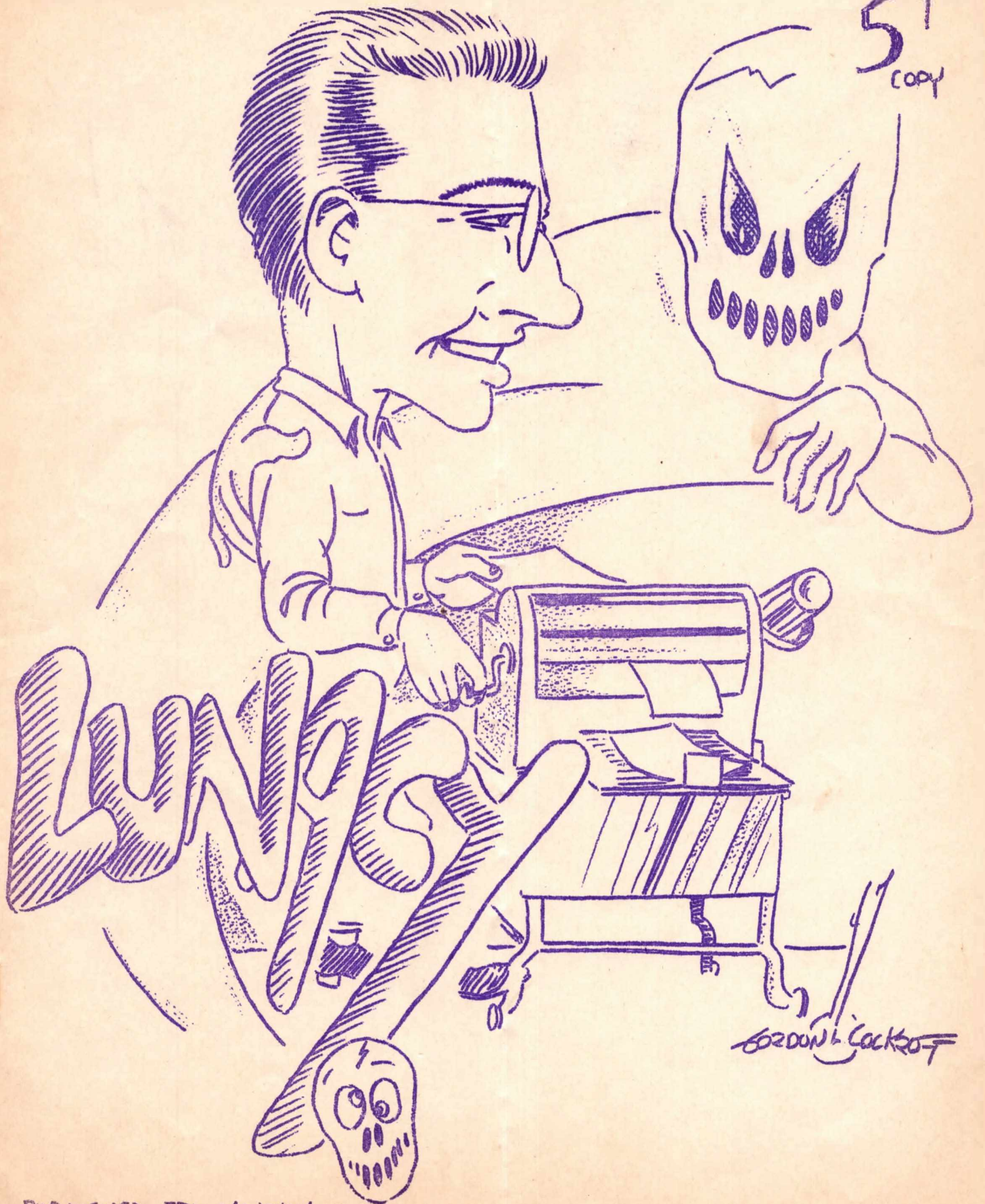


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Fred Ross Burgess

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ARTWORK by gordon cockroft, herman reader, fred ross burgess and, ye ed (?????)

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EDITOR-AMBLINGS

Well here is another issue of Lunacy, late but at least its out. Several excuses can be offered as to why its late, but let it suffice to say, I did my best.

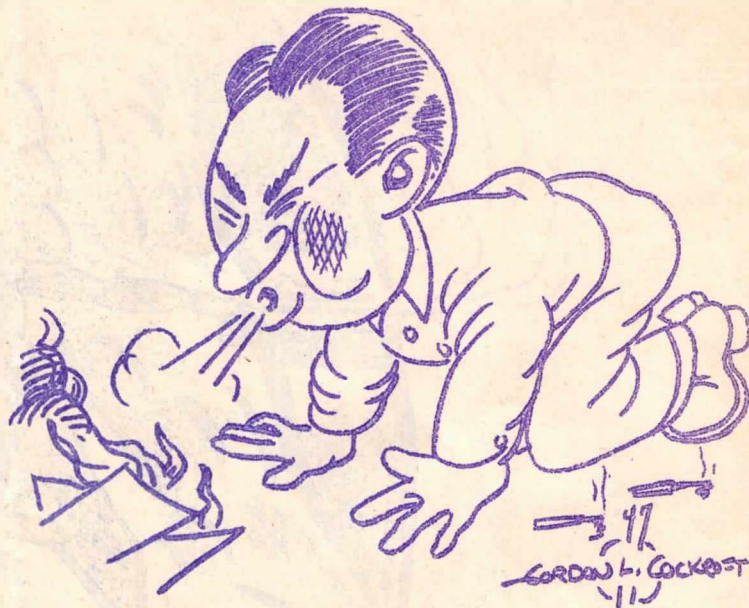
The next issue of Lunacy may be even later, I'm working now, at the Southern Pacific Railroad Co. as a junior clerk. I also get to run errands and one of the places I run to is called the duplicating bureau Umm, what a place to run to, three whole floors of printing, mimeoing, and every other kind of reproductive machine there is. It's enuf to drive a fan crazy with frustration. There are tons of paper lying loose in the building, and in this respect your editor has not been lax. Next issue Lunacy will come out on new and different paper, bigger and larger than seen before, more so than legal size. I only hope the ditto can hold them.

