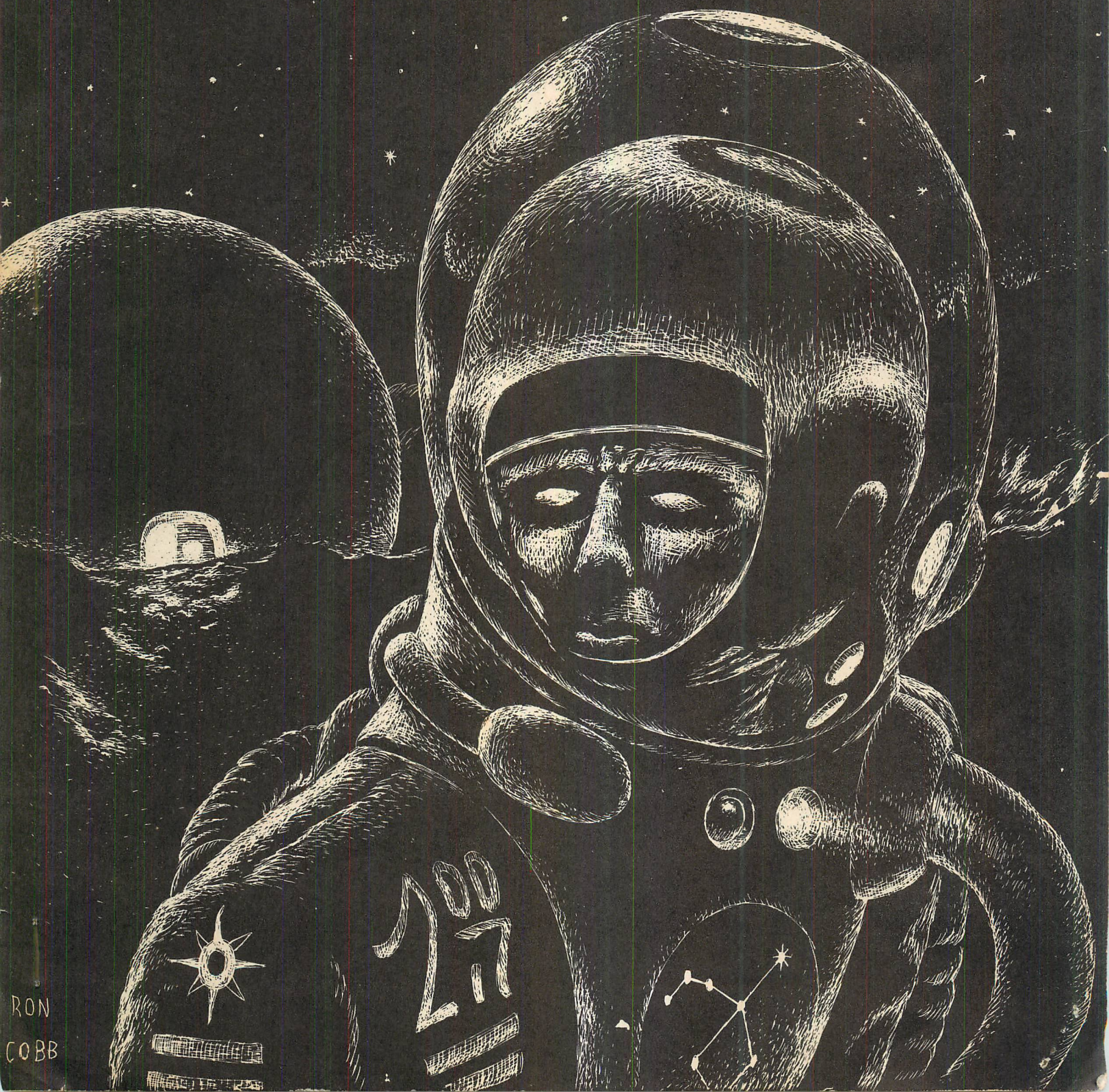


PSYCHOTIC



ВАСИЛИ



PSYCHOTIC



November 1967

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DAMN THE ETHICS---FULL BID AHEAD---by Arnio Katz, who should watch his mail for ticking packages post-marked Columbus, Ohio.

THE VIOLENT WARD---by the editor again who just loves to chew up fanzines and spit out gnawed faneds. Faneds aren't digestible.

BLAME LANEY FOR THIS---by Harry Warner, who tells a fascinating story about the start of SPACEWAYS. Here it is, fans: fan history on the hoof.

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COVER BY RON COBB

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
ROTSLER, PETERS
AND KELLOGG

PSYCHOTIC is a product of the fevered mind of the mad hermit of Venico.

Richard E. Gois
5 Westminster Ave.
Venico, Cal. 90291

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Do not address mail to "Tho Mad Hermit" or to "Psychotic." There are so many odd people around here the letters might be delivered to anyone!



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THE COUCH

where the editor rambles on and on

I've heard of publishing late, but this is ridiculous.

You all can blame George Scithers and Arnie Katz for awakening the beast in me again. And Bruce Pelz for aiding and abetting.

How long has it been? Eleven years? Twelve years? Some fan historian will have to fill me in---I don't even have a file of the old PSYCHOTICs to use as reference. In fact, it took some doing to remember the names of the departments in PSY.

