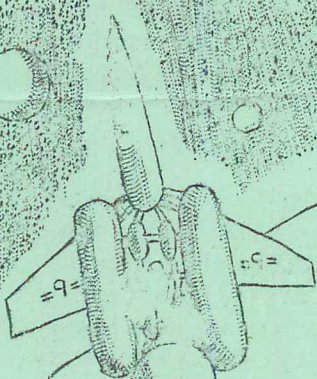


SUBSCRIPTION EXPIRES

THE NEW FUTURIAN



No.
6

JAN
1957

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EXPLANATIONS
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A Sort of Editorial

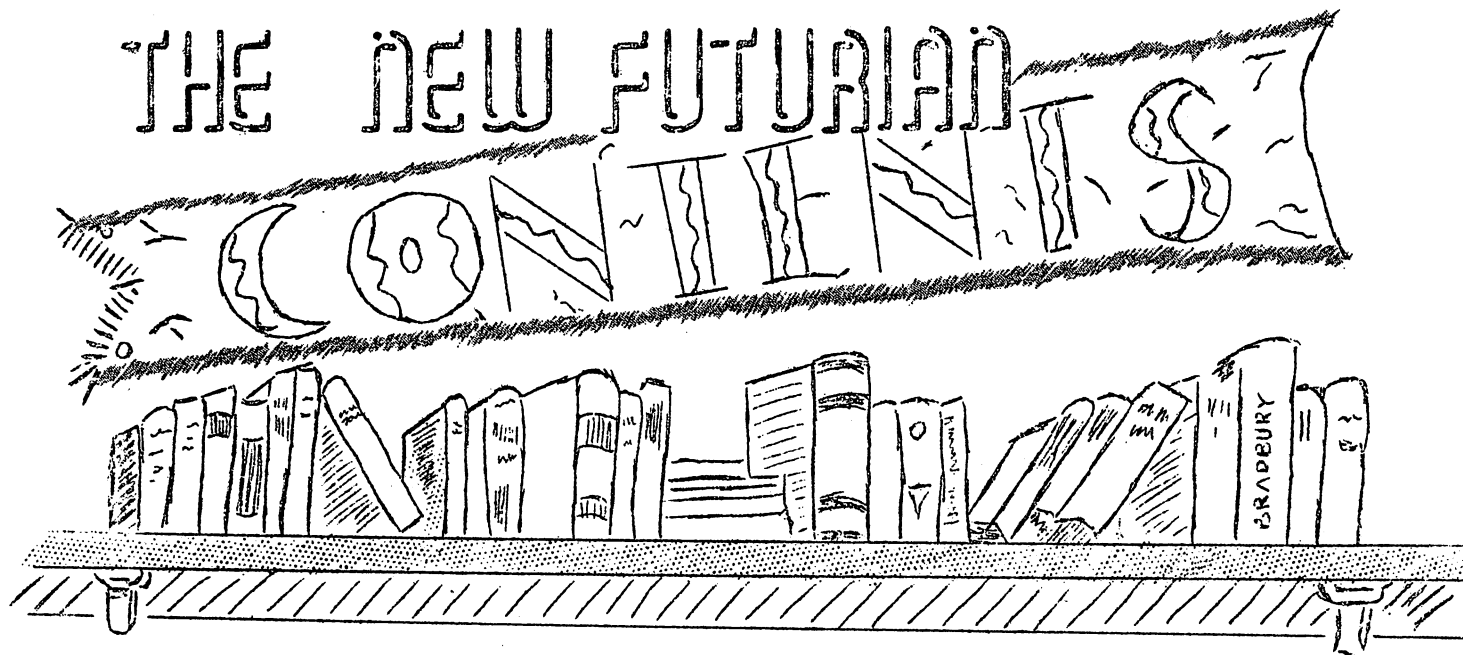
SOME EIGHTEEN MONTHS have elapsed since the last issue of the New Futurian was distributed, and fifteen months since the material intended for this edition was prepared, largely stencilled and partially duplicated. I am therefore prepared to admit that there has been an element of delay, not to say procrastination, before NuFu No. 6 is in the hands of its eager readers. It should be hardly necessary now to inform you of the reasons. My fan-life is forcibly confined to the time and energy remaining after occupation in business and a modicum of family life. And in Business, one damn thing after another has been cropping up. Some were in more or less normal course of affairs - fires, tempests, floods, bankruptcies, new clients and so on; but in particular I have been persecuted by an Inland Revenue Investigation of our family affairs going back to 1940. At the end of it, the worst thing they could say was that Tax Returns for 1941 - 45 were "slipshod and incomplete". One would imagine that even the Inland Revenue could make some allowances for the difficulties of that period; when my late father was practically on his own.

And I must confess that during 1956 I spent a large proportion of what spare time there was with my family. We had a good long holiday, and have made a mild hobby of visiting the great houses open to the public, within an easy run of Leeds. A guilty conscience in regard to matters fannish grew less and less pressing as the passage of time went by; though of course, I have continued to read and enjoy such stf books and magazines as came my way. There have been Wednesday evening gatherings at my office of such active Leeds stf enthusiasts as could manage to come, varying in number from one to eight or nine; during which time we indulged in fannish chatter, helped with one or two of other peoples publications, and made a habit of playing the interplanetary game of "Astron" in which up to six people each have a rocket-ship voyaging from Earth to Saturn via space stations, the moon, and Mars.

But with the return of Ron Bennett from his year in Liverpool - he now lives in Harrogate and has a post in Leeds - he and I have come to an arrangement whereby we both participate in the New Futurian and Ploy. He helps me out with my scarcest commodity -- time -- and I assist him with his shortage -- money. So that now we hope to have both our magazines on regular schedules of 3 issues a year each ---- that is what we hope to accomplish but experience has told us that only time will tell.

It is due to Ron's enterprise and enthusiasm that this issue of The New Futurian has especial reference to the first Convention in this country, and the second in the world, according to American fan historians. And so, with great aplomb we offer a page of fan photographs, not of the celebrities of today, but of the young enthusiasts of no less than twenty years ago. The pictures were kindly provided by Harold Gottliffe, who is now flourishing happily with a chemist and photography business in Westminster, still reads stf fairly profusely but has given up all attempts to have time for fandom. The printing is due to the kindness and assistance of Harry Turner. Some day perhaps I shall write my memoirs of this 1937 Leeds Convention and the hectic halfyear that followed, until the London group took over. Of the Leeds Organisers, I am the only one still active (?) in fandom, though I have seen Mayer at a couple of Conventions in London since the war.

I would like to point out that the letters were stencilled a very long time ago but we felt it better to publish them as they were than attempt any dissection. We hope that you still remember the topics, and offer sincere regrets. We are also sorry that Walter Gillings is not represented this time - he did send some material but we asked for revision and it is not yet to hand.



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Cover by Bill Harry

Cartoon by Arthur Thomson

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THE NEW FUTURIAN Has been produced in a last minute wild rush to
 ***** be distributed just twenty years after the first
 Issue Number Six Leeds Convention. Edited and published by John
 ----- Michael Rosenblum; 7 Grosvenor Park, Leeds 7,
 with the assistance (sorely needed) of Ron Bennett who now becomes
 Ass. Editor. Official price is 9d per copy, but send us your con-
 tributions, comments or exchange fanzine and we will forget the
 sordid financial angle. Happy New Year for 1957 to all recipients.

DILEMMA

Now, That's A Good Story!

by E. R. James

£125 for a writer's first short story of 5,500 words written in a single evening...

No, unfortunately not mine. Not Science-fiction, either, but it has a bearing on something I find very interesting. An acquaintance of mine told me that while convalescing from illness contracted in Africa, He was passing the time writing novels based on his own experiences. One novel seemed useless, although it had been recommended and handled by an agent; another seemed to be interesting a publisher; a third he had just finished--and he complained to me that it seemed to be impossible to make a living by writing because of continual delays.

I suggested to him that he might get a quicker return from short stories. Four months later (after earlier acceptance) came dollars worth the £125.

The story I have not seen. But I presume that the editor must have thought it was a good one. Yet the writer confessed to me that it didn't seem much to him when he re-read it-- after getting paid. He said he thought it just a sketch. He really thought the bank was making an error in the rate of exchange--or that he would receive another letter from the USA saying a mistake had been made. He had not, he said, believed me when I had forecast a rate of about £25. per thousand-- and to get more, well!

Which brings me to my point. What is a good story ?

To make it particular instead of general: what is a good Science-fiction story ? Why do we sometimes put down a magazine and think: "Now that was really something-- I liked that !" ... as the American editor must have thought with that non-SF story.

I'm afraid I'm not Mr Average Reader. Take an extreme case. New Words No.33. How did this affect me ?

My Story ratings:

Literary Line-up Ratings.

The Active Man.	Sid.J. Bounds.	1. Manna.
Ephemeral This City.	F.G Rayer.	2. The Star Walk.
Logical Deduction.	Gavin Neal.	3. The Veterans.
The Star Walk.	James White.	4. Ephemeral This City.
Manna.	John Christopher.	5. Logical Deduction.
The Veterans.	Norman Dale.	6. The Active Man.

Now how was it I liked Mr Bounds's story so well, while Mr A. Reader voted it to bottom place ? I find it hard to say exactly. Some things about it I did not like at all, but my overall impression was of excellence.

Usually, however, my ratings are much the same as the general opinion, although I am often surprised by the top dogs and bottom unfortunates. Too much self-analysis spoils enjoyment, but, well, being a writer I look for technique in plot; being human, I enjoy reading about characters that seem to me to act in a human and exciting way; being intensely interested in science, I look--and this is the most telling point--for new ideas and new, exciting angles on old ideas.

These three, in reverse, are the points which are in my mind when I am myself writing. J.T. McIntosh says, however, that new Ideas are never a success, at first; but without what seems to me a new idea I cannot work up the enthusiasm necessary (to me) for writing.

When my mind has finished considering the angles presented to it by an idea the characters have sprung up as a necessary means to its expression and are as real (to me) as if I had met them.

The plot as the expression of the idea, however, is never firmly fixed until after I have been sitting down for the necessary period at white heat (so to speak) and typed THE END. Even then, details may be changed by revision.

For me this seems to be the only possible way to write successful stories. Whenever I have tried to write a story calculated to top the reader poll, it never sees print. I cannot recall a single exception to this. But, when I am really interested in the possibilities of something new--as above, editors also seem interested.

...And then, in due course, I find myself near the bottom of the reader poll again.

Of J.T.McIntosh, Editor Carnell wrote "...more popular with editors than with readers."

Yet I am absolutely certain that all editors try their damndest to give their readers what those readers want.

The whole affair of Readers' Polls seem somehow very strange to me. Some time back Editor Cambell in aSF. wondered how to take the rating of a story that presented an unpopular theme featuring necessarily unpopular characters...in a fascinating way...

But that is an aside. On the whole I am very much in favour of such polls. It is really splendid that fans should be highly critical. I am all for that. I am myself.

John Brunner said in NUFU No.5 that I had wasted an idea for a story in my short piece "Inward Time..." But to me that was a surplus idea because it brought to my mind no excitement, no characters out of my own experience and suggested no plot that was original. These three things being bound up together I knew from past experience that it was no use to me as story material.

I have a certain admiration for, but cannot follow the example of one writer who wrote that to break into Science-fiction he had taken the plot in one magazine, re-hashed it and sold it to the delighted editor of another.

I have to be excited. I cannot do it cold-bloodedly. For me that would have turned out to be a bad story, I'm certain.

But--what is a good one? Well, in my own mind, I think it is one in which the writer has somehow managed to pass on his own excitement to the reader. But how is this to be done, is quite another matter.. It is difficult enough sometimes to pass on a new idea to a friend in conversation. To do it to a first reader--the editor--in words picturing actions is perhaps easier in one way--but certainly harder in another. But to catch the imagination of a large number of readers, all with different standards, now that is really a challenge.

... Particularly when they are knowledgeable SF readers.

SCIENCE
FICTION
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We have notice of a new, but thriving, service to readers of fantasy and science-fiction in the SCIENCE FICTION POSTAL LIBRARY, 46 St. Augustine's Avenue, London W.5. I have here a copy of the Library's catalogue (which will be supplied on request) listing several hundred titles which may be borrowed for only 1/6d a fortnight. To encourage a quick return the Library refunds a proportion of this fee on books returned under the fourteen days allowed for reading. Seems to be a Good Thing.

OPUS X 2021

Harry Warner Jr

The first two articles in this series concerned composers who might influence the future's music because of their special innovations. Stravinsky did away with all the lares and penates of Romanticism, Schonberg created the tone-row technique. This time, the text for the sermon will be Bela Bartok. He didn't have any specific axe to grind, but has cut his way into modern music by more subtle and orderly methods. He provides a good chance too, for me to say some things about the whole question of dissonance that you won't find in most writings about contemporary music.

