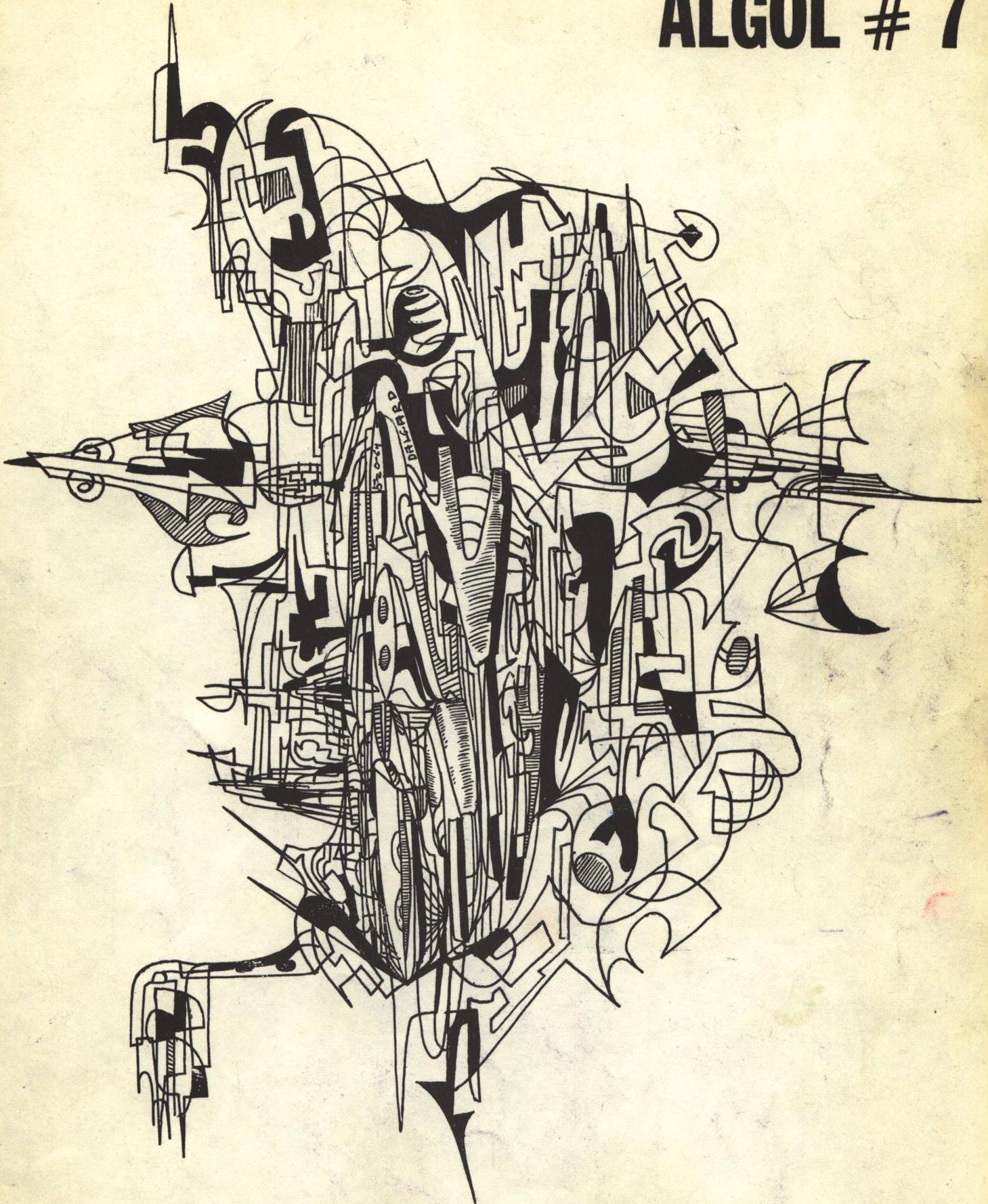


ALGOL # 7



ALGOL 7

This is ALGOL 7, edited and published by Andrew Porter on Dicompress, on an irregular basis. This is the special gee-look-how-big-we-are summer issue, dated July-August. I hope to continue on the bi-monthly basis started last issue. ALGOL 7 is available for Trade, Letter of Comment, Contrib, or 20¢. With ALGOL is published FORTRAN, a journal of mundane topics, available seperately for 10¢ or with ALGOL for 25¢. FORTRAN is published by Mike McInerney and rich brown Hare. I also publish DEGLER!, a crudzine for APA-F. It is available free to APA-F'ans. 5¢ by mail, 1¢ in person, Letter of Comment, or Trade with other self-confessed crudzines.

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Beginning in the next issue, andrew offutt
 will review fanzines for ALGOL. Send 'em

right now to: 0
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Manhattan Mutterings...
 What I do at a FISTFA meeting...
 "Operator, I'd like to place a person to
 person collect call to Trenton, New Jer-
 sey, to Garry Deindorfer."
 Brrring! Brrring!
 "He isn't there," said Mike McInerney.
 Click.
 "Hello. Deindorfer here!"
 "I have a person-to-person collect call
 for you, Mr. Deindorfer. Will you accept
 charges?" the operator asked.
 "Who's calling?" asked Deindorfer.
 "Silverberg," I said.
 "Is that robert Silverberg?"
 "No."Said I. " This is Andy Silverberg,
 calling for the Claude Degler Science
 Fiction Reader's Association."
 Steve Stiles quietly cracked up.
 "I-I'm sorry, Andy, b-but I can't accept
 your call. Goodbye."
 Click!
 It may set my reputation back two months,
 but it was worth it all-just for the qui-
 ver in his voice.
 Small world department...
 Gee, and here I am, looking at some Stiles
 artwork, and I look out the window, and
 there's this guy walking along, glasses,
 cigarette, slouch...
 "Can it be?" I thot in wonderment.
 And, by Ghod, it was! I know, because he
 stopped in front of an art gallery, and
 looked at a Rembrant or two, and shook
 his head, and walked away.
 But he still has to learn some things.
 Me, I don't even look at competition
 anymore. Saves my Pride, y'know.
 Your glorious editors' adress is down here, because he didn't
 leave any room for it up above.
 ANDREW PORTER/24 E. 82nd ST./New York, NY 10028

***A Brief summation of the Breen-Donaho Affair///by rich brown

I have conceded to Andy Porter that there may be some fans who have not already heard the complete details of the fued that has currently plunged all fandom into war. I would suggest that these fans(both of them) skip this article and thereby save themselves much unnecessary grief. I will have at least two readers no matter what; one to see if I've included my latest up-to-the-minute views(he will be disappointed) and one to see if I have remained objective in my reporting(he will not, I hope, be dissappointed).

About a month after the 107th FAPA mailing, William Donaho, a member of the Pacificon II Committee and a fan publisher of merit(HABBAKUK, etc.) issued a duplicated publication titled THE GREAT BREEN BOONDOGGLE, in which he launched his attack and justified the Pacificon II Convention Committee's subsequent action of dropping Walter Breen, who is a fan of equal note (FANAK, etc.). The charge presented was child molesting; the contention was that the committee could not take the responsibility of allowing Walter to come to the convention because he might molest a young fan in attendance. The publication cited instances of indicative evidence and a report of one fan(whose name still remains unknown) that he (or she) had caught Walter in the act, so to speak. It is also here that Donaho made his now-famous statement about not just wishing to seperate Walter from the convention, but to "perform a surgical operation. . .seperating him from fandom." At the time, this was considered to be solely the work of William Donaho(though authorship is never definitely stated in the publication itself), but, according to Alva Rogers, he was acting on behalf of the committee, so if there is any blame it should fall on the entire committee and not just William Donaho.

This publication, originally circulated to 18 or so fans, later republished and circulated to (by Donaho's count) about 50, divided fandom into two opposing camps; one, which wished to be rid of Walter Breen, and one which defended him. Much of the evidence as it was presented in the Breen Boondoggle was demolished; some of it has never been questioned or defended. At first in MINAC, then in THE LOYAL OPPOSITION, Walter Breen's side was presented. Reaction received ranged from denunciation of the actions and resignation from the convention to complete indifference to totally anti-Breen. In the 107th FAPA mailing, fourteen of twentyfive voters exercised their prerogative and blackballed Walter from the FAPA waiting-list. There were two petitions in that mailing to override the blackball; much post-mailing type material flew forth for a while, presenting both sides of the picture; one of the petitions, Redd Boggs', received more than the necessary number of votes--the total now (16 July 64) standing at 41 of 65 possible--and Walter became a member with the 107th mailing.

Bruce Pelz, OE of ~~the~~ SAPS and one of the organizers of the FAPA blackball(also the circulator of the other petition), called for a vote from SAPSmembers on whether Breen should be allowed to continue his membership. At this date, I have no information as to what the results were, except to hear the rumor that Toskey and possibly a few other members had resigned rather than vote; the deadline for votes was 1 July 64.

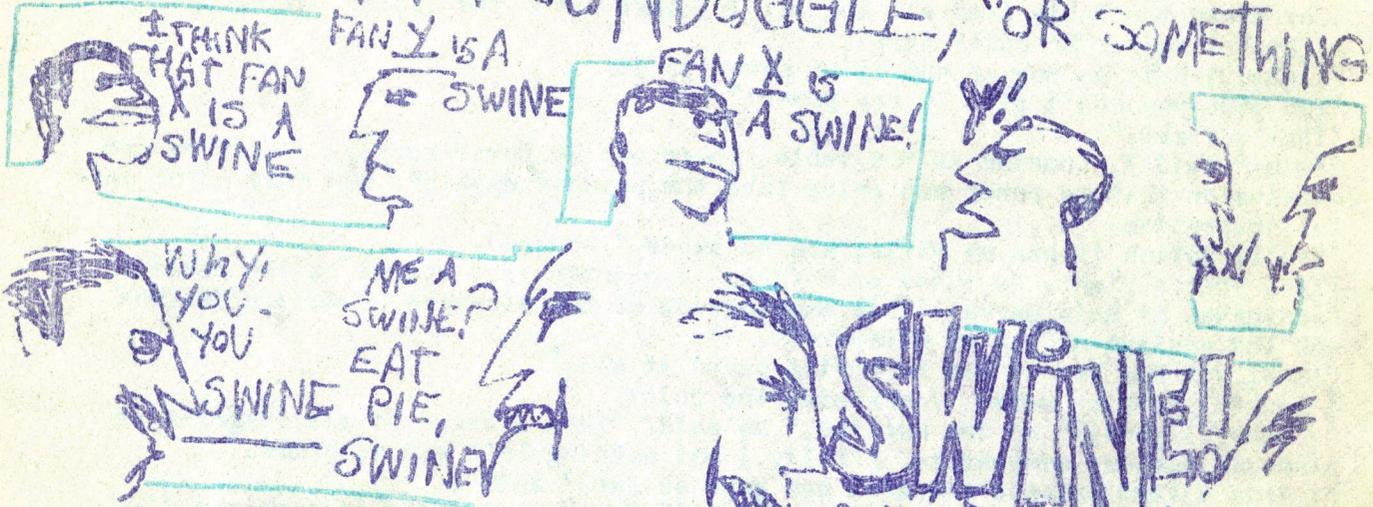
There is not much to add, except that few fanzines are coming out without some sort of statement about the matter. I am happily able to report (most objectively) that most of them are pro-Breen. The controversy still rages hotly in the Cult.

