

VOL 2 NO 12

OCTOBER - 1955

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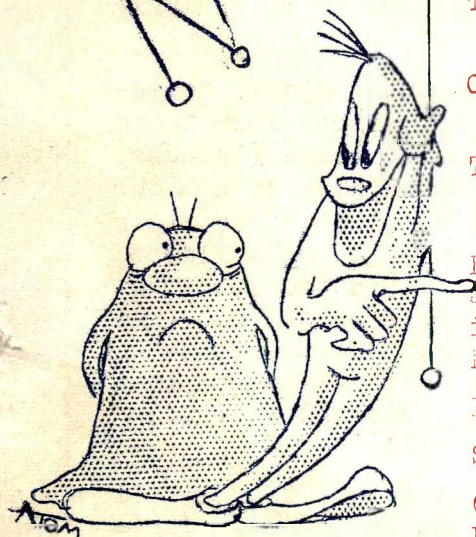
RANDOM ATOMS between pp.30 and 31
and all other artwork in this
issue is by Arthur Thomson (whom
Roscoe preserve.)

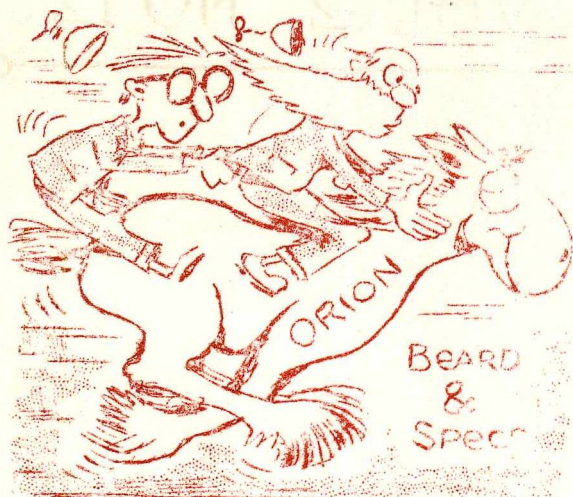
Duplicating by Ol' Dad.

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Some utter cad has been tearing leaves off our calendar. Only a few weeks ago when we looked it said October '54 and we had to dash off a few hasty words about a forthcoming annish. Now we are faced with the same task again.

This time, though, it ought not to be so difficult. This time we don't have to worry about what we are going to do with O. O has got the bit well and truly between its teeth and now goes where we can only hopefully follow.

For instance, six months ago it decided to start Volume Three in a 30 pp. quarto format and although we fought it bitterly on the issue (because, being sentimental old fuddyduddies we hate to see our children growing up), it insists. It tells us that this is because 40-odd small pages produced on a flatbed which can do only one page at a time is too much, yet when we pointed out that our larger screen can (and frequently does) print a full foolscap sheet at once it refused to reconsider. We have an uneasy feeling that it intends to grow to 40 pp. of quarto and is forcing us into buying a rotary. Ghod forbid !

We also learn that future issues will contain more varied artwork and a better layout. Quite what this means we didn't learn. Starting at the top and reading from left to right downwards has always

been our idea of a perfect layout but possibly there are variations which will come to us.

For one thing we are truly grateful. Orion has apparently no idea of changing its style. It will continue to be a crazy mixed-up zine - all serious and constructive one minute and incomprehensibly truffannish the next. Nor will its circulation materially increase. People who sound right will get a sample copy and if they comment prettily enough (which doesn't necessarily mean 'favourably') will probably be put on the 'repeat' list. People who send 6d. will get a copy but will not be troubled by a second issue unless they either comment or send another 6d. People who contribute will get copies for ever more and their descendants after them. People who subscribe will get copies until either George or I remembers that their subs have expired or they remind us (and this last happens often enough for us to be glad we're in fandom). Brother fan editors who produce more than one issue a year will get O regularly; those whose emergence into actifandom is only an annual affair obviously don't want to be bothered with a regular zine.

One other thing Orion has made clear. No matter how many Con reports we write it won't carry them. Ever.

O's breakaway really began with this issue. About halfway through YSI it became obvious that we'd have to put the brakes on or dash headlong to destruction. We've spoken before about zines which suddenly swell up and die, and we don't want that happening to our brainchild no matter how wayward it gets. So there are no Fanlights this time and no Aw Heck. As a matter of fact we didn't get any Aw Heck, though it's possible that if we had gone over to the Orchard we could have squeeze something out of Joy. She's pretty

busy just now, what with OMPA and the foreign gallivantings of the Bulmers.

Doris Harrison's Experiment is something new, we believe, in fandom. Whether it will prove acceptable is another matter. We haven't published it just to fill up space but because There May Be Something In ESP and we should hate to turn down anything that might have something in it. About a hundred fans will receive the form that accompanies this column and we are hoping that they will all participate. Knowing fandom we have a feeling that no more than half of the forms will come back, but even fifty may prove interesting.

Sandy's 'critique' bears so strongly on Ted's article in the last issue that you may think we are flogging the horse to death, but in view of the fact that it was submitted at the same time and independently it implies that some people have a yearning to read about s-f in their fanzines. We therefore make a splendid free offer. Anytime anyone sends us a review of s-f that we mistake for something by Damon Knight we shall happily publish it even when disillusioned. We'll go further; if Asimov sends his next short to us instead of Gold we'll publish that, too. Otherwise we'll just have to wait until Keeping finishes the gardening book he's supposed to be writing.

As it hasn't been possible, after all, to include any more of the many controversial letters in YSI we must now wait anxiously for O/12's response-mail to see whether you want the affair to continue. We rather hope you do because they are such lovely letters we shall publish them anyway.

That's all for now. See you again just before Christmas,

4 Paul and George

"MONROE

DOCTORIN"



JOHN
BERRY



(With acknowledgments to Walt Willis
for his assistance in straightening
out a couple of obvious points.)

"Good night, all."

I waved a cheery hand at the assembled
fen, took a long lingering glance at THE Calendar out of
the corner of my eye, stowed away my reinforced bat,
raised my cap to Walt and departed.

It was twilight outside Oblique House. I
sniffed the air and beat my chest. Mmmm ! I felt great.
Dammit, that very evening I'd made a pun, broke George's
glasses, had seven cups of tea and eaten three - yes -
three of Madeleine's Coffee Kisses. Life was good.

I pumped up my front tyre and was creep-
ing down the Willis path when I heard a slight :

"Pssst !"

I paused.

"Pssst !"

I looked round cautiously.

"Pssst !"

It came from the side of 170. I spied a shadowy figure lurking there,

"Psst, you fool, pssst," it said.

I leaned my bike against the prozine kiosk and tip-toed back. I saw Bob Shaw looking very furtive. Heck !

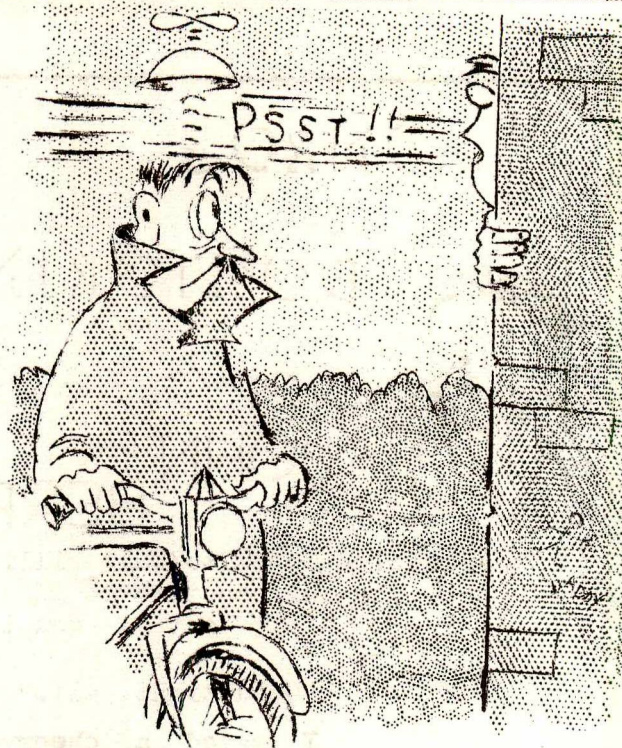
"I....I didn't mean to take that extra cake Bob, honest," I faltered. I had thought at the time I had gotten away with it. I ought to have known that Bob wouldn't miss my crafty snaffling of the last of Madeleine's greatest culinary achievements - the Coffee Kiss.

