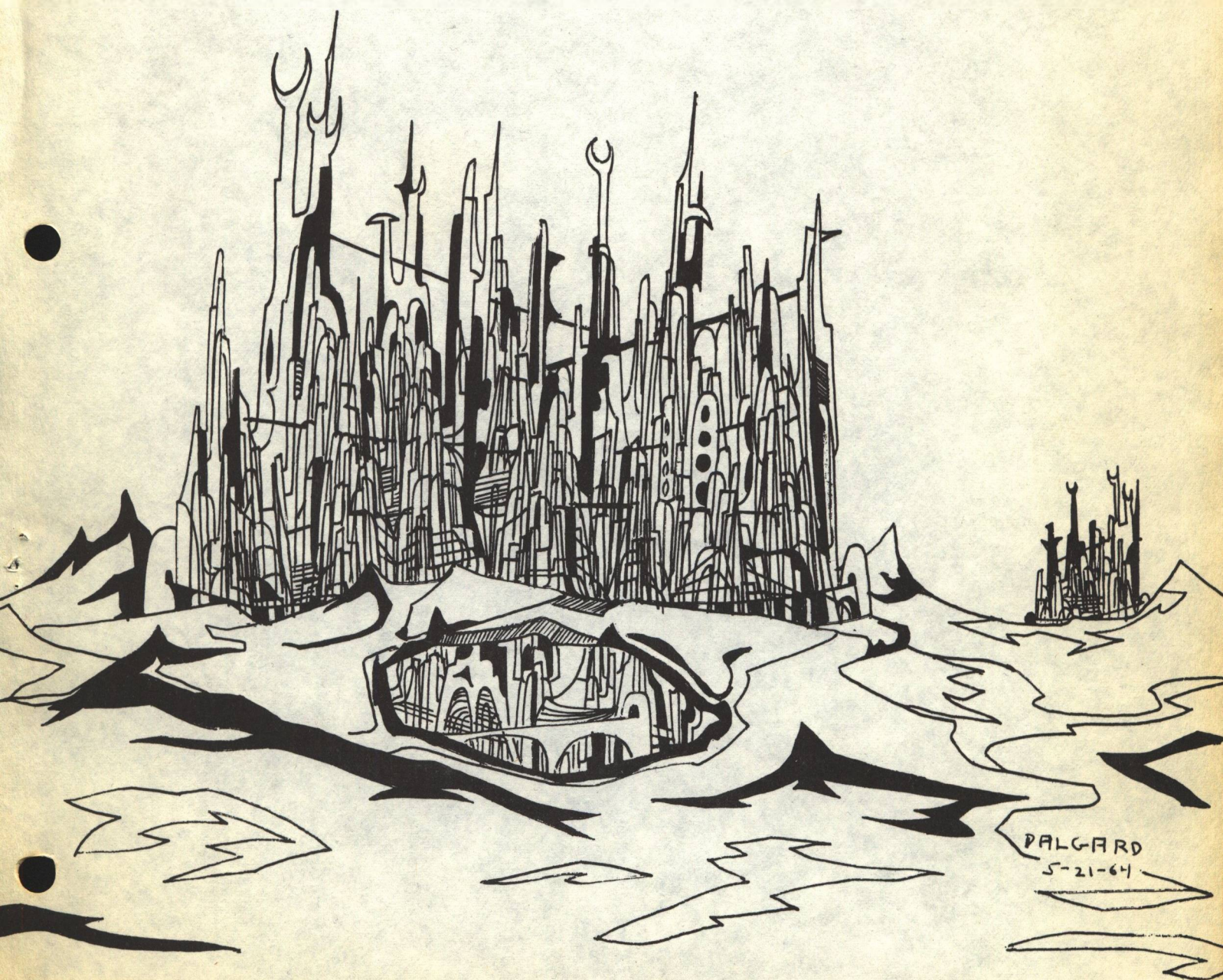


# ALGOL·8



DALGARD  
5-21-64



# ALGOL 8

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This is Algol number 8, an irregular magazine on roughly a quarterly schedule, edited and published by Andy Porter at 24 east 82nd Street, New York, NY, 10028. It is available for 25¢, printed letter of comment, in trade for other fanzines, and for contribution, either of articles, fiction, or artwork. No subscriptions will be accepted. This is potter-publication number 34, pubbed on porterpress, and is dated September-November 1964.



## FORE-THOUGHTS

Well, people, here I am again, several weeks late with this issue, according to my trustworthy calendar. There have been lots and lots of troubles, and even a few times when I've had to put aside the thought of fanac to concentrate on my studies, but these dark intervals have passed, for the most part, and I once again find myself holding a copy of Algol.

Well, almost holding another issue. Actually, all I'm holding at the moment is a grubby piece of paper on which I'm hurriedly scribbling this, between classes at Washington Square College. And that's a darn sight more concrete than Algol is, at the moment. I haven't even started to type up any masters, which is pretty interesting considering I plan to have this out in about three weeks -- that is, about the second week in November. This is all carefully tied into a plot to take a bunch of these down to the Philcon and pawn them off on any one whose pocket jingles. And the main reason I plan to do this is to repay the money I'll have to borrow in order to bring this thing out. Hey! That rhymes! Maybe I can turn this into a poetry zine and be avant-garde, or something. But then again, maybe not, as The Neo says.

I think I'll now attempt an excuse of sorts. You see, I've been relegated to the lowly position of college freshman, that is, low man on the totem pole, and I've been swamped by a slightly large work load, due to my afore-mentioned new standing. Some of the disabilities of the position include no time for fanac, no money, no time for ~~just~~ girls, no extra money, no easy assignments, and even, if I was in the ROTC (which I ain't, thank ghod), no time for sergeants. Ho ho.

But some things are very interesting and slightly ridiculous; for instance, the drive to join something by way of an extra-curricular activity, something that will look nife on your record when you graduate and start looking for some kind of money paying job. So all the fresh young freshmen start circulating around all the booths that the groups put up in the student center. That's during orientation week, by the way. And all of us say -Gosh, that looks like it'll be easy to join and get to be a big man in- and then we actually start school, and what happens?





Right. You guessed it. We're promptly swamped by a huge amount of work, and suddenly everyone has slightly different thoughts on the feasibility of joining something because it looks nice on your record.

Incidentally, for anyone going through high school at this time, and thinking desperately about whether they have enough extra or outside activities to attract the attention of a good college: it doesn't really matter. Yeah. That's right, it doesn't really matter. I admit that it helps a little to have down on your record that you were in the school debate society, on the school paper, and things like that. And, if you enjoy something, by all means go ahead and join a group. But it isn't absolutely necessary for admittance to a good school; your marks are what count there. In fact, if you're a fanzine fan, you can get just as much egoboo by telling the interviewer all about fandom and fanzines and the like; besides impressing them with your devotion to your "hobby", you're ahead of them because they don't really know what the hell you're talking about, but they have to appear to know what you are saying, otherwise their psychological image of themselves suffers.

The college interviewers of today are always conscious of their image, being a product of the modern college-liberal arts course.

So; to sum up: don't bust your gut with extra-curricular activities, because they don't really matter. It's the marks instead.

To return from my tangent, I know now that the balance to school is sustained fanac over the weekend, a complete letting go, in other words. This is probably why there's such a large group of College sf clubs, in New York for example, with its City College group, Columbia and Brooklyn Polytechnic clubs. Given the support of the student government in NYU, I could probably whip up some sort of half-baked group in a week or two. But I won't, because I don't want another group on the New York scene, with ideas of eventually holding a convention, or bidding for a Worldcon. My reason? A very good one, from my point of view.

Which is, specifically, as a member of the New York Fanoclasts, I'm a member of a group bidding for the Convention in 1967. Members of N'APA and shadow FAPA are already aware of this, as are those in the Cult, if they've read their mailing comments lately. I'm putting a plug for our bid into this issue further on in. At this point, I'll only list who is in the Fanoclasts. The group includes Ted White, Dave Van Arnam, Mike McInerney, rich brown, Steve Stiles, myself, Andy Main, Jon White, the Lupoffs, Frank Wilimczyk, and others who don't make the meetings except occasionally, like the Shaws, the Silverbergs, and Lin Carter. The group includes most of the fanzine fen in New York, as well as other, fringe people not generally known to the rest of fandom. But what am I telling you this for? Read about it further on.

I hope to use a new type of paper in this issue, specifically a type of buff gestetner paper. The reason for this is that I've been experimenting with various types of papers which resist the curse of show-through. This issue will also be entirely run off on my spirit duplicator, which, if you have Algol #7, you know has the curse of Sho Thru on it. I'm also attempting to regulate a margin for top and bottom, that is, have one dimension of...oh, how do you say it...Ah yes! margin! that's the word. So, this issue is an experiment for me:



both in the use of lay-out, and in use of paper. Incidentally, I've since decided to use canary yellow second sheets as a further experiment in paper use. Therefore, don't be surprised if you have a motley collection of paper in this thing; it's all for the best. The only thing wrong with the second sheets is that they tend to age faster than the other, regular types of paper.

Please excuse my switching the typing from leaving one line open to this method, but I was told last night by Dave Van Arnam that it just Wasn't Done. Oh well. Forgive me...please? Well, anyway, I was at the FISTFA meeting last night, with its usual apa F exchange, and it was fantastic! Possibly the second largest mailing ever, fifty-two pages plus five post-mailed, after the amateur effer was run off. Possibly the best thing in it was the cover, dittoed by Steve Stiles in red, blue, purple, green, and brown, of a fantastically well done mask. It was some of the best use of dittoed color I've ever seen, and the colors actually seemed to blend together -- which, if you don't know, is a very very hard effect to achieve in ditto. The mailing included Dave Van Arnam's SAFS zine SAPrise #1, as well as the usual stuff by Mike McInerney, rich brown, myself, Steve Stiles, and Pat and Dick Lupoff's OPO #15, continuing their con report for Steve, much fun and games included. John Boardman get to the meeting late, so that he wasn't listed on the amateur effer, but he made up for this by regalling us with tales of Nordic history and legend.

I've often wondered why John never taught some history course instead of physics, but that, I suppose, is one of the Fannish Mysteries best left undelved in. The mailing included the second issue of the one-shot Bathtub Gin, seemingly a crudzine until you see the spectrum of names who turned it out: Pat and Dick, Dave Van Arnam, myself, Mike, and rich brown. It was fantastically bad, although I found the symbolism to be very interesting.

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What do you give an elephant with diarrhea?      --room.      John Boardman  
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The above is one of the better gems of wisdom that were circulating late last night. Of course, we talk about a lot of other things, like girls and wine and money and jobs and growing mustaches or however you spell it. Also, and most especially, about New York in '67. As you may know, there are two groups bidding for the con, us and The Bad Guys, and we all know what happens to Bad Guys, don't we? that's right -- the Good Guys (namely Us) must out in the end. But anyway, I'll have stuck in that blurb somewhere later on.

I just called rich brown, and discovered something very, very, nice about the contents of this fanzine. Namely, I'll have a piece of satire in the issue by that poor rich brown, illustrated by some one who is Good. I don't know who that will be, but I'm looking forward to it a lot. And I now believe that I'll close this soon, and begin the contents, such as they are. So maybe we'll see some interesting things in this issue; I hope so for the sake of my egoboo. I'll see you in Post-thoughts.



# GRUT : VAST

A COLUMN OF POTENTIAL

by **ROBIN WOOD**

And what is Grut? you may ask. The secret is in reading the following. Actually, there is no secret, no mystery, no involved faanish pun...Grut is simply --Grut. It has no definition. This column is full of Grut.

\*\*\*

The electronics industry, in its search for a new gimmick to push over onto us gullible types, has sorely missed out. At the moment the market is flooded with stereo phonographs, stereo radios, stereo tape recorders and stereo tape decks. Yet, as of this moment, nobody has put a stereo typewriter on the market. Such a tool would be invaluable to the writer. For creating stereotypes.

\*\*\*

I am writing this in Amador City, California. To those of you who may wonder just what the hell is an Amador City, it is an old deserted Gold Rush town, located about forty miles east of Sacramento in the foothills of the Sierra Nevada. Back during the Gold Rush, thousands of people rushed into this area, dug all the gold and left. At one time Amador City was a booming little town (so they tell me). It had dozens of bars and daily gunfights. Now it has one bar and two hundred citizens. The hills are dotted with abandoned mine-shafts, old crumbling gravestones and the rotted frameworks of buildings of the time. Covering the entire mess is a coat of dry yellow grass. In photographs, it all looks very scenic. The dry grass looks like a golden coat of down.

Consequently, the most action this place sees is the Yearly Grassfire, a totally swinging affair. Everybody panics, runs around in circles, etc. Somehow it gets put out and once again the town has been saved from extinction. Nobody really knows why they bother. It is tradition, the thing to do -- so they go out and save the town. For what is an unanswered question.

