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Happy New Year-----  
the morning after

LUNACY  
# 7

Bi-MONTHLY  
5¢ per



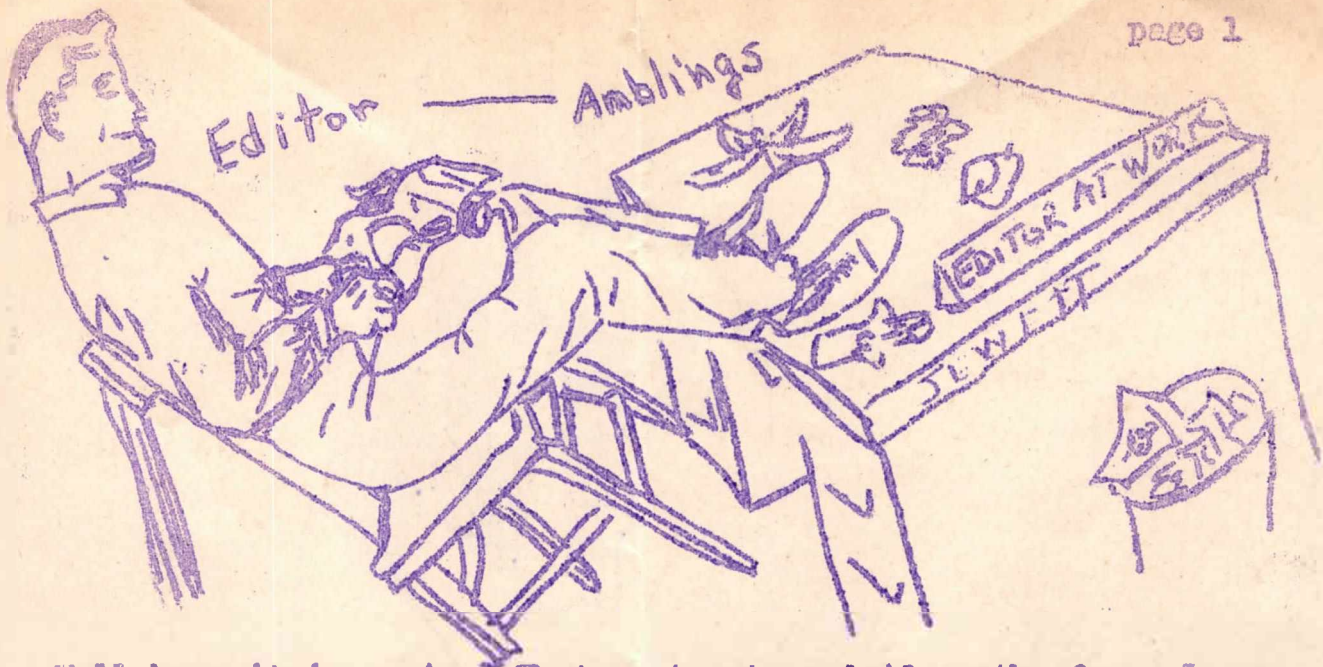
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Red  
Boggs

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Artwork in this issue by John Cockroft, Tom Jewett, John Van Couvering and yours truly. ---cover design by John Van Couvering illustrating the morning after New' Year's Eve. At least its the way we feel

This zine is pubed at 1115 San Anselmo Ave, San Anselmo, Calif. by Jawge Caldwell. The insignificant sum of one nickel is asked for this sterling rag. If there is an X in this space \_\_\_\_\_ it means to stick a nickel in an envelope if you wanna get the next. If there's an X here \_\_\_\_\_ it means this is a free copy ~~for~~ some unknown reason, and it might be a good idea to send for the next one. If there is a X here \_\_\_\_\_ it means you're sub is out. While the word trade <sup>trade</sup> here needs no explanation. For you who might feel slighted at no X for you here is one expecially for youse. X -----satisfied.



Well here it is again. That most esteemed of worthy fings, Lunacy Almost a month late but at least its here. Several things have held up this issue, the most important being Christmas. Then at the last moment I cut my finger and couldn't type, but bravely I surmounted all obstacles to bring you this issue of LUNACY.

You might call this issue a holiday one. It has a cover representing the morning after New Year's nite, a poem for the Thanksgiving we passed in November, tho I hope your repast was a bit different than the one enjoyed by our four ghoulish friends, and to top it off we have in the spotlight a superb Christmas story by Redd Boggs. This story was one I wanted to bring to you in time for Christmas in order that the proper feeling might be present for its reading but upon rereading it find that it has lost none of its power or emotional appeal.

