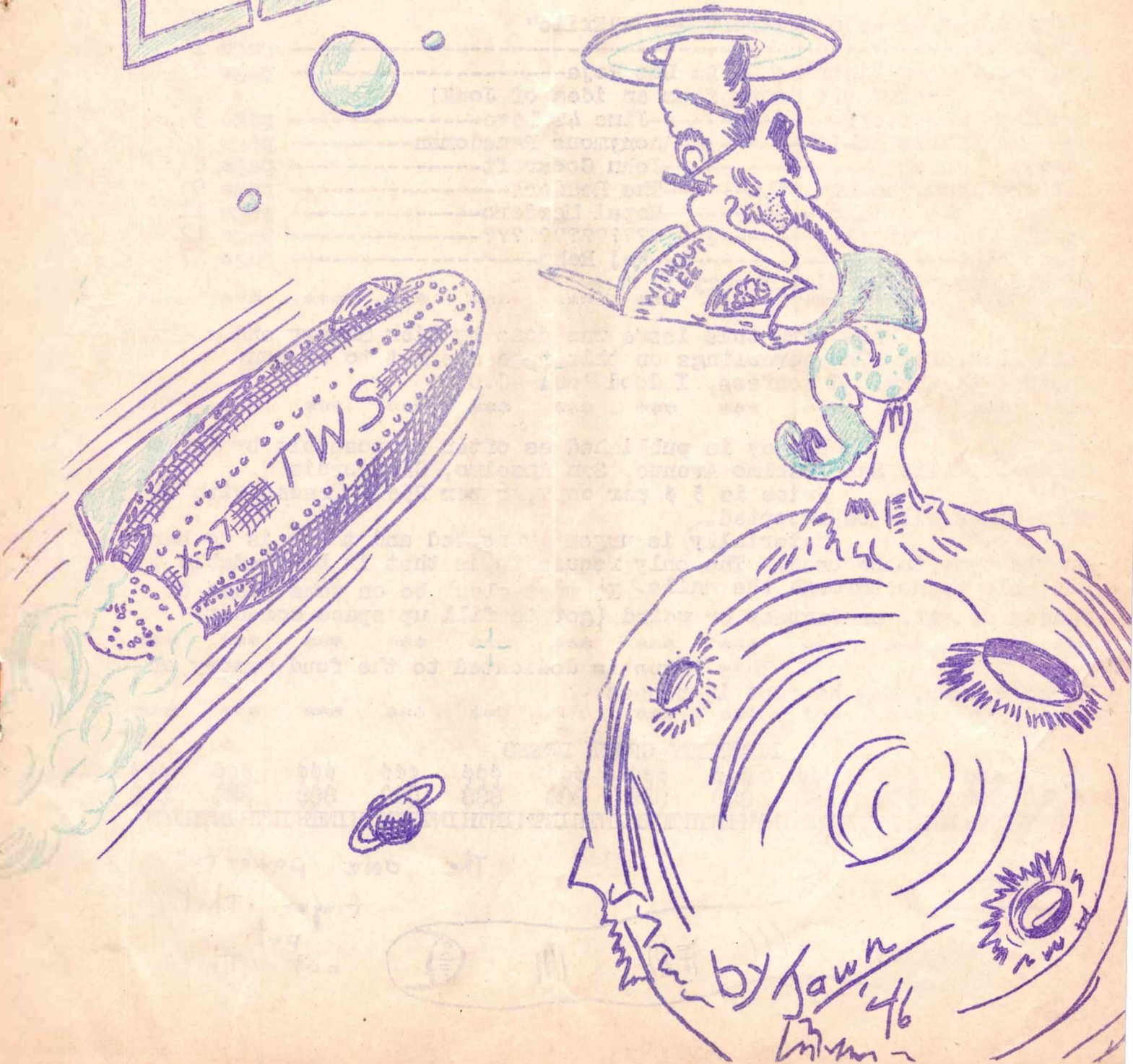


LUNACY

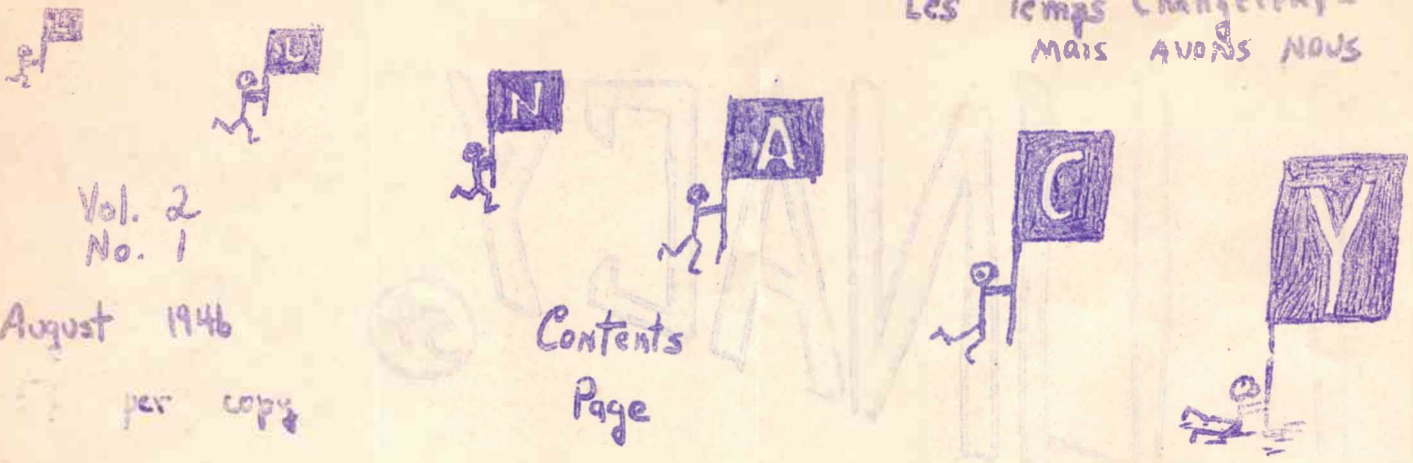
5¢

August 1946

1 Vol. 1



Les Temps Changent-
MAIS AVONS NOUS



Vol. 2
No. 1
August 1946
per copy

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Back Cover pic by Rick Sneary
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Art work this issue was done by Rick Sneary and John Cockroft. The scrawlings on this page are not to be confused with them. I confess, I dood 'em.--G.C.
*** **

Lunacy is published as often as possible by Jawge Caldwell, 1115 San Anselmo Avenue, San Anselmo, California
Price is 5 ¢ per copy, 6 per 25¢ Trades with other zines will be accepted.

