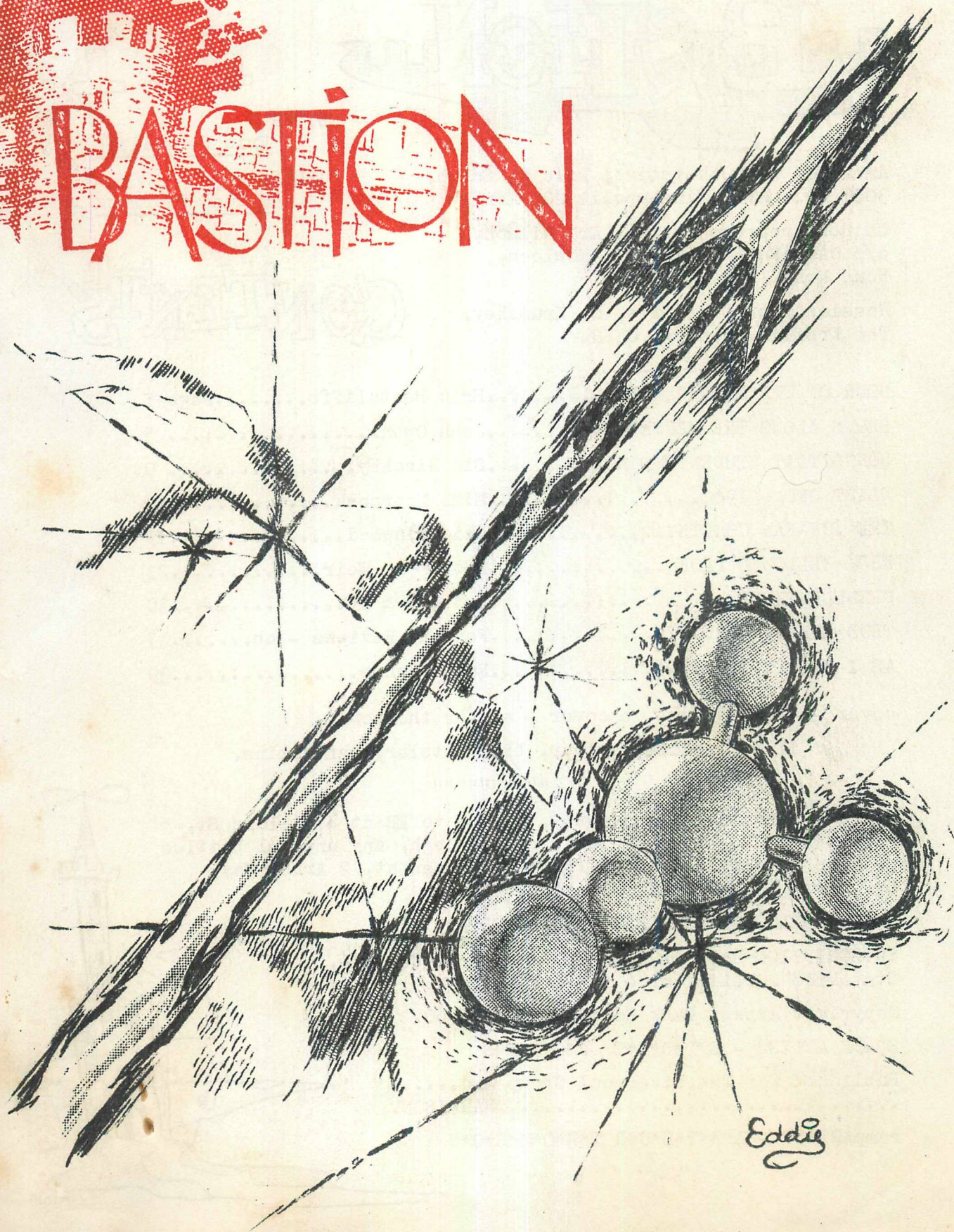


# THE BASTION



Eddie



# BASTION

No. 1.

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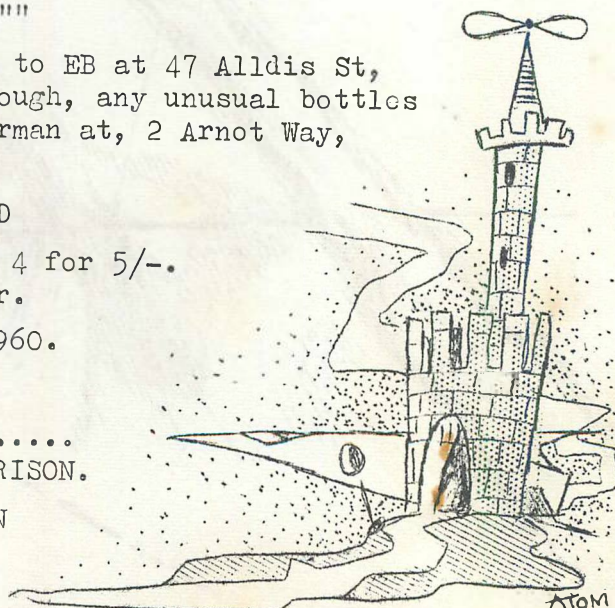
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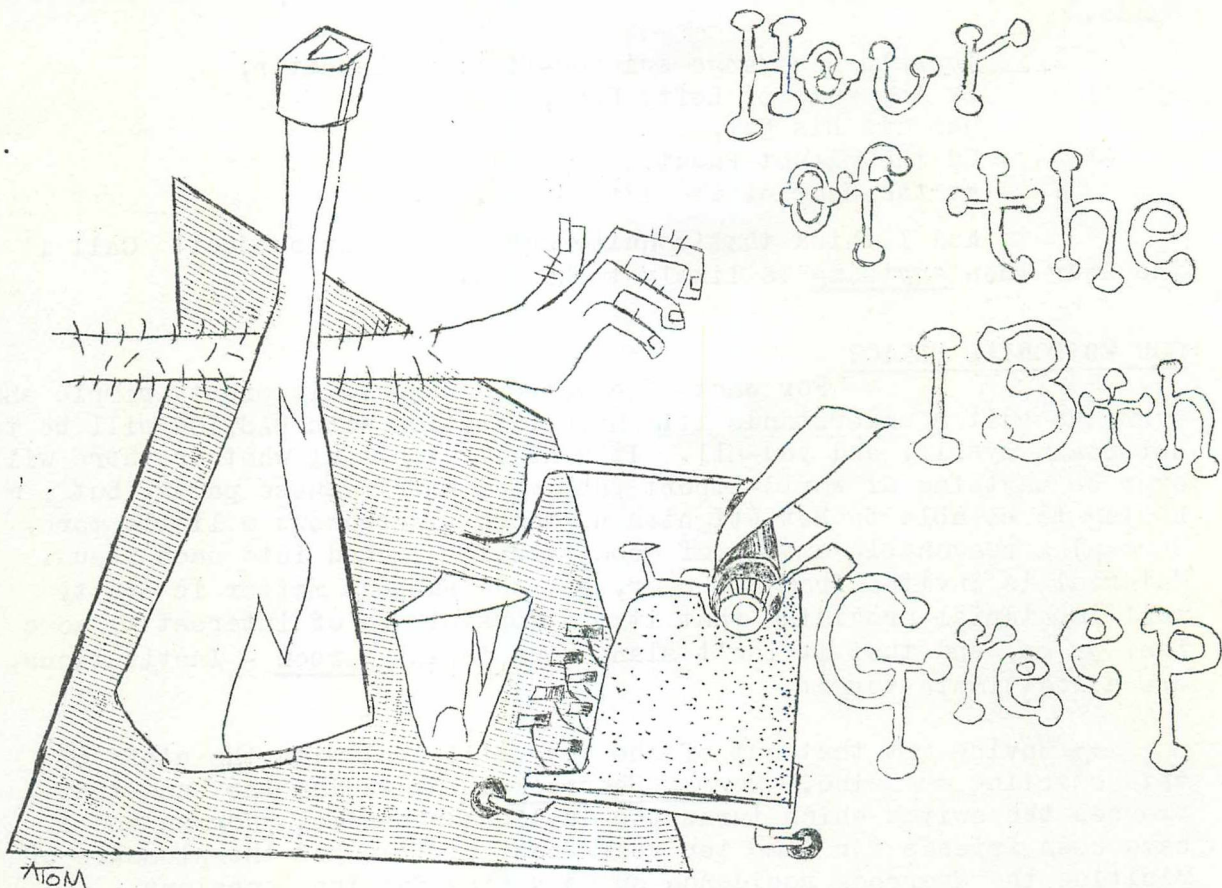
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# Hour of the 13th Greep

Eric Bentcliffe

New magazine, new editorial-type title. 'Intermission' as a title was somewhat mundane, and starting off a new mag gives me the opportunity to change it to something slightly more in character. Titles, I find, can have an effect on my writing, for instance, with a title like this I feel far less constrained - with a title like this anyone would feel less constrained! What does it mean? Well, that's a darn good question and I only wish I could answer it...The Hour Of The 13th Greep is the time when things go Bleep in the night, and:-

There's a squint-eyed Martian Maiden,  
By the name of Ooloo Niip,  
Who gives her favours daily,  
At the Hour of the 13th Greep.

Clear enough? It's an all purpose title, and anyone caring to give their own definition of same is invited to do so. For me it seems evocative of typing in the wee small hours when all mundane people are in bed.

2  
I have used the title before, in my Ompazine WALDO, but having become rather fond of it decided to transfer it to BASTION - something equally mind-shattering will no doubt come to mind before the next issue of Waldo.

There's a strange science-fiction character,  
By the name of Lefty Feep,  
Who did his Nut,  
On the planet Phuut,  
At the Hour of the 13th Greep.

And I think that's quite enough on that subject! Call it the Hour when anything is likely to happen.

#### OUR EDITORIAL POLICY

For want of a better phrase...is pretty simple and even the editor understands it! Main intention with BASTION will be to entertain myself, and you-all. It's highly doubtful whether there will ever be anything of world-import published within these pages, but I'm hoping to be able to get (tighten up those thumbscrews a little more, Norman) a reasonable amount of good material packed into each issue. Material is invited from all over, and the subject matter is pretty well immaterial providing that it may possibly be of interest to some fan, or me, and that it isn't slanderous to any person - Institutions, are a legitimate target.

Having got that out of the way, I'll deal with the staff of this sterling magazine. Norman Shorrock is providing the hand that presses the switch which turns the duplicator handle. Norman and I have been friends for some ten years now and I've had the pleasure of visiting the Shorrock residence on many fine fannish occasions...and if I can just keep him sober at the right moments I'm sure we'll have an excellently produced magazine! Suave Eddie Jones has offered to be our Art Consultant (in return for a certain phone number in Ostend..) and I can hardly think of a better man for the job, particularly as this means I'll be able to get more artwork from him and as he is a veritable walking-armoury these days. That Amorphous Mass in the background is the LIVERPOOL GROUP on whose behalf this magazine is being perpetrated. They have promised to pour alcohol between our parched lips at suitable moments, and (in a weak moment) to pay part of the cost of this magazine. Keith Freeman (our well known B4B representative) will be helping out on stencil-cutting chores from time to time.

There's little else to say other than that this magazine has the WILLIAM HARRISON SEAL OF APPROVAL. And that I hope you'll like it.

Incidentally, you might like to note that the opinions expressed herein are mine, or those of the contributors unless otherwise stated. Anytime a Group opinion is to be expressed this will be suitable indicated, like... " We think that William Harrison is Wonderful "

The LiG.

The Group are, of course, using the usual British gift of understatement....



There's not a great deal to report on the mechanical side of the taping scene at the moment, apart from the fact that I'm probably the only tape addict with a knob on my machine to adjust for "Linen, Wool, Silk, and Rayon", this of course is very useful when using the machine in a strange room - to allow for heavy drapes and such. Phooey on 'Prescience'...

I think a few words on taping in general might be worth saying though. I had a letter from Daphne Buckmaster some time ago in which she enquired what I thought were the advantages of taper over typer. Personally, I tend to think that it all depends on how much imagination the taper's proud owner has. There's little point in investing in a tape-recorder if you are not going to use its full potential. Its main advantage over the written-word is that a more personal contact can be obtained and that you can illustrate by the use of sound any point or theory you may be trying to put over; whether it be how loud an explosion can be made by dropping the microphone onto the tape-deck, or how much better Rock 'n Roll sounds when played at twice normal speed.

I've not had a great deal of contact with mundane tape enthusiasts, but what contact I have had lends me to the theory that they don't use either their imaginations or their machines to their full capacity. This, too, can be said of some fans - there are a few people who can talk the whole length of a tape, like Harry Warner, without being in the least bit boring, but generally there's little advantage in having a taper if you only use it as you would a typewriter, to convey the plain unvarnished Word. It still has the advantage over the written word that misunderstandings are less likely - the hearer can tell by your inflection of phrase what you do mean, of course.

A tape from someone who uses his/her imagination and machine to capacity however, is not merely a 'talking-letter' but an amusing and informative thing to listen to. I find it dorned interesting to try and create a 'sound-picture' of whatever thing or place I'm discussing on tape, and I enjoy making a tape far more, even tho' it takes me longer to do so, when I can run the whole gamut of sound-effects and specially selected music.

The more equipment you have, the more you can do on these lines of course, but basically, if you have a record-player & radio in addition to your taper you've quite enough electronics on hand to enable you to make a pretty interesting tape. All you need is Imagination! There's various methods of making a tape of course, some people prefer to script the whole thing before switching on the taper - personally I find that reading from a prepared script tends to sound stilted unless you've done a bit of acting and can really fit yourself into the part. I prefer to merely make note of a few key-phrases of comment and ad lib from that, although I do occasionally insert predetermined segments into a tape which need scripting (generally because I have to double with more than one voice) beforehand.

