

ALGOL-10

ALGOL-10

.....
Incorporating XERO
.....

Beatle-Juice: editorial	Andy Porter	5
En Garde!: column	Ted White	11
The Drawing	Roger Zelazny	14
Lupoff's Book Week: books	Dick Lupoff	17
Beaten To A Pulp	Bill Blackbeard	25
Milton Mesmer		
At Bloody Gulch: column	Lee Hoffman	29
The Golden Halls Of Mirth	rich brown & Paul Stanbery	35
New York in '67	The Fanoclasts	44
The Look Of A Book	Frank Wilimczyk	45
Snell: fanzines	Andy Silverberg	48
Random Factors: lettercol	The Readers	49
Final Thoughts	Andy Porter	58

Cover: Jack Gaughan

Bacover: Jack Gaughan

Ross Chamberlain	3, 13, 14-15, 35
Alex Eisenstein	27
Dan Adkins	44
Lee Hoffman	5, 11, 19, 20, 32, 33
Fred Phillips	52, 57
Andy Porter	28, 53
William Rotsler	7, 47
Steve Stiles	4
Arthur Thomson	8, 43, 60
Andy Porter/Arthur Thomson	34

rich brown/reprint editor

Andy Silverberg/layout editor

.....
Algol is published on an irregular schedule by Andy Porter at 24 east 82nd street
New York, NY, 10028. It is available for contribution of article, faan fiction or
fact, artwork, or letter of comment. It is also available for 30¢, 35¢ by mail, &
by subscription at 3/\$1. It is also available through trade with other fanzines.
.....

This, the September 1965 issue, is Doom Publication #132, a product of New York
Fandom. Tricon in '66, New York in '67, and Los Angeles in '68!!!
.....



Several years ago there came out of New York a fanzine named Xero. Put out by Pat and Dick Lupoff, it rose to the top of the fannish realm and finally won the Hugo in 1963.

Six months after the last issue of Xero, there was born, here in New York, a very inconspicuous fanzine named Algol, published by a teenage neo by the name of Andy Silverberg. After six well duplicated issues filled with crud I discovered, and was in turn discovered by, New York Fandom, specifically the Fanoclasts. Since that day, little more than 14 months ago, there've been some changes made.

Not more than 5 feet from me at this moment is the 52nd mailing of apa F, representing a year that a joke has been reality. Apa F has been very good to me; it's taught me how to write, how to put words down on paper so that they come out meaning something more than in a gradeschool exercise in handwriting. There've also been many ideas, stories, and articles that have been born in apa F, and that have developed on paper and, most specifically, in copies of Algol. Hindsight now convinces me that without our Very Own A.P.A., I would never have developed

BEATLE - JUICE

::sorta
an
editorial::



LeeH

as a fannish writer, nor for that matter as any other type of writer. You'll have noticed, if you have bothered to look, that the contents as well as the reproduction have improved with each issue of Algol. The strain of keeping up with a weekly apa has been the cause of this, and it has also enabled me to learn the ancient and honorable fannish tradition of learning how to fill up space with entertaining and totally irrelevant fannish chatter, and all types of goodies like that.

The contents of this issue are based to a large extent on apa F, as was the last issue. Both Ted White's and Lee Hoffman's column are from apa F, and although Lee will have nothing in future issues other than artwork, Ted has promised an original column beginning with the next issue. Ted's column has originally appeared in malAise, Dave Van Arnham's zine for apa F and apa L. Lee's work was originally in LZ'129, a zine that ran for three mailings of apa F. I think both deserve a larger audience than they received on first publication, one rea-

son being that they are both simply darn good writing. Ted hasn't written anything for the genzine field in quite a while, and here he is putting several thousand words a week into apa L; some of it rightfully deserved saving. I'm quite sure that many of the people receiving this issue will have already read a great deal of the contents in either apa F or apa L, but they have lost the essence of his writing in the vast outpouring of words that we have all become engrossed in. Tom Gilbert Have already issued a Best From apa L, containing somewhere around 100 pages of topflight fiction, articles, commentary, and art, all produced within the period of several months at most.

Lee Hoffman is almost a legend with general fandom. (Who is general fandom? Well, the last time you were around he was a chicken colonel.) Long a member of FAPA, Lee has been putting here minac in each year as the constitution requires. Self-Preservation has always been a fine zine, but there's never enough of it. I suppose I can grab the credit for getting Lee active again; I learned that she lived in NY, so I invited her to several Fanoclasts meetings, and she's been coming ever since, and has in fact brought two other fine people into the group. She soon was publishing for apa F, but, over the years Lee has become extremely wise, Fannishly Speaking, and she shortly broke herself of the weekly habit, before it got a stranglehold on her fanac. I've asked for, and received, permission to reprint what she wrote. You'll find it further on in this issue.

Roger Zelazny's story, as you are probably aware, would not be in this issue but for two factors; the first is that Roger was probably sober when he wrote it, and the second is that he probably couldn't sell it anywhere. After the Disclave I managed to get a contribution from him, and he obliged me with this fine story, for which our resident artist has worked many hours at illustrating.

This brings me to another point of this zine that I'm changing. Up to now, there have been illustrations used mostly as fillos; from this point on I'm going to have full page illustrations scattered throughout each issue as a relief from semi-solid pages of text. Regrettably, I didn't do this in The Golden Halls of Mirth, this issue's dredgings, but only because I wanted to keep that story as short as it was possible to do so. The purpose of the artwork will be to combine with added effective use of layout to make a better package as a whole. For too long has the dittoed zine been a showcase for art with little or mediocre use of material. Any dittoed zine that has attempted to go somewhere has done so with art, not material, and I have no intention of this happening with Algol. When a fanzine of this former type loses its artwork and layout, it either becomes a poor ghost of itself or folds entirely.

There have been changes in Algol; changes to provide 100 more words per page in the sixth issue; an attempt to raise the quality of the material in the seventh issue; the change of duplicators after the sixth, during the seventh, at the beginning of the eighth and ninth issues. The only change this issue will be (hopefully) in reproduction. I've finally fully mastered (sic) my dupper, and the quality of reproduction will be raised accordingly. However, this is the biggest issue yet, well over 60 pages, so I don't know how things will come out in the end.

Dick Lupoff continues with his book reviews from apa F. At this date (23 August 65) Dick has finished his book, it has been at the printers for several weeks, and it will presumably be ready for distribution shortly after this issue hits the mails.

I also want to mention at this point that the official host of the Fanoclasts, Ted White, has a double barrell of surprizes coming up. He has a book, Android Avenger currently on the stands, as well as Phoenix Prime coming up from Lancer, and several books at his agents. We're starting to think of Ted as the Phillip K. Dick of New York, he has so much in thw works.

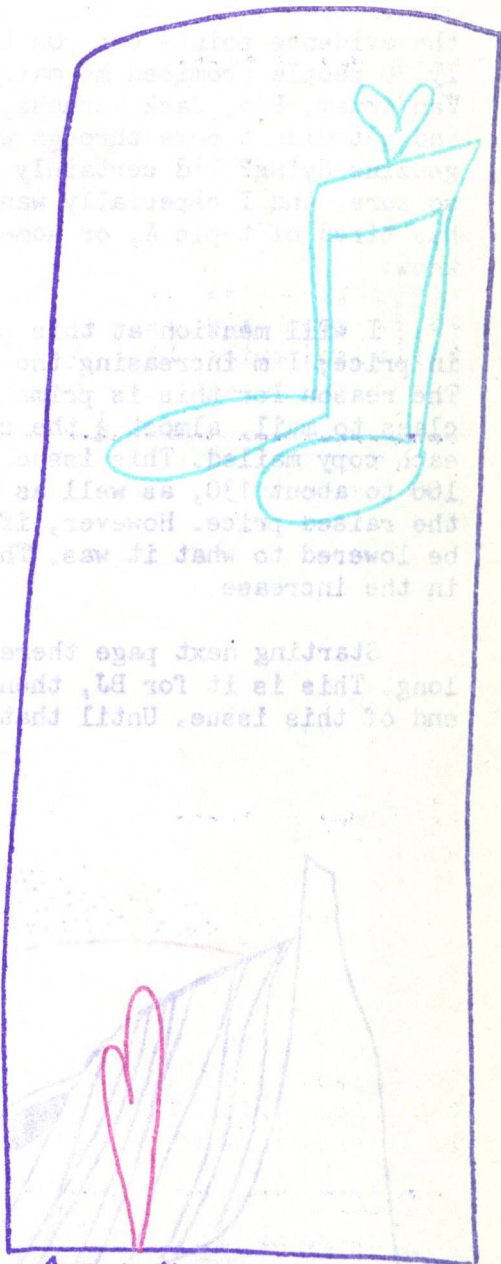
To top it off, we were all very pleasantly surprized at the last FISTFA meeting to hear that Ted is now engaged to Robin Postal, daughter of 2 New York fans, and that a wedding is planned sometime nearthe end of the year. A vast fannish peace seems to be descending over New York, and this ~~politic~~/marriage seems to clinch it -- the daughter of the president of ESFA marrying the head of the Fanoclasts.

At this rate I may be marrying Dian Pelz before the end of the year.

Anyway, Ted has also sold, with Dave Van Arnam, a novel, When In Rome, to Pyramid books. It should be published sometime this winter. Ted also has a western, Probe Into Yesterday looking for a home; it's cowritten by Lee Hoffman. And my own short story, co-written with...

=====
Unfortunately, I seem to have lost Robin Wood. Can anyone help me find him? The last adress I have for him in San Francisco isn't any good any more, judging by the Post Office. So If anyone does come across Robin Hood Wood, steer him my way; I've got a request for a column waiting for him.
=====

Lest you think I'm rolling in material, it ain't the case, buddy. I badly need articles of longer than four pages, a size I seem to have been stuck with lately. In fact, I need articles period. I take five months between issues mainly because that's how long it takes me to get the materials for another issue together; fiction is usually taken care of by some or another NYFan, but article writers are few and far between. Artwork from such as Bjo, Rotsler, and Harness is always appreciated. Faan fiction is also enjoyed, such as the stuff that Ted Johnstone loves to turn out. If I don't get enough material by next December, I'll have to reduce the size of the zine to a piffling 50 or so pages, or some other small number. And if you'll turn the page, you'll find all sorts of things I want to say.



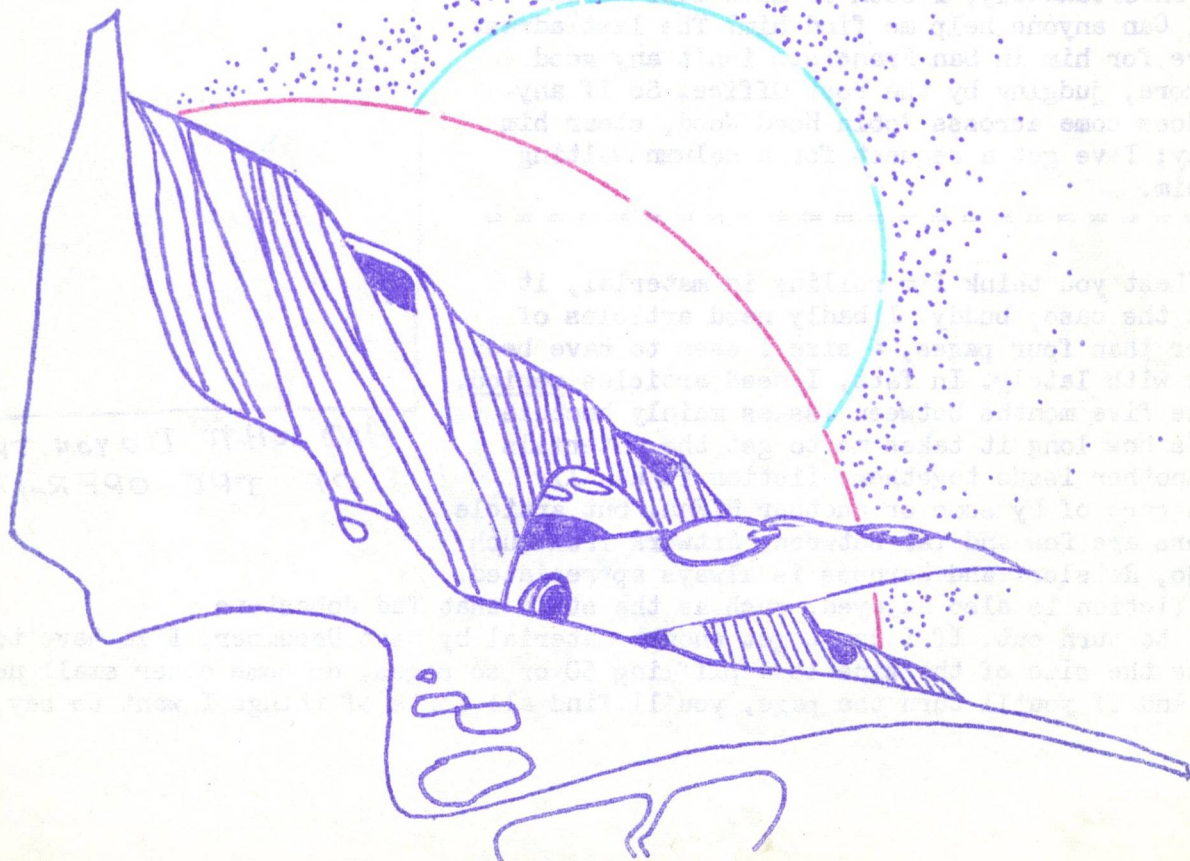
AND WHAT DO YOU THINK
OF THE OPERA?

WR, '60

Well, this part of BJ is being first drafted directly onto master. There are several things I wanted to say, among them "Talk about death of genzine as a general circulation type of fannish communication, and ask the readers to prove me wrong, by responding to this issue, as they have to no other." That, I suppose, will have to wait for another issue and another BJ. Seriously, I'm continually amazed by the lack of response I seem to get. There's just no one out there, all the evidence points out. On the last issue I got 8 letters of comment. And nearly 20 people promised me material or at least a Letter of Comment (right, Dave Van Arnham, Bjo, Jack Harness, Len Bailes, Arnie Katz, bhub Stewart, etc., etc?) and yet didn't come through with either. Howcum? What is this, anyway? Is the genzine dying? I'd certainly like to think that Algol refutes that, but I'm not so sure. And I especially wanted comment on the editorial, but I suppose fandom has tired of topic A, or something. Perhaps that, tho, is a Good Thing. I don't know.

I will mention at this point that this issue will see a temporary increase in price; I'm increasing the cost from 25¢ to 30¢, and by mail from 25¢ to 35¢. The reason for this is primarily one of postage; last issue cost me 12 cents 3rd class to mail, almost $\frac{1}{2}$ the cost of each copy. At that rate I lost about 10¢ on each copy mailed. This issue sees an increase in number of copies run off, from 100 to about 130, as well as the aforementioned increase in pages. And so the raised price. However, if next issue gets down under 55 pages, the price will be lowered to what it was. There is no desire to try to break even on a fanzine in the increase.

Starting next page there'll be a MidWesCon Report, hopefully just 2 pages long. This is it for BJ, then; I guess I'll be seeing you in Last Thots, at the end of this issue. Until that far-off page, then, it's goodbye -- and good reading.



The MidWesCon was a fun affair for me. It began Thursday night when I got to sleep at the unbelievable hour of 11 PM, the first time I had done so since I gave up on milk and cookies. I awoke, just barely rested, at 4:45 AM Friday, and took a deserted subway out to Brooklyn, getting to Ted White's house at 6:50 AM.

MIDWESCON REPORT

...Andy
Porter...

When I got there, I sat around on the doorstep waiting for someone to wake up and open the door. When Ted himself finally got up, I gaily clumped in and set my suitcase on the floor with a loud thump. Ted dressed, then wandered into the living room, where he put on a good loud, thumping jazz record, effectively waking up Dave Van Arba, rich brown, Mike McInerney, and Arnie Katz, all of whom had been staying there for the night. At this point Arnie got up, and with all the rest of them wandering around still half-asleep, it looked like the wildest orgy that Jack Speer could have thot up.

After one fully awake look around, I cut the scene and went in search of a carton of milk to soothe my mothball-filled mouth. When I got back, we were about ready to roll. And so, putting assorted books, suitcases, typewriters, stencils, fanzines, and bedding into the car, we were off at the unfannish hour of 7:30 AM.

The trip out was long and dull, and almost uneventfull, except for one harrowing incident on the Pennsylvania Turnpike. Topping a hill at 60+ mph, we came on the scene of a sudden accident, with 5 cars strewn in various positions on the road. There was a space of only five or so feet between a car slung sideways and the center rail, and Ted (who must be a good driver, otherwise I wouldn't be here now) managed to get us through this thin slot, traveling at about 30 mph. At the first gas station we stopped and reported the mess, which we managed to avoid, but not by much. Ted was literally shaking for a good half hour; I don't blame him, either. Interesting signs seen en route: Gandolf Ford, in Columbus, and Esper's Grocery, selling DuQuesne beer in Zanesville.

