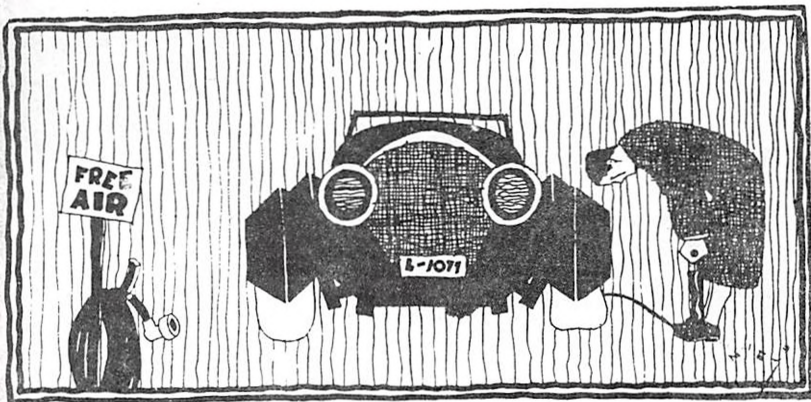


THE PULP ERA

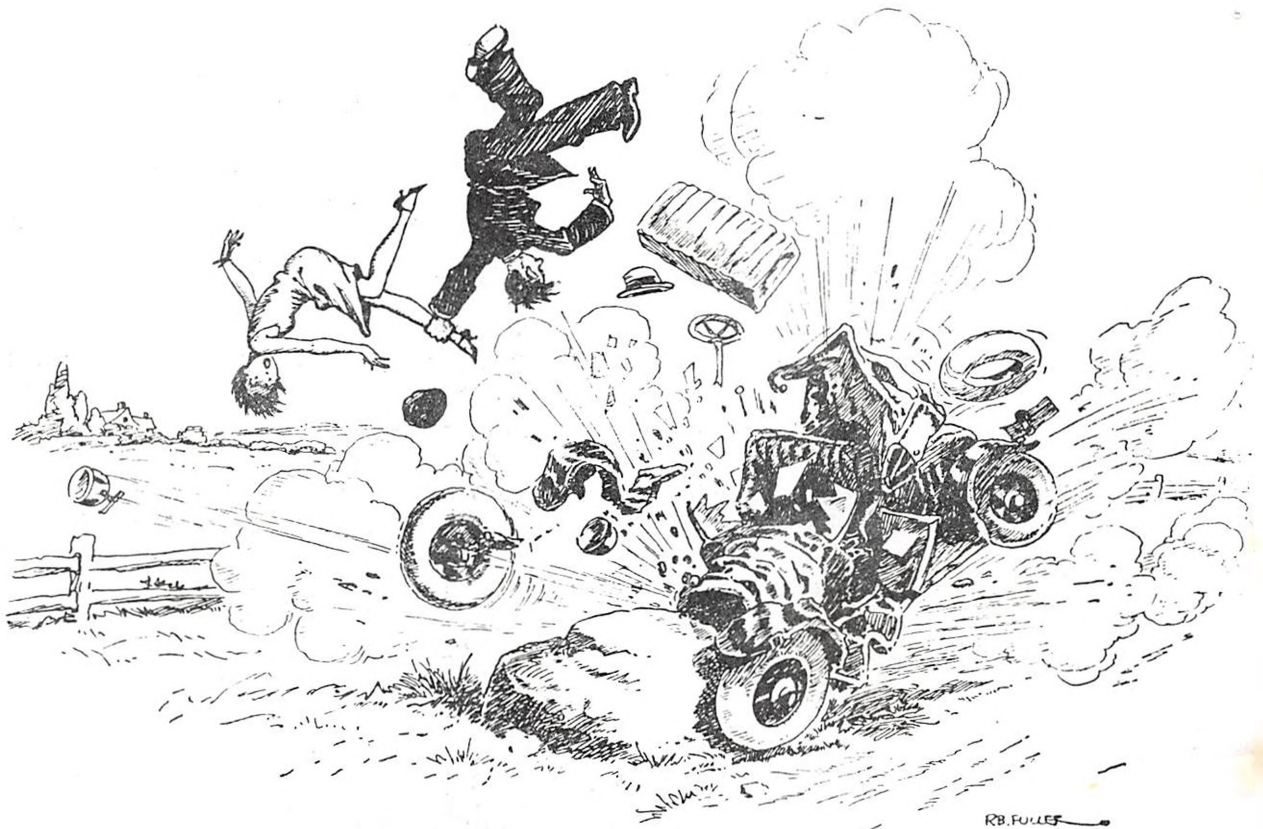
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Dec. 1969



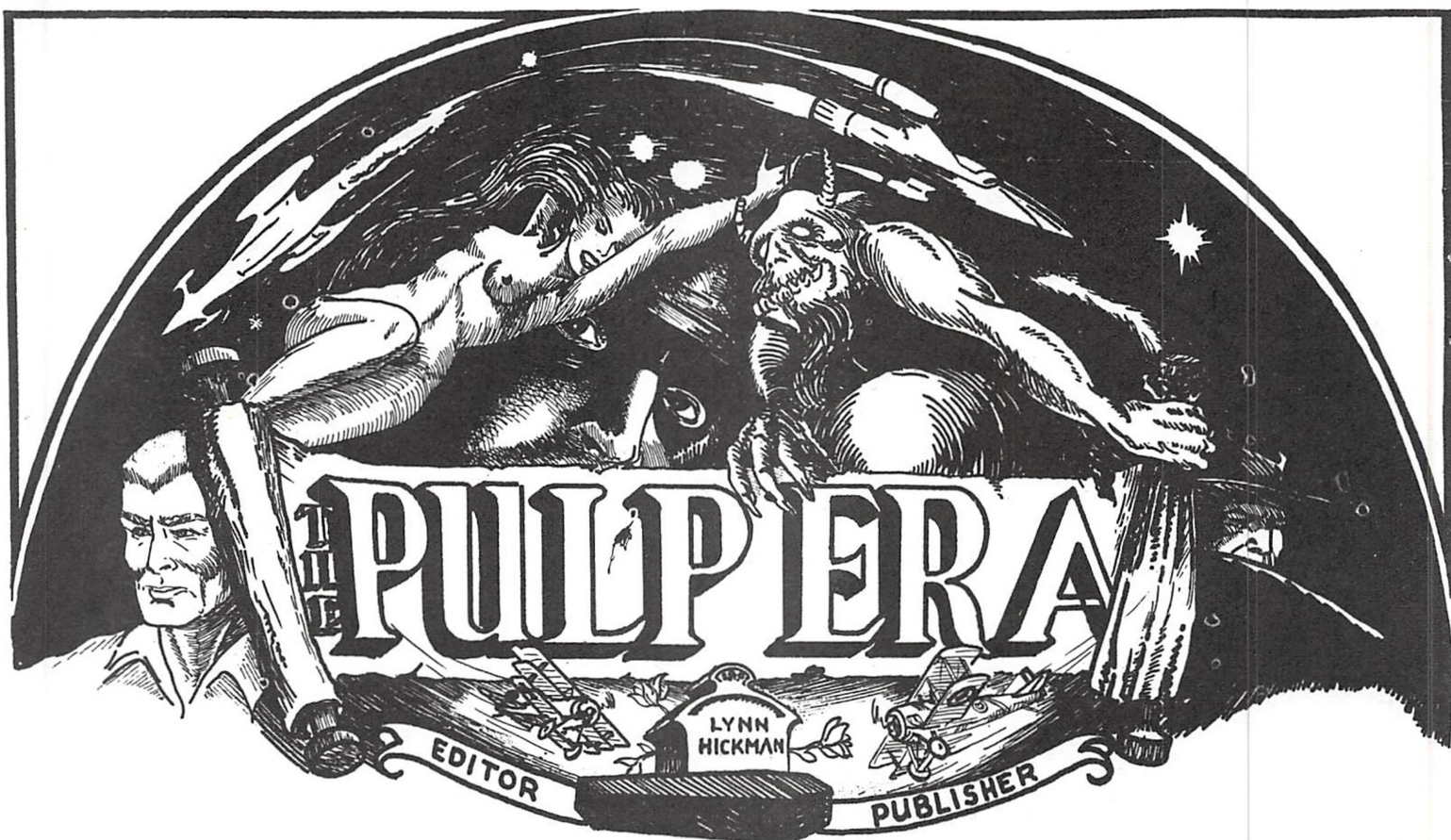
Ye Compleat Snobb

*Special Art
Issue*



RB.FOLLE

See—Don't be fresh!



