

Troat



FALL 1966 issue

T R O A T i s s u e n u m b e r o n e

Fall 1966

Contents

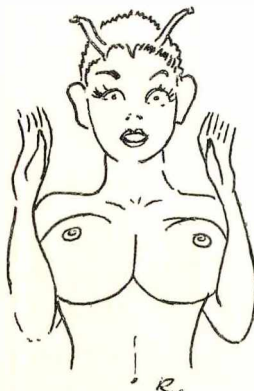
Front cover by Gene Duplantier Back cover by George Barr
Illustrations by: John Rackham (2, 8, 9, 14, 15, 16) Jay
Kinney (3, 4, 5, 12) Gene Duplantier (6, 17) Plato Jones (13).

Capt. Pow.....Gary Zachrich
The Drape of Things to Come.....John Phillifent
Editor's Comments.....Lynn Hickman

Troat is published quarterly by The Pulp Era Press 413 Ottokee
Street Wauseon, Ohio 43567. Edited by Lynn A. Hickman. Troat
is published mainly for the Southern Fandom Press Alliance but is
also available to general fandom at 25¢ per copy or \$1.00 per
year.

Other Pulp Era Press publications include The Pulp Era, Pulp Era
Booklets, and First Fandom Magazine.

Issue #65 of The Pulp Era will feature an Artfolio by Dave
Prosser on WW I Air War, plus material by Terry Jeeves, Lynn
Hickman, Gary Zachrich, Bill Clark, John Nitka, Wilkie Conner,
and others.



Capt. Pow

by Gary Zachrich

Deftly slapping switches left and right, Captain Pow reversed the gleaming zircidozium hull that was the Hung Duck. Ravening flames shot downward, slowing the hurtling ship to below orbital speed. The mighty forces of two gees caught powerfully at his lithe, well muscled form. Lips drawn back in a grimace of intense concentration, Captain Pow fondled the controls mounted in the arm of his acceleration couch. There was something about the challenge of each skillfull landing that brought out the best in him. Intense sparks

glowed in his flinty steel blue eyes, bunching, massive muscles strained against his skin tight black suit as he gathered himself for the supreme effort. He fainted.



Governor Farteed, with Commissioner Touchable at his side, stood watching the landing screens. A look of respect crossed his face as he watched the daring, high velocity landing approach of Capt. Pow. "Look well, Commissioner Touchable who has doubted my word in this matter, at the daring and re-

resourceful manner Captain Pow displays" said the Governor as the Hung Duck screamed into the hard gray concrete of the landing apron, bounced once, and came to rest in a solid attitude, if slightly askew. Throngs of adoring common people gathered about the spaceship, the spaceship, carefully avoiding the side that leaned at a thirty degree angle.



The ground car pulled up to the control tower entrance, stopping a moment as the Governor and the Commissioner stepped in, and roared off to greet the universal hero. "Seems to me that that was a pretty bad landing" said the Commissioner. "Come now, Commissioner", said the Governor, "Every one is human and subject to the whims of mechanical failure." The car halted at the fringe of the adoring throng.

Regaining consciousness, Captain Pow surveyed the red flashing lights of the control board. Undaunted, he unbuckled his magnificent six foot two frame and made his way to the airlock. With an effort, he tripped the micro-switch that opened the inner door, waited for the outer door to cycle, and stepped out to the descent ramp that had been wheeled into place.

He assumed a modest pose, feet apart and hands clasped over his head, displaying his well developed musculature, to give the thronging throng that thronged around the ramp a chance to welcome him properly. Lithely then, he strode down the ramp and through the crowd, stopping only to tousle the head of a freckle faced youngster in the crowd in his usual crowd pleasing manner. The boy's cry of "Finqe" was nearly lost in the noise of the crowd as he made his way to the Governor's car.