We finally reached the Holiday Inn at Midnight or so, and I was fortunate enuf to get a room a scarce 20 feet from the Con Suite. So, barging through Bill Malardi, Lou Tabacow, and a bunch of Rochester Heaps, I got refreshed and then, armed with a bunch of NY in '67! (plug) pamphlets, I plunged into the thick of fandom.

Fun and games Friday night lasted until 3 or 4 AM, and I was sufficiently experienced with cons not to dead-end it the first night. I met lots of interesting people, too. The entire Cincinnati group, lots of Midwestern Fandom, a large contingent from New York, a few from Baltimore and Rochester, Dave Kyle and Jay Klein from Syracuse. I had a very interesting conversation with Ben Jason about the problems of Tricon as opposed to NYCon, and found that they were very dissimilar. Among others, the major reasons are that Tricon isn't composed of fanzine fans, and thus has problems of a graphic nature, and also that the members of the committee are strung out throughout the state, and thus communication between committeemen is slower than in New York Fandom, where we see each other

sometimes more often than every week, and we're also within easy phone communication with each other.

Meanwhile, Ted had plunked down in the inner room of the con suite, and sat there the entire evening, talking with all sorts of people, including the Fabulous Bob *TUCKER*. He told us later that he had almost ruined his vocal chords that evening, but fear not! He was back in fine form the next day.

I awoke at 10 the next morning, ready to meet Tucker and go to breakfast with him. However, Arnie Katz wandered into the room lugging a huge boxfull of fanzines and remarking that Tucker had turned Huckster. When I washed and got down to his room, it turned out that Bob had gotten up after 4 hours of sleep and had breakfast at 8:30 AM! Which foiled our Breakfast With Tucker Club.

Tucker was selling a huge collection of zines at ridiculous prices; I got an almost complete run of Fanac and Axs for 75¢ and 50¢ respectively, as well as Bob Leman's first half dozen zines for 15¢! Arnie bought 16 FAPA mailings for 50¢ apiece...When Dave Van Arnam wanderin, he uttered a great cry of dismay and buried himself in what was left — I understand he bought \$8 worth of stuff.

The afternoon was spent in poolside conviviality, rather like what the Dis-Clave should have been like. I tried to work up the nerve to plunge into the pool with all my clothes on, but never did get my trufannish spirit up, alas.

+ + + + +

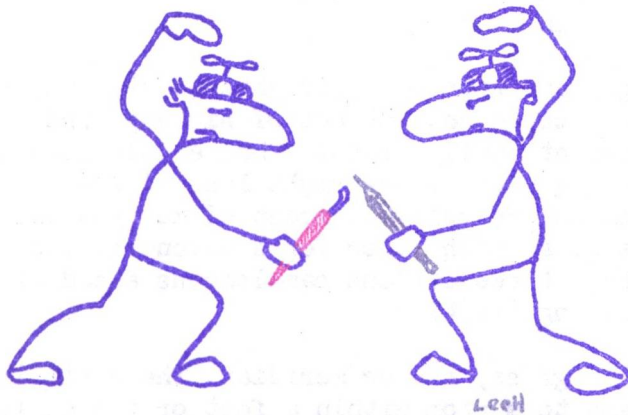
Saturday evening there was a program of sorts, with a panel I don't remember too much about, and several films, including Automania—2000, and the Wolper film on Bradbury for Biography. When Jay Kay Klein got up to fill a space in the program with "I know a good joke" Arnie Katz Loudly replied, "Yeah -- Syracuse in '66!" Which was much laughed at (the MidWescon was heavily pro-Tricon).

After the program was over, several people went out to open up their hoarded liquour, and the parties were going strong by 9 PM. By a chance of reservations, Ted and Dave Van Arnam had a two room suite that interconnected with the con suite, making a Jiant con suite that was soon filled with people. The Cincinnati group must be commended for being such good hosts; other than hard liquour and bheer they supplied much mixers and even sandwiches!

I had a very interesting talk with Mike Domina about the difficulties of getting ditto supplies in the Midwest, and he told me tales of woe strong enuf to deter the strongest fan, which is the reason that Introspection, Mike's dittoed zine has been inactive lately. But Mike promised to have another issue ready fairly soon, an issue I'm looking forward to, judging from the back issues that I picked up from the Coulsons. I also remet many fine fannish people such as Duncan McFarland, and met Bill Malardi and lotsa others for the first time. The parties were, in short, a blast.

Well, the conversations lasted until the early hours of the morning, and at last, long after Ted and Dave had gone to sleep, a group of us went over to the pool and dead ended it. I got to sleep as the sun was coming up, at 5:30AM. The trip back to New York I won't go in to; it was totally rediculous and grueling, and I finally got to the office without any sleep for the last 36 hours, and fell asleep half a dozen times that day. I slept 14 hours Monday night, and earnestly made a pledge to myself; Never Again, I swear to myself, never again w will I torture myself. At least not until the next convention. — AP, 1965

EN GARDE!



"I'll kill you, you son-uvabitch!" the man snarled. He had one fist knotted in my shirt; with the other he cuffed me, twice. "I'll goddamn right kill you," he said again. He reached for his pocket and pulled out a knife.

It was Memorial Day, Monday the 31st of May, 1965. And it was happening to me, in broad daylight, on the Jersey Turnpike.

For most of its length, the turnpike is three lanes wide in each direction. I was driving down just such a stretch, between Exit Six (The Pennsy Turnpike) & Exit Five (Philadelphia). I was in the far left lane, having passed my umptyumph cluster of cars. It was Memorial Day, and the turnpikes and expressways were jammed. I was slightly amazed when the open stretch suddenly developed, and for a brief while I had the whole road to myself.

But not for long. In my mirror I saw a black Cadillac perhaps a quarter of a mile behind me, in the middle lane. It was overtaking me. I was driving a registered 65, despite the posted limit of 60. My speedometer reads about ten miles an hour slow at this speed; I was probably holding to about 75.

I glanced back again. The black caddy was a lott closer now, and then suddenly it swerved into my lane, only a few car lengths behind me. It was not slowing down.

a
column
by

TED WHITE

I would probably have automatically swung into the middle lane, but it annoyed me that someone who could easily pass me in his own lane would decide to force me out of my lane instead. And ahead, I saw another cluster of cars. Within two minutes, I would have no choice anyway; only my lane was open.

The car behind me rode up within a few feet of me, gailgating me. I could hear a faint beeping of his horn. I could make out two people sitting in the front seat, and the driver was making a wide sweeping motion with his arm, waving me to get out of his way.

Keeping my foot on the accelerator, I touched my left foot lightly to my brakes, just enough to light the brake lights. The car behind me dipped its nose only momentarily. Then it was up on me again.

By this point I was thoroughly angry and thoroughly frightened. It was obvious I had a maniac behind me. But now I could not get out of his way, and I feared to slow down. He might ram me, intentionally or not. Then a hole opened up in the middle lane, a car there dropping over to the right lane. I started to swerve, saw the Caddy dart out behind me. He pulled abreast of me, and his window slid down. We both shouted obscenities at each other for a second or two, and then he spurted ahead. When he was perhaps three or less car-lengths ahead of me he swung half into my lane and began braking, fast.

He ran me off the pavement, into the grassy center meridian. The strip is divided by a heavy guard rail, and I came to a stop within a foot or two of it, the black Caddy fishtailing in beside me, its rear still half in the traffic lane. There was only enough space between the cars for a door to be opened.

Before I realized what he was doing, the driver of the car had jumped from his seat, and yanked open the door of my car. At this point I was still in the frame of mind to cuss him out, but then I took a good look at him.

He was tall —perhaps six foot two— with dark wavy hair, and a dark goatee; no mustache. He was expensively dressed in a dark summer suit. He looked Italian, or Jewish —darkly handsome. His expression was ugly, and before I had any idea what he was up to, he'd grabbed my shirt and made his threat.

He was almost incoherent with rage. "Wassamatta, don't you know the goddamned law?" he screamed. "In Jersey you pass on the left, see?" He shook his fist at me —"and when somebody wants to pass you, you goddamn move over, see?"

"There's also a law about speed-limits," I said. "I was going well over the limit —how about you?"

He cuffed me across the mouth, open-handed. "You shut up, see?" he shouted. "You just shut your goddamned, fuckin' mouth!"

The other occupant of the car was a woman. I never had a good view of her, but her hair was a bleached dirty blonde, which fanned out over her shoulders. I'd guess her to be in her middle or late thirties —five or ten years older than the man —and her face had the coarseness of too much use. Throughout this rather one-sided exchange, she shook her head at the man and made imploring gestures at him. He never paid her any attention.

After delivering himself of most of his anger, the man backed out of my car,

and slammed the door, hard. "Go on --pull on out," he said, jerking his thumb at the road.

I had visions of him running me down again, and decided I'd stay behind for a few moments. I shook my head. "Get you own car out," I said. "You're still on the road." While he'd been threatening me, cars had been braking to skidding halts and then swerving around the outthrust tail of the big Caddy.

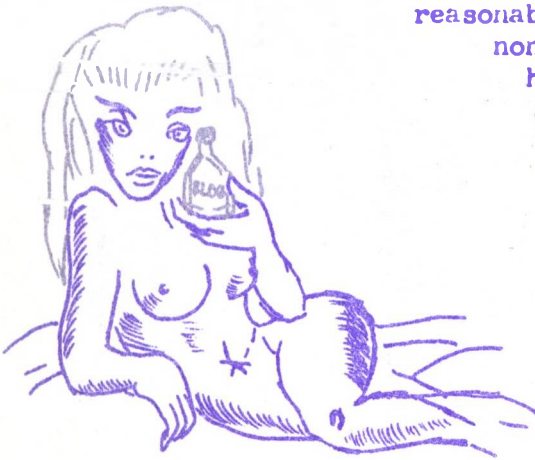
He started for me again, and this time I had the sense enough to slam the lock down on my door and run the window up. He tried the second door, but it was already locked. While he was coming around to my side, I locked that door and pulled in the wind ring. "You pull your car on out of here," he said, stooping, "or I'll break your window, you sonuvabitch!" When he came up he had a small stone in his hand. He rapped against the window with it once.

Shrugging, I slammed my foot down on the accelerator, and my car shot out into the road. Since the Caddy was blocking the lane, I didn't have to worry about the traffic, for a while. I watched the mirror, but was soon over a rise.

That was the last I saw of the black Caddy and its driver.

Afterwards I thought of many things I could've --perhaps should've done. I could've pulled out while he was half in my car, and dragged him. I could've slammed him into his own car--maybe even creased it with my bumper. And when he held the rock, I could've swerved to the left and pinned him against the guard rail.

There were a lot of things I could've done, equalling if not excelling in violence the man's actions. I think it's to my credit as a reasonably civilized person that I thought of doing none of them at the time. It also came to me why he insisted on my departing first -- he did not want me to see or copy down his license plate number. Under the circumstances, I think that even if I'd thought of it, any of the things I'd contemplated afterwards might well have sparked the man into a truly dangerous act of revenge -- he might indeed have taken after me again and rammed me or tried to smash me up. His threats to kill me were largely empty ones -- a catharsis for his anger -- but his temper was entirely too explosive to trust his judgement or sense of proportion. I was well rid of him.



ROSS

I contemplated a complaint at my exit (Exit One--Delaware Bridge) -- but even though I loitered along at fifty and less, I never saw him again, and I finally decided that his companion had talked him into leaving the turnpike immediately. Besides, my description of the car was too scanty -- I didn't even note its year. It galled me to think that in the end I'd done nothing at all, really. I wanted some kind of revenge, and I'd had none. But that's life. If I make a story out of it, it'll come out differently. And I owe it to myself to at least extract some monetary satisfaction from the experience.





There were ghosts all around me, and I knew somehow that the stranger at my side was the Wandering Jew.

Neither of us spoke. We watched the ceremony.

The speeches were made, and despite the quiet sobriety of the speakers, the occasion filled me with unease.

My time had come, as it had for the big engines.

Memories drummed in my mind, and thunder grumbled in the gray sky and some of the drops on my cheeks were rain.

The railroad spike was designed in 1831 by Robert L. Stevens, of the Camden and Amboy Railroad.

The crowd was small, mostly ex-railroad men like myself; and there were invisible satellites circling the Earth, high above our little storm.

ROGER—ZELAZNY—

The last speaker was beginning the last speech. The symbolic hydraulic plier was made ready. The ground was hard-packed and sandy. The air was cool. There were ghosts all around me.

All my life I worked in the big car-barns, where the wheels rattle and are still, where the smell is grease and steel, wet wood and manure, rotten vegetables and coal dust, where the accidents are always bad ones.

I knew them at midnight and early morning. I knew them in snow and the blaze of summer. I knew the last of the hoboes, and I knew all their songs. I used to hear underground gossip from all over the wide country.

Men had gone from the wheel to the rocket, from the freight car to the pneumatic tube, the ground-effect machine, the pipeline, the beltway.

You must have stopped at some time or other in your life, somewhere, by the round sign with the "X" in the middle and the blinking red light above. There was a bar across your path and a parade of names went by: Burlington, NYC, C&O, Illinois Central, Western Maryland, Great Northern, Lackawanna (Route of Phobbe Snow), Pennsylvania, Chief, Grand Canyon Lines, ATSF, Missouri Pacific (Route of the Eagles), Gulf Mobile and Ohio, Pacific Fruit Express, N & W, Nickel Plate, Monongahela, B & O, Lehigh Valley, Pittsburgh & Lake Erie, and all the others. There were boxcars, flatcars, oil cars, cattle cars, Pullman cars, freezer cars, the big engine, the little caboose.

We stood and watched and listened, and didn't listen. It rained harder.

They moved down onto the track and I turned to the man at my side.

"Was it like this the last time you were here?" I asked him.

"No," he replied, watching. "There was revelry."

"What can this mean to you? The shifting of a sand or two? The batting of an eye?"

He shook his head.

"The passing of a mode of transportation. The end of an order. A reminder that almost everything comes to this."

"Rather masochistic, aren't you?"

It could have been the lightening reflected in his eyes that made them seem to flash so.

"Or proud," he replied, and was taller somehow.

I shrank back.

"I'm not," I said. "I'm not much of anything anymore."

"I know," he said, "for I know the lonely, and I pity them."

The machine was started. It lowered itself for its single, big bite.

"It was on May 10th, 1869 that the Central Pacific and the Union Pacific Railroads were joined here," he said.

"I know."

It struck metal, bit, raised itself.

It came up slowly, resistingly.

The man from the Smithsonian accepted the recently-planted, shining symbol it had just drawn from the ground. The local lightening of flashbulbs competed with that in the heavens.

The man at my side had winced as the spike was drawn from the cross-tie.

He touched his forehead, turned away.

"Are you leaving already?"

"Yes, I've seen what I came to see."

"Good traveling, then."

"The same to you."

He walked away and I stood there in the rain. The iron horse now thundered along the tracks of history. It had been my work all my life, and vice-versa.

Now I was alone, and I realized suddenly that I had loved those ugly, smoke-belching brutes with their raucous whistles and traditions. The drawing of the golden spike was completed, the crowd began to disperse, to move past me and away.

There were ghosts all around me.

LUPOFF'S

BOOK—WEEK

COSMIC ENGINEERS by Clifford Simak, Astounding 1939, Shasta 1950
Paperback Library 1964; 159 pages.

I came upon Clifford Simak with his first Galaxy serial, "Time Quarry" (booked as "Time And Again"), which struck me as a very fine example of the up-close realistic sf novel; in the years since then I've read a fair amount of Simak's works, feeling generally that he was a good writer but one on whom I'd just about reached saturation point. Now, this book introduces a new (or rather, old) Simak to me: a rip-roaring space operator who can stand up to Williamson, Hamilton Doc Smith or any other practitioner of the world-wrecker's craft.

In fact, I think that Simak may hold the mark for Wrecking. Dig this: he does not merely menace a planet, or a solar system, or a galaxy, or a universe...but two complete universes! In addition to the threat of bi-universal destruction, throw in the themes of interplanetary warfare, suspended animation, instantaneous matter transmission, alien intelligences including disembodied group intelligence, time travel, probability worlds, assorted BEMs and super weapons, intelligent robots, ancient interstellar civilizations, the Last Man on Earth, and probably a few others I've forgotten...all told from the how-hoary-can-you-get viewpoint of an interplanetary reporter-photographer team who continually bitch about being underpaid and who love to drink up a storm.... Hoo Boy!!!