Virgil Thomson, who isn't wildly enthusiastic about Bartok's music, made a very profound observation in "Music Right and Left" when he spoke of the astonishing way in which Bartok makes his "often rude and certainly deliberate discordance of sound acceptable to so many music lovers of otherwise conservative tastes." I know several local music lovers who wouldn't think of listening to the late Stravinsky, for instance, because the sound is too modern, yet are perfectly happy with the grating sounds that emanate from a Bartok program. I find it much easier to get accustomed to the most uncompromising Bartok music - that which he wrote during his middle years as a composer, rather than the earliest or last works - than to be comfortable with something as old-fashioned as the sound the orchestra makes at the cadence which climaxes the final monologue of Salome in Strauss's opera. Bartok's dissonances sound inescapably bound up with the music once a composition has become familiar. No matter how many times you listen to that Strauss passage, the dissonance jars after one of the most extended lyrical phrases in all music.

To avoid using technical terms, I might compare the laws of dissonance with those of etiquette. As the years have passed, it has gradually become proper for composers to use dissonance in freer manner, just as the older ideas about the proper method for one person to meet another have changed. Today, nextdoor neighbors do not ignore one another for years, because they haven't found a mutual friend to introduce them to one another, but the average person still doesn't go around striking up confidential conversations with total strangers. In music, the older textbook rules about preparation of dissonance have been largely junked: at the same time, listening psychology hasn't changed enough to permit the composer to use any discord without rhyme or reason. Some composers do, undoubtedly, but seldom make names for themselves; just as the girl who starts chatting with every boy she sees often comes to a bad end. It is no longer necessary to follow strictly the old laws about restricting dissonance to cases where they are created by stepwise movement of voices, by the movement of one voice under a suspension in another voice or by the logic of the sequence. But that doesn't permit anarchy.

Every time you go to a concert where the orchestra plays Beethoven's first symphony, the program notes tell how scandalised the conservatives of the day became when they found it opening with a discord. You listen to that first chord and it doesn't sound discordant, and you think that ears have grown more tolerant in the course of 150 years. Actually, what caused the tongue-clucking in Beethoven's day was the fact that he began with a seventh chord right out of the

blue, and it wouldn't have been considered a scandal if he'd put it into the second measure, with proper preparation and resolution. Only a few years earlier, Mozart had introduced dissonances into his C major string quartet's slow opening passage that are more extreme than anything in Tristan, without creating nearly as much of a ruckus. The ear accepts them, because they come about by the orderly chromatic rise and fall of the instruments over a steady, pulsating bass.

I think that the reason for Bartok's success with many music lovers is his ability to substitute new methods for making dissonance sound logical and inevitable for the old, discarded rules. Listened to out of context, his chords would be almost unbearable, but their surroundings cause them to be music.

For instance, contrapuntal passages are frequent in Bartok, and his use of dissonance paradoxically makes them pleasanter listening than the counterpoint of Beethoven or Bach, in that it's less difficult for the ear to follow the progress of the voices. A highly consonant passage in counterpoint, like the Lydian mode slow movement in a late Beethoven quartet, causes the voices to blend almost inextricably. The very presence of dissonance separates the lines of sound in Bartok, and the ear accepts the dissonance because it's coming from the clear forward motion of the music. When Bartok simply writes a melody against an accompaniment figure or harmonises it with simple chords, he explains away his dissonance in another fashion: by persistent use of some type of dissonance. It may go as far as to put the accompanying figure into a different key from the melody it accompanies, it may consist of accompanying the tune with piercing major sevenths, but he keeps it up long enough for it to become an inseparable part of the music and to accustom the ear to the result.

The difficulties of Bartok's music are also eased by the fact that he's extremely conservative in matters of form. Almost all of his major works fall into the conventional patterns- a slightly varied sonata form, the rondo, theme and variations, or simple ABA pattern. The only pattern difficulties that the conservative music lover may experience lie in Bartok's occasional adoption of what's generally called the "arch" or "bow" form. It's not mentioned in most of the musical appreciation books, but is quite simple to understand: the themes appear, build to a climax of either complexity or intensity, then reappear in reverse order. It is popular with modern European composers, though it's hardly new. It's pretty close to the method Dvorak used in the first movement of his cello concerto, and could applied to the prelude to Tristan.

If you want to get acquainted with Bartok, I would recommend starting with the string quartets. They're readily available on Columbia records in superb performances, they're the very quintessence of Bartok's musical message, and their dissonances aren't quite as hard on the ear as the percussive piano music. I'd recommend the record containing the third and fourth quartets as a starter. The third is the briefest, although one of the most uncompromising in sound. Constant Lambert in Music Ho ! called the fourth quartet " the musical equivalent of navel gazing on the part of a philosopher, " but it's the best possible demonstration of what I've been trying to say about Bartok's methods, with a crystal clear slow movement which makes a string quartet sound like a whole orchestra played by demons.

Next time ::: Sibelius.

CONTACT

WHAT???? You haven't heard about CONTACT? CONTACT is the new news magazine which caters entirely for fans. CONTACT is pub-

lished in Belgium by Jan Jansen - a recommendation in itself - and may be obtained from Ron Bennett, 7 Southway, Arthurs Avenue, Harrogate for 7/- a year or from Dick Ellington, 98 Suffolk Street, Apt 3A, New York 2, NY., USA for one dollar. Keep up the easy way...

NEW CON IN NEW YORK

BY BOB PAVLAT

"Embarking via the train, we picked up Sam Moskowitz while passing thru Newark. After an eventful trip (coop up 14 fans on a train and try not to have an eventful trip) during which we converted two passengers to stf, we arrived and were greeted at the station by Oswald Train, Milton Rothman and Bob Madle."

Thus did the second paragraph of a report by Don Wollheim on one of the first of all conventions, the one held in Philadelphia, in October 1937, begin. It is possibly significant since Wollheim Moskowitz, Rothman and Madle were at the 1956 Newyorcon 19 years later, as were Ray Van Houten, L.A. Eshbach, James Taurasi, Dick Wilson and possibly others who had also been among the twenty-five or so present at that early Philadelphia meeting.

Leaving from Washington via train to the Newyorcon there were only two fans on the train, Joe Vallin and myself. We had an uneventful trip reading Tojo's memoirs and an article on the space satellite and converted nobody to stf.

Arriving at the station and at the hotel we were unmet. We registered and started for the elevators, when fans suddenly started popping out of the woodwork. A lovely familiar face, belonging to Lee Hoffman Shaw, was one of the first to appear. I dashed over greet her in a manner to which I would like to become accustomed, when a pipe pushed itself through the smoke screen to her right; the pipe was followed by a pair of heavy glasses and, after an infinity of waiting, by the face of Larry Shaw. I skidded to a stop, promptly deciding a handshake would be the more appropriate greeting this early in the convention. We shook hands, and promptly the talk turned to Kettering, the Elizabethan Room, and John Berry's Ghoodminton prowess. To my amazement I learned that the hole in the Willis wall, put there by Berry while playing Ghoodminton, actually exists. Lee even showed me a piece of it to prove it -- it's one of her most cherished souvenirs of Belfast.

There were so many old familiar faces for those first few hours that it was impossible to hold any conversation for long. I broke away for long enough to clean up in my room and then initiated a series of interrupted conversations with such old and new fan friends as Andy and Jean Young (Susan was there too), Dick Eney,

Ted White, Johns Magnus and Hitchcock, Larry Stark, Bobs Tucker and Silverberg and Barbara, Silverberg's bride of a week or two, Dick Ellington, Dan Curran and countless others. What we talked about would be hard to say, but I do remember having to convince Andy and Jean that I really should like me rather than the chubby, innocent twenty-year old they had pictured me to be; with Eney, White, Magnus and Hitchcock the conversation centred round their ride to the convention and the delayed issue of Varioso Magnus was working on (which carried a part of a report on the 1954 San Francisco convention--"To be continued"), and related nattering with everyone else.

Joe Vallin, for your information, is not a faan. Only one proof of this statement is necessary -- he kept suggesting that we go out and eat. Eat plain and humble food when here, at the hotel, was the food I'd waited for the eleven months and some odd days since the end of the Cleveland convention. Of steaks and chops he talked, while I hungered for the food of the fan. Joe had almost talked me into going out for food, when Bob Madle and Art Saha appeared, bringing with them George Cole, inventor of the Carsiac that was such a resounding success at the SECON earlier this year, and Allen Glasser, one of the very early fans and publisher of the Time Traveller which first appeared in January 1932. They too, had Joe's idea of food for the stomach, so we all went down to Madle's room to allow Bob and George to drop off some of their convention material. And we talked some more, for an hour or so, while Joe quietly made hunger noises.

Six of us left the hotel seeking food, the four named above and possibly Dave Jenrette and James Hevelin. We walked three-and-a-half blocks east, three blocks north and found an automat that was closed. So we walked three blocks west and two-and-a-half blocks south -- and found an automat that was not only open but was also only a block from the hotel.

To me, both Madle and Saha are old fans, and both were well-established as fans long before I'd even heard of fandom. Moscowitz, of course, is considered a grey-beard compared with these two brash youths. Glasser told of the day when he finally decided to visit ESFA in Newark, New Jersey, after he had been out of fandom for years. He called an acquaintance and asked if there would be anyone there he would know. "Sure" said the Friend, "Moscowitz will be there for one." "Moscowitz?" replied Glasser. "Moscowitz? Oh you must mean Sam Moscowitz. He was just coming into fandom when I went out." Glasser, it might be added, was only about 15 in his active days, meaning he's about 40 at present. It was truly fascinating to me to listen to his comments on THE IMMORTAL STORM, his remarks about Gernsback and his views on fandom-over-the-years.

We returned eventually to the hotel and to Dan Curran's room where there was a small party. I very clearly recall my pleasure at some point in the evening, on noting that Dot Cole had made it up from Washington and an hour or more of enjoyable conversation with Ed Martin and his wife and with Phyllis Economou. I was told that I had an enjoyable time; I hope everyone else did.

Fortunately(though at the time I used a different adverb) I woke up Saturday.

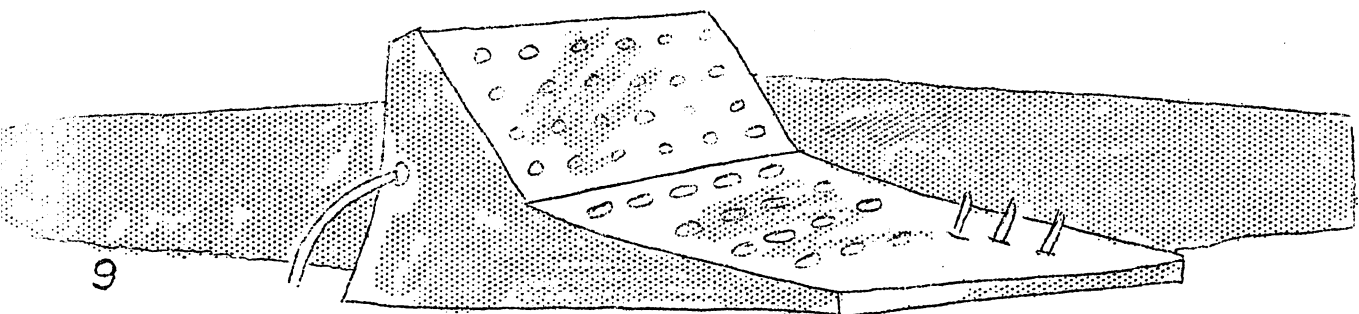
My immediate thought was for an aspirin and a cup of coffee. So, after dressing, I wandered to the nearest drug store and had an aspirin, a chocolate milk shake and one of the most miserable, disgustingly dry tuna fish salad sandwiches I ever tried to eat. The whole affair was brightened only by the presence of Dot Cole who finally convinced me that the Empire State Building was really too secure against suicides these days, and my proposed jaunt there would be only a waste of time. If it had occurred to me, I would have finished that tuna salad sandwich -- I'm sure it would have led to the desired end.

Friday had been registration day, and this day, Saturday, was the first real day of the convention. Dot and I had time to ramble back to the Biltmore and glance over the displays before the convention. I'd glanced briefly over them Friday, and did again from time to time throughout the convention.

Stepping from the elevators and turning left, the first thing you saw was the registration desk -- one desk for new registrations one for pre-paid registrations, and one for odds and ends such as banquet tickets, World Science Fiction Society pins(an excellent design, by the way), tickets to TV shows, etc. This was located in a hallway, and facing it were examples of fan art. Highly typical examples.