"governor Farteed." he exclaimed in a jovial voice as he extended a brown and uncaloused hand, "your bearing marks you as would a glowing placard." "That, is Governor Farteed." said Commissioner Touchable, "I am Commissioner Touchable." With a flashing, flickering grin Captain Pow turned to the Governor, shook his pale, caloused hand and said through pain clenched teeth, "Which only shows that even my infallible judgement is fallible. Sir. Is there some place where we may speak privately? I'd like to be well into your problem by early morning." "My problem is my daughter." said the Governor, "And you must be exceptionally resourceful to force a conclusion in this case, for she has been kidnapped by Glurgles." "Not by Glurgles." exclaimed Captain Pow. "Yes, by Glurgles." restated the Governor, "Not forty eight hours ago she was taken from our gardens." "The sooner we get started, the better." cried the gallant Captain. "Into the car."



Pulling away from the thronged area, the three heard a muffled shouting behind them. "Stop the car." said Captain Pow, "I think I ~~know~~ that voice." A short, thin figure ran puffing to the halted car, and pounded on the bullet proof window. "let him in." said the worthy Pow, "That is my faithful companion and aid, Chako, who never lets me down. Get in Chako, where in the worlds have you been?" "Kind of crowded, four in the back seat," mumbled the Commissioner. "I was trapped in the lower afterdeck hatchway compartment, where I was checking the axillary coaxial drive axes, when you landed. It took them till now to cut me out of the wreckage." said the scrawny but wily Chako. "It wasn't nearly as bad as last time though." "Good old Chako, you could get out of any pinch." said the Captain. "Now, on to the scene of the crime."

Pacing to and fro between the neat rows of Schmuck plants, the small, hunched figure of the Governor seemed wrapped in morose. His narrow, long nosed face was drawn into a mask of concern. The Commissioner, however, was cometently pointing out the exact spot of the crime and explaining the clues they had found at the scene. "Now, this is the point from which she was taken. You can see the exact spot, by the chalked out footprints there by the wall. The evidence we have, leads us to believe that Miss Farteed was watering the Schmuck plants, with her head bent down, watching her business, when the three Glurgles appeared at the top of the wall. Likely they used a stun gun on her and snatched her up with a retro-ray before she hit the ground. For, as you can see, there are no signs of a struggle. Undoubtedly, they had a flittle close by and took her to their base back in the mountains. A place where no man dare go." "Oh, to have been there when the dastardly deed was done." said the Captain. "If only I could come face to face with these nasty Glurgles, by gosh, I would show them what CAPTAIN POW is made of." Just then, the air was rent by a cry of GGGLURRRRRGLRE GLURGLE, that seemed to come from right above them. Turning to look, Pow took in the hideous sight of three Glurgles standing on the garden wall. Tremors of indignant anger shook his mighty frame. He wheeled and went

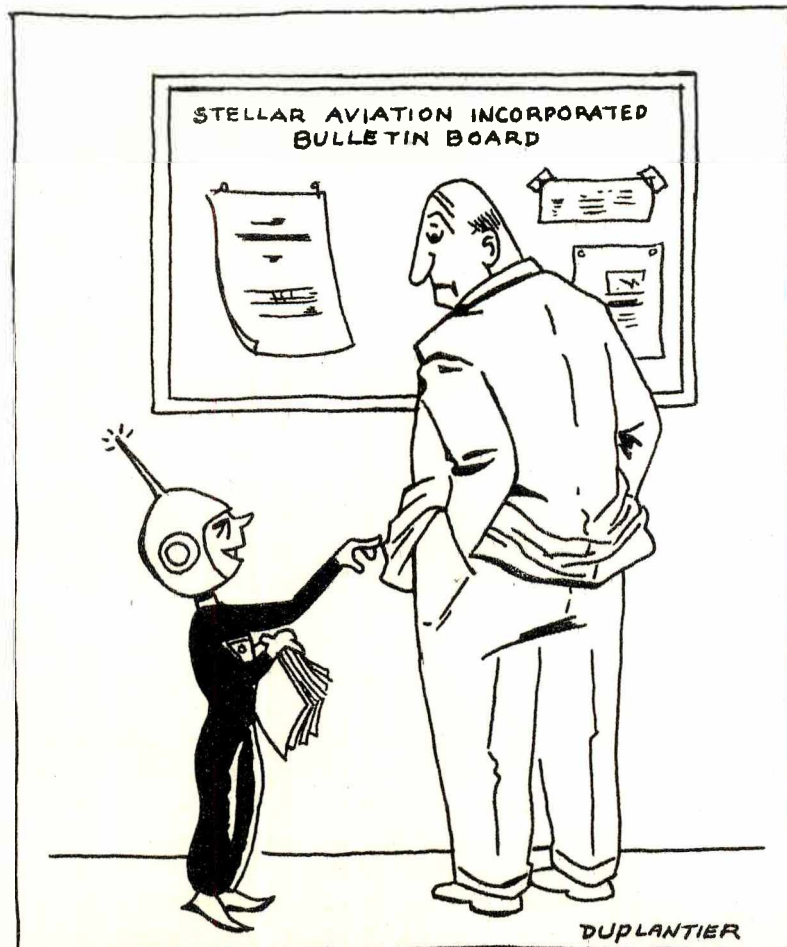
into a fighting crouch as a red rage blurred his vision, turned pink, then white, then gray. He felt himself falling, falling, and fainted dead away.

