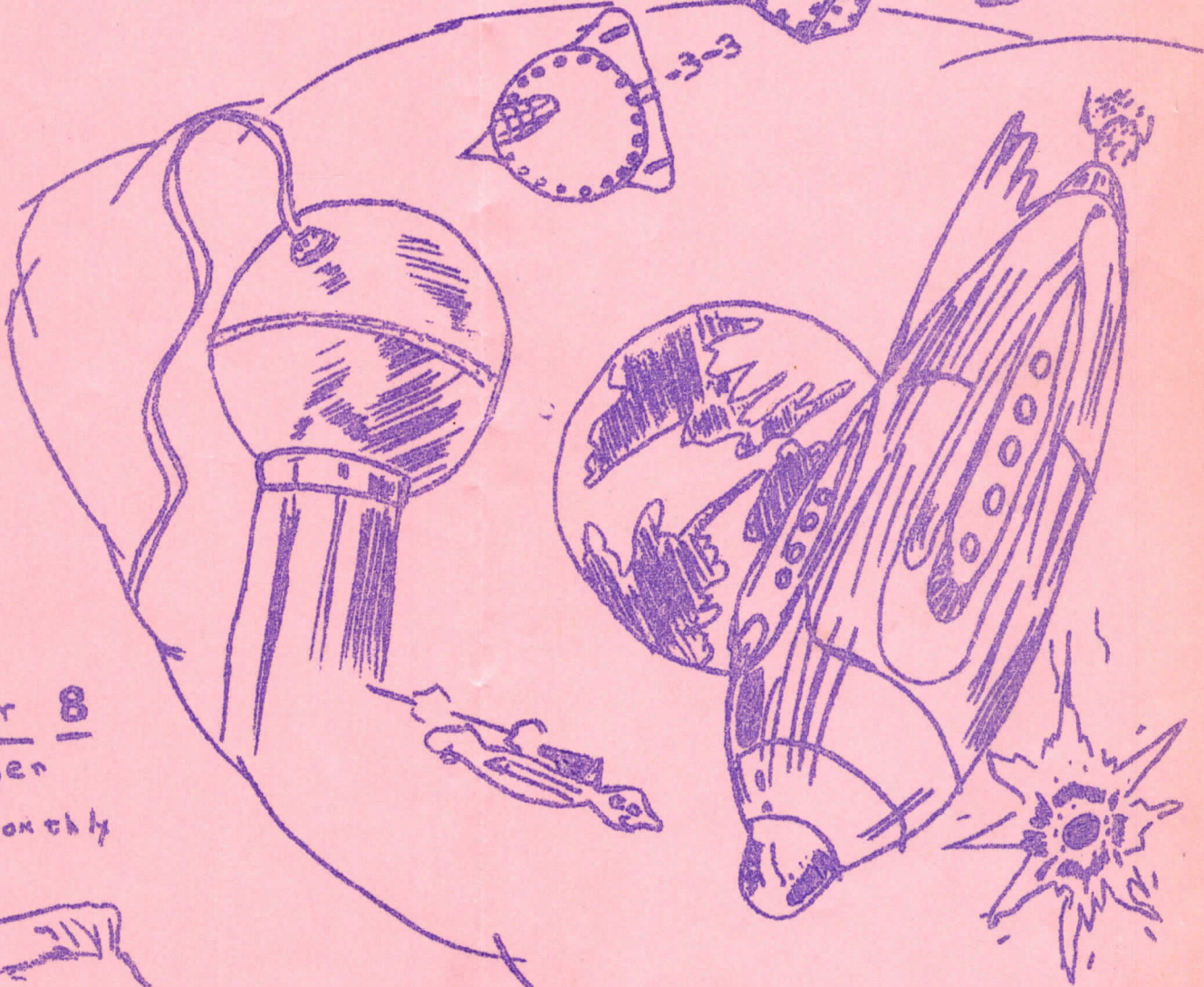
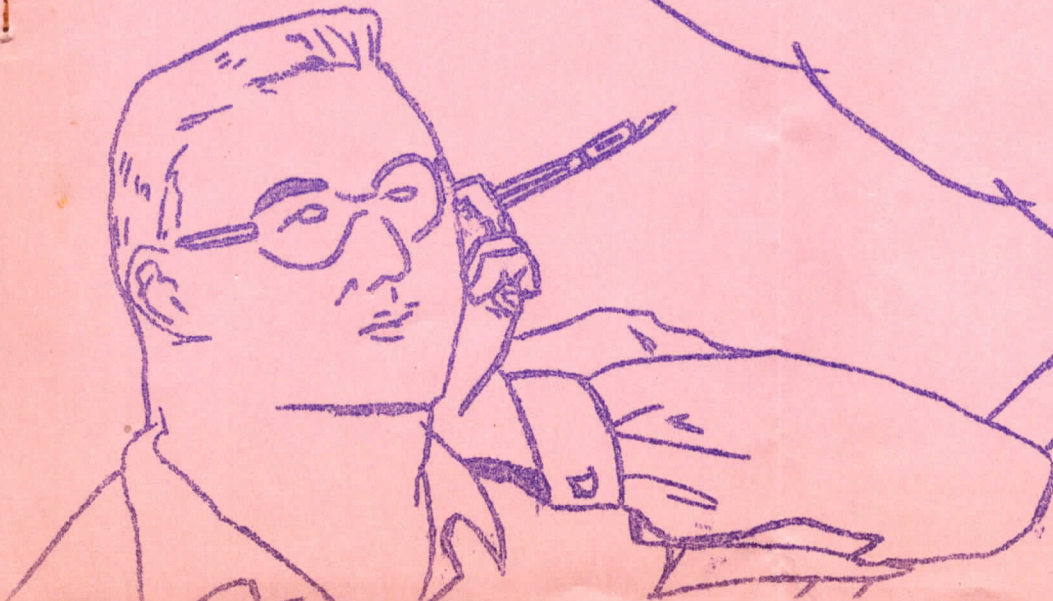


