

Atom

A Tribute

Atom

ARTHUR M. THOMSON - 1927 - 1990



*Arthur, TAFF delegate in 1964, at the Art
Exhibition, San Francisco Worldcon.*

*First edition of
100 copies, of which
this is*

No. 80

In Memoriam

Arthur (ATom) Thomson was a consistently cheerful man, a wit and a funny cartoonist. So in this fanzine, designed as a tribute to a good friend, I have tried to reflect these qualities. We mourn his passing, but here remember his humour and artistic talents.

In 1961 Ella Parker put together an ATom ANTHOLOGY, 108 pages long, consisting of cartoons by Arthur and some fan writing. A short essay is reproduced here, as are some of the cartoons, for the original fanzines from which they were taken are mostly unobtainable.

I had assumed for years that the cartoons for the ANTHOLOGY had been electro-stencilled onto new stencils, and it was only when assembling this collection that I suddenly realised that the date made it impossible. Although electro-stencillers had been invented, they would have been priced outside the reach of fandom. Arthur had actually re-drawn the pictures, sometimes two or three, on 100+ pages! To illustrate this, one of the drawings here is from the original fanzine, and one as it was re-drawn 7 years later for the ANTHOLOGY. When you consider that in those days illustrations were painstakingly scratched on 'wax' stencils by a stylus, shading by a 'wheel-pen' or by placing an embossed plastic plate under the stencil and burnishing the surface so that the pattern cut through, it's even more noteworthy.

Arthur was happy to turn his hand (or hands - he was ambidextrous) to every aspect of fan life that presented itself - tiny pictures to illustrate reader's letters in fanzines, or to covers, or headings, or Convention literature, or Xmas fanzines. He did a little professional work for the Scottish prozine NEBULA, for Michael Moorcock's TARZAN ADVENTURES in the '50s, for a book on space-flight by Ken Bulmer and John Newman, a poetry booklet by John Brunner, a few other pro and semi-pro titles, such as SCIENCE FICTION CHRONICLE and LOCUS, but his heart was in fandom and stayed there.

These cartoons are not in chronological order, but over the years Arthur hardly changed his style except that latterly he preferred to draw what his friend Chuch Harris described as "little black buggers." If you think that by doing so he simplified you'd be right, but simplification meant increased sophistication - one line doing the work of many.

He wasn't a caricaturist; when he wanted identification, he adopted a technique of finding an outstanding feature, such as Avedon Carol's raven locks or Chuch Harris's glasses, and leaving it to fellow fans to recognise the feature. And most fans (and some Monsters) had helicopter beanies - one sure sign of an 'ATomillo'.

Walt Willis says that he can't improve on the preface that he wrote for the original ATom ANTHOLOGY, and it's reprinted here, along with tributes from other friends of Arthur, old and new, which you'll find scattered herein. Sincere thanks to all who contributed to the making of this fanzine, representing the many friends Arthur made over the years.

This isn't a 'Best of ATom', but just a tribute, and an attempt to show how he kept fandom entertained for 35 years. As a young fan, who wasn't even born when Arthur started drawing, wrote to me: "I loved his sense of humour and zest for life. He'll be sorely missed by everyone who ever knew him."

He speaks for us all.

Vince

A. VINCENT CLARKE

Walter A. Willis

It's impossible to imagine fandom without Arthur Thomson: well, perhaps not impossible, but who would want to think of a fandom without ATom cartoons and illoes, and that clean-lined elegance he imparts to any fanzine touched by his magic stylus? It would be a monotonous and messier microcosm.

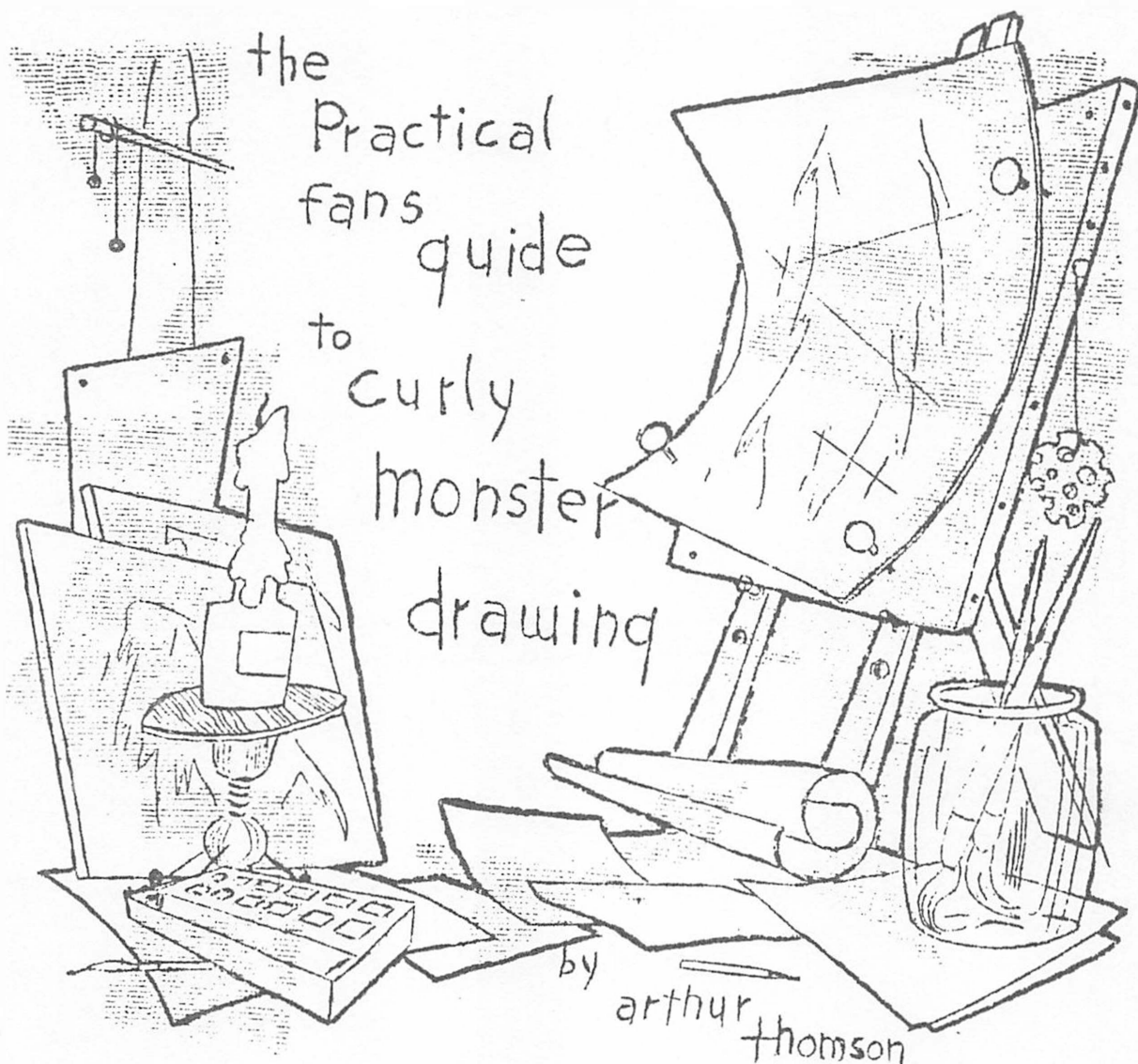
It was one day in 1954 that I got a letter from a new fan in London, enclosing a subscription and, infinitely more important, a cartoon footnote. In this footnote I recognised, as you might say, the hand of providence, because Bob Shaw was shortly leaving for Canada. I replied with a letter that was intended to be enthusiastic and encouraging, and I suppose it must have been because Arthur told me later he sat down and did 30 cartoons one after another. (And that isn't a tautology, because it so happens that he can write and draw with both hands simultaneously). HYPHEN had a new Art Editor. In fact, you might say that fandom had a new Art Editor, because the number of faneds who had cause to be grateful to him is a heart-warming thing to think of when you reflect how very few readers bother to comment on artwork. They just note that it's good, it's by ATom, and that's that. But ATom has given us more than prolificacy without lowering of standards, he's given us humour without cruelty, satire without malice, wisdom without arrogance and good taste without ostentation. We don't know how lucky we are.

In this ATom sampler an attempt has been made to remind us, but no one can appreciate ATom as much as a faned. You send him a heap of stencils, with odd-shaped blanks determined by just when you remembered to adjust the margin stops, and you get back a magazine. Not only does it look better than what you sent, it seems to read better. But what strikes you more than anything else is what he has managed to do with all those odd shapes: it is as if he had had that cartoon in mind for years and had sent you a detailed specification for that space to the nearest millimetre. The susceptible faned is apt to reach the conclusion that he himself has some infallible artistic instinct but I, who cannot even draw a dog that my four-year-old son doesn't sneer at, know better. It's just that this quiet-spoken young London Scot (with I hasten to claim Northern Irish ancestry) happens to be one of the few real geniuses who have appeared in this wild-talented world of fandom. Artistic geniuses that is: I know there are some who impute the prose pieces in this volume to him, but I refuse to believe it.

Walt

((Reprinted from THE ATOM ANTHOLOGY, 1961, published by Ella Parker))

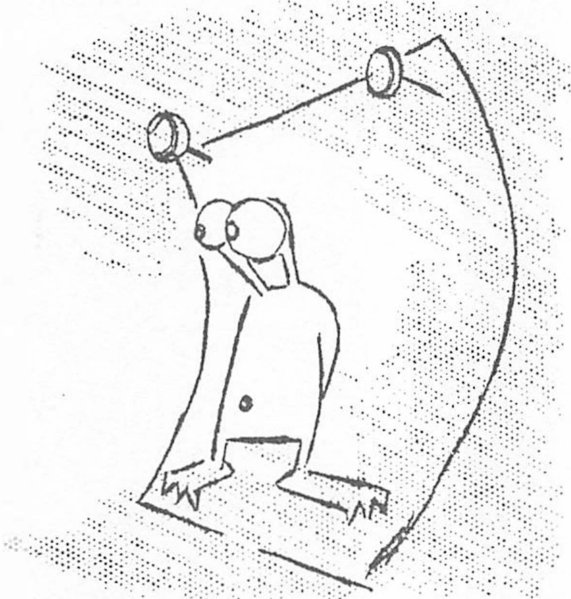




Now that's a nice title up there, sort of eye-catching, eh? And it's true that I have been asked how one goes about drawing Curly Monsters. I'm not really sure just how one goes about telling people how to draw CMs. I mean, sure, I have drawn CMs in my time, but I've never put down on paper the hows and whyfors of how to do it. Miz Parker, tho', has informed me that it's about time I did something for ORION in the writing line, apart from Fanlights which, as she so aptly put it "any crumb could do". So, as so many people have expressed an interest in CM drawing, and as I'm assured of at least a few readers if I write about CMs and not having anything else in mind to write about, here's a few ideas that any novice CM illustrator can practice.

I suppose that if anyone wanted to have a bash at Curly Monster drawing the best thing would be for them to start at ground level and work up, sort of. They'd have to break the ground in, so to speak with some common Monster drawing, just to get their hand in. Common Monster drawing is pretty easy. If you look

through a few fanzines you'll see plenty of common monster drawings, some are drawn one way, some another, but they are all Monsters, whichever way you look at them. After all, who's seen all that many Monsters to claim to be an authority on them? Nobody, I guess, so anyone starting out Monster drawing has a head start on the critics, more or less. Nobody can walk up to your Monster illos and say that they aren't real genuine Monsters, bighod. Why, there's even some people you could draw that would fit quite well into the Monster class!



A typical Monster drawing and one that the novice should find quite easy to tackle, is a fairly simple example of line drawing yet with pleasing effects. The first thing is to remember that you know what your Monster is going to look like, and that nobody can argue with you as to the shape of the critter. So to begin with draw a couple of eyes (I personally find this the best place to start), put them on stalks and then connect them to a sort of lumpish round body, then draw some legs, six or seven; more if you're ambitious, down as far as you want the ground to be away from your Monster. Y'see, this method gives you fluidity; by lengthening the legs you have tall Monsters, or by giving him

short stumpy legs you can make a short grunchy type Monster suitable for a heavy gravity planet, it's all in your hands. Do this and there you are, a complete type Monster, give or take a few parts.

Having drawn your first Monster, I'll bet you feel really pleased with it, but don't stop there. Continue the good work and try for some Monsters that really 'live'. Some people expect Monsters to be sinister, why I don't know. Well, pander to the public. Give your monster a leer by putting in a twisty stroke across the face under its eyes. (Most things have their mouths under their eyes somewhere, so you're pretty safe there). You could draw a few tentacles hanging down from the body, with hooks or claws at the end of them. Don't worry if you feel a little frightened at the result, this is a common sensation amongst Monster drawers during the early stages.

Carry on drawing this type of Monster for a while, become adept at it. You can vary it a bit by having it running after people (bend the legs for this) or even just standing around in groups reading fmz. (Be sure to emphasise that they are Monsters if you do the latter, some folk might just think that they are fans). After a few weeks at this you'll become a really competent Monster drawer, able to whip one off at the drop of a fang. Now you are approaching your really big moment. You are ready to really CREATE. You are ready to draw a CURLY MONSTER. Don't let the thought of it frighten you. Don't back off and go through life known as the person who is just a common Monster drawer. YOU CAN DO IT. Remember, it is going to be your creation, you are the master. YOU can control IT.

Look, I'll explain. Curly Monster drawing is a piece of cake if you always remember

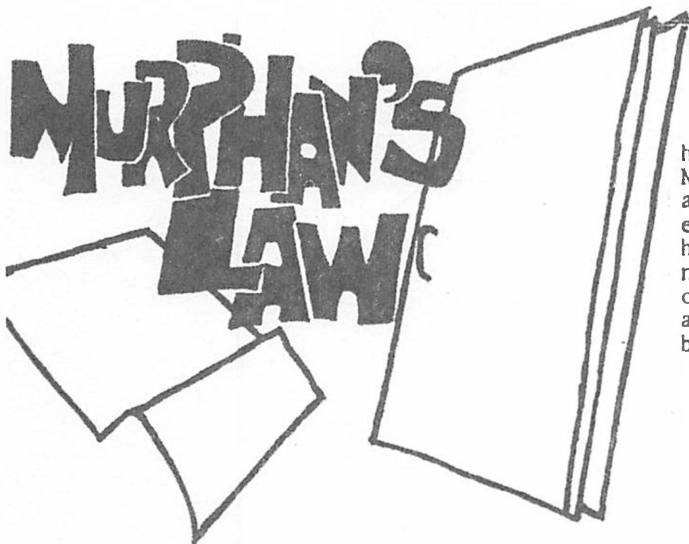
to take the right steps. Why, I didn't have more than three or four traumas during my first few weeks of Curly Monster drawing, and after that I became blasé about it; you can too, believe me. On the technical side always remember to have as large a sheet of drawing paper as you can. These Curly Monsters really like to spread themselves, so give them room. If you don't you'll find yourself up on the edge of the paper fighting for control. Always start in the centre of your sheet with plenty of room in which to beat a retreat across to the edges.

Right, here we go. Get hold of your pencil, brush, or pen. Light the candle in the bottle (for those who might query this last, you've got to have some light by which to work, haven't you?), and DON'T DRAW THE EYES ON STALKS. Yes, I know this violates all ordinary Monster drawing principles, but remember, THIS is a different kettle of fish. The eyes have to be deep set, down in the body, so get the body down on paper first. Then get the eyes in, down, deep down. Don't stop now, you're doing fine. Get the legs done next. Stumpy, real stumpy type legs; let them flow out to a couple or more toes. THEY HAVE NAILS ON THEM. The nails should curl under the feet, a Curly Monster trait. The arms or tentacles should trail right down to the ground and backwards slightly, the nails, claws or hooks should then curl upwards into the palms. Now, here's where you start tackling the absolutely essential parts of Curly Monsters; the mouth and teeth. The mouth should always be drawn so that it turns down slightly at the corners, and there you fit in two, three or more fangs pointing downwards and curving back. You can make these as long as your nerves will allow.

Right, stand back, away from the board. Now, wipe your brow and survey your work. Yes, I guess you'll cringe a little, don't worry; we all went through that stage. Here's where you prove yourself. Force yourself back to the board, for you're going to put the finishing touches that finally turn the creature into

a genuine Curly Monster. Slowly and with a completely flexible wrist action start putting short lines or strokes all over the Monster. This is HAIR. Cover the monster completely with these lines, letting only the eyes, mouth and fangs peer out suggestively from the growth. Now, finally, CURL the hair that is hanging down on to the ground at the back of the creature. There; you've done it! Staring at you from the paper is your first Curly Monster, and you, genius that you are, have created it. ((Reprinted from Ella Parker's ORION 25, June 1960)).





Members of the mundane community have had several published summaries of Murphy's Law to help them in the struggle against the sheer cussedness of just about everything in life. It is time that fans had an equivalent. Here is my first summary of Murphan's Law, plus some corollaries. If you can think of any useful additions send them to Terry and they will be credited to you in future publication.

BOB SHAW

1) Any stapler handed to you by a fan has only one staple left in it.

2) When your prissy old aunt, who you're trying to keep in with because she has money, picks up a fanzine it will fall open at the worst obscenity in it.

3) Con hotel waiters won't.

4) Con hotel lifts don't.

5) Con hotel managers can't.

6) If you send a letter savagely attacking a fan it will cross in the post with one from him in which he is exceptionally nice to you.



7) At a convention banquet, all the people you like are together at a different table having the time of their lives.

Cor. 1: The one seat you might have had at that table has been snaffled by your worst enemy.

Cor. 2: If you have successfully avoided somebody throughout a con he will be seated beside you at the banquet.

- 8) The breaking strength of a fanzine staple is three fingernails.
- 9) 75% of the lifts at any con are permanently occupied by the same eight-year-old child.
- 10) Nothing interesting ever happens at a con after 2.00 a.m.
- 11) At a con you always waken up one minute after they have stopped serving breakfast.
Cor. 1: The only time you waken earlier is when you are too hung-over to eat.



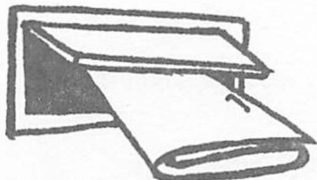
- 12) There is never time to loc a fanzine when you are actually reading it.
Cor. 1: When you get time to do the loc you can't remember any of your comments.

- 13) The amount of money you spend in a session at the con bar is inversely proportional to how much of the session you can remember next day.

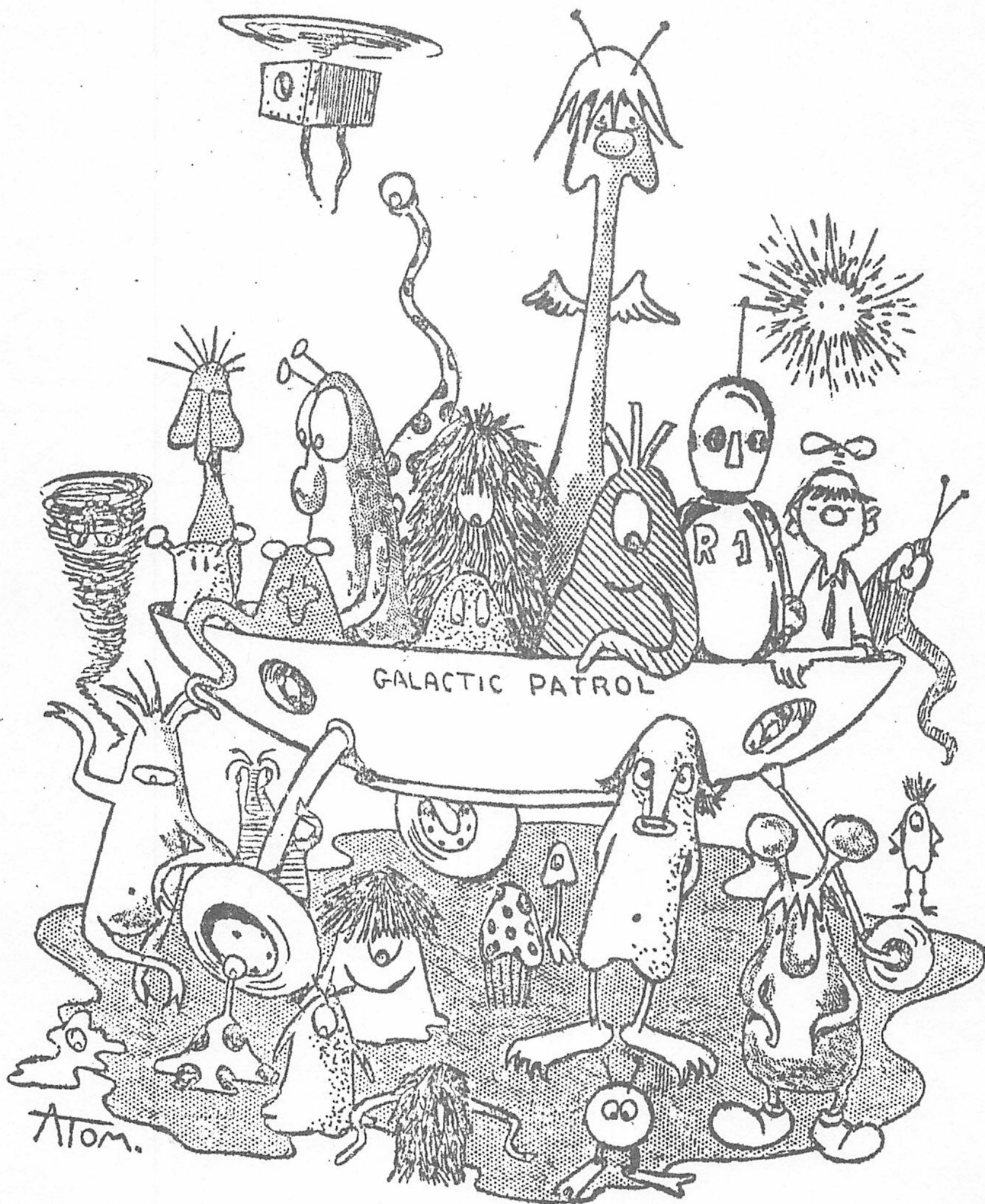


- 14) When you need reminding of a fan's name at a con he is:
 - (a) not wearing his badge;
 - (b) wearing it about the level of his fly;
 - (c) wearing a badge on which the lettering is illegible or microscopic.

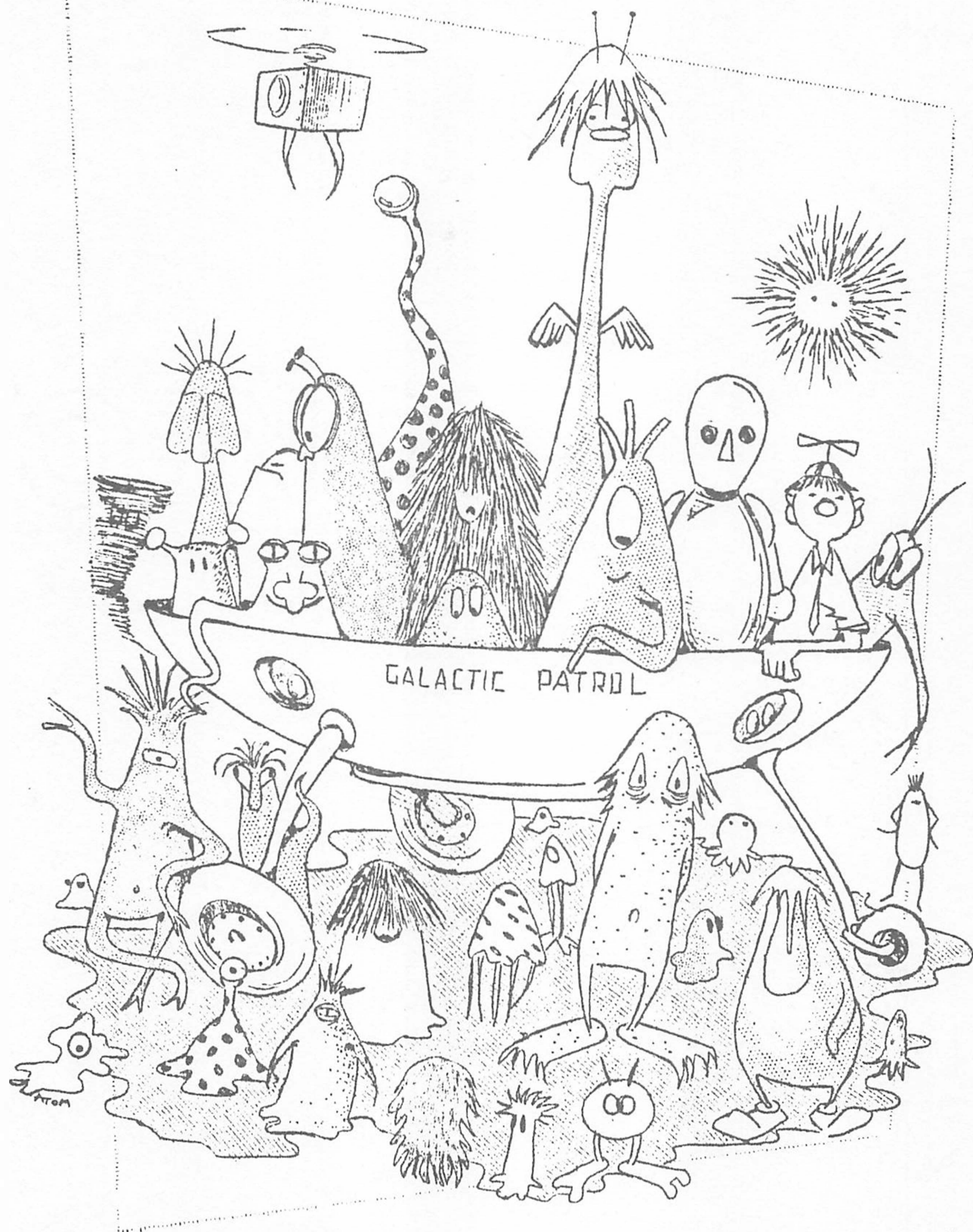
- 15) If the sign opposite the lift on your floor of a sprawling convention hotel says, algebraically speaking, "Rooms N_1 to N_2 ", then your room number will be: $\frac{N_1 + N_2}{2}$



- 16) All postmen believe that all fans are eccentric or feeble-minded, or both.



