



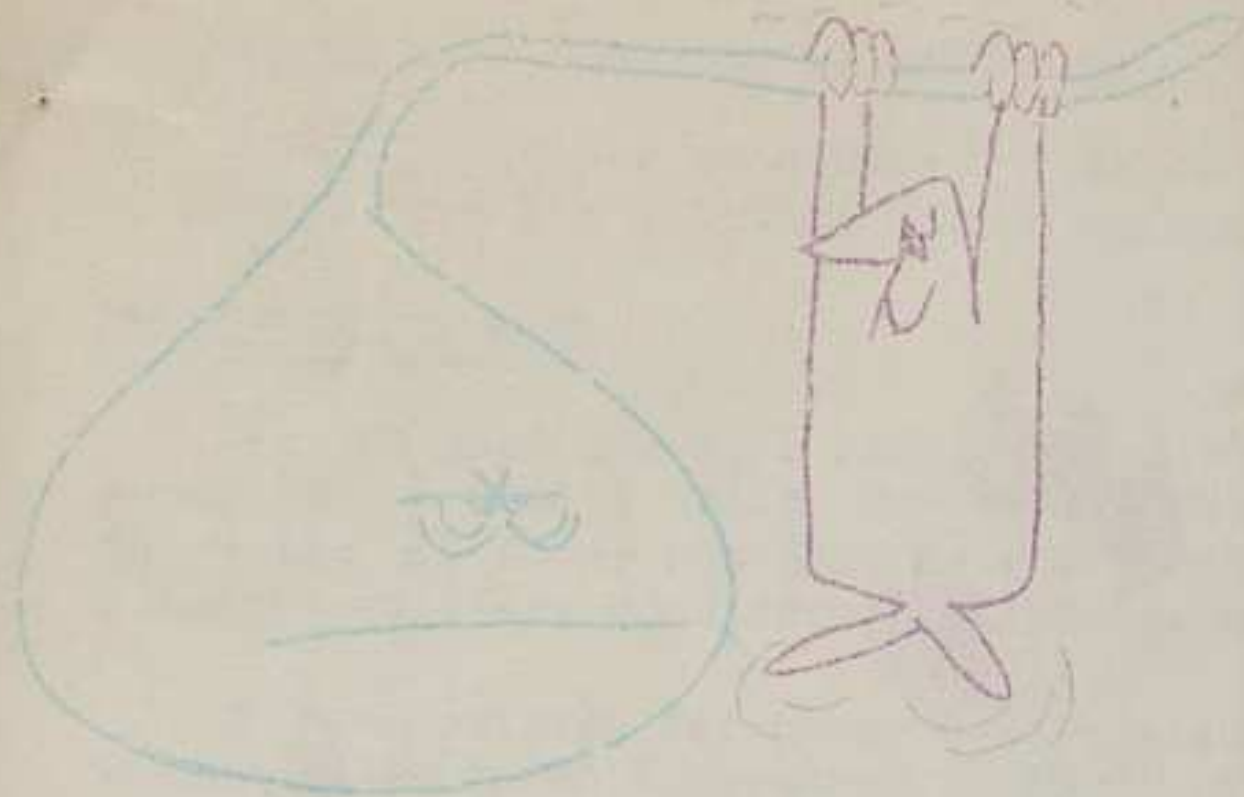
PSI-PHI

NO. 7-DEC. '60

"Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus..."







"Go do your tensile strength problems on someone else, kid!"

I had prepared about half a dozen masters by the time that Arv got here. These were all proof-read, illustrated and ready to run off. Arv took a look at them, then said, "You're the limit, Lichtman." He then launched into a monologue on how I was burning myself out. He finished with a "You're the limit, Lichtman," and repeated it several times for effect.

"Well, er," I countered, "here's that Bergeron illustration I said I was saving for your SAPSzine." I pulled it out of the envelope and handed it to him. He took a critical look at it and said, "Well, maybe I'll draw my own cover this time." He handed it back. Then he said, "You know, I started reading part of the SAPS mailing last night. I went through the mailing and picked out the zines I thought would be interesting, but dammit only one of them was." He said which one but I'll omit that because it might embarrass some people. It wasn't mine, anyway.

"Have you done any work on your SAPSzine yet?" I asked. He looked at me and said, "Hell, no." Then he said, "I think I'm going to quit SAPS. There's just nothing worth reading in the mailings, it seems." He continued, "I'll put out another zine or two, maybe one for the spring mailing, but then I'm going to quit it." Whether or not he will is a moot point. Arv has quit fandom several times.

"I wrote a letter to Bill Evans about FAPA credentials," he said. "I told him about SPIANATO (the title of Arv's SAPSzine--bl) but I didn't have a copy to send him. Do you think he'll accept that as credentials?" "Sure," I said, "he'll check with Dick Eney, like it said in the FA, and you'll be okay. If that doesn't work, he'll probably consider Psi-Phi as credentials." "FAPA," Underman went on, "is lots better than SAPS. Mainly, you don't have to publish so damned much. Eight pages a year is easy and there's good stuff in the mailings, too."

"But are you going to do an issue of SPIANATO for the January SAPS mailing?" I asked. "Well," Arv said, "I'll see about it. But like I said, there's not much worth reading in the mailings." He went on to say that he'd been reading stuff like Oedipus Rex and he was going to read some dull 900-page book, the title of which I forget, over the vacation. Then he spent a good deal of time telling me about people he'd met at Stanford, people who all sound like hyper-Burbees when it comes to telling humorous anecdotes.

Just before Arv had to go, I asked, "Are you going to write a couple pages of editorial for Psi-Phi this time?" "No," he answered, "I'm going to quit fandom. Except for FAPA, that is. You can have this issue of Psi-Phi all to yourself."

# SAPS IT INÉRAIRE FIXÉ

--meanderings by Lichtman

## THE CASE OF THE MISSING CO-EDITOR

Arv Underman came visiting the other day. As a result of the visit, this issue doesn't have wrap-around covers. Neither does it have several pages of wit and humor by Arv Underman.



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"Does that mean you're not going to be co-editor of Psi-Phi anymore?" I queried.

"Hell, no," Arv concluded, "I'll be back for the summer issue." As he walked off, he added, "But I'm quitting fandom anyway."

### COLLEGE GOING FAAN

In the last issue, I gave a brief run-down of what college each LA56F member was going to. I wasn't quite sure then what college Don Durward was going to, so I kidded about it. It turns out that he's with me at UCLA. As a matter of fact, he kindly (for a slight monetary consideration) transports me to and from school every day.

I have written for other fanzines stories of registration and pre-enrollment, though these haven't appeared in print yet. And I wrote a short descriptive essay concerning the Campus and Westwood Village for my N'APAZINE (KTP #4, in the March 1961 mailing). But I haven't written anything about what the classes themselves are like for publication, so I might just do that here.

