

# CONTAINED HEREIN

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ARTWORK by Harry Douthewaite, Terry Jeeves, Philby, and Dick (RIP) Shultz....all good men.

PUBLISHED whenever possible, by Dave Hale, 12, Belmont Rd., Wollescote, Stourbridge, Worcs., England. and is available to the chosen few for usual means, including, trade, LoC, contrib (yeah...certainly this), and even by subbing. This new and wondrous innovation costs 1/- or 15p a copy, but need I add that it is not the done thing. Some artwork, including the cover, cut by Gestofax (may they go bankrupt), the excellent duplication done by INTERNAL MACHINE in Hell's Kitchen, better known as the Cheslin Residence. Thanks Ken.

## STATUS SYMBOL

Good \_ Poor \_ Last Ish \_ Sample \_ Etc.

om PA  
w/c

[illegible]

1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 37. 38. 39. 40. 41. 42. 43. 44. 45. 46. 47. 48. 49. 50. 51. 52. 53. 54. 55. 56. 57. 58. 59. 60. 61. 62. 63. 64. 65. 66. 67. 68. 69. 70. 71. 72. 73. 74. 75. 76. 77. 78. 79. 80. 81. 82. 83. 84. 85. 86. 87. 88. 89. 90. 91. 92. 93. 94. 95. 96. 97. 98. 99. 100. 101. 102. 103. 104. 105. 106. 107. 108. 109. 110. 111. 112. 113. 114. 115. 116. 117. 118. 119. 120. 121. 122. 123. 124. 125. 126. 127. 128. 129. 130. 131. 132. 133. 134. 135. 136. 137. 138. 139. 140. 141. 142. 143. 144. 145. 146. 147. 148. 149. 150. 151. 152. 153. 154. 155. 156. 157. 158. 159. 160. 161. 162. 163. 164. 165. 166. 167. 168. 169. 170. 171. 172. 173. 174. 175. 176. 177. 178. 179. 180. 181. 182. 183. 184. 185. 186. 187. 188. 189. 190. 191. 192. 193. 194. 195. 196. 197. 198. 199. 200. 201. 202. 203. 204. 205. 206. 207. 208. 209. 210. 211. 212. 213. 214. 215. 216. 217. 218. 219. 220. 221. 222. 223. 224. 225. 226. 227. 228. 229. 230. 231. 232. 233. 234. 235. 236. 237. 238. 239. 240. 241. 242. 243. 244. 245. 246. 247. 248. 249. 250. 251. 252. 253. 254. 255. 256. 257. 258. 259. 260. 261. 262. 263. 264. 265. 266. 267. 268. 269. 270. 271. 272. 273. 274. 275. 276. 277. 278. 279. 280. 281. 282. 283. 284. 285. 286. 287. 288. 289. 290. 291. 292. 293. 294. 295. 296. 297. 298. 299. 300. 301. 302. 303. 304. 305. 306. 307. 308. 309. 310. 311. 312. 313. 314. 315. 316. 317. 318. 319. 320. 321. 322. 323. 324. 325. 326. 327. 328. 329. 330. 331. 332. 333. 334. 335. 336. 337. 338. 339. 340. 341. 342. 343. 344. 345. 346. 347. 348. 349. 350. 351. 352. 353. 354. 355. 356. 357. 358. 359. 360. 361. 362. 363. 364. 365. 366. 367. 368. 369. 370. 371. 372. 373. 374. 375. 376. 377. 378. 379. 380. 381. 382. 383. 384. 385. 386. 387. 388. 389. 390. 391. 392. 393. 394. 395. 396. 397. 398. 399. 400. 401. 402. 403. 404. 405. 406. 407. 408. 409. 410. 411. 412. 413. 414. 415. 416. 417. 418. 419. 420. 421. 422. 423. 424. 425. 426. 427. 428. 429. 430. 431. 432. 433. 434. 435. 436. 437. 438. 439. 440. 441. 442. 443. 444. 445. 446. 447. 448. 449. 450. 451. 452. 453. 454. 455. 456. 457. 458. 459. 460. 461. 462. 463. 464. 465. 466. 467. 468. 469. 470. 471. 472. 473. 474. 475. 476. 477. 478. 479. 480. 481. 482. 483. 484. 485. 486. 487. 488. 489. 490. 491. 492. 493. 494. 495. 496. 497. 498. 499. 500. 501. 502. 503. 504. 505. 506. 507. 508. 509. 510. 511. 512. 513. 514. 515. 516. 517. 518. 519. 520. 521. 522. 523. 524. 525. 526. 527. 528. 529. 530. 531. 532. 533. 534. 535. 536. 537. 538. 539. 540. 541. 542. 543. 544. 545. 546. 547. 548. 549. 550. 551. 552. 553. 554. 555. 556. 557. 558. 559. 560. 561. 562. 563. 564. 565. 566. 567. 568. 569. 570. 571. 572. 573. 574. 575. 576. 577. 578. 579. 580. 581. 582. 583. 584. 585. 586. 587. 588. 589. 590. 591. 592. 593. 594. 595. 596. 597. 598. 599. 600. 601. 602. 603. 604. 605. 606. 607. 608. 609. 610. 611. 612. 613. 614. 615. 616. 617. 618. 619. 620. 621. 622. 623. 624. 625. 626. 627. 628. 629. 630. 631. 632. 633. 634. 635. 636. 637. 638. 639. 640. 641. 642. 643. 644. 645. 646. 647. 648. 649. 650. 651. 652. 653. 654. 655. 656. 657. 658. 659. 660. 661. 662. 663. 664. 665. 666. 667. 668. 669. 670. 671. 672. 673. 674. 675. 676. 677. 678. 679. 680. 681. 682. 683. 684. 685. 686. 687. 688. 689. 690. 691. 692. 693. 694. 695. 696. 697. 698. 699. 700. 701. 702. 703. 704. 705. 706. 707. 708. 709. 710. 711. 712. 713. 714. 715. 716. 717. 718. 719. 720. 721. 722. 723. 724. 725. 726. 727. 728. 729. 730. 731. 732. 733. 734. 735. 736. 737. 738. 739. 740. 741. 742. 743. 744. 745. 746. 747. 748. 749. 750. 751. 752. 753. 754. 755. 756. 757. 758. 759. 760. 761. 762. 763. 764. 765. 766. 767. 768. 769. 770. 771. 772. 773. 774. 775. 776. 777. 778. 779. 780. 781. 782. 783. 784. 785. 786. 787. 788. 789. 790. 791. 792. 793. 794. 795. 796. 797. 798. 799. 800. 801. 802. 803. 804. 805. 806. 807. 808. 809. 810. 811. 812. 813. 814. 815. 816. 817. 818. 819. 820. 821. 822. 823. 824. 825. 826. 827. 828. 829. 830. 831. 832. 833. 834. 835. 836. 837. 838. 839. 840.