\*\*\*

Cranking up the bike in front of Sacramento Fan Hq at four in the morning. As it warms up I pull on my crash helmet, yellow lensed goggles and gloves. I turn on the lights and envelope myself in an entirely new world. I can hear the sound of the engine muffled through my earpads as I take off down the road. I look at the stop light and it isn't red--it's something else, a color I can't quite identify. It turns to something near green and I turn right, moving west, toward Amador City.

The streets are deserted, the lonely street lights yellow, trying to trick me into believing they are caution lights. Not that it matters. There is no one but me and a few trucks and the deserted city of Sacramento.



I rev up the engine and can barely hear it through the helmet, sensing it mostly by the vibration, as if through some kind of sixth sense, somewhere between touch and hearing. The night air begins to seep in through my jump boots, and I zip up my jacket as far as it will go.

It is almost like swimming underwater. I can feel the goggles pressing tight against my forehead, the pressure of air against my body, the coldness slowly seeping into my skin. I go through Perkins and turn right, going up Highway 16. Now I have the road to myself. I coast by two red lights and then I'm into the fields, the endless stretches of dry grass and farmhouses, some with a light shining through one tiny window. Why?—I wonder. What does one do in a farmhouse in the middle of a field at four in the ~~morning~~ morning that requires turning on one light. There are a thousand possible answers, but somehow the sight rubs against me. It doesn't seem right, it seems out of place here, at this time, but I can't say why.

The cold begins to creep in past my levis. I can sense my pants legs whipping in the wind. I look down at my speedometer as I lean around a curve and it is covered with a fine mist. I reach over with one gloved hand and awkwardly wipe away the mist, noticing that the movement makes the bike wobble a bit. You notice such things more, at night.

Fifty-five — the dial reads, a mere 55. I give the bike a little more gas and the needle creeps up past 60, and I let it rest there.

I am alone on the road, just myself and this wierd looking little machine that vibrates beneath me. I can feel slight bumps working their way up to me through the front forks, chawunk!, chawunk!, I cross cracks in the pavement and run across small pieces of gravel. The odor of a skunk drifts across the sky.

I look up, I can see a crescent moon, yellowed by my goggles. A thin slice of cheddar cheese, floating up in the sky, as I begin to get into the hills. Now there are more curves, one after another. I'm all alone on the pavement so I come in wide, cut to the inside and swing out with a twist of the throttle. Roads are marvelous playthings at four in the morning. I wonder how many millions of dollars went into this ribbon of concrete and asphalt, just so I could lean around its corners.

I swing into the left lane, then swing right and into the inside of a corner and feel the rear bounce and shift over to the left a little as it crosses a stone. I float across a bridge, with a deep change of vibration.

The cold has fought its way into my wrists and past my goggles now. I think of my destination and the heater I will turn on and huddle by when I get there, but I discard the thought, because it is not real, it is in the future and there is no such thing, not yet. This is reality, the right-here-and-now of pushing myself through a blanket of freezing air, working upward in through the foothills.

Highway 49 appers and I turn right, sweepind down the long hill into Drytown. I pass a lumbertruck going in the other direction, its unmuffled exhaust screaming. Then I'm in Drytown, across the Dry Creek bridge and going up the hill out of town. I shift into third and listen to the revs build up as the speedometer needle dips then creeps up to 55. I cross the top of the hill, shift into fourth and open it up to about 65. The road is good here, many curves and bridges to cross, their white painted rails flickering past as I cross them.

Then there is Amador City and home. I park the bike by the porch and pull off the helmet. The cat is begging at the door, and the spell of the road drops away like a cloud from a rising plane. I open the door and let the cat in, and follow. I can see through normal eyes now, the goggles are removed, and it is a slightly different reality, not better, not worse, but just a tinge different.



FALL for NEW  
IN FALL 67! YORK

The other day someone was asking us "Why should we have another convention in New York? They've already had two, and the last one was bad enough to last for ten years."

"By 1967," we pointed out, "it will have been eleven years since the NYCon II."

But that wasn't the real point, of course. The real point was and is that a wholly new fandom has sprung up in New York City these last five or so years. And for the last four years it has crystallized around the Fanoclasts, the most active and unified club in New York's recent fannish history.

The Fanoclasts are made up of the fannish, fanzine reading-and-publishing element. It includes just about all of the area's currently active fans, such as Steve Stiles, Mike McInerney, Rich Brown, Andy Main, Andy Porter, Les Gerber, Arnie Katz, Frank Wilimczyk, and half a dozen others we're overlooking for the moment -- in addition to older fans in the group like Ted White, John Boardman, and Dave Van Arnam, and such distance hindered fans as Lin Carter, the Silverbergs, and the Shaws.

There has been less internal strife within the group than in any comparable New York fanclub, as is evidenced by not only the Clubs' relatively long survival (in a city where splinter groups and new clubs used to be the watchword), but even more by the fact that, alone of all the clubs in New York City history, the Fanoclasts meet bi-weekly. (Actually, they meet weekly, if you count the FISTFA meetings which alternate with Fanoclasts, and to which the same people generally go. The FISTFA ((Fannish, Insurgent, Scientificfictional Association)) was set up by Mike McInerney for those frenetic fans who can't stand the idea of not doing something fannish every Friday night, and it has pretty well roped in the entire club, plus whomever shows up as well. It has also resulted in a weekly apa, apa F, whose mailings consist of 25 copies and roughly 20-60 pages each mailing, whose sole, but rigorous requirement for inclusion in the mailings is simply attendance at meetings!)



The Fanoclats is the least insular of any New York club of the last decade. It is also the least formal, having no officers and no official business; any matters of interest to the group are discussed over a jug of beer or similar refreshment. The club is able to present a solid front to any detrimental outside influences. To ensure group compatibility, a vague blackball exists; the group is supposedly an invitation only meeting. In practice, this has meant very little -- except that it has eliminated the sort of petty bickering which destroyed not only many of the previous New York clubs, but which also caused so much trouble at the last NYCon.

Which once again brings us to the convention. We don't intend to make this a coalitional effort. There will be no phony or forced cooperation between divergent groups. We will bid for the convention as Fanoclats, and aim to put on a convention as harmoniously run as is our club. All other New York Area fans are invited to attend and enjoy our con as they would one in Philly or DC, and we're sure that they'll enjoy it all the more for this reason.

Programwise, we intend a relaxed, semi-open ended program, drawing on the Season for inspiration. However, ours will not be programs to be drowsed through; we shall try for provocative speakers on provocative subjects, as well as argumentative panelists for lively controversy and discussion of interest to the audience. Items will be scheduled for both the pure science fiction reader and collector, and for the pure fannish fan as well.

We already have several hotels under consideration, our first objective being to find a site best suited to the convention's needs, one which will be a willing and not disdainful host. New York is a city where such a hotel as we need can be found -- there are more hotels in New York than in any other major US city, and more competition between them for conventions than anywhere else.

Finally, we don't think that there's any question but that we can -- and will, if provided the opportunity -- put on one of the best conventions of the decade. We think we deserve the chance.

--Dave Van Arnam and Ted White, revised  
by Andy Porter

The New York Fanoclats tentative convention committee:

Dave Van Arnam & Ted White, Co-Chairmen	
John Boardman,	Treasurer
Rich Brown,	Acting Secretary
Andy Porter,	Sergeant-at-Arms

The New York Fanoclats:

Steve Stiles	Andy Porter	Mike McInerney	
Dave Van Arnam	Pat & Dick Lupoff	Les Gerber	Calvin Demmon
Ted White	Frank Wilimczyk	Arnie Katz	Robert & Barbara Silverberg
John Boardman	Andy Main	Lin Carter	Joe Pilati
Rich Brown	Jon White	Larry & Noreen Shaw	



# A CON R E P O R T F O R A N D Y P O R T E R

This is going to be a most unusual con report. I attended exactly one item of the program, Dick's panel on fanzines. Unfortunately, because of a combination of cold pills and bloody mays I had a hard time staying awake (or remaining conscious, if you prefer to be truthful about it). Well, I guess that I'll start at the beginning, which is a nice sensible place to start.

Dick and I had planned to go to California a year ago, to attend a westercon. Unfortunately, due to Dick's changing jobs and not getting any vacation, and to my getting the german measles (I still can't believe it) we ended up in Connecticut. O.K., we thought, we will go next year for the world con.

Everything was all set and we were ready to go when I became pregnant, and had a baby. This was in June. Then we went out and bought a house, and due to a combination of events, me being tired and us being quite broke, we cancelled our plans again, wrote to all our friends telling them that we weren't going to visit them after all, and made reservations at our home away from home in Connecticut.

We were quite resigned until the fateful Saturday that ATom came to New York. Dick, I, Andy Main, and Don and Elsie Wollheim picked up ATom at the airport and then we all went out for dinner together, prior to going to a Welcome ATom party at the Carrs'. During dinner talk veered to fun and games at previous conventions. Dick and I just sat there, felling more and more depressed. When suddenly I turned to Dick and said "Hey, let's go to California." "Okay," said Dick, who, like me was quite drunk; "what the hell, let's go." Sunday morning dawned. "I don't see how we can," said Dick. "We wrote to everybody and cancelled everything." "So what," I said, "let's call everyone up and peplan."

I always think of delightful ways to spend money. Well, the first person we called was a friend of ours, a travel agent who planned our reservations. Then we called people and told them that we would be seeing and staying with them after all. We didn't give them a chance to say no, we simply hung up. The next day being Monday I ran downtown and spent the whole afternoon at Bergdorf's buying clothes

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and spending more of Dick's money.

The rest of the week went by in a daze. We rushed madly around, I still don't know why, packed and repacked, and finally left Saturday morning. The flight was great, it was a beautiful clear day, and we had a magnificent view of the Rocky Mountains. We landed and our first famish event was a party at Ron Ellik's.

The main thing I remember about Ron's party was learning to play Brag. It's a card game similar to poker, but much more sneaky. I think I won exactly one cent. I kept being dealt horrible hands and spent most of the game watching Dick win and loose huge amounts of money to Nick Falasca (huge amounts for Brag, that is). We left the party with Dave and Katya Hulan about two in the morning. We were totally exhausted because by eastern time we had been up nearly twenty hours. We knew that we were staying with the Hulans but we didn't realize that we would have a whole three room apartment to ourselves. The hulans' landlady had a vacant apartment which she let us use for the night.

We went swiftly to bed and awoke, much rested, about ten the next morning. We staggered over to the Hulans' for a much needed cup of coffee only to find Dave still in bed and Katya up feeding the baby. Dave soon rose and joined us. The Hulans very kindly decided to take us sight-seeing. We drove through Beverly Hills, which is quite impressive. Then later on in the day we were joined by the Coxes and drove to the beach.

By this time it was quite cool and windy but Dick was determined to submerge part of himself in the Pacific Ocean. Thank goodness I had swum in the Pacific on a trip to Mexico so I could afford to be quite blasé about the whole thing. After a running leap to the water's edge Dick decided to settle on submerging a toe. His big one -- I forget which foot. (I told you that this would not be too accurate a report).

After frezing and admiring the Pacific for a while we all piled back in the car, returned ~~kk~~ to the Hulans' and changed our clothes to go to a fancy and expensive restaurant for a fancy and expensive and, we hoped, good, dinner. We ended up in a fair Polynesian place, fancy and expensive with lukewarm food.

The next day was Monday and it was see Disneyland day. The Hulans told us that we were going to leave about nine A.M. in order to be at Disneyland at ten where we were to meet various L.A. fans. I regret to say that I don't quite remember who was there. There seemed to be a constant stream of people coming and going all day. Dick innocently wore his sunglasses and when night fell he was stuck with only dark glasses, their being prescription. And of course he didn't have his regular glasses with him. I think that we saw all of Disneyland! But, then again, I'm not sure. It was hectic.

There were parts of Disneyland that I liked very much. Tom Sawyer's island was about the only non-artificial place in the whole area. We were ferried across about six feet of water on rafts and then left on our own. There were fun rocks





to climb, apples and brownies to eat (at a stiff price) but most of all, nice shady spots to sit and steal forty winks. We didn't get to the island until late afternoon; everyone looked ready to drop, but nobody wanted to be a spoil sport so we went back for more rides.

