

EYE



A MAGAZINE FOR SCIENCE FICTION FANS

VOLUME 1. NUMBER 3.

DECEMBER 1954.



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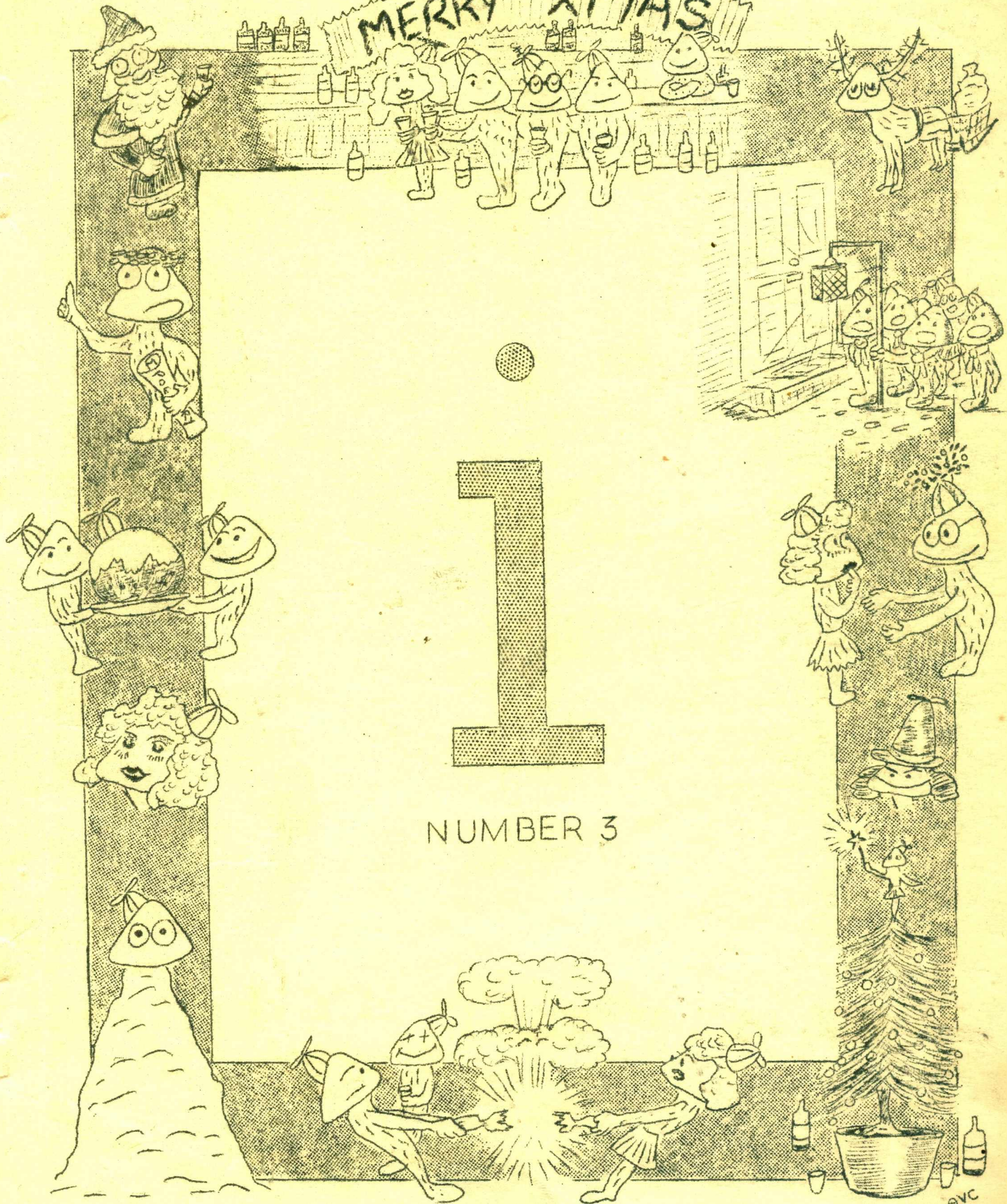
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*****IRENE BOOTHROYD*****

CONTENTS

Editorial	Blue
Requiem	Gold
Sheep's Eyes over Fannedom	Red
Mordecai of the White Horse	2nd Blue
Authors' Relief Fund	Salmon
The Ego Beautiful - Free Supplement	White
The History of a Fate Too Hideous to Contemplate	2nd Gold
Red Rag Department	2nd Red
The Ballad of Hob-Nailed Sue	3rd Gold
Fanderella	Heliotrope
Change in Editorial Board	3rd Blue
Open Letter from E.C.Tubb	2nd White
Department of Higher Religion	Buff
The Editors Regret.... ..	Pink
Death of a Fan	2nd Salmon & Pink
Poetry Section	Azure
Guide to Conventioneers	Yellow
It isn't so Modern..... ..	2nd Pink
EYE Literary Supplement	3rd White
Rustication	4th Gold
Hallowe'en Convention Reports	Yellow
Global Paradox	3rd Salmon
Letter Section	Varicolored
Classified Ads.	Inside Backcover

Poetry Section edited by Joy K. Goodwin

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EDITORIALLY YOURS.

Hello, fen. You know, Christmas is a wonderful time. We, who perhaps appreciate the danger the world is in a little more than the lajority, can be thankful that, for one more year at least, we have been saved from the horrors of atomic war. We can shelve the main problems of survival in a world in which soon it will be impossible to survive. We can take a deep breath and, with fresh interest, look around us and see what has been done and what should be done to further the thing in which we are most interested.

We may even be able to pass comments without too much fear of either being misunderstood or of having an assortment of knives plunged into our backs by those to whom, unfortunately, back-stabbing is a major accomplishment.

Perhaps it will even be safe to talk about i.

You know, fans are very hard to please. We doubt if it will ever be possible to please all of them at the same time. That, in itself, could be a good thing, because in a way satisfaction is apathy. Nothing can be so good that it cannot be improved, and constructive criticism is the way to accomplish that. Constructive - not destructive. Any moron can destroy but it takes a sensitive and discerning soul to build up. We are not interested in morons.

This issue of i is the third to see the light of day. So, as yet, we have only your reactions to the first two on which to judge whether or not you like what we are doing. Elementary arithmetic? Perhaps, but many elementary things sometimes need tedious explanations, maybe because they are so elementary. Editorial policy for one.

There seems to have been a lot of comment on something which has been called 'Editorial Policy'. Now, to us the editorial policy of any publication concerns what appears in that publication. Material is accepted or rejected according to editorial policy. The 'Ladies Home Weekly' does not run stories of rape and rapine because their editorial policy is against such material. 'New Worlds' does not print true crime stories for the same reason. We do not wish to publish crud but we do wish to publish interesting, varied, acceptable material. That is our editorial policy.

But perhaps 'Editorial Policy' isn't exactly what was meant? Perhaps, as one correspondent put it, "it is the indefinable something which is either there or not there". To define the indefinable is something which cannot be done. If we could-- then it wouldn't be indefinable. So where does that get us?

Perhaps 'Editorial Policy' was a bad choice of words ? Perhaps what was meant was atmosphere, the feeling you get when you open a mag and know that you are among friends. If that is the case, then we can get a little nearer to answering what is in all seriousness a legitimate and constructive question. Atmosphere is important. In any magazine it is to be desired, and in a fanzine it is essential. For, you know, we are all friends. We all share something between us and, as we are so relatively few, it is important that we should do our best to further that friendship in every way we can.

The editors of 'i' have no desire or inclination to insult any fan or group of fan in any way whatsoever.

Fun, yes. Insults, no. Surely one of the attributes of being a fan is the ability to laugh at oneself ? If that is the case, then what can possibly be wrong in attempting to be humorous ? Can it be that the skin of the average fan is so thin and delicate that he cannot bear a good-natured gibe ? Could it be possible that, in all unwittingness, we have made enemies where we have tried to make friends ? We do not know. But, if anyone feels that they, personally, have just cause for resentment, then we apologise. We can do no more.

Something has been said about the size of the magazine and it has been suggested that it would be better to see it smaller but appearing more often. Again a legitimate and constructive criticism, and deserving of a full answer. i is a quarterly magazine. It is quarterly because it isn't weekly, monthly, six-weekly, or bi-monthly. It is quarterly because we cannot find the time to produce it more often. It is as simple as that. As to size, is that so bad ? What is wrong with a thick fanzine ? After all, we try to give you variety. No two people may like just the same section of the contents and, perhaps, there is something which the majority do not like. That does not matter. It cannot matter because we are not omnipotent, and to satisfy everyone we need to be just that. i is produced for fun. Our fun. Your fun. The fun of everyone who buys it, and as far as we know there is no code or convention governing the size, format, regularity, price, contents, presentation, method of posting, duplication, art work, intervals or colour of paper of any fanzine anywhere.

We are as correct in producing our own fanzine the way we do as any editor in the world and criticism of what they think we should do is biased and irrelevant. They have their own baby -- let us have ours.

And as for the readers.....

You know, we feel pretty good this issue. Thank you, all of you, for your fine letters. It makes us feel that it pays to burn the midnight oil to build a better fanzine.

Of course, we know that it isn't perfect, but you understand that we have many problems to solve and your understanding helps. It also helps when you tell us that you recognise our unquestioned pre-eminence in the field. We're keeping faith with you and we have confidence that you're keeping faith with us.

Everyone to find one new buyer for i

We're counting on it as necessary for our continued progress. We're attempting to give you more than value received ; driving forward to give you all there is in each issue. We think you'll agree that from June to date every issue has improved by leaps.

We aren't resorting to trickery to gain and hold your loyalty. Rather, we are building what we believe to be the best, most original, most thoroughly intriguing magazine ever offered to fandom. We're building it in the belief that we can hold to the highest standards of literature and make our magazine worthy of a thinking audience. Literary standards build interest. They are the hurdles over which each writer must leap in order to gain access to our pages. And therein lies our surety of continued improvement in quality and interest.

And one final thing. Many of you have asked for the Editorial policy. Now it isn't a secret and we're not hiding -- but don't you think that the important thing is the magazine we produce ? We do. It's our front.

Shall we let it go at that ?

THE TRIUMPHANTE :

Ted Tubb

Ted

Stuart Mackenzie

Stuart

Vinç (Ghu bless him) Clarke

Vinç



He was an old fan, and tired. The weight of passing years had touched his hair with December snow and the clawing fingers of harsh experience had dragged deep furrows over his sere and wrinkled cheeks. Old he was, and tired, and as old men do, he sat alone in the midst of all that was his and stared at the red eye of a dying fire.

Outside his dingy room, hovering on the sharp night air, the cheerful sounds of revelry and merriment floated like all the ghosts of Christmases past and Festivals yet to come. The low murmur of excited children clutching at their gaudy toys, the purr of well-fed, well satisfied adults as they counted their money and grinned with animal delight at the coins in their palms, the shrill high sounds of women and the muttering, eternal drone of the traffic. Smells there were too, the tang of roasting popcorn and the sticky warmth of caramel, the stench of exploding crackers and the warm, always friendly smell of the big man in the red robe and white beard who swung his bell and chanted to the passing crowds.

Christmas - and he was alone.

He shivered a little as at the touch of November fog and drew his tattered robe a little closer around his emaciated body. Through the dirt-smearred windows he could see the stars, scattered like a double handful of jewels tossed by some careless jeweller against a piece of soft dark velvet. The stars! Once he had stared at them and felt something stir within his bosom. Once, in imagination, he had soared on wings of flame and crossed the vast gulfs between the worlds, trod on alien shores, and did mighty battle with creatures of the star-washed deeps. Once he had been a fan.

Memories surged through his withered frame, touching off scenes of wistful recollection and, in the ruby stare of the chilling coals, faces and snatches of print, scenes and distant places, bright colours and strange devices flared and died, appeared only to vanish again in tantalising splendour and heart-stopping nostalgia.

REQUIEM

A warm day in early summer, when the air was bright with June sunshine and heavy with the scent of growing things. The merry tinkling of bottles and the indescribable, wonder-

Charles Grey

fully comforting sound of rich liquid gurgling, gurgling, gurgling. A droning as of ten million bees, a susuration of sound, a medley of delight, a warmth as of a mother's bosom and a gentle company of friends. Laughter and merriment, warmth and comfort, surcease from worry and exquisite ecstasy as if all the nice things that had ever happened or could possibly happen had been gathered together, rolled into one, and served in nice thick slices in an atmosphere which tasted like August wine.

A coal fell in the fire and red flame licked a moment at the encroaching darkness and shadows writhed as they retreated to their corners. And in the leaping flame dim vistas passed and familiar words blurred in the orange glow.

"HYPHEN," he whispered, and something glistened in his weak blue eye. "SLANT - I once owned the first issue. NIRVANA - I was invited to subscribe once - fool that I was, and I, could anything have been better?" One by one they passed before him in all their near-forgotten glory. BEN and ORBIT, TRIODE and SPACE DIVERSIONS. FISSION and PERI, FEMIZINE and SATELLITE, ANDROMEDA and OPERATION FANTAST, ORION and MIDWAY JOURNAL, FORWARD and FLASH, and as he stared, the titles changed faster and faster so that they seemed to blur and the intricate convolutions of the elaborate wording shimmered as if with an inner life, then, as abruptly as they had come, faded and died into their long-dead past.

"I was a fool," he said brokenly. "I received them but was too proud or too careless to subscribe. For a while they tolerated me, then, realising the man I was, they no longer sent me free issues. And I could have so easily spared the few coppers, so easily have given those brave organs the support they needed, for, without the interest of the Truefan, even the best fanmag must wither and die."

He sighed, and brushed a creeping drop from his ravaged cheek.

The fire flamed again as if at the touch of some vagrant breeze and now, limned against the dying embers, features formed and faded in swift array. A smiling handsome face with kindly eyes glinting with an inner amusement and the mobile mouth of one born among small and famous leaves of green. Another face, rounder, the hair swept back from a high forehead with lips reflecting an inward peace and with the same kindly eyes. He started as he saw them, and the acid of self-reproach burned in his throat and now the glistening tears ran freely from his fading eyes.

"Willis," he muttered. "Oh Ghod, why did I desert thee? And Vinç, do not stare at me so, old friend, once I bought you bheer."

The images wavered and, as the old man leaned closer, others took their place. A tall figure, wild haired, with deep brown eyes and the general appearance of a ruffled owl smiling with brotherly love at another, smaller figure, with the same wild hair but with lighter eyes and a fresh complexion.

"Cohen!" he groaned. "Dave Cohen, who entertained us so well and Bentcliffe, his friend."

Again he stared into the fire, his eyes misty and a sombre shape, tall, spectacled, dressed all in brown looked at him and made the sign of Ghu.

"Harris!" he sobbed. "The Mighty Chuch! Woe is me that I should have

lived to see this day!"

Still the figures showed against the glowing coals. Carnell, tall and silent, proud and brave. Gillings, smiling as if in forgiveness and Temple, the smoke from his inevitable cigarette pluming past his glinting eyes. The Bulmers were there, Ken with a copy of NIRVANA in his hand. The Buckmasters, the Mackenzies, the Ratigans. Pete Taylor was there and Ashworth, White and Enever, all followed each other as if on a never-ending parade and, as the fan-mags had, so they seemed to shift and shimmer with an inward light and as they faded the strains of some sweet music hovered on the chill night air.

For a long time the old man sat staring after the departed shapes and, when he finally spoke, his voice was quivering with emotion and now the thin tears of age ran freely down his sunken cheeks.

"Where are you now, old comrades?" he whispered. "Did you die alone and forgotten in some attic far from the warmth and comfort of friends? Were you neglected and unwanted in your old age, disowned by all because you had not that with which to buy their love?"

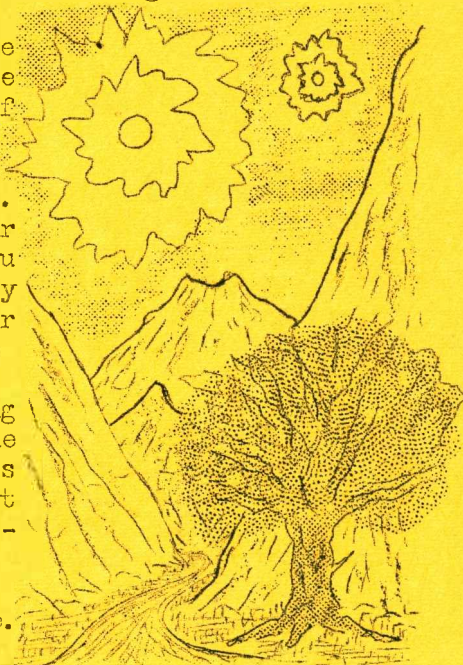
His voice died and, as if they had been lurking in watchful vigil, the shadows crept forward from the corners of the room. He did not see them, his eyes too dazzled by the flame-induced visions, but he felt a heaviness of the heart when he considered the questions he had just asked.

For he knew that they had not died as he would die.

They had gone bravely and proudly, their faith untarnished and their after-life assured. For they had followed the Fannish Way and Ghu does not forget those who travel the correct path. For they had no inner bitterness, no hidden sin, no covetousness or deceit to answer for when they ventured on the last great journey. They had lived as few men had lived for, in the midst of confusion, they had found the true reality. They had shed the mortal clay, but they would never die. Somewhere, perhaps among the stars, perhaps in some strange, hidden land they rested in goodly company and trod the soil of Avalon. Trees would shade them and soft breezes carry strange perfumes, gems would glitter on the shrubs and all would be sweetness and light, good cheer and warm comradeship. There they would follow the Fannish Way and the flashing battles of scintillant wit would echo like the clash of clean armour over the rolling plains. Or they would assemble in brave jousting and lances of jest would be split asunder on shields of humour. And, when the words of battle faded, there would be wassail and feasting and bhoer would flow freely from goblets of hammered gold.

And there, in the vales of Avalon, surrounded by all that the mind of fan holds dear, cooled by gentle winds of soft perfume and fed by the mutated fruits of a multitude of trees, they would dream away an eternity of scented hours.

But he would not be with them.



The pain was so great that he cried out and his clawed fist pounded his hollow chest in futile anguish at what he had lost, and bitter tears streamed from his eyes as he stared at the dying fire. For he could have followed them. He had once had his foot firm upon the Fannish Way and had left it for things of material gain. He too had surrendered his precious coppers for the torn and tattered remainder issues. He too had collected and even he had once gone to Conventions and nursed a concealed envy for those BNFs who could write so easily and so well.

Again the fire flared as if a ghost had brushed it with unseen wings and a face, gaunt and severe, bearded and sorrowful, stared at him with mingled pity and contempt.

"Campbell!" The cry was that of a soul who cringes to the searing fires of hell. "Et tu, Bert?"

The stern visage faded as if one of the Great Ones had returned for a moment to take a final look at the thing which he had become and, whether because of a hidden shame or because of an attempt at justification, the old man dashed the tears from his faded eyes.

"I was married," he cried defiantly. "I had a wife, children, a home, Could I renounce all these for the Fannish Way?"

Silence answered him, silence and the soft murmur of a falling coal. But within his mouth was a bitter taste and he knew how weak his words must sound. For others had been married. Others had fathered children, mothered them too, for not all Truefen were men, and they had not deserted Ghu.

"I was poor," he whimpered, "and I had no time."

Again a coal settled as if in mocking laughter and he knew well how he deserved such scorn. For others had been poor. Others had lacked worldly wealth but they had scorned material possessions in their pursuit of the Greater Truth. And now these people whom he had once looked at with pitying contempt had what he would have given his soul to own.

For material possessions are transient things. They are never really ours and as easily as they are gained so can they be lost. Truefen had greater riches than things of the mundane. Their treasure was locked deep in their hearts and no man or thing could ever take it from them. They held what they had and, unless they cast it aside, it remained with them until the day they shook off the burden of mortal clay and headed for the vales of Avalon. For their treasure was of the spirit, self-possessed, self-obtained, and with it they had a shield and an armour against all the slings of fortune and the whip of scorn.

Once he had known that treasure. Once, how long ago now? He had been warmed by the fire of a fannish heart. Then gold had beckoned with its lying promise and he had knelt at the footstool of a bank account and forsaken Ghu. Much he had once owned. Houses, cars, sheaves of printed slips, and he had counted the loss of the Fannish Way as nothing beside the false splendour of worldly wealth. Then had come age, weakness, depression and the dragging tide of years. There had come false friends and greedy relatives, unfaithful family and the parasites of finance. They had broken him, between them, stripped him and cast him out and now, now that he owned nothing, he himself was unwanted by all.

The things he had held so precious had crumpled in his hand and left him with an empty heart.

It was then that he had turned again to his early faith. Again had he tried to slip into the warm welcome of Truefandom, but, with a sickening sense of horror, he realised that it was too late. For the old fen had gone and there had been none to take their place.

"They grew old," he whispered and the darkness took his words and sent them back as crying echoes. "The Great Ones passed and there were none to take their places. Fandom sprouted in adversity, grew to flower with the development of adult minds, and faded even as the flower fades when summer is past. No new recruits came to fill the thinning ranks. No young blood felt that upsurge of spirit. The few who joined the ranks did so when Truefandom was at its early flower, and after them....."

He shook his head as he remembered the looks of scorn that had battered his hungry soul when on his second quest. The raised eyebrows, the shielded mouths, the sniggers and temple-tappings, the sneers and the undisguised impatience.

"Fandom?" they had said. "What's that?"

And he had found it impossible to answer.

"Fanmags?" A sneering query and a shake of the head. "Never heard of them. Science fiction? Oh, that! Sure I read it but I've never heard of 'Truefen'."

And they had passed on their way leaving him standing, an old man, his hands trembling and his head full of dreams, hoping against hope that somewhere, sometime, he would meet a fan. Even a neofan. Even an inertfan. Even someone who would remember the old BNFs. But he never had.

"Once in the life of every fan," he muttered, "there comes a tide which, taken at the flood, leads only to fortune." Once. And he had had his chance. And he would never have that chance again. The gates of Paradise do not open for any man twice in his lifetime.

The windows rattled to a sudden blast of wind and a draft, streaming beneath the sagging door, raised a little cloud of dust and scattered debris. The fire leaped as the breeze stirred the coals to a dying splendour and, on the wind, he thought he heard the distant sounds of fairy trumpets and the smooth whir of Celestial Mimeographs. Snow blotted out the jewel-like stars, a flurry of broad white flakes, and the thought came to him that they represented the scattered slip-sheets of the heavenly fanmag. For surely the angels could not deny themselves that pleasure?

Again pain tore at his breast, the searing pain against which mere physical torment is a laughing inconvenience, and the sound of his knotted hand as it slammed against his breast made a dull accompaniment to the rising crescendo of the storm.

"Mea culpa," he groaned. "Mea culpa, mea maxima culpa."

For it was his fault, his most grievous fault. Scrooge had pointed the

warning and The Enchanted Duplicator had shown the way. He had ignored them both, ignored too the slow indifference of his friends, for no Truefan ever tried to convert anyone to the Fannish Way. The Path had to be found from within, the drive had to come from the heart and the spirit, and though there was always a welcoming smile and a helping hand, the effort had to be made. For Truefens are born, not manufactured, and such rare spirits must develop without outside interference.

Again the wind screamed like a thousand laughing devils beneath his door, and suddenly he shivered to December cold and everything became snow and ice and the yellow cart with the crystal blocks and the big man with the long needle who cried "Gitutofit" and a smiling woman would fold him in her arms and dry his childish tears on an apron that was all April sunshine and August yellow and the stolen ice would lie cold and hard against his teeth as it sent little streamers of delicious cold running down his throat.

And his father would come out smelling faintly of carbolic and rubbing his big hands and smiling and saying "Ah, ah", and then he would pick him up and whirl him aloft and everything would be cosy and warm like November fire-light and February wine and his mother would smile and together they would sit on the porch and watch the tiny shapes of the wild geese as they flapped ebony wings against an ice-blue sky.

For then he had been young with a heart that was all spring laughter, and the world had been good and sweet and life a great adventure and when he grew up he was going to be a soldier, or an engine-driver, or one of those heroes who sailed the seas of space with their ships spouting sparks like giant fireworks and everyone would wave and cheer and nod and be glad that he was alive and that they had once known him. But now he was old and dry, with the vital force ebbing low as he crouched before the last flicker of his fire and wept the bitter tears of remorse as he thought of what could have been and what was.

And the shadows gathered around him, thick and stately, flowing from the corners where they had waited and watched and as they clustered around him a strange distortion came to him so that he seemed to be in another place in another time. Voices droned against his ears and scenes, bright and colourful, painted the room with their bright imagery so that he seemed to see the tall man with the big mouth waving a tattered pro-mag and shouting "Buy! Buy! Buy!" and the tinkle of coins merged with the sound of gushing cheer and female faces, more beautiful than any of the mundane world, surged around him and scented voices whispered perfumed regrets that he had lost his way like a small boy and could not find his way home again.

Then the fire flared for one last time and the shadows recoiled a little as if hurt by the warm flood, so that he raised his head and held out his hands as if to hold them close to him. "Stay!" he pleaded. "Do not leave me!" Then, as the shadows recoiled still further the true horror of his position overwhelmed him with a rushing tide of bitter self-reproach, and with the last of his strength he cried "If I had served Ghu with half the zeal that I have served Mammon, he would not have left me naked and shamed in mine old age."

Then the fire winked a ruby wink, and closed its single eye. The shadows rushed forward as if to embrace him, then, as darkness flowed around him, lost their shape and form and became one with the night.

And oblivion entered and enfolded him in ebony wings.

finis

SHEEP'S EYES OVER FANNEDOM



JOY K.
GOODWIN

A young femme attending The Globe for the first time will probably be overwhelmed by the attentions which will be paid to her. In order to give a guide to the possible attacks, which are likely to be made upon her virtue, we have prevailed upon a well-known authority to list for "i" the various approaches; most cases quoted being ones which she has personally experienced.

While the girl should realise that these are, to a certain extent of necessity stereotyped, she should use her imagination at all times when dealing with such extensions of the pattern as are likely to be used.



Without further delay, then, let us make a quick survey of the various phrases most often used.

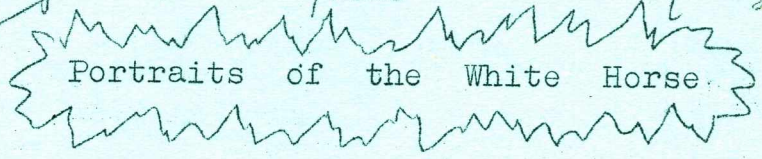
1. The Franciscan Approach. "COME AND SIGN THE VISITOR'S BOOK!" This at times is a perfectly genuinely intended phrase: maidens of attractive appearance may find, however, that an attempt will be made by the fan to guide her signature, thus affording a wonderful opportunity of holding her hand.
2. The Edwardian Approach. This one is usually accompanied, in a suave and polished tone, by an invitation to see how an editor's office is run. "DO YOU NEED ANY MORE COPIES OF NEW WORLDS TO COMPLETE YOUR COLLECTION?" This gambit may be counteracted, by seeing that the curtains in the office are not drawn, and that the lights are on while searching for the required copies. Don't be led down the corridor with the excuse that they may be in another office.
3. The Brummerian Approach. "TELL ME WHAT YOU THINK OF MY LATEST PIECE OF POETRY." This is usually accomplished in a quiet, gentlemanly fashion, with a great display of puns calculated to disarm the unwary with resultant laughter. The character who uses this approach may try to blind you, with your own admiration of his ability to sell stories to such magazines as Astounding, but hero worship of this nature should not be allowed to overwhelm your sense.
4. The Ronaldian Approach. This technique is only applied when the user is chasing someone he has known previously. The usual gambit is: "I'VE SHAVED OFF MY MOUSTACHE, AS I' M TOLD IT TICKED. TELL ME IF YOU NOTICE ANY DIFFERENCE." Of course, the best plan here is not to have met him previously.

5. The Campbell Come-On. "COME AND HELP ME TRIM MY BEARD," may be regarded as being so old it has whiskers on!
6. The Beynonian Approach. "WOULD YOU LIKE ME TO WALK AS FAR AS THE STATION WITH YOU?" Mr. Harris, of course, uses this gambit with the discretion of a gentleman. So long as one is walking, of course, no evasive tactics are necessary, whilst once the station is reached, a murmur that you must run because your train is due in should be sufficient to preserve your equanimity - though I have heard it called other names.
7. The Jacobite Approach. "HAVE YOU SEEN MY CELLAR YET?" may, in its original form, have been intended innocently enough. However, now that Stuart is becoming a Truefan, all femme fans should beware of an invitation such as this, even if she does so need some duplicating done - for her Ompazine, I mean.
8. The Thorneton Approach. "HELP ME CEELEBRATE - MY NEXT ISSUE IS OUT!" It is probably the most difficult to refuse since it is rather difficult to distinguish between the legal interpretation and the publishing one. However, should you keep your wits about you, you should be able to refuse gently, by pointing out that you are in no state for celebration since your own issue is at present depressing you.
9. The Bulmer Approach. "THIS IS THE BEST WAY TO GET TO THE PLAT - FORM: LET THE OTHERS GO THE LONG WAY." It is a gambit that can only be used at Hither Green Station: only one word of warning - Mrs. B. knows the right direction. If you follow her, you should save yourself from falling into sewers, and other low perils.
10. The Vincentian Approach. As No. 1 Fan writer, of course, Vincent naturally would have a more unusual and therefore more disarming approach than other fans. His:- "COME UP AND SEE HOW I DUPLICATE" - must be treated with considerable caution, as the final word is possible of interpretation in varying ways.
11. The Tubbic Approach. There is only one approach of this kind and being forthright, direct, and to the point, it is the more difficult to evade. In itself, it is the distillation of all the previous circumlocutory approaches. Consisting merely of three words, it is easily recognisable. What did you say? Oh! all he does is say,

"GIVE ME WOMEN!"

With best wishes to Lew from:—

Ving Clarke
Ted Caswell
John Newman
William & Temple
Sam Ford
Dave McIlwain
P. Phillips
B. Duncombe
Sydney J. Bards
Ronald K. Buckmaster
Daphne P. Buckmaster
Arthur C. Clarke
John Heyman Harria
Helen Winack
Helen Winack
Francis Arnold
Frank Arnold
Marie C. Staples
Deborah Jones
and all the rest!



Portraits of the White Horse

M O R D E C A I

O F T H E

W H I T E

H O R S E

* * * * *

Francis Arnold

* * * * *

He has been " Mordecai of the Globe " for quite a while now, but just as a famous admiral is always linked with the name of a single famous ship (Vian of the 'Cossack', Mountbatten of the 'Kelly', etc.,) so the name of Mordecai will always be coupled with that of The White Horse Tavern, Fetter Lane; the house whence he emerged from honourable nonentity to the ranks of London's most famous taverners, assured of a place in our social history along with Tom Lord, Ted Lloyd, Kit Catt, Tom Topham, Dirty Dick, Charles Morton, Auguste Romano, Victor Berlemont, Charley Brown, Walter Plinge and Sir Harry Preston.

A Londoner of the very pavements, Lewis Mordecai was born in Holborn in 1911, the son of a publican. All his boyhood memories are centred round this borough, and it was while he was going to St. Andrew's School, near the Viaduct, that his father became landlord of the Globe Tavern in Hatton Garden, where the family remained for many years.

Young Lewis was quite ready to follow his father into the family trade, with all its amenities and advantages, but naturally enough he wanted to sew a wild oat and see the world a bit before settling down to the peaceful humdrum of a publican's life. In a word, sea-fever was in his blood and he was hearing things :

Hark ! The voice of the ocean is calling

With an insistence

Sad and appalling.....

The call of the sea is never to be resisted by those who have heard it, and accordingly the young Mordecai applied for a job at the Orient Line, and was taken on as a steward, aged sixteen. Years of life on the waves were to follow.

Cape Horn, the China Seas, the Barrier Reef, the Barbary Coast, the Rio Grande, the Spanish Main, the Isles of Greece, Table Bay, the North Cape, the South Pacific --- Mordecai saw them all. Then came the war years, and Mediterranean convoys, with U-boats and dive-bombers all around ; the Arctic convoys to Murmansk and Archangel, and pocket-battleships to cope with. Mordecai doesn't talk much of all those years, but sometimes, in quiet moments behind the bar, with his pipe going strong and the cat on his lap, there comes a faraway look into his eyes which tells us that the old shellback is dreaming dreams of long ago.

The war over and done with, Mordecai felt he had seen as much of the sea as he wanted, and it was time to settle down. A vacancy was going in a London tavern, and he took it, but after a time things changed, and he came to the White Horse, with a pretty wife and a small son to keep him company (another small son came to join them a little later).

Here in Fetter Lane, so close to Holborn Viaduct, he was back on his native heath, with the familiar City clientele coming through his doors every day ; the shopping crowds of Holborn, the staff people from Gamage's, the Prudential and the Daily Mirror. Since most of his business was done in the daytime, with a brisk lunch trade at the midday hours, the evenings were comparatively quiet, with only a handful of regulars dropping in.

One evening in the week was an exception, however. For more than a year before his arrival a crowd of twenty or thirty young people had occupied the saloon bar for the whole of Thursday evening, every week with clockwork regularity. Their mutual interest was literary ; they did a sale-and-exchange trade of books and magazines and talked themselves hoarse over their pet enthusiasm, a specialised form of literature, bearing the unappetising name of "science-fiction". They were not a formalised literary body like the Poetry Society or the Dickens Fellowship. Theirs was more the loose fraternity of the Johnsonians, the Janeites, and the Baker Street Irregulars, united solely by their speciality.

Now, Mordecai had a touch of literary taste himself. It was no illiterate deck swabber who went to sea in 1927, but a fairly cultivated lad who always packed four or five books into his ditty-box, always including a Shakespeare and a Dickens. The ostensible ringleaders were youngish men of his own age, Cockneys like himself, with the Cockney's robust and matey sense of humour. In this atmosphere, Mordecai began to expand and breathe his own air, and in a very short while, boss and landlord though he was, he found himself drawn in irresistibly as one of the boys.

No one who knew the saloon bar of the White Horse, in its heyday, from 1946 to 1953, will ever forget it. When we passed through that front door of a Thursday evening it was like stepping into our own drawing room, with the whole place and the whole crowd before our eyes at the first glance. It was a squarish, compact, oak-panelled room, one corner neatly cut off by the

quadrant of the bar itself, a glass-panelled partition separating it from the public bar and with the staircase behind and overhanging it. The elements of a drawing room, a stage, an arena and a market-place were all present, and the scene was enlivened by a little undercurrent of drama that had brought the whole crowd together in the first place.

The aforesaid ringleaders had first united their forces before the war "to promote the aims and objects of science-fiction", and now, six years later, they realised that the only way to do it was to promote a magazine themselves. Accordingly, amateur journalists and artists who would be professionals were gathering round them like bees round a hive, and things were humming merrily. Amid the unwholesome atmosphere of post-war public affairs with its suspicions, animosities, and false alarms, the circle formed a bright little centre of enterprise, vision, progress and optimism, a force that was certain to make its impression and establish its foothold, sooner or later, on the vast, confused, incoherent market of commercial publishing.

But of course the circle as a whole, informal and unorganised, as it was, had no interest in commercial enterprise; they came in simply to meet their pals and have a chat. Now, in a public house the focus of interest is always the bar itself. Customers may drift from table to table, spending ten minutes here or about half an hour there, but throughout the evening they return to the counter, for obvious reasons. The man behind the bar is usually a nonentity, but sometimes he can be the making or breaking of a circle of his customers. In this position Lew Mordecai showed up at his best.

He could discuss books with anyone in the room. He could tell a funny story with the best of them, and his repertoire was inexhaustible. He held his own easily in wisecracking backchat with Ted Carnell. He listened sympathetically to the doleful autobiographies of Wally Gillings and Bill Temple, and with intent amusement to the disquisitions of Sam Youd, exuding philosophic perspicacity from his seat in the corner. All the time he attended dutifully to the flow of orders at both bars, passing through the archway from one to the other like a presiding deity, going about his business with a seaman's quiet efficiency and economy of effort. In short, he kept his house in order with the minimum of fuss and flurry; and indeed, with his wiry frame and silvery hair, impish grin and slightly pointed ears, he radiated good cheer and contrived to be both King and Jester at once, the life and soul of a Thursday evening.

And what a varied and lively scene he looked upon from his eyrie in the corner ! Here in the centre were authors and artists talking shop with Carnell and dazzling him with their offerings, Just beside them the luckier lads, much luckier, were gathered closely around Audrey Lovett, and they weren't talking shop at all (does she still think sometimes, I wonder, of the boys she left behind her ?). On the centre table the noisy magazine market was always in full swing, the brightly-coloured journals lighting up the room like jewels on a Woolworth's counter. At the side table sat Fred Brown and Charlie Duncombe glowering at each other in battles of dialectical chess. In the far corner a trio or more, usually including Sid Bounds, John Newman and Vinø Clarke, fought it out regularly on the dartboard; at this point, too, was the famous "Battle Corner" where the Convention Committees battered each other to a pulp as they hammered out a programme for the next convention. In the other far corner lay the long leather divan, where so many couples for so many years, settled down to hold hands and talk in whispers. All the time the later arrivals were flowing in, and new faces were of frequent appearance. For of course the circle was no parochial affair. The boys from Manchester and Liverpool and Northern Ireland were regular annual visitors, and at one time or another our friends drifted in from all parts of the British Isles.

The great middle period of the circle ran its course from 1949 to 1951. By now the budding authors of 1946 were settling down, getting into stride and fulfilling some of their early promise. At long last Bill Temple finished his novel "Four-sided Triangle", and launched it on its amazing career, with its many translations, its film version and the many new literary friendships it brought him. At about the same time a new novel, "The Winter Swan", began the prolific career of John Christopher, and Jonathan Burke made his bow with "Swift Summer". Now the brilliant career of Arthur Clarke burst out in its first blaze of glory, and then John Wyndham, the quiet fellow in the corner, shook the reading public with his famous "Day of the Triffids". These were the halcyon days, the midsummer years, the golden age of the circle, when everyone could see that the White Horse was developing into a sort of twentieth-century amalgam of the Mermaid Tavern, Lloyd's Coffee-rooms, and Charley Brown's in Limehouse. Needless to say, its light reflected pleasantly on the genial soul behind the bar. One presentation copy after another crossed the counter, all inscribed "To Lew...." with various good wishes and kind regards, making their way to the neatly-furnished rooms upstairs, and taking their place on his shelves beside the war-memoirs of the Prime Minister, the Everyman classics and the works of his favourite novelists, Joyce Cary, Somerset Maugham, Raymond Chandler and Evelyn Waugh.

This, too, was the time when the White Horse emerged as the world's rendezvous for science-fiction's fandom, for "fandom" is an international movement that has flourished so far for twenty years. Fans all over the world who had a chance of making a trip to Great Britain were told that, amid the friendly lanterns of London's pubs, one house reserved a welcome for themselves alone, on any Thursday, if they cared to drop in. Accordingly, across the seven seas that Mordecai had once sailed the fans came travelling, to gather merrily at their own inn at the end of the journey.

Impossible to remember now who came first, or how many came in the time --- randomnames from the bran-tub of memory is all I can offer now. Some may recall Clive Isherwood, the athletic New Zealander who came over to brave the terrors of an English winter, or John Cooper, who dropped in one evening from Sydney, New South Wales. Of course, we all remember the night when the door opened to reveal the beaming bulk of Forrie Ackerman, and how we rushed him to the centre table, with Wendayne Ackerman at the other end, plied them with teetotal tipple, and kept them talking till closing time. Or the night of that glorious confab with Sprague de Camp, (who can forget his delivery of a Hamlet soliloquy, in the London accent of 1606 ?) while Mrs. de Camp chatted quietly in the bar corner.

Or, brightest memory of all, those nights when the cavaliers of the White Horse clustered thickly in adoration round Bea Mahaffey (most of them were queueing up just to get near her !) when for once the Thursday system broke down and we came in nearly every evening for a fortnight ; until that evening when we drove her through the flagged and festooned streets of London, in a fleet of cars, and escorted by motor-cycle outriders, past that squad of the Metropolitan Police drawn up in smart array outside the Lord Mayor's Mansion House, to that farewell of laughter and tears on Liverpool Street Station before her departure for Harwich and the Continent.

But these were only the most famous of our USA visitors. Of others we can recall jovial Red Johnson of Dayton, Ohio, and demure Elizabeth Smith from Pittsburgh, Pa., (it shook us when we heard that " E.E. Smith " was coming to Town !). Or Rita Krohne of Milwaukee, Wis., strolling through the glades of Russell Square with a quintette of admirers in her wake, and Jesse Floyd of Savannah, Ga., who claimed a brief acquaintamce with glamorous Lee Hoffman of the same city. O those familiar faces of only a little while ago - when shall we see them all again ? Soon, let us hope !

Our European neighbours came over to the Conventions in a solid phalanx, Georges and Mme. Gallet from Paris, Ben and Barbara Abas from the Netherlands, followed soon by Jan Hillen and Nic Oosterban, and Sigvard Ostlund from Sweden, and so distant a visitor as Frank Lam, from Hong Kong, and more Antipodeans like Ken Paynter from Sydney. Here indeed were gatherings of united nations, with goodwill all around and no slinging of vetoes in any direction !

And where did our central figure take his place among all the international celebrations ? Let us recollect that moment in one of Carnell's introductory sessions when he called upon Lew Mordecai to stand up and be presented, and how Lew shuffled to his feet amid a thunderous roar of cheers, smiling and actually blushing, probably for the first time in his life !

The golden age reached its meridian and died down towards the afterglow, as golden ages always do. The saloon bar was a densely crowded place in the last couple of years, for all of its ample spaciousness ; many a night we had to struggle through the crush to reach the bar, and raise our voices to be heard above the hubbub. There was a curious atmosphere of impending crisis, of twilight and coming thunderstorms about the latter part of 1953. That was the year when the Londoners agreed to forgo their annual convention thereafter, to give the other cities a chance to offer hospitality. For London it felt like the end of an age, the beginning of a long breathing-space before another age commenced.

The blow fell in December, when suddenly the buzz went round - "Lew is leaving the White Horse!" At first it seemed incredible, but then we recalled he had been unusually quiet just lately, and a rather hangdog look had replaced his usual cheerful grin. When questioned he glumly admitted it was true, and up went the disappointed cry - "Oh -- it won't be the same !"

