



ALGOL.9

ALGOL 9

Incorporating XERO

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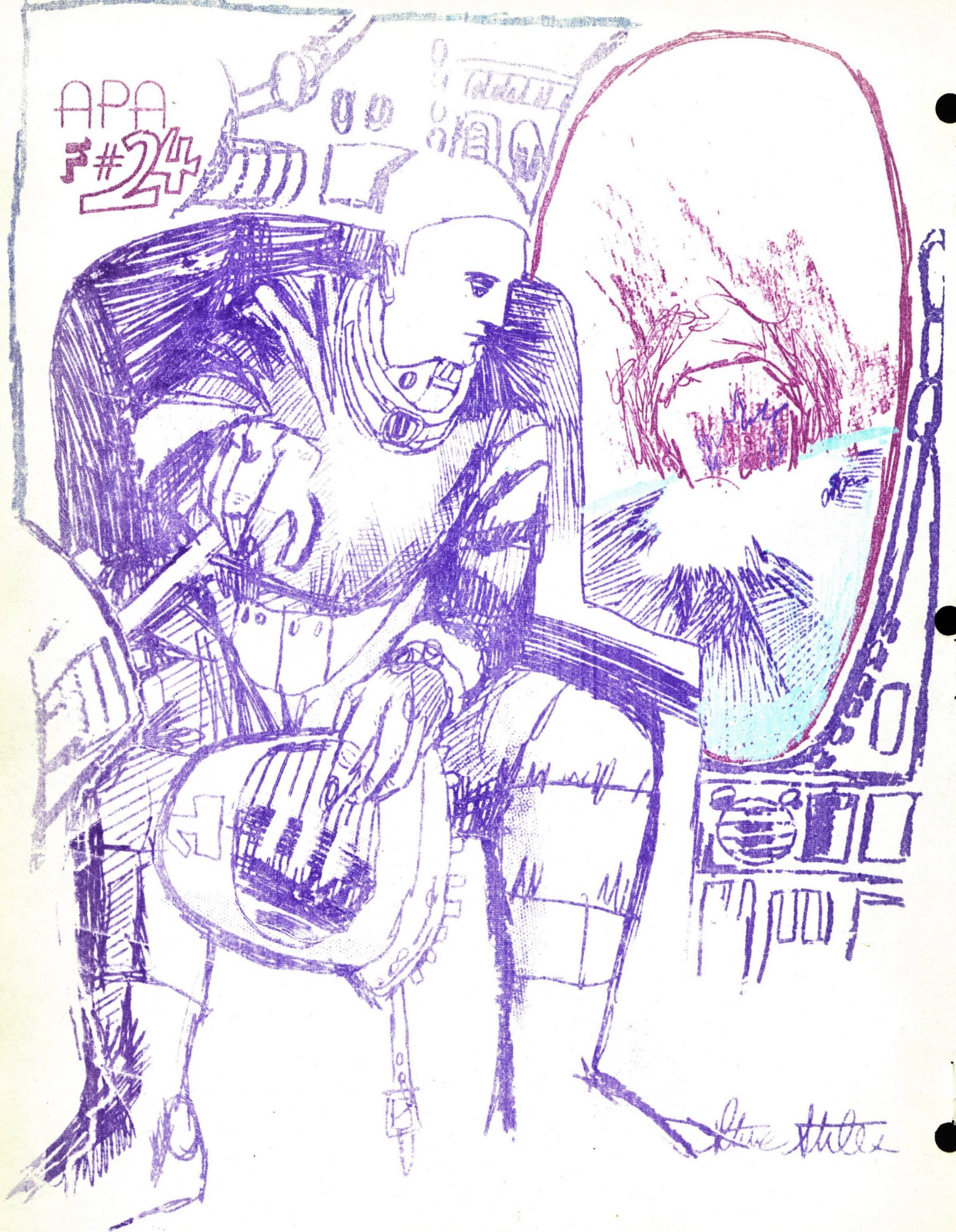
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This is Algol 9, an irregularly published fanzine from Andy Porter at 24 east 82nd street, New York 10028, NY. It is available for 25¢, or for contribution of fan fiction, fan fiction, artwork, or an article. It is also available in trade with other fanzine for \$1.00. This is porterpublication #80, a product of New York Fandom. New York in '67!!! Tricon in '66!!! London in '65!!!

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APA
#24



Steve Miller

BEATLE - JUICE



LeeH

::an editorial of sorts::

This part of Algol has grown a lot since the first issue, lo these many months ago. It has gone through the titles "editorial" for the first five issues, "mutterings from milford" in the sixth, "mutterings from manhattan" in the seventh, and finally "fore-thots" in the eighth. I thot as how I'd leave it at that, thinking that I'd already had as much fun with the indexers as fandom allows, but then I decided to change it to "beatle-juice." I could really say this current title is courtesy Arnie Katz and the Hayden Planetarium, but I fear I'd have to explain that. Alright, I will.

I was doing a column for Arnie, and was about to use said title as the heading, when I realized that my stroke of genius would be lost on our Number One Neo. So, here it is; I heard the term originally at the Planetarium here in NMC, and the odd phrase stuck with me through the years. Hopefully, it'll be the permanent title. Five titles, that's Not Too Many...

As mentioned in the last two issues, apa F is still going strong. Even tho it be weekly, the odd thing I've noticed about it is that it has activity peaks, just like the big quarterly apa's. The fly apa 's hit their peaks and bottoms over the course of several years, but the monthly cycle is rather apparent to me, at least. There are also all sorts of events that are passed by in the flies, such as holidays, birthdays, coming events, recent events, electioneering, debates, and all sort of current goodies. Like right now in N'APA there is the beginning of an Ayn Rand debate; in apa F & L this has been going on for the last 4 or 5 months, and has gone into litterally reams of paper on the subject. It's really absurd to look at these discussions that take 90 days for one person to answer some one else.

There have been so many of these new apa's that 1964 may well be remembered, for, among other, more infamous reasons, being the year of the apa. There are at least 6 new ones, ranging from 2 weekly to at least 2 new quarterlies. Most of them will probably fade away into the mists of fanhistory, except for the local ones which are constantly stimulated by already active fanzine fans in the area. Besides, the thought of catching up with Bruce Felz in pub numbers within a year or two appeals to many of the younger fen. At the rate I'm going, this may very wel be porterpublication #85 or better.

Hopefully there will be another NYBulletin with this issue, which I want out

page 6::

ALGOL 6

by the time of the Eastercon. You all know what the Eastercon is, I hope? What, you don't? For shame, for shame...turn the pages quickly and find the notice, the page number of which I can't give you because I don't know what page it will eventually be on. This BJ will seem totally disjointed to some of you who bother to read it, and it is. It's being written at various times and places, in varying moods and with varying attitudes. As a result, there are bits in the typically biting Porter sarcasm that's famous throughout fandom, and there are scraps in the scholarly ~~Warner~~ Porter manner that is known and respected throughout Fandom.

There are even pieces written in the typical Porter style that is known nowhere at all. These prevail.

Speaking of apa F (I was, wasn't I?), Dick Lupoff has requested that I inform you that his column is appearing originally in his apa F & L zine OPO. I simply lift out what I think is interesting, skipping all the reports on sf books from 1898, and print it as LUPOFF'S BOOK WEEK. OPO mainly consists of personal experiences and the like and is rather personal in nature. It's been a hit with both of the weekly apa's.

Frank Wilimczyk's article on The High Castle is from apa F, about last December, and was considerably expanded for the version you see in this issue. Same goes for NGUMA THE NIGERIAN, which displays the many faceted talents of Steve Stiles, artist, writer, entrepreneur, and draftee. In this hard paced satire of the values that Edgar Rice Burroughs held dear to his heart, Steve shows himself to be ~~Barlon Wepper~~ the great talent that he is.

Incidentally, I discovered Robin Wood via Seth Johnson's Fanzine Clearing House, which just goes to show... I don't really know what, but it sure does, doesn't it?

James Ashe sent me half of a story last september, and I got the other half after meeting his wife at the Philcon. That may be significant, though I kind of doubt it. Anyway, I got this thing, instead of the LoC that I wanted, so I decided to be mean. I decided to publish it. But it needed a lot of revising, so I sort of grabbed half the glory (or half the outrage, if that's what it turns out to be). Somehow I tend to think of it as a biting satire on Real Life, the Bomb, and Avram Davidson, but then again it might be stream-of-consciousness, or something.

Maybe this time around I'll get a Letter of Comment out of the man. I sure hope so.



"---orange soda - why, what's yours?"

Speaking of Letters of Comment (sneaky way to change subject, no?), I like to go through the old prozines (especially PLANET) and read the letters that Letterhacks like Ted White and Terry Carr turned out in the early fifties. This gave me the idea of reprinting all of the less obnoxious of these and gaining hordes of enemies. I reluctantly gave up the idea when Terry himself came out with the next best thing, a zine reprinting all the old articles and stuff that people turned out before the dawn of civilization. Terry's effort is called ENTROPY (TCarr, 41 Piermont St., Bklyn, NY, 11201, 25¢) and was a rousing success when it went through the 109th FAPA mailing. More will be coming shortly.

Therefore, I have devised this thing I insist on calling "dredgings," based on the premise that fandom is sort of like the Mississippi River, i.e., it just rolls along, washing the rich top soil into the bottom of the river where it remains until dredged up.

What I want to do is reprint old fannish things, not necessarily old fannish classics, but certainly old things that have been generally forgotten by fandom at large. This issue I've got TERWILLEGER: THE FAN MACHINE, by Rich Brown. This appeared originally in TWIG ILLUSTRATED from Guy Terwilliger. Next issue will feature INS AND OUTS OF FANDOM: 1958 by Dick Lupoff, also from TWIG ILLUSTRATED. This article caused such a stir in fandom at the time that it's remembered by only four people other than myself: Dick Lupoff, Ted White, Guy Terwilliger, and a little old lady who goes by the name "Pasadena."

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I typed up this NEXT ITEM SEVERAL months ago (by the time this is published) at a FISTFA meeting, the week after the Fanoclasts New Year's Party. It was the week after the party when Dave Van Arnam wrote a particularly cogent self-questionnaire, so of which I will quote here:

"...my initial attempts at conversation with Bill were rather strained, on my part at least, and tended to stop after a perfunctory sentence or two...But eventually I found myself in the kitchen, reminiscing with him over beer about the Nunnery days and kindred memorabilia of the past, over-laden with the old Nostalgia and what-not...Did the truce and friendly conversation mean it was, to all intents and purposes, All Over Now? As a Charter Member of the Breenie Brigade, I asked myself, What Now?

And I found no answer. Can the broken friendships and the shattered reputations be repaired? Will even those who remained neutral feel the same about Fandom from now on?

What is Right? What is Wrong?

How do we stop being Involved?"



"I've been drafted..."

Dave didn't have the answer there, nor in subsequent issues of malaise, although he was hunting for it. I hope by now he has found something to hold on to, something from which to aim in a new direction.

But I can't speak for Dave, nor for dozens of others that are probably asking the same question. I can speak for myself, for what I think is Right and what will be the future. The following is what I believe, what I hope will be for the future. I want you to read it for yourselves. You don't have to think or write me what you feel; I just want you to act as you feel you must.

What happens to our relations with people now, after the Pacificon is over, after we have met Bill Donaho and found him to be a fan, not a demagogue? What can I do, how can I shape my personal future?

You know, there's the old Roman -- and earlier -- tradition of building using the ruins that you have conquered. You can see this in many places in the Middle East now, where Roman forts and more ancient buildings have gone into the construction of Middle Ages castles and buildings. That's what must happen, what is happening, right now, and has been happening for the last six or so months.

The Breen-Donaho war is over. True, small segments of it will drag on for years, and the initial constituents of each side will never again be friends, but the main fight and the main mud-slingings are over. It's past, done with, and passing into the history of fandom, along with the NYCon II and Carl Brandon. These things are not entirely over, at least for some people, but are definitely in the past for the rest of us. They are kaput. Closed.

What's going to happen now? Well, I'll tell you what's going to happen. Dian Pelz and Rich Brown aren't likely to be friends in the future, and Dave Van Arnam is probably going to resent for all future time the fact that his re-entry into fandom was spoiled by the Boondoggle, and Donaho isn't going to be welcome in some homes, no matter how many years pass. These are all pieces of aftermath that it's impossible to avoid.

But Donaho is publishing again, and new fans are entering fandom right now who are wondering about this tiny bit of fannish history (which Harry Warner will devote a whole page to), and a whole lot of people who weren't directly involved in the thing are going to make up with whatever side they were opposed to, and pretty soon things are going to go on as they always have in fandom, and as they always will.

I know Walter Breen; I've known him since I entered fandom, since a Lunacon several years ago. But I don't know him that well, and as a result I wasn't in the midst of the battle, but more on the outskirts looking in. And I'm going to pretty well forget the whole thing. Oh, true, I won't really forget. But I'm not going to let this close off a part of fandom to me. As Dave said, in the space of reminiscing over days and events past, there was no mention of the Boondoggle.

Well, there won't be any mention of it by myself, unless the subject is brought up by some one else, in which case I will explain the position I held and that's that; nothing more will need to be said, as far as I will be concerned. There will be no judgments made, no arguments started, because what's past is past, is dead, is no use in the future. What is going on now is all that concerns me.

+++++

Boy! Almost didn't make it. Actually, I didn't plan that piece to be exactly that long, but I guess I should delude you pipples into thinking that. And below will be something else that I may happen to think up, if I can fit it into the space between this and the true-fine (thanks, rb!) LeeH illo down below. So.

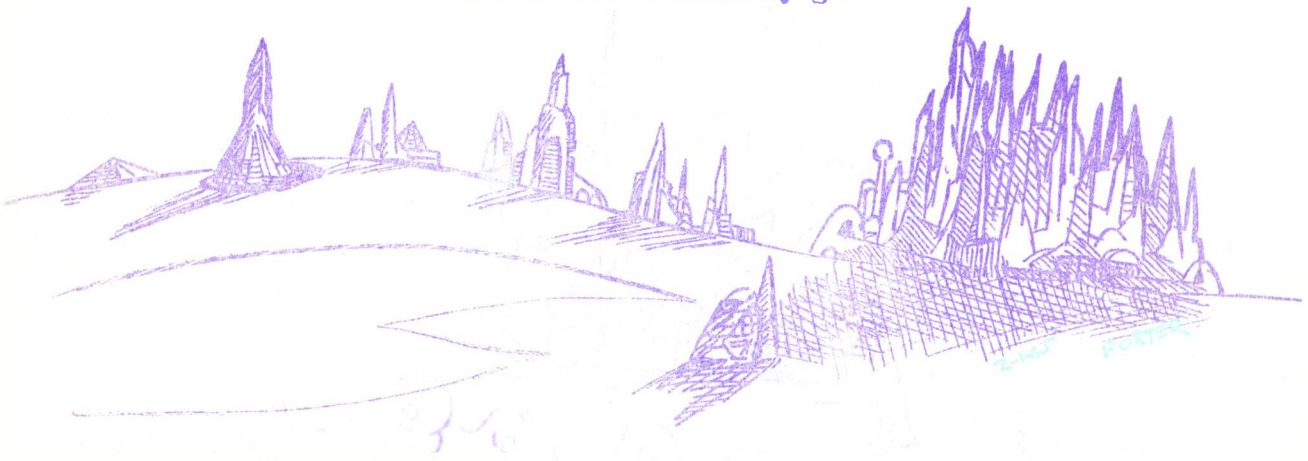
Well, people, I've just done the impossible. BEETLE-JUICE referred to Betelgeuse, of course. I just discovered that what I've used for the title is what you get when you're the Beatles and you get caught by 5,000 ardent fans. I called Ted White just to be sure. Whenever I call Ted I have the feeling that I've gotten him out of bed, and that there's this lush blonde...but then again, it is Saturday nite, and...well, who knows?

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THE MARTIAN CITIES APPEAR TO HAVE BEEN INHABITED: Lawrence M. Janifer*

Where did they go when suddenly they knew
Their world was dry and dying with the day,
No future left: and, knowing of no way
To carve a future out, what did they do?
Figures don't lie, their men of figures said,
These show us, quite conclusively ... and then
There was no future, nor would be again:
Where did they go, knowing they were dead?
Cities can die, and villages and states
And even planets one by one expire
In dust or plague, in water, air or fire,
Killing a thousand unimportant hates ...
But these were minds, and hearts, to think and know.
What did they do? How ask them? Where did they go?



* reprinted from XERO 11, January, 1965



GRUT

a column by

ROBIN WOOD

GRUT is being written in San Francisco this time. Right now it is some unholy hour in the ayem, and I'm sitting at my desk, worrying and scratching and mumbling over a Decision.

Should I light my pipe?