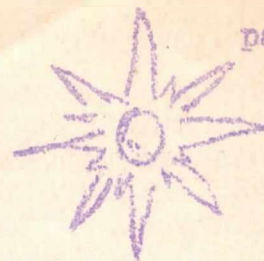
This issue has been made of necessity a rather smaller one than is usual due to the lack of good material. How about it?? Surely there must be something kicking around in your upper story that could be developed into a readable article or story. Stories however must be limited to 4 pages.

To make up for the lack of quantity in this issue, I rather foolishly tried to dummy this issue. This will probably be the first and last issue of Lunacy to be dummied. Guard it carefully.

I have received several entreaties from different fans to change the name of LUNACY to something different. What do you think of it? I honestly believe that its a good name but if the majority of you reader want it to be changed, so it shall.

I wonder how many of you listen to the kiddie hour of radio serial over the radio from 4:45 to 6:00 in the evening from Monday thru Friday every week. They are 15 minute shows and its remarkable just how much fantasy they do bring to their listeners. I have a little brother and he naturally listens to these programs, I have no alternative but listening, honest. There are two wholly fantasy shows of the four that make up the hour of kiddie entertainment, these are: Buck Rogers and Super xxx. Buck Rogers is at present on Jupiter trying to foil the mad scientist Destin from conquering the Solar System. It is complete with rocket ships, disintegrating rays, hypnotic rays, flying belts and all the other instruments of the space opera. Even tho it is juvenile in presentation it is still enjoyable to me and I bet several other grown-up fan ((no cracks, please)) The other program as you've doubtless all

STAR OF WONDER----  
by Redd Boggs



Planetfall! The great shimmering globe from outer space plummeted gently into the deep violet gloom of the vapor-canopied world. It had reached its destination, fifty million light-years from the marginal stars of Galaxy I, five years, measured by heart-throb and life-ebb, from Citadel Base on far Mircor. Ancient Deke gazed eagerly into the view-plate, their sole visual contact with the universe, and his lean reptilian body pulsed in wonder at the sight.

"Life! Seabeings as multitudinous as the very stars," he marvelled aloud, and his young companion, Thur, looked up from his navigation instruments to follow the old one's gaze into the mirrored image on the screen. "Life, alien and inimical perhaps, but life!----a rare precious gift of the universe. It is tragic indeed that we must destroy this planet."

The globe from Mircor floated close to a black, heaving sea that flung itself in phosphorescent fury upon the vanguard rocks of a dark, high shore. And amid the fanged rocks and farther out toward the deeps, the thick waters boiled in a turmoil of coruscating ripples that foamed in the wake of swimming things rearing to the surface in the path of the starr-ship.

As the Mircorans watched, a gigantic sinuous Thing, writhing like a gush of black water, rose magnificently from the billows and swept the sky with lithe, reaching tentacles, then plunged back into the sea with a splash that could be heard even through the massive hull of the globe. A reversed cataract of water leaped sheerly, drenching the ship in its cascading drops.

Thur repressed a shudder. As the denizen of the sea sank in a churn of white ripples, he glimpsed the shapeless bulk of the thing attached to those questing tentacles. "That creature was after us" he spoke, and his upper claws worked at the controls, raising the globe a safer distance above the ocean. "If that is a sample of the life here the immediate annihilation of this world is desirable."

"We have yet to determine whether there is intelligent life here" Deke replied judiciously. "By express command of the Imperial Ruler, no planet shall be destroyed that has spawned intelligence. Despite whatever advantages this sun may possess as a dimensional gateway, it cannot be used----"

"Unless all discoverable beings of subject intelligent race or races are removed by star-transport to another planet certified by the Mircor Science Foundation as being completely congenial to the transportees," Thur quoted directly from the Imperial transcript, "We shall see, Deke."

The star-ship floated on. Above them, through rifts in the cumulus vapors, the planet's primary appeared, dusky-red and expiring

gigantic, as if suspended from a cloud. Abstractedly Thur pictured the sun as it would appear one day, when under the expert operation of the Star Engineers, it would become a collapsed-neutron star and go monstrously mad, flaring into such unimaginable intensity that it ~~surpassed~~ <sup>surpassed</sup> a whole galaxy of ordinary stars. And under the stress of that supernal-violence, another pioneer fleet of Mirror time-ships would be hurled in to hyperspace and looped through the "dimensional gateway" into the Other Universe, where space and time were just beginning to emerge from elemental chaos, where Mirror scientists were shaping creation into an empyrean paradise.

Deko coiled calmly on his couch, gazing at the viewplate. Below them, in the wake of the gliding ship, the sea blossomed with luminous swirls, like a sudden supergalaxy of novae bursting against the jet of the ocean. Life everywhere! On the land, where tangled jungles, bending under seemingly ceaseless rain, crowded the searching viewplate vast clouds of soaring proto-birds rose on membranous wings, and occasionally the low-flying globe frightened out of hiding herds of huge waddling beasts that crashed blindly away into the rain-flattened undergrowth.

