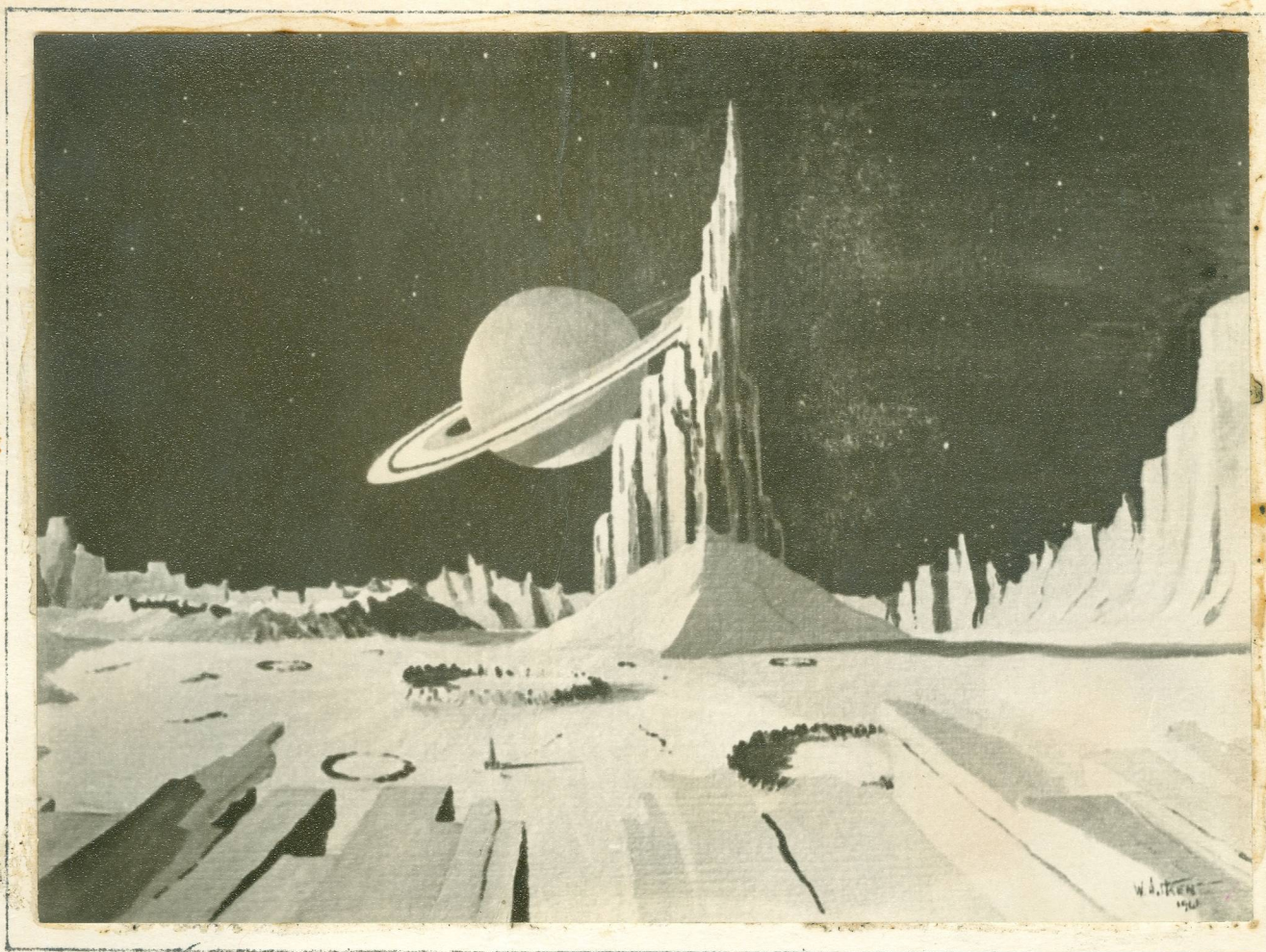


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BEYOND

OCTOBER 1964: No. 7
FIRST ANNISH

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OF BEYOND'S FIRST

ANNIVERSARY

ISSUE

OCTOBER '64

This is BEYOND number 7, from Charles Platt, 18E Fitzjohns Avenue, Hampstead, London NW3

It is available free to contributors of published fiction or articles, in exchange for other zines, and to contributors of artwork and letters of comment, whether published or not. NO SUBSCRIPTIONS are accepted; if you want to buy this, it costs you 2s 3d.

This issue should have appeared a month back, but is dated 24th October '64. It was delayed by the London College of Printing and the LCC, a malfunctioning electro stencilling machine, and H.J. Chapman; but primarily by Charles Platt.

This issue comes in two parts (this being part one), because I don't possess any staple gun that will penetrate 38 sheets of paper. Part One contains fiction and features, and a Special Feature. Part Two contains articles. The contents of
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ARTWORK:

Cover oil painting by Bill Aitken, reproduced in black and white by Charles Platt
 Pages 13 and 15 illustrated by Dick Howett Page 24 by Eddie Jones
 Pages 21 and 29 illustrated by Joseph Zajaczkowski
 Pages 3, 7, 9, 11 and the back cover illustrated by Charles Platt, who also did all the headings in this issue.

-----This issue is dedicated to Ron Bennett, Beryl Henley-----
 -----and Peter White, who all helped in various ways with-----
 -----out realising it-----

EDITORIAL

CHARLES
PLATT

Driving back from Leighton Buzzard to Letchworth at about 1 am along a country lane, it suddenly struck me that, in between the hideous spectral glow of streetlamps smearing the sky orange over each town, it was a warm, but fresh and interesting night. The blanket of darkness outside the open car window became strangely attractive; so, naturally enough, I stopped the car off the road, opened the door, and stepped out for a breath of air.

It is well known that the Police can be relied upon to appear when unwanted. Unfortunately they lack the ability to distinguish such occasions from when they aren't needed... and before I could get two feet from the car one of those spivish white Z cars with a blue light on top swished round the corner and drew up beside me.

No, I wasn't in any trouble, thankyou. Yes, I had stopped to go for a walk -- was this against the law? No, you didn't see many other people going for walks at this time of night. Yes, I did have my driving licence with me. Yes, they could certainly have a look inside the car. In the boot? There was a lot of carpet in the boot that I should have taken out a month ago. No, I wasn't in the business of stealing carpet -- at least, not carpet that was three years old and falling apart. I didn't know why my rear number plate light wasn't working, it had been yesterday, and yes, I suppose that was rather a common excuse. Yes, I'd be delighted to give my address so they could check it against the licence I had given them...

In the end I was thoroughly fed up with it all. The quiet peace of the night had been tainted by inquisitive officials in their shiny white car with the radio that disturbed the still night air with crackling, distorted transistorised voices and a persistent beep-beep. I felt Ray Bradbury's "The Pedestrian" was a lot nearer coming true than I had realised previously, and this rather trivial event brought it home to me that the attitude of these officers to a slightly non-conformist act was like that of a great many people today: that there must be some ulterior motive, or something wrong with the person concerned.

We hear too much about non-conformity these days, with the beatniks and the sex-mad mods and rockers. But this isn't to say that non-conformity is less widespread than it used to be; the correct answer is that it is becoming less common, less reactionary, and through its rarity more newsworthy. For further proof, look to the USA; our society unfortunately copies both the good and bad aspects of American life, and suppression and disgust of non-conformity over there is now very common. A friend of mine described how, when he was in the USA, a taxi driver had noted a group of students sitting in the grounds of their college during the lunch break. Some wore beards, and these the driver referred to as 'Stinking Commies, fouling up the neighborhood...' merely because of their slight difference. (In the same way, on a less emotional level, men new to the giant American firm of General Motors who have beards are quietly advised to shave them off if they want to succeed in the business).

Growing a beard, you will agree, is hardly a subversive antisocial act. But in fact non-conformity is generally regarded with suspicion or mistrust irrespective of whether it has detrimental effects on anyone else.

There are many more examples. I will quote two arising from personal experience. When working at Vauxhall Motors, as a cog in one of the most elaborate caste systems outside India, I expressed a preference to a fellow office worker of getting up late and going to bed late. I was asked why I had to be

so damned different. His colleague agreed. Previously I had been told straight out I just couldn't work in an office without a tie, no matter how respectable my dress.

I personally do not like the taste of either tea or coffee, and have found that this becomes quite a large social barrier when away from home. Not only does refusal cause offence (it being, I suppose, in actual fact a rejection of hospitality), I am regarded as a Very Peculiar Person. Why don't I drink it, what do I drink instead, haven't I ever tried it, surely I could acquire the taste, everyone drinks either coffee or tea... Trouble maker, being different like that, probably deliberately, wants to show off, thinks he's big, something wrong with him, oddball, non-conformist.

What is the reason for this attitude --an attitude which science fiction readers are only too familiar with, when members of the public sneer, often never having opened an sf book, at the people who read such literature?

Above all, these days, we are safe. Our lives are endangered only seriously by the Bomb: and this threat is too large, too unreal, and present for too long to retain any influence over our lives.

We have cures for most of the fatal diseases, we have insurance for our homes, our lives and our families, even against losing our jobs. We are safe.

There are seat belts in our cars (just in case) and the new buses have automatic doors to stop old ladies and idiots from falling out. We have thumbed our noses at the laws of natural selection, driven death as far away as we can (thus incurring the mixed blessing of old age), constructed the welfare state, with its promise of virtually complete --- compulsory --- protection. All this because, obviously, the prospect of security for ourselves and our families is extremely attractive.

Yet security is something Man has lacked throughout the whole of his existence up until a few generations ago. Death was common at any age, food was scarce, it was a continual fight to survive. Even a mere century ago life was for the majority a struggle.

It would seem that such a racial history of violence and strife in an effort to survive cannot be dispensed with in the space of a few generations; that men cannot suddenly cease being animals and take on the role of sophisticated, civilised, intellectual, docile, peace loving homo superior, without some after-effects hanging over from his previous way of life.

Basic instincts take a long time to disappear, and in fact statistics bear this out. In particular, those of market research analysis, where it has been discovered time after time that the sophisticated reason a consumer may give for buying a product is simply covering up a more basic, primitive urge.

An Observer article mentioned studies that have revealed that we drive fast not because, as we may claim, we want to save time, but because we savour the thrill of a brush with death that cannot be enjoyed in the rest of our dullexistence. That many people do not use their safety belts, not because they are too lazy, but because they get a kick from feeling a little daring, a little unsafe.

It is a feature of the human being that he inevitably becomes bored with a monotonous existence where every day is the same as the last. In such a life there is 'something missing'; and teenagers trying to shake off the boredom of their lives play at killing each other in an effort to find the missing 'something'. Statesmen of the older generation are privileged to play with megadeaths. Sexy films, magazines and strip clubs pander to the sad view that love and sex are equivalent quantities that can be obtained in dollops of commercialised titillation. In many ways we are sick; having protected ourselves and families so thoroughly, it is necessary to find some sort of diversion from the monotony of life. Though consciously, of course, everyone knows we are better off than ever before. (The DAILY EXPRESS, advertisements



and the Conservative Party have told us so often enough, after all). In fact we have to believe we're better off in the welfare state; otherwise it all loses its meaning completely. The logical basis of our society's structure wouldn't survive if security were no longer a sought-after goal.