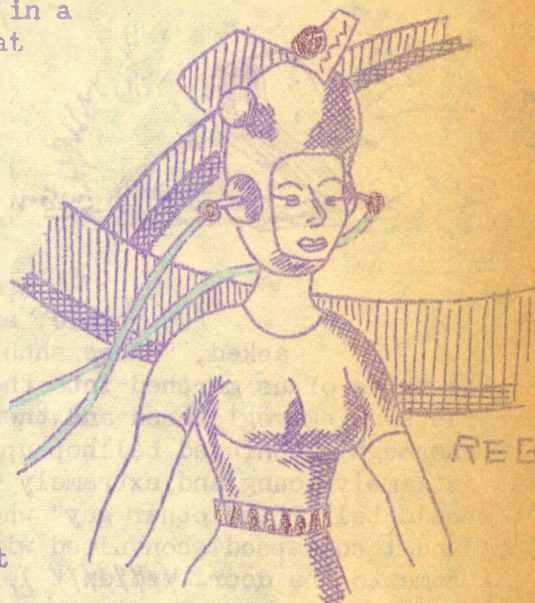
Dick talked me into going on the Materhorn bobsled ride. I don't know what it was really like, I had my eyes closed the entire time, surely not more than five minutes, but it seemed like an eternity. According to people who have been on roller-coasters this was mild; well, that settles it; I'm never going on a roller-coaster. I've always had a thing against roller-coasters, ever since I was a little girl and saw a gory murder committed on one of them. Maybe that's why I don't like to go on the things with Dick.

Anyway we finally left Disneyland at what seemed to be an ungodly hour, actually early by convention standards. It was a long hard dry day, but I enjoyed it! We tumbled into bed, only as I lay down there was a sickening crack and my side of the bed collapsed onto the floor! By some mysterious maneuvering Dick managed to pick up the pieces. We were supposed to leave the apartment in topnotch condition as it was going to be rented in a matter of weeks. I did notice in Starspinkle that the Hulans have since moved; I hope it was voluntary on their part.

The next morning we were supposed to leave Los Angeles bright and early and pick up Andy Main in Santa Barbara, a trip between sixty and one hundred miles depending on which part of L.A. we left from. L.A. is incredibly spread out -- like having Long Island all one urban and suburban area. I never did see the center of it if indeed it has a center. Anyway, we were all packed and ready to leave when we received a message that Hulbert Burroughs had been trying to get in contact with us. So we left poor Andy waiting for us in Santa Barbara and went to visit Hully in his office at Tarzana, now a suburb of Los Angeles. I don't think that Hully was at all charmed by me since I was quite impatient to get going and since I kept trying to relay that fact to Dick by not unobtrusively plucking at his sleeve.

Finally we left, Dick sorrowfully, I gladly, both of us clutching a handful of Tarzan rings. Hully seemed further aghast at my saying gaily that I would give some of the rings to our little boy. I did and Ken seems to like them a lot. All joking aside, in spite of the fact that I am quite uninterested in Burroughs it would have been an enjoyable visit for me if we hadn't been in a hurry to go elsewhere. Mr. Burroughs is a hospitable and congenial host.

We hit the road and apparently luck was with us, I mean that we started from the right side of Los Angeles, because Andy's house was only sixty miles away. We met his dog, a beautiful and friendly animal resembling a collie. Then we all piled into our rapidly deteriorating M.G., one that we had rented in L.A. when it was still working right, and headed for the scenic route to Berkeley. We decided to stop at a place called Anderson's Restaurant for lunch. They make good pea soup, said Andy. I had gotten a post card from some friends who had also stopped there for lunch so I found the idea interesting. Besides,





I was getting hungry.

Actually the place itself was kind of dissappointing. It was jammed packed even at three P.M. We were told that there wouldn't be a table available for at least half an hour so we decided to sit at the counter for fast service. Ha. "You two sit," said Andy, "I'll take a quick walk around because I've already had lunch." Dick and I elbowed people out of the way (we were very hungry) and got two seats at the counter. Andy came back after fifteen minutes only to find that our orders had not yet been taken. Finally we all settled on bowls of pea soup, they seemed to be out of everything else, but surely they would have their specialty. They did! By this time, it being nearly four PM, Andy was hungry so we all had big bowls of soup and started out again.

After about an hour's drive we switched from the freeway to the coastal highway. Andy very graciously offered to drive so that Dick and I could enjoy the scenery. By this time our car was making wierd bumps and grinds and apparently losing gas. But the road was beautiful. Thank goodness we were on the cliff side; I would never want to drive south on the road and I pitied the few brave souls that we passed that were. We stopped once, to admire the breath taking scenery. Then, since it was beginning to get dark, we hastened on towards Monterey, where we were to spend the night. I wouldn't even drive on the cliff side of that highway, at night.

We pulled into Monterey about eight PM, and checked into the San Carlos hotel, a very respectable, very staid hotel full of very respectable, staid old people. As we got out of the car, Andy asked, "Where should I go?" "With us, of course," Dick replied.

So the three of us marched into the San Carlos hastily tucking our shirts into our pants. Dick registered and then went to park the car. Andy and I followed the thoroughly confused bellhop up to our room. As I handed the bellboy a tip, he was extremely young and extremely stupid, he asked me in a loud undertone if he should tell "the other guy" where we were. I managed to nod weakly, then Andy and I collapsed, convulsed with hysterics and were still laughing when Dick came to the door. ~~Wednesday 1st Nov~~ We decided to further shake up the staff of the San Carlos by changing our clothes and going out for dinner. This we did and set out for a Japanese restaurant which we had seen from the car, about two blocks from the hotel. The food there was excellent and the dinner was further enhanced by the fact that we were served by a slightly tipsy waitress. We then marched back to the hotel and to bed.

The following morning we were wakened by seals barking in the harbor. Again we dressed rapidly and set out for breakfast. By this time the staff of the hotel were numb with shock. After breakfast we drove four miles and stopped our car in Carmel, a charming town. I would gladly have spent a few days there and so would Dick but we just didn't have the time. Carmel is basically an art colony and a tourist resort but it does not attract the loud flashy type of tourist. It is right on one of the most beautiful beaches that I've ever seen, white sand that is perfectly clean. First Dick, Andy and I wandered around a few of the art galleries, then we separated. Andy I believe went to look at some cards, and Dick and I went to look at books, toys, and clothing. Then we all met a-





gain for lunch which we had at a charming little Swedish place. Andy charmed the waitress by writing thank you in Swedish on the back of a napkin. After lunch we all went and relaxed on the beach for about an hour. Refreshed and sunburnt, we set off for Berkeley.

Our drive there was quite routine. We did go over a beautifully steep hair-raising pass in the mountains (during this part of the trip, Dick slept). We arrived in Berkeley about five in the evening. The Ellingtons, with whom we were staying, were in the middle of eating dinner and invited us to join them. Dick and I thanked them and explained that both of us had an irresistible craving for lobster. Dick Ellington immediately recommended a place, and off we went. As we were leaving this restaurant we ran into Frank Dietz and Al Levy, oh yes, also John Brunner. Frank was walking out and said Hi; he certainly looked familiar to me but since I had almost provoked a stranger at the airport into picking me up because he looked like Jock Root and because I had smiled at him and said hello and when he started to walk towards me said something incredibly stupid like "never mind", I walked right past Frank, then thought better of such hasty action. I nudged Dick and said "Hey, there's a fellow who looks just like Frank Dietz." After staring at Frank for about three minutes Dick and I had a whispered conference, decided it was indeed Frank, and finally said Hello. Frank, Al, and John were just about to start dinner, however, and so we arranged to see them at Bill Donaho's party and headed back to the Ellingtons'.

Bill's party was a typical pre-convention free-for-all -- there were people there that nobody seemed to know or ever saw again. Bill, himself staggered genially around and finally went to bed while the party was still young. George Heap started a group folk sing. Dick met Phillip K. Dick, whom he mistook for a neo fan while he was talking to Ed Meskys about Man in the High Castle -- he kept putting down Phil's opinions and brow beating him generally, until he found out who he was insulting, at which point Phil skewered Dick with a stylus. Carol Carr told me about spending her first airplane flight ever sitting next to Jerry Knight's uncle!

Meanwhile, at around two AM Pat Ellington and I had a short conference, decided that we were hungry, and started rounding up the two Dicks -- I forget who rounded up which Dick, but it didn't matter. Soon the four of us and Marie and the Lockharts and the Heaps all got into several cars and drove off for food. We ended up at the Ellingtons' and collapsed in bed.

The Next morning was Wednesday, oops, Thursday. Dick and I left the Ellingtons and went to check in at the Leamington -- it was a weird room. Well equipped for writing a con report with a desk but no place to put our clothes. Also no towel racks in the bathroom, as Dick and I discovered in the middle of taking a bath. Oh well -- at least there was a bed...

That night we were going to give a very small party -- I guess it was on the small side -- only about fifty people could fit into that room at one time.





Whenever it got unbearably crowded Dick and I left and ~~who~~ went to other parties, or on coffee drinking expeditions. At one time we came back to our room only to see a body lying under the desk. We rubbed out eyes, looked again and discovered that the body belonged to Jean Bogert -- she lay there quietly all evening. Then about an hour after the party broke up our phone rang -- it was Jean who wanted to return to our room for her program booklet. I explained that we were in bed. "Oh, I'll only take a minute," she said. Somehow I convinced her to wait until the next morning. Sure enough, at breakfast the next morning Jean came over to us and asked for her program booklet--"It's the one with all the pages bent back."-- It was also the one that Dick had carefully gone through and straightened out all the pages....

I don't remember too much about Friday, daytime. I do know that Dick and I discovered the bar, it was ever so much more fun than the coffee shop. I dimly remember that after our first session of drinking Dick staggered in to chair his panel on fanzines and I loyally and blindly staggered after him to sit in the audience and listen. I remember sitting and struggling to keep awake. Poor Dick. I'm sure that it was an excellent panel, unfortunately I didn't hear one word of it. After the panel we had badly needed coffee, then maybe we went back to the bar. The rest of the day is a complete blank.

Friday night was the first big open party of the convention. Dick and I went to it in a condescending mood. I think that we expected it to be like a huge N3F hospitality room, but it wasn't. It was a real ball and part of it was a real brawl.

Unfortunately, neither Dick nor I were eyewitnesses to the brawl. This took place between Bob Fuechley, Gretchen Schwenn, and Redd Boggs; I think that Bob Lichtman was also involved in some way. Anyway, to the best of my knowledge the following occurred: Bob Buechley, an extremely fuggheaded sergeant-at-arms (he wouldn't accept membership cards as proof that you belonged to the convention; badges were the only acceptable things, according to his reasoning), questioned Gretchen's membership because she wasn't wearing her badge.

Al. haLevy appeared from somewhere and tried to give Gretchen a temporary badge, but she refused to wear it. Then fuggheaded Bob tried to pin it on her. He either accidentally or on purpose hit her, and the next thing anyone knew was that Gretchen was sitting on top of Bob strangling him (Gretchen is about five feet tall, Buechley is well over six feet). Anyway, it took three people to pull Gretchen off a much battered Bob; that was the major event of Friday evening. Dick, I, Dian Pelz, Bill Bowers and Bill Malardi also founded Belly Button fandom against the chorus of some young fan who was trying to get Dick to give him an Index to XERO.

Anyway, after a blank of several hours, Saturday dawned. (I don't mean that there was nothing going on; there was nothing going on as far as ~~fact~~ ~~xxx~~ Pat Lupoff's view of the world was concerned). More bar during the day, the costume party and a few room parties that night. Dick and I and Don Wollheim had





just come back from dinner. I had gone up to our room to put my coat away and was going downstairs in the elevator when suddenly the door opened and ATom rushed breathlessly into it, carrying a camera.

"ATom, why is your tongue hanging out?" I asked.

He clutched me. "Bill Rotsler's girl came naked," he said.

Arriving downstairs, I found this to be almost true; Joanie was very attractively garbed in flesh colored tights which were adorned with nothing but little gold spangles.

Anyhow, after the masquerade ball Dick went to the Burroughs meeting; I arranged to meet him at the Double:Bill party. After a while Dick and I went up to the Benford's room and then set out to find his room with Bill Blackbeard. Bill had somehow managed to lose it. During our wanderings we knocked on a door which had a "do not disturb" sign on it, but there wasn't any answer. The next door we tried was opened by a group of screaming monster fans. When

we entered the room we too began to shriek -- with laughter. There, lying on the bed with the hollering monster fans dancing all around him lay Larry Ivie in a drunken stupor. After we brought in a group from the Benfords' party down the hall to admire Larry and to join the dance, we went on with our search. Bill finally found his room, we visited with him for a few moments and then went off to look for ours.

I guess that the next day was Sunday. More bar this time with Nick Falasca and then the business meeting. A group of us almost won the JohnCon bid, much to our horror. Dick got appointed to two committees, much to his horror. Then the banquet. The first part was very nice; we sat with good people, the Carrs, the Busbys, George Scithers, Don Wollheim, and Walt Daugherty. Then Sam Moscovitz got up to speak, the air conditioner came on full blast, and

I alternately shivered and slept. Carol Carr was smart, she left early.