Well, in order to save you from needlessly worryinig, I light my pipe, smothering the musty old house odor, the smell of mouse crap, garbage and general staleness that seeps through my cheap pad, and set about to solving other problems.

GRUT, to the uninitiated, has no purpose, it is just there. Last time I said it had no definition, but Andy Porter unwittingly came up with one in Algol 8. GRUT, says he, is a column which may or may not concern itself with science fiction. Mull that over a moment. Think about how much it narrows it all down. GRUT is the column that may or may not answer the question--how much ice cream will fit into a doghouse? But not this time.

It is a collection of inane, often incoherent mutterings and plotless ramblings. It has no great thought behind it, no painstakingly thought-out structure, and it all comes right off the top of my head. Which may explain why you might have dandruff all over your copy.

+++

I hesitate to say anything worthwhile here. Not only am I faced with the fact that I really have nothing worthwhile to say, but I keep remembering what happens to philosophers. Philosophy is dangerous work, and you have no health insurance, social security or unions to protect you. And there's more.

Like look at Socrates.

Socrates had it made, for a philosopher. The Greeks were sort of down on blue sunglasses at the time, and rock and roll hadn't come in yet, so they were filling up the interval with a philosophy kick. For a while there he could wander into a town and do his bit and all the chicks would be tearing their hair

out and screaming and trampling one another to get autographs.

But then he ran into trouble. Some people didn't go in for Socrates, and they felt it was time for a change. So one night at a rather wild party somebody handed him a glass.

"Whazis?" says Socrates.

"Hemlock. It's blow your mind."

"Ah, you're putting me on," says Socrates and scoffed it down and they put him under.

These facts are suppressed in most history books.

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I am open to suggestions as to what to do with this column (except that suggestion). If anyone has any particular topic they would care to have Wood demonstrate his colossal ignorance on, suggest. As I said, these are mutterings, and sometimes I may mutter seriously (no doubt drawing immense chortles) and at other times I may slip into pure ridiculousness (and then I suppose it'll all be taken as gospel). Someday I may even mention science fiction.

+++

To get literary for a moment, and go into the symbolic and psychological interpretations of writings and characters that no doubt baffle a good number of authors, I feel it is time to offer my own interpretation, or at least a part of it, of the insidious doctor, Fu Manchu.

Why is he insidious? That is the question I pose.

In order to answer this question, we must delve into Mr. Manchu's childhood. Fu, as a young child, was a sensitive and intelligent type, and had a habit of putting forth his ideas on various subjects while lounging around the opium den with the rest of the gang.

So, there he'd be, just sitting around, having finished a discourse on some subject, serious as hell. There would be a pause, as the group soaked in what he had said, and invariably some wise cat would say:

"Foo, Manchu."

Indeed, this is traumatic enough to turn anyone insidious.

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When I was in Uncle Sam's bird patrol I was stationed for a time in South Carolina. We had some god-awful thunderstorms, lightning even set a couple of our birds afire while I was there.

The sky would be alive with lightning, and you could hear it striking the hangers, hear it zap as it struck the pavement nearby.

I had this room mate, a Texan, big, tall, Hell: angel looking character. And he didn't give much a rip. You name it, and he didn't much give a rip for it, unless it was 80 proof or a woman.

We were standing on the outskirts of the base waiting for a bus, when one

of those thunderstorms came up. A flash, and you could hear the pavement sizzle about 20 feet away.

"Missed," he said.

The storm continued on and then zap, it hit again, about 10 feet closer. He stepped out into the rain and looked up into it, clenching his fist.

"Missed again, you sonofabitch!" he shouted. "You stupid bastard, you couldn't hit the butt end of a bull with a bass fiddle!"

A couple of people in town were struck by lightning that night, but it didn't touch us. Maybe the Texan was right, after all.

+ + +

If San Francisco is anything, it is a jazz town, and one of these days I may scrape up enough time and coins to really make the jazz scene. Although usually on weekends I can dig jazz all I want to, for nothing. My landlord plays jazz bass, and nearly every weekend he has a session in the house. Every once in a while we get some pretty good sounds in here. Last weekend a sax player who used to play with Mingus dropped in. But these sessions are another story.

This is a true story, and it's about probably the only time a seeing eye dog sat in on a session at the Jazz Workshop.

Anyhow, Jerry, the landlord, came down one day and mentioned that a terrific local guitar player was sitting in with Art Blakey down at the Workshop. And he thought he could get me in for free. Well, this sounded like a good deal, so we rounded up the dog (Jerry is partially blind) and made it down to North Beach.

As things turned out, we didn't get in free, in spite of Jerry telling the manager he might want to sit in, but we found a sympathetic waitress and I sat there looking like a poor jazz musician (which I'm not) in a dim corner by the bandstand. We ~~didn't~~ get by with buying one drink, and managed to stay for three sets. There is supposed to be a two drink minimum per set, and the drinks are outrageously priced.

We sat there digging, and then the guitar player sat in. He was an 18 year old kid, completely blind, a genius with a guitar. Showers of chords filled the smoke choked jazz hole. He was good, damned good, and I suppose in a few years when he will seemingly burst out of nowhere, somebody who really knows the jazz scene will write his story. Bobby Addison is his name, in case you want to check my prediction.

The crowd sat there, stunned, mouths agape, blowing their minds over the sounds that flowed from the guitar. It was too much, man, too much--the only term that can properly describe it, because if it were any better, you would have gone insane, just digging it.

Jerry couldn't stand it any longer. He was sitting there, tapping his feet pounding with his glass on the table in rhythm to it all, shouting, wild-eyed. He jumped up, leaning on the piano, getting closer to it, close enough to hear every note. Addison finished his solo and the bass player came in ~~in~~ with his

own solo. Meanwhile, there I was with a seeing eye dog sitting next to me. Noticing that his owner was gone, he began to get restless. He stood up. "Down," I said. He stretched. "Down, Kenny," I said. The bass solo continued. I tried to push the dog down, but he was determined to stand up.

The harness on a seeing eye dog has a rigid grip that sticks up from the shoulders of the dog at about a forty-five degree angle. The dog decided to shake. So he did, and as he was right next to the wall, the harness started hitting the wall--whack, whack, whack.

Suddenly the eyes of everyone in the place were turned on me. I sat there, trying to look blind. A few people laughed, and one guy jumped off his seat and yelled "Jesus Christ!" I guess he thought he'd been shot. The amazing thing about it was that the dog kept the beat perfectly--Blakey couldn't have done better.

The bass player cut his solo short. What can you do when you've been out-improvised by a dog?

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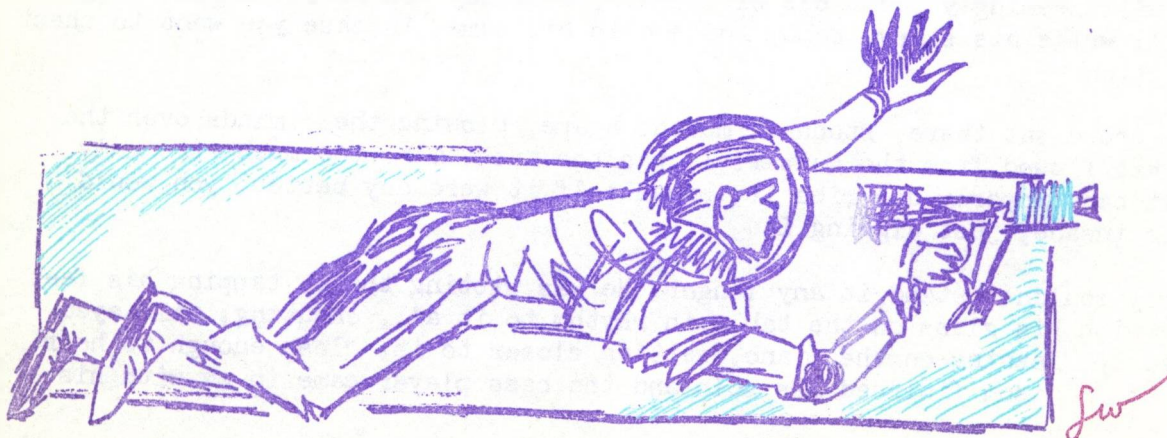
Lately there's been this thing here. Or rather, across the bay. The Free Speech Movement over at Big Cal. 800 students arrested for sitting in at Sproul Hall, etc. I'm not going to take sides here, but there is something I might mention.

Today I read that at some college in Florida a riot took place. Seems there had been a big game with some rival, someplace in Louisiana, if I remember correctly. The whole business started when police broke up a bonfire that students had set in the middle of a federal highway.

So the students ran over to an official bonfire rally and proceeded to tear it to pieces. By the time they were through, bleachers, trees, and cars were on fire. Just to add to the fun, a bunch of them rushed the girls dorm, as the girls were hanging out of the windows, waving underwear and shouting at them to come and get it.

It is estimated that 8,000 students were involved.

At least on the West Coast, student revolts are for a definite purpose. And the participants seem to have a certain amount of cool--using Gandhi's tactics, rather than setting afire to everything in sight. There seems to be a certain quality to a student uprising that is lacking in Florida, to say the least.





A PERSONAL INTERPRETATION

FRANK WILIMCZYK

Also when they shall be afraid of that which is high, and fears shall be in the way, and the almond tree shall flourish, and the grasshopper shall be a burden, and desire shall fail: because man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets. --Ecclesiastes, Ch12

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There are any number of factors that demarcate science fiction and mainstream, one of them being that science fiction is seldom susceptible of being read on more than one level. That is, you very infrequently find yourself asking, "But what did he really mean?" Most often, when science fiction has a second meaning it lies in parallelism rather than in symbolism.

However, there are a few SF stories that provoke this question, and Philip Dick has probably written more of them than any other writer. His novel, *THE MAN IN THE HIGH CASTLE*, is a case in point: it can be read strictly on a story level, and it's a fine story. Or, it can be read as an examination of cultural ambivalence, or as an examination of the nature of Naziism.

I chose to read it as a novel with a hidden key, one which discloses that the author is saying something quite different from what is immediately apparent. Whether the following interpretation correctly fathoms the intent of the author is not especially important. Whatever its validity, it demonstrates one point made above; *THE MAN IN THE HIGH CASTLE* is a book that can be read on more than one level.

The framework of the book will be dealt with here only briefly: the Allies lost World War II, and the western United States is ~~dominated~~ occupied by Japanese, the east by the Germans, both of whom maintain an uneasy peace. The framework is elaborated upon through the persons of seven or eight main characters, dealt with alternately, most of whom are only peripherally involved with the others. Their stories are interrelated through the medium of two books: the prophetic I CHING (or Book of Changes) and THE GRASSHOPPER LIES HEAVY, a novel by Hawthorne Abendsen.

Though they are the unifying elements they serve also to point up the contrasts which dominate the novel. The I CHING is oriental, traditional and officially acceptable. GRASSHOPPER is American, non-traditional, and officially banned. A further, less clear-cut contrast is that the oracle furnishes a method of dealing with the Real World; GRASSHOPPER is concerned with, in terms of the framework, an Unreal World.

How seriously the I CHING is meant to be taken is a moot point. But the author, quoted in a publisher's biographical note, is quoted as possessing "a library of Jung and Zen Buddhism," and Avram Davidson (Fantasy & Science Fiction, June 1963) includes a brief quote from C.G. Jung's introduction to the English edition of the I CHING, and adds, "He (Jung) goes into details of his consulting the oracle, and his conviction that its replies were correct. A steady appeal to it has to be based on belief in chance and the suprasignificant configurations of the moment." To me, the significance here is that a link is established (however tenuously) between the I CHING and psychoanalysis. It is important to note, too, that in HIGH CASTLE the I CHING does work. And though in its personal prophecies the oracle is ambiguous, in one, arrived at independently by separated characters, there is a gloomy warning of imminent disaster; not personal, but of great magnitude. And though this seems consistent with the tense international situation, it is my belief that it has quite another significance.

Following are some relevant quotes, three from the I CHING, one an observation by one of the characters (page numbers refer to the Popular Library Edition):

- (1) "The wall of the town sinks back into the moat from which it was dug. The hour of doom is at hand..." (p. 41)
 - (2) "Can anyone alter it?... One great figure... or someone strategically placed." (refers to Frink, contemplating (1)). (p. 42)
- Tagomi, consulting the oracle, comes up with:
- (3) "God appears in the sign of the Arousing. Thunder and lightning. Sounds... Lizard scurries and tiger roars, and out comes God Himself!" (p. 123)
- And Juliana encounters:
- (4) "One must resolutely make the matter known /At the court of the king /It does not further to resort to arms." (pp. 160-1)

To return to the contrast between the reality of the oracle and the unreality of GRASSHOPPER, and the nature of this contrast: throughout the book, the High Castle assumes the aspect of a symbolic bastion against not only Abendsen's enemies, but against the enemies (the occupying powers) of the Americans. Yet the Nazis, who are powerful and arrogant enough to storm the Nippon Times building in San Francisco to get Baynes, choose a curiously circuitous and long-delayed method of disposing of Abendsen. An especially timid approach, since as it

turns out, Abendsen has abandoned the Castle and is living in perfectly vulnerable surroundings. Quote (1) might be taken as referring to this, if we consider town as somewhat synonymous with castle (not far-fetched in the medieval sense of castle).

Juliana, on finishing GRASSHOPPER, wonders:

(5) "What is it Abendsen wanted to say? Nothing about his make-believe world. Am I the only one who knows?" (p. 182)

Juliana's visit to Abendsen's home, the climax of the book, is strangely unreal -- faceless guests, a sense of detachment, evasiveness on the part of Abendsen.

(6) "In your book," Juliana said, "you showed that there's a way out. Isn't that what you meant?"

"Out," he echoed ironically.

Juliana said, "You've done a lot for me, now I can see there's nothing to want or hate or avoid, here, or run from. Or pursue." (p. 187)

And then, the final consultation with the oracle:

(7) "It's Chung Fu," Juliana said. 冥冥
"Inner Truth...And I know what it means."

Raising his head, Hawthorne scrutinized her. He had now an almost savage expression. "It means, does it, that my book is true?"

"Yes," she said.

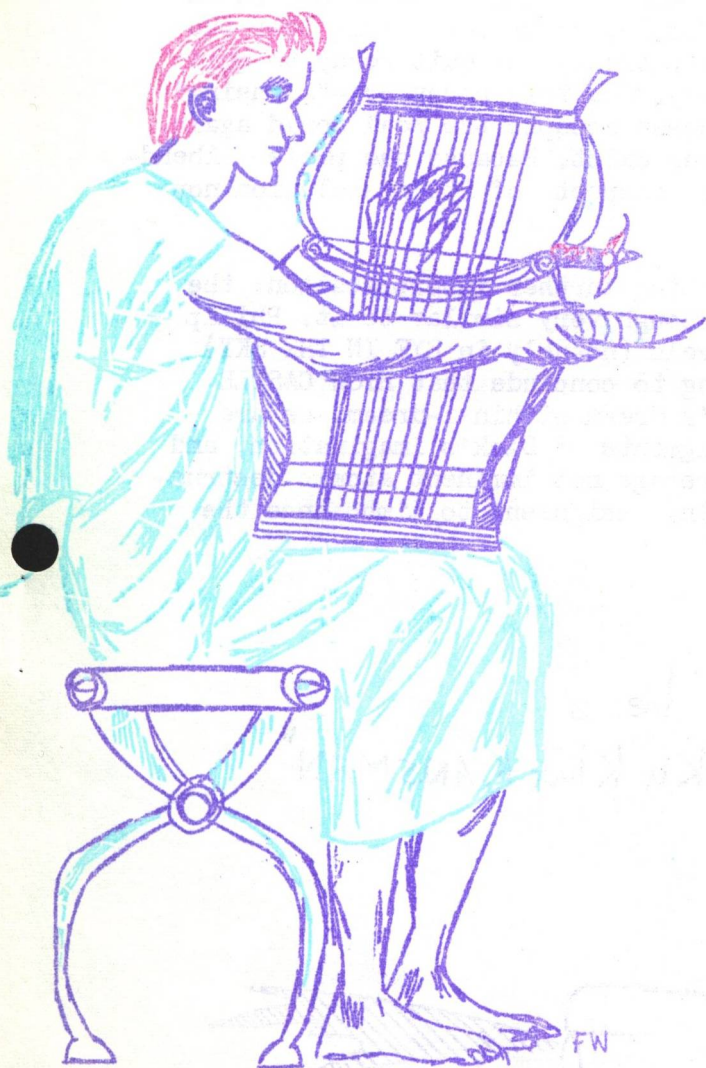
With anger he said, "Germany and Japan lost the war?"

"Yes...."