Materially) is urgently needed and there is no ban on the type to be used. The only requisite is that it be readable, and able to go through the mails. It must also be on some phase of fandom or stf. or fantasy or weird (got to fill up space somehow)
*** **

This issue is dedicated to the fond memory of Sarge Saturn, may he rest in pieces.
*** **

BLANKETY-CRANK PRESS



The ONE powerful
finger that
put
out This
zine



Editorial Page--

Well here is the fifth issue of Lunacy. I think many of you who received the first four issues of Lunacy will agree this is a decided improvement over the first four. The format has been changed and different features have been added, such as readable material.

The first four issues of Lunacy were put out in two days and as more of a joke than a serious attempt at publishing a readable zine. I was tempted to write a review of the history of Lunacy for the benefit of the new readers but Rick Sneaky wrote a letter of comment on all four issues that covers everything I had to say and more.

For those of you who are mathematically inclined there is a feature this issue for you. Somewhere in this zine is a puzzle of which I do not know the answer of. If you can figure out the answer I will be indebted to you to the extent of five free copies of Lunacy.

Then as a special feature to those of you who are new readers of this zine I am presenting a small article called "Voice of the Turtle". This article is just the kind of thing that filled the first four issues of Lunacy. I received it too late to use it in them and so as a special favor to you new readers I am including it in this issue. It is definitely not to be taken as a serious attempt at an article. Incidentally the person who wrote this was one of the most severest critics of Lunacy-1,2,3, and 4. In fact his remarks were almost insulting.

We also are fortunate in having a fine short story by Jim Love. It is one of the best fan stories I have ever read and I have a promise from Jim to do more. He is one new fan who is going places fast.

Raj Rehm was over here some time ago and announced to us he was quitting fandom. As this is almost a daily occurrence with Raj we didn't think too much of it. But some time later he gave us a price list of mags he is getting rid of and I promised to put it in here. I wish some of you readers who know Raj as the editor of "Without Glee" would write him and see if you can convince him to stay in fandom. I believe one of the main reasons he is quitting is the response he got to his zine. Gosh if you like the thing write in to him and tell him. If you don't, tell him why and give him some hints. Don't just write him a card saying "Nuts" or "Gad". It gets kind of tiresome getting cards with that one then as I well know in regards to Lunacy. In fact I might go so far as to say its discouraging.

Next we have an article by Anonymous Pseudoman. This is a blast against the autocratic older fans who ignore us new, young fans. I agree with him and offer this zine as an organ for the formation of a new club to further the interests of the new fan. I believe... well never mind what I believe, read the article.

We also have and this is something we always have, good artwork. As usual it is done by Rick Sneaky and John Cockroft. I was expecting artwork from some other fans but as yet it hasn't arrived. If it does and I include it this will explain why I failed to give them due credit.

We think we have a well-rounded out issue this time, something we never had before. However the final verdict rests with you. If you like or dislike this zine write in and tell why or what. We welcome all criticisms and suggestions and will try to follow in policy just what the trend seems to be.

Naturally at this point I'm supposed to make a plea for subscriptions, and quite naturally I'm making one. If you wish to continue to receive Lunacy then I'll have to rob you of 5¢ per issue. Insure getting a copy and drop a nickel in an envelope now. I may not be able to put out as many free copies of Lunacy next time as I would like too.

In regards to advertising rates, there will be none. All advertising will be done for nothing. That is anything under 2 pages. For a whole page the price will be 6¢, the cost of the stencil. Another thing, any price lists will have to be at fair prices. This zine will not carry any price lists with bandit prices.

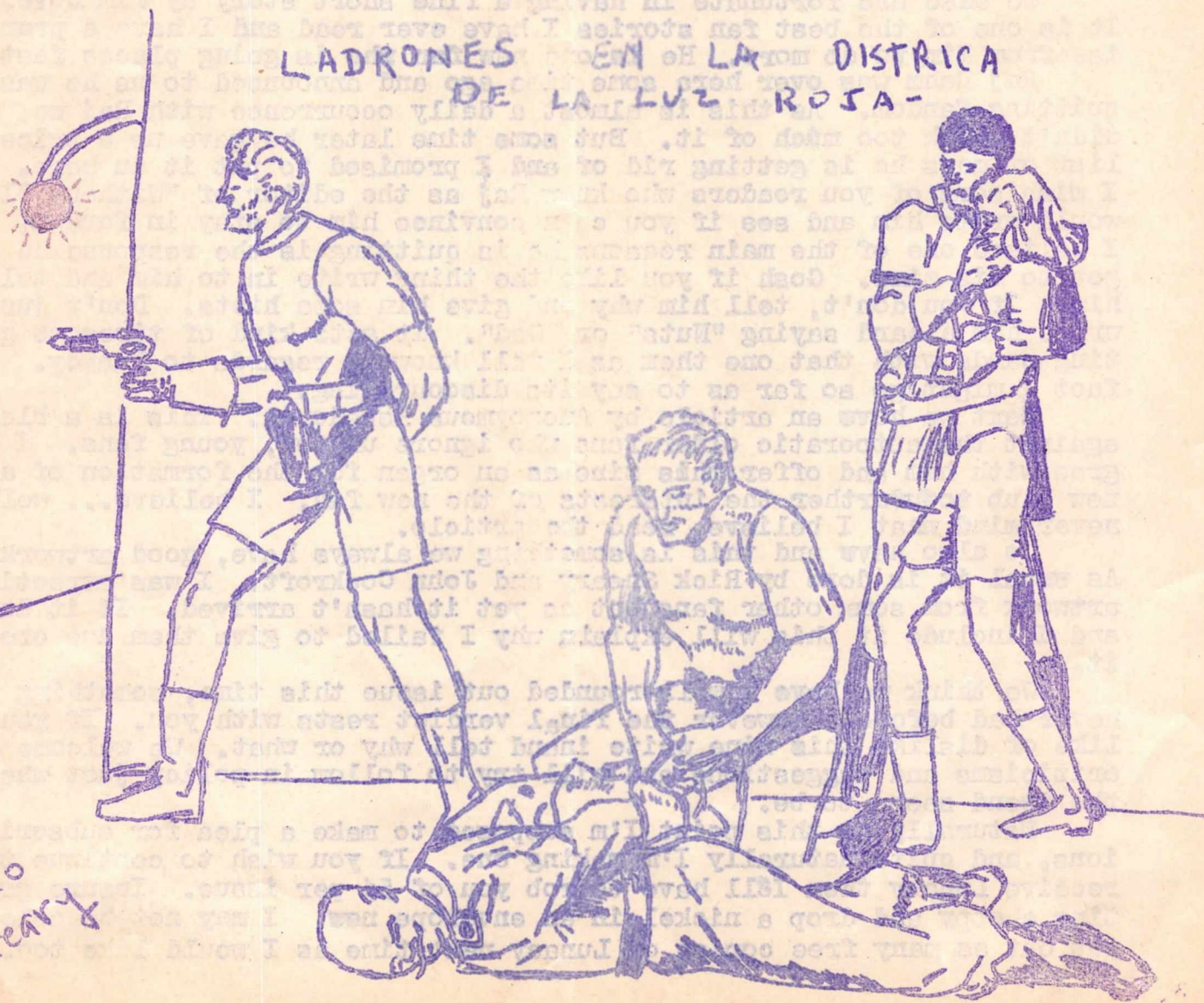
Many people have questioned me as to the advisability of using Lunacy as a title for my zine. I feel however that it is the perfect title for any zine put out by a fan. Any fan who would put out a zine is nuts, thus I am nuts and this is my form of Lunacy. See it works out so nice. Also the title give me free rein to put out more issues of Lunacy like the first four. Naturally there will be no charge for these issues, they'll be, like the first ones, a joke. But these copies will go to subscribers only.--Bah!--An added inducement to subscriv.