But after all, he wasn't going far -- just across Holborn to the Globe in Hatton Garden, a mere five minutes walk from the White Horse. Promptly an expedition was despatched to the Globe to sample its wares, and it came back with a favourable report. It was the hour of decision ; seven years of close personal associations were not lightly to be broken, for the whole world had heard of the White Horse, and in any case, most Londoners have a feline attachment to their favourite haunts and are always reluctant to quit them. But with a new management coming a change was inevitable, and as Carnell put it later, " Friendship means more than panelled walls." The decision was spontaneous, unani-

mous and instantaneous - the circle was transferring, lock, stock and, of course, barrel.

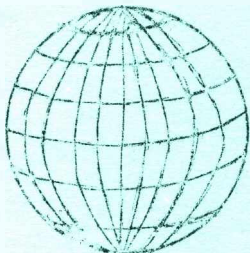
Friend, we will go to Hell with thee,
Thy griefs, thy glories, we will share,
And bind the earth and rule the sea,
And set ten thousand devils free -----

A fortnight before Christmas, 1953 the first meeting was held in the great green cavern of the saloon bar at the Globe, a house twice as large as the White Horse and twice as busy. The little huddled group of fans, fresh from the intimacy of 'the Nag', seemed lost in that crowded arena. Attendance was sparse that night and the week after, and for a while it seemed that the circle had broken up, with most of the regulars absent and the floating population completely lost. Then from Christmas onwards the tide turned, regular faces reappeared, long-lost faces turned up again - "Old ones, new ones, loved ones, neglected ones" - all came back to the familiar circle in its new home, the life of the circle resumed its carefree flow and all Hatton Garden knew that once more a Mordecai ruled the Globe.

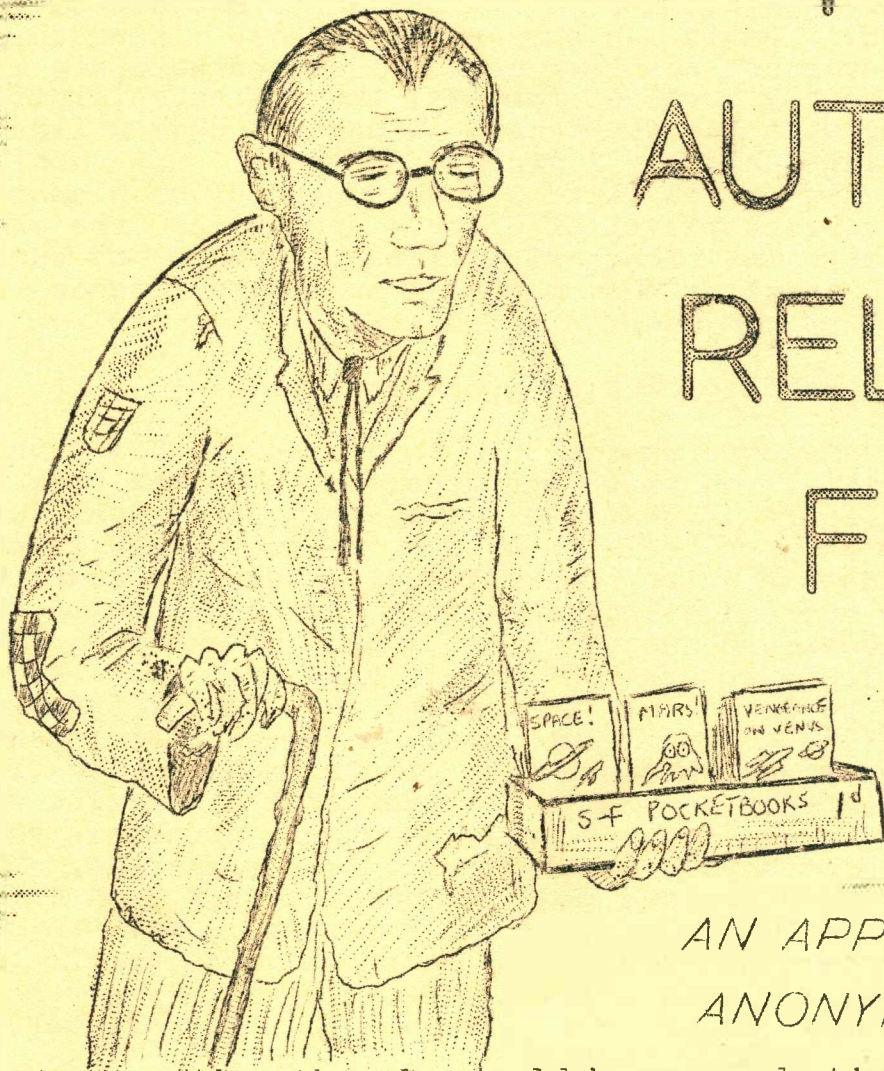
For to Lew of course it was a return to the home of his boyhood, and inheritance, as it were, of a family estate. His wife and family settled down quickly, and once or twice his father has come up from Brighton to look the old place over. The transfer has proved, after all, happy and satisfactory. With the story of the White Horse to inspire it and the trusty hands of Lew Mordecai to guide it, we can confidently expect that one day the Globe will be as famous as the Cheshire Cheese, the George and Vulture, the Elephant and Castle and the Prospect of Whitby.

Time and the Circle alone will tell.

FRANCIS ARNOLD



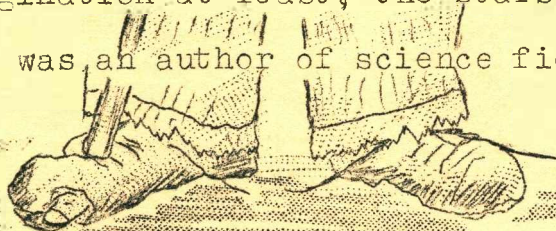
THE AUTHORS RELIEF FUND



AN APPEAL BY AN
ANONYMOUS FAAN

I met a man the other day, old he was and tired, with rheumy eye and trembling hand, his limbs scarce able to bear the weight of his frail form. A pitiful specimen of once-virile manhood, a ghastly warning of what we all must become with the relentless passage of the tedious years. I looked at him, feeling some subtle affinity with the shambling shape and, as I stared, recognition came and with it a burning hate that the world could be as it is to those who dwell among, in imagination at least, the stars.

He was an author of science fiction pocket books.

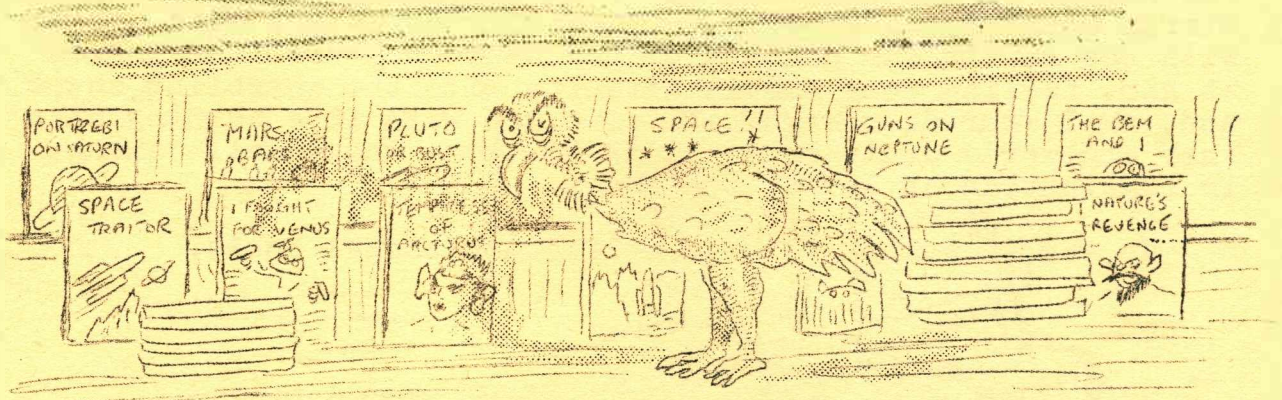


He was one of those who freely vented their genius and transported many a wide-eyed youngster on the magic carpet of scintillant prose through a realm of wonderful delight and awed fascination. A spinner of tales more modern than tomorrow's news. A builder of legends and a moulder of the destinies of men. He it was who penned those incredible, vast tales on adventure on other worlds, sneered at space and time as he opened the doors of fantasy, laughed at scientific limitations and, with supreme scorn, flung the cosmos like a toy to his adoring public. A genius, no less. An artist who scattered his words like a double handful of diamonds against the soft black velvet of space, sprinkling the ebon bowl of heaven with the smouldering fires of dreams and pure, smiling promise, breaking the chains of mundane existence by the refined gold of his soaring spirit.

An author of science fiction pocket books.

Can we ever evaluate what we owe to him and to his kind? Will it be possible, on that last great day when the book is closed on the affairs of men, to give them their just due? We would not be but for them. We who, we must admit it, who with humble pride and quiet humility step reverently down the path which they spurned with winged feet, we I say must, of all men, be those most humbly grateful that he and his like were born. For such men must surely have been sent by a beneficent Ghod to ease our burden by the lambent flame of their subtle skill. They came among us for a brief moment, knowing well the risks they ran but, ignoring all petty ills and greedy lust after life and, searing their minds with the fires of distant suns, ripped their awareness from this vale of tears, flung it beyond the limits of time and space, and, from that grim and distorted region, brought back such tales of daring do, such yarns of fabulous women and larger-than-life men, that we, who are at the most but human, could but sit at their feet and give grateful thanks that they had condescended to even consider such as we. For they are our, in fact they are everyone's, heroes.

Those glorious authors of science fiction pocket books.



And now? Now the bitter draught which they drank for the benefit of us and those like us has worked its insidious poison and, bereft of the bare necessities of life, they stumble through the barren streets, the long and weary years, old names of potent magic on their trembling lips, their eyes glazed with past glories, their imaginations so warped and strained by their reckless extravagance as to be scarce able to visualise the day-after-tomorrow when once the millenias had been a before-breakfast pastime.

Those pitiful authors of science fiction pocket books.

How could fate be so cruel? They stare with bleared, dull and hopeless eyes at the ranked array of brilliant covers to still be seen on the shelves of those who purvey the packets of prose, the cut-down novels, the pocket books which like some foul miasma have crept into our everyday life. Once, not so long ago, those covers would have been resplendant with cosmic glories, the paper-backs full of distilled treasure as those responsible for the publishing of the literature on which the minds of our delicate young feed, realising and aware of what they did, culled the heart's blood of our heroes and pressed it into paper and ink. Then great names and mighty titles shouldered the crud from the stands. Then, and who can deny it? Good, clean, bright and wonderful stories of future times and distant places shone like trapped and captured stars, beckoning to the young and old alike to buy and enter that realm of imaginative glory which we, the lucky ones, know all too well. Then it was that those more than human writers of whom I speak were in their own. Then hunger and want stood afar. Soft raiment clothed their precious bodies. No harsh stones bruised their tender feet. No lack of mundane essentials stood between them and their needs and their throats were strangers to thirst. Then they lived, and, in living, they gave us their all.

Those superb authors of science fiction pocket books.

But now they starve! Now they have not and, as things are, they will get not. The markets are closed and wherein can they replace that which they have lost? They know not, neither do I, but, remembering that ghastly shape, that grim vision which, by the grace of Ghu, was vouchsafed to me as in a glass darkly, I tremble for what the future may bring. Starvation! Deprivation! The advancing horror of regular work! Ghods! Can we suffer them to be so tormented?

Can we smile as they writhe in the black oblivion to which, we, and we must admit it, have thrown them? For did we buy those precious packages of distilled genius? Or did we, as so many others have done, merely borrow the literature we love? The crime rests heavily on our souls for, by so doing, we betrayed them.

Those irreplaceable authors of science fiction pocket books.

The remedy is simple. We who have enjoyed their heart's blood in the time of their prosperity, must now shoulder our burden, accept our responsibility, and, with cheerful good grace, dip deep into our pockets and give concrete token of our esteem. For remember, the greatest virtue of all is charity, and, at this time of the year, it is natural to think of our sins and omissions. We cannot undo what has been done. We cannot move back the clock and create a demand. We are small and can only do what we can - but each one of us can give. Each can register their appreciation and, by some small sacrifice, earn credit in heaven. Money is but trash and is it a Good Thing to hang onto trash? It is not and you know it, and so let not another have to tell you your duty towards those who, through no fault of their own, now are in need of your help.

Those impecunious authors of science fiction pocket books.

Let us help them to retain their dignity. Let us name no names and mention no personalities. Sufficient it is that they are in dire need and, as a Christmas gesture, let us, all of us, give what we can to place bread and water on a board that might otherwise be bare of any form of seasonable cheer. Send your donations then to; AUTHOR'S RELIEF FUND. c/o i editorial offices. I'll repeat that; Send your donations to;

AUTHOR'S RELIEF FUND. c/o i editorial offices - you can find the address on the subscription page.

Forms are appended for your convenience.

I..... hereby wish to donate £.....to the AUTHOR'S RELIEF FUND and, at the same time, wish to express my gratification at the courage and honesty of this magazine for shouldering what is undoubtedly an essential cause.

Signed.....

Or;

Please find P.Os/cheque/ Cash to the value of £.....
I wish to remain anonymous as, loathe though I am to admit it, I have never bought a pocket book in my life. I understand, that, notwithstanding this almost unforgivable sin, my donation automatically entitles me to the blessing of Ghu and that my charity will be remembered when my turn comes to pass into the Fannish Fields. The enclosed money will, of course, be disbursed as you see fit.

THE EGO BEAUTIFUL

THE EYE MAGAZINE GUIDE
TO EGOBOOTIFUL SUCCESS

A Synopsis of our
renowned course

First printed : October, 1954.
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EYE Magazine, Christmas, 1954 - Free Supplement

3, Vine Street,
Cutler Heights,
Bradford 4

5th September, 1954.

The Director,
EYE Egoboo Service.

Dear Sir,

I should like to record my heartfelt appreciation of the services which I have had untiringly rendered by your magnificent organisation during the past few months, and I do hope that you will feel free to utilise for publication any part of this letter which you consider advisable to bring before the public 'Eye' (if you will pardon the minor witticism).

There is of course a time in everybody's life when they realise that the haphazard egoboo which occasionally leaks in from a careless world is no longer sufficient to fulfil the deepest carvings of their Id (or, as some would have it, their Ego), and it is, not unnaturally, at this time that they take steps to ensure a more regular and more abundant supply. There exists, of course, a veritable infinity of ways in which this can be achieved, and my own initial answer to the problem was to undertake the publication of a fanzine by the name of BEM. It was only some while later that I realised that even with this solid egoboo-gatherer to rely upon, I was still, to a very large extent, at the mercy of the Winds of Fortune, - or rather of Misfortune. After extensive pondering upon the problem I hit upon the happy solution of engaging an egoboo service.

As an epilogue I would like to mention that none of the several services with which I had contacts before commissioning your good selves provided such a thoughtful, reliable, regular, and efficient egoboo service as your own. It seems to me that your staff must have devoted their whole lives to the cause of Egoboo, and it is my hope that the advantages offered by your organisation will very soon be more widely popularised and made more easily available to even the Man In The Street. Perhaps you could issue a modestly-priced booklet on the many angles of this vital commodity, which you so carefully and politely dispense, with this end in view ?

Assuring you of my hearty recommendation at all times,

Yours gratefully,
Thomas A.B. White
THOMAS A. B. WHITE

THE ORIGINAL OF THIS LETTER HAS BEEN DEPOSITED WITH PROXYBOO INC.

CHAPTER I

EGOBOO - A BASIC NECESSITY OF LIFE

Mal Ashworth

"And does it not follow then, from what we have just said", asked Socrates, "that Eve was created, not, as we have hitherto supposed, that she might bear children unto Adam, but that she might praise his works and daily tell him that he was the finest and the strongest man on all the earth ? In short, that she might provide him with his daily quota of Egoboo ? "

"Aye, indeed, Socrates", said Phaedrus, "So it seems", and all the others gave their assent too

All too often is this vital speech from one of the lesser-known Socratic Dialogues overlooked when the greatest philosophical minds of any age eventually turn their questing eyes towards the Basic Question ; if such a man as Socrates came to the conclusion that Egoboo was so necessary to the existence and well-being of Man that he must suffer Woman rather than be without it, who are we, at this late stage, to argue with him ?

Nearly all the more prominent authorities upon the subject (most of whom have retired to secluded places of asylum to live together in the bliss of a perfectly Egobootiful life, being cared for by servants or 'warders') are now agreed that Egoboo deserves a place, not among the luxuries of life, but way up at the top among the necessities. Professor J. Finkelstein of the University of New Petra contends that sex, egoboo, food and shelter, in that order, are the really fundamental needs of human existence. Professor Finkelstein is well-known throughout the scientific world (as well as other sections of the community) for the work he did as a practical researcher in aiding Dr. Kinsey with some of his more specific observations. On the other hand, Dr. Johnson Q. Hendrikbotham, the eminent Scientologist, disagrees emphatically with Finkelstein (as was rather humorously demonstrated at last year's meeting of the Royal Fundamentals Society when he emptied the Speaker's water-jug over Finkelstein's head after the tomato-throwing incident) and gives pride of place on the list of Necessities to the release of engrams acquired as plankton several million years ago. Even Dr. Hendrikbotham however, in keeping, one imagines, with the enviable instruction he received at the hands of Lord Sir Professor Hubbard himself, rates Egoboo as the second item on the list. It has, in fact, for long been rumoured that Lord & Doctor Hubbard has been conducting some research into the applications of Egoboo and while no definite information can be obtained about this matter, a usually reliable source has passed

on a story to the effect that Lord etc. Hubbard himself has invented a brand new Honour and Appropriate Title and that this will be presented to Lord etc. Hubbard himself at the next meeting of the Hubbard Association of Dianeticists, Scientologists, Scientoendocrinographologistosophisticians, Dero-Fighters, and Gremlin-Battlers' Association.

Recently a great advance has been made towards determining for all time whether or not Egoboo is regarded by the Masses of Men In The Streets (and Women In The Streets, this phase of the research being supervised by Professor Finkelstein) as one of the basic necessities of their lives, with the organisation of a nation-wide census. Observers conducting experimental research in conjunction with the questioners reported very positive reactions on the part of the Average Person when subjected to unexpected Egoboo. For example, from the report of Observer 'Eros' :

" It was 6.30 a.m. when I called at the house of Subject 263 B. I knocked upon the door until it was opened by the Subject (still in his pyjamas), whereupon I immediately congratulated him in flowery terms upon the beautiful clinging ivy climbing up his outside wall. The poor fellow was so overcome by this unexpected Egoboo that he tore a large portion of the ivy from the wall, and wrapped it around my neck as a token of his appreciation. So great was his enthusiasm, in fact, that he nearly choked me with it and it was several minutes before I was able to push him away with my feet and stand upright again."

Or from Observer 'Lorelei' :

'I came upon Subject 477 K just leaving a large Cat Show by the back door, carrying in his arms a basket containing ten cute little kittens. I hastened over, admired them profusely, and congratulated him upon their evident first-class health. One could see that he was deeply touched and a strange gleam (I assume it to be one of pride) came into his eyes. I expressed the hope that his kittens had won some prizes at the Show. The gleam in his eyes intensified and I think he was beside himself with joy at the praise. "Naw thye dint", he said. "Thye ain't been in the Shau. Ahr Minnie wuk me up in the middle orv tha night and 'ad 'em. Ahm the Caretaker theer. Eeeyah", and he presented me with the whole basketful of kittens'.

The statistical results of the Census were of no less import than the practical research. $1\frac{1}{4}$ out of every two and three-thirds housewives interviewed thought that it was a Good Thing: two and three-sixteenths Chelsea Borough Council Dustmen out of every nine and one-sixteenth interviewed said "Yes" : three Aberdonian steeplejacks out of every $2\frac{3}{4}$ interviewed didn't know (see note) : only 0.0000623% of 23 Polish Dockworkers thought

it a Bad Thing ; 99.9999377% 'didn't know' ; 17 Carmarthen-shire plumbers and 2 Belfast Midwives agreed emphatically and 67.8% of Kentish hop-pickers said 'Hic' ; 3 unmarried young women said 'not under any circumstances!' and 97 said 'Oh, but yes ! '. These were noted down for future reference. In the pilot survey, which had taken place previously, observers had spotted 24 pilots. Much was learned from the information yielded by the Census and the Correlated Data have taught students some invaluable facts. Chief among these is that Censuses are no damn good,

It has now almost certainly been proved that Egoboo is a Basic Necessity of Life, a Fundamental of Existence. Wherever we place it in the list of primary needs, place it there we must. Now that this tremendously important fact has been established, research is daily progressing in the subject and whilst we must take care not to substitute groundless fantasy for healthy optimism, it may be that - one day in the future - some brilliant and talented researcher will even come up with a definition of Egoboo, so that we shall know what it is ! In the meantime, of course, we know that it is a Good Thing.

The whole matter was summed up in the most shrewd and satisfying manner by the Rt. Hon. Selwyn Asmodeus Grunchworthy-Denchentribe, when, in his Parliamentary Address on the 31st of June, 1954, he said :

"Dyattttttt. Nnnnnnch. Pschnoof. N'yand thus - I conclude - I mean to say - it seems to me - that Egoboo - is a Good Thing. (Loud and prolonged applause). It appears moreover - to be - er - nyecessary - nay, I would say absolutely nyecessary - for the healthy existence of the individual. (Applause and shouts of 'Yeah, Yeah'). N'yand furthermore - it seems to me - that we have to do - everything - in our power - to see that the Man In The Street - is given every opportunity - of garnering sufficient Egoboo - to keep him a healthy - and happy person. (Cheers). N'yin the past - this has not been done - and I think we must hold our predecessors responsible - for this negligent carelessness. (Cheering and cries of 'String 'em up' Hang the lot ! ', etc.) N'yand carrying this thing - to its logical conclusion - it is my contention - that - since the only section of our community - which is consistently capable - of providing itself - with a sufficiency of Egoboo - is that strange organisation known as Science Fiction Fandom - (Boos, cries of 'Shame' and loud hisses) the Man In The Street - must become a Science Fiction Fan ! (Horrorified sighs, fainting of women members and cries of 'Mighod, is there no other way ?) Friends ! It must be done. Only thus - will there be - enough Egoboo for everybody. (Half-hearted cheers)

Note: The figures regarding Aberdonian steeplejacks are considered to be doubtful, and are being cross-checked. Until the check is complete too much reliance should not be placed on the data given, which should be treated as a preliminary estimate only

"But we must never - never - never, I say (Shouts of 'that's what we thought you said!') lose sight of the fact that - though Egoboo is a Fine Thing - and a - Force . for Righteousness - Man Can Not Live By Egoboo Alone !" (Thunderous applause and a solitary cry of 'He's right, you know'.)

MAL ASHWORTH

CHAPTER II

SOME NOTES ON THE ACQUISITION OF EGOBOO

E.C.Tubb

So you want some Egoboo, do you ? You want to become big-headed BNF with all the rabble looking up to you, bowing down to you, grovelling in the dirt at your feet, running to buy you bheer, hanging onto the pearls of wisdom which, now and again, you condescend to let fall from your august lips.

Brother !

Well, if you think that your back is broad enough to take all those knives, your skin tough enough to stand the flaying you'll be getting, and your fingers hard enough to stand up to all the work necessary to achieve those giddy heights.....

Let's start at basics. To get egoboo you have to be talked about, and, as with most things, there are more ways than one of getting talked about. One of the simplest is to become a 'character'. If you habitually wear a nightshirt in public, wipe your nose on your sleeve, spit in the eye of everyone smaller than yourself you meet, drink your bheer standing on your head, pick your nose while ogling women, or just stop washing for a year or two, you will become a character. You could also grow a beard.

That, in itself, might just be enough to get you by. I say 'might', because a lot depends on the type of character you become. I mean, there isn't anything very odd in, say, boasting that you've never bought a drink in your life. Nor is there anything to set your foot on the ladder to fame if you simply grow a beard! It helps, but to make quite certain of getting a good share of egoboo, a little more effort is usually required.

The simplest ploy, of course, is just to be rude. This requires nothing more than a cast-iron conscience, the ability to deride others while you yourself remain an unknown something in the backwoods, and a final exposure of the clay feet of existing BNF's. You know the kind of thing I mean. If you read an article, any article, by a well-known fan, then, without hesitation, you rip it to tatters and heap scorn onto

the author's head. You write, not to the author himself, but to any crud-sheet willing to print your venom and you lay it on as thick as it will go. Praise nothing, sneer at everything. Laugh, deride, ridicule, point your dirty little finger of scorn, question the BNF's love life, invent 'friends' who agree with your every word. Make false statements, and, best of all, hint that the article in question was written by a 'ghost'.

At first you'll be ignored, but don't despair. Just wait for some more fanzines and let fly again with all the envy in your soul. Keep this up until, in the letter columns of your reference mags, you'll find that you are mentioned. THIS IS IT ! This is the first and hardest step in garnering a waggon-load of egoboo. Someone, somewhere, has read your diatribe and commented on it. YOU HAVE BECOME KNOWN !

If you don't want to go to the trouble and expense of buying fanmags, so that you can rip them apart by letters, etc., there is an alternative short-cut to fame. First you wait until there is a convention. You go there and, most important of all, you buy a Zap-Gun. Pick one with a needle jet, load it with ice-water, find out who the BNFs are and, when they least expect it, creep up behind them and squirt them in the eye. At first, being BNFs, they will tolerate all this behaviour with Truefan amusement and refrain from kicking you where it hurts most. DO NOT BE DAUNTED. You must repeat the performance, time and time again until, maddened by eye-ache, neuralgia, and incipient blindness, the selected victim will snatch your weapon and grind it to dust beneath his heel. THIS IS IT ! Immediately, you raise a scream that can be heard both sides of the Atlantic. "So and So smashed my Zap-Gun," you yell. "The man's got no sense of humour at all" KEEP ON YELLING ! This is MOST IMPORTANT. Never let the victim state his case. Act with outraged innocence, cry, tell everyone that all you did was to playfully aim your toy in his general direction. If you act hard enough and lie well enough everyone will come to feel sorry for you and, on your behalf, spit on the discredited BNF.

You can then, with luck, take his place.

A variation on the above ploy is to select as your victim a pro editor, or writer. This automatically places them in the wrong, no matter what you do, and, with luck, you will be considered a martyr to the Cause - whatever that is, and so be talked about even more.

ALWAYS REMEMBER THAT, NO MATTER WHAT YOU DO OR SAY, THE OBJECT IS TO BE TALKED ABOUT.

Still want to get some egoboo ?

TED TUBB

CHAPTER III
 EGOBOO IN AUTHENTIC
 i Spi

To get some Egoboo in Authentic, of course, there is one certain method ---- write a letter to Bert Campbell slating the provincials for something or other ; it doesn't matter what.

Another sure winner is to say that you think Authentic does not cater for adolescents. Or you could find an error in one of Bert's scientific departments ; he always publishes those, pointing out in his well-known sweet and gentle manner that it is the reader who is wrong.

Additionally, to get your name known in - where is it they say ? -- Holland, Denmark, Sweden, Peru and all the rest -- you can say you are starting a Club. This doesn't have to be true, but it helps if it is because you can then have a series of follow-up letters published ; Bert likes to tell people that he has helped to start clubs all over the place.

Finally, your letter to Authentic will be guaranteed publication if you put a string of initials after your name. Bert just loves initials.....

CHAPTER IV
 THE MATHEMATICS OF EGOBOO
 J. Stuart Mackenzie

Whilst we do not know the exact nature of Egoboo we are not unaware of some of its properties. In much the same way that we can use electricity, setting up mathematical formulae for its use and function, so can we mathematically describe Egoboo.

Let Egoboo = E, and N the Name.

Then effectively $E = \sum N$ where $\sum N$ is the total number of appearances of the name in a given time-interval.

If we now integrate this equation - which will have effect of bringing all the scattered pieces of Egoboo to one conglomerate whole - with respect to the prime factor Ego, then :

$$\int E \frac{d. fmz}{d. e} \text{ is equivalent to } \int_0^{\infty} [\pm p + w + e']$$

where p = popularity, w = writing ability and e' = energy spent in fanactivity.

You will see that I have expressed the final bracket of the previous equation with limits between 0 and infinity. This, of course, means that you cannot have less than no egoboo nor more than an infinite amount of it. Which stands to reason, doesn't it ?

We haven't finished yet. Hang on to your slip-sticks.

Now, as E \longrightarrow Infinity, so N \longrightarrow BNF

It may be argued that one should not use the minus sign as an alternative to the plus before the populatiry symbol. But it must be remembered that some people will hate you. Hence, your populatity with them will actually have a minus value, but this will not by any manner of means prevent your getting egoboo at their expense, for every mention of your name adds up to the infinite summation that makes BNF. Hence, in hating you they render you service. (Where else but in fandom could so happy a circumstance arise ?)

When you have carefully studied all the methods explained in this little booklet, you will be in a position to start your acquisition of a respectable quantity of egoboo. To aid you in your studies we append a scoring chart. To attain satisfactory egoboo, you should aim at having a score of 14 or more a week. We know this is not easy -- indeed it is hard. But if ever you aspire to fame, a Directorship without Horlicks, or a free copy of NIRVANA, then tighten your belt, put your shoulder to the wheel, your nose to the grindstone and your best foot forward. Comfortable ? I thought not. Ah well, just get up on your hind legs, walk down to the nearest post office, buy some Postal Orders and some stamps, and start writing. Nice letters to all the faneds you've ever heard of, enclosing Postal Orders and letters of comment. Not that it will get you any egoboo, but it is so nice for the faneds, and surely you'd rather do that than tighten your belt, put your shoulder to the wheel, your nose to the grindstone, and your best (you must have three-- Ma, he's a mutant after all ! --) foot forward. Besides, what the hell would be the use of it ?

HOW YOU SCORE

For publication of your own fanzine	15
" " , other than a letter, in a fanzine	5
" " " " " " " " prozine	10
" " of a letter in a fanzine	3
" " " " " " " " prozine -- rude letter	3
--polite letter	1

(Continued on next page)

THE HISTORY OF A FATE TOO HIDEOUS TO CONTEMPLATE

NARRATED BY

KEN BULMER

He was an old fan and tired. Old with his years of endeavour and tired with the enervating shock that had culminated in this final instant of dedication. Beyond this moment of fire and pain he dare not pry : suffice it that he knew, with the stark stripping away of all pretence and vaunted ambition, that his entire life had been wasted.

The fire flickered lower and the lowering shadows roused him. Distorted shapes fled across the walls of his study, giving a shallow pseudo life to the treasures built up over a lifetime of devoted fanning. He shivered suddenly, the fire gleam caught in his eyes. He started up with a curse.

"Fire." The words tumbled in an incoherent torrent. "Must have more fire. Cold. So dim and cold." He reeled towards the loaded shelves and his fingers raked like the claws of death amongst his lifetime collection. Avidly, eyes flaring with a fey light, he tore the sacredly guarded bundles out, ripping gaudy colours and splitting the ancient printing so that a rainbow show-storm filled the study and swirled in autumn abandon over the carpet. There were tears in his eyes.

"All this time and effort," he sobbed. "When just for the looking, just for the seeking, the true way could have been found long and long ago." He laughed, horribly. "Found - before it was too late."

SO HORRIBLE THAT WE DARE NOT ILLUSTRATE IT !

In a fine frenzy of self-loathing he cast more and more of his collection upon the fire. He watched gleefully, masochistic feelings of unholy joy bubbling within him as the devil flames bit and licked, ate into the ancient pictures, obliterated the lines of fine print. He laughed insanely. That set he had found in a decrepit junk shop just off - what matter? They were all so much rubbish now, paper and ink and card cluttering up his shelves when those shelves should have been filled with the true way, the new way, the way that he had found too late.

The flames writhed with a sentient life, devouring the toil of years. His actions grew wilder, more abandoned; he could not shovel the priceless fuel fast enough.

At last he wearied and slumped in his old swivel chair that had shared so many past triumphs. He leafed through a single fanzine that lay on the desk. Bitterness and an agony of spirit tore at his vitals.

"Why did this happen to me? Why so late? Why have I spent all my life in this foolish, useless, utterly idiotic pursuit?"

All his collection had now been consumed. He glared at the empty shelves, only half-seeing the neat rectangles of dust that had lain between items which only a microscopic time before had meant everything to him. He stared emptily at the single fanzine and a slow glow suffused his breast. There it was. There.

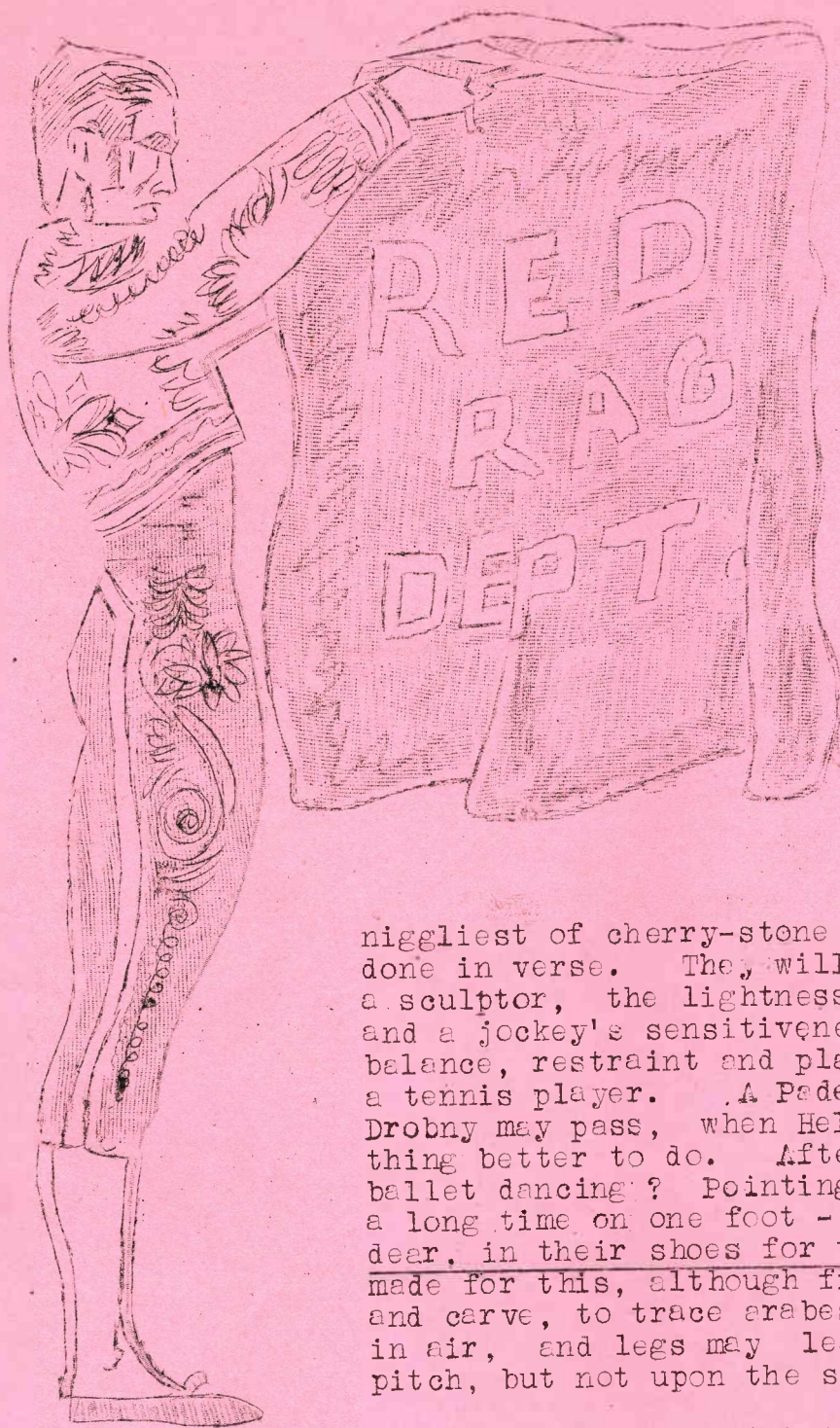
"Oh, Ghods of Fandom, aid me now!"

He sat crouched in the fire glow, an old, weary, and broken fan. Slowly, as the shadows crept stealthily in, embracing him in a shroud of ice, that ice formed a sword and pierced his heart.

"Why?" he sobbed. "Why, all my life, did I pursue this false ideal?" The embers in the hearth crackled and fell with a dying hiss. He started up on a sudden with a burst of superhuman energy and cried in a voice that fluttered the pages of the fanzine:

"Why have I always been a cigarette card fan?"

H. K. BULMER

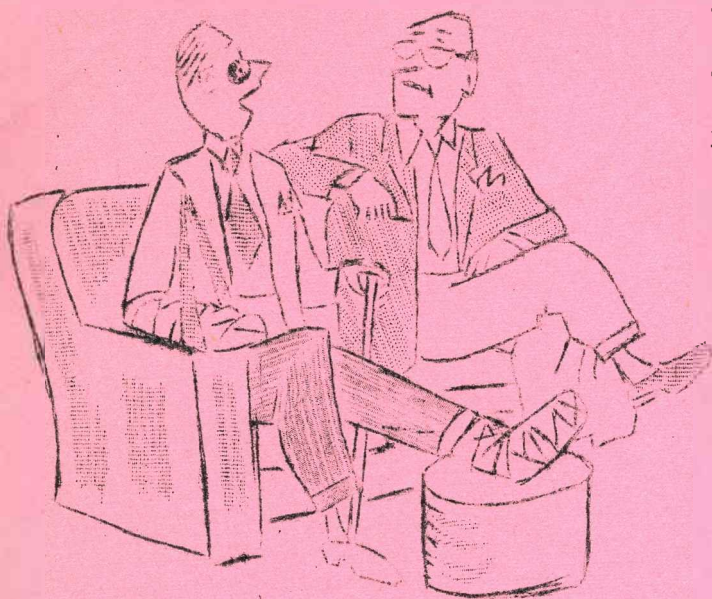


Many otherwise cultured and intelligent people, even some of them, are, as they say, "put off" by the idea of ballet.

They think it effeminate for a man to spend his time in pirouettes and leaps - in, in short, dancing and in finicky gesture. Grace, of course, is not a manly virtue. But the same people, who say this, will write in delight in their padded (masculine) arm chair -- at a man who dances, nevertheless, with his pen - a Vinet or a Willis, say - they will even applaud the

niggliest of cherry-stone carvers, be the carbing done in verse. They will praise the delicacy of a sculptor, the lightness of touch of a pianist, and a jockey's sensitiveness ; they marvel at the balance, restraint and play of muscle required in a tennis player. A Paderewski, a Piddock, or a Drobny may pass, when Helpmann should find something better to do. After all, what is it, this ballet dancing? Pointing your toes and standing a long time on one foot - and they have blocks, my dear, in their shoes for that. The body was not made for this, although fingers were made to play and carve, to trace arabesques in ink, though not in air, and legs may leap upon the court or the pitch, but not upon the stage.

Yet ask these people. Ask them if it is better for a fine voice to sing or to shout. They will reply, overwhelmingly, sing. But if you say, is it not better for a fine body to dance than to lurch or run, they will not at all agree. For, because so few can dance, it is "artificial". It was once "artificial" to act, but charity performances, and the pressure of taxes on the peerage, have



"It was rather a controversial piece, I'm afraid...."

altered that. Long ago it was "artificial" to write --- I can only wish it were equally "artificial" to speak, for words, must be admitted, are imperfect things; they occurred because expression by gesture required more skill and leisure than the people had time to give. The war-dance, however, came before the war-cry (1), and men danced before they sang, whilst, as for effeminacy, take a seat slightly to one side one evening, and see how, in the wings, the men are slapped and rubbed. Read Cocteau's story of Nojinsky, and watch the sailors panting after the scherzo in Les Matelots. Doubtless the young men should find something better to do, for this will wear them out before their time.

As one may not lay claim to possessing all those qualities lacking in others, of being equally knowledgeable on the dance, dresses, and decor, music and mis-en-scene, it is, I think, best for me not to try to discuss separately the few ballets I know, saying gaily, as a master on a report, "The dance is good, but the music only fair." Instead, I want to get behind it, and to state what I, for one, take the ballet to be doing. That seems at once the fairer way, and the easiest way of explaining just why the ballet is important to our blustering, blatant civilisation.

Appreciation of the ballet is dependent on knowledge of the choreography. Blind liking of setting, of music, or of plain straightforward dancing, such as the 'Can-Can' of La Boutique, or the Bowman's Dance in Prince Igor may stimulate interest, until that becomes curiosity as to choreography. But when you hear people say they adore the ballet and then discover that they cannot tell the choreography of Cecchetti from that of Massine, you may know they are deceiving themselves; of ballet as a whole they know nothing. They go because one sense is satisfied, eye or ear, or heart when Petroushka is killed or Silvestra duped. That is the modern way; one sense only, while the others are left idle. You become preoccupied with light, so you develop it in your pictures to the exclusion of all other composition; or you

(1) In certain cases, the brass-band ?

become so excited over composition that you distort legs and arms to fit them in, or do not bring out your foreground from your background at all. One at a time, and you have Monet, Picasso, Degas. And as with painting so with the others, except ballet, which, by taking the one-sided arts, welds them into a whole beyond them. It is for this harmonising that I call ballet the one true art of this century, and of this art the choreography is the most important thing.

Choreographers are more important than composers, for it is the art of the choreographer to display in the actions and movements of the dancers the whole of the story which he relates. The task of the composer, great though it may be, is merely to supply an addition to the decor - a sonic adjunct to the art of the painter and the electrician. For you may listen to the music of a ballet, and from it you may create a story, which is your interpretation of that music. But will that story be the one which the composer had in mind when he wrote it? Or will it be what you envisage? But when you see ballet danced, there can be no doubt in your mind, music or no, what story the gestures, movements, and postures of the dance mean. There is your story. All the rest is but a garnish, to enrich the basic dish.