One of the most enterprisingly amusing tapes I've yet received was from Tony Thorne, quite a while ago when Tony and the Medway Group were still active. At first I was somewhat annoyed because Tony had used an aluminium reel for taping, and this had become somewhat bent



in transit - bent, it took me about half an hour to straighten it out sufficiently to get it on the taper! The tape itself started out in a pretty normal manner, with natter on various things and continued in a relatively normal manner until about half way through the second side. Then Tony heard something....something rapping on the window, at first he ignored it for it was a dark and dismal night and the wind could be heard blowing widdershins round the eaves of his house. Peculiar fluttering noises began to be heard, the scratchings at the window became intensified...it was obvious that something wanted to get in. Tony, at last, decided that he had better investigate the noise. There was the sound of a door being opened, a howl of wind, a scream....and then the tape ran out!

It's strange. I sent that tape back to Tony a couple of weeks later, but I've never heard from him since....

#### I'M ON THE MENU AT THE BANQUET

Whilst I've already written quite a few words on my reaction to winning TAFF - and a most pleasant reaction it is - I'm so full of it all that a few more words will be forthcoming any moment now. I'm highly delighted that, for instance, I'll be sharing a room at Pittsburgh with P. Schuyler Miller. I've always enjoyed Schuy's reviews of s-f in ASF and I'm pretty sure I'm going to like the man behind the writing. Like most fans, I expect, I like some reviewers and I don't like others....I like them because their taste in s-f seems similar to mine and they give me a good guide on what is going to be worth reading, and what isn't. Anthony Boucher, and Schuyler Miller have always been my favourite reviewers.

I'm looking forward, too, to appearing on the Fanzine Editors Panel which my friend Lynn Hickman is moderating. Other members of the panel will be Bob Tucker, Ron Ellik, Dan McPhail, Bob Madle, and Buck Coulson. The panel members are roughly divided between old-time publishers and current Publishing Giants - the main subject for discussion will be the differences between fnz publishing THEN and NOW. Should be interesting I think.

There are all kinds of other things I'm looking forward to, as well, of course, both mundane and fannish. If possible I want to get to at least one Baseball Game with someone who can explain the game to me, then I'll be able to enjoy more fully the occasional s-f story which has a ball-game setting. I'd like to hear some jazz while I'm over, too. But most of all...I just want to circulate and meet as many American fans as possible.

Thanks, everyone, for making this trip possible for me.

I intend to write an account of my trip as soon as possible after I've returned, as to how this will be published I haven't as yet decided. I rather lean towards having it published as a one-shot with all proceeds going to TAFF...and to also write more fully on one or two incidents which, I hope, will take place, for general fanzine publication. Comments and Opinion on this are welcomed.

And this looks remarkably like the bottom of the page coming

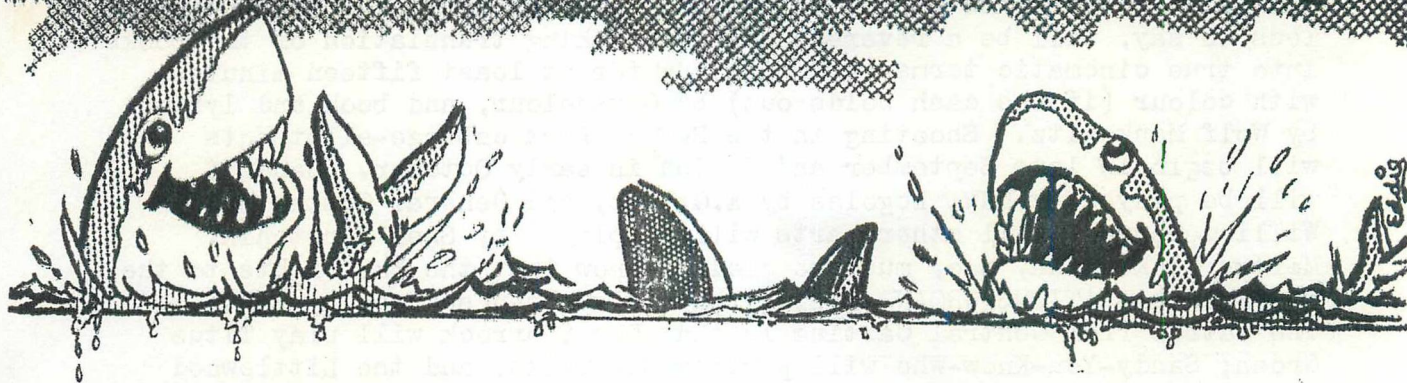
up....

Yrs

.....Eric Bentcliffe



# DRUMS ALONG THE MERSEY!



## TREATS IN STORE

It may have occurred to you, dear reader, that you are now a BASTION Subber; a participant, in other words, in a form of vice which has the authentically unsavoury ring, but which is nevertheless unlikely to yield you any deep sensual gratification. Not to mince matters, reader, this makes you something of a literary pervert; however, I have the assurances of the entire BASTION editorial staff that he'll do his level best to satisfy your (why mince now?) weird requirements. The rumoured possibility that some s-f content would occasionally be incorporated into the magazine gave our snug, hedonistic little group a nasty moment or two; but when it was understood that nobody from Liverpool would - indeed, could - be expected to propagate such dangerous heresies, all was once more sweetness and light. One can say, then, that BASTION should inherit most of the unique characteristics of its progenitors; and we may expect the usual

BY JOHN OWEN

ooze of vital, though-provoking features which, at the time of writing, are rumoured to include the following items: "I'm Taking The L-Plates Off My Mobile Fornicatorium," by Melwood Towers; "Hymns To Him: A Selection Of Joyous, Fawning Chants," by Messrs Hurstmonceaux, Faversham and Liberace; and a lament for the decline of credible aliens in fantasy movies entitled simply, "Fings Ain't What They Used To Be". You wince, reader? But remember how good all this is for your masochistic condition.

## HAIL AND FAREWELL

Due to the almost (southern) Irish unpredictability of dear old SD's publishing schedule, it now becomes necessary to write a farewell notice for Joan Brew and Kitty Dowdall without ever having introduced them in these columns; however, let it be said that these two delightful young things were with the group for over a year, had medical training and a Florence Nightingale spirit which proved invaluable at parties, and have now left for the Metropolis, higher pay and Harrison - though naturally not in that order. May they prosper in Lunnon and return in triumph to subsidise us. They stand a pretty good chance: after all, if the Master's managed to find work down there.....



## SON OF GANDALF MEETS TITUS GROAN

Enthusiasts of Professor Tolkien's works will be relieved to hear that, despite strenuous counter-bidding by the other major studios, Mersey And Deeside - the Group's film and tape offshoot - has finally secured exclusive cine rights to the entire Ring series. MaD's version, needless to say, will be a reverent and painstaking translation of the books into true cinematic terms, and will run for at least fifteen minutes, with colour (if the cash holds out) by Gevacolour, and book and lyrics by Wolf Mankowitz. Shooting in the Sefton Park cabbage-allotments will begin in late September and finish in early October. Gandalf will be played by NGW, Legolas by E.C.Tubb, and General Custer by William Gargan. All other parts will be played by Shel Deretchin. Mervyn Peake fans, too, must be glad to know that the 8mm rights to the incomparable 'TITUS GROAN' trilogy have also been secured by MaD. The latest from Central Casting is that Roy Shorrocks will play Titus Groan; Sandy-You-Know-Who will portray Steerpike; and the Littlewood Songsters will appear as themselves in the big 'Daddy Was Eaten By Owls' number. Stan Nuttall, of course, will play Gormenghast.

## THREE CROWDED DAYS, AS IF YOU CARED

Saturday, the 4th of June was enlivened - indeed, enriched - by the arrival of Wm. Harrison, Esq., who took a short break from the deuced ticklish business of Saving The Empire to join us in a memorable dinner at La Broche. We agreed that never, even in Vienna itself, had we tasted such succulent Wiener Schnitzels; indeed, so impressed was the Master with His meal that He took the unprecedented step of awarding the restaurant Three Stars - an honor for our city, you will understand, comparable only with the granting of its charter in II00-odd... The following day found most of us ensconced in the time-hallowed, wine-spattered strip of Fresh-fields Beach we've made peculiarly our own. Decorated as it now is with abandoned Niersteiner bottles and chicken-bones, the place has a pleasant, homely flavour, and we've come to love and revere it. It was a distinguished occasion: besides Sir William, charming London-Chapter member Kitty Dowdall had also come up for the weekend; and at about two-thirty, no less a personage than BASTION's editor, accompanied by the delectable Beryl, staggered into view around a sand-dune and collapsed in a heap before us with the request that we 'force brandy down his throat'. He recovered, and vin rose and off-colour witticisms flowed freely throughout the long, golden afternoon. Suddenly, however, as if to rebuke us for our impious revelry, the gods visited us with a punitive downpour and sent us scattering to the nearest Harrison Two-Star - twenty miles away. Here we were joined by Frank & Patty Milnes, and, if my memory serves me aright (well damnit, I can't be expected to remember everything), we finished up drinking kummel and dancing Limbo in a rather interesting little place called, doubtless for some good reason, The Other Club. Monday, which was spent in a condition of pleasant idleness punctuated by furious bouts of gastronomy, rounded off what had proved to be a very pleasurable weekend. \*\*

6 \*\* Marred only by the fact that Sir William lost His sun-glasses down the Wine Mine; since these were provided thoughtfully by The Government and give off X-Rays we feel that someone may be in for a surprise.



## Metamorphosis, Already

LaSFaS having passed peacefully away in its sleep, and the Liverpool Group's aims having now been roughly formulated, it might be as well briefly to summarise these for the benefit of our vast, amorphous readership. If you're interested, then, the indications are that the group intends to operate somewhat along the following lines:

Firstly, fandom will remain the basis for many of the Group's activities, both social and otherwise. We still hope to attend fan conventions - if they will let us in - and will continue to see our feeble outpourings promulgated to fandom with the help of our Stockport Branch. On an individual basis, of course, such sterling fen as Roles and Shorrocks (OMPA, and like that), and Ina Shorrocks (BSFA Chairman), are maintaining contact with fanac at its more serious levels, and you've most probably heard that we are sending a Missionary to the New World this year; but one can say that as far as our ordinary, average, hemp-chewing Member is concerned, LiG is now officially a 'fringefan' organization.

Why the change - or rather, why the sudden official recognition of the change? Principally because we feel strongly that, if we are not to stagnate, we urgently need new blood, metaphorically as well as literally; and this brings us, as they say, to the heart of the matter. Which can be briefly put as follows. Item: many of us - though by no means all, of course - heartily endorse Patty Milnes' recent, succinct definition of the bulk of s-f as 'the half-baked conjectures of pulp magazine hacks'; maybe our Sense Of Wonder is evaporating (Bester novels appearing too infrequently to keep it alive), or perhaps our critical faculties are beginning to assert themselves - at any rate, we've lost our proselytising zeal. Item: S-F is now being widely read by the general public, a Club whose ostensible aim is to propagate interest in the genre seems no longer necessary or justifiable. Item: The present range and diversity of fantasy literature is so great that discussion of it at Club meetings - even assuming that we wanted to discuss it - has become extremely difficult, as no two members (of the three or four who can read) are likely to have read the same piece of fiction; and one can imagine the vividity, fluency and precision of members' verbal reactions if asked to do a little Required Reading for subsequent group analysis. In short, it's become increasingly obvious to us that an s-f fan club, per se, is no longer what we are or what we want to be.

We intend, therefore, in our campaign for new members, to emphasise our interest in cine, tape, amateur publishing and social activities, as well as our connections with s-f and fandom; and we'll be just as happy to welcome the amateur movie-maker, for example (providing he's not too intense about the bloody subject), as the potential science-fiction addict. As regards MaD Productions, Front Office tell me that, though fannish items will probably continue to appear (God!), it's more than likely that we'll broaden our outlook and activities in this field also.

The Old Guard of fandom may consider all this - i.e. it considers it at all - to be deplorable; as we see it, however, the course we're adopting is absolutely necessary if we're to persist as an organised Club, and not merely a party of friends.



Those who know us will hardly need reminding that we've always been a social rather than a fannish group; in effect, therefore, it might be said that we're merely bowing, gracefully, to the Inevitable.

Further information will be sent to you, if required, under plain cover.

#### THINGS-ARE-LOOKING-UP DEPT.

Welcome to our newest member, Miss Marjorie Denton. Marjorie is not only an attractive redhead, but also Uncle Stanley's very special Chum (though one would be forgiven for the occasional suspicion that they are more than just-Chums). Besides having the customary quota of womanly charms, Marjorie possesses that rarest of feminine attributes, a genuine sense of humour; and we're all naturally delighted to have her with us.

#### WITHOUT COMMENT

Extract from 'The Cricklewood & Neasden Intelligencer' of 10th July, 1960: "Acting on information received, a party of police officers: last night visited the basement of a house in Golders Green, where they apprehended a group of thirty-seven people of both sexes, all of whom have been detained in custody for further questioning. A quantity of what was described as 'insense' was confiscated, as well as some privately-printed literature, five bullwhips, seventeen rubber masks and a portable altar. The man describing himself as the 'leader' of the arrested party said that he was President of the London Chapter of an organisation known as the 'Liverpool Group'. When asked what the Group's aims were, the man appeared confused. A goat which was found tethered to a pillar in the basement has been removed to RSPCA headquarters at Cricklewood. Police investigations are continuing."

.....JohnO.

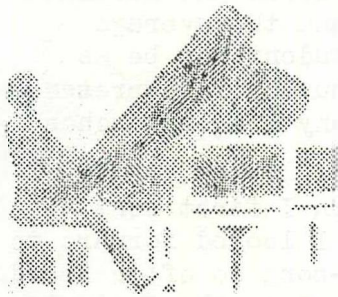
## COMING NEXT ISSUE, ALAS

In response to unprecedented public demand, we are omitting the customary Harrison episode from this first issue of BASTION. The next issue, however, will see the return of this well-loved figure in what is, alas, His penultimate adventure in the series. Entitled "Harrison In Wonderland", it describes the Great Man's recent visit to the United States, and will involve - among other things - high life in Washington, low life in L.A., earthy passions in Catnip County, Ga., and an encounter with the forces of evil (and a hellish Pizza Pie) in New Athens (Utah). Discriminating readers are urged to cancel their subscriptions immediately if they wish to avoid this extraordinary farrago; former subscribers to TRIODE, of course, will know what to expect.....