Well I've blown my own horn for too long a time now so I will leave you till the next issue of.....;

LUNACY

*** **

LADRONES EN LA DISTRICA DE LA LUZ ROJA-



OR Ricardo Sneydy

AND THEN THE STARS...!
By J.E. Love

I've no hope that anyone will ever read these records. I'm writing them mainly to have something to do, something to take my mind off this eternal loneliness. I'm afraid I'll go insane before long, but then perhaps insanity would be a relief. Death would be welcome, but somehow I can't bring myself to deliberately starve.

You've probably guessed by now that I'm on the Long Orbit. I'll admit that I deserve it, for my crime was a terrible one. You think that sympathy would be wasted on me? Perhaps you're right. But then, you aren't experiencing the unutterable horror of the Long Orbit....

I look out of the forward vision plates, and all I can see is stars. Cold, merciless, glittering diamonds against the deep black of space. Stars---how I hate them! The very sight of them fills me with unspeakable loathing.

Once, I loved the stars, longed for them. As a boy, I frequented spaceports and talked with the rough, tough space-adventurers, dreaming of the day when I too might venture out into the mysterious, unknown void.

Then came the day when I made my first flight. It was wonderful! I can still remember clearly the majestic, awe-inspiring splendor of the heavens.

At that time, mankind had not made much progress in space travel. They had colonies on Mercury, Venus and Mars and were beginning to explore Jupiter. Then came the Marto-Terrestrial war which halted exploration for nine years. I served in that war, and learned almost all there was to know about anything pertaining to space travel. I was twenty-two at the outbreak, and one of the first to volunteer for service. I served until peace was made, nine years later. I was thirty-one then.

I craved adventure. I wanted to explore the outer planets, Saturn, Uranus, Neptune, Pluto--- and then the stars! The stars called to me, drew me like a giant, powerful magnet. I vowed that I would reach them.

But that would require power---power as yet undreamed of. Ordinary rockets could reach Pluto in a year, and could go farther. Farther, but not far enough.

I was blocked, but I resolved to find some way out. Then I heard of a scientist, Professor Harvey, who was working on a new type of engine, powered by radio-waves.

It was the chance I had been waiting for. I introduced myself to the professor, became his student. He was glad to have me because of my knowledge of space-mechanics. I worked my way into his confidence, and learned that he had completed his plans. We went to Earth's moon, Luna, where he intended to assemble his engine.

I knew he intended to give the engine and its plans to "humanity", and in my heart I resented it. I resolved to steal the plans and flee to Jupiter but the time was not yet ripe.

I bided my time, waiting. The time finally came.

I readied my ship for the blastoff and entered the professor's laboratory. I had no trouble getting the plans and leaving the laboratory.



but when I came to my ship, Professor Harvey was waiting for me. He had a Lohring flame-ray pistol in his hand, trained at me.

"You can stop there," he told me in his calm, measured voice.

"Why--why, I don't--" I began lamely. Professor Harvey cut me short with a wave of his hand.

"You needn't lie," he said. "I know all about your treason. I saw you steal the plans from my laboratory and saw your ship ready for travel. I waited for you. I'm sorry about this, Kale. I trusted you, but.... Well, you know the penalty for robbery."

I knew the penalty, all right. I would spend the rest of my life in a penal colony on Mercury, shut up with a few criminals. Criminals, well, I was one too.

I couldn't stand the thought of being imprisoned, never to see the stars again. The stars were doubly bright there on Luna, more alluring than ever.

Then I looked at the professor, the symbol of my doom, standing there so complacently, and something snapped in my mind. I had maneuvered him around so that he faced the open entrance port of my ship, while I had my back to it.

"Yes, professor," I murmured softly. "I know the penalty..." I reached for my gun.

My years in military service stood me in good stead. My Lohring was out and ready before the professor recovered from his surprise. Our weapons spat simultaneously, but my aim was truer. Perhaps it would have been better if it hadn't been; I don't know. Anyway, Professor Harvey crumpled, a gaping, charred wound in his stomach.

Then I saw that his rayblast had literally demolished my control panel.

The professor looked up at me and laughed, mockingly, chokingly. Oh, it was horrible! "I..licked you...Kale," he gasped. "Your ship is---ruined, and so----mine."

I argued with him, why I don't know. I said "But I can repair my ship in a month or so. And I'll have plenty of time. No one ever comes here."

"But--you--won't---have a month," he gasped. "I radioed the---SSSG. They'll---be here---ina week, Kale." His voice trailed into nothingness, and he died.

