

Algol 11



ALGOL 11

Special Second Anniversary

Including FORTRAN

Beatle-Juice: editorial
En Garde!: column
Lupoff's Book Week: books
Notes On Another Fandom
Beardmutterings: column
Notes Toward A Motif Index
A Question of Skepticism
A Reply To Stephen E Pickering
The Adversaries: dredgings
Shell: fanzines
Random Factors: lettercol
The Penultimate Truth

Andy Porter	5
Ted White	8
Dick Lupoff	15
Banks Mebane	23
Bob Tucker	27
Milt Stevens	33
Stephen E. Pickering	37
Ted White	41
Kent Moomaw	45
Andy Porter	59
The Readers	61
Andy Porter	72

Cover: Jack Gaughan

Backcover: Jack Gaughan

Ross Chamberlain	3, 7, 23
Gary Deindorfer	13, 18, 35
Jack Gaughan	1, 32, 75
Lee Hoffman	5, 8, 22, 31
Andy Porter	44, 64, 67, 68
Andy Reiss	14
Joe Staton	30, 39, 40, 43
Steve Stiles	4, 12, 17, 19, 58
Frank Wilimczyk	36, 63

rich brown:reprint editor

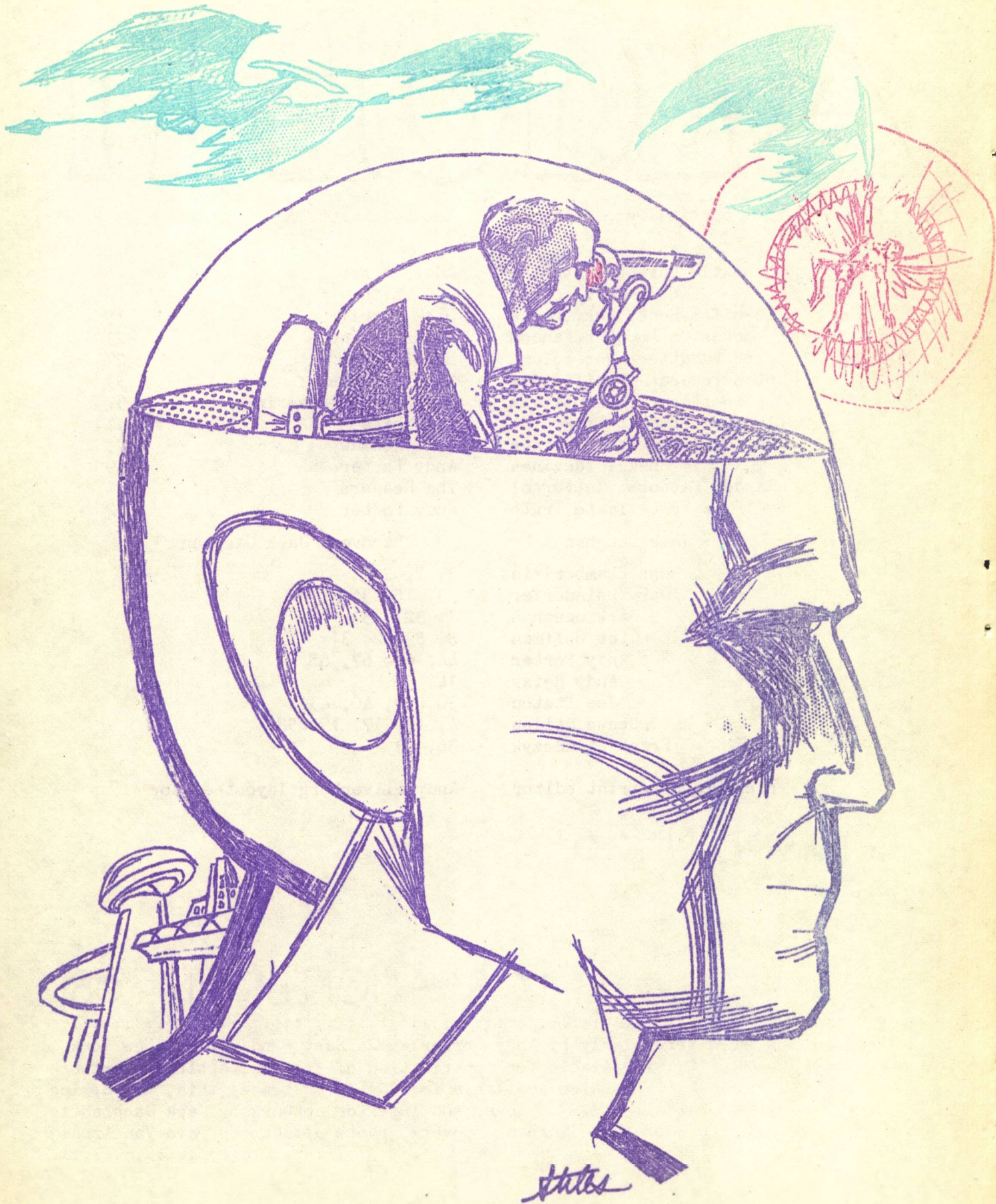
Andy Silverberg:layout editor

~~TRICON IN '66-~~

~~NEW YORK IN '67~~

~~LOS ANGELES IN '68!~~

Algol is published irregularly by Andy Porter at 24 East 82nd Street, New York, New York, 10028. It is available for contribution of fiction, articles, artwork or letter of comment. It is also available for 35¢ or in trade. This, the Spring issue, is doom publication #187. Cover and interior artwork by Jack Gaughan is copyright 1966 by John B. Gaughan. Covers photo-offset by Dave Van Arnam.



This is being first-drafted directly onto master, as is my wont. I was talking to Arnie Katz (America's Number One Neo) several days ago. "What shall I talk ~~about~~ about in BJ, Arnie?" I asked our askute Neo. "Well, Andy bhaby, you ed write about me." And so I am. Arnie was horrified to learn that the majority of my faanish writings were done directly on master; he claimed it was sacrilege, or something. To this I replied Nonsense; some of my best stuff has been done directly on master. I did not add that some of my dearest flops have been done directly on master as well (like just now when I typed too far into the forbidden area beyond which I mess up the layout). However, I did feel that I didn't want to trouble Arnie's fine faanish mind. I also asked Arnie what else I could talk about besides Arnie Katz. "Well, you could talk about the Hugos." "But I don't know anything about the Hugos, and even less about who I'm going to nominate for the awards." That was all right with Arnie; he suggested Quip for best fanzine. I countered with Algol, and Arnie Quiveringly withdrew Quip if I promised to withdraw Algol. I promised, only Maybe Not, as we say in fine Fannish Fandom. Since I've come to know Arnie, I've discovered all sorts of Fine Fannish ways to do things. After all, TAPS is better than The Cult, whatever that means.

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The trouble with talking about the Hugos is that there are undoubtedly several dozen others also taking up this annual favorite among topics. That's all right, though, I suppose, because I've never done it before.

I was sort of involved on the sidelines with Dick Lupoff and the Hugo Study Committee, or whatever they called it; through apa F Dick got a lot of feedback

and ideas and like that on the shape that the awards would take. And so we come to have the current system, which will receive its first test this year. I for one support the Australian Ballot, because among other things it eliminates the possibility of 31 % of the total vote capturing a hugo, as seemed the possibility when Savage Pellucidar by Edgar Allan Burroughs was nominated for the Hugo. Actually, the first decisive test of the new system will take place this Spring, when the TAPF votes will be counted. TAPF is also using the Australian system this year, and the procedure of counting the votes will provide an early indication of exactly how effective the new system is. I certainly hope that it will



prove to be as durable as the Hugo award system itself has been.

Talking about who will get what is a more difficult task. Nominations are a tricky thing, even for a person like myself who buys everything that come out in the magazines or the paperback field. Some areas are fairly simple, while there are others that require a good deal of searching and soul searching in order to come up with a fair and equitable nomination. Under artist I listed Jack Gaughan, Richard Powers, and Gray Morrow. Jack I have found to be a highly flexible craftsman, with the ability to create both fantasy and reality based scenes. He also has a fantastic sense of humor, which unfortunately seldom reaches the pages of the magazines and paperbacks which carry his artwork. Richard Powers I nominated because I like his work, and feel that he is moving into a new stage of his career. As an example of his stages, you might take the cover of Star Short Novels as Stage 1; the covers of Star SF #s 1 and 2 as the second stage, Star SF #3 the third stage, and Star SF 4, 5 and 6 showing the development of a fourth stage that has lasted well into the sixties. At last I feel that he has started to shift away from his past toward a new stage in his mastery of the craft. Among other things I feel an affinity for his work, an affinity which many fans don't seem to share, which is something that I can't understand. Lastly, I think that Gray Morrow has improved tremendously within the last year, and within a year or more at most will be in the position to properly apply his creative talent at the combination of surreal and realistic artwork. He has perhaps the most promise in adaptability of any major sf artist within the past decade-and-a-half.

For best series I thought that Heinlein's future history series was the tops along any line because of sheer sweep of imagination and extrapolation. It is the best Science-fiction series I have read. Secondly ran the Tolkien foursome, as being the best fantasy I've ever read. Thirdly came the Okie series by Blish, which I feel has the best sweep of history of any series that I've read. Certainly the feeling of Sense of Wonder over the story of a City as an almost-living organism caught me in its grip, and I have not been released yet. Dave Van Arnam will undoubtedly place the Lenamen series as number one, and argue pretty darn vociferously (read loudly) about which is The Best, but we all have our choices, as they say.

Best Novel was harder to pick. I finally decided on ...And Call Me Conrad by Roger Zelazny, who within a few years has come to be a Novelist To Be Reckoned With, stewed though he is when he writes. The scope of the man's imagination is mind-boggling, as I discovered both by reading his stories and meeting him at the Midwesterncon last year. Second I placed The Other Side of Time by Keith Laumer, which I found to be wild and woolly and highly hilarious story in the best traditions of The Green Odyssey. I liked it a lot. Lastly came The Van In The High Noon Is A Marsh Mistress, a novel which, although I've not read it in its entirety, I found to be rather fascinating. And besides, it was fairly well written, which is something of a rarity in a modern Heinlein novel. So much of his writings within the past decade have been downright lousy that I was very hesitant to pick this up, but I decided that The Hell, and it turned out to be good, in an extrapolated way (whatever that means).

Best Dramatic production I left alone, as well as best short story (and nearly best fanzine; but the less said about that the better).

Best magazine was a lot easier than the others. I pick a magazine on the basis of several judgements, among which are content, design, layout, printing, artwork, and editorial policy (which is pretty well covered under content, although

Campbell-zines are sort of different in this line). And especially features. I placed F&SF first, mostly due to its fine artwork, contents (Zelazny-Anderson-Davidson), printing, editorial policy, and a few other things that I've forgotten about. Secondly came IF, which had a few interesting things in it like Brunner-Smith-Laumer-Heinlein, Gray Morrow, Jack Gaughan and Ed Emshwiller, its features (Sall's features) and its attempts at a consolidated print, or rather typography. The problems of the Galaxy publications seem to center mainly on printing problems, which are many in a small circulation magazine such as the sf mags are. IF is coming up nicely, tho, and I expect to see it at the top within a few years. Lastly I picked Analog. Altho contents haven't lived up to past years, there are always the editorials (a department within themselves), Miller's book reviews, the excellent typography, quality Freas and Schoenherr artwork, and the ideas expressed in the stories (although they were none of them exceptional this year).

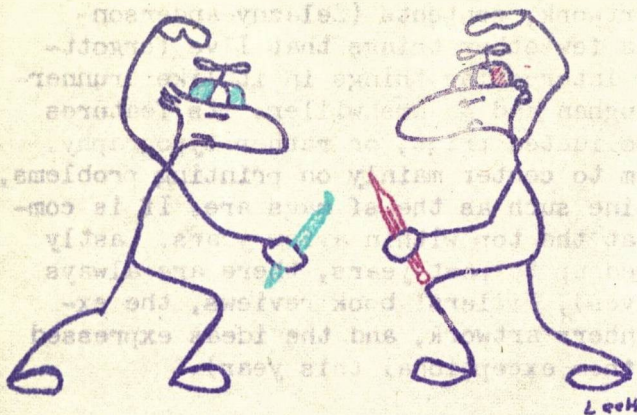
That pretty well sums up the Hugos, and my methods at nominating — and voting for them. I try to be fair, and I don't play favorites that much. How do you people nominate and vote for them; have you ever sat down and thought of what you do, like I had to in order to write this editorial.

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That pretty well finishes this issue, which, God willing, will be distributed at the convention and points west. Next issue depends mostly on you pipples, although I have on hand a sa of our Mighty Metropolis, Fat'ian — by the doctor Boardman, with my master of metricious meter. Urgh. See you next issue.

- Andy P.





TED WHITE

NEWPORT -- 1965

The last time I went to Newport was the July 4th weekend of 1960. That was for the Jazz Festival, and it was The Year Of The Riot. I smelled tear gas for the first time in my life, and earned \$250.00 for my article on the riot for ROGUE -- which more than repaid me for my discomfort.

This year I went not to the jazz festival, but to the folk festival. Those of you who know anything of my tastes in music will be mildly astonished; folk music (or, as Curtis Janke once rendered it "folque music") has never been my particular favorite among musical genres. In fact, most of it bores me stiff.

But I have had a passing or better acquaintance with the stuff and its practitioners for many years -- since LeeM first started writing about it in FAPA in 1956 or 57, I guess. And this year I began doing a column for Larry McCombs' semi-pro FOLKING AROUND. The column deals basically with rock & roll, of course, but...

Two things precipitated my decision to attend a portion of the folk festival this year. The first was a letter from Jerry Loev, whom some of you may remember I mentioned meeting on a picnic with Mary Kramer, the last time I was in Washington, D. C. Jerry had been to the jazz festival, and decided to go back for the folk festival as well. He was taking a girl; would I like to come along, and bring a girl too? And, could we drive up in my car? I think it was the ride he was angling for, but it struck me as a rather fun thing to do for a weekend

EN GARDE!

and, as I put it in my letter of reply, "We are both Men of the World, and we realise of course that our primary interest is not music, but girls..."

At that time, I had no one in particular in mind, but I had decided I wanted to get to meet and know Robin Postal, and when I'd passed through Chicago, Ray Cymoszinski had told me to look up a girl he'd known who'd moved to NYC, Nancy Walker. It seemed not unreasonable to me that one of them might like to go.

Well, time passed, and I met Robin, got to know her, liked what I found, and began dating her. I also met Nancy. Both are nice, attractive girls, and it is not to Nancy's discredit that I found myself more interested in Robin.

I asked Robin if she'd like to go with me to Newport, but unfortunately, she had to work for her boss (a photographer) that Saturday, and wouldn't be free. So I asked Nancy, and she accepted; she'd been wanting to go, and a ride she'd planned on hadn't worked out.

That's the way things set themselves up. I called Jerry (who lives in Philadelphia) and arranged to meet him at the Port Authority Terminal Saturday morning, around 9:00. I told Nancy I'd pick her up a little earlier. I decided to leave the Friday night FISTFA meeting early, and get plenty of sleep. Ha!

Wednesday I discovered Charlie Mingus would be at the Village Gate that week, and I asked Robin if she'd like to go see him. She did, but had only Friday night free. We put in a brief appearance at FISTFA, and then drove over to the Gate.

We had to sit through most of a rather so-so set by Thelonious Monk heckled by a drunk behind us, before Mingus came on, and 'Mingus' set was brief, but a gas for both of us. His first piece was the famous "Orange Was The Color Of Her Dress -- Then Blue Silk" which he performed last year at

Monterey. He used a quartet: Dannie Richmond on drums, Charlie McPherson on Alto Sax, Lonnie Hillier on trumpet, and Mingus on bass. The instrumentation was identical to that of the famed McPherson group Mingus had back in 1960, with Eric Dolphy, and both McPherson and Hillier seemed aware of the fact. These two grew up together, and perfected a bop style in the manner of Parker and Gillespie for which they first became known when they entered the New York scene, but on this night both abandoned the bop cliches for sounds closer to the avant garde New Thing.

After "Orange," Mingus introduced an additional member of the group, a tuba player whose name I missed. They then did the "Copa City Titty". In this sense, "titty" is an old musicians' slang for gig, and does not refer to mammaries. The piece was named after a club in Queens where Mingus played regularly in 1961. I recall the night he unveiled the piece, and his Copa City group, when Candid Records threw a press-bash for a bunch of us at Copa City. We all ate a lavish buffet dinner, and I found myself sitting next to Nat Hentoff while eating, and had the chance to make his acquaintance.

For his third and final number, Mingus added a flugelhorn (the flugelhorn is a mellower sort of trumpet), and a French horn. Then he laid down his bass and reappeared to the piano, from which he conducted a strangely lyrical piece which resembled a classical chamber-wind piece more than conventional jazz. It was obviously incompletely rehearsed, and I don't believe the whole piece was played, but, as I'd told Robin before we'd got there, "Mingus is always a surprise; you never know what he'll have in store for you."

Alas for all plans, I didn't get to bed until after 3:00, and at 7:30 Jerry Loev called to say he was on his way. I mumbled something to him, cursed a bit, and tried to get back to sleep. No go. Finally I got up, said the hell with it, and assembled everything to be taken.

I was taking blankets and a mattress for the back of the car, because it was very uncertain as to whether we'd find any rooms available in Newport over the weekend. I brought my swimming suit and towels, because Newport was reputed to have a good beach. I did not bring any changes of clothes, because I didn't consider them necessary for an overnight jaunt.

I was just getting ready to leave when Robin called. She'd gone out to the World's Fair to meet her boss, who was supposed to be shooting some group out there, and couldn't find him. She was disgusted, and bugged at him. Could she come with me to Newport?

I'd wanted to take her along, but now I was in the embarrassing position of having two girls along. *Sigh*... I told her to meet me in front of the Port Authority, and when I picked up Nancy, I explained the situation to her in brief and embarrassed tones. Since there was nothing between Nancy and myself, it wasn't a matter of standing her up exactly -- it was more just that I was making her into a fifth-wheel, and, having been such myself in the past, I felt badly about it.

The last surprise of the morning came when I picked up Robin and Jerry and his girl all at the Port Authority. "Jerry," I said, "this is Robin, and this is Nancy..." "Oh," he said. "Well, Ted, this is Robin..." It seemed his girl was named Robin too...

It turned out that Nancy had had only about two hours sleep the night before. Robin had gotten up at 6:00, and had only three hours. Jerry and Robin Prime (as I dubbed her) hadn't had much more. We were a fine bunch, setting out that morning on Interstate 95, for Newport. Jerry and I alternated the driving, each dozing while the other was at the wheel.

There was a two hour wait for the ferry from Jamestown to Newport, and Jerry and I filled it with outrageous puns and Scientific Sorties. I will repeat none of them; some were hideously painful.

Since Robin had left without bringing anything with her but a copy of Heinlein's Rolling Stones, one of our first stops was a clothing store wherefore to buy her a bikini. She was fortunate in finding her one she liked, and we headed from there back into Newport proper to an obscure house on a sidestreet where a small shingle advertises to be the Hilltop Inn. Jerry had found the place while at the jazz festival, and it serves the best food in town. For something like \$1.45, one could get the best swordfish steak I've ever eaten in my life. All of us raved over the food.

Then we joined an endless stream of cars which pushed their way, bumper to bumper, the one or two miles out to Festival Field, at an average speed of no more than two miles an hour or so. We had no tickets for the Saturday night concert — they were long sold out — but a dollar brought us into a nearby parking lot from which one could hear the amplified music quite clearly. We joined throngs of others in loafing about among the cars, until cops came along and told us, "Get in your cars, or leave." We returned to the car, and sprawled out in it, windows lowered and back doors wide open, and in short order as the line of cops swept closer, four or five others were climbing in amongst us to avoid being run out of the lot. They were nice enough kids, and we had no trouble. They climbed out after a bit, leaving the car to the five of us. I found myself dozing off and reawakening to hear totally different music playing than I last remembered. At last the concert was over, and the cars were being run out of the lot, and we left.

The most curious thing about our stay in the lot (an open field, actually) was the procession of "checkers" armed with walky-talkies, who would periodically march up with a flashlight and proceed to search the car for beer or liquor. We had none, but I noticed the checker seemed to be walking less well each time he came past, and it occurred to me to wonder about what he might do if he found something alcoholic.

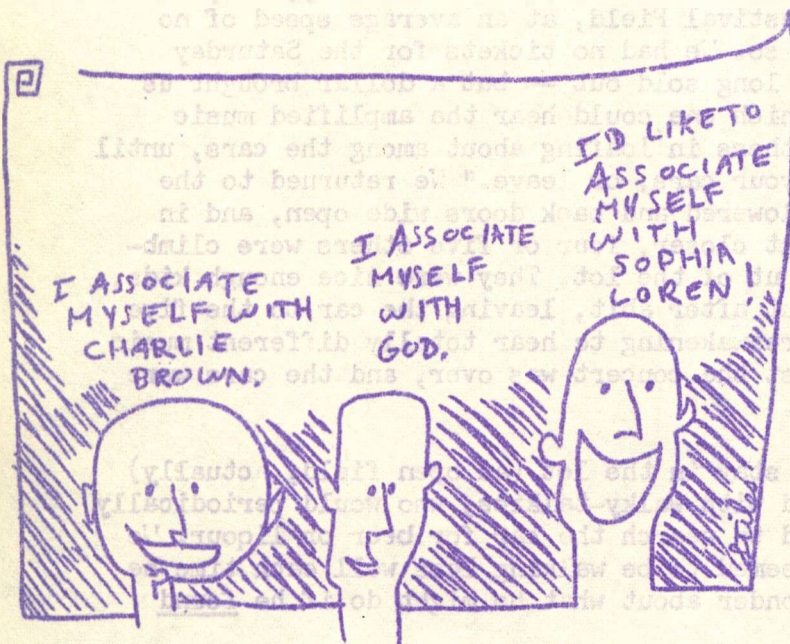
We descended upon the local Howard Johnson's having heard that if it was bad, Newport's other local diners were worse. Robin and I both thirsted after some H. J. clam chowder, which is always excellent, and once I got there I decided I wanted a full meal. After flipping a penny between meatloaf and Salisbury Steak (usually about the same), I ordered the latter. After a long time, the waitress brought brought me chopped sirloin, with French Fries (which I cannot stand), and when I complained I hadn't ordered it, she said, "Salisbury, chopped sirloin, they're the same thing." But the check, when she brought it, showed she'd written my order down wrong, and charged me more in the process. That annoyed me. I tried the chopped sirloin, and found it burned on the outside and absolutely red-raw on the inside. It was wretched, and I refused it and ordered another bowl of clam-chowder. It was my least pleasant culinary experience of the weekend, and doubly distressful, coming as it did after the delightful meal at the Hilltop Inn.

We had no place to sleep for the night but the car, and the police were arresting people who parked their cars anywhere noticable for sleeping purposes. But Jerry suggested we drive down into the estate area, and park on an estate. "They won't care; a lot of the owners will be away now, anyway." So, fog swirling around us, I drove down Ocean Blvd., searching for a friendly-looking estate. What I wanted was one with a long drive, so that I could pull off out of sight of the house and the main road both.

