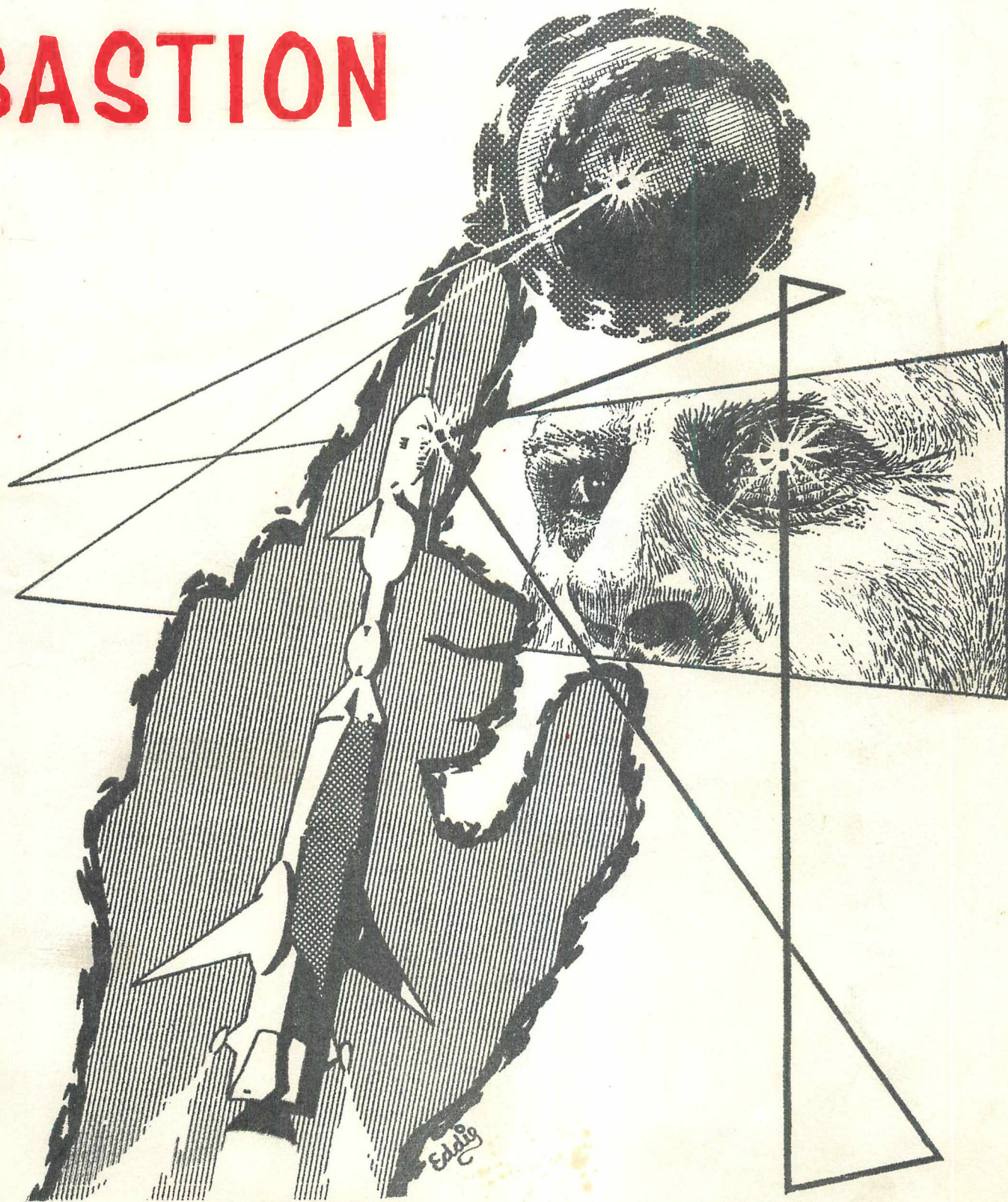


BASTION



bastion-THREE

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ARTWORK by...Eddie Jones, Jim Cawthorn, Bill Rotsler & Terry Jeeves.

SUBMISSIONS and SUBSCRIPTIONS to Eric Bentcliffe, 47, Alldis St, Great Moor, Stockport, Ches. Material is always welcome and money will not be refused. It should be mentioned though, that since the BASTION STAFF is lazy even money and mss. may not improve our schedule. Writing Letters is the best way to encourage this.

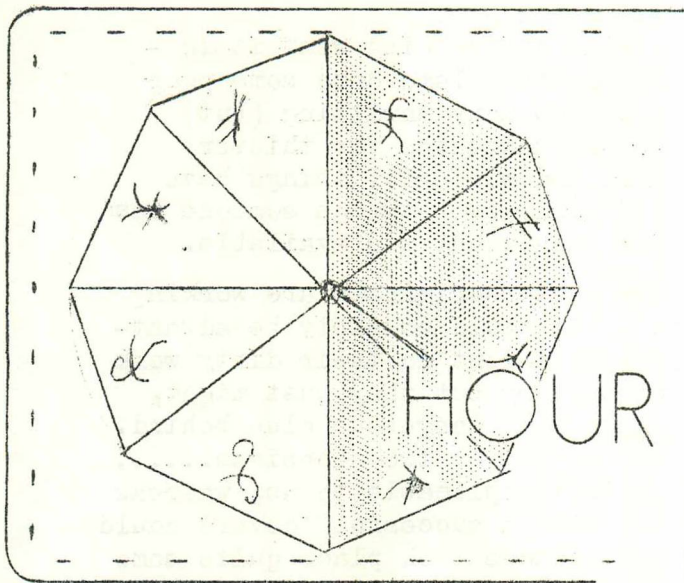
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BASTION is in favour of almost everything except Ban The Bomb Marchers, Beatniks, Law Suits, Estate Agents, and The British Weather. BASTION strongly upholds HARRISON, TAFF, and The Mesopotamian Way Of Life.

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HOUR OF THE 13TH. GREEP

TEMPUS FUGIT

With some sort of alien-appearing timepiece at the head of this page, I suppose that it isn't entirely unreasonable that I write about Time. Time-travel stories have always been some of my favourite reading - quite frankly, I don't always understand the 'explanations' whereby time-travel is achieved in fiction, but unlike Kingsley Amis and other more materialist people I don't let this stop me enjoying the stories. I think it's the conflict and contrast of previous civilisations (or extrapolated ones) against the backdrop of our own which most appeals to me.

My ignorance of the theory of time can perhaps best be expressed by a quotation from a recent conversation. I was talking about time and its ramifications with a s-f reading acquaintance who more or less ended the beautiful friendship we were having by enquiring; "Have you Dunne?" Unwittingly, I replied; "No, I've only just started!"

However, being an ignoramus doesn't stop me having the occasional wild and truly wonderful theory about Time. I'm sitting on one at the moment, and it explains so much.... Let's envisage a future civilisation in which time-travel has become a fact, obviously people will have to be rather careful (even I have read the bit about eliminating my own grandpa'), otherwise they'd suddenly find themselves riding horse-back in mid-air or

some such mind-boggling thing. Controls would be necessary, but like all of man's inventions time-travel would be exploited.

It would probably start out with only licensed historians being allowed back into the past, but big business would soon take-over and possibly Tourism would be developed in a

limited form - personally, I can't see this being allowed for very long for some licensed but licentious playboy would inevitably succumb to the wiles of Nell Gwynne and muck up his family tree. No, I rather think that the big profits, the safe-profits, to be made out of time-travel will be in souvenirs, relics, and assorted 'antiques'. 'But, surely, they'd be missed' you say?

pto...

BY
ERIC BENTCLIFFE

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But I've an answer for that one, with crime being what it is - in everytime - wouldn't it be simple to throw the blame onto some poor unsuspecting thief? Who knows, even now, how many unwitting (but probably deserving) gentlemen are now serving sentences for thievery that wasn't their own. All sorts of wierd and wonderful things have disappeared over the ages and never been traced, even though someone has taken the big drop because no other logical miscreant was available.

It may even be that certain of our master-criminals are working unknowingly for some time-travel importer. It could possibly be advantageous to our future friends to have the local talent do their dirty work for them - surely they could do their own thivery but they just might, by use of their own 'improved methods' leave some dangerous clue behind. I think, in fact, that they have done this on one or two occasions..... things have disappeared in a manner which is inexplicable to us, whereas by the enlightened use of criminals of the time a succesful 'cover' could have been arranged. The fact that these instances took place quite some time ago intimates that they are now using the latter method of procuring their bric a brac! Taking the Marie Celeste was an error I think...

I consider it may even be possible that our friends from the future are, occasionally, influencing persons in other times in such a manner that they can procure works of art en masse without any possible suspicions being aroused. Think of all the caches of 'buried treasure' assembled by Morgan The Black and his cohorts and never discovered. Hitler, more recently, aquired a vast collection of art-treasures and such which have never been recovered. Then there was Attila, and....the list is endless.

However, it isn't the big-stuff which personally worries me..... with the increase of leisure time over the past decade or so more and more people are collecting things. Obviously this trend is going to continue. All sorts of commonplace items of today will be the speciality of some collector of the future. Our time-travelling thieves are going to cater for these people as well as the museums and art-galleries in the future metropoli.

And, Damn It, I wish they'd stop stealing my collar-studs!

A CANTICLE FOR BRIAN

Elsewhere in this issue, Brian Aldiss comments on the apparent lack of reaction from fans to Hsf. On the lack of discussion inspired by stories of The Bomb-and-after in the fanzines, that is. One excuse that can be made for this is that most fans are optimists, but a more probable one is that fans have become rather blase about this story theme, as, indeed, they have about most of the oft used themes of s-f, and whilst they continue to enjoy this type of story it takes something really provocative to evoke argument.

I've recently read three quite enjoyable novels which fall into the Hsf category. The first of these is THE DAY THE EARTH CAUGHT FIRE, this is not only a quite well-written novel but also one of the best s-f films of recent years. However, applying an analytical eye to it, the only new idea in the novel is that of having the action set in a genuinely named newspaper office, that of the British Daily Express. This, in both the story and the film lends an air of authenticity.

An air of authenticity unusual in s-f, and one that should greatly help to get 'the message' over to the general non-s-f-reading public. This title should cause quite a great deal of talk amongst that latter mentioned public, but there's nothing in it that the long-time s-f reader will find worth writing about - other than to remark that this film/book is just what is needed to regain s-f's good name.

The second novel was for me the most enjoyable of the three, this is Daniel F. Galouye's DARK UNIVERSE.....all the more so because I never suspected Galouye capable of writing such an excellent yarn. This one is fantastic enough for even the inveterate reader of s-f, and it is very plausibly done with a well worked out background. It's a thoroughly good story, but.... But, there's nothing really controversial in it. Galouye has contented himself with writing a story, he's not attempted to fit any sermons in it. As a result, whilst this is a story which will be enjoyed particularly by those who have read a lot of s-f, there's nothing in it to make them stand up on their hind-legs and argue.

The third title is Walter M. Miller's A CANTICLE FOR LEIBOWITZ. This one I found to be the least entertaining of the three books; it suffers from having been written originally as three separate stories and in trying to cover too wide a canvas, but it is controversial. It involves religion and almost anything that involves religion in a fictional manner is controversial. And, anyway, the New York Times says it's controversial so it must be.... This one should cause sufficient argument in the fanzines to gladden Brian's heart, it may even bring the Rev. Moorhead back into action. Personally, I'd be highly delighted to start off some of the argument, but I feel that I don't know enough of the roman-catholic credo - from which the Religion in the book is extrapolated - to do the book justice. But perhaps I don't need to, for the basic 'message' of the story is that we cannot assume that the Bible is anything other than (possibly) a pre-deluge work of fiction, allegorical in nature.

Whilst this is not an entirely new thought, I don't think that it has previously been presented so legitimately in a science-fiction novel. The trouble is, as with any discussion appertaining to religion, the arguers will be sharply divided between 'believers' and 'unbelievers' and no argument by either faction is likely to convince the other. It might provide some interesting pyrotechnics though.

To return to Brian's comment however, I'd say that unless a far higher percentage of provocative, controversial books with Hsf as an incidental platform for new ideas (or for evocative re-hash of old ones) are written in the near future...it's still unlikely that there will be much comment in the fanzines on the topic. It's true of Hsf, as of all forms of science-fiction that it is only rarely an author will introduce a truly controversial topic or theme in a s-f story. Heinlein has done it twice recently with STARSHIP TROOPER and STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND, Blish managed it with CASE OF CONSCIENCE. But the rarity of this type of story explains the rarity of comment amongst a group of people who, as I said previously, still enjoy reading s-f but for the most part are a little blasé about the 'new' ideas which appear therein.

DEPT OF UNTIMELY STATEMENTS

In the last issue of BASTION, I was unwise enough to state that BASTION THREE would be out soon. Fortunately, I ...

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wasn't any more specific about it all, but my apologies nonetheless. All sorts of variegated reasons can be given, lazyness, TAFF, Our Publisher's interest in another form of reproduction, and building his own Still! (The Shorrock menage is now bubbling over with things fermenting and maturing - and Ina has become the only femme fan to - unwittingly - have a bath in Damson Gin.) Oh, but it's a gay, mad, fannish life we live...

However, the principal reason for the delay of this issue is red-headed and named Beryl, and I don't feel in the least contrite about neglecting BASTION for her. I've at last come round to the persuasion that it isn't only up to the Tucker's, Shorrock's, and Grennell's to perpetuate fandom - it wasn't a fan who brought this reasoning about tho', it was Beryl. By the time you receive this issue we expect to be married, thus making Ron Bennett one of The Last of the (British) Mohicans.

A MOVING STORY

Sometime in the fairly imminent future I'll be acquiring a new address, I was hoping to be able to announce this in this issue of BASTION but one of the builders has dropped a brick and can't find it again! For the moment, then, all mail should still go to 47, Alldis St, and this address will always reach me since my mother will continue to reside there. We've been house-hunting now, for a couple of months or so, but it may be another month or so before we're definitely established in a new abode. One of the prime reasons for this is that about ninety percent of the statements issued by estate agents are completely misleading. A 'Modern semi-detached house with all mod. cons. water laid on'... for instance can be translated as a former two-unit dwelling where the house next-door has collapsed, causing flooding !

But, the next BASTION should be coming from a new Bentcliffe address, watch AXE and SKYRACK for further news, eh. And there will be a 'next' BAST, Beryl has liked all the fans she's met so far and is quite in favour of this crazy hobby of mine. I haven't exactly got her involved in fanac as yet, but she is knitting matinee-jackets for Ina, and it's only a short step from this....

TAFF

Whilst BASTION is not, and never will be, any sort of official organ for the TRANS-ATLANTIC FAN FUND - I'd like to append a couple of notes here. Of late there has been quite a deal of controversial writing about TAFF needing a PRO, and More Publicity, et al. I agree with the latter but not with the former. TAFF always has at least two PRO's and, in the shape of former TAFF Delegates a whole flock of bodies willing to do their utmost to further the cause. That these bodies can not always give the time they'd like to give to TAFF is inherent in the set-up. A more professional organization might work, but personally I can't envisage it doing so, and it would inevitably stop on a whole lot of toes and most probably result in TAFF coming apart in some sort of holocaust.