Passing through the hall, you came either to the small hospitality room(no displays, unless you call people snogging a display) or, if you veered slightly left, to the main hall which led to the ballroom. Here were the hucksters with books and magazines piled on tables, a something called Amazivac, a smallish display by the Glenn L. Martin Company on the Vanguard(space satellite) Project and the Viking Rocket and an Air Force display on man in space. Hanging on the wall at the end of the hall were several magazine covers and a few(five, I believe) cover paintings, including one from MF&SF, one from INFINITY, and the cover by Kelly Freas for the Ballantine Book,"I, Libertine."

There isn't a lot to be said about the displays. The Amazivac was apparently sponsored by Amazine Stories. It consisted of a large panel with flashing lights, an odd, loud and very annoying electrical noise-maker, and a panel with a dozen or so push



buttons. To play the game, you picked up a question sheet with five true-false science questions, walked over to the control board and pushed the "true" or "false" buttons matching the questions. The lights flashed, the sound sounded, and you found that you were "Earthbound" (none right) or "Gone, Man, Gone" (all five right) or someplace in between. Thereafter, you were entitled to wear a five by eight inch sheet of cardboard pronouncing your score to the world.

The Martin display consisted primarily of photos of the rocket and a beautifully printed booklet about the Viking. The Air Force had on display a nice three dimensional model of the earth as it would probably appear from a distance, three small statuettes of men in survival suits, a couple of colour photos, and the inevitable handouts. There was some small statement about opportunities in the Air Force which raised the ire of the inevitable LMJ's at the convention, but more on that later.

Dot and I looked our fill and headed for the ballroom after hearing an announcement that the first session was about to begin. As this report will probably have largely an English audience, I might as well interrupt here to explain something. American cons do have formal programmes. Fans do go to the formal sessions. They also sit out any number of formal presentations in the bar. Some of the meetings I was present at, while during others I was down in my room shaving (since I seldom felt like shaving on first waking up), or in the bar, or in the hallway, or out having three o'clock breakfast or four o'clock lunch, or, at least, elsewhere. From the second-hand reports of what happened at the convention that I've heard, I didn't miss much of importance. But, if I fail to mention something you want to know about, it's not because it didn't happen, but rather because I wasn't there, or equally possibly, because I've forgotten it.

Formalities disposed of, we rejoin the convention in the Biltmore, nineteenth floor ("take the rear elevators please"), New York City. Dave Kyle was introduced by Jean Carroll and the convention was under way. As at every previous con I've attended, the chairman's first remarks were an apology for a late start. And onward the convention inexorably rolled; an adoption of the rules, get your banquet tickets early, introduction of notables, special balloting for achievement awards, panel of stf experts. Joe Vallin and Dot and I adjourned to the bar to argue with the bartender about how to make sloe gin fizzes, and later to argue with each other about whether the dollar eighty-five dinner was supposed to come on a bun. It turned out that it didn't.

The programme booklet says that evening session featured "Longer than you Think," a movie produced by the Philadelphia SF Society. If so, I missed it, but I did catch the ballet, "Cliche," which was mildly humorous, marred only by narrative passages of excessive length. Finally came the Cocktail Party, sponsored by various book and magazine publishing houses. Fan and man, never have I seen so many people fighting in such crowded quarters for such hopeless excuses for martinis and manhattans. Let me add

that it wasn't the fault of the sponsors of the party -- there were simply too many people, and the hotel, which did the catering, supplied pre-mixed drinks.

As the cocktail party fizzled out, people in costumes slowly started appearing for the costume ball, which was next on the agenda. Eventually, perhaps sixty or seventy people in costumes showed but only one couple showed any degree of originality. Someone, possibly George Earley named this couple the shaggies and I don't think that a more appropriate name is possible. The costumes were what appeared to be a heavy shag rug, one red and one green, which had been stitched into vaguely human form. There was a lump for the head, a broadening to accommodate the shoulders, and thereafter a straight fall of shagginess to the floor. For a face, there was a pocket-size mirror about where a nose should be, and two eyes, popeyes, not eye-holes, much too widely separated for human use. There was nothing else - no mouth, no arms, no legs. I have no vaguest idea of how the people(?) inside the costumes could see, how they could stand the heat inside the costumes, who they were, or what they represented, though they did remind me of Jean Young's Poos. They definitely weren't Jean and Andy Young, since Jean was walking around with Susan in what appeared to be Indian costume. Incidentally, she and Boyd Raeburn made a pretty couple dancing. The shaggies, as they deserved, won the originality prize. One of the couple removed his costume before leaving the ballroom, the other didn't. The theory was that the other person had come better prepared for the heat.

Other winners were Olga Ley, most beautiful costume, and a group of four, the green people, two men and two women. They had applied a green dye to their bodies, and one of the girls was apparently trying to show how extensive and painstaking a job she had done. The next day she came wearing clothes and I hardly recognized her.

After the ball, a group of us were supposed to go to Art Saha's room. Painstakingly, I'd written down his room number - 416. So we went to 416. Numerous poundings on the door and listenings at the keyhole convinced us there was no party there. There was another party in some room on the 21st floor -- or so my notes said -- so we went up to 21 -- whatever it was. No such room. The next day I discovered that I'd transposed numbers and had the room number correct except that the party was on the twelfth floor. Joe Vallin, fake fan, retired to his room, but Dot Cole and I decided to try a couple of more places and finally wound up in one of the convention suites (or was there only one?) with Dick Ellington, Dan Curran, Chuck Friedenthal, Pat Weaver and a few others who were Bhudlists(?) rather than fans. Bhudlists sleep in heaps and worship many gods. They also drink some damn strange liquor as I learned the following night when the merest taste brought fire to my throat and tears to my eyes. It wasn't strong, but it was passing queer.

The night passed quietly and I even got to bed before the sun came up.

Sunday morning was a much more satisfactory awakening than Saturday had been.

For no particularly good reason except the attractive company, I spent most of Sunday in the bar, joining the formal sessions only long enough to hear P. Schuyler Miller present his advance report on the aSF survey of science fiction(main conclusion:books printed in pocket-book editions have a much better chance of hitting the top-25 than those issued in hard covers only) and the address by Ted Carnell(main points: that magazine distribution systems in Great Britain were entirely different from the U.S. system; that the SF bust was now in full bloom in England but that England usually ran a year or two behind the US in matters sfinal; and that the convention had too many professionals). I didn't meet Ted, but I would have liked to have done so, just to find out what he meant by the last remark. Too many professionals present, too much of a professional atmosphere, too many professionals who weren't fans also, too much programme, or what? Whatever he meant, he guaranteed that it wouldn't happen if London got the 1957 convention.

Sunday night was the night of the banquet, which is traditional at American conventions. I wish the prices were traditional -- seven dollars ten per head was the fare for what was essentially a chicken dinner. Even at the Biltmore, that's too much. At New York, as at Cleveland, we left the table selection up to Vallin, who again managed to obtain a table very near the front for our group, which consisted of Vallin, Cole, Dick Williams, Chuck Harriss of the American Harrisses, Ed Martin and his wife, Larry Starke and two others. One of the strangers, whose name I never did get, had been handling the seating arrangements in the hall, and managed to foul up just enough to swipe the seat at our table that we'd been reserving for George Cole(no relation to Dot, incidentally). He redeemed himself later by an action which would make an honorary fan out of anyone. The meal had come and gone, and we were in the process of drinking our after dinner coffee. Somehow, this chap had gotten about half of his coffee in his cup, and the other half in his saucer. The waiter dashed over to clean it up, but was halted by a protesting hand and the statement, "No, leave it be." "I just want to clean it up" said the waiter in a hurt tone, "I'll bring you more coffee." "I like it this way," replied our friend. "It keeps the coffee in the cup warm."

Scheduled after dinner speakers were Al Capp, Isaac Asimov and Arthur C. Clarke. Bob Bloch was toastmaster. Capp made a wonderfully enjoyable talk(it could scarcely be called a "speech.") centring primarily around his discovery of stf some seven years before, his appreciation for its freshness and for the lack of limitations imposed on the artists, and his wish that it be kept free from those who would tie it to earthly reality, or, perhaps more accurately, restraints. Asimov had little to say that I recall, but to the surprise of everyone, including Randall Garrett, he did call Randy up to say a few words -- specifically the words to his poetic take-off on Bester's "Demolished Man." Randy rolled through the first two stanzas or so with scarcely a pause for breath, opened his mouth for the next stanza and stood there. And stood there. 12

Half-helplessly, he turned to Asimov and Boucher, turned back to the audience, opened his mouth again, and stood there. He took a deep breath, held a couple of hurried conversations, and finally apologised for coming up with a complete blank, and the convention moved on to Arthur C. Clarke, whose speech left me only with the impression that he valued science fiction fandom primarily for serving as a common meeting ground with some people, wherever he was, and however different his own background might be from the other persons. There was, of course, much more. That's the part I best remember.

The awards were presented at some time during the banquet. Award winners that I can recall off-hand were: Bob Silverberg, most promising author; Kelly Freas, artist; Clarke, best short story("The Star"); Damon Knight, best critic; and Willy Ley, best science articles.

Sunday night, as far as I was concerned was the big night of the convention. I had three bottles of bourbon in my room, and decided that it wouldn't do at all to have any left over. So I invited a few people down to my room, 851. Knowing how these things grow, and that three-fifths don't stretch very far, I kept the invitations down to a bare minimum.

Dot Cole, Joe Vallin and John Magnus were the early arrivals, and we were having a very nice, peaceful chat about stuff, the con, and related things when we started to hear noises from next door. Bob Madle appeared on the scene and one or two others, but the noises from next door grew louder. Finally, someone decided to see who was over there, and came back with the news that it was a big party. Sounded good, so I dropped over to explore, only to find that Ben Jason and Nick and Noreen Falasca had rooms 852 and 853 and had about half the people present at the con in those two rooms. Bright little I got the bright idea of throwing open the connecting door to 851; Ben Jason found a bellhop, the doors were opened and we were in business. It took approximately one minute for me to wise up to the fact that a few drops of one of the fifths should be set aside.

Very discouraging, running out so early. Dave MacInnes saved me from thirst for a while, and the number one top-notch doll of the conversation, whose name I most embarrassingly cannot remember except that it was probably Pat(no, not Pat Werner, though she was also a doll) did service far beyond the call of fandom. She guarded the few ounces of private stock I'd set aside. She was with Art Saha, as Pat Werner was with Dick Ellington, and it struck me then how the nicest girls always wind up with the nicest guys. Makes life interesting, even if it is rough on competition.

The noise, crowded conditions, smoke and hot room -- as well as the absence of liquor -- were finally too much for me, so I deserted for another, more secluded party on the ninth floor and listened to Asimov jokes. When I returned downstairs about 4.30 I found the last die-hards in my room. 852 and 853 had sensibly closed up for the night -- an hour and a half later 851 bid a
13 weary farewell to the last of the guests -- a reluctant one in the

case of one member --- and the party was over. I really wish that I'd stayed up on the ninth floor that last hour and a half.

Monday was business day. In summary, five main actions were taken. Four of these had the remarkable distinction of being fuggheaded in one way or another. One question was whether military recruiting should be barred at conventions, supported by the LMJ crowd. Voted down. Next, Merrill and some other equally unlikeable(not to mention unbelievable) faans asked that the WSFS support, in name only, any regional cons held in the U.S. at any time The Convention was held outside the U.S. This, too, was voted down. Third came the untenable by-laws, with their New York loading of offices, their inflexibility, their poor wording, and their lack of necessity. These were accepted -- overwhelmingly, to the disgust of a few staunch believers in fandom. Tucker must have had areal hold on his balcony group -- there were only about a dozen people up there, but they all stood in opposition, as did a mere dozen or so of the roughly 125 on the main floor. Fourth was the election of officers -- eight nominees, one of whom later withdrew for six positions. Elected for periods of from one to three years were: Forrest J. Ackerman, E. Everett Evans, David A. Kyle, Nick Falasca, Roger Sims, and like Garrett, I drew a blank. It wasn't Merrill, however -- he was the odd man left out. Finally, was the bidding and voting for con site. London versus Oakland-Berkley. London won a smashing 3 or 4 to 1 victory.

But two other items remain. One was the matter of convention expenses, and other is attendance. On expenses, it was announced that the con was in the hole -- by about a thousand dollars. At last report(about one month after the close of the con)all expenses have been met. Most of this was through donations. I hope the lesson sinks into the heads of future con committees -- that it costs money to run on of these affairs, and that there are unexpected expenses, but if corners can be cut on printing costs for the bulletin, hotel guarantees etc, cut them. I don't think anyone minded chipping in what he could afford as a donation, but it isn't a pleasant situation for a con society to be faced with. As to attendance, the last formal estimate I heard was that approximately 1250 people had registered. This, I take it, means that that many paid dues, either before coming to the convention or upon arrival in New York. There were certainly at least 200 of the people who registered ahead of time that didn't show up, though personally, having seen the boxes of unclaimed con material left over, I'd guess it was closer to 400. Total con attendance 800 to 1000, with a maximum of 650 or so present at any one time. Despite the "nice" turnout, it was a friendly, sometimes intimate convention. Some people, including some local fans, have loud complaints about the way it was run, its bigness, its indebtedness, its emphasis on the professional side(their opinion, not mine) and its aloofness. Out of the five I've been to, I class the Newyorkcon second only to the 1947 Philadelphia convention.