THE PULP ERA #73

December 1969

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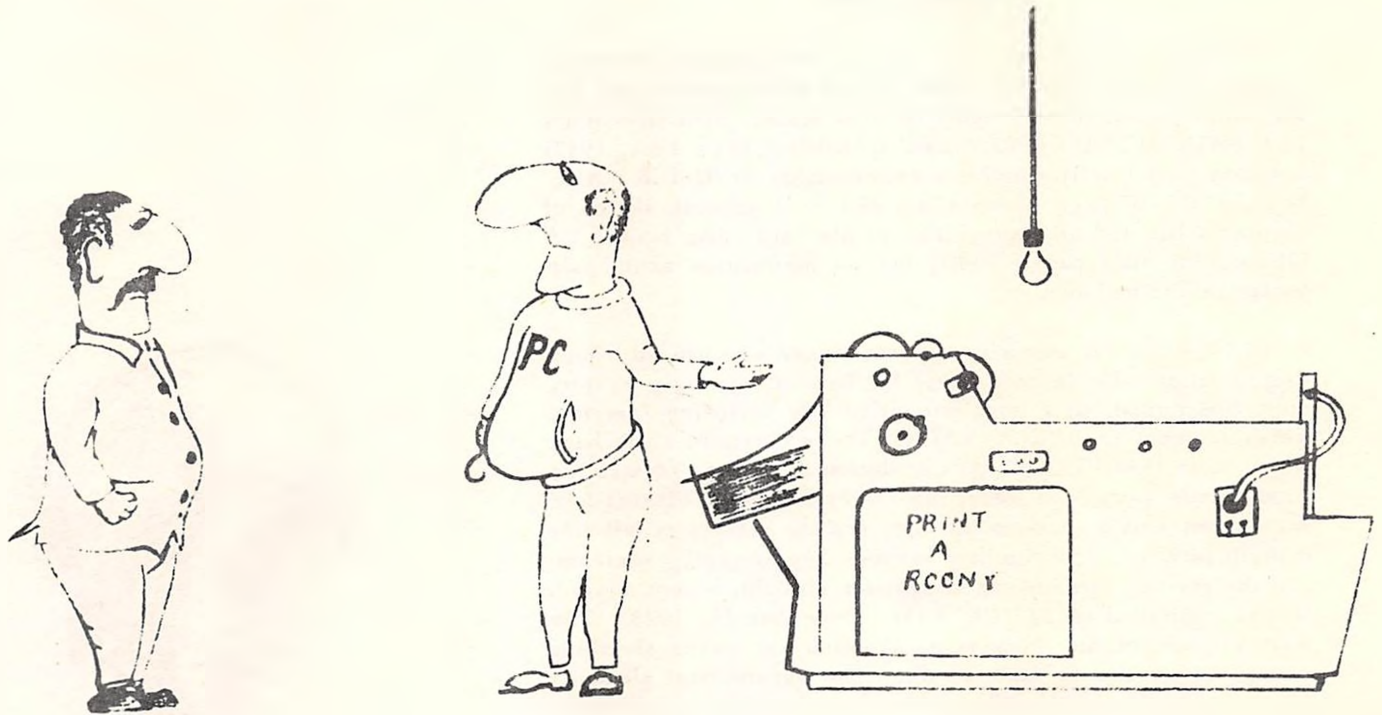
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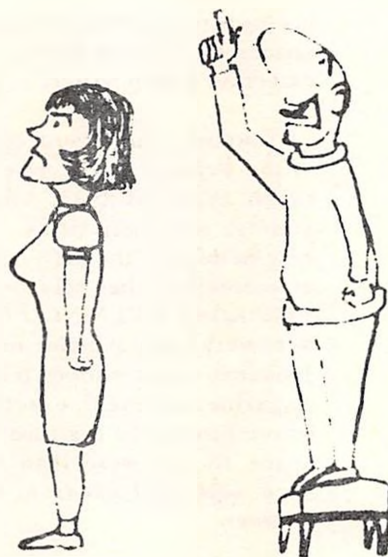
Deadline for material is the 15th of the month preceding cover date. Classified ad rates are 2½¢ per word, 50¢ minimum. Display ads from photo-ready copy are ¼ page \$2.50, ½ page \$4.50, full page \$7.50. Check or money order must accompany all ads.

If there is an X below, your subscription has expired and this is the last issue you will receive unless you renew.

THE PULP COLLECTOR by Gary Zachrich



'JUST AS I TURNED IT ON, I NOTICED THAT SOME FOOL HAD LAID ONE OF MY PRIZE PULPS ON THE FEED. I REACHED FOR IT WITH MY RIGHT HAND AND THE WORST HAPPENED. IT CHEWED IT ALL TO BITS! LOST MY HAND TOO.



'It's not my fault I have to spend so much money on my collection. If Hitler hadn't started a war there would never have been any scrap paper drives and these things would be twice as cheap!'

GARDNER AND BLACK MASK -- INCOMPLETE?

by Stewart Kemble

Earle Stanley Gardner is one of the most prolific writers of detective stories. Gardner, like several other authors, got his start in pulp magazines, notably *BLACK MASK*. Alva Johnston's *THE CASE OF EARLE STANLEY GARDNER* (New York, 1947) mentions only briefly Gardner's contributions to *BLACK MASK*. Most of the 87-page book is devoted to a general sketch of Gardner's life and an appreciation of his hard cover books. A bibliography fills pages 79-87, but no information about pulp publication is included.

In 1923 Gardner was a small-town lawyer who needed money to go hunting. He decided to try his hand at writing a mystery story and turned out a novelette titled *The Shrieking Skeleton*, which he sent to *BLACK MASK*. The manuscript came back with a note from P. C. Cody, circulation manager: *This is the most puerile story I have ever read. The plot has whiskers like Spanish moss on a Southern live oak, and the characters talk like a dictionary.* (P. 25) Gardner rewrote *The Shrieking Skeleton*, and the revised version was bought for \$140.00, a cent a word. It was published in *BLACK MASK*, December 15, 1923. The main element of the story is a skeleton that makes shrieking noises and seems to stab a man. The supernatural elements have a plausible explanation (what a man couldn't do in those days with a little phosphorous paint on his body!). The second story by Gardner for *Black*

story by Gardner for *BLACK MASK* was *The Serpent's Coils*, which appeared in the January 1, 1924 issue. In this yarn a husband imprisons his wife in a room filled with poisonous snakes and spiders. The wife escapes and the man falls into



his own trap. With this short discussion of Gardner's first two stories for *BLACK MASK*, Johnston says no more about Gardner's career as a pulp writer.



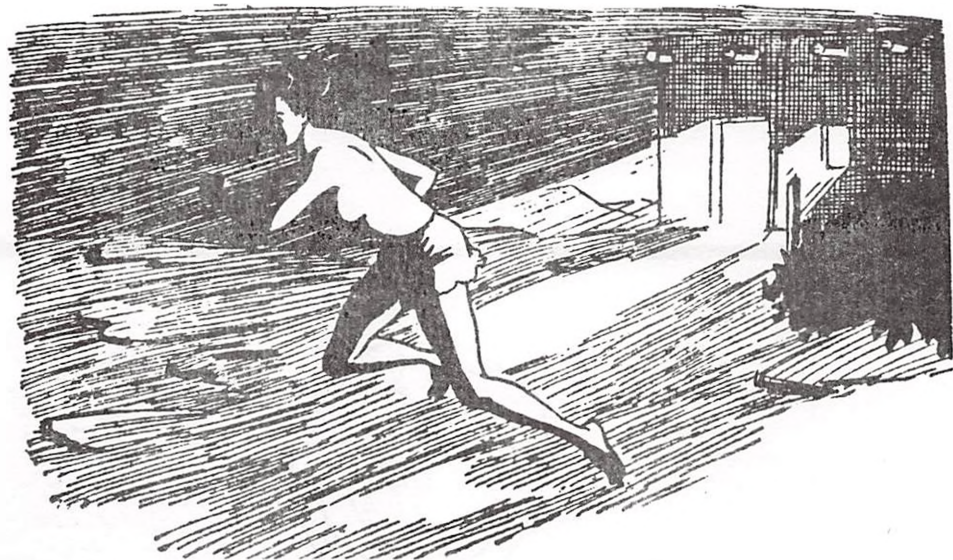
Gardner's first hard cover book appeared in 1933, *The Case of the Velvet Claws*. One would like to know what he wrote between 1924 and 1933, where and when he published other pulp stories, and their titles. Johnston's sketch of Gardner is not very helpful to the pulp collector. It is a pleasant, chatty piece of journalism that was originally aimed at the readers of *THE SATURDAY EVENING POST* at a time when Gardner's stories were very, very popular in the pages of that magazine. Perhaps Johnston or his editors felt it would be inappropriate in a family magazine to reveal exactly how much Gardner wrote for pulps before hitting the big time: perhaps Johnston simply did not have space to list more than the first two *BLACK MASK* stories.¹ Such work still needs to be done by some fan of Earle Stanley Gardner.

1. After noting the remarks of Richard A. Lupoff, *EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS: MASTER OF ADVENTURE*, 1965, Chapter XV, about the inaccuracies in Alva Johnston's discussion of Burroughs, it may be wise to read *THE CASE OF EARLE STANLEY GARDNER* with caution.

ARGASSING. . . .

While going through a store-room at my mothers, I ran across a box of magazine clippings I had clipped as a young boy with the intentions of starting a scrapbook. These brought back a lot of happy memories so I thought I would share them with you in this special art edition of THE PULP ERA-

I can still remember getting the magazines (and of course wish now that I had saved the entire magazine). I was a young boy at the time and my biggest ambition was to be a cartoonist. I drew cartoons, illustrations, painted posters, signs, etc., for the school and a couple of industrial papers in the area. In my spare time I hung around Eldor Gathman's Sign Shop in Napoleon, Ohio picking up all the pointers I could from him. Eldor, besides being a fine sign painter, was also a fine artist, his paintings winning many first prizes in shows throughout the state. Knowing my love for cartooning and art he gave me a stack of old JUDGE magazines. Most of the artwork (cartoons) are from these magazines. I'm sorry I can't give the dates of the magazines each drawing appeared in, but I no longer have that information. I do remember that the magazines ran from 1926 through the early 1930s. As you can tell



from the cartoons that I saved, Ralph Briggs Fuller was my favorite cartoonist. Many of you might remember him for his later syndicated strip, Oaky Doaks.

Another thing that I thought you might enjoy would be seeing a comparison between the SPICY ADVENTURE and the SPEED ADVENTURE strips of Diana Daw by Clayton Maxwell. Again I can't give you definite dates on these as I no longer have the complete magazines in my collection. Perhaps some of you....? Following these will be some illustrations from ROMANTIC WESTERN, SUPER DETECTIVE, PRIVATE DETECTIVE, DAN TURNER - HOLLYWOOD DETECTIVE, etc. Again no definite dates. Can you supply any of them?

Read on and enjoy.....

