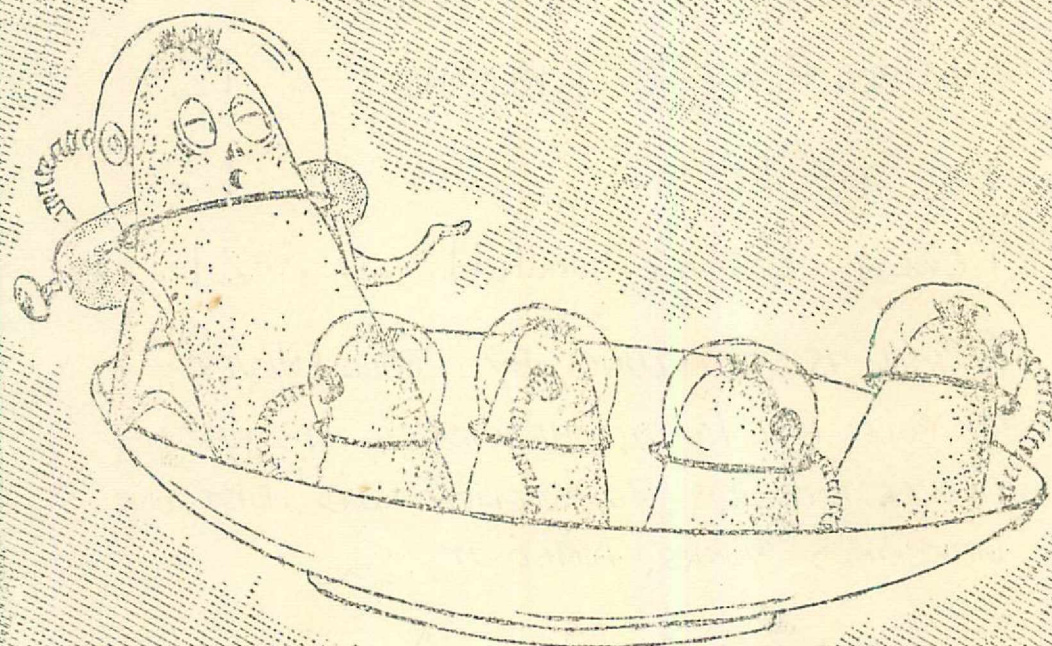


ORION



" THEN OFCOURSE, THEY CAME BUSTING OUT INTO SPACE,
AND WE HAD TO DO SOMETHING "

ATOM

CONTENTS

| | |
|-----------------------------|----|
| BEARD AND SPECS | 1 |
| BERRY BLOWS THE GAFF | 4 |
| FANLIGHTS - George Richards | 9 |
| AN OPEN REPLY TO J KEEPING | 12 |
| YOU SAID IT | 14 |
| REVIEW - Laurence Sandfield | 21 |

ORION IS OUTFLUNG BY PAUL ENEVER,
97 POLE HILL ROAD, HILLINGDON, MIDDLESEX.
GEORGE RICHARDS, 40 ARNCLIFFE ROAD, EASTMOOR,
WAKEFIELD, YORKS, AIMED IT.

ARTWORK BY ATOM

Typing, Stencilling, Duplicating, Collating
and Mailing by Immense Effort.

BEARD

SPCS

BY

PAUL

ENEVER

So I Hum! What excuse can I think up this time? Gardening? Hardly; the veriest tyro would know that gardening is out THIS weather.

Business? Never been quieter. House-decorating? Illness?

We-e-ll, I've flogged both of THEM pretty well to death in the last few years.

Might just as well tell the truth for once. I've been miking. While all you good and true fans

have been toiling and minding at your typers, a publishing and a letter-checking for all you're worth I've been sat on my haunches. Reading! And guess what I've been reading. Well, that's hardly a fair question - you never could guess such a fantastic explanation. I've been READING SCIENCE-FICTION and I can only hope that on my past record you'll forgive me.

Of course, there are extenuating circumstances. (There always are for MY transgressions.) I didn't just slide into science-fiction-reading out of sheer delinquency; it was malignant fate that done it. This once it was using the person of my local bookseller, who acquired a whole USAF Base library and dumped some 2,000 of the books in his Uxbridge shop. I spotted two familiar titles and from that it was only a short slide into the depths of the pile, emerging eventually with a round dozen s-f titles and a trio of allied items.

Even a house-agent couldn't conscientiously describe them as mint. Mostly they've been re-bound or else the spines hang on by a thread and optimism, but there's gold in 'em. There's BEYOND HUMAN KEN, for instance, and BEST S-F 1961, and LAND'S BEYOND and WORLDS IN COLLISION (what a mess of manufactured evidence that is!) and a couple of Jerry Sohl novels and a Sam Merwin ditto (I could have left that one in the pile) and WHO GOES THERE and a fascinating non-f Fleet her Pratt, SHORET AND URGENT, which I bought on the author's name and don't regret for one moment - it's nearly the best of the lot... and one or two others which are at present lent out. One day when visibility improves I'll go back into that pile and sort out, maybe, another dozen; but I'd better wait until this O is off my hands or you won't over see another.