To be continued.

Be sure to read the next action-packed, thrilling, soul-stirring, great good, wonderfully exciting, episode of this good great, peachy-keen serial.

THE PULP ERA a bi-monthly magazine devoted to the
old pulp magazines. sample copy 35¢

Pulp Era Press : 413 Ottokee Street : Wauseon, Ohio 43567



PARDON ME, I JUST STARTED WORKING
HERE, COULD YOU TELL ME WHERE THE
SUGGESTION BOX IS LOCATED?

CAVIL

25¢

A NEW FANZINE

Phil Roberts

3144 Parkwood Ave.

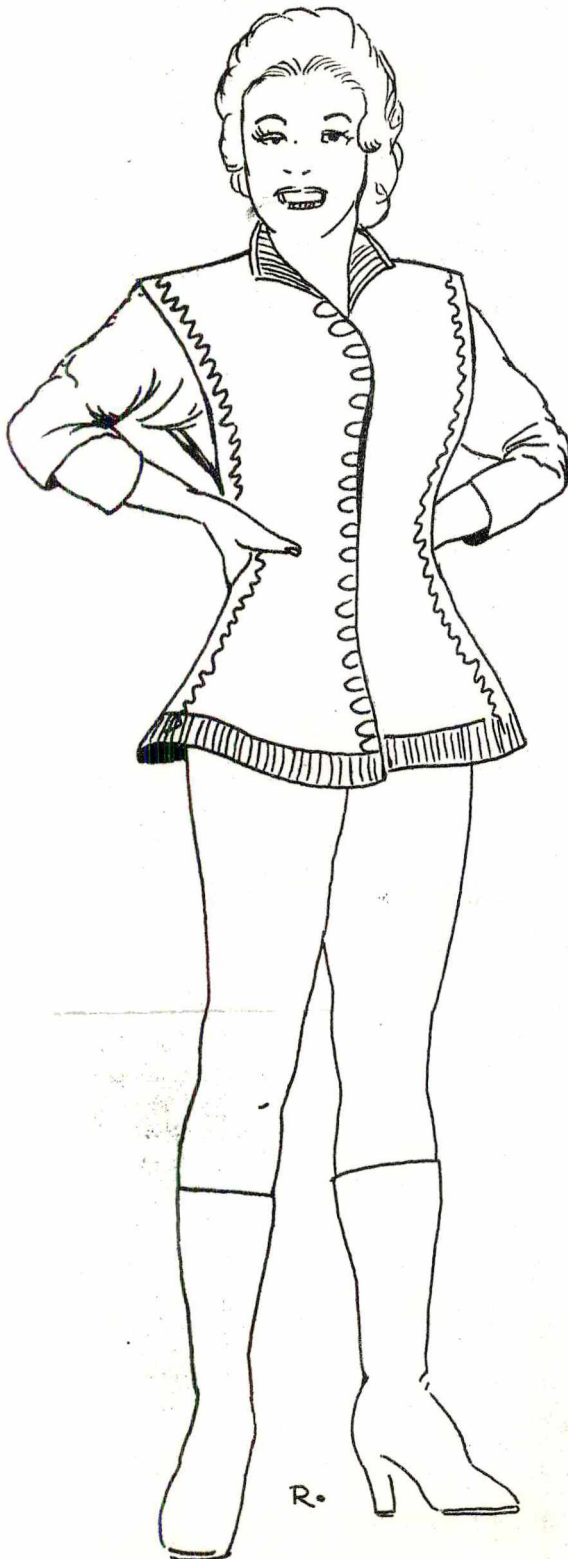
Toledo, Ohio 43610



BUT MRS. GROVEHILL, THIS IS PART OF OUR BUDGET PROGRAM.

T H E D R A P E O F T H I N G S T O C O M E

by John Phillifent



Amid all the current controversy about topless dresses, ultra-short skirts, 'op-art' designs and the rest, one rational point has been very firmly buried and scuffed over. The questionings, and hurled opinions, have all been to do with whether this or that style or design is 'indecent' or 'improper' or 'shocking' or 'far-out' or whatever. These are legitimate angles for anyone wanting to express an opinion, but that's all they are good