1. 1990年12月，在《中国环境报》上，刊登了“中国环境状况令人堪忧”的标题，并附有“中国环境状况令人堪忧”的副标题。

1.  $\frac{1}{2} \times \frac{1}{3} = \frac{1}{6}$

2.  $\frac{1}{4} \times \frac{1}{5} = \frac{1}{20}$

3.  $\frac{1}{6} \times \frac{1}{7} = \frac{1}{42}$

4.  $\frac{1}{8} \times \frac{1}{9} = \frac{1}{72}$

5.  $\frac{1}{10} \times \frac{1}{11} = \frac{1}{110}$

6.  $\frac{1}{12} \times \frac{1}{13} = \frac{1}{156}$

7.  $\frac{1}{14} \times \frac{1}{15} = \frac{1}{210}$

8.  $\frac{1}{16} \times \frac{1}{17} = \frac{1}{272}$

9.  $\frac{1}{18} \times \frac{1}{19} = \frac{1}{342}$

10.  $\frac{1}{20} \times \frac{1}{21} = \frac{1}{420}$

11.  $\frac{1}{22} \times \frac{1}{23} = \frac{1}{506}$

12.  $\frac{1}{24} \times \frac{1}{25} = \frac{1}{600}$

13.  $\frac{1}{26} \times \frac{1}{27} = \frac{1}{702}$

14.  $\frac{1}{28} \times \frac{1}{29} = \frac{1}{812}$

15.  $\frac{1}{30} \times \frac{1}{31} = \frac{1}{930}$

16.  $\frac{1}{32} \times \frac{1}{33} = \frac{1}{1056}$

17.  $\frac{1}{34} \times \frac{1}{35} = \frac{1}{1190}$

18.  $\frac{1}{36} \times \frac{1}{37} = \frac{1}{1332}$

19.  $\frac{1}{38} \times \frac{1}{39} = \frac{1}{1482}$

20.  $\frac{1}{40} \times \frac{1}{41} = \frac{1}{1640}$

21.  $\frac{1}{42} \times \frac{1}{43} = \frac{1}{1806}$

22.  $\frac{1}{44} \times \frac{1}{45} = \frac{1}{1980}$

23.  $\frac{1}{46} \times \frac{1}{47} = \frac{1}{2162}$

24.  $\frac{1}{48} \times \frac{1}{49} = \frac{1}{2352}$

25.  $\frac{1}{50} \times \frac{1}{51} = \frac{1}{2550}$

26.  $\frac{1}{52} \times \frac{1}{53} = \frac{1}{2756}$

27.  $\frac{1}{54} \times \frac{1}{55} = \frac{1}{2970}$

28.  $\frac{1}{56} \times \frac{1}{57} = \frac{1}{3192}$

29.  $\frac{1}{58} \times \frac{1}{59} = \frac{1}{3422}$

30.  $\frac{1}{60} \times \frac{1}{61} = \frac{1}{3660}$

31.  $\frac{1}{62} \times \frac{1}{63} = \frac{1}{3906}$

32.  $\frac{1}{64} \times \frac{1}{65} = \frac{1}{4160}$

33.  $\frac{1}{66} \times \frac{1}{67} = \frac{1}{4422}$

34.  $\frac{1}{68} \times \frac{1}{69} = \frac{1}{4692}$

35.  $\frac{1}{70} \times \frac{1}{71} = \frac{1}{4970}$

36.  $\frac{1}{72} \times \frac{1}{73} = \frac{1}{5256}$

37.  $\frac{1}{74} \times \frac{1}{75} = \frac{1}{5550}$

38.  $\frac{1}{76} \times \frac{1}{77} = \frac{1}{5852}$

39.  $\frac{1}{78} \times \frac{1}{79} = \frac{1}{6162}$

40.  $\frac{1}{80} \times \frac{1}{81} = \frac{1}{6480}$

41.  $\frac{1}{82} \times \frac{1}{83} = \frac{1}{6806}$

42.  $\frac{1}{84} \times \frac{1}{85} = \frac{1}{7140}$

43.  $\frac{1}{86} \times \frac{1}{87} = \frac{1}{7482}$

44.  $\frac{1}{88} \times \frac{1}{89} = \frac{1}{7832}$

45.  $\frac{1}{90} \times \frac{1}{91} = \frac{1}{8190}$

46.  $\frac{1}{92} \times \frac{1}{93} = \frac{1}{8556}$

47.  $\frac{1}{94} \times \frac{1}{95} = \frac{1}{8930}$

48.  $\frac{1}{96} \times \frac{1}{97} = \frac{1}{9312}$

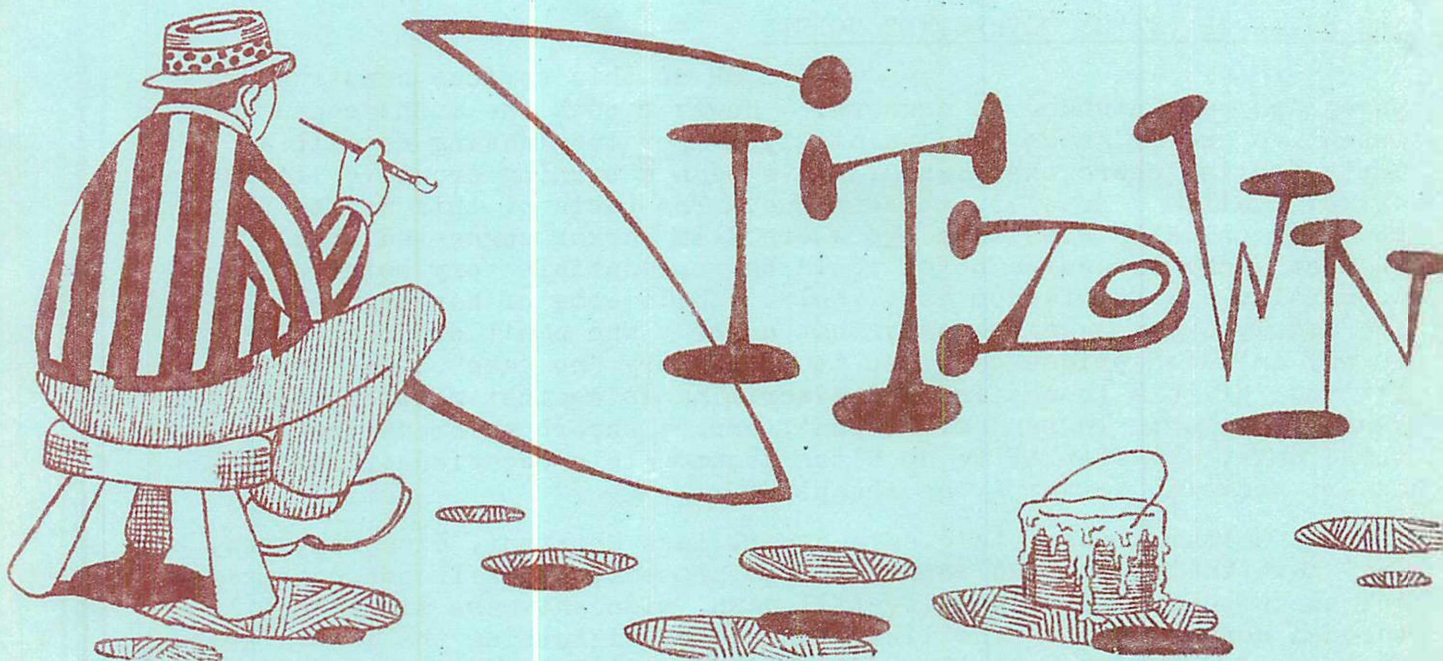
49.  $\frac{1}{98} \times \frac{1}{99} = \frac{1}{9702}$

50.  $\frac{1}{100} \times \frac{1}{101} = \frac{1}{10100}$

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2222





### SALVETE OMPA

THIS is a genzine and is being postmailed through OMPA just this once. If any of you who don't already get this, and there are quite a few, and want it, take note of availability and act on that.

### SALVETE AMORPHOUS BLOB OF REMAINING READERS

SPRING has at last crept away into oblivion, pausing only once or twice to smirk from behind its cloak of invisibility, and summer is upon us. This summer, after a strenuous term, holds many prospects for me. It will see me either safely esconched at University or attempting to earn my way in gainful employ.

Summer also brings on the visiting season. So far things have been quiet....John Berry while he was in Birmingham attempted to come over but was thwarted by my exams and Ken's job. Archie Mercer also popped down, hoping to see John, but departed unsatisfied. Couple of weeks ago the wandering ghu in the person of Bruce Burn wandered to Stourbridge. During a very brief visit he covered an amazing amount of the district. He talked with locals about the "indestructible wall" at Dudley, explored the Seven Sisters at Wren's Nest, investigated ancient Roman cowsheds around Hagley way, and sampled the local beer. Reports as to Bruce's whereabouts at this moment are a mite confused, he went north to Harrogate and the Lakes, but seems to have taken a boat to "Ghod's Country" according to a recent postcard!

THE EVILS OF "FANCY EXPENSIVE" HOTELS

OR so this serious constructive paragraph was intended to concern. However both the much needed incentive and my notes have seemingly evaporated leaving me with an empty feeling where there should have been a burning creative literary drive. Hell. However, to continue. The basis of this was to be a piece in an ORION some time ago where Ella Parker suggested that a "better" more expensive hotel would be more satisfactory both for a convention and for fandom as a whole. While some of her arguments are fairly sound when she says that anybody who can't or doesn't want to pay inflated prices can lump it I must cry "no game". The whole attitude of this is selfish and discriminates against most of the younger elements in fandom. I don't expect superb accomodation for three days, and even if we do bitch about hotels occasionally most of us are grateful to get by so cheaply.

Better class hotels have other, less apparent, disadvantages. They have their name and reputation to protect, and will consequently act to do this. Noisy parties till dawn, midnight mass migrations through corridors with the likely chance of disturbing the innavoidable irate mundane guest, will be seriously curtailed. Very important to some...snogging on the stairs would certainly be frowned upon, as would any other "eccentric" behaviour which is how a typical hotel manager would interpret fannish good cheer.

We have Peterborough next Easter, and time will tell what awaits us there. After that the future is undecided with storm clouds on the horizon.

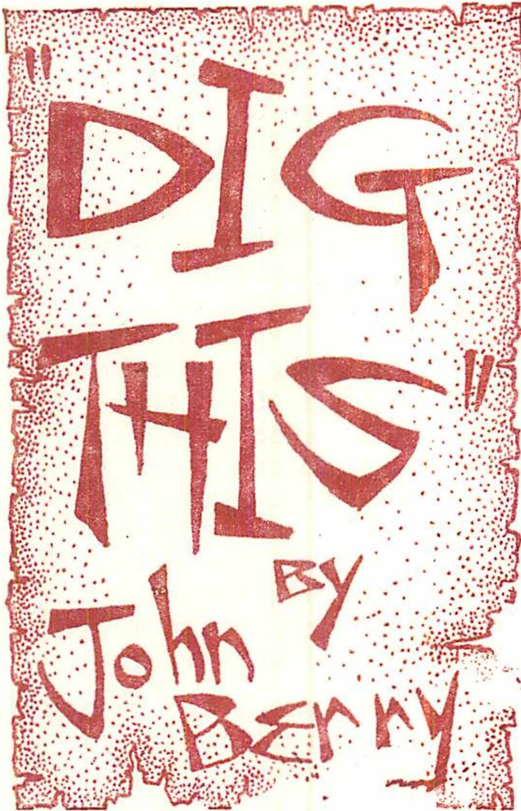
APOLOGIES ETC..DEPT.

GESTETNER have again boobed. Apart from charging the expected excessive prices for their supplies, they electro-stenciled the wrong things. This may affect the appearance of Harry's cover, he asked me to point out that this isn't his fault, but with all those lines and colours what can you expect? Lines on cover are by courtesy of me, not via shading plate...everyone hand drawn. Brag. Steve Leon-Paul is french, so he says...he may be a hoax as he's suddenly appeared from nowhere by means of Alan Dodd. The quotation in Seth Johnson's letter has appeared in another fanzine letter-col, but mine was stenciled before this other fanzine came. Take it up with Seth. And with 10 lines to go.....stencils Gestetner Durotype, Drytype Indestructible, and Roneo R/G. Paper and Ink are what have you.

Sweat and toil by Ken Cheslin and myself, tea by Mrs. Cheslin and niece No. 2. Addresses stuck on envelopes by Maggie Thompson, who also provides entertainment for yeditor. Complaints..Alan Rispin. The Jewish Problem..Alan Dodd. Power for Infernal Machine courtesy Central Electricity Generating Board to whom due acknowledgement is hereby made. Daylight for typing and collating by means of sun, thanks ghod mate. And a trashy editorial by courtesy of me...

Dave Hale





Commissioner for Pre-Ancient  
Unidentified Relics,

Canberra,

Kingdom of Australia,

27:7:4904 AD

Our Ref. PAUR 45002/04

Your Ref. WM/ 233/03.

Dear Sub-Commissioner,

my European representative has recently returned from a visit to our Museums in his area, and he has made a report regarding certain mistakes in the classification and the sub-classification of quite a number of items on display in your Museum at Wuppertal, West Poland.

I append herewith a list of the mistakes, together with the correct classifications, and I shall be pleased if you will note these, alter the descriptive cards adjacent to the items, and report forthwith when this is done.

I may say that my representative sent in an otherwise reasonable report, and provided you make the alterations as shown hereunder with despatch, I am prepared to send forward the necessary nomination for your promotion to the new Museum being built at Port Elizabeth.

| <u>PRESENT</u>         | <u>NEW</u>             | <u>NOTES</u> |
|------------------------|------------------------|--------------|
| <u>CLASSIFICATION.</u> | <u>CLASSIFICATION.</u> |              |

Aviation  
Hist.  
2/33/554/27

Fandom  
1963  
(24438/63)

The exhibit on display, a rusted upturned bowl with a two bladed propellor affixed with a metal pin, has been erroneously stated by you as being an earlier example of ancient man's attempt at flight.

PRESENT  
CLASSIFICATION.

NEW  
CLASSIFICATION.

NOTES

Stage Lore  
Early 20th  
Century.  
(Nig.Min. US/GB.

Fandom  
20th Cent.  
(DUP/Mimeo/Gst)

Horticultural  
20th Century.  
2449/circa  
1955  
Belfast

Fandom  
IF.WAW/BS/  
JW 54

You state further that the hope of the flyer was that when he jumped out of a 57th storey window, the blades would spin sufficiently to bear him safely to the ground. The facts are that the initials L.G. inside the bowl, or "beanie" to use the ancient definition, place it as being the property of Leslie Gerber, a Science Fiction Fan, and according to a "oneshot" put out in 1964, it appears that the said Leslie Gerber was forcibly thrown out of the window, 57 storeys high at the "NYCON" in '64. The fact that this "beanie" was found 37' below the surface of the remains of New York bears out this fact. It might be of interest to point out on your exhibition card that the "justifiable homicide" to quote the "oneshot" was the direct result of Gerber emptying the contents of a "zap" down Willy Ley's ear-trumpet.

I must insist that you use more imagination in the classification of items the origin of which requires a little investigation. This item is a tube about nine inches long which was found in a pile of machine debris under the ruins of Seattle. You state that the tube, containing "sticky black liquid" was much in use to disguise white men as black men for "Nigger Minstrel Shows" on the stage during the first part of the 20th Cent. As the new classification shows, it was in fact known as "duplicating ink", and was used to insert on the rollers of "duplicators, Gestetners or Mimeo's" to assist in the publication of "fanzines".

I must state here and now, without qualification, that you should do all you can to stop your junior classifying clerks from letting their imaginations run away with them. In this instance, whoever wrote "primitive hand implement used in Belfast for watering cactus and window garden flowers" should be sent to our training school in Vladivostock for a refresher. As the new classification shows, the implement is in fact part of a strange ritual of fandom, whereby H<sub>2</sub>O was actually squirted at "BNF's". This item is known as a "zap", and should be cross referred with Fandom 1963.



PRESENT  
CLASSIFICATIONNEW  
CLASSIFICATIONNOTES

Pre-scientific  
Era.Renaissance  
Circa 1578

Fandom  
Thompson  
1954/66  
Artwk.

I should like a separate report giving the name and grade of the cretin who classified this short rusted length of metal, tapering at the end, as "Very early renaissance attempt at splitting the atom. Presumably a sharp-sighted alchemist attempted to fasten the end of the metal shaft onto an atom and split it with a hard tap with a mallet."

In fact, this item was known in Fandom Era of 1950/60 as a "stylo". The letters ATOM are faintly legible on the stem of the shaft, and this is credited as being the nom-de-plume of an "Arthur Thompson" who, so early records tell us, was a "wow with a stylo on stencil."

Archeology  
Pre-Samurian  
heiroglyphics  
circa 2500 BC  
(Undeciphered)

Fandom  
OMPA  
1958

In this case, although your classification was considerably astray, there is sufficient excuse. This document is not a pre-Samurian missive, but a page from an "OMPazine" in the January 1958 mailing sent in by Norman G. Wandsborough." It appears from contemporary documents that people even at that time could not decipher it, so if you have anyone working on this aspect at the moment, I would suggest putting them on a more fruitful investigation.

GENERAL NOTE"FANDOM" CLASSIFICATION

Much has come to light recently during the course of excavations in the North West section of old London. A complete file of "fanzines" was discovered at the site of a house with the address, 151, Canterbury Road, still decipherable.

As a result of scruting and deciphering of these priceless documents, many addresses were given. All have vanished under the soil thousands of years ago, but I am organising a Special Fandom Survey Group to excavate these sites. If you would like to recommend any student for the Group, please send his recommendations in triplicate.

I understand you are carrying out a site survey near London, and if you should chance upon the site of a certain "Charles Harris", send me a Top Priority Message. I don't want his pornography collection to crumble to dust in the hands of some eager student.