This semester I decided to break into the college game easily and so I only signed up for 13 units. These are 4 units of French (to finish up my foreign language requirement forevermore), 3 units of English 1A, 3 units of Life Science, 2 units of Algebra, and 1 unit of Army ROTC. Next semester I have pre-enrolled for 3 units each of English 1B, Philosophy 6A, Calculus & Anal Geom 3A, Sociology 1, Life Science 1B, and one unit of Army ROTC. Whether or not I get those is indeterminate at the moment, but I expect I'll get all of them because I signed up for them as soon as I could. If I don't get one, I will get Political Science 1 (also known as Snap Course 1A; it's a Requirement-Filler) instead.

French class is somewhat of an anomaly. During high school French--the last two years of it anyway--the classes were loaded to the brim with pretty, pretty girls. The teacher was an amiable, quite nice middle-age lady, who used to keep us attentive by telling about things she did when in France. It took us a while to catch onto the fact that she was in France not just recently, but during the 1930s. But my point is, there were many, many pretty girls in the class and things were generally pleasant. My college French section is a horse of an entirely different color. Here there are 2 pretty girls out of a class with about 20 girls in it. And one of the pretty ones is the teacher! This sounds like sort of a "Father Knows Best" sort of situation, the thing you run across only in situation comedies on television, but here it is, and I'm rather enjoying it. Our professor is in her 30s, but she looks not a day over 20. Really. She's French, has a fine sense of humor, and occasionally gets off on the most amazing tangents in class. For instance, the other day we began reading Moliere's "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme". But before we actually got around to starting the play in class, she conducted a 10-15 minute discussion on the sex habits of seventeenth-century French nobility. Too bad I forgot to take notes...

English 1A is also a rather weird class. Our TA started off the year in the right groove by saying that he didn't see how anyone in their right mind would subject



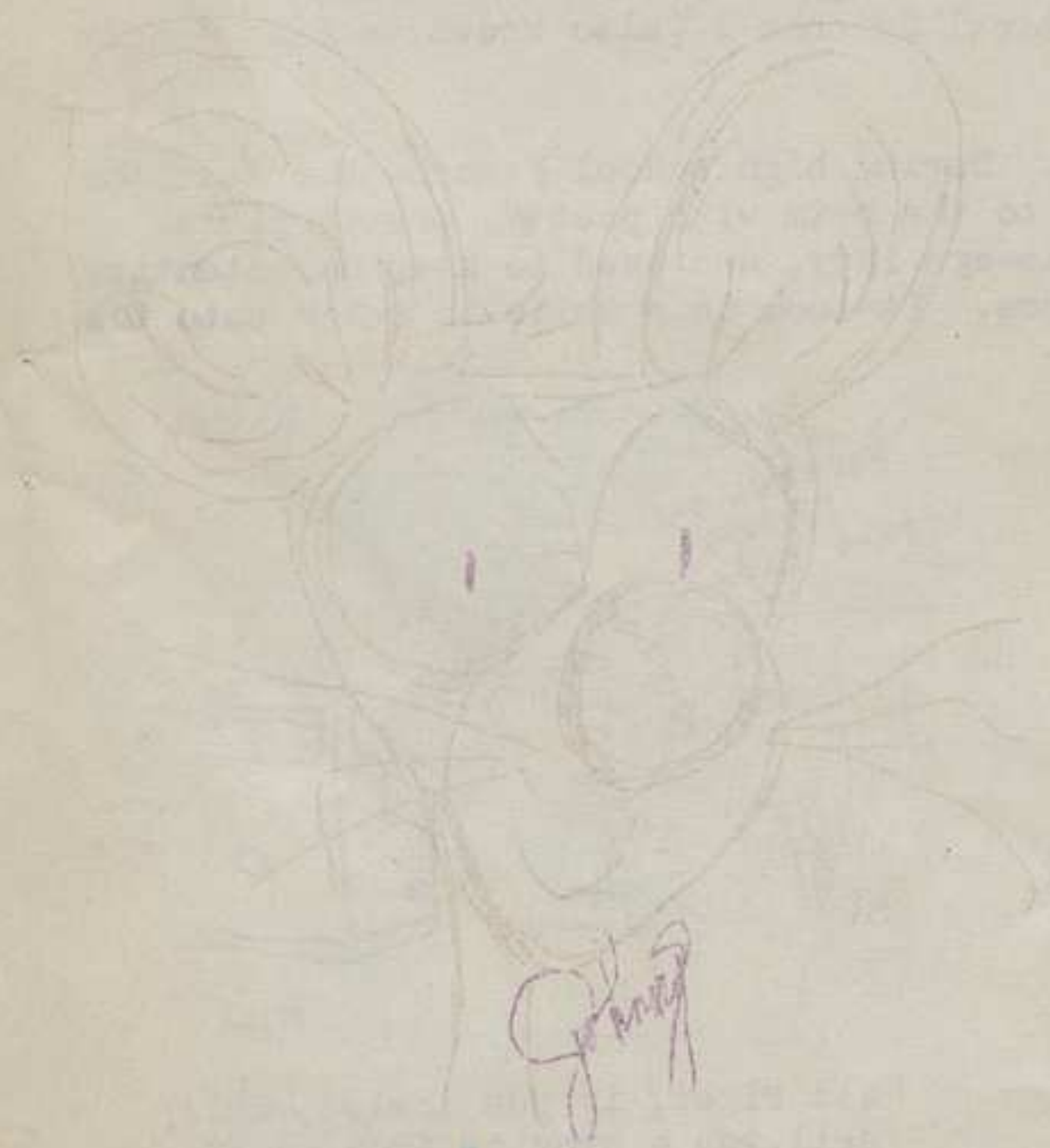
"All right, if you insist, I'll sell you a prozine from under the counter."



himself to a course in English 1A. "I know I couldn't pass it if I had to take it over again," he admitted. Later on the first week he got to talking about various books, and mentioned he's once started to read Dianetics. "Is anyone familiar with the book?" he asked. I was the only one in the class to raise my hand and admit I'd heard of it, which resulted in my being asked by several people how they could get hold of a copy. The section I'm in seems mostly to be a group of poor writers. Like, I got the only A handed out so far this semester...it was on a critique of The Immortal Storm, of all things!

Life-Science is an imposing name for a general biology course. This is the only course I have this semester that actually has a lecture section; all the others are small classes. Our professor has an interesting sense of humor. Often he will spend 20 minutes giving a highly detailed description of some insignificant function of an obscure fish or insect. Not long ago, though, he ran up against a snag in this sort of speaking: he was hard-put to get around using a rather vulgar term for the excretion of bass. Whether or not one need attend his lectures is a moot-point. Someone once asked this, just before the first test. "Sure," he said. "If you don't attend the lectures you don't get to hear my jokes, and I make sure to ask you one of them on the test."