"...Even you don't face it," Juliana said. (p. 189)

(8) "How strange," Juliana said, "I never would have thought the truth would make you angry." Truth, she thought. As terrible as death, but harder to find. I'm lucky. "I thought you'd be as pleased and excited as I am. It's a misunderstanding, isn't it?" (p. 190)

What, then, are we to believe, given the above quotes? It is my contention that Abendsen (the name seems significant enough) is the Prime Mover referred to by the Oracle (3), (4) and, unconsciously, by Frink (2). In what sense is Abendsen pivotal? As propagandist? Not very likely -- he has exerted a positive effect on only one person: Juliana, which might be significant in itself. However, if we accept the idea that GRASSHOPPER is not fiction (7) we are confronted, conversely, by the idea that the world of HIGH CASTLE is not reality. It is from the latter fact that Juliana draws comfort and loses her fear of the future: the sense of disaster permeating the world is not of nuclear annihilation (in fact, from HIGH CASTLE she has derived the knowledge that what lies in store is actually



comforting), but rather of the abandonment of the fantasy structure of her world for something better.

Given, then, the idea that the world of GRASSHOPPER is not fiction, but is a description of the Real World, then we must accept the corollary: that Juliana's world, the world of HIGH CASTLE, does not exist. That it is, in fact, Abendsen-Hawthorne's fantasy world, a structure which will be maintained only so long as he cannot face reality. The High Castle, then, is a sanitarium as well as an Ivory Tower; GRASSHOPPER is a therapeutic project, a means by which he can return to reality. But Abendsen has left High Castle, so we can assume that the therapy is working and Abendsen is now an out-patient, not quit ready to quit his fantasy, but well on the path to recovery. And this recovery—"arousing" (3) is what the I CHING prophesies; once Abendsen accepts the real world again, the rationale of Juliana's world will no longer exist. Because she prefers Abendsen's reality to her own world, she finds the prospect of its dissolution not only acceptable, but actually comforting.

But for ourselves there remains a disturbing further interpretation: the real world of GRASSHOPPER is not our world, though very similar to it. Philip K. Dick has been concerned in most of his novels (notably in EYE IN THE SKY) with the nature of reality, and it is tempting to conclude that HIGH CASTLE is his own GRASSHOPPER---and that as in Li-Po's dream-within-a-dream, we are meant to understand that we are all simply figments of Dick's imagination, and that world tensions, our collective fears, presage not imminent atomic destruction but an unconscious awareness of our coming assignment to limbo once the author has returned to his real world.



HARRY WARNER

Once in a while, a writer uses a real author as a character in a story of fantasy. One of the most famous of the short stories in the old UNKNOWN concerned an adventure that Edgar Allan Poe might have had with a vampire. WIERD TALES writers like Lovecraft and Bloch used to delight in sending one another to painful, protracted, and unpleasant dooms, under the thinnest possible disguises--one such story even contained Bloch's actual street address. But I've never seen a story in which the character was a writer who became a celebrity for non-literary reasons that can't be explained, met a sudden death under circumstances that don't fit together, and in the interim did things that were just plain impossible from the standpoint of chronology.

John Bakeless' biography of Christopher Marlowe was recently reprinted in a cheap edition by Washington Square Press. It contains enough data of such fascinating quality about Marlowe that the reader is forced to assume one of two things, if not both: that here is the most fitting subject imaginable as the hero of a fantasy, and that here might be a genuine, proven example of an individual who transcended the limitations that time puts on men, either mentally or physically.

An excellent case could be made for a hypothesis that Marlowe was a writer who traveled in time, either through his own Elizabethan devices or because he was a man from our future who had switched to that far past era for purposes of his own. It is true that he didn't write science fiction and that his plays subordinate fantasy to the mundane, except in the most famous of them, Doctor Faustus. But he alludes so casually and familiarly to astronomy in his writings that he might be a visitor from a space age civilization who can't keep his mind off the topic that was not yet the preoccupation of the British Isles in the late 16th century. Bakeless points out that Faustus and the devil spend a lot of time in one scene arguing about "conjunctions, oppositions,

MARLOWE WAS DEAD
TO BEGIN WITH

aspects, "eclipses" and that Thomas Harriot recalled how often he'd discussed astronomy with the playwright.

But other old writers drew many allusions to the sun and the stars and even the planets that were then known to them, and Marlowe wrote about only seven planets, whether or not he was acquainted with the discoveries that came after his death. On the other hand, I have never run across a man who seemed to stumble into so ~~many~~ many anachronisms in his activities. Doctor Faustus, for example, is clearly modeled on the little book that was published in England in 1592, "THE HISTORIE OF THE DAMNABLE LIFE AND DESERVED DEATH OF DR. JOHN FAUSTUS." It is a translation of the original German Faust book. This would not excite anyone's curiosity, if it weren't for the fact that all the evidence points to Marlowe's writing his play in 1588 or 1589. Moreover, Marlowe's Tamburlaine gives a quotation from Spenser's FAERIE QUEENE, a year or more before Spenser's long poem saw publication, and from a military treatise that had not yet been published. Bakeless tries to allay any suspicions about this by suggesting that

"books often circulated in manuscript among the author's friends" before their publication or that there may have been earlier editions that have been completely lost. The biographer cites another curious circumstance. Marlowe uses in Tamburlaine a Persian narrative that was not known in England until long after Marlowe's death. "It is simply impossible to think that Marlowe hit upon the ~~story~~ same story that these Oriental writers tell, by mere chance; and yet it is equally impossible to show how he could ever have become acquainted with such obscure documents." This time, Bakeless retains his composure by suggesting that "Perhaps he heard the tale as it was brought back from the East by word-of-mouth."

Marlowe grew up in complete obscurity, somehow got himself a scholarship to Cambridge, disappeared from his studies there in unexplained ways, and suddenly in 1587 he left Cambridge and became a celebrated Londoner. The generally accepted explanation is that the youth became an early CIA operative, for reasons dealing with the religious struggles and power politics of England and the rest of Europe. He reportedly died in 1593 on a day that he spent in earnest conversation with several other men in a tavern, following which he was stabbed through the eye. Bakeless insists that the official evidence produced by the inquest makes it certain that Marlowe was not dead on that day, because the victims of that particular type of wound invariably linger for a couple of days. He thinks that the coroners' verdict of instant death from the



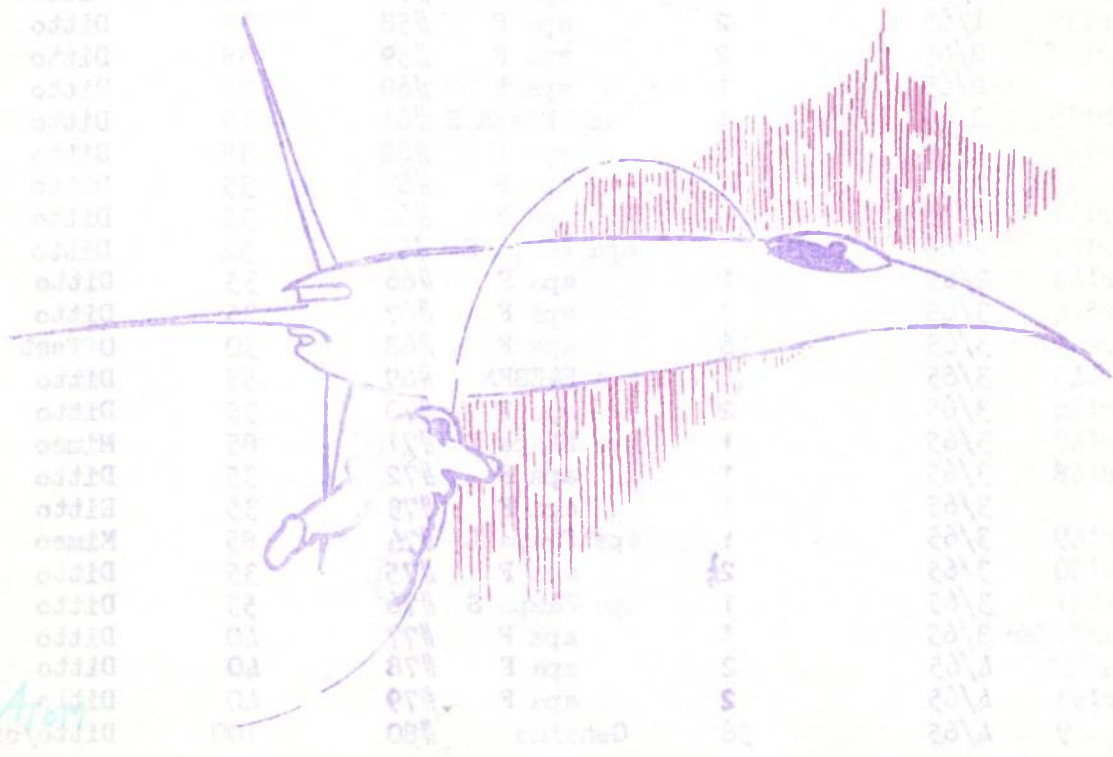
SW

wound may have been part of a conspiracy to make a murder appear to be a simple brawl. "The coroner was not even curious enough to ask why three men were unable to overpower one man and disarm him without killing him."

Maybe Marlowe didn't die in the brawl. For more than a century, he was generally believed to be the author of a play called LUST'S DOMINION, or the LASCIVIOUS QUEEN, until some one noticed that it contained material about the death of a spanish king who lived until 1599. Or maybe Marlowe was absent-minded when he wrote the play and remembered the king's death from a future history book instead of checking the nearest almanac of royalty to make sure about the identity of the ruler of Spain.

It's easy to see how these and other facts could be fitted together. Some one from our future wonders if it's true what they say about the wonderful climate of the mind in Elizabethan time, hops into his time machine, saunters thru the students around Cambridge until he finds one who resembles him, and by force or persuasion assumes that student's identity. The man from the future knows enough fact and psychology to rise in English society rapidly. He invents iambic pentameter, which nobody had used in blank verse for the stage before then, and writes plays about supermen and super-ideals during spare time from his secret intrigues. There are two possible endings: he gets killed because ~~of~~ some men discover part of the truth about him and think he's a witch, or he gets tired of the 16th century, bribes some pals to stage a fake fight, and sneaks away before his funeral to his time machine.

Maybe there's a good reason why nobody has written a story with such a plot. Anyone who knows about Christopher Marlowe's life and writings might consider it fact, not fiction.



PORTER PUBLICATIONS :: AN INDEX # 2

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LUPOFF'S

Book Week

DICK

LUPOFF

THE SECRET OF SINHARAT by Leigh Brackett, Ace, 1964 (revised from "Queen of the Martian Catacombs," PLANET STORIES, Summer 1949...according to Buck Coulson). If you wonder why I've been reading so many of these Burroughs pastiches, it's not because I love them that much. Singly, any of the good ones is fun, but they get awfully wearing after the first half dozen or so. And without performing an actual count, I guess I've read some thirty or forty of them, ranging from some very good ones to some very bad.

The reason is a chapter to be much enlarged in the final version of ERB: Man of Action dealing with the many imitators spawned by Burroughs. Leigh Brackett is one of the very best, probably because she brings a legitimate talent of her own to the work, rather than trying simply — and slavishly — to imitate ERB.

Brackett's hero, Eric John Stark, is an interesting combination of Tarzan and John Carter. Like Tarzan he was raised by apes (on Mercury!) among whom he was known as N'Chaka; like John Carter he wound up adventuring on Mars where an ancient trading culture has degenerated into a few city-states surrounded by barbaric nomads, with the drying up of the seas.

Brackett's style is solidier than Burroughs', and her fine old PLANET STORIES atmospherics still come across beautifully, but I never really got involved enough with Stark to care very much what happened to him, and the action of the story seemed perfunctory and unsatisfying. Perhaps this was because the tale was only a novelet (91 small pages) and it takes much more room to develop this sort of thing fully.

There are several other stories in the series, including People of the Talisman on the other side of this Ace double, but I doubt that I will read them, at least for now. I don't feel that strongly drawn to the stuff, and my scholarly conscience is sated with a single dose.

SWORDSMEN IN THE SKY Edited by Donald Wollheim, Ace, 1964. This is supposedly a book of ERB-type interplanetary sword-epics, but only two of the four long short-stories in the book are that. The fifth, a Kline-Venus vignette, is very short and very bad, and hereafter will be ignored.

The best of the batch is "The Moon That Vanished" by Leight Brackett, from TWS for October, 1948. Set on the classic stfnal Venus of steaming swamps and

debauched derelicts, this story has all the atmosphere that made its type great in their own petty way; the characterization is good for the length, and the action never fails to keep the reader's interest. Bravo!

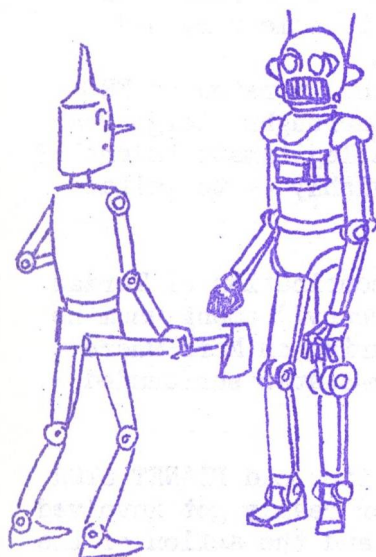
"Kaldar, World of Antares," by Edmond Hamilton from a 1933 ARGOSY(?) is a second-rate pseudo-Barsomian adventure, most notable for showing up how much Hamilton has improved in later years.

"Swordsmen of Lost Terra" by Poul Anderson is nothing but historical swash-buckler rather uncomfortably fitted out as far-distant-future SF. From a 1951 PLANET it, too, is interesting chiefly as early Anderson...although the concept of the devilish bagpipes is nice too.

"People of the Crater" is a polar lost-race story by Andre Norton from Fantasy Book #1 (1947) and not very good either (although not too bad). In sum, then, only the Brackett is a very good story, but it's a beauty! The rest of the book will be of historical interest to those who care, but it is only second- or third rate reading.

TARZAN AND THE CAVE CITY by Barton Werper, New International Library, 1964

This second "Werper" Tarzan novel is a little better than the first, but still not up to ERB at his mediocrity, no less his peak. Once more, Werper uses ERB themes left and right: a pair of effete Englishmen and the beautiful fiancée of one of them go searching for a fabled hundred-pound emerald; a motley crew of bandits headed by a gross oriental steal map and kidnap girl; they find their way, pursued by Tarzan, into a pair of lost cities whose semi-human inhabitants wage perpetual warfare; Tarzan spurns the lustful empress' advances and has to fight lions in the arena, etc.



ROSS

T&CC is better than its predecessor, TARZAN AND THE SILVER GLOBE, but only, unfortunately, in a negative way. T&SG was a fair rewrite of TARZAN AND THE JEWELS OF OPAR for half its length, until Werper introduced a Venusian invasion replete with BEMs, whereupon the book fell apart totally. T&CC has no such jarring intrusive note, but it also has nothing original in it.

Which points up the great peril of the "successor" author, whether authorized or un-. If he sticks faithfully to the existing and authentic material, he really is performing no creative act, but merely parroting the original author's work, which, with the original available, makes the copy superfluous. On the other hand, if he does improvise, he may strain the very fabric of the illusion-universe created by the author originally. Werper's two Tarzan efforts have both failed, one for each of these two reasons.

Frankly, I don't see a way out. Except for reasons of the most flagrant commercialism, the only proper course for Werper to follow is to quit, and if he wants to write new Burroughs-type stories, do so, as have dozens of other authors over the past fifty years. But of course Werper is the merest hack, and

his reasons are totally those of greed, so I doubt that he'll quit.

THE WIZARD OF OZ by L. Frank Baum, illustrations by W.W.Denslow; many editions but mine is Bobbs Merrill, 1903, 4 years after the "first."

This is, of course, an authentic classic, a masterpiece. I am perhaps some twenty or more years older than one ought to be for a first reading of this book, and therefore saw things through eyes older than they ought to see things with, and surely the spell of the book was attenuated with age. Still, it was not all lost, nor did I fail to see much of the ~~heavy~~ wonder I could no longer feel. I wish some kindly adult had introduced me to Oz -- and Burroughs -- and Captain Future -- when I was a little kid, instead of filling my head with Literature and Culture. But better ~~simulate~~ than never.

Some day...some far distant future day when I have time galore...I shall obtain and read all the Oz books. By Ghod, in the past few years I've managed to read the complete works of Burroughs, and of Doc Smith, and all the Captain Future stories in CF magazine, and 35 Rohmers, and all of Edwin Lester Arnold, and most of Tolkien (all but FARMER GILES)...maybe I will get to those Oz books yet!

ATLANTIDA by Pierre Benoit, first English edition 1920; Ace edition 1964.

