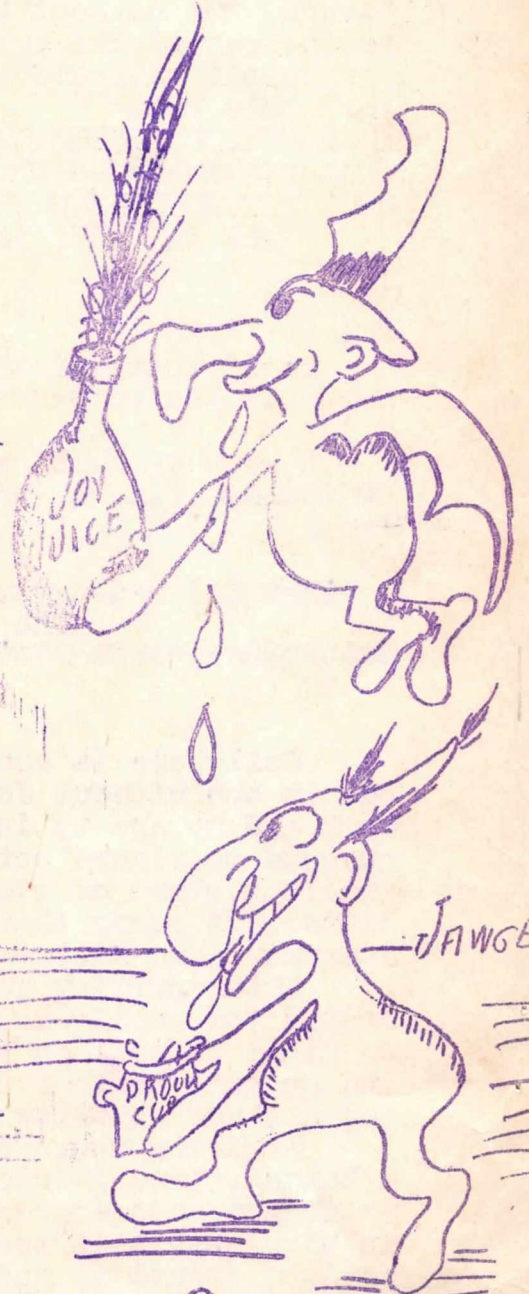


LUNACY

Number One
Volume Three



NOU SNOZSH
KA POP?



JAWGE

RAW

wellborn, borb, hear we are again--some fun, ~~Hummmmmmm~~.....?

LUNACY, ish no 3

Ye Editorial.....no less,

This ish is being put out while Jawm is at work, he's, under the impression that Jawge is home hiding under the carpet from the effects of last nite, & that this purile one is on the home. Ah! but little does he know, so the 3rd ish this rag is being put out. He is happy in his cherubic innocence, wut he dont know wont hurt him, it say's hear. Such, is the way of the cruel world in which we frustrated pop's (2) Are forced to reside. Over at the desk Jawge is making a pic for this rag.

dooyurfeetache, doesyorheadfeelwoo-y?unfortuniteisntithmmmm?
wwwwwwwwwwww ww

THE BAY AREA ASSOCIATION FOR FLANNELHEADED SCHIZOS
(G.G.F.S.)

1

be it resolved that the "TRASHETS" will dedicate their efforts to the betterment of that beloved no 1 prozine, MAXIM 96

2

t'at they shall see that the NIFF is absorbed into the ranks of the G.G.F.S. or better still that they all join the Rosicourians.

#3

that Raj had never started this and left me to finish it.
The End --By Gawd (ain't that enough)

Another Ish of Lunacy--
By Gawd

Well here is another ish of Lunacy and we again hope to put it out without John knowing nothing about it. He is at work and we are up in his room doing what you don't need three guessed to figure out. Yes indeed, we are again using up his precious store of stencils and again experimenting with his ditto. It seems that it doesn't work when you kick it anymore a hammer gets better results--(Raj hand me that hammer)

After putting out the 2nd ish of Lunacy last night we sat around for awhile chewing the fat and then John and Raj decid-we might as well go over and wreck my place. Grabbing me fast and gagging me they submitted the proposition to a vote. Having a clear majority they untied me and we went over to my place.

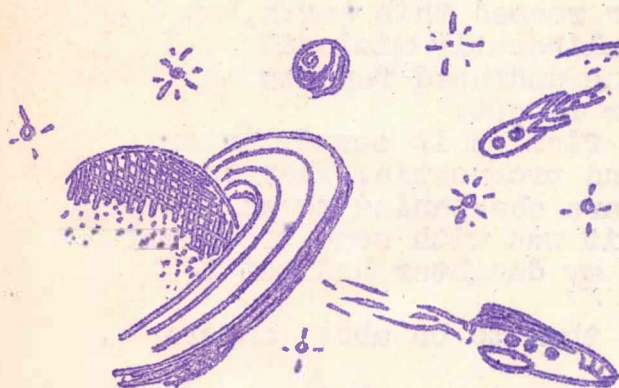
Arriving there at nine I had a tidy supper of two pork chops a banana, some berries with ice cream and a cheese sandwich while those two whouse wreckers did just what their name implies and in the instant it took for me to eat my supper demolished my collection, opened my mail and generally turned the tables on me.