I knew what would happen if I were caught. The Long Orbit was the only penalty for murder. Perhaps I would have been better off if I had followed my first impulse and shot myself, but my military training opposed that.

Swiftly, I gathered together all the weapons I could find---radium rifles, atomic disintegrators, ray pistols, anything that would shoot and prepared for a seige. Then I lay down and waited for the ships of the Solar System Security Guard.

I had plenty of time to think during that week. I had time to realize the change that had come over me. No longer was I the impetuous inquisitive explorer.

I had become a cold-blooded fighting machine, calmly plotting the defeat of the SSSG and my own escape. I had killed once already, and now I was planning to kill again.

I looked up at the stars, the stars that I had killed to reach. Still their twinkling seemed to beckon me on. Now all that stood between me and them was the SSSG. I resolved not to let them stop me for long.

For a week I lay there brooding, while the stars kept watch, glittering...glittering...glittering...Then came the SSSG. A long, silvery, torpedo-shaped hull. Bristling with guns, it swooped down to-

ward Luna's surface, heading for the professor's laboratory

I lost my head, fired hurriedly with my atomic dis-cannon. The blast had been snapped hurriedly, and it missed. The ship replied with a dozen atom-blasts, which almost finished me then and there.

I ran to the radio sending set and called the ship, delivering my ultimatum. "Fire another shot," I said, "and I'll destroy the professor's plans. Give me a chance to repair my ship and blast off and the plans will be safe." To myself I added: "In my hands"

"We see no choice but to obey you," came the reply. "You may begin repairs on your ship." The switch clicked off; the SSSG had broken communications with me.

I smiled to myself as I thought of how easily I had gained my ends, then set about getting the necessary tools to repair my ship.

Suddenly, I was caught in the grip of a numbing paralysis that drained every ounce of energy from my body. I realized then what had happened: the SSSG had agreed to my demands only in order to gain time to discover my position so they could use a paraly-ray on me. I was whipped!

While the ship swung in for a landing I lay on my back, looking up at the stars. But somehow they no longer looked friendly and appealing. Instead, they seemed cold, hard, ruthless, the symbol of my lost freedom.

I was to discover that a Mercurian imprisonment would have been a pleasure beside my sentence. For when I was released from my paralysis and ushered into the presence of the SSSG commander, who also acted as judge in cases like mine, he intoned my sentence: "Robert Kale, acting on behalf of humanity and the Solar System, I hereby sentence you to the Long Orbit."

My senses reeled. The Long Orbit! They load you into a rocket ship put you under a kind of suspended animation in which your sense of sight, the reasoning part of your brain, is perfectly normal, while little control is exercised over the body, and send you off into space. The suspended animation enables you to live almost without food. You have absolutely no control over the ship, which is equipped with a powerful deflector screen to avoid danger of meteors and the like.

The commander's voice droned on: "In view of the fact that your crime was committed in an attempt to gain plans of Professor Harvey's radio-drive I have decided to give you full benefit of the device. Your Long Orbit ship will be equipped with radio-drive engines"

I confess that I went temporarily insane at that. "No," I screamed. "Not that!" Guards dragged me screaming from the room.

From the time of my capture until I began the Long Orbit, I never left Luna. I was not allowed to see Tetra again.

I was thirty-three when I left Luna--I am thirty-nine now. Six years of watching the stars, stars that I gave all to reach. And now, at long last, I have reached them. I have attained my goal, but I feel no happiness, no triumph. Instead, only a feeling of supreme loneliness. My grav-pilot has already taken me around Procyon, and now we are blasting for Sirius. Oh God! Another star!

Would that I would crash on one of the six planets I now see circling Sirius! But no--my grav-pilot takes me safely through.

"I'd gladly sell my soul for a glimpse of Earth again. But there's no chance, no hope for that. I.....

What was that sudden jolt that just shook the ship? No harm done; probably an extra-large meteor struck the deflector screen. But what's this? Another star so close to Sirius? Wish I could turn my head to see just how far Sirius is behind me.

This new star presents a puzzle. It has a vague familiarity that I can't quite place. But of course that's sheer nonsense; how could a star out here near Sirius have any familiarity?

Now I know---this star is startlingly reminiscent of Sol! Why it even has nine planets circling it!

What is wrong? My grav-pilot fails! My ship is caught in the gravitational field of this strange star's third planet! It is falling toward it.

No! I don't want to die on this alien world, light years after light years away from Earth!

I am rushing ever closer....closer...

I see....No! It can't be! But it is!

Good-bye....good-bye.....

The above manuscript was found in a wrecked spaceship that had crashed on a small farm in Kansas, U.S.A., Terra. The man found in it, though he must have suffered painfully in the crash, bore on his face a look of wonder and happiness beyond the power of words to express.

Official investigators of the SSSG identified the body as that of Robert Edmond Kale, a murderer whom they had sent on the Long Orbit six years before he was found in the wrecked ship.

There has been much speculation as to what had actually happened. Some practical-minded souls say that Kale somehow managed to escape the suspended animation into which he had been thrown and piloted the ship back himself, but they neglected to explain why he was still in suspended animation when he returned.

The Science Staff Of the SSSG says that his ship passed through a hyper-spacial loop that warped it back to the Solar System. This theory is the one generally accepted by followers of logic.

But there is still another theory advanced by some. That is, the God who watches over us here on Earth does not neglect us in outer space. He saw Robert Kale, believed that his punishment had been great enough, and brought him back to die on his native earth. Only God himself can know the truth.

Some definite good came of Kale's banishment and return. The reading of his records made the persons in authority see some of the horror of the Long Orbit, made them realize the terribleness of the punishment, and there has been much talk of doing away with it entirely. At least there is hope!

The Solar System will not soon forget the name of Robert Edmond Kale!

-----SALE***SALE-----

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-----From George Caldwell, 1115 San Anselmo Ave,
San Anselmo, California

BAH AND DOUBLE BAH!!

By Anonymous Pseudocan

Ever since I entered fandom I can remember reading and hearing about the old-time fans, the so-called Old Guard.

To me this figure became a glamorous personage, endowed with all kinds of special knowledge and abilities. I looked forward, almost with eagerness, to meeting one of these members of the Old Guard.

I wanted to hear about the old time fan fueds, zines, stories etc. and to see the complete sets of Amazing, Astounding, Wonder and all the rest they have stowed away in some basement or attic.

