne Hull who produced a number of stories for ASTOUNDING and UNKNOWN in the early forties. Reportedly van Vogt writes the second or third draft on each of her stories and a number of readers have thought they could detect her hand in his stories at times. She has publicly stated that she always types them up in their various forms for him so it seems not unlikely.

Despite wider circulation by Kornbluth, probably the palm goes to L. Sprague de Camp and Fletcher Pratt for sheer persistence in collaboration. Combined they are easily the most famous collaboration team in this field. Less well known is the frequency with which each has worked with others.

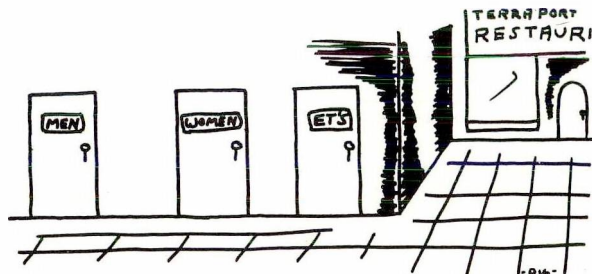
In 1928 and 1929, chiefly in AMAZING, Pratt's name appeared on five stories with Irvin Lester. An early issue of SCIENCE WONDER featured a serial by Pratt and Laurence Manning and this same combination popped up again in the first issue of PLANET STORIES. This was probably a reject from much earlier since neither writer was active at that time. In 1931 he had a story in WONDER with a Konrad Schmidt and around the same time two in AMAZING with I.M. Stephens. In 1935 AMAZING had a short in which he worked with B. F. Ruby. Then Pratt became inactive until his association with de Camp. This resulted in the three rollicking Harold Shea novels for UNKNOWN and a fourth novel for the same magazine which is best forgotten. Pratt went inactive during the war (he is considered on of the nation's outstanding writers on military strategy and was doing a great deal of writing along that line during this period) produced on short in 1946 and went inactive again. In 1949 Anthony Boucher persuaded the two to start a new series for his new MAGAZINE OF FANTASY and this resulted in the 'Gavagan's Bar' series which has had numberless appearances in MOF and WEIRD TALES. In addition there are quite a number of others which did not see magazine publication but which were recently in a collection of the Gavagan shorts. This series has also been extremely successful and produced widespread acclaim (although not from this writer). A fourth Harold Shea novel was written for del Rey's FANTASY FICTION and I believe a fifth is now scheduled for appearance in BEYOND about the time this article is being written. And, although his collaboration with de Camp seems the ideal one, Pratt has not stopped there. Persuaded by Sam Merwin to return to solo writing in 1950, he not only did this, he engaged in collaboration with still another writer, Walter Kubilius, for several stories.



"Well, I guess that settles it. In the Earthman's tongue our race is called the #37204!"

de Camp's record is not quite so collaboration heavy as Pratt's. The first record of one is "None But Lucifer" with H. L. Gold, but this was not really a collaboration. It was a Gold novel which Campbell was not 100% pleased with. In order to get it published Gold was

forced, against his will, to let de Camp rework the ending, for which de Camp got co-author credit. Thus de Camp's first real collaboration was with Pratt. Another highly successful one was with P. Schuyler Miller during the same period. They wrote a novel called "Genus Homo" which appeared in the March 1941 issue of



that brief-lived experiment SUPER SCIENCE NOVELS. This has since seen hard-cover publication. But the least known de Camp collaboration appeared in SUPER SCIENCE's sister magazine the following November. It was titled "The Last Drop" and the co-author was.....L. Ron Hubbard! The logical comment would be that it was one "L." of a story. Instead it was about as typical an example of purest mediocrity as one could find. But then what could one expect from a combination of one man whose spare time is spent debunking pseudo-science, and another who has made a fortune from Dianetics and Scientology?

But while the de Camp-Pratt combo is the most famous, the most successful one is easily that of Henry Kuttner and C. L. Moore, who are, of course, Mr. and Mrs. Kuttner.

During the thirties, Catherine Moore did her writing during spare time at her job as a bank employee (this sounds incredible, I know, but I'm assured it is true). This probably explains the relative rarity of her appearances. At that time she was using a style of writing far in advance of that current in the science fiction field, although her plots were not. Her WEIRD TALES series of Northwest Smith stories were crudely plotted Conan-type adventure stuff, made palatable by the sensitive handling. Her few appearances in ASTOUNDING were with stories almost plotless but again made readable by sheer skillful writing. (Although it shares in these faults, special attention should be drawn to the almost forgotten ASTOUNDING novelet of 1934, "The Bright Illusion", which featured Sturgeon-style writing and almost a Sturgeon-quality story five years before he appeared on the scene. The story sheiks for inclusion in an anthology but as far as I know it has remained forgotten with all the junky stories of the same era.)

A fringe-fan, Henry Kuttner broke into professional writing in 1937 and started selling frequently. His plots and his writing were both crude, but both had body and a sort of vitality which permeated everything he wrote and foretold the position he was destined to hold, although he had not yet learned to write. He kept improving and did a series of humorous collaborations with Arthur K. Barnes. In June 1940 Kuttner and Moore were married. From that time they increasingly merged their talents and produced the most potent combination science fiction has yet seen.

Moore continued to do some stories independently, usually under the pen-name of Laurence O'Donnell, although just about any statement you can make about these two from now on has its exceptions. But, apparently through close relationship and natural affinity, they produced a combined entity whose writing methods sound like something out of Sturgeon's symbiosis stories. Certainly their affect on each other quickly became noticeable. Kuttner's formerly crude writing benefited from the advanced polish of Moore's while Moore no longer had to waste her abilities on too slight plots. Her writing style took on more body and borrowed some of Kuttner's vitality. This is noticeable even in her solo series of this period, of which "No Woman Born" is a splendid example. And the Moore influence also shows up in the fact that the Kuttner plotting talent, which had previously turned out the sort of juvenile thing typical of the thirties, now resulted in considerably more sophisticated development. The Moore

stories had always had a mature quality even at their worst. I am told the Kuttner's have now received their degrees and plan to return to active writing after too long an absence. The science fiction field could use some of the Kuttner's down-to-earth no nonsense type of writing...right now.

But the collaboration I find the most fascinating is that of Walt MacFrederic. Don't rack your brains trying to recall this writer. Unless you attended the Norwescon or know one of the writers personally you've probably never heard of him. He was the joint product of Walt Sheldon, Mack Reynolds, and Fredric Brown, all of whom were living in Taos, New Mexico in 1950. In a pixedated mood one day they concocted a whacky method of collaboration closely resembling the round-robin stories I discussed a few issues back. They wrote three stories this way. In the first one, "Devise of the Turtle" (retitled by Damon Knight "Six-Legged Svengali" when it appeared in an issue of *WORLDS BEYOND*), Reynolds set up the story problem in the first couple of thousand words without telling the others what he planned. He turned it over to Sheldon who added a couple of thousand words of complication, then dumped it into Brown's lap with the injunction to figure out what had happened and straighten things out into a sensible ending. On the succeeding two stories they traded positions but otherwise worked the same. But the Korean War started and Sheldon, a reserve Air Force pilot, was called back into service and they were unable to produce more than the first three. Brown and Reynolds continued a more conventional collaboration until finally Reynolds, and then Brown, moved away.

All three stories were published, the other two appearing in issues of *OTHER WORLDS* and *AMAZING*. But none appeared as being by Walt Fredric. Apparently Altschuler, the agent who handled all three, considered their product less saleable under the pen-name so two of the stories appeared as Brown/Reynolds collaborations while the third carried only Sheldon's names.

There was an interesting footnote to this, however. John D. MacDonald had formerly lived in Taos and John and Dorothy de Courcey later moved there. As a result this tiny primitive New Mexican town appeared about as frequently in science fiction stories as any city except New York, for several years. Reynolds is still writing a series about a spaceship named the "New Taos". But another less prominent science fiction writer whose name I blushingly admit eludes me, had a story published in one of the *Standard* magazines in 1951 which, as happened frequently, occurred in a futuristic version of Taos, although so far as I know he did not live there. (Let me add that Taos' most famous resident is the widow of D. H. Laurence, writer of probably the twentieth century's most famous banned book "Lady Chatterly's Lover". Laurence himself died in Taos many years ago.) This particular story about Taos dealt with a young but Milquetoastish type man who was hopelessly inhibited by a matriarchal and tyrannical society. In the course of the plot the worm turns and suddenly finds himself the possessor of tremendous sexual attraction. He muses that this is only fitting since he lives in Taos, which had been the home of those two famous great lovers, D. H. Laurence and Walt MacFrederic....the only time the latter name has ever seen print prior to this column so far as I know.

And then there is the collaboration of those two famous old-timers Robert Bloch and Edgar Allan Poe.

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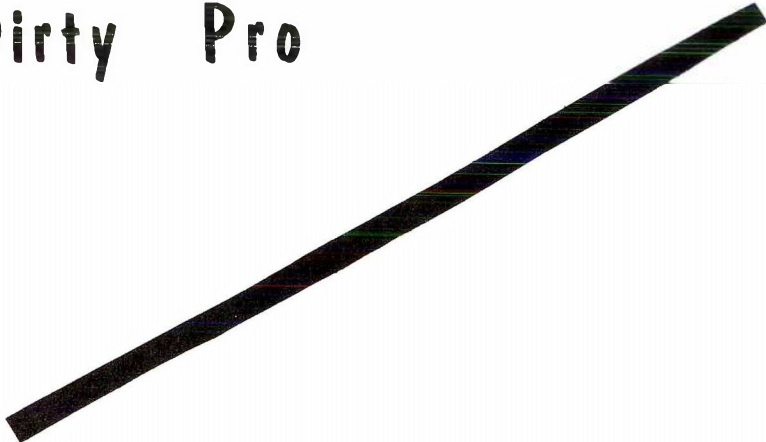
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Dirty Pro



a story by **Larry Stark**

The first whiskey sizzled down immediately, and was just as immediately replaced. The second died a slower but no less inevitable death between longer and more widely-spaced sips of chaser. The third, toyed with but virginal, remained on the table untouched.

Funny, Bob thought. You could tell the depth of my frustrations every time, just by the amount of alcohol it takes to make me unwind the tension and begin watching the people go by. Today must have been worse than I thought, to rate two shots.