After the banquet a group of us were standing around the mezzanine. The two Bills came up to me and said that if Dick would donate our room for a party they would donate the liquor. I replied that we didn't want any more bodies under our desk. Somehow the party got dumped on Danny Flachta. He and Al Lewis (EC) shared the wierdest hotel room that I have ever seen. It was a sample room used by salesmen to show their products to the hotel buyers. It was huge, which was great, and filled with covered up tables so that it resembled a morgue. Later in the evening various bodies were to be seen under the table doing various things. Anyway, to get the party going the two Bills and myself went off to get their liquor and to steal dirty glasses, clean napkins, and even salt and pepper shakers from room trays outside of peoples' doors. I even wanted to steal stale pieces



"AH, THAT WAS THE YEAR.

G.M. CARR APOLOGIZED TO LES GERBER, AND NORMAN G. WANSBOROUGH WAS VOTED OF OF OMPA."



of rolls (I must not have eaten well at the banquet) but the two Bills dragged me away. We returned, found we had plenty of liquor, salt and pepper, but no mixers.

So Dick Lupoff and Fat Ellington went off and stole ginger ale and pretzels and various other goodies from the N3F room. Dick tells me that they also tried to steal Ed Wood but without success. After a while at this party a group of us ended up at the Doggie Diner, and then called it a day.

The next day was Monday, which usually comes after Sunday, and the last day of the convention. Dick and I had breakfast around noon, and then wandered up to the mezzanine. Ellie Turner came up to me and said that she had finally gotten up a group to go to the famous carousel at Tilden Park. I am a carousel fan and Dick is not; however, I finally persuaded him to go with us. We emerged into the sun for the first time in days, at which point we all shriveled up and turned into dust.

We did spend a rejuvenating time riding on griffins and eating hot dogs, and then at about three or four in the afternoon we returned to the hotel, where we had plans to join Terry and Carol Carr for dinner. Terry was going to show us Cliff House, a restaurant which has a magnificent view of the harbor, and he had accordingly looked up the exact time of sunset. We drove like fury and reached our destination in time, but to no avail; a thick San Francisco fog had settled around everything. Nevertheless we were still able to see something of the wonderful view, and also to see Fritz Lieber and Judy Merrill sitting side by side in the cocktail lounge, sipping drinks and staring intently out of the window. When we eventually got up and went into the dining room for dinner, there were the two of them still staring straight out into space.

After dinner Terry took us to a great gory museum called Sutro's. It was damp and cold inside and the exhibits seemed to consist of mummified chicken bones. When Carol and I began to turn green Terry and Dick decided that it was time to leave. By this stage of the trip our rented car had begun to sound like a motorcycle and we were the envy of all the hot rodders in the Barea.

We went to our last party of the convention then, given by the Con committee. It was rather dull. The only thing out of the ordinary that happened was that Judy Merrill came rushing into the room and in an effort to greet Tony Boucher fell flat on her stomach across Ted White and me who had been sitting on a bed. The odd thing was that she didn't seem to notice that she was using us for a mattress; she lay stretched across us talking and talking, and finally Ted had to give her a not so discreet knee in the groin to budge her. I unsquashed myself and went off with a group to the doggie diner, the two Dicks, Ted, Carol, and I'm sure one or two others. We then called it a con and went to bed.

There was a great after-convention party at the Ellingtons' which was the best party at the convention only it wasn't held at the con. But it would take me at least a couple of more hours to write about it. So send a dollar and receive postage free...





# TRIVIA AND FILLER DEPARTMENT

This is an index to what I've published so far, that is, since last December, and includes Algol, DEGLER!, and Fortran, which will (hopefully) be published by the time this issue is out. D=Ditto, M=Mimeo; the rest is self-explanatory.

Name:	Date:	Pages:	Type:	Number(in the series):	Copies:	Method:
ALGOL #1	12/63	2	Genzine	1	35	D
ALGOL #2	1/64	2	Genzine	2	35	D
ALGOL #3	2/64	10	Genzine	3	50	D
ALGOL #4	3/64	13	Genzine	4	70	D
ALGOL #5	4/64	12	Genzine	5	55	D
*ALGOL #6	5-6/64	18	Genzine	6	70	D
DEGLER!#1	6/64	2	APA-F	7	25	D
DEGLER!#2	6/64	1	APA F	8	30	D
DEGLER!#3	7/64	1	APA F	9	30	D
DEGLER!#4	7/64	1	APA F	10	35	D
DEGLER!#5	7/64	2	APA F	11	35	D
HOW TO KILL						
COPS #1	7/64	1	APA F	12	35	D
BOOK LIST#1	7/64	1	APA F	13	35	D
DEGLER!#6	7/64	6	APA F	14	35	D
*ALGOL #7	7-8/64	30	Genzine	15	70	D
DEGLER!#7	8/64	4	APA F	16	35	D
DEGLER!#8	8/64	2	APA F	17	35	D
DEGLER!#9	8/64	5	APA F & N <sup>a</sup> APA	18	80	D
P.S.toDEGLER!						
#9	8/64	1	APA F	19	35	D
DEGLER!#10	9/64	1	APA F	20	35	M
DEGLER!#11	9/64	1	APA F	21	50	M
DEGLER!#12	9/64	2	APA F	22	35	D
New York IN						
'67!#1	9/64	2	GeneralCirc.	23	50	D
DEGLER!#13	9/64	1	APA F	24	35	D
DEGLER!#14	10/64	2	APA F	25	35	D
Reading by						
BJFRIEDMAN	10/64	1	NYU&APA F	26	70	D
DEGLER!#15	10/64	2	APA F	27	35	D
DEGLER!#16	10/64	1	APA F	28	35	D
DEGLER!#17	10/64	1	APA F	29	35	D
DEGLER!#18	10/64	1	APA F	30	35	D
DEGLER!#19	10/64	?	APA F	31	35	D
DEGLER!#20	10/64	?	APA F	32	35	D
FORTTRAN#1	11/64	11	Genzine	33	100	M
*ALGOL #8	11/64	35+	Genzine	34	100-110(?)	D

\* stands for photo-offset cover. Publications #31-34 not published yet(10/27/64)



I'm beginning to formulate who will appear in future issues of Algol, and I'm starting with this issue. First of all, I'm expanding my editorial space to cover much more than it has in the past. As you can see, my prose style is almost totally different; it's loosened up a hell of a lot over, for example, the 'editorial statement' that was in Algol number 6; that is, the pro-Breen statement. Looking back in retrospect, I can see that it says a lot of nothing with the use of a lot of words. It's also stiff and pedantic, much more like the style you use on a term paper than what you use in a fanzine.

This change must, I think, be attributed to my apa F zine, DECLER!, with a strenuous weekly schedule. Writing first draft (as I am right now) I've learned to loosen up my sentences, express personal thoughts, and, in a phrase, write like I was talking, not like I was writing. It helps also to be able to put down an idea in simple language, and is also more personal.

Incidentally, apa F has also influenced this genzine. Through the constant interflow of words and ideas between some of the top writers in fandom (Ted White, Dick Lupoff, Steve Stiles, Dave Van Arnam) I've learned from them, and, in many instances, have been able to get things from them for inclusion in Algol. Witness, for instance, the article on ERB last issue by Dave Van Arnam; I'm still getting letteres from Burroughs' fans asking for xopies of the issue, and I'm pretty sure that the article did help to keep the issue from obscurity.

Likewise, in this issue I've recruited Pat and Dick lupoff from the ranks of apa F, as well as Mike McInerney and rich brown. These four make up the majority of the content of this issue, and I owe it all to apa F. Gosh wow, and all that rot.

Getting back to what I was saying (about the content of future issues) I'm going about it in the manner that Fred Pohl is using for the Galaxy group. In other words, I'm button-holing people in the street. One result of this is that Lee Hoffman will be doing more illustrating in fandom ~~book~~ than she has been doing the last few years. She's a good cartoonist, and from what she's done for this issue, her talents are not dead yet. I've also got a con report from Pat Lupoff, who hasn't exercised her writing talents since the early days of XERO -- and we all know what XERO's status was in fandom.

So, this is the line-up for the future in Algol; Robin Wood with a column, GRUT, which may or may not apply to SF; at the moment Robin is attending college in the BArea after three years in the USAF.

Mike McInerney to take the fanzine review column -- Mike has been a pretty unknown fan for the last 5 years or so, but is now starting to move into the spotlight.

Dick Lupoff will take over the Book Reviews from myself, because I find no time for any heavy reading now that I'm in college. Dick's fanzine, XERO, for those of you new on the fannish scene, won the Hugo as best fanzine of 1962. At the moment, beside working for IBM, Dick is also editor of Canaveral Books, and will soon have a work on Burroughs published by afore mentioned firm.

Rich Brown, who writes his name rich brown, has contributed a piece of faan fiction that's been moldering in Los Angeles for the past few years. Though the last appearance he had in the genzine area was several years ago, rich is rather famous, or infamous, depending on which side of the fence you're on, in FAPA and other circles. Certainly a bright star, at the least.

So that's the line up; a bright bunch of people with a lot of talent. And, there'll be more of the same in the next issue. Andy Reiss, bhob Stewart, Steve Stiles, Robert Gilbert, Lee Hoffman and myself doing the illustrations and cartoons. I'll be contacting some of those who are reading this -- who knows, you may be in the next issue! And we're irregular, but so was XERO, and look what happened there!



# LUPOFF'S

## BOOK WEEK

BY  
DICK :::  
: LUPOFF,  
EDITOR,  
CANAVERAL  
BOOKS ::::

Three Worlds To Conquer by Poul Anderson. I think that Anderson is emerging as the outstanding practitioner of the imaginative story around. Certainly one of his virtues is versatility...he can write pure fun fantasy (the Afreet Stories) sword and sorcery (3 Hearts and Three Lions), serious sociological SF (Inside Earth) alien adventure (Call Him Joe). I'm sure that's not the pick of his production, but I haven't read as much as I ought to have. Certainly his "After Doomsday" struck me as the Best Novel of 1960. And now this new one, although not the very best Anderson, is pretty close up there. Buy it; you'll enjoy it.

The Arsenal of Miracles by Gardner F. Fox, Ace: Fox follows up his recent "Escape Across the Cosmos" with another richly atmospheric and fast-paced adventure. Sharing the virtues of the previous book, this one also shares it's vices: it is trite, the characters are shallow and their motivation overly simple. Also, as Hal Lynch has pointed out, the "facts" in the story are reiterated and simplified to the point where the most idiotic of readers cannot fail to grasp them. Unfortunately, those of us who are not the most idiotic, not even by a narrow separation, tend to find this somewhat wearying. I think that Fox developed this unhappy habit in his comics-scripting, where the rapid turnover of youthful readers make the explanation of each marvel mandatory each time it is used as a plot gimmick. I enjoyed "Escape" for its evocation of the PLANET STORIES era, but I find that my saturation point for this kind of stuff has been reached very quickly.

Tree and Leaf by J. R. R. Tolkien. This little book contains two very rare items written in the late 1930's, published some years later and since out of print. "On Fairy Stories" is an essay -- actually, originally a lecture -- on the indicated subject. In it, Tolkien expresses explicitly many of the ideas implicit in the Ring trilogy, and offers much ~~much~~ beautiful language, so beautiful that it alone would justify the essay, had it not containing of value in ideas (though the latter is distinctly not the case). "Leaf by Niggle", the other item in the book, is an autobiographical fantasy-allegory. You can get this book from the British Book Centre, 124 East 55th Street, NYC, for \$1.25 paperbound; there is supposedly a clothbound edition also, but they had none in stock, and did not know the price.

Now that I have resurrected my new typer from under rich brown's care, we will include more information about the book, like for instance:  
WARRIOR OF LLARN by Gardner F. Fox, Ace, 1964, 40¢  
Not content to resurrect many Burroughs pastiches of the past, Don Wollheim is now commissioning contemporary writers to produce new ones. (Or maybe Fox did





this on spec and sold it to Ace; I doubt it but I should really check before making a straight-out statement like the preceding one.) The obvious source here is ERB's John Carter of Mars Series, and the job Fox has done is a good one. There are, however, a couple of niggling flaws. One is that Fox tells us that the language his hero learns on Llarn is a soft, flowing one, composed mainly of vowels...but of the Llarnian words Fox gives us, proper names and other nouns, almost all of these are composed of consonants, and the harsh ones at that; K's and T's predominate.

Such faults notwithstanding, if you'd like to read a good Burroughs pastiche, this is one. Still, if you wish to read such stuff and have not yet read Burroughs' own works, you ought to, both because he is the original and the others are copies, and because he is still the best of his type.

If you'd like recommendations of specific titles, buy my book next year and read the chapter titled "A Basic Burroughs Library." Or ask to see the draft. Or just ask me, or 'bout anyone else who's read the stuff.