for. Indecency and impropriety are subjective things, varying with the climate of opinion. It may be indecent for a woman to walk the streets of London with her breasts exposed, but it hardly raises an eyebrow in Cannes, or, so I hear, in certain restaurants in San Francisco. When it becomes a hot question as to whether a skirt should be three, or six, inches above the knee, one has only to recall those dear dead days when an ankle was enough to make a gallant go pop-eyed. Subjective values all.

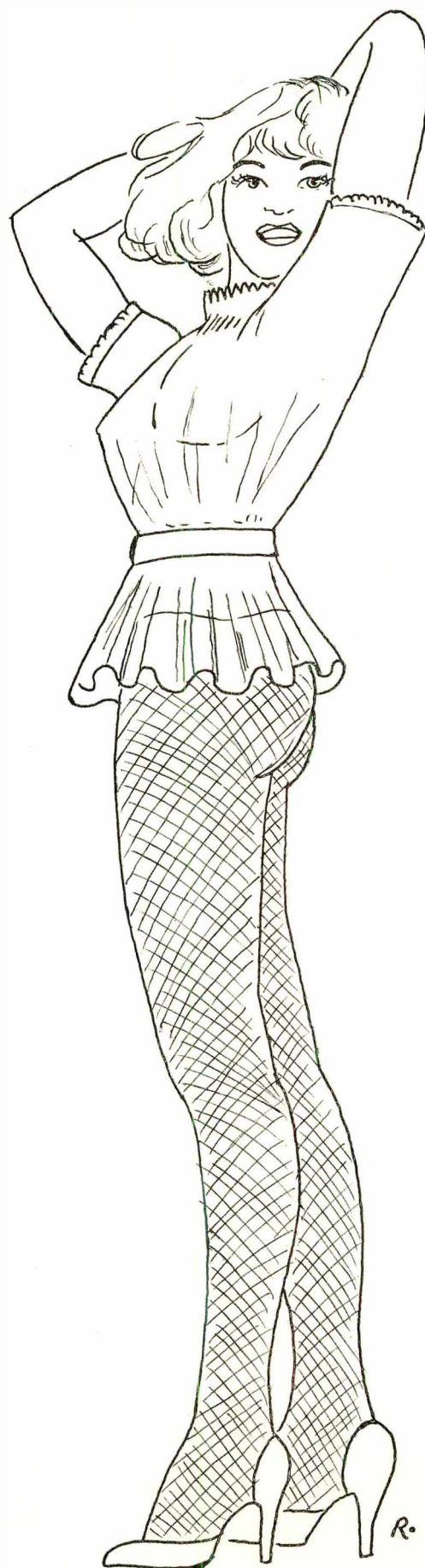
Proponents of the so-called 'new' freedom in dress styles argue from the standpoint that these designs catch the eye, are

stimulating and exciting. This is the same argument as above, in slightly different language. This is 'shock' value, and also subjective. The objective question to ask is 'are the styles and designs attractive?' This may sound like a verbal quibble, but it is nothing of the kind. It poses the one basic point which all women, and most dress-designers, run away from as hard as they can go. And for a perfectly valid, if craven, reason.