The most workable way of ensuring more publicity, more votes, and more interest in TAFF would be to have More Candidates in each TAFF election. And since I don't have a shotgun license, an appeal can only be made for more people to stand for TAFF. Care to help TAFF along by making the next election for an American Delegate a really interesting one ? How about you....Bob Pavlat, Tucker, White, Busby, Grennell, Hickman, Lupoff.... yes, even you Moskowitz, we need a villain in every campaign!

.....EB.

THE FANOCLASTS

BY
DICK
LUPOFF



"A&E," stated the colophon of A&E No.7, "is a Fanoclast Publication. Other Fanoclast Publications include SAM, FANAC, FANFARONADE, THE SCENE, ICE AGE, VOID, XERO, NULL-F, TESSERACT, FLYER, INSIDE UNIVAC, DUBIOUS, HELP!, PANELZINE, FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILM-LAND, WILDEST WESTERNS, SPACEMEN, RODDING AND RE-STYLING, CUSTOMS ILLUSTRATED, DUDE, GENT, etc. "

This struck me as rather a remarkable statement, as the periodicals listed are an extremely odd bag, about an odd a mixture of publications as you could easily name. There are general fanzines included, personalzines, two newszines, a couple of apazines..... eight consumer (newstand) magazines, which further break down into one humor-satire mag, three movie-still mags, two hot-rod hobbyzines, and two "mens" magazines...plus (so help me!) an electronic computer market newsletter.

What makes these magazine alike, as we used to say in our pre-adolescent riddle-posing days, is that they are all published or edited by members of a New York fan group, the Fanoclasts. The Fanoclasts, in operation less than a year (I think we are still the youngest NY fan club) have attained by far the most influential membership in terms of the fan-press, of any fan club presently in existence, and just possibly, of any which has ever existed.

What's all the more remarkable is the number and scope of professional publications controlled by Fanoclasts - - not one of which is a science-fiction magazine!

The Fanoclasts came into existence late in 1960, in a manner well supported by New York fan traditions: we schismmed from another club. Well, maybe we didn't quite schism; there was never any blow-up, no harsh words and/or dramatic walkout. Six members of the revived NY Futurians just quietly decided that we would start a new club, and proceeded to do so. All six founders of the Fanoclasts, in fact, said that they would probably continue in the Futurians, although as things have worked out, this did not prove the case.

To backtrack and tell you why the Six came to form a new club, let's look at the New York fan scene a year ago. There were four science-fiction clubs in greater New York, which is about the average number in the metropolitan area at any time, although the rate at which they come and go is higher here than in most cities.

In the Bronx there were the Lunarians, dominated and typified by the Dietz-Raybin axis. In Newark, just across the Hudson from Manhattan, there was ESFA, the Eastern Science-Fiction Association, dominated and characterized by Dr. and Mr. Moskowitz, and the spiritual twin of the Lunarians. Here in Manhattan there were two groups: the Hydra Club - but they're science-fiction pros, not fans, by their own oft-and-loudly reiterated word - and the Futurians.

The Futurians were the closest thing to a tru-fannish group in the area. The Lunarians and ESFA were (and still are) both examples of the business-meetings, speech-making, rather formal and very pompous type club. Further, their personnel are not such as to appeal to trufen particularly. The Hydra Club, by its own exclusivity, was ruled out. And the Futurians thus again came up for consideration. A goodly portion of Fabulous West Coast Fandom consists of transplanted Futurians; those who still remained were a pretty good crowd, including Larry and Noreen Shaw, Lin Carter, Tom Condit, Ted and Sylvia White, and several other worthwhile types. They also included, unfortunately, a disturbing element, or "B" membership. I use this term because I'm not really sure which of three words really best applies to this type; fortunately, all three begin with the same letter - Bohemians, beatniks, or just plain bums. What these people were is not something I'm particularly interested in right now; I'm not going to get involved in the beat controversy which built HABAKKUK; I'm not going to condemn (or praise) this element in the Futurians except in the light of a single criterion: they weren't fans. For the most part they weren't even s-f readers. They knew little and cared less about science-fiction, fandom, fanzines, conventions, or anything else which makes the common foundation of fannish comradeship. -

Fans may talk endlessly of sex, politics, drinking, gourmetship, folk songs, and an infinity of other topics, but at heart we're all s-f fans, and at heart we all know and feel warmly about fandom as an institution. And no outsider, unless he has an interest in and makes himself familiar with these cornerstones of common interest, can be genuinely and fully accepted in a fan group.

Still, half a loaf and all that, and so Pat and I continued as members of the Futurians. The Futurians had been meeting at the White apartment for some time, and were there sorely crowded. Early last fall Ted asked Pat and myself if we would agree to the transfer of Futurian meetings to our own, somewhat less cramped, apartment. We agreed in principle, but there was no immediate change; the semi-monthly meeting stayed on, temporarily, at the White's.

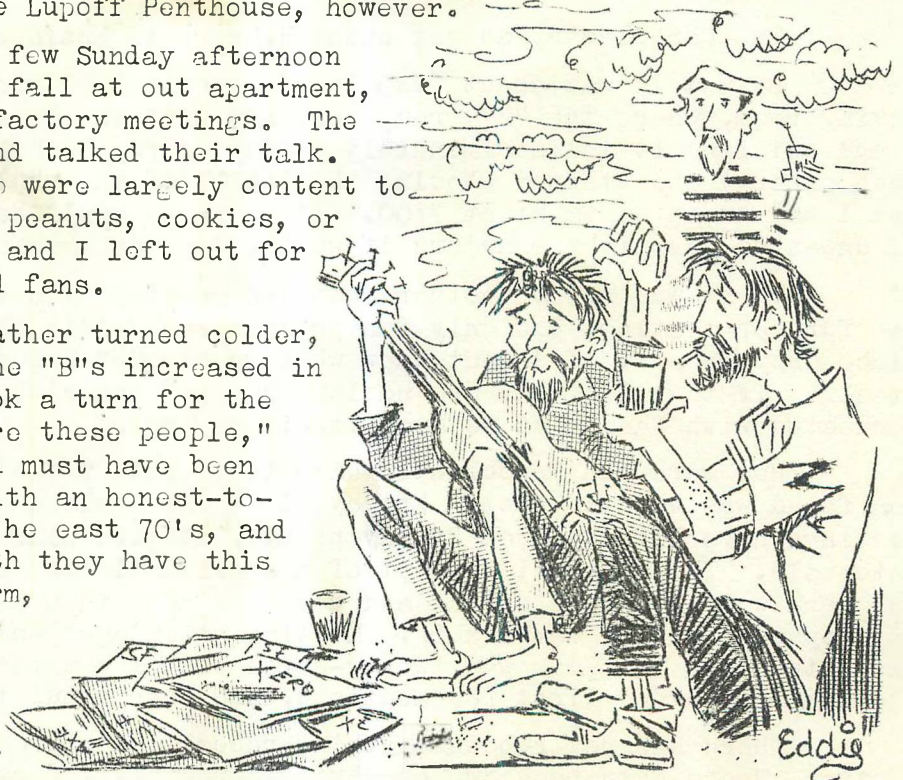
At the same time, Ted mentioned to us that a new, secret fan group was being hatched. It had no name, and so far the only proposed members were himself, Sylvia, Larry and Noreen Shaw. Pat and I were invited to become the final two founding members; the Six would start the new club, adding new members slowly, selectively, by invitation only, and with a veto over new members.

In the long run this is exactly the method used by the Fanoclasts; it has worked out admirably so far, in the whole, although the veto provision had kept out at least one person I would like to be invited in. Still, it has avoided the induction of any member to whom any other member has a violent aversion, thus avoiding uncomfortable scenes and the possibility of a further schism.

But in the short run, nothing was done to get the new group started, except for talk, more talk, and more talk. The Futurians were transferred to the Lupoff Penthouse, however.

The first few Sunday afternoon soirees held last fall at our apartment, were fairly satisfactory meetings. The trufan gathered and talked their talk. The "B" membership were largely content to scrounge whatever peanuts, cookies, or other goodies Pat and I left out for casual callers and fans.

As the weather turned colder, however, and as the "B"s increased in number, things took a turn for the worse. "There are these people," I imagine the word must have been going around, "with an honest-to-God penthouse in the east 70's, and two Sundays a month they have this crowd in. It's warm, comfortable, there are hundreds of books around, and ciga-rets, a hi-fi, usually food and -



sometimes even booze. It's great! And all you have to do to get in is to come with somebody who's been before."

The "B" membership burgeoned steadily, our irritation did likewise, and then one bitterly cold Sunday came the breaking point. There were about twelve trufen in attendance, an average turnout. The "B" membership was very little in evidence until there arose a raucous roaring from the street below, and a few minutes later Tom Condit (main contact of the "B"s as well as a fan) arrived, in ankle chains and wearing a scimitar because he thought a costume was appropriate to the Halloween season, and trailed by a motorcycle-jacketed, guitar-toting bunch of the most dirty, foul-smelling, generally unsavoury "B"s ever to disgrace a Futurian meeting. That tore it.

"Hide the liquor!" Pat yelled at me, and I raced frantically to do so. This vital mission accomplished, Larry and Noreen, Ted and Sylvia, Pat and I withdrew to the bedroom, carrying with us for safety Mike Shaw and bringing with us for the same reason our now thoroughly terrified dog.

While the "B" membership had the living room to themselves, filthying the rug, doing their best to ruin the furniture, mistreating our collection of books, magazines, and rare and valuable comic books, and while the remaining half-dozen fans among them had this chance to become thoroughly disgusted, the Six decided that it was time to move with our new club. We first ran over the list of people in the living room, screening whom to invite to membership, and one by one asking these people into the bedroom, where they were invited into the new club, and where every person invited joined the new club.

The Fanoclasts, as yet unnamed, were in business.

By now it was about 6:45 in the evening. I went back to the living room, where the "B" group were now swilling huge amounts of ale (and spilling it indiscriminately on furniture, books, magazines, and each other) and started shooing them out with the explanation that Pat and I had an appointment at 7:00. I'm sure we would have had a housefull of unwanted overnight boarders if we had done no shooing.

There was never another Futurian meeting at our house. I know of one further meeting. The only fan present was Sylvia White, who has also since dropped out. I do not know whether the "B" Futurians still exist at all. If they do, they are no longer a s-f fan club, and are not connected with fandom as we know it, in any way.

How were the Fanoclasts going to operate? Well, the first question faced was when to meet. Friday night was decided on; so far all our meetings have been held on Friday nights, at irregular two-to-three week intervals. The original concept of a small intimate group did not work out very well, as word spread and more and more fans asked their friends to propose them for membership. Meeting attendance generally averages about twenty. The peak was twenty-seven that I counted one night, and the low, after the first few meetings, has been about thirteen.

There has never been anything resembling a program at a Fanoclast meeting. There have been two or three thoroughly informal business sessions,

short and to-the-point, and gotten over with as soon as pressing questions were settled. (Sample: how to pay for liquor consumed. Solution: drop money in a straw hat kept on the bar.)

The meetings are regarded by many of us as the high points of the New York fannish scene. The club has not sought publicity (I may even be criticised for writing this article, but let me repeat our rule about membership by invitation only) but has been gaining recognition nonetheless as an outstanding one.

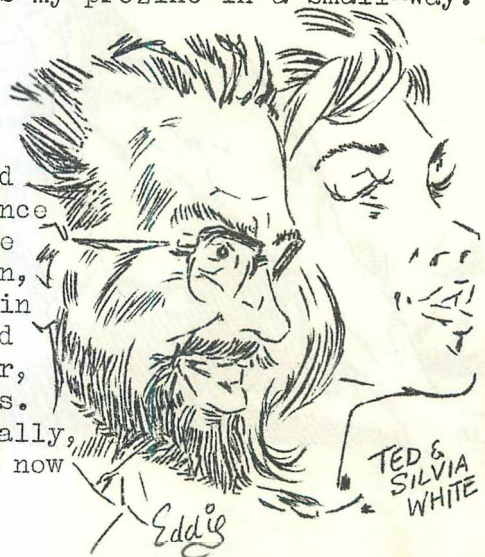
There are few problems. One was what to do with the small treasury accumulated in our earliest days. We solved that by putting it into a TAWF piggy bank. Another is where to meet while Pat and I are busy with the new baby we expect soon. Meetings may be passed around among the Whites, the Shaws, and others.

The name Fanoclasts, oddly, is one that nobody particularly likes, but it was the only one nobody disliked with sufficient violence to rule out. Bill Myers proposed it; the reaction to its final acceptance was Algis Budrys' comment " Fan-Smashers ? Okay, I guess, if that's what everybody wants.

To get back to the list of Fanoclast publications, they will serve as a pretty good means of introducing our members. Of course, with membership as informal as ours, there is no real members list, and I may well leave someone out, if so, I crave forgiveness, offended sirrah; it is unintentional.

Anyway, AXE is the Shaws' newszine, and ICE AGE is their FAPA-zine: RODDING and RE-STYLING are the two promags, editing which earns Larry his living. SAM is Steve Stiles individzine, although it shows tendencies of becoming a generalzine. FANFARONADE is Jeff Wanshel's genzine. THE SCENE is an odd publication; it looks like a fanzine and reads somewhat like one, but its topics are non-fannish, as is most of its circulation. It is published by Bob Shay, who edits DUDE and GENT professionally. VOID seems to have an endless procession of co-editors, of whom Ted White and Pete Graham are 'clasts; NULL-F is Ted and Sylvia's FAPazine. ZERO you know comes from Pat and myself, as does FLYER; INSIDE UNIVAC, the marketing newsletter, is my prozine-in-a-small-way.

DUBIOUS is Ajay Budrys' fanzine. HELP!, FAMOUS MONSTERS, WILDEST WESTERNS, and SPACEMEN, are all published by Jim Warren. And PANELZINE is a product of the Philadelphia contingent who are represented in the Fanoclasts by the part-time attendance of Hal Lynch and Will Jenkins. FANAC I have saved for last, as its editor, Walter Breen, spends his time half in New York and half in California. He was an early Fanoclast, and still is regarded as a fully-fledged member, attending meetings when his schedule allows. Walter also published TESSERACT. Incidentally, the former editor of FANAC, Terry Carr, is now in New York, and is a Fanoclast pro tem, depending upon whether he stays or not.



Not every member of the Fanoclasts is a Publishing Giant, but a good number more are professionals, involved in one way or another in the publishing industry, whether in s-f or not. Larry Ivie and Bhob Stewart are both professional artists (although none of Bhob's work has appeared in the science-fiction field as yet).