In this way we have learned that there is safety in sticking to the rules, in obeying the law and paying the taxes and deductions and receiving all our security in exchange.

But stop, wait, look... that group of drunken, bearded teenagers. They aren't playing safe! They aren't following the rules of society, they aren't sacrificing their freedom in exchange for its benefits-that-we-all-want, they're getting away with it, they're getting something out of living that we haven't got (a thrill out of living?) and they're not playing fair! Lock them up, make them be the same as everyone else. Deep down everyone may want to throw off a few of the customs and taboos... but there lies the road to madness and ruin. If you want the benefits, you've got to pay the price of the welfare state; and they aren't! They're a threat to our lives, and they must be locked up and made to conform. Dirty Commies, undermining our society, breaking the rules, doing what they want when they want.

Of course, you may not believe that there is such pressure to conform to the traditions, customs and taboos of society.

But have you tried wearing a topless dress lately?

--CHARLES PLATT.

QUOTE (an example of generalised journalism) FROM 'LIFE INTERNATIONAL':

"It is a key decision in the life of every British teenager who has reached the maturity of 14 or 15 years to choose ... Will he become a rocker, clad in a black leather jacket and heavy boots... doing the ton along Britain's inadequate roads? Or will he become a Mod -- a dandy in pastel suits and a dashing boater on his head as he putt-putts on his scooter? He can of course opt to be a 'Mid' but a 'Mid' these days is definitely out". (every British teenager?)

BEYOND COCOA SECTION

Page 5

There are five main opportunities for fanzine colour work.

First illustrated is spirit duplicating. This process is hampered by the unpleasant tint of the available colours, by the washed-out look, by show-through, and most of all by the fact that a run of more than around 200 good, intense copies is impossible, no matter which carbons are used to deposit the image on the master sheet. Spirit Duplicating is cheap and colour is very easy; but it is suitable really only for cartoon work. (see second illustration).

Silk Screen Process (not illustrated). This also is cheap, but laborious. An example of the process was a cover on ALIEN that appeared recently; it has also been found many times on long-gone fanzines. Apart from the difficulty in getting the separate colours to line up properly ("in register" is the correct printing term) silk screen allows little detail to be reproduced in the illustration. It is most suited to solid blacks of colour.

Watercoloured mimeo (third illustration). This is a tedious system... but the results are good. Obviously, though, the colours can only be laid in broad, uniform slabs that can be applied quickly.

Intermixing of mimeo inks (not illustrated). This has been used in the past on various fan publications. Several different ink colours are pasted on the outside of the duplicator drum, under the stencil. The result is a mottled effect that cannot be classed as true colour reproduction, since unless great care is taken the colours will not line up with any outlined areas in the illustration. The colours will, moreover, tend to 'creep'.

Successive imposition of mimeo illustrations. (Fourth illustration). As far as I have been able to discover, this is the very first time anything as ambitious as a two-colour half-tone with the colours intermixed has been attempted.

The process followed in reproducing the original illustration, which was drawn in black and blue, mixed together in varying quantities, follows that of a professional blockmaking firm very closely. The difference, of course, lies in that the duplicating materials used are of vastly inferior quality.

The original drawing was photographed through two filters: a red one and a blue one. Through the blue filter, the blue component of the original illustration was 'wiped out', becoming the same colour as the paper it was drawn on.

This photograph was enlarged and printed the same size as the original drawing, and represented the black parts of the picture. The red filter had the opposite effect of making the blue parts appear the same colour as the black component of the picture; the photograph taken through the red filter was printed exactly the same size as the previous photograph, and represented the blue parts of the picture.

The two photographic prints were then electro stencilled. The blue one was run first, and then the copies were run through the duplicator again so that the black part of the image could be added. Obviously, keeping the colours in

exact alignment was essential, and one of the reasons that this experiment has not been tried previously must be that before quite recently a reasonably priced duplicator with a really accurate feed was not available. The feed on the machine I used for this work (an Ellams Speedrite) is on average accurate to less than $1/32$ nd of an inch either way -- remarkable, considering the imperfect nature of the materials used and the fact that the mechanism involved is cheap and mass-produced.

Any of the above processes can, of course, be combined; I have seen good examples of a spirit duplicated illustration with black lines added by mimeo. Such illustrations are rare, however, since to be successful the feeds on both mimeo and spirit duplicating machines must be quite accurate.

There are, of course, other professional colour processes, but these are at present out of reach of the amateur. Letterpress printing, from line or half tone blocks, can be done in any number of colours; but if they are to combine in one illustration and to be really accurately aligned the price of blockmaking and printing goes up a lot more than in simple proportion to the number of colours used. Full colour work could cost at least £100 in blockmaking alone. And the same applies to Offset-Litho.

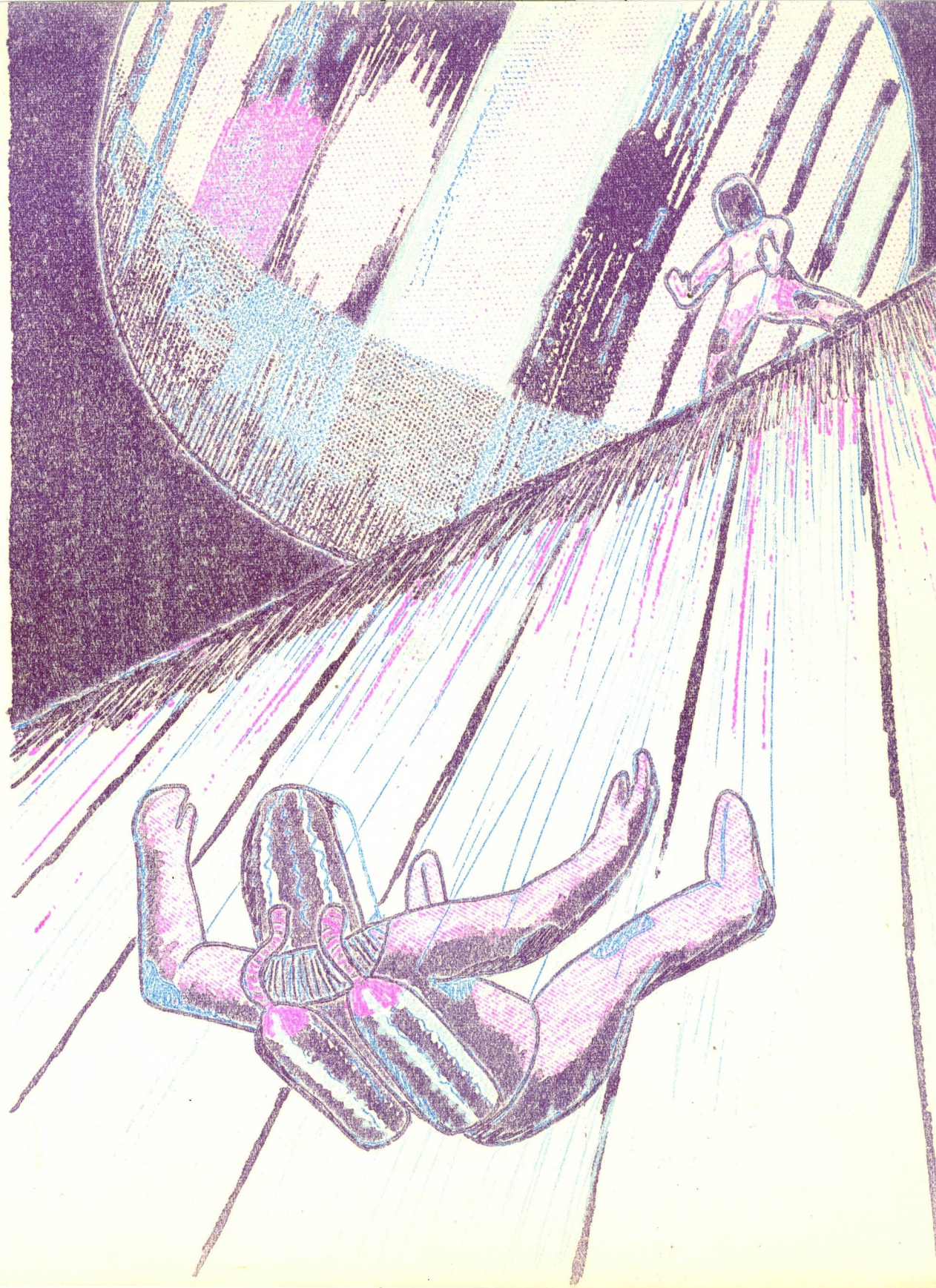
Photogravure, the process the printing ink is deposited in small indentations on a smooth drum, instead of being deposited on an image protruding above the level of the plate or block used, is of course out of the question. This process has never been suitable for anything but high-quality work required in great numbers.

Xerography, photocopying and other office copying processes are impossible to use for colour work -- at present.

The possibilities for successive imposition of mimeo illustrations are wide open. Theoretically, it should be possible to separate the three primary colours and black, by photographing a full colour picture, making four electro-stencils, and then combine the colours again by running the same sheet of paper through four times, once for each colour. However, there are two drawbacks: electro-stencils and duplicator cylinders (a separate one needed for each colour used) are not that cheap; and to reproduce in full colour the inks used must, when overlapping, combine to form secondary colours. It is doubtful whether the intense duplicator inks would do this.

Given inks of the right colour and opacity, though, full colour reproduction on a duplicator is technically possible; and one day, when faneds have even more leisure time and money, someone may try it.

--Charles Platt.