This issue we feature a cover by Gordy Cockroft, a caricature of ye ed done by him. The horrible part is that it resembles me, to no small degree. What a revolting development that is.

This issue we have quite a bit of varied material. My story about E. Eglestonberg, the best I've ever written, I believe. An article on mental telepathy experiments conducted by the WSFS, written up by Mackinley. Report from Andromeda by James Streiff is a confusing piece of writing, I can't make up my mind if he's writing for Lunacy or using the space to advertise his brother Tel's's fannags. All in all its not a bad issue and I'm kinda proud of it. But wait till next issue.

Now to drop Lunacy for the rest of the time and dwell upon something which has been smouldering inside me for quite a while. It took the last ish of Vampire to fan the smouldering fires to heated flames. I am referring to the letter RAP wrote Don Wilson in answer to the blast Wilson wrote in the name of fandom.

I am a member of fandom, so are a lot of other people, we are as much a part of fandom as Don Wilson, Joe



Plug, or even L S J Ackerman. As fans and American citizens we employ free speech to the Nth degree, but there is such a thing as going too far in our free speech. Wilson went too far when he used the work fandom in his letter to RAP, implying that it was fandom going all the blasting and not Wilson. That is not the case. I was not doing any blasting nor were other members of fandom, by what right did Wilson drag us into it. I am not for RAP but neither am I against, like dozens of other fans who think of fandom as a hobby to get pleasure out of, I'm sitting back and waiting proof, pro or con. As yet neither side has done anything but indulge in name calling and I'm ashamed of fandom for starting it.

I think RAP is giving fandom its just deserts, if fandom means the name fans and big loud-mouths, but it is a decided blow to us little guys who are caught in the middle. We are part of fandom and as such have rights, we want no more of these rightest voices of fandom to blast out, putting words in our mouths we have no intention of saying. If Wilson and these others want to Attack RAP let them do it on their own hook. Make it a per-

Episode
from the private diary
of Dr. I. X. May:.....

As chief consulting psychologist to the Fairweather Health Sanitarium, it has been my fortune or misfortune to run up against many a strange and twisted tale from my physcopathic patients. But none is so strange nor twisted than that of one called Egbert Eglestonberg; the Slan with the sad pan---as he calls himself. Where this interesting alias comes from I can only surmise but it is undoubtedly tied up in some way with an accident in his childhood. Perhaps he saw this Slan an animal of some sort I suppose, and likened it to his own face--creating a neurotic condition which is brought out at frequent intervals by small, unreadable pamphlets called zines; I believe that is the proper term.

On these occasions he is wont to scream as though in horrible agony, roll on the floor, stand on his head bang his head against the wall, and various other sundry orgies. Then he sits down to his typewriter and banging away with his thumbs, types a letter in some kind of code. I have as yet been unable to crack; all the while singing the most ribald songs imaginable.

I investigated his life before he came to the Fairweather Sanitarium--suffering from a complete nervous and physical breakdown---and found it to be an exact duplicate of what it is at the present time; so I can only guess that we have cured him--though it was doubted before. It didn't seem possible that he could be termed normal, but his parents seem pleased. Why? I surely don't know.

Under hypnotic questioning conducted when he first arrived here I was able to find out what brought on this collapse. Now that I have found out, I still do not know. It seems utterly incomprehensible to me. The case is now closed, but for the benefit of any who would want to conduct a more rigid investigation of this baffling problem I will set forth the details as well as I am able too:

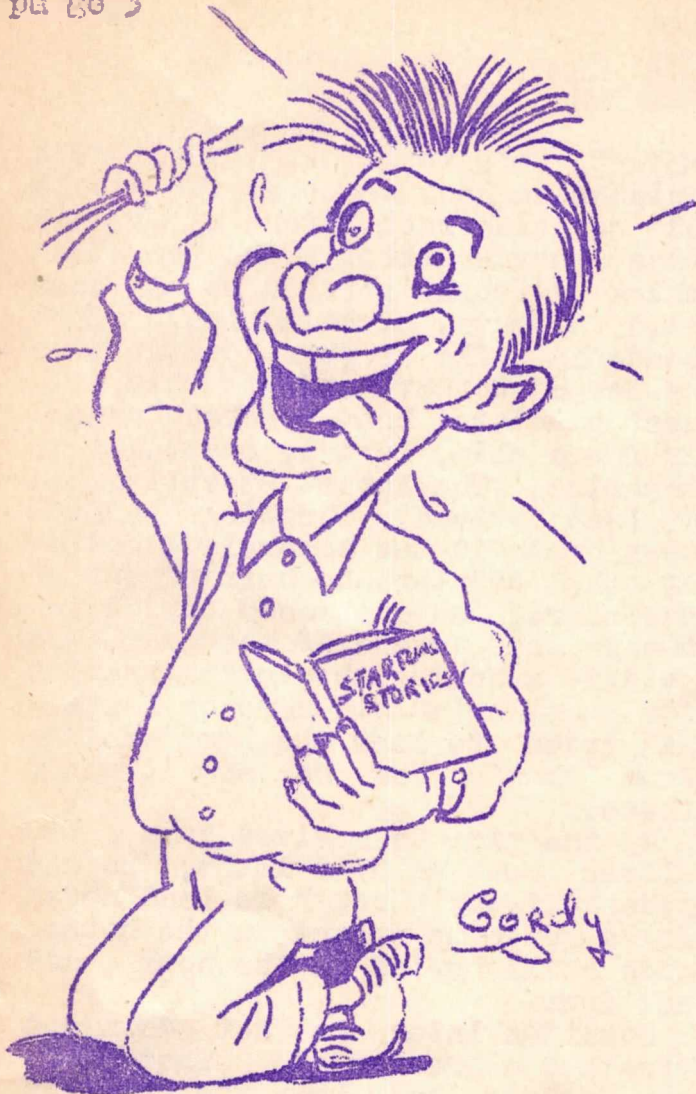
Egbert Eglestonberg glanced with quickening heart-beat at the crowded magazine rack before him. His eyes perring through the four-inch thick bi-focals perched on his nose held a mute, pleading look. Then suddenly like a voracious vulture he leaped forward and his thin, almost emaciated hand reached hungrily for a slim, luridly covered pulp magazine. The latest Startling had at last arrived! Throwing his fifteen cents in the general direction of the counter he hurried out of the store, nose already buried between the covers of the mag; eyes avidly scanning the letter section for mention of his name or letter. He tried to keep the hurt feeling from showing as he saw it wasn't there.