Chris Steinbrunner, a radio and television writer is one of our newer members. And there is Robert Silverberg, famous writer of sex novels. Lin Carter, small-time s-f pro and an advertising writer, attends when he can, as does that other travelling giant, Jock Root.



Anyone left out ? I hope not, nut again, if there is, I apologise; it's accidental.

Well, you take such a group as the people I've listed, put them together in a comfortable but rather crowded apartment, turn on some records and open a few bottles of assorted hard and soft drinks, and let the conversation flow. Do you think it would produce an utterly fascinating evening ? It does.

..... DICK LUPOFF



THE BOMB

BETWEEN BOARDS

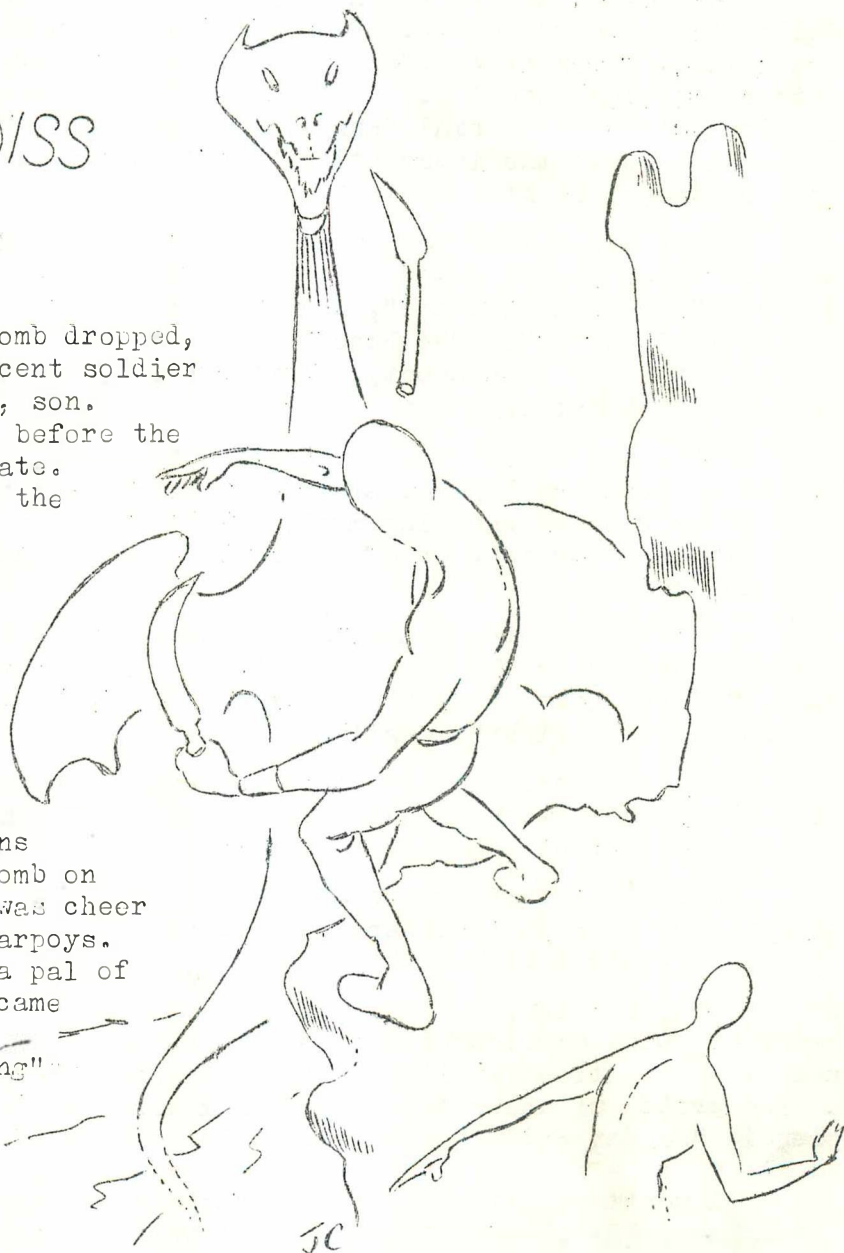
BY

BRIAN ALDISS

When the first A-Bomb dropped, I was a young and innocent soldier in the Fourteenth Army, son. This was back in 1945, before the days of the Welfare State. I had just come out of the roaring green hell of Burma - oh, I told you about that, did I? - and was resting in some long forgotten corner of India.

News services were almost non-existent. We heard dimly that the Americans had dropped this big bomb on the Japs. All we did was cheer and lie back on our charpoys. Then a few days later a pal of mine called Ted Monks came over to my tent to return an "Astounding" he had borrowed.

"You know this f--- atomic bomb the Yanks dropped on the f--- Japs?" He said.



"Well, it's one of the inventions out of your f--- science-fiction magazines."

A light dawned. It has never gone out since.

At that moment, I realised that sf was about something real. Later, the first understandings I gained of atomic processes were gained from Campbell's magazine. And there's no doubt that however much nuclear physics has changed our world, it has also changed sf and our outlook on it even more. Ever since then, sf has had a real *raison d'etre*, for the hostile public as well as for us in-groupers.

The immediate effect of Hiroshima and Nagasaki on sf was shown by a spate of atomic disaster and mutant stories.

Remember them in the next year's "Astoundings" ? van Vogt's "Child of the Gods" series. Padgett's "Tomorrow And Tomorrow" with Orban illos. "Tomorrow's Children", by a newcomer, Poul Anderson. Kuttner's "Baldy" stories. A.M. Phillip's "An Enemy of Knowledge". And Kuttner's great serial "Fury", with that fine Rogers cover showing the memorial with the inscription "Man's Greatest Achievement: A World Destroyed By Atomic Fire".

Ever since then novels have appeared regularly dealing with the effects of A- and H-bombing. Some of these novels, like Bob Tucker's "Long Loud Silence", have been by regular sf writers; others, like Nevil Shute's "On The Beach" have been by what one may call, without intending disrespect, interlopers. Obviously such a mighty theme had to burst beyond the bounds of sf.

I'm puzzled about the reception this Hsf gets from sf circles. Here is a clear-cut line of sf that has continued steadily for sixteen or so years without changing much; yet it has provoked no extreme reactions, either of praise, or of execration, as the shorter-lived psi phase has done.

"Shadow on the Hearth", of course, had a deserved success. Yet over such novels as "The Fallen Sky", the excellent "Man With Only One Head", "On The Last Day", "Two Hours To Doom", "Chain Reaction" and "The Children of Light", a silence complete and utter has fallen.

Why ? Is it because this is such an uncomfortable theme ? Yet I should have thought our fears of H-bombing and WWIIII might have been to some extent eased by facing them fictionally.

This topic springs to mind now because two more novels in the Hsf category have just appeared. Both are so good that it would be a pity if sf readers missed them.

One of these, "Beyond The Eleventh Hour", stands the lesser chance of being overlooked because its author is S.B. Hough. Hough wrote the exceptionally fine "Extinction Bomber" some five years ago. He also writes sf under the name of Rex Gordon, I'm told, so that splendid "No Man Friday" was his. (Someone ought to look up Mr. Hough, huh ?)

I won't go into the plot of "Beyond The Eleventh Hour" (Hodder & Stoughton, 15/-.) except to say that WWIIII breaks out first in Asia, then in Europe. At first tactical atomic weapons only are used. -

There are wonderful and curious scenes in London where Russian and British forces fight half-heartedly. The two enemy commanders are in secret communication and agree not to attack too hard - for the Russians know that if they take the city, the U.S. will destroy it and them, while the British know that if they take the city, the U.S. will destroy it and them; yet neither side can afford to fail. Later, there is a hideous picture of America under fire, as the American hero reaches his native coasts:

" Then, suddenly, far away, in a line of hills that stood starkly dark against a far horizon, they saw a glow that made nothing the previous mighty illumination of the night. It was a glow that grew and grew until they turned away and flung themselves face downwards on the deck. Home ? Home from the wars to a land of safety ? They had left the battle of the pygmies for the war of the giants. "

Powerful stuff. Unfortunately, because the action is widely dispersed and the characters many, this novel is weak on human interest.

This is where H.C. Asterley's "Escape To Berkshire" (Pall Mall, 16/-.) is strong. He takes a young couple, Tom and Jill, and follows them out of H-bombed London into the countryside near Reading.

For me, this is the most telling of all Hsf novels. It left me sick, frightened, yet oddly exhilarated. Generally Hsf leaves one merely depressed, ("Level 7", for instance) or else with a feeling that the author has used the serious theme just for kicks. But Asterley writes from a Christian viewpoint, and the book will persuade you that it is the only viewpoint from which this issue can be honestly faced.

" Escape" also has in it more real horror than the other novels put together. For Asterley has courage and imagination. He shows that H-bombing is not the end: it may be the beginning. After London is knocked out, the enemy starts spraying the country with mycotics.

Take a look at the man Tom finds in a dirty cottage.

" He was stricken with some foul disease. The affliction had affected his mouth, nose and eyes with a horrible creamy white fungoid growth. Within the pool of dim yellow light cast by the hurricane lamp, I saw that his eyes were covered with a white velvety film, over which his eyelids could not close. He stared vacantly about him, as though the blind eyes of a marble statue had been transplanted into a living face. His jaw sagged, as the jaws of dying persons do, and I could see that his tongue, monstrously swollen, and covered with this ghastly growth, lolled uncontrollably inside a mouth lined with the same horrible substance."

Later, the two children Tom is trying to protect succumb to this same manufactured disease. The reader inevitably shares Tom's shock at this, which renders Asterley's point more powerful when Tom blurts out his disgust to an army officer.

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The officer just looks agrieved and says
" Are any of these things worse than tearing a
fellow's limbs off or disembowelling him with
conventional explosives ? It is people's
conservatism that is outraged not their humanity."

Here at last you have a novel that matches
its theme. I shall read it again when I pluck up
the courage.

People who grumble about sf have had quite
a field day recently. If they looked about, they'd
see that good stuff is still being written, sometimes
even by sf writers! Hough is one, and his book is
memorable. And although Asterley is not one, his
book is unforgettable.

.....Brian W. Aldiss

T A F F

(THE TRANS-ATLANTIC FAN FUND)

In case you didn't know.....is currently holding an election
for a British Delegate to go to the 1962 World S-F Convention in
Chicago.

CANDIDATES, are EDDIE JONES and ETHEL LINDSAY, and if
you haven't yet voted please use the Ballot Form enclosed
with this issue of BASTION. Send it, with at least 2/6 to
either of the two addresses below.....and if you care to
contribute more than the minimum, TAFF and us, will be
highly delighted.

EPITAFF (7/-)

TAFF BAEDEKKER
(10/6)

Or...One Dollar &
One Dollar, Fifty....

FROM either of these....

ERIC BENTCLIFFE
47, Alldis St, Gt. Moor,
Stockport, Cheshire, Eng.

RON ELLIK
127, Bennett Ave,
Long Beach 3, Calif. USA.

Are two TAFF-REPORTS
immediately available...
for money. Said money
going to swell the
TAFF treasury in whole
or in part. BAEDEKKER
is DON FORD's account
of his 1960 TAFF Trip
to Great Britain and a
London Convention.

EPITAFF is Eric Bentcliffe's
account of journeyings to
Pittsburgh and beyond in
the same year.

.....If Maigret, in an off-duty moment, hadn't decided to drop into a certain infamous bistro; and if he hadn't decided that it was really the concierge who had put arsenic in the minestrone, it probably wouldn't have been possible to publish this next....

15

AN ANGLE ON ASGARD

The adventures of Moork Coorck, comb-and-paper virtuoso, professional bum, part-time fan and international bather, in several remote and unremarkable parts of the globe....

MIKE MOORCOCK



PART ONE (In which Mike Moorcock, later to take part in the dangerous schnapps-drinking ceremony with wild Laplanders and so become known as Moork Coorck, discovers that Sweden is populated).

GREAT PINE FORESTS, tall ancient hills, vast shining lakes, clean, well-spaced towns, wide, long highways beneath a high blue sky. Sitting in a swift Ford Anglia with the radio throbbing British and American beat music, the air fresh against my face, eighty miles-an-hour, speeding with tense excitement North, talking to Lars Helander and completely overawed by the vastness of the Swedish landscape, magnificent, rugged and dominating. My first impressions of Sweden, a nation which it has been my ambition to visit for years.

I lived there for three months and three months is just about right. The people are charmingly dull, with exceptions who stand out very much. By British standards, the people I met are unsophisticated and fantastically well-mannered. Too well-mannered, really, for you can never tell whether you're welcome or not. Like myself, most of the British and American people who have lived there form a peculiar love-hate attitude towards the Swedes. Their hospitality is bewildering in its formality and generosity. They want to know, avidly, what you think of their country, their customs and their people. -

They want to know how old you are, what you read, where you've been. They parade you proudly at parties, particularly if you are British or American. They disapprove of you if you act in an extroverted or spontaneous way, and yet they like you for it. The English, in their opinion, are definitely crazy....

They attack themselves and are incredibly romantic about their country, they seem to want desperately to be liked by other nationalities and are hurt when sensational articles about Swedish morality, suicide et al are published in the foreign press --- even though the journals have, themselves, taken their information from Swedish journals. A lot of nonsense is talked about Sweden by foreign papers and Swedish papers. The suicide rate falls between New Zealand and Britain, I believe. I saw only one or two homosexuals who were evidently this, people do not jump wildly into bed with one another all the time.

They are prudes to whom physical health is a fetish, an end in itself, and they seem to regard copulation as something that has to be done in order to clear the body of strain and the mind of unhealthy complexes. They exhibit a weird and frightening reaction towards physical love which I can only describe as Clinical Romanticism.

Like the Germans, they are romantics to a fault. Almost every display of emotion (whatever it is) is regarded as admirable for its own sake, so long as it is displayed at the right time and place.

On Wednesdays and Saturdays, the Swedes enjoy themselves. They go out on the town until twelve o'clock sharp, grimly having a good time. They are neat, clean and they conform. Nonconformity of any kind is frowned upon and the Swedish word for Artist is the same word for Madman.

Their humour is usually naive and often enjoyed, much like the German variety, at the expense of someone else (much, for that matter, like the humour of children).

Traditionalism battles with the trappings of modernity. Everything is new, everything is the latest, everything is big, wide and strongly constructed. The America of Scandinavia is what the other Northern countries call Sweden and, on the surface, this seems so. But this is a surface characteristic which hides the traditional Sweden very well from the visitor, at first.

Their visual senses are highly developed and they are wonderful artisans but bad artists. Exceptions exist and are very noticeable.

Cleanliness, in Sweden, seems to have taken the place of Godliness. They have a horror for dirt and their main criticism against Britain (which the majority like) is that it is grimy. The girls are beautiful and most of them chew gum most of the time. The men are good-looking and sing folk-songs, all of which, in waltz-time, sound the same.

People appear more genuine in the North than the South and the girls, for that matter, have more character. In the North, they have a harsher climate (roughly six weeks of midnight sun summer, very hot, and the rest winter) and terrain to deal with and fewer washing machines and vacuum cleaners. Neither do they have television.