H. Hurstmonceaux; C. Faversham; White's, London.



# SONGS THAT STUDENTS SING



By Sid  
Birchby

I sometimes wish I'd lived in the days when money was really money, when ordinary men knew what the yellowy waxy feel of gold in their pockets was like. Nowadays, all they can hope for is the dry crackle of whitey - green promises to pay, and we all know what promises are worth.

Money in my opinion, is not money unless it looks like money; that is to say, it should have a rich colour, and a fine moulding, and it should weigh nicely in the hand. One of the handsomest coins I know is the Cartwheel 2 d piece of 1797; a great hefty two-inch disc at least a quarter of an inch thick, made of gleaming bronze. On one side it has George III staring haughtily in the pose of a Roman emperor with a laurel wreath on his head, and on the reverse, a strapping Britannia with the muscles of a Percheron shaking an olive branch the size of a Shillelagh. This is a coin!

That's the sort of money to have for the sort of money most of us get. Paper banknotes can only hold their own in denominations so large that the critical mind boggles. I have, for instance, a Bank of England note for £1,000, or rather, a micro-photograph of one 2mm. long on a glass slide, and even though it has to be examined under a x.100 microscope lens, the sheer audacity of any paper being worth a thousand smackers takes my breath away.

As horrid examples of what a coinage should not be like, I recall some small change which I brought back from the Canaries a few years ago. It was the same coinage as that of Spain, and consisted of feather-light dull alloy which looked like a mixture of aluminium and mud. The moulding and decoration was insipid and fussy, and what few corners and arrises had not been botched from the start by the nature of the material had been rubbed down in use; and they weren't ten years out of the mint.



They didn't inspire the least bit of confidence. Why, I'd put more faith in our plastic bus-tokens in Manchester.

It must have been fine to live when railway porters touched their hats to the gentry, trousering tips in the form of gleaming gold half-sovereigns as a reward for their services. What a glow of lordly affluence it must have given to be able to tip with gold! And how I wish I'd been one of the porters, bustling about the platform as groups of well-to-do undergraduates, in striped jackets and boaters, waited for the train to take them up to the new University term! How I would have bustled!

In those days, undergraduates, like the coins jingling in their pockets, were universally recognised as being backed by gold. There is simply no connection between the well-heeled sons of lords and merchants who comprised the student bodies of fifty years ago and the average stubbly, duffle-coated shambler of today. Today's student may be as bright as their predecessors, and to judge by their outlay in espresso bars, they are not short of cash, either, but nobody any longer touches his cap to a student. Certainly not railway porters.

You can tell this in the songs they sing. When I first went to Manchester, soon after the war, among the facilities I looked forward to was taking part in the sort of tuneful students sing-song so often heard on the radio. When I went to my first freshers' night in the Students Union bar, it was with a ghostly chorus of *Gaudeamus igitur* ringing in my ears. I quite expected the evening to be one of merriment and good fellowship, ending in a succession of hearty songs like a superior version of a Youth Hostel common-room on a saturday night. In fact, the whole evening was extremely dull, consisting chiefly of attempts by various tutors to drag small-talk out of knots of students who wanted to be left alone to drink and brood. The singing was non-existent, apart from an attempt at 'Nelly Dean' by a few who had managed to get through more beer than the rest, and were therefore drunker. A look from the Professor soon shut them up, and shortly afterwards they left.

I was forty years too late. I was expecting a fashion that went out with King Edward VII, and never revived. Never once did I hear a serious attempt to sing. Such choruses as might be bellowed out on festive occasions were ill-remembered, poorly delivered, and hackneyed in content. As to ribaldry, I learnt far more and better lyrics in the army.



I did once hear a fairly coherent version of 'The Foggy Foggy Dew' at a student meeting, but only to find that it was from a record recently issues.



Although I implied that the age of students' songs was the early 1900's, the true home and the true age of Studentenlieder was 19th-Century Germany, from which other lands freely borrowed for many years, until their own were composed. In the University of Liverpool's student song-book for 1913, for example, most of the purely student themes draw very heavily from the German Students' Commersbuch, and from other German sources.; eg., 'The Student of Prague's Adieu', 'Oh! The Pass Examination', 'The Freshman's Ride', and so on.

German students' songs fell into three categories. First, the drinking song, with words only slightly adapted from older pre-student days:

'The way-word student cries his need,  
Bring beaker cool and cheering' etc.

Then the nostalgic:

' Here have we worked and here have played,  
And comrades found and friendships made.'

And lastly the humorous:

' Comes a gentle perspiration,  
When my finals loom in sight.'

These three themes also happen to mirror parts of the German character, which is doubtless why Germany was the home of the student song. But they also mirror feelings which arise in students no matter where, and their counterparts are common in England, too. For example, the nostalgic with a suitably lugubrious overtone, as in the Harrow School Song:

' Forty years on, growing older and older,  
Feeble of foot and rheumatic of shoulder.'

And the drinking song (from Liverpool):

' Upon their bearskin rugs they lay,  
And never stopped calling for more ! '

Or the humorous, often half-song, half shouted slogan:

' Whose SOUL is clean and white ?  
Who's ne'er by doubt perplexed ?  
Who is, in short, ALL RIGHT  
In THIS WORLD and the Next ?  
It is the DICKY SAM, the LIV-ER-PUD-LI-AN !  
All hail great DICKY SAM! Hail LIV-ER-PUD-LI-AN!

The humorous theme was the one most often taken up by the British student, and when native songs were composed, the most successful were the humorous ones. Some of the German importations pointed the way, eg., ' The Last Ichthyosaurus' :

' The sea smiles false in the twilight  
The reeds they shiver and sigh;  
With tears in his eyes as he gazes,  
An Ichthyosaurus goes by '

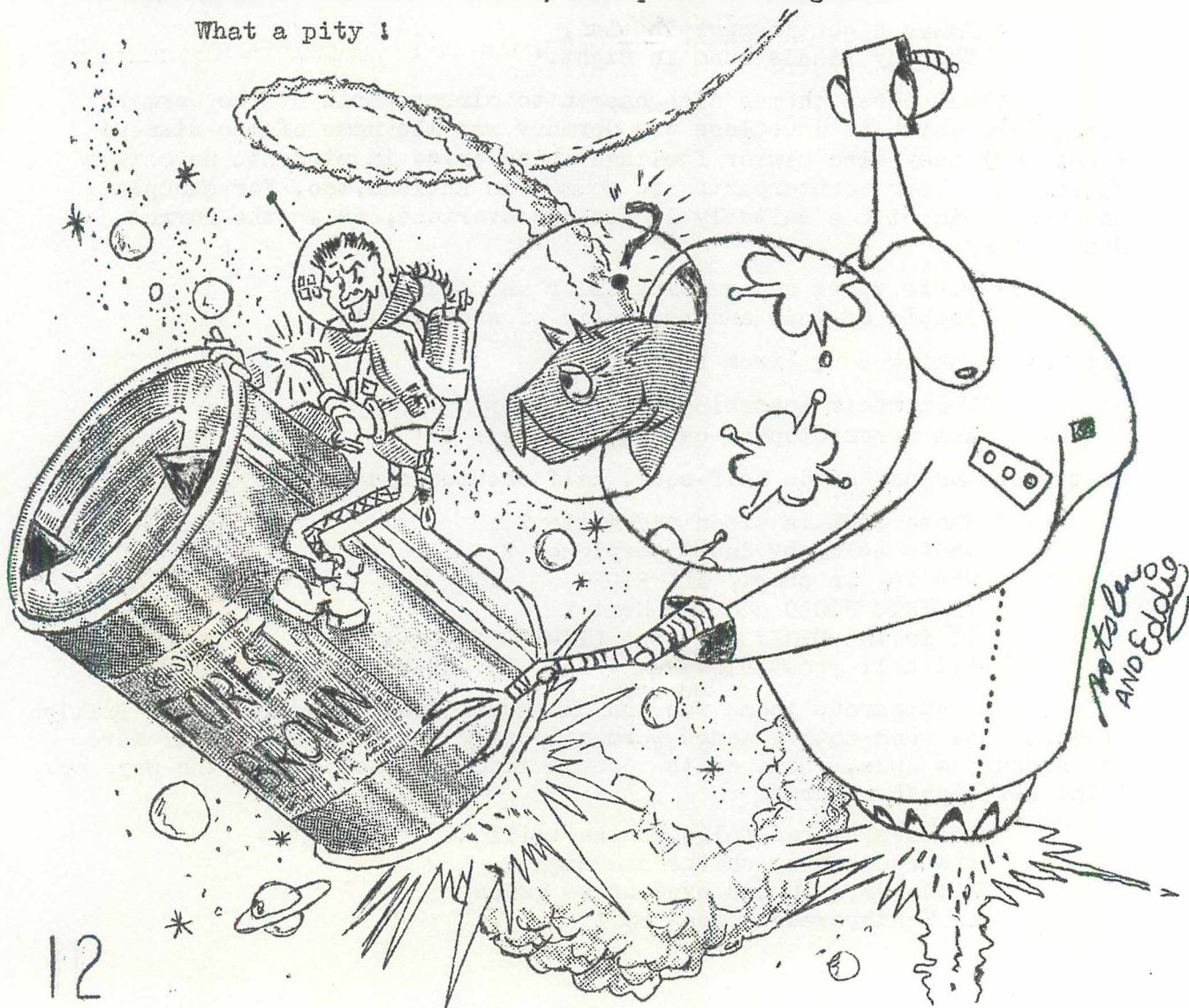


By the time of the 1913 Songbook there were such gems as 'The MD of Liverpool':

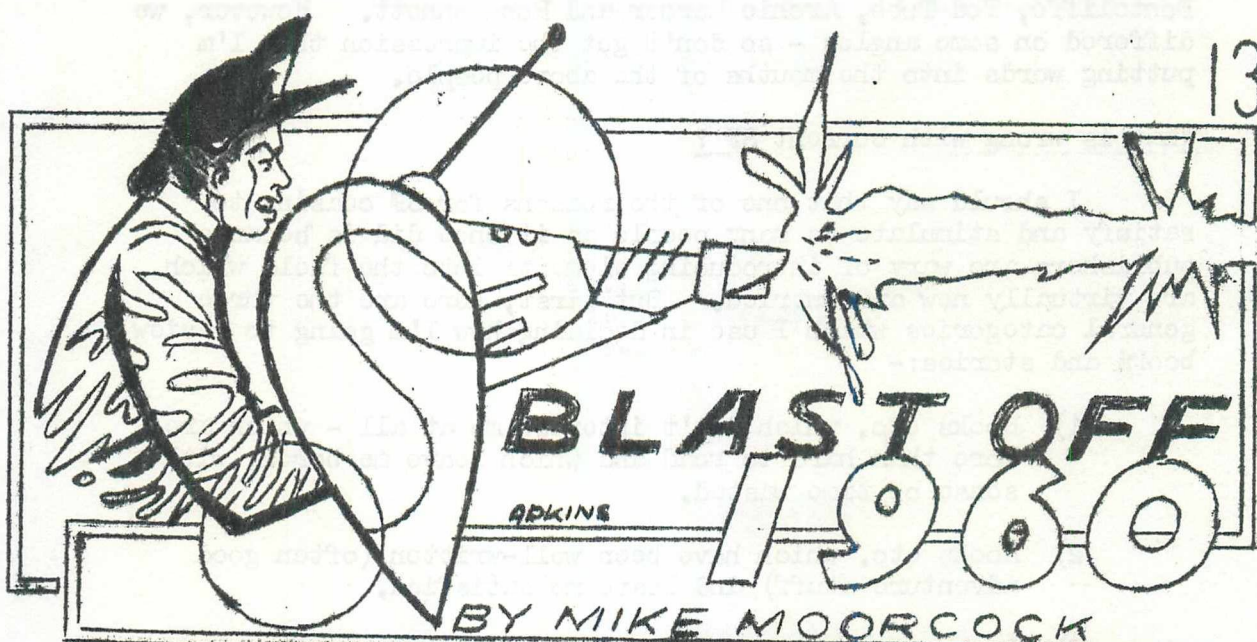
'An Aigburth man was tired of life,  
I thought and then prescribed a wife,  
They cut him down on Mossley Hill,  
I think his heirs should pay that bill.'

But in 1913 the end was near. Soon it was time for students everywhere to sing 'Tipperary', and anything of German origin fell from favour. The native strain of student song withered and was replaced at student gatherings by imports from the army, from mundane life, and finally, at the present day, from Tin Pan Alley. Humorous songs are still being produced in this country, but they arise among such second-order groups as cavers and climbers. That particular combination of high spirits, high IQ, and high hopes which, at its best, characterised former student days, never returned. Indeed, with the present day emphasis on technical subjects, students now find many of the old songs, wherein a knowledge of Greek and Latin was taken for granted, and many of the refrains written in them, are quite meaningless.

What a pity !







At the EasterCon this year, I was agreeably surprised to hear SF discussed not only during the Ted Carnell Talk but everywhere fans were gathered - room parties, bars, restaurants, under tables - everywhere.

We all agreed that currently SF is in a bad way but, thank goodness, few people were fatalistic about it. Some people wanted it to go back to what it was ten years ago; others wanted it to slant off in new directions and embrace elements from other fields while still retaining its own distinctive essence. Still others wanted to steer a middle road.

Now why this virtually unheard of phenomenon of fans discussing SF over almost an entire Con?

I think it's because they were, until fairly recently, comparatively complacent about SF. It was there to be read and enjoyed and read and enjoyed it was - until a number of gradual changes combined to make it cease to be either.

Our complacency was shattered when we realised that there was nothing currently enjoyable or readable in most modern magazine SF. We're worried now. So are the publishers - they aren't getting our support or, more important, the support of the general reader who obviously feels as we do.

I'm going to try, if it's possible, and attempt an analysis of what's wrong with current SF.