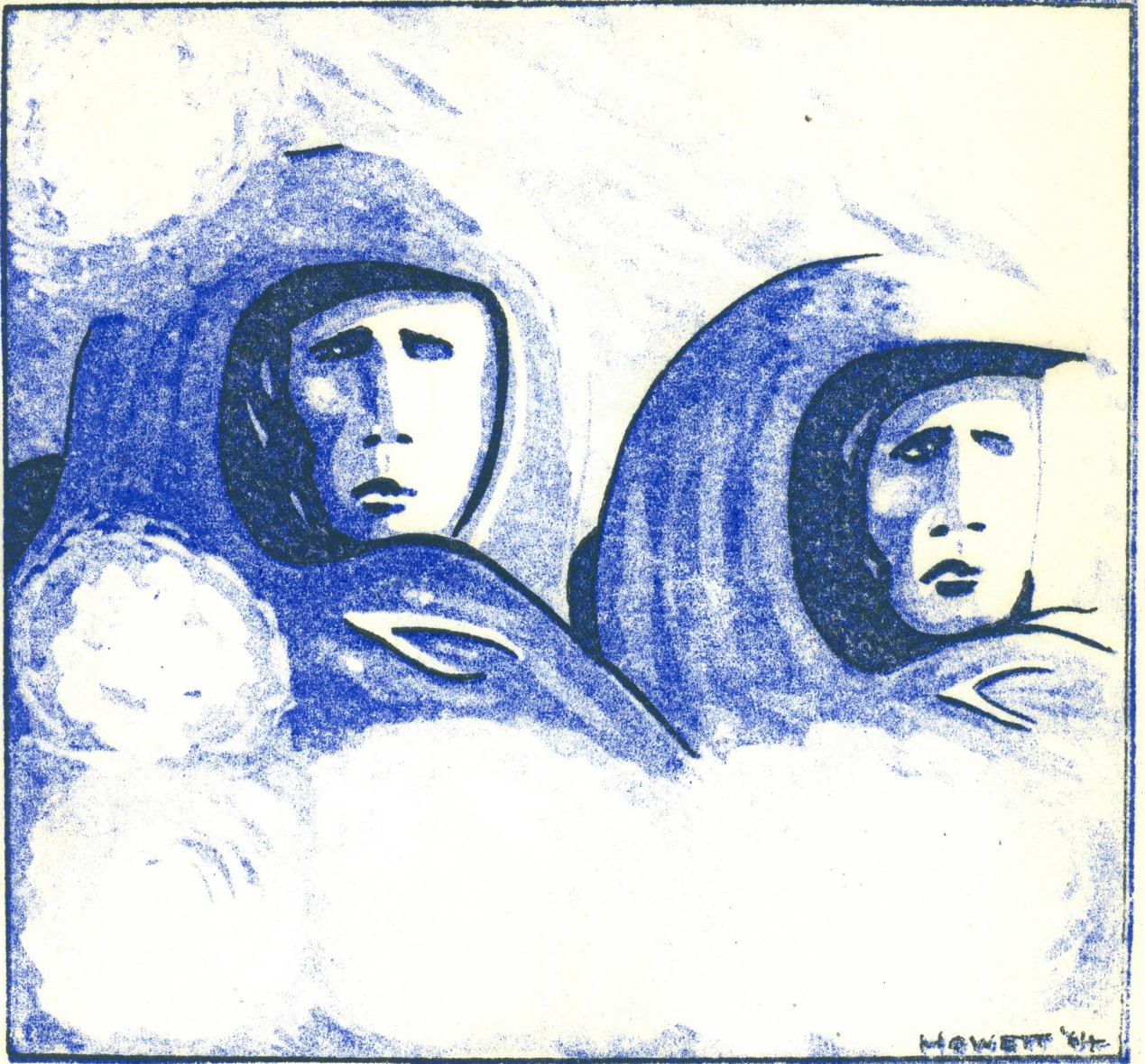
ARE YOU A FAN
OR A MOUSE?



I'M SORRY - I'M
A STRANGER HERE
MYSELF!







HOWETT '81

DEATH WITH DIGNITY

BY
PETER
O'NEILL

"Soon I will be dead!" Everyman spoke the words loudly, desperately trying to impress his imagination.

"In minutes I will be killed; obliterated; dust!" His imagination remained indifferent.

He rubbed stiff fingers over tired eyelids and sighed deeply. Forty-eight hours of arguing, cajoling and pleading had rendered him almost senseless.

He rose from the chair and stretched his legs, pumping the stiffness out of them. The exertion left him with a nagging cramp in the small of his back. He walked across the carpeted floor to the window.

Everyman stared thoughtfully along the deserted street, grey and cold in its emptiness. Above the street a mass of clouds threatened rain.

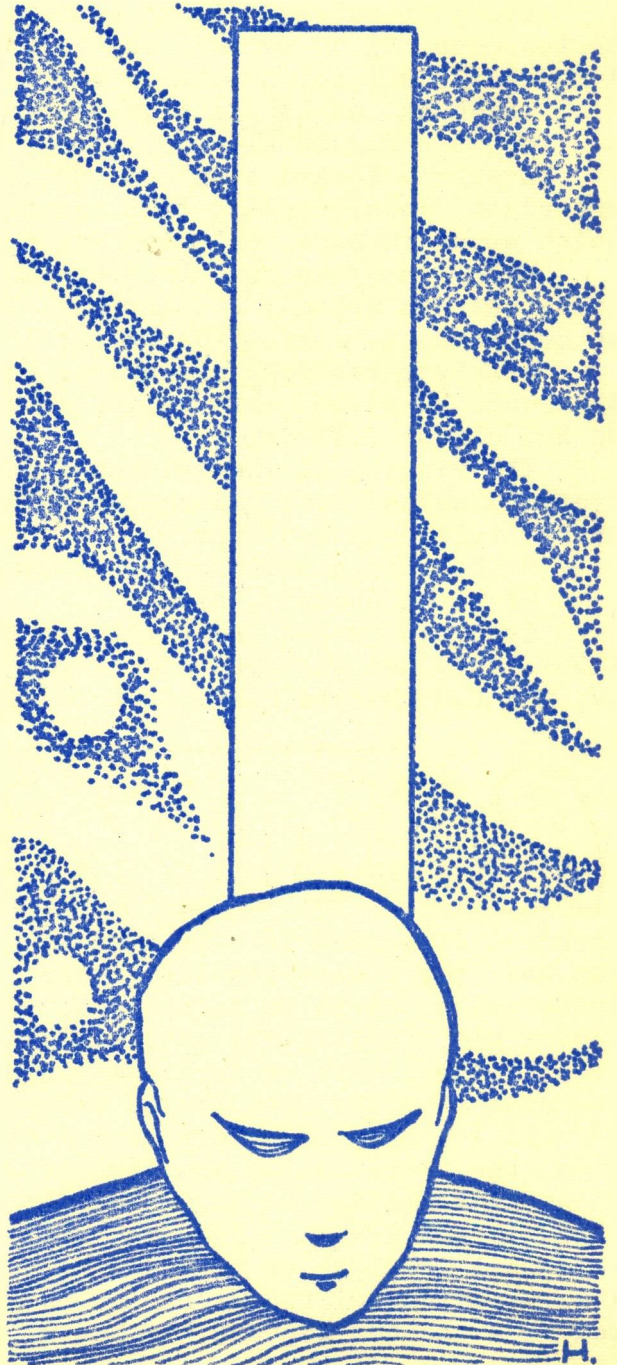
A truly miserable day to die. With the knuckles of his right hand, he massaged the cramp in his back. It eased a little.

Was there really anything to be gained by staying here, he asked himself. After all, he wasn't obliged to make himself completely vulnerable to Them.

He grimaced at his thoughts. Vulnerable! What was the alternative? Hide in the ground like a frightened rabbit, waiting, hoping for a temporary reprieve?

Everyman shuddered. He could not do it. If he had to die, he would die here, in this room, in this symbol of his ambition; there would be no running away. He would fight the good fight, best foot forward, stiff upper lip, know the enemy, spot the aircraft... God, what was he drivelling about.

He turned from the window and began to pace the floor. If only he could turn the clock back. Start again... start again? Why start again? Isn't this going to be the beginning of the ... end?



Everyman stopped pacing at the sound of the door opening. John Libbs, his private secretary, entered the room.

"They are on their way, sir," Gibbs said, closing the door behind him.

Everyman brushed at his hair and smiled. "Even though they are uninvited," he said, "we can't say they are unexpected." Gibbs smiled back.

"How did you manage with my wife and the others?" Everyman asked. "Get them away all right?"

"Everything went according to your instructions, sir."

"Good." Everyman nodded and returned to his desk. He sat down. "I see no reason why you should stay here, John. In fact..."

Gibbs cut him short. "Please, sir. No more arguments. My answer is still the same. Nine years in your employ entitles me to a ringside seat."

Nine years, Everyman thought. "Thank you, John," he said. "I don't know why you feel compelled to face death with me, but your company lends me great strength in these last few trying minutes."

Everyman watched Gibbs' handsome, blue-eyed features twist into frowning seriousness. "I do my work to the best of my ability, sir. That is my criterion. I could never bring myself to abandon my assignment until I had seen it through."

"Even one as hopeless as this?" Everyman asked softly.

Gibbs shrugged his shoulders. "Life is hopeless if you lose your dignity."

Everyman looked at Gibbs and considered this. Yes, he thought, perhaps you are right, John. Perhaps that was the key to life. He wished he had time to think about it more, but time was running out.

Everyman again rose from his chair to pace the floor. He thought about the time that was rapidly running out. The ticking seconds that led to nothingness; to complete and eternal darkness; to death.

A shiver ran down his spine. He stopped pacing and swung his gaze round the room. He sighed with relief at the familiar surroundings. For a moment then he had almost felt dead.

The ringing of the telephone shattered the silence. Gibbs answered it. Everyman waited with his tongue in his teeth watching Gibbs' knuckles go white on the telephone receiver.

Gibbs said a solitary "Thankyou," and replaced the receiver.

"Fifteen seconds, sir."

Everyman turned and walked to the window. He was followed immediately by Gibbs. Both men surveyed the cloudy sky above Downing Street and waited, passively, for the Chinese missiles thto strike London.

-----PETER O'NEILL

RATIONALE

A SHORT STORY

BY ALAN BURNS

Corrigan struggled in vain against his bonds, and thought to himself that that was how they always started a story of an interstellar scout caught by an alien tribe and about to be sacrificed. The Lethani had received him kindly, had accepted his simple gifts graciously and in fact had accepted him as one of them, even to the extent of furnishing him with a woman, a gravely graceful girl by the name of Ossya, who looked after his hut, attended to his food and curled herself lovingly round him in bed at night. Then, a week after he had arrived, Yewo, the tribal chief and high priest, had approached him courteously and asked if he felt willing to be tested for rationality. Corrigan had refused just as politely and Yewo had answered that in such a case it was his unfortunate duty to compel Corrigan to take the test. Corrigan had gone for his gun, only to find its insides a twisted wreck. Ossya had explained to him while lashing him to the bed that she had wrecked his gun so that there would not be any chance of an

accident.

"No," he said bitterly, "The only accident will be to me."

"If you are rational, you will be unharmed, Jim," she answered. "You will be sacrificed to the Dust God, and if the result is your acceptance, then you will be declared rational and become one of us, or be free to go as you wish. I'm sure you will be all right."

"What if I'm not rational?" he asked.

"But you are, I know you are," she said gently. "It's said that if the sacrifice is rejected, though, death follows. But do not think of it. What can I do to make you feel more comfortable?" She proceeded to do everything short of freeing him.

Lying on the frame to which he was bound, borne on the shoulders of six tribesmen, Corrigan soon realised where he was being taken. He couldn't look downwards, but when the padding of the bearers' feet changed to a soft swishing he guessed correctly that they had reached a depression not far from the village, twenty or so feet deep and two hundred feet across, filled with dust so fine that the least ripple of wind caused it to rise in a fine cloud. Evidently they had put dust boards on their feet, so that they wouldn't sink in when they walked into the place.

He felt the frame being set down.

"Believe me," said Yewo, "we wish you sincerely well, Corrigan. May the Dust God take you." Corrigan saw them move away and then he was alone. He tugged at his bonds and to his surprise found that they were loose. He sat up on the frame and then, as he felt his feet drop into the dust, he realised that he was helpless, and that the way out, apparently so near, might have been at the other end of the Galaxy for all the hope he had of reaching it.