On Monday, someone informed the Riverside Dive boys that they -- the Riverside Divers -- were giving a party that night. So they did. Before leaving for the party, Dot and I found a lonely corner for a short while, and Dot finally managed to tell me some 14

of her plans -- a project that had been pending since Saturday morning, but which we'd never gotten the chance to complete till then. Complete the discussion we did, though, about one minute before Ellis Mills dropped in for a discussion of Gerfandom, Anne Steul in England, Ron Bennett in and out of England, etc((Yes, but what did he say? All lies anyway)).

The party at Riverside is nothing more than a series of vignettes to me. A celebration across the river, with fireworks, at which we stared in awe. Dark beer. Pat Werner sleeping in a room with three cats. Three real cats...no jive talk 'lowed in here. Stepping over an intimate couple on the way to the W.C. The remarkable resemblance of New York femme fan Lin somebody to former Washington femme fan Izzie Fine. Talking with Dave Mason about George Wetzel. Arguing with Dave Mason and Hans Stefan Santensen about "What is a plot?" The remarkable proclivity of one New York fan for girls in their sub-teens. Listening in on conversations about psionics machines, cancer machines, black magic. The blissful happiness of one femme fan who was asked to pose for a prozine cover. The remarkable appearance of Boyd Raeburn for approximately ten seconds, who went in pursuit of someone(Ron Ellick perhaps?) and was never seen again by mortal man. Chipping in to the beer fund when drinking beer, but getting liquor gratis. Watching Art Saha shamle out of his room in pyjamas, look around, and shamle back in perhaps to sleep. Being visited by officers of the law and being informed that the party was noisy. Listening to a record of a thunderstorm and one of an earthquake.

And that was the convention. I've omitted a lot worthy of mention -- hearing the story of the Rooster that wore Red Pants from Walt Leibscher -- a story Tucker had been holding from my lily-white ears for years -- the pleasure I got out of meeting Randall Garrett for the first time -- the statement from an unremembered genius "You don't need a psychiatrist, you need a geologist -- you've got rocks in your head" -- the parting kiss by Milt Rothman's wife, and her concern the next day over the why of it, since she never kissed strangers and we couldn't have met before -- the lovely auburn hair of Phyllis Economou -- LeeH Shaw describing the Elizabethan manner of pinching a serving wench -- and on and on and on.

--Bob Pavlat.

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Ron Bennett here, dear reader. Do please bear with me whilst I try to fill up the remaining lines on this stencil. As you'll probably have worked out by now, I've been co-opted on to the NEW FUTURIAN staff as chief stencil-cutter and head bottle-washer. Do excuse me if I plug my own fanzine, PLOY, which you can obtain at a shilling an issue, six issues for five shillings. American readers can pay 15 cents a time, with four issues going at a half-dollar, to the writer of the above report, Bob Pavlat who resides at 6001 - 43rd Avenue, Hyattsville, Maryland, U.S.A. If you live elsewhere, we can come to some arrangement? And similarly for overseas readers who wish to subscribe to future issues of NEW FUTURIAN. For home consumption, I'm representative for ALPHA, Jan Jansen's magazine which you can obtain by sending me four shillings for a year's supply and for VOID published in Germany by the American Benford twins. This runs out at a shilling an issue too. There's no variety in the prices of fanzines, these days is there? Are fanzine editors falling into a rut?

FANDOM'S PAST

-S. L. BIRCHBY-

I. Extracts from a Fannish History for 1937.

The 17th, or Leeds Chapter of the Science-Fiction League, a commercially-sponsored organisation of Hugo Gernsback, was formed in May 1935 with Douglas Mayer as Director. By April 1936, the date of the last issue of Gernsback's "Wonder Stories," there were Chapters in Leeds, Belfast, Nuneaton and Glasgow, and British fans were becoming aware of each other.

In January 1937 the feeling that, although the SFL was defunct, another organisation ought to take its place, in Britain at any rate, was aired at a Conference called in Leeds for January 3rd, and attended by fans from Leeds, Liverpool, London and elsewhere. Among those present were Carnell, Clarke, Gillings, Fearn, Hanson and Johnson as well as members of the Chapters.

As a result, the Science Fiction Association was formed. The vesting day was February 1st., from which all subs dated. The Association declared itself to be "devoted to the stimulation of interest in science-fiction and scientific progress."

In the proceedings of the SFL for April 1936 appears the following: "Patrick Enever of Middlesex, England, informs us that many members of the old British Science Fiction Association have already joined the League and others are doing so constantly. At one time the BSFA was going to join as a body, but the members are now joining one by one instead."

I cannot recall anything about this early SFA. It would be interesting if our well-beloved brother Paul could throw any light on this body, and reveal how the Leeds Conference came to revive the old name.

By June, the SFA, which had set itself a target of 100 members in the first year, had already 62 members. By June, also, friction had developed among the Leeds Officials. The details do not matter now, but by the end of the month the Secretary, Mayer, and the Chairman, Warnes, had resigned, leaving the Treasurer, Gottliffe, and the Librarian Michael Rosenblum, to carry on. Michael wrote to me on the 29th June saying:

"We in Leeds are absolutely working as hard as possible due

to Mayer's and Warne's resignation. We'll send out details very soon."

These details, when they arrived, caused only perplexity to at least one fan, Eric Williams, who wrote on the 17th July:

"I am retruned(from holiday) and what do I find on opening the postbox? Two gazettes filled with acid... Gottliffe tells me that Mayer is a dirty faker(in so many words) and Mayer tells the world that Gottliffe and Co. are playing a hoax. Both it seems are able to publish gazettes, both declaim the other. Who is right? Perhaps you know a bit more than I do?"

The time was ripe for London to take over. On August 21st., Eric Williams wrote:

"For some time now Ken Chapman and myself have been thinking of really going all out for a London branch of the SFA, and now that Hanson of "Novae Terrar" has come to town, I think this is the time to take over a little of the duties of Leeds. As you know, there has been a spot of bother up there which if it continues might injure the reputation of the Assoc. with the fans. Mayer has suggested that if London formed a really strong club, they might take over a large part of the business."

The inaugural meeting of the London Branch was held on October 3rd., at Eric Williams's house in Catford. Mayer continued to edit from Leeds the quarterly journal of the SFA, "Tomorrow," but by 1938, according to a letter from Michael Rosenblum dated March 9th., ... "the Leeds SFA is practically dormant... in fact we of the SFL are the only alive ones."

II. As it seems now.

For most fans, as for undergraduates, memory never goes back more than three years, the time required for a fresher to take his degree and depart. Ask such a student about anything that happened before his first year, and you receive a blank stare. It means nothing to him.

In three years there is about a 90% turnover in Fandom. Turn your back for a while, and when you look again, all the golden lads and lasses have vanished. The new boys will look up thoughtfully from their busy duplicators and say, no, they never knew so-and-so, and you will know what implication is there. They don't really care.

So what is the point of writing about fannish affairs not four, but twenty years old? Surely there is no more than 10% of a point. Nine out of every ten of you won't remember 1937, fandom-wise, and wouldn't be interested. I don't blame you.

After all, there is no particular merit in being an Old Fan. Anyone can become one, merely by sticking around long enough. I am not vastly proud of it, and I haven't much wish to play the

patriarch. If I am to write anything at all about the early days in Leeds, it must be chiefly because, as Ron Bennett suggested, it might be instructive to see whether Fandom has changed at all. Postwar fandom shares with many of the present under-30's a critical and analytical approach to affairs, and might therefore be interested. I should like to feel that I was reaching more than one in ten.

How, I wonder, did this critical attitude arise? You certainly wouldn't have met much of it, nor of the astringent mockery of "Hyphen" or "Ploy" in "Tomorrow...the Journal of the SFA" or in any of the other early British fanzines. Humour came in during the first part of 1939, with the cartoon covers of Burke and McIlwain's "Satellite" It came in, in fact, as the political outlook worsened which may explain why humour is still with us.

As I re-read those early fanzines, the general air is one of humbug. Of course, it was the age of humbug. Down in London where I was living, I was conducting a steady and worthy correspondence with a number of fans and writing pages of the grossest self-deception and pomposity. I was convinced that fandom, or rather science fiction, was going to sweep the world. To me, the Leeds Conference, which I did not attend, was like thunder in the heavens, and the resolutions of those present were edicts to be treated with profound respect.

Even then, you see, there was an Inner Circle to Fandom; the very first in Britain. It consisted of the handful who had taken the initiative to meet one another. At Leeds they gave each other resounding titles: within months they were the BNF's and lone fans like myself, happier writing to other fans than meeting them, were content to know that British Fandom was starting off in a properly constituted manner, guided by duly elected Secretaries and Chairmen. For me, the Conference was a Parliament whose authority was not to be questioned, but which at the same time I saw only as something remote from my hobby and myself. Leeds was a fan club run by strangers. I did not for some time see it as the start of a national movement.

Such an attitude could hardly exist today, when no fan tells another what he shall or shall not do. But this was the age of Baldwin. Only a month before, the King of England himself had been thrown out for not conforming with the Establishment. As a fan, I felt it was quite right and proper that the fanzines that the new SFA sponsored, such as "Tomorrow" and "Novae Terrae," should print their steady diet of pep articles on "Whither Mankind?" and "Science Progress."

It was the New World we were making, and the golden tool was Science. Around us, the world was moving into the first steps of the dance of death. Spain was in the middle of her civil war; Italy had just finished the Abyssinian war; Germany had re-occupied the Rhineland. Against this background, British Fandom reflected that middle-class respectability which Britain as a country maintained in

the face of rising chaos abroad. How fitting that the President of the SFA should be Professor A.M.Low; one wonders who it would be today? Even the idea of President is unreal in present fan conditions.

But in 1937, the SFA was determined to go through with its regulating policy. The satirical articles of D.R.Smith in "Novae Terrae" were carefully buttressed about with stodge about Branch Meetings and Votes of Thanks. There was to be no slipping out of Fandom's foundation garments while the Establishment lasted. The philosophy of Fanarchism, put forward by Harry Turner in 1941, which in large measure has now taken over in Fandom, was not even in sight. Its future author, fresh from an encounter with the police for firing test-rockets, was endeavouring to form a Manchester branch of the SFA.

From the Conference onwards, the SFA attracted more and more members, and as the first fifty were enrolled, the handful of fans who had met at Leeds were surprised at the size of the Fandom being uncovered. Each month "Novae Terrae" printed new lists of members. The SFA had the ball at its feet.

All that summer, I was still a lone fan, keeping up with my correspondence and with the magazines, but having nothing to do with the SFA beyond joining it and getting "Novae Terrae" each month. This fanzine, originally published by Maurice Hanson and Dennis Jacques as the organ of the Nuneaton branch of the SFL, became after Leeds the semi-official mouthpiece of the SFA and was as far as I know the first British fanzine. If there were any earlier ones they had no wide circulation.

Put beside the American fanzines I was getting, NT was modest enough. It had none of the illustrations and printed format of "Fantasy Magazine" for example, and was much less slickly produced, but it had a distinctively British air about it, and, as I have said, I for one was glad to feel that British Fandom was going to be more sober than the American, which was already riven with feuds.

This state of affairs was more apparent than real. Behind the scenes, those who had called the hitherto isolated fans into unity were themselves at odds. But it remains true that before Leeds there was no British fandom in a conscious sense. In later times, many of those who had been in the SFA remarked that before they had joined it they had each imagined that he was the only fan in the country. The fan of today can hardly claim that, for even when he chooses to remain a recluse, he cannot fail to be aware that such a social entity as Fandom does exist all around him.

If the fan of 1956 is isolated, it is because he dislikes to join fan organisations for any but the most limited objectives. Unlike those who met at Leeds, he does not believe in organisation as the logical road for fandom. Fans are an anarchistic lot, and it is interesting to note that, apart from the organising wing of First Fans, it was the rank and file of the SFA who became the leading exponents of Fanarchy in 1941/2, during what is now called

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the Golden Age of Second Fandom.

Even at Leeds, if eye-witness accounts are reliable, there was a dissenting minority.

But it was the unknown fans in Manchester, Aberdeen and East-leigh (Harry Turner, Douglas Webster, Sam Youd) who really signalled when their time came that the spirit of Leeds had done its job in making British Fandom viable, and was ready to be superseded. It was greatly due to the Leeds Conference that wartime British Fandom became a name to conjure with in the States for its vitality and refusal to be submerged by the war. We are only now recognising its importance in fannish history.