Then we sat around the table knawing on a few moldy bones that the dog had dragged in and admired Lunacy 1 and 2.

I made the mistake of dragging out my zines and Raj spotted Maxim 96. Immediately the jerk wanted to know what the thing was so John and I endeavored to explain to him just what it was all about. Amazingly he knew after only two or three hours of explaining. Then we started to joke about the dero menace and amazinly enough the more we talked about it the

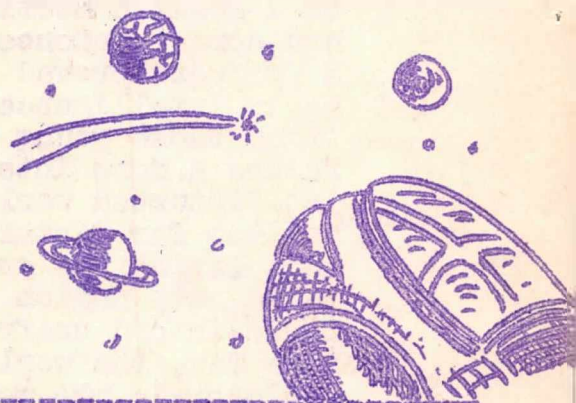
Rocket Ships----by Jim Love

Rocket ships, rocket ships
Hurling through the void
Can it be that you are going
to some lonely asteroid.



Rocket ships, rocket ships
Rushing on through space
Tell me how where you are going
To what strange and far off place.

Rocket ships, rocket ships
Do you go to Mars?
Will you go to Saturn, Pluto
or perhaps out through the stars.



(cont. from the other page)

more we began to believe it. Soon all of us were shaking in our shoes and Raj was scarder than all of us. He had to go all the way back to Alameda and it was 11:30 at night. We were talking about Dapo coming out of the dark and grabbing him and Raj was looking kind of pale around the gills. Finally it came time for John and Raj to leave and so they left. I was so damn scared myself that I locked all the doors and windows and went right to bed, pulling the covers over my head and cowering at the slightest noise. I later found out that John and Raj walked all the way home in the middle of the street and Raj slept at Cockroft's place that night.

The next morning Raj came over my place and the first thing he said was "Let's put out a zine, Cockroft's at work!" and bang we were off again.

We arrived at Cockroft's place and went up to his cellar again, sat down and that was all. Idea's were non-existent. So we sat. Finally Raj said give me a stencil and I'll see if I can't rite something. I took another stencil and tried to draw a cover. We worked about a half hour and then looked at each others work, I've never seen a prettier blank page in my life.

Then finally we nuckled down and got to work and turned out the cover and 2nd page. Then the mess was cleaned up and we settled down and awaited the unsuspecting Cockroft. He came home and was duly suspicious but couldn't prove anything and as he had to go back to work as his lunch hour was over we got back to work and turned out Lunacy #3, the first time a hoax was ever successfully perpetrated against Jawn "The Droolin Fiend"

Science-Fiction and Fandom

By Mrs. Ziza Schramm (a non-fan)

I never have censored my daughters reading matter. Yet when I became aware that she was reading science fiction I confess I became slightly uneasy.

To begin with I felt the (and still do) that the covers were lacking in good taste.

I haven't any objection to a monster deramed up by the artist and resembling nothing human that ever roamed this earth, but I do feel that many of the covers are deliberately misleading. I refer of course to those "BOSOMY" young undraped females in the clutches of some hideous animal or insect.

I found upon examination that science fiction is sound, interesting literature, both imaginative and prognostic. Therefore the covers reeking of sensationalism are cheapening to an otherwise honest literary offering. So it was with some trepidation I awaited meeting some of the fans my daughter had met thru correspondence.

My fears proved groundless. I found them to be above average in intelligence and manner.

Among those young people I detected a keen interest in the future a more intelligent cognizance of the problem of the present disturbed world. Here were young people who would one day not too far distant be our thinkers, our leaders and they were busy laying the groundwork. In the face of the most disorderd world any nation or people has ever faced, these fans are optimistic and unafraid, No, I am not alarmed that my daughter is a fan. the world has always belonged to the dreamers, the visionary's who were unafraid to see and predict and by and by their boldness, encourage others to try the "impossible". Good luck fan! I 'll be seeing you on Mars one day!

on the pic by you guess who the tail of the dragon is being hand painted by you

THERE WAS A YOUNG FAN

their was a young fan named bill,
most people tho't him a pill.

he belonged to a clique of shizo's called the G.G.F.S.,
this organization as twas known was quite a mess.

he blithly spent his mony on nags,
he soon went about dressed in rags.

he once forgot to pay his rent, and was soon heaven sent
and was soon heaven sent.

THE END (by gawd) thats a lie!

This is the last issue of Lunacy you will probably ever see. We had used up all of John's paper, ruined his ditto machines, wasted all his stencils at 6¢ a throw and used up all his pictures. We have left his room in such a mess that if he ever cleans it up again it's a miracle. So if you ever get a ditto machine, a supply of stencils etc. Don't ever let two little Rehmites get near them or you will probably see a repetition of Lunacy occur. And that by gawd is no Lie! note: to John Cockroft- Please let us know again next time when you get some more pub material. We'll come over and help you.---Yes indeed



Guess
WHO?

LUNACY ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

4 Winslip Av.

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