This is not a book, it is a ritual dance, and Simak proves himself to be a consummate dancer. As for whether or not COSMIC ENGINEERS is Recommended Reading, I can only suggest that it is a highly specialized art form, marvelously performed, but far from everyone's choice as a form. Personally, I found that the book provided more laughter than thrills, but I loved it every minute.

DICK—LUPOFF

NOVA EXPRESS by WILLIAM S. Burroughs, Grove Press 1964, 187 pages.

...intelligence, bitter criticism against the violence of contemporary... and hilarious graveyard-humorous interludes.

Maybe, because I certainly do not claim total perception. Nor am I at all "in" on the current literary movement of which Burroughs is the darling.

I have not even read Junkie or Naked Lunch.

So okay, so Nova Express is utter tripe. Inasmuch as it has content in the conventional sense, it seems to be about a plot to sell out the planet Earth to some sort of extraterrestrial gangsters, with humanity eventually being wiped out and the world being turned over for the use of the aliens.

Meanwhile, a sort of interplanetary or interstellar police force is working to thwart the plot and bring the dastards to the bar of justice.

The narrative technique is a series of bewildering semi-coherent flashes rather than conventional action and dialog. There is an attempt to shock by sprinkling the text with such naughty words as — get ready to gasp — "shit." There is also a small section of homosexual porny at the end of the book; a prize, perhaps, for any reader faithful enough to stick it that long.

Maybe there is a whole lot here that I am simply missing, but my considered opinion of the book is still: utter tripe.

THE RADIO PLANET by Ralph Milne Farley, Ace, 1965 (All-Story Weekly serialization, 1926).

This, the last of the Radio Man series, is the best, largely thanks to a sequence much anticipatory of Heinlein's The Puppet Masters. Farley left a large and carefully planted sequel hook in this story, Myles Cabot's intelligent anti-friend Doggo and a beautiful princess being left under "puppet-master" control on a continent or island controlled entirely by puppet-master-ridden creatures of all descriptions. But apparently he never wrote the sequel.

A pity...just when Farley was starting to show some inventiveness, and the series was actually getting good. Here is fertile soil for the would-be series-taker-over!

THE WIZARD OF LETHURIA by Lin Carter, Ace, 1965.

Lin's first published novel is yet another entry in the Burroughs revival sweepstakes, with a touch or three of Howard and just a smattering of Horrid Philpots Ludgecramp snuck in too. Buck Coulson has put Lin's Remarkable invention of perpetual motion on display, and the whole book has a tongue-in-cheek quality to it. Not really good, I'm afraid, but this is far from the worst book that has ever seen print, and for anyone interested in the sword-and-sorcery revival, an interesting item.

THE FLYING LEGION by George Allan England, McClurg 1920, 394 pages.

Although "Darkness And Dawn" is a much better known work, TFL is England's best book, or at least is the best of those GAE books I have been able to obtain. It is the ultimate novel of high adventure, bordering on both science fiction and fantasy, but actually growing out of a different source, that of Achmed Abdullah, H. Rider Haggard, and Talbot Mundy. In TFL a band of mustered out World War I heroes, all of them wounded, decorated, independently wealthy and bored to distraction by peaceful civilian pursuits, set out to achieve exploits and thrills in exotic settings.

Their vehicle is a great experimental air-dreadnaught capable of one hundred ninety miles per hour, and large enough for small aircraft to land and take off from its upper deck. Under the leadership of a mysterious figure known only as The Master, the members of the Flying Legion face perilous opposition above the sea, in North Africa, in Mecca and finally in a lost city in the very Empty Abodes of the Arabian peninsula.

Books of this sort are out of style nowadays; an adventure like that of the Flying Legion has been reduced, by the changing world, from merely extravagant unlikelyhood to outright impossibility. But while the genre existed, George Allen England was its master, and "The Flying Legion" is his masterpiece.

CAPTURED BY ZULUS, by Harry Prentice, Hamilton, 1890, 282 pages.

Prentice's "Captured by Apes" is a possible source for "Tarzan and The Apes" this other book bears a suspicious resemblance to "The Tarzan Twins." Trouble is, when you work as long and determinedly as I have for the past couple of years, you get to the point where the least similarity jumps off the page and shouts "Source! Source!" at you, when it is in fact only a coincidental similarity, and a trivial one at that. I dunno.

THE ISLAND OF DR. MOREAU by H. G. Wells, Stone & Kimball, 1896, 239 pages.

The more I read of Verne and Wells the more I become convinced that the latter is the real daddy of modern sf. He pioneered Time Travel, Earth Invasion, Other-world exploration, and in this story controlled mutation (although in 1896 it was by means of surgery rather than genetics). Another of Well's genuine classics. [And an influence on ERB's "The Monster Men?" See above.]

OUT OF THE SILENCE by Erle Cox, Hamilton, 1927, 319 pages.

A very fine time-capsule novel set in Australia. Distinctly worth reading, but if you do, skip the prologue which telegraphs the first hundred pages or so of the plot.



"You're not being reasonable..."

THE GREAT STONE OF SARDIS by Frank R. Stockton, Harper 1898, 230 pages.

This is the double-plotted travel story, of a submarine exploration of the North Pole and a journey through the crust of the Earth, to a gigantic diamond which constitutes all but the outer crust of our planet. Fairly well done, but with a pointlessness unfortunately characteristic of Stockton. Included in the 1900 Scribner's edition is "The Water-Devil" -- a beautiful tall tale that is likely Stockton's best work, or at least one of them. It's almost impossible to describe it without giving away too much, and it does deserve resurrection.

THE MYSTERY OF ARTHUR GORDON PYM published by Associated Booksellers in 1960, consisting of "the Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym" by Edgar ~~Allen~~ Allan Poe (1837) and its sequel, "The Ice Sphinx," by Jules Verne (1897).

The Poe is a chilling and powerful story of horror and wonder as survivors of an oceanic storm drift south into unexplored waters beyond the Antarctic Circle. The story is incomplete, and Verne's completion is no great shakes.

THE NIGHTIEST MACHINE, John W. Campbell, Jr., Hadley, 1947, 228 pages.

THE INCREDIBLE PLANET, " " " " " Fantasy Press, 1949, 344 pages.

These books contain the four interdimensional exploits of Aarn Munro, Campbell's Jovian avatar. The first is pseudo-Doc Smith space opera, and very bad. The latter book is more of the same, somewhat (but not much) better done. Those were the good old days?

POLARIS OF THE SNOWS by Charles B. Stilson, serialized in Munsey's "Cavalier" magazine, 1915; book edition Avalon, 1965.

Well, classics are where you find 'em; with the old Argosy-group stories becoming available again, it's a risky business as to whether any given epic is going to turn out a rediscovered classic (like "Darjness and Dawn") or a dud, like "Falos of the Dog Star Pack" or the current volume. PotS is a hero tale of a fellow raised in a Sou'polar cave. When he comes out he discovers a lost Greek colony in a warm valley in the Antarctic. I do not know how badly the cutting hurt this story, but it is quite bad.

ON TO KILIMANJARO by Brian Gardner, Macrae Smith Co. 1963, Macfadden Books 1964, 190 pages.

The byways down which the researcher are led are unnumbered; "Tarzan the Untamed" takes place in East Africa during the WW I Campaign there. In fact, this is the famous story in which Tarzan literally feeds German soldiers to the lions. A post-WWI Burroughs boom in Germany was nipped in the bud when Stefan Sorel published an 87 page (!) review titled "Tarzan der Deutschenfresser" (Tarzan the German-Eater) describing the contents of the book.



"But according to Ayn Rand---

Gardner's book is a non-fiction view of the same German East African campaign, one of the most bizarre ever fought. Tarzan or no, sentries were eaten by lions. Crocodiles, rhinos and hippos played a substantial part in the war, and one major engagement was terminated in mid-battle when swarms of infuriated bees drove off both battling forces. The dominant figure of the campaign is unquestionably the German Colonel Paul Von Lettow-Vorbeck, whose force of three-thousand men, cut off from supplies and reinforcements, fought a successful guerrilla war for four years, holding off allied forces that reached a peak strength of 45,000 men. The British forces were apparently commanded by a series of total incompetents, forced finally into a policy of hopelessly following Lettow about the countryside, unable to come to grips with him except for minor skirmishes from which he invariably withdrew at his pleasure, leaving the British triumphantly empty-handed.

According to Gardner the British poured troops into East Africa -- British, Indian, South African -- and they promptly became unable to fight, due to poor supply, poor support, and an appalling disease rate. Gardner cites a total British casualty rate of 62,000 deaths, over 48,000 of them due to disease rather than enemy action!! By contrast to the British policy of pouring in foreign troops, Von Lettow used his sparse European personnel as cadres, relying for manpower on native askaris; rather than shipping in heavy supplies (which he could not) he lived off the countryside, plus whatever he could capture from the British, Portugese, and other forces that opposed him.

By the time of the armistice in 1918 Von Lettow was still at large, his little army, thanks to the recent capture of supplies from a Portugese garrison, in better condition than his relatively gigantic opponent. Any comparison with present military engagements in Southeast Asia and elsewhere, is for the reader rather than the writer to draw.

DARKNESS AND DAWN by George Allen England, serialized in Cavalier magazine in 1912; first book edition not known, Avalon Books 1964.

This is the opening story of England's famous trilogy concerning the awakening of Allan Stark and Beatrice Kendrick in a future world, 800 years after a mysterious disaster has, apparently wiped all humanity from the earth. An introduction by Robert Lowndes suggests that this "...may not be the first story of a man and woman alone in the ruins of civilization," but Lowndes lists no earlier example, and I would be grateful for such information if anyone can supply it.

The style of the book is a bit stilted, but any reader of antique sf should be able to overlook the only two people in the world, awakening from an 800-year sleep, naked and dishevelled, quoting Victorian poetry at each other. Things pick up after a while, and Stern tries some reconstruction work, and the book becomes quite gripping when the two discover a savage sub-human race operating about them.

A curious touch: the locale of the story is the area between 23rd street & 14th street, from Third Avenue to Broadway, with much of the action taking place in the Metropolitan Tower, the Flatiron Building, and Madison Square Park. I worked in that neighborhood for five years, and the feeling was creepy. Steve Stiles & Larry Ivie both went to school a bit further east, and should enjoy the book for that particular reason, among others.

BEYOND THE GREAT OBLIVION by George Allen England, 268 pages, Small, Maynard and Company, 1914.

This is the second tale of England's Darkness & Dawn trilogy. In the 1914 edition, "Darkness and Dawn" is the title applied to the trilogy, and part one is called "the Vacant World." The original version also has excellent end-papers, and a number of good illustrations by the classic pulp illustrator F. J. Monohan, including a full-colour frontispiece.

"Beyond The Great Oblivion" takes up directly where "The Vacant World" ends, with Allan Stern, survivor of a universal disaster recovered in the distant future, having beaten off a horde of attacking sub-men, made good his escape, and setting up housekeeping in a long-vacant mansion on the Hudson River. In BtGO Allan and Beatrice Kendrick build a boat for themselves and set out across Long Island Sound, hoping to sail to Boston for an attempt to get some use out of the observatory once built there.

Overtaken by natural disaster they wind up resurrecting an ancient airplane standing in a hangar near Providence, take off, hit a terrific storm, are driven far west of their course, and wind up discovering ~~the~~ a sort of lost world in a gigantic new canyon hundreds of miles deep and wide. And so on, more or less predictably, being imprisoned, gaining their freedom and position in a buried society, Allan fighting the inevitable single combat for chieftainship, and finally emerging to try and re-establish Man on the face of the earth.

Some one commented on the glowing optimism that pervades these stories, and he is entirely right; naked and alone in a terrifyingly changed world, Allan and Beatrice set out without hesitation to rebuild civilization; crushed down time and again by natural disaster, semi-human anthropoids, primitive neo-barbarians, they rebound afresh from each disaster; the work of months destroyed in an instant they only set out with new vigor and enthusiasm to re-do, better than last time, all that has been undone.

This, more than any other anachronism of style or device, labels "Darkness and Dawn" as a work which could not be written today. A sad commentary on the depressing world-view we have reached since the days before World War I, when an author could seriously propose universal reconstruction by a lone couple surviving otherwise universal holocaust.

THE AFTERGLOW by George Allen England, 234 pages.

In this final portion of his gigantic super-novel, England has his hero and heroine finally married; they return to the Great Abyss of BtGO, bringing out its neo-barbaric inhabitants and of course rebuilding an entire high-level scientific civilization with them.

England's writing was really quite good, stylistically smooth and not intolerably unnatural. His imaginative concepts are fine; the universal disaster, the Great Abyss, the dark object in the sky, are all satisfactorily explained. The idea of two survivors taking charge of a tribe of savages and reconstructing an advanced civilization is a little hard to accept, but perhaps we will someday regain the pre-WWI optimism that permitted England to use this idea in his stories.

Unfortunately, amidst all these virtues, England's plotting is distressingly

elementary. The basic structure of the whole three stories is a series of devastating disasters following each of which Allan Stern and Beatrice Kendrick Stern proceed to dig out and rebuild Bigger and Better, until, as indicated, they finally rebuild the world.

England's method of presenting his alternation of disasters and recoveries is a modification of the Odyssey. Much of the time Stern and Beatrice do travel about, falling into one pit and then another. The rest of the time, they stand still and disaster comes to them. E.G., toward the end of the third book they have established a semi-permanent settlement near the Great Abyss, to which Stern is gradually bringing the Abyss-dwellers by airplane. Just when all is going well in the new colony, a landslide wipes out half the habitations and their inhabitants. Before they can even dig out there is a revolt against the rule of the civilizers. Before this is even put down there is a pestilence which strikes the colony.

When the colony is starting to recover from the epidemic, the sub-human Anthropoids introduced in the first book invade the colony....

Depending upon one's saturation-point for this sort of thing, the end of the trilogy arrives just in time...or maybe not in time. Still, a remarkable work, well worth delving into even if you find that you don't want to wade completely through it.

CITY by Clifford D. Simak, 1952.

This is the famous novel -- in fact, a novel-length collection of short stories and nvellettes -- that won Simak his International Fantasy Award. Am I right in assuming he is the only man to have won both the IFA and the Hugo?

At any rate, "City" is the story of the intelligent dogs who take over the world after man abandons it in favor of Jovian changeling-life. The dogs, guided by a long-lived robot named Jenkins, accomplish nothing in the way of mechanical advances, but develop a world-wide Brotherhood of Beasts. Present here also is the multiple-earth concept that Simak exploited in his later "Ring Around The Sun."

The book reveals a depth of emotional values that was little known in stf, especially magazine stf, when these stories began appearing in Astounding in 1944. The humanistic era of science fiction, one might call the late '40s and early '50s. Before that, externals. Since, too-internalized attitudes have dominated, leading to the reactionary sword-and-sorcery and adventure stf movements. (Was Larry Shaw's "Science Fiction Adventures" merely premature rather than w*r*o*n*g?)

DR. FABUSE by Norbert Jacques, 1923.

This German novel, translated by Lillian A. Clark, was the basis of a series of highly successful movies, still being made, I believe, about a European Fu Manchu. The translated edition is badly done-- the translator, perhaps fearing to alter the original meaning, has given a version almost word-for-word. As a result, some of the idioms are pure gibberish, and the general flow of the language is constantly jarring.

At the same time, the literal quality of the book is its chief literary val-

ue: it offers an insight into the German mind of the Weimar days, the feeling of total lostness, the search for absolute values and for a leader who would relieve the awful responsibility of personal freedom....I'm afraid that Hitler was not the master but merely the product of a national character in a particular time. "Dr. Mabuse" has made me afraid, again, of our ally, the bastion of NATO.

Strange things keep happening to "Edgar Rice Burroughs: Man of Adventure," or whatever the title is. Strange things. For one, it won't stay finished. Back around January, 1964, I finished a preliminary partial version that ran to about 28,000 words. Through the spring I rewrote that and added wholly new material, finishing a complete draft in May, 1964, some 65,000 words in length. For the better part of a year I continued researching; meanwhile H. H. Heins and Hulbert Burroughs both provided corrections to the existing ms. This past spring I went back to work, did another complete draft, cutting judiciously, and the thing comes to something like 100,000 words.

It was finished April 11. Again, Heins and HulBurroughs provided corrections and a couple of additions. I inserted them. For a second time I thought I was really done. Jack Tannen, tho, thought the book ended too abruptly. So I added a couple of paragraphs, some 175 words or so. For the third time I thought I was done. Then Dave Garfinkel, who's editing the book for me told me that he still thought it ended too abruptly.

