

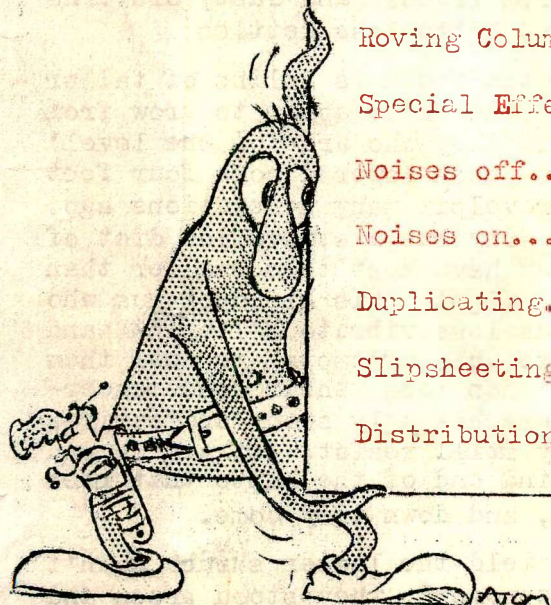
ORION

VOL 2 NO 11

AUGUST - - - - - 1955

CAST:

A Stirrer-up.....E.C. Tubb
 A Grecian Fan.....George Whiting
 Psi Investigator.....Doris Harrison
 Roving Columnist.....Joy Goodwin
 Special Effects.....Arthur Thomson
 Noises off.....You
 Noises on.....Me
 Duplicating.....Mrs. P. Enever
 Slipsheeting.....Mrs. W. Lister
 Distribution.....George Richards



ORION is published on or about the 8th. of every other month by Paul Enever, 9 Churchill Avenue, Hillingdon, Middlesex. Subscriptions (2/6 or 35/- per year) to George Richards, 40 Arncliffe Road, Eastmoor, Wakefield, Yorks, please.

BEARD & SPECS



They are clearing the scrubby field at the bottom of our gardens. All day a big iron hippopotamus has plunged about in it, digging up bushes and clumps of wild oat grass and heaping it all in a great mound for burning. For a little while I watched the operation but it has not the rhythm of ploughing nor the excitement of ditchdigging; for you never know what may be lying six feet below you but you could be pretty certain that all this grass and scrub conceals is a collection of old pram frames and rusty cisterns and bottomless kettles.

Along the road side of the field is a line of taller trees and a belt of shrubs, and these appear to grow from a bank, though actually it is they who are 'on the level' the rest of the field having been lowered some four feet when it functioned as a gravel-pit many generations ago. The trees are old and gnarly but a starvation diet of coarse gravel and blue clay have kept them smaller than they should be. Yet they fight this hippopotamus who charges them with his ceaseless vibrato bellowing, and fight well. They frustrate his attempts to bowl them bodily over, doing no more than toss their heads sneeringly, and even when he lowers his ugly snout and strives to lever them upward they still resist, straining and creaking until it is the hind end of the hippo that rises but in the end weight tells, and down they come.

In the middle of the field the lesser shrubs hadn't known what hit them. One moment they stood green and fresh and unconcerned, the next the bulldozer blade bit into them at ground level, they gave one convulsive shudder and collapsed. Then as a final ignominy the bulldoz-

er/hippo flung them high in the air like a disintegrating pancake, caught them in its toothless jaws and carried them onto the mound. For a while they seemed unaware that they were dead, flaunting pale green buds and darker green leaves for some hours. But then the sun pointed out that their roots, too, were exposed and soon they wilted and dried up.

I am sorry to see this field being destroyed. My stomach grieves, for it has profited by I don't know how many blackberry tarts and even, on rare occasions, a few mushrooms; and the aesthetic eighth of my mind grieves too. We are to have a block of shops and flats for a vista instead of grass and bramble coverts. Yet I could not help admiring the manner of its destruction. The hippopotamus has a certain repulsive beauty and in action it is hypnotically efficient. It must have hypnotised me, since I saw in it not a squat yellow bulldozer but a whole menagerie of animals. One moment it was nothing but a hippo; then, when it got its blade into the crotch of a tree and jerked it up out of the ground like a cork from a bottle, it was a rhinoceros. Then it would disappear behind a clump of greenery and only its blade would show over the top, nodding once or twice until I was sure it was a giraffe and was seeking the youngest and tenderest shoots for a midday snack. But instead the blade would clamp down over the clump and the tractor would increase its bellow and begin to back. Then it was a monstrous pig pulling up a clover plant for the succulent nodules on its roots. At times its tracks came on to a patch of greasy clay and its forward motion ceased. By skilful manipulation of its innumerable gears the driver would waggle it and jerk it back and forth until it seemed literally to travel sideways, a crab if ever there was one.

At this moment it is nothing more fearsome than a spring lamb, frisking across the uneven field in a series of prodigious leaps and bounds. I watch, entranced, for it to turn a complete somersault but alas, gravity is still all powerful.

If anyone had suggested, a quarter of a century ago that I would ever write stuff like that - and mean it - I should have laughed him to scorn.

I felt then that technical progress was all that mattered. I was convinced that when the time came that Man could feed rock into one end of a machine and draw packaged food tablets from the other all his problems and difficulties would be solved.

I believed that Rutherford was pointing the way to the brave new world when he cracked his first piddling little atom at Cambridge, and my sense of adventure was stirred to its depths by Oberth and talk of a 'rocket-mail'.

I had held that belief ever since I first learned to read intelligibly and it was thus only natural that I should look to Wells and Verne to bolster it. Consequently the advent of 'science fiction' as Gernsback saw it - where the emphasis was on technocracy and little heed was paid to the victims thereof - found me not only receptive but eager. I didn't just lap it up, I jumped out and swam in it.

I've been swimming ever since, but in a different direction. Call it incipient old age if you like; the subconscious rationalization, maybe, of a man who hadn't the intellect or ability to play any part in the technical advances he so admired - in short, sour grapes; call it even simple nostalgia.

Whatever you call it won't alter the fact that science fiction no longer thrills me. I shall always read it, for the same reason that the French always drink wine - because they are reared on it and anything else is tasteless beside it - but I get no kick now out of the gradual realisation of its wildest dreams.

The V1s and V2s thrilled me, although I was just as much a potential victim as anyone else, because I saw in them the first halting steps into space. For a brief moment the A-bomb thrilled me. Regret at its unhuman use

(Continued on back cover)

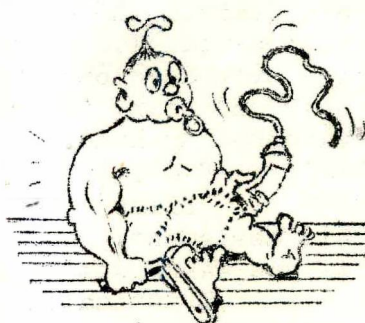
A FAN

GEORGE
WHITING.

IN GREECE

A correspondent recently advised me to take up fanzine editing, which brought a hollow laugh from this weary columnist. Homo-fanzine-ed is a different species entirely from homo-the-saps who read and contribute to his fanzine. Good fanzine editors are born, not made, and fanzine editing ranks as an art on a par with, say, bill-posting - calling, as it does, for great concentration and the ability to handle sticky and gelatinous substances with skill and aplomb. Fen who are also parents (and I understand there are a few, though how they found time from fanac beats me) should watch for signs in their offspring of fanzineditorial tendencies; these manifest themselves at an early age.