Then my chance came, I was informed that there was going to be a meeting of our local stf. group and among those who would be present would be one of the Old Guard.

I arrived at the meeting wondering just how I would find this person to be, well... I was not soon long in finding out. He was the most self-centered, egotistical bore it has ever been my misfortune to meet.

My childish impressions of this rarter fan were blasted apart. Did he talk of old times, his collection and other fans. Oh yes, but in such a high and superior manner as a king might talk to the lowest peasant in his kingdom. Did he discuss the classics of old and new? Oh yes, but in that superior manner which seemed to say, plainer than words.....I've been in fandom for as long as its existed. I have complete sets of everything worth collecting. I have read 10 times as much as anyone here and know 20 times as much. I KNOW what I'm talking about.

It was useless to try and argue about anyting, my opinions were just ignored,.. I was young, juvenile,.. what could I possibly know. The old adage of "Children should be seen and not heard" seemed to apply doubly here. Every time I opened my mouth and tried to say something, anything, anytime, I was given that superior look that seemed to say "What could you possibly know about it? and I was ignored.

By the time the meeting was half over I was ready to quit fandom. I could see a few others my age felt the same way.

Naturally as it always will when fans get together the subject swung around to Palmer and Amazing Stories. This person started to really tear into them, despite the fact he had admitted proudly not a few seconds before he had quit reading Amazing in 1938. The smugness and stupidity of his statements left me actually sickened. I'm not sticking up for Palmer and his honor but I do believe in fair play and the way they were ripping him apart was pitiful. No wonder the poor guy collapsed. But the point that got me was this self-termed genius was actually talking about something he had no knowledge of and was doing it as though he was the world's greatest authority on the subject. If all the criticizers of Palmer are as well-informed as that person I need not wonder at Palmer's calling us "on the lunatic fringe"

Finally the ordeal was over and the meeting came to an end. I stepped thankfully into the fresh air outside and then and there resolved never to attend another meeting as long as that blowhard was going to be there.

I have investigated and found that my case is no isolated one. I have got a list of names of fans who have quit because they couldn't stand this deliberate slighting of themselves and their efforts, and it is not a small one. I also know that all of the Old Guard are not like these others. But the good work that they do can never hope to right the damage done to young fans by these other destroyers of neophyte fans.

We the younger fans do not expect to be treated as equals to the

to the old time fan but we do expect to be treated as humans. We expect to have our opinions at least listened too and most of all we expect to have some voice in fandom. Lately fandom has become seemingly just a name to the young fans with the older ones using it to blow off steam and ego-poo.

I think it is time that we young fan do something about this condition and take a hand in fandom. We must conquer our timidness and start to demand what we want out of fandom and not what a lot of ego-tistical, frustrated dictators want. We are an inexperienced group in fan politics but we hold a lot of power in our weak and unsteady hands. If we are not given equal opportunities in fandom then we must create them.

I propose that we the younger fans unite into a separate organization, independent of regular fandom, for the purpose of furthering our own desires and ambitions. By that I mean take an active role in fandom.

I know that there are many fans who cannot take this deliberate slighting of their efforts by the older fans and because of this have dropped out of fandom. This organization which we young fans would be able to create would have the job of seeing that neophyte fans are instructed and encouraged in the art of becoming an active fan.

Special groups could be set up to help the neophyte fan better his artwork, story writing, and help him start his own zine. Other groups could help the new fan start a collection. Advise him on how and where to get what mags and books, the fair prices to pay. In short to do all for the new fan that wasn't done for us when we entered fandom. This is a worthy cause and all true fans will heed the call (poetic ain't it)

If you are interested in such a plan or have suggestions, criticisms or advice drop a line to this zine and let me know about them. Above all I am interested in just how many of you would like to start a new fan organization for young fans. To further your wishes and ambitions in this fan world write now with your suggestions and advice.

Les Temps Changent----mais avons nous?

* * * * *

Fanzine Reviews----John Cockroft

Grotesque Vol. 1 #4--Another up and coming mag. The improvements since the start have been have been tremendous. Speer explains that a recent Seattle earthquake was but a few hiccups from Superman. Streiff comments on newspaper head lines from a fantasy point of view. Joek give forth with a confession of his martyrdom for fandom. Bob Perry comes up with a slam on Stapelton (Am here there's a lot of good stuff here.. get it and see for yourself) Price 10¢ Ron Christensen, 1878 E. 33 St. Brooklyn, N.Y.

Fantasy Commentator # 10--If you are a serious fan you don't want to miss this one. Now that Acolyte is gone, this is the top zine dealing with the Weird end of Fantasy. It is a very valuable asset to any Bibliophile or collector, what with splendid articles by Ladd, MW Onderdonk and others. Moskowitz continues with his history of fandom, the most complete article ever written on the subject Witter deals at length with the Superman in modern English fiction. Don't just get a copy of this. Get a sub, you won't be sorry. 20¢ per, 6/100 A. Langley Searles, 19 E. 235th St. N.Y.



LETTERS FROM THE LUNATICS

(In the second issue of Lunacy we ran a contest for the best letter of 500 words on Lunacy. Well Rick Sneary won and here is the letter and incidentally the history of Lunacy)

Rick Sneary, 2962 Santa Ana Ave, South Gate, California
Mal dear slobering friends?

I have been asked, begged, blarkmailed, and bribed to write a letter about Lunacy. GAAAAAAA. Pardon, but the name brings terror to me. I turn while at the thought of those four copies of (that name) setting there learing at me. You might ask why I act this way, I assure you there is a reason, so let me relate it to you, while I still can.

It was a bright clear day, the sun was shining, the air was blowing the catslaw (a desert bush of some size) and I lay resting in the shade in beautiful Palm Springs. When the mailman chuged up in his broken down car. He stuffed a letter in the box and chuged away. I trotted out pulled the door of the box open and dragged a letter out. It was from John Cockroft. But it was a messy looking thing, so I hurried in the house.