Lynn Hickman

letters

Dear Collector:

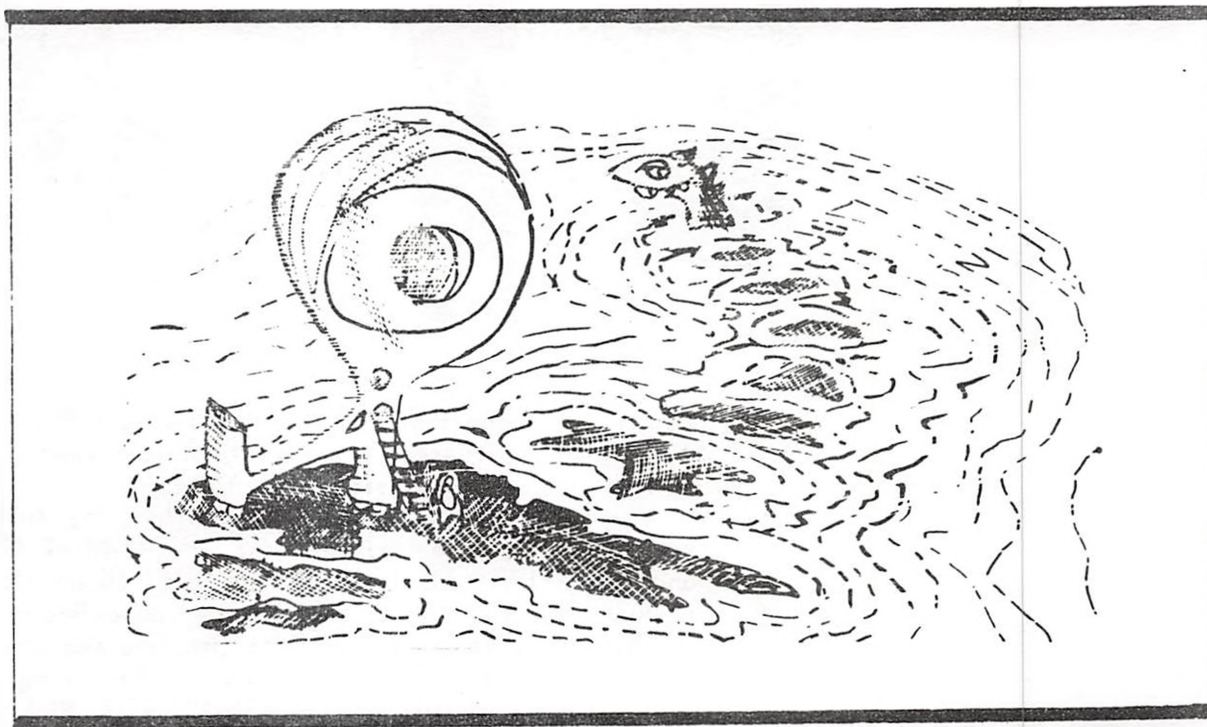
As you well know, I have stoically held to my price of \$2.85 for the one issue of G-8 you need to complete your collection. Your pleas, threats and cajolery have gained you no sympathy in our dealings for this issue.

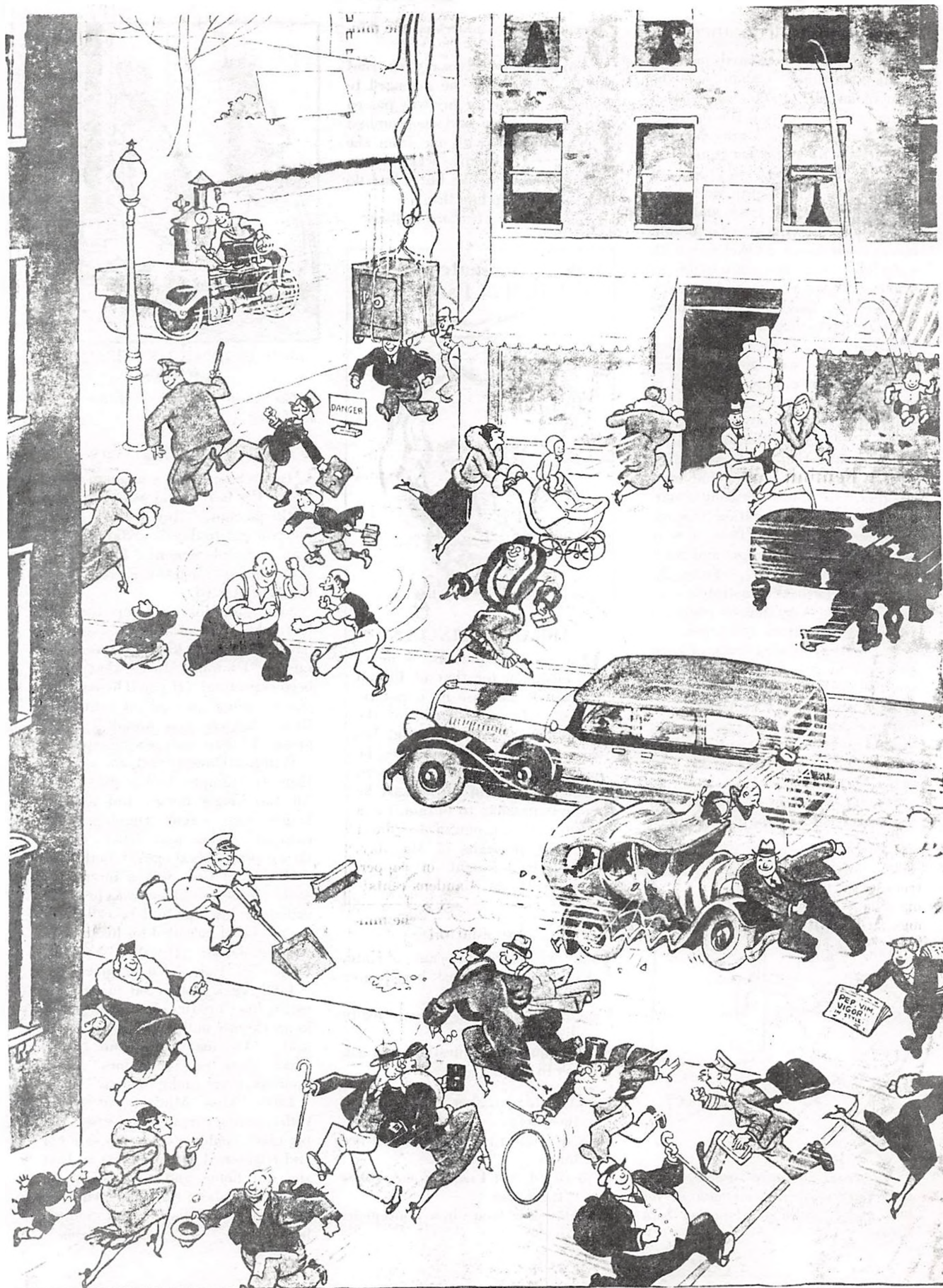
However, through these years of corresponding I feel that we have developed, if not friendship, at least a great understanding of each other. Along with my best wishes, you will find under separate cover, that copy you so highly prize for which I have accepted your offer of \$2.85 postpaid.

Signed;

A Fellow Collector

P.S. To sooth my conscience and assure myself that I did not come out second best on this deal, I have implanted a large muddy footprint on page 129.





If this Vitamin Craze gets any worse.

A Feminine Séance

THE city lay a twisted mass of smoking ruins. Calamity, in the form of an earthquake, had visited the countryside during the previous night and in the cold gray light of dawn the little world lay stunned in the wreckage and confusion of catastrophe. Pavements were buckled like cardboard, trees and poles lay criss-cross in the streets, private homes stood like gaunt skeletons with walls fallen away and office buildings displayed huge cracks and crevices with copings and bricks lying piled in the streets below.

Already the work of emergency reconstruction was getting under way. Red Cross nurses hurried in and out of temporary hospitals, soldiers patrolled the streets and huge trucks were pulling down the tottering ruins of partially destroyed buildings. Groups of hastily imported laborers were slowly clearing a narrow path of transportation through the littered streets and linemen were busy with coils of rope and reels of shining copper wire. From the chaos of a natural catastrophe man was already beginning to restore a semblance of system and order.

In the less confused space of what was once an important street intersection in the business district a grizzled army officer in major's uniform was busily engaged in receiving brief reports from his subordinates and issuing crisp orders to his couriers. A rather timid appearing gentleman with hair dishevelled and a sheepish look of painful guilt edged

closer and finally addressed the military official.

"I'm really awfully sorry, sir, that this has happened," he managed to stammer. "You see my wife passed on a few weeks ago and she promised to communicate with me from the spirit world. Emmy was always kind of impatient like but I had no idea she'd act up like this."

Richard Wallace

JUDGE Nominates for the Hall of Fame



ABRAHAM LINCOLN

BECAUSE his portrait is never mistaken for that of Rudolf Valentino; because he is not responsible for nine-tenths of the anecdotes attributed to him; because, by liberating the negro, he laid the groundwork for modern jazz; but most of all because he made it possible to obtain, for a ridiculous sum, one of the finest bas-relief portraits of the day, exquisitely wrought in copper, namely—the St. Gaudens cents!

Trepidation

I VIEW with alarm the beauty of Kate. I'm afraid I shall ask her to give me a date;

I quake in my boots—she is really divine.

Shall I quaver the question, and ask her to dine?

I mutter her number, she comes to the phone.

I ask her, and turn ashen pale at her tone.

"I'm afraid that I can't," she replies —it is queer.

But alas it is true—how contagious is fear!



OUR BUREAU OF MISSING PERSONS

The housewife who did her own marketing.

It Was This Way

SIMPLE SIMON met a pleman, going to the fair. Said Simple Simon to the pleman: "Hey, bo, wot kinda pie yuh got to-day?" Said the pleman to Simple Simon: "I got apple. Wot kind d'yuh want?" And then the fight started.