The landed the starship at length on a dim meadowland at the edge of a gloom-crowned jungle, Thur piloted, however, to a dizzying angle, and in correcting the error he had to unleash a burst of raw atomic energy that lit the violet world even to the heaping purple clouds which luridly reflected the wide crimson flash. Two impervoid plates were bent by the jarring landing.

Deko and Thur were crawling on the hull of the ship, repairing the damage, when the hirsute, biped creatures slunk out of the dank grass and groveled before them. Coarse gutterals tumbled from their bulging lips.

"God worship!" remarked Deko, regarding the beings with extended eye-tentacles. "Your pyrotechnic landing must have impressed them, Thur. But god worship presupposes imagination, which is an attribute of intelligence. We will examine one of these primitives under the psychoscanner."

So saying, he unleashed his ray projector, clicked it to stunning intensity, and flashed a pale beam upon the nearest groveling brute. Thur warily crawled forward, picked up the unmoving form in his middle claws, and carried him into the globe. The other alien bipeds fled at his approach.

Several hours later, Deko deactivated the whirring psychoscanner, and remarked: "Despite the fact that this race is mammalian, it is of a high type indeed. Savage brutes, yes, but with great potentialities. They are hunters, and have trapped and slain the savage beasts of the jungle. They have crude weapons, and a variety of implements and crude adornments.

"They haven't learned the art of cookery, or of erecting dwellings" objected Thur. "They do not have domesticated animals, or cultivated plants ---"



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"But their intelligence factor is 17 on Blor's Scale," said Deke. "According to orders, the race must be transported elsewhere before the Star Engineers can set to work. I will call Citadel Base." He covered the activating cell on the ultraradio, and a signal went flashing immeasurably faster than light across intergalactic space.....

As Senior Scientists assigned to Dimensional Gateway Project-III, Deke and Thur accompanied the great swarm of star-transporters that scintillated at supra-light velocity across the Third Galaxy carrying the primitive bipeds to their new home. Six chronometric days from the "gateway star" found their globe decelerating as it approached its destination. A medium-sized yellow star with nine planets, all approximately in the same plane, swam into the viewplate, burning with deep clarity against the ultimate black of space.

"Citadel Base directed us to the third planet from the sun," said Deke. "According to the Mirocor expedition which visited it, we will find a world somewhat older than the one we left, but remarkably similar in gravity, atmosphere, and temperatures."

"Any sign of intelligent life," asked Thur.

"None with any promise. There are bipeds which closely resemble our charges, but they have no opposable dactyl on their appendages, and have evolved no written or spoken language. They are therefore ill equipped for founding a civilization."

The third planet drifted brightly into the center of the screen.

"The close similarity of life forms spawned on many livable worlds seems very striking," reflected Deke, after a moment. "In our galaxy and in Galaxy II, the reptilian forms rule. In the known portions of this galaxy, mammals are dominant. But nowhere are there irregularities in the gigantic pattern of parallel development -- no confusion or tangled skeins in the mighty plan of the cosmos. Such perfect accord and undeviating obedience to natural law seems to point to a Purpose, a Power, not to mere chance. Can it be that somewhere beyond all universes and all matter and cosmic continua there is a Supreme Intelligence who conceived all creation, and even now guides the strange and diverse destinies of all whom He created."

"The bipeds regard us as gods," interjected Thur, somewhat irreverently.

"Perhaps we are, or perhaps we are emissaries, at least, of some Power, unwittingly but inexorable carrying out His mysterious commands."

Thur uncoiled restlessly. "The bipeds would agree with you, Deke, if they knew we were responsible, when one night they gaze upon their late star outshining all others in the sky!"

"That event will not become evident till more than 30,000 years upon this planet," said Deke, pointing to the orb centered on the viewplate. "Perhaps by then the bipeds will have progressed farther than any Mirocoran has toward understanding that Supreme Power beyond all space and time. I wonder, what will these beings think, what will they believe, when on that distant day they will see that star appear and blaze intensely in the sky?"

The globe from Mirocor descended lightly planetward.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### EPILOG

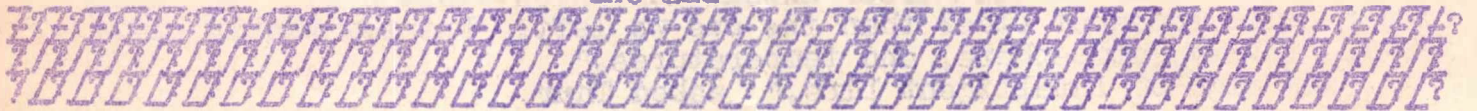
"And it came to pass in those days that there went out a decree from Caesar Augustus that all the world should be taxed. And all want to be taxed, every one into his own city. And Joseph also went up from Galilee, out of the city of Nazareth into Judea, unto the city of David which is called Bethlehem, to be taxed, with Mary his espoused wife, being great with child.