LUNACY



Number 8
5¢ per
Tri-monthly



LUNACY

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Artwork in this issue done by Tom Jewett, John Cockroft, Gil Ayala, Fred Ross Burgess and yours truly. Cover done from pics by Tom Jewett, Gilbert Ayala and John Cockroft.



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___ here means your sub is up and its time to renew, a word to the wise is sufficient. X here means this is, I hope, a trade with your zine.

___ here means that is we don't hear from you again then this is the last copy of Lunacy that will grace your mailbox.

So till next issue we bid youse fond adieu.





PAGE 0
DEAD-LINE



We really don't know how to start off this editorial. Our natural impulse is to heap praise upon our heads for the exhaustive job of durnying without a typer we did. But not wishing to appear egotistic we'll skip over it and go on to the rest of the contents.

Starting with the cover, the natural place to begin, we see a cover done by 3 different fanartists. Gil Ayala, John Cockroft and Tom Jewett. They don't know about the combining of their covers, but we thought it was a good idea.

This issue we have quite a bit of good material via Coslet's Mss. Bureau. We also have an interesting article on dreams which we hope will arouse plenty of comment, as should Fantasy And Evolution. Let's have your ideas on these interesting topics.

For those who like to argue over stories, pro and con. We have an article by Redd Boggs, entitled appropriately enough The Pros--1946.

Our letter section could stand a good shot in the arm, so how about hearing from some of youse who have 'nt up to date unburdened your soul to our little insane corner.

Recently we went to a GGFS meeting in ole Frisco, where we met the two Trover Hall partners. They described to us experiments they had made in mental telepathy and result of same achieved. To our considerable surprise they had gotten at least 75% correct with no other contact than thought.

If you are in a place where you can get hold of another interested person to try out this experiment here is how you go about it:

Sit across from each other in a room, seated comfortably with eyes closed and relaxed. Imagine a blank screen and let your mind rest at ease. Settle before who is to send

and who is to receive. The receiver should settle down and relax to that gray screen, the sender should concentrate on an abstract subject, in black or white, whichever you prefer best, on the screen.

The subject chosen to be sent should be abstract for solid objects have too many angles to them to concentrate on. Abstract subjects as letters of the alphabet, circles, lines, stars, dots, etc. are easy--at least they said they were--to send and receive. Why not try this simple experiment for a few days, don't expect positive results right away, but how about trying it and let us know the results. What about it?----Rick, Gil, and Van; Norm and Allan; and the rest of youse pairs.

Well that's all for this issue. Lunacy will be out tri-minthly from now on due to the rise in cost affecting ditto paper and also scarcity of material.

Incidentally what do you think about our fanzine review column. Old Owerty U. Ion isn't bad, neofan, we guess.

0 0

JOKER IN THE DECK
by AT Love

No one on any of Centaurs six worlds, with the exception of Rul Thron, knew exactly what The Plan was. And Rul Thron would never tell, for he was lying in a coma brought on by the deadly space-sickness that had stricken so many of his people. Rul Thron would die without ever regaining consciousness.

But his Plan would live on, and when the time came, it would pave the way for the Centaurians conquest of their nearest neighbor, the Solarian System.

Rul Thron had made his great Plan after a long interstellar voyage to Sol. He had been the only Centaurian to make that trip and return, and it had gained him much praise and fame—and a slow, lingering death from which there was no escape.

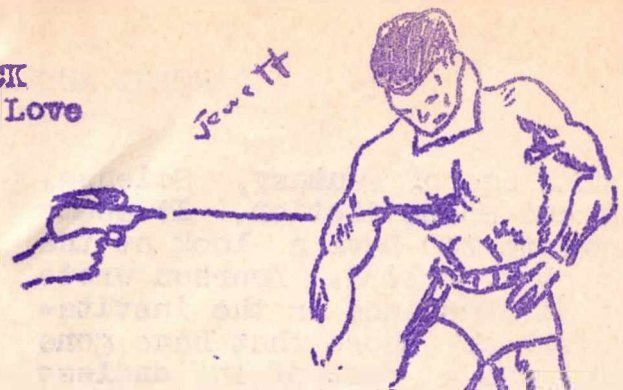
But he had solved many problems on the voyage. His plan contained a protection from space-sickness, exact figures on distance, time required to reach Sol, supplies needed, Solarian defences, everything necessary for a large-scale invasion.

But best of all, the plan showed—AN INVINCIBLE, INFALLIBLE METHOD OF ATTACK AND COUNTERATTACK—that could not fail to succeed.

No one knew yet just what the Plan was basically, although they knew its purpose. And no one could master it without knowing it exactly as Rul Thron had made it, because Rul Thron was the greatest intellectual in the Centaurian System. And, most important of all, no one could ever hope—or try—to produce its equal.