Frankly, it did, and by calculation. After 300 pages of jabbering about ERB, I sort of felt that I'd said enow, or maybe too much. I figured that by that time the reader cd pretty well judge my opinion, and maybe form one of his own to boot. But Dave and Jack both felt so strongly that the author shd reach a conclusion, even to offer it and even if the reader rejects it and reaches a different one of his own, that I gave in. I wrote another few paragraphs, some 1150 words worth, more or less. Now I really REALLY think the book is done. We shall see. I don't see what more I could be asked to write, and besides the book is so far along physically...

If and when the book gets published, I'll check the page and paragraph where each version ended. If any of you readers pay the rather steep price that the book is going to cost.

When I said "if and when" I was not kidding. I'm not having editor or publisher problems; hell, I'm the editor and the publisher is pleased with the ms. But Canaveral has this sticky relationship with ERB Inc, over the Burroughs books they've done these past three-four years, and things are in a bit of a snarl over who done whom wrong when and how. And my book, although a separate matter altogether from the snarl, has somehow got dragged in by one side as a sort of spite fence against the other, and I don't know but what the book is going to be suppressed. Ain't that a buster for you. Is suppressed the right word? I don't mean stopped from distribution, I mean stopped from publication. But it's already well into production, and...Stay tuned to this column for further flashes.

-- Dick Lupoff, 1965

BILL BLACKBEARD

There seems to be confusion in many fans' minds over the range of published material covered by the term, "pulp magazine." Some think that the term included the true detective and confession magazines, as well as the stapled "men's" magazines (as opposed to the saddle-stitched variety).

Now while it is true that most of these magazines are printed on a "pulp" variety of paper, they are not pulps. The reason is simple: they print material that is loosely, very loosely, termed non-fiction. And to every editor, publisher, writer, reader and collector of the pulp era of American publishing, "pulp" referred wholly and exclusively to the all fiction magazines of the time. Conversely, the term "slick," now largely obsolete, did really mean almost any magazine printed on slick, i.e., smooth surface, paper, from Liberty to Sunset, from the Open Road For Boys to Vogue; to a writer, the term meant higher rates and a step "up" from the pulps.

Thus, the all-fiction "pulp" was a very specific type of magazine. However widely differentiated the contents of these magazines: science fiction, wierd, fantasy, detective, mystery, air-war, sports, horror, terror, adventure, western, war, spicy, etc., etc., they were, like the paperback novels of today, nearly all the same general shape and size — for convenience of printing by mass publishers and ease of display in stands three times as crowded as those of today.

Some were trimmed, and some were shaggy, but the general dimensions of all were six inches by ten inches; in the twenties they averaged 130 pages apiece; in the thirties (when the dime fiction magazine and, after a while, the "new" dime novel, were introduced), about 110 pages. Held to this precise definition of content and size, there is only one honest-to-Munsey pulp magazine still extant: the quarterly Ranch Romances of Standard Publications, distributed almost entirely in the west with (alas) a diminishing circulation every year.

.....
THE OTHER COLLECTOR SNATCHED THE MIRACLE SCIENCE STORIES FROM UNDER MY FINGERS
.....

OR

BEATEN TO A PULP

But even in the heyday of the pulps, there were dimensional sports. Such zines as Wierd Tales, Blue Book (both in the twenties and in the forties), Fantastic Adventures, and a majority of the Gernsback fiction zines, all of these 100% fiction titles and printed on undeniable pulpwood stock, appeared in a larger format at one time or another, approximating nine inches by twelve inches in size, and about 96 pages in thickness. These were included in the pulp category despite their size. And when the reduced, digest-sized all-fiction zine was introduced by Street & Smith in the mid-'40's, the term embraced this variety as well.

Standard size overlooked, then, there are perhaps a dozen to two dozen pulps, all digest size, still on the stands. Most of these, as we know, are science fiction. Of the others, a couple are sex-sadism, one is horror-fantasy, perhaps half a dozen are detective-mystery. And that's it.

For all practical purposes, the traditional pulp is gone, replaced in large part by the original paperback novel (as pioneered by Fawcett's Gold Medal Books circa 1950, when the big pulp chains were falling apart forever) -- but only the novel. The short story and novellette, as units of fiction, and for half a century the mainstay of the pulp, seem to have lost all appeal for the great bulk of the reading public, who presumably prefer a half-hour tv show to a half-hour story in a magazine, and would rather get their teeth into a good novel for serious reading -- if serious reading is to be undertaken at all.

In ten years certainly, possibly five, even the scattering of pulps we still have will be gone, absorbed in some fashion into paperback format, or simply vanished altogether. Elery Queen's Lystery Magazine will probably be the final hold-out, but in the end it too will succumb to the public's increasing inability to waste time looking for reading matter anywhere other than the paperback books. And an era will have come, belatedly, to an end.

Except, possibly, for Ranch Romances...

+++++

Where did the pulp come from, then? It did not, as many fans think, evolve from the dime and nickle novel at all. It did, in fact, co-exist with these for years, but was not regarded in that turn-of-the-century era as in any way similar to them.

The basic pulp format itself -- two columns of type on a fairly wide and high page (as opposed to most books' single column of type per page) was standard in general non-fiction magazines of the early and middle parts of the nineteenth century in both America and England. Harper's was the leading American magazine of this kind to first adopt the approximate height and breadth of what was later to be the standard pulp size, although numerous others, from The Atlantic to Codey's Lady's Book (which printed Poe), quickly followed suit.

This size for general non-fiction magazines was the norm when Frank Munsey, trying to find a way to rebuild the circulation for his Golden Argosy (atabloid size boy's fact and fiction magazine) hit upon the notion of an all-fiction periodical for men, emphasizing adventure, printed on inexpensive pulpwood paper at

the outset, and run off on one of the large presses handling the general non-fiction magazines of the period. Thus Argosy, after many fluctuations in title, content, and even paper stock, was born. And with it, the pulp magazines.

The dime novels, on the other hand, were approximately the size of comic books of today (about an inch larger all around -- save in thickness -- than the pulp); nearly always, as their categorical name implies, containing nothing but the text of one novel apiece; and were published largely to appeal to adolescents -- while the pulps' appeal was always, at least nominally, to the adults. And when the dime novel metamorphosized into its pupal stage -- the first truly popular paperback books in this country, mostly printed by Street & Smith in the early 1900's -- all physical resemblance to the pulps ceased (until, of course, the idea of the dime novel was revived by the pulp publishers themselves in the early '30's).



In its first thirty years, the pulp magazine carried none of the popular onus of the dime novel. The pulp fiction titles were considered amusing supplemental reading, excellent hammock fare for men or women (Munsey had broadened the appeal of some of his titles to reach the feminine readers), and as reasonable a source for top-quality popular fiction as the big slicks of the time. Edgar Rice Burroughs, H. Rider Haggard, and Joseph Conrad all appeared in the same magazines, selected by the same editors, and read by the same public. All were enjoyed for the same common denominator of exotic adventure in their work.

The depression dealt a ruinous blow to this idyllic situation. It suddenly became difficult to sell fiction magazines at the old prices -- and to afford the writers whose names ~~are~~ on the covers sold what magazines were sold. Prices were slashed, contents cut, "name" authors abandoned, and lurid covers adopted by several publishers -- and one publishing house which entered the field in the early '30's, Popular Fiction, abandoned all standards of external taste.

Horror Stories, Terror Tales, The Spider, Spicy Mystery, Detective, Western, and Adventure (a jaunty set of four) became the "typical" popular fiction pulp magazine for most people, and all pulp magazines suffered an according decline in reputation. Many fans who could have bought Amazing or Wonder or Weird in the late '20's with no more than a curious glance by parents, found in the '30's that the

MOST obviously staid science fiction magazine was transformed by parental eyes into a counterpart of Torrid Thuggee Tales and castigated accordingly.

Still, the desperate need for diversion in the depression years and later in the war years kept the pulps selling despite their increasingly cheap appearance and precipitate decline in quality of contents. The futile attempt of one or two publishers, such as Street & Smith, to reverse this trend with attractive magazines and a high level of contents in both fiction and artwork, only underscored the approach of the end.

This came, of course, once the war was over and the combination of the new household idol of tv with a returned GI oriented by tens of thousands of Army overseas paperbacks to think in terms of single-subject books and fiction made the basically unaltered pulp look like one of the most indisputably dispensable items around.

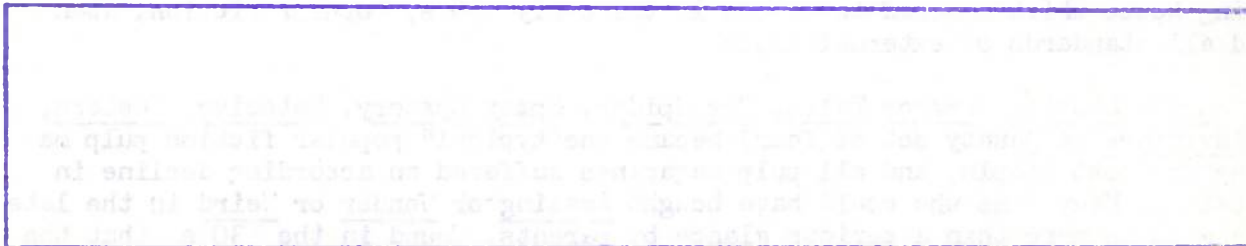
It was dispensed with quickly. Except for the science fiction titles, the five years between 1945 and 1950 saw the demise or imminent ruin of all the great pulp houses and their dozens of titles (a majority of which, unrevived, had been victims of the wartime paper shortage), and the few remaining writers of any worth in the field, contacted by Gold Medal or Lion or Popular Library, got out of the sinking ship fast. With no sources for even readable fiction, no rates to pay writers even if they could get them, and no reader interest, there was nowhere for the pulps to go but away.

Which is where they went...

+ + + + +

The foregoing has been, of course, a very sketchy and superficial discourse on the pulps. Despite the general truth of the trends described, the 1930's were in many ways, for many fans, the Golden Age of the pulps -- and the same Popular Fiction Publishing Company which tarred so many innocent zines with their lurid brush was responsible in great part for this, with their superb Dime Detective Magazine -- which launched Raymond Chandler at his best -- their even better Detective Tales, which gave John D. MacDonald his first leg up; their fabulous G-8 And His Battle Aces and their unforgettable and gorgeously-written (if almost completely psychopathic) Spider. To those of us who grew up in those years the pulp size was ideal, the format and illustrations an integral part of the whole, and no matter how high the quality of the fiction sold in paperback today, the special magic of the newsstand that we felt then is gone forever today -- the pathetic rearguard of digest-size zines left today more an irritating reminder of this than an authentic remainder.

-- Bill Blackbeard, 1965



MILTON MESMER

AT BLOODY GULCH

Roughly a quarter of a century ago there was a small child name of me. My folks had just moved me from that Hotbed of Evil where I was born (Chicago) to a town in Florida that was so small that I was allowed to go on my own and see movies. This was one of my favorite pastimes. In fact it was just about then that I discovered Chapter Pictures (I discovered comic books about the same time). Of the many movies I saw, I recall only a few. Favorites were DRUMS ALONG THE MOHAWK and NORTHWEST PASSAGE, both of which I saw several times there and in later runs. I also remember that the chapter pictures that I saw were ZORRO'S FIGHTING LEGION and TIM TYLER'S LUCK. I don't remember much specifically from them now, but recently I caught a few chapters of TTL on the Chuck McCann show.

But one thing I remembered most vividly was the climax of an Anti-War film I saw once. It stayed with me -- this scene -- over the years, even though I didn't recall the name of the picture or anything else about it. And over the years, while haunted by the scene, I waited, hoping someday to see it again.

When I came to New York and encountered the time-binding aspect of the Big Eye on the Late Show, the Late Late Show, and later, The Late Late Show II, I watched and waited. I saw a lot of fine fillums and I Kept the Faith. For roughly ten years I watched old-timey movies on TV whenever the opportunity presented itself. Then -- a few weeks ago -- I saw The Eagle And The Hawk, starring Fredrich March, Cary Grant, Jack Oakie, and Carole Lombard.

It was the film.

this is a oneshot column by

LEE HOFFMAN

Sunday is usually a pretty so-so day for TV, at least from noon until 10:00 PM. Today was one of the Good Ones.

From nine until noon, of course, there was the Chuck McCann show. Last Sunday Chuck presented the first episode of a new serial with Ace Jackson. Today I saw Chapter Two. This is practically undecipherable, but I'll try anyway. Ace Jackson (played by Chuck McCann) is a Hero of the Great War in the Air. This serial deals with his adventures during the Great War and today he was in combat with Von Richthofen (played by Chuck McCann). Dogfights, done live in the studios of WPIX (or at least live onto video tape) are like nothing else I've ever seen--especially bi-planes making passes at each other. There are some minor technical flaws--either this is a different Von Richthofen or he's in a different plane--and anachronisms--Ace accidentally pushing the ejector button rather than the machine gun button (buttons?). But there is Old School Cliff-Hanging--this episode ended with Ace floating gently toward the ground in his chute while the Baron circled. Ace is contemplating aloud whether the Baron would consider potting off a man in a chute and calling out various things to the effect that he has relatives in Germany -- some of his best friends are Germans -- etc.

Chuck is also doing a series of her Best Commercials by his L'il Orphan Annie. I've explained on occasion that this isn't the same little orphan you see in the Sunday News and I mention it again to keep the record straight. But I suggest that if you have a TV set and are ever up between the hours of 9 and noon, you catch it for yourself.

By me, Chuck's show is a high notch above the much-touted Soupy Sales.

After the Chuck McCann show, I watched TYPHOON (1940) with Robert Preston -- young and muscular--and Dorothy Lamour--young and not muscular. All froth and absolutely charming.

And some very fine special effects.

After TYPHOON I watched STORM OVER THE NILE (1956) for the first time. Why didn't somebody tell me this was an almost scene-for-scene, angle-for-angle, cut-for-cut remake of FOUR FEATHERS?

FOUR FEATHERS is one of the greatest movies ever made. It ranks with DAWN PATROL and--well, I'll save the titles. But anyway FOUR FEATHERS is Great. STORM OVER THE NILE was good. I suspect that, like FF, it suffers considerably from being cramped into the tiny monochromatic screen. FF, like MOBY DICK (which is sort of great except for the scenes with Gregory Peck) should not be seen on TV unless one is sufficiently familiar with the film and sufficiently flexible of imagination to handle it in that form.

STORM OVER THE NILE put me in mind of one of the pastimes we used to indulge in: double bills. Among my favorites were:

DAWN PATROL/THE EAGLE AND THE HAWK (After the film they issue you a Lewis Gun and a Croix de Guerre)

FOUR FEATHERS/GUNGA DIN (afterwards members of the audience receive a full canteen and the Victoria Cross)

THE INFORMER/ODD MAN OUT (after the show busses take the audience to the British embassy where they are issued stones to throw)

BIRTH OF A NATION/UNCLE TOM'S CABIN (on the way out of the theatre you're given a carpet bag with a white sheet in it)

STORM OVER THE NILE ended in time for me to catch the last half of CUSTER TO THE LITTLE BIG HORN, which I saw in toto not long ago. This is a nice piece of typical TV documentary. While personally I'm prejudiced against Custer, I still get a charge out of the 7th Cavalry, whether they're charging over the hills to save the wagon train, or riding to the Little Big Horn while Garyowen plays in the background.

After a short dinner break I saw the sinking of the Lusitania. They mentioned the rumored armament, but didn't go into details. I suppose it was all a rumor, but it was a juicy one.

After that I saw the life and times of Charles A. Lindbergh (one of my favorite Heroes) condensed into a half hour. There were some fine film clips of aeroplanes. That Ryan NYF always looks like it must have been hell in the corners when the tanks were full.

Now I am watching Wagon Train, which is generally a little too "adult" (i.e., full of psychological overtones) for my tastes. But at least it's got cowboys and horses and guns, which suit my mood of the moment.

In between watching TV, I've been working on a book, a Western. I have come to the conclusion that I am not a real professional-type writer, like Ted White. Ted showed me how to outline/plot a book when we started work on Probe Into Yesterday together, and I decided to try it for myself with this titleless creation. The outline I came up with is a lot vaguer than the one for Probe, but it was more than I used when I tackled book-writing before (some ten-or-so years ago). I started off writing to it, and as I worked, it sort of grew and changed and shifted. The book is still headed for the same ending, but it's taken several unexpected twists along the way. Today, for instance, the protagonist got himself shot, which just came as a bit of a surprise to both of us, and now I'm wondering what effect it'll have on what happens next.

Well, it makes for fun and excitement. And I do enjoy reading what I'm writing more if I don't know exactly what's going to happen next.

As I cast an occasional eye toward the TV I wonder how come so many cowboy villains look like Bruce Bennett.