By the time he arrived home, two blocks and an hour later, he had gone half-way through the lead novel. In a daze he walked in the house, nose still buried in the book, and sat down.

Sometime later he sat down and breathed a great sigh. That story by Kuttner had been the greatest thing since, well since the last issue. He must write and tell them so immediately.

He pulled out his portable and inserted the paper, his mind already busy with the wonderful, witty, clever things he was going to say. He'd show them this time. He'd write the greatest letter ever written. He'd be the fan of the year. His puns would knock them all for a loop, he'd slay them with his devastating wit, he'd pierce them with his sharp criticisms and they'd envy him for his powers of observation. This was going to be his supreme effort, fandom would bow down to him. Number one fan, he could see it already.

For a week he worked feverishly. Never resting, revising, cutting, adding; until at last he thought he had the perfect letter. He read it over once, twice, three times. Each time he read it he could hardly believe that such a wonderful thing



drugstore and there in front of him done in loud, lurid colors was the cover of Startling Stories. With a sob of joy he leaped forward and grabbed it from the rack, almost tearing it in his eagerness to read his wonderful letter in print.

Hungerly he scanned the letter column and there it was toward the bottom of one of the pages. He read the first few lines; good, exactly as he had written them. "This is the first time I've written to Startling and I want to congratulate you on the story last issue. It was good, nay great." Egbert flipped the page over to continue his letter and then a squeal of baffled rage and shock escaped his distended lips. Limply he collapsed to the floor. His letter wasn't continued. His priceless, marvelous letter had been out!!!!

When the ambulance arrived he was groveling on the floor, weird disjointed words were tumbling from his lips, something about a Sarge Saturn. Such was the condition he arrived in six months ago-----

CASE CLOSED

had been turned out by he, Egbert Eglestonberg. Up to now an insignificant little nipsqueak, he would suddenly skyrocket to fame. In his imagination he was receiving the homage of fandon already.

Then came the days of endless waiting. Startling sticking rigidly to their five times a year schedule refused to come out. He had at least expected a letter telling of the arrival of his masterpiece in good shape; airmail special delivery he had sent it, nothing was too good for THAT letter.

As the dayz, then the weeks, and finally the months passed, the time for the arrival of Startling Stories grew near. A curious change was seen to come over Egbert. His eyes grew bloodshot, the bags under his eyes could have been used to carry his lunch to school, and his finger nails were chewed up to the elbow.

Finally that long awaited day arrived, the day he burst into the



Hmm strange form of animal life, shows almost human characteristics.

Despite the fact that no such outstanding results as a seventy-five per-cent average were obtained, the Wichita Science Fiction Society recently conducted a series of highly significant tests in telepathic transmission and reception.

Actually the overall results were not impressive. However, the consistently positive results, made this, our first group attempt a total success, and brought forth a series of very interesting themes for tests in this field.

The first experiments were undertaken with playing cards in lieu of other suitable media. Selecting the ace, deuce, trey, and four from an ordinary pack of playing cards, thus we had sixteen cards. A member of the group is selected to transmit his impressions of the cards as they are turned.

This is merely an adoption to convenience of the Rhine System. However, it is susceptible to error from color impressions, which may have different psychic effects upon different subjects.

Generally the vision that is attempted to convey, is the impression of the numerals 1, 2, 3, and 4.