If the child has a well-developed and muscular right arm, expresses a constant desire to turn things, gurgles at the sight of HYPHEN and likes the taste of duper ink he - or she in these days of female fancipation - will make good fanzineditorial material. From the day these tendencies become evident he (or she) should be weaned on a daily dose of best quality duplicator ink and provided with a miniature crank to turn (to strengthen those all-important muscles) and copies of other fanzines to tear apart and chew up. A complete and total disregard for the value of money



should also be encouraged at an early age.

What does a fanzine editor look like in the flesh (other than obscene)? I often used to wonder until the day I met Paul Enever. Now the regular readers of ORION, both of them, have several clues to Paul's appearance and habitat. A seedy character with a pointy little head (on which a fez won't fit) with very thin hair on top. As a sideline to publishing the only regular fanzine he runs a seed shop in a place called Hillingdon. Here he grows midget trees, a family, has a greenhouse, a typer with cork rollers and a flatbed duplicator. His wife does the duplicating and they all train on duper ink, exercising twice a day with the duper roller. Is that what you think? Then you're wrong, chum. Uncle George will now enlighten you. Even Willis can learn something, so pay attention, Walt, and you too may publish a regular fanzine if you try....

It was a warm spring day when I arrived in the main street of Hillingdon and I paused to orient myself. But no one could speak Chinese so I had to disorientate myself to get directions in English. Eventually I located a shop with a greenhouse behind it labeled ENEVER. Seeds, Weeds & Garden Utilities. I opened a door to the accompaniment of a bell playing 'The Mountains of Mourn' and entered the dark interior. Here I was confronted by an individual. I noted swiftly the inkstained fingers, the over-developed right arm, the pointy head, thinning hair and bear and spectacles, and without hesitation I extended my hand.

"Mr. Enever, I presume?"

"Blimey, no," said the individual in horror. "I'm his assistant." He lowered his voice. "He's in the back if you wanna see him."

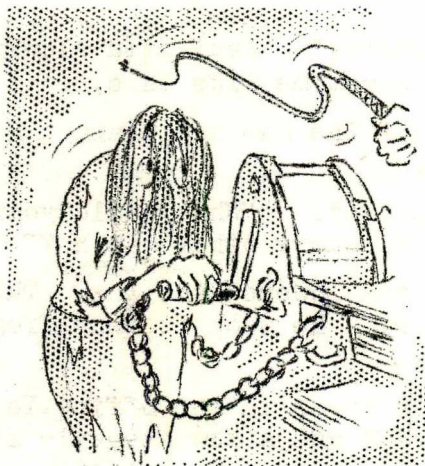
I intimated that I did, and followed him between piles of seeds, some already in flower, until we reached a door. The individual knocked on the door and promptly disappeared. The trap door he had vanished through closed

with a bang.

"Caught you again, Richards," boomed a voice from within the office, followed by a hideous cackle of laughter. I shivered. Plucking up my courage and a bunch of daisies as a peace offering I entered the office and introduced myself to the big, bald, red-faced gent behind the desk.

"Yes, I'm Enever," he said. "What a pity you didn't knock first; Richards never learns." He chuckled evilly. "Well, you're just in time, as I'm producing O now," he continued. "Care to come and see?"

I nodded, not trusting myself to speak. We left the office and made our way into the greenhouse. Paul picked up a large whip from the hall table and cracked it.



"This ensures even inking," he said, smirking.

We entered the Orion room. Mrs. Enever could not shake hands with me because of the chains and manacles connecting her to the duper, which she was working in feverish haste. The two younger Enevers were stapling and sealing envelopes frantically at another table. I gazed in awe and amazement at this scene of activity and gripped the gun in my coat pocket more firmly. Paul looked at the top sheet, on the pile beside the duplicator.

"he inking on this one isn't very even," he growled malignantly running the whip through his fingers.

"It's only one sheet," his wife whimpered.

"Well, be more careful in future," he advised her.

"Yes dear," she panted, working the roller frenziedly.

"So this is how you produce a REGULAR fanzine," I

snarled, through clenched teeth.

"Yes," he cried, beaming, "a wonderful system, isn't it? I wonder other fanzine eds haven't thought of it before."

He pulled out the gun in one swift movement and covered him. "Say your fannish prayers to the Great Ghu, Enever," I hissed. "Not content with chaining your poor wife to the duplicator you lured me unsuspectingly into greater and greater fanac, writing columns for O - chained, in effect, to a typer night and day, unable to move or think except in terms of O and the eighth of every other month."

"Now wait a minute, George," Paul said slowly and carefully; "you can't just shoot me like this."

"Why not?" I spat. Ghod! The man had charm. My finger tightened on the trigger.

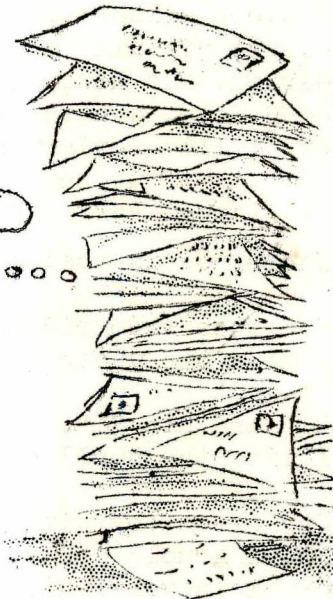
"Ask yourself this," he said. "What would your life be without O on the eighth of every other month?"

He was right. I sibbed and lowered the gun. The water dribbled out onto the floor. He took it away from me and patted me on the shoulder.

"Come on George, I've got a typer in the office. You can start on the next column and cut a few stencils as well."

I allowed myself to be led away. Well it's quite comfortable and I suppose I can't complain. I am fed regularly, allowed to read EYE and HYPHEN, and I have Art Thomson for company. The chains are a bit heavy and make typing difficult, but Paul has agreed to get some duraluminium ones to lighten my work. I hear the whip cracking outside; it must be near the eighth of an every other month. Excuse me.

YOU SAID IT...



Bill Temple, Wembley, Middx.....
Re Archie Mercer's "Does Bill Temple look like a lawyer?": Well, I've certainly been called to the bar, if that means anything. Last week at the Globe Vine called me away from the bar to explain the Lorentz-Fitzgerald Contraction to a group he had with him around and under the table.

I did so, hoping they wouldn't notice I'd confused it with Einstein's Universal Field Equation and stood awaiting the applause.

There was a critical silence. Then Vine asked: "Well, does he look like a lawyer?" Was Vine addressing Archie Mercer? I don't know. Was Archie Mercer even there? I don't know, because I don't know what Archie Mercer looks like. I've only a dim memory of those faces around and under that table. But I remember there was someone who looked like Joy Goodwin. Does Archie Mercer look like Joy Goodwin? (Not a lot.)

I can't forgive Doris Harrison for likening me to any members of the criminal classes (lawyers, politicians, evangelists and publishers). In ORION 9 she described me as leaning against the bar "weighing the pros and cons." But surely that's better than those Global characters who lean against the bar conning the pros - and ways?

Her Bradburyish vision of the Globe dead and empty may indeed be precognition. There are often acres of fanless floor nowadays. Once, as one approached, the babble of talk could be heard from half-way along Hatton Garden. But now, all one hears coming from the door marked Saloon, are the voices of Sam Youd and John Christopher, filibustering in unison. The rest is silence.