Newport is an estate town; some of the estates are magnificent beyond belief. But every one I turned into turned out to have its house entirely too close for my comfort. "It's okay," Jerry would say. "They won't mind." "But I'd mind," I'd reply. Finally I found a long drive marked "Edgewood Garage," and pulled in, past another car parked along the curving road, and under a tree. There was no house in sight. Jerry and Robin Prime unfolded their blankets on the ground, with a poncho over them, and the rest of us distributed ourselves on the mattress and seats.

It seemed entirely too soon -- and, indeed, it was; only four hours or so

after we'd parked there -- when I woke up to the sound of Jerry and Robin Prime talking. It was 3:00 am. "Shut up, blabbermouth," I said, and tried to go back to sleep. It was the second morning he'd woken me too soon. But, *sigh*, it was to no avail. Once awakened, I'd had it. The night was over.



We went back to Howard Johnson's (the Hilltop served only dinners), and had breakfast there. The hotcakes were cold, and they didn't have waffles. It was not the best breakfast I've ever eaten.

Then we repaired to a deserted parking lot behind a moving company, and changed into our bathing suits. From there

it was a short drive to the beach, and we all wanted to stretch out and enjoy the sun for a bit.

The Newport beaches are truly fine. There is enough surf to play in, and a fine, sandy beach. We played and swam in the surf until we were exhausted (not a difficult task, in light of the amount of sleep we'd all had), and then lay about and sunned for an hour or so. Then it was time for the 2:00 pm concert.

I found about one third of the concert interesting, one third so-so, and one third boring. As we entered, there were a group of exhibition dancers doing intricate square dances, and they were a delight to behold. And several of the younger, urban blues singers were there, and I dug them muchly. The first electrifying moment came, though, when the Cahmbers Brothers, four Negroes who sing a

sort of Mills Brothers sort of folk music, asked Joan Baez to join them for "Closer My Lord With Thee," an overpoweringly beautiful performance.

The best was yet to come, however, and that was the introduction of Dick and Mimi Farina. The Farinas have an album out which the Mains bought and played while they were here. Mimi is Joan Baez's sister, and Dick is an accomplished musician and writer. I found a number of pieces on their album enjoyable, and they, like Bob Dylan, have been responsible for much of the current crossbreeding between folk and rock music.

They added Sebastian Dangerfield on washtub bass, and someone whose name I've forgotten on tamborine, and Dick played dulcimer while Mimi played guitar, for the first number, a long, beautiful instrumental number.

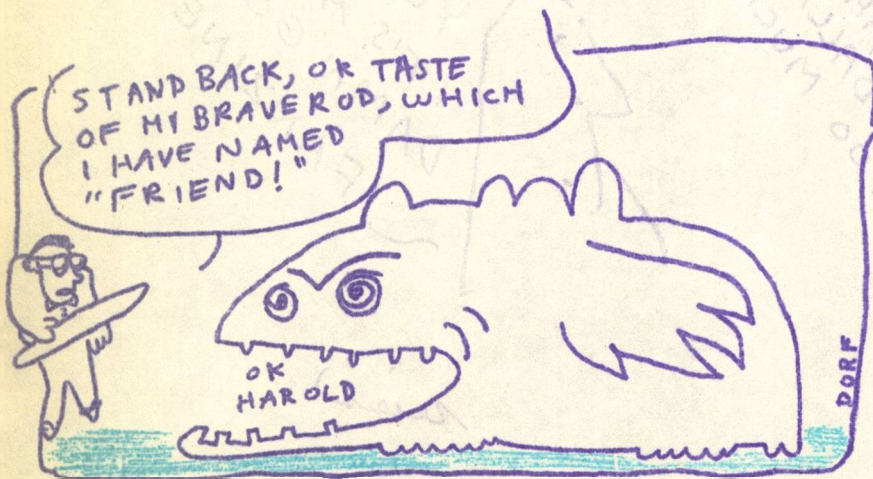
For the second piece, sister Joan replaced the tamborine player, and as they played and sang, the rain began to fall. A thunderstorm broke.

For anyone else, I'd not have cared sufficiently to stay, but the Farinas were the best performers I'd heard — better by far, here in person, than on their recording — and I wasn't going to walk out. Everyone else seemed to feel the same way, for while blankets and ponchos appeared, few left.

Then it began raining in torrents. Very quickly I was soaked, head to toe. I handed everything in my pockets to Robin to put in her purse, and then stripped. I'd thoughtfully kept my swimming suit on under my clothes, as had Jerry and Robin Prime. Then, because I was cold and everyone else was standing up and blocking the view, I stood up too, and found myself clapping along with the rest of the audience, the infectious beat moving me, and the movements keeping me warm as cold rain slashed down on me.

On the stage, Joan was doing the twist, and the Farinas were responding in turn to the loyalty of their audience. They played and sang and played, their "set" over twice as long as anyone of the preceding ones had been. Indeed, they played until the storm blew over, and once more the sun was peeping out. I wrung out my clothes and hung them out on nearby vacant chairs to dry.

That was the end of the festival, for us. Only a few acts followed the Farinas, and then it was 5:00 pm. We had no tickets for the evening concert, and all of us thought warm thoughts about returning home and getting some sleep*.



We returned to the beach hoping to sun ourselves while our clothes dried, but after only an hour or so, the cops ran us off the beach. Our clothes still soggy wet, we repaired to the deserted parking lot and put them on anyway.

The Hilltop was closed, when we got to it, and we settled for a poorer place on the main street, where we ate until gorged. Then we drove down to the ferry, and out of Newport. The festival was over.

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I seem to have forgotten to mention that when we woke up, Sunday morning, the fog had lifted and we were in direct sight of a large building. I had missed it completely the night before. It turned out to be a garage of some sort -- it looked like it might house a small fleet of cars. The drive, asphalt paved, split just beyond it, and a sign pointed to the left and said, "To Farm." I presume the road straight ahead led to the back of the main house, which was still out of sight. Newport estates do not stint.

Jerry, Robin Prime and Nancy were off exploring while Robin and I tried to catch a little more sleep when a pickup truck drove up and a man asked if we had permission to stay there. I said we didn't, and he said, "Well, best you move out to the main road. If the boss finds you here, He'll call the police." He was really very decent about it, and I reparked the car out on the main road, under a flowering tree, while we waited for the others to rejoin us.

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One of the strange things about the beach at Newport is that the water was full of red seaweed. When Jerry told us the water was red with seaweed, we thought he was exaggerating. He wasn't. When we returned to the beach after the concert, the lighting was such that while the more distant water was green, the breakers and surf in close were distinctly tinged with red. Robin and I walked down to the edge of the surf and watched it for many long minutes.

-- Ted White, 1966

On the stage, Joan was doing the twist, and the Varins were responding in turn to the joy of their audience. They played and sang and played, they "rest" over twice as long as anyone of the preceding ones had been. Indeed, they played until the storm blew over and once more the sun was peeping out. I swung out my clothes and hung them out on nearby vacant chairs to dry.

That was the end of the festival. Only a few days followed the festival, and then it was 1:00 pm. We had no tickets for the evening concert, and all of us thought were thinking about returning home and getting some sleep.

We returned to the beach hoping to sun ourselves while our clothes dried, but after only an hour or so, the cops ran us off the beach. Our clothes still soggy wet, we repaired to the deserted parking lot and put them on anyway.



LUPOFF'S BOOK WEEK

From India To The Planet Mars: by Theodore Flour-
ney, translated
from the French by Daniel B. Vermilye, Harper,
1900; 447 + xx pages.

Flourney was an early psychologist and acquaintance of the young Freud as well as a psychic researcher who believed in limited Rhinean phenomena but not in supernatural spiritism. Helene Smith (Flourney tells us that this is a pseudonym but does not identify the subject further) was a young lady acquaintance of Flourney's who practiced such mediumistic rites as trances, possession, automatic writing, table-rapping, and the like.

Miss Smith believed in reincarnation and Bridget Murphy-like regression and recollection of one's former lives. In her seances Miss Smith believed the lives of many deceased persons, most prominently 3 of her own former selves: Marie Antoinette; Simandini, an Arabian born princess of XVth century India; and, in a slight variation, herself as a disembodied observer of life on Mars, perhaps somewhat identified with the martian girl Fatemi. The latter two identities account for the title of the book.

In her Martian visions Miss Smith came to know a number of Martians, spoke and wrote the Martian language, observed and drew examples of Martian landscapes, architecture, wildlife both plant and animal, and inventions including a portable hand-held flying machine.

In his lengthy study of Miss Smith, Flourney presents a convincing and rational explanation of the phenomena. The reincarnations and possessions, for instance, are nothing more than schizophrenic manifestations originating in the obviously anticipated unhappy solitary childhood, dissatisfaction with lower-middle-class life, etc. Historical re-

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collections in the "Royal Circle" and "Hindu Cycle" are based on readily available reference works. The Martian language, both as spoken and written, is revealed as a rather jejune adaptation of Miss Smith's native French.

Although Flourney's literary attainments were limited to dry and uninteresting prose style and an endless recitation of petty detail, the case he discusses is so fascinating a one as to make the difficult book worth the effort of reading.

Astonishingly, the translator Vermilyr, himself a professor at Columbia University (as Flourney was at the University of Geneva), reads Flourney's reasoned and convincing psychological explanation of Miss Smith's experiences as evidence of the very phenomenon Flourney denies: spiritual survival of death, reincarnation and possession!

(The book was reissued by University Books a few years ago, and the recent edition should be relatively easily obtained. The 1900 Harper edition is understandably scarce.)

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Wulnoth The Wanderer by H. Escott-Inman, McClurg, 1903; 316 pages.

The recent sword-and-sorcery boom was of course not an original phenomenon but a revival of a XIXth century tradition of romance that carried over into the XXth and finally petered out with the latter writings of Edgar Rice Burroughs, literature's all-time most successful anachronism.

The Victorian/post-Victorian romance comprised a number of sub-genres: historical novels laid in classical Hellas or Egypt, contemporary tales of high adventure set in remote regions of Africa or Asia, Viking stories. Wulnoth is such. It contains elements of fantasy but is essentially a tale of courage and combat laid in pre-medieval Frisia and Britian.

Escott-Inman was a reasonably competent story-teller and mixed his fictional and real characters adequately; unfortunately nothing in the book is any more than adequate while there is a rather annoying attempt to make a Christian parable out of the wars of the Vikings and the Britons.

There is little or nothing really bad about the book but there is equally little really good in Wulnoth to justify any effort to dig it out of the dust-covered stacks and recommend it to the contemporary reader.

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The Silent Cinema by Liam O'Leary, Dutton 1965, 160 pages.

This picture-and-text book is an attempt to record and evaluate the developing art of the film from the invention of the motion picture to the adoption of sound. O'Leary provides an outstanding collection of stills from these early motion pictures, a remarkable percentage of which lay in the area of science fiction or fantasy.

In accompanying text the author attempts full coverage of the films and their makers in the silent era. Unfortunately the number of films is so great, the amount of text so limited, that O'Leary frequently degenerates into numerous listings of films and film makers only because they "ought to be included," and when he does provide information of a more meaningful nature it is little better

than mere lists.

What is needed is plot synopses, character descriptions, delineations in text of the scenes and performances that made the great films great. What is needed is far more coverage and detail about far fewer films (or alternately a much longer book). As it stands, The Silent Cinema is tantalizing but totally unsatisfying.

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Gahan Wilson's Graveside Manner, Ace, 1965, 128 pages.

Gahan Wilson is a tall, handsome, blond young man with a pleasantly hardy and cheerful manner. Why he isn't a strange creepy old man is a mystery to me — and to Wilson himself! Nonetheless he out-Audanses Charles with the funniest macabre cartoons being drawn. His gaga sense seldom misses, his economical yet distorted drawings are a perfect embodiment of the gags. Graveside Manner hits on over 90% of its shots — a good score for any cartoonist.

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Stingaree by E. W. Hornung, Scribners, 1906; 279 pages.

Imagine a typical western outlaw hero-villain, complete with white horse, comical sidekick, mysterious background "back east" and even an assumed identity. Now give the whole picture a curiois twist through the fourth (or maybe the fifth) dimension and you have the ten short stories that make up this book.

For Stingaree — his real identity is hinted at once or twice but never revealed — is not a denizen of 1870-ish Arizona, Colorado, or even Mexico or Canada, but Australia, and his "back east" is not New York but England. At first glance he could pass for Butch Cassidy but a closer look reveals a necktie, a closely clipped military moustache, and a monocle screwed firmly into one eye.

Stingaree is a classically noble outlaw, gallant to ladies, literate to a fault (he robs a mail stagecoach in one episode just to get the latest Punch in order to read the opening-night review of the new opera Iolanthe!); he has never killed but is not above leaving a traitor to his fate in the killing Australian desert.

Substituting stations for ranches, new chums for greenhorns, and Stingaree's "beloved Australasian" for the Tombstone Epitaph gives the whole feel of the Old West but it's all just a little different. Stingaree is an intriguing character, and to book is a most entertaining non-western western.

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Jurgen by James Branch Cabell, McBride, 1919; 368 pages.

This is the most famous work of an American author whose literary star rose to great heights for a time, but who now seems doomed to oblivion. (A recent paperback edition of Jurgen apparently did not draw sufficient readership to



warrent reprinting of Cabell's dozens of books.)

Jurgen is a fantasy laid in Cabell's imaginary land, Poicteame, and is filled with the title characters occasionally sanguine but more often erotic frolics with diverse nymphs, queens, goddesses, hamadryads, etc., generally hinted at but left undescribed in the finest tradition of titillation. The story also involves time travel, regained youth, literal visits to heaven and hell, and divers other elements dear to the fantast's heart.

Unfortunately the whole picaresque sequence seems to lead nowhere, Jurgen in the end returning to his troublesome but loving Dame Lisa, as if to say all adventure, all effort to change one's lot, all glamor and all glory are futile. Perhaps this is Cabell's message, but 368 pages are too long to say it. The style is exceptionally witty and sharp; many scenes and characters are admirable; but the book as a whole fails.

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The Story Behind The Story by A. Merritt, privately published, 1942; 188 pages.

Fantasy fans know Abraham Merritt as the man who wrote The Face In The Abyss, The Ship of Ishtar, Dwellers In The Mirage, Seven Footprints To Satan, The Metal Monster, The Moon Pool, Burn Witch Burn, Shadow Creep, and half of The Black Wheel...but in the Real World he was the editor for many years of the famous (although since defunct) Hearst Sunday supplement, The American Weekly.

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The Story Behind The Story is a collection of letters written by Merritt over a period of months to the advertisers, newspaper editors and other parties interested in TAM, describing in each letter the background and the methods used by the Weekly in obtaining some particularly interesting or important story. Of course the whole thing was nothing more than a thinly disguised running plug for Merritt's magazine and for Merritt himself; the self-praise and sanctimony at times get a bit too much to take, and the "inside facts" are more often superficial puffery than should really be the case.

Nonetheless the book makes interesting reading, and often offers the reader insights (none too flattering, by the way) into the character of Abraham Merritt, Weekly editor.

As for Abraham Merritt, fantast, why that's another matter, of course.

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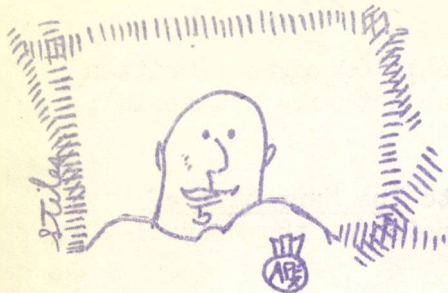
Spirits Stars And Spells The Profits

and

Perils of Magic by L. Sprague and Catherine C. de Camp, Cavanaugh Press, 1966; 348 pages.

First of all, this book does not concern "magic" of the rabbit-from-a-hat, stage entertainment, slight-of-hand, it's-all-for-fun-folks type. It is a book about magic, what the late Aleister Crowley called "magick" to distinguish it from prestidigitation.





EVERYTIME I BREAK A
DNA I GET A HARD-ON.

The book is a serious study of serious magic in all its forms, over many centuries up to and including the present time, and the de Camps define magic rather loosely in order to include a couple of chapters that may be a little surprising; in such a book. They deal, with admirable scholarship and de Campian wit, with such magics (and pseudo-sciences and/or religions) as astrology, prophecy, witchcraft, devil-worship, alchemy, numerology, "fairyland," mesmerism, rosicrucianism, theosophy, and even Christian Science.

Despite a message repeated throughout the book (and on the jacket) that the de Camps are neither for nor against any particular belief or practice, but are merely seeking to illuminate, they are obviously of a skeptical bent (as many SF fans would of course expect) and do far more debunking than objective illuminating. Agreeing as I do on almost every point the de Camps make in this book, I can hardly squawk about their non-objectivity, but a believer in, say, Orija, might have something to say.

Catherine de Camp has been a schoolteacher, and if the book has a fault it is in the annoyingly preachy "lessons" that appear at the end of many chapters (and elsewhere). This is a minor cavil, however. It is an excellent book. That's why I bought it.

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Symzonia by "Adam Seaborn" (probably John Cleves Symmes), Seymour, 1820; 248 pages; reissued with a new introduction by J. O. Bailey, Scholars' Facsimiles & reprints, 1965.

As noted in my own Edgar Rice Burroughs: Master Of Adventure, the inhabited-hollow-earth theme draws upon folklore and superstition of extremely antique origin, including the existence of caves, fissures, volcanoes, growth of plants and burrowing animals, burial customs, etc.

But the originator of the modern hollow earth, most successfully exploited in our century in ERB's Pellucidar stories, was John Cleves Symmes who published a circular in 1818 setting forth the theory that the earth was hollow, illuminated by a miniature sun, inhabited within, and that communication and commerce between the inner and outer worlds was possible via openings at the earth's poles.

Symmes reiterated his theories in novel form two years later, in Symzonia, thereby creating the first "Pellucidar." It is better written than I had expected, more readable; it is a utopian novel in form as Captain Seaborn, having entered the inner world through the south pole, encounters Symzonians who have a society ruled by a body of neatly apportioned wise, virtuous, and industrious persons, who in turn select a sort of constitutional monarch. When Seaborn describes the society of the outer world he and his crew are expelled for fear of contamination of the Symzonians.

Bailey says that Symzonia profoundly influenced Poe, and Poe's Arthur Gordon Pym, among others, distinctly evidences this influence.

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At The Mountains Of Madness by H. P. Lovecraft, Arkham, 1964; 100 pages. (Written 1931, published in Astounding as a three-part serial, 1936.)

Inspired by Symmes' pioneering novel Symzonia Poe wrote The Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym (1837) which trails off at an enigmatic point as the travellers approach a great abyss near the south pole.

Jules Verne wrote a sequel (The Ice Sphinx, 1900), Burroughs referred to "a book written about 1830", hollow-earth cultists have kept a barrage of Symzonian "non-fiction" up that is still unabated...and in 1931 HPL tried his hand at sequelizing Pym. Like Verne, Lovecraft rejected the hollow-earth element in favor of polar adventure, introducing artifacts and even a few survivors of the ancient aliens who pervade his works.

The story is told in typical Lovecraftian fashion, all after the fact, all infused with a post hoc terror and mystery of outlook that belies the "scientific" identification of the narrator, and all quite smothered by a maddening verbosity that makes the book almost unreadable.

Fool!

+++++

Montezuma's Daughter by H. Rider Haggard, Longmans, 1898; 325 pages.

Thoroughly researched by the author's on-site expedition, Montezuma's Daughter is a historical novel of the conquest of Mexico told from the viewpoint of the Aztecs. The narrator, an Englishman named Thomas Wingfield, lives for some years in Spain seeking the wicked Spaniard who did in his mother, brushes chillingly against the Inquisition, and winds up as an adopted Aztec.

Haggard maintains that the Aztecs could have defeated the Spaniards if they had stood united and adamant against them. Instead, they temporized, some regarded the Spanish as friends, others even as gods, tribes made alliance with the Spanish against their fellows, and by the time the Aztecs came to a full comprehension of the Spaniard's intention it was too late to save their empire from destruction.

One of history's shameful episodes, told in colorful detail from the viewpoint of its victims, full of action and atmosphere (although marred by Haggard's wordiness and a retrospective outlook, like Lovecraft's, that robs his works of immediacy).

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Seaports In The Moon by Vincent Starrett, Doubleday, 1928; 289 pages.

In an amusing preface Starrett explains that as a boy he read historic and historical fiction with more enthusiasm than discernment, producing in his own mind a strange melange of character and event with no discrimination between reality and fantasy and with no sense of anachronism. Seaports In The Moon, "A Fantasia On Romantic Themes," is a novel written in precisely this mode.

The unifying theme of the book is a vial of water from the literal Fountain Of Youth, which passes from hand to hand over a period of some 400 years or more. Characters who appear in the book, often meeting one another in delightful incidents, include Columbus, Cyrano and D'Artagnan (who fight a duel), Alexander Pope, Long John Silver, Captain (later Major) Andre, and Edgar Allen Poe.

The book is utterly delightful, perhaps a bit too literary and not sufficiently endowed with action or violence for the sword-and-sorcery set (although otherwise much down their alley)...and comes to one of the most satisfactory endings I have ever owned the joy to read.

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The Quick And The Dead by Vincent Starrett, Arkham, 1965, 145 pages.

Ten short stories by the author of Seaports In The Moon, all supposedly of a weird-macabre theme although it strikes me as straining considerably to include several.

My favorite is still "Penelope," last available in The Moon Terror And Other Stories (1927), reprinted here from a 1923 Weird Tales. But also excellent are "The Elixer of Death" and "Coffins for Two," both very ECish. In fact, all the stories in the book have virtue.

A minor cavil at August Derleth's failure to cite original sources...he may be playing cagey with copyright matters, or simply trying to fool some unwary readers, but it makes it rough on the reader who is interested in the context as well as the content of a tale. "The Quick and the Dead" is from WT; "Footsteps of Fear" is credited to BQMM, 1964. The others are unknown to me in their original appearances.

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Andrew Lang by Roger Lancelyn Green, Edmund Ward, 1946; 265 pages

This was an early -- perhaps the earliest -- book of an English bookman who studied under Tolkien at Oxford and remains his friend, as he was of the late C. S. Lewis. Green has himself written some fiction (From The World's End) but is better known for his critical and biographical works (Tellers of Tales, Into Other Worlds /an excellent history of space flight in fiction/, Authors And Places, Lewis Carroll, A. E. W. Mason, J. K. Barrie, and a recent tales from Shakespeare).

Andrew Lang is a critical biography, somewhat handicapped by Lang's own holding back from personal contact beyond a small circle while alive, and his instructions that his correspondence be destroyed upon his death. Nonetheless Green does an admirable job of bringing the multifaceted Lang (1844-1912) into focus. An incredibly talented Scot, Lang's literary reputation may have suffered from his very versatility: as translator, poet, historian, novelist, author of fairy tales, he succeeded. Successful at all he concentrated on none, produced no one great remembered work, and is best known today for the variegated Fairy Books (most recently reissued by the Looking Glass Library) of which Lang was not author, but editor.