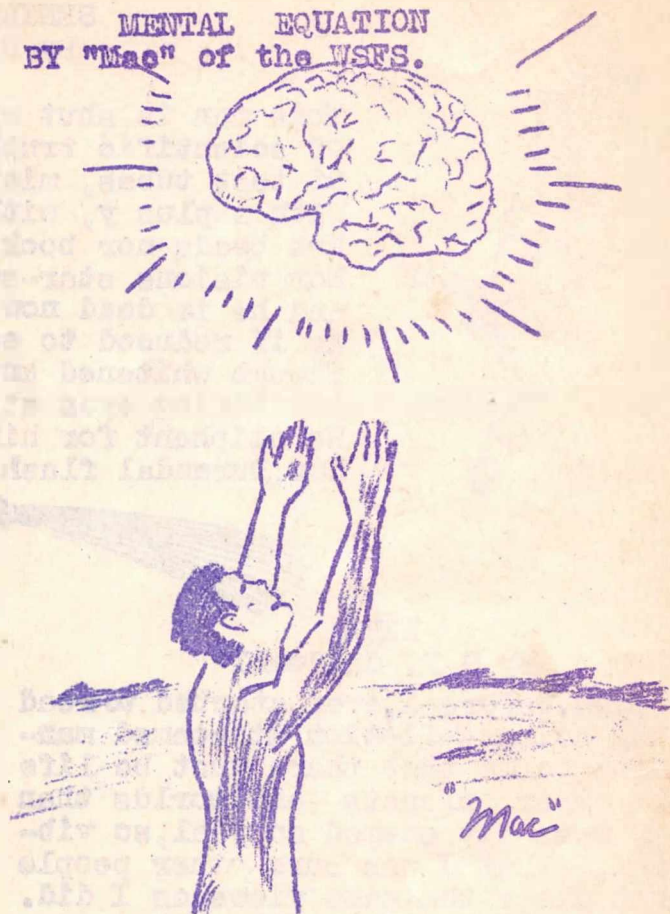
Since this test was only interesting in final results, and is definitely uninteresting in nature. It is relegated to the duties of checking the subject's index of reception.

This index of reception is undoubtedly a strange term. It was invented to express in fractional value the receptivity of a normal subject. This index is taken by averaging the results of several of these tests as described above and then subtracting four, in other words, allotting this as chance. Generally this index will either be a common fraction or a small improper fraction.

Naturally, the larger this number the higher the receptivity of the individual. The highest index recorded to date is $2/1$. Since this index was computed on only two tests it is obvious that it is not the true index, but rather a momentary fluctuation, that may be relegated to unequalized chance.

Other tests attempted included,

MENTAL EQUATION
BY "Mac" of the WSFS.



transmission of geometrical forms; squares, circles, spirals, triangles, and stars; transmission of pictures, limiting them to certain forms; hypnosis of the subject was attempted and some improvement of the index experienced. Finally the transmission of consecutive ideas in the form of stories.

So far these tests have proven very definitely the variance of the telepathic ability between individuals; and show that the mental attitude and external stimulus tend to vary the computed index of receptivity.

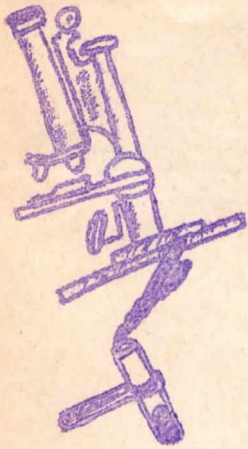
THE END.....

SIDELIGHTS by Telis Streiff

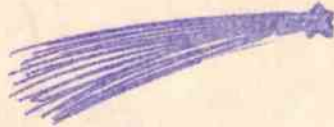
It was found by the use of a slide rule that the chances of getting results like they got was 1 in a 1000. The tests were carried on in total darkness from about 8:30 pm to 7 am. One of the consecutive stories told was about Donald Duck on a raft. One member failed to get part of it.

The more time spent on it the better the receiving becomes. James received the atom war story complete to the use of the controls... amazing huh?

SEVILE SCIENTIST
By Rue Bowdoin



This man is shut within the fortress walls
Of scientific truth, of Einstein, Freud,
Of test tubes, microscopes, oscillographs;
With x plus y, with neon glare, he toyed --
Not beads nor book nor superstitious lore
Nor visions star-swept from a great unknown --
And he is dead now (dead, or never was),
As if reduced to earth and powered bone;
Though whitened knuckles bruise on steel or glass
And tiring eyes still seek for truths unwon
No oliphant for him shall sound its call
Nor Durendal flash brightly in the sun.



LIFE

By G.F. Caldwell

Even before I ever started to read -ing science-fiction it seemed manifest to me that there must be life on other planets and worlds than our own. It seemed so real, so vibrant, that I was sure other people must share the same views as I did. It did not seem possible that a person could be so egotistical as to believe he and his kind were created to inhabit this vast and glorious Universe alone.

That man, a quarrelsome, warring, strife-ridden race, could have been chosen to inhabit the Universe all by his obnoxious self, is more than I can believe. Our long history of crimes, wars, and misdeeds have proven that man is not worthy to inhabit even the Earth----itself but a tiny mote compared to the grandeur of other planets, even in our own Solar System.

How can Man look up- into the sky on a clear night, with the stars and planets shining in all their dazzling glory, and say that He and He alone is alive, that He alone can lay claim to the Universe, that He alone is master of what he surveys. There can be only one answer to that, man unless he is a bigger fool and egotist than even I take him for--cannot say He is. Man is like a blind man saying the world is flat, basing his statement on what he feels with his hands and feet, and not from what he can view

because he can't see. Man is like that blind person, he is using only part of his senses, blind in the true perceptive powers.

Just like Man in his supreme egotism once thought the Earth was the center of the Universe, even ostracizing anyone who dared to say it was not, only to find to their chagrin that the Earth revolved around the Sun, and it in turn around some larger planetary bodies. A crushing blow to some die-hard egotists.

Such must be the case in this instance. Just because a certain set of conditions prevail under our standards, why must it also be the determining factor when we must consider a totally different standard, alien in every way to ours. Anyone who has taken Physics or Chemistry, or any of the other physical sciences, knows that there are different sets of laws governing different conditions.

As an example:: Gas volume does not stay the same, it varies accordingly to temperature and pressure. Reactions in Chemistry can be speeded up or slowed down by varying the temperature and pressure also. Could not Life be viewed in a like manner, varying as the Standards affecting it do.

