



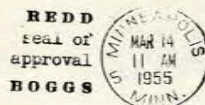
PSYCHOTIC

#19

This
Issue: **Bad News!!**



JUNIOR, IF YOU DON'T
STOP THESE WILD
GET-BOOM-QUICK SCHEMES
YOUR FATHER WILL
CUT YOUR ALLOWANCE
25¢!



"Destitute Dick's Diary."

COVER BY BOB KELLOGG
Real George, eh?

THE LEATHER COUCH...where the editor rambles on and on and on and on and on. This is also where the Bad News is located. Read it and weep. In fact, why don't you take a guess as to what it is and then see your worst fears realized?

PART 2 of the Con Report by Peter Graham. Cut, sliced, and brutally trimmed but with all the bright spots retained.....I hope. Peter, don't you dare mail that big thing that ticks. I have a curious mailman.

A NON LEWIS CAROL by Robert Bloch. This is real top-grade choice stuff and I sure hope you appreciate

THE PADDED CELL is probably the best column Vernon L. McCain has written to date. I liked it, anyway. It is all about.....well, you just read.

NO ONE TWISTED MY ARM by Bob Silverberg. This is the second of a series of two articles by faneds who have left the generalzine subzine field. Complete with illustrations imported at great expense from Naaman Peterson.

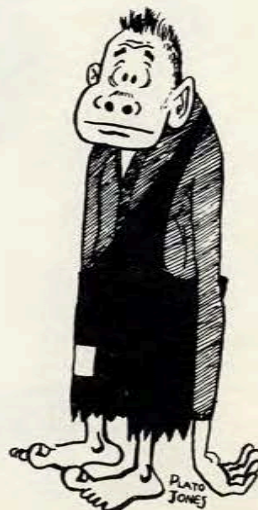
SECTION EIGHT...this is the letter column. It is longer this time, and is very good indeed.

SECOND SESSION...where the editor continues to ramble on and on with last minute news, announcements and other things.

INTERIOR ART by Plato Jones, Bob Kellogg, Jack Harness, Jim Bradley, Larry Bourne, Ralph Rayburn Phillips, Ted Rasmussen, Dean A. Grennell, and Naaman Peterson.

Edited & Published
by
RICHARD E. GEIS
2631 N. MISSISSIPPI
PORTLAND 12, OREGON
APT. 106

20¢ a copy



"Honest, Mari, there isn't nothing wrong with me. I really couldn't get anyone to water my hemp plants."

BACOVER BY DAVE ENGLISH

THE leather couch

WHERE THE EDITOR RAMBLES ON AND ON
AND ON AND ON AND ON...AND ON AND ON



"OH, NO!" Oh, yes! PSY is dead on its feet; the 20th issue will be the last before The Change. In fact, if I didn't have such a conscience, I'd have killed off this title with this issue. But I must finish printing Graham's Con Report and there is a considerable amount of other fannish stuff to be printed. I am having twinges about not printing two pieces of fiction I had accepted and then had to send back, but I console myself with the thought that the authors almost certainly will find someone else who will like them and publish them perhaps even more quickly than I; I would have held them til late Summer or Fall. Even so I have an Ellison story that is already illustrated, and I will print it in the last PSY issue.

No...no...no. I am not bowing out of fandom or vowing not to publish anymore or anything like that there. There'll always be a Geis-zine looping around in one format or another.

But for one reason and another PSYCHOTIC does not satisfy me. So I am changing my magazine to something I think will. Brace yourselves.

The new title is SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW and yes, I know it's been used before...twenty years ago. But it sounds so horribly stuffy and...er...SerConFannish, don't it? However, I did not accidentally happen to choose that particular title.

The policy of my mag is to change to conform to the new title. I think it can best be summed up as a monthly commentary on current science fiction. Er...a monthly informal commentary on current science fiction. You might characterize the coming mag as a low-brow SKY-HOOK.

There will be no fiction published in SFR. And there will be a "NO FANNISH MSS NEED APPLY" sign on the editorial doormat.

I can just envision the horrified little bleats of pure anguish which will greet this facet of policy. "NO FANNISHNESS?? Has Geis gone mad? Has he reverted to a hopeless state of fuggheadedness? Can nothing save the PSY of yore...is it doomed to be SerCon?"

Yes, the Geis-zine is indeed due to eschew fannishness. BUT, who knows, all you fans might just find it interesting and readable even though the only place you will possibly find your name is the letter column.

The magazine will be photo-offet, monthly, 24-28 pages, 1/4-size, have readable size type, sell for a straight 10¢, and will consist of two or possibly three alternating columnists, a book review, a pro-mag review, articles, a longish letter column, and possibly some worthy poetry and features. Artwork will be much in evidence with work by Kellogg, Bradley, Adkins, Rike, Rotsler, English, Naaman, Plato Jones, Grennell, Malz, Stewart, Bourne, Phillips, Harness, Bergeron, Jeeves, and lots more I haven't contacted yet. Which reminds me: somebody

please tell Ron Cobb I would like some of his stuff for covers and interior illos in the new SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW. Pete Vorzimer won't give me his adress, the damn hog, and I don't blame him.

It strikes me at this point that there might be a subber or two who will not like the sound of this new mag. Well...if there are any superfannish souls on der list who feel they will be cheated unless they receive a fannish fanzine, they need only drop me a postcard and I'll disgustedly refund their money. I honestly don't think there'll be a single one. (Down, Raeburn, down!)

All subscriptions will be adjusted lengthwise in accordance with the 10¢ per issue rate come issue #21.

Oh yes...the trade situation. I am in the habit of giving subscriptions to contributors in lieu of my inability to pay them money, and most of the people who I trade with that I would want to receive every issue of SFR are in this category. One or two others are out and out subbers, and the two or three left are either reviewers or out and out Ghods. It works this way: if, say for instance, Gregg Calkins, receives #21 on his sub and then a month later sends up the latest OOPSLA!, the OOPS is considered to be 15¢ (list price for his mag) and is credited to his account...er...subscription. This will work for all fanzines received in Trade. If Vorzimer sends up his ABSTRACT in trade I give him 25¢ worth of credit. For, as is apparent by now, SFR will be traded on a strict basis, and this is the basis. If some faned published a 10¢ bimonthly fanzine and wants to trade, it will be on a one for one basis in his case.

This is, admittedly, a lot of bookwork, but it also simplifies those moments of decision when you don't know whether to send a copy to Joe Fann who hasn't published for three months and may be out of fandom entirely.

But there will also be those faneds who, even though they only publish a 10¢ bimonthly, will want to receive every issue of SFR. And there are those who publish at best highly irregularly, not enough to insure receiving every issue of SFR in equivalent trades, but who would like to have each issue of my mag. I suggest that a few dimes in an envelope will build up the credits and insure the receipt of SFR during those long months of gafia.

Let's just say I get a kick out of bookkeeping. Actually, I think the above system is about as fair a trade system as could be devised.

Any fanzines received that aren't priced by the editor will be given the Geis Evaluation Test and entered in the books at whatever I may feel they are worth.

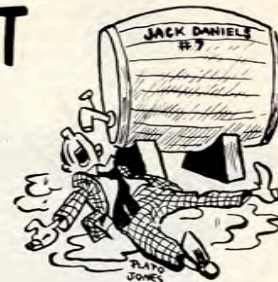
This system goes into effect on the day I receive SFR from the printers, which I anticipate to be sometime in late late July or early early August.



SF-CON REPORT

by
PETER GRAHAM

PART 2



Four sleeping in one bed is the least to be recommended of many Con practices. When I awoke at 7:45, I felt absolutely lousy, so I immediately took a bath. Don't be alarmed, but--it was the first bath I had taken in 2½ years. This was because our house has only a shower, and I had become rather bored with this. It was with a feeling of heady anticipation that I took in my first bath in over two years.

As I emerged from the bathroom the phone began softly ringing, so I picked it up and heard Don Wégars say he'd just gotten from the hotel from his home in Berkeley-cross-the-Bay, and wanted to go out to breakfast with anyone who happened to be awake in 903. The other three were still slumbering, so I said I would go, but asked him to give me fifteen minutes or so to get dressed. After taking a picture of Terry, Mac and Boob in the bed, I dressed and prepared for the coming day.

We went to a drugstore on an opposite corner from the hotel, and had a fair breakfast for an extravagant price. I left quote-card #2 sticking behind the plastic on the menu, and we beat a hasty retreat to the Monterey Room where I stayed until one o'clock. It was there, about 10, that Carol McKinney came upon the scene. She is a very attractive girl of about twenty-two, blonde, medium height and weight; a real pity that this girl is married. Her personality is nothing like her subzine DEVIANT, for which I am glad--I think DEVIANT's Carol McKinney is a bit dull. She huckstered a copy of DEVIANT #3 off on me, and I got a candid picture of her which came out quite well, contrary to all expectations. She told me that the cover of #3 for which she'd been getting so many compliments on how well the mimeo'ing was done was actually multilithed. She herself didn't know just what the process was, just that it was some sort of "--lith" work.

"You can't be voluptuous unless you have wide hips." --Rapp
A few minutes later I saw Magnus diddling with the taper again. He said that he was trying to get up the guts to ask van Vogt, who was standing 15 feet away, for an interview. Finally he walked over with the microphone to where van Vogt was talking and when he gave me the high sign I turned on the recorder. Neither of the two men were fazed at all by the knowledge that their conversation was being recorded, and went right on with their interesting talk on Dianetics. After 10 to 15 minutes John told me to turn off the machine. Magnus then began gushing over how good a speaker van Vogt was; I agree with him in every respect. I don't believe there were any "uh's", "er's" or the like during that whole conversation.

"I think he raised his eyebrows." --T. Carr
If the proper word didn't come to vV's mind right away, he said nothing until it did--this sometimes resulted in lapses of two or three seconds, but usually not longer. We wondered if that was perhaps the result of Dianetics, but came to no conclusion.

All through this Andy Nowell, resplendent in his Army dress uniform, was huckstering his THINGZINE to everybody who wanted one. Eventually he got to the point where he had to give away at once the whole batch of 300 (plus or minus) as he had an appointment somewhere.

At 1:00 PM I went to 903 for more flashbulbs and a change of shirt. When I returned, the program for the WorldCon was well under way. I arrived about fifteen minutes into EESmith's speech concerning the "Origin of Life", having missed Les Cole's welcoming address and two or three announcements. Doc Smith's speech was extremely interesting; he postulated that life on other worlds would probably be much like our own. He based this theory on the many factors which, combined, gave life to Man.



also mentioned that a large quantity of his writings had been appearing and were continuing to appear in European and other foreign editions.

He was followed by Forry Ackerman who gave a mildly interesting talk on what was coming up in the prozines, book, pocketbooks, and the foreign fields.

