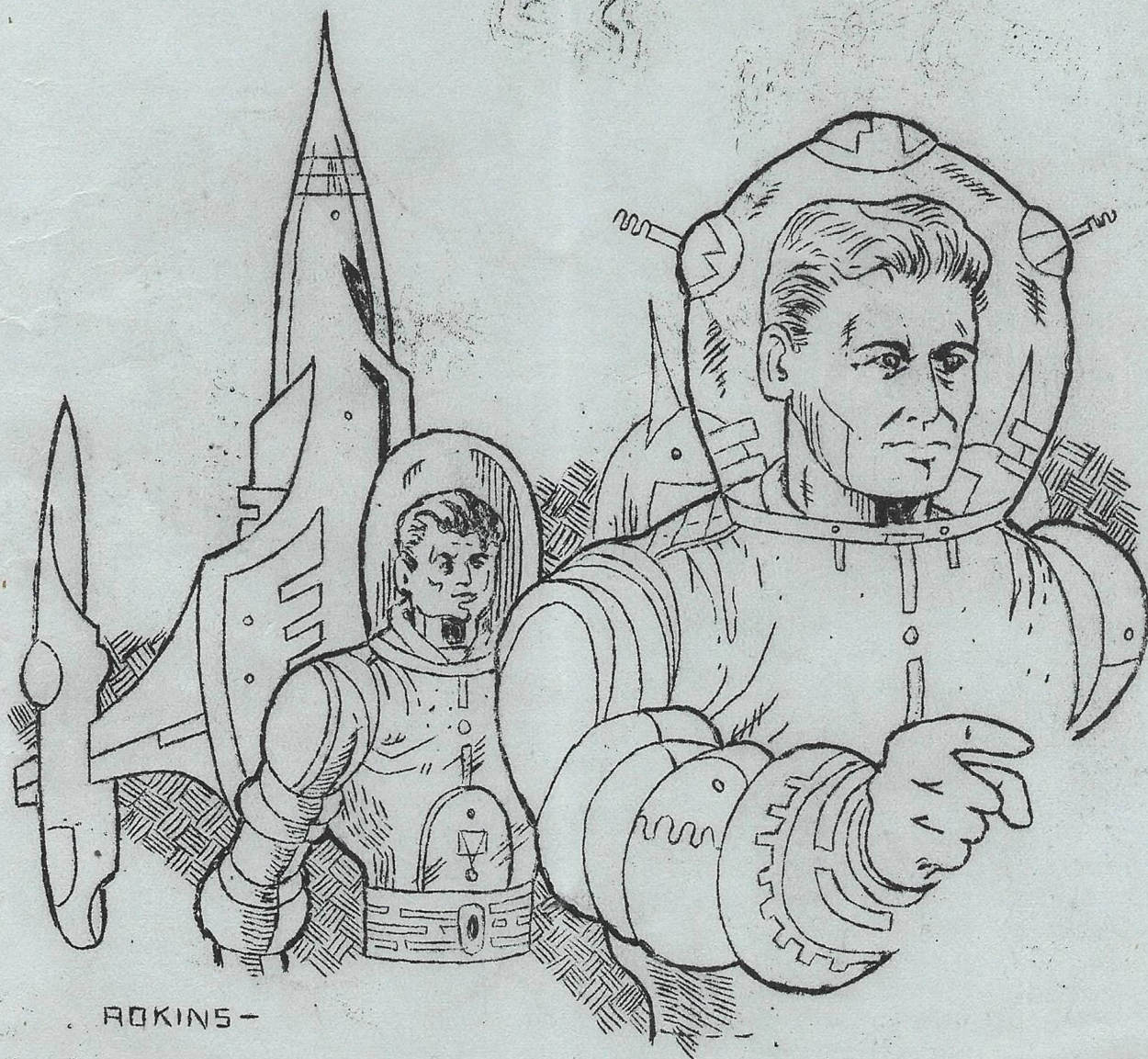
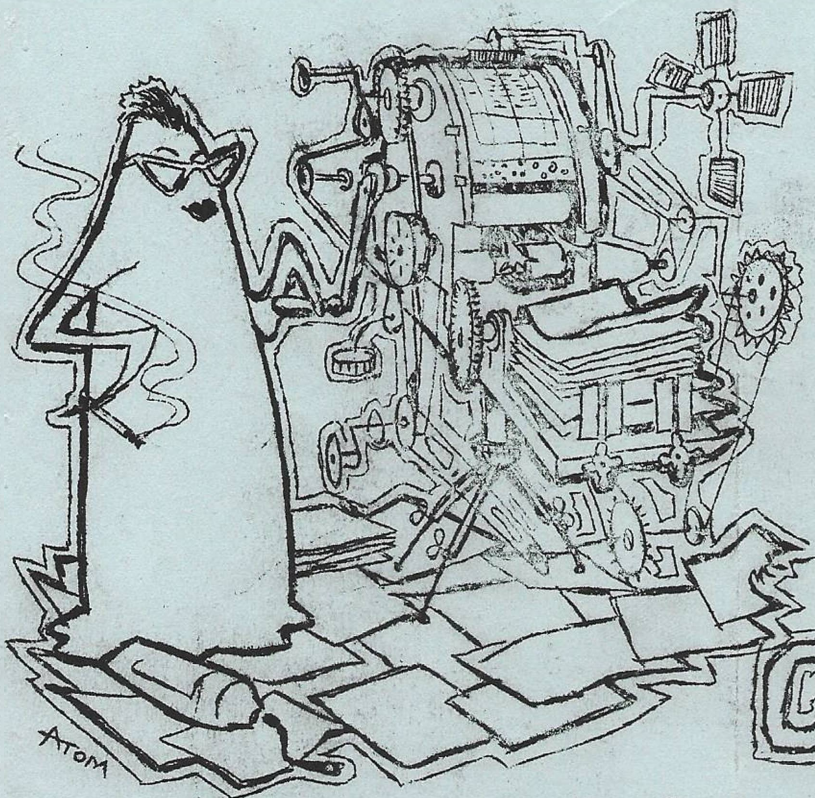


ORION

23



ROKINS-



ORION 23

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CREDITS

Art credits first, this time, for a change. Front cover Dan Adkins. Put on stencil by good ole reliable ATOM. Locke's heading is one of Wm. Rotsler's. All other artwork, I know it's only the headings, was done by ATOM. Oops! Fan Bems too!

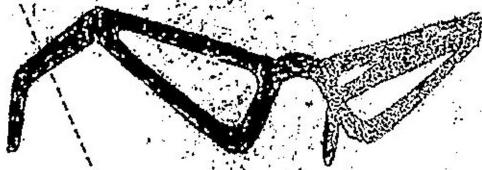
Editing, stencilling and dupering, by yours sincerely Ella A. Parker. You know now where to lay the blame.

Production assistant Extraordinary is George Locke. They don't come any extraordinarier. Believe me. I'm grateful to him for his help. Ta George.

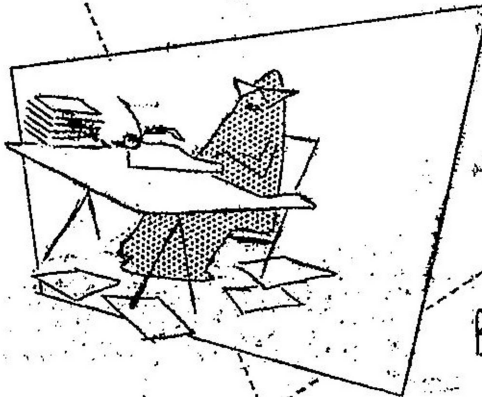
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Here is John Berry's address for those who don't already know it, and want to make sure they don't miss the issues of CRY containing the story of his Detention trip. It is.....
31, Campbell Park Ave.,
Belmont,
Belfast. N. Ireland.

There's a whole scad of you out there to whom I owe letters. I will be writing to you, quite soon now. Rick and Jeff especially, you won't get my letter for a while as they will have to go surface mail. Too bulky. Walt, that is still on. Starting any time now. No. This is not a spill-over from the letter column.



SPECS



ELLA PARKER

Just when I thought we on the editorial staff were all set for a long run together, along comes Bill Gray from Cheltenham and whips my co-editor, Roberta, from under my nose. I don't know what particular brand of charm he used but the end result is that, Bobbie has promised to marry him. With the work of preparing for her wedding and all it entails, she hasn't been able to do the reviews for this issue. She sends her regrets to you all and hopes you won't be mad at her. If I can find someone to take it over for me it will be resumed in the near future. If not...! By the time this reaches you in America, Bobbie will already be Mrs Gray, the wedding is scheduled for Sept. 26th. This is one deadline she won't miss! Much as I hate to lose her both as sparring partner and co-editor, - she will be living in Cheltenham - I'm no less delighted for them both. Bless you my children. Be happy.

The above news meant that my search for a duplicator, instead of being the desultory thing of yore, now became alarmingly urgent. Imagine my glee when a friend (nonfan), brought to the Parker residence one evening, not so long since, a Gestetner 66 he had picked up (legally) on my behalf for only £5 (14 dollars)! The immediate problem of course, was to learn how to humour and feed the brute so it would be prepared to work for me and turn out stuff comparable with that of Bobbie's Baird. I won't recount the tedious details of my fight for supremacy, you've heard it all before from other new owners. How we are getting along together you can judge for yourself, this is our first combined op. Give

4
us time to establish rapport and there will be no heights to which we will not aspire....says she, cussing under her breath. Meanwhile, I apologise for the horrible appearance of some of the pages we (George and I) ran off earlier. It gets better further on, honest.

Due to ill health Arthur (Doc) Weir had to relinquish his post as secretary to the BSFA this month. Sandra Hall is stepping into the breach. This is a stroke of luck for the BSFA as she will bring a lot of drive and energy to the job. I am sure all members will be with me in wishing her the best of luck. My fingers are crossed for you, Sandra. Go to it.

Who is there among you doesn't know Berry made it to Detroit? If you are addicted to the Berry writings (Jimmy!) and are as impatient as I to read his report of this trip, I suggest you rush off a sub right now for the Amerizine "CRY of the Nameless." 7/- brings you 6 issues. It is in this zine John's report will be appearing. John himself is the BritAgent for the zine, and to help those of you who don't have it, we have printed his address on the contents page. Unfortunately John was too busy/excited to write his usual instalment of the Sergeant series for us. This we can understand, but he will be back next time. Can you imagine the effect of the Sergeant on the American police routine if he were to take over a precinct station there for a while? As it is the Goon has probably put the entire country in an uproar. I suggest it could be to quell the disorders consequent on this visit that Eisenhower asked Russia for the loan of Krushchew.

August has been a fine fannish month for London. We've had fen from all over dropping in on us, both at the Globe and the White Horse. The earliest of these was Ron Bennett (late July), and the latest, two youngsters from Germany. Sorry, I can't spell their names...I can't even pronounce them! In between? All sorts. Jhim Linwood from Nottingham, the three lads from Stourbridge, Ken Cheslin, Peter Davies and Mike Kilvert. We gained for ourselves a new member in the LC. James (Jimmy) Groves of East Ham, who chose this month to pay us the first - of many, I hope - visit. Dorothy Hart well, our Blooddonor this issue, came with Alan Rispin who normally lives in Manchester...that is, if he can ever be said to be normal anywhere. We were pleased too that Bob Richardson of Cheltenham dropped in, even tho' he insisted on drinking orange juice! Later in the month we had a visitor from what I choose to regard as 'outer space', Dublin. They sent as their representative someone who told us his name was Ian McAulay. There was nothing we could do about that - anxious tho' we were to help him - so his name is still Ian McAulay, Sorry. I shouldn't really be rude to Ian. He is directly responsible for ORION's newest subber Johnny Hautz. Thanks Ian and hello Johnny, welcome to my growing list of friends.

Another visitor from Cheltenham was Peter Mabey, custodian of the BSFA library. And only last week we had the pleasure of seeing among us Jim Cawthorn, he looked to be very busy so I didn't get the chance of a talk with him. I'd been looking forward to one. Better luck next time. This weekend (Sept. 18th) we will have Archie Mercer with us - he is on his annual holiday and is spending it in London. He is coming to town in time for the White Horse meeting on that date. I suppose it's as good a way as any to begin a holiday. He thinks so anyway.

Those of you who can make it to the LG's Symposium on October 3rd will be pleased to know we will have two American fans with us on that occasion. Frank and Belle Dietz are spending their holidays in England and intend to be there. This is a chance for which I've been waiting. To put a face at last to the names. I'm looking forward to meeting them.

There is no mention on the list of contents of Ethel's film review. That particular page had been stencilled and run off before I knew I would be getting it from her. There was no time to send it to Arthur for a heading to be cut so Archie nobly agreed to do it for me, protesting meanwhile "I'm not really much good at it". (That's a fabrication if you like - I'm not ANY good at it. AM) I don't think it looks so bad, do you? It would have been a lot worse had I done it myself. (Well, if you put it like THAT --- AM?)

Has the DNQ in fandom become virtually useless through abuse? I honour it when asked to but some of the reasons given for invoking it are so puerile it makes me wonder if it wouldn't be a Good Thing to see it dispensed with. As things are now, too often it is used as a cowardly cloak by those who spread undesirable scandal about others. Its use does away with the necessity for ensuring that the information passed on is accurate. This is just one use to which the DNQ is put and not the one for which it was intended. Can there be any justification for retaining something so open to mis-use? I would like to hear your views on the subject, especially those of you who are in disagreement with me - of those, I've no doubt, there will be many. Those of you who are in favour of retaining it give me one good reason.... if you can.

All for this time. Bye.

FHLq

RON BENNETT is a Good Fan. He is also willing to accept money from you, particularly if it is for TAFF. He won't quarrel with you if you don't want - or are not eligible - to record a vote, but it is hoped that you will find both the time and the money to send him in a subscription to what I think is the best thing ever to come to fandom. Send cash to.....