Arthur's original bacover illo for DUPLICATING WITHOUT TEARS 1954



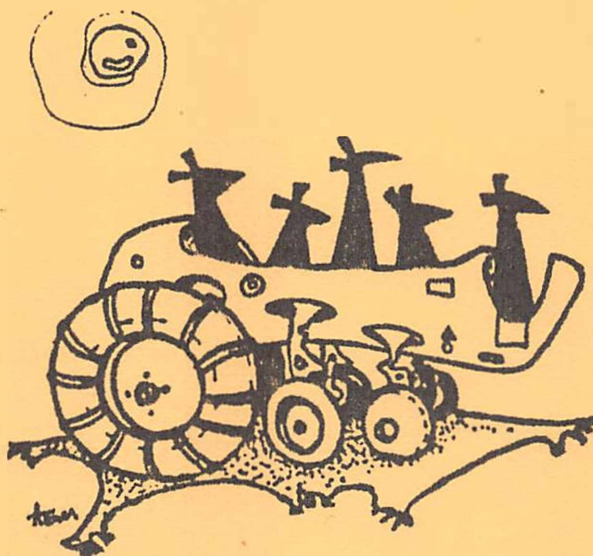
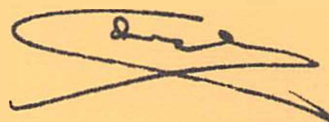
The cover opposite as re-drawn for ATOM ANTHOLOGY in 1961

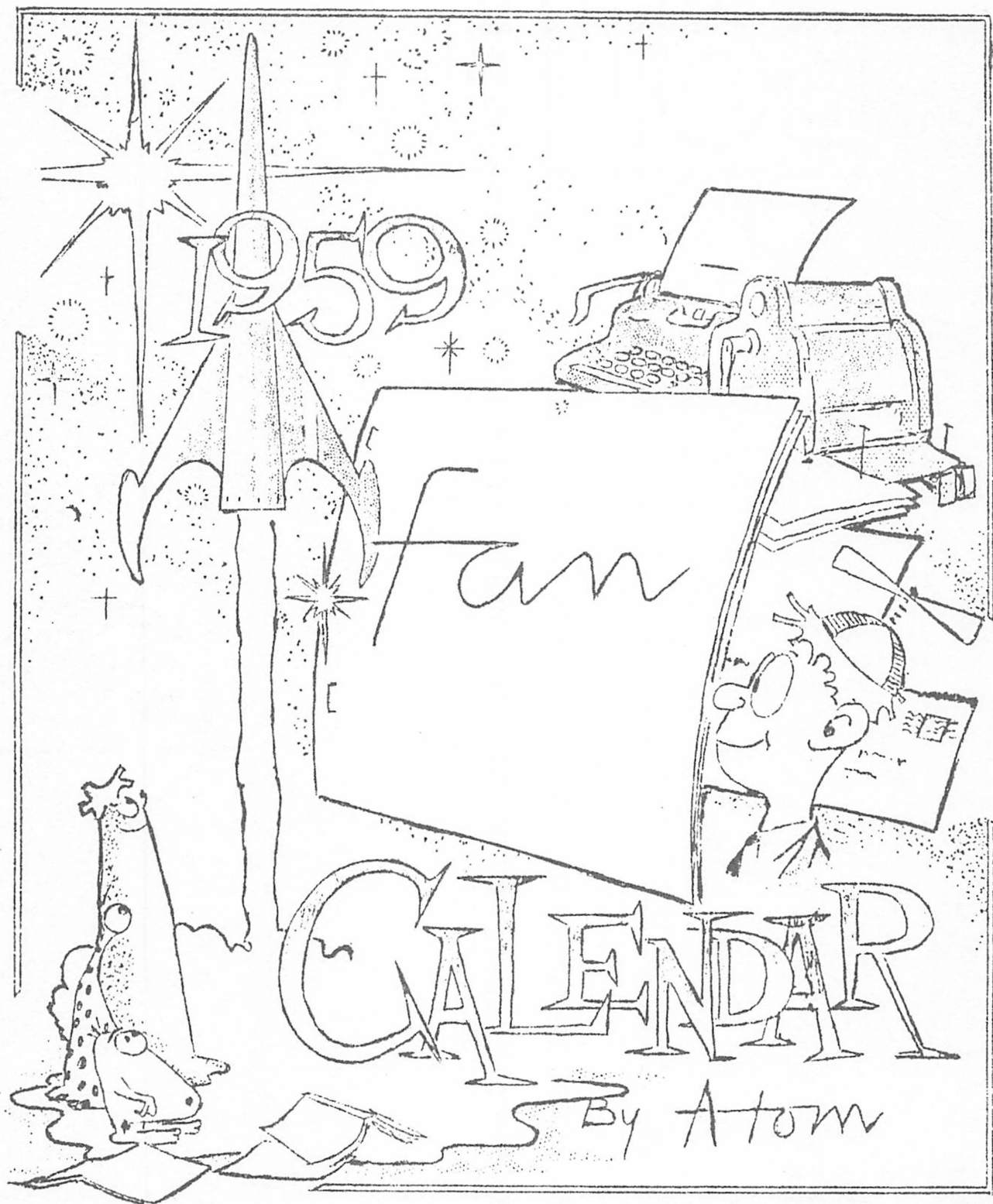
Chuch Harris

Even now, weeks later, I find it very hard to write anything at all about Arfer. Words seem so trite and inadequate, and I don't know just what the hell I can say to you about him. It still seems so private and intensely personal that it would be a betrayal to try and write about it just yet.

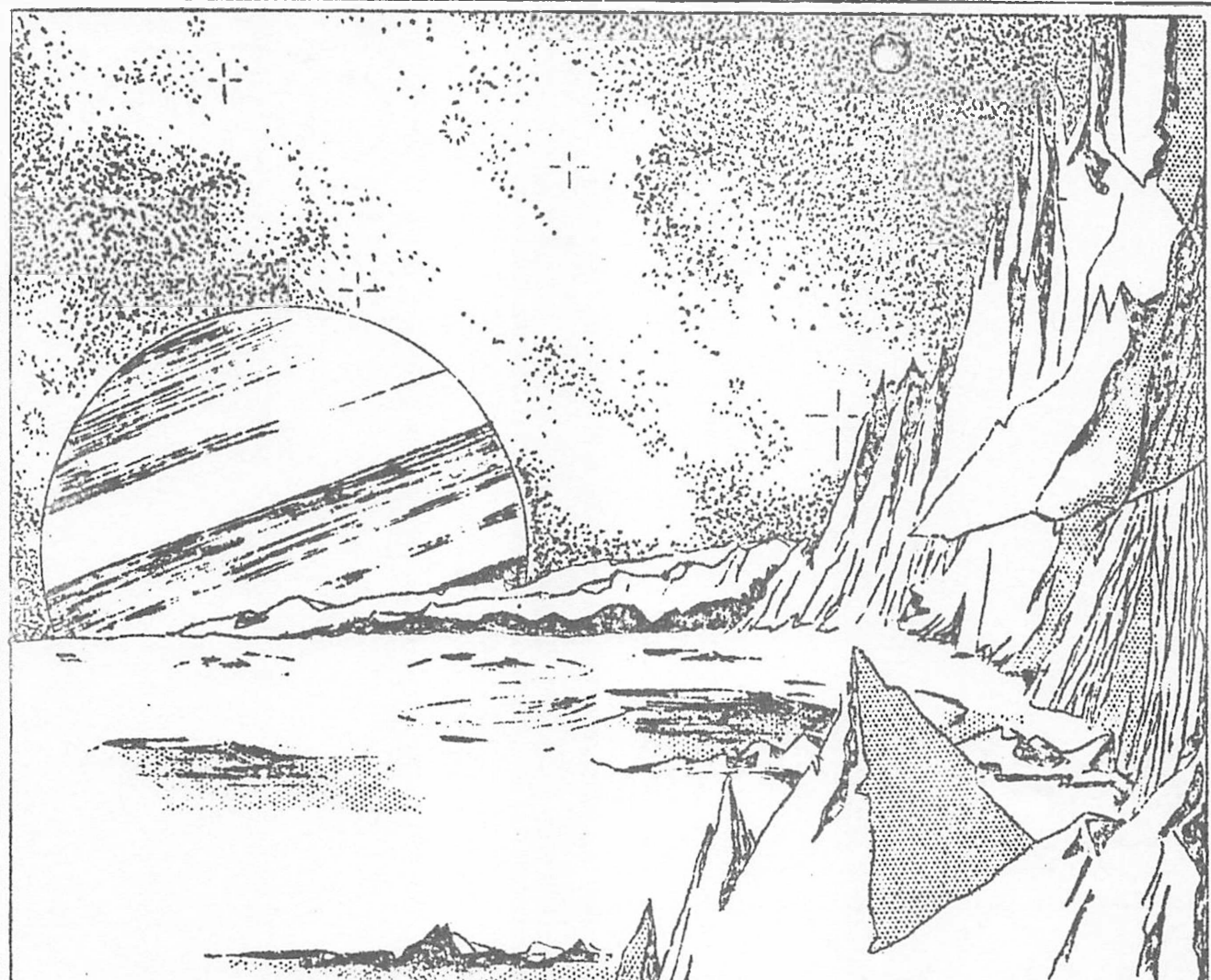
But believe me, I have tried. I picked out the most memorable bits. The bit about Arf, sitting beneath my apple tree patiently waiting for an apple, ANY apple, to demonstrate the law of gravity. The double room at the Kettering con with the church bells thundering just over the road as he roughed out the "Church anybody?" cartoon whilst we shared the last of the Alka Seltzer. Or.....

But, at best, these are only little flickery pictures from the mind -- no more than one-dimensional snapshots. None of them illustrate the essential decency of the man, his generous spirit, the zest, the exuberance, the sheer joy that he found in fandom, and shared with the rest of us. I just don't have the talent to transfer these things into words and sentences.





By Atom



SPECIAL DATES

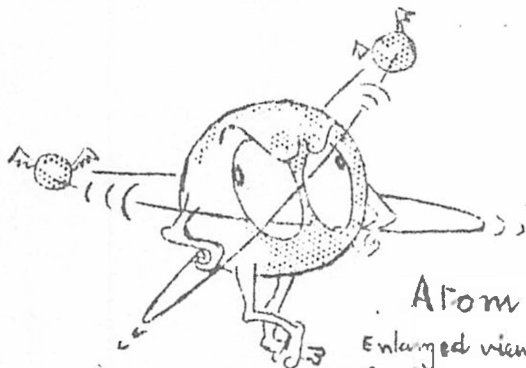
5th-Guy Fawkes Day. 24th-Forrest J. Ackerman born 1916. 25th-Benjamin Bathurst walked around the horses. 27th-L. Sprague de Camp born 1907; Thanksgiving Day.

November

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thur	Fri	Sat
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
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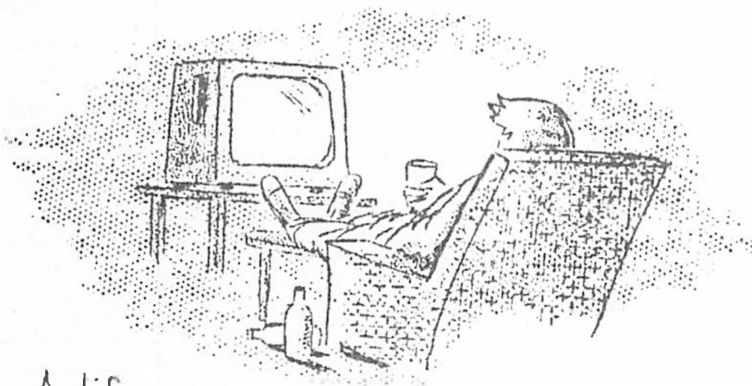
SF A To Z

by Atom
-A-



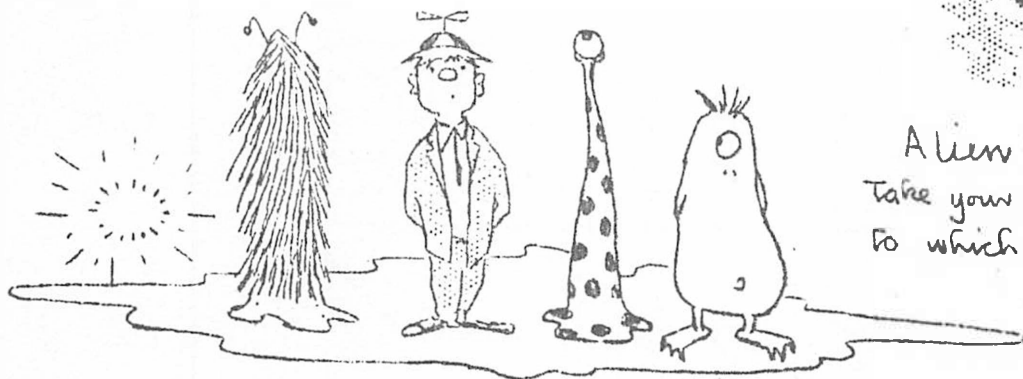
Atom
Enlarged view showing
why it sometimes explodes

Android
Discovering some basic
facts of uh life



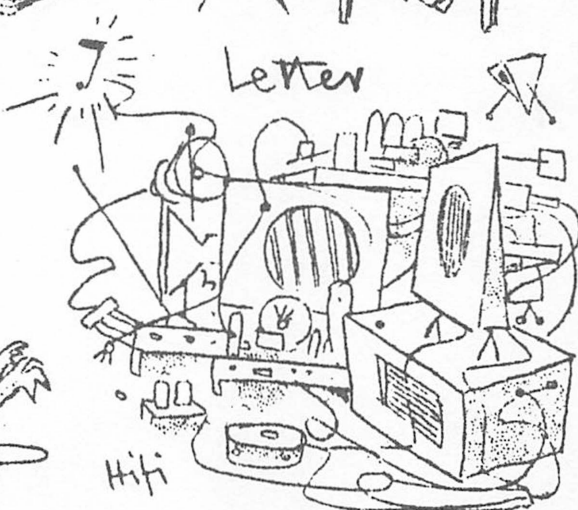
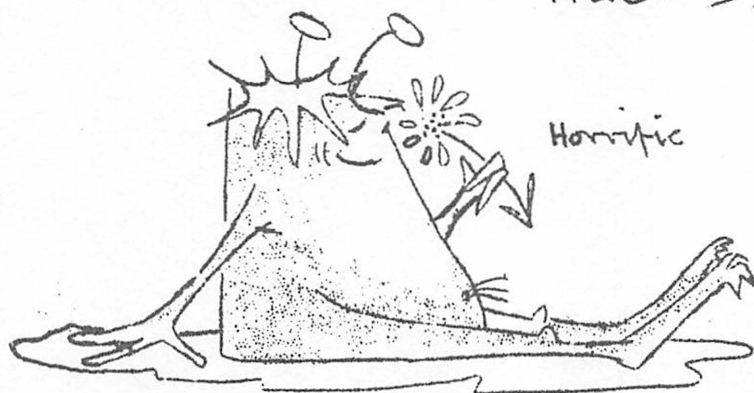
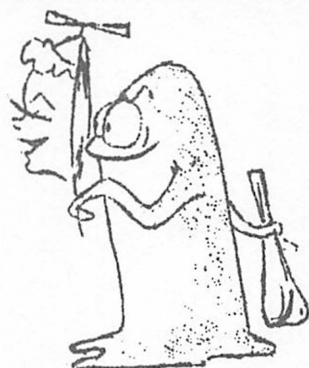
Actifan
Atomfoto taken shortly after
peak fanning period

Asteroid
A rock on the roll

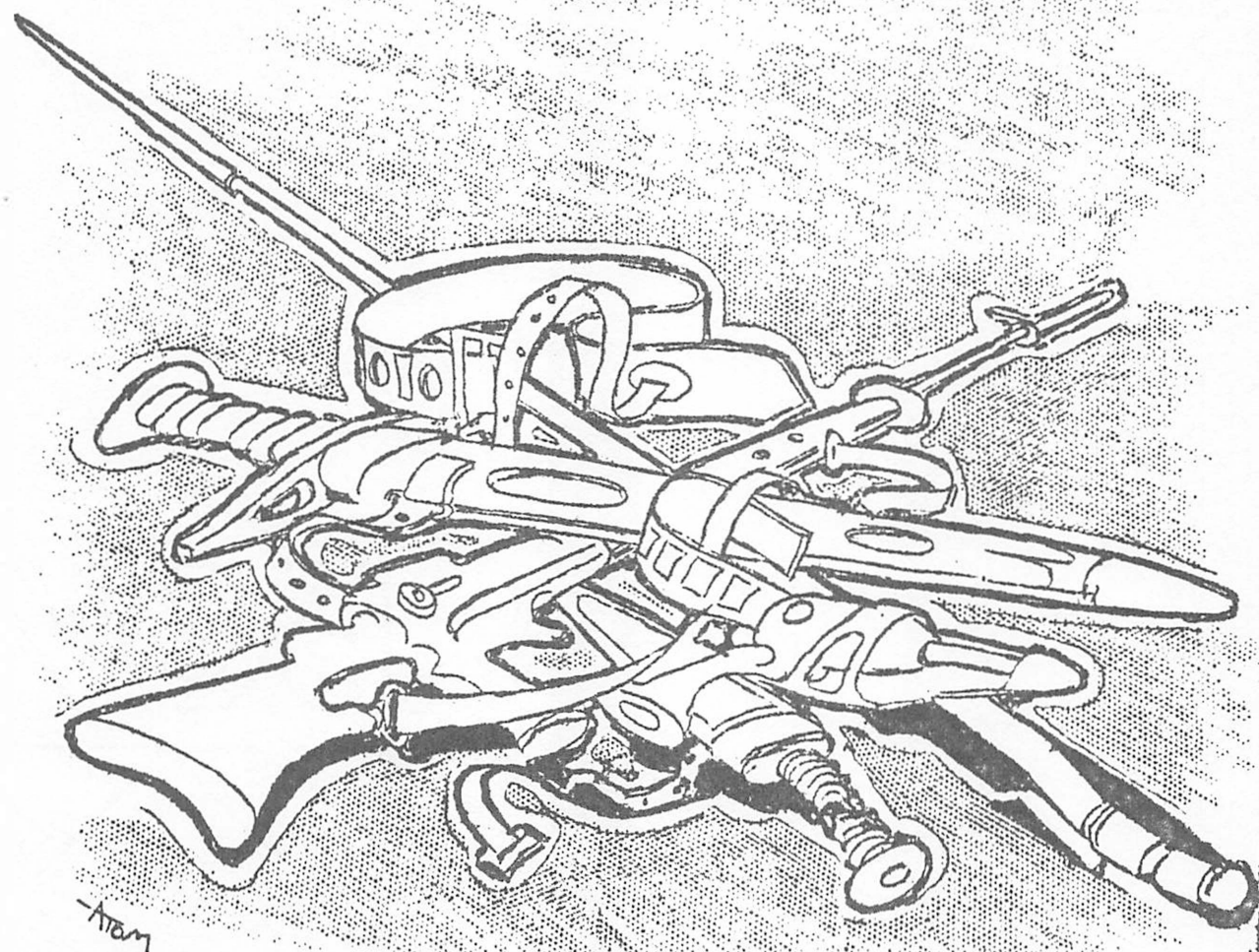


Alien
Take your pick as
to which

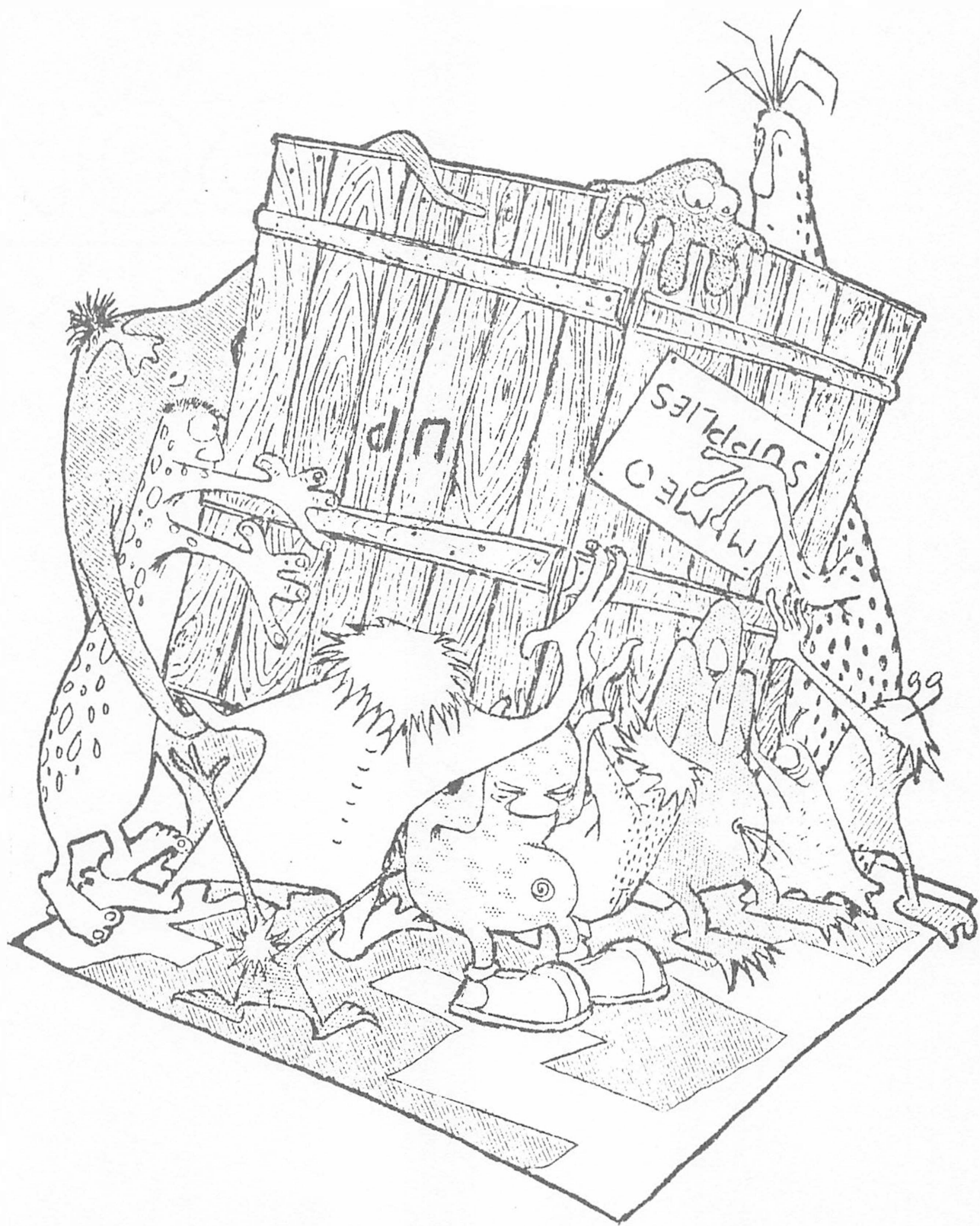
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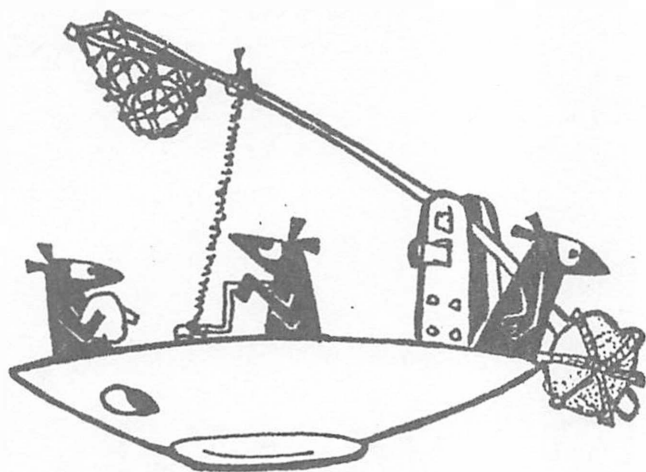