- - -rich brown, 1964

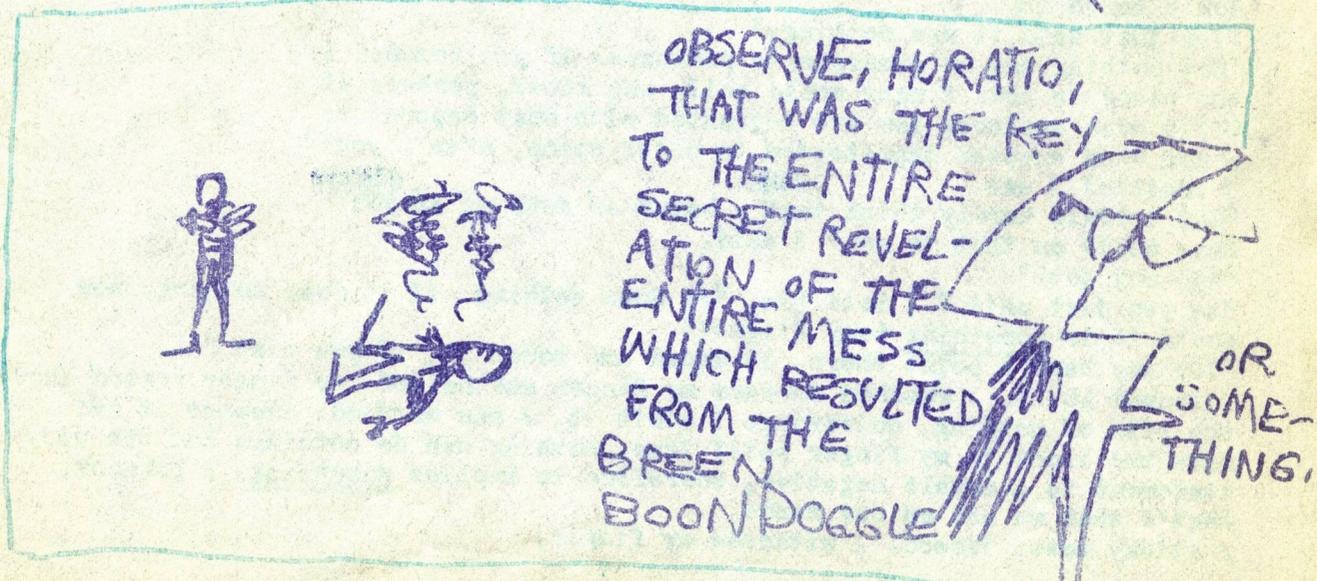
In case you did not receive my last issue, you did not know my stand on the Breen-Pacificon scandal. My position is this: 100% behind Walter Breen. I am boycotting the convention, though I had planned to go this year; this is not mainly because of monetary reasons, but because I feel that the emotions generated in fandom will make this year's convention much more trouble prone than any before it, as well as the possibility of a Cop-Con rather than an SF-Con.

- -Andy Porter

The FANTASTIC SECRET REVELATION OF THE ENTIRE MESS WHICH RESULTED FROM THE BREEN BOONDOGGLE, "OR SOMETHING"



A FIRST DRAFT CARTOON DONE IN HEAT AT A FISTFA MEETING.



Steve Siles

A HIGHLY INTELLIGENT CONVERSATION CONSIDERING CERTAIN ASPECTS OF

* * * * * PSIONIC MACHINERY. * * * * *

"This is our new psionic machine," our local mad scientist told me.

"Where?" said I.

"On the table."

"Oh."

"You'll notice it has no power supply."

I examined the table from all angles. I looked under the table. "By George, you're right," I said. "No power supply."

"Right. I have no way of supplying power to it."

"You mean you don't give it any power?"

"That's right."

"Hm," said I, looking at the table. There was no power supply. I came to the conclusion that no power was going into the psionic machine. But only after careful inspection.

"You'll notice it has no wiring and no tubes," he said.

"Yes, you're right. No tubes or wiring," I chorused as I stared at the table, fascinated by this marvel--this combination of the miracles of modern science and the ancient skills of witchcraft.

"Also, you can see it has no moving parts at all."

I looked. Nothing moved. I conceded the point.

"I carefully built up the machine," he said. "Then I began to use diagrams in place of various components. Finally I had nothing left but diagrams."

"I didn't know psionic research had gone so far," said I.

"It hadn't until I did it. But I went still further. I began erasing the diagrams, until nothing was left."

"Ah," said I. "And now what are you left with?"

"Nothing," the local mad scientist said.

I blinked. I looked at the table. Sure enough, there was nothing there. In spite of my careful inspection, I had overlooked the fact that there was nothing on the table. A case of not being able to see the forest for the trees.

"By George, you're right," I said. "There's nothing there."

"I was hoping you'd agree," he said as he rubbed his palms together with glee. "I needed an impartial observer to verify my conclusions. Now I am certain there is nothing there. I have carried the science of psionics to its ultimate step."

"I sort of suspected it would end up like this," I mumbled, reaching over to touch the table where nothing was.

"Don't!" shouted the mad scientist, grabbing my arm. "Don't you realize what nothing can do to you? For the love of God don't touch it."

"You just said it was nothing."

"But nothing has no atmospheric pressure. If you touched it, the blood in your finger would boil, who knows, perhaps it would even explode. You are acquainted with what happens to a man when exposed unprotected to outer space, aren't you?" I admitted I was.

"But I would hardly think that a batch of nothing as you have would do that to me," I said.

"And why not?"

"As you just said," I told him, "it does nothing. If it does nothing, how could it do something to my finger?"

"You may have a point there. Go ahead and touch it, if you wish."

I looked at it. I reached forward my finger and halted. My finger rested above the pile of nothing, quivering. I admit it, I was worried. Suppose it did make the blood in my finger boil? True, nothing can do nothing, but the very statement is a double negative, therefore it implies something. A paradox, that's what we had on our hands.

A sticky mess, indeed. I withdrew my finger.

BBBB YYY YYY RRRR OOOO BBBB I N N W OOOO OOOO DDD
 BBBB YY YY P R R O O B B I N N W O O O O D D
 BBBB YYY RRRR O O R R I N N W O O O O D D
 BBBB YYY R P O O B B I N N W O O O O D D
 BBBB YYY R R OOOO BBBB I N N W OOOO OOOO DDD

(Robin Wood, that is.)

"It affects me the same way," the mad scientist said. "It is an awe-inspiring thing, to have a pile of nothing on his kitchen table."

"You may have a scientific first," I said.

"It's the ultimate psionic machine," he said, proudly.

"What will you use it for?"

"I don't know. There's not much one can do with a pile of nothing."

"True." I looked in fascination at the table. It was still there. Nothing.

We sat there drinking coffee, carefully avoiding the patch of nothing on the table. God only knows what powers may have been unleashed, had we touched it.

It is a fearful thing, to sit with your elbow inches away from absolute nothing. We thought. We came to the conclusion that there was absolutely nothing you could do with nothing. Another double negative. But we were used to paradoxes by this time.

"You could write an article on it, I suppose," I said.

"Who would buy it?" he said.

"Campbell might. He goes in for that sort of thing."

"True," said the mad scientist, "but if I gave him proof that the ultimate psionic machine is nothing, do you think he'd buy it?"

"You may be right," I said. "I suspect it has the wrong slant for his magazine. If all his readers discovered that the ultimate psionic machine amounted to nothing, he'd have to turn to something else."

"It looks hopeless."

"Perhaps you could write it up as fiction," I suggested.

"Fiction?"

"Why not?"

"But I've never written any fiction. I wouldn't know where to begin. I'd need characters. I'd need a hero. Who would I write it about?"

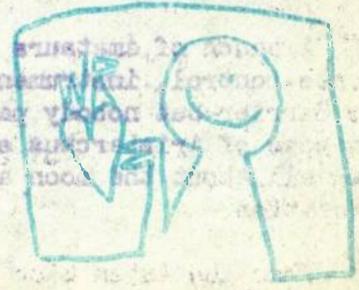
"Nobody," I said, and quietly left.

---Robin Wood.

MY VERY OWN PAMZINE INDEX: wiggle-niggle press, Prepress, Stylus Publications
 number: title: who for: copies: pages: date pubbed:

ALCOL #1	#1	genfandom	40	2	12/63
#2	ALCOL #2	"	40	2	1/64
#3	ALCOL #3	"	55	10	2/64
#4	ALCOL #4	"	75	14	3/64
#5	ALCOL #5	"	55	12	4/64
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#7	DEGLER #1	fistia & fanoclasts	75	2	7/64
#8	ALCOL #7	genfandom	80-90	24+	7/64
#9	FORTRAN #1	"	75	8+	7/64

All the above were dittoed, except for Fortran #1, which was run off on a silk-screen by Rich Brown Hare. Algols # 6 & 7 had photo-offset covers, produced by Al Schuster, Jr.



DON'T FORCE ME IN

Short

Story by

Richard Wilson

Have another drink, Gyubi. Woof! I wish I had your double gullet, Pal-I'd use the lined one for pouring down this Venturan varnish of yours. If you ever get to Earth, Gyubi, look me up. I'll buy you a real drink-something you'll want to pour down the gullet you taste with. As a matter of fact...but I'll get to that later. A story goes with it, as they say.

I was telling you why we stopped building spaceships. The first one up from Earth crashed, you know. That was because when it reached The Barrier it tried to blast through it with its forward rockets. It got warned, then it went out of control. Crashed, all hands dead.

The second ship went up mad as hornets. Cautious, though. Cruised around, looking and listening. That's when they heard The Voice, the telepathic one that said nobody was to leave Earth until they said so.

The Federated Planets-we call it the Federation now-put it as tactful as they could but what they put was that us Earth people had a long way to go before we'd be worthy of traveling outside our own air. We had all those bad things they didn't want rubbing off on them. So Earth was proscribed. You know,nobody allowed in or out-especially out.