Of greatest interest to science-fiction and fantasy fans is Lang's collaboration with Haggard, The World's Desire, a fantasy of Ulysses and Helen.

Andrew Lang is a good introduction to a forgotten fantacist

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The Constable Of St. Nicholas by Edwin Lester Arnold, Chatto & Windus, 1894; 263 pages.

The legendary fifth volume of ELA's fiction (actually the second, following Phra and preceding Lepidus, Ulla, and Lieut. Gullivar Jones) is a pretty good book. Despite its title, Arnold's Constable has nothing to do with Santy, but is

a rather gory novel of war between Turks and Crusaders on the island of Rhodes in 1480 AD.

The constable of the title is Oswald de Montaigne, a hero-villain type whose ambivalent character makes an interesting focus for the book. Oswald is a daring, glamorous, swashbuckling knight crusader, halfway sworn to the celibate Order of St. John. Unfortunately, he is a bit too openhanded for his own good, and finds himself deeply in debt to a sort of Greek-Jewish Shylock named Isaac Saluzzio.

Oswald constructs a rather neat plan to marry his own wealthy cousin, pay off his debts out of her estates, get a legal separation from her and live instead with his intended mistress, Saluzzio's beautiful olive-skinned daughter. As one might guess there are a few little obstacles to this scheme, such as an annoying fiancé of the cousin, but before romantic problems can reach critical mass the Turks attack, and affairs of the heart give way to affairs of the blade; these latter very effectively handled by Arnold.

I would say that this is Arnold's middle book in quality, not up to his two small Phra and Gullivar Jones, but better than his other fiction.

Now if somebody could get me copies of ELA's four non-fiction works....

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Uranie by Camille Flammarion, published in French, translated by Mary J. Serrano; Cassell, 1890, 252 pages.

Flammarion, from the little I have been able to learn about him, was a sort of French Fred Hoyle of the latter XIXth and early XXth Centuries (he died in 1924). He was both an astronomer and an author, and if the present book is indicative, also a bit of a mystic and a philosopher.

Uranie is an odd jumble of a book, with aspects of novel, tract, autobiog-raphy and dream book all in one. By far the best reading today is the section "The Muse of Heaven," filling the first fifty pages of the book. In it, the muse Uranie appears to the narrator and takes him on an astral tour of the solar system, the galaxy, and finally into the space between the galaxies. Together they see strangely inhabited planets, intelligent non-humanoids, and other interesting sights, but do not at any time participate in the affairs of the extraterrestrials.

Later sections of the book include also a lengthy description of Mars as inhabited by reincarnated Earthlings, a theme which Don Wollheim tells me was fairly common among late-XIXth Century fantasists. I have encountered the idea of interplanetary reincarnation only here and in Astor's Journey (1895), but I suppose it may pop up again.

The non-interplanetary sections of the book deal too much with Flammarion's rather uninspiring philosophy of Universal Oneness, Change and Eternity, and the rest of the hyperprofundities that put readers to sleep.

--- Dick Lupoff, 1966

NOTES On ANOTHER FANDOM

Fans, particularly FIAWOL fans, are likely to believe that Fandom is unique. It really isn't, you know.

There are other fandoms. They have everything Fandom has: feuds, conventions, publications, unbridled egotism — the works. And I'm not just talking about the satellites of Fandom, like the Burroughs Bibliophiles and the Comics Fans, but the other, alien, fandoms. There are fandoms concerned with chess and bridge and probably tiddly-winks. There are fandoms for stamp-collecting and coin-collecting and almost-anything collecting. There are bird-watchers and girl-watchers; there are swimmers and divers and skiers. There are business fandoms and professional fandoms, religious fandoms and political fandoms. And there is sports car fandom, of which I have been a member for ten years.

After being a Neofan in the early Forties, I gaffiated from Fandom for nearly twenty years. During those years I was, inevitably, caught up in several other fandoms, and the one which caught me most completely was sports car fandom. I joined it in 1955, mainly because of a girl named Cindy.

I got mildly interested in sports cars that spring, and went around to several dealers' showrooms. I test-drove N.G.'s and Jags and Healeys and had a ball, but I couldn't decide whether to get one or not. Finally I was in another showroom and a salesman named Jim was demonstrating a Triumph TR-2, a new model in the US at that time. We were well into a discussion of displacements and zero-to-sixty times when a long, leggy, luscious brunette came in. That was Cindy. After my eyeballs went back into their sockets, I sadly ascertained that she was married to Jim.

We three went out for a cup of coffee at a neighboring beanery. We talked and talked. Jim raced a Triumph, and he and Cindy were active in several clubs. They told me about races and rallies and gymkhanas and



BANKS
MEBANE

parties, and all the time I was admiring Cindie's profile against the window.

I went back and bought the TR. Never again will I encounter such superb salesmanship.

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Immediately I plunged into all the activities that went with the car, and they were many, since sports car fandom had burgeoned in the years after World War II. It had precursors before the war, but the movement really started when two post-war models were first imported: the Jaguar XK-120 and the MG TC. These cars found buyers who were delighted to have something more than a slush-wagon to drive to work, drivers who discovered that driving can be fun. Like all minority groups — and in the late Forties they were a small and odd-ball minority — they banded together into various clubs, associations, and kaffeeklatches, and sports car fandom was launched.

As happens in all vital fandoms, the number of organizations proliferated almost beyond limit. The giant among them was, and is, the Sports Car Club of America (SCCA). To picture anything similar in Fandom, you have to imagine a tightly-organized WSFS joined with a vigorous N3F and including most of the big metropolitan clubs. SCCA has about 17,000 members currently (although its beginnings were much smaller). It is the dominant factor in sports car racing in the US, it has local branches all over the country, and it throws an annual convention that is a bang-up party.

The other clubs are many and various. Some are national or international, with local chapters, like the MG Car Club (MGCC) and the Porsche Club of America (PCA). Some are purely local, like the Long Island Sports Car Association (LISCA) in New York, or the South East Sports Car Association (SESCA) in Washington, D.C. Some are concerned with only one type of automotive sport, like the Washington Rally Club and New York's Town and Country Club, both specializing in rallying, or the Competition Sports Car Club, an autocross organization.

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For the uninitiated, an autocross (or slalom, in some parts of the country) is a precision driving test against time. A course is laid out on a large parking lot with ropes and pylons, and each car in turn covers the twisting circuit as fast as possible. The autocross grew out of the earlier gymkhana, which also involved backing and parking trials, and sometimes required the driver to burst balloons or spear potatoes from his seat. The autocross in its contemporary form is strictly a high-speed event, and some of the cars which have been especially prepared for it are worthless as street vehicles.

The automobile rally is something else again. If you've ever driven to someone's new house in the country, using his verbal instructions, you've participated in a primitive rally; you know, "Right at the second traffic light, then right at the big oak tree; go straight for three miles, and turn right at the bottom of the hill..." An automobile rally is something like that, but complicated by all sorts of conventions and gimmicks. The cars are started at one-minute intervals, and the competition comes from the time-distance problem. The speeds at which the cars are to travel are given in the instructions, and the cars are timed at various points along the route and penalized for any deviation from theoretical time. A car which is more than a second or two early or late at any point has usually lost any chance of winning a trophy, so all kinds of fancy equipment has been designed to help the rallyists stay on time. A dedicated sportsman can spend hundreds of dollars and end up with the dashboard of his car covered with clocks,

counters, and computers (special computers built for rallying, called "Tommy-boxes" after their designer, H. E. Thomas), until it looks like a Gemini control panel.

Everyone should be familiar with racing in one form or another, and sports-car racing resembles the other forms. Ten or fifteen years ago it was still a sport that could be carried on with a car that doubled for street use, but the machines have been getting more and more specialized and expensive, and the fanfare and promotion for sports car racing has grown with them, until it's not really an amateur sport any longer.

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In 1955, when I got started, sports car fandom was still small and cozy. The most active clubs in D.C. were the local branches of SCCA, MGCC, and PCA. I promptly joined the first two (there was a lot of overlap in the membership of all of them) and the only reason I didn't join PCA was that they were stuffy about members owning only Porsches. Each club met once a month, besides sponsoring other events. SCCA staged races frequently at Marlboro Motor Raceway and other places, and although I never raced myself I was usually on hand to hold a flag or pit-crew for a friend's car (Cindy was always hanging around the pit-area in shorty-shorts, creating a traffic hazard). All the clubs put on rallies and gymkhanas, so something was going on almost every weekend.

Any fandom is glued together by its social activities, and we were no exceptions. A group of us who were "sports cars are a way of life" types formed a club, SCLDC. Those initials were explained in various ways to non-initiates, but they stood for: Sports Car Lushes of D.C. We had meetings in bars after the regular meetings of the other clubs, and every weekend one member of another would host a BYOL party at his home. The host was obliged to furnish only ice and mixers, and was entitled to keep any booze left over at the end of the blast; which was usually a small item, with one exception. Someone once brought a bottle of bourbon called "Old Gamecock" to one of these sessions. He had been suckered into buying it by the clerk at a cut-rate booze emporium, and he took only one drink of it before starting to cadge drinks from others. That bottle kept circulating for about six months, as the host of each party would bring it along to the next one. Occasionally some newcomer would be conned into taking a shot out of it, but it was still half full when somebody finally knocked it over and broke it.

Sports car types seem to be harder drinkers and wilder partiers than SF fans, but I will not play Sports Cars Confidential except to mention that we adapted the hula-hoop craze to a mixed team event (a guy and a gal in one hula-hoop, I mean . . . it's way out.)

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Sports car types do a lot of feuding, and some of it is personal, but there is more of what might be called "institutional" feuding than there is in Fandom. Rallyists feud with racers, and both fight with autocrossers. Sponsored racers feud with those who are amateurs, and admirers of one model car feud with those who like another. Sometimes a club will be taken over by rallyists, but a group of autocrossers may bore from within and re-capture it; although this has lessened as each group segregates itself in its own club.

The biggest feud erupts annually when the SCCA releases its production racing car specifications and its national racing regulations for the coming year. All the feuding intensifies at SCCA's annual meeting, which is the most glitter-

ing sports car events. This meeting shifts across the country under a rotation plan similar to the World SF Con, and is just as big a party and free-for-all as Fandom could ever provide.

The feuds spill over into the publications, and there are many of these. Every club puts out at least a mimeographed newsletter, and they range from these up to SPORTS CAR, a professionally-produced national magazine of SCCA, which is a slick publication that has won many graphic awards. These magazines aren't strictly devoted to editorial egoboo as are most fanzines, but there's a generous sprinkling of it. But sports car fandom lacks the true fanzine fan.

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Rallying was the branch of automotive sport that hooked me most completely, and I still rally, while it has been some years since I went to a race or drove in an autocross. Lately my sports car activity has been limited almost entirely to national rallies. Various regional clubs of SCCA each put on a 500-mile rally to which entrants come from every part of the country. I went on seven of these in 1965, traveling as far from Washington as Chicago and Charleston, S.C. to participate. A national rally weekend is a grueling business: you drive hundreds of miles to get there, drive in a 500-mile competition, party madly in every interstice of time available, then drive hundreds of miles home again. The attraction is just the same as a science fiction convention: you see your friends from all over the country. The wear and tear is far greater than an sf con, but the national rallyists love it. They are the last bastion of "sports cars are a way of life."

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Alas, the "good old days" of sports car fandom have passed. When I got into it in the Fifties, owning a sports car was still a highly individualistic thing to do. Now owning an MG or a Healey is a teenage status symbol. Detroit is bringing out ersatz "sporty" cars. Sports car fandom is being killed by popularity.

Racing the little beasts is becoming a big business now, and the racers are taking a businesslike attitude. Most of the new buyers of sports cars are just spectator-type "fans." The autocrossers have more and more trouble getting permission to use suitable parking lots. Rallying, except on the national circuit, is becoming the occasional diversion of the many instead of the intense pre-occupation of the few.

The old members of the SCLDC have slowed down, and the gals have become matronly (even Cindy), so the wild old parties are no more. Now we get together sedately at the Lavender Hill Mob Pit Stop, a private bar and restaurant for sports car types in Georgetown, and reminisce quietly. The younger generation is, naturally, going to the dogs, and few of them believe that "Sports cars are a way of life." Nor do we, any longer.

If it weren't for the national rallies, I'd probably have gaffed from sports car fandom long ago. Oh, I'd probably still drive one, just as an sf fan who goes gaffa may continue to read science fiction, but the old spark is gone. Maybe that's why I'm getting active in Fandom again.

— Banks Lebane, 1966

BEARD-MUTTERINGS

BOB—TUCKER—→

I've been sitting here with a smug smile on my face (a smile carefully concealed beneath my beard, of course) speculating on the probable outcome of an amazing fishing expedition. I would dearly love to know how it turned out, would love to know if any fish were caught, but I have better manners than to ask. I don't want to be caught.

About ten years ago (October 1966) Newsweek magazine reported with a straight face that the Joint Chiefs of Staff had initiated a psychological research project looking into ESP. Some anonymous but merry men in the Pentagon have come up with the 'fantastic' idea that telepathy might be the coming thing; that it might be possible to not only read the minds of the Soviet leaders, but to influence their lucubration by long distance thought control. A spymaster's dream. So they made a project of the ESF research, and quickly leaked the news to the magazine.

No further word of this Buck Rogerish project ever came to my attention during the following ten years, which wasn't too surprising, for the news item bore every earmark of being a plant — a succulent worm dangled on the end of a fishing line. Any follow-up story would be superfluous and would run the risk of letting the cat out of the bag. Keep in mind that a "news item" of that nature was certain to provoke a bagful of crank letters, letters more likely to be directed at the Pentagon rather than the magazine. A true telepath wouldn't be silly enough to fall into such a trap, but the teeming half-world of people with "strange experiences" would rush to the stamp window. They always do.

The logic behind such a news item should run like this:

1) Some government agency, such as the CIA, was hoping to flush a telepath out of the woods and into the open where he could be recognized. --If such a fan-

ARE THERE SECRET AGENTS IN FANDOM?

this month's exciting episode! →

Tastic thing as a telepath existed. Remember that the CIA has been guilty of some of the silliest and dumbest stunts in recent history, as well as some exceptionally clever ones, and not every man in that organization could have Al Ashley's famed 194 rating. They may have supposed that the genuine article would turn up among the bagful of cranks and nuts.

2) Failing that, then perhaps the cranks and nuts would inadvertantly reveal a true telepath while sounding off about themselves; they would reveal a neighbor or drop unsuspecting clues about a relative which would permit the CIA to run down the genuine article -- who was still prudently hiding in the woods.

or 3) The planted news item was a malicious fabrication, designed to scare silly the soviet intelligence network. A part of the wicked but fascinating business of espionage is to keep the other side groggy, guessing, and hopefully, always off balance. They do it to our side all the time.

About the only comfort a skeptic can take is that the news item did not appear by accident, the whim of an editor, nor was it actually leaked against the wishes of the Pentagon. Nonsense! Leaks don't just happen that way; leaks are arranged for some pointed purpose. This "news" was deliberately published for a purpose, to force some action somewhere in the world, and in another ten years we may learn that purpose and learn whether or no the gambit was successful.

All major American newspapers and magazines, and some minor ones as well, are read daily or weekly by the government officials and the intelligence agents of other nations -- friends as well as foes because the spying business is directed at friend as well as foe. (On at least one occasion, American agents watching British agents have discovered a Russian agent in their midst. The friendly Yanks tipped off the British, who nabbed the Russian.) It is a part of the intelligence routine to read the publications of other nations: books, magazines, newspapers, technical journals, railroad timetables, shipping data and, for all I know, science fiction fanzines. It has often been said, perhaps accurately, that the Russians have learned more American "secrets" by reading our press than they have learned by stealing or buying. Don't be upset about it. We do the same thing to them and I'd be willing to wager that we have learned more Soviet "secrets" by reading their periodicals than we have ever gained by theft or purchase. Tit for tat, like it or not.

If that telepathy project was genuine in the proper sense, you may rest assured that not so much as a hint, a whisper, would have appeared in print. Can any bright-eyed reader cite one news item, however brief, concerning the Manhattan Project before the bomb was exploded in 1945? Not the astounding fiction, not the Cleve Cartmill Incident, but a genuine news article suggesting that such a project was under way? So I am moved to wonder how it all turned out. Did the Soviet launch their own ESPer hunt? Did they feverishly begin building telepath detectors? Brainwave scramblers? What did happen ten years ago?

I know of two things which happened, two events which appear to have only the most tenuous connection with Project Esper. In that same year, a Hollywood producer bought my novel WILD TALENT, which told the story of a young Esper who went into the spying game; the producer announced plans to make a movie of the book, but the plans went wrong. The movie has never been made. Similarly, two or three years ago MGM studios purchased Frank Robinson's telepathy novel THE POWER, and announced great plans for an Esper movie. The movie has never been

made. If I were the suspicious type, I could say that the Pentagon suppressed those movies in the same way they suppressed news or articles on the atomic bomb between 1940 and 1945.

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Are there secret agents in fandom? In prodcom?

Has it occurred to anyone else to wonder if the fandom we know and love harbors an intelligence agent or two? Please don't snicker; our way of life could provide an ideal cover for a wicked old spy -- a spy for our side, of course. (If we ever discover an agent for the other side in our midst, I'll sign a petition to drum him out of the N3P.) The CIA and other field agents adopt all manner of clever but natural disguises, or else they maintain the guise they wore before they were recruited: businessman, writer, accountant, travel-agent, post-grad student, researcher, historian, traveller, perhaps even wash woman or bell-boy. Or fan. A fan writes, publishes, and sometimes travels a great deal; he not only journeys back and forth to overseas conventions but he also visits other European countries before and after a convention; he maintains a world-wide network of correspondents who exchange books, magazines and letters with him. He could be an ideal undercover agent.

At least two members of fandom have what the government calls Q-Clearances, because of the nature of their daily work; and judging by what I've read in some California fanzines recently, another Q-fan or two lives in that giddy eden. All these people are jolly good characters, publish fanzines and attend conventions, and one is something of a Traveling Giant.

But actually my fondest suspicion rests on an innocent-appearing chap who is not openly involved in any government work, and has never been so identified in the past. He is more or less normal, he has a grasp of at least one foreign language, he maintains contact with fans in several countries and gets reading material from them, he writes and publishes regularly, he attends conventions -- in short he appears to be a typical fan. But I've noticed some little differences. I've had my watery eye on this fan for perhaps five years, since I first began noticing the differences, and damme! if he doesn't fit nicely into the slot of undercover agent. If I were to choose a fan for undercover cloak-and-dagger work, I'd certainly choose him for a variety of reasons. Read the fanzines closely and discover him for yourself. But use caution, please -- don't identify him in print. If you and I are wrong, we will merely embarrass him (and he appears to embarrass easily); if we are right, the identification would end his usefulness in his job. Pick your candidate but keep mum.

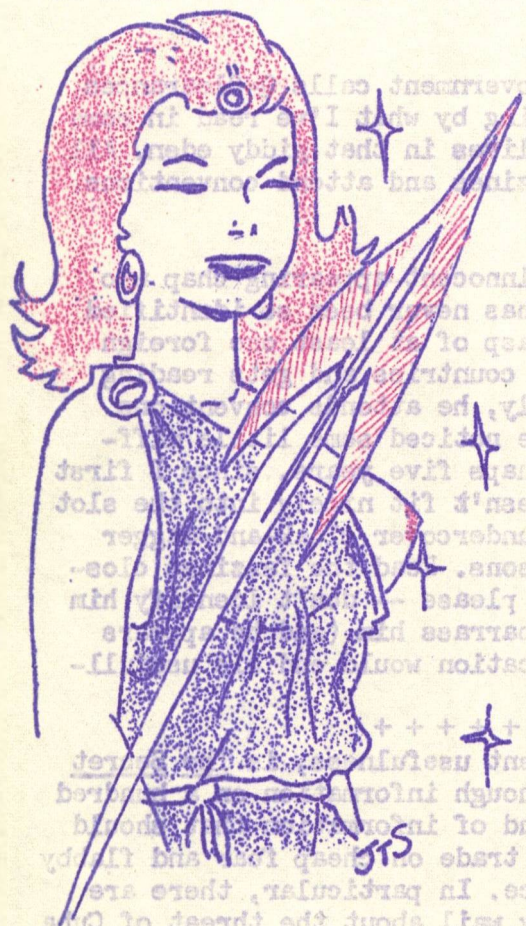
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Perhaps the best book on this subject, of current usefulness, is The Secret War by Sanche de Gramont (Dell, 75¢). It contains enough information on a hundred subjects to curl your hair. It also contains the kind of information that should shut the mouths of cheap and flabby politicians who trade on cheap fear and flabby hysteria to capture headlines and keep them in office. In particular, there are two or three windbags in Washington who periodically wail about the threat of Cuba "only ninety miles from our shores." After reading this book, it is difficult to believe that CIA agents are not so close to Doctor Castro. that they can listen to his sleep talking.

Item: for about five years before Gary Powers made his unhappy claim to fame, U2 planes piloted by his companions flew over Soviet territory and the satellite countries with raw impunity, photographing whatever they chose. (They are still

flying over South America, Cuba, China, and the Indo-Chinese nations.) Powers was not shot down by high-altitude rocket fire, as the Russians claimed, but instead suffered a flame-out of his jet and dropped. When he had dropped to within an easy range, Russian anti-aircraft weapons opened up on him. They did not hit him. An air burst immediately behind him jolted his plane out of control; he panicked and went over the side. He was captured on the ground, his plane was put back together in some semblance of its original shape, and both were later put on public display in Moscow.

Item: for longer than five years, the United States has maintained an electronic surveillance of Russia, from listening posts in Alaska, Scandinavia, and certain countries of the Near-East such as Turkey. This watch is so thorough that the listening posts have taped conversations between Russian pilots flying in the Korean War, between army units maneuvering in the Russian field, and between gun crew stations on the ground. One such station was in contact with Powers on his last flight, received his distress signal, watched his radar blip drop down below their horizon, and then listened to Russian ground crews as they jockeyed to get the Powers' plane in their gunsights.



Item: The air Force has launched an undisclosed number of spy satellites into polar orbit, keeping an eye on Russia now that U2 planes are supposedly banned from those skies. Some of these satellites burned up, others lived useful lives of a few months or a few years, and others have been sent up to take their place. Only very rarely are these launched reported in the press; some magazines such as Sky And Telescope attempt to maintain a count, but I suspect they are hampered by the kind of censorship we knew during the war. My current guess is that about twenty are up there. About the only clue you can get (if you get anything at all) is that polar orbits are launched from California bases; the other, public, equatorial orbits are launched from Florida.