Ron Bennett
7 Southway
Arthur's Avenue
HARROGATE
Yorks



I conquer provinces...
 ...but Josephine
 wins hearts
 (Napoleon)

A Talk about Femmefans

By Sid Birchby

Extraordinary Summoned Meeting of the Levenshulme
 Lo-Fi Group, held on April 5th: Low Sunday, of course,

)----- (

The President stated that the purpose of the meeting was so extraordinary, and the summons so abrupt, that nobody else had turned up. He had therefore, by the Powers vested in him, created enough new members to form a Quorum. In this connection, he wished to thank the makers of the Do-it-Yourself Android Kit, and to welcome the new members. All then stood and declaimed the LLFG creed:

'I believe in the vintage phonograph as the next phase in the conquest of his environment, and will do all I can to help cash in on it.'

Pres: I have received a request for a statement of the Group's policy in a sphere of activity which, while at first sight not directly impinging on our own, is on closer examination sufficiently related to the framework within which some of our technically-inclined members are undertaking research...in particular I refer to the enquiry into the evolution of mechanical talking devices, within which parameter...

Roy: What the hell are you talking about, Dad?

Pres: Order, please! We are here, in short, to discuss the female influence in fandom. As you may know, there weren't always so many or such active femmefans in SF fandom as at present. For instance, in Gernsback's time, the letter columns in the magazines were 100% masculine. So were the pre-war fanzines. Even the term 'femmefan' is post-war. Before, say, Lee Hoffman's time, it didn't mean a thing.

Andy: I've read some of the old stuff. You say it was all masculine, but I'd call it just juvenile. Pages and pages of story-ratings, corny gags and pseudo-science. My, it was a bore. I'd say the girls moved in not a moment too soon. Someone had to change the nappies.

Pres: Thank you, Miss Andy. I can see whose side you're on. I ought to mention, though, that those 'half-baked juveniles' were at least sincere. No man is a hypocrite in his pleasures.

Andy: Samuel Johnson. Do you mean that femmefans are not?

Pres: Er-- yes. I mean, no. I suggest that they saw a good thing, namely all those star-begotten young men, with their great ideals, and said 'that's for me.'

Andy: Well, if you put it like that....

Roy: While you two are simpering at each other, may I cut in? Surely the plain truth is that the first fan were teenage boys, and in due course they found girl-friends and married. Would you expect them to dedicate their lives to space-travel or something? SF is just a gimmick. Always has been.

Pres: What's your point? That women have no influence at all?

Roy: Practically none. Apart from one or two girls who took a mild interest in SF for a time, most of them were only humouring their boy-friends. As soon as they looked him...well! You know the old saying 'When love comes in at the door, fanatic flies out of the window.'

Andy: Nonsense! It took the femmefans to break fans out of their stuffy old habits and build up the light-hearted, sociable fandom of today.

Roy: And start all the bickering and feuding! Isn't that just like a woman! Never content to let a man alone. She comes along and finds a

THE BLOODBANK.3.

9

DARK

Stillness gently settling
Over the park.
Last of the sunset escaping
From the dark.

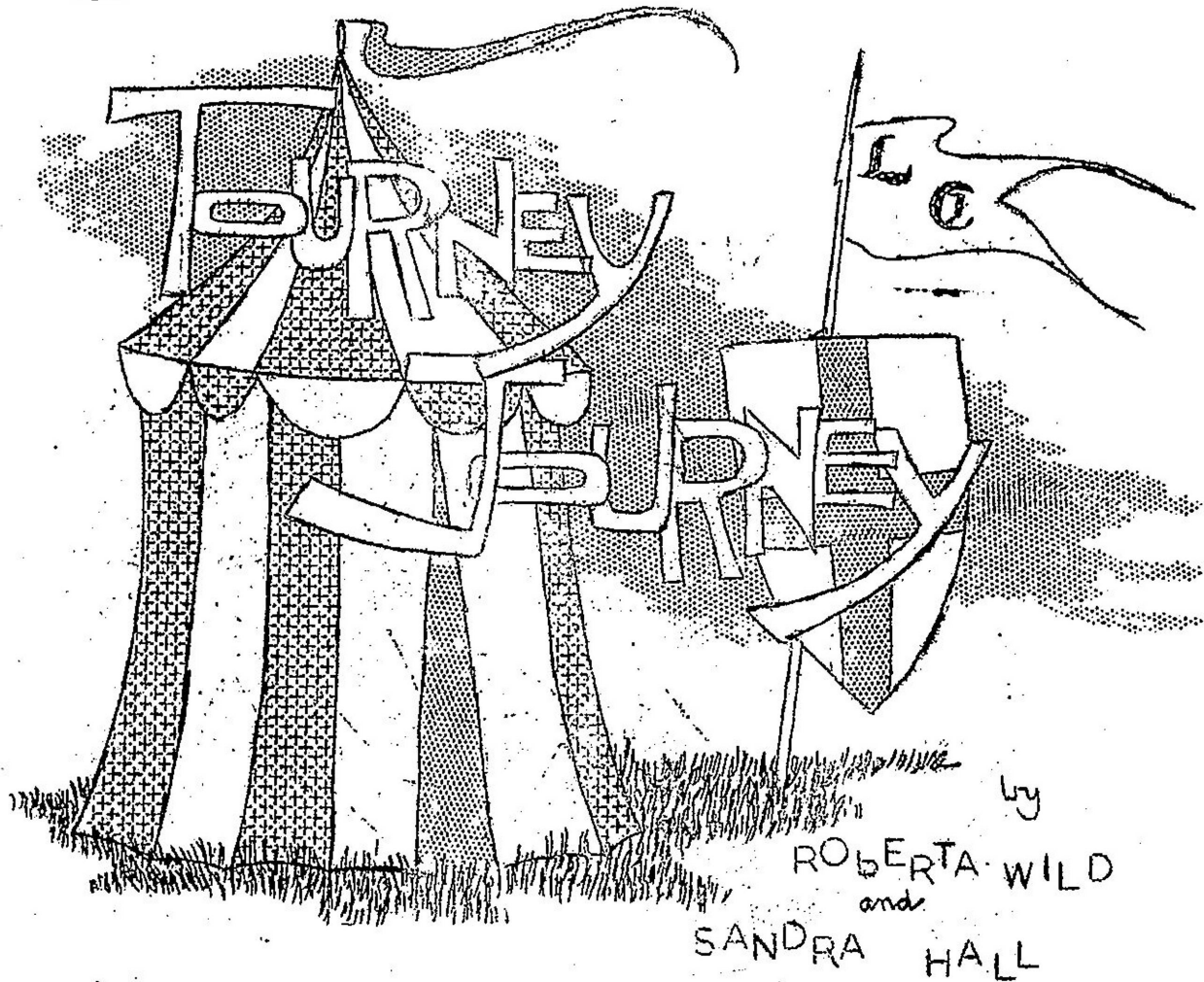
Black houses on the skyline
Silhouette,
Against the fading golden-pink
Sunset.

Stars, unbidden, appear,
Instantly,
Light, but not lighting
For eternity.

Calm still and lonely
The moon,
Gazes serenely down,
Night comes soon.

by
Dorothy
Hartwell

Darkness and quietness, this is the night,
When the moon above is gleaming white,
The stars are like diamonds scattered around,
Thrown like plucked petals to the ground.
Gone now is the warmth of the sun of the day,
Gone is the brightness, the gladness away,
For now is the night the God, the King,
The sleep that envelopes everything.
This is the time when few are about,
This is the time of darkness and doubt,
Night is the time when dreams are plenty,
Ambitions are filled-and others left empty.
God made the day, the sun and the light,
But Satan, with demons and ghosts, made the night.



SANDRA HALL.

It all began with Ted Tubb. He thought some of the London Circle would enjoy a submicrocon in Cheltenham at Whitsun. In a moment of madness he proposed a pilgrimage to the Shrine of St. Fanthony, culminating in a tournament between the guardians of the Shrine and the Champions of the LC.

The enthusiasm in the atmosphere was unbelievable. It was stipulated that we should all wear fancy dress. I volunteered to be wardrobe mistress to sixteen assorted pilgrins. Now, bearing in mind that (a) I was helping to redecorate our new flat and (b) there were only twenty days to Whitsun anyway, I should have known better. I shall, next time. Armed with a lethal weapon heavily disguised as an umbrella and a fixed look of pleading agony, I descended on the bargain basements in Soho. Relentlessly I nagged their respective owners into a coma and emerged with armfuls of romants galore.

For days our new flat was strewn with quasi-medieval costumes, assorted semi-Arthurian headwear, vari-coloured materials and some tiaras.

(all fakes.) My Grandmother and my sixteen-year-old sister and my dancing girl. She was effectively silenced by he costumed as a Balinese dancing girl. She was effectively silenced by sending her a photograph of how little a dancing girl would wear. It was agreed instead that she would go as 'the spoils of war', or 'what the Crusaders brought back with them'.

The flat was exceptionally full of all sorts of people at all times of the day and night. There was a continuous accompaniment of music. Bobbie Wild insisted on coming dressed as the Amazon Queen Hyppolita complete with golden armour and vivid red tunic. Pamela Bulmer was Morgan le Fay, the witch sister of Merlin the magician, this last was Mike Moorecock, changed by a long black robe, a golden wand and an impressive line in spells designed expressly for the purpose of keeping the planet Earth in its present orbit. Cloaks of assorted colours and white tunics were provided for the Knights of the London Circle, even a standard bearer and a page, though the costumes for these last two nearly drove me mad.

As it was arranged to take the food and drink with us, I offered to take care of the ordering. I contacted Quality Inns and asked them to provide a feast for thirty people. This they did. To them go our thanks.

I could have fitted all this activity in quite comfortably but for one thing. George Adamski of UFO fame was in town for a brief visit. It was essential that Bobbie and I get an interview with him for VECTOR. Desmond Leslie, whom I knew, promised he would arrange it but the only possible time would be the Friday evening before the con. (A report of this should appear in VECTOR 5.) We caught up with Adamski an hour before he was due to leave for his continental tour. The interview was given in the car on the way to the air terminus. Bobbie and I hardly had time to wave farewell to him before we tore home to change and pack. We then hurried across London in time for the 1.a.m. train from Paddington.

We arrived in Cheltenham about 5.a.m. on the Saturday just in time for our breakfast date with Bob Richardson. Even at that hour he looked quite pleased to see us! The two of us cleaned up and breakfasted before going into the town around 10.a.m. All this was in aid of the BSFA committee meeting which was being held at the Belle Vue hotel. This meeting lasted up to the time when the contingent of pilgrims who travelled by train from London, walked into the hotel. This is where the fun really starts!.....

ROBERTA WILD.

Once the train party had arrived that was the end of the BSFA meeting. While they wandered off to get some lunch Sandra and I began preparations for the ceremony. Those who were available dressed in their costumes and were made up. The procession left the hotel on time and the people of Cheltenham were somewhat startled to see Merlin and Guinevere strolling along together followed by Hyppolita the Amazon Queen, and a knight in chain mail, Genghis Khan, a Balinese princess, a bowman, troubadour, a train-bearer and a herald. Unfortunately, the train-bearer had no train to hold as the Queen of Scotland was in Ted Tubb's car, which still hadn't arrived. As I said to Sandra, "it's no good worrying about them now - there are fans that car - so it's sure to have at least three breakdowns."

A little way down from the hotel a woman said something I didn't catch, but it must have been a bit crockety as a rather motherly looking woman said defensively "but they aren't asking for anything". Pity we hadn't thought of it, we could have taken a collection for the TAFF funds. No doubt some people would have cheerfully dropped a few coppers in the box without even bothering to ask what TAFF was. Some urchins were very much interested when Pete Taylor (the one in chain mail) paused by a cigarette machine and bawled "Merlin, magic me up a doubloon so I may try this strange device." The Cheltenham fen had asked us to be at the clubrooms by 3 p.m. thus ensuring we would make it by 3-30., as fen never arrive anywhere on time. We arrived at 3 p.m. and almost gave them a nervous breakdown. As I was already a member of the Order of St. Fanthony I went in first and asked permission for the others to enter.

The ceremony proceeded without delay. I sat there and let the others go ahead. Halfway through I 'came to' and realised that this was not part of the initiation ceremony at all and hastily joined in. The London fen entered the Shrine one at a time, but I won't say what happened - after all, some of you may be going through it one day -. Somewhere along the line I met a man dressed in royal Plantaganet costume who was standing so still I began to wonder if the Cheltenham fen had craftily whipped a dummy from the local museum with which to bemuse us. This was my introduction to BILL Gray.

Right in the middle of the ceremony there came a thunderous knocking at the door. Sir Lancelot (Ted Tubb) had arrived with his retinue -- as I had surmised the car - oops, sorry; the chariot - had broken down several times -. They were shown into a couple of rooms where they could change into their costumes. When they were ready Ted and Sandra were inducted into the Order as Knight and Lady respectively. Again I won't describe the procedure because there are sure to be fen yet to be dubbed. I will say Ted proved himself an expert in giving indirect answers to direct questions. Ken Bulmer, dressed as a Crusader, kept well in the rear insisting he was the dustcart in the Lord Mayor's procession.

After the induction ceremony the punch was served and both groups settled down to the serious business of making rapid inroads on it. The Plantaganet 'dummy' was sitting near me and I turned and said to him "but Richard III didn't have a beard." "I always wear a beard when playing him" was the reply. It was some time before it occurred to either of us he hadn't told me whom he was representing.

Someone realised that the evening was wearing on and the Knights had not yet met in combat. Archie Mercer, dressed as a Saxon serf, George Locke, as bowman, and Ken helped Ted and Pete into the armour. Now the local inhabitants did take an interest. The combatants crossed their swords, I knocked them up with mine and battle was joined. And a ding-dong battle it was! The headpieces they were wearing somewhat obscured their vision, so every now and again we had to dodge quickly and point them in the right direction. What they lacked in skill was more than compensated for by their enthusiasm. Broken swords and battle axes kept flying through the air, a shield cracked and at one point so fast and furious was the tourney I got quite alarmed. There was no decision as most of the swords had been broken and besides, the knights needed a drink.