"And so it was that, while they were there, the days were accomplished that she should be delivered, and she brought forth her first born son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger because there was no room for them in the inn.

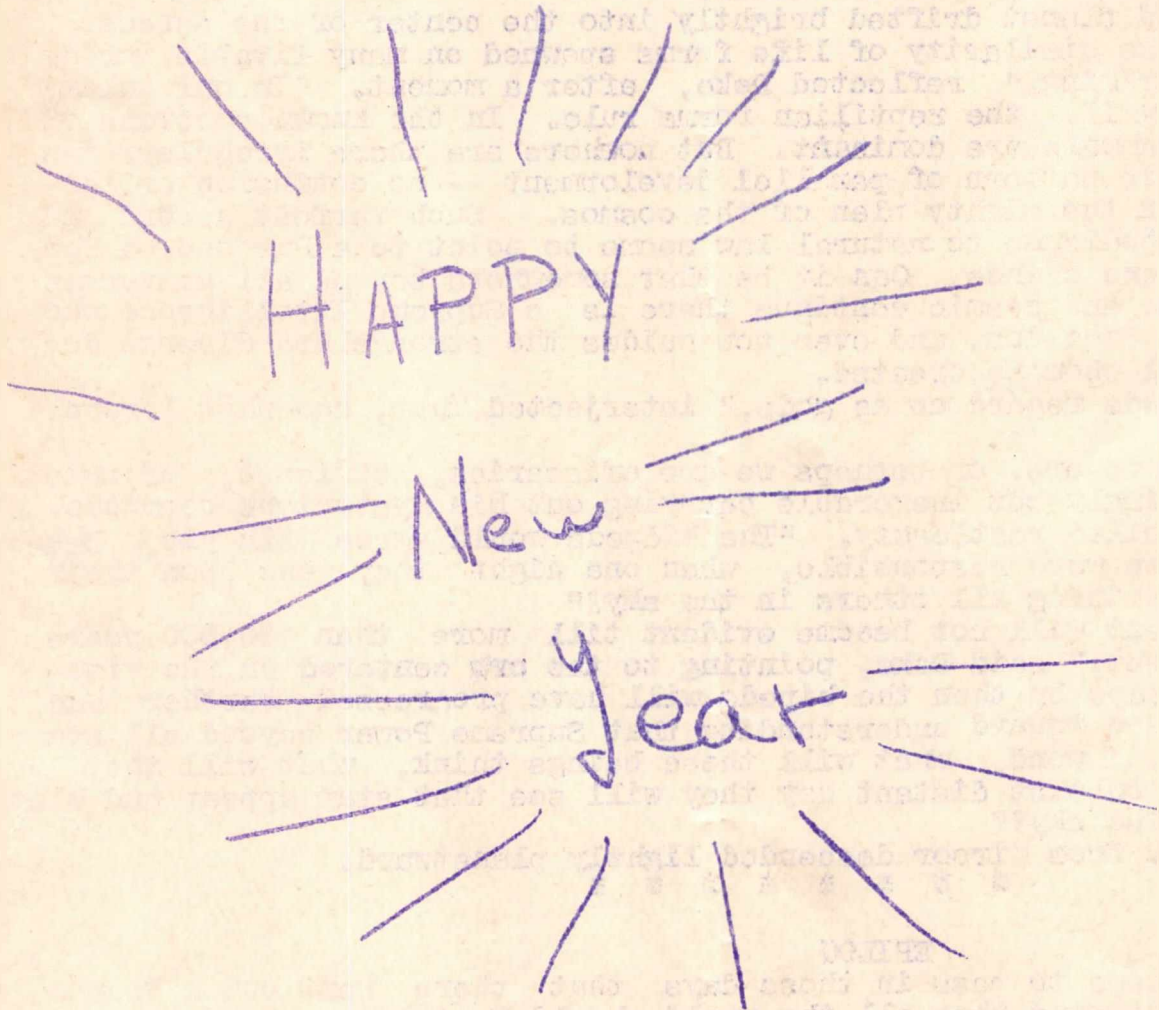
"And behold, there came wise men from the east to Jerusalem, saying "Where is he that is born King of the Jews? We have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him."

"And lo, the star went before them till it came and stood over where the young child was. When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy, and when they were come into the house, they saw the young child with Mary, his mother, and fell down and worshipped him and when they had opened unto him gifts: gold, and frankincense, and myrrh."