Jack and Jill went up the hill to fetch a pail of water. Jack fell down and broke his crown and Jill said: "Ch-huh! Just what I've been expecting! If you'd look where you're going instead of watching those flappers you wouldn't be a prospect for an emergency hospital!"

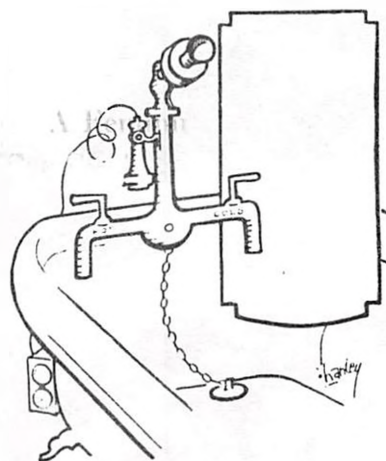
Humpty-Dumpty sat on a wall. Humpty-Dumpty had a great fall. All the king's horses and all the king's men came running—they thought Wales had fallen again. He's a pretty good egg, at that.

Old King Cole was a merry old soul. A merry old soul was he. He called for his pipe and he called for his bowl and he called for his fiddlers three, and said: "If y'start 'Yes, Sir, That's My Baby,' I'll brain you!"

Little Jack Horner sat in a corner eating his Christmas pie. He stuck in his thumb, pulled out a plum and said: "Aw, ma, why d'yuh always make these ol' plum pies? Why dontcha ever make lemon?"

Little Miss Muffett sat on a tuffet, eating currants and whey. A big black spider sat down beside her and frightened Miss Muffett so that she ran home and told the usual applesauce about three big men in an expensive limousine trying to kidnap her.

Chet Johnson



Numerous advance orders, from folks interrupted in their bathing, for this nickel plated combination bath fixture.



The collegiate parachute

The Home Wrecker

Mr. Pennywitt was half-way to the station before he became conscious of the fact that he had left his keys behind him. Now Mr. Pennywitt's keys were of assorted sizes, shapes and dimensions. They dangled from a huge ring. They jingled in his pocket and gave him a feeling of self-importance. A day without them! Impossible! Incredible!

He retraced his footsteps and reached the door of his cottage. As he paused to ring the bell, he heard from within a deep, unmistakably masculine voice. Mr. Pennywitt listened. He placed

his good ear against the door. His heart fell as the awful truth became apparent. There was a man speaking to his wife. . . .

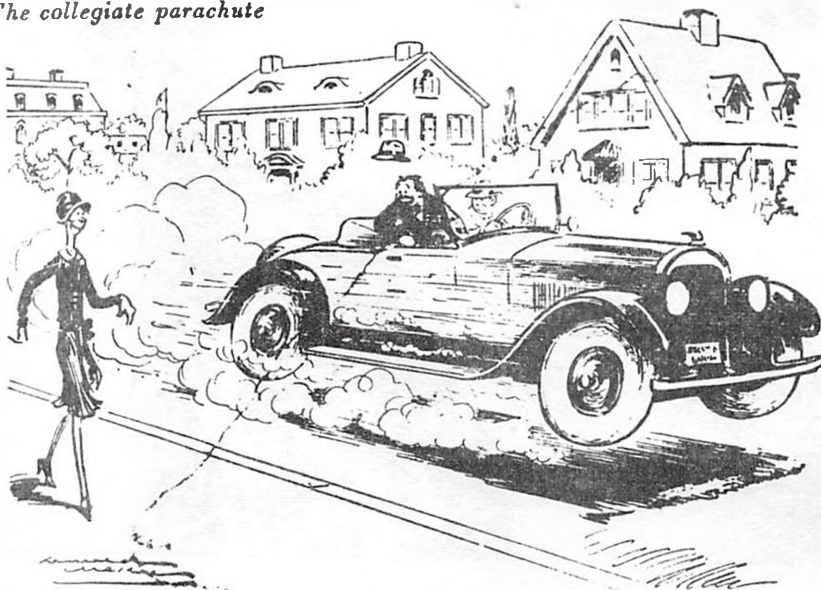
With a mighty heave the door burst open and the irate husband confronted his shameless mate.

"Where is he?" demanded the outraged man. "Bring on the scoundrel who violates the sanctity of a man's home, who sneaks in when the bread-winner ventures forth. Bring him to me so I may rend him limb from limb. . . ."

Again the deep voice resounded through the house: "It is best," boomed the speaker, "to supervise the child's play hour and not to feed the teething infant more than three times a day. I hope you have enjoyed this little radio talk on children and the younger generation, which comes to you each morning through the courtesy of the Little Rollo Dog Biscuit and Baby Food Company. Good Morning."

You may notice, if you visit the Pennywitt home, the radio is gone. In its place is a canary bird in a bright cage. Sometimes Mrs. Pennywitt laughs mysteriously. At such times her pompous husband squirms uncomfortably and finds it necessary to see how the flowers are coming up.

ARTHUR L. LIPPMANN

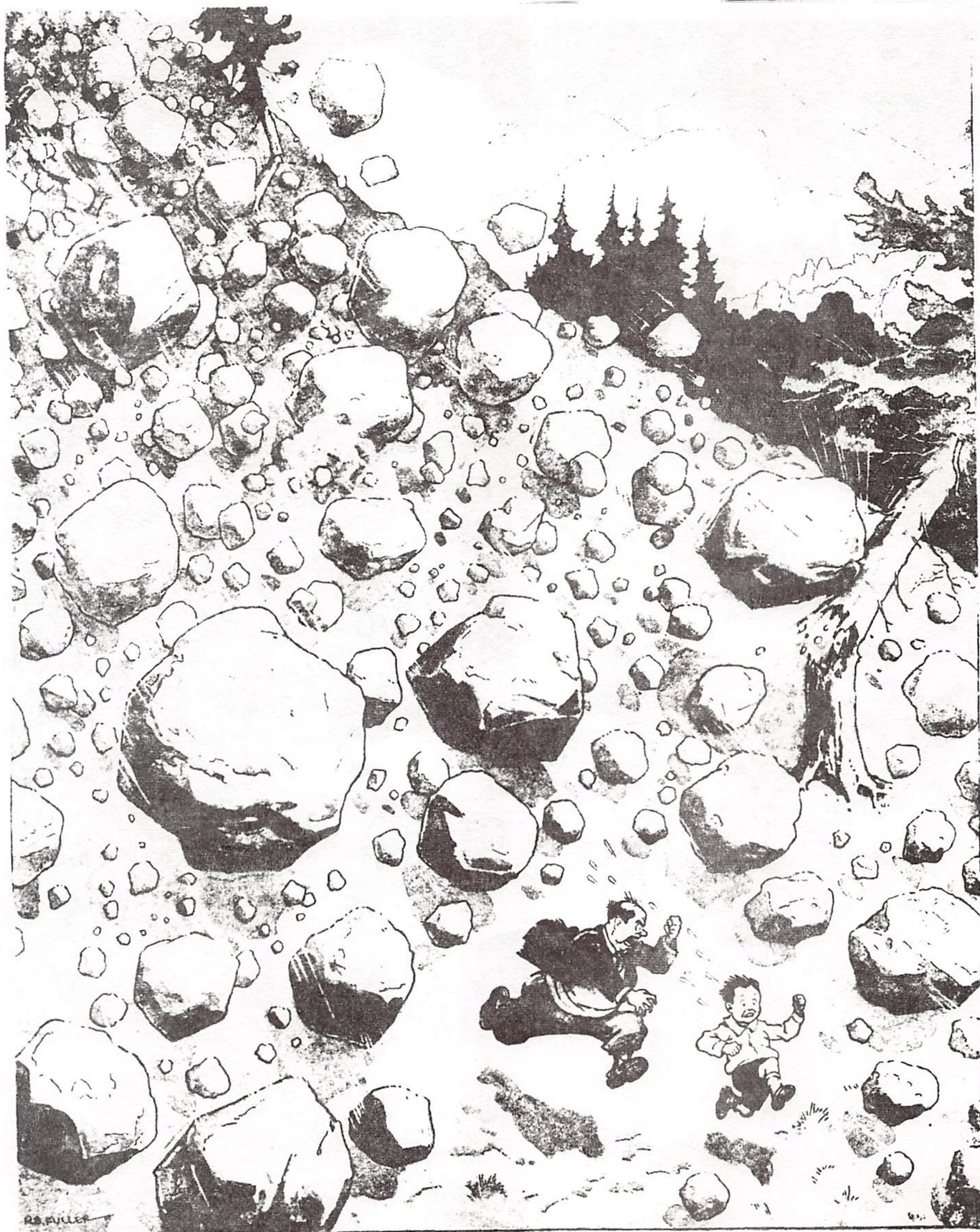


"For heaven's sake, stop the car, Elwood—that's my dream girl!"