Well, you know how it is when somebody tells you you can't do something. Maybe you never cared particularly whether you did it or not, but the minute they tell you you can't, you want to, in the worst way. Like a thing we had once called Prohibition.

So we tried every way we knew to get a ship through the barrier. We tried mass breaks, hoping one of many would make it, maybe on an end run. But The Barrier was everywhere.

It wasn't a solid thing, that Barrier. It was like you were dropped into a lifenet. You'd go in a certain distance and it'd spring you back out. Hell of a sensation.

Along about that time somebody discovered invisibility, so we tried that. Sent up a spaceship disguised as an intercontinental rocket. It leveled off in a long cloud bank, then headed up. No go. It got bounced,too.

A bunch of amateurs at Woomera sent up a moon rocket one day. An unmanned, remote-control, instrument packed job. It got to the moon all right-through The Barrier-but nobody paid much attention. It landed nicely and sat there on the edge of Aristarchus sending back signals till the power ran out. But we knew all about the moon already and nobody wanted to go there. We wanted at the Federation.

Then the Asian bloc perfected telekineasis. The Anglo-Americans huffed ar-

ound a bit, then ate humble pie and bought in. That was the Triple-A try-American ship, British skipper, and take-off from an Asian telekinetic field. It worked like all the others—a big flop. They aimed the thing at a point a hundred thousand miles past The Barrier. The ship disappeared from the field all right, and everybody slapped each other on the back. But a couple of minutes later there was the ship back again just where it started from, shivering a bit. The crew came out groggy, holding their heads. They didn't know what happened except that they felt the same old sling-shot effect of being bounced out of a net. And something extra this time. Every man-jack of them had a migraine headache that lasted a week.

Well, that was the end of it. We didn't try any more after that. We gave up. Licked.

Then how come I'm sitting here in a barsaloon on Ventura IV yarning about it? That's a fair question. Let's have another drink first, Gyubi, old pal, and then I'll tell you how I outsmarted you and your cronies in the Federation.

Yes, me, personally, all by my lonesome.

Well, after the Triple-A try got thrown for a loss, spaceships were a drug on the market. They put them in mothballs—saving face, you know, pretending they didn't exist. After a few years, when they got lesssensitive, they put them up for sale. There weren't many takers but they were so cheap I bought one.

I was in intercontinental trade then. Telekinesis hadn't gotten started commercially yet. Those space jobs weren't what you'd call economical on fuel but when you converted them they held about three times as much cargo as an intercon. And they were so dirt-cheap I figured I could afford the upkeep.

I made out pretty good. Some companies shipped by me just for the prestige of having their dingbats and ducrots delivered by spaceship. But I always had the feeling the Federation was watching me as I baroomed back and forth across the Pacific, as if I was going to make another try at their blessed Barrier.

I always went solo. The pacer was so simple to handle I didn't need a co-pilot. And passengers were against regulations.

I'd delivered a dozen gross tons of flywheels, or mousetraps or corkscrews, I forget what, to Singapore and the customer tossed a big party which naturally I went to. It got late and I tried to ease off but when the customer suggested one for the road I had to go along with it. He must have laced that one so it'd last all the way to California because when I set the autopilot for Muroc it was strictly a blind jab. Off we went, me and the spacer, baroom.



REG-556

Well, that was it.

Next thing I knew I was out somewhere beyond Mars.

Scared the hell out of me when I came to, still boozy. The spacer was in free fall, headed clean out of the solar system, when the Federation ship pulled alongside. I pulled myself together as best I could. Drank a quart of milk, straightened my collar, and prepared to receive boarders. Or get blasted to kingdom come.

But no. They were all kowtowy and if-you-please. I'd busted through their Barrier but they were too flamboozled to know it was an accident so they figured they were licked and offered terms. To me. As if I was the representative of Earth and this was all a carefully worked-out plan.

Of course I played along; I signed the compact that opened them up to trade. Me, an old intercon skipper, on behalf of Earth; but so hung over that only a lot of static filtered through to their mind readers.

That's all they were, Gyubi, you old barfly-mindreaders and hypnotists. And that's all their Barrier was, a vaudeville trick.

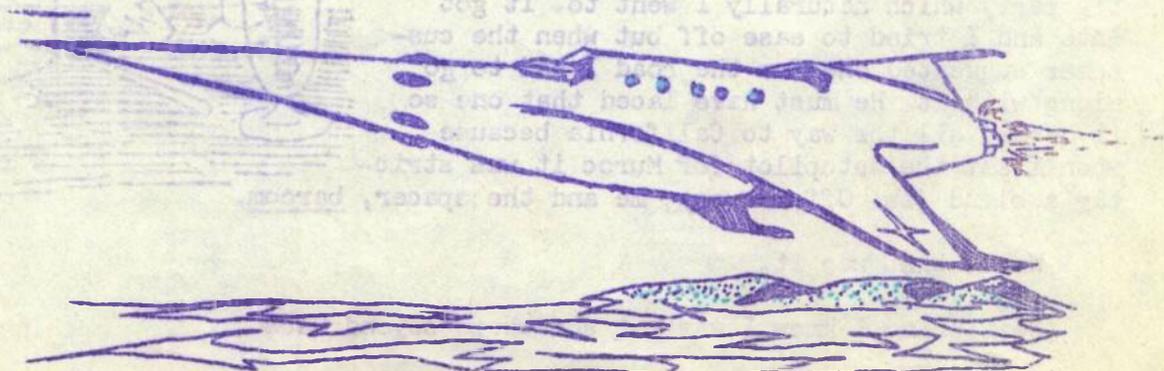
Sure I know you're not one of them, Gyubi. They're the robber barons and your people are the suckers, even if you are nominally members of the Federation. They had an ice racket-trade concessions on all twenty-seven inhabited planets this side of the Coal Sack-and they didn't want any of it lost to a smarter operator. That was us, on Earth, getting ready to take the giant step into space.

Naturally the Federation's mind readers didn't spot anything when I punched the leftover button on my control panel and put the ship into spacedrive. It was my finger that did that, plus the one for the road; far as my mind knew, I was punching for Muroc, California.

Then by the time the spacer was headed up toward the stars it was too late. I'd passed out, and there just wasn't any mind for the mind readers to read or the hypnotists to toss the big Barrier whammy at. Why am I telling you this? Well, you figure it out, Gyubi. Why are you still exploited by the Federation? Because they can read your mind-outfinagle you every single time. What you need, pal, is an antidote. Happens I have a sample right here. Yes, sir-Singapore Sling, bottled in the full three-fifths quarts size, only ten venturas the bottle. It goes right to work building a static field no hypnotist, no mind reader can penetrate. This is the equalizer, the way to be as big a man as they are.

You'll take a case? Smart boy, Gyubi. You won't regret ~~it~~. Look at me- a living testimonial to the way this product works.

-----*Richard Wilson*-----



Atom

TARZAN RESCUES THE MOON

By *HEDGAR*
RICE
BURROUGHS

The Moon shone down out of a cloudless sky--a huge, swollen moon that seemed so close to earth that one might wonder that she did not brush the crooking tree tops. It was night, and Tarzan was abroad in the jungle--Tarzan, the ape-man, mighty fighter, mighty hunter. Why he swung through the dark shadows of the conifer forest he could not have told you. It was not that he was hungry--he had fed well on this day, and in a safe cache were the remains of his kill, ready against the coming of a new appetite. Perhaps it was the very joy of living that urged him from his sabbatical couch to pit his muscles and his senses against the jungle night, and then, too, Tarzan was always goaded by an intense desire to know.

The jungle which is presided over by Kudu, the sun, is a very different jungle from that of Goro, the moon. The diurnal jungle has its own aspect--its own lights and shades, its own birds, its own blooms, its own beasts; its noises are the noises of the day. The lights and shades of the nocturnal jungle are as different as one might imagine the lights and shades of another world to differ from those of its own world; its beasts, its blooms, and its birds are not those of the jungle of Kudu, the sun.

Because of these differences Tarzan loved to investigate the jungle by night. Not only was the life another life, but it was richer in numbers and in romance; it was richer in dangers, too, and to Tarzan of the Ape Man danger was the spice of life. And the noises of the jungle night--the roar of the lion, the scream of the leopard, the hideous laughter of the Dingo, the hyena, the music to the ears of the ape-man.

The soft padding of unseen feet, the rustling of leaves and grasses to the passage of fierce beasts, the shooing of opalescent eyes flaming in the dark, the million sounds which proclaimed the teeming life that man might hear and see, and though a seldom see, constituted the appeal of the nocturnal jungle to Tarzan.

Tonight he had swung a wide arc toward the eastward and then toward the south, and now he was bounding back again into the North. His eyes, his nostrils and his keen nostrils were ever on the alert. Mingled with the sounds he knew there were strange sounds--wild sounds which he never heard until Kudu had sought his lair below the far edge of the big water-sounds which belonged to Goro, the moon--and to the mysterious period of Goro's supremacy. These sounds often caused Tarzan profound speculation. They baffled him because he thought he knew his jungle so well that there could be nothing within it unfamiliar to him. Sometimes he thought that its colors and forms appeared to differ by night from their familiar daylight aspects, so sounds altered with the passage of Kudu and the coming of Goro, and these thoughts roused within his brain a vague conjecture that perhaps Goro and Kudu influenced these changes. And what more natural that he eventually came to attribute to the sun and the moon personalities as real as his own. The sun was a living creature and ruled the day. The moon, endowed with brains and miraculous powers, ruled the night.

Thus functioned the untrained man-mind groping through the dark night of ignorance for an explanation of the things he could not touch or smell or hear and of the great, unknown powers of nature which he could not see.

As Tarzan swung north again upon his wide circle the scent of the Gomangani came to his nostrils, mixed with the acrid odor of wood smoke. The ape-man moved quickly in the direction from which the scent was borne down to him on the gentle night breeze. Presently the ruddy sheen of a great fire filtered through the foliage to him ahead, and when Tarzan came to a halt in the trees near it, he saw a party of half a dozen black warriors huddled close to the blaze. It was evidently a hunting party from the village of Mbonga, the chief, caught out in the jungle after dark. In a rude circle about them they had constructed a thorn boma which, with the aid of the fire, they apparently hoped would discourage the advances of the larger carnivora.

That hope was not conviction was evidenced by the very palpable ~~the~~ terror in which they crouched, wide-eyed and trembling, for already Numa and Sabor were moaning through the jungle toward them. There were other creatures, too, in the shadows beyond the firelight. Tarzan could see their yellow eyes flaming there. The blacks saw them and shivered. Then one arose and grasping a burning branch from the fire hurled it at the eyes, which immediately disappeared. The black sat down again. Tarzan watched and saw it was several minutes before the eyes began to reappear in twos and fours.

