

LES SPINGE 13, dated May 1964

Edited by Dave Hale, 12 Belmont Rd., Wollescote, STOURBRIDGE, 'ores.

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ART CRE ITS

Covers Jim Carthorn (1 & 106) Arthur Thomson (56 & 57)

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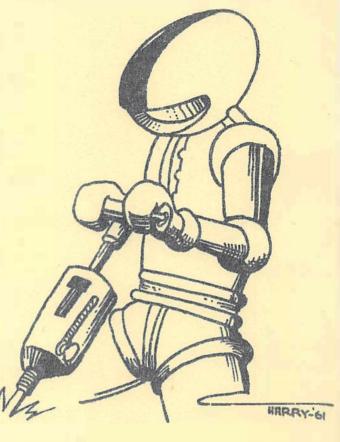
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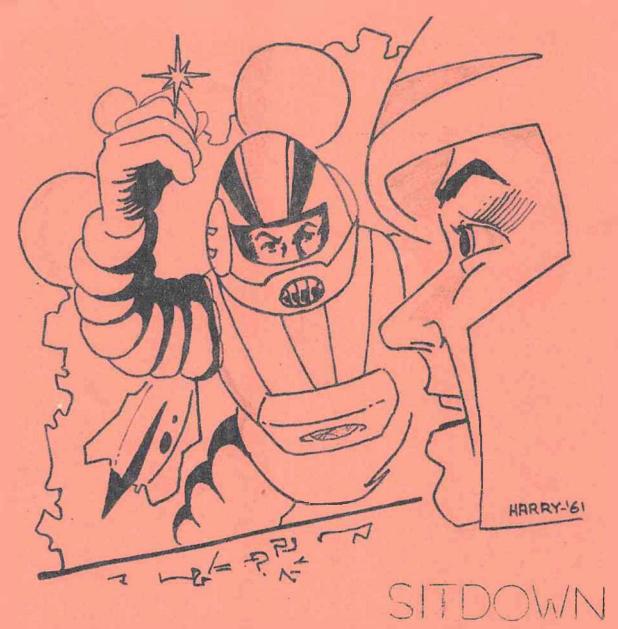
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With an amazing regularity, some fanzine editor or other makes a public exhibition of introspection, heartsearching and self-justification and asks himself, "Why? Why am I publishing a fanzine?" In fact, this occurs so regularly that I'm tempted to think that this search for justification is, in itself, the basis or the whole phenomenon. Unfortunately, the majority of these editorial meanderings are meaningful only to the writer and can often become boring to the reader. Thinking this way, I would be foolish to attempt something similar. So, while I would not attempt to analyse the raison d'etre of fan publishing, I can definitely suggest several things which do not motivate me. This may help to clarify things for any new fan who is confused by the lack of similarity between Les Spinge and a science fiction magazine.

My intention is not to imitate or even attempt to imitate a science fiction magazine. Nor have I any professional ambitions. Yet while I have never condemned anybody who does not think this, my policy gains criticism. I am told that a faraine should be as profess-

ional looking as possible and that the contents should be judged by professional standards. Ty reply to this is merely to ask WHY a fanzine should imitate professional trends. Imitation seems a poor substitute for originality. For me, fan publishing can achieve a certair element or spontaneity which a professional publication very rarely attains. It allows freedom of speech and the opportunity for writers and readers to enjoy themselves as they wish. A fanzine can serve as a place where budding writers can learn the rudiments of their art, not necessarily by writing SF for, as Mike Moorcock says, SF is a very restricted field, but by writing anything. Neither do I publish for profit, or imagine I can break even. Fan publishing has never worked that way, and if it did, I believe that a 'labour of love' old quickly degenerate into toil.

The wave of serious and constructive fanzines we are experiencing at present is symptomatic of the large nulter of active new fans in the country. These new fanzines are all produced by recent BSFA members. The BSFA efter several years of half-life seems at last to be performing one of its main functions; that of introducing new blood to fandom. One good result of this upsurge of new blood is that the BSFA itself is now under the control of those best able to direct its activities. Namely these same new active sercon fars. I imagine this will be a good thing for the BSFA and fandom. The magazines of this new element in fandom are in the main sercon and contain elements of the usual sercon fan's reaction—against what he terms the fannish fanzine.

This reaction is not entirely happy and free from ill feeling. The newer fans have no time or desire to absorb mary of the traditions of established tardom before they rush into print with their own ideas. These ideas (upon which I am not qualified to pass any value judgement) can conflict with those of established fans. Tension results and because advice is rejected or is not available things can come to a head. This has been shown in a recent letter to me:

"Your 'zine drips of sride, catty, self-assured little remarks.... Perhaps you ought to be glad that there isn't a shot in fandom's arm, or a successful new wave of fanzines. Your type of 'zine and the community that contribute to it are lousy. I could say 'shit' but I grew out of that.

"I'm too misanthropic to care a damn who and when and where the bomb is dropped, about abortion, homosexuality, etc. etc. It tires me. It's no good talking about it; the world's full of rotten bastards who can't t'ink. The majority rules."

This is an example of the kind of thing I don't like to see happen, someone up in arms and shouting offence where none is really necessary. Paybe this extreme reaction starts from the rather sterile approach the BSFA has taken to people just being introduced to fandom. Maybe it comes from the comparatively recent identification of the new fan with a large group -- the 'new wave'. Here group loyalties, imagined or re 1, take the place of reason and fandom once more has a militant sercon faction. I don't expect there to be complete agreement

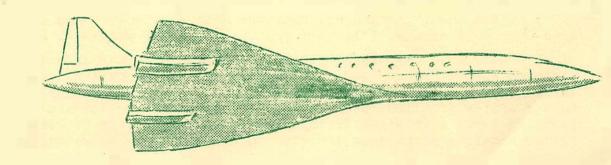
between groups with such different aims (if any) and views - but more is to be gained from friendship than from hostility. Here the new ESFA officers must play a vital part. They are the people that SF readers will first contact in fandom and thus can determine their subsequent reaction to different types of fanrish interest. They may be in a position to influence the future development of fandom and thus carry a not inconsiderable responsibility.

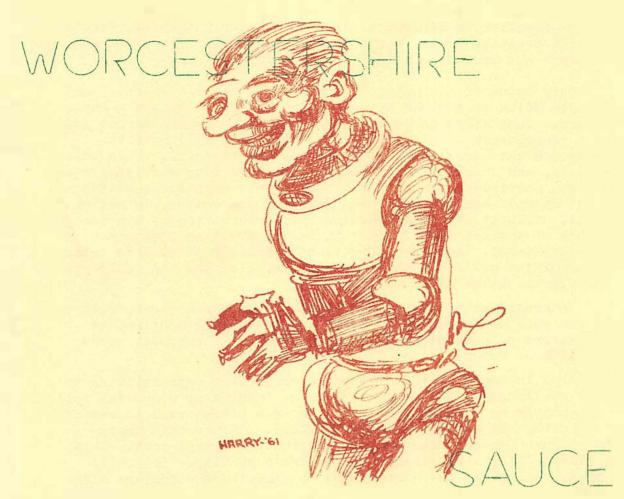
This issue of Les Spinge completes the baker's dozen. And whether you think of this as an omen or not, it also brings a number of changes. Just after Christmas I had the good fortune to get engaged and as a consequence of all this (so I'm told!) I will have to economise and cut out all things frivolous and wasteful. This edict included LS, and I couldn't help but agree. I'd been worried for some time by the horrible expense of publishing this magazine - a student, while not exactly conforming to the starving stereotype, is not what you'd call affluent - so this warning only intensified my own feelings. The result of this is that I'm now in the interesting position of having a publisher. Ken Cheslin philanthropically offered to publish LS and appointed me 'Managing Editor'. Those of you who would gladly see LS fold can blame Ken.

In accord with this new arrangement would you please send any trades and subs to Ken Cheslin, and not to me. I'll continue to handle letters of comment and material. Though, I suppose, either address is good for anything.

Also in accord with all this modernisation (streamlining to meet the challenge of the new wave?) we've thought up a new sub policy. It's not nearly so complicated as the one Joe Gibson used to confuse everyone with, but maybe I'd better explain. Rather than charge a nominal amount for an issue we are charging the actual cost. This means that we'll not be subsidising anyone's reading. If you'll just pause and add up the cost of paper, stencils and postage alone for each issue, you'll begin to realise the waste in charging even 1/6 a copy. It seems fair. Anyone who wants the magazine badly enough, yet can't or won't respond in any other way, can pay for it, and we'll not be cut of pocket. If anyone wants to make an actual sub, rather than paying for each issue, we'll deduct the cost of each issue from the sub.

Pleasant reading -- you've got a lot to get through!
-- Dave Hale





The other day I was looking over the letters Dave got on LS 12 and I came across a comment which frightened me. It referred to that part of my guest editorial wherein I was describing this idea of Fred Hoyles, the idea for forcibly transporting half the population of Britain to the dominions. Someone referred to me as, and I paraphrase, "a crank, but a harmless one".

As I said, this shook me. I have no wish to aquire such a reputation. In fact, I was sorely tempted to take the opportunity presented by this editorial to back up, and retract all I said in the LS 12 guest editorial. It would probably be the safest way out.

"But then," I thought, "why the hell should I?" And if you'll bear with me a minute, I'll tell you why I think I shouldn't retract.

Now, if every time Aldiss came up with a "Minor Operation" or Sturgeon with a "Venus Plus X" they were berated as evil old sex fiends, well, would they bother to write new ideas. Again, if EFR or Ken Bulmer writes of alien invasions or so on, does it follow that they are planning world revolution in their no-writing time. Or if Clarke writes undersea yarns does it prove that he hopes to be reincarnated as a fish.

I would suggest that few people seriously believe that the habits or philosophy of the central characters in a story reflect the author's own views. At least, they don't in the vast majority of cases. They are there because the habits or philosophy makes a good story framework.

own editorial without being called a crank, fardom isn't what it used to be.

However, I must admit that the writer of that letter might have had some excuse. If he hasn't been a LS reader long he won't rem mber the wild old days when I was in complete control of the magazine. Mever having seen a Cheslin "editorial" before, there may be some excuse for him, I admit that I'm not always as clear as I might be in expressing ideas.

anyway, whoever you are, I'm not a crank, honest. Well, I don't feel like a crank.... As I was saying to my friend, Schickle-gruber, the other day, what this world needs is....

domeone else, referring to my disparaging remarks on the intelligence of the voting public, chided me and said words to the effect that the voting public is not dim witted but merely inarticulate. I must confess that my opinions on the thickness of the voting public are only opinions. Possibly you have some sort of statistics to bolster your opinions in this matter?

Prom my wn experience; I years close to skilled linotype operators and printers, I years in the ranks of the RAF, 18 months with electrical engineers and six months in a steel factory, I'd say the average man is articulate about only three things - women (fags and beer), money and football. On other subjects, in most cases, he has little to say, and not much interest. And as for politics, he merely repeats party slogans. host of them have no idea what each party is supposed to represent, except that Labour touts itself as the working mans' party, and Tories have an upper or middle class image, which appeals to those who would like to become aristocratic or wealthy - even if only in day dreams. Another class of voter closely related to the image followers are those tho vote for a party merely because their family (or friends) vote that way.

However, I would be interested to hear more of this theory of the inarticulateness of the voter.

I believe the Tories would be the best government if they were re elected. I say this in spite of the fact that I favour many of the Labour lot's ideas, including, or clurse, the Mational Health Service.

I don't like Labour because they seem to be just as ineffective as the Tories (and Liberals), and besides this I dislike Wilson and Frown. Ilson I deem to be insincere, pandering to anyone who will support him. Brown appears to be ruthless and self-centred.

I would rather see a Mory government being egged into reforms by a Labour Party in opposition, than have the Labour Farty get in, and, by trying to do too much at one, disrupt the economy.

Someone also wondered how I could say that Profumo's lie was unforgivable but his whoring was. Haybe I have an unusual idea of morality and ethics, but I see no harm in a bloke kipping with as many Keeler types as he wants (apart from the risk of VP). After all this is a very natural and healthy form of recreation. It is only our specific moral code which makes the sex act reprehensible and put Profumo in a position where he might have been blackmailed. On the other hand, even if he thought the affair was of no importance and would soon blow over, even if he had been certain that this lie would have saved his career, I still think Profumo should not have lied to Parliament.

There are two main reasons why I think this. The first is that I strongly disaprove of telling lies on general principle - I just don't like them. And secondly, if you are to conduct Farliament properly, you must be able to trust the word of an P, especially a ministerial MF. Add to this the fact that the lie was extremely foolish and you have it all. It made his name far blacker than if he'd just stood up and said, "Yes, I've knocked off Meeler and a few other whores, so what?" The fact that he made things very bad for his own party in Farliament is also to be noted.

Why I think the lie was unforgivable and the whoring forgivable, then, is because I don't think whoring is morally wrong, but telling lies is.

Twisher Platt too, I hear, don't or didn't like Jhim Linwood's review of their magazines. And to be honest, I thought Jhim was a bit hard on them. But I do not intend to do anything about changing Jhim's point of view. There are certain ethics, to my mind, about fanzine publishing. Jhim, and any other contributor, can hold whatever view he likes (providing the material is OK by PO regulations) and will not be censored, however much the editor may disagree with him.

In the same state of impartiality, Charles Platt, running down a corridor, screaming blue murder, at 3 am is not conductive to the image of a serious and constructive editor of a New Wave fanzine. Then you, and the enith lads, think of criticising the old hands, remember that it was you, the new wavers, who were the corridor trampers.