I'm reminded of an old lament Barrio once quoted:

Where now is that courtly
troupe
Who once were riding high ?
I miss the whoop of, cock-a-
hoop

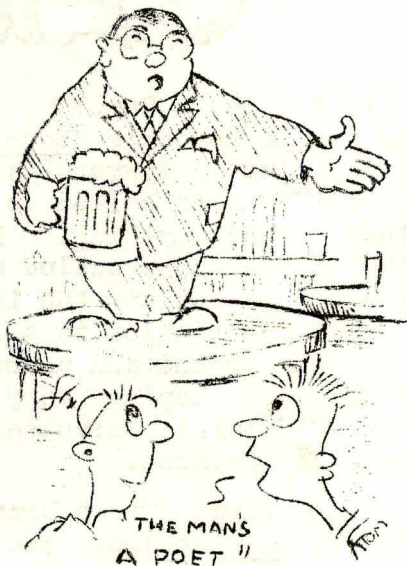
Ego and his "I".

I miss the smell of Ted

Carnell,
Brylcreem boy with the tie,
Frank Arnold and the mystery
Of his never-finished History
And Grandpa Gillings and his

moan
About how he did it all alone.
And Bert Campbell, who once

appeared
To be ninety-nine percent
beard.



And so on. (Is that right Norman Wansborough's writing a novel ?)

If Doris's long-suffering husband had listened that time to the noise John Christopher was making, instead of reading a book about cricket, he would have learned that John Christopher was writing a book about cricket. Who knows, he mightn't have been so bored. Then again, he might have been even more bored..... Bill

This next letter is from a playsible fellow faned named Bennett. Since I typed the dummy of this PLOY 3 came in, so I'm sneaking some of Ron's space to say something about TUE&TPF. In the first place Vinc's article is dated. I don't know if he wrote it long before Ploy One was pubbed, but I suspect he did, because of his statement that "no British post-war fanzine editor..... contributed material to another fanzine before issuing one himself !" Well, now, I did, and I'm post-war. Despite this fatal omission the Symposium was interesting. Vinc's solution to the problem, like Walt's, is unpalatable to me, in that it calls for far too much uniformity in fanzines. Bulk subs, mass mailings and combozines all sound like an infinite extension of OMPAism, yet the real value of OMPA lies in its comparative intimacy. Nay, I'm all for more and different fanzines. While they last.

Ron Bennett, Swillington. Yorks.

.....I think you're the first faned to put out 10 issues while I've been in fandom and therefore I offer my heartiest congratulations. Whilst the trials and tribulations concerned with the mag may have, and I think have, proved worth their while, the very fact of so much fanac in so short a space of time makes me feel old(er).Oh, yes, note the change of address, back to home and away from College for good. The address at Ronhill won't serve for long though, as we're moving to Harrogate in August, and anyway in a years time I'll probably be a Liverpool SFS member. (Optimist!)

I thought this issue another extremely competent one and sincerely wonder how you manage to keep up the standard. (Nothing to do with me, Ron. The contributors do that.) BEM, for example, started out with bright

promise and was really brilliant on its second and third issues but just couldn't keep up the pace. A great pity. {Hear, hear.} What with Mal courting and Tom Trufanning the mag appears to have joined the ranks of Spider and Orbit. As it was (is ?) it is (was?) very refreshing to find Mal in harness again with the tale of Tom's conversation, but do tell, Paul, was this a recent piece or as I greatly suspect, one held over from Way Back ? {Yes.}

More neat cartoons by Arthur Thomson. Take this either as a comment or a plea. I don't know how he keeps it up but he's really terrific. Oh for some of his stuff in PLOY. Joy was very interesting but not outstanding. Keep her hard at the grindstone (Bounds') and I think she'll come along nicely. Mrs. Ghod's piece on the other hand was very nice and interesting and showed a neat and welcome reversal on recent articles. Nice to see Berry dissected for a change.

While I'm not too interested in amateur photography mostly because I just wouldn't know where to start and can't spare the cash/time anyway, I am, like George Whiting, interested in detective stories and actually have a crime story coming up in the College mag.....Of course, BRADBURY used to write tec stories ! An interesting col as usual. Doris Harrison was extremely good thish. Coming on top of the Kettering impressions these cameos were very welcome.....Ron.

This next writer claims to be old and tired yet he never fails to come up with a letter of comment in addition to his many and varied columns. Wish I was as old and tired as he is.....

GEORGE WHITING..... O's format has not deteriorated to the extent your apologies would seem to indicate. Is this a case of the Enever false modesty - keeping it dark as we say in tenth fandom. With this issue, judging by the standard of its contents, O comes of age, receiving the key to upper fandom and becoming a Mature fanzine fit to

be mentioned almost in the same breath as Hyphon, maybe, or C.R.Harris.....Wistfully and with nostalgia I turn back to early issues of O, with their corny jokes, lewd stories and the homey atmosphere of Keeping and his minions, where even a dim fanlight like myself could shine for a brief moment. Ah me, gone are the halcyon days. O is now a truifanzine, contributed to by a galaxy of talent including the wife of Roscoe himself - not forgetting the professionally drawn cartoons contributed by that nuclear gent Arthur Thomson. How then can I review this issue without revealing myself as an utter noofan, or incurring the wrath of Ghod by commenting on the work of his better half? Still, I'm a long way off. M. Willis's piece is definitely unfair to married noofon many of whom like myself, have only one typer. Walt, how could you permit it? Or is it that you are permitted? Does this signal the end of the great WAW, to be replaced, perhaps, by the greater MAW?

I shan't review the contributors in the order of their appearance since their appearances are not very orderly, judging by Atom's cartoons. I liked Harrison's pieces best, with her flight of poetic fancy (or was it mother's ruin?) which carried me right into the smokeladen egoboo-soaked atmosphere of the Globe. I feel, too, an affinity with her LSH, a title I'm sure he earned the hard way; she

must arrange for him to meet Chuck Harris. A description of the great Chuck's reactions to someone interested only in cricket should be fandom's best-seller. Maybe they would bar her forever from the Globe for undermining fan-

"LET'S GET IT STRAIGHT
WHO THE BNF IS IN THIS HOUSE."



om's morale. Next in order from the back out comes John Berry, who did not labour in vain. Atom's cartoons were the best part of this - especially the last one. Since I have been away from England for so long I had forgotten about these places and was puzzled as to John's job until I saw the cartoon. So good I could almost smell that familiar stale odour. Do they have such places in N.I., by the way? Joy's column was both interesting and enlightening.....

Boating About The Berry Bush no doubt heralds a new era at Oblique House. Walt (in a plaintive voice): "Can I use the typer, please?" Madeleine (commandingly) "No! I'm busy on my Orion piece. Hyphen will have to wait." And so on. As Walt would say, the possibilities are endless. I enjoyed Mal Ashworth's little story although the leading pun made me gag a little. However it seemed to peter out rather than end. No surprise ending with a great clash of cymbals and a roll of fannish drums but the quiet fade-out of a musical movie - violins playing softly and they-lived-happily-ever after. Ever after? Well, until the next issue. The Other Ed had, like me, a battle to find something to fill up space with. I did think Chuck Harris had read the funeral oration over Project Encyclo, but 'pears I was mistaken. Good for you, George.....George Whiting.

