

# ORION









Guid

NEW YEAR

TO RIN

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Ella



## Contents

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Front cover  
this by Jim  
Cawthorn.

All headings by  
ATOM. (as if you  
didn't know).

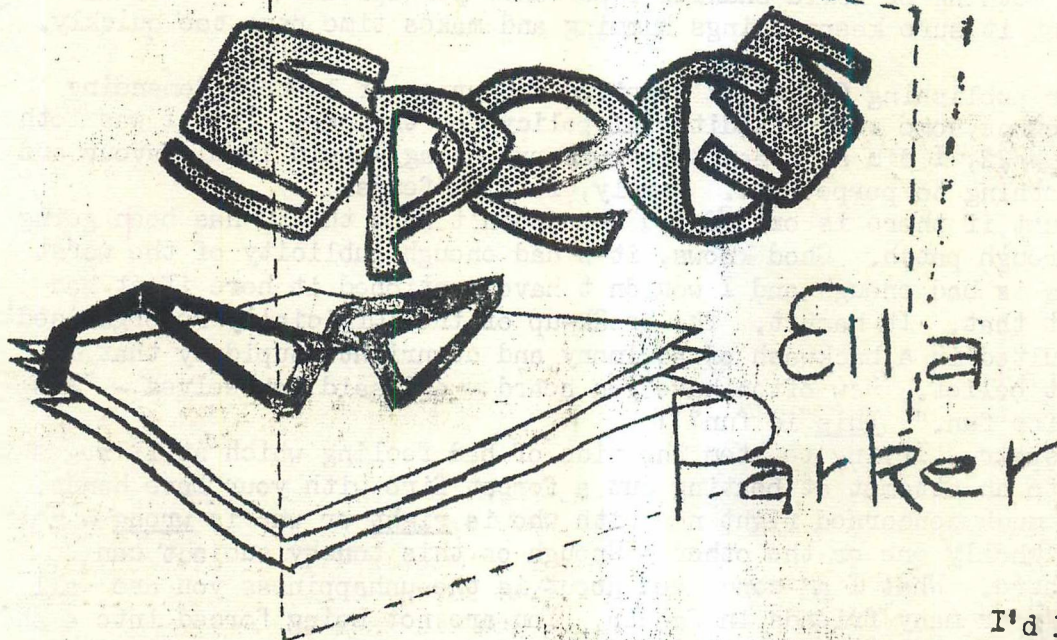
Faucity of illos  
this time because  
of my laggardly  
habits.

Duplicating, and  
slip-sheeting I did.  
I'm also responsible for  
any and all typos, pages  
that may prove to be illegible,  
and any other faults you may -  
and probably will - find.

Jordan, you ignoramus! A scad of anything is a crowd, batch or like  
that. Not to be confused with scab.

- 5...SPECS.....Me.
- 7...TAFK Tales 4.....H.K.Bulmer.
- 11..Outlandishly Yours.....R.Faulkner.
- 13..Free AdvtS.....Yours.
- 14.....Russia from the corner  
of my eye.....Honey.K.Elliott.
- 18...The Tractor Propelled  
Couch.....Paul Enever.
- 20...Big Deal.....John Berry.
- 26...Fanlights.....Arthur Thomson.
- 29...Pillar of the  
Establishment.....Archie Mercer.
- 33...Bloodbank 4.....Alan Rispin.
- 35...Y.S.I.....Letters from YOU.
- 42...Fanks fer fanzines dept.....Me.
- 44... Your name and address, stamp and postage  
mark. Your editor's name and address  
(I'm no coward). Also the name and address  
of my USAgent.. and anything else  
I may have forgotten to put inside  
the mag. Being me, y ou never know.





I'd like to begin this time by thanking you for the many Xmas cards sent me. All of them were nice, some amusing, two insulting - in the nicest possible way, you understand - and one downright crazy. Under whichever heading yours belonged I loved getting them. Mind you, it was a bit rough on the nerves going down to collect the day's mail not knowing what might be lurking in those innocent-looking envelopes.

I s'pose it is a bit late to wish you all a Merry Xmas? Unless you save it for this year. I can however, wish you A Happy New Year. That is allowed until the end of January.

There is nothing in the world makes you so conscious of the terrific rate at which time goes by than publishing a fanzine. The job is done, then mailed out. You look forward to getting some letters written and maybe having some spare spare time. Suddenly, you begin counting back, then forward. In another 3 weeks there's your next issue due out; and what have you done? Nothing! Panic ensues. You forswear all parties, social evenings in your own home come to a dramatic stop, you become a recluse. You still publish later..

I swear strong oaths that next time all material will be put on stencil as soon as it is received. It never is, of course. But the glow of self-righteousness makes you feel good, while it lasts. All this is true, and yet..

I find it difficult to believe that only 3 months have passed since I last launched O on a long suffering world. (well, not much more than 3) I know this sounds contradictory but so much seems to have happened since then I feel there must have been at least a year's interval. This has probably been aggravated by the intervening holidays, but they can't account for all of it. Our new club the SFGL is thriving. Visitors from out of town appear on the



doorstep from time to time, plans are progressing for the Easter convention which is to be held in London. There seems to be a buzz of fannish activity going on. Nothing of world-shaking importance perhaps and difficult to itemise, but it sure keeps things humming and makes time pass too quickly.

After publishing 0// 21, I received a barmage of letters demanding that I announce some sort of editorial policy for the mag. This I was loth to do. In //22, I did say that there was one thing I held in disfavour and would do nothing to perpetuate. Namely, fannish feuds.

I doubt if there is one of you who doesn't know the LC has been going through a rough patch. Ghod knows, it's had enough publicity of the worst kind. This is bad enough and I wouldn't have mentioned it here if it had finished at that. It hasn't. The break-up of the 'Officially re-organised' LC has resulted in a backwash of acrimony and downright stupidity that is almost past belief. How often have you heard - and said yourselves - "I'm in fandom for fun." This is fun?!!

I despair. Trying to stem the tide of bad feeling which still rages is tatamount to an attempt at beating out a forest fire with your bare hands. I'm not so much concerned right now with who is right or who is wrong - neither faction is wholly one or the other - Enough on this touchy subject can be read elsewhere. What I am concerned about is the unhappiness you are all causing to your many friends in fandom. You are not being forced into a show of friendship you obviously don't feel, but I fail to understand why you can't just agree to differ and leave it at that. Why be so vindictive? Why harbour spite? Most of the reasons given me for the existing bitterness lie 2-3 years in the past. Are all of you really so unforgiving?

Where lies the virtue in being in the right and insisting that you are when a lot of this misery could be alleviated by ignoring provocative letters and articles saying you are wrong. Any fire will die when starved of fuel. Please, all of you, won't you starve this one to death, now?

It is no use adopting the attitude of 'we'll drop it when they do'. 'They' are saying exactly the same thing. Someone has to make the first move toward peace. The one to do so can only gain respect for at least showing willing.

Most of you closely concerned in this brawl - for that's what it has become - profess yourselves interested in the future of fandom and that it should have one. What a glorious example you are setting for your fannish heirs to follow.

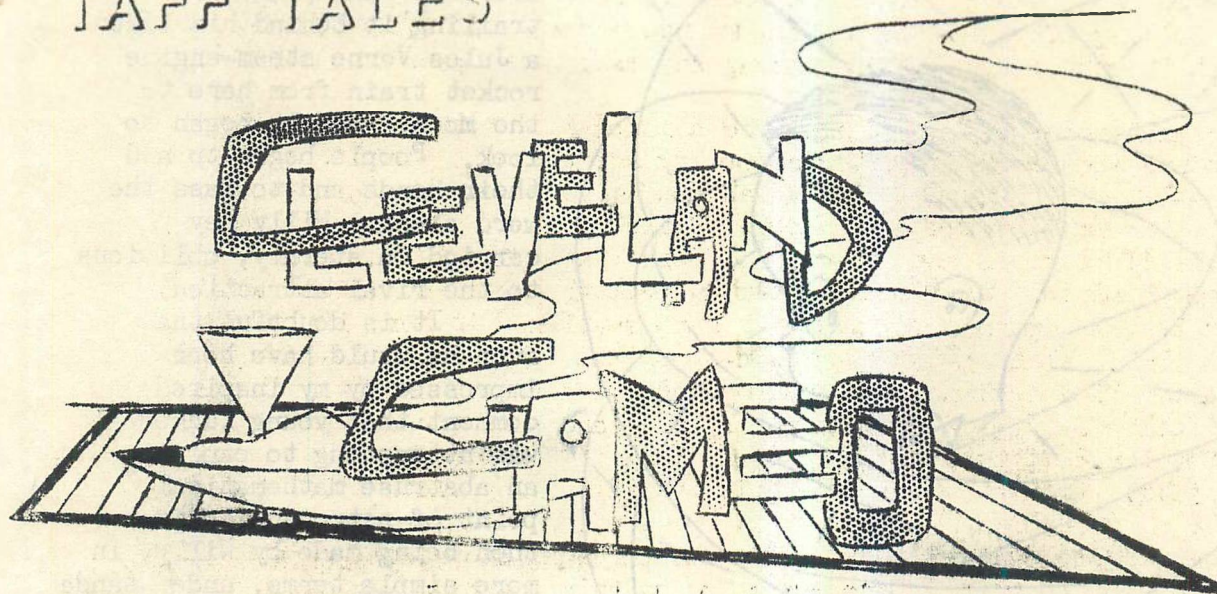
If I'm not careful I'm going to gain for myself a reputation of always shooting my mouth off at fandom and its faults. I know it looks and sounds that way and my only excuse for so doing is that I've made so many friends among you and there is so much in fandom that is good. Also, believe it or not, I've managed to have a hell of a lot of fun. I hate to see my friends wasting precious time in squabbling and keeping old scores alive to the point where plain common sense doesn't get a look in. I am not a "do gooder." heaven forfend. I do enjoy fandom and I'd like to make you all enjoy it too, even if it kills you!

'Bye for now. Don't cut too many throats.

See you.....in 3 months.



# TAFF TALES



H. KEN BULMER

The Gift for Immortal Prose in most people deserts them the moment they put words to paper, and in retailing Pamela's and my adventures in the land of Bloch and Tucker I feel the need to put on my best bib and tucker. I shall not, I assure you, feel competent at this present juncture to regale you with the story of Tucker's next generation and L. Sprague de Camp's dental floss or of Willy Ley. As Walter Alexander Willis has said, we shall be referring to rare objects on the fannish scene as 'Scarce as Bulmer's teeth.' I am wounded by this, wounded to the gums. But, gritting my few remaining ivories, I repeat the fatal words 'dental floss.'

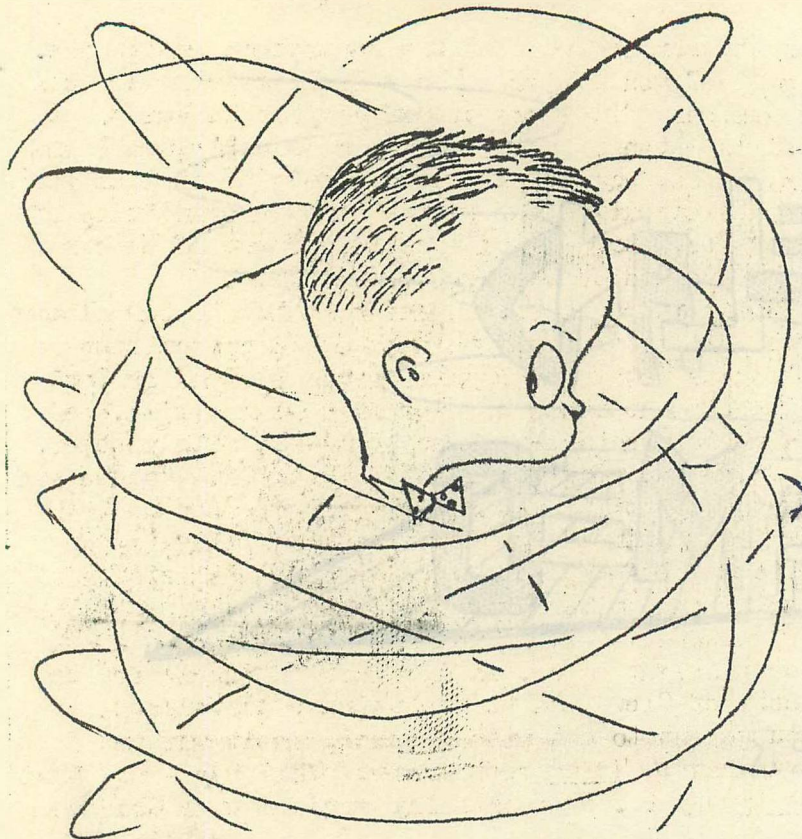
This thin, stringy, fluffy, twine-like substance is not as well known or as widely used this side of the Atlantic as the other. The theory is, in the land where tooth-picks form part of the table decorations, that the floss shall be drawn between the teeth to remove the odd lobster claw or hominy grits.

L. Sp. de C. was apparently about to perform this intricate operation on his pearlies during a Willy Ley talk, probably on rockets if it wasn't about extinct animals. Now, such as we all love and admire Willy, a talk by him demands absolute concentration. Tucker, knowing this, concentrated. His off-spring off-sprang.

The next we saw was young David Tucker cavorting up and down the aisle with de Camp's dental floss. de Camp had apparently, in one of his juvenile psychological analysis fits, given it to the Wild Talent Junior to keep him amused

He was successful. Stunningly successful.





The young Tucker wound the stuff about him, coiled over it, ran up and down trailing it behind him like a Jules Verne steam-engine rocket train from here to the Moon. People began to look. People began to nod their heads and to pass the word along. Willy Ley carried on sternly, oblivious to the rival attraction.