The End



Abstract picture of a genius at work((above))



Too late to wish a merry Xmas

Jawge

by Doris A. Currier

A Ghost and a messy old Vampire  
Met one night in the gloom.  
Each deplored the sad situation  
That they had neither castle nor room.  
"How can I haunt" moaned the Ghostie  
And the Vampire drooled as he thought  
Of the blood he could drink, so together  
A decrepit old mansion they bought.



Now a Werewolf of foul reputation  
Heard the news and hid himself there,  
If the boys were planning a banquet  
He wanted the bill of fare.  
So he joined the two and together  
They planned a party sublime  
But a Ghoul heard about the proceedings  
And rushed to arrive there in time.

"First off, we must pick out a victim,  
Some one we can frighten with ease,  
That's the job for the Ghostie  
To bring the prey to his knees.  
Then we'll place him on the table  
And the blood is the Vampire's tithe,  
Then the Ghoul can have the soft flesh parts  
While the body still lives and can writhe.



Then the Werewolf can have his portion  
He can clean all the bones that remain,  
And when this grand feast is all over,  
We'll go out and start over again."  
So they did, they first found a victim,  
The Ghostie's fierce mien caused his death  
And the Vampire drank from the body  
E'er the victim had drawn his last breath.

Then the Ghoul with relish and gusto  
Cleansed the warm pulsing flesh from the bones  
While the Werewolf waited with patience  
And hummed in weird, eerie tones.  
Then he cleaned all the bones and the party  
Was over and all went to sleep.  
If this darned poem doesn't scare you,  
I'll bet that tonight you'll count sheep.





Book And Mag sale !

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

Just to prove that I'm on the level I have this testimony from Max Sonstein, honest I'm honest.

Know ye all men by these presents that Good Old Jawge, has, and of a right ought to have, the courage of his convictions. He has sold, at a fair and reasonable price, various publications known as ScienceFiction Magazines, to a fellow fan, to wit, Max Sonstein; Good Old Jawge has manfully fought the good fight with his conscience and successfully overcome the impulse to soak the party of the second part, me, enough for the magazines to lay the cornerstone for his 1st Million dollars. May his martyrdom be no in vain!! May his shadow never grow less!!

I guess that proves I'm honest. And really, selling my books and mags is the only way I can hope to keep Lunacy going. No subscribers.

Argosy Excerpts (serials)

The Green Flame-----	Eric North-----	\$ .50
Earth's Last Citadel----	C.L. Moore and N. Kuttner-----	\$ .75
World's End-----	Vic Rousseau-----	\$ .50
The Lost Land Of Atzlan----	Fred Mac Isaac-----	\$ .50

Books

The Perfect World-----	Scrymgeour-----	(jupiter) -----	\$1.00
The Great Stone of Sardis----	Stockton-----	(future time)-----	\$ .75
Men Like Gods-----	H.G. Wells-----	(4-D travel)-----	\$1.00
Perelandra-----	C.S.Lewis-----	(Venus)-----	\$1.50
Out of The Silent Planet----	C.S.Lewis-----	(Mars)-----	\$1.50
Maza of The Moon-----	O.A. Kline-----		\$1.50
The Centaurians-----	Biagi-----	(race from star)-----	\$1.00
Haunted Airways-----	T. Burtis-----	(future airlines)-----	\$ .50
Ayesha-----	E.R. Haggard-----		\$1.00
A.D. 2000-----	A.M. Fuller-----		\$ .80
Beware After Dark-----	T.E. Harre-----	(collection)-----	\$1.00
Universal Station-----	B. Brown-----	(gate to heaven)-----	\$1.00
Dr. Krashinski's Secret----	H.P. Shiel-----		\$ .60
People of The Mist-----	H.R. Haggard-----		\$1.00
A Houseboat On The Styx----	J.K. Bangs-----		\$ .30
Ghosts And Some Others I Have Met----	J.K. Bangs-----		\$ .30
A Romance of Two Worlds----	Marie Corelli-----		\$ .30
The Land of No Shadow-----	Claudy-----	(4-D travel)-----	\$ .50
A Thousand Years A Minute----	Claudy-----	(time travel)-----	\$ .50
Mystery Men of Mars-----	Claudy-----		\$ .50
The Absolute At Large-----	Karel Capek-----		\$ .60
The Phantom In The Rainbow----	Slater Lellaster-----		\$ .70
Woman Alive-----	Susan Ertz-----		\$ .80
A Guy Named Joe-----	White-----	(from the movie)-----	\$ .50
Night Life of The Gods-----	T. Smith-----		\$ .60
Skin And Bones-----	T. Smith-----		\$ .60