burroughsania

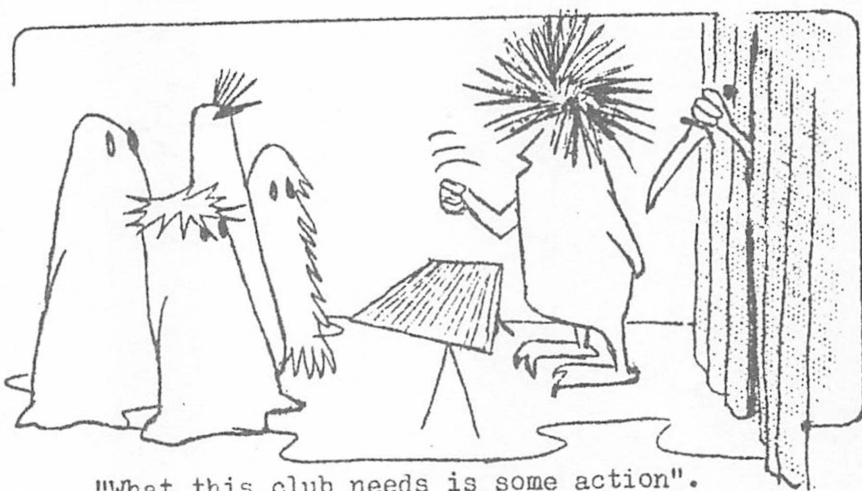


Vol. 1 No. 10

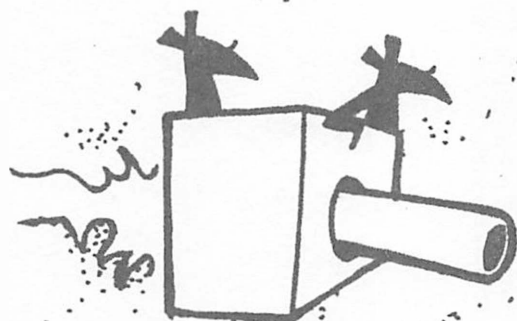


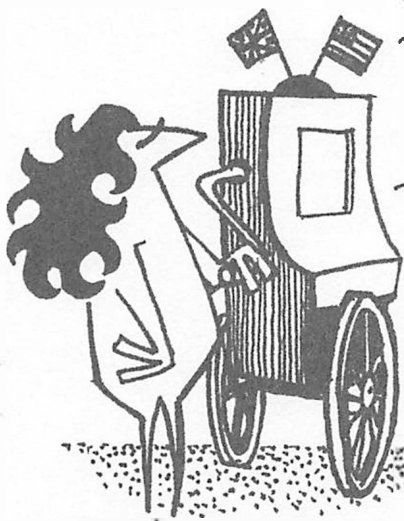
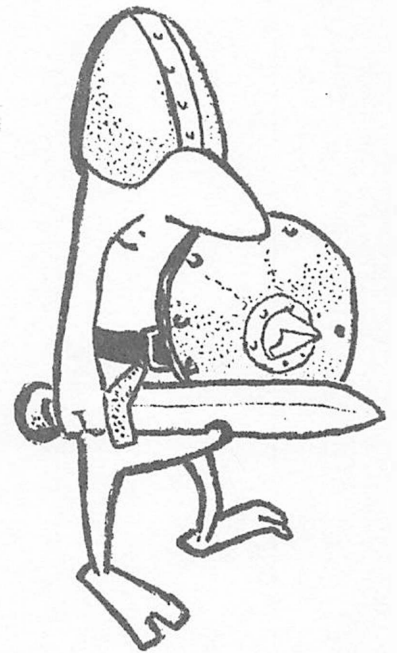


Atom.



"What this club needs is some action".





BLATANT
BLATANT

 **blatant**

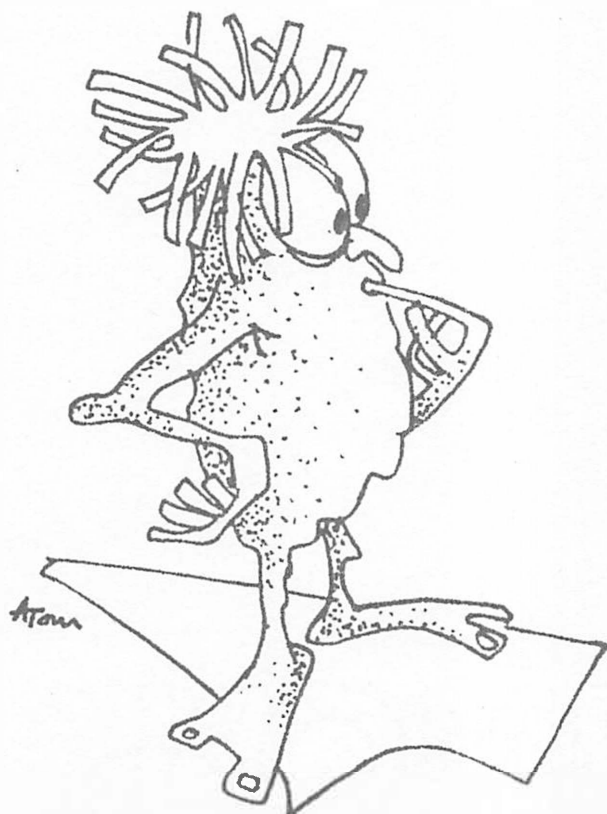
Blatant blatant

BLATANT blatant
BLATANT ~

Hush Puppies Corn Pone

and

CRITS



"It's so secret an Apa
you eat the mailing
as soon as you've read it!"

स्वास्थ्य



"DON'T WORRY.... OFCOURSE YOU'LL BE RESCUED.... AS SOON AS YOU OPEN THAT
REGISTRATION DESK THERE'LL BE 400 TO 1500 PEOPLE HERE IN NO TIME ATALL"

Ethel Lindsay

I REMEMBER ATOM

I first met Arthur at the Kettering Convention. He was sitting in a group that included Chuch, Walt, Vinç, Ted Tubb and Ken Bulmer. I shall always be grateful to Ken who invited me to join them. Arthur was busy drawing cartoons that were grabbed as soon as they were finished. We had two things in common - we were both Scottish and we had both newly found that fandom was fun and exciting and was opening a new chapter in our lives.

Whenever Arthur drew a cartoon of me I was always wearing a kilt and a tartan tammy. When I received back from him the stencils for SCOTTISHE I was frequently convulsed with laughter. In Issue No.5 he had me climbing down a ladder from a spaceship with himself at the bottom holding a flag saying "Scotland Forever!". Then in Issue No 45 he really indulged in tongue-in-cheek humour. This showed a crowd of kilted Highlanders waving claymores with the caption "So okay, I'll go along with it, but it's pretty damned esoteric if you ask me". A flag flying above marked '45' was a clue of sorts, but I was highly amused to think of some English and American fans being puzzled by it. I once asked for a Christmas cover and so for Issue No 30 he drew a small boy looking up at the stars....a really beautiful idea. Latterly I started sending him the letter column typed out with just a small space beside each name. His ability to fill this cramped space with an amusing and relevant drawing was amazing.

In any company he was enthusiastic and entertaining. I can remember his wife Olive telling me that he was always the MC at their dances. I can remember being with him at the office of TARZAN comics, then being edited by Mike Moorcock, and listening to Arthur expounding to Mike on the joys of fandom. I can also remember him tearing a strip off Ballard for daring to criticise fandom. Arthur had a trenchant way with words.

As a friend he was a very good one. When I received word that my Father had what was to be a fatal stroke - I was panic-stricken. Then I thought of Arthur. He raced down, drove me to King's Cross - saw that I got the right ticket and got on the right train. He never hesitated to help, and he certainly was the first person I thought of in my need.

I have so many wonderful memories of his friendship that I lose count. When I retired he gave me my two favourite ATOMILLOS which are now framed on my walls. One is beautiful - showing four-fingered alien hands encompassing a spaceship. The other is a cartoon that still makes me laugh every time I dust it. This shows a huge monster lying legs in air at a cave mouth. Striding off, club over shoulder, is a caveman. In the foreground are two cavewomen, one saying to the other - "He threw it in and said 'Make a sandwich or something'". The gift of being able to give laughter is a wonderful gift that Arthur had in full measure.

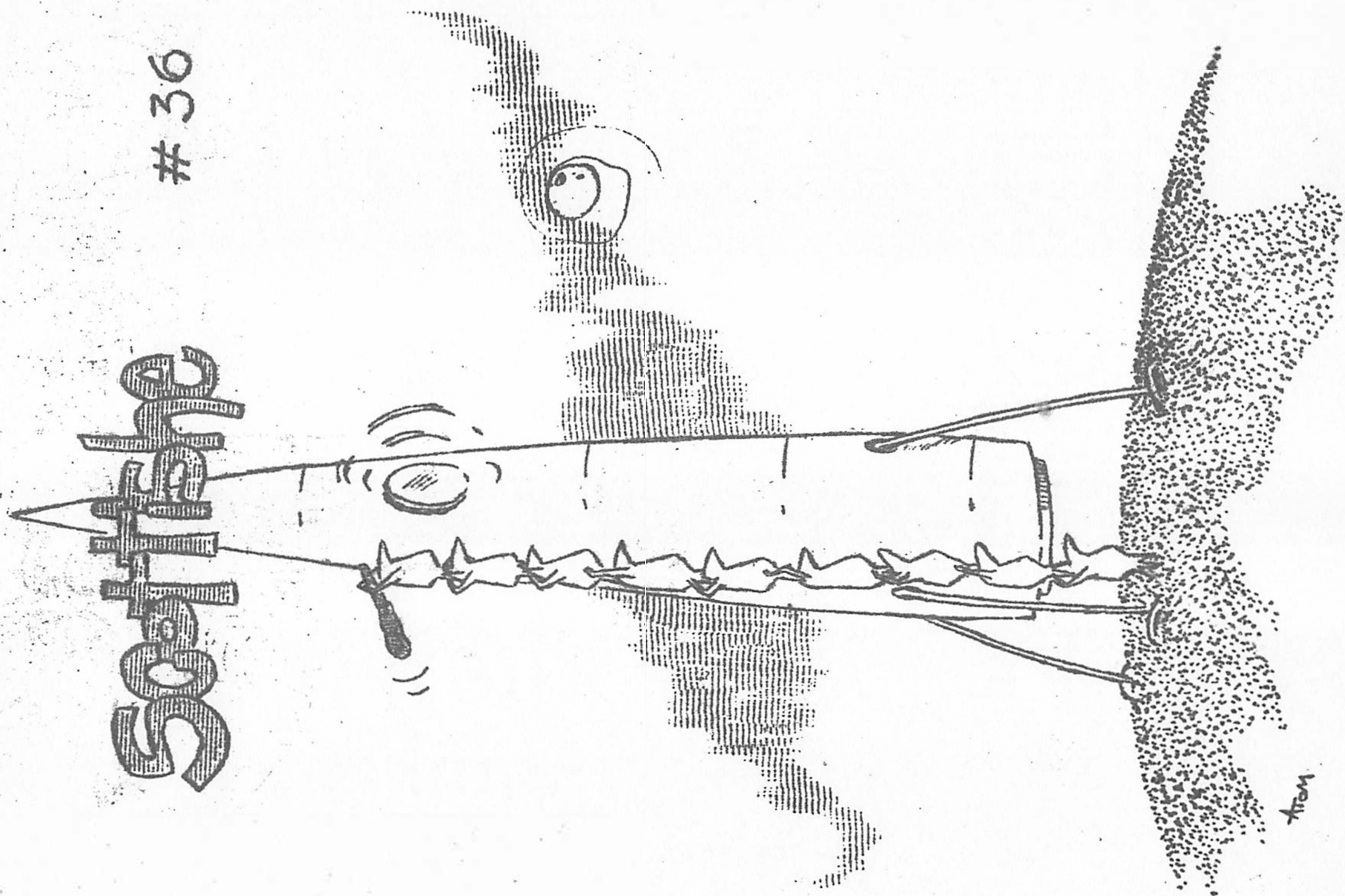
The last SCOTTISHE is my real favourite. The cover had Arthur and I watching the title being dismantled and he is saying - "Twenty seven years, that's not too many".

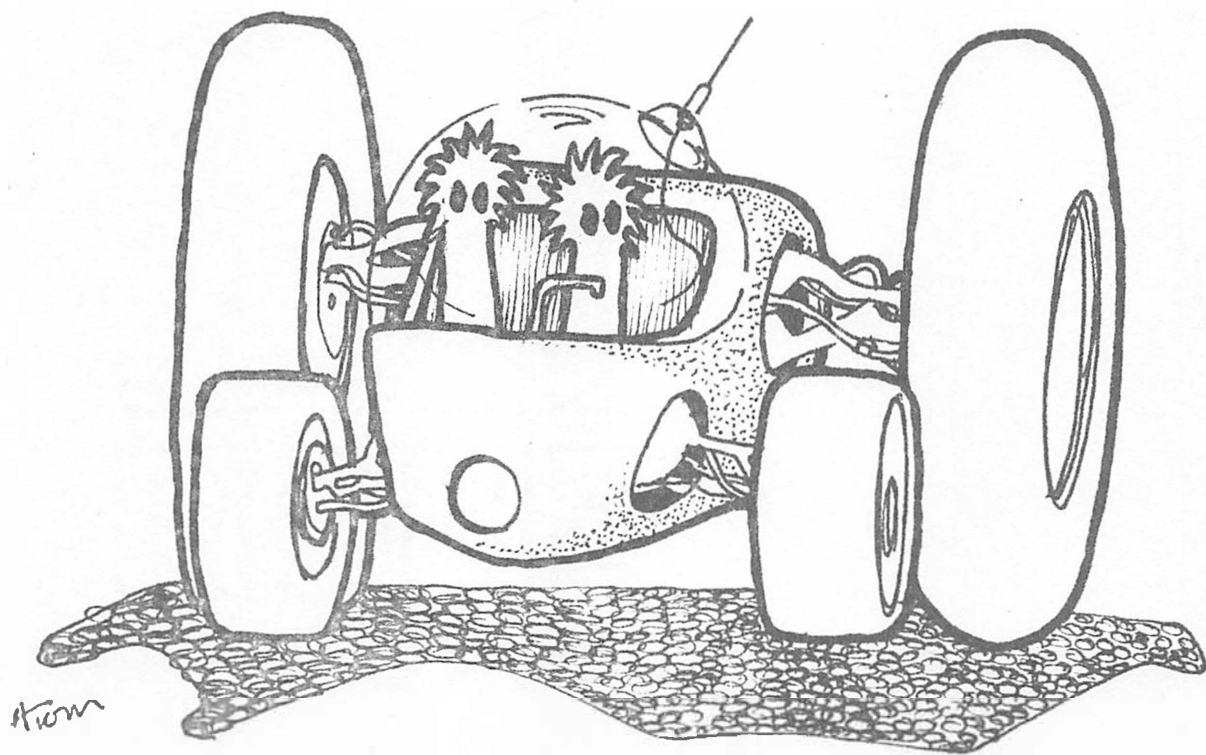
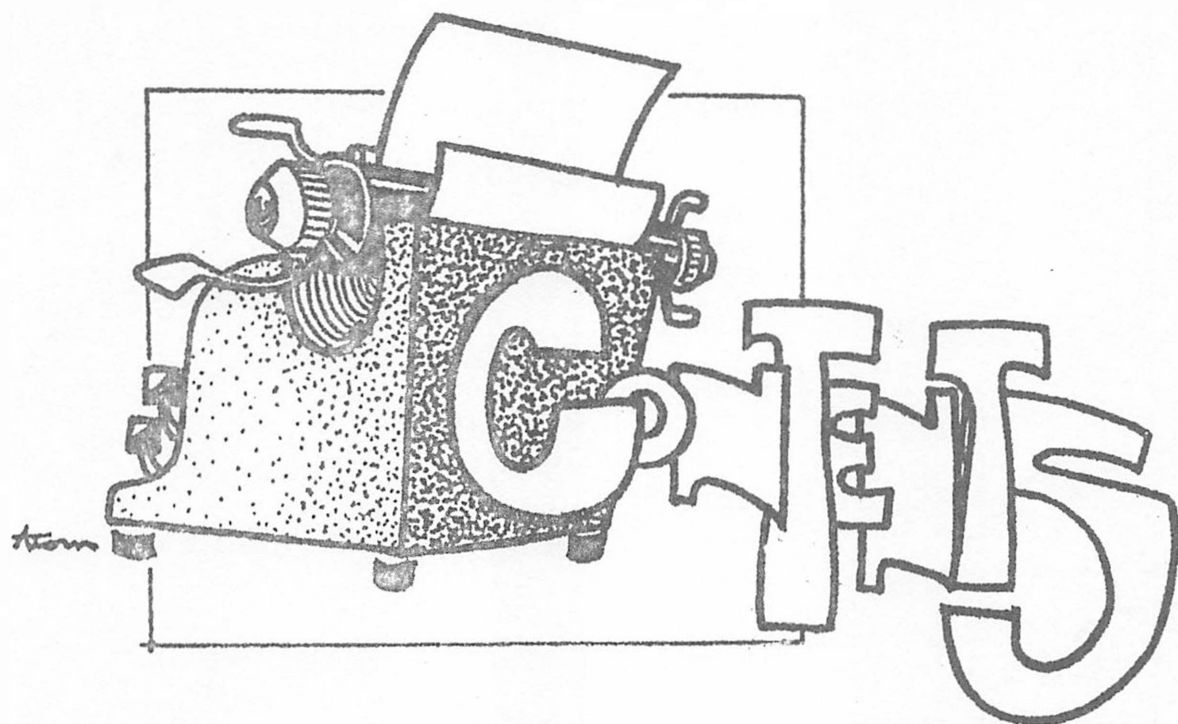
Indeed and indeed it was not.

460.

Scottish

36

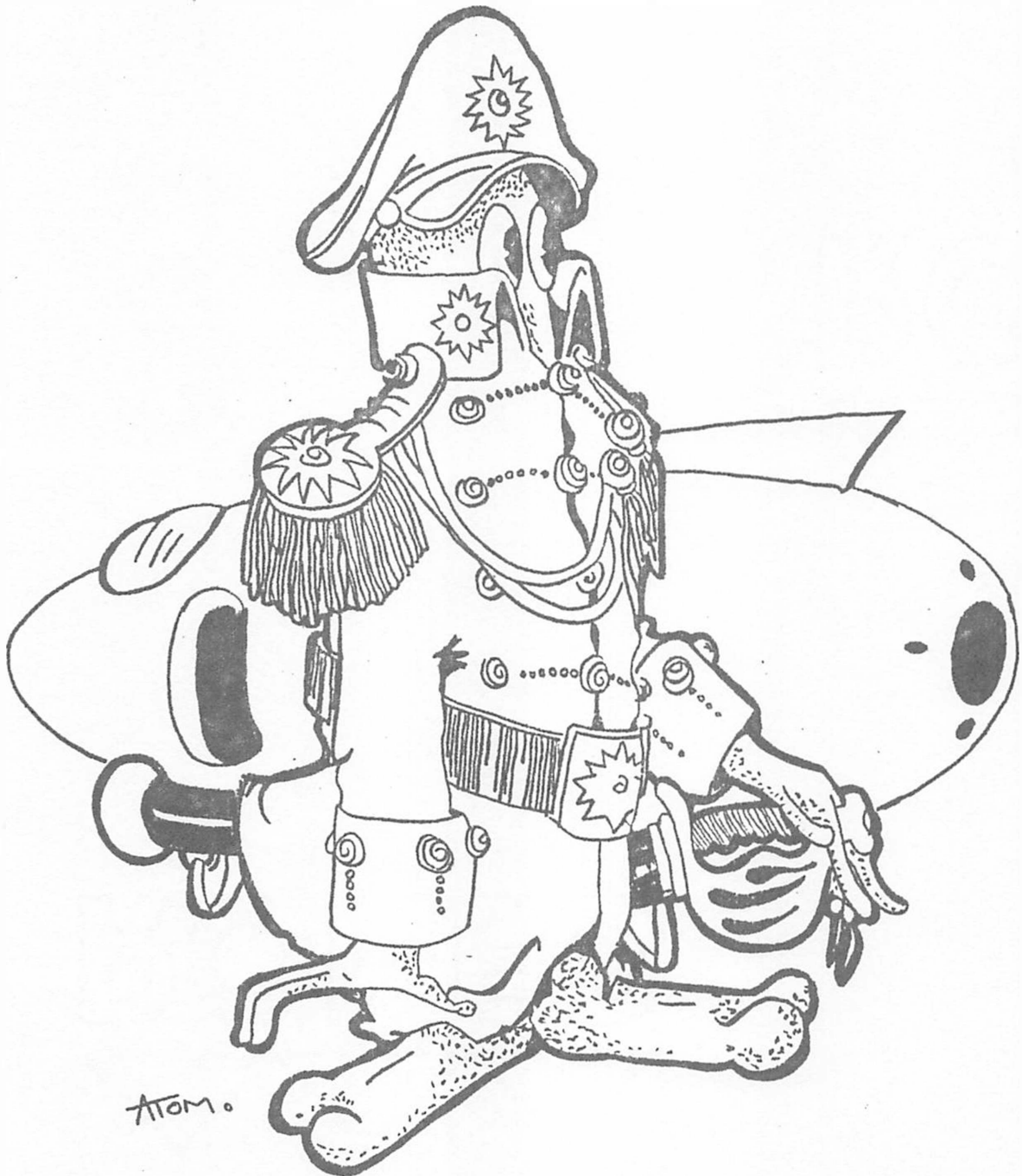




J D combined with S C U R V Y

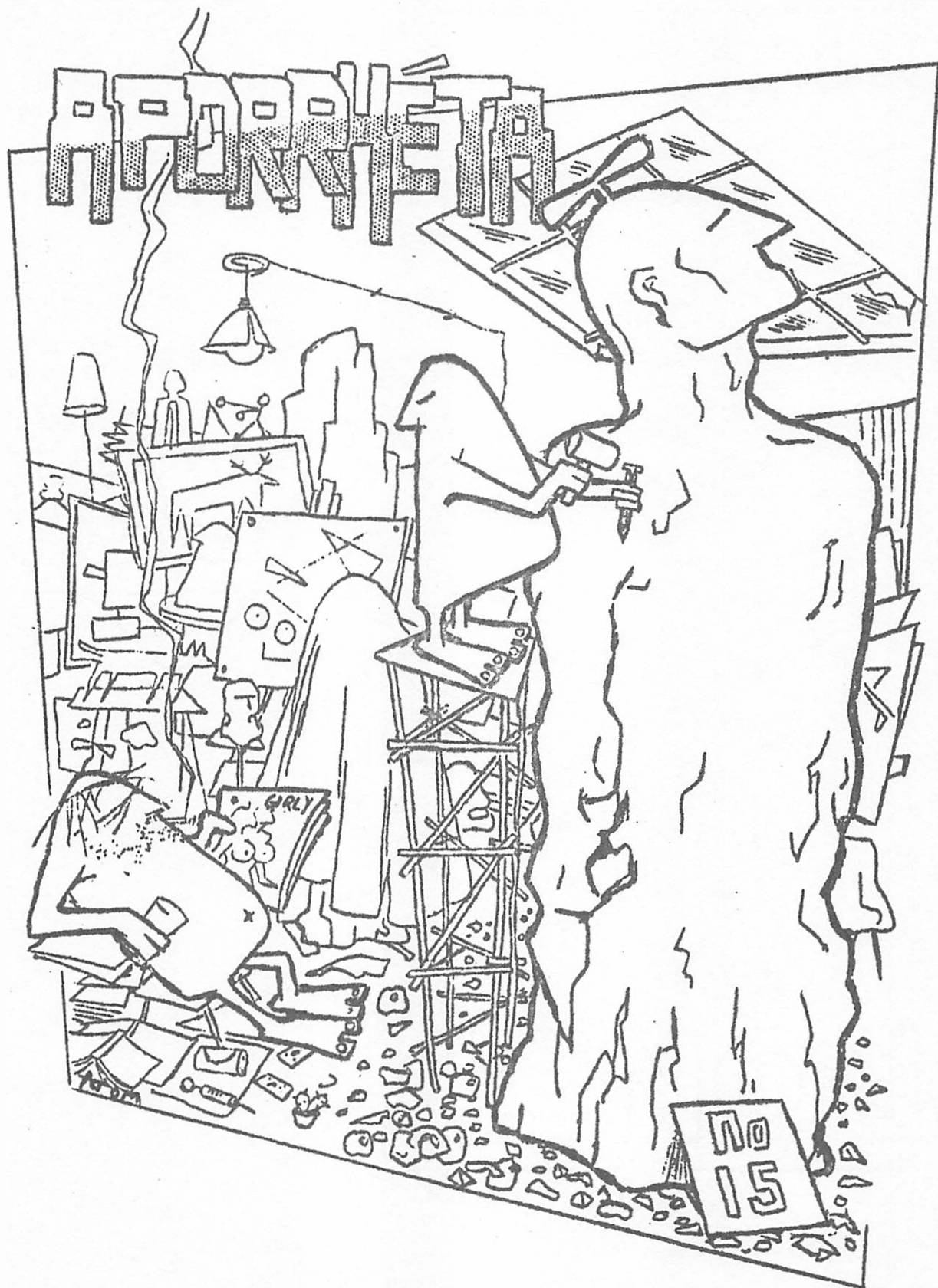
third 1958 issue

Number 31



8th year of publication

20¢ per copy



Scottishe



"Tell me Sir, how does it feel to be one of the very few characters to be cut with a steel stylus, by hand, onto a mimeo stencil to illustrate the front cover of a 'fanzine', instead of being 'Electrostencilled' as is more usual thesedays?"