Drawing on points raised on the Saturday of the Con, I might be able to piece together some idea of what happened to make SF what it generally is today, and also discover what is needed. For a long time I'd had my own ideas - and was surprised and glad to see that other people had much the same ideas - people



like Arthur Thomson, Brian Aldiss, Ken Slater, Ted Carnell, Eric Bantoliffe, Ted Tubb, Archie Mercer and Ron Bennett. However, we differed on some angles - so don't get the impression that I'm putting words into the mouths of the above people.

### What is wrong with current SF ?

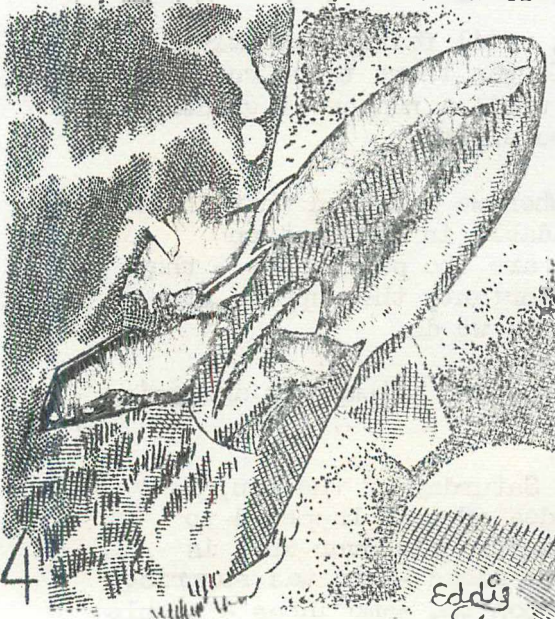
I should say that one of the reasons for SF ceasing to satisfy and stimulate as many people as it once did is because publishers are wary of introducing elements into the field which are virtually new and untried. But first, here are the three general categories which I use in deciding how I'm going to review books and stories:-

- 1) Books etc. which don't interest me at all - which are more than hard to read and which leave me bored, with a sense of time wasted.
- 2) Books etc. which have been well-written (often good adventure stuff) and leave me satisfied.
- 3) Books etc. which have been well-written about real problems and fundamental truths, and which leave me stimulated, wanting more. Books which, in fact, have contributed in some concrete way to my own career as a writer and my own career as a human being.

Sorry if that sounds pretentious.

Most SF today (in magazines) comes into category 1; a lot more comes into category 2; a very little comes into category 3. Hardly enough to count, in fact.

In England there are nine magazines published regularly which are Science Fiction in content. Six of these are American reprints and are, in order of current popularity:



FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION	(2)
ASTOUNDING SCIENCE FICTION	(1-2)
GALAXY SCIENCE FICTION	(1-2)
IF SCIENCE FICTION	(1-2)
ORIGINAL SCIENCE FICTION	(1-2)
FUTURE SCIENCE FICTION	(1-2)

I have listed my own ratings against them. 1-2 ratings are where I've given the magazine benefit of the doubt. So, out of six magazines, five I count as mediocre, one as satisfying.

Edg



British magazines are all, of course, run by NOVA now, under Ted Carnell's editorship. These, for the record, are:

NEW WORLDS (2)

SCIENCE FANTASY (2-3)

SCIENCE FICTION ADVENTURES (2)

Thus, it's obvious that find them all satisfying for the most part, and one is sometimes stimulating.

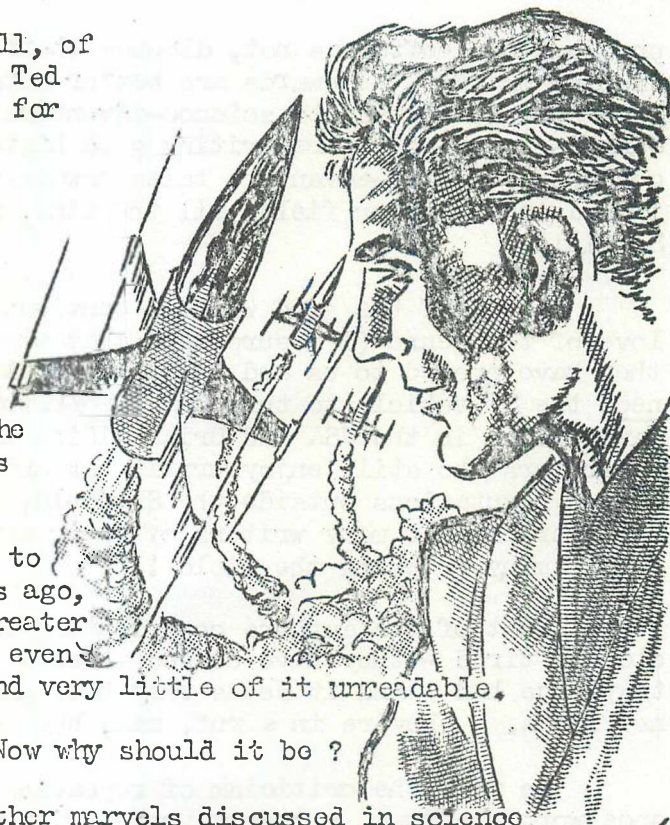
If there was space here to analyse SF of ten years or less ago, I'd probably discover that a greater percentage was stimulating, an even larger percentage satisfying and very little of it unreadable.

That's the position. Now why should it be ?

Space travel and many other marvels discussed in science fiction stories are now concrete fact in the minds of most people. Thus, stories of space travel and nuclear power are no longer escapism. The escapists (more than we'd really like to think) therefore don't want to read SF and they don't want to write it. These stories are no longer about facts of the future - they are about facts of the present or even of the past ! So if you give your story a future background or not, it is still dealing with a contemporary problem and thus can be handled better in a contemporary setting (NERVES by del Rey, ISOTOPE MAN by Maine and CHAIN REACTION by Hodder Williams). SF of twenty years ago, it is obvious by reading these books, is undisputable fact of today.

Also, much of the good stuff in SF is not really SF as we think of it; many of the best writers are not essentially SF writers. The mediocre writers (most of them these days) are dealing with contemporary problems but haven't the knowledge, interest, time or ability to present these problems against a contemporary setting. They take the easy way out and write them up as SF, slanting them at the SF market, writing in a slick, pseudo-sophisticated style which is so brittle that it crumbles under the strain of serious reading. They sell them to editors (many of whom are as concerned as we are about the state of SF) who, to fill a magazine, take what they can, hoping to get the occasional good story out of a batch of crud. The editors have lost most of their potentially good writers to other fields or to pocket-books and hard-cover novels. The magazines exist - they have to be filled.

Fewer and fewer really good writers are coming into the field. Those who used SF as a vehicle for discussing important



Eddie



problems can, often as not, discuss their problems in contemporary fiction or fact. Rewards are better outside of the field. The good science-fantasy or science-adventure writers (L. Sprague de Camp is an example) are writing good historical-adventure tales or good contemporary-adventure tales nowadays. Rates per word, increasing in other fields all the time, remain static within the SF field.

A few of the good writers continue to write SF out of sheer love of the genre (I'm surprised that there are a few left) although they have proved to us and to the general public that they don't need the SF vehicle to turn out a worthwhile novel or short story. James Blish in the USA and Brian Aldiss in Britain are good examples of writers who still enjoy writing SF and who, although they've gained reputations outside the SF field, stick to their first love. But there aren't many writers of their ability left - and there aren't many entering the field !

Most of the authors contributing to the SF magazines are old and tired - they have ceased to be stimulated by the ideas they once had - and it seems they have an inability to think up new ideas. They're in a rut, man, but good.

To risk the criticism of repeating myself - those who were once worth reading, but could only write SF, are no longer coming up with fresh ideas; those who were once worth reading, but could write outside the SF field, have for the most part gone into other fields. The few who are still worth reading and are still coming up with new ideas are either sat upon by editors (largely because of those editors' bosses - the publishers) or can only write a small amount of the stuff, compared to the large amount being published.

That's the situation. I'd like to enlarge on it sometime. The best way to do this will, if possible, be to answer any criticism this article may arouse from you.

#### How can SF be stimulating again ?

I don't think, personally, that it can regain its lost life by going backwards and becoming what it was ten years ago. Anyway, the idea of SF going back is paradoxical.

No. it needs new approaches, new angles and fresh treatment, and the standard of writing (a standard set by the best of the current authors) must continue to aim higher.

There are two directions in which SF can go if it wishes to survive - both directions are forward, of course. Some of it can become adventure fiction (the kind Ted Tubb can write so well) and some of it can go deeper into the fundamentals of humanity and can, at the same time, remain largely a speculative fiction (the kind Brian Aldiss is writing more and more). In the States I can think of Fritz Leiber as a parallel of Tubb and Blish for Aldiss (although all, of course, have dissimilarities of style, approach etc.)



Some of the best of the recent SF published (either in magazine form or book form - interestingly it's usually both in the long run) has dealt to some extent with theology. A CASE OF CONSCIENCE by Blish, for instance, JUDAS DANCED by Aldiss, A CANTICLE FOR LEIBOWITZ by Miller. A number of the virtually or altogether unheard of new writers are interested in theological SF themes. I am one, and two of my close friends are others. I have met more. The field of real theology is still very fresh and a great deal of good SF could deal with it.

We musn't forget fantasy. A great many of our best English literary figures write straight or borderline fantasy a lot of the time. William Golding, Mervyn Peake, Henry Treece, J.R.R. Tolkien and many others (others I've heard of but haven't as yet read).

There is no need to describe adventure-fantasy or adventure-science-fiction here. We must all have read it at some time. But adventure must be good adventure - its standards must be high. Adventure (pure emotion) must have its place; but I feel that the more serious appreciators of SF will find more to interest them in the second category (one, of course, can still embrace elements of the other). Luckily, I enjoy both.

Out of the magazines, I can see hope in only four of them. Three of those four are British - the other is F&SF if it manages to get out of the rather brittle rut it is currently in.

If the editors of these magazines wish to begin improving their publications almost immediately they cannot expect to print 'real' SF all the time. Borderline fantasy, serious occult fantasy (something like the kind of stuff Charles Williams tried to write), satire and - yes - even Space-Westerns (although these should be excellent - not nearly so) should all be published along with the little that is currently worth reading of pure SF. This will fill the magazines with work which, at least, should be worth reading. Slowly these editors should encourage not only established Goldings, Lewis's and Peakes into their ranks - but new (and good) writers of the same category. Slowly these editors should steer them off on to SF tracks and encourage them to write the pure stuff. We already have the standards set by the writers I have mentioned (Blish, Aldiss etc.) so I am not suggesting the impossible.

Editors have got to work on this - they've got to be intensely dedicated men like Campbell was - but Campbell has gone as far as he can (perhaps too far with ASTOUNDING) and we need new Campbells who have had their baptism-of-print in the new literary climate. These, in turn, will probably go the way that Campbell has gone - and, in turn, will be replaced



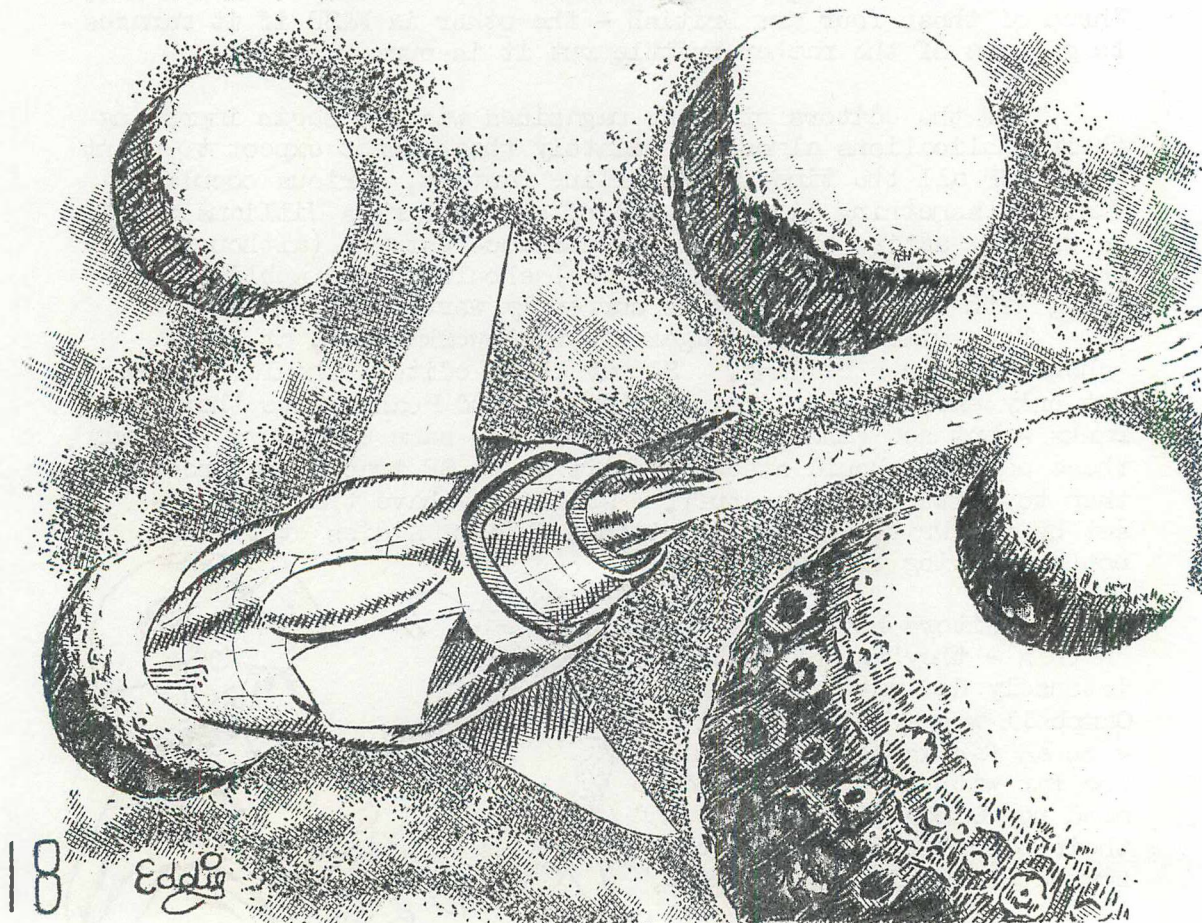


with newer Campbells. This, let's face it, is the way of things. We can thank Campbell for creating the altered climate, now we must forget the climate which caused Campbell to do what he did and work under the conditions he has made (making new conditions for those who will follow us). This is the only way in which literature as a whole can continue to live fully with virility and scope.