Magazines

Air Wonder Stories----	Dec. 1929, Jan. 1930-----	@ 50¢ apiece
Science Wonder Stories----	June 1929, 1st issue-----	@ 1.00
Wonder Stories-----	Nov. 1930, Nov. 1931, Apr. 1932,---	@ \$.50 apiece
Wonder Stories-----	June 1933, July 1932, Sept. 1932-----	@ \$.50 apiece
Wonder Stories-----	Oct. 1932, Nov. 1932, Dec. 1932, Jan. 1932	@ \$.45 apiece
Wonder Stories-----	Feb. 1932, Mar. 1932, May 1933, Aug. 1932	@ \$.40 apiece
Wonder Stories-----	Aug. 1933, Oct. 1933, July 1935, Aug. 1935,---	@ \$.35 apiece
Wonder Stories-----	Oct. 1935	@ \$. 30

I wonder how many fen, new and old, who have read both of Anonymous Psuedoman's articles in Lunacy have really pondered the advantages and the disadvantages in forming an organization such as Young Fandom.

I don't pretend to be an authority on the subject, I'm not an authority on anything. I do know, however, that being a young and new-fan, I want to be able to raise just as big a stink as any of the Old-Guard.

There have been various remedies suggested as alternatives to forming a club for neofen and all have said nothing but "young and old fenn should stick together. The new to provide the incentive and the enthusiasm, the old to give advice and to oversee." I don't like to resort to undiplomatic terms but the idea of the neofen bringing forth ideas so that the old fan can sit back and wag their gray locks sagely and say "Sorry sonny, but you're all wet." I think the whole idea stinks.

Here is what is wrong with the old and neofen in one or a dozen organizations together. If new fen are ever to carry any authority and if their words and opinions are ever to carry any weight, those young and new fen will have to give that authority and that weight to themselves. No one else will!

If there were not any urgent necessity for organizations such as Young Fandom they would not exist. I do not say that old and neo-fen should not be in the same organizations side by side, I maintain only that there should be ample opportunity for the neofen to exchange ideas and opinions without interference and even without observation. And once these ideas and opinions are exchanged, the new fann should carry the weight to put those ideas across and should have the authority to make their opinions carefully considered by any who are confronted by those opinions.

One great disadvantage is this. That old fen should think that new fen are strictly against them. That old fen should have visions of all good little fen kneeling at their bedsides saying "And God bless Pa and Pa and please Lord, bring about the immediate demise of any and all existing old fen.".....That old fen should go so far as to form organizations against the new fen, that would be very bad.

I don't believe that the majority of neofen want the Old Guard don away with or anything on that order at all. On the contrary I believe that the majority---and that includes me definately---look forward to the time when they too reach that respected position as one.

Let us fervently hope that organizations for both classes of fandom, such as the N3F, continue to provide a forum wherein old and newfen may exchange ideas and plans for the bettering of fandom and for furthering the conditions of all fen alike.

ALLEN-----ALLEN

\*\*\*\*\*

This article ends the series of articles on neofen grievances, in regard to the attitude some Old Guard fans regard us. The club has been started and has a membership of 20 active fanns.

If any other persons reading this desire to join the club and meet these simple requirements(less than 3 years in active fandom or a teenager) drop a line in care of this zine and the Sec-Treas. of the club--not yet elected--will be informed. A copy of the Constitution will be sent to you in any case. The next issue will carry full election det-

alls



ODE TO THE PLANETS-----

John Van Couvering

Mercury, fastest of the planets,  
Flies around like he had ants in his pants;  
The moisture there wouldn't fill a cup  
For he's ever sunnu side up.



Venus, goddess of the morn  
From her lover she was torn.  
Now they've stuck her in the sky,  
Where she'll tempt no amorous guy.

God of war with eye of red  
Has no helmet on his head;  
Mars instead has a ~~polar~~ polar cap  
Which cools him off but good, poor sap.



Vermis of the sky are these,  
Asteroids as thick as peas;  
They whiz around at an awful rate,  
Tombstones of a planet's fate.

Mightiest of the planets, Jove,  
Moons by the dozens around him rove.  
Like his bulk, his pride is huge,  
The famed "redspot" is naught but rouge.



Saturn, fairest queen of all;  
Suitors come at every call.  
The rings a lover she held too tight;  
But he still hangs 'round every night.

Uranus: forbidding, cold and rocky,  
Is just the place if you like hockey.  
Frozen air and fingers here;  
If this were lost we'd shed no tear.

Neptune, king of H<sub>2</sub>O  
For water he'll have far to go;  
Ice is hot for here, you see,  
When air is mainly NH<sub>3</sub>

Pluto: coldest and last;  
Uncounted freezing ages past  
He was adopted by motherly Sol  
But he hasn't warmed up to Sol at all.