Between ourselves I reckon young Richards spent most of the time when he should have been writing his column down that trapdoor. The following item has literally nothing to do with ORION, was certainly never intended for publication in ORION and has only the slenderest connection with s-f, but someone had to publish it...

Eric Needham.....Longsight, Manchester.

I see in the last OMPA post-mailing and reveiwzine you make enquiries, pertinent or not, on how to become a member of the RFV & SDS. Well, there are several ways, such as Scottish Hospitality, where you invite one of us South and invite one or both of us to sleep with your wife. If you're married, that is. Or another way is the dovish

cunning one adopted by John Berry, who has up and wrote an article for NOW & THEN 5. This is about the easiest way.

I sincerely hope that if you do send in any articles you will keep them down-to-earth in nature. Away with spacesuits, beanies, zap-guns, fandom and fan-fueds. Any interesting insights on domestic troubles and methods of overcoming them will be welcomed with glee. As an instance, you are a gardener. Having a garden, the disposal of old razor blades would be no problem to you, but the results of burying old blades is worthy of examination. This idea I would like to see examined by a competent gardener, so I make you a present of it.

A few random notions..... your family (?) (!!)



could expect to develop iron constitutions to such a degree that compasses would be unnecessary, as you would be susceptible to the Earth's magnetic field. There are forms of blight on some vegetables known as 'rust'....I leave it to you. For a final line there is the pleasing prospect of growing castiron pineapples which, when the centres are excavated, form the basis of your own home-grown hand-grenades. If possible, nitrate fertilizers,

charcoal from bonfires and sulphur fumigants might make a passable explosive filling. The whole point is to show that in your case the disposal of rusty razor blades can be made into a delightful harmless hobby, and show a considerable profit on shipping the final product to the peace-loving people of Southern Ireland.....

Remember, b---s to science-fiction. What we want is fictional science..... Eric.

If I were certain Vitriol has quit columnning I'd have printed that naughty word in full.

AW HECCK ! Joy Goodwin (Continued from p.35)

year out until you retire. It may pay well in piece work rates, but the mental pay is a minus quantity.

PRIMARY COLOURS.

Now let's get this straight. There are four primary colours and before you start yelling I'll tell you ~~why~~.

The ordinary type of primary colour deals with paints - that's the sort you're taught in primary school and they consist of red, blue and yellow. But to get similar effects with light the colours have to be altered and the three primaries in such sciences as photography are red, blue and GREEN. All this yatter is prompted by a letter in a recent News Chronicle from someone who doesn't know that a little learning is dangerous. He hauled a writer over the coals for saying that the primaries were red, blue and green. So if it was one of you, repent and hang your head.

VERNE AND COMMERCIALISM.

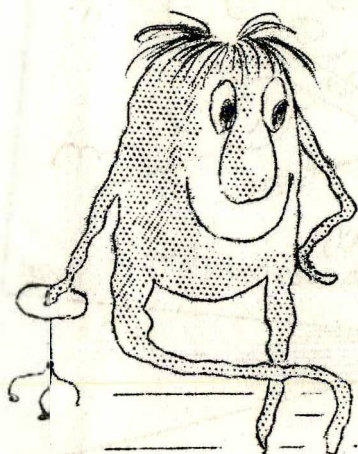
Saw a model of the Nautilus the other day (at 8/11) obviously from the film. And while I'm at it I saw a special zapgun with a reservoir up top and a barrel below (5/11) which is supposed to have a very strong jet. Perhaps the additional gravity feed helps. There was also a very elaborate raygun with pieces stuck all over it which looked most efficient but alas, only used caps.

Back to Verne. Some principality or other, Leichenstein most likely - I can't be sure as the cutting has been grabbed by some professional fan - has produced a series of stamps, each of which illustrates a story from one of Verne's books. They look extremely attractive and if anyone gets hold of a complete set I wish he'd let me see them. I promise not to keep them.

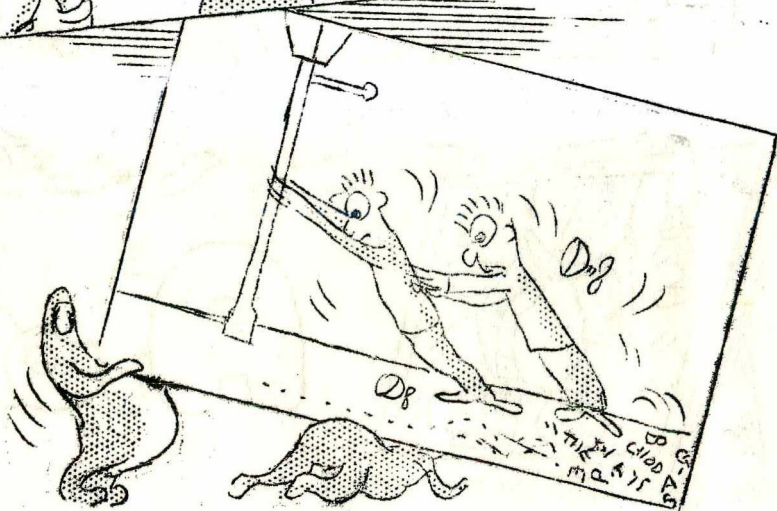
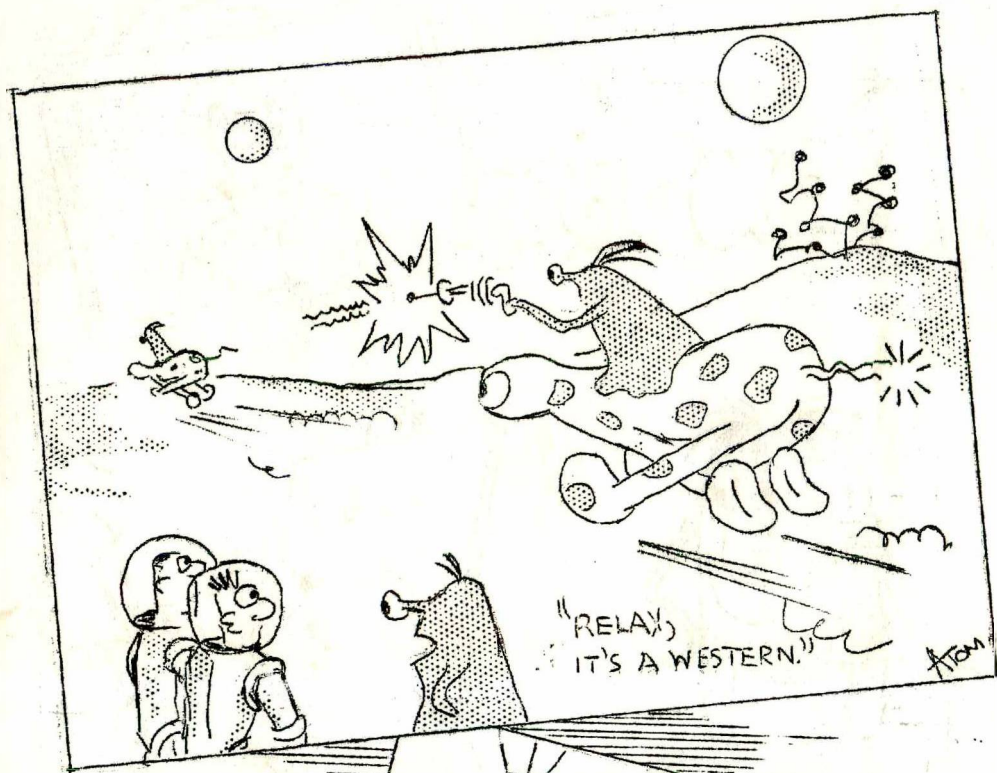
Still Verneing - I saw a film the other day composed of excerpts from early films. It showed one taken from "The Rocket To The Moon" and another, dealing with a little boys nightmare, in which the effects are terrific. It is surprising how little the cinema has advanced from those days. The difficulty of finding new gimmicks is probably the reason for all these new Cinemascope and Vista-vision things, and so forth.