Jimmy Ratigan, another Crusader, pointed out to me that as an Amazon I should be fighting too. So, he obligingly let me stab him to death. I heard the comment made that as an Amazon I hadn't entered into the spirit of things, but as I pointed out, the Amazons didn't chop anything off themselves - that is a fallacy. As a matter of fact, I was being dead cunning. The other girls were wearing long dresses (Tikwis looked cute as a Balinese princess) but I suspected that if I wore long robes I would only trip over them so I wore a knee-length red tunic with a heavy cloak, not too much armour and leg greaves.

Most of the time I was deep in conversation with Richard III and disposing of most of his vodka, but suddenly decided it was time I went to the hotel to change. Several of us had the same idea but on the way we met Ted Tubb who said "don't change yet - I'm going into combat with the Cheltenham Champion." So back we all went and once more Ted climbed into his combat armour with Bob Richardson replacing Pete in the other set. This was battle royal! More broken swords and battle axes flying through the air. Bob at one time was left with only his shield for a weapon and this too suffered damage going right through to make a nasty bruise on his arm. However the wounds could not stop the party which followed. This went on 'til well after midnight.

On the following day - Sunday - we all met at the clubrooms at 3 p.m. Eric Jones, President of the Cheltenham Club, had arranged a coach trip for us to Bourton-on-the-Water, sometimes known as the Venice of the Cotswolds. Although commercialised now, it is still a beautiful spot. Our first call was at the Witchcraft Exhibition. Very interesting, but something was slightly off-key about it. Halfway round I realised what it was and on checking with Sandra and Arthur (Doc) Weir found they had noticed it too. Some of the spells and other stuff on display were inaccurate. I suspected this might be deliberate. Bill, who knew the man running the exhibition, admitted this was so - just in case people got ideas - and if anyone thinks they wouldn't in these modern times; take note, the latest spell on display was dated as having been used in the Autumn of 1958. It was found not in the depths of the country, but in Birmingham. One of England's largest cities. There was also a room showing instruments of torture but I couldn't say what they were because I only saw a chair and when I read how it was used I suddenly felt my stomach heave and my face went green. I shall never understand how people could do such wicked things in the name of God.

On the return trip to Cheltenham we stopped at the Froggill. This is a charming little place if anyone wants to visit a reasonable pub while in that district. Back at the clubrooms a few of us stayed behind to get the food ready for the others who had gone to the hotel or home to freshen up. After the meal another party got under weigh. As the clubrooms had to be closed at midnight Bill Gray suggested we go to his flat to continue the party, he was a bit dubious about it tho', as he put it "his sitting room was on the small side." Here was a man who had obviously never been to a room party. Without more ado we accepted the offer just to show him that or twenty people could get into his sitting room and still leave room for him to help in getting glasses and bottles out. I saw something running frantically up and down the stairs. It was a hamster. Bill picked it up. Its owner, it was so small we arrived at his

Before we had got a glass out. By way of explanation I told them Bill had been bitten in the High Street by a hamster. This was greeted in astonished silence. I suppose it must have sounded rather odd.

Neither Sandra nor I had had much sleep because of travelling overnight. On Friday so about 1.a.m. we went back to the hotel to go to bed. Some time later I came out of a coma to hear Tikwis saying "I think the boys are up to something - perhaps you had better bolt your door." I fastened the silly little bolt after she had gone. Just as I dropped off to sleep again there came a knocking at the window. The Witchcraft Exhibition had given some of the boys ideas and they were trying to kid us a body was swinging outside our window. Then came a thunderous battering at the door.

Now, half-an-hour of this I wouldn't have minded so much, but it went on and on - mewlings, wolf howls and scrablings at the door. I can go without sleep just so long then my head starts splitting. Suddenly, I remembered my armour I was out of bed, grabbed my sword and shield and was behind the door in a second. By this time the bolt had broken and the boys persuaded Pete to crawl into the room on hands and knees to grab my foot. I was waiting behind the door with upraised sword determined that someone was going to share my headache. However, Pete saw my shadow on the wall and retreated so fast that even his fellow plotters never saw the going of him. There was silence for a while, then they came back again. This time I decided I was going to lay about me with the sword and shield. Just as I was about to open the door the noise ceased and voices started speaking very quietly.

It transpired that in the melee Mike Moorcock had dislodged the handset off the telephone on the landing and it was plugged through to the manager's room. The ringing had wakened him and he'd come out to investigate and found Mike, Ted, Barry Bayley and Pete on the landing. They left for their rooms somewhat chastened.

On the Monday morning Mike came to our room with Tikwis and received the first blast of our ire. Pete knocked on the door about five minutes later. I grabbed the sword and bawled "OUT!" Once more he disappeared so fast no-one saw the going of him. Wonder how he does that?

The weekend had come to an end and all we could do now was say goodbye to Cheltenham and its fen and tell each other what a wonderful time it had been. I may be a little biased, of course, but the weekend seemed to be wrapped in a sort of golden haze of enchantment. Whether it was the sunny weather and the fact that the fannish get-together went with a swing from the beginning, I don't know. There did seem to be a slight air of unreality overhanging everything. Perhaps it was because for a brief time we had all experienced a "joy in living" - I can't explain it any better than that. For me it wasn't goodbye to Cheltenham, only a brief au-revoir. I'm going to marry Bill Gray alias the Plantagenet king whom Hippolyta thought was a dummy. I am rather glad he was real, you know....

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15

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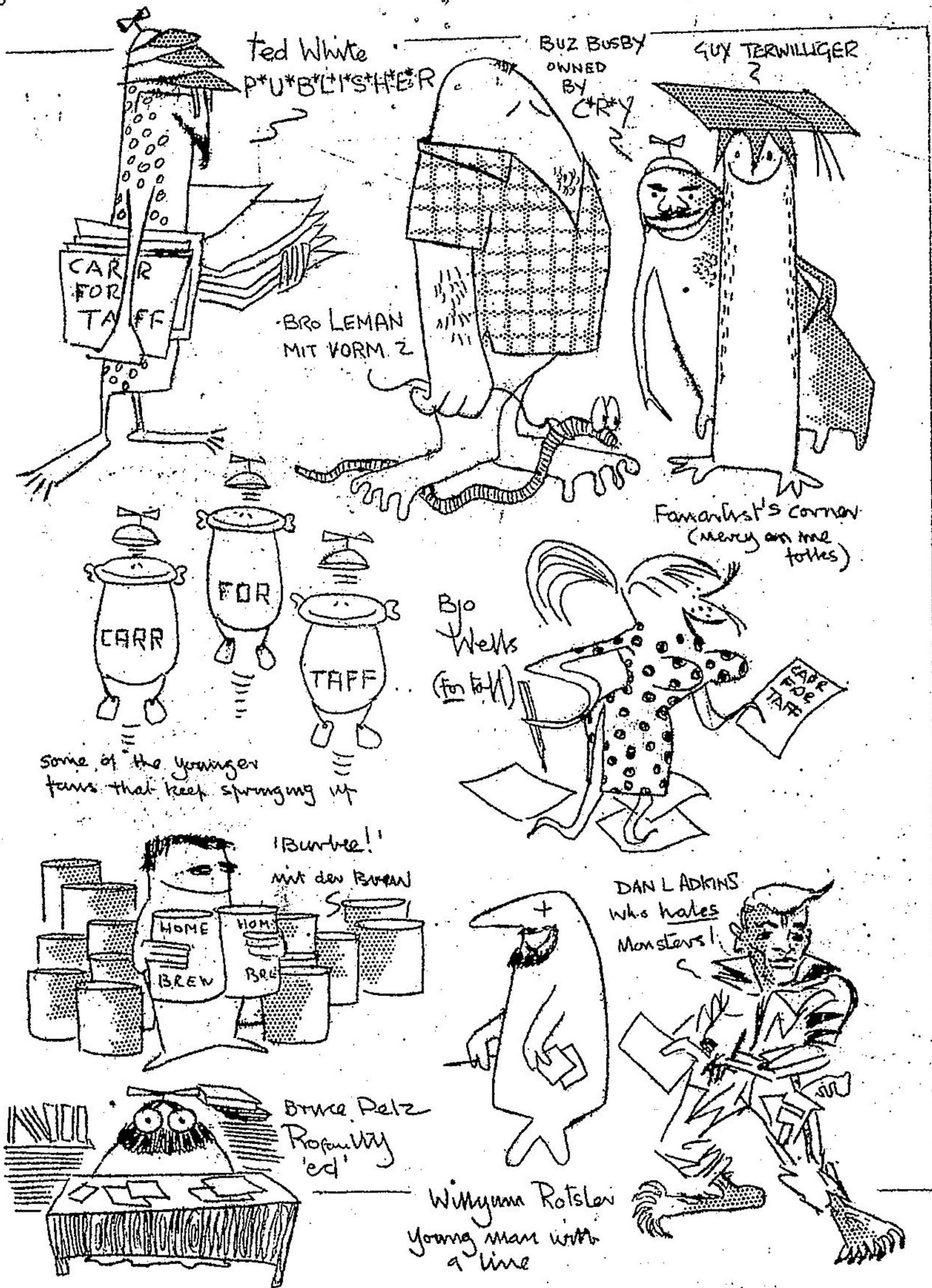
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answered....write to the secretary
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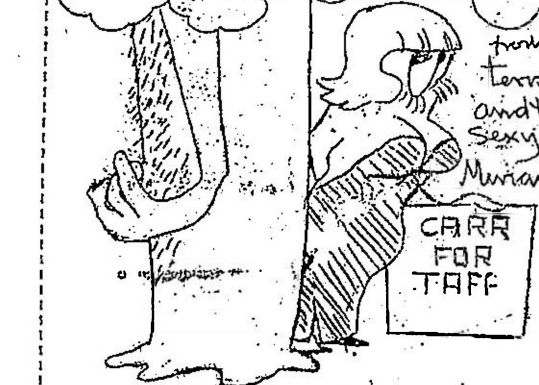
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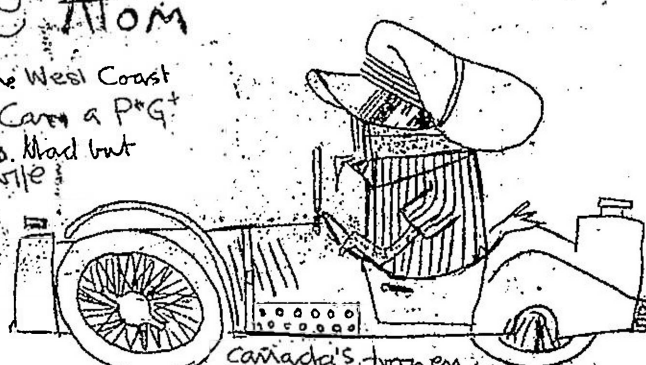
FAM BEMS

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American
+ friends

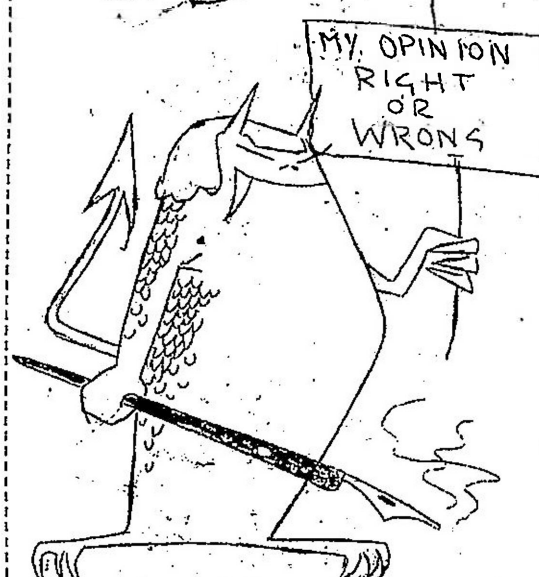
By **ATOM**



from the West Coast
Terry Carr a P.G.
and his Mad but
Sexy Wife
Murram

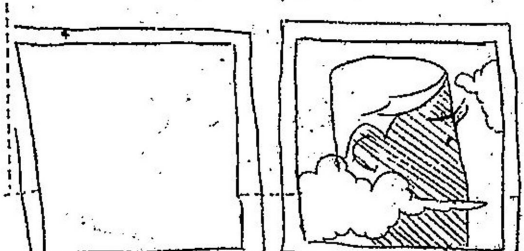
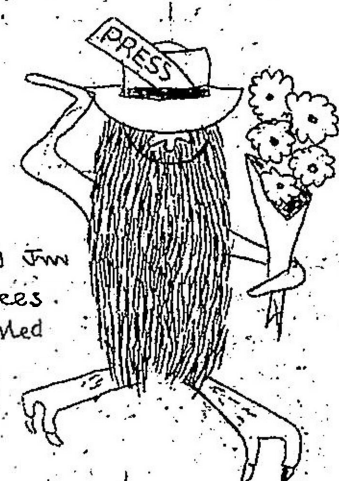


Canada's frozen
wastes gives us Boyd Raeburn
in his Rabbit chasing M.S. special



then there's
G.M.C.
(copied from an
actual untouched
photograph)

and
Harry Warner Jr
the fan no one sees
A Tough handboxed
newsman

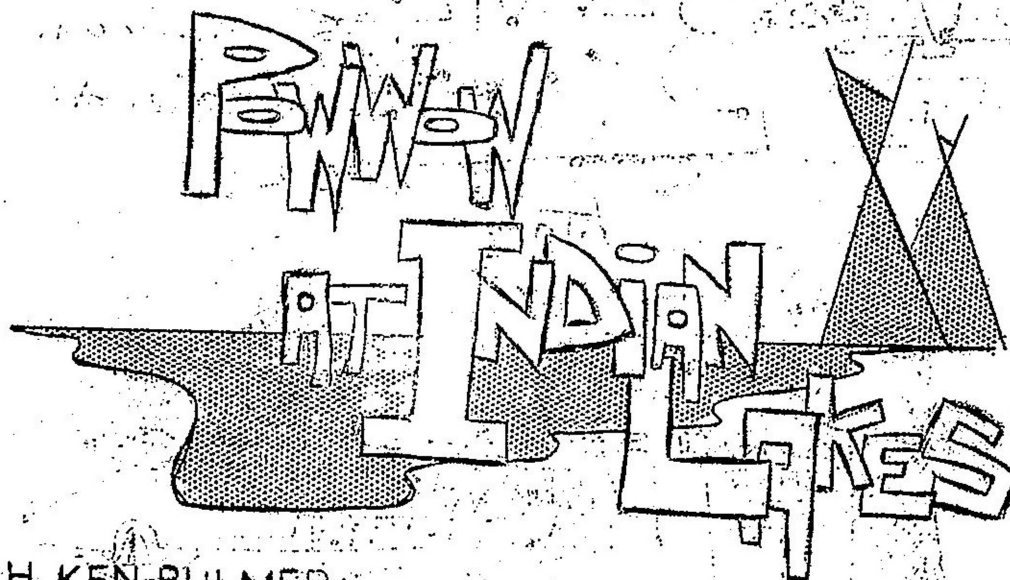


↑ this was reserved for Carl Branchen
but all we could get was a profile of Terry Carr



own Richard 'Mr. Enen'
a shuffling Good Man

TAFF TALES 3.