THE MAN OF BRONZE by "Kenneth Robeson," Street & Smith, 1933, Bantam, 1964, 45¢

After last spring's disappointing "Return of The Shadow," I was reluctant to tackle another pulp revival, and left the S&S hardcover of this on my shelf unread. The attractive and handy Bantam paperback was too much to resist, and to my delight I've found that this is pulp writing as she ought to be: incredibly melodramatic plotting, overcharacterization of the variety

Larry Shaw calls "funny hat", dialog the like of this:

--"You'll be in a cage at the zoo if you don't learn the manners of a man!" waspish Ham said bitingly.--

Oh beautiful, beautiful, don't miss this. It's like a Stan Lee comic book reduced to text form, though of course the derivation is in the opposite direction: the comic books are inspired by the heroic pulps, and Doc Savage is a clear source of several comic devices, ranging from Batman's utility belt to Superman's Fortress of Solitude to almost any of the hero combines of the past 25 years, especially a couple of the current Stan Lee aggregations.



DR. ARNOLDI and AN AMERICAN GIRL by Tiffany Thayer.

"Arnoldi" is one of Thayer's only two SF works, the other being "The Greek". The sfnal premise of "Arnoldi" is a simple one: what if everyone stopped dying? Hold that at its liberal content: not that people stop getting sick, or injured, or lapsing into comas; just, what if they stopped dying? Answer: you eventually wind up with a large and growing number of human vegetables, "comatants," as Thayer calls them. What is the legal status of such a person? Has he rights? Is he still legally married, or can his "widow" remarry? Can he be cremated or buried? No one knows, maybe such a person will eventually recover. How can you execute condemned criminals? An interesting book, in Thayer's usual breezy style.

Attention Diplomacy fans: "An American Girl" is Thayer's entry into the Graustark derby. Yep, imaginary kingdoms, deposed royalty, beautiful princess, wicked usurper and all. Boardman, here is a chance to one-up your co-hobbyists.

(You can get both these books in Biblio and Tannen's basement, where I donated both my own copies. On second thought, you'd better hurry. Bookspace won't be so critical once I move, and I'm tempted to go get them back.)

THE TIME MACHINE by H.G.Wells, 1895; 1964, Airmont, 40¢

I may be the only living SF fan who hadn't long ago read this classic in one of its innumerable editions, but 'safact; I finally got to it because I've received several letters suggesting it as a source for E. L. Arnold's Lieut. Gullivar Jones, a case which I now see is tenable, but which doesn't bother me at all.

The book itself is surprising. For one thing, I expected it to be a tome; it isn't, it's only 122 pages in this paperbound edition, and not crammed in in miniscule type at that. And the style, which I expected to be intolerably heavy and pedantic is actually fairly light, and the pacing is quick. A very pleasant surprise; maybe I'll try some of his others.

THE PLANET BUYER by Cordwainer Smith, Pyramid, 1964, 50¢

From Smith's short fiction I learned to look for startling invention, strange characters, little or no plot. In his first novel, Smith provided the first two, but goes on and gives us a plot too. The book is remarkably Heinleinesque, borrowing slightly from "Citizen of the Galaxy". The hero is introduced on the marvelous planet of Old North Australia, populated by farmers of giant sheep infected with a virus that provides human near-immortality.





Page 24.

The hero, guided by an antique computer, becomes the richest man in the galaxy -- and then finds out that he's going to have a hard time getting to Earth to collect his wealth. He has quite a time of it, but once he gets here... 'tis the end. Like Heinlein, Smith doesn't know when or how to end a novel. Heinlein quits much too late; Smith quits much too soon.

MUTINY IN SPACE by Avram Davidson, Pyramid, 1964, 50¢

Another first novel, and another good one. The story is a bit more conventional than one would expect from Avram, being more-or-less the standard tale of space-men cast away on a barbarous planet. But it's nicely handled, and well worth reading. Still, knowing Avram's fantastic wit and personality, the book is a mild disappointment.

All three of the afore mentioned books, by the way, are retitled from magazine versions. The Wells appeared earlier as both THE COSMIC ARGONAUTS and THE TIME TRAVELER'S STORY; the Smith, as THE BOY WHO BOUGHT OLD EARTH, and the Davidson as VALENTINE'S PLANET. In two cases I think the book titles are distinctly inferior to the magazine titles. In the third, I think it is merely an exchange of one poor title for another.

Someone ought to do an article on title changes between authors' titles, magazine titles, and book titles (and titles of different book editions, too!) not me, though. Maybe some one who reads this will; it should prove interesting.

RE-ENTER FU MANCHU by Sax Rohmer, Gold Medal, 1957, 1964, 40¢

What with Pyramid making a success of their Rohmer Pbs, and Ace getting into the act with the excellent "Day The World Ended", Fawcett has started re-issuing those Rohmer books which they issued a decade or so back, before the authors' death. As I recall, these include only a couple of FUs, plus all the sumuru books. (Sumuru, for the uninitiate, was a sort of lady Fu Manchu, but she never quite caught on as did the Insidious Doctor.)

Anyway, RE-ENTER is the Fu book about which Bob Briney, in his classisal article Sax, said: "RE-ENTER FU MANCHU is a tired treatment of the typical Fu Manchu plot. The action moves (but just barely) from London to Cairo to New York, and the hero stands around doing nothing except complain that he is doing nothing, and staring in stupefaction when practically everyone turns out to be someone in disguise."

Briney is tottally correct, and nothing need be added concerning this book, except that it is mercifully short.

THE THOUSAND-HEADED MAN by "Kenneth Robeson", Street & Smith 1934, Bantam, 1964.

I remember now that Larry Shaw's comment about "funny hat characterization" was attributed, by him, to Bruce Elliot, who was/is the man behind the Robeson byline. And he also tells me that while Walter Gibson is the man who "was" Maxwell Grant in Shadow days, Mike Avallone "is" the Walter Gibson who wrote RETURN OF THE SHADOW. Stranger and Stranger.

But his second in the Doc Savage reprint series is up to the first, "The Man of Bronze." "Thousand" was not the second story in the original series, appearing some 16 months after "The Man of Bronze," and in the intervening period the characters had developed somewhat. One of them had exchanged a pair of eyeglasses



with a magnifying glass

for one lens, for a magnifying monacle; another, the grotesque Monk, has picked up a pet pig somewhere along the way.

The plot this time is a sort of Yellow Peril somewhat reminiscent of Rohmer's Fu's, but the pace and style are pure "Robeson," which is to say, superb terrible writing. I hope these books sell well enough to warrant continuation of the series, and perhaps the revival of other pulp heroes as well.

### LOVECRAFT WEEK:

About six months ago I read HPL's "The Case of Charles Dexter Ward," and since then have read his two major science-fiction novelettes, "The Colour Out of Space" and "The Shadow Out of Time," plus a few of his shorter works. These, plus a few items read in my extreme childhood constitute the extent of my Lovecraft reading, and I think I have figured out why they are likely to continue to do so, for I have no present intention of reading any more of that particular canon.

Aside from Lovecraft's florid over-writing and his lurking terrors and indescribable horrors, which do not really bother me too much, I think that I have isolated two essential objections to his stories, which explain to my own satisfaction why I have long ceased looking forward to reading anything of Lovecraft's. These are: 1) Nothing really happens in a Lovecraft story; he's good at setting up situations, but once he sets 'em up (usually before the story starts, so that everything that goes on has a feeling of retrospection rather than a quality of immediacy) little or nothing further happens. 2) Maybe this is really a subset of the first objection, but Lovecraft's protagonists -- I will not call them heroes -- are totally inert clods. What little does happen usually happens to them, rather than their doing anything at all.

Let me cite the three major Lovecraft works named above, as examples. In "C.D.Ward" (which my mimeographer ((Dave Van Arnam)) tells me is very bad Lovecraft) the story opens (following a lengthy discourse on New England history) we learn that a mental patient has mysteriously disappeared from a hospital. Lovecraft makes amply clear that the patient himself is not the person he was thought to be, but actually an ancestor who has delved in Black Science, learning the secret of reviving even extremely decomposed cadavers providing only that their "essential salts" are not lost. His descendant had rediscovered this secret from his ancestors' documents, raised up the old boy, presumably with all his salts in their right places, only for the codger to do in his descendent and assume his identity.

A lovely idea, but so completely telegraphed so early in the book that the reader just sits there in total exasperation waiting for the narrator (a family doctor, one might know) to Catch On, and then Get On with some action. Unfortunately, it takes the Friendly Physician the whole book to Catch On, or maybe he never does. I have mercifully forgotten.

"The Shadow Out of Time" appeared in Astounding, and one might hope for more than "C.D.Ward" which was in Weird Tales. Further, Dave Van Arnam tells me that this is one of Lovecraft's best. Well, the narrator tells us that some years ago he suffered an attack of amnesia coupled with what seemed to be a totally dominant schizophrenic personality. The attack lasted for several years, following which he came to himself again.



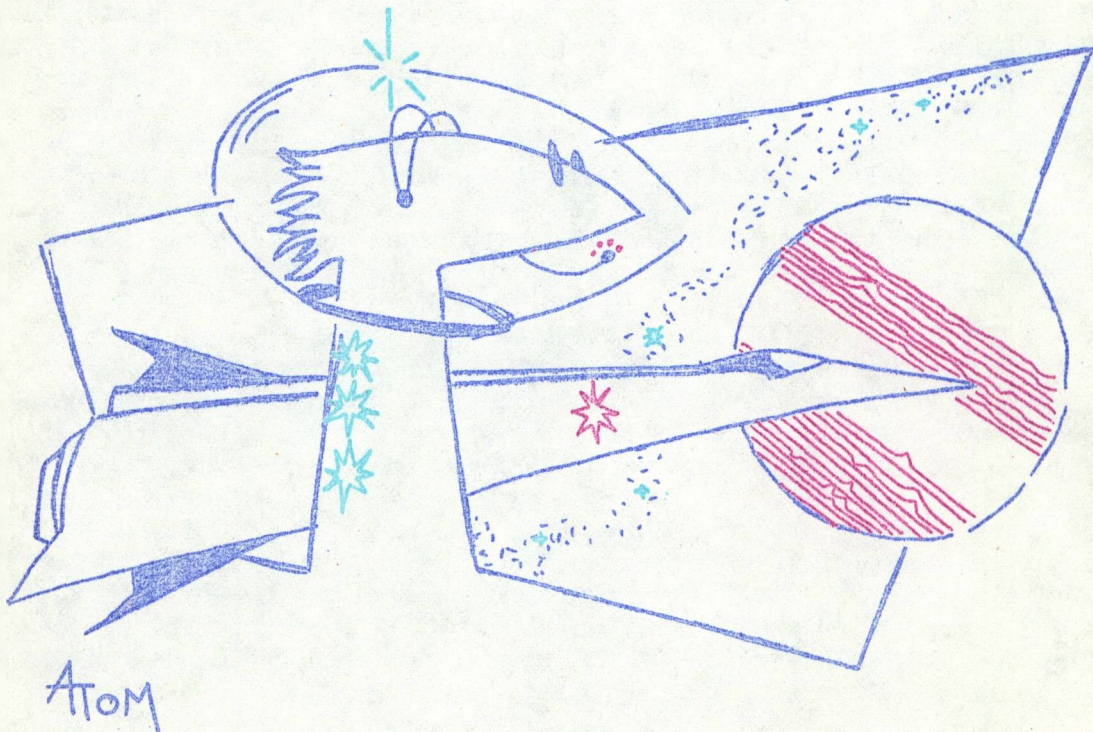
Page 26.

Over a period of time the narrator regains the memory of the lost years (only he thinks that he is just having bad dreams). The mystery of the lost years is another charming sfnal idea: that in the very distant past a non-human intelligent race lived on earth, and that this race had the power of mental exchange with other intelligent creatures in different eras. The narrator's seeming secondary personality had actually been one of those ancient beings operating in modern times, while the "dreams" of the narrator were emergent memories of his experiences in the body of his, er, symbiote?, in remote times.

Again, nothing really happens while the narrator is rediscovering this data, which the reader has picked up in about five pages, but he finally does do something about it at the end of the story: he goes on an archaeocological excavation site in Australia, discovers artifacts proving his "dreams" true, and flees in terror at the realization. The end. Pooh!

Finally, "The Colour Out of Space" (Amazing Stories, to my surprise) is one of HPL's blasted New England stories. A meteorite containing a form of inimical alien life feeds on a farmer, his wife, his three sons, his horses, cows, sheep, grain, apples, grass, trees, his ox and his ass. When it is strong enough (and they are all dead) it goes back to outer space. The end. "The Colour Out of Space" appeared in 1927; four years later Wonder Stories carried A. Rowley Hilliard's classic "Death From The Stars," in which Hilliard showed what a man who was willing and able to tell a story could do with this theme. Too bad he didn't work over Lovecraft's other tales. I'll bet he might have made several of them into stories.

--- Dick Lupoff







# Portrait of a FAN

By rich brown

If I were to speak of an American fan, who began his fan activities in the San Francisco area, published a weekly fannish newszine, worked as a librarian, wrote his first fannish epic -- a parody of J.D. Salinger -- under a pen name and later moved to New York, you would probably be able to identify him at once.