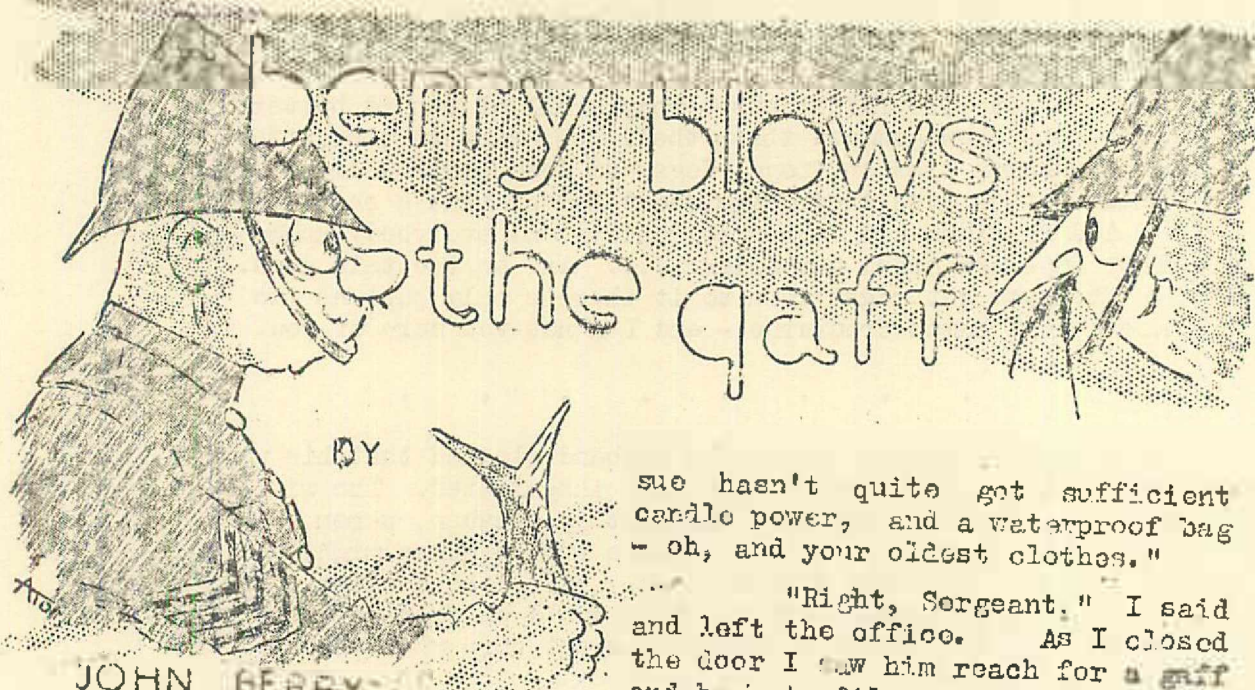
I was trying to explain "orbital speed" to an acquaintance, and the fact that if a satellite had been launched at another two miles per second it would have broken away from Earth entirely. My acquaintance asked, with a dim sort of logic I suppose, "Where would it go?" I hedged. It all depends, I said. It would be attracted by the first heavenly body it came near and either orbit round that body or fall onto it. "Like the Moon or the Sun?" he asked. Yes, I said, or even a star in the Southern Cross if it happened to be going that way. The Southern Cross didn't register with him. I explained that it was a constellation which hovered over Australia. Then he blew his top. I was talking a lotta bull. Australia was underneath us; how the hell could a rocket, GOING UP, get underneath us?

Yes, I thought he was kidding, too, but he wasn't. He simply had never visualized the roundness of the Earth. He was no Flatlander - he knew the Earth WAS round but, just the same, Australia was down and we were up and how the Sun ever shone on Melbourne was a mystery he'd never got round to investigating. I drew him a map of the Solar System (well, my version of it, anyway) on the tablecloth and enlarged the Earth until I was able to draw a little rocket pointing radially outward. Then I drew another rocket diametrically opposite and tagged it 'Woomera'. And he scratched his head (honest, he DID!) and shook it and gave up. So I did, too. But in this day and age.... I ask you...

On its present erratic schedule Orion could well consist of nothing but a mammoth FANLIGHTS. I'd hardly typed the last stencil of this present one when the Pending box was again full to overflowing. In particular a new issue of SKYHOOK arrived, putting my careful appreciation of 24 right out of date, although merely confirming my oft-expressed opinion of its merits. SKHK points out, unintentionally but most emphatically, how very different are the levels of fandom. Only in the letter column does one read of fannish affairs, and then only incidentally. SKHK is ALL science-fiction and every contributor either knows what he (or she) is talking about or else is remarkably proficient at making it seem so. I put it that way because I am unable to judge either way. I suppose I represent another, far lower level of fandom inasmuch as I read it and pass it on and seldom detect any of the flaws in it, could give only vague reasons for preferring one author to another and am often (apparently) completely misled as to a story's value by its slickness and readability.

Surely, now, I'm not the ONLY fan with these weaknesses? Is it possible that I (or we) aren't as clever as any one of SKHK's contributors? Well, skip that question, please; what I mean is that I could quite easily give the SKHK treatment to a book on Rose-growing, say, and even have a fair fight with any authority on Budgie-breeding, yet when it comes to science-fiction I seem to have mislaid all my critical faculties. I either like or dislike a story but would be hard-pressed to explain why. Rose-growing and Budgerigar-breeding have both been interests of mine; I no longer pursue them but still feel knowledgable about them. Sciencefiction has been an interest of mine since 1927 and I still don't know the first dam thing about it. Please, please, tell me I'm not alone!

Also to hand is the latest GOON LIBRARY issue, FISSION IN TROUBLED WATERS - in my opinion the best yet, a sort of fannish pie eyed era. So perfect a contrast to SKYHOOK one wonders how it is possible to enjoy both so much.



JOHN BERRY

"Tonight," said the Sergeant, admiring the beer-stains embossed on his tunic, "...tonight we do a long patrol on the banks of the Taffett. I had a letter from the local Water Bailiff complaining of nightly depredations along the river in our district - folks allegedly using torches to attract the fish and then gaffing them."

He edged nearer although we were alone in the office.

"Does your wife like fresh trout?" he asked in a seductive stage whisper.

I nodded, watching as he wiped the saliva from his lips with his tunic sleeve.

"In that case," he said pensively, "we'd better make it a plain clothes patrol. Folks might see us in uniform. Come round to the station about eleven thirty pm. and - er - bring a powerful torch with you - the regulation is-

sue hasn't quite got sufficient candle power, and a waterproof bag - oh, and your oldest clothes."

"Right, Sergeant," I said and left the office. As I closed the door I saw him reach for a gaff and begin to file away at the spike.

o o o

The moon was cowering behind thick, rolling black clouds as we parked our bicycles in the hedge, walked silently through a gap in it, slithered down a steep bank and reached the level of the river.

"This water's packed with trout," enthused the Sergeant. "The other week I - er - caught two over a pound and a half in weight. They are delicious fried in fresh butter - you'll see. Follow me. I know the spot."

We crept forward a hundred yards or so.

"This is the place," my superior whispered. "I feel rather guilty about not reminding you to ask your wife to get a lemon. I tell you - there's nothing as delicious as a few drops of lemon juice on a fried trout." For a moment he made appropriate sucking noises and then he got down to business.

"Shine the torch on the surface of the water about a yard out, but don't flash it about. We don't want any bailiffs nosing around."

I did as I was directed and much to my surprise the surface of river illuminated by my torch suddenly began to swirl. Like a streak of lightning the gaff gleamed in the torch beam and made a sharp smack as it hit the water.

"Number one," hissed the Sergeant triumphantly. "Hit it across the heel of your boot like so...."

Another crack, a shuffling of waterproof bags and the Sergeant crouched forward again, gaff rampant, a study of spring tight anticipation - like a greyhound with its nose through the trap.

In half an hour we had seven big trout.

"There's no denying," said the Sergeant, "that this gaffing is a one-man business. Try it yourself. Go a few yards down-river while I have a crafty smoke."

I did so, I don't live too far from the river myself, and after all.....