So the Centaurians made arrangements for its protection in the best, and surest way they knew. Since Rul Thron's orders had been that it not be opened and read until a certain time, when the attack would be most sure to succeed, they gave it to Radik, the greatest military strategist and fighter in all Centauri with instructions that he guard it, and give his life if necessary, to protect it.

Radik guarded the Plan as a mother guards her son, never for a moment allowing it from his sight. Ev-



en when he slept, the plan was safely placed under his massive body. But then one night, (the night before the Plan was to be opened and read) unscrupulous Centaurians attempted to steal it. There were almost a dozen of them, and Radik put up a valient fight for the Plan.

He followed the instructions to the letter. For, by the time help could arrive, Radik gasped out his last, sobbing breath. He had given his life and the plan was safe.

The next day, the High Council made a grand ceremony of opening the Plan. "Sol is doomed!!" they said, and all over Centauri, the masses took up the cry "Sol is doomed! It will soon be ours!!" For there was no chance that Sol could win against The Plan.

Then the High Council read the Plan, and bowed their heads momentarily in honor of the brilliant mind that had evolved it. Indeed, it was invulnerable. Sol could never hope to stand against it.

They came to the Plan's final paragraph. They had left it until last saving its final message for the time when it would set the most effective reception from the listeners. The head of the High Council read slowly: "When the attack begins it must be turned over to the command of one man, and one man only. There is no other capable of handling the project at the crucial moment, and failure to handle it correctly will mean that the whole plan will fail miserably. In this event, Centauri will suffer a crushing defeat that can only end in Solarian conquest of our system.

The High Council read the name of the key man, the man whom Rul Thron had said was the only one who could successfully carry through his Plan, and their bodies slumped de-

FANTASY AND EVOLUTION

---by Lyman Yost D.A.--A.O.R.S.

In this age of Fantasy, Science, Planet and Space fiction. It seems appropriate to have a look at the cycles at this time. Emerson wrote "Every circumstance is the inevitable result of those that have gone before, and a part of an endless chain of circumstances." It follows that this fantastic and confused age is the inevitable result of ages past, and quite in line with Evolution.

Imagine the Milky Way Galaxy as a giant clock, every today in it acting as a wheel. Each depending on the others for Mathematical Precision--The clock that strikes the time for all things to happen, and, believe it or not they happen. Neither ahead or behind time, but right on time.

The first cycle we can understand is the revolution of the earth on its axis---Brings day and night. We do nothing about this except divide it into hours and minutes for our convenience and correct it each day at noon, zero meridian.

The next cycle is the revolution of the moon around the earth. Makes the tides. We do nothing about this except to get out of the way.

The third cycle we can understand is the revolution of the Earth around the Sun. Brings the seasons of the year. We understand the first three because we pass thru them, daily, monthly, and yearly. The greater cycles are left for Astronomers to calculate.

The cycle that works the ages is brought about by the circle of the "Celestial Pole". In Astronomy explained as the procession of the Equinoxes. Blavatsky explains it as "a revolution of the Equinoxial points." This movement of the extended pole is in a circle from the star Polaris to Vega in Capricorn, and back in a 26,000 year cycle, and as the "extended" Equator passes thru the entire Milky Way Galaxy, the 12 constellations, the 12 signs of the Zodiac; it works the 12 ages of man, 2760 years each. As the Equinox passes from one sign to another, it marks the close to one age

and the beginning of the next. With a cataclysm of some sort that destroys Civilization and starts a new, to conform to the new ages.

We have a written history of three ages.

Moses began the history of the Jew as the Equinox passed from Gemini, Ais, the twins, to Taurus, Earth; the Bull, with the allegory of Adam and Eve. This was an age of farmers, herders, rovers, Earth Earthly.

As it passed from Taurus to Aries the head of the Zodia, it marked--The beginning of Egyptian civilization and the close of the Taurine age.

The closing of the Arian age and the beginning of the Plocean marked the end of Egypt and the start of Roman Civilization. But for the Rosetta stone, today we would know little of Egyptian life. It would not be difficult to explain the cold-blooded cruelty of the past age if it is accepted as cosmic-vibrations.

1912, the Equinox passed from Pisces into Aquarius, the "Man in the Skies"---"The Man With the Pitcher of Water, Pouring Water on the Earth to Replenish it that it might Produce more Abundant for all."---Ais.

There is nothing left of Egypt or Rome today but history, mythology, and a dead language. Many things will happen during this age, however we are discussing "fantasy" only.

Just as man conquered the waters of the Earth during the water age, he will conquer the air during the Aquarian age.

Fantasy will become fact. Interplanetary communication is not far in the future.

When the world comes out of this confusion that comes with a change of ages---like the confusion of colors between colors in the rainbow, the entire structure, public, economic, social, and religious will--and must be changed--out of that confusion.

Fantasy and stf. will seem like prophecy. Many of us will find ourselves along the spiral at liberty to move forward or backward at will

(continued on Page 7)

While glancing back through my letter files in a reminiscing mood the other day, I came across a series of correspondence with Rick the Sneer dealing with dreams, their origins, what meaning they have, etc.

We had quite an argument about it and the theory of dreams I finally evolved from the reading of two books "Our Serial Universe" and "Time Out of Mind", the author of which I forget; and some long arguments with my English teacher, whom I introduced to stf. I'll attempt to explain in the following:

Dreams are perhaps the hardest subject to explore and study. Many people do not dream at all, while others who need the encouragement of strange gastronomical fare to produce the dream can be discounted as accidents brought on by an unbalancing of the body chemistry.