Then came Numa, the lion, and Sabor, his mate. The other eyes scattered to right and left before the menacing growls of the great cats, and then the huge orbs of the man-eaters flamed alone out of the darkness. Some of the blacks throw themselves upon their faces and moaned; but he who had before hurled the flaming branch now hurled another straight at the faces of the hungry lions, and they, too, disappeared as had the lesser lights before them. Tarzan was much interested. He saw anew reason for the nightly fires maintained by the blacks--a reason in addition to those connected with warmth and lighting and cooking. The beasts of the jungle feared fire, and so fire was, in a measure, a protection from them. Tarzan himself knew a certain awe of fire. Once he had, in investigating an abandoned fire in the village of the blacks, picked up a live coal. Since then he had maintained a respectful distance from such fires as he had seen. One experience had sufficed.

For a few minutes after the black hurled the firebrand no eyes appeared, the Tarzan could hear the soft padding of feet all around him. Then flashed once more the twin fire spots that marked the return of the lord of the jungle and a moment later, upon a slightly lower level, there appeared those of Sabor, his mate.

For some time they remained fixed and unwavering--a constellation of fierce stars in the jungle night--then the male lion advanced slowly toward the boma, where all but a single black still crouched in trembling terror. When this lone guardian saw that Numa was again approaching, he he threw another firebrand, and, as before, Numa retreated and with him, Sabor the lioness; but not so far, this time, nor for so long. Almost instantly they turned and began circling the boma, their eyes turning constantly toward the firelight while low, throaty growls evidenced their increasing displeasure. Beyond the lions glowed the flaming eyes of the lesser satellites, until the jungle was shot all around the black men's camp with little spots of fire.

Again and again the black warrior hurled his puny brands at the two big cats; But Tarzan noticed that Numa paid little or no attention to them after the first few retreats. The ape-man knew by Numa's voice that the lion was hungry and surmised that he had made up his mind to feed upon a Gomangani; but would he dare a closer approach to the dreaded flames?

Even as the thought was passing in Tarzan's mind, Numa stopped his restless pacing and faced the boma. For a moment he stood motionless, except for the quick, nervous upcurving of his tail, then he walked deliberately forward, while Sabor moved restlessly to and fro where he had left her. The black man called to his companions that the lion was coming, but they were too far gone in fear to do more than huddle closer together and moan more loudly than before.

Seizing a blazing branch the man cast it straight into the face of the lion. There was an angry roar, followed by a swift charge. With a single bound the savage beast cleared the boma wall as, with almost equal agility, the warrior cleared it upon the opposite side and, changing the dangers lurking in the darkness, vaulted for the nearest tree.

Numa was out of the boma almost as soon as he was inside it; but as he went back over the low thorn wall, he took a screaming negro with him. Dragging his victim along the ground he walked back toward Sabor, the lioness, who joined him, and the two continued into the blackness, their savage growls mingling with the piercing shrieks of the doomed and terrified man.

At a little distance from the blaze the lions halted, there ensued a short succession of unusually vicious growls and roars, during which the cries and moans of the black man ceased--forever.

Presently Numa reappeared in the firelight. He made a second trip into the Boma and the former grisly tragedy was reenacted with another howling victim.

Tarzan rose and stretched lazily. The entertainment was beginning to bore him. He yawned and turned upon his way toward the clearing where the tribe would be sleeping in the encircling trees.

Yet even when he had found his familiar crotch and curled himself for slumber, he felt no desire to sleep. For a long time he lay awake thinking and dreaming. He looked into the heavens and watched the moon and stars. He wondered what they were and what power kept them from falling. His was an inquisitive mind. Always he had been full of questions concerning all that passed around him; but there never had been one to answer his questions. In childhood he had wanted to know, and, denied almost all knowledge, he still, in manhood, was filled with the great, unsatisfied curiosity of a child.

He was never quite content merely to perceive that things happened--he desired to know why they happened. He wanted to know what made things go. The secret of life interested him immensely. The miracle of death he could not quite fathom. Upon innumerable occasions he had investigated the internal mechanism of his kills, and once or twice he had opened the chest cavity of victims in time to see the heart still beating.

He had learned from experience that a knife thrust through this organ brought immediate death nine times out of ten, while he might stab an antagonist innumerable times in other places without even disabling him. And so he had come to think of the heart, or, as he called it, "the red thing that breathes," as the seat and origin of life.

The brain and its functions he did not comprehend at all. That his sense perceptions were transmitted to his brain and there translated, classified, and labeled was something quite beyond him. He thought that his fingers knew when they touched something, that his eyes knew when they saw, his ears when they heard, his nose when it scented.

He considered his throat, epidermis, and the hairs of his head as the three principal seats of emotion. When Kala had been slain a peculiar choking sensation had possessed his throat; contact with Mistah, the snake, imparted an unpleasant sensation to the skin of his whole body; while the approach of an enemy made the hairs on his scalp stand erect.

Imagine, if you can, a child filled with the wonders of nature, bursting with queries and surrounded only by beasts of the jungle to whom his questionings were as strange as Sanskrit would have been. If he asked Gunto what made it rain, the big old ape would but gaze at him in dumb astonishment for an instant and then return to his interesting and edifying search for fleas; and when he questioned Munga, who was very old and should have been very wise, but wasn't, as to the reason for the closing of certain flowers after Kudu had deserted the sky, and the opening of others during the night, he was surprised to discover

that Numa had never noticed these interesting facts, though she could tell to an inch just where the fattest grubworm should be hiding.

To Tarzan those things were wonders. They appealed to his intellect and to his imagination. He saw the flowers close and open; he saw certain blooms which turned their faces always toward the sun; he saw leaves which moved when there was no breeze; he saw vines crawl like living things up the boles and over the branches of grove trees; and to Tarzan of the apes the flowers and the vines and the trees were living creatures. He often talked to them, as he talked to Goro, the moon, and Kudu, the sun, and always was he disappointed that they did not reply. He asked them questions; but they could not answer, though he knew that the whispering of the leaves was the language of the leaves--they talked with one another. The wind he attributed to the trees and grasses. He thought that they swayed themselves to and fro, creating the wind...The rain he finally attributed to the stars, the moon, and the sun; but his hypothesis was entirely unlovely and unpoetical.

Tonight as Tarzan lay thinking, there sprang to his fertile imagination an explanation of the stars and moon. He became quite excited about it. Taug was sleeping in a nearby crotch. Tarzan swung over beside him.

"Taug!" he cried. Instantly the great bull was awake and bristling, sensing danger from the nocturnal summons. "Look, Taug!" exclaimed Tarzan, pointing toward the stars. "See the eyes of Numa and Sabor, of Sheeta and Dango. They wait around Goro to leap in on him for the kill. See the eyes and nose and mouth of Goro. And the light that shines on his face is the light of the great fire he has built to frighten away Numa and Sabor and Dango and Sheeta.

"All about him are the eyes, Taug, you can see them! But they do not come very close to the fire--there are few eyes close to Goro. They fear the fire! Some night Numa will be very hungry and very angry--then he will leap over the thorn bushes which encircle Goro and we will have no more light after Kudu seeks his lair--the night will be black with the blackness that comes when Goro is lazy and sleeps late into the night, or when he wanders through the skies by day, forgetting the jungle and its people."

A meteor fell, blazing a flaming way through the sky. "Look!" cried Tarzan. Goro has thrown a burning branch at Numa."

Taug grumbled. "Numa is down below," he said. "Numa does not hunt above the trees." But he looked curiously and a little fearfully at the bright stars above him, as though he saw them for the first time, and doubtless it was the first time that Taug had ever seen the stars, though they had been in the sky above him every night of his life. Taug fidgeted and was nervous. For a long time he lay sleepless, watching the stars--the flaming eyes of the beasts surrounding Goro, the moon--Goro, by whose light the apes danced to the beating of their earthen drums. If Goro should be eaten by Numa there could be no more Dum-Dums. Taug was overwhelmed by the thought. He glanced at Tarzan half fearfully. But now Taug was worried, and he fell asleep again still thinking of the strange words of his fellow.

The following day he thought of them again, and without any intention of disloyalty he mentioned to Gunto what Tarzan had suggested about the eyes surrounding Goro, and the possibility that sooner or later Numa would charge the Moon and devour him. Gunto bit a sliver from a horny finger and recalled the fact that Tarzan had once said that the trees talked to one another, and Goro recounted having seen the ape-man dancing alone in the moonlight with Sheeta, the panther. They did not know that Tarzan had roped the savage beast and tied him to a tree before he came to earth and leaped about before the rearing cat to tantalize him.

Others told of seeing Tarzan ride upon the back of Tantor, the elephant; of his bringing the black boy, Tibo, to the tribe, and of the mysterious things

with which he commended in the strange lair by the sea.

"Tarzan is not an ape," said Gunto. "He will bring Numa to eat us, as he is bringing him to eat Goro. e should kill him."

Immediately Taug bristled. Kill Tarzan! "First you will kill Taug," he declared, and lumbered off to search for food.

But others joined the plotters. Among them was Teeka; but her voice was not raised in furtherance of the plan. Instead, she bristled, showing her fangs, and afterward she went in search of Tarzan; but she could not find him, as he was roaming far afield in search of meat. She found Taug, though, and told him what the others were planning, and the great bull stamped upon the ground and roared. Several miles away Tarzan of the Apes lolled upon the great head of Tantor, the elephant. He scratched beneath the great ears with the point of a sharp stick, and he talked to the huge pachyderm of everything which filled his black thatched head. Little, or nothing of what he said did Tantor understand; but Tantor is a good listener. Swaying from side to side he stood there enjoying the companionship of his friend, the friend he loved, and absorbing the delicious sensations of the scratching.

Numa, the lion, caught the scent of man, and warily stalked it until he came within sight of his prey upon the head of the mighty tusker; then he turned, growling and muttering, away in search of more propitious hunting grounds. Tarzan stretched back ~~luxuriously~~ luxuriously, lying supine at full length along the rough hide.

"Tantor," said Tarzan presently, "turn and feed in the direction of the tribe of Forehak, the ~~great~~ great ape, that Tarzan may ride home upon your head without walking. The tusker turned and moved slowly off along a broad, tree arched trail, pausing occasionally to pluck a tender branch, or strip the edible bark from an adjacent tree. Just before they arrived at the clearing from the north there reached it from the south another figure--that of a well knit black warrior. Yet he passed beneath the southernmost sentry that was posted in a great tree commanding the trail from the south. The ape permitted the Gomandonni to pass unmolested, for he saw that he was alone; but the moment that the warrior had entered the clearing a loud "Kreeg-ah!" rang out from behind him, immediately answered by a chorus of replies from different directions as the great bulls crashed through the trees in answer to the summons of their fellow.

