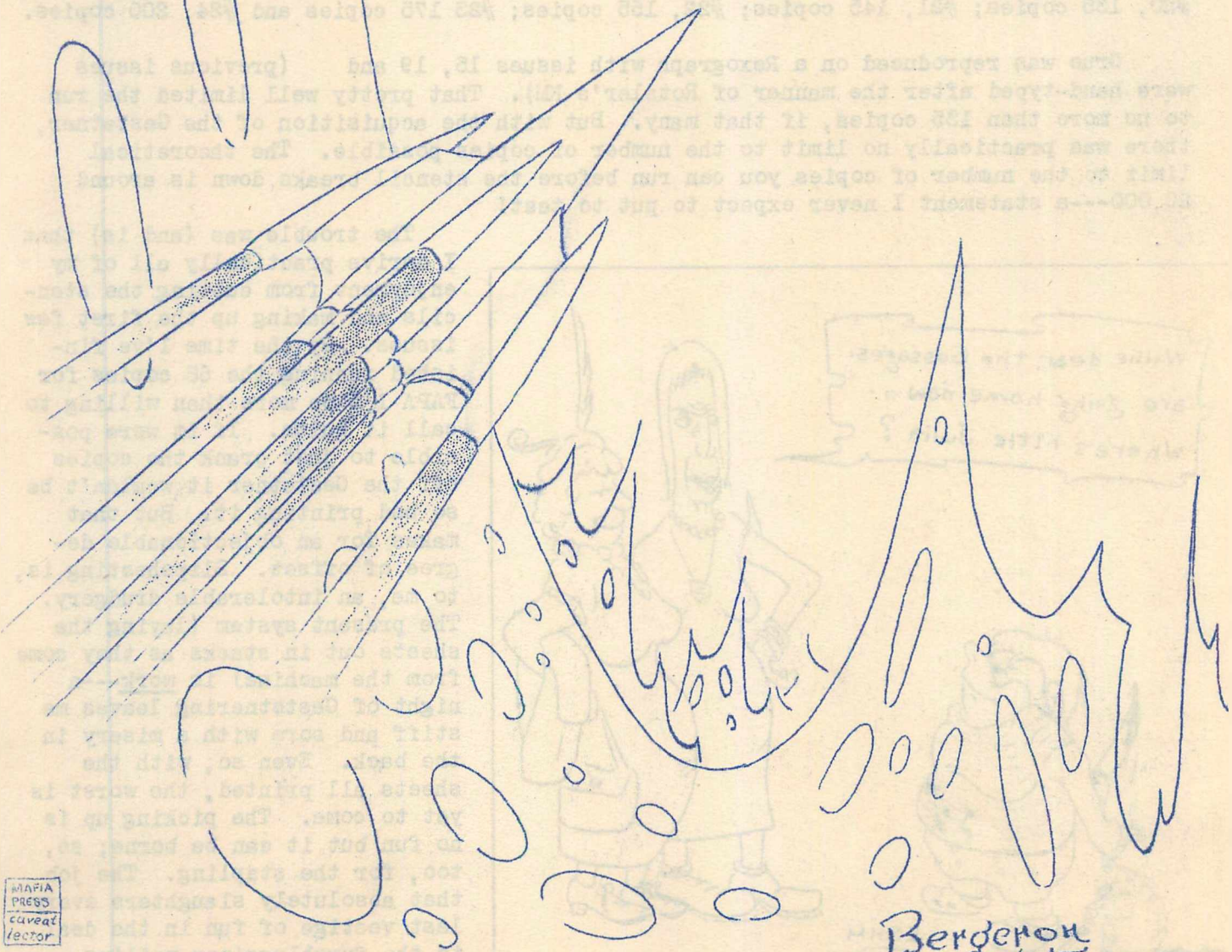
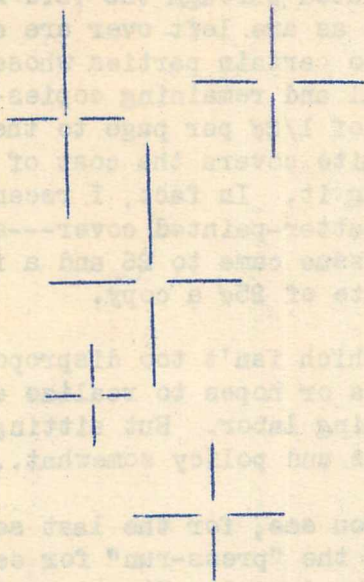


WIM



MAPIA  
PRESS  
caveat  
lector

Bergeson  
55



Grue, the Fan's Magazine, is published by Dean A. Grennell, 402 Maple Avenue, Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, USA. This is the twenty-fifth issue, for November of 1955, which is circulated through the 73rd mailing of the Fantasy Amateur Press Association: Such copies as are left over are exchanged for the amateur publications of others, given free to certain parties whose contributions and/or comments are deemed particularly helpful and remaining copies---if any---may be purchased for a ridiculously nominal price of 1/2¢ per page to the nearest nickel...which, incredible as it may seem, seldom quite covers the cost of the materials which go into a copy plus the cost of mailing it. In fact, I recently ran a cost-accounting on Grue #23---the one with the spatter-painted cover---and found that my actual cash outlay for every copy of that issue came to 26 and a fraction cents. The subscribers paid for that issue at the rate of 25¢ a copy.

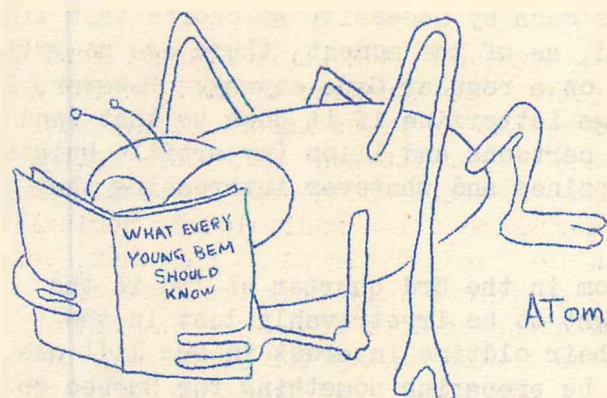
Which isn't too disproportionate, I suppose. Nobody but the maddest optimist expects or hopes to realize even a modest profit on one of these things, even disregarding labor. But sitting down and figuring it out that way caused me to change my aims and policy somewhat...if I had such things to start with.

You see, for the last several issues---since about #19---I've been frantically upping the "press-run" for each issue in a vain attempt to turn out enough copies to meet the demand. Starting with around 65 copies of #15, they ran: #19, 90 copies; #20, 135 copies; #21, 145 copies; #22, 155 copies; #23 175 copies and #24, 200 copies.

Grue was reproduced on a Rexograph with issues 15, 19 and (previous issues were hand-typed after the manner of Rotsler's KM). That pretty well limited the run to no more than 135 copies, if that many. But with the acquisition of the Gestetner, there was practically no limit to the number of copies possible. The theoretical limit to the number of copies you can run before the stencil breaks down is around 20,000---a statement I never expect to put to test!



The trouble was (and is) that I derive practically all of my enjoyment from cutting the stencils and making up the first few issues. By the time I've finished running the 68 copies for FAPA I'd be more than willing to call it quits. If it were possible to just crank the copies off the Gestetner it wouldn't be so bad printing it. But that makes for an objectionable degree of offset. Slipsheeting is, to me, an intolerable drudgery. The present system (laying the sheets out in stacks as they come from the machine) is work---a night of Gestetnering leaves me stiff and sore with a misery in the back. Even so; with the sheets all printed, the worst is yet to come. The picking up is no fun but it can be borne; so, too, for the stapling. The job that absolutely slaughters every last vestige of fun in the deal is the furshlugginer mailing---the endless, dreary addressing



and stuffing and accounting and rubber-stamping and stamp-licking and label-licking and lugging copies down to the post-office (there's an uppity clerk down there who must always peer at a copy and leaf through it; snorting and giving me queer looks). Well, in brief, the less non-FAPA copies I have to mail in the future, the better I'm going to like it. There has always been a heavy turnover of subbers--- of people who get an issue or two and are never heard of again. And I've usually drawn the line pretty low on exchanges, swapping mags with anyone in whose zine I found even the

slightest amount of interesting material. However, even with 200 copies, I couldn't meet the demand. Obviously, I've been taking the wrong course. Henceforth, instead of trying to meet the demand, I will gently attempt to reduce it.

Please don't interpret this as a sign that Grue is headed for oblivion. I have every hope of being around for 25 more issues. But, effective with this issue, the run goes back to 150 copies and stays there. Somewhere, somehow, there will be 50 names lopped off the mailing list...even if it means refunding subscription money to some of the more inactive subbers.

This is a step which I take very reluctantly but I'm afraid it's a case of cut back or cut out. I can't take another 200-copy issue. The past two years have seen a considerable change in my work, which now takes a lot more time and energy than it did in the fall of 1953. A dozen other inescapable commitments cut heavily into my free time and I find (at the decrepit age of 32) that I no longer possess the verve and vigor at 2:00 and 3:00 a.m. that I did back then. Midnight oil has always been a prime ingredient of Grue but a tired dag means a tired mag and one that's no fun to read.

I've been aware for some time that Grue has been metamorphosizing into a Frankincense monster and that sooner or later it would have to come to this. I have also been, and still am, aware that I can't ease off on the throttle without making a few people mad, no matter how tactfully I may try to do so. The case that comes most readily to mind in this connection is the furore that arose in a few places when Lee Hoffman (with a lot worse overdemand problem than I have) tried to cut back with her "subscription by invitation only" system. Such an approach, however unavoidable and well-intentioned, can't help but breed resentment and accusations of snobbishness and cliquery.

Grue will continue to appear in FAPA indefinitely. The experimental direct-mailing of #23 to the interested faction of FAPA just didn't work out. There was less comment than there would have been if it had been included in the mailing. There was more work in mailing the 44 copies than there would have been in making up 68 copies and sending them to Burbee. The only satisfaction was in keeping it out of the hands of FAPA's two main Grue un-fans. The offer I made to them still goes: if they will take their copy of Grue (preferably unread) from the mailing and send it back to me, I will cheerfully pay them the face value of the copy plus all mailing costs if sent by third-class mail. The beauty of this system is that future diatribes they may pen will be done as paying subscribers by default. Yuk.

The remainder of this issue will be made up in the flaccidly informal style I have long admired as practiced by Gregg Galkins in OORSLA!'s Therblings, and by Joan Carr in FEMIZINE. Your comments on all this will receive my interested attention.



The catch-as-catch-can style is prompted as much by necessity as choice this time. The date as we get under way is 19 September and, as of the moment, there are no articles on hand suitable for use as a lead article on a regular Grue anyway. However, I have enough letters on hand to put out a 200-page letterzine if it came to that (and it won't). So we'll have some letters and some cartoons and illos (my artfile bulges fetchingly these days) and some talk of old pulpzines and whatever interesting that turns up in the next few weeks.

One of the most gratifying aspects of fandom in the 3rd quarter of '55 is the way several former pillars of fandom, long thought to be irretrievably lost in the glades of gafia, seem to be showing sparks of their oldtime interest in our li'l ole mackerel-cosm. Francis Towner Laney is said to be preparing something for Burbee to circulate through FAPA under his (Burb's) frank. Lee Hoffman's interest is sufficiently rekindled for her to attend the affair at Cleveland and she reports that she is about to burst forth with another issue of SCIENCE FICTION FIVE-YEARLY. We glee.

And, last but far from least, another fine old fannish name has been appearing of late in letter columns here and there. I dutifully copied down his address from one and tried him with a copy of Grue. Turned out to be a shrewd move because we have this letter from:

2962 Santa Ana Street,  
South Gate, California.  
Sept. 4, 1955

Dear Dean,

(...) Two things on page two, couased me more interest than anything else.. Your gag/pun, about naming your zine Pride, couased me to laugh a real out-loud laugh.. And I'm one of thos guys that can read a joke book with a straight face.. -- Please, I've a fine sence of humor, but when "reading" it, I don't give vent to my amusement.. It is just as well, as when I do laugh, I sometimes get nearly hystarical... The other item was Graves working for the Tonopah and Goldfield R.R. I wasn't aware this ghost-line was known back in the East. Perchance is someone a railroad fan as well.. Yes, I have driven past the old right-a-way.. Death Valley Scotty bought up most of the ties, and has them stored in a side canyon, where they are drawn on for fireplace logs.

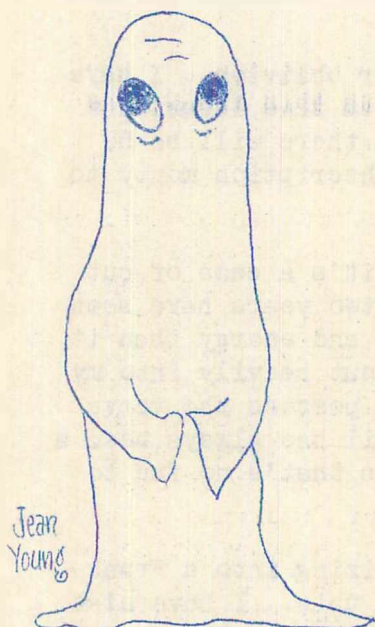
Magnus was enjoyable.. I wonder way none of the new editors who are so short of material, don't start a letterzine? If I was mad enough to edit anything, that would be it.. It has been, sence the second issue of GG, back around 1946, There doesn't seem to be the interest in fights there once was (though a good one is rageing in the NFFF), but there are still lots of good letter writers.. And the things write themself, and are always popular, once they are started.. O' lack a day...

Forry as always.. Fandoms loss, was when it started to pay.

John Berry is a good case in pont, of letting new writers develope.. He was a little sad to read when Walt started using his stuff, but look at him now. Has any research been done to see just how much Willis has influenced English writing and fanzines..? Maybe they were all that way to begin with, but they sure are all in the same mold now.. And isn't it wonderfull.. It accurse to me that it might not be a good idea to let them import a US fan. He might carry a plauge with him, and make the English become TruFans.. --Ahh, when a good fan dies now days, he must go to N.Ireland.

(...)