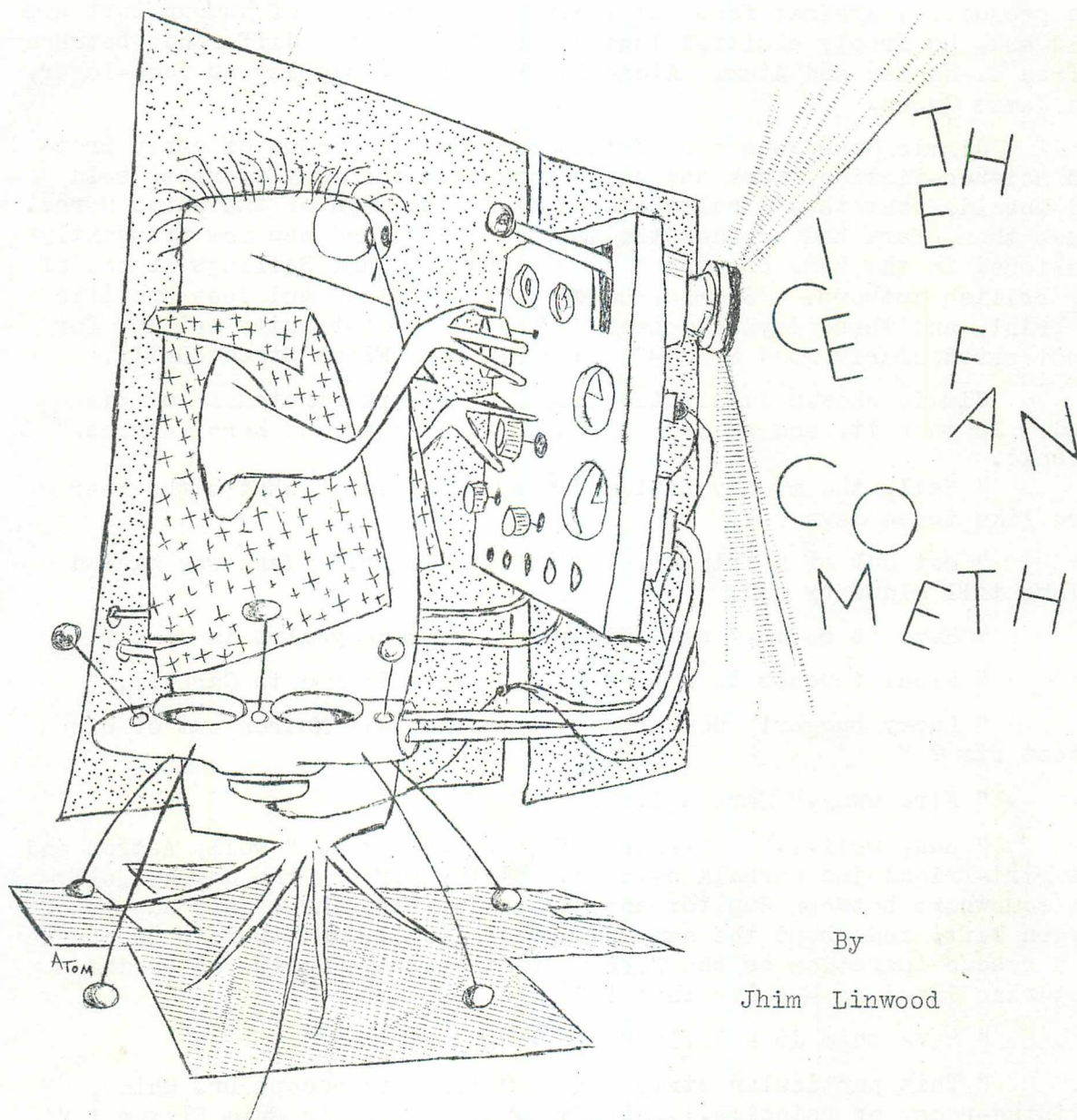
Many of these comments, could, I'm certain, apply to the current stagnation of literature here, in the States and in France. As in SF, there is still good writing being published - but not enough! Poetry, painting, playwriting - it's the same in those fields also.

The British Science Fiction Association may play an important part in helping to establish the new climate and many of its members feel that this is so. I'd advise any of you to join, if you haven't already done so. You'll be supporting something worthwhile - as you'll discover.

.....Mike Moorcock.







By

Jhim Linwood

It was unusually hot for the time of year as Mark Dinsdale entered the Globe. He hadn't been there for over a year, and this visit wasn't intended; he'd travelled to London for the day to see Ted Carnell about his latest serial, and discovered he had a few hours to spare before his train left. Knowing that there should be a meeting at the Globe, he had decided to drop in in the hopes of meeting old friends. He recognised a few old faces in the corner, but the group was composed mainly of neofen, who became conspicuous immediately by asking who the tall stranger was.

Ella Parker's voice pierced the gentle mumble, as she discussed the latest 'CRY' with Jimmy Groves, who was absently staring into his orange-juice. Mike Moorcock and Barry Bayley were making sketches for a comic-strip, while Mike's sister-in-law, Tikki, was the centre of a dozen or so pimply-faced adolescents.



Mark searched the sea of faces for that of a fellow author, not that he was prejudiced against fans but their peculiar sense of humour left him cold and, he freely admitted that he didn't know the difference between Alfred E. Neuman and Adam. Alone in one corner, sipping an iced-lager, was James Green.

Jimmie Green was one of the great unsung heroes of early British science-fiction, Mark had never forgotten the many stories, sold and unsold, that they'd collaborated on in the days of the White Horse. Since then, Mark had invaded the American field and was now frequently mentioned in the same breath as Clarke, Russell and Sellings as one of the British authors. Jimmie, however, became less and less prolific in print, and these days had become reduced to continuity writing for a not particularly good Space-Opera strip in a Fleet Street Daily.

Jimmie showed dissipated interest as Mark stretched out his hand. He took it, and smiled. "Hail, the conquering hero returns," he said.

"Hail, the mighty fallen," Mark returned, "what's the beer here like these days?"

"Not out of a fridge', try an iced-lager." Mark was handed a long tall glass by Lou.

"Have it on me," said Jimmie, "how come you're in town?"

"Final touches to a serial I've just flogged to Carnell."

"Lucky bugger! How about helping Captain Astron out of his latest fix?"

"Fire away," Mark smiled.

"Huh, well..." exclaimed Jimmie, surprised, "well, Astron and his girl-friend Ina Marsala have been cast adrift by the Jovian jelly-men somewhere between Jupiter and Mars, they have three days supply of Oxygen left, and about the same amount of food....and there's no chance of a rescue operation as the Terran Fleet has been destroyed by the Arcturian invaders - solve that!"

"Have them do a Gully Foyle?"

"This particular strip editor refuses to accept Dr. Rhine, Divining-rods, or psionics....his favourite author is Enid Blyton!"

"Too bad, but he'll have to start soon, let's face it the writers who are the vanguard of s-f writing are slowing down on plots but you strip hacks can use up ideas we cast aside years ago...and they still seem reasonably fresh with a few near-nudes-in-space drawn in. But how long will you be able to get away with this? Not much longer, I think," continued Mark, answering himself as was his habit when expounding on one of his favourite subjects.

"Stop being a bloody snob," said Jimmie, "you can thank me and the other strip writers that the Public is starting to buy increasing amounts of science-fiction. Thanks to us they're now fully conversant with matter-transmitters, magnetic-motors, and translating-machines. Come to think of it, I'll have Astron put together a matter-transmitter and materialize himself inside the Jovian flagship so he can bollix up the works!"



" Crud ! "

" My life ! "

Both writers looked at each other, making fair generalizations on their changed characters - Mark had become an egotistic bigot, a Fugghead as the fans in the corner would call him; Jimmie was now a prostitute of the very genre he had once contributed so much to. Mark thought it an odd coincidence that so many of the greats were now turning out thud-and-blunder-jump-on-his-tentacles stuff. More money in crud, he rationalised, for the ones who couldn't quite make the hall of fame. Of course, his heroes always shook the tentacles of a BEM before jumping on them!

Mark stared at the ice-nodule slowly melting in his glass of lager, then looked up at Jimmie quizzically. " Why don't you try and write some really good stuff, like you used to do ? "

" Well, I have been playing around with a big twist ending... "

" God, . you have been out of touch, gimmicks are well and truly out - O U T, but let's hear the plot something might be salvageable."

" Alright, then, but less of the high-and-mightiness, if you don't mind. Somewhere, out there, there's a very cold planet, Pluto if you like, which has produced an intelligent race of micro-organisms who have adapted to the sub-zero conditions. Now assume that their senses have developed along different lines to our own - each individual organism forms a unit of the whole, each is in complete harmony and telepathic communication with all other units. A true hive-mind, if you must. "

" Sounds like a satire on present day Earth civilisation," interrupted Mark, " with TV as the umbilical. But what about the non-conformists, the Beetniks ? "

" There are no deviationists. Does a limb revolt against the rest of the body ? "

" A moot point. Continue, James. "

" Well, their culture reaches the space-travel stage, and in refrigerated, well refrigerated spaceships they explore first the outer planets and then the inner planets. They find only one which bears intelligent life... "

" Earth, of course, their ships being flying-saucers and they consider it be too hot, in more than one way, to attempt contact with us. So they head back to Pluto. "

" Wrong. They consider our civilisation to be greatly inferior to theirs; and develop their latent parasitic powers to colonise this planet. "

" In the name of Quatermass, you won't get away with it, everybody's used the parasite theme, simply everyone ! "



" Don't jump the gun, " said Jimmie, hastily, " the twist is yet to come. It is discovered that like ESP amongst us, only a few of the Plutonians are capable of being parasites. These few are sent to Earth - the first expedition is sacrificed in the search for a suitable type of host. The second wave acting on the telepathic information supplied by the first are succesful in their aims - when a host is found he is made to keep the following arrivals in a refrigerator. "

" This is ridiculous, could make it humorous I suppose. "

" By way of their single Earth host the gestalt assimilates a knowledge of Earth life. "

" Suppose the host is an animal, or a drunken-bum ? "

" By a whopping coincidence the host happens to be a librarian. "

" This sounds like a mixture of "Quatermass II" and Kornbluth's "Silly Season", incidentally aren't your hosts meant to be zombie-like creatures ? "

" No they remain the same, apart from having the will to serve the gestalt - in much the same way that the Hitler-jugend served the Third Reich. "

" Well, who are the hosts going to be, so far you've just got them 'on ice' as it were - they'll have to be influential in some way, I suppose. Politicians, Advertising Men, TV Producers ?? "

" Science-fiction writers. "

" Ah, a possibility, I've always suspected a few of having micro-organisms in their family-tree. Drive your point home, James. "

" The taken-over writers slowly flood the market with the most ridiculous parasite themes, to allay suspicion. "

" Accepted by taken-over Editors, publishers and producers.... hmmm. I wondered why Carnell looked as though he'd been bitten by a Cockroach when I saw him this afternoon. Come to think of it there has been rather a spate of cruddish parasite themes lately, and micro-invasion stories. There's only one snag, being taken-over isn't as easy as it seems, and s-f authors are a suspicious lot. "

" I've thought of that, most s-f authors have an unusual affection for alcohol, what could be easier than for the organism to enter its host by way of an iced-drink? "

" Mark looked at the ice-cube slowly dissolving in his drink, he looked at Jimmie who was grinning like an idiot. " Like this, you mean? " he said, picking up the ice-cube and swallowing it.

" Yes, like that, " smiled Jimmie. The two aliens smiled at each other.

" Phew, " said the alien that was Mark Dinsdale. " You certainly had to work on this one! "

" Yes, but it gets easier as you go along, " said the former Jimmie Green, and now you'll be able to help me. Say, there's Ted Tubb. Hey, Ted, I've got a plot I want to talk over with you. "

" Lou, " they chorused, " an iced-lager for Ted.... "

""""""""""



# FROM YELLOWED PAGES

By

Arthur R. Weir, D.Sc.

In these times, when fans get together somebody usually starts an argument about the introduction of "psi powers" into what used to be regarded as "science" fiction. Sometimes the cause of dispute is whether psi is science, other times it is whether or not it is fiction; both factions seem, however, to agree that there is too much psi. But surely they ought to be used to it by now! Psi is actually far older than "science fiction" as such, having been a stock item in the better Fantasy stories long before AMAZING STORIES was even published.

An author who used it regularly, but with artistic discretion, so that it made its maximum impact, was the late (and so far as I am concerned, very much lamented ) Sir Henry Rider Haggard.

The second of his long succession of best-sellers was SHE - published in 1886 - and those who have read it will remember the shattering effect produced by Ayesha's powers, even though they are only used twice. The unfortunate Ustane, who has dared to fall in love with the hero Leo Vincey, refuses to give him up at the terrible Witch-Queen's orders - Ayesha gently touches her on the head, and there, on her dark chestnut hair, are left thee permanently white streaks, while she is told in a honey-sweet voice: " I may now know thee till all thy hair is as white as it. If I see thy face again, be sure, too, that thy bones shall soon be whiter than my mark upon your hair !" A week later Ustane dares to creep back for a stolen interview with her lover, and, when found by the Queen, defies her to her face, saying that she is ready to die. Ayesha stretches out her arm and seems, under her veil, to look fixedly at her rival, and Ustane reels round and, with a faint cry, falls dead.

In the sequel, AYESHA, THE RETURN OF SHE, we again see psi powers used twice, but on a far larger and more terrifying scale. Ayesha with her lover held prisoner by the Khania of Kaloon, and knowing that he will be murdered if she attempts his rescue by any ordinary means, summons the powers of Nature that she can command.