It is doubtful that even he would have been impressed by my inspired comment that young Tucker was attempting to explain an abstruse mathematical point of astronautics just then being made by Willy, in more simple terms, understandable by us mere men. On the other hand, Willy might have been talking about extinct animals. The parallel there is so bright that I refrain from comment.

At last Tucker Snr. lassoed Tucker junior, it was not established if he used the dental floss or not, and order was restored. But it was the most successful Willy Ley lecture in decades, I was told.

To round off the opening remarks - and no Gift for Immortal Prose is to be expected this time round - I doubt that any pen could do justice to the thoughts that crossed my mind when talking to Bob Bloch and Tony Boucher. Incidentally, he pronounces his name 'Bowcher' so I guess that must be right.

They both have noses. They both have gimlet eyes. And - they both use cigarette holders. Now, many people use cigarette holders, Evelyn Paige, Terry Thomas and Ted Tubb. But the sight of Bloch and Boucher with holders, sitting at the little private dimly lit and coloured-lighted bar in the hotel in Cleveland, aroused a storm of fancies.

Imagine - the romantically-lit bar, the ranked bottles, the unobtrusive waiter, tree-like decorations swathing pillars, soft seats, good drinks - and these two giants sitting facing each other. At once - at once - they were two gentlemen from fiery Italy of the Renaissance. Their rapiers flickered, catching glints of light, flickering in and out in flashing parry and riposte. The blades clashed and rang. Or - they were two heroes from the plains of Ilium, hurling insults at each other, hefting their well-made spears, casting them in darts of Jovian thunder. Or - well, you carry on.

Two of giants, sitting fencing with cigarette holders, still clenched between teeth (huh?). The stuff from which can be spun so fine and fanciful fantasies that still contain the sense of wonder the some people insist has been lost, by them.



The name of the bar was the Purple Tree and the atmosphere was purple. A sort of Polham Gloom twilight, if you follow. The swizzle sticks were all little purple trees, and the general effect was one of Jungles on Venus. I was also reminded of Niebaldski's Mutant. This bar was reasonably small and most select and secretive and, to me, anyway, it never seemed to fill as you'd expect. I think this was in part accounted for by the immense quantities of liquor consumed in rooms in parties, etc. I don't believe Guest of Honour Isaac Asimov went to sleep from one end of the con to the other.

Doc Barrett had a shirt with two pockets, in one of which he had sleepy pills and the other wakey-wakey pills. He used to walk about prescribing as he went. Some of the con attendees set their physiological systems by Doc's pills, snapping to a smart attention at crack of programme with a pill, and dropping off to sleep under someone else's bed at party-low-ebb with another.

One evening, as Dale R. Smith had very kindly offered to take Pamela and me to dinner, as a generous gesture showing his support of the TAFF man, arrangements were quickly made that Chinese food was just the thing for a group of the CFG. Dale is a large, soft-spoken, very pleasant individual with the sort of mid-western sincerity that makes every topic important. He is not to be confused with Death Ray Smith of immortal memory, and also of Nuneaton. Dale went out of his way to be pleasant to us, as did most everyone, and we all repaired through the streets of Cleveland to the Chinese Restaurant.

As in any city where you go out to eat with a bunch, so it was in Cleveland. Where was the restaurant? Which restaurant? This way - no, that one was not it - well then, this way ... We eventually arrived at a Chinese Restaurant and entered.

At that time Pamela liked Chinese food and I didn't. I'd been foisted off in various Chinese Restaurants with terrible stuff by Ted Tubb from time to time and had conceived an aversion for it. So I watched with some trepidation as waiter after waiter brought in bowl after bowl after bowl.....

It has only been in the last couple of years that my palate and susceptibilities have accustomed themselves to Chinese food, through the skilful gourmet work of Dan Margan and John Kippax. They share my views on what is eatable and what not - altho' I cannot follow them all the way - I can, at least, understand how to order.

There were a number of notable diners around that Chinese table in Cleveland. Ellis Mills, Ben Keifer, 'the one with the stomach muscle', Don Ford and Lou Tabakow. We started in and I did find some quite nice things to eat. The atmosphere was fine, with the old conversation rolling free, and, I recall, it was that sort of conversation where anyone speaks to anyone and it all fits in but there is nothing that you can pin-point for posterity. At one point Pamela and I were warned most carefully about a certain foodstuff, on a small dish, and told that this was hot, really hot, hotter than anything you've ever tasted.

This was Chinese mustard. From all I gathered, it was uncommon in the States for English mustard to be used - they have the powder but make it in some complicated way that comes out something like Continental mustard; which of course is just like fish paste - . Anyway, one of the chap's wives was tasting this and making the appropriate cooing noises of heat, so we tried it and it turned out to be like English mustard, so that was all right. It may have been made a little bit stronger but the difference was minute. I recently heard from Ellis that someone stuffed a wodge in their mouths and nearly exploded.



I've an idea we disappointed them when we didn't exclaim at how hot it was.

In a bar somewhere I pulled a juvenile action pun.

Dale Tarr and Dale Smith, two chaps who although not small are not as tall as Don Ford (is anyone?) happened to be standing talking so I ups and begins to marshal them around. I put Tarr there, and Smith there, and stuck Ford between, there. Surveying my handiwork, and their puzzled expressions, I hadn't the heart to make the pun and, anyway, it had slipped in the making and wasn't the full blooded one I'd originally thought of. So, I said: "Behold, a mountain between two Dales."

Of course, the ford aspect of it should have been worked in but I'm not a punman, a la WAW. (For which small mercy, Ghu be thanked) They were quite polite.

When I'd eaten all I could, and most of the others had called it a day, Ben, Ellis and Don, with Lou still in there, cleared the table. Doc began to chuckle, but he knew that these lads could shift the food without ill effects. The Americans eat a lot more than we do, it seems, and the theory is that this gives them their energy. Could be. Doc had figures which showed that the size of us'ns over here had not increased through the war years, as most of the US folk are increasing in size - over the generations and by averages, of course - apparently because we had rationing which, although giving us a perfectly good and livable diet, didn't give us that little extra which allowed growth increase. I thought of the dinosaurs and their flopping, also of the early-type mammals which ran to size until us little 'uns kicked 'em out. Still, even though the Black Prince was quite a shorty to us, there were big fellows in his days, and I suppose that even though the height of the average population-unit (how's that for another new and ugly way of saying something?) is steadily increasing, there will be enough shorties to hold the balance level and to prevent the big 'uns from ruining the race. (Come in, WAW, James White, Ted Tubb, Don Ford et al, and shoot me down. hah!!)

Here endeth this episode of TAFF Tales. In picking out a few snapshot memories of the con we're hoping to build up a multi-dimensional picture that although more difficult than a mere straightforward narrative, has already picked up some favourable comment. If I haven't made it clear from the beginning, both Pamela and I were greatly appreciative of the goodwill and hospitality shown us; but think that is abundantly clear from what has already been written - even if not in any style showing a Gift of Immortal Prose.....

Don it is for TAFF. A hearty welcome awaits you Don, from us ALL. The only thing I dislike about TAFF is, that someone has to lose, there can only be one winner and inevitably this means high hopes dashed for the losers. I hope that both Bjo and Terry will stand again some other time.

I know. Let's start a fund going to bring all of USFandom over!!



# Outlandishly YOURS

RORY FAULKNER

I wonder if in England  
you have the world of fantasy  
such as we have here on television.

I mean the really fantastic commercials that out-do anything the fantasy mags  
put out.

The commercials - pardon me, the 'important messages' are like an old-  
fashioned medicine show. Every petty ailment that afflicts the human race is  
exploited for gain, dramatized in picture, song and story, frequently in a most  
disgusting way.

For instance, take the case of the two statues, Aphrodite and the Discus  
Hurler. Did you know marble statues could stink? As these noble works of art  
are thrown on the screen, a pontifical male voice begins the pitch for an  
under-arm deodorant by announcing majestically, "In the mature male, and in the  
mature female, powerful glands located in the curve of the ~~ere~~ <sup>are</sup> secrete " " " "  
perspiration, etc." This smelly ad is almost equalled by another which discusses  
how a woman sweats during her "vitality years." Ugh!

Then there is a man who squirms uneasily on his ~~chair~~ while promoting a  
certain hemorrhoid salve, usually interrupting a tender love story with his sad  
tale - (tail?).

The battle of the headache pills is waged furiously all over the net-  
works. Each little pellet proclaims its own superiority while down-grading its  
rivals... This wild brannigan is augmented in turn by the liquid soltzers,  
usually with animated puppets.

I never notice how many of these -"sick" ads there were, because I usually  
get up and leave during the commercials; but for three weeks I was bed-fast,  
and had to lie there and take it. Naturally I already felt like hell in a  
handbasket, and all those sorry-looking sad sacks breaking on on every program,  
sneezing, coughing, snivelling, snuffing their sinuses, cracking their arthritic  
joints and blowing their bad breath out at me, didn't make me feel any better.



A more hang-dog lot of miserable critters you never saw in your life.

Close kin to these are the sickly messes who have something wrong with their looks, which can be improved by the use of new complexion soap and creams, hair conditioners, reducing pills and fattening-up nostrums, gymnasiums with equipment guaranteed to make you the Belle of the Ball or the Adonis of Muscles Beach overnight. Fantasy writers, take note for new plots!

These tireless hucksters pry into the most private aspects of your life. Soothing, gentle toilet paper, in new pastel colors, is touted as being one of the most noticed small luxuries of the home, and the wenches who advertize it appear in most magnificent negligees in harmonizing shades, while unwrapping a roll, apparently for immediate use. How many of us could afford such style just to go to the bathroom? Me, I dress like the pages of the Sears Roebuck catalogue, used so liberally in the farm-house W.C.

I am beginning to think the humble attitude we Americans have lately taken toward every little Latin country that steps on our collective face, is largely due to the inferiority complex induced by our own commercials.

Every soul in the land according to the hucksters, has headaches, sinus trouble, colds, body odour, sour stomach, bad breath, frowsy hair, pimples, a bum figure, or has to sit sideways on a chair!

I don't know if I'm right or not, but I thought you might like to see some examples of Cockney rhyming slang. To our Amerifriends. They do rhyme if the pronounciation is right. F'instance.....

North and south....Mouth.  
Mince pies.....Eyes.  
Butcher's hook....Look.  
Trouble and strife...Wife.  
Tit-fer-tat.....Hat. (This is now commonly abbreviated to 'titfer')  
Whistle and flute...Suit.  
Rosie lee.....Tea.  
Apples and pears....Stairs.  
Johnny 'orner.....Corner.  
Pot and pan.....Man.  
Half inch.....Pinch, (steal).  
China plate.....Mate. (usually for the sake of brevity called 'China').  
Skin and blister....Sister.  
Boracic lint.....Skint. (broke).  
Sky pockot.....Pocket.  
Currant bun.....Sun.  
Load o' coke.....Bloke.  
Pig's ear.....Beer.  
Plates o' meat.....Feet.  
Two and eight.....State, (condition).  
Adam-and-eve-it.....Believe it.  
Frog and toad.....Road.  
Rabbit and porking....Talking. (now usually just 'rabbitting'.)  
Jim Skinner.....Dinner.



# FREE ADVERT PAGE

## WANTED

A complete working script of Tennessee William's play "Sweet Bird of Youth." It was published in the April '59 issue of "Esquire." I'm willing to pay 10/- for a copy of it.

Peter Singleton,  
10, Emily St ect,  
Burnley,  
Lancs.

## WANTED

No matter in what battered condition, provided they are complete, the following.

### WEIRD TALES

- 1933. Nov.
- 1934. April, May, Aug., Oct., & Dec.
- " 35. March, July, & Oct.
- " 36. Jan., Feb., July & Oct.
- " 37. Nov.,
- " 39. Dec.

Write stating issues and price wanted to...

Jimmy Groves,  
29, Latham Road,  
East Ham,  
London. E.6.

ATOM is still looking for "- 's" 2,3 & 4. If you can help him, you know where he lives. Oh! You don't? Well, it's

17, Brockham House,  
Brockham Drive,  
London. S.W.2.

While you are about it, why not put in an order for the "Willis Papers" to be published soon. De luxe edition 7/- ordinary. 5/-. It has ATOMillos too!

## EASTER CONVENTION.

The only news I have of this is what you probably already know. I hoped to be able to give you further details but, **nothing** has come through. It will be held the weekend of April 15-18th. at the DOMINION HOTEL, Lancaster Road. If you want a room in the 'ConBlock' book NOW with the hotel manager. Rates are 35/- B.B per night. Con-fees vary from 15/- for non-BSFA members to 10/- for members, with reductions on both counts for juniors.