Take, for instance, the topless notion. Speaking objectively, the one factor that should most influence a woman in choosing whether she will wear a plunging neckline or none at all is whether or not she has the kind of chest development that can stand it. This is something she alone can decide, and the decision is crucial. I am quite happy to admit, as a male, that I can imagine nothing more pleasant to the eye than a well-endowed female proudly exhibiting what she has. But let me be just as frank to say that nothing could be less attractive than the girl who has nothing hell-bent on showing it.

The same applies to a hemline. Whether the dress is to be one inch, six inches, or more above the knee, or whether it is to go the whole hog and be nothing more than a frill round the hips, as seen in many ice-skating rinks, is surely a matter of whether the legs are worth seeing or not. Again, nothing could be more pathetic than a girl with spindles hiking her hemline up to exhibit them. In fact, and coming back to the point, common sense objectivity would say, if it looks good, wear it; if not, not.

And let me repeat something here. This is not a quibble. There are basic laws about beauty that have nothing whatever to do



with subjectivity. Some ancient sage once declared that 'beauty is in the eye of the beholder', and people have been quoting that ever since without realising just how false it is, if carelessly read. True beauty is a matter of proportion, balance and relationship. That fact was known as long ago as Ancient Greece. What the poet had in mind when he penned the above-mentioned line is anybody's guess, but what he was referring to was a set of subjective values sussumed under the heading 'What I find pleasing to me', and that is a different matter entirely. I have seen a mechanic take the casing off a motor and go into raptures at what he saw. I can well imagine a surgeon carving up some unfortunate patient and happening on a rare and exotic malignant growth -- calling it 'beautiful'. But either man, properly approached, would willingly admit that this is an odd and personal viewpoint peculiar to them. Similarly a man might think his wife the most beautiful woman ever, yet be ready to allow that his values are conditioned by the fact that she is his wife.

That is the 'eye of the beholder' version of beauty. The genuinely beautiful has qualities all its own, values and proportions which can be defined and specified. And these harmonious proportions exist in dress just as much as in any other material form. So why do women and dress-designers duck away from this truth? The reasons are simple, and it's a matter of choice as to whether you call them cowardice, self-defence, or immaturity. Or an amalgam of all three.

The designer, to start with, has to produce something that will sell by the carload. A few of the top men do design special one-shot outfits for very special people, and they charge millionaire prices for doing it, but they make the solid bread-and-butter out of the after-glow, the cheap mass-produced copies. This is business. This is why an 'artist' with needle and thread can get rich while a genuine artist whose every work is an 'original' can die of starvation unless he happens to be smart like Picasso.

And the women. Does a woman want to wear the shape, cut and style of dress that will be just right for her? Good Lord no! She wants to be 'in', or 'with it', or in any other terms you like to be abreast of current fashion, said fashion having been foisted on her by the afore-mentioned designers, and puffed up by the so-called 'expert critics'. Not one woman in a million has the courage, or is sufficiently adult to be aware of herself as she really is and act accordingly. She buys clothes for some wishful image that she manages to see every time she looks in a mirror. She says she dresses to please a man or men, but in fact she is trying despartely to keep up with that slinky looking model in the fashion section of the latest issue of her favourite magazine.

And when you add all that lot together and stir, anything can happen. Which poses a ghastly problem for us science-fiction writers. Most s-f stories are set in the future, whether near or far, or on some other planet where life is assumed to have de-

veloped differently. Given the will, and a bit of careful research, a man can make a plausible guess as to where scientific, technological, or social trends will go. He can estimate economic developments. Not to predict, of course. That's thaumaturgy. But an informed guess that will sound plausible can be achieved. I defy anyone, however smart, to guess what the ladies will be wearing this time next year. And it makes a difference. Dresses make for moods, and moods condition relationships, and on relationships between the people the whole course of social development stands -- or falls.