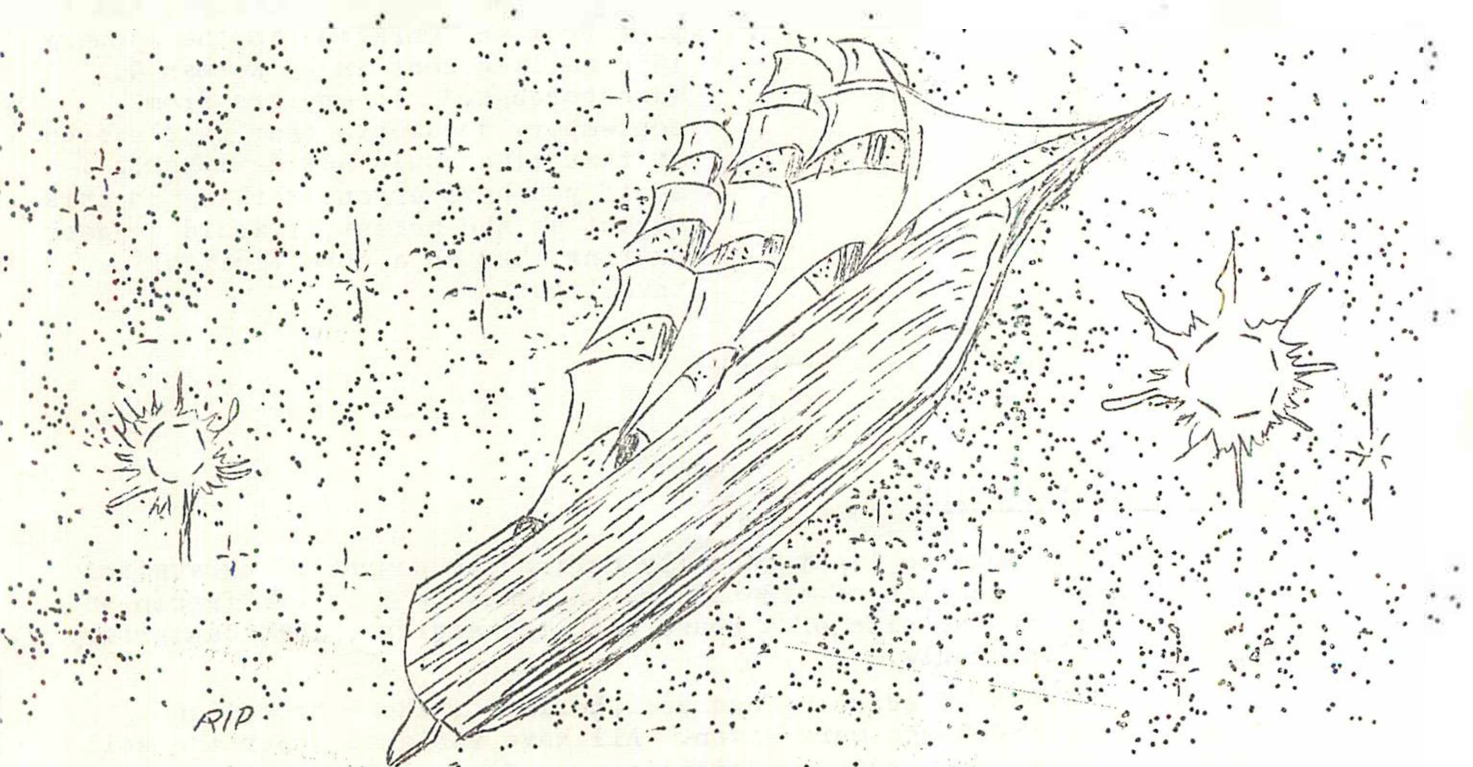
Please send report as stated.

*A. Gersnitzer*  
.....

Archiabald Gersnitzer Grade I  
Commissioner for Museums.

To:-  
Sub-Commissioner  
Museum  
Wuppertal,  
West Poland.

....John Berry (1960)





Mike

## A FEW PLANE THOUGHTS ---

John Berry isn't the only one who's had interesting experiences while airborne. I've had my share of them myself, even though it was, of necessity, a limited share. I am not what you would call an "experienced flyer" (i.e., someone who doesn't grip his seat in excitement during takeoff) because my sole airplane experiences consisted of my flights to and from the SEACON in September of last year.

But while on board I managed to learn a lot of things by not only observing the stewardesses, who were striving to be man's best friend, but by watching my fellow passengers as well. I maintain that one is deriving only half the pleasure of the flight if he contents himself with just keeping tracks of the stewardesses.

Going towards Seattle, I flew in the evening hours. The advantage to this was that the plane had only about 2/3 of its seats occupied. The seats were arranged in columns of three abreast, and the lucky passengers, who found themselves in unoccupied columns, like me, could lean over and even lie down if they cared to. Three stewardesses had the job of circulating among the passengers, reassuring them if reassurance was required, and lending the type of homey atmosphere to the plane that one would find in a harem.

The first thing these eager young girls did was to demonstrate the use of our oxygen masks, located in compartments directly in front of the seat, just in the unlikely case that the improbable instance should arise requiring the use of these devices. The stewardesses did their utmost to convey the impression that these masks were actually for ornamental purposes, and no one ever had to wear them.

"In the case that the pressure within the plane begins to drop," one of the girls dutifully explained, "it will be necessary to wear these masks." What she neglected to explain were the circumstances causing such a sudden drop in pressure. I couldn't help but feel that if the pressure drop had been caused by an explosion in the tail section, which ripped away half the plane, it would be quite unimportant whether one wore his mask or not. The pressure would drop of course, along with the engines, plane, crew and passengers. And we recieved no instructions concerning parachutes for this occurance.

Next we heard the pilot's voice crackle over the loudspeaker, which very cleverly gave the impression that this gentleman was two thousand miles away, whispering in the midst of a heavy storm.

If the stewardesses were reassuring the pilot was even more so. He welcomed us aboard and informed us how pleased he was to have the privilege of flying us to our destination. He practically oozed with joy and good cheer. No doubt he was almost as pleased as the United Air Lines ticket seller who'm I'd bought the tickets from. The pilot

Deckinger

stated that he would point out some of the more famous and notable locations as we passed over them, such as the local YMCA in Arizona, when field glasses would be distributed, and the plane would make two low passes over the roof, affording the passengers the opportunity of observing the daily sunbathers.

Darkness comes quickly when you're in the air. One moment we were flying through a region of semi-darkness and the next moment everything was as black as pitch outside. What I could see below, which really wasn't much, looked like crazy twisted neon signs, lit up and beckoning.

"It looks very nice, doesn't it sir?" One of the stewardesses commented as she passed by me. I sat with my nose pressed to the window, gazing down at the awesome sight so far below.

"It certainly does," I admitted.

"You know," she began in conspiratorial tones, "if you'd really like, you could wave to the people down there. I'm sure it would give them a great thrill."

"You don't say," I marveled, wondering how big a thrill a man, several thousand feet below, in pitch darkness, would get from having a passenger on a jet wave to him.

"Go ahead," she urged, "I do it all the time myself." So, feeling like a fool I waved heartily, and even flashed a big healthy smile.

"There," she beamed pleasantly, dashing away, "wasn't that fun?"

"Like a barrell of monkeys," I responded dimly.

The food served on board wasn't bad at all, as I was surprised to learn. Of course you were served the smallest portions imaginable, but it comes as a pleasant diversion just the same. We also recieved small cigarette packs, timed to arrive at the exact moment the "No Smoking" sign flashed on, and seemed to remain that way for the rest of the flight. The only way to get around this restriction, if you really crave a smoke, is to go into one of the bathrooms, shut and lock the door, and light up in there. All over the plane there are signs posted to ring for the stewardesses if something is wrong, but try as you might the stewardesses will never come into the bathroom with you.

On the return flight, from Seattle to New York, with brief stopovers in Boise and Chicago, I was not as fortunate when it came to seating space, as I had been on the first trip. I found myself sitting next to the window, a heavy smoking soldier beside me penning a letter to his girl friend, as the plane took off from the Seattle-Tacoma Airport. The opening lines of the soldier's letter were brilliant, and I couldn't help but ponder over the reaction the girl would show when she recieved a letter from her boyfriend that began: "Dear Dorothy, Well how the hell are you..." In the next line he asked her whether or not she had told her parents of their planned marriage.

"So you're getting married, are you?" I asked politely.

"Yes," he said proudly, in a voice so Southern that it would cause a Greyhound bus to stop dead in its tracks, "the army gave me time-



off for this. My girl and I have been planning this for a long time."

"It's always nice to plan ahead," I agreed.

He mentally calculated quickly. "It will be two months tomorrow that we decided this," he informed me.

"How do her parents feel?"

"They hate me." he said unconcernedly.

"They really hate you?"

He chuckled. "Her old man doesn't like soldiers. Thinks I'll get his daughter into trouble and then leave her."

"But you won't?" I prompted.

"Of course not." He spoke more sincerely. "When Dorothy told me how she was three weeks ago I promised her I'd be with her always."

"You mean she's..." I began.

"I hope it's twins," he admitted proudly.

At the half hour Chicago stop-over the anonymous soldier left, and his seat was taken by an old woman of about fifty-five who sat complacently by and unfolded her knitting as the plane raced down the runway. The seat belt light flashed on warningly.

"Oh my goodness," she declared, "I always forget." Then in one of the quickest and most intricate acts I've seen this side of a circus she folded her knitting, twisted around like she was sitting on a keg of grease, and expertly snapped the seat belt into place, while I fumbled with mine.

"You've flown before?" I asked her.

"Oh yes, many times," she murmured, "I love flying. Airplanes are so relaxing."

"Trains are nice too," I ventured lamely.

She defiantly shook her head. "I don't like trains. They go too fast and there much too noisy and much too shaky. A plane is so much smoother."

At that moment, after some heavy internal rumbling, the plane reached the desired altitude and the buffeting we had recieved ceased. The "No Smoking" sign went out.

"Oh dear," she murmured, "smoking is permitted now."

I had been preparing to light a cigarette myself, but in deference to the older woman who obviously did not approve of the habit, I decided to forego the pleasure until later. I leaned back in my seat and switched on the reading light.

"Pardon me, young man," she said earnestly, removing a cigarette from a gold case and popping it delicately into her mouth, "do you have a match? I always forget to bring them with me."

Mike Deckinger

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# MISC. & ODDMENTS 2

This time Ken and myself have written a filk song to the tune of "Oh No John, No John, No John, No!" The name in the choros can be changed to suit the "singers" whim and humour, often to the embarrassment of the person chosen.

My father pubbed an Irish fanzine,  
My mother pubbed a zine in Greek,  
Sister Sally weded a fake-fan;  
Now she's really up the creek.

Oh No Jhim! No Jhim! No Jhim! No!

Once I courted a Hornchurch femmefan,  
Putting cocaine in her tea.  
First she sipped it, then did gulp it,  
And turned out a bright new me.

Got my tie stuck in a duper,  
Thought at last my hour had come.  
As a Hyphen I look super  
Now I'm read each night by Mum.

Dottie asked me for an item,  
Sercon being much preferred.  
I refused the best I could tho',  
Sent a photo of Fred Furd.

My hands are stained with ink of duper,  
My eyes are red and staple rimmed.  
In the corner sits my grandma'  
Drinking corflu in her gins...

I spent 12 years or more in OMPA,  
Churning out my crud in reams.  
Then I had to sell my duper  
Twas the end of all my dreams.

Now at last the Ghu's are calling,  
My halo, radiant blue, does fade.  
I must chase the enchanted duper,  
Till I reach the eternal glade.

My life before me fleetingly passes,  
Oh how I wish that I were back.  
But I am pledged to serve Trufandom  
Publishing the heavenly FANAC.

Oh No Ghod! No Ghod! No Ghod! No!

Dave Hale & Ken Cheslin



# ENLIGHTENED FANDOM?

Leon  
Collins

After only two years on the fringe of fandom I am perhaps in no position to analyse its raison d'etre, but at least it can be said that I am not easily discouraged by my limitations.

It appears to me that science fiction is the material from which the foundations of fandom are made, but what of the bricks and mortar of the actual edifice itself? One of the main components is surely the desire of all fans to escape from the humdrum run of everyday life. That this desire exists is evident from the nose-in-the-air, often derogatory references in fanzines to mundania.

The urge to be "different" is probably present in most human beings, but in fandom it is able to find expression. Just how well has the fan succeeded in his effort to be different?