It is not with these two above mentioned groups but with the third and minority group. The group who dreams every night of the week and twice on Sundays possess some strange and almost supernatural power. These people who dream every night rarely can remember what they had dreamt the night before, only the outstanding and bizarre remains clearly in their minds, only the ones with some meaning. Sometimes this meaning is so disguised in other meaningless figments it is impossible to follow but some people have developed this power to an amazing degree, this power which I have left unnamed thus far is as surprising as its concept-----Time Travel

Yes, Time Travel, not in the sense we have learned from our science-fiction textbooks but in a different and almost frightening manner.

Consider this: Our body exists in the present. It can neither go forward nor backward, it exists in the Present and only in the present. Our conscious mind exists in the present and in the past, with ease our mind can travel the channels of the past, back into time we can go, any of us, think of Valley Forge, Waterloo, your mind is traveling in Time, back but it also exists in the present, it must for your mind controls all voluntary and involuntary



muscular movements. Therefore is it not logical to assume that our subconscious mind can exist in the past, present and future. It can travel the channels of the future as easily and as freely as our conscious mind travels the past.

However our minds are not developed to a state where we can set our subconscious free while still in a condition which we call "awake". To do this we must relax control over it and allow it to roam, to do this we enter into the state known as sleep. The entrance into this state sets our subconscious mind free from its material bonds and is free to wander the paths of the past, present, and future with equal freedom.

While it is wandering, it is transmitting to the conscious and receptive brain, the events it sees. These are sent to our sleeping mind as dreams.

There are several instances in every persons experiences where a mother, aunt or grandmother had some sort of dream spells, you might almost call them, where dreams she has come true with amazing accuracy, sometimes as many as 75% of them. My mother falls in the above category and she really scares me every time she has a gory dream.

So the next time someone dreams of seeing death in their dreams, don't scoff-----IT COULD BE YOU!!

-----THE END-----

|||||
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FAN SLANTS
Qwerty U. Iop

FANTASY COMMENTATOR---36 page mimeoed "periodical", issued quarterly four times a year every three months by A. Langley Searles, editor and publisher, from The House on 235th Street --- 19 East 235th Street -- New York 66, N.Y. Copyrighted, Yet! An ultra-conservative magazine devoted to the more serious aspects of science and fantasy fiction. But interesting, nonetheless. Excellent articles, good book reviews -- no fiction -- highlight the publication. Evidently much time is spent in research on the articles for a keen depth of perception is revealed in the detailed writings. The more serious fan shouldn't be without this magazine. 20¢ from the editor
QWERTYUIOPQWERTYUIOPQWERTYUIOPPOWER

FANTASY ILLUSTRATED---occasionally from Bob Stein, 514 W. Vienna Ave, Milwaukee 12, Wisconsin, the only city with a head on it. Five cents each and hectoed, this anemic little zine contains much hekto art by Stein; some of which is good, and some precisely the opposite.

Holbrook Caley and James Kidder talk about fantasy as related to the sense of smell. They must have been reading some certain fanzinesA sheet of mimeoed stuff from the Institute of General Semantics is included but not understood. And Robert Evans muses about various "Superman" novels, evidently

a rehash of an article in Fantasy Commentator. Badly typed and badly hektoed. Take your chances.

QWERTYUIOPQWERTYUIOPQWERTYUIOPPOWER

FANews-----Just what it says, from Walt Dunkleberger, editor and publisher, 1443 4th Ave. South, Fargo North Dakota. 2¢/sht. 55/\$1" Over 300 numbers to his credit, Dunk is still going strong. He also includes pre-publication fotos of the cover paintings of FMI.

QWERTYUIOPQWERTYUIOPQWERTYUIOPPOWER

THE GROTESQUE-----a quarterly from Ron Christensen, he of the Big Secret, spawned from the sidewalks, of N'Yawk--1870 East 33rd Street, Brooklyn 10, N.Y. Ron contemplates offering prizes for good, acceptable articles. Whether he can or not is uncertain. This may very well start a furor among fanzine editors as to the principles, when fan writers direct their efforts toward the prizeoffering zine and to none others. Other editors will then have to have prizes to regain their errant contributors, and, unable to follow the others, small zines will go wanting for Mss. It will be interesting to watch.

In this, vol 2, no 1, Ron discusses the NFFF rather cynically; Tucker muses on the sanity of the LASFS and LA fandom in general; Fantasy Musicomments by Bob Gaulin (IT SURE IS!); time travel yarn by the ed; and a conglomeration of reader's letters. A two-color linoleumblock cover imparts a classy appearance to the zine, and colorful interior pics are fine, also. Very good, for the new price of 25¢

QWERTYUIOPQWERTYUIOPQWERTYUIOPPOWER

THE MUTANT--bimonthly if you shell out 10¢ or 3 for 25¢, which price includes an irregular single-sheet bulletin, Mutant Digest. Sloppily mimeoed on doubtful stock. Best thing is article on technocracy by Henry Elsner Jr, in which he blasts the present Price System of lotsa dollars and no sense. Convincing, too. Kennedy produces a fleabitten yarn, and is then chosen fan of the month in the feature of that name. It shouldn't happen to a dawg!

The rest is mediocre-ly mediocre. It, incidently, is published by Ben Singer, 3242 Monterey, Detroit 6, Mich of the Detroit Singer's.