Of course, the impossibility of the task won't stop anyone from trying it, any more than the addict punter can stop trying to outguess the ponies. I'd like to wrap this one up with a guess of my own that has the dubious merit of sounding plausible. I'm thinking of skirts and hemlines.

Just a brief backward glance over the past thirty years or so will show that the hemline has been dodging up and down hysterically throughout the whole period. We saw knees in the early part of the war, in 1940. They vanished in 1941, came back for a brief spell immediately after the war, and then went into obscurity again with the New Look Wave. About this time trousers of various kinds began to attract the female mind and were seen more and more. At first they were an off-duty rig, but now they engaging the minds of the high-fashion moguls. And hemlines, after see-sawing up and down, seem to be on the way up to the arm-pits.

All by myself I think I see signs of a psychological disturbance here. The emancipation of women, long talked about, is becoming ever more a reality. Teen-agers are forcibly separating themselves from standard images. Young males defiantly wear their hair as long as most girls and longer than some. This could be the external signs of a submerged revolt against sex-segregation on the point of erupting into plain view. And if there is one article of dress that is immediately female, in both sound and appearance, it is the skirt. To quote the exception that proves the rule, Scotsmen wear a kilt, defiantly, and on his own head be the blood of any man who dares call it a skirt, out loud. So my guess is that the skirt is on the way out, as a garment in itself. In a decade, it could be a thing of the past.

In its place? Pants, slacks, tights, coverings of various kinds, and dress designs after the style of the medeaval tabard. That is, a dress all in one, corded or belted at the waist if necessary, but all in one piece, and let the hem fall where it may. Such a style has the merit of offering almost infinite variety, extreme flexibility, ease and comfort, figure flattery and/or concealment and is not pointedly feminine. The tabard originally was worn by young male heralds, and would, I fancy, make quite an appeal to today's youth of both sexes.

Anyway, there's my neck stuck right out. Let's wait and see.

E D I T O R ' S

C O M M E N T S



Jay
Kinney

As you might note by receiving TROAT in this mailing, TRIVIA only lasted one issue. The reason for this change is that I was informed that there is a magazine by the name of TRIVIA on sale in newsstands in Canada. I'm sure that no one has used the title TROAT before.

Had a great time at the convention in Cleveland, meeting many old friends that I hadn't seen for some years. Met some members of

the apa, and wish that we could have talked more. However, one night was taken up with a First Fandom meeting and party, and on the other nights we seemed to have hit different parties. at any rate, I won't attempt a con report here as I'm sure that Lon Atkins or Jerry Page will come through with an interesting one.

I noticed in the mailing received that I haven't been given all my page credits for activity. I should have them, and explained to Lon at the con that I had held up mailing any issues of TRIVIA out until after the mailing. I also mentioned in one of the Huckleberry Finnzines that I was doing that.

I also noticed in the mailing that there were a few old zines in it, from some time back. I am going to take advantage of this also. I published an issue of the Huckleberry Finnzine while still in Hannibal and when I was a member before that I never sent in. In fact I never sent any copies of it out except to contributors. So -- issue #24 of the Huckleberry Finnzine will be in this mailing two and a half years late.

How many were able to spot all the fans in the photo-sheets last issue? Following and reading from top to bottom and left to right are the names:
Page 23: Robert A. Madle, Forry Ackerman, Bob Bloch, Roy Squires, James Schmitz, Kris Neville, Morris S. Dollens, Walt Daugherty, Robert Madle.
Page 24: William Rotsler, Robert Madle, Charles Burbee, Robert Arthur, William Crawford, Donald Franson, Ross Rocklynne, Robert Madle.



Jay
Kinney

COMMENTS ON MAILING #21

An Index to the First Five Years of the SFPA. Dave Hulan. Interesting. I wish that I hadn't have had to drop out before. Now that I'm home and settled I intend to make each mailing. At present I'm doing a lot of publishing again. The Pulp Era (bi-monthly), First Fandom Magazine (Quarterly), Troat (Quarterly), and a series of Pulp Era booklets. I am also doing some outside publishing for other fans and businesses.