When I went GAFIA, man, I WENT GAFIA. I gave EVERYTHING to Lars Bourne. Obviously a curse, since I understand he, too, is now long gone from fannish ken.

I suppose I was ripe (not rotten, not yet) for fanac again because I needed a hobby. Merely writing sex novels and keeping up with current events is Not Enough. I had a hobby a year ago---slot car racing. But I accumulated a shelf of trophies and a wall of ribbons and it palled on me.

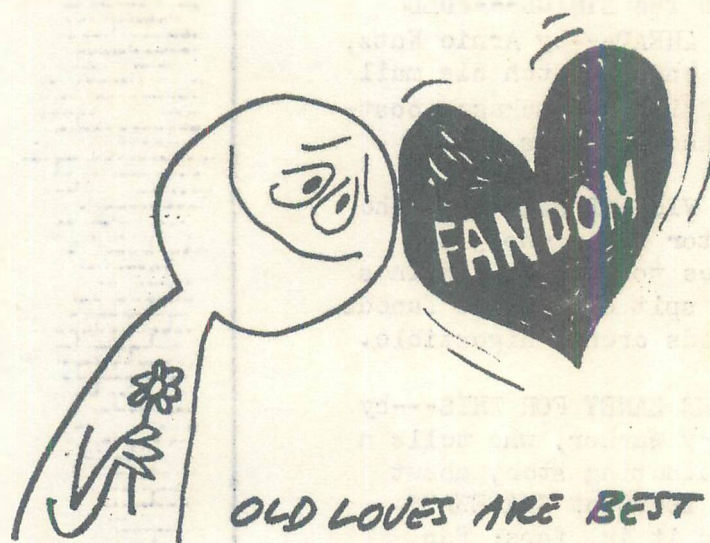
As Rotsler says, "Old loves are best."

I have the time and money now, so here I am. The toothless tiger of fandom is on a rampage again. There's nothing like a full breasted eighteen year old rampage with coral tipped nips, ivory thighs spread wide--- (Oops, sorry. I didn't quite turn the sex machine switch all the way off.)

I want to say I will try to publish PSY as a monthly even if I have to write most of it myself, like this issue, because evial Norm Metcalf has refused thus far (without so much as a by-your-leave) to be a columnist for PSY, and I want a good commentator on the pro science fiction scene to contribute regularly. Well, fairly regularly.

A candle is still in the window, Norm. A plate is still on the table. The crottled greeps are still simmering on the stove. Would you believe chocolate cake molted in tomato soup?

Enough of seduction. Next issue should see a thriving letter column and some more extensive fanzine reviews. I shall try to extend my aged tentacles far and wide and squeeze an article or two from Those I Favor.





nd on and on and on and on and on and on

finds himself in a situation disturbingly parallel to the snake's in the Garden of Eden. To save his starship from destruction by a powerful god-machine, Kirk must destroy a paradise that the machine provides for its subjects."

It strains my sense of credulity to be asked to believe that the captain of a starship would beam down to an unknown planet with all of his vital bridge officers as well as the head of the medical section.

Of course the stars of the series must be involved in the conflict and danger---but this particular story was just Too Much.

Where is the logic in having Spock pick up a rock, break it apart with a loud snap, then have the part he throws away explode on contact with the ground? Why didn't it explode in his hand when he cracked it? Why only when it fell to the ground or when a crewman stepped on it?

And where is the plausibility of those "natives" who didn't know anything about sex but still discretely covered their loins and the women their breasts? Could a god-machine really inhibit the sex instinct in a people that much? This criticism is not to suggest that the actors and actresses should have gone around naked. I simply feel that the no-sex angle should have been avoided. If a situation can't be handled logically and reasonably honestly it shouldn't be attempted.

In this case the writer took an idea---Adam and Eve and the snake---and felt compelled to make the parallel "work" at all costs. He and the director and producer won the battle but lost the war.

The handling of the sex discussion by Kirk, Spock, "Bones" and the other crewmen when a biological question was raised by the pretty female crewwoman was painfully awkward and smacked of the guilt-shame-embarrassment sex hang-up we have in our culture now and are beginning to get over. Are we to believe a highly educated elite in command of a starship would hem and haw and be embarrassed in a situation like that? Again, if it cannot be treated with maturity---forget it.

To complain further, unfortunately, in this episode Dr. McCoy came through again, as he has in some previous episodes, as a simple jerk. His baiting of Spock on the issue of emotionalism is overdone too often. I cringe for DeForest Kelley. Too bad he's stuck with so many bad lines.

I have to conclude from the uncharacteristic way Kirk went into periodic masochistic fits of pissing and wailing about his responsibility for the deaths of several crewmen and the probable destruction of the Enterprise (which required soothing reassurances from Spock, McCoy, et.al.) that the writer of this episode simply was not a good enough craftsman or was in too much of a hurry to make the characterizations true. The same must be said of the director. I winced for poor William Shatner in this one.

Perhaps they were all pressed for time. Perhaps they didn't have a better

and on and on and on and on and on and on and on and on and on and on and on and on

script to use. Perhaps... Anyway, one more carp or two and I'll quit.