Most teenagers are idealists. They resent the horrible mess that calls itself civilisation. They despise the methods by which the older generation are running their world. "When I grow up I am not going to be like that." There are very few youngsters who have not reached this decision by the time they are 18 years old. They sneer at convention. Then what happens? They go out to work; they get married and one by one their ideals are forgotten in the free-for-all of the rat race. Aggregation of material wealth, indeed very survival itself, means the rejection of principles.

However, a small minority have the inclination and ability to sit down and think about these things and they are troubled. Some of them find an outlet for their frustrations in the beatnik sect. They bemoan the shocking state of everything and collect in groups to sympathise with each other for being so unfortunate as to be alive. They are a tremendous asset to any society and do such a great deal to correct the wrongs of which they complain, if you'll excuse the sarcasm.

Are fans that much different? Perhaps most fans remember the ideals that they never managed to put into practice. The utopia they were going to create when they became the governing generation. The enlightened adults they were going to become and the enlightened world they were going to help build. Where is it all now?

Political and social discussions in the editorials, articles, and lettercolumns of fanzines seem to suggest that many fans are still idealists at heart. They want to see a better world and are even quite willing to work to achieve this end, but what is the use when the remainder of the human race are not similarly inclined. Fans and pros alike have managed to convince themselves that not only is science fiction an interesting hobby or profession, but it is also, in all probability, the answer to most of the worlds' problems. On the 18th March this year the BBC broadcast a programme called "Realm of Perhaps" in which some well-known authors aired their views on S.F. Several emphasized that this medium-

was constantly probing social problems and endeavouring to predict pitfalls that might befall mankind in the future. A few of the speakers appeared to believe that science fiction was going to show humanity the way out of the fog. That the social analyses of fictional civilisations of the future would provide us with the ultimate solution. I am not depreciating these people. I think that day dreaming and wishful thinking are pleasant pastimes and certainly harmless enough, but profound discussions, philosophising and even accurate predictions are going to achieve very little indeed. A few near forgotten ideals put into practice would certainly achieve much more.

At the Harrogate Science Fiction Convention Michael Rosenblum stated that the fandom of yesteryear worried about the wrongs of the world, thought that perhaps it could put them right, whereas fandom today was more inclined to live for the joys of the hour. I am not in any position to argue with his comparisons but I believe that the fan of today is still interested and worried about the welfare of mankind. However, if recent fan feuds and lawsuits are any indication his achievements appear to fall rather short of his ambitions. The fan is obviously just as vulnerable to the shortcomings of human nature as the mundane type whom he so often tends to scorn.

Leon Collins



"It seems there was...

...this watermelon..."



# A CANTICLE for HARROGATE

FRIDAY Ken Cheslin

"So," says Dave, "I've arranged for a couple of people to cover Saturday and Sunday at the Con. You can do Friday."

"Ah," sez I, "I greatly esteem the privilege you are offering, immortality through the pages of spinge. But honestly, I haven't got the time. I'm so busy in mundania just now, I can't even find time to comment on the many excellent fanzines I've recieved."

"Ah," says Dave winningly, "I fear that if I write the Friday report I will not have time to help you collate your OMPazines."

This persuaded.....



I'd arranged to borrow my relatives car to go to the Con in - so at about 4-30 am. on the Friday morning I collected it off the pub car park and climbed up the hill to go get Dave. He was up - somehow. So we loaded the remainder of the luggage - plus 2 pseudo Nikes and a foot tall cardboard rocketship of my own construction, named "The Black Pig" and set off.

We went through the still sleeping city of Birmingham while it was yet dark, and saw the dawn heave itself over the horizon when we were halfway to Nottingham. What a game we had there. We consulted the map and travelled for miles around Nottingham before we finally found a kindly bus inspector who directed us to Jhims' Road.

Breakfast at Jhim's didn't take long - I guess we were not awake enough to fully appreciate it - and after admiring the Linwood cat and the latest brood we set off again North.

Once we got onto the main roads traffic became heavier, but it was not too much trouble until we got to within 12 miles of Harrogate. Then in a jerking queue near a main road traffic island, with road construction narrowing and crowding the traffic too, I had to go and bump the relatives car. I was livid and worried too, Dave and Jhim obviously were not too happy either. Still, we were not hurt.

The car had to be left at a garage that was strategically placed right nearby -(they told me, with some satisfaction I thought, that last Easter in the 3-4 days they had 24 accidents within a half mile of the garage..sigh)- and we got a taxi into Harrogate leaving behind only Dave's two Nikes and a smashed "Black Pig". It was rather fragile.

Harrogate...I saw very little of the town, I only went out to get to the other main hotel...and I never did discover where the other two (sattelite type?) hotels were.

And as for a Conrep for friday! Well, I can't remember much - the "Welcome to the Con" item scheduled for 8 pm. got sort of lost, though it showed up later - seems I must have spent the time, extremely pleasantly of course, gabbing to the other conventioners. Hmm...I wonder if that was the evening I had the first long talk with the German Fans? Or the evening I was accosted by a curious mundane type, half canned, who eyed the conventions store of Easter eggs while whining about how he always took his wee daughter home a block of chocolate or like that. At last, in desperation almost, I sold him an Easter egg for..hmm..a penny I think. Actually I'm sure this happened Sunday night now come to think of it. Serves you right Dave for asking me to write for you.

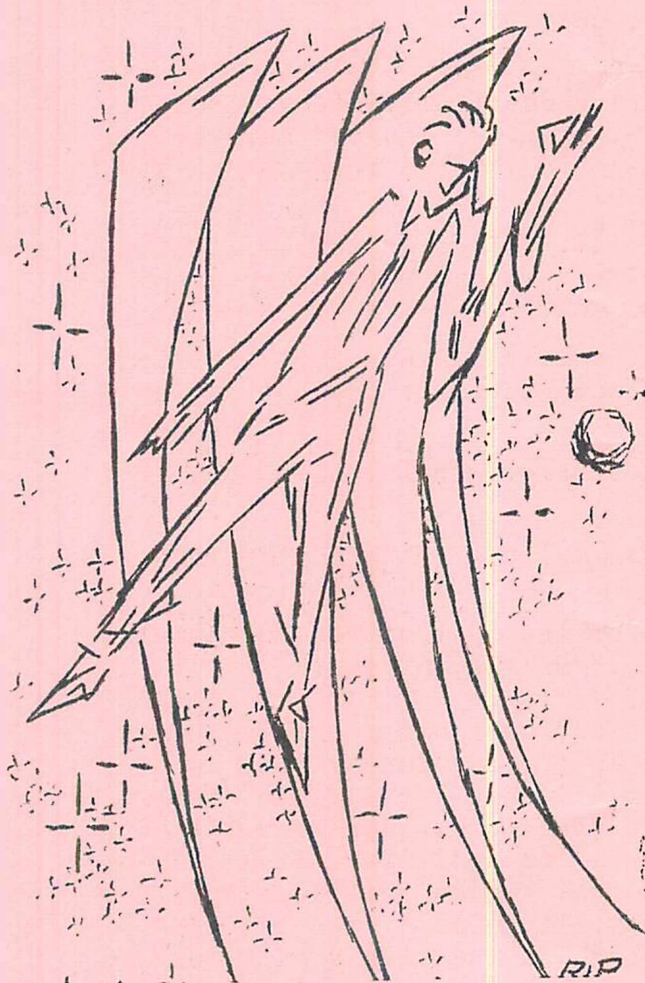
Anyway, Friday passed quickly and pleasantly. It's someone elses' turn to tell you about the saturday at the Con. So I'll sign off now.

(You won't mind if I clarify a few things Ken will ya mateyoh? The little bump was sufficent to put the car out of action for above two weeks and wrecked my two rockets which were five feet long and made from  $3\frac{1}{2}$  inch thick cardboard cylinders. That we did only bump gives credit to you Ken. Despite brake fade and the car in front having no stop-lights you averted anything more seriously. It could have been a load of timber eh?)

## SATURDAY

Sid Birchby

Ships, they say, pass in the night; siblings pass each other on alternate time-tracks, and never by the faintest twitter of Morse code or the most fleeting gossamer of ESP does the one acknowledge the presence of the other, its mate. And so at SF Conventions, fan weaves across fan, spider-like in the intricate web of room parties and thinks: "That one I must talk to! I remember his comment on such-and-such" or "Now's the time to find out what he really meant about so-and-so". And next moment the strands of the web quiver and a new nexus forms and they never meet again. Three months later they read in each other's fanzine the words they could have spoken.



Dave and I cannot claim that we met in any particular sense on this day. On the previous night, the Friday...yes. I clearly recall visiting his room party and talking to him about Nuclear Disarmament. I made some dull statistical remark about the vast quantities of water that would have to be provided in a fall-out shelter in order to keep the occupants alive until it was safe to emerge. Since then I have...Dave will be glad to know...devised a solution. It involves the use of a combined fall-out shelter and wine-cellar, and there is now such a bright prospect of keeping body and soul together while the rest of the world goes to hell in a hand-basket that I propose to issue a handbook entitled: "How to enjoy the next war."

But we are now in Saturday, April 21st, 1962, and the place is the West Park Hotel, Room 22, a small but well-appointed room containing a spare beer-glass, storage space for the piles of SF which will be bought later today at the auction, and an uncluttered line between door and bed in case we end up stewed. I adjust lapel badges and emerge into the full glory of day shortly after 9 a.m.

In the breakfast room I join the German party, and soon we are talking as if we had known each other for years. I was told later that they represent an insurgent wing of German fandom, and cannot be taken as typical, by which it was meant that most German fans are more serious and less fun-loving. That may be. I cannot say, but certainly all this party were good company.

The morning programme, held in the other hotel, the Clarendon



consisted of a taped SF discussion first heard on the BBC, and featuring Messrs. Aldiss, Amis, Bulmer, Brunner and Carnell. After this came a survey of the SF scene by E. R. James. Both these items were excellent, but I gave them only half my attention, because I caught sight of Norman Shorrocks strolling about happily with a pint of beer in his hand and began to wonder how he had managed to do this since the bar was still shut, and whether I could do the same. They do things very well in the Liverpool Group, you know.

It is no business of yours how I did it, and after a break for lunch we assembled the auction material and settled down to hear the address by Tom Boardman, our Guest of Honour. It was a most entertaining speech, but unfortunately I had to miss part of it, because I suddenly saw through the hall door that Irish Fandom was arriving. This was too momentous a moment to let slip: "Hallooo, Ted White!" I cried, dashing up to a tall-handsome figure clutching a suitcase.

"Er, hello," answered James, peering doubtfully at my lapel badge to see who I was. A great comedian, this. I laughed merrily and turned to George Charters. "George!" I shouted, "It's good to see you again!"

"How do you do?" replied Ian McAulay. "I don't think we've met." I laughed merrily again, but not so damn quickly, and changed the subject. "Where's Walt?" I asked.

"He'll be here on the next train," said James. "He's waiting at Manchester Airport for his luggage to catch up. It was put on the wrong plane at Belfast."

"What a pity," I said, laughing merrily. "Well, I see you have yours, James."

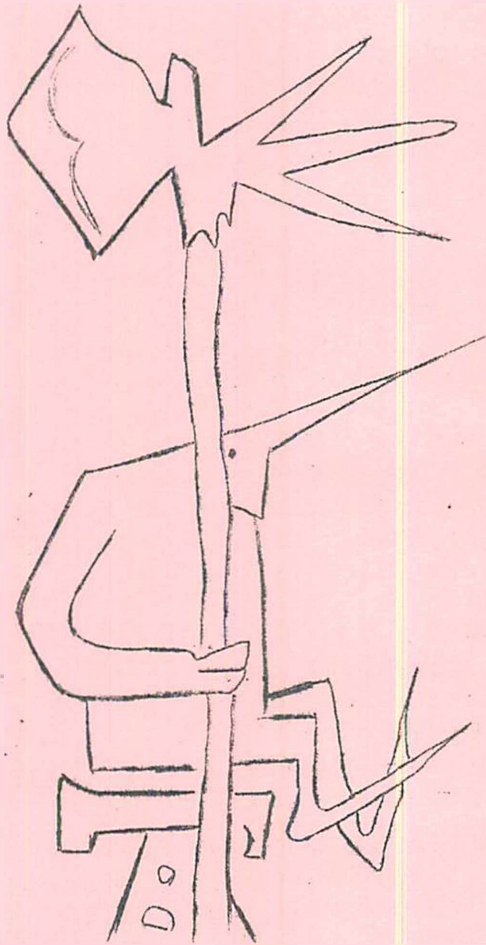
"yes, but I haven't," put in Ian, feelingly. "Mine was lost, too."