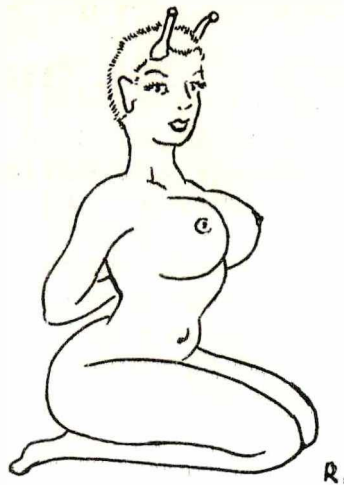
Warlock #13.
Larry Montgomery. A fair cover by Jones. This is Good compared to many of the other covers in the mailing, I mean the fair only in the manner that I have seen work by Jeff that is so much better. He is in my opinion, one of the better artists in fandom at the present time. I would very much like to feature some of his work in my own zines.

It really cheers me to know that Bill Plott will be back in the group. Bill was instrumental in getting me to join the SFPA the first time and through our correspondence we grew to be good friends. It seems I have rejoined at the proper time. The reviews of the ALA-apa meant little to me as I have not seen any of the zines. The Typer and John Pratt was very interesting. This is the type of informative and offbeat article that I like. Your comments on the previous mailing mean little to me as I haven't read it. Appreciated the photo-sheets.



Acrux #4. Ed Cox.
Really Ed, you aren't
the only Doc Savage or
Pulp Magazine fan in
the group. I make that
two! See The Pulp Era
included in this mail-
ing.

Damnyankee #11.
Arnie Katz. I know
what you mean Arnie.
When I go down the
street I hear them say
"there goes loveable
old Lynn". I don't
know what the SOB means
That they finish the sentence with.



Hickmanzines: I
also plan to in-
clude another
oldie in this
mailing if I can
locate enough
copies of it.
It is a one-
shot that Bob
Tucker and I
wrote up one
night when I was
visiting him. I
then ran it off
when I returned
home that week-
end.

Clarges #4. Lon Atkins. Beautiful cover by Jeff Jones.
Also enjoyed his illo on page 31. You do a beautiful mimeo job.
A mild zine.

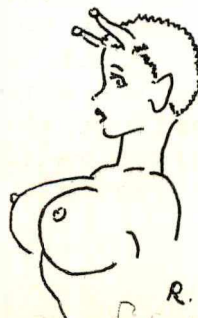
Utgard #10. Dave Hulan. I can't argue with you about good
and bad writers. I'm like yourself, I read for entertainment, and
my likes are my own. I happen to like Burroughs writings, and
many more of the pulp authors. While their writing cannot be
called great by literary standards, they accomplished what they
set out to do. Entertain. What more can you ask?

Mel #6. Lon Atkins. Good cover by Stiles. Loved the Car-
toon used for the back cover. Mailing comments didn't mean much
to me, as I hadn't read the mailing.

Florimel #2. Joe Staton. Good cover. Am waiting anxiously
to see how you do on offset master. Should be very good. Inter-
esting zine, but nothing to latch on to.

The 5th Age #1. Bill Bruce. Interesting cover. Will look
forward to more of Al's work. An electric does make for better
stenciling and/or master typing. I bought this Royal electric
back in 1958. Before that I used a regular portable (Remington),
and for awhile, a Varityper. I much prefer the regular electric.
If I get another someday, it will be an IBM.

Starling #8. Hank Luttrell. I note that you recommend
Quentin Reynold's The
While this is an enter
highly readable book,
of many inaccuracies
well researched as a
type should have been.
Hank, and interesting
through.



Fiction Factory.
taining and
it is also full
and was not as
book of this
A good issue,
all the way

Hushpuppy #1. Lee Jacobs. Interesting. And to think my name will be in the next issue. But I don't really have anything to worry about, do I. What could Lee Jacobs say about sweet loveable old Lynn? Why heck, I hardly ever even play cards.

Cliffhangers # 10. Rick Norwood. I just can't get interested in this. Maybe next time?