He kept perfectly still for a moment and thought carefully. He knew that if he stayed without moving nothing would happen, except that the fierce sun would dry him out and he would die of thirst. He licked his lips and thought of iced drinks, of snow... and then he remembered how, on leave once on a skiing course,

he had been told that if one didn't want to sink into snow, one should try stretching one's body out over it and make swimming motions. He tried to do that, but found to his despair that while he was all right so long as he kept still, he sank if he made a single movement. He lay still and thought carefully about the Lethani and their passion for rationality. They believed that if a person behaved rationally, that was all that was required; other qualities would follow as a matter of course. Rational people were kind to everyone (that was the way to keep the tribes together), they never took risks unnecessarily (that was self-preservation); and a child growing up in their framework would always behave rationally, in their view, and be certain of not being sacrificed to the Dust God. But he, Jim Corrigan, had dropped out of the sky in a mysterious craft borne on invisible wings, when his drive had partially failed; and while most of his behaviour had been rational, his attempt to draw a weapon on being asked to take the test must have been construed as at least an irrational phase.

He guessed that any of the Lethani would be sacrificed to the Dust God if they should suffer such a mental aberration. He had to think. His life depended on it.

He let his mind go completely blank and then allowed thoughts to trickle back in. Rational people do not kill; hence there must be a way out of the dust; but it was obvious that it lay not in a hidden support somewhere beneath him. No, it had to be something only a rational person would figure out. A rational person would surely struggle; so that was obviously something he had to try. He lashed his limbs furiously and in seconds he was buried. Part of his ski training came back to him: if buried by an avalanche, curl up into a small ball and wait for rescue. So he did that, but found the dust a different proposition compared to

snow. Soon he was in imminent danger of suffocation, and the silky stuff was in his eyes, his nose and his mouth. He kept calm, and drove his mind to think furiously. The Lethani were an advanced people -- surprisingly advanced -- but whereas Earthmen had looked outwards and had gone thundering across the Galaxy in their ships, the Lethani had looked inwards and with infinite effort had purged their minds of everything except a tranquil rationality and knowledge. Knowledge. Corrigan wondered, and began to consider the dust enveloping him. It was fine, unbelievably fine; as if its particles were atomic in size. Could such dust be natural?

Then he remembered the illustration his chemistry master had once used, long ago, describing the vast amount of space separating atoms compared to their actual diameter of the nucleus. "If the Empire State building were stripped of its electrons, it would be reduced to the size of a grain of sand..."

If the interatomic distances could be reduced.... "Reduce, Damn you!" he screamed at the sand mentally. "Reduce, reduce!" There was a thump as he fell on to bare rock, before him lying a path out of the now-empty depression. He walked up it, and waiting at the top were Ossya and her people. She held out a stone jug full of the Perani juice that they refreshed themselves with.

"That was well done, Corrigan," said Yewo. "You were near to death, but saved yourself. The dust in the sacrificial area is responsive to thought of a rational person; see, now that you have left it, it is as it was before." Corrigan looked and barely repressed a shudder, for the dust had returned, as silky and treacherous as before.

He took a long pull from the jug.

"I've been thinking," he said to Yewo. "MY vessel is beyond repair by myself and you cannot assist me. Hence I am compelled to stay here, perhaps for ever. Now I have been proven rational, can I be accepted as one of your people?"

"A most rational wish, which I am pleased to grant," said the Chief.

The battleship captain watched as the scoutship was hauled up into the lock of his ship for repair.

"You say you wish to stay on the planet permanently, Corrigan?" he asked.

"Yes," answered Corrigan. "This trip was my last, anyway."

"Then your request is granted."

"Thankyou." He extended his hand to the Captain. "If you don't mind, I'll get back to my wife and children." The Captain watched the ex-scout striding away towards the village. Partly to hide the secret envy he felt, he remarked to his deputy,

"Pity he's gone that way... completely irrational."

--ALAN BURNS.

Bob Parkinson:

a selection of SF poetry



"Mel Apt and the second X-2 died on the desert."

(Photo caption from Scott Crossfield's 'Always another dawn'.)

A.F.F.T.C.*

The far place, the desert place,
The empty wilderness, under a cloudless blue
Sky; close to the stars.
This is the place named for the dead,
Working for generations yet to be born;
The life in the desert, born of desolation -
The land wherein we live,
The Quick, and the Dead.
A funeral pyre burns, a cloud
Of black smoke rising against the sky
Over twisted metal;
And, in the cool of the morning
A scream rends the sky,
Climbs up towards the stars.

(*The United States Air Force Flight Test Centre is Edwards
AFB, New Mexico.

THE EXPLORERS

(Syrtis Major - 1979?)

Our fathers, long past, forgotten,
 once named a star for war,
Red dust beneath our feet,
 this world a star no more.

Dead world, devil's world,
 stained with bloody sand,
Crimson dust, forgotten rust,
 a dead and desert land.

And in these skies a green star shines,
 Grows brighter night by night,
Calls us return to homelier climes,
 Bids us rise in flight;

I have crossed that vast cathedral,
see great comets at their play,
Firewinged, flown the fields of heaven,
watched the world grow day by day.

Have been where once men dreamed of,
seen undimmed those far, bright stars,
Seen the paths the planets wander,
and among those planets - Mars.

Across this new world I have journeyed,
I have stood where men ne'er trod,
Watched new sunrise, and new sunset,
and the living hand of God.

Now I would turn, again, homeward
 To the land that gave me birth -
 Guide my flight, O fair star, onward;
 Even star, that men call Earth.

"In fire was this dream con-
ceived,
By fire its consummation."

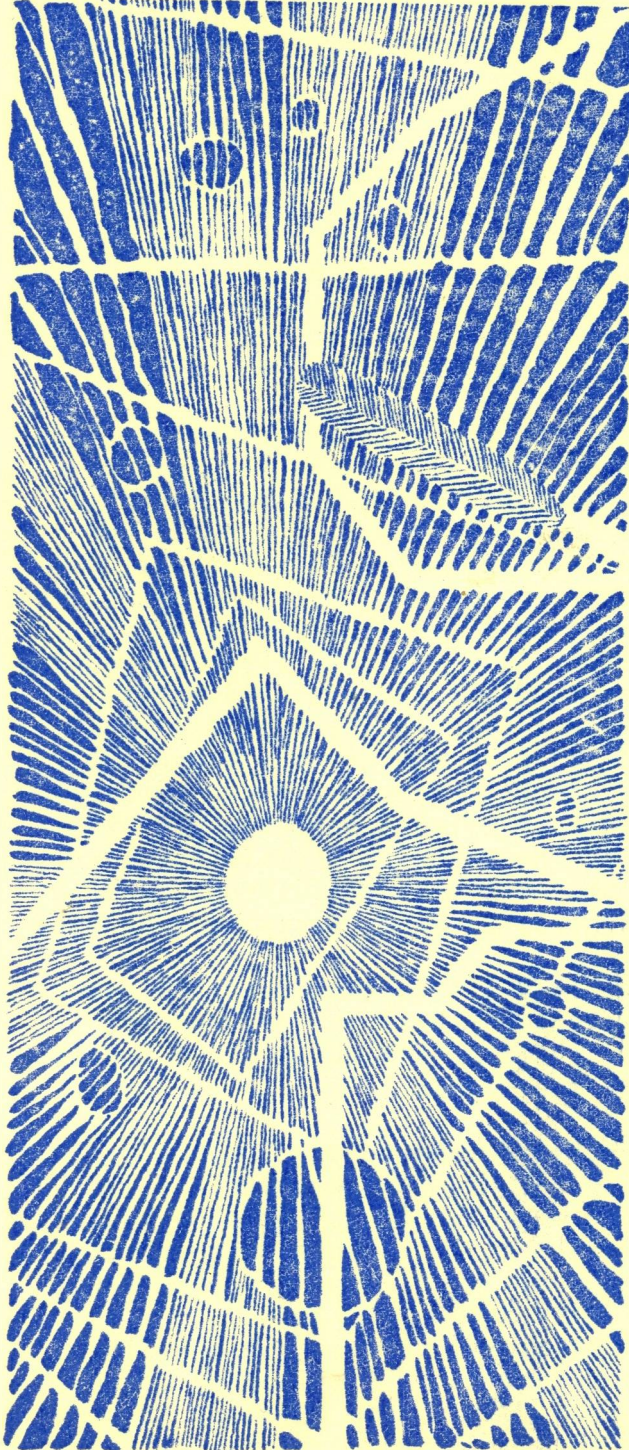
My heart has pounded to the incessant rhythm
Of a thousand countdowns, my soul
Soared screaming skyward on a tail of flame
Into the morning sky; a dream of steel
And fire, and chained thunder
Thrown at the high stars -
Fallen short; brightly falling
Incandescent dream, consumed
In the fury of its own passing.

I - starblind - have seen nothing
But the glare of the far stars
Like distant beacons in the sky;
With the roar of the surf in my ears,
And a new land beneath my feet.

--BOB PARKINSON.

STAR CHILD

BY
TERENCE
BISHOP



The old man's arm swung, and the tiny fish described a graceful, fluttering arc through the golden summer sky. Dazzling and silver, it plunged neatly into the water. Lazily the ripples spread outwards, losing themselves in the miniature swamp of the reed-lined bank. Overhead a swallow dipped and shot away, taking its claimed prize from the cloud of insects flying by the further bank.

The old man stared meditatively at the dying ripples, and finding some connexion, looked sideways to his left. Just as the water shows the effect of impact, so Humanity leaves ripples in its wake. A minor upheaval and a reshaping of life, and the spread of change flows remorselessly through the world. The analogy ends here, though; water rediscovers its original balance, Humanity does not.

He stirred himself, and wound in the hook for rebaiting.

"Child," he said, for he knew no other name for his small companion, "Child, you and I are living in a world such as no other men have known. I have lived in two worlds, one good, one bad. One had the hope of everlasting refinement, one has been doomed to failure. One was a gay and happy world; the other a place of lost understanding and pitiful woe.

"Now, both worlds are at an end. Mine has gone already, and yours is to join it. My life will soon be over and when I die, both of my worlds will go to the grave with me."

The Child, not understanding, fidgeted and watched with innocent blue eyes the old man's fingers singing deftly as they replaced the bait. With a flick of the wrist, the line was cast

into the pool, and as the float steadied, the old man relaxed once more.

"All the wonders you Children have missed, all the beauties and all the joys. How can I tell you so you'd understand? I am alone in a world that is no longer my own. Mine has gone, swept away by something that I can't even pretend to understand."

The Child stared mutely up at the man. The transparent expression covered an animal mind, a cunning and immature slyness that marked him as typical of his race.

His back was aching, so the old man lay right back, his hands clasped loosely across his stomach. He gazed up into the boundless haze of the sky, thinking of his past. Soon he began to talk of the old days, knowing only too well that his words fell on deaf ears. Pushed by a sudden wave of nostalgic longing, he spoke automatically and uncaringly...

I was the first person (the old man said) to get to the moon. Come to think of it, I'm probably the last as well. I was blasted off from Florida like the cog in the machine I was. There was no personal glory in my flight; it was the outcome of many years' hard work and research by a team, nothing more. This team was pushing rockets into the sky while I was still at college, and by the time I enrolled with NASA, they were old hands at the game. In fact, when the time came, it was just like another bout of training. Not a single technical foul-up, all the way.