Back from our trip from star to star,  
We find there's one that's best by far;  
Land of the free, good old Terra  
Of all the planets, there is no fairah.



# Letters From The Lunatics



In the honor spot we have Rick Sneary, the master of the mis-spelled word.

Dear Luney;  
You know you are the first a lot of things. You were the first ((and no doubt the only)) daily zine in fandom. And now you print backward. (The issue that is) I have a copy of Vol.4 No.1, yet this is Vol.1.No.3.

Cover is from Coldwell. The inside art by Jewett is super wonderful. How did he know what to draw??? Sure they were only sketches, but they give a certain life to the whole thing. That old saying about one picture being worth a thousand words was never truer.

By the way dear readers, Anonymous Psuedoman is to Lunacy what F.W. Wright is to Vol.

The article on Young Fandom was QS. Whenever this is printed, I expect that YF will be a going thing. I want to make it clear to some of those that say YF is trying to set themselves apart from the older fans and also fandom. This is not true as far as I know. We will not try to compete with any fan club such as the NFFF. We merely want to have a club that will help the young fans get started. Of the fans G.C listed at least 6 are NFFF members, and Streiff and I are running for Directors. We don't plan to withdraw from old fandom.

RICK

\*\*\*\*\*

Next we hear from Bob Norton:  
I like you cover this ish. Neat, suggestive and not so gaudy as # 5.

Nice new contents page. Looks like you value Coswal's advice.

As to the comments on whether the human form is the best there is----- I have seen many times when I could have used a pair of wings.

I hesitate to commit myself on the Shaver Mystery----I personally remain unconvinced. I don't think any conclusive proof has yet been shown. Amazing has often referred rather mysteriously to "unquestionable facts in our files" but so far they have failed to do nothing but site unsolved disappearances that dero could be responsible for. I'm not saying they are screwy, but somethin's fony.

As for YF, I can't see why YF can't exist right along with the NFF or any other organization. Also, if the Old Guard don't relish the situation, why don't they form their own organization. Why I even have a name for it. They could call it the SCFCDOF. That is, Society For The Care and Furnishing of Crutches to Decrepit & Over-aged Fan. Simple, huh????

BOB

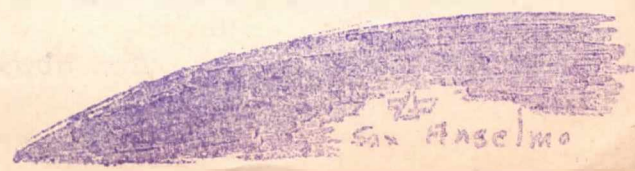
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Now from the infatigable Coswal:

Since you bring up the problem about shapes and abilities for an intelligence to be housed in, in your editorial, I'll take them up here:

Norm's article is interesting tho I don't agree entirely. So it was the distraction of Gossyn's 3rd body that prevented him from taking a more active part?? Ah, but that was part of VI's plot----personally, I think that

(over)



the story'd have been much better if said body hadnt been destroyed But about the form for bodies: I take the Arisian endowed sense of perception any day, including the other advances such as nerveblock to prevent pain, as for the actual form, why not have it changeable?? Thus we could look human, or assume ability to navigate air-less space at any speed we wish, or have wings, and so on. Or if we must choose one definite form, how about Tregonsee's??

Jewett's Sad Tale---so what. I know alittle something about hypnotism myself so there's nothing new here. The thing that most interests me about hypnotism is you can hypnotize a person and make them un hypnotizable by anyone, if you wish; or selectively so that only one person can hypnotize 'em or make 'em so they're easily hypnotizable thereafter. Fun, huh?

Burgess' Shaver stuffOK---a few new thots to me. Wouldn't it be great if fandom was shown up and the deros were actually proved to be fact. Feheheh! Oh joy! Will we eventually have deros in our zoo?? "Careful kiddies, these goons are dangerous!"

WALTER A. COSLET

\*\*\*\*\*

Now the one and only DEAN OF DIMITIONS, Raj Rehn:

Dance with joy uncontrollable, at last a letter of coment on it Lunacy, the poor man's "Without Glee"(free plug) That is a cover that is.

All the fen sound happy because Lunacy sin't as drooly as it used to be, it is growing up. One almost would never have thought it would be as it is today, from its infamous inception into the field of scientificational and fantastic realm of highly imaginative writings.

I guess that Lunacy isn't just the place where a few fen would put tripe and trivia, that they would never think to put in any other zine. Lunacy is getting to be something, more than a wacky

quozzine.

Thanks to those who rote saying not to quit fandom. I won't!

RAJ

\*\*\*\*\*

Raj's alterego speaks their mind too: Yadrith A. I Gore.