This seemed like the moment to hear the rest of Tom Boardman's speech. "Well, have a good time," I said, "Mingle, mingle!"

I missed most of the auction session, as I had to go down town into Harrogate to get the cheese and snacks for the Sunday wine and cheese party. This was the only time I really had a chance to stroll around Harrogate, and I wish I could have done more. Ron Bennett had always said that it was an attractive town, and so it is. I had a choice of fifteen types of cheese in one shop alone. While this doesn't of course make a place attractive, except maybe to mice, I mention it because Harrogate gives me the pleasant feeling that any amenity one might wish for could easily be provided.

And now the convention for me is in full swing and we are over the initial hump of wandering around greeting new arrivals and fans one has not seen since the last time there was a convention...or longer in my case, as I wasn't at Gloucester last year. We feel pretty relaxed and looking forward to the big programme items of Saturday night and Sunday, and the only small cloud on the horizon is that the precious hours are beginning to slip by faster and faster, and one knows that by Sunday night they will have vanished like dust before the wind.





But for the moment it is still Saturday, and the Fancy Dress Party is begining. There is a band, the room is just full enough, the entire company consists of one's friends and nobody...yet!...has had too much to drink. I talked with Michael Rosenblum and his charming wife Betty whom I had not seen before this weekend for some years. They live in Leeds, only 13 miles from Harrogate, and so in spite of having family commitments, they were able to be at most of the convent-sessions, although it meant a fair amount of commuting back and forth. One of the highlights of the weekend, for me, was Michael's review of his last 25 years in Fandom, given on the Sunday.. I feel that it is not too much to say that the story of his activities in fandom is virtually the story of British fandom itself.

Friends, at this point, forgive me. Things began to be so enjoyable that I stopped any pretence of note taking, and so I cannot tell you in detail who won the fancy dress awards, who won the party games...I seem to remember Brian Aldiss whooping

with delight as he competed in the Soggy Races, but I may be wrong. I certainly recall the glare of floodlights as Betty Rosenblum filmed the fancy dress parade towards the end of the party, but that is about all.

And then the dead time after we had cleared the party hall and before the whisper went round as to where the big room party was begining. "Things," said Norman Shorrocks to me as I met him in one of our aimless circuits of the hall, "things are in a state of flux." This was the formless chaos of Creation's Eve. The ghost of Fritz Leiber stalked the West Park Hotel, presaging The Big Time, and everywhere fans looked sidewise out of their eyes, waiting for the gleam of a bottle under the passing coat, waiting for the first signs of a significant drift towards a nameless bedroom.

It came before long, as it always does at a convention, and like all good room parties it was completely enjoyable and wholly memorable. It would be too tedious to describe it in detail. If you were there, you will know, if not, it is like trying to describe sight to the blind. I can only say "Thank you" to Ethel and Ella, and leave you as Saturday approaches midnight, with the party in full swing and a roaring good time being had by all.

SUNDAY

Brian Jordan

By Sunday the convention had caught up with me at last. I suppose I'd had a good run for my money - most years, I lose track by Saturday morning; this time, despite a seemingly over-long Saturday night, things didn't really become very fuzzy until Sunday.

Sunday was a strange day. I suppose it is at most cons, but my low-alcohol policy seems to have shown it up this year - usually I can't remember it.

Before the BSFA AGM a few of us gathered in the display room; by the light of a lamp skillfully wielded by Dave Hale I took a couple of photographs of Alan Rispin and his girl Nell Goulding, surely the most photogenic couple in fandom. Then we helped Dave down from the pile of furniture, and went to the BSFA AGM. Those in the BSFA have the minutes, and I'm sure nobody else is interested in the BSFA business. Apart, that is, from the convention question. It seemed strange, Ella Parker and Ken Slater formally saying that they were prepared to put on a con at their respective sites. After the London Group's cloak and dagger cum power-politics manoeuvring for weeks prior to the con, and the hectic, frantic campaigning by CTT ("Cult Type Thing"...Brian Jordan, Alan Rispin, Jhim Linwood, Chris Miller and yours truly...djh) for Ken's Peterbro con, this was something of an anti-climax. No one will know, now, what would have happened if there had been a debate on the matter, as CTT had expected. London's plans for a shock-announcement of their plans seemed to have broken-down very early - probably because of the way in which they'd watered down their original plans.

After the AGM, back to the West Park for food. This dispensed with, a group collected in the display room of the Clarendon to make Peterbro posters and campaign badges, ready for the vote later in the afternoon.

The rest of the afternoon was a complete shambles. In the midst of bits of auction, quiz, and goodness knows what else, I drove Dave around Harrogate looking for film for our cameras, to no avail. Then came the con vote....

PETERBOROUGH!

The details in Vector do not show the votes, but it was something like 3:2 ( may have been about 39:26, convincing anyway...djh) a fine result in view of the overwhelming victory expected by the Londoners. In spite of the statement in Vector that the main difference was that London would offer no reduction to BSFA members, the fact is that there was a disparity on a number of points. Not least of which was price.

Also, of course, there was the little matter that while London is the Centre of the Universe, Peterborough is a much fairer location so far as proximity is concerned, and the feeling in some parts that London is an intrinsically bad place to hold a con. However the general consensus of opinion later seems to be that London lost the con mainly because of their confident, take-it-or-leave-it attitude.





Like, we left it. Matters were not helped by the newsheet - on linen faced paper, yet - which they had put out earlier. Typical was the statement that Jim Groves would be available on Sunday to collect confees - it's said that someone was actually seen giving him five bob on Sunday morning!

After the convote, there was an excellent talk by Mike Rosenblum on wartime fandom. This doesn't fit in with the stream of the report very well, but I would like it on record that I enjoyed it immensely. Then food.

Food doesn't merit much of a wordage, because it was no more than reasonably eatable. I gather gerfandom was pleased by the constant appearance of hot fruit pie, which is a cold sunday-only dish for them - but I think that's the only pleasure got from West Park meals, apart from making jokes about the dark-spectacled head waiter who wore his kilt on St. Georges day - surely, Bobbie Gray, this is even better than Brian Burgess's inspired red rose!

Although CTT helped clear the dining room for the film show, most of us strenuously avoided the film itself - when, oh when, will someone



put a stop to the practice of showing films at cons? Dave Hale and I walked the streets of Harrogate, trying to get rid of some beer-bottles we couldn't cash at the hotel. We saw a fine camera shop, and an interesting number of slightly-tipsy girls, but as Linwood wasn't there we didn't bother.

After the films were over, I think we spent a brief time in Alan Rispin's room at the Clarendon, but soon gravitated back to 2I in the West Park - which seems to have been the centre of youngfan activities throughout the con. I don't know what time the party broke up, as I went to bed in the middle of it. I felt like sitting it through, but I had to get up in the morning and drive to Catterick.... aha...but that's another story. Monday was typical....see ye at Peterbree.

#### AN EPILOGUE FOR HARROGATE

Dave Hale

The curtain is slowly falling, the play is over and the house lights rise as the dawn of monday heralds the end to revalry and the start to thoughts of homeward voyage. The penultimate acts are performed in a half-world, neither all convention nor all home life.

Early monday morning I returned from a midnight walk around the damp drizzly streets of a strangely different Harrogate to find a few stalwarts still playing brag in the lounge of the West Park. The rest of the hotel was in silence, intensified by memories of the previous nights when raucous cries, chants of "Harrison", and the chink of glasses echoed up and down the bare corridors. Room 2I was locked, I had no key, and the hotel staff had long ago stuffed cotton wool into their ears and entered an uneasy sleep. Our corridor was narrow and draughty with thin worn carpets, so sleep there was out of the question as well as being downright dangerous considering the possibility of being trampled on by late returners from the party in the Clarendon display room. Eventually I found Jim Linwood, dragged him away from an intensely profound political conversation and together we shouted "Jordan" through the keyhole until muttered epithets told us Brian was awake. He opened the door, cursed sleepily, and walked sonambulistically back to his bed.

Leisurely sipping slightly flat beer Jim and myself swopped impressions of the con for almost an hour when we were raised from our reverie by impatient thumping on the door. Our midnight caller was here. Chris Miller. Every night he'd come and talked to one or more of us till we dropped off to sleep. Friday Jim, Saturday Yourrd, and tonight me! Chris brought some cans of beer and we chatted in the dark until we began to see each other dimly by the light which forced its way through the drab thin curtains. This

we both agreed was not a good thing, the sight of each others faces after the ordeal of the past days would be a bit too much, so Chris took his leave and I went to sleep.

A few minutes later the room shook, couldn't these late arrivers keep quiet? Then Brian waved his portable ~~beeper~~ alarm clock under my nose. Half past eight...Big Deal.

By the time we'd drunk a couple of Alka Seltzers and shook ourselves out of bed the appointed hour for breakfast was gone by two or three minutes, and they were very punctual about meal hours. There was little left to do but pay my bill. I'd half expected to be charged too much and wasn't dissapointed. It had been fruitless arguing with the management before so I left it, taking with me a mental note that this was one hotel I'd never stop at again.

Down in Ken's room I chatted with Alan Burns about Japanese Fandom and animal magnetism and after extracting a promise for an article for LS from him beat a retreat upstairs to my packing problems. You've all seen jokes about bulging suitcases and fat women...this was it..hmm, only without the fat woman. I had to carry a taper, electronic flash, suitcase and briefcase as well as leaving numerous things behind. Such as a piece of trellis which Ken Slater subsequently saved. Loaded up with all this junk, looking very much like a sherpa tensing himself to climb Mt. Everest, we walked down the stairs, pausing only to nod a brief farewell to George Locke and Sid Birchby, and passed out into open air again.

Marion Lansdale's father greeted us and we all piled into his car, Jim in the back with the two girls and me in the front...put there to make polite conversation with Mr. Lansdale. This was pretty easy, and we left the outskirts of Harrogate at about half past nine, with empty pockets but hosts of pleasant memories.

Conversation was restrained on the way to Nottingham, but picked up at Jhim's where we had tea, then waved goodbye to Mr. Lansdale and his two passengers. Jhim and myself spent the rest of the day quite leisurely, I stayed the night, then tuesday afternoon caught a bus back to Brum. All the luggage proved a problem, but brute force overcame that and I arrived home tired but happy early tuesday evening.

In retrospect the convention has become hazy, with one or two islands sticking out of a sea of alcohol and convivialities. Most of the dissapointing aspects have been forgotten or assumed low proportion and the overall effect is of a weekend well spent and a desire to repeat the experience when next it is possible. Ron Ellick deserves mention... he very quickly made himself at home and his personality felt. The Clarry appeared a far superior hotel (even though it was 10/- a day more) with a sympathetic manager and pleasant staff. The germans command of english was a pleasant surprise (and welcome) as were the large number of new faces found wandering around.

Before I start preparing for the next con at Peterborough it would be appropriate to thank Ron Bennett and his committee for an excellent convention and hope their lead will be followed by Ken Slater and his mob.



# MAN'S HEIRS

Mutated insects and other assorted vermin have long occupied the mind of the SF writer, and more recently the makers of lurid horror films. Fact has finally caught up with fiction in the shape of Doctor H. Bentley Glass, biology professor at John Hopkins University and a member of the advisory Commission on Biology and Medicine of the AEC, acknowledging the possibilities.

The Nation of 1/3/62 reports a speech Dr. Glass recently gave at Smith College on "Survival in a Nuclear Age". In the event of a nuclear attack on the USA, the country, he says, "would be reduced at best to a 10th rate power incapable of industrial rehabilitation." Even fully protected fallout shelters could not avert this situation unless selected animals and plants have top priority in the shelters.

Man considers himself Lord of the Earth and all the animals as inferior to him, but destroy these animals and man will soon be destroyed. Without domesticated animals man is without meat and milk, without plants man is also without food. If no provision is made for flora and fauna in the shelters the animals and plants will soon be exposed to lethal doses of radiation and die...man will soon follow. Yet infinitely more disastrous would be the destruction of birds, for without birds to prey upon them insects would multiply into astronomical numbers.

Insects are the only true creatures of the Atomic Age, together with bacteria, they are tremendously radiation resistant. A man can be exposed to 600 roentgens and will die horribly, but insects will take this with the nonchalance of superman being hit by bullets. So the "meek" becomes our old friend the cockroach...what an excellent successor to a few million years of Hemo...