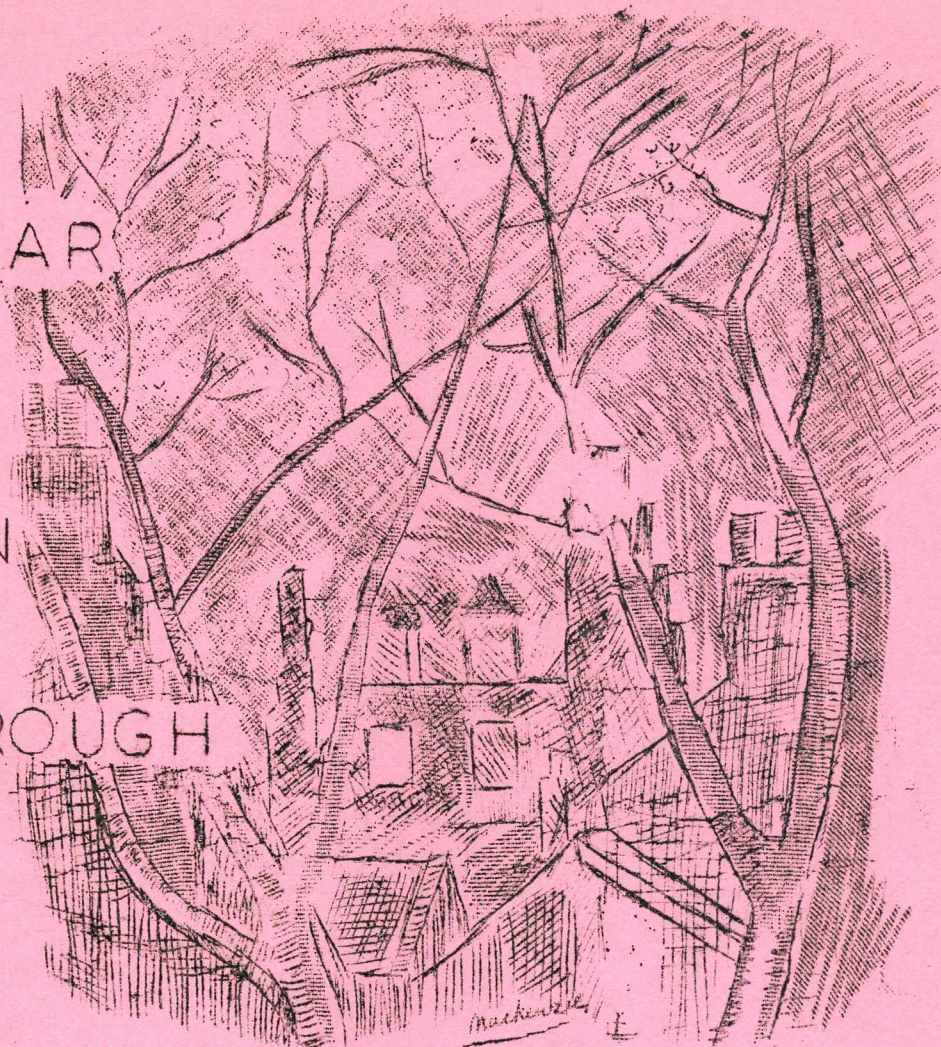
There will be those who will at once cry out against me on the grounds that often the music is written first, and only then does the choreographer start to write his dance, the story of which the composer has told him. To these people I propose a simple test. Listen to some music of any ballet you have never seen -- say The Clockwork Doll, or Danse Macabre, or Swan Lake. What do you learn from the music by itself? Nothing. But see the dances for those ballets without music, and you will know their story.

The vital part of all this is the story of the ballet which the choreographer interprets as he thinks, and according to his scheme. It is according to this scheme, and the elements he has stressed, that the ballet takes shape. The same story may be viewed in many lights, and it is useless for others to view it in the cold light of satire when the choreographer is flooding the stage with rose.

Finito.....

STUART

THE
IRREGULAR
VERSES
OF
NORMAN
GEORGE
WANSBOROUGH



Norman George Wansborough's verses are from the conventional point of view so hopeless that it appears to me incredible that they should be due to incompetence. There is, however, a wide divergence of opinion as to the significance which should be attached to his irregularities. Mr. Harold Munro, in the September issue of *NIRVANA*, writes with extreme severity. "At a first impression," he begins, "Norman Wansborough's tiny lyrics appear more like the jottings of a half-idiotic schoolboy than the grave musings of a fully-matured fan..... His style is clumsy ; the language is poor ; his technique is too appalling". But after sending in this apparently unsatisfactory report, Mr. Munro half-withdraws his first impression, surprising us with a sentence which, if it means anything, means that he puts his best work on a level with that of Keats. Must we then understand that had it been *Hyperion* that Mr. Munro was introducing to a public ignorant for the most part even of the author's name, it too would have been dismissed with a curt notice wholly derogatory, save for three or four phrases of grudging commendation ? Mr. Munro tells us that "Norman Wansborough has been over-rated, but not so far over-rated as a first survey of

a selection of his poems might indicate" and that " as we progress in the art of understanding him, we find in many of his flaws a kind of large splendid awkwardness, something innocently audacious, grotesque and abnormal." He then goes on to quote a lyric which he describes as clumsy enough, but redeemed entirely by a magic of pathos and loveliness." After a final rebuke, to which I shall revert at the close of this article, Mr. Munro turns to another poet, regretting that " justice cannot be done in a short notice of this kind." It is a short notice : but it is considerably longer than that allotted to Norman Wansborough.

Others among Mr. Wansborough's critics consistently make light of his irregularities, deliberately disregarding them as a mother might the lisp of a precocious child, or a legatee a sprinkle of mis-spellings, in a will that made him rich. "It would be ungracious to carp when given a good gift," these critics would seem to exclaim, "even if the bearer, large and flat of foot, has trodden on our toes," adding perhaps, "especially if he apologises as meekly as Norman Wansborough to the editor of VIGNETTE."

But most of the critics, who refuse to scold, sigh. Few seem to be prepared to go as far as the writer in the July 1954 issue of NIRVANA, who asserts, " in a great deal of his work there is a kind of perfection in imperfection, which, if it may sometimes reveal the limits of his technical resources, does honour to his judgement," and who speaks of his use in one poem of a " rhyme which is not a rhyme " as a " kind of imaginative triumph."

Yet even this critic writes grudgingly. He admits by implication that the rhyme, in defeating the ear's expectation, fulfils the imagination's need - why then assert that " if perfection was unattainable it is the right kind of imperfection." If a full rhyme would have been less expressive, wherein lies the imperfection of the Wansborough rhyme ? Why speak of the Wansborough technique as " almost a device " ? Why " a kind of imaginative triumph. " ?

My aim in writing this article is to claim quite explicitly and without any apology that Norman Wansborough's irregularities have a definite artistic significance. I believe that could we - per impossibile - without altering his vocabulary, substitute full rhymes for Wansburian, nothing would be gained by the substitution and much lost.

I do not, of course, intent to suggest that there is any intrinsic merit in a rhyme-scheme which arouses expectation and then defeats it. The device is a piece of technique which may be justified or may not. It is wholly a question of what it is that the artist using it wishes to express. If he wishes to give expression to a consistent belief in a world where not a worm is cloven in vain, and not a moth, with vain desire, is shrivelled in a fruitless fire,* he does artistically well to construct a volume of neat stanzas where 'sin' rhymes with 'in'

*Sorry.

'fall' with 'all', 'night' with 'light', and 'ill' with 'will'. If he has had an impression of a universe where all discord is harmony not understood, all partial ill is universal good, he will adequately express that impression in trim heroic couplets rhyming 'be' with 'me' and 'curse' with 'worse', in undeviating regularity. As a matter of fact, neither Pope nor Tennyson nor any other poet, ever had a wholly consistent impression of such a world. And when these poets were not actively believing in a dove-tailed universe their rhymes ceased to resemble a game of Ping-Pong played by expert and cautious children. When his impression demanded such expression Tennyson rhymed 'death' with 'faith', 'home' with 'masterdom', 'move' with 'love', and 'wood' with 'blood' : Pope rhymed 'food' with 'blood', 'mourns' with 'burns', and so on. These are not full rhymes - yet the critics pass them without question, partly because they find them in the work of established poets with a reputation for orthodoxy, partly, no doubt, because they have some sense of what is artistically seemly. Ping-Pong rhyming is consistently practiced by such writers as Ella Wheeler Wilcox, who labelled her verses "Poems of Optimism", and plasters her pages with the tags, "Ignore Misfortune" and "Be Indifferent to Evil".

But the universe as Norman Wansborough envisages it is very different from that envisaged by Ella Wheeler Wilcox. Wansborough views a world made up of pieces which often do not dovetail, and it is this impression of the world that he seeks to express in his poetry. The annual resurrection of a convention is to him extremely odd. Experience for him is a precarious gait. A splinter very often seems to swerve in his brain while the brains of other people run evenly and true in their grooves. He ponders a tremendous scene, and a little of madness in rhymes is part of his expression of it. Sometimes that expression demanded a three-quarter rhyme, that is, an echo of the final consonant (if any), and the substitution of a long for a corresponding short vowel, or of a short for a corresponding long ; sometimes the expression demanded a half-rhyme, that is, an echoing vowel and a contrasting consonant, or an echoing consonant and a contrasting vowel : sometimes a non-rhyme, that is, a sound which echoes neither final consonant nor vowel, but clangs out its contrast to both.

If we study the irregularities of Norman Wansborough's rhymes, in nine cases out of ten we shall see that he is expressing some notion which implies defeat, incongruity, suspense, failure, struggle, frustration, disillusion, thwarting, disruption or escape. In the tenth case we may assume either a flaw in the Wansburian technique or obtuseness in ourselves.

The Spaceports are deserted,
As Nature claims her own,
And where the ships once blasted,
Weeds again have grown.

It seems to me that the half-rhyme of the first and third, in contrast to the full rhyme of the second and fourth lines, is

exactly right, conveying as it does alike the consistency of Nature and the Pathos of Man's achievements turning to dust. A full rhyme would have done nothing of this ; a three-quarters or non-rhyme would have been out of place. The full rhyme in the second and fourth lines of the first stanza (see the Poetry Supplement of this issue) also justifies itself, though not so obviously, for, firstly, were it not there the pattern would be too indefinite for us to get the value of the half-rhyme in the third stanza, as well as of the irregularities in the second stanza, and secondly, the idea of failure is already rapped out in that " deserted ".

I do not wish to labour my thesis in detail ; it may be easily tested by references to such poems as " The Flag " and "Fandom's Return", which you may read in this issue.

As we might expect, the irregularities of rhyme are less frequent in those poems that deal in inanimate nature than in those concerned with humanity, and particularly fandom. In " Fandom's Return ", for example, the significance of the part-rhyme in the first stanza is as obvious as that of the full rhyme in the second.

Consider this stanza from one of his recent poems in NIRVANA, (A Lady on a Hill) *

And yet how still the landscape stands,
How nonchalant the vale,
As if the resurrection
Were commonplace and stale.

If we seek to enrich what Mr. Munro regards as the poverty of Norman Wansborough's language by substituting, let us say, 'silent lies' for 'nonchalant', and 'coming of the dpring' for 'resurrection'm the ruin will be complete.

And yet how still the landscape stands,
How silent lies the vale,
As if the coming of the spring
Were commonplace and stale.

Let us turn to another poem, "Low Sky", another nature poem which included a rhyme that, in defeating the ear, echoes the implication of defeat in the thought.

The sky is low, the clouds are mean,
A travelling flake of snow
Across a barn or through a rut
Debates if it will go.

* These poems from NIRVANA are reproduced by kind permission of H.K. Bulmer, Esq.

A narrow wind complains all day
How some one treated him ;
Nature, like us, is sometimes caught
Without her diadem.

Here again, it is a flash of the human that cleaves the thought and leaves a pair of ragged edges demanding representation in the rhyme. "Nature, like us...." Change the second stanza to :

An icy wind complains all day
Like angry men who frown,
Nature, like us, is sometimes caught
Without her golden crown.

and it is evident that the virtue has departed almost as obviously through the patness of the substituted rhyme as through the flatness of the substituted words.

I have said that there is no intrinsic merit in rhymes which defeat the ear. It is equally obvious, of course, that no system of consistently irregular rhyme is possible. There must be expectation to be defeated. Therefore one must face the question ; is Wansborough's rhyme-technique occasionally over-subtle ? It is clear, for example, that either he is at fault or Mr. Munro, for Mr. Munro "almost feels" that in the case of the poem, Our Home, which appeared in a recent HYPHEN, the editor might have been justified in correcting the grammar, since to do so would not have affected the structure, "there being only one true rhyme, and that a poor one, in the whole poem." If 'supreme' and 'gleam' make a doubtful rhyme one is amazed at the degree of patness which Mr. Munro desiderates : but there are certainly no other rhymes which even a less fastidious than Mr. Munro's could claim as full. The nub of the question is whether there is a clear enough pattern in the poem for the expectation to be aroused and the ear defeated -- which is what Wansborough desired in order to achieve his effect of showing us a space fleet that has never known defeat. Personally I think that here (and elsewhere) the pattern is just distinct enough. And in saying that the pattern is just distinct enough I do not mean that it 'will do' or 'will pass', but that were it more distinct, it would be less good. The flaw in the poem seems to lie rather in the close of the second rather than in the opening of the third stanza ; it lies more in a faltering of the poet's loyalty to his aesthetic impression than in a collapse of either rhyme or grammar. If it does indeed furnish an instance of Norman Wansborough's occasional failure to distinguish mystical vision (or religious impression) from aesthetic impression, we may class it with the uncharacteristic lines in which Emily Dickinson likened Death to "The porter of my Father's lodge", and those in which she told us :

I shall know why, when time is over,
And I have ceased to wonder why ;
Christ will explain each separate anguish
In the fair schoolroom of the sky.

This fails, not because it is insincere - how can we tell whether or not it expresses a genuine belief? - nor yet because it describes what would be to many people a process which would be either appalling in its tedium or distressing in its superfluity; it fails because it is not detached; it is not the expression of an aesthetic impression. We may contrast, for instance, the genuine poetry of the following stanzas which Mr. Conrad Aiken so surprisingly described as flippant:

I never lost as much but twice,
And that was in the sod;
Twice have I stood a beggar
Before the door of God!

Angels, twice descending,
Reimbursed my store.
Burglar, banker, father,
I am poor once more!

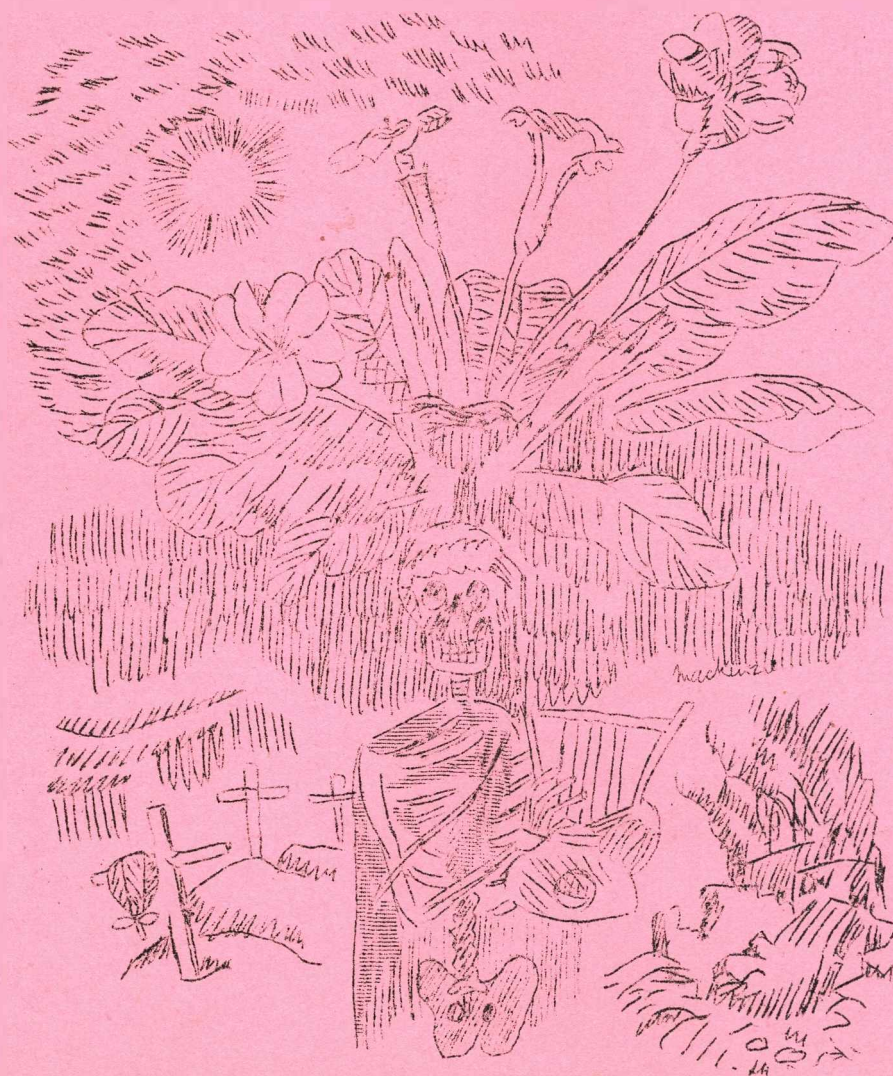
Indeed, the flaws in Norman Wansborough's poems are, I believe, seldom if ever due to technical incompetence. When not the result of the interior confusion which I have touched upon, they seem traceable to preciosity, or to a "proneness to periphrasis". Gross instances occasionally mar even his finest work, as for instance in the exasperating final verse of "Fandom's Return", and does not the second stanza of "One need not be a chamber to be haunted" demand the insertion of commas, after 'midnight' and 'confronting'?

In conclusion, I should like to turn to the final paragraph of Mr. Munro's criticism: "He seems," he writes, "to be afraid. He dwells in seclusion; social, physical and psychological. He gives the impression of wanting to keep some secret. Clarity of thought is constantly veiled in obscurity of expression. He is not candid; he does not seem to have been moved by any over-ruling instinct for truth. And we compare him, unavoidably, with his contemporary, Mr. Eliot, whose infatuated desire to be faithful to his every aspect of truth overcame all tinidity."

But Norman Wansborough is surely one of the comparatively few poets -- Thomas Hardy is another -- who have achieved an aesthetic expression of a cleft and unmatched world. Artistic necessity is too often confused with logical necessity -- surely Mr. Abercrombie is, at any rate verbally, guilty of this confusion in the final chapter of his Theory of Poetry -- and I can see no reason for assuming that the artistic necessity which compels the "perfection in imperfection" of the Wansburian technique has any connection with a wish-fulfilment for a logical necessity such as might compel the existence of a universe spiritually co-ordinated in spite of apparent in-coordination. I do not agree with Abercrombie that "every poem is an ideal version of the world we most profoundly desire; and that

by virtue of its form." His is an ingenious, and an intriguing theory but I doubt whether it is more than plausible. It seems to me that whereas aesthetic activity purges us of desire in the case of artistic activity desire is irrelevant. It does not appear to me that Norman Wansborough is using his art as a means of escaping from life ; but that on the other hand art such as Wansborough's must necessarily involve a preliminary courage in the envisaging of life and the future. In the eyes of many who are not poets, the world fails to fit, but in most the emotion of fear, or bewilderment, or pity, or disgust, is too devastating for the detachment of an artist to be possible. To achieve detachment when envisaging a fissure on the edge of which we ourselves are clinging needs surely a supreme courage. Had Norman Wansborough become a social worker, or even a journalist, in Boston, would he have been credited with more independence and fortitude ? A leisured life at Trowbridge must call for courage from a man who wrote that " bareheaded life under grass worries one like a wasp."

STUART MACKENZIE.



★ THE BALLAD OF ★ ★ MOBMAILED SUE ★ ★ SID BIRENBY ★



Oh, she came from the South, the sleepy-eyed South,
And she seared fans' hearts like a flame;
Never they knew, as their beanies turned blue,
'Twas Sue, that incendiary dame.

I was there in the Hall, with my back to the wall,
And a circle of fans closing in.
Not a friend within sight, if it came to a fight,
Only editors, maddened with gin.

As the tooth-gnashing mounted, I hurriedly counted,
What scant ammunition was handy;
A cracked soda-siphon -- a copy of HYPHEN --
A zap-gun discharging weak shandy.

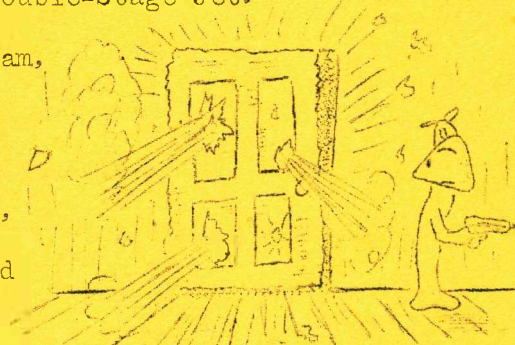


Oh, bitterly then did I see that these fen,
By Manchester's monsoons impassioned,
Were claiming the rights to extract all my lights,
Although at the time pork was rationed.

In front of the mobsters, his face like a lobster's,
His bi-focals gleaming with sweat,
Was red-blooded Arty, the scourge of the party,
The boss of the Double-Stage Jet.

Then suddenly, wham! -- and the door, with a slam,
Was riddled with jets of hot water,
The mob turned to stare, to see who stood there,
Afraid it might be the night-porter.

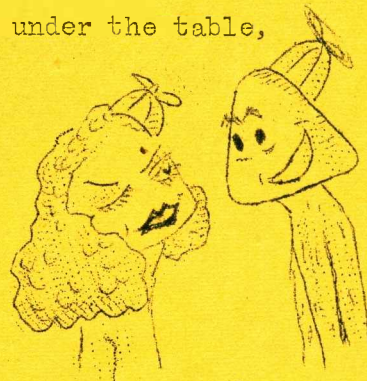
They saw through a mist, with a gun in each fist,
A female as pretty as paint.
The calls she collected, might well have affected
The unsullied heart of a saint.



They looked, and were lost, but her pretty head tossed,
As with fanzines and pamphlets they wooed her,
And the look in her eyes, as they circled like flies,
Showed quite plainly they couldn't be cruder.

(THE BALLAD OF HOBNAILED SUE Cont.)

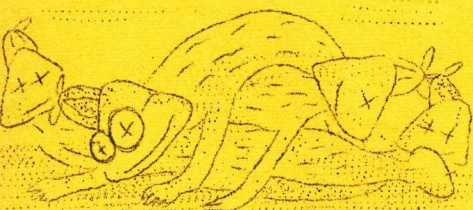
"My name's Hobnailed Sue, and to give you a clue,
"I was reared on dilute hydrochloric,
"I could drink you -- no fable! -- right under the table,
"And I'm not trying to be metaphoric."



"So here's what I'll do," she said, to a crew
With eyes popping out like lead pencils;
"I'll match you for drink, and then --" (with a wink),
"-- the winner can show me his stencils."

They rushed to the bar, for a nip, or a jar,
Of anything faintly worth drinking;
A shandy -- a brandy -- oh, anything handy --
Until they were very near stinking.

One by one they dropped out, with a last fuzzy shout
Of "Quote me on this if you care!"
Till the last on his feet, drinking orange-juice neat,
Was Arty, the poor man's Dan Dare.



He goggled at Susan, impassively boozin',
And, less like a man than a wreck,
Cried "Come here, my goddess!" -- tripped over the bodies,
And measured his length on the deck.

With a curl of her lip, she uttered this quip:
"Well, what is his loss, is my gain,"
Then, pausing to think, she finished his drink,
And left for the London-bound train.



Alone in the Hall, I was conscious of all
The fierce passion that girl had inspired.
With reduced competition, I too had ambition,
Had I not been an o-o-old fan, and tired.

Oh, she came from the South, the incendiary South,
And they fluttered like moths to the flame,
And ever they'll yearn, till their props cease to turn,
For Susie, the Biggest Big Name.

SID BIRCHBY

NOTE : Any resemblance to any living character is shrugged off.



EYE
PRESENTS

Fanderella &
her Fairy Ghodmother

✱
A
Fantomime

✱

CHRISTMAS
1954

FANDERELLA

and her Fairy Ghodmother



A FANTOMIME FOR XMAS '54 BY VINCE CLARKE

ACT ONE

SCENE: A typical fan flat, except that covers from the Vargo Statten Magazine are nailed to the walls and a Gestetner 260 duplicator stands in the centre of the stage. Enter TWO UGLY SISTERS:

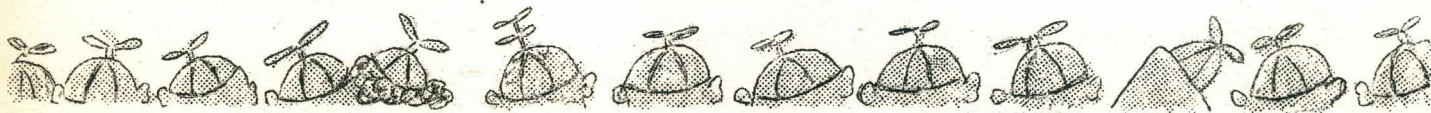
1st UGLY SISTER: (Calling) Fanderella! Drat the girl! She's as hard to find as Burgess's lights.

2nd.UGLY SISTER: Anyone would think that she was the BNF around here. I told you that we shouldn't allow her to address that letter to NIRVANA. (shouting) F-A-N-D-E-R-E-L-L-A !

1st UGLY SISTER: She's probably talking to that no-good Ninth-Fandomer Buttons again. That nasty little neo-fan! Did you see what he said about me on the bacover of his HOLE ?

2nd UGLY SISTER: I never read fanzines produced on a flat-bed duplicator.

1st UGLY SISTER: Oh, sometimes they're quite legible. Buttons' HOLE had nine



quotes and four brand-new ideas that I want to use in our fanzine.

2nd.UGLY SISTER: Heh-heh-heh. No trouble about that. With our 260, recommended to us by Vargo Statten Himself, we can flood fandom with our stuff and nobody will take any notice of Buttons and Fanderella. What did he say about you, anyway?

1st UGLY SISTER: He said that our 'zine was organised like the Supermancon. And that our stencils were cut very well considering how old I must have been before they invented typewriters, and when he got our last number the Queen's head on the stamp was blushing, and....ah! Here comes Fanderella!

FANDERELLA (entering): Good-afternoon, dear sisters.

1st UGLY SISTER: Bah! Don't try and egoboo me! I had a pootsarc'd from Ghod this morning. He said "Why don't you give Fanderella a break in your fanzine?" What have you been writing to him?

FANDERELLA: Me? To Ghod? Oh, but I could never do that! Why, I don't even know the rude words that a neofan must use on writing to Him. But I think dear Buttons sent Him a copy of HOLE with some poems of mine in it.

2nd UGLY SISTER: Oh, he did, did he? That little zap-gun squirt had better watch out or I'll flood his sewer with FANTASTIC instead of AMAZING. Why the hell does he live down a sewer, anyway?

FANDERELLA: He says that it's convenient to the underground drains, and that he's going one better than the people who start their careers in the gutter.

1st UGLY SISTER: He should have started with Edgar Rice burrows then. Haw - haw-haw-haw-haw!

2nd UGLY SISTER: Heh-heh-heh-heh-heh...wait a moment..(She produces a notebook and a pencil)

FANDERELLA (tiredly): It's been used. And Bob Shaw wouldn't approve of it. He'd say that it wasn't a hole pun.

1st UGLY SISTER (snarling): Listen, sister. We make the cracks around here, see? We have all the lines, see?

BUTTONS (entering): Anybody can see that from your faces. (To Fanderella) Hi, Fandy!

1st UGLY SISTER: You!!

BUTTONS (approvingly): Nice going....you nearly hissed that.

2nd UGLY SISTER: Well, well. Buttons, Son of Degler. What do you want?

BUTTONS (ignoring her): Fanderella, are you going to the Big Convention?

FANDERELLA: Big Convention? I hadn't heard.....

2nd UGLY SISTER (swiftly): Such things are not for the ears of neo-fen.

fanderella



BUTTONS: What big ears you have, engram-mamma.

1st UGLY SISTER: Fanderella needs to know nothing of the Big Convention. She'll stay at home here and slip-sheet on the 260, as usual. Her kind sisters are going, and we'll phone back reports to her so that she'll know what's happening. And cut them on stencil, of course. We'll be able to publish an account directly the Con ends. (Thoughtfully) Might be useful for a spot of black-...yuk! Well, we'll see. It'll burn up the Ashwhite coalition, anyway. Hawww!

BUTTONS: But Fanderella must go! Everyone will be there. All fandom knows that King O'Graph has put it on, and a Masked Ball afterwards, so that Prince Dandareni can meet pro-eds and get his stories accepted. Otherwise, he might have to work for a living! Everyone will be there. Even Eric Frank Russell and D.R.Smith.

2nd UGLY SISTER: We don't give a damn if they dig up Jules Verne and bring him along. Fanderella will stay here, working like a good fa-a-an, and if she does the job properly and we get no off-set on the 'zine we might possibly buy her a jelly hektograph for Xmas. Next Xmas.

BUTTONS: That's mighty generous of you. Ghod help us if you ever publish a prozine. You'll probably pay your contributors with back-numbers.

FANDERELLA (sobbing): I-it's no gag-good, Buttons, I can't go. I haven't any money, anyway. Are you going?

BUTTONS: Well, natch, I couldn't afford to go, but I meant to hitch-hike. But now.....don't worry, Fanderella. I'll come over and keep you company instead. We'll cheer each other up, like a couple of ex-editors of SPACE TIMES.

1st UGLY SISTER: Well, see that you behave yourselves. We don't want to come back and find the place looking like a Room 123. Tidy up if you can...some of those old ASFs on the floor near the door are showing signs of wear. Come on, sister dear. We have to get ready; the Convention was due to start an hour ago. (They exit)

FANDERELLA: I wonder what the Big Convention will be like?

BUTTONS: I expect it will be like all three types of Convention together. All three types.....do you remember the old legend?

(Music)

FANDERELLA and BUTTONS(duet): Three Cons in a Fan Town,
Each one looking for support,
Thrown by three hopeful neos,
Each one of a different sort,

Three Cons in a Fan Town,
Thro' the fanzines how they'll shine,
One's for young fen, one's a seri-Con,
One, is ankle-deep in wine.

FANDERELLA:
BUTTONS:

Which one will the Trufan choose?
Beanies, brainy boys or booze?

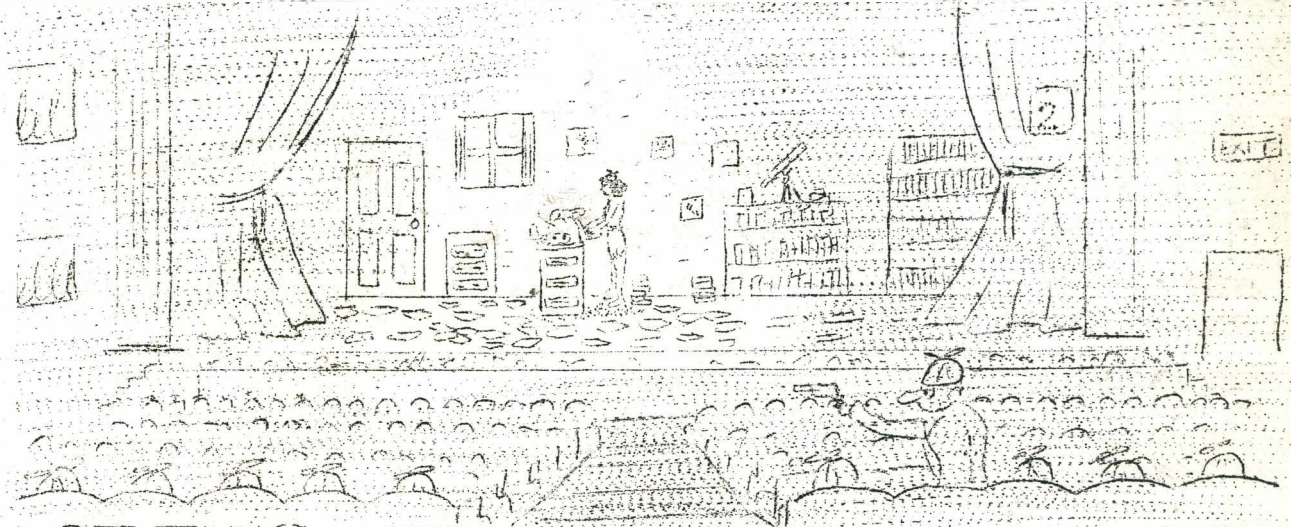
(Together):

Three Cons in a Fan Town,
Each one looking for support,
Thrown by three hopeful neos,
Each one of a different sort,

BUTTONS:
Together:

Which one will the Trufan join?
Which one will the Trufan join?
.....(Hear the neos crying....!)
Make it moin, make it moin, make it moin!

***** CURTAIN *****



ACT TWO SCENE: As in Act One, but later. There is one light on,
over the Gestetner, where FANDERELLA is busy slip-sheeting.
Enter BUTTONS.

BUTTONS: Fanderella! Sorry I'm late, but I've had a shock...and some good news!

FANDERELLA: Oh Buttons, what is it? Has Bentcliffe said something nice about 'i'?

BUTTONS: Shush, dear, you mustn't mention things like that. No, you'll never guess. Harris Himself has sent me a subscription for HOLE...and an article!

FANDERELLA: Oh! (She clutches at her heart and staggers against the 260. BUTTONS springs to her aid.) No, no, I'll be all right. It was just the sudden shock. (She switches off the machine) Why, Buttons, it's wonderful! Why, you might even get another prop on your beanie for this! Did he write you a letter?

BUTTONS: Er...yes. I burnt it. I don't want anything like that down my sewer.

FANDERELLA: But we have the article.

BUTTONS: And the subscription. Do you know what I'm going to do with it? I'm going to buy you a jelly hektograph!

FANDERELLA: Oh, Buttons! I shall be able to publish my own little fanzine! I shall be able to go on the waiting list for OMPA! You are a dear!

BUTTONS: Yes. Er...Fanderella...er...you know.....

FANDERELLA: Is this another proposal?

BUTTONS: Ugh.

FANDERELLA: No! For the 78th. time, NO! I like you, but we don't like the same things

(music)

FANDERELLA: You like Van Vogt, I like Sturgeon,

BUTTONS: You like Pogo, I need urgin'

Together: Van Vogt, Sturgeon,

FANDERELLA: Pogo?

BUTTONS: No go!

Together: Oh, let's call the whole thing off.....

FANDERELLA: My love's Lensman, the Romeo-beats-BEMs-man,

BUTTONS: Make mine Heinlein, a rarely-mentions-femmes-man,

FANDERELLA: Femmes and BEMs,

BUTTONS: Or facts-as-hard-as-gems-man,

Together: Let's call the whole thing off....

BUTTONS: ...Then there's De Camp's humour and rain-on-Venus....

Together: Oh, let's call the whole thing off!

BUTTONS: Ho-hum, it was worth trying, anyway.

FANDERELLA: You're such a flirt, too. I remember you whistling after Shirley at the SuperManCon.

BUTTONS: That wasn't me whistling; that was a bottle dropping from a window. And, speaking of Conventions, have bubonic and tetanus phoned in any reports yet?

FANDERELLA: Don't be nasty, Buttons. They rang up several times with reports of speeches and quotes from Prince Dandareni, but about an hour ago they both said that they were going up to Ted Tubb's room for a drink, and that's the last I heard from them.

BUTTONS: Both of them? Ghods, what a man! A genuine profan, just like Chapter 12 of the Enchanted Duplicator. Well, if there's nothing else to do, shall we sit and read some of the ghodd book?

FANDERELLA: Oh, yes, let's! (She goes to a bookshelf and taking out a faintly luminous booklet, opens it and sighs.) Oh, Buttons, oh dear. I wish, in the name of Jophann.....what's that?

(There is a loud hissing, and a cloud of misty aqueous vapor rises from the centre of the stage)

BUTTONS (staring): Steam! I wonder if they have a license?

(The vapor clears, to reveal the bent form of the FAIRY GHODMOTHER)

F.GHODMOTHER: Trufans, I come upon a goodwill mission,
With the speed of chain-reaction nuclear fission.

BUTTONS: Pomes, huh? You'll never see it in EYES poetry section. Who are you, anyway?

F.GHODMOTHER: I'm Fanderella's Fairy Ghodmother, called here by the Book,
But if that's the way I'm welcomed in, I'll sling my hook!

FANDERELLA: Oh, no! Please, kind Fairy Ghodmother!

BUTTONS: Take it easy, old girl. No personal offense intended; it was just a farmanship ploy. We can't all be Wansboroughs.

F.GHODMOTHER: To speak in verse by Law I am compelled,
Tho' it doesn't seem to matter how it's spelled.

BUTTONS: Won't your Trade Union rules allow you just to rhyme here and there?

F.GHODMOTHER: Why, that's a bright idea and worthy of the intelligence I see
in your sensitive fannish features,
I'll try that in all my future speatures.

BUTTONS (wincing): Don't thank me, thank Ogden Nash.

F.GHODMOTHER: The awkward introductory preliminaries being through,
...How nice to use such polysyllables!...what can I do for you?

FANDERELLA: Can you help me to attend the Convention? I do so want to go!

F.GHODMOTHER: Easy as finding an article in Authentic; I have a magic zap-gun here, filled with Steam made from non-alcoholic rhubarb wine, Now, if you have a bit of machinery around (she eyes the Gestetner), why, yes, that'll do fine.....

(She squirts the zap-gun at the Gestetner, which becomes enveloped in Steam. It clears to reveal a lovely Ancient London Taxi)

F.GHODMOTHER (proudly): There! A carriage to convey you to the Con,
And a dress and mask for the ballroom later on....

(She squirts again, and Fanderella's inky rags turn into jewelled rags. A mask appears on her face)

FANDERELLA: And my beanie, dear Ghodmother? Couldn't I have a new one?

F.GHODMOTHER: Certainly, certainly, I'm no meanie,
(Commandingly) Give the li'l girl a classy beanie!

(She squirts; there is a puff of Steam and Fanderella's beanie turns to glass)



FAIRY GHODMOTHER (staring): Well, I'll be a filthy huckster, they must have thought I said 'glassy', Unless someone in the top office is getting sassy.

FAINDERELLA (trying it on): Ummm. Your articulation isn't very clear.

FAIRY GHODMOTHER (indignantly): My articulation is perfect! Why, even Ashworth said my last article was semantically clear, I've had articles in NIRVANA, articles in.....

BUTTONS: Feud! Feud! Will you write my fanzine HOLE about it?

FAINDERELLA: I'm sorry, I spoke without thinking. I think that you're wonderful, and the beanie's beautiful. Why, it'll be even better than John Roles's hat at the Superlancon.

FAIRY GHODMOTHER (interestedly): Oh, he was wearing one, was he? After 48 hours of Manchester I thought...well, I'm glad you saw it, Now, jump into the taxi, and I'll change this passing insect into a chauffeur for it.

(She squirts; a six-foot driver-car appears)

BUTTONS: Ghod, it looks like an extra out of Us, Son of Them

(FAINDERELLA steps into the taxi, the FAIRY GHODMOTHER slams the door, the engine roars, and it moves off-stage left)

FAIRY GHODMOTHER (calling after it): I forgot to tell you...the Steam dries at midnight, and everything will change back then! Return before twelve! Ummm. I wonder if she heard? (She vanishes in a cloud of Steam)

BUTTONS (waving): Goodbye, Fanderella, goodbye, goodbye...hey, we forgot me! (He runs a few paces, then stops and shakes his head) Too late. Locked out. Anybody would think that the London Circle were running that taxi. (He looks around) And I did want to attend the Masked Ball too. Think of the opportunities! And I've got that cider, too, prepared from a new recipe...pour a pint of absolute alcohol over 6 apples, leave for 2 hours to mature, and throw the apples away....hah! I've an idea! My own duplicator for HOLE!

(He runs off-stage left, returns with a flat-bed duplicator, and examines the magazines scattered on the floor)

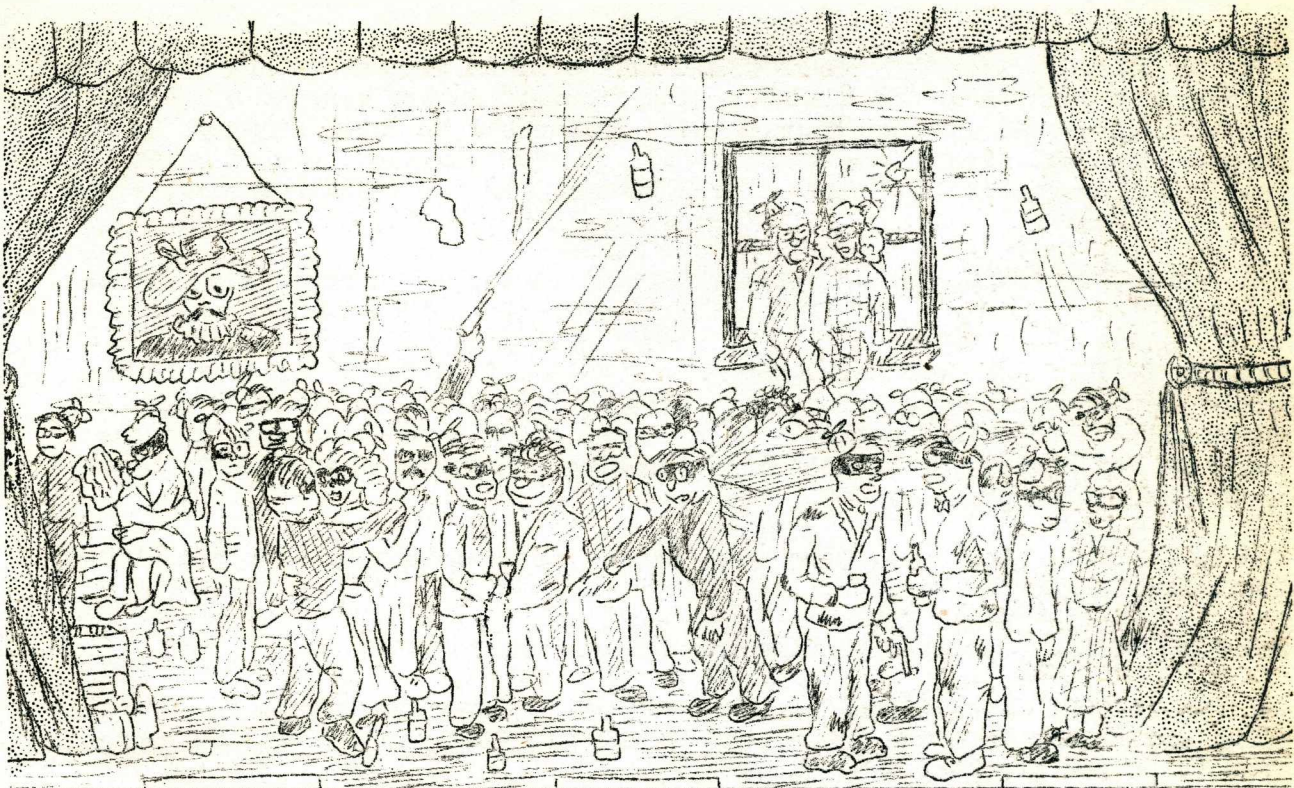
BUTTONS: I thought so! Drops of solidified aqueous vapor! (He flicks his fingers at the duplicator.) Duplicator, duplicator, toil & trouble, Turn into transport at the double!