"Proud... an' kinda humble....."

Dave Wood

When I was a mere splinter - oh, way back at the end of the forties - and I was beginning to sense those first stirrings of the loins which herald the childish obsessions Baden-Powell was forever warning against, my personal route to excommunication of the sins of the flesh was not by the traditional cold bath and brisk rub-down with a rough towel, but a tuning-in of my mind to things extra-terrestrial; you know, flying saucers, men from Mars, monsters from outer-space. The usual crap.

My sensa-wonder and all those little green men eventually suffered when I was dragged off to do my National Service, and learned on meeting my very first Drill Sergeant that monsters could actually be home grown things.

Then something happened to counteract this trauma. I found evidence that Things From Outer Space had come among us and were benign and friendly.

Alien they may have been, but for over thirty-five years from that day in 1954 their creator and his progeny were to give me, and all those they touched, more than a little joy and happiness.

From that first wave of pale, spotty, long necked, bug-eyed, neo-punk crested aliens, to later generations of small, black and almost triangular shaped creatures who appeared everywhere wearing an expression that can best be described as benign puzzlement, they radiated warmth and charm. Conquest for them did *not* require the razing of Oxford Circus, did *not* mean ravishing wimmen folk, did *not* involve the crushing of Uncle Sam, did *not* include destroying Terra Firma.

But then that wasn't the way of their leader who they so obviously tried to emulate.

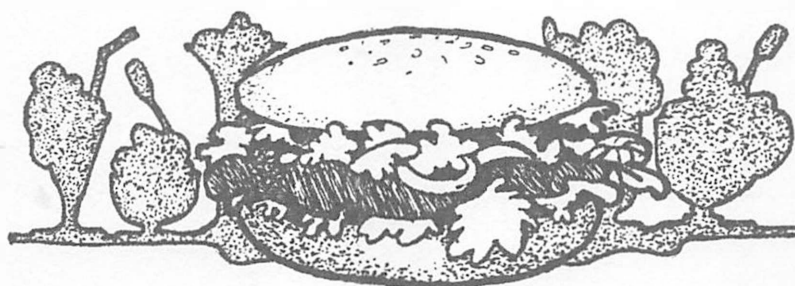
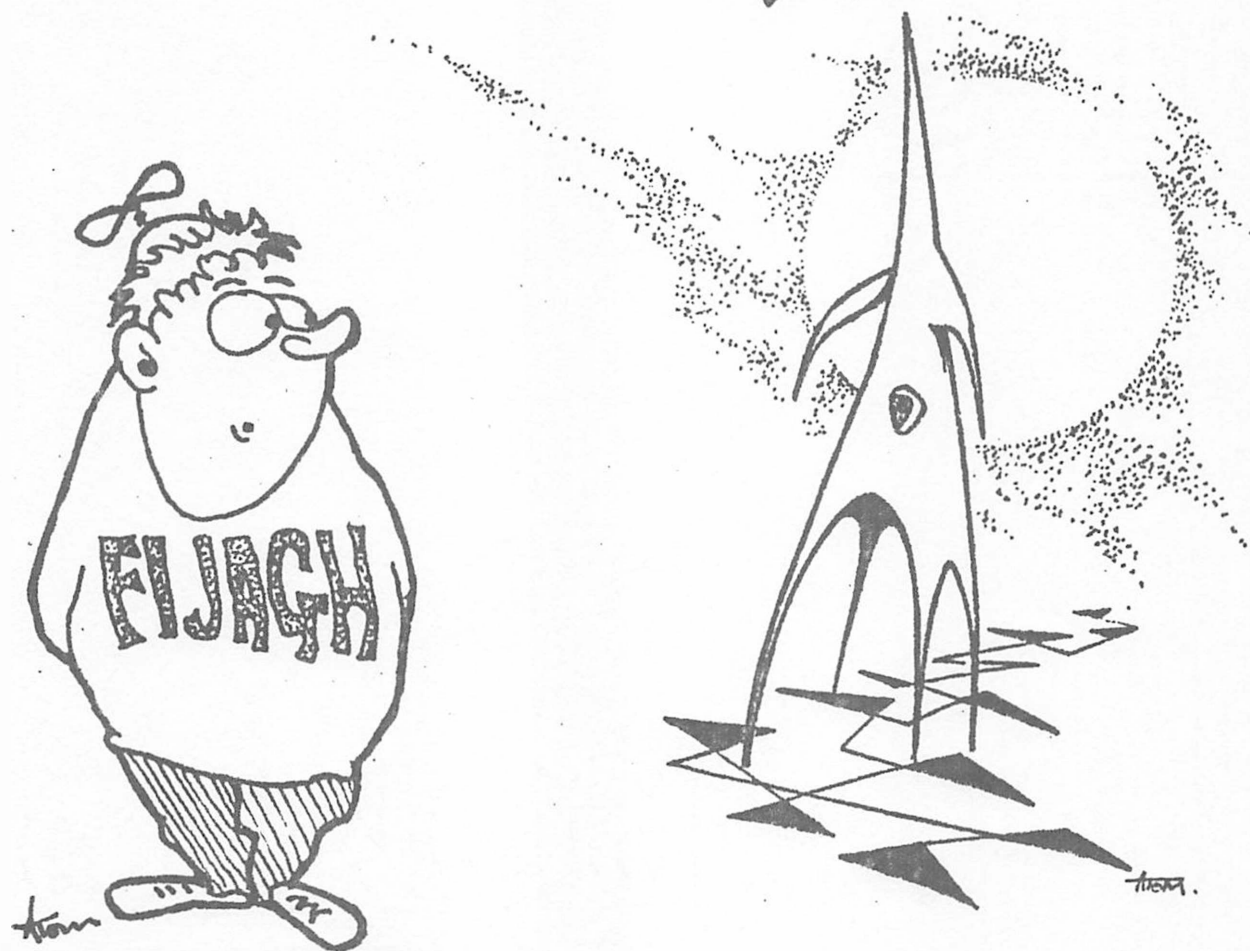
Of course he wasn't *that* small, not at all black, and not even vaguely neo-punk crested, but he did have a countenance that intimated an eternal mischievousness, a *savoir-vivre* which delighted everyone he encountered, and that rare charisma that instantly made those he met, be it neo or filthy huckster, feel at perfect ease.

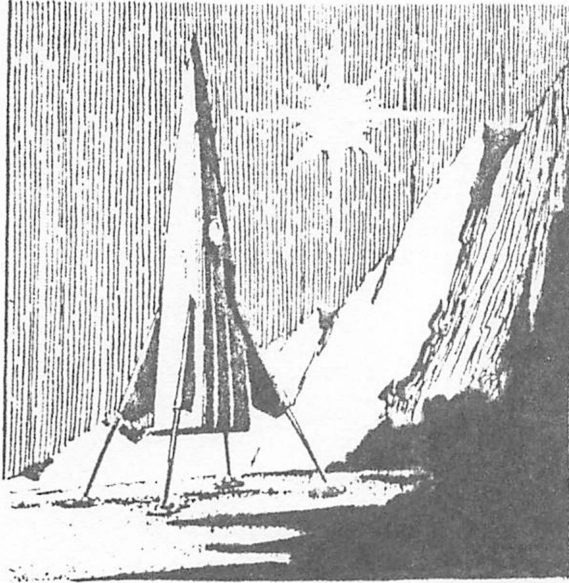
But most of all he had a no-frills approach to life; a love for fun and a certain disdain for things that got too serious. For instance, I can imagine him looking over my shoulder, reading what I have just written, and saying: "What a load of balls, Dave!"

Well. Maybe, Arthur, maybe. But it's true.

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read "Dave", with a stylized, sweeping flourish above the letters.

BSFA Convention Peterborough 1964

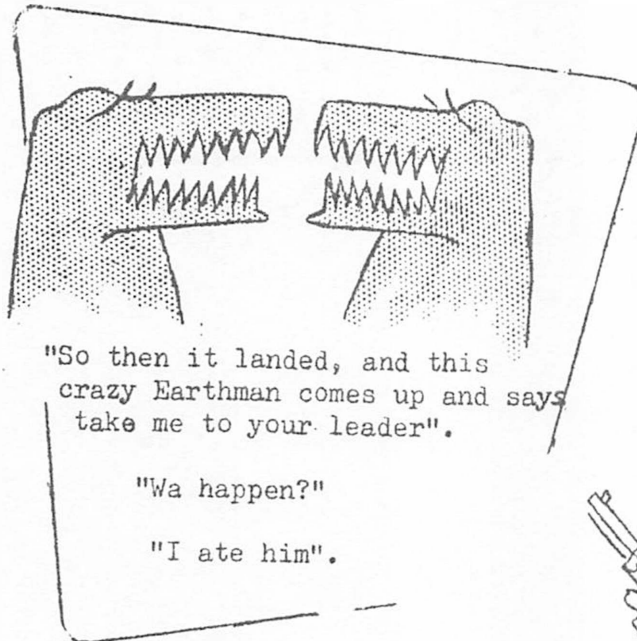




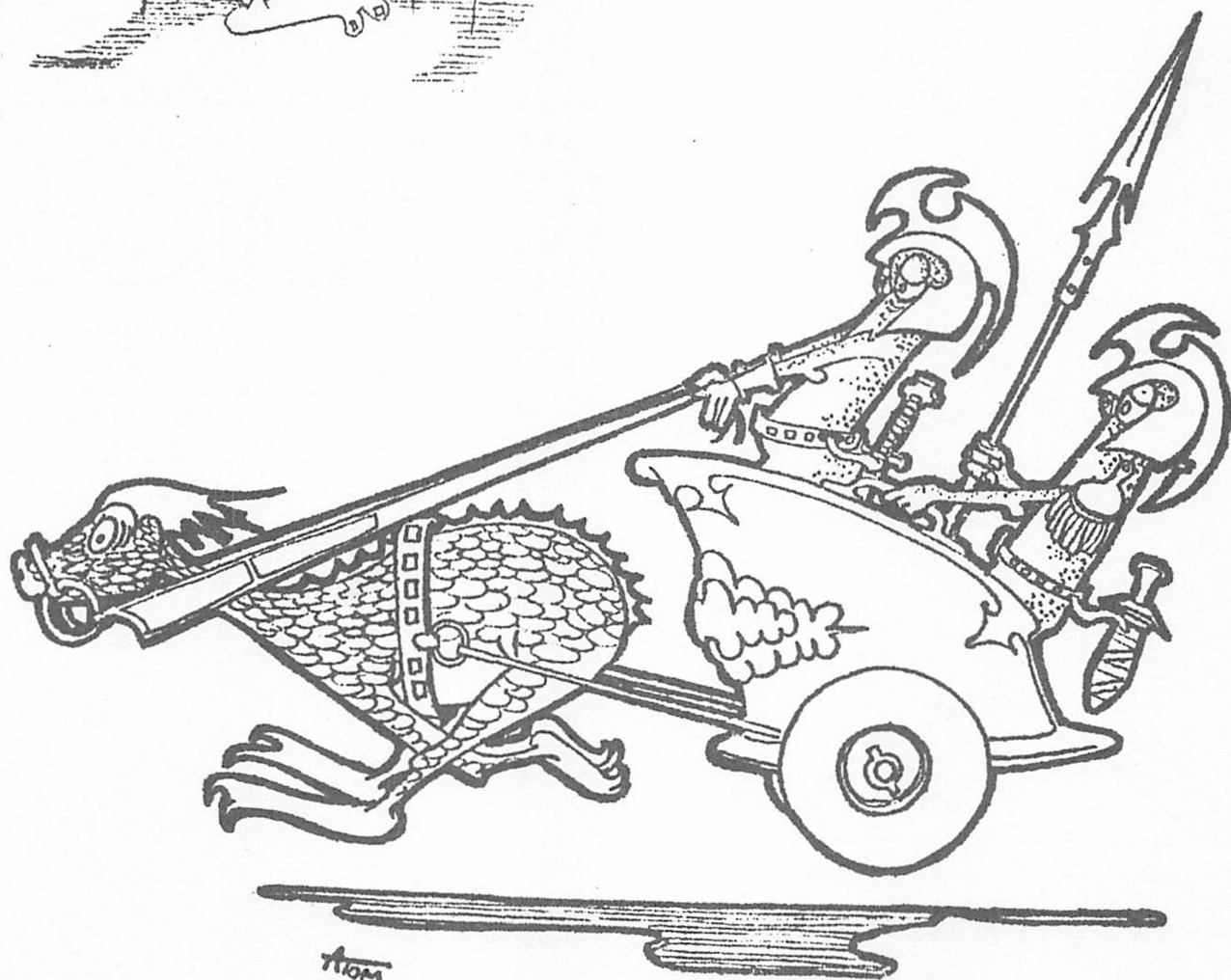
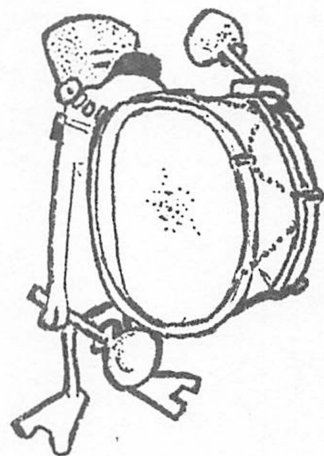
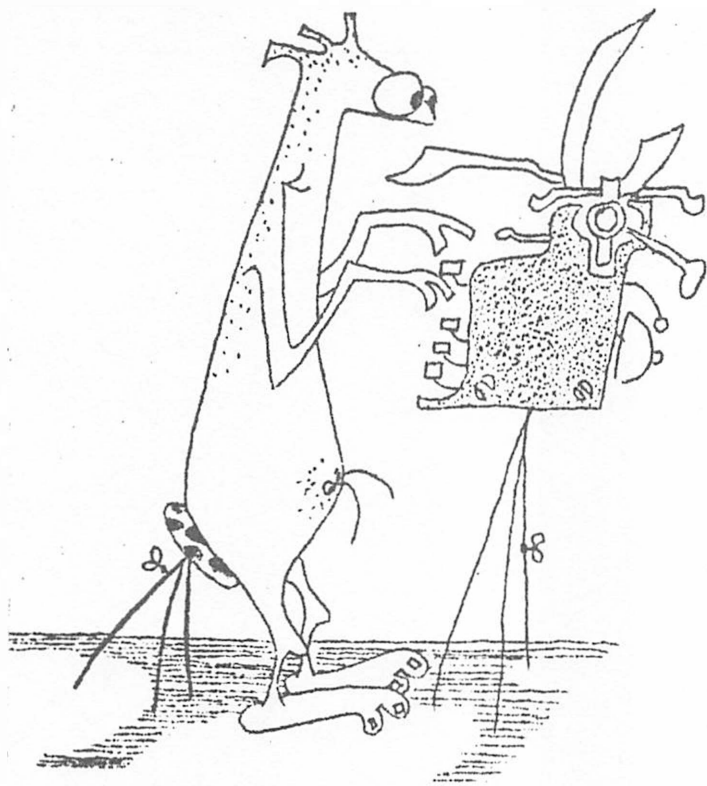
FIRST STEP TO THE STARS

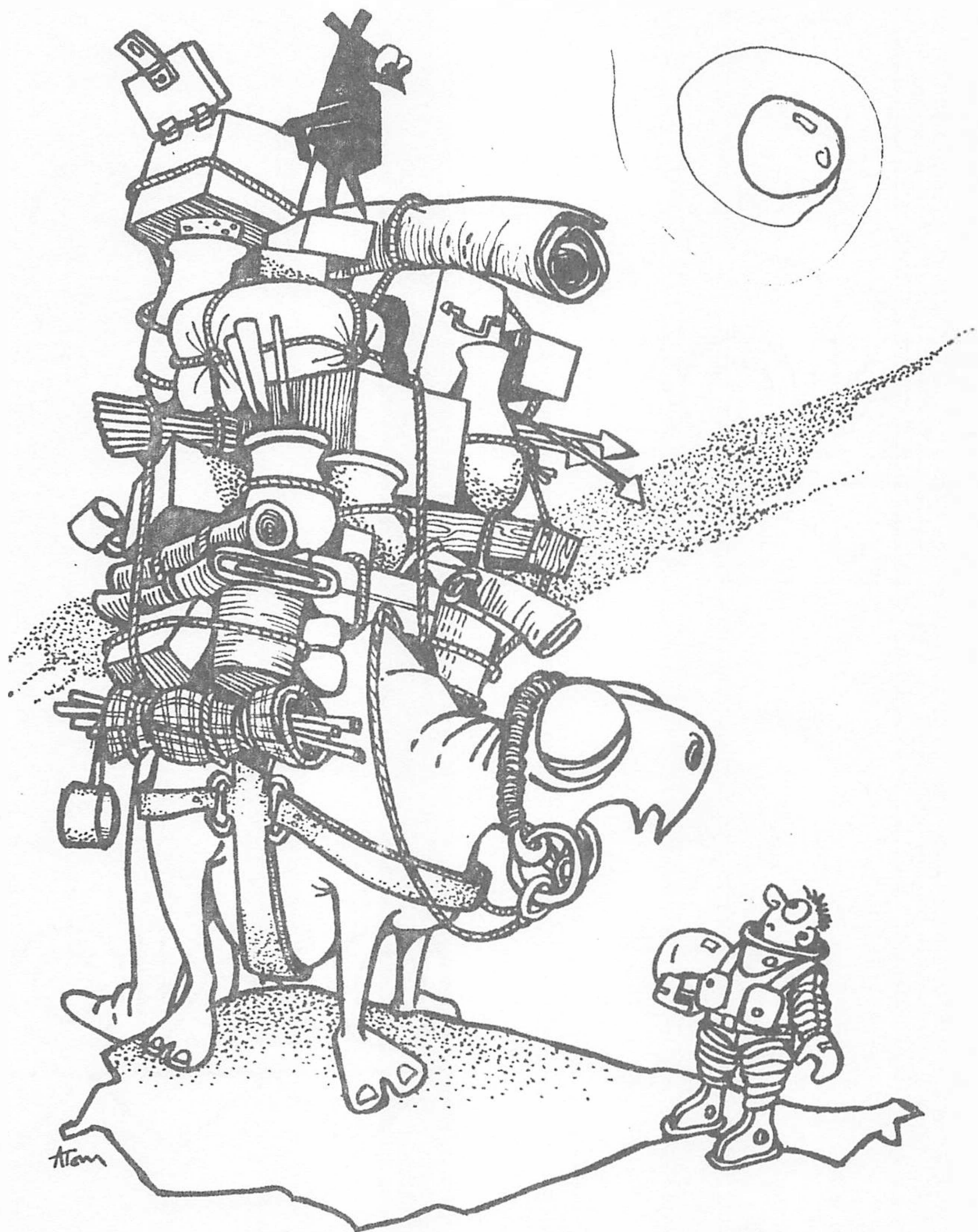
By Arthur M. Thomson

I. The Moon Rocket



"There should be something in the rules about ties in a TAPP election".





"NOPE.....WE'RE OUT OF COKE "

Gerri F Sullivan

A SIMPLE SENSE OF BELONGING

I came into fandom too late, and Arthur Thomson left too soon, for a strong friendship to form between us. But the fannish ghods nodded their benevolent heads, and so it was that I had the good fortune to meet him near the end of 1989.

Knowing his good mate, Chuch Harris, and reading the introduction Walt Willis wrote for the ATom Anthology, should have prepared me for the experience. I'd heard a few tales of the shenanigans and adventures a la the 'Chuch and Arfer Show'. I'd read of Arthur's "humour without cruelty, satire without malice, wisdom without arrogance and good taste without ostentation." But I thought his emphysema would by then have taken its toll on his spirit, as it had on his body. Not a chance.

Arthur was already at Vinç Clarke's when Chuch and Sue Harris, Rob Hansen, Avedon Carol and I arrived that November afternoon. Amid introductions and handshakes, Chuch and I passed out our recently-published fanzines - *Q*, containing his trip report, and *Idea*. Arthur blew me away as he passed out envelopes in return. Illustrations for *Pulp* to Rob and Avedon, three hand-coloured illustrations for Chuch, and *gasp* an envelope for me!

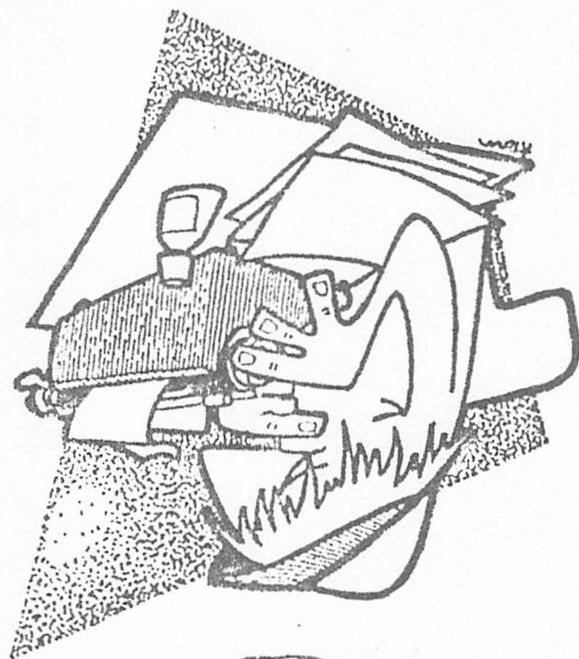
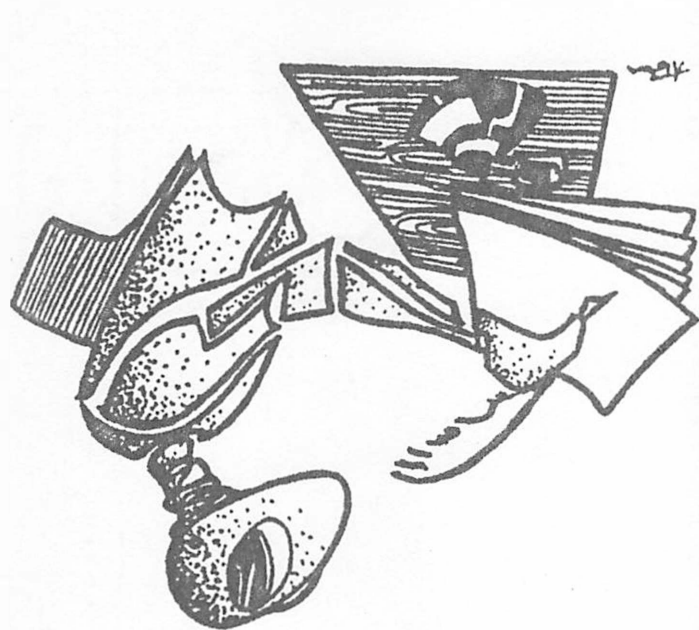
"These are for what you did for Chuch," Arthur earnestly explained.

Inside were two illustrations. I opened the first cover to find an incredibly detailed hand-coloured ATom print of an Acme spaceship under construction. The second piece illustrates a newer addition to the fannish mythology. It shows Chuch and Arfer as their recently-identified Wind in the Willows characters of Toad and Ratty. (Yes, Arthur Thomson was the dapper Ratty. It's true. It's true. Ask Vinç, the faithful Mole, or Walter, wise Badger of the group.) Toad is driving a motorcar from Daventry to Toad Hall, my home in Minneapolis. Words are weak compared to the warmth, the charm, and the simple sense of belonging that flowed through me as I looked at the picture and into Arthur's eyes. Arthur's way of expressing his thanks reminded me that fandom at its best returns to you what you do for others - in the most unexpected and delightful ways.