The ship's weapons could and should have been used much sooner to attack the god-machine. But that obvious solution had to wait until all the preliminary fake suspense and drama had been set up and milked.

The obvious papier-mache godhead was pathetic. So was the "jungle" the crewmen walked and ran through. The production company must have splurged on a previous or yet to be broadcast episode for special effects and had to skimp on this one.

"The Apple" was a failure; a corny, juvenile show that was far below STAR TREK standards. It should not have been broadcast but could not be junked.

Oct. 21, 1967 Last night's STAR TREK, "The Doomsday Machine" was excellent,
and all concerned earned the right to be proud of themselves.

THE CON GAME

I'm not a convention goer. In fact, in all my fannish life, the only convention I've been to was the latest Westcon here in L.A. ...and that only for about two and a half hours. I watched Bruce Polz sneer on stage and I met Harlan Ellison. That's enough to hold me for twenty years.

So I could care less about which city gets which convention when.

But despite my lack of con-going experience and personal concern, I still feel obligated to pass an opinion concerning the recent "theft" of the Worldcon by Berkeley from the Pan Pacificon group.

There is an unfortunate aura of smug gloating in the tale told by Alva Rogers in HOT AXE #3, and in HOW WE WON by Bill Donaho, both mailed to me via The Cult. Donaho, especially, seems guilty as he relates how he worried that the Berkeley bid would be bombed if the group from L.A. used their best weapon, the "It's our turn!" argument. He mentions this several times.

And well he might be guilty and ashamed of what was done. The title of the article in this issue of PSY by Arnie Katz could well apply to the Berkeley performance in New York: "Damn The Ethics---Full Bid Ahead!"

It could be that the Berkeley Bandits have gained a con but lost their fannish soul. At least their self-respect. Would you believe they lost an hour's sleep? A callous, calculating lot. And I think in spite of their loud rationalizations in HOT AXE #3 and HOW WE WON, they know it.

So, okay, they got the con. They have also earned a lot of ill will that will probably die slowly and result in some bitter con bidding in the future. L.A. con fans might just say to themselves, "To hell with being fair! If that's the way they want to play, okay! We'll go all out to take every con from now on!"

I personally can't see why these groups want to put on cons in the first place. All that thankless work...for what? Status? Ego? Hmmm. Why am I putting out this fanzine? Okay, touche!

The history of West Coast fandom should be interesting from now on.

KACH - 22

a review of Philip K. Dick's ZAP GUN

Pyramid
R-1569/50¢

Philip K. Dick has a habit of persuading the reader he is presenting a common, every-day variety of science fiction, in this instance a satire, and then, when the reader is hooked, or isn't looking, firing the zingers deep into the poor sap's unsuspecting mind.

In ZAP GUN the plot runs as follows: by the year 2004 the East bloc and the West bloc have agreed to peace but for the benefit of their "average man" have kept the cold war alive in the mass media by using psi-talented weapons designers who "create" super weapons while in drugged trance-states. But the weapons are fakes and are immediately "plowshared" into household gadgets.

Dick doesn't explain why this system works so well, economically, or why the two blocs have to kid their populations along, but never mind---this is satire, isn't it?

Some of the characters are oddly named: the protagonist, Lars Powderdry, the West's weapons designer; and a minor (seemingly) character named Surely G. Febbs. These names, plus the jesting and mucked-up blurb-teaser page just inside the cover, further instruct the reader that this book is wild satire.

Okay, to continue the plot: alien satellites appear in the sky. The world's rulers suddenly realize they have no weapons that can touch these sats. The East bloc and West bloc weapons designers are brought together to come up with a real weapon. They fail. In the meantime the aliens, Sirius slave traders, are sucking up whole city populations.

A basic s-f plot, right? But Dick starts winging and suddenly the rules are out the window. We meet an ancient war veteran who talks of a war he fought in 63 years ago in 2005---one year in the future! We discover that the weapons designers have been tuning into the mind of a mad cartoonist and stealing his comic book fantasy weapons. And we find that a weapon can be created from a contemporary toy to defeat the aliens. Who tipped off the hero, Lars Powderdry, about the toy? The old war veteran who has time-traveled back to save the world. The veteran is Vincent Klug, a failure as a toymaker in 2004 who may be the ultimate ruler of the world. Or, then again, maybe he isn't.

Surely G. Febbs? Oh, he's a typical paranoid chosen by a government computer to help "rule" the West bloc in committee with five other typical pursap (poor sap) citizens. Surely manages to put together a real zap gun and is almost the supreme ruler of the world except for one little thing---at the last moment he gets caught in a mind-destroying maze, see, and...

Then there is the head of KACH, a private espionage outfit serving both East and West. He, too, is caught by one of the mazes which is delivered by mail, as was the one that trapped Surely.

So who sent the mazes?

Suddenly, with Philip K. Dick writing the book, nothing is simple or settled.

The characters are real people, not caricatures, and this is confusing, because if the people are real that means the plot isn't just for laughs and--- On the other hand the plot has to be a fake because the book should have ended at the finish of Chapter 29. But the story goes on and makes all that happened before so much scrap. The Sirius Slave Traders and weapons designers plot is a schtik, an exercise in Dickian put-on.