Algebra, despite the efforts of the TA, is somewhat boring. Come to think of it, it's because of the TA that it is. Rather than allowing us a little time to ask questions about the problems we've been running up against in our home assignments, he delights in spending much time each meeting proving this or that theorem on the blackboard. Usually these theorems he proves, too, are ones that most all the class already knows. But this seems to be the College Way...

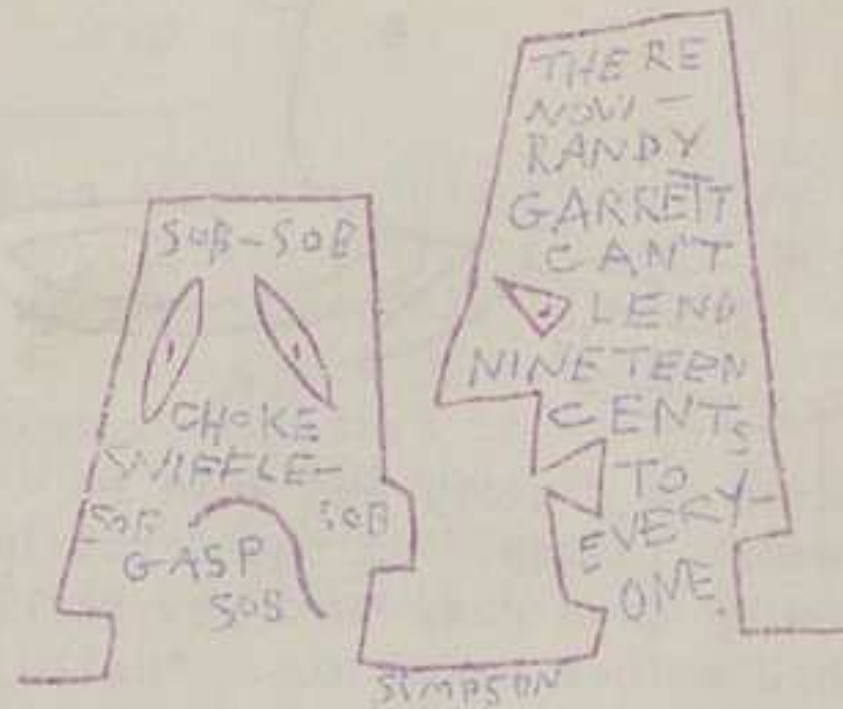


ROTC is at once a barrel of laughs and a pain in the neck. I'm in Army ROTC, mainly because the group I wanted to sign up for, which was Air Force ROTC, had a line about three times as long when I was enrolling. Now I'm rather glad I'm in Army, because Air Force is getting the raw end of a split program this time. One semester they have only half a unit, then they follow this with a 2 1/2 unit semester. Army, on the other hand, for the first year is one unit each semester. Next year it jumps to two per semester. I'm hoping that by that time the Regents of the University will have decided to make it voluntary rather than compulsory and I can quietly drop out. These first two semesters we are subjected to one hour each of drill and class each week. In class so far we have learned all about the organization of the Army and also how to fire a rifle. On this last I am sorry to report that I am rather an indifferent shot, which will probably not be to my good when final's roll around. The Army has a habit of mimeographing many hand-outs and distributing them in class. I once set

I WOULD DRAW A  
RABBIT THAT I MET, I MET  
A DLT. . . .



part of my class into mass confusion by sitting down and beginning to read a copy of Boyd Raeburn's FAPazine, which just happens to resemble to a great degree an Army handout. In drill, where I get to wear a real uniform, goahwow, I usually manage to get things all messed up by not doing rifle movements quite right. Also, I find it damned hard to Keep In Step during parades. This could just be because one officer will start counting cadence and when I get in step with his count he will stop. This is okay for a while, and I manage to keep in step all right. But then another officer starts counting and I find he invariably starts with a "Left, right.. left, right..." when everyone else is following the other officer's count and is doing a "Right, left...right, left..." Confusion, it's wonderful. This sort of thing happened the other day, but by now I've gotten a stock explanation for anyone who says I'm out of step. I refer to the officer with the most authority and point out that I'm in step with him.



Between classes all us ex-Inglewood High

types congregate at the Agriculture Library. More specifically, we meet in its anteroom. Why the Ag Library, you ask? Because, dear reader, it's the most deserted library in the entire school. There are v-e-r-y few agriculture majors around anymore and, in fact, next semester sometime the College of Agriculture is going to move out of UCLA entirely and we will be out of a convenient study-argue-chitterchatter room.

Which is perhaps a good thing, because with many People You Know in the same room, much studying doesn't get done.

#### PSI-PHI's Very Own Gnurrsergy Rhyme

I think the world will never merit  
The vegetable we call the carrot.  
The golden yellow phallic symbol  
Which makes the rabbits quick and nimble  
The leafy top, the munchy root  
Which you should never, at it, hoot.  
Poems are made by fools who dare it  
But only God could eat a carrot.

--- Calvin W. Demmon

#### ABOUT THE AUTHOR

The author of the poem to the left, that is. His full name is Calvin Warren "Biff" Demmon and he goes to school in Berkeley, Capital of the Fannish World. The poem arrived in today's mail, about the time I was composing page two of this editorial-thing, and I decided I might as well use it. I'd put it in the editorial off by itself, I figured. "I might as well use it," was about the way I put it. I said something else too, but I think you can guess what so I won't

quote myself here. Besides, quoting oneself is pretty ostentatious. It shows a good deal of conceit. But I never claimed to be modest, did I?

Back to the subject at hand... Calvin Warren "Biff" Demmon (to whom we shall refer as Cal Demmon, because it isn't so much trouble to type) is some kind of a fan. That is, he is a member of CRAP ("Not quite, just a half-member" he corrected me when I told him this when he denied being a fan) and he publishes in addition a weekly newsletter entitled \*SKOAN\* (the \*s are vital and it's a clever-obscure way of saying "Some Kind Of A Nut") which he says he is going to fold after the tenth (GiantXmas) issue because it's not fun anymore. Calvin is tall and he is rotund, but he is not as rotund as Bruce Pelz. At least it doesn't show as much. He wears glasses when he reads and other times when he forgets to take them off.

When first he got into CRAP as half of the joint membership of Jerry Knight and





Calvin Demmon, someone (I think it was Sylvia White) accused him of being a hoax because of the demon knight tieup in the two names. But I think Sylvia believes in him now.