Suppose I were to add that this fan patterned his early works in the anecdotal manner of Charles Burbee, but that he developed this style to such an extent that most of modern-day fandom consider it as something entirely his own; that he was infatuated, in his writings, with fandom past, present and future; and that, despite this infatuation, his pen was recognized in fandom as the pen



of a genuine satirist, one that cut through the pretentious malarkey that invaded fandom and cut so with the ease of a hot knife going through butter.

I'm sure you would recognize him if I were to add that in his person there was a creature of such high and charming natural wit that it would be no exaggeration to call him the Biggest Name Fan of his time. If I add further (though trying to remain this side of unseasonable intimacies) that he was a fan afflicted in private by tragedy's most savage strokes, I feel certain that you would recognize him; a fan who fulfills to the last measure of exactness the most vital tradition of truly fannish writing, that of grotesque and ironic humor which was often put in parables too blunt for phony intellectuals to perceive. A fan whose work bears on every single page the stigmata of its origin, conceived under the pressure of compulsion and artistry, blotted before the ink was dry.

Of course, you would say, Terry Carr.

But he is not Terry Carr. I am talking about Paul Terrell. It is, however, a supposition on my part that Paul is our closest spiritual descendent of Terry Carr since Terry went pro. I suggest this idea to anyone who desires a rewarding study in fannish parallels and I attempt, here, in this little piece, only to provide a bit of background for the essay that will undoubtedly ensue once this study is followed-through.

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I suppose we should start with biographical data. I often find it crogling to think that, especially in the field of fandom where one must depend on (as the legendary Ted White used to say) Image, we still know very little of the factors that have really been operative in a given situation; i.e., that such-and-such a fannish epic was conceived while sitting on a toilet seat, that a certain piece of fannish wit that has long been repeated is actually the result of turning a corny Bennett Cerf gag into fannish terms, and that the reason Joe Blow is attacking Joe Phan in the latest APA mailing is because Joe Phan got caught in a compromising situation with Joe Blow's wife at the last convention. It is in a legend as big, and seemingly as vivid, as Paul Terrell that these factors come into play even more than they usually do.

A good many years ago -- in 1965 -- Paul wrote out, at my request, a sketch of his life up to that time. It is obviously intended to be jocular, but the jocularities are sincere and reveal more of the man than many of you might suppose. At any rate, I give it to you for what it might be worth.

Born July 29, 1938, San Francisco, California, without any notable traces of becoming a fan -- no tendrils in the hair, tho, come to think of it, it was pretty wild, even then.

My father was a physician, so I had all the diseases of the time and place free of charge.

Nothing of any note whatsoever happened to me until, in February of 1954, I showed my first signs of becoming a humorest by running for President of my Sophomore High School Class. Stumbling through a deadly serious speech (which even my intimates took to be humorous), I soon found myself elected by all but thirty sensible votes to that esteemed position. Two days later the school board of teachers called another election -- they thought the Soph



more Classes' money would best be spent to improve the cafeteria and the teacher's smoking room, while I thot it should be used for a party or dance. And, what is more, I said so. So they called for another election.

I gave up politics in disgust.

My first contact with fandom was an unusual one. Though long a reader of science fiction, that rarest of gems among the pale rocks of Literature, I had never even heard of science fiction fandom until the lates of August '58. I was in Los Angeles at the time, visiting a relative. On the day in question, I was in a park in the middle of downtown Los Angeles, when I saw a druid priest leading a bunch of bums out of the park. This, I decided, just might be interesting. Since I was dressed in my usual fashion, I slipped into the piebald crew without being noticed overmuch. There was talk of a sacrifice — the druid was carrying a breadboard over his head and mumbling "Yuggoth Saves" in a loud voice...if you can imagine mumbling in a loud voice. A sacrifice seemed eminent. Goody, I thought. But he led us a few short blocks to the Alexandria hotel and never sacrificed a damned thing. Rats, I thought. Nonetheless, the fellow intrigued me enough for me to ask at the hotel about him; they told me he was a representative to a science fiction convention. Oh, I thought.

For some strange reason, I didn't get around to exploring the possibilities of science fiction fandom just then.

But to continue. In the process of running off pamphlets for fellow students who felt like running off at the mouth, in 1962 I ran across Dave Rike, who was still known at the University of California as the Man with the Mimeograph. It was not long before I was helping Dave run off various fanzines, by acting as an official slip-sheeter. Or, as Dave tended to call me then, The Official Slop-Sheeter. This position I filled for several months in a way highly satisfactory to the Bigger Names in Berkeley. It is particularly gratifying for me to remember that one evening, after I had worked unusually hard (though it was only a mimeographed publication) running off, collating, stapling and posting the Fannish IV, that Walter Breen himself nodded and smiled to me as I walked across Dave's lawn on my way home from toil. He had heard of my work, I had no doubt, and this was merely his way of showing me how greatly he appreciated my endeavors.

Nvertheless, shortly after he had paid me this public tribute, this hailing of the integrity, efficiency and importance of my work there, I invested in a ditto — still the finest of fannish reproductive impliments — and began to put out The Neofan's Gazette.

Naturally, upon entering the field of fannish journalism all the troubles of my earlier years disappeared as if by magic; and I lived the contented, peaceful, unworried, if somewhat under-sexed, life of a trufan ever since.

There is little more to tell. Early last year I offered the services of my trusty little hand-feeding ditto to Breen so that he could continue with Fanac; Breen printed an announcement that Fanac would be folding soon.

This is an outline of my life in its relation to the times in which I live. I add a careful pen-picture of myself for those who are just a bit more nosey about personal details. In the manner of the Immortally Storming Moscowitz, However, I feel it seems more modest, somehow, to put it in the third person:

Height, 5'10"; hair, brown; scar on the little finger of left hand, often assumed to have been caused by a stylus puncture; has assured carriage, walking boldly into convention hotels and mixing with patrons (whether fans or not) on terms of equality or better; weight, 220 pounds; face, rather rounded but definitely not criminal type; loathes the art of L. Garcone, but likes beafsteak and



onions; wears number 9½ shoe; fond of the writings of one Charles Burbee; inside seam of trousers, 32 inches; imitates cats, dogs, and owls and barnyard animals for young children; has always been careful to keep fingerprints from possession of police; chest measurement 42 inches, varying with respiration; sometimes wears glasses, but usually operates undisguised; dislikes the fannish works of Pete Graham; ruddy complexion, no photograph in possession of police; garrulous & argumentative; avoids "Beat" society, so-called, and has never been in a coffee house, a broker's office, nor a Science Fiction or Writer's Club meeting; wears 17" collar; waist measurement, none of your damn business; prefers the company of children to people, but among people prefers the company of fans, closely followed by writers, actors, publishers, editors, musicians, painters, architects, sculptors; avoids association with crooks and reformers as much as possible; walks with rapid gait (tucked under arm); mark of old fracture on left shin; cuffs on trousers, and coat cut loose with plenty of room under the armpits (to make room for the gait); dislikes cauliflower, television, movies, most musical comedy, opera, convention banquets, long winded prose or pro's, religious fanatics, poets who Wear Their Soul On The Outside, organized charities, any sort of reproduction except Ditto; prominent calouses on two fingers of both hands (the only ones that ever learned to type, the poor slobs!) which prevent him from being an expert pistol shot; clean shaven; shaggy eyebrows; smile, one-sided; has served four years indeterminate sentence in Berkeley, with no attempt to escape, but is reported to have friends outside; scar above forehead concealed by hair; dislikes prunes, people who imitate Kerouac, sick jokes; trousers cut loose over hips and seat; would likely come along quietly if arrested.

In later years Paul used to insist on the family tradition that he was the seventh son of a seventh son of a seventh son, all of whom had been named Abdullah, born during a total eclipse of the sun, under the eye of Aeschulous. He also swore that his blood was liquified ditto carbon. One may doubt these contentions if one wishes.

From 1965 to 1967 I was personally out of sorts with the microcosm -- I published two eight pagers for FAPA and read Paul's work, a few of the things from Warner, and one Bradley item -- but in '68 I was back in the swing again, and Paul and I once more continued correspondence; I continued to emphasize to him the need for a biography of himself, as I felt that to let such a talent go without actual acknowledgment of its existence, even in the small microcosm of fandom, would be more than a breach of good tastes: it would be a crime. My insistence that the need was actually there started Paul thinking about an "egobiography" of his own. He made a good many starts at it, and the later versions I never saw, but I have here the very first, what we might call Codex A. I think I must share a little of it.

Any biographer of Paul Terrell is assailed at once by the initial difficulty that Mr. Terrell has always taken a perverse delight in mystifying fans in regard to himself. Rich Brown charged him with it, three or four years ago, when Mr. Brown was preparing a biographical essay concerning him and Terrell wrote in reply:

It is quite true that I have invented for myself a good many ex-



periences which I never really had --but I must insist, contradictorily, that they were all my experiences; experiences which belong to me by right of temperament and character. I should have had them, if I had but had my rights, but I was cheated of them by the rough and bitter tyranny of Fate and Circumstance.

On the other hand, I have suppressed a number of incidents which actually happened, because I did not, upon mature reflection, find them in accord with the fannish mien I have seen fit to show the outside world --these things, happenings, if you will, were but vile lies that were told about me by the slinking facts of life.

Religionists of various denominations assure us that we can make the future what we will, if we can but attain a sufficient degree of spirituality; SF fans say that this may be done if we can but obtain a sufficient degree of technology. It has ever been my endeavor to attain such a degree of spirituality and technology that I may be able to influence the past as well as the future. You may think this aspiration is a trifle too optimistic, but you can scarcely deny that it is a worthy aspiration.

I should not care to have any notes written about myself at all, unless they are notes that had a tendency to redress these balances, for if there are fans interested in sufficient number to justify a biographical work about me, who wish to know The Truth about me, I must insist that it be the truth which they get, not a mere series of dislocated facts ("He was born in Mashed Potato Falls, at a very early age") -- facts which, all too frequently, have nological relationship to my character as I know it to be.

And who should know it better than myself?

That subtle psychological observation -- that the things that actually happen to us are often wretchedly unrepresentative of our true selves -- is one to which he returned time and again in his fannish writings.

Before I go too much further, I want to get something out of my craw about what Ray Davis, as a neofan, said of Paul. "It is a pity," Ray wrote in his zine, The Bagle Shop of Usher #3, "that Paul Terrell has to waste his time writing ad copy in New York." I want to make it clear that I think the seven years he spent writing ad copy there, after he moved from Berkeley -- though theoretically the worst sort of drudgery for a finely imaginative talent -- were, in fact, magnificent; they restrained his talents, I agree, but in so restraining him, they forced him to seek an outlet. And that outlet, fortunately enough for us, was fandom. It was in the finely ditto'ed pages of The NeoFan's Gazette and Foop! and Bandersnatch that, with steadily increasing powers, his essential artistry, originality and verve came through. It is my contention that his greuling job made him, in person, the living, breathing essence of the Faaan Hero that everyone and his brother has been writing about in dewy-eyed faaan-fiction for years.

I alone know how fiercely Paul loved his ditto and the work he could do with it -- though the indications are certainly there for any biographer who cares to research the only feud Paul ever conducted in the fannish microcosm. "A fan is only as good as the process of reproduction that represents him," he wrote, "and that is why nothing I write will ever be published in a mimeographed fanzine." This statement elicited a paragraph or two from Ted White and Redd Boggs, both calmly defending the process; Paul replied with four of his worst written pages, angrily and bitterly denouncing them as both



"irrational" (an epithet which, in this instance, sat more squarely on his shoulders than theirs). Paul eventually calmed down when even his friends couldn't follow his chains of reasoning; so far as most fans were concerned, the subject was an elephant. He apologized to White and Boggs and wrote an article satirizing the whole thing for Ted's FAPazine. Obviously, for whatever reason or lack of reason, it was a subject Paul felt deeply about -- Ted's was the only mimeographed fanzine he ever made an exception for.

He was not unjustifiably proud of the work his ditto could do -- The Neo-Fan's Gazette, although it went out weekly to over two hundred fans, never had a blurred letter or an offset page. And it never missed a deadline.

The material, which poured out of his own head in first-draft perfection, he put down and ran off at the rate of a page a day. On Sundays, which should have been, God knows, his day of rest -- he ran off his covers, baccovers, collated, stapled, and mailed. All this at a time when he was doing two monthly columns, not to mention try to tabulate the material he was producing irregularly for several other zines, plus running his own APazines through SPS and FAPA.

Other material that he wrote, as he jocularly put it, he did in his "spare time!" He was a superman -- of that there is not the slightest shadow of a doubt.