With this guy Nothing Is Certain.

And I like it this way. His books are a challenge.

The zingers? Dick makes comments about now in a future setting. Like: 'There is, he thought, probably a free pamphlet, distributed by UN-West for the asking, titled something like, HOW WE RULE YOU FELLAS AND WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?'

And there are others.

I wonder if Dick used the I Ching when plotting this book? I'm still trying to puzzle out the meaning of THE MAN IN THE HIGH CASTLE.

---REG

DAMN THE ETHICS—

FULL BID AHEAD!



An Article

By

Arnie Katz

"Why won't you support the Columbus bid in '69?" Dannie Plachta, the Secret Master of the Columbus worldcon bid, asked me during the last Midwestcon. The way he said it had

as much the sound of an accusation as a question.

"Because I think St. Louis has a much better bid," I replied. I reviewed the St. Louis group's credentials mentally. They have the general fanish experience that only comes from being active for a few years and the practical experience of having put on two successful regional conventions, Ozarkcons I and II. The committee is composed of good people, most of whom have a sense of humor---de rigueur for con committeemen. As a committee they have managed to get across the essential facts concerning their bid in a most agreeable low-pressure way. All in all, I reminded myself, a good group.

"But what's wrong with Columbus?" Dannie insisted. "Why won't you vote for us?"

"Columbus should bid next rotation. They're too young, too neofannish, and have made too many mistakes to trust with a con."

"Like what?" Dannis asked.

"Like revealing that Roger Zelazny is the Guest of Honor for their con," I suggested. I don't think fanish tradition is sacred or inviolable, but some traditions make sense, and the one which says that the GoH is not revealed until the group has won its bid is certainly one of them. Otherwise, it turns the con site bidding into a popularity contest between the various proposed Guests of Honor, and must certainly cause embarrassment to pros selected by cities that go on to lose in the voting.

"We only told a few people," Dannie said as though he had answered me.

"It was announced in the WSFA JOURNAL by the Columbus committee," I replied.

"But we only said that Roger would probably be the Guest of Honor," Dannie said so calmly that I almost missed the fact that he had tacitly admitted that he had lied a minute earlier when he said that only a few people had been told.

"Probably!" I fairly shrieked at him. "What would be the purpose of mentioning Roger's name as GoH if he weren't the choice? And if Zelazny is not Columbus' choice, the announcement is a deliberate attempt to defraud fandom and capitalize on Zelazny's popularity by making fandom think he is Columbus' choice." I thought of how humiliating this would be to Roger if true.

"People will forget," Dannie said after a pause to think over my tirade.

"Forget?"

"Yes. People will forget that Roger is our GoH." Dannie looked so sincere that I could almost believe that he actually believed what he was saying.

"You really believe that? That fans are going to forget the name of the Guest of Honor of one of the two bidding groups?" I was frankly incredulous.

"Yes."

"If you really believe that, Dannie," I said, "then either you are a fool or you think we are." I left him trying to make a decision.

The preceding conversation is, unfortunately, all too indicative of the calibre of the Columbus bid. The way the Columbus committee has used Roger Zelazny in its attempts to capitalize on his personal popularity without regard for Roger's feelings or reputation, should be an ample warning to next year's voters.

As I said to Plachta in that conversation, the actual committee is young and frighteningly neofannish. Take, for example, the suggested Hugo and Pong ballot they published in their club o-o COSIGN. Suggested for "Best Fanzine" was---surprise!---COSIGN. Even if the zine wasn't barely mediocre it would have been a patently neofannish ploy. But they went further: they have admitted to block voting in an attempt to secure a nomination for COSIGN (and a "Best Artist" nomination for John Ayotte who does COSIGN's covers. To John's credit it must be said that he did everything he could do to discourage the move. It is indicative that he has disassociated himself from the bid...).

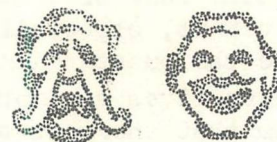
While most of the Columbus kids are nice enough, I can't say the same for committee chairman Larry Smith, who seems to be quite as obnoxious as his mentor, Plachta. His idea of cantactics is to tell people that St. Louis isn't bidding (untrue, of course) or fall upon people like a caricature of a southern politician a la "Senator Claghorn". A fan friend of mine (whom I will call fan X) with whom Larry had had no previous contact said that Larry came up to him out of the blue, gave him a hearty slap or two on the back and gushed all over him, "my dear old buddy Fan X" and all the rest of it. Chalk up another vote for St. Louis.

Who needs this bid? Not me, and, I don't think, you either, when St. Louis has such a fine (especially by comparison) bid. Apparently the only people who do need Columbus are Dannie Plachta and the rest of the fan politics crowd who seem to have decided that the Columbus con committee is malleable enough to serve as an organ through which to fulfill their political fantasies. And that we certainly don't need.

Meet me in St. Louis, he said archly.

---Arnie Katz

THE VIOLENT WARD



FANZINE REVIEWS

GEOPOLITICUS, the outright fanatical political magazine, for those who are political nuts...published by Al Snider, 1021 Donna Beth, West Covina, Calif. 91790.