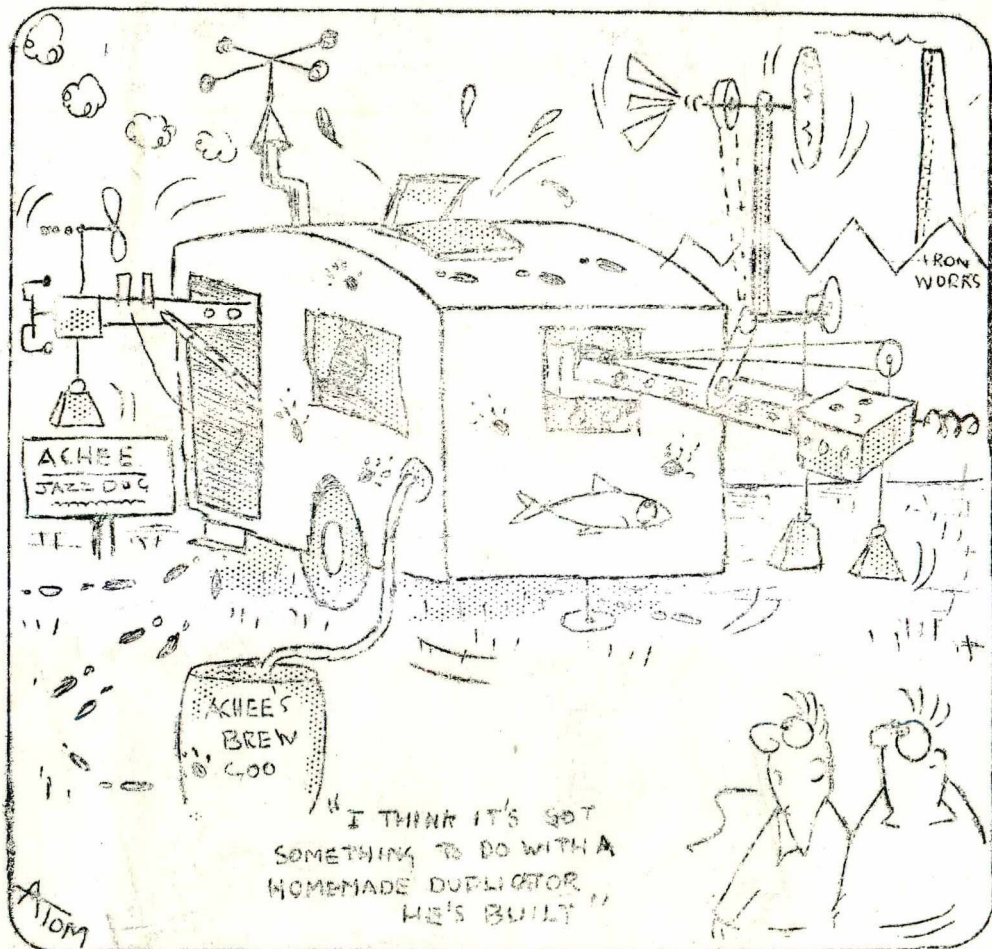
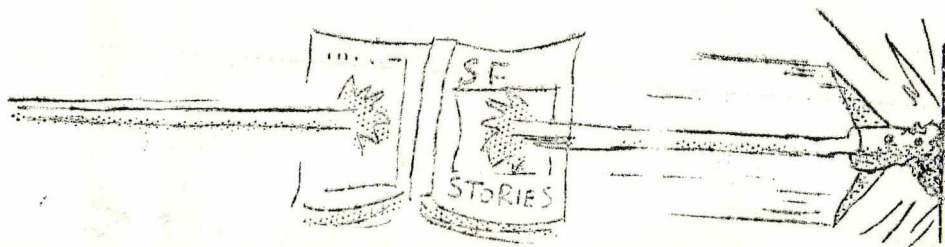
(Continued on p.21)

RANDOM



ATOMS







vanished, and upon my putting this suggestion forward J. remarked :

" No two bodies can occupy the same space at the same time. Therefore if the chair is still there although you cannot see it, it should be impossible for you to stand on the same spot."

I promptly went and stood in the area which the chair had occupied, and was very surprised to find that there was positively nothing there at all. There was more discussion on the subject, but it really seemed that our Indian had done what he claimed to do. Suddenly it occurred to someone to ask where the chair was.

"All around you; I have disintegrated it, and if you will come with me into another room I will recall all the atoms belonging to it and reassemble them around the 'essence' of it which I now hold in my mind."

Dutifully we trooped into the next room, where J. again sat facing a marked off square of the carpet. He followed the same procedure as before, but this time the chair gradually materialised within the square. It was quite solid and we picked it up and carried it back into the room where the demonstration had begun.

Well, that's the story. I was there, I saw it, and yet I don't believe it. What's your explanation.

AW HECK ! Joy Goodwin.

AVC tells me, by the way, that somewhere in America they have (HONEST TO GHOD !) built a screen that goes all the way round. Seems like they'll have to be careful where they put the exits !

Be seeing you..Joy
(Partly because this issue threatens to roach an unwieldy size, and also because it is already past mailing date, I have cut Joy's column, for which I apologise. For similar reasons Laurence Sanderfield's ORION IS TOO ESOTERIC and The Other Ed's column are also held over.....PE)

STANDS FANDOM WHERE IT DID ?

NO SAYS TED TUBB

BUT WHAT DO YOU
THINK?

Well - it's a pertinent enough question and Ted gives it a pertinent answer. Not everyone will go all the way with him - I for one hold a different opinion of fandom's function - but it is undoubtedly true that fandom has either lost sight of its origins or is in imminent danger of doing so.

Some will question the word 'danger'. They will argue, just as pertinently, that fandom, like any other living institution, must develop. It must evolve to fit changing conditions. Indeed, most thinking fans

will argue so, and rightly. Where opinions are likely to differ is on the lines along which fandom should develop.

Should it draw its inspiration from a science fiction which is no longer the science fiction that begat it, or should it openly throw off any allegiance and become, as Ted puts it, an Interlineation fandom, an Amateur Publishing fandom, or simply - Fandom?

Or is there some middle way? Let me know in time for ORION TWELVE....PE

There is something rotten in the state of fandom.

It seems as if, like an over-watered plant, it is suffering from a surfeit of what once it thrived on. The deep belly-laugh of natural good humour have been replaced by the tittering sniggers of dirty-minded school-boys. Sex, the lavatory kind, has crawled into the fanzines and frenetic jazz maniacs hail us as brothers. On one hand we have the petulant wail that fans are not obeying unwritten and non-existent fannish laws, and on the other we have the sickening spectacle of a Faned apologising for producing a fanzine.