"Tsk, tsk," he whispered, a temporary frown creasing his boyish features. "I'll forget about that just this once, but don't do it again. No. I want to see you about something else."

"The...the typer works great, Bob, really it does," I whimpered. That boy is touchy about some things.

He picked up a couple of sections of crazy paving and flung them over the hedge.

"Forget the typer," he snarled. "I want to see you about a different matter altogether."



"I've told everybody I know about you having a story printed in the New York Herald Tribune," I breathed.

He ran round the garden three times, came back, grabbed me by the lapels and pushed me against the wall. his mouth working aggressively. Then he relaxed, flicked casually at my coat with thumb and finger, and forced a disarming smile. He patted me on the shoulder.



"I've always taken you to be a sport," he began.

"Oho !" I thought.

" -- a man willing to take a bet -- "

"Crikey," I gasped.

"-- a fan to whom money is of secondary importance--"

"Ghod !" I groaned.

"-- above all, a fan who knows a good thing when he sees it --"

I screwed up my eyes.

" -- and a comrade, to boot. I want to make you a sporting proposition." He relaxed, flicked away a couple more imaginary specks of dust off my jacket, straightened my tie, and gave me three Nebulas."

"Er....." I began. I mean, he's Sadie's husband, a big name fan, a pro-author.....

"It's like this," he said in his persuasive way, "I'll give you thirty shillings if you can make Walt, Madeleine, George, Peggy and James run up and down the first flight of stairs at least fifteen times."

He paused, picked me up and repeated his proposition.

ion.

"Fifteen times each... up the stairs... Walt and all of them..." I managed to gasp. I mean.....

"Settled, then," he grinned. I felt sort of trapped.

He dragged me down the path, propped me on my bike and pushed me away.

.

You know, it's no easy task to try and get half a dozen big name fans to keep running up and down the stairs. But the effort was worth thirty shillings to me. Therefore I spent some considerable time in thinking out the problem and at last the germ of an idea spawned itself in some devilish recess of my mind. An idea, I must confess, aided and abetted by a Weird Tales plot I heard George Charters gabbling about in his delirium on the seventeenth hole at the Royal Portrush Golf Course, back in the good old days.

But it might, it just might work.

At the same time I worried quite a lot about Bob Shaw. Oh, I admit he is generous enough but he doesn't give neofen thirty shillings without some motive, however obscure. My only conclusion was that he was in the furnishing business, dabbling in stair carpet as a sideline. I waited impatiently for Sunday.

.

I played my part carefully.

I crept up the stairs, lingered outside the fan room, pulled my tie askew, ruffled my hair, arranged the ends of my



moustache in a downward trajectory, groaned horribly, opened the door and collapsed in a heap on the floor.

"It's after me," I cried in terror.

They crowded round sympathetically, Sadie running her cool fingers across my forehead. I made a couple of mental notes.

"What's after you ?" asked Walt.

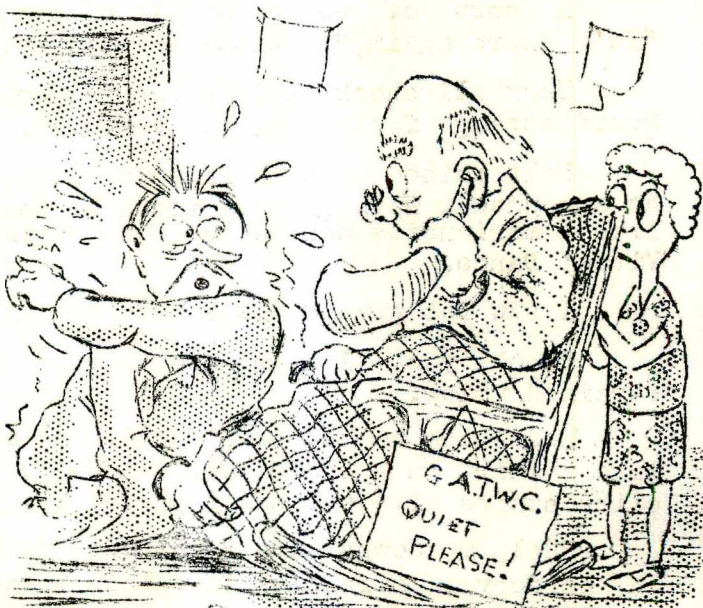
"The mutant." I cringed.

They exchanged meaning glances.

"Pray elucidate accurately the exact nature and appearance of this improbable apparition," observed George, nodding instructions to Carol to rock his chair faster, "or - in those memorable words of Max Brand - what the 'ell 'appened ?"

"I..I was coming up the first flight of stairs," I faltered "and I heard heavy footsteps follow immediately behind me. I looked all round - and there was nothing there."

"Ignoring for the ungrammatical phrase 'there was nothing there' began George, "I would respectfully hazard a suggestion that this poor unfortunate neo-fan



is suffering from a surfeit of Kuttner....."

"Aw, shut yer trap, Grandpa," sneered Sadie, echoing our sentiments with her usual native charm.

"The first flight, you say?" said Bob, sweat beginning to break out on his forehead.

I nodded vigorously, catching his slight wink.

"In that case," said Bob, straining at the leash, "I suggest we investigate."

We gathered at the appropriate landing.

"Allow me to demonstrate," I suggested. I tripped down the stairs, paused on the first step and looked upwards. I saw a row of shadowed visages gazing at me in anticipation. Bob, behind them, was waving his cupped hands over his head like a punchdrunk heavyweight acknowledging the plaudits of the crowd. His grin was like a slice of water melon.

I sort of coiled myself up and ran up the stairs. "It's there again," I cried in well feigned anguish.

They all shook their heads, except Bob. "I fancy I heard strange footsteps," he ventured.

Walt raised an authoritative hand. "I shall try," he announced. With gritted teeth he bounced up the stairs like a marionette controlled by a castanet player with St. Vitus' Dance.

I saw Bob give Sadie a hard jab in the back.

"O-oh, yes, I heard something," she stammered in a strained voice.

Madeleine looked bewildered. She ascended the stairs like a fairy on a treadstool. Lovely. I could watch her climb stairs all day. Walt pursed his lips pensively.

"Help me downstairs," pleaded George. "It's up to us hardcover merchants to expose hoaxes like this." It

took him almost ten minutes to stagger up the few stairsI like enthusiasm but I maintain that a man of his years would be better occupied patrolling the promenade at Bangor, in his bath chair. There was an embarrassing lull.

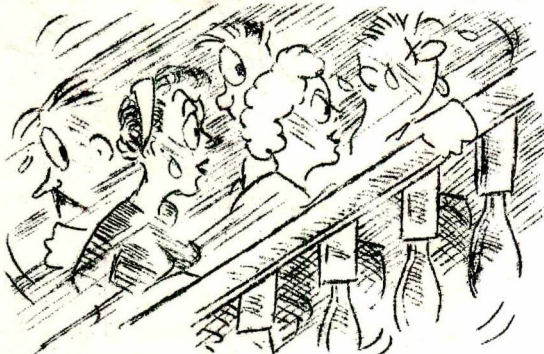
"Perhaps....if two people tried together..." I suggested.

Walt and Madeleine, with the air of martyrs, ran downstairs and up again.

"Faster," I suggested.

They repeated the performance.

"Maybe...maybe three people...?" I hinted.



With a push from Bob, Sadie joined the procession. And then Bob.... and me. It was fun. It reminded me of rush hour on the escalator at Piccadilly Circus.

"Stop!" Walt shouted suddenly.

We stayed to a halt.

"It has occurred to me that this trouble could be caused by a displaced board," he announced. He seemed somehow apprehensive, thoughtful. With a purposeful gesture he shepherded us up to the landing and pulled up the stair carpet.

I saw Bob glide away, wraith-like.

There was a hollow groan, followed by a thud. We all craned over the bannister. Walt had fainted. Clutched tightly in his hand was a large technicolour portrait of Marilyn Monroe.