Just because the Earth has just this % of Oxygen in its atmosphere, and just so much Nitrogen; while

the maximum temperature is this degrees centigrade and the minimum is just that, does that necessarily mean life could not exist under other conditions. Would not different conditions bring about a different form of life. It would have to, for our kind of life could not exist under any other kind of standards. But take a given volume of gas. At 33 lbs. per sq. inch and 44 degrees Centigrade, the volume might be 1000 cubic centimeters; if we change the pressure to 33½ lbs, and the temperature to 44.5 degrees Centigrade, even that small change will jump the volume of the gas up. Therefore comparing life to our volume of gas, would not the different conditions surrounding it, as in the case of the gas, cause different forms to appear. All in line with some cosmic formula determining the appearance Life shall



take, as there are Laws governing the volume the gas will take in regard to temperature and pressure.

Suppose a planet was discovered where there was no oxygen, it was

all carbon monoxide, a poisonous gas--to us. Immediately the assumption would be that no life could be found there, yet carbon monoxide will combine more readily with the hemoglobin in our blood than oxygen will, which is why it is so dangerous. It forms a stable compound in the blood, preventing the oxygen from combining with more hemoglobin, thus causing death from suffocation. But suppose in the body, a chemical could be secreted that would break down the carbon monoxide hemoglobin compound into carbon, oxygen, and hemoglobin; then life could be carried on. Just because we don't need it, can we say that some race living there would not have that chemical, for we are again discussing conditions of which we have no understanding.

Every day, into our society, are being born misfits; the so-called "blue babies", "siamese twins", and so forth. Yet these children, if living under different conditions could reign supreme; while man, the ultimate, the perfect, would be the misfit.

For man is blind, blinder than the blindest, and that is too bad; for if He would just open his eyes--
THERE IS SO MUCH TO SEE!!

The End----

EVIDENCE ???????

Excerpt from the San Francisco Examiner: PENDLETON (Ore.) June 25 (AP)

Nine bright, saucer-like objects, flying at "Incredible" speed at 10,000 feet altitude were reported here today by Kenneth Arnold, Boise pilot, who said he could not hazard a guess as to what they were.

Arnold, a U.S. Forest Service employee engaged in a missing plane search said he sighted the mysterious objects yesterday at 3 pm. They were flying between Mount Rainier and Mount Adams, in Washington State. They appeared to weave in and out of formation. Arnold said he clocked them and estimated their speed at 1,200 mph.

An Army spokesman said, "Nothing flies that fast except a V-2 rocket which can't be seen at 3,500 mph.

REPORT FROM ANDROMEDA
By James Streiff

Did I ever tell you folks about Joe? No, well Joe is a little man of the breed that inhabits Shultzes' Beer Parlor and lives in the varnish that they drink there. It is members of this tribe that give rise to legends about fairies, pixies, and gremlins. Well Joe has more or less adopted me, at least he seems to think he must watch out for the things I do. Often when I will be working on some task or other, he will be sitting on my shoulder giving me advice on how to do it. Now for example, one day I was sitting down to write a love song to some fair maiden, but does Joe let me do it? No, instead I wind up writing a thing called "Ode to a Scarecrows Mother-in-law", which is just the way it sounds too. (For further information see Vo. 3 of MNL)

Well today Joe pulled his crowning bit of devilment. I sat down to design a radio, something very simple. But does Joe let me do it? No, first he whispers in my ears that the superheterodyne principle is no good, that I must make a clean break with the past and design something different entirely. One fault with the super-het is the fact that the signal to noise ratio is limited by the electron emission from the cathode. Now if the first stage were something besides a detector, an r.f. amplifier or a converter, and would give considerable amplification, the problem could be solved. So what do I do? The antenna is fed directly into a klystron about 5,000 m.c. and frequency modulates it. The output from the klystron is fed into a converter Ca in23 xtal, and a 6F4 operating on the 10th harmonic, which brings the frequency down to about 10 m.c. the ratio of frequency deviation is thus increased by about 500, after this goes through a discriminator it is equivalent to a voltage amplification, which is equivalent to multiplying the signal to noise ratio by 500!

For this to whom the above description is pure Greek, I suggest that they take a course from the U.



HM

of Trivium Charontis. The U. of Charontis is being organized by the Parks and Streiff Construction Co. for the purpose of teaching people (including fans) to be useful citizens of the coming age of space-travel.

Under the present plan, we hope to offer courses in Technology, Medicine, and Sociology as applied to space travel, also to be offered is a course in survival, so as to prevent unnecessary casualties among colonists etc. Later we hope to be able to offer advanced courses in philosophy and naval science. Since many of the courses we plan to offer will be rather technical or require considerable background. We also plan to offer this background material. If you think you might be interested, write to James Streiff, 548 North Dellrose, Wichita 6, Kansas for further details. (We are also looking for specialists in certain fields to write textbooks and help lay out courses; any such help would be greatly appreciated.)

Among other things, the Wichita Stf. Society has recently adopted a Constitution. Also there has been some tentative work on plans to carry out some rocket experiments this summer. The present officials are A McKinley as Chairman, and Mike McCoy as Sec-Treas.

Speaking of local fan clubs, the suggestion has been made that since there are now quite a number of local fan clubs ~~which~~ perhaps they

REPORT FROM ANDROMEDA
cont. from page 7

should form a national association of fan clubs to coordinate their activities. The WAFs, has already indicated a willingness to participate in any such activities. If any other local fan clubs are interested, just drop us a line.