The other day I was talking with Calvin for the first time since last September when he left for Berkeley. It seems that someone else noticed the tieup between Demmon-Knight and demon knight. In this case it was one of Cal's old "friends," Tom McCormick. Before Cal and Jerry came back down here for Imas vacation, Tom went around telling everyone who knew Cal that Jerry and Cal had col-

laborated on a story and sold it to Galaxy. It's the demon knight story in one of the recent issues. So the first thing that Cal was greeted with when he got off the bus coming down was, "Did you really write that story in the latest Galaxy?" This was what his mother asked him. "Hello, son," she said, "did you write that story in the latest Galaxy?" Calvin had a pretty good answer for that. "No" was how he phrased it, since he has taken English 1A too and knows that he should be economical with words.

It seems that news of a budding young writer spreads pretty fast, because Cal said that nearly everyone he met asked him this question. "No" remained his standard reply. Then suddenly the questions took a different tack. "No?" Calvin would reply when asked if he and Jerry Knight had collaborated on a story for H.L. Gold's prozine. Then his inquisitors would counter with, "Well, why don't you???"

Calvin doesn't have any answer for that. He hasn't seen Tom McCormick since he got down here from Berkeley. After mentioning that I had seen him just the day before, I asked Cal what he was going to say to him when he saw him.

"I'm not going to say anything," Cal replied. "I'm just going to pop him one in the nose, that's all."

#### DON'T BE, ER, REGULAR

I have a theory. "Each individual fanzine exists in its own space-time continuum." That's a pretty good theory which may seem obvious. But I'll tell you about it anyway, because it's My Theory.

Most of you, I presume, receive Boyd Raeburn's A BAS. If you don't, then perhaps you get Terry Carr's INNUENDO. And if you don't, choose your own highly irregular fanzine to work from. GRUE, for instance. Or OOPSLA. Or even SKYHOOK. PSI-PHI will do as a last resort.

Anyway, do you notice that when, once every year or so, you get an issue of one of these highly irregular magazines and sit down to read it, that you suddenly start remembering what happened in the issue before so you will understand the references that are made to that last issue in the current one? (If this weren't being written on masterset, you can bet I'd rewrite that sentence!) All of a sudden, things you hadn't thought about for months come to the front of your conscious and you know what is being discussed refers to something in the last issue.

Well, I do. (If you don't, then you are wasting your time reading this particular subtitle, and I'd suggest you move on to the next one.) Maybe I'm extraordinary, though



since Fans Are Cosmic-Minded (at least they claim to be), I doubt it. Jack Harness, if this isn't the case with you, I am going to be very disillusioned with Scientology. However, Art Rapp seems to be one fan who doesn't remember things very far back. I guess there are others, too, now that I think of it. Hell.

I had a theory.

HO, HO, HO, MERRRRRY CHRISTMAS!

This issue of PSI-PHI is doubling as my Christmas card for this year, even though most of you won't get it until after Christmas. I appreciate the cards I've received in the mail (where else?) but I can't afford to do up a general mailing of Christmas cards to these and other people who deserve them. So this issue of Psi-Phi is the result. When I said "can't afford" up there, I meant really that it would be a waste of money. I can mail this issue for 1¢ less than it would cost me to mail a card to you. (On overseas copies, the savings is 4¢!) With the cover of this issue, it even looks like a Giant Xmas Card. Maybe this makes me eligible for the More Reading On Christmas Cards Movement.

People who complained about poor duplication in the last issue were quite right. The reproduction stank, and it was on account of a bunch of ditto masters that backfired on me. This issue ought to be a lot better in reproduction--and since I have done up most of the pages already, I know it is. As might be expected the articles by Singer, Speer and Ebert in the last issue drew a lot of comment, especially the Singer article which even got 2 articles in return. There isn't a lettercol in this issue but in the 8th number, which should be out next summer, we will present the most cogent comments received. We also hope to have our co-editor back. We miss him and hate like hell writing six pages of this issue ourselves, even if it is Fascinating and Witty. (And besides, we didn't have anything to fit in of appropriate length of nature.)

So. The very best of holiday greetings from me to you, and I'll see you next summer with issue #8, with lots of stuff in it held over from last time. OK? ok...

--Bob Lichtman



"Gee---it's easy to be 'beat'--- Cappachino tastes just like cocoa!"



# OF ALL TIME

BILL MEYERS & KEN SEAGLE

The most colossal epic of all time hasn't been made yet. It exists only in the minds of a few rabid intellectuals and in the pages of the most monumental work in the English language. However, I and a small group of fellow non-entities are in the midst of making plans for an epic of our own, the complete, detail-for-detail filmed document of The Lord of the Rings by J.R.R. Tolkien.

I first discovered this magnificent trilogy at a recent Rosicrucian convention, when a particularly inarticulate friend of mine rushed madly up to me babbling something in his usual inarticulate way, shoved a crumbling book in my hand and disappeared into the crowd. The book was called The Hobbit. Thinking it might be one of those books men like, I made my way from the convention proceedings to my howl down the street.

As I drove through the streets in my howl, I discovered it was an interesting fantasy written especially for Rosicrucians, but what most interested me was that the author had actually constructed an imaginary land out of sawdust and aluminum for his characters to wander in. I always get a big kick out of strange and mysterious places, anyway. I especially like the kind made of sawdust and aluminum.

Running into my friend a week or so later, I expressed my delight to him concerning the book he had given me, and was astonished to learn that a vast trilogy had been written using The Hobbit as a basis and was called The Lord of the Rings. As opposed to The Hobbit, the trilogy was written for an adult audience and ran to a fantastic length of approximately 1100 pages. Naturally, I was very enthusiastic about it and by cashing in some green stamps I'd saved for four years I bought it. After a rigorous session of consistent reading (interspersed with crackly peanut butter & mayonnaise sandwiches and a few trips to the john), I finished the first volume in four days, and spent approximately the same time on the remaining two volumes (and sandwiches and trips to the john — I especially remember making four trips to the john in one hour).

No book had ever affected me more profoundly. I felt I had to do something to show my enthusiasm and appreciation for the greatest book of the century, but was not sure what to do, until at a subsequent Rosicrucian meeting four days later, I met Rick Sneary in the men's room. Putting my finger to the tip of my nose, I waxed extremely clever for a moment and said with a glint in my eye, "That looks like El-road's john." Rick looked up at me and I had a feeling of the sky growing dark, the shadows around me becoming increasingly thicker. He fitfully brushed back his hair, adjusted his glasses, and with a scowl, said, "I think it looks more like Beorn's."

After that, we talked Tolkien for a couple of hours until Rick suddenly suggested that someone should make a movie of it. What hit me was like a cataclysm!

After returning from the john, I began to think about what Rick had said. A movie, he had said. A movie! Why not! Yes! Yes! A movie!

Since that memorable day, four months have passed in which I and some local Tolkien fans have completely outlined the plans for filming The Lord of the Rings.