"You're up early in the morning," he laughed.

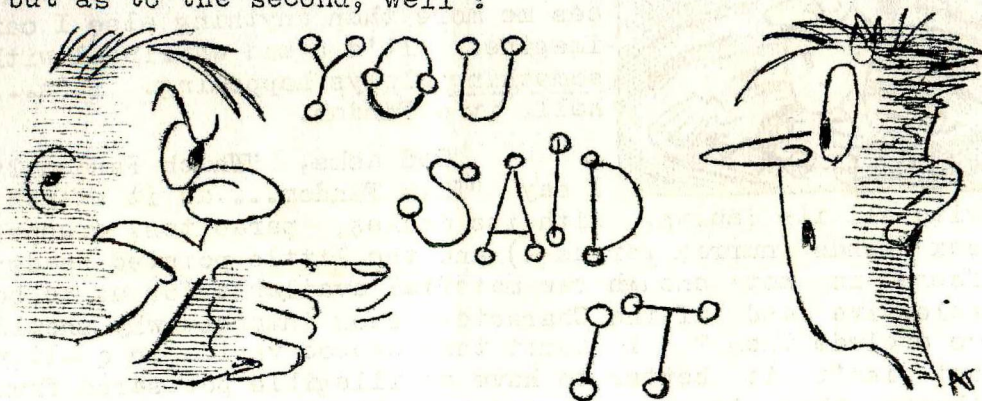
three crisp, clean, ten shilling

"Yes. Heh! Heh!" laughed Ben. "That was the best hoax I have ever played. I saw a big envelope for you in the fan room and inside was a large picture of Marilyn Monroe he sent for you. I borrowed it and slipped it under the stair carpet..."

"Yuk, yuk," continued Bob, "yesterday morning I bet Walt a five pound note that before the day was out you would be encouraging all the members of Irish Pandom to run down Marilyn Monroe."

John Berry

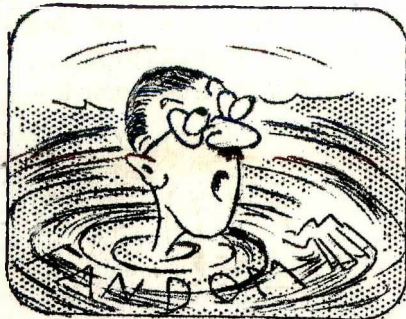
FANDOM ISN'T WHAT IT USED TO BE, was the gist of Ted Tubb's article, LET'S GET BACK TO FIRST PRINCIPLES... Pretty nearly everyone agrees with the first statement - but as to the second, well :



CHUCK HARRIS, "Carolyn", Lake Avenue, Rainham, Essex:
If Ted Tubb had only checked first with Wally Gillings he would have found that cries of woe and tribulation are usually greeted with universal apathy. But, remembering what happened to the children of Israel when they ignored their bhoys in the wilderness, I have decided to take typewriter in hand and save fandom from a similar fate. I only hope you people appreciate this.

Now Ted has been around a whole lot longer than I have, and I do sympathise with much of what he says, but when was this glorious "fandom as it used to be" that the Old Guard all look back to so fondly? My impressions on looking through old fanzines are that they were almost completely musty crud, that Fandoms 1 to 5 must have been pretty dreary places for a hobbyist, and that if I'd been aware of them I would probably have hibernated alongside Paul until the dawn of Sixth Fandom and the birth of Quandry.

For my money, present day Fandom IS wonderful, I love every minute of it and I begrudge the time I have



to spend working or sleeping. It is not, and never will be "A Way Of Life" but it is a hobby that entrances me more than anything else I can imagine. It's a mad whirlpool with something always happening. It's... hell, it's Fandom.

Ted asks, "Which Fandom?" I say "This Fandom....as it stands, with all its faults, with its drones, parasites, creeps, sex fiends (hurrah for us !) and the little pointed heads" There is not enough raw material available for us to be selective and if the Characters show interest why should we exclude them? I admit that egoboo varies in quality but isn't it better to have an illegible pockmarked from Abnorm than to be ignored by a Big Name like Arthur C. Clarke? The only things that really count with me is that a fan should have interest and energy enough to take some part in actifandom. It doesn't make the slightest difference if he also is a "frenetic jazz maniac, a Creeper, a Be-Bopist, a Teddy-boy or a queer". They are all People and if they can interest me then I am willing to share "my fandom" with them. If they don't interest me then I can ignore them with hardly any trouble at all. For instance, I'm not interested in abstruse mathematics or MAD comics. So I have nothing to do with people who insist on filling their letters with astronomic calculations or words like "furshlugginer" unless they can do it so entertainingly that I'm hooked. They are welcome to stay in fandom, -- but, as I said, they'll be ignored as far as I am concerned.

Science fiction is just a common interest that we all have which acts as a kind of skeleton to hang fandom on. Without it fandom would fall apart, but there is no harm in adding minor appendages - in fact, I think they add to its attractiveness. (They could be compared to a little moustache...eh, Vin?) There's no harm in adding

Pogo, Jazz, Sex or Ol' Dad Enever's gardening hints. They all add interest.

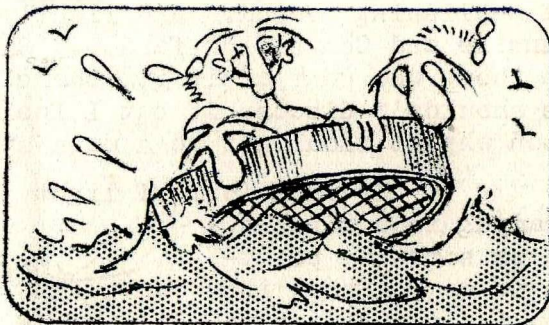
I find it hard to imagine a Dedicated Fandom with SF as The Topic, but I know I would want no part of it. I admit I read a good deal of it, but it's only a minor branch of literature and nothing to get very excited about. I'd be a lot happier talking to a "frenetic jazz fan" like, say, Ken Potter, on a subject like Steinbeck than I would be with a founder member of the Vargo Statton League. And similarly, I'd rather be entertained by Joe Doakes writing about his prehistoric flatbed than I would be bored with his worthless opinions of a prozine I read at the same time he bought his copy.

I like fandom as it is.....a crazy mixed-up enchanting madhouse reminding me of a later generation of The Jumblies :

Far and few, far and
few,

Are the lands where
the Jumblies live.

Their heads are green and their hands are blue^x
And they went to sea in a sieve.



(^xIsn't that a perfect description of a hectozine editor after a convention party ?)

Fandom is like the sieve business. Everybody thinks we're mad anyway.....but we get an awful lot of fun out of it..... Chuck.

Talking of Potter, here he is :

Ken Potter, 5 Furness Street, Lancaster. Lancs.

(Ted's) somewhat dramatic hookline made me expect some-

thing in the nature of an Ellison hysterical-type article but I find the horror which this thought provoked was quite unjustified. As one might have expected, what Ted had to say, he said well. I disagree with him mostly, partly because I am a frenetic jazz fan.

Basically, to me, fandom is anything but a crowd of flagwavers for Science Fiction. It's a crowd of people, all of whom like science fiction to some degree, but I would rather know what fans have in common in terms of what they are rather than their tastes. This is difficult for one so untutored in psychology as myself to explain. I wonder, tho', if fan-psychology is slightly more complicated than the common-or-garden variety?

I believe Fandom would continue regardless, if sf publishing ceased. And rightly so, for I believe in a Fanzine and Convention fandom. Since we all like sf, even those who won't admit it, there is indeed no reason why we shouldn't discuss it but I feel that there is every reason why it shouldn't be a main stabilising factor.

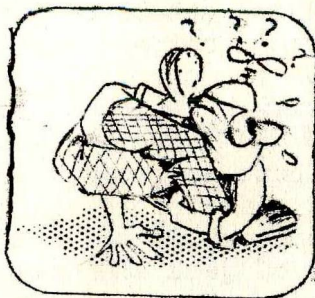
SF as a form of light (or occasionally heavy) reading is admirable. it is somewhat pointless do we do? Shout its How is it superior to Fiction - isn't it we happen to like it Do we do reviews of or do we credit its with enough acumen to own minds up? Do we inferior attempts at writing it? If we do give such an insignificant phenomenon as SF all our spare time, it strikes me as distinctly unhealthy.