One excellent aspect of the new wave was the Manchester mob's film show. Probably all con re orts will confirm this. Their 'zine, "Alien", has not much appeal for me, it being over concerned with SF, but new wavers should like it.

At the convention the question was asked. "Does Fandom need SF?", and, to my mind, no satisfact ry answer was made. I suppose everybody has their own views on this, and my view is very much yes. I base this on the fact that most of the members of fandom have come via SF. If this source were removed fandom would eventually fizzle out.

A similar whestion which comes to mind is, "Does SF need Fandom?" And here my answer is FO.

An SF magazine, to be a success (or a pb or hard cover book), has to sell, at the very minimum, a number of copies far in excess of

the whole membership of fandom. Of the "F buying public, fandom is but a tiny minority. If every fan stopped buying SF today the publishers would hardly notice.

There used to be the argument that SF would lose half its writers if those writers who started as fans were to stop writing. This is still true to a certain extent. But how many writers during the last year or so are fans turned pro? Not many, try and count them, even allowing one sale to count as giving pro status. As far as that is concerned, present day fandom has very few potential pros. A heck of a lot of the SF writers today are refugees from esterns, 'tecs or mainstream trying their hand, for fun or money (hah!) in the SF field.

and, as the boom (and make no mistake, there is a boom - in pbs anyway) increases, we'll see more and more people jumping on the bandwagon. A situation similar to that which prevailed in the years '51-'53 will result. Ind then who will ask the fan his opinions on what story to write? Exactly no one. You know why? Because the fan, who is in a small minority these days, will be absolutely swamped by the hordes of new readers. As the boom goes on the SF will get progressively worse as the publishers try to rea h a wider and wider audience. SF will be watered down into nothing but the same crud the yobbos read now. Only the costumes will be different.

If SF ever gets to the state I've described, do you think the readers would be suitable recruits for fandom? If SF goes this bad, where do we get the recruits from?

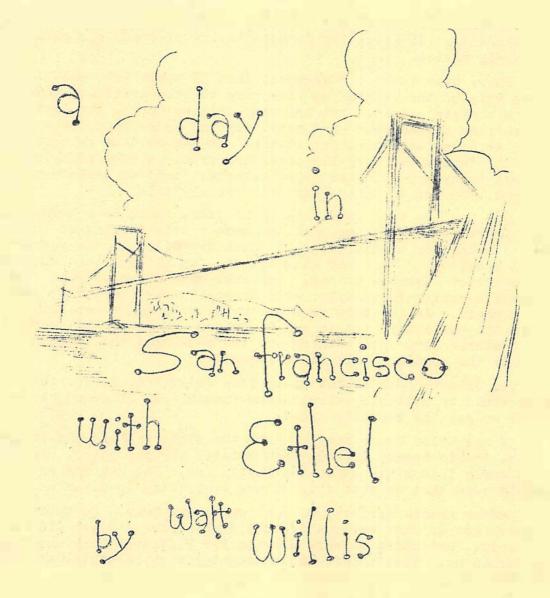
I had Wally Weber staying here the other weekend and to complete the trio, Archie Mercer came up from Bristol for the night. As Wally arrived early I took him up to see Dudley 200. The day was so miserably cold that we were able to see everything in deserted comfort.

After Archie arrived, we went up to see Tony. Of course Tony says we've got to show Wally a typical dark, drowsy, dirty old English pur. We did, and while we were playing bar billiards Tony and Simone Walsh turned up. They'd left their daughter with relatives at Worcester. We all had quite an evening telling jokes and what not.

The next day I took Wally and Archie to see the ex-quarry at wrens Nest. The council had cleared the slopes of debris and without this covering the workings looked even more impressive. Then we went on to the Seven Sisters where they were both impressed by the size of the workings and remarks on notice boards relating to the contents of the lower caverns and the iminent danger of the roof collapsing.

Sunday afternoon the Prummies rolled up. About a dozen assorted; plus a couple I'd never seen before. Tony came as well, bringing Spanish Main and Galactic Trader. Fony instructed them in Galactic Trader, "We'll just play the last 20 planets," he said. Oh, well. fally tried the game, but according to Tony, Charles was the real star. This didn't surprise me because Charles is damn good at any game

On Monday Wally went up to Liverpool. Maybe he'll come back next year. He's a damn good Taffer.



We awoke in the middle of the living room to find that living had started without us. It now included Cal Demmon, who had been sound asleep (we could hear the sound from outside his door) when we arrived late the previous night off the bus from Seattle. In the subhuman life form I assume before breakfast I was in no condition to divine where in this calm giant could be hiding the mercurial Cal I knew from his writing, and shortly both of them left for work. I dressed in the bathroom while Jerry Knight made the mystic passes which transformed our double bed into an ordinary settee, and then he and Miriam and we had a leisurely talkative breakfast of toast and coffee. American bread tastes rather lifeless raw, but regenerates itself when toasted, like a phoenix. Then Madeleine devoted herself to the difficult problem of the appropriate costume for sight-seeing in San Francisco in an open Volkswagen, and I strolled outside feeling a catlike need to familiarise myself with my immediate environment.

We were, I found, living in a tiny two-storey red brick house rather reminiscent of a mews cottage. It was in the corner of a little courtyard, off a wide main road which stretched limitlessly into the haze. The day was warm and sunny, a strange meteorological phenomenon which even we from Ireland were begining to accept as commonplace. So adaptable were we indeed that I gave my sense of wonder a mental pinch to try and waken it up. We're in San Francisco, I pointed out to it. But it just lay there, unimpressed. Strolling along happily in the morning sunshine it was certainly difficult to work up any tension, and there was nothing very startling to be seen. A commonplace motel, an ordinary gas station, the usual advertising signs. There was a small store subtitling itself "The Sincere Grocers" and I made a mental note to suggest, when passing it in fannish company, that it must specialise in frankfurters. It's hard to sustain a reputation for native wit while coping with a foreign country.

American streets are so monotonously straight and long that there never seems any point in walking unless you are making for some definite destination, so after a few hundred yards I turned back, carrying out a post mortem on my sense of wonder. I just didn't feel I was in a foreign country, I realised: I felt quite at home. I could walk back into 947 University Avenue, Berkeley, California, with no more tension than into I70 Upper Newtownards Road, Belfast. "as it possible I had met Miriam and Jerry only last night?

If walking alone along a street in California wasn't enough to waken my sense of wonder, it obviously needed something out of this world. Back in the courtyard outside the house I found it. Then everything is alien a familiar sight can awaken wonder, like a castaway on Mars finding a primrose among the lichen. Or maybe I should say a sprig of heather, for anything as staunch and resilient as this Scottish flower blooming under an alien sky. There in the sunbaked Californian courtyard was Ethel Lindsay, a little more sunburned than when I had last seen her in Chicago, but as cheerful and happy as ever. It was a wonderful surprise to find her here in Berkeley. We had been travelling in different directions ever since the Convertion, but here our paths had crossed, for Ethel's last day in San Francisco and our first.

I don't know how much later it was that we started. It was one of the nice things about Berkeley fandom, and one of the things that made it like Ireland, that time didn't seem to matter. There were a number of pleasant things that could be done if we felt like it, but there was no hurry. The day was open-ended. But it must have been about noon when we all piled into Jerry's Volkswagen convertible and he whisked us off to the Golden Gate.

Whisked was the word. We started off with the top down, but the wind soon blew that idea out of our heads. We stopped and Jerry put the top up while the girls had still some hair style left. It was as well we did because the day got misty and cool as we drove further into the Pacific. By the time we got out to the Golden Gate it was quite chilly and the bridge, one of the few contemporary structures to figure in a science fiction story, could only be extrapolated. However we were the people to do it, and besides I bought a very nice picture postcard of it when we stopped for a cup of coffee at the far

end. After all, as I pointed out philosophically to Madeleine, we had been on the bridge and we had seen what it was like. What more could we ask?

Then we went to the museum, where there was some Rodin sculpture. We visited the Chinese room too, our appetite for sculpture being still as it were unjaded, and then on to Miriam's favourite modern ruin. This was a wonderful fairylike castle made out of canvas and plaster for some exhibition and now rapidly disintegrating, but of such charm that not only had it been left undemolished, but a fund had been started to reconstruct it of permanent materials. As we admired it across its most, moving from time to time to dodge the windborne fallout from a massive stone fountain —these Americans have some fancy lawn sprinklers, I murmured —the highly original thought struck me that San Francisco was a very different city from Los Angeles. There they specialised in lath and plaster reconstructions of masonry: here they made masonry reconstructions of lath and plaster.

I had been coming to like San Francisco anyway, having seen enough despite the mist at the Golden Gate to know it was probably the most beautiful city in the Northern Hemisphere (sorry, Berkeley fandom, but I have this notion about Rio de Janeiro) and now this crazy idea made me suspect I was going to love it. In most places it's hard enough to get people to pay for the preservation of ruins of genuine historic interest. Of course it's probably accounted for by the well known breeding habits of familiarity. The Egyptians, for instance, seem quite content to make reservoirs round their antiquities and dam the consequences. Only the foreigners worry. And in Ireland only a few years ago Killymoon Castle was sold for £100 to a farmer who put pigs in it. But in San Francisco, Miriam told me, there was great indignation when it was found that a new five million dollar elevated motorway obstructed the view of the Ferry Building, which alt: ough of no particular architectural interest had been a historic San Francisco landmark for all of two generations. So it was decided to pull it down and rebuild it some herewelse. No, not the Ferry Building, silly. The motorway.

We continued further into downtown San Francisco, looking for that contemporary chimera, parking space. It sometimes seems to me that half the population of the world is at present devoting its life to getting a motor car and the other half to getting rid of it. San Francisco has this latter problem in a particularly acute form, being a European-style city with an American-style traffic problem. In his search for a distantly glimpsed multi-storey carpark Jerry was entrapped in a relentless spiral of one-way streets, borne steadily further and further from his objective as by some sort of inverted whirlpool, until it was obvious even to me that he was lost. I felt quietly happy about this. It always happens to me when I take visitors to tourist attractions.

However Jerry eventually evaded the cordon of signs, homed in on the car park and whizzed up a series of spiral ramps, which it would be fun to roller skate down, until he found a vacant space on the umpteeth floor. After admiring the view we took the lift again and found ourselves thronging the streets.

It reminded me of Paris. Not that I've ever been to Paris, but that's what it reminded me of. It was stylish, elegant, sophisticated, cosmopolitan. After the aggressive Americanism of every other city I had seen in the States it was like a breath of European air. The advertisements seemed less blatant, the shop window displays subtler, the buildings more permanent, even the traffic less hectic. The men seemed more quietly dressed, more polite and more relaxed. The girls were tastefully dressed and pretty in every conceivable racial and multivacial way. There was, above all, a general impression that people liked one another and liked living in San Francisco. I was begining to understand why, and how this city had redeemed America in the eyes of the world at the time of the Kruschev visit, and for all we know saved mankind. This was what America could become.

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It was a revelation. It seemed to me that everyone at home who is inclined to resent the creeping tide of Americanism in our cities should come and look at San Francisco, and see for themselves that Americanism...which is just the term these people use for a society based on mass production, high consumption and the automobile...can be integrated with traditional European values. People who run screaming from the concrete desert of Los Angeles should bause f r breath in San Francisco and see that there is another answer. A city which is the hope of the world.

But after crossing a few intersections we found ourselves in another city altogether, an Oriental one. We were in Chinatown, where everything was Chinese except the price tags, and even the telephone kiosks were little pagodas. Hundreds of little shops offered strange and fascinating things for sale. _iriam and Jerry were looking for a Mexican restaurant, of all things. Madeleine was looking for a cheap cheongsam, a garment which has done more than Mao Tse Tsung to unsettle Western Mankind, and Ethel, who had had an early bearkfast, was looking for food didn't mind one way or another because though I liked cheongsams and food, I thought the situation of three Celts, a Slav and an Anglo-Saxon looking for a Mexican restaurant in the Chinese quarter

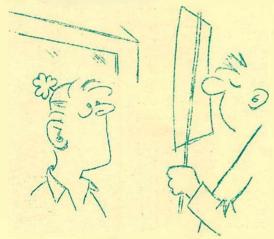
of an American city founded by Spain was the last word in excticism. However Ethel's was the most basic need, transcending the instincts of sex and even the craving for enchiladas, and since the place was fairly crottling with Chinese restaurants we finished up eating a typical fannish meal of four dinners among tive people.

Outside again we went to catch a cable car. San Francisco is built upon what appears to be a miniature mountain range, and only sheer determination prevents the entire population from slithering down to the waterfront. Those who have ended up there are periodically dredged up again by cable cars, for redistribution about the peaks of the city. The cable cars are engagingly antiquated contraptions, 'mmet-ations of ordinary single-deck trams, driven by a clutch engaging a moving cable through a slot in the ground. This device permits the most dramatic effects of acceleration and braking, and what with this and the clattering and grinding and lurching they seem to go at crazy speed through the more respectable traffic. They are more like something in a funfair than a means of public transport, and everyone seemed to enjoy them as much as we tourists. You feel somehow that San Francisco has a holiday running down the middle of its streets.

A cable car finally ground to a halt on level ground at the waterfront and everyone reluctantly got out. It was now positioned at a sort of turntable, and to my delight I found all the passengers were helping to push it round ready for the journey up again. Yes, I liked San Francisco.

The reason we had come down to Fisherman's Wharf, apart from riding the cable cars, was to visit a famous store called COST PUS where there are all sort of exotic imports at bargain prices. But Miriam, who was leading the way, slowed down and stopped and looked worried. I realised at once what was wrong, having seen this sort of thing on the newsreels. Men were walking up and down in front of the store carrying placards. We stopped in a group on the pavement, irresolute. "I've never crossed a picket line in my life," said Miriam, "but Madeleine coming all this way...."