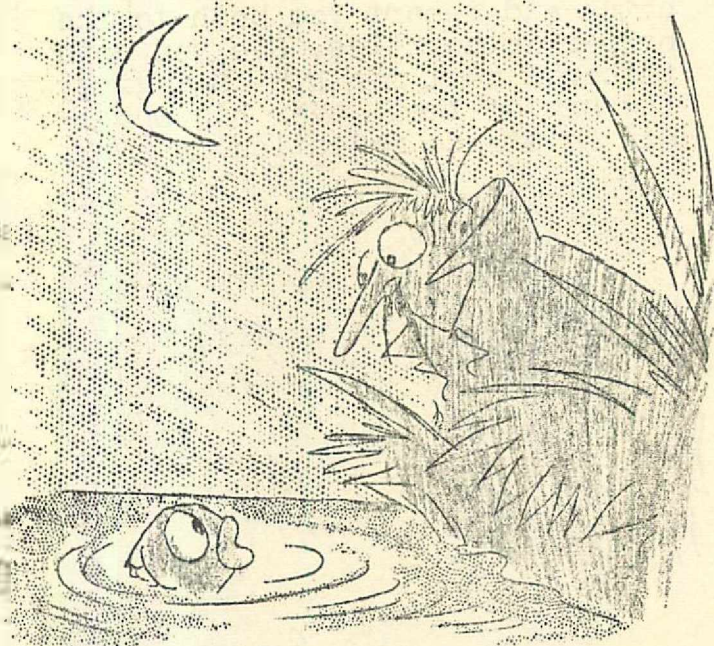
Somehow I didn't seem to have got the knack and I began to feel that it wasn't altogether a sporting way of getting a breakfast. I mean, there was.....

I heard the Sergeant, a

few yards away, talking to himself. This was contrary to all his teachings. "No unnecessary word" was his maxim on an operation of this kind. I tiptoed over to hear what he was saying.

".....I thought that you wouldn't be able to do it, Barry." I saw his cigarette glow as he spoke. "You have to have the instinctive poaching technique. I admit you held the torch for me but although we caught seven trout I've often done much better when I've been by myself..."

All this struck me as being rather strange. He was talking as if I was standing next to him. I walked over and shone the torch on him... on him.. AND ON SOMEONE ELSE.



"Did you shout for me?" I asked nervously.

I shall never forget the look in the Sergeant's eyes as they shone in the torch-light.

They were like blackcurrants stuck on the pointed ends of goose eggs.

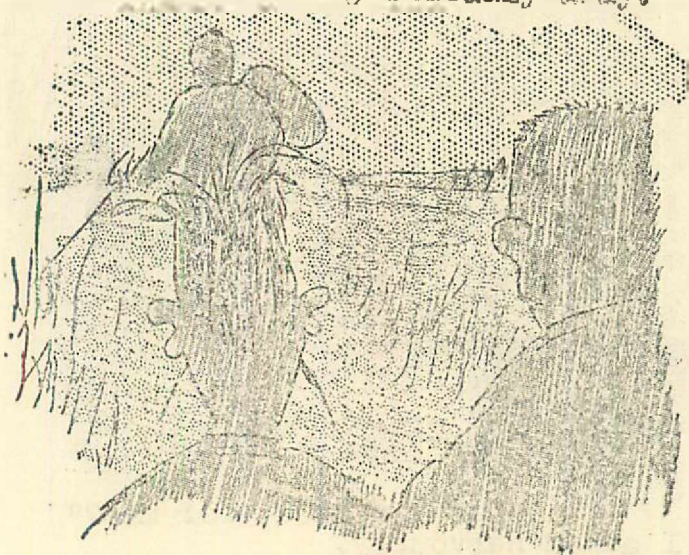
"But I....I....?"

"Enough," said the figure beside him, grin-voiced. "I am Mister Richards, the Water Bailiff and I've been after you two for some time." So let's have your names and addresses and no funny business."

"Bill Smith, eleven Bluebell Drive, Dalesbury," said the Sergeant with, for him, unusual alacrity.

"Claude Finglesbotham, twelve Bluebell Drive, Dalesbury" I panted, a few seconds later.

"As authorised under the Fishery Laws," said Mr. Richards "I shall seize the gaff and your catch and report you both to the proper authorities. See you both in court next month." Swinging the bag of trout over his shoulder he strode majestically away.



The Sergeant recited a collection of words at least three of which were entirely new

to me. "When I heard him coming out of the bushes I thought it was you," he snarled.

He didn't say any more on the way home and I thought it best not to interrupt his reverie.

o o o o o o o

When I reported for night duty several days later I found the Sergeant, looking very regimental, waiting for me. He was in full kit from the tip of his helmet to the hobnails in his size twelves.

As he spoke I sensed that there was something on his mind. Don't misunderstand me - he didn't seem worried but he was definitely thoughtful about something. I might even say he was definitely thoughtful about something. I might even say he reflected a glow of revengeful pensiveness.

"Tonight, Berry," he boomed, "we shall proceed to the River Taffet once more and endeavour to catch a lamp and gaff merchant in the act. The Inspector was here today and he commented rather unfavourably on the fact that Colonel Fensby wrote to him stating that the local constabulary - meaning us - appear to have taken no steps to stop people gaffing his trout at night. It is up to us to show our efficiency."

We left the station.

"Another thing, Berry," he added, as we mounted our pedal cycles outside, on another dark night, and propelled ourselves towards the river, "we've only had two cases so far this

year - those unlighted bicycles and - ".... here, as he spoke, he edged his bike closer to mine to get the full benefit of the remaining few atoms of life left in my front lamp battery... .." - and we need something BIG. A client tonight would keep us in the inspector's good books for months."

I agreed.

I'd got those two tail-light cases myself; two choir-boys returning home late from practice. Good job someone at the station was keen.

We eventually reached the part of the Chittlesbury-Dalebury road which paralleled the Tarrif for some distance. We pushed our bicycles into the wood, leaned them against a tree and walked silently down to the river bank, where we waited.... for hours.

At about 4.30 am. I saw the reflection of a torch beam on the water a few yards downstream and almost immediately heard the exultant thump of a well-aimed gaff.

I woke the Sergeant and in about two minutes put him in the picture.

"Follow me," he hissed and bursting through the undergrowth like an over-sexed cow elephant, he grabbed his man, who protested volubly.

"Collect his catch and follow me," gritted the Sergeant triumphantly. I guessed he was probably trying to think up a few big words to incorporate in

his report to the Inspector.

o o o o o

The three of us stood staring at each other in the Sergeant's office.

"Mr. Richards the Water Bailiff?" I gasped, gazing at the prisoner.

"His name's not Richards," said the Sergeant, a look of bewilderment passing over his face like the raising of a Venetian Blind. "That's Harry Bloggs from Chittlesbury!"

Bloggs leaned back on his heels, radiating confidence. "Good evening, Mister Smith and Mister Pingelsbotham," he sneered.

The Sergeant went white, then even whiter as the full impact of the situation got home to him.

"This story'll get me a few drinks at the local, I warrant," went on Bloggs, rubbing his hands. "The local police gaffing fish and me pretending I'm the Water Bailiff and taking their catch off 'em. Ho! Ho!"