(There is a cloud of Steam; it clears to reveal a rusty bicycle)

BUTTONS (shrugging): Oh, well...as long as it doesn't seize up on the way.....

(He mounts it and rides off-stage left)

***** CURTAIN *****



ACT THREE

SCENE: The Masked Ball at the Big Convention. Dozens of masked fans and fannes are massed on the stage, dancing, drinking, zapping, talking, and

snogging in quiet corners.

From the mass emerge two FAN EDITORS, recognisable in spite of their masks by their inky clothes.

1st FAN EDITOR: He was an o-o-old fan....and tired. He was so old that he could remember when HYPHEN was clean enough to have White illustrations.

2nd FAN EDITOR: So old that he could remember when Ron Buckmaster started to build his tape-recorder.

1st FAN EDITOR: So o-o-old that he could remember the last number of SCIENCE FANTASY NEWS

2nd FAN EDITOR: Ahh-h-h. Prince Dandareni was a staunch Trufan of the old type. When they told him that SLANT had folded they had to take his zap-gun away from him. And now....

1st FAN EDITOR: Now Prince Dandareni has fallen. It might have been better if it had been pro-writing...after all, one can write for money and still bea profan. But...a girl! To spend all the evening with a girl, instead of talking to us other faneds about fan-politics or...damn it! He might even talk about science-fiction!

1st FAN EDITOR:(uneasily): Steady, old man. No need to be obscene.

2nd FAN EDITOR: I apologise. Oh well, the girl seems to be a fanne, anyway. I wonder who she is?

1st FAN EDITOR: Everybody is asking that. Someone suggested that she might be Sergeant Joan Carr, but Slater yelled "Shun!" in her ear and all she did was to turn around and say "Shun what?" She can't be Ethel Lindsay, because when someone set fire to Mackenzie's kilt she just laughed, and it can't be Pamela Bulmer because Ken isn't nearer to her than the third row back, right next to Carnell.

2nd FAN EDITOR (in a shaking voice): Carnell in the third row? She must be popular!

1st FAN EDITOR: She was keeping them off with a flat-bed ink-roller before Prince Dandareni spotted her. She can't be from Liverpool because when Ashworth asked her for her portrait in a Bikini she slapped his face, and she can't be Joy Goodwin 'cos she's only drinking orangeade. She can't be Daphne Buckmaster because....

2nd FAN EDITOR: Look out, here they come....as I was saying, you can see why Trufandom is getting smaller.

1st FAN EDITOR: Why it's getting smaller and smaller...

2nd FAN EDITOR: Just a load of bums hanging together for mutual support.....
(They drift back into the crowd, and PRINCE DANDARENI and FANDERELLA emerge from it to the front of the stage)

PRINCE DANDARENI: Directly I saw you I knew that you were...different.

FANDERELLA: You could say the same thing about Bert Campbell.

PRINCE DANDARENI: I felt that I was in a state of ecstasy.

FANDERELLA: You don't get ecstasy on half-a-glass of sherry.

PRINCE DANDARENI: Quotes! Quotes! They fall from those beautiful lips like ...like a double handful of jewellers tossed...oh, I don't know what I'm saying!

FANDERELLA: Don't worry, you'll read it on HYPHENS bacover. But...I'm sorry. And...I do understand.

PRINCE DANDARENI (seizing her hand): You do? It's like being drunk whilst walking with Arthur Clarke under water.

(Music)

PRINCE DANDARENI (sings) Beautiful fanne, oh wake unto me,
The life of a BNF's waiting for thee,
Thoughts of the mundaners world of to-day,
By dapers and hektos are soon lulled away,
Beautiful fanne, oh queen of my song,
Come where Enchanted dapers belong,
Beautiful fanno, awake unto me,
Beautiful fanno, awake unto me.

Beautiful fanne, from out of the Con,
We'll take no notice of what's going on,
Out of the zap-guns, streamlets are born,
Waiting to dry in the bright coming morn,
But beautiful fanne, we'll put out a 'zine,
A License of Marriage if you'll be my Queen,
Beautiful fanne, here's some egoboo free,
Beautiful fanne, will you please marry me?

FANDERELLA: Oh, Prince Dandareni, I...what was that? Zap-gun shots drying..
oh...oh....

(A clock starts striking)

PRINCE DANDARENI: Midnight! Take off your mask, my love, and...hey! Stop!

(FANDERELLA runs down the stage and off left. A cloud of aqueous vapor drifts on stage as the clock strikes midnight, followed by a DRUNKEN PRO-EDITOR.)

DRUNKEN PRO-EDITOR:(swaying): Wheresh the strip-poker game? Where - ish - th'-
shtrip - poker - game? (He surveys the Conventioneers, who have been too startled to unmask.) I just met one of the losers. (He collapses on the stage, mumbling): Riding back on a Goshtetner 260!

(PRINCE DANDARENI picks up FANDERELLA's glass beanie)

PRINCE DANDARENI: She must be found!

*****CURTAIN*****

ACT FOUR

SCENE: The Flat: Enter the two UGLY SISTERS, examining letters.

1st UGLY SISTER: Here's another congratulating us on producing the Big Con report within 12 hours of the Con ending.

2nd UGLY SISTER: Who's it from?

1st UGLY SISTER: Ashworth, I think...but there's a big bloodstain across the foot of the page and I can't see. And there's three letters asking for apologies, including one from the Postmaster General.

2nd UGLY SISTER: Oh well, apologies are easy. There's a letter from Brunner here, congratulating Fanderella on her poetry. (She tears it up). We can't be working that



silly little neofan hard enough if she's got time to write poetry.

1st UGLY SISTER: Here's a poetsard from Ghod. He says that he liked the size of our Con report, and the quickness, but he can't remember a lot of the incidents .

2nd UGLY SISTER: He can't remember? (She goes to a pile of fanzines on the table, picks one up, riffles through the pages) It reads all right to me.... Tubb auctioneering...cat walking on glass roof...search for 35mm projector.. noisy Liverpool party...throwing bottles down chimneys...sailing paper planes off roof...speech by Willis...apologies from Chairman...showing of Metropolis ...throwing water-filled paper-bags from windows...alarm-bell ringing all through the evening....Wendayne Ackerman on Dianetics...Campbell says to take her away hrm hrm...ballet...strip-poker...Bloch, Korshak, Esbach and Evans.. Harmon breaks down door...Ted Tubb auctioneering...throwing bottles from windows...quote cards...show by Medway mob....drunks...speeches...hmm, nothing wrong that I can see. Pity we were so occupied during the evening that we couldn't phone much through, and can't remember what we did the rest of the night, but we must have phoned full reports through to Fanderella.

1st UGLY SISTER: Yeah, we must have done.

2nd UGLY SISTER: She's too nice to try to put anything over on us, heh-hoh-hoh.

1st UGLY SISTER: Buttons isn't. Oh well, it doesn't matter...every Convention's the same. By the way, isn't ORION due?

2nd UGLY SISTER: Not until the one o'clock post. Ah-hah...here's a one-shot from the Palace...."Be it known to all fans and fannes that We, Prince Dandareni, have despatched a herald bearing a beanie, who will try it on the head or heads of every actifanne in the kingdom, and whosoever it fits I hereby promise to take as my Princess. Given under our seal, this day, etc.etc., printed paper rate, etc., etc...." Ummm. Quite s & c for that crowd at the Palace.

1st UGLY SISTER (preening herself): Well, well, my big chance. I've always wanted to marry the Prince and perhaps one day produce...a little printed fanzine.

2nd UGLY SISTER: Whaddya mean, your big chance? Listen, the only big thing about you is your head. The Prince will naturally pick the biggest BNF....

1st UGLY SISTER: I'm a bigger BNF than you. I've had 5 more free fanzines sent me than you have, and....

2nd UGLY SISTER: Why, you bem-faced --- ulp...someone coming.

(Enter a HERALD,...easily discernable as PRINCE DANDARENI in a false beard....bearing the glass beanie on a silk cushion)

1st UGLY SISTER: Good morning, Mr. Campbell, sir.

2nd UGLY SISTER: We were just saying how much we liked AUTHENTIC, Professor Campbell, sir.

PRINCE DANDARENI: Please, please! I am not Campbell.

1st UGLY SISTER: Thank ghoddness..I can go on taking FEMIZINE with an easy conscience.

2nd UGLY SISTER: Yeah, we can do without the pros.

PRINCE DANDARENI: I am a Herald from the Palace, and this is the beanie which will indicate the fanne upon whom Prince Dandareni will bestow his hand and his heart.

2nd UGLY SISTER: Well, come 'ere and let's try it. I'm sure it'll fit me.

PRINCE DANDARENI (wincing): You...er...really want to? (He extends it reluctantly. The 2nd UGLY SISTER grabs it and sticks it on her head. It falls off. She tries again. It falls off again.)

2nd UGLY SISTER: Bah! (She kicks the beanie)

1st UGLY SISTER: Hey, be careful of my beanie!

PRINCE DANDARENI)
2nd UGLY SISTER) (together): Yours?

1st UGLY SISTER: Certainly! Look! (She puts it on her head, and it falls off, twice.) Bah! Fake beanie!

PRINCE DANDARENI (picking it up): Sorry, girls. Every one who's tried it has been too swollen-headed or too pointy-headed for the beanie to fit. (He sighs) It seems that I...I mean, Prince Dandareni, will never find my..I mean, his, true love. (He looks around) Any other Trufannes living here?

1st UGLY SISTER: No. No, of course not.

2nd UGLY SISTER: Positively and obviously not.

PRINCE DANDARENI (sags): Oh, well. Thanks. (He turns to leave. FANDERELLA and BUTTONS enter, right.)

BUTTONS: ...and Peter Hamilton bought my story and said that I showed obvious promise of great talent, so I'm on the way up. I've left the sewer and found a good gutter...I shan't be content to rub along any more...no longer a rubber Buttons but a gutta-percha. I shall still faan, tho', and...Hey! Fanderella! You aren't listening!

FANDERELLA (staring at PRINCE DANDARENI): Ugh?

PRINCE DANDARENI (staring at FANDERELLA): Ugh!

1st UGLY SISTER (hastily): This is just a salesman from Medway (Fantasy) Ltd..

PRINCE DANDARENI: I have been searching for a beautiful true and active fanne beloved by Prince Dandareni...though it hardly seems to matter about the beanie now.

BUTTONS: True and active fan? That's my little Fanderella, here! (Holds up her arm) Look, the mark of the young and innocent Trufan...purple fingers! She's just produced a hoktographed 'zine that will....

PRINCE DANDARENI: The beanie....(he puts it on FANDERELLA's head, and it fits.) Yes! It is my own true love! (They embrace)

BUTTONS: Gee, this is just like the ending of a Sturgeon story. (Wipes his eyes) I'll go and tell the fans. (He leaves, right)

PRINCE DANDARENI (to the UGLY SISTERS): As for you two, your punishment for trying to deceive me, your Prince and President of both FAPA and OMPAyou will exchange your Gestetner 260 for Button's flatbed! (They creep out. Fans surge in from both sides, led by BUTTONS) Fans! Rejoice! I have found my Princess, and soon we shall leave for our own palace in the land of Trufandom, within sight of the tower of the Enchanted Duplicator. But meanwhile, you're all invited to join in the celebrations at my Christmas party!

(Music)

GRAND FINALE

THE COMPANY: I'm dreaming of a fan's Christmas,
Just like the ones I used to know,
With the dupers churning, and fan-eds burning,
With humour, alcohol and dough.....

I'm dreaming of a fan's Christmas,
With every stencil that I plan,
May your days, be worthy of a Slan,
And may all, your Christmases be Fan!

*****CURTAIN*****

FANDERELLA: A Fantomime. Produced and directed by A. Vincent Clarke.
Lyrics by A.Vincent Clarke.
Illustrated by A.Vincent Clarke, and duplicated for EYE No.3 by A.Vincent Clarke.

Acknowledgements: Gestetner by Gestetner. Typewriter by Royal.
Music by beer bottles. Ancient London Taxi by Luck. Letters by post.
Fandom founded by Ghod. Water used in zap-guns of Act 3 supplied by the Metropolitan Water Board. Steam by the Bulmer Aqueous Vapor Company.

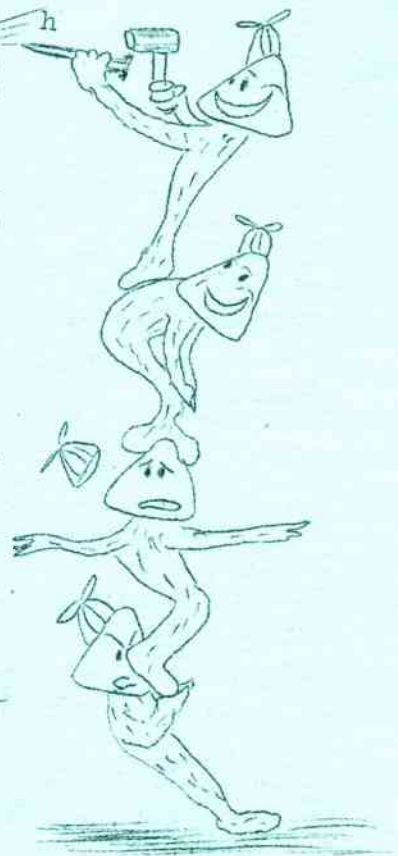
Some inspiration received from Joy Goodwin, the Bulmers and the Buckmasters, encouragement from Stu Mackenzio, and a few words lifted from various popular song-writers we haven't time to look up.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE: FANDERELLA, TWO UGLY SISTERS, BUTTONS, FAIRY GHODMOTHER, KING O'GRAPH, PRINCE DANDARENI, TWO FAN EDITORS, A DRUNKEN PRO-EDITOR, and a cast of hundreds. All characters herein are strictly imaginary, and any resemblance to people or incidents living or dead is just another indication of how Nature imitates Art.

* * * * *

FANS AND FANNES: you must be pretty tired of seeing my name popping up all over -- at the time of writing, early November, I've stuff in the current ALPHA, BEM, HYPHEN, 1, PLOY and TRIODE, have a chainzine, DUPLICATING WITHOUT TEARS, circulating, am Association Editor of OMPA and its official organ OFF TRAILS, have two personal 'zines, ZYMIC and LAUNCHING SITE, therein, and co-editorship of DYSTELEOLOGY, am having material in the forthcoming issues of ORION, NEW FUTURIAN, GRUE, etc. This space-hogging is pretty sickening, I know, and the only excuse I have is that Fandom '54 seems a Good Thing to be in. However, besides the fact that I'm slowly starving through too much fanning and not enough money-earning and that Sublimation Is Not Enough, so many things have been happening to me lately -- for instance, I can't seem to get an idea out of a faan context -- that I've decided to have a go at being a mundane citizen for a while.....which will probably be a Good Thing for the mundane world, anyway. So this is a short announcement of voluntary gafia. I'm cutting down on commitments, have given up my columns, and this will be the last 'i' for some time in which I'll have any large part. I shall of course continue the OMPA office, but this is to warn everyone that you can address me in future as a fringe-fan. Fan-Eds wanting material will be lucky if they get a rude postcard a la Bernard Shaw. Correspondents!! Those long screeds will be OUT. I can hardly afford postcards, let alone stamps. If my future plans succeed I should be really actifanning again in early 1956, but until then I'm going to bask in the reflected glory of having helped to start 'i' and OMPA, and maybe become known as one of those awful BNFs who stalk around telling neo-fen what to do without actually indulging themselves. But meanwhile.....

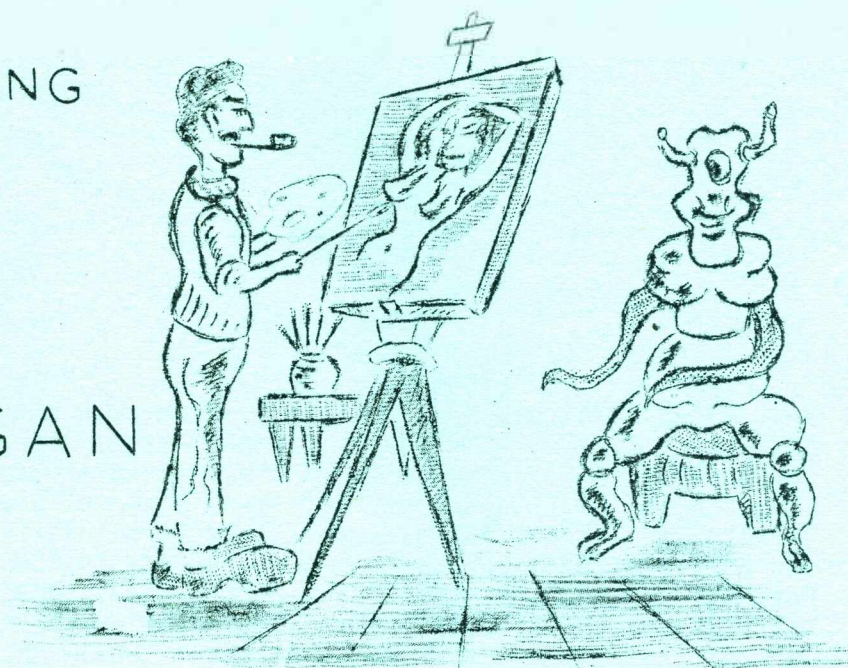
Sordid commercialism - I'm coming! A. VINCENT CLARKE



INTRODUCING

JAMES

RATTIGAN



You all know good old Jimmy Rattigan. That's right - the mad artist of Syndenham whose work will shortly be appearing in the prozines. Well, we've managed to persuade the lad that he owes it to fandom to work for EYE. So, beginning with the next issue, the Triumfanate will consist of Stu Mackenzie Ted Tubb and Jim Rattigan.

Needless to say we all regret the falling of Vinç to GAFIA. It only goes to show that no one can ever be certain of immunity to that horrible disease but better a Vinç GAFIA than no Vinç at all, and we can only offer prayers to Ghu for his quick recovery and safe return to the fields of actifandom.

Jim, as some of you may know, is no newcomer to fandom. Can anyone ever forget the sight of the lad at the 52 Con? His prehensile fingers had much to do with the posters advertising the 1953 effort. We are glad that his genius is amenable to be directed to EYE, and we know that you, all of you, will join us in welcoming this new brand for the burning.

We are proud to have him with us.



The Editors naturally cannot accept any responsibility for any opinions which may appear in this publication.

Artwork by: A. Vincent Clarke : J. Rattigan:
Stuart Mackenzie .

EYE is a vaguely quarterly publication of some members of the London Circle ; however it should in no way be considered as an official organ of those very proudly unorganised fen.

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AN OPEN LETTER FROM E.C.TUBB

Dear Reader,

In a way this open letter is unjustified in more ways than one. It isn't really fair of me to call a halt to production at the very last minute when the titanic task of batching up is hovering over us like some malignant demon, but, looking at colourful heaps all around me, I think that this - in effect - second editorial, can be excused. Incidentally, I wonder how many of you spotted the origin of the last part of the editorial proper? Some of you elder fen will have recognised the style, none but an expert could combine such saccarhine sweetness with self-directed egoboo, but others may be still gnashing their teeth over what they may think is our insufferable egoism. It was, of course, taken from one of the early Tremaine editorials in Astounding, about April 34 I think, but it seemed ideal for our purpose and we can hardly be blamed for following in the steps which, in the case of ASF, have proved so successful.

But I digress.

Some of you, certainly those of you who belong to OMPA, will have read Ken Slater's 'I Decline' and may be wondering what it was all about. By inference you perhaps thought that the demon in the woodpile, the foul - quote 'New-comers to the London Circle' unquote - was none other than our old friend Stu Mackenzie. You can hardly be blamed if you did, at least two provincial fans and three Londoners immediately arrived at that conclusion, but the truth of the matter is that it wasn't he who made the suggestion at all. It was I. Yes, I alone and none other, who outraged the honoured Captain with the suggestion that all nominees to TAFF should prove their good faith by a £5 deposit which would be forfeit if they won the elections and wilfully refused to go. Physical incapacity, of course, was meant to cover each and every circumstance which would prevent free choice ie; jail, call-up, refusal of visa, death, illness, poverty, and the all-inclusive Act of God.

At the time I thought that it was a Good Idea and I still think so. Some of you might agree with me when you remember that the successful candidate will be spending some £105 of the fans' cash and that they wouldn't be losing anything at all unless they spurned the gift of the same said fans, and that a small token deposit would serve to bring home the seriousness of what they had undertaken to do. Apparently I was wrong. I bow my head. I grovel. I eat dirt. Anything and everything to soothe ruffled feelings and outraged dignity. But I will

insist to my dying day that there was no ulterior motive and certainly no intention of any Machiavellian ploy. Nothing but an earnest desire to help which has been sadly misconstrued.

Am I forgiven?

And now back to the magazine.

You know, in the heart of every fan is the ambition to produce the perfect fanzine. We never do, of course, but we all want to achieve that goal. This issue of EYE is our attempt to climb the unscalable mountain and set our mark upon this age. We have failed, of course, we know that now even before it has been batched. Already we can see possible improvements, new ideas, fresh layouts, different styles, other bindings. So, as good as we have made it, it still doesn't fully satisfy. I doubt if it will satisfy you, though I will guarantee that there is something in the issue to appeal to everyone, though not, naturally, the same thing. Most of you will say that it is too big, others will state that they don't like how we do what we do, still others, for no apparent reason, will dislike it because of its originations. We can't help that. We have tried, as the humblest fan may try on his brand-new Hecto, to produce the very best we can and, like that mythical fan, we await your reaction with fear and trembling.

Because, of course, we want to please. We firmly believe that all fan should be friends and, as friends should, we welcome helpful and constructive criticism. But when you sharpen your knives and prepare your sneers, remember this, not everyone has the same idea as to what constitutes the perfect fanzine. Your idea may be different to ours, but is it fair to deride because of that? We have done our best - if our best isn't to your liking then we are sorry, but we can do no other than to produce our idea of the perfect fanzine, to do otherwise would be to be insincere.

Did you like the double cover? Ted Carnell of Nova kindly donated the appropriate illo and we give him our thanks. Vin's masterpiece is worth its weight in gold - so it is gold-dusted. The Hallowe'n thing - well the Halloween Convention was duly advertised and the reports will be of interest to at least thirty people. The multiplicity of Trufan Tales? Light reading for after the Christmas Festivities. The Literary Supplement? Secon stuff for a change. And so on...and so on. A mixture of something for everyone and, if you're in a critical mood, don't fail to read the back of the poetry supplement.

In closing may I, on behalf of us all, wish each and every one of you a most happy and enjoyable Christmas and a prosperous New Year. And perhaps, next year, each of us will have progressed a little further along the path which leads to the Enchanted Duplicator. I'd like for us to travel together.



It is amazing how some words and expressions can pass into history and be used repeatedly in general conversation or writing without the user knowing from whence the term arose. Fandom has long had its own particular expressions but most of them can be traced back to Fifth Fandom, or even Walt Willis' Fandom. One particular exclamation, however, which is used far more than any other, has a history behind it which will doubtless surprise most fans -- although some of the older grey beards may faintly remember that long ago there was a seed sown from which the present branch originally took root.

Used by every aspiring and perspiring columnist is the expression "By Ghu!" If he thinks about it at all he probably assumes that it is a polite way of writing "By God!" Its origin has a much deeper and subtler meaning -- in fact, a whole fan nation battled verbally over it, for in 1933 it was the focal point of a humour war between First and Second Fandom.

The Cult of Ghu-Ghu was founded, to be precise, on August 6th, 1935, by Donald A. Wollheim (now Editor of Ace Pocket Books in New York), and a number of his friends, in particular John Michel, Kennet Stirling, and possibly Fred Pohl, Arthur Selikowitz and Bob Lowndes, although my memory is a little hazy over the finer details after nineteen years. It probably arose from the interest most readers (and this group in particular) took in the Lovecraft and Howard mythologies being published at that time. As a piece of fun for long-range correspondence it quickly gained favour with First Fandom, spreading throughout the more thickly populated areas of the USA and even to the shores of Britain.

In a short article entitled " A History of GhuGhuism " published by Harold Kirshenblit in a fanzine named ARCTURUS in January 1937, Arthur Selikowitz writes : 'Twas Midsummer's Day of the year of Common Reckoning 1935, that there came unto the thought of Three Holy Men the vision of the Sacred Egg. For the Holy Men were tramping the Far Places of the Earth, and their minds turned towards the Great Mysteries of the Why and Wherefore. And as they talked, their souls grew holier, and as they walked, so did their soles. Came a time when both kinds of Holiness became overpowering, and they lay them down in a deep trance and ditch.

"And there simultaneously appeared to them a vision of the Sacred Egg, longitudinally rent. And lo! it floated upon the Time Stream and a Voice, which while soundless yet conveyed the sense of a bass note, spoke : Oh, Dark One with the Glasses, Thou shalt reign upon the Earth, as the personification of Ghu Ghu, and Thos shalt indeed be but a form of GhuGhu Almighty. And Thou, Oh Less Dark One with the Glasses, Thou shalt indeed be the Prophet, and shall spread the word of GhuGhu throughout The Universe. And Thou, O Least Dark One with the Glasses, shall be the High Priest, and shall rule temporarily over all men. Arise ye, and scam."

"And they arose, and scammed, and they repaired unto the Holy City, even unto Brooklyn, and they discovered unto the world the persons of the Devil, the Archangel, the Chief Saint, the Chief Cherub, and the Keeper of the Sacred Virgins. And the Chief Inquisitor appeared and the Archbishop, and then followed a multitude of Saints. And the Bishoprics of the Bronx, of England, of New Jersey and of Philadelphia were established by order of GhuGhu Almighty.

"Time passed, and the ranks of the Believers swelled enormously. And there were those who doubted. So GhuGhu Almighty sent unto Earth his only begotten Son, and he was Ghagha, conceived by budding even as is the Sacred Yeast, which doth make the Holy Water. And Ghagha appeared with an egg behind each ear. And lo! the people believed. Yea, and lo!

"And there arose within those minds a great revelation, and lo! the Holy Ghible was conceived. And ye who do believe in the Sacredness of GhuGhu, and kick in to the High Priest, and do accept the Ghible, shall ever more be sanctified. Ye shall possess everlasting life and the Sacred Virgins."

After the Ghible had been invented -- each Archbishop contributed a Book to the Volume, and as Archbishop of Great Britain my own portion was called the Book of Carnal ! (Michael Rosenblum, by the way, was Bishop of Yorkshire !) the High Priest then produced a new World Calendar. But listen once again to Selikowitz, the Prophet, in the February 1936 issue of ARCTURUS :

"Behold ! I bade my agents write these works. Behold ! I bid them carry this word to all." (Ghible, Book of GhuGhu II, 18, 19.)

"Out of the illimitable, out of the unfathomable, out of the unknown, was spawned the SACRED EGG. For yea, it was GhuGhu, emergent in a sesquipelalian Callaesthetic punctiliousness. And GhuGhu arose and ascended high, yea even unto Heaven, and He sat on His Throne, and He appointed His Disciples, being great, whose names shall not be mentioned to unbelievers. But GhuGhu left, for His children, those appointed representatives. --(Ghible Book of GhuGhu, II, 3).

"For there were then chosen : The Prophet, who sitteth at the Right Hand of GhuGhu; The High Priest, who is the agent of GhuGhu; the Archangel, who restoreth the Believers to Eternal Life ; The Chief Saint, who stirreth the hearts of men ; The Keeper of the Sacred Virgins whose Virginity is ever replenished and the Chief Cherub, who assisteth the little children. And The High Priest chose the rulers of the souls of men, and he named the Archbishop of The Bronx, the Archbishop of Ridgwood, and the Archbishop of Brooklyn, to divide the world among them. And he named the Chief Inquisitor, and the Deacon to execute the word of GhuGhu and all disbelievers. (Ye who are GhuGhuists, Ye have embraced me, Ye shall not be damned, Ye shall live in Paradise -- Ghible, Second Book of Selikowitz, III, 3, 6.)

"And in the End (In the End was the Beginning -- Ghible, Book of GhuGhu, II, 20), was all evil driven unto the Devil. And ye, who hearing of GhuGhu, do not embrace Him, and kick in to the High Priest, shall be forevermore and eternally damned, and become agents of the Devil. And Ye who do not these things but Hallow the Sacred Egg, shall arise unto Heaven, and possess the Sacred Virgins, whose virginity is ever replenished (and everlasting -- Ghible, First Book of Kosow, I, 42). And Ye shall receive the Ghible, and be sanctified. And Canonization shall be your lot. For GhuGhu is the One, Only, and True Ghod, and I am His Prophet."



It should be realised that all major First Fandom Fans (and many minor ones also), took up local office in the Cult of Ghu-Ghu and contributed to the fun of the thing by contributing further laws and portions of the Ghible. Every BNF of First Fandom was a "saint" or upward, and it would be interesting if the publishers of EYE could prevail upon Donald Wollheim to write his memoirs of GhuGhuism, naming names. Even more appropriate would be the publication of the original Ghible (if it is still in existence). As far as I can remember, it was a single issue publication, privately circulated. I cannot even find the carbon copy of the Book of Karn (sometime called Carnal).

By 1938, however, Second Fandom was beginning to rear its young head, and some of the West coasters, headed by a charming young lady nicknamed "Pogo" started a counter-movement -- the Sacred Order of Foo-Foo -- which most of the newer Second Fandom joined. Taking a stab in the dark I would say that this "Order" was founded upon the trite remarks of a character called "Smoky Stover" who appeared regularly in a newspaper cartoon of those days (and might still be running). While the antics of Stover were hilarious (he was a fireman with the craziest attire I ever saw), the whole gagline of the joke was usually in one or two framed pictures somewhere on the wall of the fire-station -- lines like "Foo is Best", "Don't go down in the Foo Dad", "There's no Foo like an old Foo".

Foo-Foo became funnier than GhuGhu and ousted the First Fandom Cult, and I should imagine that the whole basis of Fandom's humour was started by the events of this period. "John Bristol" (Jack Speer of Washington, DC, a late-comer to First Fandom, who went over to Second Fandom and became a BNF), compiled the FANCYCLOPEDIA in 1944, which interpreted all the various names, meanings, cults, isms, fan pseudonyms, and everything strictly fannish (it ran to 96 quarto pages of elite type, double columned ; sold for \$ 1.50, and was published by Forry Ackerman, with hard labour done by a number of Los Angeles fans).

Under GhuGhuism "Bristol" writes : "A false and hideous order who worship GhuChu as their Ghod. According to the researches of the Foo-Foo scientists, GhuGhu is a beetle-bodied monster, living on the sunward side of Vulcan, who telepathically controls a zombie named Don Wollheim, Wollheim himself usually being regarded as GhuGhu by its followers. There are Archbishops in every city where there are GhuGhuists, except possibly in those where the Archbishop has at some time left his diocese, thus losing his office. Other officials include the High Priest, John Michel, and Dick Wilson, Guardian of the Gholy Ghraile. In many cases the devotees seem to have several titles ; "saint" seems a common prefix, and Doc Lowndes calls himself Demighod as well as Archdeacon Infernal of all Ghu.



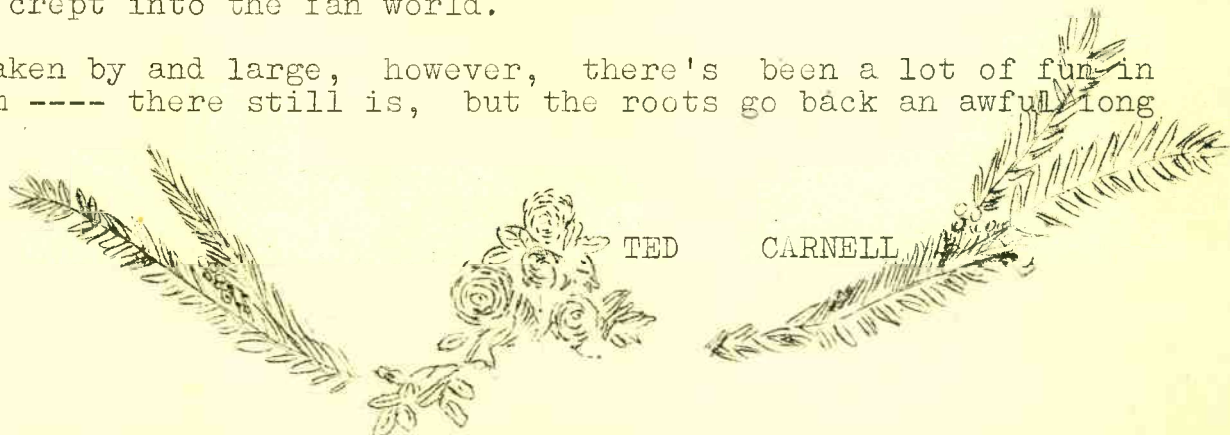
"The GhuGhuists make much of the fact that no GhuGhuist has ever died. They have issued books of their Gholy Ghible, but their chief intellectual effort has been a GhuGhuist calendar, The general scheme seems to be cribbed from the World Calendar, but their year starts at the Summer Solstice. Months are named in dishonour of the GhuGhuists, the first one being called Dawn (from d.a.wollheim) ; others include J'mil (for John Michel); Sterl (for Kenneth Stirling), etc., plus some named from otjer fantastic words -- vomb, ethulthu, ktp."

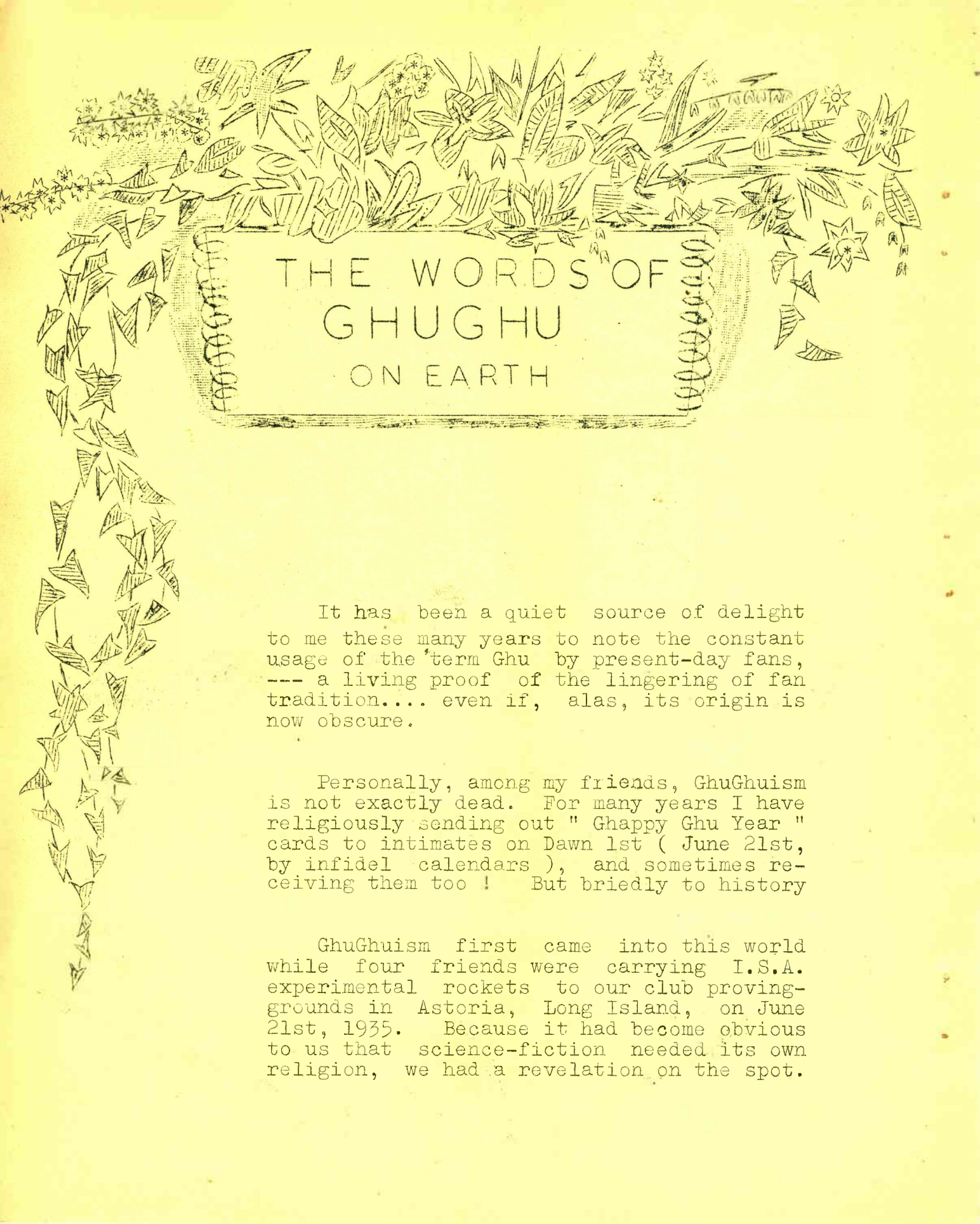
"Bristol's" remarks about the Sacred Order of Foo-Foo are also worth mentioning : "A glorious foolosofy which saves its adherents from the purple domination of GhuGhu and guarantees their footure bliss. While GhuGhuism's set-up is roughly that of an episcopal church, FooFooism's more resembles a militant monarchy. The Western branch centres around the Court of the Hi-Priestess of All Foo, Pogo : Forrest J. Ackerman is the Right-Hand Man, Morojo her Handi-Maiden, ktp. In the East is Her Sacred Highness's Left-Hand Man, The Royal General of FooFoo F. Speer, who bears this title, countersigns and issues neophytes such tags as Chief Scientist, Poetess Laureate, Vany Oon Grand Vizier, Nen Nen, Baron Yobber, and others. Permanent membership cards are not given until the persons are proven through long adversity. In addition to these officers, the Order counts as rank-and-file members all persons wheresoever who are moved to go around reciting Foo proverbs.

"FooFooism began early in 1938, when FooFoo implanted in the mind of Pogo, and about the same time, of Speer, His Call to form the Sacred Order to oppose GhuGhuism in all its forms, however monstrous. Like Tom Paine says, GhuGhuism, like tyranny, is not easily conquered, but the fight is a glorious one. A mighty weapon that has been given us by All-Blessed Foo is the Poo ; far mightier is it than the Yobber."

The last word, which Vinç Clarke uses quite a lot, will give you a reference to just how long that word has been circulating in fandom. As this article has already stretched far enough I propose (with the approval of the Editors), to follow up in the next issue with the origin of such expressions as "Yngvi is a louse", "Yobber", and even when interlineations first crept into the fan world.

Taken by and large, however, there's been a lot of fun in fandom ---- there still is, but the roots go back an awful long way !





THE WORDS OF GHUGHU ON EARTH

It has been a quiet source of delight to me these many years to note the constant usage of the 'term Ghu by present-day fans, --- a living proof of the lingering of fan tradition.... even if, alas, its origin is now obscure.

Personally, among my friends, GhuGhuism is not exactly dead. For many years I have religiously sending out " Ghappy Ghu Year " cards to intimates on Dawn 1st (June 21st, by infidel calendars), and sometimes receiving them too ! But briedly to history

GhuGhuism first came into this world while four friends were carrying I.S.A. experimental rockets to our club proving-grounds in Astoria, Long Island, on June 21st, 1935. Because it had become obvious to us that science-fiction needed its own religion, we had a revelation on the spot.

Three of us saw the light. We had a showing of fingers to determine which of us were destined to play what roles. Using my psi-powers, I became GhuGhu on Earth, John Michel became GhuGhu's High Priest, and Arthur E. Selikowitz GhuGhu's Prophet. The fourth scoffed, and became thereby the Devil, whose name is Phnaa. (On Earth he is known as Sikora. See the later history of Fandom for the accuracy of this divine revelation.)

Without much trouble we swept all existing fandom into our ranks. It was but sufficient to hear of GhuGhu to be converted --- for the soul recognised instantly what the mind may take longer to acknowledge. GhuGhuist souls are distinguished from others by being an indelible purple in colour --- and cannot be laundered !

Anyhow, the various saints among the early converts contributed their bits to the volume which was our Gholy Ghible. This book existed at first as unpublished material. Some of it was fan-magged (hence material quoted by Ted Carnell in this issue of EYE). A complete edition of the Gholy Ghible was produced in 1942, limited to three copies. One of these is in my possession and before me as I write. One was last seen in possession of James Blish, (once Archbishop of New Jersey) as late as seven years ago. The third's whereabouts are unknown. Michel may have it, or it may be that I sent it to England. If so, it may be buried among Rosenbloom's or Carnell's files. *

At the height of our GhuGhuist frenzy, you may note that we were simultaneously recognised and attacked by (a) the atheist Freethinker Magazine and (b) the Roman Catholic Paulist Fathers. What this proves I am not prepared to say.

* Not Carnell's files.... eds.

Here is the table of contents of the Gholy Ghible :

1. Book of GhuGhu (ascribed to Wollheim)
2. Credo of Selikowitz
3. First Book of Selikowitz
4. Second Book of Selikowitz
5. Chronicles (ascribed to Pohl)
6. The Book of Time (ascribed to Wollheim)
7. The First Book of Kosow
8. The Books of Kirshenblit
9. The Exultations of Nysalora (ascribed to Robert Barlow)
10. The Phantasma of Phnaa (ascribed to Blish)
11. The Ghabala of Ghanhrh (ascribed to Charhrh of Hyperborea)
12. Vision of Ghoni (ascribed to Selikowitz)
13. The Book of Smith (ascribed to Louis Smith)
14. The Lamentations of Jephthabaiah (ascribed to Pohl)
15. The Epistles of Robin the Apostle (ascribed to Lowndes)
16. Reverberation, the Book of Kharn (ascribed to Carnell)

According to the Book of Time, the GhuGhuist year is divided into fourteen months: thirteen of 28 days, and one of one day and sometimes 2 days. The longest day in the year is Ghu Year's Day, and the first day of Dawn. Then comes in order, Seluar, J'mil, Ghour, Sterl, Po, Khurm, Khoss, Vomb, Khosmin, Cthulhin, Rhomar, and Kharn. Finally, the Devil's own month of Skorch, getting as you may anticipate the short end of the stick.

The date given in Saint Carnell's article for the founding day is at variance with the Ghible's date. Discrepancies of this sort are the prerogative of all established faiths.