The official proceedings recessed for 10 minutes; an auction was to follow. I teamed up with Arlene Brennan (a fanne from Berkeley), Don Wagar, and two local fen—Bill Collins and Roy Seiler. We went to Manning's Restaurant, a matter of three blocks, and took advantage of the card the Convention Committee had given us which was good for a free cup of coffee. A half an hour later we got back to the auction.

Loudmouths Sam Moskowitz and Walt Daugherty did their best to get rid of a large amount of lousy items to a very cold items. At this first of three sessions I picked up a pretty inexpensive Mel Hunter illustrating the May 1954 AMAZING cover.

The auction method was a departure from tradition. On Friday, the day before the initial auction, all color work was placed in the adjoining Monterey Room for inspection. Attached to each illo was a piece of paper on which bidders could write their bids. If Joe Neofan wanted to offer \$15 for the October 1953 cover of FANTASTIC, he would put it down on that piece of paper. If some damnfool wanted to raise him \$10, he would put his name and his raise under Neo's name. If Neofan was still idiot enough to want to cover, he could write his name under the damnfool's, along with his higher bid. This could go on and on. Bidding at the auction would start with the highest bid and go on from there. I commend this practice, not so much for the time-saving, but because the fans can have a close look at what they might be buying.

Our group went up to 903 where a bull-session about local fandom was just beginning when, at 4:40 in the afternoon, the people next door pounded on the wall for quiet. That was typical of the hotel and its residents. We were tempted to keep on talking, but since we wanted to keep the room for the rest of the Con we decided to get out; chickening-out being the better part of valor and all that.

"I believe that if there were a Trappist Monk Convention here, people would pound on the walls." ---Rapp ((mccainterlineation!))

In the Monterey Room I heard somebody talking about a party in John W. Campbell, Jr.'s room. Outside his room I found Mrs. Campbell, who told me that this was where it was. Not having said a word, I thanked her and entered.... The Campbell's are nice people. I later talked with Mrs. Campbell for about a half an hour and found that the bull-sessions idea had been hers, originated at the Chicon II. It seems that she heard fans whispering as they went by, "There goes John W. Campbell, Jr." and she arranged the perfect set-up for a bull-session. The room was allowed to fill to only a certain point—I believe in this room it was 15 people. When newcomers came around to listen, the fans who had been in the room longest had to leave. This guaranteed a steady flow of fans, and the bull-session never died.

In the first twenty minutes that I was there the conversation ranged from GALAXY

van Vogt gave a fairly short speech on why he hasn't written much original science fiction recently. His Dianetics work seemed the main reason, mentioning about 5000 hours of auditing in the last 3 years. In last year's Westercon report I said that he announced he was starting to write again, when he actually hadn't (or maybe it was the other way around). This year I think he said he was mostly revising older manuscripts for re-release, was also working on a few new things, and that a new pocket-book of his stuff was due out soon. I believe he



own taper, as John's was out of order.

I set the recorder in the entranceway and took the mike with its 15 foot cord into the room with me. I sat on a couch across from Campbell and believe I got a fair to excellent recording. Campbell is another person whom the mike didn't bother. There is nothing worse than a forced-sounding tape-recording.

After twenty-five minutes I turned off the recorder at a convenient point, took it down to 318 and left it there with Rog Sims. Then I went looking for Magnus. I finally ran into him when he was on the way to the banquet. I decided to go with him but first went for a good supply of flashbulbs and an extra roll of film.

We arrived at the bar a trifle early so took our places in front of the doors leading into the Empire Room. About ten minutes later everybody else got the same idea, and the whole bar seemed to be filled with every fan at the convention. The doors to the banquet hall were a few steps higher than the bar proper and every few minutes someone would stick his head out the door and yell over the heads of the crowd for any of the pros that were to be seated at the speakers table. Only about a third of them were there and it was not until 8:30 that the common rank and file were allowed in. I ended up about in 6th place, but somehow Magnus was way back in the line. He yelled at me to reserve six seats for us: Harlan Ellison, Betty Jo McCarthy, Rog Sims, and Irene Baron. I walked by the smorgasbord-type table and helped myself to a large portion of several good-looking foods.

As soon as I had my food I ran over an reserved six seats on a table at the speakers end of the hall. We were in a corner but had an excellent view. There was no program planned for the first half-hour of the banquet, and everyone just fed their faces and talked with one another. I took various shots, Ellison and Sims dueling with table-knives, and others.

I was about to go back and get seconds when I noticed people were still filing in from the bar. Magnus and I went back and picked up some bits of pastry we'd missed our first trip. When we returned the proceedings were about to begin, with Robert Bloch acting as toastmaster.

I entirely agree with Willis; "Bloch was wonderful." He is even funnier in person than in writing, if possible, and that must be because of his delivery. Actually, many of his jokes are rather broad, without the subtlety of Willis or Grennell, but I didn't notice anyone complaining. There were several things I near bust a gut laughing about, but naturally, since I was busy laughing, I didn't write them down.

I will leave a more complete banquet coverage to other, more qualified people. Suffice it to say that

to ASF's reprint policy, their general policy, how their office worked, and to alien characterization. When it had gotten that far, Mrs. Campbell came in and announced "Shift". This meant that the "oldest" occupants were to leave. After a few shifts it was my turn so I went out and talked with Mrs. Campbell for awhile.

One time when she announced the shift a fan who had just gotten there, evidently a creature of habit, stood up and asked if that meant the session was to remove to another room.

From there I went back to 903 to see if anybody was home; there not being, I was about to walk out when Maggie's taper reminded me that I ought to tape part of the bull-session—it would be an excellent addition to his tapes. I went back and asked Mrs. Campbell who asked JWC. They said yes, so I went down to the Monterey Room to get my



"Er... sorry, Wrong room!"



Williamson spoke on early stf for awhile; Boucher was easily as funny as Bloch and should be next year's toastmaster---he read a take-off on "If You'll Give Me Your Attention" which was the funniest single thing

"COX, old reptile, how is every old fang?" Boucher. I heard at the convention; Evelyn Gold tooted the horn for GALAXY and took it down in my estimation; EESmith merely said he was glad to be there but hadn't prepared anything; Ackerman gave a short speech on something; Dick Matheson said that he didn't care for the condescending attitude by the public to science fiction; and John Campbell finished by giving a 20 minute completely extemporaneous speech about writing, with a casual mention that he shouldn't be honored for ASTOUNDING, as he was merely a tool in the hands of the writers who did all the actual work; this took ASF up a few points in my mind.

All through these speeches, whenever a good one turned up, Ellison would say, "Got to have it for DIMENSIONS." "Must have that for DIMENSIONS" "You'll see that in

DIMENSIONS soon."

When the banquet was formally over I went up to 318 where a party was just beginning. About half the 15 people in the room were listening to Art Rapp and George Young reminisce about early Michigan fandom. This had started when John Davis inquired about the more abstruse interlineations on a recent SPACEWARP quote-cover. I spent an extremely enjoyable hour listening to the foibles of Ben Singer, Richard Segar, and others. Among the lines explained was, "THEY REJECTED ME BECAUSE I'M SCHIZOPHRENIC, WHATEVER THAT IS." It seems that Ben Singer was called by the draft board and subsequently rejected. When asked why, he said the above, and George Young had to explain to him all about split personalities and such.

Another such line was "THEY SLICED UP HIS HECTO JELLY WITH A BIG KNIFE, LAUGHING AND SCREAMING." At a meeting or get-together of the Detroit Club, Doc somebody had just melted down a pan of bad hecto jelly to try to make it work. I think it was Singer who walked in the door, thought the jelly was some sort of fudge, and immediately decided to help out by cutting it into the proper squares.

Then there was the Great Michigan Bomb Plot. Seems some of the members were interested in rocketry, and as fuel for their experimental jobs they used gun-cotton mixed with black powder and a few other things, all rolled up in a large wad of paper with a fuse. So this Reich character brought one of these charges to Rapp's house where a meeting was being held, and for some reason threatened to set it off. He didn't mean it and no one took him seriously. When the meeting broke up, Seger decided it would be fun to set it off in the street outside Rapp's house. So he lit the fuse and ran to the car and jumped in. After a few minutes, he decided that it had gone out, so he went and picked it up. Brains. He noticed then with surprise that the fuse was still going. Without looking, he tossed it away and ran back to the car. The "Bomb" landed a foot or so in front of Rapp's low porch and went off.

Luckily, Art had gone to the back of his house. The oversized firecracker blew in his whole front window and scattered glass all over his living-room. Art didn't prefer charges when the cops came around, but he did get his picture in the paper along with headlines about the whole thing.

About 1 AM the liquor ran out, so it was decided that Yong, Davis, and I would go out for more. While we waited at the elevators within sight of the door of 318, One of them stopped at our floor and unloaded about ten young-fen: Burt Satz, Pete Vorzimer, Keith Joseph, Roy Seiler, and others. George wondered aloud if we'd "Shut the door before Seventh Fandom comes in." Rapp. left the door open behind us.

Finding an open liquor store at 1 AM is no easy matter. There are many bars open, of course, as the California law allows them to be open from 6 AM til 2 AM, but the bars didn't sell the stuff in bottles. we wandered up hill, down dale, and

once around three sides of a block, when we saw Les Cole walking toward the hotel with a suspicious sort of bag--it clinked. He directed us to a delicatessen about a block and a half away. Walking in that direction, I suddenly remembered the Big Brother cards, and began distributing them when George wasn't looking--we were still trying to keep the distributors' secret. While George was in getting the liquor John and I put the cards in all the available spaces we could find in the immediate area. This included the corner mailbox, a crate of fruit, the mail slots in surrounding stores, and a batch put separately in each of a large stack of Sunday papers. Then George came out and we started back to the hotel.

While we'd been gone there'd been a minor sort of riot. That youngfan group had found the door open and sortied into 318. The disturbance resulted in a call from the house detective which evidently scared them out just before we arrived. George, it being his room, was understandably a bit mad about it, and began cussing out Rog Sims for letting them in. Rog tactfully pointed out that Young, himself, had left the door open.

At 3:30 the fun really began when Ellison walked in with Betty Jo McCarthy and a couple of others. Someone asked Ellison about the Incident again, so he started off on that. I remembered that I had my tape-recorder there and asked him to wait a moment and start over. He did, and was well into his beginning when I noticed that the plug had pulled out accidentally. I asked him to start again. He did. When I inadvertently pulled out the microphone plug from its socket I merely slipped it back in with a minimum of fuss and only lost about 15 seconds. There were many interruptions during this recording, all funny, including Magnus imitating himself walking around with a wooden leg after Ellison threw the firecracker at him.

I left later and ended up at 526, Dietz's room, where I talked for a half-hour with (among others) Jim Shahnakhroglu. He is the person who appears in LYRIC, and is quite a nice guy.

I had an overpowering urge to go to sleep in my chair. Bravely fighting this temptation, I excused myself from the conversation, undressed, and crawled into the bed--Frank was letting me stay in his room that night, as Terry had done two nights before. I immediately fell asleep and don't know to this day what happened to the conversation or the people involved that night.