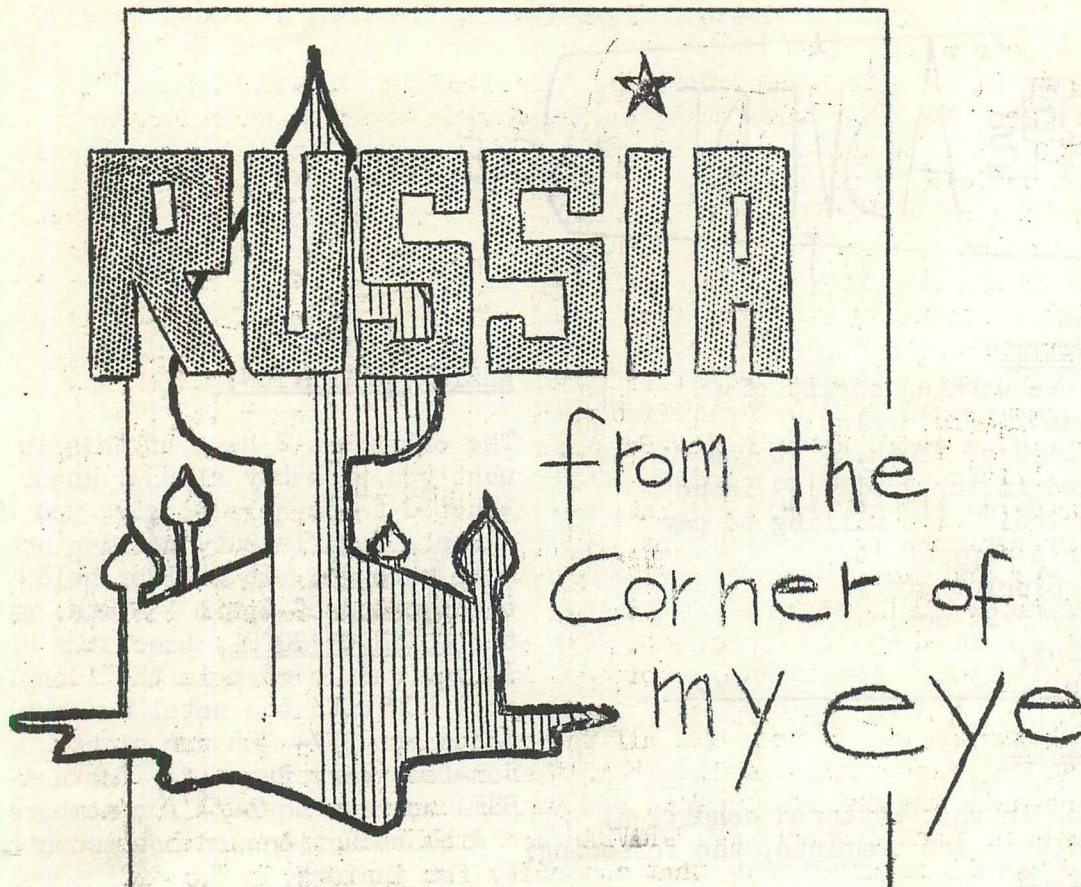
If a crowd of you youngsters would like to room together, thus reducing the cost of a room contact the hotel manager and he will arrange it. Suggestions and offers of items for the programme would be welcomed by the ConCommittee. Write to Sandra Hall, 41, Northend House, Fitzjames Avenue, London.W.14. Con-fees to be sent to Archie Mercer, 434/4 Newark Road, North Hykeham, Lincs.

Those bringing valuable equipment to the Convention and would like it covered under the insurance policy being taken out by the ConCommittee, should write to.....

John Newman, 30, Bulstrode Road, Hounslow. Mddx. giving the serial number and value of the article/s.

HAVE FUN. I'll be seeing you there!





H KEITH ELLIOT

I have always been prejudiced against those writers or lecturers who give lengthy opinions on the nature, characteristics and customs of a foreign country after a ten day stay - I shall now commit the same folly and give a flash impression of Russia after nine days only in the two main cities of that vast territory.

We went by sea to Leningrad in the M.V. "Baltika," a modern comfortable ship, not unlike others I have travelled in, with wide decks, luxurious lounges, ball-room and bar. The reading room was replete with glossy magazines in eighteen different languages.

Caviare on the breakfast table was the only predominant Russian note.

The general atmosphere was cosmopolitan until the landing at Leningrad when the door of our state-room was flung open and the most formidable woman I have ever seen stalked briskly in. "Customs" she said, tersely, and gave a supercilious survey of all my possessions. "Where is the other occupant of this room?", she demanded. "In the bath" said I, in a quaking little voice. "Bring her in," she thundered. ("Off with her head" said the Red Queen.) At that moment my stable-mate, a wee



timorous little lady entered and I fled, leaving her to the tender mercies of Madam Boadicca.

The train trip to Moscow could be described as 'travelling hard'. The compartment for four was cosily equipped with tiered wooden benches only, until a male steward appeared and unrolled a hard unyielding mattress, and a hard unyielding pillow, two coarse but immaculately clean sheets and one blanket which he deftly made into beds. The community toilet and broom cupboard was the dirtiest and most congested cubby-hole I have ever seen, but a cheery little stove in a niche in the corridor provided tea at any hour of the night, served by a grubby female attendant who sat on the foot of one bed and conversed volubly with one of my companions who spoke Russian.

On arriving in Moscow Sandra and I were allotted a most luxurious suite in a grandiose hotel. I wondered if by mistake we had been given the accomodation intended for the Vice-President of the U.S. who was visiting Russia at the time.

A parquet floored foyer led into our sitting room, containing a desk with a very handsome marble desk set, a dining table with amethyst cut-glass water jug and tumblers, also several easy chairs. The bedroom was furnished with spacious dressing-table and wardrobe, twin beds with yellow bed spreads and pastel coloured walls throughout. The suite was at the corner of the building with wide windows over-looking a boulevard and the Bolshoi Theatre opposite.

The bathroom was fitted with all the necessary equipment except one mundane and very essential detail. When this lapse was brought to the attention of the room-maid she smiled broadly, showing an expanse of steel dentures, and brought us torn segments of "PRAVDA" and "ISVETSIA" the local newspaper. Apparently the finer aspects of that commodity are ignored in Russia.

I couldn't wait to get to Gumms, the huge shop built like a railway station with every type of merchandise under one glass domed roof and miles of iron stairs leading to higher floors. The building covers one large block with many display-windows showing rather pathetic attempts at artistic window dressing and merchandise cheap in quality but excessive in price.

The millinery window filled with nondescript head-pieces, but in one corner was THE HAT. The Hat I needed least and wanted most of anything in the world! I could scarcely sleep for thinking of it and planning the frock I would buy to accompany it. "Darling," my friends would say, "what a divine hat - Paris, of course?" I would reply off handedly, "oh no, Moscow. What a gimmick!"

I persuaded my Russian speaking acquaintance to go with me to negotiate the purchase. We were diverted and re-routed from one department to another and I began to have the feeling of concerted opposition. We were finally directed to a work-shop at the top of the building and our quest made known to a rather over-bearing sales woman. The hat with which I had become obsessed was a soft sage green felt, with a broad brim which was edged with narrow velvet green binding of a contrasting shade. The crown was flat and twisted somehow in one piece were small pink roses which were repeated under the brim. It was enchanting. Now I was being offered a badly made copy of what I had come to consider 'my hat' in a different colour and at double the price. The colour she said, had faded! "But," said I, mentally stamping my foot, "I want the hat in the window." I was assured that the 'administration' would not allow the hat to be moved, but I could have it



copied in five days time allowing of course, for the next day being closing day, followed by the milliner's rest day, followed by the week-end.

Four times I tried to batter the sales resistance of that shop only to meet defeat and frustration. I came to the conclusion that along with other things, sales policy differed from ours and the window piece was a cruel decoy.

It is a fallacy that Russian women cannot buy cosmetics or perfumes. There are two (hideous) shades of lip-stick available, and scents with alluring names like "Sputnik," "Red Moscow," "Kremlin" etc. all smelling like vanilla or cloves. The shops selling these luxuries are crowded with women as are those selling jewellery, where the ornaments were fantastic in price and tawdry in design. I finally decided I had better abandon all attempts to acquire a memento of my trip and be content with memories and impressions of that majestic city. Majestic and stupendous it is, with wide streets and huge buildings both old and modern. Everything on a gigantic scale with a profligate use of parquet flooring and marble pillars and stairways, both of these rich embellishments provided by local products.

The streets are crowded day and night with thousands of badly - tho' not poorly - dressed people with sombre but not unhappy faces. A queue of these people stretches for blocks and blocks waiting to pass through the tombs of Lenin and Stalin. The Kremlin and Red Square give one ample opportunity to study the masses.

Huge blocks of flats are going up everywhere to improve the living conditions and many windowed schools for the children from the age of five, who are inculcated with Communism, non-alcoholism, non-Christianity and non-nicotine. There are nineteen churches in Moscow, five Greek Orthodox, two Catholic, A Baptist, a Mosque etc. for the old people who still lean toward religion.

The palaces of the old Czars are packed with the descendants of the serfs of the old regime who built and decorated these magnificent structures and they gaze spell-bound at the glories to which they had never before had access. The theatres are filled with women wearing scarves on their heads and men wearing neither tie or coat drinking in the beauty of the ballet with greater appreciation perhaps than the well dressed tourists. The staging is of breath-taking proportions and I have never seen such large-scaled productions. The technique differs somewhat from ours there being less toe work and terrific leaps and bounds.

The circus offered some unusual animal acts. A huge brown bear rode a scooter, a pedal cycle and then a motor bike round the arena. Finally, the act ended with a race between the bear and his trainer on motor bikes, both tearing round the track at top speed with only their head-lights on and the theatre in total darkness. At the end the bear saluted and bowed to the audience and then slapped his trainer on the shoulder which laid the poor little man out flat. The arena was later flooded and a woman played water-polo with five full grown tigers. A low parapet surrounded the tank and I sat within a few feet of this frolic and didn't feel any too secure.

This being only the second year of tourism there are few people who speak English among the sales or hotel staff, but that adds zest to foreign travel and we even braved riding on buses and having our shoes polished at the curb by an old woman boot-black.

Ice cream was eaten on the streets as casually as one smokes here. I had read that the consumption of ices in Russia is the largest in the world, and after eating this confection I can quite believe it - it is delicious, even to a non-loving eater of ices.



The annual exhibition of the fifteen provinces of the U.S.S.R. was showing. The huge acreage was beautifully landscaped and the buildings which are permanent were characteristic of each province and magnificent in design. I have seen a number of international exhibitions and none excelled this one. The Mongolian types of the exhibitors and the products of these Asiatic provinces made me realise the vast and varied components of the Soviet States. I went expecting to be bored and exhausted but it was so interesting and stimulating I hated to leave.

We reluctantly left our glamour hotel suite and entrained for Leningrad where we were billeted in an hotel built in 1905 and furnished in the style of that period! The city presented another side of the picture. Less magnificent in architecture but one sensed a higher culture. It impressed me that Leningrad wasn't trying to show off to the rest of the world but that you accepted the city as it was, shabby, battered and battle-scarred from the 900 day siege of the war. The university and the Stadium have been completed since the war and are magnificent. The university offers a most extensive curriculum and its lecture rooms, library and labs are equipped with the latest in design. The dormitories are cheerful and I was told the bursary is quite generous.

The elegance of the interior with its beautiful inlaid floors and wide marble stairs, its smoothly running automatic lifts so staggered me that I got hopelessly lost and missed the bus back to town and had to return in solitary splendour in a taxi.

I did not attempt that woman's idea of bliss, touring the shops in Leningrad after my ignoble defeat in Moscow, but gave myself wholly to the ministrations of our intrepid interpreter, who, like the one in Moscow, was an attractive cultured girl thoroughly briefed, no doubt, for her job. They answered questions, argued good-naturally with an aggressively anti-Communist tourists and behaved charming throughout what must have been a very irksome and irritating job.

After 5 days in Moscow and 4 in Leningrad we returned to our cosy "Baltika" with its smart yacht-like lines, its acclate interior and caviare for breakfast. I hope the lady opposite me at table had realised the red vaciars wasn't jam and did not have the embarrassment of finding to her horror she was eating 'fish paste' as had happened on the first day.

So we left Russia, with crowded impressions. Still open-minded if not altogether convinced as to the virtues of Communism. Armed with balalikas, tins of black caviare and two newly learned words, "goodbye," and "ice cream." I have the feeling that the stringent phase of Communism is changing per-force. The Russian people are better off economically and physically than they were in the Czarist days and with this improvement will develop mentally and will themselves over-throw the present form of multi-dictatorship.

But I shall never forgive them for not letting me buy THE HAT!

I think the admission of tourists will play a big part and I hope to return and explore the out-flung districts not so modernised but no less interesting. I am an 'intrepid explorer'. I love to travel and will go anywhere. Any offers?

If I have made excessive use of adjectives here-in it is because everything is on such a large scale, the country, the size of the cities and the architecture. The Russians 'think big' even their plot and plan for world domination of Communism is monumental.



# The Tractor Propelled Couch

PAUL ENEVER

Though I love horticulture with a passion better men reserve for their wives I am bound to admit that it has always lacked the leaven of humour. Gardeners' get-togethers are solemn affairs and a playful plantsman is yet to be born; and when I reveal that the only horticultural joke I know is the one ending "We put custard on ours" you will appreciate that anything which promises to inject hilarity into our proceedings is more than welcome.

Well, we got our first injection last July. A gardening weekly, "Garden News", which has been running for just over a year and apparently considers itself the Daily Mirror of the plant world, published this blurb as a banner on its front page:

"Did you know that an American nuclear scientist now living in Sussex is subjecting plants to radio-active waves? He claims to have developed some incredible plant strains and to be able to considerably increase flower or fruit production.....READ OF THESE AMAZING DISCOVERIES ON PAGE 12".

Naturally, Ol' Dad Enever turned to page 12 as fast as his trembling fingers would let him. If sixpennorth of U238 will turn white irises scarlet Ol' Dad has a fortune in his grasp.

However, page 12 seemed to lack concise information. The article merely claimed to double the output or halve the growing time or change the strain of pretty well any plant "using infra-red, ultra-violet or X-rays according to requirements....."



The American Nuclear Scientist explained that "a seed is like a blue print, X-rays and gamma rays re-arrange this blue print so that if you have a highly developed strain of, say, chrysanthemum, then by battering seeds from this flower and rearing them in the normal way the original strain can be produced. On the other hand it is also possible to produce an even better strain than the one started with. If the particular seeds receive too large a dose of the rays they go back to their original strain, but if they have too small an amount the results are freak plants with perhaps no leaves or purple flowers - it can be quite amazing."