As the philosophical haze spread through his limbs, and the endless parade of characters filed by his sidewalk table, the whole emotional trial of the day came back into his mind, with that slightly dispassionate air that two quick whiskeys impart to anything.

Here I am, Bob Silverberg, semi-successful author. Twenty-four, Columbia graduate, married happily, and I enjoy my work. And still, on the afternoon my third book hits the stands, here I am cowering in my favorite escapist cafe behind a wall of whiskey.

It isn't that I couldn't take the crowds. I like meeting people. When Bretano's suggested I autograph on the first day, I jumped at the chance. Old Stagestruck Silverberg never refused an audience in his life. But....

But it was hell! Those...those kids! Little jabbering high-school kids! I wasn't like that, was I? But—worst of all—no one I knew! Not a soul! Of course I couldn't expect Boggs all the way from Minneapolis, or Hoffman up from Atlanta. But you'd think Hirschhorn would make it. We were real pals in fandom. Hirschhorn, or... maybe.... Mayb....

"Larry! My God it is! Larry Stark!"

For a moment he thought it a mirage cooked up by a well-whiskeyed psyche, but he was not in error. He hesitated, imagined a momentary grim expression on his old friend's face, but dismissed his self-pitying subconscious for the fool it was, and the familiar conversation of camaraderie was on his lips, and a lilt to his old fannish heart.

"Oh, waiter! Listen, would you get a shot-glass, like this, and fill it with your best Chianti? Yes, that's it. How's that for a memory, Larry?"

"Perfect, Bob, perfect. I wouldn't expect you'd remember after a whole year."

"That long? Good Lord, have I been out of touch. Oh, but forget the empty spaces. I have. It feels just like old times!"

"Yes, just like always."

"Say, remember our first convention together? The DenverCon? When you and that California kid argued all night about cartoons!"

"Walt Lee, you mean. Yeah, that was some battle. Say, I saw that short in OUTWARD BOUND last month. Looked pretty good."

"Oh, that! Ah, Nydahl's a good friend of mine. Sometimes I don't know what I'd do if I didn't have a good pal who'd turned pro-editor."

"You mean you pro's always stick together like that?"

"Well, some of us do. Actually, Larry, Joel's the only real friend I have among the pro's. Oh, I'm in some organizations, but they're just service groups and information bureaus, more or less. The established pro's are all business and cliques, and most young pro's are too busy struggling to have friends. It's not like fandom. Say, how's Boggs?"

"Okay. Still a FAPA officer, thanks to my lobbying."

"Great. Oh...next time you write him, apologise about that article I promised and then couldn't deliver? The new novel, y'know."

"Yeah. How'd it go today?"

"Rough! High school brats. Millions of them! And never anybody I knew! Not a soul. I kept hoping...but, nope. You... You knew I was at Bretano's doing autographs?"

"I— Yeah."

"Why didn't you stop by?"

"Well, Bob, I...."

"Oh, it's okay, Larry. After the last one I can't much blame you. It was rotten, and just before I sent it in I knew it. But what are you to do? I had to fulfill the contract."

"Pro friends gotta stick together."

"Hmmm?"

"Nothing."

"It did hurt, not seeing any of my old friends there, Larry. You know, it seems I'm out of touch with fandom somehow. I don't mean to be. I don't want to be. But— well, somehow there's a wall between fans and me lately. And I can't see why! I haven't changed, have I? Have I, Larry?"

"You're a pro now, Bob."

"But I write science fiction, just like I used to write about it. Should there really be any difference, Larry? Why should I be an outcast? Why not any contact like before?"

"Well, one thing. You've been out of touch for quite a while. New kids have come in, sprung up and taken over. They don't know you, except as a pro. Some are scared of pro's."

"Yeah, and some lambasted me for the last novel. But this one is good! Honest!"

"I'm sure it is."

"So, maybe some of my friends have folded, and new guys replaced them. What about my other old friends? What about Boggs?"

"Redd runs a great zine, Bob. It'd be a compliment to any pro to be asked to defend his novel—or outline a new idea—in SKYHOOK. But if a pro promised a lead for SPACESHIP, and forgot even to say he couldn't make it, you would have treated him a little coldly.... wouldn't you?"

"Hm? Oh. Oh gosh, yeah! I was up in West Cupcake doing the new novel for three months. No thinking about anything. I...I guess I did turn a couple of fans down pretty coldly."

"Nobody can snub Boggs like that and expect fan-opinion to be buddy-buddy next week."

"No."

"And...."

"Yes?"

"Nothing. Forget it."

"No, no. Look, I've talked to a few guys about this, but maybe not to the right ones. If you have any other ideas on why I'm not the same part of fandom I was, speak up. I have learned things, Lar-

ry. Really."

"But— This one may hurt, Bob. It may hurt both of us."

"I can take it if you think it'll help."

"I.... Well, okay. You wanted to know why I didn't show up at Bretano's today, why fans like me who 'knew pro's when' sometimes drift away. Well, a lot of fans, like you, like Nydahl, like me, were in fandom for only one reason. It was the closest thing to pro-writing and publishing we could get into, and we wanted to be pro's so much it hurt. Well, we all went through it, Bob. The writing, the thrill of fan-printings, the egoboo, the rejections from pro-mags, all of it.

"Only...only we're not all alike. Some of us have that God-given spark of something, and suddenly they're not struggling fans anymore. They're pro's. YOU're pro's, you and Nydahl. Me— I was left behind when the sparks were passed out, and— well, I'm just a good fan-writer. And—I'll never be anything else, no matter who I know or what I try, or how long I wait."

"Aw, Larry, I've read your stuff, and...."

"No thanks, Bob. There comes a time in every fan's life when he can tell he's been licked. I'm not sorry. I still get articles in SKYHOOK, still publish in the FAPA mailings, still do shorts for the better fanzines. But I've had to realize I am not and won't ever be a pro. And, Bob, that realization hurts more than anything you can think of.

"So when I hear about a guy I wrote for, a guy who was a fan with me, who practically grew up with me...but a guy who's a pro, it hurts just a bit more, and my failure seems just that much worse, and for a moment I hate that guy's guts, for that humiliation. And there will always be poor slobs like me in fandom...guys who'd give their souls to make a living writing the fiction they love...but who have to coil wire instead, because they're just not good enough."

The pause was heavy and terrible in the Greenwich Village air. Numbly, for no reason, Bob caught the words "pregnant pause....awkward silence" chasing themselves about in his mind. He had expected something unusual by the strained earnestness in his friend's tone, but not what he had just heard. Suddenly, through the confusion this confession had left, Bob realized that Larry was just as uncomfortable and ashamed as he was in that moment.

"I'm sorry, Bob. I hadn't meant to—"

"No, Larry. Believe me, I never thought of it, but I can understand. For the first time, I understand."

"I...do you have a copy of that new book left? I'd really like to read it."

"Why y— uh...not on me, Larry. I'll send you one, though, with a nice fat autograph."

"Great. If it's really so good, I'll be the envy of FAPA."

"Well, it is better, Larry. At least it's better."

Then no one had anything more to say. Bob stared at the tabletop as the silence grew between them.

Larry sighed and pushed back his chair. "Look, I'll have to be going. It's been real great bumping into you, though. We'll have to see each other again now that the writing's over and you're flush with royalties."

"I was talking to Barbara about having some old friends up some evening. Still at the same old phone number?"

"Sure." Again there was the silence. "Well.... I'll be shoving off. My best to Barbara."

"Yeah. So long, Larry."

Alone again, the author mused. Or was it...this time...really alone? Fandom was a finally closed book, and one could never return. And how did a neophyte crash a new profession's unfriendliness?

He seemed almost startled to find his third drink already finished, although he rarely drank more than the first two shots over any problem.

He turned tiredly in his chair. "Waiter. Another whiskey, please."

The Psycho

Arthur C. Clarke's THE EXPLORATION OF SPACE is a must for every fan; and judging from some space operas this reviewer has read, it could be read with great benefit by certain well-known pros. It is written in Clarke's clear vivid style and for the run-of-the-mill fan is an improvement on Willy Ley.

The book opens with a very concise history of the idea of space travel and then describes the Earth and its atmosphere. It then continues with one of the best non-mathematical descriptions of rocketry which this reviewer has seen. Then follows a discussion of escape velocity and the problems of astronautics. The discussion of astronautics is entirely non-mathematical, yet the meat is all there; a quite considerable feat in popular science writing.

Then follow descriptions of the moon, the planets, and a consideration of the methods to be used in exploration and of space stations and interstellar flight. It's all there except the mathematics ...and what fan wants Math with his science fiction?

The book is lavishly illustrated with both line drawings and plates, four of which are colored.

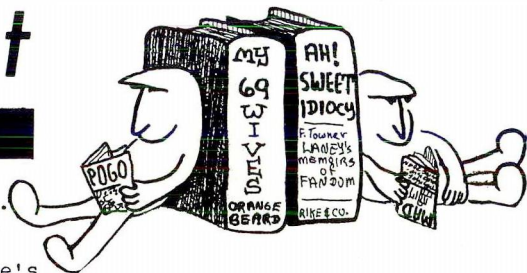
Clarke's description of conditions on Venus is already out of date, so fast do things move these days. Recent work with the 200" Mount Palomar telescope gives the temperature of the upper surface of the Venusian clouds at -40 F. At forty below there is so little water vapor in any atmosphere that it cannot be detected by a spectroscope. Furthermore, test by polarized light shows that the upper clouds of Venus are composed of ice crystals. So, our picture of Venus suddenly changes from an arid desert coated with plastics, to an Earth-like planet. No oxygen has been yet detected in the Venusian atmosphere, but it might exist further down under the top layers of clouds. It may well be that Venus rather than Mars will be our next objective after the Moon.

As regards to life on the Moon, the opinion of those astronomers who watch the Moon closely is that there are rather extensive areas covered with lichen-like vegetation. No other likely explanation is to be found for certain monthly changes on the Lunar surface. This reviewer studied the crater Macrobius with a five inch telescope for nearly a year and came to the conclusion that vegetation was the most likely cause of the monthly cycle of changes on the floor of the crater. Many other similar observations can be found in the Journal of the British Astronomical Association. After all, if Earthly bacteria can exist without air at the temperature of boiling water, why not Lunar lichens? When we get there we will probably find the Moon a livelier place than we expected.