The Sergeant sat down. "Naturally Bloggs... er... Harry," he said, slowly, "we don't know what you're talking about but upon consideration... we-e-ll... I'll treat you as a first offender this time and let you off with a caution."

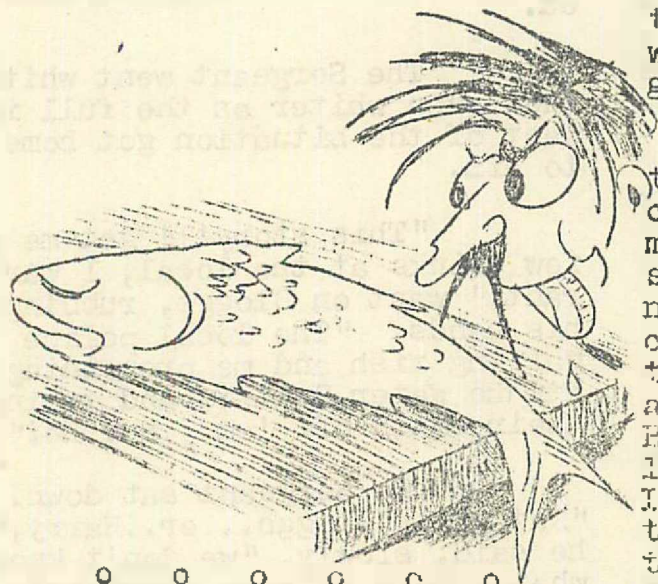
He looked squarely at Bloggs. "On the other hand," he continued, rather more confidently, "if I ever hear any

talk of this in the village I'll have to investigate a little more thoroughly into the larceny of the Squire's pet goose last Christmas."

At this revelation Bloggs gulped nervously and forced a weak grin. "Oh, in that case, Sergeant," he said quickly, "we'd better just forget the whole thing. Good night to you both, gentlemen."

He reached the door like a whippet but the Sergeant reached out a ham-like fist and relieved him of the bag of fish as he departed. "Fair's fair, Harry," he shouted after Bloggs.

Muffled curses wafted towards us through the cool morning air.



"Lay the catch on the table," smiled the Sergeant. "I'll be back in a moment."

He went through the side door to his own house and I parked half a dozen fat trout side by side on the office table.

The Sergeant came back in a couple of minutes with a bundle of newspapers. He picked out the three smallest trout and wrapped them up. He handed them to me.

"I'll put you on a late patrol tomorrow afternoon," he said, "so that you can enjoy your breakfast. Cheerio!"

I cycled home with my fish.

o o o o o

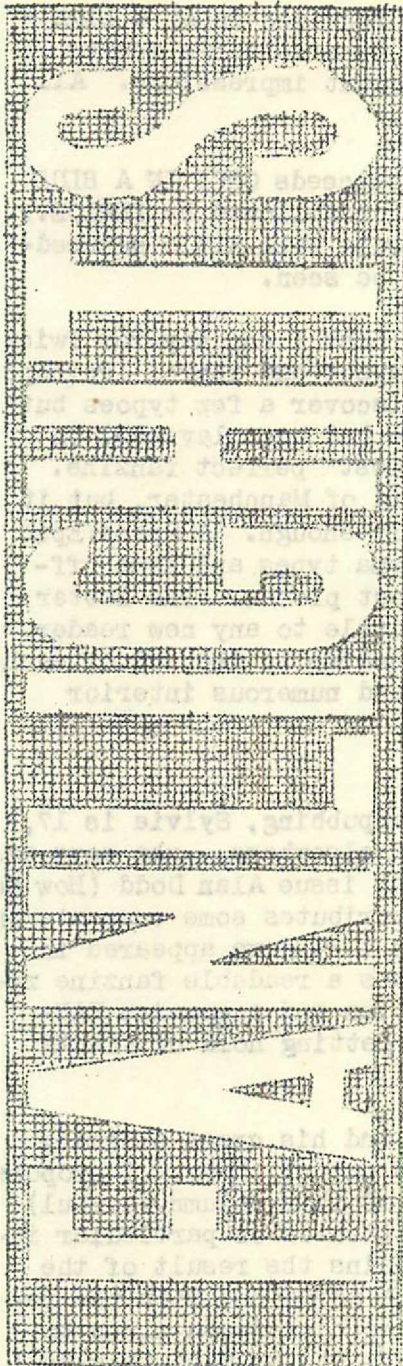
It was just after 6 am. when I got home and I went straight to bed. My wife brought up my breakfast at eleven. A fried trout and, wonder or wonders, several thin slices of lemon garnishing it. I squeezed the juice out on the fish and it was delicious, just as the Sergeant had promised.

"I was glad to see the trout this morning," my wife confided, "because I thought maybe the Sergeant was being sarcastic. His son called last night and left a couple of lemons. He said he'd been away to the city for the afternoon and apologized for being so late. He said his father told him to leave them here without fail. It seemed so strange, coming to the house late at night with two lemons. Perhaps the Sergeant knew you were getting the trout, eh? Delicious, isn't it?"

But I was thinking.

JOHN BERRY

=====



BY G. RICHARDS

ORION appears so infrequently these days and BURROUGHSANIA so very frequently that it is well-nigh impossible to make up-to-date comments. Arriving home recently from a cold, wet seaside holiday I found a whole pile of MTM publications waiting for me :

BURROUGHSANIA 12 gives pride of place to an article on T.H. WHITE. According to Mike we have (or should have) all read at least THE SWORD IN THE STONE by this author. I must confess that I haven't. I'll make a further confession - I haven't read anything by T.H. White. But after reading Mike's eulogy and his brief synopsis I shall put Mr. White, and particularly his SITS, on my library list. I shall hold Mike personally responsible if I don't enjoy myself. MASTERS OF FANTASY, H. Rider Haggard, proved an interesting item. It would, undoubtedly, be nice to re-read some of these classics and I get a warm, nostalgic glow just thinking about it, but while there are so few hours in a day I prefer to reserve them for the reading of more contemporary literature. ERB scarcely gets a mention in this BUUROUGHSANIA, so let's have a look at No. 13 :

It's a Birthday issue. Congratulations, Mike. 12 issues in 12 months is some sort of record. Its highspot is the book review section by Bob Lumley.

No. 14 sets out to show that ERB and his works are 'just the thing' for the younger generation and would have a great psychological influence on it. I think the average member of the YG would benefit much more by a clip over the ear'ole. In the same issue F.V. Lay writes an article along similar lines except that where Mike affirms that Burroughs is not blood and thunder Lay is equally emphatic that he is.