We are shown her gazing at the sky, in which great smoky clouds, each with a fiery rim, are gathering rapidly round the point where her gaze is fixed, and we hear her grim comment: " Ere night, the weather will be wilder even than my heart !"

Then, when battle is finally joined, we see the full deployment of her awful powers - the great stone ramparts of the city of Kaloon are flattened by hurricane winds, that whirl the horsemen and footmen of its army into the air, to pile them in screaming heaps. Continuous lightning, striking downwards from the sky and upwards from the earth slays them by the thousand, while the houses of the city blaze like torches, only to go out under the waterfall weight of the rain, and then take fire anew under renewed lightening bolts. Ayesha and her little force of cavalry raiders ride into the enemy stronghold without even drawing their weapons.

At the end, when Ayesha is standing with her lover dead at her feet, and all her great schemes in ruins, the evil old Shaman Simbri, who has intrigued against her all his life, is unwise enough to mock her in her grief - she turns upon him with the words: " Go thou down the dark paths of death and search out my lord, to say to him that the feet of his spouse, Ayesha, are following fast. Begone !" And the old man bounds wildly into the air, and falls dead.

Forty years after SHE first appeared, Haggard wrote WISDOM'S DAUGHTER, going back two thousand years in time to tell, in full, the story of which SHE gave only a brief outline - the tale of how Ayesha and the Greek warrior Kallikrates first met, and how, by the intrigues and sorceries of Amenartas, the Egyptian Princess, they were kept apart till each had sworn oaths of celibacy that might not be broken. Here, too, we find the full horror of these awful powers presented from another point of view - that of their possessor - when Ayesha, full of pride in her new-found immortality and marvellous beauty, seeing Kallikrates, overcome with fear and wonder, shrink from her, thoughtlessly says: " Since thou hast rejected me, die then, Kallikrates !" and sees the man whom she loves with all the power of her great soul fall dead at her feet !

Another Haggard character possessed of extraordinary and semi-supernatural powers is the terrible being (whether he is man, god, angel or devil is left to the reader to decide !) called Murgh who is the central figure of the little-known historical mediaeval romance RED EVE.

All his life Haggard was a keen student of religions, and made magnificent and impressive use of his knowledge, especially in the romances he set in Egypt, such as CLEOPATRA, MORNING STAR and MOON OF ISRAEL, and his AmerIndian Trilogy MONTEZUMA'S DAUGHTER, HEART OF THE WORLD and THE VIRGIN OF THE SUN. A theme that he returned to again and again was that of re-incarnation, which had a strong fascination for him - as he makes one of his characters point out, there is nothing in the Christian faith against it, and it is the firmly held belief of one-third of the peoples of the world - and by no means the most stupid third, at that.

" Pure " Science Fiction was something that he did not care to write, and of all the long list of his works only two fall in this category.



One is DR. THERNE, which tells how a doctor, who well knew the efficacy of vaccination, deliberately preached anti-vaccination in order to pand-  
er to the prejudices of a wealthy patron, to increase his own popularity  
and line his own pockets. Even today its pitiless dissection of a  
hypocritemaking bargains with his own conscience for money leaves the  
reader gloomily wondering just how often he himself has done the same  
thing - small wonder that a book so disturbing to the reader's self-  
esteem failed to be popular ! The other, STELLA FREGELIUS, is a pathetic  
and touching little love-idyll, centering around a wireless telephone,  
depicted twelve years before its time.

Only towards the end of his long life did Haggard use his full  
genius in the field of Science Fantasy. It is possible that the distress  
of mind that the 1914 - 1918 war caused to him triggered off some hidden  
reaction that made him combine the themes of re-incarnation, of a lost  
civilisation, and of a combination of science and psi powers into what I  
consider to be one of the most remarkable books of its kind ever written  
- WHEN THE WORLD SHOOK, published at the end of 1918, having been  
written (with intervals necessitated by ill-health ) during the war.

The hero, Humphrey Arbuthnot, is a fastidious, brilliant man who  
can settle to nothing, though he has tried authorship, the law, and stock-  
broking, in turn. He is extremely wealthy, but saddened and embittered  
by the sudden death of his dearly-loved wife, after little more than a  
year of marriage. To try to divert his mind, he embarks on a journey  
round the world in a hired steam-yacht, taking with him a couple of  
friends of strongly-contrasted character : Bastin, a simple-minded  
intensely religious but bigoted clergyman, and Bickley, a brilliantly  
clever but entirely materialistic surgeon.

With them goes one of the most enchanting characters in the book,  
the cocker spaniel, Tommy, who is worthy of a place in his own right  
among the really great dogs of fiction, beside Jerome K. Jerome's Mont-  
morency or Dornford Yate's Nobby.

The yacht encounters a South Pacific cyclone, and is wrecked, the  
three friends and Tommy being the only survivors. They find themselves  
cast on an island whose cannibal inhabitants have many curious customs  
that strongly suggest that they are the remains of some immemorially old  
civilisation, now fallen into complete barbarism. These people worship a  
god whom they call Oro, who is said to inhabit a mountain which forms an  
island in a lake - a place strictly taboo to all the inhabitants except  
the fetish priests, and even these restrict their landings on it to one  
spot only.

An unwise attempt to convert the people to Christianity made by  
the proverbially tactless Bastin sets the people against them and the  
three friends steal a canoe and flee to the mountain, hoping that the  
superstitious fears of the people will stave off pursuit.

Exploring the island they find a great cave, containing a number of  
peculiar structures of some non-corrodible metal (the inhabitants know  
nothing of metal or of its working ) which appear to be the frames of  
long-decayed aircraft.



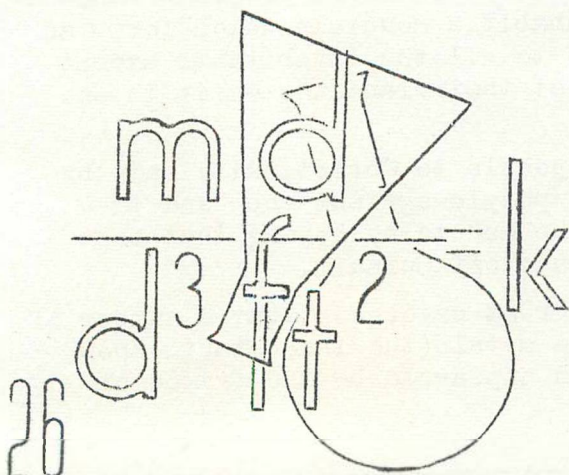
Tommy's earnest investigation of "interesting-smells" leads them to the discovery of a cunningly-concealed door, which opens into what appears to be a tomb or mortuary chapel in which are two transparent coffins, containing what they at first think are either statues or elss marvellously-preserved mummies. Then they find out that there are air-holes in the coffins, and that they appear to be maintained at normal body-temperature by some sort of radioactive substance.

One of the bodies is that of a magnificently handsome, proud and imperious-looking old man, the other of a lovely woman of not more than twenty-five years of age. Bickley, who has never allowed himself to be parted from his emergency medical kit, tries, half for amusement, the effect of a powerful stimulant injection on "the Old God" as he calls him, who promptly recovers consciousness. After he has rested for a little while and regained some of his strength he sets about reviving the girl, using hypnotic means.

After many trials the two parties are able to make themselves understood, though with much doubt and hesitation, since one of the languages known to this extraordinary pair is apparently some remote ancestor of the present-day Pacific dialects, and the travellers learn that an "Old God" is exactly just what the man is, he being none other than the Oro of the islanders' worship, the last of the "Sons of Wisdom" a line of priest-king scientists of some very ancient civilisation, the girl being his only child, Yva, the daughter of his old age.

The two strangers retire into the tomb from which they have come, forbidding the travellers to follow, but promising to return on the following day. In the night, however, the friends are awakened by being seized by many hands, bound and gagged - the fetish priests have followed them, and are about to carry them off to the mainland for sacrifice and subsequent eating when Oro appears. The cannibals are too petrified with horror at this sudden reincarnation of their much feared god to offer resistance, but Oro, desiring to create such an impression as shall ensure future obedience, displays the same power of dealing death that the terrible "She-who-must-be-obeyed" had shown in Haggard's earlier books. She however, killed swiftly and mercifully, but the death that Oro's victims find is neither. Three priests only are spared to take the tidings of their god's reappearance to the rest of the island, bearing with them the ghastly corpse of their chief as an example of what disobedience will certainly involve.

Oro then proceeds to examine the stars with great attention, and finally informs the flabbergasted travellers that he and his daughter have been asleep for precisely the time that he had predetermined - two hundred and fifty thousand years ! He then carelessly bids Yva to instruct them further, since he has more important matters on hand.





She takes them, by means which they cannot understand (obviously telepathy carried to the extreme of perfection ) to a mysterious city at some unknown depth underground vertically below the cave and the lake. Here she shows them a marvellous set of visions of the past - no sort of projecting mechanism can be seen, and the scenes appear to be entirely real, but the medium is certainly not hypnotism, since they remain fully awake and conscious throughout.

It appears that the " Sons Of Wisdom " had ruled the entire planet for many thousands of years - they had acquired the secret of enormously long life, of teleportation and telekinesis, of telepathy, of the synthesis of matter by will power alone, and other almost God-like gifts. Intermarrying only among themselves, and never writing down their hidden knowledge, they formed a small ruling caste, worshipped as Gods, feared and dreaded, but hated for their merciless dictatorship, and even more for their close monopoly of learning and pitiless suppression of any growth of learning that might lead to and rivals to their own supremacy arising. Eventually the whole of the peoples of the earth combined against them, and, outnumbering them literally by millions to one, they were able to destroy the surface cities of the Sons Of Wisdom, forcing them to seek refuge in the underground city of Nyo, where, deprived of sunlight and dependent upon synthetic food only, they were slowly dying, since few children were born to them, and those that were commonly died in infancy in this un-natural environment.

Finding that the peoples of the world would listen to no proposals that left him any sovereign power, Oro decided to use the last and most terrible weapon in his armoury - he " changed the balance of the world, so that that which was land became sea, and that which was sea became land. " Almost all mankind died in this cataclysm, and Oro and his daughter slept in the death-like trance of suspended animation for a quarter of a million years, while mankind climbed slowly back from barbarism to civilisation.

Now awakened, Oro's one object is to renew his monarchy over all the earth - to inform himself as to conditions thereon he sends out his invisible spiritual essence ( what ancient Egyptians called the "Ka") to travel to many lands and observe; with it, for informed commentary and information he sends the "Ka" of Arbuthnot, since Bastin is too ignorant and Bickley too prejudiced for his purpose. In this way Arbuthnot sees many of the incidents of the 1914 war, including the sinking of the "Lusitania".

Meanwhile Arbuthnot is steadily falling in love with Yva, who is as gentle and kindly as her father is cruel and terrible; at first he struggles against his infatuation, feeling that he is betraying the memory of his dead wife. Gradually, however, he comes to realise that Yva is none other than his wife re-born, and finally she quotes his own wives dying words to him, telling him that they are one of the memories that she is slowly recovering from the period of her quarter of a million years of sleep.


Oro is intensely disappointed with the modern world, which he denounces as materialistic, greedy and vulgar; none of the modern peoples can approach the civilisation of even the most backward peoples of his own time. - PTO.....



and eventually Oro decides that, since they are not worthy of his rule, his best procedure will be to destroy them all by another deluge, and this time allow a longer period of sleep for civilisation's recovery, before once more setting out to rule the world. Yva and Arbuthnot are horrified at the suggestion, but Oro will not listen to their prayers and remonstrances. Bickley openly mocks at Oro as a charlatan and a liar; Bastin, firm in his earnest religious faith, maintains that Oro will never be permitted to carry out a deed so monstrous.

At the last moment, however, Bastin realises that Oro is completely in earnest and attempts to shoot him; only to find himself standing watching his pistol flying through the air, firing shot after shot into the blue till its magazine is empty, while he himself is unable to move the arm that held it, which is for the moment, completely paralyzed. Oro sarcastically applauds his courage, but suggests that one attempt of the kind is the maximum that can be pardoned.

The following scenes, the climax of the story, are some of the most majestically impressive pieces of writing that Haggard ever produced. The travellers are conducted by Yva to the depths of the earth, far below even the Hades-like refuge city of Nyo, and there, in a space illuminated by mysterious wandering balls of fire that look like will-o'-the-wisps magnified a millionfold - a cavern so gigantic that they can see neither its roof nor its further wall - they at last encounter the apocalyptically terrifying spectacle of the mountain-sized wandering gyroscope that forms the "Balance of the World."



Just as Oro launches against it the lightening-like bolt of concentrated force that is to divert it from its normal course, Yva leaps into the bolt's path, and is blasted to dust. Even so she has diverted and diffused enough of the force for the terrible wanderer to keep on its accustomed way, though it hesitates and staggers in its path for a moment, and all the world shakes about them in that instant.

Oro is badly injured, since he has sprung forward in a wild attempt to save his beloved daughter, but his injuries are forgotten in his almost maniac rage at the simultaneous loss of his daughter and frustration of his plan for world rule. Since these strangers have taught his daughter to oppose her father's will, they shall die, all three of them! But here he is interrupted by the spaniel, Tommy, who, realising that some danger from Oro threatens his much-loved master, begs to Oro for reassurance.



Of the travellers, Tommy is the only one who has never shown any fear of Oro, and who would play with him, or for his amusement, by the hour, and it is Tommy's plea that saves their lives - the more so since, as Oro remembers, Yva also loved him. Oro dismisses them with a comprehensive malediction, pointing out a path that, if followed far enough, will lead them back to the surface, and vanishes from their sight.

When, some days later, they emerge on the island, they find that, during the earthquake when the earth-balance was momentarily stopped, the sacred mountain has sunk beneath the waters of the lake, so that the three remaining fetish priests are now deprived of both their God and also of his traditional dwelling-place ! The natives beg them to leave the island before any further fearful portents happen, and they manage to patch up one of the yacht's lifeboats sufficiently to do so. They are ultimately picked up by a tramp steamer, and returned to civilisation.