Just at present the prospects for spaceflight are dim; not so much for lack of know-how as for lack of funds. A Capitalist society does not put out a great effort except for economic goals; a Communist society does not except for political gain. The U.S.A. won't dig up the four billion unless it can get it back mining green cheese on the Moon; the U.S.S.R. won't unless it can use the Moon to stage a political coup. Therefore, we regretfully contradict Clarke's overly optimistic ideas concerning the date of spaceflight. After all, the Greeks of 200 B.C. knew how to build steam engines and hydraulic elevators but these devices only came into use about the time of the American Revolution. Not only must there be know-how, but economic and social climate must be right. Barring unforeseen developments, both the Russian and Western cultures must decay before spaceflight can be possible; just as the Greco-Roman civilization had to die before an economy based on steam

Noah W. McLeod

Analyst



power could come into being. This places the date of the first trip to the Moon at 3200 A. D. instead of Clarke's 1990. The most likely

thing which could upset this gloomy prediction would be an advance in technology which would bring the price of a spaceship below a million dollars. That would enable private adventurers to open the vast space frontier.

In his chapter on interstellar flight, Clarke discusses the possibility of Earth being visited in the past by extra-terrestrials. He does not discuss the possibility that they found the Earth too hostile for occupation. God help the poor BEMs. The vertebrates climbed to the top because they had better jaws and muscles; Man got the best of the other chordates because he had fire and flint. No small crew of BEMs, even with super weapons, is going to stick around on a planet where a second of carelessness leads to sudden messy death.

THE EXPLORATION OF SPACE by Arthur C. Clarke;
Pocket Books Inc., New York, N. Y.,
paperbound.....35¢.

Arthur C. Clarke knows both his science and his writing. Major Donald E. Keyhoe, author of FLYING SAUCERS FROM OUTER SPACE, knows neither. The book is a rehash of articles published in the "men's magazines". Keyhoe shows himself completely devoid of both critical power and scientific knowledge. After reading the book this reviewer considered the possibility that Major Keyhoe was discharged from the Marine Corps on the advice of a psychiatrist.

Yet probably the fault is only partly his; the "men's magazines" deal in a morbid sensationalism, like the "fact detective" group. The last drop of morbid sensation must be wrung from the reader while at the same time avoiding trouble with the censor. PRAVDA is intellectually honest in comparison.

The bulk of FLYING SAUCERS FROM OUTER SPACE is made up of confusing first-hand interviews with various officials, who in spite of Keyhoe's assurances that they are important people, seem to have been little more than errand boys. One of the most important tricks of such magazines as STAG, MALE, and BULL is to substitute the first-person word-of-mouth interview for facts and logic. That they are able to do this is one of the signs of the intellectual decline that Bradbury satirized in FAHRENHEIT 451.

We have come into these matters because it is important to bear in mind when estimating the facts presented in the book that Keyhoe is a hack writer trading in morbid sensationalism, not the impartial scholar he claims.

The book opens "Bang!" with the present flying saucer scare. No attempt is made to trace the history of the saucers, although the prophet Ezekiel saw one and they have been seen at frequent intervals in classical and medieval times.

Many of the flying saucers described were seen by Army and Navy officers who as a class would be less subject to hysteria than the general population. Numbers of them were observed at the same time by independent observers. A few were photographed or tracked by radar. So it is certain that many of the saucers were objective appearances, misinterpreted perhaps, but not hallucinations. Thus we are able to discard the Marxist theory that the saucers are the result of "war hysteria".

Some idea of Keyhoe's credulity can be shown from his acceptance of the "little men were found in the wreckage of a flying saucer" story. No one ever really saw these beings, nor the wreckage of the saucer. By some mysterious chain of circumstance the evidence was destroyed before experts could examine it. It looks to this reviewer as if the whole episode was a hoax.

Keyhoe seems obsessed by the speed and acceleration shown by flying saucers. In discussing it he completely forgets drag and air resistance. It seems impossible, the Earth's atmosphere being what it is, that a material body could perform the maneuvers attributed by Keyhoe to the saucers.

Therefore, the saucers must either be immaterial (reflections or electric discharges) or they must be much nearer and move more slowly than Keyhoe suspects. It is probable that both are true; that under the term "flying saucer" we have lumped together several different kinds of objects.

Keyhoe exaggerates the panic caused by the saucers. Most people with whom this reviewer is acquainted regard them as interesting but natural phenomena on a par with northern lights or meteors. No doubt a few ill-balanced souls regard them as presaging the end of our one and only world, but some people feel that way about bikini bathing suits. The Pentagon officers whom he described as fearing general panic were probably pulling Keyhoe's leg.

This reviewer would like to call attention to the fact that Keyhoe frequently describes crucial reports and films as being "top secret". A very neat way of disposing of material which would be inconvenient to him. I know from actual experience working with classified matter that the contents of no top secret document would be bandied about the way Keyhoe has his Pentagon friends doing. This is a sign of deliberate bad faith on the part of Keyhoe. Either he is exaggerating to impress the simple-minded readers of MALE, STAG and BULL, or much of his book is a deliberate hoax.

This reviewer's opinion on flying saucers is this: that flying saucers include a number of widely different phenomena such as mirages, reflections from distant weather balloons, etc., which may or may not include spaceships from other worlds. His opinion of FLYING SAUCERS FROM OUTER SPACE is that it is a thoroughly dishonest book, very badly written.

FLYING SAUCERS FROM OUTER SPACE by Major Donald E. Keyhoe;
Permabooks, Garden City, N. Y.; paperbound...25¢.

According to a newsletter this reviewer receives, the editors of COLLIER'S, WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, and AMERICAN have had their knuckles rapped for buying science fiction. No reason was given but we can make a pretty good guess. Science fiction deals with change, and right now many of the top dogs do not like the thought of such a thing. Apparently many stuffed shirts of today are afraid that reading science fiction may lead to a questioning of the Eternal Verities.

Another strange little item appeared in a recent number of the BALTIMORE SUN. George Orwell's well-known novel 1984 has been officially banned from public circulation as Anti-Democratic in Russia and in China. That is no news. But the Chinese commies have prepared a Chinese edition which is confidential and used as a textbook in schools of administration. Apparently Orwell analyzed modern dictatorships so well that without knowing it he wrote an actual manual for tyranny. No one is using BRAVE NEW WORLD as a text except a few English professors.

The new digest-sized FUTURE is a lot better than the digest-size AMAZING. While it was pulp-size AMAZING was merely juvenile; after it changed to the smaller format it began to stink. Ziff-Davis would have done better to keep Palmer on; he knew fantasy fiction even if he didn't know science. The story is that Palmer was discharged because of the Shaver Mystery. The worst of Shaver is no more indecent or morbid than many stories which Browne has inflicted on the readers of this latter day AMAZING. Apparently when AMAZING was pulp-

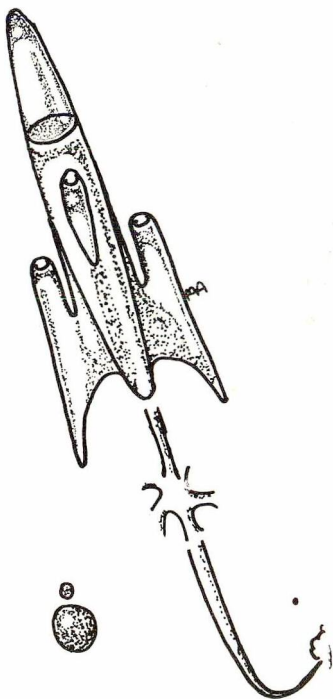
sized Browne was restrained by the thought that many readers were kiddies. This reviewer does not object to heroines who bed with a number of men, he does not object to strange marriage customs or sex practices in future or alien cultures, but he does think that Howard Browne is trying to peddle tripe as "Mature Science Fiction". Pornography is far less objectionable than dishonesty. Browne mistakes dishonest sensationalism for sound editorial policy.

Lowndes is a former fan, a man who knows and loves science fiction. He also knows a good deal of science; FUTURE and SCIENCE FICTION QUARTERLY are good magazines. The stories are as good as the budgets allow, and most of them actually contain science.

Some people complain of sex in science fiction, and "Change of Color" by D. A. Jourdan in the last issue of SFQ is a sex story in the future. But it is more than that; the principal points are in social psychology...and some wry observations are made. A less intelligent editor than Lowndes would have rejected it, and it is the best story in the issue.

This reviewer has an axe to grind with H. L. Gold, editor of GALAXY: he (Gold) is requiring too many of his aliens be humanoid. Outside of some stories by Roger Dee it is hard to think of a GALAXY story where the aliens are not humanoid. Yet many of the best and most effective science fiction stories have featured aliens decidedly non-human. Wells' WAR OF THE WORLDS and Clement's MISSION OF GRAVITY come to mind. The human body is actually the product of a highly chancey sequence of evolutionary gambits. Suppose the original bony fishes had kept all their fourteen side fins; would we be looking more like Clement's Mesklinites than the "Image of God"? Suppose the dog-toothed reptiles had kept their third eye. Suppose our tarsoid ancestors had kept their hopping gait; would we be bounding over the ground in thirty-foot leaps? But you see what I mean. Even on this planet the animals which resemble man the most in social organization are not vertebrates, but certain insects: ants, bees, and termites. The gentlemen who wrote the stories for Gernsback, knowing their science, did not put humanoids on planets where there was no reason for them. But I suppose Gold thinks GALAXY will sell better if strange planets with wildly dissimilar histories from Earth are inhabited by beings who differ less from New Yorkers than a Zulu cattle herder differs from a Chinese peasant. This is pretty thin soup indeed, and I think many intelligent readers see through the trick and resent it. After all, what is the difference between science fiction and fantasy? If people want fantasy they will buy BEYOND, not GALAXY. Since Mr. Gold has the fans coming and going I fail to see why the science fiction must be diluted.

I think that will be all for this installment. Next issue the Psycho-Analyst will take some more editors and authors to pieces and see what makes them tick.