Plant life is less radiation resistant than man, and the US's main lumber supply of fir and pine will be individually killed by 5 roentgens each. With the extermination of the coniferous trees flooding and soil erosion will write off once fertile forest land. Arable land will be contaminated beyond redemption...the problem of surplus crops ended forever.

Man's life on this planet depends on the balance of flora and fauna...ecology. Even without the loss of life a few bombs dropped in carefully selected parts will number the days of human dominance on Earth. A nuclear war may well settle political squabbles, but it will in turn create new problems to make all others insignificant.

"If you want a picture of the future" Orwell wrote, "imagine a boot stamping on the human race...forever." It's much simpler than that: if you want a picture of the future..look under any stone..it's there you'll find man's heirs.

Etienne Leon-Paul



# CRY OF THE WILD GHS

Harry Warner, 423 Summit Ave., Hagerstown, Md.

Indeed you shall get a letter of comment on Les Spinge, if I live for the next few minutes, long enough to complete the writing of it. You certainly tried your best to prevent a loc or an loc - a grammarian must decide on that particular ticklish point of English usage - but after only three days of steam bathing, steam rollering, and novenas I have succeeded in keeping the tightly rolled pages open long enough to see what's on them. It's a good thing that I'm not the kind of person who must read with the paper only two inches from his eyes. My nose would have been sorely battered and raw from pages that break free and snap back into a tight roll again under such circumstances. I wouldn't have had the opportunity to determine whether I can read red mimeo ink on red paper. Now I know that I can, although my eyeballs may also have a pinkish tinge from the effort. ((Who knows what this issue will do to your proboscis..the fanzine for the mentally bewildered strikes again.))

Archie Mercer was most amusing - it's odd how many fans suddenly start writing interesting articles about their service experiences, after all these years. I have a slightly caved-in chest and all my call-ups for conscription ended in much the same mystification and concern as Archie's rash. The semi-skilled army men who did the rough work in the physical examinations were pretty sure that I was a walking case of galloping tuberculosis and appeared to be on the point of rushing me off to an isolation ward somewhere before they finished their examinations. Each of the three times I was examined I was found unfit for other reasons, only after a real expert had poked around the chest and decided that I just grew that way.

Your editorial seems to indicate that we have rather similar feelings about the futility of trying to insure survival through a nuclear attack. I think that instincts of self preservation will send me into the cellar of my home or office if I have an advance warning of an attack. I have no intentions of remaining there after the ground has stopped shaking and I've made no effort to stock food or liquids. Hagerstown will be in the direct path of nearly two million refugees from the Baltimore and Washington areas and I imagine that I'd be forced to share anything in the house.



Jim Cawthorne, 4 Wolseley St., Gateshead 8, Co. Durham.

The snag in dealing with people like Eichmann, of course, is that it is impossible to punish them adequately, and to impose upon them anything resembling the treatment they gave their victims would necessitate descending to the level of their own bestiality. But I would contest the statement that "murder is man's greatest act of cruelty". The organised debasement of their prisoners was, I think, a more monstrous feature of the Nazi programme than their physical slaughter. Anyone can kill, but it requires a special kind of mentality to systematically reduce your victims to the status of the living dead long before the killing. Nevertheless I can see no reason why Israel should refrain from executing Eichmann in the

legalised manner. It will not deter any budding killers, but it will prevent this particular criminal from repeating his crimes. Which seems to me to be the only logical reason for executing anyone.

Why doesn't somebody commission Archie to write his life-story in one colossal volume, instead of having these scattered fragments bobbing to the surface in assorted fanzines? Entertaining as usual..

Seth Johnson, 339 Stiles St.,  
Vaux Hall, NJ. U.S.A.

I liked your discussion on how to be safe in the event of atomiged-don. And I personally think that the only way you could be really safe would be to take a moon or planetary shot. Get out of this world altogether.

I'm just reading THE SHELTER HOAX AND FOREIGN POLICY by atomic scientists and others who are in a position to know just what we are facing. A 100 megaton bomb for instance would create a fire storm, and this means a spontaneous exploding of all inflammable materials for a sixty mile diameter circle and a 25 mile circle of pure molten lava. Six 100 megaton bombs would literally wipe out all life in the British Isles and probably considerable life in France, Holland Belgium and other countries within 60 miles of the explosion. ((Whether or not the Soviet has the capability to deliver such weapons is open to conjecture, but anyhow, with France and other countries capable of building a personal tactical "Force-Frappe" the situation is steadily becoming more complex and of greater peril.))

Even in the mine you describe you would have to bring your own compressed air if you wanted to breath, for the firestorms burn up all oxygen and create carbon dioxide down to 300' inside the 60 mile circle.



So the only shelter is peace in the world.

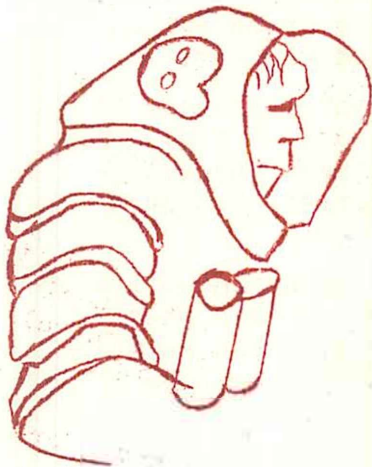
Oh yes, this book can be obtained for I dollar from Marzani and Munsell publishers, II West 23 St., New York II, N.Y. I just wish all fans would read it.

I'm inclined to agree with Alan Dodd in his reaction to treatment of German war criminals and attitude towards Germany. The fact that many of the Nazi atrocity leaders and committers are now in office in the West German army and in highly respectable civil posts does nothing to gain my confidence in the so called West German Democratic Government. And when I read that the US is furnishing them with atomic hardware and even contemplating turning over Polaris submarines I can only think how once before we armed the German nation and coddled her industries back only to have it all turned against us in WWII.

My own personal solution would be to withdraw all troops from West Germany on the condition that the Russians also withdraw from East Germany but first disarm the German armies on both sides. After that perhaps we could go a step further and remove USSR troops back to the other side of Poland and Rumania and US troops out of Europe altogether. The only alternative is to go on and face one crisis after another until some jerk hits the panic button and all this massive retaliation both the USSR and USA are bragging about automatically goes off.

Jim Linwood is quite eloquent and I find his arguments quite valid. We can hardly call ourselves civilised if we descend to the same methods as the Nazis, but the fact remains that nobody has suggested these methods.

If these were used we would have just packed the whole German race into box cars and fed them to the same death camps they exterminated the Jews in. Alan merely calls for the extreme penalty for the most vicious of their leaders, and this is far less than what the Nazis did. And just incidentally the French police have retained all the Nazi torture methods for use on the Algerian rebels. Or even just Algerians for that matter. And England's record at Stanleyville is nothing to be proud of either come to think of it.



I did read something in Saturday Evening Post for March 3, 1962 which might be of interest to you and other fans in Britain. The article was by Margaret Meade and concerned the role of women in our society. And the one paragraph which struck my eye and which I think would not only interest fandom but prodom as well is as follows.

"Science Fiction which has done so much to prepare boys for understanding and participating in scientific activity is almost entirely written in profound ignorance of human beings as the poet, the novelist or the social scientist knows them. Most girls are repelled by Science Fiction and the gap in scientific understanding between boys and girls widens in spite of higher education for both."

Well I won't comment any further but just wish this could be called to the attention of all the professional sf editors and authors.



It would make a wonderful topic for some panel or other at a Worldcon. I wonder though if there is anything we could do about all this. Certainly there are a far greater number of males in fandom than females, and evidently this reflects the mass of sf readers. I would really like to see this changed. ((Wouldn't we all? The few female sf readers around the village are scientist types, and, in the nicest possible way, seem a bit sexless.))

Bert Hodson, 77, Anglesey Rd., Ashton-under-Lyne, Lancs.

I read "Les Spinge" No.8 with a great deal of interest and not a little disquiet. I refer in particular to the letters of Alan Dodd and Jim Linwood.

First of all, lets get one thing straight. It was not only the Jews who were victims of Nazi savagery. At least seven million others, Russians, French, Belgians, Polish, British and yes, Germans were also victims.

No authority has established satisfactorily the total number of victims, the generally accepted figure is twelve millions, more than one authority puts the figure as high as twenty millions. It is true that Jews formed the majority of these victims but over one million were Germans. Which only proves that the Nazis were not only Anti-Semitic, but anti-anything or anybody who did not agree with them.

No one, who does not have first hand experience of the concentration camp, can have the slightest conception of what this life was like. The mind just boggles at the contemplation of the Gas chambers, torture rooms and other facilities, and were it not for the overwhelming evidence I doubt if our minds would accept it. Without doubt, this crime against civilisation is the greatest and most horrible in recorded history.

Whilst I cannot agree with Alan Dodd's "slow death" execution of proved Nazis who were connected with the mass exterminations, I most fervently agree that they should be executed, by the quickest and readiest method to hand. This is not vengeance, hate or deterrent, but just plain justice.

Do we hesitate about what to do with a mad dog roaming the streets? The gravest danger I believe, is that of the perpetuation of this species (Nazis). (Not Homo-sapiens surely? With all his failings). These animals, by their actions, forfeited all claims to human rights, and should be exterminated where found.

So much for the Nazis. What both your correspondents have forgotten are the camp survivors. Today in Europe many thousands of these wretched people, of many nationalities, are not only neglected and homeless, but stateless as well. Nobody wants them. The governments of the day have conveniently overlooked them. There are a few high-minded people who are trying to help and support, and I think our efforts might well be more worthy if directed to the salvage of these wrecked lives.

Finally Linwood's analogy of the use of the A bomb is just about the most odious I have ever seen, and his sarcastic references to the Americans even more odious. Alright! The A bomb and its descendants are horrible, and have turned into a veritable Sword of Damocles, but - the A bomb did end the war.

At the time the A bomb was dropped, the Allies were preparing to assault Singapore. This would have cost many thousands of casualties although these casualties were dressed in uniform they were, after all, civilians too! All this would have been followed by an assault on the Japanese mainland with the consequent loss of life. I believe all this proves, in fact, that the A bomb actually saved lives, and in this concept was a merciful act. That this has rebounded and resulted in the horrible world tension of today is the real tragedy.

The civilians of Hiroshima and Nagasaki paid the same price as did those of London, Coventry, Plymouth, Stalingrad, Berlin, Warsaw and Amsterdam to mention a few. The same price has been paid through the ages, when some power mad mogul has decided to conquer the world. The same price we shall pay today or tomorrow, if someone presses a certain button. And so it will be for as long as diplomats are allowed to die in bed, and not on some God forsaken beach, with their eyes filled with the sweat of fear and their britches with the ordure of panic. The only reason that certain button has not already been pressed is because the politicians and diplomats might not have time to reach the shelter. We - the masses - are expendable, for whom shelters are not necessary.

The crowning insult to our US Allies is unforgiveable. Hasn't Jim Linwood heard of the Pacific beaches, "D" Day and so many other places? As one who took part, with these same Americans, I can say I was bloody glad to see them, and humbly grateful that they shared what the enemy had to offer.

The High Command of the Allies may have had their differences, but in the field, the G.I's and the Tommies were fighting the same war and damned thankful the other was there. Yes indeed, these brave, brilliant etc. Americans made the impossible possible, and without their help we - the British - would have been in the fertilizer business. I hasten to assure any American readers of Les Spinge - that Linwood's opinion, as expressed, is not the general opinion held by we "Limeys".

In conclusion and to provide a little food for thought in these troublesome times I offer the following:

"Now learn that peace is better far,  
Those know, who handled guns,  
For every cross of bronze, there are  
A thousand wooden ones."

\*+\*+\*+\*+\*+\*+\*

Breast feeding! No little creatures going to nibble away at me. It's canabalistic!

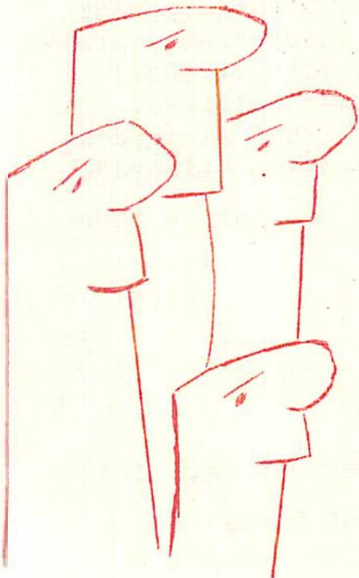
A Taste of Honey

\*+\*+\*+\*+\*+\*+\*

Bruce Burn, c/o Williams, 31 Hounslow Ave., Hounslow, Midds.