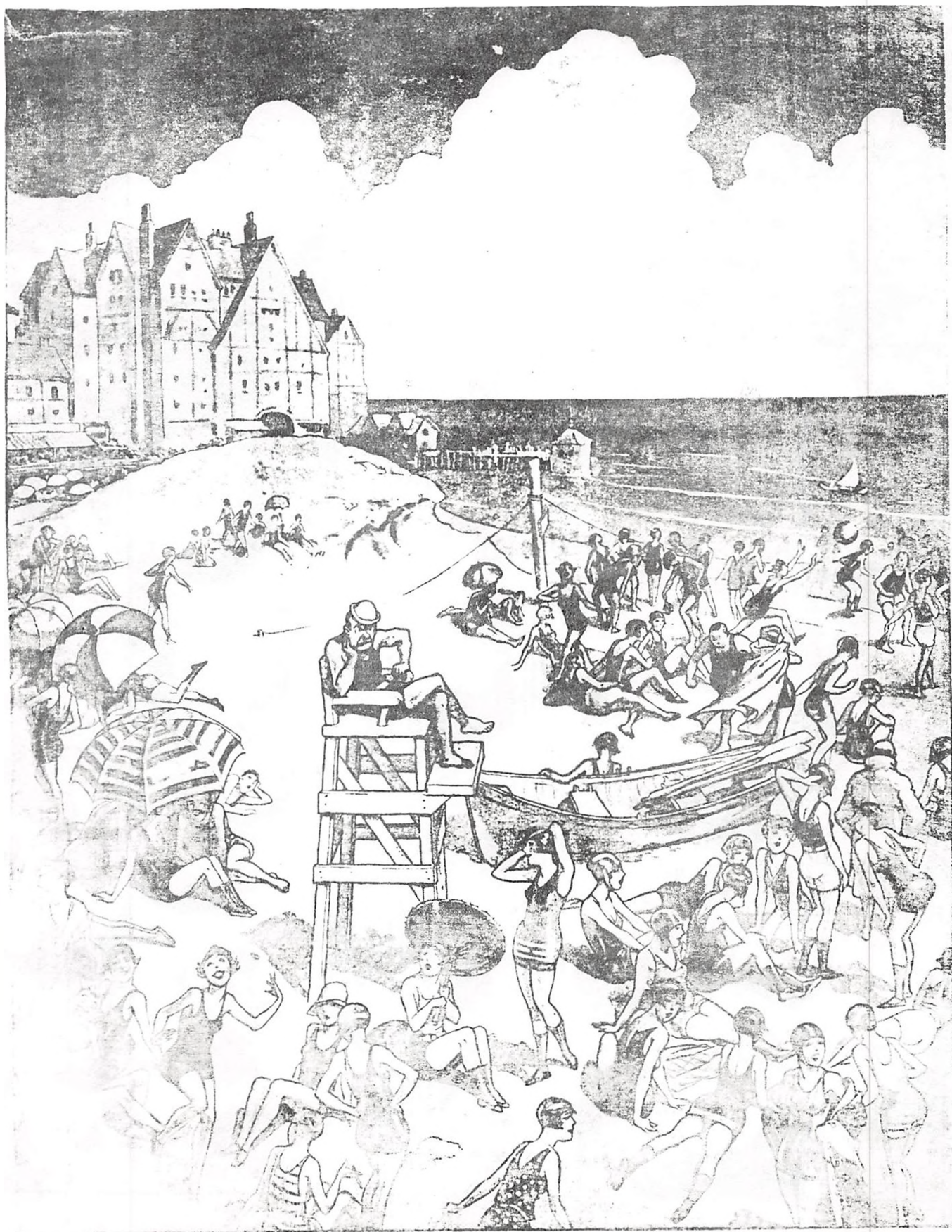


R.B. FULLER

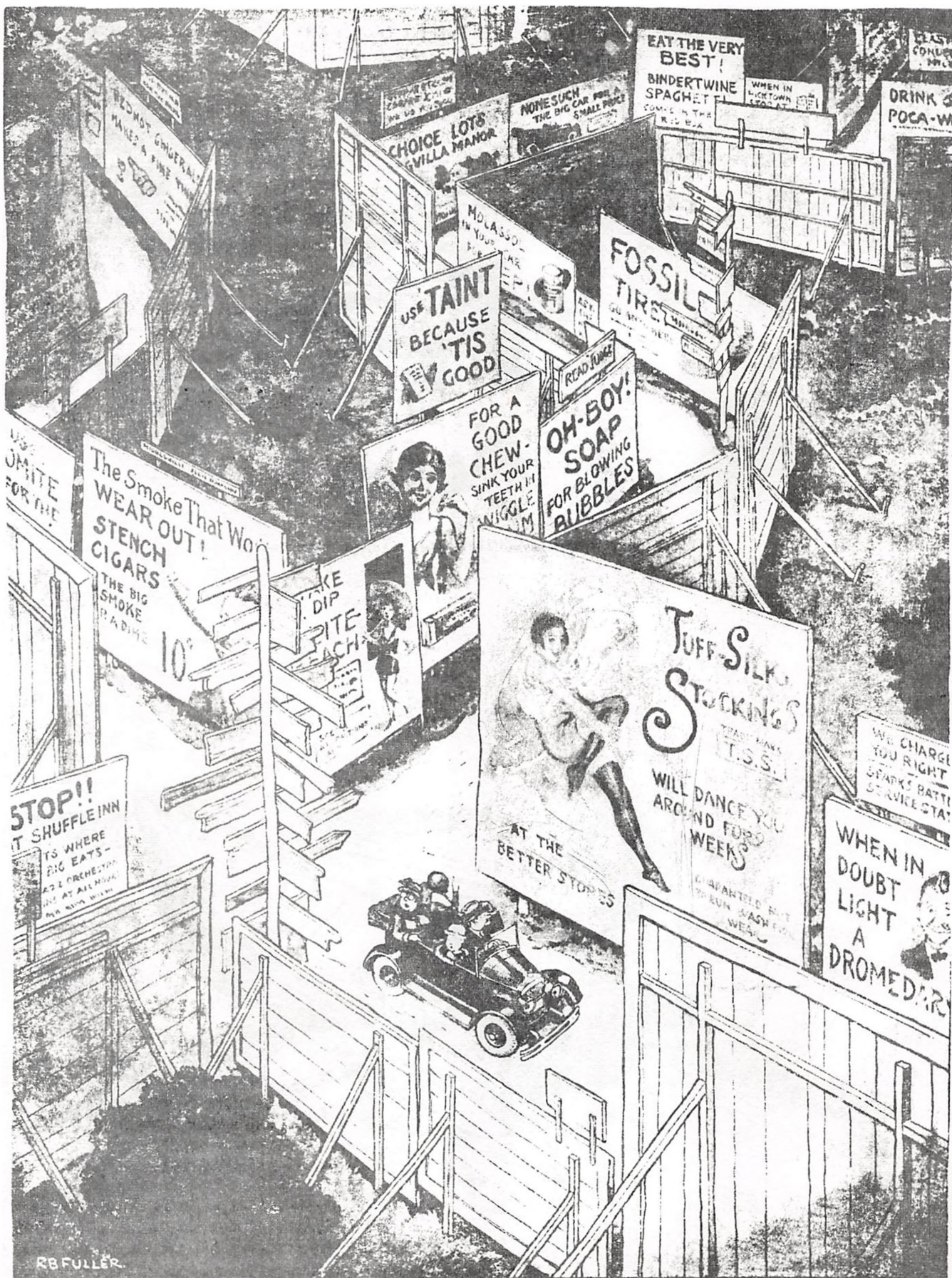
FONDEST DREAM OF A TOURIST



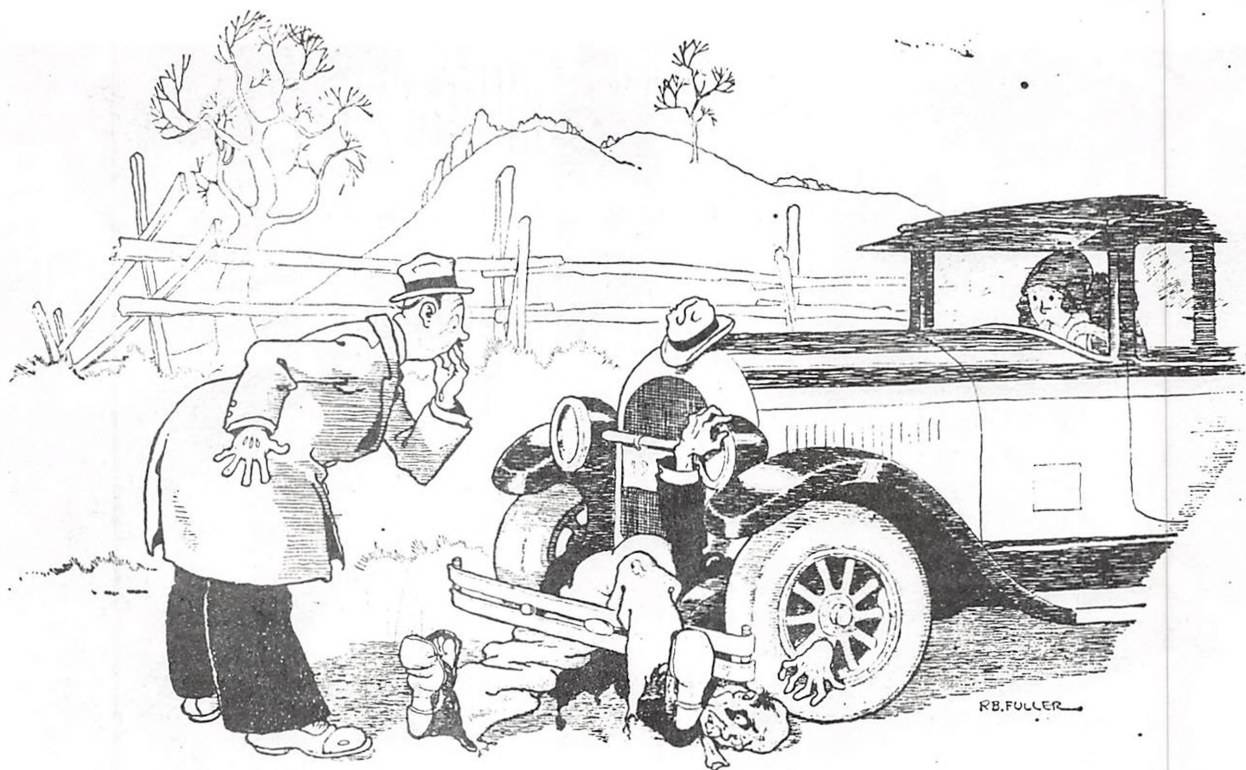
PA- Willie, how often have I told you that you mustn't throw pebbles up the mountain-side?



THE 'WOMAN HATER'



LOST!