Well, we're twenty minutes into Wagon Train, the action is over and the psychology has set in. I wonder what it is that happens to things--westerns, sf, mysteries, stuff like that there. Oh, I know that the Death Of Science Fiction has been hashed over ad inf., but what is it with TV Westerns, for instance? There used to be an action/adventure Western name of Laramie. I used to watch and enjoy it. Then all of a sudden it got "heart"--that is, it got a kid and a nice old motherly broad. Immediately it went to hell in a bucket. For adventure ROUTE 66 was a fine show for a long time. Sort of pulp type show, with each episode set against a "background." Then they got on a kick for young blond chicks who were mentally disturbed (to put it mildly) and off it went in the same bucket.

Speaking of What's Wrong With...while watching TYPHOON today I figured out one of the things that's Right with old-tiny pulp movies. (Like, for instance, the Richard Arlen fillums I know and love.) The people in them sometimes laugh because they are happy and there is fun in life. Even in Adversity they cracked jokes--like the comic book characters who used to exchange witticisms from panel to panel while they indulged in brutal fistfights, etc.

Yes, I know. They do it in ~~Wally Gopher~~ THE MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E. And occasionally they do it rather well. I watched this show for a long time before I managed to adjust to it--to get over being irritated by the illogicalities and inconsistencies. People who liked the show kept explaining the humor to me and finally I began to see some of it. But even now there is something about the show which antagonizes me--makes it difficult for me to achieve that suspension of disbelief which comes so easily with the old movies. Maybe I'm prejudice.

"What hath God Wrought?"



I wonder if things
like this happen to
Ted White

Books: I am a compulsive book-buyer. Whenever I get nervous, tense, miserable, and at odds with the world, I get the urge to buy books. I also get the urge to buy books when I am happy, enthusiastic, and at peace with the world. It is only on my absolutely dark and dreary misanthropic days that I do not feel like buying books. And those are the days when I don't feel like buying anything, dammit (but if I had to buy something, I'd rather it were books.)

This problem is compounded by the fact that I work within walking distance of my home--straight up Fourth Avenue from Astor Place to Union Square (with a short detour onto Broadway). Since I usually leave work feeling rather blah and in need of some diversion this is Not Good (financially). However, I have admirable self-restraint and usually manage to make it through to payday with food money and rent money--most of the time.

The wonder of books is that there is at least one on just about everything, including a History of the Self-Winding Watch (which strikes me as admirable specialization). The trouble is that I want at least one book on just about everything--though as yet I haven't indulged in a copy of The History Of The Self-Winding Watch. The reason for this involves space and money, but another hindrance is the fact that my friendly neighborhood bookstores don't always have the exact moment I'm looking--at least they don't have it in the window or on the sidewalk stalls. But they usually have hundreds of other books that I'm kind of looking for, including many that I didn't know existed until I came across them in the store. So disposing of my book budget is no problem...

And sometimes I end up with things that leave me wondering what it was that prompted me to choose them. Like yesterday or the day before that I bought "A Practicla Treatise on Bridge Construction being a Text-Book on the Design and Construction of Bridges In Iron and Steel For the Use Of Students, Draughtsmen, and Engineers:" by T. Claxton Fidler, M. Inst. C.E., 1887, with the front board missing. It sounds interesting, but it is entirely too technical for me, consisting largley of math and charts and jass like that there. So if anyone of you digs this stuff & would like to trade some other sort of book(s) for it, contact me.



Leell

"And the Culver Avenue
Line connected with..."

Because of my tendency to shoot my bolt, there are whole bookstores in the neighborhood that I haven't even gotten into yet. This is a sad situation and certainly the Wrong Approach, when I want something in particular. If I went around inquiring in the propper manner, I might well have found exactly what I'm looking for by now. But I keep wandering in and browsing before enquiring and--whoosh---that's this week's budget shot. So here I am with a whole topic I haven't found a suitable reference volume on yet.

The topic is the telegraph in the 19th Century. Anybody got any good books on the subject---preferably for sale cheap?

Max Morath is the World's Greatest Piano Picker

MAYBE FANDOM IS A WAY OF LIFE DEPARTMENT:

My typing has probably not made a good impression on fandom since about the third issue of Q. For some reason I make great quantities of typos when I'm composing in the stick. But oddly, I do pretty well at business typing--the stuff I have to type at work. This is probably a Good Thing, because all the jobs I've had since I came to New York, except one, re quired typing. And I learned to type because of fandom. So, through fandom, I acquired the basic skill which has enabled me to earn bread.

In fact, it is because of fandom that I came to New York in the first place.

A few years ago I pretty much lost contact with fandom. I got involved in a job that tended to become a Way of Life and I lost touch with a lot of things. For instance, my reading dropped off quite a bit. When the job ceased to exist, I rediscovered reading--and got very much involved in it. But I was almost entirely involved with non-fiction--the kind of jazz that Project Report was inspired by.

Then I renewed my fannish contacts and now I'm reading fiction again. Largely westerns, of course.

But associating with Ted White and other people like that who talk about the craft of writing, etc., has made me very aware of all sorts of aspects of a book which never bothered me before. Within the past few weeks I've whupped ten Westerns and I am finding it more and more difficult to locate ones which are satisfactory as far as the writing goes.

And I've encountered another problem. Last night I was watching a re-run of an episode of the TV series THE VIRGINIAN. As usual I forgot to catch the writer-credit at the opening of the show (I wish they'd re-run it at the end). But during the show I kept finding myself concluding that this is largely the movie version of Dee Linford's MAN WITHOUT A STAR, with just a dash of Louis L'Amour's RATIGAN. The climax was from a different source which I couldn't place at the moment, but I'm sure it'll come back to me.

-- Lee Hoffman, 1965



THE GOLDEN HALLS OF MIRTH

BY RICH BROWN AND
PAUL STANBERY

This is the story
of Rhysling, the Blind Singer of Fandom --
but not the official version. You sang his words,
no doubt, in some convention hall, when you were but a neofan:

"We pray for one last reading
Of the zines that we gave birth;
Let us look again on the Home of Fen
And its Golden Halls of Mirth."

Perhaps you sang it at Detention or the Chicon III; perhaps it was a Disclave or Eastercon, a Midwest- or Westercon. Or it might have been at the Loncon III, or at the Solacon II, while the banner that read "South Gate Again In 2010!" was rippling over your head.

The place doesn't matter -- it was certainly with trufen around you, whether at convention or club meeting. No one has ever translated "Golden Halls" into the machine gun jargon of Madison Avenue; no Folknik ever lisped or groaned it in the damp darkness of a Greenwich Village coffee house.

This is ours. We of fandom have known all kinds of fan, from serious science fiction publishers to socialist revolutionaries --but

DR
EDGINGS

this belongs only to trufen, only to those who are the very breath and soul of fandom.

We have all heard many stories about Rhysling. You may have been one of the many who have sought BNFdom by scholarly evaluations of his published works -- SONGS OF TRUFANDOM; THE BERKELEY TOWER, AND OTHER POEMS; HIGH AND WET; and "YNGVI WAS A LOUSE!" among others.

Nevertheless, although you have sung his songs and read his verses since you came into fandom and from that time on, it is at least an even money bet -- unless you knew Rhysling yourself, as I did -- that you never heard most of Rhysling's unpublished songs; such items as SINCE THE FUGGHEAD MET MY COUSIN; THE OE IS A FATHER TO THE SAPS; KEEP YOUR PANTS ON, TRUFEMME; or A DUPER BUILT FOR TWO.

Nor can we quote them in a family magazine.

Rhysling's reputation was protected by the happy chance that he had never gotten around to publishing his own fanzine. SONGS OF TRUFANDOM was published the week he died; when it became a fannish classic, the stories about him were pieced together from what people remembered plus the highly colored (and often downright untrue) con-reports written during his activity.

The resulting traditional picture of Rhysling is about as real as Joan Carr or Carl Brandon.

In truth, you would not have wanted him in your hotel room; he was not socially acceptable. He had a permanent case of poison ivy, which he scratched continually, adding nothing to his negligible beauty.

Gorsen's portrait of him, for the 20th issue of AGENBITE OF OUTWIT, shows a figure of High Tragedy; a solemn mouth, sightless eyes concealed by a black silk bandage. He was never solemn! His mouth was always open, singing, grinning, drinking, or eating. The bandage was any rag, usually inky. After he lost his sight, he became less and less neat about his person.

+ + + + +

"Noisy" Rhysling was a confan, with eyes as good as yours, when he signed in at the Discon II. He was the most carefree of the lot and probably the meanest. All he wanted to do was sit around the convention hall and spend his time punning, card-playing, singing, drinking, catching femmefen, and maybe pubbing a oneshot for somebody else. He had the hands of a trufan on any sort of duplicator, from the lowliest of hektographs to the 1880 class multis, which were becoming more and more popular with fans of the time. Compared to him, the fansmen, the BNFs, the actifans (neos and sercons didn't hang around much in those days) were mundane. He'd never read a word of stf, but he knew fans. Let others rave about the wonders of Gernsback and Palmer; Rhysling knew that words were useless against the raging and fitful devil that powered the turning mimeo.

Rhysling knew the convention rut well -- he'd been hanging around them for a few years, New York to Detroit, to Dallas, to L.A., before he had gotten "into" fandom. He had binged at the famous Bloch-Tucker-Willis-Burbee blog-fest and come out the only one standing, to everyone's surprise.

When I first met him at the Discon II, he was downing drinks in the hotel cocktail bar. He'd just been kicked out of the Seattle party on the roof for singing a chorus and several verses of the infamous THE OE IS A FATHER TO THE SAPS, with the uproarious final verse, which he sang to me that night in righteous fannish anger:

"Oh, the OE wanted Willis and the Crew,
So the Ghods met on the sea in Sixty-Two;

On their boats they had some wimmen,
 So they passed their time a-femme-in',
 But they couldn't get ol' Toskey to unscr---"

...but like I said, we can't quote them in a family magazine.

Getting thrown out didn't bother Rhysling. It had happened before and would probably happen again. He won a guitar from Bob Tucker by cheating at FanTan -- he stole the Queen of Clubs with earmuffs, some say -- and made his whiskey by singing in the bar until someone was willing to pay for his drink to get him to shut up. When the SAPS started coming into the bar, we left and went upstairs to our rooms. We talked the night through; he told me the tales of how he had helped LASFS maintain its feuding reputation, strolled along the excavation site for the Berkeley Tower when Carl Brandon was still active, and won the costume ball at the '67 worldcon.

Things moved fast in those days, and fans were more pragmatic and more forgiving, if the need called for it, than they are today. The Seattle people were putting out a convention daily (on one of the new 1880s) and sober, steady, competent hands like Rhysling's were always welcome. He wandered into the Seattle suite the next morning, knowing they'd be eager to give him another chance; he was known as one of the finest operators in fandom, so jobs were always open to him during the golden days of convention newazines. He crossed and recrossed the hallways, singing the doggeral that boiled up in his head and plunking it out on the guitar.

The head of the Seattle party knew him; F.M. Busby had been the first fan Rhysling had ever met, at his first convention. "Welcome home, Noisy," Busby had greeted him. "Are you sober, or shall I sign the guest book for you?"

"You can't get drunk on the ditto fluid they sell here, Buz." He signed and went into the room where the multi was, lugging his guitar and a jug.

Ten minutes later he was back. "Busby," he stated darkly, "that foo-damned machine ain't fit. The rollers are warped; too much water."

"Why tell me? Tell Jim or Mike."

"I did, but they said they'll do. They're wrong."

The Seattle fan gestured at the guest book. "Scratch out your name and cut out. That zine's got to be out in time for the banquet."

Rhysling looked at him, shrugged, and went back into the room.

+++++

Convention dailies ran to quite a few copies and got pretty long in those days: an 1880 class clunker had to run to three inkings and drank repellex and platex like fans drank bheer. Rhysling was on the second inking. The infernal machine spit ink like crazy, catching suddenly to unwatered portions of the master, and they had to be blotted with a cotton pad by hand. When the master ripped and caught the cotton pad, sending it into the gears, he tried to keep it together -- no luck.

Fan pubbers don't wait; that's why they're fan pubbers. He slapped off the paper feed and disengaged the rollers. It was spitting ink like mad, and bits of cotton pad came flying out at tremendous speed, fast enough to rip up paper backed up in the paper-feed tray. The lights went off; he went right ahead. A fan pubber has to know his multi the way your tongue knows the inside of your mouth. He fumbled around to find the main ink valve to shut off the flow, and sneaked a quick look under the rollers to see what the hell that cotton pad was doing. The blue sparks from the motor didn't help him any; he jerked his head back, turned the water completely off, and finally slapped the

motor valve off.

When he was done he called back over his shoulder, "The foodamned multi's on the blitz; for CRYsake, get me some light in here!"

There was light -- a flashlight -- but not for him. His sight had been blotted out when a splotch of multilith ink had indelibly penetrated both corneas, permanently blackening his vision.

POEM -- THE BERKELEY TOWERS

Forgotten times come rushing back, to haunt this fannish scene,
And tranquil tears of tragic joy still spread their silver sheen;
Along the broad blue Bay still soars the fragile Tower of Bheer,
Its fannish grace defends this place with every passing year.

Bone tired the fen that raised the Tower, forgotten are their lores,
Long gone the ghods who shed the tears that lap these crystal
shores;

Slow beats the time-worn heart of fen beneath the icy sky...
The thin air whispers voicelessly that all good fandoms die.

Yet still the cans stand as they did when fandom was in flower
And all trufen may someday dwell beneath the Berkeley Tower.

--from THE BERKELEY TOWERS, by permission
of Ted White, New York

The Seattle crowd took Rhysling west with them; the gang passed the hat and Buz kicked in a complete set of CRY, which Rhysling was eventually able to sell. That was all -- finish -- justanother old fan who couldn't make it anymore and now had to hit the cold road to Fafia. He stayed on with the Seattleites for some time, and probably could have stayed forever in exchange for his songs and guitar playing, but trufans rot if they stay in the same clique -- or so Rhysling felt -- so he hooked a ride with some LASFS people back to L.A. and thence to a slant-shack in Berkeley in Norther California.

Fabulous Berkeley Fandom was well into its decline; Carr and Graham were in New York, Ellik in L.A., Rike gafia, the Brandon hoax exposed; the Pacificon squabble had caused so many hard feelings that the trufen were moving away and neos lined the Bay on both sides with stagnant conversations and sercon debates. This was before the SFcon Manifesto forbade the destruction of fannish relics -- half the shiny, massive Tower To The Moon had been torn down by neos, who thought having a beercon collection of their own was more fannish than the Tower itself.

Now Rhysling had never seen the new faces in Berkeley and no one described the destruction of the Tower to him; when he "saw" Berkeley again, he visualized it as it had been, before it had been SerConized for the betterment of stf. His memory was good. He stood in the dingy pads where the ancient greats of the University of California had spent their hours in fansmanship and saw its beauty spreading out before his blinded eyes -- the ghoodminton greens, the deep blue water of the sparkling bay, Alkatraz standing like a stately sentinel in the water, and the Oakland and Golden Gate bridges spanning the water from peninsula to peninsula, island to island; and towering over them all, the narrow, shiny fountain of steel stabbing fiercely into the sky -- the Tower of Bheer Cans to the Moon.

The result was "The Berkeley Towers."

The subtle change in his orientation which enabled him to see beauty in

Berkeley where beauty was not now began to effect his whole fannish existence. All women became fannish to him. He knew them by their voices and fitted their interests to the sounds. It is a mean spirit indeed who will speak to a blind man other than in gentle interests; shrews who had no interest in their husband's life work gave their companionship to him.

It populated his world with beautiful femmefans and dashing trufen. FAPA MAILING PASSING, DIAN'S HAIR, DEATH SONG OF A BNF and his other sad songs of fandoms past and the fans who lived on, were the direct result of the fact that his conceptions were unsullied, for the most part, by tawdry truths. It mellowed his approach, changed his doggeral to verse, and sometimes to poetry.

He had plenty of time to think, now, time to get all the lovely words just so, and to worry a verse until it rang true in his head. The monotonous beat of PRESS SONG—

"When the mail comes in and the material's seen,
When the fakefans laugh at the trufan's dream,
When the stencil's typed and the paper's in the tray,
When we put her on and it's time to pray—

Hear the press!
Hear it snarl at your back
With the paper on the rack;
Ink your press to its best,
Run a sheet for the test—
Feel the ink, watch it drip,
Feel her strain in your grip.
See her feed! Hear her drive!
Flaming words, come alive
On the press!"

—came to him not while he was a fanpubber, but later while he was hitch-hiking from L.A. to Chicago and sitting in the back seat with an old drinking partner.