On the whole, I like them very much, but couldn't live in Sweden

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for longer than three months. As I have said, there are exceptional Swedes and these seem to combine the Swedish virtues with a capacity for wit and intelligence. Lars Helander is one of these, ex-fan, ex-princetonian, fluent linguist, brilliant student of English and American literature, translator, at twenty-two, of books on astronomy, author of a book about Sweden in English (published here by Arthur Barker), one of my closest friends and, needless to say, my favourite Swede.

Of course, I wouldn't call him a Swede to his face.

* * * * *

PART TWO (In which he actually gets round to leaving England)

A SERIES OF unpleasant happenings, coupled with three minor breakdowns, made me decide to throw up my job with Fleetway Publications, spend my last week's salary on a boat-ticket and go, as I'd been threatening for some years, to Sweden.

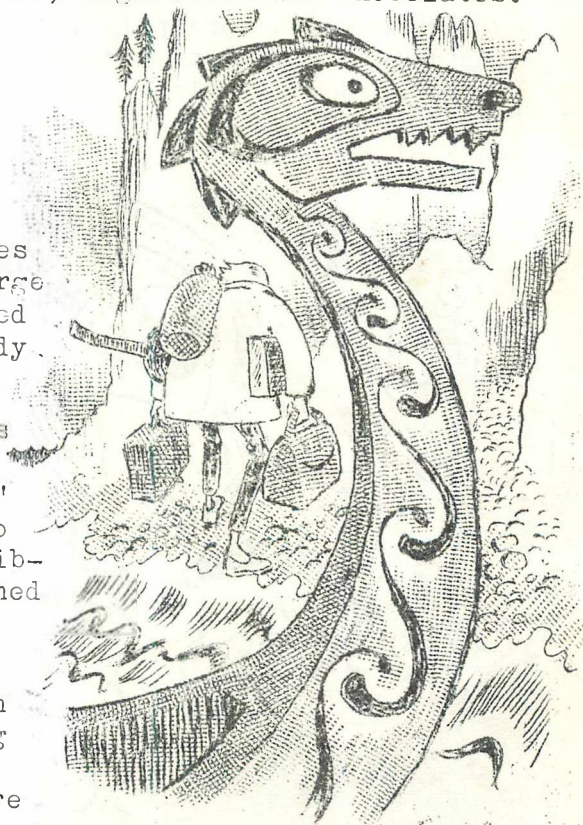
Apart from another breakdown the week before I left, from which I recovered sufficiently to stagger on to the boat-train at Liverpool Street, nobody and nothing tried to stop me and I arrived, eventually, with the sun shining, at Fredericia in Denmark where Lars met me. Lars himself was on his way back from a stay in East Germany and was reticent about telling me his impressions, but was triumphant about a large number of books and records he'd bought at really cheap prices in the East. For about three pounds, he had obtained eight hard-cover volumes (one a beautiful collection of Hogarth engravings and paintings) and eight long-playing records, plus glassware, cigarettes and chocolates. His Anglia was crammed with booty.

We drove fast out of Fredericia and through the rather uninteresting Danish countryside which is pretty much like the English countryside.

Later, we stopped by the roadside to eat East German sandwiches, cakes and have coffee. We sat on a grass verge with a wire fence behind us, and I played my guitar as the cars went by, but nobody threw any money.

Lars has an enquiring mind. "Is this fence electrified?" he wondered, reaching out to touch it. "Aaaaaaagh!" he quipped whimsically. I helped him to the car and put a sandwich in his horribly maimed hand. I was extremely concerned but Lars said it was alright, he could still drive. I lost my concern.

We were bound for Frederikshaven from where the ferry left for Gothenburg (pronounced Yotoborg). We had hoped to catch the last ferry that night, but were unlucky and decided to look for an hotel in Frederikshaven which, at nine o'clock -



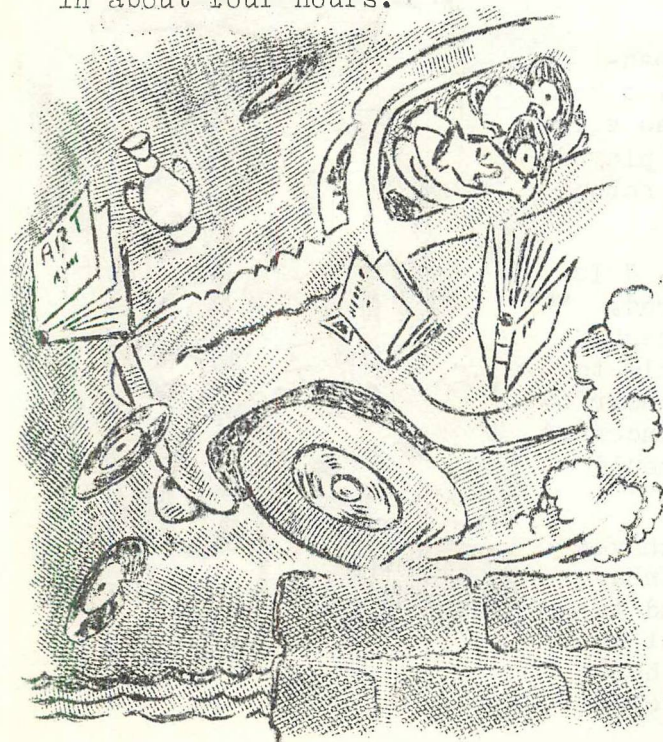
in the evening, seemed virtually deserted. We tried various hotels, Lars speaking first in Danish (which is rather more clipped than Swedish) and then, because the Danes tend to dislike the Swedes, English, but we obtained no results. Nobody wanted us. Eventually, one hotel keeper suggested we try the Long Line Hotel, near the docks - rough, he said, but cheap and probably with vacancies. I caught a glimpse of a strange, cynical light in his eyes, but paid no attention at the time. We set off, in the car, to seek the Long Line.

Now I'm certain that the Long Line Hotel is a secret joke in Fredrikshaven, or else a legend. Either way it doesn't exist and I'm sure the inhabitants use it solely to plague visitors they take a dislike to. Many smiled openly when we asked about it and all gave different directions. One man told us to drive straight ahead for as far as we could go. We did so. Luckily I noticed the water about thirty millimetres before we actually went off the edge of the quay. Lar's reactions were good then. Funnily, these days, he still has the same reaction. Mainly at night, when his foot can be seen forcing its way through the mattress. After that, we decided not to look for the ghost hotel any longer and were lucky enough to discover a huge alternative, a cross between Gormenghast and Wuthering Heights, way outside of town. No one else appeared to be staying there, which seemed ominous, but we got a good room and a promise that we should be awakened at 6.30 with breakfast. We had the boat to catch at 8 a.m. the following morning.

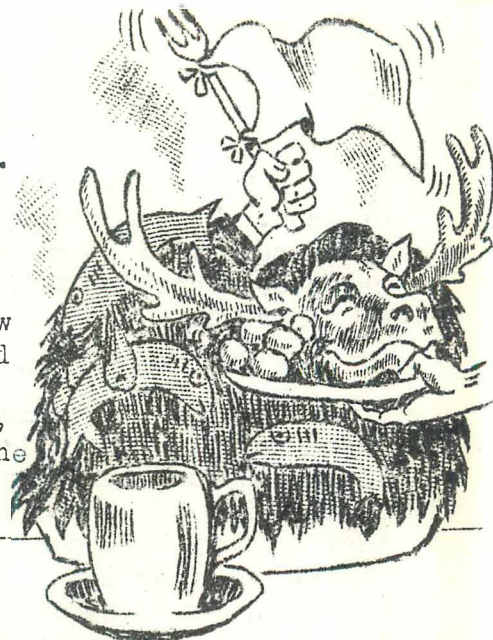
Well, by George, we made it and drove the car into the great bowels of the ferry, a ship much larger than the Channel steamers and much more up-to-date. Here, I changed my remaining English money into Swedish coin and promptly lost it to Lars in a game of poker dice. I wish I'd never taught him to play. So much for my cheap attempt at being the Scandinavian version of a Mississippi gambler. Bought duty-free tins of cigarettes and, in an orgy of smoking, crossed the Baltic in about four hours.

We disembarked in Gothenburg, a large, wide-spaced city supposed to be most like an English city, with a big dock area pretty much like ours. Single-decker trams hurtled around the wide streets and we sat and ate a light meal in one of the ultra-modern Swedish self-service restaurants. The food in these is much better than in the English cafes of the same pattern, but not a patch on Swedish home-cooking. More on this later.

And then we were heading out of Gothenburg as I marvelled at the great masses of solid rock which steeply lined the road, towering over us, with houses perched high on them, a wide, blue river flowing below on one side, -



flanked by more grey-brown rock, often lichen-covered, topped by pines of looming magnificence. I could imagine the Viking dragons beating up fjords like this and it wasn't hard to visualise the countryside as it had been. Apart from the excellent black highway (with a yellow line down it) little had changed. After Gothenburg, we saw towns infrequently and I felt, then, that I could understand the psychology behind Norse myth and legend, how gloomy they were, Ragnarok and so on, how they harped on the impermanence of man and the things man made. Those trees, those mountains, those lakes were allowing the pleasant wooden towns only a few years grace, it seemed, before they would reclaim and hide all traces of human occupation.



We covered, I think, five hundred miles that day and arrived at Lars home in Eskilstuna, a rather uninteresting town, one of the main industrial centres of Sweden, though if you are used to the bleak industrial cities of England, you wouldn't know it. Like all Swedish cities, it's small, airy and precisely laid out. Here we were to stay the night before going on to Uppsala where I was to live and where Lars is studying. Uppsala and Lund are comparable with our Oxford and Cambridge or Harvard and Yale in the States. Uppsala is located about sixty kilometres from Stockholm, and Lund is situated way down in the South near Malmö.

Lars' parents are some of the kindest, warmest people I have met. They spoke no English and yet succeeded in making me feel welcome and at ease in a very short time. Lars' mother, a woman well over sixty who looks fifteen-years younger, had prepared a meal for us. Before we sat down to eat, Kurt, Lars best friend, turned up. Kurt, a sensitive-faced, highly intelligent student at Uppsala, works as a journalist during the vacation and is another exception to those rules I mentioned earlier. He also speaks excellent English and I took a liking to him at once.

The meal began.

First we partook of a fabulous variety of Swedish hors d'oeuvres - the legendary smörgåsar - sea food of different kinds, cheeses, meats and pastes, savoury tit-bits, salad vegetables, and so on. I had not eaten much during my illness and my appetite was still fairly small, but manfully, not to say greedily, I tucked in, and my palate was rewarded by a great many new and pleasant flavours. Breathing heavily towards the end, I sat back.

The realisation dawned. With a fascinated mixture of disquiet and delight, I observed that there was another course. Herring, virtually the equivalent in Sweden to English roast beef, baked in a delicious savoury sauce, which was attended by vegetables, king prawns and other delicacies as mysterious as they were delicious. Somehow, marvelling at the tastes but with my stomach groaning, I managed to eat this.

Then Fru Helander brought on the main course.....

Roast beef, potatoes, other vegetables. Everything had got out of hand. My complaining stomach cried 'No!', my titillated palate whispered 'Yes!' - and I could not offend by refusing. I ate while Lars' parents, according to Lars, remarked that the English had the appetites of sparrows.

This sparrow was chicken.

The whole business was rounded off with a great portion of ice-cream and then the delicious Swedish coffee which, I swear, is the finest in Europe. They have many varieties of their own, and also use quite a lot of canned coffee - Chase and Sandborn being very popular there. They have a wide-range of coffee-gadgets, too. What they gain on coffee, they lose on their very poor selection of wines. Most of it is harsh, Swedish-bottled Italian stuff and it's practically impossible to order a particular vintage, even in Stockholm. All other liquor is of exorbitant price (about twice or three times the price for, let's say, a bottle of Johnny Walker) and the sale of liquor is controlled by the State - only obtainable through them and the State-owned liquor shops called System Bolaget. Until recently, cigarettes were manufactured solely by the State, but they no longer have the monopoly. To me, this is horrible tyranny and it is depressing to have to go to a place like a post-office to buy your liquor.

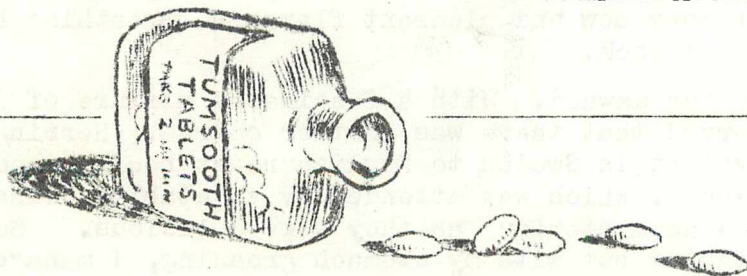
After the coffee, I managed to stay awake for all of ten minutes before I lay down (on my back) with a fat smile on my face and a very thin layer of skin over my stomach.

My first day in Sweden had come pretty close to ending with a bang.