"I'll tell you what," said Madeleine cheerfully, " we could go in and steal something."



"'ell, let's case the joint anyway," I said bilingually, so we went over to look at the windows. The first thing we saw was a big notice saying OUR EMPLOYEES ARE NOT ON STRIKE. It went on to give a long involved explanation full of technical terms from American Labour relations, the gist of which was that the employees were getting what they wanted. Miriam was nonplussed, so I suggested we go and see what the pic kets had to say. We went over to the nearest one and, nodding to him politely, studied his placard. He stopped walking and held it steady

for us, averting his gaze as if he merely paused for a rest. Having digested his message we coughed apologetically to attract his attention and asked him about the notice in the window. Whereupon he launched into another equally involved explanation, the gist of which was that this employer couldn't be trusted and that they were picketing him until he

kept his promises. After ten minutes or so of hearing evidence and cross examination we adjourned our little industrial court and, thanking the picket, retired further down the sidewalk for consultation. hiriam and Jerry said whatever we decided would be fine by them, Madeline said firmly that she'd just as soon not go in, and we all retired from the arena feeling quite happy at having struck a blow for downtrodden labour.

Curiously this little episode made me feel even more at home in Sen Francisco. Up to now most of our hosts in America had been Republicans, who would regar our Conservative Party as a bunch of dangerous radicals. They were very nice people and I thought none the less of them for that. Of course I am very broad-minded about these things; I would even be prepared to make Republicanism legal between consenting adults. But it did feel good to be back among people who thought like Europeans and whom you didn't have to be afraid of offending.

So we happily wandered along the waterfront for a while looking at baby alligators and other strange things, including the little seahorses they offered to mail live anywhere for a dollar. I don't know what Her Majesty's Post Office would think of this...th only sea creature I've ever heard of them delivering by post is COD. Then we took the cable car again for another cheerful jangling ride back up into the city. Half way it stopped dead and stood there for some time without any apparent reason. Nobody seemed to be at all concerned. A passer-by called out something and the driver shouted "Coffee break at the power station," and everybody laughed. It didn't seem the sort of thing that would happen in New York, or even London.

I can't remember if we ever found out the reason for the stoppage -- maybe it was the coffee break -- but eventually we jangled off again, and hopped off in the middle of the city and went to collect the Volkswagen.

We shot down the spiral ramp into the streets like a ball on a pintable, only to be caught in a huge traffic jam on the approaches to the Bay Bridge. While thus becalmed in a Sargasso Sea of cars I heard from Miriam and Jerry of the first murmurings of San Francisco's Revolt Aga nst The Freeways. It was becoming clear that every city motorway built to solve the problem of too much traffic carries the seed of another problem, the traffic it creates. Which necessitates another motorway and so on until the city itself is obliterated by concrete, dispersed into crevices between roads and car parks. Jos Angeles has yielded to the automobile, but not San Francisco. Even then there were plans for a modern commuter railway system, and recently I saw on television a San Franciscan who threatened to blow up a projected new freeway. I nodded approvingly: that was my San Francisco.

Back in Berkeley we met Bill Donaho and Dick and Pat Ellington and their little daughter Poopsie, a farewell gathering to see Ethel off on her long journey back home. We all went for dinner to a big eating place called Brennans, which unaccountably was owned by a German and employed Chinese waiters. The food was very good and there were the usual lavish helpings, which no one was able to finish except

Bill Donaho. little Poopsie was hardly able to make any inroad at all into her dinner, and I was delighted to see Bill relieve her of her almost untouched plate and finish it off. It's a great comfort for a visitor to the States to have Bill Donaho around. Not only does his vast size give you a sense of security, amply justified by his less obvious character and intelligence, but he relieves you of the nagging guilt you feel in restaurants at the waste of all that good food. "ith Bill around this problem is drastically reduced. On this occasion he polished off a couple of side dishes for me as well, enabling me to concentrate my flagging forces on my huge hunk of strawberry shortcake. It had turned out to be a very pleasant surprise. I have been ordering this dish with unquenchable optimism for the past thirty years at various places in the world, and this was the first time I had ever found it made with fresh strawberries and real, fresh cream. Ethel had it too, and I don't think she could have wished for anything better for her last meal in California.

As usual unquestionedly assuming command, Bill made sure we arrived at Oaklands bus station in good time. Bill checked in Ethel's luggage, I found out which gate the bus would be at, and then there was nothing to do but wait for the bus to come in from San Francisco

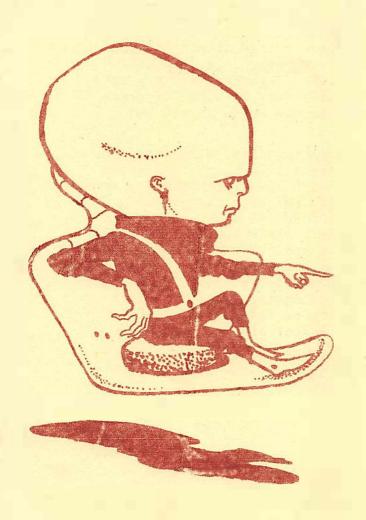
on its way to Salt Lake City and New York. It was, of course, late. We stood in a little group round Ethel, talking nervously and desultorily. The Berkeley fans couldn't be their usual bright and cheerful selves, because this was a sad occasion, and they couldn't just keep saying sad farewells, and they all knew that when the bus did come in there would be a rush to get on and we couldn't hold Ethel back. So the conversation was spasmodic and interspersed with the usual objurgations, to take care of herself and give their love to so and so in England and try to persuade Atom to stand for Taff and so on. For myself I just kept thinking, I'm responsible for all t is. I wrote the article in Nebula which brought this little Scottish girl into fandom, and I started this TAFF thing, and now here she is in a California bus station among friends she had made across six

thousand miles. Now she looked a little sad, and I could understand it. Her great holiday all over, she was leaving the sun and warmth of California for the long anti-climatic journey back to winter in grimy London; no doubt worrying all the way as to whether she had made a good impression. The bus swept suddenly in and the queue pushed foward and the Berkeley fans said their hurried last goodbyes and I knew there was only on thing for me to saw. So as she was swept past me in the queue I bent down and whispered "I'm proud of you that." And I was, though it wasn't until I saw the genuine sorrow and affection on faces around me as that brave little figure dissapeared in the crowd that I realised just how much.

--Walt Willis



LOS SPINGS



YE FANALYTIC EYE

New Abberations for Old

I recently saw an interesting double-bill of horror films. One was pure gothic horror and the other a macabre present day thriller, yet both displayed urmistakeable undertones of the same perversion...necrophilia. "Kiss of the Vampire" and "Paranoiac" are two well made films, typical of the two styles Hammer frequently turn out these days. The former has all the traditional aspects of the vampire yarn, so well known to most filmgoers by now as to need no explanation, and contains one of the funniest unintentional lines I've heard for some time: "He's been drinking again." As the story unfolds with its accert on corpses (the vampires are hedonists who have discovered that blood sucking is more satisfying than sex), one can't escape the plot's kink towards negrophilia. In early textbooks on Psychiatry necrophilia is referred to as vampyrism, the sexual attraction to corpses, and is explained as the logical conclusion of fantasies of extreme violence towards the opposite sex.

"Paranoiac" is more scientific and obvious than its gothic predecessor, the vampire has been replaced by the paranoid. Faranoia is a very rare abberation which is hard to detect until its later stages, unless the sufferer lands in court. Paranoiacs suffer from one major delusion, their whole life and actions revolving around it, and often they turn homicidal in defence of their belief. Psychiatrists say that their delusions are caused by deep-rooted guilt-fear feelings of homosexuality, and the film "Paranoiac" bears this out in an unsaid but hinted way.

The plot, weaving around the insanc protaganist, Simon, is competent and occasionally thrilling, but sometimes lapses into ludicrous dialogue and silliness like: "She's in love with him," and "Thats a problem she'll have to work out for herself." The paranoid (dynamically well played by Oliver Reed) has developed, before the story opens, a homosexual attatchement for his elder brother. Their parents are killed, and Simon develops recrophilic tendencies and kills his brother. He walls the corpses of his brother up behind an organ, which in the film he plays for the dead brother, now believing him to be alive. The final shot is the most telling of all...Simon embracing the decaying corpse as flames encroach upon him...soon to be a corpse himself. So in the final frame we have combined homosexuality, incest and necrophilia.

So the insane and perverted are replacing the vampires and were-wolves. But the appeal is to the same dark areas of our minds which are attracted by both. Exit Lovecraft, Poe and Stoker -- enter Block, Sturgeon and Burroughs.

About the Fourth Estate

The 'Daily Mail' of 6/2/64 contains some unusual statements about the British Interplanetary Society. One of the paper's columnists makes some torgue in cheek remarks about an entirely unofficial body like the BIS playing host to the Russian cosmonaut, Valentina Tereshcova; saying that the Society has come a long way from its formation in the thirties when members believed in Flying Saucers and Venusians. This, as any long time fan will realise, is pure invention on the part of the 'Mail', apart from the glaring fact that Saucers didn't exist as such before 1947, Venusians are a post-Adamski delusion.

The know-nothing columnist conveniently fergets that the fourth estate is almost entirely responsible for furthering the whol of the saucer mythos. When the whole thing began in the late forties the press gave full coverage to every sighting and "landing", giving them more importance than the real horror of the emerging post-war society. I can remember as a child accepting without doubt the regular storis in the 'Pictorial' of little Martians found dead in Saucers, of till men in silver dress emerging from their craft, and being made to cultivate a low opinion of the US government for their "suppression of facts". Looking back on that era, I can see the press, half consciously, nearly succeed in creating a psychotic society. everyone was expecting the Martians, Verusians, or what have you to land and sort out the mess politicians had got us into.

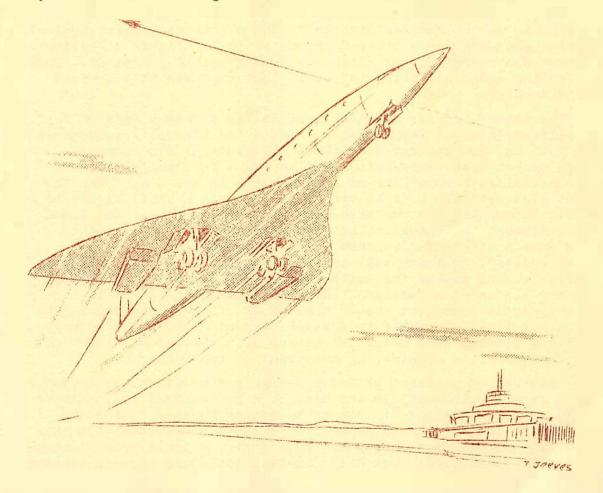


LOS SPANCES

Divine intervention is a concept as old as time. The press neatly played on this as did the religious fanatics of the Dark Ages, and for much the same reason. Our press has never attempted to keep up with the scientific revolution; in the place of logic they have substituted superstition. 'The News of the World' has for years furthered the myth of subnormal monsters waiting in every dark lane to rape young child-ren. 'The People' continually "exposes" wrongdoers by placing them in a mass circulation pillary, and the 'Sunday Express' publishes War memoirs ad infinitum which after 20 years have drifted into the reals of myth and legend.

Sex dominates our press, just as sex dominated the Medieval Church. It is the sex of prostitution, adultery, 38-22-36, talentless starlets, Christine Keeler, child rapers and queers in high places. It is a Victorian naughty peeshow that carries with it that era's outlook on sex. On the flip side of the coin prominent church leaders are often handsomly paid to denounce premarital intercourse, the latest 'pornog-raphis' novel, or deride the 'new morality' of their more with it colleagues. These articles are often featured in an edition that chronicles the latest clerical atrocity in the choir boys' charging room.

Meanwhile bombs are tested, conferences fail, Fresidents are assassinated, elections held, and the world becomes more and more complex for the astrologers and alchemists of Fleet Street.



Power Lines

In recent years there has arisen among American novelists an interesting and popular trend to swing away from the typical small town sexenics and "think big" by writing nuclear age thrillers, featuring, as central characters, prominent figures such as the President of the USA.

The recurring theme among these novels is, "what would happen if nuclear war occured by accident." This is the plot of both Burdick and Wheeler's "Fail Safe" and Peter Geor 's "Red Alert" (filmed as "Dr. Strangelove, etc.).

"Fail Safe" is perhaps the most precise and entertaining of the whole crop of like novels. It takes attitudes and opinions on nuclear warfare prevalent at the moment, ranging from the pacifism of Bertrand Russell to the first strike theories of Herman Kahn, and has them voiced in the crucial moments before Moscow is destroyed by accident. The accident is caused by the blowing of a condensor in the war-room computer, causing a flight of American bombers to believe than an exercise is the real thing. Then American righters fail to destroy the bombers, krushchev prepares to give the order for the bombing of America, and, to avert the holocaust, the American President (obviously Kennedy) has New York bombed as a sign of good faith...this solution seems less incredible than the actual devices of war that are worked into the novel.

The authors' message, if any, is, "where do men leave off and machines begin in the nuclear machine?" The electronic brains collect information and programmine other machines as to the course of action while human observers can but watch and pass impotent judgement. The shared feeling among all these novels is that same men have created an insame monster.