At the Norcon he sang his new songs and some of the old, in the lobby. Someone would start a hall around for him and it would come back with more than enough to cover his expenses at the con, in recognition of the great fannish spirit behind the bandaged eyes.

It was an easy life. Any convention hall was his home and any car caravan his private carriage. No trufan cared to refuse to carry the extra weight of blind Rhysling and his guitar; he moved with the conventions, back and forth across the U.S. and even once to London, as the spirit moved him.

He never got closer to publishing a fanzine than the handle of a duplicator; he could not type and writing was difficult. Even when publication of his songs was suggested, he never followed it up. Finally Ted and Robin White heard Rhysling singing at a Phillycon. That was enough. White knew BNF-making material when he heard it — even if, as he often said, he didn't particularly care for filksongs himself — so the entire contents of SONGS OF TRUFAN-
DOM were sung directly into Harry Warner's tape recorder in the Baltimore suite before Ted let Rhysling out of his sight. The next three volumes were squeezed out of Rhysling in L.A., Berkeley and New York; the first two by friends of White's on the West Coast, the last again by White himself.

YNGVI WAS A LOUSE is certainly not authentic Rhysling throughout. Much of it is Rhysling's, no doubt, and PRESS SONG is unquestionably his, but most of the verses were collected after his death, from people who had known him during his fanning days.

THE GOLDEN HALLS OF MIRTH grew through 53 world conventions, and Rhysling made almost everyone of them. The earliest form we know about was composed before thysling was blinded, at some drinking bout, and the verses concerned what he would do at the SoLaCon I -- if he could find enough blog, a mimeo, and a few willing femmefans. Some of the stanzas are vulgar; some were not. But the chorus was recognizably that of GOLDEN HALLS.

What did Rhysling mean by "Golden Halls?" A host of scholarly fen have asked that question. It seems, at different times, it meant different things. at first it meant only the Alexandria, where the SoLaCon was to be held, then it meant anyplace -- whether clubhouse or convention hall -- where trufen met; finally it meant the SoLaCon II, where the trufen would return "home."

We know exactly where the final form of GOLDEN HALLS came from, and when, and what it meant.

There was a fannish caravan in New York that would soon be heading back to the next Midwescon and thence to the SoLaCon II. It was the first caravan to be sponsored by New York Fandom, and the first caravan that made strict rules about carrying non-paying freight.

Rhysling decided to ride back with them to the SoLaCon II. Perhaps his own song had gotten under his skin -- or perhaps it was just one more in a long series of conventions for him.

New New York Fandom no longer permitted ewdheads; Rhysling knew this, but it never occurred to him that the ruling might apply to him. He was getting old, for a fan, and just a little matter-of-fact about his privileges. Not senile -- he simply knew that he was one of the landmarks of fandom, along with Courtney's boat, South Gate in '58, and the Tower of Bheer Cans To The Moon. He just stood around until everyone was ready to leave and then stepped into one of the cars.

Dearth Andrews, who was heading the caravan, found him while making a last-minute check. "What are you doing here," he asked.

"I'm going back to the Gate," Rhysling answered.

"Well, you can't come with us; you know the rules. Shake a leg and get out of here; we're leaving right now." Andrews was young; he'd come up after Rhysling's time, but Rhysling knew the type -- three years of publishing a crudzine, with no real fannish experience, and he was ready to take over fandom, run it, help it keep on the Right, i.e....Serious Path...an Organization Man. The two men did not touch in spirit or background.

"You wouldn't begrudge an old fan a trip to the Convention of the Century, now, would you? You wouldn't make an old fan break down...and cry...or beg...would you?"

Andrews hesitated; several fans had gathered from other cars. "I can't do it. Rules are not made to be broken. Up you get and out you go."

Rhysling lolled back, his arms under his head. "If I've got to go, ~~damned~~ if I'll walk. Carry me."

Andrews bit his lip and looked at Simon Brown, who'd been sergeant-at-arms at the previous NYCon. "Simon! Have this fan removed!"

Brown fixed his eyes on a street lamp. "Can't rightly do it, Dearth. I...I think I've sprained my shoulder." The other fans, present a moment before, had somehow drifted into their cars.

Rhysling spoke again. "Let's not have any hard feelings about this, Dearth. You've got an out in your rules to carry me, if you want to -- the distressed fans clause."

"Distressed fan my eye! That clause is to cover a fan who's at a convention and doesn't have the money to return home."

"Well, now," said Rhysling, "I was just at the regional conclave, here -- you still call 'em Lunacons, don'tcha? -- and I didn't have the money to return."

I just came from California, and that's as much home to me as any other place."

Rhysling could feel the man's glare before he turned and left. Rhysling knew that he had used his blindness to place Andrews in an impossible situation, but this did not bother Rhysling -- he rather enjoyed it.

They arrived at the MidWesCon a few days later. Rhysling was immediately drawn to the sound of a whirling multilith drum. He walked into the room and closed the door. It locked automatically, having been set to do so, from the inside.

Trouble started on the first run. Rhysling was lounging in a chair, strumming the strings of his guitar and trying out a new version of GOLDEN HALLS.

"Let the trufannish breezes heal me
As I roam around the Earth..."

And something, something, something; "And the Golden Halls of Mirth." It wouldn't come out right. He tried again:

"Let me breath trufannish aib again,
Where there's no lack or dearth;
Let us drink in praise of the Good Old Days
And the Golden Halls of Mirth."

That was better, he thought. "How do you like that, Archie?" he asked over the muted roar.

"Pretty good. Here, have a drink. And give out with the whole thing." Archie McDavids, an expert behind the drum, was an old friend, both in conventions and out; he had been an apprentice under Rhysling many years and thousands of reams back.

Rhysling obliged with both drink and song, then said, "You youngsters got it soft. Back when I was over a drum, you really had to stay alive."

"You still do." They fell to discussing fandom and then to talking shop, and McDavids showed him the new direct response relay, which took the place of the old turn-off valve and was slightly more complicated. Rhysling felt out the controls. It was his conceit that he was still a multilithographer and that his present situation as a troubador was simply an expedient during one of the fusses with fandom that any fan could get into.

"I see you have one of the new electrical counter-rotary motors attached," he remarked, his agile fingers flitting over the equipment.

"All except the hand-crank. I took it off because its weight seems to lob ink a bit too heavily on that side."

"Should have left it on and turned your ink down on that side; with all the electricity this baby takes, you might need it."

"Oh, I don't know. I think--" Rhysling never did find out what McDavids thought, because at that moment the trouble tore loose. Something sizzled from the innards of the machine, gears groaned, and McDavids caught it square -- a blast of electrical amperage burned him down where he stood.

Rhysling sensed what had happened. Automatic reflexes of old habit came out. He slapped off the paper feed and ink valve and disengaged the rollers. Then he remembered the hand-crank. He had to grope until he found it, keeping low -- he did not know what the exact trouble was, but something had to be loose to have allowed that much electricity to strike Archy down. A wibe, possibly. Except for the location of the hand-crank, which he was trying to find, and the wire, which he was trying to avoid, nothing bothered him as to location. The place was as light to him as any place could be; he knew every button, every control, the way

he knew the strings of his guitar.

There was a rattling at the door, but it was locked. "Hello in there! Hello! Is there any trouble?" Some one had undoubtedly heard McDavids cry out.

"Don't come in!" Rhysling shouted. "There's junk flyin' all around." He could hear the crackles of electricity, some close to him, some further away, and the sound of paper being ground into the gears. The machine was spitting wads of paper and gobs of ink and possibly a few nuts, bolts, and washers. Somehow he managed to get the stationary crank into the rotating motor without getting shocked, being knocked over or wrenching his arm. He tried to slow the drum by hand, but the motor was too powerful.

On a smaller machine, Rhysling could have just pulled out the plug, but this was a larger model which required a special cable for extra high voltage; it had to be put in, and taken out, with special tools.

He bent to the side of the machine and turned the dial which at least slowed the motor down; he got it down to what felt and sounded like a "3" and then, tugging with all his might, he was able to knock the motor off its mount. That would have been it, but at that moment he was hit on the head with a flying bolt. It stunned him; he put out a hand to catch his balance...

He knew what had happened, but the shock of it kept him, at first, from feeling any pain. He had thrown out his arm and had hardly felt it as the drum came around for the last time and tore off his hand. Rhysling sat down besides the multi and tied one of his extra handkerchiefs around his mangled arm as a tourniquet.

"You still out there?" Rhysling asked of the door.

"Yes."

"Then borrow a taper, quick, and stand by to record."

There was no answer —dumbfounded as the person might have been by the request, there was nothing else he could do, so he did as he was told.

"I've got the recorder," the voice outside the door said. That person must have been even more dumbfounded by what Rhysling sent to record. It was:

"We rot in the molds of fan clubs,
We retch at their tainted breaths;
Foul are their fuggheaded fanzines,
Calling for trufandom's death."

Rhysling went on cataloging Fandom as he knew it: "—the harsh bright fen of yesteryear—," "—Fandom's rainbowed wit—," "—the frozen nights in convention halls—," all the while feeling the blood running from his shattered veins. He sang, sitting helplessly, not knowing where the door was or the key, too weak to get up and try to look for them, as the life blood flowed literally out of him. He finished with an alternate chorus:

"We've tried each new convention hall
And reckoned their true worth;
Take us back again to the homes of fen
And the cold gold Halls of Mirth."

--Then, absentmindedly almost, he remembered to tack on his revised first verse:

"The turning press is calling
Fansmen back to their ways.
All fans! Stand by! Returning!
Back to by-gone days."

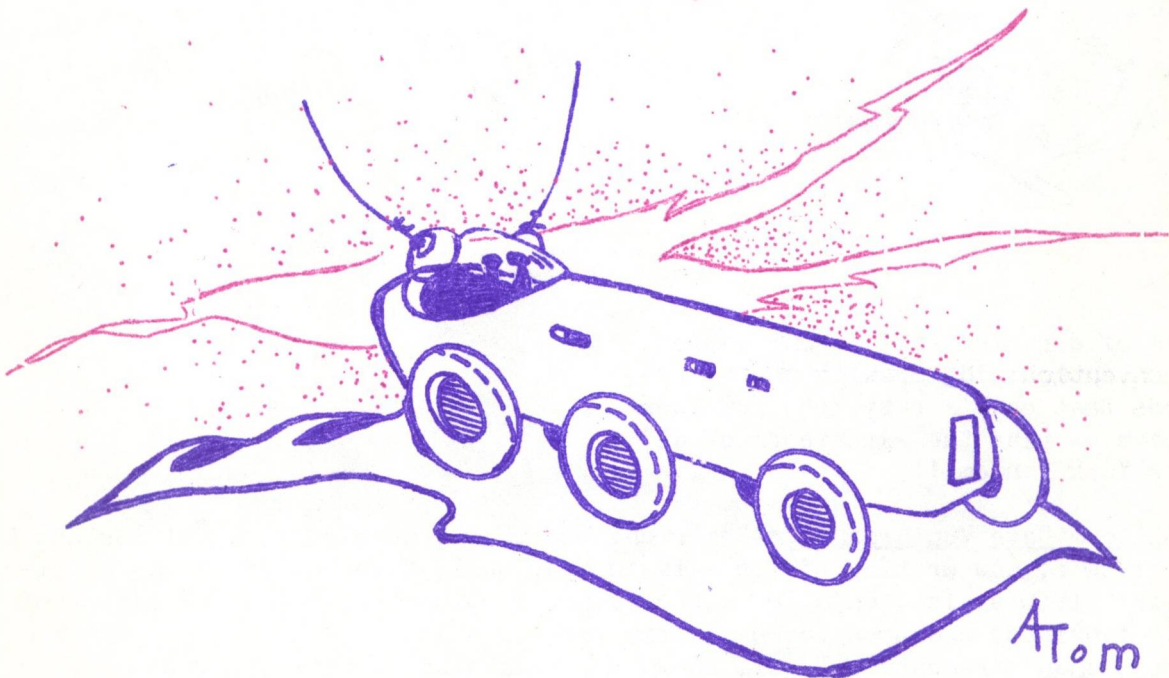
"Out ride the sons of Fandom,
To drive their thundering words;
Up leaps the race of Fansmen,
Above the common herds---"

The multi was safe and, with a minimum of tinkering, could get the convention daily out on time. As for Rhysling, he was not so sure. It was, of course, a matter of how he would die, not whether -- from shock, from gangrene, from loss of blood. His only sadness was that he would not actually get to the SoLaCon II -- back to the rebirth of his rebirth in fandom, back to the Golden Halls he was singing about. He felt that his eyes weren't covered and fumbled around on the floor until he found his rag which, with only one hand, he tied as neatly as he could over his eyes. When he did this he sang one more chorus, the last bit of authentic Rhysling that could ever be:

"We pray for one last fanning
At the cons that gave us birth;
To rest ourselves on those moldy shelves
At the Golden Halls of Mirth."

And so he died, singing of the home he never reached.

-- by rich brown and Paul Stanbery, 1960
reprinted from DAFOE #3
revised by rich brown, 1965





NEW YORK

in

67

A team of experienced fans united for the convention bid, drawing on the resources that only a city like New York can have -- plus the experience of all of New York Fandom!!!

Ted White & Dave Van Arnam, Co-Chairmen: Ted White, an experienced fan since the early 1950's, now writing sf for a living, as well. Dave Van Arnam, a fan since the early 1950's also, enjoying a second incarnation in fandom. The editor of two weekly fanzines, and soon to be a dirty pro, as well.

John Boardman, Treasurer: A well known and well liked fan and physics teacher, John is one who can be trusted with handling finances: he has the experience of a family of four to draw on!

Andy Porter, Secretary: A reader-collector the past decade, now an active fanzine fan, member of regional and national fan organizations and apa's.

Mike McInerney, Publications Director: A fan since the early 1960's, founder of apa F and FISTFA, editor of Focal Point, and runner of the successful Eastercon.

THE LOOK OF A BOOK

There's a never-never land in the book publishing field, a territory called Book Design that lies between the larger areas of Editorial and Production. It's a nice little place, whose inhabitants are anonymous (except, of course, among themselves) but happy, though occasionally a little miffed when some alien says, "What's a Book Designer?" The obvious answer should adopt the form of "The Gostak distims the doshes," and go no further.

It is surprising, though probably logical, that the average gleep, even the bookish one, should visualize the publishing structure as author gives manuscript to editor, editor gives printer manuscript, and printer furnishes author with a printed package. This is not only logical, but not so long ago, say 25 years or so, it was largely true. Book design in the mass production field, is a relatively recent phenomenon. Note, I say mass production. There have always been "designed" books, from Gutenberg on, and for centuries the printer was also editor, publisher and designer. But with the fragmentation that came with the industrial age, editor and publisher became a separate entity, and eventually bifurcated into separate functionaries, though the printer still remained a "designer." To the extent that he furnished a format for a book -- but, as an assembly line worker, he took the quickest way out: standardization. Pick up several books from the same publisher of the early '30's, and you'll find they're almost identical (for some reason, MacMillan comes automatically to mind). There are the same bindings, same typefaces, same page layout, same paper. Standardization, of course, is an economic device -- the faster you can turn out a product, the cheaper you can sell it for. And during the Depression, books were a luxury that could-

frank
Wilimczyk

n't price themselves out of the mass market.

Eventually, as money became more readily available, and competition made format of greater importance, book design became solely the province of the publisher. (None of this is necessarily true, but it is a conclusion of my own with reference to the economic factors; and there remain a few commercial printers -- H. Wolff is a notable example -- who employ their own designers.)

Currently most major publishers are divided into several separate departments: Editorial, Design, Production, Manufacturing, Advertising.

The Editorial end is the most appealing, of course, since there is a personal interaction, and, of course, in the end it is the author who is the irreplaceable element in the whole process of publishing a book. Once the manuscript is finished, a number of things happen. First, on the basis of the editor's recommendations and production advice, the executive branch establishes a budget for the book. On the basis of this budget, the production department works out a schedule indicating what materials and suppliers can be used to produce a book which will conform to the budget. I worked at this sort of thing for a while, but it is too tedious a process to go into in detail. Suffice it to say that the production department furnishes the designer with a bunch of limitations and suggestions. Among the limitations is the choice of a compositor -- the most frustrating of all, since what you can do with a page layout is linked directly with the typeface you use. In a trade book, which is generally "straight-setting" (i.e., the text can be set without changing typefaces or style, except for chapter openings and front matter), the limitation is chiefly in the display -- the hand set types available for title page and chapter pages. In text-books, there is more variation in the body of the book, and there is a greater inter-relation between text and type, in terms of weight size and arrangement.

It's the trickiest part of layout of a page, since the designer is working with pretty fine differences (as whether to use 9-point or 10-point bold caps above 10-point light face upper and lower case, or even a 10-point monotype Baskerville as against a 10-point linotype Baskerville. These and other intricacies are not worth going into here -- suffice it to say that when dealing with many elements, the designer uses his best judgement, knowing there is a safety factor: sample pages.