It is greatly to be hoped that MacDonald & Co. who are gradually republishing Haggard's romances, will soon put WHEN THE WORLD SHOOK on their list. If science-fiction circles here and in the States are informed of its re-publication in advance it should certainly enjoy record sales.

Arthur R. Weir.

OVERFLOW

" First of all, I'd like to assure you that you will not win TAFF. I've never yet voted for a member, a candidate for TAFF that won, so, my vote for you will probably prevent you from having any chances of winning. " - Arthur Hayes.

" Many thanks for the details on the TAFF voting - very interesting, and now I can say that I knew it would come out that way all along - I just didn't want to spoil the suspense for you ! "

...Dale Smith.

" You're the first TAFF candidate I've supported who has been elected..." Archie Mercer. // I'm the first TAFF Candidate I've supported who's got in...//

" Got a letter from some guy who said he is a member of the Sheffield Tape Society and my name had been given to him, and he wanted to exchange tapes with me, and his main interest was taping Church Services..." Boyd Raeburn.

" Have just bought 31 bottles of Champs (1941) and met Pete Daniels in the street on his way to the Labour Exchange.." Norman S.

" Since those far-off days we've made another cinematic triumph (!) - a film account of the exploration of three far planets .... It's called THE SPACE GOATS, and stars Will Jenkins as Jumps Jupiter. " Hal Lynch. (Crikey, mate ! - N.)

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# Crenellations



LETTERS AND EB.

## I THOUGHT THE PLATE WAS GETTING STICKY

" Having just dented my bumper in Great Moor, and then watched someone else crack his headlamps in Reddish. I decided these things might be a psign of psignal psignificance. So I'm writing to thank you for TRIODE 18 while the car remains in one piece. It (the mag) was quite naice, especially being enlivened by Atom. Your suggestion that I do a column is the most repulsive thing I've heard of since someone pointed out the logical consequence that we are made in God's image, namely, that God Almighty must be a gigantic version of Chuck Harris.

The only column I've ever done was a stone one in France bearing the notice Defense d'uriner, whatever that means. Anyway, I treated it like a dog. A passing poodle did the same. We were as alike as two pees in a pot." - / Eric Frank Russell, gave this pscientific exposition on URHINEal activities....written of course, at his own convenience./



## LOOK, GHODMINTON WITH ROCKETS!

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"Please note the change in address. The last one you will remember was in a pesthole somewhere in the South...Es Adams pesthole to be exact. But things have changed for the better; I am now in a Western pesthole. As far as I can tell I have been effectively isolated from all fannish activities except writing, and I hate to do that without something more than desert type comments to make. That is exactly where I am situated by the way. Probably this is the only true desert region in the US besides Utah and certain parts of the Mohave in California. I have seen the wind come over, and it does this too frequently, and lift the gleaming white sands some 4000feet into the air, so that at one spot it looks just like a tornado except for the sand...for when it reaches the top of the dust devil, as we call them, it begins to rain in a fine and gritty shower until it looks like the tower of the Lord that led Moses out of Egypt.

Life at the particular spot I am at isn't cluttered by the vague and uneasy values that the City offers, for there are only ninety or so people here. I'm uprange right now, near the little town of Socorro.. if you can place it on an atlas. I'm not quite sure that it's safe, either. Our little spot is right in the middle of the 90 mile impact zone, and not too many weeks ago they dropped two Corporals about two and a half miles from us. One on each side. The next day they really did it up big and landed a Redstone about four miles from us. We got even tho, last week we fired a Herc back downrange...though where that landed I'm not too sure. That's the rocket corps for you...continual inter-service rivalry!

I think that this is part of the wild and woqlly west, too. Just a little ways away from us is a place that a fellow named Rhodes used to live; he's better knwon as Zane Gray. And of course, I've been to the west Texas Town of El Paso...famed in story and song...as well as La Cuidad de Juarez. A modern note, too....for I can look out of the Barrack window and see Trinity Site, the place where they exploded the first A-Bomb. Such is a description of the wild area I live in." - And it all sounds enough to turn Zane Grey.... / PFC N.A.Bratmon, White Sands Missile Range, New Mexico./

## WOODWORK WITHOUT GNURRS

" Margaret was away last week so I spent the time building myself a whopping great console to house Turntable, Taper (allowance for possible second deck), Stereo Amplifiers and large cupboards for tape and equipment storage. Working like hell right thru the week I completed it before Margeret came back (I had to as the kitchen was in absolute chaos!). I finished up with a real contemporary shape... if you want a pre-planned contemporary piece of furniture use SAG board. SAGBOARD is composed of compressed wood (and paper) chips, air, and mainly holes and is superbly finished on all edges with a thin veneer. They guarantee no right-angles, but plenty of left-angles and middle-angles, so let the thing plan itself when you build it. Mereley screw all the pieces together and after you've blocked the whole assembly up with paper to get it standing level you can see the real virtue of SAGBOARD....put your tape-recorder on the shelf and then stand back and watch it S.A.A.GG! If you have difficulty buying SAGBOARD, its nearest rival is VIPBOARD which is guaranteed to have the same virtues." - I'm not sure that we should



allow advertising in this magazine! - " Now there's more steel in my woodwork than wood so I suppose I'll have to watch out for steel-worms. All to hold 56lbs of tape-recorder! Next time I'll buy WEYROCK." -/ Eric Jones, Cheltenham./

#### HARRISON SEEN IN FAR EAST

This one stems from WALDO ~~/~~I, in which I was talking about Beggars, among other things. " The account of your Italiano trip was interesting, since I've as yet not had the pleasure. Hongkong is also well-loaded with Beggars, being as it is so badly over-populated that unemployment is a real problem. Naturally there are organizations in Hongkong to take care of homeless and moneyless people; they even print little cards for people to pass out to beggars, telling them where to go for help. Many of the beggars curse vilely when handed one of these cards; they know all about it and make a much better living by begging. I've seen at least one beggar on the streets of Kowloon that I recognised from Shanghai in the pre-communist days; a dwarf-hunchback type who is undoubtedly richer by far than the most of us. Begging is of course a misdemeanor in Hongkong, but they outnumber the hard-working police and are elusive." - If, this dwarf-hunchback type was carrying a jewel-encrusted walking stick, and wearing plus-fours under his kimono...well it could only be Sir. William. Or Fu Manchu! / Art Wilson, (BASTION's Far Flung Far East Agent) Hongkong./

#### A TRUE KNIGHT OF ST.FANTONY

" I must now tell you why I won't have any spare time in which to write letters, or even spend much time checking my incoming mail during the coming week. I am a member of the local chapter of the American Society of Brewing Chemists and they are having their national convention in Minneapolis starting tomorrow and the local chapter is of course hosting the thing, and supplying the person-ell to run the thing. Well, in one large room of the hotel (a basement room), a beer hall is being set up which will be supplied with free beer by the local breweries and to which free access will be accorded to all persons registered at the convention. Tomorrow the beer hall will be opened early in the afternoon and will close at midnight. Then, all during the week it will open at about 6:00p.m. and remain open until midnight. And guess who has been selected to be in charge of all this free beer. Correct! And I must say they couldn't have made a better choice." /Dale R. Smith, Minneapolis./ S-f Conventions kindly follow...

#### FROM PRIMROSE COTTAGE

Every so often there crops up in fandom a person who can write intelligently on just about any subject; Harry Warner is a good example of this, and Helen Winick used to be British Fandom's best example. Doc' Weir is such a person, his letters are damned interesting - and informative as well - I'd like to suggest that he should be added to the mailing list of any good fanzine. Some time ago we were discussing why, although the American Universities are a breeding ground for fans, the British ones aren't. - " I think that part of the difference here is the great difference between English and U.S. University students. pto.



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The average Sixth-Form work in an English school is far ahead of anything that the ordinary American grade-school even attempts, so that the "freshman" course at the average American college includes, and has to, a lot of the work that our people have already covered at school. For example I have an American chemistry text-book, meant for the first two years of a university course, which includes one whole chapter on what logarithms are, and how to use them - and it was published in 1956!

Also most American "Colleges" have little idea of our ruthless specialisation, and concentrating everything you have into one narrow field; it is not at all unusual for a U.S. student to "major" in, say, English Literature, take French as subsidiary, and, to round out the required number of lecture periods per week, take practical cookery and interior decorating - and I'm not trying to be funny; I know personally a girl who did exactly these four!

The nett result is that a U.S. "fresher" has much more widely scattered interests, and also more spare time than our own University students have. For instance at Birmingham they won't accept a student in Chemistry unless they are prepared to go for the Special Honours degree, with its intensely narrow and concentrated specialisation. Only if they just fail to make the grade during their first year will they let them change over to the General Degree, with its wider, but less devastating curriculum. Also our university courses generally include such a devil of a lot of "prescribed" (which, in practice, means compulsory) reading outside the actual teaching and lab. periods that the poor devil of a student has all his "spare" time more than filled."- Hey, out there, Coulson & Terwilleger, you agree with this? Another topic which Doc' and I have been batting back and forward in correspondence is the filming of Tolkien's books. Although this resulted in a pretty comprehensive article by Doc' in TRIODE 17, he still keeps coming up with stuff on the subject that cries out for quoting. Like this.

" Next time you're in a large public library, try to get hold of a colossal tome called "Romanesque Art In Italy", by H. Decker (translated from the German) published by Thames and Hardham. It includes 230 very fine photographs, and three of these show possible sights for the filming of scenes in Minas Tirith; plates 74 and 75 show views in and of the little walled hill-town of SAN GIMIGNANO, which is one of the only Italian towns still to possess a number of the private family fortified houses common in the Middle Ages, with their great fortified towers standing up above the roof-lines, overtopping even the church towers. Plate 76 shows the very remarkable fortified hill-top of MONTERIGGIONE (to give it its modern Italian name). It's a great forty-foot high curtain wall surrounding the whole hill-top, with a set of 14 big square towers, each some 90 feet high, at equal intervals all around it, leaving the whole thing looking like an out-size embodiment of the ornament called in heraldry a "moral crown." It's a most startling thing to look at, and, incidentally, the source of a very famous and impressive bit of literary imagery: I don't know how well you know Dante's INFERNO, but you may know the bit in CANTO XXXII, line 41 and onwards, describing the huge circle of the giants standing up in a ring out of the great pit of Nether Hell :-



" As Montereccion's ring-shaped citadel  
Has all its circling rampart crowned with towers,  
Even so, with half their bodies the horrible  
Giants, whom Jove, when the thunder rolls and lowers,  
Threatens from Heaven, girded the well's high rim,  
Turretting it... "

(Dorothy Sayers' translation)

I am wondering whether it might not be best to do the film partly in cartoon (you'll remember that mixed cartoon and actual shots can be done) as otherwise the difficulties about the Orcs, or, even worse, the Ents, become simply impossible. But I shiver to think what Disney would make of it - we'd want somebody with all his technical skill, but something as unlike his (alleged) "artistic" conceptions as possible! (You remember the scornful side-swipes that Tolkien takes at him in passing, in several places!)

Unfortunately the man we really want for this, died some thirty years ago; he was an artist who had a great influence on C.S.Lewis (and I believe also on Tolkien) being the late Arthur Rackham. I don't know whether you ever saw any of his illustrations to Grimm's Fairy Tales or to the Wagnerian "Ring" Cycle, but they are most striking, since he had a wonderful gift for fantasy and for "atmosphere". He could draw a tree in such a way that you found yourself turning it round and round trying to decide what there was about it that caused it to look at the same time perfectly natural and also horribly threatening! Clarke Ashton Smith, in his earliest days when he illustrated his own tales, sometimes brought this off, while I'm told that Sims could, and, of course, a great master in this line was the Italian immigrant who settled in England at the beginning of the nineteenth century, Fuseli. " - / Dr. Arthur R. Weir, D.sc. Primrose Cottage, Westonbirt Village, Nr. Tetbury, Glos./

## POETS CORNER

" Space so cold, so darkly bright,  
Who's blazing suns give me no light,  
The universe around me spins  
I think I've had too many gins.

- Gillian Adams.

" 10 little ma flowing down  
a line,  
A uh choked one, and then  
there were nine.

Nine little ma regardless of their fate:  
A ma resisted one, then there were eight. "

- Peter Mabey (Who would like to know the rest of the sequence.. Anyone ? John W. Campbell ? )



BASTIONS PROGENITORS The letter column of a new mag is always a somewhat difficult thing to do, particularly in this case when there are several highly quotable letters of comment on file on both TRIODE & SD. As you may have noticed I've excerpted irrelevant items to these magazines rather than make the lettercol a pean of praise on the mighty fallen (!)..... however, there are a couple of letters I'd like to quote, to sound the Last Post, as it were. And I hope all the folk who were kind enough to comment on both the last issues will accept the thanks of Norman and myself for their letters - they are being preserved for posterity, indeed several of them are to be used to re-paper the Liverpool Clubroom walls where Eddie's brilliantine has obliterated the fmz pages formerly used for this purpose!

#### HAGERSTOWN CHRONICLE

" I don't know any new adjectives to use on The Splendidest Adventure, so you may try to locate my previous descriptions of the saga. If you don't get Lil Abner in England, you won't know what I mean when I say that Al Capp would probably love to borrow some of these situations and remarks for his occasional Fearless Fosdick sequences. - I have something in common with Mal Ashworth. My home town, Chambersburg, Pa, was burned down by the Confederate Army, and those Southern gentlemen were so inconsiderate as to do it before my birth, in 1894. This failure to be on time for such an edifying example of the battle to preserve state's rights took something out of me, The only night a house caught fire in the neighborhood since I've been an adult was about four years ago, and I was already in bed; I didn't even get up to look out the window.