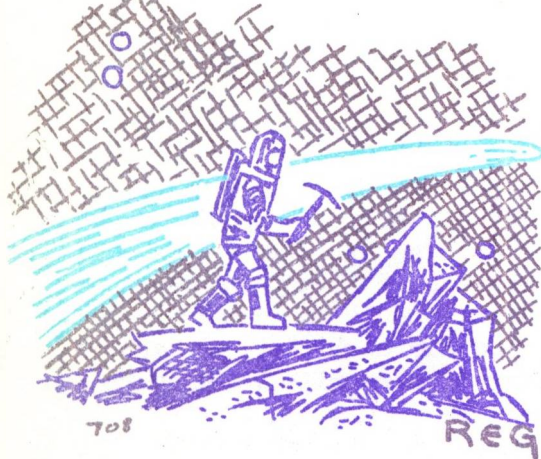
This is blurbed as "a thrilling adventure in science-fiction" but the only science fiction I can find in it is a process for metal-plating corpses in lieu of embalming them for permanent exhibition.

There is a lost-race theme, or at least a lost city, Atlantis, which, Benoit suggests, did not sink into the sea after all. Rather, the sea receded from around it, leaving the former island a mere hillock in the southern Sahara. An intriguing idea, but there seems to be only one Atlantean alive, the beautiful Queen Antinea. The other inhabitants of the city, few as they are, are all either captured slaves, kidnaped Europeans, or other outworlders.

The plot hangs on Antinea's motivation for capturing Europeans and importing them to Atlantis: they are preselected by her faithful Targa servant Cegheir-ben-Cheikh to be her lovers. Her charm is so great that each falls madly in love with her, and each in turn, when she tires of him, commits suicide in grief, and is plated with the lost metal orichalch, and stood in a niche in a hall of mummies. One of the two French officers kidnaped in the book becomes mummy #54. Antinea has announced that when she hits #120 she will herself become an orichalch-plated figurine.

Although the story is rather silly, and is certainly not enhanced by the stylized French prose, the translation of which is probably a bit more literal than it ought to be for maximum effect. Some fairly good atmosphere, but the book is generally unsatisfactory.





ALGOL 9
THE MACHINE GOD LAUGHS, Festus Pragnell,

serialized in Fantasy Book Magazine, 1947; book edition distributed by FPCT, 1949. This is a remarkably early story about a very large scale computer; in fact, some American scientists invent such a computer while in China, under the guidance of a Fu Manchu type, a brain complex of unskilled human brains is assembled. The two brains fight it out for world domination, and "our" brain wins...but the old question "Machine: Man's Servant or his Master?" remains.

Most surprising in a 1947 work (the electronic computer was only invented in '46) Pragnell has his gigantic Frank (short for Franken-

stein) design and build a briefcase-sized Frank II, not only miniturized, but improved in design and performance. And Pragnell comes within an eyelash of having F-II design and build a tooth-sized Frank III.

These are exactly the techniques that are in use today, and the sizes are not far off, although F-III is still a few years away. The story is pretty poor, and the technical prediction is very good; perhaps The Machine God Laughs deserves a little more remembrance than it gets.

SUBSPACE EXPLORERS by F. E. Smith, Canaveral Press, 1965. This is the sequel to Doc's 1960 Astounding Novellette "Subspace ~~Explorers~~ ~~Survivors~~," and is in fact a revised version of the first story within the first 2 or 3 chapters of the book. When Doc and I first discussed the book at the Discon in 1963 he told me that it had been written expressly for Analog serialization, that Campbell had returned the manuscript with requests for revisions of such nature as to "turn it from a Doc Smith novel into a novel-length John W. Campbell editorial." Doc's reply to Campbell's requests was a brief letter: "Dear John: I'm not that hungry. Your pal, Doc."

I told Doc I was interested in the book for Canaveral Press; he told me that Don Bensen of Pyramid had it, but that he (Doc) would prefer a hardcover first edition before the paperback. He authorized me to get the manuscript back from Pyramid if I could, and so I arranged to have lunch with Bensen one day. Don is a very genial fellow, and well-versed in science fiction, but he did not know too many of Doc's works. He did have "Skylark of Space" in print, and had scheduled the other two Skylark books, and was considering the Lensman books as well as SubEx. Did I have any opinion of the Lens series.

I told him how great the series is, and I asked him what he thought of SubEx. He told me it was good, but needed some work. I explained Doc's wishes, and had a letter from him corroborating my story. Bensen gave me the manuscript, Doc did revise it as requested (he is a marvelous man to deal with!) and here is the book.

The politics expressed in it are probably somewhat to the right of those of Robert A. Heinlein; both Jack Biblo and Jack Tannen are barely to the right of John Boardman, but they agree that Doc is entitled to express his opinions. I think that the story is good, and some of the societies portrayed are fascin-

ating. I am launching for the two proposed sequels, and if only for their sake I hope this thing sells. Biblio & Tannen put a stiff price tag on it, figuring that a higher price would lower the break-even point enough to bring a net improvement even on reduced sales. I hope it works.

FARMER GILES OF HAM by J. R. R. Tolkien, Allen and Unwin, 1949; Nelson, 1956, 1961. Compared with the 1500 page Ring tetralogy, Farmer Giles is hardly more than a snippet: seventy-nine pages minus six pages of front matter, minus spot illustrations by Pauline Diana Baynes pleasantly sprinkled through the book.

It is a very pleasant little hero tale, of rather revolutionary outlook: the humble farmer who routes the giant and dragon ~~where~~ where the king and his knights fail, following which the farmer defies the king's levy, becoming in time a kinglet himself.

The charming settings, believable characters, and nicely interwoven plot elements of Tolkien's epic work are all present in this short book, a surprisingly satisfying reading experience for so short a story. Still, it tends to point up one of the characteristics of the Ring books which contribute greatly to the high esteem in which they are held: their sheer size. One has the time to become totally emersed in Middle Earth; by the time one has read some hundreds of thousands of words of Ring, one has an unavoidable feeling for the series.

But after seventy-nine pages of Farmer Giles I only wish that there were another fourteen hundred or so. The book is a tiny gem; for an introduction to Tolkien, I believe I would recommend it even over The Hobbit...the latter does tend slightly toward being a slow starter, but Farmer Giles takes right up with a marvelous swing. It is lovely.

HIDDEN WORLD by Stanton A. Coblentz, WONDER STORIES 1935, Bouregy 1957, Airmont 1964. Blurbed as a sort of underground war-adventure novel ("Underground armies battling with fantastically destructive weapons") this book at least does not refer to Pellucidar (Alice In Wonderland is mentioned on the back cover, however). The EMSH cover also looks like a straight war story, all of which is unfortunate, for the book is not a tall a straight adventure story. It is entirely a satire, largely directed against war, but also taking in business, government, patriotism, scholarship, cosmetics, etc. The attempt to be funny succeeds at times, but at others falls pretty flat, and the general level of the satire is rather heavy-handed.

Altogether, a fair book, but nothing like what the cover picture and copy indicate.

TARZAN AND THE SNAKE PEOPLE by "Barton Werper," Gold Medal Books/New International Library, 1964. The third of "Werper's" pastiches, this is probably the weakest to date. The material is 90% from the original, and done very badly, and 10% original (if that much) and done even worse.

If you must read one of these things, try the second (see above). That was bad, but not as bad as the first ("Tarzan and the Silver Globe") or the present volume. At least it's short. "Werper" is a strong argument against naming an "official successor to ER Burroughs

SKULL FACE AND OTHERS by Robert E. Howard, Arkham House, 1946. Yeh, yeh, I know it's been some time since 1946, but I get around to these things slowly, slowly. This was one of the four early Arkham "giants" -- the two original Lovecraft collections, Hodgeson's four-in-one, and the Howard. It contains over 500 pages, including introductory material by Derleth, Lovecraft, and E. Hoffman Price. Price's portrait of Howard is particularly excellent.

Over two dozen Howard items are included, of which "Skull Face" is the longest -- it was a Weird Tales serial in 1929, when Howard was just twenty-three -- and was a great surprise to me. Howard is widely known for his bloody-barbarian adventures, of which a plenitude are included here, but "Skull Face" is -- astonishingly -- a pastiche of Sax Rohmer's Fu Manchu novels. (Only three of the latter, plus a similar book featuring an enigmatic "Mr. King", had appeared from Rohmer by 1929.)

Above I said that "If (a successor writer) sticks faithfully to the existing and authentic material, he really is performing no creative act, but merely parroting the original author's work, which, with the original available, makes the copy superfluous. On the other hand, if he does innovate, he may strain the very fabric of the illusion-universe created by the author originally." I'm afraid that reading "Skull Face" has forced me to institute a new feature in this department, the Lupoff Retracts and Recants feature.

What Howard did in "Skull Face" in fact proves me wrong on both points. For much of the tale, Howard provides a faithful imitation of Rohmer's classic Fu Manchu pattern, with the Limehouse dope den, disguised secret agents, beautiful oriental girl inexplicably enslaved to the seldom-seen Secret Master, honeycomb of tunnels beneath the streets of London, world-wide secret conspiracy, and so on. Only...Howard writes it all better than Rohmer ever did!!

And when Howard does innovate, he does not "strain the very fabric of the illusion-universe created by the author originally," but instead provides the key to the entire enigma of Fu Manchu, his "secret origin" which is so masterfully concealed and so magnificently presented that it is entirely acceptable even to an old Fuphile like yr 'umble reviewer.

I must say that reading this huge book -- but especially its title story -- has raised Howard's standing in my eyes vastly. That he ended his own career at the age of thirty by (to quote Sprague de Camp) "blowing his silly head off," is rendered all the more tragic in view of the prolific output, varying in quality but at its best outstanding, prior to that age. With a full career, I am convinced that Howard would have been one of the towering figures ever produced in our field, and perhaps beyond it as well.

+++++

Early last fall Sprague de Camp asked me if Canaveral would be interested in a complete version of the Conan stories, properly sequenced and edited by himself. I had to decline with regrets, due to buying strictures, but I understand that Lancer is doing the set. I look forward to reading at least the first of the books, perhaps all of them; I'm proud that my fellow founding Fanoclast Larry Shaw is the editor who bought them.

+++++

CONTINUED NEXT
WEEK, A History
of the Mo-
ving Picture Serial,
by Kalton C. Lahue,
University of Okla-
homa Press, 1964.

First, let's get
that subtitle straight:
it ought to have read
"A History of the Si-
lent Motion Picture
Serial," for Lahue
covers only the years
1912-1920, and confines
himself to pre- talk-
ing serials.

Secondly, although
this is a large, hand-
some book, it does not
really contain an awful
lot of text; of 293 numbered pages in the
book, 154 are given over to a list of silent serials, with chapter lists, casts
and credits, plus an index. That leaves just over 150 pages of "real" text in
which Lahue attempts to recreate the panorama of action, mystery and whatnot of
the silent serials. The result is an unsatisfactory book; somehow, Lahue fails
to conjure the images that he tries to invoke.

Or perhaps it is a matter of age; if I had grown up on silents he might
succeed very well, but as I grew up in the era of sound serials it is writers
like Chris Steinbrunner who get me right where I live. The Lahue book is a val-
uable reference work, but it is not the serial book.

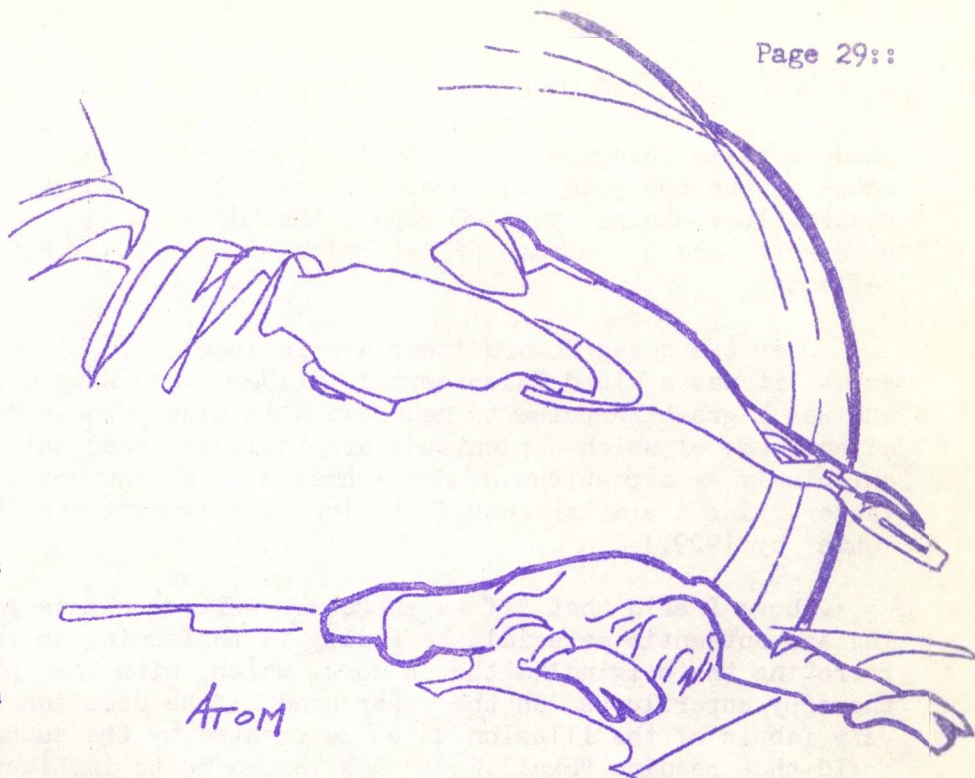
PALOS OF THE DOG STAR PACK by J. U. Giesy, All-Story Weekly, 1918; cut ver-
sion, Avalon Books, 1965.

A starting and heroic earthman, initials J.C., travels by astral projection
to a distant planet where he participates in local wars and political intrigues,
wins the hand of a princess (along with the rest of her), and in the end becomes
a supreme ruler of a newly-reunited empire.

This time J.C. is not John ~~Campbell~~ Carter but Jason Croft, and the book is
totally inferior to the Barsomian novels. Unless you are a sort of compulsive
researcher (like me) pass this one up.

THE ISSUE AT HAND by James Blish writing as William Atheling, Jr., Advent:
Publishers, 1964.

I have me my doubts as to how many fans -- or even People -- will pay
\$5 for a book of 130 pages, even 130 pages as fine as these...but let us leave
economics aside.



Page 30::

ALGOL 9

This is another in Advent's series of science-fiction criticism, and with the possible exception of Damon Knight's In Search Of Wonder it is the best. For a good many years James Blish has given to science fiction, usually in the fan press, much of its finest critical attention. Blish is a man with the highest technical qualifications to analyze and evaluate; he does not ^{write} shopping-list "reviews" but technical analyses of the works he considers, and when he finishes a consideration, he has told not only what is good and what is bad, but why and how the author has done well or ill.

If you have any serious interest in SF as literature, stop wasting your time on Lupoff's Book Week and get thee to Blish.

— Dick Lupoff

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EASTERCON 1965

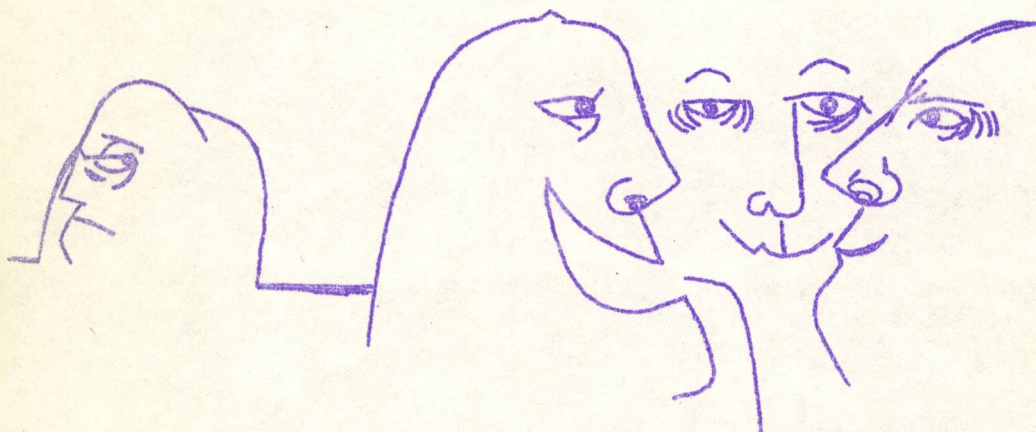
The Eastercon is a combination of the annual Lunacon, conducted by the Lunarians of New York, and supplementary informal parties conducted by the Fannish In ^{urgent} Scientifictional Association, held over the same weekend in the same hotel, Hotel Edison in New York. The Lunacon will have a formal program, while the Eastercon segment will be two huge parties on the evenings before and after the Lunacon. They will be held within a suite in the hotel.

So as not to conflict with the programmed events, the party room will not be open during the Lunacon.

The Hotel Edison is located at 228 West 47 street, NYC. For information about the Lunacon, contact Frank Dietz, 1750 Walton Avenue, Bronx, N.Y., 10453.