I've quoted that paragraph in full because I don't want to be blamed for any slight incomprehension it may induce in your mind. The fault lies either with the reporter or the American Nuclear Scientist. It is possible, of course, that incomprehension may give way to incredulity when I quote the ANS as saying that he has no need or interest in commercializing his findings.

Be that so, the ANS hit the "Garden News" headline again in August with a splash story about the effect of coloured lighting on plant growth. An orange sodium street lamp may stop your sweet peas growing, whereas a mercury vapour one improves everything except geraniums. A green light dries soil very quickly: it has "some molecular reaction on the water which dries it much quicker than other lights."

A whole centre page is devoted to this and a lot more similar clap-trap, along with pictures of the ANS standing amid some rather weedy tomato plants. But the best is yet to come. In October "Garden News" carried another front page story under the head "PLANTS DO WORRY AND FEEL PAIN", in which the ANS anno nced that by means of a highly sensitive skin galvanometer he had been able to show that a tomato plant worried when he stuck a nail in it, or tore a shoot off.

"Plants only catch a disease if they are thinking of dying," he says.

I've written the next headline for "Garden News". Easy, really: - DIANETICS FOR YOUR DIANTHUS. HUBBARD CLEARS HIS CLEMATIS."

But if those tomatoes ever found out that it was dear old Elron Hubbard who was sticking nails in 'em they'd most likely die, like me, of laughing.

.....

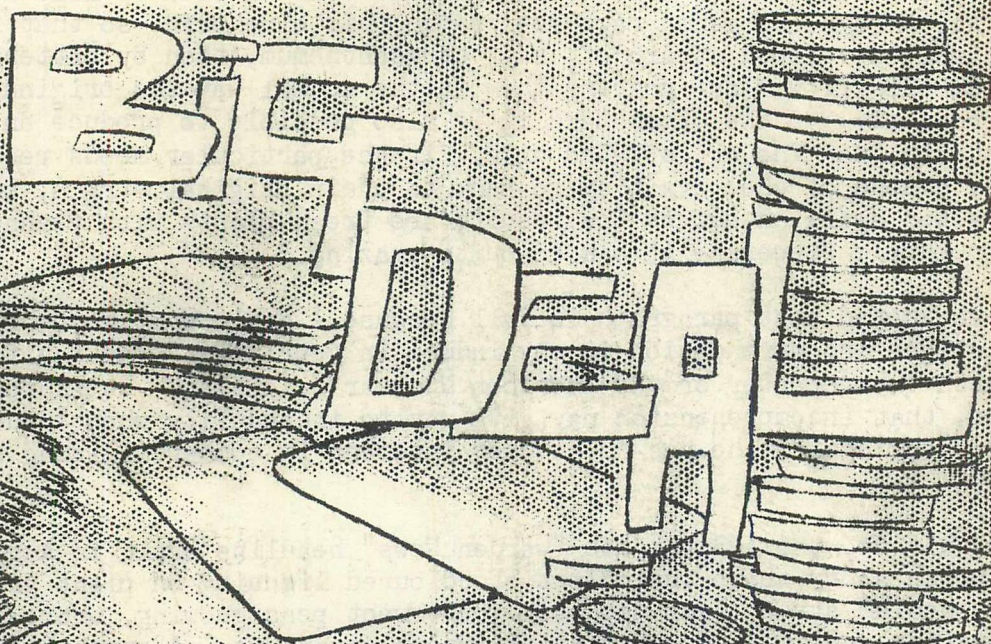
I stillsay that TAFF was the best idea ever to hit fandom. The deadline for voting is long past but money is still acceptable. All who can should support this worthy cause. Contributions however small or LARGE to

Bob Madle  
672 Ripley Street,  
Brookville,  
Alexandria, Va. U.S.A.

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



# BIG DEAL



I was sitting in the Sergeant's office. We were discussing tactics. Finally, we decided to write to the local water bailiff and tell him that we had information that poachers were intending to gaff trout on the river which ran through our district, at a spot called Poucher's Folly, three miles north of the police station. We grinned to each other, and decided to do a night patrol on the river, complete with our own gaff, three miles south of the station, on the same night. Should be foolproof. Unless of course, he didn't trust us, after an incident which concerned the three of us some months ago.

"Tell you what," muttered the Sergeant, trying to rub a beer stain off the front of his tunic, "how about if I say that you'll meet him at Poucher's Folly. He'll have to go, then, and I can get the trout at our spot in perfect safety?"

"Good idea, sarge," I said, and the door was knocked.

The Sergeant waved a thumb over his shoulder, and I got up and opened the door.

It was the new curate. His face was pink, his collar perfectly white, his trousers creased, his hands held together in front of him, and with a pious smile on his face.

"Ah, come in, Mr. Arbuthnot," I shouted, giving the Sergeant time to turn round the picture on the wall, which depicted a girl having a shower before the water was turned on, a picture which the Sergeant had confiscated off his son.

# JOHN BERRY



We went in, and I saw that the picture showed a bowl of red roses. The Sergeant looked over his shoulder, feigned surprise, and stood up, knocking crumbs off his trousers.

"Good morning, sir," he said, "of course I'd like to read the sermon at...."

"Tut tut, Sergeant," twittered the curate, "I couldn't let you do that after your faux pax last Sunday. I'm sure you didn't see those words you used in the bible, David knocked Goliath's something head off. Three choirboys fainted. They'd never heard that word before. No, Sergeant, I want to discuss a serious situation with you. As you know, there are fifteen boys in the choir, excluding your three sons, who I haven't seen at church in the last three months. Last Sunday, only seven turned up. The Sunday before I had eleven for church, and the Sunday before the whole fifteen. I am positive that next Sunday I shall be lucky if I get five, and the Sunday after....well?"

The Sergeant tried to frown.

"Um, I'm sure there must be a reason for their non-attendance, sir."

"There is, there surely is," hissed the curate. "They're playing cards in Farmer Burnside's loft."

The Sergeant staggered back as if he'd been struck a mortal blow.

"Playing cards on Sunday?" he gasped, as though the idea appalled him.

"Yes Sergeant," said the curate, "and I want you to go to the barn next Sunday and catch them in the act. Such goings on, I can't imagine where they learned such a horrible thing."

The Sergeant puffed himself up like a toad.

"I shall cancel the proposed patrol for Sunday afternoon, sir," he said, "and I shall go with Berry here, and we'll prepare an ambush in the loft, and I'm telling you here and now, sir, if I catch any of the little bas - any of the little boys in there playing cards, I'll lather their backs! I'll give them a taste of my strap. That is a promise."

The curate sniggered happily.

"I'm sure you will, Sergeant," he said sweetly.

"Yes, and I'll promise you this, Mr. Arbuthnot," said the Sergeant, who always overdid things, "I'll promise you that the following Sunday you'll have the whole pack of bloo-, er, they'll all be at choir practice."

The curate nodded, satisfied that the matter was in good hands.

After he'd gone, the Sergeant turned the calendar picture back round to its proper side, and looked at the naked girl depicted on it.

His bloodshot eyes screwed up, his body heaved with silent guffaws, and he turned to me.

"Hey, Berry," he panted with mirth, "did I ever tell you the joke about the chorus girl and the curate?"

.....

I never previously realised that I was prone to hay fever. I knew I'd soon lose all control, and I'd have to sneeze, but I was too frightened to do so; because our hiding places would be revealed.

The Sergeant was alright. He'd disguised himself as a sack of potatoes. He'd huddled himself in a sack and got me to tie a slip knot at the top of it. I'd dragged him to the rear of the loft where the light wasn't any too good.



Then, on his instructions, I burrowed my way into the hay. It was very comfortable, and from the way the hay was compressed roughly in a body shape, I presume that some of the village lovers had come to the same conclusion as myself.

As a matter of interest, I was very much surprised at the decision of the Sergeant to hie to the hayloft so early. There was at least a couple of hours to go before the choir practice began, and the boys, if they came, wouldn't be likely to come up to the loft and hide until choir practice was due. Of course, I knew from experience that the Sergeant had a basic sense of organisation, which, admittedly, didn't assert itself unless the situation could be swung to his personal advantage, and my only conclusion was that, coming so early, the boys wouldn't see us sneak to the loft, and so be forewarned.

My nostrils twitched, and I knew I would have to give a really fruity sneeze, when I heard a giggle, and footsteps climbing the ladder to the loft.

This would be the boys, I thought, just a mite early, and I nearly burst my braces when I saw Flossie Winterbottom clamber into view, closely followed by Fred Bucket, the local breadserver.

"I'm only seventeen, Fred," whispered Flossie, about whose amours the Sergeant had often regaled me on night patrols. I'd often wondered how he knew so much intimate detail. Now I knew. You had to hand it to the Sergeant....

Fred got on his hands and knees about a yard from me, and prepared a sort of bed of hay.

"I shouldn't do this, you know, Fred," cooed Flossie, and she suddenly grabbed him by the jacket lapels, and they were soon in what could only be termed a most affectionate embrace.

I forgot all about my sneeze. I mean, I was there on duty, and I don't want you to think that I'm the sort of chap who'd purposely spy on courting couples, but, dammit, they were only a yard from me, and I kidded myself into believing that if I moved I would spoil the Sergeant's ambush.

After ten minutes, I tore my eyes away, and once again I almost blew up in amazement.

The bag of spuds was halfway across the loft.

Even as I watched, hypnotized by it all, the little ends of the sack shuffled forward, and the Sergeant, in full disguise, sought a better vantage view of the sport.

As Fred eventually threw caution to the wind, the bag of potatoes was poised at an angle of forty five degrees above his head, and as Fred took a really deep breath and wiped the sweat from his brow, I swear the Sergeant was breathing, metaphorically speaking, down his neck.

Just then, as I myself broke out into a sweat, young and high voices full of fun and excitement were heard below, and the end of the ladder where it pushed up through the loft waved about a bit, and the ginger head of Stan Perkins shot into view.

A series of fantastic incidents took place in the space of a split second.

The lovers took blind dives into the hay, and landed on top of me. This was bad enough, but the most astounding thing of all was the frantic movements of the sack of potatoes. It seemed to turn round twice on its axis, as if seeking its bearing, and then in a fast soft shoe shuffle, it swayed back towards the wall in the darkness from whence it came. Muffled noises came from the sack, which were impossible to understand, but which boded ill for someone. I hoped it wasn't going to be me.



Fred Bucket, whose eyes had become accustomed to the semi-darkness, craned forward for a better view of the performing sack, and I got a mouthful of agricultural boot. I made a vow there and then to tell Farmer Burnside to get his yard cleaned, or to move the cows somewhere else.

Flossie proceeded to giggle, and I jabbed her with my elbow, she said, "not now, Fred," and giggled again, although this time much fainter, as if steps were being taken to stifle the sounds.

The nine youths, including the Sergeants' three sons, were so thrilled with their adventure, and their eyes were so unused to the light that they didn't hear Flossie, or witness the hurried zig-zag retreat of the spuds.

They cleared an area of hay, and the Sergeants' elder son took out a pack of cards, he did a shuffle that would have shamed Doc Halliday.

The cards sprayed from his fingers as though he had some super-human control over them. The boys picked up the five cards, and the game of poker began in earnest.

Betting became high....the Sergeants' son, who was banker, soon had a pile of pennies and threepenny bits in front of him, and one by one the boys dropped out as their money changed hands.

I was engrossed in the play myself, and the two lovers, who, I think, sensed my presence, gradually sneaked further back into the hay.

After half an hour, only two were left in the game, the Sergeants' son, and Fatty Smith, the grocers' son.

The cards were dealt, and the kitty became higher and higher. The atmosphere was really tense by now. The boys split into two groups, supporting each player.

Fatty, a grin on his face, said casually, "up ninepence."

A gasp went round the walls of the hayloft.

The Sergeants' son sagged. He was just about to throw his cards in, when a muffled voice came from behind him, mumbling "up one and six."

I swear I'll never forget those boys' faces as the sack shuffled into the arena. Their eyes, without exception, appeared to be on the ends of spindles. A finger appeared from the side of the sack, it wobbled round and round, and the hole grew larger, and a red nose, then a head burst through.

"Don't just stand there," he roared to his son, "let me out."

The boy, with trembling fingers, undid the knot, and the Sergeant stepped out, dusting himself.

"Tie a slipknot, Borrry, I sez to him," seethed the Sergeant, "and he goes and blasted well trusses me up like a turkey....hey, leave the cards where they are, Fatty. Right, son, up one and six."

The boys shook their heads, as if it were all a big dream, and then with grins of realization on their faces, they sat round in a circle, and chuckled with glee as the Sergeant pulled out a handful of loose change.

Fatty Smith cringed. He realised what he was up against. He picked up his cards, and held them by a corner, ready to flick them away, the Sergeants' son reached a clutching hand forward for the money, when I yelled, "up three shillings, Fatty."

The boys recoiled again as I crawled out of the hay behind them. I'll never see such expressions on cherubic faces again.

I sat behind Fatty, opposite the Sergeant and his son, and looked at Fatty's cards. A full house, three sevens and two queens.



It was silent in the hay loft and all the heads craned forward at this gigantic battle of the giants. I reached in my pocket and pulled out a handful of coppers and a couple of half crowns. The Sergeant looked down at his sons cards. A leathery tongue came out and circled his lips. I could hear the crackle.

"Up six shillings," he breathed.

The boys huddled in closer. I felt hot breath on my neck and turned round to see Fred Bucket. His eyes were wide, thrilled with the excitement of the card play.

"We haven't got twelve shillings, Fatty," I said, and Fred grinned and stuffed a pound note into my hands.

"Up twelve shillings," I hissed.