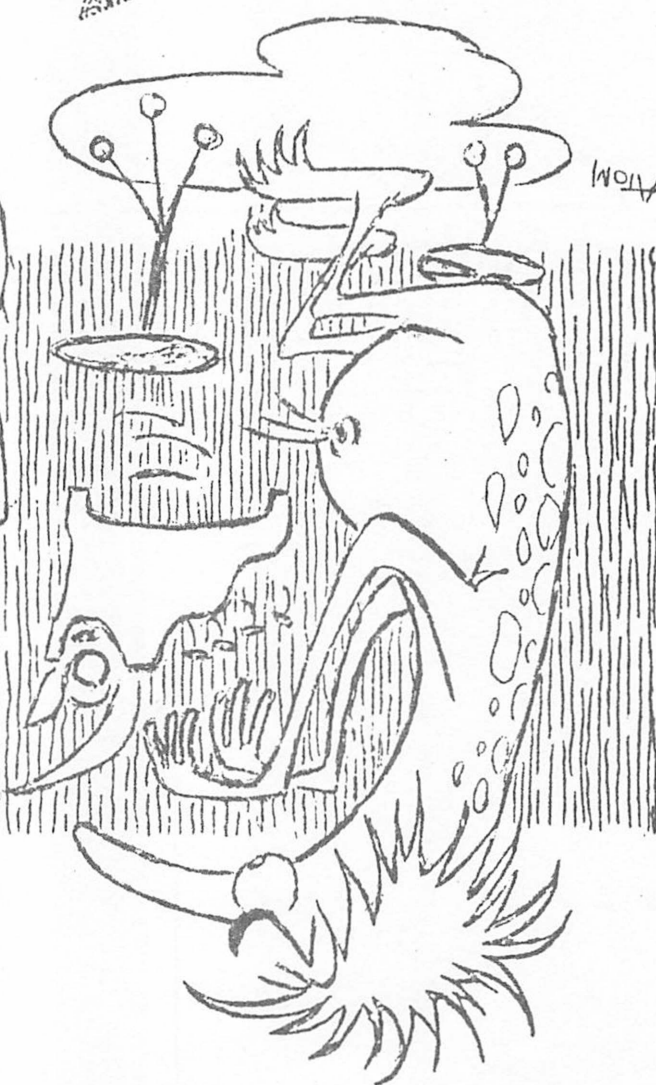
As you might expect, our few hours together that afternoon passed all too quickly. Arthur was tiring (if the truth be known, exhausted was more like it), and it was time to leave. We said our goodbyes, both knowing that we were not likely to see each other again. We talked once more, on the phone, before I left England. Arthur had just been in for a thorough check-up. His health was better than expected, and his voice was full of hope and cheer as he shared the good news. Three months later, the suddenness of his death caught me by surprise.

Thanks to the writings of friends and printed examples of his work, I already know him better than I did after our brief visit. Thanks to this memorial fanzine, you can, too. Arthur's talent and generosity, his love and affection, live on in these pages and in the spirit of fandom.

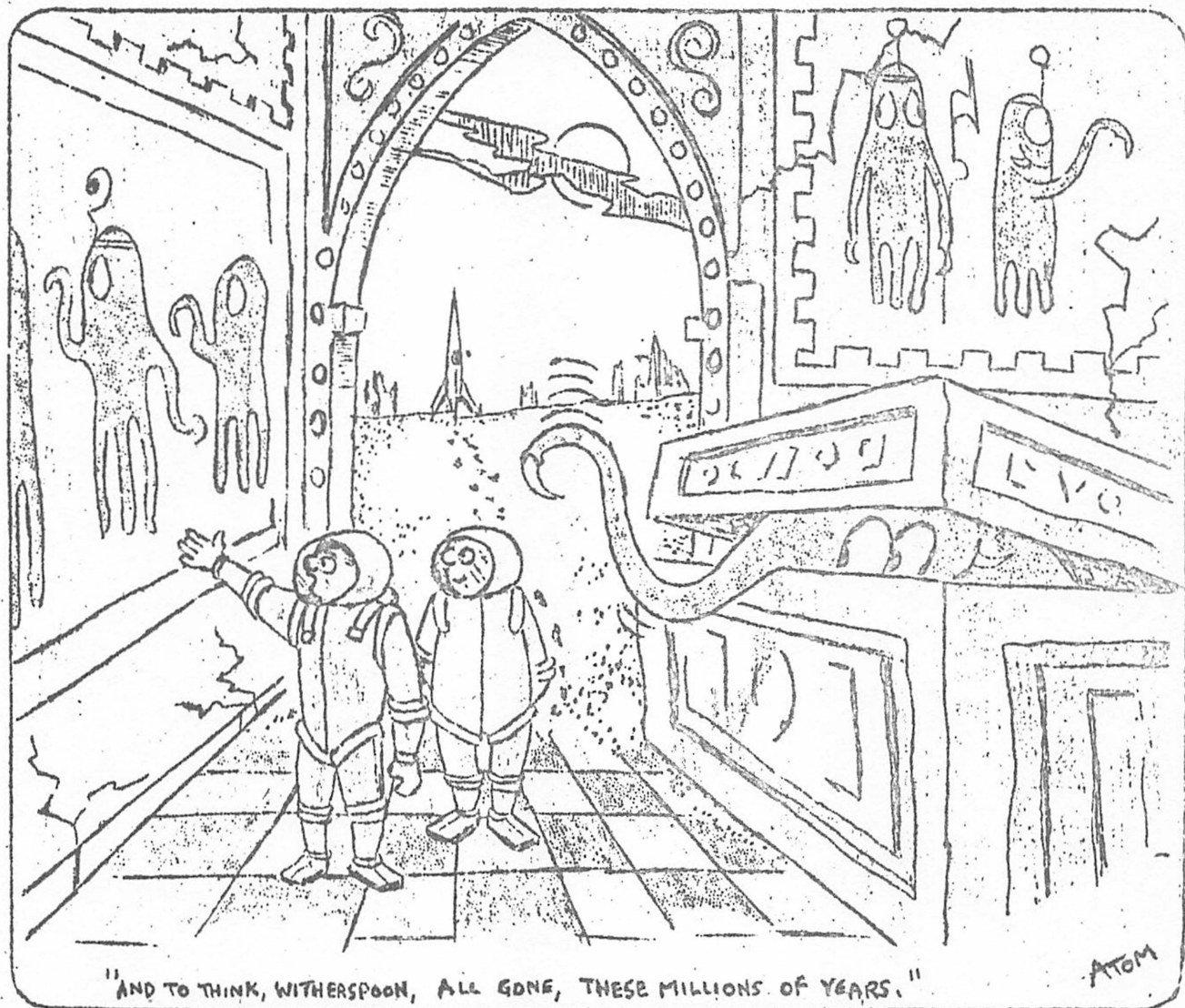
Gerri



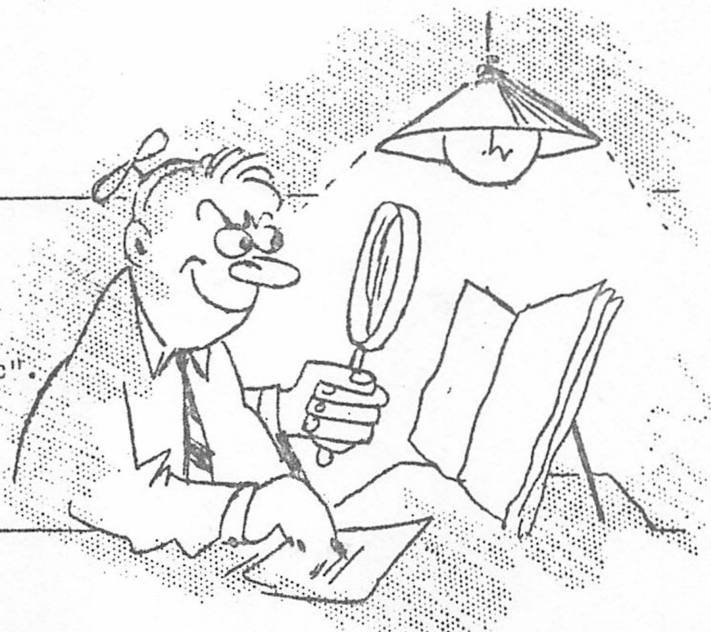
GRY
OF
THE
WIM
SNUYS

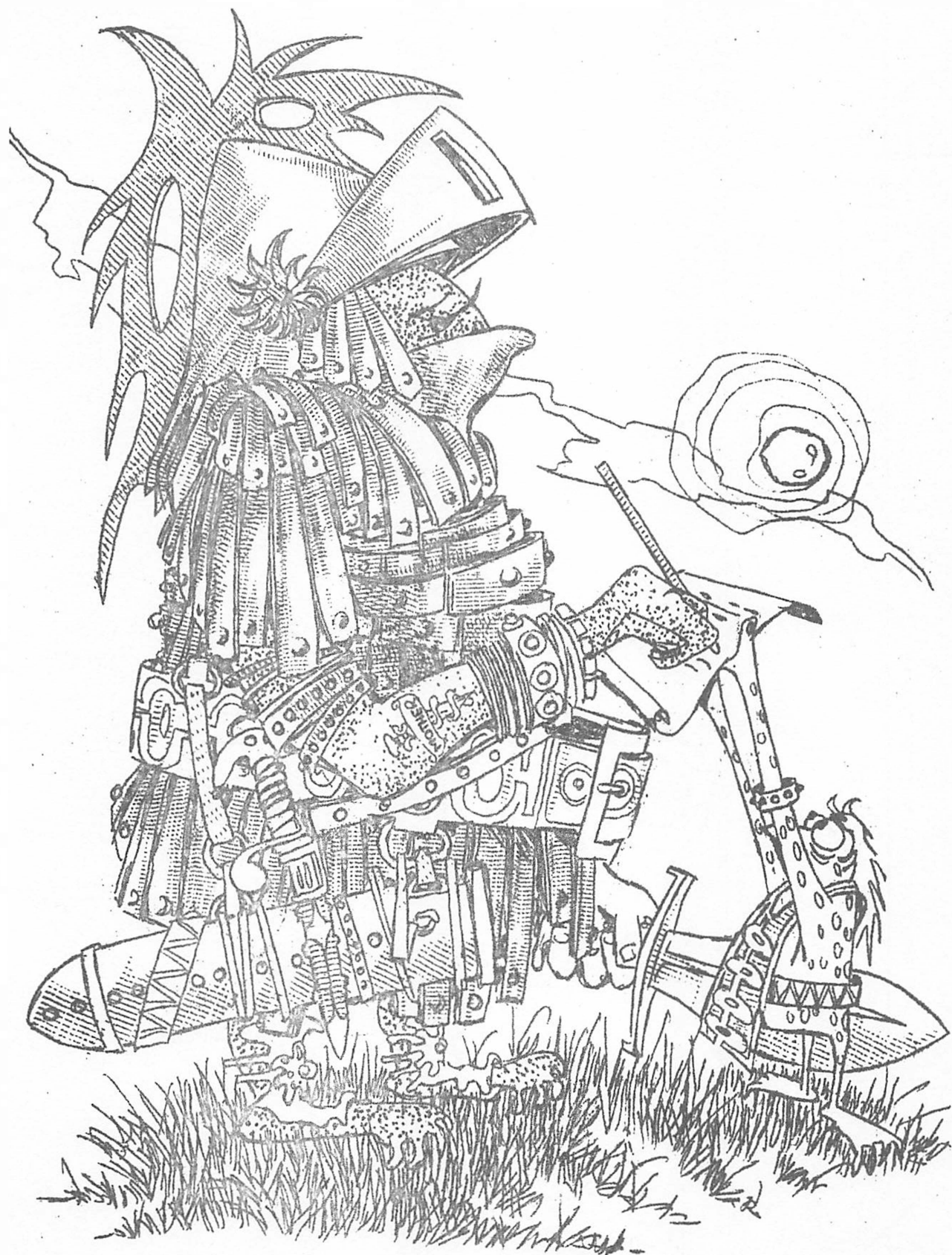


Atom



"On casually looking
through your zine, I
found several typos etc".

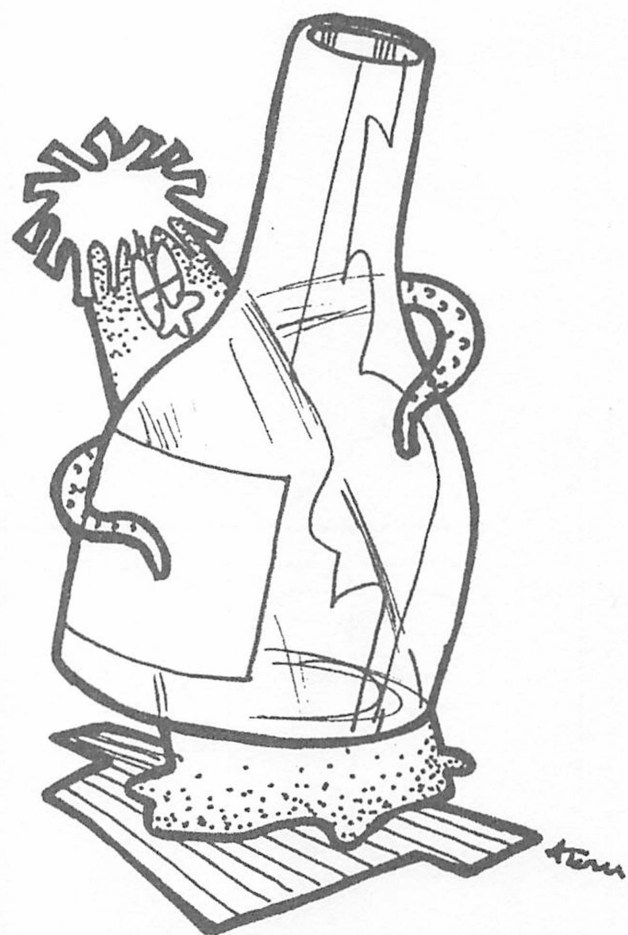
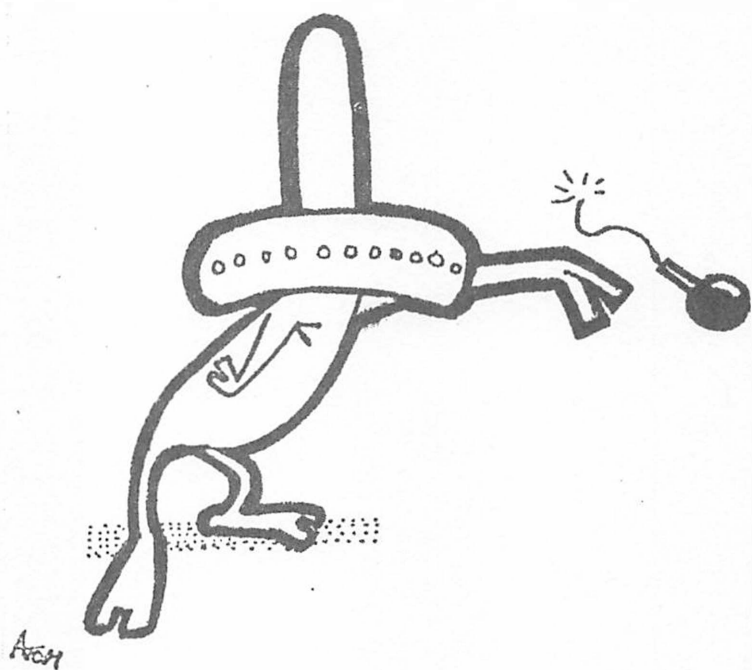
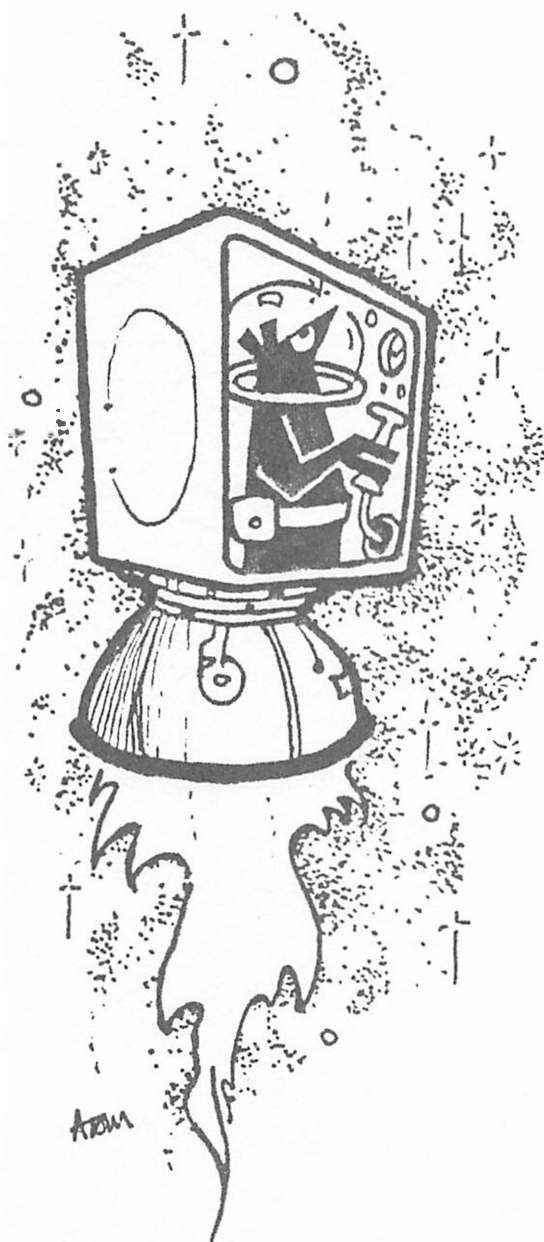


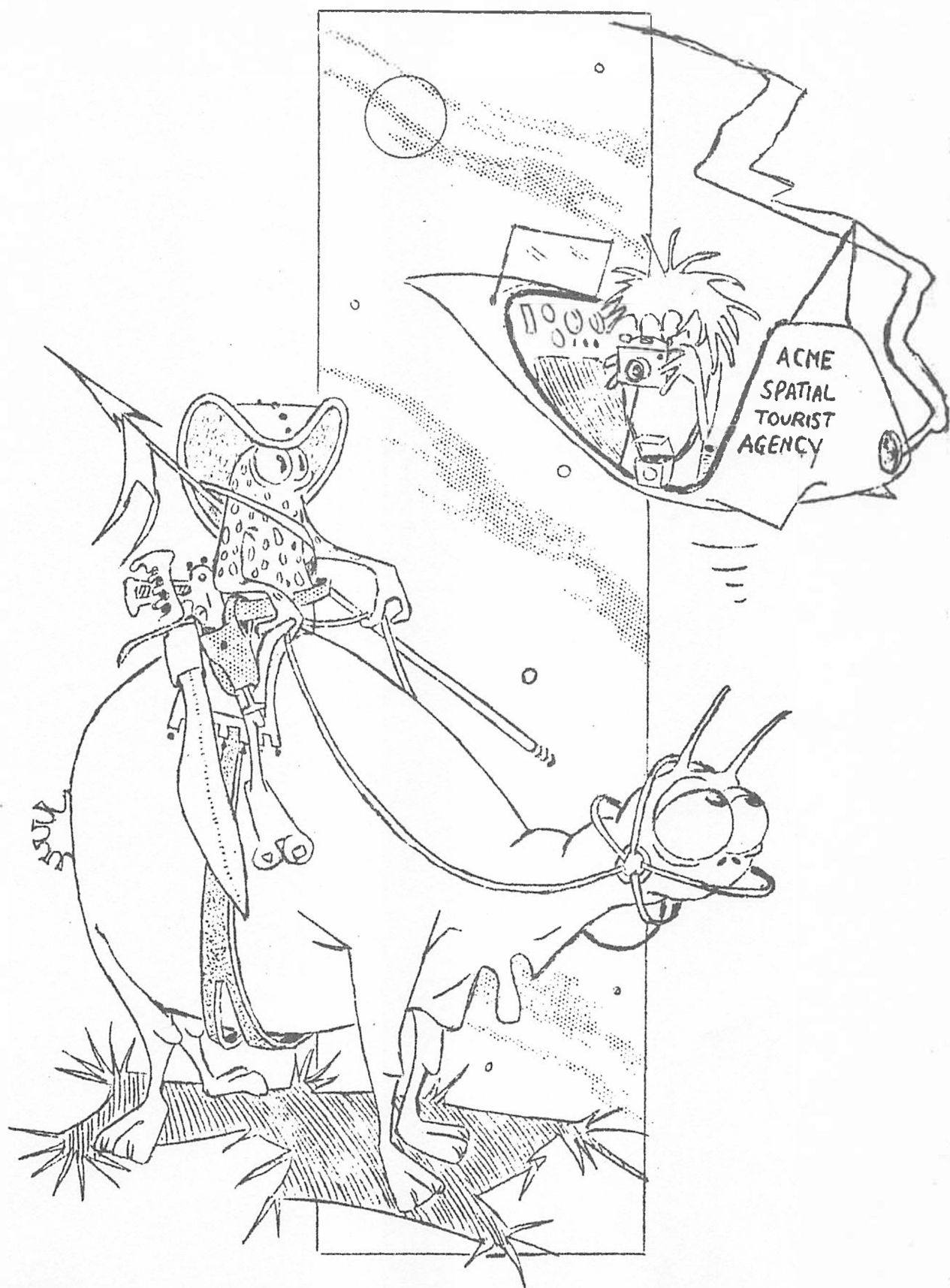


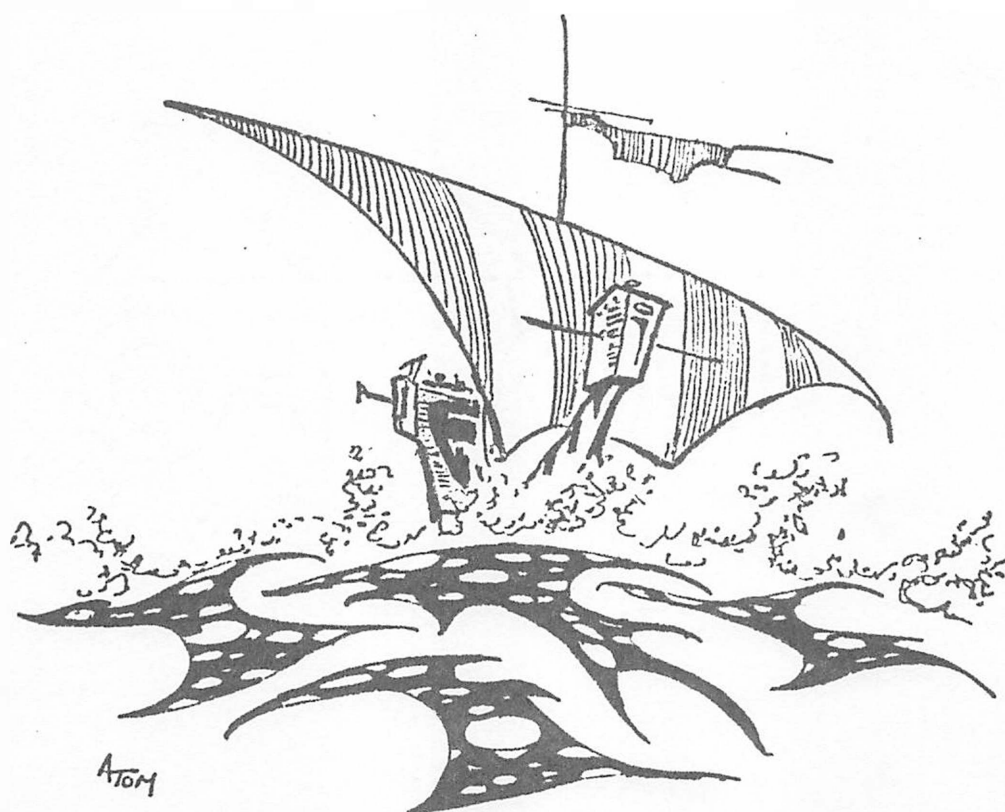
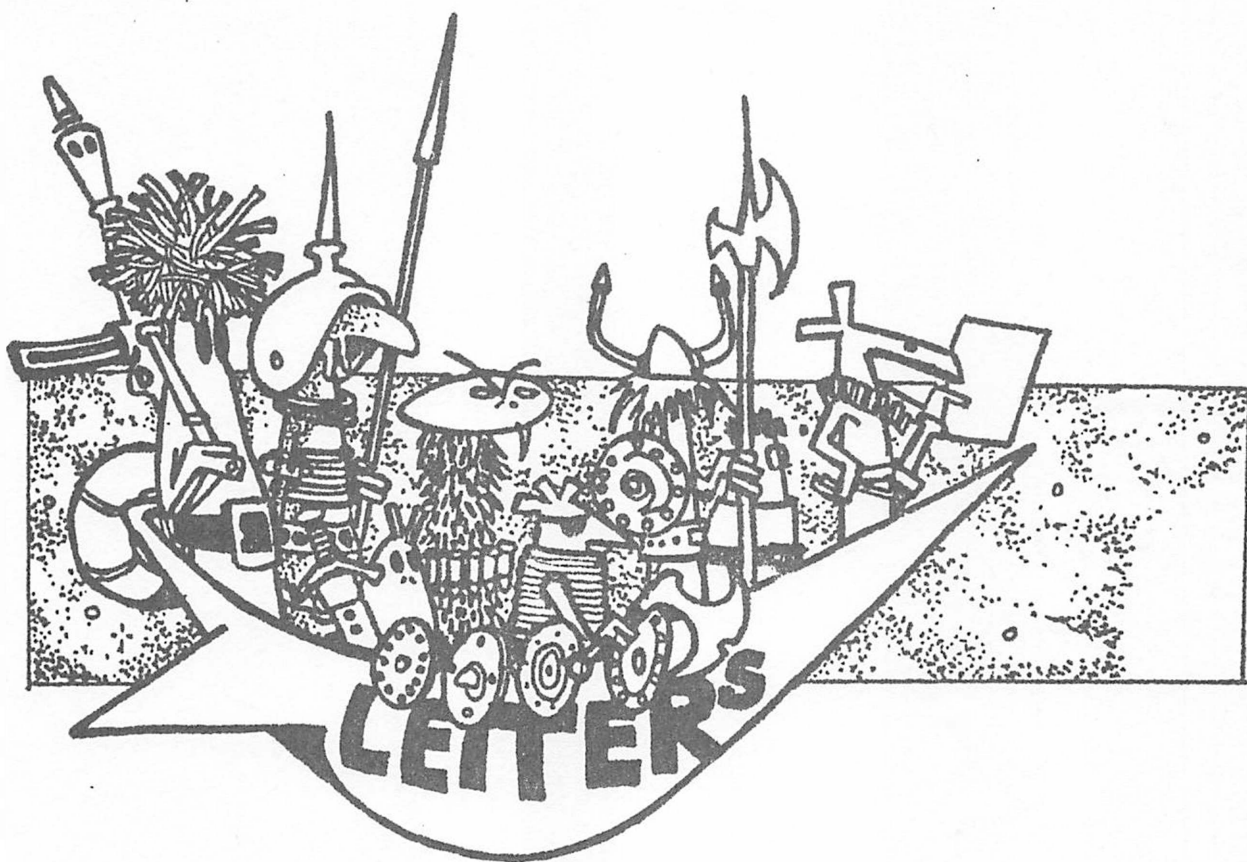