The blackman halted at the first cry and looked about him. But Balubantu was no coward. He heard the apes all about him; he knew that escape was probably impossible, so he stood his ground, his spear ready in his hand and a war cry trembling on his lips. He would sell his life dearly, would Mulabantu, underchief of the village of Mbonga, the chief.

Tarzan and Tantor were but a short distance away when the first cry of the sentry rang out through the quiet jungle. Like a flash the ape-man leaped from the elephant's back to a nearby tree and was swinging rapidly in the direction of the clearing before the echoes of the first "Kreeg-ah" had died away. When he arrived he saw a dozen bulls circling a single Gomangani. With a blood-curdling scream Tarzan leapt to the attack. What had the Gomangani done?

Tarzan asked the nearest ape. No, the Gomangani had harmed no one. Gozan, being on watch, had seen him coming through the forest and had warned the tribe--that was all. The ape-man pushed through the circle of bulls, none of which had yet worked himself into sufficient fury for a charge, and came where he had a full and close view of the black. He recognized the man instantly. Only last night he had seen him facing the eyes in the darkness, while his fellows had groveled in the dust at his feet, too terrified even to defend themselves. Here was a brave man, and Tarzan had deep admiration for bravery. Even his hatred of the blacks was not so strong a passion as his love of courage. He turned to the apes. "Go back to your feeding," he said, "and let the Gomangani go his way in peace.

He has not harmed us, and last night I saw him fighting Numa and Sabor with fire, alone in the jungle. He is brave. Why should we kill one who is brave and who has not attacked us? Let him go."

The apes growled. They were displeased. "Kill the Gomangani!" cried one. "Yes," roared another, "kill the Gomangani and the Tarmangani as well."

"Kill the white ape!" screamed Gozan, "he is no ape at all; but a Gomangani with his skin off."

"Kill Tarzan!" bellowed Gunto. "Kill! Kill! Kill!"

The bulls were now indeed working themselves into the frenzy of slaughter; but against Tarzan rather than the black man. A shaggy form charged through them, hurling these it came in contact with to one side as a strong man might scatter children. It was Taug--great, savage Taug. "Who says 'kill Tarzan?'" he demanded. "Who kills Tarzan must kill Taug, too. Who can kill Taug? Taug will tear your insides from you and feed them to Dango."

"We can kill you all," replied Gunto. "There are many of us and few of you," and he was right. Taug knew it; but neither of the apes would admit such a possibility.

Gunto came, stiff-legged, close to Tarzan and sniffed at him, with bared fangs. Tarzan rumbled forth a low, menacing growl. Sooner or later one bull would close with another and then the whole hideous pack would be tearing and rending at their prey.

Balubantu could not, of course, understand anything which passed between Tarzan and the apes; but he saw that Tarzan and one of the larger bulls were in argument with the others. He guessed, though it seemed improbable, that they might be defending him. He knew that Tarzan had once spared the life of Mbonga, the chief, so that it was not impossible that he would help Balubantu; but how he could accomplish it Balubantu could not guess; nor as a matter of fact could Tarzan, for the odds against him were too great.

Gunto and the others were slowly forcing Tarzan and Taug back toward Balubantu. They knew that Tarzan was different. Tarzan knew it too; but he was glad that he was--he was a man; that he had learned from his picturebooks, and he was very proud of the distinction. Presently, though, he would be a dead man.

Gunto was preparing to charge. Then it would be over. Something moved among the verdure at the opposite side of the glen. Tarzan saw it just as Gunto, with the terrifying mystery of a challenging ape, sprang forward. Tarzan voiced a peculiar call and then crouched to meet the assault. Taug crouched too, and Balubantu, assured now that these two were fighting upon his side, couched his spear and sprang between them to receive the first charge of the enemy.

Simultaneously a huge bulk broke into the clearing from the jungle behind the charging bulls. The trumpeting of a mad tusker rose shrill above the cries of the anthropoids, as Tantor, the elephant, dashed swiftly across the clearing to the aid of his friend. Gunto never closed upon the ape-man, nor did a fang enter flesh upon either side. The terrific reverberation of Tantor's challenge sent the bulls scurrying to the trees, jabbering and scolding. Taug rushed off with them. Only Tarzan and Balubantu remained. The black had the courage to face a certain and horrible death beside one who had evidently dared death for him.

But it was a surprised Gomangani who saw the mighty elephant come to a sudden halt in front of the ape-man and caress him with his long, sinuous trunk. Tarzan turned toward the black man. "Go!" he said in the language of the apes, and pointed in the direction of the village of Mbonga. Balubantu understood the gest-

are, if not the word, nor did he lose time in obeying. Tarzan stood watching him until he disappeared. Then he said to the elephant: "Pick me up!" and the tusker swung him lightly to his head. "Tarzan goes to his lair by the great water," shouted the ape-man to the apes in the trees. "All of you are more foolish than Manu, except Taug and Teeka. Taug and Teeka may come to see Tarzan; but the others must stay away. Tarzan is done with the tribe of Kerchak."

Before the night fell Taug killed Gunto, picking a quarrel with him over his attack upon Tarzan.

For a moon the tribe saw nothing of Tarzan of the Apes. Many of them probably never gave him a thought; but there were those who missed him more than Tarzan imagined. Taug and Teeka often wished he was back, and Taug determined a dozen times to go and visit Tarzan in his seaside lair; but first one thing and then another interfered.

One night when Taug lay sleepless looking up at the starry heavens he recalled the strange things that Tarzan once suggested to him--that the bright spots were the eyes of the meat-eaters waiting in the dark of the jungle sky to leap upon Goro, the moon, and devour him. The more he thought about this matter the more perturbed he became. And then a strange thing happened. Even as Taug looked at Goro, one edge disappeared, precisely as though something were gnawing upon it. Larger and larger became the hole in the side of Goro. With a scream, Taug leaped to his feet. His frenzied "Kreog-ahs!" brought the terrified tribe screaming and chattering toward him.

"Look!" cried Taug, pointing at the moon. "Look! It is as Tarzan said. Numa has sprung through the fires and is devouring Goro. You called Tarzan names and drove him from the tribe; now see how wise he was. Let one of you who hated Tarzan go to Goro's aid. See the eyes in the dark jungle all about Goro. He is in danger and none can help him--none but Tarzan. Soon Goro will be devoured by Numa and we will have no more light to dance the Dum-Dum by." The apes trembled and whimpered. "Go and bring Tarzan!" cried one, and then they all took up the cry of "Tarzan!" "Bring Tarzan!" "He will save Goro." But who was to travel the dark jungle by night to fetch him?

"I will go," volunteered Taug, and an instant later he was off through the Stygian gloom toward the little land-locked harbor by the sea. And as the tribe waited they watched the slow devouring of the moon. Already Numa had eaten out a great semi-circular piece. At that rate Goro would be gone by the time Kudu came again. The apes trembled at the thought of perpetual darkness by night. They could not sleep. Restlessly they moved here and there among the branches of trees, watching Numa of the skies at his deadly feast, and listening for the coming of Taug with Tarzan.

Goro was nearly gone when the apes heard the sounds of the approach through the trees of the two they awaited, and presently Tarzan, followed by Taug, swung into a nearby tree. The ape-man wasted no time in idle words. In his hand was his long bow and at his back hung a quiver full of arrows, poisoned arrows that he had stolen from the village of the blacks; just as he had stolen the bow. Up into a great tree he climbed, higher and higher until he stood swaying upon a small limb which bent low beneath his weight. Here he had a clear and unobstructed view of the heavens. He saw Goro and the inroads the hungry Numa had made into his shining surface. Raising his face to the moon, Tarzan shrilled forth his hideous challenge. Faintly and from afar came the roar of an answering lion. The apes shivered. Numa of the skies had answered Tarzan.

Then the ape-man fitted an arrow to his bow, and drawing the shaft far back, aimed its point at the heart of Numa where he lay in the heavens devouring Goro. There was a loud twang as the released bolt shot into the dark heavens. Again and again did Tarzan of the Apes launch his arrows at Numa, and all the while the apes of the tribe of Kerchak huddled together in terror. At last came a cry

from Taug. "Look! Look!" he screamed. "Numa is killed. Tarzan has killed Numa. See! Goro is emerging from the belly of Numa," and, sure enough, the moon was gradually emerging from whatever had devoured her, whether it was Numa, the lion, or the shadow of the earth; but were you to try to convince an ape of the tribe of Kerchak that it was other than Numa who so nearly devoured Goro that night, or that another than Tarzan preserved the brilliant god of their savage and mysterious rites from a frightful death, you would have had difficulty-- and a fight on your hands.

And so Tarzan of the Apes came back to the tribe of Kerchak, and in his coming he took a long stride toward the kingship, which he ultimately won, for now the apes looked up to him as a superior being.

In all the tribe there was but one who was at all skeptical about the plausability of Tarzan's remarkable rescue of Goro, and that one, strange as it may seem, was Tarzan of the Apes.

A Tarzan of the Apes story by Edgar Rice Burroughs. * * * * *

This story was edited in several places for reasons of limited space. It follows the text of the story as printed in Ace Books, #F-206, which in turn follows the text of the story as published originally in 1919, now in public domain.

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JUNGLE TALES *of* By Dave Van Arnam WHITESKIN

Esra Pound, James Joyce, Dylan Thomas, Christopher Fry, James Branch Cabell, Robinson Jeffers, E. E. Eddison, William Hope Hodgson, Lord Dunsany, and E.E. Smith, Ph.D.

Yes, and Edgar Rice Burroughs. What is the congruous element among all these writers? Well, if it weren't for the inclusion of Burroughs, I could say, "Why, the wonderful rich style of prose (or poetry) they've all got on them," or something. Unfortunately, Burroughs' prose style is not in the same league with the rest, not even with Doc Smith. ERB contented himself (and just as well, too) with a workmanlike prose and concentrated on telling a story as well as he could, which, (save for some unfortunate and recurring plot tricks) was pretty darn well. I guess the only common denominator is that I happen to like all these writers very much.

To justify my placing ERB in such august company, I doubt that I could go to a better text than JUNGLE TALES OF TARZAN, which, as it is a collection of twelve short stories, is mercifully free from most of the devices Burroughs found necessary in telling his longer stories.