I feel this month like an extremely old man who is watching his best friends die off around him. Two weeks ago came the last issue of TRIODE, last week arrived what will probably be the last issue of APORHETA, and now the ultimate SD. I devoutly hope that the combined SD & T will prove to be at least half as entertaining as each magazine was on its own. On SD - the Solacon report was definotely worth waiting for. In fact, it's better this way in a sense for I haven't read a Solacon report for eight or ten months and these events sound somewhat new again. // This was, of course, the reason Norman delayed publication...he's just realized it!!// Terry's strong reliance on direct quotations and his frankness about certain things that were softpedaled elsewhere also make this exceptionally interesting. Bennett's installment is most interesting, but I don't think that I ever again want to read a TAFF report in this fragmentary, endlessly delayed fashion. The Berry system of letting one reliable fanzine publish it in large, regular installments is much better." - Agreed, Harry, but remember that John went over on a fund largely backed by CRY and that his principal loyalty was to the CRY crowd, whilst Ron's was to fandom as a whole. / Harry Warner, 423 Summit Ave, Hagerstown, Maryland./

#### FOR THE FIRST TIME (SOBER) IN ANY FANZINE

" Title changing seems to be in the air but this is to say I appreciate your choice of BASTION as the SD & TRIODE successor. I looked it up in my dictionary which gives it as:- " An advanced work with two flanks and two faces..." Very good indeed." / Phil Rogers, 5 First Ave, Ashfield, Scunthorpe, Lincs./ Even the folk who compile dictionaries seem to be undecided as to the exact definition, we've had several different ones - this is about the best, tho'.



## THE ROCKIN' GRANDMA

" Well, whattaya know, I'm actually acknowledging a fanzine in the month I receive it! But I want to be sure to get that new one BAST - what's that name again ? // B\*A\*S\*T\*I\*O\*N// I hate to see the demise of two such fine fmz, but I know that in the resurrection and mating they will be better than ever. Terry Carr's report on the Solacon brought back some pleasant memories and I only hope I'll be around for the South Gate in 2010 one, like I don't get to see many fans these days. One day, feeling the lack of congenial companionship I foolishly attended a local Senior Citizen's club meeting in the park. I have been wondering why the do-gooders in the State have been so active starting entertainment (!) projects for old folks, because I never get mixed up with old folks if I can manage it. The most of them bore the hell out of me. But I had to see for myself - maybe there would be one, just one, fannish type there. But they could have held the picnic in a cube. They weren't even squares - they were squares-to-the-fourth-dimension. I'd rather mix with bearded young beatniks! - Eddie's drawings were priceless. I especially liked that one of Harrison with His nose in a sling. Wish you would tell me something about that lad - I've been enjoying his positively Arthurian adventures so long, and heard so many of you mention ~~him~~ Him, so would like to know more about him. // Wouldn't we all!// Did I meet him at the con or was that another Harrison? " - Another Harrison, Rory.....oh, no...NO! / Rory Faulkner, 7241 E. 20th St, Westminster, California./

## BEING A BACHELOR I CAN CONTRIBUTE NOTHING TO THE LORE OF SLEEP TALKING

Say's Emile Greenleaf, then hastily changes the subject.....  
" John T. Phillifent// in TRIODE// takes fannish wackiness too seriously. It is not a case of people turning off their brains to have fun, but people who are aware of their intelligence, and are among their own kind, away from outsiders with their narrow viewpoints and limited, unsubtle, "proper" sense of humour. Under such circumstances, we let our hair down and blow off steam. Have you ever tried to tell a joke of any subtlety and intellectual content to a bunch of non-fans ? Mal Ashworth had one in the latest ROT: " she looked like a manic-depressive floor mop." Now, how many members of the general public know what the hell the term manic-depressive means, even in the most general sense ? Oh, they'll laugh at the slush on TV, because it is labelled: THIS IS FUNNY; YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO LAUGH." But satire, except the most heavy handed variety is completely lost on the man in the street. - I seem to notice a change in the latest Harrison adventure. His associates are beginning to lose some of their reverence towards the Great Man. Could this be a trend, with the story and saga ending with Harrison being regarded as a clunk by those around him ? // A CLUNK, Sir !?!// Well, anyway, it seems that von Neumann is finally done away with, unless he comes back as The Blob. " / Emile Greenleaf, 1309 Mystery St, New Orleans 19, La./

And that, I'm afraid is about all the stencils will stretch to..  
THANKS..John Berry, Sid Birchby, Ken Cheslin, Rory Faulkner, Jim Groves, Ethel Lindsay, Hal Lynch, Peter Mabey, Archie Mercer, Chris Miller, Bob Parkinson, Jim Ratigan, Phil Rogers, Vic Ryan, Hal Shapiro, Dick Schultz, Tony Walsh, Doc' Weir, Harry Warner, Walt Willis, Dick Wilson, Craig Cochrane, Alan Rispin, Sture Sedolin, Ian McAulay, Arthur Hayes, Mike Moorcock, Boyd Raeburn, Betty Kujawa....and ALL, for comments.





Fanzine-review columns seem to be getting fewer and fewer these days, and smaller and smaller - I'm pretty sure I know the reason for this, too. It's the time taken to do such a column. I most always compose on stencil, but the fnz reviews generally take at least twice as long to cut as anything else, it's the Interest Factor that does it, I'll pick up a fanzine (read some days or weeks ago) refresh my memory by glancing through it...and then, I'll get caught. Something I read before and enjoyed, or something I missed catches my eye. Of course, I could get round this by reviewing from memory, but I don't want to be drummed out of fandom and, besides, I enjoy reviewing fanzines even if sometimes I get so interested I find that I've no time left to stencil or write a fanzine review column.... I think we'd better get to the reviews, I seem to be digressing.

HABARKUK No.4 Bill Donaho, 1441-8th St, Berkeley 10, California. From the land of the Publishing Giants comes about the most solidly interesting hunk of fanzine that's around at the moment. Bill, I gather, is rather large himself and HAB seems to get bigger each issue, this one has a 4\*6\* Page letter column which contains some highly interesting letters on such topics as Beatniks, Night-walking, Peyote, Gilbert & Sullivan, and Cats. Mal Ashworth, Les Gerber & Ted White, and Bill The Editor contribute some interesting material to round out the 8\*0\* Page issue. Disgusting the energy this man displays in fanzine publishing. Makes me feel tired to even think of the stencil-cutting hours he must have put in. Excellent.

TESSEACT No.2 Walter Breen, 311 E. 72nd St. New York 21. This is the best fanzine I've seen out of New York for quite some time, and it could well be the CRY of NY Fandom if it develops along the lines of this first issue. Walter has a pleasant personality which comes through rather well, particularly in an account of a search for LA Fandom. The layout of the mag isn't anything wonderful, but the material is good and you can read every word - what more do you want. Les Gerber writes interestingly on the subject of NY fanactivity and the Lunacon; there's also a highly irreverent and pleasing piece on Campus Seductions which sort of brought to mind the interlineation at the bottom of the page. No price listed, but it's well worth it.

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"..NO, I won't kiss you! I'll get into enough trouble if Mother finds us in bed together....."



ORION No.25 Elle Parker, 151 Canterbury Rd, West Kilburn, London, NW6.

There's a fine "-" type Atom cover to start off this issue, with the idea of convention-aftermath as its theme - Hexcellent. Fine reading material within, too. Ken Bulmer relates another of his TAFF Tales, John Berry continues with his 'Sergeant' series, George Locke and Paul Enever have pleasant pieces of faan fiction, and Terry Jeeves has his funniest piece of writing for some time. Ella writes a nice piece on the pre-convention chaos at Canterbury Road and Don Ford. There's a good letter section and a fine Atom Bacover to round things up. Good. Quarterly publication....1/- or 15cents per issue.

JD-ARGASSY No.54 Lynn Hickman, 224 Dement Ave, Dixon, Illinois. I envy Lynn his multilith machine and the results he can get from it. There's a particularly fine two-colour cover on this issue, drawn by George Barr and Reproduced by Lynn Hickman. Exceptional. Bob Madle brings his serialization of his TAFF journeyings to a close with an account of the last days in London, and the trip home. Bob, isn't, and has never pretended to be, a Willis, but his "Fake Fan In London" I've found interesting all through. His enjoyment of the trip sort of shines from the pages. John Berry starts a new series - with Superfan as an enigma and lead character, looks as though it will work up to something truly astonishing as most of John's stuff does. There's another fine bit of wartwork on the Bacover, by Gene Duplantier. Fine issue. I Dollar for 12 issues to Lynn, or to Ron Bennett.

FANAC & SKYRACK OR SKYRACK & FANAC

I trust that Ron, Terry, and Ron will forgive me for lumping together these two indispensable adjuncts to fan-type gracious living. Both, for anyone who hasn't been around fandom very long, are highly interesting and informative news and chatter zines. Appear regularly, and should be subscribed to by every fan. SKYRACK is published by Ron Bennett, 7 Southway, Arthurs Ave, Harrogate, Yorks, and costs only 2/6 for six (American subs - 6 for 35cents to Bob Pavlat, 6001 43rd Ave, Hyatsville, Maryland. FANAC is published by Ron Ellick (127 Bennett Ave, Long Beach 3, Calif.) and Terry Carr (1818 Grove St, Berkeley, Calif.). Price is 4 for 25cents, and British subs should be sent to Archie Mercer, 434/4 Newark Rd, Hykeham, Lincoln...4 for 2/-.

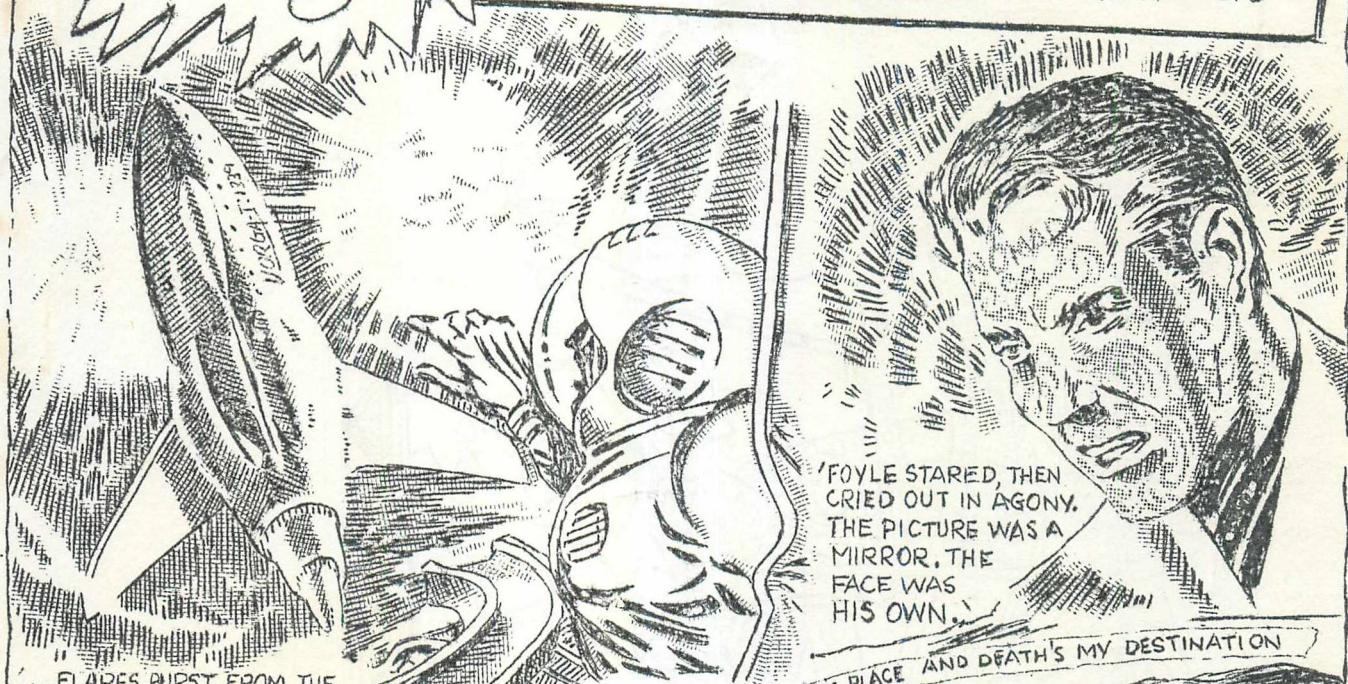
RETROGRADE No.4 Redd Boggs, 2209 Highland Place, N.E., Minneapolis 21, Minn. This is a rather fine monthly, with informed comment on things generally. Most interesting piece this issue is on the film "Visit To A Small Planet" - which, I've been unable to bring myself to go and see due to the fact that Jerry Lewis is in the cast! I wonder if it is pure coincidence that Lewis plays the role of 'Kreton', and whether that is phonetic spelling at work.... From Redd's review I'm rather pleased I didn't pluck up the courage to go and see it! RETRO isn't available by subscription, but if you write Redd an interesting enough letter you might get it.

DAFOE No.2 John Koning, 318 South Belle Vista, Youngstown 9, Ohio. This one is a great improvement on the first issue, and has some rather good material in it - in particular Marion Zimmer Bradley's piece on Fans Who Have Turned Pro. "Malice In Wonderland - A letter column conducted under the Boyd Raeburn Rules.." is quite good, too. And there's someone who I hope is a figment called Eugene Hryb (if you are real Hryb, I sympathise with you), who writes some interesting fmz reviews. 20cents per issue.



AS I  
SEE IT.  
BY EDDIE

# NUMBER 1. TIGER! TIGER! BY ALFRED BESTER



'FOYLE STARED, THEN  
CRIED OUT IN AGONY.  
THE PICTURE WAS A  
MIRROR, THE  
FACE WAS  
HIS OWN.'

...FLARES BURST FROM THE  
HULL OF THE NOMAD, AND 'VORGA-T-1339 PASSED SILENTLY AND  
IMPLACABLY... ON A SUNWARD COURSE.

GULLY FOYLE IS MY NAME AND TERRA IS MY NATION. DEEP SPACE IS MY DWELING PLACE AND DEATH'S MY DESTINATION



'FOYLE TURNED,  
A FLAMING  
FIGURE LOOMED  
ON THE BEACH...  
...IT WAS  
HIMSELF'

"Pyre!" HE  
ROARED TO THE  
MOB... HIS DEVIL FACE GLOWED BLOOD RED.