So much for the brave visionaries of the past.

Yet, with the rot apparent around us still we have the piping, self-satisfied whine from those who should know better, that Fandom is Superb ! Fandom is Wonderful ! Fandom is THE Way !

None of them ever stop to think - Which Fandom ?

Science Fiction fandom, please. NOT jazz fandom : NOT a mutual admiration Fandom : not even an amateur publishers' Fandom. Certainly NOT a graffiti-collecting Fandom, a Back-Cover-Quote Fandom, an Interlineation Fandom or even a Convention Reporting Fandom. Just a plain and simple Science Fiction Fandom.

Or have you forgotten ?

It has been publicly stated by some scintillant genius that, should the publishing of science fiction cease, Fandom would continue regardless. It has also been a matter of boast that many 'Fans' do not and have not ever read Science Fiction. It is common yap in the kennels that 'science fiction' is passe and that 'no-one' ever reads it now or if they do they are voluble in denying the fact.

If ever there was a clearer case of the ungrateful child biting its mother I have yet to hear of it.

Because, of course, if there had been no science fiction ~~there~~ would be no fandom as we know it. Correction - fandom as it used to be, as it should be and as we hope it will become. What it is today is a matter for little pride and even less eagerness in wishing it any degree of permanency.

Born in adversity, nurtured in strife, cultivated in pride and hardship, Fandom rose despite opposition and has borne rich fruit. Basically it is good. Basically it was the gathering together of people with like tastes and natures, in common friendship and mutual companionship. Then, when it all started, to be a reader of science fiction was not, automatically, to be a fan. Fanning took work, took an innate desire to do that work, took guts and enthusiasm. That heritage we are rapidly throwing down the drain.

The proof is in the current crop of fanzines.

Have you ever read a more pedestrian collection of tired, worn-out, follow-my-leader crud? Have you ever stopped to wonder why you are reading it? Or better still, have you ever passed a fanmag on to a non-fan for his unbiased criticism? Have you?

If you have, you'll know the reaction. If, as most of us, you know damn well what that reaction will be and are ashamed to divulge the subject on which you waste your time and effort, then you must admit that there is something wrong. What is wrong is a matter of personal opinion but some of it is so blatant as to scream out for attention.

What is wrong is too much time, money and trouble and too little effort, care and desire-to-do-better. What is wrong is the "admire-me-Jack-or-I-won't-admire-you" or, even worse, the "better-say-it's-good-or-he-might-slam-me" attitude. The crawling boot-licking, the smugness, the rolling in the mire, the weak efforts to be humorous at the expense of good taste, the dirty little sex jokes which are neither very sexy nor very funny, the ambiguous little sketches and plainly dirty quotes

which are either false or, more likely, were never meant for publication.

At the moment Fandom reminds me of a so-called comic who is trying too hard. You know the sort I mean. A man gets a reputation for being funny; so, in order to maintain that reputation he flogs himself and the audience to death. Pratt-falls - on the stage, at least - are no longer with us, thank God. The equivalent in Fandom sticks with us closer than glue to a blanket.

More proof? Does anyone know of a hobby - which is what Fandom is - on which less money is spent, in the aggregate, than Fandom? How much is your hobby worth to you? To the Faneds, quite a bit; fanpublishing isn't cheap and the one healthy sign is that so many fen are producing their own mags. But the rest? How many fanmags break anywhere near even? How many projects mooted and talked over have bitten the dust because of lack of l.s.d.? TAFF, surely one of the finest objects in Fandom, took TWO YEARS to raise the paltry sum of just over eighty pounds - I am not counting American donations - and the staggering total of 44 fans bothered to vote.

The enthusiasm is overwhelming.

Is Fandom sickening from just that same lack of enthusiasm? Is it sickening because the one thing which founded it, which gave it birth, is now too easy to obtain. Is it biting the dust because of the types who are not, and never will be, fans in the true sense of the word?

To me it is slightly more than a straw in the wind that at Kettering a JAZZCON was run at the same time as the Science Fiction Convention. Nothing against Jazz; some like it, some do not, but do the two mix? Why not get the Teddy Boys in while we're at it, the Creepers, the Be-Bopists, Crooner Fans, Main liners, the dipsomaniacs, the Queers and all the long haired boys and short-haired women? They're fans, ain't they?

Might be better fun, at that. At least they do

things, not just snigger about them.

I think the fault and the cure lies with the fanzine editors. It is a truism to say that anything worth doing is worth doing well. Some fanzines are done well and the result is that they have a chain of imitators. Others apparently don't even try to do well but, regardless, rush into production, flare, fade and die and are spoken of no more. And it is sueless for pedantic editors to whine about laws and procedure and a multiplicity of editors etc., as if everything in the garden would be lovely if only others would follow Granddad's lead.

There is nothing wrong in a mag having more than one editor. In fact that is usually the only way now in which to get the thing out with a faint chance of its surviving more than two or three issues. Money, work, time, money and money again are the simple reasons. But why not extend the idea ?

A mag is born with high hopes, some capital and lots of ambition. The way things are the editorial board might be good, bad or indifferent. If the latter then they should be told so, long and loudly and at full blast. The mag itself need not die. Other editors can take over and with the benefit of the previous issues behind them, try to do better. As an example of this I quote EYM, the magazine which so far has had five editors and three editorial boards - or will have by the time its fifth issue sees the light of day.

It started with Stu Mackenzie, Vinç Clarke and myself. That board lasted for the first two issues and then, though he agreed to help out No.3, Vinç decided to resign. No. 3 came out and Stu went gafia. Vinç had resigned, I was on my own. Joy Goodwin was interested and Jimmy Rattigan chipped in. Vinç decided to return to the fold and No.4 came out with an editorial board of four people, Joy, Jim, Vinç and me. Jim and I decided to resign after the fourth issue and so No.5, if and when, will have Joy and Vinç in charge. No. 6 ? Anything can happen.

See what I mean ?

Continuity of the magazine as a separate entity from those running it. That way we could have, say, six or seven mags which would last for a long, long time and yet everyone could have his crack at turning the handle. Despite what most fans say, good editors are in shorter supply than good writers. A good fanzine will attract good writers and good fanzines never have to beg for material. It is only the crudsheets who have to go around cap-in-hand and take what they are given. The trouble is that they use it, too !

And so few editors are capable of editing. Editing, like writing, doesn't come naturally. Let an editor run his mag as he likes, but please don't let him make the excuse that he runs rubbish because no one will write for him. If a pro-mag can publicly state that it was delayed a month because of shortage of good material (see Science Fantasy No. 15) then surely a fan mag can do the same. If an editor cannot find enough good or decent, or at least readable, matter for a fanzine, then why publish one ? Why not chip in with someone else's effort and share the credit or blame ? And expense, naturally.