H. KEN BULMER.

During the con numbers of tentative suggestions were made as to the future plans of Pamela and myself; but as we survived to write of these notable events, it would seem that the suggested modes of disposal were not effected. At least, this seems to me to be a corporeal body with which I write, even though I recognise the possibility that it may, as one wit suggested, have been decomposed and now consist merely of disembodied atoms.

Doc Barrett, who is a Good Man, and who, into the bargain, is a long-time fan, con attendee and a firm friend of the CFG asked Pamela and me if we would care to go to his place on Indian Lake for a week or so before moving on. This idea was eagerly grasped by us as Doc had proved himself the best of companions, and as we had a long-standing invitation from Jesse Floyd to stay with him in Savannah, a stay timed to begin about the time Doc would be driving down to Florida for a surgeons conference. Doc very kindly offered to drive us down to the Deep South.

We set off from Cleveland and travelled along the shore of the lake for a time, where ships existed that would have been quite comfortable in the Atlantic. With us was Doc's secretary and her girl friend, these were most anxious to see the house of a man who had just been found out and prosecuted for some crime or other, murder or sump'n of a similar nature. We cruised along with the ladies saying things like; "you'd never believe he could do it," and "he was the mayor", and with Doc making sarcastic remarks about his lady friends penchant

~~Some~~ ~~the~~ ~~guano~~ ~~somo~~. They were not in up an American trait of indulging at the least opportunity in the called 'insulting humour' which, although practised over here, has not reached the heights - or depths - that it has in the U.S.

We were heading for the town of Bellefontaine, Ohio, a name which reminds many of the Midwestern of infamous memories. Dusk fell. The car - a large Detroit wagon of impeccable comfort - howled along. We reached signs of work along the road. We bumped over the dirt to a white new-made turnpike. Turned left and shot off. Doc wasn't quite sure where we were or where we were going; but we were humming along, anyway. The road was not yet open to traffic and was unlit. The white concrete glimmered ghostly in the light of the headlamps. Apart from car noise - a minimum - all was quiet. This was a most eerie experience, hurtling along a deserted white road on the wrong side and expecting any minute to bump into the bulldozers and concrete mixers where the road ended. Eventually the map told us that we were travelling in the wrong direction, so we reversed course and fled back, discovering that the dirt track over which we had bumped led us across the new road by the side of an unfinished flyover, and so brought us to our correct route.

Doc lives in a large chalet type house on the shore of the lake. The rooms are divided by folding doors. Everything is modern and up to date, with deep freezers, laundry works in the basement, elaborate cooking arrangements, central heating - the lot. With all this luxury around - 'what meat shall we have tonight, we have all sizes in the deepfreeze' - I suppose we should not have been surprised at the standard of living. Pamela decided that a Yorkshire pudding might not come amiss to our transatlantic cousins and promptly made one. When we discovered, to our horror, that the Americans throw good beef dripping away, contemptuously dismissing it as 'fat' and Pamela had made the Yorkshire, we heard that a grand barbecue had been laid on. This entailed the whole family and us going down to a shelter on the lake shore and barbecuing beef over charcoal fires; all the rage at that time. The journey from house to shelter was considerable. The Yorkshire was made, beautiful in its golden fluffiness and swelling contours. It was then hurried down the garden path in the teeth of the lake breeze, whacked out onto plates and left until the meat was ready. I've a strange suspicion that the Barrett family still haven't tasted the joys of real Yorkshire.

Barbara, the daughter of the family and a girl to make some man happy for the rest of his born natural, took us out on the lake in a speedboat belonging to Doc. I was scared. We opened up, the bow rose and the boat got on the step and we went scudding along between islands and sharp-fanged rocks, scattering more sailing dinghies etc. There was some discussion among the Barrett children as to the efficacy of the engine, which growled away to itself as though in pain. The boat stopped, the engine hatch was ceremoniously opened and the guts of the job indecently displayed. I began to eye the land and work out the number of strokes I could manage before sinking. However, after some technicalities and a withering look from the younger Barrett boy in my direction at my unspoken but obvious ignorance of the internal combustion engine -

knowledge with which every red-blooded American boy is born - we resumed our hectic course, and arrived back safely if rather wet.

On another day Doc drove us over to a local college football match. This it goes without saying, was American football. The ground was a tastefully decorated greensward and the bleachers were gaunt against the trees lining the road. Popcorn and other delicacies were on sale. I took a walk around and observed in a field across the way gangs of lads in crash helmets and body padding prancing high-kneed, darting about, kicking footballs and generally working up. This, as I saw it, was all a good build up and loosening of the muscles before the game. Out on the field one of the famous American marching bands went through its paces, followed by three others, each from a competing college, four taking part in two halves each. The marching bands were pleasant, with the drum majorettes curving around in the van. Then, the first two teams passed me to enter the field and I saw the state of the lads.

They had quite literally been worked up into a state of nervous and physical hysteria. They were jumping up and down, moving their arms like boxers, sweating, nervously shouting, showing every symptom of drunken troops readying themselves for a bayonet charge. There was a holdup. The last of the marching bands had not yet cleared the arena, and the troops were growing impatient - and showing it, 'let's go' they shouted, and variations on this. I had a fleeting impression of a chained team of horses dragging at a stubborn stump, or of a dynamo struggling to turn against an impossible force; and - comically - came the memory of Don Bradman walking quietly out to the wicket.

Then the avalanche was let loose and the boys poured out on to the field, looking like spaceship pilots heading back to their ship on an alien and hostile planet.

American football is an exact science and not one that needs to be gone into here. I picked up the rudiments of the contest - it is scarcely a game - and found that, in truth, it is interesting in a cold, calculating way. The cheer leaders down front were not, it seemed to me, of the best quality; but then, I'm no judge of that. When one team was penned in before their goal and was struggling to prevent the other team from crossing the line for a try, the cheer leaders started the chant of: 'Hold that line!' To me, this seemed rank bad psychology.

But it was quite clear, that, as was pointed out to me, American football is designed as a catharsis for the onlookers. An American wants to go there and shout himself hoarse - on instructions - and generally let his hair down. Not being a patroniser of British league football, where no doubt a similar condition obtains, I cannot compare the two. Anyway, the day was great fun and the football expedition a great success.

Don Ford brought Margaret and the family up for the weekend and we spent a very pleasant time talking over the con and other fannish affairs which at that time were in the forefront of everyone's mind. When we

saw Don off it way, as
to the States or Don came to England,
This thought, not surprisingly, affected us at the leave taking but
here is not the time to go into the story of Don Ford and his work, as
that can be dealt with in the chapter on the CFG.

Doc's life at this time, apart from his medical work which we
gathered ranked him a pretty big bug in US surgery, revolved around the
Shriners and their parade, which this year was to be held in Bellefontaine
and which was a great honour for so small a township. Everyone was
infected by Doc's high spirits. His deep voice, rasping chuckle and big
cigar chased away any of the old morbid spirits that had the temerity to
look in on us. His secretary had just bought a brand new car, she took
us driving around in the pouring rain and there we were snug in this big
luxurious boat on balloon tyres, with Detroit marvels all about us - and
with a contempt for sticking in ruts full of mud that made me, with memories
of the old fanvan, wince. One measure of a man is the way his subordinates
regard him, in this respect Doc had a first class secretary.

On the great day we went along to her house, met her family and
friends, and sat on the porch watching for the parade. Bands, bunting,
flags, symbols, costumes, cars, bands, a host of fun and games paraded
through the streets of Bellefontaine. The Shriners is one of these semi-
secret orders like the freemasons and the men wore red fez with golden
halfmoons and other secret symbols. There were cowboys, Indians, sheiks
and other American ideas of the Middle Eastern way of life, we were tickled
pink with it all. As an Englishman I was naturally reserved and cheered
in a minor and dignified key - until Doc himself rolled along in an open
car seated beside the big wig of the order. Then I let rip a few yells
to show that as far as fandom was concerned, this mobile con was put on
for Doc's benefit and was his baby. The big wig looked up at the porch,
caught the yell and said something to Doc. No doubt it was to the effect
that his locals were a rip-roaring bunch of wildcats and quite unlike the
civilised citizens of the great metropoli.

On top of the worldcon and the organisation of the Shriner parade,
Doc was going South for the surgeon's con; he was a very busy man. Yet
he had time to run me out to a farmhouse he owned to show me the rooms
literally stacked to the ceiling with old mags and books. Doc probably
has one of the biggest collections of anyone in the world; certainly I
have seen no larger. Not having had the pleasure of visiting the Ackerman
garages, I cannot compare; but anyone who wants to stand his collection
against Doc's must have three separate homes in which to store it all.
There were bound copies of the three main zines - AST, Amazing and TWS -
stretching around his surgery shelves for the edification of visitors.
The surgery basement contained boxes loaded with treasure. The farmhouse
groaned under the weight of books and mags and, back at the lake, the
house possessed the piece de resistance.

Having seen Jack Williamson's study, Doc had decided that this was
the thing and had constructed a facsimile in an upstairs room. Evelyn,

his wife, had carpentered it herself; and a very fine job it is too. One wall was solid bookcases with sloping desk for current periodicals. Through the maze of books ran a railway system, this, of course, belonged to the son; but I recall that on a tape we cut and sent to Ted Carnell, I was more enthusiastic over the railway than over the sf side -- a reflex defensive action.

Looking back I regret that I didn't have the energy to explore Doc's collection more fully, in particular the very old fantasy magazines he possessed, which are indeed rare and precious items to any sf fan. But after the con and its attendant excitements, Pamela and I were trying to recuperate in preparation for the balance of the trip.

On the day we were to travel south, Doc piled us all into the larger of the family's cars and we set off in fine fettle, first calling on his elder son at college.

Doc's son greeted him from the steps of a building from amongst a group of friends and came over to be introduced. He was quiet and subdued; but that may have been merely because parents were in the offing. During a school play a short time before, the students had fixed up a magic trick which involved having fumes rise in the background and for the purpose they had used a jar of acid which gave off suitable fumes. When the props were being dismantled one lad at the top of a ladder clumsily dislodged the jar of acid and shouted a warning. Doc's son looked up and got the lot in his face. He can still see from one eye but Doc, as a doctor, scoured America for hope for the other, the last we heard there was none. Comment here is superfluous.

Driving down to Savannah, from which Doc was going on to Florida, was an experience. Pamela stopped off to pick real cotton in a field and the obvious crack about keeping her cotton-pickin' fingers off -- whatever she was touching -- was duly made. We still have this cotton boll -- but, perhaps fortunately, no boll weevil to go with it.

At one point somewhere along the route we stopped for gas and a coke, they had jugs of cider for sale too. These were bought but turned out to be apple-juice rather than cider. I couldn't understand a word the natives were saying -- this must have been Carolina somewhere -- and they couldn't savvy me. I asked Doc what they were saying and he wasn't 100% sure. So much for the English speaking union. Yet, in Kentucky it is claimed, the natives still speak Elizabethian English, although this claim has recently been shown to be a wishful-thinking daydream, the moral is clear.

Along the Blue Ridge mountains of ole Virginy, we stopped for the view which was immense and grand. I kept thinking of the battles that had raged here during the Civil War -- or, as we were going South -- the War between the States -- and this ground was as much history drenched to -- thinking man as a deal of the Old World. (Which seemed a hell of a long way off) Just to keep up -- I showed the younger Barrett son

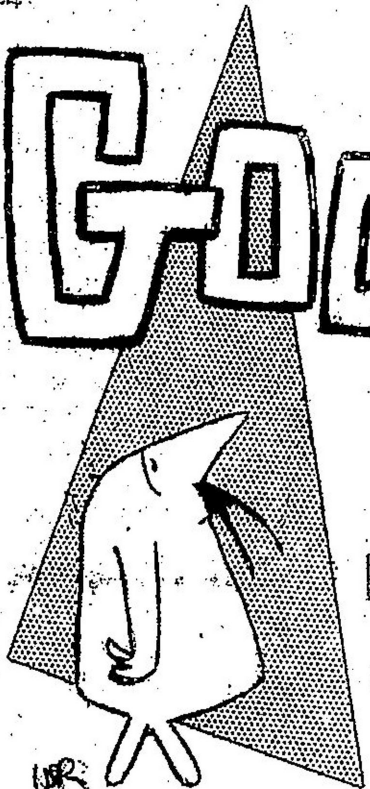
Then looking right away across the blue plains with the mountains trending left and right, and seeing the whole vast area as though covered with trees, you could not but help picture the sleek red skin of the Indians flitting from tree to tree, tomahawks upraised, moccasins silent, and see the settlers with axe and fire carving out their homesteads, their tricorne hats hung on a convenient branch and their long muskets handy. Yes, even though we found an abysmal and appalling ignorance of the historical progression in the youth of America, history is all about them.