As a hobby less. What praises? Detective just that better? the stuff, readers make their publish in-

True, fandom is to some people (tho' not to me) a no more significant thing, but even avoiding either extreme, it is at least something that the people in it

have created themselves. It is, in other words, doing something, not just gazing open-mouthed at a tiny backwater of literature.



I seem to be tying myself in verbose knots, though I hope my meaning emerges with pristine clarity. Anyway, I'll hand over for a few paragraphs to my friend, the well known frenetic jazz fan, Harry Hanlon :

HARRY HANLON, Lancaster (?).....
Although I am a far from active fan Ted Tubb forces me to take him to task over what he may regard as a minor point in his article on the decline of fandom, i.e., his comments regarding jazz in fandom.

He condemns the "frenetic jazz fans who now hail us as brothers" without seeming to be aware of the fact that fandom is full of jazz fans, and that this dual allegiance is only just now being revealed among such fen as Walt Willis, Nigel Lindsay, Archie Mercer, Joan Carr, Harry Turner and Dave Newman. I won't include Ken Potter and Dave Wood because I suppose I am in no small way responsible for their being "frenetic jazz fans etc." (Isn't that a fascinating phrase ?)

Later in the article Ted lists other abominations including Teddy Boys, sexual aberrants and those with the current fashion in hairstyles. Included in this colorful assortment are Jazz fans. Ted is apparently not very well informed on jazz, and in order to point out more sharply the difference between jazz fans and the other types he lists, I'd like to point out that when he says: "sf fans were born in adversity, nurtured in strife and rose despite opposition, to bear rich fruit" that that all goes double for jazz. When did fandom meet adversity to compare with the still virulent colour bar ? (A great jazz singer died because a white doctor wouldn't treat

her. Did that ever happen to someone because they read or wrote SF ?)(This is a non sequitur. Surely the reason was colour, not jazz or sciencefiction. Anyway the whole "adversity" argument breaks down when you come to 'queers'. Even the law persecutes them !)...(Jazz) has borne rich fruit, too, even if the nonjazz-fan would not appreciate its flavour. Even so, jazz is now on the curriculum of several American and one German University. No doubt you heartily condemn people who condemn SF and fandom without much knowledge of it, and as I should hate to see you de-tested on a different count I suggest that before you again class jazzfans with Teddy Boys, homosexuals and other phenomena, you look into the history of jazz and have a talk with Walt, Archie, Joan Carr and some of the others..

One thing I will say for Jazzfandom: it is noticeably more vocal than most other hobbies, as witness the next few letters. My own interest in jazz (or any so-called 'dance music') is entirely negative. I refuse to decry it or its adherents, though because although I shudder at the thought of eating beetle grubs I understand the Australian aborigines consider them a delicacy.

PETER RIGBY, 131 Kensington Road, Southport, Lancs :
'Beard & Specs' rather surprised me. I suppose you meant it to. It was an unusual piece for a fanzine editorial and as such it was much better than most others. Obviously you meant it all but I can't help feeling that you were depressed when you wrote it.....George Whiting's column ought to have been corny but somehow it wasn't. It was funny. Joy Goodwin's column wasn't up to much and you probably don't need telling that the way it was scattered all over the place was annoying. (Yes, it was. Here and now I apologise to Joy and to all those who complained about the jumps. I promise not to do it again.) Arthur

Thomson's cartoons were quite funny, though not as good as others I have seen. However, I'm always glad to see something of this sort in a fanzine. Has it all to be on the shoulders of ATOM, though? {Until someone equally proficient turns up - yes.}

Regarding Doris Harrison's piece, and whether you should have printed it or not: this sort of thing is very interesting providing you don't have it too often. For myself, I can't offer any explanation more original than hypnotism, but don't count that as a real opinion. Just say I don't know what to make of it. If you are going to publish more stuff like this, please make sure it isn't pure corn, or from people with over-active imaginations. {But that rules out all fandom, surely ?}

Now, regarding Ted Tubb's riot-raising piece. I'm glad you had the courage to print it. These are my comments. I think the article was written in a similar frame of mind to your editorial, but without the nostalgia. I get about ten fanzines, all British except Alpha, and I think Ted's opinion that sex and jazz are coming into the fanzines too much is a gross exaggeration. There is some undesirable sexiness creeping in here and there but it is not as bad as he makes out. Perhaps his remarks about jazz were inspired by the Cyrticon 'jazz session', but as this consisted of no more than half-a-dozen fen grouped round the piano in the hall, when nothing else was happening on the platform, I don't consider it much cause for complaint. Anyway, I don't remember seeing Ted there.

I quite agree, however, with Ted's remarks about fen who "don't read S-F". The last paragraph of Page 23 sums up just what I think, but here again, the people who say it may only be joking. I disagree with his "pedestrian collection of tired, worn out, follow-my-leader crud.".... Surely Ted is-



n't seriously describing SATELLITE, ~~ALPHA~~, FANZINE, HY-
PHEN, EYE or even ORION, in this manner? Nor can it
fairly be applied to such as CAMBER, NuFu and the others.
Perhaps Ted is more particular than I. Perhaps he gets
more fanzines than I do, but I've listed the mainstays of
British fanzine pubbing, and there aren't a great many
more.

The rest of what Ted has to say is the truth,
even if somewhat exaggerated. Perhaps he has looked at
fandom with a jaundiced eye.

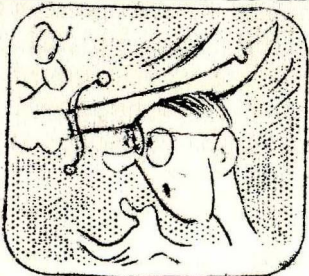
I'm looking forward to the lettercol after this
article..... Pete.

Yes, fen are passing strange. What
amounts to an overwhelming majority
are all against "serious and const-
ructive" fanning, yet this very
debate is more serious and construc-
tive and more vociferous than any-
thing ORION has published before!

Now hear another jazzman:

LAURENCE SANFIELD, 25 Leighton Road, West Ealing, W.13:
I'm starting with Ted Tubb's effort first because it is
nearest to my heart. Before going on
to the body of things I'm going to
slash TT good and hard and I hope it
hurts. Page 23, line seven....

This is unforgivable. As a
serious, thinking, traditional Jazz
lover of some twenty years, I demand
that Ted apologise in print for this
libellous statement. I'm not kidding, chum. Enjoyment
of Jazz led me into studying its social origins and its
musical structure, and what I found influenced my polit-
ical thought for the rest of my life. If you don't like
Jazz, Ted, okay, but if you've nothing but your dislike



and obvious prejudice to guide your opinions keep your mouth shut on the subject, as those opinions aren't worth listening to.

Regarding the rest of the article, my feelings are somewhat different. Apart from the quote above the first para is just too, too true. And how I agree with him later ! Some of us haven't forgotten, Ted.

As far as the fanzines are concerned (p. 24) I admit a certain amount of the feeling Ted speaks of. Where prozines are concerned however, the attitude differs. (This applies to some fanzines, too.) In short, derisive or belittling critics are told the same thing I tell those who deride Jazz. "If you're too damned ignorant to understand it, Jack, that's your hard luck." You'll find this repeated elsewhere.

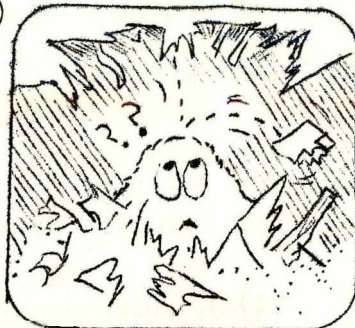
The lavatory attitude towards sex is as repellent to me as it obviously is to Ted. Now I like sex. But let it be frank, clean, outspoken, honest sex. Should a writer wish to speak of a woman's breasts, let him do so and call them breasts (or mamillae, if he prefers.) And if he wants to refer to the primary characteristic, call it a vagina - or the area it occupies, the pubis. What I can't stand is the hole-and-corner peddling of mental dirty postcards and the teenagers' stickily mauling in an atmosphere of pornography.....