For information about the Eastercon segment, contact Mike McInerney, 268 east 4th street, N.Y., N.Y., 10009.

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— Reisp

HE CAME TO NEW YORK, HE'S BEEN TO SEVERAL
FANOCCLAST MEETINGS --- AND HE STILL THINKS
SEX AND STF DON'T MIX ---.

THE MECHANICS OF THE THING

by Laurence H. Janifer

Says Andrew Porter: "Though the plot in the latter is rather mechanitrvial, I think that Ballard is more concerned with the mechanics than with the actual writing of the novel."

The sentence leaps up and bites me.

It suddenly occurs to me that, since SF became somewhat of a respectable field, with a few homegrown critics conversant with complicated terminology and the collected works of Carl Jung, a few writers actually have become more concerned with mechanics than with the writing of the thing.

This is awful.

"Mechanics" — style, technique — all this stuff is for use. It is not a game to play with yourself, or with fifty thousand readers, either. It appears to be a perfectly possible for a guy to sit down at his typewriter, writing-pad, dictating-machine, and think seriously and for a long time about the technical aspects of what he's doing — and give very little, if any, thought to the thing itself, the story itself or the message or the being of the thing. "I will write a story with a time delay and six flashbacks," says our hypothetical author, and he does it, and the critics with complicated minds all discover that he has written a story with time delay and five flashbacks (the critics always miss something, important or not) and everybody jumps up or down and the author is elected Most Complex Author of 1965 and SF becomes a field like any other field of fiction, read by a few dedicated complifiers and a couple of people looking for a good story. These last do not read a second book.

Because fiction is dying, ladies and gentlemen, SF is rapidly growing up to the point where it, too, can make out its own death certificate. Aldiss, Ballard, Blish among others have helped. They are writing technique. They are playing complicated and sophisticated games. But they are not occupied with the only business of fiction; this is belief. Unless I believe a story, unless I live in it, unless I am apart of it, to hell with it. And there isn't much I believe, these days.

Oh, I believe Wells. And Cordwainer Smith. And mostly Pangborn. (And, in honorable exception, Jim Blish's TOMB TAPPER and WORK OF ART.) Just as, in more normal fiction, I believe Salinger and maybe O'Hara. But who else?

Dostoyevski, Trollope, Charlotte Bronte, Goncharov...

And who else?

Lots of people, but none of them born lately. Fiction has become a field for little games, fiction has become complex and sophisticated. Understand me: I have nothing against complication, if it's used for something. If, in fact, it's used for belief.

But it isn't being used.

And the writer who is concerned "more with mechanics" is the man who is killing fiction. He is killing SF, if that's where he works. He is forcing me to appreciate, not believe; he is forcing me to analyze, not share.

This inchoate little piece is a sort of preliminary scream. I am working on a somewhat longer and more detailed howl, which will eventually appear somewhere. In the meantime, I am writing novels.

I am trying to make you believe them; I'm using what technique I have learned in the service of that object.

Can't we all rethink a little, and start from there?

— Laurence M. Janifer

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A FEMMEFAN POUR MOI :: ANDY PORTER

The car surged along, the silence of its flight hidden by the blare of the radio in the night. The driver sat quietly, guiding the machine through the cold night air, the headlight beam tracing a path on the deserted pavement. I was content; beside me in the luxuriant Cadillac sat a young girl, her delicious curves pressing against me, her dark luxuriant hair on my shoulder. I put my arm around her, and she cuddled closer. A thick blanket lay on our laps, diligently keeping the cold at bay. The cocker spaniel slept a contented sleep at our feet, only a shape in the dark. I decided to ask her the question that I had been thinking about all that evening.

"Will you marry me, Pat?" I asked, suddenly.

"I... I don't know, Andy," she answered, hesitantly. "Maybe we'd better think about it. What do you say, Dick?" she said, turning to the driver, who glanced at us quickly as he drove with one hand and wrote another chapter in his book Edgar Rice Burroughs: The Man Behind Hugo Gernsback with the other hand.

"Gee, I don't know, Pat," he said. "maybe we should wait until the kids are grown up and I desert you for Carol Carr."

"Well, I'm sorry, Andy, but I think Dick is right; why don't you ask Dian Pelz — rich brown could be your best man, and give the bride a sock in the eye away."

"Aw hell," I said, not listening. "Now I won't be able to make a big splash at the London."

"Why don't you go as the Phone Fan?" asked Pat.

With a sudden snarl of hatred, I got out my trusty Bowie Knife, which I always carry when changing into a chameleon won't help, and with a quick downward motion (which I'd learned from an old Wallace movie) disemboweled the two of them. Stopping the car and throwing the bloody carcasses on the pavement, I got Snoopy up. "Wouldn't even make good mimeo ink," I said, looking at the blood.

"Wake up and drive!" I yelled at the confused Snoopy, who obediently got into the drivers' seat. Giving the secret command (Learn to Lizards!) I soon had the auto moving again, Snoopy driving, with only an occasional insolent "Arf!" from him...

— Andy Porter, 1965



The sun was rising up through the trees at an ever increasing rate when Nguma sighted his tree bungalow peeping shyly through the protecting branches of the weeping willow.

To a man of civilization, that grasping, greedy, commercialistic and amusing empire, it would scarcely occur that Nguma, a half-naked child of nature, was in reality the long-lost son of Ikey Mikey, beer baron of Kellsey Street in Queens.

However, Nguma was not the long-lost son of Ikey Mikey.

It was with a loud "thump" that Nguma descended to his tree hut, a feline cat in human form. How good it was to be home, home with his beautiful wife, the Baroness de Chesney III! For three days and three ~~days~~ months Nguma had hastened ever homeward after quelling a particularly vicious uprising of the murderous native savages known only as "The Sons of African Freedom;" how anxious was the ape-man to wash his hands of the ways of men and once again return to the simplicity of the jungle that only a child of nature can know and partake of.

As these thoughts passed through the bronzed giant's mind, he paused and smiled.

"Greetings, Uph-Huggh The Elephant!" the ape-man said.
 "HHHruuu-Arghhh. Huff, huff, huff!" (Greetings, Nguma!)
 "Greetings, Oah-Doot, The Baboon!" laughed Nguma.
 "Hickle, niddle, yeegle-yeegle!2 ("Greetings, Nguma!")
 "Greetings, Ezra Silverstein, my next door neighbor!"
 "So what's new?" ("Greetings, Nguma!")

Fingering himself, Nguma entered his tree-hut.

Inside was an incredible scene of carnage and destruction; furniture had been reduced to splinters, the carefully hung drapes lay in shreds about the interior, blood splattered the walls and the smoke of gunpowder hung in the air in clouds of blue haze. One thing did not escape the Nigerian's attention: The Baroness was gone! Foul Play!

But even as Nguma pondered, his eagle eye fell upon a note, almost hidden behind the torn remains of a wall-mat.

II

"My dearest Nguma," read the note, "even as I write this I find myself emmeshed in the cruel and fickle hands of fate. Little did I dream, when I watched you swing off to crush the uprising of the viscious "Sons of African Freedom" that I would never again gaze upon your dear face. I can only console myself with the thought that I have been a good and faithful wife for you all these years (although perhaps not a wife in the eyes of the crass and legalistic white man's world).

"Fate, in this instance, has grinded slowly but exceedingly small. It all began some twenty years ago with an illiterate cotton-picker known only as Alexander Hamilton.

"Hamilton, though illiterate, was by no means ignorant, and in the years that passed in the sun-baked fields of Virginia the weight of social injustice pressed heavily upon his impressionable mind. At the age of ten he had witnessed his mother shot when she no longer proved a capable breeding machine. His father, once a prominent college professor from upstate New York, had lost the use of both his hands and his eyes laboring sixteen hours a day, breathing in the noxious fumes of a potato mashing factory. His only brother had lost his life while posing as a Japanese high official (while in reality an agent of the American secret service, later to be designated the CIA) at Hiroshima. His best friend had been lynched for no other reason than his color (which happend to be Lime). After these, and many other incidents involving both labor and capital, Hamilton's mind became poisoned against the entire human race, and he swore vengeance against it.

"While working in the cotton fields, Hamilton came across a novel mutant of the boll weevil species whose bite, in the cases of those more fortunate, caused permanent paralysis of the legs, and, in most cases, caused instant death. Hamilton captured the insect and later, while wheeling himself about in his wheelchair, questioned several of his co-workers, none of whom could bidentify the bug.

"Hamilton could then only come to the conclusion that the bug was not native to North America. By supreme diligence he set about improving himself and after some five years of study had acquired enough money to obtain entrance to a famous Mid-Western University. His major was Nature Study.

After fifteen years of study, Hamilton happened to come across a hidden diary of the famous African Explorer, Lionel Hampton. The diary began with "A curious thing happened to me this morning; my legs have become paralyzed," and went on to describe the boll weevil Alexander had discovered in the sugar-baker fields of old Virginny some twenty years ago. Moreover, the exact location of the insects' natural habitat was given; a hidden valley in a southernmost corner of Nigeria, our own beloved land. It was in this valley that the weevils thrived in the millions.

Hamilton's plan was a simple one; he would go to Africa, visit the hidden valley and secure enough of the insects to fill two suitcases. Then he would visit every capital in the world sowing death, destruction, and paralysis. When he had accomplished his repugnant scheme he would set himself up as dictator of the survivors, install himself as king of the entire planet and eventually conquer the entire universe.

To accomplish this end, Hamilton quit the university and moved to New York working himself up from a dishwasher to headwaiter in a few short decades, and depriving himself of every human luxury and almost every human necessity, saving enough money to travel to Africa.

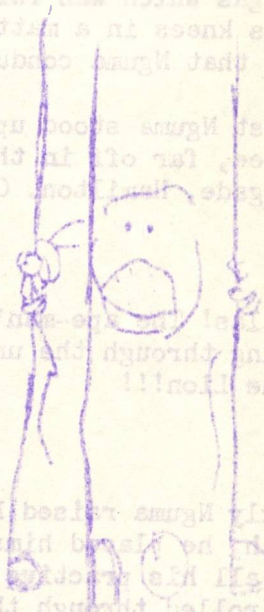
Hamilton was seventy-four when he set foot at last in the hidden valley (or rather I should say wheel); he had come far in a few short years, and it was an almost minor problem to have to fight his way through the savage jungle, opposed on almost every hand by hostile savages and man-eating beasts.

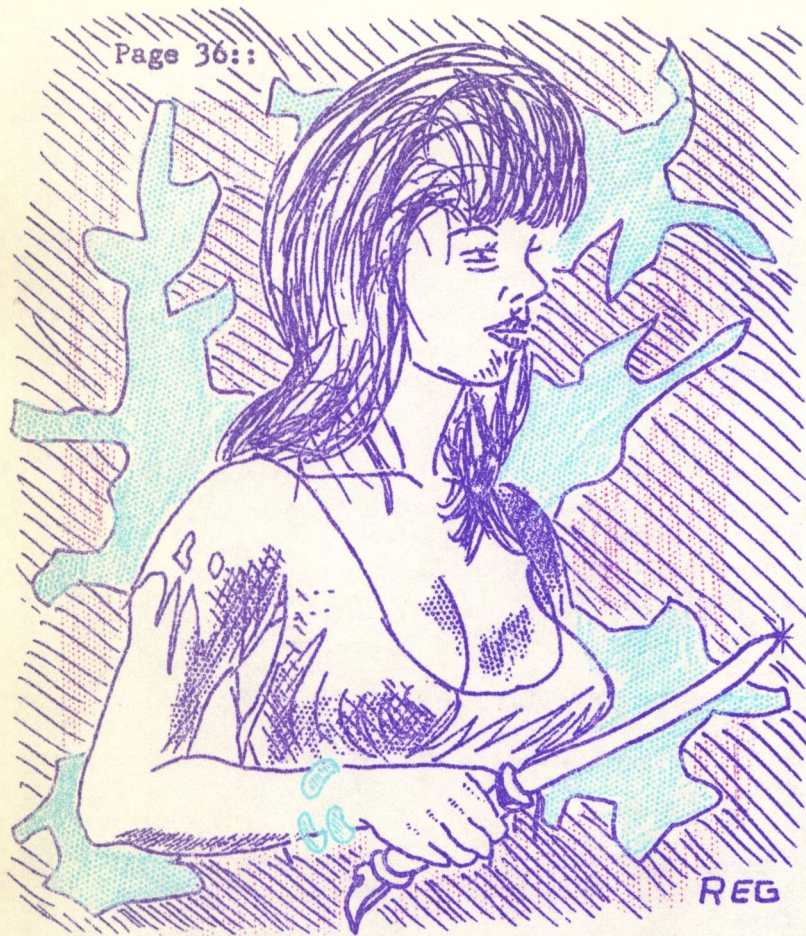
"Imagine his discomfort when he came to realize that some three days previous to his arrival an earthquake had taken place and destroyed every scrap of life within the valley, including his boll weevils!

"For days after he wandered about in a delirium, not caring whether he lived or died. During those days his mind gradually began to play strange tricks on him, and shortly he came to believe that he was the Holy Ghost!

"It was then that he found me, and now I find myself in his hands, subject to heaven knows what fate."

Letting a low snarl, Numa curled back his lips to reveal his canines, he threatened to spit at him.





The mind of civilized man, a weak, soft, being, surrounded by luxuries of every kind and only disturbed by two World Wars, numerous Police Actions and the threat of a third great war, cannot conceive of the incredible hardships Nguma endured as he pursued the spoor of his enemy and his missing mate. Sleeping by day and travelling by night he encountered numerous adventures armed only with spear and stone knife, adventures which would have meant death to the sophisticates of the great lighted cities of the West had they been deprived of their artificial weapons; the submachine gun, B. A. R., automatic pistol and hand grenade.

In the course of his adventures, Nguma encountered a lost civilization, a race of giants, a race of antmen, a race of Faseratiis, and a lost patrol of Nazi holdouts who had developed

a poison gas which was fully capable of bringing the American-Russian-Japanese axis to its knees in a matter of months. Of these events nothing more will be said, save that Nguma conducted himself in his usual style.

At last Nguma stood upon a knoll, looking down upon a vast grassy plain where he could see, far off in the distance, two struggling figures; his wife and the white renegade, Hamilton. Giving an exulted cry, Nguma hurled himself forward.

IV

But, alas! The ape-man's triumph was not destined to be so easily fulfilled, for hurtling through the underbrush was a fullgrown specimen of feline fury: Histah, The Lion!!!

V

Quickly Nguma raised his spear arm; it was empty! Crouching before the hurtling Histah, he placed himself in the deadly Histah-Disemboweling Position. He knew that all his practice on sheep would not be in vain. In a flurry of raging fury they rolled through the tall-grass, each searching for a vital spot with claw and fingernail. In seconds that seemed to drag on forever the battle was over.

VI

The Nigerian stood over the fallen form, blood and sweat rolling down his sides. Then, placing one foot on the carcass, he threw his head back and uttered

the blood-curdling shriek of triumph of a bull ape: "Allee, allee, homefree!" (i.e., "I've just killed a lion")

In the distance Alexander Hamilton paused in his headlong flight to cock his head as the cry echoed faintly in his ear. "Hark, that cry," cried Mary. "Can it be...?"

"It could not," replied Hamilton, his mad eyes shining. "And yet...although it is not yet time...miracles have happened!" And the deluded madman placed his ear over Mary's womb. The cry sounded again, nearer.

"Halleluluh! It is time! All praise the Lord of Lords and King of Hosts!" And with this, Hamilton prostrated himself before the Baroness as well as any man in a wheelchair can.

It was in this position that Nguma came upon the pair, and, giving one fierce cry of warning, leaped upon Hamilton who was reclined in his wheelchair.

The two titans clashed!

Muscle strained against muscle, sinew against sinew; there was no noise in the clearing save that of labored breathing and the cracking of bone and muscle tissue: one must win and one must die, for such is the law of the jungle.

Hours passed as the two labored, exerting themselves to the utmost; although Nguma was far superior in regard to physical strength, the renegade was more experienced in years, and hardened by the long years in New York.

When it at last became apparent that the two were far too evenly matched, Hamilton suddenly gave a low, gurgling cry, and pitched forward, dead.

Crawling from the dead man's shirt was a strange, multicoloured centipede.

"What a strange insect," wondered Nguma, "in all my experience in jungle lore never have I seen one like it before."

"I recognize it," cried Mary. "In my travels in America, before I came to live with you in the jungle, I have seen them many times; they are commonly found in the cotton fields of Virginia and their bite is instantly fatal."

The two then began their long trek home.

VII

When they at last reached their tree home and had ascended into it, an unexpected sight greeted their eyes: seated in the living room were four strangers, two white men and two negroes, the latter two dressed in the native garb of the region.

One of the whites was the first to speak.

"Permit me to introduce myself. I am Simple Templar, representative of the United Nations in this area."

