HARRY WARNER

MARLOWE WAS DEAD WITH LONG BEGINNING

Once in a while, a writer uses a real author as a character in a story of fantasy. One of the most famous of the short stories in the old UNKNOWN concerned an adventure that Edgar Allan Poe might have had with a vampire. MODERN TALES writers like Lovecraft and Bloch had a delight in sending one another to painful, protracted and unpleasant dooms, under the thinnest possible disguises--one such story even contained Bloch's actual street adress. But I can't remember seeing a story in which the character was a writer who became a celebrity for non-literary reasons that might be explained, met a sudden death under circumstances that don't fit together, and in the interim did things that were just plain impossible from the standpoint of chronology.

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

An excellent case could be made for a hypothesis that Marlowe was a writer who traveled in time, either through his own Elizabethan devices or because he was a man from our future who had switched to that far past era for purposes of his own. It is true that he didn't write science fiction and that his plays moved up to fantasy to the mundane, except in the case of one, Doctor Faustus. But he alludes so casually and familiarly to astronomy in his writings that he [illegible] visitor from a [illegible]

Haiku are...what? 17 syllables, three lines, mentioning nature, more often than not communicating some hidden or not so hidden message to the reader. And, seeing as how I've been extensively interested in poetry at one time, and most likely will be at some future date, I thought of all these ground rules and now am attempting to put some across. See what you think they are, their messages, if any, and the sense or feeling that you can get from them. Several are from second draft, and there may be one or two that are blind stabs.

Steel, stone, and roaring caves
Empty of life, filled with men.
The grass withers

Fire on the plain
Summer heat on steel cities
Above, the stars look down

Man building higher;
Shutting out summer sun
Until autumn will come

Cold rain, warm hearts,
And life filled with the fire
Of a summer existence

I'd appreciate any comments you see fit to make. Dave? Jack? Ted?

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I think that Algol will be out this Thursday night; enough copies will be collated to distribute among those of you who have contributed artwork, fiction, etc. Unfortunately the reproduction in this issue isn't up to the standards that I set myself; there are numerous streaks, and a bit of show-through that I found impossible to avoid. In several cases, most notably in Nguma The Nigerian, this resulting in the necessity of running off even more copies, and the resultant extensive fading of the masters resulted. I'm sorry to say, but Steve's illo for that was pretty bad to start with (it was primarily in black, which came out a much faded grey) and as a result of the treatment it got, is probably the worst illo in this issue; poorer, in many ways, than the REG illos, which are themselves not so hot. Sorry, Steve.

The many crud sheets I had will not be thrown away; rather than waste them, I'm going to use them for pubbing Degler! on, and they should keep me going for well over a month; the quality of repro in this admittedly mostly-a-crudzine isn't so high that I have to start off with virgin paper.

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Ross, from the way you talk, you're extremely sorry that the black masters didn't work out and make crossoid look like it was mimeod instead of dittoed. The fact is, you're working in ditto, and you can get some damn good results in this medium - in many ways much more effective than iff you were using mimeo. Don't act as if you hate ditto; you were exposed to mimeo first, but there are advantages to both mediums. My middle name may be Paul Terrell, but I think that ditto is the best for the purposes I have; and it's the best for what you're doing, too. Don't knock it until you've worked with both forms of reproduction.

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Mike has decided not to put the article on Garry Deindorfer into Focal Point; I suggested that he could turn that august publication into the National Enquirer of fandom, and cook up some snazzy title like Focal Penis for it, but he demurred, muttering something about "Sickly feeling sorry for my sickly mind," or something to that effect. I wonder why he said that...

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And I have several lines to fill up, down here. From the great frog pond that was formed when ghu wanted to pluck something out of a frog pond there was formed a shimmering silk hat, and from that very same silk hat stepped a quivering jelloid form, name of Hugo Gernsback. Ask Sam Moscowitz about it.

-- Wardron Tovallon, Translater, The Book Of Madnesses

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

Although the story is rather silly, and

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