Of course, as Ted says, money is the root of the evil; but at least he has suggestions to offer and perhaps some may bear fruit. Let's hope they will.

Now who wrote Beard & Specs ? Lovely bit of work. This is the sort of thing. Let's have more. Somehow CW's Fan in grease made me wonder if he had slipped in it. And what a let-down about the gun. Always wanted to shoot an editor..... Just one or two more things. Firstly, this issue of O was far better than the previous one. Joy and Doris both amused. By the way, did anyone ever stand in his bedroom doorway and see himself on the

bed ? I did once. The ceiling fell down in the night. No, I wasn't under it. (Pity, eh ?)

One plea. Please let's take TT at his word, for a while at least and discuss sf and allied subjects, which is the true function of a fanzine. Let's have more things like Beard &c and the Disappearing Chair. And apropos of a question by ye ed somewhere else in this ish, a little well chosen, well written fan fiction would be more than welcome...



As to calling things by their proper names, I have often wondered when and how the convention arose that slang or common terms therefor were "wrong". As the slang terms are frequently only modified AS originals, it sounds as though the idea is another one we have to thank (?) Victoria for.

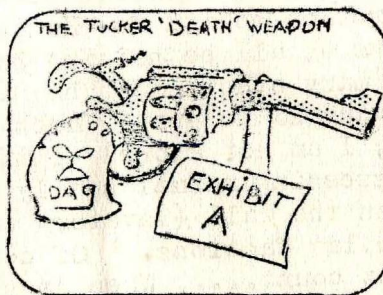
Now here's a femmefan's angle:

SGT. JOAN CARR, CW, RPO, ME, BFPO. (!!!) :
You interested in publishing a list of sf. authors' pen-names ? Or a serious and constructive article showing exactly how Asimov's vast Galactic 'future history' ties in with our own past history ? Or even one about the feasibility of ESP ? No ? I thought not. And yet, at the same time, I feel that Ted Tubb has got something.... The trouble is, what ? There is a natural elimination of crud.... it just doesn't circulate very well. And if a fanzine does have a good circulation then it must be providing what the majority of its readers want. From Ted's viewpoint this would seem to be a case of 'physician, heal thyself'. Before setting out to 'educate' the masses in their reading habits (does anyone still want to do

that?) we first have to 'educate' fans !! Another thing; there are only a few people who can write the sort of stuff Ted likes to see. Bloch and Knight are two names that spring instantly to mind....and there are others. If it comes to that, there are only a few people who can write really good humorous stuff BUT there are far more who can get away with poor humour than can with poor 'serious' type writing. I, personally, can 'appreciate' (we're trying to be hellishly careful with our terms to-day) humour on various levels, but the more serious stuff has to be very good before I take any interest in it. To put it simply, the serious note, once it slips from being The Best, leads more quickly to crud than does the humorous note. And I don't like crud.

And I do like Dean Grennell's eras, and the ences in Jazz and

Not that I'm ed to Ted...things Even so, I don't is likely to come Do you ?



to read about guns and cam-Twerps' prefer-so on. directly oppos-can go too far. think anything of his ideas.

The rest of this issue was enjoyed equally as well.. Incidentally, the revelation of your bi-monthly visits to the Globe (SFN 13) has made me wonder about Doris Harrison.... she wouldn't be you.... nein ?..... Joan.

What with Bill Temple accusing Archie of being Joy Goodwin and now this.. Seems like a conspiracy to deny the existence of any femmefans; but coming from you.! As for what may come of Ted's ideas, I know not. One thing only is certain. Fandom never was PLANNED, and it isn't likely to take to planning this late in life.

CON TURNER, 14 Lime Street, Waldrige Fell, Co. Durham.
I have just read ORION 11 (I had to wait my turn until the other Gestalters read it) {But surely, when one of a Gestalt has read it they've all read it?}. As usual, it's quite pleasant to read. I like your B&S, mainly because it's different from the usual inane editorial ramblings in fanzines. George Whiting writes a nice easy nonsensical column, pleasant to read and digest. No comment on readers' letters - none needed; but a special word of praise to Art Thomson for those cartoons..... As for Doris Harrison and the Disappearing Chair - if she were a male, I'd say it was due to disappearing bottles. Joy Goodwin's "Aw Heck" was poor {No Joy?}..... I wasn't going to comment on Ted Tubb's piece, but I have thrust discretion behind me. He is talking mostly tripe. He would have us all be nothing but SF fans. Ridiculous! I myself, as many others must be, am a follower of several hobbies, and SF is just a hobby. Having a liking for Jazz (again, I am not alone) I must be a "frenetic jazz maniac": possessing normal bodily functions, I have seen the writing on the wall {lavatory wall?} so I join another of his outlaw factions. Of course, I do read SF but that does not count..... When he slates fanzines he mentions none by name; none are singled out as examples. Why? It seems as though he is afraid to antagonise the editors thereof. Also the editors he pulls to pieces later in the article are nameless. His account of the fortunes of EYE is odd. I would have thought the dropping and changing of editors would have had an adverse effect on a fanzine. (See the last ish of EYE compared to earlier ones.)

Oh yes, and the list of Fans/Authors he quotes sounds quite impressive. But how many have made the grade and left a mark as authors? A few - Clarke, Temple Bulmer, White. Others may be writing prolifically under pennames but that doesn't imply much confidence in their own writings..... Con.

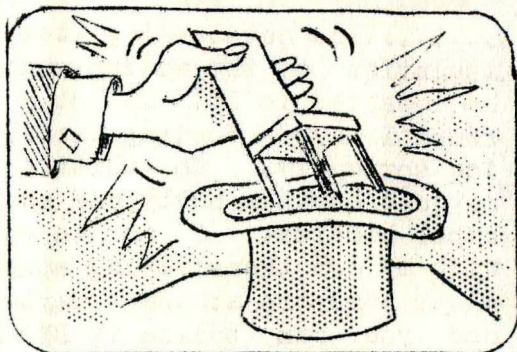
GEORGE WHITING, Flat 5, Kirzis Buildings, Limassol, Cyprus
.....The outstanding item in No.11 was E.C.Tubb's manipulation of the wooden spoon, and a good rotary motion he imparted to it. Whilst a good many of his remarks are sound I have a feeling that E.C is taking the whole thing too seriously. To whittle fandom down to its true size as just another hobby one should, as I do, have several other hobbies. I am an amateur photog and a radio ham with my own transmitting station (call sign ZC4WR if any other hams are around; maybe I can send my copy by radio and you can byline it BY RADIO) (What, on my crystal set ?). Between the radio shack, the darkroom and the typer I have plenty to occupy my spare time (?). So fandom to me is just another hobby. Each of us gets out of it what we can, and if what we do is worthwhile it will survive ; if not then fandom will fade away as a hobby that did not succeed, like cock-fighting.

Other hobbies, believe it or not, have their W.A. Willises, their Harrises and their outer - and sometimes less respectable - fringes, but though the main body of the hobby continues the outer fringes slowly fade away. Fandom as a hobby has not yet reached maturity and it still suffers from these growling pains, so let's not take it too seriously.

I must disagree slightly with Joy over primary colours. If she accepts that by definition the primary colours are the minimum number of colours which, combined in the right proportions can produce any other color, then there are only three ; red, green and a bluish-violet. Yellow is definitely a non-starter.

In The Corner made me boggle completely. As an amateur conjuror (yes, another hobby !) I have no doubt it was a trick. It has all the earmarks of the conjuror's craft in build-up and atmosphere, the suspicious part being that the chair was made to appear on a marked spot in another room. Why, when all the atoms were around in the original room ? Maybe it was done like Pepper's Ghost - an old trick with glass and reflections, but without fur-

ther information I cannot say. I have no doubt that the armchair was not a "free" choice but, like a conjuror forcing a particular card, it was made to appear so. But how was it done? Perhaps Doris, reviewing it in this light, can think of a few more details, such



as background against which the chair stood; did anyone touch it or was it just pointed out? Was anyone allowed behind it? How far away were the spectators and were they sitting or standing, etc?..... George.

Well, Doris?.....