I was recently struck with an inspiration, many people have conducted polls to find the best this, that, or the other. Why not a poll to find out what kind of a critter the average fan is. In fact I have decided to conduct just such a poll. It will appear in the coming issue of Martian News-Letter, results will be published an issue or so later. Well that's all for this trip.

fans turned pro; and relates about seventy of them. Peterson mutters about the prozines and Warner gossips about various books on the life of Christ. Widner Fanalyses about Ray F. Jones, pulpster. Ackerman reviews "Metropolis", the old fantasy fillum, in his dept. Hunt cartoons "Ivan", the adventures of a demon who has one helluva time; and Mullen muses at great length upon books, books, and more books; grows boring after ten pages. Last is "The Retort", a letter column. All in all, pretty good, though a bit of fiction would lighten up the ish somewhat. 15¢ a copy; 50¢ for four issues, a year.

FAN SLANTS
By Qwerty U. Iop



THE ALCHEMIST---Vol 2, No 2---Edited and published by Charles Hansen at 1301 Ogden St, Denver 3, Colorado. This is a half-size quarterly mimeod sketchily in spots with red and blue ink. Cover is an exceptionally fine linoleum-block cover by Roy Hunt, plus good interiors by the same. Hansen editorializes on the apparently one-sided antagonism of A. Langley Searles on FJackerman; plus an announced contest for material, books as prizes. Tucker talks about

QWERTYUIOPQWERTYUIOPQWERTYUIOPQWERT
GORGON--Vol I, No I--Edited and pubbed by Stanley Mullen, 4936 Grove St., Denver 11, Colorado. This is a dittoed, half-legal size zine with a heavy cardboard cover with a lithoed design by Roy Hunt. Gertrude Voorhies presents a morbid short story with an excellently developed atmosphere. A "Cartouche", whatever this is, turns out to be a short appreciation of A. Merritt, followed by a bib of extreme interest if you're hunting for Merrittales--this by Hunt and Mullen. The Devil You Say, a column of interesting trivialities; Mullen and Hunt with five pages of excruciating unfunny cartoons; and Mullen (again?) talks, about hard to find short stories buried between hard covers. Very good beginner, which promises to be even better. It is by the way 15¢ and bi-monthly; worth the money and wait.

TYUIOPQWERTYUIOPQWERTYUIOPQWERTYUIO
SHANGRI-LA'AFFAIRES # 35--Edited by the inimitable (we hope) Charles Burbee, Shaggy promenades from 1057 South Normandie Ave, Los Angeles 6, Calif. every 7 and 1/2 weeks or whenever angelic EEEvans decrees. Cover this time is the same spider which sculltled forth several issues ago and which was repeated by "popular request", which means the treasury couldn't afford a new one. Anyway, van Vogt tells where the idea

FAN SLANTS

cont. from page 8.....

for Slan came from, and frankly we can't bear it. Ackerman plugs his Author's Agency; Who'll volunteer to plug Ackerman....F Lee Baldwin's serial THE GIRL WITH THE MUDDY EYES winds up in a climax of blood, thunder and sex. Burb just might have some extra copies men!! A 4-page letter section follows, then a screwy dream by Marijane Nuttal; a Laney bit once rejected by Kennedy, and Tigrina's LASGS mark 30 to a below Burbee standards issue. 10¢ at all opium dens.

QWERTYUIOPQWERTYUIOPQWERTYUIOPQWERT SINE WOMEN # 1 -- is a hectoed conglomeration of stf, fantasy, humor, and what-have-you edited and pubbed by John van Couvering, at 902 North Downey, Downey, Calif. the land of liquid sunshine and solid smog. The first ish was twenty pages for five cents. Contains an editorial by, of all people, the editor. "Ploy", a poem; "How Do You Know?", A thot-provoking bit of anti-propaganda which more people should read. The Tragedy of A by Tom Jewett, a somewhat pointless tale well-calculated to keep you in suspense, if not the booby-hatch. Struck by Cupid's Pro-Ton Gun by Ed I. Torre, concerning the lovelife of a fan, plus several more ultra-ficticious fiction of a wacky nature, but entertaining. A neat hecto job, not for the literal but good fun.

UIOPQWERTYUIOPQWERTYUIOPQWERTYUIOPQ SPICY SPACE STORIES-----first issue ever published--if published is the term -- by N W Storer & D. Jones at 1724 Mississippi St, Lawrence Kansas; 5 cents each. Ultra-sloppy mimeoing, one side of paper only. 'tis the first zine ever publish-ed by these two, so I guess we can for-give them this once, contents: one in-excusable time-travel yarn, and an "article" from a letter by one Tom Jewett, which is likewise. That's all; there ain't no more. Fair hectoed cover, you pays your money and you take your chances.

QWERTYUIOPQWERTYUIOPQWERTYUIOPQWERT

SPACE WARP-VOLI, NoI--hand lettered, hand corrected, hand hectoed monthly 8-page aaaagh! zine edited by A. Rapp.--2120 Bay St--Saginaw, Mich-. This ten-cent half-legal size mag is noted for its indistinguishabness the lettered in three colors of ink May turn into something good if material and a typer are secured.

QWERTY UIOPQWERTYUIOPQWERTYUIOPQWERT VORTEX--VOLI, NoI--This 80page print-ed fanzine is the best fan effort your reviewer has seen to date! Semi-slick paper and slick cover make it resemble closely a prozine. Not a pulp either! Five good off-trail stories, a poem, and two articles almost fill the zine; and 4 mediocre lithoes help illustrate. Three fan blogs with fotos are present in the THIS IS FANDOM department, and a color half-tone painting is here, and also available on hard paper, as are most of the other interiors. A whirlpool design on each page is distimotive and adds to the readability. The yarns are very good and all is well-worth the 20¢ asked by the editors. Gordon Kull and George Cowie at 70 Mirabel Ave, San Francisco, Calif.. Don't miss this one!!!!