No. 15 again skips Burroughs in favour of more general material and in particular an interesting letter-column. MASTERS OF FANTASY by Sid Birchby concerns Algernon Blackwood. Well worth reading from the Blackwoodfan's point-of-view, though from what I remember of him his characterisation was unreal and his writing unstylish. (Or perhaps it was too stylish !) Alan Dodd pops up with another film review. I find these interesting because I got very few opportunities to go to the cinema and after reading Alan's various reviews I can generally console myself that I haven't missed much.

The last BURROUGHSANIA to hand, No.16, contains some noteworthy artwork by Jim Cawthorn and several items guaranteed to fascinate ERB and Conan fans. The artwork throughout Mike's fanzines is of a high standard, most of it by Jim Cawthorn and Bill Harry, the latter's femmes being bustier, if possible, than Rotsler's less frequent impressions. All in all, BURROUGHSANIA is well worth getting hold of.

**TWICE IN A BLUE
MOON.**

(The Manchester Circle,
Dave Cohen, 32 Larch St.
Hightown, Manchester.8)

It appears that this succeeds ONCE IN A BLUE MOON and will one day be followed by THRICE.. How the Manchester Circle will title succeeding issues remains to be seen.

However, the best I can say for Twice In A.... is that no pains have been spared on the layout and repro. Perhaps some more eagle-eyed scrutineer than myself will discover a few typos but at least they aren't obvious. If only the same care had been lavished on the choice of material this might have been the 'almost' perfect fanzine. Perhaps it was that I anticipated too high a standard of Manchester, but it did seem that most of the humour was not nearly adult enough. A Space Epic by Ken E.Smith, a neat verse by Roberta Wild on cinema types and some off-beat humour on Iron Horses by Jack Wilson are the best pieces. The letter column was mainly about ONCE IN A... and conveyed little to any new reader. Glad to see, though, that the editor confines his remarks to the end of each letter. Bill Harry contributes a nice front-cover and numerous interior illos.

FLAFAN
Sylvia Dees,
840 Magnolia Avenue,
Daytona Beach, Florida,
U.S.A.

Another newcomer to fanpubbing, Sylvia is 17, 5'5" tall and 32-20-32 elsewhere...she says so. In this excellent first issue Alan Dodd (How he does get around !) contributes some comments on odd newspaper articles that have appeared in the past. Sylvia writes a readable fanzine re-

view column, there are two passable items of fanfiction and a genuine FAN-LIGHT - A Berry Goon-Spillane-type thing well worth getting hold of FLAFAN for. General presentation, good.

MOTLEY
Michael Gates,
437-A Gibbs Area,
Frankfurt/Maine, Germany.

(Having elbowed George and his great steaming pile of Borroughsanias out of the way I propose to take over the rest of this column....Paul) This irregular publication is of particular interest in that it contains the result of the

VOID Fanzine Poll. In general I find myself in close agreement with the recorded results. At least I would have picked the same half-dozen zines to lead the field, though possibly not in the same order; to my mind this poll is but one more proof of the pointlessness of such things. It has discovered nothing new - merely confirmed what everyone already knew. I wonder how many of the fans who contributed those 820-odd votes have ever expressed their opinions to the editors personally? Or helped out their favourite zines with a publishable item?

For the rest, Motley was undistinguished. Michael apologizes for stencil trouble (and I should be the last to criticize THAT) but I think he might have overcome a great deal of that with a little more care over

layout. John Berry's pianissimo item was completely butchered - in fact I'm still not sure that it was all in my copy - and the artwork suffered badly in transition to stencil. I enjoyed John Mussells' YEAR OF THE SAMENESS, but only by glossing over the myriad typos and spelling errors. Other items were about average.

PLOY

Ron Bennett,
7 Southway, Arthurs Ave.,
Harrogate, Yorks.

Nos. 9 and 10 of this esteemed publication nearly tripped over one another, which goes to prove that the hot blood of youth still courses through Ron's veins despite their varicosity.

In No. 9 Phoenix produces a really excellent column. I heartily agree with Ken Bulmer - it is pro-quality stuff and the sooner we get some more of it the better. In No. 10, however, Alan Dodd occupies a similar spot and although he doesn't appear to be Phoenix he yet rises worthily above his own ashes. If that means anything at all it means that I liked his column but could have done with more of it. John Berry tries his hand at a straight 'detective' story and will forgive me, I know, for saying that I prefer him when he is being funny. This story was well enough written but the arm of coincidence must have ached with stretching. Terry Jeeves is amusing, Arthur Thomson interesting and the letter-column, for all it covers some very old ground, still fascinating. PLOY would be much nearer the top in any poll I instigated.

RETRIBUTION

John Berry,
31 Campbell Park Ave.,
Belmont, Belfast and
Arthur Thomson,
17 Brockham House,
Brockham Drive, London, S.W.2.

Stage Flight - the ultimate in birdy business - by John Berry is the highspot of this issue. I can confidently assert, though, that John is wasting his time in training a hawk. He need but arm himself with a few twigs of eucalyptus wood and every budgie in Belfast will beat an air-path to his door. (I might mention that in

conjunction with certain Aussie fen I have cornered the eucalyptus market.) Rating second - by a very short trunk - is Pt. 2 of The Trail Of The Rogue Hunter. It leaves Archie Mercer, its author, in a hole of a predicament but one that obviously had its enjoyable moments. Ethel Lindsay conducts a fanzine review column - The Sperran Partner - which is excellently done, although I have a feeling that Ethel has so far reviewed only the zines for which she has a preference and in at least one instance I think she is highly overative. Filler-wise this RET (No. 8, since I haven't mentioned it before) is well served by a comparatively straight article by Harry Warner Jr. I say 'comparatively' because apparently no one can keep an entirely straight face once he gets inside RET. Roberta Wild, Mike Moorcock, Dick Ellington, a number of interesting letter-writers and, of course, Arthur himself complete the filling process. I consider Arthur's finest contribution to be the covers which more than uphold RET's high standard.

FOCUS 5.

Mervyn Barrett,
6 Doctors Commons,
Wellington, C.4.
NEW ZEALAND.

My copy is a little out of focus - or maybe it's offset. However, I found Focus well worth the effort required to read it. An item by Mervyn - Focus On Filmiland - has me guessing. I cannot decide whether it is straight reporting or invented.

If the former, it is incredible. If the latter, overwritten. The other interesting part of Focus is the letter-column. This

(Continued on P. 20)

11

AN OPEN REPLY TO

JAMES
KEEPING

Dear Mr. Keeping (or may I call
you James?)

I was much interested but not a little alarmed to read your open letter in ORION 19, wherein you attempt to slander my learned friend Walt A. Willis for his superb punning abilities.

I feel that I must immediately step to his defence.

You see, if I gaffiate in the near future I should hate it to get round that it was due to a Willis pun - as you so obviously infer - or even to the cumulative effect of Willis puns. In some way I am immune to his more subtle puns ; my mind is incapable of comprehending them. Thus, although I have often witnessed George Charters and James White scream in agony as a particularly brutal pun rapes their ear-drums, the effect upon me is absolutely nil. This, as I say, is only when Willis puns with perspicacity.