WALT WILLIS, 170 Upper Newtownards Road, Belfast, N.I

.... When Orion didn't arrive when it was expected I filed a suit against the Post Office (as a change from filing it with Uncle?) and I hear the Astronomer Royal started checking the position of the stars to see what had gone wrong with the calendar, so it's just as well you put that note on p.21 about the issue being delayed. Though I'm not sure it isn't even more upsetting to have the Never Orion going off schedule than the celestial one. I mean, is nothing fixed?

I sympathise with you about your field...I remember the way I felt when they cut down the woods Madeleine and I used to do our courting in...but after all when you come to think of it the 20th century is producing much less desecration of the countryside than the 19th and it seems to me that all being well the trend towards conservation will continue. After all the love of the countryside is essentially a product of mechanistic civilisation. No one gave a damn about it before then - it was just common-place. Just as mountains were despised aesthetically until around Whymper's time. The cult of Nature is a product of civil-

isation. No doubt we shall all one day be living in plastic and aluminium but I'll bet there's more unspoiled countryside around than there is now. (Maybe, but it won't be living countryside, and who wants museum-pieces?). I'd back a city man against a farmer any day for respect for the countryside. Say what you like about aluminium and plastic, it's better than the corrugated iron and barbed wire the farmers and market gardeners disfigure the land with. I look forward to the day when scientific farming removes the necessity for parcelling out the entire country into little squares and we can see what it was like before the Enclosures. Imagine it, great rolling expanses of green grass and heather and furze and lots and lots of trees. Oh, sure, let's have some 'coloured counties' left I admit that farmed land has a beauty of its own... but let's also have more of the real countryside of unbroken slopes such as you only find nowadays in places like County Derry or Wyoming.

Well, anyway, it was a good editorial. But everyone is in fine form this time, especially George Whiting. His column is a real gem. What does he mean, though, when he says "I sibbed and lowered the gun"? Are we to understand that he suddenly split into an indeterminate number of brothers and sisters? Has living in juxtaposition to the Parthenon finally made him Parthenogenic? (My Ghod, I've suddenly realised that isn't a pun at all! But it's an interesting sequence of thought, isn't it? From Minerva the Virgin Goddess through modern biological terms to George Whiting and back to Greece again.) The letters were fine too and Arthur's cartoons were brilliant, especially the one with the caption all tumbled down.

As for Ted's doughty attempt to be controversial, Chuck has already written an admirable letter to which I can only say Hear Hear, and all I want to do is to object to Ted's attempt to bring the Transfund in as evidence in support of his argument that fandom is declining. I can only think that Ted has never tried or has forgotten how hard it is to get money from fans (or anybody) by post. The only previous fund-raising attempt similar to the TFF

was the one Forry Ackerman ran to bring Ted Carnell to the Cincon. (The fund I was the subject of was a private affair and limited entirely to US fandom, so it's not comparable.) Forry's fund ran for three years, with immense publicity, impassioned appeals and big prizes for lucky donors.....and at the end it had raised \$127, about £25 at the current rate of exchange. That more than £140 should have been raised this time in such a short period is a bloody miracle. At least it shows that fandom is healthier than it has ever been. The mere fact that Ken and Pamela Bulmer are at this moment in America and receiving almost embarassingly generous hispitality from Stateside fans should be sufficient answer to Ted.

I nearly forgot poor Joy (Boilerplate) Goodwin, whose interesting little column brightened up so many dark corners in this issue. And Doris Harrison whom I'd rather see back on her bar stool than on disappearing chairs. You have done these poor girls wrong, Enever. When you saw a woman in half you're supposed to put her back together again. They must be feeling all out up about it.

But it was a fine issue. I wish there were more other months in a year..... Walt.

More ORIONS ! Have pity, Walt. I've been doing a quiet smirk at all the letters that mention the other hobbies their writers indulge in. I garden, write gardening notes, paint flowers, do a bit of carpentry, breed (or attempt to breed) budgerigars, contribute to CMFA, coach my daughter in her homework and in my spare time just sit in the garden, looking.

And you talk about more frequent Orions !

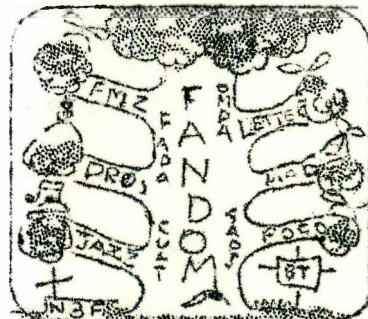
RON BENNETT, 72 Clavell Road, Allerton, Liverpool 19.

....If Ted wants to split fandom into groups, OK. I don't, and I really don't see how it's possible to do so. What-

ever class of fandom one belongs to he is a fan. His first and foremost binding tie with fandom is SF. That presumably brought him into fandom. I do know fan who have been brought into fandom without reading SF, through acquaintance with an established fan, but such are rare anyway..... Presumably most people have more than one interest, so if fan have like secondary interests they tend to band together. Hence, for example, what Ted calls Jazz-fandom. I suppose I belong to that particular cult, though I never for one moment advocated it being incorporated in the official programme at Kettering. True, we talked about a Jazzcon but that was merely an improvised session between events on the Friday. OK, Ted, you don't want to belong to the Jazz Fandom. Similarly, I don't want to belong to that branch of SF which takes young ladies trailing about top floors of Con hotels in the early hours of the morning. Then there's Pro-fandom, in which the Pros get together and cultivate their own particular brand of conversation.

If you (Ted) belong to any or all of these various branches of fandom and I don't, then go ahead and belong to them. I've not the slightest objection, nor have I the slightest right to have any objection. We are, whatever our secondary interests, banded together primarily as FANS. Let's keep it that way.

Seriously, though, you have something. We are drifting away from SF. People like Sam Youd, Michael Rosenblum and Bill Temple, the fan who are older than most neo-fan and have been in fandom longer than most youngsters (or is that the same thing?) (Is it?) tend to be looked at as though they were not really fan. They tend to be regarded as too serious to be fan, mostly, I gather, because they don't write crackpot letters (like this one) to fans..... When they talk of Stapledon, Smith, Wellheim +!!!! and goodness knows who else of the



older type of SF authors they are regarded as has-beens. Today talk leans towards Ashworth, Willis and Lindsay. In other words, amongst themselves the newer type of fan is interested mostly in Pandom. Surely, though, the fault is not that of the fan for leaning away from SF, but of SF (and its authors, Ted) for not providing material interesting enough for the fans to talk over. Which could account for the recent slump in SF mags - mostly in America. Which could be the reason for the change of policy of IMAGINATION (~~MADGE~~ with a policy?) At which point I dry up. Which could be a Good Thing..... Ron.

At which point we'd better stop to draw breath. I have yet a whole sheaf of comments on Ted's article, ranging from a five page letter of Archie Mercer's to a five line postcard from Nigel Lindsay, and expressing every shade of opinion from complete agreement to absolute rebuttal.

Unfortunately CRION is only a little fanzine, and a regular one to boot, with an inelastic deadline, which means that if YSI doesn't stop somewhere nothing else will get a look in.

So from here on we will suspend the argument while I get the rest of this other month's material dummied up, resuming it at the end of the zine if time permits, or carrying it over to the next issue if sufficient interest is maintained.

In case neither course appertains I'll take this opportunity of thanking everyone who wrote in, and especially Ted himself, who is responsible for the heaviest postbag ORION has ever had.

(For the last few months A Fan In Greece hasn't been. He moved hurriedly to Cyprus when the grease began to melt - though it was out of the frying pan into the fire with a vengeance.... Coupled with an unprecedented fortnight's silence the knowledge of his whereabouts has worried the editorial staff and last week we sent him an urgent air-mail asking Was Everything All Right or had his typewriter been Blown Up By Terrorists. The following column was the result.)



This is the story of a fan footloose on "Terror Island" or Alone With Joan Carr In Cyprus. The main terror, of course, is that I may have to exist on AUTHENTICS, since they appear to be all I can get here. Parenthetically, a shuddering old fan calls upon all kind friends to rally round and send a few ASTOUNDINGS, else he may have to read that pictorial supplement yet.