Thus ended Saturday.

When Frank Dietz thought I was shaken fully awake at 9 that morning he had left the room. Trouble was, I wasn't fully awake and promptly went back to sleep. I finally woke up at 1:45 in the afternoon.

After dressing hurriedly I looked at the program to see what I had missed: an N3F meeting and speeches by people I could well afford to sleep through. Feeling only a bit mollified I went down to the Empire Room.

At 10 minutes of 3 the auction was just beginning, again led by the capable Daugherty and Moskowitz. Nothing in particular was offered except a large batch of manuscripts, including the original and galley proofs of Poul Anderson's BRAIN WAVE, which were autographed. The guy that bought these must have owned the mint, as in one particular 5 minutes he paid \$55 for the mss listed above and one other. These were by no means his only purchases at the con--he was observed buying at least \$300 worth of auction material, and Ghod knows what else. I remember looking at his card but it wasn't anybody famous like Coslet or someone whom you might expect to be doing that sort of thing.

Everybody wondered who he was and I ventured to Ellison that he might be an agent for LOS CUENTOS FANTASTICOS. Harlan seemed to like that exceedingly, and promptly told Es Cole about it. She laughed too. It's things like that that make you feel sort of proud.



PHILLIPS

The highest priced item at the auction, for you historical-minded fen, was a Mel Hunter which went for \$34. That's rather a poor showing, and I heard many complaints from such as Daugherty, Es Cole, and others In-The-Know that this convention was an extremely cold audience.

Right after the auction I heard George Young propagandizing for Detroit in '55, so I went over to listen. It turned out that they wanted to do some stencils for campaign sheets and then run them off. The only hitch seemed to be that the nearest mimeo seemed to be at Dave Rike's which was 30 miles away. After about an hour of wrangling and trying to find someone closer, Keith Joseph, who had been listening all this time, finally ventured that he had his mimeo here in San Francisco, only about 5 miles away. He was practically leaped upon by George Young, and plans were made to go there after dinner and after Art Rapp had done the stencils.

I and a couple of others went up to 903 then where we found a few fans talking there. I asked them to leave so Art could concentrate. They did and he did.

A SAPS had been scheduled for 318 at about 8 that evening. Since Young, Ellison and all had checked out rather than pay the extra rent after the management found out about their additional boarders, that cast something of a damper on SAPS activities that night. Undaunted, however, the word was passed person to person to every SAP at the con except, I believe, Harlan Ellison, that the meeting would be in room 1526 at 11 PM. Ellison's omission was by accident rather than purpose; nobody remembered he was on the list at all, he being a new member. He dropped out the mailing after anyway, so not much harm was done.



At midnight, while I was in the SAPS meeting, I was called by Pete Vorzimer, who said mystifyingly, "Hello, Pete? Get up here to 903 quick, the house dick's about to throw everyone out." Naturally I hurried up to 903, but as I turned a corner in the hall toward my room I met Hans Rusch, who propelled me back and away towards the elevators. He told me that Burt Satz and Warren Stricklund had been making quite a bit of a disturbance, and when the house dick had come up Stricklund had told him a naughty word. I'd seen on getting out of the elevator the three on their way down, so Rusch and I followed them.

In the lobby we found those three and Andy Nowell, who had evidently been raising hell in his own manner in the hotel. Hans and I tried to talk to the house dick, but he would have none of us and called the police. Hans was trying desperately to see if I was in the clear, since I or Terry being registered there had not been in the room at the time. Rusch is one great guy and I think the whole convention owes him thanks for the job he did trying to help everyone and smooth relations between the Con and the hotel, even after Les and Es Cole had given up on it.

The cops arrived within three minutes and conversed with the house dick and Andy Nowell, who was doing all the talking. Not just for Satz and Stricklund...he was just doing all the talking.... He talked sense, too. He was polite and nice as pie to the police sergeant, and even asked his permission to repeat what the house

dick had called him at one time: a "...great big slab of s--t." Nowell was trying to find out if house dicks were allowed to swear at people and get away with it.

Hans pulled me away then and told me I was clear, and being sick of the mess as I was, I left. I believe the cops left in disgust themselves, but otherwise I'm not sure what happened to the three in trouble.

In 1526 Art Rapp and George Young were reminiscing again with tales, among others, of the first national convention that was attended entirely in the nude---by Young and Rapp, in the middle of the Chang-hwo river in Korea or something. Rapp has the unusual quality of not just believing that he was, but actually becoming, funnier as he drank more. Of course that could go on just so far, when he began the dirty songs, but up until then, and even then, he was the funniest damned thing I'd heard yet. That man could rattle off jokes and interlunations faster

"I'm not drunk---my true personality is emerging." Rapp.
than they could be written down, yet he never seemed to be hogging the conversation.

In the first part of the SAPS meeting, I'd started, with the aid of my lettering guides, a stencil which read "SAPS 1954 Con Roster". This I finally got all the SAPS to sign, including waiting-listers and ex-SAPS. When I got back from the debacle downstairs it was about a quarter to 1, and from then til about 3:15 my mind is an almost complete blank.

I decided that I wanted some more fun, sleep-wanting though I was, so I set out to look for Rapp and Young again, and found them across the street in Tiny's. We left a few moments later, and as I looked through my quote-cards for one to leave there, I found the perfect one---#3. That's the one that says "The service was lousy---NO TIP."

When we walked out onto the sidewalk I looked up the side of the hotel and saw several room lights burning. One of them, on the 5th floor, was situated at the right place for Dietz' room, and the window was open. Naturally we all started yelling at the top of our lungs a-la-vampires as I AM LEGEND, "Come out, Dietz! Come out, Dietz!" This we varied with Young's yell, "Frank Dietz is a fine fellow, Q-U-E-E-R!" to the tune of Old MacDonald Had A Farm. After shouting ourselves hoarse, we quit, after calling him a chicken for not coming out. At the corner Young et al parted for their hotel, which they'd checked into after leaving the Drake, and some of us went back to the hotel.

Each of us, Terry, Boob, Mac and I were paying \$12 for our stay in the room. We had all this amount in an envelope, which like a damnfool I wanted to hide in the room instead of putting it in the hotel safety deposit boxes. The room had doors going off to the rooms on each side, but they were double doors and only one of the two could be opened; when opened you were faced with the back of the door of the room next to yours. I had elected to put the envelope with the \$48 between these doors.

I'd checked on it regularly but when I opened the door that night, after the coffee party in Tiny's, it was missing. This was a major catastrophe, and after searching all over the room, Dave Rike and I awakened Mac. He was alarmed about it but couldn't offer any help. The most we did was make up a list of people who could've been in the room at any time and pick out one or two whom we considered "suspects". We weren't sure the money had actually been stolen---Terry could've taken it home with him. Mac then tried to go to sleep again and I finished packing.

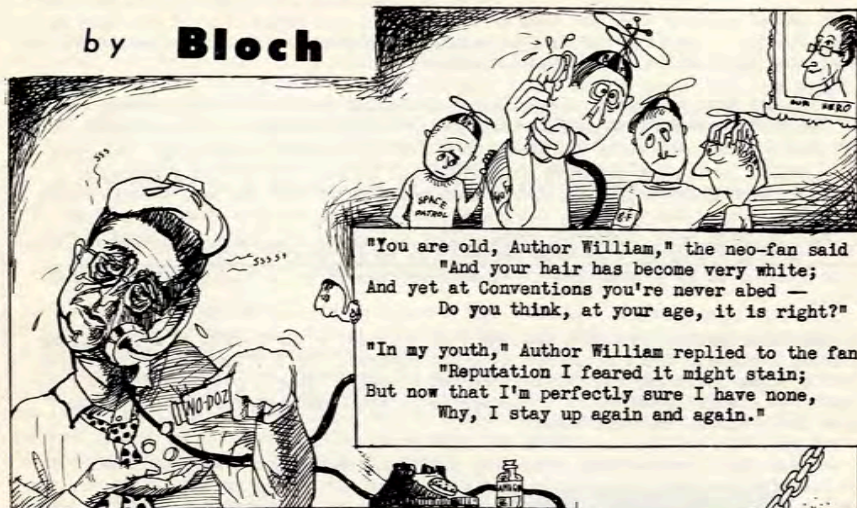
I had been trying to call Frank Dietz, but he had been out all evening. During the last few hours the same operator had been on duty and had taken my calls. When Frank came in around 5:30 and phoned to someone she told him that I had been calling often. He then called me, and I told him I'd be up in 15 minutes.

I had satisfied a long ambition of mine: to get to bed at dawn at a convention! By then it was 6 AM and the sky was visibly lighter. Thus ended Sunday.

TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT ISSUE

A Non-Lewis Carol

by Bloch

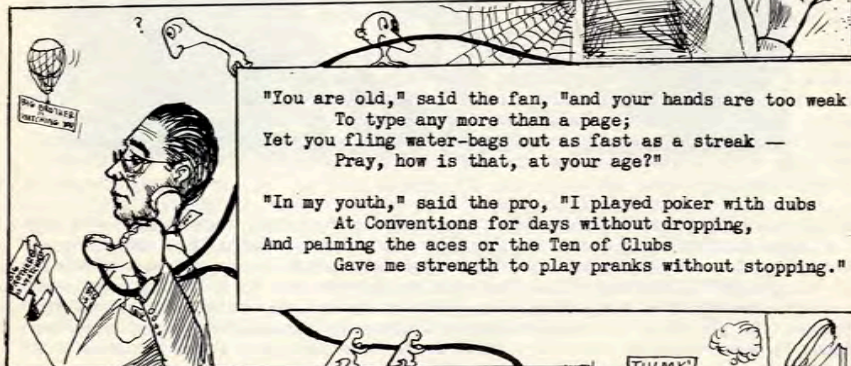


"You are old, Author William," the neo-fan said
"And your hair has become very white;
And yet at Conventions you're never abed —
Do you think, at your age, it is right?"

"In my youth," Author William replied to the fan
"Reputation I feared it might stain;
But now that I'm perfectly sure I have none,
Why, I stay up again and again."

"You are old," said the fan, "as I mentioned before
And your writing is surely quite flat.
Yet you said in your Con-speech your yarns appear more
Pray what is the reason for that?"

"In my youth," said the pro, "My stories were fine,
And they all stayed unsold on the shelf.
Now I plagiarize Bradbury, Clarke and Heinlein —
But I edit a prozine myself."



"You are old," said the fan, "and your hands are too weak
To type any more than a page;
Yet you fling water-bags out as fast as a streak —
Pray, how is that, at your age?"

"In my youth," said the pro, "I played poker with dubs
At Conventions for days without dropping,
And palming the aces or the Ten of Clubs
Gave me strength to play pranks without stopping."

"You are old," said the fan, "and you drink like a fish;
Yet Con-parties you attend at random.
Omnipresent as Harmon, Ellison or Ish —
Can it be you're in Seventh Fandom?"