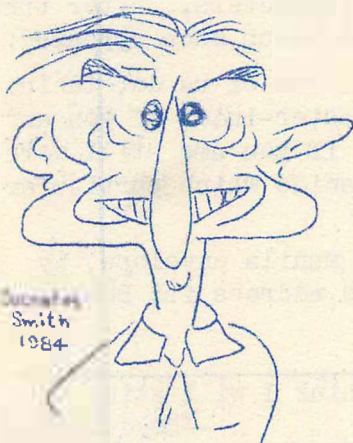
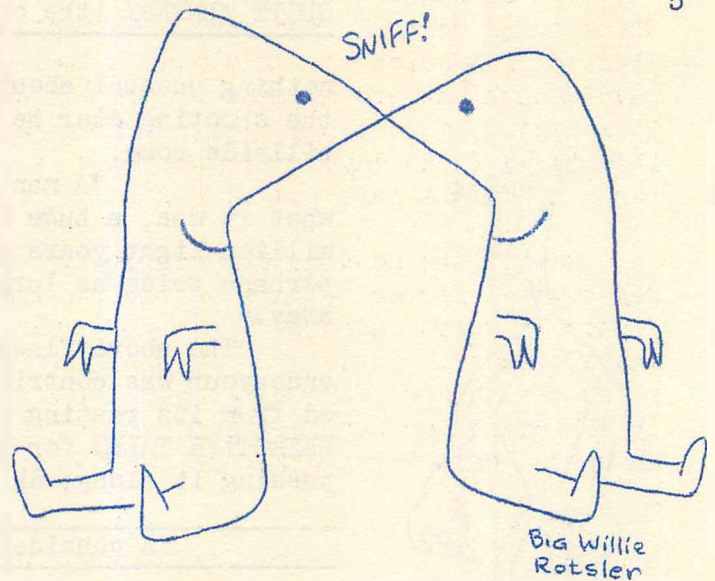
A maximus ad minima, Rick Sneary



"I knew I shouldn't have eaten that last crottled greep!"

UHOHHOOO DOH HOOO

Thank you, Rick. It is a cheer to hear that the Pride gag wasn't a total egg. As for the old T&GRR, Doug (a pseudo of the editor's---AndYoung sez "Doug is the past tense of Dag.") did ride on it, as a passenger if not as a brakeman. By the way, I had that ersatz autobiog knocking about the files since early 1953 and I finally determined that it was going in last issue if I had to wade kneedeep in blood to make it. I also had the Stenofax of me, left over from some I made last summer, and I grafted it onto the stencil for page two, then commenced hunting for the pseudoautobiography copy. It was nowhere to be found. It was around 1:30 a.m., on the night that Curt Janke had driven over to help me put the issue to bed (the next day was the absolute last day that I could mail the FAPA copies and make the deadline). I found I couldn't remember a blessed word of the original and there was the whole furschlugginer issue tied up for want of this missing whimsy. So I stuck the stencil in the Underwood, flopped into the chair so tired I could hardly see, and battered out the entire business from scratch. Only last week while looking for something else I came upon the original. I didn't even check to see how it compared with the second



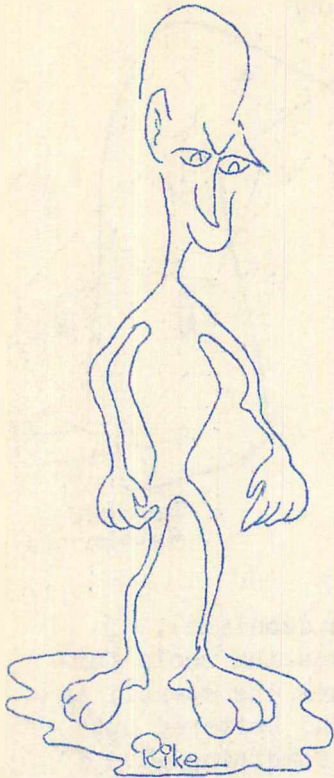
Why, hell- I knew  
Lynn Hickman when  
he didn't have more  
than a dozen  
pseudonyms to  
his name!

version. I ripped it to shreds and hurled it into the wastebasket and stomped it down with maniacal outcries and maybe a couple of incies. Bloch told me he thought the Graves autoepitaph was the best thing in the issue and I'm darned if I know what to make of that. Speaking of overt noms de plume, perhaps I should note that "Socrates Smith" is also me. It is a name I once adopted in retaliation to Plato Jones, itself a pseudonym but not one of mine. Is there anyone, I wonder, who doesn't know who Plato Jones is? Could be, I suppose. #Silverberg, on a recent visit, was reading over the Gnurrery Rhymes in last issue and looked up with a question: "Who," he said, 'is José Maniah?" I gaped at him, all aghast and agoggle. I had thought that all Christendom as well as most of Moslemdom, Bhuddistdom, Taoistdom, Zoroastrianism and Athiestdom (to name a few) had heard of José Maniah...the original, I mean, not the notpoet who penned Thesaurus and the Minotaur because that was me too. I would like to quote the text of José Maniah's first published appearance but to do so, I would either have to bowdlerize H. Allen Smith (something than which I would sooner kick small kittens under a steam-roller) or compromise the mailability of this issue of Grue---a course of dubious wisdom in view of the aquiline scrutiny it undergoes at the FdL postoffice. It is unthinkable that the Grue readership go

any longer in ignorance of the Saga of José Maniah...why the bottles of bock that have been chuggalugged in fiery toasts to José Maniah at bygone meetings of the BDSA would float a Silverberg. So I suggest you all get ahold of a copy of H. Allen Smith's erudite work entitled LOST IN THE HORSE LATITUDES and read it for yourself on pages 143 to 145. Any public library worthy of the name has a copy of LITHL and you can read it there, even if a quote here would bring J. Edgar Hoover bashing down our front door with the butt of a Thompson submachine gun. I suppose they must ship the Smith works from place to place by express. I'm saving pennies to mail Grue by express some day.



QUOTE WUNKERY (the original, b'ware of imitations)



"There was nothing unusual about the night Shad Hanson died except, perhaps, the shooting star he chanced to observe from the terrace of his hillside home.

"A man of considerable education, he knew it for what it was, a huge fragment of hot gaseous matter that some million light years ago had torn loose from some unnamed star perhaps twice as large as the earth and twenty-five trillion miles away."

The above flawless blue-white Koh-i-noor-class gem of lit'rary endeavour was contributed by damon knight, the clean pro, who wrested from its resting place in Poor Little Murder-Girl!, out of DETECTIVE TALES for October, 1948. The author is Day Keene and, in passing it along, dk wryly observes:

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A considerable education is a dangerous thing.

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The 24th issue of Grue will be long remembered here at Mafia Press if for no other reason than the mountain of stuff that was supposed to be included and---somehow---wasn't.

#Take Stuart Hoffman, for instance. Sometime in midsummer he sent me a review/exchange copy of something he's been working on for the past several years. It is a handsomely printed, spiral-bound INDEX TO UNKNOWN AND UNKNOWN WORLDS. It goes to 34 pages, with an introduction by Robert Bloch, and it indexes all 39 issues of the two magazines, first by authors, then by titles with a brief outline of the plot of each and a list of the major characters. After that, there's a list of all the characters and the title of the story in which each appeared.

If you happen to have fond memories of the old UNKNOWN, and a lot of us do, including the writer, you will want this book. It is invaluable as a master-index if you are one of those plutocrats who owns a complete backfile of UNKNOWN. If you are still working on your backfile, an issue at a time, it will enable you to decide which particular issue is the one you want the worst.

You can get a copy of INDEX TO UNKNOWN, postpaid in a sturdy manila envelope, by sending \$1.00 by any of the usual methods to Stuart Hoffman, whose address is; Box 13, Black Earth, Wisconsin.

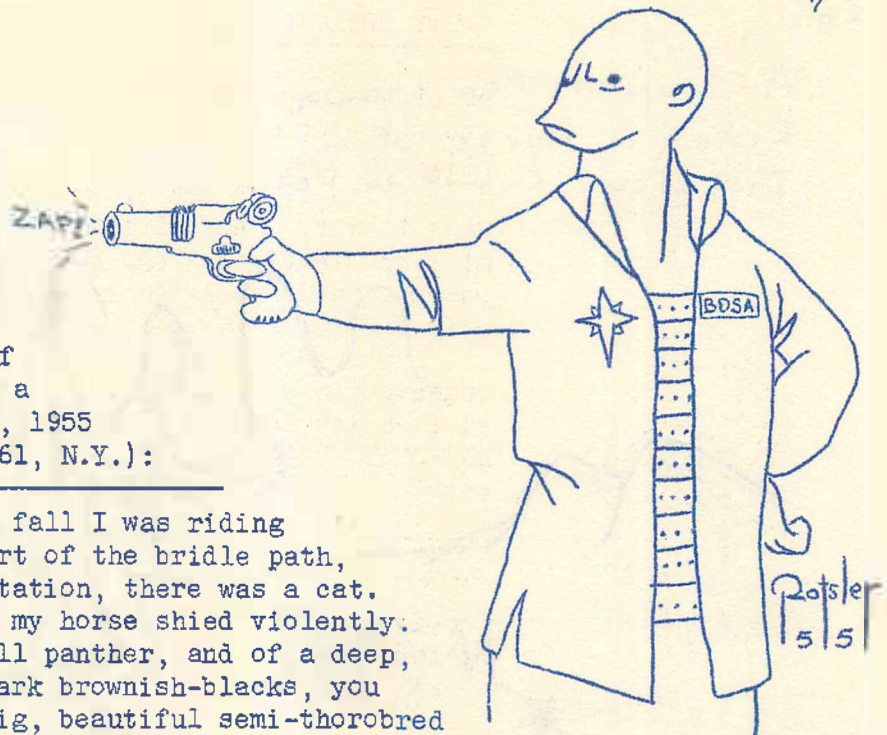
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"I was going to call the zine something obscene in Maori, but I think I will stick to something innocuous in French."  
 --Boyd Raeburn

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Some of the subscriptions to Grue extend so far ahead in time that it keeps me awake nights when I happen to think of it. The record-holder is probably Des Emery, of 93 Hemloch (darn that Bloch!) 93 Hemlock Street, St. Thomas, Ontario, Canada. Des is slated to be with us for at least the next 700 pages and, with the dwindling number of pages to the issue, Des may expect his expiration notice sometime in 1961, at the earliest. Des introduced us (meaning Jean and myself) to a Canadian magazine called MACLEAN'S by sending us three issues last summer containing the serialized version of Cyril Kornbluth's NOT THIS AUGUST. I liked this story very much---understand it is scheduled for eventual hard-cover publication. I also got a lot of enjoyment from reading the rest of the magazine; it's comparable to the SatEvePost but I think it's a bit more interesting most issues. Quite a few s-f novelettes seem to turn up in it, some by H. L. Gold and by Ward Moore were also most enjoyable. We have a subscription to it now, which Des unexpectedly presented us with when I mentioned that I liked the rest of the magazine too. All of which explains the ultra-long-term sub Des has to Grue. It takes a heap o' Grues to balance off 26 issues of MACLEAN'S! Thanks again, Des, and please forgive my forgetting to mention this last time.

There was another item I'd intended to include with the FFW department last time. It dealt with the black cat business (and, by the way, Bloch says that it is aleurophobia--so far, no one has snidely corrected me on it; other typo's last issue included 'Ottowa' for Ottawa and 'veriform' for vermiform. Tssssk.) and I think it interesting enough to include here, even if it is an issue late. Excerpt from a letter of Rich Kirs', dated 11 May, 1955 (address: 1451 Overing St., Bronx 61, N.Y.):



... "About cats-----One day last fall I was riding for pleasure, and on a deserted part of the bridle path, sitting on a mound of decayed vegetation, there was a cat. I wouldn't have noticed it had not my horse shied violently. The damn thing was as big as a small panther, and of a deep, almost blue-black. None of your dark brownish-blacks, you understand. Now, my horse was a big, beautiful semi-thorobred dapple grey, of few years, and of a chronic nervous temperament. He was much given to shying and suchlike, so I did not pay much attention to the cat, at first. I endeavored to make the horse procede along the path (and I brook no disobedience from horses---I am a good enough rider to make my will stick.) but the horse wouldn't go. All this time, the cat sat there looking majestically off into the distance, seeming not in the least aware of us. At last, I made the horse take a few hesitant steps forward, but he suddenly stood stock still. And in that moment, the cat turned it's head. When it looked at us, my horse started to tremble, in sharp spasms, twitching horridly. I looked at the cat, (which still sat there, not moving save for it's head, which had turned towards us) and was just about to say shoo or scat or something, when I met it's eyes. My voice died in my throat. I'ts eyes were full of the most malevolent hatred I have ever seen. Once, when a child, I went to the zoo in Central Park, and found myself standing before the black leopard's cage. Prompted by some device of childish cruelty, I snarled at the leopard---and the next moment picked myself up six feet away, where my convulsive leap had landed me when the maddened leopard had crashed against the bars of the cage.

"Well, the leopards frenzy was nothing compared to what lurked in the eyes of that cat----a warped, lustful, sophisticated hatred that hung in the clear air in an almost tangible aura. I stared back at it horrified, feeling my horse shiver beneath me. Suddenly, the cat stood up. It was enormous, my God, it must have stood eighteen inches at the shoulder!

"In the instant that the cat stood upright, my horse bolted straight down the path, past the cat, running all out, madly, a full gallop. As I rose into forward seat position for the full gallop, I looked back at the cat. Enormous and evilly dignified, it strolled casually across the path and vanished into the dense underbrush at the other side. It took me ten minutes to calm my horse---and when I got back to the stables, the beast was still all sweaty, and I got a dirty look from the Boss. I never saw the cat again, though there were reports of others having seen it.

"I guess that's all for now---I could go on this way for pages and pages and pages, but I guess I'd better not. Suffice it to say that GRUE is good, very interesting,, funny, well reproduced, and well worth the price. My only regret is that I have been GAFIA for too long---I feel left out. For instance, who the hell is Chuck Harris?