As soon as the acceleration had finished, and the ship was safely in free fall, I hitched myself up in my impact couch and looked through the rear port. There it was, just as my space-experienced colleagues had described it to me: Earth, looking like the most beautiful sight in the Universe. The radio was clamouring, partly static, and partly with urgent enquiries from Control. Reluctantly I made my reports, not wishing to tear myself away from the view, until finally I was able to settle back for the four-day flight in free fall.

And then, at that very moment of relaxation, I saw it. My first impression was of a huge darkness, caused by the shadow. Suddenly the sun appeared to go out, and the gentle whine of the solar generators sank slowly into silence. I pulled myself to the port as cautiously as I could -- and saw it. A huge ship, huge beyond description. Painted in gold and black stripes, bulbous, grotesque and unutterably alien. From a mile-long battery of exhaust venturi, the blue wash of ion-plasm pointed a stabbing finger at the northern Asiatic continent. It took a whole minute for the ship to pass me, even with the difference between our speeds. The last I saw of it it was still sinking, dropping away into the atmosphere.

I switched on the headset and called control. I told them what I'd seen, and where I thought it was going to land. Control was half way through its reply when the radio shut off with a note of finality that shook me. I didn't hear from Earth for the rest of the trip. Nor ever again.

The rest of the flight was the most terrifying experience of my life. I landed safely on the very face of the moon, in the Mare Nubium. While I was there, I was supposed to leave my capsule and make the first human steps on the moon. But such was the effect of the enforced radio silence on me that I could not bring myself to open the hatch. After an hour's deliberation, I returned to my couch and punched the pattern for my homeward flight.

It wasn't that I had lost the urge for adventure; it was just a plain, simple desire to go home. Every hour, on the flight back, I called up Control with no success -- only the random muted roar of static came through. As time passed I grew more and more depressed, especially as I could see the shining

blue crescent of Earth hovering in front of the forward port.

Then it happened again. I was getting ready to start my re-entry pattern, when again the ominous shadow fell across my capsule. This time I was prepared for what I saw. Our courses were nearly coincidental, and I had a long, long look at the departing intruder. The mammoth ship was accelerating hard, the ion plasma exhaust amplified by the shrill white torch of nuclear reaction. Fascinated, I stared with mixed feelings of horror and wonder. Great streamers of light were flowing from ports and nozzles, long trailers of some metallic substance were spread behind, and the whole machine was rotating slowly, its black and gold finish reflecting the sunlight erratically. The last I saw of it was as it disappeared from sight in the general direction of the Orion constellation, its mysterious errand on Earth complete. Once more I tried to raise Control, this time in desperation, but all I got was the now familiar silence. I was lying with tears in my eyes as the first shock of the retro rockets slammed me into the depths of my impact couch. As the black depths of unconsciousness claimed me, I felt stark loneliness wash over me.

I awoke to a sound I had been trained to listen for, but which I had never in fact heard. It may be the sound of the astronaut's guardian angel, but the hiss of cool air rushing through the wispy metallic parachute did little to comfort me. It seemed I lay there for many hours before I hit the sea.

As soon as I was sure I'd hit, I fired the escape hatch and fought my way out. I slithered clumsily down into the water, and struck out for the nearest of the waiting ships. Just as planned, the capsule had reentered in the Caribbean, dead on target. I swam several hundred yards in my clumsy space suit before pausing for breath. As I had feared, there was no sign of life on board the ship, just a thudding silence. From where I was floating I could see the name, the USS SACRAMENTO. On her after-deck was a bright red-painted helicopter which was a cheering sight, because I had learnt to fly one in my training.

I swam hard to the ship, my muscles exulting in the exercise, after so long without movement. I was climbing clumsily up the Jacob's ladder as I heard a loud sucking noise from behind me. Turning, I saw my capsule sinking fast, belching and groaning as the water poured in over the valuable instruments. Quickly and without fuss she disappeared; and for a moment I felt almost as if a part of my life had drowned with her.

I came out amidships. The overall silence had made me think that I was alone in the world, but then I found I was wrong. The SACRAMENTO had her full crew, all right, but as far as I could tell, every one of them was babbling insane.

All around me they lay: officers and men, young and old, all on the deck, their eyes staring outward, not fucussing. Most of them had clamped their teeth on their tongues, and all were wounded in some way. One had shot his own throat out, and another had cut his wrists on the rusty wire holding the bridge-awning. As I walked unsteadily round the ship I saw more and more bodies, all of them heinous suicides. Those still alive were beyond recall, their idiot faces blank and lifeless. I had nearly reached the 'copter when a young rating charged from nowhere, straight at me. His eyes were rolling, his cheeks flecked with foam, and in his hand he was carrying a vicious knife. He swung at me hard, going for my throat, but fortunately his aim was wild and high. I was able to floor him with little trouble, and he lay where he fell, muttering incoherent curses and inaudible sentences. Soon, he became silent, and I left him.

Shaking, I wriggled into the pilot's seat in the 'copter.

The old man had turned on his side, away from the Child, the memory of that awful day clouding his eyes and dimming his vision. He sobbed silently for a while.

"I flew back to the mainland," he said after a long pause, "and found much the same thing there. As far as I could tell I was the only sane man left alive on Earth. I walked for hours through the remains of civilisation, shouting and calling; but no one answered." Looking at the Child, but speaking half to himself, he went on: "At last I found you, a new-born baby, still attached to your mother by the umbilical cord. I don't know whether it was the strain of the birth, or the sudden madness, but your mother was dead beside you. Your father had shot himself in the same room."

The Child still said nothing as his fingers strayed restlessly to the tin of groundbait. He picked up a grub, and pulled it apart with obvious delight.

The old man took the remains from him, and threw them into the pool.

"We've lived together so long," he said, "all these years I've looked after you, and you still do things like that."

The Child stared at him with the same innocent expression he always had, and the man was immediately sorry for his reprimand.

"Come on," he said, "I've talked long enough. You must be tired."

They cleared up the litter of the day's fishing, and the old man carefully stowed away his rod and line. Hand in hand, they walked away from the clearing and into the forest: the old man stooping, his back giving him pain again, and the Child, stunted and emaciated. But the Child's blue eyes were untroubled under the mat of grey hair, and his mouth was set firmly beneath his beard.

Together they walked back to the cave, through the empty world.

---TERENCE A. BISHOP.



THE FIRST PADS MAILING.

The BSFA Publishing and Distributing Service, which, unlike a normal amateur publishing association, duplicates and even types members' fanzines, took some time getting started but has now arrived at a state approximating coherency.

One cannot expect great things of a first mailing -- after all, most members hadn't had experience in making up a fanzine before -- and so in many ways the results were an agreeable surprise.

BUMBLIE is produced by John Barfoot, 212 Scrogg Road, Walker, Newcastle on Tyne. He may still have a few copies left. I am a fan of Barfoot humour, so I liked BUMBLIE; but if the Goon Show used to leave you cold, don't try this. Besides the -- to me -- side splittingly pointless poems, there are two rather dubious efforts at fan fiction by 'James Barton'. I think it is this sort of thing that people refer to when proclaiming all fan fiction to be pointless and illiterate. These stories aren't that bad, but I'm afraid they aren't much good.

The rest of the ten-page zine is made up with average to good non-humorous Barfoot book reviews. If John manages to get hold of a typewriter for himself, I think BUMBLIE probably has a good future as a fanzine in the CHAOS tradition, a little bit more far-out.

DOUBT, edited by Graham Hall, unlike most first issues has started off as a fully-developed fan magazine. It is a hotch-potch composed of a long John Ramsey Campbell fantasy epic that to me is out of date and excruciatingly boring, a reprint of an interesting Bloch story first published years ago in a fanzine, an article on Thorne Smith by Archie Mercer, and various semi-vignette fillers which are as bad as most fan fiction vignette fillers. The back page was, for me, the most enjoyable part of the fanzine... probably because it was not only not fantasy-biased, it was funny.

To the fantasy fan, though, DOUBT would probably be enjoyable all the way through. There are excellent Mc Cabe illos delicately scribed on to was stencil and an excellent Brian Mc Cabe cover electronically cut. DOUBT has a future as a higher grade fantasy zine if Gray can afford to finance it, and most important get a new typewriter... From 57 Church Street, Tewkesbury, Glos, price 1/-.

LINK, produced jointly by Mary Reed and Beryl Henley, majority of copies residing with Beryl at 59 The Fearnings, Crabbs Cross, Redditch, Worcs. LINK is the biggest of the PADSzines at 30 pages plus covers. I suspect Beryl has a secret aim to take the place of FEMIZINE, But I rather think that this will only occur in name, rather than content. To start with, Archie Mercer is pretty firmly entrenched as a contributor... LINK's main fault is chattiness; perhaps if Beryl couldn't type so fast, this could help! It also has the fault/blessing

(depending on which way you look at things) of a very familiar, relaxed, colloquial style. In neofan's terms, it is very fannish. Which does not stop parts of it being very good, by 'normal' standards: in spite of the in-group jokes, "101 Unicorns" is written with a competence and expertise that anyone can appreciate. Even if it needs translating...! The sercon part of me would like to see more of Beryl's serious poetry; for "Koran Answered" is, to my mind, very good indeed; but admittedly this would alter the LINK character, which at present has very little seriousness in it.

LINK is fun, all the way through, but be prepared to be left behind when Beryl tells of such wondrous things as the Minicon in the Tin Shack.

NEXUS, from Pete Weston, 9 Porlock Crescent, Northfield, Birmingham 31 is by

far the most polished fanzine in the PADS mailing; but this is hardly surprising bearing in mind its editor's previous experience. Inside the stereotyped Atom cover-that-I-had-seen-somewhere-before several times, I found material a lot more interesting, to me, than that usually found in ZENITH. Some opinions, for a change. Pete sounds off about his critics, the multiplicity of readers' viewpoints and how this makes it nearly impossible to compile ZENITH, how standards should not be set too high... this all makes for a good argument. I think the real flaw lies in Pete's taking things too seriously -- especially readers' views -- instead of producing ZENITH as a what-the-hell hobby. Also, he's trying to find justification for continuing ZENITH, saying that unless he gets praise for the good bits as well as criticism for the bad, there's no point in it. This is absurd; surely we all know that there is no logical or material justification for spending good money on a fanzine -- which is why soul-searching can be so disastrous. One more point from the editorial: Pete complains he never gets praise for the good ZENITH reproduction. Why should he? Someone with a good duplicator can produce good copies very easily, and is rightly expected to do so. Whereas someone else with a flatbed duplicator who, with endless patience, produced a perfectly legible fanzine, would deserve praise for the quality.

Also in NEXUS: a Beryl Henley article beautifully titled "Don't hit me, but..."; Archie Mercer wasting his time reviewing a cruddy book for fun; a Zenithy look at right-wing sf; and a brief-but-interesting piece on the new Brumby developments. In the NEXUS supplement, we have a letter to Pete from yours truly, Pete replying, and some oddments. Though NEXUS is small it packs a lot of interest in, and I found it more enjoyable than any ZENITH to date. (And there's some constructive criticism for you, Pete).