Al says you can get it for 25¢, a trade, a letter of comment or contribution.

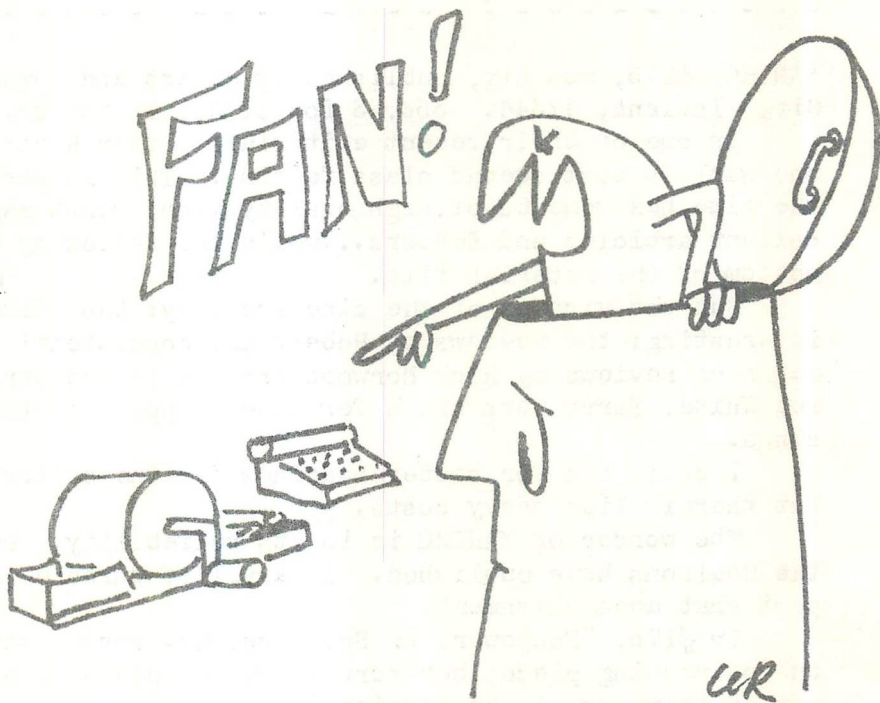
I say you should ignore it and hope it goes away. The contents are strictly juvenile, sophomoric, moronic, fantasy and besides that, wasted time, stencils, ink and postage.

Editor Snider writes in his editorial: "I know that I have sent this out to people of intelligence and experience, and if we make a mistake, or a hasty judgement, they will be ready to swoop down on us and point out our fallacies."

Yeah, man. Consider yourself swooped.

FOOLSCAP #1, from Johnny Berry who is now in school (did he mention Stanford?) and Ghod knows what his address is now. But when he publishes again make it a point to get his zine because he is a Fan To Watch. I greatly enjoyed his editorial meanderings. This zine was supposed to be bi-monthly, but school may have interfered. Anyway, I never received FOOLSCAP #2.

Of course I didn't respond with a letter of comment, so I may have been Cut Off. In any case, it's a good zine which could develop into a fine one if...if he continues. We shall see.



HYBERIAN TIMES, from George R. Heap, Box 1487, Rochester, N.Y. 14603. 20¢ cash or stamps. This is for sword and sorcery buffs, of which one of I ain't. But it has news of sword and sorcery publishing, reviews and book lists which are undoubtedly of interest and value to those who dig this genre.

QUIP, Spring--Summer, 1967, #5, edited by Lon Atkins, Box 1131 Canoga Park, Calif. 91304, and Arnie Katz, 98 Patton Blvd., New Hyde Park, N.Y. 11040. Available for 50¢, contributions, LoC, or trade. No subs.

The covers, especially the front multi-covers by Chamberlain, and the letter column are the outstanding features in QUIP, to my way of thinking. The rest of the interior gives an impression of greyness... Well, they did use gray paper, but aside from that there is with one exception (or two) an impression of inanity, a sort of lack of focus---or viewpoint---which vitiates the impact of the zine as a whole.

After the great covers...what? The covers lead one to expect wondrous things inside, and the let-down is disastrous. Chamberlain is almost too good.

Inside there is a worthwhile discussion, "Hugo vs Pong", monitored and commented upon by Katz, concerning the name change of the fanzine award at the worldcon in N.Y., and the letter column as noted, but then Katz and Berry and Vick are around to hoo-haw things up with faan fiction and froth which I tend to consider, no matter how well it is done (and this stuff is done well), a 90% waste of time and space. The Berry item would have been enough. A little faan fiction goes a looooooong way, even in a 66 page zine. Sigh. When will they ever learn?

I wonder how Atkins and Katz manage to function as co-editors a continent apart? And I wonder if this co-editorship is responsible for the lack of cohesion and personality that I sense in the zine? The zine could be great. As it is it is only fine.

I dunno. I think my reaction is mostly, "I would have done it different!"

To depart from fanzine reviews for a moment---what can you use to thin correction fluid when it begins to thicken?

YANDRO, #175, monthly, published by Robert and Juanity Coulson, Route #3, Hartford City, Indiana, 47348. 35¢, 3 for \$1.00, 12 for \$3.00.