"And permit me to introduce myself," said one of the blacks, "I am Nahashi Shlubgub, Comrade Shlubgub, representative of the Glorious People's Republic of Collectivist Northern Nigeria, educated in the finest universities of Boston."

"And permit me to introduce myself," said the other black, "I am Joseph Migdol, representative of the great democracy, the United States of Southern Nigeria, educated in the finest universities in Moscow."

"The point of the matter is," said Mr. Templar, "that when you wiped out the Sons Of African Freedom, a pre-West group operating in Northern Nigeria, soon after two revolutions broke out which neatly split this country down the middle, resulting in the two rival groups engaged in a power struggle that is a constant source of tension to the entire world. Moreover..."

"Moreover," interrupted Comrade Shlubgub, "we of the Glorious People's Republic of Collectivist Northern Nigeria can no longer tolerate the presence of reactionary elements, namely you."

"And the United States of Southern Nigeria," said Mr. Migdol, "cannot stand for the presence of British imperialistic elements; besides, you are both white."

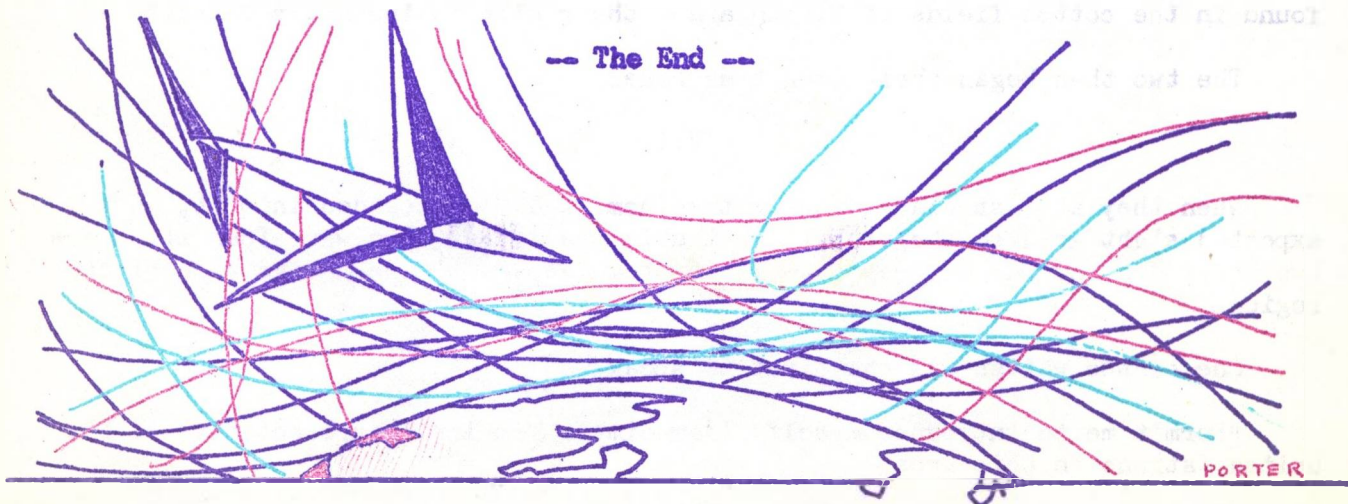
"The Sons Of African Freedom, had they won their revolution, would have surely united in a coalition government with the United States of Southern Nigeria, thus avoiding the frightful mess that a divided Nigeria now faces," said Mr. Templar. "I'm afraid you'll have to leave the country; your presence here only serves as a constant source of irritation."

"Permit me to introduce myself," said the fourth stranger. "My name is Mike O'brien, and I am a representative of the former Her Majesty's British Nigeria. Her Majesty, inspite of her period of trial, is prepared to be generous in cases like these. The British government has set up a special fund to facilitate the emigration of British colonials back to the Motherland."

"That is heap good," commented Nguma.

"However," continued the British gentleman, "yours is a rather special case; your mistress, the Baroness, is of American extraction, and you yourself cannot claim to be a British subject as you were born in Nigeria. Still, your parents were of Anglo-Saxon stock, so we are (as I said) prepared to be generous: here are two airplane tickets to Anchorage, Alaska."

-- The End --



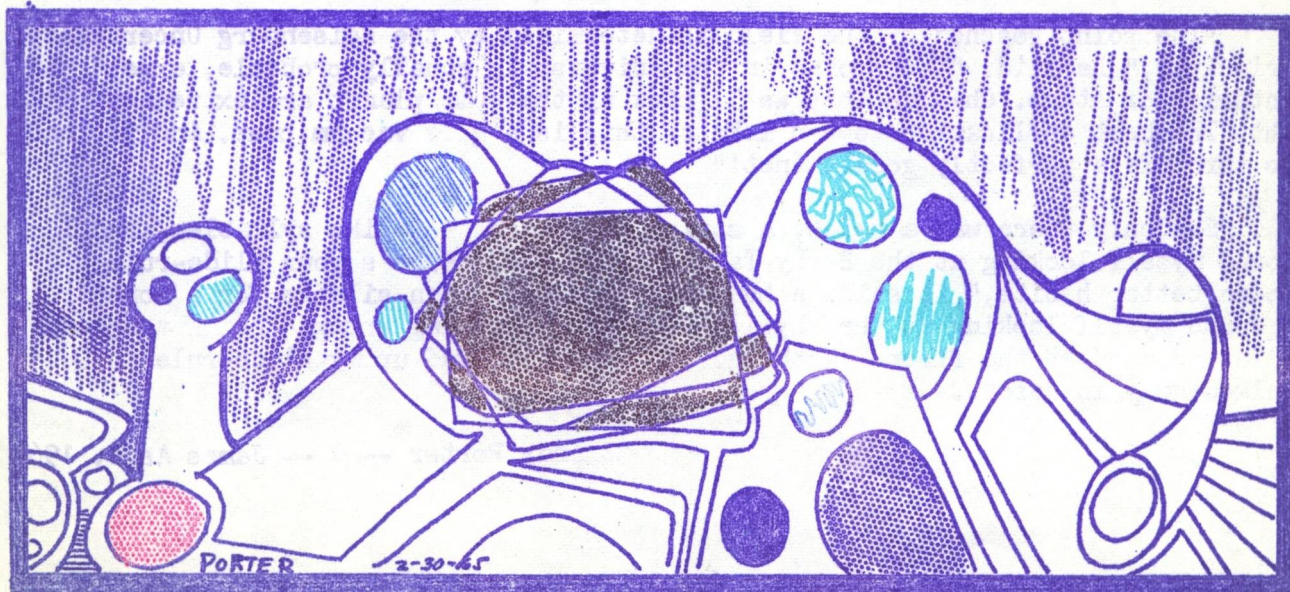
FUZZY SAPIENS

JAMES-ASHE
ANDY-PORTER

I'm reporting on a recent project which I fear can never be fully disclosed. The subject was an investigation of the properties of a strange psychophysical parallel universe discovered lying coincident with our own. It's existence was first suggested in a review of some strange results disclosed by a nuclear particle accelerator undergoing testing after it had been rebuilt. The subsequent investigation led to certain very odd findings having a bearing on the Breen-Donaho affair — I am so dumfounded by this situation that I can only write a report, without interpretation or moralizing!

A study conducted by Martin Marietta suggested that the science fictional concept of parallel universes might be founded in reality. We were fortunate in having within our team a man who had strong talents in several fields of engineering as well as ability in several fields of math — to make a long story short, we progressed from theory through research and development to working equipment in the very respectable time of eight months.

The first time we turned the thing on the power consumption was ten times as great as we had expected it to be. We blew the largest breakers the company had and nearly fused our generator into a piece of scrap. After a small wait to install larger equipment and cool off the plant electrical staff, who seemed to have developed more overloads than their equipment, we tried it again. The thing in operation looked like a roomfull of gear with a door frame in the center. Some joker had put in a real wooden door at the critical point of conjunction. An intelligent joker, since he had removed the iron parts first. When things were all set, we turned the power on, calibrated the machinery, and chose lots.



I pulled the short straw, went over, and opened the door. Blackness. Putting the rope around my waist, I stepped into the blackness, and it disappeared. On the other side was a perfectly natural desert environment, apparently inhabited by some quite ordinary desert denizens. I looked behind me, and received the surprise of my life. There, calmly sitting in a wooden camp chair was a thing I can only describe as a Bushy-Tailed Heartache. It seemed to consist of a large black beard with a suspicious expression situated towards its top, under a wide brimmed hat, with a large bushy tail extending off towards the rear of the creature. The heartache part came from the overall impression. Or maybe it came out of a bottle.

Motionless, I tried to size up the situation. Thinking several things at once, in order to confuse myself, I saw a pile of wornout wooden chairs off to one side. I wished I was a division of marines equipped for combat. I recalled stories about how adventuresome scientists stuck all sorts of trial gafgets thru such doors before venturing through themselves. I considered whether I might be a Tool for some adventuresome scientist. And I wonder specifically just how much of the stare might be the expression I would use towards a particularly fat hamburger.

Quivering, emitting a discreet belch and a string of syllables like firecrackers, the thing said "You dropped your slide-rule." A hand appeared and scratched under the hat. "Yes, I am real, for the moment, as you understand reality. My visualation of the Coamic All required your presence here at this time, but due to... Oh yes, you call it the Heisenberg Uncertainty Principle, I could not predict the exact time of your arrival. My name, by the way, is BTH, standing for Bushy-Tailed Heartache."

At this disclosure I lost my nerve completely. I ducked back through the doorway, slammed it shut and yanked the power switch. There was a good solid bump as the breakers opened, and I wassafely back in a normal environment again.

Immediately the physicist said to me, "I hope you weren't planning to go back there?" Sanity returned, and I asked him "Why not?"

"The point reached by the field is determined by the Heisenberg Uncertainty Principle," he said. "Each point in the universe is equally probable, except the interior of stars. Chances that we'll pick up the same planet are extremely slight. The best application we can make of this is a good vacuum pump. And you had to turn off a perfectly good planet!"

Suddenly there was a belch, a string of firecracker-like syllables, and I found myself looking at the Bushy-Tailed Heartache. "Here's your slide-rule; learn better habits," it said. A bump on the floor, then silence for a moment. I found myself looking at the physicist again. "Anything wrong?" he asked. I looked down at the floor. "Nothing," I said. I picked up my slide-rule and walked away in defeat.

TERWILLEGER

THE FAN MACHINE



by

RICH BROWN

+++++

Shortly after the D. C. convention in 1960, the "Northern" faction of American Fandom attacked certain factions from the South, the main idea being that the North put out fanzines of greater quality, higher page-count, and more continued regularity. This eventually developed into the Great Snivle War, often termed The Great Fanzine War. This is the gallant story of one fan, and how, after twenty years, he managed to stop the war...

Feyers, the Southern BNF 1, clucked his tongue, nodded his head, and placed an arm on the desk top.

Pelz allowed a resigned look to cross his face. "These Northerfans are difficult."

"Difficult, yes. That's understandable. Insane, true. Even that's fathomable. But this last offer, this is preposterous!"

"It must be a trick," Pelz said.

"I've considered that. If so, it's a fairly expensive one, and I can't believe that even the Northerfen would..."

"The Northerfen have done many strange things."

"Yes," Feyers paused, stroking his chin, and screwed up his eyes. "What's this fellow's name? The one they want?"

"Terwilleger. Guy Terwilleger."

"Curious name. Almost familiar," Feyers said.

DREDGINGS

Felz shrugged his shoulders. "Northerfen, you know."

"And they're willing to give up a \$100,000 pseudo-writer for this man?"

"That's what the message said."

"Who delivered it?"

"One of their fringe-fen."

"You questioned him?"

"Yes, sir."

"And?"

"The results were negative, sir. He was deaf."

Meyers shook his head. "Clever, those damned Northerners. Sometimes I wish I'd never bothered..."

"You want me to read the message again?"

"If you will."

Felz cleared his throat. He struck a classic pose, held the message in front of him, and began: "'You bastard, said Al Ashley! It has come to the attention of the Clique that Fansman first Class Guy Terwilleger, IN4SF2, was captured by your forces in the last engagement at the AUKaCon. Our offer for his release follows: for the safe return of this fan, we will exchange our \$100,000 pseudo-writer machine. You will remember that this machine turned out (printed) material for 43 monthly fanzines for a period of 9 years, 4 months, 3 weeks, and 5 days. 'e shall await your reply."

"Who signed it?"

"The President."

"Of Northerfandom?"

"No sir. The President of NorFAIA."

"This Terwilleger is a NorFAPan?"

"Yes, sir."

"Hmmm. Were 43 monthly fanzines actually put out?"

"It was more like 42, sir. One was bi-monthly."

"Damned exaggerators. Well, even so."

"If I may suggest something sir: I say give him to them. It sounds like a good deal."

////

Terwilleger sat hunched in the corner of his cell. He stared from the corner through the bars, out across the Florida swamplands. He sighed heavily, ran long, skinny fingers through his lank hair, and then sighed again. This was not why he had joined fandom.

He just wanted to publish a moderate, medium-sized, good little fanzine of his own. Fandom had been good to him, oh yes. When they'd discovered what he could do, they'd been very kind. They'd trained him for six months, and then given him the whole responsibility. And then he'd been rushed to the AUKaCon, and now here he was.

Terwilleger stood and stretched his whole six feet four inches. Foo, he was tired. He walked from the barred window to the cell door, and back to the window. When he turned toward the door once more, a Southerfan was standing there with a large ring of keys in his hand.

"Did I startle you?" the Southerfan asked.

"Not at all. I'm used to it by now," Terwilleger replied.

"The BNF 1 wants to see you."

"Who?"

"Bill Meyers."

"What about?" Terwilleger asked.

The Southerfan shrugged his shoulders. "Search me. I'm just in charge of the keys." He unlocked the door, clanged it open, and said, "Come along."

The Southerfan followed Terwilleger down the long corridor. At its end, he opened the door, bowed at the waist, and extended his hand, palm up, in a gesture Terwilleger recognized immediately. He fished into the pocket of his slant slacks, dug out a quarter, and handed it to the fan. Then he walked into the big room as the door slammed shut behind him.

There were two Southerfans, one probably BNF 1, in the room. Terwilleger looked from one to the other, waiting for some sign.

"Sirs?" he asked.

"Fansman Terwilleger?"

"Fansman Terwilleger First Class, IF4SF2, sir."

"Your clique?"

"Name, class, and serial number sir. As required under covenant 31A-769IZ, Clause SS-0192-Z, Paragraph 67, Lines 17-23 inclusive, of the Articles of Fansmen Wars, agreed to and executed on the thirtieth day of May, in the year of our Foo, 15. Signed for SoutherFandom by BNF 18 Edmond Adams, witnessed by Acti-Fan First Class Robert Gilbert."

"I see," said Meyers, coughing discreetly.

Felz picked up a yellow form from the desk. "Fansman Terwilleger, is it true that you were captured at the AUKaCon?"

"Yes, sir."

"At exactly 0801 on August 12th?"

"No sir. It was 0759."

"Impossible," Meyers said. "The attack didn't start until 0800."

Terwilleger smiled. "Perhaps your chrono was wrong, sir. The attack started at 0757. Four hundred corflu rockets, trained in on typed stencils, started the attack. They were followed by volleys of mimeograph ink, and then 400 Neofans with Zaps. That was 0757."

"I see." Meyers coughed again, not as discreetly this time.

"Nevertheless," Felz continued, "are you aware of the preposterous offer the NorFAPA has made for your safe return?"

"No, sir."

"They are willing to exchange their pseudo-writer for you."

"Are they? Isn't that nice of them?"

"Why?" Meyers asked.

Terwilleger smiled again. "I guess they like me, sir."

"No one likes anyone \$100,000 worth."

Terwilleger shrugged.

"Are you someone important?" Pelz asked.

"Fansman First Class Guy Terwilleger, IF4SF2."

"We know," Meyers said.

"Are you a BNF in a clever plastic disguise?" Pelz put in.

"No sir."

"A visiting Neutral?"

"No sir."

"A SerCon?"

"Heavens no, sir."

"What are you, then?"

"Fansman First Class Guy Ter...."

"If you say that once more..." Meyers warned.

"Sorry."

"You can't tell me," Meyers went on, "that NortherFandom would give a hundred thousand dollars for a Fansman. No one is that crazy. A Fansman is one of the lowest forms of animal life."

"A FansMan third class sub-neo, perhaps," Terwilleger corrected. "You're forgetting I'm a FansMan First Class."

"I'll never forget that as long as I live," Meyers said.

"He's important," Felz said. "You can count on that."

Terwilleger blushed. "Why, thank you, sir."

"Oh good grief!" Meyers said. "I haven't run across anything like this since that fugghead Brown was in the srimage for the '67 convention site."

"April 24, 1965; NorFandom was lead by ActiFan First Class Richard W. Brown. A brilliant defeat. For WorFandom, unfortunately."