QWERTYUIOPQWERTYUIOPQWERTYUIOPQWERT
SCIENCE-FICTION WORLD-----published by Dale Tarr, 1402 Scott, Covington Kentucky. No price or schedule is listed. Tarr tells how he made his own mimeo outa a paint can, and all hectoers should read this. Complete instructions, from prying off the can lid to dropping the completed mag into the mailbox. George Mac-kally relates how he won a coupla shirts betting on nags with fantast-ic names. Coslet Comments on Sky-lark of Space, and other classics. A Reader's section, book review, and editor's comments and several ear-toons wind up the zine. Mimeeing isn't so good, and the editor's typ-er has a displaced "n", but nice, nice reading anyway.

QWERTYUIOPQWERTYUIOPQWERTYUIOPQWERT
THE SCIENTIFUNCTIONIST-----occasion-ally from Henry Elsnor Jr, provided the material is provided, at 13618 Cedar Grove, Detroit 5, Michigan. This, the poor man's Fantasy Corman-tator, is mimeoed and costs ten cents each, three for twobits, etc. Vol 2, Nol has a fairly passable-HEKTOED-cover by Stein, and blurbs: An article about fan organizations, which talk about bettering the wor-ld but never do. Book reviews from Searles and Acky--the two extremes of fandom (take your choice)-----are present but not accounted for. Norm Stanley concludes Among The Classic a series of Amazing Stories by G. Poyton Wertenbaker, a neat job.. Karl Brecker talks about the publi-ishing history of Astonishing Stories in this first of two parts, and Bob Stein discusses Stanley Weinbaum and General Semantics and figures that everything is changing from one minute to the other. (New stork trip, Bob?) Eight pages of letters follow, in which Hodgekins attacks the attackers of Technocracy, Hadley defends Skylark of Space, and the rest is the usual droolings. Fair, if you like wordy, essay-like arti-cles. no fiction.

SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES-----almost bimon-thly LASFS club organ edited by Bur bee and published by any sucker he on get to do the dirty work. Ten cents each, 3 for two-bits. One of the best zines in fandom, due most-ly to the Burbee brand of editorial humor. #34 continues the Dream Ser-ies of nightmarish narratives with the fifth by Kris Neville -- an in-conspicuous thing induced by coupla shots of stencil-correcting fluid-- and #6, entitled-----"Passion In Br-ooklyn 30", by Ricky Slavin---pro-bably a byproduct of warm root beer and "The Pornographer's Handbook." Latest tidings reveal that Shaggy was banned in Boston. Willmorth talks about things but says nothing F Lee Baldwin presents some slight-ly wacky but good fiction in a ser-ial of undetermined length. Tigrina gabs about LASFS meetings, Ackerman pounds his review of Xmas at Bixel St. on lousy stencils, which is fine as we can't decipher his puny puns Five pages of letters follow includ-ing a stinker by Bob Bloch and more excuses from Harry Warner Jr. Fict-ion (?) by Larry Klein, and some-thing called a Vignette which pro-poses a five day week, if only to reduce loafing-time of perpetual loafers, winds up the ish.

QWERTYUIOPQWERTYUIOPQWERTYUIOPQWERT
TREADING IN THE DUST-----is the cryp-tic sentence on the cover of this new Rehmzine. Yes, a hektoed, twel-ve pager from Raj Rehm, 2837 San Jose Ave, Alameda, Calif. where auto drivers use radar to hunt their vic-tims. Thick smog, you know. Humm perhaps some of the zine is dittoed too. Typical Rehmish humor and ful-ly half the mag is devoted to some horrible letters. Rates are 3 / 10 and worth it, if only to fill your mailbox.

QWERTYUIOP WERTYUIOP WERTYUIOPQWERT

Well kiddies, that finishes Fan Slants for this time. As Missus Iop clears the dishes and empties the ash trays, I lean back and frighten myself by reading "Atomic Power Plant" in the Feb. slickpaper ASF. Rogers has done next issues cover for a Williamson yarn. H'ray.

It is manifest to me that the fan-tasy pulp field has improved its literary standard considerably in the past five years. Specifically, during the late war the Standard Twins strained at their bootstraps and pulled themselves up till they are above all other magazines in the field behind the Street & Smith entry. However, paradoxical as it appears, the year 1946 failed to produce a single outstanding story, a "classic" that ever will be added to the list of all time bests. The -rewas not a single yarn which could unhesitatingly be selected for another stf anthology, nor a single tale to compare with "Cosmic Engineers", and "Black Destroyer" of '39 "If This Goes On" and "Slan" of '40 or "Universe" and "By His Bootstraps" or 1941.

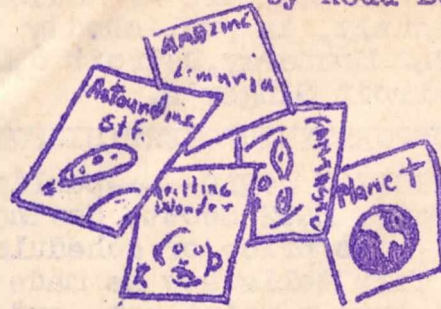
This fact suddenly became apparent to me recently, when I sat down to fill out my ballot for Kennedy's Fantasy Review poll for the five best stories of 1946. I found myself hard-pressed to choose even three stories worthy of placement on a "Best" list, and this to me was a singular occurrence, because I usually have several dozen candidates in mind for every place available.