The Observation Ward

A
LOOK
AT
CURRENT
FANZINES
BY
THE
EDITOR

THE GALACTIC HERALD, John W. Murdock, 619 East 8th Street, Apt.N, Kansas City 6, Missouri. 15¢; irregular; mimeographed.

This magazine is a curious anachronism. It features fiction, book reviews, and a science department. It reminds me of Sam Moskowitz' description in "The Immortal Storm" of 2nd and 3rd fandom fan magazines. There is an air of "pseudo-Campbellism", an unnecessary professionalism, which makes the resemblance even more pronounced.

The fiction isn't much good, being mostly imitation-pro in style, and suffers from amateurish devotion to hackneyed and even archaic plot.

I had not heard of the magazine before being contacted by the editor, and must suppose it is what might be called a "fringe-zine". **RATING...6**

ANDROMEDA #5, Pete Campbell, 60 Calgarth Road, Windermere, England. 35 issues for a dollar; mimeographed; weekly.

Pete done an about face and switched from a tremendous 60-odd page fiction fanzine to a 2 to 8 page weekly that dispenses editorials, reviews, news, a small dash of letters and a column. Not too well mimeographed, but fine stuff and a welcome change from the previous format which I thought too pretentious. **RATING 6.**

TELLUS #2, Page Brownton, 1614 Collingwood Ave., San Jose 25, California. 15¢; lithographed; quarterly.

A zine that doesn't justify its obvious expense. Euphemistically, it shows promise. The editor is young and has much to learn. **RATING 8.**

GREY-kobald #18, Larry Anderson, 2716 Smoky Lane, Billings, Montana. Spirit duplicated; irregular; free to those interested.

Reviews, gossip, and news tidbits. Anderson took over the GREY title and combined it with his own KOBOLD and is attempting to carry on the good work of Charles Wells. And "attempting" is the word. **RATING 6. 7.**

VULCAN #5, Terry Carr, 134 Cambridge Street, San Francisco 12, California. 15¢; mimeographed; quarterly.

This zine has shown a potential, a promise, that is never realized. It continues with very good cover, good art, but poor material. In this issue, for instance, there are nine pages of Terry Carr's Face Critters. Now, admittedly, the things are good filler and have entertained in the past, but nine pages is too much of a good thing. The only things worthy of notice were the cover by Denness Morton and the letter section which featured Robert Bloch and Redd Boggs. This appears to be a sad case of editorial failure. **RATING 5.**

HYPHEN#10, Walt Willis, 170 Upper Newtownard Road, Belfast, N. Ireland. 2/25¢; mimeographed; bi-monthly.

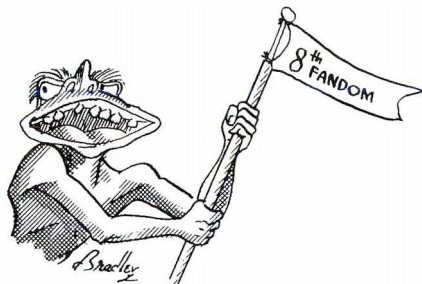
In fannish circles this is THE fanzine. It is admittedly and unabashedly a zine devoted to the fan; no science fiction need apply. Good writing and funny characters abound in this zine. **RATING 1.**

Unfortunately, I just had a lucid moment. It occurred to me that by carrying the logic of my arguments a bit further in The Leather Couch, I might have come to a conclusion that goes like this:

My reviews are an expression of my taste in fanzines. If a reader likes my writing and my personality as expressed by the editing in PSY he will probably also like the fanzines I like. Therefore it really matters little what I say about a zine...if the reader likes me he'll probably act on my recommendations if he intends to try more fanzines. Those who would be most interested in my reactions to a fanzine would be the editors and writers. But I made the point earlier that the purpose of the reviews should be primarily for reader guidance and not the swelling or deflating of egos.

Put them all together and you get quite a hash of conflicting interests. I intend, however, to stick with the readers. In line with that I will skip the type of reviews I have been doing up til now. I will instead publish in each issue of PSY a list of recommended fanzines with their names and editorial addresses and whatever other information is pertinent. My comments on the contents of individual fanzines will go by private mail to those concerned.

Now, (said he, smiling brightly) is everybody happy?



Recommended Fanzines

BEM...Mal Ashworth, 40 Makin Street, Tong Street, Bradford 4, England. Quarterly; send a current U.S. science fiction magazine and you'll get a copy of BEM.

COUP...the coup group, 14 Jones Street, New York, N.Y. Bi-monthly; \$1.50 per yr. This one is chock full of raw bloody meat. Content, man, content!

DESTINY...Earl Kemp, 3744 N. Lark Street, Chicago 13, Illinois. Quarterly; 25¢.

DIMENSIONS...Harlan Ellison, 55 East 13th Avenue, Columbus 1, Ohio. Quarterly; 20¢.

FANTASTIC WORLDS...Sam Sackett, 1449 Brockton Avenue, Los Angeles, California. Quarterly; 35¢.

GRUE...Dean A. Grennell, 402 Maple Avenue, Fond du Lac, Wisconsin. Quarterly; Pay when you receive the magazine; the price varies with its size.

HYPHEN...Walt Willis, 170 Upper Newtownards Road, Belfast, N. Ireland. Bi-monthly; 2/25¢.

INSIDE & SF-Advertiser...Ron Smith, 111 S. Howard, Tampa 6, Florida. Quarterly; 25¢.

LYRIC...Jim Bradley, 545 N.E. San Rafael, Portland 12, Oregon. Bi-monthly; 20¢.

OOPSLA...Gregg Calkins, 2817 11th Street, Santa Monica, California. Irregular; 15¢.

PEON...Charles Riddle, 108 Dunham Street, Norwich, Conn. Irregular; 10¢.

SKYHOOK...Redd Boggs, 2215 Benjamin Street, Minneapolis, Minnesota. Quarterly; 15¢.

VARIOSQ...John Magnus, Jr., 9312 Second Avenue, Silver Springs, Maryland. Irregular; 10¢.

I AM FRUSTRATED

Jim Bradley wants me to lay off my chronicles of his beer-drinking proclivities. "People," he said, "May get the wrong impression of me."

I cannot understand this attitude. I don't believe fans regard him as a sodden bheer-bhum who puts out a fanzine between gargantuan draughts of bhrew. I cannot believe the fans could read between the lines of my innocuous little dramatized whimsies and perceive the truth. But, apparently Jim thinks they might, so I won't embellish the conversation we had last night in the recreation room of Meier & Frank's and present it here. I won't, for instance, recount that he said:

"You should have been at that party Saturday night, Dick. Several people asked about you. There was plenty of beer on hand, too."

"Only people asked? No monsters?"

"Well...one did, but I know how you feel about girls so I wasn't going to mention it."

"umphh."

"I'm telling you though, Dick, I didn't even begin to get drunk. I bet I had six quarts of beer, but it didn't faze me. Besides that a mixed drink and some other stuff."

"You have quite a capacity, Bradley."

"As far as I'm concerned all that money was just wasted; the stuff doesn't effect me anymore."

"A fannish tragedy. You have reached the point of diminishing returns."

"Yeah...."

Now, I have repeatedly told Jim that he should not object to my tales of his quaffing feats. I have said time and again that he should be grateful because I was making him into a Fabulous Fannish Character.

But he still insists that I not continue my guest editorials in LYRIC if I am going to use his Bheer Bhelly as a subject. I find it incredible!

I keep telling him I am his Boswell. He says he don't want no Boswell. I tell him he should feel humble and sort of proud to have me as his Boswell. He says he still don't want no Boswell!

Well!!

All I can say is he makes one hell of a Johnson!

PROGRESS REPORT

Good news! I am now over halfway through The Gathering Storm by Winston whatzisname. YOU know who I mean. Anyway, I got up early last week and spent an hour in the morning reading all about how if the stupid government had only listened to Winnie none of the second World War would have happened. I liked the idea of getting up early to read so well that I now regularly get up at six and read and read and read. As I said, I am now over one half way through the monstrous thing. Only five more big thick books to go. Anybody want to lay a side bet that my fannish career will not last as long as my reading of the Churchill books? I shall keep you informed of my progress.

THE DIM DAMN BULE

This might be subtitled: "My Zenith is at it's Nadir." It might, but I hope not. Now that makes sense!

Y'see, my TV is getting weaker and weaker and dimmer and dimmer. The ol' 17 is about shot after two years of solid service. Hi ho....I'll miss the pro feet ball games and some of the comedy shows...but that's about all. The fact is that the lure of the "tube" has worn off...mostly. I'm frankly finding more solid type entertainment in books and the lone FM hi-fi station in Portland. I only wish I could afford a hi-fi speaker system. I wish I had a million dollars. I wish....

"Times Have Changed?" By RICHARD LUPOFF

"Now," one might say, "why do you read science fiction?" Alas, I must confess! Not for knowledge but for pleasure. It is great fun to sit down and read the works of some embryonic philosopher who thinks the world can be saved in only one way....

...Please don't put into the magazine that science news department. It snaps the web of romance woven by the stories by trying to put a practical value on them. It shouldn't be done. If one wants news of the science world they should read the journals and get it first hand.

—Herman Finkelstein in June '29 SCIENCE WONDER STORIES

"DIG THIS CRAZY LETTER COLUMN"—

Section Eight

Walt Willis, 170 Upper N'ards Rd., Belfast, N. Ireland.

Dear Dick,

Poctsarcds. Well. At one time when Lee Hoffman and I were in really intensive communication we used to send each other postcards as matters came into our heads because it got so difficult remembering everything when we were writing letters. Once the flow of them dried up for a week or so and I put a postscript on a letter to Lee enquiring what was wrong. Hastily typed, it read: "No poctsarcd?" Lee replied sorrowfully to the effect that she had tried every shop in Savannah but had been quite unable to find any poctsarcds. The poctsarcd situation was serious. They had plenty of pitcuer poctsarcds, but no ordinary poctsarcds. Taking her at her word I ran off a few dozen poctsarcds on the press with Lee's name and address on one side and POCTSARCD on the other, and started sending them to her. I also sent her a supply of blank ones, i.e. without the address, but still poctsarcds. I also explained to her that the essential difference between a poctsarcd and a postcard was that whereas on a postcard the address is on one side and the place for correspondence on the other, on a poctsarcd it is the other way round. An ordinary person would hardly be able to tell the difference, but once you've used a poctsarcd you would never want to go back to old-fashioned postcards.