The initial layout is done from representative manuscript pages, and these are marked for the compositor to set: a chapter opening page, and usually about three to five additional pages, depending on the complexity of the manuscript. Sample pages have two purposes: the more obvious one is to get a printed specimen of what the final book-page will look like -- the type page against the full page size, contrasts in weight of type, etc.; it also allows the compositor to give a cost estimate, based on the time it takes him to set the samples. It also gives the author a chance to complain about the design and suggesting using 72-point Playbill for the text, but we don't care about him, do we?

Once the sample pages have been revised and OK'ed (or new pages set if extensive changes have been made, and these revised are OK'ed), the manuscript is set, and galley proofs are furnished to be proofread. I presume anyone who reads knows what a galley is, but in case some reader is illiterate and doesn't know, it is a long sheet of continuous, unpagged proof of the set manuscript. When this

has been proofread, the compositor makes corrections and locks up the type into pages, furnishing proofs of these for proofreading.

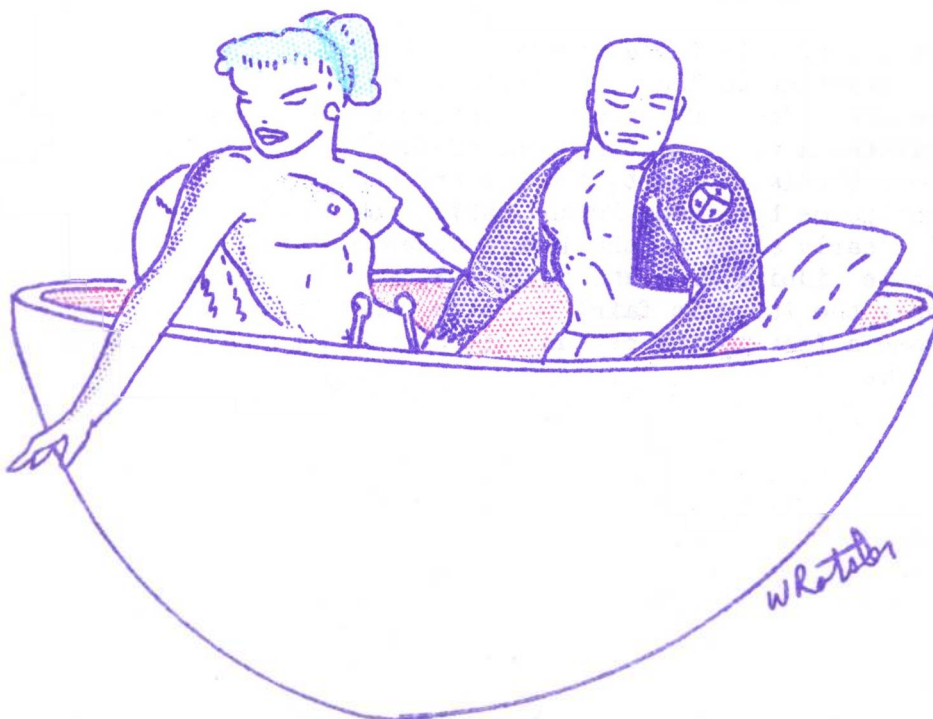
Since in book publishing, (as in so many fields), first things are last, it is at this time that the front-matter is specified. That is, the manuscript copy is marked up for the printer-compositor. At this stage the two are used interchangeably, even though the compositor quite often is not the printer, or something. Then the binding design is prepared, if this is a textbook. If it's a trade book, it's past time for the jacket design to have been finished, but with texts the binding generally precedes the jacket.

Front matter goes directly into pages, and when proofs come in for these pages, it's time for the finished artwork for the binding to be prepared, and the production people start threatening dire consequences if this artwork is not ready immediately.

Eventually, printed and bound books arrive, and someone wanders into your office with a copy of the book and asks, "Hey, did you do this?" and you nod, and he says, "I don't like the binding, and how come you did the running heads like you did?"

That's what makes it all worth while.

-- Frank Wilimczyk, 1965



SNELL

.....
 Address fanzines for review to Andrew Silverberg,
 24 east 82nd street, new york, new york, 10028.

TRUMPET #2, Tom Reamy, 6010 Victor, Dallas, Texas, 75214 -- Usual, 50¢

Tom has finally had his revenge against me -- he printed a quote out of context from my review, the thing appearing in the Westerncon program booklet. I must say the second issue has improved over the first. I still don't like the homosexual appearing covers that Tom uses, tho the broad on the contents page is rather nice looking. Alex Eisenstein writes as well as he draws; you'll find some of his art in Algol, in fact. White Rabbits wasn't a story, but rather an incident, poorly done at that. I particularly enjoyed the illo for A Homespun Idyll. Lettercolumn was also of interest. As usual, the repro is tops -- 2 colors! A much better issue than the first, Tom is slowly but surely feeling his way back into fandom--B

FANKLE #1, Ivor Latto, 16 Merryton Ave., Glasgow W5, Scotland -- Usual, 1/6d.

This first issue is finely done, with excellent illos by the editor, and with a diverse content. Repro is excellent; seemingly the whole thing was electro-stencilled. Charles Platt's article on slum living is like nothing I've ever heard of before -- Scottish slums are totally different from American, it seems. World Wrecker by Richard Gordon is a fine article on JTM'Intosh; with a beautiful illo accompanying it. On the whole, this issue is serconnish in the best sense of the word, tho a British Eastercon report draws a few bits of fannishness into the zine. Ivor Latto will be a fan to be watched, judging by this first attempt-----A

CLARGES #2, Lon Atkins, Box 228, Chapel Hill, NC, 27514 -- SFFA, N'APA, Usual.

The second attempt of this fan at genzine publishing is inspiring. Already up to 52 pages, he's starting to look like another Andy Porter. Well mimeod, this issue has varied contents. Roger Clegg writes informatively about South Africa, Lon himself contributes a well-written piece of faan fiction, there is a lengthy and well fleshed-out Disclave report, and a short but lively lettercol. On the debit side, we've got poems by Elinor Poland, which completely turn me off, as well as some material clearly aimed at the lower masses of N'APA -- On the Road to N3F, plus other little tidbits here and there. Illos are used neatly to good advantage, and on the whole the issue is fair, but signs that it could develop along fannish lines and become a focal point of southerfandom. He could use better layout, but give the man time -----B

We also received: Thistle #3, Duncan McFarland, 1242 Grace Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio, 45208 -- a neat little genzine, half of Thistle and Thorne. Fine article by Banks Nebane (the Cancerous Fat Lady of Fandom) on the old Planet Stories--C Lunatic #9, Frank Stodolka--gone pulp size from digest//Nyarlathotep #1, Ben Solon --2 excellent offset covers hide an otherwise poor issue. Good book reviews, tho--D

:::::::::sorta a lettercol or something::

RANDOM FACTORS

Ned Brooks, Jr.
911 Briarfield Road
Newport News, Va., 23605

Gee, I finally got an ALGOL. I like ALGOL 9, it's a thick, well-written (for the most part) zine. The illos are not bad and the layout and titles are excellent. Your editorial is rather rambling;

the style seems to be a complete lack of one. With the zine so fat already you could have cut it a bit shorter.

The Janifer poem is good, and well presented. I saw his recent piece in the REALIST about sadism being a basic drive in our culture, and how he hoped that his You Sane Men would be a flop and prove him wrong. I'll bet! It deserves to be a flop, I thought it so poorly written. The society he depicts is interesting but the plotting and character development are dismal.

Wood's GRUT Column is amazingly good, considering that he has nothing to say, really.

Wilimczyk's article On High Castle was very good. I've read so many scholarly articles on that lately, I don't know whether or not I'll ever get around to the book itself. Niekas has a piece by Phillip Dick himself on the I Ching; I have High Castle but it's at the bottom of the pile somewhere.

Warner's piece on Marlowe was fascinating, but not long enough or clear enough. He seemed to imagine that we all knew something about Marlowe, whereas to me, Marlowe was just a name vaguely associated with Shakespeare.

Lupoff's book Week is great; I like the way he completely disregards date in selecting the books. It would be bad if some one wanted a copy of Skullface after seeing this review. I can't see why people keep reviewing the Barton Werper books; nobody says anything favorable about them. Why not just ignore them, maybe they'll go away.

Janifer's Mechanics is interesting, but after reading You Sane Men I don't think it will hurt him any to pay a little more attention to the mechanics. In my opinion, the trouble with most modern science fiction writers is not too much technique, but too little facility with the techniques they have. The best writers use all the same techniques, but have refined them to a point where the reader can no longer see them. The scholar can dig them out if he likes, but that is the business of literary criticism. The reason Cordwainer Smith's stories (to take one of Janifer's examples) are so great is not a lack of mechanics, but the

fact that the mechanism, essentially one of pseudo-legend, is so well concealed.

Nguma is idiotic but I enjoyed it. It's funny in its own right. Tarzan parodies are getting to be like beating a dead dog. The Fan Machine was good, I hope you can find more reprints like that. I quite agree with you about that cover on Trumpet ((being "queer")) and I told Reamy so, too, but I think you were a little hard on him otherwise. I found all the writing much superior to the average first issue.

Bacover was excellent; I'll be looking forward to the next ALGOL.
Best, Ned

Banks Mebane
6901 Strathmore St.
Chevy Chase, Md., 20015

I enjoyed ALGOL 9 immensely, and I hope that you don't stop publishing it, as you implied you might on page 56. Too many fanzines seem to fold about the ninth or tenth issue, just as the editor has mastered all the problems and started turning out a really good zine -- I suppose that most of the challenge is gone for him at that point, and it becomes a dreary chore. Thank Ghod for the Coulsons.

I take back everything I said about yellow sheets last time -- your repro was beautiful this trip, and all white. Covers and interior art was great.

Beatle-Juice: May this proliferation of apa's prove to be a passing fad! I hope so, since it's annoying for someone like me who doesn't have an interest in publishing, only in reading the fanzines, and apazines usually aren't too interesting to the outsider. Glad to see you're reprinting things from apa F. Now, there's an idea for someone to build a genzine around: the best from the apa's.

GRUT was much better this time. Robin Wood seemed to be writing about things that interested him, instead of just sitting down to write a column.

Frank Wilimczyk throws some interesting insights into High Castle. Another use of the dream-within-a-dream idea appears in Through The Looking-Glass, where it is left unresolved whether the Red King is Alice's dream or vice versa. I wonder if Phillip Dick might not have been thinking of Alice when he wrote High Castle.

Harry Warner: Christopher Marlowe never existed: the plays attributed to him were actually written by William Shakespeare, who got bored because Bacon was doing all of his work.

Dick Lupoff has a good point about Howard writing a Rohmer story better than Rohmer in Skullface. Similarly, I think Lin Carter has improved on both Burroughs and Howard in The Wizard of Lemuria, without adding anything new.

Laurence Janifer is too right.

Stiles, Ashe-Porter, and Brown provide some chuckles.

I don't dig Harry Warner's objection to Baltimore in '67. So what if B'more is a hell-hole? Who stirrs outside of the convention hotel anyway? Besides, B'more is one of our very nicest hell-holes.

Nice seeing you at the MidWesCon, Banks Mebane

((Well, I'm going to comment here on the last two letters, mainly because I forgot and started to type up Banks's letter without giving a lot of comment to Ned. So, Ned: Werper has gone away; "he" (a husband-wife team) agreed to cease and desist from any more Werper books, and the thing has now quietly died away, with everyone except "Barton Werper" happy.

I used to think that Cordwainer Burbee's stories were great, but now I've sorta grown away from them; if I want technique, I can find plenty in J. G. Ballard, who has pretty much grown away from mainstream science fiction. And personally, I think that the techniques that Ballard uses are superior to those of Smith, who does use pseudo-legend where it should not be used. For instance, in the Ballad of Lost C'Mell, you read the story and it becomes a legend, simply because it is essential to the rest of the stories that it become a part of his legend. I came away from that one with the thot that if it's the basis for a legend, then that future history must have pretty crazy legends. Besides, I doubt that a legend can grow in a highly civilized time; it takes word-of-mouth and exaggeration to create one, something that is not going to happen when an event is stored on tape for anyone to dig up as they please. Smith has forcibly created poor stories (myths) to bolster his stories later in the series. I think this a stupid and weak thing to do.

The Fan Machine was so good that I've appointed rich brown as reprint Editor; but all he seems to pick out are his own stories...

Reamy has had his revenge on me; he quoted a sentence ("typical neo-zine, first issue variety") out of context in his ad for Trumpet in the WesterCon program booklet.

Banks Mebane: Yes, I did stop publishing Algol, as I said I would on page 56. You may have noticed that there was no page 57...

But Janifer is not right, really, as so many people seem to think, myself among them. For my side, see above. Ha! You admit in print that B'more is a hell-hole? Boy, wait until Jack Chalker sees that! And thanks for admitting it, pal!))

Richard Bergeron
333 East 69th Street
New York, NY, 10021

I'm horribly gafia riddled these days but I finally had to sit down and dash off this note that Algol 9 was a super job — and your editorial one of the best things in it.

I know this is miserable comment on so hyper a job but it's the best this old tired fan can manage.

By the way, what do you think of the cover I did for you?

((Well, the people who saw the issue liked the cover, and I did, too. But not as much as two I've got coming up. Personally, I go in for more science fictional types of drawings, or at least fantasy oriented, rather than semi-modernistic drawings. So the cover and bacover this issue are by Jack Gaughan, and next issue will have a cover by Jim Cawthorn, which is currently sitting in John Boardman's den ~~of the~~. But I do like your stuff, especially the cover you did for Warhoon #19.))

James Ashe
R.D. #1
Freeville, New York

Dear Andy, Wife says I have to write a letter of comment to you. Here it is. After what you did to my story I'm being careful; this letter is short and empty. James Ashe



Creath Thorne
Route 4
Savannah, Mo., 64485

Thanks for
Algol. I en-
joyed it very
much. I think

that perhaps here is a new trend in fanzines. It seems to me that Algol basically originates from apa F and the Fanoclasts. It is a highly in-groupish zine, and yet it maintains enough serious writing understood by outside readers to make it a very good zine, when viewed as a member of the whole field of fanzines. I'm surprised that a zine like this hasn't come out of Los Angeles and apa L--perhaps from Tom Gilbert--altho apa L seems to have an entirely different personality from apa F. It's interesting -- would some fan care to compare the distributions of F and L, and then postulate the personalities of the two clubs simply from the printed material?

I thot the best art in the issue was that by Steve Stiles and Adkins; now why? both are good artists, but then so are the others represented. It seems that Stiles is particularly adapted to the ditto medium. I'm convinced that some of the most beautiful fan art can be had from the ditto

process if the artist thoroughly understands it. It seems to be a particular combo of almost smearing the master with a limited amount of color in the correct place that makes for the best art in this medium. Anyhoo, hope I see more of this in the future -- it's good.

Robin Wood's comment on "Foo, Manchu" dimly brought to mind a piece I first read looong ago in the first honest-to-ghod fanzine I ever received. It seems the hero had to pick out of a line of China-men which one was indeed the insidious doctor hisself. The hero immediately pointed to the one who was masticating a hunk of tobacco, and said, "Many men smoke, but only Fu Man, chew."

I don't know why I ever entered fandom, anyway.

The Piece about Terwilleger was good. Yes. It was highly humorous and well written.

Man, like you certainly showed your ingroupishness in your comment on Trumpet. I didn't expecially like the zine, myself, but I didn't think it was that bad. I es-pecially dug that line "...what he thinks is a good issue isn't thot of as one any more."

Yeah. Time does tell, doesn't it. Though one would wish that fanzines were not so ephemeral so that a fanzine published in 1958 could still be enjoyed today. Anyway, nice, nice, very nice issue -- hope to see more. Creath

((Well, Creath, I think that the new trend in ~~gaff~~ genzines is simply not to have them anymore. Certainly with the rise of the apa, the new crop of fans have turned to these a.p.a.s for their creative expressions. I say that this is bad, and could lead to the general death or scarcity of the genzine. Others say that this simply means that the neos can blather back and forth at each other as much as they like without subjecting the rest of fandom to what amounts to their formative years. And where did this discussion come from, why apa L, of course. A weekly apa, that's not to insane...))

I don't think that Algol is ingroupish. True, most of the contents are from the fanoclasts, but I pick the material to maintain a balance (in this issue, one third fiction, one third columns, one third articles...hopefully) that can appeal to all sides of fannish interests. Sercon and faaanish, and funny, and serious. But most especially, I try to do things well in Algol. Good fiction, articles, top talents, good layout, good reproduction, and whatever I can add to that combo. So far, the biggest dud in the past 2 issues has been the lettercolumn. Hopefully it will perk up from now on. But when I get only half a dozen letters on each issue, what the hell can I do?