Item: Each and every time the Congress meets, there is a great hue and cry for "Economy." Usually, loose-lipped congressmen want to effect this economy by slashing millions or even billions from such unpopular projects as Foreign Aid, or the Farm Program. And every year, after they

make their speeches and shed their tears, the two programs sail right on pretty much as the Administration desired them. A few millions are cut, as tokens, because it looks good in the public prints and even may snag a few votes back home; but sometime, just for the hell of it, figure out the percentage of the millions

that were cut against the billions that weren't. Those poor flapdoodle congressmen can't cut foreign aid or farm price supports — those budgets conceal the millions earmarked for worldwide intelligence activities.

All in all, it's a jolly game, this being a bystander watching the machinations of government. Join me. Watch for the phony news items that never mean what they say, for the announcements that actually cover up a spy incident somewhere in the world, for the pompous statements which indicate that somewhere, someone created a hell of a mess and we are trying to get him out of it. Take with salt the news that a U2 is making weather observations or experiments, that a nuclear submarine is sailing under the North Pole just to see if it can be done, that a new satellite has been launched to study sun spots. Five, ten, or twenty years from now you may discover what was really being done.

What did Castro say in his sleep last night?

— Bob Tucker, 1966



The 1966 LunaCon sf conference will be held on April 16th and 17th at the Hotel Edison on West 46th Street in New York. CoH will be Isaac Asimov, a well known Adam Link imitator. The EasterCon, 2 nights of parties, will be put on within the area by the FISTFA, a group whose origines lie in the land of the Shadows. Or Something. For information, write Frank Dietz at 1750 Walton Avenue, Bronx, New York, 10453 + New York in '67! +

(this has been a paid political message sponsored by Friends of Faanishness, Inc. Not a Religious Organization.)



NOTES TOWARD A MOTIF INDEX

MILT
STEVENS

AS an academic area, folklore is mad-way between literature and anthropology. Since they cannot exert a critical influence on their subject matter, folklorists have had to develop different techniques for dealing with oral literature than would be used by a conventional literary critic. One folk tale might very well exist in several hundred minor variations, so it was necessary to deal with general subject matter rather than with details of presentation. In order to do this, Stith Thompson compiled his Motif Index of Folk Literature. In this case, a motif is the smallest divisible narrative unit.

In the index, motifs are organized in a numerical system much like a library organization of subject matter. If this system were applied to science fiction, the number 149 might be, "Heroine menaced by mad scientist." The preceding number might be, "Heroine menaced by dirty Un-American aliens." Sub-categories of both numbers would include how and why the heroine was being menaced. After establishing such an index, it is a fairly easy matter to express any plot in the folklore field as a numerical series. But it does require a considerable amount of study to do it, since the index is six volumes long.

A new story involves the rearrangement of motifs rather than the creation of new motifs. All of the major motifs were probably developed long before humans began to write and the sub-categories have been added because of technological and social changes rather than because of any literary discoveries. In a field such as science fiction which strives to find new material, I would estimate that one new how or why category is developed per hundred published stories.

Motifs are interesting little animals and quite pertinent to some forms of literature. However, science fiction isn't one of them. Since characterization

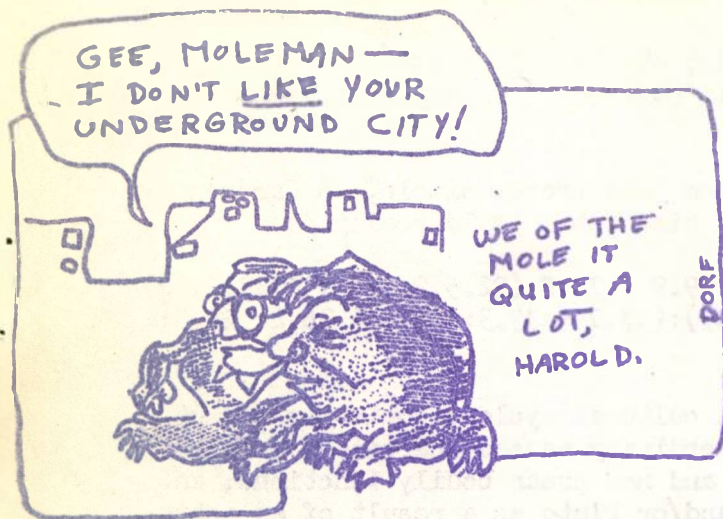
is a minor aspect of most science fiction stories, it is often assumed that added emphasis is placed on the plot. In some cases this is true, but in general characterization and plot merely form a vehicle for interesting scenery, wierd cultures and cute gadgets. When I try to remember a science fiction story at a distance of several years, I find that I can often recall the background detail long after I have forgotten the plot and characters entirely. I tend to remember historical novels in the same way, whereas I generally remember either the plot or the characters of a standard novel.

The motif index is an accurate shorthand way of representing folk literature, but if some one wanted to construct a similar index for the science fiction field he would have to account for background material. This wouldn't be as difficult as it might seem, because most science fiction writers have projected elements of life on Earth and have not dealt with anything that is really alien. Some people maintain that if science fiction writers did develop situations that were truly alien then the readers would be unable to identify with the story. This is undoubtedly true, if the writer were to develop a completely alien environment. Alien elements would always have to be integrated with something that the reader could more readily understand.

There are only a relatively small number of alien planetary environments that have been used in science fiction. This number probably could not be expanded much, since there are only a limited number of environments that are likely to exist in the universe. With the exception of various forms of energy creatures, most of the alien forms simply rearrange Tarran zoological patterns. Since electricity and light both move, the idea of the energy creature is an easily accepted one. Science fiction writers have done some interesting things with symbiotic life forms, but this area is still so small it would present no problem to any would-be index maker.

Future and alien cultures are areas in which science fiction writers have really missed a bet. Not only haven't they cooked up any interesting new ones, they haven't even projected most of the wierd cultures that have existed on earth. It's amazing that writers haven't become bored with extra-terrestrial Romans, Egyptians and Nazis. It has always bothered me that science fiction writers seem to presume that the cultural values of western civilization are the ultimate values to which all rational creatures would subscribe. They ignore that if a person grows up in a particular culture then he will take on the values of that culture. Aldous Huxley was much more sophisticated in this respect when he brought in an outsider to criticize the culture of the Brave New World. Most writers make their characters rebels within a society and have them deliver a criticism of the values of their society's Value system. This seldom happens. A person may criticize all manner of things about his society but not the basic cultural values. Americans nearly never wonder whether they should kill their parents when their teeth fall out, and yet there is a culture where it would be immoral to do otherwise. Whatever Americans find contemptable or objectionable is probably considered in a favorable light by some culture somewhere in the world. It might be interesting to construct a story about two cultures, both of which were alien to Western Civilization and alien to each other. Who needs reader identification, anyway?

Technological background would present a greater problem than either cultural or environmental background in respect to indexing. Science fiction uses a lot of standard machinery (space ships, matter transmitters, time machines, blasters, super computers, etc.), but this machinery is subject to almost infinite variations.



My first reaction would be to disregard these minor variations, but since many stories revolve around the solution of minor technical problems this can't be done with impunity. It's problems like this that make me glad I generally don't go around indexing things. Any decision on this point would be somewhat arbitrary.

Even though it would be possible to create narrative and background motifs for the science fiction field, I doubt that anyone would construct such an index in the near future (and if they did I can't think of any particular use for it). It might stimulate a

little bit more originality or it might set permanent limits on the field. It's often interesting to look at a piece of writing from many different angles, and expansion and contraction are two ways of doing this. Even so, reducing a novel or a short story to a line of numbers may be carrying the idea too far.

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When I wrote the first part of this article I thought that the idea of a motif index for the science fiction field was an interesting one, although the compilation of such an index would probably require more time than it was worth. This week Bruce Feltz loaned me a copy of the Fantasy Classification System by Alastair Cameron which was compiled in 1952, and a three page decimal classification by Jack Speer. It seems that people are always stealing my ideas before I think of them.

Both of these works are similar in intent, but Cameron developed the idea further in 52 pages than Speer could in three. Even with this added development, Cameron doesn't run into the sorts of problems that I was discussing in the first part of this article. For instance, he has one number to indicate that a story deals with a non-human society and a series of numbers which divide extra-terrestrials by habitat rather than by structure. Technological matters are also dealt with in large all-inclusive categories. The ten major divisions of the index are:

00 Abberations
10 Supernatural Beings
20 Extrapolations on Life and Mind
30 Extrapolations on Living
40 Supernatural Places and Things
50 Extrapolations on Space

60 Extrapolations on Technology
70 The Past
80 Extrapolations on Time
90 Supernatural, Unrationalized And Distorted Powers and Themes

Each division has subdivisions and these are also divided into smaller units. Along with the numerical system, there is also a system of letters which can be appended to the numbers to indicate other information about the story such as length, type of story (mystery, enterprise, struggle, etc.) and stress (plot, adventure, mood, personalities, etc.). At the end of the volume, Cameron included several examples of how his system would work on particular stories. His first example was a fairly simple story by George Stewart.

Earth Abides, 39.3eejbbx. The classification is interpreted, "sole survivors,

most of population killed; over 105,000 words; the hero is frustrated; the appeal is to tragedy; the atmosphere of the story is stressed; fantasy is important; there are no subsidiary considerations."

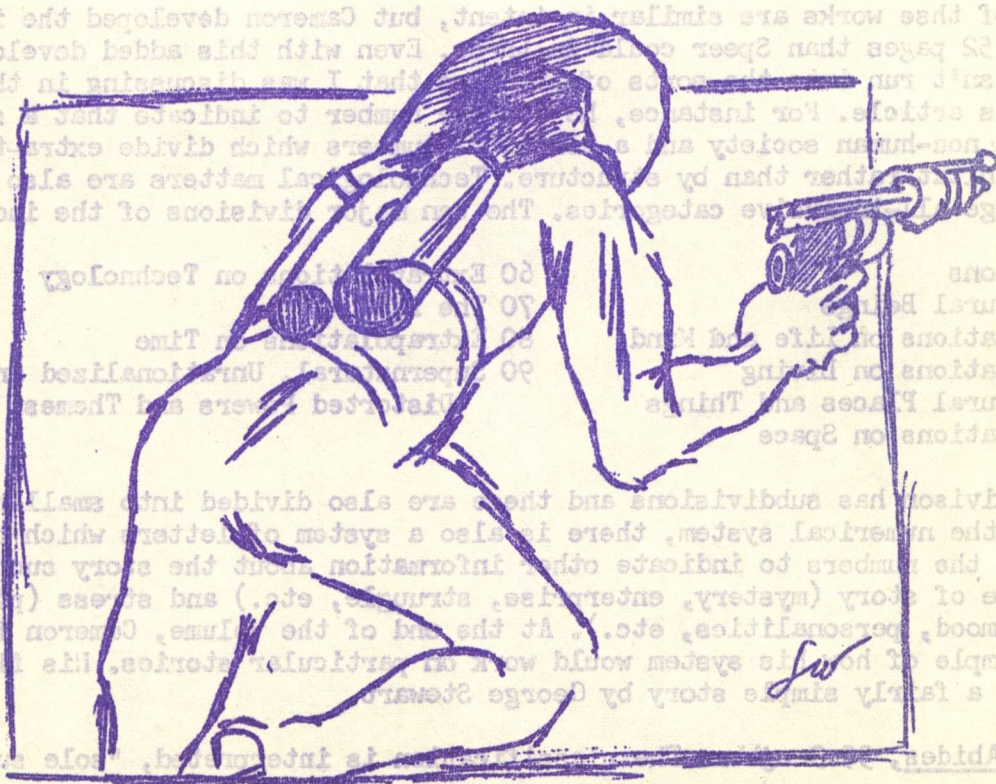
This first example makes using the system look pretty simple, so Cameron picked a more difficult example to show what his system could really do.

Stapledon, W. Olaf Last and First Men 89.9 + 31.8:(22.5, 2, 1, 3 + 23.1, 2) + 62.4: (52.6 + 53.5):56.1, 5, 9 + (36. + 38.): (37.2 + 39.3: 37.4 + 35.4: 29.3: 52.8: 68.5, 6)exafbh.

"History of the future covering several cultural cycles; societies of mutants having telepathy, perception in space, ordinary senses sharpened, perception in time, extra developments of existing and new human bodily functions; engineering development of Venus and Neptune and/or Pluto as a result of an astronomical collision, a nova and unusual radiation in space; the expansion and decay of cultures as a result of loss of strategic materials, sole survivors from a world-wide explosion, invasion of Earth by intelligent alien beings whose natural habitat is the atmosphere of Mars, genetic engineering and adaption to new environments; over 105,000 words; plot not covered by profile; intellectual appeal; philosophy stressed; fantasy important; told from non-human viewpoint."

As the previous example indicates, the Fantasy Classification System could deal with any story that is likely to be written in the science fiction or fantasy field. Apparently no one has found any particular use for this system, but it's rather interesting as a curiosity.

-- Milt Stevens, 1966



A QUESTION OF SKEPTICISM

The always provocative H. V. Bradbury, in 1952 (speaking before the Brandeis University National Women's Committee), described Ideas as "winds that rush here and there, to be caught and bottled by your own thinkers, your own German Elite." And, as he so forcefully exemplified, there are always those who dislike "being held up, shaken, turned over, and sqinted at, to see what makes him tick. Therefore, remember: books are dangerous, celebrities detest these handy memory courses which recollect their promises at midnight and their absentmindedness at dawn. They would rather life be lived and forgotten. How lovely, without books, when experience vanishes in thin air, in mouth-to-mouth mythology, and bedtime tales." So we have those who bludgeon us into subordination, those who would show an aversion to thought, whether they are fannish fans publishing their monthly apatruvia, or literary snobs who read the Saturday Review of Nothingness and Sickness. And, drawn from the cold winds of the past, we find freethinkers being burned, quartered, trammelled, and tortured, excommunicated, or condemned by their families because of harsh word, disturbing thought, or defiant morals. Can the science fiction fan forget that, only a few hundred years ago, he would have been burned as a heretic by the Spanish Inquisition, or, during the 18th Century, been morbidly tortured

STEPHEN E. PICKERING

by the French in their "Revolutionary War?" And, now, this minute, we have individuals who stalk the streets of our lives, bland anti-intellectuals.

And, why? Because an aversion to a word of many identities: agnosticism, free thought, atheism, Pyrrhonism, or skepticism. If a belief has no substantial grounds, then can one be expected to intellectually accept it as "truth"? We think not. And, if individuals, particularly the fannish fans, would dismiss maudlin flagrances and exercise a bit of analytical thought, then, perhaps, the present wasteland of non-science fiction magazines in fandom would at least be intellegent. Of course, we are well aware that if many of the fannish fans did think, then many would be shown to be completely incompetant--they would be unable to sustain a mature balance between quality non-sf material and quality sf articles. They would rather, as Leland Sapiro has often cited, perpetuate a Defense of Triviality.

There is a possibility that the fannish fan will think that this writer is an "extreme sercon intellectual," demanding that all material be science fictionally orientated. Admittedly, the latter would be desirable, but, conversely, one encounters trouble over a definitive idea about what constitutes a "science fict-

ion" fan magazine or "science fiction." We tend to support John Campbell's premise that "That group of writings which is usually referred to as 'mainstream literature' is, actually, a special subgroup of the field of science fiction--for science fiction deals with all places in the universe, and all times in Eternity, so the literature of here-and-now is, truly, a subset of science fiction." Hence, a magazine such as John Boardman's Pointing Vector is "science-fictional" in attitude, if not in actual content; science fiction can no longer be compartmentalized in neat packages--it is no longer, strictly, a "futuristic" type of extrapolation, but one which is concerned with all the directions of our time. But, be that as it may, that is not our concern here.

However, in the area of the fan ethic or credo, this writer dismisses the fannish fan's facetious arguments about "being yourself," "letting yourself go," etc. (Of course, these arguments may sometimes be applicable, but this is not the discernable case, always). And, likewise, the fannish fan may rarely present any comment on science fiction, society, or the future of man; strangely enough, he abstains from intellectualism for trivia, he would rather comment on another's narrowmindedness rather than produce a fresh thought. We all agree that a magazine such as Amra or Riverside Quarterly is the "best" type of sercon magazine, but others, less knowledgeable, may accuse these editors of "editorial pomposity" or "sercon heavyhandedness."

And there is no agreement about anything, in the final sense.

When all mature fans agree on a matter after no little thought, then one should accept their mutual opinions as nearly analogous to actual circumstance. If, however, all are vehemently antagonistic toward one another, then one has ostensible grounds for skepticism. And it is these two approaches to thought in fandom which one should support, which one should use as being the most suited to the scientific method. Moreover, there is a third stipulation to our brief credo of skepticism: that when, with fellow science fictioners, no definite idea can be created on a particular problem, then one would do best not to centralize upon hasty judgements. Assiduous intellectualism has more value than unchanneled emotionalism.

These three rules may sound relatively reasonable, but they have been rarely utilized in fannish fandom.

All ostentatious fannish feuds can be said to be related to one or more of these three, above outlined areas, areas which the skeptic condemns; and, as it were, "areas" should be eradicated, and "opinions" inserted.

And, too, the fannish fans may forget that their trivialities and emotionalisms are not rational approaches to fandom--in order to be A Science Fiction fan, one must not lose sight of the initial purposes of science fiction and fandom. And passionate, anobbish invectives on the part of fannish fans are not defensible propositions -- indeed, passion may be a lack of rationalism, whether in political fan magazines or religious fan magazines. In a feud between two fannish fans, harsh words may be exchanged, but their disagreements may be slowly nullified and the status quo is re-established. But, for example, notice what a skeptic can do to a fan. In 1943, and in this period, Los Angeles fan Francis T. Laney was the focal point for a bitter feud with Forry Ackerman. Ackerman, Laney asserted, was a homosexual, a "fake fan," and of no use to science fiction. Laney's premises were irrevocably wrong, of course, but Laney did not feel as



Such, and he, like other dogmatics, found that skepticism is the greatest enemy to incessant harshness; in Laney's case, Ray Bradbury and Walt Daugherty proved Laney wrong so many times that even Laney's former reign in weird fantasy (with his magazine, The Acolyte) was toppled. To recapitulate: Francis Laney was a fannish fan, he had an inconsistent, ambiguous philosophy, and spoke with no thought as to what he was trying to say. And, like so many others, he refused to listen to arguments which were not analogous to his own egotist ideals. People don't like their gods to suddenly appear to be human, i.e., the Enemy is Wrong, and can never share Rightousness. Rationalism is absent in many fannish fan magazines, and one finds only incongruities and irrevelancies.

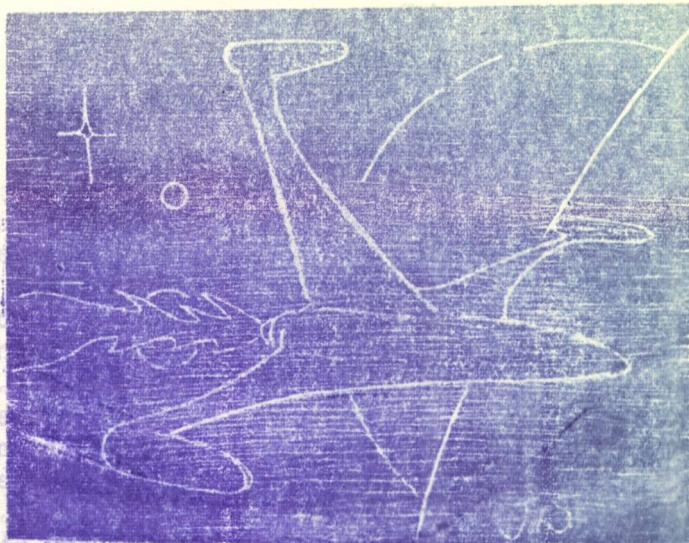
Several years ago, in a now-forgotten fan magazine, a fannish fan deplored the fact that Edward Wood's masterfully edited Journal of Science Fiction should have been like Quandry; Quandry,

the pompous individual smugly announced, was the greatest contribution to science fiction fandom since Fantasy Commentator. Analogous statements about changing fluctuations in fandom were further elucidated, in 1962, at Sam Moskowitz's eleventh ESFA Open Meeting, whose theme was "The Immortal Storm". According to Sam Moskowitz, considerable evidence was available which showed that, indeed, most fan magazines were a "vast wasteland." And, contrary to what most fannish fans would assume, a "serious" science magazine is much more regarding, say, than a "monthly chatter" column. If a fannish fan is afraid of science fiction, and his position is famously inconsistent, then he should, perhaps, publish a sercon magazine in order to disprove or test his own feelings. And many otherwise fannish fans have become sercon fans on the basis of this rational approach; but one is willing to question if a fannish fan has logically solved the heat and passion from which feuds and controversies are created.

What has this to do with skepticism? Quite a bit, because many fans are somewhat middle-class in their discernable thinking processes, and tend to look at "different" moral credos as somewhat calamitous states of being. They consider any peripheral sexual standards which are not their own to be "immoral," and in need of rectifying action. For example, in Catholic countries in Europe divorce is "wicked," but a man may have a mistress with little or no reprobation from the Church. In India, to have a widow remarry is tantamount to being suicidal. And in our own culture, divorce is commonplace, but homosexuality or polygamy (even when expressed in a fanzine) is considered too "intimate" or "ghastly" for scientific contemplation. All of these moral standards are, to their respective adherents, condoned--all others are alienated, and eradicated when possible. However, that may be, this writer has seen no fannish fan prove that his individual moral ethical philosophy could prove another to be obsolescent.

There is a psychological theory which states that a person who is vehemently anti-Negro can be changed to a considerable degree, by "transposing" his to an intimate position. This would entail not just a hitherto planned trip to the ghetto's cleaner spots, but a visit and talk with people who are living in a "civil-

ized Stone Age" environment. When this occurs, the person becomes skeptical of his own philosophies, and he becomes solicitous about an area in which he had originally been inexorably biased! Former Great Truths became Ideas To Be Questioned, and, as is often the case in the deep South, he becomes active in Civil Rights. However, all prejudices and hates against alien methods of marriage, religion, or sex are based on irrationalism, and "sin" is restricted to each individual culture. But



"sin" is a myth, and any torturing of individuals because of "sinful" practices is barbaric (See this writer's "Sin And The Science Fictioneer" in a recent issue of Al Andrews' Iscariot). However, Christian moralists do not question their ideal of Sin, as, basically, much of neo-Christianity is based upon cruelty (e.g., the Spanish Inquisition, led by Catholic church-members). So, they have their hell.

Extreme skepticism is often called Nationalism, i.e., Nationalism is to be questioned because of its questionable ideas. For example, during the Civil War many historians were attacked for defending the philosophy of the South; afterward (sometime after the surrender of Lee and Johnston), the historian could question the motives of both sides with little or no fear of being condemned by his contemporaries. Moreover, in any culture, no one enjoys self-questioning; in war, it is treasonable to bring up the "truth." So, in fannish fandom, one finds anti-Semitism, anti-intellectualism, etc., their basic falsehoods exemplified by the fact that those of similar juvenile magazines accept their theories.

The fannish fan should consider, in endeavoring to raise his own magazine's standards, these psychological questions: when are Ideas causes of direct action? Are Ideas and Beliefs based upon rational evidence, and can evidence, conversely, be the basis for rational beliefs?