This got into the 1952 FANSPEAK.

I am one of those who dried his tears quickly after the news that PSY was going bi-monthly. At least I can write to you about the current issue while it is still current.

Harlan Ellison is a staggering phenomenon. I regard him with a peculiar mixture of awe, horror, admiration and affection. Obviously he means all this stuff about Seventh Fandom. Amazing. ((You said a bad word!)) Semantically this article is just a noise—Seventh Fandom is/was just a group of fans who on Harlan's own evidence have disintegrated, but Harlan continues to pay homage to some mystic concept of his own—but nevertheless it's the most fascinating item I've read in PSYCHOTIC since Claude Hall's letter about how he produced MUZZY. It gives such a clear insight into Harlan's own personality, and Harlan is a wonderfully interesting character. I'm glad Harlan came into fandom and I hope he'll never leave it. He is one of those fabulous people that make fandom worth while. Quite apart from the interest of what he does—and he does everything so enthusiastically that you can't help admiring him even when you disagree with what he's doing—there's the sheer unexpectedness of him. For instance, take one day a few weeks ago when Chuck Harris was staying with me. He had arranged for his mail to be forwarded to him and one day there were five letters in the mail, every one for him and none for me. He was just pointing out how I was a back number in fandom and he was the BNF in the house, when my sister came round. "There's a phone call for you at our house," she said. "It's from a Mr. Ellison of Ohio." As if transatlantic phone calls were an everyday occurrence. "Okay, thanks," I said. "Do you often get phone calls from stateside fans?" asked Chuck, properly awed.

Well of course I never had, and I never did. Harlan had put his call thru —person to person—early that morning, and my kid sister had refused to come round and get me because it was raining. (I'm afraid life in Ireland is not really geared to transatlantic phone calls.) It was arranged that the operator should ring again at six in the evening. I went around and waited nervously for an hour and a quarter, but no call came through. A week later an airmail letter arrived from Harlan saying he hadn't been able to wait. Apparently all he'd

wanted to do was tell me off for allowing an article I'd sent him a year ago to be reprinted in a british zine before he'd gotten around to publishing it.

((Thanks for clearing up that puzzling and fascinating "pocstarc". It's amazing (oops, I said the bad word) how left out a fellow feels when someone mentions an affair that occurred one year before he entered fandom. Damn, but somebody should write an annual history of fandom—think of the money he could make a few years later selling copies of it.))

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

Dear Rich:

When I read Ellison's article, I got a great cacoethes to sit down and write a big scholarly rebuttal to it. As a matter of fact, I did just that. And when I had covered 11 pages with it (double spaced) and had gotten it out of my system, I threw it in the wastebasket or file 13 (courtesy McCain and Boggs, resp.) and felt much better. This is a technique I earnestly recommend to anyone who gets an overwhelming urge to let their hair down, bare their soul, spill their guts, etc. You can say any vapid bit of puerility you wish and no one's any the wiser for it. It would have been just as well if Harlan had done that. Do me a favor, will you Harlan?—hold off on publishing that article about me til at least 1964? Thanks a lot!

I love the way Ellison tosses those treacherous metaphors about with mad abandon, e.g. "....but the mad dogs have kneed us in the groin." Mad or sane, Harlan, a dog's leg is not designed for kneeling.

Well, I've already sent you three different endings to that Little Willie thing but I just can't resist just one more try. Hold on to your propellor beanie, here goes:

With cat-like tread and a wicked sneer,
Willie stole his father's beer.
He poured it in the chandelier—
I told you willie's rather queer!

Regarding Bill Reynold's discussion of these Sketch-Craft paint kits: Lee Hoffman, whose opinion of these seems to be about the same as my own, had a delightfully oblique comment on them in her FAPAazine a while back. It was a take-off ad for "Write-A-Book Kits" or some such title. It came "....with real words, which you can arrange into a story according to a chart and tell your friends you wrote yourself!" As I say, delightful.

I think, in re the "Business At Bellyfontaine", that it should be re-emphasized that 7th Fandom had nothing to do with Mrs. Beatley getting fed up with fandom (A pity that no enterprising faned ever thought of having her do a con-report, isn't it?). I speak from fairly complete first-hand knowledge when I say that the group comprising 7th Fandom did practically nothing at all reprehensible in 1953. The most deplorable incident that comes to mind was when a Pillar of 7th Fandom came slyly up to me and removed a water-glassful of bourbon from my hand and downed it at a gulp. He was fatally unfamiliar with my acute distaste for diluted liquor and it near killed him (he thought it was some sort of highball, I suppose). But he did nothing worse than to stagger upstairs and collapse in a quivering heap on his bed. This made me sorrow passing sore for two reasons. I hated to see him suffer so and I hated to go back and ask Hal Shapiro for another water-glassful of bourbon so soon after he had given me the last one...didn't want to get a reputation as a pig, you know. I suspect it may be years before Ellison drinks bourbon out of a Texas shot-glass again....

((Meier & Frank Co., where I sham work, had quite a promotion on the CenterAisle of those Sketch-Craft kits. I was mightily tempted to buy one of the nudes, but just didn't have the guts to go up to the

beautiful young salesgirl and ask for it.
I can just imagine the scene:
"I-uh-would like #154."
"Yessir." She looks at the catalogue, looks at me archly, then says loudly and clearly, "You want the 12 x 20 nude?"
Nup, not for me. I quailed away from that bit. I can envision the stern disapproving looks from the surrounding matrons.))

Bob Tucker, Box 702, Bloomington, Illinois.

Cheers:

Just mark me down as another of the Mad Dogs yapping at the tattered and bloody heel of Mr. Homo Superior.

I suspect that the belligerent defense of the Phony Seventh by Mr. Homo in this latest issue ((#15)) will greatly increase the load your poor mailman must lug in. In Fact, he will look at you with accusing eyes, cursing you for putting him to the expense of getting a new truss. Or does the government furnish those? Anyway, this article contains a greater percentage of fugghead statements than is usually found in Harlan's output, and you'll hear from your irate readers. I also suspect that if Laney were still publishing and bestowing his Fugghead Awards, one would even now be on the way to Columbus.

McCain, Silverberg, et. al., must weep in their beer as they read effusions such as this. Although they beat their poor heads against the wall by carefully and painstakingly explaining how and why chronological and historical eras begin and end—still an otherwise well-educated Homo Superior persists in the delusion that he began one by a snap of his fingers and that it cannot end as long as he is able to continue snapping. I only wish that you (and all of fandom) had access to the blatherings of Claude Degler at this time. I'm sure you would see with me a most astonishing parallel between the Cosmic Circle and the Phony Seventh—indeed, some of Harlan's very words and phrases in this loud article were virtually lifted wholesale from the mouth of Degler. Degler and his girl friend, Bradleigh, were wont to bray long and loudly that by golly, the Cosmic Circle would never die! "Not even if Dictator Ashley had Claude assassinated!" for in that unhappy event, she, Bradleigh, would carry on to the end of time.

I haven't seen the Circle around lately.

((Here again is a perfect example of what I meant when I mentioned the "left out" sensation of One Who Came Too Late. To continue my wail of ignorance and plead for a fill-in: why doesn't someone with a file of old fanzines dig into them and reprint some of the writings of Laney, a reputedly fabulous fannish character, and perhaps also mention some of the recipients of this Fugghead Award that Bob tells of. Degler too. Gad, the articles that could be written.))

Dick Ellington, 171 St. Marks Avenue, Brooklyn, New York.

Dear Dick,

Ellison's article was heart-rending, tear-jerking, soulful, tragic, brave.....in short, it stunk. While I usually disagree with everything Ellison says, I had some respect for him as a writer. No more. What a mess of drivel. "Maudlin though it may sound..." Yeah. "...something fine and good and lasting torn to shreds by a pack of mad dogs who wanted to tear down an edifice before ..." Ghod! Does this boy actually feel that way about it? I knew there were fans who took everything seriously but this is just a little bit too much. Sometimes a hobby can take over and you find that it's being interested in you, instead of vice-versa. Shall we confer? Tell me, Dr. Geis, would you recommend

the Freudian treatment for this case? That is, shall we send him out to Mother Magoo's friendly house of prostitution for a quick one? Or maybe it's more serious.... ((This is Freudian-type therapy? I think I'll prescribe some of this for myself!))

Harmon's "Incident" was pretty funny. The incident was even funnier:

I'm walking down a hall with Carol Hickman and along comes Harmon, puffing and shaking. He mutters something about being tired and not feeling so good and wanting someplace to lie down for awhile so we take him to Hickman's room and we're sitting there chatting when in rushes Lynn, grabs Harmon and goes like a thin whirlwind. Shortly he's back, then they're gone again—down that crazy mixed-up fire escape. Then they're back again with the gendarmes hot on their heels. About this time somebody wises me up to what's happened and I stand there saying "Ohnhhh."

((I wonder if an objective report of what actually happened re the Broken Door at Bellefontaine will ever be available for publication. In any case it has provided lots of laughs for lots of people.))

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

Dear Dick---

I wouldn't be writing you at all, right now, if I were not devoid of ideas. I'd be writing you a column instead and trying to re-establish my lost backlog. Whatever became of it, anyway? But my mind is as blank as a virgin's diary. Well, I did have one idea today which I thought of writing. It was going to be encouraging fan fiction believe it or not! No, you don't have to reread that sentence. That's what I said...and my views haven't changed, either. It's just that when I was previously writing in to PSYCHOTIC and other zines on the subject I was discussing it wholly from the viewpoint of the editor and the reader. And, from that direction, I can still see no excuse for the stuff. But this column would have discussed it from the angle of the guy who writes the stuff...the fan who'd someday like to be a pro. And it does have certain values to him....both as training and as a boost through satisfaction both in seeing his work in print and in getting comments on it, so as to encourage him to keep plugging away. But I decided the fans who write this stuff didn't need any encouragement. They grind out and get published about fifteen times as much as there is any excuse for, even by the most tolerant observer. And, despite the best efforts of such people as myself, for every fanzine we talk into cutting out fan fiction, there rise up two more who want to feature the stuff. So there will never be any lack of markets for fan fiction. To hell with it! The writers of fan fiction need more discouragement, not encouragement.