I might add that his normal puns amuse me somewhat and, due to the brain-washing I have received over the years, I too have been inflicted with the disease. I can well imagine that Mr. Enever will not graciously grant sufficient space in ORION for me to enthuse over my own puns but I trust that sheer scientific interest will enable him to listen to this example, one of my cleverest :

Boyd Raeburn sent a tape to the Liverpool Group, during which he made some extremely derogatory reamarks about the 'Oxford' accent used by many educated Englishmen (a feature, as a matter of interest, which Walt himself feels strongly about). The Liverpool Group composed a superb tape in reply which I had the privilege of hearing on Walt's taperecorder, and which consisted mainly of extremely posh voices depicting a gathering of Englishmen talking together and stressing the very points Boyd had said he didn't like. One chap on the tape spoke in a very cultured voice about bows and arrows.

My comment to Walt was : "He toxophilily well."

My real motive for quoting the above was to get rid of such of fandom as has read thus far, so that I can now address you further, Mr. Keeping, secure in the knowledge that no one else will dare listen.

You mention the trail of fen gafiating and actually ceasing publication after printing a Willis pun. A case in point springs to my mind immediately. Eric Bentcliffe once asked me for material for TRIODE and, in my innocence, I anthologised three of the most biting Willis puns, giving the complete preliminary build-up and titling the thing SWEATING IN EVERY EXTEMPORE. Mr. Bentcliffe completely ignored the mss. and although we remain friends and I have written a considerable amount of material for him since, I feel that he still hasn't entirely forgiven me. I imagine he deposited the pages in a deep recess in his cellar or perhaps sent them on the first stage of their subsequent underground journey to the sea.

If there should happen to be a Willis-Pun-Appreciator in your immediate circle don't shoot him; ask him to write to Mr. Bentcliffe. I am certain that gentleman will be only too delighted to send him the mss. in a plain envelope - should it still be available.

But, Mr. Keeping, don't think that I shall take your advice. In order that I may paint a true portrait of Irish fandom and convey the genuine atmosphere I must of necessity quote a few Willis-type puns here and there. It isn't that I'm a sadist, understand, but someone must show the world the genius of Willis, and I think I have the nerve to do it.

Nevertheless I thank you for your kind thoughts and want you to know that I appreciate your consideration for my literary future even though I shan't follow your advice.

I want you, too, to know that I've just had a Yul Brynner haircut.

Hence I can safely say, in closing, that I intend to remain master of my own pate,

and thank you most

sincerely,

JOHN BERRY.

reminds me that I read in a newspaper article, years ago, that the whole story of the burning of Joan of Arc was completely untrue and that it had been proved that she lived to get married and have a family. Whether this was another 'fairy tale' I cannot say, but I've certainly never seen the information repeated.....

As to the letter column, I hope you boys have finally settled this here aniseed ball question and that that's the end of it and now we can get onto something else. Men !.....

Good gracious, Ethel, how could you suppose that the aniseed ball business was finished... yet ? There are dozens of angles we haven't investigated and reports from the antipodes are expected ~~any day~~ *any time now*.. perhaps. Why, I've known less important subjects keep the Times readers busy for months. Women !

STURE SEDOLIN, Box 403, Vallingby 4, Sweden.

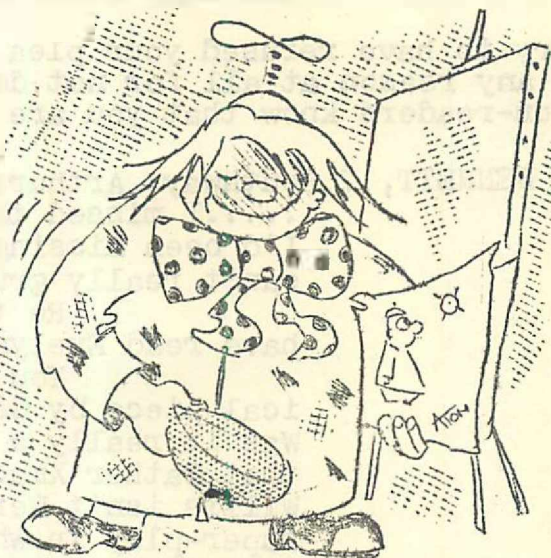
I like Orion very much, but more illos ! In next number of SUPER I give more comment about Orion. I think you can read it if you is smart. It is in Swedish, you know.....

Guess I'm not the only one looking forward to SUPER, Sture; but I bet I'm the only one who'll not be able to read most of it ?

CATO LINDBERG, Skogerveien 69, Drammen, Norway.

O/19 was quite good, but perhaps not up to the usual standard due to the lack of illustrations... Hope Atom will be back in the next issue...
((You lightest wish is our command, so.

What I read first in any fanzine is the letter column and usually it is what I find most interesting in them. This goes for Orion as well, but I didn't find any really interesting letters this time. In O/18 I got a great kick out of reading about the various readers' opinions about the Sense Of Wonder and I hope another discussion theme as interesting as this will pop up in future issues. I, being a young fan of 20, still have



this thing called Sense Of Wonder whenever I read science fiction of the kind that inspires it. There isn't too much of it now, however. In my opinion the reading conditions are very important if one is to get full enjoyment of a book. Reading when surrounded by all kinds of noise like crying children, traffic etc., isn't good if one is after that much-talked-about Sense... FANLIGHTS was good, but short ; the movie reviews were interesting although I know I haven't a ghost of a chance of ever seeing any of the films reviewed. S-f films aren't imported to Norway any more, I don't know why... Marie Celeste - well, I've read so much about this ship that I hardly know what to believe any more, The article was interesting, nevertheless.....

I am a wireless operator now - yes, after finishing Radio School I got my professional licence. It's a pity that I have thirteen more months to serve before getting out of the army. That I'll go to sea as Radio Operator then is quite sure.. I guess you've heard from Roar lately. He has taken over Fantasi and I understand he hasn't gone as gafia as I have. As a reader I am as active as ever and the latest book I enjoyed was Robert Silverberg's The 13th Immortal. That exfan surely can write.

Sorry to have refused your plea not to publish, Cato. Couldn't see any reason at all for not doing so, and plenty for letting Orion-readers know that you are still - fannishly - with us.

RON BENNETT, 7 Southway, Arthurs Avenue, Harrogate. Yks.

.....I missed the Atom illos of course, but then I'd been missing ORION for a month or more, so I can't really grumble.

Re the cremation of cats'ndogs.. you have read Evelyn Waugh's THE LOVED ONE...? ((No))

You louse, though, running this logical piece by George about the Marie Celeste. Was it really a hoax ? You'll have me believing that Father Xmas doesn't exist soon, or that Willis isn't Berry... and here I was planning a super-plot in which the visiting fans come across a Marie Celeste-type boat and.....