"I have answered three questions, and that is enough —
You're like Tucker, with his questionnaires!
Now be off," said the pro, "for I'm sick of this stuff;
Besides, I've a date with the Shares."



THE PADDLED

In the beginning was the word. And the word was this: There are the Star-Begotten... and there are the 'others'. The Star Begotten follow the Path of Destiny...that path's name is Fandom. And Fandom is a Way of Life.

That was in the beginning. But then came Degler to present a horrible example of the lengths to which this pleasant little Fantasy for Schizophrenia and Egoboo could be carried. And later came Laney and a whole host of imitation Laney's to attack with high-voltage typewriter and unleashed sneer the befuddled innocent who had not yet got the word, and still regarded fandom as his way of life.

It seems to me the anti's have had their innings long enough; it's time for an examination of the other side. Why not fandom as a way of life?

Usually the undesirability is treated as pre-proven and no attempt to justify the condemnation is given. But just what are the reasons given on those occasions when they've been voiced?

First, and most oft-repeated, is that to make fandom a way of life is to retreat from reality, to live in a world of fantasy. Second, it is considered a self-obvious waste of time to narrow one's life to such a small arena. It is said to be the source of easy triumph and worthless fame since the fourth-rater who has only fifth-raters with whom to compete is hailed as a genius. Fandom as a way of life can interfere not only with one's mental and spiritual growth but also prevent possible advancement in one's profession, social recreation, and even love-life. To devote one's life to fandom is to waste it. And so on.

Have I missed any? Probably, but actually these are all variations on the same general theme.

Oh yes, I did miss one...one of the most frequently used.... that any fan who takes fandom that seriously is a fugghead. And just what is a fugghead? That is a question. Any answers? Well, it happens to be word coined and primarily used by F. Towner Laney. It has received more limited usage by other fans, usually admirers of Laney, including, at times, myself. It does pinpoint a certain fannish type more effectively than any other term and as such is useful upon occasion. But that type can best be defined as a sort of person who was anathema to F. Towner Laney and who would be apt to be the subject of a critical article by Laney. This doesn't advance us much, does it?

Ignoring the somewhat scatological origination of the term we have an undefinable slang word which is definitely opprobrious.

My personal feeling is that in any serious exchange it is best to state what is meant explicitly rather than resorting to slang...especially slang with no positive meaning. However we have seen the term "fugghead" used all too frequently in supposedly serious articles and it has come to have within fandom somewhat the all-embracing and general semantic connotation, if not the emotional overtones, that the word 'communist'

BY
Vernon McCain



"ME - CLAUDE DEGLER?
I SHOULD SAY NOT!"

has acquired in the general society of the U.S. A person who is a 'fugghead' should be disliked and a person who is disliked automatically merits the term 'fugghead'. And there you are. We find ourselves on the same intellectual level as two angry five-year olds calling each other horrible names which neither understands but which have been very carefully gleaned from the conversation of their elders and are recognized as being extremely insulting. "We told him off, all right...that 'Vegetarian'!"

Before we go any farther let's admit that most of the charges levelled at fandom as a way of life are quite true. Perhaps the term 'inadequacy' best summarises the objections of the opposition.

Fandom, alone, is an inadequate way of life and there is, perhaps, a suspicion that only an inadequate person would be willing to settle for fandom as his way of life.

Certainly to make fandom one's primary interest in life is to retreat from reality. But is the fan unique in this respect? Has he retreated any farther from reality than the housewife who uses soap-operas to deaden her brain to the realities of the detested housework she is performing as she listens; than the adolescent who pays no more attention to her studies than she can avoid and instead spends every spare moment reading movie magazines or day-dreaming about a miraculously de-pimpled and filled out version of herself to whom Gregory Peck makes passionate, though chaste, love; than the woman who wraps herself up in her own family to such an extent that she finds it impossible to discuss any other subject at all, so complete is her ignorance...and who becomes actually angry if forced to listen to a discussion of those 'awful unsolved world problems' which have 'nothing to do with me, anyway'; than the businessman who is so tied up in the race to make money that he works 14 hours a day, acquires ulcers, never takes a vacation, and doesn't even know his own family; than the hedonistic young woman who knows all about make-up, all about men, all about the best places to go...but lacks the knowledge necessary to retain a job, raise a family, or vote intelligently; or even than the important politician who is so wrapped up in world affairs and his own importance on the stage of current events that he thinks only in terms of the diplomatic camouflaging of truth, the international power-play, the sly political counter-move...and loses all contact with the normal low-income unimportant individual who comprises 99% of the world's populace?

I shan't even mention the other hobbyists who make stamp collecting, model railroading, or sports-car racing a way of life. The similarity there is too obvious.

Which of these people is truly normal? Which one is not, in his own method and to his own tastes, retreating from life and actuality? Each has one piece of reality which he chooses to regard as the only important portion. The science fiction fan has, also, although the fact is not usually recognized. His portion of reality is the future...the part which has not yet come...and also, to a lesser extent, the frontiers of man's mind, his imagination.

Where is the individual who is 'normal'? Can you produce him? Is there, any place, a person so free of the weight of the world's woes that he has not fashioned for himself a retreat from reality, even though he may not recognize it as such? The American who complains

about hard times...but has two cars, one for his wife and one for himself...a newly purchased gaily-painted set of lawn furniture on which he and his family loll in front of their house in their long hours of leisure after completing their eight hours of work, perusing the newspaper which gives him all the latest information from all over the world...and yet he assumes his existence is the normal one...'this is the way man lives'...but he has a bulging larder and an overflowing closet within...riches such as are possessed by only a minor portion of the Earth's populace. Or the illiterate Asian working in the rice paddy as long as the daylight lasts, his family working beside him, in tattered clothes and with hungry bellies, to retire at night within an insect-infested hut and sleep fitfully, almost totally unaware of the world beyond his village...he also regards his own lot as typical. Yet is either of these two normal? Can either regard himself as typical of humanity as a whole?

There is no such thing as true normality, only a statistical average. Normality comes in two billion different patterns...and new ones are constantly being created while old ones are being destroyed. Perhaps the only insanity is that which occurs when the individual fails to keep faith with his own personal 'normality', the pattern which is right for him.

If all the world is an asylum, if reality is too big for any human to accept in its entirety then is the science fiction fan (and I'm referring to the all-out way-of-life fan) actually 'different'? And if not, why does he receive ridicule, so frequently, from family, friends, acquaintances, business associates, even the press?

First you must remember certain types of abnormality or retreat from reality are more noticeable than others. The woman who pours herself into mothering to the exclusion of all else, not only tends to draw a certain amount of approval, since her mania is devoted to a constructive purpose, but also is well-camouflaged since at a casual glance she can pass for any other more normal (in this respect) housewife.

Reading garish-covered magazines instead of kicking a football around after school is noticeable behavior in the adolescent. Also, the more widely known eccentricities take on an aura of respectability and acceptedness. There are probably a hundred stamp collectors for every science fiction fan. There are probably a thousand movie-struck adolescents for every one who is entranced by science fiction. Science fiction fandom numbers, at even the most generous estimate, around two thousand. At any given time probably not over 200 are active and, as one prominent fan has said, there are usually only about a dozen or so people who really keep fandom operating.

2,000 out of two billion is a ratio of...well, did anyone ever tell you you were one in a million? I wouldn't advise you to go around broadcasting the fact, however.

But one thing many stf-fans with persecution complexes do not realize is that they are not the only scoffed-at minority. As a long-time jazz enthusiast I have just, in the past two evenings, written two long letters straightening out misconceptions of non-



jazz-minded stf-fans who, through ignorance, were mislabeling it and had some weird ideas about it and its devotees. The sort of slanted and wildly inaccurate reporting which is the almost invariable lot of science fiction and fandom when treated by newspapers or magazines is nothing new to the jazz fan. We've been used to the same thing for years. In fact, in many respects, it is worse since jazz fandom is larger, and therefore of more general interest. It is treated more frequently by the press but seldom with greater accuracy. And the very real problem (although a minority one) of dope addiction within the ranks of jazz musicians lends an easy peg for sensationalism which is invariably distorted and blown up beyond all recognition. (For a parallel, though less potent weakness, stf has the the Shaver Mystery and L. Ron Hubbard.)

And the general public joins in eagerly with their misuse of (usually out of date) jazz terms which they frequently don't even understand. How many times have I read one of those Bobster 'crazy' jokes in some fanzine! And how those same fannish editors would scream if fannish terms were subjected to such persistent ridicule and idiotic misrepresentation elsewhere.

The jazz enthusiast actually takes all this much more moderately than does the stf-fan. It's been going on longer and at greater volume so we're more used to it. And, more important, the average jazz fan is older and has learned getting heated up about the matter solves nothing.

You can still frequently read items in the music magazines pointing out the usual inaccuracies and wild reporting and ridiculing them. But only rarely does anyone get really disturbed.



Science fiction and jazz are two fields I know well. But I have not the slightest doubt the same applies to every specialized hobby and most other specialized interests. The hot-rod fan (mainly adolescent) probably suffers just as much and is made even more angry (though lacking the means to vent his displeasure, not being an amateur publisher) than does the stf-fan at the misrepresentation he receives. And in every case the golfer, collector of Ming vases, or Genealogist undoubtedly is ridiculed by his family and friends and urged to do something more useful.

Just to prove the point let me ask you this: can you truthfully say you've never made fun of someone else's interests or attitudes or pastimes, if only in self-defense, when that Mickey Spillane fan was making fun of you for reading science fiction?

There are exceptions (here, as so often elsewhere, Redd Boggs is the one I know of) but I think in the vast majority of cases fans enter fandom with stardust in their eyes. The virtues of fandom are so enormous and unexpected that its drawbacks do not become visible until your eyes have had time to focus and put fandom's advantages in their proper relationship.

I'll admit (though I probably shouldn't) that when I first entered fandom it was with a thrill at discovering what I'd long been searching for and, while I hadn't yet heard the phrase 'fandom is a way of life', I was very much a partisan of that philosophy. My first fanzine contribution was an article to that general effect. May I say that my fondest hope is that someday the last remaining copy of the issue containing that piece will be destroyed.

But fandom's once boundless horizons quickly shrank to their present proportions and the alluring vista gradually showed up as a rock-strewn and crevasse-spotted terrain.

It took me perhaps three months to get over the 'fandom-as-a-way-of-life' kick and another nine months before I was no longer ready to devote every spare moment to some fannish activity.

Since then I've regarded fandom as an important and valuable segment of my life; one which claims a quite generous portion of my time. Fandom offers me certain rewards I cannot obtain elsewhere in any way and I only wish they were available in a more satisfying and elegant form. Fandom's gaucherie's can sometimes be appalling.

But I have far too many other interests, several of which equal fandom in their attractiveness, to be willing to devote all my spare time to fandom, much less to build my life around it. (Not that I'm laying any claims to normality, please note.)