III. As it looked then (extracts from a diary)

- 1937 Feb 1st. Heard from a chap, Francis, re SF Association, formed as a result of the Leeds Conference. Requests I join. May do.
- Feb 4th. Letter from the County Clerk of Chariton, Iowa who wants to swap Indian relics for SF magazines.
- Feb 12th My membership card for SFA arrived.
- Feb 22nd Got the "S.F. Gazette," a typed organ of the BSFA. Thought so, they're in trouble already. "Novae Terrae" is 'delayed' -- Hence this.
- Feb 23rd I was wrong. Tonite "Novae Terrae," 21 page typed booklet, came. Is good, newsy.
- Feb 27th Finished March "Weird Tales," read some of March "Astounding." Thinking of finding out how to prepare poisons from wild plants in case I ever want to kill anybody.
- April 7th Got No.2. SF. Gazette from the SFA. I hear owls outside window.
- April 8th Received No.2. of Gilling's "Scientifiction." A really newsy, stimulating issue this time. Seems as if stf. has actually got under way at last. It's taken long enough. 'Amazing' first came out 1926.
- April 26th Got No.1. of "Tomorrow," the SFA Quarterly review. Good. Got 5/6d on my old footer boots.
- April 27th Got the April "Novae Terrae." It's good. Meaty. No doubt that SFA in particular, and SF in general is making strides. 1937 will be big year.
- April 29th Got a lovely letter from M. Rosenblum. Lovely because it contained 18/- for which I am selling him 14 Astoundings, 7 Amazings and 7 Quarterlies.
- May 5th Letter from M. Rosenblum and card from SFA. re renewal of subscription.
- May 22nd Letter from a chap named Youd.
- June 16th Science-fiction bores me more than ever.
- July 8th Letter from Gottliffe, SFA.
- July 29th Wrote to Johnson, Smith, for bottle of fading ink. Hope to get both pleasure and profit from it.
- August 14th. Got June "Wonder Stories." Was pulled up by a cop for riding without a light.

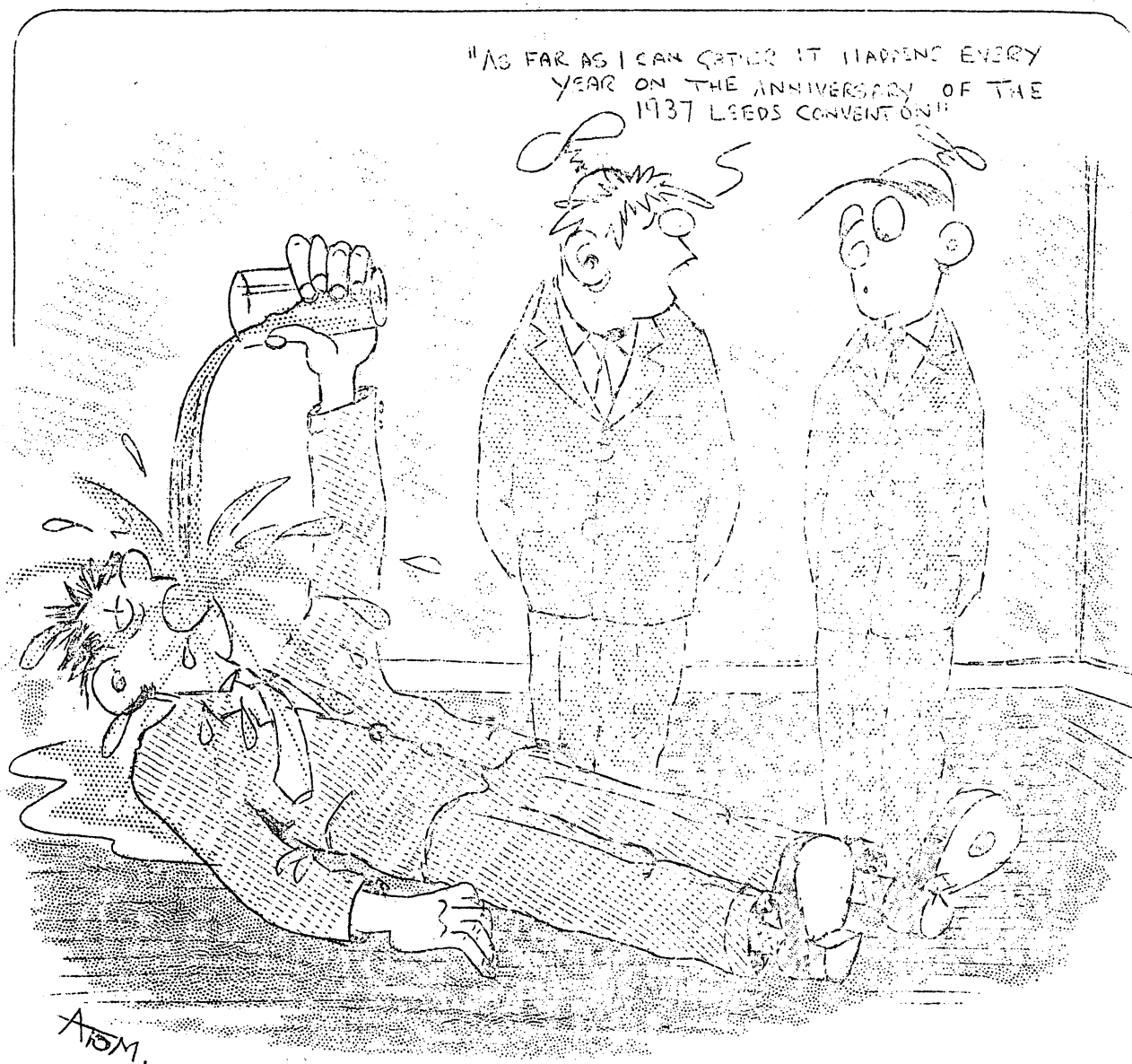
Sept 20th. Letter from Eric Williams re coming Stf' meeting.
Sept 24th. Arrival of the September "Novae Terrae, departure of my Littlewoods coupon, the latter accompanied by, oh, so fervent a God-speed.
Oct. 3rd. To the inaugural Meeting, held at Eric's place at Catford, of the London branch of the SFA. 18 present. Quite a good time was held by all.

Note on above. These extracts are genuine, which is what fills me with dismay. What depths of juvenile delinquency they reveal.

Incidentally, the letter from Sam Ycud started off, "Dear Charlie(crossed out) Sydney....."

I wonder why he thought I was a Charlie.

----- S.L.Birchby.





WALTER GILLINGS • ARTHUR CLARKE • E.J. CARNELL



LES JOHNSON • ERIC FRANK RUSSELL



CONVENTION GROUP • LEEDS 1937

MAURICE K. HANSON



ALBERT GRIFFITHS • ALWYN AIREY • D.W.F. MAYER
J.M. ROSENBLUM • HAROLD GOTTLIFFE



RADIO OF TOMORROW

by Con Turner

Where to, tomorrow's radio set ? What will it look like; more aptly, will it still be there ? What part will TV play in the future of radio ?

There is no doubt that the radio of tomorrow, the near tomorrow, (1970-1980) will look different from those existing today. And yet the difference should not be all that pronounced; The components themselves will not be so radically different from those in use at the present time. Maybe there will be a reduction in size, in design even, but the principle will not alter.

Quite a lot of stress has been placed on transistors, not only in the field of Science Fiction stories. Make no mistake, they are wonderful innovations, but as yet they are not anywhere near being fully efficient, nor are they economical to produce or purchase. Apparently their production is still almost a hit and miss affair, in the sense that only one or two out of a large batch produced turn out to be the correct value that was aimed for at the beginning of the process. This is a fault not due to the carelessness of the people concerned, but to the instability and peculiar properties of the item itself. Another limiting factor in transistor use is the size of the transistor itself. Efficient, workable ones can only handle very small power ratings, somewhere in the region of milliwatts. To operate with a 10 watt power plow would require a truly immense Xsistor. So it may be seen that for a high or even medium powered transmitter, the transistors would probably need to be bigger than the estimated size of the radio set !

Another 'item' often used in space fiction is the printed circuit. This also has its limitations; Again, mostly with regard to size. They are all very well for a small, simple circuit, but not for the more complex ones. Anyone who has seen a schematic diagram of a powerful radio set will know of the intricate maze of lines that confront him. At some point in the diagram it is essential for two lines (representing wires which must on no account touch each other) to cross. This is easy enough on paper, but not quite so simple when it comes to putting it down as a working printed circuit. Therefore, for any large radio, the circuit wiring must occupy one huge, flat sheet, or a series of smaller ones. (Of course the one single sheet could be rolled to form a cylinder, provided the back was coated with some non-conductive material) Neither of the methods outlined above would in any way save space over the more conventionable type of radio set. And just imagine the confusion and exhaustion that would face the radio service - engineer, confronted with the thought of travelling several hundred yards around the perimeter of the set to trace a connection, merely because the circuitous path cannot be taken directly across the centre of the diagram, "as the crow flies".

Eventually, I suppose, television will either obliterate radio altogether, or incorporate it as part of a normal set. Already immense strides have been taken in modern television engineering, Battery TV sets, TV telephones, bigger and better sets and screens, and goodness knows what else besides. If you can have the 'tele' and a radio in one compact housing, why bother with a 'wireless' ? Why bother with a radio at all, when you can see what the bloke's talking about at the same time.

Even so there are difficulties, at present, the range of a TV transmitter is very limited. Contact between ground control and a very fast moving rocket plane might prove extremely difficult. Really portable television sets are not yet anywhere near being a feasible proposition. By feasible, I mean a set with a large screen where one would not strain the eyes. As so many of you may know, portable radio sets are a must with some families. At the same time these are difficulties which can, eventually, be surmounted. How soon, I do not care to hazard a guess.

Radical advances in radio and TV may bring all these possibilities upon us; They may provide all the answers to the problems which are at present baffling our scientists. My own personal opinion is that these things will not be solved for quite a few decades yet; others may disagree, but that is their opinion. In fact, I think that very few of those reading this article will live to see the complete transference from the sound medium to vision..

A FUTURIANS SUITABLE MUSING by Joe Gibson.

Possibly J.W Campbell's comments on highway hypnotism started it, but certainly R.R Johnson's "The Future of Road Transport" got it off the ground. Not that I'm particularly interested in motorcars or road congestion, else I'd remind Johnson that the greater horse-power of today's cars means more than greater speed--it means greater acceleration, which is much more important in barging through that momentary hole in traffic without scratching the paint off, or clawing out of that fast turn without mounting the curb, several pedestrians, and a lamp-post. I might even inform Johnson of a new twist in torsion-bar suspension Frank Kurtis has worked up out in California, which gives a short wheel-base with good manoeverability on a long-sprung chassis with good stability, and is undoubtedly the best new development since the steering wheel. But, as I say I'm not really interested in that sort've discussion.

A future "Air Age" is something else. I wonder there aren't a good many problems involved that haven't occurred to a good many s-f writers who have helicopters flitting about over rooftop landing stages. F'rinstance, the basic design of a helicopter has a certain flaw. When their power fails, they fall. To be sure, they don't fall very far before wind resistance gets the rotars wind-milling, slows their descent, and permits a rather vigorous forced landing on whatever happens to come up below. But they do fall far enough to make low-level flying dangerous--and if you correct this flaw, you no longer have a 'copter. Convertiplanes don't have it; most of them have at least enough wing area to permit a fast power-off glide. But you plow quite a furrow in someone's petunia patch that way, too.

There is one type of aircraft which will come down slow no matter what, providing someone doesn't lob a 75mm shell thru it: a rigid blimp. They have a fairish speed. They're also rather wasteful, since you dump ballast to go up and spill gas(helium, let's hope) to come down, and eventually you haven't enough gas left to go up again.

Or anyway, you're always having to buy ballast and helium as well as petrol. But a technique may soon be developed whereby the helium is heated and cooled electronically inside sealed bags, to rise and descend by expansion and contraction of the gas, which helium does quite readily. Then all you'll have to worry about is getting that 50-foot monster into a hanger of suitable dimensions in a particularly gusty crosswind.

But obviously, if you can commute by air and live in the country, you might have space for such trappings. I'm all for this country living, perhaps not in some moor-bound manor but at least in a cozy little village -- which should also make the plumbing somewhat handier, as well as a small-village-sized atomic powerplant. (I can't quite conceive having one in the basement and toddling down mornings to tinker with the cadmium rods.) I shall also expect the factory to be ruralized, where I'm bossman to a crew of automatons every other weekday or so. I expect small retail/entertainment centers scattered conveniently about on various truck roads, and these short "trunk-line" roads to converge upon distribution centers where the truck-trailers are loaded upon railroad cars for long hauls, the drivers riding sleeper-cars to destinations where they rent another truck-tractor for delivery. And cities, methinks, will diminish to centers of commerce, the working abode of the white-collar set. Incidentally, current research in moving walkways have proved Heinlein was a bit optimistic in allowing 5-mile-an-hour differences in the speeds of the adjoining strips. Seems if you step on a 5-mph strip you can't quite keep pace with it -- a mere 2-mph is about the limit. So the cities had better diminish in size if we're to land outside and proceed on moving walkways.