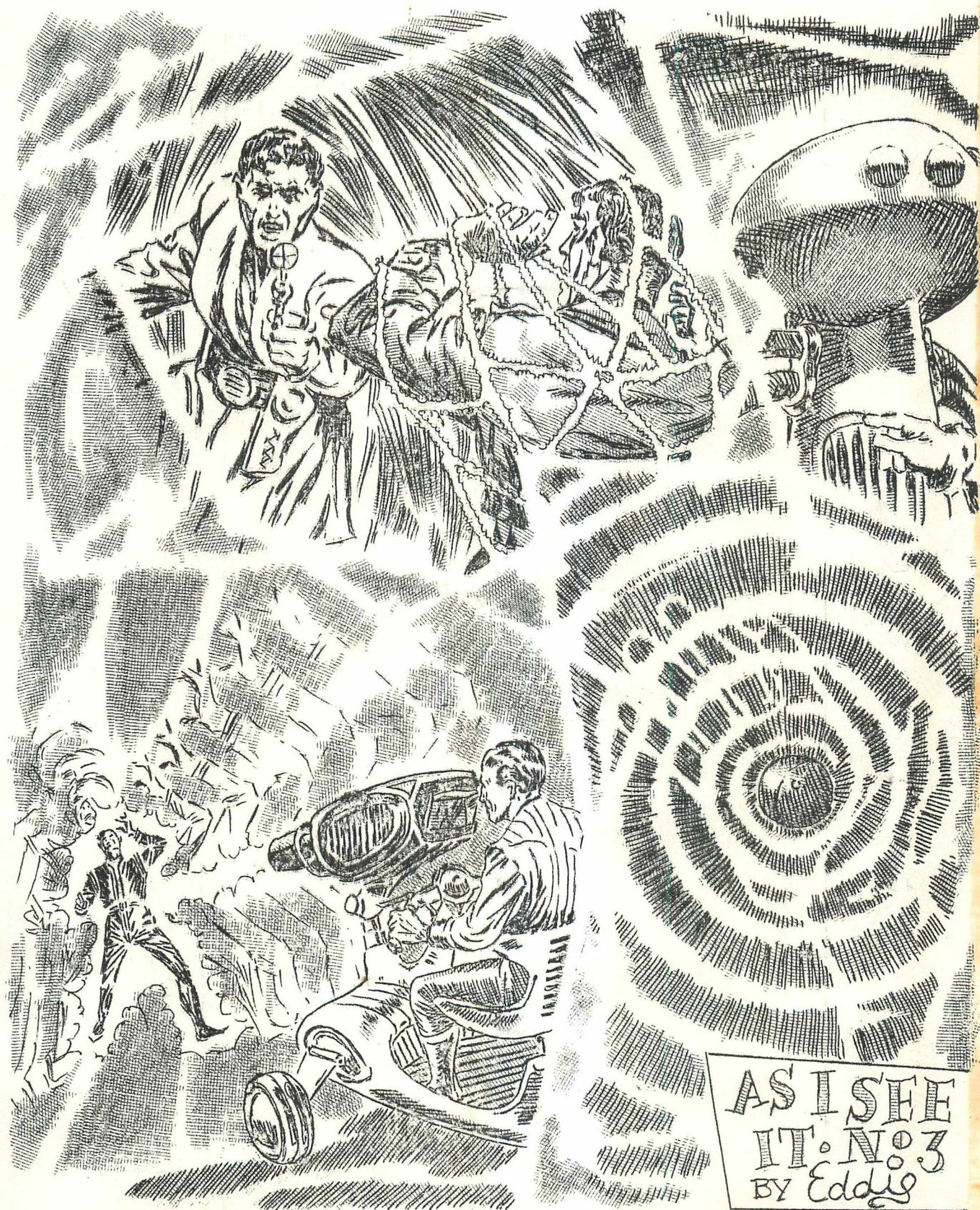
To Be Continued.

NEXT ISSUE: I wow Uppsala's Night-Life -- Enter the Arctic Circle
-- Trek Across Swamps -- Climb Mountains -- Gain Fame
as International Bather and Englishman.

...Mike Moorcock.



jim



AS I SEE
IT. No. 3
BY Eddis

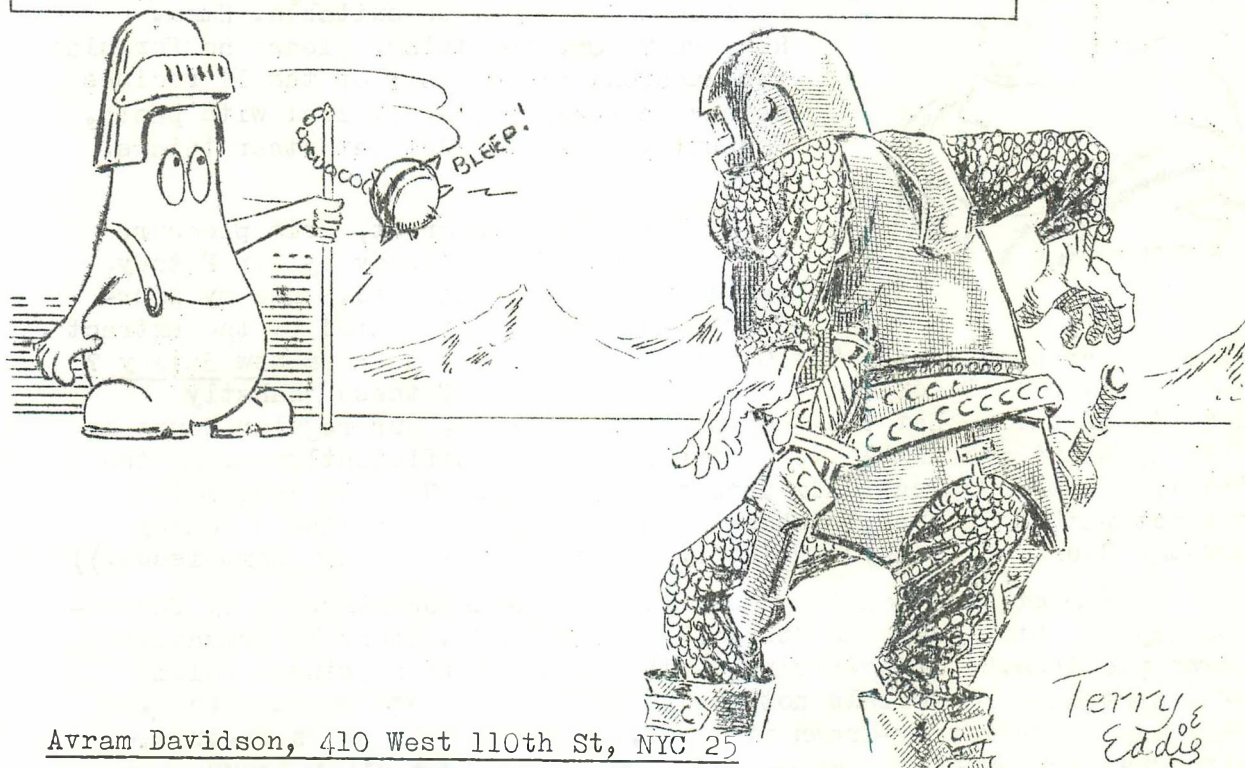


Sigma-Sequence
K OF EAGLES
James Blish.

AI SI (3)

CRENNELATIONS

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Avram Davidson, 410 West 110th St, NYC 25

Thank you for the copy of

BASTION No.2 Now I shall have no excuse for cadging snuff. Still, I must have me snuff, guvna. Wotl you take to continue the supply - money, marbles, chalk, US Commem stamp (only cancelled once): wot? ((Dear Sneezy, further supplies of snuff are being sent - even as I type this thing boxes, satchets of the stuff are snuffling their way across the waters towards you. Gezundtheim! As the ancient Norse Gods would say...))

I will confess that I had no idea, when you asked for permission for exclusive world rights for my Great Address, that BASTION was an annual, and that my remarks to the '60 Convention would appear on the eve of the '61 Convention. However, that honesty and candor for which I am known from Kansas to Kamchatka, compels me to concede that you did not tell me it wasn't, or that they would. Caveat stentor, or eppis. ((Timely tho', weren't they.))

Now, in re Blodgett vs Birtwhistle-- oops, wrong page. Ah yes, in re your drooling account of your gastronomic year: I may bring out a cook-book entitled PEASANT COOKING. Seriously. If enough recipes are forthcoming. There may be cash payment for contributions; then again, praps their mayn't. In any case, copies of the book and contributor's names set in Boldoni Old Point (or is it Shocombe Old Place? D'you think I've nothing better to do than keep all these frigging names in my head?).....

pto



We interpret the term "peasant" rather broadly; country-style dishes, solid rather than fancy, with an ethnic air about them, is what we're aiming at & for. Doubtless your many readers, who have explored the Old World from Petrapavlovsk to Poona, from Transylvania to the Transvaal, know of recipes which might be suitable. Hmmm. Readers? Oh, one thing, please nonformulae for Macaroni and Cheese: of the 17 recipes we have already rec'd, 11 deal with pasta. Honestly, peasants must eat other things, too!

I read with great, grim pleasure your account of the Discovery (in Putney, was it?) of the goat, etc. And my prurience was further tittivated by the Extract

From The Proceedings At The Old Bailey. - Q.: Is there a New Bailey? - I hope you will continue to keep us apprised of these ghahstly details in full. Let The People KNOW! ((Alas, our regular Court correspondent was unable to restrain himself sufficiently during the trial, and the Wig cast him into the dungeons. Here he came into contact with a drunken Irishman. He was last seen riding a donkey through County Kilkenny. However, we hope he'll be back next issue.))

I must question the description of Grangerizing, by my fellow-countryman, Dick Eney, as "the illustration of a story by privately drawn pictures." Grangerizing is the addition to a printed volume of illustrative materials not originally forming part of that book. They may be privately-drawn pictures, or they might be engravings - lithographs - maps - or what-have-you - taken from other books on a similar subject. In the case of Tolkien, of course, the only form of grangerizing likely possible is the one Eney mentions. But right's right, mates: accurate definition is the basis of all scientific thought.

Who is Harrison? What means "A Harrison Approved Publication"? I am not quite up on the Big Names in USFandom, tho growing upper, leave alone British ditto. So pray enlighten. ((Harrison, ulp, is The Saviour Of The British Empire, Protector Of The Downtrodden Capitalistic Masses, Defender Of The Virginity Of Our Fair English Womanhood (guaranteed chastity-belts available at reasonable prices, all mod. coms.), Member Of Whites. Quite frankly, not even Harrison is sure who Harrison is these days.))

I have news for Indiana's Own Buck Coulson, like where he says here, "If Poul Anderson, Christopher Anvil and Randy Garrett can keep /Campbell/ supplied with enough good s-f until writers like Mark Phillips, Pauline Ashwell, David Gordon and Larry Harris mature, he'll have his stable of high-quality writers again.~" Someone should have told Buck that "Christopher Anvil" is one of Pauline Ashwell's pseudonyms, and that Poul Anderson is "Mark Phillips".

Which brings us to Rick Sneary, of South Gate, Califo.- on of several Iowa enclaves in the Greater Los Angeles Area, which enjoy extraterritoriality under the terms of the Treaty of Guadeloupe Hidalgo -

- I, too would like to know "what's with a picture of Prince Youssoupp-off?" But I must point the finger of shame at the BASTION staff for not knowing who he "is" (*italics yours*). Prince Felix Youssouppoff, then, is the Russian who invited the starits, Grishka Rasputin, to tea one night, put strichnine in his cakes, cyanide in his wine, fired six or seven bullets into him, pushed him down the stairs, and bashed in his head with a steel press. ((Not very imaginative, was he?)) Rasputin persisted in remaining alive after all this, the Prince had hysterics, thus obliging the other conspirators to shove the so-called Mad Monk through a hole in the ice of the Neva. Now do you know who Prince Youssouppoff is? ((A ham, sir, a definite ham)) The Prince, by the way, is still alive, though I understand some people are unaccountably leary about accepting his invitations to tea. I can't think why. ((He probably uses tea-bags.))

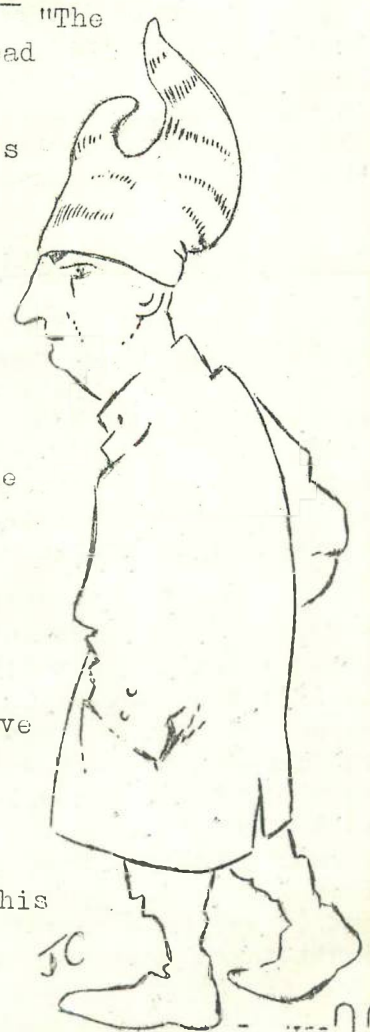
And what in the Hell is Limbo-dancing? ((A type or form of African free-style dancing which has now become popular amongst the effete and decadent British. But only in the mating season.))

Jim Cawethorne, 4, Wolseley St, Gateshead, Co. Durham.

Short Hello" was the funniest Chandler parody I've read since S.J. Perelman's "Farewell, My Lovely Appetizer", where Mike Noonan encounters The Case of the Tinted Herrings. Don't know if you've read any of Perelman's stuff, but he's had several collections published over here (he wrote mainly for the New Yorker) CRAZY LIKE A FOX, A CHILD'S GARDEN OF CURSES, THE ILL-TEMPERED CLAVICHORD, and more recently an anthology which I believe contains all the material in the above titles. Besides the Chandler piece, he did reviews (!?) of the Tarzan series - "Rockabye, Viscount, in the Treetops", - and the Captain Future stories. And dissected pulp magazine literature in general. As a scriptwriter he practically created the screen character of Groucho Marx; certainly the Marx Bros. owe a great deal of their early success to him.

Doc Weir's article, as usual, made me wonder just what his reading speed was. I met him only once and briefly, and found it difficult to reconcile his outward manner with his love of fantasy and imaginative literature. I wish I'd been able to hear him discuss the subject more often.

Incidentally, the heading for FROM YELLOWED PAGES was a bit of a mess, especially when compared to some of Joni Cornell's work in other fanzines. ((This largely due to some horrible blue stencils through which the ink had to be literally forced. Next time we'll send her Gestetner.)) Eddie was very much on form and I was pleased to see that the AS I SEE IT feature has been expanded; -



as I haven't read STARSHIP TROOPERS I can't judge the illos in relation to the story, but as examples of stencil technique they are outstanding, particularly in the background details of cloud, smoke-trails and assorted explosions. Even Heinlein, however, couldn't have foreseen that his Troopers would have to contend with Harrison.....

Dick Eney, I think, makes a good choice in picking Eddie to depict the Dwarves. And his one artist-per-race idea would certainly ensure that they differed very markedly from each other, but who would decide on the overall composition of each picture? Imagine a scene such as the Battle of Helm's Deep or the Pelennor, with Orcs, Elves, Hobbits, Men and every sort of creature tangled up in one swirling mass! ((Yes, and imagine one artist remonstrating with another, " NO, BiGhod you can't put a horde of Orc's there, that's where my Ent is going!"))

Now I know what Grangerizing is, who was Granger? ((Some people are never satisfied. Avram ?????))

Contrary to Mike Deckingers conclusions, I should have thought that as the public became less and less deeply concerned about religion, it would give writers and magazine editors more and more freedom to write and publish speculative stories with a religious theme. ((Conversely, with public interest in religion fading a religious theme would be less likely to 'sell' a story. Or would it?)) As the major Christian religions appear to be making tentative moves towards a unified faith, it may sometime become permissible for writers to criticise or satirize the divergencies between them. Magazine writers, of course. The hard-covers have long since reaped a profit from religion, one way or another.

Rick Sneary, 2962 Santa Ana St, South Gate, California.

I cheered the recent Harrison Adventure, when it suggested Ed Murrow would be our President... It so happens that I think he would make a very good one... though I don't expect he would stand a chance. But, is Hurstmonceaux trying to get us Westerners goat... Surely a /2, atlas would be a better guide than they had. The nearest jet field from Ogden is hardly uma, But...but...and Nevada ??? ((Congratulations, Rick, on being the first to spot our deliberate mistake. You win a marble effigy of Herr von Neumann, inlaid with gallstones.))