On opening it I found the usually nice letter from Eohn and a odd little one from Raj and George. In which they said they were alone over at John's. They had looked at his maga and zines, and were tired of that so on fixing John's letter to me cut it open and read it. Then added a note of their own. But as they reached the end George said that they had des-igns to put out a one-shot zine on John's ditto machine. So happily stuffing the letter vack in and closing it they left me. (You see I was really the first they told of Lunacy, gaaa, there I went and said it again)

A few days later my Pater brought a package of mail from South Gate, and in it were three thin little zines. All with the same postmark and home address. I ripped open the first one. It said Lunacy #1, Vol.1 It had a cover. I took one look and gasped, "That is a Rehmite cover. No one in his right mind ould try to describe. No one is his right mind would look at it. No one in his right mind would draw it." The next page was also plainly by Raj too, as some one forgot to explain to him that the writing on the left of a page should all start at the same place. On the next page George took over. Between them they explained the reason for Luoc----(Aaaa I didn't say it that time) John remarks on how he caught them on the next page and then comes the shock. A full page pic. A pretty good pic, I thought, when I did it and sent it happily to Eohn to hang on his wall, but what was it doing here? Had I been asked, had John been asked if it could be used? No! They even printed my name backward. Agueee ((I told you I couldn't use a stencil right--George))

Quickly I pulled out #2 and opened it. The cover by poor John was out of this world. But not quite far enough. As it could still be seen. Editorial on next page hints that some one is faking. In that they aren't as nuts as they act. George remarks about Planet's new editor were very funny. But think how much worse it would have been if his middle name had started with "U". ((I thot of that but didn't have any more room--G.C.)) Raj's story on the next page was pretty good. It would frighten anyone away from Frisco tho. He has a pretty good wit, wonder what it will be like when he can write. Then on the last page was another pic by me. I understand Kennedy named it "ANight in the Red Light District" It wasn't meant to be that way.

L #3's cover, despite what anyone might think is--a cover. And the gal on it has just run over from the back cover of L#2 where she belongs ((do you blame her for running, look what's chasing her--G.C.)) And where I had her originally. The editorial was even better this time, and the poem on page three by Jim Love was good filler for any zine. And in this one it was an outstanding piece ((I resent that crack--G.C.)) The next page held the best thing in all four issues. A Half page article by a fan's mother, saying she liked fans. It is with the exception of something by Ackerman's mother(of which I have not read) the only thing of its kind. In fact I may reprint it in my Letter Zine G-C.(see how smooth I worked that plug in?) And last but not least was a pic by a fan named Guess Who, who does work almost like mine. This was the best copy job they had done so far.

Well that was all there were, but a week later when I returned to south Gate I found waiting for me another bundle from the Padded Cell boys. This time they had got a outsider so to speak to do the cover. And a very good job he did too ((Cockroft copied the cover from an old artbook he had lying around--G.C.)) I wonder how he could see the two Rehmities so well from ND? I guess the standing one was Jawge ((now I'm the handsome one--G.C.)) The inside was mostly by John. And this good. He is always good (see I know where my pictures coming from) I could get the name of the artist on page 5, but I guessed it to be Dallas (am I right) ((no it was Raj!)) It was very good. Raj can do the same when he is sober ((hah, hah and he was drunk--G.C.)) ((on apple cider)) I feel John improved my pic on the back page 50% by his swell coloring job. I think it is one of the best I have seen. I say that not because I drew the pic, but because I mean it. It was done in black and white, yet he added all that color. A big job.

And thus I saw the four vols of Lu---. And you still ask me why I scream when I hear that name. It is because of my pics. I fear that some one might get the wrong idea. That I HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH PUTTING OUT LUNACY... that name GAAAAAaaaaaaaaaaaaa.....

Richard Neary.

Next we have a short note from Sandy [redacted], South Shore Apts, 7100 South Shore Drive, Chicago 49, Ill.

Dear Jawge;

And you sound like such a nice guy. tak.tak.

Next a note from Jim Love, 198 1/2 Wilson Street, Newark, Ohio--it seems he liked Lunacy--Hmmm.

Dear Jawge;

I enjoyed Lunacy. Did you guys really do all the things you said to pore Jawn? ((that we did)) If I was you, I'd sic my pet BEM on you!

I decided the other day that I'd like to try my hand a publishing a zine myself ((free plug)) so I bought a hecto and supplies. How about a few pointers on how to get started? NO!, you and the Rehmities needn't come to Newark to help me. Just send you advice by mail. I don't intend to suffer the fate of Jawn! To prove that I'm not fooling, I've got my anti-Rehmite gun ready and waiting. ((gad, now they've even got a weapon all for us Raj!))

Why not try to keep Lunacy alive? I think it would be a good idea--if Jawn don't murder you for doing it--and me for suggesting it. ((All fan will be happy to know that it was Jim Love's encouragement to me that brought about this fifth issue of Lunacy--take your bows Jeem))

The rest of the comments were unprintable and so until the next issue of Lunacy when I hope you readers will really flood this dept. with letters. And they must be printable this time.....

Voice Of The Turtle
By Rapal Merdero

Those of my readers of a more discerning eye will immediately distinguish the similarity in title that exists between this sterling piece of composition and a drab, uninteresting parody of a play that is now touring the country playing to capacity audiences at every turn and netting its writing a tidy sum! I am happy the public of the United States is showing such good taste in staying away from this distasteful, illegitimate show which has run for less than two years in New York, the world's cultural center.

(go 'way Mabel)

As is customarily my custom, I will occupy the third and second paragraph with a humorous witticism, followed directly with a few thousand words of extraneous comment on unnecessary happenings.

An elderly dowager upon renting a hotel room for the night found herself directly across the court from a vigorous young gentleman who was parading with obvious nudity about his room. After watching him for a short time the prudish woman phoned down to the manager demanding he come up to her room. Taking in the situation immediately he turned to the lady saying, "But Madam, your room is directly across the court from the young man's, and on a level with it; you can see no more than if you were at the beach." "Of course," she countered, "What did you think I was complaining about?"

(go 'way Mabel)

Follows now a brief synopsis of the first chapter of my new 16 volume novelette "World Of the Null-Fairy Chessmen": It will probably be printed under one of my better known pseudonyms, either A.E. Van Vegt or Lewis Padgett.

Camersseyne reached for the doorknob. It turned into a copy of "Science and Sanity" (2nd edition). From behind him a headless, armless legless, figure stepped forward and reached out with two powerful hands to grasp Camersseyne. "Tell me what you know of Lemuria", it said.

Camersseyne was adamant. "Hello Adament," said the torso. "Tell me about Lemuria."