The insane monster of Knebal and Bailey's "Seven Days in May" is the military-mind of the Pentagon. While the liberal President is dealing with the opening moves of total multilateral disarmamant a hard core of Pentagon brass-hats are planning a full scale military junta to establish a totalitarian dictatorship in the U'A. When the President discovers the plot he can only rely upon a small circle of loyal friends and use dubious methods against the whole of the Armed Forces. Although the situation has frightening possibilities the novel is just a straight adventure story comparable to Van Vogt's "World of Pull-A", in which poli ics are secondary to thud, blunder and intrigu . One wishes the authors had taken the story further by showing the U. A under a fascist leader. As it was the generals simply resigned when the President showed them proof of their misdeeds. The rebellion was finally crushed by Senator Haymond Clark who blackmailed the military leaders over a trivial matter of tax-evasion. This ending hardly seems credible considering the might of the Pentagon.

The nuclear accident of Peter George's "Red Alert" us caused by a case of singular insanity in the mind of a SAC general who, without authority, orders a flight of bombers to attack Russia. Under the fail safe system such a chain of events would be impossible, but this does not, as critics of the book and film imply, detract from the importance of the situation; that only a madman would use nuclear weapons

is a direct commonsense supposition. Perhaps only madmen are fully qualified to hold positions of command over nuclear machines? In "Fail Safe" intellectual neurotics advocating first strike are kept at a safe distance from the machines, yet are kept on hand for the entertainment of Pentagon generals, yet it is a defect in the computer that leads to the destruction of 'ew York. The authors of "Seven Days in May" don't take the easy way out by presenting the rebellion leaders as lunatics, but instead show the political causes of the rebellion led by a man who is obviously more stable than the Tresident. The only reason we are given that the Pentagon's action is wrong is because the Constitution says "you can't do that".

Apart from taking these themes seriously, Americans have made them into big business by filming all of the novels under discussion. "Red Alect", a serious novel, emerged as the black comedy "Dr. Strangelove" because director Kubrick thought the destruction of humanity by humanity was the biggest belly laugh of all.

And the Streets Aren't Paved ith Gold

It has now been 18 months since I left the coalfields of Mottinghamshire for the concrete pastures of london, and it is an experience I wouldn't advise anyone to try more than once. Looking back on these months and comparing my feeling and reactions now to those of the climate I grew up in I've made a few observations regarding London and Londoners.

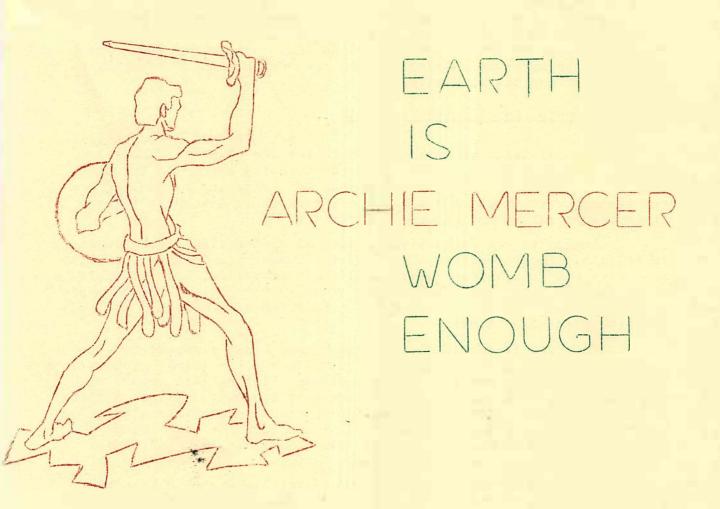
Londoners are basically the same as anyone else living anywhere in Britain. The trouble is that they don't want you to know it. City Londoners wear ridiculous apparel and wield umbrellas, not for the sake of Larxist cartoonists, but for fear of being noticed and standing out in the seething masses. Yet for all this difference they are the same as Nottinghamshire miners.

The city is to blame. It takes basic human kindness and twists it into something cold and inhumar. Sentimental you think? You've seen films o read books describing the panic and rioting that occurs when the Martians are coming or the Bomb has been dropped. That is nothing on the rush hour. People push, shove, bite and scratch for a place on a train. iddle-aged respectable family men turn into something short of pirates boarding a ship and women, children and old ladies are trampled into the London Transport dust.

romp and Circumstance is another little anacroni m Londoners like to hide behind and having worked in the Gui dhall I see what must be a fair sized ration of it. Take for example the visit of the ing and queen of the Belgiums. The Guildhall minions looked to see whether they had ever been presented with the Freedom of the City. T is is a status filled title whose only benefit is the free education of your children if you die. The Belgian Monarchy, it was found, were not Free Men, and so a Civic Banquet was arranged during which the presentation could be made. What ensued was one of the biggest ballsups in the history of the Guildhall.

A poorly rehursed military band waited outside the entrance for the royal couple. They were keyed up to play the Belgian Mational anthem. They played it three times for three different people; none of whom were the Aoyal couple. The first was the portly mayoress of Fermondsey, then Lord and lady Mountbatten and the crowning insult, our own Queen and Frince Philip! hen the Belgians finally arrived they were greeted by our own Pational Anthem!

-- Jhim linwood



Elvis of familibone patted the hilt of his phallic sword, Stork-bringer.

"We must attack," he informed his companion in arms.

"Is it wise?" asked Dive-in-Sport, his kinsman. "They are many and we are pitifully few."

"Nevertheless," returned Elvis, "this is our moment if ever one was. The entire female population of the earth is out there. If we can only destroy them now, then the world will be at our feet."

Crackher the Bed Archer spoke. "And if we fail?"

"We fail anyway," said Elvis, "unless we use our moment. That say, friend Moorcock?"

"If we attack, then I am your herchman as ever," replied his old comrade-in-arms sardonically. "And may - er - the best man win."

Elvis raidly marshalled his forces, himself taking the lead of the spearhead column. His companions by his side, he advanced upon the massed ranks of womankind, Storkbringer at the ready. He could see them now, in outline so similar to himself and to his fellows, yet somehow subtly and obscenely different. Clearly, the world was not big enough to hold both sexes. One of them would have to go.

Then the spearhead was in amongst the rarks of the enemy, and Storkbringer had tasted blood. As the sword tasted, so Elvis's strength soared. Oman after woman fell to his weapon's demonic lust as he hewed his way to the centre of the horde. By his side, Crackher the Bed Archer fired arrow after arrow into the echelons of womankind, and each arrow found its mark. A bold woman with a sword stepped under Elvis's guard, but was dispatched with an arrow in her breast ere she could deliver the fatal stroke.

"Good shooting, friend Crackher," said Elvis, turning momentarily towards the archer. "Gops - sorry." Storkbringer sheathed itself in his friend's body. "Lust've slipped." He freed his stord and dv rood upon the women again, leaving the Red Archer's lifeless body lying there.

Suddenly the Queer of Chaos was before him, seated regally upon an ornately carved throne. Storkbringer singing, he towered over her. she defended herself as best she could, but her weapons were no match for the phellic sword that had gorged itself upon blood, and it buried itself eagerly in her royal vitals. Elvis stepped back.

"The Queen is dead, good kinsmen," he exulted. "Now the forces of Chaos are disorganised - victory is in our grasp. Cops - sorry." He disengaged Storebringer from the intestines of his kinsman Dive-in-Sport, leaving him gasping there with his life ebbing away. "Must've slipped. Rally men, Mooncock - we must let no female escape the field."

The forces of womankind were surrounded on aFT sides, and there was no escape. None were permitted to live - those who asked for quarter were halved. After it was over, Elvis mustered his victorious troops.

"Victory is ours!" he told them. "The monstrous regiment of Chaos is no more - in all the world not a female survives. From now on, the Laws of ian will rule. Ours is the Earth." Dramatically he flourished Storkbr nger. "Generation upon generation of men as yet unborn will come into their....oops - sorry. Bust've slipped." Gently he disengaged his sword from the lifeless body of his old comrade-in-arms mooncock, and continued his peroration.

CARTOON BY BEFLYL HEMLEY OF CORRUPTION

The POPEYE cartoons are not b ing shown on Midlands TV at present, but if it is true that they will be returning to our small screens shortly, I think we should take a closer look at the influential content thereof. And, as a result, parents, teachers and all those concerned with the moral welfare of the young may feel themselves impelled to join me in a vehement denunciation of this disgraceful character.

Firstly, he is always smcking, and one is given to understand that the material used in his pipe is the vilest kind of weed. Secondly, he displays disgusting eating habits -- straight out of cans without the benefit of a fork even. And on most occasions, the whole canful of spinach goes into his mouth at once, to be gulped down with nauseating noises.

Incidentally, it has been pointed out that longye is a good influence in that he encourages the eating of spinach, which most children loathe. But a roted American distician placed himself on the side of the children some years ago, and said that their instinctive loathing was no more than self-preservation, since it had been discovered that spinach was not only not good for children, it could have definitely harmful effects.

Another character called Wimpey is also a bad influence in the ordinary sphere, since his only aim in life seems to be to gulp down hamburgers whole, as often as possible. It should be pointed out to the creator of these delinquent characters that gluttony is one of the seven deadly sins.

Also, one wonders about the exact relationship between Popeye and Olive Oyl, who is referred to as his girl-friend. Is the body, Swee'Pea, Olive's baby? If so, is Popeye the father, and again if so, why does he not legitimise the child? This is downright, shocking, immorality. Olive, in some episodes, seems to be doing her best to get Popeye to marry her -- which he should, of course -- but in other episodes she is nothing but a wanton, going off with any man who reaches out a hand for her. It is no use suggesting that she is only doing it to rouse Popeye's jealousy, because it is obvious that, until things go wrong, she thoroughly erjoys her amorous delliances.

Cruelty to animals is also blatant in some of these cartoons — for instance Popeye is often seen swinging some luckless beast around his head and flinging it for miles. And Wimpey will stalk and dispose of any creature which will fill his hamburgers.

Some cartoons have been shown in which Swee'Per is neglected shamefully, and had to be rescued from some dire plight by Popeye. Is this really the kind of thing which young children should be allowed to see?

Parents: arise in wrath and sweep these unsavoury characters from our screens. Demand more wholesome entertainment for your kiddy-winks. Organise a march on those TV companies responsible for showing such vicious trash.

Me? Well, I'll -- er -- join you later. I'm just off to meet my two boys from school. I'm taking them to see BEN HUR for the second time.....



I've always found the idea of visitors very appealing -- and in the case of Pat Kearney, the visitor himself is appealing, too. Not in the anatomical sense, I hasten. It's simply that when he comes round from Elizabeth Street, he's always appealing for the loan of some horror book.

Thursday the 13th of February had all the cards stacked against it. The date, for instance. Work was more miserable than usual, and when I got home, I had the usual fare of two chards of burnt toast to look foward to. I was in the middle of munching the fragments of the second piece when the doorbell rang.

"Kearney," I thought.

But it wasn't Victoria's answer to World Peace. It was a youngish man with an RAF shirt and an RAF black tie covered with a civilian raincoat. He had a piece of paper in his hand.

"Mr. Locke?"

"Ye-es."

"I'm from Gerald Road police station. Are you the owner of scooter TRY 314? We've received a complaint from a householder..."

It was a long and sad conversation involving the extreme age of the scooter, the difficulty of getting a road test certificate and the difficulty of behaving honestly in twentieth century society. We parted half an hour later, the police officer to get his handcuffs -- I thought, and I to return to my cold burnt toast, reflecting that it was probably the last time I'd have the privilege of eating cold burnt toast for at least three months.

Sure enough, the docreell rang again, later that right. I was in the middle of my epid, designed to put the lid of the grave of the Sense of Wonder for good and all time. It was a very exciting part of the story where everything was going wrong for all the characters, and when that doorbell rang I nearly jumped out of the window.

Another young man was standing by the door. This one looked a cut above the police constable who couldn't make up his mind whether to wear military or civvy gear. He looked at least an inspector.

"Good evening," he said, as I watched him through a mist of gathering terror. My voice trembled and almost refused to leave my lips.

"G-good evening."

He said something in reply to that, but either he mumbled or I wasn't hearing too good. I thought he said "I'm a Fred hunter." At once my eyes went to the cartridge belt he wore to hold his bullets and trousers up. He had the cold, fearless expressions of a man who had hunted — and killed — many Freds in his time. He would live in a stately country mansion, where coal and log fires were perpetually ablaze, like the fires of Hell. A place which was nevertheless still cold, and where elegant, robotic butlers were continually on the move to keep warm. A place of oaken panels, secret passages — and the heads of trophies on the wall. The heads of all the Freds he had killed. Freds hunted down in the Highlands of the orth Downs. Freds tracked down inexorably in the seedy streets of Liverpool, with the Z cars force only braking distance behind him. Freds hunted through the burns and rills of Scotland. Hunted, killed and taken back to the Shetland. Islands.

"Fred Hunter," I said. Relief poured over me. I asked him in, brewed him some coffee -- which, being brewed, didn't turn out too well, and gave him some specially cooked food which would have pleased an epicure. (Slivers of carbonised bread tastefully done in rancid butter and marmite.)