"What?"

"Nothing, sir."

"Oh, have him taken back to his cell."

"Yes sir. At once, sir."

/////

Actifan Fourth Class Richard W. Brown looked up from his desk at the supply depot. Papers, always papers.

"Barnes!" he screamed.

Fanpubber Sub-Neo Barnes rushed into the office, snapping a smart Captain Jet salute at him. "Yes, sir!"

"How many damn stencil pads were sent to the HQ at the border?"

"Well, sir..."

"Don't 'wehl, sir' me, Barnes. The BNF 45 wants to know, and we've got to tell him.

"That's just it, sir. I don't know."

"You don't know? YOU DON'T KNOW?!"

"Terwilleger..."

"Damn Terwilleger, and Damn the dirty Southies who caught him. What was he doing at the convention, so near the front, anyw y?"

"Counting, I believe, sir, the one-shots in session."

"Actifan Fourth Class Brown shook his head. "Well, what will I tell the BNF 45, Barnes?"

"Well, sir, I think..."

"Fanpubbers sub-neo aren't egoboosted to think, Barnes. Give me an answer; never mind the thinking."

"Tell them we've already put in an application for 400 sercons, bibliophiles, and mathematicians, sir. That'll hold 'em."

"And Terwilleger?"

"It might be best not to mention him, sir. I'd imagine they're rather touchy right now."

"A lousy FansMan First Class," Brown mumbled.

"Sir?"

"Nothing, Barnes, nothing at all."

/////

"Nothing at all?" Actifan 88 Struthers bellowed. "Whathell are you talking about, Fansman?"

"Just that, sir, there ain't no more."

"No more stencils? But that's absurd. I've never heard of a group of our fans running out of stencils...or paper. Isn't someone supposed to count these damned things? Isn't someone supposed to make sure we don't run out?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, who is it?"

"Terwilleger, sir."

"And who the hell is Terwilleger?"

/////

"Who the hell is Terwilleger?" BNF Wood shouted.

"He...he..."

"He, he, he, what? Get it out, man."

"The underwear, sir. I mean, with everyone running off fanzines, it was more or less his department to get us clothes and food on time."

"What do you mean, 'more or less'?"

"He sort of kept check, sir."

"Kept check on what?"

"The underwear. The long johns."

"You're trying to say, I would imagine, that this Terwilleger fellow is responsible for the fact that half of Norfandom is going around with bare behinds, is that it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, bring him to me. We'll get to the bottom of this at once."

"I can't, sir."

"Can't? Why not?"

"He's been captured, sir."

"Captured! Good Ghu!"

//////

"Captured! Good Ghu!" BNF Bloch roared.

"Yes, sir, and there ain't a drop left."

BNF Bloch wet his lips and narrowed his eyes. "I'll tell you something, Fansman Plus, and I'll tell you once and only once. Are you listening?"

"Yes, sir."

"There are only two things that are important in fandom. For the lesser fen, it's the duplicator. BNF's take to likker. Do you follow?"

"I follow, sir."

"All right, Fansman Plus. Tonight, there's a dance. There'll be a bunch of liberated Femmefans there. Now understand, Fansman Plus, if you don't want to wake up tomorrow as a Fansman Fourth Class, you'll get me that damned scotch I want, and get it damned fast."

"But there ain't none, sir. Terwilleger..."

"If you persist in this damned foolishness about one man being in charge of the liquor rationing for the entire of NorFandom, I'll have you broken to a Neo!"

"But he was, sir."

"Fansman Plus!"

"Honest, sir. I swear. And he's been captured."

"Then get his figures; without them, NorFandom is at a loss -- we'll lose the war. Just find out where he kept his records."

"That's just it, sir."

"That's just it?"

"There ain't no records."

//////

"Two and two," Meyers said.

"Four," Terwilleger answered.

"Eight and eight," said Pelz.

"Sixteen."

"3,747,301 and 8,931,205."

"12,678,506," Terwilleger answered.

"How many reams of paper would it take to send 561 copies of a 74 page zine?"

"Twenty weight paper, sir?"

"Yes."

"Fourty-one and-a-half, sir. I suggest you use a piece of typer paper for the extra sheet, sir."

"Preposterous," said Pelz.

"Unimaginable," said Meyers.

"Are we agreed?"

"We are agreed. Let's formulate a reply at once." Meyers turned to Terwilleger. "What's your clique?"

"Name, class, and serial number, sir."

"Of course. Sorry."

"Should we send this to NorFAPA, or direct to the President of Northern Fandom?"

"The President," said Felz.

"Fine."

//////

The President looked at the message. "Hummm," he said.

The BNF Elect nodded her head gravely.

"This, ah, doesn't look too good," the President said.

"Not at all."

"Want me to read it aloud?"

"If you want to."

The President read: "Gentle Fen: !Al Ashley Say's You Bastard!! We are in receipt of your last message. It is clear that some points need clarification. One: under the existing Articles of Fansmen Wars, we are allowed to put a prisoner to whatever uses we see fit. On the other hand, we cannot claim a prisoner as our own, that is, we cannot Southernize him. Two: we are putting Terwilleger to his best uses. On the other hand, we would like him for our own. Therefore, a counter-offer: 17 photo-offsets, together with men to run them, men to write material for the fanzines published via them, plus paper and plates for 5000 pages and 700 copies. We want Guy Terwilleger.

The President sneezed.

//////

"Do you realize how many men we've released for action in the past six months?" Meyers asked.

"No sir; how many?"

"Several hundred: top quality hacks. Why, 'ole' Twig's done away with the sercons and filers and all. More and more becoming true fanans every day."

"It'd sure be Hell if we ever had to give him back," stated Felz.

"No chance of that. What's the NorFandom's latest offer?"

"Their border convention sites."

"And our counter-offer?"

"Several hundred writers. All Fanaken Plus and over."

"In the meantime, we still have him."

"And NorFandom is beginning to collapse," Felz began to laugh.

"Don't laugh, my friend. The same thing could happen to us if we ever lost Terwilleger."

"Don't worry about that. He's a very happy man; good southern fried chicken, corn likker, and a few Southern Belles if he's interested."

Meyers nodded sagely. "He's happy."

//////

The turnkey peered through the bars in the cell door.

"Hey," he said. "Dinner's ready."

There was no answer.

"Terwilleger?" he asked in the darkness.

There was still no answer.

"Are you mad or something? Anything I can do?"

He peered down the corridor, then looked closely at the cell. Quickly he opened the door.

There was a hole in the outside wall. A very large hole. A hole large enough for a regiment to crawl through. The steamplains glared greenly outside, stretching away to a barren horizon.

"OhmyGod," the turnkey said. "He's gone. Terwilleger is gone."
He ran down the corridor, his arms flapping wildly, "Guard!"

//////

"Gone? No! Ch, no, no, no, no!"

"Yes."

"No..."

"He's gone..."

"Where? Back to his own clique? That'll mean the end of us, Bruce."

"I know, Bill."

"What'll we do? It'll take us six years to reorganize, at least. We've got to find him, Bruce."

Felz sighed heavily. "I'm afraid we're dead, Bill."

//////

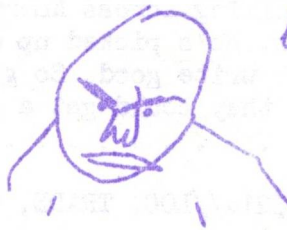
It was a year before both sides decided it was a hopeless case. There was no way of knowing what was what, or even who was who. The formal declaration didn't come until three years later, and by that time Guy Terwilleger was forgotten by nearly everyone.

//////

Terwilleger watched the Idaho moon. Everyone was happy. Twig was happy, too. He shrugged and started reciting the publication dates of the past 87 issues of TWIG; "#24, June 9th. #25, June 18th. #26, July 5th. #27, July 29th. #28, August 8th..."

He could have gone on for half the night, but supper was ready. And there were the stencils waiting for #88.

-- Rich Brown



It stands to reason,
if two men have
sex they should
give birth to a boy ---

reiss



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 :::::S O R T O F A::::
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 :::::F A N Z I N E::::
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 o :::::R E V I E W::::
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 :::::C O L U M N::::

:::::::::by Andy Porter::

LIGHTHOUSE 12, TERRY CARR, 41 PIERREPONT ST., BKLYN, NY, 11202//LOC, TRADE, CON*
 TRIB, SUB//25¢, 4¢\$1.00//MIMEO, 52 PP.

LIGHTHOUSE 12 is one of the top zines in FAPA, and also circulates some outside the group. Terry is a superb writer, and anything with his name on it is sure to be a winner. This issue contains a hilarious commentary by Redd Boggs on buying a bottle of corflu, some fine sadistic thoughts from Carol Carr, and the usual TCarr chatter, which this issue succeeds in total demolishing long-lost neofan Jeff Wanshel. Fine mimeography throughout, excellent illustrations, and well layed-out articles make this one issue not to be missed.(A)

JESUS BUG 13, ANDY MAIN, c/o TED WHITE, 339 49th ST., BKLYN 20, NY//FAPA & FRIENDS
 ONLY//MIMEO, 36 PP.

JESUS BUG 13 is, alas, the last of the series. Andy is discontinuing the title, altho his pubbing continues. This issue is generally not as well done as lastish, with a rather vague article by Avram Davidson, some parodying poetry by Les Gerber, and a letter from George Metzger which, though interesting enough, failed to really move me; probably the fact that I've never witnessed a revival meeting contributed to the lack of empathy with him. Well done tho; I would have enjoyed it more if I were totally bored, as Metzger seems to be (with the army, that is). The leading part of this issue is Andy's editorial, which traces his life as a publishing fan from 1960 to the current day. Totally fascinating; it really shows how he has developed since the early days of hitch-hiking across America to the current days of hitch-hiking across America. Somehow, he's picked up a wife and some other things along the way, like the ability to write good. So good, in fact, that every should wish they were his friend so that they could get a copy of this.(B)

TRUMPET 1, TOM REAMY, 6010 VICTOR, DALLAS, TEXAS, 75214//LOC, TRADE, CONTRIB,
 SUB//50¢, 5¢\$2.00//OFFSET, 40 PP.

TRUMPET 1 is from long gafiated Dallas Futurians member Tom Reamy, and marks his re-entry into fandom. This is a fair issue, well layed-out on slick paper, altho from the cover I'd say it was a homosexual slanted mag. But it isn't; it's aimed at the sf fan, and should go over pretty well with the people he sent it to, which was the mailing list of the N3F. The best parts are Tom's editorial, some Xmas cards drawn by hannes Bok, and the artwork. If the repro on this wasn't so fine, I'd say it were a typical neo-zine, first issue variety. Fandom has changed since Tom gafiated in 57 or 58, and what he thinks is a good issue isn't thot of as one anymore. Tom better get in the swing of things, or else all that fine offset will be wasted on poor material. Send him a LoC anyway.(D)

RANDOM FACTORS

Robin Wood
375 Day St.

San Francisco, Calif.

Well, glad you dug GRUT. Wonder if anyone else did? Anyhow, am kicking around a few ideas that may find their way to you some day now... Have I seen that cover someplace before? It looks similiar to something I've seen recently, at least, and I suspect that was on an Algol Cover. Still, do sort of dig it.

I thot the repro came out pretty well on the second sheets. Very clear, and no nasty Sho-Thru, sho nuff. Most of the rest came out pretty well, though there was noticeable show-thru. Especially on pages 41-42. I couldn't read Warner's letter. I don't say that because I was appaled by its content. I couldn't figure out what the content was. Really bad. So, grab yourself a double fistfull of yellow paper for the nextish. Looks good, and it sort of gives it that ANALOG touch. Now, if you could only knock off the first few pages on slick paper...

Man, I spent four years in the usaf. Four miserable, heartbreaking, mundane years. Not three. I spent a little over three years spark-chasing on airplanes, but counting school and basic and whatnot, it all adds up to four years.

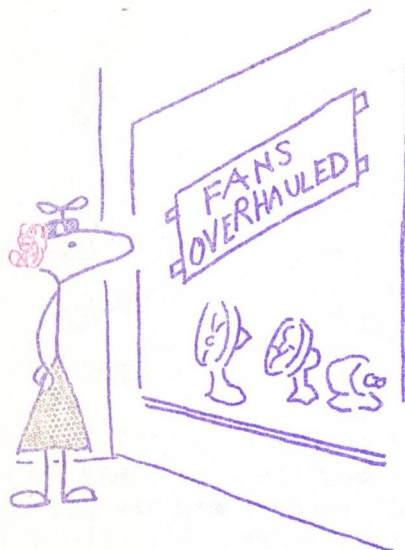
Hmmmm, rich brown goes on and on and on. rich, am I to understand that one of those bums who followed the druid into the hotel at the Solacon was Paul Terr-ell? You wouldn't be putting us on, would you? Somehow, those cats didn't look too fannish to me.

Good artwork throughout. And a con report from a much different view than my own. It's sort of a shock to look in on a con after being absent from the fannish scene for years. Especially when private cops are hiding behind every potted palm, spying on the potted fen.

Larry Janifer is a writer. He is a good writer. He writes plain. He writes on a level I can understand. He is not hung up on sym-bol-ic stuff. He did make one goof. He used along word. He used professional. I did dig it it. I will howl once in appreciation. Bow wow wow.

Yrs., robin

((The cover was done on the same night as the cover for Algol #7; when I did it, it wasn't so much as artwork but rather as an experiment in an idea. The former was an idea, the latter was attempting to cast this idea into a form, an actual picture (in this case, a city). I succeeded in what I was trying to do, but I doubt whether I'll ever do something like that again. If you do it when you've got it down to a method, you're a hack. That I don't want to be.



At the moment something has come up so that I don't know when this issue will be coming out. Certainly not by the middle of March as I thought. Maybe by the middle of April.

And maybe never...Hell.

I may be using more of that yellow paper soon, although it won't be for the front pages; more likely for the lettercolumn pages.

Paul Terrell only saw the "druid" going into the hotel, but didn't join fandom until several years later.-AP))

////

Banks Mebane

6901 Strathmore St.

Chevy Chase, Md., 20015

You ought to convert the secretary at NYU to using yellow paper. There

was considerable sho-thru on the white sheets, but the only page that was unreadable in my copy was, ironically, in Harry Warner's letter: the part in which he was beefing about the repro in the previous issue was perfectly clear, but illegibility set in shortly after he mentioned Walter Breen's name. This suited me fine, since I'm heartily sick of hearing about the Breendoggle.

Dick Lupoff has coined the perfect phrase for the Doc Savage stories: "superb terrible writing." The "caricaturization" tags each character clearly enough to follow him through the fast and furious action as if he were a piece in a board game, and the devil take the hindmost. The style bugs me, though: Robeson writes a strange cadenced prose that reads almost as if it should be intoned. He uses some very awkward grammatical inversions and many inapposite word choices to maintain the intonation. It's probably an unconscious mannerism -- he either dictated in a sing-song voice or sub-vocalized if he typed direct -- for surely no one would do it on purpose. I always thought that Lester Dent was the name behind the Robeson pseudonym, not Bruce Elliott as Lupoff says Larry Shaw said. I don't know whether or not only one man wrote all the Doc Savage stories: it might seem incredible for one man to do it all, but some of the pulp writers of the thirties were capable of such volume. If more than one writer was involved, this prose style might be a way of separating them -- although come to think of it, why would anybody in his right mind want to go to all that trouble?

Lupoff is (unintentionally) unfair to Cordwainer Smith, in criticising the abrupt ending of The Planet Buyer. That book is only half of the story Smith wrote; the whole thing is too long for one book. Some SF writers seem to be trending toward enormously long stories, as is this Smith work and Frank Herbert's Dune stories in Analog, which I understand are parts of a chopped-up long novel. Maybe changes in SF publication habits should be made to accommodate them -- after all, 800-1,000 pagers are relatively common in other fields of fiction.

Most of GRUT reads as if Robin Wood had originally written it for a composition class; if so, he probably got a passing mark, but literary exercises, however well executed, have little general interest. Pat Lupoff's con report was good, if you like con reports, and I do. rich brown's (that lower case is even

more annoying when you start a sentence with it) thing is a pastiche, not a parody, and I might have appreciated it more if I had read the Morley original. Larry Janifer managed to make something (I'm not exactly sure what) out of nothing at all; I'm not sure but I may have enjoyed that page more than anything else in the zine.

New York in '67? Well, Jack Chalker would kill me if I said yes, and he's closer to me than you are.