John Berry was amusing, but it is a pity he tried to categorize the different types of passengers, especially since he found something wrong with four out of the five types he listed. By sneering at 4/5ths of the "types" of air travellers, he roused an automatic revulsion within me, and lost my attention in his article while I tried to imagine what sort of person he must be to put people into pigeon-holes so. Oh sure, we've all seen the "Buisness Man Type" with worried looks on their faces and hombourg hats on their heads. But to make the conclusions John makes is going a little far, I think. John should have looked closer and would perhaps have found that the air of worry adopted was probably due to the flecks of dandruff on the shoulder of his coat. Or maybe his father was dying. Or he might be a doctor, a teacher, a social worker, someone travelling not because he wants to but because it's become necessary for him to do so as part of his job.

Speaking of jobs, it's the Air Hostesses job to see that her passengers are comfortable. If some of the passengers are fussy and finiky, well okay, they've paid for the service, they should be given it. I have personally known only two air-stewardesses, and both of them realised what their jobs involved. Nobody is a slave to a customer nowadays, but if service is a personal type for which you've paid, then you should get it. Especially in an hour-long flight! I think John makes the error of judging people by their manners. A common error, especially in todays status seeking society. The manners of social behaviour people adopt are usually only fascards and to judge them by their appearances is rather harsh. The reason I've taken time out to comment on his article is because he makes some pretense of writing something of critical certainty which I felt needed a challenge. (( True John's classification was based on stereotypes, and your criticisms are valid. But I doubt if JB really looks at people that way; unlike some fen who seem to have to put everyone into classes - yet they would be the first to object if they were typified in this manner. The fannish concept of the "mundane type" is stereotyped humour, but let one of these mundane types accuse a fan of reading "crazy BRS then the boots on the other foot.))



Dodd and Linwood seem the best of friends, but they're a little out of date now, of course. Eichmann is no more and the whole affair rather fizzled out. Actually while we're examining what the wages of sin should be, let's remember that any crime which anybody causes is really a crime caused by the society in which that person lives. Eichmann kills, Chessman rapes; both are reflections of the societies in which the two men lived; and therefore are reflections of the failures in our society too, since we live in the same world that those two recently left. When a major crime is committed two charges should be made, one against the person/s repponsible, one against the society spawning such a crime.



Archie Mercer, 434/4 Newark Rd.,  
North Hykeham, Lincoln,

Constructive Thinking Dept. Pt.1 - nuclear disarmament And Like That. "The Bomb" may never fall. Fall-out (from tests) is falling now. Unfortunately, the campaigning against the former has probably queered the pitch for any ( far more to the point ) campaigning agin' the latter. ((But how can you be against the effects without also being against the cause?))

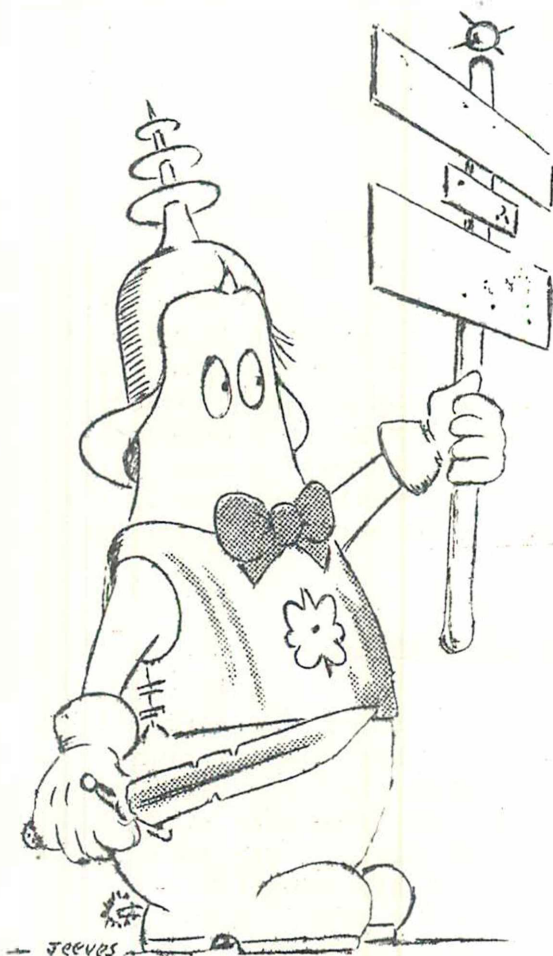
Constructive Thinking Dept.2 - hatred and killing and Eichmann and so forth and so on. Both Alan and Jim write emotionally, and in both cases their emotion tends to run away with them to the detriment of the whole. Alan's statement that "in Germany half the medical men are ex-concentration camp doctors" is patently absurd, a moments thought should show just how absurd. Jhim's condemnation of Salazar, Verwoerd and Franco as "present day Eichmanns"(Eichmanners surely?) also hardly stands up. Salazar, Verwoerd and Franco are all heads of governments with known repressive records agreed. Eichmann was a subordinate with a specific exterminatory mission. However, not counting hot-

blood deaths (in fighting like) I doubt if all the actual deaths attributable to all the underlings of these three gentleman named come to more than a fraction of those for which Eichman was responsible in cold blood.

Quibbles over your correspondent's excesses aside, there remains the gist of their arguments. Here, I may say that I thoroughly agree with Jhim - Alan's ranting nauseates me.

Colin Freeman, Ward 3, Scotton Banks Hospital, Ripley Rd. Knaresborough, Ycrks.,

I didn't much care for spinge before - I somehow had the impression that the editor was bored with the whole thing, but you have introduced a new enthusiasm and it should turn out to be quite a good zine. No. 8 was well on the way already. Cheslin has made an excellent job of the duping too and this makes an enormous difference with me. I can't be bothered struggling with a zine that is so badly duplicated that it is almost illegible. My only quarrel is with the typos and grammatical mistakes. I don't agree with the attitude that this is unimportant. Some even consider it more fannish. Rubbish! All the best zines (Cry, Yandro Warhoon for example) are almost professional-looking in appearance (by fandom's standards) with few, if any, typos: - grammatically correct; well



written. They are certainly easier to read and well worth the extra trouble. I reckon that's an essential part of an editors' job. I might be enjoying what you are writing about, but I grimace mentally every time I come across an error. Apart from this one criticism I enjoyed Spinge 8 very much. I guess you couldn't go far wrong with John Berry and Archie Mercer writing for you.

Talking of Archie Mercer's article, and while I am in this critical frame of mind, I'd like to pick him up on one point. Quote from the bottom of the 4th paragraph on page 15. "I had to get up at some unearthly hospital type hour every morning - five, or four thirty, or something equally preposterous." Come now, if it was after five it would surely be less preposterous, and if it was before four-thirty it would positively be more preposterous, so how could he possibly find another hour equally preposterous?

John Baxter, Box 39, King St., PO, Sydney, N.S.W. Australia.,

Dodd - ah yes, this is the Alan I know. Very few editors ever publish the contentious parts of Alan's letters, so few fans know that he has some strong and pretty far-out views on various things. I do think that his views on Eichmann are inclined to lack objectivity, but then Jim Linwood's reply is equally emotional so I declare it no game. I know Alan is far too vehement for his own good, but it doesn't hurt to look at his opinions with a view to seeing whether there is any logical support for them. Sometimes you can come up with a fairly reasonable argument for Alan's point of view, even though he didn't rely on reason when he put the opinion forward.// Eichmann played the game according to the rules that were operating at the time, and he did so with a full understanding of what it would mean if he were caught by his enemies. Obviously he was prepared to accept the rules of society - it's equally obvious that he should die for contravening them. The only possible standard one can use to judge human conduct is that of the rules applying at the time of judgement. By the rules of 1962 it is wrong to burn witches - but in 1400, it was right, and the "witches" knew it was quite on the cards that they would be burnt. As Niccolo Machiavelli pointed out in reference to Cesare Borgia, if a man is playing different rules than those used by the people among whom he lives, then there is no possible moral or ethical basis for criticising him. He is a law to himself. But Eichmann was obviously a servant, a man living (and killing) by the rules of society applying at that time. Therefore he must die. To Linwood, this is illogical, bestial and all the rest of it, but remember he is judging the case by rules which didn't apply when the action was actually going on. Perhaps the cruelty and sadism of society make him sick, but after all it is part of the pattern of this society, and people living in this society have to accept it. //

//In a few centuries time, maybe we will have other ways of relieving our tensions, and no doubt these rules will change to accept these methods. Sadism and cruelty will be forgotten because they're no longer

needed; they're no longer part of the rules of playing at life. Then we will be able to OOOH and AAAH about how horrible our ancestors were and how they killed that poor man Eichmann who was, after all, only doing his job. But until then, we have to stick with the current ideas of what is right and wrong. Undoubtedly, according to the rules going today, Eichmann was wrong. He has to die, though undoubtedly one day people will look back on his death with the same horror as we look back on the Salem witch burnings.

I like Jim Linwood's fmz reviews, they have a nice touch.// About Les Nirenberg's "anti-poems", there was a dinky one in ESQUIRE last December, a parody of Ginsberg's HOWL. It went like

I saw the best studs of my generation  
Bombed by bonbons  
Busted by fuzz for candy crunch

and so on. Funny, but I still think HOWL is its own greatest parody. No critic could be funnier than Ginsberg himself - surely he was joking when he wrote it. // HELL'S PAVEMENT a "shattering novel"? You must break easily.

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That's that from the letter-hacks this time round. The following kind folk also sent ~~po~~ missives of less general interest.

John Berry...Belfast// Jim Linwood...Nottingham// Steve Leon Paul...?//  
Marion Lansdale...Salisbury// Mike Parry...Colchester// Harry Douthe-  
waite...Manchester// Sid Birchby...Manchester// Alan Dodd...Hoddesdon//  
Pete Singleton...Burnley//

And just a little word to those of you who didn't write. You can be pretty sure of getting any good LoC published in the future...so how's about a try?

-----

Oh Editor!

Oh editor! Oh editor! Our fearful task is done.  
The pages are all reproduced - there are no more to run.  
I have right here some quarts of beer. Let's drink a small libation  
Before the both of us sit down to do the dammed collation.  
But oh no! no! no!  
Anything but that!  
What fool unsealed the bottle caps?  
The brew has all gone flat!

John M. Baxter

\*!\*!\*!\*!\*!\*!\*!\*!\*!\*!\*!



CONVENTION

take for example  
EASTER 1963 and  
the BULL HOTEL  
PETERBOROUGH!

Site of the BSFA Con.

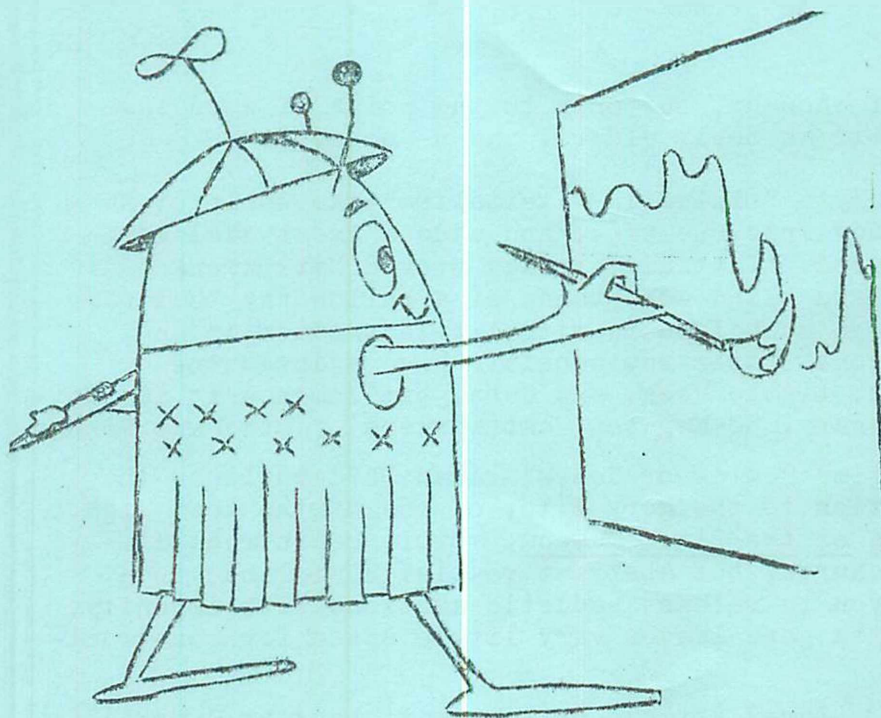
write...Ken Slater...  
75, Norfolk St.,  
WISBECH,  
Cambs.

pre con chant a la Cheslin

We'll be one one one,  
At the con con con.  
Till the dawn dawn dawn,  
Then some bum bum bum  
Drops the bomb bomb bomb...

bufff...