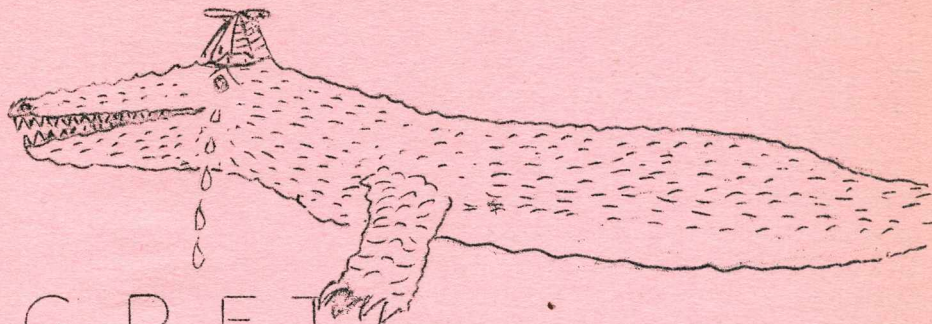
The Ghabala of Ghanhrh is entirely in the Hyperborean language and is the basis of the mystical cult known as Daffodili-crucianism. Part of the Ghible was translated into Ro.

When last heard of, the Prophet Selikowitz was running a distillery in Montreal, under the trade name of Arthur Lionel. He was, however, as devout as ever.

Don

Wollheim.

THE EDITORS



REGRET

One of the unpleasant things about running a fanzine is the business of having to reject contributions other than those in cash or in kind.

It is never very nice to get a piece back, either, and the mighty minds of the Triumfanate ground into top gear over the problem of the reject letter. Should we have a standard form letter, so that no one would feel that they had gotten a shorter letter than the next guy? Should each letter be personal? Looking rather woefully at the mail-bags littering the floor, waiting for our attention (with needle and thread) we felt that perhaps we could show a selection of letters to you, our gentle readers, and ask you to tell us which one, if any, to use.....

Actually, the letters cover more or less specific types of reject. The Victorian one is to a young fan who has decided, after reading one Tubb Truefan tale, to write one himself. He did, and sent it to us. We sent it back. Can't imagine why, except that it was about as much like a Truefan tale as Stu's writing is like Walt's or Vinz's or Ted's.....

At the time we were tempted to use what is probably the shortest reject slip in the world -- it reads 'NO' and that is all..... but we felt that it might be rude to do that sort of thing, and it seems we have been insulting so many people lately.....

So there it is and for the hell of it, we are making a competition out of it. We invite you to write a reject letter suitable for general use. The best one will get a small prize (winner has the choice of any book reviewed in EYE) and there will be a second prize as well. We'd like to publish the two best in the March issue, so how's about it ???

Letter One.

Honourable and most noble sir,

It is with a deep sense of fallible unworthiness that we presume to address one who, if the evidence before our dazzled eyes can be judged correctly, will shortly be removed from our loathsome presence into the pure and untrammelled reaches of the Upper Air where he will undoubtedly meet the noblest Authors of the past of our race, who will greet him with glad cries and press bowls of tea upon him. It is only in remembering the illustrious Li-Chu's gravity-removing yet shining-with-wisdom apothegm that a dragonet may regard without fear of blindness a Mandarin that we dare intrude the evidence of our miserable and blameworthy existence before your exalted senses, and assure you that it is only on a matter of the highest and most polished importance that we do so.

Honourable Sir, when we removed your nobly-proportioned and sweet-smelling manuscript, so fittingly entitled, from its covering, it seemed to us that our ears were filled with celestial music and the enticing voices of tea-house maidens, and we had the distinct impression that a glow emanating from the papers reached into the seventh sphere and showed the spirits of our ancestors, rigid with ecstasy at the thought of the joy that would soon be ours on perusing your wisdom-filled writing. This was the hour when a floating meteor hurled across the sky of our city and the ways were filled with celestial voices, singing paeons of praise in your honour, and even the flooded Yangtse-Ki retreated from its swollen reaches so that the shells of those who had passed above should experience the beneficial effects of an atmosphere whose currents had passed over your heaven-born prose.

On reading your first word we instantly swooned and remained in a state of blissful unheedfulness for three strokes of the gong. On being revived by one from the inner chamber, we brought our wonder-filled eyes to the second word, and swooned again. Many gong-strokes were thus spent before we finished your first page, yet such was the ineffable mellifluence of these golden writings that no food or drink passed our lips and for long periods we were unconscious even of breathing. Held by the unutterable fascination which, engendered we heeded neither gross physical discomforts nor the pleadings of our lesser ones until, with a sense of disappointment so poignant in its intensity that we thought our ancestral tablets to have been destroyed, we reached the final page.

How can one summate a sensation akin to being looked at by the All Highest Himself? Suffice to say that never in our present existence have we experienced so despairing a sensation as when we realised, on drawing our minds back from the music-filled regions to which your manuscript had sent it, that we could not possibly publish it. Such an undertaking would doubtless cause the name of our ludicrous and meanly-produced

organ to be emblazoned in the Heavens, in company with the Golden Rules and the Dictums of Tsao Tse the Mighty, but the consequences of such an action would be grave indeed. All who ever had ambitions to run an ink-filled brush across a parchment would read it, and, instantly recognising their essential unworthiness at performing the task of followingwith their own feeble writing would commit self-ending. Barbarian hordes from the outer lands would crowd in, eager to hear of your work, and strip the country bare. All the spaces of the Upper Air would be in chaos as demons, benevolent spirits, dragons and others would rush precipitously to obtain our dishonourable magazine.

The vital principles of Ying and Yang themselves might quiver, and the Great Tortoise shift uneasily, bringing the world down in ruins. Honoured Sir, it is written in the omens of the city sooth-sayers that we should lead peaceful, unexalted, and generally miserable lives, and to bring the consequences outlined above to humanity would ill-accord with the fates. We are therefore returning, with soul-felt melancholy, your manuscript herewith, but should you deign to honour us with any further specimens from your heaven-inspired brush, we will be transported with delight at your magnanimity.

We crouch at your feet,

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

Letter Two

My dear -----,

I am the last person in the world to dream of discouraging the efforts of young persons, especially when their whole conduct displays uniform amiability of disposition and soundness of character. But I cannot conceal what I believe to be the real truth, viz. that you are too young to have thought upon, or seen enough of human nature, to venture to express yourself in print. Remember, my dear -----, that even a mere letter, once written, is irrevocable. How much greater, then, the mischief of committing oneself to print? In the one case, one person only may be offended, in the other, thousands. Do not let the precociousness of some few British and American fen deceive you. Among the former, the instances are but rare: among the latter, there is little which an English gentleman should imitate.

You have, it is true, received an excellent education; and your natural aptitude has made that education profitable to you in the fullest extent. But, do not think that your juvenile years are fit for the difficult task of writing a Tru-Fan Tale. As an old (and to confess the truth, a tired) author, I look back with regret to many crude publications of my early days,

and feel happy in their oblivion. Do not think me unkind or querulous in my views. I believe that, where there is genius, genius will find opportunity of fair development ; but you must not mistake a mere partiality for a pursuit for the talent which alone is calculated to ensure success. Do not "rush into print". Deepen your present thoughts by continued experience ; mark every transaction --- every thought of your own life, and think cautiously and impartially upon the deeds and dealings of those around you; such, my dear ----, are the only studies which can ever make you fit for the responsible and difficult duties of a fan writer par excellence.

Above all, beware of writing from hearsay. There are too many writers who discourse profusely upon things they have never seen, events they did not witness, people with whom they have never even corresponded, much less actually met, society they have never moved in. This is of little consequence when mere facts are concerned, as what is once well ascertained and known, is common property ; but in fan writing it is far otherwise. The great charm of Mr. Willis' works is their wondrous truthfulness and probability ; fiction, to be successful, must bear the closest impress of truth ; character should never be grossly exaggerated beyond the bounds of fannish decency, too great an absurdity should not be displayed under the mistaken belief that wit is inevitably displayed through its means : every feature of a story should be modelled on the original in such masterpieces as THE ENCHANTED DUPLICATOR, CODEX, or that wonderful masterpiece of the dramatist's art, FANDERELLA ; the inculcation of a principle should be consistent with what men and women do and think, not with some author's notions which are but miserable parodies of the glorious principles of Trufandonia.

My dear ----, I have no doubt that, if you mature your conceptions, and, meanwhile, pay attention to the minute matters of style which are so unhappily, and yet so often, neglected, I shall one day hail you as a younger brother in authorcraft; but it is because I wish sincerely and affectionately for your welfare, that I would have you begin your writing career, not with precocious crudities, but with well-ripened and trufannish efforts, the results of reflection and patience, as well as of genius.

Send me in a little while some more of your MSS. You will find a sincere but I trust not unkind friend in

Yours very sincerely,

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

Letter Three

Well, the paper and typing are good, anyway.....

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

DEATH OF A FAN DON ALLEN

DEPARTMENT OF ALMOST UNBELIEVABLE COINCIDENCES -

(It could only happen
in EYE Division)

'Death of a Fan' was written by Don Allen (editor of S-F SATELLITE) and sent to us without his knowing that we already had Charles Grey's Requiem on a similar theme ready for this issue. We thought the comparison interesting enough to run both stories.

Ken Bulmer's short was written with knowledge of the coincidence and the opening quote-line, but nothing else.

No other stories starting "He was an old fan, and tired" will be accepted for publication.....

EDITORS

He was an old fan. Tired and old. He lay still and quiet in his bed, his eyes gazing blindly at the ceiling. Alone in the small room, alone with his memories, surrounded by memories, piled high, here and there throughout the room. Letter files, full of friends, old, new and departed. A bookcase, full of his publications; his stories, his articles, his fanzines... Another bookcase, packed with his collections; fanzines, prozines, convention souvenirs. The walls adorned with prozine covers, a framed letter from Bert Campbell, a battery of water-pistols hanging from ornamented holsters, a picture of the late Walt Willis. Memories, a room full of memories.

His gaze dropped from the ceiling and wandered over the decorated walls. A magazine cover hung there, the first issue of the Vargo Statten Magazine. He retched, then eased himself back into a comfortable position and once more his eyes returned to their wanderings, stopping here and there as memories seeped back, until the door of the room opened and a young girl entered.

"Now, Gran'pa!" she said. "Did I hear you moving about again?" He smiled, thinking what a wonderful femmo-fan his grand-daughter would have made. "I spewed up," he said.

"Oh, you poor soul! Is there anything you want?"

Is there anything I want?, he thought, oh by Ghod yes, yes, there is. An impossible want, but he had to have it. Tears crept into his eyes. The girl leaned forward and touched his withered hand.

"Now, Gran'pa, I know what you're thinking, so just drop it, you silly man. And no buts...there, now!" Females, he thought, they always know what you're thinking, damn telepaths!

"I must go now, Gran'pa. Bob is taking me to see the ruins of the Grosvenor in Manchester. You know the place, burnt down by some strange people

years ago!" He nodded his head, remembering the unforgettable event. The Great SuperduperMancon of 1968. The mob from London managed to make their presence really felt that time. Now Bert Campbell came rushing into the Main Hall dragging George Gibson by the feet, thus causing anger amongst George's friends, who immediately pounced upon Bert and set his beard alight. Poor Bert, he ran round and round the Hall shrieking "Me beard!", "Me beard!" until he tripped over Ashworth and fell headlong into a mob of femme-fans. It was funny, then, the femme fans tearing off their burning clothes...Courage, the teenagers thought it was all an act and cheered on the stripping show. It wasn't until bits of the ceiling started falling down that everybody realised that the place was on fire. Gallant Ving Clarke made a heroic attempt to put out the fire, but unfortunately his water-pistol soon emptied. Fans ran, laughing and shouting, out into the street...and disappeared into the night. Ah, yes.. ..much fun, much fun indeed.

His thoughts returned to the present; his grand-daughter was leaving the room. "Mary!" he called. "Before you go, bring me a pile of fanzines." She smiled and went over to the bookcase, bringing back about a dozen.

"Surely you know every one of these off by heart?"

He smiled. "No, no, I don't. I always find something that I've missed every time I read them." She laughed, waved her hand and left. He glanced down at the pile and sighed. A full series of every fanzine published, a fine collection. All done by the long extinct process of duplicating. Nowadays, all printing was done by some now-fangled electronic gadget, which was by no means as exciting and interesting as typing out stencils and messing about with them on a delightful Gestetner duplicator. The good old days of Fandom! Memories of the Globe seeped into his brain; the Globe, now a hostel for Spacemen.....a twinge of pain in his breast made him cough and splutter. He cursed, and eased himself back into a more comfortable position.

"Mabel!" he shouted, "Mabel!" Mabel was his wife, his beloved wife who had spent many a long night helping him with his fanzine. All that was many years ago. Now, nobody seemed to care.

She came into the room, still as beautiful, never changing, and, sitting on the edge of the bed, held his hands.

"I'm tired," he whispered, "very tired. I've been lying here thinking of the past, of fandom, of us, and....." He broke off into a fit of coughing, his false teeth rattling and joggling in his mouth. "Damn those teeth!" He pulled them from his mouth and slung them across the room.

"Joe! You just simmer down! Losing your temper like that! Why, anybody would think that you were that chap who used to come here years ago!"

Joe thought for a moment, his brows knitted, then a smile crossed over his face. "Ah yes, my old pal Chuck! Chuck Harris!"

"Yes, that's the fellow."

He quickly searched through the fanzine pile, and selected one. "Here! There's a piece by Chuck, written in March 1971. His finest ever....." He looked sadly at the pile of fanzines, and a tear fell from his eye. "Mabel, before I die, there's one thing that I want!"

"Yes, my love, I know. You've told me a hundred times what you want, but it just can't be done. You know fine well there are none in existence. Besides, who says you are going to die?" On the last sentence she had to turn

away her face, to hide the tears which were creeping into her eyes. He shrugged. No one need tell him that he was going to die. He knew it. Inch by inch and day by day, he was losing the senses of his body. But then, he was an old fan, and tired, not wanting to go anywhere, only living in his memories.

"If we hadn't been hard up you needn't have sold mine in the first place!" he whispered, and his wandering eyes fell to the opened fanzine on the bed. "Ah yes! Chuck Harris, quite a character. Strange, wasn't it, how he disappeared from Fandom? Remember, it was just after those noofen were found blasted to cinders in their clubroom. Wonder what happened to him.....?" He looked up at his wife and sighed.

She suddenly snapped her fingers, and a smile spread across her face. "I almost forgot!" she cried. "There's a big parade this afternoon, and it goes right past your window. If we pull the bed over to it you'll have a fine view of the whole procession."

He smiled. A parade! It was a long time since he had seen a parade. He remembered the last, the great parade of the Vargo Statten Fan Club League, led by Vargo Statten III himself, with his followers marching proudly behind him singing the League song. Right up to the old Hamilton buildings they went, and nobody was surprised when they started to throw empty bottles through the Editorial windows. Ah, sweet memories! But the crowds soon went away when someone started the rumour that Bert Campbell was really Vargo Statten, and that was why he wore a beard...a false one, of course.

His memories were shattered by the sudden appearance of his son, Johnny. "I've found one, I-I've f-found one!" gasped the boy, panting for breath. "What Dad wants, I've found one....!"

The old fan no longer felt old; it was as if a Vargo Statten gadget had been turned on him. He felt young and excited instead. "You found one? Where? Quick, go get it! Where is it? Hurry!" Excitement brought on a fit of coughing, and his wife and son tried to calm him down. "It's in the British Museum," explained Johnny. "I've seen the Curator and he's willing to let us have it for a short while. I explained things to him. They'll bring it this afternoon..." and so he chattered on, also excited, but his father was no longer listening. Instead, he had lain back, his eyes closed, and was once more lost in the world of memories. His wife motioned Johnny out of the room so that she could hear the whole story, and leave her husband with his precious recollections.

Johnny had been wandering in the Museum when he spotted it, lying in the corner. According to the card it had belonged to an Irishman. He had seen the Curator, and it would arrive, under armed escort, at 2pm.

The hours passed all too slowly, and outside they were gathering for the parade. The street was lined with children, who ran, shouting and laughing, from one side to the other. Happy children; young ones and old ones, fat ones and thin ones, tatty ones and scrawny ones, dirty ones and clean ones, brown ones and white ones, one ones and two ones. Adults too; big ones, small ones, tough ones and sexy ones, all waiting, waiting impatiently for the big parade that seemed, to those that waited, as if it would never come. Then very far away, the sound of music, a brass band, drums and trumpets and cheers. The cheers of the spectators, at first just a whisper in the distance, then the

whisper crept over the crowds, nearer and nearer, louder and louder. It swept up and away into the distance. The cheers always preceded the parade, but then it finally came the noise was deafening, music, laughter, shouting, singing, all mingled into one big noise. The parade was here!

Inside the house, in his bed, the old fan lay, his heart thumping madly, his face beaming and alight with happiness. The time was two o'clock. Any moment now it would be here. The noise of the parade outside became louder and louder, hurting his ears. Even shut windows could not halt the noise. He broke into another fit of coughing, and retched again. His wife patted his hands and tears were in her eyes. "Take it easy, dear....." She was about to say something more when Johnny burst into the room.

"That damn parade! It's holding up the van from the Museum! The van can't get through, and the parade's not even properly started to pass here yet! Ghod knows when it'll end! Too late, probably, too late. We've only got it for an hour!"

The old fan lay in his bed, his mouth gaping, his eyes staring blindly at the ceiling. This was worse than when he failed to get his first article published in a Bradford fanzine. No, it couldn't be true! Here it was, only a few minutes away from him, his precious prize, stopped by a foolish parade! He prayed, calling on the Ghods of Fandom, face wet with tears. Then, suddenly, he became aware that Johnny had left the room and that outside the parade was still. Trembling, he listened, heard rumbling noises at the front door. Then Johnny hurried into the room again.

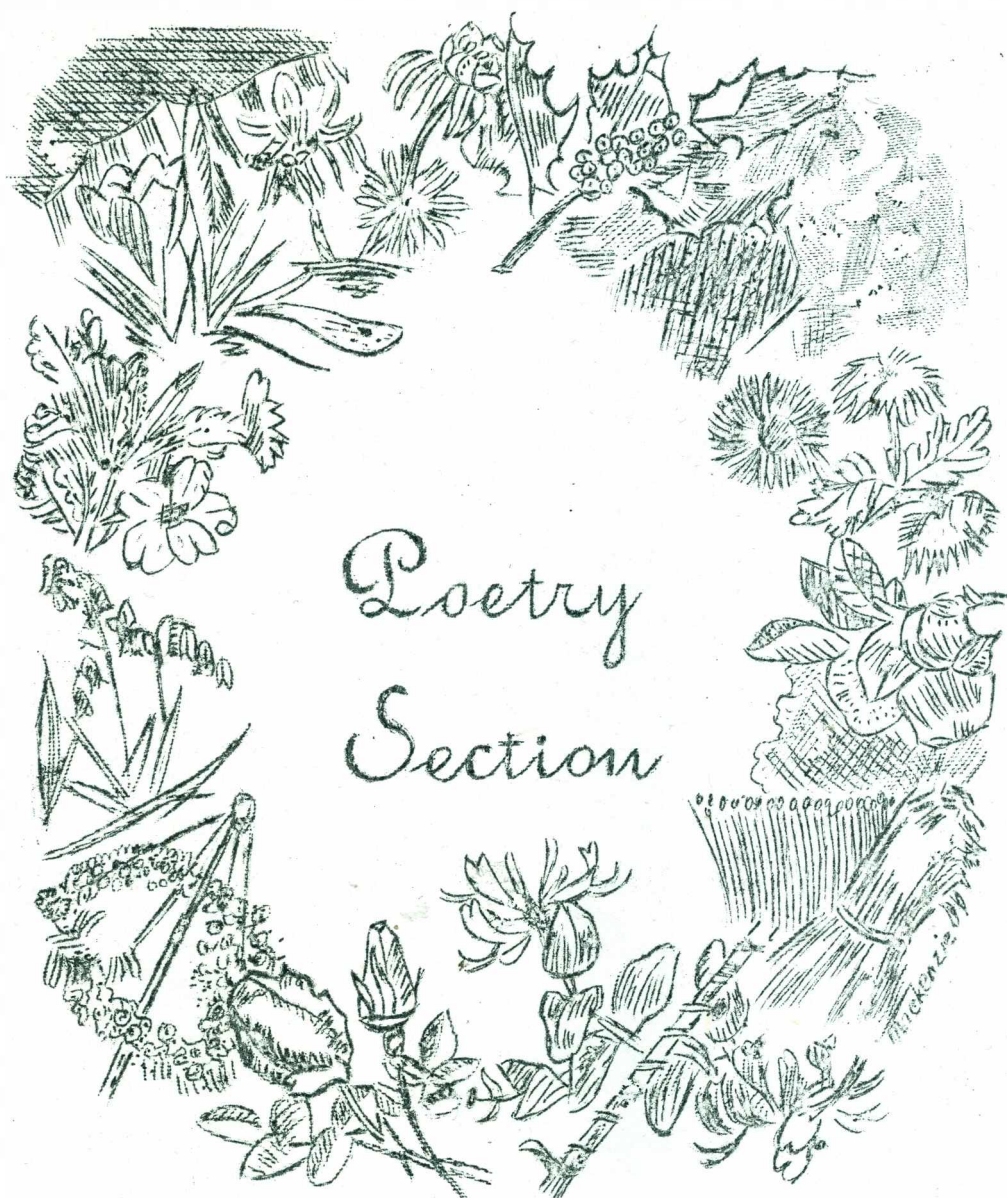
"We've done it!" he cried. "It's here! We saw the leader of the parade, and explained to him. He said that his father was a fan and that he understood....." Outside, loudspeakers were telling the crowds what was happening and they gradually quietened and stilled.

They brought it in on a trolley, and wheeled it over to his bedside. He could not control his excitement, and his face wrinkled with joy. His wife sat beside him, she too full of joy, her husband's wish at last come true. He groped behind him to the bedrail, where hung his hat, a hat upon which there was a small propellor. The regimental hat of fandom. His brain was swimming with happiness, and through the fog he touched the machine at his bedside and caressed it, his whole body trembling with unsurpassable joy.

"Lord!" he cried, "It's the Enchanted one!" He moved the projecting handle and forced his arm upwards. Gears clicked, levers dropped into place as he rotated his arm. Now his mind was swimming with joy and happiness. He could see his friends waiting for him through the fog.....all smiling, calling his name. He was going, going to his old pals of Fandom. His thoughts were jumbled, his brain full of bright-hued images, his body jerking and quivering as he fought to keep the machine working. Then....all was black, and sound ceased.

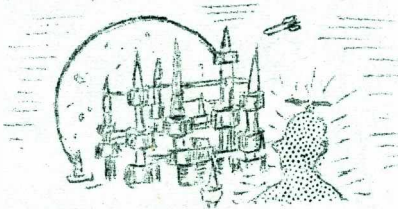
And so a true fan died, as he had lived, a slave to the duplicator.

***** F I N I S *****



EYE Magazine
Christmas 1954

norman g wansborough



FANDOM'S RETURN

Fairy-like spires tower
O'er what was once a road.
Not only in paper books
Is their story to unfold.

Many a hardened spaceman
Coming home from Duty-flight
Swears he saw ghostly forms
A-watching him alight.

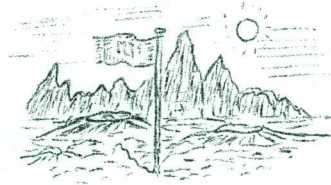
"Describe them, Son," shouted an Oldster,
His eyes a-gleaming bright,
For he had been reading of fandom
When it was in all its might.

Of Clarke, Willis, Tubb and Wansborough,
Ashworth, Bulmer and Co.,
Of Stu Mackenzie's parties
Where to drink gin fans did go.

Of the readers of Science Fiction
And how they were hooted and jeered,
Called morons and worse
By a people that feared.

When the spaceman described the hats
they wore
With rotor-blades on 'em,
The Oldster cried, "By God,
I wish I could have seen 'em!"

THE FLAG



O! Mighty Luna in the Sky
To you one day Spaceships will fly.
Men will emerge and plant a flag
That dreams and Power
Helped them to drag
Across the trackless empty wastes
Of deep, terrifying, jet-black Space.

A mighty Gallic Age shall dawn
And men from Terra's Primal Spawn
Shall make the stars their personal steeds
And from each to other go in speed.

POWER MISUSED



Man once used Atomic Power
Upon Mother Earth
And sleek long starships blasted off
To many an alien berth.

Then came War, swift and deadly.
Atomic dust and flame
Were spread o'er Terra's fields.
Will they ever be green again.

The spaceports are deserted
As Nature claims her own,
And where the ships once blasted,
Weeds again have grown.

john k h brunner

FIRST LOVE



I shall forget you some day, I suppose,
For men grow old. Even bright memory fades,
Even the time - the day, the hour - that glows
With passion's redness. Here were pastel shades
Subtly perfected. No discordant glare
But unity, a theme devoid of strife,
Made these few hours of memory that we share
A quiet oasis in a desert life.

We met, and we have parted. No regrets.
We have our lives to live, our paths to tread.
And we have each a destiny to meet.
This though I charge remember. No one gets
Except by giving. Of us be it said
Each gave: each took: and each is more complete.

FEBRUARY FILL-DYKE



D'ing was walking by the river.
There came towards him from the temple D'ong,
And Klang of many voices, called Blossom-of-the-Li-chi.

And it chanced while they walked that D'ing
slipped into the river,
Whereat the sage Klang touched the strings of
his lute
So that the sound fell like the ever-present rain

And observed that February replenishes the river with
other things than water.

EPITAPH FOR
A NATIONAL SERVICEMAN



You ask: when was I killed?
Before I had a chance to live my life.
One consolation: I left behind no child
New-orphaned, nor a widowed wife.

You ask: who was it killed?
I'm sorry, but I do not know your name.
You may protest my blood you never spilled.
You sent me to my dying just the same.

You ask: why was I killed?
The reason's old: the reason's valid still.
I wished to learn to build.
You made me learn to kill.

SHE TO HIM (BABOONS)



How blue my lover's hinder part,
How coarse his fur, how warm his heart!
How carefully he chases fleas,
And oh! with what consummate ease
He hangs head downwards from the trees.

His arms are long, his body shapely.
He is superlatively apely!

(The above poem was originally called
"On discovering that shapely
would rhyme with apely - if
there were such a word.")

LIGHT* VERSE

POET'S PLAIN



I love rhymes that play absolute havoc with the English language,

Such as the rhyme between the first line and this one, which is going to end in sandwich.

I love rhymes that use the only possible pair in English, such as babe,

Which, though outwardly an easy word to end a line with, only rhymes with astrolabe.

I love finding rhymes for words that nobody else can, such as orange,

Even if it involves underhand tricks like knocking off the last r in porridge-

r and putting it into the next line. That reminds me: know what thrs?

Thought not. Actually it's rather a clever rhyme for the word Mrs.

Yes, I love ingenious rhymes; but either they send back my verse without having read it, or

Nobody else does, because I never get accepted by an editor.

*AS IN 'HOTFOOT'

Credits to:

John Brunner - Poet's Complaint
Daphne Buckmaster - IV and
NOT OUT.

Dean Grennell - V.
AVC, JKG & the Buckmasters -
I, II, III.

I

Little Willie at the Globe
Turned into a Burgessphobe.
When Brian with a zapgun bet
He could play Russian Roulette,
Willie, looking very placid,
Filled the zapgun up with acid.
Brian now don't look so hot.
That magazine was just one shot.

II

Willie's sister with a laph
Demolished Willie's hectograph.
Willie then, with fannish glee,
Chopped his sister into three.
On each piece he wrote a sly ode
And sent the pieces off to Triode.

III

Little Willie's Ompazine
Other members thought obscene.
So, with courage, Captain Slater
Squashed him with his duplicator.

IV

Little Willie, at the Con.,
In mercenary style,
Auctioned off a cyclotron
And made a little pile.

V

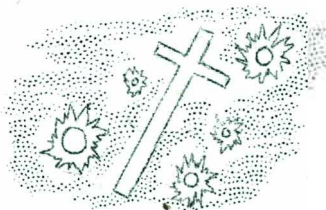
Cuddly-Harris: Cuddly Clarke
You can walk them in the park.
ANY girl who's worth her salt
Would LOVE to have a Cuddly-Walt.

VI

NOT OUT.

There's a breathless hush in the Globe tonight,
The staff of 'i' are in a spin.
The stencil's torn and the editor's tight
Ten to ten and there's no more gin.
Oh, it's not for the want of a good idea
Or the shallow hope of fan acclaim,
And Mackenzie's hand on his forehead smote.
"My Ghod, this is a bloody game!"

CHRISTMAS IN SPACE

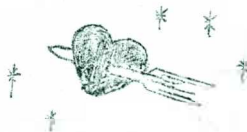


The Star that wandered over Bethlehem
And showed the "way" two thousand years ago
Perhaps found yet another stable bed
Upon a different world, beneath the glow
Of quite another yet-more-distant sun.
Humans who view each other race with dread
Believing our faith to be the only one
Fear only powers that may lie in them.

How do we know those races may not hold
A saintlier soul within their different mould?
How do we know no Christ has wandered there
Treading a planet circling round Altair?

And countless other peoples may drop tears
For countless murdered Christs on countless spheres.

LOVE AFFAIR



"She's a beauty," he said. "She's a wonder-
ful shape.

Could any chap ask you for more?

For she does what I say. At the touch of my
hands

She's a-tremble." He looked at the floor.

"Though what I should do if they keep us apart
I don't know." Spaceman Jim bit his lip.

"For years, she's been mine. Great Space!

Why on earth

Do they want to part me and my ship?"

joy k goodwin

WANDERLUST

The wild swan flies in the teeth of the wind
Loudly his great wings beating.
And this heart of mine in its loneliness
Cries out in a silent greeting.

"Where do you fly, oh wild, white bird
Alone as you freely wander?
And what do you see and what have you heard?
Whom do you meet out yonder?"

"Though I fly alone in the wintry gales
I seek my heart's true mate,
And beyond the hills where the cold stars dream
I hurry to meet my fate.

"And you, alone as you wander the earth,
Can follow your own heart's beating
To find in a distant land beyond
The sound of the white swans' greeting."

So I followed the road the swan had flown
Out to the open spaces.
I, too, found a love like a wild white swan
In my own true-love's embraces.

But the wild swan flies, and he hurries on,
While I have my roots in the mire.
And my heart cries out to go wandering, too,
In an agony of desire.

ANCHORITE



There are voices that do murmur
To me in solemn night.
They hint of things of darkness
That always shun the light.
And strange, weird, wanton faces,
Smile and wink and wink and grin,
Offering priceless treasure.....
If I would only sin.

My knees are cut and broken
As on the stones they press.
While I wrestle in the darkness
With beads and loneliness.
And soft-eyed women clamour
For me to be their king.
Promising joys unspeakable....
If I would only sin.

Oh, my body is a burden
And my flesh is a disgrace.
Tormenting me with foul desire
When I seek but God's sweet grace.
Reminding me with longing
Of vice I wallowed in.
And delights that it could give me.....
If I would only sin.

Let the whip fall hard and heavy
And the hair shirt rub me sore.
No food shall pass these wicked lips
'Til desire plague me no more.
On my knees I'll struggle
And never more give in.
For, after all these years of grace.....
I know not how to sin.

FEUDAL LORD



I sat at a board on a bright emerald sward
And heard the clicking of dice in a cup.
I laughed out full loud for none was more proud
Than the Duke de la Vosse of his luck.

I saw brave knights tall take many a fall
In their armour all silver and bright.
They snarled all the day at my castle so grey
But they all slunk away in the night.

I sat in my den and clerks they did pen
My odes to the Queen of the night.
Their ink it was red - from their veins it did shed
They grew pale, 'twas a right merry sight.

I led the attack from the rear of the pack,
And the villein we cornered at last.
I swung him up high, and then watched him die.
On my venison he'd broken his fast.

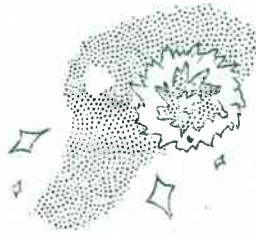
I once wished a maid but she sought to evade
My kisses, my honour, my bed.
So her kisses she gave to the grim iron maid
And her father he tasted not lead.

My soldiers are many and taxes they levy
On franklin and villein and serf.
But if there's ought that I lack - there's always the rack
And gold does not grow from the earth.

Oh 'tis a wondrous life and well worth the strife
Of keeping a neck on one's head.
But one thing I seek - the Hinds, will they weep
When their Duke de la Vosse he is dead?

david thurlby

DREAM REVELATION



It seems that all the songs and sights my soul receives
Are unknowing notes, played on my aeolian heart

By the breath of eternity where I,
Unconscious, lie. What unknown note is this
Tempts me over the valley's edge?

Where is the player? Why ends the tune by this chasm?

Down into the darkness I go,

And find light.

Up into hilltops discovering darkness.

(Ah, the shadows Rembrandt knew!)

My head lies on the ocean,

My heart dwells in the sun,

While feet stride over rocky emptiness.

I am nothing, living in an emptiness of darkness and light,

And singing and silence.

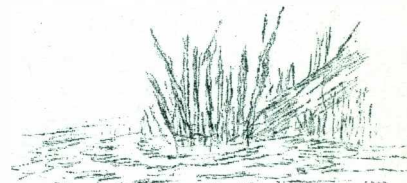
When I wake you will say,

"When you are wide-awake I shall show you something."

Ah, but you are something,

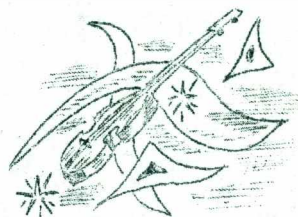
And so am I, when I am not myself.

WILLOW ROOTS



With growing pace the waters smoothly race
Towards the foam-cascading falls
That churn with happy rushing on the reach
Pouring turbulently below,
To splash with effervescent vigour on the beach
Where one still heron stands (or, flying past,
loud calls,
With almost glee, the jostling fish to see.)
By the corner, dark and deep,
Across the whirlpool's steady sweep,
Where willow branches stoop to weep
On slender, hidden reeds,
There, in gloom with liquid lapping, seems
A harbour for forgotten dreams.

URBAN DREAMER



Violins from Vienna, with hovering lilt,
Floated smooth and stately visions, where,
The chaos living made my mind had lair
Within portentous plans that books had built.

In meadows meeting maidens, faces gilt
With tints that only bloom in rural air,
And love-appointed roses in their hair,
Soon clears my thought of metaphysic silt.

All hopes must hold a door for gaiety,
For plans can only move where sunlight glows
And young romance can enter happily;
Within this atmosphere of life nought grows,
And even our small part of Heaven's breath
Is worth our while defending to the death.

PRIZE POEM

As we announced in EYE 2, there is to be a prize for the best poem appearing in this issue. We ask all readers, therefore, to let us know which poem in the issue (including 'Hob-nailed Sue', of course) is in their opinion the best.

The prize will be a hard-cover book, to be chosen by the winner from a list we will send to him or her

=+=+=+=+=+=+=

TREASURE HUNT

We know there are typos in this issue, but we don't know how many. Maybe you'd like to tell us? If you would, we will offer a prize, similar to the above, for the reader who sends in the largest number of listed typos by the end of February.

And don't forget the 'Reject Letter' competition....

=+=+=+=+=+=+=

CYTRICON

The next major British convention will be held at KETTERING, Northants, on Easter week-end, 1955. Dates are Friday April 8th through Sunday April 10th

THE GEORGE HOTEL, KETTERING, has been reserved for the EXCLUSIVE use of the Convention from 11 a.m. on the Friday to 11 a.m. on the Monday. There will be an informal programme on the Friday, formal programmes on Saturday and Sunday. There will be a film show on the Saturday night.

Attendance fees are 2/6d. for registration, and a total of 12/- for the Saturday and Sunday (half-crowns are deducted from this). The Friday is free to registered conventioners..... There is a price reduction - 2/- a day less - for fans' wives, and to men under 16.

Registrations, hotel bookings, and half-crowns should be sent to :

DENNIS COWEN 42 SILVERWOOD ROAD, KETTERING.

The initial stages of any convention are apt to be a little awkward. Men meet who, up till then, have only known each other as names in fanzines. Neofen, blushing and shy, are only too ready to be hurt and feel themselves slighted by the BNFs. The BNFs are apt to be offended by the rudeness of neofen who, unfortunately, believe the path to popularity lies over the wreckage of good manners. Trufen are mostly content to remain within their Ivory Towers, Ghod-like in their omnipotent indifference and shaking their august heads at the presence of the pro-editors and pro-writers. These commercial gentlemen are notoriously short of patience and will, if provoked too far, express their opinions in a manner likely to cause alarm and despondency among the tender ranks of the femmefen. The femmefen, in turn, are often the innocent cause of frustration and jealousy, thwarted ambitions and the direct reason why so many newcomers to conventions seek to dissolve their sorrows in bheer, or, in some cases, strong waters. In short then, convention going, like anything else, would be well-served if a rough guide as to what can be done and what should be done is at hand.

GUIDE TO CONVENTIONEERS

Bheer is, of course, the oil on which conventions move. There are those who prefer gin and some have a partiality for wines as sickly sweet as a pro reject-letter in their evil brew but on the whole the learner cannot go wrong if he sticks to bheer. Usually this can be bought at the bar - bars are an essential of any convention hall - and, naturally, the convention goer should provide himself with plenty of money in order to purchase large quantities of this tongue-loosening liquid. Not that he will be drinking it all himself - far from it! It cannot be too often emphasised that conventions are a time for all to express their feelings towards each other. Neofen will probably do it with Zap-Guns, but it is considered undignified and ill-mannered to spray BNF, Trufen, pro-eds and pro-writers with tepid water squirted from a needle-jet. Such practices will cause raised eyebrows and downcurved lips and, incredible, as it may seem, have resulted in destruction to property and literal mayhem. Both of which it is wise to avoid.

Naturally the neofan will want to stand treat and, such is human nature, he will want to press beverages into the hands of the BNFs etc. Now this isn't as easy as it may seem. High-ranking fen have a strange reluctance to accept gifts from unknowns and, as the bheer route is the best way to get known, a virtual paradox seems to have been created. However, there is a way in which the proprieties can be met with becoming dignity and the object achieved with reverent grace.

The aspirant to fame must first purchase a glass of bheer, Brown Ale is the usual brand, and, without fuss or bother, he should press it into the hand of the recipient. If the one for whom he has bought the bheer is engaged in conversation with other BNFs, or if he should be holding a glass or a girl and cannot therefore take the offering, it should be placed in a prominent position nearby. A cough, merely to attract the attention, is the most permitted in the way of conversation and on no account should the donor expect other than perhaps a curt nod or a frowning eyebrow in return. The neofan should then return to the bar and there purchase fresh supplies in anticipation of future needs.

The recipient of such an offering must, first of all, remember to drink it down in case some scrounging bum, for who conventions seem to be a happy-hunting-ground, should steal it. This, for any BNF, is a simple matter. A lift of the glass, an opening of the lips, a swallow, and the thing is done. In fairness to the hopeful who has supplied the beverage, no signs of discomfort should be allowed to mar the features, but the glass, now empty, should be rapped on some hard surface when set down in order to remind all present that further supplies, would not be frowned upon. It is a strange thing, but many neofen feel an almost insurmountable shyness when it comes to buying their heroes bheer, and it is up to the BNFs, Truefen, pro-editors and pro-authors, to encourage them and to assist them to overcome this crippling disability.

Femmefen, in particular, have a heavy burden to carry at any Con. First they have to remember that any advance from a neofan is an unpardonable liberty and should be rejected with contempt and loathing. Bheer may be accepted as it is bad form to join the company of the elite with empty hands, but it is firmly understood that the existance of the neofan stops once he has supplied them with liquid refreshment. Neofen may buy femmefen further bheer with the same dignity and decorum as that required by the BNFs etc. Any attempts by neofen to buy lunch or other solid food may be considered only if there's no possibility of taking a BNF, Truefan, pro-editor or pro-author to lunch. The company of these august beings is, of course, overcompensation for any monies spent, and femmefen should remember that their reflected glory will undoubtedly enhance the beauty of any female in their company by a factor of ten.

On the other hand any advance made by any BNF etc, must be accepted in its true light - as an undiluted compliment paid to beauty - and on no account should thoughts of a sordid or a disgusting nature be allowed to spoil a pleasant interlude. If by any fantastic chance the offer of a more secluded and private chat in one of the vacant rooms is offered, the femmefan should on no account hesitate but should accept with delight and eager willingness as a refusal often offends.

Be it known to all fen that, whereas numerous complaints and accusations, acts of violence and outrage, mayhem and destruction of property have shown that the irresponsible use of weapons of a liquid-discharging nature, to wit : Zap Guns, has caused great annoyance and embarrassment to staid and respected members of Truefandonia, it has been agreed in solemn conclave that the use of said weapons should be embodied in a code of chivalrous conduct germane to the dignity and conscience of those attending any meetings, conventions, mobs covens, parties, gatherings or general get-togethers.

Therefore, after due speculation and consideration of all the claims of youth and tradition, with full realisation of precedent and the honoured mores of Truefandonia, with full regard to the enthusiasms of neo- and acti-fen and yet not ignoring the claims of both BNF and Truefen, it has been decided that, for the sake of mutual peace and goodwill, all fen must abide by the Code for chivalrous conduct for the general comfort and safety of all inhabitants of the realm. Said Code to be in two parts.



Clause the FIRST. Any group of three or more people gathered together shall constitute a meeting, convention, coven, mob, party, gathering, or general get-together beneath the meaning of the act and so shall consider themselves as bound by the Code.

Clause the SECOND. All offensive weapons of a liquid-discharging nature, such as water-pistols, bicycle pumps, garden squirts, soda syphons, aerated bottles of mineral water, similar bottles of bheer, bulb-operated water impellers, mechanical devices operated by compressed air or carbon dioxide, bladders, balls, balloons, or any device which had been designed or adapted for the storing of liquid and the expelling of same, shall now and hereafter be known by joint appellation of the generic term Zap Gun or Zap Guns for singular or plural definition, which ever may apply.

Clause the THIRD. All Zap Guns intended for use shall be worn or carried in a conspicuous position in plain sight and readily apparent to any casual glance by any others present within an area of at least two yards

beyond the effective range of the weapon.

Clause
the
FOURTH No Zap Gun if intended for use will or should be carried in a position not readily apparent as in underarm holster, inside pocket, hidden in head-gear, concealed in the mouth, shielded by outer garments, or held with intent to deceive or held in such a manner that there could be doubt as to the object held.