PEDESTRIAN—*Whatsa matter? Can'tcha figure me out?*



FAT LADY—*Oh, Captain! Have you got me?*
"Sure, mum—I useter be a whaler!"

Following is a comparison that I'm sure most of you will enjoy. Diana Daw from Speed Adventures and Diana Daw from Spicy Adventures. The change that took place is quite apparent.

Of the letters received on the Sept. issue, two readers were against using the old drawings and cartoons feeling the space would be better used for more articles. All other letters applauded the idea and wanted more. This issue is the answer to those letters. Next issue we will again run a few pages of cartoons from the old Judge magazine but thereafter will stick to running only a few cover and interior cuts from the pulp magazines when they have a bearing on a particular article being run. I will continue running cartoons, etc. in a new zine I am publishing, however. For any of you that wish to receive it, the title is Badmouth and the subscription price is \$1.25 per year. The first issue will be ready for mailing the first of March. Plans now call for a quarterly publication.

I want to put in a plug for a couple of other zines that I feel would be of real interest to readers of the Pulp Era. The first is The New Captain George's Whizzbang, 25¢ from Memory Lane Publications, 594 Markham St., Toronto 5, Ont., Canada. The second is Stan's Weekly Express, 4 issues for \$1.00 from SWE, 4324 St. Johns Avenue, Dayton, Ohio 45406. If you haven't seen either of these, give them a try.

I hope to follow this issue with the January issue within 4 weeks and all but the letter column and the News and Views column is already printed. With the March issue I will then go to the digest sized offset zine. It will be a set size each issue of 32 pages and should be more readable. There will be no cut in wordage, and in fact it will probably be higher as I will be using mostly 8 and 10 pt. type.

See you all next month,

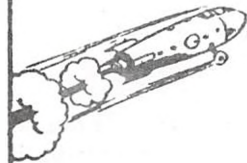
Lynn

Diana Daw

BACK
TO
EARTH!

Clayton
Maxwell

AFTER A NUMBER
OF THRILLING ADVENTURES
IN SPACE, TED
AND DIANA HEAD
THEIR SPACE-SHIP
TOWARD EARTH



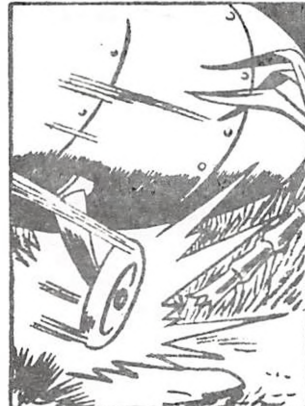
I'LL BE GLAD TO GET BACK TO EARTH

THIS INSTRUMENT IS JAMMED
-- DOESN'T WORK TOO WELL--
BUT I FIGURE IT WILL BE
LATE TOMORROW BEFORE
WE HIT THE EARTH!



THAT NIGHT--

TED! WAKE UP!
WE'RE GOING TO
CRASH!



WE'LL HAVE TO WALK! THIS
LOOKS LIKE EITHER BORNEO
OR NEW GUINEA!



LUCKILY WE WEREN'T HURT!

A NATIVE VILLAGE!

CAREFUL--THESE
NATIVES AS A RULE
AREN'T TOO FRIENDLY!



THAT'S STRANGE--NOT
A SIGN OF LIFE!

WE CAN
SWIPE A
CANOE!



LOOK--PLANES!

YEAH--THERE THEY ARE
-- WITH THE RISING
SUN OF JAPAN
INSIGNIA!







AH, BEAUTIFUL WHITE LADY WILL HONOR ME WITH HER COMPANY TONIGHT!

YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME -- I'M NOT ENGLISH -- I'M AN AMERICAN!



THAT NIGHT -- THEY KNEW WE WERE AMERICANS -- THAT MEANS WE MUST BE AT WAR WITH JAPAN!





Diana Daw

DIANA,
SUFFERING
FROM
AMNESIA, BE-
LIEVES HER-
SELF TO BE
A CZECH
SPY.

By
CLAYTON
MATTHEW

DIANA,
ESCAPING FROM
A NAZI CONCENTRATION CAMP,
IS CHASED
THROUGH THE
HILLS OF BOHEMIA
BY THE NAZIS.

JUST AS
SHE IS TAKEN,
SHOTS RING OUT
AND HER GER-
MAN CAPTORS
FALL DEAD.

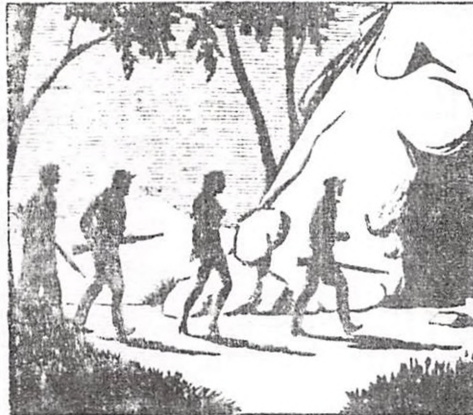
YOU CAN GET UP, MY SHARP-
SHOOTERS DIDN'T HIT YOU!

I KNOW -- I THOUGHT IT
SAFER TO FALL FLAT ON
THE GROUND!



TIE HER HANDS -- AND FOLLOW
ME!

WHAT ARE YOU GOING
TO DO WITH ME?



NOW, JUST WHO ARE YOU?

I'M VILMA SMOLESKA -- I'VE
ESCAPED FROM A NAZI
CONCENTRATION CAMP -- I'VE
BEEN TRYING TO MAKE MY
WAY TO POLAND!



THEN YOU
HAVEN'T HEARD --
EUROPE IS AT WAR --
THERE IS NO POLAND!

THE NAZIS AND SOVIETS HAVE
CONQUERED POLAND.
FRANCE AND ENGLAND ARE
WARRING AGAINST GERMANY.
WE FUGITIVE CZECHS ARE
WAGING GUERRILLA WAR
AGAINST THE NAZIS HERE
IN BOHEMIA!



I DON'T KNOW WHETHER
WE CAN TRUST YOU OR
NOT. TONIGHT WE RAID
A NAZI AIR BASE NEAR-
BY. YOU CAN PROVE
YOURSELF THEN!



I'LL KEEP YOU
COVERED DURING
OUR FORAY -- SO
YOU WILL HAVE NO
CHANCE TO BE-
TRAY US!



Did Daw

SUFFERING FROM AMNESIA, BELIEVES HERSELF TO BE VILMA SMOLESKA, A CZECH

By CLAYTON MAXWELL

ESCAPING FROM A NAZI CONCENTRATION CAMP, DIANA HAS JOINED A GROUP OF CZECHS IN THE BOHEMIAN MOUNTAINS, WHO ARE WAGING GUERRILLA WARFARE AGAINST THE REICH





STOP-- PLEASE!

DANCE, BABY-- FASTER AND PUT MORE FEELING INTO IT!



STOP! THIS IS NO WAY FOR SOLDIERS TO ACT. I HATE THE NAZIS AS MUCH AS YOU DO --- BUT THESE GIRLS YOU ARE PERSECUTING AREN'T RESPONSIBLE FOR YOUR TROUBLES.

SHE'S PRETTIER THAN ANY OF THESE NAZIS. SHALL WE--?



COME ON, BABY-- MAYBE YOU'RE JUST JEALOUS.

STOP!

I'LL BET YOU CAN DANCE BETTER THAN ANY OF THESE GIRLS!



DIANA IS FORCED TO DANCE

MORE!

KICK, HIGH, BABY!



THE CZECH LEADER RUSHES TO DIANA'S AID THE FIRST ONE WHO MAKES A MOVE, DIES!



RUN TO THE PLANE -- MAKE YOUR GETAWAY. YOU'D NEVER BE SAFE HERE NOW! THESE MEN HAVE SUFFERED SO MUCH, THEY WILL STAND FOR NO INTERFERENCE. THANKS FOR YOUR HELP -- I CAN NOW REPAY YOU!



WHERE CAN I LAND? SOUTH, IN RUMANIA SEEMS THE BEST PLACE!

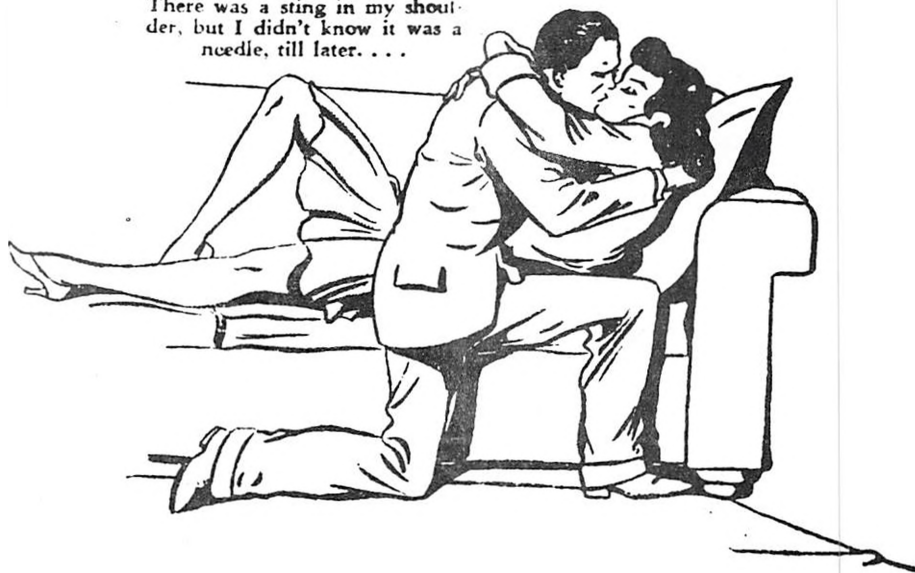
WHAT HAPPENS TO DIANA? SEE THE MAY ISSUE OF SPICY ADVENTURE STORIES--

TWO CAN PLAY AT MURDER

By LAURENCE DONOVAN



There was a sting in my shoulder, but I didn't know it was a needle, till later. . . .