Well Lunacy came today, and an merry gadzookas!! It's actually getting dignified and serious, it should be more like it used a be. The first 3 or 4 ishes trived on pure and drool idiocy, it isn't as distictivo as it was, in fact it is getting to be like any other serious zine. Losing the novel touch that made it so wackily, droolfully, and idiotic-ally entertaining.

YADRITH A. IGORE

\*\*\*\*\*

Redd Boggs who bogged many fanas down last issue with his quiz.

As for Lunacy...hmm. My advice to you is, CHANGE THE TITLE Maybe you like it, but think of us poor fan-writers. If someone asks us what fngs we've appeared in. We say, "Oh, Stfist, Cygni The Star Rover, NUL, Spacoling, Lethe, Lunacy;; ;;" The other comes back right away: "Haw haw Lunacy! That's the right mag for you to appear in all right!"

I'm enclosing a MS, so maybe the above will happen to me soon Come on, let's get a new name:

Lemme see, call it GENII, or CIRONOS, or WIZARD, or somethin from Lovecraft like DAGON, KADAM ULHAR, HYPNOS, SARNATH, and etc

You realize I could just put out a mag bearing one of these names and put you out of business Please, a new name!

((Well, readers what think yous of Boggs plea--ed))

"Young Fandom" You fellas are like a lot of other dissatisfied people. Once you could go out and carve your own destiny at a frontier if you didn't like the things as they were. Now there's no frontier, and you have to try and change the things you don't like instead of running away.

How about you sending in your letter TODAY!!!!!!!!!!

Same thing with fandom.. NFFF represents the status quo, and if you don't like it, change it. No room for another club. Let's get behind the NFFF, instead of following the will-of-the-wisp. Huh?

Letters from the Luna-Ticks... All of these epistles were excellent, with honors to Joke and Dal Tarr.

REDD SOGGS

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This next letter isn't so much a comment on Lunacy as it is a gathering of poignant remarks about fans and fandom in general, from MAX SONSTEIN:

Have read thru your Lunacy, and am inclined to agree that your YF is a good idea, not only for the young fans, but for fandom in general. Myself being neither a old nor young fan, but in the middle, I have no prejudices, no feeling of superiority(or inferiority) to any fan, and no axe to grind. My sole aim is to read, enjoy, and collect Fantasy and stay clear of politics.

As you have no doubt gathered I am all for you in your efforts to organize the young fans. But dont misunderstand me....the fact I am for the young fans does not mean that I am against the old ones. I am for anything that is progressive and which will benefit not only the organization concerned, but fandom as a whole, as well.

A keen, healthy competition between young and old organizations should result in more benefits to all fans; and as the present YF become the Old Fandom of years to come, a New young fandom will be on hand to keep you old codgers from becoming stagnant & reactionary.

((note to Ungers))

Unlike many fans I don't expect to make a profit from my hobbies; if I DID make a profit from it, it would no longer hold any pleasure for me and I would have to find a new hobby. I earn my living in the bus transportation business and my activities in the field of fantasy are for pleasure only.

MAX SONSTEIN

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(continued from page 1) ready have guessed is Fandom's own Superman. While it is usually fantastic in the sense that Superman is in it, it oft times presents spacial adventures with our hero going to different stars and planets. Right now he isn't engaged in anything exciting but just finished saving a planet in some other system called Apollo from destruction.

The other two programs are Tom Mix and Captain Midnight. The program that presents the most fantasy is Cap Midnite, who is always fighting a super scientist and crook named Ivan Shark. Tom Mix doesn't have much fantasy very often. The last one about a new, heavier metal than Ur-235 and 1000 times as powerful in an atom bomb. He had to save it all-so the world from the crooks.

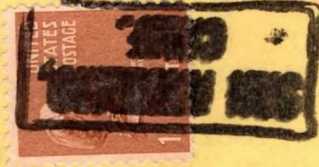
That sums up the kiddie hour, instead of scoffing and saying, "Caldwell's nuts" why not check up and hear for yourself. You may be pleasantly surprised. I was....

Max Sonstein tells me that the Navy is using on it recruiting--posters a picture of a spaceship over old Terra, with some kind of motto about the sky not being the limit any more. Join the regular Navy. I haven't seen it myself tho, I want to stay as far away as I can from any connection with any of our glorious services. I'm coming of age. Ahh!

Right now Lunacy is blessed with some 7 subscribers. Unless its suddenly blessed with some more, some mail-boxes are going to be blessed with a vacuum next month.

I wonder if any of you smart, intelligent, handsome etc. readers would care to have a column in this zine. I have plenty of space and there are sure plenty of topics that could be gone over each issue. How about some fmg reviews, book reviews and a general gossip column. This is about the only zine that has no regular each issue. How about, it!! Any takers??? Aw, please?

Jauge-----



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