Of course this air age is going to raise all kinds of devils for the constabulary to contend with. The radio patrol car, plus the convenient fact that you can block off surface roads, has contributed quite a lot to the apprehension of fleeing criminals and the dissuasion of such risky passtimes. But it takes a considerable radar network to block off any large portion of sky, and no police force on Earth enjoys the kind of budget that could afford it. Besides, 70% of an attacking force can get through an aerial defence. What's to be done for this, I wonder? Will future generations look upon us, with our Cold War, as pioneers of a new order? Will my weekdays off be spent on "stand-by" with a volunteer interceptor squadron? We'd best get EFFRussell on this before it's too late!

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BOOK REVIEW

Title: "To The Chapel Perilous"

Type: Fantasy (Satire)

Author: Naomi Mitchison

pub. 1955; Allen & Unwin; price 12/6

Reviewed by Roland Forster.

Arthurian times. The Quest for the Grail. The finding of a number of Grails by different Knights of the Round Table, each of whom believes that his is the one and only. The consequences that follow from this and from the love between Sir Lancelot and Queen Guinevere, leading right up to the time when "the old order changeth and giveth place to new." The whole seen through the eyes of Lienors, star girl-reporter for Merlin's "Camelot Chronicle" and of that promising young man Darlyn of the rival "Northern Pict", owned and actively directed by Lord Horny (i.e. Old Nick, himself).

Mix well together and bake in a slow oven.

The result one might expect to be a lightsome frolic after the Mark Twain or de Camp manner, but with Miss Mitchison the cake turns out to be a rather ponderous satire on the present-day newspaper world; and on the tendency, not necessarily modern, to 'adjust' the facts that go to make up history to the political expediences of the times.

As might be expected, the story abounds in anachronisms, both historical and linguistic. Apart from some descriptive passages, the style is decidedly colloquial, as for example the following: "Look, Cynlas, I'm only a poor bloody reporter, I don't know what in hell you're talking about. Are you sure the Chron girl is all right?" Since the story is not openly humorous, such treatment does not encourage acceptance of an already incredible theme, and the reader may well give up in disgust after 20 or 30 pages. Yet, given persistence on the readers part, this story has a certain fascination in the inevitability of its outcome. One knows instinctively that the author will not interfere too much with the basic Arthurian legend. In addition there is a certain thread of mysticism that runs through the story and comes out strongly at the end, when the cynical, worldly-wise "hero" and "heroine" walk hand in hand together into the unknown, the sinister Chapel Perilous from which they had seen the various Knights emerge triumphant, each with his own particular "Grail".

Not everybody's cup of tea, perhaps, but worth investigating as one of the curiosities of fantasy literature.

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CASTAWAYS As a theme in literature generally, we can date this type of tale
===== back to Robinson Crusoe at least; but as a fantasy theme; the
story of the castaway is not one which has been overdone. So it is somewhat
curious that three recent books of widely different treatments, all have this
basic idea. The most straightforward and perhaps the nearest to the usual type
of science fiction is "No Man Friday" by Rex Gordon (pub. Heineman, 1956, 13/6)
where the sole survivor of the first rocket to Mars crash-lands on the surface,
and uses his scientific and mechanical ingenuity to survive in terribly adverse
conditions. The picture of Mars is highly believable and the writers build-up
of first the vegetation, and then the animal life possible under Martian conditions
is one of the finest I have ever come across. Recommended. With a mystical
surge at the beginning and the end is E. C. Large's "Dawn in Andromeda"
(Cape, 1956, 15/-) in which God performs the experiment of dumping ten first-
class examples of Homo Sapiens (English of course) on an uninhabited earthlike
planet completely naked and unequipped to see how they make out. This book is
well-written and shows evidence of considerable thought and research. In fact
much of it reads like a manual for survival under purely natural conditions -
I even wondered whether someone else had been thinking of what to do after the
atom war if he survived. Well worth reading. The third of the trio is the one
which should be castaway itself. "Ninya" by Henry A. Fagan (Cape, 1956, 13/6)
I cannot do better than quote the 'blurb' - "to classify this book as 'science
fiction' in the ordinary acceptation of that term would be a mistake. It is
plausibly written, entirely convincing and innocent of pseudo-scientific jargon"
In other words the author knows no science. The survivor of a moon expedition
falls into a crevasse and reaches an "Erewhonian" world with the usual sort of
consequences - love of course plays a large part. "The author is one of the
Judges of Appeal in South Africa" does that give the book any more appeal to you?

READERS

LETTERS

"Most fanzines are a mass correspondence by one person with numerous others." -- This succinct description was given by Joy Clarke in a letter to ORION 13 and sets out very neatly my own opinion of fan publishing. I would build a superstructure thereon stating that the personality of the editor(s) then decides how to elaborate mere contact. Some like personal anecdote and ribald comment; others prefer to pass on noteworthy (to them) quotes and information, and some get the two main streams. Then other people enter into the spirit of the 'zines with contributory articles and letters of comment. I have a personal feeling that my magazine should be as understandable as reasonably possible to somebody not in the inner circle of fandom who is interested in fantasy writing or the future of mankind, or literary topics in general. But it is at once appreciated that no other editor is forced to be bound by this ideal - if the fanzine is meant by its producer for a small group of specialised recipients; he is welcome to include anything he imagines to be of interest to anyone in his circle, and use terms and abbreviations which are Greek to the uninitiated. This small peroration is only to underline my own ideas and I will pass on forthwith to other people's missives brought forth by the last NuFu.

The gem of the collection I feel is a serious letter from BOB BLOCH who finds himself at variance with John Brunner:

I'm in receipt of THE NEW FUTURIAN, and while I find much in the issue deserving of comment and commendation, I am naturally most moved by John Brunner's remarks on Lovecraft, to which I must take polite exception.

Brunner describes Lovecraft as "the most successful nincompoop of modern literature" and as one who had a "paucity of true imagination", etc. And he says that "his imitators are legion, alas."

Rather than go into a "defense" of Lovecraft's literary ability -- an ability noted and complimented by a hundred or more critics -- I think it best merely to call John's attention to this matter of Lovecraft's imitators.

Among those who "imitated" Lovecraft, or used his mythology, or were inspired to take up fantasy and science-fiction writing because of his work and often with his assistance, we find such names as:

August Derleth,
Donald Wandrei,
Frank Belknap Long, Jr.,

E. Hoffman Price,
Fritz Leiber Jr.,

(cont.)

Henry Kuttner
C. L. Moore
Carl Jacobi
Clark Ashton Smith
Howard Wandrei

Surely a formidable list -- and a notable contribution to the genre! Can Brunner assume that anyone writing with a "paucity of imagination" could so inspire such a host of imitators and admirers who have given direct credit to their source of inspiration? Can Brunner name another single writer in the field of fantasy or science-fiction who has been so widely and opened followed by his contemporaries in the matter of style and content? Can he assume blithely and omnisciently that all of these people -- together with the critics and those who have repeatedly selected Lovecraft's work for anthologization and reprinting -- are in complete error? I am personally inclined to doubt it.

What it seems to boil down to is that John doesn't like Lovecraft's writing. Well and good, that's an honest opinion, and he's entitled to it. But I submit that his opinion is in marked contrast to that of the majority of critics in the field and the opinions of many competent writers who have chosen Lovecraft as a model in their salad days. True, times and styles change, and the majority of those listed are no longer writing "Lovecraftian" stories. But they began that way, and were influenced strongly, and I can't believe all of them were deceived by a writer who was a "nincompoop" with a "paucity of imagination."

I've no quarrel with John's dislike of HPL. I merely want to point out that there seems to be a considerable amount of evidence opposed to his sweeping conclusions -- and that evidence should be taken into account too."

Now I present another American commentator in Thyril L. Iadd, 7 Cuyler Avenue, Albany 9, NY; not least to prove that Thyril does exist and is not, as some people have opined, an improbable pseudonym. In fact Thyril is a real old-timer as will appear in his letter, a U.S. Government Employee and a stamp collector and dealer on the side:

"I am very sorry that Searles has ended his publication of FANTASY COMMENTATOR, certainly outstanding as a fan magazine. My wife and I visited Langley and his charming wife, Elizabeth, at their N.Y. home last Sunday~~XX~~September 11th~~YY~~. As you probably know, he is a professor of physics at New York University(Ph. D), and it seems he just hasn't the time for the magazine along with his scholastic duties. Langley and Elizabeth were planning to visit us up here in Albany, too, last week, but we were motoring to Montreal, Canada, so the visit had to be postponed.

I like this issue of "THE NEW FUTURIAN" and have been reading it with much pleasure. Please accept my congratulations on a very good magazine. I was especially intrigued by John Brunner's various comments, especially his blast at Lovecraft. I am no great admirer of Lovecraft myself, though I did have the opinion he produced a few tales that were interesting. I liked Langley's review and I thought Walter Gillings' article "The Clamorous Dreamers" excellent. And again John Brunner-

-- his "For Your Future Entertainment" was most interesting. All the material in this issue was entertaining - to me, at least.

Your comment that the Completist Collector is disappearing seems just about true. I think I know of only two or three left who are really completist. Certainly I am not. My collection is reduced now to about 1200, or thereabouts, books, plus some magazines. I've tried to retain only books which I like, plus a few which are curiosities, of course. I say to myself - "Will I ever want to read it again?" That seems a pretty good test for keeping a book. The only magazines I have are a complete file of FANTASY COMMENTATOR, all the FAMOUS FANTASTIC MYSTERIES and NOVELS and WEIRD TALES from Feb. 1924 through 1950. I had the 1923 WEIRD TALES once - bought them as they were issued, but tossed them out as one does magazines! I began collecting Fantastic Fiction in 1922, so was at it when all of the various magazines first appeared. I do have about sixty bound volumes of stories selected from various magazines down through the years... I removed certain tales and had them bound in hard covers when I had accumulated sufficient for a volume. But no huge magazine collection."

Whilst we are across the Atlantic here is news from JOE GIBSON, now at 6708 S. Merrill Ave., Chicago 49, Ill., to whom congratulations are due:

"As you see I've made another change of address -- but perhaps you've heard the change was considerably more drastic than that. It was all a quite untypical fannish episode: there I sat me in New Jersey, pondering the purchase of a Triumph TR-2 sportster, when I took off for a cross-country vacation instead. Romped the whole way via Greyhound (Walt Willis should wince at this) with leisurely stops here and yon, one such being Cleveland where the Falascas were up to here in preparations for the convention, then on to Chicago where I held down Rog Phillips' bed whilst he night-watched down at the casket works. Took in a bit of good jazz at the Ill Club, blew an excellent dinner at the Shangri La, and remet a young lady named Roberta Collins. Remet, I say, because first we met at the Metrocon in New York, last October. She wanted to smooch there in the midst of the wild throngs of fans, but I deferred the matter ("snogging," I think Ken Bulmer said it is) until we'd convene back at the hotel room of Lee Riddle or somebody, but the hotel detectives threw everyone out before Roberta got back and we lost contact. Anyway, I stopped in Chicago a week, then on westward until, rolling south from old Santa Fe, I began wondering what in blazes I was doing down there. So I hopped the next bus back to Chicago, got Robbie to say "yes!" seven and one-half minutes after I'd got inside the door, and we toured down to the Midwestcon engaged.

There followed the week I returned to Jersey, packed, and went back to Chicago via TWA; then the week I went apartment hunting in Chicago's 100 degree heatwave; then the week I spent repainting the apartment, especially the two coats on the ceiling (blame Robbie for the walls) and the woodwork still has the final coat to go on; then the week preparing for the ceremony; then the week in Milwaukee, with Robbie resplendent in the sheerest nightgowns and negligee--she caught cold, of course; then the week at the Cvention, or have I misplaced a week somewhere? Somehow we managed to get furnishings, all new, all at (shhhh!) tidy discounts, at least all we need to begin with. Somehow

we rigged outfits for the costume ball, tho I'm not surprised we didn't win any prizes with them. Somehow we got back and I spent the week I needed to rest up finding a new job here. Somehow we spent every cent we had and went something into the hole, which my War Bonds will cover if worst comes. But I'm afraid that TR-2 is definitely out of the question now, for the time being. Tsk. Awell. Anyway, we've been busy. I might be telling you chaps to keep your bloody noses out of it, too, since Robbie had heard of the British having kidney for breakfast so often(or, well, sufficiently often) for her to test it out on me, but it so happens I rather like the stuff.