Furthermore, most of the stories take place entirely within the framework of Tarzan's life with the great anthropoid apes of the tribe of Kerchak--and as no such animals as Burroughs' "~~great~~ great apes" exist, he had the great advantage in writing about matters in which he was a greater expert than anyone else. (For who knows more about any imaginary beings than their creator?) I personally feel that of all Burroughs' many creations, the Great Apes are his most real.

But the greatest advantage these stories have over such other fine Tarzan books

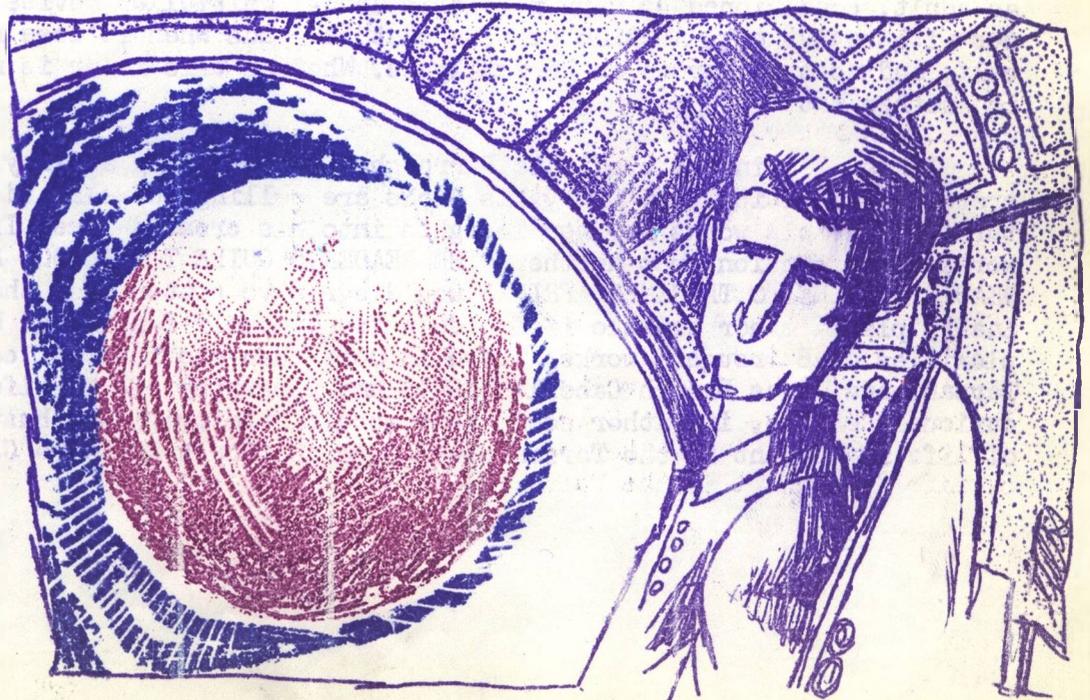
as TARZAN OF THE APES and TARZAN AND THE ANT MEN is that they are in miniature the basic story of man and his slow conquest over the savage world he has been thrown into, a pattern not so clear in the first Tarzan book because of the necessities of exterior plot that makes the latter part of the book less satisfactory. Once the basic necessary elements for the telling of the story of Tarzan are accepted--his having been brought up by a tribe of apes without turning into a wild thing intellectually stunted, his having taught himself to read an unknown language purely from picture books and a dictionary, his sturdy retention of a basically noble character by heredity--we can allow ourselves to discover that these stories are surprisingly rich in wit and even in a certain kind of real wisdom, of real insight into human nature.

On the other hand, that may be laying it on a bit too thick. Burroughs attempts, frequently with success, to explain in some detail the imaginary background to his creations, as when he creates a language for the great apes that goes to many hundreds of words. But in these elaborate constructs he occasionally manages to trip himself up.

In "Tarzan Rescues The Moon," the word 'Bulamutumumo' occurs. If you have read "The God Of Tarzan," earlier in JUNGLE TALES, you would know that this word is Tarzan's way of pronouncing the word spelled "God." The system is explained just once and, in fact, is not used anywhere else in the Works save these two stories.

The system works this way. The young Tarzan of course does not know how to pronounce the words that, nonetheless, he has puzzled out the meaning of; he can read them, but doesn't know how to pronounce them. As a consequence, he arbitrarily assigned a separate sound to each letter (b/do, d/mo, g/la, o/tu, and y/ro are the sole examples he gives us), and, to pronounce a given word, grafts on, in a rather Germanic fashion, the great ape prefixes indicating masculinity and femininity. Taking a capital letter to be masculine, 'G' for instance, this was pronounced bula (bu-masculine, la-g or, 'capital G'). The feminine prefix, for lowercase letters, is mu. Thus Tarzan pronounces "God" as "Bulamutumumo" which, translated back into English, would be he-g-she-o-she-d, if you follow me.

Now, this is all very well and interesting, even if he never makes use of this strange system elsewhere, but Burroughs tries to take it a step further, and, forgetting one crucial point, makes a mistake which rather spoils the esthetic perfection of his system. He makes a similar mistake in TARZAN OF THE APES, which I'll get to in a moment.



Tarzan's name, of course, comes from the words tar and zan, meaning white skin. Burroughs explains that at the time Tarzan was assigning arbitrary sounds to the mysterious letters whose meanings he had puzzled out, he had not yet come across the words 'white' and 'skin' and, wanting to write out his name in English, settled on calling himself 'he-boy! Now, possibly Burroughs misphrased this by accident, and meant only to say that Tarzan wrote, in English, the letters 'he-boy', which he then pronounced as "~~he-oy~~bumude-mutomuro." ((Place next sentence before previousAF)) And, to quote, "so he wrote his name bumude-mutomuro, or he-boy." For he could not have written the more cumbersome version--he did not know what the English letter-sound equivalent was for the ape words bu and mu! It is true he might simply have assigned arbitrary letters in English for equivalents, but it is highly unlikely that he would have accidentally picked just exactly the true equivalents...

This may seem like too fine a point. As a clearer example, let's take a look at a famous moment in TARZAN OF THE APES in which Tarzan posts a sign up on the door of his father's cabin, in English (which he was quite capable of writing, though he didn't know how to speak it), warning the visitors (Jane Porter, her father, and others) to keep away from the cabin and disturb nothing. Fine. But Burroughs goes on to say that he signs it "Tarzan of the Apes"!! Not too surprising, you say, considering that that, after all, is his name? And, to be subtle, perhaps he wrote it in the arbitrary translation suggested above?

But Jane reads the message, and pronounces the name as Tarzan. So his name must have been written in English, a flat impossibility.

Why? Well, just as was pointed out above, he did not, for instance, know the true pronunciation of the English letter 't', and so gave it an arbitrary pronunciation of his own invention. But at the same time, though he pronounced his own name as beginning with a 't' sound, he had no way of knowing what letter in English was its proper equivalent--and so could not have written his name in a form comprehensible to Jane (or to the reader, for that matter).

I suppose a child reading the Tarzan stories with great pleasure would probably not notice such a contradiction, but I think that if he did, it might bother him, children being infernally literal about such things. A child will not be concerned with such scenes as in THE RETURN OF TARZAN, where we see Tarzan, depressed at having lost, as he thinks, Jane, sitting in Parisien bistros, smoking cigarettes and getting drunk on absinthe. If that's what he did, that's what he did; it takes an adult, conditioned by many miserable Johnny Weismuller movies, to read such scenes with real shock. A child accepts what he reads when it does not contradict itself, and accepts Tarzan as he really is. Whether this is or is not a good thing, is Another Matter.

It is, I think, a credit to Burroughs' storytelling ability and skill at concrete visualization that today his books are selling so well and his fans are still turning over his works for new insights into his created lore. If I may plug my own works, I'll mention that neither "THE READER'S GUIDE TO BARSOOM AND AMTOR" nor "THE READER'S GUIDE TO TARZAN'S AFRICA" would ever have gotten past the stage of the originally planned minor article if I hadn't found myself fascinated by the ingenious complexities of Burroughs' works. There is more than one point of comparison between Tarzan, and James Branch Cabell's 20 volume Biography of the Life of Manuel, and, curiously enough, it rather seems that more of the swirl and bustle of the reality of life is present in the Tarzan stories, much though I admire Cabell. (I plan some

And a phrase of Cabell's, in deference of the true reality of the novel of romance (fantasy, not love) is curiously apposite here: "...for man alone of animals plays the ape to his dreams, and it is only, perhaps, by believing in them, that we may, some day, make them come true."

—Dave Van Arnam, 1964



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I very carefully planned this issue, long in advance of the time when I first started to type the masters. Unfortunately for me, the plans were a bit too exact, and it seemed that I planned myself out of room to do many things that I would otherwise have thrown in as they came to me. I'd like to correct that now, at least partially.

First, the fanzine that I planned to come out with ALGOL will be late; a lot of the articles I'd hoped to have in it never showed, and, in fact, it may not get off the ground until the middle of August, two weeks after this issue comes out. After this, it will be a mimeographed section in ALGOL, not a separate zine at all.

I put an ad in SFTimes about ALGOL, and even before publication I've gotten 2 requests for the mag. I like that, especially the money that comes with the requests.

One of the fanzines listed in my index towards the front is called DEGLER!, a decidedly odd name for a fanzine. It's pubbed for APA F, a weekly apa with no minimum page requirements, no dues, no waiting list, and no blackball. Also no mailings; APA F is FAPA spelled backwards, and is made of the attendees of the Fanoclast and FISTFA meetings here in New York. Our 3rd mailing was a total of 42 pages. Now take that sum, multiply by 4, and you get 168 pages. Take that figure, multiply by 3, and you get the equivalent of a quarterly mailing, or a total of 504 pages! Thus APA F could be the largest apa in existence, if the mailings were all at least 40 pages, which they aren't. So come to the meetings, and join APA F!!

PAPERBACK REVIEW

REVIEWED BY ANDREW PORTER

ratings: A: Excellent B:Very Good C:Good D;Poor E: Waste of Time & Money

THE OTHER HUMAN RACE/H.Beam Piper/Avon G1220/50¢

This, the sequel to Little Fuzzy, was originally scheduled to come out well over half a year ago, but didn't, for some unknown reason. We didn't miss anything by waiting.