Hence, we ask is it possible to preserve the "general" fan magazines without preserving the anti-intellectual fannish magazine. One may ask, "Is a non-science fiction magazine necessarily bad?" We can only reply, "Fore often than not, non-stf publications are insults to the intelligence." And only skepticism can create a drawing away of the veils of ignorance, and inserting rational thought. With the constructing of a rational science fiction ethic, one would find that the immature fannish fan magazines would slink away, tails between legs -- they would not be adequately interesting for a mature Child of our Time. Idealism? Perhaps. False hope? Definitely no, unequivocally no! For austere moral-ethical systems are often more applicable than emotional diatribes! Perhaps, in another article, this writer will further elucidate upon the above mentioned ideas: that ideas are not always causes of a fan's actions, and that ideas, too, are not always based upon no little thought.

-- Stephen Fickering, 1966

A REPLY TO STEPHEN E. PICKERING BY TED WHITE

When Andy Porter showed me the foregoing article by Stephen Pickering (written for some reason under the pseudonym of "Erik Vaan") I was both amused and disgusted by it. I skimmed over it briefly, catching an amusing non-sequiteur here and there, and gagging on some of his examples of his vast fund of pseudo-knowledge.

Going back over the article now, a second time and carefully, I am more bemused than anything else.

Recently Arnie Katz, Rich Brown, Cindy Heap, Robin and I were driving up to the Bronx, for a Lunarian meeting, and the subject of Stephen Pickering came up. I recalled him as the author of several pretentious letters in which he claimed to be reviving half the notable fanzines of the past, and once sent me at F&SF an amazingly bad story accompanied by a letter in which he lectured me (or rather, F&SF) about the values of science fiction! Rich Brown couldn't place him, though, so Arnie said, "Yo u know, he's the one with the prolix writin' style."

I agreed, and someone asked for a definition of prolix. "That's when you use five words where one would do," Arnie said. "That's Pickering all right," I said.

I regard the article you have just read as the best possible refutation of its own point of view. Pickering is trying to say something in his article, but I'll be damned if he has paused for a moment to figure out what it was. Apparently he thinks fannish fans are a pretty bad lot, although he offers only one justification for his case: a badly distorted version of the Laney-Ackerman feud.

I tried to pick out a thread of logic from his article, because I regard that as the first step towards constructing a logical reply. I confess, however, that Pickering has me baffled. The man does not present his points logically; he buttresses non-sequiteurs with impressive, but random quotes from his idols, and he slides into his subject only indirectly, somewhere between the first and second pages. Indeed, the article is a massive, prolix, non-sequiteur. I mean, what can you do with something like "Several years ago, in a now-forgotten fan magazine, a fannish fan deplored the fact that Edward Woods' masterfully edited JOURNAL OF SCIENCE FICTION should have been like QUANDRY; QUANDRY, the pompous individual smugly announced, was the greatest contribution to fandom since FANTASY COMMENTATOR."

You tell me: What in hell is Pickering saying?

Let's take this piece paragraph by paragraph. There is no other sensible answer for it.

In his first paragraph, Pickering gives us an interesting quote from Ray Bradbury (one of his idols) which, as near as I can tell, has no relevancy to his following attack on either "fannish fans" publishing their monthly apatruvia, or literary snobs who read the SATURDAY REVIEW OF NOTHINGNESS AND SICKNESS." Bradbury was talking about people who prefer to live without books -- by extension, without the permanency of print. How Pickering can equate this with people who sometimes embarrassingly live out their lives in naked, public print, is beyond me. But this appears to be his point.

Pickering concludes his first paragraph with an ambiguous warning against "bland anti-intellectuals" and then moves ahead to a characterization of "Fannish fans" as being averse to "agnosticism, freethought, atheism, Pyrrhonism, or skepticism," chastising fannish fans for their "maudlin flagrancies" and lack of "analytical thought."

It's an amazing jumble of nonsense, pyramided upon what amounts to monumental ignorance of fandom, fannish fans, and sercon fans. Pickering concludes his paragraph with a quote from another idol, Leland Sapiro, to the effect that fans refuse to balance their "non-sf" articles with "quality sf articles," preferring a "Defense of Triviality."

I don't know, but I think that Pickering has written a non-sf article here himself -- it seems to be exclusively concerned with attacking fans not as narrow-minded as himself -- and if he is holding himself up as a virtuous example of the proper exercise of Analytical Thought, heaven help us all!

His third paragraph is a dilly. Go back and reread his first two sentences -- I'll wait -- and chuckle. The rest of the paragraph is, as he notes, "not our concern here." Indeed, it's superfluous for any fan who's thought twice about what is SF, and advances his argument not one whit.

The fourth paragraph sneaks in another cute one: "...the fannish fan's facetious arguments about 'being yourself,' 'letting go,' etc." I haven't heard these arguments before. Where did they come from? What is their relevance to the previous portion of Pickering's article? And, finally, what is so "facetious" about such arguments?

Pickering further states that "the fannish fan...abstains from intellectualism for trivia." Like other reiterations of this point, the statement remains totally unsubstantiated. Myself, I would find it easier to apply the criticism to Ray Bradbury's stories...

His fifth paragraph sums up, in the end, his own presentation.

The sixth paragraph purports to present three rules. I can't sort them out from the gobbledegook. This is murky writing at its murkiest, and I refuse to attempt clarification. Someone should tell Pickering about precise writing.

Skipping ahead to the ninth paragraph, we have Pickering characterizing Fran-

cis T. Laney, of the 1943 period, as a fannish fan who snidely attacked Forrest T. Ackerman.

This is lovely. At that time Laney was as sercon as they come. He was publishing THE ACOLYTE, a thoroughly sercon fanzine. His FAPazine, FANDANGO, was similarly sercon, although it revealed a precise mind which did not suffer fools gladly.

Ackerman, on the other hand, was a dismal example of the gung-ho, Fandom is A Way Of Life, ultra-faanish fan. He wrote nothing but trivia, scattered through and through with execrable puns and Esperantoese. Despite the awe in which Pickering holds him, Ackerman at that time was the single worst example he could've picked for his trivia-oriented fannish fan.

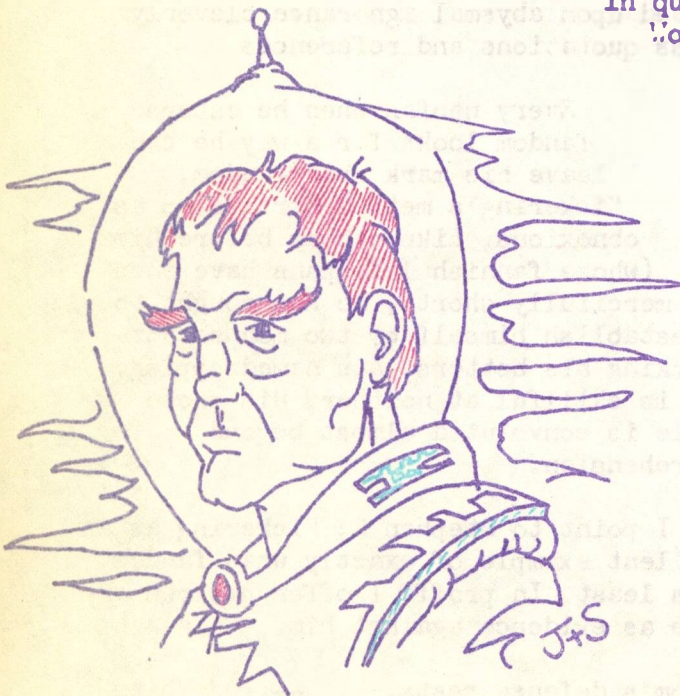
Pickering says Laney attacked Ackerman as a homosexual, "a fake-fan," and of no use to science fiction. The last two are demonstrably true, but Laney did not charge Ackerman with homosexuality. (That was a horse of another color). Laney did say that Ackerman was obsessingly interested in his collection of pornographic photos, a collection Ackerman made no secret of up to the time he disposed of it, around 1960, when the Post Office hit him with an obscenity rap. And while Ackerman may not be a homosexual, he is the only honorary (sic) member of the Lesbian Daughters of Bilitus organization.

Pickering's version of the demise of THE ACOLYTE is similarly distorted. His claim that Laney "spoke with no thought as to what he was trying to say," proves only that he never read any of Laney's incisive articles. Laney's writing, on any topic, would furnish Pickering an excellent model for his own sad attempts to express himself.

Paragraph ten opens with the sentence I have already quoted. It is meaningless; Pickering obviously did not mean that the fan in question "deplored" any resemblance between Wood's JOURNAL and QUANDRY. Nevertheless, and Sam Moskowitz to the contrary notwithstanding, of the two fanzines QUANDRY has survived far better than JOURNAL.

The writing was of a much superior quality, regardless of the topics. Ed Wood's JOURNAL reflected many of his own qualities: fascination for science fiction, stuffiness, pedantry, and intollerance for a broader approach to fandom. QUANDRY often dealt with science fiction -- its contributors were as often professional contributors of the stuff as not, but usually in a tangential fashion. You can't read old Q's without being reminded of the sf scene in the early fifties, but you

can treasure the columns by Walt Willis without any reference to fandom outside Q -- a remarkable accomplishment. Despite its topicality, QUANDRY is one of the least



dated fanzines of its period.

In the following paragraph, Pickering drops this entire line of thought to pursue what he believes to be the fannish fan's intolerance towards "different" moral credos" -- or "mores," to put it more succinctly.

If he is referring to the Boondoggle mess, I don't think he'll find a hard and fast line drawn between the sercon and fannish fans, but I would say that if such a line were drawn, most of the sercon fans would be on the side of intolerance. If he is not referring to that unhappy blot on recent fanhistory, I think he'll have an even harder time proving his case. The fannish fans have been traditionally less stuffy and more open minded than their sercon counterparts. In this, as in all attitudes, however, fandom in generally simply reflects the currently fashionable attitudes of this country and western society, and to single out fans for abuse on this account strikes me as singularly inappropriate.

The following two paragraphs simply compound the products of Pickering's own ignorance. But the final paragraph is masterful.

"We can only reply," Pickering says stuffily, "More often than not, non-stf publications are insults to the intelligence." He is speaking here with his own euphemism for the "fannish" fanzine. Personally, I think his intelligence needs additional insults. I will stake QUANDRY, HYPHEN, IMNUENDO, VOID, A BAS, or any of the other great fannish fanzines of the past or present against any serconzine Pickering cares to name. Without exception, these zines show a greater use of wit and intelligence than I have yet discerned in Pickering's own sophomoric lectures to his betters.

Let me put this plainly: I regard Pickering's foregoing article as an insult to my intelligence, and to yours. It is illogically constructed, full of hollow generalizations without substantiation, gratuitous insults to his audience, and, worst and most unforgivable fault, it is based upon abysmal ignorance cleverly concealed by the use of pompous and pointless quotations and references.



Every neofan when he enters fandom looks for a way he can leave his mark upon fandom. Pickering's method strikes me as obnoxious. Like others before him (whose fannish lifespans have been mercifully short), he has sought to establish himself by two means: attacking his betters, and namedropping. He is skillful at neither. His prose style is convoluted almost beyond comprehension.

I point to Stephen E. Pickering as an excellent example of exactly what fandom needs least. In proff, I offer his own article as evidence against him.

Fandom's defense rests. -- Ted White

THE ADVERSARIES BY

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KENT MOOMAW

THE ADVERSARIES by Kent Moomaw

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FOREWARD:

Kent Moomaw died on October 13th, 1958, by his own hand. He had just turned eighteen. he had been a fan for several years and was recognized to be among the leaders of the then "new generation" of fans. His fanzine, ABERRATION, in three issues had become a zine of real quality, and, had Kent's plans worked out, would be now a leader in the fanzine field. Unfortunately, Kent did not have the funds to produce the zine he wanted to produce, and rather than compromise, he let it lie dormant.

Kent was a total-fan. Apparently most of his social-life was spent in only fannish endeavor, and for him fandom was indeed "a way of life." Kent wanted to improve fandom to his liking, and sought to do this by improving his own output. His hopes, ambitions, and even his existence was tied up in fandom. And apparently the frustration of his goals, his lack of funds, coupled with his lack of interest in the world beyond fandom, led to the feeling of hopelessness and uselessness which culminated in his death.

Since then, many have eulogized him, mourned over this lost "promising talent", and have even bickered over his death and its meaning. That is not my purpose here.

During the period of July, August, and September of 1958, while he remained unable to publish his fanzine, Kent occupied his time in writing a story which remained unpublished at the time of his death, "The Adversaries." Greg Benford and I, two of Kent's closest friends, published it in VOID in two parts (issues 15 & 16), and it there elicited many comments which serve to illuminate Kent's way of writing, and the story itself.

Basically, "The Adversaries" is a story; not an ellegory, satire, or over-long joke. It is faanfiction: i.e., fiction about fans. And it is, within the confines of the author's conception of fandom-as-a-whole, the least biased of any faanfiction I have ever read. Kent Moomaw had his likes and dislikes in fandom, his prejudices about various aspects of fandom, just as we all do, but he did not push them; they do not intrude.

The average piece of faanfiction usually is marred on some way by one or more of the following defects: a) the author is usually trying to prove a point --perhaps that fandom is a bunch of nonsense, perhaps that fandom is better than the outside world, or maybe that fans are disagreeable people to know --in some way moralizing about fandom; b) the piece suffers from the author's lack of knowledge of a particular facet of fandom --a convention scene, perhaps, described by a fan who has never attended a convention --which becomes a glaring error, or hole in the blanket of verisimilitude being woven; c) the story really doesn't concern fans at all, but describes scenes or situations foreign to fandom, in which fannish names are applied helter-

skelter in an effort to make the story appealing for fans.

In "The Adversaries" Kent avoided all these traps. The story presents two personalities of strong will, and opposite bent, personalities drawn in part from fandom-in-reality, and describes what happens when they meet at a convention. There is, in their meeting and the subsequent conflict, a story. And this is what Kent wrote. He wrote it so adroitly that --de ending upon their positions and likes in fandom --various readers have identified and felt sympathetic towards one or either of the Adversaries.

Kent drew nearly everything in this story except the very story itself from Fandom-in-reality, as he observed it. Various readers have identified Marian G. Olds as both G.K. Carr and Marion Zimmer Bradley, yet she is really neither; she is a personality created by Kent, drawn from both fannies, and very probably from others. Likewise, Franklyn Ford --so named that Kent might draw upon the mythos already built up around STELLAR's "Franklin Hudson Ford" --is a character drawn from the proto-types of the fictitious fanzine-reviewer-Ford, Richard Elsberry, F.T. Laney, myself, and probably a bit of Kent himself.

Their first meeting, Ford's and Olds'? Various readers have cried, "That's the 1957 Midwestcon!" while others have said, equally positively, "That's the 1958 Southwestercon!" Kent had attended both.

This story was Kent's last effort, and his finest. If a memorial is needed, I think "The Adversaries" best supplies one.

--Ted E. White
publisher

NOTES FROM SEVEN YEARS LATER:

Fandom has changed a bit since 1958, and Kent made several allusions to then-current events and private jokes which may be less than obvious today.

Kent was part of a fannish clique which included the VOID gang, back before I was myself a member. Carter Little, like Franklyn Ford, was a pseudonymous fanzine reviewer. While Ford wrote for STELLAR, Little wrote one column (the original Wailing Wall, which I took over, "temporarily," when I began publishing VOID, while we hoped still another Carter Little column could be coaxed from the original source) for VOID before more or less gaffiating as far as the genzine field was concerned. He never published the last issue of A BAS, either...

For the most part, M.G. Olds, as the name implies, was modelled on G.K. Carr. (He attended the 1957 Midwestcon and some fans expected sparks when she and I met, although we were by no means feuding. We had swapped some pithy mailing comments in FAPA, though, and I was surprised to find her a pleasant and reasonable woman. I was also surprised to find that she kept this aspect of her personality totally removed from print, and the agreements we reached in personal conversation had no influence on her published statements thereafter. The waspish fmz reviews attributed to Mrs. Olds, however, probably stem from Kent's own minor feud with Marion Bradley. He met her at the Southwestercon in 1958.

The room number 770 has been a legend since the Nolacon, where it was the sight of the most swinging parties, but the number 419 is more obscure. When I was living in Baltimore, I was dating a girl who lived in an apartment shared by three

(cont. at end of story.)

Though we had checked into 770 only an hour or so earlier, a number of people had gathered there already, and judging by the noise that spilled through the half-open door into the corridor, a full-fledged mid-morning con party was going on inside. I stepped out of the elevator, walked down to the room, and looked in.

"Ah, the BNF deigns to honor us with his presence at our humble orgy," said someone I didn't recognize, raising his beer can in my direction. I sailed at him uncertainly, and nodded hello to a couple of slightly familiar faces, people I'd be looking up for long conversations later on in the weekend.

"I'm looking for Frank," I announced to the room at large. "Is he around?"

Greg Benford walked over. "He ducked out with Ted White a few minutes ago. What's up?"

"Come on, let's go find Frank and I'll..." I turned and collided suddenly with someone just entering the room. It turned out to be Frank himself, the very person for whom I'd been searching.

"Ghod, man, watch it!" he said in that surprising squeak of his. I'd corresponded with him for over a year, but his letters had in no way prepared me for the short, brash, crew-cut guy with the high-pitched voice who showed up at my house the day before the con. I was still a little agog. "Who's inside?" he said, gesturing at the door.

I waved my hand. "Nobody, Frank, nobody. But I've been looking all over for you! Frank, guess who's checking in downstairs!"

"Ah, come on, Kent, don't play games. Who is it, Tucker?"

"Nah, we saw him here last night, remember? Seriously, man, who of all people is the one we least expected to attend?"

"Christ, Kent, cut the riddles. C'mon, who is it? Walt Willis, Claude Degler? Pete Vorzimer? Who in hell is it?"

I paused for effect, and then, speaking in my best Boris Karloff manner, I rumbled, "M.G. Olds." He looked stunned. I couldn't blame him. I'd felt the same way when Ron Parker told me he'd seen her at the desk.

"IGO? Mighod...that's incredible." He shook his head. "She lives 1500 miles away...in Arizona!" He cocked a quizzical eye up at me. "You must be kidding or something."

"I swear to ghod! Parker saw her signing the register, and was curious, and looked over her shoulder. Miriam G. Olds! Come on, Ron's finding out what room she's in for us. We're going down and spring you on her. Man, this is going to make fannish history!"

He stood there, seemingly incapable of believing any of what I'd told him. "Miriam G. Olds. Mighod. Fantastic."

"Let's go, Frank," said Benford. "This is going to be something!"

"All right, all right, I'm as curious as you are. Lemme get some cigarettes first."

He went into 770 and I heard the same unknown guy who'd greeted me before giving precisely the same line to Frank. Evidently he was already so crooked he couldn't tell one fan from the other. And it was only 11:30 in the morning. Gad.

Greg paced up the hall a little way and back. "The meeting of ICG Olds and Franklin Ford. They'll actually be in the same room! Kent, are you writing a con report? You gotta write this up for posterity. Or maybe I will. Where's Frank? Let's get down there!"

"Heck, maybe it won't come off." My latent pessimism was showing through. I remembered a MidwestCon once where Ron Ellik had raved to me about a fight between Dave

Kyle and someone that was definitely going to occur. It never did. Kyle's antagonist never even showed up. Conventions are like that. "Maybe Parker was mistaken. He seemed sure he'd seen her, but then he's already had a couple of..." Frank came out with a pack of cigarettes, stripping off the cellophane. He was smiling in an evil sort of way, like something out of my EC collection. "Okay, men, we're off." He stalked away, and although I'm a head taller than Frank, and have correspondingly longer legs, I had to hustle to keep up with him. Greg was hard put, too.

While we were waiting for the elevator, Frank turned to me and said, "I wonder if she got the FAPA mailing before she left for the con. I mean, yours came day before yesterday, and if she came by train or bus, she would've had to leave at least a couple of days ago. If she's read my zine, this whole thing may wind up in a bloody brawl!" He placed a hand on my shoulder in mock seriousness. "You'll act as my second, of course. Make certain I get a loaded zap-gun."

The doors opened before I could reply and we entered. "Tain floor," I said. "Ron's waiting for us at the desk. When I left to find you, he said he'd find out what room they'd given her, and then we'll all be able to go up and heckle her together. Frank, how did this whole feud get started, anyway? I only got into FAPA with the summer mailing, y'know. She's feuding with practically everyone, but why in such particular earnest with you?"

He grinned. "We've been going at it so long, damned if I can remember. No, actually it was like this: I was at a beer bust a couple of years ago, before I'd even gotten into FAPA, and Carter Little was putting out an eleventh hour thing to save his membership, and had a bunch of us local club members writing things for the mag. A real drunken oneshot session. Ol' Carter Little, wow, what a fakefan!"

"Yeah, yeah," muttered Benford. "That about MGO?"

Frank turned and gave Greg one of his fabulous man-you-are-burging-me looks, and then went on. "Yeah, well, like I said, I was pretty high. I'd seen lots of MGO fanzines before, and her illogical reasoning and narrow-mindedness had always crotttled me, so when I wrote a review of a part of Carter's mailing, I came across this Olds mag. Ghod, what a mess. The bigotry, the pomposity, and those cruddy poems and old-maid type illos...she's married, I think, but they were still old-maid type illos. I was really disgusted. I should have given the damned thing a 'noted', or made some sort of subtle sarcastic remark, I suppose, but I was drunk and I went into my feelings over the mag in great detail, and called her a fuzghead and a bigot and quite a few other things besides. Maybe I would have done it more deftly and smoothly if I hadn't had all that liquor under my belt, but basically I've always felt towards MGO just what I said in the review. I've never apologized and I never will."

"She read that zine, then?" I ventured.

"She read it. I didn't join FAPA myself until a few mailings after, but I gather she took what I said rather hard. She was all set for me when I got in, and ripped my first zine to small shreds in her mailing review. Disagreed violently with practically everything I said. I'm a jazz fan, y'know, and she pounced on that with philosophy, theology, TAFF, censorship...ghod, what an old bat! WE've argued everything from sex to the N3F!"

"As far as I can see, you've done nothing but call each other names ever since I joined, Frank," I said. "You'd better hope to ghod she hadn't read your FAPAZine before she left for the con. That 'Why I Hate MG Olds' article was pretty raw."

"Bull," he snorted. "Y'know, I'm glad she's here. I'm gonna find out what makes that old woman tick, for once and for all!"

He was still chuckling when the doors opened. I saw Ron Parker across the lobby and we began walking in his direction. "Ron! I got Frank! Where is she?" Parker trotted over to us and chortled. "Wow, Frank, isn't this a gas? MGO came in with an old guy, her husband, I guess, about twenty minutes ago. I heard the clerk tell the bellhop to take their bags up to 419. She's probably up there right now. What're you two gonna do, Indian wrestle?"

"What a disgusting idea," said Frank, lighting a cigarette. "No, I figure we'll just go up there, knock on her door, and one of you can introduce me. Then we'll just lay back and see what she does, come at me with a knife, faint, or what. Let her put her foot in her goddamn mouth. She does it in print often enough."