But this 'shortage of writers' plea is slightly overdone, I think. Never forget that, if it has nothing else to be proud of, fandom has given birth to a staggering number of professional writers. I say staggering because most, if not all of them, passed their apprenticeship in the fanmags. I can't give a full list, and I'm not including America, but A.C.Clarke, W.F.Temple, E.J. Carnell, Frank Arnold, Chuck Harris, Vinç Clarke, Ken Bulmer, Joy Goodwin, Pamela Bulmer, Walt Willis, Bob Shaw James White, Dave Gardner, K.F.Slater, D. Rattigan, Stu Mackenzie, K.Potter, Tony Thorne, Paul Enever, Ron Deacon, Pete Baillie....make an impressive list. All these sprang from fanwriting. Does it seem too much to hope that there will be more ? If a fan wants to write then he will write and he won't need a gun in his back to make him do it. The editor's job is to help and encourage,

but not by accepting ream after ream of crud. Encouragement, yes, but that should be all. Produce a good mag and there'll be no trouble in filling it. And we have professional artists, too, don't forget.

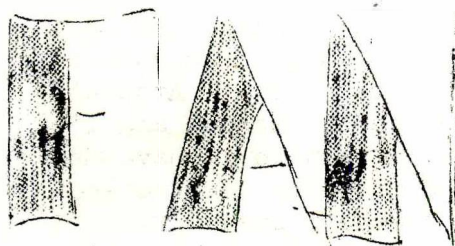
But above all let us remember our origins and don't get too smart in denying them. What is wrong with reviewing the pro-mags? Is there any harm in discussing the stories, the authors, the artists. And what's wrong in approaching the entire fan-pubbing field with professional, business-like attitudes? If you're an editor, be an editor. If a writer, be a writer. Work at it. Do your best. Produce something good to read and good to look at. Don't let us proceed any further down the spiralling path of diminishing interest. As things are there can be no such thing as a 'club mag'. There shouldn't be any desire to produce one. Any fanmag should appeal, if not to every reader everywhere, at least to the country of origin. There just aren't enough fans in England for them to be split into smaller units, and writers should remember that. And let's forget this nonsense of laws and traditions and all the rest of the bunk.

If a fanmag is good then it needs no apology. If it's bad then no apology will save it. And let's have some arguments, some differences of opinion and less bowing and scraping to the dictates of the Overlords. BNFs do not make themselves, they are made by others. The title started in fun so let's keep it that way.

If a fan has any guts at all he will do what he wants when he wants and won't consider 'wrong' and 'right' when he produces a fanzine. There ain't no such animal as 'wrong' and 'right' and there never has been, not in the Fannish way, at least. So less mutual admiration and more fang-showing. Rip the crud out with criticism and don't try to smother it with praise. The only thing which thrives on that sort of manure is more of the same.

Signed under my hand and seal this day, the 30th. July 1955, or, as some should say, 29 A.G.

..... E.C.Tubb



LIGHTS

I don't know how the canard originated, that faneds hibernate during the summer, but its falsity has been amply proven this summer. Apart from a pile of recent issues which must have been swept under the carpet along with the crumbs (for I can't find them anywhere else, and I know they

came, I find sixteen fanzines in the bag labelled 'Review in O', five mixed up with the unanswered correspondence on my desk and three more in a parcel which I should have mailed to George but didn't.

Well, I ask you, where in little old Orion would I find space to review that many? And if I did what justice could I do them?

So I've picked what the staticians call a random cross-section, which means I've selected the ones I liked most, and here goes:

SATELLITE 6. Don Allon, 3 Arkle Street. Gateshead 8. Co. Durham. Sub - 1/6 for two issues.

Before I mention the items I liked let me mourn the absence of one I didn't. VITRIOL is missing from S6, and I sincerely regret it. Possibly his absence is due only to holidays and we shall see him again in S7, but if not - if he has quit columning - it is a great pity. I took a strong exception to many of the things he said but that only made me all the more eager to read him. Maybe in time I could have really hated his guts, but it is good to have someone to hate. And after he revealed himself as Ted Mason I admired his outspokenness. Ah well..... To a certain extent this issue follows familiar lines, with the signals set for humour. Nigel Lindsay has a cute l'il spofcon item about a neofan whose self-induced infirmity gained him everlasting fame, though I think

Nigel's imagination ran too wild in supposing that anything could induce HJC to part from his whiskers, and Mal Ashworth has a sly dig at BNFism. Not as good as some of his stiff, but then, it is very, very short. Archee's Mudcaster Enigma was the best item in the issue, and I'm sure a little further searching on my part would have disclosed the moral. Some very good artwork, some not-so-good photos and a con report make up the issue.

PLOY 3. Ron Bennett, "Ronhill" Little Preston Hall Road, Swillington, Nr. Leeds. Subs - 1/- per copy or 2 for one new Bradburyarn.

This is no longer the PLOY we knew and loved. This is a legible PLOY, which means we've no excuse for not reading most of it. Fortunately most of it bears reading. The Symposium is what's known as a 'stirrer-up', and indirectly it has already succeeded in stirring Ted Tubb up. (See this ish of this zine...end of plug). I'm saying no more on that subject at the moment, as I propose to say a few choice words in PLOY 4 (May I, Ron?). Mal Ashworth pops up again with another MICKEY saga which ends where it began.... I think. TIME INTERWEAVING is a piece of round-robin fanfiction. A conrep and a goodly selection of letters make out. Duplicating discounted, this is far and away a better issue than any of its predecessors.

HYPHEN 14. (With Chuck editing.)

THE GLASS BUSHSEL is not only the funniest thing Bob has ever done, it's the funniest in HYPHEN. His paragraphs on Boy Scouting is as rich an exercise in comic invention as any I've read. So there. Next in order of merryt comes Walt's BOB SHAW AND THE BUDGERIGAR. This is something I have a personal interest in - me and budgerigars being sworn enemies, and frankly I'm convinced that Bob is right and it's all hallucinations. Of the two Kettering reports I'll say only this - if conreps have to be written this is how they should be done. John Berry and John Brunner make with more humour, and the usual fabulous lettercolumn rounds thigs out. And if you think I've forgotten Damon Knight you're wrong. No-one could forget Damon Knight. I'm just green jealous.

ANDROMEDA 12. Pete Campbell, 60 Calgarth Road, Windermere Westmorland. 6d. per copy.

The larger part of this issue is occupied by a piece of fanfiction which I stencilled myself. I didn't think it was so hot then, and it hasn't improved any in the duplicator. George Wetzel's article on Lovecraft is just the thing for fans who read articles on Lovecraft - nor am I being sarcastic. I loathe such articles myself but feel pretty safe in assuming that not everyone does. And Wetzel at least knows what he is talking about. Our very own George Whiting has a humour piece that does nothing to enhance AMAZING's reputation (could anything?) but Pete himself doesn't have a word to say. And that makes Andy 12 a disappointing issue.

REVIEW 13 was published by Vernon L. McCain, Box 458, Payette, Idaho, but this issue is a swan-song.

Someone who asserts that he is Richard K. Verdan has words to say about authors who pretend to portray the world of the future in the persons of its uppermost crust. If I haven't misread his words RKV says this isn't fair. Too right it isn't, but it is the oldest trick in writing history. Every fairy tale has a prince for its hero, unless it's a dragon, and even he's a prince under a spell. It is part of the contrary nature of humanity that it would sooner read about the aristocracy and be entertained than read about its own class and be appalled. When an intelligent author writes about the submerged tenth he is expected to soup it up with lashings of sex and sadism to make it "interesting", and if he is too honest to do so he is dismissed as an intellectual highbrow. Nevertheless so far as giving us a glimpse of the future goes surely this is better done by uppercrust characterisation than otherwise? After all, we gain our knowledge of the presentday world from the Sunday papers, and they dote on the aristocracy. Any ordinary man in any age leads such a restricted life that no one could learn much about the world from him. Not even himself.