In one of their recent editorials either Robert or Juanita say that YANDRO is the world's best second class fanzine. This is probably an accurate estimate. But the zine has moments of high quality...one month may be a superior issue with excellent articles and letters...while the following month may see a scraping of the bottom of the material file.

But the virtues of the zine are many: the editorials are always readable and interesting; the reviews by Robert are consistently good and of value; and the magazine reviews by Rick Norwood are, while pedestrian, doggedly effective. When Ted White, Terry Carr and a few others appear in the letter column that feature sings.

I could ask for better headings for the editorials, and Gestefaxed network, but therein lies heavy costs.

The wonder of YANDRO is in its reliability;;;Month after month, year after year the Coulsons have published. A marvel of durable fanac. I have to admire and respect that accomplishment.

In #175, "Fanpower, or See Here, Mr. Persecuting Attorney" by Joe Hensely, was an interesting piece, but sort of out of place in a s-f fanzine. It belonged, to my way of thinking, in an apazine.

"To Live", a piece of fiction, turned me off in the first three lines. Why publish bad fiction in the same issue of a zine which contains editorial reviews of pro fiction, much of which the editor considers of low quality? Was there nothing else? I'd rather see two more pages of editorials.

The same can be said of James Suhrer Dorr's "Tractatio De Metaphysica Braudensis: Metaphysica Braudensis Est:" which is a charming two pages of religious fantasy dealing with soul, brother. I assume from this that the Coulsons are against abortion. Are they Catholics?

* * * * *

HARRY WARNER

BLAME LANEY FOR THIS

It's hard to tell. Maybe I wouldn't feel like reminiscing if it weren't for "Ah, Sweet Idiocy!" On the other hand, this month represents just ten years since the days when I was planning my first fanzine, and that might have been enough to get me started without the example from F. Towner. Irrogrardless of whether the following contains anything of interest, I guarantee that it will not be as long as the Lanoy memoirs and will contain loss of a shocking nature.

Matter of fact, quite a bit of what follows about the early days of Spaceways was to have appeared as the introduction to an index which Bob Tucker planned to issue for that magazine. Just when he was becoming really interested in fanzine indexes, however, he discovered that he could turn out mystery novels with equal ease and somewhat more profit. I shall procede on the assumption that that introduction will never see the light of day.

After ten years of publishing, I'm still not sure what it is that causes a fan to start publishing. My example is a fairly average one, in all probability. A letter in Astounding's pages in 1936 had brought me about a dozen replies, and half of those people went on to become regular correspondents. Among them was James S. Avery, who immediately fascinated me because he lived in Skowhegan, Maine, which sounds like the most romantic and adventure-packed name in the nation. Both of us received a sample fanzine from time to time---Fantasy Magazine, Novae Terrae, The Phantograph---and he showed somewhat more enthusiasm than I did about them, but I don't think that either of us subscribed to any. Then some time in 1937, Avery suggested that the two of us issue a fan magazine. It sounded to me like a ridiculous suggestion. Neither of us had any money to buy equipment and supplies, we had no contacts in the fan world, not even any knowledge of what most of the present-day fanzines were like. I said as much and he dropped the subject. One year passed and he brought up the matter of publishing a fanzine once again. This time I was wildly enthusiastic. We had no more money, experience, or contacts than a year before, and after ten years of pondering the matter (off and on!) I still don't know what new factor caused me to bite in 1938 at what I had ignored in 1937.

We did some very stupid things, and we had some miraculous luck. Avery promptly decided he would do the publishing and I would do the editing. I remember some puzzlement on my part as to what "editing" meant when issuing a fanzine: it seemed to me that about all you could do was copy off the stuff that was sent you and hope for the best. Judging from the way things look today, that is still the prevalent attitude among subzine publishers. In order to give myself something to do, while we were scraping together enough cash to buy a hectograph and some paper, I decided to try to get material for the first issue. Lack of addresses was a handicap--remember, I didn't even have enough fanzines to know where the then prominent fans lived--bit I scoured Brass Tacks and

Discussions until I had found ten victims in the fan field and ten victims in the professional author field, and wrote each of them a letter.

Fan lyricists have sung of the indescribable emotions that an individual experiences when he has his first contacts with the people who write and write about science fiction. Cynics put this down to adolescent hero worship and sneer at that wonderful sensation. I don't think that it is quite as bad as that. I'm inclined to believe that the feelings are more akin to those that come from shaking the paw of a spider man from Mars than to those that originate in a personal word from Joe DiMaggio or Ike Eisenhower. It isn't so much hero worship as it is the discovery of a new world that had been completely and thoroughly closed and locked in the past; a world which friends in the home town didn't even know existed, a world which had seemed quite as remote and almost as mysterious as Venus. There is the ego-boo at knowing that these people have taken the time to write you, there is the relief at the realization that they are human after all, there is the sudden ray of hope that maybe some day you too can become a famous fan. At the time of those first contacts, belief in the possibility of writing for the prozines is usually just a little too much for the imagination.