Doc Weir's article was very good. I've read almost of these books before (from the "when" I come from, these weren't so old), but not collected together so well... Sadly, other than a few of the Well's books I haven't read any... Oh yes, THE GOLDEN ASS.. In your letter, you mentioned that you too were reading more adventure stories, and less s-f... The thought we both seem to have being that we didn't get the old thrill anymore. Well, a couple of months ago I got hold of a few old UNKNOWNS, that I hadn't read before. I found that there were a few stories that seemed awfully corny, but in general they gave me the same thrill that I used to get. (Of course, UK was folded well before I started reading, but it had been nearly ten years since I last read the mag.) I really don't think that the stories have the zest and thrill about them anymore. The only story in over a year that really presented me with a new and interesting idea was Mack Reynold's "Farmer" in Galaxy.

Glad to read Davidson's speech.... It must have gone over with a roar...but it has merit, ((He is a former resident of The Black Pool, I believe!)) and I for one would like to see more Con speeches reprinted. Not only for those not lucky enough to be there, but so those there too ~~drunk~~ tired to remember, can read it over.. ((If I were a convention chairman, says he blithely, I think I'd try and include any memorable speeches made in the Souvenir Book. Anyone know what happened to James Blish' speech given at the Pittcon ?? I thought Norm Metcalfe was to publish it, but....?)) Davidson though, may not be completely right. About the last boom, that is. He might not of sold, because he hadn't then learned to write.... He has now, happily...but, I wish his stories were as much fun to read as his speeches.

I really don't know who Prince Yousseupoff is. He was a gift, and I got framed into hanging him. These friends and I collect all kinds of useful junk, and are forever passing along stuff to each other. Books, rocks, old telephones, shells, wire... ((In this case you should have no real difficulty disposing of the Marble Effigy Of Herr von Neumann.....)) We keep reassuring each other that we are not really nuts to save this stuff.

Robert A. Heinlein, 1776 Mesa Ave, Broadmoor, Colorado Springs.

((Who was sent a copy of BASTION TWO via Dirce Archer, since I didn't have his address at that time.)) Yes, I did receive BASTION although I did not learn until later that my receiving thereof was your idea rather than Dirce's. And of course I spotted at once the illustrations for STARSHIP TROOPERS. I am always interested in seeing how other people visualize my fictional scenes. I like the way Mr. Jones has visualized the Rough-necks. He is a clever and imaginative artist.

I read and enjoyed all the magazine - especially Moffat's "Hour of the 13th Greep." I am always amazed at the amount of work that goes into amateur publications. I am just barely able to drive myself into doing such work at intervals for dirty old money - I can't imagine working so hard just for fun. Especially not at a typewriter. The work I do for fun involves picks, shovels, trowels, and wheelbarrows. ((You dig some pretty good plots at that!))

MSgt. L.H. Tackett, USMC. c/o Fleet Post Office, San Francisco.

Liked Eddie's cover on BASTION. Whenever I see these flying belts depicted I go into gales of laughter since it wasn't too many years ago that almost everyone said that these rocket-driven things, which Buck and Wilma and the rest of that crew flitted about with during the '30s just weren't practical and here the U.S.Army has adopted the thing. Buck Rogers in the 20th Century, by ghu.

I note that BASTION is published for the Liverpool Group, a name which was evidently adopted not too long ago. ((Formerly LaSFaS)) It does of course, lead to a rather obvious question: group of what ? One says "Liverpool Group" and immediately all sorts of weird visions begin crowding the mind filled with strange appearing Liverpoodles or Liver-pudlians or whatever. Yes. Although a pack of Liverpoodles would seem

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more appropriate and I'm not sure just what one would call a whole lot of Liverpudlians. Perhaps a flood of Liverpudlians. Not group, certainly. Well, one does get liver by the pound so I suppose we could speak of tons of Liverpudlians. By the pound? Bghod, we're back to Liverpoolles again? ((After reading your letter The Royal Liver Bird fell off its perch and was last seen heaping ashes on its head and muttering evil phrases. If Japanese sparrows start to dive-bomb you kamikazily this is probably why.))

Look here, when Burn and Shorrocks and Freeman were all sitting in the bath...wasn't it a bit crowded? Now I've seen some large sized tubs but I should think that any that would accomodate three men would qualify more as a pool than a bath. ((Well....you know our British Gift For Understatement...))

It's quite true that all branches of popular literature have their universally accepted situations or "inventions". The fast draw in the "westerns" is almost completely the invention of the writers and dates back to the latter part of the 19th century when the dime novel (Penny Dreadful?) (Yellow-covered book in Japan) writers added it as embroidery and elaboration to their stories to make them more exciting. Most of the heroes (and villains) of the old west never had anything at all like the fast draw showdown so popular in the films and on TV (and in story) but preferred to make things a little less risky by a well-aimed shot in the back from appropriate concealment.

Not to say, of course, that there weren't some showdowns but even in these the participants were usually separated by no more than the distance of a card-table and certainly not the many yards depicted in the popular western fiction. Even the best of shots have difficulty hitting the target with properly aimed pistols at those distances, and for sure, a quick drawn pistol snap-shot from the hip isn't going to come anywhere near the mark. Ah, but it has been accepted as part of the folk-lore. As has the brilliant, infallible detective ever since the good doctor published his notes.

Not to mention, of course, all of the tales that are now accepted as true history. ((You...you mean...John W. Campbell didn't invent the A-bomb!?!))
-((Dateline. Iwakuni, Japan))-

Betty Kujawa, 2819 Caroline, South Bend 14, Indiana.

((In a P.S.)) Hey!!
Gene just got back from a Chicago shoot with some nice news! When in California we got carte blanche to shoot out at Roy Rogers' private gun club (any message for Trigger?) and to the posh club at La Jolla where Robert Stack, Andy Divine and Barbara Stanwyck shoot.... ((If Roy Tackett is right, you'd better keep your head down!))

Andy Young, 42 Prospect St, Somerville 43, Mass.

John T. Phillifent: you are wrong, wrong, wrong. Money may, in a way, be part of what's wrong with SF - if one could get 1 cent a word for sf, we'd be reading better sf today, that's for sure. But the whole business of publishing is by no means the giant and evil commercial octopus you make it out to be. Locally there is a fair number of struggling half-sized lithoed publications offering space to the neo-writer; -

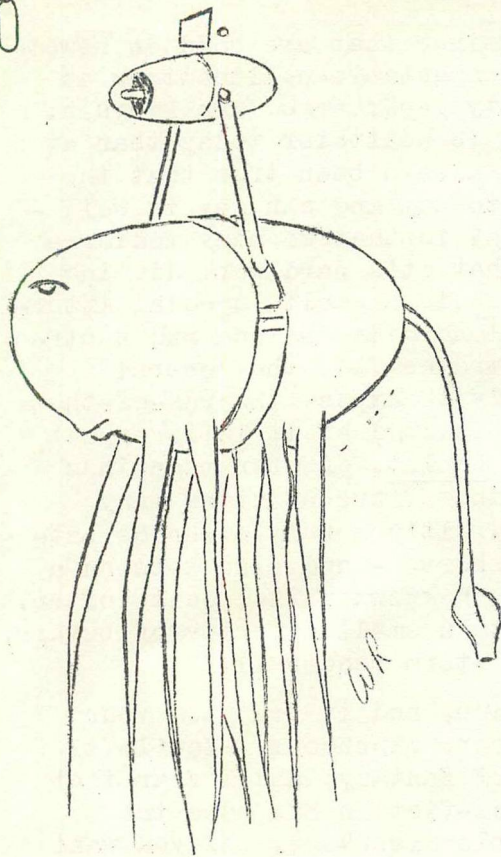
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some of these are little better than fanzines that are sold on newsstands, while others run up towards such respectable publications as the Evergreen Review. Look at the quality paperbacks like Penguin. I would say that the publishing business is healthier today than at almost any time you could mention. It's always been true that the good writer - the one who has something to say and can say it well - can get published. The only trouble today is that so many mediocre and bad writers can also get published that it's hard work digging out the good ones. Science-fiction per se is a small, special interest field. Occasionally someone comes along with an idea and a stellar setting and writes a piece that penetrates into the general literary market like 1984. But it's silly to expect the run-of-the-mill s-f yarn to do well (financially speaking) as it is to expect the average ghost story to do as well as Hamlet. As for magazines vs. books, I find that the average magazine offers about as many words as the average pb of similar price. It's merely a choice between one long thing and a collection of shorts - and also between a collection of untested worth and an item of known value, quite often. ((But this latter point can only apply to a small minority of buyers, Andy, the staunch collectors and the long-term readers.))

Try reading outside science-fiction, and if you pick your authors well, you'll never miss the mediocre microcosm. You'll find that many authors use the elements of fantasy; and I fear that the only distinguishing feature of science-fiction has been the space-travel element which is now available elsewhere. If you want the thrill of scientific discovery, try C.P. Snow's The New Men; if you want an Unknown-type fantasy world, try Nabokov's Invitation To A Beheading. If science fiction is dead, it's only because the dream has been replaced by the fact; Werner von Braun has taken over where Willy Ley left off. SF is obsolete.

Rory Faulkner, you should have been at the Planetary Aeronomy conference I attended a while back. Plans are being laid for a Mars-probe with a capsule which will land on Mars, taking pictures as it parachutes down.....the lowest view is to be a close-up with a resolution of better than a centimetre at the surface of the planet, which ought to be enough to enable us to tell one Martian's face from another's. This is being set for 1964; of course the Russians may do it even sooner. Some of us nasty old scientists still have a sense of wonder, and were willing to fight for it!

Mike Deckinger! Jesus Christ! What a pantywaist culture we live in if people can't even refer to religion without the fear of tramping on the other guys' toes! Can't the heathens among us sneer at the believers if they want to? Can't we discuss religion in print and do it sanely? If not, are we any better off than the Communists, with their official atheism? There are plenty of grounds for not wanting to see sf stories centered on religion or theology - mainly, the fact that such stories in the past have suffered as a result of the theological slant - but to bring up this business of toe-treading is idiocy. No wonder Rotsler says fans are squares! I'd like to see a good writer who could write a story not only putting Believers in a bad light, but putting God in a bad light. The only person I've ever read who could do this was Ambrose Bierce.



Afterthought about Doc Weir: somebody remarked that he was getting to be a U.K. Harry Warner. I'm not sure this would have been a good thing. Harry is a pedant. So, it seems, was Doc Weir. So, for that matter, am I. But does a field like science-fiction need pedants? Does fandom need pedants? I think not. It wouldn't hurt to get a bit more depth in the 'serious' discussions at times, but this can be done without introducing pedantry. Pedantry is dull. Science-fiction is dull enough without being pedantic without it. Of course, some pedants are less dull than others. For a couple of really masterfully dull pedants I offer you Hugo Gernsback in the pro field and Sam Moskowitz in fandom. Moskowitz on Gernsback is about the dullest thing I can imagine. ((As it says in the song..." Being pedantic isn't romantic, and specific isn't what it's cracked up to beeee." To be sung avram-davidson-like to the tune of 'We Joined The Navy'.))

Rosemary Hickey, 2020 Mohawk, Chicago 14.

By the way, Dick Eney wrote of his great idea of illustrating with real live pictures (Stills). Our Chicago Group did just that....a farcical approach to Garrett's version of the Caves of Steel. Earl was supposed to have premiered it at Seattle but unfortunately there wasn't a projector available so our great "Theatrical" triumph remains among the unknown, undiscovered efforts... One thing it did prove to all involved, it does not require skilled actors, just a skilled director. Our actors were the club members...with the usual gamut of ability to express emotion physically. And on a low budget, I think the results are pretty good. The harder problem to solve was recording the script in a non-studio set-up. A universal mike in the living room picks up drag racing in the street, the FM upstairs and kids out at play. But we had fun. ((Sounds like a good, workable, idea. Why not send the slides over and have them premiered at the British Easter Con - which may yet be held in the Shorrock Garage!))

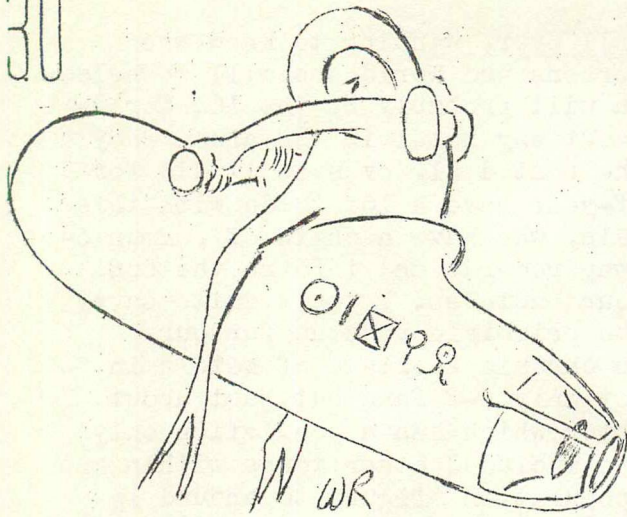
Len Moffatt, 10202 Belcher, Downey, California.

Enjoyed Hour Of The 13th Greep. Ella, when she was here (and we wish she still was), told us of the difficulties you have over there in obtaining a hotel that is suitable for cons, or even one willing to house a con. Here (at least in the L.A. area, tho I suspect it is true in all large cities in this country) the situation is just the opposite. Anna and I are still getting letters of inquiry, phone calls, brochures, etc. -

from hotels and 'convention bureaus' all over, wanting to know when and where the current and future Westercons and Worldcons will be held. The current Westercon committee (which will probably be the '64 Worldcon committee) had their choice of almost any hotel in the area. They picked the Alexandria as it offered the best deal, even as it did for the Solacon. Bar receipts and time-of-year have a lot to do with this eager attitude on the part of our hotels, who have a chain of communication all across the country. They swap records and info re the cons they house, and are always eager for our business. I don't quite savvy the situation in England. ((One of the principle reasons for our troubles with convention-hotels is the chronic shortage of hotels in the United Kingdom. This handicaps not only s-f fans but just about everyone - to give an example, Manchester which has a population only just under the million mark (and if one included other towns within a twenty-mile radius this would up the population figure to around 1½ million) has only four hotels of any size. Since these are largely booked up year-round by business folk you can see why they don't need to bother after business. This situation applies almost throughout the U.K., delegates to mundane convention in Manchester frequently have to stay as much as twenty or thirty miles from the city due to this shortage of accomodation! British hotels just don't have to compete.))