On the technical side, Steve Tolliver, with his usual ingenuity, has designed us a magnificent new camera consisting of a cigar box and a toilet paper tube. A 360-degree screen will be used which will shrink and engulf the struggling audience to complete the womb-like effect which is so necessary to the realism of this fantasy world. Scents will be liberally used; Sauron's under-arm odor is expected to wipe out all but the more hardy members of the audience. In addition, weather effects will be created through the use of dry ice dropped from a small airplane scheduled to fly over the theater at opportune moments.

As for the theater itself, we plan to build a gigantic structure on the summit of Mount Kilimanjaro to which the spectators will be carried in sedan chairs. All people will see the movie in a foetal position and be fed intravenously, so as not to mar the escapist effect.

And as for the filming, it should take us about four days to film it all. We will use The Hobbit as a ten-minute prologue to The Lord of the Rings. The latter will take three hundred years to show with three reincarnations for the appendix alone. We will have five intermissions, during each of which the Watusi tribe of Africa has promised to do their famous fertility rites. Refreshments will be provided by the Salvation Army. After the complete performance, a 450-foot statue of J.R.R. Tolkien made of solid diamonds will be shot out of the ground on hydraulics, whereupon 6000 children from the underfed countries of the world will sing a chorus of "God Bless Our Happy Home." Immediately following this, special aeronautics will be provided by the combined Soviet and U.S. Air Forces (in peaceful competition) along with all the migratory birds of New Zealand. We have made plans for Christ to make a return appearance at this time and will welcome him with a ticker-tape parade, music supplied by the Tel-Aviv Marching Band (palm branches are out this year). Satan is also expected to show up and will arrive on a golden platter borne aloft by four thousand screaming Hindu Mendicants. After a welcoming speech by the Governor-General of Yucatan, an exhibition bout between the two will be staged for the benefit of homeless Hottentots. The sun will then go super-nova, and to cap our show off, the Diety will finally be forced to explain himself.

Sound good? We think so. Admittedly, we haven't got quite enough funds to see our project through yet, but we are confident that when once our plans are publicized every person in the world will give us \$400,000 apiece along with the sum total of their life-time income and all their valuable possessions.

We have carefully selected our cast of characters drawing on all the talents of the world to get the person most suited to play each individual part. We hope you will agree with our selections:

Frodo - Boris Karloff, known for his warmth and humanity  
 Sam - Steve Reeves  
 Pippin - Alfred Hitchcock  
 Merry - Buster Keaton  
 Saruman - Judas - for the first time in years, he will once more return to the stage as the master of invective and sneers, at his standard price of 30 pieces of silver  
 Gimli - Tab Hunter  
 Legolas - Lenny Bruce  
 Gollum - Norman Vincent Peale





Final Page #7

Aragorn - George Reeves - returns to the screen for the last time in his farewell appearance  
Arwen - Sandra Dee  
Gandalf - Harry Belafonte  
Boromir - Jonathan Winters  
Elrond - Richard M Nixon, in his first serious role  
Sauron - Jimmy Hoffa  
Wormtongue - Billy Graham  
Theoden - Ozzie Nelson  
Galadriel - Pearl Bailey  
Celsborn - Walter Brennan  
Tom Bombadil - Lyle Bettger  
Goldberry - Simone Signoret  
Eomer & Eowyn - The Duke and Duchess of Windsor, in their first serious roles  
Lord of the Nazgul - Danny Thomas  
Bilbo - Cliff Arquette  
Faramir - Fess Parker  
Denethor - Chet Huntley  
Butterbur - Randolph Scott

We have also paid particularly close attention to the musical score in an effort to achieve the proper musical effect for each mood and emotion as it appears.

THE BLACK RIDERS AND DEPARTURE FROM THE SHIRE - Rimsky-Kossakov: Flight of the Bumblebee  
MAIN TITLE MUSIC - Danny Boy by Lord Invader and the Twelve Penetrators  
THE SHIRE: HOBBITON ACROSS THE WATER - Jamaica Farewell  
THE SONG OF TOM BOMBADIL - Life is Like a Mountain Railroad by George Beverly Shea  
FOG ON THE BARROW-DOWNS - Music especially written for this part by Morton Gould who wrote it going over Niagara Falls in a barrel  
REIGN OF TOM BOMBADIL; RESCUE FROM THE BARROW-NIGHT - Schumann: Traumerel  
SONG OF RIVENDELL - The Whiffenpoof Song by Fred Waring and the Pennsylvanians  
THE BALROG - Handel: Hallelujah Chorus as sung by the Trapp Family Singers  
DEATH OF GANDALF - Oh, My Papa by Eddie Fisher  
LORIEN - Background music from "Rocketship X-M"  
DEPARTURE FROM LORIEN; THE GREAT RIVER - "By the Shores of Gitchiegoomis" as set to music by Henry Mancini  
THE BATTLE AT HELM'S DEEP - Variations on the horn call from the "Vikings" by Arnold Schoenberg as performed by Dizzy Gillespie  
IN THE PATHS OF THE DEAD - Elgar: Pomp & Circumstance No. 4  
ENTRANCE TO MINAS TIRITH - When the Saints Go Marching In by Ella Fitzgerald  
THROUGH THE STREETS OF MINAS TIRITH - Knute Knudsen: Suite for Eight Bassoons and One-Stringed Slute  
MORDOR - Dvorak: Largo from "New World Symphony" (Going Home)  
ORCS MARCHING TO THE BLACK GATE - Music for hornpipe and bag as performed by Eleanor Roosevelt  
ARRIVAL OF THE ROHIRRIM AT PELENNOR FIELDS - Obasenevitzky: Organic Variations for Tape Recorder and Zither  
THE TURNING OF THE RED EYE OF SAURON - Mancini: Theme from Peter Gunn  
THE DEATH OF GOLLUM - A Medley of TV Commercials by Percy Faith  
THE FINDING OF THE SILVER TREE ABOVE MINAS TIRITH - Gilbert & Sullivan: "Titwillow" from "The Mikado" as sung by Bruce Pels  
THE SAILING FROM THE GREY HAVENS - Balal Hai by the Girls' Sextet of the Brooklyn Jewish Community Center

We are sure you will agree with our choices.



And now, unbelievable as it may seem, the first steps toward our great goal (the conquest of the Known Universe) have been taken. Meanwhile, we are still trying to film The Lord of the Rings. Under the remarkable direction of a young German immigrant, Richard Wagner (who bears a striking resemblance to Paul Stanbery, a friend of ours who publishes fanzines), Head of Latex Productions ("We always Stretch Our Point") we are committing The Hobbit to Edison Cylinders for radio performance, utilizing the vast resources of General Smirnoff and his Radio Corporation of Cuba staff. The fact that it will probably never be completed is relatively minor besides the fact that we are able so effectively to rationalize.