Of course for all I know, such a sad state of affairs might conceivably have been current since 1942, because 1946 is the first year since then that I have been able to read most of the promags issues during the year. A ballot sent to Harry Warner Jr. at the end of 1941 for his last annual pro-story poll in Spaceways was the last time I attempted to make a list of "Bests" in fantasy tales.

As for Joke's poll: After much thought, I finally wrote these titles into the spaces: "Call Him Demon" (Hammond) "The Dark World" (Kuttner, "The Chronicler" (van Vogt.) "The Chromium Helmet" (Sturgeon), and "A Logic Named Joe" (Jenkins).

Each of these is, of course, some what above the average, and one or two might possibly stand among the 25 or 50 best stories of 1939 or 40 had they been published then. However, none of them gave me that peculiar thrill one experiences upon reading a "classic". Only one story

THE PROS---1946
by Redd Boggs



in the list, "Call Him Demon", presents what once would have been called a "mutant" idea and couches it in such excellent writing that it stands head-and-shoulders above all others. Hammond-Kuttner's novelet was, for this fan, the most outstanding story of the year. To think that it was the last yarn in the Fall TWS that I got around to reading, and that--even then--it took a letter from Coslet highly recommending the story, to entice me to read it!

My second selection, "The Dark World", was Kuttner's most successful contribution to the field of scientifantasy, that unique mating of two supposedly inimical types, at which Hank is the only current master. This story was one of 1946's most extravagantly praised, and certainly it deserved most of the kudos it received, while this fan couldn't see the Merritt in it, I could see its "merit", and I rate it as the finest stfsy tale ever to appear in the Standard pulps. When I read it I got to comparing the novel to Fritz Leiber's "Destiny Times Three", which I think it resembles to a marked degree. I still haven't decided which I like better

Kuttner's amazingly prolific output is directed into two main channels, the stfsy type for TWS and SS and his ASF acceptances-----tales, usually, of a Campbellian-dark future---as "Lewis Padgett". The best of the latter type published in '46 was, in my opinion, "Time Enough", with the serial "Fairy Chessman" trailing close behind. However I will now climb out on a limb and proclaim that Standard is now receiving the plums of the Kuttner harvest, Hank currently being more successful and entertaining with his stfsy than

(Pros---1946, cont.)

with his "Padgettales".

Both "Valley of The Flame" and "I Am Eden" were close contenders for inclusion in the best list, but I feel that each is inferior to "The Dark World" by a tangible margin, and several shades below earlier Kuttner classics, published in other years. And, after all, this list wasn't supposed to be one of "Kuttner's Five Best!"

Selection number three, "The Chron-icler", or "The Poor Man's Null-A" was a comparative disappointment, coming as it did from the illustrious typer of Alferd van Vogt. Much remindful, in parts, of "World of A this serial was less nebulous, albeit just as unconventional, and scarcely measured up as a van Vogt classic. However, I am cognizant of the fact that van Vogt suffers from the disadvantages of being too familiar to stf readers, a handicap which invariably balances whatever advantages such familiarity may possess. Viewed as a mere stf story rather than a van Vogt classic, "The Chronieler" becomes a well-written, masterfully-handled story of some stature. Had a new author written it, "The Chronieler" would have received the loud applause it deserved.

There is little to say about "The Chromium Helmet". This was just another ingenious and entertaining story from a pen idle for too many years. Sturgeon's output seems at long last on the increase, and perhaps it is not too much to expect that 1947 will give us more an more Sturgeon yarns of the caliber of "A God in A Garden", "Microscopic God" and "Ether Breather".

The choice of Will F. Jenkins' "A Logic Named Joe" was surprising.... even to this fan. I like Leinster immensely. He is another writer whose output, already prodigious, is still waxing, and -- amazingly enough -- most of his stuff is highly original and thought-provoking. Leinster's facile style makes his even less successful stories readable and enjoyable, but none good or bad was more acceptable than "A Logic Named Joe". Here was a genuinely funny, honestly entertaining,

enjoyable story.

By the time this article appears, the FANTASY REVIEW poll results will, of course, be common knowledge, so it seems incumbent upon me to mention here that yes, I did read "Pattern For Conquest", "The Fairy Chessmen" and "Slaves of The Lamp"--to name three stories that probably will rank near the top in the actual results. I have placed these three on my "Also Worth Reading" list, but none quite measured up as a "Best". "Slaves of The Lamp", for example, started out well, but the second installment was rather pitiful. "The Fairy Chessmen" has been mentioned previously, and George O Smith's thing was (in my opinion) distinguished mainly by its length, which lent itself to discussion of several interesting concepts, but failed utterly to entertain.

I missed one Planet Stories for the year, but from all reports over looked nothing of interest. I must also confess that I didn't read any issues of the Ziff-Davis mags during 1946, thereby missing the much discussed "Aghati" in the June Amaz But outside of Herr Hauser's novel, did I miss anything of importance? Unless ATZ has changed radically in the past few years, I think not.

~~1-1-1-1-1-THE END~~ JOKER IN THE DECK (cont.)

EJECTEDLY, their brains a turmoil of bitter, horrible disappointment.

There had been a joker in the deck The name of the key man was..Radi Chief military strategist of Centauri.

*****THE END*****
FANTASY AND EVOLUTION (cont.)

-some will continue to move forward -others will retrograde to Things, left along the path for dead-Things that never die.