"So you know about that murder downstairs, do you?" he rapped. "You know too damned much, sister!"



I kept it up until her mosh was on fire.

MURDER'S REMAKE

27

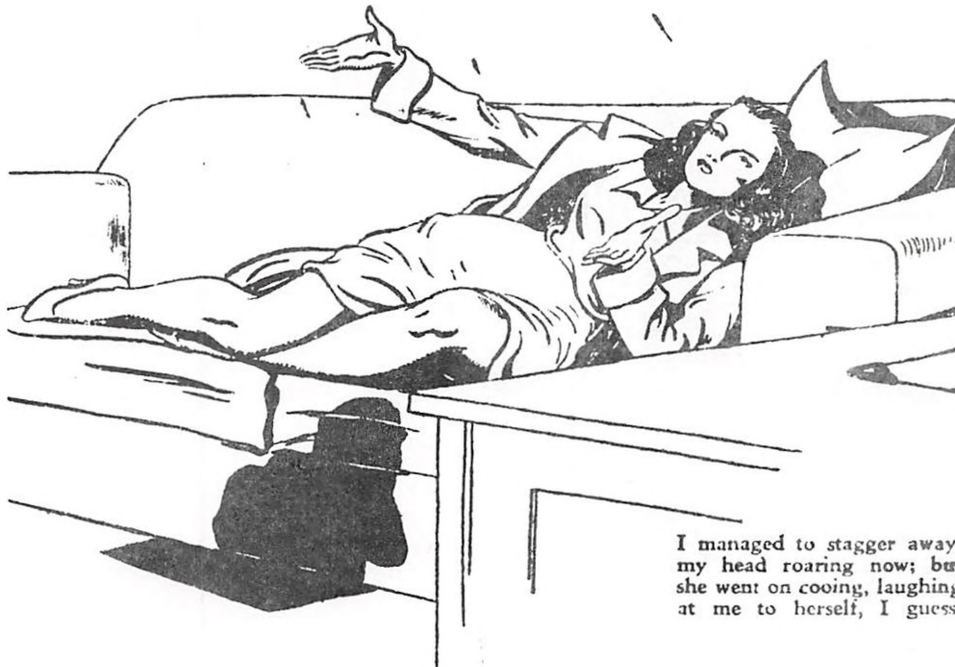
She heard the swing music and started to dance, but all I could think of was that news report.



butted in with his one-eyed gunman, we were about to be engaged by his wife to prevent a murder. And after a little more argument he started out. Hunch made me call him back. I wrapped a towel around the Luger and gave it to him.

"If it's important enough for Ramirez to send Carmody after it, it's

earn that grand, planning how I'd spend it. For a grand I would have



I managed to stagger away, my head roaring now; but she went on cooing, laughing at me to herself, I guess.





I pushed her right
across the mouth, and
it wasn't an easy blow.



MURDER'S REMAKE



"Who hated the girl's
interiors except your
self, Honey?" I
asked her.

Glittering Clue

87

I hit her with a flying tackie that brought her
down.



you bet. What I'm getting at is this Smith killer. He's beat up on Duke Kirk, killed Von, and he hangs around. Now he's here with you and—"

"And I'm going to try to keep him—sweetheart," the woman's tone was syrupy. "Right where I can watch him, for you. You just listen to me, Ira. You know I'm trying for your own good, darling."

"I wonder is she?" Sonora

grunted. He held his nose, got up and walked away.

CHAPTER VII

Line on the Ridge

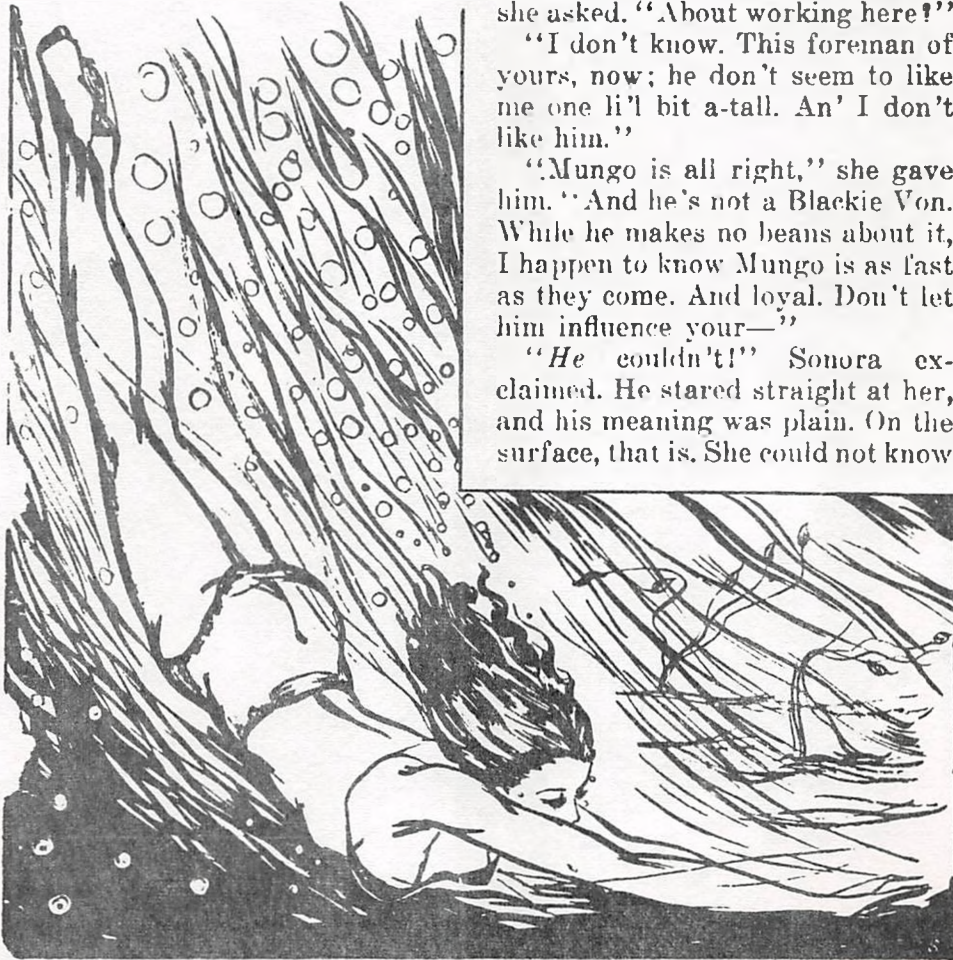
GRULE had pulled out, and Brenda Grand and Sonora had finished supper. They rolled cigarettes, she with the deftness of a man, and sat back over coffee.

"Have you made a decision?" she asked. "About working here?"

"I don't know. This foreman of yours, now; he don't seem to like me one li'l bit a-tall. An' I don't like him."

"Mungo is all right," she gave him. "And he's not a Blackie Von. While he makes no beans about it, I happen to know Mungo is as fast as they come. And loyal. Don't let him influence your—"

"He couldn't!" Sonora exclaimed. He stared straight at her, and his meaning was plain. On the surface, that is. She could not know



As he watched, she dived. Something was down there that she wanted!

FIVE-NOVELS

MONTHLY

AY
20c

BANNERS FOR BYZANTIUM

BY
JOHN MURRAY REYNOLDS

THE NEBRASKA KID

BY CORNELIUS MORGAN

HANGMAN'S LOOP

BY EDWARD S. WILLIAMS

NEWS and VIEWS by Lynn Hickman and Gary Zachrich

In September of this year Avon Books inaugurated its Classic Crime Collection, a series designed to present the best mysteries of famous authors. Avon plans to publish twenty four titles a year in this series. The series will have a uniform format and be priced at 95¢ a volume. The first eight volumes of the series are now on the stands. Florentine Finish by Cornelius Hirschberg, The Expendable Man by Dorothy B. Hughes, The Red House Mystery by A. A. Milne, Dead Corse by Mary Kelly, Dead Cert by Dick Francis, A Puzzle For Fools by Patrick Quentin, Death Of A Doll by Hilda Lawrence, and Ashenden by W. Somerset Maugham.

From Bantam we have #42 & #43 in the Doc Savage series, The Gold Ogre and The Man Who Shook The Earth and #4 in the Shadow series, The Death Tower. All priced at 60¢.

Ballantine Books has issued Nomads of Gor by John Norman, the fourth volume in the Gor series (75¢). Figures of Earth by James Branch Cabell (75¢) another volume in the adult fantasy series, and We All Died At Breakway Station by Richard C. Meredith (75¢).

Ace Books include the following: The Prisoner #2 by David McDaniel (60¢), Times Without Number by John Brunner (60¢), The Blood Cults by Charles Lefebure (60¢), The Mad King by Edgar Rice Burroughs (60¢), Rite of Passage by Alexei Panshin (Nebula Award Winner, 75¢), Orbits of the Unknown by John Macklin (75¢), The Brides of Bellenmore by Anne Maybury (60¢) and Eyrie of an Eagle by Andrea Delmonico (75¢) both gothic novels, Mask of Words by Jan Roffman (60¢, mystery), and an Ace Double western, Hideout Mountain and Rafe, both by Nelson Nye (60¢).