Clause
the
FIFTH No armed person will discharge his or her weapon at any other person, without preliminary warning as to intent, and determination as to whether the second party is both willing and able to engage in combat.

Clause
the
SIXTH No unarmed person shall be deemed either willing or able to engage in combat, and all persons not carrying or displaying arms shall be considered to be unarmed.

Clause
the
SEVENTH The carrying of a Zap Gun or Zap Guns in the hand or hands shall be deemed tantamount to acceptance of any challenge, without the necessity of formal warning.

Clause
the
EIGHTH Any person, male or female, discharging a Zap Gun or Zap Guns at any other person either armed or unarmed, expressing unwillingness to engage in combat, will be deemed guilty of an act of wanton aggression.

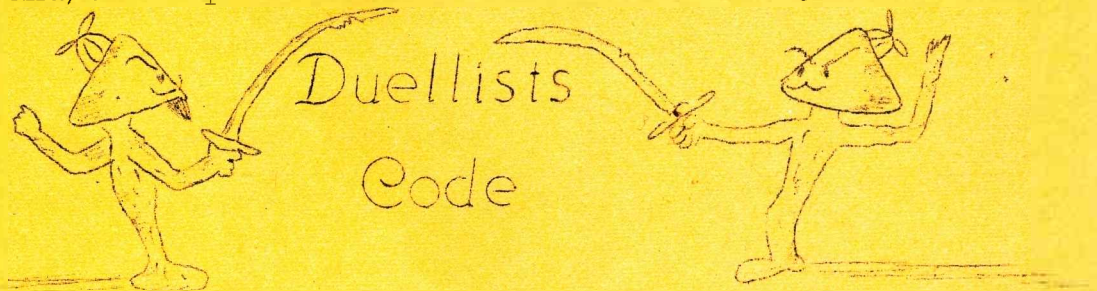
Clause
the
NINTH Any person, male or female, carrying a concealed weapon, and using same with malice, and in direct contravention of the Code shall be considered as having been guilty of an act of wanton aggression

Clause
the
TENTH Any person, male or female, wantonly discharging an offensive weapon at any innocent bystander, whether or not the innocent bystander happens to be a member of Truefandonia or not, shall be deemed guilty of having performed an act of wanton aggression.

Clause
the
ELEVENTH Any person, male or female, breaking the Code by violation of any of the above clauses, or by deliberately provoking the acceptance of a challenge by repeated taunts, sneers, threats or by adopting a menacing attitude or by giving any person just cause to believe that he or she is in danger of attack, will be deemed guilty of having performed an act of wanton aggression.

Clause
the
TWELTH

In the event of any person being found guilty of having performed an act of wanton aggression it shall be the duty of all armed persons present to discharge their weapons at the offender. It shall be the duty of all present either to obtain an offensive weapon, or to draw to the notice of other armed persons the transgression of the Code, and enlist their aid in inflicting punishment. In the case of hardened criminals the committee shall be notified, and said offenders will have their weapon and/or weapons confiscated and/or destroyed.



Clause
the
FIRST

Any person, male or female, feeling himself or herself to have been injured beyond normal redemption by the unthinking and wanton behaviour of any male or female, inhabitant of the realm of Truefandonia, is at full liberty to challenge such offender to a formal duel.

Clause
the
SECOND

The procedure of any duel must be that laid down by the conclave of Elders, and any extraneous or frivolous debasement of this high act and order of chivalry will be frowned upon and considered to be an act of wanton aggression, punishable according to the penalties as laid down in the GUNNER'S CODE.

Clause
the
THIRD

Any person considering themselves to be so injured will contact a member of the acting committee, or if no members of the acting committee are to be found, will seek the advice and guidance of any BNF willing to bear the burden, and who is willing to act as referee.

Clause
the
FOURTH

The selected committee member, or BNF as the case may be, will then determine that the Code is upheld and that the formal rules of procedure are obeyed to the letter.

Clause
the
FIFTH

The injured party will provide him or herself with a second who will act as go-between. No other communication with the aggressor will be considered to be legal or in accordance with the Code. All arrangements as to time, place and weapons will be determined by the seconds, and overseered by the referee.

Clause
the
SIXTH The choice of weapons will be left to the injured party, and the challenger may not necessarily be either the aggressor or the injured party. The choice of weapons will be left, in the last resort, to the referee.

Clause
the
SEVENTH For the purpose of duelling special high-calibre weapons should be provided by the acting committee, so as to be available should the seconds so choose, and a variation from the standard weapons will not be tolerated unless by mutual agreement between the seconds, ratified by the referee.

Clause
the
EIGHTH The actual act of combat will be determined by the seconds and ratified by the referee. At all times must the seriousness of the undertaking be borne in mind and undue levity and misplaced mirth relegated to the sink of iniquity from which it springs.

Clause
the
NINTH Both combatants must take the greatest care not to injure innocent bystanders, onlookers, referees, seconds, or any other person, male or female, than the other duelling party.

Clause
the
TENTH It must be realised and understood by all that the duel is the highest form of personal sacrifice and should be treated with the deference due to a solemn religious occasion. Any person who, with mischievous intent, deliberately seeks duels with harmless parties will be treated with scorn and contempt and, in severe cases, be publicly derided as one not worthy of the name of fan. Also, any aggressive person who for reasons of personal pride or the desire to show off before a femme fan, or by reason of supposed insults or for any other reason, save legitimate injury, instigates or provokes any other person into issuing a challenge, shall after due deliberation of the referee, be so treated by the assembly at large.



IT ISN'T SO MODERN!

HARRY fanarchist TURNER

The usual Sunday meeting of the Romiley Fan Veterans & Scottish Dancing Society was adjourned while I completed some long-postponed interior decorating. Fellow founder member Eric Needham rarely shows any active interest in such mundane pursuits and while I slapped paste on a piece of wallpaper he thumbed through the pages of i 2.

"Read this thing by Brunner?" He asked, grinning hugely.

"Uh-uh!" I grunted, folding the paper and mounting the steps. "Quite an amusing item, as I recollect."

"Yes..... but this potted history of fandom: it's way off the beam" protested Eric. "This guy Samstag seems to think that before the advent of Willis, all fans studiously read sf and spent their time publishing serious and constructive fanmags. When did Willis come on the scene, anyway?"

I dabbed down a few potential blisters, and smoothed the rest of the paper down the wall. "That look straight? Oh, about 1946 or 7, I think."

"I fear that Brunner's never heard of fanarchy, much less read FANTAST, ZENITH, or any of the fansheets that Mike used to staple into Fido during the war," opined Eric.

"Could be," I mused, creasing the paper along the skirting board. "He certainly seems to think that the divorce of fandom from sf is peculiarly a post-war phenomenon. Hell, remember all the complaints that Web and Sam Youd used to get from enraged Fido readers asking what their stuff had to do with sf? And that was way back in '41. No, what John doesn't seem to realise is that in Nebuchadnezzar Brown and Samstag he has not really shown fans at different stages of development, but personified the extreme poles of fannish mentality."

"Neb Brown," I continued, warming to my theme, "is the extreme case of the Readerfan. He reads and lives sf. He writes to editors offering advice about their publications; he collects books and mags, good, bad or indifferent; he burns with evangelistic zeal to convert the masses to sf; he also likes his fanmags filled with book and magazine reviews, the life stories of his favourite authors, and critical essays."

"Samstag represents the other extreme of fannish temperament -- the fanarchist, Trufan or whatever you like to call him. He couldn't care less about sf; he may read it once in a while, but wouldn't waste time trying to persuade an acquaintance that Bradbury is a better proposition than Balzac. He likes his fanmags to be filled with the humorous and irrelevant things of the day, with endless quotes from reader's letters. He likes to argue mainly just for the enjoyment of arguing. He is interested in fellow fans rather than sf."

"Both these types existed before the war, and both types are with us still. A fan doesn't necessarily evolve from the Brown stage to the Samstag stage; he usually follows one or the other way of life depending on his temperament. As to which type of fan predominates in fandom, well, that depends on circumstances. Before the war, the Browns were in control. The

Science Fiction Association was pledged to spread the creed of sf and its officials did not look kindly on the isolated efforts to debunk the sacred subject. But the Samstags were already at work in SATELLITE and FANTAST, and when war broke out and the SFA folded, they gradually took over fan activity. Without an organisation and with supplies of sf dwindling, the Browns went speedily into decline, while the Samstags -- Webster, Youd, Burke, Smith, ACClarke, Hopkins, Mollvain, and Medhurst, to name a few --- indulged in a feverish phase of fanning. A self-sufficient fandom was created, which largely ignored sf and spent its time discussing politics, art, literature and the trivial things of life until the war pushed everybody so far apart that it was impossible to carry on.

"At the end of the war, the Browns were back in power again. Operation Fantast was booming and there was a growing number of sf mags. Things looked good. And then, oddly enough, the tremendous flood of sf literature became too much for them and in the struggle to keep pace with it all, the Browns again went into a decline. The reaction started the Samstags of the new era - Willis, AVClarke, Bulmer, Harris and the rest -- on another phase of Trufannish activity.

"The state of fandom today is much the same as it was early in 1942. I wonder where it will all end this time?"

I looked around enquiringly.

Eric had gone.

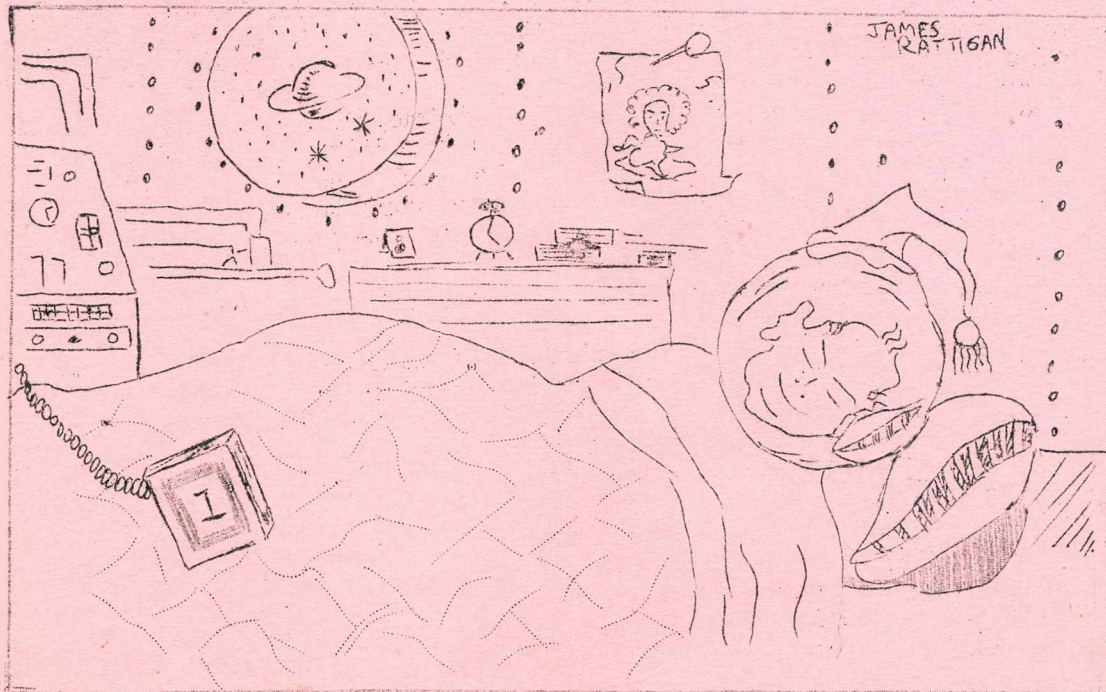
I found him flirting with Marion in the Kitchen.

I eyed him coldly.

"You were preaching to the converted," he said.

H. TURNER

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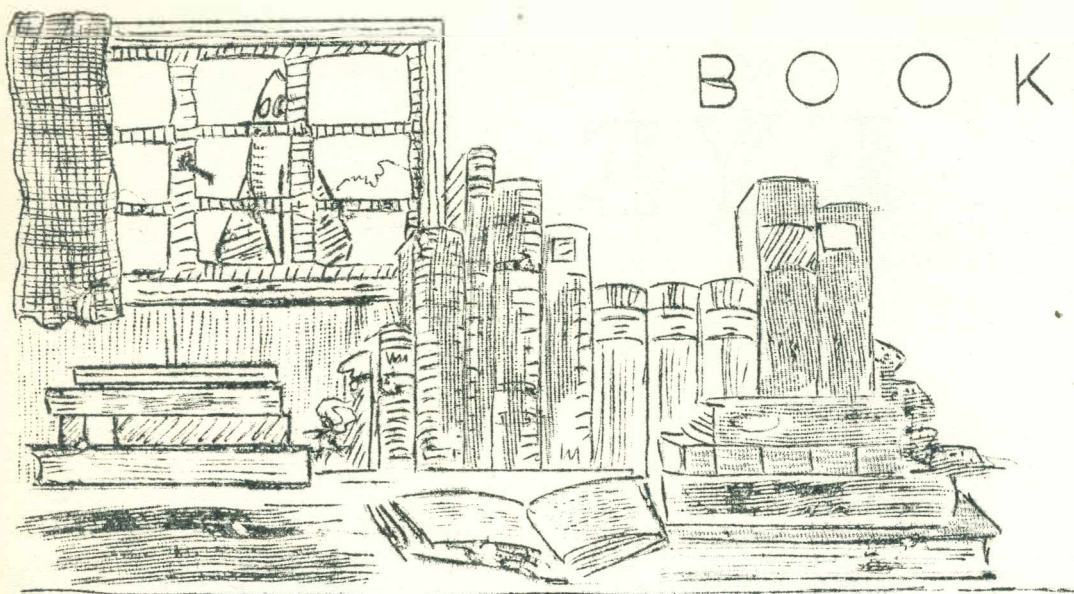




EYE

BOOK REVIEWS	Frank Arnold
"LOST LANDS"	Fred C. Brown
IS IT OBSCENE ?	Syd Birchby
EYE'LL BE SEEING YOU	A.Vinç Clarke
Fanzine reviews	
EYE ON THE PROZINES	John Brunner Stu Mackenzie

LITERARY
SUPPLEMENT



B O O K S

FRANCIS ARNOLD

The new Boardman selection offers us a fair sample of the science-fiction story reduced to the thriller formula, seen at its best, perhaps, in Isaac Asimov's "The Caves of Steel". This tale envisages a neo-Malthusian world of the future wherein people live in all-enclosed cities and rarely venture into the "outlands". Within these "caves of steel" populations of twenty millions or more live a life of ghastly poverty and regimentation, with no hope of achieving anything better than staying alive, and even this miserable existence is threatened by the plans of the Spacemen. These are the advanced descendants of the original earthly colonists on other planets, who cannot fraternise equally with the Earthlings owing to their secret terror of Earthly diseases. They also fear the irruption of desperate Earthlings into their own half-empty planets, and are anxious for the Earth's population to be reduced. Their introduction of robot labour towards this end is bitterly resented by the Earthlings, and it gives fresh impetus to the subversive body known loosely as the Mediaevalists, who want to "get back to Nature" and abolish the artificiality of modern life.

The story opens with the murder of a Spaceman in New York, and police commissioner Julius Enderby, fearful of the consequences, calls up his friend Elijah Baley, a disgruntled plain-clothes policeman, whose task is to co-operate with the Spacemen's robot investigator and to solve the mystery to the complete satisfaction of the Spacemen. Failure to do so, and to prove that Earthlings

are absolutely competent to manage their own affairs, will bring reprisals, perhaps the extinction of earthly liberty. Asimov is a perceptive and thoughtful writer, even in dealing with a murder mystery, and works out his tale with many a shrewd stroke.

From mystery to adventure is only a short step, and in the two excellent thrillers comprising "Double in Space", Fletager Pratt show that his experienced hand retains all its cunning. The first story, "The Conditioned Captain", depicts a galaxy colonised by individual nationalities, Irish, German, Chilean, etc., each retaining its earthly characteristics, and it is alarmed by the efforts of the Reformers, a body of disruptive Colonists from eastern Europe, to abolish the status quo. Amid this political disturbance the disgraced Captain Paullson sets out to rehabilitate himself by a voyage to Danaan to secure the neutronium motor, a powerful invention which the galaxy obviously needs. Danaan is an Irish colony, ruled by one Boss O'Connell, and soon after his arrival Paullson falls in love with his daughter Deirdonnell, who helps him to secure the motor and even connives in the death of her father in the process.

There are frequent references here to the legend of Jason and the Golden Fleece; Paullson's ship is even called "Argo", the situation on Danaan is an obvious parallel, and Paullson comments on Deirdonnell's resemblance to Medea. But the story is told mostly in chirpy dialogue, the characters flit about through hyperspace and skip through frightful dangers with a flip insouciance more reminiscent of yesterday's talkies than of antique legend.

The second story, "Project Excelsior", stays closer to Earth. After several years of relaxation, the tensions of the old-time "cold-war" are revived by the installation of two artificial satellites, one American and one Russian. Computer Lambert Duruy is in love with a Brazilian girl whose activities are suspect. He returns to duty at his station on the satellite and finds that the crew are suffering from radiation diseases, from which they will probably die. Then comes the news that a wandering planetoid is approaching the Earth, and that the Russian satellite is right in its path, with destruction certain. The various dilemmas are worked out with expert skill, and the story ends neatly. Setting his stories in all parts of the earth, with characters of varying nationalities, Pratt gives an admirably international atmosphere to the whole volume.

Asimov turns up again with an amusing little piece, "Nobody Here But....", about a robot calculator bringing itself to life. This appears in "STAR Science-fiction Stories", a collection of fifteen tales of average merit. Easily the best is John Wyndham's "The Chronoclasm", in which a romantic young woman from the future

comes back via the History Machine to sample the thrills of the twentieth century. In doing so she nearly causes a chronoclasm, which is rather like dropping a clanger, only much worse. Another time story is C.M. Kornbluth's "Dominoes", wherein a stockbroker employs a time-machine for dabbling in old-fashioned finance, with disastrous results.

Variety is given to the selection by a trio of monster-stories: William Morrison's "Country Doctor" has a dangerous time of it exploring the interior of a sick behemoth picked up by a space-crew on Ganymede. Another kind of monster makes its appearance as Robert Sheckley's "The Last Weapon", much to the dismay of the three crooks who are hunting up the terrible weapons of the ancient Martians. Best of the trio is William Tenn's "The Deserter", a Jovian giant who finds a common cause with an Earthling in an interplanetary war: clashes of character here are particularly good. There are also offerings by Ray Bradbury, Judith Merrill, Kuttner & Moore, Lester del Ray, etc., and Arthur C. Clarke rounds off the volume neatly with "The Nine Billion Names of God", the theological problem which occupies the Tibetan monks, who import a special electronic computer to solve it. The solution produces that perfect knockout finish in which Clarke specialises.

Which brings us to Clarke in the original cloth, to wit, the first collection of his short stories entitled "Expedition to Earth". For many years past Stf-writers have been striving to reduce our literature to the everyday commonplace: with a profusion of boring detail we are taken with the characters round the full routine of sleeping, waking, washing, dressing, shopping, cooking, eating, sleeping, etcetera etcetera, with a few references to robots and spaceships, to convince us that this is science-fiction. After all this excruciating domesticity it is with vast relief that we turn to the real stuff.

Here we mingle with non-human creatures on remote worlds under the changing light of double suns, and share their thoughts (they are telepaths, of course), their hopes, fears and aspirations. Most of these short pieces are narratives, often written in the abstract, rather than stories in the accepted sense, although "Breaking Strain" and the pleasantly humorous title-story are exceptions. Of these the strongest is "Nemesis", which presents us with a dictatorial Master and a pacific philosopher who meet each other after aeons of suspended animation, and the terrible brief clash which results. That beautiful short tale of the beacon on the moon, "The Sentinel", breathes the very essence of interplanetary romance, and makes a perfect finish to the collection. Neophyte readers will find this book hard going, and they have my sympathy, but to those accustomed to the Olympian heights and the rich, rarefied air of true science-fiction, this is the thing.

Easier to get on with, much less Olympian, and nonetheless welcome for that, is Charles Grey's "Enterprise 2115". Here is a hectic yarn of two present-day men, Rosslyn and Comain, plunged each by different ways into the horrific world of the future. Rosslyn fails in attempting the first flight to the moon, and his dead body is left to float around the satellite forever. His friend Comain, embittered by the tragedy, settles down in obscurity to build a super-computer intended to foretell all human events, when called upon. A few centuries later Rosslyn is brought back to life by modern space-fliers, and finds himself in an effeminised world ruled by a Matriach, who depends for her power on "Comain"--the gigantic calculating machine. For the first time in a story on this theme (as far as I can recall) the author recognises the inevitable limitations of any mechanical oracle: the things can only deal with elementary material facts, never with abstract facts and forces. Belief in such an oracle is a matter of suggestibility, and is only possible in a society that has become completely static and standardised. From this proposition, the author works out his tale with great ingenuity, and the result should probably enhance his growing reputation.

Factual survey is always a tasty dish after a banquet of fiction. "The Authentic Book of Space", edited by the redoubtable H.J. Campbell, covers much the same ground as all the other into-space books of recent years: rocket development, spacial communication, artificial satellites, alien life forms, etc. But it is a large, handsome job of book production, lavishly illustrated and offering a round-up of popular contributors -- Clarke, Temple, Tubb, Ackerman, Bulmer, and many others. This is the Spaceman's ideal gift-book for Christmas, and an excellent bargain at five bob.

F R A N C I S A R N O L D

THE CAVES OF STEEL.	Isaac Asimov.	
	T.V.Boardman & Co.,Ltd.	9/6d.
DOUBLE IN SPACE	Fletcher Pratt	
	T.V.Boardman & Co.,Ltd.	9/6d.
STAR SCIENCE-FICTION STORIES.	Anthology edited by Frederik Pohl	
	T.V.Boardman & Co.,Ltd.	9/6d.
EXPEDITION TO EARTH	Arthur C. Clarke	
	Sidgwick & Jackson, Ltd.	8/6d.
ENTERPRISE 2115	Charles Grey	
	Merit Books (Milestone)	6/6d.
	(also available as a pb at 2/-)	
AUTHENTIC BOOK OF SPACE . . .	Edited by H.J.Campbell.	
	Authentic Science Fiction.	5/-

* * * * * * * * * *

THE FOLLOWING BOOKS HAVE ALSO BEEN RECEIVED :

CONAN THE CONQUEROR by Robert E. Howard. Boardman, 9/6d. *

TRIPPLANETARY by E.E. Smith Boardman, 9/6d. *

THE WEAPON SHOPS OF ISHER by A.E. Van Vogt Nova, 2/- (pb)

CITY IN THE SEA by Wilson Tucker Nova, 2/- (pb)

BOARDMAN POCKET BOOK REPRINTS, all at 2/- :

WRONG SIDE OF THE MOON Francis and Stephen Ashton

WHAT MAD UNIVERSE Fredric Brown

THE BIG EYE Max Ehrlich

NO PLACE LIKE EARTH Anthology edited by John Carnell.

* Reviewed next issue of EYE

FUTURE PUBLICATIONS ANNOUNCED FOR "SPRING LISTS"

ALIEN DUST by E.C.Tubb Boardman, 9/6d.

This first big-time Tubb hard-cover book is a novel based on the well-known Tubb Martian series, some of which saw publication in New Worlds as short stories. This new novel is not just, however, a re-hash of the short stories -- much new material has been added to make a really good novel.

RECOMMENDED

THE BEST FROM 'NEW WORLDS'

This first annual anthology to appear under this title, is appropriately edited by E.J.Carnell, editor of 'NW'. We are glad to hear that the anthology will appear as a 2/- pb.... a wise move this..... Rumour (who may be a lying jade, of course) also tells us that there will be a similar anthology of storied from Science-Fantasy soon.

ALSO ANNOUNCED....

WORLDS IN SPACE by Martin Caidin.
An 'into Space' book.
Sidgwick & Jackson. 17/6d.

THE MOON PUZZLE by N.O. Bergquist
A new theory as to how the Moon got there.
Sidgwick & Jackson. 16/-

— L O S T L A N D S —

FRED C. BROWN

Few readers can resist a well-written story of a lost land, whether it is a hidden place on the earth itself, a fourth-dimensional world with a mysterious gateway to provide access, or an entirely imaginary fairyland peopled by impossible beings. With the ever-expanding publication of books of all types, the main difficulty is in selecting the best stories in a particular field. Too often an enthusiastic collector will spend years in patiently searching for and reading a vast quantity of worthless matter. Reams of print have seen the light of day on the subject of Atlantis, Mu, and the like. Plato's account, which was undoubtedly a political satire, simply started the fashion. In the 16th and 17th centuries utopias were conceived by Andrea, Bacon, Campanella, Harrington and More. After a century of rest, the Victorian novelists again revived the theme of lost lands and the modern concept of fantasy was born in the brains of Jules Verne, Donnelly, Hauptmann, Oliver, H.G. Wells, and others.

It is an interesting fact that imaginative literature appears to flower mainly during the periods of great sea voyages, as in Elizabethan times; extensive exploration of the earth's surface, as in the Victorian era; and during vast scientific advancement as in this modern age. These periods of achievement fired the minds of adventurers of all kinds, resulting in a flourishing of new concepts in literature as a normal concomitant.

While much of this literature is interesting from an historical point of view, very little is palatable to a present-day reader. Too often the story is interlarded with the writer's personal, religious, social, or colour prejudices - and seems pompous or simply tiresome to peruse.

To select the most worthwhile and readable novels and present them in the form of a descriptive list would undoubtedly save the reader or collector many headaches. The aim of the present article is, therefore, to achieve this object. It is, of course, appreciated that the writer's own personal favourites may not necessarily appeal to everyone, but discussions with many other enthusiasts leads him to believe that the titles to follow are at least a very worth-while cross-section of the best. Some are notable for epic stories of thrilling journeys through jungles, caverns, and swamps, others for their vivid word pictures of strange places and weird monsters. All have that particular something, that elusive atmosphere, which raises

them from the pot boiler to the pinnacle of fantasy storymaking

To the adventurous minded, one of the most attractive parts of any lost race story must, without doubt, be the history of the journey before reaching the fabled lands of heart's desire. As many of the listed stories are outstanding for their descriptions of wild countries and nightmare travelling, it is proposed to mention briefly some of the best of them, though in no particular order.

Diomedes de Perayra, between the war years, wrote for the "Review of Reviews" a very fine fantastic novel entitled "A Land of Mystery and Sun Gold". This was a letter published in book form under the name of "The Land of Golden Scarabs" in 1928. The author sends his explorers into the vast Brazilian jungles in order to discover the source of a steady stream of gold which has for years been mystifying the world's financial centres. The story early develops into a most absorbing adventure. De Perayra evidently knows his Brazil well and brings in many of those touches that make for authenticity. The description of life in the Matto Grosso, of long-billed jabirus who will attack with bill and wings and kill any careless hunter; of piranhas, the dreaded scourge of the rivers, who attack with unbelievable ferocity, and within a few moments will completely strip the flesh from anything alive; of the infinite variety of wild animals, tarucas, deer, jaguars, alligators, boas, peccaries, etc., as well as the swarming, ferocious Indians who silently attack their foe with poisoned arrows, makes the scene live to the reader. After incredible hardships, the adventurers find the source of the stream of gold, and the final chapters described in vivid scenes a hidden land of wealth, peopled by Incas who have fled before the tide of civilisation and founded their El Dorado in the untracked forests of South America.

Favourite continent of most writers, from H. Rider Haggard to F.A.M. Webster, is darkest Africa. "The Vampire of N'Gobi" by Ridgwell Callum, gives a new approach to a hidden land, as his heroes, in an armoured speed-launch, voyage through tropical forests, great marshes alive with climbing, clutching weed, huge underground caverns where death lurks in ghastly shape, skirting waterfalls that plunge to unimaginable depths, with every so often, a great statue or carving of a lion to point out the road to the lost empire of Cleopatra.

Wild mountains have a lure all of their own, and M.L.A. Gompertz (Ganpat) has his own way of conveying their majesty and romance. Whether the choice is "Harilek", "Wrexham's Romance", "The Voice of Dasham", or the "Speakers in Silence", each story is an epic of Asia, with hidden passes over the top of the world's tableland, lost valleys where cling the descendants of ancient peoples, and more often than not a beautiful woman at the end of the story.

Many of the most gruelling journeys, however, are not over mighty mountains, along rushing rivers, or by forest footpaths.

James O'Neill and Jules Verne described two journeys which must surely have taken the prize for endurance. Both were to underground worlds. In the former's story, "Land under England", the traveller was compelled by the Roman tyrants of the underworld civilisation to wander for years through an unpeopled desolation, vainly seeking the way out. In the case of Verne's "Journey to the Centre of the Earth", three adventurers, following in the footsteps of an intrepid explorer, traversed miles of underground passages, underwent terrible tortures from thirst, heat and exhaustion, and after evading mammoths and monster cave-men, constructed a raft to cross a mighty ocean, to be finally caught up in an underground river and spewed out of an erupting volcano. Though the latter tale is now an 'Old Contemptible', it never fails to thrill even the most hardened fantasy reader.

Edgar Rice Burroughs and Merritt are well-known for their romances of hidden lands and high adventure. Not so well-known perhaps is Ella Scrymsour's "The Perfect World" wherein a nightmare journey is described through the bowels of the earth as two explorers flee from the attentions of a horned race of men. Not satisfied with this, the authoress continues with the destruction of the earth itself and the escape of a small party in a space-ship just perfected by the inventor. The party land on Jupiter, "The Perfect World", where life begins anew.

Of journeys of 'pure fantasy', probably one of the most imaginative and unusual of them all is Fred Barber's travels through "The Land of Unreason" (by Fletcher Pratt and L. S. de Camp). It all started when Fred upset the Little People on Midsummer Eve. Holiday making in an English village, he saw a bowl of milk left outside a cottage and thoughtlessly drank the gift to the faeries. It was a foolish act to tempt fate in this way, but it was lunatic folly to fill the bowl afterwards with Scotch whisky. Transported during the night to a Fairyland where nothing is reasonable, Fred fights his way through enchantments, traps and strange situations. He meets ogres, imps, fairies, changelings, dwarfs, brownies, and devils. He makes many friends, and, on their advice turns his way to the mountains where dwell the gods. On the journey he completes his education regarding this 'strange, new worlds', discovers he can travel under water and spends a chapter in experimenting with this novel form of progress. He finds that he has been metamorphosed into a frogman, but he later has a 'reshaping' and grows bat-wings. Finally, arriving at the castle of the gods, Barber cuts his way into the castle and in the climax is absorbed into the body of Barbarossa, leader of the gods. He learns the reason why he left his remote castle to visit the land of

humans and in the light of his newly-gained experience of many worlds, is able to weld Fairyland into one strong whole, a task never before deemed possible.

Generally speaking, the topic of "The Journey in Fantastic Literature" is such a wide one, that to cover it thoroughly would entail using far more space than is allowed for this short article. The foregoing ones, however, give some idea of the various types of journey which are frequently used by Fantasy's authors. The enthusiast will, no doubt, be able to fill in the gaps without too much trouble.

READER'S CHECK LIST OF LOST RACE STORIES.

Allen, W.B.	The Lion City of Africa
Aronstan, N.	Lost Nation
Aubrey, F.	Devil Tree of El Dorado.
"	A Queen of Atlantis
Beck, C.	People of the Chasm
Bedford-Jones, H.	Splendour of the Gods.
Bell, N.	Death Rocks the Cradle
Bennett, R.A.	Thyra
Beynon, J.	The Secret People
Blodgett, M.F.	At the Queen's Mercy.
Bradshaw, W.R.	The Goddess of Atvatbar
Brebner, P.	Knight of the Silver Star
Bridges, T.C.	The Hidden City
"	The City of No Escape
"	Martin Crusoe
Brown, F.	What Mad Universe
Bruce, M.	Mukara
Bull, L.	Captive Goddess
Burland, H.	The Princess Thora
Bul er-Lytton, E.	The Coming Race.
Burroughs, E.R.	Most of the "Tarzan" series, and
"	"Pellucidar" series
"	The Land that Time Forgot
"	Jungle Girl
Carew, H.	The Vampires of the Andes
Casey, P.	Strange Story of William Hyde.
Casey, R.J.	Camboian Quest
Clock, H. & Boctzel, E.	The Light in the Sky
Coblentz, S.A.	When the Birds Fly South
"	The Sunken World
Collins, G.	The Starkenden Quest
"	The Valley of Eyes Unseen
Cox, E.	Out of the Silence
Craigie, D.	Dark Atlantis
Cross, J.	Isle of Forgotten People

Cullum, R.	The Vampire of N'Gobi
Cummings, R.	The Sea Girl
"	Into the Fourth Dimension
Dake, C.R.	A Strange Discovery
De Camp, L.S. & Pratt, F.	Land of Unreason
de Mille, J.	A Strange Manuscript found in a Copper Cylinder
de Perayra, D.	The Land of Golden Scarabs
Dent, G.	Emperor of the If
D'Esme, J.	The Red Gods
de Valda, F.W.	Children of the Sun
Doke, J.	The Secret City
"	Queen of the Secret City
Doyle, A.C.	The Lost World
"	The Maracot Deep
Dunn, J.A.	Sea Salted
Dunsany, Lord	The Book of Wonder
"	The Dreamers Tales
"	Fifty-one Tales
"	The Gods of Pegana
"	Tales of Wonder
"	Last Book of Wonder
"	Time and the Gods
Eden, R.	The Golden Goddess
Egbert, H.M.	Eric of the Strong Heart
Emerson, W.G.	The Smoky God
England, G.A.	The Flying Legion
Frankau, G.	The Seeds of Enchantment
Friel, A.O.	Mountains of Mystery
"	King of No Man's Land
Gale, Z.	Romance Island
"Ganpat"	Harilek
"	Wrexham's Romance
"	Voice of Dashin
"	Speakers in Silence
"	Mirror of Dreams
Gillmore, I.H.	Angel Island
Granville, A.	The Fallen Race
Gratton-Smith, T.E.	The Cave of 1,000 Columns
Gray, B.	Lost World of Everest
Grogan, B.	A Drop in Infinity
Gurdon, Capt. I.	The Secret of the South
Griffiths, G.	Romance of Golden Star
Haggard, H. Rider	A long list of titles, including
"	Allan and the Holy Flower
"	Allan Quartermain
"	She
"	She and Allan
	- continued -

Haggard, H. Rider

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Hall, A. & Flint, H.E.

Hanson, -

Harben, W.N.

Hastings, M.

Hatton, J.

Heinlien, R.A.

Hilton, J.

Hodder, W.L.

Hodgson, W.H.

Hoyne, T.T.

Hudson, W.H.

Hubbard, R.L.

Huxley, A.

Hyne, C.J.C.

Jacombe, C.E.

Janvier, T.A.

Johns, W.E.

Johnston, G.

Kelly, J.P.

Knowles, V.

Le Queux, W.

Liston, E.

Lloyd, J.U.

McNeil, E.

Marshall, E.

Martin, W.

Masterman, W.

Merritt, A.

"

"

Miller, L.E.

Moresby, L.

Mullen, S.

Mundy, T.

"

Murray, G.G.A.

Nelson, A.A.

Newton, D.

Norton, R.

"

Ayesha

The Ghost Kings

Heart of the World

King Solomon's Mines

People of the Mist

Queen Sheba's Ring

Treasure of the Lake

When the World Shook

Wisdom's Daughter

The Yellow God

The Blind Spot

Desert Road to Shani-Lun

Land of the Changing Sun

City of Endless Night

The White King of Manoa

Beyond this Horizon

Lost Horizon

The Daughter of the Dawn

The Night Land

Intrigue on the Upper Level

The Crystal Age

Slaves of Sleep

Brave New World

The Lost Continent

And a New Earth

The Aztec Treasure House

Biggles, Charter Pilot

Soria Maria Castle

Prince Izon

Here and Otherwise

The Eye of Istar

The Bowl of Night

Etidorpha

The Lost Nation

Dian of the Lost Land

Stones of Enchantment

The Yellow Mistletoe

Dwellers in the Mirage

The Moon Pool

The Face in the Abyss

The Hidden People

The Glory of Egypt

Kinsmen of the Dragon

Full Moon

Jim Grim

Gobi or Shamo

Wings of Danger

Savaron and the Great Sand

Toll of the Sea

The Caves of Treasure

O'Donnell, E.
O'Neill, J.
Orczy, Baroness
Osborne, D.

Parry, D.M.
Perayra, D. de

Rathbone, S.G.
Read, H.
Richards, R.
Robeson, K.
"

Roys, W.E.
Rutter, O.
Ryark, F.

"Sabe, Quien"
Sebin, E.L.
Scoggins, C.E.
"

Scott, J.R.
Scrymsour, E.
Secley, C.S.
Sieveking, L.
Sinbad
Smith, C.A.
"

Smith, J.G.
Smythe, C.
Sutherland, J.

Taine, J.
"

Tarnacre, R.
Tooker, R.
Trevarthen, H.P.

Verne, J.

Verrill, E.H.
Vivian, E.C.
"
"

Wallis, G.C.
Webster, F.A.M.
"
"

Webster, J.P.
Wells, H.G.

The Dead Ride
Land Under England
The Gates of Kamt
The Secret of the Crater

The Scarlet Empire
The Land of the Golden Scarabs

Goddess of Africa
The Green Child
The Blonde Goddess
The Land of Terror
The Man of Bronze
Flame Eternal
The Monster of Mu
A Strange Land

Daughter of the Sun
City of the Sun
The House of Darkness
The House of Dawn
The Duke of Oblivion
The Perfect World
Lost Canyon of the Toltecs
The Ultimate Island
The Age Old Kingdom
Lost Worlds
Out of Space and Time
Atla
The Gilded Man
Narrative of Jasper Weeple

The Gold Tooth
The Purple Sapphire
Beyond the Swamps
Inland Deep
World "D"

Journey to the Centre of
the Earth
The Bridge of Light
The City of Wonder
Fields of Sleep
People of the Darkness

The Call of Peter Gaskell
The Land of Forgotten Women
Star Lady
Lost City of Light
The Oracle of Baal
Men Like Gods

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A Queer Race

They found Atlantis

The Man who Missed the War

The City of Frozen Fire

Bride of the Rain God

The Wizard of Zacna

Rafnaland

The Hidden Tribe

Beyond the Rim

Island of Captain Sparrow

The Screaming Lake

* * * * *

London

This letter was started by a man like yourself, in the hope of bringing relief and happiness to tired business men. Unlike most chain letters, this doesn't cost anything. Simply send a copy of this letter to five of your friends who are equally tired.

When your name comes to the top of the list you will receive 437 women, and some of them will be dandies. Have faith --- do not break the chain ! One man did and got his old woman back again.

A TIRED BUSINESS MAN

IS IT OBSCENE ?

ASKS SYD BIRCHBY.....

During the last few months, British courts of law have been much exercised with the problem of obscenity : in particular, printed obscenity, and in especial particular, alleged obscenity printed by well-established and reputable printing houses.

While it is not, for me at least, remarkably noteworthy that the entire stock of the current issue of A Basinful of Fun has been seized and burnt, it is a different matter when a firm of the reputation of Secker and Warburg is brought to court, or when the authorities at Swindon order the destruction of The Decameron. One might begin to think there's a purge on.

In every city, the authorities have a permanent duty to watch for 'dirty' books. Often, though not always, the party responsible for so doing is the Watch Committee, whose duties may also entail keeping an eye on such varied manifestations of private enterprise as the vending of Jane Russell dolls, the offering for sale of comic postcards at the seaside, plying for hire by prostitutes, and the showing of films in cinemas. As a public body charged with the general duty of protecting the morals of the community, the supervision of printed matter by the Watch Committee, or like bodies, is only one task among many.

Some people resent their vigilance. Surely, they say, the public itself is quite capable of deciding what is fit to read, without a lot of Mrs. Grundy's interfering. Shouldn't it be obvious to all but the salacious few that such-and-such a book or magazine is morally unwholesome ? Why should the law decide that a man is old enough to fight for his country but not fit to choose his own reading matter ?

These are some of the arguments put forward time and again whenever the matter is discussed. The counter to them is not always obvious. Someone is apt to bolster the argument by referring to certain Continental countries, where the law is far less restrictive with, it is alleged, no ill-effects.

Before attempting to give an answer, let us for a moment consider : what is the law in England regarding obscene books ? There are at present two main tests for printed matter ; firstly, any publication (book, magazine, pamphlet, and, presumably, fanzine) may be adjudged an obscene libel under Common Law, which is the law which has evolved in the course of ages without any specific writ. As a result of such actions, the responsible person or company may be tried, either summarily or before a jury. This was the procedure recently invoked in the cases of several nationally-known publishers.

Alternatively, the magistrates may, under Statute Law, order the offending material to be seized and destroyed, without bringing any person or company to court. A recent example of such action, which resulted in the order to burn copies of the Decameron, together with some fifty other works of lesser renown, has already been mentioned. In the case of this particular book, probably as a result of widespread Press comment, the Appeals Committee of Wiltshire Quarter Sessions revoked the order.

The legal basis of the first count, namely Common Law action, resides in certain successful test-cases, and in particular that known as Regina v. Hicklin, 1868, in which was laid down the so-called Cockburn judgement, which has been widely adopted as a test for obscenity.

"The test", ruled Chief Justice Cockburn, "is whether the tendency of the matter charged as obscenity is to deprave and corrupt those whose minds are open to such immoral influences and into whose hands a publication of this sort might fall."

As far as the Law goes, then, it is the tendency to corrupt which is indictable. If, for example, You-know-who is summoned for printing dirt in fanzines, it would be useless for the defence to plead that he didn't mean it as dirt. It may have been published with the highest moral intentions, to spread the gospel of fandom, say, but that wouldn't matter. The magistrates, after examining the mailing list, might find that the offending matter was liable to fall into the hands of someone with a mind susceptible to "such immoral influences", such as --- well, never mind. In such a case, the accused would have had it. Never mind the elliptical reasoning that defines what is immoral in terms of what is being tested for immorality. If the kiddiewinkies' minds are being subverted, down he goes.

In applying this test, the court has to consider, in each case, what sort of person is likely, even by a remote chance, to read the material, and how open he may be to influence. Obviously, this is a contentious matter to decide. What is printable in one century is unprintable in another, and vice versa. The justices are fully aware of the difficulty of ad-

ministering 20th - century justice by resort to a 19th-century ruling ; Lord Goddard remarked only this year that things are regularly mentioned by present-day writers which they would not have set down in Queen Victoria's time.