"Ron isn't in FAPA," I said.

"No," Parker replied, "but I've heard rumors of the feud. This is really going to be a great convention!"

"What are we standing around for?" said Benford. "Let's go on up, Frank!"

"Sure, let's go." He strode off, and the rest of us scampered along behind.

As I mentioned before, I'd been corresponding with Franklin Hudson Ford for more than a year. We'd both come into fandom at about the same time, both lived in cities with active clubs, and both published fanzines. His EN GARDE was at that time a very highly rated mag, despite the fact that he brought it out no oftener than three or four times a year. He'd associated with fans and read a great many fanzines before he himself began publishing, and that experience, coupled with a natural talent, enabled him to make his mag a Top Ten choice from the start.

After meeting him, I could see the correlations between his true personality and the one which came through in his writing. He could be as faanish as hell when he felt like it, and most of his contacts in fandom were faanish types, as opposed to, say, the Boggs type or the Indiana anti-fans, but he was also a deep and serious person when the mood struck him.

EN GARDE, like Frank, was a curious mixture of Faanish and serconishness. It carried fiction —good fiction, not the usual neozine crud —and serious articles just as often as it did satire, wierd things like that Dave Rike essay, etc. I myself thought the mag was slightly terrific, and since it appealed to both sides in fandom, Frank would probably have been one of the most popular fans around if he hadn't also been one of the most controversial.

I don't think I need go into great detail. You must remember his fanzine review column in STELLAR, wherein he said exactly what he thought of inferior mags that came in, panned hell out of a few of the fanzines that were then in widespread favor, and generally acted the part of the Caustic Critic to the hilt. Most of acti-fandom ate his stuff up; it was a pleasure to see the crudzines and the neozines and all the junk that had been passed over in Rog Phillips type "reviews" getting the scathing they deserved. But lots of others didn't like the column, or Frank. Not only editors of mags he'd roasted —remember Johnny Holleman's infantile rebuttal in TWIG after Frank disposed of QUIRK? —but other fans beadies. They condemned him in a body. Man, STELLAR's letter column really jumped in those days.

The review column wasn't all, either. Frank was a prolific letter hack too, and he treated fanzines in his comments to the editors just as he did in his reviews. If he liked the zine, if he thought it showed promise, he supported it to the hilt, offering ideas, contributing, mentioning the mag in his letters to other fans, and so forth. But if he found that indefinable spark of talent missing in the mag, which any seasoned observer can usually discern, if it exists, with one

reading, he said so. In these instances he offered suggestions, but to do so he had to state in plain terms just what he felt was wrong with the fanz, and to many people, his comments in this vein were just plain destructive criticism.

In almost every case, the zines he thought promising came along. The others usually flopped. His percentage in this respect was fantastically high, if I'm any judge.

But since the number of new fanzines that really make it is always small, Frank made a number of bitter enemies. A whole new generation of fans grew up hating the very guts of Franklin H. Ford.

The fringe-fans, of course, felt much the same. When Howard DeVore ran for TAFF and came in just a few votes behind Terry Carr, Frank was appalled. His editorial in EN GARDE on fringers and their place in TAFF was a classic, and most of us applauded it soundly. We'd all supported Terry, official editor of FAPA at that time and furiously active in both the apas and in general fandom, and were aghast at the closeness of the race when the final tallies were made.

Many of us felt just as strongly about the matter as Frank did, but the difference was that he was compelled to say something about it, while the rest of us confined our grotchings to letters and private conversation for the most part.

DeVore and his contingent were justifiably angry, and Howard went as far as to threaten to punch Frank in the nose if he ever met him in person. For a time the very name Franklin Ford was looked upon as a bad word in NJF and SAPS.

People now tend to remember Frank only as a critic. Actually, while all the controversy was raging, Frank was a frequent contributor to a number of fanmags, and wrote some really fine stuff. His takeoffs on prozine stories are among the finest ever done, I think, and his column of opinions on timely fannish subjects that appeared in the monthly John Witchcock began after he folded UMBRA and got married was just Too Much.

Franklin Hudson Ford was afflicted with one great obsession: a desire to weed out and eliminate the inferior, the shoddy, the crass, the second-rate. During his early fanning, this sense led him to express himself rather crudely; I've seen since the original Carter Little FAPazine in which Frank cut MG Olds low, and even I must admit that it is pretty savage. But at the time of the convention, his writing prowess had so improved that he could wield a stillito with the best of them. He was still criticising, but he was doing it so damned skillfully that even Boyd Raeburn admitted at one time that he'd met his master.

This, then, was the fellow who led us upstairs. He'd written me two weeks before the con (which the local club was staging --but you didn't catch me on any con committee!) saying that he was coming out by bus, and asking if it would be all right for him to bunk at my house for a couple of days before the convention got under way. I'd just graduated high school that summer, and since Dad was out of town on business, we had plenty of room. I invited him to come right to the house as soon as he arrived, and told him that perhaps we could rent a room together at the hotel once the con started so as to eliminate shuttling back and forth to and from my house over the three-day weekend. He agreed, and I sat back to await his coming.

After over a year of reading his fanzine, receiving his letters, and being personally embroiled in the battle he waged with the neos and fringers, I suppose I'd formed something of a mental picture of Franklin Ford. I saw him, tall and

lean. I knew he was a college sophomore, and I pictured him with dark horn-rims and a pipe and an intense, Dostoevskian look. I'd seen his articles on Proust and William Faulkner in DASH, and despite the large quantity of fannish material he turned out, I'd always regarded him as very much the stereotyped intellectual. This image was totally shattered when he arrived at Chase Avenue, fresh off the Greyhound.

He was short, for chrissake. Five-five or -six at the most. He had a round, boyish face topped by a brush of light brown hair, and wore flashy clothes. No glasses at all. He smoked, not a pipe, but cigarettes, one after another, and his voice was not the well-modulated rumble I'd come to anticipate, but a fairly high, almost adolescent squeak. I was shocked.

Once we began talking, though, I realized that here indeed was the fan behind EN GARDE and the STELLAR column. He was a fascinating guy, in short: restless, full of nervous energy, off-beat in his aptness to discuss Albert Camus or Colin Wilson as FAPA gossip or other fanstuff. I found him brash, but not overly so, prone to an occasional obscenity (which bothered me around the house only because my mother was around), but capable of turning on the most polished manners imaginable when the need arose, willing to carry on a vapid conversation with my mother at the supper table out of sheer graciousness.

I liked him a lot.

I came in on the tail-end of the FAPA feud between Frank and MG Olds, but I can imagine how it went, knowing both Frank and Mrs. Olds. Miriam Olds is about 40, and a semi-pro writer...that is, she's sold a half dozen stories, none particularly outstanding. She's intelligent, but incredibly narrow-minded, almost to the point of bigotry. Things like that --a smart person who refuses to examine both sides of a question --make Frank furious.

MG Olds probably began arguing in her fantastic sans-logic manner with Frank out of sheer spite, having been against him in every way ever since the unfortunate bit of his in Carter Little's mag. Frank loves to argue, and no doubt entered into it with gusto, but when he saw how futile it was to attempt rational discussion with her, how she twisted what he said to ridicule him and serve her ends, distorting his expressed opinions, ignoring those which were most important to concentrate on side issues...well, it probably crogled him for good.

From there on out it was strictly hammer and tongs.

By the time I entered FAPA the feud had reached horrible proportions. It was, frankly, becoming disgusting to those of us sitting on the side-lines, observing. Imagine that battle between Dave Mason and George Wetzel that went on in WENDIGO some years back, then magnify it two or three times in intensity, and you have at least some idea of how far it had gone.

All of us felt that if the two ever came face to face, it would have to end with a visit from the riot squad. Too much had gone before for them to have ever reconciled their differences.

But when Frank arrived at my house, two days before the con, none of us expected to see MG Olds at all. She came up in conversation only once or twice. Usually I would bring her up, and Frank would snort and mutter a curse.

I had packed a bag the previous afternoon and together we'd conquered the confusing public transportation system of the city and made it to the hotel. We fell into the company of fans who'd already arrived almost immediately, and partied with them on the eve of the con until quite late. We slept on the floor of someone's room --the Berkeley group's, I believe --until ten the next morning, and then, with Frank, I went down stairs and got us a room.

We checked into the hotel officially, and prepared ourselves for a long week-end of fannish kicks. And then came MG Olds.

By the time we reached the fourth floor, our little group had collected a number of hangers-on. Some I knew, some I didn't. Most of the fans we'd been with the night before were still in bed, and some of the people we especially wanted to meet hadn't yet put in an appearance. A few neo's, undoubtedly up since the crack of dawn for fear they'd miss something, recognized Frank from the photo cover on the last issue of EN GARDE and joined our party in the hopes of getting into the Inner Circle. I think Randy Brown was there, and John Champion, and Greg, and Ron, and maybe one or two others. In any case, there were some six or eight fans with us when we came to a halt outside 419.

For a moment, we all sort of looked at each other. Ron grinned and knocked twice. A woman's voice said, "Yes? Who is it?"

Ron looked around at us. I shrugged.

"Some fans, Mrs. Olds," he replied. "Are you busy?"

The door opened suddenly, and there she was. Fortyish; a face not yet resigned to wrinkles but evidently giving the matter some thought, rather jowly but not unusually so. Her hair had once been golden blonde, it seemed to me; now it was merely a pleasant mousy brown. She wore glasses, the kind with plastic rims that have little imitation rhinestones in them. A conservative dress.

She smiled and waved at the room behind her. "I just arrived. With my husband, that is. Ky, you boys certainly got to me quickly. Come in, won't you?" Frank, Ron, and Greg walked in, but I lagged behind for a moment to inform the neo's that there wasn't room for everyone inside, and that we had something important to discuss with Mrs. Olds. They sneered and clomped off down the hall. Randy, John, and I followed the rest inside. As I closed the door, I found everyone quiet. Ron said, "It's no good, Kent. She recognizes Frank, too." Mrs. Olds laughed, a nice, warm sort of laugh. "Of course. I get EN GARDE the same as the rest of you." She looked slyly at Frank. "I think he sends me copies just to annoy me." No malice, no sarcasm. It was just a kind of opening gambit. "Yeah, I'm always interested in your reactions to my writings, Mrs. Olds," Frank said. I sat there thinking of the names that had been called, the insults hurled. Were they just fencing, awaiting an opportunity to lunge, or could it be that they might actually get along with one another? There was an awkward silence, and then I said, "Uh, did you get the new FAPA mailing before you left Arizona, Mrs. Olds?" I didn't know what Frank would do if she had, but I had to ask the question and get it out of my system.

"No, I didn't...uh..."

"Kent Koomaw"

"Oh yes, of course. How are you?"

"Fine, Mrs. Olds." There was a brief interlude while she got the names of the other fans in the room, and shook hands with each of them, naming.

"Well," she said, "you see, I left home three days ago with Robert, and we've been riding busses ever since. Is the mailing out? I didn't think Ron Ellik would be this efficient as OE."

"It's out." I didn't bring up Frank's article, and nobody else in the room knew of it but him and me. "I enjoyed your mag very much," I said, as an excuse for having asked about the mailing in the first place.

Ron said, "You're one person we never expected to see at this convention. When did you decide to come?"

"As a matter of fact, not until about a week ago. Bob didn't expect to get his vacation at the plant until next spring, but there was a sudden mixup of some sort and he was forced to take it now or not at all. It came as quite a surprise to me; I never expected to be here myself! This is my very first convention, by the way. Bob's downstairs on something or other. He isn't a fan, but I'm sure you'll enjoy meeting him."

We all mumbled something about yes, we would. There was another uncomfortable break in the conversation. We'd walked in prepared for the worst, and now that Frank and MG had seen each other and nothing was happening, we didn't know exactly what to do next.

Mrs. Olds was no dummy. I think she sensed our confusion, and looked over at Frank again.

"I suppose you're all amazed that I didn't pull out a gun and shoot Franklin as soon as he walked through the door."

We laughed politely, but she had been closer to the truth with that remark than she ever knew.

She smiled. I was beginning to like that smile very much. "No, no, you boys have misjudged me. I like to argue as well as anyone, and Franklin and I have certainly had some doozies. But I certainly don't see why we should spoil this convention for ourselves by continuing our disagreements through the weekend, though. I came here to have a good time. What about you, Franklin?"

"Suits me," he said. I looked over at him. He was smiling too. "Mighty. We'd better agree not to discuss politics or religion or anything too controversial, though, Mrs. Olds. Don't you think?"

"Perhaps that would be best, Franklin. You hold some peculiar views along those lines, don't you?"

I cringed. Tension permeated the air for a second.

"Your views seem quite peculiar to me, Mrs. Olds, as you must be aware."

"Yes indeed. I certainly am." We laughed again. "But we'd better keep off this line of talk if we don't want to begin scrapping. I don't think my husband would appreciate your beating up his only wife. At least I think I'm the only one..."

And on it went. We chatted lightly with Mrs. Olds until her husband returned, about ten minutes later, and met him. They seemed like extremely nice people, and I found it difficult to conceive of this warm, friendly woman sitting behind a typewriter, turning out the material that had filled MARGO and FREBBLE, and all the other NC Olds fanzines FAPA had seen during the past five years... long before any of the rest of us had even heard of science fiction, much less fandom.

We left to allow them time to unpack and settle themselves, promising to see both of them later in the day. At the door, Mrs. Olds shook our hands again, Frank included, and said she had been very glad to meet all of us and looked forward to seeing us later.

We stood outside the door for nearly a full minute after she closed it, even more stunned than ever before.

"That was incredible," I managed after a time.

"Ghod," said Benford.

"Frank," said Ron, "I can't believe it."

"Well, what're you so dumbfounded about? Did you actually expect her to throttle me with her bare hands?"

He was trying to pass off lightly what had happened, but I could tell that it

had amazed him as much as the rest of us. It seemed impossible that her personalities, paper and real, could be so far removed.

"To be truthful, yes," I replied.

Frank smiled wryly. "So did I, Kent, so did I."

I saw little of Frank during the rest of the day. We were both anxious to meet and talk to as many different people as possible, and aside from interludes in which we happened to wind up in the same room, our quests carried us to different parts of the hotel.

That evening, I walked out of the evening session just before a re-re-showing of "The Day The Earth Stood Still" and went down to 770 to see if anything was happening there.

I found the door open and the last remnants of a party inside: a half dozen empty glasses at various places, a couple of full ashtrays, and three fans engaged in an intense game of gin rummy on the bed. One of them was rich brown, and I asked him what the hell had been happening.

"Ford had a party going here an hour or so ago, but it broke up. He's drunk as a skunk. Everybody began excusing himself about the time he began getting obnoxious." He gestured at a bottle of gin on the nightstand, two-thirds empty. "A good part of that is inside ol' FHF right now."

"Y'know where he went?" I asked.

"Hell, yes, he made it plain enough. He said he was going to find MG Olds, and 'iron out their difficulties' or something. Talk things over with her, he said. Are they feuding or something?"

"Yeah," I muttered, "Something like that. He said he was going down to 419?"

"That her room? I guess so. What's going on upstairs?"

"Nothing much. Look, rich, if Frank comes back here, tell him to wait around for me, eh?"

"Sure, Kent. Gin, Fleischman."

I was outside, heading for the elevator, before Marty Fleischman could reply. I knew that Frank, drunk or sober, could take care of himself, and that I really had no business nosing in, but I couldn't shake the feeling that with MG Olds and Frank together and Frank high, there might be trouble. I waited impatiently for the elevator.

When I got to 419, I found Greg Benford standing just outside the door. There were loud voices inside. "What in hell's going on in there?" I asked.

"Franklin Ford and Mrs. Olds. I came down here with him from a party he held in 770. He was raving about how he was gonna talk things over with her 'in a sensible manner' or something like that. He's really stewed, and they're arguing to beat hell now."

"What are you standing out here for?"

"Heck, I told him to take it easy, and he practically threw me out. The old girl tried to keep the peace for a while, but after a while she began going at him in earnest. As if that false front she put on this morning was stretched to the breaking point."

"Where's Mr. Olds?"

"Up watching the movie, I imagine. What'll we do?"

"Let's go in and break this thing up."

I pushed the door open cautiously and found them there, Frank wobbling on a chair, talking rapidly, and Mrs. Olds seated on the edge of the bed, evidently quite disturbed.

"...-stand, MG. The thing is this: when you give a group like that the power to determine...oh, hi, Kent. We're jus' having a friendly li'l discussion."

He was grinning at me sloppily.

"Frank, don't you think you ought to get some air? Let's go back to the room, or up to the movie, or somewhere."

He waved his hand and shook his head. "Nuts. Now, Mrs. Olds, as I was aying..."

She wasn't drunk or anything, ghod knows, but she seemed to be just as deeply involved in the wrangling over censorship as he was.

"Franklin, you're not looking at this thing objectively at all. You're intelligent. You're able to take care of yourself. But you must remember that there are some people who simply must be protected from the sort of thing you're..."

"Mrs. Olds," I interrupted. "Frank's drunk. I'm sure you'll be able to finish this up tomorrow..."

"Shut up!" he snarled at me suddenly. "Mind your own business, willya? Mrs. Olds, I can't put it strongly enough that..."

"No, no, you're all confused. I think this pseudo-liberalism of yours is just a front. Deep down you know I'm talking sense, but you've been so brainwashed by all the left-wing propaganda you young men receive that you can't think straight anymore. Franklin, don't you recognize a communist environment when you..."

They went on like this for five minutes or so, getting steadily stronger in their arguments, more heated in their rebuttals. Greg and I stood ther watching them, unable to act, unnoticed by these adversaries as they warmed to the combat.

At last, MG Olds, her face flushed, leaped to her feet and cried, "Franklin, you're a hopeless ignoramus!"

And Frank, in his stupor, got to his feet and said in an equally loud voice "And you, Mrs. Olds, are nothing but a goddamn fugghead!"

"What was that?"

The voice had come from behind me. I turned. Greg had left the door open, and standing there framed in it, scowling at Frank, was Robert Olds.

He was wearing a baggy grey suit, with an open-necked sport shirt exposing his prominent breastbone, which was in keeping with the rest of his tall, lean frame. His steel-rimmed glasses were pushed forward on his nose, and his sparse grey-brown hair appeared ruffled. I cannot, even now, say for certain whether or not he was drunk too.

I winced as he came into the room.

"I said what did you call my wife?" he shouted, grabbing Frank by the arm. "Answer me, boy!"

"G'evening, Mr. Olds. Your wife and I were jus' having a friendly li'l..." I doubt if he even knew what was going on at that point.

"Shut up, you punk! I heard that word! I don't care who you are, you can't say things like that and get away with it!"

It was obvious that Mr. Olds had misunderstood Frank. I sterted over and said, "look, there's been a mistake, Mr. Olds. Frank merely said..."

"I heard what he said!" The man was livid with rage, which he seemed to extend towards all of us. He frightened me; I thought he might have a heart attack or something. The cords stood out in his neck, and his face was a brilliant red. Before I could react, he reached out and backhanded Frank across the face. His ring gouged into the flesh of Frank's cheek, and a tiny streak of blood appeared. I stood paralyzed, unbelieving.

He pushed Frank towards me, and before Frank could try to hit Olds, I grabbed his arm and hustled him over to the door.

"There was no reason for that," I seethed. "I could get the house dick up here for that!"

"Yeah? Try it, sonny, just try it. I'm sure he'd agree that a drunken snot can't go around shooting off his dirty mouth at a respectable woman and get away with it. Yeah, let's get that house dick up here!"

I visualized explaining the word "fugghead" to a complete stranger for a second, and then Miriam Olds spoke for the first time. "Bob, you really don't...?"

"Keep out of this, Miriam. I've always stood for your engaging in this stupid hobby if you wanted to, and I even agreed to use my vacation so you could come out here and meet these people, but when some fresh young snot hardly out of short pants comes around with his foul mouth--"

Greg took Frank's other arm and we backed him out the door. I mumbled a couple of obscene phrases addressed towards Mr. Olds, but not so he could hear them. There was nothing we could do, but I had to say something. I could see Frank's face as the larger man's hand sliced across his nose, and the blood, and most of all the look of utter surprise in Frank's eyes when he was hit.

"I hope you're real proud, Mr. Olds. You're a great big man, beating up a guy six inches shorter'n you and who's so blind drunk he can't even fight back. That sure takes guts, Mister Olds!"

"GET OUT!!" he screamed.

He slammed the door so hard in our faces that I had to jump back.

The last thing I saw inside was Miriam Olds.

She was standing behind her husband, her hands notted together.

I think she was crying.

+ + + + +

I'm not going to end this like a Marion Zimmer Bradley story or anything, and tell you that both Miriam Olds and Franklin Ford gafiated after this incident and were never heard from again. It didn't happen that way at all.

Frank and MG stayed on in FAPA for some time; they both stayed on at the convention, too. Mr. Olds, though, didn't venture out of his room until he and his wife were ready to check out, which was just as well.

I saw Miriam Olds and Frank within twenty feet of each other only once more during that weekend, and they made no notice of seeing each other.

I didn't mention the incident to anyone, and I don't think Greg did either. It was such a disgusting affair that I think we all preferred just to forget it. I'm really glad that Robert Olds wasn't around though. I don't know what we'd have done.