IS NOT TO BE PSNEERED AT



HARRY- '62

Jhim  
Linwood's

FANALYTIC EYE

# THE FANALYTIC EYE

GOUDY 2 A mere LoC will get you this from Pat Kearney, 33 Elizabeth St.  
London S.W.I.

The second ish of Pat's fanzine has everything in it's favour to make it first class: an editorial on Juvenile Delinquents, a piece on Marxism by a Communist, a long essay on Lovecraft, and an analysis of British and American horror movies....but somehow it doesn't quite make it.

Pat's editorial on Juvenile Delinquency in New York is inspired by Evan Hunter's novel "A Matter of Conviction" (filmed as The Young Savages). This was a below-par Hunter which rehashed the themes of his excellent "Blackboard Jungle" and made superficial comments on JD's. Anything written by a fan about JD's invites comparison with Dick Ellington's "The Code of Juvie" in Hab, whilst Dick wrote about the facts as he knew them, Pat's JD's are as he would like them to be; extensions of himself (...and Pat is one of the nicest fans. to know). He seems too intent in justifying JD's and brooding on the violence of their lives, and coming to the illogical conclusion that their way of life is more democratic than that of their more "respectable" elders. I

can follow Pat's train of thought, but only to the point of agreeing that they are as democratic as their elders, and no more.

In Kathleen Norbury's "Dialectic Materialism" the whole of Marxist Philosophy is condensed into one page, and adds a great deal more than Marx originally intended. That history has proved Marx wrong has little effect on the writers blind acceptance of a philosophy that offered men the choice between much leisure with little production and slavery and full production. Later revisionists have adapted the dialectic to explain Suez, Little Rock, and Cuba, but somehow it is little help in explaining Hungary, 50 megaton Bomb(workers) Tests, and Poznan.

In "Are Horror Films Coming or Cohen" Alan Dodd outlines the plot, with special attention to the gory bits, of one of the most sick movies ever made; Horrors of the Black Museum. Violence in real life is unpleasant because it hurts, but abstract realistic violence in a fantasy setting enables you to release sadistic emotions with impunity. The articles obsession with gore leaves very little space for constructive criticisms.

An extremely long (15pp) article on Lovecraft by John Campbell (not HE) is the ish's redeeming feature...it is erudite and intelligent, and well above the normal quality of fanzine writing,

A short snippet, "SuperFan", by Ken Cheslin deserves expansion. Eddie is evident with some fine artwork.

THE PANIC BUTTON 8 25¢ quarterly from Les Nirenberg, 1217 Weston Rd., Totonto 15, Ont. Canada.

The professional fanzine with more non-fan subbers than fans appears hot on the heels of the previous ish from the Coexistence Candy Store. Starting with No. 9 long articles of a political or social satire slant will get paid for. As a fanzine this is one of the best, but Les's new policy prevents me from reviewing it as a fanzine but as a professional production in the same vein as the REALIST...and what mars its stride into this field is its fanzine format.

Norm Clarke begins a regular column rambling about jazz, politics and Ornette Coleman. Dave Rike has two pages of unfunny cool cartoons, and Doug Davis writes a clever piece on mail order catalogs and their perverted approach to sex. This issue is marred by an article from Mike Deckinger on discrepancies in the HUAC propaganda movie Operation Abolition...Les hasn't noticed that this is copied almost verbatim from a chapter in Bill Donner's book "The Unamericans". Wonder how many other readers spotted this.

Don Arioli rambles about being a freelance cartoonist, and in a poetry section together with Les & Walt Breen writes some pretty paranoid poetry. In the short letter col Buck Coulson sees red about limeys not liking US missile bases in every English hedge-row, whilst Larry Mc Combs dissects MRA once more.

Great stuff, but a greater fannish circulation might be of assistance.



SATHANAS 3 25¢ or LoC from Dick Schultz. 19159 Helen, Detroit 34, Michigan, U.S.A.

A confusing mixture of material built around one excellent article. The article "Behold the Conqueror", is an astute political essay on Fascist tendencies in America, and was originally part of the fifth IPSO mailing. Despite traces of "they are out to get me" nearly as severe as the paranoia of the people he writes about, Dick presents one of the most reasoned political articles ever to appear in fandom. A few days ago from the time of writing the most way-out of British fascist movements, The British National Socialist Party, held an anti-jewish rally in Trafalgar Sq, and turned the clock back 30 years to the Rreichstag. After whipping the crowd up into a frenzy of anti-nazi hate (most of the audience were jews) the party boss, Colin Jordan, began his speech with "Hitler was Right" and was rewarded with a penny in his eye. His retort of "You communist rabble" was the signal for the crown to move in on him and his pimply greyshirted stewards, they escaped under police protection. Very ironic that in the same place a year before Earl Russell had preached peace and had been jailed for it, while the bastards preaching murder are afforded police protection! George Orwell said that when British Fascism came it wouldn't be the jack-booted variety, but a slimy stiff-upper lip bowler-hatted kind.

Deckinger and Deindorfer write short epics, and a rather mediocre letter col closes the ish. The cover is positively masochistic.

BHISMILLAH 25¢ or usual fannish ways, but no subs., to Andy Main, 112, 410 West 110, NYC 25, USA.

It seems Andy Main can do no wrong in the fanpubbing field. Despite being planted into a new surrounding Bhis retains its detinctive character and easy going nature. The editorial rambles on varied topics; the SeaCon, the Village, summer jobs, without falling into the trap of them to bore.



Ted White writes his fannish autobiography; either Ted and I are doppel-gangers, or as I suspect, most fans had similar childhoods. Ted admits to being introspective, bookish, and slightly paranoid, and the first SF book he read was my first also; John Kier Cross's "The Angry Planet".

Avram Davidson on language difficulties, Jerry DeMuth on Ingmar Bergman (again), and a clever Lehrerish account of the adventures of a cinema usher by Dean Ford, plus snippets by Gerber (what NY mag is complete without something by him?) and Terry Carr make up the ish.

The lettercol Arrahman is concerned with Andy's comments in No.6 on that quaint old American institution the House Committee of UnAmerican Activities. Some letters are incredibly naive, notably Don Fitch's which regards the accounts of police-violence at the anti-HUAC riots in SanFran as "propaganda"...he even admits to being immune from propaganda. I think it was Miri Carr who described the "riot" in Hab, and the following piece of propaganda is reprinted from the New York Post;

"It was down those 38 steps that those who protested the hearing were clubbed, beaten, soaked with high pressure hoses, and dragged kicking and screaming by white helmeted policemen. I saw it happen. Never in 20 years as a reporter have I seen such brutality. San Francisco police hurled women down the staircases, spines bumping on each marble stair. I saw one woman dragged through glass from a broken front door pane. Two big cops seized a thin, grey suited student from the University of California. One held him while the other hit him again and again in the stomach."

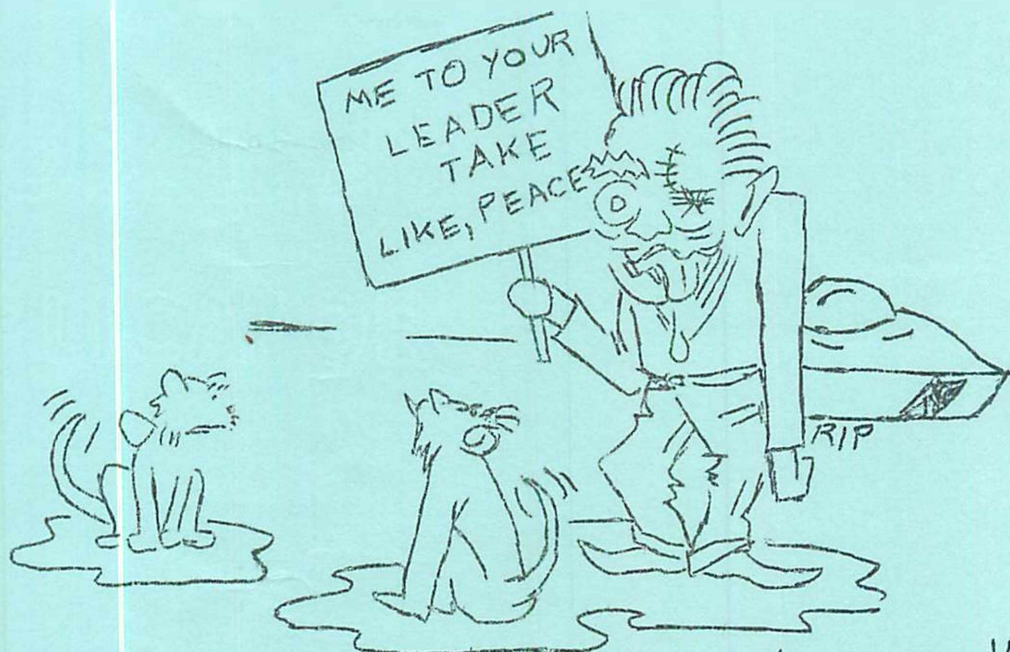
J. Edgar Hoover pronounced this to be a communist organised riot. Pardon me while I look under the bed.

BASTION 3 LoC, 1/6 (4 for five bob) to Eric Bentcliffe, 47 Alldiss St, Great Moor, Stockport, Cheshire.

Britain's best fanzine appears once more on its yearly basis, and my own copy was hand delivered, which is pure devotion in not letting the philistine hands of the GPO crush its hallowed pages. In the editorial Eric showers deserved praise onto the British SF Movie Day the Earth Caught Fire, and comments on its setting in the offices of the Daily Express. What most reviewers failed to notice was that this was the films weakest point; the reporters and columnists held opinions that wouldn't even get them within 10 miles of the Express office. Heaped unnecessarily into the film is this smarmy attitude to the paper, sure the reporters are authentic, but not when on the staff of a reactionary rag like the Express.

Dick Lupoff contributes a piece giving an insite into the NY phenomena The Fanoclasts, and their infiltration by the non-fan dead beats. Brian Aldiss writes on the Atom Bomb, but only surrounds titles with words (an escape from being paid by the word). The best work I've read on nuclear warfare is oddly enough non-fiction; Herman Kahn's big book ON THERMONUCLEAR WAR. One wades through its morras of "megacorpSES" and "preventive war" before realising that this isn't the opinion of one man, but US nuclear policy...Stanley Kramer, I hear, is filming it...!





"GET LOST, BLOCKHEAD, YOU'RE QUEERIN' MY PITCH!"

Mike Moorcock begins a series about his adventures in Sweden and elsewhere on the continent in "An Angle On Asgard" with mouthwatering descriptions of his meals. Eddie's "As I See It" continues with the sigma-sequence from Blish's "Jack of Eagles"...this one is a pull out sheet in the style of LIFE magazine. Also in the art line are 5 illustrated scenes from the Lord of the Rings superbly drawn by Jim Cawthorn. The long lettercol is interesting and boasts of a short snippit (postcard) from Robert A. Heinlein. The ish closes with Eric and John Roles jumping into the shoes of John Owen and reporting all the Liverpool scandal in "Drums Along the Mersey".

WOBBLY 25p to Dick Ellington, 1818 Hearst St. Berkeley 3, Calif.

This is not the official organ of the IWW, but that of the Berkeley local IWW. What remains of the once powerful (now proscribed) IWW seems to be a handful of interlectuals keeping the torch of US radicalism burning by publishing meaningless pamphlets and entertaining fanzine styled mags like this.

In Chuck Doeher's "The IWW Today" we find that this handful of interlectuals is opposed to "the general fascist tilt of this country". Meaning of course the John Birch (Jack Ash) Society, and also the collective capitalism of the Russians, but isn't quite clear about what it intends to replace either with.

On top of this we get "Chess and Revolution" by Vince Hickey... chess for various forms of politics...eg.

TROTSKITE CHESS. This game is the same as Stalinist Chess except that the oddly shaped pawn is known as the "Stalin". Favourite openings; The Liberal Feint, The SWP Screen, The Reverse Purge and the Counter-Revolutionary Smear.

Jhim Linwood