ATOM

NO 12









From ATOZ No.1 - An
OMPAzine by Arthur
Thomson, Spring 1960:

"I do most all of my illoing on an ordinary wooden drawing board about 24" x 15" balanced on my knee whilst sitting in an easy chair facing a TV set. I use a Gestetner cushion pad (12 blue tissue carbon sheets), one of which I place between the stencil and a plastic drawing sheet. I scratch with the stylus and the lines come up on the stencil in a light blue colour. I prefer this to the mimeoscope affair. ((A mimeoscope back-lights the stencil)). I tried the Inchmery mimeoscope once, but didn't like it. To my mind it is much more satisfying to see your lines come up as a solid line rather than as white streaks of light. I've got several lettering guides, three shading plates and a

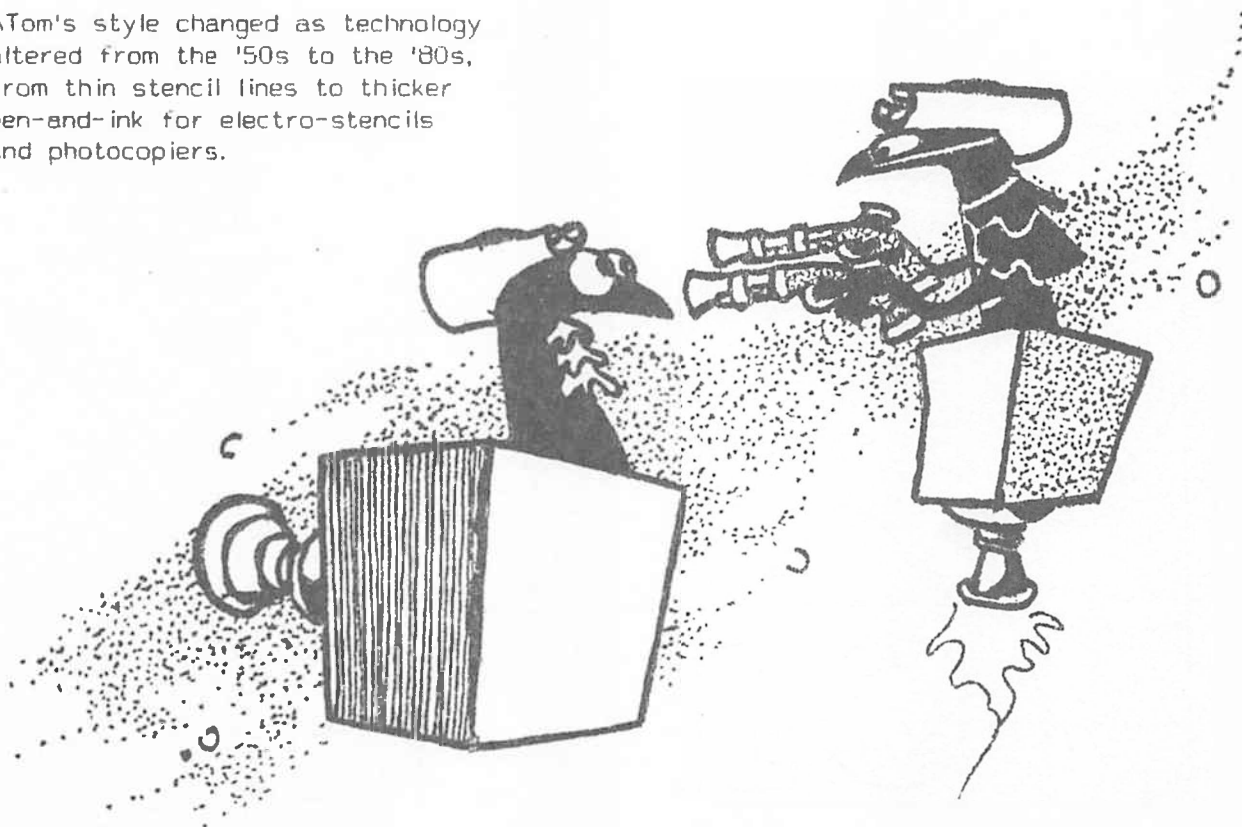
couple of stylii. The stylii I made at work.

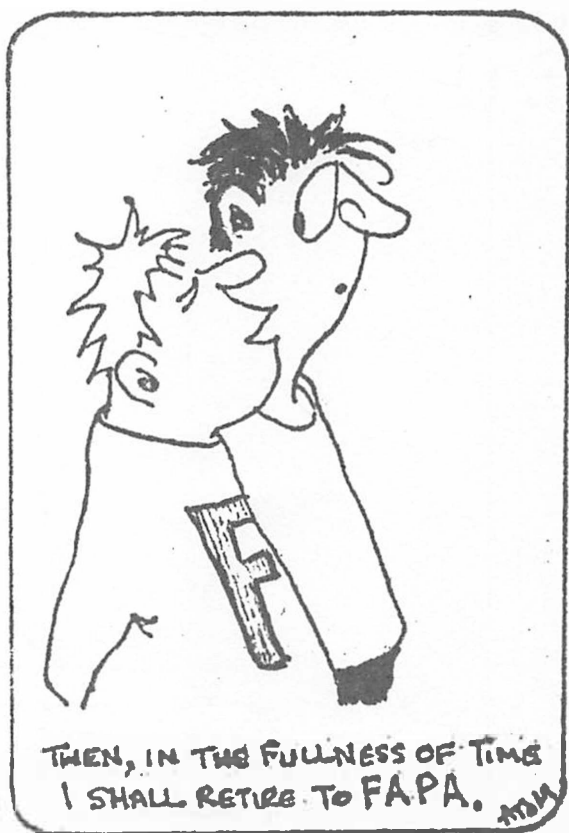
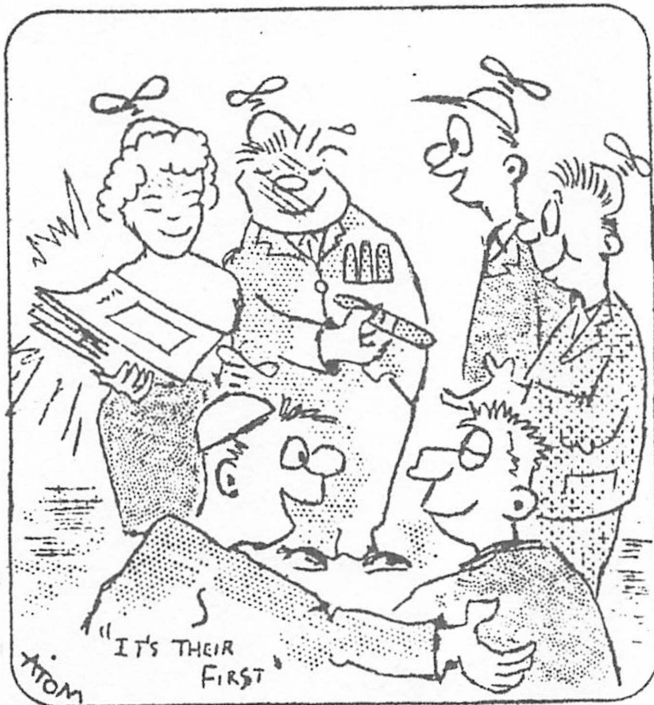
"Most of my illoing and typing is done after my daughter Heather (21 months old and a beautiful feminine genius) goes to bed. If I do start drawing before she's ready for bed I have to provide her with paper and pencil so that she can draw too. Though it usually ends up with me down on the floor alongside her, drawing for her 'Teds' and 'Wow wows'. I'm quite a dab hand at drawing these now, so if anyone would like some illos of Teddybears or rather woolly looking dogs I'd be happy to oblige. She's also fascinated with the typer. She has a toy piano of her own on which she plays long sessions of high class Heather-type music, and thinks the typer is of the same family as the piano and is only waiting for the chance to pound on the typer keys."

((When Heather Thomson grew up she became a music teacher))

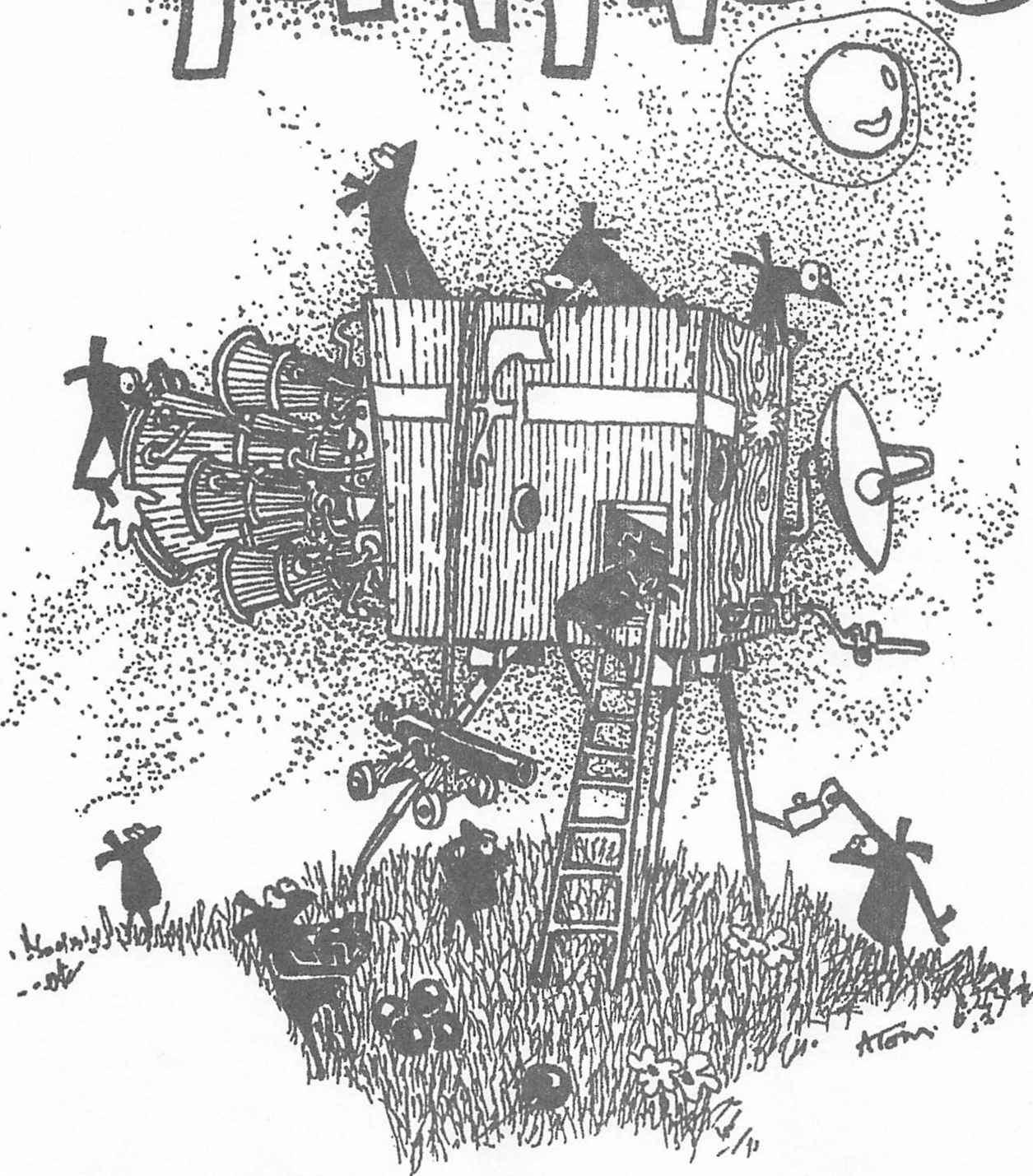


ATom's style changed as technology altered from the '50s to the '80s, from thin stencil lines to thicker pen-and-ink for electro-stencils and photocopiers.

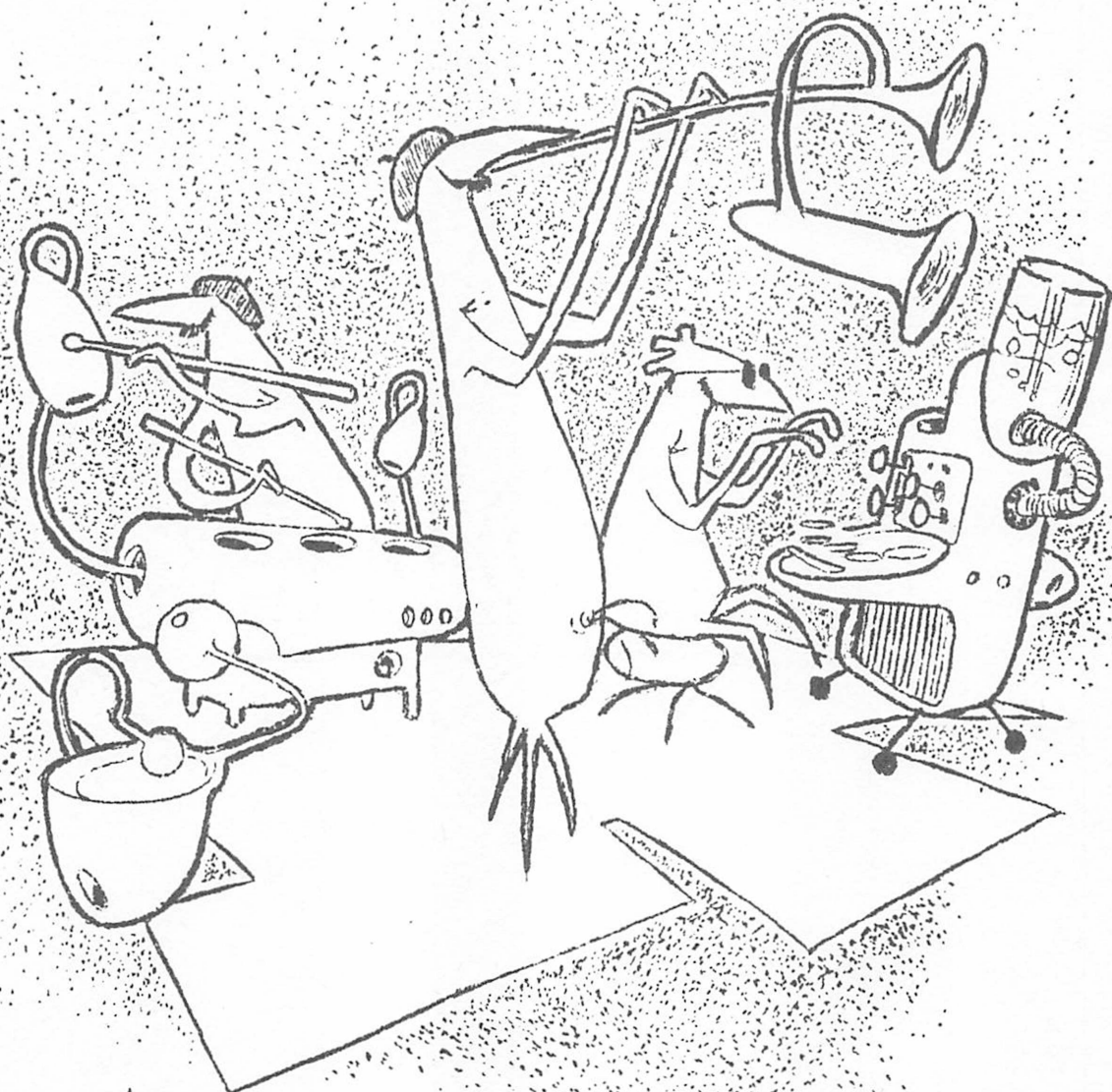




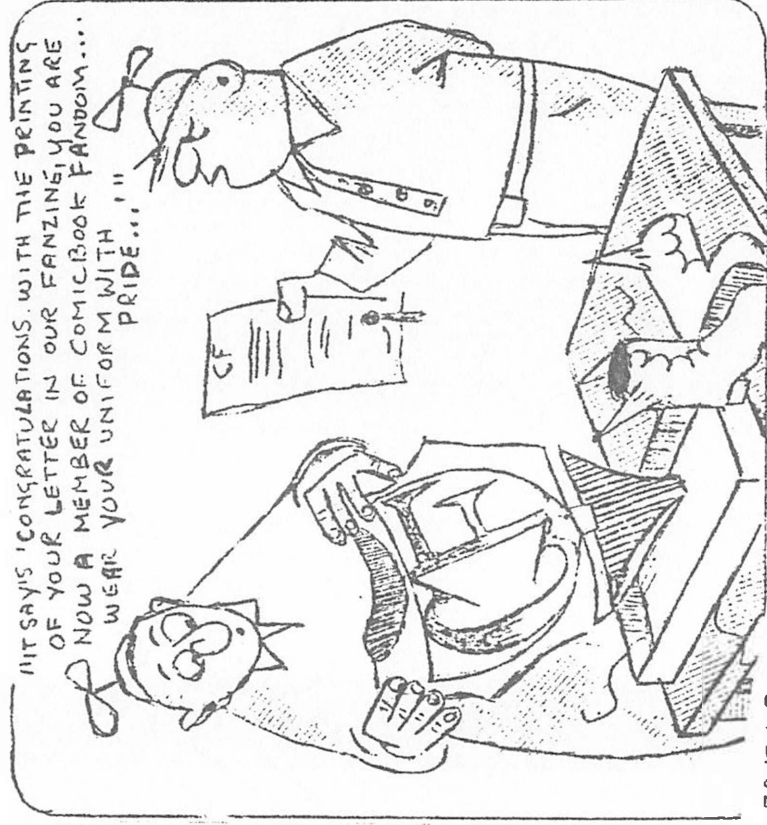
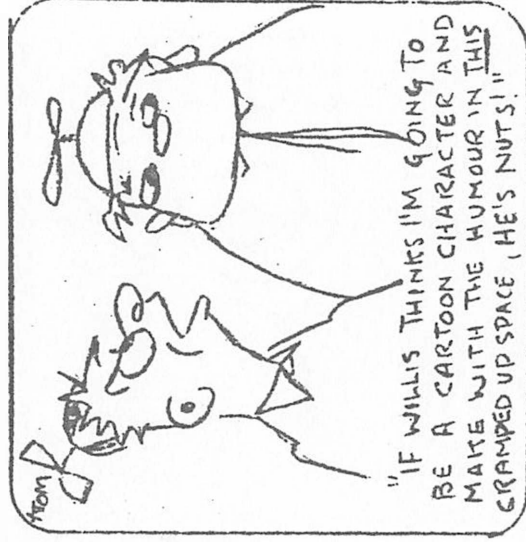
Microwave 5



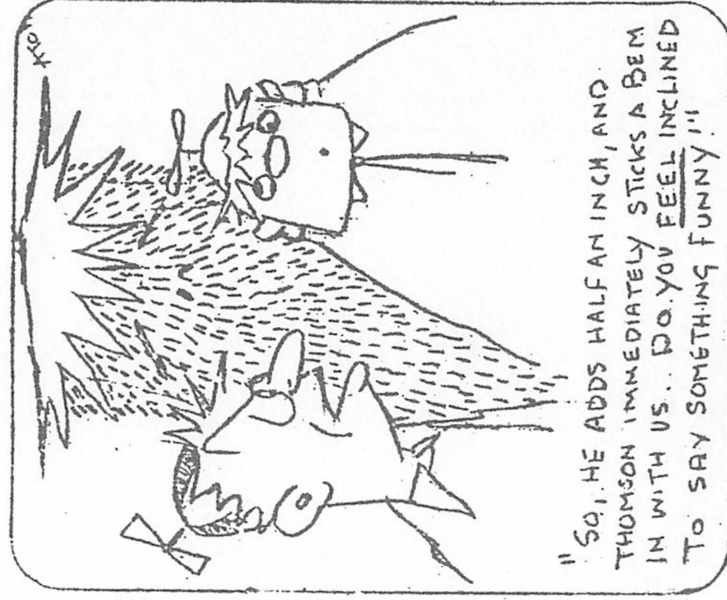
lighthouse



ATOM



"... I RECEIVED YOUR FANZINE --
-- PLEASE DRIVE THIS THROUGH
YOUR HEART!"



ATOM



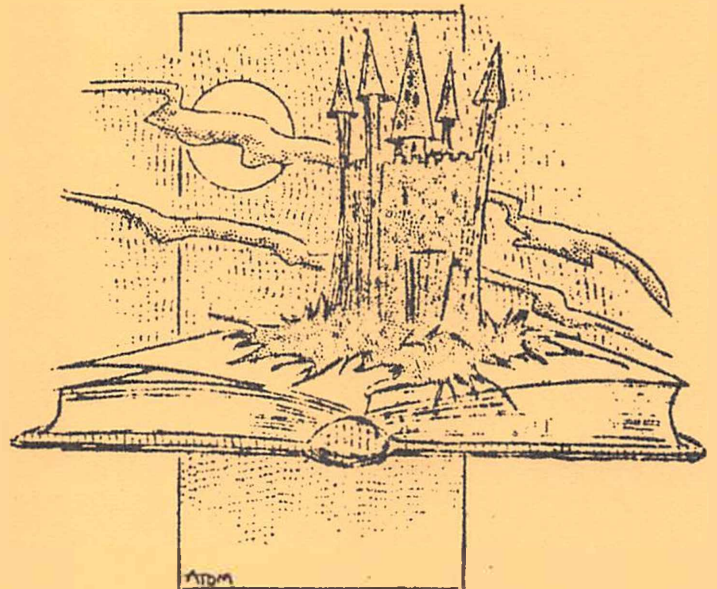
"YOU NEED A REST, YOU'RE LETTING THINGS GET ON TOP OF YOU"



Bob Shaw

Arthur Thomson and I always lived far apart; circumstances seemed to conspire against us meeting more than once every four or five years; we exchanged only a couple of letters in decades -- and yet I knew that he was a good and close friend. There is no contradiction involved. Anyone with even a smidgin of fannish telepathy could tell he was one of the Good People.

I entered fandom forty years ago, and stayed precisely because it contained a few people like Arthur. It wasn't necessary for me to meet him regularly in the flesh - he was always around in the mental hyperspace of fandom, enriching my life with his talent and personality. It is hard to accept the fact of his death. Somehow it seems an affront to all that is good and right in the universe.