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I once had a fannish dream about Paul. In this dream, he had come to Chicago to visit me, and we were running furiously somewhere along Wabash Avenue. We were escaping, or trying to escape, from some vast calamity -- what, I don't exactly know or remember -- that was pressing close behind us. We were fleeing desperately, panting, looking over our shoulders to see whether this terror was gaining on us. And I can vividly remember Paul saying, "If we can only get out to the Dunes, it'll be all right." He meant, of course, the famous sand hills of Indiana, along the shore of the lake. Quite a distance, but in our little obsession of horror, they symbolized a clean escape into sunlight and open spaces and peace; perhaps, even, tranquility.

How often recently I have said to myself, Poor old Paul. He never got out to the Dunes.

Few of us ever do.

There is always one more bit of hackwork to be ground out to stave off some striving, pleading neofan; another long-ago promised article rushed out to the fannish press before its subject matter is forgotten; always letters to write and fanzines to be responded to, before we can get to our little masterpieces or Big Projects. More ironical still, when we deliberately sit down to tackle the bigger, better jobs, when we try to write that Big Something that has been in the back of our minds for ages, that piece of deathless prose, the work of Significance and Meaning and Lasting Worth, how often it goes dead in our hands and turns to mud.

Few people know that the fannish version of Zoocy, from J.D. Salinger's Franny And Zoocy, was turned out in 72 hours of straight typing, after which Paul had to go to work, return and turn out a complete issue of The NeoFan's Gazette. It was intended as one of his Big Projects; it was one of the few that was actually completed. Yet when it was published in Don Caldwell's Bohast annish, fannish critics, not realizing that the name penned to the script, Golden Crawford, was a nom-de-plume referring to the main character in Salinger's The Catcher In The Rye, said that it was 'almost as good as something Paul Terrell might write.'

So, you see, the journey-man job we drudge at day by day, and grimly estimate as pot-boiling, turns out to be the Big Thing after all.



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From 1963 to 1972, for nine long years, his wit stood out for us to see in The Neofan's Gazette; bedevilled by a million interruptions, beclomored by all the agreeable fannish rattles and the social leaches who gang around a man really trying to work, Terrell created something utterly entirely his own. It was as racy of our day as Spacewarp, Quandry, Psychotic and Cry Of The Nameless were of theirs. Whenever anything happened in fandom, I give you my word, few of us turned to the ridiculous editorials that blathered through the APA's and other places -- almost universally we said, Let's see what Paul has to say about ~~it~~ it. I'm not saying that I always agreed, then or now, with Paul's notions; but every so often he would slash out at some particularly foggy hooey and cut it with a blade that would divide floating silk. With the magic that seemed like that of Alice going through the looking glass, he would suddenly make us see the whole furniture of affairs from the other side.

Regardless of mediocre work done under pressure, Paul Terrell was a deeply intuitive artist, passionately concerned with the ardors and problems of art. A human being so largely and kindly planned moves in widening circles of irony. It was tragic to realize that he, who uttered and wrote so many genial praises of idleness, was actually broken by overwork. He was, if I ever saw one, a victim of the constantly tightening strain and pressure of the present fannish way of life; too many fanzines to be filled, and not enough material to fill them. There was, in the last few months after his breakdown nothing left of him but a certain look in the eyes, and it was grim to speculate how much he realized of what had happened. I cannot help but think that he had a very special message to give to younger fans, a message which was implicit in many of his seemingly jocular paragraphs. It was this: energy is not endless, better hoard it for your own work. Be intangible and hard to catch; be secret and proud and lonely and inwardly uncomfortable. Say yes, don't mean it; pretend to agree; dodge every kind of highly organized organization, evade, elude, recede. Be about your own affairs, as you would also forbear from others at theirs, and thereby show your respect for the holiest thing we as fans know; the creative imagination. I read him fantastically and entirely wrong, unless I see that cry in many of his passages.

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By natural association, I cannot help but think of the letter I received from him shortly before his breakdown, which as we all know, led to his death, and I somehow feel that his unusual frankness, though due perhaps to momentary fatigue or discouragement, may be valuable to someone:

...I can feel that time is running out for me, fannishly; and considering the quantity of material that I have produced, I should probably be completely satisfied.

But I'm not.

In my case, it means that half a dozen Big Projects which I have





had planned for several years, will probably never be published now, as I still find myself battling to keep up with the steadily increasing current of fandom.

I have never told anyone how deep and abiding my fannish disappointments are. I have had, for some ten or eleven years, the consciousness of rather unusual writing abilities — I can say this to you and have no risk of it being misunderstood as mere egotism. But along with that has gone the consciousness of that, except in brief and fragmentary things, I have never fully displayed the abilities I have, or developed them.

There has, of course, always been the hope that the stuff was coming through yet. I still have it, mixed with a hell of a lot of humility. But you cannot understand, nor won't until you suddenly start getting The Feeling, the continual gasping hurrying sense that they are not even started yet, the Big Things. You suddenly realize that you're going to have to stop or slow-down sometime, and it's awfully depressing. As things are, it takes one hell of a lot of fighting and a lot of kidding along and a good deal of guts to keep steadily in the resolve to Do Something Yet — and an awful lot of determination to keep from slumping into the easy affirmation: I've done something already. It isn't a tenth of what I should have done.

Merely to pay up present obligations, there are at least 18 months of desperate and continued hackwork; I have a schedule which calls for one piece of faan-fiction and one article each week for all that time...

These last minutes of fannish endeavor pass you by before you ever know about it. For the love of God, don't let them slip by you. A human being so largely and kindly planned moves in a world of such

is a tragedy to realize that he, who uttered and wrote so many beautiful things, was actually broken by overwork. He meant, as every true artist does, the joy of creation.

There was in the last few months a very real and very painful loss. It was the loss of the older active to return to their mundane jobs. The younger ones to return to school.

We had our finest fannish conversation right then and there. Paul and I. I already knew that he was going to die, and that there was nothing that could be done about it; and so we talked away his few remaining hours, talked about the fandom we had known; the fans we had left in the past and the fans who would come up in the future to take our places.

His hands, grown thin and pale, in grotesque contrast against his large body, kept reaching down to finger the 300pp multi-





lithed The Best Of Paul Terrell, which he was too tired to read, but which had been given to him just that day as a surprise from its publisher, aneofan by the name of Bob Bashlow. "You would think," he said, and these were the last words he ever spoke to anyone, "You would think, by now, that they would have sense enough to realize that ditto is the only true, fannish way to pub."

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Of this fan, more than any I have ever known, the long-forgotten words of fannish praise apply. They are words that only the older fans will remember, but still they are the words that, I cannot help but feel, are most expressive of what we --old fans down to neo's --feel about Paul Terrell because of his contributions to fannish literature.

I change only the name.

Paul Terrell Was A Good Man.

--rich brown

(with apologies to  
Christopher Moreley)

#### An Author's Note On "Portrait of A Fan"

"Portrait Of A Fan" is a parody; unlike some other parodies I have written in the past, I think it is a good one. Time, and a strongly adverse reaction from a significant number of readers just might change that view(I doubt it tho it might), but for the moment I'll let it stand. "Portrait..." owes whatever quality it might have to the work it was taken from, Christopher Morley's introduction to The Best Of Don Marquis. Although most of "Portrait" is a mere translation of Morley's work into fannish terms, there are several large sections which owe their authorship entirely to me (though I tried to stay in the Morley style while doing this)--I must therefore concede that where the story succeeds, the praise should be laid at Christopher Morley's door, and where it fails it should (probably) be laid at mine.

There are a few points to be made about some of the references used in this story. It was first given fannish translation by me in 1961 or early 1962 --and it is printed here, with just a few minor corrections, as it was written then. Adhering to the general fannish practice of using a few Real Names in faaanfiction, I may have seemingly wronged the few I did use --particularly Walter Breen and Terry Carr. In Walter's case, I had and have no basis in fact for showing him to act as I had him do in this story --my excuse for this is that the story needed someone to act as I had him do in this story and at the time I was grotched at Walter for a few statements he had made about Ayn Rand. Considering the war into which all fandom has been plunged, I thought to remove Walter's name from that position, but then decided to leave it and apologize for it in this appended note. Besides which, now is a better time than 1961 or 1962 for such a thibg to appear --Walter's now had some experience in defending himself in matters which have no basis in fact.

Terry may be another matter. While I think it's obvious that the over-all effect of this story praises Terry --Praise such as TCarr deserves (Terry Carr For TAFF!)--and even while most of the things I've said about him in parallel with "paul Terrell" are true (though probably more obscure now than they were when the piece was first written), there is one thing true of Terrell that I'm not at all sure is true of Terry Carr: I'm speaking specifically of "a man... overcome by tragedies" etc. I didn't know Terry very well when I wrote "Portrait"



and I don't know him much better now. While I suppose I might be safe in letting this slide, by all assuming that we are all ourselves persons of High Tragedy, I don't really think I should. It's possible that Terry has hidden much from us, that in actuality he feels himself to be a cross between Pagliachi and Richard II, but I really doubt that. The excuse, once again, must be that the story required such a thing be said ---for "Paul Terrell's" story, in parallel to Don Marquis', is a tragedy.

I hope, even after this lengthy, somewhat pretentious, but nonetheless necessary compilation of notes, you found the story enjoyable.

[illegible]

- - -due to a delay in Mike's mailing of the reviews, it will be impossible to bring them to you. As I type this, the reviews have not yet arrived, and I will be running off the last six pages of Algol within two hours. I can wait no longer if I plan to bring copies of the magazine to the Phillyconference, which I do.

Instead of the fanzine reviews I will give you a short something-or-other typed by Larry Janifer a few days ago. While not as long as THE WONDER WAR (Pyramid books, 40¢) it has much the same humor. Read it, and be placated. -AP.



# PRIMER

by Larry Janifer

I am sitting in the room of a fan. It is a small, crowded room. (Run, Spot, run!) There are a great many magazines around and some fair number of books. There are two (2) fans in the room. Some of the books are not even science fiction. There is James Joyce and Eugene O'Neill and people even more literary. (See Alice run!) The two fans are mentioning the names of fanzines. This makes them feel With It. One of the fans buys every issue of a science-fiction magazine he no longer reads. The other fan served in the U. S. Air Force. There is only one ashtray in this room but there are two typewriters. (John and Jane like flowers too.)

Now one of the fans is looking for fanzines. The other fan is reading a comic book. Both fans turn on lights for me and give me paper to type on. This is because I am a pro. A pro is a professional writer. He is some one who has to write for fanzines or else be voted down at the awards dinner. The awards dinner takes place once a year, all year long in some places and longer in others. It involves not sleeping for many days and counting votes for many days and drinking very cheap alcoholic confusions and almost meeting many girls. It is said to be fun.

Many other things happen to fans. (Jimmy goes to school every day.) They sometimes read books and magazines, and sometimes they draw pictures or write words, for which they do not get paid. All the collected words and pictures are called Fandom. Some of them are called other things.

Fans like other fans. Sometimes fans do not like other fans. This is called real life.

Now one of the fans is writing a book review and the other fan is watching him. (Mary likes to eat cake.) Fans live in strange places and like to believe that they do strange things. Some of them read A. Merritt and Edgar Rice Burroughs but many fans are not strange at all. This is a disappointment to them but their parents are not disappointed. Many fans have parents. This is because for every boy in the world there is a girl and accidents happen. (See John and Jane turn out the light.) Fans like you if you are surprised by them. It is hard to be surprised by them after three days.

Fans publish articles like this. It is a good thing there are fans. If there were no fans many people would not exist at all between the ages of fourteen and twenty-two.

See Larry Type.

\*\*\*\*\*

noble sentiments department:

TERRY for TAFE!



# RANDOM FACTORS

Len Bailes  
1729 Lansdale Dr.  
Charlotte, N.C.,  
28205

Dear Cruel, Mean, Andy Porter, who sucked 20¢ out of me when I should be getting it in trade for Excalibur:

Number seven is an improvement over the last issue. Steve Stiles' cartoon summed up the Breen-Donaho mess in a much terser fashion than rich's article on the facing

page. One picture...

I'm glad you reprinted that old Tarzan story. Here I'd been thinking that Tarzan was pretty sercon stuff, but now I read this. Let's just pick a sentence at random:

"Kill the white ape!" screamed Gozan. "He is no ape at all; but a Goman-gani with his skin off."

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

Are you sure this isn't an elaborate put-on? Honest, it's too good to be true.

I like McNerney's fanzine reviews. Since he turned Baying At The Moon into an APA F zine, I don't hardly see them no more.

Even thirty pages is kind of small for an irregular fanzine. Now if you were to come out monthly (space for obscene interjection) you'd have a good excuse, but a lot of the stuff you publish is too fragmentary for that as is.

Most of the time you get terrific repro out of your ditto. As one who gave up Spirit duping as Tempting the Gods of Fate and Legibility I croggle.

Urendi Maleldil, Len Bailes

The fact is, Len, that to determine if a story is boring, just transcribe it onto master or stencil. I got so bored with the ERB bit that I cut out nearly one third of the thing —and none of the Burroughs fans who bought it noticed! On the other hand, I found that transcribing Pat Lupoff's Con report went much faster.