In this months column I'm going to mention a few books that I have especially enjoyed reading in the past month or so and recommend them as the editors choice. First in the fantasy field would be The Sorcerer's Ship by Hannes Bok (Ballantine Books 95¢). This was originally published in Unknown Worlds for December 1942. I think the reason I enjoyed this book so much is the fact that while reading Bok's prose, I could picture all of the wordage done in Bok's wonderful paintings in my mind. Hannes Bok and Boris Dolgov had always been my two favorite fantasy artists. The Standing Joy by Wyman Guin (Avon 75¢) was a delightful science-fantasy novel of the strange talents of Colin Collins. A good book, but one that should have each period of Colin's life expanded. This would have made a fine trilogy. In the western field Ace Books have issued another in the Marshal Jeremy Six series, Big Country, Big Men by Brian Wynne. This series is reminiscent of the pulp westerns, fast action but with a better than average plot line. I enjoyed it and recommend it to western fans. For the private eye or spy thriller fans Avon has two that I enjoyed. One I thought exceptionally good. The Warlock by Wilson Tucker. Could this be Tucker's answer to the Polish jokes? Be sure to read this one. (Avon 75¢). Good night Garrity by Allan Nixon (Avon 75¢), is an enjoyable book but would suffer if read

to close to Tucker's The Warlock. Reap In Tears by Jack Hoffenberg (Avon \$1.25) is a big book (over 800 pages) and is the story of a tobacco dynasty in Georgia. The story spreads over years and has numerous subplots. Really an excellent book. But the book that I enjoyed most was Tune In Tomorrow by Mary Jane Higby (Ace Books 95¢). Mary Jane Higby was the star of the radio "soap opera" When A Girl Marries and gives a wonderful account of her days in radio. If you enjoyed Jim Harmon's The Great Radio Heroes you will love this one too.

An item of interest from Da Capo Press is that they are publishing a series of high-quality facsimile editions of the most important books published in the English language between 1475 and 1640. The first group of 75 titles has been completed as scheduled and is now available from Da Capo Press 227 West 17th Street, New York, NY 10011. 75 titles per group, or approximately 12,000 pages, the subscription price per group is \$500.00.

Lynn Hickman

Back issues of the Pulp Era available: some of these are very limited quantities, so it will be first come, first serve.

issue #59, \$2.00. issue #60, \$2.00. issue #61, \$2.00. issue #62, \$2.00. issue #63, \$2.00. issue #64, \$2.00. issue #65, \$1.50, issue #66, \$1.00. issue #67, \$1.50. issue #68 50¢. issue #69, 50¢. issue #70, 50¢. issue #71, 50¢. issue #72, 50¢.

There are also a few copies of my other zines available. Argassy, Stf Trends, The Little Corpuscule, Scurvy, Troat, TLMA, JD, JD-Argassy, Conversation, The Huckleberry Finnzine, The Bullfrog Bugle, etc. for sale at prices ranging from \$2.00 to 25¢. Again, first come, first serve.

I still have 5 issues of the Best Artwork from JD-Argassy-The Pulp Era available at \$1.00. Also Dave Prosser's Air-war booklet at \$1.50.

You may order the first volumes of the following booklets at pre-publication price of \$3.00 each. The Spider by Mac MacGregor and Operator #5 by Nick Carr. After publication the price will be \$3.50 per volume.

Order from: Lynn Hickman, 413 Ottokee Street, Wauseon, Ohio 43567

Next issue: Hopefully out in early February. Get your letters of comment in early. The March issue will then go to the digest-size completely offset zine.

REVIEWS by Gary Zachrich

DARK PIPER by Andre Norton. Ace 60¢



A very good tale of the hardships suffered on a outlying planet when a widespread civilization breaks up due to an exhausting war.

Loss of contact with the central government and lack of interplanetary trade is followed by piratical remnants of some human expeditionary force whose home planet has been destroyed. The only survivors are a group of young people who had taken refuge in a series of underground caves. They fight for survival against disease, some remaining invaders and finally the mutated animals, results of experiments, who now roam the world.

Hard for me to say this, Norton being my favorite author for several reasons, but this is a little less than her average high quality. I will rate it a low class A. Notice, if you please, that this still places it high on my reading list. It is a good book to read. And a nice Gaughan cover too.

NOW. On every one of her books, they seem to want to include some review quote from someplace that includes words like 'very good for kiddies as well as adults' 'juvenile reading that will appeal to oldsters too' or some such claptrap.

True it is that she does use young people for her central characters. Also true that they do not spend time boozing and wenching as some others do. Like Leiber's S. & S. duo. Let's face it. Very young people do not hang around in bars. Her approach is refreshing, for I happen to believe that adventures must fall to other than twenty eight year old, six foot two, one eighty and high IQed people. On top of that, I recall when I was one of them jooviniles and ate up all the BEMs, boozers, lily white pulp heros, and hard core science fiction. I even read some war novels too, cause sometimes they described the sex act in graphic detail.

One thing remains true. A good story is a good story, whether it be Sam Clemens (and I like him too) or Asimov. So why don't they describe her work as such and add a little note. 'Andre Norton, wonderful story teller, master of suspense and adventure, is blessed with the ability to produce works that even young people are consistently able to read and enjoy.'

WORLDS OF THE WALL by C.C. MacAPP. Avon 75¢

A portion of this appeared in FANTASTIC, 1964, which I thought was very good. I sometimes pass up expanded versions and read this one by accident. I was very glad I did. MacAPP must have enjoyed this one as it was written. The continuity is very good throughout the heart of the book, it's full of action and the characters are top notch. Fantasy Sword & Sorcery, (a little time twistin' too).

From a critical standpoint, it suffers from expansion in the introductory chapter. Get this. In order to place Zaka Boliver of Earth in other circumstances he is swished out in null space, becomes lost and is talked down to a planet shaped like half of a breakfast grapefruit because someone down dere calls him by name on the radio. But this is only to get him started and might not be as bad as I think. From then on I couldn't lay it down.

Except I almost got disgusted on the last page when I thought he was going to do one of those time paradox things that I can't stand, but it turned out to be some twisted time continua. Which is ok.

Class A.



TREASURE OF TAU CETI by John Rackham
Ace Double. 75c

Allow me to say something very good about Rackham. (Maybe I'm in a good mood tonight. Hand me another brown bottle.) This is a class A book and well worth the dough. From me that's good 'cause I'm not bashful about dropping a melon on Mr. Rackham's big toe. But more than that, I think that well written books of this type are going to be the beginning of a new style era in Science and Fantasy fiction. Slow down, I didn't say this was an epoch work of far reaching consequences. Read on.



A trio of ordinary (at least acceptable) people become embroiled in an adventure that leads to space travel and the exotic adventures of other planets able to sustain life.

We've taken the first step into space. Very young people are now thinking and will grow up oriented to space. More important than the fact that I believe young people will read more and more of this is that editors in slightly divergent fields will publish more of them and they will make money.

The other side of the double -- FINAL WAR and other Fantasies by K.M. O'Donnell. Ace Double 75c. The lead story, which came highly recommended, is a background-less future CATCH 22. I only read two or three hundred books yearly, so I guess I'm no judge. I can't be, because it was nominated for a Nebula Award in it's class. Personally I thought it was horrible. I only read all of the lead story because I just KNEW it had to be better than I thought it was. That must have been a mighty arid class that year. But stout heart that I am, I read on. Into Death To The Keeper, which was even worse, then feebly into A Triptych, which drove me staggering to my trove wherein is hidden my clear glass bottles of amber content. Two good pulls of nectar steadied me and I was able to grasp the book by the other half (by Rackham) and file it for review. Moments like this make me think of submitting a mss. Class D.

NIGHTWINGS by Robert Silverberg. Avon 75c.

A probable future history of man and the earth. Set in a third cycle period which might be compared to the thinking of Modern Romans. The first cycle; from barbarism into space and contact with alien races. The second cycle; full bloom from drive and energy and Earth ingenuity ended by accumulated egotism and a fault in scientific thinking. Third cycle; pathetic ancestors in a makeshift society retaining the seed of a glotious past and beginning a more learned climb from the bottom.

I like this one. Silverberg goes beyond the stage we all like to see and postulates the results of what we like to read about. Then he throws in an ending phase that breaks an almost hopeless mood. It's like finding the whipped cream and cherry of a sundae on the bottom instead of the top. You read into a darkened valley and then to the far peaks and sunlight. Class AA. Worth discussing.

THE DIRDIR by Jack Vance. Planet of Adventure number 3. Ace

The peoples of this planet were initially hard for me to settle with, being so divergent and many. Blue Chasch, Green Chasch, Wankh, Phung, Pnume, and Dirdir. All alien and separate and most of which were inter-



laced with submen (human derived) of the same name. The more I read, the more I liked the way they were woven into a format for adventure. And the adventure and excitement is continual.

Then I find that Adam Reith's alien companions are slowly knit into a unit by a developing friendship that is remarkably real. Aside from the fact that it is a very good escape adventure, it will give you pause for thought as you reach plateaus of development.

My pauses are initiated by a little fella' who walks upside down on the ceiling of my secondary think-tank with his arms folded behind his back while muttering a running critical monologue on whatever I happen to be doing. He used to have a companion named Con Shence, but he drank himself to death a few years back.

Read the series. They are good, and the quality lasts.

THE WARLOCK IN SPITE OF HIMSELF by Christopher Stasheff. Ace 75c



Mechasm by John T. Sladek. Ace Books. 75c

What a wonderful title! The book is light humor, interesting, and snicker satire. No portion is extremely good, but there are no lapses or rough spots as you read. And it is about reproducing machinery! A grade A book. P.S. Love that cover!

Of humor, interest and action, there is plenty. And it is well set up.

If you had a cybernetic system that was faithful, loyal, courteous, kind, and obedient watching over you, you would feel fairly secure. Right? But what if you were an aspiring to good young aristocrat saddled with a Faithful Cybernetic Companion (FCC) that blew a circuit breaker every time things got rough? Throw in a few witches, elves, dwarves (or is it dwarfs) and galactic intrigue to complicate matters and you have a good foundation. 'A computer that laughs' 'Elves in a world (or universe) where they don't exist' 'Good humour' (I thought I'd read too many English Authors.) Just a damn good book. Rate it double A. And if you don't read it it's your loss.



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