.....you are in for a very unhappy time these next few months. Convention reports all around the ployce....Why they're even reviving SPACE DIVERSIONS.....

At this writing (17/10/57 - I'll put the year in just in case O is a little later than heretofore) I'm still a comparatively happy

man because divil a conreport has come my way - only an auto-graphed souvenir of the Deutschland con (for which I am duly grateful, Julian). You think, maybe, everyone is waiting for SPACE DIVERSIONS to be first with the news ?

ARCHIE MERCER, 434/4 Newark Road, North Hykeham, Lincoln.



"IT'S A SPECIAL
WARDROBE FOR
SMALL CARAVANS"

....George's article turns out to be interesting. I remember Commander Campbell published an alleged explanation many moons ago, though I forget the details - don't even know if they check with George's or not. But it seems to make sense, as far as it goes, anyway. As far as I can see, that is. Somebody is Covering Up. From the letters (which is one dept that retains its magnificence throughout all) I see that the Berry mundane-type humour series seems to appeal to everyone but me. However, I agree about the wardrobe-jumping thing - that WAS magnificent. ((Sorry, Archie; the typer slipped, and I mean that)).... No matter if you have no cellar - just make it in this area place your brother-in-law's working in. H'm - perhaps that's what he IS doing ? If your house suddenly falls through into the basement one day, that's that's the explanation I guess.....

Said brother-in-law returned for a short spell recently. NO, I don't mean he's giving up burning the dead in favour of raising them ! Just that our very own Borough decided to instal a crematorium and his firm got the job. Sorry I didn't get much from him in the way of Oddenda, though. Too busy gardening at the time.

WITTY WHITMARSH, 60 Rickman Hill, Coulsdon, Surrey.

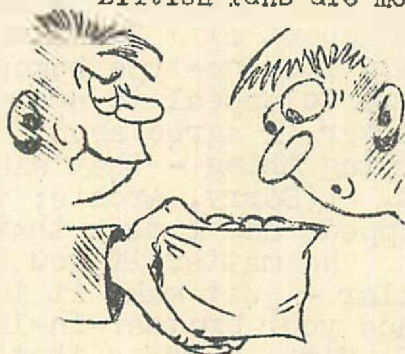
....That open letter would have been better unopened; it didn't fit in. Anyway, I don't like open letters of any sort in fanzines.....

Terry Jeeves says that his typer hasn't got a measurement bar; well, mine has got TWO so he can have one of them if he likes. Both are licenced to sell bheer and tobacco.... I simply could NOT live in America... fancy - a life without aniseed balls or airing cupboards.....

or football pools or cupsa char or gooseberries at Whitsun. Yes, we got a lot to be thankful for, here in England. Sorry you didn't like the open letter. You ain't gonna like the reply, then, is you ?

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

...I'm glad to see that grim gobstopper controversy finally settled, with the complete rout of the snideed balls heretics; I never did care much for that serious constructive stuff in fanzines. Though I admit it was more interesting than Whither Science Fiction and similar more nebulous subjects; I prefer something you can get your teeth into - or at least in the case of gobstoppers, your mouth round. Now that the gobstopper furore has died down though, what on earth are we going to talk about? Bill Garner kept all male FAPA going for years arguing about friction bolt buckles but it never seems to have caught on over here. Maybe British fans are more interested in sweets than clothes.



Could we start something now about, sat, kali suckers? (Or are they a purely regional phenomenon, like Peggy's Leg?).....

....I liked the way you entwined yourself round the magazine, filling all the cracks lovingly like a Virginia Creeper. If that happens to be a particularly noxious sort of weed, it's horticultural ignorance rather than haughty cultural arrogance. I only know the names of five plants and when I learn a new one

I promptly forget one of the original five. (I suppose there ARE more than five?) (-Yes, but not that matter.)

.....I'm not know that. It's odd isn't it, the way hoaxes and things live on long after they've been exploded? I'll bet people keep bringing up Borley Rectory and the Trianon Gardens for centuries.....

....letter section; Lots of interesting bits, including the information that Americans don't know what airing cupboards are. Ignorant lot, aren't they? Just as well I didn't after all publicly describe John Berry's lascivious wardrobe as an "airing cupboard". Noticed also Don Allen's remarks on John Berry's habit of disrobing at Ghoddminton. We're used to it, but one evening as he was leaning out of our front attic window (which overlooks the main road) in his singlet shaking out his spare pair of trousers, it suddenly occurred to me that passers-by might get peculiar impressions. I hurriedly changed the shade on the hall light from red to green.....

Walt

Glad I got typers switched in time, Walt, else I wouldn't have gotten down to my remarks on this page and that would have meant a page of pica with more'n inch of surplus margin. With the Bank Rate where it is we can't afford that much margin. By the way, seems as good a place as any to introduce my new secondhand Underwood Champion. 'Tis, too. Much prefer it to Olivetti. Wonder whether it will make as good an impress-

ion on our concrete floor as the Olivetti did ? Twice !

REDD BOGGS, 2209 Highland Place N.E. Minneapolis 21, Minnesota. USA.
.....I commend George Richards for a good job of writing with "Marie Celeste", but I confess reading it with slightly grunched emotions. The solution to the mystery George passes along is one I never heard before and I wish I'd never heard it. I'm no occult fan and approve of the debunking of stories about haunted Baskerville-type estates, experiences with precognition, ktp. But I think we must preserve a few inexplicable mysteries like that of the Marie Celeste, as well as that of the flying saucers (I hate to see 'em explained away as balloon sightings or the like) and that of the adventures of the Misses Moberley and Joudain. We need such mysteries as stout pegs on which to suspend disbelief when we read sf yarns about o-t visitations or time travelling. Most occultists, Forteanes and so on are all too obviously fuggheads of true macrocephalic proportions, but science fiction needs them.

Alan Dodd's remarks remind me that Orion's staples are indeed inadequate and that the backcover of my copy is falling off.....Incidentally, Irish staples... seem to hold better than English staples. Hyphens 16 and 17, presumably produced in Belfast, are well-stapled while 418, published by Chuck Harris, boasts four staples none of which (in my copy) are cleanly clinched..... No doubt it's all a matter of the quality of the staples itself. I'd hate to have to cloud yours and Chuck's fan-nish reputations by calling you poor fanzine staplers.

DAG's revelation that he composes first-draft on stencil and has got drawers full of unpublished stencils he's rejected depresses me. Considering the price of stencils, he could have published several issues of Grue with the money invested in those rejected stencils. His remark that "Time spent in justifying margins could be more profitably spent in stencilling other material with jagged edges" causes me to wonder to what avail - if those stencils end up in a drawer ? Still, I suppose he's right that even-edging is largely wasted effort, at least on an informal magazine like Grue. Skyhook, on the other hand, is a somewhat more formal effort and I think it asks for a formal presentation. Even edges definitely do have "eye appeal" as you point out and I've noticed that more than anything else they impress non-fans glancing at Skhk for the first time - though of course such reactions shouldn't be used as a criterion.....