Fandom has more in the way of virtues than most of its detractors will grant but it is a narrow field, too narrow to satisfy me by itself. But if there are those who can see in fandom dimensions not visible to me or who can be satisfied within the narrower confines, then I fail to see why they should be condemned by me, or by anyone else. If someone wishes to make fandom his way of life, why shouldn't he? It's certainly more desirable than pyromania; it is more wholesome than sex crimes; it develops the mentality more than comic books; and it is less damaging to one's reputation than alcoholism.

Perhaps it doesn't match Einstein's Unified Field theory as a contribution to society but then maybe the fan in question lacks the ability to produce a theory to top Einstein.

Fandom strikes me as an essentially harmless and in many ways constructive activity. Even of the miniscule number entering fandom a very small percentage will be satisfied to make it their way of life. But where those few are concerned, it's their life, so why not let them?



Probably the one unmistakable instance of a person who has made fandom his way of life is Ackerman. Ackerman had some faults, of course, and he was not the most brilliant fan of all time. But the sum total of Ackerman's record with fandom shows a balance of worthwhile contributions to fandom far outweighing the occasional lapses in which his somewhat eccentric devotion to the genre may have been a minus factor.

Of course, the fandom of Ackerman's day was a somewhat different thing. It was far more slanted towards the pro field than now, and Ackerman's first devotion has always been to science fiction, not to fandom. Despite his frequent Herculean efforts in supporting fandom I suspect his interests toward it were solely in aiding in the potential support for his favorite fiction. Analysis of Ackerman's feelings would probably show little, if any, loyalty toward fandom for itself as an entity.

Holding true to his own type of fannish loyalty Ackerman has exited the fannish scene almost completely, building his entire life around his current professional connections with science fiction. I might say that Ackerman the fan was both more valuable and easily admired than Ackerman the pro, but that is another matter. No other person has so completely made fandom his way of life as Ackerman...even though to do so has led him out of fandom.

I don't know that I would actually encourage any young neofan to make fandom his way of life. I do think there's something a little unhealthy about it and I wouldn't try to steer anyone directly into it. But I fail to see why the fan who chooses this course should become fair target for anyone's gibes.



I recall an article written some years ago by Francis Laney in which he denounced the new term 'fen'. As Laney defined the terms 'fen' and 'fans', fen were no longer human...they were a subspecies of life...the plural of 'fan' a creature who lived of, by, and for fandom...who was addicted to fandom and could not live without it, who would go through actual suffering if he were denied his fannish participation, while 'fans' were merely those 'normal' human beings who pursued fandom as a hobby which they took none too seriously and who could cut their fannish activity short without the slightest pain. The article was biting as only the Laney prose has ever succeeded in being, and at times it was close to vicious.

Laney heaped scorn upon the 'fen'; he denounced them in every way. They were loathesome, below contempt, utterly without justification. He did everything but call for a holy crusade to exterminate them.

I've never been fond of the term 'fen', which seems to me an unnecessary artificialization and not particularly useful, but that article went too far. This column probably started germinating at the time I first read that and has been growing ever since. Why should these 'fen' (to temporarily accept Laney's terminology) be so objectionable? I can see why they might be an object for pity...just as the hopeless addict of heroin or morphine would be pitied. To one who can partake of something or bypass it, it is disturbing to observe a weaker individual who has lost the ability to refrain. But why should that individual be condemned?

It was a question Laney never satisfactorily answered and, for that matter, was, in essence, the universal enigma running like a thread through all Laney's writings; why did this man have such a near psychotic hatred of so many seemingly innocuous things; why was he compelled to attack and attack and attack? Perhaps it is an example of Robert Bloch's 'in-group - out-group antagonism', the instinctive mistrust of that which is different from ourselves which is at the root of so much of humanity's darkest chapters. I do not know.

Laney is no longer in fandom and I, for one, miss him. He wrote with an acrid style which no one else has been able to approach or duplicate. Much of his output was brilliant. He had an ability to see instantly through many layers of sham and pretense and the utter amoral frankness of a two-year-old in exposing it, undisturbed as to the consequences. Laney provided a flavor to fandom which is now missing. Without him we are once again in danger of allowing affect- edness and self-deception to grow beyond reason.

But Laney also did damage. Partly it was in his own effectiveness...Laney became an idol, the head of a cult...and a far more potent one than his close friend Burbee, who has been the recipient of so much open praise. For Laney changed the face of fandom. Many fannish institutions are far different than they would have been had he not existed, and, too often, lesser writers try to emulate him...many of them without knowing they are doing so or even knowing who Laney was or what he had written.

For Laney is still a current in fannish affairs, one which the new fan instinctively feels and, in some cases, attempts to emulate without knowing what he is imitating. Much of the boorishness of some of the younger fans is traceable to this. Of course you might have called Laney a boor (Although I really don't think so. Laney's bad manners were usually highly pointed, while it seems to me the essence of boorishness is pointlessness.) but, if so, he brought to boorishness a class and elegance beyond the ken of the current practitioners.

The other respect in which Laney can be considered a fannish liability was in his seeming unconcern for who he attacked or how. He never seemed to bother reckoning the possible personal repercussions to his victim. Undoubtedly many fannish careers were turned into far different channels due to an attack from Laney. And it would be hard to estimate how many non-pugnacious or sensitive individuals left fandom as a result of Laney's acts, rather than further submit themselves to the sort of verbal brutality of which Laney was a past master.

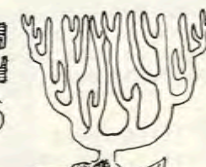
Unlike Laney's arch-enemy, Ackerman, whose plus value is easily ascertainable, it would be difficult to decide whether Laney's contributions to fandom outweighed the damage he did. For the legacy of Laney remains with us. And part of that legacy is the near-ostracization suffered by the earnest young fan who wants to devote his life to s.f. and/or fandom.

I repeat, what's wrong with fandom as a way of life?

---V.L. McCain

(ZOOLOGY DEPT.)

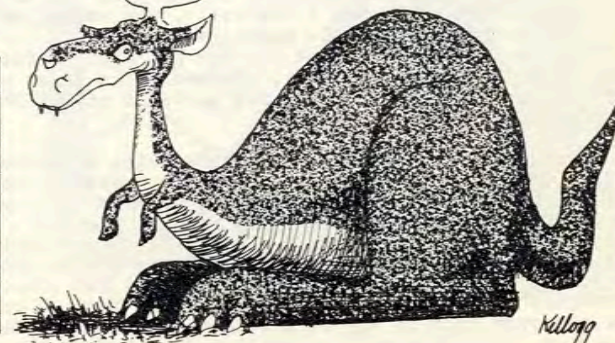
NATURE NOTES



ANTLERED CRIMBLESPRING
HABITAT: NORTHERN POTZREBIA

This creature is quite light-footed and can jump as high as 43 ft.

He often gets caught by the antlers in the tree tops and hangs there till spring, when he sheds them.



No One Twisted My Arm



BY **Bob Silverberg**

A couple of issues ago, SPACESHIP sloughed off ten pages or so and left the ranks of the general-circulation fanmags after a long and successful career. Sship's start had been as insignificant as possible, but by 1951 it was considered one of the leading fanmags, and I had had three solid years of first-rank publishing behind me when I quit. And, even though no one twisted my arm to convert Sship from a bulky and flourishing subzine to a slim FAPA magazine, actually a different publication using the same title, I feel sorry about the whole thing.

It was always a nice feeling to read the letters of comment which came in after every issue, to see the magazine consistently ranking high in fanzine polls, to watch the flow of material from such folks as Redd Boggs, Richard Elsberry, Mack Reynolds, Walt Willis, and the dozens of others who wrote the articles which sent Sship to the top. And I miss the egoboo attendant on publishing a leading fanzine. It doesn't please me when someone reviews the new Sship as did Peter J. Vorzimer in ABSTRACT #8: "...at present, not recmd. D."

Still, I'm glad I got out when I did. The December 1953 issue, #24, was the last full-size issue of the magazine, and it was while I was working on that issue that I began to form my decision—the decision that I'm going to stick to despite the huge kick pubbing Sship gave me.

At that time I had just sold my first novel (to be published shortly in hard covers by Thomas Y. Crowell), was embroiled in college work, and was doing considerable short-story writing. I've never loved mimeo work, and as I ground out the 26 pages of #24 during the Christmas holiday I reflected that there were at least a dozen things I'd rather be doing than putting out an issue of SPACESHIP. This was a new emotion for me.

A fanzine, of course, is only a reflection of its editor's personality. And doubtlessly my attitude toward #24 showed through in print, because this was the first issue in more than three years which drew catcalls along with the praise. Peter Vorzimer (who to this day still thinks it was issue #20 he reviewed) put a finish to the whole thing with his blunt attack on the issue and on SPACESHIP generally. I sensed that perhaps Sship had outlasted its time...that what was of interest to Boggs and Grinnell and other fannish has-beens was only warmed over crud to the bright-eyed lads taking over fandom. So I got out. I didn't want to publish anything that bored people, and I was pretty tired of fans and fandom by then. So—despite the fact that the next issue was supposed to have been the Fifth Annish—I announced that henceforth Sship would be a FAPazine primarily and

would reduce its pages. I walked out and left the generalzine field to the Vorzimers.

From now on, I decided, I'd publish for a select audience: FAPA. This didn't necessarily mean that the material would be lower in quality, simply that I would be free from the obligations to my subscribers (in five years SPACESHIP was never late) and free to have as few or as many pages as I wished.

It was heartwarming to see the way people defended me against reviewers such as Vorzimer, and I felt very sad when I noted the disappointment my move evoked. It was hard for me to conceive of SPACESHIP being as important to some people as some fanzines are to me. I felt vividly depressed when SCIENCE FICTION ADVERTISER gave up—but apparently it was true. "Say it isn't so," I heard from many. But it was so.

I just want to publish a good FAPA magazine now. The people who contributed to the old SPACESHIP are still contributing to the new, but it'll not be the same magazine once this transitional period is over. I still have some ideas I consider valid about publishing subscription fanzines, and someday I hope to get back into the field with that "literary quarterly of s.f." I always hoped Sship would be. But that's far in the future. The SPACESHIP of old is dead and gone, and I wish people who send in money for subscriptions would not expect to receive a similar mag today. Perhaps I should have let the title die, but I'm too sentimental for that.

No one forced me to get out of the subzine ranks. Perhaps I outgrew them; perhaps I just failed to change with the times. But the fact remains that the newer fans did not like SPACESHIP, and rather than change to conform I decided to stop publishing. Oversensitive? Maybe. But in FAPA I know I'm reaching an appreciative audience and am publishing on the smaller scale which I longed for. People always used to approach me to do mimeographing for them, and I, invariably, would refuse—not because I don't like to do favors, but because I regard mimeography as a tortuous and unpleasant process, and it was all I could do to force myself to run off Sship. Now there's no forcing; I just wait till I'm bursting and running over with the urge to publish, and I publish.