There are two more smaller members of PADS: NADIR by Charlie Winstone and PADLOCK by Dick Howett. The former contains an editorial waffle, a bloodthirsty short story, and some rather bad humorous poetry. The latter is a container of very good fanzine reviews by Chris Priest (who should be writing this column). It's a bit early to tell what either of these small fanzines will turn into; neither has developed a character of its own. Both editors need more practice in putting headings and illustrations on to wax stencil...

CON, from Chris Priest, address & details in Miscellany (page 35), is also run off on the Platt duplicator, but is not a PADSzine. After a wave of publicity we find, of course, that a Conzine is the opposite of a Prozine (though Chris almost forgot to mention this, having tantalised people for weeks in 'advance') but, as the editor says, this is just about the only piece of humour he has allowed to creep in. One wonders why; it's strange to have the perpetrator of the Bernard Bodfold/Xordvitch Learoyd pun parodies of the F&SF Feghoot series spouting articles on pop science of dubious validity. I hope future issues will have more of a sense of humour -- or less of a sense of editorial introspection and near-depression! The pop science is at its worst in "A Star is Calling Earth" which is, frankly, rubbish, and at its best in "Dept of Useless Information", statistics guaranteed useless to anyone. The best article is on extrapolation in sf, though this tends to fall into the very trap of generalisation in describing a field full of variations that the writer warns sf authors of future histories to avoid. The best part of Con is the outstanding Dick Howett art, which even adds life to the rather stereotyped Phil Harbottle fan fiction, which, while better written than the other fan fiction in PADS, is not all that far removed in originality or quality.

CON has, at present, quite a distinctive character; I hope this is retained, but less formally and more humourously, in future.

-----CHARLES PLATT.

From Ivor S Latto, 16 Merryton Avenue, Glasgow W1

would suggest that most people who join the BSFA have already become fairly well acquainted with sf through the professional mags and pocketbooks and that they are looking for is more information about sf, and possibly opportunities to exchange views with others. As a new member, my main contact with the BSFA is through the pages of VECTOR; of course at first the esoteric terms are confusing, but I would think that this is inevitable in a specialist review.

and is in any event soon overcome after some familiarity with them. No, the real qualm comes in finding that VECTOR, month after month, is apparently produced by the same two or three dozen people; articles, illos, letters etc. who all seem to know each other intimately, refer to each other by Christian names and so dominate the mag. that any newcomer inevitably feels excluded.

Ideally more of the membership should contribute in order to break this charmed circle, but what inducement is there to do so? On joining one is probably unaware that one will be called upon to give up one's free time to contribute to a magazine which is the main return for one's subscription. If the editor's pleas for more audience participation struck home, and if one felt able and willing to contribute, one might still hesitate to do so, considering the sort of reception too often given in the letter columns of VECTOR and BEYOND, too, I see -- to some poor devil's well-meant effort. "Unmitigated crud" is hardly the finest literary criticism I've seen. Even more one might hesitate when one sees members of the elite themselves turn snarling on one another in the mail columns over some childish triviality.

ever, VECTOR and the BSFA can still, I believe, hold on to their membership successfully if they supply the services for which most people joined, viz. news and views of sf and its authors, reviews, information, checklists and bibliographies. This means that VECTOR has to be a magazine for sf readers (as I've seen fans use with intonations varying from patronage to contempt), isn't (and shouldn't be) a fanzine. There are plenty of mags for those fans who have ceased being exclusively sf readers and have developed their first interest into involvement with fandom itself.

return to BEYOND6, we have the editor rather plaintively wondering why the Old Guard should meet criticism with criticism, Old Guardian Archie Mercer pouring oil as best he can, and Mrs Henley more is sorrow than in anger. She asks if fandom can afford an open split. Over what? What is the great issue involved in this microscopic civil war? I don't know what the rights and wrongs are in this, and I really would like to be acquainted with the cause being fought over, which incidentally is producing the most effective deterrent to any prospective member not given to walking on eggshells.

m David J Orme, 23 Nutfield Road, East Dulwich, London SE22.
yl Henley's "Post Hiroshima Syndrome" article shows a charming idealistic
ivete that is a delight to read. "This," claims Mrs Henley, pointing accus-
ingly at the atom bomb, "is the reason for mods and rockers terrorising ol-
ies!" Alas, Mrs Henley, you are blighted with an affliction known as narrow

mindedness, an unfortunate disability which prevents you from seeing that this world is not a simple, straightforward place, but is an exceedingly complex one where infrequently do we meet the simple cause-and-effect relationship. Mrs Henley holds up the threat of death from total war as the single cause of the problem... unfortunately, it just ain't so.

....For a quick comment on the rest of the issue: There appears to be a growing "angry young man" element to which I, as a complete newcomer, refuse to subscribe -- I can't be angry until I've found what I'm supposed to be angry about. However, I hope that people will differentiate between change and progress. The two are not synonymous.

From Old Guardian Archie Mercer, 70 Worrall Road, Bristol 8.

"Sporting Chance" was a good story. This surprised me. The first page or so is particularly good, as one suddenly realises that the 'foxes' are really people. Once that shock had been delivered I expected an anti-climax, but the author managed to keep up the interest almost to the end. The ending seemed a bit contrived, somehow, though. "Credit Sale" was based on such an elementary gimmick that it wasn't worth the bother of writing.

Skipping over the interview with Mike Moorcock, which was interesting without being (in my case) comment-provoking, we come to guess who: not Beryl again? Yes, Beryl again. Withering fandom this time. Don't look now, but she appears to be tilting at something she's been told is there, but which is rather difficult to see. Fandom has been arbitrarily divided into halves which are then presumed to be in a state of mutual hostility. Of course this state of affairs is a bad thing -- or would be if it really existed. Luckily, there isn't much in it.

From Bill Aitken, 3 Vogrie Place, Gorebridge, Midlothian.

At the time of writing I haven't read all of BEYOND 6, but most certainly have read pages 30 to 32: the Moorcock interview. Page 32, second line, centre short sentence, is probably the most apt expression M. Moorcock has uttered in a while -- a long while. ((The sentence in question reads: 'I don't know what my mind is doing' --CP)) New Worlds is definitely down the drain now -- what a lot of old rubbish the last issue, no. 143, was -- sheer muck. He may be a friend

I'd probably like him personally too; but oh, don't let him edit and why doesn't he try children's fairy story books for his own work?

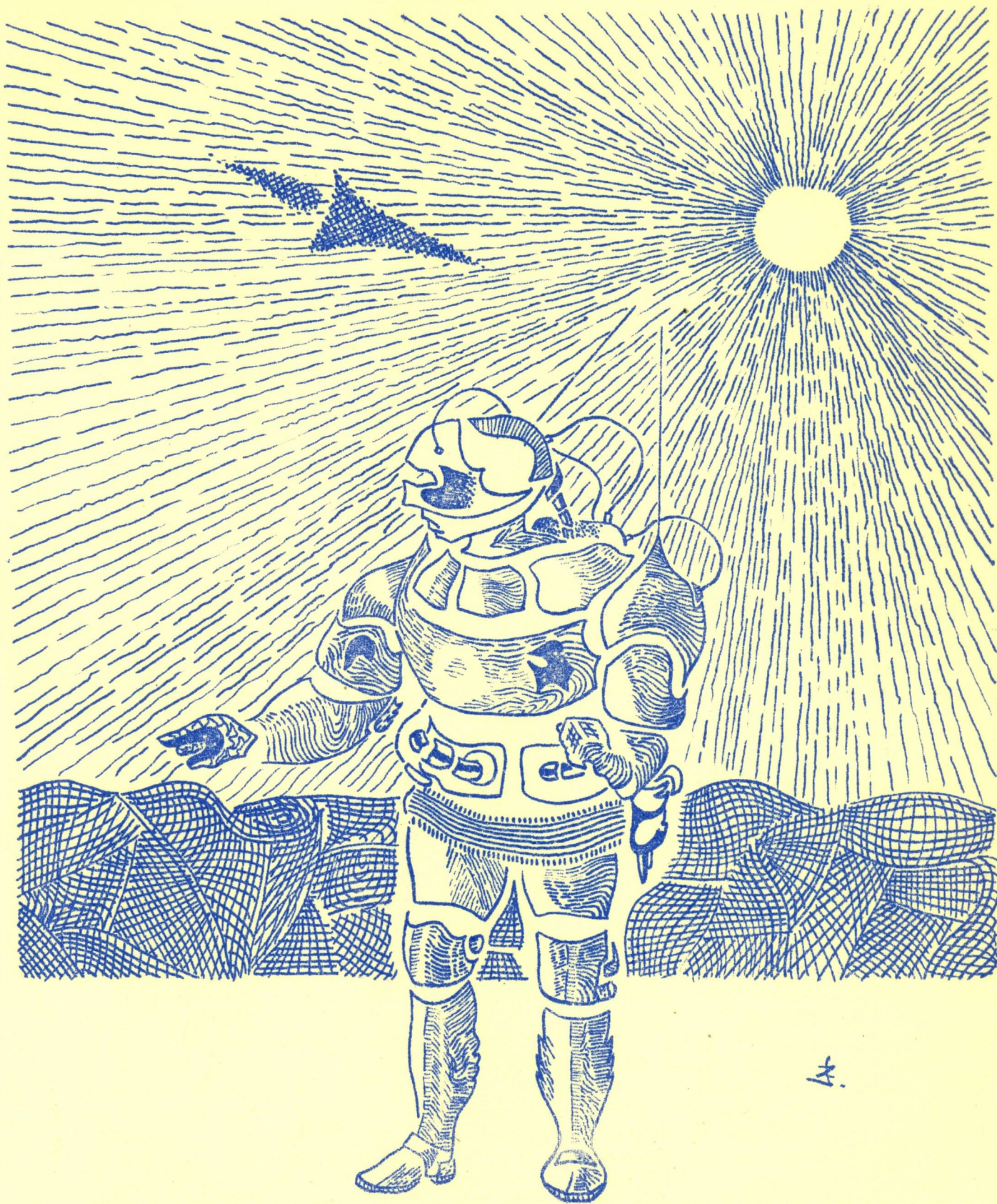
From Dave Wood, 14 Edinburgh Street, Radford, Nottingham.

I was surprised at my reaction to the editorial, considering my own venomous one some time ago in ICARUS 5. Nowadays I find I don't mind fandom at all; I'd even go so far as to say that I LIKE it, even the first names only bit. Perhaps I've just matured...

I used to think (and say) that the esotericisms (a momentary pause while I recover from the word) that the new fan met would turn him away. This, of course, is a load of crap: I'm still here, aren't I?

The POST HIROSHIMA SYNDROME made a not-too-original point, which seems to me to have little foundation. I don't think that many of the imbeciles who enjoy a punch-up at the seaside have the slightest interest in the Bomb. I should think there are two main reasons for it all: one, the idiots have yet to grow up, and they find 'Mods and Rockers' a more exciting game than 'cowboys and indians'; two, because of sensationalist publicity they have got the idea that their juvenile antics are important, and they want to get their picture in the papers.