Redd.

Talking of staplers (we were, weren't we ?), when I began publishing a year or so ago I didn't possess one at all. Pete Campbell, who was then an 'associate' editor let me an old one which, treated strategically, worked admirably. However, it began to get a bit too worn so six months ago I retired it and bought a new one of similar pattern. The new one broke in three places only the second time I used it, and Pete's

had to come out of retirement again. One time it resolutely refused to clinch another solitary staple until my brother-in-law operated on it with a brick-hammer. Now it never dares refuse. That brick-hammer was heavy, man.

Yes, even edges did used to look good.

And that ends YSI for this issue. Many thanks, too, to Alan Burns, Terry Jeeves, Sid Birchby, Lancaster fandom, A.R. Weaver of Warra, George Metzger and others.

FANLIGHTS

continued from Page ||

indicates that in FOCI Nos. 1-4 we have been missing good things. Perhaps more will come our way in No.6.

SKYHOOK 24
Redd Boggs,
2209 Highland Place N.E.,
Minneapolis 21,
MINNESOTA, U.S.A.

Redd says SKYHOOK is published in the months of January, April, July and October. If that be true I can only say that the years must be longer than we think. I'm sure if I got four SKYHOOKs in a year I would never feel that despondency about fandom

that I now occasionally do. It is difficult to explain what is so exciting about SKYHOOK. It contains no fannish chit-chat, no nudity, hardly ever a convention report and devil a pun from cover to cover. In fact it is that rarest jewel in modern fandom - a fanzine which concerns itself almost wholly with sciencefiction AND MAKES SCIENCEFICTION SOUND INTERESTING IN THE PROCESS. That isn't half as easy as it sounds. One would think that reviewers automatically had a head start in the interest stakes when they get to work on sciencefiction, but alas ! t'aint so. In fact when a commenter says of an amateur s-f review "this was interesting" it's a fairly safe bet he really means that it is deadly dull. It is a convention and the commenter needs to make with a whole string of superlatives before any old-hand review-reader is convinced. That is why it's so nice to be able to say of SKYHOOK that it publishes interesting reviews - and leave it there, superlatives unnecessary.

But of course, SKYHOOK does more than publish s-f reviews. In No.24, for instance, there is a transcript of a speech by James E. Gunn - WINDOW ON TOMORROW - which deals with the future and function of science fiction. Yet it manages not to be a Whither ? thing, too. True, I disagree with Mr. Gunn's notions most of the time but he never bores me.

Neither does Marion Z. Bradley, in reviewing Blish's THE FROZEN YEAR. Again, I disagree with certain of her premises. I like an author to interpolate plenty of himself into his stories even if it does hold up the action (I ruined Vine Clarke's digestion years ago, saying the same thing) and I like an author to lash out at all sorts of conventions and institutions because then if I agree I warm to him and if I disagree I feel smugly superior to him. However....

Abeling, Sackett, Gibson and Harmon contribute equally interesting items, the lettercolumn is a joy and Redd Boggs is a Better Man.

REVIEW

INTERPLANETARY TRAVEL

by

A. Sternfeld

Translated from the Russian by
Y. Triumphov

Edited by H. Perham

This paperback is available
directly from the Soviet
Embassy in London at 2/- nett.

It has much to recommend it,
especially to the newcomer.

The dustjacket shows the

famous sputnik, with Tellus and Saturn in the background. The presence of the latter brings home the fact that this planet seems to exert an almost baleful effect on artists commissioned to draw pictures appertaining to the solar system - or astrology, for that matter. It's the rings of course. Presumably printed in Russia, this jacket shows the seventh planet's international appeal.

Reviewed by

LAURENCE SANDFIELD

The book follows a pattern familiar to all of us. First there is a short review of the legends and science of space travel wherein we learn, among other things, that the first rocket research establishment was founded in Russia in 1680. The author does not state that this was the first such organisation but one finds it difficult to believe that there was such a thing anywhere on Earth at this date. However the author does give credit to men such as Esnault-Pelterie, Ley and Arthur Clarke, so I suppose one can allow a little latitude on the unimportant questions. I would, though, like to hear Willy Ley's opinion on the statement that Tsiolovsky designed the first liquid fuel rocket.

No matter. The subject of escape velocity is carefully discussed, there is a good diagram of the solar system with Pluto's strange orbit just barely indicated through lack of space (!) and orbital speeds are clearly explained. The use of centrifugal force to give pseudo-gravity is mentioned and the two-section ship, with cables linking the sections - used in a pre-war ASTOUNDING story, is discussed and an imaginative drawing shown.

Something new to me was the proposed use of gliders as ferries between the orbiting space-ship and Earth. I notice that the author allows his ship to 'burn up in the atmosphere', which seems to me rather wasteful. He also proposes the use of these gliders to Earth from the space station. Illustrations show these gliders attached to the outside of a space ship. What about air resistance?

The section on the construction and utilization of the artificial satellite is perhaps the most interesting in the book. The idea is to use the bodies of the rockets to form an immense platform above which rotates an upper part, separated from the platform by a mast and having what are presumably living compartments at each end of its long rotating arms. Thus, the space station looks rather like some outlandish helicopter moved far beyond its natural sphere. Insofar as the uses of the station are concerned, Sternfeld adds to the usual ones of weather forecasting and astronomy that of vegetable growing, the station being in part a sort of super greenhouse.

From here the book goes into probabilities, taking the reader on trips round Luna, Mars and Venus; a table gives the one-way transit time in years and days and the minimum initial speed needed to reach all nine planets. There is rather an odd misprint on p.45 which is overlooked in the errata tab. The term 'light years' is used instead of 'astronomical units', thus giving the impression that to fly around Mars and back one must go half way to Alpha Centauri.... A far Centaurus, indeed.

One can, of course, argue with some of the author's conclusions. His statements about the ecological conditions on Mars, for instance, seem far too optimistic to me. Nevertheless the book has an undeniable value, if only in bringing home to us the advanced stage of progress which Soviet scientists have reached in making our dream a reality. The claims that various items of knowledge have been discovered by Russians when we know them to have been discovered by some one totally different may be rather irritating, but one must remember that in Russian eyes the facts may be exactly as stated and that, after all, discoveries can be and often are made time and time again.

Altogether a book well worth reading. To those whose technical knowledge is great it will definitely be elementary but to those who, like me, lack such knowledge the book is a valuable gateway.

L. SANDFIELD

.....
"Longing to view Orion's drizzling look..."
Marlowe should have lived this long!