[illegible]

It's all very well choosing a Carr for TAFF. Just as long as you choose a model T FORD. Don for TAFF. Let's show he is well known to us in Britain.

GOON BUT NOT FORGOTTEN

by
GEORGE
LOCKE



It was still some time before the rush hour. The silence of the street was broken only by the lumbering of the heavy 137 buses - and the mournful trumpeting of a wounded elephant in the distance. This puzzled me a little, but not sufficiently for me to take a look, not even when the trumpeting was repeated, below my window.

Suddenly, the doorbell rang. Who could it be? I wasn't on a case at the moment, although, - as soon as I was advised by the Goon as to the best procedure - I would be investigating the possible existence of a second science-fiction fandom running parrallel with ours. "The inevitable neo wanting me to find out why there's a shortage of femmes in fandom", I muttered. The elephant trumpeted again. "Ron and Cecil!" I shouted, and ran to the door, flinging it open. Bennett fell into my arms which, unprepared, let him slip to the floor, where he lay moaning softly.

He was obviously in great pain. I had to do something. I hurried to my Goon file, and went through his letters to me searching for advice on the best methods of succoring a hurt fan. I was half-way through the file when Bennett staggered to his feet, his face, twisted with pain, almost human. "I - I traced that fan I was telling you about," Bennett gasped. "The other fan. I went to his house, late last night - searching

for more information about him and his group. I found another copy of that dreadful publication, CONSHOT...."

"The fanzine he donated to the Harrogate Public Library?" "The same crudzine. I was looking through it when he discovered me." Bennett groaned, almost fell, but his tremendous will kept him on his feet. He suddenly opened his tightly-buttoned jacket, exposing his shirt-front. There was a hideous red stain on it, above the heart. It formed the pattern of a beanie crossed by a simplified zap gun. "Symbol of that other fandom," Bennett said; and, that indomitable spirit giving in at last, he sagged into my most comfortable armchair. Outside, the elephant trumpeted once more, weakly. "He got Cecil, too." I went to the window. It had begun to drizzle outside. On the pavement lay the poor grey body of Bennett's faithful servant and pet, rivulets of water trickling down his side. He lifted his trunk weakly....

"Poor, innocent Cecil. Poor gallant friend." Bennett coughed. "It was he who carried me here, even though he was wounded unto death...." There was a last, feeble sound, then I knew the elephant was dead. I turned to Bennett. "I will avenge Cecil's death," I swore. Bennett said nothing. "I will find this evil, hidden fandom and destroy every member of it. I am expecting a letter from the Goon giving me some ideas, and when it arrives - they will be no more!" Bennett said nothing.

A thought occurred to me. His eyes no longer held the fanish look. I leafed through the file, but no. There was no information there. I had never asked the Goon how to ascertain whether or no there was life still in a wounded person. But whether Bennett was dead or not didn't alter the importance of this visit. Beyond a shadow of doubt, this unsuspected fandom was hostile. It called for urgent action on my part, but entrusting a letter for the Goon to the uncertain British Post Office would be of no use. I would have to find another method of communicating with him....

I remembered once asking for information on communication - I leafed through the file again. Almost at once, I found it.

"Dear Agent Phlobber, Glad to know your case is working out - but it should be worth more than Enid Blyton's "Sunny Stories", even if it is the complete set. Still, I suppose tastes do differ, slightly. Re your query about methods of getting in touch with me, haven't you ever heard of smoke signals or homing pigeons? They're the only methods anybody uses. The telephone's only good for frying eggs, and telegrams for announcing the correct weights in the metric system...."

I remembered I'd been keeping some pigeons for that very purpose. I chose the strongest bird, wrote a terse note to the Goon, imploring him to write soon in answer to my last letter - sent a week ago, when Bennett had told me about this fanzine emanating from a hitherto unsuspected second fandom - and asking him how to dispose of a dead elephant and a presumably defunct Bennett, tied it to the pigeon's leg, and launched it on its way in the direction of Belfast.

It made a wide circle and settled on my head. I flung it away again. Once more it returned, nuzzled my moustache with a lucky shot, and settled

on the window sill, cooing sorrowfully. "Obviously my presence doesn't send it," I surmised. "If I go away it will leave." I shut the window behind it and left the room.

Figuring on two or three days for a reply to come, I decided the next morning to go about my business as usual. I breakfasted leisurely, one ear alert for the postman. As usual he was late, and it was nearly nine before the familiar thud of a letter came.

Let it not be said, however, that the first thing I do when a letter arrives is open it. Oh, no! Today, I had resolved to feed the pigeons before opening the mail....but I took the precious envelope off the floor first, noting a halo, a Belfast postmark and a typewritten address. Typewritten? The Goon had finally got himself a new typer!

Feed the pigeons! I put the letter aside and raced upstairs. I threw a handful of seed in the general direction of their cage, and dashed off again. As I was leaving the room, I noticed a movement outside the window. Tremblingly, I hid behind a cupboard. Presently, I peeped round its edge. There was nothing there. Then - I saw it! small, grey and moving with a jerky gait.... I saw no more. I had fainted.

When I came to, it was to the sweet cooing of a grey pigeon outside the window. Smiling, my terror gone, I opened it. The bird hopped in. It had, I saw, a note tied round its leg, feverishly, I untied it. It was the note I had written!

The poor bird had been intercepted and had been forced to return. I refused to be dismayed by this. There was still the letter from Belfast. I returned downstairs, kicked the halo into the waste-basket and opened it. It was headed "170 Upper Ne...."

It wasn't from the Goon! That explained the typewritten address and the halo! I read on: "The Goon has disappeared. I tried to contact him on Tuesday evening, but he was not at home. Diane could tell me little, except that she feels he is no longer in the country. I think he has been kidnapped..."

Kidnapped! It made sense. Who knew of the other fandom? Bennett - dead! The Goon - disappeared, either prisoner or - shocking thought - dead. And - myself. I would be next! Even now, the evil hordes would be gathering.... What could I do? The Goon had gone, and that meant I had no advice on the case....perhaps, the Goon had written me something on working alone. I searched. One letter suggested memorising the contents word for word.

It was only a short note, and by the next day I felt I had committed it to memory. I then started casting round for clues. The first thought that occurred to me was that the note from the pigeon was a lead, in that it had actually been in the hands of my enemies.

The dog is a genius. My memorised letter, I quote: "...How else to trace the origin of a note, but to set a dog on it?" He was referring, of course, to the distinctive odour left by a hand touching the paper. It was obvious that such a note could start the trail... I mounted my bicycle and made for the nearest pet shop. I chose the dog with the biggest nose I could see - a lop-eared mongrel who'd never even heard of grooming. "Very sensitive animal," said the man. "Aspires to great heights, for a dog." "How much?" I snapped. "Seven pounds". I put on my doubtful expression. The man summed me up at once as a hard bargainer, who wouldn't be caught at any price. "Guineas," he relented. I accepted, and returned home with my purchase.

I rammed his nose into the paper the note was written on. He was sick all over the floor. I decided I'd been too rough on him giving him such a strong dose of the other fannish odour, so let him have a more cautious sniff. For a moment, he looked round blankly, then bounded up the stairs. I chased after him, but stopped outside the door at the top.

They were in the house!

I quietly slipped the match-box gun from my hip pocket, and followed Pooch carefully into the room. He was clawing at the pigeon cage. I laughed, shortly. "Idiot dog," I said. "I want you to follow the trail by which the note arrived," and poked it once or twice to emphasise my order. He seemed to understand. With a gay bang, he leapt through the window. It was sheer luck that he wasn't as agile as he thought and landed face down in the window box, crushing the geraniums. The smell of the flowers was apparently too much for him, and he passed out.

When he recovered, however, he still persisted in going out the window, so I tied some rope round him and lowered him to the ground. He protested before he'd been lowered more than two feet. If left to him, he'd most likely make small circles in the air, like that pigeon had done, so I continued to lower him. When he reached the ground, he tried to climb back up. "Stupid dog," I said, following him down, and pondered the situation. One or two people were watching us curiously. I passed the hat round to make them disappear, this they did, taking my hat with them. A girl remained, smiling slightly. Something about her eyes caught my attention for a moment. They bore a similar, though subtly sinister, look to that Bennett had when he was alive. For a moment, I tried to decide whether they were blue or not, then a jerk almost overbalanced me. Pooch was straining at his rope, his eyes fixed on the girl's legs, and his tongue slurping over his lips. He was drooling more than any dog has a right to. Once, he gave what he imagined was a bark, it sounded more like the howl of a wolf.

The girl frowning, walked rapidly away. Pooch tried to follow. I shrugged and went with him. The dog knew what he was doing. We followed the girl for three miles. Suddenly, she stopped outside the sleaziest second-hand magazine shop I've ever seen. She studied the display a moment,

her nose ~~turned~~ up, and went inside. Pooch saw the display window, nearly went mad, clawing at the glass trying to get at a publication of quite different calibre to Sunny Stories, Playboy. Then a big hairy hand from within the shop took the Playboy down...

Pooch lay on the pavement and howled sorrowfully. Maybe I should have bought it for him. The girl came out again. Pooch looked at her gloomily, a tear trickling over his chops like gravy. I noticed the end of a magazine sticking out of her coat pocket. "She bought it, pal," I said, kindly.

Pooch recovered his old spirits, and bounded off. I staggered after him, wishing I'd untwined the rope from round my legs before starting. Once or twice the girl looked back, smiling every time. Her smile sent Pooch into added paroxysms of - I guess lust is the only word to describe it, though why I should have thought of that word, Ghu only knows. The neighborhood into which we were going was becoming more and more dingy, and I was beginning to wish we had never started this aimless chase. I had my investigation of the other fandom to think about... The girl turned in to a dark alley. Mechanically, I followed, then stopped. It was a cul-de-sac, she couldn't have just disappeared into thin air... Pooch dragged me towards a door halfway down the alley.

The door was marked with a gigantic red beanie crossed by a zap! For a moment, I stared at it, wondering what it meant, then the soft throbbing of an engine insinuated itself into my ears. I looked up the alley. A monstrous black car was backing toward me. At that moment the painted door opened, and the girl stood there, grinning evilly. Pooch licked all round her ankles, giving vent to short barks. I couldn't help laughing, though my knees were trembling. It sounded so funny, Pooch trying to articulate 'Playboy please.'

The doors of the car opened, and four men, wearing beanies and holding vicious zaps, approached. The leader, scowling, towered above me and thrust his face three inches from mine. I could smell his breath - bog-sodden -. One thing, true, though not averse to the occasional booze-up, didn't carry the pleasure to the lengths these people seemed to. Even poor Pooch, at quite a considerable distance from him, could smell it. He passed out.

"H-he-hello," I said, timidly, trying to cringe it out. The fan snarled: "So, fuggheaded defective. You would pit your puny self against our combined might..." It went on for half-an-hour. Any 1920 thriller will give you the gist of the speech. In the end I had to laugh, it was so ridiculous. The leader snarled again, and washed my face with his zap. I screamed in agony. One of his colleagues searched my pockets. I prayed he wouldn't find the dismantled match-box gun the Goon always advised his agents to carry in case of capture. I was lucky. But the man, disappointed at not being able to add to his armoury, wiped the barrel of his zap across my eyes, again. I screamed, as the biting water hit me. He laughed. "Jhim, dis bhoi sure is tender!" "Let's soften him up some more, den." I insisted weakly that I was really quite soft enough, but

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they took no notice. They began by trampling my beanie underfoot, mangling its sensitive tracery, then they started to pull the hairs from my moustache, chuckling strangely among themselves as they did so. But the most diabolical thing of all they had saved to the last. They wrote a note - right there in front of me - to the Post Master General, saying that I was mailing out and receiving in return, salacious literature. This was the final blow. I could stand no more. I broke down and wept myself into unconsciousness.

When I awoke, I was in the car and suffering an awful pain in my head. "Where are you taking me, you monsters?" I asked. The driver muttered something to the man guarding me, in the back seat. "De Boss says, shaddup!" Was the message he passed on to me. I stayed shut up. At length, the car halted, in the distance I could hear the throaty grumble of aircraft engines. "You - your taking me to Moscow?" I stuttered. "Shaddup!" Said my guard. He kicked me out of the car, following with a zap jabbed in my back. "Get moving," he added, proving himself an adept in the murder of the English language, as well as everything else. "An' take yer dawg." Poor little Pooch limped painfully behind me. I bent down and picked him up. His little nose twitched, I bent my face down to his: "Little Pooch, you've been a good friend, I'll stick by you whatever happens..." I would have got nearer to solacing him had I saved my breath, but at least his fainting did explain the ill feeling I had suffered on awakening. I'd been subjected to an intense speech from the leader, and some of it had carried over. "Git moving, I said," the guard snarled, smacking me across the ears with the edge of his hand. I staggered toward the plane.

How long the journey lasted, I wouldn't know. It felt like the interval between two PLOYS - eternity. Most of the gang guarding me had fallen asleep. Then I noticed the girl Ina, she was moving restlessly in her chair. Suddenly, she got up and walked to the front of the plane, immediately, Pooch was on his feet and following her. They both disappeared through the door. By straining my ears I could hear the dog panting, as all healthy dogs do, for several minutes nothing else happened. Then the door burst open, and Ina, anguish almost removing the evil from her face, ran up to me. Pooch bounded gaily behind her, in his eyes a lust I could see was genuine. I suspected he was up to something.

"Save me, save me from your monstrous pet," Ina pleaded, Victorian style. I made like a tough, grinning slightly. "Please - I'll do anything, only keep him from me." I looked at her, felt my face wasn't quite hard enough and screwed it up some more. "Please - I have some parachutes here, we are over land - I'll help you to leave the aircraft, you will be free." "Sister," I said, out of the side of my mouth, "no-one proposes a deal wit' the Goen's agents." She showed no surprise on learning who I was but came towards me and sank to her knees. "Please - please," she begged. Pooch approached her, his tongue dangling menacingly. I relented, and softened my face into a smile. I also dropped the phoney tough talk. "I suppose Pooch likes you - but there iss something else he likes more - he likes me. He collects the illos...." She was so overjoyed, she bent forward and kissed me! It felt strange,

but I ~~couldn't understand~~ her horror at Pooch accosting her. Pooch's tongue is like a yard of sodden flannel. We sat and began to make plans for my escape, when things took a turn for the worse. The plane landed.