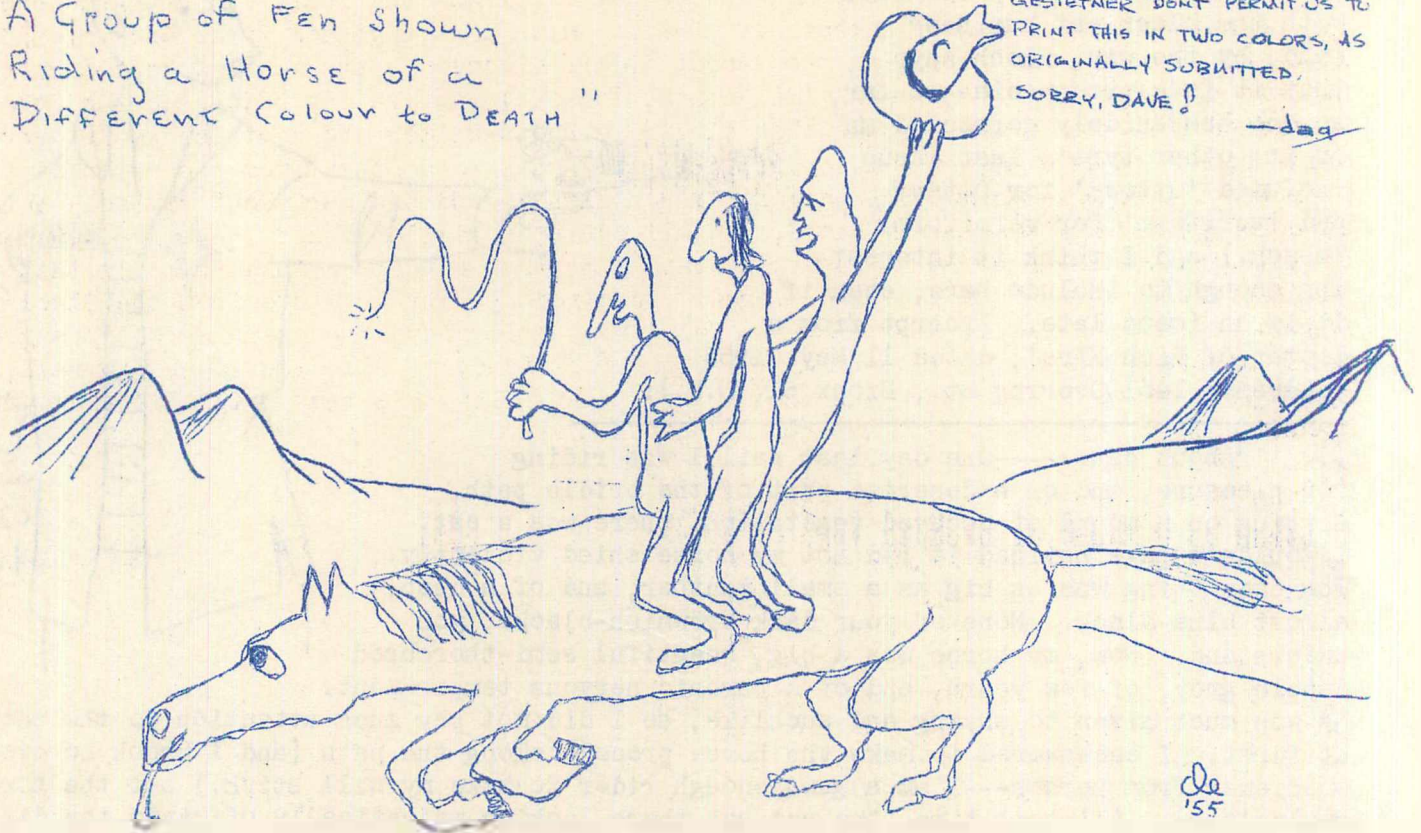
Oh, well

rich kirs"



"A Group of Fen shown  
Riding a Horse of a  
Different Colour to Death"

Ed. Note - THE LIMITATIONS OF THE  
GESTETNER DON'T PERMIT US TO  
PRINT THIS IN TWO COLORS, AS  
ORIGINALLY SUBMITTED.  
SORRY, DAVE!



"T. for you, and Grue for me..."

--Eric Bentcliffe

Who, the man asks, the hell is Chuck Harris. Jeezst. That wasn't gafia you were in, Rich, that was catatonic shock. Your horse showed good sense in skedaddling along the path before that werepusy (for such it must have been) could cross in front of you.

This past summer I acquired a face-mask, a snorkel and a pair of flippers and had a lot of fun splashing about on, in and under the water. I've always been an indifferent swimmer at best and I was delighted to find that the accessories increased my ability incredibly and extended my cruising range more than twenty-fold. I could bore you at great length about my underwater adventures but I won't. The only reason I mention this at all is to lead up to an arresting statement made by Bill Schiller, of Port Washington. He runs the sporting goods store where I bought my mask and he was showing me a number of different models he had. One was one of these with two tubes leading directly into the mask for breathing, with a hinged cork-float seal for shutting off the air when you submerge. I made mention that I had read that such masks were to be avoided because of the danger that you might find yourself several feet down with a mask full of water if you flipped over on your back and let the corks float up, opening the tubes. This, as I was to find out when I foolishly dived headlong into the water wearing my unvented mask, is a damnably disconcerting experience. Bill listened to my objections, nodded sagely, and said, "Ye-e-esss...you could drown in one of these.... but that's the worst that could happen!"

She'd hoped to meet a Sergeant but instead she metacarpal.

Picked up a new magazine the other day, called TRUE WEIRD STORIES (8 1/2 x 11, 35¢). Somebody who mentioned it in a letter termed it "like FATE and MYSTIC." I suppose it is, in a way, except that it is readable. The first issue contains about what you'd expect--the inevitable account of the Marie Celeste (they have it Mary Celeste) and the



various other stock plots which the people who go for that sort of thing have been kicking around for years...a factual article on vampires, the hoary old chesnut about the scientist who performed unheard-of miracles with a strange new force back around 1890 and died without revealing the secret of his discovery, the man who kept turning up here and there for 4000 years (Gilgamesh, Tucker?), a floating bejeweled hand that horrified a gloomy house on the Welsh cliffs, a ghost-writer who dictated books over a ouija board (etymologists: can anyone tell me if this word stems from the union of the French oui and the German ja?), an article on alchemy and another about somebody being attacked by a fish with human hands, and all sorts of similar stuff. The last-listed article is...well, I doubt if it would startle me into a heart-attack to learn that it was fabricated out of whole cloth, vaguely inspired by "The Creature from the Black Lagoon." There's also a page of "True Weird Fantastic Facts," containing one paragraph which starts out arrestingly enough: "The greatest dandy of All Time, Beau Brummell, spent five hours each morning on his toilet. ..." I am sure that British readers Eric Needham and Harry Turner will agree that it is something of a pity that Widower's Castor Oil had not yet appeared upon the scene in Beau's day. Science fiction fa-a-ans will have their entire day ruined when they read that some Harvard Astronomy Prof says there isn't much of a chance of a space ship from another planet visiting us. His reasoning: "Drop an ordinary chicken feather from 1000 miles ... and when it hits the Earth's atmosphere, the friction will char it. ..." The possibility that alien vessels might have some sort of brakes to slow themselves down with before smashing into our ionosphere seems to have not occurred to the learned gentleman. The Professor's name is Fred Whipple and if he would care to modify that statement to something like, "The chances that Earth will be visited by an uncharred chicken feather from another planet are pretty remote," I will go along with him, though guardedly. No use going overboard on these things.

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Gnurrsergy Rhyme:

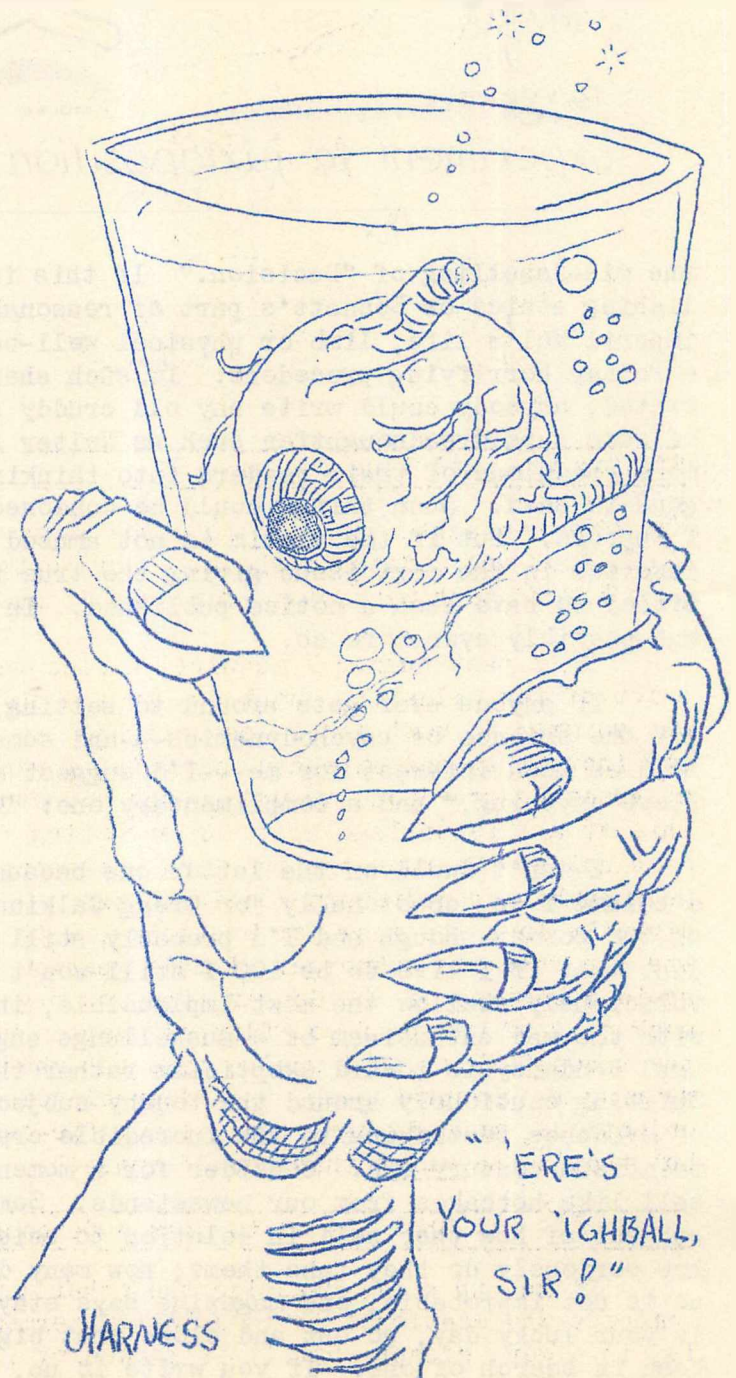
"When the drive is in low range,  
The meters glow orange."

--Old Space-Force Proverb

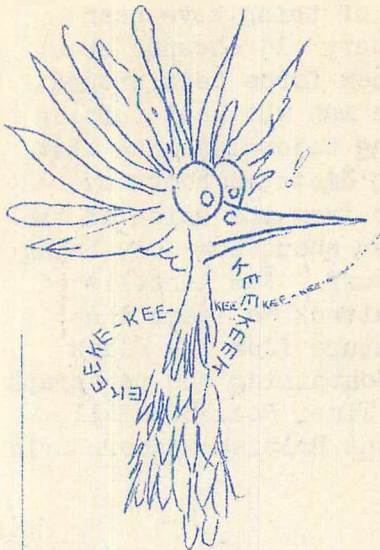
(dag)

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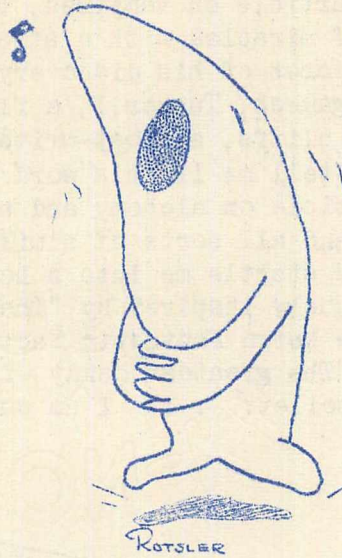
At hand is a note from Mal Ashworth saying that Ron Bennett, in Ron's magazine PLOY (V.1, #3), published an article or story called "Decision," under the byline of the plaintiff, said work not having been written by plaintiff aforesaid. Bennett, according to Ashworth's note, refuses to acknowledge







Bergeon



Rotsler



good lord! (gasp!)

experiment in juxtaposition.....

the mis-labelling of "Decision." If this is true, it would indicate a breach of publishing ethics on Bennett's part of reasonably serious stature. Perhaps it doesn't imperil Mal's life, limb or physical well-being but, on the other hand, it establishes a rather horrifying precedent. If such shenanigans were to be sanctioned or even tolerated, anybody could write any old cruddy sort of thing, embellish it with the name of some superdreadnoughtfan such as Walter A. Willis or Lee Hoffman, and flimflam the more credulous of their readers into thinking that the victim's literary talents had gone to seed. Such things could be condoned, with reservations, as a practical joke, I suppose. But if the victim is not amused and writes and asks that a correction be inserted in the next issue giving the true facts of the matter he is most assuredly entitled to have such a notice published. In Mal's position, I would be just as angry and possibly even more so.

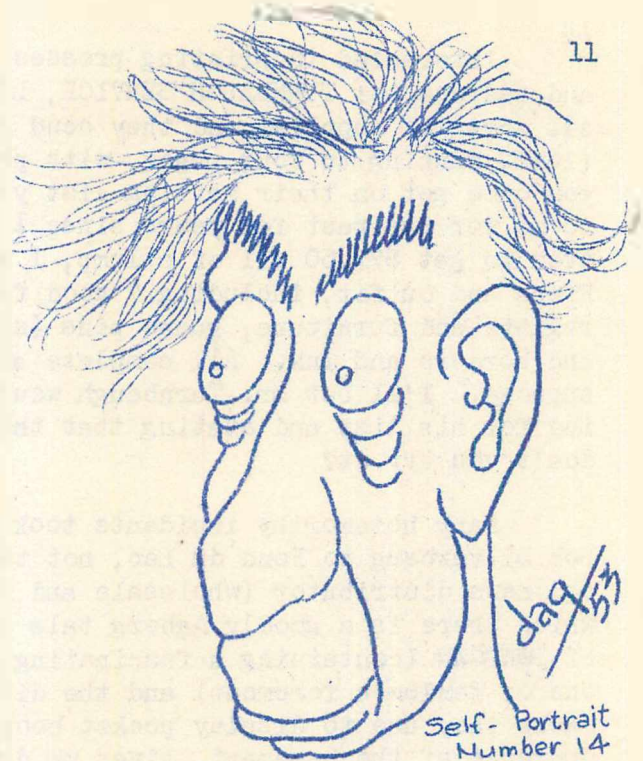
If anyone ever gets around to setting up a basic series of axioms and corollaries for the science of psychodynamics---and someday I hope to see that because few subjects hold as much interest for me---I'd suggest something like: "You can make some people believe anything," and a complimentary one: "You can't make everybody believe anything."