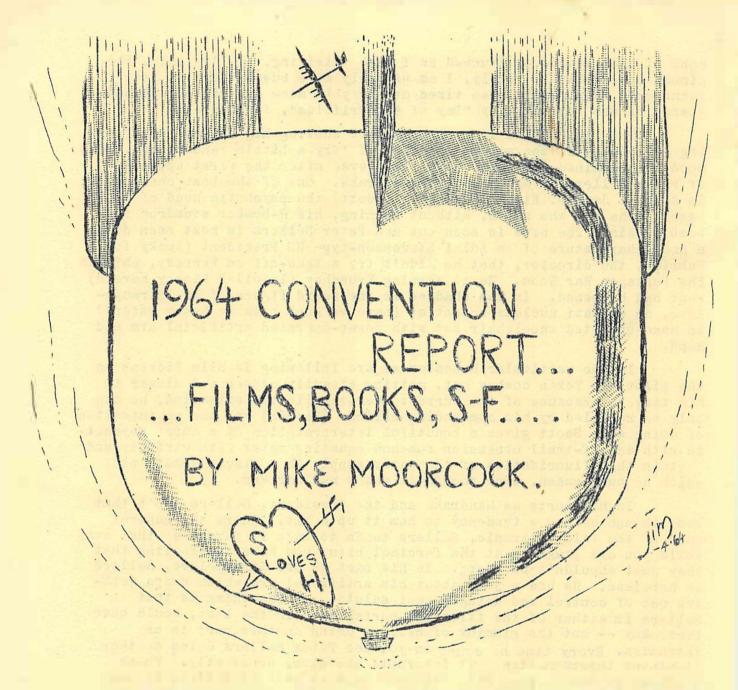
I showed him round the collection, and asked how come he was in Lordon. "Have the Shetlands exploded, like Tristan da Curha? And are you a refugee?"

It turned out he was on some kind of extended tour combined with a business trip which involved visiting practically every city and village of note in the United Kingdom. He had come down the Eastern side of England and was to stay a night or so in London before setting off towards Birmingham on Saturday morning. Even though it wasn't the Globe night, I took him round there, showed him the pub just off Hatton Gerden which is legal y part of Euckinghamshire and finally gave him the traumatic ex erience of letting him sleep at 86 Chelsea Gardens. A most enjoyable evening, especially as it had started so badly.

He survived the ordeal, and we parted on Friday morning. I went to work and Fred went off to see about his business before visiting Ella and her Friday night meeting. He took his bags with him having some fartastic notion about driving through the night in the direction of Birmingham.

I looked foward to seeing him that evening at Ella's, but he phoned my hospital during the coffee break and told me he had to go to Birmingham earlier than he had expected and so wouldn't be at Filburn that evening. A pity.he'd have enjoyed the gathering.

A really nice fellow, and I look foward to seeing him again.



"DR. STRANGELOVE -- OR HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING AND LOVE THE BOMB" is a good film prevented from being excellent by some unnecessary pretentiousness and three mistakes in the casting. The three mistakes were all Peter Sellers -- undoubtedly one of the most unintelligent actors in a profession not noted for its brainpower. Wasn't it Charlton Heston who told a Guardian journalist a couple of years back 'Someone's putting it around that us movie actors are stoopid?' Well, I'm still putting it around and nearly every one of my rare visits to the cinema seems to prove me right.

DR. STRANGELOVE was much better than I anticipated, and, speaking pragmatically, it did, for me at least, what it set out to do -- it scared me numb. I went to a preview show last year sometime, with a bunch of SF writers, critics and Ted Carnell (and the author of the book, who seemed pleased with the film) and their reaction was mixed...certainly

none of them seemed as stunned as I was. Visiting, as I've said, the cinema comparatively rarely, I am probably more susceptible to its techniques which might seem tired or corry to more excerierced cinemagoers. I was terrified by "Day of the Triffids", for instance.

The film begins in an ironic mood showing big H.bombers refueling gracefully in the air to the tune of 'Try a Little Tenderness'. This mood is sustained for quite some time, even after the first appearance of Peter Sellers as Group Captain Mandrake. One of the best characters is General Jack D. Ripper (George C. Scott) the psychotic head of a USAF base -- the man who sends, without warning, his H-bomber squadror to bomb Russia. The news is soon out and Peter Sellers is next seen doing a good charicature of an Adlai Stevenson-type US President (lucky for Kubrick, the director, that he didn't try a take-off on Kennedy, eh?) in the Pentagon War Room. He is warning Kruschev (labelled Kissov herein) what has happened. In the shadows is the weird figure of Dr. Strangelove, an ex-Nazi nuclear scientist (have we gone back to heavy water?) in hand-operated wheelchair but with power-operated artificial arm and hand.

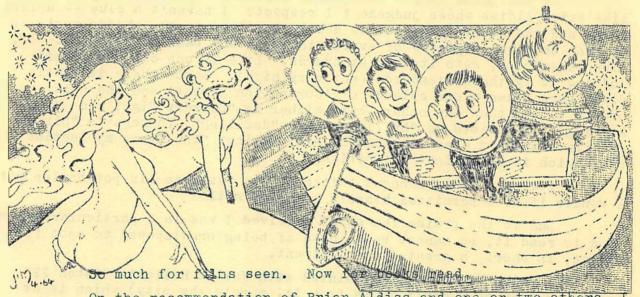
In the particular H-bomber we are following is Slim Pickens as the pilot, in Texan cowboy hat, getting steadily closer and closer to his target. Because of the current over-complicated situation, he can only be recalled by his commanding officer (Ripper) who has no intention of doing so. Scott gives a beautiful interpretation of a quiet psychotic with an off-trail obsession somehow equating water with virility and ration that fluoridation of the water supply is a clever Commie plot which he must smash, even though it means nuclear war.

In his parts as Mandrake and the President, Sellers isn't that bad, though he has a tendency to ham it up a bit. Where the general mood of the film is ironic, Sellers tends to make it farce, so that even while you are laughing at the farcical bits, you have the feeling that they just shouldn't be there. In his part as Dr. Strangelove, Sellers s hopeless. He has a joke about his artificial arm which keeps getting out of control and doing a Nazi salute The thing is that Sellers in either of the first two parts, even in the last, would have been okay -- but the gimmick of Sellers doing another part is an intrusion. Every time he couce on you see Peter Sellers doing another lightning impersonation. It interupts the story constantly. Thank goodness he didn't play Slim Pickens' part as well (I believe he was originally going to) for Pickens is very good in his role. Also excellent is Sterling Hayden as a USAF General in the War Room -- there is a scene where he gives loud thanks to God (he thinks he's safe) for their delivery, shouting the word "GAAAAAAHD!" as if issuing a military command. This is wonderful. There is a spot of cheap symbolism in the film (Kubrick, one sometimes feels, is inclined to vulgarise what he picks up -- he tend to imitate the techniques of intellectual films rather than seriously incorporate them into his rilm) and I get the impression (though I may be wrong) that what the film lacked was good direction. Script and much of the acting was good, the photography was, I suppose, good (I'm no expert) but the construction of the film was poor. However, the ending shocked me terribly and I couldn't speak for some moments (ask someone who knows me and you'll realise just what that means!).

A film I enjoyed for different reasons was Fellini's "84". This again had the fault of using rather too many 'symbolic' tricks which are outworn -- a fault in a lot of films produced on the Continent from what I can see. There is a scene, for example, where the central character (a film director -- the picture is supposed to be largely autobiographical) kisses his mother who siezes his head and drags it towards her in a passionate embrace; as the hero recoils from this, the woman turns into his wife. Stuif like that. But the film is worth seeing for its tremendous visual impact, even if, like me, you can't quite make out what it's all supposed to be about. A scene where a fantastic archetypal mother-goddess does a rumba on a beach watched by a group of fascinated little boys sent me gaping in delight and wishing it could go on for ever and ever. There is a funny scene in which the hero enacts a fantasy where all the women he has ever known are contained in his harem. Considering how easily this could have become tasteless, it says something for Fellini that he brought it off perfectly. In some ways it reminded me of the whole of "Tom Jones", another film which I enjoyed immensely (probably more than any other film I've seen).

Another point about " $8\frac{1}{2}$ " is that all the beautiful women come through as individuals -- they're all beautiful, but they're all different.

On the whole, I can't stand this foreign muck like "L'A' intura!" and so forth, but this Fellini I liked a lot.



On the recommendation of Brian Aldiss and one or two others, I bought a copy of Kurt Vonnegut's "Sirens of Titan". I've since given it away, so I have to rely on my memory and hope I'm right when I quote the Corgi-edition blurb when it says 'one of the greatest SF novels ever written' or words to that effect. On the backcover are further blurbs quoted from reviews (Brian's is prominent and gives heavy praise), all of which are enthusiastic. So I bought it. I might just as well have, I suppose, because it is a mediocre good read. Vonnegut's "Mother Fight" (a very good 'straight' novel) is far superior and I had the impression whilst reading direns that Vonnegut picks up his bread-and-butter money by dashing off a quick SF now and again. This one read as

if it had been dashed off by a clever but not particularly bright writer, and it never really convinced me. For one thing, he kicks off with a point about humanity looking invard and becoming more spiritual which, apart from failing to convince, was never properly explained or developed. Secondly, his God-figure (showing traces of Merlin in "Once and Future ling", maybe) who shunts about the solar system in some kind of warp, is described in terms which made me think Vonnegut was writing tongue-in-cheek until I realised he wasn't. If you've read E. R. Burroughs' descriptions of John Carter as a 'Virginian gentleman, an aristocrat of the U.S.', you'll get some idea of how Vonnegut describes this character. Very snobby. Thirdly, when the hero gets stranded on Nercury as an intelligence test, the means of getting off again strikes the reader immediately. For three years, however (for purposes of plot) the hero wanders about the caves of Mercury trying to figure a way out when I thought of the answer as soon as he got there. And in the end, he doesn't think of the solution -- he's told! This may sound as if I'm complimenting myself on being clever, but I am not clever -- particularly when it comes to anticipating what's going to happen next. The way out was so obvious that I thought I must have missed something and that it couldn't be that way. All signs, I feel, of hasty writing. The book is shallow. Its images (beautiful creature on Mercury, idyllic landscapes on Titan) are flimsy, poorly sketched, and its gimmick is on y a slight variation on a very, very old theme in SF which I have used myself once or twice and am ashamed of.

So what made people rave about the book? Particularly people like Brian Aldiss whose judgement I respect? I haven't a clue -- unless Brian and the others have got so deeply involved in the shoddy world of SF that they're incepable of evaluating good and bad. I hope not. SF, like television, sets its own standards. Like TV one can soon start judging it by these standards (not very high). Maybe there is little difference between one episode of 'Coronation Street' and the next, maybe one is better than the other, but neither is "Saurday Might and Sunday Morning". Described as "brilliant" and "dazzling", Vonnegu's "Sirens of Titan" doesn't even compare too well against "The Stars my Destination" with which it has slight affinities.

I wonder what Vonnegut thinks of the response his pot-boiler got? I wonder if he's permitted himself a bitter smile?

Due to the praise the novel received I was in a particularly good mood to read it, so cannot be accused of being predisposed to spot flaws. It was, in short, a great disappointment.

I expected to be disappointed with Joseph Heller's "Catch 22" (again on loan so I can't quote from it, more's the pity) which is at last available in pocket-book form, but I advise you to get the hard-cover, it will last longer and you'll frequently want to re-read it. I wasn't disappointed, in spite of everyone I know recomending it and quoting from it at length.

As far as I know, Heller has only written this one longish novel and it took him years. He may never write another, but his reputation is made. It is a book which is so good that any attemot to describe it as a whole, or quote bits from it, seems to lessen it. Heller, by means of what appears at first to be a rather disconnected series of

comic incidents, builds up a horrifying picture of men at war (in this case USAF flyers stationed on a small island in the Mediterranean). The central character is an Armenian-American Yossarian who uses most of his time trying to get off flying his missions by getting himself classified as insane. But here Catch 22 comes in -- if you're insane enough to want to get off your missions you can't be insane.

Yossarian spends as much time as possible in the infirmary. One day they bring in a wounded airman. "What's the matter with him?" Yossarian asks the nurse. "He sees everything double," she replies. A team of doctors and psychiatrists arrive to test the new patient. He does see everything twice. Yossarian is due to be discharged from hospital the next day. This he must stop at all costs. Later he shrieks "I see everything twice!" It must be catching. The team arrives to test him. "How many fingers?" as a doctor, holding up one finger. "Two," says Yossarian. "How many now?" he holds up two fingers. "Two," says Yossarian, "How many now?" -- three fingers -- "Two," says Yossarian. Later -- "You're right," says the doctor, "he does see everything twice."

Yossarian and the other airman are put in isolation. But in the night his talented room-mate died. "I see everything once?" shouted Yossarian....



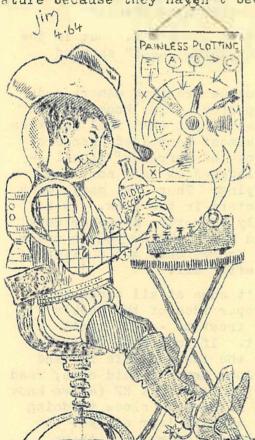
These quotes are from memory and are probably imperfect. The book is rich with comic scenes -- yet the final chapters build up, with almost unnoticed change of emphasis, to show the horror of it all -- the scenes you laughed at were now, you realise, terrifying. There are many, many memorable characters in the book. It is probably the only effective anti-war book I have ever read and I advise you to order your copy now. You've only got a lifetime to read it in, after all.

I haven't come at all close to giving you a proper idea of the book's excellence, but trust me -- you won't regret buying it. If you're of the opinion that "SF is the last vehicle for the moral tale" as John Brunner said once, read "Catch 22" and find out that SF (as we know it, anyway) can never come close to doing the job as well as this 'war story'. At the monent, at least, every theme treated in Science Fiction has been handled

better in 'mainstream' fiction. The only excuse for treating these themes in the more obvious and cruder manner of the SF tale is that they reach a much wider audience by this means. Which brings me to another pet hobby-horse.

There is a dark movement afoot to make SF more respectable -more literary. There is an even darker movement afoot (with which I am
involved) to make it more 'experimental', more intellectural -- to take
it, in short, away from the popular audience. Neither must happen if SF
is to keep its function described above.