At once, my captors bundled me into a long, low, waterproofed car, and whisked me from the airport. We passed among vast sky-scrapers, across fantastically busy intersections, until a roaring sound came closer and closer, filling my ears. We turned a corner, and I was nearly deafened. Ahead of us was a mighty building. I was hustled inside. It was milling with people, all of them wearing beanies. Wearing beanies? This was the headquarters of that other fandom! I knew that unless I made some attempt to escape in the next few minutes, I would be done for. I looked hopefully at Pooch. He was immersed in Playboy which Ina had given him. I slipped my hand in my pocket, grasping my zap. As soon as I saw an opportunity...

But what could I do? I hunted frantically through my mind for any advice the Goon may have given me. I found it. "...set a dog on it..." it said. I poked Pooch with my foot. "Pooch," I whispered, "when I say 'go', attack them." Pooch looked at me, he almost seemed to nod.

They led me to a large hall, where a number of fans were gathered. On a platform at one end sat half-a-dozen obvious dignitaries, including a tall man with a drooping moustache. The Goon.

THE GOON!

I stopped dead in my tracks. Then I laughed, shortly. Now was the time. While I hold the crowd at bay with my zap, the Goon would find a way out for us, and we would destroy these fiends, utterly. I caught his glance. He grinned, vacantly. I leapt onto the platform dragging my faithful gun from my pocket. I grabbed the fan to the extreme right, stood him in front of me, and roared: "The first one of you to move, gets it, right under the eyelids." To the Goon I whispered, "quick Boss, what do we do?" And to Pooch I yelled, "now!" The Goon grinned. Pooch, the gallant dog leapt forward. Someone threw a bottle of blog in our direction, it burst in front of Pooch. An awful stench rose from the floor - Pooch staggered, struggled valiantly, collapsed. He'd fainted, again. The vast hall was abruptly silent. I cast my eyes around the gaily decorated walls. At the exhibition stands neatly arranged at their foot. One stand I noticed, was empty, save for a cage. Somebody made to come forward. "Don't move," I shouted. He froze. "Come on Goon, what do we do now?" Again he grinned. The moustache looked droopier than ever. "You've got to tell me," I implored. "For the sake of fandom, of Tru-Fandom."

He nodded slowly. "Yeah, we gotta do somethin'." Abruptly, three fans rushed forward. I fired the gun, reloading as rapidly as I could. One, two, three of our enemies collapsed to the ground. "That's for Cecil and Bennett! Any more want to try me?" Twenty more apparently did. I was hard put to it keeping them at bay. I was almost exhausted, when the Goon's welcome voice was heard, urgently:

"Quick! The gun, over here." With a sigh of relief, I threw it ³¹ to him. "Now let's get out of here," I gasped.

"HOLD IT!" Said the Goon. He was aiming the gun at me!

I couldn't believe it. The Goon - turned traitor. He had gone over to the other fandom. "Goon," I sobbed, as they took me away, "why did you desert us, why?" He said nothing. They placed me in the cage, and tied a label round my neck. I was made to stand at a cracked duplicator, slowly turning the handle. Feeding paper in at one end, pouring ink onto the roller and slip-sheeting as I went. They placed the body of my unconscious friend at my feet, and locked the cage door firmly.

The cage was labelled: "A Phanzine Phan and his Dhog."

John Berry grinned at me through the bars.

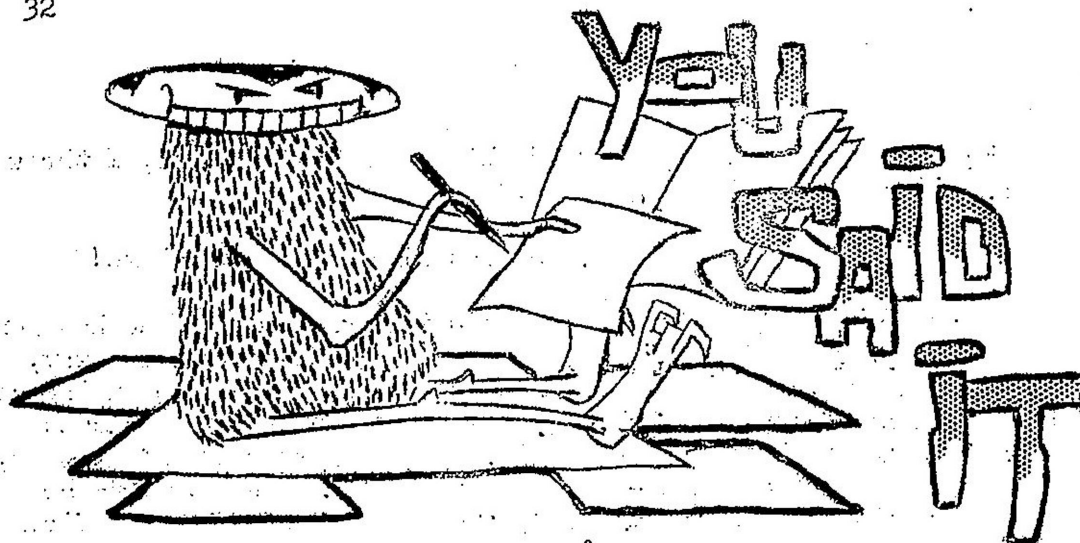
"Welcome to Detention," he said. I seized the bars, shook them furiously. "Exhibitionists," I hooted at the gawking crowd.

Which, of course, is what they were.

@@

JHIM LINWOOD of, 10 Meadow Cottis,
Netherfield,
Notts.

wants to know if anyone has a type-writer - in working condition - they would like to swap for a flat-bed duplicator, with roller and a tube of black ink included. Adjustments in values to be arranged between you and Jhim. Or has anyone a second typer they would sell to him, cheaply? (He always was an optimist.)



There are too many letters waiting to see the light of day for me to waste precious space in a long introduction. We are still using the // to denote paras and the < to indicate where I butt in. Without more ado a letter from the one and I hope, only.....

PENELOPE FANDERGASTE..

c/o HP.Sanderson,
"Inchmery,"
236, Queens Road,
London. S.E.14.

Ted Tubb seems to have a valid point about my hiding behind a pseudonym and taking pot shots at fans and the ideals they individually hold so precious. However, he does not (as usual?) consider the

question in its entirety. As Ted says, I am able to attack someone and then stand up, cast away the cloak of anonymity and side with the poor victim of my attack who is weeping in the corner. Why, I've done just that very thing on occasion, but so what? Attacking a person and then defending him merely shows that there are two sides to the argument, and I can't see that considering them both is a bad thing. In any case, the reader who sees both arguments is going to form his own views, probably on the presented evidence of both sides. < I'm with Ted in this. I too dislike hoax fans, but for different reasons. I don't feel sufficient thought is given before hand to what such a hoax entails. In your case it isn't so bad because it was made clear from the outset that you are a Well Known Fan and that your identity would be disclosed when the column ceased to hold interest. The Brandom and JoCa hoaxes on the other hand were to a certain extent, cruel. How many fan wrote to both those probably feeling they had made a worth-while friend, only to find they didn't in fact exist? We none of us have so many friends we can afford to be cheated of a new one. This is without taking into account the added nuisance of 'newfen' having their existence doubted. The sooner this phase in fandom passes the better I for one, will be pleased.

REDD BOGGS.

2209 Highland Place N.E.,
Minneapolis 21,
Minnesota. U.S.A.

It is too bad I'm forced to write about ORION, because I'm not sure that it's a very good magazine. At least in contrast with Paul Enev6R's ORION, it isn't very good.// I'm sure I could praise ATOM's cover - at least the drawing. The caption doesn't seem very amusing. I'm sure I could praise the ad for the Don Ford TAFF fund on page 25; Eddie Jones is tremendous. And I'm sure I could praise John Berry's "DOG ENDS," certainly up to par for him and far above par for anyone else. In fact, I will praise all these items; they're fine, excellent, wonderful. But the rest of the magazine is all of a sameness.// The issue had a loose quality that contrasted markedly with the neat compactness of the Enev6R ORION. In YSL, I'm surprised to note Vine Clarke claiming that Ken Beale originated the line "It's A Proud and Lonely Thing to be a Fan." Relatively few fans remember that this is a takeoff of a line "It's A Proud and Lonely Thing to be a Man" in an Asf yarn (I believe a story called "To Watch the Watchers," June 1949) and quickly applied to fandom by all fan writers en masse. // On reading your letter my immediate reaction was to cut you off the m/l pronto. I reasoned logically, I thought, that as you didn't seem to care much for what we had done with O we wouldn't annoy you further by sending future issues. It was pointed out to me by a friend (of mine) that if I did this it would appear that at the first whisper of criticism we are apt to scuttle away into a hole pulling it in after us. We'd hate you to think that of us, so unless we hear from you telling us not to send it you still get ORION.// By the way, this applies to all faneds with whom we trade. If you would prefer a cash sub to trade let us know.// You didn't come off too badly at that Redd. There seems to have been quite a lot in the issue you found tolerable. Thanks both for the courtesy of your letter and for the correction on the "quote." Write again, please?

4187447 Cpl. KEITH FREEMAN.

Air Staff,
R.A.F. Upavon,
Fowsey, Wilts.

A couple of the headings ('Specs' for one), were to me at any rate, unreadable. I had to resort to the contents page, but then, who wants to know what they're reading? //

After reading the two conreports I began to wonder whether Brian, Ivor and myself went to three different cons - - - or maybe, much more likely, we were all in different stages of intoxication? // My usual way of judging a fnz review column is to find mention of a fnz I've read, compare the reviewer's opinion of it with my own, if we agree, then s/he is a good reviewer. Fanlights passed my test(?) with flying colours. // Going back to page 4. In the last part of Ella's editorial, she suggests the staff of O can chatter (I refrain from making rude cracks about monkeys chattering in deference to the co-editors....), Ella makes the suggestion we chatter back to them; may I warn anyone about to do this, I've experienced her chattering, she talks enough to make the proverbial donkey lose all four legs in an effort to escape. // Couldn't you make your replies to pertinent points in the body of the letters? (This would save me having to read every letter 2-3 times to find out which remark set you off exploding into print).

~~KEITH FREEMAN (contd.)~~

read. We sent you the last issue of ORION so you could look at the pretty pictures. // I've no doubt at all that if you and I were to compare our time at the Brumcon you would be positive we had attended different ones. I only remember seeing you in Eric's room and in the conhall itself. So, what price Brian and Ivor? // You trying to lose me friends or something? When did I ever chatter at you? Anyone who knows me will tell you I'm really very quiet. It needn't be true, but that's what they'll tell you. // I differ from you in that, I dislike reading editorial comment in the body of letters run in fmz, therefore I will not be doing it myself. This is the kind of vexed question for which there doesn't seem to be any real answer. Each has to decide for him/herself what to do.

DICK ENEY.

4177 Ft. Hunt Road,
Alexandria, Va.,
U.S.A.

Off to the commenting....(chuckle). I notice you ask Harry Warner whether he remembers fmz or cons with more relish. No doubt by this time at least a dozen people have plonkingly

told you that Harry's claim to fame include having met dozens of fans without ever having attended a fan gathering, in Hagerstown or outside it. // It is true that the Birmingham convention was put on by the BSFA, wasn't it? I notice that your reporters give only one paragraph apiece to mention of the group. Both of these are competent reporting, but I think they've forgotten one of the great points of conreporting. Brian mentions that "people chattered...." and Ivor tells us that "more fannish things were said and done outside the Globe than in," why not describe a few? I'd like to hear a few lines of this fannish conversation. Brian at least has a few magnificent fragments....that bit about Archie Mercer standing in the midst of a rush-hour crowd wailing for someone to direct him to the OMPA meeting was hilarious. // Ken Bulmer was good on the LO report, tho' I preferred the TAFF Tales for obvious reasons. Is this how he's going to get that record of 'his TAFF trip finally written up? Wonderful! // I did goof with Harry, didn't I. Of the three who wrote to put me right you were the first. My thanks. 'Tis thus we learn. // Yes, the BSFA did put on the Brumcon and tho' it may have received scant mention in the reports it had healthy support from the attendees in the form of hard cash paid over in the course of the auctions that were held. Most of us there this year were members so were determined to make it a financial success, an aim I'm happy to say, we achieved. // Ken's TAFF Tales I hear may be appearing in fmz other than O., but we shall still be able to feature them too. // Thanks for the card. It may be as you say that, "First Fandom is not dead," but if that picture is anything by which to judge, it sure could use a face-lift.

JAMES GROVES.

29, Latham Road,
East Ham. E.6.

Late last year I read an article on the weird behaviour of the hedgehog known as 'self anointing'. They lick or chew a

twig, leaf or anything else available. While chewing a foamy saliva forms round the mouth. The hedgehog turns and shakes its head so that this foam is flicked on to its spines, it repeats the process until it is liberally covered. At first it was suggested that this foam was used to get rid of lice in some way, but as Dr. Burton observed the evidence to date suggests

JAMES GROVES(cntd.) That self anointing is a pleasurable experience, accompanied by an ecstasy or even intoxication. According to this article it seems to be a habit-forming performance and if the hedgehog attempts to walk after the operation it zig-zags in a drunken fashion. What some animals (and people) will do for kicks! I've heard of this fantastic habit of the hedgehog before, I'd love actually to see it. I'm a ready made listener/reader for any odd tales of natural history, especially for some reason, if they concern insects. You've met my pet spider, haven't you?

DON FORD.
Box 19-T, RR2.
Loveland, Ohio.
U.S.A.