"SPORTING CHANCE" was excellent, one of the best pieces of fan fiction I've read. And Mike Moorcock was for once quite praiseworthy in the majority of his remarks; there's hope for NEW WORLDS yet!



From Chris Priest, Townerwise, Willow Close, Doddington, Brentwood, Essex.

She's at it again.... old Henley on her bright-idea kick. What is it this time?

Ah, yes, the cause of all these teenage riots is... THE BOMB!! Rubbish! Like I'm a teenager myself (or I was until a couple of years ago) and I should know. I was born and raised under a mushroom-shaped shadow; in my lifetime words have been invented and have become commonplace: strontium, fission, fallout, radiation. Cancer-caused deaths have doubled, and milk, once a bringer of health, has become a death-dealing suspect. But, as far as I know, none of this has had any effect on my life.

The threat of the Bomb certainly exists, but I see no reason why it should affect teenagers any more than middle-aged adults -- like Beryl. The answer, I feel, is much more down-to-earth and reasonable: not an original thought by any means, but surely it is boredom. Teenagers today rebel against the mass appeal of television and bingo, and turn instead to each other for amusement. As in all human relationships, factions develop and incidents occur. Given a valid outlet for their interests, these troublemakers would soon calm down.

To date, BEYOND 6 is possibly the best to have been turned out. At last, the fan vs. neofan battle seems to have found some semblance of perspective in your pages... and none too soon, either. The editorial and two articles all point to one conclusion: that the process of assimilation of a neofan into fandom is a long and steady affair, one that should neither be rushed or prolonged. It will happen of its own free will -- with help, or despite circumstances -- but one thing is certain: it will happen.

From Joseph Zajackowski, 45 Marlborough Road, Beach Hill Estate, Mansfield.

That unwholesome BEYOND 6 cover didn't click with me, unfortunately: it had the appearance -- with all due respect -- of a badly hashed up toilet doodle.

Likewise, that previous abomination on BEYOND 5. I won't comment on that one in English but the nearest Polish equivalent is 'pierunie'.

GUERRILLA WAR IN HEAVEN -- Archie Mercer's article. This is the maniacal, prejudiced attitude that is found very prominently in the BSFA -- which is, as a consequence, having its foundations (which of course in this context means yours truly) eaten through -- or unheeded, to put it in less complicated terms. The New Wave unfortunately has had no immediate, appreciable effect.

The older fen don't seem to realise that they too were young once, though it does sound incredible. Someone should remind them.

From Peter Weston, 9 Porlock Crescent, Northfield, Birmingham 31.

Beryl's piece on the fan-split irritated me intensely. She knows little about the split, yet makes it sound immensely important, deadly and bitter. Utter rubbish! Take my advice. Pack up printing these sorts of articles which have been done to death by both sides, and which only make things worse. If the neofans suffer, well, I guess it's good for us.

Again, in POST HIROSHIMA SYNDROME, Beryl is working from too little data and too much of her own views. And you can't tell her different. I mean, she knows she's right.

But in my view, she's wrong again. The kids kick up because they're bored stiff -- just that. A lot of them have little to do except cause trouble. It's nothing to do with the bomb. My feelings on the matter are simply that the bomb will never be used full scale... and I don't worry about it one little bit. Beryl again, in BORNE ON THE WIND... Interesting, and well done. Good. But why do all these strange things have to happen to her?

Thanks, BEYOND, for the Moorcock interview. Really useful and informative... have one with Ballard and find out what he thinks he's playing at. (How you can praise EQUINOX in your review is beyond me. "What utter drivel" was my verdict.)

From Chris Villas, 90 Hounslow Road, Feltham, Middlesex.

I'd like to say, for Mr Moorcock's benefit, that I take ANALOG and read its "engineers' fiction" and I find it a darn sight more literate than most of the British fiction in NEW WORLDS!

As to the questions asked in the interview, I thought they were the right ones posed in the right order. However, towards the end I felt the need for just one more question: Why run down American writers?

Who's this almighty Ballard? Moorcock seems obsessed with his name! The works of the Poul Anderson far outshine Ballard in every way. Anderson's good grasp of scientific principles combined with a first rate imagination allows him to write brilliant works with deep, well-reasoned plots and sparkingly colourful characterisations. Ballard a comparison? Phui! As for Aldiss's weak-plotted ide-less efforts... igh.

From Peter White, 75 Ashley Road, Epsom, Surrey.

I liked the editorial. There is a snappy writing style, and a tone of light-hearted irony. No doubt it is this latter that enrages some of the less subtle fans.

The issue was swamped by Beryl Henley's articles; I shall only comment on THE POST HIROSHIMA SYNDROME as it was the longest, and therefore gave Beryl the greatest amount of space to say silly and annoying things. Without in any way 'going psychological', it would seem that the concept of racial extermination plays only a small part in our inner lives. Personally, while the prospect interests me intellectually, it is only the threat of personal extinction, and the death of my friends, that affects me emotionally. Surely the most important point to make in any discussion of delinquency is that there are now more juveniles than ever before-- not just numerically but proportionately as well. The ratio of adolescents to adults is constantly rising -- and as it rises the delinquent elements of adolescence will become more and more obtrusive. To a large extent -- though less now than in the past -- our society and culture caters only for the adult population, a population that is not merely stable or relaxed, but is spiritually dead. It consists, for the most part, of commuting TV zombies who have voted Tory for years and years and years... (Here my pen slips from my fingers and hysterically I hum The Red Flag). Naturally, the ever-increasing teenage minority, with its greater energy, is frustrated. But why should frustration turn into inhumanity and violence?

There are many theories. The Church offers the Fall and evil. Freud offers guilt and neurosis. Beryl Henley offers fear-of-the-H Bomb. I pick Freud.

From Dick Howett, 94 Ravensbourne Crescent, Harold Wood, Essex.

BEYOND fame is spreading... on the national news-editor's notice board at the BBC I saw pinned up a copy of BEYOND 5. I never did find out who it belonged to, but everyone was looking at it. We have some 'queer' types at the BBC...

Anyway, BEYOND and issue in question 6.

The overall standard of this issue was above the average, even though it was more like the Beryl Henley-Charles Platt weekly. I feel that Mrs Henley could have been restricted to one short piece instead of collaring half the available space with her tepid ramblings. POST HIROSHIMA SYNDROME, for all its quasi-intellectual soundings, did little more than re-hash and old and threadbare theme. WHITEER FANDOM was even worse, and turned out to be nothing more than, "I like fandom babies."

The interview with Michael Moorcock degenerated after the first line into a "yes-no" interlude and showed that all sf editors seem to think alike when asked the same questions.

From David Gordon, 128 Chausee de Bruxelles, Brabant, Belg um.

If I remember rightly, there was an article published on telepathy in the first BEYOND, then known as POINT OF VIEW. Thus the following might be of interest: Some nights ago a couple of friends and I decided to try out the so-called PK effect with some dice; ie, trying to control the fall of these dice with the combined strength of our minds. We had three dice, and decided to try throwing combinations of 6-4-2. We took turns to throw, each concentrating on all three numbers, and threw eighteen times in all. We only threw one 6-4-2, but the rest of the results were very interesting, as follows:

6-4-1; 6-4-2; 6-4-5; 6-4-1; 6-4-3; 5-5-1; 6-2-3; 6-2-5; 6-4-5;
3-2-1; 6-4-4; 6-6-4; 6-2-1; 6-6-1; 6-5-2; 6-4-4; 6-5-1; 6-5-4.

It looks to me as if so many sixes and fours contravene the "laws of chance". The possibility of the dice being loaded was proved very doubtful when we each threw the dice ten times at random. Sixes only came up five times in thirty throws; in view of the fact that sixes usually come up most often because of the less weight that side (there are more holes), this seemed conclusive enough.

((Sorry, but not only is your sample very small, but on reflection I'm not at all convinced your statistics are surprising. There are six ways of getting the 6-4-2 combination from three dice, and the number of different combinations throwable is 56 (I think). So the chances against throwing 6-4-2 are only about 9:1 against or a little more. If you are then going to allow near misses, the situation must be much more in your favour. What's more, adding your figures gives: figure 6 thrown 18 times; figure 5 thrown 8 times; figure 6 thrown 10 times; figure 3 thrown 3 times; figure 2 thrown 6 times; figure 1 thrown 7 times. The average for each figure would be 9 times; but on such a small sample the word 'average' loses most of its meaning. There is a slight leaning towards the numbers you were trying for, but there is also the fact that the figure 1, which you weren't trying to get, turned up once more often than 2, which you were. All in all, though the sequences you show may look convincing at first sight, I doubt if they show anything. Whereas the card-guessing experiment described in the first issue really did produce a highly improbable result!))

From Mel O'Brien, 19 Roywood Drive, Don Mills, Ontario, CANADA.

I agree with the editorial about the BSFA being an 'in-group', for when I first joined I didn't know what was happening, and to some extent I still don't. I liked Archie Mercer's article, but he could have given a better answer to the question "What can be done about the Split?" Maybe he'll write a follow-up article telling us what he'd do about it. A JOURNEY TO AL ARAF wasn't bad -- pretty good English and that sort of thing, but what about a plot? David Orme would be quite a good writer if he had a decent plot.

I'm throwing the next few sentences in about something you said about amateur films at the Convention. As far as I can see, fans who persist in making amateur sf movies consistently turn out sheer crud. Unless they've got the right equipment, and most of them haven't, the film is doomed to a dismal failure from the beginning. Why don't they just give up? I shudder every time I hear of a new amateur production. Amateur films are amateur films. People like to see successes, not "serious efforts".

Michael Moorcock was extremely funny in his letter requesting the editor to clear up some of the boobs in the Convention report. His attitude in the letter seems to make him appear more guilty and more drunk than ever. But, as they say, the innocent always look the guiltiest....

From Charles Smith, 61 The Avenue, Ealing, London W.13.

Of the stories the most interesting was Haldricks' SPORTING CHANCE. It had some good ideas in the early part of the story, but then he seemed to throw the whole thing over to have a tight, well rounded ending which meant nothing. I would have preferred him to have devoted more time to the description of his future society and make no attempt to finish it off in such a short space. The early part was quite well done, but the rest I found a waste of space. The same could be said of CREDIT SALE. The whole story depended for its effect on a punchline which was telegraphed all the way. For some reason, if I guess a punchline ending, I feel cheated; the author has wasted my time. I honestly can't understand anyone writing this kind of stuff any more. The days when the reader can be surprised to discover the hero is a robot or the robot is human are gone; we're past all this -- or we bloody well should be. This is the kind of stuff that's holding up any real progress in sf -- artistic progress -- and has been for years. It's time that the gimmicks and the trappings were discarded or at least devalued. I'm becoming more and more convinced that the only way to produce first rate sf stories is to attract more authors in from the outside; certainly my favourite novels were written by outsiders.

BORNE ON THE WIND by Beryl Henley is just the kind of thing that makes me want to throw up. Someone comes along and says that it is possible to foretell the future and then proves this by telling you about 'his dream'. What can you do? If you don't agree, you're calling him a liar. I don't believe in the Supernatural as such; Beryl has told a story which has overtones of mystery and suspense and it is obvious that she intends us to think that something of this sort was going on. I disagree; but how can we discuss it? It's impossible; like arguing with someone who's seen a vision or been touched by God.