What the first movement warts is SF denuded of its powerful images and gimmicky themes. What the second movement wasts is not SF at all — it merely wants to make use of the images in SF. I have tended in the past to sneer at the rather dull, not very literate people who comprise the main body of professional SF writers, and in doing so I may have made a mistake. If SF is to have a reason for existence (and most people appear to feel it needs one) it is to present half-baked philosophical and scientific theories to the general reader who would not otherwise receive them at all. Therefore Science Fiction should concentrate at least on fresh scientific gimmicks, if there are no fresh philosophies. It can, in this way, serve as a bridge between 'popular' fiction and 'serious' fiction and may bring many people to appreciate better things (it's fantastic how many intell gent people there are around who've never had the chance to become familiar with good literature because they haven't been able to understand its terms).



But what of the developments that have come out of SF, but are not SF by the above definition?

When people say they want to raise the standards of SF, what do they mean exactly?

In short, all they mean is that they want to write what they write without having to conform to the requirements of the Science Fiction story. The writers content to turn out a reasonable-job, who accept all the conventions of Science Fiction -- who rely upon them, in fact, for without them they couldn't survive -these writers are only interested in improving their story-telling techniques, and good luck to them. If they talk about improving characterisation, they usually mean that they want to make their stereotypes more believable. Again, good luck to them -- they will always have a wider audience and, quite probably, a happier time of it, concerned as they are only with the machinery of story-telling. These are writers with an important role. Without them the publishing business

would be in a bad way (it isn't, in spite of what publishers tell you). They are writers who would be equally happy using the convertions of the thriller, western, love story or historical romance, who would work within those convertions to produce good or had books, depending on their skill and intelligence.

Without its conventions, the Western is not a Western. Without its conventions, SF is not SF. A nor-Western Western must be judged not gainst other Westerns, but against 'mainstream' novels. The same is the of non-SF SF.

So the non-comformist SF writers make use of some of the subject matter, some of the convertions, some of the images of SF to produce good or bad books, depending on their skill and intellect. They become in fact, merely writers, unlabelled, taking their chances in the much larger, much tougher world of mainstream writing. By becoming this, they stand the chance of losing a fairly regular income (assuming they're full-timers) since their mater al ceases to have a peal to magazine-editors and the publishers of SF series. Not always, of course. They may become writers of 'mainstream-appeal' SF -- writers like Pradbury and Wyndham who don't write what afficionados call SF, but do write what the general public thinks of as SF.

On the whole, what the first lot wants to do is to renounce the conventions of SF -- but to accept the conventions of 'mainstream' writing. Broader conventions, conventions which may vary from time to time, but conventions nonetheless. Conventions which come and go with popular taste. Conventions which are accepted one year, rejected the next. For instance we have had quite a spate of "Lucky Jim" type novels, another spate or "Saturday Night and Sunday Morning" type novels, another of "Billy Liars" and so on. Earlier we had batches of "Decline and Falls", "The Sun also Rises" etc, etc. We can go back to Richardson to see how one author sets convertions which others follow. And every so often a writer crops up who does something new.

Fair enough. But the authors who reject SF conventions for 'mainstream' conventions are moving sideways, not fowards. They can be fish, or fowl or good red herring, but we've tasted something like them before. The author who effects this sideways movement successfully may have injected something extra into the mainstream -- which it needs but then he settles down, his job done. His has been a blending task.

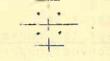
Must one or two writers, currently known in SF circles, are trying to do is to take on the job of distilling something from SF and the mainstream are producing something fresh and really different. Something which accepts neither the conventions of SF nor the conventions of mainstream.

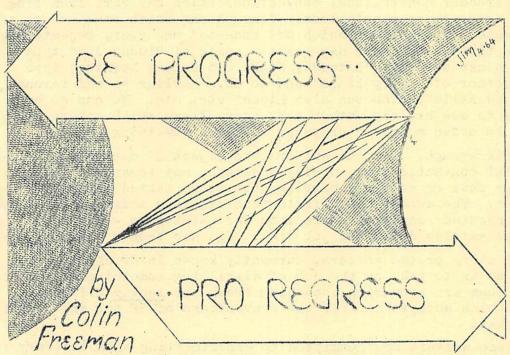
These writers are committed to experimenting with literary forms in the same manner as the scientist experiments with his materials. They are aware that a good number of their experiments will fail -- maybe all of them. These failed experiments, like most failed experiments, will have had their uses, of course, since they add in some way to the writers! information. The progress of literature depends on experiments creating new conventions which in turn are broken. If, for instance, the work of William Burroughs, currently idol of these writers, proves to stand up to various tests, this work will influence a spate of writers following the conventions which it, in turn has set up. The form of the average serious novel in twenty years time may, therefore, have changed considerably. While today there are those who defend the current conventions, there will be others who will defend future conventions. It's the way everything works. Literature is no exception. Being an art, it is harder to judge at first when it produces something new --- "Ulysses" and "Finnegans Wake" are recent examples of books which, though originally condemned by the majority, have rapidly now become accepted by it. Possibly the same will happen to the "Naked Lunch" series.

Finally, though these experimental writers admire Burroughs and learn from him and are bound to be influenced by him to some extent, they are primarily interested in their own obsessions and private myth-worlds, bound to work with these first and foremost, learning from the best writers of all periods, but not imitating them.

The results, as they say, should be interesting at least.

-- ; ike Moorcock





Unfortunately I know next to no hing about hysics and Astronomy, and even less about friend Einstein and his theories. By first and only inkling of the subject was given be about 15 years ago by a fellow schoolboy. "If you leave Earth and continue into space along a straight line, you eventually come back to Earth again," he announced in class one day. "Einstein's Theory of Relativity proves it," he added to clinch his point. I never was one to be impressed by foreign names and this was no exception. The whole idea was impossible nonesense.

It so happens that I've been giving the matter further thought in the last I'years, as a result of which I have revised my opinions somewhat. It's this imaginary space journey that worries me. If you continue in a straight line away from Earth what does happen? Space couldn't just come to an end. What didn't make sense. Or 'the other hand I couldn't grasp the conce t of infinity. The unending continuity of space was beyond my imagination and understanding. This curvature of space business made little sense too, but at least it was something I could grasp and believe in. You follow this straight line and you end up back where you started from. So far so good.

But what about time? Wouldn't the same principle apply here? It doesn't make sense to think that time suddenly suddenly begins and then suddenly ends. Neither can I grasp the concept of it continuing on and on into eternity with no end. But supposing time is curved like the circle of space! You go far enough into the future and you end up in the past -- ready for another round. It sounds reasonable doesn't it? At first I simply accepted it as the most credible solution available, but evidence is now mounting which seems to suggest that the time-circle is rather more than a vague theory. Indeed, the indications are that we are now in the process of completing the full circle.

All of which has very little to do with the remainder of this column -- or has it?

Perhaps the best barometer of progress is education; our schools and Universities. Where are the generations of tomorrow heading? Rutgers University, New Jersey, now offers a course in garbage collection. Fifty one students have enrolled for the first year. "Most of them are wishing to set up as independent dustmen," the University explained. I wonder if the course will culminate in a degree: Doctor of Dustbins, I suppose. Our future, apparently, lies in garbage.

Miami University however, is rather more attuned to the technical age. Their contribution to civilisation is the kissometer; a machine that measure the power generated by two people kissing. I understand that students are exhibiting tremendous enthusiasm for research with this machine. Foward the fight against ignorance.

Mind you, I don't believe that this age of technology is all it's bummed up to be. The district council of Ashton-in-Makerfield, Lancs., was recently told that a set of tra fic lights in the town centre stayed at red and "only worked if you gave them a good kick." Just like some people I know.

There is nothing decadent and reactionary about prisons though, they appear to be replacing our traditional places of learning. Two prisoners in Lancaster Jail took a course in welding and then won top honours in an examination in which 1000 students from technical colleges competed. The Secretary of the Institute of Welding was asked if the lessons learned in prison could be applied in a criminal career. He replied that "These chaps are taught to weld, not to cut. But the training is much the same, and the principles could be applied, say in safe-breaking."

They have got a good point there you know. You can't be too careful nowadays. It might be safer to give them one of those kissometers to study, but there again, I can see this creating new problems --- unless they initiate mixed prisons, of course.

On the whole we are justifiably proud of Mother Justice (British Variety) but at times I wonder perhaps if there isn't some small room for improvement. A man was sentenced to six months jail as a common cheat. He asked the judge to make it a year, and his request was granted after he explained. With a years sentence he would be eligible for parole in only four months, but there is no parole arrangement for a six month sentence. I must get someone to explain it to me sometime.

Even the criminals don't seem to be made of the same stuff nowadays. Two masked bandits approached a bank in Arlington, Mass. A passing lorry back-fired and the pair jumped into their cars and fled. And then there were the two cars which crashed head-on in New Jersey. Without a moment's hesitation the drivers jumped out and ran like hell in opposite directions. They were both driving stolen cars. It's a pity they weren't all caught and jailed. They could have been given a course to restore their solf confidence.

There are exceptions though. For five weeks the Federal Bureau of Investigation conducted an all out hunt for gunman Manuel Grange. They eventually found him working as a dishwasher in the canteen of the F.B.I.'s Washington Identification centre. I think it's funny, but I like to bet the cops didn't. There are times when I think these guys are lacking for a sense of humour. There's the occasion when Charlie Newsom sold \$100 of 'marijuana' to a stranger in Sacramento. "You're under arrest," the stranger snapped after the sale. "I'm a State narcotics officer."

"You can't do that," Charlie replied. "This stuff isn't marijuana it's only old weeds from the river."

Examination confirmed this statement, but poor old Charlie still got 30 days jail for the petty theft of weeds from a private stretch of river. If that isn't a case of sour grapes I'd like to know what is.

Perhaps they could take a tip from the church. A Methodist minister in Lincoln (back in England now) has a ten minute break in his services for telling jokes. He claims that it brightens the service and draws the crowds.

"A funny thing happened to me on the way to the pulpit today .. "

Or for added attraction a little audience participation. "Why did the chicken cross the road?" the minister yells. And from the midst of the congregation comes the reply "because it saw the parson's nose." The applause is drowned by the opening notes of 'Abide With Me' on the organ.

Viewpoints do differ however. One church magazine recently stated, "Sleeping in church is one of the more forgivable sins. There must be something to be said for the man who is so at peace with himself, his neighbours, and his God, that he can go to sleep."

Personally, I think it's all a question of relativity.

-- Colin Freeman

FOR ALL YOUR STATIONERY. DUPLICATING AND PAPER SUPPLIES.....

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One subject occasionally dealt with in SF, yet more often than not left alone, is punishment for crimes under a judicial procedure. Oh, there are punishments by the thousand, of varying degress of horror, from Ted Tubb's "Speak Not at All" to Harry Harrison's "Stainless Steel Rat"; two stories running the gamut from eternal hell to co-opting of the criminal into the forces of good. But for actual judicial procedure in most cases one may as well read a current newspaper. Exile, imprisonment, prefrontal lobotomy, execution, all are known today, and it seems a pity that the brilliant opponents of, say, N. E. Smith's Lensman got nothing better to look foward to that "an ignominious death in the lethal chambers of the Patrol", a prospect which promptly caused them to rig up the primary ray that held off the Patrol for a while. So, I think it is worth considering what punishments society can devise that satisfy the requirements of suitable retribution for wrong and simple economics. So, let us think.

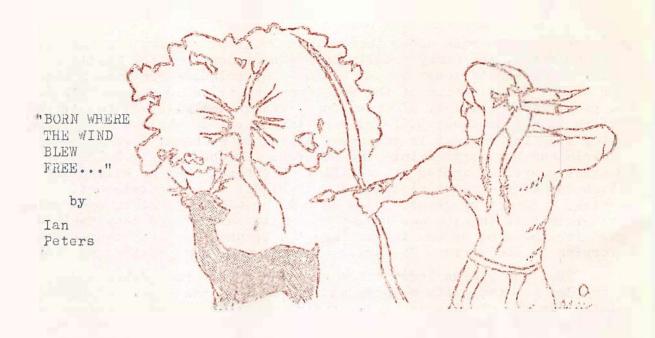
Now, if a man has done wrong, it is only right that his punishment should include something to even the score in society's favour. Recently a youth in Germany, convicted of stealing bicycles, was ordered by the judge to be bound over and to report to the police station once a week for a session of cleaning and maintaining a given number of police bicycles. And my daily newspaper today reports that a supporter convicted of rowdyism at a football match was bound over and ordered to report to the police every saturday at 3.15 pm, when normally he would have been at the kick-off. Very nice, no doubt, and this sort of retribution could probably work for everycrime except crimes of violence against the person. Yet even then, Malinowski reports that a man or woman in the Trobriand Islands found guilty of a sexual offence is punished by being thrown in with a number of people of the opposite set the exact a full measure of punishment. There seems to be no mason why ruffians guilty or beating up someone shouldn't be handed

over to the police as victims for practicing experts in unarmed combat. The courage assay of the Mafia has something to recomend it as a punishment for wielders of knifes and ra ors. The new member has to pick up a coin from the floor while other members thrust at it with their knives. Punishment can fit the crime in every case excepting murder.