Hey, kid, dontcha know? 'Pears as how I'm getting to be one of them there now BNF's. At least several of the more youthful fans seem to have unsheathed their hatchets for use on McCain, now, which would seem to be one sign of such status. People like Tucker, Willis, etc, have to put up with it constantly. And I also notice the criticism is directed almost exclusively toward the PSYCHOTIC column, which (and I think this is anything but coincidental) has been easily the most successful writing project I've ever assumed. The only trouble so far has been that their hatchets have proved to have exceedingly dull edges. However, even if they do not mean anything about increased prestige, I'm still getting a kick out of them...which is a trifle surprising. If anyone had asked in advance I'd have opined I'd at least be annoyed or a trifle irritated. Certainly I still recall with a wince the searing review in which a PEON reviewer tore to shreds my very first article. Perhaps the reason I'm amused is the sheer ineptitude of these attacks. However I've found them a sort of fillip....a pleasant change, perhaps proving the old adage about 'It doesn't matter what they say about you as long as they spell your name right.' The only drawback was that I was hesitant about writing a review of one of these zines in which I had planned to produce the most vitriolic review I've ever written and I was a little afraid either the victim or others might think it was caused by his rather casual remarks about myself. However, after thinking it over I decided that was silly. I wouldn't allow it to influence me if he'd been saying flattering things, so why should I let the opposite influence me into killing what I intended to say?

((What's with this "Hey, kid..." business, eh?

I seem to recall an admission on your part to the effect that I was a couple of months older than you. Please have a little respect for your elders!

No one has yet to my knowledge been able to draw a line and say, "Cross that and you're a BNF!" Perhaps someone should poll fandom on the question of who is and who is not currently a BNF. It is a badge of honor and should not lightly be bandied about. No.

Even so I cannot help wondering if I could be considered a member of the sacred group.

Vanity, vanity, all is vanity....))

Peter Graham, Box 149, Fairfax, California.

Dear Dick,

The Padded Cell--Good Lord, I never thought that McCain, of all people, would go in for this type of fan-fiction. Especially since it's so hack (I know--I've tried that sort of thing myself), and he didn't do too terrific a job on it. It's all right, but for McCain to write such a thing is almost as unthinkable as Multog joining Psy's editorial staff. Be that as it may, it happened, and it didn't detract too much from Vernon's otherwise magnificent column. He makes some astute comments about how you could ballyhoo people into prominence--witness Jack Harness, whom I am not alone in thinking a crud artist.

His (McCain's) projected hoax whereby he would become a prominent fan artist reminds me of something which I've been meaning to mention for a long time--that is, that Kellogg is obviously Bradley. Their styles are extremely similar, witness their art in LYRIC and thish of PSY; Kellogg's sudden rise to popularity after an extremely shadowy background; the fact that you ballyhoo'd that Service poem in LYRIC #3 as being by both Bradley and Kellogg, whereas it was signed by Kellogg only--and I'm sure Bradley would want to claim credit for that magnificent piece of work, and he didn't so his name wouldn't be connected with Kellogg. I think the purpose is to keep his two types of work separate; evidently he signs his serious stuff Bradley, and his humor Kellogg.

((Oh, come offit, Pete...the two styles are not similar at all. Your second point is also invalid...Kellogg was drug into fandom by the scruff of the neck by Bradley so that we could benefit by his wonderful artwork. I don't even know that he reads science fiction! I "ballyhoo'd" the cartoon version of the Robert Service poem as by both Bradley and Kellogg because Jim Bradley told me it would be by them both. As it turned out, I guess Kellogg did it all. And, finally, I KNOW Kellogg and Bradley are two different people because I've SEEN them together.

And in answer to another part of your letter which I'm not printing: NO, I am not Noah W. McLeod. I do just about enough writing in PSY as it is.

However, I'll let you in on the secret that I AM Don Day.))

Bob Madle, 1620 Anderson Street, Charlotte, North Carolina.

Dear Dick:

Probably because of the statement in the first issue of D. Grennell's RANSHEE concerning the dropping of "Inside Science Fiction" from FUTURE, I haven't been receiving many fanzines of late.

While the statement was correct, inasmuch as ISF will not appear in FUTURE hereafter, it didn't go far enough. The department has been shifted over to SF QUARTERLY and will appear there beginning with the February issue, out in

November. "Twenty Years Ago" will no longer be a section of ISF, but the fanzine reviews will continue. As a matter of fact, I will have a few more than were carried in previous departments. I might mention that in the February QUARTERLY I attempted to review zines which I hadn't given any notice of in previous departments. And some of them are kinda old, but I wanted to give as many of the boys a break as possible. So, dear fanzine editors, try not to be critical of my reviewing some five and six month old issues this time. Hereafter, I'll keep 'em right up to snuff.

At any rate, let it be known to fandom that "Inside Science Fiction" is still very much alive. So please keep the fanzines coming.

((I think that killing off that "Twenty Years Ago" was a smart thing; I think most fans today aren't much interested in early science fictional events. Certainly all faneds will rejoice that more and perhaps longer reviews will be forthcoming.))

Jim Harmon, 427 East 8th Street, Mt. Carmel, Illinois.

Dear Dick,

There's no sense in me starting an endless round of repetitious insults. You have published my account of how I soberly, justifiably, and bravely committed the Incident and Harlan has screamed his version of how a drooling and drunken sub-human ox-like beast, The Hulk alias The Hog alias the Demented Bull alias the Oversexed Ox done the deed. I freely concede the name-calling championship to Harlan — since I never entered the contest. I'm willing to let Fandom decide who is telling the truth. It will be hard to decide. In eight years of active fanning, Ellison is the first person ever to accuse me outright of lying.

I am trying to get a large number of advance subscriptions for the prozines I'm editing — Wm. L. Crawford of SPACEWAY and the FPCI hardcover books is publisher. X SCIENCE FICTION will feature off-trail science fiction. For X I already have the original story for a new science fiction movie "Time Slip" by Charles Eric Maine. As you know the movies always pick a good story and then ruin it. This has never been published before but a play from it was telecast in England. Plus stories by S. J. Byrne, David Grinnell, Charles E. Fritch, Albert Hernhuter, Forrest J. Ackerman, Richard deMille (son of Cecil B.) ((Gosh!)), and Harry Warner Jr., and myself, among others.

FACT is the title of our man's magazine. It will have some articles on space travel by Campbell, illustrated by Blaisdell, and if anybody is interested in how stf writers live, some true adventures of and by Joe Gibson and myself.

FACT will have a lot of other stf material, too. My subscription deal is 24 issues of X and 24 issues of FACT both for \$3.50. Monies payable to Jim Harmon at 427 East 8th Street, Mt. Carmel, Illinois.

((Your magazines sound interesting, Jim. I'll look forward to seeing them on the newsstands. This issue of PSY should be mute testimony as to why I cannot afford to subscribe to your zines as I should like to.

Uhh...could you maybe kinda whisper in my ear the true identity of David Grinnell? I promise not to shout it aloud in the direction of Wisconsin. Heh...this is a real gone esoteric paragraph, ain't it?))

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

Dear Rich,

YOU talk about unread material. I am five years behind in ASTOUNDING, just to start the list. I have seven, NO nine selections from the Heritage book club to read, I am about 150 hardbounds behind and I have thirty or forty pounds

of pocket editions to read. I estimate that I have one hundred pounds of fanzines presently unread and ungodly quantities of Saturday Reviews and Record Changers. It is becoming apparent to me that I am purchasing more than I am likely to read. Possibly there is some flaw in my personal schedule, for I find that I have read no more than 200 pages, assorted, in the past month. Not so good.

((Unnhuh. I'd agree with you that there is a bare possibility that you have bought just a teensy bit too much reading material. Of course, taking the loooooong view...))

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

Dear Dick:

The new PSYCHOTIC is so good I am almost tempted to do an article for it. But as usual, I have an excuse.

You know I always set lofty goals for myself, but this time I have **managed** to scale new heights of idiocy.

Do you remember the story about the little Dutch boy who put his finger in the dike? I mean the clean version, not the one Tucker is probably thinking of.

Well, as I recall it, this little Hollander - Dutcher - Flem, Flemming, Flemmenwherfer, Flemingo or whatever he's called - managed to stave off that huge flood with one finger and come through unharmed.

Not so me. I managed to wreck my finger, merely by removing my trousers!!! Getting ready to retire for the night, slipped, stuck my hand out to steady myself, and promptly ripped the tendons in middle finger of my left hand. Did the job so thoroughly that - barring a series of rather tricky operations I can't afford - the pesky thing will always be bent at the first joint. Meanwhile, I'm splinted up and will be for the next six weeks: and as Dean Grennell points out, it's my "E-finger" for typing, too! I am using a frozen ice-stick from my collection for a splint.

Anyway, I'm learning to type all over again, wearing the splint, and hope to develop speed and accuracy. In my line of work, losing the use of a typing finger is equivalent to the same accident occurring to a pickpocket. Can't make a living without using one's hands.

But in the interim, I'm finding it a bit difficult to type, and three things suffer as a result - speed, accuracy, and the reader. (Many of my readers are things, you know.) So I'll not attempt to bat out anything of length at present.

Just wanted to tell you that #16 is up to standard, which is high praise indeed. Postconventionitis certainly hasn't hit PSYCHOTIC: although, generally, after a Con, fanzines seem to droop for a time, even if their editors haven't attended the Con and done likewise.

Note from your editorial that you are now reading something called SEX VARIANTS instead of sf magazines. Let me warn you against that, buster. I think that's the way Laney went out of fandom.

Oops - cursed finger's beginning to hurt - and it's the end of the page. Dig that crazy digit!

((I can only voice again my sympathy, Bob, and quote from my letter to you regarding the sinister person who is obviously behind your misfortune. I want all of fandom to Know the Truth and to View With Alarm.

"...you are extremely naive if you think it was sheer accident. I detect the fine hand of Grennell in this; a plot is brewing and I suspect your goose is being cooked.

"For it is now evident that when he ran that picture of you on the COVER of the last GRUE, he had something in mind, and you, YOU of all people should have KNOWN something was going to happen. Are you not a F-a-a-a-n?