I won't dwell on the latter one because I recently dwelt on it at some length in a column I do occasionally for Gregg Calkins. I could fill 100 pages in documentation of the former though and I'd probably still have to restrict myself somewhat. I predict that if I live to be 100 I still won't cease to be amazed at the way some people voraciously swallow the most implausible, incredible, inconceivable clots of poppycock with the mad enthusiasm of a muskellunge engulfing a dragonfly. I confess that my natural tendency is toward skepticism rather than (may I coin a word?--thanks!) acceptance. Skirting cautiously around the touchy subject of religion, there is still a massive mass of evidence testifying to the incredible credulousness of people in our enlightened mid-twentieth-century era. Consider for a moment the welter of horoscope magazines that sell like hotcakes from our newsstands. Some fan-writer could do page after page on the subject of how they sell in relation to science fiction; what kind of people buy them; how seriously do they take them; how many do they buy each month; what do they do if, as is not improbable, one magazine says stay in bed all day today and another says this is your lucky day, go out and close that big deal today? There's a subject if you have been in search of one. If you write it up, I'd like first-looks.



You could write a book about the quacks who go around "curing" cancer by shining colored lights on the victim and about the store in Green Bay that sells (at \$3.00 apiece) little copper bracelets--with three holes scientifically drilled in them--to cure rheumatism and about all the quasi-doctors who buy up a few sacks of pitchblende, stack them around a cellar, and charge handsome "donations" to let the ailing creadleheads come and huddle amongst the healing rays and about...but, what the hell, books have been written about the subject, countless books. Do they do any good? Very little, if any. The people who are gullible enough to fall for this kind of swindle don't read that kind of book. The people who read that kind of book don't patronize faith-healers and the aboriginal witch-doctor's latterday descendant. This is the basic fallacy of the written word as a tool for the shaping of opinion. It is like fighting a fire atop the Empire State building from the ground with a bucket brigade. Your water may be ever so wet but you must get it to the flame before you can put the fire out.

If you have a flair for showmanship, a capable imagination and the moral scruples of a scorpion, then the field of quack medicine is one of the most lucrative there is. It is true that some starve at it--as at any endeavor--but it is also true that some acquire enough to be able to afford a fresh Cadillac for each day of the month. Your chief ally is the human mechanism's impressive ability to repair itself. A person comes to you with troubles of some sort or another, we'll say. No matter what you do or don't do, your patient can only do four things: get well, stay the same, get sicker or die. No matter what he does, you stand to profit. If you can't bill him, you bill his estate. The healing professions, more canny than their legal brethren, have never sanctioned the taking of cases on a contingency basis. In fact, the more I think of it, the more I am tempted to grow a beard, move to Los Angeles and found a cult.



Self-Portrait  
Number 14

RANDOMUTTERINGS: The illo up there originally appeared in Joel Nydahl's VEGA. It appears here by permission of the artist. #A new book, and very good, is GRANDFATHER STORIES by Samuel Hopkins Adams (Random House, 1955). I mention it here because, on pages 218 to 227, it gives the entire sordid story of Charles E. Courtney and how his two racing shells got sawed. The only essential data it neglects to give is the name of the man who sawed Courtney's boat...or boats, since there were two. Interlineators, please note! #According to The Milwaukee Journal for 9 September 1955, the MorbSen magazine (term courtesy Courval and Gould) CONFIDENTIAL has been denied mailing privileges. The exact straw that broke the back of the PO's patience wasn't disclosed. You may remember the time somewhere around 1945 when ESQUIRE lost its mailing-rights for a brief time. They said that the offending morsel in that case was the inclusion of the weary old gag where a girl asks a boy if he would like to see where she was operated on for appendicitis and he says no, he hates hospitals. Maybe CONFIDENTIAL tried the same gag, casting Eddie Fisher and Debbie Reynolds for the part or something. #I see another issue of COCKEYED is out. I picked up a copy of the first issue but I'm passing, thanks, on this one. The mere declaration of the spurious nature of trash makes it not a whit less trashy and the bulk of their humor falls below the level of even the lowlier fanzines...which is reasonably condemnatory. I might note in passing that I thought their faked shots of Queen Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh were in execrably poor taste. There's a mag that can fold any time for all I care.

Interested in printing presses, type, etc.? You might drop a card with your name and address to: TURNBAUGH SERVICE, LOYSVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA. They handle presses and all sorts of supplies and they send out a list the size of a standard newspaper sheet (16x22) running to four pages, with prices, type-samples and so forth. Apparently, if you once get on their mailing list you are on for good because they've been sending it to me for the past few years since I once wrote in answer to an ad they ran. If I were ever to get \$77.50 all of a lump, I would like to try out this item: "5x8 Kelsey Hand Press and Outfit, including 7 good fonts of type, 6 to 18 point, 5 full size type cases, galleys and furniture, gauge pins (sic), 3 lbs. leads, 3 lbs. spaces and quads, rules and borders and ink. All complete and in good shape. Price \$77.50---FOB Loysville, I suppose. I'll bet Mr. Turnbaugh would be puzzled somewhat if he got 150 postcards asking for his list and stating that they were writing in answer to his ad in Grue. Why don't you try it?

Many noteworthy incidents took place during the recent visit of Barbara Brown and Bob Silverberg to Fond du Lac, not the least of which was when we stopped in at the local news distributor (wholesale and retail) in search of the new IMAGINATIVE TALES (in which there is a goodly Agberg tale called YOKEL WITH PORTFOLIO) and/or the current ish of LOWDOWN (containing a fascinatingly illustrated article on juvenile delinquency by one of fandom's foremost) and the distributor hauled off and gave me one of these wire racks they use to display pocket books on in drugstores. It adds inexpressibly to the opulence of the basement, gives me desperately-needed storage space for my proliferating hoard of pb's, and somehow makes me feel smug and self-sufficient every time I look at it, like the two fleas who saved up enough money to buy their own dog. Even Bloch doesn't have a wire pb rack. Probably Ackerman does though...

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Le HOFFMAN---Published Every Time A Fakefan Awakens.

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(Speaking of FoJack, he's come up with something which could possibly serve to take the load off that poor variegated horse):

Dear Dean

915 South Sherbourne Drive,  
Los Angeles 35, California.

... HOW IT BEGANS were popular some seasons ago, with Laney, Burbee, et autres contributing I had one published--in Lethe, as I recall--re the derivation of the phrase, "I'll fix her wagon," but I'm not sure this Wen ever saw the light of mimeo ink. ...

4e

HOW IT BEGAN (And also How It Ended)  
A Psychic Revelation made to  
Forrest J Ackerman

"You see, Mr. D.A., I was the doc who brought Fran into the world. I gave her the first spank on her bare little behind, the slap that brought her to life. Later on, her parents cracked her plenty. She was an awful brat.

"But maybe there was a cause for her bad behavior. You see, Fran was born with a supracutaneous, encysted tumor, a--"

"How's that?"

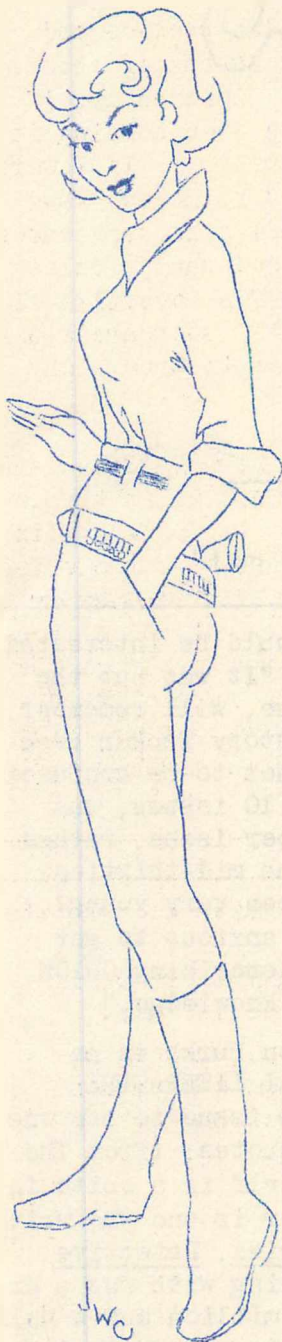
"A sebaceous cyst, what is commonly called a wen. And the horrible part of it was, this cyst was--in hideous detail--the simulacrum of a polymorphonucleated leucocytoid!"

The D.A.'s red corpuscles blanched.

"Yes, tho we in the medical profession--as you in homicide must be--are nerve-blocked against ghastly sights, this tumescent excrescence, the shape it dared usurp, was a blasphemy against man and God; what we in the Old Country, crossing ourselves, if you will forgive the superstition in a modern practitioner, called fraublishfrownedon.

"And the evil thing,





even tho no larger than a pinhead and well secreted behind the 13  
lobe of Fran's left ear, seemed to bore its raw red roots into her  
tortured brain, and twist her persecuted mind into doing deeds of  
darkness, of wanton terror and wholesale destruction.

"And now it  
has come to this--arson, with the conflagration culminating in her  
own incineration."

"But how were you able to make positive identi-  
fication of the body?" asked a reporter. "When the fire consumed  
her it left nothing but ashes and that--that--thing."

Aye, that  
thing. Cooked, shrivelled, charred tho it was, there could be no  
mistaking that malignant garnet globule, that sinister cyst. No one  
who has ever seen a polymorphonucleated leucocytoid can ever forget  
it. "Don't you understand?" I said. A tear crept, unbidden, from  
my eye.

"I knew her wen."

4g

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He's getting a new Buick Roadmonster.

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Not so very long ago, in a letter to WILLIAM ROTSLER (A Good Man),  
I had occasion to mention that I have been haunted for the past two  
decades or so by a phrase from some long-forgotten horrorzine which  
sticks in my mind in spite of hell and--as I say--haunts me. The  
phrase is:

"It was but the work of a moment to wash the blood from  
my knife."

Observe now, if you will, the incredibobbly attenuated armbone of  
coincidence at work. Soon after that, on the southern leg of my  
trips, I called home from the hotel at Ft. Mudge (or Atkinson) to  
see how things were going at 402 Maple. Jean mentioned various items  
which had cropped up in the mail during my absence, including, "...  
and here's a letter from somebody named Arthur J. Burks" "Arthur J.  
WHOM?" I interrupted, all startled and ungrammatical. "Arthur J.  
Burks," she repeated. "It was but the work of a moment..." I mutter-  
ed, "...to wash the bull-ludd from my knife." "What did you  
say?" she asked. "Skip it," I said, "what else is there?"  
Eventually, my route wound back up in FdL again and I open-  
ed the letter from Arthur J. Burks, which went like this:

Paradise, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania,  
September 3, 1955.

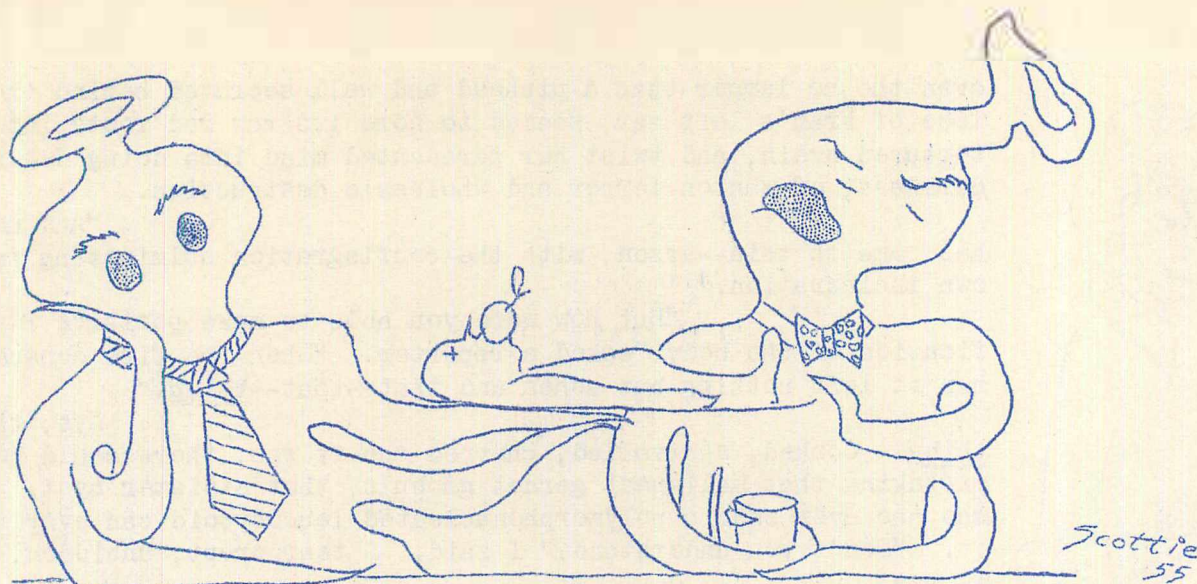
Dean A. Grennell, Editor,  
GRUE,  
402 Maple Ave.,  
Fond du Lac,  
Wisconsin

Dear Mr. Grennell:-

Your readers might possibly be interested in my MONITORS ( my name for what The  
Church calls "Guardian Angels") which starts serially in the October issue of ORION  
MAGAZINE, Ural R. Murphy, Editor, 521 Central Avenue, Charlotte, 4, North Carolina.  
I'm telling the world on this one because MONITORS is so reassuring, and because all  
proceeds go to research, under proper medical auspices, into what lies behind disease.

MONITORS also indicates, in a way, why I seldom write science fiction any more.  
Fact is more filled with the wonder of the world, and is easier to write.

Cordially, Arthur J. Burks (signature)



"No, thank you—I like Terrans but they don't like me!"

I postcarded a reply, saying that yes, perhaps some of the readers would be interested, and that I would always remember him for that single, immortal line, "It was but the work of a moment to wash the blood from my knife." (Tucker, of course, will remember Burks as the author of MANAPE THE MIGHTY, ASF, June 1931, the first story Tucker ever read in ASF). Burks replied, saying, in part, that Murphy's ORION (not to be confused with the ORION that Paul Enever publishes!) was \$3.00 for the year's 10 issues, was not sold by the single copy, and would start his serial in the November issue, rather than the October, as planned. He concluded, "You remember me from the mid-thirties? And I wrote a line like that? Old as I was, even then, I must have been very young! "Your help in spreading the word will be much appreciated. I'm most anxious to get that Foundation started. Cordially, Burks." He enclosed a leaflet describing ORION MAGAZINE as "A metaphysical publication devoted to genuine spiritual knowledge."