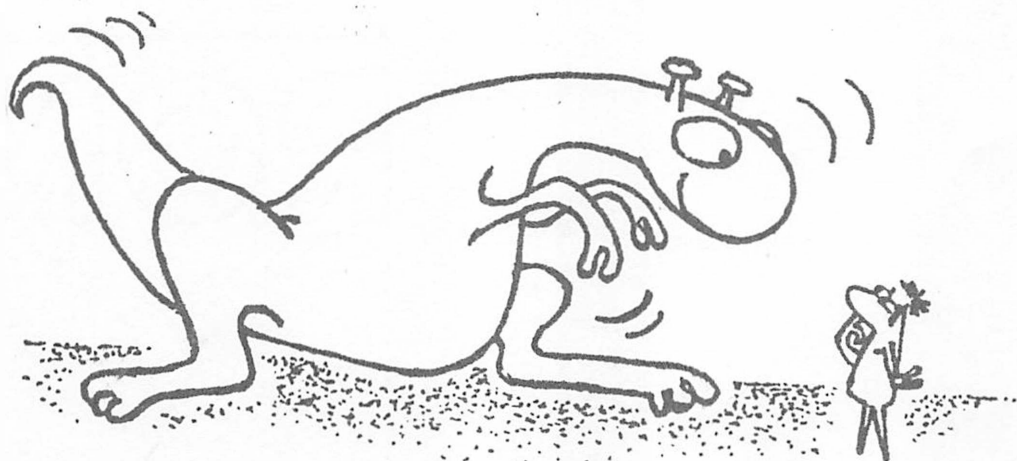


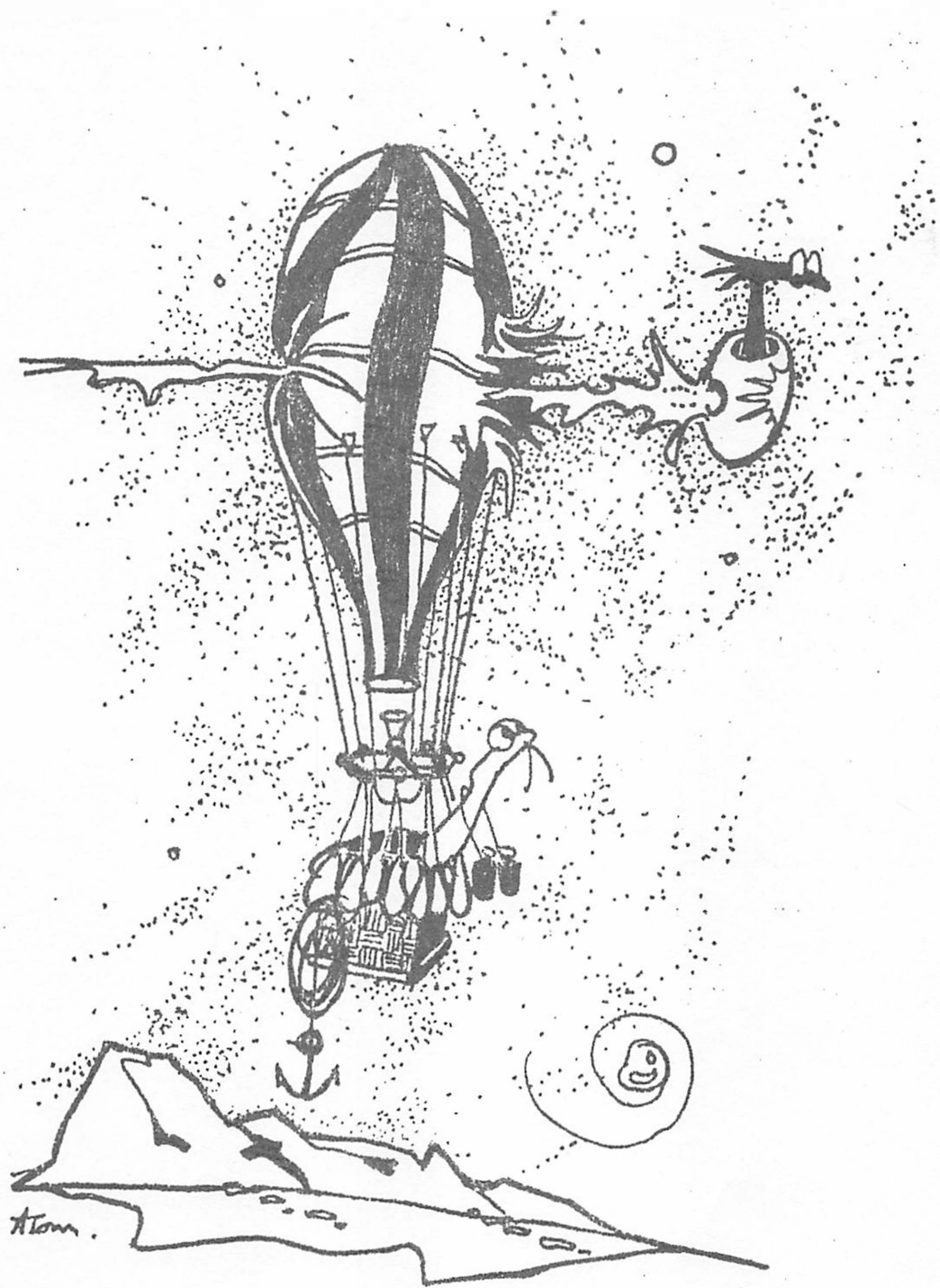


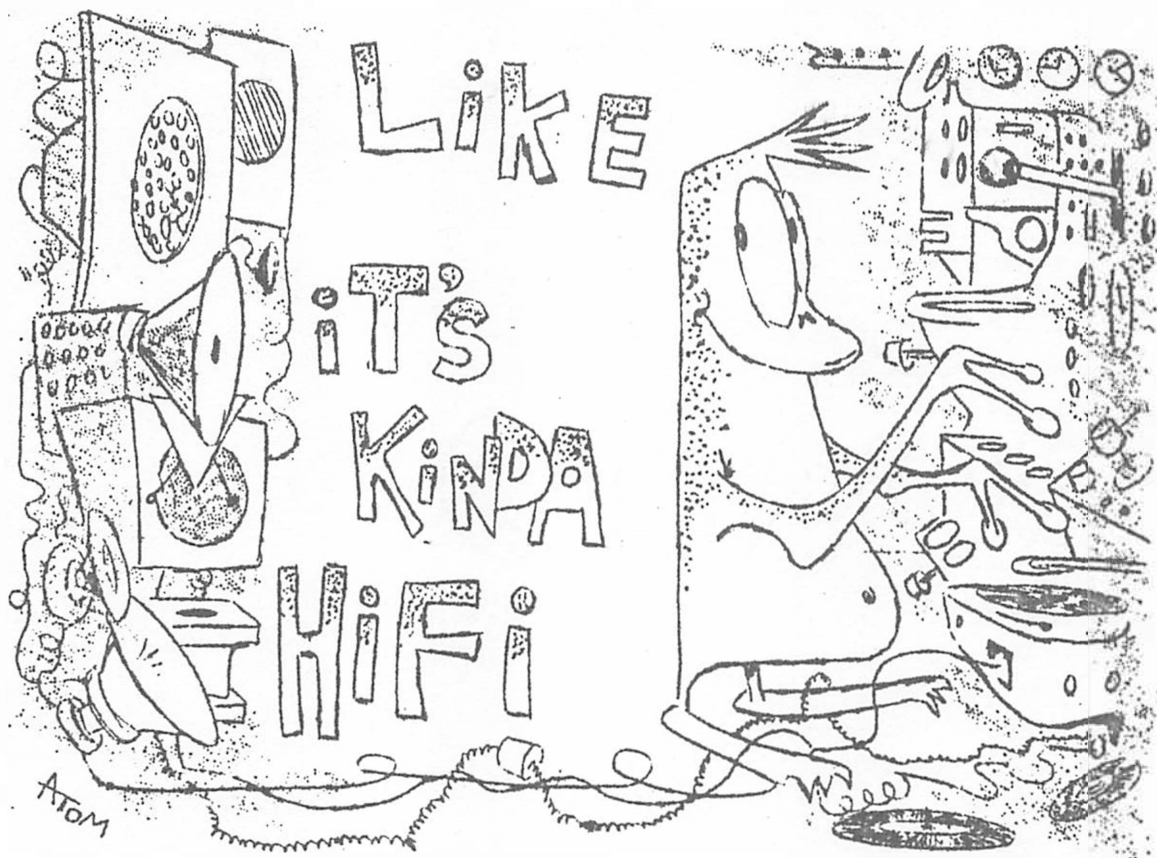
Creative Random History



chuck Harris







PART II - INSTALLATION

BOOK REVIEW

HONEYMOON



REVIEWED BY JACK WILLIAMS

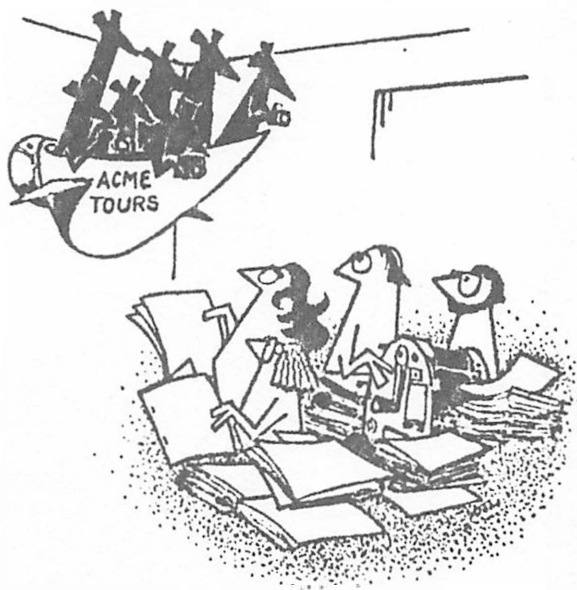
RETRIBUTION



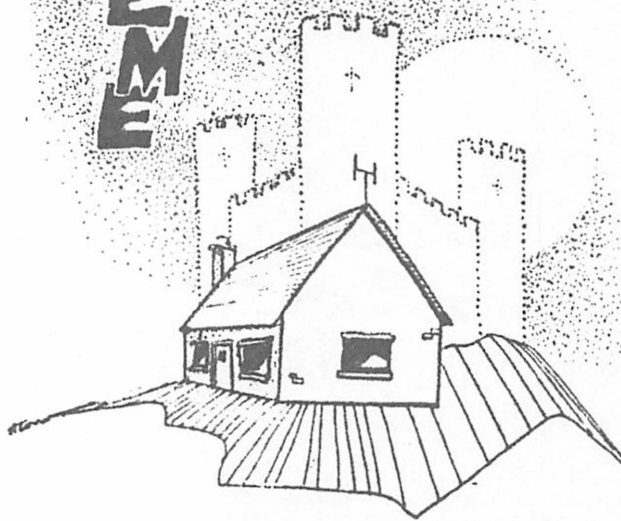
PULP



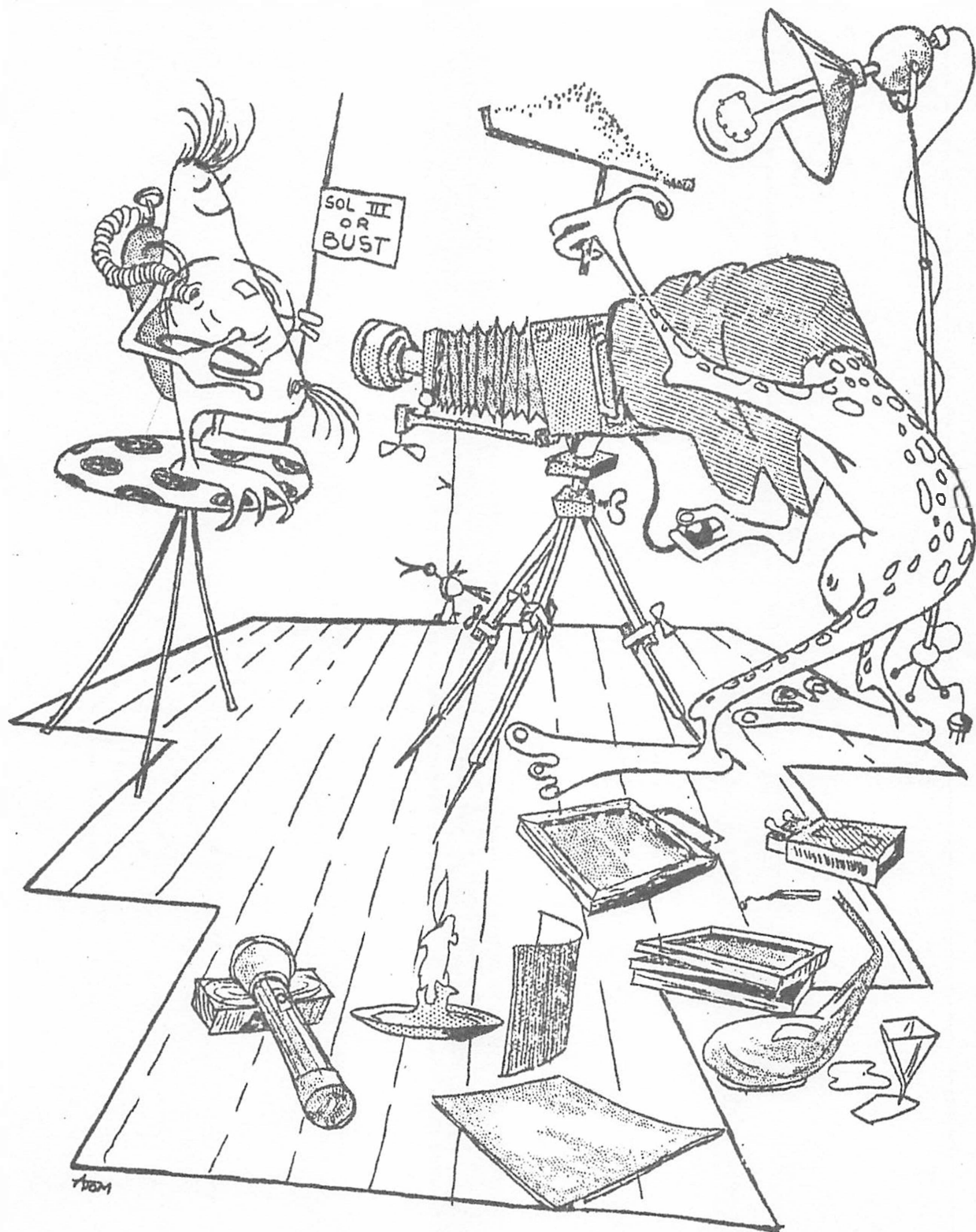
PULP

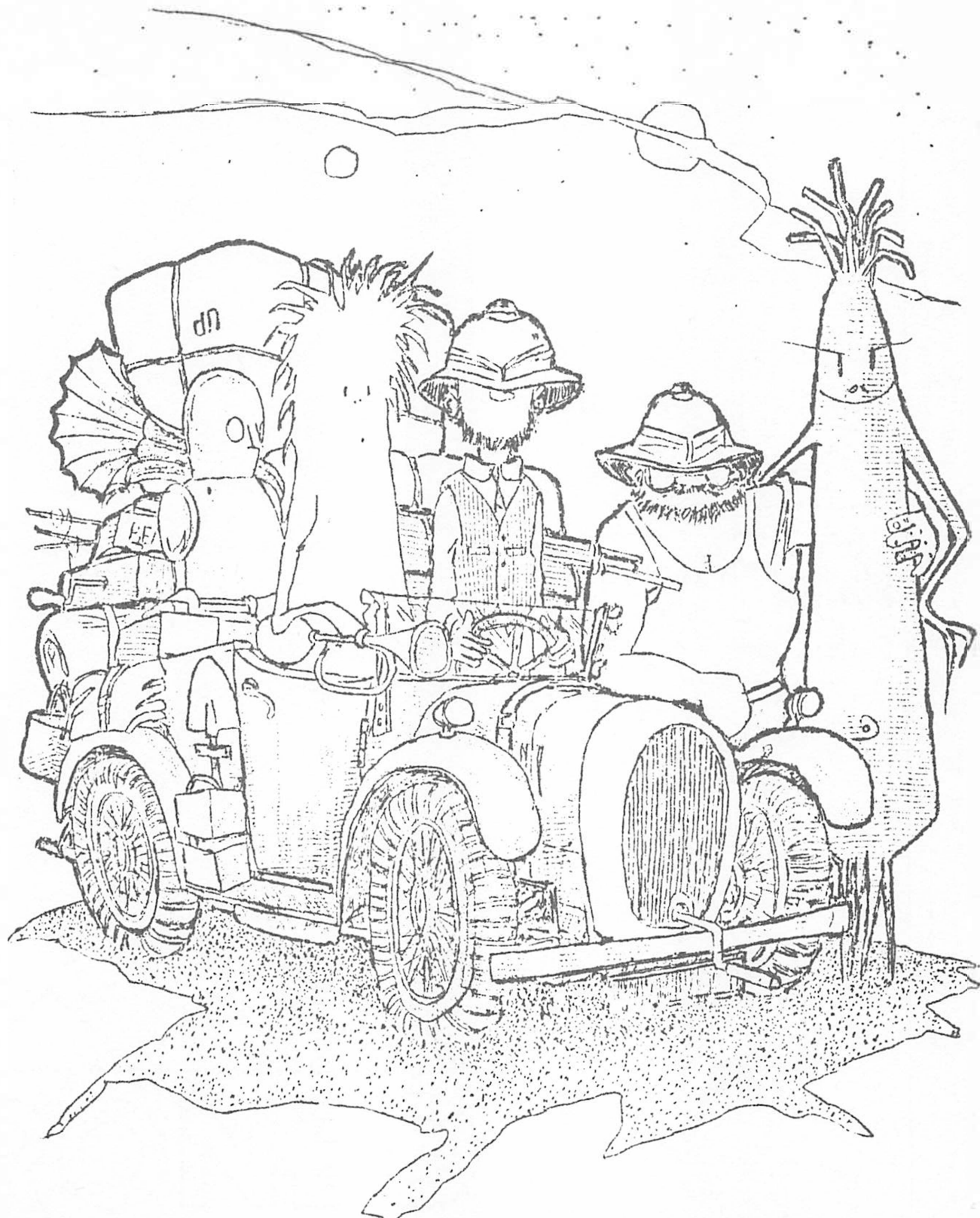


THEME



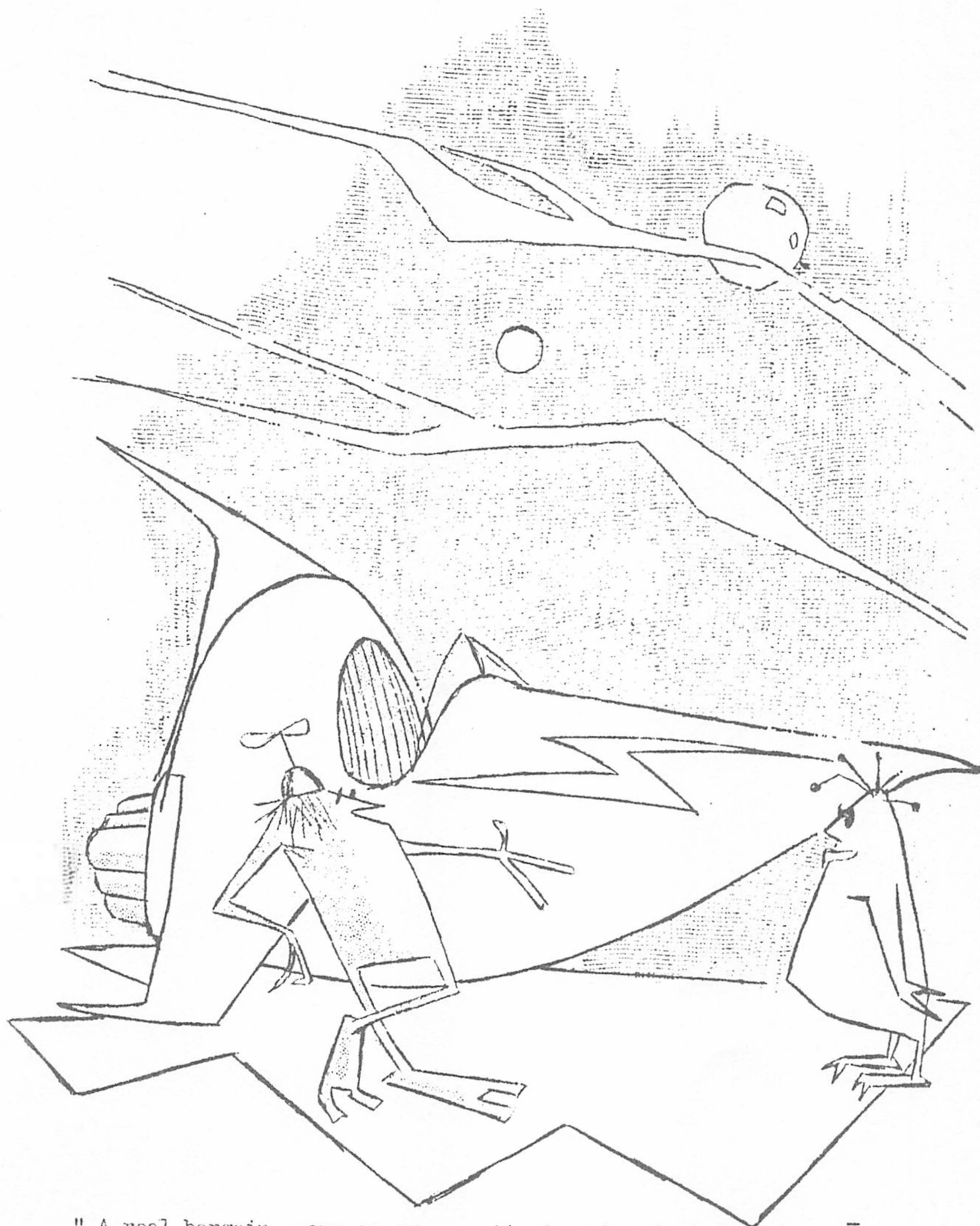
OCTOBER 1965



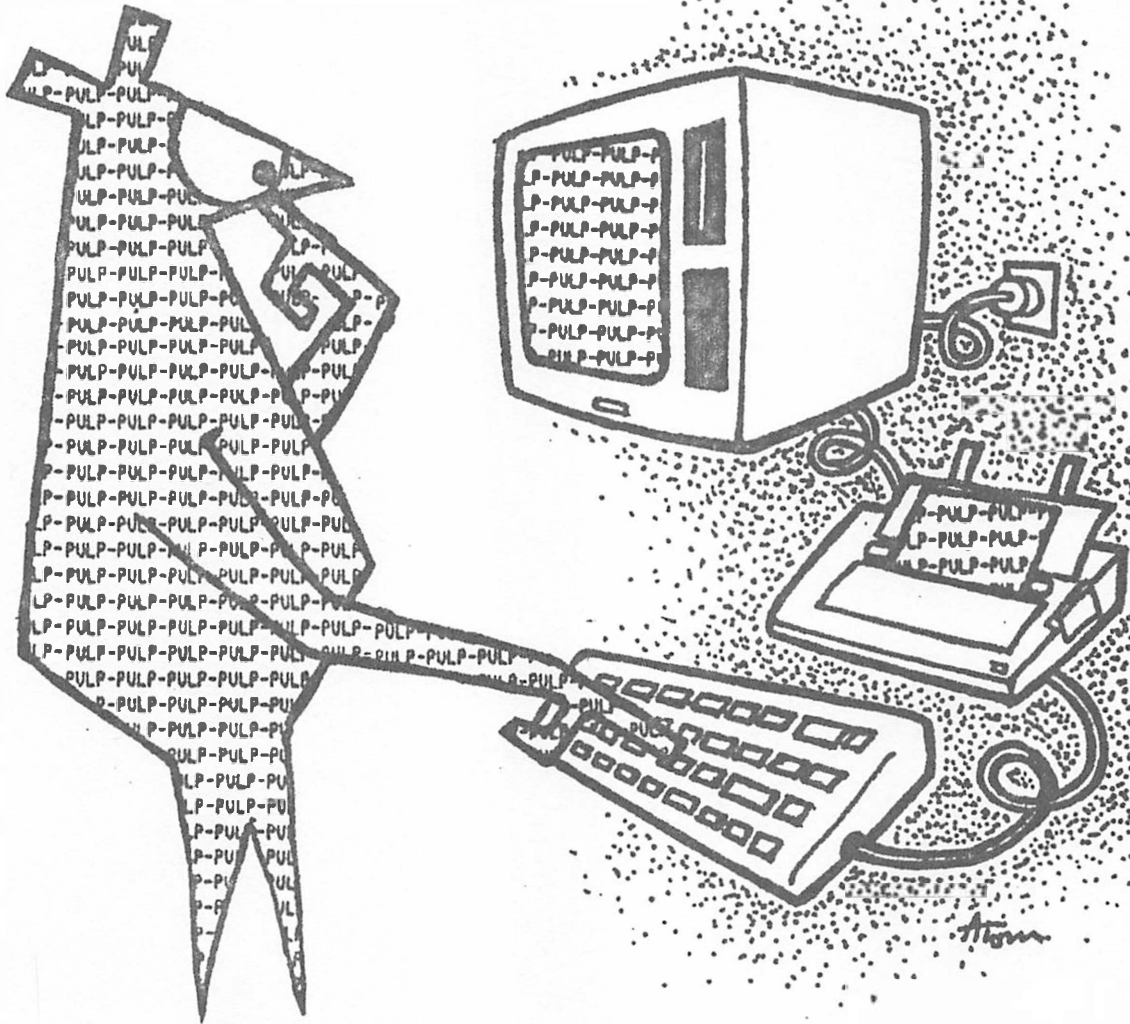
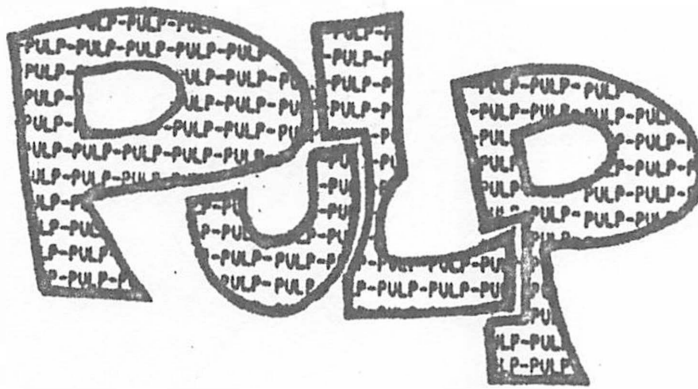


Members of the Abercrombie Party, and native guide.