QWERTYUIOPQWERTYUIOPQWERTYUIOPQWERT VARIANT**VOLI, NOI**--This apparent new-comer is actually the "PSFS" Nuz which became a fanzine. So the PSFSers thot they might as well publish a clubzine, leaving PSFS News to be a small local newsheet. Thus Variant. Editor is the same Allison Williams, who will acknowledge subs at 10c each, if you send same to 122 South 18th St, Phila. 3, Pa. Using the Vari-typer of Prime Press with which to cut stencils, this bi-monthly mimeoed mag looks almost to be printed, and would look better if good stencils were used. The line-up includes most Philly phans, plus George O. Smight, who should stick to writing and not try drawing zine covers. J.A. Williams on Leterary Hoaxes excludes Shaver and tries to draw a boundary between ethioal and unethical hoaxes, contents good; mimeoing not-so.

QWERTYUIOPQWERTYUIOPQWERTYUIOPQWERT

LETTERS FROM THE LUNATICS

RICK SNEARY---

The "Joker In The Deck", was the average type of Love story. Which despite that rather weak pun I hold very highly. Love is one of the few fans that can write pro-zine type shorts. I don't know how he would do if he had to write a three or 4 thousand word story, but he does well with these short ones. I'm sorry not to hear more from him and I'm sure many fans will join me in saying so.

Fantasy And Stuff by Yost. Hmm, sort of over my head. He seemed to hint at stuff. Maybe I should go study up on Equinoxes. I seemed to miss something. Not only that, but Yost sounded like a pen-name.

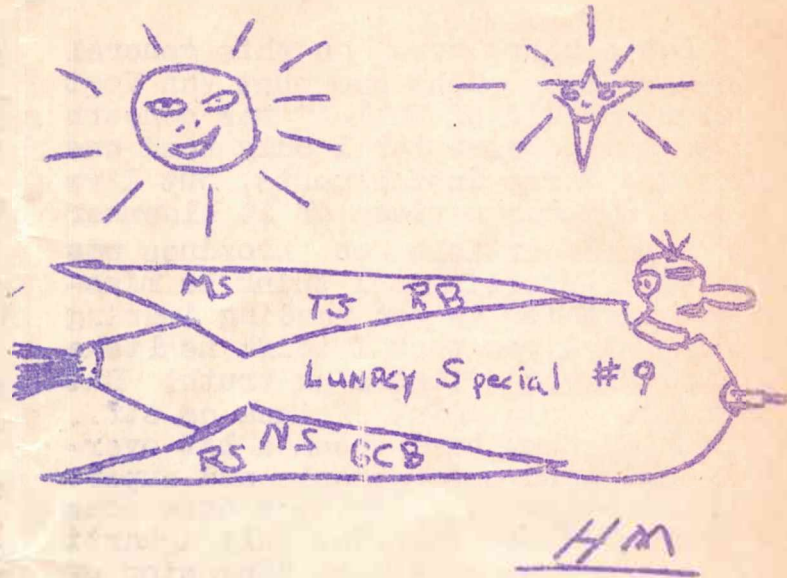
Dreams, I never quite agreed with you when we talked it over before. I still wonder at it. I'm not saying dreams dont foretell the future and see around the world. I doubt that anyone regularly dreams such things, or that certain people never dream them. It would seem to me most people have such dreams at one time or another. And the answer is easy enuf. When a person is asleep his mind sleeps. But as he wakes his mind does so before his body or nerves. Thus the mind for a few moments is free from the reactions of the body. In this time it is quite likely some people get ESP messages, of happenings to loved ones or in the future. It has been proved that some people can tell what card will turn up in a ESP test as many as five ahead of the 1 the sender is looking at. And that is not their order in the stack, as the cards are mixed after each reading. A theory. I'd still like to know though, how I can do and see things in my dreams I have never done in real life.

Fan Slants. Hmmmm. To long for such a small zine, but the idea is OK.

Boggs article good. More from him
GCBG-CBG-CBG-CBG-CBG-CBG-CBG-CBG-CBG-CBG

Nowe we hear from a new Lunatic
Guerry Cambell Brown:

The cover this time wasnt so hot.



Evidently the combination of Cook-roft, Jewett, and Arala didnt work out so well. I prefer zany covers, the one on L #7, for instance.

The editors column was one of the best, interesting features this ish. Those experiments in telepathy sound -ed most interesting. LIFE magazine had an article on ESP several years back. It had a set of card with which you could test yourself along with the article. It'd be useful to anyone who was interested in the stuff. Dunniger, the mentalist also wrote a book about telepathy called "What's On Your Mind" It had several tests and experiments you could do.

I disliked the story "Joker In The Deck", and the article "Fantasy And Evolution". Both were poorly written. The article was all mixed up with astrology, cycles, and philosophy, all tree poorly presented.. Mr. Yost, whoever he is, certainly didnt know what he was talking bout The Egyptian culture didnt pass away directly into the Roman one, as any student of ancient history knows There were quite a few other in between. Also often two or three-- or more--culture existed together, at the same time.

The article on dreams was very good. Perhaps someday somebody may find out how to "Travel" mentally, during sleep. There's some good ideas for you, story writers.

(cont. pagell)

Letters From The Lunatics
cont, from 11

telepathy. Our results were nothing short of astounding. We even tested the mental telepathy content of a person under hypnosis.

MS

A veteran Lunatic plumbs the depth of his mind and comes forth with: It's Max Sonstein.