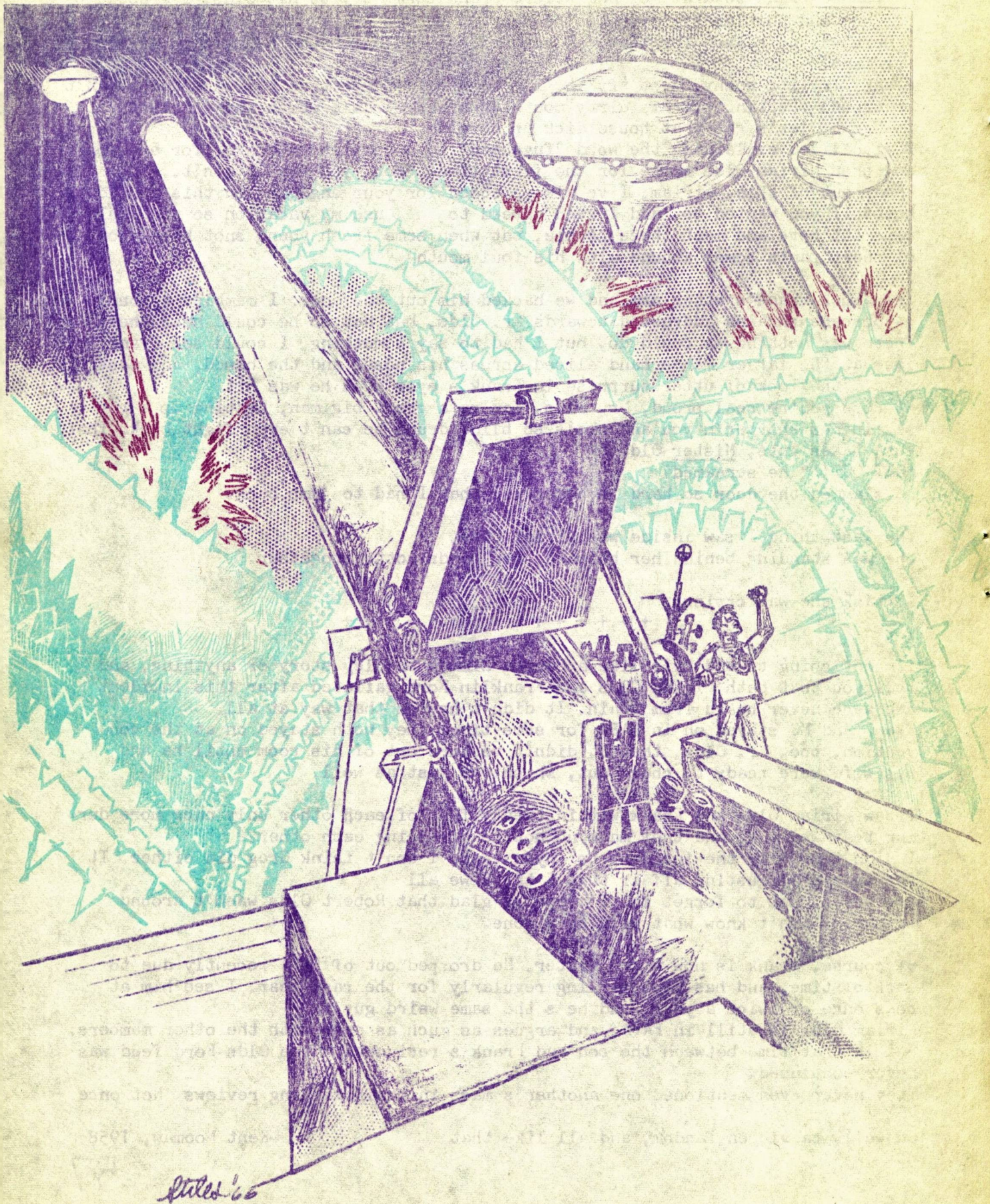
Of course, Frank is now a pro writer. He dropped out of FAPA recently due to lack of time, and has been selling regularly for the past year. I see him at cons once or twice a year, and he's the same weird guy.

Miriam Olds is still in FAPA, and argues as much as ever with the other members. But in that time between the con and Frank's resignation the Olds-Ford feud was never continued.

They never even mentioned one another's mags in their mailing reviews. Not once.

Oh well. La vie en fandom, and all like that.

-Kent Loomaw, 1958



SNELL ————— FANZINES

Trumpet 3 (Tom Heary, 1709 Debbie Drive, Plano, Texas, 75074) is out, in fact has been out many months now, and has improved over the previous two issues. Repro in this issue has reverted to all photo-offset black, and Tom is still using excellent varityping throughout. Layout and repro are tops, and the artwork is of high quality also. George Barr, Alex Eisenstein and Ray Nelson all have top quality work between the covers. However, the contents aren't of such high quality. Ray Bradbury's The Pandemonium Theatre Company Arrives has appeared too many places before I saw it in this issue for me to feel joy at seeing it again. I also have no great love for reviews of movies, horror or otherwise. The Broken Blade, old fanzine reviews by Kent Bloomaw, were of unusual interest to me: I enjoyed seeing Ken Leale get egoboo eight years deferred when he read this issue. The Bohemian Tory, Salvarzan of the Apes, and the lettercolumn leave much to be desired. The major trouble with TRUMPET is that while repro and artwork are generally the best I've ever seen in a fanzine, the material is mediocre or at the best only good.

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Peemlwort 4 (Greg Shaw, 2545 Lexington Way, San Bruno, California, 94066) is evidently the product of a member of apa L. That is, it has short articles, one page contributions, and an annoying habit of having no unity of production. Mimeography is fair, but the contents are rather poor. The lettercolumn is placed at the middle section of the fanzine, and you have to wade through a dozen or so poorly edited letters in order to reach the second half of the contents. The articles and reviews are also scattered through with dozens of small, poorly done drawings which detract further from any attempt to read the contents. Some of the art is electro-stenciled when it could have easily been copied directly onto the stencil. (Shades of Free Radical!) Stephen Barr contributes an uninteresting and poorly written column, and the rest of the void is filled with weak and unedited book reviews by several different persons. I found the only interesting items in this issue to be two poems with opposing views of the going of the Elvenlords from Middle Earth. Personally, I think Greg Shaw would do better to stick to Tolkein, where he is certainly more adept in judgement and writing.

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Auslander 1 (Dave Hulan, Box 422, Tarzana, Calif., 91356) is a new venture on the fannish scene by an old familiar face from apa L. Dave got tired of the weekly grind, and has decided to get back into the bi-monthly grind with this genzine. In appearance this is a handsome fanzine indeed: well-reproduced, attractively layed-out, with well-stenciled ATOM cartoons throughout. The contents live up to the package, too. Ron Ellik, Ed Cox (the co-editor), and Bob Coulson all contribute well written, interesting articles and columns. With the calm, easy fannish atmosphere that this Los Angeles-based zine has, I look forward to its going a long way.

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Hippocampelephantocamelos 2 (Fred Hollander, Lloyd House, Caltech, Pasadena, Cal., 91109) is what is commonly known as a neo-crud-zine. Well, not exactly a crudzine, but pretty close to it. Fred has drawn on the experience he has gained in apa L to produce this thing, and I'm afraid he needs lots more experience (judging from his apa L zine, I'd say he needs lots more experience there, too). Like several fanzines before this, Fred (a student at a technical college) has drawn pretty heavily on technical articles and the like to fill this thing. Now, I personally

have nothing against technical articles -- as long as they don't appear in a fanzine. Unfortunately for me, this fanzine contains several such items.

Artwork is spotty; several good fillos have been ruined by poor stenciling, and the mimeography is spotty and not as well done as it could be. This fanzine suffers from the editor's not having enough experience, both in putting together a large-sized fanzine and in his inability to edit the material into a concise group of articles. Given time, Fred Hollander may have something. Or he may go back to the morass of fannishneisms that exist in apa L.

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Hollanderings 1 (Rich Mann, 249B So. Nevada, Grand Forks AFB, Grand Forks, N.D.) was the first genzine effort of Rich Mann. Rich sent it to Redd Boggs, where it gathered dust for more than a year. Several months ago Boggs rediscovered the stencils and mailed them to Bruce Pelz, who ran them off. This is an interesting item: it was the first genzine effort, and yet it ended up being the 100th publication of Rich's. The difference between Rich Mann August 64 and Rich Mann Jan 66 is something to behold. Even at that early date Rich had layout down to a free and easy art, with good reproduction, firm stenciling of artwork, and the ability to edit decisively. If this fanzine were to be published again, I would say that it could be the best fanzine emanating from the midwest. But Rich's future is hazy, at this time, and I don't think there will be another issue. Rich dropped out of apa L, and has now dropped out of college as well. If he survives the long dusk into which he is headed, he will be a name to be eagerly awaited in fannish circles. It's a shame this is a first and last issue; this zine might have gone far.

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Quip 2 (Len Bailes, Reiber Hall, UCLA, L.A., Calif., 90024 & Arnie Katz, UB Apts., -479B, Allenhurst Road, Eggertsville, NY, 14226) is a fine fannish fanzine in the great tradition of ~~Void~~ Void. In fact, it makes a great thing of being the fannish successor of Void, which may not be a Good Thing. Quip is a fine fanzine, nonetheless, with good repro, fair stenciling of artwork, and a moderately-well layed out contents (last issue, with layout by Arnie Katz, suffered accordingly). Ross Chamberlain contributed a fine, fannish offset cover in the great Void tradition (see above for comments). Arnie Katz has a free-flowing editorial in which he mentions my name 7 or so times. It is the best part of the fanzine. Over one third of this fanzine consists of reprints from earlier fanzines and from apa L. I don't think that Arnie can keep calling Algol a "reprint fanzine" if he keeps this up. Ed Cox gives an interesting and nostalgic glance at the Fanscient, and Ted White has perhaps the most interesting material of all, a fanzine review column where he praises where praise is best and slashes at a few overblown egos. I like this fanzine; it has personality, and several of the qualities that make a fine fannish fanzine out of any genzine.

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Received and appreciated:

Zingaro 6 (Mark Irwin, 1747 Elmwood Drive, Highland Park, Illinois, 60035)

This is a rather poor apazine, with most features by the editor. Not worth 25¢.

The Invader 10 (Joe Staton, 469 Emis Street, Milan, Tenn., 38358) This SFPA zine is well written and well illustrated by this editor/artist. Reproduction, layout, and editing are all within this fans abilities. Dave Hulan also has a very fine article on optics and fandom.

Collectors Bulletin #4 (Red Brooks, 911 Briarfield Road, Newport News, Va., 23605)

Of interest chiefly to completist collectors of magazines, books, paperbound.

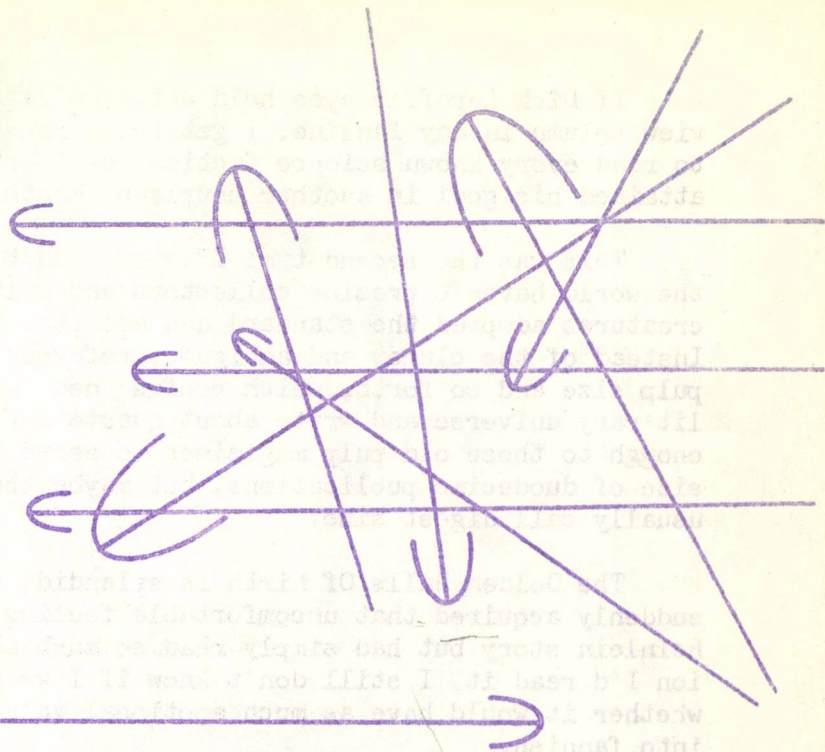
Westercon One-shot (Dwain Kaiser) Of interest chiefly to those who don't remember that they contributed. Issued a good many months after the WesterCon, unfortunately.

Aspidistra 10 (Riccardo Leveghi, Via Grazioli, 85, Trento, Italy) In italian, but it looks interesting. Very interesting, different cover.

RANDOM

FACTORS

LETTERCOL



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

I had hoped to apologize in person to you for my delay in commenting on the tenth Algol, but I didn't learn the exact place and date of the Phillycon until it was too late to try to switch working schedules.

Genzines dying? I hadn't thought of that calamity. Since you mention it, I do have the feeling that they aren't arriving here quite as frequently as they did a couple of years ago. But that might be due to my disappearance from the mailing lists of some fans who were on the opposite side of the Breen and Martin fasses. Then there is the possibility that an overseas Worldcon exerts a baleful influence on fanzine publishing in general during the year in which it happens. I don't mean to claim that a large number of fans consciously stop publishing fanzines so they'll have more money for the trip, but there may be a subconscious urge to economize that slows down the output. With all the glossing and check-listing in progress these days, it's strange that nobody performs the quite easy task of keeping count on how many issues of how many fanzine titles appear each year. Tucker kept that tally for quite a long time, providing instructive comparisons and letting fans know how close they were coming to being completist collectors ((Well, Harry, why don't you do it? If you do, I'll print the thing, or maybe Coulson would...))

Ted White's troubles on the Pennsylvania and New Jersey Turnpikes are symptoms of my sudden reluctance to drive on the things. I've been waiting anxiously for years for the extensions of those interstate highways through this section, because of the mortal peril involved in venturing on the existing roads. (One five-mile section of Route 40 over the first mountain west of Hagerstown has cost 19 lives in the past two years.) But I've already had enough trouble with drivers who bluff their way into traffic from acceleration lanes and those who straddle the center line, and now I'm looking forward to the day when the interstate highways will be completed and I'll be able to retreat to the safer narrow roads which will have lost most traffic to the modern roads.

If Dick Lupoff's eyes hold out, you'll continue to have the best book review column in any fanzine. I get the strangest impression that he has set out to read every known science fiction novel between hardcovers and will have attained his goal in another couple of months.

This was the second time I've enjoyed Bill Blackbeard's article. Why in the world haven't prozine collectors and writers of nostalgia and other such creatures adopted the standard and accepted terms to refer to magazine sizes? Instead of the clumsy and ambiguous references to standard pulp size and large pulp size and so forth, which confuse new fans, we could join the rest of the literary universe and write about quarto and octavo publications, which are close enough to those old pulp magazines to serve. I'm a little hazy about the exact size of duodecimo publications, but maybe that term would fit for the size we usually call digest size.

The Golden Halls Of Mirth is splendid, even though halfway through it I suddenly acquired that uncomfortable feeling that I've never read the famous Heinlein story but had simply read so much about it that I'd gotten the impression I'd read it. I still don't know if I've read the Heinlein story but I doubt whether it would have as much emotional value for me as this translation of it into fannish.

The artwork is superb, all the way through, but the ATom fullpager at the end is a real stunner. I wonder if he has adopted these new non-representational influences in his artwork just since his trip to the United States, or is it all my imagination that that adventure changed his style. Whatever happened, there's a new depth and sense of outreness to recent ATom work that didn't use to exist.

Yrs., &c., Harry Arner, Jr.

{{That's a curious effect you mention, Harry. As a matter of fact, the drawing that you liked so much was done several years ago. I got it from Andy Main who got it from Terry Carr. When I put it on master, I cut several of the objects from it because of lack of room on the page; perhaps that's why Terry hadn't used it in so long a time. And that's art Lessons for this issue...}}

~~~~~

Greg Benford  
Seahorse Inn, apt. 141  
526 Grand Avenue  
Del Mar, Calif., 92014

For all these pages, one feels that there should be more here to remember, after reading. But I enjoyed Angol {{sic}} anyway, even if it did seem a bit uneven and watered-down in texture.

Perhaps one reason genzines aren't as nearly plentiful and excellent today is that the egoboo quotient of fans has lowered. There seems to be a whole group of fans, almost all relatively new, who get a kick out of seeing x number of pages with their names on them. {{Dwain Kaiser recently boasted that he is one of the largest publishers, page-wise, in the nation, to which I commented that he was the largest publisher of crud in the nation. Your theory certainly has merit, I must admit.}} The apae quite adequately take care of such people, and of course writing something up in a formalistic style for a genzine is a lot of work compared to rambling. I've always been interested in writing things which have a point; I still don't know whether I'll fit into FAPA, really {{dont worry; the apae quite adequately take care of such people as you}} since I've never written mailing comments. But the best mlg comments are like little articles, so perhaps it won't be a drastic change to me. I don't want to sound like an old fan and tired, but the quality of fannish writing seems to me to have declined noticeably in the last two or three years {{Perhaps that's because you've done less yourself than you



could find the market for in fandom, Greg}}

Conreport fairly interesting; it illustrates one reason why I may be looking at fandom in a different light now -- I just don't much care what all these people, most of whom I know, were doing at the MidwesCon.

Ted White very interesting. I tend to believe I would've taken one or the other of the violent alternatives he lists later, for I've never been very good at backing away from arguments or potentially dangerous incidents. I never would've stayed around for a beating, certainly, and I probably would've tried to inflict some damage on the antagonist. Hell, I just don't like being shoved around. Ted was undoubtedly right in what he did -- he got a few bruises and a fan article out of it, but I probably would have ended up answering questions from the police. Gee, maybe that's why Ted writes more than I do...

Lupoff good on books, but I'd rather hear his general comments on the Nature of Science Fiction than reviews of specific books. {{Gee. That's pretty much what Dick has in mind for the next issue of Algol, among other things...}}

Beaten To A Pulp is the best thing in the issue. I wish Bill would write an article on just what it was: I like to pick up a DIME DETECTIVE and read Chandler writing about the time he lived in. It must have added a lot to the effect of the style.

Idea: why doesn't Lupoff write up his oblique comments in this issue on "Humanistic Stf," to use his term, and why the ERB scene is a reaction to introverted stf. I'd like to know what he means by humanistic, and how to write it.

Best, Greg

~~~~~

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

Got Algol 10 oh, not too long ago. A nice fat juicy thing too. With 58 pages you really ought to stop using that midget stapler and get a heavy duty one. Of course it was worse on my copy, I actually had 63 pages as pages 11-20 were in there twice. {{*Sigh*}} Your repro is better tho, only faded out in a couple of places.

Jack Chalker called a few days ago while he was in Norfolk, and was all hot about something called "Degler 87" he said you had sent out, evidently to do with the rivalry over the consite. I really couldn't make it out over the phone, not having gotten one myself. Something about you claiming to walk through Central Park every night or so. {{It is to laugh. Or, as we say in New York, Ahahahahahahaha.}}



Whites adventure on the expressway was interesting. If it had been me, I would have pulled over and let the Caddy pass, if I could have done so safely, But if he had run me off the road like that, I would have backed

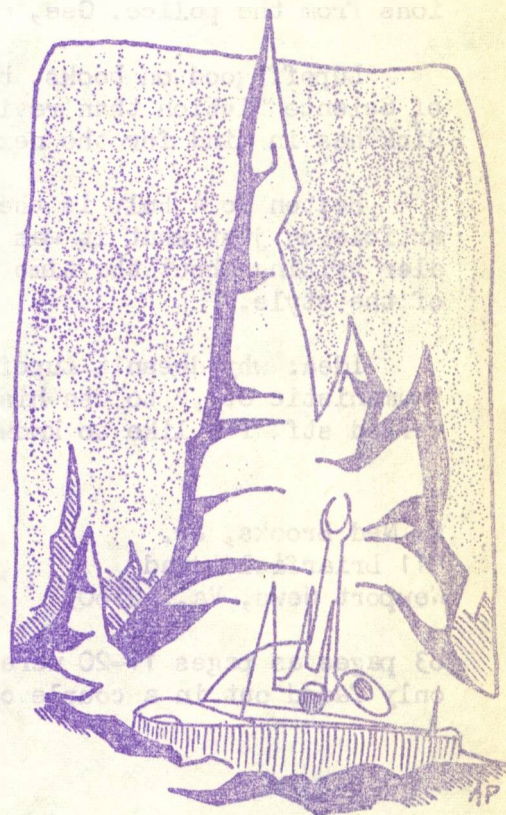
away enough to stay away from him until I could either pull back into the line of traffic or lock the doors and get the gun out of the glove compartment. But then in New York I wouldn't have a gun in the glove compartment, at least not legally. Still, I think I could back down the divider strip faster than a man could run.

I hadn't realized Chamberlain was such a good artist; his illos in #10 were excellent, especially the one for the Zelazny story. The story was not bad but didn't quite come off, somehow. I could see what he was trying to do but it didn't work. Or maybe I wasn't in the mood.

Lupoff reviews the damndest books. Fortunately I don't feel the least bit moved to try to find any of them.

The Golden Hall of Mirth was wonderful, even better than the reprint you had last time. I really can't describe the effect it had on me.

I don't agree with you about Cordwainer Smith. Most of his stories are good aside from the style, and I like the style. It's true that myths don't grow well in our society; there's always someone eager to debunk them. But Smith's stories take place in a future so distant that civilization has collapsed and come back several times. All of the "underpeople" stories take place after the "Restoration of Man" I think. Well, if it's so hard to debunk the debunkers, as they say in saucer fandom, why do you think it will be any easier for myths to develop in a future society complete with the complexity of a 10,000 year advancement in communications. Of course, if the society were based on a theological structure, there would be many legends that the ruling government would not want debunked. As far as I can see, Cordwainer Burbee's stories do not have a theologically-controlled future, so that kills that hypothesis...you are also inconsistent in your argument. Either you like his style, or you don't. Of course, if you felt strongly about this topic, you could write me an article about it...))