This is a poorly constructed novel about the further adventures of Jack Holloway and the Fuzzies on the planet Zarathrustra. Instead of a single theme, there are various problems that crop up throughout the book in order to keep it going. There is no central story line, and as a result, though the book is interesting in spots, it becomes boring. Piper had no intentions of telling a story with a moral, but instead, a simple adventure tale. In this he has failed. The story fails to measure up to the other novels he has written such as Space Viking or Junkyard Planet. The only reason I can see is that he fully told the story in the first book, and made the sequel filler material only. The jacket design and blurb don't help the story either; in fact, it could have helped if the blurb writer had read the book....D

THE DARK LIGHT-YEARS/Brian Aldiss/Signet D2497/50¢

Aldiss has been on a lets-say-what-happens-when-we-meet-the-aliens kick for the last several years. This book is just the latest in his series, and I'm afraid the man is becoming stereotyped, which seems a shame after such a fine book as Starship. Briefly, this is the story of man's first encounter with intelligent aliens and what he does with/to them. After dragging on for most of the books' length, the action suddenly becomes decisive, and we end the book on an upswing, a fine strong ending. Perhaps Aldiss is one of the current school of writers that writes a politico-socio-economic book, in the broadest sense of what we think sf may tend to become. But his prose suffers, and becomes too long, too slow, too vague of detail for me. Aldiss can take lessons from Ballard, a Man To Be Watched.....C

GODLING, GO HOME!/Robert Silverberg/Belmont L92-591/50¢

The cover of this collection is so designed as to prevent anyones' buying it because of a sudden attack of nausea, and the contents are not much better. Silverberg may be prolific, but a good writer he isn't, judging by the sampling in this book. The stories are short, all previously printed, and evidently in none of the better magazines. I'm sorry to see this collection out, for it does nothing for the author's reputation, and harms the field. It's hack, pulp style writing, with stilted language, abrupt cessation of plot(as in Solitary), and simply worn-out, better-handled-by-previous-authors-plots. But I suppose Silverberg isn't to blame; after all, he has a 28 room house to support.....E

TOMORROW X \$/Ed. by Damon Knight/Gold Medal1428/50¢

Knight sure can pick 'em! This is the finest collection of short novels I've seen in many months, with the best editor that it could have. First, the excellently done cover attracts the eye at once, then the contents can take over, and they leave nothing to be desired. In fact, the cover is the finest combination of design and text that I've seen from Gold Medal. Heinlein's classic, THE ROADS MUST ROLL, and Catherine Moore's NO WOMAN BORN could make an excellent book in themselves; but they are joined by THE SOURCES OF THE NILE by Avram Davidson, one of the best Mad Ave. stories I've ever read, together with newcomer Richard McKenna's THE NIGHTS OF HOAGGY DARN, a semi-mythical treatment of a humans versus aliens war. Editor Knight has picked a fine crew for his book; it will make the very best of reading.....A

THE VALLEY OF CREATION/Edmond Hamilton/Lancer 72-721/50¢
 Brought on by the Burroughs craze, there is a host of lost race, secret valley/city/country novels. Not to be outdone, Lancer has brought out this Hamilton tale of 1948, a better year than the current. The author is a master story teller, and he was a master in 1948 as well. Roughly, this is the story of a group of adventurers who become involved in a fight between two rival factions in a lost valley in the Himalayas. In the valley, Tiger, Wolf, Eagle and Horse have near human intelligence as well as the power of telepathy. A fast paced, adventurous tale, with plenty of action, blood, emotion and a down and out hero keep this novel well surfaced. Underneath, there's no moral, little philosophy to slow the weaving of the tale. An excellent Emswiler cover further enhances the book. The surprising ending is well fitted to the rest of the story, and rounds out a typical Hamiltonian novel. Fast-paced, interesting, well written, a good buy for the summer doldrums.....

THE DAY THE OCEANS OVERFLOWED/Charles Fontenay/Monarch 443/40¢
 Last issue, I told you that Monarch seemed to be improving. Well, I was wrong. We've got the same bad writing, the same lack of consistent plot, the same half drawn characters that have been in nearly every other book that Monarch has published.

In this novel, the north pole is crossed by thousands of nuclear reactors, designed to melt the polar cap and create more cultivatable land. BOOM! Big nuclear blast, tidal waves, land sinking beneath sea. Questions for the author: What happened to the people starting out toward higher land on their own. 2) How did the ark drift into the inner watercovered areas just in time to rescue our hero? What happened to the crowd that Ashley was boss of? What happened to the team that they were attacking? What happened to Ashley? What happened to Caravel's attempts to reach higher authorities? What happened to make the author write such a bad, ill written, plottless, inconsistent book?.....
 P.S. Brillhart does mediocre covers.

SIMULACRON-3/Daniel F. Galouye/Bantam J2797/40¢
 This is a we-are-property book, full of the consistent Galouye writing that has made his last two books such well received items. It's the story of a machine designed to create analog people in an analog world, a gadget for testing out what the people want, how they want it, and why. The machine is built by us, but one of us discovers that we are merely an analog machine for some other, greater world. It's an interesting tale, with some very ironic twists, a spot or two of action, and a surprise ending.

SPECTRUM II/Edited by Amis & Conquest/Berkley F950/50¢
 The spectrum books will apparently be a regular feature of the sf scene, at least until the co-editors tire of the work involved. In fact, I just noticed that #3 has just come out. In the current collection, there are three classics, Sense From Thought Divide by Clifton, Resurrection by Van Vogt, and Vintage Season by Kuttner. There is also the



SHORT SHOTS

fanzine
reviews / MIKE McIn-
Erney

STARLING #1 & 2: 30¢ or LoC; Hank Lutrell, Route 13, 2936 Barrett Station Road, Kirkwood 22, Missouri.

This fanzine has excellent reproduction for a neozine. However, the artwork is prolific and terrible, and the writing is the same. In the first issue there are about 5 or 6 one and two page stories, each illustrated with a full page illo. This might have served some purpose if the illos were any good, but since they ranged from mediocre to bad this only caused me to feel sad for the editors. In the second issue they have started to learn their hobby. They have cut down drastically on the number of illos and lengthened the stories and articles. The fiction is mostly an imitation of Robert E. Howard. In fact, Howard and Heinlein cast a spell over the fiction and reviews and are frequently mentioned by the editors. Unfortunately the editors and writers don't have the talent of their idols. I don't wish to give the impression here that this is just another neozine, since these two issues are superior to the first two issues of 80% of fanzines...but they still have a long way to go.

GAMMA RAY #2: 25¢ or printed LoC; John Franklin, 2107 Old Turnpike Road, Des Moines, Iowa.

I seem to be getting fanzines from neos I've never heard of these days, but usually they don't have such an aura of misguided excitement as this one has. John has been listening to some of the more radical elements of opposition to the Pacificon and Bill Donaho in particular and he has made some possibly libelous statements here. While I think it is a good idea to test Donaho's bluff of legal action against complainers of the con, I do feel that someone who knows what he is talking about should take that step. I seriously doubt that his suggestion that Donaho be locked up in a mental institution is going to help anything. The repro is spotty, the book reviews are merely contents listings, and the movie reviews are merely plot summaries.

KIPPLE #60: 20¢, LoC, Trade, Contrib.: Ted Pauls, 1448 Meridene Drive, Balt, Maryland

KIPPLE has always been unreadable to me. Each monthly issue consists of page after page of unbroken type commenting primarily on liberalism and politics. I only recently started reading Kipple again when comments on the Pacificon mess started turning up in the lettercol. Pauls has already alienated some Breen supporters sufficiently enough to cause them to go to the Donaho side of the dispute. I wish he'd go back to commenting on politics, then I could ignore him in peace.

TIGHTBEAM #26, official letterzine of the N3F; free to members, unavailable to others.

The thing that gets me in this zine of letters only is the fact that so many of them are so completely uninteresting. While I don't expect detailed comment on outside ~~feuds~~ feuds in the N3F, I do wish there were more worth while constructive comments on the organization of the N3F and just what it does for its members. This time around there seemed to be more comment on what members are not allowed to do than on what they can and should do. It was sort of depressing.

—Mike McInerney, 1964



RANDOM FACTORS

Shades of the past department:

10 April 1961

Dear Mister Silverberg,

Thank you very much for your letter. I would like very much to send information about the Claud Degler SF Reader's Association, but the CDSFRA is no longer extant. Two months ago it merged with the National fantasy fan federation. It was decided that this would be best for the group for many reasons. Anyway, perhaps you would be interested in joining the NFFF. (etc. gives info about organization(AIF))###Thank you very much for your kind letter.

Bebb wishes,

"Dean Ford"/11 De Cou Drive/Morrisville, Pennsylvania

30 June 1964

Dear Andy:

It's flattering to hear that "Kin" was well received. Thanks for sending me a copy of ALGOL.

ALGOL #7 sounds as if it will be a fine issue, and I look forward to seeing it, especially the article on Edgar Rice Burroughs. Incidentally, I once wrote ERB at Tarzana because I had become annoyed at the Hollywood pronunciation of Tarzan as Tar-ZANN and asked him how he pronounced it. TAR-z'n, he said.

All the best,

Richard Wilson/Office of Info. Services/Syracuse University, Syracuse, NY, 13210

1 July 1964

Dear Andy,

Whoever this guy Dalgard is he is a good artist. It was sort of hinted in your lettercol in ALGOL #5 that Dalgard is one of your pseudonyms. (Right. I picked up the name from an Andre Norton book, and used it originally to separate me from Bob Silverberg. Steve Stiles is another of my names.)

Estimating from what I have seen you are trying to do the impossible, trying to put out a one-man fanzine and you are doing a good job on it in the process. (Wrong. I'm putting out 2 fanzines-ALGOL, FORTRAN, and DEGLER!, the last for AFA-F)

Aside from "Dalgard's" magnificent artwork on the cover and page 6 (That was by Frank Wilimczyk, not me) I think that the parts I liked best were the excerpt from "The Dreaming City" and it's accompanying poem. Also of interest were the reviews, the ESFA review, and the lettercol.

Comments on the lettercol:

Seth Johnson: Having the advantage of hindsight I shall say that CANTATA 140 in F&SF is what you want, a story with a negro protagonist, and it is a very good one at that. Also, have you ever considered the possibility that some people like comics BECAUSE they are short. They can provide good escape reading for 10-20 minutes which may be all the time a person has available.

Guess that is all...

Frank Stodolka/13508 Smith Drive/Hopkins, 26, Minn./55343

Dear Andy,

Re the Breen, etc. controversy. I think it's time to refuse to print anything more about it. ((On the contrary, I think that it should be written about even more as the events recede into the past and begin to come into perspective as regards current and past fannish history.))

Top quality cover!

Re article on Communism. What kind of communism? Isn't any kind of political system, if overdone, as bad as any other? Demarest's article encouraging the reader to hate communism fails completely to warn him of the same system under another label! The Pilgrims were not communists; Cotton Mather was a well educated man, yet there is a section of American history that receives no publicity. Mr. Demarest: Show your mettle by turning your guns on totalitarianism of all varieties!