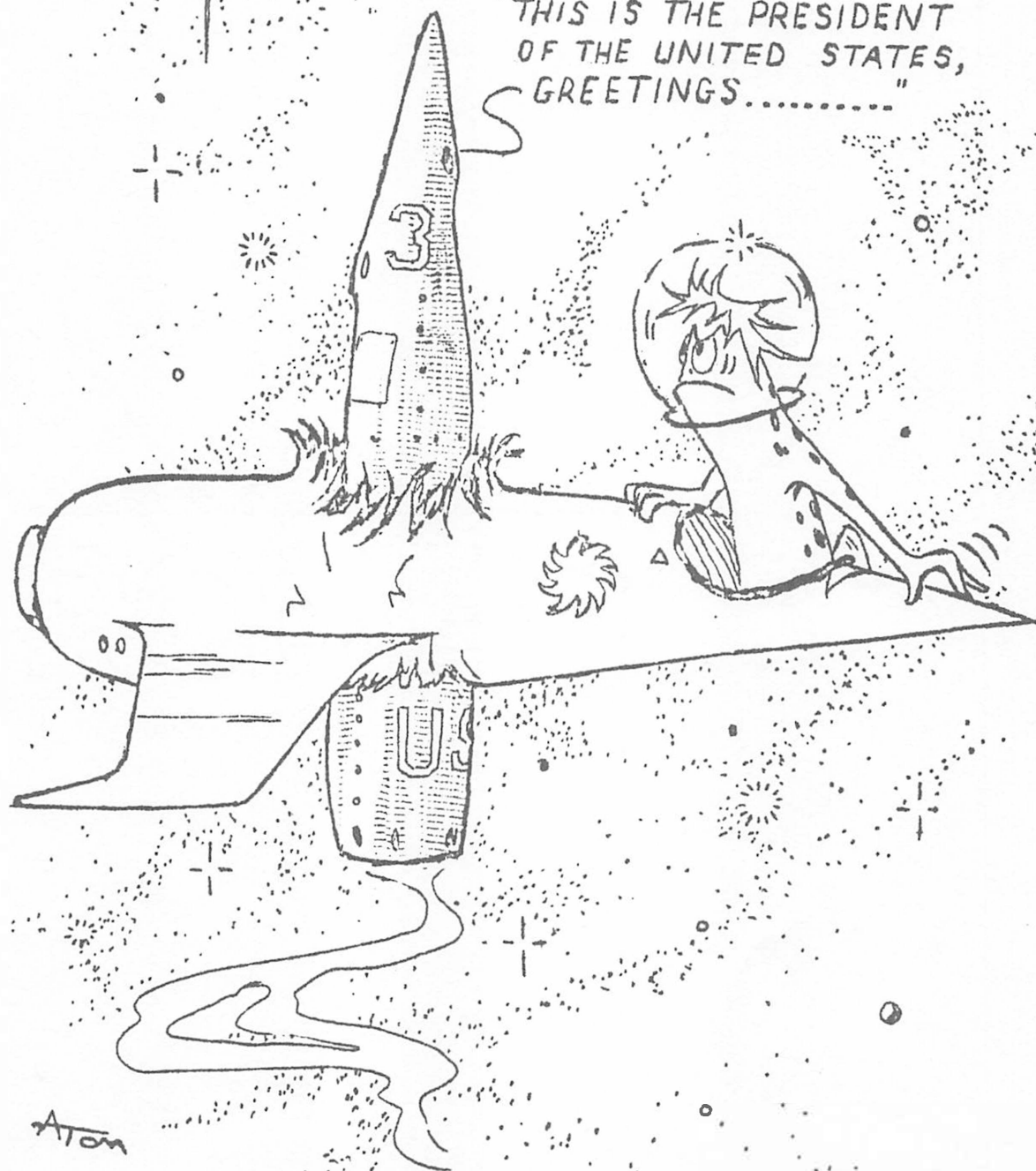
(actual atomfoto taken of Professor Abercrombie (at wheel), and his party during their exploration of Citrus Major).



" A real bargain - one owner, a retired arch-priest from Rigel \bar{V} - never took it above 6 FTL - only 13,000 light years on the clock."



"THIS IS THE PRESIDENT
OF THE UNITED STATES,
GREETINGS....."



HYPHEN

NO 14

JUNE

1955



" Church, anybody? "

Editorial, 2
damon knight, 3
Willis at Kettering, 7
Harris behind him, 15
BoSh goes loco, 20

In this issue:

Berry climbs above it all, 25
Brunner's Cosmic Omelette, 29
'WAV' on our feathered friend, 30
Readers' Letters, 33
Eavesdroppings, 42

CARTOONS BY ARTHUR THOMSON

HYPHEN

NO 21

OCTOBER

1958



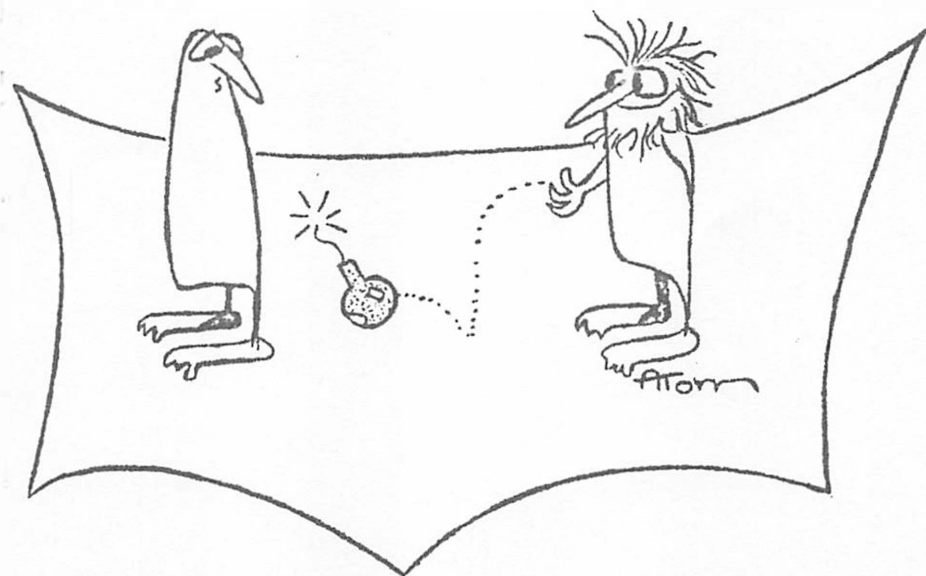
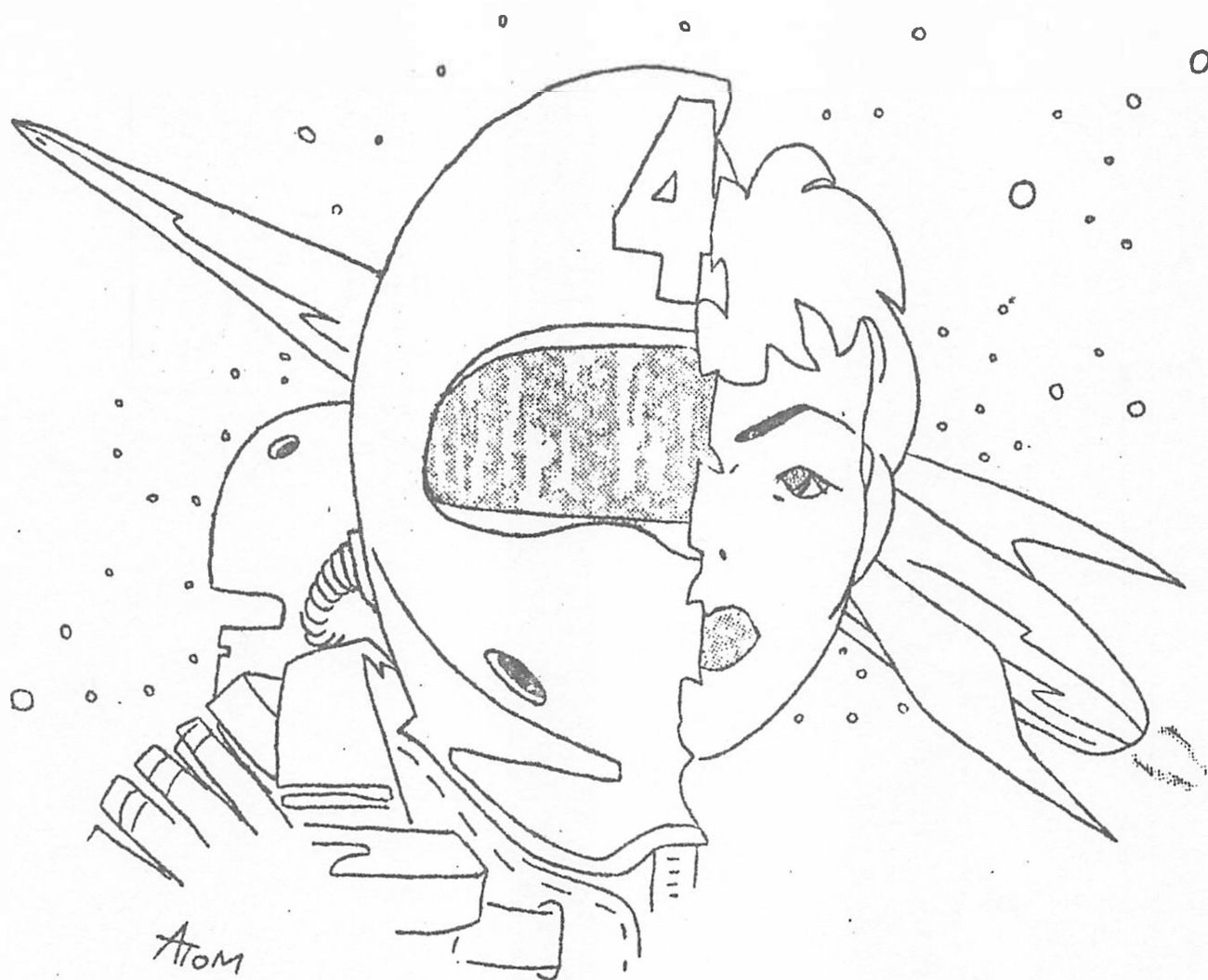
Make it an electric dupe, and six reams of paper, and I'll sign.

21st Anniversary

Bloch
Willis
Rotsler

Tucker
Shaw
Thomson

Bip
Clarke
Nelson



Patrick Nielsen Hayden

Letter to Chuch Harris, 11th. February, 1990

Some days from our TAFF trip still stand out in vivid relief. One of the best was spent with Arfer, being driven around what he emphatically called Real London, all of it south of the river and thick with Cockney detail. We did a street fair, we stared through shop windows at jellied eels, we took lots of pictures (something we'd tend to forget about for days at a time, then remember and shoot three or four rolls in quick succession), and finally we went, like real tourists and everything, to Greenwich Observatory where Arf and Teresa embraced with great hysterical whoopee over the Meridian itself, for the benefit of the camera: a visual record of TAFF effecting interhemispheric solidarity.

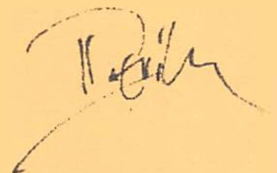
After that, the afternoon grew late and overcast, and we drove over to Vincent's, where as I recall you showed up. Leaving AVC's, Arf's car stalled a block down the street. "Jesus *wept*," I found myself remarking, having just spent the day with someone for whom the words were a basic part of speech, on the order of phrases like "a", "the", "and", and "but". Much grunting and pushing later, the car finally managed to start, an exhausting process not so much for our physical effort as for the strain of getting Arf to not get out and push the damn thing himself -- even then, one could see how little breath he had. But oh god, what a lot of energy and good will.

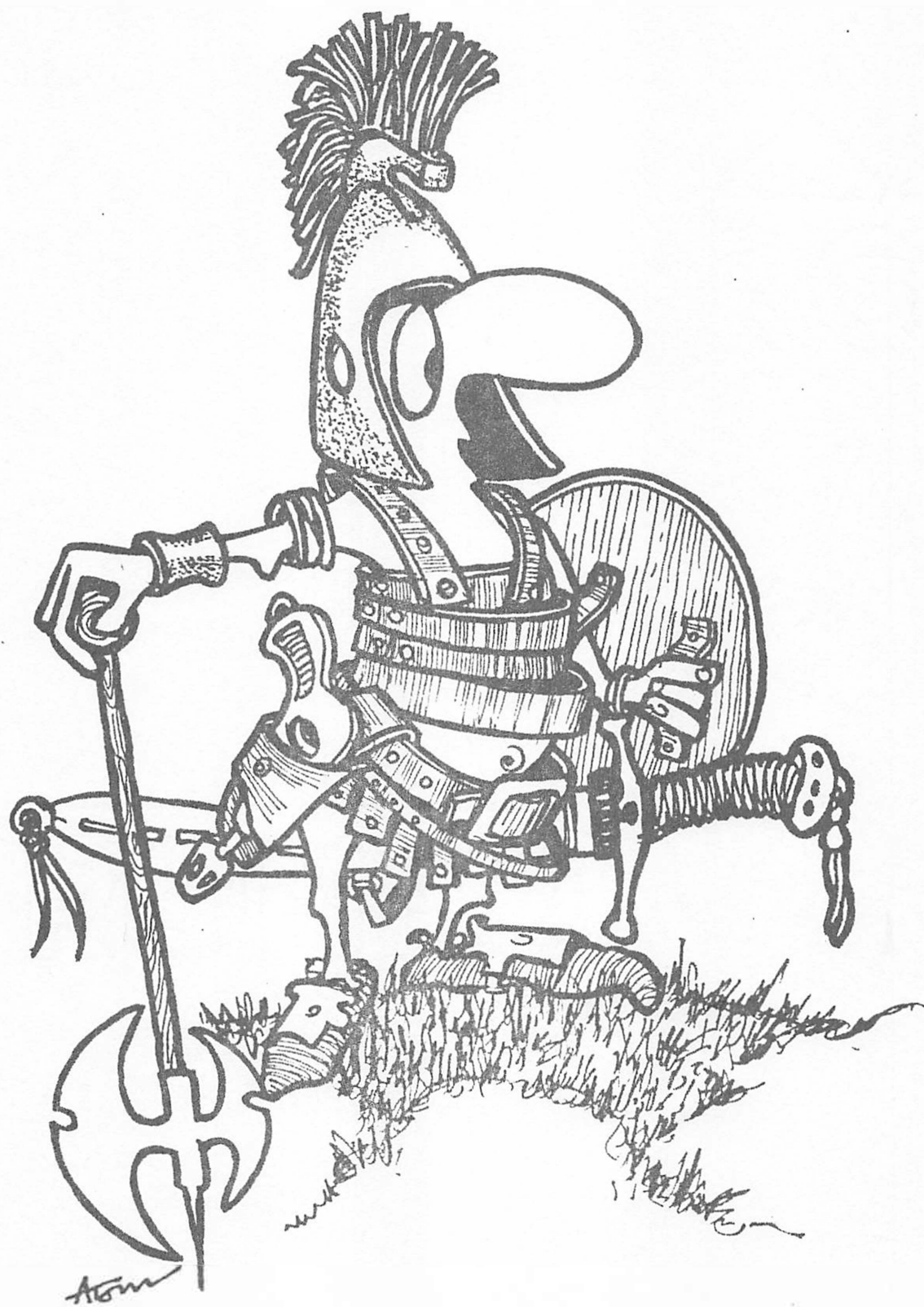
We didn't see him again on the trip, though he phoned South Ealing to wish us bon voyagee. You can imagine the pronunciation.

We saw him again at the World Con in '87, and at various surrounding parties and Wellingtons. On my study wall is a xerox of Teresa's arm, taken at the Metropole, bedecked with a felt-tip ATom izzard. The energy and wit and rambunctiousness were all still there; the breath was shorter, the shocked pauses when he would suddenly remember that he wasn't a healthy young man were -- well, more frequent.

Early in 1989 we were told by various British friends over the phone that Arthur wasn't expected to survive the year. He did anyway. I understand he told all of his friends to UNDER NO CIRCUMSTANCES attend his funeral; how like him. I imagine him kind of levitating with emphasis while making this point. Jesus *wept*.

So we all expected it. Doesn't mean we have to like it. He was one of the great good guys and we'll miss him a lot.

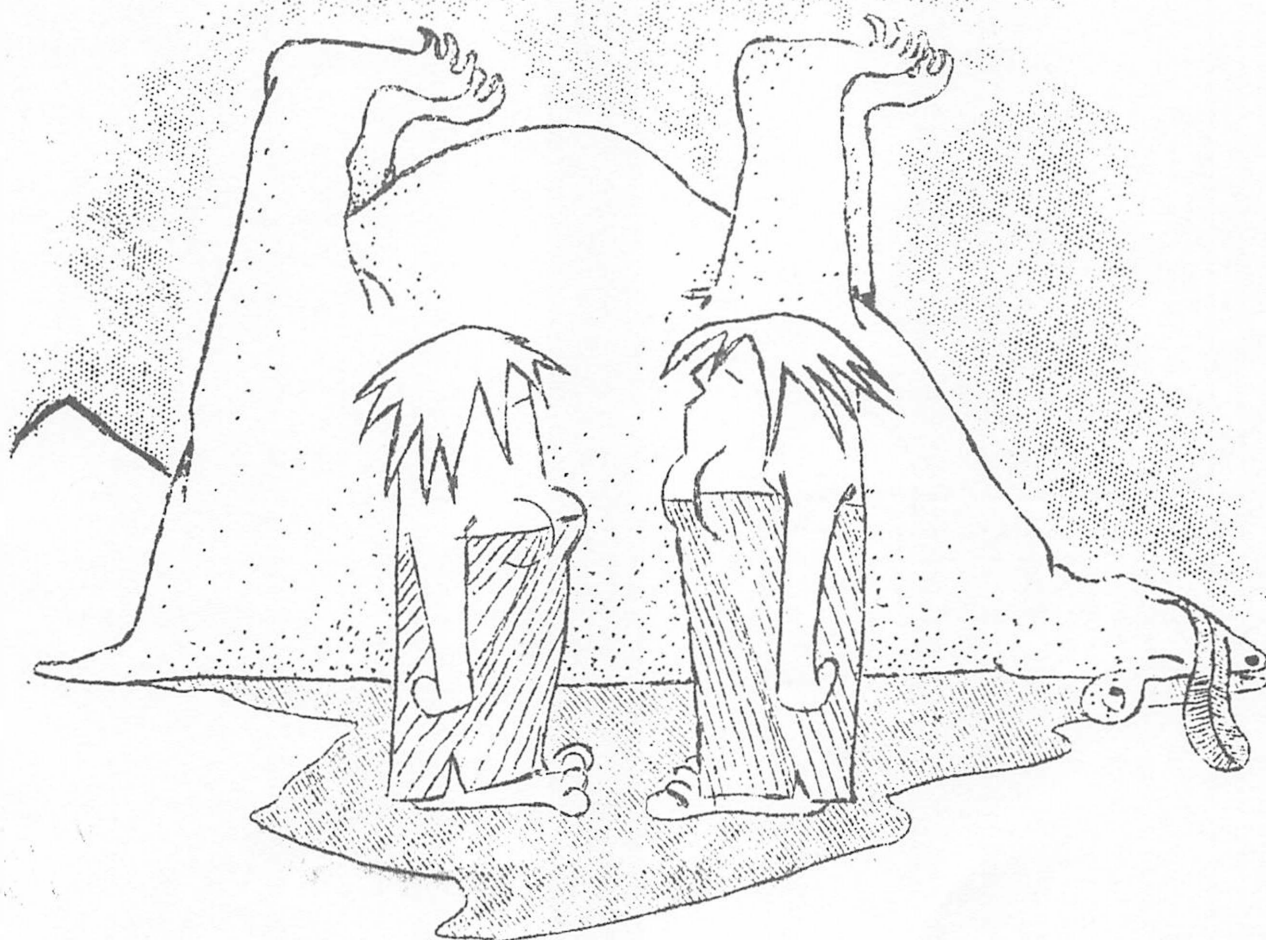




SCOTTON SCRIBBLE

OCTOBER 1960

NO. 2.



"He just threw it in and said, 'Make a sandwich or something.' "

Acknowledgments



The 1961 ATOM ANTHOLOGY did not give individual sources of the ATomillos it reproduced but only an overall list of fanzines from which extracts were made. Now, tracing many sources over so many years has proved impossible, and I've decided that the best and most informative thing to do is to give the following partial list of fanzines in which ATom appeared, fervently hoping that every source of the cartoons herein is mentioned, with sincere and grateful thanks.

A FANZINE FOR ATOM/ROTSLER * A L'ABANDON * ANSIBLE *
 APORRHETA * ATOM ANTHOLOGY * ATOM FAN CALENDAR * ATOZ *
 AUSLANDER * B'HAM SF GRP NEWSLETTER * BLATANT * BLAZON *
 BLUNT * BOONFARK * BURROUGHSANIA * C.H.A.S.M. * CONSEQUENCES *
 CONVENTION GIRLS DIGEST * CORFLU PORTFOLIO * CRITICAL WAVE *

CRY OF THE NAMELESS * DIASPAR * DUPLICATING WITHOUT TEARS * EMPTIES *
 ENTROPY * EPILEPTIC CATERPILLAR * EYE * FANAC * FOCAL POINT * FOOP * GDA
 INDEX * GONZO * GOON GOES WEST * GRUE * HABBAKKUK * HARP STATESIDE * HOLIER
 THAN THOU * HYMEN * HYPHEN * INNUENDO * KLEIN BOTTLE * LARRIKIN * LES SPINGE
 * LIGHTHOUSE * LIP * MAINSTREAM * MAYA * MICROWAVE * MOTA * NIEKAS *
 NIFLHEIM * NINE INNINGS * NOMAD * NOT SFN * NYARLATHOTEP * OOPSLA * ORION *
 OUTWORLDS * PELF * PHENOTYPE * POT-LATCH * PULP * Q * QUERTYUIOP * QUIP *
 RAGNAROK * RANDOM * RETRIBUTION * RON'S RAYGUN * ROT * SCOTTISHE * SCRIBBLE
 * SF C.O.L COMBOZINE * SF FIVE YEARLY * SIC BISCUIT DISINTERGRAF * SIKANDER *
 SKYRACK * SMALL FRIENDLY DOG * SMOKE * SOUNDING THE RITUAL ECHO * SPACE
 WASTREL * STOMACH PUMP * SWOON * TAFFLUVIA * THE LINDSAY REPORT * THEME *
 THE SCARR * THIS GOON FOR HIRE * TIGGER * TORUS * TRAP DOOR * TRIODE * TWIG
 ILLUSTRATED * TWLL DDU * VECTOR * VERITAS * VOID * WALDO * WALLBANGER *
 WEBERWOMAN'S WREVENGE * WHEN YNGVI WAS A LOUSE * WHIMSEY * WILLIS PAPERS *
 XENIUM * XYSTER * YANDRO * YHOS * ZENITH ART PORTFOLIO * ZETETIC etc. etc.,
 the Pelz Tarot Card Pack and assorted Convention leaflets.