Capital unishment is a thorny problem, with the dreadful fear in it that the wrong man may be dying for a crime. An idea that occured to me was that a man convicted of murder could e placed in suspended animation for a given time, then at the end of that time a memory of an imaginary experience of appalling horror to be implanted in his mind, this experience to take the firm of imprisonment in a terrible situation or something similar. This would be economical in two ways. First being in suspended animation, the prisoner would be no trouble and a minimal warder force would be needed, and secondly, the prisoner would always have the horror memory haunting him. The wrong man punished could, of course, be released at once if his case was found to be mistried, and he would go a free man without the underireable effect that a term of confinement with wrongdoers would have on him.

all this is very reasonable, but SF seldom goes much further than this. The Demolished Man had his personality stripped away and rebuilt, but can we not find a way of punishment that involves nothing of personality destruction or hypnotic implanting or anything else of like nature. It isn't easy, because a wicked man has no conscience, obviously he hasn't or he wouldn't be wicked. Of course, with one voice everyone rises up and says the parrot-cry that we must start with the children. The answer to this is obviously - how? It is known that the children from the best as well as the vorst homes car turn criminal, and if we take away little Bill Bloggs from the slum in which he lives we must be prepared to take away young Lord Arthur from his father's mansion, simply because of psychopathic tendencies. This is sheer totalitarianism, but let us face facts, in order to cement our sagging civilisation together we must have a form of state control, and have it soon. Personally I regret the need, but if a cold bath will prevent me from decomposition and hard excercise from an early demise, then, much as I dislike the two, I would undergo them. We must give a quiet thank you to whatever lies behind it all that it is only our earthly parts that need to be shackled, our minds will go free at least. But if a psychopathic child is dealt with at once, then there is no doubt that tendencies to go off the rails can be mirimised. So there we have it, our SF stories involving punishment, must, it seems, start with the child if they are to be reasonable and acceptable.

But, personally speaking, I hope they don't. I hope to read stories of more unusual purishments, and perish the author who short circuits judicial procedure with a computor - even the judicial sense of R. Daneel Olivaw rings vaguely false to me. No, let me have stories about a criminal genius called Pottle, imprisoned within a Klein bottle, with the skill of his type he exca ed down a pipe but was hit on the head by the dottle.



Someday, when I have more time at my disposal, I shall investigate the history of the game "cowboys and Indians" among small boys in this and other countries. Does it date from the newspaper reports of the wars on the Plains of America last century or is it a mere byproduct of Sollywood? At anyrate the popularity of this pastime must be one result of the impact on Europe of the tremendous resistance displayed by the Plains Indians in their fight against the white tide of American expansion.

The gradual demand for realism in the cinema eventually led to ar improvement even in the standard horse opera and one of these first stimulated me to inquire further into the history of the colinisation of North America. This film was "Broken Arrow", being a fairly accurate account of the campaigns waged by the Cochise of the Chiricahua Apaches. The more I studied, the more my natural antipathy to injustice and cruelty caused my mood to change, first to astonishment, then to incredulity and, finally, to real red rage at the treatment meted out to the Amerinds.

To gain a clear picture of events it is most important to rid one's mind of several current misconceptions. The phrase "American Indian" or, usually, "Red Indian", immediately conjures up a vision of a Sioux warrior in war-bonnet and paint, astride a paint pony (the skewbald ponies merged, as if camouflaged, into the scenery), with teepees of buffalo hide in the background. And of course it was the Plains Indians, with their picturesque dress (if you got too close to them the smell was overpowering since not only did they live on strong buffalo meat - insipid domestic cows gave them physical nausea - but also rubbed the fat on their hair and bodies); wild free (such freedom will never be known again) life on the open prairie, that sea of grass running from Canada to Texas, and, especially, their incredible bravery (when the mood took them), who established their image indelibly on white imagination. The very names are thrilling: Sioux, Cheyenne, Arapaho, Blood, Blackfort, etc. Horsemen par excellence,

Tashunko Witko, the Crazy (really untameable) Horse of the Ogallala Sioux, whose "death song" is one of the most poignant orations I have ever heard; Chief Joseph of the Nez Perce who tried to escape with all his people to the safety of Canada and, incidentally, developed trench warfare in the process; Dull Knife of the Cheyennes who led their last bitter fighting retreat in the snow, trying to go home; Geronimo born a Chiricahua but married into the Limbreno (Apache) surely being the greatest guerilla fighter of all time. His boast that he killed 10 whites for every Apache killed was undoubtedly an understatement. Cochise, a leader of great wisdom as well as military skill, once said, however that if the Apaches fought the whites and killed many "whiteeyes" for the loss of one Apache then the Apaches had lost that battle, referring to the extreme disparity of numbers between whites and reds.

But the Plains Indians are only one of several groups and I see my pen has run away with me here and led me into the next, and closely related (in way of life anyway), ethnic group: the nomadic Indians of the Southwest. Living in the harsh desert conditions of present day /rizona and New Mexico, the Apaches were as hard as their hard but beautiful country. The Navahos were similar and are today the largest tribal group, for this reason, that they trusted Kit Carson erough to surrender to him and thus avoided the decimation the others suffered. Scattered about the Southwest are the Pueblo people, peaceful, intensely religious tribes living in fantastic adobe villages which have existed for many generations on their remote mesa tops. The Hopi are the best nown.

The other regional groups of Indians in the West are the Californian tribes and the very poor people of the Great American desert. They were extremely simple food-gathering people at a low cultural stage and were in many cases wiped out to the last man. In California the gold-miners hunted Indians for sport with powerful rifles, men, women or kids, it didn't matter. In 1911 the last of the Yana tribe was found near Oroville, a naked renegade from "civilisation" who as a child had seen his people destroyed and had lived all his life on the run. Prof. Waterhouse of the University of California befriended him and saw that he was looked after. He died in 1916. He was devoutly religious and to the end his heart held no bitterness toward the white man whom he regarded as "sophisticated - smart but not wise."

On the Northwest coast was the distinctive slave-owning fisher culture of the Nootka, Tlingit, Chilkat, etc. Very artistic, their blankets today are highly prized, their longboats were beautifully constructed and their totem poles are famous. Open sea as well as coastal finhers, they even hunted whales, sometimes leaping on the whale's back to harpoon it and apparently going down with it. The presence of Indians called "He who walked on a whale" would sem to indicate that some even lived through the experience.

The other two big groups of Indians exerted their influence rather further back in history. They are the Indians of the Eastern woodlands. Of the large numbers of Southern tribes, the best known are the Five Civilised Tribes - Cherokee, Choctaw, Chicasaw, Seminole, Muscogee. Warlike hunters and foodgatherers they achieve something seldom done in history - they proved that a relatively primitive

people could, on their own initiative, make the startling jump from Palaeolithic to modern European cultures in a generation or two. They are a living denial of the old American claim that Indians were unable to adapt themselves to civilised life. They farmed in the white man's manner, ran cattle; build plantations complete with slaves, who incidentally were very well treated. Their houses were log cabins. They invented an alphabet and in a generation became literate with their own newspapers. They adopted a formal constitution with legislature. Between 1832-39, the tribes were moved to Oklahoma, along the "Trail of Tears". Force-marched in bad weather thousands died, some being beyoneted as an example to others. In Oklahoma they again built up their farms and established schools and herds. As Southerners they sided with the South in the Civil War and for that their treaties were torn up, though when peace was made between North and South reprisals of this kind were restricted to the Indians.

The Northern Woodland Indians are the Indians of the "Last of the Mohicans". They included the extremely warlike Iroquois Confederacy, the Five (and later Six) Nations, the originators of federal government - the "long house" - Seneca, Mohawk, Onondaga, Tuscarora, Oneida and Cayuga. They were great orators, wore the distinctive "roach" haircut and felt that the greatest compliment they could pay to an enemy was to torture him at the stake. No matter what fiendish tortures were devised the victim allowed no sound to pass his lips -



the penultimate stoic - and between tortures he and his tormentors chatted amicably and interchanged information about mutual acquaintances. Great friends of the British they were instrumental in breaking the power of the French in North America and this alliance was continued during the revolution to the detriment of the Iroquois. little remains of their vast holdings today but a little colony of Mohawks live in New York as Spidermen to build the skyscrapers since they were found to have a natural head for heights.

In Canada the broad ethnic groups continue until as Arctic conditions supervene there are numerous tribes adapted to these conditions.

The Amerinds are a branch of the Mongoloid race having entered America via the Bering Strait during Upper Palaeolithic times as the last Ice Age receded c. 10,000 B.C. It has been estimated that in 1492 there

were a million N. Amerindians living in 600 distinct societies each speaking an individual language. This leads me to the second important

reappraisal I was forced to make, namely the surprisingly small numbers of Indians facing the white armies. Hollywood has given us a picture of small bands of brave settlers fighting off hordes of painted redskins: at least once in every film, the skyline suddenly darkens with onrushing savages. This situation occured occasionally: Red Cloud's successful attacks on Fort Fhil Kearney to close the Bozeman Trail in 1866; the Battle of Adobe Walls, 1874 when a small band of 28 white buffalo hunters were beseiged by large numbers of Comanches, Cheyennes and Kiowas and survived (there are two monuments at the site, one to the frontiersmen and the other, erected by the Indians to their dead, reading "They died for that Which Makes Life Worth Living - Indian's Liberty, Freedom, Peace/On the Plains Which They Enjoyed for Generations"); and of course at the Custer Fiasco on the Greasy Grass when his 7th Cavalry was wiped out at the Little Big Horn. To my mind this was poetic justice for Custer's treacherous massacre of Black Kettle's Southern Cheyenne on the Washita in 1868. But it is startling to realise how really small were the forces the Indians were able to deploy; Geronimo's band rarely numbered as many as 25. Tribes were small, seldom more than a few hundred, of which only a small proportion were warriors (there were 3 warriors to a teepee which was in ideal home for a nomadic people) though the warriors were often in their early teens, being trained for manhood from the age of 7 when they were removed from the women's care. Their hunting economy was unable to support large populations and the werrior culture led to constant feuding. Only when the grass flourished in the spring could the Flains tribes gather for the SunDance, then the vast remudas of horses darkened the prairies. But the most astonishing realisation is that in most of the famous campaigns the whole Indian village was involved, the privations and casualties being suffered by non-combatants also. The Americans never showed any consideration for the Indian families ("nits make lice" - said Chivington who massacred the peaceful Cheyenne at Sand Creek in 1864, which General liles called "Perhaps the f ulest and most unjustifiable grime in the Annals of America." Men, women and kids were killed, scalped, tortured and mutilated beneath the American flag in which they had llaced their trust. 300 Cheyenne died, including 75 warriors. Like most other atrocities perpetrated on the Indians by the Americans the resulting was was costly: \$ 30,000,000 not counting the bloodshed, pillage and holding up of colonisation). The women and children suffered the rigars of the amazing campaigns of Chief Joseph, Bull Knife and even Geronimo.

The other startling fact I cauc across was the very recent nature of these events - the last Indian "battle" was the massacre at Wounded Knee in 1890, when the 7th Cavalry got their revenge on the Sicux with howitzers against a mainly unarmed village. The wounded lay for three days in the snow before anyone thought to see if there were any Indian survivors - there were! The last survivors of the Custer fiasco were still alive in the thirties to give their first hand accounts of the battle. The really sickening treatement of the indigenous population occurred at a time when Victorians were exploring and settling, for the most part peacably much of the globe and when civilisation was begining to assume its present day form.

an int resting footnote to history crops up here: the Battle on the Little Big Horn is called a massacre by the Americans -- that is the death of 200 armed, if green, soldiers led into battle with their eyes wide open and killed fighting to the last man (Curly, the Crow Scout lived). Yet at Sand Creek and Wounded Knee where women and kids

as well as poorly armed men were shot down mercilessly are called "battles". Custer made the last blunder of his selfish career.

The history of the conquest of America is the history of white perfidy towards the aborigines, stone age peoples with a mystical love of their native land. When the New York State Power Authority wanted 1383 of their 6249 acres reservation for a reservoir and. I believe. sent in the bulldozers before agreement was reached, the Tuscaroras turned down an offer of \$ 3,000,000 saying "Money evaporates, the land does not. We think our land is sacred." They won their case too! I have been unable to find in all my reading an example of first contact between whites and Indians when the Indians did not exhibit every peaceful intention. Yet from 1500 - 1890 the record of white treachery is unbelievable (almost!) I could produce a long list of the most frightful massacres of the Indians, often the very Indians who had been most helpful and friendly. Frankly I find the record so nauseating and depressing that it is not lightly that I attempt an article of this nature. I could also create a formidable list of instances when the whites broke the flag of truce: - Osceola and Seminole: Mangus Colorado, the Fimbreno Apache, Cochise, were all treacherously taken when they came in under safe conduct, the first two to their deaths. It is a shocking indictment of America that virtually every treaty with the Indians has been broken, the word of the white man became of no value while the phrase "honest Injun" lives on, today. Red Cloud won his war to make the Americans stick to their treaty to leave the Black Hills as Sioux hunting grounds, saw the new treaty broken almost immediately (by Custer in particular) and said when urged to join the hostiles during the wars of the '70s, "I do not know how to break my word and the white man does not know how to keep his." The tragedy is that this parody of justice in the name of progress still exists in the USA today. The record of Government treatment of its Red "wards" is quite incredible. The 1920s saw tremendous efforts being made by upright Americans and the Indians themselves ("agents of Moscow", the Pueblos were called!) to end, among other things, the starvation of Indian kids in compulsory government boarding schools (7 cents per day per pupil for food). (I strongly recommend "Indians of the Americas" by John Collier, US Commissioner of Indian Affairs, 1933-45). Locting of Indians in Oklahoma continued with brazen openess even after 1925. In the last 10 years, Nebraska, New mexico and South Dakota Indians have been surdered by white men who have either not been charged or have been given suspended sentences. Religious persecution was extreme. I will not go into details but if I say that manufactured pornography was a weapon used against the Indians you will get some ideas of the depths plumbed. The terrible American greed for land used every device of law and fraud to remove Indians from their land. And it is still not at an end. Though the New Deal in 1933 when that great man and President, F.D. Roos velt came to power finally brought the horrifying corruption to an end and enforced some degree of justice to the Indians, it is still policy to absorb them into the general life. Today the Indians form a large part of that depressed 25 of Americans that the other 75 would like to forget. I trust that Johnson's grandiose plans include them. The Supreme Court of the USA has ruled this month of March 1964 that the Federal Govt. has the right to break treaties! This is reported in the "Daily Mail" under the heading "Palefaces Should Blush Today". The Senecas of New York

will, next September, lose their land, theirs by treaty "while the sun shines and the river flows" to a reservoir (Congress is paying them \$7,000,000 to give them a new estate as suburbanites). And in Washington State "perpetual fishing rights" have been wrested from the Indians at Payellup River. You may remember marlon Brando demonstrating in protest. Jolly good luck to him.