Broadly speaking, the way the Law grapples with these difficulties is epitomised in a direction given to a jury in July 1954 at the Central Criminal Court, London, during the trial of the printers and publishers of a certain American novel :

"Your task is to decide whether you think that the tendency of the book is to deprave those whose minds to-day are open to such immoral influences, and into whose hands the book may fall this year, or next year, or the year after that."

Those who see in the current spate of prosecutions a threat to the liberty of writers at large may draw comfort from the fact that the defence secured an acquittal.

Consider now the second type of legal action, namely, that which is brought under the Obscene Publications Act, 1957. Here the action of seizing and destroying the offending matter is an end in itself. Nobody is prosecuted and there is no defendant except in the person of the individuals from whom the publications were seized, who may within seven days appear before the magistrates, to give reason why such material as the justices deem to be obscene shall not be destroyed. The action is initiated, in many cases, by members of the public, who ask the police to take action. Provided that the police think they have a case, and can, in turn, convince the local magistrates that, on the premises complained of, there are being sold publications believed by the police to be obscene, the magistrates are obliged by law to issue a search warrant, and must then decide, by applying the Hicklin test, whether or not the seized material is in fact obscene. If they do so decide, then, subject to the owner's right to state his case, destruction is carried out.

It has been argued that the operation of this Act is in several respects unfair ; firstly, since the decision is in the hands not of a jury, as in a common law action, but of two magistrates or even one : secondly, because there is no provision for either authors or publishers to appeal against an Order (only the occupier of the premises has by law to be notified), and thirdly, because there is no onus on the court to indicate whether objection is taken to the whole of a book, or only to certain passages, the deletion of which would enable the book to pass muster.

The result is that the publisher has no direct means of

knowing the fate that has overtaken his product, although he will doubtless find out soon enough from his wholesalers. But even then he may still not know what parts of the book are considered to be obscene. Is he, with or without the author's help, to delete as he thinks fit, hoping that his conscience will guide him aright, or must he write off the entire work and withdraw the remaining copies ?

A third alternative is to do nothing and chance his arm. The seizure order applies only within the jurisdiction of the justices who issue it, so what is destroyed in Blackpool may still be offered for sale with impunity at Brighton. Experience shows that the last measure is in many cases the one adopted, especially by the less reputable firms.

The object of the Obscene Publications Act is to provide a swift means of disposing of pornography, not on a wide scale, but locally. As such, its operations have been likened to that of street-cleansing. The immediate object is to remove the offending matter before it breeds disease. If it is considered necessary to find the creator of the nuisance, and to summons him, the power to do so exists under Common Law, which is quite different from the Act, and provides full opportunity for the defence to put its case.

We have now examined, in some detail, the legal backing to our subject ; having done so, we are in a better position to consider the implications of the increasing resort being had to these laws at the present time, when hardly a week goes by without the Press reporting new court cases.

Is the reason for the large number of seizures under the Act due to the growing alarm among the authorities, especially school-teachers, at the effect of poor-quality reading matter on young children and adolescents ? At first sight it may appear so ; and yet the outcry is not so much against the salacious type of "art" magazine as against the "horror" comic. The appeal of the "art" magazine is directed towards the physically adult, and one imagines that their range of distribution has not widely altered since the war, whereas that of the so-called comic books undoubtedly has. It is against the colorful reprints of what the American poet, E.E.Cummings, has called "that typical item of an era of at least penultimate confusion, the un-comic non-book", that the drive is directed.

The Law invoked to try to deal with such comics is, however, the Obscene Publications Act. There is no other one under which publications may be seized on the grounds of unwholesomeness, and so it comes about that a law intended primarily to deal with obscenity of the usual sexual type is being extended to deal with something quite different. As might be expected, the law is proving unequal to the demands upon it. Seizures

are being made, but they are not sticking. At the time of writing, I do not know of one successful seizure of "horror" comics. The openly suggestive type of novelette which is also being seized in great quantities usually has not a word to be said for it, but it would appear that in the application of the Hicklin test to any other type of publication, the recognition of any tendency to deprave other than in the sexual sense is not yet established in law. What is "sadism" to one man is harmless "strong-arm stuff" to another, with the result that no clear lead is given to the courts of law as to what does in fact constitute a harmful type of comic.

Public opinion on the whole question of lurid books and comics is still hardening, backed by a vigorous Press campaign, and this may in time assist the magistrates in clarifying their definitions. This Autumn, in a certain district of Glasgow, there occurred an outbreak of what amounted to mass-hysteria among the school-children, due to the spread of wild rumours that a monster with "iron teeth" had landed from a space-ship and was hiding in the graveyard. The blame for this was laid by the teachers directly at the door of the extravagant comics being read, and the case became front-page news in at least one national newspaper, demonstrating, if nothing else, the news-value of the "horror-comics" topic.

More recently, the Government announced an enquiry into the adequacy, or otherwise, of the existing law relating to such comics.

So it is not only the sexual or sadistic type of publication which may come under surveillance. Because of its sensational nature, the "space-craze" among children may also be held to excite and deprave. It would not, surely, be surprising if the magistrates began to concern themselves with works of science-fiction. Many of their orders, as we have noted, arise as a result of complaints laid by the public, and the more complaints there are of a certain type of fiction, the worse will grow its reputation; a reputation already none too savoury, due to the common device of decorating its covers with females so nearly nude, and in such strange circumstances, that if the robot or monster usually depicted with them were only a human being, the two would unhesitatingly be charged with erotic practices.....

Those responsible for the covers in question have long since realised that sex sells science-fiction, and few of them, when taxed with it, bother to dissimulate. One may speculate that already one or more magistrates somewhere must have had certain s-f novels and magazines brought before him for examination, solely on account of the cover illustrations. The nature of proceedings under the Act precludes exact knowledge of

that. Certainly, however, one may be sure that if the cover is condemned by a magistrate, then the contents are destroyed along with it, no matter how innocuous they are or of how high a moral tone ; a proceeding which ought to make the author think twice before condoning the cover for his next brainchild.

But what does it matter, the cynical author or publisher may decide, seeing that the book has only been condemned in one locality ? It can still be sold everywhere else. The author has already had his lump-sum payment, and the publisher hopes to make his profit before too many seizure orders are made. He is not likely to bother putting out a different cover, especially since, if he is unscrupulous, he may anticipate quick sales from the existing, offensive, cover as the word goes round that it has been banned in such-and-such a city.

The following incident shows what sort of word has already gone round in certain sections of the retail trade about science-fiction in general. Some time ago I happened to be in a second-hand bookshop ; the sort that has a shelf of hardcover books ranging from old volumes of the Strand Magazine to cheap reprints of Edgar Wallace, and a window full of pulp magazines and back issues of the Amateur Photographer.

After watching me rummage restlessly through everything in sight, the proprietor decided to chance whether I was a police spy, and he offered to let me have something "really good". It seemed that the old type of dirty book was out of date, and also very hard to get these days, because the police were "on" to it. There was a new sort being published, which looked all right to those not in the know.

"You might take it for kids' stuff ", he said, "by looking at it casually. But you read it ; it's the right stuff. And the beauty of it is, that nobody suspects it yet."

Whereupon he produced a paper-back science-fiction novel entitled "Bio-Muton", by one Lee Elliott.

Now I am not saying that Mr. Elliott's book contained one word of objectionable material ; nor will I comment on the cover. The relevance of the incident is that at least one bookseller, who claims acquaintance with what the local police thought to be onscene, believed, or claimed to believe, that science-fiction was being used as a cloak for pornography ; and moreover, he was representing it as such to selected customers. He demonstrated, in fact, that he for one knew exactly how to classify science-fiction. Some of it was "kids'-stuff" and the rest was obscene.

Can one doubt that his opinion is shared by most other book sellers of the slightly furtive sort ? If a book can be known by the company it keeps, then, when that company is so often the lowest and most salacious magazine that the shopkeeper dare put in his window, is not the answer obvious ?

The bookseller's confidence that the police were as yet unaware of the new disguise for obscene publications was misplaced. One may be sure that at least samples have been taken of the contemporary flood of cheap science-fiction. Somewhere some magistrate must already have assessed the content of obscenity, if any, in them.

In the long run, magisterial action is governed by the temper of public opinion. Up to the present the term "science-fiction" has conveyed two separate ideas to the average member of the public. Firstly, he equates it with "juvenile". Secondly, though less strongly, with the concept "sexy covers".

If popular feeling about children's reading-matter continues to crystallise as it is doing, in the direction of "firm action" ---- which seems likely ---- and if the gap between the two connotations narrows down, then science-fiction may easily come to be branded as a "form of pornography chiefly appealing to juveniles and adolescents". Legal action, both swift and indiscriminate, might well follow, whether within the existing framework of law, with the magistrates advised by public concern to broaden the scope of their summonses, or under new and perhaps hasty legislation.

Whereupon, the world of British science-fiction will reap where it has sown. Will it matter all that much ? No, not if the outcome is merely the extinction of a few cheapjack publishers and their products.

But what if the clean-up doesn't stop at that ?

SYD BIRCHBY

Anyone who plans to set up secret presses to keep s-f going in the last resort is advised not to broadcast the fact very openly as yet..... Ghu alone knows what would happen if Fandom went underground, and we had a sort of Resistance or Maquis Movement or something. Does anyone know if there are secret plans to set up an OF Terrorist organisation if needs be ?

eds

AUTHENTIC SCIENCE FICTION

and its editor

BERT CAMPBELL

thank

i

for

this opportunity

of wishing you all one of the
happiest, merriest and good-willingest
Christmasses there ever was and will be

In

addition

it is their firm hope and sincere wish
that the New Year will bring you much
joy, peace of mind, tolerance, content
and kindness

such as will extend the

unity

of all science fiction fandom

including the

provincials

!

EYE'LL BE SEEING YOU — A. VINÇ CLARKE

TRIODE (price 1/- from Eric Bentcliffe, 47 Alldis St., Grt. Moor, Stockport, Cheshire; irregular). Having lent out my copy of TRIODE 1, I forgot all about it whilst reviewing in the last EYE, until 3 lines from the end of the column I was reminded of it. Three lines isn't much space in which to review one of the two most interesting newcomers to British fanzine publishing—circa '54 - but luckily TRIODE's irregularity of publication makes a mention of No. 1 still current...thoughtful of them, if over-generous.

Yes, TRIODE is multiple-edited; three, like EYE, hence the name, Eric's at the helm, Terry Jeeves is art-editor, and Eric Jones turns the duplicator handle. The duplication is excellent, and a real credit to him, and on the whole the general level of material is good and varied. But...there are a number of minor points which gave me a feeling of disappointment with it as a whole. The lay-out isn't good...such items as a whole-page title-page on the reverse side of a sheet, some items having extra wide margins and others none, a bacover which is definitely superior to the front, etc. The justification throughout, which should add to the general appearance of a fanmag, here tends to detract instead, because of the lack of double-spacing between paragraphs and the clumsy way in which a great deal of it has been done. All these are technical points, but in view of the obvious hard work and expense which have obviously gone into the 'zine, are a pity.

As for the material, it's generally good. Eric's editorial is a sort of Campbell-type thing on a fan-level, and could have been improved by less self-consciousness and plainer English, Jeeves contributes one of his parodies --this time a Spillane-character visiting the Mancon; there are two sf-cartoon pages, one good and one on a schoolboy level, and amongst other items, a reprint of Walt Willis's play at the Mancon and an article by Mal Ashworth are outstanding. I can't say very much about the 1st instalment of the Trufan serial started herein, as I wrote it, on an idea and rough draft supplied by Eric, but it's in the style of FANDERELLA. Here, Fandom decides to secede from the Human Race and set up a Pacific island colony, and British fandom's left afloat in Belfast Lough on a raft made of NEW WORLDS. Walt has written the 2nd instalment, and Mal Ashworth the next. I only hope that if TRIODE doesn't increase its rate of publication the editors decide to issue the serial as a booklet instead...I just can't bear to wait until '57 or '58 for Chuck Harris's concluding instalment.

Incidentally, the fact that this serial is to be by different authors is not mentioned in the 'zine...like the failure to label the art section such, and the placing of a cartoon page next to a photo page, etc., indicative of rather slipshod editing. However, TRIODE is to be congratulated on having the first photo-page to appear in a British fanzine, even if some of the reproductions are too small, and in Tony Glynn they have a first-rate artist--a notable find. All in all, TRIODE shows great promise and should prove to be a worthy rival to EYE. It is recommended to all non-s & c faans.

NEW FUTURIAN 3 (Michael Rosenblum, 7, Grosvenor Park, Chapel-Allerton, Leeds 7; 9d per copy). Mike slips back easily into the old-time style of fanpublishing...regular appearances, each bearing a distinctive stamp of the editorial personality. This 'zine is unequalled for the more serious type of sf fan, and yet there's a light-hearted vein throughout which makes it readable for everybody. Gillings, Brunner, Dennis Tucker and self contribute amongst others. A generally interesting and entertaining mishmash..keep it up, Mike!

CAMBER No.3 (Alan Dodd, 77 Stanstead Rd., Hoddesdon, Herts) Price 9d - irregular. Once again a ghost stalks into re-wakened British fandom, but this time it's not an o-o-old fan but an o-o-old fanzine. CAMBER was a brightly produced newszine, successor to STRAIGHT UP, and organ of Welsh fandom two or three years ago, but now former editor and publisher Fred Robinson seems to have left fandom and Alan's taken over the title and a little back-log of material. CAMBER's an interesting mixture - rather more news and reviews than the ordinary fanzine, and all pretty well done. Alan, a heretofore unknown personality in active fandom, seems from internal evidence to be much like Fred Robinson, but this may be due to using material from CAMBER contributors only. It'll be interesting to see what he makes of the 'zine.

In this issue, the duplicating and Jeeves's cover are excellent, the lay out is better than average, and the poetry section and fanzine reviews deserve mention. I can't say that I entirely approve of yet another entry into a field which is now quite well covered (I won't say with what), involving as it does a dispersion of talent highly irritating to someone with too little time and money and too much interest in fantasy a.p., but unless a fannish Stopes evolves a system of birth-control for fanzines.....

HYPHEN No 12 Christmas (W.A.Willis, 170 Upper Newtownards Rd, Belfast, NI.) Infected by the bigger'n bigger fanzine bug, Walt and Chuck have produced a 52 page multi-coloured HYPHEN for the usual modest 9d, every single sentence well up to standard and many of them, especially those by newcomer John Berry, way up above it. It's a continual source of wonder to me how Belfast produces these fannish humorists in an unending stream, and if new artist Arthur Thompson had been another of 'em, and not from Streatham in good ol' London, I'd probably emigrate.

In this issue, Damon Knight produces some nice reviews and a flawlessly funny new science, 'Logogenetics', Berry writes about Bob Shaw, Shaw writes about Halloween in Belfast, Bloch produces a wonderfully serious-cum-humorous article on James Joyce, George Charters, Brian Varley and Chuck help along with short pieces, Ken Bulmer adds another page to the history of the Epicentre with 'Black Bart', and Ken Potter, Irene Gore and Dave Wood relate the struggles of young Lancashire fandom in the true HYPHEN style. Harry Turner is responsible for this issue's 'Toto, the Reprint Fanzine', the letter section is its usual brilliant self, and the backcover quotes -- does everybody turn to those first? -- is as usual the funniest thing in the 'zine.

Criticism? It's hard to say how HYPHEN could be improved, especially now Bob Shaw is living in Oblique House and can give advice on the lay-out, and except for the fact that there is a certain sameness in the humour, emphasised occasionally by such off-trail items as Pamela Bulmer's satire in No11 which made an interesting change. Even the old problem of semi-illegibility has now been solved by Chuck's new duplicator. All that's wanted now is a Walt Willis column -- can't someone persuade him to write for HYPHEN? -- and the thing will be as near perfect as fannishly possible.

FEMIZINE No's 3 & 4 -- all in one cover--(subs to Frances Evans, School House, Teignmouth St., Collyhurst, Manchester 9**Material to Ethel Lindsay, 126 West Regent St., Glasgow, Scotland**Fanzines for review, letters, etc., to Sergeant Joan W.Carr,(WRAC), % Royal Army Pay Corps Sergeant's Mess, Maida Camp, Middle East Land Forces 17**

(That's what I mean about three editorial addresses, Joan). This issue came in a few minutes ago, and I've only had time to skim through it for my own name, but it's 62 pages long, (9d per copy, 4 for 2/6d usual sub rate) and at last is well illustrated and laid out. Definitely a fannish fanzine, and with BEM shows more of the old spirit of carefree fandom than any other 'zine, even including HYPHEN. Foo to Bert Campbell -- this 'zine is good! AVC



ON THE PROZINES

JOHN BRUNNER

AUTHENTIC

No. 51. November 1954. Small digest, 144 pp.
Short novel, three short stories, ten features
and articles. Small type. One illo.

This is a very good issue. In 'The Envied', Jon Burke has turned in a story which develops the theme of Ted Tubb's early New Worlds tale, Greek Gift. to a rather frightening conclusion. Syd Bounds is on hands with a space-flight-is-impossible tale ; a new author, one Clifford Reed, contributes a would-be sensitive tale called Jean-Gene-Jeanne which very nearly comes off ; and Peter Hazell has an ecological item called The Blackdown Miracle They are all readable.

The non-fic is mostly good, especially an interesting piece on hallucinogens by George Duncan. As usual, there is only one illustration, but I prefer Mendoza to Davis, who is on the cover with a Martian scene which I think is too light in tone for a good cover pic.

Verdict : The skids are out from under.

NEBULA

No. 10. October, 1954. Large digest, 128 pp.
Short Novel, novelette, four shorts, and five
features. Small type. Eight illos.

Not up to the standard of the last issue, but is good, nevertheless. The standout is Robert Donald Locke's whimsical tale about non-existent Martians, 'Final Curtain', which gets the nod over Ted Tubb's strong short-short, 'Closing Time', because the latter suffers from too much bitterness and defeats its own object.

Syd Bounds does the novel - and it's one of his best. Others : Charles Fritch with a farce about interstellar commercial TV - laboured ; a new author, by the name of Humphrys, whose story would have gone down better if Sheckley hadn't written 'The Watchbirds' ; and a new Irishman, by the name of Ennis, who has done an excellent job in 'By Needle and Thread' -- a very nice tale.

Pick of the illos : Harry Turner's for By Needle and Thread and the exceptional Hunter for the novel. Jack Wilson's back-cover is a good idea but not of his best.

Cover : Clothier - and a real eye-catcher. The slogan at the foot, though, reminds me of Palmer at his palmiest. And he finally cut the type-size down.

Verdict : Well on the ball.

Out of this issue I'd pick P.W. Cutler's 'Reconnaissance' as the best of the bunch. Not because the plot is new, nor for any special delicacy or beauty of treatment - simply because it's told in a fluid narrative style, without frills or furbelows and yet without staccato hesitation. This is rare enough to be remarkable, alas, and is the very reverse of Dye's novel, Prisoner in the Skull. The telepath hiding from himself was very well done in a story of Robert Moore Williams's some four or five years ago in Amazing. Dye's treatment is quite fast-paced, but suffers from the tendency to over-elaborate the smallest details of the day's work.

The best thing about Trojan Horse, by Morgan and Kippax, is the title. Greg Francis' The Hitch Hikers is a good idea handled without distinction (I don't know, mark you, but at a guess I should say that Rayer's first names are Francis Gregory). Tubb's The Robbers is a first-class theme, but he must have been slightly off his best form when he wrote it.

Cover : by Quinn - would have been more effective in a much darker and richer shade of red. Illos, as in Science-Fantasy, are by Quinn, Hunter, Lewis, and Lewis' are the best.

Verdict : Two and a half out of five.

SCIENCE-FANTASY No.11. Digest, 128 pp. Novelette, eight short stories, guest editorial by Temple. Seven illos

Issue No. 11 (No date, I notice) has had to hike the price to two bob. Is this the beginning of a trend ? I hope not...

Good money's worth at any cost, almost, though. The lead story is a McIntosh - Live For Ever - and marks one of the best treatments of the Immortality Theme I've yet read. It's so sweetly reasonable, too. Richard Rowland's Where's The Matter suffers from a mad scientist and a lousy switch ending ; Russell's I Hear You Calling is very nice and chilling.

Tubb The Unescapable has a tale about revolting bodies and I don't mean those sprawled on sofas at fan parties. Syd Bounds does a nice piece of human interest handled with a pleasing lack of sentimentality; and John Kippax produces a good humorous story in Dimple.

Gordon Dewey's The Tooth is a reprint, but since it's one of the very best stories ever written, I can stand it. A full-blown classic, say I. I haven't read Slotkin's Mailman before, but it isn't up to much.

And one scream of horror ! F. G. Rayer has done the most completely unashamed piece of plagiarism I have ever seen in his Co-Efficiency Zero. This is a straight rewrite of the plot of Hal Clement's Ice World, even down to the high-temperature alien rescuing children from the path of a fire caused by his landing. Disgraceful. And Ted Carnell should have spotted it.

Cover : fair, by Quinn. Illos by Quinn, Hunter and Lewis - the latter specially good.

And I agree with every word of Temple's editorial.
So there, Sam !

Verdict : One howler, but otherwise good.

AUTHENTIC No.52. December,1954. Small difest, 144 pp.
Short novel, three short stories, nine features
and articles. Small type. One illo.

This issue of Authentic arrived just as we were going to run off the zine, and so this is Stu reviewing instead of the usual John.

The point about Tubb's lead novel, Star Haven, is that while in many ways it is a typical Tubb tale there is quite a break in style here. Tubb seems to have dropped the sleek black spaceship touch and had gone in for a slightly less breathless style, allowing his characters to set up ethical situations as well as life and death ones. It's a vast improvement. Star Haven I do not rate as Ted's best ever ; but as I once before said, in ST after he's had Tea Party in Nebula, he will go places yet. And (advertisement) I hope this means Cleveland next September.....

Dan Morgan's Cleansing Fires unfortunately reminded me in the opening of one of those school stories like 'Eric, or Little by Little'. You know what I mean - new boy, full of arrogance, has to learn the hard way, and frankly the tale is a leetle boring, being only partly redeemed by a none-too-marbellous ending. Frankly, I am never too happy with these time travel tales, because half the time the maths doesn't seem too hot and the general feeling is that if he goes back/forward once and reverses the process, won't he keep on doing it for ever, and in the end be in two places at once ? Although A Date With The Past, by one Lionel Brooks, is competently written, it gave me no more reason to settle my qualms. Incidentally, it seems that Len Shaw is Lionel Brooks, if that means anything to you : in the editorial Bert says, "Len Shaw is back with a time-travel piece" and I can only find the one t-t s. in this copy. Bit of a slip, that, Mr. Campbell ! The departments, Bert says in his editorial, need no discussion, and he's probably right, except for the fanzine review department. EYE has rather an interest in this section of Authentic (guess why ?), and while we ain't above calling folks names at times, we do feel that perhaps Bert had a particularly bad liver when he reviewed TRIODE in No. 51. It's true that Vince is not overly-enthusiastic in his review (this issue) but even I wouldn't have the gall to call Jeeves, Jones, and Bentcliffe "three misfits". Mainly, because they are not. John omitted to touch on this subject when he reviewed No. 51 -- but then John doesn't get his fanzine reviewed in Authentic.....

The whole business of prozine reviews is tricky. To begin with, the reviewer has, if he is a scrupulous man, to give his own personal opinion as to the merits or otherwise of the zine. Mark that -- his own personal opinion, And if he thinks a zine

stinks, then he should say so, or else not review it at all. Now, if he doesn't review at all, and it happens to be Bert and a provincial fanmag, then up rises the old ghost of feuds past. So he reviews. Badly. Then he is biased. Sometimes I wonder what the future of that particular rat-race is. However, I do think that it isn't really essential to get down to personalities in a fmz review. Of course, the answer is for the bloody Northerners concerned to put out a really good fanzine - and they do. No names. no pack-drill. Fanzine reviews this month are in a much friendlier tone, altho' Bert laments the presence of a rare feature in British fmz publishing, these days --- fan, as distinct from fannish, fiction.

While we are on the subject of the Authentic reviews of fmz I might as well mention the famous FEMIZINE review. There has been an outraged wail from a lot of people about Bert's comment and at least one of the editors of Femizine was I know in a very miserable state, until it was pointed out to her that Walt, not Bert, was Ghod. Howsomever, I would be very interested to hear whether the Femizine sales go up as a result of the review. You can get a copy from Ethel Lindsay, if you haven't already done so, and seek the smut. Woolworth's sell a good line in magnifying glasses for a mere 9d.

Back to Authentic. Femnefan Joy Goodwin makes her pro. debut with an article on photography, which would be nice if I cared whether they's photograph this way or the other once I am dead.

John Brown's Body, by Syd Bounds, has a familiar title and, I'm sorry to say, a familiar plot. It's well-written, though, with a nice Christmassy ending, full of dead once-human bodies in the inevitable War Against The Martian Settlers.

The cover is by Davis, as usual, and is a reasonable copy (with the usual artistic alterations) of Page 158 of The Conquest of Space. - Plate XLVI, Jupiter's surface. By Chesley Bonestell. But Davis should have stuck to the Bonestell foregorund cloour. The interior illo is by Mortimer, and is uninspired.

Verdict : Not a bobby-dazzler, but acceptable.

FOOTNOTE FOR THE BENEFIT OF DON ALLEN :

See Projectiles, Page 142, Authentic No 52.

I have read your letter to Bert, complaining about the review of EYE which appeared in Authentic and it seems to me that you are both under a misapprehension as to what fanzines have been in the past years published from London. To cite onlt the post-war zines, there were : the Wally Gillings productions; SFNews: Space Times, which started in London, moved out and came back to its birthplace to die; all the London OMPA zines; the inimitable NIRVANA, and, dare we say it, Eye ? And did you know that London fen Vin~~g~~ Clarke and Chuck Harris are on the Hyphen board ?

RUSTICATION

There was a little stir of excitement among the crowd on the village green as a soundless helicopter landed and two officials hurried out. The beautiful sunny weather, which had been especially laid on for the occasion, smiled benevolently on this crowd of well-behaved people who had come from miles around to see the important opening ceremony which was about to be enacted.

The magnificent new building which was the focal point of interest stretched across one side of the green, a wonderful example of 21st century architecture in all its splendour. Over the main archway the words, painstakingly carved by one of the very few craftsmen left, said, "The Upper Chudleigh-on-Home for Impoverished Gentlefolk."

A slight breeze wafted across the crowd, and the whirr of a few beanie--props was added to the noise of the grasshoppers. One of the officials went up to the draped statue that stood, ready to be unveiled in the main drive to the Home, to make sure that the undraping apparatus was in working order.

The clock down in the village high street struck three times and the people became expectant. The other official appeared again and began to start the preliminary announcements, but few paid any attention to what he was saying. They were waiting for the great and well-known figure which would presently come to undrape the statue and open the new Home.

The words of the minor official came to an end and then from one side of the building the great one appeared. His tall silk beanie glistened in the sun and, as he moved on to the dais, his exquisitely cut suit of finest Martian Tweel flowed smoothly with his every movement. His tightly rolled black umbrella, cunningly moulded into the form of the early pencil rockets moved in dignified rhythm as he walked.

When the cheering had died down he was standing on the dais and smiling down with that embarrassed grin which had looked from the front page of every newspaper at some time during the last fifty years.

"Brother Fen," he started, in the quiet voice which not even the half-century of being in the public eye had been able to imbue with any carrying qualities. "I am not going to make a speech. All that I am going to say is that this Home is in memory of that legendary figure whom we all feel we know so well; that pioneer, who, in the Dark Ages of Disparagement, was the first to attain to the status, unrecognised then, of Full Time Fanning. In this Age, when even the poorest of us has the right to six months FTF in every year, we should bow our heads in humble gratitude towards this Fen who suffered the ridicule of the mundane world of his day in order to establish this precedent."

DAPHNE
BUCKMASTER

He turned and pulled the cord that was handed to him by an official, and with a sharp jerk the figure, sculpted in pure plutonium, was revealed. Its black smudged fingertips rested gently and lovingly on the smooth curves of a rotary duplicator as the hand of another man might rest on his beloved. Its eyes, two perfect 24 carat diamonds set in the finest white glass, gazed dreamily yet with an enduring fire over the horizon. By its side stood a pile of fanzines ten feet high and a scroll of parchment, apparently carelessly thrown down, showed a list of the fifty fanzines he had published.

There was an awed hush over the green and all bowed their heads in reverence. Gradually their minds adjusted and they were able to raise their eyes again to this wonderful reminder of the great pioneer of their race.

The immaculate figure, who had been temporarily dwarfed in size and significance, suddenly pulled himself together and remembered that he had not finished his part.

"And now," he continued, looking to one side of the multitude, where ten bearded and ancient beings sat quietly waiting, "the first of the elder fen to benefit from the great work will come forward."

In single file, and slowly, the ten wizened fen stepped up on to the dais. Their gowns were richly embroidered with symbolic designs known as 'Zaps', although the origin of the mystic word had long since been forgotten, and each fan's hands were alternately stained in black and purple.

And now the Administrator stepped forward. He, too, was very old, and was affectionately known as 'The Oldest Heofan'. He was a large man in a tartan robe, and carried a book of logarithms under one arm. He approached each one of the ten in turn, bowed reverently, shook hands and said a few words. As he came to the last of them he had a beatific smile on his face. At last he had been correct to ten significant figures.

The ten were a motley crowd. One of them, a tall, thin fan whose hair had not yet lost its black sheen, was looking rather crestfallen. For some weeks he had been advertising in an endeavour to discover any feminine fans who had lived to the age of one hundred and thus had become eligible for the home, but had received no answers. Another, small-moustached and carrying a jar labelled 'Steam' under one arm had asked anxiously if they had checked the ceilings properly. A third, one of the most popular due to six of his fanzines having been banned before he had reached the age of fifty, was asking if they were allowed to bring any pets into the Home, explaining that his were all cuddly and not at all fearsome, whilst the fourth was a stockily-built fan wearing a khaki robe and carrying two heavy suitcases and a tool-bag, who was trailing several long lengths of wire. Everyone knew that he welcomed his sojourn in the Home as a heaven-sent opportunity to finish constructing his tape recorder.

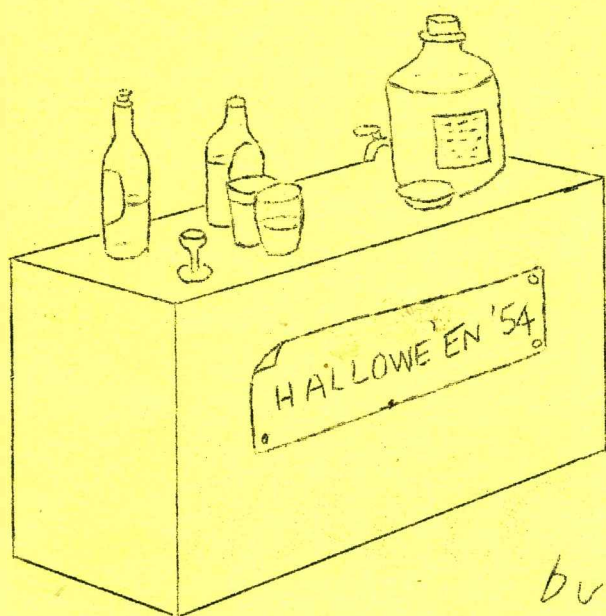
Solemnly, one by one, each made a little speech of thanks to their benefactors and ceremoniously filed in through the great arched doorway, and the ritual was over. Newsmen emerged from the crowd, the ten elder fen posed for clicking and whirring cameras, the onlookers split into small groups and drifted slowly away, the car bearing the officials drove off.

At last the photographers were satisfied, and packing their apparatus, departed. The ten ancient ones went into the Home, and quietly descended on the scene. The sun sank lower, twilight fell gently across the majestic gables, and night was upon the race of Homo Fan.

DAAPHNE BUCKMASTER

=====

HALLOWE'EN CONVENTION



Bar's Eye View

by Dave Newman

Those of you who faithfully read every word of the fanzines with which you come into contact will recall an announcement, in EYE ONE regarding a proposed Hallowe'en Convention and may be somewhat surprised to learn that this venture actually came to pass.

The general idea was that the Convention was to be open to anyone who was prepared to pay the required admission fee and that the Committee were to organise nothing but the supply of intoxicants and general sustenance.

The arrangements were to be very similar to those practised

by the London mob at the Mancon in that the liquor was to be purchased in bulk and placed in the care of a responsible (?) individual. Needless to say, in view of my position as Extra-Mural Barman to the London Circle, that individual was me.

Stu Mackenzie and myself were in charge of buying the bulk of the supplies, and spent most of the Saturday staggering back and forth between Hans Place and neighboring shopping centres carrying large and heavily loaded carrier bags. I was amazed at the things which were apparently necessary for the success of such a project. We bought potato crisps, fruit, biscuits, new-laid eggs, olives, bread, gherkins, boiled sweets and a host of other things, not forgetting wines, beers, and hard liquor. Apple pies were provided by Dot Ratigan, roast pork by the Tubbs, and, as it was her birthday, Connie Mackenzie had a large birthday cake. All in all, it was a most impressive collation.

After the Mancon, it was decided that it would be a Good Idea if the London mob had a real portable bar to go with their real portable barman, and Stu had accordingly been labouring on this project for some time. He finally got it ready for use in time for the Hallowe'en affair, and it proved so useful that it has already attained the status of essential equipment for future London parties.

We thought that, as this was to be a special sort of 'do', we would set the mood by having a ceremony which included the drinking of a ceremonial brew. A potent potion was therefore compounded which comprised;

4 Flagons	Merrydown Cider (Vintage)
1 Flagon	Coates' Special Dry Cider
2 Bottles	Sweet Martini Vermouth
1 Bottle	Medium Dry Sherry
9 Bottles	Sparkling Lemonade
1 Bottle	Booths Gin

This was made up in a two-gallon cider jar and iced before serving. The general consensus of opinion was that it was a drop of Very Good Stuff albeit a trifle powerful.

The time was a quarter to eight before all preparations were completed and the first of the rabble had already arrived. Among the earlier arrivals were the Deacons, the Wansborough, the Brunner (in an excellent Krishnan costume), Mike Kelly (also in an excellent costume), and Shirley Marroitt, and by eight thirty nearly everybody had arrived.

We had decided that only beer and sherry would be served before the ceremony but, nevertheless, I was kept very busy in trying to satisfy the thirst of the ravening mob. There was, in fact, such a run on the bar, that eighteen pints of beer and a bottle of sherry were consumed in the first hour, and it became

necessary to send out for more beer.

Shortly after Bert Campbell and his wife arrived it was decided to get on with the 'serious' business of the evening. The crowd was dragooned into something vaguely resembling a circle and asked to sit on the floor. Bert then went into a spiel about how everybody had to get into sympathy with the vibrations, the main point of the harangue being that on the command 'Everybody hum', everybody should do just that. While Bert was talking, Ted Tubb and Stu Mackenzie were serving the potion to the participants on the basis of a quarter of a pint per head with the strict admonition that nobody was to drink the stuff until Bert gave the word.

After a count of three, the word was given and everybody drained their glasses to the dregs. There was a hush, followed almost immediately by a buzz of conversation as everybody discussed the drink. You see, it was sweet, smooth and easy to drink but a couple of minutes after it was swallowed it began to make its presence felt - you might liken it to a species of central heating.

The circle was reformed again and the glasses refilled, but this time the mob were asked to sway in response to Bert's commands and soon they were all swaying in perfect synchronism and humming in a monotonous monotone. There were frequent shouts of 'You've gotta get ecstasy!' and 'Yuh gotta believe!' and the crowd were once again exhorted to drink deeply. This time the drink was swallowed without comment, and humming and swaying were resumed without any encouragement being necessary. The mob were really in the mood by now and glasses were being held out for yet a third helping of the potion. This was served with due warning as to its potency, a warning that was well advised as one member of the party can testify.

This character was heard to say, after being duly warned by Ted Tubb, 'Fill 'er up again - I can take it!'. He took it alright, and spent fourteen hours in a comatose condition as a result. He finally regained full consciousness at half past one on the Sunday afternoon. All men considering the duplication of our experiment have been duly warned.....

From behind the bar things rapidly took on the aspect of an old-time Bachannalia, the panelled walls of Mackenzie Hall doing nothing to detract from this. A few figures were slowly (?) rotating to music in what they fondly believed to be an Apache dance and through occasional rifts in the smoke it was possible to discern in the corners couples clasped in fond embrace. About every thirty seconds a face appeared at the bar and demanded a drink, while out of the murk the voice of Ted Tubb could be heard declaiming his old, familiar, plaintive soliloquy. "I ask you?...What's it all about?....What's it all for?....", and so on ad nauseam.

About midnight, some subtle genius found a gramophone record in march tempo and shortly had all those people who were still in a semi-mobile condition marching round in time to it. The din was appalling, as you may well imagine, and it seemed to be interminable. The march was followed by the Andrews Sisters and they were followed by Ravel's Bolero, which was followed by something else, which was followed by Ravel's Bolero, the series repeating itself ad lib. It's fantastic the popularity that Bolero thing has at London parties - it must have been played twenty times on that night at least.

Half past one came and with it a knock on the front door. As the only comparatively sober member of the party I went to open it and was confronted by a large, efficient - looking policeman. Behind him there was another policeman and a large, black van. The blokes were very nice though, and merely said that they had been asked to come and see us by a doctor who had a very sick patient a few doors away. They suggested that if we could make a little less noise it would be a great help, so I gave the necessary assurance and they went away satisfied. The rabble, on being told the story, were very cooperative and settled down to a quiet boozing and talking session - snogging too of course - but then these things happen.

The scene didn't alter much from then on. There were a few more bodies littered about the place as time passed and the affectionate couples were still as affectionate as before.....the anti-social lot of so-and-so's. A typewriter appeared from somewhere and someone started cutting stencils and taking down quotes. A number of fen took their turn at the typer and their unedited efforts should be in evidence against them somewhere in this issue.

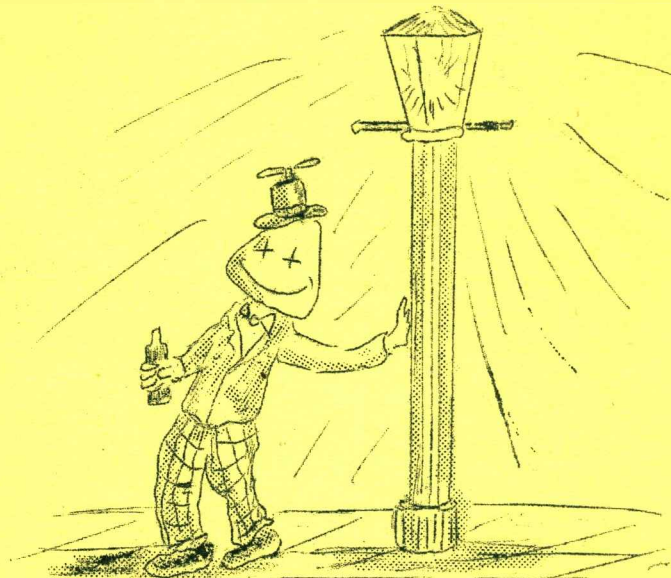
At around six-thirty, a number of people came back to life, and the more lively of them began to indulge in certain whacky enterprises. Cries of 'Let's levitate Pete Taylor!' and 'Catch hold of something that won't come off!', rang through the room as Pete Taylor hurtled into the air assisted by about a dozen fans. This was immediately followed by cries of 'Where the hell is Dave Newman - I'm thirsty!!', and I was kept busy dispensing the 'hair of the dog' from then on.

At last, the rays of the sun streaming through the stained-glass windows of Mackenzie Hall made people realise that another day was with us. The women disappeared into the kitchen below to prepare breakfast and people started drifting home a few at a time. By eight o'clock only half a dozen fen other than the committee and helpers remained to eat the hard-boiled eggs and bread and butter and these few soon staggered off into the dawn.

Yet another London Circle enterprise had passed gloriously into limbo.....

HALL AT HALLOWEEN

— . — . —
RON HALL



So many base rumours have been circulating concerning my behaviour at the Halloween Party that I feel it incumbent upon me to state the true facts, fantastic as they may seem, to a bunch of materialists like you lot.

For obvious reasons I have been living on Venus since the last party at Hans Place, but been assured that all was forgiven I accepted the invitation in the spirit in which it was offered, and having wiped the sneer off my handsome features with an oil-rag which I happened to have with me, I proceeded to change into Evening Clothes. I had been told to appear in Fancy Dress, and this was the dress I fancied. I have often wondered why they are called 'Fancy Dress Parties'. None of the girls ever wears the dress fancied by me. But then, I suppose the fans would get busy and they would have to take their leaves. But I am transgressing - I mean digressing.

When last heard of I was donning one of my Evening Suits - please not that subtle bit of snobbisness. I made an appointment at the ~~tele~~transportation Centre - or center if you have difficulty reading good English - paying the few thousand extra required for transportation in full regalia. Arriving at the centre, or center, I discovered that the only other traveller on my wave-length was a somewhat grubby looking work man, who I understood was going home to contest a divorce case. The presence of a Workman did not disturb me unduly: I still have the Common Touch and, provided I don't have to come into actual physical contact with the smelly oafs, I am a true Democrat and ardent Socialist.

On finding myself in my little cubicle on Earth I somehow did not feel myself, and on following the incredulous gaze of the attendant's eyes I looked down and found to my horror that I was wearing the Workman's trousers, paint stains and all. A brief, expert inspection showed that indeed from the belt down I was not myself. Running distractedly from my cubicle I coll

-ided with the Workman chappie, and picking ourselves up, we perceived that we had indeed changed, if not our sez, then at least a large part of the physical characteristics appertaining to that dread word. They had mixed us up in transmission!! "Good Heavens" said I. **** said the Workman-he was obviously no gentleman. However, he was in a hurry to see his wife, before the divorce proceedings, and I was already five minutes late at Hans Place, and I agreed to postpone our retransformation until next day. He rushed off towards the East, while I dittoed towards the West.

It was at this point that I began to realise some of the difficulties of my position. My upper half directed me sedately towards Knightsbridge; but my inferior portion had a strong tendency to stop suddenly whenever a lady promenading, her dog hove into view. This got me into some awkward contempts as a result of which I arrived half an hour late at H.P

I explained the situation to mine H & H but I could see from the expression in their inscrutable eyes that they were inclined to regard it as far-fetched, which considering that Venus is several miles from Earth was perhaps not entirely unjustified. However, they did let me in, eventually, and only on entering the room did I discover the full ignominy of my position. No sooner did my upper half catch sight of the fabulous array of female beauty and talent, than my lower-half began to do the most peculiar things. I decline to go into details. 'Peculiar' is the word.