"Consider: does it not seem passing STRANGE that Dean lettered "Potrzebie" onto the middle finger of the left hand of your figure on that fateful cover? Can't you see now he had a CURSE on that finger. Your

poor finger has been DOOMED all this time.... The man is a MENACE and must be DEALT with. You'll need help, though; obviously you can't deal with your finger splinted like that.

"Why should Grennell do such a thing to you? Ha! Obviously he is JEALOUS of the success of PSY and, knowing you might contribute after seeing one more excellent issue, took STEPS. But he forgot to say "May I" and we've caught him Potrzebie-handed!

"If I were you I'd dig out my copy of the Necronomicon and cast a BLIGHT upon his GESTETNER. A fate worse than death. CURSE him with an issue of GRUE that looks like BOO!"

And, Bob, as a further caution, if I were you I would stay inside the house, preferably in the basement; I am puzzled by that "I am NOT Shelby Vick" which Grennell also lettered onto the figure of yourself on the cover of the last GRUE. I only know it is evil...evil...evil....))

Ray Thompson, 410 South Fourth Street, Norfolk, Nebraska.

Dear Papa;

Upon reading Harry Warner's letter about futuristic music, my ears stood up and did tricks. This idea that music of the future is going to be so startlingly different from present music is a bit far-fetched, don't you think? Of course it will change, but why do present-day composers always think of the change along the gongs-and-bells-in-an-echo-chamber line of thinking? Take a look at 18th century music both classical and "popular". There are minor differences, to be sure--modern music is, like modern writing, cleaner cut (by which I do not mean that 18th century...or any other century...music contains anything extraneous). There is none of the tendency for lushness that once existed, none of the penchant for drawn-out "description", if one may call it that, that one finds in old classics. You might compare the difference between modern and early music to the difference between a modern novelists work and Charles Dickens'. A difference does exist, but not to the extent of rendering the former totally unlike the latter.

Then too, public whim--and here I'm speaking strictly of commercially "pop" music--has quite a bit to do with what form future music will take. I have noticed a horrible tendency in modern popular music to degenerate, if that's possible, to the style of the mid-twenties. Just recently I heard an arrangement of "Skokiaan" which sounded like a ressurected Paul Whiteman record of 1925 or '26. For awhile we listened to endless murderations of the Haitian calypso rhythms---now it's mammos. For awhile, you know, it was even the Charleston again. I fully expect to find, some bright morning, that the minuet is again being danced.

((It all depends on what you mean by "future". Are you thinking of 100 years, 1,000 years, 100,000 years? Instruments may change, but until man himself evolves a bit I think excellent present-day music will be considered worth listening to in the years ahead.))

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

Dear Rich:

PSYCHOTIC 16, that beautiful hunk of dittography ((...glug... (gasp) I'm surprised at you, Dean. You know very well that should be "Rex-o-graphy". I mean, really....))...has anyone yet thought of subheading it "Geiscapades"? The cover is a typical Rike cover but the whole show is stolen by the Kellogg illo on page whateveritis...you know the one I mean--the one showin Harlan and Harmon and a miss who'd best remain nameless. I have never, in any fanzine--and damned seldom elsewhere--seen anything as ludicrously FUNNY as this. PSY came on a Friday noon so I snuck it into the car and took it along to work that afternoon. A long about 3:00 I had to go up to a neighboring factory and get some plans blue-printed so I went out in the car while they were working on them and started going through PSY. I gave a wry smirk at the little shot of HE pouring water out the window and then I turned the page and Harmon a la Kellogg smacked me in the

face with the impact of a wet mackerel. Rich, I'm tellin' ya, I threw back my head and howled til the dust flew down from the top of the car! As long as items like this keep turning up in fanzines, for that long at least shall I be a fan.

But gads, I'm glad I didn't take it into the plant to read. I'd have made a public spectacle of myself. You should get a medal for discovering Kellogg and steering him into the fold! Am dying to hear Harlan's reaction to the illos.... ((I can't take credit for "discovering" Kellogg. That medal had best go to Jim Bradley, who is really responsible.))

Pic of you on page 5 noted. My ghod, Gheis, you're almost as homely as I am...poor devil! But you part your hair on the opposite side. ((I'm left-handed.))

Agreed, I feel almost identically the same way about all the appeals for material that come in. I can't begin to fill the requests. This used to bother my conscience a little but no more. In the past six months or so, no less than six different magazines have pleaded urgently for a bit of material...which they had to have right away...and I broke my neck to provide it. So far not a single issue has shown up from any of the six. In the future I shall be damned hard to stir with frantic pleas that material has to be in right now. Apparently dag-material has a constipating effect upon a magazine's periodicity or something and I can tell myself that I am doing the editor a real favor by ignoring his request. Notable exception was Gregg Calkins who actually got into print with something I wrote.

I sympathise (sic) with Alan Mackie over his puzzlement about the meaning of Section 8. I know just how he felt. I felt the same way when I read in an English fanzine that Ethel Lindsay lost her tammy at the SuperManCon. Try as I might I can't figure whether one should send her condolences or congratulations. Maybe I still wouldn't know if I knew what a tammy was. ((Some sort of hat, isn't it?))

Actually, a monthly--why am I telling you this?--is too frequent a chore for anyone who must turn out the thing in their spare time. Somebody--don't know who off hand--was sneering at Nydahl for quitting publishing altogether rather than just slacking down. But, knowing more than most about Joel's problems, I can sympathise with the course he chose. VEGA, despite being all-sub, never came at all close to paying its way and Joel was piling up an ever-growing bill at the local office-supply place...one time I heard the total was over \$50.00--and for a 15-year old who's not earning money of his own, that is neither alfalfa nor timothy. Joel's dad earned an adequate living but he wasn't what you'd call well-to-do and he helped Joel along with his stencils and paper far more than most fan's parents might.

But Joel was a perfectionist and also a hunt-and-peck typist---an unhappy combination in a faned. Every single page that went into VEGA was pecked out twice with one finger...once to dummy and once to stencil. In view of this, that 100-page annish assumes Augean stature.

No, Joel---at least in his own mind---painted himself into a corner from which the only way was out. At the time of his heyday...say, the last half of 1953...a great many fans considered VEGA to be the best contemporary fanzine. Certainly it was the leading monthly. And it pretty much kept on getting better with every issue. Then he made one last all-out sprint to the summit with that VEGAnnish. After that, anything he might have produced was going to seem anticlimactic and I think he was afraid he'd get torn to ribbons if he faltered from the high standard he'd set himself. I got that impressions from his letters anyway. No need for me to tell Geis what happens when a few hypercritics get the idea in their hot little heads that a leading mag is on the downgrade. Not only that but it is so treacherously easy for fandom to run away with a person. Joel had reached the stage where he was spending nearly every waking moment either engaging in fanac or thinking about it. His studies were suffering, his social life was suffering and Joel was suffering. The problem of how to taper off gracefully was too much for him so he took the drastic remedy and made a clean break of it. Right now Joel and his folks are in Florida somewhere---at least I'd heard they were going there and they've left Marquette---and nobody seems to know their address down there.

Every faned eventually comes around to the realization that a big, fat monthly fanzine just isn't worth the effort and cash outlay that goes into it. Monthlies are notoriously short lived...12 consecutive monthly issues are quite rare. Even prozine editors, working fulltime at it and getting paid, find editing a monthly a hectic chore. For a fan, who must devote part of his time to working for a living or going to school, it just isn't in the cards. As a rough rule-of-thumb, anytime you see a faned exceeding an average of about 50 published pages a quarter it is a good bet that he's not long for the fanworld. Agree? ((Gads,

if I agree to that I sign my own death warrant! I published PSY as a monthly for 15 months and have averaged about 87 pages per quarter! Please, Doctor Grennell, sir, couldn't you officially make me an exception? Please? I'm too young to go....)) ((I got lots of life left in me. No symptoms of annishitis yet, either.))

You ask if my defense of Tenn's story is prompted by my admittedly cordial friendship with the Golds. No, I don't think so. I would not have defended most stories in GALAXY...not to that extent anyway. But I did enjoy "Down Among The Dead Men" more than any story I can recall in the last two years and, since I enjoyed it, I felt like defending it. It wasn't that I disputed Moskowitz' right to say it stank but I wanted to voice disagreement ASF and the Browne Things were head and shoulders above GALAXY. Since Bergeron says he's tired of puns in fanzines, I will refrain from saying that AMAZING and FANTASTIC leave a dark Browne taste in my mouth these days but if I said it, it would be the truth. And the only story in the last half-dozen ASF's I thought worth the time it took to read was Fredric Brown's "Martian Go Home." I have no personal grudge against Browne or Campbell...it's just that I used to enjoy their mags and don't any longer. Whether they have changed or I have, I can't say. But I still find an occasional story I like in F&SF and FUTURE and I'm not on terms of cordial intimacy with Boucher or Lowndes. Conversely, there have been stories in BEYOND and GALAXY that revolted me..."Heads You Lose" in the May '54 BEYOND, "Beautiful Brew" in the September BEYOND, "Music Master of Babylon" in the November GALAXY...these and others left me cold as the far side of Pluto in February and Moskowitz could have chopped them to pieces and I'd have either kept quiet or agreed with him. I rather regret that the tone of my letter, as quoted in your letter section, seems unduly heated and directed toward personalities and wish you would convey a modicum of apology to Moskowitz if he thinks he needs it. But not long before his letter appeared I'd praised "Down Among The Dead Men" highly in a magazine I publish for SAPS...I mention this so you won't think I flew off the handle on the spur of the moment.

I think I liked "Brain Wave" a little better than Noah McLeod did but shan't press the point lest I be accused of friendship with Poul Anderson and his lovely wife.

Did Tucker really type "thoat"?

((I was aware, when I suggested that your friendship with the Golds might have colored your opinion of the story in question, that I was indulging in a personality, but I thought at the time that the argument might just be valid. I was wrong.

Yes, Tucker did type "thoat", and shame on you for not knowing what it means...now he'll have to explain it to you like he did me. He interlined better than he knew.))

Norman G. Browne, 33 Lyonsgate Drive, Wilson Heights, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

Dear REG;

I don't know whether to be angry or envious. You see it concerns this business of the "Incident" at the last Midwestcon. It seems everyone who was there swore an oath to secrecy to let nothing of the incident leak out into print.