In any event, something like five of the ten prozine writers and seven of the ten fans to whom I'd written replied, if memory serves. All the letters were friendly, most of them contained material, and the problem of filling up the first issue of the fanzine was solved. I'm inclined to think that the same method of obtaining material would work today for the editors who can't find enough to fill their pages. Yet few of them try this perfectly obvious and simple method.

Meanwhile, Avery and I had toyed with the choice of a title for the fanzine, and had finally settled on Spaceways. A couple of people have insisted on praising me for this fine title, but it wasn't my inspiration; Avery thought it and a half-dozen other good ones up. (Teutonic influences are occasionally to be found in the writings of Warner; see how he tacks the other half of a verb at the very end of a sentence all too frequently on!) However, he didn't have as much luck with the hecto pan as he did with the title.

Flushed with the success with the letters, I had mailed out 50 postals announcing the imminence of Spaceways to all the fan addresses I could find. These postals contained a broad hint that a subscription would be the appropriate thing to purchase, and perhaps a half-dozen of the recipients mailed dimes or quarters. I had also arranged for exchange advertising with several other fanzines--the other fanzines were to advertise Spaceways immediately, and would in return get a big plug in the first issue of Spaceways. These obligations had all promised the first issue well before the end of 1938, and there were the rash promises I had made to the contributors, too. It must have been about October of that year when I was brought to earth with a sickening thud: Avery announced in a disillusioned letter to me that the hectograph is the invention of the devil, that it is simply ridiculous to presume that a mere mortal should be expected to produce a fanzine out of such a contraption, and that we'd better just forget the whole thing.

At that time, I was blissfully unaware of the real nature of hectographs and was thoroughly baffled by Avery's letter. I was also a bit frightened: dimes and quarters still trickled in almost every day, and it would have taken almost all the spare cash in my possession just to pay the postage on the letters mailing back the money which had already been spent. Salvaging of the project through a reversal of duties occurred to me, but Avery didn't seem interested. He had put the hectograph away in the deepest recess of his closet and didn't even want to touch it to wrap

it and mail it to me. (Six months later, he went to inspect it, found it covered with a writhing, eldritch greenish substance, and shakenly consigned it to the purifying flames of the backyard incinerator.)

Then God entered the picture. A local church, by dint of titanic efforts from its sewing circle, Intermediate Christian Endeavor, and Busy Men's Bible Class, had succeeded in boosting attendance on Sundays to a point where the pastor was wearing himself out in cranking the mimeograph handle that produced the programs for the services. The Rev. Dr. Normont talked his official board into purchasing a new, electrically-driven mimoo, and the old one ceased its function as a force for good in the world, becoming the Doubledoubletoilandtrouble Mimeograph. It cost only ten bucks, which was pretty much of a bargain even in those pre-inflation days. It is an antediluvian A.B.Dick machine, built with the solidity of a battleship and weighing only slightly less than a cubic foot of neutronium. I've never determined its

exact age, but some idea may be gathered from the fact that it originally used a kind of stencil that was unobtainable even in 1938, and had to be converted to take the punch arrangement at the top of stencils that is standard today. It has an automatic inking arrangement which doesn't work and a revolution counter which does work, and has never required a new part or any repairs of any type in these ten years.



So I started on Spaceways on my own hook, telling Avery what I was doing and not waiting for him to pass judgement on that action. Things went surprisingly well: Macbeth, despite its many faults, had the ability to cut stencils very well, and the only hitch was getting the completed first issue stapled---local five-and-tens didn't sell staplers in those days, a good one was beyond my means, but once again fate stepped into the picture, a local industry went bankrupt, all the office equipment was sold for a song, and the Bostitch which has worked to perfection ever since entered

my possession.

During most of Spaceways' existence, people wanted to know just what Avery did on the magazine and why his name was on the contents page as one of the editors. Those questions I ignored, for the simple reason that I was a bit frightened. I was enjoying the new experience of putting out a fanzine immensely, Avery was ominously silent, and I feared a split between us. Such a split would not have interfered with the actual publishing, since I was doing all the work, but a certain amount of justice would have been on his side if he had claimed that I was overstepping my authority: after all, the magazine had been his idea in the first place, he had originated the title, helped to plug it, aided with the financing, and had generally been the spark plug up to the time that he encountered that hectograph. I'm pretty sure he was badly hurt, but he never reached the explosion point, and our correspondence was soon back on the old status, except for a tacit understanding by which we said as little as possible about Spaceways. I sent him a few extra copies of each issue, he eventually wrote a few articles for it, but aside from that his name on the masthead was merely a token gesture, which I kept there as a precautionary measure.

Avery, incidentally, negotiated the task of disappearing from fandom without much trouble. He spent most of the war in the Navy, visited me once, and we got along even better person to person than we had in the corresponding days before the Spaceways situation arose. Before the war he had been working as correspondent for his part of Maine with one of that state's largest newspapers. After VJ-Day he got married, and the last time he wrote, was attending college in Boston and enjoying fatherhood. He occasionally picks up an issue of Astounding, and writes to me whenever he happens to think of his days in fandom. Judging from that one visit and hundreds of letters, I'd say he is one of the most normal persons ever to be active in fandom.