Therefore it's unfair of people like Vorzimer to review Sship at all. The magazine is neither "slowly dying" nor "fading away." It is dead; it has faded. The new magazine bears the same title, but is not "better" nor "worse" than the old one. It's aims are different. If people want to subscribe, fine. But their subscriptions are not welcome. I would rather give



"A fanzine is only a reflection of the editor's personality."

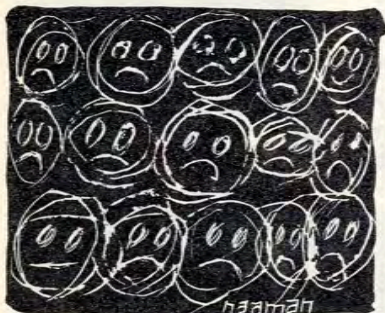
the answers

the magazine to Bob Bloch, who does not subscribe but who does appreciate it, than sell it to F.H. Nobody of Upper Falls, Idaho, who sends in his dime and is never heard from again. I still like to see other people's fanmags, and will exchange if they are willing. But because they might not be willing to exchange for a slim quarterly FAPAazine, I've taken the post of fanzine reviewer for Gregg Calkins' OOPSLA! to insure my receiving current fanzines. I like to read them. But I wish the Vorzimers of fandom would go away and leave me alone, and stop belaboring the corpse of a fanzine which was once outstanding before its editor decided to quit. I can't compete with the current subzines, and I don't want to. I don't have any desire to get out and scabble for subscribers with PSYCHOTIC and ABSTRACT and PEON any more. I don't want subscribers. I just want to publish a small magazine for a small circle of friends. I've had my fling at publishing a largescale subzine (even if some people didn't think it had enough pages) and it's over. I'm going to miss seeing Sship on Top-Ten lists, but undoubtedly Art Rapp still scans the lists for mention of SPACEWARP and once in a while Forry Ackerman wonders if anyone ever remembers VOM. I hope some one remembers the old Sship. I'm sorry to see it die.

But a fanzine is a very personal thing. Lee Riddle, that fannish Gibraltar, will publish PEON for the next thirty years. But he's Lee Riddle. I'm Bob Silverberg, and publishing the old SPACESHIP no longer satisfied me when I made my decision. As soon as I found it drudgery instead of creation, I quit. I did not burn out; I merely moved past the point at which subzine publishing was a rewarding hobby.

I enjoy publishing in FAPA and in all probability the new magazine will continue for more years than did the old—and the old was a greybeard among fanzines. But please don't expect my FAPA magazine to be a replica of my subzine; it's a very different entity, satisfying very different needs. And please don't ask me if this is only temporary, or tell me that the new mag is "miserable" compared to the old. These things just make me unhappy. The old SPACESHIP, Top-Ten ranking and all, is dead. Let it rest.

---Bob Silverberg



General Audience



Select Audiences



"DIG THIS CRAZY LETTER COLUMN"

Section Eight

FRED L. SMITH, 613 Great Western Road, Glasgow W.2. Scotland. Our TV programs seem to have discovered s.f. recently. Just before Christmas they did an excellent version of 1984 which was violently denounced as 'shocking', 'horrible' and so on by the narrow-minded Sunday night viewers. It produced a storm of letters both pro and con and was even brought up in Parliament where an M.P. praised the B.B.C. for having the courage to present it. Orwell's name was constantly in the news for a couple of weeks. On top of this the B.B.C. hit in with a TV play based on Robert Crane's HERO'S WALK, also well done. Then last Sunday came an original about an expedition to the Himalayas to look for the Abominable Snowman, which I didn't see. All this within six weeks at peak viewing times, Sunday Evenings, with repeats on Thursdays yet! when so far all we have is one channel to choose from—on or off!

Re Ethel's tammy: this even caused confusion among Englishmen, who should have known better. You're quite right; it's a kind of tartan beret with a tassle, or fluffy ball, at twelve o'clock high.

((Thanks for the report on s.f. TV in Britain.

I'm glad the mystery of the tammy has been cleared up; I'm sure Grennell was unable to sleep nights. I can just see him tossing and turning til the early hours. "Tammy...tammy...tammy..." was unquestionably going round and round in his fevered brain. Now, at last, he can sleep. Woe unto fandom; he'll be in high gear again.))

REDD BOGGS, 2215 Benjamin Street N.E., Minneapolis 18, Minnesota. PSYCHOTIC #17 was "Quite a Shock", and not altogether a pleasant one. I prefer the old format, for while I generally dislike pale purple (or blue) print, I prefer it to microscopic photo-offset stuff. I've never seen a fanzine in offset that I cared very much for, not alone because the print was so conducive to eyestrain, but because the offset format changed the editor's attitude and he made his fanzine into a pretentious bore. I must admit that PSY is the best job of keeping fannish informality in an offset mag that I have ever seen, and it is at least twice as interesting as a whole file of, say, FANSCIENT or DESTINY. But I'm afraid you'll go arty on us if you don't go broke beforehand.

What's so horrible about the mimeograph? A good mimeo job certainly equals offset except for artwork, perhaps. For sheer beauty of duplication, GRUE outshines even the new PSYCHOTIC. ((sob)) I visited the local Gestetner agency last week and discovered that a machine such as DAG uses costs only \$227 plus some \$13 in tax. Right now I'm studying ways to finance a Gestetner and expect to own one by 1958 or '60. I suspect that you'll spend \$227 getting PSY photo-offset within the next year.

McCain's column on collaborations between famous pros was an excellent survey. However, he might have given us the story behind some of these collaborations as he did on the one between H.L. Gold and Sprague de Camp. For instance, most of those collabs between famous pros and fans in the Gernsback days were the result of contests conducted by the magazine. Poul Anderson's collaborations were often the results of MFS' bull-sessions similar to that described in Cogswell's story in the October FUTURE: they were products, to some extent, of a group mind. Stories by Oliver Seari, John Chapman, and others, around 1942, were also collaborative efforts of the MFS, though they appeared under a single byline. The collaboration between Clifford D. Simak and Carl Jacobi was one of several, as I recall, but the others were never published.

Fughead Certificates. As I remember, Laney made only three awards, all

at one time, but for some reason the gesture captured the fannish imagination and the references to the awards are so numerous as to make one think they were bestowed as regularly as Oscars. God knows there are sufficient candidates for an annual, or even a quarterly, award of Fughead Certificates. Laney's awards were announced in his fanzine FAN-DANGO; the certificate itself was printed on his own small press on the back of some old lithoed covers and was personally signed by F. Towner Laney himself. It certified that the recipient received the award for fugheadedness extraordinary, or something similar. As I say, there were only three awards by Laney, these made in the Spring or Summer of 1949, I believe...maybe a little earlier. I've forgotten one of the recipients, but the other two were Don Wilson and Russell Harold Woodman (who was later killed in Korea). Wilson's award was unfair in the first place, but he took it in good humor; he framed the certificate and hung it on his dormitory room wall.

((It isn't a matter of going broke, it's a matter of being willing to spend a lot of money on a hobby. As long as I find this hobby rewarding, intellectually as well as egobooshy, I'll be publishing this mag. At present I have more and better material lined up for future issues than I ever had before; each succeeding issue should be better than the one before.

I don't think PSY will become a pretentious bore...more likely an unpretentious bore....))

CURTIS D. JANKE, 1612 S. 7th Street, Sheboygan, Wisconsin. I've been reading s.f. since about 1926, but it looks as though McCain has me beaten. Where does he get all that inside info? To me the most interesting bit was the collaboration between Hubbard and de Camp; I hadn't heard of it before, but reading between the lines it explains, to a point, de Camp's rather careful attitude toward Dianetics/Scientology: he seems to have no hesitation otherwise whenever he thinks he has grist for his debunking mill.

I see that some of the traditional fannish family jokes worry you too; it's like coming late to the party cold sober, isn't it, or getting to the theatre around denouement time? Nothing makes sense and you have to sort of fake along by ear. The Answer? 9th Fandom, of course! and a fresh start on equal footing. Here is the mystery of numbered fandoms explained: in order to keep from feeling like a slob, in self-defence a neo-fan has to get together with his contemporaries and compose a brand new frame of reference about himself, calling it nth fandom, bellowing about progress and outmoded tradition and in general making such a foo-forsaken nuisance of himself that he is finally assimilated as a sort of bribe to keep him quiet. Take heed, all ye who ignored WAD with chilly silence, lest you have a bigger, older and louder Ellison on your hands and in your hair!

((A few fans with good memories will recall that I tried to start 9th Fandom about 8-10 months ago...to no avail. New fandoms aren't popular. In fact, you just can't hardly get them no more.))

WALT WILLIS, 170 Upper N'Ards Road, Belfast, N. Ireland. Waiting for #17 PSY I felt like a seismographer...or should I say a geismographer? First I heard the tremors via airmailed letters from the States, then British correspondents began to mention it—then after a lull like the recession of the water before a tidal wave (there's a word there I want beginning with ts...fill it in if you can remember it) here it came. ((I couldn't remember it.....wasn't in my Winston Dictionary, either. —REG))

Ghod it's wonderful. So wonderful in fact that it fills me with trepidation. Can you keep it up? I've seen so many zines go photo-offset, acquire the creeping paralysis of the intellect that appears to be the occupational hazard, start running so called "general interest" material to increase their circulation to meet costs, and finally perish from suffocation in their own stuffiness. PSYCHOTIC is the only mag I've seen to make the switch without losing its personality and succumbing to photo-offset fugheadedness. I think it's the dummifying that does the damage, by destroying spontaneity, and the temptation to drop the letter section to save money. Please don't do either; the mag looks fine as it is and the elite typing is perfectly readable.

I think I can help you about the Fughead Awards. Laney, who started out as a

sercon fan, became an insurgent under the influence of Burbee and the scourge of the fugheads. I think he introduced the word into fandom. Incidentally about the word itself, I know the first part of it is derived from an obscene word, but I never really think of it that way and I wonder do I use it with a slightly different meaning from most people. It's always seemed to me that it should derive from "fug", and imply that the fughead's head was full of a sort of stifling fog. Furthermore, a "fug" is self-created and can be removed by letting some fresh air in, which is symbolically appropriate.

Anyway, one of the ways Laney let the fresh air in was to publish in his zine, FANDANGO, quarterly "Fughead Awards" which he sent to the person he considered to have been most stupid during the period under review. It was a large printed certificate...Laney had a printing Press...and I used to have a blank one, which Laney had enclosed as a specimen with one issue of FANDANGO. As a matter of historical interest, the last Fandango Fughead Award was made by Chuck Harris and myself last July, when we awarded it to Laney himself for resigning from FAPA to take up stamp collecting. The citation went, as far as I can remember, "To Francis Towner Laney for devoting his fine mind to the collecting of small pieces of paper of inadequate proportions for literate self-expression." We awarded it on behalf of "The Spirit of Fandango" and did it up beautifully with a red seal I swiped from the office. It looked very impressive but it didn't bring Laney back into fandom. Though the last I heard of him he was thinking of emigrating to the Philippines or somewhere.