I like articles and this issue was up my alley, I'm glad to see Ken Bulmer doing fan writing and the write up of the LG was interesting. I would like to see Ken and

some of the other writers assume that a number of your readers will be in the U.S. and that it may be necessary to explain things in more detail, than to the British reader who is on the scene. However, it reads well. One item on page 8 puzzles me....what is a "Beano?" // Brian Jordan and Ivor Mayne illustrate why con reports never cease to be interesting. Each sounds like he attended separate cons, thus you can get lots of "mileage" out of a single convention. // The ad on page 25 gave me a laugh. // TAFF Tales 2 read well and I see no reason why a series of these would not make a good "oneshot" of Ken's TAFF-trip. // The letter supplement was a good idea. I agree with you Don, about Ken's fan writings, they are fabulous. I think the funniest thing I ever read of his in a fnz was his description of a fight he had with a lampshade in his efforts to put the thing up. // A Beano? Well, it's a slang term for a party, shindig or a do. // WHEN you've won TAFF I'll be very interested in reading your report on your trip.

ARTHUR THOMSON.
17; Brockham House,
Brockham Drive,
S.W.2:

Rejoice, for I am come among you!

ORION 21 and your dinky little letter supplement arrived in the same post as a letter from Ron Bennett and the light bill (I make no comment on the company ORION keeps. I state only the facts.). // No I don't know a thing about these crazy feathered flame lovers. Personally I think it's strictly for the birds! // I reckon for the next convention some of us ought to pass the hat round and provide a room for Pete Taylor for the whole con - I don't think I've read a conreport in the last five years where Pete hasn't been getting smuggled in to or out of somebody's room. This fan is obviously trying (what, I don't know, but we ought to help). // Fanlights. Nice reviewing, but a little too nice all round, not enough criticism of fnz material or writing and, in one case, too much criticism of personalities. // YSI. Phooey to Temple saying Bulmer is a natural for Phillip Marlowe, anybody who has read the stories knows that the only fan who could portray him would be Chuck Harris. // Please tell JoAndy Young that is not "outré" headgear Sanderson was wearing in the illo, but a genuine regulation 'busby' as supplied by Her Majesty the Queen

(No, she didn't give it to everybody else gets personally.)
-MATT THOMSON (and...)
022 and you get 0219 re-released. This is the last time Bobbie will be doing Fanlights, owing to her marriage. We have had a surprising success with the column. Whether this is due to her tendency for recommending all and sundry, I don't know. At least no-one has yet written claiming she misled them. // You went up the creek didn't you, putting a busby on Sandy? As far as I know it's only the Brigade of Guards who wear them and Sandy aint no Guardsman. I get a wonderful minds-eye-view of the Guards marching on to parade in front of Buckingham Palace wearing FM and Elinor Busby coyly curled round their heads. Enchanting!

BRUCE PELZ.
4010 Leona Street,
Tampa 9,
Florida. U.S.A.

Quite recently there have been several comments and questions on the matter of a TAFF report from the Bulmers. Many fans - myself included - didn't know anything

about such a report being written. No matter whether in the form of vignettes or as a long detailed report, I'm glad to be able to read something of what I consider the first TAFF trip. The impressions of Garrett, even from a 4-year vantage point, are quite enjoyable to read. I'll look forward to more "TAFF Tales." // YSI. "Support any and every idea that comes up - or put forward a better one." Ted Tubb. Well said indeed! I hope this sentiment gets into the hands of some of the chronic grippers who don't offer alternatives. // Ken has made a lot of people happy now he has decided to write his TAFF report. I like too the method he has chosen for doing it, each portion complete in itself, preferable to the serial which can be annoying for those who miss an instalment (you there, Ron?). // It's hard work keeping up with Ted. His energy and drive puts some of the youngsters to shame but to say that any and every idea is deserving of support is to my way of thinking too sweeping a generalisation. It would have to be qualified somewhat.

JOE P. PATRIZIO.
72, Glenvarloch Cres.,
Edinburgh 9.

As a new boy I'm not sure I'm in a position to comment on the issue, but here are a few observations. Fanlights

guide me in the right direction. New York Garrett; any moment I expected Ken Bulmer to say Randall Garrett is Superman. I found both the reports of the Brumcon very interesting, and in no way did they duplicate each other. // From the letters I gather that many of your readers are anti-BSFA, but nobody gives a good reason for being so. It seems to me that all those who have letters in 022 are actifans, although I may be wrong in this. Also the majority of these are from the South of England, apart from U.S. fans of course. Fandom is non-existent in my far-flung corner of the Commonwealth, and if I may say so it's all very well for you lot, who are against the BSFA to say that it won't do any good, but it has given me the means to contact other fans, and I'm sure it will do the same for others. Of course, this contact is not personal, but I disagree with Jean and Andy Young that personal contact is the only satisfactory method of entering fandom. Admittedly it is the best way, but a great deal of satisfaction can be obtained through contact via the written word, as I know from personal experience. I'm in

JOE PATRIZIO(entd.). complete agreement with Ted Tubb's observations on the subject. The BSFA is just the job for us types who are, fandom-wise, remote from the rest of the country.)4 For a new boy Joe, you've done pretty well with your comments. They are just what we wanted from the fen who like yourself, came into fandom via the BSFA. I wish more of them had written and given us their point of view. Once you have found and participate in 'fanzine fandom', even if it is only to the extent of writing letters to the various faneditors, I don't think the lack of a club is felt so badly. Fanzines are the newspapers of the fanworld and serve as a means of contact and communication for the solitaries such as you and others like you. There is little limit to the amount of active-fanning you can do without seeing another fan from one month to the next. What ab out TARTAN? This would give you as active a fanlife as you could wish for. It would give you new friends too.

VIC RYAN.

2160 Sylvan Road,
Springfield,
Illinois. U.S.A.

ATOM illos throughout spice up the thing a bit....like, good headings and all that. And no, I won't accept your attendance at two cons as excuse for

being late. I'll bet you've been cheating fandom by sleeping when you should have been stencilling. Like, who sleeps? I thot a prerequisite to entering fandom was to be a chronic insomniac. That way one can devote 25 hours a day to fanac. // Say, I don't get this....you say "Let's Send Berry to Detroit." No, no, you got it all wrong. It's "Let's Bring Berry to Detroit." Dontcha know from nothin'? // Gnu! An ad for Don Ford. That's the first time I've seen him mentioned in an Anglazine....like, most Britfen ignore him....or just plain haven't heard of him. // That Bulmer really writes well....pure enjoyment. // Those reasons on the back for receiving ORION fascinate me. // That fictitious letter from Joe Phan was superb. // I think Berry's stalling in his views of PF. He knows damn well who s/he/it is; but just isn't telling. My personal guess is ATOM....what's my prize? All we U.S. fen need do is each pick a Britfan, until we've named everyone, and then write to Sanderson, someone would have to be right....'cause I doubt PF is American. I don't see how you can rule Sid out. He rambles on in a way that very remarkably resembles PF. I'll still say it's ATOM tho'.)4 I read a long time ago of experiments they were carrying out in Russia to see how long a person can be made to go without sleep. It didn't dawn on me that they were in fact, giving government training to their sf fans, as they do their athletes and circus performers. I wonder what the rate of pay would be in Russia for a fan? 2 roubles a month for a neo....how much for a fringe fan? Just imagine what would happen if you missed out on the deadline for an issue of your fnz. 10 years in the saltmines laddie! // Look Mister. From where I'm sitting I did help send Berry to Detroit, from where you are you brought him. And don't forget to send him back too. // After I've had some sleep I'll be pleased to accept your invitation. Writing.

KEN BULMER.

204, Wellmeadow Road,
Catford. S.E.6.

Sweet creature - you're a flaming menace!
Here am I, with a specimen of what Walt
kindly calls my boilerplate palpitating

KEN BULMER(ontd.). on the desk, sitting down to write you a long letter of comment on 022. Mad, harebrained fool, bulmer! //

The cover was a stinker after the first really fine one and is one of Arthur's poorest efforts, however much I agree with the sentiments expressed, I am judging it on the merits it possesses -- or doesn't -- as a fnz cover. On the other hand the next two pages contain fine artwork. // On my bit about the Elsie Horde I notice places where my writing was lousy -- the bit about the extra half dozen bods on page 7 seems a bit ambiguous -- I meant in overall numbers, of course, and not from one meeting to the next, where the increase was much greater. // This Blood Bank idea is jolly good. Lumping the two con reports together, I think Ivor's takes the edge, but Brian's is nothing of which to be ashamed and I particularly liked his crack about the candles and Vinç's slumenology, of which august science more is to be heard, I understand. Can you get more material from Brian and Ivor? //

Ken, it seems sacriligious to cut your letter so drastically but what else can E.P.g.f. do? // The Blood Bank was Bobbio's idea I agree with you it was a good one, but it isn't bringing in the kind of comments and help for its writers from people such as yourself, Vinç Clarke, Harry Warner and anybody else who feel themselves qualified to give constructive advice. That was the whole idea behind the feature. Not so much that they should be told they had gone wrong, but where, and most important why it was wrong. With helpful suggestions added for correcting their faults. How about it folks? // I've had a half promise of something else from Brian for the future.

BOB LIGHTMAN.

6137 S. Croft Ave.,
Los Angeles 56,
Calif. U.S.A.

As usual ATOM's decorations leave me with no comment except a murmured "excellent." And tho' I disagree with the sentiment expressed I must say that Eddie's TAFF ad

is well executed. But, it's Bjo for TAFF -- and you running an all femme edited zine should support her. Birds of a feather, and all that. Besides, Miriam won't let you kiss Terry. // Get that Enever fellow back! Even if it's just for a guest editorial. // Ken's article on the LC much appreciated at this address. // Brian's conreport was very good, and the first such write up I've seen of this particular convention. // What more can I say about the Berry series? Like, it's excellent, it's good enough to be published professionally, but everyone's already said this and that over and over again. Oh heck, I just liked it. Keep them coming John. // Brian Jordan: Hoo-ha! Finally someone who agrees with me as to PF's identity. // Miriam won't let me kiss Terry, eh? So, why would I want to kiss Bjo? That leaves only one logical choice for me...Don. With Margaret's permission, of course. // I haven't heard from Paul for months. I believe he is very busy at this time of year; at least, I hope he's just busy. Paul! Drop us a postcard to let us know you are okay. // I suppose you realise that if we lose John as a fannish writer if he ever turned pro it would be a tragedy for faneditors. // ATOM is PF? Phoney!

DOROTHY RATIGAN.

131, East Dulwich Grove,
S.E.22.

Thank you for sending 022. -- I'm gonna call it the 'Peace-lovin' Fanzine', as the editorial policy appears to be good sense to me, but, whether you will be able to maintain this policy is another

DOROTHY RATIGAN(ontd.).

matter altogether. Of course, it also means that most articles will have to be of a somewhat neutral nature - no melting pots or sizzling cauldrons for you lot eh?? // John Berry is a joy to read - I wonder what he's like to meet? I suppose he's one of these dour looking men, who sucks a pipe more often than smokes it, litters the firegrate with half burnt matches and possibly has a rather small face, a little under 5ft 6" with ears slightly on the big side. Can anyone tell me? I always try to picture the person from his style of writing...sometimes I'm right...but it would be just like John to be utterly, utterly different! // At the time of writing on Policy I felt I should either have taken more room to expand on the subject a bit or have left it alone 'til later: I should have left it alone. From the little I did say you have assumed too much. I have no objection to argument or controversy in the pages of ORION. As editor I retain for myself the privilege of formulating the rules under which such arguments will be conducted. For instance. It should be possible to have a stimulating discussion or argument going on without the arguues (new word?) descending to personalities. Tear to pieces anything with which you disagree but don't become personal in your opinions. (I mean that 'you' to be taken generally, not personally). As a good example of the kind of thing I mean take another look at the letter we had from Redd Boggs. He criticised ORION but he was courteous and impersonal about it thus causing offence to no-one. It isn't argument I want to debar but malice. Okay?

HARRY WARNER Jnr.
423 Summit Avenue,
Hagerstown,
Maryland. U.S.A.

Maybe birds are masochists. I know they wallow around in dust to try to get rid of their parasites, or that's the explanation I've heard, and it's conceivable that they

like to burn themselves so that the sharp pain will help them to ignore the lesser nuisance of the patter of little feet in their wings and feathers elsewhere on their bodies. // All the material about the LG and the convention related matters seemed to me to be uniformly interesting. // I'm not taking sides in the current TAFF campaign, except to say that Don Ford certainly has the best full-page spread that any candidate has produced to date. // There is one point on which I would quibble. There's no law against taking pictures of the White House. You aren't allowed to take cameras inside if you're just a tourist, which makes it a little difficult. This is probably what Ron was thinking about...there's a good reason for it. The line of gawkers must be kept moving and if cameras were permitted inside they'd never keep the tour of the building in progress. // If as I've been led to believe a dust bath will shift parasites for birds I don't see why they should resort to the ordeal by fire. In the case of forest fires, I wondered about that at the time of seeing the programme and the only thing that made sense was that, such a large fire causing the amount of smoke it does more than likely results in suffocation for a lot of them. This would explain why so many of them are to be found later burnt to a crisp. // What Ron actually said if my memory serves me right was, "you aren't allowed to stop your car outside the White House in order to take photos - from the car, that is - and this picture proves it." It never occurred to me that the White House was open for tours. I suppose it is only the public state rooms that are shown, equivalent to our Queen's State Apartments in the various castles?

E.I. (neo-fan) CARNELL.
17, Burwash Road,
Plumstead, S.E.18.

girls on the editorial staff. This is something I am interested in. // The readers letters were extremely interesting. What were they all about? I also thoroughly enjoyed the art work in your fanzine. This chap "atom" I assume is a Japanese spy named MOTA - I've heard all about these people from Tom Lehrer who once worked as a spy out at Los Alamos. // This chap Bloch in your letter column - he seems an interesting character and his name is vaguely familiar. I once had breakfast with him in a sleazy fry joint in New York - couldn't understand a word he said of course. Apart from the bacon grease that slobbered down his greying beard - he only spoke Lithuanian. We got on very well, however, as at that time I was only speaking Hindustani. ㄥ ! ! !

JEFF WANSHEL:

6, Beverly Place
Larchmont,
New York. U.S.A.