Sporadic #13. Bill Plott. An old zine intended for the 14th mailing. I'm really glad to see Bill coming back.

Si-Fan #3 & #4. Jerry Page. A couple of more old zines, intended for general distribution. Both of these zines are excellent, specializing in the old pulp magazines (as does the Pulp Era). I am pleased that Jerry put them through the apa.

Such & Such. Hank Luttrell. Your con sounds similar to the one held in Dallas. More comic fans than science-fiction.

Amphipoxi #4. Billy Pettit. Yes, I have hundreds of fanzines for sale. Send your want list before they are all gone.

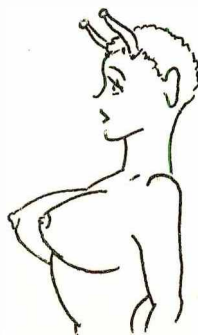
Trace. Wally Weber. No Comment.

Falchion #1. Hank Reinhardt. Interesting article, and I'll look forward to others on ancient weapons.

Lore #6. Jerry Page. Enjoyed most of the articles in this issue, although Bruce Berry is way off base on his circulation figures for the Greenleaf publications. Really enjoyed the index to Hutchinson's Adventure-story Magazine. I think you are wrong about Amazing and Blue Book having the highest circulation of any pulp magazine. I believe at one time Argosy had the highest circulation of any magazine but the Saturday Evening Post. A very good issue and the best zine in the mailing.

Iscariot #19? Al Andrews. A good cover by Jeff Jones. While enjoyed reading the article by Pickering, I'm not about to start argueing or giving my own views on religion. Maybe next issue we will have something more to say on Iscariot.

Thats it for this mailing. A good one, I believe. The top 5 zines in this mailing were: 1. Lore. 2. Warlock. 3. Utgard. 4. Starling. 5. Iscariot. I would list Si-Fan in these also if it weren't for the fact that they were older zines sent through the mailing, but not really intended for it.



That's it for this really have anything other than part two of serial. But anything don't be surprised by up. If any of you wish the zine, I can any. it is interestingly articles, artwork, car can promise good repro circulation of 100 if If published in The circulation at present is 300.



issue. I don't set for next issue the Capt. Pow goes in Troat, so anything that comes to contribute to subject as long as written. Fiction, toons, anything. I duction with a published in TROAT. Pulp Era, the

While at the convention in Cleveland I was fortunate in picking up some mint copies of some of the old adventure and western pulps at one of the local book stores. Some of these are quite rare items that should be preserved in a pulp library. In my column, Argassing in The Pulp Era, I will discuss many of these titles in coming issues. For example, how many of you know that back in 1928, Black Mask (whose fame lies as a great detective magazine) also published western and adventure stories. The Frontier (later Frontier Stories), published stories of all the frontiers world-wide. If you are interested in the old magazines, try a subscription to The Pulp Era. Starting with issue #65, I will also be photo-offsetting some of the old magazine covers and some of the covers of books reprinting from the magazines.

October 15th of this year I will be going to the Octocon in Sandusky, Ohio. This is an offshoot of the Midwestcons and has no formal program. Just a good get-together of old fans from the tri-state area. Should have much fun. Perhaps I'll write up a short report of this for the next issue.

I'm home alone this week-end, the family is in Michigan visiting some relation. I had hoped to get much done on both Troat and The Pulp Era, but the old flu-bug hit me hard last night and I'm having a struggle even trying to finish this up.

The latest issue of The Magazine of Horror is out (Winter #14) and again is a very good one. Of great interest to the pulp fan is a new magazine scheduled for Oct. Famous Science Fiction. The first issue will feature The Girl in the Golden Atom by Ray Cummings. This certainly should be a welcome addition to the list of sf magazines as Robert Lowndes is one of the most ablest editors around. It is a shame that he has a low budget to work on, as he could put out one of the finest magazines possible otherwise. It is an effort, though, that deserves all the support that fandom can give.

See you all next will be a letter column issues if enough interest the zine outside of the



issue. There in future is shown in SFPA.