I remembered reading, as a freshman in high school, a write-up on Burks in an old READER'S DIGEST. With the aid of the READER'S GUIDE TO PERIODICAL LITERATURE (Vol. X, page 251), it was but the work of a moment to track down the issue to the one for April, 1936 and on page 37 thereof we find the following random quotes: (from The Talk of the Town in The New Yorker) "As if in a trance, we found ourself in a suite in the Hotel Knickerbocker talking with an ace pulp writer. A pulp writer is one who writes for those numerous magazines printed on unfinished paper (Horror Stories, Detective Tales, Livid Tales, Ace Sports, and whatnot). The writer we were talking with was a Mr. Arthur J. Burks. "And is it true," we were saying, "that you write a million and a half words a year?" Of course," Mr. Burks said. "Lots of pulp writers do more than that." But Mr. Burks, it seems, is the most versatile of pulp writers: turns out with equal facility "detective stuff, animal, Western, mystery, fantastic, terror, airplane, World War, adventure, pseudo-science." He paused for breath. "And weird," he added. He estimates he has written about 1200 stories, for 140 magazines, since he sold his first one in 1924. "I don't feel like apologizing for writing to an audience of 25,000,000 people," he says. Mr. Burks is 38, heavy-set, and black-haired. ... "A pulp writer who can't make four hundred a week isn't worth his salt," he said. ... He never rereads his writings, either in manuscript or after they are published, and doesn't care what editors do to them. ... " Thus, then, the Burks of 1936 and 1955. If you've a penchant for metaphysics, you might like to send a check for \$3.00 to ORION MAGAZINE. It's nothing, Mr. Burks, nothing at all. Drop in any time. See you again in 1974?

And so, having lead subtly into the subject of oldtime pulpzines, this seems a good place to launch forth with the second installment of what will probably be a near-interminable series on the old character-continuity pulpzines. Eyes RIGHT!





From that day to this I've been occasionally encountering THE SHADOW but only rarely have I read an entire episode from start to finish. It would have been vastly easier to have read the issues in question at the time they appeared instead of waiting until the present. Procrastination often carries its own punishment.

These old pulpzines are being taken up in no special order but I elected to deal with THE SHADOW this time in order to get it out of the way. Incidentally, I will be using THE SHADOW, in capitals, to refer to the magazine and The Shadow to refer to the character. The capitalized "T" in The is as used in the magazine.

To do an adequate critical commentary, I felt it was necessary or at least desirable to actually sit down and read a complete story from an issue of THE SHADOW. To this end, I armed myself with a copy of the issue whose lead novel was THE BLUE SPHINX, a red pencil for checking pertinent passages, and sat down to read. I found it as dry as a popcorn belch.

Not long ago Bob Silverberg was complaining that, somewhere in the process of obtaining an education, he had lost the ability to appreciate or even tolerate most older vintages of science fiction. He summed it up by saying, "I have sold my birthright for a mess of Proust."

Slugging doggedly through the 92 pages of THE BLUE SPHINX (it's advertised on the cover as an 80 page novel--they must have miscounted), it became painfully obvious to me just what Silverberg was talking about. If I ever possessed the knack of enjoying THE SHADOW, it is now as irretrievably lost as the art of tempering copper.

My archives are not too well-stocked with copies of THE SHADOW. In fact, I could only muster four copies: June 1st, 1933 (THE RED BLOT); January 15th, 1935 (THE BLUE SPHINX); September 1st, 1939 (THE CRIME RAY); and Spring, 1949 (THE BLACK CIRCLE).

It doesn't seem quite fair to claim that this article is the final word on THE SHADOW if it is based solely on those four issues. I have the feeling that the best episodes of the series appeared from about 1938 to 1940. THE GREEN HOODS was from this era and it was one of the very few I can recall reading and, with reservations, liking.

The series was pretty uniformly bylined. The June 1st, 1933 issue says, "...taken from The Shadow's private annals as told to Maxwell Grant." The Spring, 1949 issue has it, "...from the private annals of The Shadow as told to Maxwell Grant." The two in between follow the latter form to the letter.

Who was Maxwell Grant? I haven't sufficient grounds to even hazard a guess beyond suggesting the probability that several writers turned out the stuff over the years. There is a fairly noticeable variation in writing style, more than you might normally expect the style of a single writer to change.

What was wrong with THE BLUE SPHINX and what made it so very difficult to read? Primarily, the predominantly expository technique of the writing; secondarily, the starkly incredible degree of hyperverbosely redundant and sesquipedalian prolixity employed--reminiscent of nothing so much as a directive from the government's Office of Price Stabilization; tertiarily, the complete absence of a single iota of fragment of plausibility in the characters themselves, in their motives and their actions.

Good, smooth, easily-read fiction should contain a fairly high percentage of conversation--up to 75% of its entire wordage. By contrast, there are several solid pages in THE BLUE SPHINX without a single quotation mark on them. Such conversation as there is is rather lacking the ring of conviction. The words are not strung together as they



would be if spoken in common usage. They are riddled with both written and spoken clichés--"written clichés" meaning the liberal use of faked-up dialects: "Dem boids ain't gettin' dese poils"--dat sort of t'ing.

THE BLUE SPHINX, as noted, ran to 92 pages. The actual action, essential to the development of the plot, could easily have been boiled down to not over 25 pages and, so concentrated, might have made a reasonably interesting story.

"Grant," however, never lost track of the prime consideration: he was getting paid by the word. He was (in 1935 at least) a man who never called a spade a spade if he could call it an instrument for the implementation of terrestrial excavations. He seemed to suffer from what an early friend of H. Allen Smith's referred to as "a diarrhea of words and a constipation of ideas."

A fairly typical case of this can be found on pages six and seven of THE RED BLOT. A page of THE SHADOW in those days carried approximately 350 words and that is about what Grant required to find The Shadow in his Sanctum, have him open three envelopes, scan the contents, and write three words.

A minor problem has been bothering me and, while writing the above paragraph, the solution hit me between the eyes like a wet bar-mop. Among his other accoutrements, The Shadow wore a ring on which was a fire opal or "girasol." Now the rest of his get-up was designed to blend with the darkness--the black shoes, pants; slouch-hat and cloak (and a cloak seems a cumbersome garment to go night-fighting in, doesn't it?) made a reasonable degree of sense but, in the name of Klon's Tantalum Tonsils, why a ring with a stone on it which threw "splashes of fiery light, like the glimmer of living sparks"--? Why not a pair of old auto reflectors while he was at it, I asked myself.

But the answer is apparent now and I'm chagrined that I didn't see it sooner. The Shadow wore that girasol so that Grant could write words about it! Out of about 350 words on that page, Grant used precisely 100 to mention the girasol ring, describe it in some detail and just plain discuss it. At a penny a word, it meant a dollar to him in that story alone. Over the 300-odd stories printed in THE SHADOW magazine, The Shadow's ring very probably cost Street & Smith (publishers of THE SHADOW) the price of a real girasol. In the final analysis, nothing is without purpose.

Despite all of this and more--or perhaps, even, because of it--The Shadow may well have been the most written-about character in all literary history...or at least one of them. For more than ten years there were two issues of THE SHADOW (as a pulpzine) every month. Sometime after 1940 it went monthly, then bi-monthly and finally at the time of its demise in 1949 it was a quarterly. I believe the Spring, 1949, issue is the last one ever published and it is marked "Volume LIV, Number 6." This appears to indicate that there were at least 324 published issues.

In addition to the pulpzine, there was also a comic-book called THE SHADOW which was vastly, inconceivably, mind-staggeringly more horrid than its older, thicker brother. I have no copies of this abomination in the files. I have only my sordid memories ...of things like a villain named "...DUREM, who was fond of RED RUM and MURDER." It was full of stuff like that, complete with the capitalized anagrams. Feh. Echh.

Besides the pulpzine and the "comic" book, there was a series of movies made about The Shadow around 1940 and--last but far from least--the interminable series of radio broadcasts which may well survive to this day. It was this latter that probably made The Shadow the best-known of all pulpzine continuity-characters. It was The Shadow of radio who was so ruthlessly--and delightfully!--slampooped in the fourth issue of MAD COMICS as "Shadowskeedeeboomboom," with Bill Elder at the scalpel...definitely one of the highwater marks from the Golden Days of the old MAD.

The Shadow (pulp) never had "the ability to cloud men's minds," and become invisible as does The Shadow (radio) every Sunday afternoon. The only minds that The Shadow (pulp) ever clouded were those of his readers. Not having seen any of The Shadow's movie escapades and (mercifully) not remembering much about The Shadow (comic), I can't say if they did or didn't go in for mind-clouding.

It is The Shadow (pulp) with whom we are mainly concerned here. And it is high time to give a description of him and his world for the benefit of those who never encountered him.

If I were to ask, non-rhetorically, "Who was/is The Shadow?" most people familiar with the radio version would automatically reply, "The Shadow is, in reality, Lamont Cranston, wealthy young man about town who, many years ago in the mountain fastnesses of Tibet, learned the secret of how to cloud men's minds and render himself invisible." But that's not true in the case of The Shadow (pulp).

The Shadow (pulp) was not Lamont Cranston and, conversely, Lamont Cranston was not The Shadow. "There was a real Lamont Cranston--a big-game hunter and world traveler, and, known to him, while he was away The Shadow would adopt his identity." (From THE CRIME RAY).

It is necessary to speak, from here on, in broad generalities. They may be set down as concrete facts for purposes of convenience but they should be read as if followed by a parenthetical modification: ("...as far as I know but, you realize, I have not read every single word of the 300-odd issues"). Please keep that in mind as we continue.

There never was (etc., above), in any of the pulp epics, any firm and unequivocal revelation as to who The Shadow really was. His antecedents, his name, his age, his hobbies, and similar data were completely withheld by Grant, apparently on grounds that his readers were not to be trusted. There was never any mention as to what got The Shadow off on his crime-fighter kick. Certainly there must have been some initiating incident some time in the past which touched him off but, lacking definite information on it, we can only presume that he was motivated by an outsized sense of civic responsibility. In all of the millions upon millions of words that have been written about The Shadow, we can winnow out only a scant handful of irreducible facts.

COSTUME: This consisted chiefly of a black slouch hat and a black cloak. Sometime in the latter part of his career, the cloak came to be scarlet-lined with a scarlet collar that came about halfway up his upper lip, leaving his "burning eyes" exposed as well as his nose, which was built along the shape and proportions of a toucan's bill. As Lamont Cranston, he was usually wearing a tuxedo at the time of his switch to the role of The Shadow so the rest of his costume may be assumed to be the normal accessories worn with evening dress. Unlike many of his contemporaries, The Shadow did not go in for bulletproof underwear. This seems a shade foolhardy to the writer because, at a conservative estimate, he got shot at somewhere between one and two hundred times in every episode. This would mean that somewhere between 32,400 and 64,800 slugs were sent in his general direction in the course of his career--in the pulps alone. One might think that the law of averages, if nothing else, would be his undoing eventually...even if the crooks were that erratic in their shooting, there are always the ricochets to consider. But The Shadow seems to have placed great faith in the solicitude of Maxwell Grant and it would seem to have been not entirely unjustified. That completes his costume except, of course, for that furshlugginer girasol.

EQUIPMENT: Clark "Doc" Savage, Jr., used to scale the sides of buildings human-fly fashion, going right up the sheer brick walls on nothing but his incredibly strong finger-tips dug into the interstices between the bricks, sometimes using a collapsable



grapnel attached to a thin, knotted nylon cord which he flipped up until it caught on the parapet, whereupon he would shinny up hand-over-hand. Either of these methods is impressive but credible. I always thought The Shadow cheated a little in this respect. He made use of four suction cups about the size and shape of the rubber bulb on the end of a "plumber's friend." He always got to the top, too, which seems remarkable indeed. If it doesn't seem remarkable to you as well, I suggest you go out and buy four plumber's friends (better first think up a plausible excuse to give the man at the store in case he asks why you want four of them!), take the bulbs off, fasten them with straps to your hands and feet and try--just try!--to make your way up the sides of a brick wall with them. I will bet you five bucks to a jelly-filled doughnut that you can't even make them stick to anything with a surface rougher than polished marble and, even on that, you will find it impossible to make them let go and take a fresh hold. I submit that it is a pretty damned stupid business to go around trying to climb brick walls with suction cups. You could break your fool neck doing that. But then you and I don't have Maxwell Grant to fall back on.

The other tools of his trade consisted of two Colt's caliber .45 automatic pistols --presumably, although not positively, Model 1911A1. It was never mentioned, but somewhere about his person The Shadow must have carried several dozen loaded clips for the .45s. One presumes he must have bought his ammunition in case (if not truckload) lots. The Shadow's prodigality with ammunition was exceeded only by his inaccuracy, which was utterly uncanny.

There was a stock scene that turned up in every SHADOW novel. There would be this mob of mobsters, see?, and they would be up to some deed of dark dastardy, and pretty soon, byemby, 'long come Ol' Shad, lipperty-lipperty, a-laughin' an' a-scratchin' an' a-blastin' away like all get-out with this here pair of fotty-fives in his black-gloved fists (forgot to mention the black gloves under costume--d'you suppose there was a hole cut in one finger for the ring to show through?).

The mobbies would be scared spitless from all the fiendish chuckling The Shadow was doing and they would drag out their pitiful little .38s and .32s and start shooting back like crazy only their marksmanship--incredibly--was even worse than The Shadow's!

So there they would stand, this bunch of ratty little fellows--maybe eight or ten of them on the average--with their peaked caps pulled down over their ratty little faces and their ratty little turtleneck sweaters pulled up around their chins, popping their little pipsqueak .38 and .32 revolvers at this weird character in the black slouch hat and black-and-scarlet cloak who is, meantime, laughing this great, crazy laugh ("Hyack-'yack-'yack-yukk-k'yuck!") and triggering these two .45s for all he is worth.

Now these are remarkable .45s that he is shooting. In fact, if it is possible for two things to be mutually unique, these .45s of The Shadow's are unique. From reading THE SHADOW, you would gather that they are the only two .45s that Colt ever made. No crook, no cop, nobody--but nobody!--besides The Shadow himself, ever came on the scene with a .45 automatic. It must have been written into his contract. These guns never jammed and, like those handy sixty-shooters they have in western movies, they never ran dry either. I will tell you why this was a good thing.