Finished reading 022. Here's how it goes. H(a)K Bulmer was alright. His was pretty good reporting, and it might have meant more to me if I belonged to the BSFA. //

I always enjoy conreps; and this was no exception. If Brian had more practice he could have made it a lot more interesting. Keep at it Brian. // Berry was, as usual, Berryish. Keep him at it Ella. If he misses an ish fandom as we know it will be dead. // Fanlights are pretty good, but, Roberta has to learn to be more critical. Is she thinking she's Floyd C. Gale? However, she has caused me to send off for four zines so far. // I like the Eddie ad. Good drawing idea. // Last but not best comes the Convivial convention. This is really good, great! I would have given a lot to have shared Ivor's experiences. Bennett isn't PF. He can't be. After all, you people are just figments of my imagination. So, behave! ㄥ I am writing to you, but in case this reaches you first. You can join the BSFA by getting in touch with Dale R. Smith. // I don't know what you think will happen to fandom now that John has in fact missed an ish. Do me a favour, don't bury it yet, there may still be signs of life left in it. // Bobbie's Fanlights in the last issue were, all unknown to me, her last. In view of her impending marriage she hasn't found the time to do them for me. What will happen in the future hasn't yet been finally decided. // I hope you aren't too proud to accept a copy of this zine from a figment of your imagination.

MARY MUNRO.

6, Lynwood Avenue,
Newcastle-on-Tyne, 4.

What's the idea of the "you will comment" bit? Have you ever tried to comment on something that is 50%

incomprehensible? // Gripping tightly to the remaining shreds of sanity I enclose a sub for the next issue. ㄥ Your bewilderment is understandable but, if you take a look at the letters written by Joe Patrizio and Jimmy Groves you will see it can be done. There must have been something you liked or with which you disagreed? // Thanks for the sub Mary. On your own head be it.

DALE R. SMITH.
3001 Kyle Avenue,
Minneapolis 22,
Minnesota. U.S.A.

Birds in the flames - why naturally. Birds have lice and one way they rid themselves of these companions is by eating them. And, being intelligent creatures, the birds have discovered

that roasted louse is much tastier than raw louse.)(Roasted Yngvi in fact! The other matter you mentioned has been settled to your credit. Write again Dale, longer next time, eh?

JILL ADAMS.
54, Cobden Avenue,
Bitterne Park,
Southampton.

The cover I liked. When Penny (my daughter) saw it she pointed at the artist thereon and said, "look Mummy, a jug." // While reading 'Specs' it was

as though I were in the Globe again listening to you nattering, I'm not sure whether that's a good thing or not. // Ken's report on the LC doings was, natch, very interesting to me, an exile. I wish you all the best of fannish luck, and hope you all have one on me (at your own expense, of course).)(Hi Exile! Your not trying to tell me you moved to Southampton to escape my nattering....are you? I enjoyed the drink I had on you. Next time we meet remind me to bill you for it.

RICK SNEARY.
2962 Santa ana St.,
South Gate,
California. U.S.A.

One matter to carp about...the ATOM headings were just fine....in fact they were so finely done that I could hardly read some of them, they were stretched

and over-layed tell they looked to much like art, and not titles. If they had been in different colors from their background, they would have come out clearer. // The major items I thought were the two convention reports by Jordan and Mayne. They were good and bad, in exactly the same way. In fact the strangest thing was how much alike their style of writing was. I've read reports by married couples that were more different, and in this case Brian and Ivor do not even seem to know each other very well. I am regreathfull that so much time was spent on food. Comming, going and waiting for. Ivor remarks at the end that few of the old timers were there...and the new faces there, are ever never personified to be in N.America. I would liked to have seen more thumb-nail sketches of the fans they met. There are not a few fascinating references made and not explained. I've defended esotric remarks before, but it would be nice to know why Linwood is called the Lord of Sherwood, or why Ivor should collapse on meeting him. It would have been fine if someone had said what you three looked like (all I learned was that Ella likes whiskey and wasn't yet fond of jazz.).)(ATOM has changed his ways. See for yourself. // Brian and Ivor met for the first time at the convention, tho' they had been corresponding before it for a while. They are both at the age where they differ on everything at the drop of a hat just for the sake of the discussion that ensues. Then too, they do have different outlooks on things and people being so different in themselves. I think of the two Brian tends to be the more serious. Linwood lives in Nottingham and has somehow become identified with Sherwood Forest and Robin Hood. Anyone in the least sensitive would collapse on meeting him. I still don't like jazz and my tipple is dry Martinll without either lemon or gin. I've told you. We defy description.

Dennis Tucker,
87; Oakridge Road,
High Wycombe,
Bucks.

Frankly, I don't think you exist, either.
I mean, look at your fantastic names, to
start with: Ell-a Parker is obviously
something John Berry said when he spotted a
stationary motor vehicle in an unauthorised

position: B. Wild is what Walt Willis was when a U.S. fan described him
as an Englishman; Sandra Hall sounds like a college at Oxford or Cambridge
or Holloway, or someplace. I suspect you're figments of someone's imagination,
probably your own. // Thanks for ORION: The feminine touch seems to have
added a certain something to the whole thing. (That was accidental, honest:
Meant to be 'touch', of course.) My subconscious must have run away with
me. // Re your editorial. Did you hear of the episode where the chap set
up his build-it-yourself cuckoo on a hedge: Other birds attacked it
viciously about the head. Then he gradually dismantled it, piece by piece,
and each time other birds continued the attack, until finally only the head
remained, with the same result. So it appears that the other species
recognise the cuckoo by its head alone, and act accordingly. // I notice
quite a lot is being said about the BSFA. Up to a point I accept the
reasoning for the £1 sub, but surely the sub rate is itself a principle
factor which is stopping many otherwise-interested people from joining?
// I just lurve what you made of my name, gertcha. You credit me with more
imagination than I deserve. Not even I could have dreamed up such as me!
I can't vouch for the other two, of course. // It's a pity you corrected
your sub conscious, it would have been interesting to see who you thought
was the "feminine touch". // It is a vicious circle with this question of
the £1 sub to the BSFA. Until we have a larger membership list we can't
really afford to drop it lower, as it is you - and others - argue, it is
too high. Which is the way out of a circle? Quite a number of fen, in
spite of the high sub rate - yourself included - have been sufficiently
interested in it to join.

Johnny Hautz,
Mona Vanna,
Galtrim Park,
Bray,
Co. Wicklow.

I keep borrowing fanzines from Ian McAulay, but
the life of a fakefan is not a happy one, I will
just have to sub to my own fmz. // I liked BuEmert's
column on his New York trip. One good thing about
TAFF - beyond international friendship - is the

good reporting that emanates therefrom. Willis, Bulmer, Bennett and
soon Berry. The selection of English fans has certainly resulted in
fine writing, and the activities of the Goon Stateside should certainly
be worth reading. // I had resolved not to mention McAulay's name in
here again, and look what you made me do. // I agree with your sentiments
re TAFF. Just one correction tho', neither Willis or Berry have made
the trip to the States through TAFF. Those trip were sponsored by
Amerifen and helped out by some of the English fen. Nice to hear from
you. Write again, please.

Rory Paulkner,
7241 East 20th St.
Westminster, Calif.
U.S.A.

43
Starting with ATOM's cover, it's clever
as is all his stuff. But for Ghod's sake
- someone please tell me who and what is
Yngvi! Origin, history and character, other
than his lousiness. Is he a British

institution, like Joan the Wad, or a purely fannish bod? // John Berry
was wonderful with another of his fabulous tales of the Irish Police.
If Berry make s it to ^Detroit without coming on to L.A. later with some
of the crowd, I will consider this whole year wasted. You know, John
is my spiritual affinity (if the word spiritual can be used inconNECTION
with either of us). // I remember asking Walt in a letter ages ago
exactly the same question about Yngvi as you have. He never did tell
me from whence it came or why it should have been adopted by fen to mean
what it does. I know in which context to use the expression, but I'm
damned if I know why it is the expression to fit a particular case.
How about it Walt? Now there are two of us thirsting after the why
and wherefor of it. // I hope you were able to meet your affinity
after all, I've never met him yet but we've written to each other so
often I feel I know him quite well. One of us is probably in for a
shock when finally we do meet up. Nice to know you are well again.

Those are all the letters I have time and space to run. My thanks to all
of you for an interesting batch of letters; I wish I could print them
all, they deserve a better fate than the.....

HONOURABLE MENTIONS.

The first three were comments on 021 and came from Vic Ryan, Jim
Caughran, and Lynn Hickman (Lynn, this should have been mentioned last
time but it got mislaid. Sorry) Now those letters on 022. Ethel
Lindsay, Arthur (Doc) Weir, Ron Bennett, Rob Macready, Klaus Eylmann,
Rainer Eisfeld, Art Hayes, Peter West, Ken McIntyre, Len Tapper, John
(Detainee) Berry (I'll bet it was fun, John.) Alan Rispin, Jim Cawthorn,
Peter Davies, Terry Jeeves, Ken Cheslin, Peter Singleton, Brian Jordan,
(will write, and soon.) W.F. (Bill) Temple, Sid Birchby, Ian Hill,
Tom Porter, Ian McFulay (What! Your name again. Hop it!) Mal Ashworth,
Joy Clarke (You know what they keep in doghouses.) George Locke,
Jim Caughran, Len Moffatt, and as he says himself the worst of the lot
came from Archie Mercer. From the British Museum, nothing!

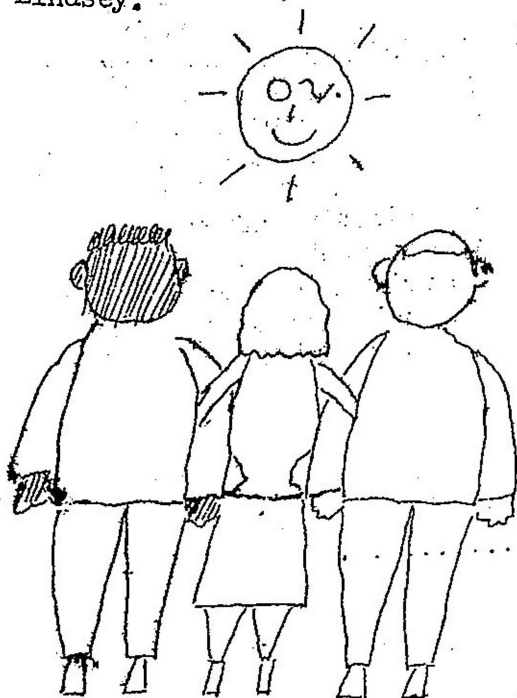
Don't forget those of you who can make it the London Symposium
is on Oct. 3rd. We are going to have a lot of fun, it would be nice
to see YOU there. Do try and come to it.

'Bye now.

F. H. A.

FILM REVIEW

From
Ethel Lindsey.



The World, the Flesh and
the Devil.
starring Harry Belafonte,
Mel Ferrer and
Inger Stevens.

The story is of a Negro who is trapped under-ground whilst the end of the world takes place. He manages to free himself, and then finds he is the last man left alive. He heads for New York, but there is nobody there either. He selects an apartment, collects a couple of wax figures for company and settles down to try and live alone. Then a woman joins him. He will not let her live in the same apartment as himself, and despite her obvious liking for him, makes no move, because she is a white woman. Later they are joined by a third man, as he is white, the negro leaves them alone. In the end the two men start to fight over the woman, but the negro feels disgust at the thought of more fighting, and offers no resistance, so the white man doesn't kill him when he can. The film finishes with the three walking off hand in hand.

Thus a synopsis: A terrible title of course! This film is worth seeing for the first part when Belafonte is on the screen by himself. To watch him wandering around the deserted streets of New York - the fine shots of the empty, towering buildings - is a really worthwhile experience. The film is his. He is given an almost impossibly "good" character to portray, but the sincerity and integrity of his acting almost makes it real.

Having praised the film for his acting, and the wonderful photography, I should then want to tear it to pieces.

There is a terrible wogueness about why New York is deserted, a complete and unnatural absence of corpses, never explained, and a most irritating "human triangle" when the other survivors appear. No realistic thinking along the lines of..."Shall we start the human race again?"...or, "how lucky! Two men, now we needn't worry so much about in-breeding."

Instead, a dreary argument about who should get the girl, and this impossible nobleness on the part of the negro. If this is considered to be an adult approach to the problem of colour prejudice, I don't think much of it. I think the assumption that the negro was being noble by refraining from claiming the woman because of his colour, is a downright insult to his race.

At the time I saw the film I mostly enjoyed it, but brooding over it afterwards - I got angry!

retroSPEC'S.

This is both apology and explanation. I said in my editorial that I wouldn't bore you with the details of my fight with the new dupe, and I won't. I also promised that the pages would improve later on in the 'zine. They have, but not as soon as I hoped.

Apart from the fact that various bits and pieces have been falling off - and the machine has worked without them, I've been using Baird Stencils on a Gestetner which necessitated changing the headings each time; consequently, in one corner the stencil would crease up. This explains - but doesn't excuse - the dirty black line at the top of a lot of the pages. I am very disappointed that I haven't been able to do any better than this, the only cure for it would have been for me to re-cut the whole thing on Gestetner stencils, thus making the mailing date even later than it is now.

I've had a lot of help and advice from Vin and George Locke. Vin never seemed to be here when things got desperate (I'll have to see what I can do about getting Inchmory to move over this way.). George on the other hand, has been the one to suffer the brunt of my irritation at the multitude of things that went wrong for no apparent reason. I owe him more than thanks. Apologies to all my contributors whose material I've loused up through bad repro, that means most of you.

F. R.

At least one of the reasons listed
~~allow for~~ receiving this must apply
to you. Is it because

You wrote? ✓

I liked your letter? ✓

You subscribed? ✓

You contributed?

We trade?

You write reviews?

I just want to make you mad?

I.O.U. a grudge?

I.O.U. a letter? ✓

I just O.U.?

You would like to contribute? ✓

I hope you'll get to like it?

There are too many reasons - all of them valid? ✓

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