I think that Tom Reamy deserved the review I gave him. Perhaps I was a little harsh on him and Trumpet, but I still feel that good repro does not necessarily mean good content follows.))

Alex B. Eisenstein
3030 West Frago Ave.
Chicago, Ill., 60645

You dirty S.O.B., you! I glom a copy of Algol #9 and what do you do? You gimme a crudsheet copy, you fink! I can hardly read half the pages. Boy, just wait until I review you in Trumpet! Not your

mag -- you personally. No one will send for a copy of the latest issue of Andy Porter.

What I could read of the issue: Janifer's piece (no, not that kind of a piece) seemed quite sensible and intelligent -- moral, even -- until I got to his examples. Tomb Tapper is a ridiculous piece of right-wing propaganda, and Work of Art is undoubtedly one of the most over-rated recalled-to-life stories ever to be published. Come to think of it, I can only remember one story by Blish that didn't disgust me. The Beautiful Things -- that one I rather liked and, as I recall, it was a shock-ending story, a "gimmick" story, and we all know what Blish thinks of gimmick stories, don't we. Nevertheless, it's the only good one he ever wrote.

Salinger and O'Hara are also first water phonies. And Charlotte Bronte?? Aw, c'mon now, Larry!! Actually, the only examples I whole-heartedly agree with are Wells and Dostoevsky. I really believe Crime and Punishment is the next thing to an sf novel. It is certainly philosophical fiction, and it deals with the Superman theory of Nietzsche, although it debunks it. It's funny that Janifer blasts the writer who is "concerned 'more with the mechanics'", yet lists Pangborn as



As one he believes. Pangborn is certainly concerned more with literary mechanics (style, pace, etc.) than with stfnal qualities, and this is very evident in his latest novel, Davy. A good book, certainly, but as original and thought-provoking as pig slop. The hoariest of trite, well-worn plots. -- ask A. J. Budrys. He wrote a review of Davy in Galaxy that was the best thing that mag published all year.

And Cordwainer Smith! He hasn't written a good story since Game Of Rat And Dragon. And he hasn't written a story, period (like with coherent plot) since Lady Who Sailed The Soul. That was treacle, but at least it was well-written treacle. His next bomb, A Planet Named Shayol, was completely schizoid. I don't understand the fascination he holds for other writers and some fans. I guess he's a writer's writer; or else he has them all snowed.

Your "Femmefan, etc.," was probably the best thing in the issue. Don't ask me why; I guess I like da-da writing. The rest of the faan fiction was crap.

I hope you can read this. For some strange reason, I have to fight this pen while writing. Hmmm. Maybe I ought to let it write all my letters-of-comment by itself?

Yours artistically, Alex Eisenstein.

((Well, Alex, personally I think you're out of your F mind. Actually, I like the earlier stuff that Cordwainer Smith turned out, tho the later (or more into the legends stuff) things that he's written turn me Off completely. Not that I don't like them, it's simply that they aren't really comprehensible without going through everything he's written and getting the legends down straight.

Pangborn I think is an excellent writer. A Mirror For Observers is certainly one of the top, classic examples of the Aliens-among-us theme; a definitive work. Davy, although not so imaginative, seems to be more of an allegory than a straight sf story: it's the story of mankind from infancy out to exploring new worlds, and once you see this unifying theme, the book becomes quite wall done in your eyes. I suggest you look at it from that viewpoint and then tell me how it looks to you.

Crime and Punishment I don't know about, but Notes From Underground seems to be the typical story of the mass-produced mind trying to break out of the walls that society has set up. As such, the story could apply to any time in history.

"Literary"mechanics are very important. Certainly Pace is a very important part of any story, and expecially of novels. Pace is tied in with plot to a fantastic degree. Style of writing -- well, some writers have styles. Will Jenkins, Theodore Sturgeon, Ray Bradbury, Burroughs, Simak, and most especially Lovecraft could/can all be identified to a greater or lesser degree by their styles, which after a while becomes an integral part of the writer. So when a writer appears pre-occupied by pace, action, style, or any other tool, he is often just using what he has learned to tell the story, not consciously doing it.

Or maybe you think differently; I don't know that, and neither will the others who read this unless you tell us. Personally, I just think you got a bit riled up about some things and instead of sitting back and analysing your feelings, you pounced on a typewriter and poured out a vast stream-of-consciousness on us all. From your letter I judge this, you understand. But you certainly are very ready to pounce on a detail that on further examination ain't very much at all))

Bill Donaho
P.O.Box 1284
Berkeley, Calif., 94701

Algol 9 arrived today. Since I didn't send a LoC on #8 I thought I'd better get busy on one now and not put it off. Algol is a very good-looking zine of course with good art, layout, and repro.

Too bad about the goof about page thirty, but what the hell, it isn't that important...

In his column Robin Wood mentions the Free Speech Movement. Local fan Bob Chasin is a big wheel therein. Bob gave a party last night, about half and half fans and Free Speechers. They're very interesting types, running even more to beards than fans do, although the Free Speecher beards seem neater and better trimmed than those of fans. They're quieter too. Unfortunately an accurate report of the party would be unprintable, but it was fun.

Dick Lupoff writes good book reviews. I frequently disagree with his opinions, but they're good reviews. I like Dick Lupoff; he's a strong-mind, bulldozing type, but he's so urbane and civilized about it..... His review of The Wizard Of Oz takes one back. I read it and three or four others at the proper age, but never could get hold of the rest of them. I read most of them while in the Army. I'd get a week-end pass and come in to the San Francisco Public Library and read them all Saturday afternoon, getting many startled looks from the children's librarian and the kiddies. Of course Saturday night I was out drinking and wenching like a soldier should....

Steve Stiles "Nguma The Nigerian" was hilarious. Steve, like Ray Nelson, writes as well as he draws.

Harry Warner's Marlowe bit was very good as was your femmefan thing. Rich Brown was fun. I disagreed with Frank Wilimczyk but don't feel stimulated to argue about The Man In The High Castle. I agreed with Janifer's point in The Mechanics of the Thing but not all of his examples. For instance, I don't believe Cordwainer Smith these days. I didn't care much for Fuzzy Sapient and thought the letter column was fairly lackluster, even usually reliable letterhacks seemed to be somewhat off their feed. Agreed with your fanzine reviews and wished there were more of them...

Best and all, Bill.

((But Bill, what did you think of my editorial? That I wanted comments on above all — and you didn't say anything. Owell...))

Harry Warner, Jr.
423 Summit Avenue
Hagerstown, Md., 21740

Finally a letter of comment on the ninth Algol comes into the world, and probably awakens most of the 400 block of Summit Avenue as a result of the pounding that is needed to get legible results from this wornout ribbon at midnight of a heatwave that makes me refuse to close the doors and windows. Various non-fannish events have caused me to fall considerably behind in letterhacking. Just out of curiosity, I checked the pile of fanzines awaiting attention and found that the oldest are 18 months of age at the moment.

The formation of new apa's might be an important thing for fandom. It definitely seems to be creating more fanzine writers. The main danger is that the good material produced in the local apa's will never come to general fandom's attention because so few items are reprinted in publications with fully national circula-

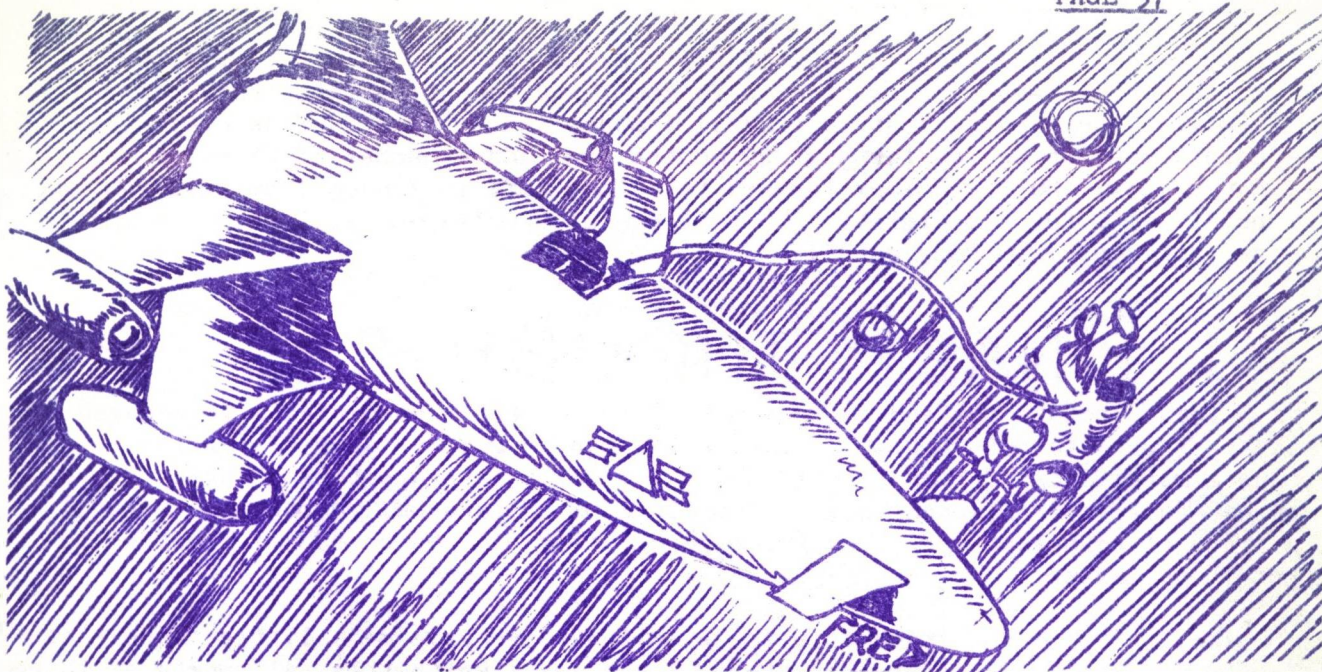
tion. One advantage of the new groups that you fail to mention is that they virtually end the danger that any neofan will burn himself out by becoming a completist fanzine collector or completist member of all apa's. The apa's are now so numerous and some of them have such stringent membership requirements that it is beyond even the wildest ambitions for anyone to be active in all.

I want to try to find a copy of The Man In The High Castle, an ambition that certainly didn't get created by any article on the book previous to this one by Frank Wilimczyk. One of the things that I want to do when I finally read the novel is to determine if there might be some parallels to Thomas Mann's The Magic Mountain. Certain things that Frank says in his conjectures of the last two paragraphs cause me to suspect that Phil Dick could have derived some ideas from the basic purposes of that novel.

Dick Lupoff's reviews caused me to set aside a few minutes to something I'd intended for a long time, juggling around the name Barton Werper. The only anagram that I could come up with is Robert Part New. I started to hunt another clue to the name of the real author but I kept getting Warner out of the name and hastily put the pencil away and continued reading. If the second Lupoff conclusion about successor writers is correct, Barton Werper is a pitiful creator indeed; I agree that Howard deserves some credit for writing better than Rohmer but it's hard to imagine anyone failing to write better than Burroughs. It's just as well that Dick shows some signs of desisting from this mad pastime of reading everything in the Burroughs tradition. There are indications that the strain has upset his critical facilities a trifle, because I remember the Palos novels as quite entertaining when read with no thought of Burroughs in the back of the mind. Hidden World sounds like a new title of In Caverns Below. If so, it's a reprint that I don't want to touch, because the novel was in 1935 the epitome of sophisticated irony and civilized humor, to me, and I know that this wonderful memory would be turned to decaying horror if I actually read the story again.

I don't agree with Laurence Janifer that science fiction is dying, but I feel as he does about the wrongness of trying to write science fiction for any reason other than to tell a good story in the most direct way that the nature of the story permits. One recent trend makes me both happy and melancholy. The approach of the first manned flight to the moon has caused publication of several recent novels about the first trip to the moon or closely related plots. I find it refreshing to read new science fiction of this type, which would have been too naive in theme for publication only a few years ago. Simultaneously, there is the awful knowledge that there can't be more than a few more novels yet to come before the first real trip to the moon removes that particular theme from science fictions' territory. No more conjectures about the unforeseen reasons why men can't travel from earth to the Moon, no more descriptions of various types of environment found on the Moon's surface, and a few more actual manned flights will also wipe out the stories about discovery of live creatures on the moon concealed under rocks or in deep caves. I wonder if the dime novel readers felt this way when the Wright brothers put up that first airplane and eliminated that source of plots for authors?

You deserve nothing but praise for reprinting from old fanzines. But I wish you and all other reprinters would follow the laudable custom established by Ted White, Terry Carr, and a few others, of annotating. This particular Rich Brown story is less seriously in need of explanations than most fanzine reprints. But life in fandom is so short and the turnover so great that I'll wager at least one-third of your readers will not realize that Bruce Feltz was once considered



exclusivley a Floridian, that Guy was famous for the quantity of his publishing during the brief period in which he flourished, and such things.

In general, this is your best issue, one that partakes completely of the peculiar atmosphere of full competence and relaxed excellence that so many fanzines from New York possess these days. I can't think of a fanzine in recent months that had so wide a representation of all types of fannish art without a few clinkers. The only suggestion that I could make would involve the mental discipline and willpower required to force oneself to snip out of the master the words that were x'ed out. And the occasional presence of such words didn't bother me while reading; I resorted to mentioning it out of sheer desperation to find fault with something.

Yrs., &c., Harry

((But the formation of the new apa creates an echo chamber for neo's so that they blast back and forth at eachother with their own crud, or so claims John Trimble and others. But I worry that who will be the one to tell them that the best that they produce is crud by outside standards, if they do cut themselves off from genfandom? That, I suppose, is a problem that will solve itself within the next 2 or 3 years.

Harry, much of the material in Algol has come from apa F, as well as I; see the editorial for exactly what and where.

I intend to look into Magic Mountain myself; I'll see if what you say is true.

If Hidden World was the epitome of civilized humor to you in 1935, no wonder. I didn't have very much critical judgement at the age of 10, either.

I can hardly believe that the fannish span of life is as short as you say it is. It seems to me the fannish span is lengthening these days, and will certainly be

increased considerably because of all the new apa's, as you say. They will tend to keep-neo's who produce crud in fandom for a long time until they can really see what they are against in general fandom, and so quietly fade away. I've been a publishing fan for just 20 months now, and a member of NYFandom for 13 months now; and I can look forward to a long life in fandom from this vantage point. Am I being optimistic? Or am I one of the few who will stick around to see Horizons #200 come out?))

+ + + + +

FINAL THOUGHTS

Thank Ghod -- the end is in sight. This issue has been big; I've managed in the past week to cut it down by giving the axe to 2 more pages of fanzine reviews, plus 2 more pages of Final Thots. Several minor things are thus changed. There'll be no ATom/Porter illo on page 34, nor an ATom on page 60. On page 34 there'll be a piece of Porter artwork, and the page 60 thing will be on 59. If I bother to put it on master.

Well, I hope you liked this issue -- the repro gave me a little trouble at first, but it's just about completely licked. As I write this, all sorts of things have happened -- TriCon has won the Bid for the worldcon, which means Syracuse will be trying for '67, against Boston, New York, and Baltimore. Some fun. And apa F is withering away, while apa L is growing. All sorts of fannish and mundane things going on. Steve Stiles got drafted; he's in Missouri, now. That's the way the fannish scene goes, I suppose. Oh yes; a last minute plea for material for my Jiant Second Annish. Yellow Seas, articles, fiction, artwork gratefully appreciated. Until next February, gang, just keep your knees loose

-- Andy Porter, 9/10/65

WHY---

- | | |
|---|--|
| () You contributed to this issue. | () You're mentioned inside this issue; care to comment? |
| () You have a Letter of Comment inside. | () You're not mentioned in this issue, but I'd like a letter of comment anyway. |
| () You are my single subscriber. | () You are the fat old lady of fandom, and I want an article from you. |
| () You're my brother. | () You're not especially well known to me, which is why I want something from you. |
| () Your fanzine is reviewed inside. | () You are a beautiful femmefan, and you shd ditch your husband and come live with me. Platonic-ally speaking, of course. |
| () We trade fanzines. | |
| () I'd sure like to trade fanzines; how about you? | |
| () You are Walter Willis, Terry Carr, or some other BNF, and I want you to do something for Algol. | |
| () You are Rotsler, Simpson, Harness, Ejo, Barr, Adkins, Hoffman, or any other fanartist, & I want some art. | |





SKETCH FOR
"WEB OF
THE WITCH WORLD"

ALGOL 10