A standard Colt's .45 automatic holds eight shells, one in the chamber and seven in the clip. Two of them give you sixteen shots, which do not last long at all when you start triggering them off rapid-fire. In no time at all, you find yourself with two guns whose slides are both locked back on empty clips. Now comes the tricky part, for you must bear in mind that the following maneuvers are performed with gloves on and eight or ten gunsels sniping at you--a condition which must be distracting, even if it isn't dangerous. First you have to press firmly on a little button on the left side of each grip to release the empty clips. With the right hand, this is fairly easy.

With the left, it is dreadfully clumsy. You have to squinch the gun around slaunchwise to get at the button with your left index finger. Then you must catch the empty clips as they drop out and return them to your pocket--or let them drop to the ground and they not only might carry your fingerprints but they cost \$4.50 apiece. The next thing is to wangle out two loaded clips, fumble them into the butts of the two .45s, snap them home and depress the slide-stop levers. These are located on the left side of the barrels, just above the trigger. It is a cinch to work the slide-stop on the right-hand gun if you have a very long thumb but, nine times out of ten, if you try to reach up with your left index finger and finagle the left one down, you drop the gun and get the action all full of sand and debris and it will soon jam if it works at all. In fact, the blamed things jam on half an excuse anyway on such occasions. Often as not, the slide doesn't lock back when the clip is empty but continues on down and you snap the hammer on an empty chamber to no good purpose. Then you also have to stick the other gun under your armpit to have a hand free, grasp the rear of the slide between thumb and forefinger, strip it back and let it slam forward before you can do any more shooting. Operating a Colt's .45 automatic is a moderately complicated business at best and a pair of them is more than twice as cumbersome. But you would never suspect this to see The Shadow whanging away with them. Never, in any story, did his guns ever need reloading in the thick of a fray, nor did they ever jam or malfunction. Maxwell Grant was a good fellow to work for in that respect. In The Shadow's place, I would have chosen either a 9mm Luger with a 32-shot ram's-horn magazine or a Thompson submachine gun with a 100-round drum--which really wouldn't have taken up any more room than those silly suction-cups.

However, given two .45s with bottomless clips and infallible actions, did The Shadow do any good with them? Damned seldom, especially at the start of the story. He would: "cow them" or "send slugs whistling about their ears" or "wither them" or "send them staggering" or "bring cries of pain...whimpers...curses...gasps...from them" but he rarely, very very seldom ever hit and/or killed them. He was, as noted, an utterly abominable shot with the luck of fools and madmen and a Grant-granted gift for muddling through, somehow.

Pulpzine continuity-characters readily break down into two broad categories. Either the police or some other representative of vested authority is aware of their identity or else they operate at odds with crooks and cops alike. The Shadow was of the latter class.

In the guise of Lamont Cranston, it was his career-long wont to dine at the Cobalt Club with Police Commissioner Ralph Weston...an obtuse and purblind soul whose tenure as Commissioner spanned the entire 19 years or so of The Shadow's pulp existence without Weston's ever once suspecting that the quiet, hawk-faced, stinking-rich Cranston was not all he seemed. The Shadow would idly pump Weston of needed information, then plant a bug in his ear and either give him a wild goose to chase or subtly lead him to decide to take some step which would assist The Shadow's schemes.

For some reason the police never became particularly aroused over The Shadow's activities. They seemed to accept the presence of a higher authority than themselves, dealing out justice with wavery .45s from the back platforms of subway trains, alleys, rooftops, etc., as a perfectly normal state of affairs. To me, this seems odd.

Leaving the Cobalt Club, Cranston would hail a cab driven by his faithful, shrewd and crafty cabbie, Moe Shrevnitz. Giving Moe whispered instructions--he never talked out loud to his underlings--he would set out for somewhere, removing his black costume from a hollow under the seat en route (squirming into it in the crowded confines of the back seat with much grunting and cracking of joints?) and, usually slipping out unnoticed when Moe happened to stop for a stop-sign or something. Why Moe continued to pick up such an inveterate non-tipper was never satisfactorily explained.



Thus, The Shadow, off on his nightly foray. He was pretty much strictly an urban type and seldom if ever operated outside the city limits where there were no brick walls to go squishing up on his suction cups.

He fought, on the whole, with crooks who were rather small potatoes compared to the adversaries of, say, Operator #5, Doc Savage or The Spider. If some foul arch-fiend set out to poison or starve or enslave all of mankind and the inhabitants of the planets as far out as the asteroid belt, The Shadow preferred to leave them to one of the aforementioned. His specialty was in dealing with the dirty little devils who stole paintings and stuff from museums.

Yes, The Shadow, stacked up against almost any of his peers, was a pathetic and fumbling ninny, contenting himself with harrassing the underworld's small-fry, laughing like a hoarse hyena and triggering wild fusillades up and down the crowded streets of New York City with blithe disregard of the possibility of riddling some hapless and innocent bystander.

I'm sure that a psychiatrist could make a number of interesting deductions from The Shadow's quirks, foibles and idiosyncrasies. There was, for instance, his tortuous routine for passing messages to and from his operatives.

These consisted of Moe Shrevnitz, the crafty cabbie just mentioned who was never observed to do anything particularly crafty but Grant always called him crafty so he must have been crafty; "Hawkeye," a former crook gone straight, who was The Shadow's subworld contact; Clyde Burke, intrepid star reporter on the New York Classic; Cliff Marsland, a sort of utility man who often infiltrated the gang under attack along with Hawkeye; Harry Vincent (or Vinç, as Clarke would say), a personable young man whose position in the scheme of things was rather amorphous--perhaps "daylight operative" fits as well as any since The Shadow's diurnal activities were all but non-existent; Rutledge Mann and Burbank, who served as daytime and nighttime contacts respectively; and Margo Lane, as MAD COMICS (and a thousand trillion rubberstamped-out radio half-hours) put it, "friend and companion to The Shadow."

Hawkeye, for example, would pick up some scent of peculation afoot while sniffing about the underworld. He would write up his report on this, in code, using a special "vivid blue" ink. Sealing this message in an envelope, he would mail it to Rutledge Mann, who maintained an investment office as a front. Mann, a rotund and chubby-faced chap, would open the envelope, read the encoded message as quickly and easily as if it were straight English, and memorize it just as the ink faded and disappeared.

Here again the guiding hand of a providential Grant is visible. The ink--presumably--faded through oxidation when exposed to air. But there was never an embarrassing contretemps such as a message fading prematurely and arriving as a sheet of blank paper. For all these elaborate precautions, having read the message, memorized it, and watched it fade, Mann did not then take it into the washroom, tear it to bits and flush it down as a thoughtful person might. He would just crumple it and toss it in the wastebasket where anybody could have taken it and brought out the depressions left in the paper by the pen (iodine vapor, infra-red, ultra-violet, etc.). It is these gaps in the chain of fantastic painstaking which stick in the thoughtful reader's throat.

Mann would write up a report based on the reports of the reporting operatives and he would put this in an envelope (also written in the same disappearing ink), seal it, step out of his office without any special precautions against being shadowed, take a 20-minute walk to an old office building on 23rd Street and dispose of it. Somewhere up in this building there was a grimy, cobwebbed office door labelled "B. JONAS" (The Shadow's real name?--doubtful). He would casually drop his Top-Secret report through a slot in this door and waddle back to his office.

The B. Jonas office was not The Shadow's Sanctum but the message wound up there, somehow, method never specified. The scene would fade to the Sanctum, which was so dark that nothing showed except an oddly-dialled clock which "marked the passage of each second with a gripping throb" (there's no way of knowing what was odd about the clock's dial--Grant never said), and this bluish light that just illuminated enough of the polished table to show The Shadow's strong, agile, tapering, long-fingered, white hands, complete with girasol on the left ring-finger, which would rip open the envelope. The Shadow, unseen in the darkness above, would rapidly decode and memorize the messages just before they faded. Then he'd put on a pair of earphones (taking off his slouch hat first?--it never said), and contact his contact whose name was Burbank and whose voice was calm and quiet. Of Burbank, nothing more was ever learned--did he have a first name?, a wife and family?, a hare-lip?, two heads?...Grant never told us, evidently deeming it none of our business.

The Shadow would issue orders to Burbank for his operatives to do various obscure things, the purposes of which might later become apparent--or might not. After that, The Shadow would click out the light and leave without checking to see if his guns were loaded or his fly buttoned or anything. Soon after this there would be more cackling and loose shooting and scaring the livers out of a bunch of cheap crooks with impossible names.

Some of the names on some of the crooks that turned up read like a list of contributors to Grue's "Gnurrserly Rhymes." To name a few at random, they included such arresting monickers as Konk Zitz, Shag Korman, Crowdy Sokolos and his Hoboken Sharpshooters, and one whose name is a minor classic: Moocher Gleetz. There was once a nasty type known only as Cleed, the Cigarette-Fiend.

This penchant for reading his mail with nothing but his hands showing got carried to ridiculous extremes. Once, in THE BLUE SPHINX, while staying at a hotel in Latuna in the guise of Henry Arnaud (an attribute much more rarely used than Cranston), his agents slipped a message to him by a suitably roundabout route. The Shadow took this message--in the privacy of his hotel room, mind you--and before he so much as opened it he went around and turned out all the lights except for a little one over the desk (he did rough it to the extent of not putting a blue bulb in the desk-lamp) so that he could admire his pretty white hands and his flashy girasol. After he finished reading it, he turned the lights back on. Why? Why? Why? I dunno.

Some mention should be made of Inspector Joe Cardona, who sounds more like a cleaning-fluid than a cop. He was a steady character from beginning to end--the cast remained virtually unchanged throughout the years--and The Shadow thought very highly of him. Joe never accomplished anything but The Shadow always worked things out so that Cardona got the credit for cracking the case. He wore derbies and smoked cigars.

Margo Lane (Friend & Companion) was seldom encountered in the pulpzine. She's described as a "striking brunette." She must have been a patient, fortyish brunette too, to put up with a crazy, mixed-up cat like The Shadow for 19 years or more. Her main function was to fall into traps, get captured and help complicate the plot, if any.

I wouldn't be surprised to learn that THE BLACK CIRCLE was written by one of the Kenneth Robesons. The style is brisker and there are even a few faint touches of pawky humor. But it couldn't save The Shadow (pulp) of 1949 and he was never heard of again except on radio (and, perhaps, television for all I know). Possibly he married the long-suffering Margo and got a sensible, honest job. Maybe one of those ricochets finally got him...or the men in the white coats. I just don't know.

Or care.

--Dean A. Grennell

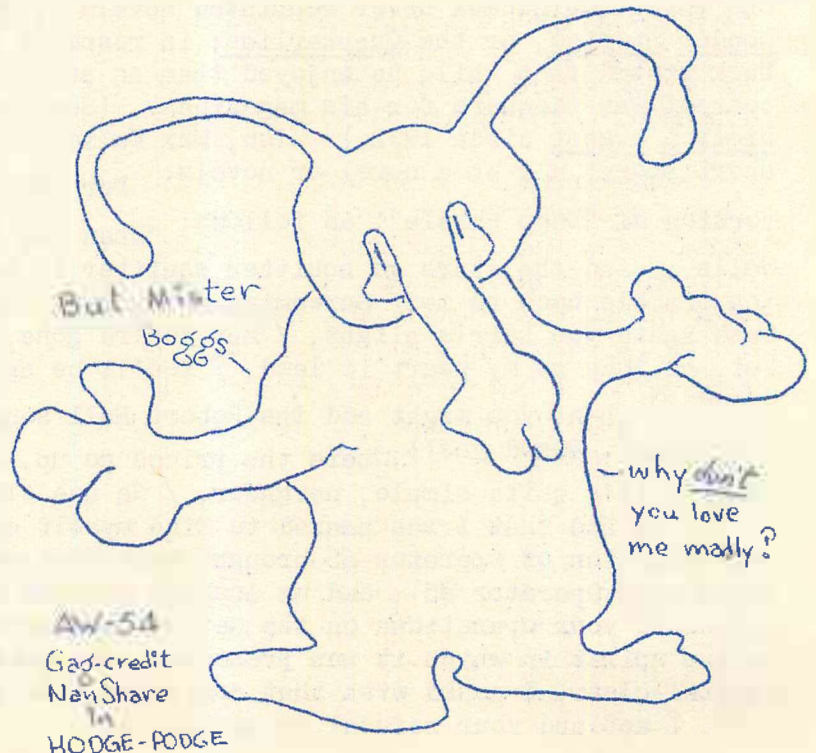


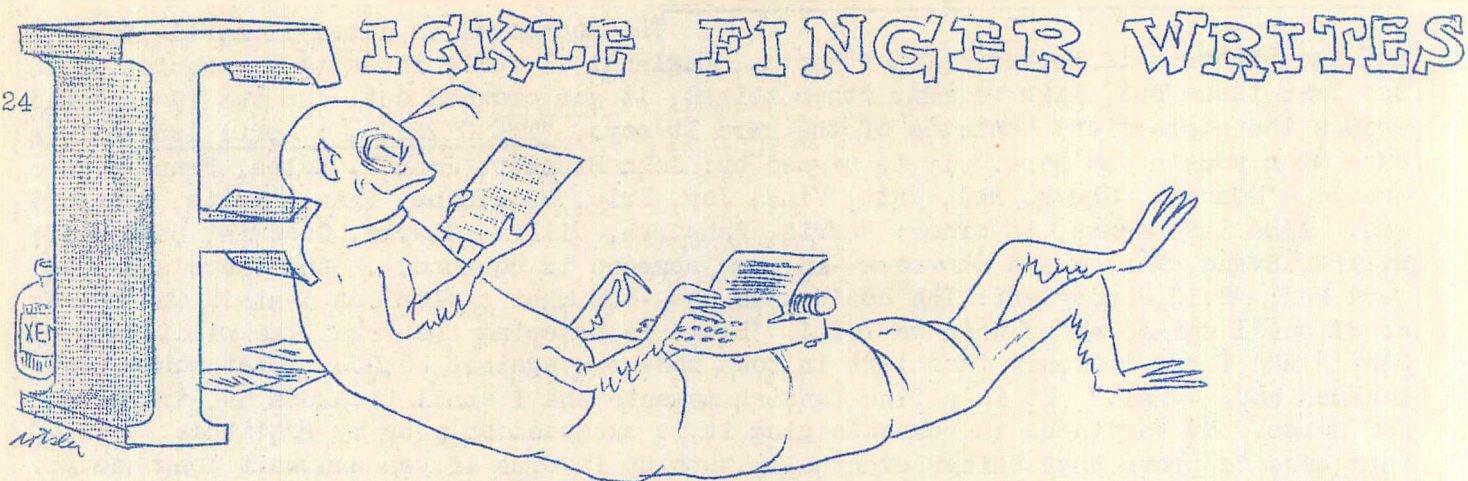
# WARM UP THE NORDEN FOR A SPOT OF NAME-DROPPING

The postcard is dated 11 April 1955, and the postmark is Kettering, Northants., England. I fully intended to mention it in the last issue but, like so many other things, it got crowded out. On the (you should excuse the expression) backside of the card it says, "THE CYTRICON : April 1955. Us'n sure wish you'n was here." It is signed by: John Brunner, John D. Roles, Frank Milnes, Sheila O'Donnell, Chuck, Mal, Walt, Ving, Joy, Eric, Madeleine, Fran, Archie, and Norman. (The last names, in order: Harris, Ashworth, Willis, Clarke, Goodwin, Bentcliffe, Willis, Evans, Mercer and Shorrocks--in case someone is confused). And there's a note from Mal: "3.15 Monday aft: The con's dead now--but what a glorious death! The hotel staff still smiled at us when we left! 'Blog' is sweeping the town like wildfire. Sheila and I are the only fans left in town now--two against 35,000. What would Grey Lensman do? --Mal." It is a fine fannish memento and I shall treasure it, framed under glass. My tardiness in acknowledging it is exceeded only by my gratitude. All of this goes to prove that things eventually turn up in Grue if you can wait long enough.