I must stop now, I am sick to my stomach, as I always get when I immerse myself in the history of the Amerinds, European man's inhumanity to the coloured races. I will finish with this thought: If I ever had the power to change history I should plump for a reversal of the American War of Independence. In my opinion the Peace Treaty of 3rd 1783 recognising the independence of the United States of America is the most important and tragic event in recent history. Had the British Crown retained control these costly Indian wars would have been avoided, as was the case in Canada. In 1754 the Crown took over the power of dealing with the Indians, under this policy tribes were independent nations under Crown protection; Indian lands were inalianable except through voluntary surrender to the Crown. Any attempt by an individual or group or by a foreign state to buy or seize lands from the Indians was illegal. This policy was strictly enforced by the Crown and repeated violations of it by Colonies and individuals were annulled. Hatred of the Crown by the borderers who were seizing Indian Lands was one of the causes of the Revolution.

"I was born where the wind blew free and there was nothing to break the light of the sun. I was born where there were no enclosures and everything drew a free breath. I want to die there and not within walls. So why do you ask us to leave the rivers, and the sun, and the wind, and live in houses? The whites have the country which we loved, and we only to wander on the prairie until we die.





He was almost 33 years old. His hairline had recoded to the trepanning area. He wore thick-lensed spectacles with heavy rims. It was hot, stuffy, even, in the office he shared with his partner. It was so stuffy that they both whispered 'B.O.' to each other every morning...that typified their sende of humour.

The 33 year old, Arnold Chivers, raised the REJECT stamp...well worn it was...and sniggered. The fell swoop with the stamp was delayed.

You've got to hand it to him all the same, Ken."
Ken McVicker looked up. At the sight of the raised

REJECT stamp, his mouth twitched.

"You've got to hand what to whom ?"

Chivers sneered. He opened the packet of Olivier,

handed one over to his associate, took one himself. They both lit up.
"Look. I ask you. Is fifteen hundred quid a year

sufficient for the grind we have to suffer, reading these flippin' TV scripts? I mean, is it?"

"I don't know. It's a good laff."

"You've hit the nail on the proverbial bonce, Ken. Now I've read some fintastic scripts in my time, but this here is so fantastic there should be a special rubber stamp out for it. REJECT is praise."

"Look. It's tea time. The girl with the trolley will

be along soon. Tell me all about it... I like the way you slaughter thom. Chivers smiled, rather pleased that his skill as

a raconteur hadn't gone unnoticed.

"Oh well, if you insist....the opening shot, so the script suggests, shows a typical roadside scene, where workers are repairing the surface. There is a fire on the side of the road...on top of the fire is a big sort of metal drum...a workman, shirt sleeves rolled up, is stirring the tar, to get it into a suitable consistency for spreading on the road. Right?"

McVicker grinned.He saw excitement in Chivers eyes. "Right!"

"The witer suggests that the camera then look upwerds into the face of the stirer, so that the lens will get the full impact of the startled expression which flits across the face of the said stirer when the horrible sight hits him in the face".

"What horrible sight?"

"The wooden pole, in a swerving swoop, reveals a hand....a hand pointing upwards in the tar vat."

"Struth?"

"Ah ha. Now consider for a moment... the implications are damning. This metal vat, according to the rough sketch here, is about six feet high, on top of a fire. This means that the workman is standing on a sort of treatle. OK?. Nearby, according to the senario directions, are barrels of tar. QED. The workman or workmen have deposited solid tar in the vat for melting. Now it stands to reason that the workman will follow the normal proceedure (and I checked on this last night) and hack the tar into small pieces, about as big as nousebricks. The reason for this is twofold.. to facilitate loading into the vat, and to make the melting process quicker. You'll agree with that?"

"Verily,"

"Ah ha. So, in order to bring about this dramatic opening shot, we've got to accept that a body was incarecrated in a barrel, and then melted tar boiled over it....the tar solidified, was left at a road dump, and when the barrel was broked to get at the tar, even though the vat was seven feet at least off the ground, the workmen perforce had to lift the solid hunk of tar higher than that and dump it complete into the vat. Now the force of the solid lump of tar, weighing so heavily, wouldn't perhaps rupture the bottom of the vat but it could easily upset it. Besides which, it would either require a gang of Irish navvies or a block and tackle to lift the flickin' thing in the first instance. So what say we agree that the opening scene is completely and utterly impossible."

"The way you put it, I'm bound to agree ... it does stipulate, I presume, that this is rural road mending?"

"On, absolutely."

"Yuk. Well, carry on"

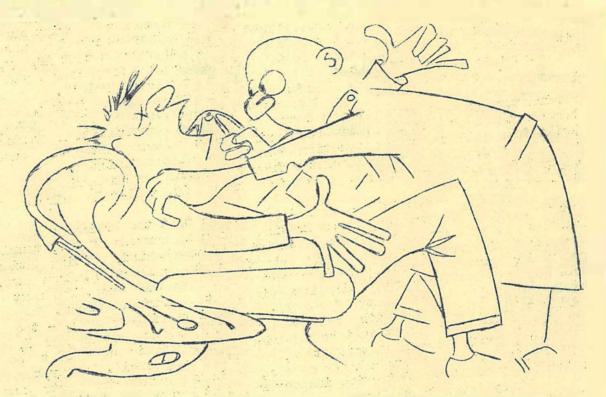
"Eventually, the police arrive. One astute piece of questioning reveals the fact that the previous night the foreman had counted twelve barrels of the and on the fateful morning there had been thirteen. Remember this. Now listen carefully. I'm not lying, the script gives this in detail, ... picture a steaming vat of ter seven feet high... a senior Detective Chief Inspector looks into the vat and says... and I quote... "Has anyone examined the bedy yet?"

"Oh, for Orissake "

"I swear it. The picture, then, is this. The police have arrived at the scene quickly There is no one about but workmen and the police. The body is still submerged in the ter. For the body to have been examined it had to be removed from the vat, or the vat emptied. But the senario insists....detective peers into vat and asks, Has anyone examined the body yet?". I mean...how in God's name....?"

"Here's the tea....no, I'll pour read on."

"The next step is to try and identify the body, of a girl, it transpires. The pathologist produces a sketch of the teeth of the unfortunate victim, and detectives are sent all over London to the dentists. The scene shifts to the senior detectives office....thousands of dentists have been interviewed, and none can help. Ten only haven't been seen....se the detective screent is sent to see these last ten. The next scene takes us to the sixth on the list. The detective....and I'm speaking from the script and the schario now....asks to see the dentist...the receptionist says he's too busy....detective says he's a policeman, so receptionist takes him in, and before the detective can explain what he wants, the dentist has him by the lapels and forces him in the chair and commences a dental examination. I presume this is put in for light relief.....



because after all, the subject matter is pretty sorid, but I mean, a detective sergeant investigating a murder.....so after he's pulled the hands from round his neck, the detective,...now mark this...the detective sergeant whips out the drawing of the teeth, and the dentist takes one look and says, 'Ah, that's Miss So-and-so.' Just like that. "When was she here?" asks the 'tee. "About four months ago, says the dentist. It seems incredible doesn't it, that the dentist can recall the teeth of a patient remember her name and when she called. The receptionist was surely not required. Anyway, the victim is now identified. They go to the address given, and discover she's been away for ten days, a postcard is produced saying she is 'Having a lovely time in Badhausenberg' (I think that's what its called, please don't make me look at the script again). The detective chief inspector picks up a phone and says 'Transport?, I want the next plane to Zurich.'

Senario suggests shot of Viscount taking off from London Airport... then mountains, the landing at Zurich. The detective goes to Bad-whatever-it-is, tells the propietor he's from Scotland Yard, gots the best room, and then talks to one or two of the English tourists. Then he gets a 'phone message. He says, 'God, another one. I'm coming home immediately. 'And he does."

"Have one of mine ... they "re the new Cadets."

"Thanks...where was I...? Oh yes...another victim has turned up in a bubbling vat of tar. This time the pathologist discovers it's a male with shrapmel in the brain. The initials J.R. turn up somewhere Detective thinks ...shrappel in the brain means a soldier...QED get the War Office to trace their records for a J.R. with shrappel in the bonce. Turns out its a Major... they go to his flat...the detective sergeant examines the room, another postcard from Badete., and then, when the lady with the key to the of an almost completed house. He puts this in a pocket. Back at the Yard, the chief inspector chides him for s iping the photograph, and then the script suggests the normator of the story saying.... "Suddenly, the inspector had a hunch."

"Hang on a .c, I get the fling of it. You suggest that if, say, it had been a photo of an eskimo on the mantlepiece, the inspector would have rang transport, 'I want the next 'plane to the North Pole'?.

"Congrats. Sure you didn't write this tripe?, Only joking.
So the next shot shows them at the house. In front of the house is a structure like an early James Watt steam engine experiment. A workman bemoans the fact, after expert questioning, that whoever canted the house built stopped further construction when it was almost finished.

Det. follows a trail of tar from the Wattish machine, via some empty balonels, to a shed. In the shed is a truck with tell-tale circles of tar...many of them.

At this point it becomes fairly obvious that the brains of the outfit is, for some reason, incorderating bodies in barrels of tar, touring round the country in a truck with a tarified victim behind, waiting patiently for a row of barrels, when he slyly adds his to the collection. From here, presumably, its a short step to discovering who owns the house. The next scene shows a spins type being interviewed at a Marriage Bureau. She tells the girl sho has plenty of money, and the interviewers eyes, - the script tells us bulge with delight. I'm not spoiling anything, am I, when I say this new client must be a policewoman? This is supposed to be a gimmick, but I guessed at this stage, and I'm sure you did. Anyway, the pseudo spinster then meets a handsome man, who is the same actor portraying an English tourist the detective inspector met at Badouderwhatsit.

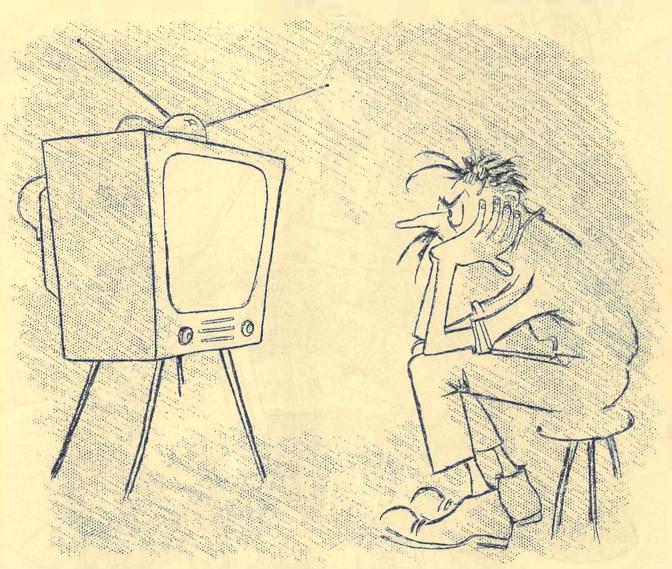
They drive to the house, the partly finished one, and then....drama! The tar machine is belching smoke. Now, admittedly, this house is in the country, but the drivem an open one, is only about 10 yards from the readway. This is detailed in the senario. The 'spinster' is drawn to this ferociosuly bubbling maching, and then, in full view of the road, the man picks up a spanner about three foot long and stalks up to the woman, who is giving the bubbling tar a professional once over. Just as he is about to strike, the spinster turns and scopes the man in a judo hold, and masses of policemen appear and arres: the man, and the accomplice from the Marriage Bureau is dragged from the house.

The plose you see, is that when rich people come to the bureau, the woman puts the females in toutch with her husband, and the man puts the male victims in toutch with his wife. They thereupon tar and barrel the victims, and then fly to Switzerland, spend the money, and send posteards back home. 2

"Gawd. If this house is in the country, why not bury the bodies at the back of the empty house?. That way, their plot would never be discovered. Only idiots would strew the countryside with tar barrels with bodies in And why stalk the woman in full view of the main road when he could have taken her into the house on some simple pretext, and do the dirty deed in private?

Thats the most terribly written, inconsistant, unadulterated tripe I ever did read!"

"I fully agree, old boy, NO ONE would ever make a film of that".



But, dear readers, unfortunately someone did. Craminologist Edgar Lustgarten was the narrator, and the whole scrry thin; was given the title, 'THE CASE OF THE LONLY HOUSE'. The series 'introduced'. "atories of the war against crime'....and most damning of all, the stories are said to be 'true'. I saw 'THE CASE OF THE LONLY HOUSE' myself, on Ulster Television on Thursday 25th April 1963. I can state that there was no such series of murders ever perperated. Criminals are stupid, but not that stupid.