I walked staggeringly towards the sofa which was completely free of occupants, and, and sat down heavily in a nearby chair which was very full of an occupant. She tasted delicious, she was delicious, she looked divine. Unfortunately, this young lady could not hold her liquor. Subsequent reflection has suggested that this might have been because she could not hold her liquor and my blindly grouping hands at one and the same time. Silly girl! She didn't realise that, now being a naturalised Venusian I have grown an extra pair of arms and hands

Eventually I managed to struggle away from this young lady my honour battered but intact, and it was at this moment that the greatest event of my life took place. As you know, I am a modest lad, who has always led a sheltered existence, never, asking much from life, and never striving after great honours. Yet Fate had ordained that I, even I, was to have the supreme honour. Some are born great, some achieve greatness, some have greatness thrust upon them. President Truman, Lord Montague, and myself come within this last category.

TED CARNELL KISSED ME!

Not onee, but TWICE! As I felt the prickly sensation of his moustachioed upper lip pressing against my unmoustachioed upper lip, I realised that this was the moment for which I had been born, for which I had suffered the slings and arrows of this vale of tears. I thought with sympathy of my Lower-Half lost somewhere in the dreary darkness of Aldgate. (In order to ward off and accusation of slander, I must make it clear that I did not mean that Ted Carnell had kissed either of the above gentlemen. What I meant was.....but after all it should be quite clear what I meant, even to you)

After the Supreme Moment I realised that all else would appear flat - with the possible exception of one sweater which some airforce chap in mufti was clinging to like a shipwrecked sailor clinging to his Mae West, or something - so I paid mine H & H a little something and drew up a contract reserving to me the rights to one end of the divan, and to any oil or mineral resources which I might find there. I then retired quietly to my little haven together with a faithful companion and we spent the rest of the night and morning discussing this and that. She was all for this and I was all for that; but we got on quite well really. However, the fact that we were so close together for so long has given rise to the rumours mentioned in my first papagraph.

Now, if the people who started these rumours had been more observant instead of spending the precious hours of their youth in such dissipated past-times as drinking drink and smoking smokes they would have realised the true reason for our closeness. The fact was that this Workman chappie's legs are rather longer than mine and I found that, while I can usually managed quite well on a divan, on this occasion I had to manipulate my.....

Well, you know what I mean.

However, I am not grumbling - much - and at least one good thing came out of my troubles as the following extract from a recent copy of that paper known as THE TIMES will show;

"The eagerly awaited divorce case, Scheister V. Scheister, which was due to come to trial today, has been indeiinately postponed. Asked to explain this sudden reconciliation Mrs Scheister said ' Mr Scheister may not be much to look at but there is a lot more to him than meets the eye.'"

I was amazed!



WIDDER SHINS

A one-shot produced by a drunken conglomeration of London fans, with some guests, at a Hallowe'en party. This prize example of debauchery was held at 5, Hans Place, Chelsea, on the night of the 30th-31st October, in the year of disgrace 1954.

John Brunner opens the ghastly tale.....

Little Mary had a Ben,
It grew and grew and grew,
It ate her out of house and home,
And then ate Mary too.

I'm sorry about the fact that this is somewhat illegible, but the fact that I cannot keep the typer straight on the table may have something to do with it. This is a swivel-topped table, and the fans around me are pressing it from all angles. I'm thoroughly enjoyinh myself, but there are too many people here for comfort. Me for privacy - and Krishnans... Let's hand over to Pete Taylor and we'll come back leter.

Ghoo man, I feel pretty wowie, but neverth3;ess, hear I go.

Well all you peoples, this is a game (what the devil, I ,ean fan!) trying pout a something or othder. Oh, what 's the use of tryin, I jest can't find the keys for lookin, but one thing I want you to know jest one thing all youde fen... I am living a change from doing camp duties and such (as John most likely would tell you.)

I intend for the new year that all fanzines be regulated to reviews of latest 'seshes' about town, don't despair my friends...

I've been out of contact with fandom for a .lo-o-o-ng time, but shall see you all for the new year depending whether fandom is still interestd in fandom, and whether Billy Daniels carries on singing 'That 'Ol Balack magic, woops, over to Frank.

O boy O joy O Heaven and Charing Cross! O O O O O O O O
O Ghu our Help in ages past as I sit here listening to the vulpine yowls of a subhuman degenerate - "If your sweedheart sends aledder of Goodbye-- " It seems only yesterday that I sat here at this very table, my heart aching as usual (my sweedheart had send a ledder of goodbye) I recall those phantom hours (or were they days - years - centuries - eons?) amid the familiar environment of Mackenzie Halls (I've spouted all about those before, some othe time) as I sit here, I reiterate, listening to the babel and the hubbub, I sit and I think and I wonder what the devil is going to happen next (my sweedheart, probably, will send a letter of Hullo!) The impact is sickening, so discretly I will ingurgitate, and resume all this a liddle lader on."

Editorial note By Stuart Mackenzie, reluctantly guilty ~~of~~ of the charge of being the host to this thing,,... The first page was started by John Brunner, then Pete Taylor with an affluence of incohol rather unseemly in a so- important member of Her Majesty's Forces, continued. When he gave you the benefit of his inability to carry on, Frank Arnold took over to indite some deathless prose. Possibly it is deathless because it never really came to life ; Frank has been far too busy all night squiring dames, and also maidens (?) ((Are there any left ???))

This is the moment you have been waiting for. Now we are indeed privileged as the Bard of Fandom, no one else but the great, the ineffable Norman ~~George~~ George Wansborough, takes over to tell you :

In my estimation, women are ZERO (in capitals). I offer a certain femme-fan the protection of my honourable name, and the said femme-fan continues to consort even as this is being typed with a certain editor-fan who shall of my not being involved in (with, I meant) a divorce court action be nameless. Needless to say he lives in Gillingham. Would this be putting it too obvious ?

In the past when I have heard of girls being " lead astray" I have always thought it must be the man now my eyes are opened.

POEM by NORMAN WANSBOROUGH

THERE once was a fem fan named ghore
Whose structural details were won't bore,
A male fan named W**d,
Asked her if he could;
The funeral's at twenty past four.

This, regrettably, ends the Wansboro' epic...

Tony Thorne to the battle comes, fresh from his battle of the sexes with a femake who shall, for the sake of discretion and the Queen's Proctot, be nameless...

"Darling, your eyes are like stars -- red, white and slowly revolving!&. She was only a spacepilot's daughter, but she knew the way to Rigel!& Bubble, bubble, ruddy muddle, piles of fans heaped in a huddle. In an orgy one night at the Globe, the femme fans began to disrobe, they all seemed so willing, the glasses stopped filling, result= - a government probe!! I never knew gin tasted like this!. The time is 2.20 p.m. believe me, this place looks like a butcher's shop,= Roll on tomorrow (or rather later today) back to the Medway and sanity. My wife will kill me for this.....
MRS. Dorothy Rati an (one of three respectable women present)
Unfortunately it is my unpleasant task to announce (hic) that the many people at this party are in various stages of fan debauchery - no bars, no limits, in fact no is an unknown word!! I have never seen so many kisses given so freely and so, so avidly!

That Dave Newman here, and after an exhamsting period at the bar I feel like death..... Who Said there was a fate worse than death.. .. ? I don't think that there could be anything worse than this ... These typos are solely dueto the collosal (or should that read colossal) intake of alcohol into the pressent writer's system.

As you may have gathered, atmosphere here is one of considerable debauchery, there are a cosiderable number of very inebriated fen .ing about the place - and they don't look very decorative I can assure you.

As the semi-official barman of the London Circle I can only say that the whole party has been a huge success. The time is 2.35 and since 8.00 we have managed to consume between us twenty two pints of assorted beers, one bottle of sherry, three bottles of gin, two bottles of orange squash, two bottles of lime juice cordial, one bottle of dry martini, one bottle of sweet martini and vast quantities of a rather special wine and cider cup which was cooked up specially for the occaisioh b Stuart Mackenzie and Dave Newman.

Nobody can say that we haven't been trying..... and it isn't a very great coincidence hat an identical remark finished up my article in Eye ".....

At two forty someone had the nerve to say 'What's happened to the programme'..... Well what do you know?.....

At two forty five I'm told that someone made a good crack, I haven't sorted it out myself yet as I'm far too plastered but it goes like this..... 'Marriage is like a Bus Route, A long route full of request stops'..... Well, your guess is as good as mine.....

Now for another Wansborough Epic....

Pome.....

In London t er's a street,
Called Mans Place,
Where debauchery is sure to take palce,
I was there, femme fans were bare,
and there sure was a plush on my face,....

(groam..... or something)
(Brother, how my head hursts.....)

By Chu and Roscoe if I ever come to one of these places,
I think I shall wear two heads (Groan, repeat, Groan)

N.G. .

More Wansborough.....

A Party a fan getto gether and ghod (presumably) still in Belfast. NO CHUCK HARRIS- THE Gho ds OF Fandom FROWN and MUTTER
Woe An (MISTAKE!!!!) Upon This G-athering. WOE TO ALL FANS WOE!!!!
Woe even un to Gillingham Manchester Bradford LIVERPOOL AND
Last but not least TROWBRIDGE!!!!!!

Im sorry the above is to say the least rather irregular
BUT as this is being typed at 3.50 pm on sunday
morning WELL !!!

And yet more Wansborough !!!!

A Fann resides in the corner , a fan Pete T**lor by name
Now covered resplendent in streamers
While fans gather round him in shame.

I want to go home!
I Want To Go Home!!
I WANT T. GO HOME!!!

Now si the time for all good men to come to the aid of the party

THE QUICK BROWN FOX JUMPS OVER THE LAZY DOG - He did you know!

Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the party
Party they call it! I call it a.....!!!

The quick brown fox DID jump over the lazy dog - I saw him.

That's not the only thing I've seen tonight - not by a long chalk.

IF a certain fem fan has any lips left after tonight I shall
be surprised. Some MEDWAY fan has been trying to eat
them all night.!!

The sleek black space ship roared through galaxy.

I shall leave my co writer Volstead Bread pan to finish
this. ME TOO !! ME TOOO !! ME TOOO !!!!! BOO HOOO

(SNIFF SNIFF SOB GASP!!) I WANT JEAN IWANT JEAN
I WANT JEAN !!!!!!!!! SO THERE SEE . You other

blighters can go soak your heads . I WANT JEAN !!!

=o=o=o=o=o=o=o=o=o=o=o=o=o=o=

TIRED NOTE FROM THE EDITORS OF EYE, WHO LAMENT THEIR CONNECT-
ION WITH THIS 'ERE MONSTROSITY (WIDDERSHINS, that is, N O T
E Y E)

We read this thing through. We had hangovers all over again.
We contemplated our navels, the typos in Widdershins, the low
level of the Correcting Fluid bottle, took another swig of the
bottle of Tubb's Special Venusian Swamp Water, (3/2 1/2d. a bot-
tle (1 1/2d. back on the bottle with cork) and decided to issue
the thing as is, in the hope that you would consider it a fan-
nish ploy so to do.....

The Newgate Calendar

DECEMBER EXTRA

For the record, we have scorned all offers of bribes, bottles of gin for Christmas or the New Year, a Haggis (Stu already has dozens of them festering in his dungeons), and a nearly-new typer ribbon.

Here is an absolutely unexpurgated list of the people who went to the Hallowe'en Affair, as the Chelsea Police call it..... the names are in no particular order, since obviously the people concerned were not very particular in the first place.....

Ted Carnell

Ted Tubb

Bert Campbell

Eileen Campbell

Ron Hall

Ron Buckmaster

Daphne Buckmaster

Dave Newman

Maria Deacon

Ron Deacon

Elizabeth van der Sluis

Iris Tubb

Norman Wansborough

Pete Taylor

Jean Smith

Dorothy Rattigan

James Rattigan

Harry Clements

Kathie Youden

John Brunner

Michael Kelly

Shirley Marriott

Stephen Foster

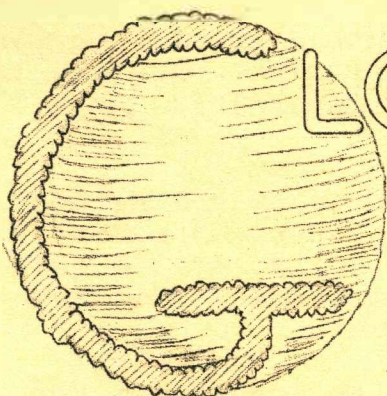
Constance Mackenzie

Stuart Mackenzie

Tony Thorne

and may God have mercy on their souls !

Not lightly will this magazine organise another coven....



GLOBAL PARADOX

David Thurlby

It was one of those nights. Perhaps we all had had more to drink than we realised - or maybe it was one of those tides in the affairs of men that Shakespear made so much of.

It was early Thursday when I walked into the Globe one evening. I knew it was early because John Wyndham was still on beers. One of us bought me a drink, and we started talking about stories. Or rather, I listened - for once - kidding myself that I could learn something from this experience.

Then Sam came in - you know, Sam Christopher, John Youd whatever it is. He can call himself Vargo Statten for all I care - you know who I mean. The conversation got very professional for awhile and only just three-cornered.

Never mind, somebody bought a round.

All sorts of people drifted around us, bought a drink, listened to the conversation for a few seconds, and drifted off Arthur Clarke, for instance, waved a translation into double-Eskimo of some book called "ISLANDS IN THE SKY" or something left a copy of 'The New York Times Book Review' on the counter and retired behind his briefcase.

The place was filling up. It had reached that stage when little knots of people were all trying to drown the noise the others were making by turning up the volume. It was like an orchestra out of Pandemonium tuning up; all we needed was an infernal conductor.

People kept coming out of the fog of noise and going away again into the hubbub. Most of them were interesting and important people in their own right, but not many were actually involved in what happened. There was Ted Carnell, who always seemed to be on the fringe of things - sort of in transit from speaking to one person to holding audience with another. Bert Campbell was sitting near, saying nothing, but listening - he listened so quietly, and, it seemed to me, so intently, that

my imagination easily turned his ear into a great trumpet which opened wide to what was falling down from the heavens !! As I couldn't quite see his eyes it was impossible to tell whether he was smiling or not.

Talking of heavens - Sam had seen Joy Gresham coming near, and he quickly gave up his seat. I wish I could remember to do that sort of thing. Anyhow I got her a drink - I'm quite proud to remember I did that - it's quite immaterial that someone else paid for it.

It was somewhere about then I mentioned an idea I had for a short time-travel story. Before I'd half got it out Sam gave me a crystallised criticism of it. It's a pity, really, because I'm afraid Sam usually dislikes my ideas and I'm sorry to say that he's mostly right.

"The idea of time travel is ridiculous, an unresolvable paradox," he said, "and even if it were possible do you think anyone would visit a God-forsaken era like this?"

He, as usual, had me floored there. He stood with one foot resting on someone's chair in a way which made me think he must have been brought up in one of those bars with a brass rail for long-standing customers. I changed the subject by suggesting quietly - more than quietly, almost imperceptibly - that he have a drink with me. He heard and accepted though.

When our little party was about to break up Joy drawled in a voice which brought to mind a touch of the breezes blowing through the prairies around New York, "This time-travel idea. Nothing wrong with it. The old chestnut about being surreptitiously infested with men from the future could still be made to work."

Some rude fan behind me murmured "Sez You!"

John Wyndham picked up a glass and nodded.- it was gin-&-it

Charlie - d'ye know who I mean? - came, cue in hand, and ordered a ginger beer. Somebody giggled. Frank Arnold, who was also playing billiards, looked a little angry and I thought for a moment that he was going to crown the giggler with a first edition of "FIRST MEN IN THE MOON". He thought better of it, to my disappointment, and ordered a glass of Medoc instead.

But the argument went on. I suspect Gerard had a lot to do with keeping it going. Gerard, despite being a mere neofan, is very good at keeping arguments up. I suppose that charming Gallic manner of his - I'd give all my good looks to have

manner and manners like that - makes it difficult to realise that he's making outrageous confutations of what everyone says until it's too late.

After we'd reached the fifth impasse of pro-ing and con-ing about time travel, and its stories, my attention began to stray. I heard Ted Carnell say, "Is there a story in it though?" My eyes ran enviously over a glossy heap of books that someone had brought in. Over against the door I saw a tall individual (what the devil is his name?) trying to sell obscure fanmags to a newcomer. It looked as though his victim was an expert in one-upmanship, because he had opened a briefcase and was extracting some papers. I looked away, heard a chink of coins, so instinctively looked back. Shorty - let's, with due apologies call the tall one 'Shorty', was smiling and dragging the stranger over to our group.

"That's John Christopher," Shorty said, pointing for some queer reason to Sam. "There's Arthur Clarke; that one next to the bar is Bert Campbell."

"You mean the one who's hiding behind the upholstery?", the stranger asked, and my heart warmed to him from that moment I suddenly remembered what it was like to stand alone in the Globe for the first time and wonder what the hell was going on. I smiled at him - but he seemed to be looking the other way.

"That is quite precisely what I mean," said Sam, for the seventh time. "The whole idea of time travel came about by a confusion between the reality of actual time and the idea of time as used in mathematical calculations. This confusion does nothing but land you in the middle of meaningless paradoxes and so, therefore, the idea is untenable."

"Oh, I don't know," said the stranger.

At that point Shorty tried to introduce the stranger, but everyone was too busy arguing again to notice. Somehow this stage of the discussion seemed to attract everybody. Ted Tubb towered across and said, with relish, "Like going back and murdering your best enemy's grandmother." Arthur Clarke looked in, muttered something about 'rockets not coming into it' and disappeared again. I caught Joy Goodwin whispering, "It sounds like something from EYE," and, in response to a ripple which ran through her long, chestnut hair as she laughed, I saw Vince Clark - you know our Vin? - nod agreement. Ted Tubb stooped, as usual, over again and said, quite plainly, "Mickey Sillane."

"For all you know," said the stranger. "I might be a visitor from the future."

"Whacko!" said Daphne, looking round the room to see if she could locate any of the glasses of shandy she had left strewn all over the place.

"And why should you visit this particular crowd of people?" asked Sam.

"Because we might accept the idea more easily than most," I interrupted.

Sam turned on me. "You say that because..."

But I ducked before he could slap a label on me.

Lou, the landlord, leaned across the bar. "Perhaps he's come from the future to here because he's got a sense of humour?" He threw in the remark, in the disconcerting way he has, and stood upright again with a grin on his face as curved as the pipe he had just removed from his mouth.

Helen came up behind me. "Who's the stranger?"

I thought of all the Dianeticists, hypnotists, clairvoyants and clairvoyantes, actors, lunatics, prophets and Americans who had been about the bar of recent weeks, turned to her and admitted, "Dunno. Some fan - or author in disguise."

The stranger broke off his talking, turned and looked at me, gazed at Helen - twice.

"No, I'm an historical anthropologist," he said, in a very loud voice.

All eyes turned his way.

Then, while we watched, he shimmered and melted in the classic H. G. Wells manner. Disappeared. Just before he faded out he looked at me.

"Thanks for the smile," came a voice from far, far away, and he was gone.

I am left with one puzzle. If I stay in the Globe long enough will I be able to meet the time when he actually made that last remark which came down the years to me as he faded, quivered, and finally disappeared?

Does anybody know?

U2J-T

UNJUSTIFIED!

PROTEST!

PRAISE!

IRREGULAR!!

NIGEL LINDSAY How I relished those 39 pages on the Con reports. Especially Vings and Dave Newman's which covered aspects of the Con I hadn't read before, and John Brunner's delectable bit of fabrication.

Ted Tubb's Trucfen Tale is tiptop, and puts over a compelling message. However I hope these epics that put over a compelling message are not going to become too much the habit.

Now Gus Easton's article is really superlative, and puts into words a skulking speculation I've had in my headbone for a long time. Bloodshot was far more enjoyable this time. Much more feasible and, of course, more topical. Hope I'm not too late to reserve i3. I don't mind how damn pompous the editorial policy appears - it's probably all sham anyway. Besides, I see that STU was able to belie his sham pomposity at the Supermancon. A case of wetting your chamois?

ALAN MACKIE Your public relations work has been excellent. Every fanzine I pick up nowadays refers to EYE. Never directly though. Oh, no! A sidelong glance, a provocative remark in passing - all, I am sure, calculated meticulously to whet the appetite. All right, I give in. Now I'll be able to see if all your subtle publicity is justified.

SHIRLEY MARRIOTT i2 is O.K., the cover is wonderful, the drawing with the Chinese just reminded me of some of the quote cards which were passed around - 'If you don't want crottled creeps what did you order them for?' The reports on the Supermancon were the best I have read anywhere, and Tubb's EVIL THAT FEN DO past describing.

Although I do not agree with Frank Arnold's review of MORE THAN HUMAN, I do admit that his is probably the more widespread opinion. ROBOTS DON'T LIKE ME, not quite as good as the rest but still entertaining. INFO THY HANDS, very thought provoking but I think that many will disagree.

Your letter column shows what a queer collection read fanzines. Why should you have a definite policy? I'm all for 'To hell with people and let's have fun!' Especially when it produces something as good as i. Keep it rolling!

JAN JANSEN A belated acknowledgement of i2, but then you did hand us a large packet to work through. To work through - first time I had to use work in its real meaning when applied to reading and enjoying a fanzine. For it was no longer pure fun, it was work to struggle through the eighty pages of the magazine.

Let it also be said that nearly all the material was up to standard, the disappointment did not find its root there, there was simply too much of it, tending to lessen the enjoyment which the better efforts, notably the stories of Tubb and Lindsay elicited.

First gripe would obviously be the overdoing of the Mancon reports, and stories connected with the affair, which did account, including BLOODSHOT for some thirty odd pages. Now this might have made a far better impression if they had arrived here soon after the actual event, but coming as they do, when the affair has been almost delegated to the history books, it flopped badly. True, some of the reports undelved new items, others were exceedingly well written, and so on, but it's no use, too much of a good thing still isn't worth a damn.

This issue will stand out for Tubb's veritable masterpiece, and with perhaps one convention report, Lindsay's piece, and Gus Easton's article for discussion, you might have made it a memorable one.

I don't know why after the flood of heavyweights last Xmas, and the lack of their appeal, you will insist on sending out eighty pages. Do you intend to take up so much time of some fans, that they simply can't spare any more to read other fanzines, having to spend every single hour they have reading it, then scrounging time off from work to write you letters of comment? Are you intending to get the whole batch of actifans writing articles and stories so they won't have time to write for another mag?

Are you in fact trying to monopolise the field?

I wouldn't really mind, if you made every page as good as ROBOTS DON'T LIKE ME, if every page had the excellent reproduction of your contents page, or if outlay was as neat as the RECANTATION OF SOLOMON GLEEP and the cover. Which it isn't.

So it's good, and disappointing at the same time. Make it less bulky and print only the better stuff you have in hand, you'll be far better for it.

CONSTANCE MACKENZIE He was an old man and tired. So old and tired that his body, in disgust, got up and left him.

And his shadow walked in the opposite direction.

NORMAN WANSBOROUGH I enjoyed the last issue of i very much. I liked the fan fiction by a certain Ted Tubb. The Xmas issue should be a very good one, even better than the last issue. Keep up the good work!

GUS EASTON Thank you for many hours of sheer delight. From that you can take it I liked i2, in fact I liked it a hell of a lot - well almost all of it, but then if I had have liked every single word and letter then I'd be something other than human. I'm not going to classify my likes and dislikes except to say that I thought I SPY the funniest piece of fan humour that I've read for a long time. Unlike most things of this kind it stands re-reading, and re-reading, and then reading again. More please!

What's the matter with your correspondents? I know that the mag is young but the writers aren't, at least many of the old and well-known names have appeared, but what they write about! I liked this....I didn't like that...I hate you...I love you.... You should do this....You should do that... Blah...Blah...Blah.

There's Ken Potter, a young man I know, and eager, and a fan, and a damn nice chap. But to read his letter gives the impression of an o-o-old tired fa-a-n sitting in his rocking chair and muttering about 'Austerity', 'Formality', 'Editorial Policies', 'Atmosphere' etc. There's Archie Mercer whos attempts at humour are like a one-legged man trying to work a treadle-press - pathetic. There's Geoff Wingrove who should earn a medal for observing the obvious - or maybe he thinks that one man could turn out a zine the size of i all on his own? Sid Birchby - the sort of letter I like to read, Willis - the same, Rattigan - the only individual, dissenting voice, and Davis - who seems to sum it all up very nicely.

I've also been amused at the reception of i in the fanzines.

I'm wondering now just whether or not the fans are able to accept anything new or different. All fans are neurotic - of course they are - if they weren't they wouldn't be fans. Most of them are introverted, they find in fandom an escape from harsh reality, a nice, safe, snug little world in which they can be a big frog in a small pool. They know fandom e or they think they do. Now, when something new comes along, what do they do? The shout is one of protest because the new thing doesn't follow the well-worn path of the old. 'The mag is too big' 'You should come out more often' 'You charge too much' 'You are austere' 'You are unfriendly - dictatorial - swollen-headed - nasty' In other words you are doing what you want to do instead of what the fans assume you should do. Classify 'fan' Then classify 'fanmag'. Then perhaps - if you are very careful, you won't upset anyone. Perhaps.

Personally you can make i as big and as bumptious as you like. I like to think that I'm grown up now and that my skin isn't as tender as it was. I like to think too, that before I can honestly laugh at someone else, then I should allow them to laugh at me. I've very little time for whining complaints from neofen who, for some weird reason, think that everyone should be very kind and patient with them. Never having had a wet-nurse of my own I don't see why I should act in that capacity to anyone else.

Maybe we should change Bheer for Sour Grapes. Yes?

LARRY ANDERSON I received EYE. I enjoyed EYE. IMMENSELY.
When it came in the mail, I thot it must be
another book.....or possibly a few old AMAZINGS.....no insult
intended, but the thickness of the thing. I shall, in future
use it for straightening warped thoughts.

Now to deal in more detail with the contents.

The cover was very attractive and exceedingly fannish. "THE
EVIL THAT FEN DO" was magnificent. This should have been
issued as a sequel to THE ENCHANTED DUPLICATOR. Tell Tubb for
me, that he is a Phrophet of the True GHOD.

ROBOTS DON'T LIKE ME was a well-done affair. Ask Nigel if
he's ever tried greasing the palm of the robot to like him. I
sugge st a can of the axel variety. Maybe 3-in-one would do.

THE RECATATION OF SOLOMON GLEEP was a nice bit of something .
What is untellable, but a nice bit. I'd like to have a vari-
typer.....I take it that's what was used.

EYE ON THE PROZINES was well-done. Outstanding even. It's
such a contrast to our over-crowded stands nowadays. I stick
to buying about six of the current mags. Just can't keep up
with anymore and still fan.

INTO THY HANDS was Serious Constructive Literature! I hate
to incriminate a good mag like i, but I must keep the neofen
uncorrupted. Phandemonium Phorever!

BLOODSHOT was magnificent. I laughed. I roared. I
didn't have my brace at the time, and it played hell with my
hernia. O, there are so many things that could be emphasised
that you didn't touch upon. What about a giant-sized squirt
gun consisting of a small sealed pot, with a tiny hose leading
out. You have vinegar in the pot, dump in baking soda, slap
to top on quick, and have a pressurized squirt gun. It goes
like a fire hose. If you have a valve on the hose, it's quite
useful, also. We've pulled this off a few times, and it
never fails. Another way to do it is to rig up a CO2 cart-
ridge to provide the pressure. Truly stupendifying.

Enclosed, probably, find a letter upon the blank order for
another EYE. It struck me as humorous.

Dear Sir,

I found, in the last EYE, an order blank for the next, or
Christmas issue. About this I am very confused. Maybe you
could straighten it out.

You start out by saying that the next issue is a 'superb
issue'. Does this mean that it is to be so big as to be taken
as another part of London? If it does, I'll be very glad to
receive it, but you must pay the postage.

Then you mention the fact that this next issue will gladden
my fanne. Is it to be printed on tissue paper? Or maybe
sponge rubber, so that I can sit upon it? This is one of the
more confusing aspects of the blank.

And I wondered about poor grey Charles. Is he having much
eye trouble? Since he started writing exclusively in his

eyeball, he must have to use an enormous amount of eyewash. I should imagine, also, that this would be very painful to Charles. Can't you fellows get him a typewriter of some sort so he won't have to gouge his eyes out with a dull pen? Maybe he sees only grey because he's colour blind. You would be too if you had to write in your eye.

Then these Indian tribes you mention. The swaps and contributors, upon the 200 reservations. We have Indian reservations here in America, too. And I wondered about these Copies. Are they another Indian tribe? One that gets printed instead of plastered. Please clear this up for me.

And as for your sale on your eyes, I think it's outrageous. You must have three perfectly good eyes. And imagine, it took you six weeks to sell your first eye, minus one day to sell out your second, and you don't know when you'll be able to sell your third. And there must be a perfectly good market for eyes over there. We use many of them over this side of the ocean, I know. Especially our sailors, as they use two.

And about that last sentence. Now, you Anglofen use a little different language from us Amerifen, but over here a lolly is a kind of sucker.

You say that I should attach myself to the form, and mail it to you. I admit it would be nice, but I really wouldn't care for Christmas in England, so I guess I just won't get the next EYE.

On the form itself, you say that EYE is to be a bumper. What do you mean? I thought you said that it was to be a superb, not a bumper state.

WALT WILLIS Your editorial persona tempts bods like me to pull its leg on occasions as you've probably noticed, but I really wouldn't be surprised if your Xmas issue is the best issue ever published in England. And if it lives up to expectations I won't be chary of saying so. In fact I'll welcome the opportunity because it seems to me that the quite healthy reaction of fandom against your controversially arrogant policy is blinding some people to the real merits of the mag. Just the same way Gold annoyed some fans so much with his ebullience that they got the idea the mag wasn't as good as it was just because it wasn't as good as he said it was. And if I ever write another sentence like that I'll shoot myself with my own zap-gun.

This last issue though, seemed to me to suffer from its very size. It's certainly quite impressive as a publishing job but it seems to me the overall impression would have been better for a little thinning out. All those con-reports for instance... they're sort of exhausting. Even Vings was sort of tired. Tubb's story, however, was absolutely wonderful. I loved Nigel's piece too. Nigel has suddenly become one of the half dozen best fan writers. As I suppose you noticed the last sentence in the fmz reviews seemed to me to stick out like a sore thumb. One tends to feel that if you don't think TRIODE worth reviewing you should come out and say so. It's a small point though.

MICHAEL KELLY Three beanbe-waves for the triumfanate! The reason I didn't comment on i one was that Pride of which you are so proud. Actually, I thought then that your attitude was largely defensive. 'Fraid I took exception to this London Pride and would never have bought i2 if I hadn't been strong-armed into it by some string-bean whose feet were halfway down the stairs at the 'Globe' while he was still saying "excuse me" to the boozers above. One of your charity workers, no doubt?

Do we have to put up with, in every forthcoming ish, that crap starting 'Eye is....' and finishing 'matters not'? We know what i is by now and you are not going to convince us otherwise. Gee! It's wonderful being a neofan. I can say things like that and get away with it.

Turning to the editorial. You know, it's all very well being proud, we realise that your policy is 'We, Us, The Proud, produce this classic for our own entertainment and if you don't like it you can go to Gillingham, we don't care.' Just the same you'd look pretty silly if everyone took you at your (ill-rhymed) words. Not that anyone will because i is good - tops in fact - but come off it!

I tol' Pete Campbell he wouldn't get 'the last word' on the Supermancon. Well, I really couldn't make it but now I wish I'd just let my Grannie die and the hell with her.

GROSVENOR 123 has redeemed John Brunner. That perfectly sweet little piece about WHAT IS A FAN almost stirred me to write in my own definitions, but I thought 123 was great. A really fine skit on the modern fan. , Five crossed space ships to John. And five crossed space ships to Joy Goodwin for not mentioning sex more than once or twice. And Burgess! Those Lights will shine through the ages brightening the way of Truefandom. Ving, the Immortal, was truly fannish. Can't we raise a fund to keep this profan pro? I shudder at the thought of Willis's Wild-Eyed Boy restricting his activities. But didn't he make anyone? Or is he just been secretive?

Dave Newman - using no doubt his four-guinea slide rule - gives us the exact statistics on the close estimate of Joy. She was only three bottles out - let us hope that Dave enjoyed them. On the whole as well-rounded picture of the Con as a miserable non-participant could hope to get of such an un-rounded affair. After those riotous pages the ritious ones of THE EVIL FEN DO required some adjustment. And so would Ted Tubb's bank balance if Shakespear were alive today. Nevah mind. I never heard of Shakespear, it's all original. And very clever. In fact as smoothly amusing as CODEX. No real punch lines, no striving for effect and nothing much one can really put the finger on but just the same it's there.

Double crossed zap-guns to Nigel Lindsay for ROBOTS DON'T LIKE ME, a really funny, fannish, well-written and brainy little conception. I hope you beg a second lesson or re-re-cantation of the Gleep for i3. Who dreamed up that prize parcel? INTO THY HANDS. Who is this Easton? Such imagination! Really laughable, he, he, comic, fantastic, a silly idea. Isn't it? Isn't it? Omigosh!

HARRY TURNER I am overwhelmed. I'm much too lazy to count the number of pages, but it looks as though several readings are called for before the last page is reached. So these remarks are just by way of grateful acknowledgement, being the first impressions. And to order the next issue, of course, if the Xmas ish is to be even bigger, what happens when you get around to an annish? Apart from bankrupcy, of course.... Any of your customers who complains that he's not getting value for money, doesn't know how much paper costs these days.

I'd convinced myself that I'd read all I wanted to about the S'Mancon, but the lure of more con reports proves irresistable. As a change from the factual (?) reporting of your other contributors Brunner's piece was quite amusing.

It was only on the second reading that I discovered that your editorial rhymed. Not that it makes all that difference.

I like the idea of a standard layout for the cover; the theme is capable of infinite variation. As amusing as your first and very much to the point so far as your contents are concerned. Stuart is by way of becoming quite an artist to judge from the decorations on the con report pages. But who was responsible for the Olde English heading lettering? It struck me as a trifle quaint and out of spirit; the sans lettering is legible and surely less trouble. And don't overdo this pseudo-Biblical style of writing (I call it that for want of a better description) - you know the sort of thing I mean; "And it came to pass etc." When Ted, Stu, Vinç or whoever wrote the Gleep epic get down to it, it is a bit much.

The facetiousness of Stu's piece palled (and appalled) at times, but certainly had its moments and was very grinworthy. Ted's story seems a trifle overlong for its content - why don't you guys get around to editing each others stuff? The material is there but it could be improved with a little editing.

Enjoyed the expose of OPERATION ARMAGEDDON, particularly the 'second-count' suggestion at the con opening. This was a serious suggestion that Dave put forward at one committee meeting the idea was, apparently, that a rocket take-off count be tape-recorded with sound effects at zero hour when the committee stood to attention or something.

Indeed, reading through your notes is almost like studying the minutes of some of the committee meetings I attended when the subject of the programme came up. Very confusing.

JIM RATIGAN So that's what happened at Manchester! The next time I go to a convention I'm staying stone sober, I want to get in on the fun! There's no need for me to tell you that it was a good effort - and still no interlinations! No lavatory style humour too - funny, some zines seem to think that without both of the above they don't stand a hope of selling. Personally, I like my pornography straight, and as long as you stay away from it I'll be a regular customer. Looking forward to the Xmas 'mammoth' - do you deliver or do I have to collect?

SID BIRCHBY Poetry you ask for! Poetry! You certainly have stuck your necks out. I suppose you realise that you have laid yourselves wide open to receive all the turgidity accumulating in the desks of fandom since Hugo Gernsback was a lad?

Gentleman, how I feel for you! What a pile of guff you're going to get; all those amoebae rising out of primeval slime, and rockets soaring to the firmament, and exhortations to the Spirit of Man, and so on, and on, and on.

i2 was notable for Ted Tubb's THE EVIL THAT FEN DO - easily the best fanzine fiction today - and for the convention reports - about which I could make a nasty crack to the effect that they are the next best fiction. Yet, on reflection - when I think of the things that happened but weren't reported - I don't see all that reason to doubt that those were.

Now I see where authors get their plots.

T. DAVIES Anyway, call It a fanzine huh! Took me nearly three hours to scan through it, yep, and I'm still picking it up now after two weeks and finding parts I ain't read. What I expected was something I could take one look at, and then, the paper basket, but no, you have to spoil it all, you've mucked up my usual habit by sending what looks like a blooming novel. But anyway, now you've mucked up my whole life, you might as well carry on the torture and send me the Xmas issue and, as a reward, you can send me a small 18lb goose, but it must be young and tender and don't bother to pluck it, I can use the feathers as a snowstorm in case we get no snow.

But seriously, I like i. For one thing, the most important in my estimation, is that it can be read without trying to guess what the faded words might be. By that I mean it is very well duped and also you haven't plastered it in artwork although, no doubt, you could get the very best artist to do your illos.

GEOFF WINGROVE I'm just sending this short note to make sure that I get i3. No remarks on the 'zine then, apart from Vin's cover which is uncommentuponable. Looks as though he's going to excel as a cartoonist as well as a writer. For the rest of i2, suffice it for me to quote that old Chinese proverb: "Ei Lei Kei"

JOHN BRUNNER i2 is terrific! Aside from Easton's article which is misplaced it is out of this galaxy! The London O is getting on towards a realization of their collective talent - and that is some total!

I daren't comment on all the items but raging through them: EDITORIAL yes; JOY G. yes; TUBB, yes, yes; SPI, you know what they do to spi's, don't you? FANTHROPOLOGY, there's a new science here somewhere. TME, I should have read Fahrenite 451 before doing i23. SIC TRANSIT; lights out. LETTERS, yes. BLOODSHOT, I hadn't realised just how ingenious OA was.

Poetry? Good idea - I'll give you second choice of output.

JOY GOODWIN What shall I give you first - the brickbats or the bouquets? Oh all right perhaps you'd prefer them out of the way. The typos! The spelling mistakes! AaaaaaH I just wouldn't have believed it - or have you now formulated a new rule, that it should be i before e except before c? Note received and piece in which the e and i were transposed in each case. Oh well, it's a bad, bad issue for typos but let's forget it now, shall we?

The contents - yum, yum. John's story is, of course, a delightful piece of work. Ted used Shakespear very nicely and if he'd done half the work on it that Shakespear did he wouldn't have had nearly so good a story. I think that the best piece in the issue was that by Vinç - a highly delighting piece of workmanship. I read somewhere that this was meant to be serious. Hmmm! If that be true, then when Vinç is trying to be funny, pity my poor sides.

BLOODSHOT - lovely stuff this. Still unbowed though. The illos all through - well there's not much to say about them. We know how good Vinç is and these live up to expectations. Wonderful cover too.

ROBOTS DON'T LIKE ME - well rounded off little story. Nigel seems to have a consistant sense of humour from the look of the pieces I've seen.

Dave Newman's Story - what is that? Am I seeing double from drink or is it meant to be a three-eyed St Bernard? Oh yes! SOLOMON GLEEP - this is a lovely piece of work. Nive work too on the varityper. This is the sort of thing we must see more of can't you persuade the author to continue the chronicle?

IRENE BOOTHROYD EYE 2 received today, will glance through it and read it in BED. You say write and let you know what I think of it, I will - later, when I go through it. Reason I'm writing now is that I live in the back of beyond and only go near a post office once a fortnight. I want it so must get the beastly P.O. - why is it that all fans have a sordid money mind?

What does one have to do to get one's name in a 'zine?(besides THAT) I subscribe to quite a number and have written letters of comment which, unfortunately, have arrived too late to be included

I have ALWAYS wanted to see my name in print.*+ Is it because I'm MRS - not MISS? I am a neo! I read S.F! I don't drink, or perhaps I'm just shy - I think the latter. I can't type either.

Thank Ghod for i as husband works nights I'll take it to BED. He says I can come to the next CON. Hooray! Hooray! Watch out for me.

*

IRENE BOOTHROYD

+ We couldn't resist your charm, Irene.... see contents page....

ETHEL LINDSAY Congrats to the editorial staff of i. You have kept the high standard of the first issue. Such a size too! Fanzines seem to be getting bigger these days. BEM also landed on my doorway the other day with a clump.

That was a very clever editorial. Do you take turns thinking up the next line? I wonder which genius thought up the last two, they made me giggle.

Best item was the truefan tale as was only appropriate. Of the many Con tales my favourite was the one by Dave Newman, gave me a thirst just to read it. You know, these Con stories should have photographs to finish them off.

Reading OPERATION ARMAGEDDON I felt a little sad that some of these plays were not used...that one involving a mouse...could have been very interesting. Thanks for the plug on FEMTIZINE.

MIKE WALLACE I got the typer out with the bright idea of commenting on i2, but after taking another glance at the size of the offering I changed my idea to something that could be done in less than twelve hours - namely, a few remarks on the bits I liked the best.

Vinç on THE LONDON FANTHROPOLOGICAL EXPEDITION was the best fan-writing I've seen for quite a while, even allowing for the high standard I expect from Vinç. The boy really excelled himself on that piece. I think the thing which must have taken the most thought and work, for its size, was the SOLOMON GLEEP effort. While I doubt if WAW will appreciate it too much, it still remains the best bit of satire I remember reading ever. It would be nice if you can keep up the standard, to have a 'Lesson' in each issue.

INTO THY HANDS was both well thought out and interesting. Perhaps we'll all be leaders of a religious despotism in 20 years or so.

THE EVIL THAT FEN DO was, as one might expect from a filthy pro, a very nice story indeed. There seems to be a trend among certain people - you people for instance - to go the way of the BNFs in the above yarn. The 'Triumfanate' seem to be so conscious of being fen and behaving as fen should, that they are becoming less like real fen than the gosh-wow zapgun brigade are. Personally, I see nothing wrong with taking a zapgun to a Con or a certain amount of so-called beanie talk. The atmosphere of i seems to indicate a tendency to 'smile superciliously at the antics of the lesser fen', an, "Ofcourse fellows, we know better don't we?" attitude. I'm probably wrong, but that's the impression I get.

OPERATION ARMAGEDDON would have been entertaining had it, or part of it, ever been put on at the Con. Don't think I'd have liked to come into close contact with Burgess's lights though. Why in Ghod's name didn't he buy the things the day before he left for the Con? And keeping them in the pantry at home! Been nice if he'd eaten 'em; he wouldn't have needed a green mask.

Well, that seems to be that. Apart from the editors, I can't find anything to pan in i, so of course, I want the next issue. I enclose that beastly little subscription form.