## I SHOT A QUOTE-CARD INTO THE MAIL, etc., DEPT.:

There's a packaged breakfast cereal called "Cheerios," which tastes summat like small grommets of compressed sawdust but the Grennell children love the stuff and go through 2-3 boxes a week. Some few months ago the Cheerios people, for reasons best known to themselves, started putting replicas of Confederate bills into the boxes with the "cereal." This was not long after damon knight (the clean pro) had his flash of inspiration and invented the Short-snorter Quote-Card wherein you dash off something devilishly clever on the corner of a bit of paper, sign your name and the date, and include it in some outgoing letter for signing and passing. So I took one of the CSA \$2 bills, which was blank on the back, and wrote "If The South Rises, The Yeast Will Rise Also" on it, signed it with the date, and shipped it off to damon knight (t.c.p.). I heard no more of it until 15 Sept., when Lee Hoffman (GH&CBNF) wrote that she had it and would I care to donate it to her Museum of Rebel And Fannish Artifacts? I replied that I would but that I'd like to see it one more time before parting with it. So LeeH (GH&CBNF) sent it along (handsomely enclosed in plastic)(the Q-Card, not LeeH) and I found it embellished with the signatures of: me, damon knight, Walt Willis, Don Allen, Mike Wallace, Mal Ashworth, Jan Jansen, Eric Bentcliffe, Dave Vendelmans, Dick Ellington, Bob Silverberg, Boyd Raeburn, Dick Geis, Sam Martinez, Charles Wells, William Rotsler, Harry Warner, Jr., Redd Boggs and Lee Hoffman. The obverse side shows a portrait of a bearded man and someone with an elite typer (red ribbon) had written "It's Bert!" across his chest. All in all, it's quite an item. You can use these things like a sort of radioactive isotope to trace the great currents of interfan correspondence back and forth across the oceans and stuff. I am sitting on Eney QC #2, signed by: Eney, Boggs, damon, Agberg, Bloch, Degler (per RAB), Enever, dag, Willis, Hoffman Harris and Tucker. I might consider selling it for the best offer over \$10,000---in Damyankee currency, that is.





RW Lowndes, Editor of SCIENCE FICTION QUARTERLY, FUTURE SF, (THE ORIGINAL) SCIENCE FICTION STORIES, and all sorts of interesting and educational publications for young and old alike, says some things regarding last issue's Hand of Glory treatise:

Would like to hear more about Messer Graves' credentials before accepting his authority over that of the revered Dr. Jules de Grandin, in respect to the hand of glory. Was it for naught that I memorized the lines,

"Now open, lock, to the dead man's knock,  
Fly bolt, and bar, and band;  
Nor move nor swerve, joint, muscle, or nerve  
At the spell of the dead man's hand.  
Sleep, all who sleep; wake, all who wake,  
But be as dead, for the dead man's sake."

See "The Hand of Glory",

Weird Tales, July 1933.

Herr Spiegl's article was most interesting, but he's in error on one point: Gernsback never reprinted novels by Hans Dominick in Science Wonder Stories, Wonder Stories, or the Quarterlies; in response to readers who asked why not, Mr. Gernsback stated that while he enjoyed them as stories, he did not feel that their science content was adequate for his magazines. (See the interview that appeared in Science Fiction Digest circa 1932.) Also, Max Valier was represented only by an article and a short story; not by a novel or novels.

For "Gnurrery Rhymes", I can offer only my own version of "Deep Purple", as follows: "When the deep purple falls, / Over slimy garden walls, / And the stars go squitter squitter in the sky; / In the mistlands of memory, / You shamle back to me, / Screaming my name as you cry. / In the still of the night, / Once again you hair's alight, / But you're gone, completely gone, when moonlight beams; / Yet, as long as my heart is lewd, / You'll be again renewed, / Here in my deep purple dreams."

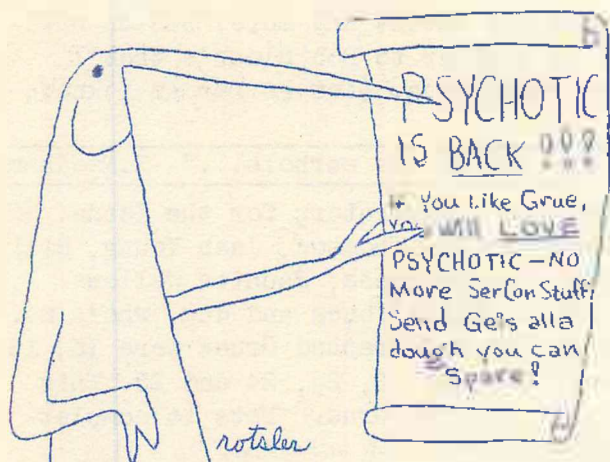
Then, you might add the Robert Hall song (do they have Robert Hall stores out your way?). {Gawd yes!} "Where the prices go up, up, up, / And the values go down, down, down, / It's quite simple, neighbor, / We use slave labor, / No overheard, / No overhead."

Let me add that I was amazed to find myself enjoying "Belfasters" immensely; that your own operation of Operator #5 brought back fond memories (I won't say of what, since I never read Operator #5), and am looking forward to more from you in this vein. #In reference to your operations on the Gettysburg Address, courtesy Bloch, while accepting it in the spirit in which it was presented, and granting that the point was made ever-so-crystal-clear, I could wish that something else had been selected for the takeoff. However, I applaud your refusal to apologize!

as ever RW Lowndes

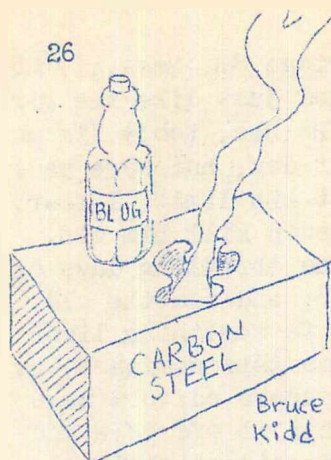
PS - Hope this Late Summer issue will leave the possibility of the forewarned Fall Issue still open! u n q u o t e





Andy Young, 12 Sumner Rd, Cambridge 38, Mass., 25 chorkles, "I've got a girl, named just like the girl that married dear old Dag..." {He has, too!} "We got SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW the other day, and were sadly disappointed. Geis has about hit his limit, I fear. His commercial tendencies will soon kill him off. Oh, that we could return to those thrilling days of yesteryear, like the Lone Ranger, and see the old blue PSYCHOTIC. What is needed is something like the Bureau Centrale les Telegrams Astronomiques, or whatever it is called: let the superb editors make up a dummy of each issue, and ship it off to a central mimeoing agency which would philanthropically take care of the reproducing and mailing. What Fandom needs is an eccentric billionaire. {I'll drink

to that!!} Speaking of the expense of film-type stencils, our friend Sandy Rosin says that the thin plastic bags they put up carrots and such vegs in work fine as fake pliofilms. It's an idea. {Unquote &Young--Quote:} RICHARD E. GEIS, 1525 N.E. Ainsworth, Portland 11, Oregon....The only thing that grotched me was the monumental absence of response to SFR. I musta sent the thing to fifty pros, innocently believing they'd be interested in a magazine that reviewed their work, and the echoing silence was profound. {But what pro found it?} I think I sent at least ten copies to STARTLING's editor for forwarding to those authors and artists whose addresses I didn't have. Ha! Not even from the editor himself, who might at least have acknowledged the things. "I keep asking myself if the reviews were that BAD, so bad that they didn't deserve an answer, or recognition even, or if the pros are, with a few wonderful exceptions, completely indifferent to their fannish audience. Well, if they don't give a damn, I'm sure I don't. {Don't judge all the pros by these bargain basement types that Startling has rattling around in Sam Mines' shoes, Rich. Lowndes, Gold, Boucher, Campbell, Shaw, Hamling...any of these would have been more responsive, I'm sure. --dag} ... I'm afraid that this upcoming PSY will be about 60 pages, however. Perhaps I can solve the problem of diminishing returns by urging the readers to NOT try to comment on everything in the issue...only on those few which interest them most. I'll give it a try, anyway. #I was flabbergasted yesterday. Received in the mail a request for a sample copy from the New York Public Library. Gad... SINCerely, Dick. {Unquote Geis & Gad indeed! Quoting a man with a question:} ED HAYES, 3251 Asbury Avenue, Ocean City, New Jersey. ... Dag, do you know of any other amateur press efforts other than SF? In the couple of dozen fanzines that I've read, I believe I've seen reference to amateur horror zines. Other than that - nothing. Sincerely, Ed. {Unquote Hayes. No, Ed, I've heard that some of the stuff in the so-called "mundane apas" is horrible but don't think they are to HORROR STORIES as is Grue to GALAXY. Anyone want to contact Hayes on this? Quoting a fan on the lam:} BASIL VORTCH (address unspecified), Unless we make it across the border, you will have to hold copies for us till the heat's off. #Grues that Graves! You know Fzot--always the experimenter--well, he would try a hand from an electrocuted felon and he talked me into going along and the minute we got into this house and he touched off the fingers with his Zippo, the fat was in the fire for sure (pardon unintentional pun). Instead of stupefying them, it electrified them! ... {Unquote Vortch and there goes a good kid. Quoting now a fellow A/2C:} William J Calabrese AF 11274766, Box 354, 11th TMS, Orlando AFB, Florida. ... But I think Mr. Gault over-estimates the effects that the decisions of the critics have upon the readers. Mr. Gault seems to envision a reading public which hangs on every word of the critics and trembles at their wrath. 'Tain't so. I can't think of one book that I have avoided because some prominent critic panned it and that isn't because I haven't been exposed to the opinions of the critics either. The critic is not paying the bill for book and magazine publishers -- the reader is. And I maintain that the reader is going to go on reading what he wants to read no matter what a handful of literary pundits say and that the book publishers will continue to publish books, some of them good, some of them bad, but all tailored to suit the tastes of the readership. #No comment on the Lincoln messup, except that I liked the piece than and no amount of hysterical chatter will change that. I note that



the latest MaD (or maybe it isn't the latest any more) has an article by Doodles Weaver which is so similar to Bob Bloch's that I find myself wondering if Weaver reads Grue. {Not as far as I know, he doesn't.}

"Taking careful aim, I donked the cat on the earhole..."--E.Needham

Before I forget, I'd better list the illustrators for the issue: Richard D. Bergeron, Ron FLESHMAN, Arthur Thomson, Jean Young, Bill Rotsler, Dave Rike, Dave English, Jack Harness, Jaunita Wellons Coulson, Patricia Scott, Bruce Kidd, Plato Jones and dag, who's me. ERRATUM: Slight mix-up on page 2; The Rexographed Grues were 15, 18 and 19. The Gestetnered ones were 20, 21, 22, 23, 24 and 25. This is the ninth generally-circulated issue of Grue. Note to completists: there has also been a #23½. #26 will be out in February '56.

"Bob Shaw is a daught, but craughty, draughtsman..."

--Alan Vickers

Charles E. Burbee, 7628 S. Pioneer Blvd., Whittier, Calif., is, as Bloch would say, queer for old player-piano rolls. Should any readers of Grue know of any vast deposits of old p-p rolls, these are the sort for which Burb faunches--quoting: Any roll with the word "RAG" in the title is acceptable. Same for "blues", cake-walk, slow drag, buck dance, and two-step. I almost passed one up because it said, on one line, Snowball, and underneath, in small print, Rag Time March. My eyes were flipping past it because there were a lot of rolls to high-grade. I did a genuine double-take, because a corner of my eye must have caught the "rag" but did not get the signal to my brain immediately. I flipped back. Naturally I bought the roll and it is a good one. One of my rolls also says underneath Rag-Time Two-Step, though the title is Sleepy Sydney. (As I answered Boggs, who heard the wire-recording I made of this one, no, I do not know whether the Sydney is a boy, girl or town in Australia). Coupla rolls I'm after though the title and description are not very informative: An African Beauty; Alagazam; At a Georgia Camp Meeting; Banjo--Grotesque Fantasie; Boardwalk Parade; The Bowery Buck; Bunch o' Blackberries; The Cannon Ball; Chicken Chowder; A Coon Band Contest; Creole Belles; Darkey Todalo; Down in Honky Tonk Town; Down in June Town; Dusky Dudes; "1863" March Medley; Euphonic Sounds; Flying Arrow --Intermezzo Indienne; Ethiopia, African Intermezzo; Impecunious Davis; Lady of Quality--Waltzes; Melancholy Mose; Midnight Mama; Mr Black Man; Mr. Johnson, Turn Me Loose; My Coal Black Lady; Peaceful Henry; Ragging the Scale; Rambling Mose; Rastus on Parade; Razzazza Mazzazza; Rufus Rastus Johnson Brown; St Louis Tickle; Scandalous Thompson; The Smiler; Smoky Moses; Tickled to Death; Weary Blues; Whistling Rufus. -- Did I say a coupla' rolls?? ... burb {Unquote...and I might note that the going price on used rolls is 25¢ each, pay no more; also, the boxes they come in aren't sturdy enough to ship the things to California in--we know, don't we, burb?--Chuck Harris (everybody knows his address!) says not to put out G25 till he's had a chance to comment. Very sorry, Chuck, it couldn't wait and I'd sworn I wasn't going to get trapped into working all night to get this finished this issue. Sad to say, Berry's third installment isn't in as we go to Gestetner. Let's hope it's in for next issue. I'm just a few titles away from a complete checklist of DOC SAVAGE, thanks to Don Ford (129 Maple Avenue, Sharonville, Ohio. Can anyone supply the title for Aug '44 and for those in 1947 to the end? How about it, Ted White?...CosWal??) Dick Ellington, 113 W 84th St., NY 24, says: The Waldorf-Astoria has offered us everything but Doug MacArthur for a headwaiter if we'll have the 1956 Con there. We are planning to set up a sitter-service for ye kiddies, either free or very cheap so you could even bring your fambly. And naturally we would appreciate any little bits of publicity you could toss us--like threatening to cancel people's subscriptions unless they send two dollars to us, that's:

14th World Science-Fiction Convention,

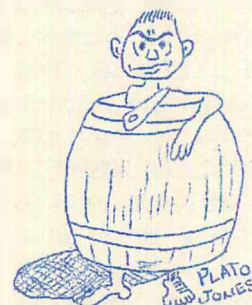
P. O. Box 272,

Radio City Station,

New York 19, N. Y.