Have you seen the fanzine VOID the Benfords are pubbing in Germany? I wondered if you read Jan Jansen's remarks, that Continental fans want book reviews and serious discussion in a fanzine rather than the frivolous nonsense that characterizes most Anglo-American fmz. Possibly they need French, Flemish and German editions of NUFU."

D. R. SMITH -- the D.R.S, not the American alter-ego, looks unfamiliar from a new address, 228 Higham Lane, Nuneaton:

"At last I amke a reolute effort to - damn - At last I make a resolute effort to resurrect my well-nigh defunct knowledge of typing and attempt some sort of acknowledgement of THE NEW FUTURIAN. Had I known what work the acquisition of a house would involve me in I would surely have gone for a flat instead - except that I like messing about in gardens and so on, always providing that no-one comes to criticize my efforts. It certainly plays havoc with one's correspondence, and I fear that such literary talent as I may have once had is now completely vanished. What a pang went through me when I read your fictional requirements "as used to be done by D.R. Smith." Whence have gone the snows of autumn? Why should I not attempt a come-back? I am becoming a clod. This must not be allowed. I will make an effort. I will...I hope...

However, let me comment on No. 5. Indeed - answering the introduction to WHG's history - I do remember Scoops. I never read it - except for part of one issue which I fished from Maurice Hanson during the end-of-term idleness at the close of my school career - my first indication, incidentally, that there was another reader of science-fiction within fifty miles, but I do remember it. Quite a mistake, as WHG says. But his paragraph recalling some of the stories make me almost wish I had. Did I not revel in a war-of-the-worlds story in Modern Boy? Was there not a fascinating robot in the Wizard about the same time, a gentleman with wings and/or a subterranean vessel in another such paper? No, come to think of it, these were rather earlier; down the vista of the years my ten-year old self seems little different from my sixteen-year old self. Come to think of it, as regards literary tastes, there isn't any difference in the last quarter of a century. Scandalous. (Reviewing some of my tastes - abominable) And talking of taste - couldn't we form a society for the suppression of Dennis Wheatley? While on holiday I bought a book of his science fiction which was so appallingly inept from every angle that I actually threw the thing away - something I never - but never - do with anything that has cost me money.

And that brings me to your book-review. I fail to see the point

of reviewing an obscure book if this has nothing to recommend it, and such is the impression I gether about "The Warw of the Wenusues."

Harry Warner's music lectures have a certain vague intellectual appeal for me, but I am not sufficiently music-minded to have any active interest in learning to appreciate any series of noises not immediately pleasing to my ear, nor do I listen frequently enough to have become bored with even the most familiar of musical compositions.

Before accepting Mr. Ladd's challenge to comment on his selection of most fantastic plots it would be necessary to read them all - and I've only recollection of seven and a bit of the twelve. The bit represents the first part of Darkness and Dawn - which frankly I found most stuffy, and would not dream of including. I am surprised that his list does not include anything by Taine - I am thinking of "The Time Stream" in particular, with its impressions of strangely bleak facets of imaginary history matching the characters of the time-explorers. I'll grant him "The Night Land" - though I think Hodgson made as big mistake in writing it in such a cramped style as Burton did when he translated The Arabian Nights into something neither English nor Arabic. To include "The House on the Borderland" as well is a little greedy for Hodgson - and surely it is little more than a novelette? Similarly it should suffice to include "The Moon Pool" without adding "The Face in the Abyss" as well. Perhaps it would be better to set authors up in direct competition, covering the whole range of their works, in which case we could easily start off with Hodgson, Merritt, Taine - and then?

I can see that at this rate I shall never finish this letter, and thus you will never get it. Half a letter will have to be better than none. I will thus pass reapidly over Phoenix(definitely not Paul Jennings - not by several hundred separte degrees) reluctantly over the Second Argosy, agreeing with the Moral, agreeing that there are too many cars of the roads and why should anyone want to go faster than a Consul anyway(until I can save up for a few more cylinders) to a slightly longer consideration of Brunner's discourse on the future of science fiction. The argument that if science-fiction continues in its present form of using space-travel and similar developments as background - as I have seen urged as the ideal somewhere recently - it will eventually become absorbed into ordinary novel-type fiction is one with which I do agree. I do think though, that in his solution Brunner overlooks the essential feature of science-fiction - which is mentioned earlier in your issue. Namely, the science. That is to say that technical details should be an essential part of the story, that it is the loves and hates and fears and ordinary human emotions in general which should take second place, that the triumph in a true science-fiction story should be a technical triumph, a triumph of man's creative intellect. That by posing new problems due to technical developments(and I include biological sciences of course) new reflections on morals or ethics may be necessary is naturally of interest, but it must not be forgotten that morals and ethics and religion have been hotly debated in many forms for many years, and the introduction of such subjects into science fiction may be a welcome method of keeping the debate going, but can hardly be expected to produce anything radically new."

Editorial comment briefly is thusly -- full agreement on Dennis Wheatley. I haven't thrown his books away but I wouldn't need much per-

suading to do so. In fact the last two I acquired(second hand and only because they were there in front of me)I haven't screwed up enough gump-tion to **tackle**.

"War of the Wenuses" is worth review space in my opinion as a literary curiosity, a satire on the immortal Wells novel and a by-way of science-fantasy deserving one look at least, if only to see that it leads nowhere. And even if the book is poor in itself, I like the basic idea.

TERRY OVERTUN(another of the wartime fans now out of circulation), 8 Quendon Drive, Waltham Abbey, Essex, makes a point:

"At the end of the last generation physicists said -quote- 'the next generation has only to measure the next decimal place'- says Brunner in the last NuFu 'then came Einstein' and implies that they were very, very wrong. In fact, strange as it may seem, they were right. The only trouble was that the next place did not fit the older theories; it was precision in measurement that overthrew the older theories. The framework they provided is still valid, 99% of the time.

Thus, so I think, with S.F. If we do not fuse with the main stream there will be no future worth thinking about. But of course S.F. has fused with the main stream of writing to a very large extent -- think of 1984 for instance, or better still look at the number of S.F. stories that crop up in the general fiction magazines; Argosy is only one instance of a fairly general trend -- S.F. has even found its way into the market pages of the 'Writer.' "

C. ROLAND FORSTER, "Almora," Riccarton, Clackmannon, Scotland, has a few words to say:

"You know me well enough to expect detailed comment. I leave that to the real enthusiasts or to the more active ones, at least. I hope that what I have just written does not give the impression that I don't give a cuss for NuFu or for SF etc. In fact, on the day of receipt I usually read through from cover to cover non-stop, think of all the sorts of things I'd like to say - and then forget them. And I still read SF to some extent, but have abandoned the magazines on the assumption that the best from these will sooner or later find its way between hard covers.

Let me join the latest quiz game, "Who is Phoenix?" My money goes on Sid Birchby. Who among the old-timers other than Spelaeologist Birchby would be attending the A.G.M. of the Cave Research Group?

What's this, Mr. Brunner? Lovecraft stinks, or words to that effect? Ye Gods! The exclamation is not one of horror at such heresy but of surprise that J.B.'s denunciation of Lovecraft leaves me completely unmoved, despite the fact that Lovecraft was at one time my 'favourite' author. It is years now since I last read any of Lovecraft's stories, and I have no real desire to do so. Whether I should still find the same satisfaction in them as formerly is very doubtful. I'm afraid that as one grows older the inclination to elect a 'favourite' author decreases, as one looks back over the fallen idols of the past.

I'll now contradict my last sentence by admitting that I am still wildly enthusiastic over the 'Ring' trilogy; but I submit that no real contradiction is involved, Tolkien being so much in a class of his own that any comparison with other fantasy writers is futile. By the way, on looking up the author's name in "Who's Who" I find a truly imposing list of academic honours and positions, amongst them that of one-time Professor of the English Language at Leeds University. This may go some way towards explaining why in the local Public Library the 'Ring' books are to be found among the non-fiction, under 'English Literature.'

Are you listening to the 'Fellowship' series on the Third Programme? It is difficult to judge how this dramatisation must sound to anyone who has not read the book. To me it seems from the two parts that have now been broadcast that the producer is quite successful in catching the atmosphere of the story, although he is having to condense somewhat and is perhaps giving the radio play more of a children's fairy-tale style than is justified by the nature of the book. There, by the way, is the major difference between "The Hobbit" (now read) and the later magnum opus. "The Hobbit" is written as a fairy-tale for children (from 8 to 108). The 'Ring' books are essentially adult fare and would hardly be appreciated by young children, except perhaps in an abbreviated version after the style of the radio play."

SIDNEY L. BIRCHBY comments on NUFu 5:

"It was nice to see that you have persuaded Betty to contribute to NuFu. I see she lists an English reprint of Ward Moore's "Bring the Jubilee." There's a book that really tried to be something more than science-fiction. (Help, what have I said: Graham Stone will never forgive me!)

OPUS 2021: This time on Stravinsky, rang a number of bells. For example, while it is to some extent true that Stravinsky's position as a composer cannot be evaluated from his early 'popular' works alone, that is, the sort of music that has by now filtered down to "Forces Favourites" request programme, it is possible that this early work (Petrouchka, Firebird, etc) is the only stuff worth considering.

Take Shostakovitch, as a case history. I don't know what happened to him after the disappointing 7th. Symphony (the Leningrad) but I still remember the widespread sigh from the critics at the time. It was said and I see no reason to object, that all his early work showed a promise which was never fulfilled. The first symphony was brilliant; it made his reputation, indeed. That was in 1925. His second and third were poorer, but not without merit. His fourth, in 1936, was withdrawn while in rehearsal (for political reasons). His fifth, written as an act of political penance, was Shostakovitch--and--water. The sixth (1939) though technically competent, earned the comment from one critic that

Stencil-cutter's note: Apologies are due to Messrs. Rosenblum and Birchby for the blank in the middle of the page. Snow got in the works--RMB

the composer had "learned nothing and forgotten nothing." And the seventh was just another piece of turgid Socialist realism.

During the war Shostakich's name was on everyone's lips (in the circles of musical appreciation). Today, who even mentions him? And in another few years, I venture to say that he will be forgotten except for his First, and perhaps his brilliant, though patchy, opera "The Lady Macbeth of the Mtsensk District"... again an early work (1932).

Of course one might argue that he might have turned out much better work but for long-drawn-out brainwashings, but that doesn't excuse the singular lack of musical progress before he fell foul of the politicians up to his Third, in 1929, in which year, coincident with the first 5-year Plan, the purges, the Partyline, and Proletkult really got under weigh.

And I admit, before someone says it, that he never was in the class of Stravinsky. The only reason for mentioning him at all is to suggest that, with due apologies to Harry Warner, even Stravinsky may diminish in reputation in the next few years. Musically, the trend may be back towards Romanticism.

I've been writing the above late at night, with all too little time for considered thought. So I'd better shut up before I talk any more and find myself out on a limb.

The rest of NUFU was fine. When do we get some more?"

ED COX, 115½ 19th Street, Hermosa Beach, Calif., says, amongst some two pages of assorted comments:

"Ladd's 'The Most Fantastic Plots' just about took top honours as far as I'm concerned. As long as I've been a 'fan', I've put the fascination and call of the fantastic highest of my many interests. I'd still rather read a good book than a stack of fanzines. Fandom today, it seems is more preoccupied with itself than with reading and enjoying fantasy and science fiction. Which is all right I guess as long as they don't claim to be fans in the sense that fans used to call themselves by that term. Or does this make sense? At any rate, I'm not going to be satisfied until I get and read all those Ladd mentions in this article. Some I have and have read, but many of them are not only not on my shelves but probably hard to find these days. I'll agree with him on the few that I have read. I would like to see more articles like this one.

Thousands of words could be (and probably are) written concerning Johnson's topic of road transport. While we do have more room in this country to let 'er out, say in the desert areas and in the Southwest, the horsepower they are putting in automobiles these days is definitely like giving children matches and fused dynamite. Without any knowledge of what they're playing with, they (the drivers) are getting able to kill themselves and others with more ease with each year's new model. American cars being more and more massive, piled with chrome and glitter, mislead the average car-buyer. It sure is a beautiful thing, they think, pretty colour combinations, interior decoration, power this and that, all covering up the tremendous horsepower and weight of the car which in their careless hands can be and too often is, a plummeting chunk of death. Sometimes when I think about it, I hate to think of driving on this Los

Angeles Freeway system!

An item I meant to mention before getting carried away up there is the fact that even when you get out on to a desert highway, you can not cruise along at 90 or above without fear of radar and in the wide open spaces of some states, police planes! So what reason have the manufacturers to figure on getting up to 400 horse power in our cars, with FI coming up soon! Oh, well.