Camersseyne laughed. "Haha!"; His brow knit in consternation. (Knitting enthusiasts may obtain a copy of this brow pattern by sending a stamped un-addressed envelope to me) Using the variable truth formula, Camersseyne stared at the scarred and battered figure and shouted in triumph, "You do not exist!" Camersseyne vanished.

* * * * *

(Mabel, I said go away)

Lapsing into the serious for a brief moment (no briefer than an ordinary moment tho) I am struck with the thought that we would all be better off if we stopped thinking. Stop and think for a minute--where is thinking getting you?? Nowhere. Erehwon. It is wasted time and energy. It is useless. Cogitate on it for a while, as I, like Mohammed will follow my own advice, setting a prime example. I have quit thinking. The time has come for physical action. I am ready, So is....

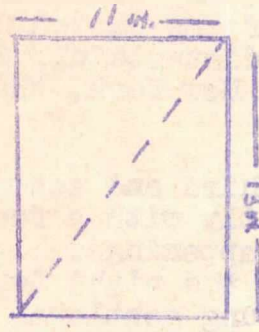
(C'mere Mabel)

For Sale from George Caldwell,
1115 San Anselmo Ave, San Anselmo, Calif.

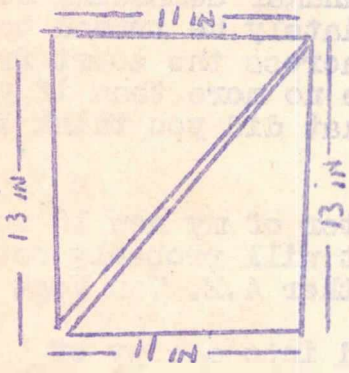
- Maza Of The Moon...O. Kline.....\$2.25
- Woman Alive.....S. Ertz.....\$2.00
- Tunnel Thru The Air...Gann.....\$1.75
- Ralph 124 C 41.....H. Gernsback.....\$3.50
- The Absolute At Large....Earl Hapek.....\$1.50

--- Puzzle---

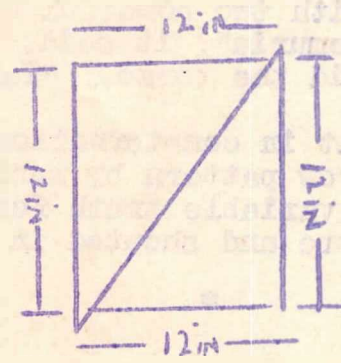
Where did the additional inches come from. Free copies of Lunacy will be given for the most logical answers. We do not know the answer.



First take a piece of cardboard or stiff paper 11 inches by 13 inches and draw a diagonal from border to border.



Second cut the diagonal with a pair of scissors so you have two equal pieces.



Third: arrange the equal pieces in such a manner that the edge equals 12 inches and the other edge will also be equal (it can be done quite easily)

Thus you will see that the area of the first piece 11 by 13 is 143 sq. inches and the product of the operations is 144 sq. inches plus the product of the tips left over from the original pieces.

The answer we want is just what you want. We always thought you couldn't get something out of nothing. Can you?

For Sale From George Caldwell
1115 San Anselmo Ave, San Anselmo, Calif.

- The Red Napoleon.....Gibbons.....\$2.00
- Dr. Krasinski's Secret.....M.P.Shiel.....\$1.25
- Upsidonia....Marshall.....\$1.50

- Air Wonder Stories
- Dec. 1929---good condition---\$1.00
- Oct. 1929---no front cover---\$.50
- Jan. 1930---no back cover---\$.75

Amazing Stories

1946--June, July, Feb, May,--mint---15¢ apiece.
1945--Mar; Sept, ---mint---15¢ apiece
1944--Dec; --15¢ ...Jan, Mar, Sept, May ---mint---20¢ apiece
1943--Jan; Feb; Aug;--fair to mint---20¢ apiece
1942--Feb; May; Oct; Dec.--mint---20¢ apiece
1941--Feb, Apr, May, June, July, Aug, Sept, Oct, Nov, Dec,--fair to mint--
25¢ apiece.
1940--June, Aug, Sept, Dec,--fair to mint--25¢ apiece
---Feb, Mar, May, July-- fair to mint--25¢ apiece

Startling Stories

1946--Mar, Summer, Spring, Winter--mint--10¢ apiece
1945--Fall; Summer; Spring, Winter--mint--10¢ apiece
1944--Fall; Summer, Spring--mint--13¢ apiece
1943--Fall; June, Mar--mint--13¢ apiece
1942--July, Mar, Jan, Sept, Nov, May--mint--15¢ apiece
1941--Nov, July, May Mar, Jan Sept--mint--20¢ apiece
1940--July, Mar; ~~Sept~~; --mint--25¢ apiece
1939--Nov, Sept, July,--fair to mint--25¢ apiece.....Mar (3pages gone)-10¢
*

Super Science Stories

1943--May--15¢...Feb,--20¢
1942--Nov; Aug, Feb,--20¢ apiece (Fair)
1941--Nov, May Jan,--fair--20¢ apiece....Aug, Mar (lousy) --15¢ apiece
1940--Sept, July May --fair to mint--25¢ apiece

Astounding Stories

1943--Feb, Apr,--15¢ apiece
1942--June, Oct, Dec.--fair to mint--17¢ apiece ...Mar,--17¢
1941--Feb; Apr; Nov Sept;--fair--20¢ apiece
1940--Feb, Apr, Aug, Oct, Dec,--mint to fair--20¢ apiece

Future Fiction

1943--Feb;--good--20¢
1942--Dec; Oct; Aug, June, Apr--good to mint--20¢ apiece.... Feb..mint..25
1941--Aug; Dec;--poor and good--25¢ apiece
1940--Nov, Mar,--fair and poor--20¢ apiece

Weird Tales

1946--Sept, July May Jan Mar,--10¢ apiece
1945--Nov, Sept, July May Mar, Jan--mint--12¢ apiece
1944Nov, Sept, July, May, Mar; Jan--fair to mint--15¢ apiece
1943--Sept, Nov July, May Mar, Jan,--mint--20¢ apiece

Strange Storys

1939--Aug,--poor--15¢

Captain Future

1944-- Spring--fair--20¢
1942--Fall;--good--25¢
1941--Fall; Summer;--good and mint--25¢ apiece
1940--Fall, Summer, Spring--mint--25¢ apiece

Weird Tales

1942--Sept, Nov, July May, Mar, Jan--good--20¢ apiece

Sale from Raj Rehm (cont)