"ZITO ENOSIS" is painted, scrawled and chalked on the walls, pavements and roadways of the fair town of Limassol. What does it mean? Well, roughly speaking it means "Hooray for Union" - with Greece by implication and repetition. "ZITO MAKARIOS" (who is a sort of local BNF) is scrawled in red paint across the walls of our block of flats. This has since been modified, much to the bewilderment of the local population, to ZITO WILLIS. Well, why shouldn't the NIF have some publicity?

Just as 'NIF' cloaks the identity of the Oblique House terrorists so the local one is known as EOKA. There the similarity ends. EOKA doesn't bother with neofen but concentrates on policemen and soldiers as being less dangerous.

Why all this fuss concerning union with Greece? Ah, now; the readers of ORION shall be the first to hear the truth of the dark plot underlying all the agitation. Whiting will give you the real lowdown, so pin back your ears and forget all you ever read in the daily press or HYPHEN.

Possibly you will have noticed that the agitation increased from the day I arrived and discovered that only BREs and AUTHENTIC were obtainable here. Until then the locals had been content with these because they knew n better. Then I pointed out that in Greece, a dollar area, mint US stuff could be purchased quite openly on any bookstall. Why read AUTHENTIC when you can read the original for the asking - and paying? The conference in London was immediately called to discuss the possibility of free import of US stuss but the Turks were not impressed because they don't read stf anyway.

You see how clear it all becomes when Whiting explains things?

Talking seriously for a moment, to satisfy all those drooling serio-fen who want to know things; the island has a population of one hundred and forty thousand and one (me). Of all these potential fen, eighty thousand are Greek, forty thousand Turkish and the other twenty thousand and one are odds and ends. (Sorry, and two - I forgot Joan Carr). A large number want union with Greece and the odd one wants union with Joan Carr, only my wife won't let me. Those who don't want union may be kicked out of the Church, which is as bad as crossing all the nontrufen off HYPHEN's mailing list.

Now a dramatic incident. I am sitting one warm evening on my verandah, enjoying ORION and a cool beer when a thunderous explosion shatters the peace of Limassol. I am so startled I forget fandom for five whole minutes. EOKA has blown up the local police station. Since this happens all the time (until they run out of police stations) it does not provide more than a subject for casual conversation. Yet if it happened in Hillingdon, say, it would be a tremendous event like. ...like ORION being two days late.

This should convey to you some idea of the different atmosphere here. Policemen have developed squint eyes and stiff necks from trying to look all ways at once.

However, a much more serious aspect of terrorism here is the way in which it affects fanac. For instance, road-blocks are occasionally set up and people leaving and entering the town have their vehicles and their persons searched. At one of these roadblocks I met a Sergeant who was off his rocker like me, that is, he read stf. So we made a date in a local bar and arranged to swap some stf mags. I met him later in the King's Arms in Limassol and we duly exchanged parcels.

Actually he was an innocent who had never heard of fandom at all. I tried to remedy this but my tongue was tangled up with pale ale and apparently I must have given him a pretty distorted view of the whole thing. I remember him saying vehemently :

"Well, this bloke Harris won't stop me reading science fiction !"

"No, no," I remember protesting, "after you read Harris's writings you will want to read more science fiction. So you see you should become a fan."

x Alas, ORION would have to be a month late now before anyone noticed it !... Ed.

Despite all this we parted friends and I set off through the darkened streets of Limassol for home and wife. The sight of a policeman on a corner ahead reminded me that the local gendarmerie take a dim view of characters who float around Limassol at night carrying mysterious parcels. I thought of the parcel of mags in my hand, and straightway stuffed them inside my jacket. Then I sailed nonchalantly towards him on a cloud of pale ale.

When I drew level with him he said :

"Excuse me sir, but what are you carrying under your jacket ?"

So unexpected was this remark that I jumped and the bundle of magazines slid from under my jacket. I made a wild grab at them and caught a blurred glimpse of the policeman leaping for cover and fumbling frantically for his gun.

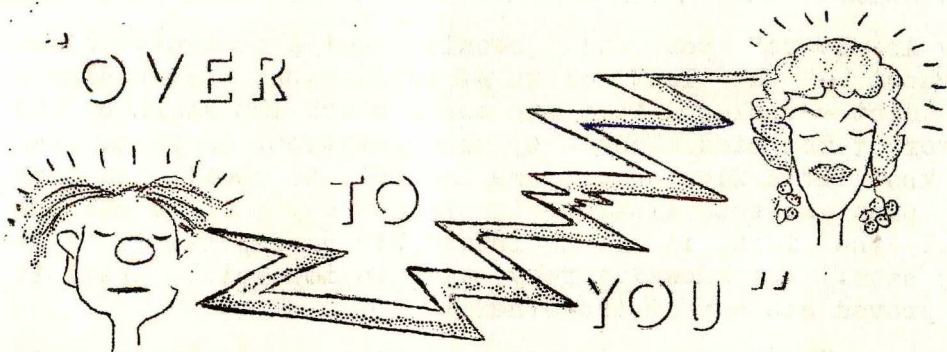
I froze, and hours later the magazines came to rest on the ground. The policeman emerged from cover and helped me to pick them up while I explained what they were and that all clever people read science fiction and did he ? I even offered to lend him a few.

"That's all right, sir," I recall him saying. " Now you get along home - your wife will be waiting for you."

How did he guess ? She was too. I ought to have been pleased with my lucky escape, only when I examined the parcel more closely I found I'd taken the wrong one and had all my own books back.

So I risked my life for nothing.

Coming soon : THE FUTURE HISTORY OF FANDOM by George Whiting. To be published as a one-shot because it is too explosive for ORION.



DORIS HARRISON

Has it ever occurred to you - YOU in particular - that the biggest proportion of SF fans are frauds ? Yes, that's what I said. Each and every one of us has a dream ; the dream of man's conquest of space, of reaching the stars. One day, though it may not be soon, man will reach out into space and the stars will be his for the taking.

It's a wonderful, glorious dream. If only we could believe it will be realised in our time it would be an even more glorious awakening. But what are we doing about it now ? Oh, I know a few of us are doing what little we can. Some have joined various societies, some are scientists, others engineers; some can even use a slip stick. Me ? I work for a firm which makes acid-resisting cement, because they have their feet under the table with the A.W.R.E. and possess a laboratory. I know quite a lot about the resistance of potassium and resin cement to various acids but how much nearer to space travel does that bring us ?

There is one thing about SF, though. It does cover a spots other than spacetravel, and one of them is ESP. That's one thing we can do something about HERE and NOW. If you've read Fredric Brown's "The Lights In The

"Sky Are Stars" you will recall that a character named M'Bassi - the last of an African tribe, who became a Bhuddist - reckoned that man could reach the stars by the power of the mind alone - by teleportation, in fact. Yes I know it's fiction but one has only to recall how much of past science fiction is present day fact to realise that the idea is not so incredible or impossible as it may seem. Who knows, anyway, what is impossible until it is proved one way or the other ?

There are, indeed, people who would not find such a theory incredible though they might not make quite such lavish claims for it. I refer to G.N.M. Tyrell, President of the Society for Psychical Research which, believe it or not, was founded in Great Britain in 1882. The other person I need hardly mention - J.B. Rhine, Professor of Psychology and Director of the Parapsychology Laboratory at Duke University, who started experimental work on ESP in 1930.

These people would be the first to admit that they are only on the threshold but even so the case for telepathy and clairvoyance is well on the way to being established, and once this is a proven fact teleportation is the next obvious rung of the ladder.

Here is something, I feel, that we can all take part in and I for one would like to start on telepathy experiments right now. (I don't mean the kind of telepathy featured in Tucker's "Time Masters", though there may be something in that !) No, ours is a simpler sort and the form which you will have received with this copy of ORION is part of it. Even if you think it is a waste of time indulge me this once, just to see what the result will be. If the result is good and you are still interested we can go a step further.

The idea is this : I have a pack of 25 Rhine cards made up of five sets, each showing one of the symbols depicted on the form. On the dates shown and at the

GM time indicated I will shuffle and cut the pack. Then I will draw one card and try to transmit the symbol shown on it to you. I'll concentrate on it for two minutes, then take another card and repeat until I have taken five cards.

I will do this on five different occasions, so that if you are taking part in the experiment you will, at the end of it, show twenty five symbols or words to represent them, five on each line. If you are unable to keep each date fill in the lines with what you think I may have drawn from the pack, but mark it "G" so I'll know it was just a guess.