The Sergeant closed his eyes, and his son looked at him like a fledgling in the nest looks at its mother, except his mouth was open twice as wide.

"Up Twenty four shillings" croaked the Sergeant. He started to ask the boys near him if they had any money. They all shook their heads. when a voice shouted:-

"Ah, you've caught them, Sergeant."

Never have I seen a man move like the Sergeant. He took a quick glance at the Curate's face peering over the edge of the trapdoor, took a leap into the air, landed in the middle of the group, and shouted:-

"In the name of the law I am seizing the proceeds of this card school."

Before anyone could move, he whipped up the cash and stuffed it into his pocket.

"He stood with his legs braced apart. He raised a fist to the Heavens and he told those boys exactly what befell sinners who dared to play poker instead of attending choir practice. He told them how lucky they were that the Curate, with their interests at heart, had told him of their activities, and why, he said, the Curate had even interrupted a poker school himself. The Sergeant's voice trembled as he explained this. Finally, he said he wanted to see the boys at the police station that night, after they'd been at choir practice.

Much bewildered, the boys trooped past us and down the ladder, their eyes signifying, as I myself conjectured, that so much had happened that they couldn't keep track of everything. I knew just how they felt.

Back in the loft, the Sergeant with his chest puffed out, explained in great detail how we'd ambushed the boys.

The Curate, highly delighted, clucked like a broody hen, and rubbed his hands together.

The Curate went down the ladder, and I followed. I saw the Sergeant take a last look round. No one could be seen, although I fancy I heard a faint rustling in the hay. The Sergeant coughed loudly, and meaningly, and followed us down the ladder.

The Curate bade us goodbye, muttered more congratulations on our astute investigations, and toddled away towards the church,

"I presume you're a month behind with your grocery account," sneered the Sergeant.

I gave a weak grin. How did he know?

"It's a good job the Curate interrupted the game," he continued, "first time I ever had four aces in one hand....."



.....

I parked my bicycle outside the police station, glanced at my watch and saw it was almost half past ten at night. Good. I was only half an hour late for patrol. I was improving; the Sergeant had been quite right to check me for lack of punctuality.

I rapped the front door, no one came, and I tapped again, harder. Another two minutes passed before the Sergeant opened the door. His eyes were somewhere down by his second tunic button. When he saw it was only me, they retracted.

"Just in time," he grinned. Bewildered, I followed him down the corridor to the cell door. He kicked it open, and I almost fainted. All the boys from the card school were grouped in a circle, sitting on the dirty blankets.

"Sergeant," I gasped, "haven't you got a power of arrest for boys playing cards.....?"

"Idiot," he swore, "they aren't under arrest. We're going to continue where we left off this afternoon. Right, son, deal Mr. Berry and myself five cards, and group round boys, and see how poker should be played....."

.....

"That's one pound eighteen and sixpence I owe you," cursed the Sergeant an hour later. We were sitting in his office, with big mugs of cocoa in our hands.

"Just had the cards, Sergeant," I grinned. I knew I could do a deal with him later for tomatoes and honey and potatoes and stuff, I was secretly sorry for him, because his wife never gave him any money.

"Sergeant, I thought we were finished this afternoon," I continued, "when I looked up and saw the Curate peering into the loft, and us in the middle of a session. I must admire the way you sized up the situation."

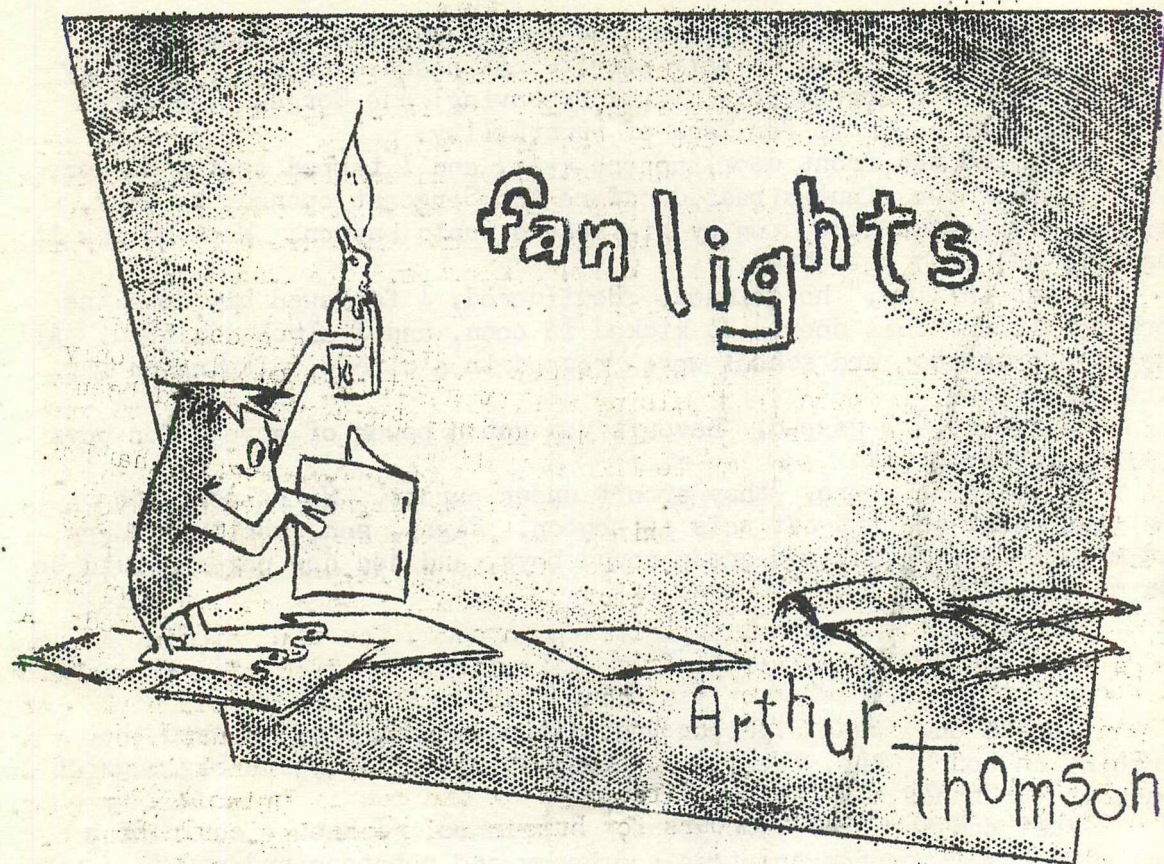
The Sergeant shrugged, as if to say that why should I single out that one incident, hadn't he always got out of his many scrapes? He looked into the fire, and he was thoughtful.

"All the same, Sergeant," I said, "you took the hell of a risk playing cards in the cell with the village kids. Suppose the Inspector had visited the station? It would have been like the Calgary Stampede. Why didn't you use the front room in your house next door?"

"Fred Bucket's there with Flossie," he hissed. "If Miss Sneethorpe across the road is watching, I shall be raided by the Vice Squad. He came to see me tonight, and hinted darkly that the Curate, and the School Master, to say nothing of the Inspector and the local Member of Parliament would be annoyed if they heard about our game this afternoon. I tried to blackmail him by saying I'd spread the word around about Flossie, but he said it would do his prestige the world of good. Look, Berry, rack your brains. What the hell are we going to do about Bucket?"

.....





I am only vaguely aware how I come to be reviewing fanzines in ORION. I'll confess I do have a hankering to try this reviewing lark, just to see what sort of a job I can make of it. Seems to me there's two ways of doing it. You can be very nice to all the zines. That way you stay on the right side of faneds - but it makes a dull column. Or, you can give your honest opinion which means saying you enjoyed a zine, if you did and being truthful about it if you didn't. I intend trying the latter course, so let's get with it. 10 rates top and on down the scale.

**FANAC** //45 Terry Carr, 70 Liberty Street //5, San Francisco 10, Calif.  
4 for 25¢ or 4 for 2/- from Archie Mercer, 434/4 Newark Rd., N.Hykeham. Lincs.  
There isn't much one can say about a newszine barring that it's a G\*O\*O\*D T\*H\*I\*N\*G. It has news - naturally - and chatter to gladden the fannish heart. Get this one for sure. rating 10.

**HYPHEN.** W.A.Willis. 170, New Towards Road, Belfast, N.Ireland. 1/6d per.  
HYPHEN of late strikes one like the Flying Dutchman. It looms out of the mists of time when least expected, still going strong (but not as often as many of us would wish). Thish is as good as over the theme being a Welcome Home to BoSh. With Shaw slanted writing by Walt, Ving Clarke and Bob himself. For HYPHEN addicts, it's Shaw to please. (ouch!) Letter section was weeny,



I hope it's bigger next time round. When is next time, Walt? rating 10.

CRY of the Nameless // 133. Box 92, 3rd Ave. Seattle 4. Washington.  
25¢ per. or 5¢. 1/9 per or 5 7/- from John Berry, 31, Campbell Pk. Ave.  
Belfast N.Ireland. (that should read, 920, 3rd Ave., up there. E.P.)

CRY has a personality that is fabulous and wacky. This also describes its gaud and letter hacks - the CRY lettercol is something that has to be read to seem believable and every practising fan should read it. Right now they've been having a game of 'editorial chairs' and have all moved round. Best thing in the issue was Wally Weber's 'Minutes.' Fabulous humour. Triumphant writing! rating 8.

SHANGRI LA AFFAIRS // 38. 980 1/2 White Knoll Drive. L.A. 12. Calif. 20¢ per 6 3

Two colour printing and pulsing with life SHAGGY continues as one of the most lively club turned generalzines on the scene today. This features a line up of L.A. fen - plus people like Wally Weber, T. Carr, Ray Bradbury and such. It's all good reading. The club fen biographies are interesting for those who like this kind of thing. A 'zine to be sought after for its timebinding topics. rating 6. Later came // 46, hot on the heels of the above issue. Seems to have a certain overall 'sameness' to this, maybe it's just the regularity of its appearance, for the material is varied enough. A three page editorial from Al Lewis on the idea of a NY worldcon in World fair year. JWC proves without doubt that dowsing rods work - and are being used - all dowsers throughout the world will no doubt heave a sigh of relief and get back on the job. The Detention report which in this deals only with the trip from LA and first days of the con is tremendously good. Harness takes the writing honours for humour and reporting. rating 6.

NOMAD // 1. George Jennings 11121 Tascosa Dr., Dallas, Texas. Letter of C. This is good. It has the appearance of a combination newszine and fmz. It's interesting and readable. George hopes to put it out on a three weekly schedule. If it continues in this format it should be worth getting. George states his ideas for the 'zine and puts out a few pointer topics that can be developed by commenting writers. Letters are from general fandom and are in the main, comments on SPECTRUM - George's now defunct zine. rating 6.

TWIG ILLUS. // 15. Guy Terwilliger, 1412 Aylbright St., Boise, Idaho. 20¢ per. 6 for \$1. Trades. One for one.

Though a generalzine in the accepted sense, this seems to be bound up in its own little line of feuds and personalities. The Big Issue this time round is the TWIG vs Ted White fracas. However, disregarding the small arms and cannon fire between the pages, TWIG looks good. Dan Adkins deserves praise for this. The written material, most of it is competent and readable. Most interesting piece, for me at least, being the BNF vs NEO article. Whether she means to or not the writer shows starkly the American trait of setting out deliberately to become a BNF and thus gain acceptance in the 'inner circles.' As if this was a job of work or a business venture. This is a view that we in England fail to understand. The letter section was readable but not a great thing. Recommended. rating 6.



SMOKE //2. George Locke, 85, Chelsea Gdns., Chelsea Bdge. Rd., S.W.1. 1/- per. or 25¢. George doesn't want any subs larger than for one issue. He doesn't know for sure when there will be a next. Call-up looms.

In this second issue George maintains the standard set by the first - fairly promising. The cover this time round is distinctive. Yellow paper with black ink. George's personality comes through stronger this time too. Best piece in this is Archie's report on the London Symposium. You can see he enjoyed it and wasn't too worried that the programme fell to bits.

Harry Warner writes as well as ever on pen-names. A breezy column by Vic Ryan, and then something that SMOKE could well have done without; an inane little comic(ha!) strip, the dialogue of which is crud and illos useless. Get rid of it George! Aunt Ella's column is Bright but, needs a lot of development to strike the right lines. Best Agony letter was a gom from Mal Ashworth. Come back Ashworth. We need you. Belle Dietz writes a competent report on the Detention and to wind up there's a letter section that could have been better, but was fairly interesting. rating. 5.

PSI PHI // 4. Arv Underman, 5304 Sherbourne Dr., L.A.56. 25 ¢ per.

A bright zine from two new bright personalities. Bob Lichtman lets Arv do some work this time. The slick shiny paper makes reading a bit tiresome but, in most cases the material is worth the eye-strain. These two are obviously young and enthusiastic. This is a fault? There's a Westercon report by Wally Weber and Otto Pfeifer two refugees from the CRY of known fame, also a build up on a movie script of Lords of the Ring by Ted Johnstone - the research being done on this is really something. From the new Canadian fan (whom many suspect too good to be true) Les Nirenberg comes a fan fairy-tale that doesn't quite come off. The letter section is building up well and is interesting. rating 5.