Sincerely, Banks Mebane

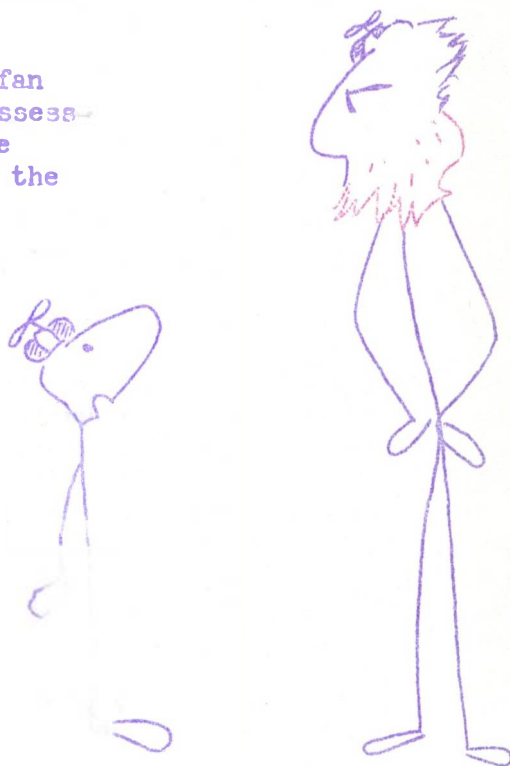
((The trouble with extremely long SF novels is more a problem of sales and distribution than anything else; with an extremely long novel, the company would be forced to devote lots of publicity to something that will reach only a relatively small audience (or they could sell it as mainstream, as they did with Fail-Safe) and then have to charge a stiff price to insure getting their original investment (printing, distributing, advertising costs) back, and maybe turning a profit. The book (Dune world) would probably be published in England, where they seem much more inclined to publish something that won't turn a profit quickly, as is the desire in the extremely competitive U.S. publishing world. Witness the publication of the Tolkien books, for example. It wouldn't have happened in the U.S./New York world of publishing.))

/////

Harry Warner, Jr. I liked this eighth Algal immensely. You have the right idea
423 Summit Avenue about practice helping a fan to put out good fanzines. Some
Hagerstown, Md., pros claim that fandom helped them to get training as writers
21740 and so influenced their later creation of prozine fiction.
But I think that my professional activities for the newspaper have helped me as a fanzine writer and publisher, not vice versa.

It is becoming increasingly apparent that a fan who is neither in the bloom of first youth nor possessed of extreme strength and courage should not take sides on the 1967 convention matter. So I'll take the safe way out and risk only the statement that I can't believe that even a worldcon 70 miles away would persuade me to spend three days in a hellhole like Baltimore, the one city that I detest with all my energy. I like the Baltimore fans and I don't want to say that they shouldn't have a worldcon there, but I feel already torn between irreconcilable impulses, if the worldcon should go to Baltimore that year.

Pat Lupoff's con report -- or perhaps it should be called a trip report -- was splendid. It is uncanny, the manner in which so many wives of fans suddenly begin to write so well after years of confining their fanaticism to the spoken word. Madeleine Wells was the classic example, of course. Strange, how many items in this report have special significance to me, even though I didn't go to the con and have never been in California. Pat's refusal



Are you Bill Donaho?"

to ride on a roller-coaster combined with a love of merry-go-rounds shows the basic difference between us: I got so violently sick on my first merry-go-round that I've never ventured aboard again, and it never occurred to me to even think about getting onto a roller-coaster.

Dick Lupoff packs a tremendous amount of information, personal reaction, and anecdote into these apparently brief reviews of books. Moreover, the reviews remind me for no particular reason of those by Buck Covelson, although there isn't much stylistic similarity. Maybe it's the fact that Buck also has the ability to get things said without waste of space.

Rich Brown has reason to be proud of Portrait of a Fan. Even if he did copy literally parts of the Morley prose, he wrote the new sections well enough for me to find it impossible to be sure where the new portions had been mortised in. I hope that this will start a new type of fan fiction, or at least will popularize a type that is quite rare: stories about fans that are not simply exaggerations of fannish traits beyond the point of credibility.

Those second sheets in this issue re-awoke old, troubled memories. You may not believe me, but it is the gospel truth that I used to use the things for mimeographing. As I recall it, mine were not as high quality as the stock you used in this issue, but were somewhat smoother and thinner. Strangely, there was not much showthrough but the ink was slow to dry, making it impossible to avoid lots of offset without slipsheeting, and I never did figure out a way to avoid a wrinkle that appeared at the bottom one-third of two out of every three sheets of paper fed into the mimeograph.



Please lock up Lee Hoffman somewhere, and force her to turn out some articles to go along with those welcome cartoons. There are the most gratifying symptoms of returned vim and vigor in Lee's FAPA incarnation, and I see no reason why she shouldn't benefit fandom in general with this new-refound reactivation.

I'm sorry that I didn't get to the Phillycon. Various things kept me home that weekend. Your report in Degler! was the first account of the event I've seen, incidentally, and it consoles me slightly to know that the fans I know were mostly not there; but I like Philadelphia and I believe that I would have found the events that you describe pleasant to watch and hear. One of your mailing comments in this Degler! implies me to think about the narrow escape that Hagerstown had during the Kennedy-naming jag on which the nation went late last year. The city officials were just about to rename a new throughway Kennedy Boulevard when the newspaper reminded them gently that there already was a Kennedy Street running parallel with this street, less than 1,000 feet away, and that confusion would occur for mailmen and taxi drivers for the rest of eternity. In the excitement, the city had forgotten that there already was a Kennedy Street! from a later letter:

That issue of Astounding that you read my letter in must have been 1936, both because of the fact that I was 13 years old in 1936 as you quote the letter

as specifying, and because that was the year in which I had my first LoC published. If that letter did nothing else, it gave me proof that I was eligible for First Fandom. Incidentally, as a result of that letter I did get a lot of correspondents, and after all these years I'm still in occasional touch with one of them. He is Jim Avery, with whom I collaborated on my first fanzine. Jim later collaborated with a non-fan on his first son, who is Redd Avery, who produced one issue of his own fanzine and has been represented by a few articles in fanzines in recent years.

Yrs., &c.,

Harry Warner, Jr.

((The second sheets I used are probably the same as the kind that you used; when they come in contact with ditto fluid the grain swells a lot and stays permanently raised. But at 80¢ a ream what can I loose? I did try to use them

for mimeographing, but found that they stuck to the drum of Mike McInerney's Rex Rotary, so I had to give it up. I had the same problems with the ink that you had, incidentally. Rich's PoaFan was originally intended for publication by Bruce Felz several years ago, but he never got around to publishing it. It was dredged out of his files and sent to rich, who considerably modified it, mainly because of increased writing experience. This issue, if you haven't looked yet, contains a reprint of Terwilleger: The Fan Machine which is also very much rewritten, making it almost new, in a sense.))

ATOM

Charles Wells
815 Demerius St., Apt. M-1
Durham, North Carolina, 27701

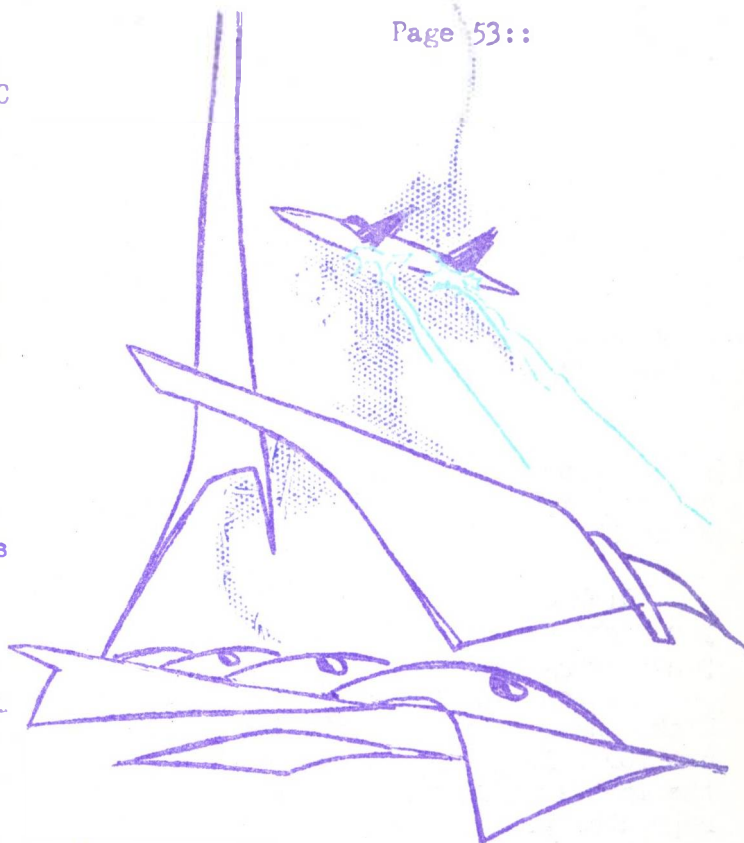
//////
Your Excellent Algol #8 is at hand and calls for a few comments. First, I like your name for it — it is an innocent sort of double-entendre, both of whose entendres, if I may so speak, are steffish.

The best dittoing is purple, true-to-Ghu dittoing. Do not use blue; it is hard-to-read heresy.

Isn't having the editor of Canaveral Press do your book reviewing for you some sort of nepotism or something? Who knows what ulterior things flinty-eyed old Dick Lupoff may do behind your editorial back? Why, he could issue baleful blasts that blow his benighted competitors halfway across the Bifrost; he could damn with faint praise, praise with faint damns, and feint with damp rays. You got to watch that flinty-eyed old Dick Lupoff.

After all, he folded Xero, didn't he?

That story br rich brown disappointed me; it was quite good as a story but



a lousy parody. Parodies should be funny. Perhaps it should have been called a pastiche rather than a parody. Anyway, I remember being quite impressed with the high quality of the writing and particularly by the fact that it was the first fanzine story I ever read by anyone other than Harry Warner that used biographical form with little or no dialogue and used it well. As a story, its only flaw was that it concentrated too much on Terrell's fannish side: a person is not completely defined by his doings in fandom. When I found out at the end that it was a parody, I was disappointed. It's a lousy parody.

Keep up the good work, and thanks for being the first fan-ed in a while to publish Hoffmanillos.

Chuck

((I used blue masters in the last issue because the place where I get them was out of purple, and their price is 4¢ cheaper per than anyother store I know of in NYC.

Dick didn't fold Xero. I did. Yes, I know what you must be thinking. But you might be interested to know that I published an authorized issue #11, two pages long, with Andy Reiss artwork and a poem by Larry Janifer. There were 50 numbered copies made, of which 25 went through apa F, 12 copies I gave to Dick, and I have the rest. Some year now I'm going to send one to Felz. But not for a long time. If you want a copy, price is 25¢, which makes it one of the most expensive zines ever published. Incidentally, the contents are being reprinted in this issue, with the subtitle "The Final Xero." And this will be the final, rest assured.

You are about the fifth person to class rich's story as a pastiche. That word appears to be making the rounds, ever since the ERB revival and all the ACE books that have come out capitalizing on it. Interesting.))

//////

Dan L. Adkins
Box 516
Radio City Sta.
New York, NY,
10019

Yes, it's true that I'm putting out a fanzine. I've been telling poor Steve Stiles that same story for three years, but this time it's a fact. I'll not go into details, except to say I'm returning as editor-publisher of SATA and bringing out a new zine called OUTLET. They'll be photo-offset.

Your comments on how to write a letter To Algol almost scares me away from commenting. Couldn't you have put that a little differently? A few nice comments on a postcard would get a fanzine from me for I realize fans are busy. No comment at all might not get anything. People have to work for a living, and if they're fanning they have to have time to write articles, or draw or something, not just write long letters for every fanzine they get. The Coulsons have been sending me Yandro regularly, and I hadn't answered in any way at all for a year, until last week, when I sent them 28 drawings for their kindness.

I seldom read more than half of a fanzine. When I was very active I received around fifteen a week, and if I'd have read them all, I'd never have gotten any artwork done. Besides, there's so much else to be read, and frankly better artwork to be seen than mine or other fannish stuff. There are things in fandom I like. There's ATom, George Barr, and some writers. But it's mostly just writing friends and being able to draw at ease that I enjoy.

I read your editorial completely but can't think of any comments except you write easy, the big words and English seem a lot better than I could do. I'm a poor speller and forget how to write proper English. But your general tone

gives me the impression you take all this business too seriously.

Dick Lupoff does the book reviews well; I like the ones in Analog only a little better. Rich Brown's thing was good. Now, good doesn't mean anything, really. Let me put my comment this way: ever listen to a record once and then played it again? I've read Portrait of A Fan three times, and when I'm done with this, I'll read it again.

As far as artwork, I liked pages 12, 22, 26, and 27. Your abstracts would be greatly improved with color. The cover for #8 wasn't bad, but the one for #7 is just a doodle. No central action or any balanced rhythm. The movement goes up, down, left and right. That's too much work for an eyeball to follow.

Don't let anything I've said bug you for I admire your guts for publishing a fanzine. It's neat and nicely put together. With good art and writing it can't help but get better. You don't have to tell me it takes a hell of a lot of work, I've been through that myself.

Best, Dan

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((I write easy, as you put it, because I've worked at it for many months since I started in fanzine fandom. I suppose it must be hard to learn, and easy to forget how to write well if you don't start at high-school or college. I know it's taken me over a year to learn how to use words freely. But I've really developed from writing a weekly fanzine for apa F; that weekly production will do wonders for anyone's style.

Evidently the reason you liked the artwork is because it was done by professionals; Stiles, Wilimczyk, and Thomson have all done professional work. And next issue will probably have Jack Gaughan in it; at least I've been promised artwork by him. I may even have some Dan Adkins in it; who knows?))

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And this, friends, has been Algol number nine; hope you enjoyed it. Incidentally, what I said earlier in the lettercolumn can now be explained: I was referring to my means of production, a ditto at NYU the use of which I have lost. However, I bought a reconditioned Heyer 70 yesterday (3/20/65) and, with my own ditto capable of handling an issue this size (with remarkably little show-thru, as I've happily discovered) I could be going strong. The machine I had before was a SAA sprint, lacking automatic feed and fluid control, which meant it was only good for short run zines, or at the best dittoing on second sheets (which don't usually have any problems with show-thru). But gosh, gang, just wait! (As Arnie Katz, BNF ((Bearded NeoFan)) says). Hmmm.

And a little later: I received a LoC from Dwain Kaiser, who complains that the lettercolumn is too short; the reason for this was, I suppose, because I only got about 10 letters. It's very odd, but the more neoish zine is, the more people write to it. This can be explained, I suppose, by the fact that the more neoish the writing, the more fen there are who want to pick holes in it. As ~~Harry~~ ~~Katz~~ said, there's not too much you can say about a good all-around fanzine. Um, yes. Substitute James Ashe for Harry Warner. Harry always finds plenty to say, God bless 'im. James Ashe just sends pieces of story. Won't he be surprised to discover I've printed it, with my own revisions? Maybe this time, I'll get a LoC from the man.

And here, thank Ghod, is the last page. There are a few corrections to be made. First of all, Terry Carr has moved, all the way across the street to 35 Pierrepont Street, so send your requests for copies of ENTROPY there, not to the former adress. Secondly, the information about the Lunacon/Eastercon is inaccurate, but that doesn't matter; seeing as how this will be out only a week before the convention, and in that space I don't think too much harm will result from the innaccuracies expressed.

I'm sorry I couldn't get Bjo or Rotsler for this issue; maybe nexttime (if there is a nexttime; I don't know). And I will be getting Harness, who I must shamefacedly admit is better than I thot he was; he'll be getting a copy of this issue, and will hopefully reply Soon After, much to my joy. And we'll also have more Ross Chamberlain, who has turned out to be a fine Artist (Hi, Ross!) who works equally well for fancish or mundane artwork. Ross, incidentally, has inherited the ditto I bought over this past summer, and which produced part of Algol #7 and several dozen apa F zines. A Tradition has been started (?).

The Heyer has turned out to be a fine machine which I am rapidly mastering, and which fandom will see more of. My thanx to Andy Main for suggesting a solution to one of my problems with it. Incidentally, I Coofed, and ran off an extra page 28 on the back of 29. As a result, 30 will be on the back of the white page that follows the incorrect page 28. So you aren't cheated out of anything, my friends. I have also been able to get really long duppings; I ran off 300 copies of an illo for Steve Stiles' Fanart Portfolio (to be distributed at the LunaCon) and think that I can still get more than 100 more copies from that one master alone. Which is very good, for ditto.

It was a pleasure meeting Chuck Wells while he was here in NY looking for a job; I hope he decides to move here, come next august. And I'll be sorry to loose (or is it lose?) Andy and Barbara Main, who have decided to head back to the Coast, rather than try for a go of it in the comparatively poor weather conditions that prevail on the East Coast.

This is being closed now, April 10th; hope you enjoy this issue. I've tried to make it everything that I've always wanted: good contents, artwork, layout, and reproduction, as well as a definite personality. How is it, Lupoff? Think your 1 lecture did any good?

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ALGOL • NO. 9