In the top right hand corner of the form you will find either an "A" or a "B". If you get an "A" form the experiment stands as I have described it, but if you get a "B", it takes a rather different form. It becomes an experiment in clairvoyance rather than straight telepathy, because I want you to sit down at any old time and fill in the five lines of symbols as you think I'll draw them from the pack - allee same like football pools.

The Society for Psychical Research is interested in this experiment, and they will help me to sort out the mathematics of it. I can tell you that five correct out of twenty five is the recognised average score from chance alone so anything significant over that will certainly give us food for thought.

It is only a beginning, but who knows where it may lead. Perhaps we'll reach the stars ahead of spaceships after all....

(Personally I'm a Dont Knower about telepathy. I find it so difficult to disentangle my own thoughts at times that I just can't imagine being able to read anyone else's. I intend to have a go at this, though.....just in case.... I hope you will... Paul Shever)

"ORION IS TOO ESOTERIC" SAYS LAURENCE SANDFIELD

(In fairness to Sandy I must point out that this article was actually written for O/11 and it refers particularly to the issue before that. The fact that O/11 was by no means as esoteric and unconstructive as O/10 does not affect Sandy's argument much. It could easily happen again, and very likely will..... ..Paul.)

I sent a note to Paul threatening him with some fiction. He retaliated by asking for a "critique" of ORION or fanzines in general, no less. A critique, Ye Ghus and little beer bubbles ! The education of the man ! And a fan, too. Fandom has sadly altered since Arthur Clarke learnt to spell four syllable.

Now I'm not a newcomer to s-f or the fan world as I've been reading it since circa 1927 - as soon as I learned to read, in fact - and I have been active in fandom spasmodically since about 1940. The reason for these statements is that my name may be strange to many of you, and I want to point out that I've been in the field long enough to look at it from its own viewpoint. However, not being in close touch these days, I can look upon ORION virtually as a newcomer. Herein is the crux of the matter.

IN COMMON WITH MOST OF THE FANZINES I HAVE READ, ORION IS JUST TOO DAMNED ESOTERIC.

An instance from the letter section : Anne Steul: parenthetically, line 16 - "Sounds like AVC pubbing

SFN v2n5." What the blazes does this mean ?

Admittedly this is not from the mag body proper but it is illustrative of the sort of thing one finds. The function of fanzines in the s-f field is similar to that of the small mags in the field of writing. Such mags as "The Free-lance Writer and Photographer" for instance What these 'zines do is to publish articles dealing with the field, review literature connected with it, publish fiction or non-fiction with the object of stirring controversy among their readers, and publish also - most important - the correspondence arising from these articles.

This should be done by fanzines and most of them, ORION included, run parallel to this. Unfortunately it is only parallel. When one opens a fanzine one is immediately surrounded by a semi-literate babble which is completely bewildering.

On delving a little way into O I was reminded forcefully of a party many years end of the group lack of success told us that he woman " along. sister, whom no myself had ever were a crowd of spoke the Jive automatically , The gentleman told us after-asked him what foreign language we were speaking. That's what ORION did to me.

She blinks her violet
eyes at me
And gives me quite a fright
Because I keep forgetting
Violets are sometimes
white.

.....from

MY MUTIE BEAUTY by
Claude E. Boye.

Christmas Eve ago when a friend noted for his with the ladies would bring "a He brought his one there but seen before. We J a z z men and of the period like breathing. in question wards that she

Take the opening effort by Mal Ashworth. This is the humorously-written account of a possibly fictional crisis in the domestic life of one TAB White and his wife. It's quite amusing but one gets the impression that it is

all the time speaking of people who actually exist. If this is so - and I have never before heard of either of them or Mal Ashworth - then it seems to me in rather poor taste. Aside from this, I get the impression that the writer is saying "Everyone knows who I'm talking about".

The same thing holds true of Joy Goodwin's column, except for the opening paragraphs which, if true, bring me great joy. A planetarium, yet ! What, though, Miss Goodwin, is a W.T.A. exhibition ? Whatever it is, I'm glad to see that my old friend Syd Bounds was represented there.

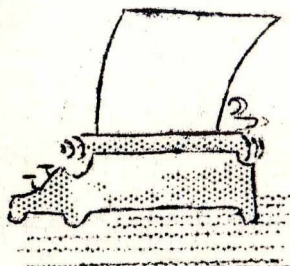
Madeleine Willis's effort was very well done but again that esoteric atmosphere crept in, though less obviously. However, the overall effect of the 'zine is as if one were introduced to a group of people who, immediately the introductions were over, turned to personal group reminiscences and left the stranger with no general conversation in which to join.

John Berry's Labouring Vein ; again the coterie, this time however, poking mild and certainly not malicious fun at it. Something here that a stranger can at least listen to and enjoy, especially if he has attended just one convention.

For my money the most enjoyable item was George Whiting's. I've been in this sort of situation. As in every case I told the critic that if he was too ignorant to understand it it was his hard luck, I've lost friends over it. They weren't worth keeping so I don't care.

Very typical was Doris Harrison's "In The Corner." There is the coterie approach, the over-familiar cynically humorous debunking of the heroes - if 'heroes' is the right word. This particular issue gives an overwhelming impression of preoccupation with trivia - domestic trivia, largely. It is rather dull. I don't understand

THE OTHER



GEORGE RICHARDS

Some months ago the subject of possible Royal reaction to fan affairs was mentioned in O and it was suggested (not too seriously) that O should be sent to the Duke of Edinburgh. Maybe this isn't as crazy as it sounds because I read in a recent well-known weekly that he has asked the Air Ministry

to send him all available information on Flying Saucers ! I wonder if the AM will include Elliot Rockmore's 'zine ?

The latest 'sightings' include a 'flying pear' just outside Leeds and a 'boomerang-like' object over Hants some months ago. Just plain Flying Saucers are apparently old hat.

New hat, too, by all accounts. A London fashion show recently featured a number of Flying Saucer hats, while in ILLUSTRATED instructions were given for the making of Space Shoes complete down to the metallic thread running through the heel which "functions as a lightning rod to earth static electricity"....

If space travel is really as close as we are led to believe, an American publication now in the course of production will be a must for all space hikers. It is THE NEW SKY ATLAS, in 1758 sections (each the size of a tennis-court) and will cost a mere £700.

However, before you all give up smoking to buy that, how about enrolling in the latest L.C.C

Legs like any antelope
Has my mutie Mary ;
Just like a gazelle
in fact,
Long and hooved and hairy.

(from MY MUTIE
BEAUTY by Claude E
Boye. A fan epic
which is never likely
to be completed.)

evening classes - Space Travel ?....

That state Joy was hunting for last issue (the one which is issuing the Jules Verne stamps) is Monaco. The stamp depicts a space-ship blasting off, flanked by two in flight and a portrait of Jules Verne, dead these fifty years in case any of you think he still writes for M.S.F.....

Talking of books I note that South Africa has banned FRANKENSTEIN; perhaps the allegory is too pointed for them. Hearer home, none of our Public Libraries appear to consider Charles Fort worthy of shelf room. Short of

Tooth like pearls my beauty has
And hers are like no others;
These pearls, it would appear, are still
Within their oyster mothers.

Her neck is long and slender,
The most swan-like I've seen
I would have thought it lovely
But the feathers are bright green.

Her shell-like ears entrance me
Whenever she may choose.

Four point five I judge them,
With a seven-second fuse.

"Space Flight" and even the fat-lady-being-bitten-on-a-certain-tender-spot-by-a-crab postcards have an s-f approach. One I spotted showed a bald-headed gent reading "It Came From Outer Space" while seated on a park bench, 'it' having been deposited by a passing pigeon on his said bald head.....Chorio.....George.

buying his books (a financial impossibility at present) I've tried every way to get possession of them. Is there anyone trusting enough to lend me all or any one of his works ?.....

At long last one of the fanzines I referred to in 07 - those to which I have subbed and heard nothing) has resumed publication. This is fine except that my name doesn't seem to be on its mailing list !! However, I'm still hoping.....

During a seaside holiday I noticed that s-f has invaded two new spheres. "What the Butler Saw" has turned over to