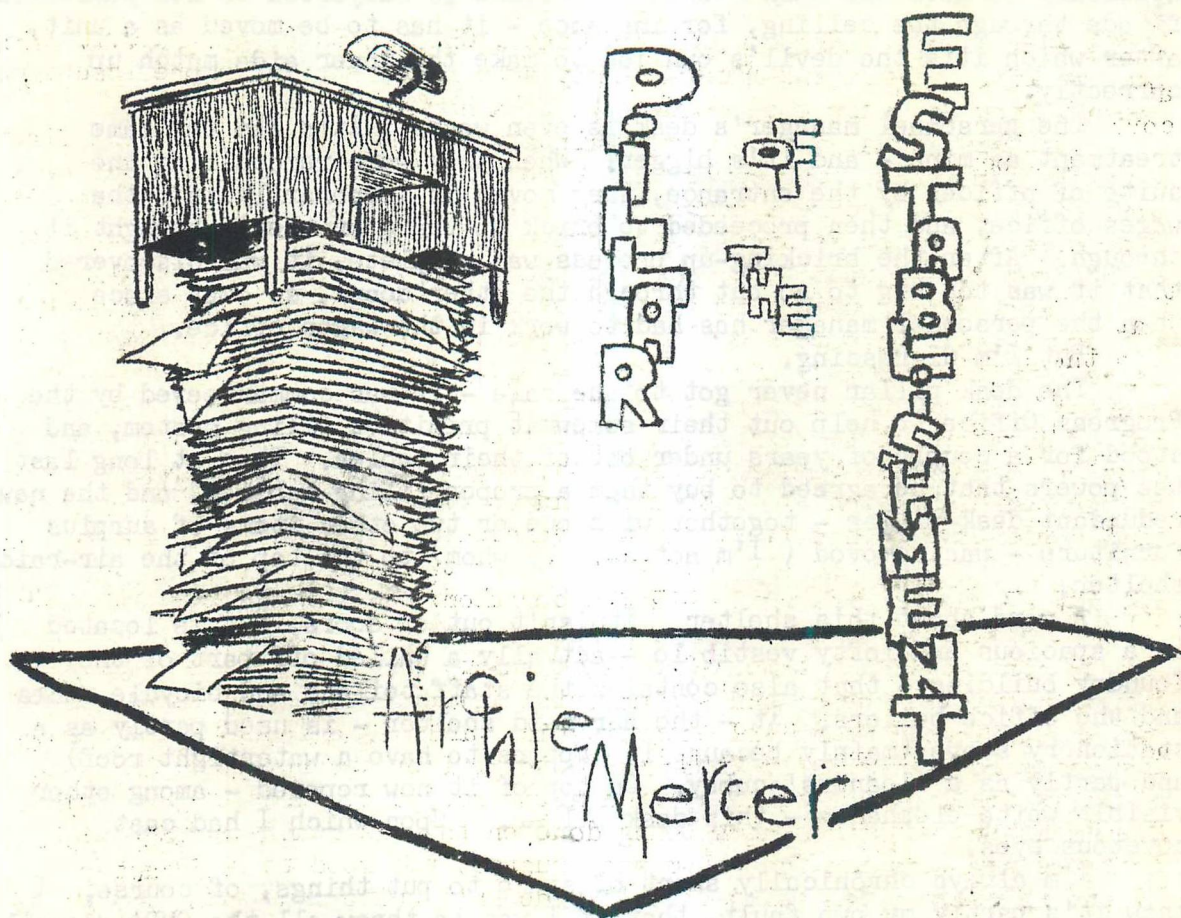
LES SPINGE // 1 Ken Cheslin, 18, New Farm Rd., Stourbridge, Worcs. 1/- per?

Even holding this at arms length it's still unmistakably a neozine, with, I qualify, the possible difference that it is ledgible. Well, it was run off on PLOYPRESS. The contents page abounds with the wild nicknames of the various contributors. The item that showed most writing ability was an account of a trip to the races. I deduced the writer was female but, not from the name that graced the heading. The piece had a whimsical appeal, I'm glad I didn't miss it. Of the rest the report of the SPINGE gestalt group's trip to London was readable. These boys are bright. I've met them and like them a lot. One day they are going to have good material and put out a good zine; as soon as they've absorbed fandom. They'll learn. Get their zine and write letters to them. One of them isn't too bad an artist. rating.3.

That's it for this time. I would like to apologise to all those fmz editors who have sent me their zines during the past few months without a word of thanks from me. Due to some family business, I've been kept pretty busy since August but things are clearing up now. I will be writing out once more. Especially now I've got a typer.

Arthur.





It was a desk pillar. I recognised it as such almost immediately - which is more than the manager of the works hostel did. I was helping him take stock of the furniture prior to selling it up, and caught sight of this assemblage tucked away in a dark corner of the passage.

Tallboys, one," I pronounced.

"No it's not," the manager corrected me. "It's two small chests one on top of the other."

I looked closer. The top half was indeed a small chest of drawers, and was duly added on to a column of entries for such. But as for the lower half - "one desk pillar," I identified it as. And as one desk pillar it went down on the inventory.

You know the sort of thing - one third of a three-part desk, comprising two drawer-filled pillars that support a heavy top, probably with more drawers. I've got one in the cost office, complicated by the presence of an extra wooden panel nailed right across the front that holds all three pieces rigidly together on that side - whilst allowing them to float free on the other. This means that whenever it becomes



necessary to move the desk - when the office is subjected to its periodical fods through the ceiling, for instance - it has to be moved as a unit, after which it's the devil's own job to make the inner side match up correctly.

The personnel manager's desk is even worse. It's had the same treatment as mine - and it's bigger! When they were remodelling the suite of offices by the entrance, they moved it temporarily into the wages office, and then proceeded to brick up the door they'd brought it through. After the bricking-up process was complete, it was discovered that it was too big to go out through the other door, so ever since then the personnel manager has had to work in the wages office.

But I'm digressing.

The desk pillar never got to the sale - it was commandeered by the Progress Office to help out their somewhat primitive filing system, and stood for a couple of years under one of their tables. Then at long last the powers that be agreed to buy them a proper filing-cabinet, and the now redundant desk-pillar - together with one or two other items of surplus furniture - was removed (I'm not sure by whom) to the top of the air-raid shelter.

A word about this shelter. It isn't out of doors, but is located in a spacious and lofty vestibule - actually a walled-off part of the foundry building - that also contains the staff toilets and bicycle racks and the office boilers. It - the air-raid shelter - is used partly as a stationery store (mainly because it happens to have a watertight roof) and partly as a cleaners' cubby. On top of it now reposed - among other visible white elephants - this desk pillar. Upon which I had cast covetous eyes.

I'm always chronically short of space to put things, of course; I know it's partly my own fault, that if I was to throw all the OMPA stencils and things out of my drawers I'd have stacks more room. Nevertheless, this desk pillar gave me ideas. It would, I decided, just fit nicely under the shelf behind where I sat, so that I could reach the drawers without getting up. So having ascertained both that Progress had no further claim on it, and that my boss had no objection to its importation, I set about securing it for my own use. Which devolved mainly into a problem in engineering - how to achieve its transportation to ground level. First priority, I thought, was a ladder. So I started looking for one. I have one in my possession, of course, that resides in my own private filing room but it's only about three feet long and with most of its rungs missing anyway, so that was out. I soon ascertained that the cleaners didn't have one, and even the stores didn't have one long enough. I trailed round to the electricians' shop, where I found them all sitting around having their morning tea. I put my request.

"Here, Paddy," said the foreman, tossing a bunch of keys to his shop labourer. "Give the boy a ladder." I accompanied Paddy round to the pattern-safe, where several assorted ladders lay against one wall secured with a strong chain. I regarded them rather doubtfully. They seemed to be of two kinds - really long ones, or extending ones that would open out to about the same length. It was one of the latter Paddy cut me from the string.



"It's all right," he told me. "It's not really very heavy, and the long ones would be just as bad."

So off I went back up the yard, balancing this perishing extending ladder on my shoulder. It may not have been really very heavy, but it was quite heavy enough - and just to complicate matters a bit further, it kept trying to extend itself of its own accord as I carried it. A couple of fitters who stood gossiping by the water-tower nearly lost their heads that way. At last I got it up to the entrance, manoeuvred it along the corridor into the vestibule and leaned it thankfully against the air-raid shelter. The desk pillar was almost within my grasp.

Next, I wanted some string. Fairly thick string, too. I went back to the office and asked. No - nobody had any string, either thick or thin. I went next door, and asked the stationery girl. No, none at all. I was just beginning to feel a little discouraged when another girl spoke up. "Did you say string?" She pulled open a drawer and held up a handful. In fact, she had a drawer full of it, all rolled up neatly into little bundles. I thankfully grabbed an assortment, and having string it together into two useful lengths, promised to return it when I'd finished with it, and made my departure.

I now lacked only one essential item of equipment - a mate. Commandeering a likely looking fellow from the office, I set forth to conquer or die. One minute later, string and mate at the ready, I stepped forth on to the top of the air-raid shelter. The climax of the operation was at hand.

The top of the air-raid shelter, together with the tops of the various toilets, forms a sort of open level upon which white elephants and dust have long been wont to congregate. There are some fascinating things up there - an enormous cog-wheel, two or three feet across, on the roof of the male toilets, for instance. A vaulting-horse and several gymnasium mats on the roof of the female toilet. Assorted broken-down tables, boxes, baskets, bits of wood and dust all over everywhere. The desk pillar as a most of the stuff, and after a brisk push-over with a brush I'd borrowed from the cleaners, I tied two large loops in the two lengths of string and looped two over each end of the object in question, just beside the castors. I gave one piece of string to my mate and kept the other myself. We hoisted everything seemed firm, as we swung the pillar over to the edge of the air-raid shelter.

"Long Tall Sally," who is neither long nor tall, who attends the female toilets and does other odd jobs around the place of a more or less mental character, was down below watching us. "What you doing up there? Careful you don't fall. Tee-hee." We grinned cheerfully back, and carried on with the good work. "Just swing it over the edge," I said, "and lower it to the ground." But my mate thought it would be better if we swapped strings, so that they crossed in mid-air. I didn't see what good that would do. "Come on," I said, "let's get it over with." Long Tall was still staring up at us and nattering. I swung my end over the edge. My mate hung back. I was ready to begin lowering, he wasn't. I still maintain that I had the right idea, and that it would have worked. However, just then something gave, either a knot came loose or the loop



slipped off one corner. Whatever it was, the desk pillar was promptly taken charge of by gravity, and fell with a splintering crash at the feet of Long Tall Sally, while the two of us up above were left standing on the air-raid shelter dangling strings in our hands and looking pretty stupid. I gathered up all the string and threw it at Long Tall Sally, who was cackling her fool head off with laughter, then we descended to ground level and began clearing up the remains.

Somewhat to my surprise, the desk pillar was not irretrievably ruined. It had certainly suffered in the fall, but the main damage seemed to lie in the separation of the bottom part with the castors from the part with the drawers. The drawers were a bit beaten up, too, but physical pressure forced the dove-tailings back into their places and they still ran smoothly in their recesses. So we placed the pillar reverently back on its castors, and bore our restored trophy in triumph to the cost office, past the somewhat puzzled gaze of the general manager who'd shot out of his office to see what all the noise was.

It ran in nicely under the shelf just as I'd thought it would, with room for a couple of index-drawers to stand on top of it too, and all nicely within reach from where I sat. Proudly I re-assorted my papers where they'd be handiest, and carried on working.

All this happened a couple of months ago. Trouble is, no sooner had I effected the capture than the wages clerk went sick, so I've been in the wages office ever since, and hardly even seen my lovely desk pillar.

.....

Ol' Dad Enever's Brother-in law has been talking again. Here is a "Fragment" from their "Conversation".

We allowed that it must be eggshaped but that was the limit of our agreement.

"Stands to sense," declared Brother-in-law, "if it's whirling round like on the end of a string the thick end must be pointing away from us."

I sighed. "The thick end's hanging DOWN. Our gravity pulls it. It's a simple matter of celestial mechanics."

He waved a sausage triumphantly. "Proves I'm right. I'm a professional celestial mechanic."

My tea went down the wrong way and he patted me on the back sympathetically. The bruise is coming out now but there was a hiatus in the conversation while I got re-stabilised. He elucidated.

"I spend every day working on the mechanics of sending bodies heavenwards, don't I?"

"Yes," I whispered.....

(For the benefit of new readers I should explain that my brother-in-law builds crematoriums, and that's the last time I explain a joke in cold print.)  
Paul Enever.



BLOODBANK

call it

nothing

ALAN

RISPIN

Ella had asked me to write a sercon article for the Bloodbank feature. I sat down to think something out worth writing. But, as usual, I sat and thunk to no good effect.

At first the thought of some kind of mini-con-report of Jhim Linwood's trip to this beautiful city occurred to me including details such as his subsequent departure for the home of Brian Jordan, midst merry 'hics' from Eric Bentcliffe and me.

He arrived on the Friday and departed for Burnley the following day. I felt I was missing a chance of a party so I lobbed up there and found they had spent the night playing Jhim's records and writing to Ella.....!

The Sunday paper headlines were saying "stay where you are, tonight", so I took their advice and only departed the following afternoon for Manchester with Jhim. Strangely enough, my local train departed from the same station on parallel tracks and simultaneously with his so I had the opportunity of watching as he buried his profile in a copy of "Howl" and the train steamed into the sunset.

I decided you wouldn't really be interested in things like that so, I didn't write it.

Maybe a "Strange-Things-that have-Happened-to-Me" type article? I was walking down one of the green lanes which bound this quiet town. I espied a weird figure advancing toward me along the rutted track. It was a man attired in a sou'-wester hat, gum boots and an ex-steel works oil-skin. Under his arm he carried an obviously freshly bought loaf of bread. Nothing unusual in this you say? But, not only was it a Saturday afternoon the thermometer stood at the 80's.

He ambled past me staring dully at the ground, hugging the precious loaf under his arm. I walked on a few steps and then the oddity of it struck me. Curiosity overcame my apathy and I turned to follow him. He had gone down a side road. When I rounded the corner there he was, gaily strewing the road, hedges and ditches with lumps of bread. I didn't dare go nearer, so I stood stock still, with a quiet blankness of mind - much worse than usual - and watched him wander on down the lane decorating it with large white patches.