{No cancellations, Dick, but it's a fine idea. Send your \$2 and, Foo willing, I'll see you there.

--dag}



"You know--I bet  
That Tucker fellow  
Marked Those Cards --"



NOTE: The following article, submitted through Forrest J Ackerman, arrived after 27 the issue had been completed. However, the direct-mail copies had not yet been mailed out and I hate to let it wait for next issue so I decided to print it as a sort of supplement to Grue #24, including it with the FAPA copies for next mailing.

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## A REPORT ON SCIENCE FICTION IN GERMANY

by Walter Spiegl\*

Did you ever wonder why Germany has never been mentioned in connection with science fiction? It is hard to believe, but science fiction is nearly unknown in the land of the IG-Farben or the V-2 Rocket.

Science fiction---or Zukunftsroman, as it is known in German---had a good start in the twenties and early thirties. There was the indication of a promising future for the German science fiction novel. Old hands in the magazine collecting business will remember the olden times when Hugo Gernsback featured the utopias of Otfrid von Hanstein in WONDER STORIES and WONDER STORY QUARTERLY. It was Gernsback who imported German science fiction efforts in the early thirties, and in his magazines of that period you will find translations of novels by Ludwig Anton, Otto Willi Gail, Max Valier, Hans Dominik and Friedrich Freska.

It is next to impossible to locate those old books in Germany, except maybe in a public library, provided it survived the war. Of the authors mentioned above, the novels by Hans Dominik were reprinted after the war. Dominik has 17 titles published, 14 of them by the Gebr. Weiss Verlag, Berlin-Munich which is the leading German publishing house for science fiction books. They printed 5 books by Bob Heinlein, all from the Scribner's juvenile shelf. ROCKET SHIP GALILEO, FARMER IN THE SKY, SPACEMAN JONES, etc. Arthur C. Clarke's PRELUDE TO SPACE and Edmond Hamilton's THE STAR KINGS, and CITY AT WORLD'S END complete the list worth mentioning. If you want to add Nelson Bond's ADVENTURES OF LANCELOT BIGGS to the list you are welcome to do so. German authors are Freder van Holk with 16 titles published and more books coming, and Paul Eugen Sieg, Richard Koch, and Klaus Eigk with one novel each.

A second publishing company printed 3 books of the Winston juvenile series, attractive and inexpensive books which sell very good.

The most important science fiction books published in Germany were the four volumes of the "Weltraumbuecher" issued by the Karl Rauch Verlag, Duesseldorf. This is a well known and highly respected German publishing company with its imprint on many books of 'good literature'. Strange as it may seem, this company tried to make American science fiction popular in Germany. There were 3 novels, THE INCREDIBLE PLANET by John W. Campbell, Jr., THE HUMANOIDS by Jack Williamson, and Isaac Asimov's I, ROBOT. All three of them complete with introductions by Dr. Gotthard Gunther, a man well known to you STARTLING and ASTOUNDING readers. You will recall his articles in both mags on Aristotelian

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\* In case any of the readers wish to correspond with Herr Spiegl regarding this article, his address is:

Flatterstrasse 1,  
(16) Niedernhausen/Ts,  
Germany.

I'm sure he'd welcome your comments.

and Non-Aristotelian Logic and Philosophical Logic. It is impossible for the German reader, inexperienced in science fiction as he is, to masticate this specialized diet. An easy going introduction by Groff Conklin or Fred Pohl would have been much more appropriate.

The fourth volume is the remarkable anthology *UEBERWINDUNG VON RAUM UND ZEIT* edited and with an introduction by Dr. Gunther. Except for the poor translation---and here I am contradicting Damon Knight who reviewed said book in the Nov '53 issue of *FUTURE*---this is the best anthology of American science fiction stories ever to hit Germany. You will be familiar with such stories as Simak's *DESERTION*, Asimov's *NIGHTTAIL*, *THE MONSTER* by VanVogt, *TIME AND TIME AGAIN* by H. Beam Piper, Campbell's *WHO GOES THERE* and Padgett's *MILKY WERE THE BOROGOVES*. A wonderful book and a must for every German science fiction reader.

It is surprising, therefore, that in spite of the excellent quality these books were perfect flops. The reason for this pitiful failure is to be found not only in the German reader and his environment as John Campbell reasons, but in the way science fiction was introduced to the German reader. It is John Campbell's opinion that European tradition is to blame for the failure of science fiction in Germany and I quote from one of his letters: "I think one of the major reasons for the failure of science fiction in Germany has to do with the fact that Europe has a cultural pattern very much different from the United States." It is true, there is such a cultural pattern and most of the people born before the first decade of our century still live in it. But this does not apply to the young generation. It is surprisingly free of traditional thinking. Ten years of American influence in Germany have not been without results. Many young Germans speak English fluently. The traditional 'Lederhose' has been replaced by blue jeans, except maybe in Bavaria where it is a local custom, and the American soldiers and tourists are the ones who help in keeping it up. In the streets the kids play cowboy and indians and every teen-ager can tell you about Benny Goodman and his Carnegie Hall Concert or Glenn Miller, and who divorced whom in Hollywood. Coca Cola and chewing gum are sold everywhere and the American car types are as well known as the German Mercedes or Volkswagen. Tradition? You will have to look hard to find it.

Solve the problem of introducing science fiction to the German public and it will become as popular as in the States. Campbell then continues: "It won't be easy to make science fiction popular in Europe in this generation. It asks that you first acknowledge that all the past achievements of Mankind are good, but not good enough---that the Great Men of the Past were not great enough, and must be excelled. It is a direct rejection of the whole tradition of European culture---which is why Dr. Gunther's translations have been uneasily rejected."

No, it won't be easy. It wasn't easy in America either. Remember how many years were necessary until science fiction appeared between hard covers in America. It did not grow popular in America over night.

And as far as the Great Men of the German Past are concerned I know of two big blunders with uncomfortable results. There are many things which can and must be excelled. Well, we are approaching critical mass. Let's return to science fiction. The reason why Dr. Gunther and the Karl Rauch publishers failed were the high price and the fact that they tried to do it with books. And by the way, Aristotelian Logic is a rather poor means of introducing a completely new genre of literature.

Some time ago I undertook a little experiment. I gave a copy of the Gunther anthology to several of my friends and acquaintances, who had never before read science fiction. Almost unanimously they agreed that the stories were interesting to read, but they would never buy such an expensive book to put it in their book case next to Goethe or Thomas Mann. The solution will have to be a cheap magazine.



The German two bit magazine takes the place of the American pocket book. It is true, there are German paper backs, but they feature belletristic literature in most cases, and for no apparent reason mysteries or westerns never found their way into the pocket book as one might expect. The only science fiction novel ever to appear between soft covers was H. G. Wells' TIME MACHINE, for it is considered a classic even in Germany.

Germany has had one science fiction magazine for about one year now. UTOPIA is a 92 page large size slick and features one complete sf-novel by British authors per issue. I know the editor quite well and have translated for the magazine. There is not much hope of American material finding its way into this mag, as American rates are four times as high as the British. Even if the fans are not convinced that the British material should be kept up, the publishers are. But a beginning has been made, which is the important thing after all. And it won't take long before there will be one or two other German sf mags.

At the end of my report I would like to mention the very excellent German non-fiction magazine WELTRAUMFAHRT, the periodical of the "Gesellschaft für Weltraumforschung". This 32 page magazine features interesting developments on astronautics and rocketry and gives you an idea of what is actually done on the field of rocket research all over the world. Weltraumfahrt has such well known contributors as Professor Oberth, Willy Ley, Heinz Cartmann, Walter Dornberger (V-2, Viking Press) and others. This is a highly recommended publication appearing four times a year and has to be subscribed to. In case you are interested I think Willy Ley should be able to tell you about this magazine or the German Gesellschaft für Weltraumforschung in the United States.

--Walter Spiegl

#### Editorial Notes:

I find it very painful, somehow, to pay postage on blank paper so I might as well fill out the rest of the page. Judging from past experience, there will be readers who write in and ask for translations of the titles and other German words in the article. I regretfully confess that, compared to Spiegl's English, my German is---to put it as kindly as possible---vestigial. In fact, compared to his English, even my English isn't too impressive. But I shall take my copy of Langenscheidt's German-English Dictionary (Cardinal, pb, 50¢) and make a stab at translating a few of the easier words.

Welt means world; raum is "room" or space and forschung is investigation so we might take "Gesellschaft für Weltraumforschung" to mean approximately "Organization for Investigation (of the) Worlds (in)Space." Weltraumfahrt comes out something like "Space-World Journey."

The going gets tougher when we come to Ueberwindung von Raum und Zeit. My dictionary lists no words starting with the letters "ue-" but it lists uber as "over." That second letter could be important as witness, for example, the English words shore and sore. But, for lack of a better guess, I'd call it "Over (?) -Winding (turn?) of Space and Time." Verlag is the German word for publication, or publishing house.

Zukunftsroman is, as Spiegl notes, the German term for science fiction. Literally transposed into English, it comes out "Future Novels." Which, I suppose, is a better term for that sort of thing than is science fiction. The name of our old continuity-character, Captain Future, translates into German as Hauptmann Zukunft and, somehow, comes forth sounding more impressive and swashbuckly...perhaps Kapitan---meaning a Navy-type Captain---would be more accurate though somehow less dashing-sounding.

--Dean A. Grennell

## WHY FANEDS GET GRAY DEPT.:

I should know by this time that fandom is constantly in a state of flux. Something true today will be false tomorrow. Today's blood-feuders will, on the morrow, announce that they plan to jointly publish a fanzine. The only thing you can count on is that things will be different tomorrow.

That's the trouble with being eager and finishing up the issue early for a change. The pages have been printed for perhaps three weeks now and already much of it is hopelessly non-current. The letter from Chuck Harris arrived the day after I finished printing. Letter just in from John Berry says if I wait another two weeks his installment on Bob Shaw will be in, complete with ATom illos and the wherewithal for Steno-faxed illos as well. Sorry, the deadline approaches on inexorable footbones but that will give you something to anticipate for next time.

And, after treating Geis to a fair sort of plug on page 25, a note arrives post-marked 18 Oct 55 which says:

"Reason I quit fapa was because I was despairing of ever getting anything into a mailing. Reason for that feeling of frustration and guilt was that I decided not too long ago (actually three hours ago) that I was gonna revive SFR and bygodmakeitwork. Reason I decided to revive SFR is DEEP and I won't go into it now."  
Dick

As if that wasn't enough---back on page 9/10 I mentioned the matter of Mal's article, as requested in a letter from Mal. Just at hand is a copy of the new issue of Ron Bennett's PLOY which does contain an announcement that DECISION last issue was not written by Ashworth.

Not only that, but---refer to page 11---the very day I printed the stencils (9 Oct) The Milwaukee Journal ran another article about CONFIDENTIAL, saying that the magazine has won an easing of its mailing restrictions. All of which brings us up to date, I hope.

Excerpting very briefly from Chuck's letter: 'Loved the cover symbol, -- we used a beanie on "-" once and nobody seemed to notice the thing. .... I suppose you haven't really lived until you've been goosed with a Hand of Glory.' But Chuck---I remember the beanie-symbol on "-" very well: it had a shamrock on top of it and you will find that I commented on it and Walt printed my comment in some bygone lettersec...or do I get lumped in as 'nobody'? Fie, sirrrah (NOTE: 'sirrrah' is harrriis, spelled backwards).

Only a few lines left...room enough, perhaps, in which to say that I thoroughly enjoyed the 72nd Mailing. Room enough to plead for the thousandth time for FAPAns to put aside false modesty long enough to put their name somewhere on/in their publication where it can be found without too much eye-straining scanning and deducing. Room enough to say that I found these publications of special interest: Phlotsam 3/4; Stefantasy; Lark; Forty Four Forty or Fight; Willis Discovers America; Normandie Notes; Chooog; Gods, Graves & TV Sets; Girl's Herald; BirdSmith; Demeter; Zip (that spectacular color ---drool!); Eleventh Hour; Fiendetta; Gasp!; Le Pire; Le Moindre; Ibidem; Target:FAPA!; and Horizons. As we go into the 73rd round I find myself particularly faunching for Skyhook, Spaceship, Masque, HFantasia, TRFap, Heck! Le2, and Poo. Add to list above: Torrents. Other stuff was pleasant but I've listed the ones I thought exceptional.

APPEAL: Eventually, I'm going to want to run an installment on Captain Future in this pulpzine character series. I haven't read a copy in fifteen years and haven't a copy in the files. Would some FAPAN like to snag some easy, inexpensive activity-credit by writing it up for me? If so, please notify first and wait for the go-ahead in the unlikely event that more than one will respond. Larry Shaw and Redd Boggs have both offered to help out on certain magazines. #Tucker has shed his sanserif typeface. It is a shifty old world, n'est-ce pas? Until February then, Mrry Xmas & Hppy NYr.-dag