Anything can happen in this age!!
*****THE END*****

Robert A Heinlein had a stf story in the Feb. 8 Sat Eve Post. Also in the same issue was a fantasy about a coal knove who gets lost.

Here's to more and more fantasy!!
*****THE END*****

LETTERS FROM THE LUNATICS

WALTKESSELWALTKESSELWALTKESSELWALTK

Dear Jawge;

Mayhap I can clear up that point on hypnosis that was bothering Jewett. The question is asked, "Can a person be made to do something while under hypnosis he would not do in a normal state?" The answer is yes and no. We'll take the-no-first.

No, he cannot, if merely told to do it. As an example we'll take a girl. This girl is very decent, clean-minded, and modest. If, in a hypnotized state, she were told to undress, she would not. More than likely, she would awaken, and though she would not know why, be very mad.

If, however she was told she was alone in her room ready to retire, and then told to undress for bed, she would.

This, then, leaves us with a conditional yes which in actuality is a no, as a situation has been created for her in which she would normally do what she had been commanded while hypnotized.

A man may not committ murder, but if told he held a water pistol in his hands and it would be a nice joke to squirt Joe over there, well..

Jawge, on the whole, I find an amazing amount of good material and, good writing in LUNACY (keep the name incidently) It is my opinion that Young Fandom is just what is needed to teach the new fan what is good and what is hack. It will help mature him and equip him to meet an old fan on the same level. In other words, a sort of school. Or shall we say "pre-flight". It's a damn good idea, and don't let the old fen throw you guys off the track. Not if you mean what you say and are seriously interested in fandom.

Don't be impatient. As with a musician, artist, printer, etc., it takes time to learn what you're doing. Don't try to copy anybody's style, but study them and your own will come naturally. Don't try to be funny unless you can. Unless you know that little editorial inset is amusing.



Also, don't play up the idea of this being "our mag". At least not in words. Most fen don't give a good dog-gonnit anyway in the case of new fmz. There are too many of them. But instead, show it. Remember, actions speak louder than word. You make it a good zine first and then they'll be glad to keep it that way.

I speak from observing my own errors and still not being able to correct, them. "Them that can does."

First after Walt we have Rick Sneary. RickSnearyRickSnearyRickSneary

Now for a few well poisoned words on Lunacy 7. The cover looked like the line of thing that Lunacy has become famous for (did I forget an in-) HeHeHe, I just saw the Rooster that wore Red Pants. Ha,Ha!!!

Editorial was not bad at all. I'm against the changing of the mag's name. We're used to the name Of Lunacy, we will always think of it as that. After all "A Name by any Other name would smell."

The poem by Doris Currier "Thanks-giving was very good. One of her best.

Van Couvering's poem sounded like ;;;;Terra-fairah,,ekkkk!

Letters were very googoo. Really QS. I like your two new readers, Boggs and Max. Igoe is an old friend of course, a cousin of Urguts.

Next terra-fairah Van Courvering. Dear Lunacy;

7 was swell. Why Young Fandom showed a broad mind at work..didn't forget to show both sides of the question. Say...

that table of contents pic was real-ly something...Why didn't you give Burgess credit down there? Other inside pics were so-so...Cockroft's were best, your's the worst, (Now maybe you'll leave my poems alone!)

As for that question as to name, as long as you want to keep the present mag going, keep its present name going too. Might as well start a new zine with the new name, if any, because your material could appear in any zine and no one would be the wiser. So, you see, the name is the only thing anybody goes by. They know Lunacy.....change the name, and it might just as well be a new zine. I don't think people will laugh at the name, I don't. In fact, it sounds typical of how most fan like to identify themselves. Gives the mag sense of personality...something diff

The human body certainly has its limitations, such as not being able to reach all parts of it with any part of the body, but the advantages offset them. After all, if you had a protean, semi-liquid body, it would be mighty hard to get leverage on anything, and you would be easy prey for any minor accident. Your brain, for instance, even in the center, would be subject to all kinds of pressure. But one thing could be remedied which would increase our powers greatly without any major change of physique.....activating all the unused brain cells. What's the use of such a large and vulnerable head if all the thinking brain could be put in a dog's skull without harm to it?

Now from \$\$\$ Max Sonstein-he subbed

You've started the year off right with a very big improvement in Looney. Star of Wonder was good...I like stories that have endings which tie in with Biblical or mythological lore, ostensibly explaining the inexplicable events which are supposed to be taken on faith.

Enjoyed article on Young Fandom. It does give one to think.

Letter section was interesting, but not enough letters. I think this ish will bring you in more letters of comment.

Noted Redd Boggs suggestion about changing the name of the mag. As to that, it all depends on what sort of

mag you plan to have. If it is to be devoted to gags, jokes, and cartoons; the present title is as good as any. If you are going to have the more serious approach (as this issue indicates) then a change in name is indicated. In the latter event, I'd like to suggest the name "Neophyte", which would be in keeping with a mag that is slanted toward the neofan.

Didn't care much for the poetry, but then, I never liked poetry too well. So maybe its me, not the poetry. Incidentally, that guy at the top of the cover illustration has a nose that bears a very strong resemblance to one that is carried by a VERY good friend of mine. Nothing personal intended, I hope.

Well, that about sums up my reaction to this issue. All in all, quite good; keep on with the improvements.....you've got the makings of a real fan-mag.