The first chapter alone takes up over 34,000 cylinders, which, by the way, run for half a minute each. General Smirnoff has tried to convince the young Edison (who bears a striking resemblance to Paul Stanbery) that we are in desperate need of an extended play cylinder, but to no effect, as Edison considers it too radical a scheme.

Richard Wagner plays Gandalf (Wagner is obviously a genius, but needs a lot of developing) and a young Los Angeles mathematician, Al Einstein (who bears a striking resemblance to Paul Stanbery), plays Bilbo.

The hardest part of recording was the sound effects utilized, such as dwarves eating (recorded at the last Playboy Jazz Festival), and the sound of crashing tanks exploding during the Battle of the Bulge (for the sound of Dwarfs being eaten.)

Although we have not finished the second chapter of The Hobbit, and have apparently failed, the fact that we are still able to rationalize does offer some hope.

Meanwhile, our plans for a Tolkien Society are beginning to bear fruit. The first issue of our official organ, WORMTONGUE, will be published in a few months. F.M. Busby, noted throughout fandom for his singular sanity, has objected to our use of The Omnipotent Overseers of the Quest for Projects of Unsurpassable Stupidity as a title. Bruce Pelz has admirably defended this, pointing out that we all are immature neurotics, and has promised to hit Busby the next time he sees him. He made some additional points, but the main point is that this is The Omnipotent Overseers of the Quest for Projects of Unsurpassable Stupidity, and as such will stay. For we do overlook, and we are unsurpassably stupid; what other name so well covers the subject?

Then Dick Schultz (who bears a striking resemblance to his father) wrote, saying that the requirement of 18 rejection slips would discourage many fan. That, Dick, is exactly the idea. We intend to discourage fan, who, like Busby, have any measure of sanity or success, or lack out ability to rationalize effectively. Seventeen rejection slips will not do -- it is an indication of success -- we must have at least 18. Anyone who reads The Fellowship of the Ring in less than four days is also considered unworthy of membership.

Whatever original manuscripts are sent to us do not even have to be suitable for publication; they may contain obscene terms and scatalogical references, but chances are they will end up in WORMTONGUE.

It is becoming increasingly apparent that our ultimate goal of conquering the Universe must inevitably be realized someday. I only hope when it comes that I will be able to rationalize effectively.

--- Bill Meyers & Ken Seagle

Pressing onward, the next thing up for eyetracking is by the first half of the team that wrote the above. Meyers turns serious momentarily to present an:



# INQUIRY INTO A FARCE

by Bill Meyers

Bob Lichtman tells me, regarding "The Greatest Movie Ever Made," that "the controversy rages on, though it's mostly died out now" which doesn't tell me a thing. However, I have risked the unearthing of a possibly dead subject (which could have a double meaning considering that I formally quit fandom over a year ago) since, as far as I know, no one has offered a really valid criticism of the Johnstone Inc. conception of how The Lord of the Rings should be filmed.

Johnstone's purpose, it seems, is to film the epic in a manner that will completely justify J.R.R. Tolkien's superlative literary style with no detractions at all from the book. He feels this is an excellent way of preventing the book from being done in the usual blasphemous Hollywood tradition. This is fine. Aside from the fact that The Lord of the Rings is probably the farthest thing from the minds of Hollywood producers, the idea is admirable and worthy of any true Tolkien advocate. But Johnstone either read the book in a completely different light from the way I did or he has a very limited imagination — maybe both. For it is quite obvious to me and should be to anyone who has read the books that if this movie were ever to be made as outlined in his articles that it would be the utmost, the final, last word in Hollywood's tradition of making something cheap and banal from the works of a literary giant.

To me, Johnstone's basic mistake is in assuming that it could be filmed with live actors and real sets. In the first place, Tolkien's Middle-earth, although it is presumed to be the prehistoric continent of what is now known as Europe, does not have its equivalent in the world today. Tolkien's mood inspires a landscape far richer in every way to any part of the world bearing resemblance to the country which he describes. Where could be found a pastoral setting so full of rich greens, yellows, and browns as the Shire? Where a forest so black and depressing as Mirkwood? Where a landscape so bleak and wretched as Mordor? And where, of course, a magical golden forest such as Lorien? I have a horrible vision of a disarrayed confusion of plastic potted plants and the bright, clashing colors of civilization such as is usually used to portray lush jungle paradises in Hollywood extravaganzas.

And the people — the unforgettable characters that you would swear you knew better than most of the wraiths you've met personally. What a colossal piece of miscasting to include any professional actor whom you could unconsciously associate with a dozen "B" pictures you've seen them in before and thus contribute to the destruction of the necessary total effect. For that matter, I doubt if there could be anyone in the world capable of effectively playing the part of the wise, ageless, father-image of Gandalf; or the typically bumbling yet warm and sincere human character of Sam; or the fantastically heroic image of Aragorn; or...least of all, that most priceless characterization of the ultimate destruction of the human will, Gollum.

It is beyond my comprehension how anyone could seriously consider Vincent Price for the part of Saruman, Denny Kaye for Legolas, Ernest Borgnine for Boromir, or, farce of all farces, Anita Ekberg for the slim, willowy, elf-like Goldberry. I was actually tempted to include these in the cast of the foregoing parody — they could stand by themselves as beautiful pieces of grotesque humor.

It seems obvious to me that The Lord of the Rings could be effectively filmed only through the medium of highly finished and detailed cartooning. Each set would have to be a masterpiece of painting, the animation would have to be incredibly life-like, but overall, the idea is more feasible than that which is now under criticism.



In other words, it could be done; it's not an impossibility -- I'm afraid Johnstone's idea is.

The suggested background music stands conspicuously as a revealing testament to someone's atrocious musical taste. A haphazard potpourri of musical excerpts could have been a far more nerve-racking effect than the cheap background music utilized by the Hollywood that Johnstone is trying to break away from. Johnstone says "...it is apparent that most of the music for the final production will have to be original." It is apparent that it will all have to be original; it will have to be a complex structure of interwoven melodies of such artistic greatness that to justify completely all the moods of Tolkien's world such composers as Wagner, Debussy, and Schoenberg at their peaks would pall in comparison. And Johnstone plans to commission Igor Stravinsky... It is true that such a work could only be conceived in the mind of one genius; and I'm afraid, with all due respect to Paul Stanbery, that genius doesn't exist.

At any rate, even if a random collation of mood music were to be selected, the list Fields contributes is impossibly stupid. He has a knack for picking out the worst item of a composer's lifetime output. I am very much surprised that he failed to choose for the Battle of Pelennor Fields Beethoven's "Wellington's Victory." It seems so apropos in regard to the rest of the music. Out of all Wagner's vast output, Fields picks "Forest Murmurs," a rickety framework of schmaltzy tunes glued together by Humperdinck that happened to strike his tin ear. Fields finds no place for Alfred Newman's Crucifixion Scene from "The Robe", definitely the peak of Newman's career, but comes up with the Rescue of Demetrius, one of the poorest bits in the movie. Fields could do better by whirling around blindfolded in front of his records and jabbing his finger at random.