Brunner's article was equally as good and stimulating reading as Ladd's. I've not been reading science fiction magazines regularly for several years now so am not too familiar with many of the titles he cites. One fact he mentions had been on my mind for some time and he beat me into print with it although I intend to cover it more fully soon. The problem of incest in the Adam-and-Eve stories. There have been so many of them (with the best, I'd say, being Alfred Bester's "Adam and No Eve!"). And nobody seems to be aware or care or dare mention the obvious. There should really be two or more couples to actually provide a strong spring-board for a new race.

This also brings question to the Bible Adam and Eve story. I was once engaged in a halfway debate with a fairly devout church-goer and I brought up the question. The person said, "The other people." What other people? The creation mentioned no 'other people' besides Adam and then Eve. If there were others, from where did they come? And their existence would sort of go along with Darwin's battered-around theory of evolution. I won't try to discuss this too much at this time since I would need to do a lot of research into a lot of factors."

MEREDITH CHATTERTON, 63 Pentire Road, Walthamstow, London E17, comes out of shell, to utter a word or two of appreciation:

"For sheer subjective enjoyment and utter readability NuFu has only one competitor - FEMIZINE - but as they are so different comparison between them is not really impossible.

No. 5 was good as usual -- wish there had been much more of it. The letters and reviews scarcely need comment -- ditto "Clamorous Dreamers" -- that gorgeous feast of nostalgia. I loved recalling 'Scoops' -- and wish I hadn't got rid of all my copies. Best item in the issue was "The Most Fantastic Plots" -- please give us more articles that will add to one's reading list like this does. Often wandering hopelessly among bookshelves in libraries and shops, laden with boring rubbish, I think that only I knew them there must be hundreds of titles I've never heard of that I'd enjoy. "The Future of Road Transport" was interesting -- but the main problem appears to me to be parking -- and helicopters will not solve this, indeed they make it worse. It seems to me that ultimately there will be no solution but to abolish private transport altogether, highly unpopular though it would be. Anyway life is bad enough with motor-bikes roaring up roads and jet-planes screaming overhead without millions of helicopters adding to the din."

and JULIAN
PARR, Dusseldorf, Roland-Strasse 37, Germany, has produced his usual thoughtful essay from which we extract:

I feasted my eyes to start with on the familiar format and sub

mitted to a few minutes of nostalgia. Can't you blackmail HET to do at least the cover for you, just to complete the illusion? Wally Gillings' instalment of fanhistory is once again the most worthwhile item in the issue although I thought his introductory term for the gallant 'Scoops' - the biggest mistake that British science-fiction ever made - was cruelly ambiguous. Soon Wally will have reached the beginnings of fandom proper -- I wonder what great revelations will come? It's like reading the inside history of the pre-war and war years...and raising one's eyebrows at the goings-on behind the scenes... Opus 2021 is sobering, for it makes me realise how much I don't know about things so dear to me, like the "Sacre," which was revealed to me (is nothing sacred?) by Disney. I was particularly impressed by the meatiness of Harry Warner's concise prose, particularly his description of the mental twists of the romantic composers. The article by Thyrl Ladd was pleasant, though a little marginal for me. Phoenix was interesting but not exciting. And his logic on the religious fanatic was very questionable. Argosy -- style and punctuation caused me some difficulty in this article (can I blame you for the punctuation, Michael?), as did Ron's reference to 'both SF and Stf.' I didn't know I'd been outside fandom so long as to miss the introduction of that distinction - what is it? (A good question. What I meant was SF and science-fantasy. Sorry - PMBY) The article is a very useful guide to Argosy, enabling the harassed reader to pick and choose among the issues rather than having to buy and read them all (or, in my case, none). Couldn't Ron be your regular reviewer of 'current' Argosy SF, so that we need not wait for another year before we can catch up? ... At first reading I found 'Definitely a Moral' hardly worthy of comment, but now feel that one should mention the fact that James' writing course was perhaps correct in forbidding 'pointing' a moral insofar as the reader should be allowed to draw the moral as a conclusion but the author's moral should not obtrude and smother the reader by the scruff of the neck and rub his nose in the moral... Which sometimes happens in shorts, although more often than not the author rubs your nose not in a moral, but merely a 'trick' or 'twist' ending... I think R.R. Johnson's chief error was to base his conclusions on conditions in Britain, whereas the British car industry has, since the war, devoted itself to the export market where it must compete with the Americans (it knows it can sell any kind of car on the home market). The increase in horsepower and speeds is determined by American conditions, and in the States there is the network of fast trunk roads he calls for. Furthermore, the main point of increasing the power of cars nowadays is not primarily to achieve higher maximum speeds but rather quick overtaking on congested high-speed roads (as in the USA) and general manoeuvrability. Perhaps of interest in this connection is the forecast of an expert (sorry to use that term, but I didn't want to list all his initials - that would have made an even worse impression!) in a paper read before the British Association at Bristol in September: 'Highway vehicles of the future will be propelled at sustained high speeds along carefully graded and super-elevated roads. Gearboxes will be necessary only for starting and manoeuvring off the highway, and two-pedal control will become universal. One can even visualise a time when the steering wheel will become redundant, its function being performed by electronically operated controls sensitive to "beams" built into the road surface. The driver will have no more to do than the driver of an electric train on a system completely controlled by track-circuiting. The prospect is not so alarming as it might seem to those who enjoy motoring as opposed to pressing buttons and watching signals, as there will always be available a considerable mileage of secondary and third-class roads, even if these have to be

carefully 'preserved' like ancient monuments, for the edification and enjoyment of those whose tastes linger nostalgically with the past.' Mind you, the problems brought up in RRJ's article exist insofar as the congestion within towns is concerned. Here the solution does seem to be to improve public transport(buses, tubes, even helicopters) and forbid private cars, and perhaps even lorries except for those operating(say) from the goods stations... Helicopters, however, would be very expensive indeed(they are not really much quicker than the non-stop tube expresses) so are only worthwhile where no tube service exists(e.g. the present link between Waterloo and Heathrow).

John Brunner's article was excellent, stressing as it did just those special qualities of sf which enthrall me and keep drawing me back to it. I'm waiting impatiently for Germany to produce this mature sf - at present each issue of Utopia, which has now become a fortnightly contains a complete novel, which is naturally orthodox adventure. Plans are quite advanced, however, for a 'special edition,' which will cost half as much again, but will contain one or two novelettes and a number of shorts. Only in this type of mag could one introduce more thoughtful and disturbing sf, so that the neo-reader still has his diet of 'straight' sf and is not frightened away. So I hope there will be more 'special' issues of this type... 'The Opening of the Eyes' also very welcome even though I have not read the book. I still recall clearly the tremendous impact 'Star Maker' and 'Last & First Men' made on me(and wasn't the latter a bargain as a Pelican - was it really only 6d?!). I have come across a small German booklet dealing with the orthodox Catholic attitude towards the possibility of life on other worlds and the theological significance of this - would a short review be of interest, or is that too much of a good thing! "

From a new address at 4541 Third Street N.W., Canton, Ohio, writes
RAY SCHAFFER, Jr:

"Johnson's discourse on the traffic problem in England was extremely interesting, as this land is likewise faced with the over-crowding of highways. According to present estimates, if the auto production of the U.S. continues at its same high productivity level for the next ten years, by 1965 the U.S. highways will have double the number of cars now jamming up the roads. The streets of our large cities in the business districts are so crowded at present that one must wait and wait and wait to go nowhere. It's a snail's pace and quite frustrating to even the slow drive, not to mention the speed demon. Turnpikes and freeways are relieving some of the congestion, but the difference is hardly noticeable to the average driver. In fact people are buying cars so fast that even the turnpikes are becoming crowded. The auto industry is turning out faster and faster autos, sports cars are becoming very popular, 'hot rod' magazines overflow the newstands - - and the roads are so darn crowded that it's becoming increasingly difficult to break the speed laws. I think I'll get out my old track shoes and junk my suppressed speed machine.

So Archie Mercer doesn't like his name. Shucks, he should have it so good. I possess a large horde of nick names, a few of which irk me no end. For example, many of my non-fan friends call me 'Rockhead.' And then there's 'Stonehead' and 'Granitehead,' all three being derived from my legal nick name of 'Rocky.' I've never expressed my dislike for these

names to my friends, as I don't want them to get the impression that I'm a spoilsport or such - - I laugh about it with them and give out with great big ho-ho's, for after all my friends likewise have screwy nick-names and I suppose they likewise dislike my calling them by their nick-names. But such is life and we tend to hide our true feelings about certain things for fear of ridicule. Addressing a person by his/her nick name generally denotes friendship and we tend to let it go at that."

Next on the list is a letter from Wembley, Middlesex. BILL TEMPLE comments:

"I'd meant long ere this to thank you for the issue of THE NEW FUTURIAN. But life has been a bit too much with me, late and soon, spending and spending, as Willie Wordsworth said(more or less).

An ideal fan-mag, for me, this, more meat than froth. Something one can get one's teeth into, even though some of us have been accused of being too long in the tooth.

Why, here's old Wally Gillings again with vol IX of his life story (which reads just like volume 1). No one will ever know how that man suffered, except the few thousand who read fan mags and the few thousand who have button-holed personally. Yet still we read him and listen with the fascination of the Wedding Guest who encountered the Ancient Mariner.

The War of the Wenuses - I was years seeking a copy of it and at last ran it to earth in an alley off the Charing Cross Road - only to give it to Forry Ackerman when he came prying among my bookshelves and drooled and cried over it.

Nyman - Wally G. and Sid Birchby mention him - a strange character whom I first encountered at my very first fan-gathering at Eric Williams' house. It was then I had to make my first public speech and I was nervous enough about it to begin with. It was about science-fiction films. In the middle of it Nyman rose from his seat, gave me a reproachful look and vanished from the room. It shook me rigid. I hadn't known I was quite that bad.

Ever since I've been intensely nervous about addressing science-fiction gatherings, always half-expecting the audience to rise at any moment en bloc, stare at me with the same reproachful look and vaish."

While we're down South, let's look in at 25 Leighton Road, W.13, for a few words from LAURENCE SANDFIELD:

"Harry Warner carries on with his series on modern music, as out of place as ever but extremely interesting. Stravinsky and those who have attempted to follow him have quite seriously set out to write contrapuntally and have succeeded, but their music never succeeds in being purely horizontal. One can sense all the time that they are basically preoccupied with the vertical aspect of music which was and is the legacy of 19th century Romanticism. They are, like modern so-called 'jazzmen' chord obsessed, even when they revolt consciously against its confines. I don't mean traditional tonic-dominant harmony, either. The rules of harmony are, after all, only a starting point. The capable composer creates his own. Stravinsky endeavoured to throw them over-

board and failed to do so. However, he tried and is still trying. That redounds to his credit.

I must point out in passing that Traditional Jazz is perhaps the purest form of horizontal musical creation in the world today. The simple harmonies exist only to point the possible direction for the melodies to go at any given point while they are being extemporised. The melodic and rhythmic aspect of the music is all important. Which is the reason so many people just don't understand what is taking place when a Jazz band performs...

The impact of western formalism upon Asiatic folk music has already had some results, the popular "Rose, Rose I Love You" being one of them. The qualities of Oriental folk song differ markedly from the negro's in that intonation has a quality of constant and monotonous inaccuracy that offends western ears. In this respect that it is inferior to negro music. What is mainly reaching those Orientals who are likely to make dance music is a watered down and debased commercial style of near Jazz and the result of this rather stuffy music meeting Malayan and Chinese or Japanese music will not, I think, be anything remarkable.

As regards his remarks on Lovecraft, I am surprised at his lack of discernment. The late great HPL's imitators are not, unfortunately, legion. Would that they were! The coterie of writers (Clark Ashton Smith etc) who were associated with him in his wonderful Cthulhu Mythos are still widely respected, as is the master himself. If John hasn't found the paragon for which he searched, he must have looked with his eyes closed.

I feel quite honoured that JB should have found a passing remark of mine the only thing in the column to catch his eye. He is quite wrong, of course. 'Fall' signifies nothing but movement towards the centre of gravitational attraction, with indignity and/or discomfort if it is interrupted. It also looks lousy however it is spelt. I have read Shakespeare and Chaucer diligently (I usually read them for enjoyment) and I have not found it, although 'autumn' does occur in both. If the Pilgrim Fathers did use it, one must remember that these people belonged to a narrow religious sect whose main object was to be different from anyone else. 'Autumn' is not spelt in the freak way John showed us, so this question just doesn't arise. The botanical appropriateness of 'fall' is not great, as it signifies only one of the multitudinous chain of biological events that take place at this season. Autumn is semantically more accurate, too, as it is a label used solely to represent a season, and its values are therefore more clear than those of a word which has alternative applications.

!! Thanks, Sandy. And your letter completes this survey or readers' opinions and also this issue of The New Futurian. We naturally hope you've enjoyed the issue and that you believe it to have been worth waiting for. We hope, too, to be able to produce another issue within the next few months -- a conventional time-lapse. Meanwhile we should like to have your comments... and contributions.