Don Martin
West Main Road
Little Compton, R.I., 02837

~~~~~  
Thanks for Algol 10. Front cover this time was better than the back, though both were good. Also muchly liked were page 4 and the spread on pages 14-15.

Lupoff's Book Week was one of the issue's high spots for me. Couldn't agree more on his review of England's "Flying Legion." This yarn has a sheer sweep of adventure that is seldom matched in the current crop of sf-fantasy authors -- too bad Hammond Innes doesn't try a science fiction novel. Incidentally, this yarn was reprinted in the January 1950 "Fantastic Novels" -- it's rare in book form.



Real fine article by Bill Blackbeard on the grand old pulps. One thing, tho. Bottom of page 27 I hope he is referring to "Spicy Adventure," not "Adventure." "Adventure," (strictly unspicy) was a fine magazine, especially in the '20s and early '30s, before Popular Publications bought the title. They ran some fantasy -- "Green Splashes" and "Atlantida" plus some of Mandy -- but the bulk of the yarns were straight, well-written action stuff.

Blackbeard is right, the paperbacks and digest-sized 'zines are no substitute for the pulps. The quality of the writing today is generally higher, but too much of the stuff seems almost machine made. Some authors do have distinctive styles, such as Simak, Vance and Norton, but most of them read all alike. Today's sf seems cold, somehow, and inhuman. ((Well, if it is science fiction, then that's good, isn't it?)) As an example, take any of L. Ron Hubbard's yarns in the old "Unknown." The grammar would never get by today, and the typical Hubbard yarn had a number of small inconsistencies. Yet the writers' style carried you right along, and you never had to check back to find out the authors' name.

But the difference between the old pulps and today's mags goes even beyond the fiction. Where today do you see such illustrations as the two-page spreads and the full-page bordered illos such as Finlay and Lawrence did for F.F.M. and F.U? Or Ed Cartiers' whacky illos in "Unknown" or the fine "Weird Tales" art of Dalgor and Fox? Freas is back, and he's good, as are others such as Emshwiller, but they're limited by the size of the magazines and paperbacks.

And how about Jerry Bixby's "Frying Pan" and various fanzine review columns? And the fine readers columns in so many of the old pulps? Sure, there was a lot of "GoshWow, Geewhiz" stuff, but there were also many interesting letters. They're squeezed out of today's thumbnail-size magazines. Or maybe it's just that no one but me cares any more. I do know that I used to buy "Planet" mainly for the blatt column -- the fiction was mostly pretty bad.

Sincerely, Don Martin

¶¶ The trouble with the magazines -- and paperbacks -- today can be summed up in one word: MONEY. It costs money to buy the paper and have it printed that it didn't cost even 10 years ago. No editor will print needless columns that cater to a small minority of his readers when the ones who matter -- the casual reader, or the one who has never even heard of conventions or the Worldcon -- are the ones who are really supporting the magazine. No one is going to waste space on large size magazines when the paper costs of these magazines for one issue would have paid for 6 entire issues of something in 1946 -- or three issues in 1956. Don't worry tho -- eventually everything that wasn't non-fiction will be reprinted from the pulps into the paperbacks. I would estimate that every third paperback that you buy nowadays is reprinted from the pulps. Belmont, Paperback Library and Ace Books are the three big reprinters. And Paperback Library is perhaps the third largest publisher of paperback sf in this country.))



Barbara May  
215 West Madison Blvd.  
Apt. #2  
Inglewood, Calif., 90301

Your recent Loclac -- lamented in Algol 10's BJ -- is undeserved, and so I thought I'd comment on 10, loaned me by Bill Blackbeard, even tho I must rank pretty far down on any local totem composed of those from whom you expected letters: Bjo, Harness,

Dave Van Arnhem, etc. -- sort of a loc lowman, in fact. ((No pretty girl is a Loc lowman -- and I expect to get letters from the aforementioned people Some Year Now, as we say in Quick Response to Fanzines fandom...))



It seems to me that Algol 10 shows much improvement in general appearance, art, and especially repro over #9. I found the artwork quite good in 10, particularly the covers and the Stiles and ATom interiors, which I would certainly not characterize as "fillos." I didn't, however, care much for the two pieces by Fred Phillips (I think that by removing or softening the heavy background lines you would have improved the drawings and fitted them better into the all-over unity of the issue, if you had to have them at all), or the Ross Chamberlain on Page 13. ((I must apologize for what I did to Ross's illo; as he later said, I "gave her a beautiful appendectomy scar." \*blush\*))

Contents wise, 10 was very enjoyable. Your report on the Midwescon was quite interesting (I have yet to make a Con -- having been bedded down during the WesterCon by a Sickness which struck a bare day before the affair -- and I'm determined to make the Clevention if it kills me.). Ted White's piece was delightful -- and horrifying. The other driver must have been psychotic; I think TEW showed remarkable restraint in acting as he did. I liked the Zelazny story (why couldn't Ted have slipped something this fine and brief into F&SF?) and thought Chamberlain did a fine job here, too, although the green lettering clashed somewhat with the rest of the spread. My favorite piece this was the "Golden Halls of Eirth" dredging (spolied illo-wise in part by Chamberlain's clumsy human figure, layout, and lettering, although his machine was well-done). ((That "clumsy human figure" was rich brown. I must confess to having done the layout and Lettering, which did not Work Out, as they say...)) I think the reprint-policy is being well handled so far (how about some Laney or Purbee, though?) ((any suggestions?)) and helps build a definite character for Algol. I don't blame you for looking for Wood; his "Crut" in 9 was fine, and something by him in 10 would have made the issue Even Better.

I have . . . to take issue with your remark in BJ to the effect that "any dittoed zine that has attempted to go somewhere has done so with art, not material..."

SAM on you, in fact.

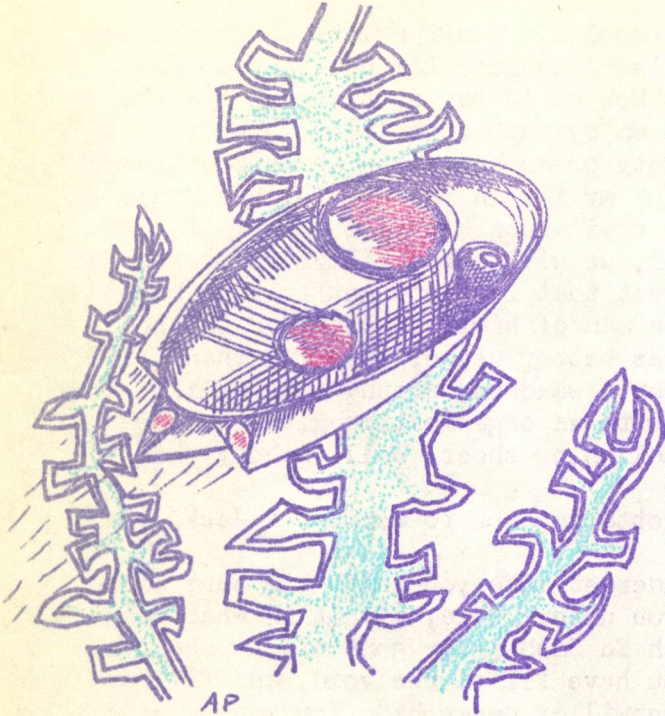
Best, Barbara May

(( Uh, well, most dittoed fanzines have tried to make it solely on artwork. Sam was an inspiration for this fanzine (I stole several ditto techniques from Steve Stiles, ~~who got them from the ditto~~) both in layout, artwork, and use of color. However, Steve Stiles, former Ditto Master of New York Fandom, confided in me that when he gets out of the Army he intends to stick almost solely to mimeo. Alas, as they say.))

~~~~~

John Do. Gaughan Your editorial seems to call for a little comment except that Edgewater, NJ once in a while it seemed more like a magazine blurb than an editorial. It seemed to be more casual informative than editorial and I can't complain about that. I wish I'd gone to the Midwescon. I was born and bred in that Briar Patch, but I'd probably get my head handed to me if I ever went back to Ohio and didn't visit innumerable relatives. Somehow they know when I'm in the area (bad breath?).

Ted White's column was a interesting and frightening catharsis. I misjudge Ted. Somehow I figured Ted to be the red-necked, quick tempered, high blood-pressured fellah who'd run over a nut such as the one he described. But I'm finding out that beneath the fire-brand exterior there beats the heart of a kindly old gentle-



man somewhat akin to Father Barbour. I must say in a situation like that I'd probably freeze or shout rude things through a half opened wing. Regular Man of Steel.

The Zelazny piece could have been moving were it not that I find myself getting less fond of nostalgia and much more willing to accept today than yesterday. I can't cut off the past, nor do I wish to, but other than learning from it what one can I no longer get weepy over the last this or that...particularly when the this or that pelonged peculiarly to a rather brief period in history anyway. I certainly would miss the Last Rhino but not something which was needed in the 1800s and is no longer necessary.

Lupoff's contribution seems to me to be above reproach. His personal likes and dislikes are so openly presented and his remarks so unpontifical that even in some

few areas where I disagree (or prefer other things) I should be merely being cranky to complain (I'm not that fond of ERB...).

Lee's article made me sad. I kept equating her Sunday schedule to mine when I was kicking around by my lonesome and gobbling up all those ruddy movies. At the time I just wasn't able to do anything else and the flix became horribly tedious no matter what they were. To this day I'm reticent to go see one...though I'll sit and watch the TeeVee...can't comfortably swill ale in the movies what with disposing of the dead ones and running to the John and all. Anyway I hope Lee's situation is not like mine was.

The rest of Algol 10 is to be congratulated on neatness, sincerity ((Aw, Shucks...)) and aptness of thought but you had one GEM there, friend Andy: Frank Wilimczyk's much too short "The Look of A Book." Oh, the things he implied in that terse article! And the sweat and grumbling which he so graciously left out! Probably the most difficult part of of book designing is dealing with all the important people who pay you and don't know their...well, you know. One of the biggest hardcover publishers, through an editor, recently approached me about printing (reprinting, actually...and for free!) some of my drawings. I was informed that they had an air-brush man who could do any necessary retouching...which I thought was interesting since we were talking about pen and ink drawings. The point of this being that editorial-type people are remote and seem to be kept remote from the grimy reality of how books are produced. I'm sure this gentleman's output suffers not at all from his lack of production know-how but I keep thinking what beautiful (or at least less ugly) things might be produced with only a teeny-weeny, tiny knowledge of what the boys in the back room (bent over the drafting table) are doing. Well, I only wish I could have said what Frank said with such precision and good manners.

I didn't comment on the art because I don't think I should. I try not to

sound off one way or the other about other peoples's stuff unless under the influence of brew (which is often enough, I guess) because I'm not in what you would call an invulnerable position. Hannes Bok could say pretty much what he pleased because he was untouchable. I don't enjoy such a position...but I'm working on it. I figure by the time I'm ninety or so and maybe an interesting old relic I'll be able to criticize others of my ilk in public. I liked Dan's drawing but ~~wish~~ to Hell he'd get off the comic-book kick (of course it buys the bread and we shouldn't knock it) however, we will never (I'm sure) cease arguing about that. And I dig Stiles. I regret that I didn't get to know him better before they shipped him off to make a man of him...or whatever the hell they do in the Army nowadays. I hope he makes better use of his time than I did. I blanked out for two years and two days. Sorta wandered around zombie-like. A technique I don't recommend for putting up with an organization given to insane fixations about bleaching wood floors and polishing shoes. Well, nobody shot at me. I hope Steve can say the same.

I gotta go back to work, --Jack

((the trouble with you, JEG, is that you underestimate yourself. I'm sure there are lots of people right now who consider you untouchable, if not in what Bok did, then in your own particular style. With Ed Emshwiller gone off to shoot home movies with Ford Foundation Grants, you have filled the void, and filled it very well -- with a style of art that Emshwiller never had. You have every right to criticize artwork in this zine; after all, weren't you too once a struggling little fanartist? And now look at you: grown up, mature, struggling with 24 hour deadlines for the greater glory of your bankroll. And taking medical off your income tax because of all the upset stomachs and headaches you have. Gosh, the life of an artist. I bet you've never even been in a garret, much less one in Paris.))

~~~~~

Rich Mann I think yours  
249B So. Nevada is a lovely  
Grand Forks, N.D. fanzine. Algot  
has come a long  
way from the first issue. As a former  
and sometime (when I can't help it)  
still user of the ditto medium, I  
coggle at your beautiful repro. I  
can see getting results like this for  
maybe 25 or 30 copies, but 130?  
Never. 100 copies is really stretch-  
ing my poor ditto machine, and the  
last ones look pretty damned sad. Do  
you have some sort of secret? ((Only  
my good looks...))

The artwork is lovely, and I  
love your layouts. I've always wanted  
to publish something with a little  
layout to it, but somehow it's  
too much trouble for some apazine,  
even a careful and good one. (( Oh,  
I don't know; I think you did a real  
fine job with your TT for TAPS; cer-  
tainly one of the best dittoed TTs in





the entire length of TAPS, ~~but~~ bar none...))

Of the art, I particularly liked Steve Stiles( page 4 piece. It's not beautiful by any means, but it has the old sense of wonder just bursting all over. It's what you'd call original, which is something that isn't seen every day in fanzines.

I am impressed all to hell and back by the Illustration for The Drawing. Why, that's fantastic. It's totally beyond belief, and Ross deserves eyoboo all over the place for it. I'm stunned.

Bill Blackbeard's article is good. He mentions, however, Ranch Romances, the last pulpzine. This seems to be a fannish fad these days, too. I wrote up a review of it for apa L, reprinted it into SFPA, and then let Gregg Wolford have it for his Fanxdiety 1; then came a Lighthouse discussing the zine, so the article became a letter of comment. Now here's Bill doing it. Gads.

The Golden Halls of Mirth is interesting. Very interesting, even. Rather far fetched in its details, but rich and Paul Stanberry managed to create a mood and a feeling about fandom with the story, which is the important thing. Well worth reprinting; witll there be more along this line? ((It sorta depends on what rich can find and bring to my attention in this sorta thing. At the moment, I don't have anything lined up for the next issue as far as this department goes...))

Harry Warner might be surprised to know how active a few of the younger fans are in the new apa boom. He says that no one can hope to be active in all of them. Well... I claim memberships in every apa now going with the exception of The Cult, FAPA, and InterApa. Other than that, I'm active everywhere. And if that isn't the path to a quick burn-out, I don't know what is. I haven't felt it coming on yet; I'll let you know when it happens. (Current apa memberships as follows: SAPS, SFPA, OMPA, N'APA, TAPS, APA45, APA L.) (( Yeah. And since this letter was written you've dropped out of apa L and maybe a couple of others. And are you a member of Lilape, Stobcler, and a few others? Like apa F...))

Love those full page ATomillos. I shiver with delight. And my knees are loose.  
Positively Fourth Street, Rich



Jim Sanders  
180 East 88th Street  
New York, NY, 10028

I really am amazed. Each time you improve so much that it seems as if the last issue was done by someone else. Algol is one of the best looking fanzines, and one of the most interesting that I have come across recently.

((Aw, why shucks...)) BJ: During its existence apa F was a worthwhile and helpful thing. It seems to have run out of steam, and is now well dead ((disclaimer)) but during its existence it discovered one major fanartist and developed one fine editor. It also helped at least two people to get started and there are a few other good things it did. And while there was little of lasting worth reprinted, you seem to have been able to find what was worthwhile for print. Of course nothing of mine was reprinted, for which you will become my lifelong enemy, but other than that...

Blackbeard's article was valuable, even tho I disagree with practically all his conclusions. First, to the best of my knowledge the digest-sized zines are Not included in the category of "pulp". Also, his conclusion that SS and NV's ((Huh??!?!)) are loosing their appeal is something that I find insupportable. However, since this is one of my push-buttons, I won't start discussing it. There



will have to be something else in your next issue besides my letter...

The Rich Brown story in *Algol 9* was a parody or pastiche just as the one in this issue was. The Original Story was "Terwilleger and The War Machine" by Evan Hunter and it appeared in *Universe* for September 1954. Again it is almost a word for word copy from the original with fancish names and terms substituted for the words the author used. The hero in the original story was named Terwilleger Appelby.

Eisenstein: I find that Pangborn, Smith ((which one?)) and Ballard all belong to the same type of writer, the writer who writes borderline sf (by my very own special definition of sf) ((Aha! Now we've got you!)) and seem to be more concerned with style, description, prose than story. This type of writer proliferated in the 1950's, and with a few exceptions and a few more, Aldiss for one, the breed seems to have given way to the prolific, competent, good-writing story-teller that now seems to be dominating the field, such as Anderson, Reynolds, EKDick, and Garrett.

Harry Warner: Discoveries about the moon won't completely eliminate stories about men there (tho it may stop good stories being written); if Shaver could write about people in caves the way he did, and if authors can mangle science the way they do (Hi, John Boardman), this won't stop them. ((But who will read the poor, scientifically inaccurate stories that will be written; no modern editor will go in for a circulation boosting campaign the like that Palmer gave us.))

Jim Sanders



Charles T. Brown  
2078 Anthony Avenue  
Bronx, NY, 10457

This issue of *Algol* was much more interesting than the last one I saw (#2). The two covers by Jack Gaughan were much better than the black and white stuff he does for the professional magazines because of the repro. The pulp paper in the magazines like *Galaxy* and *IF* make his line work look like irregular blobs. ((When I showed the current issues' covers to Fred Pohl at a recent FISTFA meeting, Jack Gaughan (thoroughly stewed out of his mind) wanted to know why *Galaxy* couldn't have repro like that. Lester del Rey answered the question by saying that they could -- if they raised their prices to \$2.00 a copy and could get cheap quality work from the printers, which they can't. Only fans can afford work like this, which I suppose is true.))

Bill Blackbeard's article on Pulp was interesting but alas, because of its length, very superficial. More than an article on the pulps, I would like to see an article on pulp writing. Although it started in the pulp magazines, pulp writing has never been totally confined to them. The emphasis in this type of writing is on the story and pacing as opposed to style. ((Just like Dave Van Arnam writes.)) *IF* is the only science fiction magazine today which uses just about all pulp writing; I wish there were more of it. Ace books in the SF field and Gold Medal books in the mystery field are your two big outlets for pulp writing today. I'm surprised Bill Blackbeard dismisses the true romance and true detective stories as non-fiction. Any writer will tell you that these magazines are almost entirely fiction turned out by a small stable of writers.

Dick Lupoff's book reviews are very interesting to read even though I very rarely agree with anything he has to say. It amazes me how he can wade through the aount of garbage he does for pleasure. The first hardcover version of *DARKNESS AND DAY* was the one volume Small, Maynard & Co., 1914. It must have been popular because it ran through at least three printings. The best thing about the



book is the beautiful color frontispiece in the St. John tradition by Monahan. The book was cut from the original Cavalier version but still ran about 700 pages of fairly small print. I'd guesstimate it would run over 1,000 pages using the print that Avalon uses. The way Avalon cuts books, I don't think any Avalon book is worth a review. I tried comparing the Klines in the original with the Avalon and found that they had been cut by more than a half, and where the originals had a nice straight coherent (if slightly improbable) plot the Avalons were incoherent masses of almost unrelated action. It is no wonder that Burroughs fans who read only Avalon editions of the Klines crowed so loudly about their great masters' superiority.

When we get to the so-called classics that Avalon is now reprinting from FFM the situation is even more ludicrous. Mary Gnaedinger was a compulsive blue pencilist of the first water. Everything that ever appeared in FFM was cut or changed somehow. When we combine this with Lowndes' slashing attack, it's a wonder there's coherence left at all. I once met Mary Gnaedinger and asked her about this; she seemed convinced that an editor's job was to EDIT. I think she got paid by the amount of blue pencils she used.

Dick misses the point about the Campbell space opera. Doc Smith's space weapons were so much double talk. With Campbell the descriptions and theory were so well done that you begin to wonder why someone hasn't invented these things yet. Campbell was the only space opera author who ever accomplished this. The two Campbell books also predate Doc Smith's Lensmen series. I can't see how Dick can sneer at Campbell's NIGHTIEST MACHINE while lauding Doc Smith; it's the exact same plot as SKYLARK OF SPACE which is an even poorer book.

Frank Wilimczyk's article was very interesting because it concerns a phase of book publishing I know nothing about. How about some more articles like this?

The letter column which should be one of the most interesting things in a fanzine was very dull. Only Harry Warner really had something to say.

Au revoir, Charlie

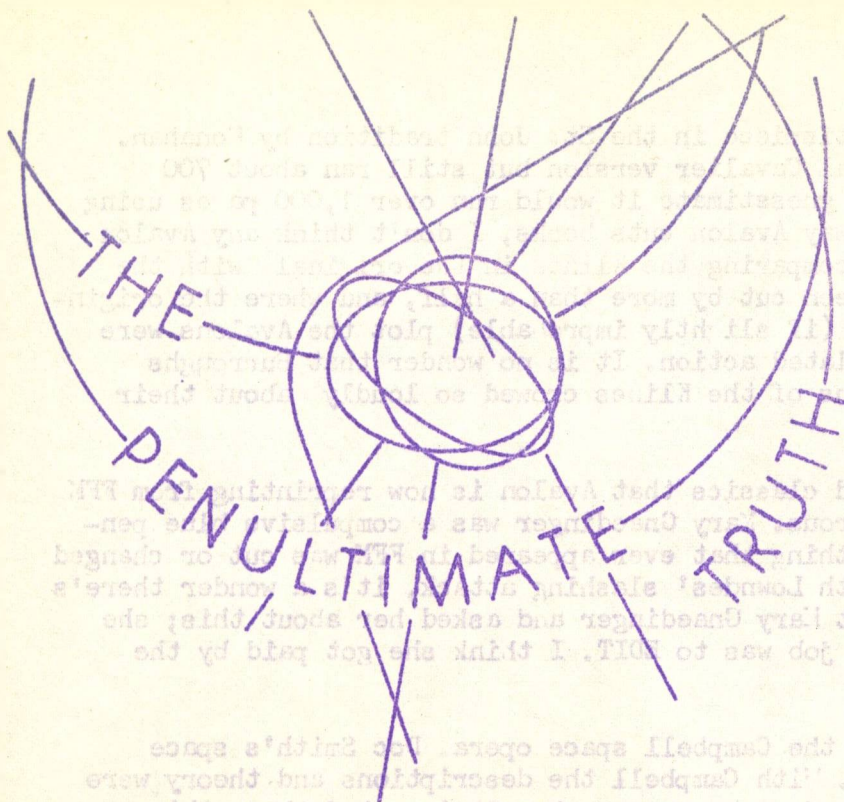
(( And that I suppose, sums up the letter column. Some of the letters printed here were cut unmercifully, notably Jim Sanders' three legalenth page opus. We also heard from (no LoC-lack this issue): Bill Roberts, Bob Irving, Jr., Andy Zerbe, Don Martin on Algol 9, Fred Hollander, Bruce Robbins, Alan Shaw, Greg Shaw (no relation), Bob Tucker, Milt Stevens, and Robin Wood. All letters are appreciated, although I strongly urge you not to send in money for a subscription, like Charles Wells just did today. Send me something else, like a trade (wish I cd get Harry Warner or Bill Blackbeard to agree to that). Good lengthy letters of comment are always appreciated, tho. And now I must go type up my editorial, and run this monster issue off. And do it in 8 days, too. Bighod. ))

Notes On The Adversaries (continued from page 47):

OR four other girls (all music students at Peabody Conservatory), at 419 N. Charles Street. Since fandom is always shy of girls, most of Balto. fandom of that period spent a fair amount of time over at "419," as we always referred to the apartment. Most of the other names in this story are real names of real fans who were then currently active in fandom. A run down on each and every one would be to little purpose, since their characters do not contribute notably to the story

— Ted White, 1966





## WHY YOU ARE GETTING THIS

None of the West Coast Fanartists queried since last issue have sent me artwork, a situation I deplore. Therefore, if your name is Bjo Trimble, Dian Felz, Jack Harness, Don Simpson, Bill Rotsler or Johny Cahmbers it would be appreciated if you would send me artwork.

The reason(s) you are receiving this issue are listed below. I'm sure there's a category that fits you.

- ( ) You contributed to this issue
- ( ) You contributed to this issue, but your contribution got squeezed out.
- ( ) You subscribe; last issue you will get will be # . Please do not re-subscribe.
- ( ) There is a drastically cut letter of yours in the letter column of this issue.
- ( ) A drastically cut letter of yours didn't Make It after all.
- ( ) We trade fanzines. ( ) I'd like to trade fanzines; how about it?
- ( ) You're mentioned inside this issue; care to comment?
- ( ) You're not mentioned inside this issue, but you have the chance to be in the next issue; care to comment?
- ( ) You are a beautiful femmefan who is married; that's a dirty shame, I think.
- ( ) You're my brother, boss, or similar person like that there.
- ( ) Your fanzine is reviewed inside
- ( ) You are Walter Willis, Terry Jeeves, Ethel Lindsay, or some other British fan, and I thought you'd be interested in this here fanzine.
- ( ) I thought you might like to contribute to Algol, either Artwork, an article, a Letter of Comment, or a piece of hard-hitting fan (or faan) fiction.
- ( ) You are either Ghod, Bob Tucker, or a little s--t and a moral crud.

Once again I would like to put forth a desperate plea for material from Allen Sundry, and a few others in fandom. Next issue will be coming out in August, just before the WorldCon, and I will need more artwork, and especially articles and the like to make a solid 40+ page issue. Till then, keep your knees loose -- AP