We hear from \$\$\$\$\$ Boggs, he also paid-----hinhinhinhinhinhinhinhi

Allow me to congratulate you on Lunacy # 7. At the very least it is a 100% improvement over #6, to a large measure due to the dummed right margins. If you drop this important innovation, Lunacy will be the correct name for both the mag and the state of your mind.

Of course as you remark, material was somewhat lacking, but what you did assemble was all good. Your editorial was excellent---even better than last time, and I'm not saying that merely because you had such nice things to say about "Star of Wonder". Your comments on kiddie fantasy on the air were on the target; verily, some of that stuff is pretty good, if juvenile. I happened to catch a Buck Rogers episode some months ago, and found it surprisingly well-written and interesting.

If you can condone such a ghastly tie-in of such horrible doings with our National Holiday, Doris Currier poem "Thanksgiving", was very good. The tagline seemed to me a bit "off" but at least the verse rimed, and presented a properly ghoulish scene Coming from Salem, it seems quite probable that Doris knows whereof

she speaks.....Van Couvering's ver-
-se about the planets was a strange
mixture of astrology and astronomy
but was quite amusing. There were
some amusing cracks, such as the one
about Jove's Redspot, but one cou-
ld wish for a bit smoother rythm.

Letters From The Lunatics (glad
you changed the name) is a good re-
ader's column. Everybody wrote char-
ming letters, not the least of which
was Sneary's usual merry missive.
Coswal and Norton came up with some
good ideas about changing the human
form. Wings would be nice, but not
so nice would be the change in the
structure of the chest in order to
support usable wings. Old Tregon-
see's form might be nice, but I dou-
bt if it would have any sex appeal
so if you're a mad scientist don't
try converting the human race to
Tregonsee's....Anything but that...
even Worsel's.

A new Lunatic breaks his way into
our little colony, its Gil Ayala.

Dear Looney;

Oh joy! Oh bliss! Lunacy has
finally arrived! Tearing it, what
do I find? (1) neat contents page (2)
Editor's column is improving with
each ish and (3) I'm beginning to
find that I'm really looking for-
ward to receiving each succeeding
issue of Lunacy.

Like Ye Ed, I too, am addicted to
listening in on those daily serial
shows. Quite entertaining, if I do
say so myself. Buck Rogers is by
far the most intriguing. Right now
he's on some planetoid called Magna
which seems to be inhabited chiefly
by man-hating robots! Wonder how
he'll get out of this one?

To those who want to change Lun-
acy's name, I say what for? The
name is original and it is not as
phony sounding as some of Redd's
(no offense meant) Who wants a
super fantastic title or one that
is unpronounceable gibberish? I for
one don't..

I'd like to put my two cents in
concerning the friction between YF
and the old guard. I believe that
if YF is ever going to get anywhere
it will have to do it on its own in-
-itiative. And as for Dagg's sugg-

estion that we quit trying to form
a new club (namely YF) and follow
NFFF like Mary's little lambs, all
I can say is.....Poole!!

Tom Jewett also makes the Loony set
Dear Jawge;

Lunacy arrived today, and looks
very good in its new, dummied for-
mat. Too bad it wont continue to
be dummied, but we all know how hard
it is to type stuff two or three
times.

As for the name changing, I'm agin
it. After all, what's in a name? Lun-
acy got along fine so far, and unless
you're willing to toss away your
prestige, I think you ought to keep
this name of Lunacy, which isn't so
far wrong after all.

About "Buck Rogers". I listen to
it. Yahs, I do! And it isnt as
Juvenile as you think. It's really
very entertaining, and presents many
good ideas. If it happened to be a
thirty-minute once-a-week program
all you guys would be properly en-
thusiastic. But since its a Serial
---oh, you're soo grown-up for that
kind of stuff. Many serials, my
friends, are much better written and
more thought provoking than many of
the half-hour weeklies. AND I am
NOT thinking about the soap-box op-
erations which I thoroughly detest.
I'm talking about the adventure-
type serials. To me, Superman is
just a supernain in the neck, as is
Captain Midnite. Jack Armstrong,
Buck Rogers and Tom Mix are the best
written, best directed, best all ar-
ound five-a-week serials that're on
the air. And unless you're familiar
with them, don't try to talk other-
wise. I have spoken..!

And that's all the letters I re-
ceived that were printable. How
about some letters that have not
in them. Not just "this was good
that wasn't and so forth" Theres
plenty in this issue so come forth

Announcing the next issue. As far
as I know there's nothing in it.

The way I feel now, I'm glad,
glad! you hear! Glad! Glad!

REPORT FROM ANDROMEDA
by James Streiff (not Telis)

One of the topics of discussion at the meeting of the Wichita Science Fiction Society which occurred the 29th of Dec, 1946, was semantics. For the benefit of those who have not studied this fascinating subject yet, I suggest that they investigate it immediately, or else "The plogies will get you if you don't watch out!"

It is very important that people who use words as much as fans do, should understand the significances of the words that they employ. General Semantics is not so much a study of the meanings of words as an orientation of the relations of

words to reality.

One of the decisions of the technical council of the WSFS is that; a practical spaceship must be atomic powered. As yet no methods of this application of atomic power which are even remotely practical, have as yet been worked out by us, and we are anxiously casting about for any suggestions at all, no matter how impractical they may seem on the surface.

Since that seems to be all of the news for this trip, I will close with the remark that right behind the plogies comes an atomic bomb.

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" And I thought, At last I'll be rid of that Cal-Fredia smog"



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