Bill Morso has all the vigour of a hybrid in his British-with-Canadian-ancestry column. I like his point

about the presence of US personnel in Britain making for more neighbourliness among the natives, but I dispute it. Maybe I'm unfortunately placed on a seamier side than Bill but all that the presence of any 'foreigners' occasions round these parts, be they from America or the next village, is profiteering and campfollowing. And I hadn't noticed that many of the campfollowers even wore stockings. His political notes are a little dated now, but although I (apparently) toe a different party line I agree with his remarks about Bevan.

Now that REVIEW is no longer with us it behoves all true fans to get well in with a FAPAN. They'll need to borrow his copy of BIRDSMITH.

PSI 2 & 3 (I think) Lyle Amlin, 307 E. Florida, Hemet, California.

A dittoed zine with all those unfortunate characteristics which so often accompany dittowork. It is bitty, juvenile and largely uninteresting, but it has the one great saving feature - No. 3 is hugely better than No.2. No.4 might be quite enjoyable.

UNDERTAKINGS V2N1. Samuel T. Johnson, 1517 Penny Drive, Edgewood, Elizabeth City. N.C.

A sumptuously designed and mimeod zine whose contents let it down. The thing that lets it down furthest is a five-page agglomeration of words by H. Maxwell which has something - God knows what - to do with a book by Philip Wylie. In such a massive maze of irrelevant ~~would-be~~ witticisms has H. Maxwell chosen to hide his message that I defy anyone to find it. I'm no slouch myself at superfluity, but this fellow can, and does, write rings round me at my superfluest.

George Wetzel once wrote The Gothic Horror and it ought to be within the power of a merciful fandom to let him forget it. Sam Johnson is merciless.

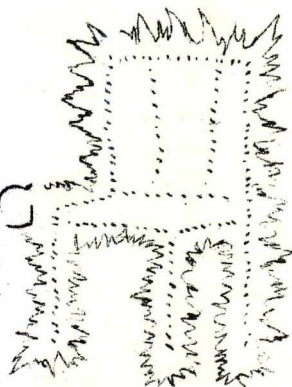
George crops up again with a Mario Coloste "solution". George has been seen around so much lately that to break the monotony he is transmogrified to "Wetzel" in this byline. He'll like that.

The one item which strives hard to lift UNDERTAKINGS from its mediocre depths is Russell Watkins fan-

Continued on backcover

IN THE CORNER THE DISAPPEARING CHAIR

DORIS
HARRISON



(Apropos of the following I remarked to Doris that it was strange how few fans ever experience anything occult or extraordinary. I don't overlook the fact that fans are a very small minority, but surely it isn't illogical to suppose that, being peculiarly receptive and openminded on most subjects, they ought occasionally to meet a ghost or see flying saucers or experience a strong premonition. Yet they very seldom do.)

In the following article Doris relates an incident that occurred in her presence. It is true and unadorned. It isn't spectacular but then inexplicable things seldom are. The easy way out is to suggest - as Doris does - that it was all a matter of hypnotism, yet I feel there ought to be some other explanation. Even hypnotism has its limitations.

We are hoping for a lot of comment about this piece; not necessarily of the sort which a few diehard truefens may make, to the effect that O is modelling itself on FATE, but constructive comment. Perhaps you have a plausible explanation, or can recall some similar experience of your own. Perhaps, even, you feel that truth has no place in a fanzine, and would sooner read fanfiction. Let us know.)

It happened in 1936 when I was young and impressionable. I was interested then in Occultism in general and Theosophy in particular and was very friendly with a woman who was herself a medium. One of the tenets of Theosophy is "to investigate the latent powers of the human mind" and Mrs. W, my friend, was holding a demonstration at her house in Streatham. The man who was to give the demonstration was an Indian whose first name was Jinnarah but whose surname I forgot.

There were about ten of us at the meeting and before the demonstration took place J. gave us the following explanation of the thing he was about to do :

"As you know, anything which has mass, occupies space and is perceptible by the senses, is made up of atoms. Each physical object has what I will call, for want of a better term, its own particular essence which belongs to it, and it alone. By the power of the mind I hope to show you that it is possible to disintegrate the matter of a certain object - of your choosing - and retaining the very essence of it in my mind I will rebuild it in another place."

Well, this sounded pretty fantastic but we were all curious to see what form the demonstration would take. We chose an armchair as the 'object' and having done so seated ourselves round the room with J in the middle, sitting in one armchair and facing its companion, which was placed about two yards away from him and directly in front of him. The room was fully lit the whole time.

Asking for silence, J sat back, closed his eyes for a few moments and then opened them and concentrated his attention on the armchair in front of him. Having already been told to watch the chair and not the demonstrator, we did so.

The texture of the chair gradually became transparent until it was invisible and had vanished completely.

J sat back in his chair again, closed his eyes and appeared to be resting. My own theory was that in some way we had been hypnotised into believing the chair had

Continued on p. 21

AW HECK!

BY

JOY GOODWIN

AUTOMATION.

I suppose the general public has to catch up with the writers and readers of s-f some time, and personally a all this kerfuffle about automation makes me feel as if it's a case of 'deja vu'. It is, however, interesting that a paper of the sensationalist press should have tackled the problem first, and with the dignity which they have done. The nudespaper - if one may so term the Mirror - recently ran a centre spread on the problems to be solved to achieve a painless turnover from manual labour to automation. Bravo the Mirror !

Already my own firm has changed over completely to this method of production. Some of you may know that I work for the Pirelli tyre firm, and their factory at Burton on-Trent now uses only about 30 employees, who are mainly in the research and technical sides of the work. The other employees have all been absorbed most successfully in other directions within the firm, probably in jobs where they can be less bored. That's one of the bugbears of manual labour - the soul-destroying atmosphere of turning a nut on a bolt stuck through a hole in the same position on a similar item of equipment, minute after minute, all day long, year in

Continued on p.16

FANLIGHTS. (Cont'd)

zine review column, BURIED COMMENTS. Reviewing VAGABOND Russell comes up against an obstacle which has lately troubled ORION - differentiating between fan fiction and fannish fiction. Seems he thinks as most of you did. I don't see how his "No !" answers the question "What is the impact of the fanpress on the pro field ?" but I gather he means "Flyweight !"

A longish letter section, with Gortie Carr opining that as long as God's in America all's right with it, while Charles Athey says it differently - as long as Mammon's there, all's to hell with it - brings me to the fifty second page, just in time. Oh, yes, that includes ten and a half pages of fanfiction.

Beard & Specs. (Continued)

was momentarily swamped by the vision of atomic power achieved; and from time to time other advances have given me an evanescent thrill - synthetic hormones, cybernetics, automation - all arms on the signpost that science fiction erected so many years ago.

But each time the thrill has died a little quicker and been a little less intense. Last week America announced her intention to launch a 'space station'. I ought to have stood on my head for joy, but instead all I could think of was that damned bulldozer chewing up the last patch of grass for half a mile around.

I suppose when the world is finally roofed in plastic and aluminium and all the coalmines are gone and all the food comes out of irradiated underground vats there will be no-one left alive who remembers staining his fingers with blackberry juice, or the scent of a haysel.

I'm glad it won't be for several generations yet.

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