Planet Stories

- 1946--Summer Spring, Winter--fair to mint--10¢ apiece
- 1945--Fall; Summer, Spring, Winter--12¢ apiece
- 1944--Fall; Summer Spring, Winter,--mint--15¢ apiece
- 1943--Fall, Winter--fair and mint--20¢ apiece
- 1942--Spring; Fall, Winter--poor to mint--25¢ apiece
- 1941--Summer, Winter--good--25¢ apiece
- 1940 Fall, Spring--good--25¢ apiece

Fantastic Adventures

- 1946--May; Feb,--mint--15¢ apiece
- 1945--Dec, Oct--mint--15¢ apiece
- 1944--Apr--20¢
- 1943--Mar, Jan;--fair--25¢ apiece.
- 1942--Oct, Apr, Feb, Jan Nov,--fair to mint--25¢ apiece
- 1941Mar,--25¢ apiece
- 1940--Oct,--mint-- 25¢ apiece
- 1940--(big issues)--Jan--good--40¢
- 1939--Sept, July--good--40¢ apiece

Science-Fiction

- 1943--Apr, July--good--20¢ apiece
- 1942-----
- 1941--Mar, Sept, June, Jan--fair--20¢ apiece
- 1940--Oct; Mar;--fair--20¢ a piece
- 1939--Mar, Aug,--fair--25¢ apiece....poor--15¢

Dynamic Science Stories

- 1939--Apr-May issue--fair--35¢ apiece

Comet

- 1941--July, Mar--fair and mint-- 25¢ and 35¢

Marvel Stories

- 1941--Apr; good--25¢
- 1940--Nov,--good--25¢
- 1939--Aug,--mint--25¢
- First issue--fair condition--35¢

Science Fiction Quarterly

- 1942--Fall, good--30¢
- 1941--Winter, Summer--good--30¢ apiece
- Fourth issue--mint--35¢

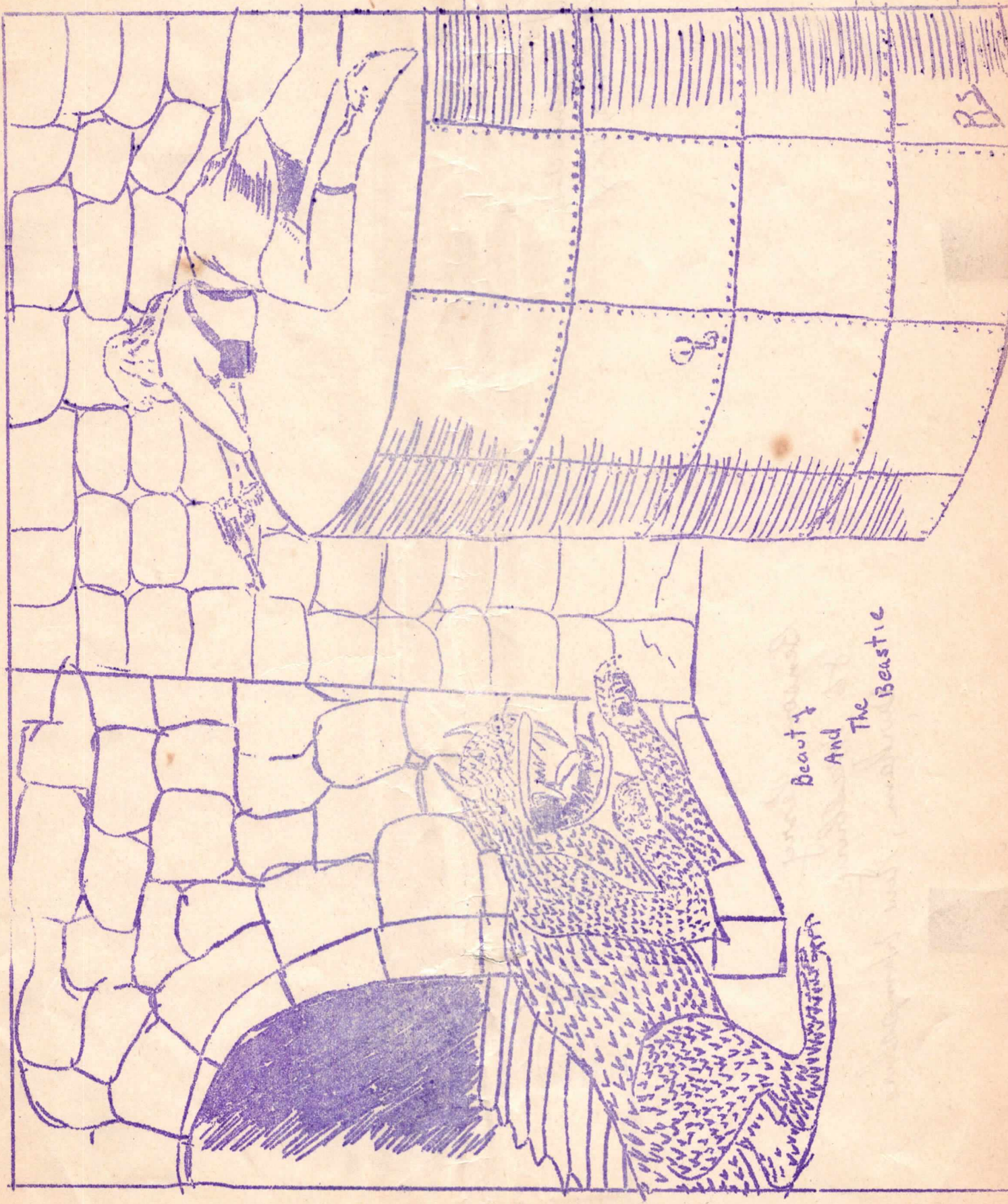
Unknown

- 1943--June, Oct, Aug,--fair--25¢ apiece
- 1942--
- 1941--Feb,--good--30¢
- 1940--Oct--fair--35¢
- 1939--Apr--good--30¢...Nov--mint--35¢...Aug--mint--40¢

For Sale from George Caldwell, 1115 San Anselmo Ave, San Anselmo, California

Books

- A.D. 2000.....Lt. A. Fuller.....\$2.00
- Great Stone Of Sardis.....Frank Stockton.....\$1.75



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And
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BS

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Durham, New Hampshire