((Thanks for the historical footnote to the Laney Legend. I can't off-hand think of anything else which puzzles me about the fannish past that I could ask about.

I will admit to a mild case of that 'creeping paralysis of the intellect' which you mentioned but since I studiously avoid dummifying as much as is possible and naturally like a good laugh with my more serious thoughts as a counterpoint...a balance, I hope to avoid the most dangerous end result you mentioned: suffocation in my own stuffiness. Compounded mental constipation, what? Zooks, what a way to die!))

ART SAHA, 167 E. Second Street, New York 9, N.Y. Some comments on "The Padded Cell": There have, of course, been a number of collaborators that McCain does not mention and it would be rather ridiculous to start adding any others to the list just to show erudition or something. However, there are certain points that should be mentioned. You've probably heard from many sources already that E. E. Smith's collaborator on SKYLARK OF SPACE was Lee Hawkins Garby. Also, the I.M. Stephens who worked with Pratt was, from what I've been able to gather, his wife. And how can a list of collaborators fail to mention Eando Binder? Then, of course, there's the Burroughs boys. And one mustn't forget a Northwest Smith story in WEIRD TALES sometime in '39 signed C.L. Moore and F.J. Ackerman....

Fred Chappell, Box 182, Canton, N. C. There have been complaints against GALAXY since its inception. The most common one at the beginning was that it was a mere insipid imitation of ASTOUNDING. Perhaps this was true at that time, but now it has become apparent that this, sadly, is not the case. Then anger and angry articles were engendered by H. L. Gold's attack on ASTOUNDING for swiping his cover layout. Again the sleeping dog rose, in the form of Richard Elmsberry especially, whose "The Sportsmen" in OPUS and "Fingerbone of Accusation" in SFB channelled the raucous laughter of fandom toward Gold. Now, at last, attention has been turned Gold's fiction policy, and here the trend is illustrated.

A couple of common complaints can be sorted from the mass. The first states that all of GALAXY's stories seem alike; the second, that none of GALAXY's aliens are alien. These, I think, are legitimate complaints, but they are surface complaints, by-products of the main source of fandom's dissatisfaction with GALAXY.

For purposes of illustration, I have by me the February 1955 issue of GALAXY. Any issue would do, but I'd like to exemplify the trend with this issue since I read it last night and it is still fresh in my memory.

First the cover, one of the Emsh color cartoons, not as clever as the tiny ones he does for F&SF, but still lavishly arrayed with polychrome aliens and bizarre

musical instruments. (Of course, the instruments are not so bizarre that their Terran counterparts can't be named! This would be sorely against Gold's policy. Offhand, I see an accordion, a guitar, a saxophone, marimba, and trombone.) This is the GALAXY cover trend, first begun, I believe, by Emsh's picture of the rocket vs. alien domestic animal. (Or, more familiarly, the city dweller vs. cow incident.) Is this type of thing not reminiscent of the Rockwell covers for the POST? It is. Very, very reminiscent, in fact. Think of the lion watching the zoo-keeper eating a hot dog; think of the four-armed Santa Claus. As far as cover material goes, what's the difference? And now contrast the January '55 ASF Christmas cover, and the F&SF Bonestell creations.

The lead story is "Helpfully Yours" by Evelyn E. Smith. But what is it but the big slicks' perennial delight, the old "male vs. female in executive ability" line? And what could be the ending, but the inevitable triumph of the victorious little female? Who has ever read a SatEvePost story of this sort in which the female did not emerge victorious, either by talent or marriage? Notice also the justification for the complaint of Gold's aliens not being unhuman. Here's what makes this alien "alien": instead of walking, she flies; for apology she sticks out her tongue; to show approval she boos; etc., etc., etc. Great Ghod and Charlie Moss! Weinbaum must be green with envy....

Passing quickly through: Gunn's story is the old "not really a hero", Morrison's is of a Boy-and-His-Dog, M'Intosh (who does know better) wrote a My-Uncle-Egbert Saved-The-World, Pohl's was another I-Know-A-Secret, and I've already forgotten the other two. Perhaps they were good---I just don't remember.

Not all GALAXY's stories have been bad. I remember Boucher's "Transfer Point", Knight's "To Serve Man", Matheson's "Lover, When You're Near Me", to name just a few. But the majority of slick imitations far outweighs the "Firemans" and the Sturgeon takes.

Even GALAXY's serials have fallen into a type. With the exception of "Time Quarry" and "The Demolished Man", all GALAXY's serials have been about The-Ordinary-Man-and-How-He-Can-Avert-Disaster, the Disaster being composed of interplanetary warfare (Asimov's "Tyrann"), or alien invasion (Heinlein's "Puppet Masters"), or cultural decadence (Kornbluth-Pohl). In the same vein was "Mars Child", and even the Simak and Bester were not completely free from this mold. Especially "Demolished Man" with its psychology and its ending straight from "The World of A" could be fitted into this category with very little trouble.

Contrast the widely divergent novels and novelets in ASF: what words except "science fiction" could encompass the widely varied themes of "Izzard and the Membrane", "Firewater", "Spectre General", "That Share of Glory", "Trade Secret"; or in novels: "Iceworld", "To The Stars", "Mission of Gravity", "They'd Rather Be Right". Comparison with F&SF would, of course, be unfair, but I think that the difference is already obvious.

Not that I blame such writers as Tenn, Morrison, M'Intosh, et al, for prostituting themselves (what else is it?) to Gold; they're in it for the money. If I could sell to GALAXY I would, but I don't think I'd nurture pretensions about writing good science fiction.

As a matter of fact: be it resolved: that GALAXY, like Bradbury, doesn't present science fiction at all. Galaxy presents mainstream fiction -- not HARPER'S-type mainstream, but SatEvePost-type. And that mainstream is usually the sewer.

((I'll agree with you on the cover policy. The March GALAXY with that asinine "Hold Still, Dammit" cover with its insult to the intelligence of even a moron was just too much to take without a long loud sneer.

One thing tho: is Gold actually responsible for the cover and fiction policies? Could be he is no more than a figurehead. Shall we blame Robert Guinn, the publisher? I wish I knew.))

DEAN A. GRENELL, 402 Maple Street, Fond du Lac, Wisconsin. About PSY #17: Ray Thompson, I think, chooses a somewhat unfortunate simile when he says, "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?"

Brother, any tightrope walker that does not make it across the gorge the first time he essays to ply his craft is not to be envied, nor is his (the tightrope walker's) mortician.

This whole business of proving by parables is a risky thing. It is indicative of semantic slipshoddity to draw inferences between what a faned has to do and what a would-be whiz on the high wire must do.

At any rate, Ray conveys a thought that I suspect he didn't intend to. Namely that it is a damned good idea for a wire-walker to do a helluva lot of practicing at low altitudes before he essays the picturesque aerial route across the Niagara Falls. Failure, in his case, is a capital crime with no appeal to a higher court.

The fan-ed, on the other hand, has it easier. The penalty for trying his editorial wings before the glue is set is rarely anything worse than a bringing-down of scorn and contumely upon his bloody head which may or may not be bowed. But the



fact remains that a reasonable degree of legibility is a prime requisite of a fanzine if one hopes to reap any egoboo from the blamed thing and the budding fan-ed is well-advised to burn up a few stencils in an effort to at least partially master the mechanical details of his craft before he starts running pages that people will see.

The one thing I can never quite understand, Rich, is the way some of these penny-wise, pound-foolish characters will spend \$20 worth of time on a fanzine and then negate their biggest investment by cutting the copy onto the cheapest, oldest stencils they can find and printing it on the most inexpensive paper they can possibly find. I know of one occasional publisher of a fanzine whose brainchild is presented to the world on sleazy, dirty-yellow newsprint which is cut to the proper size. I know another publisher who recently issued an effort and said, in part, something about the stencils being very old and dry and he hoped they would still work because they had been lying around the house for years.

Now neither one of these people are prolific publishers and the material in both cases was immune to further spoilage, no matter if printed on corn-husks with tobacco-juice. But that's not the furshlugginer point.

The point is that if the magazine is worth putting out in the first place it is worth putting out with at least a tolerable minimum of care. If you say to your readers, please excuse the second hand butcher's paper I am printing this on, then you are saying, by inference, you slob aren't really worth wasting good paper on and besides you will not notice the medium as you become enmeshed in the golden emanations from my infinitely superior mind...some sort of crap like that.

But enough of that and perhaps even too much of it. Please let me stress that I am in no wise directing my remarks at Ray Thompson beyond noting that the tight-wire walker was not the best choice as an illustration. I liked ECLIPSE and I like BIBBILTY.

And I see that, as I read on down the next page, you have also commented on the invalidity of the tight-rope walker metaphor. We must have metaphor somewhere, you and I. ((You've been reading Hoffman again; that pun sounded like simile's work. ---REG))

That's really why I was so glad to see that portrait of you that Kellogg had in a recent PGY, Rich. You see, the likeness must be quite accurate (I drew Bob's pic from a photo taken when he graduated from school). That's why I'm not too worried about all the exposes you have been doing on me. One word too many sometime and your portrait will grace the cover of GRUE, and across your brow will be the Word of Power (which starts with "P" and has an "r" that is trilled). You have been warned.

REDD BOGGS, 2215 Benjamin St. N.E., Minneapolis 18, Minnesota. Al Turner's letter deserves a few comments, I think. He calls it hypocrisy to "rant and rave" against "nudes on the covers and the Spillane influence on stf" but nevertheless to refer to "it" in letters to PSY. That two-letter word in his letter is ambiguous, I'm afraid. What does he mean by "it"? Sex? Pornography? Surely not the nudes on the covers and the Spillane influence on stf and other such nonsense concerning the abolishment of sex from stf -- though that is the actual antecedent of the pronoun "it" -- for "almost every letter in #17" didn't refer to those subjects. If I understand what Turner means -- I don't think he's very sure himself -- I presume it is that fans object to nudes on covers and Spillane on grounds that they are indecent. Russ Watkins' campaign emphasized that attitude, but I don't think that most fans would be on Watkins' side. My own opinion is that there is a proper place for sex and sex-talk but that science fiction magazines are not often that place. I don't object to nudes, but I'd rather not have them on prozine covers; I don't object to spicy stories, but I'd rather they be limited to the parlor and bedroom and not be put in my favorite sf magazine.

Some prozine editors snidely point out that fans object to nudes on prozine covers but print them on fanzine covers. I don't think that's hypocritical either. Nudes on fanzines may be designed to titillate (though few do) but they are not calculated to lure the fuggheads under false pretenses and are not as likely to be misunderstood by outsiders as nudes on prozines are -- relatively few innocent bystanders ever see a fanzine.