From what Ella said, most of your tradesmen and business people have a take-it-or-leave-it attitude. She was quite surprised at the friendliness of our gas-station attendants, store clerks, etc., something we take as a matter of course. I would think that people interested in making money would have the same attitude the world over, to one degree or another. Sure, we've run into storekeepers, etc. over here who were Too Damned Independent, like the "snob jobs" who cater only to the upper crust, or who have prejudices against serving certain nationalities, etc. If they have an established, good paying clientele they can get away with it; if not, they go out of business from lack of customer support. The average business must sell "good will" as well as goods or service. I guess that it's just that in a larger country with mucho competition (umpteen stores all selling the same products or services for roughly the same prices) our business people have to Make Friends with their customers to keep them coming back. ((I think that bracketted statement regarding the 'umpteen stores selling the same products' helps to clarify the situation here, Len. Since I'm in the retail trade myself I took quite a few interested tours around American stores, and I was quite frankly surprised at the lack of variety of consumer goods offered. It did seem that almost all the stores were offering the same lines. It follows then that our Independent Shopkeepers can stay in business because they are offering something the Friendly store next door isn't. But...I don't think that the standard of service, generally, varies all that much from UK to USA in the big stores anyway...your small shopkeepers generally have things more their own way than ours, due to choice of locale - they are fewer and farther between. It's not just a straight thing of more, or less, civility.))

I join those who cry that there must be more than one more Harrison tale, more, more, more.....



I think that the success of space-travel should not kill s-f. Regularly scheduled round-trips to the Moon, Mars, or wherever may produce "mundane" fiction, and, no doubt, eventually historical novels about the early trials and heroes of space-travel, but s-f isn't limited to space-travel; s-f is "limited" only by infinity....And there still should be science-fiction space travel tales, for that matter, even after solar system travel is considered an everyday thing. Lots of room out there for all kinds of stories. The successful settling of the West didn't stop western stories from being written. ((The

analogy doesn't hold too well I think, Len, for there was relatively little fiction written about the West before it was settled. Yes? There wasn't a mass media available for the reader to become sated of western tales before 'fact' became 'fiction' (or reversley, if you insist!), in fact I think it's reasonably accurate to say that the bulk of western fiction (Wild West Fiction) has been written since not before - as with s-f.))

Harry Warner, 423 Summit Ave, Hagerstown, Maryland.

I had some trouble deciding why Harrison in Wonderland didn't impress me as totally as the preceding books in the Harrison bible. It finally dawned on me: the association with the detective story. In a detective story, the detective does not usually discover the identity of the murderer and the means by which the crime was committed until at least a half-dozen pages after his appearance on the scene. It is inconceivable that Harrison should suffer this time-lag. He is simply not fitted for the role, any more than Superman is the right person for a bubblegum contest at the local playground. ((Confidentially, Harry, Harrison knew all along....he was merely giving Hurstmonceaux and Faversham their chance to do a Watson.))

Like you, I think that Andy's inside position on space travel causes him to brood too much over what will happen to s-f. Every time that someone claims that s-f is dead because of the march of science, I think of the millions that have been made in recent years out of "Around The World in 80 Days" and "20,000 Leagues Under The Sea" and I feel much better about the future of the literature. Ruth Berman brings up an interesting point which I wouldn't dismiss simply by citing a clinker from the Saturday Evening Post. Remember that an enormous amount of fine s-f made its first appearance in general magazines before and during the first years of the prozines, not in the mass circulation publications like Colliers and Liberty but in Argosy, Blue Book, and such places. It could happen again, whether in the quality publications like Harpers or the sophisticated mags like Playboy (using sophisticated as loosely as the writers of advertising copy for perfume employ it). -

On advertising in the prozines: the publications devoted to high-fidelity in this country have circulations only slightly larger than the s-f prozines and they are supported by a very large advertising content, probably 50% or greater. The two major ones are parts of chains, Ziff-Davis and the people who put out Billboard, so there are two chains with advertising departments that seek out the right advertisers for just one publication out of a group. No s-f prozine to my knowledge has taken even the most elementary step, that of polling a sample of its readership for facts about age, income, hobbies, occupation and so on as fodder to feed potential advertisers who want nourishing facts about the potential market of this publication. ((I could be wrong, Harry, but I seem to recall that ASF has at least once polled its readers. NEW WORLDS has polled its readers on at least two occasions, and NEBULA had a poll once upon a time before it folded - could be this was why it folded! Doubt that your comparison between Hi-Fi mags and s-f prozines is really valid; hi-fi equipment costs a great deal more than s-f books, the manufacturers will have a proportionately larger advertising budget and I doubt if they even need to be solicited. It's an entirely different type of market.))

I'll mention one more thing before I close: the shock that jolted me when BASTION arrived with that halfpenny stamp of King George of 1930 or even earlier vintage. I think that these had been superseded with other issues even when I was a stamp collector, and that was a long time ago. ((Currently the British postal workers are 'working a go-slow policy for more wages: I only hope the stamp on this issue aint as outdated when it reaches you. This being typed during the Festive Season, I suppose I could say that the postal folk are 'working to Yule', but I won't...))

Mike Moorcock, 18 Beatrice Ave, Norbury, London S.W.16.

It's hard to realise that Doc was in fandom for only a very short time. He was an influence that will be difficult to replace. I liked him, though I can't think of any point I've ever agreed with him on, and his sober judgements and learning counterbalanced the more typical rash, part-informed, glamorous theories of the average fan (Ghod bless him, whoever he is). This article is a good tribute, full of chapter and verse, sources; although he did have this habit of starting off with a broad, fairly inaccurate statement just so that he could contradict it. This trick always annoys me whenever I see it. Very much the stuffy Lecturer's trick, too. But a minor point, and no criticism against Doc' the man and fan. But you have performed no service to the Vile Pro by publishing FROM 'YELLOWED PAGES'. Now that everyone has learned of these books, how will a contemporary author get his source material? Iconoclast, Bentcliffe - home breaker, destroyer of fortunes. Have pity!

Avram Davidson's EXIT ORCS was extremely good. Impossible to find words which could do it justice. This is what I like. This is what I like, Bentcliffe! Yes. John Owen, like all these disgustingly talented people from LiG, can write very well and the Court Scene in Drums Along The Mersey was a Gem - beautiful, swift...

It's nice to know (via Andy Young) that I said much of what Blish said ((at Pittsburgh)) because I have an admiration for Blish which far exceeds what it should, perhaps, and he is one person I'd like to meet if I ever develop my muscles sufficiently to get to the States (boats and planes are out of the question - and the railway is too slow). ((Presume you mean the Waterloo Line, Mike !?!)) And as for those people who say that theological s-f can't be written: Blish has done it - A CASE OF CONSCIENCE contained a very deeply moral problem. Miller's CANTICLE FOR LIEBOWITZ has such a theme. And the best s-f always contains themes which, for me with my bias, seem to be theological.

Morals do not change, in spite of what is said. The basics do not change - we need them for survival, materially, if for no other reason. And if those literal-minded people studied what is called the Perennial Philosophy with any understanding, they would discover that by following its principles it is quite impossible to lose. Why do people retain this naive idea that to accept God is to reject most other things. ((Probably because they are unwise enough to listen to the dogma of certain not very bright clergymen.)) To accept God (in the true sense) is to accept everything else - because God is everything else. To divide things up into God and the Rest is so bewilderingly thick-headed that I find it difficult to believe these people really mean what they are saying.

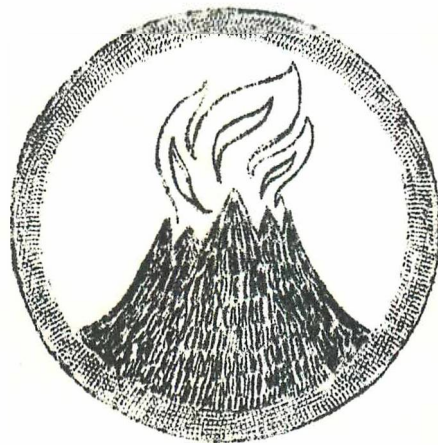
I once said somewhere that s-f deals with effects, on the whole, not with causes. I have thought about this longer, now, and believe, at this time, that s-f when it is really good deals, better than any other form of popular fiction, with cause and effect. The bad stuff deals only with effects. What s-f does that the good mainstream story rarely does, is to translate cause-and-effect into practical terms, rather more specific than the broad conclusions to which most good mainstream authors come. Two of our most profound thinkers, Bertrand Russell and Aldous Huxley have obviously come to this conclusion, themselves, without having been influenced by the main mass of s-f. Independently, they have decided that fiction can be used in this way, have written a story of a certain kind and, lo and behold, it's s-f they've written, though they never set out to write 'in the science-fiction field'.

Therefore, as far as we can tell, science-fiction will always be written, although, I should think, in smaller, possibly better, quantities which will mean, of course, fewer (if any at all) magazines devoted purely purely to s-f. ((Thanks, Mike, for a most interesting letter and I'm only sorry I have to cut it down from the original seven pages! I don't agree with all your conclusions but, in the main, they seem to hang together pretty well. And this seven-page-letter, ladies and gentlemen, was written the day after a LiG Party. Such stamina!

THOSE WHO ALSO WRIT were....Rory Faulkner, Pete Mansfield, Dirce Archer, Ruth Berman, Brian Aldiss, Dick Schultz, Dave Prosser, Thomas Schlueck, Rosemary Hickey, Ian McAulay (the A McAulay), Art Hayes, Archie Mercer, Jim Groves, Bob Parkinson, Walter Breen, Ken Cheslin, and probably one or two other people who's letters I've lost. If only I had the energy to publish more often.....