It would be easy to take this whole fiasco point by point, but that is not my initial purpose (besides, I have only half a ream of paper). What I am trying to get over is that J.R.R. Tolkien is Great -- and I use Great in the "immortal" sense of the word, not as a synonym for "good" or "truefine" -- he is perhaps the greatest writer of the Twentieth Century. To make a motion picture completely justifying Tolkien's books, it would take people equally as Great in film-making as Tolkien is in writing. I'm afraid no one in Johnstone's crew fills the bill. I'm not sure there is anyone in the world who could. But until someone pops up who does, let's not let





A great book helplessly fell prey to our enthusiasm and anxiety. The Lord of the Rings could be filmed, but let's wait until we can do it right.

— Bill Meyers

## WHO ARE YOU? WHAT DO YOU WANT?

Emile  
Greenleaf

The whole incident was quite a bit of a shock to me. Yet it began innocently enough. I had heard that two fellows named Lichtman and Underman were publishing a new fanzine, called PSI-PHI. Several people recommended it to me, though I did not follow up on the advice until I saw that PSI-PHI had placed seventeenth in the Fan Commendments. I wrote to Bob Lichtman, asking to be placed on the subscription list. I even sent money.

I received a prompt answer, acknowledging receipt of the money, and then going on into a regular, informal letter. At first. But towards the end—! Let me quote:

"Emile Greenleaf...Mystery Street. This is all somewhat of an enigmatic pair of terms to me." Well, that's understandable. I do have an unusual name, and my address is so fannish that it's almost phony. But, to set minds at ease, I am real; I am not a hoax. There are people who have met me, and who can testify that I am not a pseudonym for anyone else.

Later, Bob says: "...believes I noticed your name in some occult zines..." Ouch! My letterhecker from the Sergeant Saturn era! The sins of my youth come come to roost. I hang my head in shame, if those are the "occult" zines he refers to.

Then: "Who are you? What do you want?" This hit me like a plonker. Lichtman had been so nice up to this point. Then, without warning, a switch-over to suspicion and hostility. Perhaps, I thought, I should have written to Arv Underman instead. Maybe if I explained, patiently and pleasantly, this sullen atmosphere would disperse. So I did. I told him how I got hooked on stf in '43 and on fandom a few months later. I told him how I was forced away from the fold and that now I've returned. And all I want is to have fun. I don't want to Take Over PSI-PHI or anything like that.

But the explanation seemed to do no good. The tense situation grew worse. I had the impression that behind Lichtman was a grumbling, vicious, emotional mob. I could almost hear voices. Then—I heard them! Yes, Lichtman was at the head of a lynch-mob. I caught a whiff of burning wood, as from a bonfire, then the smell of hot tar. Suddenly, I heard the unmistakable sound of a feather pillow being ripped open!

Shaken and angry, I faced Lichtman. The mob quieted, sensing that this was a moment of truth. "All right, Lichtman," I said. "Who are you, and what do you want??" His jaw dropped. The crowd froze, puzzled and hesitant. Then the murmuring and grumbling began anew. But this time, it was directed towards Lichtman. I could see him getting nervous. Just at that moment, over all of the noises of the mob, a voice rang out: "IF THE ROPE ISN'T LONG ENOUGH, YOU CAN USE MY BELT!"

Lichtman tried to run for it, but too late. The mob had him before he got ten feet. About twenty of them dragged him, in spite of much kicking, screaming, and pleading, towards the kettle of melted tar, while another group was tossing a rope over a convenient tree branch.

It was over with surprising quickness. I doubt if even Supersquirrel could have saved him. I felt ill, but had to admit that Lichtman had brought it upon himself.

Arv, it's your zine now. All yours. No more sharing egoboo. Any chance of my staying on the mailing list without having to write silly articles or letters of comment?

Oh, before I go. Anyone out there have any questions?

—Emile Greenleaf, 1960

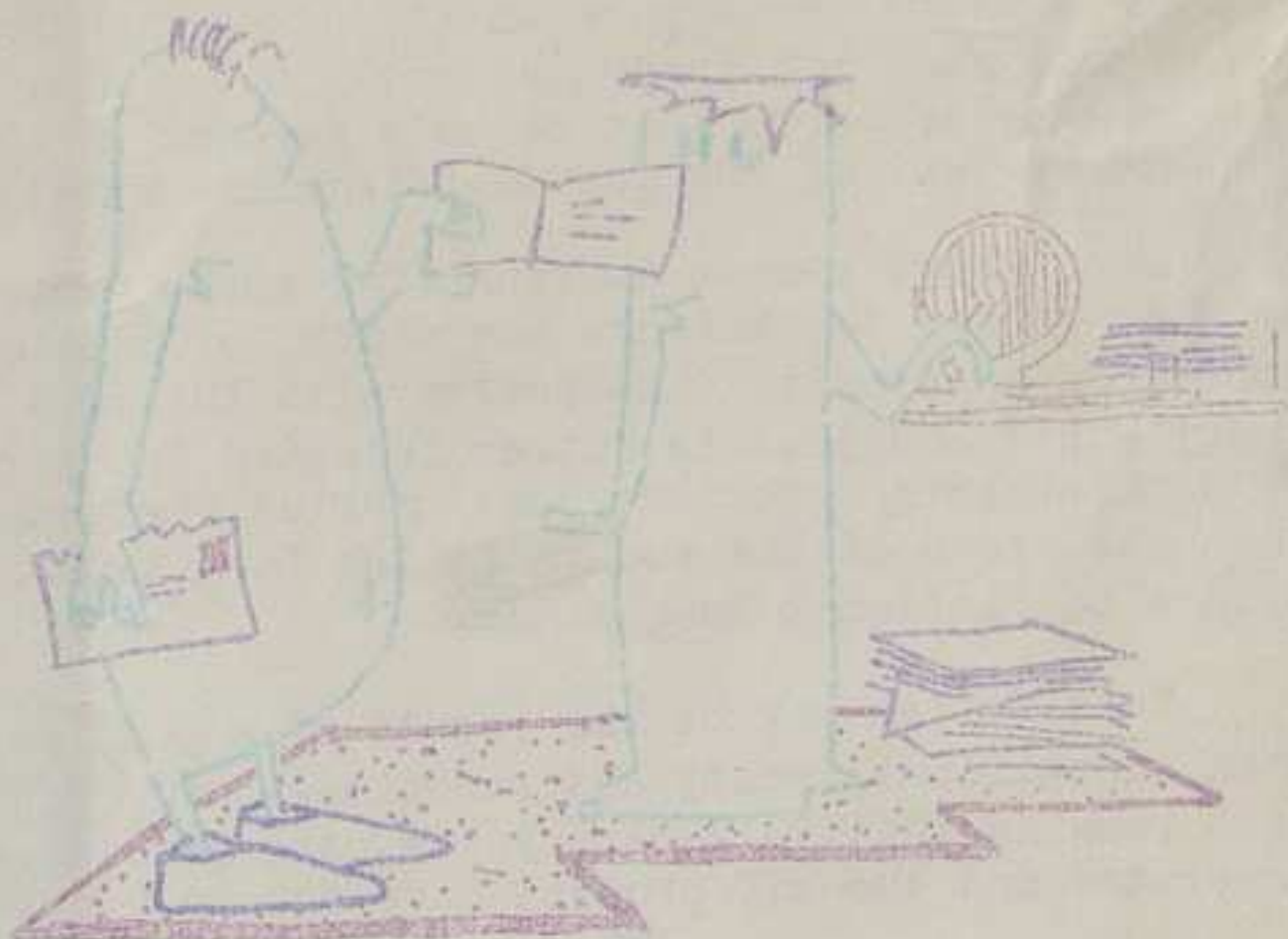
"Art is like sex. Art is not to understand, but to feel."