A lot of young fans (and some older ones, too) like to think themselves superior to and above such vulgar and "nasty" things. They want to keep stf "pure", to keep it on a high intellectual plane. This curious liking for the separation of mind and matter, the soul and the flesh, is obviously a hangover from our Puritan Heritage. The schools and most parents still teach it, to say nothing of the churches.))

I don't know why other editors with more experience are dropping or adding departments. I am using them in X -- short ones since it is a vestpocket magazine -- because I believe the number of readers who will refrain from buying the magazine because of departments is smaller than the number of people who might not buy the magazine if it did not have departments. However, I think both numbers are relatively small. I think whether an editor uses departments or not is usually just a matter of personal taste. Science fiction is in a slump these days and many editors are clutching at straws; cutting departments to appeal to the reader who wants only fiction or adding departments to attract the fan-inclined reader are straws to a substantial degree. The Hook is what sells magazines---the cover, the titles, the stories that are intriguing to the reader's imagination. It's the editor's job to supply the hook. Very few readers are going to count the pages and features after that.

A further reason I'm using departments is a newspaper philosophy. A newspaper supplies something for everyone--news, sports, women's pages, book reviews, comics. Few people refrain from buying a newspaper because it has a woman's page and they hate women, or because it has a sports section. A newspaper is published on the theory that a certain percentage of people want something, so a certain percentage of space is allotted to it. I suspect at least 5% of science fiction readers are interested in fanzines and letter columns so 5% (a staggering 6 or 7 pages in X) isn't too disproportionate an amount to allow them.

((I don't quite dig that "sheer luck" business. A really good editor should have enough knowledge of the American public to insure that his actions would result in reasonably predictable achievements. I should think that the "sheer luck" you mention is just an excuse for ignorance and/or mistaken ideas.))

JOE GIBSON, 24 Kensington Ave., Jersey City 4, N. J. This New York crowd has decided to make a bid for the '56 Con at Cleveland. But one night Art Saha, Larry Shaw and I decided, in the alcoholic mist of Greenwich Village, that New York's

blast would be held in a hotel (or hell, maybe 5 hotels) wherein fandom might peaceably conduct suitable tests of rocket fuel without undue alarms and panics. Or else we would simply ignore the damned thing and go have our own convention. In fact, I've already received a spurious suggestion from Stu Mackenzie to pocket the con, program booklets and all, slip out the side door and bring the whole shebang over to London. (He didn't quite say that, but he knew I'd think of it.) However, Dave Kyle is filled with yearning to have the thing here in New York and he'll damn well have to pamper the tastes of us old ~~phantom~~ fans ere he gets it. We're the only thing standing between him and Fanarchy!

And while we're spreading Fanarchy around here (I've been looking for a Communist for Mason to dissent with, which he would, merely for the treat of hearing him rage righteously as an extreme conservative—but these damned Communists are slippery devils) I would rip into Bob Lowndes most thoroughly.

Now, I've met Bob. I even remember when. Some dirty pro who writes humorous sword-swingers in agony had a briefcase full of booze and paper cups in Philadelphia one Sunday. Bob and I happened along just when it was getting heavy. I forgot who else came by. Anyway, Bob is no hanky-panky editor who will deliver you whatever bull he thinks will do him good; Bob will level with you, once he finds you're not a character he doesn't dare give anything but bull. I speak from observance. So I'm not accusing him of the deliberate lie.

But he should come down outta them trees, once, and have a view at the forest. An editor's soul concern is how well the contents of his 'zine help sell the thing---so much so that most editors I've known tend to forget everything else. Sometimes, in fact, to their ultimate sorrow and the demise of their 'zine.

So when Bob says his classed up FUTURE with depts. was outsold by a ragged-edged SF without---and there you are, departments don't sell well---he is whistling up a stump. There can be any one of hundreds of reasons any particular issue of a mag doesn't sell quite so well, and most of 'em have little or nothing to do with the contents of said issue. One such aspect concerns the use of "very good" paper versus "cheaper-grade" paper; the "good" paper often makes a slimmer mag while the "cheaper-grade" is bulkier, makes it look thicker---and it sells better on the newsstands. Readers who never counted the number of pages in a mag in their lives, much less the wordage, buy the "cheaper" mag because its bulk hints that they are getting more for their money. But undoubtedly the chief influence on sales is distribution and newsstand display, even for a magazine devoted essentially to a "select" audience; a rise in its sales is strictly a matter of "marginal" buying, strongly influenced by distribution and display. Good display attracts buyers who normally wouldn't pick up the thing.

Then there are other factors concerning public tastes which have nothing whatever to do with magazines, yet which can make or break them in a single issue. These factors are normally the concern of a publisher or circulation department. As I say, editors tend to forget them, being far more concerned with the table of contents.

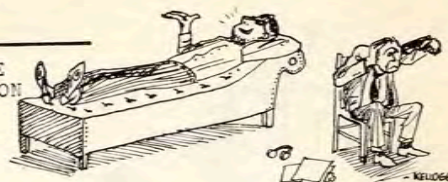
As for letter-columns and fan departments in a s-f 'zine, the mere fact that an editor includes them doesn't automatically make them good. Seems to me such departments can be done poorly with just as much ease, if not moreso, than any short story---or editorial, for that matter. I don't know if Bob's departments were bad; I do know that, despite being an actfan of sorts and an avid letter-hack, I never had much cause to read those departments. I could say the same for Rog Phillips' Club House until he sent his Seconds 'round and we are now deadly enemies. After I've buried him, I shall undoubtedly find the Club House monotonously dull again.

((Hmmm. Yes. Your remarks make a great deal of sense. And you echo Harmon's points---which tends to lend a validity to the general argument that fan and letter departments aren't actually a major factor in sales of s-f magazines. Perhaps next issue will see more discussion on these things. Mr. Lowndes?))

That's it for this issue. Sorry, Rick, it did get squeezed out, didn't it?

SECOND session

WHERE THE EDITOR CONTINUES TO RAMBLE
ON AND ON AND ON AND ON AND ON AND ON



ODD ITEMS OF INTEREST

#Charles Wells writes me that the subscription edition of his fanzine, FIENDETTA, has folded. He won't be doing any generalzine publishing until Summer.

#Jack Harness, Tarbell House, 220 Spring St., Meadville, Penna., would like to buy early issues of PSY.

#News from.....H.E.



HAVING DECIDED TO LEAVE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY IN LIEU OF A WRITING CAREER IN NEW YORK, ALL PREVIOUS ADDRESSES IN COLUMBUS, OHIO ARE TO BE SUPERSEDED BY MY OLD 12701 SHAKER BLVD., APARTMENT NO. 616, CLEVELAND 20, OHIO ADDRESS TO WHICH ALL MAIL MUST BE SENT IF IT IS TO REACH ME. ---Harlan Ellison

#Noah McLeod reports: "THRILLING WONDER STORIES has folded, being combined with STARTLING STORIES in the issue mailed in March."

A DRIBBLE OF....

Good News. Depends on which end of the typer you is on. A letter from the printers informs me that the 1/2-size magazine I wrote about is impractical (monetarily speaking) and that they recommend a continuation of the present 1/2-size reproduction. After much agonizing meditation I have come to the conclusion that they probably know what they are talking about and I have resolved, therefore, to abandon the smaller format. So..... SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW (issue #21) will start out life with 16 pages this size, and will retain the previously projected 10¢ price. This is a rigidly fair deal to subbers, I'd say.

A BIGGER TRICKLE OF GOOD NEWS

Is that Bob Kellogg has promised a cartoon version of a well-known ballad poem for an early issue of SFR. (Y-a-a-a-h. Were you thinking that maybe SFR would be all serious and deadly?) Also news from Bob that he and some other fans in St. Louis are starting a fanzine to be titled DERVISH. It may be photo-offset.

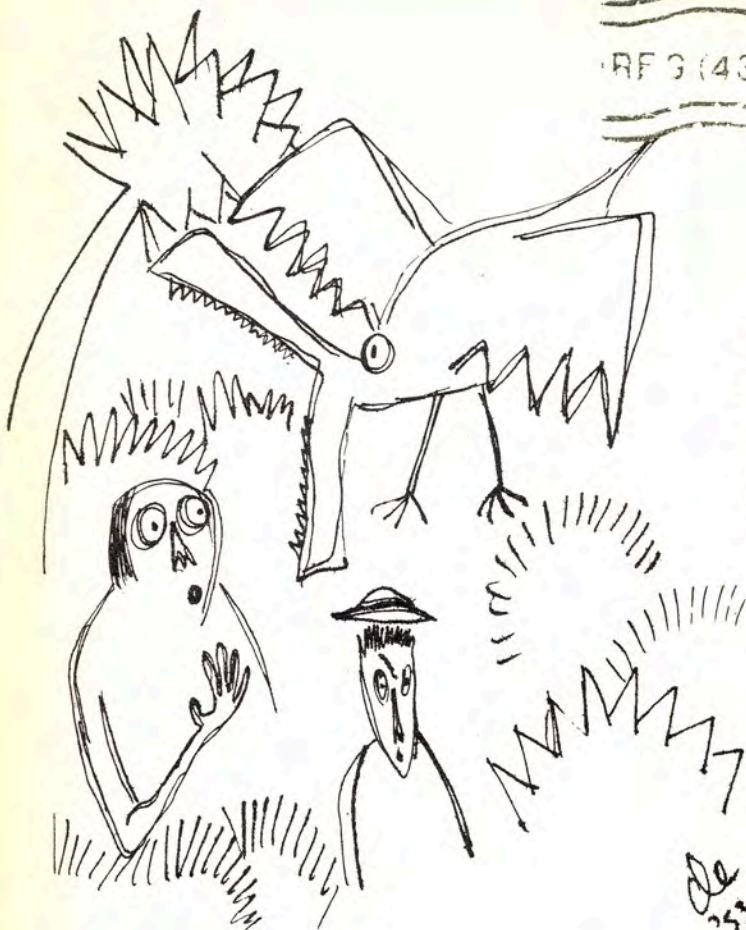
A LOT OF STUFF

Got squeezed out this issue. McLeod had to wait, for instance, and I even had to knife my magazine reviews as well as the Recommended Fanzine list. Is nothing sacred?

IF--Worlds of Signs Fixin'

I have received the April IF, which featured Gunn's SHILL, and the May issue which features SNOWBALL by Poul Anderson. Briefly, I thought SHILL a good story, if slightly incredible. SNOWBALL seemed too short, much too short, to properly handle the social, economic and moral upheaval which was brought on by the introduction of "capacitate" in the contemporary American society. And the problems worked out too, too easily for the world.





RF 3 (43)

2 CENTS 2

UNITED STATES POSTAGE

Through the Din
of the african
Jungle comes the
Cry of the
Waheeni Bird -
GOBBLE
GOBBLE
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GOBBLE
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de
253

Richard Bergeron
R F D #1
Newport, Vermont