The last Lunacy, # 8, is the best so far.....still showing steady improvement in material and reproduction. Fantasy and Evolution I found exceptionally interesting, the idea of keying up the ages of man and evolution with the galactic circle is a new thought to me. Something to think about, ditto for the article on dreams. The theory of dreams being the actual vehicle for time-travel is clever. Could it be that there is some truth in it? Ive had some mighty strange ones myself. What in hell does Qwerty U. Top mean? I enjoyed the zine reviews but that name kept distracting my attention. I'm one of those goofs who everytime he runs across an odd name or pseudonym, whose name is not readily apparent, trys spelling it backward rearranging the letters; varying the spacing between words, etc..... But I give up on Mr. Top.

Walt Kessel's letter on hypnotic compulsion sounds quite logical. I have been under the impression, generally, that no one could be compelled, under hypnosis to commit a act that they would not do in a normal state, but Kessel's ideas would seem to refute that, quite successfully.

Incidentally, received a copy of Walt Gillings' new fan-mag, Fantasy Review, from England, and noticed that Luncy came in for mention in a list of colorful names of American fanmags. So you see, you fame, or infamy if you prefer, has spread across the sea to our British cousins.

JVCJVCJVCJVCJVCJVCJVCJVCJVCJVCJVCJVCJVCJVCJVC
Now from Van Couvering, who seems to be wearing a chip on his shoulder
Firstly, if you're going to dummy margins, either dummy them right or

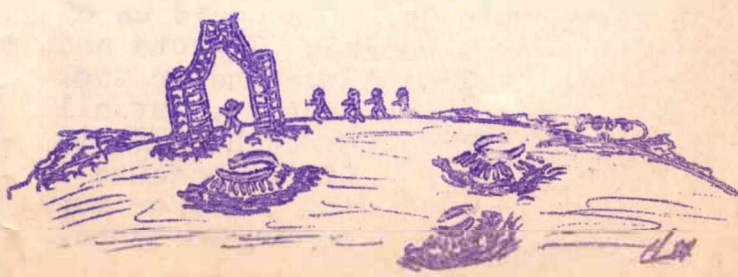
don't, dummy! (How'd that comma get in there?) And why try for double columns...even though it is an improvement? Look at Sine Women, mine own. Saw-tooth margins, miserable hectoing..and I bet I managed to be as unreadable as you did, if not more so. "Joker in the Deck" should have been stuffed down a ventilator (Joke: deck--ventilator--ha ha)

Jewett's cartoon was rather unkind...After all, the snow they get back in Ohio is only sun-bleached smog from cincinatti..it must of wandered over California and gotten bleached there. Southern California that is. The south, the deep south "Fantasy and Evolution" didnt go far enough into the fascinating possibilities presented. "Dreams was interesting enough, but.....Redd Boggs, who shows the use of a few brain-cells, did a really fine job on "The Pros"

On the subject of improved human form..wings would be a disadvantage as we think of wings. Bulky...unnecessary for the most part....and quite weak. Now, if some brain-buster were to develop or invent a small anti-gravity machine...fit it with a small atom-jet. That would be something quite superior to, and more efficient than wings.

The wings would be of a necessity quite enormous.....for, weighing, an average of 150 lbs. as the average human does. When you consider that the Andean condor, one of the largest birds in the world, weighs only 75 lbs, while it's wingspread is an average of 15 odd feet. Just think of the enormous span the human's wing would have to have.

THASALLTHASALLTHASALLTHASALLTHASALL



sonal, me to you attack, not fandom to you attack.

It was an attack such as Wilson made that caused the Pacificon to lose the Ziff-Davis support and money. Now it is Wilson who has caused me, you, and all fandom to lose out.

I have always been for the underdog and for the right. Fandom may be the underdog but RAP is in the right. The demagogues of fandom have been blasting him and Shaver without ceasing for a couple of years now, both above and below board. All the while these few have informed him it was fandom who was against him, and they but the voice of fandom. I dont blame Rap for the step he is taking, but it makes me mad because innocent fans will suffer.

If these attackers want to suffer the consequences of their actions that's OK by me, but when I have to that I dont like. They can say and do anything they want, make as big an ass of themselves as they can (and have)but when it starts to interfere with me and my pleasure, then I start to boil.

I went on record more than a year ago as saying that RAP had done more for fandom than any other person in the whole world. He had supported the conventions, sent out originals free to the fan clubs--his company, Z-D, paying the post, and more than all---his Shaver "Lenuria" stories attracted more people to stf. than all other promags put together. The claim that they are for the most part crackpots has been offered. So what, those who arent will be welcome and those who are will drop out. Fandom has a higher % of crackpots per capita than any other hobby or profession, so why worry.

In my own case, the fan club I be long to, Young Fandom, will be unable to get any more originals from the Ziff-Davis Co. He gave us 65 originals just because I wrote and asked him if I could have one or two. I call that a nice gesture. But all that is finished, through no fault of ours or RAP's. Simply because a few fans, too self-inflated for our own good, took upon themselves to speak

for us.

To us neo-fen in Young Fandom those originals meant quite a bit at least to most of us. We aren't like some fans who have their walls covered with originals, we have none. Our chances to get them has been wrecked by a bunch of grownup fans who acted more childish than the lowliest neo-fan.

Therefore I am asking every fan who reads this to think it over and then send your name to me to be attached to a note of apoligigy I am going to send RAP, apoligizing not for ourselves but for the actions of the warring, bird-brains we harbor in our midst.

Maybe RAP will relent his war upon us, his most fervent admirers caught in a turmoil caused by some blabber mouths who didnt know the difference between the noun "Fandom" and the pronoun "I". There is a tremendous difference, believe me.

Thanks for reading this far, if you have.....