There must have been 20 to 25 fan editors at the conference who would have liked nothing better than to spread the "Incident" all over fandom. But they all saw the logic (or were "convinced") that it would be the wrong thing to do.

Thus all retired to their respective homes and fandom was treated to innocuous con reports containing subtle allusions and tongue-in-cheek writings. We also were swamped with all kinds of weird interlineations and esoteric remarks.

Even Jim Harmon, in his con report for STF TRENDS, said nothing directly bearing on the incident.

Now, I'm angry if you were aware that mention of the incident was to be kept out of print and then violated the trust of fandom by printing Harmon's letter.

Or I'm envious of you for getting a "beat" on fandom: for while the rest of fandom's hands were tied, yours weren't and you were unaware of the situation when you printed Harmon's letter.

Which is it? Do we burn you in effigy or erect a statue to you?

In case some of these "stories" about the incident get taken seriously, I would like to present the true aspects of one that I had a direct hand in. I was getting rather sick and tired of people milling about in the hall, peering through the hole in the door and asking such foolish questions as "What happened?"

Finally, in desperation and disgust, I told someone that Harmon had been passing by the door when he heard a feminine voice from within yelling "Rape!" and thus broke down the door to rescue her. It was strictly said as a joke and I expected it to be forgotten. I assure everyone that there isn't a shred of truth in the story. Ellison may be sex-starved, but the situation hasn't reached that stage yet.

((Here's the story: Jim Harmon in a letter included an interlineation of esoteric character that puzzled me. I wrote back asking about it. He wrote me the letter about the "Incident". He mentioned having told it and retold it and retold it. He did not say I could not print it. He did not mention anything about an "agreement" not to print accounts of it in the fan-press. I thought it an extremely funny bit of writing. I decided to publish it. At the last minute it occurred to me that it would make an excellent article, so I ran it that way.

But even if I had known about the "agreement" I'm not sure I wouldn't have run it anyway; it seems an odd sort of ethics that allows fans to "agree" not to print stories about an item, yet permits them to orally spread the word to all interested fans. And I am not specifically thinking of Harmon in this. That story got around via letters before I ever heard of it.

And it strikes me as quaint that you should say "...and then violated the trust of fandom..." You mean to say that the gathering at the Midwestcon is considered all fandom?))

Gregg Calkins, 2817 - 11th Street, Santa Monica, California.

Dear Dick:

Dammit, Geis, what kind of an attitude is that you're taking toward the "comic books"? Don't you realize that this sort of an attitude is exactly the one that hurts our pride most when the world scoffs at science fiction as a literature? They laugh at us for reading science fiction and we are inwardly hurt because we know they are wrong...that we are justified in reading science fiction and therefore should not be unjustly condemned. Yet fans shall be condemned for reading it until somebody writes a best seller sf novel comparable in sales to "The Caine Mutiny" (it would also help to win a Pulitzer prize).

And with the same damnable, despicable attitude you slur the comic books.

Does this defense of the "comic books" make me one of the "comic book" lovers? No, because it isn't a defense of anything...it's more or less a request that you spread a little more tolerance before you ask to receive any. And if I were defending comic books, the quickest way to bring an acquittal from any jury in the land would be by producing my six copies of POGO.

((Aren't you a bit guilty of projection in that first paragraph?

Science fiction is a literature, Gregg, but whether any of it can be considered Literature is something else again. I'd say fans like science fiction primarily because of the type of fiction it is, not because it is well written; ideas, far-reaching, different and unconventional, are the lure.

I was condemning the idea that material inherently crud should be revered and taken so utterly seriously. This is also my attitude toward most of the science fiction printed, although there are now areas in the field where the inherent factor no longer necessarily applies.))

2nd Session —

WHERE THE EDITOR

CONTINUES TO RAMBLE ON AND ON AND ON AND ON AND ON AND ON AND ON AND

"AIN'T A GONNA NEED THIS CRANK NO LONGER..."

I expect that most of you have picked

your jaws up off the floor and popped your eyes back into their sockets. It must have been Quite a Shock to see a photo-offset PSY.

Of course it was all Jim Bradley's fault. He plied me with the bheer and honeyed words, and before I knew what was happening I'd took an axe to my Rex-O-Graph. After that it was too late. I had to go through with it. I will admit to being particularly susceptible to his siren call (he slips into falsetto when excited) since I had just finished cranking off #16 and my arm was useless. The assembling of that issue had been a horror. As I say, he didn't have to talk very loud. He painted a word picture of receiving a large box of PSYCHOTICS already assembled, folded, stapled. He grapped a copy of DESTINY and twisted my arm with it. "Look at that art," he said, "look at that printing...don't it look good?"

I slobbered it looked so good.

So I figured costs. And figured costs. And figured costs. And the way I figure it I can afford a photo-offset PSY if I don't eat but once every three and a half days. Then too I have to walk to work and palm off confederate money on the landlord. He won't mindmuch.

In a way, tho, the change to photo-offset was inevitable (granting my personal horror of the mimeograph). The handwriting was on the wall. I got up and went into the kitchen to look at it again. It said: "YOU AIN' GONE GET NO MOR'N 250 GOOD COPIES OF PSY OFFA THE MASTERS. TWO MORE ISSUES AT THE PRESENT RATE OF CIRCULATION INCREASE AND YOU IS UP AGAINST IT."

It was signed, "SINcerely, DIRTY BIRD."

And since I am not one to look a gift Gobel in the mouth, I took the advice and here I am, and there you are, and here's PSY.

As I write this I am pretty sure that there are horrendous boners and goofs and mistakes in this issue. For instance, the elite type used in the letter column. Now I used it because I thought I could get more letters in. It strikes me now that when reduced in size this may be too small to read. If so, I'll change it.

I have been having pangs of conscience about cutting the page total from 50 to 32. This is the main reason for using the elite type in the letter section; I tried to make up for it by cramming in more words. Too, I've made up the copy to a scale that equals about one and a fourth normal PSY pages. Combine the added wordage and it comes out at roughly 40 of the old PSY pages. I figure the ten page loss is made up in better quality reproduction, better art, and the eventual acquisition of better material. I hope you'll figure that way too.

NOTES, COMMENTS, AND PREJUDICES

I have good news for all and sundry. Bob Kellogg, it ap-

pears, is going to be able to do quite a bit of artwork for both PSY and LYRIC even though attending college. Rejoice, Brethren....

In the beginning...I made a half-hearted attempt to justify pages. This caused me much trials, tribulations and torture. So I gave it up because it takes too long to type a dummy and then the regular copy. So I am not doing justice to the photo-offset medium, so I am committing seven different kinds of blasphemy, unspeakable outrage and sacrilege, so I am violating a prime unspoken agreement and unwritten law of fandom.....so shoot me!

Two faneds thus far that I know of have pulled what seems to me to be a rather doubtfully ethical trick upon their trusting subscribers. They fold their mag, see, then in the last issue, or by circular, let it be known to the subbers that they can have their money back (generous, ain't they?) if the subbers will only write a letter saying it's wanted. Otherwise the debt is forgotten or the balance of the sub is transferred to some other type zine the subber knows nothing about. Thus the faned can say to himself that he'll pay whatever is due to whoever writes in...knowing full well that most of the subbers will just let it slide. A neat bit or rationalization, what? If the subber mentally shrugs the item out of his mind chances are in a few months an item will drop into his mailbox which is supposed to be his sub money in the substitute zine. Where before he had been getting a science fiction fanzine, now the poor fellow finds he is subscribed to a journal devoted to stamp collecting.

Pretty lousy double-dealing if you ask me...and few will.

John Magnus is back in college. His new address is: John Magnus, 203 Noah, Oberlin, Ohio.

Klein! Klein! Klein! went the trolley....

NEXT ISSUE WILL BE....

A con report by Peter Graham. As it stands now it looks a good twenty thousand words long. It is therefore possible that nothing BUT the con report will appear in the next issue. There are two items that ideally should go in the same issue....well, maybe I can afford to add a few pages onto the 32. We'll see. Look for it about the middle of February.

WHAT? POETRY YET?

Yup. I just kinda figured you needed a laugh.

NO NAME

Have you ever seen Mars?
asked teacher so cute.
Little Willie replied
as clear as a flute:
"I've never seen Mars,
but Pa's got a beaut!"

---Anonymous

YOU CALL THAT POLICY?

A lot of
you may
feel me to be utterly mad to ban
advertising from the pages of this
sterling magazine. Perhaps I am,
but right now I don't happen to be-
lieve that the possible monetary re-
turns would be worth messing with
them for. (ouch!) There are other
photo-offset zines will-
ing and able to do the
job.

THE LONG
LONELY ROAD

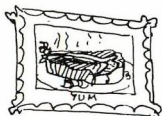
And now goobye.



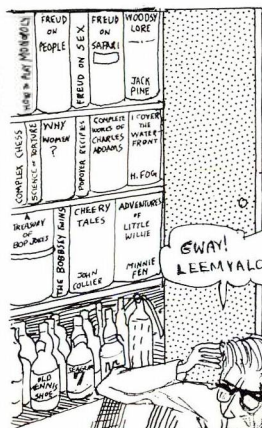
DEAR READERS,

From here in St. Louis, Portland seems a long way off, and even the mad nights at Dick's "Geis-cube Arms" putting out Lyric are but a memory. In an effort to recapture them, I present forthwith a "mind's eye view", if you will, of one of those sessions.

Bob Kelley



HURRY UP AND FINISH THAT ISSUE AND RUN OFF A FEW TWENTIES! WE MAY HAVE TO SHOOT OUR WAY OUT!



SWAY! LEEMYALONE!

MR. GEIS, SIR, EDITOR OF PSYCHOTIC, SIR.... MR. BRADLEY ASKS IF YOU'LL PLEASE DO THIS GUEST EDITORIAL & TESTIMONIAL TO RAUNCHO CIGARETTES, IN WHICH CASE HE'LL BE MOST GRATEFULL.

I'M TIRED OF EDITING! LOOK WHAT I FOUND IN THE CELLAR!

STAND BACK... I WARN YOU!

Kelley
10/5/9