Sincerely,

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

((I'm sorry to say that you misinterpreted that article. It was no article, but a genuine anti-communist leaflet, distributed throughout Connecticut, urging support of anti-communists. You have a valid point; yes, I would say that any sort of political system, carried to it's ultimate, spells chaos and revolution, including democracy!))



Andy--

Well, I have here before me ALGOL 6, thanks. Repro is still good, and I can read everything in it, so as far as I'm concerned, you need have no sweat as regards reproduction problems. I especially liked the cover. In fact, I almost didn't get around to browsing through the rest of the mag, just sat there looking at that cover. Very Good.

Well, thanks for the egoboosting comments on my being rather intelligent, etc. (Or did I get Clyde Kuhn's copy by mistake?)

And now, on to tearing apart the latest effort.

Goodwill To Men. Well, it's an improvement over the last fanfiction I read. No Suffering Agonies here, thank Ghod. In fact, I must admit it did hold my interest, which is a rare thing indeed in fanfiction. Of course the idea itself was nothing too original. Pretty well written, tho. Have you ever tried writing for the pros? If not, perhaps I can lend you my collection of rejection slips, so you can brace yourself. Coldblooded, heartless things.

And ee evers is right. Fandom is going to hell. SF is going to hell. The human race is going to hell. And it always has been, and it always will be. SF is not dying, tho. It is being absorbed into mainstream literature. And where does this leave the SF mags? With a pile of slush, supported by a bunch of nuts. Gernsback type SF is dead. Fantasy is the only way out.

Getting back down to earth, I would like to see an expanded lettercol. Two pages isn't really big enough. ((So write more and bigger letters, people))

As far as the Walter Breen thing goes, all this happened before I tried getting back into fandom, and I refuse to have anything to do with it, one way or the other. I have no desire to make any lifelong enemies by saying something stupid about a subject I have no knowledge of, as I do not know the guy(s) in question and am hazy on the details. If at the Oakland con, somebody asks me what I think of the Walter Breen thing, I shall break out into a Profound Silence. So be it.

Robin Wood/Box 154/Amador City, California/95601



Dear Andrew

12 May 1964

Many thanks for sending ALGOL #6. Jim Cawthorns cover drawing is excellent with a fine unearthly atmosphere. It's also unusual in that it's in a horizontal position, something rarely seen in fanzines.

Your story was good, but it left me with one question. What did happen to the sherriff and his prisoner? ((What would happen to you if there were two groups subverting a country and you were caught by the other group as you landed?))

It's nice that someone is doing something about the Werewolf Bookshop. I've

taken in by such a fantastic...
Altogether it was a nice issue and I look forward to more

I hope you get along all right in New York University. I'm always wondering why some fan doesn't take a college course of study designed to make him an SF writer, but then maybe there isn't enough money in SF to make it worth a college degree

Keep up the good work,
Robert E. Gilbert / 508 West Main Street / Jonesboro, Tennessee / 37639

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Andrew Porter

When I receive a fanzine I never heard of, how can I help but reply?

Let's go the LoC route first: 1) Your story. I made notes as I read. I think you can write. I think you should keep on writing. Too many people who can't write... do. 2) Look, this is the first I've heard of this situation. I dunno a thing about it. But your uninformative editorial statement makes it sound as if he's a homosexual; or at least accused of inversion. And while I'm rather sold on the heterosexual route, I'm not aware that a heterosexual attitude is a requirement for Yahweh. If this isn't what he's accused of, you should've been specific; remember, some of us aren't in on this stuff (well taken; I've included an explanation in the front of this issue) 3) Migod! Did Richard Wilson write that?

4) Migod! I'd say that's the worst review I've ever read, but I can't; I subscribe to New York Review of Books 5) No kiddin'! Werewolf bookshop was a con; I was on this list for about 3 years. Fortunately I never ordered anything.

6) To never keep saying it's dead. Maybe you'll convince someone. Then he'll start saying it's dead, and maybe he'll convince somebody. And others. Pretty soon lots of people will be saying SF's dead and some day she'll Nuf' bingol! It's dead. Lotsa luck and keep trying. You may accept this as gospel; articles like yours will help it's demise...but never it's life expectancy. Oh, not your article is that important, it's just that it expresses an attitude.

8) Ah, I should've said, Alcol is a computer and a star, isn't it? Well, I figured it was short for algorithm. 9) Robin Wood (what a beautiful name! I liked! Did you here what happened after Goldwater was elected President? One day, the joint Chiefs and Sec'y of Defense and State and Gov' knows "oeeeee comes runnin' in to tall President G that USSR has loaded every missile and every ICBomber against this country. "Don't panic, gentlemen, don't panic... It's a let us think, first, gather up the wagons and put the women and children in the center."

Now, Andrew Porter, to your mention of my letter in TB 24, it takes issue, on an educated, logical basis, with the obaceny-riors and the religious nuts, neither of whom have the foggiest notion of what they're babbling about. I've done a hell of a lot of studying and research and note-taking, not limited to Aeschylus or Augustine or Peale or Abigail van Buren, and I'm not an atheist or even an agnostic. I'm Catholic. I realize being a well-educated, curious, reading, quessing, and questioning Catholic is damn near a contradiction in terminology, but I enjoy myself. Meaning, essentially, that I agree with Hugo Heiner's "Blessed be the rebel, for without him there would be no progress."

So I'm enclosing the letter. You're welcome to print it as an article with comments or why it was written originally, that it wasn't published (because it's sane?) and so on.

Thank you for ALCOL,
andrew j. offutt / box 115 / Morehead, Kentucky / 40351

////////////////////////////////////

21 June 1964
Andy, as you say, this is your best issue and the next one will be better yet. Is President Romney wishful thinking or just a convenient name? (It's a probability for the future.) I thoroughly liked your story. The point by point account of a Communist take-over is something few of the John Birchers realize they

are trying to accomplish.((Huh?)) They will never appreciate freedom until it is gone. Then they will sit and wonder just when the United States went wrong.((Frankly, I can't see the sense of what you've just written, but I'm printing it in the hope that someone has, and can explain it for the rest of us.))

Show Your Might was a charming story of a not too distant future when we might face the same situation.((If you noticed, this took place in the Now, or at least a few years in the future, and it took (takes?) place on the Here, the Earth))

EEEVERS is in need of help...A nice club over the head would be just the thing.

That's it for now,

Ida Ipe/1625 E. Indianola Avenue/Youngstown, Ohio/44502

Dear Andy:

4 June 1964

Thanks very much for the fifth issue of ALGOL. I was happy to get your note, and I hasten to assure you that you are in excellent company in fandom, if you did all these unspeakable things while you were young.((("were"? I still am!)) Ray Bradbury almost got himself in jail because his high spirits impelled him to do undignified things in Central Park during an early worldcon, Cyril Kornbluth was more famous in fandom for his hotfoot habits than for his writing abilities for many years, and Harlan Ellison's pre-pro activities are probably part of the common folklore of your own fannish circles. The fact that all that energy emerged was a pretty good sign that they had more than the normal amount of interior drive and I hope that yours gets channelled into as productive or profitable streambeds as theirs did.

You bring up an interesting point in that Bester-Joyce similarity. I don't recognize any possible model on which both of the poems might be parodies, but you might check one of the more learned works on Joyce to see if there's an explanation of those lines. I might point out that the hero of the autobiographical Joyce book has a last name quite like that of the Greek mythological figure, Daedalus, who built the labyrinth. Daedalus was the father of Icarus, the one who put on those wings of wax and flew too high, so there is apparently some sort of intentional symbolism in the way Bester borrowed the manner of Joyce in The Stars MY Destination. I believe that I ran across the Bester title in an Archibald McLeish poem a short while back, but I'll be blessed if I can remember for certain about this and the exact context in which I found it.

The little story by EEVERS is strangely like the style that we used to encounter in the syndicates of serial stories in the old prozines. In fact, I found a certain amount of nostalgia value in reading the first five paragraphs, then I was disappointed when there was a sort of ending in the last paragraph and I realized that I wouldn't start on the next page a 30-page installment filled with the sense of wonder.

About Negro fans and their scarcity, I might point out another possible factor. In general, the Negro seems to be slightly more gregarious than the white man, whether by nature or by the environment into which the white man has penned him all these decades. The Negro who likes music doesn't normally sit home practicing the piano hours every day, or spend all his spare time listening to his phonograph records; he goes out and plays in a jazz band or listens to one. Fandom is pretty much a solitary activity during most of the year for the majority of us. Except in a few big cities, the reader of science fiction will face the need for spending much of his hobby time alone or in the company of uncomprehending mundane friends while he sweats over a hot mimeograph. I suspect that the white man is more inclined to shut himself off from the neighbors and his family to pursue a hobby. The few Negroes in fandom are mostly residents of metropolitan areas. I know of only two probable cases in which solitary fans out in the middle of nowhere in the nation were apparently Negroes, and in neither case did the fan in question announce that fact to fandom in general.

The review of the Bergman movie produced in me the same exasperation that I encounter whenever I read about a good foreign movie. This comes from the knowle-

ALGOL 7

Page 30.

dge that there's next to no chance that I'll ever see it. Back here in the hills, they don't show anything except 100% American made movies guaranteed not to require exercise of any portion of the anatomy above the waist, and my attendance at quality movies is limited to vacation time and a rare weekend elsewhere in the year.

Again, I'M sorry that I'm so late in acknowledging your kindness. The stack of fanzines awaiting comments is nearly a foot high right now, so ALGOL has been in excellent company these last three or four weeks.

Yrs., &c.,

Harry Warner, Jr./423 Summit Avenue/Hagerstown, Maryland/21740

~~*****~~
SPECIAL EXTRA LAST MINUTE FLASH!!!

Tuesday, July 14th, Steve Stiles and I wandered out through that maze called South Brooklyn onto Coney Island Avenue, where I daringly laid down almost my entire life savings, and returned home with Steve Stiles doggedly lugging a spirit duplicator. That's what I'd brought him along for. Pages 3 and 4, and pages 17 on to the end, will be dupped on my machine, which I'm naming DicomPress. The machine itself is an Olivetti (made in Milan) SADA Sprint, and lacks certain qualities which make it excellent for my use, if a bit balky at working right. And it's new which means that no one has messed it up before I do. Altogether a promising situation. Incidentally, you can be assured now that the next issue will be considerably smaller than this, for the reason that I will have started college and can thus devote less time to fanac than I do now. Your overworked, underpaid editor,

andy Porter

TERRY FOR TAFFF!



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