I don't see how you can dig at Algol for being small. After all, your issues of Excalibur with Katz are all about 35 pages per issue. Now, with two editors, that's pretty small. And don't forget that I'm putting out about ten pages a month in apa F also, as well as doing my homework. I'll wait till you're in college; then we'll see how much fanac you do.../



andrew offutt  
box 115  
Morehead, Ky.  
40351

Namesake,  
I find I've made a terrible and grievous omission; I haven't commented on Algol #7. I suspect you know about comment #1: Pages 3, 4, 5, and 6 are illegible and look as if you were drunk when you ran 'em off. The cover, on the other hand, I like very much and am honestly considering framing it. I'll be dogged if I know why; that sort of thing just appeals to my twisted mind. It's untitled, apparently; I think of it as "The American Education System."

More critical: man, I've got eyeballs rolled down clear to here trying to read that funnycolor light ink. I'm about 2/3rds colorblind, and am not even sure what color it is; grey? It's almost unreadable.

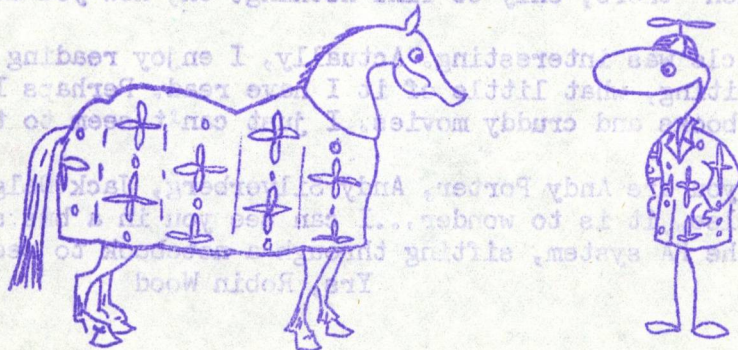
Tarzan: I read it long ago, of course, in a G & D Jungle Tales of Tarzan. Tahhks, Richard Wilson; I've always called Tarzan Tarz'n, in spite of its being a pastiche of two words: Tar(white) and Zan(skin). Glad to hear that Burroughs pronounced it the same way, which of course makes him right.

I share Harry Warner's frustration of uncultured hill-living; when I lived in Louisville I saw all the Guinness movies before anyone ever heard of Alec and before he was Sir; here in Morehead we get Beach Party and Country Music Spree. I know, too, what Harry Warner means when he says hills...I crossed PA in August en route to New York.

Robin Wood's Psionic Machinery: short story, long joke. Cute.

Probably the greatest writer of the previous century and one of the finest of all time was a Frenchman named Marie-Henri Beyle, who wrote as STENDAH. He made constant mistakes in time places, etc. It didn't stop him from being great. What stops Burroughs from being great is his writing; but he WAS great... for me. A few years ago. Because of that I'll never throw rocks at his pitiful stories, plots, dialog, etc. They were GREAT - then.

Your Pb reviews: Having read three Aldiss novels including one about a fellow named Soames in Africa, I've decided Aldiss is probably the best and most erudite fellow currently writing science fiction. Heinlein's still my favorite, even when he writes a GLORY ROAD. But I'm sorry; I cannot believe that Aldiss' THE DARK LIGHTYEARS is bad; certainly not that. His prose suffers. When I read it I'll tell you, either eating crow or calling you names. Meanwhile I'm going to assume you're wrong. Snotty attitude, isn't it? By the way, I rather like the way you handle reviews; most people in fandom have heard my views on the usual highschool-type "book reviews" we see: synopses; then, there's the other kind: the "reviewer" who thinks of himself as a critic and, never having looked up the ~~me~~ word, thinks it means "criticize." He is usually the type of fellow who tries to be cute at the expense of some one far better than he who's





Page 40.

sweated many hours over a manuscript. Two excellent examples are Cleveland Amory and PLAYBOY's reviewer: both are utter incompetents. So, I like your style.

The Other andy

/ The masters I used for about 1/3rd of the issue were black masters which either appear as true black or else as faded grey. In this case, they appeared as dirty grey, barely readable. Sorry.

That's something new --comparing Stendahl with ERB.

In my opinion, and from what I've read, I'd say that Ballard is now the most creative (or revolutionary) new writer around. I like his experiments with the basics of writing and use of the chapter. He's got some interesting effects in, especially, the story "Terminal Beach", as well as the novel THE BURNING WORLD. Though the plot in the latter is rather trivial, I think that Ballard is more concerned with the mechanics than with the actual writing of the novel. Certainly, his subjective writing is something entirely new.

Robin Wood  
375 Day Street  
San Francisco, Calif.

Oh, so you put an ad in SFTimes before publication. I was wondering what happened to Algol #7. I thought perhaps it was

another Wood plugged in the ad, but I figured it was unlikely. I was beginning to wonder if you were going to want a quarter for it, and was wont to run around the house screaming "NO QUARTER!" like some kind of half berserk Scottish infantry unit. However, it has arrived.

Good Lord --another good cover. I wish you'd repro the rest of your fanzine with the same method as you do the cover. The issue before this came out very nice, but this one was sort of blurred, with the exception of the cover. Very uneven repro this time. Some very good, some scarcely readable. Fortunately, most of the bad repro was in the ERB story. And I guess that pretty well sums up my opinion of ERB.

I had read DON'T FENCE ME IN before, and I found it just as enjoyable the second time through.

I wondered what you had hidden between pages 17 & 18. Nothing. I should have expected this. I mean, here is this staple put there, carefully set there by some fan who knew I couldn't resist taking it out to find out what was hidden there, only to find nothing. Oh, how you must chortle with glee!

The ERB article was interesting. Actually, I enjoy reading about ERB, but I don't like his writing, what little of it I have read. Perhaps I have been affected by the comic books and cruddy movies. I just can't seem to take Tarzan seriously at all.

Lessee now, you are Andy Porter, Andy Silverberg, Jack Dalgard and Steve Stiles? And who else, it is to wonder...I can see you in a bus station, as they page someone on the PA system, sifting through a notebook to see if it's you or not...

Yrs, Robin Wood





/ I put an ad into SFTimes in order to insure some sales to ERB fans, and did get about ten answers immediately, others are still trickling in. I wish you people would take notice and stop saying "your repro is crap, man" when you may happen to notice my repro is crappy. The cause is simple: one of the conditions of my liberation from Milford Prep School was not having the use of a fully automatic ditto. As a result, about the middle ten pages of #7 were dittod by Steve Stiles on his machine. Then I bought my own ditto, a vastly inferior hand fed model made by Olivetti. Thus, besides being inexperienced with the machine, it was also much cruder than the other, past dittoing. For this issue, I've been able to make a deal with the NYU English dept. office and use their ditto; as a result, the repro of the white pages in this issue should be pretty good. All the yellow pages were done on my machine, as the secretary at NYU looks down on my use of the stuff. Clear now? /

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

You seem more relaxed and you give the impression that you're having fun putting out fanzines in this issue, a situation that always makes the reader more comfortable. I think it's the best Algol I've seen, for that reason and for the general improvement in the quality of the material, although the print-through was pretty bad on some pages, making reading a chore. The cover would be just fine, if it weren't for the fact that it makes me see more and more things in it every time I glance at it, as if it were some kind of super-Rohrschach inkblot. I get the impression that too much study of it would tell me all the things that are wrong with my psyche and are illegal in my libido, without applying to a psychiatrist for interpretation.

I don't believe that the story by Richard Wilson is true. Spaceships can't be so easy to operate in the future that you can respond to a hypnotic suggestion and stop after you're partway taken off and get back. I could believe in an arrangement that caused the pilots unknowingly to sabotage their craft before take-off or to set the course wrongly and go irretrievably into the outer darkness, but not a spell that would make the ships appear to bounce and then crash.

For a long time I was wondering fearfully how long it would be until fanzine publishers realized that they also had the right to publish a lot of Burroughs fiction, just like Ace and Ballantine. I had visions of every fanzine publisher in the country beginning his own complete edition of the works of ERB on which copyright had lapsed. But I believe that you're the first to take advantage of the situation and you picked a piece of comparatively good Burroughs fiction to run. The writing is much superior in the Tarzan stories to the horrible overwriting and equally bad grammar of the Mars and Venus books. At the



PORTER  
8-7-64



same time, I can't get fond of Tarzan because I feel so strongly that there is nothing noble about jungle creatures and I believe that this is not the best time to popularize a series of books whose basic thesis is that blood will tell and that the aristocratic virtues will conquer the obstacles of rearing away from civilization. The time is wrong because there are so many bigots right now trying to tell us that blood will tell and that the American Negro will never be anything more than a barely human brute with less than normal intelligence and little moral sense, that the Negro's failure to equal the white man's IQ achievements today and his higher crime and illegitimacy rate are not caused by his terrible environment but by something bred in him. I think that a son of nobles brought up by apes would have been an ape, just as I believe that Negro children brought up with the advantages of whites would be at least as skillful and well-behaved as whites.

On Walter Breen I want to say as little as possible, partly because it is highly unlikely that I could say anything new or useful to add to the hundreds of thousands of words already published on the topic, partly because it is highly unlikely that any minds will be changed at this late date. However, I don't think that it (was) logical to stay away from the Pacificon in protest; suppose that either the Breen situation or the whole general topic of exclusion should (have) come up at the business session and the vote was so close that your vote and your influence might (have) sway(ed) the results? It's something like the potential backfire from the resignations that some fans have made of their Pacificon memberships: now they might (have) be(en) banned from casting a ballot as a member of the Pacificon Society. I (haven't gone) to the convention, but my absence is because I don't think there's any sense in traveling six thousand miles to see a batch of fans when I can see a batch of them a couple of months later in Philadelphia with less than one tenth the time, trouble, and travel required.

Most of the smaller features that I've not mentioned were enjoyable. Some of them gave me the impression that I had suddenly begun reading a new issue of VOID. The Stiles cartoon, the fanish fillers, and the stern fanzine reviews all helped to create that impression. My opinion of VOID was so high that I could hardly pay you a better compliment.

Yrs. &c. Harry Warner  
Hall that's one of the first bits of praise I've had in putting this thing out, and it makes up for all the letters that have commented on the features, but the quality is omitted. And, I hope, this issue is even better. Incidentally, those parentheses above were inserted to make the letter read in the past tense; I received it on August 21st, a week before the convention.

It's rather funny your liking the conciseness of the ERB story. Hell, I sliced the guts out of that thing! Fully every third paragraph was sliced out because I got tired of Burroughs' snide asides on Negro warriors and the mating habits of the bull ape; it was a lot of crap that actually improved the story by its absence.

/ This letter column has been shorter than last issue's mainly because I'm growing selective in the use of letters I receive; a quickly dashed off note will no longer get you a copy of the magazine, nor will I print letters that make their authors look like fools or imbeciles if they are not; in this line, my apologies to Clyde Kuhn, who sort of made a damn fool of himself in his letter which I printed and which soured him on fandom. Letters such as that from James Ashe



will not be accepted as letters; if you write a story, submit it as such, not as a letter. A story is a lousy LoC; it doesn't say anything about the contents, which is the aim of any decent letter column. A few comments on a postcard will not be printed unless the party involved is sick, either physically or mentally. That's the law from now on; there will be little or no stretching of it.

This has been an exceptionally different issue from what I've done in the past, but I hope the magazine will settle down to simply being top rate; we've got Standards now, and they've been raised a notch, from the mountains to the sky. We'll have good dupping for the next four years, courtesy of NYU, and on this high note of optimism I'll leave you. See you in several months.

Post Script: The FISTFA of New York will be holding parties over the weekend of the LunaCon in the same hotel. We're calling this the Eastercon, and will continue from Friday night until Sunday. We provide the partying; the Lunarians will provide the program. There will be more details in the future; look for them.

Why You're Getting This:

- ☒ You contributed an article
  - ☐ You contributed artwork
  - ☐ You have a Letter of Comment within
  - ☐ You are getting this because I want you to contribute()artwork()Article/Note is attached to this.
  - ☐ You may want to LoC.
  - ☐ A book published by your company is reviewed within this issue.
  - ☐ I'd like to be reviewed by You ((Applies to Coulsons only))
  - ☐ I don't like you, and will attempt to beat you up if I see you, although you are Very Large. You never answered two important letters I sent you.
  - ☐ You sent for this copy, (and your name is probably James Seligman).
  - ☐ You're my Brother
  - ☐ I'd like to trade Algol for \_\_\_\_\_
  - ☐ We trade. You owe me 12345 issues
  - ☐ You are mentioned. Care to comment?
- You are receiving this issue out of the Goodness of my heart, and will please send me money or an article or an LoC within 14 days() (Ashes please note)).



*Sw*



# ALGOL 8

September-November 1964

Andrew Porter  
24 east 82nd Street  
New York, NY, 10028