Now I'm plagued with the queries, what was he doing and why?



The other incident was quite small really.

I was eating in the works canteen when the ancient looking fossil by name, Hanks, who worked in the labs, sat down opposite me. This was unusual in itself because to my certain knowledge no-one had ever seen him eat anything before.

A few minutes after getting his dinner he began frantically fumbling in his pockets. I watched the haunted look on his face curiously, knowing the effects of canteen food on the un-initiated. It wasn't as I'd expected. Instead, he pulled out a box of matches and struck one, then with a trembling hand, held it at eye level. He stared at the orange glow of the flame fixedly for a few seconds, and then blew it out, placing its blackened corpse in the ashtray.

I'd watched all this fascinated. As the stub hit the tray his eyes met my enquiring gaze, widened and blinked a few times as tho' puzzled by something. He didn't say anything but carried on with his food.

Maybe it's a ritual - like saying grace - or he could be one of those people who are fascinated by fire. Either way he's a nut and by definition a fan. Not my definition, I might add, but one of the draughtsmen in our office.

He had caught me reading a fnz once in an unguarded moment, and asked what it was.

"HYPHEN," I said.

"Huh?"

"An amateur magazine produced by a sf fan for the entertainment of other fan."

"Oh! Is it funny?"

"Is it funny," he says. "This is the greatest thing to hit Britain since Marilyn Munroe!"

"Let's borrow it a minute then."

"Take good care of it, it's a Very Precious Thing."

He took it and wandered off in search of the comfort of the washroom. This exchange had been heard by another apprentice nearby and he wanted to know if I had any more.

To cut a long story short. The Chief Draughtsman went to the washroom a short while later and was confronted with four closed doors from which came sounds of merriment. Needless to say, he didn't appreciate the humour. When the four returned the fmz it was with remarks like....

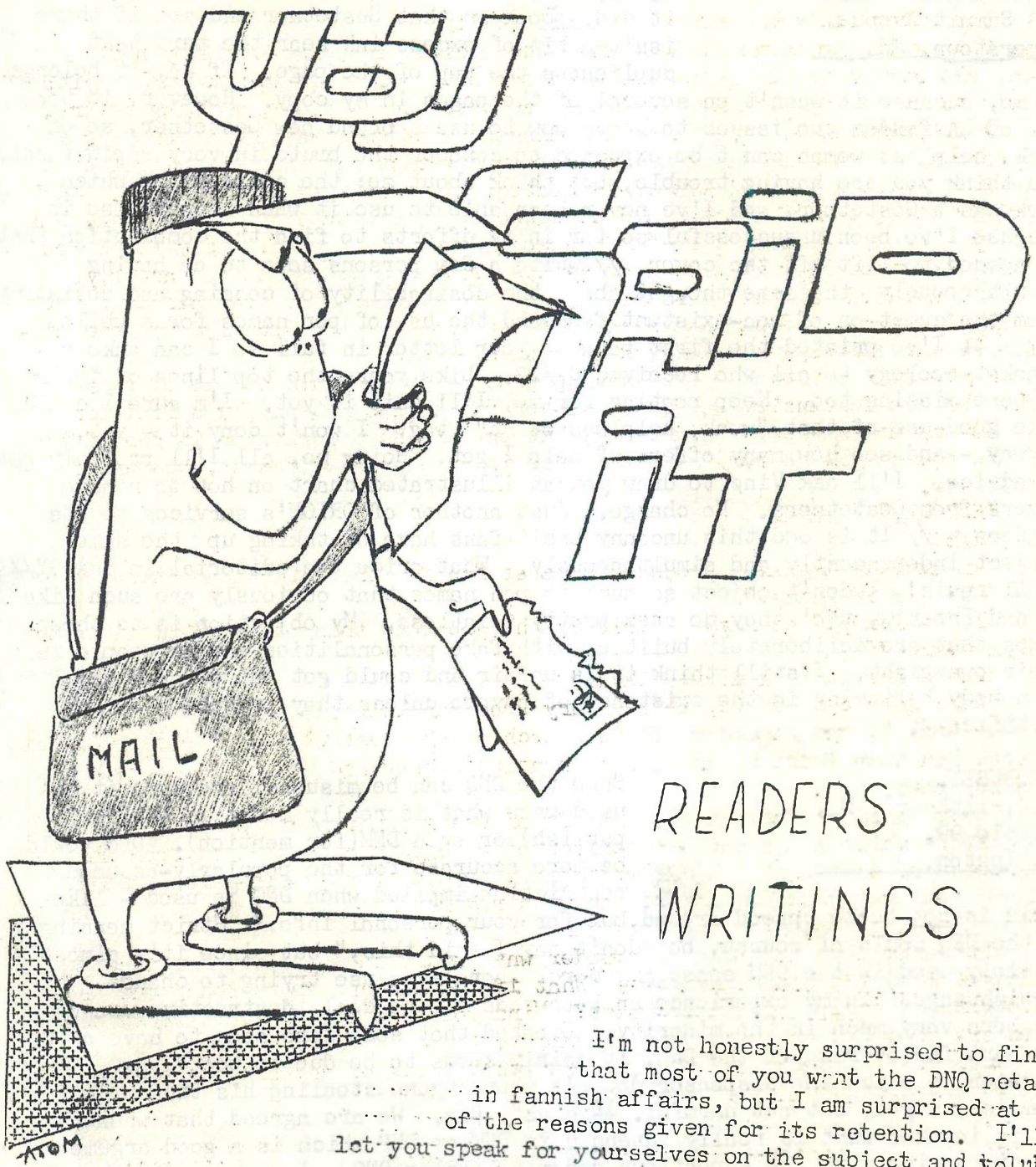
"MAD!" "You read those?" "Got any more?"

Incidents like this make me wonder what would happen if fandom was publicised like the beats have been. What if the mundane types found out about this strata of society in their midst? Mind you, I don't think it would do fandom any good but the world might benefit.

Anyway. The upshot of it was I couldn't think of anything to send Ella, but I've promised her I'll write something, one day.

.....  
.....  
.....  
When asked for her view on moral conduct back in Edwardian days, Lady Tree, wife of the great actor-producer, said: "I don't mind what people do, as long as they don't do it in the street, and frighten the horses."  
.....  
from a letter of Bob Richardson's.





## READERS WRITINGS

I'm not honestly surprised to find that most of you want the DNQ retained in fannish affairs, but I am surprised at some of the reasons given for its retention. I'll let you speak for yourselves on the subject and I hope you were, too. There isn't going to be room here so we'll turn over and let you have your say overleaf.



HARRY WARNER JNR.,  
423 Summit Avenue,  
Hagerstown, Md.

The 23rd issue of ORION arrived, or nearly all of it did. Look on that Gestetner and see if there isn't a bit of excess ink near the part that duplicates the top of the page. If so, it belongs

to me, because it wasn't on several of the pages in my copy. However, it took all of LA fandom two issues to learn how to use a brand new Gestetner, so one weak, helpless woman can't be expected to conquer the brute in very rapid fashion. You think you are having trouble, but think about me: the company for which I work has a Gestetner, and I've never been able to use it when nobody else is because I've been unsuccessful so far in my efforts to find the combination that is needed to lift off the cover. // Quite a few persons seem to be having simultaneously the same thought about the desirability of ceasing and desisting from the creation of non-existent fans and the use of pen names for a while.

✧ I've printed the first para of your letter in full so I can make a blanket apology to all who received 04/23. Like yours the top lines of their pp were missing too. Keep rooting for me, I'll whip it yet. I'm sure I could make good use of that "weak, helpless woman" tag. I won't deny it - yet, anyway - and see how many offers of help I get. Being me, all I'll probably get is advice. I'll ask Vin to draw you an illustrated chart on how to remove covers from Gestetners. No charge. Just another of ORION's services to its readers. // It is odd this uncanny habit fans have of taking up the same subject independently and simultaneously. What price the editorial in SHAGGY 4/47 by Al Lewis! I don't object so much to pen names that obviously are such like PF and Pheonix, tho' they do seem pretty pointless. My objection is to those names that are deliberately built up with fake personalities and as people in their own right. I still think it is unfair and could get out of hand resulting in nobody believing in the existence of anyone unless they produce a birth certificate.

F.M.BUSBY,  
2852, 14th Ave. W.,  
Seattle 99,  
Washington.

Sure the DNQ can be misused, and sure it is used when what is really meant is DNP(for publish) or even DNM(for mention). DNM would be more accurate for the popularly-assumed restriction implied when DNQ is used - like

"this is not to be spread around, but for your personal info." Strict meaning of the DNQ would of course, be "don't say I said this," but since it's almost entirely used in the DNM sense any more, there's no use trying to change fannish usage. In my experience on both ends of the deal, destructive usage has been very much in the minority. Granted that some fans seem to have a penchant for overuse of the DNQ, it mainly seems to be due to the "I got a secret" reaction in which the dispenser doesn't want anyone stealing his thunder - childish, maybe, but not harmful. ✧ Right, Buz. We are agreed that when the DNQ is invoked what is really intended is DNM or DNP which is a good argument for dispensing with the superfluous and mis-leading DNQ. I much prefer these two because they mean what they are intended to mean. It now rests with the individual whom he can trust with information that comes under either of those restrictions. It is something I like to use as little as possible. I can't however, agree with you that the destructive usage has been in the minority - or have I just been unluckier than you? - It was because I'd had so many unpleasant things recounted to me under the DNQ that first made me think seriously about the way in which it was being misused.



SID BIRCHBY,  
1, Gloucester Avenue,  
Levenshulme,  
Manchester.

You ask what is the use of the DNQ convention. I'd say it was of great use at one time, when certain fans were so lacking in discretion that they had to be told certain things were not for

publication. Do you think that such danger is past? // This business of birds being attracted by fire has not, as far as I know, been satisfactorily explained even by the man who has studied it most, Dr. Maurice Burton. The general opinion of YSI is that they do it to rid themselves of lice; this may be so; but it sounds more like part of a courtship display to me. Birds do some mighty peculiar things to attract attention when courting. See Buz's letter above for the DNQ Vs DNM or DNP. No Sid, the danger you speak of is by no means past, it has if anything increased. A convention is something to which everyone in your community/society subscribes. Of what use such a convention or code of behaviour if only some are going to conform? What protection is afforded those who live by it against those who don't/won't? There are too many unethical and irresponsible folk around in fandom today for the DNQ or any of its variants to be invoked with safety. I suggest that until the day comes when fan can once more trust one another implicitly all info of a secret nature should be kept secret, // I don't think birds have a particular liking for fire. It's just that the sensation experienced is akin to that felt when they are 'anting.' Jimmy Groves loaned me a copy of the National Geographic Magazine, this particular issue had a 15 pp article with pictures - some coloured - about this liking of birds for ants. It was written by H. Roy Ivor. He maintains a private observatory in the grounds of his home in Canada. He's been studying this for years. He has learned that not all birds ant. Of those that do some do it oftener than others, the theory was advanced that the formic acid ejected by the ants has a cleansing effect on lice to be found in the feathers. This is clearly not so. Not only do they also make use of ants which don't eject this acid they've never been known to apply the ants where lice are known to lurk, under the wings and such. Some birds eat the ants after use, some discard them. Lack of a pattern is what prevents the specialists from arriving at any conclusions... Interesting.

G.M. CARR,  
5319, Ballard Avenue,  
Seattle 7,  
Washington.

I can think of several reasons in favour of the DNQ, although I must say that I agree with your condemnation of using it as a cloak for spreading unverified gossip. One good reason for it is to

spare an innocent person's feelings. It may well be that a writer might wish to give a truthful evaluation of someone else's brainchild without having it broadcast where the proud parent would be hurt by it. It is one thing to make a public "review" of a group of fmz, for instance, during which an occasional derogatory crit might be made in an impersonal manner; but it is entirely different to express a private opinion of someone's writing if you honestly dislike the style but like the author too much to hurt his feelings by saying so. After all, literary criticism is only a matter of opinion. I can't agree with your calm assumption that opinions and/or criticisms of anyone's brainchild have to be expressed in such a way that they can only result in 'hurt feelings.' It is unnecessary to be either abusive or offensive when expressing an opinion of someone's work. If one writes - for either love



(G.M.CARR.cntd.) or money - then he must be aware that he is inviting criticism and/or review. If he wants to keep his output free from either then the only thing to do is to keep it shut away in a portfolio where it wouldn't meet public scrutiny. If the criticism offered is neither abusive or offensive I don't see the necessity for putting it under the DNO. Anyone is entitled to express an honest opinion.

E.(TED)FORSYTH,  
139, Buccleuch Street,  
Edinburgh 8.