f. in

THE LORD OF THE RINGS



A PORTFOLIO

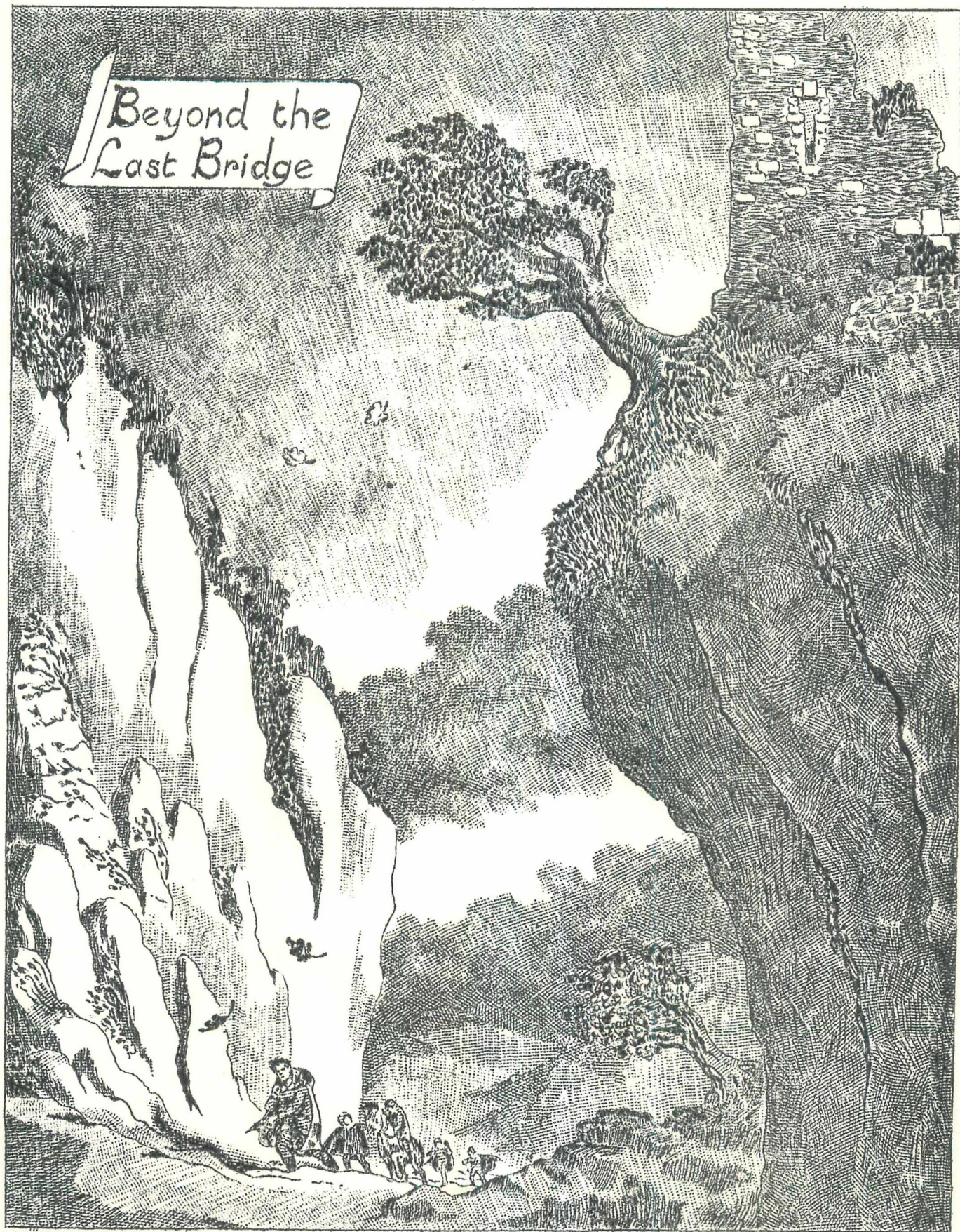


JIM CAWTHORN

1: The Fellowship
of the Ring

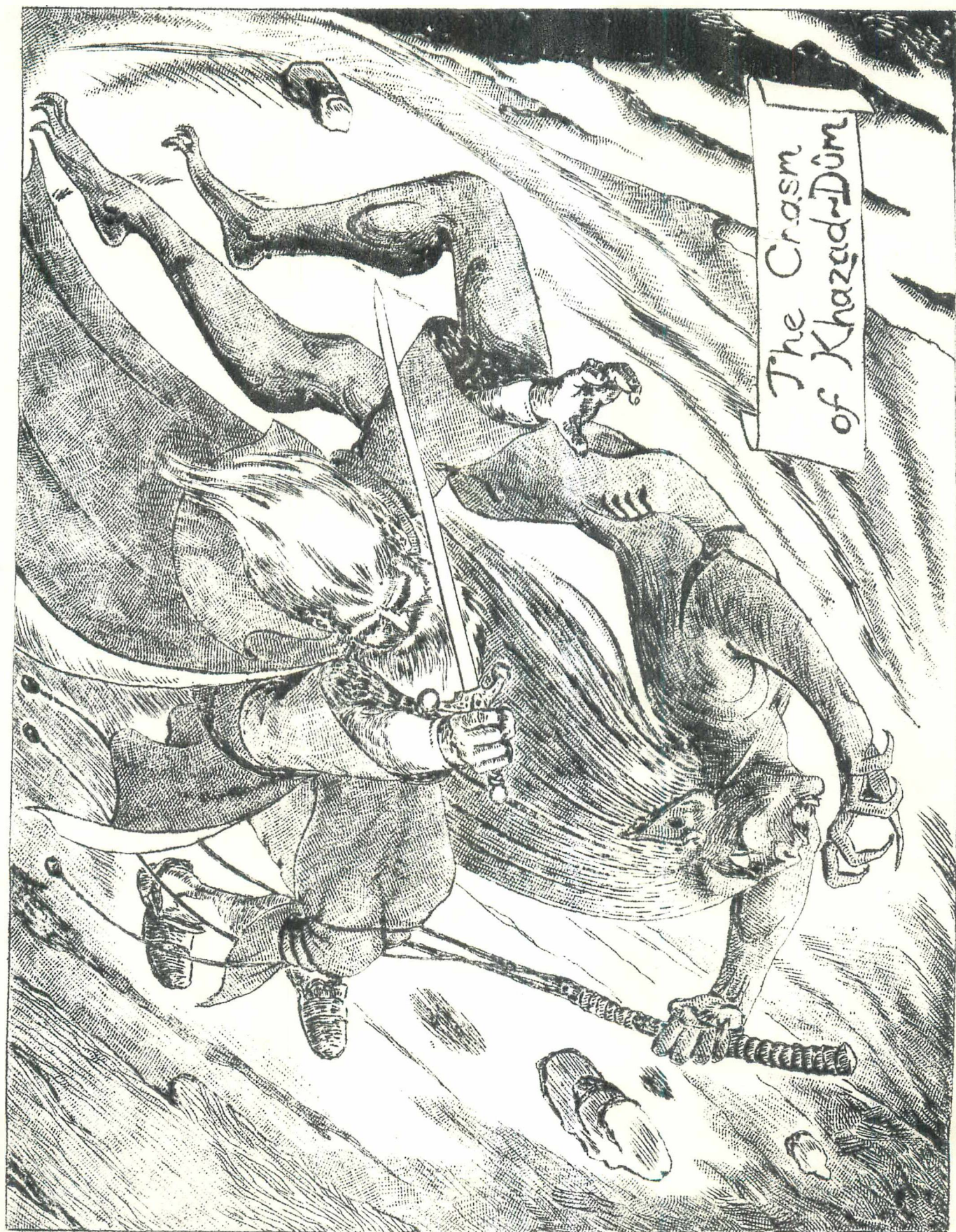


Beyond the
Last Bridge

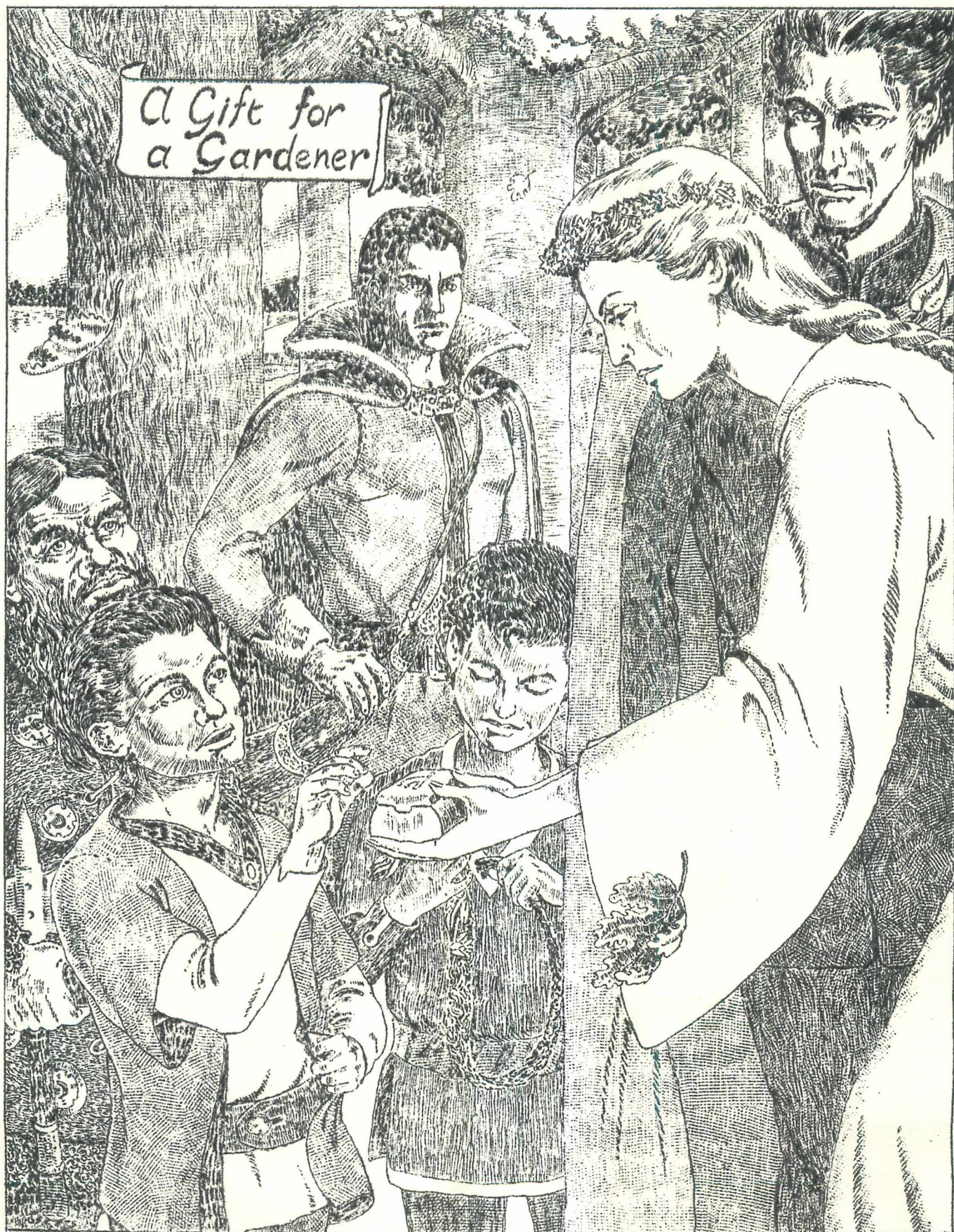


Ride to
the Ford!





The Crasm
of Khazad-Dûm



DRUMS ALONG THE MERSEY

GRASSHOPPER AND TEQUILA
PARTY

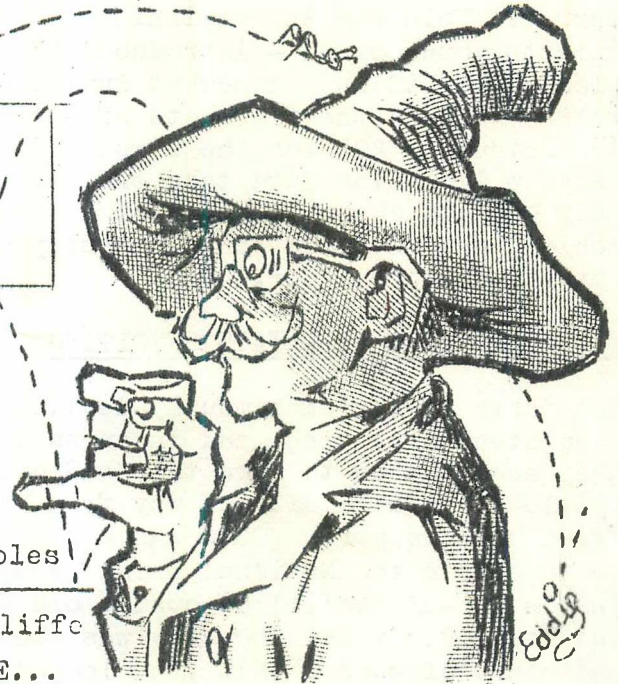
By

John Roles

&

Eric Bentcliffe

WITH A MADSTOP HERE AND A MADSTOP THERE...



The Liverpool Group was just climbing to its collective feet after one of the most enjoyable conventions ever, when the Kyle Karavanserai arrived and put us back where we belong - on our backs. We were glad to welcome the Potsdam Chapter back once more to our midst though, and with little urging a Party Was Held. Our Regular Readers will already know enough of what goes on at these affairs for a full description to be unnecessary (even if your reporter had remained sober enough to give one), but a slight departure from the usual scheme of things should be remarked upon. This party was to have a New Approach with a Commencement at mid-day on Saturday, a Continuation at Pat and Frank's Grand Canal Residence, Maghull, and a Finale when a chartered bus came to collect the bodies at 3.00 a.m. Sunday Morn, to convey them to their respective abodes. The event can be said to be an unqualified success - even if a certain guest was asleep in the fireplace by early evening - and the Plan short-circuited that slightly soggy feeling most parties acquire in the hours toward dawn. I counted twenty-two noses - numbering Harrison's as one only.

The following night a large gathering flocked to the Bold Street Club-room. Notices had been sent out to fallen-away members, and to some of the science-fiction fans recently discovered in the area by the B.S.F.A. The notices announced the presence in Liverpool of Dave and Ruth, and of the Premiere that night of the Don Ford Slideshow - to be shown for the first time on our newly-whitewashed screen. This effort produced Don and Renee MacKay whose faces had long been missed from the club rooms, and their chocolate-coloured poodle Appleacre the Apothecary (known familiarly as Pushka - or even more familiarly to those whose legs he dismembered, as That Dog). This was the occasion of John Campbell's first visit to the club, and with a name like that we just had to have him as a member - evil plans are already in hand to hit the headlines in SKYRACK. -

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Another addition to the ranks arrived a week or so later - Joe Navin (recruited via the BSFA), and he too hastened to join our select little shower. This was the beginning of a small flood of young blood - thirsty young blood - introduced by our two new younger members. This places the LiG in a somewhat invidious position since the exposure of their youth to the fleshpots of Liverpool Fandom renders us liable to the extent of £25 for the first offence and £50 for the second, when the new licensing laws take effect. The LiG may turn out to be the only club to charge its junior members higher subscriptions than its seniors unless Eddie Jones can step up his production of forged Birth Certificates, we fear.

NO WONDER THEY'RE ALWAYS REVOLTING

But a few weeks after our post-convention party it was unanimously decided that we should celebrate our Quinquecentennial meeting, and in an as exotic manner as possible. Dave Kyle ably assisted us to make this a Special Occasion by having bootlegged a bottle of Tequila all the way from New York, together with two tins of fried grasshoppers. This was a realisation of one of our long-felt wants - to sample the National Drink (yes, we know they drink coffee too, but that's non-alcoholic) of quaint old Mexico. No effort was spared to Do The Thing Right and the city was scoured for one small lime - but nobody had heard of such a thing, so lemons had to suffice. Then, after, and only after, each member had eaten his obligatory fried grasshopper - no grasshopper, no Tequila (apart from Norman Woodall who had somehow managed to provide himself with a Doctor's Note "Excused Grasshoppers") - was he issued with his potion to quaff in the way he preferred. Although several ways of drinking Tequila were tested out, most agreed that the "native" way was, after all, the best. A lick of a dab of salt on the back of the hand, down the gullet with the spirit (crying "Harrison Old"), and a quick bite on the slice of lemon. A sensation recommended to all those seeking new, and Interesting Experiences.

THREE MEN IN A BOAT - OR, LE BATEAU IVRE

Meanwhile, on the Spanish Main, becalmed under a blazing sun with a Chinese Junk bearing down on our eastward tack... Or, since this is, after all, a factual report of the doings of LiG - half-way across the Irish sea, bedevilled by hooting ferry's, Jeff Collins and Bill Nolan were fitting out their 50ft ketch at the Isle of Man. Their destination, Majorca, Minorca, Ibiza and Tangier. However, due to unfavourable meteorological conditions and the quality of the local brew departure was delayed too long. A certain bowler-hatted gentleman presented our gallant voyagers with a most unwanted bill and they had to leave behind a whole crate of guinness as security before receiving clearance. Misfortune, and the Chinese Junk, dogged their wake, and uncouth weather in the Bay of Biscay forced them to accept a tow from a passing channel swimmer. Alas, the Great Adventure was over, the boat had to be abandoned, and our adventurers had to return home with little more than a slightly bow-legged gait and an almighty thirst to remind them of their voyage. When asked for a statement, Mr. J. Collins commented, "Next time we'll do it! If we hadn't run out of Guinness we wouldn't be where we are today. Sober." At that point the parrot on his shoulder bit him on the ear, and we regret that we are unable to reproduce his further comments.

IT WAS BUT THE WORK OF A MOMENT TO WIPE THE BLOOD FROM THE CAR

Quietly finishing their cigars in Joe's Caf after a club sesssion one night recently, Jeff, Norman, JohnO, Stan and Marge, heard the sound of gunfire outside, but took notice only to remark 'that 'it was time The Master came home to clean things up'. (Just another race-riot, revolution, or alien invasion.) However, a few minutes later their attention was more sternly directed when a policeman entered and asked for the owner of car number AKU472. Stanley, blanched visibly, but fearlessly leapt to his feet and stumbled outside. There he found a group of argumentative Polish gentlemen being rounded up by police. During a slight altercation several shots had been fired and although there were no serious casualties Stan's car had been in the background of this little drama and received a near-mortal shot in its windscreen. Although he has to wear a sheepskin liberty-bodice when driving, Stanley has so far refused to have the shattered windscreen replaced. "It gives the car an atmosphere of intrigue", he says, between coughs and sneezes. We're sure Harrison will approve.

SHORROCK HOUSEHOLD IN A FERMENT

Just one of the reasons for the lateness of this issue of BASTION is Norman's preoccupation with brewing an even stronger Damson Gin, and other things. A visitor to Arnot Way is likely to be somewhat astonished, if not forewarned, by the profusion of bottles, jars, kegs, and barrells bubbling in every corner. Their contents many hued, and of unimaginable potency (when matured) are liable to completely change the drinking habits of Liverpool Fandom, even if they don't completely wipe it out. Meanwhile, vast vats broil while things go plop in the night....the waiting is terrible. And the next issue of BASTION may be even later.

MATRIMONY AFOOT

Modest, unassuming Stanley was again in the lime-light recently when he was joined in holy wedlock with blushing Marjorio Denton (see previous issues for vital statistics). The ritual was performed at St.Chad's, Kirkby (near Liverpool), and was graced by the presence of Best Man (Naturally) William Harrison, specially flown over from Patagonia for the occasion. Ushers were Jown Owen and Jeff Collins, and Official Photographer was Norman Shorrocks who could occasionally be glimpsed in the middle-distance lurking behind a tomb-stone in his attempts to get relaxed shots of the Bride and Groom. Despite the attendance of LiG, the affair was a complete success and the principals were pronounced man and mate during a moving ceremony. They have, however, refused to relate what was said when the vicar took them into the vestry for a few quiet words..... we can only report that they were probably discussing England's batting average, or the weather. We hope they'll be very happy.

SHOULD VACCINATION CLINICS BE OPENED ?

The bachelor members of the group stirred out of their lethargy by the wedding of Stan and Marge, are now seriously perturbed by the recent engagement of Eric Bentcliffe to the delectable, curvaceous, and red-headed Miss. Beryl Gibson. 'Who' they enquire, 'is going to take on the traditional Bentcliffe role of sitting up all night making gruesome puns during parties, obviously....' Where will it all end.

FIN