I second your attitude to Delta films all the way. The reception the films got was quite out of all proportion. I couldn't believe it when the convention committee said they were handing over half the con's profits so that they could make a full-length film.

In answer to Daphne Sewell's request for a book to lend out to those who have never met sf before, I can only recommend the book that hooked me: Heinlein's PUPPET MASTERS. It really knocked me out then. What a pity one can't recapture that kind of feeling.

Re Beryl Henley's article on the POST HIROSHIMA SYNDROME. I'm working five days a week with these young delinquents and, except for a small minority, they are no worse now than they have ever been. The changes that have taken place in teenage behaviour have come about almost entirely because of their greater freedom and their greater earning power, both of which are all to the good. Their materialism is part of the basic materialism common to the country as a whole; this is the way they have been brought up. Once upon a time the older generation got their kicks by giving the kids advice: cold bath every morning, a run before breakfast, and all the rest of the old chat; now they seem to spend their time explaining where the kids go wrong and why they are like they are. It's almost become a national pastime and I for one am sick of it. I'd like to see a period of time when the kids are left alone, left to themselves, considered as individuals instead of potential customers or good copy to sell to newspapers. Let them enjoy their freedom while they can; the most heart-breaking thing of all is the fact that after this brief period of awareness and revolt against the standards and moral precepts imposed upon them by the older generation, they settle down, get married and, generally, become nonentities, completely immersed in society and the conventional code of behaviour imposed by it, and will in their turn tut-tut over the youth of their day. I personally am tired of all the articles explaining why the younger generation is going to the dogs. I don't believe it in the first place.

From Phil Harbottle, 27 Cheshire Gardens, Wallsend on Tyne, Northumberland.

The editorial and Archie Mercer's piece seem rather similar. Both were excellently written, timely, and cogently argued. But both skated around the problems, rather than answering them. Archie came right out and said there was no answer, which is rather clever, but hardly illuminating.

I doubt whether A JOURNEY TO AL ARAF will have appealed to many people, outside of, perhaps, its author. It was interesting from the point of view of a literary exercise, with Orme striving for imagery and atmosphere -- unsuccessfully, I fear.

The Machen article was a bit more coherent than some of Mayall's previous stuff, but if a subject is worth covering at all, it's worth covering in depth. And Peter White's ESCAPIST poem was laughable, in ideas in presentation. The illos. didn't help, either.

SPORTING CHANCE deserves all the eulogies it will undoubtedly get. It was well, if not brilliantly, written, and its distortion of organised religion appealed to my sense of humour. It is a great pity, though, that Haldricks was obliged to use a corn-ball ending straight out of AMAZING at its pulpiest nadir. If the hero had died -- the story being cut off short -- the yarn would have been really memorable.

CREDIT SALE was a minor effort, fairly obvious, but I enjoyed it for all that. Neofans probably loved it. I tried to impart something of my amusement with the tale into the illo I did; I only hope it doesn't offend the saints. Judging from the response that some of the jokes in GESTALT got, fandom is well stocked with folk of strong moral fibre. In a word, prudes. I've no time for them.

Beryl Henley's confessions anent fandom and the supernatural were interesting enough, I suppose... if your name is Henley...

From Dave Busby, 33 Rances Lahe, Wokingham, Berks.

As BEYOND has previously been the target for abusive, extremely hostile and rather bigoted criticism from such quarters as LES SPINGE, and having read, with agreement, your angry and justifiable complaints of the total unfairness of the action, I imagined that BEYOND would be the last place in which I would find similar criticism of another magazine. Yet here it is, in your review of SCIENCE FANTASY number 65. It is a disappointing thing to see, especially when it contrasts with your friendly and intelligent analysis of NEW WORLDS.

The review struck me as being terribly prejudiced. The issue in question was the first under Bonfiglioli, while I noticed that no mention was made of the abominably bad first-by-Moorcock NEW WORLDS; and you also fail to mention, while sneering at THE GREAT CHAN (a story which you admit you couldn't understand, which casts doubt on a justification to say anything about it) that almost the entire contents of NEW WORLDS 142 was rejected material, as was CHAN. This sort of hostility is hard to excuse, stemming, as it seems it does, from the fact that Moorcock is a familiar and respected fan figure while Bonfiglioli shows little interest in fandom.

((I feel I ought to make some sort of a reply to this. Point by point: even if my review of SCIENCE FANTASY was similar to the Linwood review of BEYOND, which it isn't, there is still no point in comparing an 'attack' on a professional magazine with an 'attack' on an amateur one. Criticism of fanzines by fans is one thing; criticism of prozines by fans is quite another. Secondly, I did not refer either to the first NEW WORLDS issue or the fact that it was composed of rejected material because I was reviewing two magazines on their own merits. Past history was irrelevant. Thirdly, if you understand the gimmick ending of THE GREAT CHAN I'd be pleased to hear about it. No one else I've questioned on the subject is clear what the ending refers to. And surely a story whose ending is so technically obscure is not a good story. Lastly, the relative positions-in

--fandom of the editors concerned influenced me not one little bit; you may remember that two issues back certain misguided comments I made were not exactly in line with a treatment of Mike Moorcock as a 'respected fan figure'. Overall, I would like to think that my judgement of the magazines in question is a little bit better than yours, especially now Mr Bonfiglioli has made it clear he wasn't too pleased with SCIENCE FANTASY 65, either. (Incidentally, the recent No. 67 issue of the magazine I have found very worthwhile and interesting. I hope all this will help to dispel suspicions of favouritism and prejudice) --CP))

From Jim Marshall, 32 Millway, Sheriff Hill, Gateshead 9, Co Durham.
The post hiroshima syndrome, if it exists, does so only in the minds of reincarnationalists and out-and-out mystics like Beryl. Indeed, far from being appalled at the thought of racial extermination, to the devout Christian the "Last Trump" is something to look forward to. Her point that past generations existed without this fear of complete annihilation is also unfounded: it was generally believed by the early Christians that the world would end in the year 1,000, and the Chinese were convinced that an eclipse intimated that a dragon was attempting to devour the sun. Every period of history has had its prophets of doom, none being free of the threat of Armageddon.

Editorial roundup of remaining letters:

I was surprised and gratified when sending out the usual 100 or so copies brought in a record number of 26 letters of comment, mainly, I think, in response to Beryl Henley's SYNDROME article, which was to BEYOND rather like what a Campbell editorial is to ANALOG.

Obviously not all these letters can be featured; so, we also heard from: Dave Hale, who commented in minute detail on every point of the magazine, in a letter of greater use to the editor than the readers; Gerald Kirsch, who thought the letter column was too long and contained too much argument about fandom (like the rest of the magazine); Graham Hall, who also protested about the SCIENCE FANTASY review, defending Brian Aldiss's writing ability; Terry Jeeves, who remembered the 'ghastly first year' of the BSFA, when there weren't enough people for the jobs, and suggested that such a situation will probably always persist in one form or another; Alan Dodd, one of the few people who actually liked the cover of last issue; Mike Moore (not to be confused with Steve Moore) who commented very interestingly on my own story lastish; Colin Hume, a new fan who had not seen BEYOND before and suggested that my idea of sf was very different from his; John Barfoot, who thought that delinquents do tend to come from certain areas, as

Gerald Kirsch suggested lastish; Roy Kay, who pointed out that with the lack of fanzine-producing 'veterans' at present we are flooded with too much sercon material; Doreen Parker, who quite rightly said that the situation with regard to new fans is just the same as when a newcomer joins any small society, be it club, office, or what-have-you. His efforts at putting things right will initially be met with hostility.

Overall the letters were generous with praise, which was gratifying, but few people commented on the poor layout and lack of artwork in the issue. This was disturbing; doesn't presentation matter? This issue I've gone to a lot more time, trouble and expense; it'll be interesting to see if there is any significant reaction.

NEXT ISSUE: throughout its first year of publication BEYOND has increased in size and become "more fannish". Next issue sees a breakaway from the first trend and a cessation of the second; rather than turn it into a fannish fanzine I'll keep it as it is and produce a small subsidiary: INSOMNIA, new-look issue out near Christmas. Next issue of BEYOND: in between two and three months' time.

-----Charles Platt

Miscellany:

NOTE NEW EDITORIAL ADDRESS: Charles Platt now at 18E Fitzjohns Avenue, Hampstead, London N.W.3. I did send a few change-of-address cards out, but couldn't afford to post them to everyone. Mail sent to my old address will be forwarded by the GPO, but they have been known to take four days over doing so. They also roll the letters up in a tight little parcel -- not very good treatment for artwork..

THE LONG AWAITED RICHARD MANN FANZINE, RoMANN, is now actually in my hands; so if prospective readers will send me 1/- they can be sure of receiving a copy promptly.

DOUBLE BILL -- ONE OF AMERICA'S FOREMOST FANZINES and a possible contender for next year's Hugo. Subscription: 7/- for five issues. British agent: Charles Smith, 61 The Avenue, LONDON W.13.

QUOTE FROM "ZENITH": "I do attempt to answer my letters -- but some are mislaid and are never seen again. A pity, but unavoidable, really." --Pete Weston. And he expects to receive letters of comment??!

THE CONTEMPORARY FANNISH-ENGLISH DICTIONARY, compiled by Charles Platt transforms fannish vocabulary into normal language. 80 terms included. 9d per two-colour copy, from the above Platt address. (No copies sent overseas).

GORMLESS RIDES AGAIN... material is needed for the Special Christmas Issue. Send old jokes and anything else remotely resembling humour to Charles Platt. GORM - LESS is only 6d, duplicated in sparkling three-colour hecto.

GET YOUR ELECTRO STENCILS BY RETURN OF POST for only 11/6d, paid in advance. Send artwork and P.O. to H. Palmer, 13 Western Road, St Leonards on Sea, Sussex.

CAN'T AFFORD THE WORLDCON? But you can, saving the Ella Parker way. Send instalments to Miss Ella Parker, Flat 43, William Dunbar House, Albert Road, London NW3 (postal orders only) and build up your Worldcon Account.

A MESSAGE TO ROBERT COULSON: Many apologies for the fact that the last copy of BEYOND to reach you was slightly mis-collated. I wonder how it happened. Still, having discovered a while back that without notification you had ceased sending YANDRO, I don't suppose you will be bothered in future by receiving (mis-collated) BEYONDS.

FROM THE SNIDE TO THE ABSURD: have you read CON, the only Conzine? First issue was beautifully produced, featuring wide-interest middlebrow reading matter and terrific illustrations. Second issue out near Christmas, 1/- per copy. Order yours now: from Christopher Priest, Cornerwise, Wallow Close, Doddinghurst, Brentwood, Essex. (A conzine is, of course, opposite to a Pro-zine...)

THE FIRST MAILING OF THE BSFA PUBLISHING AND DISTRIBUTING SERVICE has appeared. The next is scheduled for near Christmas. There is still time to join PADS, if you are a BSFA member: write to Charles Platt for information. PADS duplicates and even types your fan mag for you. Previous experience in stencil cutting etc is not necessary.

BRUNN

end of part one