The reading of this material makes me regret the odd ideas I have held about fandom ( on the few occasions thoughts on such an esoteric subject

managed to enter my sub-neofannish mind). One idea was that fmz contained only sub-standard S.F., or possibly even discussions about plots, styles, trends etc. The one sercon 'zine I have seen, Nu-Fu, doesn't seem to fit into this description and most of the others are too individualistic to allow a common title, except possibly 'Faanzines'. To make up for this heresy I have heeded the words of advice and sent for CRY, APF, Fancy 11 and WAW's collected papers. I've generally got myself in such a state that I'm liable to spend the rest of my days waiting for the postman to call. // I missed Fanlights. If you can persuade someone to write a review column for O do so, even if it means volunteering Richard 111's name for the first manned Moonshot in order to obtain the services of the Amazon. // FAN BEMS: How about a repeat with British Fan-Eds or fans in general? A Mythology or Natural History of Fandom would be interesting. What can ATOM do with creatures like Yngvi, Cecil, The Goon, Antigoon etc? // I'll answer your last point first, just to be awkward. You have seen some examples of what ATOM was able to do with 'yours truly', now, imagine what he could make of the ones you mention. As Joe will no doubt be pleased to tell you, the picture of me he gives you is remarkably true to life, except I'm not so good looking. // Richard the 111 wouldn't play so I've roped Arthur in for you. I hope it keeps you quiet. // To all of you. Ted and Joe(who's letter was featured last issue) have met up and for some odd reason have become friends. Here's two young, enthusiastic and intelligent fellows ripe for fandom. If you only have the time to contact one he won't mind sharing the letter with his friend, just as long as they get letters. Fmz too would be welcome. Naturally, they would prefer one each, but if you have only the one to spare they'll share those too. They are especially interested in seeing as many Amerizines as possible and will sub if you let them know to whom to send the money. How about adding them to your mailing list? Write and get acquainted, you won't regret it.

BRIAN JORDAN,  
86, Piccadilly Road,  
Burnley. LANCs.

Heh, heh! That I'd forgotten the DNO? Well, I didn't. It's very tempting to ramble on saying what a good bit of editorial it is and so on, conveniently skipping round the problem. Mulling it over, it strikes me that unless one is fairly strict with oneself, scandalmongering is rather pleasant, although very undesirable, of course. Result, folk may well



(BRIAN JORDAN cntd).

shoot off their mouth without really realising the magnitude of what they're saying.... then, when they see it in cold print in front of them, think, gee, I'd better tack a DNQ on the end. I think it would be a bad thing in principle to put a blanket refusal on DNQ - there may be a good reason for keeping it, anyhow, tho' I can't think of a big one. One thing, if you did quote a piece of scandal, even tho' the writer could be shown up for it, you'd still be disseminating the gossip, wouldn't you? ~~XX~~ Brian, the very complaint I have against the DNQ is the example quoted by you the last three lines of your letter. Where is the point of someone writing to you in confidence, having invoked the DNQ, only to have you ignore the DNQ and immediately pass on the juicy bit of gossip to the next person you see or write to. It is precisely because the DNQ is invoked but not respected by those who accept a confidence under its protection that renders it useless. Another fault of the custom that I've already mentioned is, the failure of those who use the DNQ to first ascertain whether or no they have their facts right. (that you is meant impersonally.)

VIC RYAN,  
2160, Sylvan Road,  
Springfield,  
Illinois.

I cannot agree with you when you say that "TAFF" is the best thing to come to Fandom. TAFF is good for international relations. I may get prosaic), and all that. TAFF makes for some very fine reports, but TAFF also

makes for a growing breach between the clear-cut factions of fmz and Convention fandom. Not many fringe-fen vote in TAFF. that's clear to anyone who looks at the record. The gripe is at the uninformed vote, however, it isn't the fault of TAFF administrators that this argument sprang up. Any election brings such things. It's just that anything that causes such bad feeling (which have fortunately died down in recent months) isn't the greatest thing ever. ~~XX~~ I still say "TAFF is the best thing ever to come to fandom." It's what the fen have done with and to it that has caused all the rumpus. I'd like to drop a couple of questions into your shell-like car. Who votes and contributes to TAFF? (FANS.) With whom does the winning delegate talk and mix when he attends a Convention? (FANS.) I can't imagine either Ken Bulmer or Ron Bennett asking first if you're a fmz or Convention fan before they would talk to you or have a drink with you. Neither do I recollect ever hearing that TAFF was first thought of for the benefit of either one faction to the exclusion of the other. If this pointless argument continues the only way I can see to resolve it is for the Convention fans to do the nominating one year and the fmz fans the following year. That way each faction (a term in fandom I deplore) would have a fair crack at the whip.

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

Use of the DNQ I feel should be tempered with a little personal judgement. With some people it's not necessary because you can rely on their own good sense to decide

what is right to quote and what not. With the others I think it's better to consider carefully what you write. As for those who want to use it as a cloak for scandal, well, I reckon that they'd spread scandal



(JIMMY GROVES-entd.) ---just-as-much without it as-with. I like to think  
(and hope) that such people are in a minority anyway  
and I don't see why the majority should change their ways just in the  
(probably forlorn) hope that it will silence the scandalmongers. I don't  
deny that banishing the DNQ from fannish usage will do nothing to stop the  
inveterate scandal monger from pursuing his usual nasty way, but it will  
deprive him of the cloak he always seeks to use as protection against the  
trouble he obviously knows he's inviting. I wonder why it is that those  
who have no respect for the DNQ repeat muck in the fond hope that you  
yourself will treat the confidence with the respect they themselves deny it.  
Now they've started on TAFF!

RICK SNEARY,  
2962 Santa Ana St.,  
South Gate,  
California.

Personally, I think the DNQ is very  
useful, but it has been mis-used due to  
being endowed with powers it was  
never meant to have. In first use, it  
meant merely that part of a letter of--

comment to a fanzine was not to be printed. This is a request that must--  
legally be followed, I think. It branched off to mean not to repeat it--  
to anyone, and has somehow become more than just a secret. Secrets should--  
be kept between friends, but fans are getting DNQ's from people they don't  
know. In this context the DNQ has some meaning and has obvious advantages.  
In it's wider use it has become open to abuse by the irresponsible, and  
it is they who make the scheme unworkable. Particularly is this true when  
dealing with someone you've never met, as most of us do in fandom anyway.  
I'd take a lot of things into account before I'd write or say anything--  
under the DNQ to a fan. I don't know if it's my Scottish ancestry to blame,  
but if anything I err on the side of over-caution. Think three times and  
then don't say it...or write it. I heard from one of my friends here that  
he'd had a DNQ from someone unknown to him, it was a nasty one too. The  
habit seems to be spreading.

4187447 Cpl. KEITH FREEMAN,  
Air Staff,  
R.A.F. Upavon,  
Pewsey,  
Wilts.  
(Get your self a shorter  
address, laddie!)

I've decided I'm not a Hoax-Fan lover.  
In certain circumstances it can be  
funny to everybody, but as soon as  
someone is hurt then it should be  
dropped PDQ. (and some of P.F's  
work has been pretty hurtful).  
Huh? Where and when has P.F said  
something hurtful and to whom?

Come on Keith, quote chapter and verse for this. I've never seen anything  
by her to which anyone could take exception. Maybe I'm dense? The real  
trouble is that some of the hoax-fans are nicer than some of the real  
people in fandom.....aren't they? No names now!

That's it for this time folks. I was going to run atleast another  
two pages but, on checking up I find I don't have as much paper on the  
premises as I thought. A lot of this trouble is due to the wastage forced  
on me by the Gestetner monster still playing me up. As from page 33  
onwards I think it has been licked. (odd pp were run off first). I took  
the two inking rollers out and re-wrapped them. It seems to have done



the trick. Ssh.

Time now for .....

### HONOURABLE MENTIONS.

Rudiger B.Gosejacob. Germany// Audrey Eversfield. Cheltenham.// Robert Brandorf. Sweden.// Klaus Eylmann. Germany.// Eric Jones. Cheltenham// Jhim Linwood. Nottingham.// Betty Kujawa. U.S.A.// Art Hayes. Canada. // Bob Richardson. Cheltenham. // W.F.Temple. London. // Jill Adams. Southampton.// Ian McAulay. Dublin. // Damn you! Write something printable. // Lynn Hickman. U.S.A. // Ethel Lindsay. Surrey// Peter Davies. Storrbridge.// Ron Bennett. Harrogate. // Joe Patrizio. Edinburgh. // Jim Cawthorn. Co. Durham. // Peter Singleton. Burnley. // David Hall. Manchester. // Alan Rispin. Manchester. // Dorothy Hartwell. Essex.// Bruce Pelz. U.S.A. // Archie Mercer. Lincoln. // Bob Lichtman. U.S.A.

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I've had some more fmz in since I did the acknowledgements. They were.....YANDRO // 83. Buck and Juanita Coulson. Route 3, Wabash, Indiana. U.S.A. BritAgent is Alan Dodd and can be got for 1/- per issue. Monthly. SPECULATIVE REVIEW. Vol.2. No.1. Edited and published by Dick Enex, 417, Ft. Hunt Road, Alexandria, Virginia. U.S.A. For and on behalf of the Washington S.F. Association. This was sent free as a sample. I don't know how you'd get more unless you write asking for the sub-rates. A zine devoted to comments and reviews of the pro-field of S.F. and Fantasy. No mention of their proposed publishing schedule.

---

"The pres once of a witch in a publishing house  
is as inevitable as Yngvi the Louse,  
A bewildered Fan-Ed with a leaking duper  
and crinkling stencils needs a Super-  
talented operator with a powerful spell,  
(one that ensures that all goes well).

The lack of a witch is a terrible plight  
For the resulting fanzine's a horrible sight,  
With ink-blobs and spaces that should not be there  
So practise your spells and do not despair,  
The trouble is worth it and in the end  
Each fanzine reader will be your friend.

This tale has a moral that's perfectly clear,  
You should study your magic and lay off the Bheer,  
It's then you'll find that the ink and the duper  
and paper produce a fanzine that's SUPER."

(TED FORSYTH.)



This isn't an imitation or continuation of Fanlights. I have so many fms here that have so far gone unacknowledged I'm developing a fair-size complex about them. Not a nice one, either. Once upon a time they were kept tidily in order of arrival - I had hopes of writing letters to you all. Now they've been lying around for so long, not only have they lost hope that I'll send you their love, they've got all mixed up. So we take 'em off the top. I won't repeat addresses I know are to be found in Arthur's column.. SHAGGY // 47 & MERETRITIOUS. This latter is a wonderful piece of work. I'm too stunned to say which is favourite. All who contributed deserv'd our thanks for answering your appeal. Interesting to read Al's editorial on the DNQ. I'd like to think this is another nail in the coffin of this particular custom, but I doubt it.. S.F. HOBBY. RAINER EISEL. Augsburg, Stadjagerstr. 20. I hope this address is written correctly. My knowledge of German is scanty. For that reason it seems a pity to receive a zine I can't read. I don't much like the one staple in the corner idea. Interesting to see. HYPHEN // 23. If I remember rightly Walt, I didn't write after getting // 22 either. Loved ATOM's cover. Something did rise, too! I hope BoSh told you about that revolting pun he made in the Chamber of Horrors at Tussauds? Good issue this'un. REVOLUTION. John Koning. You haven't listed your address John, at least I can't see it anywhere. A nice thick zine well turned out. OUTWORLDS. Bob Lichtman, 6137 S. Croft Ave., Los Angeles 56. Calif. How long since this was sent Bob? I've an idea it ranks pretty close to 'oldest inhabitant'. I still read them even if I don't write. QUID // 1. Vic Ryan. 2160 Sylvan Road, Springfield, Illinois. I'm writing this by artificial light and your ink looks as if it could be either green or a violent blue. Whichever it is distinctive and easy to read. This is a boon. FEMIZINE // 12. Ethel Lindsay, Courage House, 6, Langley Ave., Surbiton. Surrey. It's a wonder you ever speak to me. I don't like blue ink, but the appearance much improved by layout and few if any, typos. Keep it up. QUIXOTIC // 3. Don Durward, 6033, Garth Ave., L.A. 56. Calif. No comment except to say I liked seeing it. CHAMBER // 11. Alan Dodd, 77, Stanstead Road, Hoddesdon, Herts. Dupering impeccable. Come, teach me! Cawthorn illos a wow. SMOKE // 2. George Locke. 85, Chelsea Gdns., London. S.W.1. Get weaving on that 10/- duper and use black ink! CRY of the Nameless. The Chain Gang. Ghod knows how many ish's I've had from you without writing. Each one read avidly. John's report really is something! Welcome to Wally back in the chair. Will write. Honest. A. BAS // 11. Boyd Raeburn, 89, Maxim Ave., Willowdale, Ontario. It's been so long since I had this. All I can say now is thank you and I'm sorry. My intentions are always of the best. APR // 14. Sandy Sanderson, 236, Queens Road, New Cross, S.E. 14. What to say that's new? I roughed out a two page letter - foolscap - but it still lies here, rough as ever. No consolation, I know. Loved it. J.D. ABASSY. Lynn Hickman, 304, N. 11th, Mt. Vernon, Illinois. I've lost count of which these are. I envy your covers. Beautiful. Easy and interesting to read. as always. Then there's all these. Eustace // 1. Mike Moorcock, 30, Benhill Wood Road, Sutton, Surrey. FANTASY ASPECTS // 3. A.J. Lewis, 4550 West Maple Rd., Birmingham, Michigan. QUANTUM // 5. John Baxter, 29, Gordon Road, Bowral, New South Wales, Australia. F.M.C.'s // 7-8. Terry Carr & Ron Ellick. Also HOBGOBLIN // 1. Terry Carr. PHANTASIA // 1-2. David M. Carroll, 644, Avenue C, Boulder City, Nevada. CACTUS // 2. Sture Sedolin, P.O. Box 403, Vallingby 4, Sweden. SPICE // 1-2. Robert Brandorf, Morsilsgatan 30. Sthlm-Vallingby. Sweden. NORTHLIGHTS // 8. Alan Burns, Goldspink House, Goldspink Lane, Newcastle-upon-Tyne. That's the lot. I hope I haven't missed anyone out. I don't think so. I'm sorry I had to do it this way, but I'd never have gotten round to all of you.

*F. La*







I must have a reason for sending you another issue of ORION. Now that I've done all the work on it I certainly don't feel like sitting here on my own reading every copy, so

If you want to get nasty and rage about the terrible thing I'm doing to your nerves. The address is.....

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You deserve it.

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Ella A. Parker.

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