The lesson and the moral of Spaceways? Well, it's pretty much negative. I never participated in fandom with the belief that it would cause me to become famous or help me to save the universe. Putting out Spaceways for four years taught me certain things that I might not have learned without issuing the magazine, but nothing that I could not have learned in other ways if necessary. I picked up a lot of typing speed, and the publishing activity kept my mind off the war to a gratifying extent. Considered as a hobby, I see nothing wrong with fanning and fanzine publishing. It is much less expensive than most hobbies, doesn't clutter up the house quite as badly as some avocations, and it can be enjoyed in all weathers, at any time of the day or night, and in great or small measure.

So I don't consider the hours spent on Spaceways as wasted hours. If I had neglected things that should have been done to put out the magazine, then there would be cause for regret. But if I hadn't indulged in stencil-cutting and material-begging, I wouldn't have done anything better with those hours. Incidentally, a few people still have an exaggerated idea of the amount of time and money necessary for subzine publishing. If you organize your work properly, you can stencil and mimeograph a 24-page fanzine in a few days' spare time or in two days off if you really want to do everything in a hurry. It's the accessory things, like the corresponding with your contributors and the people who write letters of comment, that occupy the time. As for money, Spaceways broke even on a number of issues and rarely lost more than a dollar an issue until the very end. Even allowing for the increased costs of supplies in recent years, I'd guess an even financial break with a moderately large fanzine would still be possible today by counting the cash value of exchange fanzines received among the income, something that I never did.

Nor do I regret discontinuing Spaceways when I did. My energy had sagged a bit below the point that divides a pleasant task from a worrisome chore. I think that Spaceways would have seen a couple more issues if I hadn't listened to the people who insisted that it contain more artwork--the infernal nuisance of arranging for illustrations and getting them onto the stencil took a lot out of me, and hastened the decision to quit publishing. A couple of years ago, around the end of World War Two, I toyed with the notion of resuming Spaceways, then recovered my senses in time. I'm absolutely certain that that old thrill would vanish after one or two issues.

So please don't pay any attention to people who rave as violently against fandom today as they raved in favor of it a few years ago. It's the way you behave in fandom, not fandom itself, that determines your experiences.

The above article was reprinted from the summer issue of HORIZONS, 1948, and is as topical and interesting now as it was then.

I have recently come into possession^{of} a large number of old fanzines and will in future issues present similar samples from them.

---REG

SECOND SESSION

where the editor continues to ramble on and on and on and on and inevitably on and

LET'S NOT PUSSYFOOT AROUND

The October 27 episode of STAR TREK, "Cats-Paw", by Bob Bloch, was flawed. Not by the acting, not by the quality of the special effects, but by the suspicious accenting of the Halloween theme in the episode---as if the story had been written especially to appear at this time---to appeal to the myriads of ten year olds and under who supposedly watch the program. This makes me, an adult, very unhappy. It also reduces STAR TREK to a level regreably close to LOST IN SPACE.

This is a gimmicky policy and I View With Alarm. Are the ratings that low?

I question, too, the accuracy of the "subconscious racial fears" in mankind of witches, castles, dungeons, ghosts, etc. which Kirk and Spock were made to mouth to justify the Halloween menagerie, black cat included.

The more I think back over the episode, the more I dislike it and the more true Ted White's analysis in YANDRI some issues back now begins to appear. Too many of STAR TREK's episodes are simply not adult. Especially by comparison with a play like "Do Not Go Gently Into That Good Night" which appeared recently on CBS.

The greatest continuing flaw is this business of Captain Kirk, Spock, McCoy, Scott ...all beaming down to an unknown and dangerous planet. There MUST be other ways of getting the stars into trouble.

Possibly part of the basic concept is wrong. The five year voyage of the Enterprise is okay, but Kirk, Spock, and the rest of the permanent characters should have been the nucleus of a trouble-shooting scout party whose job is to go down and check out planets, tense situations, etc. as an expert elite of specialists trained and outfitted for almost any eventuality. This would be far more plausible than what is going on now. The master of the Enterprise could be an admiral, a greying, tough, old man.

Next season, if it cannot be done sooner, Star Fleet Command should send in such a man to take over the ship, and Kirk, Spock, McCoy, Scott, Sulu, Uhura and Chekov could then be assigned to form the team outlined above. A strong initial dramatic moment and continuing confrontations would be created as Kirk and the admiral clash. Kirk would be angry and resentful at having lost his command---the admiral would be tough but aware that even though Kirk might verge often into outright mutiny and insubordination he is the best man for the job of Landing Team Commander.

End of criticism and gratuitous advice.

Start of praise: the details in STAR TREK; the voices reporting damage over the intercom system, the reality in attitude and presentation when beaming down, the understatement and logic of the working interior of the Enterprise, the fascinating instrumentation of McCoy's diagnosis table, the insignia on the uniforms---all these minute consistencies create a highly realistic and believable background for the stories which helps the series immensely. But, again, what a pity major faults ruin the cumulative effect of all these small bits of excellence.

* * * *

TECHNICAL STUFF

Repro is by Gestetner and is a bit uneven, since I am experimenting with stencils, typing plates, cushion sheets, and so on. I've forgotten a great deal and must relearn.

Take care. See you in a month.

---Dick Geis

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