...Jean Nagulesco



Science, despite assurances by blurb-writers to the contrary, has really not caught up with science fiction. The pathetic and perhaps fatal fact is that science fiction has not yet caught up with science. And perhaps it never will. It's obvious that modern science fiction can display very little serious effort to instill solid scientific content into its offerings. This is nothing new; one of the classical arguments against the genre is that it misguides easily-impressed youth with official-sounding pseudo-science.

In the past five years, however, stf has replaced even pseudo-science with a new brand of homogenized, ectoplasmic science that's so hazy and non-committal that its author could be trying to prove almost anything and be



ATOM

"It's a Christmas card from you know who. It says 'Drop dead and take your fanzine with you'."

## REVERBERATIONS

correct. Too lazy to research their science and too wary to fake it, today's stf authors too often steer a dull middle course by avoiding it. Thus we have the "space opera": certain things are presupposed--faster-than-light drive, time travel, what have you--and then injected into the story with no plausible explanation of their workings.

Now, it is dangerous enough to presuppose inventions or attitudes in mainstream fiction, where the nineteen-sixties have seen a growing trend to assume or presuppose that mass consumption is bad, that the "man in the grey flannel suit" is ipso facto unhappy, or that Mary's unhappy love affair with John can all be explained by Freud. But it is disastrous to "assume" similar things in stf, because even the carefully thought-out fictional antecedents of such suppositions have no existence outside their author's imaginations. This leads to sloppy plotting and story construction, not "mind-stretching" or "brilliant flights of the imagination," as some would have it. Asimov was brilliant when he devised his Three Laws of Robotics; John Doe is dull when he assumes that all robots must therefore act that way. Doe is also cheating unless he mentions Asimov's carefully thought-out theses, as some authors have done.

Authors like Hal Clement, usually Asimov, Arthur Clarke and perhaps half a dozen more, represent the hard core of "thinkers" who seem to be furnishing possibilities for endless rehashing by the "supposers" of today's stf market. Clement has written only a handful of stf, by comparative standards, and yet its content is so solid and sound and imaginative that dozens of stories have been worked out of it by other authors. Other authors, like Shirley Jackson, Zenna Henderson, and sometimes Wilson Tucker or Jack Finney or Theodore Sturgeon, are concentrating primarily on the characters and situations, rather than the scientific means, and so less frequently are guilty of scientific slipshoddedness. (It's worth mentioning here that most of the stories in this last group are often set in the present or near future, and really don't require careful scientific extrapolation.)



This leaves, perhaps, seventy percent of the authors now hitting the stf magazines and paperbacks. The authors I've named above--and there are probably several I've missed--are well enough known and played up that it might seem as if they turn out a great deal more stf than they really do. Actually, my "seventy percent" is probably guilty for more than seventy percent of all contemporary stf, and for perhaps one hundred percent of the pseudo-scientific cheating.

When there was an audience for space opera, this was passable. The readers either didn't know the science was snaky, or they didn't really care. But the pulp audience has apparently disappeared with the dodo and the five-cent parking meter, and today's stf audience is better informed (or more intuitive) and not so easily taken in by doubletalking gobbledegook. Marion Zimmer Bradley pointed this out in Yandro #91 when she wrote of the modern fetish for Inside, True stories of Real Things in preference to fictional imaginings.

This fetish may be the result of a puritan reluctance to "waste time" on fiction when educational, meaty and sometimes spicy fact is available. I don't know. But the fact remains that in recent years, the already small straight fiction audience has degenerated and the stf promags have caught a bad case of sagging sales.

Judging by the harried scramblings of the promags to adapt, these two courses remain:

- 1) Go after that pulp-action-bloodandguts audience again with a modern-day Planet. Experiments along this line, notable Super and (in content, but not in presentation) Venture, have failed.
- 2) Go after the "puritanical," fact-seeking audience with a brand of stf steeped in science and solid, wall-based speculation. This is the audience Campbell has always tried for, only now he needs it more desperately than before.

The stf promags, with the courageous exception of Analog, have been rather ludicrous examples of confusion for the past two years; afraid to go all-out on heavy, science-oriented content, they're also hesitant to remain in their poor-selling past habits. Some, like Amazing, have tried presenting the same thing, only done more carefully and skillfully. Others, like F&SF, have tried to adapt by playing up the literary value of their content. (Thereby making it "worthwhile.") This approach would be much more effective if there were only more than 55,000 people in this country who realize that literature can be found in stf. Still others, like Galaxy, have adapted by offering the super-slick, "cute" approach. This gets pretty sickening after a while (see Psi-Phi #6, "Reverberations").

Which theory will win out? The sales will show, but I'm willing to predict that Campbell will make a killing with Analog, starting about a year from now, and that two or three other magazines will swing into the same kind of stf. This may result in a loss for the never-say-die fans of "sense of wonder" type stuff with lots of beams and blood, but, after all, you can't quibble about the color of your lifeline when you're hanging from the edge of a cliff...

--- Rog Ebert

LEZ-ETTES

chapter one:  
Earth-man  
chapter two:  
Spica  
chapter three:  
No spikal

chapter one:  
Teleportation  
chapter two:  
Venus  
chapter three:  
Glug!

chapter one:  
Fan club  
chapter two:  
Feud  
chapter three:  
New Fan club

---Le Zombie #61, July 1966





"DON'T 'CHRISH-MAS CHEER' ME, OSHIFER!  
I TELL YOU THAT SQUIRREL WAS  
AT LEAST SIX FEET TALL!"